

Ainhoa Badenes (1º-2º BACH)

The summer of my life

For many people summer means partying, for some people summer means going to the beach, for some people summer means traveling to new places, but for me summer is a place. My favourite place on earth.

It's a balcony. A balcony where I can only be for 3 weeks during the entire year. It's the most beautiful and relaxing place I've ever been to, and I never get enough of it. It's a balcony with roof but no walls. It has two couches, a table, a lamp, some starfish skeletons and the most amazing view of the sea. A sea that seems to never end, till sometimes, if you try really hard, you can see another island at the other side.

I'm the only person in the family who uses that spot. It's kind of mine and even sometimes my dad has to call me to know where I am because he can't find me. It's like being on another planet. A planet that can only be reached by me.

I love laying in the couch and listening how the waves crash into the rocks, the sound of the seagulls in the distance and the people partying at the beach near to our house while the last lights of the sunset touch my skin. I love hearing my little cousins playing around the house and the sound of the wind moving the palm leaves. It's the perfect spot to read, to write or to listen to the music.

The balcony, the entire house is like home for me. Is one of those places where you arrive and feel like nothing has changed, it's like if no time had passed from the passed summer. I still go on the boat, to the beach, spend time with my family... but I always have even if it's just 10 minutes for my balcony.

It's like if the balcony was a room from where you can see how the summer fades away. It's kind of an irony because the more days I spent in the balcony, the less summer I have. Everyday, every sunset, every breeze, every wave, feels so good. But I can't help thinking that every moment I spent there takes me closer to the end.

I mainly use my spot to think. Most of the things I think make no sense, some of the questions I ask myself, a girl of seventeen summers, can't be answered and some of the stories I like to imagine, while I'm glancing the sea, never reach the paper. Once that I can't even remember what I was thinking, a weird question popped into my head. What is the definition of summer? Really, just take a moment and think about it. Whatever you just thought is a correct answer, but how can we establish a definition if the answer is different for everybody? I instantly looked it up on my phone. The first definition I read was: "the warm season between spring and autumn". What? How can that be an answer I thought. You can't define the number 4 by saying that it's between the 3 and the 5. You must define something for what it is. But then, I read the second definition and I immediately smiled. I looked like a fool but I thought that it was perfect: "The period of greatest development" - I read out loud.

I would have never came up with this definition but I totally felt that it was the right one. I mean, who doesn't change during summer? Summer is a time of freedom, and self development, and basically enjoying everyday as much as we can because we know how much it hurts when it's over. All of us, even if we don't notice, grow up a little bit in summer.

I can't decide or explain which one has been the summer of my life because in every summer my life has been different. In every summer I've ever lived, I've been in a different stage of life and I can't compare one to the others.

As they say, you can't swim in the same river twice. You may go to the same place at the same time you went before but it will be different because everything goes on, like a river. You may be swimming in the same spot, the same day at the same time you swam the summer before, but everything will be different.

Because here, writing this about my special spot, I feel it as I remember how it was just a few months ago. But I'm not the same person anymore. As no summer will ever be as any previous one.

Irene Sarro (1º-2º ESO)

THE BEST SUMMER OF MY LIFE

This story is about a girl called Irene, she was twelve and she lived in Madrid... Better, let's begin again: Hello, my name is Irene and this is my story.

It was summer and all my friends were out of the city, but I had to be in Madrid all summer. My parents were working and I don't have any brothers or sisters.... So I was absolutely alone.

First, I thought that it was horrible. My parents told me that I should go to the swimming pool but I didn't want to swim alone. Also, they told me that I should go running to the park, but I didn't want to run alone....

And one day in the morning, I saw in the shelves of my living room, apart from the other books, a copy of "Never ending story"

As strange as it may seem, I was curious and I started to read it. I couldn't take my eyes off the book. I was so focused, I felt part of the story. When I look away from the book, I didn't see the door of my room, the white wall nor my bed. I only saw a completely different world... I was inside the book!

I closed the book as fast as I could, but curiosity was stronger than me and I opened the book again. Then I appeared just were I left the book last time, Bastian had just met Fjurr, the white dragon.

I continued reading and continued imagining... When I finished the book I looked at my watch and it was three o'clock in the afternoon. I had been reading all the morning. After this, I had lunch and I look at the shelves where I found the book. And I took another one that I thought it could be interesting. This book was "The adventures of Tom Sawyer"...

I began to read it, and I quickly reappeared in the book. But in this time I was in the south of United States two hundred years ago.

After two hours I finished it. While I was looking for another book to read, my parents arrived at home. On the one hand I was glad to see them but on the other not, because all days when they arrived at home, we should had dinner and then I had to go to bed.

The first thing that my parents did, was ask me what I did during all day and I answered that I had been reading. I should repeated a lot of times because they didn't believe me.

The next day, I woke up very early in the morning and I tried to look for another book, and I found it. The book was "It" of Stephen King. When I read the synopsis I get scared because I thought that this time I could appear inside the book again, and the clown Pennywise could eat me. In spite of this, I started reading, and it happened what I feared. As Pennywise can transform in our biggest fear he transformed in the loneliness, my biggest fear.

Pennywise continued living in Derry and I realized that thanks to the books, I would never be alone.

That summer, I didn't feel alone and I didn't get bored, and I owe it all to the books. Since this moment, I always have been accompanied by a good story.

I will always remember the summer when I was twelve as the summer when I discovered the magic of the books.

