

Ganadoras del Concurso de Escritura Rápida. Idioma: Inglés. Curso 2021-22

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## Inglés 1ª Categoría - Olivia Seguin Sanchez

He sold me a bingo card and asked me where I was from.

“From Uruguay,” I told him.

“You speak the sweetest Spanish in the world,” he answered as he continued counting the change. I smiled.

“Thanks,” I said, pocketing the coins.

I continued down the high street, heading home. The streets were quiet and still, and with a slight thrill of foreboding I realized that I was completely alone.

I stuffed the bingo card into my pocket and checked my watch. Its dull little screen showed that it was 5:02pm.

“Not even remotely late,” I murmured to myself.

I reached the front door to my apartment, flooded with a sense of relief. My nerves jangling, I opened the door, raced up the stairs and inserted the key into the keyhole of my door. It opened with a little click.

Sighing, I shut the door behind me and collapsed onto my couch. Still, the inexplicable feeling that something was wrong made the hairs on my neck stand up on end. I ignored it and reached for the slightly crumpled bingo card. I switched on the TV. It echoed loudly throughout the sparsely decorated room.

The presenter was speaking with a loud booming voice, and for yet another reason I couldn't explain, I looked around nervously. Too loud, way too loud.

The man was reading out the numbers. I stared at the bingo card on my lap.

“9,” issued the loud voice from the TV.

“Yes,” I hissed, crossing out the number.

“36.”

I gave a sharp intake of breath. My own card read 35. I shook my head and glanced up at the TV again.

The presenter's face seemed wrong, changed; he was smiling a little too wide.

"You're in luck," he said, grinning, and the TV went black.

"Whoa," I said shakily, trying to calm my pounding heart. I was breathing quickly, my eyes on the black screen. Then a crashing sound resounded from the other side of the flat. I whirled around, sweat trickling down my brow, palms sweating.

The silence was almost overwhelming, engulfing me from head to toe in a slow-burning dread. Something was wrong.

I stayed still, breathing heavily. Silence. I started walking forwards slowly. Found myself in the hall. It seemed too long, too dark.

I approached my bedroom; the sound had come from there. As I was inching nearer, I felt a gust of cold wind on my face. I stepped into the room.

The window was open, the curtains fluttering with the evening breeze. There was a dark, small shape on the floor, indistinguishable from where I was standing.

I edged nearer and clapped my hands to my mouth, retching. At that moment I was torn between the choice of screaming or vomiting.

On the musty floorboards lay a dead pigeon, split cleanly in half, with its glistening entrails spilling grotesquely out. I stayed frozen. My brain felt numb, waterlogged. After a bit, I noticed a piece of paper that I hadn't noticed before in my horrified state. I approached it gingerly, trying to block out the dead pigeon. I picked it up.

The paper was spotted with blood, bright red.  
Still fresh.

I read the piece of paper and I felt myself go cold. The paper slipped from my dead fingers.

"Feel lucky it isn't you," it read.

I didn't sleep that night. How could I, knowing that someone had been in this room and left a dead bird?

I stayed curled under the covers until the sun rose.

At daybreak, I hurried out of the house, half-running. Up the high street. There I found what I was looking for.

The bingo card seller, looking innocently at me.

I ran up to him, breathless.

“You did something. You did something,” I gasped, a stitch forming in my chest.

The man looked at me. His eyes were dark, like endless black tunnels, cold and unfriendly.

“You got lucky,” he said, and his mouth turned up in the corners to form something that resembled a smile. I stared at him, completely shell-shocked. No words. I closed my eyes, and in that long second my brain raced with possibilities, things to say, what to do.

I opened my eyes, wanting to say something, anything.

But the man was gone, the only proof of him having been there being a couple of bingo cards blowing around my feet.

*Olivia Seguín Sánchez 2ESO B.*

He sold me a bingo card and asked me where I was from.

“From Uruguay,” I told him.

“You speak the sweetest Spanish in the world,” he answered as he continued his way towards the rest of the people.

The game started as soon as everyone was seated and I looked at my bingo card and frowned, there were only odd numbers, known in my family as the “bad luck” numbers.

“Number twelve!,” someone announced, this wasn’t going to be a very good game for me.

Numbers kept being called and I still hadn’t heard any of mine. I looked up and saw the boy from earlier giving the numbers. Suddenly, he looked up and locked eyes with me. I held his gaze for a few seconds, until someone called

“Number seven!,” finally, one of my numbers.

I put a stamp on top of the number seven in my card. When I looked up, the boy wasn’t there anymore. I was rather confused as to how he had managed to leave so quickly. I skimmed the room with my brown eyes but still couldn’t find him.

“Number twenty-three!,” apparently I was having some luck. I put another stamp on top of the number twenty-three this time.

When I looked up again, the boy was standing before me.

“No luck?,” he asked

“Not much,” I admitted even though I was on a streak.

“Pity,” he whispered as he leaned into me and discreetly passed me a bingo card.

“What do you think you’re doing?,” I asked as he was walking away, and he simply shrugged. I looked at the card. *Even numbers*, “Good luck” numbers.

“Number two!,” I glanced at the card, and the first number on the top left corner was a number two. I was thrilled. I quickly put a stamp on the number and waited for the next number to be called.

“Number sixteen!,” this could only be a coincidence. The second number was also sixteen. *Odd*. I put a stamp on it and kept listening carefully.

Five minutes passed and I only had one number left on the bottom right corner. It was number six.

“Number six!,” I couldn’t believe it. I had won. I put the stamp as I shouted “BINGO!”

The whole room erupted into screams and grumbles. I did it. I had won. I searched for the boy but couldn’t find him again.

I showed my card to the judges and they inspected it. They gave me my prize and I left the building. The boy was waiting for me outside.

“Why did you do it?” I asked

“You looked like you needed a bit of luck,” he replied.

“But how? Those were the exact numbers...”

“Just call it magic.”

*Madalena M.<sup>a</sup> Abeijón de Vasconcelos Abreu*

*4<sup>o</sup>ESO B*

“She sold me a bingo card  
And asked me where I was from  
“From Uruguay” I told her  
“You speak the sweetest Spanish in the world”,  
She answered as she continued”

to hum a melody I had never heard before, as she started to walk away.

I found myself drawn to that low and rich sound.

Slowly, I started to feel like I was underwater, like that soft and familiar sound was luring me into the depths of the ocean. I was mesmerized by it.

Hearing it was like being carried away by a summer breeze and it made me feel weightless.

Almost instantly, my thoughts and worries left my mind, as if they had never been there in the first place.

Even after she had left, when the bingo card was my only company, the air still vibrated to the sound of her voice

*Laura Márquez Amado 1ºBachillerato B*