

**COLEGIO MARYMOUNT**

**COMITÉ CULTURAL  
MARYMOUNT**

CON LA COLABORACIÓN DE:  
EL DEPARTAMENTO DE LENGUA CASTELLANA  
EL DEPARTAMENTO DE INGLÉS  
EL DEPARTAMENTO DE FRANCÉS

**XXV ENCUENTRO LITERARIO  
TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO**

**STORY TELLING CONTEST  
3TH - 11TH GRADE**

**FRANCÉS  
DÉCIMO Y UNDÉCIMO GRADO**

**2011**





**SOME DAY**

Sara Gómez Trillos - Z.Z (10°B)

I cannot describe how miserable it is to come to the end of your life and realize you cannot really die, for you've never actually lived.

For my own sake I will make this short and clear, that way if anyone ever dares to read this they will not feel confused and bored with it. I have no interest in making you think about life and go all philosophical about it, trust me, I'm the one person in the whole world you shouldn't pay attention to when giving counsel.

Here I am, eighty-seven years old and I can't recall a single thing I ever did which didn't consist of being responsible and following rules. Eighty-seven years, five months and -remarkably- no days, and I can't think about something foolish I did while being a teen, a professor I shouted to in College or even a time I protested because I wanted a lollypop and my mom wouldn't give one to me. Nothing. Eighty-seven years old and I can guarantee to you that a fifteen year-old knows more about life than I do.

Did you ever think wasting time was rather difficult? No, it isn't. I was always too afraid to go off the pattern, to take a bad decision, to break a rule, to stay up late talking to a friend on the phone. I wasted eighty-seven years and five months and never, ever, took a risk about anything.



Please, don't misunderstand me. Being good and healthy and saying no to "bad influences" is not something bad, it's insane! It's lame! When will you ever do something crazy again? Never! Who assures you you're going to be alive tomorrow to go and kiss the girl you like? When are you going to be "old enough" to go party with your friends? How long do you have to wait to go and fight for what you want? Eighty-seven years? Well don't, you just might not be as lucky as I was and get hit by a truck tomorrow!

You will have to excuse me for writing with such bitterness and try to understand the immensity of my frustration. I told you before; I've existed for eighty-seven years and five months and lived only the last two weeks of them. The reason why I've come to life suddenly is not something that should be explained here but a fact nobody might ever notice, a moment that shall rest in my memories alone.

I read somewhere that suicidal people always leave some kind of explanation behind, I'll like to think this one is mine and you shall as well. My dearest farewell to you while I drink the glass of wine that may take me to heaven....or hell.