AMELIA FUENTES GAETE

Andrée English School

2nd Place in the ESU Chile Creative Writing Competition

2024

Junior Category

This document contains two texts. First one is the Round 1 Finished Work Entry on the theme of “Opposites”. Second one was done on the day of the in-person final 8th June 2024, as a Freewrite/First Draft activity, associated with an Emotion.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION

discovering voices

First Text: Round 1 Entry

Red and Blue

The best friends had gathered in a cafe, chatting and drinking the coffee they ordered, all was good until... Crash! In a friendly push, the other's coffee was tossed onto the ground, the mug shattering at impact, coffee spilled all over the ground. The guilty lad tried apologizing, but the other was furious. "I paid for that!" He yelled. "You do this all the time!" Within a few seconds, they hated each other to death. They paid for the coffee and left as quickly as possible. They blocked each other on every social media they had. They posted about the betrayal they had suffered. It was over for them.

They had known each other since they were little kids. The best friends would laugh and play, and their parents weren't opposed to their friendship at all. Blue was timid and he would never speak up for himself. Red on the other hand, was proud and mean. They hung out together every hour of the day. It had been years since they first met. And their friendship was gone as quick as it had been born.

"This is it!" Red said, with a spark of wrath in his eyes. "I knew Blue secretly hated me. He'd never get so mad over a stupid mug, and he will regret ever treating me like this! I must plot my revenge!"

"That reckless fool!" Blue said, with a runny nose and pockets filled with used tissues. "So inconsiderate! I knew he didn't care about how much of a brute he was with me! And I shall not let it slide!"

And so, Red and Blue became the worst of enemies. From saying rude things about each other on social media, to fighting rather noisily when meeting, to constantly looking for ways to spoil

each other's day. It had gone for so long that hating each other was part of their everyday routine; so long that their hatred for each other had separated them from their other friends by that point. Their aggressive and selfish behaviour pushed their last companions away.

It was Blue's birthday. He had invited his former friends but none came, much to his disappointment. As he sat on his bed, sulking, he heard a knock on his door. Surprised and filled with hope, he opened the door, only to have Red burst in, with a proud and mischievous expression that soon faded into confusion as he saw nobody but Blue there.

"Where are your friends? Did you know I was coming to spoil your birthday?"

"You still remember my birthday?"

"How would I forget?! You constantly reminded me when we were friends! And why would I miss up on such a great opportunity to ruin your day?"

Blue sighed, with a pink nose and a sniffle, and sat him down for cake. Red didn't oppose. He hadn't eaten much that day. He hadn't talked to anyone that day, or that week. He was too busy planning a way to spoil Blue's day. And there he was, sitting with his mortal enemy, eating his cake. "Maybe it's poisoned!" Red thought for a moment, but let it go. If it was truly poisoned, it wasn't really worth fighting for now. He had already chowed down what Blue couldn't have tried to eat in a week.

One day, Red and Blue spotted each other going to the cafe where they ended it all. Plotting against each other as usual, they quickly claimed their original seats and wouldn't move out. The waiter came, and they were forced to order, both assuming the other would get annoyed and move to another seat, or just leave.

But neither moved an inch away from their spots.

The order came. Coffee. Blue had ordered what he always criticized about Red: An espresso. He hated the bitterness, the little cup that looked like you could drink tea from it too, the simplicity of a basic coffee. Like Red, it was “dull and easy to find elsewhere”. But Blue hadn’t really bothered to try an espresso before . He figured out he just did it to see if the espresso stock would vanish at his order so that Red didn’t get his favorite coffee, but he was baffled at Red’s order: A Vietnamese iced latte. Red hated that! He’d always complain about how that drink was “Only for teenage girls” and how “It isn’t even coffee, it’s just milk with a smashed coffee bean at the bottom.”

Blue teared up, staring at Red with longing eyes. Red stared back and groaned slightly, sniffling the slightest bit.

The coffee was disgusting, but they didn’t care.

The opposites stared at each other, as their friendship came back as quickly as it was once gone.

Second Text: Free Write / First Draft 8th June 2024

"MARCUS AND THE STARFISH"

(Jealousy)

There was once, in Sydney, Australia, a fourteen-year old boy with a passion. What was his passion? Many would imagine it's all about his favourite activity: Swimming. The truth is, it was simply the crowds that gazed upon his prideful self what Marcus was infatuated with. His swimming lessons were perfect, that is, until he noticed someone he did not recognize, another boy that towered over him, blond and gifted with eyes that could fool you into thinking they're diamonds instead. Beautiful and handsome. Could do better as a movie star. Marcus found himself kicked out of the spotlight, even his own parents coming to discuss more about lovely Ben, the new student, than their own son! Marcus was infuriated. What he had worked on for over a year was quickly stripped away in a blink of an eye, his talent nothing in comparison to the charms of this ridiculous Ben.

It had been about a week or so since perfect and sweet Ben had arrived to attend the swimming lessons, and Marcus could not stand the "Starfish" any longer. His diary, which hadn't had entries since he changed schools and his classmates could no longer treat him like the rubbish he saw daily in the mirror, was filled up once more, this time about the stupid, cute lad who "Patronised and insulted" him with comments such as "You're awesome, mate!" And "How can I get as good as you are!" - Marcus hated Ben for outshining him, but also because of the compliments. Because Ben was perfect, sweet and tan. Marcus was selfish, vain and needy. And he hated that about himself.

As summer arrived, the yearly swimming contest was held, which not only included racing but also performances, which both Marcus and Ben excelled at. Paired up for the presentation, Marcus could think nothing more than to sabotage any chance of their victory. "Stupid Benny

and all his admirers don't deserve to see him holding a cup! I'll make sure he goes down, even if I go down with him!" He couldn't just publicly shove Ben into the pool for some dumb sense of revenge. He couldn't beat him up either because of his small frame. So in the end, sabotaging his victory would be the only way to get back at him for everything. For stealing what kept Marcus from crying himself to sleep every night, thinking he was never enough.

The day of the performance arrived. The other contestants seemed pretty lame, obviously inexperienced or "Just doing it for fun", which Marcus would normally laugh at. It would be an easy win, and that was not what he wanted. Soon enough it was his and Ben's turn, who smiled at him with his pearly white teeth. They jumped into the water and started the act they had prepared, Marcus desperately looking for a way to ruin the act without humiliating himself, when all of a sudden Ben lost control after a clumsy dive and went upside down. Instinctively, Marcus reached out for him, and they both twirled gracefully under the water. What was a mistake was now interpreted as a unique and perfectly elaborated act, and their score shot up faster than Marcus could realise he had sabotaged his own sabotage plan.

He was dejected. He knew they were going to win against those pathetic other duos, and Ben would get cheered on like the star he was. As Ben came up to the podium and stood tall, he didn't feel like being there anymore, but just as he was about to quietly slip away, he was wrapped around a tan and strong arm and brought to the top of the podium along with Ben, who smiled at him once more, this time with his perfect, pink lips.

"You did a great job, Marks. What would I do without you?
-"You'd lose, of course!"

And they both laughed. A genuine laugh. Ben had found a new friend, and Marcus had finally realised the blond looked up to him. A tall, strong and confident blond, a star he thought he'd never get to be. And so, his ego blew back up like a balloon, for he was finally the best swimmer once more.

Of course, until a tall, pretty girl arrived for swimming lessons.

But this time, his diary was spared from his rage, and his pillow could finally rest a night without being soaked, because he had a friend to listen to his troubles, he had a friend and he wanted more. More like the selfish, vain and needy boy he was. As much of a star as Ben was. A “Starfish, like him.