



CONCURSO DE RELATO CORTO " Viajando, ando" CEIP MONZÓN 3

INGLÉS ADULTOS.

Suddenly Carol realised that she had packed her suitcase. She didn't know where to go, she just knew she had to go as far away as possible.

She had been making up this plan since the first slap in her face. Trying to summon up the courage to do it, time passed slowly through her window's bedroom. In the meanwhile, sadness, loneliness and boredom, engraved with fire in her brain, led her to experience the life that an ordinary woman should live.

In automatic mode, she programmed an uber to Barcelona AirPort, Terminal 2.  
At the moment the landing gear left contact with the runway, she felt freer than ever before and she could imagine the new life that awaited her underneath the clouds.  
Fearless but voiceless; excited but exhausted and trying to convince herself that it was the right moment , she couldn't stop humming to herself, like a mantra: " I am doing it ..."

An unknown landscape in front of her eyes launched her to the most calming moment in the last decade, even her voice sounded softer there. The tenuous lights, the absence of noise and the smell of hot soup, definitely calmed her down.

When she visited a new place for the first time, she never gave her opinión immediately, all her emotions needed time for fossilisation. But this time, she started loving that place much before visiting it and she started missing it while still staying there.  
Everything she expected to find there, was there: harmony and consideration...she was totally addicted to that place where she felt harmoniously comfortable and where she thought: "It's such a pity that I spent so many years of my life dreaming of Japan instead of going there.

C.O.