

TRUE STORIES?

By Maria Miquel *Three stories, maybe any of them is TRUE*

THE TRUE STORY NUMBER 1

Once upon a time, there was a girl called Little Red Riding Hood who lived with her mother in a hut. We all know the famous story about a wolf that dresses up like a grandmother, and we all remember Cinderella with its fairy Godmother. But currently, we know the truth about these stories.

In the smallest town you can imagine, there was a house with a red porch and three rockings on it. You are thinking wrong if you think that was the house of the three little pigs. It was the one of Little Red Riding Hood, and there was a mess. A letter had arrived and the mother was complaining because it was a fine. Her daughter had changed completely in the last month. She didn't enjoy looking after her grandmother and didn't take her honey and sweets any more. She had given up her fine art studies and spent all the money for university on a red motorbike, the make of which was Yamaha. In the last two weeks a variety of complaints had arrived from the neighbors, who thought that the girl was becoming cheeky. Now she enjoyed amusing the neighbors making all type of jokes and arriving at home in the morning after a long party.

The mother entered in the network in search of a solution. A boom of offers appeared in the screen organized according its popularity. Suddenly, a new tab appeared with the image of the fairy Godmother, the one who had a couple of tools to help her. The first one was a remote control to attract her daughter's motorbike when the girl would be in a party. The other one was a camcorder to be able to see everything that the girl was doing. Surprisingly, that day the girl had let the motorbike to its grandmother, so when the mother clicked the remote control, the grandmother appeared in the dining room with a helmet and a leather jacket. Later, she tried to use the camcorder, but how she had hidden it in the motorbike, now it was showing a farm of hens because it had fallen while the grandmother was riding the motorbike. The mother and grandmother spent the rest of the day wandering where the girl could be.

Finally, Little, Red Riding Hood appeared with a new dress, a blue one. She wasn't cheeky; she was fed up of wearing always the same red clothes, so at the end they lived happily ever after.

THE TRUE STORY NUMBER 2 DREAM OR TRUTH?

The alarm clock was ringing when I woke up. It was seven o'clock in the morning, and I felt it strange because I usually get up at seven thirty, but I supposed that my mum had been cleaning my room and had deprogrammed the alarm. I got up from a really hard bed, and I was confused because my bed is really soft. Another thing I found strange was the feeling of dizziness and that the floor was farther away from me than it was usual. I was thinking that in one night is impossible to have grown so much when I saw my supposed body in a mirror. I shouted of fear when I discovered that I was on my English teacher's body. Suddenly, I heard a noise behind of me, and when I turned to see what was happening I discovered my English teacher's husband getting up too. He asked me something, and frightfully from my throat came a sound which instead of my voice was hers. Her husband didn't notice anything and went to prepare breakfast while I was trying to understand the situation. This always happens in films, but never in the real life, so I thought it was a dream. I got breakfast with her husband and got dressed, then came the problems. I know how to arrive to school from my house, but I even didn't know where my teacher lived. I went out to be placed, but what I discovered wasn't great: I was in the center of Barcelona. I tried to relax myself and went to the garage. Another problem was my fault of my driver's licenses, but I found the ones of my teacher in her bag. It was easy to drive the car because I had practiced

with some computer games, but my orientation was bad, so I got lost immediately. After an hour of going in circles I found a poster that indicates the direction of my city.

Finally I parked the car and went to the high school, luckily on time. I was sitting down in the class attempting to do a lesson when I glimpsed the writings that my classmates and I had given to the teacher yesterday. Mine was the first. I felt frightened when I started reading it and realized the origin of the situation. The text started like this:

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THE TRUE STORY NUMBER 3 DREAM OR TRUTH II?

It was a bright day, usual for the season. I woke up and prepared my breakfast as I always used to do. I also took a shower and prepared my bag for a hard day as usual. Then, I made my own prayer: God, please, please, let me win the lottery. The routine continued and the day continued. Now the sun wasn't shining, but my alarm clock rang as usual and I woke up, but the fact that didn't fit in my routine was the TV switched on. The lottery advertisement started just when I noticed a lottery ticket on my table. I took it to look at it carefully when, suddenly, a voice said five numbers. My face went white when I discovered that my ticket was the winning one. My first thought was that I was dreaming, but I had already switched off the alarm clock. Then I thought that day was holy innocents, but we were in the middle of May and that couldn't be a joke because anybody had entered in my house for a long time. The only thing I could do was close the door and walk to my job. After eight hours of stress and being in a hateful job, I didn't remember the lottery ticket, and unfortunately it was hidden under some books. The alarm clock rang again, it was a new day and I was almost depressed to start again with my job, but I focused on my routine. I was just closing the door when I remembered everything. I took the bill and ran to the nearest bank. The banker's face turned whiter than mine when he found that the price was correct, then my bank account was a number with ten zeros and my dream started. I went to the airport and bought an air ticket for the first plane that took off, my eternal holiday began. I went to Italy, Bombay and, finally, Bali, where I bought a house and stayed for a couple of months. A shopkeeper recommended I should have a visit to the local shaman, and so I did. First he read my hand and later we talked for an hour more a less. Suddenly, he took my hand again and said a terrible sentence for me: You forgot to buy a lottery ticket. My face went white again, it was true, I never buy lottery tickets. Then I understood that it was really a dream and I had never gone on holiday. In fact, maybe the shaman's sentence was God's answer to my prayer in order to finally have a real holiday.

