



A Doll's Diary

'Mummy! I've broke my doll!'

'Oh... it doesn't matter my darling ! You could play with another one, right?'

Here I am, on the shelf, watching my friend's terrible accident, she was a porcelain doll like me. Now, it will be just fate which will choose : will she play with me or not ? I hope not, because I don't want to be broken by this terrible girl ! I must go away, and NOW ! But how ? Here she is, with her thousand freckles and with her fire red hair. I see her coming... with her arms in my direction and her eyes wide open.

And suddenly, I heard something ,

'Amelie, dinner is ready !'

'Yes Mummy, I'm coming !' said the little girl. She went downstairs and she started eating.

Ok, now it's my chance ! I must escape from this room, but where can I go? Under her bed? It's not better because, every night, before she goes to bed, she looks under it to see if there are no monsters... I know! I will go in her dad's drawer, in his office. She'll never enter because as she says 'here, it's smells like work.' I see that the door was open, so I start running as fast as I can and I finally enter the room, before Amelie comes back. 'It's a strange room,' I thought, very strange... There is a little clock on the wall : 8 :45 PM. 'I have to go to sleep because I'm very tired', I said to myself. So I go up on a chair and I enter in the little drawer and I use a sheet of paper to cover myself.

I open the drawer where I slept last night and I see some light! 'It is the morning and she hasn't already found me!' I thought. I am so happy! But, suddenly someone enters in the room. It is Amelie's dad. He opens the drawer and he finally sees me. 'Oh no!! It's the end! I know it, I know it!'. He is smiling, why is he smiling? That's not funny, no! That's tragic, that's horrible!! He holds me in his hand and he goes downstairs. I see Amelie and her friends! There are some other dolls like me on the floor.

' Amelie, look what I have in my hands,' said Amelie's father.

' Oh, you find it daddy!! I am so happy now! Thank you so much!' answers his daughter.

Her dad puts me on the floor. All of a sudden, Amelie says 'who wants to play tag?'

'Me,Me' answer her friends.

They started playing.

I was looking away and... CRACK!

I hear that Amelie was crying and I realize that my head is no longer on my neck, that I don't have anything at the end of my arms and that I'm in a thousand pieces.

'Dad! I've broken my doll again!'

'Oh, no! I've had enough! Now, you will start to play with plastic dolls!'

I see her mum takes me. And now, poor me, I am in the trash. Here is dark, too dark! I am scarred! But, in spite of this, I've never felt more free: going away from the room, running as fast as I can, sleeping in a drawer...

I will remember it for all my life, or at least, the little bit that is left.

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