



English Day

*Creative
Writing
Competition*



Grade 5-6 Finalists

Numbers

Good morning, i am number one,
And i am always the first one,
That is totally undabatable.

Well i am number two,
And i can fight too,
I am two times bigger than you!

Don't think your re that great,
I am three and i ate,
I'm you two in one number.

Hey i am four and it is night,
Probably we will have a fight...
I better go to sleep.

I am five and i am mad.
You all know how to add!
 $1+1=2$ $2+1=3$ $3+2=5$, SO

I never liked you,
So go away thou,
You always despair me ...

Is it too obvious that i am seven?
My best friend is eleven,
We are good luck !

Infinite is eight,
The bad think is that i weight...
Follow the pattern : $1+1 = 2+2=4+4=8$, JA!

Ten is coming! Plis stop!
But i am always in the top,
There are no more numbers with just one dig...

I am ten!
I am the MEN !
And you all have then fingers on your hands.

Daniela Real Marentes (6-5)

"A Jungle"

Tigers wander in the jungle
Roar, roar and they don't bungle
Snakes slither around and
Hisssssssss above the ground
And the people are as humble as prey

In a place and a crowd so unknown
creatures get anxious, and they get blown away
Others are courageous and take the challenge
Like a piece of cake, so they are brave
To stay Cause they may be prey

Some want to try something new that can
Be marked in their life and as a review
Fear not as what they are about to try
Can be something interesting that can lift
hopes up and new experiences arise.

Brianna María Cruz Sáenz (5-4)

“The best day (I do it)”

beautiful sunrise, beautiful morning
a beautiful day is going to be today,
the sun shines and the clear blue sky makes my day

beautiful little birds that look out of my window and sing ,
beautiful trees that dance to the rhythm of the wind

A rich smell of pancakes came to my room.
¿Could this day be better?
I ran down to see what it was, and it was my beautiful mother making my delicious
breakfast “thank you mom” I shout with emotion,
¿ Can this day be better?

I had breakfast, everything was delicious,
I ran through the mountain meadows,
I felt the wind on my face,
¿could this day be better?

I ran through the mountains,
meeting a beautiful flower garden,
flowers full of joy and many colors,
red green roses and orange antlers,
they danced with the air, accompanied by the trees, I am delighted
¿ could this day be better ?

The afternoon passed
and the sun rose,
the moon appears filling us with joy,
this was really the best day

Paula Jimena Moncalean (5-5)

“The Ghost and the Mayor”

See the snorting of the ghost,
I think he’s angry at the queen post.

He finds it hard to see the leaf,
Overshadowed by the deep tribal chief.

Who is that wallowing near the fly?
I think she’d like to eat the i.

She is but a neat mayor,
Admired as she sits upon a conveyer.

Her happy car is just a fish,
It needs no gas, it runs on sea catfish.

She’s not alone she brings an owl,
a pet dog, and lots of green peafowl.

The dog likes to chase an ant,
Especially one that’s in the confidante.

The ghost shudders at the hip rock
He want to leave but she wants the sock.

Ébalo Simón Real Manrique (5-4)

Grades 7-9 Finalists

“Character Identity”

It was the third time during this month that I read the same novel, and I was heading towards a new coffee shop that opened a block away from my house. I took my book, grabbed my keys and mask and left my apartment. I greeted my neighbour and petted the gray stray cat.

It was something usual for me to pet stray cats, although this one was new in the area but felt so familiar to me.

I didn't mind that, I tend to over analyse all my situations as the logical thinker that I am. After a short walk I finally arrived at the cafe. Right after I opened the door, the warm smell of coffee greeted me, I felt safe. Heading towards the counter to order my coffee, a friendly voice started to take my order, again a strange discomfort filled my mind, did I know these individuals? I just couldn't figure it out.

I snapped out of my thoughts and grabbed my coffee and started to head to an empty table near the window. I settled down and decided to enjoy the warm, bitter drink. -Oh no, why am I in this part again? It's the saddest one of the story- I whispered to myself, I was about to finish the book in which the main character died in the arms of the love interest. Maybe if I wasn't in the coffee shop I would be crying again over the scene, I laughed, and dived into my usual thoughts about life. I decided to take another sip of my coffee but it wasn't there, I looked around to see if someone grabbed it by mistake. After I did an inspection of my surroundings, I looked back and the coffee was there, it could have been impossible for me not to see it. I started to worry, -maybe I forgot to take my daily medication or- I couldn't even finish my phrase due to a red laser light pointing at an arrow, again nobody seemed to be bothered by it.

