



# Twenty Years in May, and After ? *M.B*





**Twenty Years in May  
Or  
Rage to Live**



## Chapter 1

Toward the horizon, even light and blue, the clouds were coming heavy and threatening. Heat crushed the landscapes, frozen in waiting. The transistor sounded the latest hits in vogue this spring, and some are already announced as being those of the summer to come. Alone, facing books and copybooks stacked in front of her, Sylvie revised, trying to concentrate on her course, to retain the maximum to be ready when the time comes to make the tests.

Yet, in hours, the news was chaotic, ricocheting between strikes, demonstrations and speeches from all sides. It seemed that life was suspended until the storm breaks really. Maybe then the tension would fall. Can also be the rain would refresh air and minds. With a bit of luck, all these agitations would cool off soon, before the coming June where were scheduled exams !

As the first drops of rain came crashing down on the terrace, she decided to take a break. A little confused by this turn of events, she wondered when things went back to normal, usual, almost immutable, as she had always known. A life marked advance, on rails, where the slightest unexpected that there might be an intruder, an event.

Besides this life, or rather life perspective, as walls erected in front of her since her childhood, her oppressed, made her anxious. She dreamed of travel, freedom, fantasy ... well, just living. She felt trapped in this life that prepared her, straight road, not surprisingly, certainly comfortable and reassuring. Stifled her youth in this setting so ordered they stood around her like a prison.

Outside, the wind in her hair, face turned towards the rain, she felt the life back into her. Her youth, her desire to discover the world, her seething rage to live in her, roared in unison with thunder and lightning. She also wanted to see the bubble-prison bursts where despite her she was locked, for her good as her mother pointed out all the time.

Her father, the man outside, provided for all the needs of his family and took all important decisions concerning each of its members. Figure so perfect that they wanted, and they sought, a husband to his image, which would have to fill her if she had been a sensible and grateful girl.

On her side, her mother, wife so perfect and so exemplary, was their home, raised the children, and came to her husband's arm always elegant and well put. She knew also receive the opportunity and managed the household money, as handed her husband, with economy and common sense. A model family which she felt foreign, and she was so out of place, a cocoon where she was suffocating.

Previously, she was docile, good child and good student: the pride of his parents! But now, the time had passed, she had studied, thoughtful observed around her. For several years now, she envied her brother and cousins that were allowed, relative freedom, in choosing their futures by that of their future profession, but also for leisure, mainly sports.

She, like all girls of her generation, and their mothers before them, etc., should confine herself to prepare to be a good wife, a good mother, a brief to be a home, to know stay tidy and available to her future husband, support and help him in better while raising their future children. It would also know sew and embroider, whether tasteful to organize their future interior.

Eventually, she should be a little grown, but not too much to be able to hold a conversation or play the piano or paint some watercolours. This is to bring honour to her future husband, only if the situation required her these skills when they have to receive or be received.

This was the ideal life they were preparing, without asking her opinion ! To her, who dreamed of travelling to see the world, meet these creative characters, a little bohemian, a little visionary who, through their art, the tone of their generation and were advancing world. She felt provisions for many things, so she was curious about everything.

It was for all she was interested in all the news, events which shook society all around the world in recent months. She felt the wind of revolt of a youth who had only wanted to live real life, without taboos, without pretence, without prejudice or masks, without stereotypes, without strict social rules and rigid another age that made all past. A youth who found this momentum romantic for large human causes.

And then, like all her comrades, she saw supermarkets, and worse, invade the outskirts of cities, bringing with them cascades of advertisements, outbursts of new stereotypes that they do not recognize. An industrial environment, urban, where everything revolved around money. All their generation watched the new world began to put up with its glitter and its birds mirrors.

The foil swept the lacklustre and dullness. Glitter were sparkle the new social order that slowly, but surely, fell into place ! The vivid new colour harmonies shone bright decor, sad and inhuman, which gradually transformed. Habits of lives were turned upside down, the waves receding fashion outweighed the obsolete, the nerdy, become dusty.

