



A rainy day of the 2046's year, not long before I feel ashamed of my mother, she was still looking at her phone just before taking my hand along the Washington's avenues to begin my very first day of school. Standing in the corridor, checking her emails and so on, she wasn't looking at me. I have prepared my school belongings by my own and I'm wearing my favourite blue dress. It's a dress I wear on the very special days. My sisters are on the couch, playing with the tab we received last week. They will be fed up with it soon. It wouldn't be the first time. Me, I have found something while waiting for Mama. It is light, sharpened at the top, when I'm using it a greyish, metallic like material goes on the paper. It is weird and I like it. My sisters told me it was old-fashion. I don't care, in any case, I like it.

When Mama finally takes my hand, always looking at her phone, we directly go down the avenues, she doesn't even look at everything that surround us. Her rate is quick, my legs hurt. All the way, the sidewalks are teeming with mothers bringing their oldest child to school, as Mama and I do. Even if I'm not the oldest one. I'm looking at all the buildings, giant ones with huge advertising billboards. Advertisement is everywhere. Mama told me once that in the past only New York was like that. I wonder how Washington was without all those gigantic TVs on all buildings. I also wonder if there were flying cars in New York before Washington.

We finally arrive at Garfield Elementary School accorded by the big TV and huge doors. This is an immense building. Mama seems glad to be here. We are going to enter the hall but, right before, Mama takes a selfie in front of it. I don't understand why : it is MY first day of school. Just inside the front door, robots are greeting other parents and children. They're smiling fakely. Mama doesn't stop smiling either. I don't know why but I feel like everything here is fake, and the more I stay in this large corridor, the more I think I'm losing my mother. She's becoming fake too. And I don't like that. I don't like it at all. I feel better when someone comes. It's a tall man (a real man). But none of the robots and the man seem to be actually real. Mama and him speak quite a while about me going to school. She is upset, she wants me to go there, it is the best for me, for my future education, it is modern, it is high technology, she tells the man. But he is saying no and no again. «You should go to Walker Jones» he is repeating. «It's in your neighborhood.» Finally, I see in her eyes the closing gate and she takes my hand and we leave the building.

And I am finally relieved. Mama is not. Mama's always upset, so I am a bit too : «Mama, I can't go to school?» But I know I can. I know we're going to Walker Jones. Walker Jones is a smaller, older school and I immediately like it because of that. But it is not as modern as Mama wanted it to be, I can see her doubts. The big room is overcrowded with people and I like being around them. On the center of the room, there are tables, one is full of children by my age playing with devices (Mama is looking at this one), on the other a few are painting, laughing and speaking with each other, on the last one, a woman with bangs is speaking to other mothers, bringing papers they are filling in. Mama is quite a bit reassured : at least, I'm not in an all traditional school, as she calls it. «Is this where they register for school?» my mother asks the woman with bangs. She nods and then, seeing Mama quite disturbed, asks her if something's wrong : «Well, yes, don't you have any tab or laptop to do it?» The woman with bangs tells Mama no, but she needs to fill out only one piece of paper. Mama gives the woman the sheet back almost directly. «Would you help me with it ? If you don't mind, only.» I see that the woman doesn't understand what Mama means. I don't either. Mama gazes at me, and then, hesitant, says «I... I can't write. Now, I have a phone. But I can't use a pencil. So, would you help me then?» My mother looks at me then look away. I don't recognize her. The woman says yes and suddenly appears happier, so much satisfied with everything. When the paper is filled out, a woman comes and introduces herself. She'll be my teacher, she tells Mama and I, I like her, she's beautiful, she smiles, but it is not a Seaton Elementary School's smile, it's a real smile. We go into the hall where my mother kneels down to me. «I'll be back to pick you up at twelve o'clock.» Then, she turns and walks away, and I'm still in the hall with the teacher when I see her taking her phone, forgiving the incident. My mother doesn't know how to write. I'm going to learn how to read and write. But for the moment, I'll draw with other children.

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