I stood up and followed the laser, my intuition was about to place an anchor on the floor. It felt something bad was going to happen, but my feet were moving and I started to lose control. Tears were running down my puffy cheeks, I feared the situation until I caught the glimpse of a familiar name. The place, the ambience and people, it seemed unrealistic but I knew where I was -I am inside the book-.

I let my guard down, I knew everything about the story as it's my favourite, although I didn't realise a grey silhouette approaching me. My arm was firmly grabbed and I got petrified in the spot, fear evaded all of my system, I wanted to scream but I didn't hear my voice, I wanted to run but my legs were sore.

Suddenly I got hugged.

-Why are you here?- The voice sounded small, almost fragile as if it was going to break like a glass. -You are going to die, don't you remember.-

I didn't understand, I knew the main character dies but I am someone else in this story right? I asked myself That was until I felt a sharp pain in my back, I had gotten stabbed, as the main character in the book. It was painful. I screamed and I felt the hug even tighter.

-Don't leave me, please- The voice pleaded.

My sight got blurry, and the warmth was starting to fade. And it was there where I caught a glimpse of the person's face, I started crying. It was the love interest from the book, and I was the protagonist slowly dying. I couldn't change anything.

-Thank you for following the storyline-

That was the last thing I heard before my vision went completely dark.

I woke up to the sound of paper being ripped. I wondered where the noise was coming from, although my oblivious self didn't notice I was laying on a strangers couch. I jumped out of it and decided to search the cause of the sound. Until I found a young girl in a white jumper, she had messy hair and huge eyebags. She noticed me and fear filled her face.

-I killed you, why are you here then?-

That girl was the author, and I was nothing more than another victim of her writing.

Mariana Herrera 7-4

“The day it all changed”

March 10th 2020.

At first it was all happiness aplenty.
At home without school information,
It all seemed like a long vacation
Full of inspiration and motivation.

Then, online learning came,
and we therefore knew COVID-19 wasn't a game.
Staying at home for a long lock down,
Everything became lonely in town.

We started missing our family and friends
and since then, wished this pandemic ends.
Watching the news was no longer interesting,
it made us aware of the new reality we were living.

All we could feel was pain and fear
and now it has already been a year,
a very rough year.

But somehow we've managed to overcome it
and learned to never quit.
To never lose hope
and to the situation cope
Because we gotta' be brave
in order to stay safe.

Sending love to all those who lost their battle.
Never dare you to give up,
because good things are coming up.
They always do...

Yvana Abiantoun and María José Aragón (8-4)

Memories

These memories keep haunting me
Will they ever go away?
I just wanna be able to be free
I don't wanna go the wrong way.

Can I finally rest?
After all the suffer
It's like i'm possessed
It's just getting tougher.

My mind is not my own
It's like a strong control
I don't want to be alone
I just want to rest my soul.

I can finally have some peace
The one that i deserve
And it feels really nice
Just take a moment to observe.

Laura Quintero Hernández (7-5)

When she felt low, the girl used to go to a valley.
She sat on a big tree to rest and admire the view
and to hear the chant of the sweet birds that lived there.
Some seasons made that place look like a painting
Some others made calm her
Some put a bit of joy in the space
Though the girl she wished the winter didn't pass here ,
because she wasn't expecting it to stay.

The days passed, but the winter didn't go away,
There wasn't a single wave of hit that touched the dead plants .
The girl went to search the icy object that cooled the valley
and realized it was buried on the big tree she deeply loves.
She couldn't cut the tree
The girl wasn't strong enough to kill such a precious and comforting thing
So she just stand still until she eventually died

The young women woke up with cold tears running on her face
She was confused and frustrated about what she did.
the women never knew what made the winter stay,
she wasn't strong enough to find out
and even though she never knew the reason why,
the women let it freeze her heart into an unmelting piece of ice.

Isabel Sofía Silva Mendoza (7-4)

Dinosaur, dinosaur, prehistoric dinosaur
through your bones we explore
the land that was before

From the Cretacic to the Triassic
the meteor sure hit harder than a kick
You ruled for 143 million years
your extinction brings me to tears
they destroyed your entire careers

Now as birds you roam the Earth
so from the ashes you saw rebirth
your legacy might had an end
but the almighty hen shall ascend

Juan Esteban Beltrán Ramírez (7-3)