Turntables, televisions invested interiors, and other devices anxious to unload waste from tedious tasks, or at least to facilitate. Everywhere transistors distilled the air in the wind. On Anglo-Saxon music, girls and boys sang their dreams, their ideals, creeds on brotherhood, solidarity, justice, tolerance ... and other great founding principles of this new world they wanted.

This catchy and rhythmic music gave a breath of fresh air, an almost uncontrollable impulse of life. In their wake, life seemed to accelerate. A new dynamic animated places frequented by a youth, the first long not to know war. All was not settled, and subsisted many conflicts around the world, supplying newspapers. For some, peace is still a distant dream that helped them endure the horrors of their daily lives.

Then freed from the threat, or wishing to be, a whole generation becoming burst left the life she had in her and gave free rein to her creativity, her taste for adventure and all projects she imagined and built with effervescence. With this momentum, she joined the currents had carried their elders past decades. Questioning the company received as an earthquake, while seeking to maximize.

It was also true that for the first time, these young people were more likely to attend school or university. Moreover, colleges and universities sprang up, often prefabricated buildings built in emergency and temporary, in the middle of vacant land. Reforms succeeded to adapt teaching to this company, frozen in post-war standards and antiquated suddenly in motion, constantly changing.

Around towns, cities and buildings and towers coming out of the ground, with all infrastructure networks necessary in recent modernity. Vast sites and wasteland that gradually ate, swallowed the fields and woods. Dust, rubble submerged and devoured the old districts, the surrounding countryside. Old gutted buildings opened the eyes, neighbouring with others suspended, abandoned and nostalgic.

Urban landscapes ranged, did new skin ! That was how villages quickly became neighbourhoods. Soon, some suburban component towns touched, this more and more far. Soon, commercial buildings and huge parking came them circle, them closer, stretching ever further their tentacles made highways that coexisted in complex systems exchangers.

Behold began setting up a sad, dirty and threatening scenery, between the kingdom of vehicles and the monotonous houses certainly comfortable, but so standardized ! A kind of "no men's lands" where going to install a furtive and marginal fauna. Far postcard landscapes of city centres, far from idyllic advertisements for new towns, in this modern grey was born contemporary jungle.

But life changed everywhere, often radically societies evolved. Campaigns did not escape the modernization movement. Sometimes, watching all this, following the news on a daily basis, looking fashionable is done and undone with the seasons, some delusions, Sylvie and her friends felt disturbing a leak before they could neither explain nor stop.

It was not for lack of remaking the world, and often with great conviction, on their interminable discussions on the terrace of their favourite coffees, as in the evenings when they found themselves among those of them who greater chance of not living with their parents. Some of them were already working, others still studying, but all had their visions of the new society they wanted to pass on to their future children.

Some just wanted to relax and adapt the world of their elders, others wanted to break everything to create a new world, which seemed very vague and fluctuating. The girls wanted more autonomy, which shocked those who met their older model and left unsatisfied those wanted by all equally the boys, giving it to their femininity. But all had in them so many projects, ideals done with nobility and humanity, otherwise humanism, everything seemed possible.

From this colourful bubbling, where sprang the best and the worst, had sprung the first impulses of rebellion here and there on the planet, often on campus. Different presses were relayed in the eyes first ironic and then annoyed of authorities, policies, good numbers of journalists and well-known personalities. Parents, whose authority, institutional hitherto, was boycotted, felt overwhelmed. However, they could resist their seniors young rockers !

An adolescent crisis, a little more virulent and prolonged than in the past, it was thought, probably due to excess of as well is the new generation aware ! Yes, more comfort at home, more studies, more free time since emerged from family chores to what their elders had been submitted so far ... Not to mention the attention they wore these young ingrates !

Never before there had been a dedicated young fashion as we saw it spread in shop windows and magazines. Even if it concerned mainly the most favoured, the vast distribution was seized to democratize, popularize. Now, those who crossed this age qualified yet ungrateful, had their radios, their magazines, their place in fashion, and went on holiday abroad.

