Emptiness

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While my hand was automatically writing the translation of an insignificant mechanics manual for IMS Car Club, which was the only source of money for me, my mind started to wonder about the feeling that had moved me to study the phonology of different languages. What is the thing that motivates me to take up a subject like this? The vision of my hand moving the pencil rhythmically over the paper didn’t cheer me up. Suddenly, this image disappeared from my vision, changing into an inconsistent darkness.

I was standing in the middle of Nothing. What an incongruence to be in a specific location in a place that doesn’t exist. Don’t you think? This place that has no space or time is what I call Emptiness.

“... What is the origin of this place? Is there anybody here? If somebody dares to live here, is there any language that exists in this place?... I always feel the presence of somebody flying over me... it is trying to tell me something that I can not understand... Who is this entity? And what does it want?” That is what I was thinking while I was standing inside the sphere, which did not have any circumference or limit that could define it.

A smell took me back to real life. I stayed sitting at my desk wondering where that magic and soft smell that could break my Emptiness was coming from.

Eva was her name, as I could see in her eyes.

I heard with a mixture of emotion and pleasure a melodious voice that said: “Good morning, I’m sorry to interrupt you but I was wondering if you could help me.” I accepted with a gesture
because I could not say a word. - “It is a Spanish text, about African birds’ migrations. I can not understand what this word means.

Could you help me please?” said Eva, showing me a paper that was up side down. I read the word evA which was in fact Ave. My mind started to work: “...eva... ave...the same word with an inverted order. Is there any connection between the meanings of these two words?” The darkness withered my vision of Eva’s face. Like a black hole, the Emptiness absorbed me. “This presence appeared again, flying over me... I recognize her; she is “ave”... she has the power to transform emptiness, to change “nada” into somebody.

But, who is it? Who is she looking for?”

When I had returned from my Emptiness, the first image that appeared in front of me was her face: Eva, Ave. Now I know they are the same. She is the “avE” that flies around me; she is the one who changed me from “nada” into Adán.

Memories. Smell made me remember, this smell that characterizes Eva became the path that guided me from my Emptiness into reality. Eva became the bridge between these two dimensions.

Suddenly, something happened that made the bridge’s structure fracture and begin to fall. And one day the bridge fell down. That day was truly like night, everything was dark. My two dimensions began to fuse, becoming one unity. My thoughts diluted with the images that I received from the outside, from the real world. “I’m standing with Eva, she’s taking my hand, I am tracing her lips with my finger and I can taste the ripe fruit’s fragrance that her lips expel.”

Suddenly, I felt that something was going wrong. A strange sound began to boil from the deep darkness. I could not know at that moment what was going to happen, what terrible thing was going to break my worlds’ union, leaving me alone in this blackness.

With a big crash, a lightning bolt penetrated my consciousness, leaving me blind in the middle of the whiteness. I could see Eva’s
face. She seemed to be floating in this immensity of brightness.

At that moment I knew that I would never again see her. All the lightness became dark. Eva became “Ave” and the “Adán” that was living in me became “nada”.

Now I am alone in this nonsense language’s world. Language is dead. So am I until I find somebody to use it with. Until I see her again flying in front of my eyes.

Josefa González

My name is Josefa González Moller. I am 17 and will study medicine to work in research. I am also very interested in philosophy and arts as means not only to understand the world around us, but also to develop sensitivity, perception and emotion as complementary forms of knowledge. Since I was a child, my motivation to write was inspired by my need to order my ideas and share my feelings. Every time I am sad, angry, happy or thoughtful, I write. On this occasion I had been reading several authors from the surrealistic movement. I read Borges, Cortázar, García Márquez and Paz and I could feel the dual world they hide inside them.

So I decided to create my own idea of this world. I started to write and I will keep on looking for the connection between the fantastic and the real world.
Under Effect

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"Hello? Am I talking with Nicholas Spradling?"

"Yes, who is it?"

"Good morning, it is your doctor, Mr. Le Valley. I have great news for you!"

"Don't tell me, you've found a heart for me, haven't you?"

"That's right Nick, we'll operate on you next Wednesday."

"Mom! Sarah! Come here!"

That morning the best news for Nicholas had arrived: a heart had been donated after a year of looking for one. Finally, he would be able to recover from his illness, if things went okay. Everything was going right for him; he had just gotten married two weeks ago.

Nicholas Spradling was a low profile guy, 26 years old. His father had died when he was little; and because of this he had inherited millions of dollars. He had always lived with Ann, his mother. What he cared about most was his beautiful wife, Sarah Roberts. He really loved her.

