

Student Newsletter

International Section

Collège J. B. de la Quintinye - June 2017 -



SECTION INTERNATIONALE
La Celle-Saint-Cloud - Noisy le Roi

Over 10 years of bilingual education!

Short Stories

by Sixième Students

The New Little Detective

This is the story of a little boy called Tommy, who lived in a small apartment. He was trying to get some sleep but he couldn't. It was too hot. He decided to climb onto the roof of the apartment building to cool down outside. When he mounted the spiral stairs he saw an open window in another apartment. The light was on and Tommy glimpsed a fat man sleeping on a chair and a woman counting money. Suddenly, Tommy saw the man jump off the chair and clasp the woman.

"I knew you were a traitor," said the man.

The woman screamed, "I need help!"

A lofty man opened the door and knocked out the fat man. Tommy was really scared but he wanted to stay and watch.

Hurriedly, they picked up the money and the second man said, "We need to get out of here," but as he said that, the fat man woke up and punched him.

A fight began. Tommy saw that the lofty man was losing. The woman looked for a way to end the fight. She grabbed something and gave it to the lofty man and he stabbed the fat man with it. It was a knife! Tommy was witness to a murder. He saw them put the dead body onto a pedestal. Tommy could see that they were scared.

"What have we done?" said the woman.

"I don't know," said the lofty man.

"I don't want to go to prison," she cried.

"Stop crying, we're going to hide him," yelled the man.

"But how?" replied the woman.

"I have an idea," whispered the man.

Tommy looked around, but they had disappeared like ghosts. Looking down the building, he saw them carrying the dead man and put him into a car. Tommy was not a wimp so decided he would track them. He took his bike and followed them.

The car stopped at a little farm outside the town. Tommy was exhausted. He climbed onto the roof and saw the woman, the lofty man, the dead man and another man in the farmyard. The latter was really small and terrifying, and had a scar around his eyes.

The lofty man gave the dead body to the dwarf and Tommy heard the most scary thing he had ever heard.

"I want you to cut the man up and put him into three suitcases", said the lofty man. "Then I will pay you \$2000 in cash".

When it was done, Tommy saw the man loading the suitcases into a car. Tommy took a photo of the car number plate with his phone, and called the police, who said they would arrive in five minutes. Tommy didn't have five minutes.

The car was already leaving, so Tommy ran down to it and said, "Hey you, catch me if you can!" and ran into a field, and the men ran after him.

The police arrived. They were everywhere, so Tommy was safe. He declared, "When I grow up, I will become a detective!"

By William Horner



Contents	Page
6ème Short Stories	1
5ème Mini Sagas	4
3ème Short Stories	7
3ème Poetry	12
4ème Articles	14

The Stolen Money

“Hey you give that back now or I will hunt you down and kill you!” he declared, when I ran away from the shop.

A few minutes later, I stopped running near an abandoned warehouse to see if I still had the money that I had stolen from him. A van drove past so I clasped the money so that the notes didn't blow away.

The next day at school I found my best friend easily because she was looking lofty in her bright yellow jacket.

I told her, “Come here - I have something to show you”.

I didn't know why but for some reason I have this affection for her that I don't have for anyone else. Anyway, I unveiled the necklace that I had just bought with the money that I had just stolen.

My best friend is amazing: her name is Juliette: she is blonde with blue eyes and is as tall as the Empire State building. She is an immigrant because she was born in Mexico, and flew to England when she was seven years old. She is very funny and likes to play football with me.

Juliette said, “Oh my God - that is so nice of you - but why did you steal for me?”

“Because you mean a lot to me and I wanted to give something back to you,” I told her.

Excited, she put the necklace around her neck.

“Thank you,” she said.

“It's my pleasure,” I told her when I was giving her a hug, but when I turned around I saw the man that I had stolen the money from.

He told me, “Hey, you - meet me at the park tomorrow at seven pm sharp.”

I didn't know what to do so I told Juliette that I couldn't go to her house the next day because I had to straighten things out.