Often, some of them looked up their parents, at least as it was felt, because they felt they learned more. Further pushing the audacity to choose a job according to their own taste, ignoring or refusing to pay the slightest attention to the hopes that their parents had placed in them. As for the girls ... they just knew what they wanted ?

It was in this context extremely unstable that Sylvie, like many others, was preparing to spend the next tests of her exams, which no one knew if they would take place. The uncertainty hovered over the revolt. These jolts shook society changing. They rejected a social and lifestyle inherited from the previous century, it is considered sclerotic and stuffy, they wanted air, let the light, see the world.

So, like most of her comrades, and finally those who did not show, Sylvie tried to focus on revisions. That was not easy, especially when she heard her parents, especially her father, rail against these young insolent, rude and thugs. What she saw on television or heard on the radio, puzzled and worried.

So outburst of violence shocking her, even though she understood the protesters fed up, even if she supported those who were trying to contain the movement and express claims of their comrades. She was more often the feeling of a waste huge of energy and ideas, yet some of which were excellent. But above all, she felt that all those escaped who had raised these movements.

More information she listened, more news she read of all opinions, the more she realized that spontaneous revolt, the natural impulse to a better life, a certain rejection of modernity and all that it stood with its outrageous materialism, its inconsistency, its contempt for certain human values, were being retrieved, manipulated, exploited for very remote if not opposed.

Sylvie, and some of her friends, suspected some institutional policies among others, and large international companies, to work skilfully to recover all these revolts and unrest to their advantage by manipulating structures created by these youth movements, them infiltrating. Already some slogans, like some ideas, were ostensibly put forward, ready to become the mark of an era, the line forced to the edge of caricature !

Many, taken by the intensity moments, days and actions as well as their faith in the future, better days in a better world, let themselves into the trap. Among her friends, Sylvie saw that some of them wanted to further their commitment to adhering to political ideals that seemed new and promising. She preferred to keep a certain distance.

Indeed, it seemed to her that in all these confusions largely amplified, distorted and maintained by newspapers, radio and television or policies, assisted unions, stood and germinated arguments, rhetoric and justification of all shackles to come to impose against which they rebelled in the name of their own ideals : the biter ! She did not know how to explain it and looked distressed, to establish that some call recovery of their movement, their revolts.

Well, the storm subsided and the parents of Sylvie returned, her brother Philip also. Soon she would have to help her mother in the kitchen and stand on the duties of gossip girls well educated, she was supposed to be included. Over dinner, her father would engage in his favourite exercise in recent weeks : rail against these thugs and young hairy ungrateful who challenged the established order and its values, benchmarks provided by past generations !

Philip was already looking for her, hurry to tell his latest adventures. At least that was how he saw the pocket of his rough life so tidy. He made a point of looking like their father, in all respects, or at least the image he made of it. Sylvie looked him becoming old before even being young. She watched his poses, his positions based on those of their father, who inspired him more than annoyance, but also a certain pity to see him miss so much.

However, for once dinner took place in relative calm suspended for live coverage broadcast by the television. They saw fire, smoke, people who ran pursued by other uniforms, helmets and equipped with shields. All in the greatest confusion ! Intermittently pressurized journalists tried to comment on the events, while others were trying to control the debate, more or less improvised between leaders of all persuasions.

It was chaos ! Sylvie saw the end of a century, become dusty force on forever, and the emergence of the future, as if the current had never had consistency, torn between a past and a future that invading would be what they would do, as the bearer of hopes and expectations, but insidiously already

hijacked. She had so many aspirations, curiosities, projects, ideas ... The unknown of her life lay before her, a blank page to write her will.

The sun gilded their skin in this spring Sunday Sylvie and her friends had decided to go to the beach. They spread their towels, were installed in front of the sparkling sea, their books at hand. Hervé, the handsome band, scanning the horizon behind his sunglasses, as a general on the eve of a battle, perhaps to read his future he wanted brilliant. Beside him, Mark, romantic a little artist, watching the clouds above them.

