

My old building has been destroyed and replaced by a soulless building.

I miss my old building. I liked it because I grew up in it. I remember my old friends and neighbours and I miss them too. When I looked out of the window, I could see my brother play soccer. Today, I can see a car park.

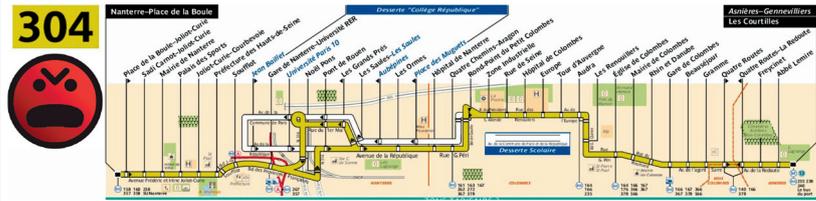
I hate that new building because it is unfriendly and not convivial.

*My old building* by Melissa Sellam



When I was young, I used to live in Puteaux and one day my parents had an idea: moving out! But where to? To Argenteuil, into a big house, because it was my mother's dream. I was scared because I loved my hometown, my friends, the neighbours, but on the 4th of September 2010 we left. Ok, I have a beautiful house but that's all. Argenteuil is like a different country where people seem to speak a different language and I feel like a foreigner.

*Moving out to another city* by Esteban Perez Alvarez



When I go to my high school in Colombes, I must take the bus from Nanterre Université. In the morning, the bus is full, it is often dirty and it stinks. At 7 a.m., it is packed because the journey is long and there are a lot of stops. Usually I can't find a seat so

I have to squeeze into the bus and stand until I get off.

*From Nanterre to Colombes* by Lucie Cornau

On Mondays, there is nobody in the city centre because the shops are closed. It is very sad, almost worrying. The streets are empty, dead. On Tuesdays, between nine a.m. and four p.m., we can hear birds singing because people are at work. On Wednesdays my city begins to wake up, people start going out. Between four and seven a.m. the city centre is full. I am happy when I see it because people are dynamic and smiling. On Thursdays the shops are open but people are at work so they can't go shopping and it is sad. On Fridays everybody is happy because they know that it is the week end.

*One week in Nanterre City* by Johana Baudoux



In summer, I love a precise moment of the day. It's after school when I take the bus home. It is sunny and beautiful girls walk in the street and listen to music, my little brother goes out of school with his friends. Then I go to the soccer field to play with my friends, it is hot and all the teams really show solidarity. My team wear blue jerseys, it is my favourite colour. The big brothers organize barbecues while we play, then my beautiful mother comes and asks me to go home with a smile.

*After school in Asnières* by Sofiane Abramovitz

My district is my life, my district is my home.

In my district we don't have money but we have a great atmosphere! The atmosphere buys all the money. We play football, we laugh a lot and we don't have problems, and I love it. All the inhabitants are adorable, except one or two of them, there are only a few bad moments, and the children always smile. In the summer, when I go home after school, I play football and have fun with my friends. I love this life and wouldn't change it for all the money in the world!

*The atmosphere in my district* by Mounir Benhaïda

Three or four years ago, my big brother and I fell in love with basketball. He and his friends always went to The Racing, a basketball court in Colombes. Sometimes, he asked me to go with them, but I was scared, because they played very well. One day, I decided to go. The court looked like any court, but it wasn't. It was wonderful: it was a sunny place and there were trees to protect us against the sun. The basket was high for me, but I liked this court so much that I played very well. Without it, I think I would not play as well as I do. Today, it is deserted, only a few players go there, beginners, like me when I was younger.

*The Racing basketball court* by Paul Philippe