



English test : Write a story about your life or a story

PAPER PLANES
ENGLISH PRIZE
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I can not invent a story, I never had any inspiration. I was never made for that, I have no imagination, I have no dream...at least that's what, I think.

And my life is not interesting, I do not belong to these girls who get along with their brothers and sisters, I'm not the one who never worries and problems as having to choose the color my nail between blue and pink. No, I am not happy with these girls. But I am part of those complaining because life is unfair. And who wonder all day long : Why me ?

Nobody can understand that miss one human being : my brother. My brother became a « different » child, shut away in his childhood forever, it is as if his brain had stopped growing at the age of four or five years old. Thomas became big physically but he remained small in his head. He often says things that make no sense, sometimes he does not make himself understood . He does (lost his bearing) time or in space. He (has or not any) no real autonomy (more). He needs love too... maybe. My parents take care of him a lot ... maybe too much.

I love my brother, I love him but I bear a grudge against so much. It must be ten years now since I lost him, probably forever

Thomas I bear a grudge against to have to keep my mother's love for you.

I blame you when you spoil the evening.

I blame you when you can not go to the movies because of your seizures.

I blame you when I try to tell you a story and you do not understand

I blame you when I try to explain to you how to play hide and seek and that you do not succeed.

I blame you when you can not tell me what you've done during your day while I'm here.

I blame you when you cry, because I do not understand why.

I blame you when you get upset because I do not know.

I blame you for being another person an autistic child while it's not your fault.

So, it hurts me. And when it hurts you say nothing, we have to put up with it. I think I may have done something that should not have happened, or is that something I said that we should not. & when we were little all went well, we were all right on the beach, having fun like crazy.

Time & too fast, I wish it never stopped, I wish the seconds became minutes.

There was a time when you see, we were happy being with each other. It's amazing how you've changed, when I take a trip down memory lane, memories that do not change when you were still with me, I looked before me, there was the horizon and yet, when I gaze at it now, there is nothing anymore... So I'm straight ahead in the pillow, handkerchief in my hand, our memories in tears, them lying here with it and taking my face the eyeliner on my eyelid on a flow down my cheeks. A salty drop on my mouth and I realize how wrong I am.

But it was beautiful, it was good, it was us, it was before. Thomas I miss you ... Even when I see you, I miss you still. When you left, a part of me went away with you.

There is a saying that is so true and probably meant for us : Happiness is only real when shared.

Whenever you need me, I'll be there. I'll be waiting ... All my life if needed and if you believe in someone then fine.

PLOTEK Amélie, lycée polyvalent Bellevue, 1ère L L.S.F., 16 ans

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