

When I was younger and sillier I was \_\_\_\_\_ at learning languages. My French was terrible! I couldn't \_\_\_\_\_ French lessons at school – I was \_\_\_\_\_ with doing all those translations and reading exercises. I was \_\_\_\_\_ with learning new words and writing essays. As a result I was \_\_\_\_\_ of every language test. I even wanted to \_\_\_\_\_ going to school because of that!

In summer my mum decided to send me to France. She hoped I would become \_\_\_\_\_ in French language after my holiday there. As I was \_\_\_\_\_ about fine art and painting, we chose summer courses at an Art school in Paris.

Paris was amazing! I was \_\_\_\_\_ of absolutely everything! And one day when we were practising in Marie de Medici's Garden, I met a man of my dreams! Pierre. He was walking there and stopped to look at my work. He said that I was really \_\_\_\_\_ at painting and that I was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. I couldn't \_\_\_\_\_ smiling all the time. It was love from the first sight!

Now I am \_\_\_\_\_ on French language and my adorable Pierre!

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