Finding myself under the shoes of my beholders, staring at the skies behind bars and concrete. I live a sedentary existence with little to nothing to do, finding myself in an endless spiral of despair and hollowness. The small space I have to live in is making me ill, I can't stand looking at the same bars and concrete walls every single day. I feel like before this I had better things to look at, but now I can only distract myself with a tire attached to a string, which forms a pendulum every now and then. It is somewhat hypnotic and takes my attention away from all of the eyes and new faces looking at me. Everyone just passes by, I try to memorize faces, they don't even care if i am there or not. I have lost all of my hope at this point, lost in an extreme valley of desperation and sadness. Humans that walk past by me don't make the effort on reading me, on reading any of us. I am unable to be free and humans come by to look at me as if it were entertaining. At least I feel like my life went better than many of my old companions. I remember when I used to hang out with George, we used to call him curious George because he was always looking for new things to investigate and some fruit that might've been left under a tree. Sadly his curiosity got the best of him and now he probably spends the rest of his days in a laboratory or dissected in a museum. Probably the only true happiness I receive comes in the form of a golden arch as beautiful as the morning and as tasty as it could possibly get, my masters call it "Bah- nah-nah" whatever that is supposed to mean. I guess I am just doomed to this perpetual circle of hollowness but I have no real power to change that fact, I should just attain being a regular monkey.

Tomás Rueda, Nicolás Forero and Ricardo Roa (7-3)

Grades 10-11 Finalists

"To my Last"

The book had felt heavy in his hand. It seemed as if no muscles could carry the many words it contained, the poetic judgment it carried and some sort of ingrained boredom mixed with anxious airs had accosted his nerves, as so recently it seemed to occur, which led to his downtrodden posture, slumped in the chair, the book nearly falling from his grasp. It was happening again.

The glistening light of the study, whose path had come through the halfway opened curtains, slowly illuminated the desk in which Mr. Adam normally retired after lunch, in hopes of reading some passages from his current book. Such menial and methodical tasks had been part of his routine for some years now since he came to the house, alone and bereft, after the divorce. In fact, the house was bought with the purpose of seclusion - he could not stand to be in his former one; it wasn't as if he had it any longer - but the intention still remained of moving away. The study had satiated his scholarly needs, with a polished piece of mahogany wood trying to serve as a shelf standing tall against the forefront wall, opposite the door, that occupied the space, trying to swallow the room whole. Books, his favorites, had been granted a place in this shrine, and slowly and delicately, the compilation of tomes had increased until all the shelves, even the top ones, had been filled with new purchases; with new texts. Mr. Adam had thought it interesting to read the modern "stuff", he had of course read most classics as his education would have it and those most likely to be the obvious choices for reading; but age had inadvertently sent him on a wild chase for novelty, and thus he had craved wondrous new literature, foreign or translated.

Tiredness had become a constant in his life by now. It could not be helped even with all the stimuli or medicine given to him; Mrs. Rochester had tried in her infinite kindness to banish such melancholy from his spirit, but the gravity it had was so consuming, not even her marvelous broth could cure. "If only you would just look out the window; go out into the sun: it would be solved, Mr. Adam. You already look so white - why as a sheet, you do!" and she had scurried away from the living room while holding the various plates she had left him with lunch, already scrapped of food. Later, around noon she had come back with a broth in the casserole stating assuredly that if he were to drink every now and then for the following month this most "trepid and potent" broth, the gnawing feeling inside of him would go as if grabbed by wind and drifted into the void.

"You know Mr. Adam, it saddens me so, to look at you now: you are now a different man, a different friend. But don't worry Mr. Adam, I know this soup I have made for you will bring the good spirit back in no time" and conspirately lowered her voice and said "there hasn't been one person to not be revived from any illness they had with my miraculous broth, as you so well know". He had not heard her leave the room so fastly, and when he wished to answer her politely and saccharine, that "yes, of course, Mrs. Rochester it would all be solved" the words had plummeted from his throat to his stomach as a bullet fired in fright. Already, he felt drained. He grabbed the spoon she had placed beside the tray and began to eat.

One month later, he remained unchanged. Ironically enough, Mrs. Rochester appeared more affected by this than him, and had resolutely refused to believe her treatment had failed: "Wait and see Mr. Adam, in a jiffy I will bring you back to health". She had then employed all matters of tactics to do so, from new pastries and meats, new concoctions of teas with wildly different herbs, to a concrete prescription of sunlight and air. He had braved on all the treatment, resigned to this new fate: drank the miscellaneous potions she boiled; the peculiar tarts she cooked, and the incessant amount of fresh fruit she would have him eat on an hourly basis. The walks outside, however, he had vehemently refused with an insistence that outstayed Mrs. Rochester by the vigor in which he said it, and the way that, bewildering her eyes, the color flushed back into his face, his articulate movement became alive and the man she knew long pass had appeared before her in an instant that if it were not for her own eyes, she would have thought it a lie when, after his rant had finished, the husk he had become took possession once again: the melancholy came back.

