

Concours de nouvelles en anglais

Subject: "No man is an Island entire of itself", John Donne

The outing

Blue sky, shining sun. When he woke up he already knew that this day would be perfect. Just like every day.

He was born in a nurse family. He loved his parents. He had, just like everybody else a twin sister. He also loved her. Every family was made up of two parents and two children: twins, brother and sister. It kept the perfect balance of this world. The two parents always had the same job and the children would follow their way. In fact, as soon as a new child was born he was assigned his future wife or husband. They would marry at eighteen years old and have children at 20. It was the perfect time to have children: the mother would be healthy and fertile and the father was young enough to work more hours while the wife would raise the twins.

He knew that in five years he would marry the chosen girl, which filled him with happiness because he loved her. He was also feeling relieved not to have to choose who to marry with: he loved all the girls. In fact he loved everybody, and to be precise everybody loved each other, thus it would have been insufferable to choose alone who to marry. He didn't even really preferred his parents, because his feeling of love was too strong to everybody to be able to have a preference.

It was saturday, and as every saturday of october and november he went to the forest to gather mushrooms for his mother. Today, he had decided to go further than usual into the forest, because he thought he would find more mushrooms. As he was delving into the leaves he saw a book: "Seducer's diary" written by Kierkegaard. He didn't know this author, which was eerie seeing that there had always been only five author families in the world. It was still early so he decided to read it.

As soon as he had ended the book he began to have a splitting headache. His hands were shaking, and he could feel that he was going to vomit. This book disgusted him! He had never felt like this. He decided to burn the book. It sickened him so strongly... And he realised that *he had never felt like this*. Pierre felt free. He felt different from the other people. This emotion only belonged to him, and for the first time he mastered the reason of an emotion, of this emotion. He vomited on the beautiful tree behind him.

His mother was so happy and proud to see her son coming back with truffles! She had never cooked such mushrooms.

Just as always, the next week was perfect. On sunny saturday he went back to the forest. There was no book, just the trees and the leaves. He gathered some mushrooms, had a rest in the nearby meadow and went back home. Everything was perfect, as usual. However he couldn't explain why, but he was missing the feeling.

Next saturday as he was gathering some mushrooms into the forest he saw a boy. When he came closer to him he realised that the boy was crying: he had broken his leg -which is, on the other hand, something which seldom if ever happens-. He touched the leg to check if it was really

broken. The boy screamed because of the pain. At this moment, Pierre violently grabbed his neck and strangle him until the boy wouldn't breath anymore. The feeling, *his feeling*, came back.

Truffles! Again! So much happiness in such a little time!

One month later four teenage bodies were found in the forest. Never had such a tragedy happened before. It created such a mess! They would first have to kill the designed wife or husband of the victims. The reader can of course understand that it would have been unimaginable and harmful for the society to shelter a lonely, thus strange and different, person. Then, when the twins left in each family would be old enough, they would have to procreate two pairs of twins instead of one. But it was not the worst consequence! The parents would have to work until their grandchildren would be able to begin working, and thus society would have to spend a tremendous amount of money to pay medication to keep them healthy. When the parents of the boy learnt the death of their child they began to cry... But not too loud, they wouldn't mean to disturb the other people in their activities. It would have been so selfish and so wrong to consider that the death of your child is more important than taking care not to make people uncomfortable by hearing the sound of your tears. A few minutes later they suddenly realised that all the people they loved were still alive, and so they filled themselves up with happiness and began to laugh without being able to stop anymore.

One week later Pierre's mum took him to the country side, she had decided to teach him how to gather nice flowers. He knew that because of her he wouldn't be able to have *his feeling*, and so to feel alive, this week, but he was happy to do something with her.

They walked ten minutes in the flowery meadow. They stopped in front of a beautiful yellow tulip, and she slashed his throat. She made a nice bouquet and quickly came back home. She didn't want to be late. She had promised her friend to cook a nice lemon cake to wait for her daughter, Pierre's supposed future wife to come back home from her saturday activities.