



# ENCUENTRO LITERARIO XXVIII

TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

**COLEGIO MARYMOUNT**

COMITÉ CULTURAL MARYMOUNT

CON LA COLABORACIÓN DE:  
El Departamento De Lengua Castellana  
El Departamento De Inglés  
El Departamento De Francés

**STORY TELLING CONTEST**

3TH - 11TH GRADE

**FRANCÉS**

DÉCIMO A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

**2013**





## OCTAVO



### PRETTY OR DIE.

Valentina Arbélaez Ramírez (8ºA)

I was in English class and I saw this guy sitting right next to me. After looking at his face for a while I realized I knew this guy. His name is James, he studies at my school but he is one year older than me. I've known him since kindergarten, but we don't really talk anymore.

A week ago, we were assigned to do a project together about light and electricity, so he invited me to his house to finish it. When we arrived to his house he introduced me to his mom and we talked with her for a while. 15 minutes later, James went to the kitchen to get a glass of water and I stayed in the couch talking to his mom. She told me she was really concerned because he was acting really weird lately. To be honest, I had no idea what she was talking about because I really don't spend that much time with him anymore. She told me a story about him and a girl. I was really confused because I remembered I used to see him dating a girl and now she was gone.

The day after, I talked to him again and told him his mom was really concerned about his attitude but he just ignored me. I tried to talk to him during the day and he was avoiding me.

I was really curious and I just wanted to help him and his mother. So, I went to talk to his best friend and he told me he had a girlfriend that apparently died from cancer last year. I was shocked, and I also felt terrible for asking him what was wrong. I immediately called his mother because I knew she was worried. Her reaction was the same as mine: shock. I couldn't believe he didn't tell his own mother.

The next day I wanted to do an investigation about this girl nobody noticed, so I went to the library and looked for yearbooks and I found her. When I saw who she was, I realized she was my biology partner from last year. She had brown hair and brown eyes and she was not very attractive, and I think that's why nobody seemed to notice her.



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It's amazing how people can just ignore others just because of their appearance, she was a student and no one actually knew she existed or knew she was fighting against cancer. I guess what people say is true "No one seems to care unless you are pretty or dying," but even though she was dying, nobody seemed to care besides James.

I felt terrible. I read in the yearbook her name was Felicia D'Laurentis and I decided to go to her grave and leave her some flowers. When I got there someone was standing next to her grave with a bunch of flowers and a letter. That person turned around and I saw his face. It was James and he was crying. I knew words would never make him feel better so I just approached him and gave him a hug. There were no words needed, he knew I found out, that I understood why he was acting that way and that I was there for him and that he could count on me anytime he needed it.