Sylvie and Annie, friends for many years, although very different, discussing things and other a little further. Annie was in love with Philip for some time, but she did not know if it was mutual. Also, she often questioned her friend about his brother, worried projects he formed, other girls he could fall in love ... the opinion he had of her, and many others essential things. Sylvie reassured her : there was no competition, her brother, for the moment, focused on his career plans.

Yes, while others fought for a better future in a more open world, Philip, he, was confined to his personal life project he had taken great care modelled on that of their father, which he would resume thereafter. He foresaw, when things would be sufficiently in place, to marry a girl of their social environment resembling their mother. His sister irritated always wants to question everything, to want to live as a boy.

Listening to the worried chatter about her friend, Sylvie said that in some way, Annie and her brother were made for each other. Annie was also submitted that she was independent and determined, she was so sweet and full go-getter. Since childhood, they complemented each other, Sylvie pushing Annie, and Annie tempering Sylvie ! The prospect of seeing her marry Philippe did not displease her. Yet, in fact, she was not sure if this is a good idea.

The carefree moments spun between laughter, dancing, swimming, volley and discussions. Always the same subjects of discord, the vision of the future of one are not the other, as well as their views on the current events. But they always reconciled after they remade the world once or twice. Philippe aside, none of them are taking very seriously and they knew laugh themselves. Their impertinent youths drove them to love life with insolence and lightness.

The days passed as chaotic and stormy as the weather this spring. The unrest did not disarm, both in factories and offices, in universities or public services. All activities were failures, suspended or attempting to continue in spite of difficulties, strikes and blockades. It seemed that the world had a fever, restless spasms or seizures, unable to digest the demographic explosion, mutations that man imposed.

At sidewalk cafes, thinning brought back a young crowd, joyful and colourful, hurrying as they still could, to laugh at life by listening to the latest hits in vogues. But the same were in the same determination to march in large and spectacular events. Is that they felt that their lives depended on it, and they wanted to choose their future, as the society they live, knowing that this would be their legacy for future generations, and their unborn children in particular.

However, around them were many barriers erected by aging societies which froze in the illusion of outdated principles and ideals inherited from generations clinging to their privileges and despising their youth they considered such a disease, "it must be that boys will be boys ...". Young scared because they questioned the established order that they do not have their place. They want obedient and resigned, so reasonable, they are dynamic and creative.

And this creativity found its echo in the work of some of their elders, whether painters or sculptors, writers, poets, filmmakers and musicians. In short, all these fools who, in recent decades, revolutionized the arts agreed. Marc led his friends in his musical discoveries, art and literature. He

never missed any new show, no exposure. His enthusiasm was contagious and often his friends followed him happy even if they were joking.

The merry month of May fingered its days, sometimes dark, sometimes bright, storms events. Sylvie's parents held to celebrate, as it must, on the twentieth anniversary of their daughter. They were preparing feverishly by involving their families, especially as they hoped she got her diploma, marking the end of her studies. After what, they would consider marrying her, and already they had potential suitors, very appropriate as it seemed them.

Moreover, they planned to enjoy the birthday party Sylvie to present some of their favourite contenders. For not seeming to force her hand, they wanted to give this reception great fanfare by organizing a ball, which would allow her to meet young people as naturally as possible. The idea seemed pretty good, and then they could also take the opportunity to invite some of their business relationships.

Provided that Sylvie does not her poor head ! They find her quite charming, but sometimes unpredictable and stubborn. Until then, they were quite happy with their children, especially Philippe who gave them much satisfaction in the footsteps of his father. To him as a wife should be able to assist, take her home ... finally a perfect woman, so rare these days !

They began to look around them for the rare pearl, and they would sometimes think of Annie, the best friend of their daughter. They had never understood how she could hear as well with Sylvie, as they were different. Ah, if their daughter could be more like her friend ! Annie was beautiful, cultured, well-bred, a young girl. Everything they dreamed of for their daughter.

