



Plic, ploc.

Outside, it is raining. Beautiful drops of water fall delicately on the road. Sitting on the edge of the window in my room, I observe the rain. I'm here for more than half an hour. There is too much noise inside. Violent words can be heard, like «Shut up » or «Get off », to name but of few.. It lasts more than one hour and really begins to tire me to hear this kind of words all day long. I want to leave. Far, very far and never return. I need a change of scenery. By putting my earphones, at full blast, I try to escape. The music is rather quiet, soft notes of piano can be heard. I observe attentively drops of water coming down from the clouds.

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It's a bad weather to go out. Oh and then, why not. Even with the music in my ears, I can still hear these two people quarrelling. I want to leave at once. I'm dressed in a simple black dress, I don't have time to change, too bad. I go out of the house discreetly and get an umbrella on my way out. I quicken the pace when I'm outside. In my opinion they heard nothing, there was too much shouting inside. I set off and open the umbrella as I walk. I put it on my left shoulder. Still listening to music, I walk quietly until I arrive in front of a bridge. I don't know where this road leads. My curiosity gets the upper hand and I continue my way while admiring the rain which is falling on my umbrella. I lower the volume of the music to be able to hear the melody of the rain. It is delicate then becomes violent in a few seconds. It rains more and more then returns to a normal pace, finally softer. It is pleasant to go out. I think only of the rain which is falling. I don't know if I shall have to return home, I don't want to. Then I continue to walk my way towards the unknown.

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