



## Love in Champéry

Today I woke up at fxxxx 6 am because my friends and I decided to spend a few amazing days skiing and have fun. Or that's what I thought. This morning while I was skiing a stupid snowboarder crashed into me. Since that moment my little holidays were fxxxxed up.

Now my friends are skiing. Meanwhile, I'm rotting inside the room. But after all the morning alone in my hotel I decided to go to the ski station bar to have a coffee. Guess who was there? The goddamned snowboarder. I could see him better, he was disgustingly handsome, tall, and broad shouldered and he had long and black hair. He was there staring at me and when we made eye contact, he apologized. I couldn't be angry at him; he was so cute.

I then realised he was wearing the Champéry jacket so I supposed he was a staff member which made me even angrier. How could he have crashed into me? He was supposed to save me, not hurt me. So, I asked him if he really was a ski teacher. He smiled and answered he was... I could notice the sarcasm and his intentions... He was flirting with me, and I was very angry. He was behaving as if he hadn't done anything, and I couldn't bear it. I yelled at him:

- 'How dare you?? You broke my leg, and you are laughing, you little piece of sxxx.
- 'HAHAHA! I thought it would be a light hit'.

I looked at him in his eyes, I turned around and I left. He was so shocked that he followed me and started apologizing. I felt really empowered. He then invited me to a coffee. We met in the afternoon.

When I arrived at the coffee shop, he was already there, sitting at a table, with two cups of coffee. We started talking and I felt that he was nicer than I expected. He was a lovely guy. We were meeting for three days but finally I had to return. Luckily, he gave me his phone number so that I could keep in contact with him. Unfortunately, I lost my phone, and I couldn't recover his number. I was so unlucky!! Then I knew I wouldn't see the love of my life again.

It has been one year since I met him but today my life changed. I was leaving school and walking on the pavement when a guy on a bike crashed into me. When I looked up, it was him. I could recognize his cute face and his voice. He helped me up and he recognized me. We were silent, we looked into each other's eyes. Then he grabbed me, pulled me closer and we kissed.

Then he told me he had moved to my city and wasn't expecting to meet me, but he had been hoping to find me every day. It felt like the very first time we met.

Berta Roset, Biel Llaverola, Èlia Ribes - Livingstone B2