So there was no way she would give up now. Privately, in the confines of her own room - opposite his - in the house she had wondered if it was still worth her time; to be here after the years, to waste her last time on earth on this wretched house, just in hopes to be with her long-lived friend of all her life and bring him back. Even after all that had happened between them; even when he couldn't even utter her first name. At that moment, however, her shame had never been so great and if she were a lesser being she would have cried at herself, accused her heart of vileness and asked Mr. Adam forgiveness for her betrayal, because, how could she have forsaken him and give up so easily? How could she sentence her only friend to solitude and decay? What a wretched creature she was: she had to repent to that.

The next week when the sun had not yet risen early in the morning, Mrs. Rochester had opened the windows of the house, rolled the curtains up, and called for the maiden to come early, to look for the house: she had to leave with Mr. Adam and did not want one single speck of dust when she came back, the softly said "Yes madame Virginia" the maid murmured had been enough, inciting her to gather her billowy cloak and go into his room. She woke him crisply at the ungodly hour, grabbed his clothes from the closet and ordained him, quite insolently if he could say, to "go wash yourself quickly, that you already look like a dead man. Don't make me wait; we are leaving in 5".

When he had finished some 10 minutes later, the steam, rolling off his skin she was already at the dining table finishing her own breakfast when before he could drink his typical coffee at breakfast, she had ushered him out the door and into the first rays of sunlight.

"We will be going to visit your daughter. I will not take a no, unless you wish for me to tell her everything about your new thing" And so he had been sequestered with her for the day, at his daughter's, wishing every second that passed to crawl back into the hole he called home.

Upon returning, he had escaped Mrs. Rochester's nibble and unforgiving fingers before they wrapped around his bicep and curled like a talon's claws claiming his freedom and forcing him in her mother hen type of ways to another round of eating, playing or going outside for another excursion of hers, and as stealthy as he could, he steadfastly walked to his study - cause damn heaven or earth before he ran like an impudent child - and locked the door and sat before the mahogany wood with the first book he saw. It stared at him, accusingly, judging with nothing but words, the elegant scrawl glaring in a way that made his gaze ache, his throat spasm: the book was a vicious little thing.

Its title which still looked at him despondent sent him a clear condescension. It stood there, unmovable and frightening, divine but condemning, incomprehensible but so very understandable, he had gotten it from where it layed in the wood, right in front of his nose upon the second shelf of the monstrous bookshelf he secretly adored and despised equally, and in the dainty fingers of his left hand had set it faceup with its letters looking into his eyes. "One Hundred Years of Solitude" was quite the torturer it seemed, for he was so accosted, so recognizable by it; so literally portrayed. It sucked his mien for the day. Without a thought, already accepting of what had done and what he had become he gazed downwards beyond the casing of the text, to the floor and kept there inanimate, consumed in his woe. It was, he supposed, happening again.



Andrés David Montaña (Grade 10) WINNER

Varicose veins running through their arms like an overflowing river,
And eyes reddened and sore from watching their kids shiver
A headache that pressed against the skull like sharp rusty nails
And yet their consciousness filled with devotion for their protector
Bombs plundering behind with unimaginable force
And still the smoke would fade to reveal one face
A face so pleasing and possessing
Used as a mask to hide the devil
And no matter what that face would follow you everywhere
Until your last heartbeat it would make sure you loved it forever.



Sebastián Phillip Price Betancourt (Grade 10)
WINNER

The forgotten wonder of being alive...

Of existing, of breathing
Of being part of this cosmic chaos
Which has as much of indecipherable as of wonderful
To know that to be happy and wise
it's not necessary to know all the answers
And know of all the mysteries of the universe,
But rather to be able to question everything
And to understand that sometimes,
It's more important
To know how to ask
Than to know how to answer
To know that we can be anything we want to be
But we should never stop being human
Because at the end of the day,
We are all made up of the same infinite matter
That makes up the Universe.

Sofía Correa Aguilar (Grade 10)

The Reaper's Song in The Air

"There are all kinds of love in this world, but never the same love twice" F. Scott Fitzgerald. The Great Gatsby

I was young when it happened. I was riding my bike along the side of the street, the wind was whooshing impossibly loud in my ears. I was near Marlins Park. It was pitch black outside, so I don't blame whoever did it. I turned the corner cautiously, icy wind biting at the exposed skin of my face and all I could see were blinding white headlights and then could only remember pain, the throbbing of my head, the constant beating of my heart in my ears and then nothing. Turns out I wasn't as careful as thought.

