

THAT DAY

A few days ago I made a trip, but I had never had this feelings since now. When the travel started, I was not afraid, I was very excited with it. It should be the travel of my life:

Everyday my life is a new challenge. The train goes on, and the only thought that I have is that I want to be happy.

I really want to start a new life, but there is no one except me on this train and I want to do it.

And then, the day arrived: It was that day.

With a hand I took a mirror and with the other one I took a box (where I left all the prejudices that make not work my train). I looked in the mirror but I did not recognize myself.

Suddenly, I remembered that my friend forgot some earrings. I took and put them on.

Now the train goes a bit faster. I ran to my mother's closet and took that beautiful dress that I have always wanted to wear. Finally, I just needed one more thing: the lipstick. I put on my lips the red ones and I made up.

I looked at the mirror and I felt that person that I have always wanted to be.

That was me, George! At the end I recognized myself in the mirror, and I felt the most beautiful person in the universe.

Then, I realized that my station had arrived.