Original version

(Full English version to follow)

le 16 juin 2016

Bon, donc ceci est une carte qui n'est pas vraiment une carte mais je vais la considéré comme une carte quand même. D'habitude, dans une carte, il a un message d'amour et de remerciement et tout ce bla bla... MAIS, ceci n'est pas le cas. Au lieu, je racontera une histoire.

Warnings:

- cette histoire est racontée comme si je te la racontais en personne. You will understand what I am saying later. If u don't, just ask me! No need to worry.
- This story might be a little boring.
- Elle pourrais aussi être très "all over the place"
- It's a real story

L'histoire commence un mercredi soir, le 15 juin 2016 à 10:41 pm pour être plus précise. Je venais juste de m'endormir. À cause de ça, j'étais encore consciente de ce qu'il arrivais autour de moi. J'entendais la voie de maman et la tienne de ma fenêtre ouverte (btw you guys talk a little loud sometimes but you will understand why this time was different). Tout à coup, je me réveille par un son qui sonne comme un gun shot. Then i hear another one. Two seconds later i hear two more. Shelly got scared, and barked twice. J'étais complètement réveiller par ce temps. Je pouvais vous entendre quand j'étais "endormie"; mais maintenant il avait plus un seul mot. Were you guys dead?! Did someone kill you??? I never got this scared in my whole entire life. Quoi si je vous avais perdu en? J'ai jamais prier à Dieu en voulant quelque chose d'aussi important dans ma prière dans toute ma vie. 《Don't tell me my parents are dead???!! Please. Please! Like, I was praying to God already! Plusieurs choses passait dans mes idées. De moi morte, à devenir une orpheline, à moi courir dans la forêt pour me rendre chez Kaylee puisque la personne qui vous a tuer a mis la maison en feu (my worst nightmare (the fire part)). You ain't telling me I hadn't had plan, no. Man, i had one. The only thing is that it wasn't the first time I thought about it because it is my biggest fear but still, I had a plan! I was going to jump out of the window throwing all of my blankets on the hot tub, holding Pin Pain and Ducky for dear life and running through the forest, bare foot to Kaylee's house where hopefully, I would be safe. (Like, did I care if I kept cutting myself because i am

wearing no shoes?? Heck no! If I am alive, that's all I can thank God for.) Soudainement, j'entend Cassy tousser de sa chambre. Tu sais la face qu'ils font dans les films quand ils ont peur, que leur bouche est ouverte et ils ont comme cette face vraiment bizarre? Well that's how I was. Looking like a stupid idiot. Like, even with all of those negative thoughts, I could still laugh at how I looked. But who cares, whatever. So because Cassy made noise, I thought they would stairs. Like Cassy??!!!, ils know we were up vont SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!! Je ne bougeait pas. Ben, je pleurais comme si j'avais faim; WHEN I WAS 6 MONTHS OLD! Except quieter because you know, life or death moment here!! Dix minutes passe. Il était maintenant 11:27. (Oh! by the way, I had lots more thoughts but there was too much to right all of them so i cropped them out.) J'ésite. Est-ce que je devrais aller voir en bas si il a deux corps mort et des graffiti de mots que je ne veux jamais dire devant toi ni maman?? Wait. Is that a voice I hear?...?!...! Is that mommy and daddy??? So, j'ai décider d'être un brave bébé de 6 mois, et aller en bas pour savoir exactement c'était quoi le son qui m'a réveillé in the first place. À la moitié des escalier, je me suis assis pour respirer; pour reprendre mon souffle. Je prennais des gros respire. Well kinda. Au lieu de (inspiration... 1..2..3..4 expiration...1...2...3...4) it was more like, haaa (inspitation), pouh (expiration), haaa, pouh, haaa, pouh, haaa, pouh, haaa, pouh, haaa, pouh, haaa, pouh, haaa, pouh,... (Don't judge!! I am sick, ok??!!) J'était assise pendant environ cing minutes en train d'apprécier la voie de mes parents. (I will admit it now, I am the weirdest kid, in the most unusual way, to have as a daughter.) Finalement, je me décide d'aller demander. Mais avant je suis aller me moucher parce que mon nez coulais de toute ce "pleurage". Daaaahh!! Je marche vers le salon ou les victimes, non mortes, étaient installer en train de regarder la télévision. 《C'était probablement la télé bla bla bla, papa essayais de tuer une mouche vionellement/violencement (i don't even know if those are real words but whatever). (Out loud) (Oh. Ok. Merci. Bonne nuit.) (dans ma tête) (UNE MOUCHE??!!!!!! LIKE ACTUALLY??!! seriously. Why did u want me to suffer for 51.72 minutes? Eaaahh???? (That isn't exact. I just wanted to sound cool and organised. Again. Don't judge!) I thought my parents were dead!!! Pour une minute, j'étais fâcher contre tout le monde; Dieu, Jésus, Cassandra, Toi, maman, et même le petit homeless à Montréal qui t'a sacrer après. Comme chill bro!! But then I realised how blessed I am. (This is the part where I announce why i wrote

this story in the first place. Oh and I am crying right now because I still feel blessed even when it is the next day and even when I knew lots of people went to the church just to see me drown in water when I was little.) At first, when I thought you were dead, like I said, lots of things were running through my head. It made me realise something.