Happily, she said, “Ok - see you tomorrow at school.” Wondering how I was going to give the money back to him, I left, deep in thought.



There he was, the man that I had stolen the money from. I was wondering what he was going to do to me.

He said to me, “Wash my dog - now!”

I was shocked, I thought he was going to ask me to steal money from the bank or he was going to kill me - but not wash his dog. So I washed his dog and then, as I promised, I went to Juliette's house. We had so much fun.

To conclude, even though the punishment wasn't bad, I still don't want to steal again because of the amount of guilt that I had in me.

By Inès Maldonado

A King Disappearing

Once upon a time, in France, there lived the son of a rich king, called Charlie. Charlie was a young prince and disliked by everyone. He was nearly 18 years old. He had hair as bright blond as gold and eyes as blue as the left side of the French flag. He loved making jokes, just like a clown. He didn't have affection for anybody apart from his own family. He didn't like the people of the town, called Paris, in the country they ruled over.

The citizens didn't like him either, but loved their King Francis because Charlie seemed to think he was the best and smarter than everyone. King Francis was famous because he was always exhilarated about his town and how he was happy with his citizens. For the people of Paris it was a big problem that Charlie was going to be king because King Francis was getting old. The inhabitants of Paris and even all of France wondered for years what to do because they knew Charlie was going to rule over them.

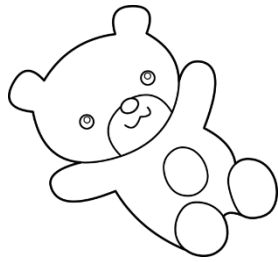
Therefore one day a person named Mark came up with a plan, a brilliant plan. Mark was feeble but he was bright with great brainpower.

He declared, “When the lofty King Francis goes hunting with some great guards, we, the inhabitants of this town, will kidnap Prince Charlie.”

Then the crowd roared.

Three weeks later, the king went hunting in the sombre and enormous forest. Meanwhile, the inhabitants of the fabulous town of Paris were going to start their brilliant but difficult plan to deal with the horrible and selfish Prince Charlie.

“You all are citizens of this town and you all hate the terrible Prince Charlie, so we are delighted that we can start the amazing plan,” said Mark with delight.



The Prince was sleeping deeply. He was clasping his teddy bear firmly. The residents of the town entered as quietly as mice. As the population knew they would one day kidnap him, they already

had everything prepared. They got out a potato sack and wrapped it around his black eyes; they took out a long piece of string and blocked his hands as if with hand-cuffs.

The seven inhabitants drove in a van with Charlie for seven and a half hours. In the harbour, the citizens pushed the Prince onto the ferry.

“Why do you do this, citizens?” yelled Prince Charlie.

“We are doing this because you are not generous, so you are being exiled onto a ferry!” declared Mark.

Some years later the king went to heaven. It was exactly what the population had planned. They proclaimed Mark as king because he had devised the super plan.

by Samuel Lousa

A Scary Story

One day I was sitting in maths during a test and suddenly there was a knock at the door. It was the lofty secretary who wanted to talk to me. I leapt out of my chair and skipped out the class joyfully. However she told me that she had had a call and that I immediately had to go home. Consequently I was confused but at least I would skip the abundant questions in the maths test.

Therefore, when I got out of school, there was a squalid taxi waiting for me. When I got in it was pretty humid. Anyway I started thinking it was a call from Mum because she might be sick and she couldn't collect me from school. I thought she must have also sent this taxi because if it wasn't her, who could it have been? When I thought of that, I was in a panic.

From where I was, I could distinguish my house which was only a few blocks away. When I

arrived at the house, I thanked the taxi driver and straight after that he left in a rush. It was probably a hectic day for him. I walked to the door, opened it, and went inside. No one was there.

I was confused. It seemed like everyone who lived here had vacated the house to go somewhere else. I felt a silence. I could see nothing but what seemed like blood hand marks on the walls and on the doors. Meanwhile I could smell a strong odour. It was different from usual because normally I could hear Mum washing the dishes and my brother playing. It seemed like I was in custody.

