

These memories make me alive and well. They are like an element in a program, a memory chip that adapts the speed of informations. My memory is a computer buffer, it will degrade with time. May these pages help it to remember again.

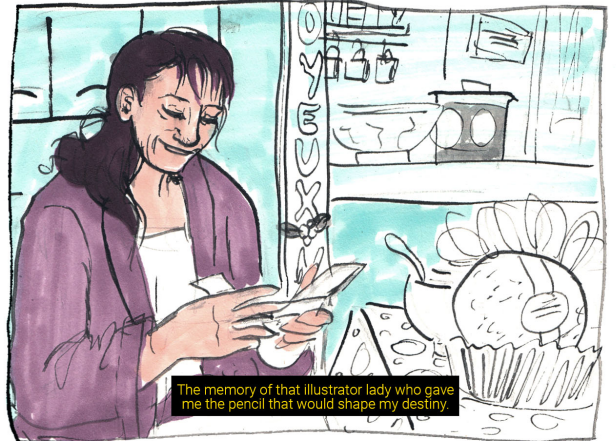
COMPUTER BUFFER



The days filled with his infectious smiles.



The nights of racing to get that damn diploma.



The memory of that illustrator lady who gave me the pencil that would shape my destiny.



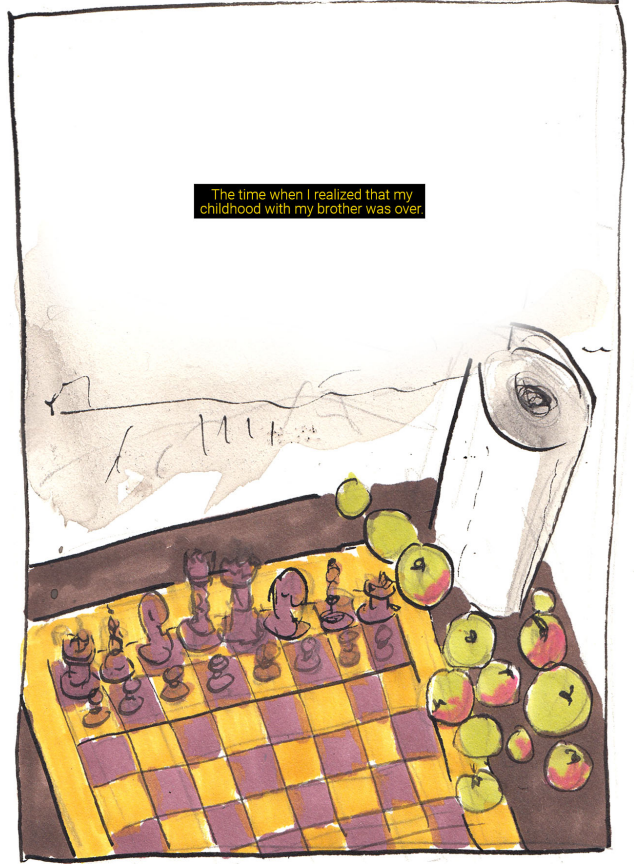
The night I saw my father cry.



The time when all dressed in make-up and costume, stage fright came over me as soon as the first dance step and the first note were given.



The day when I couldn't stop drawing and crying, telling myself that it was my fault that Mimie was sick and was going to be put down.



The time when I realized that my childhood with my brother was over.



The time when Morgan called me for help.



The desperate call to a friend because that love would not leave.



The revolting days after being definitively rejected by my best friend.



The memory when he slapped me.



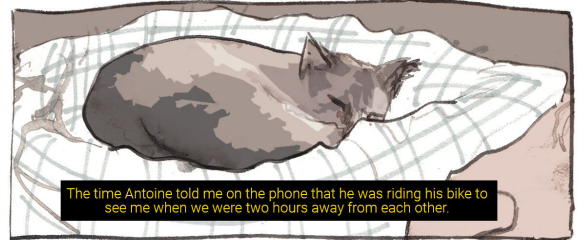
The days I met my idol and helped him put his books on top of other people's piles.



The coldness of an argument on the road that made us each take a different path.



The day I was mad at that kid for moving all my perfectly still Playmobils.



The time Antoine told me on the phone that he was riding his bike to see me when we were two hours away from each other.



