



ENCUENTRO
Literario

TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

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XXIX

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HALO

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I am different, quite different. Not the kind of “different” you choose to be but the “different” you are born with.

My name is Halo. Most people don't understand the meaning of my name. They think it is just a weird combination that my parents made up, but really the name Halo means a lot. People who know about astrology understand that a halo is what surrounds a person when you read their aura but my abilities go beyond magic, beyond beliefs, beyond stars. What I can do is real, what I can see is powerful.

More than guessing someone's energy I can see people's feelings. What I see is not some kind of spell, what I see is science.

As you can see I was not born as an ordinary person. I have powers, authentic powers and sadly having powers doesn't mean you are a hero. I make mistakes and I do bad things because there is no “superhuman” without the “human”. And the mistake I made was to fall in love.

I gave everything to him. More than I ever thought I had. All I could see in people was hate, lies and hypocrisy but when I saw him I felt something different, something good. It felt nice to have him because I had never fallen in love before and when I did it was so deep and intense that it went further than my instincts and my powers. What he meant to me was stronger than any human force, sometimes even stronger than any superhuman force. This was the case, the case where I didn't realize that no matter

how pure and honest your feelings are, hate and evilness will always conquer your heart.

For me my power is a suicidal force. Having this ability is killing me slowly because due to it, I observed how the person that I loved the most set me aside, played with me. I could see his innocence being destroyed slowly with what I like to call fatal feelings. People must think that it is ridiculous that I suffer so much watching someone change. But they don't understand that it is not just that, what I can see is emotional murder. Literally a drug made by society that kills you. Not exactly your body but your soul, that is worse. It destroys you, even more when you see it in the person that owns more of you than you own of yourself.

This made me who I am. A cold and almost impenetrable person, whose essence was slowly destroyed by the people she let into her life. But honestly who would care about a freak? They don't get me and I don't expect them to because they can't see that the person that understands ten times more, gets hurt fifteen times stronger.

And every now and then someone passes by and sadly I don't let anyone in, because my reality is that my worst possession is the only thing I can trust, my powers.

Now I am completely sure that love will only destroy me, but as well that could be a mistake too...