



# My Life in Tours

Every morning, the Loire feels alive,  
its calm flow reminding me to take my time.  
The streets of Tours tell stories of the past,  
but somehow, they've made room for mine at last.

Between classes, coffee, and late-night talks,  
I learn as much from people as from books.  
Different voices, languages, and dreams  
they all meet here, like rivers in a stream.

Sometimes I stop and breathe it all in  
the sound of bikes, the smell of rain,  
the laughter that fills the air around,  
and I feel at home on this foreign ground.

This city taught me to listen and to care,  
to grow, to share, to simply be there.

Tours is more than a place to me  
it's where I'm learning who I want to be.