

MY BEST FRIEND

That day, Vicky was very bored. She knew that her best friend, Helen, was coming soon. She only had to wait. A few hours later, Vicky noticed that Helen was about to come. She was right. Her best friend was entering through the door. Both Helen and Vicky were very happy.

Then, they went to the park and spent the whole afternoon playing with a ball and running. Vicky was thrilled and happy, because she was having fun and spending time with Helen. Helen felt the same as Vicky.

They didn't want to return home, but they had to. They were exhausted, so they went to bed early. As soon as Vicky finished her dinner she went to her little bed and she got asleep very fast. Before going to sleep, Helen went to say good night to Vicky and stroked her fur sweetly. Vicky breathed deeply and moved her paws a little bit, probably she was dreaming about what happened today.

Alba C. N. (2nd ESO)



DEALS

I have never had good mental health. When I was younger, my parents were always arguing and I would spend all day long locked up in my room listening to loud music so as not to hear the hurting words they shouted at each other. I soon turned twelve and it was then when they decided to get divorced. It was not easy for me to deal with it, and the fact that I did not have friends made it even more difficult.

A couple of months later I moved to Chicago with my mother, as my father had decided not to stay in touch with us. We were poor, and as a result, we had to live in a really small flat. Although she was also going through a hard time emotionally, my mother went to great lengths in order to get a job. Due to this, I always used to be home alone.

Time passed; however, nothing seemed to be improving. I became so desperate that more than once I imagined myself falling from great cliffs or being passed over by a car; anything that would put an end to my suffering. So, why did I not succumb to my thought? The answer is that I believed suicide to be selfish.

I started searching for help at school, and it was because of this that I met Ryan Andrew. He was a man with a very dodgy appearance, and at first sight, you would think he was a drug dealer. He told me about his past –which had not been trouble-free –and how he managed to get out of that “pit of anguish”. He said he had called upon the devil on various occasions, and that this way he had accomplished everything he had ever wanted. I thought he was going nuts, probably because of the consumption of certain substances, but after doing some research, I found out that many people throughout history had invoked the devil and that it was not as dangerous as I thought.

One afternoon, when my mother had gone to work, I lit up some candles and repeated three times out loud: “Devil come to me”. At first, nothing happened but, suddenly, the flames of the candles fanned and the room turned very old. I

was tempted to run away chased by my own fear, so I stood up and ran towards the door. It was then that I heard a deep, masculine voice that called out my name.

I stood still as if I was a statue, and when I turned around slowly, I saw the silhouette of a tall man leaning against the wall. I expected myself to have a cardiac arrest or something of the kind but, instead, I felt really calm. In fact, I did not try to escape when the shadow started walking towards me.

The silhouette whispered something and as if I was obliged by some kind of invisible force, I began to tell him all my problems. When I finished speaking, the shadow snapped its fingers and disappeared. The candles went out and all the lights turned on. I did not feel as if I had improved. Nevertheless, I soon discovered everything had changed for the better. We were no longer broke and I met a group of people who quickly became my friends.

I was so thankful for the devil that I started to call upon him on a regular basis. When I was with him I felt relaxed and happy, as if my problems no longer existed. He became my friend or, at least, that was what thought.

One night, he appeared without me having to invoke him. I was confused, as he had never come to me voluntarily. I was expecting to feel relaxed as always, but the soothing feeling had been replaced by an inexplicable fear. I knew something bad was happening and tried to escape from the room, but the doors were closed. He started to walk towards me, as when we first met, but this time he was not the one giving something. He held out his hand and said: "It is time for you to pay for your debts"; and I realised the devil is not a friend to anyone. Never.

Eva R. S. (3rd ESO)



WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE TO BE YOUNG AGAIN?

Ever since I have knowledge of it, I have gone to the ocean seeking for a place to run away from everything else. And just like I have done on multiple occasions before, here I am, sitting by the shore. The way the sand feels under my skin takes me back to all those other times I have sought for peace.

Suddenly, I am five years old again and sat next to my mother while she reads a book. I daydream about growing up to be just like her. People tend to say I resemble her which would make younger me excessively happy, but the mere thought of it nowadays makes me feel sick. Who would have thought that everything I once wanted was now my biggest nightmare.

Just like that the ocean breeze hits me again. My 10 year-old-self runs around the beach collecting shells to go make her dad a car keychain. I seemed genuinely happy, the ocean has always been my happy place but I feel doubtful as to when was it the last time I felt like that. I have anxiously waited to grow up for my entire childhood, but now looking back, what wouldn't I give to be young forever.

Sweet sixteen they say, to me that expression has always felt like a blatant lie. Always might be the incorrect term. Dating back to my sixteen birthday, probably the day I have looked forward to the most in my life. For me it meant the day I officially became like the grown-ups. I sat on the sand while everyone else cheerfully said "Happy Birthday". Just as I was about to blow the candles, and officially sealed my day, police sirens overthrew the moment. To this day I am unable to not freeze under the sound of them. I have chosen to live in denial, choosing to forget what happened, but when you are the girl whose mother passed away on her birthday that is not a real option. A healthy woman, an unexpected death they said. Ever since then people look at me with pain in their eyes, but I never understood why. I was the one grieving but they made their sympathy as the key to solve all of my problems. I always felt as if no one ever really cared enough to understand why I act the way I do. But then again, why would a seemingly healthy woman unexpectedly pass on her daughter's birthday. Disregarding people's attempts to comfort me has been something I have instinctively done since it occurred. Maybe it is my fault that I have always blamed myself for it. I have been constantly told that heart attacks are not something you can prevent. What is the paramedics had gotten her on time? Would I be sitting on this quiet beach with that same faith for happiness instead of hatred towards myself?

To this day, my birthday has not ever felt the same. All the likes I had after my mother have never felt the same.

Everyone wants to stay young forever. I would give anything to be young again so that the feeling of the sand under my skin would feel the same as it once did.

Natalia F. M. (1st Bach.)