Unaware all about her parents' projects against her, Sylvie continued to prepare for exams. At last they could take place in June at progressively return to normal. She had many projects, some very crazy, but not to marry, at least in the immediate future. For some time, she plans to continue her studies a few years, then travel the world to discover. Then she could start a business, supplemented by a few violins ingress.

Knowing she would have to wait another year before being major, and therefore able to dispose freely of herself, she knew that she would deal with her parents, to obtain at least necessary permissions for registration for the next school year. It would not be easy ! And she could not count on the support of her brother and even less about her mother. Finally, she must first pass the next exam. After that, she hoped to find good arguments to convince her father to allow her to make an additional year of study.

She could offer work to cover the costs ... Although, she heard her father reciting his tirade on women and work ! In addition, he might take offence to the proposal: how he would not be able to meet the needs of his family. At least show him things from another angle. For example, say that she wanted to experience working life and take her decision to continue her studies for another year. The hardest part is to explain this without sounding too bold or sassy !

It was still necessary that the examinations take place and it is sufficiently ready to succeed. It was some time that classes were over and that each was doing as they could to study all the subjects include in program ... Sometimes she felt like it was going, she was a chance to get there , while at other times she despaired of holding anything !

Sylvie noted the excitement which her mother was shown a few days to conclude that she was preparing the traditional festival for her twentieth anniversary. She would have preferred something simpler with her usual friends ! But she did not want to hurt her and played the game, appearing not to notice all the preparations. Sometimes it seemed that Annie was in the secret accomplice of her mother.

After all, if it allowed her to get closer to Philippe... Sylvie amused, far from suspecting the real intentions that inspired her parents. Annie, who began to understand what was going on, because they trusted her and they did not take great care before her, feared the reaction of her friend. She felt torn between her girlfriend and her parents knowing how the objectives were divergent.

As torn, she sometimes felt closer to abandon her childhood friend to rally to the cause of the parents of this latter. Especially when Sylvie's mother treated her as if she was part of the family or was about to enter. At times, Annie was certain that Sylvie's mother saw her, with satisfaction, the future wife of Philip.

Annie resisted her best to this temptation, especially as Philippe seemed scarcely to notice her. Often, when they met, he looked as old at the time of their childhood when he pulled her braids. She wondered if he had noticed that they had passed the age ! Sighing, she sought how to finally see that she had changed, she could be pretty.

But she did hard to be always well, in the way but not too. She not only paid attention to her outfit, but she put a lot of care in her hair and her makeup she preferred discreet. Annie was always cheerful and polite when she was at her friend's parents. But now, she was unaware of the feelings of their son.

This year, her birth date coincided with the date of his birthday, in principle kept secret. Approaching it, Sylvie noticed the growing unease that Annie felt. She tried, but in vain, causes confidence to understand what went wrong in the life of her friend, in order to help. But now, Annie, usually so quick to tell her concerns or to make her share her joys, was more reserved with her.

Sylvie was worried about her and wondered if she had not hurt her friend, but she did not see what could happen. She had noticed through all the comings and goings of her parents, her brother and her friend that this famous festival would be held on the last Saturday of May. Their silences, their insinuations, let her think that her parents saw great and it was very important for them.

To watch them shake with so wrong discretion, she felt strange and uncomfortable feeling. When she went her nose out of her books, she sniffed as perfume conspiracy ! Without this strange feeling, she would see that the preparations for the festival as well as surprises to accompany her. But now, a little alarm, subtle but persistent, echoing in her head screaming danger, much bigger than poorly chosen gifts or guests stiff flap and joy, so dear to her parents.

And that Annie was uncomfortable with her, as if to confirm her hunch. Therefore, Sylvie, became suspicious, followed closely the whereabouts of her relatives, especially parents. Annie, meanwhile, was reluctant to see what was coming, to encourage her girlfriend to marry in the coming months with one of the suitors chosen by her parents, without warning. But she was afraid of the consequences if she warned that she knew Sylvie impetuous character.

