## EXTRAIT DE PRODUCTION D'ELEVE - EXPRESSION ECRITE

The rain was smashing the windscreen of the car, and Alan Foster was focusing on the road because of the heavy mist that prevented him to see further than a few meters in front of him. Suddenly, a young voice broke the monotonous sound of the wipers:
"I don't want to go there..." complained the little boy.
Alan, who wasn't attentive to what the other voice was saying, asked after a couple of seconds:
"I'm sorry Lenny, what were you saying?"
"I said that I didn't want to go to Grandfather's house, and don't call me 'Lenny', I'm not a baby any more.
"You're my son, I call you as I want you to be called! And come on, you're only ten, you're too young to stay at home alone."
"No I'm not..."
"Yes you are! Don't be so hurried to grow up son... You could regret it."
"But I don't even know him!"
"You've met for the first time two years ago, can't you remember?"
"Yes but, I mean... it was for my birthday, and the second time was for my next birthday and... That was it! Today it's only the third time and you let me sleeping there! And if he didn't like me?"
"Don't be stupid, I'm pretty sure he loves you, you're his only grandson."
"But me, I don't like him..." finally sulked Leonard, putting his head on the cold window.
"Leonard, stop it now. I've something very important to do at the hospital tonight, and Annie is in London for the whole week, so you're gonna be kept by you grandfather. " while he was talking, he caught sight of the hold man House at the end of the street, and added: "Now we're arrived, so remember, don't be rude okay?"
"...Okay..." sighed the kid.
"You promise?"
"...I promise..." he answered, still watching by the window.


#### Abstract

Alan saw this kind of annoyance in his son's eyes, so he added, more kindly: "...Come on mate, that's not as if you were going to jail, you could smile a bit, couldn't you?"


Leonard had a big fake smile, and his father laughed, before adding, while he was getting out of the car:
"Put you're hood."
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