(Ed note: This is the part that Daddy reads)

I love you. You have taught me things no one could ever have. Even the most small things you do, make a difference in my heart. Yes, I do find you overprotective and strict sometimes but yesterday I realised you do that for a reason and just for that one reason. You love me and don't want to lose me. I get it. I almost lost you too. (Wait I need to blow my nose. Two seconds...... ok. I am back.) I usually don't appreciate you how I should. I don't care if I didn't say goodnight to you, I don't help you when u ask me too, etc. I feel bad now. I really really do! You make me dinner every day, you pay for my clothes, food, air conditioning (that I REALLY appreciate because I would be dead by now), I am living a dream! Some kids in the world don't have any of those privileges. I am lucky to have them. I don't say this very often in person but I just want you to know this.

I love you

Happy Father's day. Isabelle XOX

Good, so this is a card that is not really a card but I will consider it as a card anyways. Usually, in a card, there is a love note and thank yous and blah blah... BUT, this is not the case. Instead, I will tell a story.

Warnings:

- This story is written just like if I would tell it to you in person. You will understand what I am saying later. If u don't, just ask me! No need to worry.
- This story might be a little boring.
- It could also be a little all over the place'
- It's a real story

The story starts a Wednesday night, June 15th, 2016 at 10:41 pm to be more exact. I had just fallen asleep. Because of that, I was still conscious of what was going on around me. I heard from my open window, mommy's and your voice. (btw you guys talk a little loud sometimes but you will understand why this time was different). All of a sudden, I Tout à coup, I woke up to the sound that I thought was a gunshot. Then I hear another one. Two seconds later I hear two more. Shelly got scared, and barked twice. I was completely awake by then. I could hear you while I was "asleep" bit now there was not a sound. Were you guys dead?! Did someone kill you??? I never got this scared in my whole entire life. What is I just lost you eh? I never prayed to God this hard in my whole life. « Don't tell me my parents are dead???!! Please. Please! Like, I was praying to God already! Lots of things were going through my head. From me being dead, to becoming an orphan, to running to Kaylee's house since the person who killed you guys set the house on fire [my worst nightmare (the fire part)]. You ain't telling me I hadn't had plan, no. Man, I had one. The only thing is that it wasn't the first time I thought about it because it is my biggest fear but still, I had a plan! I was going to jump out of the window throwing all of my blankets on the hot tub, holding Pin Pain and Ducky for dear life and running through the forest, bare foot to Kaylee's house where hopefully, I would be safe. (Like, did I care if I kept cutting myself because I am wearing no shoes?? Heck no! If I am alive, that's all I can thank God for.) Suddenly, I hear Cassy coughing from her room. You know the face that they do in movies when they are scared, their mouths are open and they have is weird face? Well that's how I was. Looking like a stupid idiot. Like,

even with all of those negative thoughts, I could still laugh at how I looked. But who cares, whatever. So because cassy made noise, I thought they would know we were up stairs. Like Cassy??!!!, they are going to kill me!! SHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!! I wasn't moving. Well, I was crying as if I was hungry; WHEN I WAS 6 MONTHS OLD! Except quieter because you know, life or death moment here!! Ten minutes pass by. It was now 11:27. (Oh! by the way, I had lots more thoughts but there was too much to right all of them so I cropped them out.) I hesitate. Should I go see down stairs if there is two dead bodies and graffiti words that I never want to say in front of you?? Wait. Is that a voice I hear?...?...! Is that mommy and daddy??? So, I decided to be a brave 6 months old baby and go downstairs to know exactly what that sound was in the first place. Half way down the stairs, I sat on the landing to get my breath back. I was taking big breaths. Well kinda. Instead of (inhaling... 1..2..3..4, exhaling...1...2...3...4) it was more like, haaa (inhaling), pouh (exhaling), haaa, pouh, haaa, pouh, haaa, pouh, haaa, pouh, haaa, pouh, haaa, pouh, haaa, pouh,... (Don't judge!! I am sick, ok??!!). I sat during approximately five minutes appreciating the voice of my parents. (I will admit it now, I am the weirdest kid, in the most unusual way, to have as a daughter.) Finally, I decide to go ask. But before, I went in the kitchen to blow my nose because it was runny after all this crying. Daaaahh!! I walked towards the living room where the non dead victims were lying on the couches watching TV. (What was the **boom** that Shelly barked at?("sniff", "sniff") \(\langle \text{blah blah blah, probably the TV, blah blah blah, daddy was trying to kill a fly violently... My answer: (Out loud) (Oh. Ok. Thanks. Good night. (in my head) (UNE MOUCHE??!!!!!! LIKE ACTUALLY??!! seriously. Why did u want me to suffer for 51.72 minutes? Eeeehhh???? (That isn't exact. I just wanted to sound cool and organised. Again. Don't judge!) I thought my parents were dead!!! For a minute, I was mad at everyone; God, Jesus, Cassy, you, mommy, even the little homeless man in Montréal that swore at you. Like chill bro!! But then I realised how blessed I am. (This is the part where I announce why i wrote this story at the first place. Oh and I am crying right now because I still feel blessed even when it is the next day and even when I knew lots of people went to the church just to see me drown in water when I was little.) At first, when I thought you were dead, like I said, lots of things were running through my head. It made me realise something.

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