The last days of May streaked the sky with their storms. Campus unrest slowed, as in factories and elsewhere. The sun now invited more to think about next vacation. The intensity of the last week fell in weariness. Negotiations on the various claims of each other were rife, making some people say that things returned in the order, and other that everything would change.

Here, Philip sighed comfortable now that things are returning to normal. He was able to resume his usual routine focusing on his future career plans. Yes, for him over the family business was a step ! He had big plans since the time was the development, industrial process ! He thought about all this for quite some time.

He saw himself in a few years at the head of a successful company with a branch network. He, the rational, dreamed his future success with relish. But his painting was missing an important element, a

wife as efficient and unobtrusive as his mother. Of all the girls he had more or less busy previously, he did not see any that could fill the role as he conceived it. Lately, he noticed that the young friend of his stupid sister was often at home. He was charming since she left the Dollhouse.

His mother had told him her big project about irritating sister. That would not be easy to admit to Sylvie ! He was eager to see her face when their parents seem to make the announcement by presenting their future fiancé favourite. He was on his father and his mother had finally agreed on a contender and had the proper approach to the individual or his family. The next birthday party promised to be lively !

Certain that their son would ensure the continuity of their business, as their traditions, and they themselves had done, parents Philippe and Sylvie enjoyed the return of calm that was beginning. They took the opportunity to refine the reception where they celebrate twenty years of their daughter and would present her the future husband they had carefully chosen for her.

Of course, they doubted she would some difficulties, but they knew she would not make scandals in front of their friends, and then they had heeded her own. After all, they want her to be happy and had no intention of rushing. They, at the time, had met with their respective parents ...

Well, almost, because in reality, they had seen before and had the opportunity to get acquainted with the complicity of some of their relatives. Thus they wanted to marry. It was also the will of their parents, it fell well ! Since then, they had always heard and had founded a prosperous family which they were proud. Their parents were right, as they today for their daughter.

They were very happy to marry their daughter after she completed her studies brilliantly. Finally they hoped ! Provided she succeeds her next review, crowning good education they had tried to give her despite her rebellious character. But they were safe once completed her studies away from these students and leftist revolutionary, she would be to better feelings. She would make a good wife and a good mother, they were safe.

Deep in thought, Annie walked watching without seeing the shop windows. She thought Sylvie so confident in life, so enthusiastic in her projects, so rigorous in her studies ... How would she react ? She renounces her dreams ? She had to prevent ! At the same time, she dared not ... after all, her parents did not force her to marry, they just wanted to submit some fiancés of their choice whom one had all their favour.

"Hello, you walk ? "Marc smiled suddenly before her. As she was glad to meet him, finally someone she could talk about her dilemma ! Marc was, from all their friends, whom Sylvie and her preferred. He was always cheerful and available, could listen and often gave judicious advice.

They appreciated his artistic side that does not take itself seriously. He made them discover the artistic trends of the time, all these little things that make the air of the time. Marc, he, continued his art studies while cultivating several violins ingress. He wanted to discover so many things ! This is probably why he did not really choose what he would later, dismay of his parents.

Hervé also extensively revised and prepared for future reviews. But unlike his friends, he was a less silver, so he had to work to pay for his studies. This left him less time to study or entertainment, but gave him a better sense of the realities of life. Unlike many of them still students, he knew the value of things and the demands of everyday life, and there he joined those who had already entered the workforce.

All had in common their low resources, whether from their wages or their money. However, even if sometimes their long speeches bored him, or irritated when he did not amuse, these views in mind that

his friends loved so, interested him too. He saw a reflection, mixed with many illusions he had not had time to form. A little carefree youth for his spangle, so pragmatic by necessity.

It was the decisive period of his young life. His exams passed, with success he hoped, he would come in real life, with a professional situation to his size and resources to match his ambitions. He had so many plans for his future ! He was true that he had such a revenge on life that had not spoiled so far ! He could finally live as he wanted, no longer feel embarrassed with his friends or waive outputs lack of resources or time.

