



## THE FIRST ROAR

I was three months old when I met a lion for the first. It was sitting just in front of me, staring at me, and then it turned its head from right to left, shaking its majestic mane while creating a huge and resonant roar which –I was persuaded of it – was being heard by the entire Thessaloniki. Paradoxically, I now realize that this moment has stayed both vivid and blurred in my mind. I acknowledge that this is impossible, that this reminiscence has been consigned to oblivion. However, it is just as if I could feel this moment again through the mind's eyes and yet it remains uncatchable, like when you're trying to catch smoke with your bare hands.

I didn't really know what this creature was but it looked like the cats I had seen in the streets and on the framed embroideries hanged on my grandma's living-room. Only bigger. I remember that I was at once fascinating and innately frightened by this tremendous tomcat. My big astonished baby's eyes must have seen a spark of magic that night. I was sitting on my mum's knees, protected by the ambient heat of the last summer nights and the smell of mosquitos repellent on my skin, the omnipresent cigarette smoke and the sweet tasting of crumbs of pop corns my sisters were secretly feeding me with. Suddenly everything went black for a moment and the film began.

This metro Goldwyn Mayer lion is the first cinematic remembrance I possess.

Since I was an infant, I know this memory is a fake; it has been created and falsified both by my conscience and my incontinent. I must have adapted this tiny flawed scenario from the things my parents and my siblings told me about this night and yet these images remain deeply anchored in my insight as the impression of a sweet infancy shared with all my family.

If today, when I have a look back on my childhood, I describe this moment as a landmark, it is because the instant this remote feeling I'm used to call recollection took place marks symbolically the moment when I opened myself to Arts. The domain where every master-piece is at the same time extremely scaring and staggering, clear-sighted and complexified, flawed and mendacious.

A bit precocious, you would say. A bit pretentious, I would add. Nevertheless, it is the only reasonable explanation I have to justify my current severe addiction to drama, music, photography, dance, drawing and especially movies.

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**17 ans**

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