I looked around and called out to see if anyone would answer - but no. I noticed something on the floor. It seemed like it was blood. I was trembling in horror. I thought Mum and my brother had done it because I had scared them a few times already. I felt scared because I didn't know if it was a joke or if something had really happened.

I heard an unnatural sound coming from upstairs. It was a horrifying sound as if someone was being persecuted. I was starting to sweat and tremble in fear and I was in a panic.

First I went to the kitchen and took the two sharpest knives I could find. I took my Dad's helmet, a pan for a shield and a bowl just in case.

I went up the stairs as discreetly as I could possibly be. Then when I finally arrived at the top floor there was no more noise. There was a door with blood on it. I opened it.

Finally I saw something that was incredible: my brother cut in half and my mother barely breathing from her injuries. A man popped out of nowhere and I threw the bowl at him. He stabbed me straight in the back. Then only blackness. I was dead.

By Luc O'Hara Roux

Cherry

Cherry was 102 years old, an immigrant who came to Japan 60 years ago. Her favourite drink was lemonade and cherry syrup. She also liked cherries covered in chocolate and marshmallows. And she was getting old.

One day in the lemon orchard she found a lemon with a little tiny girl inside. She was cute, with straight blond hair. Cherry took her in her

hand and the girl clasped her finger so hard that she almost hurt Cherry.

It was a real discovery for but there were a problem: Cherry was just too old and it was too much responsibility to care take care of the girl, named Lemon. Cherry decided to give Lemon to the neighbours. But they were living 96 kilometres away. It was okay for this part of the country but for an old lady like her and a little girl the journey it would take maybe more than two months to go over there.

Before Cherry started to travel over there, she looked at Lemon with affection. The girl had lovely brown eyes and blond hair and wore a little red dress.

Cherry started to walk, but when she arrived at the deep forest, she gasped. There was a wolf! So the lady put Lemon onto a high tree. She tried to climb up to escape from the danger and to take Lemon away from the wolf that was looking at the girl.



Cherry took ages to climb and the wolf just waited for the old lady to be too tired so he could eat her. He was as wise as an owl. But the lady was too, so she took

a rope and lassoed it all around the branch like a cowboy, and climbed on it.

Discouraged, the wolf went far away and the two girls continued on their way.

Early in the morning, they walked the last few kilometres and then arrived. The old lady knocked at the door made out of bamboo. Finally, a lady answered, and Cherry explained the situation in a loud and eloquent voice, and the lady asked if she wanted to stay, and she agreed.

A few years later, Lemon grew into a lovely girl, with a lot of friends, and even had a sister (eight years old) but her grandmother Cherry died a few days later before her thirteenth birthday.

By Laura da Costa

Mini Sagas

by Cinquième Students

Night in the churchyard

It was a dark night. A man was in a churchyard. The churchyard was otherwise empty. Suddenly, he heard a sinister music. Around him were graves. He came towards the music and saw white figures, flying. They looked at him and he found himself all white, flying with the creatures.

By Adrian Etienne

Full-moon night

By a full-moon night, a man was walking alone in a graveyard. Suddenly, the gates slammed and locked behind him. Ignoring this, he continued to walk. He looked at the graves: they were empty. He looked everywhere, then heard a groaning noise behind him. He turned around, then... nothing.

By Adrian Etienne

The howl of death

On a dark night, two people were standing near a high, rocky mountain.

“Why have you brought me here?” asked the first one. The second didn’t answer and killed him. At the moment the bullet entered his body, a majestic white wolf howled on top of the high, rocky mountain.

By Adrian Etienne

My name in blood

A ghost is describing his death to the others: “I was chilling out in my house when a masked man entered the room and stabbed me with a big white knife. Then, calmly, with his gloved fingers, he wrote my name in blood.”

By Adrian Etienne

The killing house

It was stormy outside. A lone child entered an old, abandoned house.

He asked, "Is someone here?"