To Sylvie, Annie, Marc and Philippe and the rest of their band, he never mentioned his personal situation. When he asked about his family or his life, he always evaded, and contrived to give the impression that it was all very banal. This halo of light mystery added back to his charm that made him one of the hunks of the band. The girls, finally to those inclined to marry classic, saw him as a fiancé very presentable !

But here is, he, outside his professional goals, saw only Sylvie that he had fallen in love gradually. Indeed, at the beginning he was rather irritating by her desire of independence he considered excessive. Then, over time, he fell in love with her wit and cheerful lucid optimism. In addition, the kid unbearable begins to take the appearance of a very pretty woman !

Despite his feelings, he was also well aware that he would take reaching their career goals before to ask for her hand to her father. He did not know if his feelings for her were mixed. Sometimes she seemed so nice and complicit with him, he felt he could make her forget her ideas he called feminists. At other times, by cons, she seemed so close to Marc ...

Sometimes, Hervé had a great desire to confide to Philip, after all, it was his brother. Without doubt he would have been able to give guidance on the best behaviour to keep Sylvie face to please him. But he was reluctant to do so, put off by the sufficient attitude which Philippe bestowed them the most. Sometimes he wondered how he could be a brother and sister were different at that point !

For his part, Marc, he devoted himself to his studies and to his many violins ingress. He was fortunate to inherit his grandparent a tidy sum of money that they had placed, which secured him relatively comfortable financial independence and the freedom to devote himself to his favourites centres interest such as the arts, music, literature and cinema.

He also gave much attention to everything that was his time, as fashion clothes but also design, entertainment, ups and downs of the company both dying and rebirth. He watched as the events and political speeches. But here, unlike his friends, reading and analyzing he made were very different.

He sought to understand what the causes were, then any changes made to the beam tangible or intangible that led to the explosion almost warming. As Sylvie he thought it was all being recovered to put in place, the most insidious, this industrialized society urbanized, standardized where man would have only place a robot obeying worker, and especially consumers.

The more he thought, the more Marc had desperate the printing industrial, financial and political dragged them to a uniform model of society where all would be swallowed cultural diversity that made the rich civilizations of the five continents. He doubted that it would solve the problems racial, ethnic or religious rivalries as territorial ! Just a dull grey world, all similar to consume and pay taxes.



## Chapter 2

Away from all these existential or sentimental concerns, Sylvie revising and revising ... as if all her life depended on it coming ! Every day she felt that her future would be what she would do. She wanted freedom and light, so she was with the greatest conviction to passing exams and then continues towards the final degree she had set a goal. She knew very well that the road would not be easy, but she was determined.

Once completed her studies, she would have liked to travel, see the world in general, and specific countries she particularly appreciated the cultures. But for that, she would have the means, then it intended not only to work to pay for his studies, but also to build a nest egg sufficient for her future journey. After that, she would see ! She had no illusions, but certainties.

Marc had not specific project about what he would do once his next and final graduation. Several ways tempted him, and since he had the means, through his grandparents who had made him an easy annuitant, he envisioned a world tour. A final salvation to all human diversity, animal, vegetable and mineral tract disappearances ! Afterwards, he would depending on what would become the air time ...

Side girl, he was well aware that his artist arias applied, but also some had doubts about his morals ! He did not, which was why it irritated him to see his friends carefully avoid the subject before him. He understood their reaction because of the stigma attached to his artistic activities, but also its little taste for jokes or the so-called manly spreeds.

And then, there was Sylvie whom he was in love ever since. Not only does she promise to be more than pretty, but she had more charm, intelligence, peppered with a rebellious spirit. This did not prevent him from being as very feminine, sweet and bubbly ! They had many common interests centre, yet hitherto he had never dared to talk about his feelings, seeing that she was centred on her studies and projects, whose marriage was not a short term.