Diego García Hernández
3º-4º ESO

THE SUMMER OF MY LIFE

The holidays I spent in New York are unforgettable. Every time I hear about this city, it brings back memories of what is, and will be, my best summer ever. Everything started on a dull afternoon. It was too hot and we didn't have any obligations (as it was summer time). There was nothing worthy to be watched on the TV. I was playing chess with my little brother, when my father, a middle-class business man arrived with some cards in his hand. 'Prepare your luggage: we are going to New York City!' he said with a wide smile on his face.

He told us that he had won a paid trip to New York in a raffle, with all the expenses covered through VIP cards. He also said we would travel in a first-class airplane; our accommodation would be a luxury hotel and we would rent a professional tour guide who would show us every single interesting point in the city. My brother, my mother and I were so surprised that we were speechless. Never before had we done a trip like that, so we were obviously puzzled. Father understood our excitement, thus he just smiled and left the VIP cards on the table, while saying we would go in a week. During the rest of the evening we planned our holidays: where we should have dinner, what leisure place would be first, and even which swimming pool in the hotel would be chosen, the tennis court or the swimming pool. My mother saved up some money, and bought luxury clothes for the trip. My brother and I told all our friends our holiday plan so that they felt jealous. We were all really looking forward to go on holiday.

Finally, the expected day arrived. We got up ridiculously early, but it was OK, as at the end of the day we would be sleeping in a luxury *suite* in the middle of New York. My mother had downloaded an app on her mobile phone to create albums, with filters, music, photo editor and so on, in order to show off of her holidays. At that moment she was talking lively to my father. We finally arrived New York City airport.

My family and I took our luggage, and asked for a taxi. My father told us that he didn't have too much money in his wallet, but he had his VIP card inside the suitcase. We finally arrived our luxury hotel. My mum was recording videos, my brother was already asking to go to the swimming pool and I was looking amazed at the hotel's hall. My dad was telling the receptionist that he had the VIP cards in his suitcase. I was telling my brother that he couldn't go to the swimming pool yet, when my father screamed. My brother, my mother and I asked him what was wrong, and he told us that we had grabbed the wrong suitcases. Thus, we didn't have our VIP cards.

One hour later, we were inside the New York's subway, going to the airport. We didn't have much money without the VIP cards, and we obviously couldn't afford travelling by taxi. Our trip to the airport would be longer and in worse conditions. The suitcases we had may have belonged to another family, as they had clothes which were the same size as ours. "This is just an unpleasant surprise that will end in some hours. This evening you'll be inside a sauna in a *Suite* in the middle of New York. I swear", my father was telling my mother. My brother was sleeping (all these emotions might have tired him). Well, I thought, it could be worse. At least we have some money, some clothes, and our cell phones.

I shouldn't have said anything. We had finally arrived the airport. Somebody (probably the family the suitcases we had belonged to) had taken our luggage, with the VIP cards inside. That would have been a wonderful surprise for them. Not for us. However, that wasn't all. We left the airport. My father googled some cheap places to sleep in, and found one in the suburbs. We went on the Subway there. When we

arrived, we got out of the train and walked through a narrow street. It was getting dark. Suddenly, a man with a revolver came. 'Give me all your money', he said. Besides that, he took our mobile phones and the suitcase. Then, he ran away. 'It could be worse', I said. 'At least it isn't raining'. Nobody laughed. We spent hours walking through the streets of New York, looking for a place to sleep in. We finally settled on a small dirty campground. It was ironic. We should have been in a luxury *Suite*. The next day, we left that camping and sought for an easy way to earn some money. My brother was very quiet and miserable. I created a game for entertaining him. Each time one of us saw a taxi, a point was scored. When a red car was seen, two points were scored, and so on. My little brother seemed to like it, as he started to look for vehicles. My parents understood the situation, as they joined in. Later, we were all laughing and competing.

My father found a job as a cleaner and my mother as a waitress in a small Italian restaurant. My parent's boss liked us, and fed us with the remnants of the day until we could pay them ourselves. He also let us sleep in the cellar, as it was big enough for the four of us, while we looked for an accommodation. My father borrowed his boss his mobile phone in order to call our uncle. Our goal was to earn enough money for living until he would take us back to Spain. But that could take weeks, even months.

Although the conditions weren't great, we lived on as we could. Matteo, the boss of the restaurant where our parents worked, was very kind. He sometimes gave me and my brother some comics he bought, an action figure or a novel. One day my parents, my brother and I walked through all New York, rented a small boat, and visited the statue of liberty. We all had fun, because we played games together, we sang American popular songs, we told stories, and so on. My brother and I made some friends, that lived in the same neighbourhood as us and played together. At nights, we were still playing all sorts of games. Once, when we were playing hide and seek, my brother found a dog which started to loudly bark. We all started to laugh.

One day I stood up, preparing for another unpredictable day, when I saw my dad smiling. With him were my mum and my uncle. 'We're going home', he said. I said goodbye to my friends and Matteo. We went on taxi to the airport, and travelled back to Spain.

These holidays were an absolute adventure. We didn't have what we first desired, but a pedestrian view of life. Not until this 'surprise' occurred, did we realize that, what is actually important is not a great amount of goods, but taking advantage of them, even if they are very small. That's why the summer I spent in New York's suburbs, playing in the street and eating an Italian restaurant's wastes is the best summer of my life.

