



ENCUENTRO
Literario

TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

COLEGIO MARYMOUNT

COMITÉ CULTURAL MARYMOUNT

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STORYWRITING CONTEST
2ND - 11TH GRADE

FRANCÉS
DÉCIMO Y UNDÉCIMO GRADO

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XXIX
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NOT ALWAYS NIRVANA.

Valeria Lucía Ferrer Gregory (9°B)

I opened my eyes, feeling like I shouldn't be awake, at least not in this place. I was lying on the ground, which was outrageously cold, and the fact that I could barely even see what was within 5 feet from where I stood terrified me. Getting on my feet was an arduous task, especially since my limbs were numb, but as soon as I managed to do so, I looked down and noticed I was wearing a filthy, yellow-stained white dress and no shoes. My hands and feet were grimy, covered in the dirt which filled every inch of what I was able to see from the insanely mysterious room's floor.

I wanted to leave, the place seemed eerie, ghostly... almost morbid. Struggling to walk, I only made it as far as 8 steps, and then my body collapsed as I started to hear macabre noises. I anxiously turned my head, trying to find their source, but it was useless. Then, I picked up a word from the incomprehensible mumbling: "escape". I realized that was what I should do, and suddenly, a rather unusual rush of adrenaline ran throughout my body. Fear had taken over my body; it controlled what I did and thought. All of a sudden, I heard a horrid scream coming from behind me, and my body decided to sprint, even without knowing where I was heading to.

After running for what seemed like three full hours, I had to stop. The path I took had led me nowhere. Hopeless, I laid down on the freezing black tiles of the floor. This

was getting out of hand, and I was desperate. I tried to fight back the tears I felt coming, but it was completely useless. Horrid thoughts haunted me, they were impossible to block out. I gave up trying, there wasn't a single dash of motivation left in me: this place was my mind, and I could never escape from it.