That week seemed to be the longest one ever. There was only a day left until his surgery and he was really excited though afraid at the same time. His mother was terrified. She said she had a very bad feeling, but her son calmed her fears by telling her he wanted to do this. He preferred to die than to live and feel sick as he had until now. The surgery was very risky, no doubt about it.

Finally Wednesday arrived and the surgery would begin at 10 a.m. Nicholas was about to enter the operating room.
He said good bye to his mother and especially to Sarah, who seemed to be very relaxed and confident about it.

Inside the room, all the medical staff was waiting for him: the nurses, the anaesthesiologist and a doctor who was a close friend of his, Charles Steward.

The anaesthesiologist proceeded and Nicholas started to feel very dizzy and without noticing he fell asleep. Suddenly, after what he thought were 5 minutes, he felt completely awake, he could hear the doctors speaking, he could smell the cotton dipped in alcohol cleaning his skin, he could feel everything. His eyes were closed and he wasn’t able to open them nor could he move any muscle of his body. “Am I dreaming? No. This is too real. What the hell is going on here?”

“Hey! I’m feeling everything! Hey!”

Nobody seemed to listen. A doctor took the scalpel.

“Please! I’m awake!! I’m awake!! Somebody help me please! I’m awake!!”

His body was lying on the table, so peaceful... nobody would ever notice he was feeling everything. The surgeon proceeded to cut...

“Oh my god! Aahh! Stop! Ahhhh!! I’m dying! You’re killing me!!”

Meanwhile Sarah and Ann were in the waiting room. Sarah was making some phone calls, while his mother was visibly disturbed.

Hours passed, and no one came to inform them about the surgery.

“I can’t stand it anymore!” said Nicholas’ mother. “I’ll go check if everything is all right”.

“They won’t tell you anything yet”, said Sarah very relaxed.

“This is very weird... How can she be so confident? Her husband may die,” Ann thought.
She was uneasy, that’s for sure. She was having an awful time. She had never liked Sarah, who seemed to care just about Nicholas’s money.

Then, a terrible thought. Everything coincided! The wedding date with the heart donation, Sarah’s relaxed mood...

If she was right, she had to do something! Nicholas could die!

“Tell me, Sarah! What have you done to my son?” cried Ann.

“I don’t know what are you talking about...I love Nicholas! I swear to God!” Sarah replied.

“You’re lying, you want Nicholas’ inheritance that’s all!! You’ve tried to kill him, haven’t you? This is your plan!”

The mother began a desperate and almost hopeless race to save Nicholas.

“Please stop! I can’t stand it anymore!” cried Nicholas during the surgery and nobody could hear him.

“Poor Nicholas, he has no idea he has less than an hour left of life. I think my guilt will kill me after this; I’m murdering my friend.”

“Relax, Charles, you won’t even realize it, you’ll have a million dollars in your pocket after this” said the anaesthesiologist.

“You’re right. Let’s hope everything goes okay and Sarah keeps her promise”.

Then, the door of the operating room opened. A lady came in running loudly shouting.

“What on earth are you doing to my son?! I know everything. You’ll die in prison, I promise you that!”

After these words were pronounced Sarah entered the room and the plot was evident. Sarah kept denying everything without results: Charles Steward confessed it all.
After five minutes the disaster had exploded: some twenty people had arrived, among them doctors, policemen and nurses. Then the worst thing took place. The cardiac frequency apparatus began to whistle, Nicholas was dying... his heart couldn't resist.

“What's happened to me?” Nicholas could finally say. “Am I alive?”

He looked around confused. Next to him, was his mother lying down so pale, so quiet. Nicholas started to cry. Next to him was a letter.

“My dearest son,

You don’t want to know what just happened to you, trust me.

I know the traumatic experience you have been through. I'm very sad about what happened to you and I want you to be happy now. Forget this and move on. But never forget that your mother loved you more than anything in the world, that's why she gave you her heart.

Yours forever,
Ann Spradling.”

Isabel Lehuedé

I was born on April 16, 1991, in Santiago. I am the youngest of eight brothers, all of them call me “el concho” of our family. I have always been at La Maisonnette, a school I love and where I met all my soul friends.
Unfortunately, to be honest, I am not a good reader and this is one of the first times I’ve written something like this. I enjoy music and being with my family and friends.
I hope to become a good reader some day. English is a language I love and I do hope to learn a lot of it.
I never expected to win a prize and I am happy about this.
I hope you like my story.