



THE BIRTH OF A STAR

I've always wanted to be a star.

Since I can remember I've been working hard to be a famous singer. Too hard, I would say, as I fall asleep as soon as my body touches the soft blanket. I normally have pleasant dreams where I sing surrounded by thousands of fans, but not that night. Instead of a stage, all I could see were tall trees. They were so tall that I couldn't even see the top. They almost reached the sky. It was dark and the mud was getting my hands dirty, so I decided to stand up and walk. I looked around as the grass stroked my feet, but I couldn't see anything. My eyes were not used to the darkness of that forest. Also, everything was quiet. Too quiet. It made me feel uncomfortable.

Lucky me, I woke up in my bedroom not much time later. Forgetting the nightmare, I went to my dancing class. As always, I ended up so tired I fell asleep instantly when I laid down on my bed. I was hoping to get back to my singing dreams, but I found myself in that forest again. Something felt different that second night. I felt like someone was watching me. Suddenly, a big black creature appeared and grabbed my arm. It was as tall as the trees. I couldn't move, that monster was too strong, and my vision was blurry because of my tears. I heard a branch cracking and the sound of a fire getting close to me before I fainted.

When I opened my eyes for the last time I felt a horrible pain all over my body. I couldn't help but scream, my skin was melting. The smoke was making me dizzy, all around me was darkening and I couldn't breathe because of the pain. I looked around, hoping to find someone who could help me, and I saw what changed my life. Instead of the trees, dozens of human torches lit up the forest. Then I realized I was one of them. I closed my eyes and the pain finally vanished. I was dead, but at least I had fulfilled my dream. These torches shone like stars in a dark, midnight sky. We could say that my death was the birth of a star.

And I've always wanted to be a star.

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