I woke up to the sterile odor of a hospital, the constant beeping of the heart monitor and rhythmic hum of the respiratory aid. It took a few minutes for me to come to my senses. I was covered in bandages, a tube inserted in my nose, I could feel its end tickling somewhere inside my chest. I was growing hysterical. Trying to move became increasingly complicated, the task was almost impossible. Submerged in my panic, I trembled and whined but failed to notice the alarming activity of the hospital machinery attached to me. A calm melody made me freeze; it appeared to me as the sweetest voice one could ever imagine, tender and soothing, a balm to my disdain. They had a voice that could vanquish the cries of all the babies in the world. I looked at them and was immediately taken aback by their billowing presence. A face pale as snow covered by ragged sheets of black silk, always flowing on a phantom wind. I stopped, checking for any breeze, but there was none. It was an otherworldly sight, an ethereal feeling. I was at a loss of words.

I was pacified by their recitation of the most gratifying verses. Poems I had never heard of. They were with me during the months I was on the verge of dying. They kept me company during days and nights of what would have been freezing solitude, they never offered their name, and I didn't ask for it either. It was companionship, they sat at the foot of my bed singing and asked nothing in return from me. My feelings were confusing, but I was absolutely certain of one thing. I was irrevocably in love with Them.

One day, I gathered all the courage I could muster, and asked them, "Who are you?" They chuckled, the sound made me shiver in a mix of satisfaction and fear. "I am feared, I am fair, I always come alone and leave accompanied. You win the battles; I win the war. I am first and last and come for your kin. Before you, came many, after comes more. I guide souls to the underworld." I felt my heart stop. "Why are you here then?" My voice trembled "I'm waiting to see if you are worth sparing." I swallow hard.

Swallowing my fear and pride with it. "What has your judgment been?" My heart beat rapidly, my breathing faltered if I was to be standing up I would have fallen on my knees before them. The silks draping loose and gracefully framed the pale face with inscrutable features which seemed to soften. The silks sighed and in the blink of an eye they were gone. Doctors entered the room a heartbeat later. I was saved. I thrashed, screamed and cried, I didn't want to live if it meant that I was not going to be with them.

Time went on without me, I had to catch up with my studies but I wasn't myself after that. As the days became weeks and weeks became months all I could think about was the most exquisite verses I once heard in the voice of death itself. I became obsessed, I thought of all the ways I could see them again, but at what cost? I studied and studied, I fixed my goal on becoming a doctor. Doctors are surrounded by death. I hoped they would still remember me and I most ardently hoped they reciprocated my love.

Years have passed since then and I landed a place in the Emergency room. I get to see them every so often and it's just wonderful. I have professed my love to them but I have not yet received any sort of acknowledgement. I've been having these dreams of penetrating eyes of sulfur yellow, soft brown curls on a skin of glowing gold, the provocative crimson of his fleshy lips and the soft timbre of his voice that resembles a purr. "Find me." They were muttering again and again. Their warm breath crashing into my face, the heady aroma of the sea breeze that filtered through nostrils stun my senses. In the end, I was seduced and threw myself from the bridge into the turbulent waters, cutting my breath. Who would say death would be so attractive? I've been a beholder of this myself and it's painful.

Today a patient in critical state had weaker and weaker vital signs. I did all I could but it wasn't enough the signs were weaker by the second. I felt myself grin with anticipation. I noticed a nurse look at me and frown in confusion. The soft and splendid chant started to echo through the hallway. There they were, standing gracefully and breathtaking as always, their bearing and elegance worthy of royalty. The ever-flowing silks hanging on the sides of a newly golden skin. Time has done them very well. Verse and prose, will never do it justice. After their visit the nurse approached me, she asked, "Doctor, why do you always smile when a patient passes away?"

Mariana Cáceres, María José Daza and Sofía Ortiz. (Grade 11)

Alive

We live, we run
And those moments when there's imaginary music on the background,
Those moments keep us alive

We live, we run
But that Sunday midday chocolate ice cream,
that's what makes us laugh

Day and night we think about the future that can be,
And when we see that beautiful sunset, seconds stop to allow us to breathe

That kiss while we drive on a dark road full of stars,
That hug that makes us feel warm,
That small orange butterfly that makes us feel what life is about

We live, we run
And those moments make us remind
that we're alive

Isabella Vanstrahlen (Grade 11)