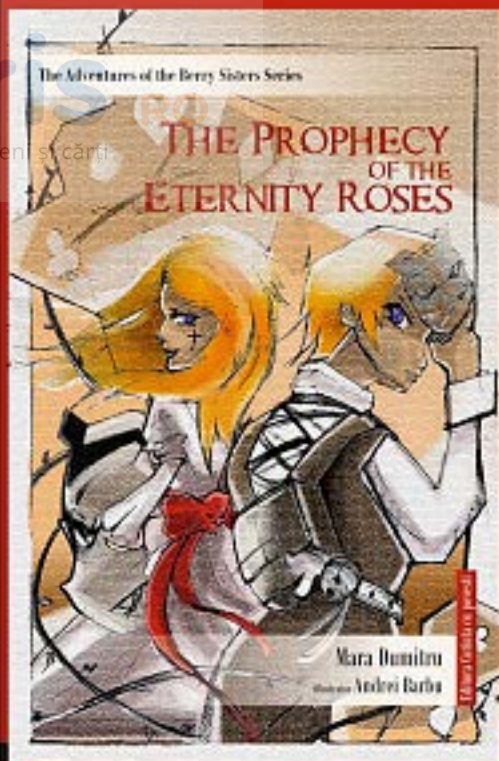


Libri

Respect pentru oameni și cărți





Respect pentru oameni și cărți

...as I was saying, Picasso was a very famous artist. Now, who can tell—? MISS BERRY! Since you seem to already know all about Picasso, tell me how old was he when he drew his first spectacular painting?"

I looked up from my Wonder Woman comic book. Oh no, it's the third time he's caught me reading a comic book this week. Last time he called my mom, and it didn't end well. Kate, who is sitting next to me, covertly elbows me. The whole class is staring at me. My forehead starts sweating. I can't move. Think, I tell myself, think!

"Uh... 56?" I stammer. And I did it again. I made a fool of myself in front of the whole class. I sigh. I already know what will happen. The whole class will burst out laughing. My sister will try to calm them down, while Miriam Abraham, also known as the Queen of Hearts, will make a smart-aleak comment. The teacher will shout trying to restore the silence. Someone will ask me a question, but only if Kate doesn't ask one first. She is good at this sort of things. In our family, she is the pretty, smart twin and I am the other



other family members."

Kate didn't answer and we walked home in awkward silence. The only sounds we could hear were those of the summer breeze.

There it is! An old yellow car with two white teapots painted on the front doors, parked next to an old oak tree, in front of our small blue house. The door is open. I enter the house, followed by Kate. I nearly step on one of Alice's hats, a bright blue one matching all of her clothes.

The next few seconds were quiet. We just stood frozen in the hallway, and then Kate broke the silence.

"Ann, what's with the ten, no, twelve bags?!! She usually brings only one. Oh, no! Oh, no! This can't possibly be happening."

"I bet that she had a problem packing her things."

But we both know I am lying.



a murderer? We can't go to Absalom, he'll just confirm my thoughts. I look back, and see Ann and Meriam running to reach me. Glancing down at the compass, I act without thinking. Taking a step towards Meriam and Ann, I let myself fall to the ground, smashing the glass of the compass in a sharp stone. Crouching, I look at my wounded hand, holding the smashed pieces of the compass and smile to myself.

That was the moment when I changed, completely changed: a terrible beauty was born.

