

## SHORT STORIES

### ***The impossible song***

*She ran to her house to write the naked song.*

*On her way she met her old teacher, who delayed her with questions; her neighbour, as talkative as ever; the wall posters and the postman and the demonstration for the rights of parrots. When she crossed the threshold, her heart was beating like a Russian roulette. But by then, the reasons, the memory, the images had already appeared.*

*The song she wrote was not that one.*

### **THE BOX**

An old box was in the ground. A key, a letter and a telephone was inside. The boy approached it slowly and he looks carefully at the box. A voice told him:

“Not to take this”, “It’s dangerous to do it”

But he picked up the letter. Only there were two words: “call me”. He didn’t know who had left the box there. What would happen if he called? He didn’t know, so he picked up the telephone and suddenly the door closed and the key disappeared. A voice whispered:

“Why do you come? Are you sure you want to continue?”

“Yes, I’m sure”

“If you want to have all the answers, you have to take the key”

And suddenly the key returned to the box. But the voice followed talking...

“You will have all the answers but you`ll never can go back”

The boy thought and thought carefully. The price was very high, but the knowledge was very important for him. So... he took the key, opened the door and he never returned.

## IMAGINATION

In the space the elephants fly

My telephone rang under the sea

Above the mountain the moon was born

Girls and boys dreams of a world upside down

Inside the dark the sun shines

Nine lions play with the children

Around the world people join their hands

Through the wall you can see the future

In the garden the trees sing

Other worlds are possible if you dream of them

Never say “I cannot do it”

This is the imagination

## **ADOLESCENCE**

Impatience prevented me from seeing the horizon and the words we passed closed doors and windows. The bad gestures broke our ties and that accomplice look.

But, you taught me the path and I, if I, calm and peaceful, I found a new way to start the stage.

Now, from your hand, together, we will learn to chart your future.

## **MUM BUTTERFLY (winner of the competition)**

Her son was dead, six months. He was her life. Every day was the same since then. She sat near the window, and she wove all the time. In silence, but non stop weaving. On day her husband arrived at home, but something was wrong, his wife was not there, but in her sit there was an incredible chrysalis.

Helena Vicente Albiñana

# What a harrowing experience!!

---

Suddenly, my father shouted, `stooopp'!!! . I opened my eyes a bit dazed and I wondered : is that an elephant?

There were four elephants which walked like lost on the road.

Then, an elephant approached our car, it looked through the window and it stared at me.

Immediately, I understood its message:

` I am down in the dumps´.

Asunción Navarro Cerdán.