



XXVII  
Encuentro  
Literario

**COLEGIO MARYMOUNT**

**CORPORACIÓN COMITÉ CULTURAL  
MARYMOUNT**

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

**XXVII ENCUENTRO LITERARIO  
TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO**

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

**FRANCÉS  
DÉCIMO A UNDÉCIMO GRADO**

**2012**





## Encuentro Literario XXVII

### OCTAVO

**Maria Adelaida Piedrahita Botero (8° A)**

### HOPE

Mary was an adventurous girl who loved traveling to places where technology is not a word on the vocabulary and the only thing in life is Mother Nature, every person treats each other as a brother and life is just like music.

She decided to travel to one of the most magical places in the world, to an Indian tribe somewhere in the middle of Peru.

After hours of traveling Mary arrived, the people were kind, but silent, like if they had something to hide, a leader invited her to have dinner and later to a ceremony. The people were all seated around a campfire singing and whispering words she couldn't understand, the fire started coming alive, figures of people and animals danced in smoke like if magic was in the air, some cups were given-out to almost every person with something inside.

A few Indians drank it, and their eyes turned white like if their soul had escaped from the body, some of them were quiet and calm but some others had expressions of pain and sadness in their face, then the leader offered her a cup, with a warning "this will clean your soul, if it is pure you will be rewarded, but if your soul is evil you will suffer pain, anyway your soul will be clean and pure" she was excited, she was not a bad person but her soul was not exactly pure, even though she wanted to be clean and feel in peace, she drank it.

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She felt sleepy and a few moments later woke up in a grave watching people, with familiar faces, with faces she could recognize, her friends, some friends once she made feel bad, her parents who years ago she left alone, she could see how each of these individuals were burying her, each of them throwing soil to the grave she was in, she shouted "I'm still alive" and the people seemed to laugh at her, she shouted again and with a "forgive me" added to it, she felt how her lungs were running out of air, she felt as much pain as the one all of these people felt because of her, she realized the bad things that occupied her heart and in that moment she set them free, feeling calm and in peace, then she thought her soul was finally pure.

She woke up in a field watching hundreds of butterflies flying among her, she felt the fresh air of the mountains playing with her hair, the butterflies started to land among her body, covering Mary almost complete, she thought "the reward the leader was talking about" in a moment she turned into one of the butterflies and began to fly like if that was her destiny, she made it so high she reached the stars, she could feel the freedom, the pure spirit, the hopes, the wishes and dreams of that simple animal, she felt complete, finally becoming one with nature.

The next day the leader did a meeting with all the tribe including Mary, he said, "the world has left something behind, the spirit, making their soul get full of nothing, making themselves empty, making their sisters and brothers suffer, like if we weren't sons of the same mother, always remember what you felt yesterday was what you deserved, our mother, mother nature has a reward or a punishment for all of us, so you choose what you deserve, I would just ask you to be wise" and that day not only the tribe but Mary learned how to live her life, she would always have hope.