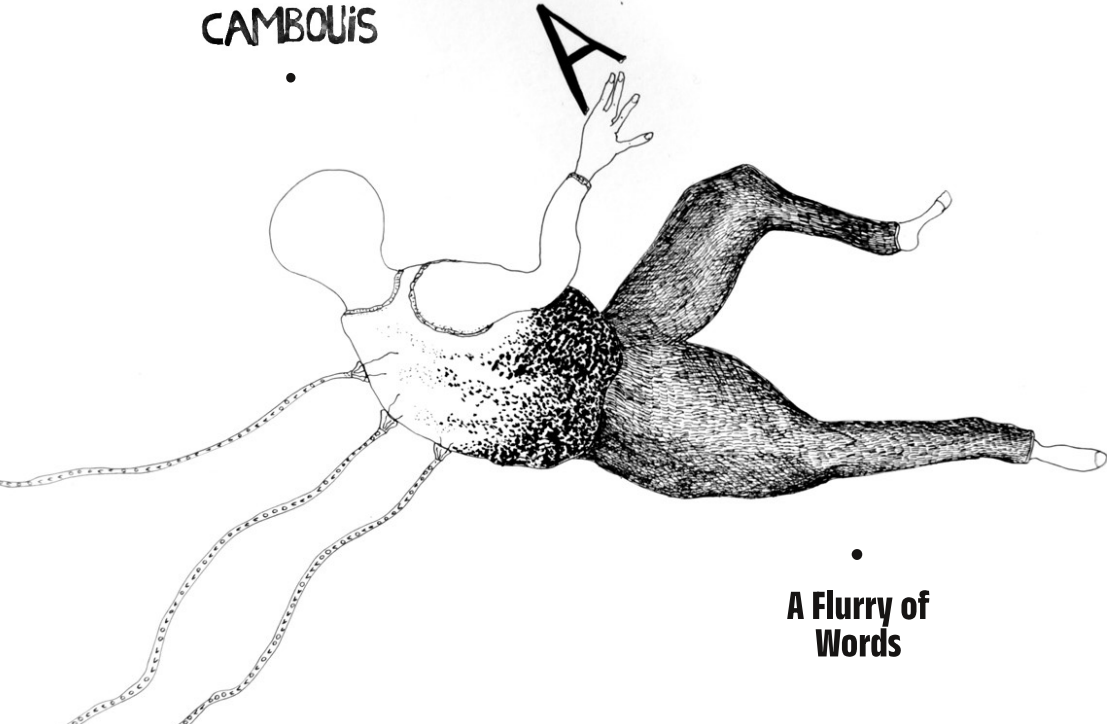




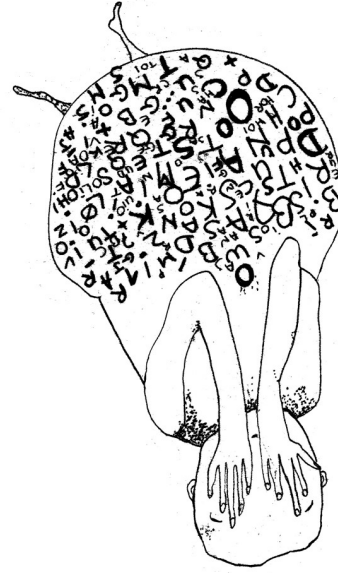
Text written by Héloïse
 Translated by Hélène
 Illustrated by Lucile
 audio version available on the website
 www.liseditionscombouis.com

But I am not crazy. The words have to
 come out. They are trapped inside my
 head like in a cage. So I set them free.
 They come out through my mouth.
 They rush out. I talk and talk and talk.
 Listen to what I say. Learn my
 language.
 Don't think that your language is the
 only one that exists. Mine also exists.
 I exist.

CAMBOUÏS



A Flurry of
 Words



I want to shout. I want you to hear
 me, I want you to understand me.
 I have a flurry of words in my head.
 I have a flurry of words on my lips.
 So I shout, I laugh, I talk and talk and
 talk. Without stopping.
 You think I'm crazy.

I have a flurry of words in my head.
 I have a flurry of words on my lips.
 I want to talk. I have things to say. I
 have questions to ask. I have answers
 to give.
 I want to say my name, I want to say
 that everything is fine, I want to say
 that everything is bad. I want to
 explain.

The flurry of words stay in my head.
 The flurry of words stay on my lips.
 Because you don't understand them. I
 can let the words out. But you don't
 understand them. I can whisper the
 words or shout them out loud. You
 don't understand them.

But nothing.



You hear noise. Like a silence. There is
 no meaning.