

## 1er prix du concours d'écriture créative 2016

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They had to go, they had no choice. Winter was coming but the sun was still shining. Elliot and Charlie were sitting near a lake. They spent their days fishing and swimming and they had plenty to do, but the weather was getting colder and the fish was becoming rare which worried them because there was no longer enough to eat, and they lived mainly on fishing. They had to make a choice and leave before the cold weather killed everything. They had decided to leave this place the next day so they went to sleep early.

The next morning, after breakfast, they prepared necessary items and left to join to the nearest road, having chosen to go south where the temperature would be warmer. Charlie and Elliot, who were brothers, hoped to join their family, in America, but they lived in Ireland, and a long journey was ahead of them...

After a series of bad weather and turbulencies, they crossed the great blue Atlantic Ocean. The two brothers were impatient to arrive but it was only the beginning of their long journey. After twelve hours, they eventually landed in America. Charlie realized that his brother had greatly suffered during the journey so they decided to sleep and spend the night together to keep warm. They left at dawn without even eating, still tired from the long trip from the day before. There remained hardly twenty miles to go, so they decided to walk. After a short way Charlie slipped and fell, hurting himself badly, and could no longer walk and his brother had to help him, hoping that he would recover soon, but this wound was only the beginning of their problems.

Unlike Ireland, it was very hot in America, so hot that the two brothers found it difficult to continue. They had gone half way when Elliot fell down knocking his brother down with him. Elliot had become unconscious, so Charlie shouted for help but there was nobody near. He didn't know what to do. He tried to carry his brother but he couldn't. He decided to go to his family home, only about ten miles away, leaving his brother alone. He could not imagine living without him, so he hurried in spite of his sufferings.

At last he saw his family home, after walking six hours, but no one was there. He heard a noise, it was his mother. At last he had found someone ! Delighted to her son, she soon realised that there was a problem. Charlie explained what had happened and told her where to find Elliot.

Charlie went to sleep, thinking of what had happened to his brother.

His family came back and Charlie understood immediately that something had happened. Elliot wasn't with them. His mother told him that his brother was dead, killed by a shooter. Charlie knew that it is a serious risk if you're a duck... but he never accepted his brother's death and died of sorrow.