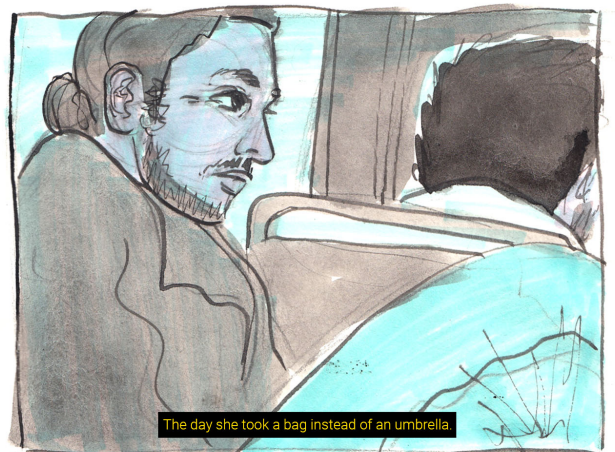
The moment when I saw these two people kissing against a wall.



The afternoon when a woman knocked on the door with a cloud-colored hairball in her hands.



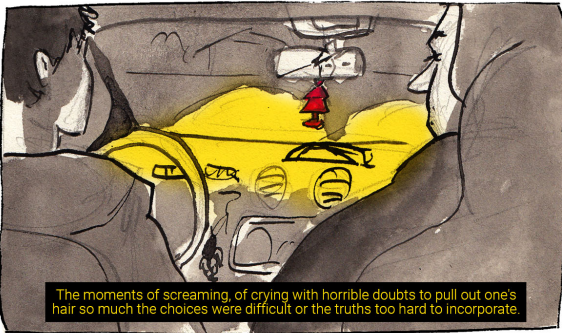
The cry of this woman in my street.



The day she took a bag instead of an umbrella.



The wonderful day when I saw my name among others on this list with tears of joy, looks both happy and sad to have finished this adventure and to abandon friends.



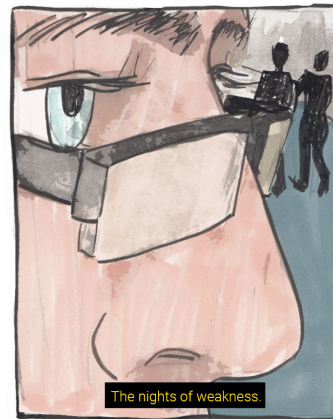
The moments of screaming, of crying with horrible doubts to pull out one's hair so much the choices were difficult or the truths too hard to incorporate.



The inventorist who took my hand when I woke up.



The first time I understood the meaning of the words "I love you".



The nights of weakness.



The night when, frightened and nervous, the veil was blown away.



The night I witnessed their medicated excitements and the discussions became more fluid.



The reunion of a love put on pause for years. Of a love too early and of a story started too late.



The afternoon when I noticed that the field was not filled with corn, but sunflowers.



The moment when I understood that Olivier would not join me anymore when I waited for him at the bus stop without new messages on my Nokia.



The day Antonin borrowed my father's 'Achille Talon' and never returned it.



That moment, as a child, when I witnessed a lunar eclipse for the first and only time.



The excellent moment where everything was perfect, the atmosphere, the music, the person, the cat on my lap. Tears of joy fell.



The dinner that led me to meet Alexis and never let him go.



The call from my grandmother about her moments of depression.



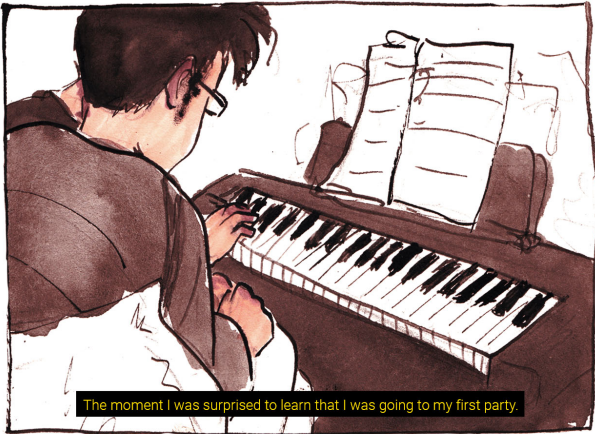
The time when Noé and Marge asked me to share a room with them.



Or the explosion of laughter caused by the speed of that car, which was equivalent to a roller coaster.



The message telling me about my first death.



The moment I was surprised to learn that I was going to my first party.



The one where I learned a friend had a surgery.



The terrible vacations when I realized that a disagreement can destroy bonds.



The night with two friends and an artichoke.



The time when everything was easy with this guy.



The party where I didn't let go of one person the whole night, without losing a single second of our discussions.