



It was late. It was late and I could hardly walk in the dark streets. Dark, like a dark night, dark like those streets which still, over and over, file past my feet, these feet which also slip away from my shame, my anger and my sadness. I was trying to continue my road but the night paralyzed my legs as if they had started to reduce, step by step, as if they did not want me to go. I just wanted to leave this place, to go far from all this hatred, I just needed to run away. I felt heavy and the dialogue that I started with my mind gave me a headache. This dialogue was about love. A refused love, a hated love, a tarnished love. A love called « un-natural », a love which is scary, a love which infringes the Church and its laws. A Church which screams at blasphemy, a Church which shudders with fear, it fears its authority might be questioned. Tonight, my soul was shaking too, it trembled because of no article shame. Yes, I feel guilty to live in this world where the baseness (find another word) hugs the baseness, where love is tarnished? By fear and stupidity. But what are they afraid of? Seeing their children growing in a message of tolerance?

Ashamed, strong feeling. I'll never forget how I felt like when my heart saw what my eyes and my mind did not even want to imagine. Are there the right words? Is there still anything to say? I'm not thinking of saying what love brings me, I'm not thinking of what love can bring to people; I am, right now, trying to keep my mind sane, even if I can't even find out the deep blue sea, the devil is hiding choices, taking all the spaces, the devil is the only thing that I see from where I am concerning your Church????.

It was just like being between the empty world we live in and the emptiness of my head because of what surrounded me, I was choking with emotion, all the hatred, the inequities, the injuries that I'd seen couldn't go out of my soul.. I was the prisoner of what touched me. It might be interesting to say : I was the prisoner of my soul, in reference to “You are the captain of your soul”

Empty world, without hope of a better world, without the values you pretended to stand for, is that the only thing you want to bring on now? The end of freedom, the end of the Human Rights, the end of the Earth where people live and embroider their lives with what matters for them. How could you, lost world, continue to breathe if you stopped giving air to Humanity, if you stopped feeding your children with the bread of share and open-mindedness?

I'm trying to walk again. It's still late. Maybe too late. For the world, for me. How could I continue walking? I have no path through the lands, no mountains to climb, no rivers to cross, no dreams to follow.. The moon is blowing, that may be the last lights we'll find here, Humans have started to fall on the dark side.

Now you, you show me this dark side, who could not let my mind in peace anymore, have you heard my heart? Have you read my tears? Well, touched or not, those words were written with all the feelings a human can admit. A human being, you know a person like you, like all the others. And at the end, do you know who am I? A girl, a boy, a teenager, an adult, an old man or woman? You can't answer. Is this thing a proof that there should be no discrimination? Isn't it? I just hope that it will ring as loud as in my head, that the discussion in your mind will be as intensive as mine.



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Keep thinking, we are never what we think we are and what the others want us to be, no matter the darkness around, no matter how the world carries away the values the History brings us, you have to keep yourself close to the real You, this one who is made of the others, All the others.

Charbin Anaïs (18 ans)

Lycée Parc Chabrières

T L L.E.L.E

Professeur : Bowley Isabelle

Lycée Parc Chabrières