

## **ONE, TWO, THREE**

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### **PRIMER PREMIO EN LENGUA INGLESA**

I was in our favorite park, watching a beautiful sunset that closed the day in the best way possible. I had such a great day with my wonderful partner; we went to many places and discovered new things; it was the perfect day. However, we were missing something: the food. We had been walking for a long time with nothing in our stomachs, so I abandoned my boy for a few minutes to go into the nearest fast food establishment. The door of the restaurant caused a deafening sound that made me shiver. "Good afternoon" I said "is anyone here?" I asked to the void. My boyfriend always tells me that I am extremely curious on certain situations and that this would get me in trouble, but he was not there to remind me, so I decided to investigate the place: despite being 6:00 pm, the restaurant was completely dark and I could only see a part of the counter and a couple of tables near the door. I walked into the darkness looking for someone, but as I walked, the place seemed to get deeper and darker. A shudder ran down my spine. For a moment I thought that the best thing would be to turn around and go into another restaurant, but immediately I detected the unmistakable smell of fried food and my mouth was watering. I noticed a door half-closed at the back of the establishment and deduced that it was the shed, so, seduced by the smell, I decided to look for the waiter.

I walked for about 5 minutes in a straight line while asking myself multiple questions: Why was no one at the counter? Where did that intense smell come from? How can the corridor of a small establishment be so long? Why is it so dark? All my questions suddenly disappeared as soon as I detected a new smell: this time it was vomitive. It made me retch. I decided to cover my nose and mouth with one of my hands while with the other I felt the wall of the corridor so I avoided hitting the wall. I walked a little further, dizzy because of the smell, and stopped when my hand touched something sticky and wet on the wall. Whatever it was, the nasty liquid stuck to my fingers and slid down my hand, falling to the floor and causing a slight sound when it reached it. I began to sweat and quickly turned around: my curiosity had gone too far and it was time to leave this awful place. Suddenly, I heard footsteps down the hall; they seemed to be quite close. I turned around again and walked towards the noise, hoping to find someone and get my long-awaited meal. I ran as much as my tired body allowed me until I stopped touching the wall: I was in the dark in the middle of a creepy silence. I waited a few seconds, still and with my eyes wide open, despite the lack of light.

One. Two. Three. Three seconds passed until I heard the most horrible scream I have ever heard in my life. The lights turned on quickly and the sound of a shrill siren penetrated my eardrums. Consumed by confusion, I managed to identify a huge and skeletal figure staring at me. The completely white room was full of blood stains scattered all over the walls. I also saw what looked like a mountain of corpses behind the creature. I did not scream. I did not run. I just stared at the monster, frozen in panic, unable to move my feet. I closed my eyes tightly. The creature rushed on me and I felt an intense pain all over my body.

I jumped up and screamed as loud as I could until I was out of breath. I got out of my bed quickly, worried because of that terrifying monster and ran into the bathroom to wash my face. It was all a dream. No. A nightmare. A horrible nightmare. I washed my face a bunch of times until I convinced myself that I was safe, far from any danger. Tired, I looked in the mirror. One. Two. Three. Three seconds passed until I heard the most horrible scream I have ever heard in my life. A huge, skeletal figure staring at me. I was just frozen in panic.