

The one eye

There once was a kid named Lin. Lin didn't really have friends, he was alone. Everyone thought that he was weird, just because of how he looked like; long snow white hair, grey eyes with a little splash of blue, ghost pale skin and a beautiful halo over his head.

He really liked to draw, in fact, his drawings were his only friends. They were really interesting looking characters. One of them was a fox, with colorful hair and purple pants. The other one was a cute guy, with long black hair picked up in a ponytail, ocean blue eyes and beautiful brown skin. Their names were Axel and Evan. He was happy with his two friends. But he felt a little lonely over time. He decided to create another friend. This time, it wasn't a human, nor it was an animal, it was a weird looking stick figure. It was very tall, had long arms, legs and fingers, and only one eye. Lin was still happy, but he felt like something was wrong about his new friend.

Lin felt the presence of it's one eye even when the notebook it was in was closed and stored in another room. This made him uncomfortable.

Lin decided to get rid of the page that the figure was on. He couldn't take that feeling anymore, so he grabbed the notebook, ripped the page off and burnt it. He felt satisfied, as the feeling disappeared, but not for long. Some time later, Lin felt that feeling again. That pressure of the one eye. He didn't know what to do, as he already got rid of the page, the only thing that kept that figure alive.

One night he was woken up by a loud noise coming from the storage room. He went to see what it was. When he entered the room, he just stood there, petrified. The stick figure was there, standing on the notebook where it was originally created. It looked at Lin and slowly said:

- You can't get rid of me.

Llengua anglesa

Categoria A

NARRATIVA

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