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## Le Temps Mauvais

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## Le Temps Mauvais

*Mallory Hellman*

Quand j'avais douze ans, je croyais que personne ne m'aimait. Je n'avais pas beaucoup d'amis parce que j'étais tellement différente; je n'aimais pas la même musique, les mêmes styles, les mêmes garçons, que mes copines. Si j'avais su à ce temps ce que je sais maintenant, je ne me serais pas inquiétée.

Si j'avais su que les opinions des autres ne font pas grand-chose, je me serais habillée comme je voulais. J'aurais porté des vêtements comme ceux que je porte maintenant, pas les vêtements que mes amis disaient qu'ils aimaient. Je n'aurais pas été triste quand je n'étais pas invitée à une boum. A cette époque, je n'aimais personne qui ne m'aimait pas. Si j'avais su à ce temps que chaque personne est quelqu'un tellement spéciale, je ne me serais disputée avec personne. C'est pas l'effort. Si j'avais su que les gens qui me taquinaient deviendraient des personnes extraordinaires dans quelques ans, j'aurais ri. J'aurais ri parce qu'à ce temps, on était si enfantin ; on était si puéril. Tout le monde s'inquiétait des opinions des autres; s'ils avaient su que c'est pas important, ils n'auraient pas été si inquiets tout le temps.

En fait, ma vie aurait été plus facile si j'avais su quand j'avais douze ans ce que je sais maintenant, mais peut-être que c'est mieux que je ne le savais pas. C'est-à-dire, les événements de cette époque m'ont changée. J'ai appris quelques vérités de moi-même, des autres, et de la vie en général. J'avais besoin de cette époque pour apprendre que c'est pas important d'être comme tout le monde. Je

croyais que c'était mieux d'avoir des amis que d'être vraiment contente. Je m'aime, mais ce sentiment est le résultat de quelques années de réflexion. Si j'avais su ce que je sais maintenant, ma vie aurait été certainement différente, mais je ne suis pas sûre que ça soit le mieux. En effet, après la pluie, le beau temps.

## Stormy Weather

[Translated from French]

*Mallory Hellman*

When I was twelve years old, I believed that nobody on Earth liked me. I didn't have very many friends because I was entirely different from everyone else; I didn't like the same music, the same styles, or even the same boys as any of my classmates. If I had known at that time what I know now, I would not have worried.

If I had known that the opinions of others are irrelevant, I would have dressed as I wished. I would have worn clothing like that which I wear now instead of the fashions that my friends said they liked. I would not have been upset when I was excluded from parties. At that juncture, I did not like anyone who didn't like me. If I had known then that every person is someone uniquely amazing, I would not have argued with anyone. It isn't worth the effort. If I had known that the very classmates who teased me would become extraordinary people in the following years, I would have laughed. I would have laughed because at that time we were so juvenile; we were so puerile. Everyone worried about others' opinions; if they had known the insignificance of this preoccupation, they would not have been so consistently anxious.

Generally speaking, my life would have been significantly easier had I known at the age of twelve what I know now, but perhaps it is better that I remained unaware. The events of that period substantially altered my character. I learned several truths about myself, about others, and about life in

general. I needed that era to learn that conformity is inconsequential. I had thought that it was more important to have friends than to be genuinely happy. Now, I love myself, but that sentiment is the result of several years of reflection. If I had known earlier what I know now, my life certainly would have been different, but I'm not positive that that would be best. After all, the most beautiful rainbows follow the most violent storms.