

The Mist

It was a cold misty morning when I woke up that day, the day before my journey to France. Well, I can't tell how much I was happy but I was having a feeling that I can't describe. My brother and I had waited for this day impatiently. We had lived four years without seeing our parents because they had left the country a long time ago and the process of getting the visa was very gradual. That means that time was precious to us.

We had to prepare ourselves hurriedly to go to the airport and our uncle who was in charge of us was the one to guide us. By the time we reached the airport, the luggage was already being loaded into the plane. We had to spend some curious minutes at the migration office and we were caught in fear that the plane would leave us. After the check in, we joined other passengers and within a very short time we boarded the plane. We started the journey with excessive emotion and guess what, it all appeared to be normal to me. Travelling on a plane seemed to be magical because it was the first time for me as well as for my brother. When it was time, the food was served to us by the hostesses and everything was new to me. I finished the journey without having fear of having an accident because the security was taken care of. We reached 'St Exupery Airport' within thirteen hours. It was the most joyful and wonderful day in my life when I saw my mom again. I guess anyone would feel the same thing, but anyway it was like an adventure.

It was the beginning of a new life. Life was always a challenge in Africa, but I knew those who suffered more than me. We also had times to be happy but being without our parents was the worst experience. There are many differences between Africa and Europe; the weather, the everyday life of citizens, the food, the infrastructure and the level of development. I was seeing new things I had never seen and I came to be inspired by skate boarding. It was a new sensation.

The first day I joined school in France, everything seemed to be strange; I was not even able to communicate with others. I didn't know French. I didn't have any hope to catch up with other students; I wasn't able to understand what the teachers said. As time went by I spoke a little bit of French but it wasn't all that easy.

Today is better than yesterday. When I see mist outside the house I always remember that mysterious morning which changed my life.

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