



ENCUENTRO  
Literario

TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

**COLEGIO MARYMOUNT**

COMITÉ CULTURAL MARYMOUNT

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**STORYWRITING CONTEST**  
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DÉCIMO Y UNDÉCIMO GRADO

**2014**





XXIX  
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*WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE TO DIE*

Susana Ramírez Gómez (11<sup>º</sup>A)

She was wearing the same orange dress that she wore the day we met. When I saw her, she was sitting at the edge of a huge window; you could see Paris from it, and behind, a beautiful painting with vibrant colors that made the whole scene like a dream. What a beautiful place to die. I walked upstairs almost jumping from excitement. When she saw me she smiled slightly; it was like she knew that she was going to be part of a master piece. With the rhythm of Beethoven's symphony no. 9 and two clean cuts to her throat I successfully achieved majesty.

Death is art, but what made it interesting, what made it truly beautiful, was the place where it occurred. The buildings, the landscape, the angle, the colors, no witnesses, solitude; they all were key aspects for the perfect scene. Also what made the scene complete was the perfect victim, the perfect actor or actress who would interpret correctly his character, that would put every piece in complete harmony.

I met the woman in the orange dress few weeks ago, it was love at first sight, the moment I saw her I knew she would be perfect for my ultimate work she would make it epic. I once dreamed about it and I couldn't stop looking for the perfect brunette with long legs and an orange dress. I immediately approached her and tried to hide my excitement. When I was younger I was told I was a good actor, also a good painter, so I put on my mask and put aside my dark self as I did many times before. I talked with her for hours, and when I finally saw that expression on her eyes, the expression of

being completely comfortable and vulnerable, I knew she was the one. I left but we agreed on seeing each other again, I specified that I wanted to see her again in that dress. I was amazed in how the pieces of the puzzles fell in the exact place instantly, I have always been a perfectionist, and since the beginning, everything has been slowly flowing.

When I got home I immediately put on Beethoven's symphony no. 9 which made all the noise inside my head go away. An artist always has to have his favorite song that will take would him to that nirvana inside his own head. I began to paint and sketch the masterpiece that I had in my mind. That afternoon a carnival composed of red, orange and yellow painted my entire apartment, it was like the painting was my whole home, I would like to die in a place like this.

"Today is the day, the lightning is perfect" the voices in my head whispered to me that morning. I couldn't sleep that night trying to put in order all the scenery I was going to use. We were supposed to meet in an art gallery outside Paris, my favorite place.

After completing his final scene, he looked one last time at what from would make his soul immortal. He knew he had reached to what an artist will consider complete success, he felt a glorious infinity and full of ecstasy. She was lying on the floor, which was painted with the deep red of her blood. Her orange dress was not orange anymore, he had never seen anything more beautiful than this, the representation of everything he tried to accomplish during his short and lonely life, he took the knife resting on the floor next to her and cut open his own throat making sure he would feel everything, the knife slicing his throat, the devastating pain going from his neck to his feet, the adrenaline starting to flow. Nothing is more exciting for him than a slow death. Then, he collapsed on the floor, and used his last forces to take her lifeless body in his arms, and let the painful agony took him away of that heavenly place. What a beautiful place to die.