



The most beautiful day of my life

I am happy. It is the most beautiful day of my life. But it is not the one that you might think of. Today, I am going to destroy my brother, slyly, because he does not expect it. I was preparing this happy event for years. And finally I am there. My revenge is here, in the hollow of my open and cruel palms. It is still silent, but not for a long time.

My brother is happy. I think that it is the first time of his life that he shines so much with happiness. I look at him. He is holding his future wife by the size, tenderly. It is the first time in his life that he likes someone that much. It is the first time that his eyes aren't looking at someone with this icy, wicked and snappy glow. He is laughing. Do you realize it? My brother is laughing. But not for a long time.

I made myself beautiful. My dress is white, as a sign of purity, like the one that I lost. My look is filled with hatred that piled up hatred from my childhood. No, I was wrong to tell that it came from my childhood, because then, I liked Ethan very much. I protected him, defended him with an incomprehensible heat. I found my parents being nasty and mean without any reason. I tried to get a little of my brother's love. In vain. In the end I only obtained harshness and frigidity. I experienced violent scenes between my father and brother, who, for a precision, is my half-brother. I still remember seeing plates and insults fly above my head. All I ever wanted was a cozy home, which I never had. My brother lived in a lugubrious studio in our cellar. He used to spend most of the time in front of his computer; it became like his job.

But in the adolescence, everything changed. Memories returned. They became more and more violent. Because of them, my life turned upside down. The devils were more numerous than I would have believed. The relationship with my brother deteriorated to finish our link, became non-existent. I had tried everything in order to keep the family together. But I understood later that it would never happen, in spite of my efforts. And then, over the years, I blamed Ethan for my painful past, learned my rights and the laws of our world.

I grew up, and too suspicious of men, rejected them and couldn't date anyone. My hatred developed at the same time as my solitude.

When I met my brother's new girlfriend, I realized to what extent he was lucky. This woman was unique. Not only was she beautiful and intelligent but also endowed with humor and moral sense. I did not and still do not understand what she liked about him. This meeting was probably the best thing that happened to him. I do not understand why he had the chance to meet his soul mate, and not me. Is it evil that always triumphs against good? Stupid and trivial question but even so, I was thinking about it, and I will get the answer very soon.

Here we are, finally. I am afraid. I know that I am going to destroy his life, his unique happiness.

A glimmer of kindness and humanity enters me. But I shall not move back.

" I am the victim, I will always be the one, do not forget... never forget it ", that's what I told myself to justify my future acts. A voice said to me that I could still stop this Machiavellian process. But I cannot, I do not want to stop. My heart is too heavy and it can be appeased only if I take revenge.



“ Do you love my brother? ”

She smiles at me. We are alone. The fact that I am going to hurt her revolts me. But I have no other choice.

“Of course I do! Do not worry, I will take good care of him, he is the man of my life after all... He is so... how to tell...”

She blushes and looks down.

“So violent, so aggressive, so bleak... a rapist?” I said.

She raised her head while frowning.

“What do you mean? Stop, you’re not funny. It is not good to frighten me like that a few days before our marriage.” She takes back her usual serene air

“You really have black humor!” She laughs. A few minutes pass.

“Do you want children with him?”

- Of course, and I can already tell you that they will have his eyes and his freckles”.She’s still laughing. I feel really sorry for her. I stay calm.

“Have you ever thought that he could hurt them?” I look straight in her eyes.

“Oh no, not again! And if you have old rumors to report, just do it. What happened? He wasn’t kind to your little cousin? Or when you were three, he didn’t want to share his candies with you?”.She laughs, again and without any recklessness.

I take a deep breath. To have enough courage, I remember the painful moments, just to keep up this discussion.

“He abused me, when I was still a kid! He made me do all that revolves around the sexual act, without penetration, certainly that we can say that I was never raped. Do you want details?” I said that with a voice that was to go at the end of the pain.

She blanked out, said nothing. I had imagined tears, shouts. Failure. She’s very worthy. I told her everything, I spared her nothing. Is it the fact that he wasn’t the one to tell her? Or to see the love of your life under another angle which causes her so much pain? I felt that she was about to faint. I told her that I did not know if it was a teenager’s distraction or if her future husband was really a pervert. I told her that I revealed everything so that she made her choice with full knowledge of those facts; I also told her that I was worried about her and their future children. Then pure silence settled down.

She gets up, bends towards me, smiles at me, but not with her carefree smile.

She caresses my cheek, collects a tear, and then goes away.

I succeeded. I destroyed the life of a happy couple that loved each other very much. My brother is in a depression. He doesn’t know the reason why she left him. He stayed looking at the white walls of his new, unfurnished apartment for days. He’s dying of sorrow. The light of humanity has come to haunt me but the fact that he’s in pain makes me feel good. He is having the same feelings I had in the past.

What should I do now? My revenge is flooded in the tears of a being brought down by powerlessness and pain. Who is the person in charge? Him, to have deceived me and without remorse gone to find happiness? I, for not being able to forgive him? To have taken revenge and to have voluntarily dug our graves? In this story, who is the victim and who is the executioner?



PAPER PLANES
ENGLISH PRIZE

ABOUZAID Shirine
Lycée Lyautey, Casablanca, Maroc
1^{ère} ES 12
18 ans

Elève de Pascale Abdelkhirane
Professeure d'anglais
Lycée Lyautey, Casablanca, Maroc