The cold of her childhood

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Their first home wasnâ t the timeless one but she recollect very clearly one specific night, playing outside, in front of that first house with her older sister trying to catch the other in the snow. They were spinning and running around through the moonlight reflect surface of this frizzy white carpet. Canâ t discern that for sure but maybe she was hiding a little toy from her younger sister in her pocket coat, which could be it! Their nose were leaking, it was so cold that their snowmobile mittens and boots werenâ t sufficient to warm them up but if felt so good on the delicate red smallest child face that she could stair and smell the air for hours without any complains.

When the snow is wet and dirty, the best opportunity to build a fort in your backyard, wait for friends to come and enjoy the winter games. Little Marguerite had few girlfriends of her age living nearby her new home a really appreciated their companies from time to time. On weekends, they could play all afternoon in their snow castles; make up stories of prince charming would come from a far place and save them from their chains in this giant white prison. They were all in first year at school but knew how to count snowballs. They had fun with nothing and everything. Most of them where from average families and well raised. Like every other kid, they were never tired of the cold or strong wind but when the mittens are all wet, itâ s time for the Au revoir! Meaning goodbye! Back inside to change, warm up the ears and eat hot beans soup with great cheese.

Maman, Margueriteâ mom, daughter of a French family from the Eastside farmland, hard workers with a pigs acquisition. Once, in her native county, this young woman was a successful maid of Priests, Lawyers, and Doctors before she got married. All her money was spend on her family helping to survive bad times and sickness. After her beautiful wedding with the musician of her dreams and far from home without any education, the only thing left is to care about her own children and be proud of it. In a cold night, Maman could see in little Margueriteâ eyes who was waiting for her blessing to go outside. â ***Ton devoir est-il fait?*** Meaning â is your homework done?

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