

Friday, 4 de dic. de 20
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Ninth B

Президент

That day I woke up late. My cellphone's battery was dead, even though it was plugged to the charger. "Damn" I thought, "this cheap cellphone died just like the last one, if only my dad could buy me a decent one...". But then I noticed something very strange. I live near a busy street, so I am used to the sound of roaring engines passing by. But this morning was very silent, as if it was Sunday. That's when I knew: I took a look outside the window and there it was. Like a huge black mega disc, as a giant hockey puck. No lights, no sounds, just a very slight mumble that resemble not engines, but Tibetan monks. There were no cars in sight, nor motorbikes, nor buses. That's when I heard a scream coming from my parent's bedroom. With stealthy steps I walked slowly down the dark corridor to get closer to my parents' bedroom door. I knocked on the door. I knocked again. No one answered and I slowly opened the creaking door. No one was there, not even my parents.

It was then that I felt a hand, big and sinful, touching my back and squeezing my shoulder hard. I turned around and could not believe it. I was paralyzed for a couple of minutes with my mouth open, unable to understand what was in front of me. I had the president right in front of me, but he was one of them. The president was an alien. The first thing I thought about was running, running as fast as I could and going down the stairs, but there were more of those green things in the room. I had no choice but to give up and surrender, but when I thought all was lost, the most unexpected thing happened. I arrived. The house started moving back and forth and in the middle of a flash of light a DeLorean appeared that knocked down the wall of my house and ended up in the living room. I was there but I was 30 years older. I ran upstairs, confused by everything I had experienced in the last 5 minutes of my life.

The me that seemed to have traveled in time told me that we had to leave now, that those green things were coming from the future and that they were coming to kill me. I didn't understand why. I had been a good boy until now and now some giant green things wanted to kill me and I didn't know why. My future self-did not give me much explanation but I did not hesitate to get into the car that instead of going out through the wall that I had already knocked down, went up leaving a hole in the roof and in the blink of an eye a flash of light blinded me and so suddenly the little green men had disappeared and the streets were back to normal, but it was because it was the year 2065. The DeLorean landed at the Casa de Nariño. As we descended, I saw a person in the distance who I never wanted to see again. It was the president, but the alien president. My future self-took off its face like a disguise, exposing its green face.

I tried to run away from there but I was surrounded. Suddenly, one of the aliens approached me and said, "Mr. President, the country needs you."