And there is Annie had revealed to him about what the parents of Sylvie prepared ! He was sure she would rebel ... But she loved her parents, who paid her well and had to make a choice for satisfying her. Even if Sylvie revolted by principle, and because they imposed a way that hitherto had not interested, she would eventually be accepted by, and there he would lose her forever. This perspective dismayed him !

He thought of the long discussions he had with Sylvie, her medium-term plans, her vision of marriage, the lives of women and their place in society ... It was not possible that scans all to obey her parents ! It was true that she depended on them at least financially ... that would not fail to make think. Although she was rather kind to want to assume and take her charge.

Finally, since the parents of Sylvie stood to marry quickly, he could ask for her hand. This idea certainly audacious, seemed to be the right solution, and Sylvie could pursue studies that interested her, without having to fight with her parents, and take any job to survive. Marc was happy with his idea, he had only to inform and convince Sylvie accept.

Such as fever fell, while storms faded, the first invitations to tests exams season began to arrive. Sylvie and her friends were concerned and relieved at the same time worried about what awaited them. Phew, life resumed its ordinary course ! But already they felt a vague nostalgia to remember the last few weeks, a bit like the last gasps carried with them some momentum of their youth.

Sylvie watched with amusement the excitement of her parents busy making final preparations for their party. However, she was eager to celebrate the next anniversary that would finally give her this majority she waited for so many years ! Finally, she would be free to live as she wished, make her own choices, decisions that concerned ! She no longer depend on anyone, and she was determined that it lasts. Then, she would not leave anyone decide for her.

Lately, she had seen more Hervé who helped her prepare her examination that he had succeeded. She discovered that, in addition to being handsome service with long teeth, he was also intelligent and cultured. She understood why all the girls in their band, or almost, were under his spell ! Giselle in particular who seemed to very love and already considered Hervé as her fiancé. He did not deny, but not confirmed.

It was on the eve of the birthday party, the weather was beautiful in the late spring. Sylvie took advantage of the absence of her parents and her brother, for perfect her tan on the terrace. Comfortably installed, its transistor within earshot, she was lulled by the songs that succeeded, light and heady as the scent of flowers or air time. The sun warmed her skin that a light breeze freshened.

Relaxed, she dreamed of the coming holidays, the beach, outdoor cafes where she would find her friends for endless discussion ... She knew how much they appreciate them, how she relish, especially if she clinched her next degree and managed to register her for a new cycle ! Between sun and music optimism flourished. She dreamed of her future life, free, unattached, made of travel and discovery.

Sylvie wondered if she could remain close friends today once all have begun to build their lives. Maybe some, leave their region to new horizons. Did their potential spouses, outside their little band, would integrate or otherwise they would spread discord ? They can always at the mercy of the vagaries of life, remain united and support ? What would become of them in ten years ?

But already Annie happened, very elegant in her new dress. "Hurry up, we're going to be late! I knew you'd be here to loaf, this is why I'm early! You know that we have an appointment with Hervé Philippe and then we join Marc and the other at the opening. Come on, you're cooked to perfection. " Annie surprised by her sudden excitement, she usually so calm and collected, as it was happening ? Decidedly, everything changed !

The evening dragged on the freshness of the night. The exhibition was a great success, and its opening drew a crowd of regulars at this kind of event, journalists and critics, some people say official. Marc's friends felt a little isolated in the crowd, but they were pleased with the success he won. It was his first exposure he prepared for a few months working hard in many paintings and sculptures.

Marc had gone through periods of elation, followed by other doubts ... Backed by a small band of his friends, he embarked on this adventure at the same time he was preparing for his final diploma. The school year had ended was so busy for him. Yet he never was divested his nonchalant gait, a little flippant. But Annie and Sylvie were often went to see him studio, knew his fright.

The gallery is gradually emptied. Mark was driving his guests always smiling. He was tired and relieved. His work had rained, he observed that some sales were made. His friends of art pictures-gallery, who trusted him and gave his luck, seemed satisfied with his success and advanced to

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

