



# The day my life changed



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The story begins in the dangerous streets of Boston, during the Revolutionary war in 1989. First let me introduce you to my parents Antoinette and Benjamine. They used to live in Paris, France but they moved here to Boston before I was born. For so many years I have asked them why they left and about their lives before me. All they would tell me is they fell in love in France moved to Boston got married and had me they would never tell me details.

By the way I forgot to mention my name is Leonardo and I am thirteen years old. One day my parents tell me the war is getting worse and we would be moving to Paris to get away from it and be safe. That is when my whole life changed, I had no idea how much. I did not want to leave my friends but at the same time I also wanted to meet my family. The next day my mother bought our plane tickets and we began to pack our bags. The day of our flight we left at 2am it is a six and half hour flight to Paris, France. I slept the whole time I was so tired from getting up so early. We arrived at 9am, as we walked through the airport there were paparazzi following us and taking picture of us. I did not understand why they were following us. Paparazzi only follow famous people, we were normal people.

We rushed to the limo as soon as we got, I began to ask my parents questions. They refused to explain anything to me. As we continued to drive through Paris, we stopped in front of castle, once again I am still so very confused. I asked the limo driver why we stopped in front on this castle. He says, "Because this is your home". I was very confused at this point. We used to live in a small two bedroom apartment, how can we now live in castle? At that point I say "mom, dad you better start explaining everything and what is going on"? My mom tells me, "Please Calm down we will explain everything once we get inside".

Then I see two people waiting at the front entrance of the house for us. My parents tell me those are my grandparents. The butler takes our things inside, and leads us to the dining room. There is a beautiful set up of tea and pastries. At this point the explaining finally begins. My parents were young

and in love, he was a stable boy for their horses and my mom was a princess. My grandmother asks me “so you must be my petit-fils”. I asked her “what does that mean?”. She explained that meant grandson, she was very surprised and disappointed that my parents never taught me French. That is when I found out my grandparents had no idea about me until they received a call from my mother that we were moving to Paris. I could not believe that made my grandparents are queens and kings and me a prince. Since my father had no title they couldn’t be together that was the reason they ran away to be married and live a normal life. All this explained the paparazzi and craziness at the airport.

At this point my grandmother explained that now that I was living in Paris I would need to learn about our family tree, our heritage, French (which I didn’t know a single word), and I would need to be introduced to society since I am a “prince”. This was so crazy to me considering where I grew up. I began school and began to learn the language and the culture. I adapted to my new life and really enjoyed it.

Throughout the next few years in Paris I would go to different places The Musee D’Orsay, Petit Palais, The Supermarche’ G20, Carrefour Market de Paris and other places. I would randomly see this girl with sparkling blue eyes and long dark brown hair. The way she carried herself it was love at first sight. I would never have the guts to go up to her. One time I did see her and I wanted to go up to her, my parents were rushing me to leave and could not. After living in Paris for three years I went to a ball and I was being introduced to the princesses. And to my surprise there she was the girl I had dreamt of meeting for so many years. Her name was Anastasia years later she became my wife and the love of my life.

# The End.....