He heard a cracking sound around him. He turned around and saw a creepy clown. The clown came, looked and smiled at him, then said, "Go to sleep..."

By Adrian Etienne

Night in the Churchyard

It was a dark night. A man was in a churchyard. The churchyard was otherwise empty. Suddenly, he heard a sinister music. Around him were graves. He came towards the music and saw white figures flying. They looked at him and he found himself all white flying with the creatures.

By Jake Frappart

Full Moon Night

By a full moon night, a man was walking alone in a graveyard. Suddenly the gates slammed and locked behind him. Ignoring this, he continued to walk. He looked in the graves: they were empty. He looked everywhere, then heard a groaning noise behind him. He turned around, then... nothing.

By Jake Frappart

The Screaming Shadow

An unsuitable shriek was heard in a dwelling. The neighbours rapidly called the police. They found a suspicious masked shadow dressed in a black ripped robe. They were scared. The policemen took out their guns and shot down the mysterious killer. The knife dropped to the floor, covered in blood.

By Jake Frappart

The Killing Moon of Neverday Mansion

Quickly, the shadow flew towards the mansion; a wolf followed it, then, no more wolf; just thin, grey dust.

The moon had turned it to dust. Hiding from the moonlight, surprised skeletons pushed each other in the gloom. Scared of this phenomenon, the shadow turned to dust. The moon killed beings.

By Jake Frappart

Candy Crush: Chapter 1

I woke up in his land full of sweets and sugar. Everything was so...colourful. The variety of candy overwhelmed me. I was sceptical at first, as I thought it was an illusion, a dream. I realized that I was candy, too. I "ate" myself... I crushed his dream.

By Oliwier Szmyt

Sugar Rush: Chapter 2

He finally woke up in my room. He felt sick, I saw it in his face. He ate my remains. I felt pain. He nearly vomited, he then went to look at me in the mirror. I had mysterious red stains and red eyes. He looked at my arm..and...

By Oliwier Szmyt

Murder, she said

Her husband lay on the kitchen floor. She held the knife in her hand. They had been arguing all week but that was the last time they'd argue. Immediately she tossed the knife out of the window and into a bush

"How did he die?" asked the policeman.
"Murder" she said.

By Clarisse Roche



The Killing Moon

I walked into the lab, the Doctor at my side. "Trust me," he said, "When the Earth is too heavily polluted, this'll be the new moon."

Stumbling towards the vast globe, I heard, "Don't touch it!"

Intrigued, I reached out. Numbness spread through my body.

I fell to the ground.

By Clarisse Roche

The Killing Moon

It was a gloomy, starless, cloudy and hopeless night. A boy ventured into the forest where he saw people lying on the humid terrain. They didn't seem dead... A hooded man looked up in the sky at the moon and fell to the ground. The boy froze, looked up and...

By Olivia Lousa

Under the Peaceful and Clear Moon

Thirteen years old and abandoned by my parents, I saw everyone having fun outside without me. Depressed, watching the adults dance, nobody came to suggest I integrate the party. Looking out, I saw everyone suddenly fall down, dead. Wondering why, my head hit the ground. Cruelly, the killing moon smiled.

By Olivia Lousa



One Last time on the Ferris Wheel

Walking in now deserted London where humans had vanished, we found the big wheel. Longing to go on it, my friends were terrified, so I grumbled, "Fine, I'll go alone".

After half an hour, feeling cold and sick, I asked them to stop.

But they left me there. Alone. Forever.

By Coline McEachern

Murder, She Said.

She came out of the dark garage with blood on her hands. No one was home except for her. She called her boss and said in a monotonous voice, "He's dead, where is the money?" and hung up.

Ten minutes later the police came and asked, "What happened?"

"Murder" she said.

By Coline McEachern

The Psychopathic clown

The clown tried to prove that he didn't kill anybody and that he used meat for a prank. The policemen didn't believe him, so they searched all over the house.

Suddenly a policeman got stabbed in the stomach by the clown. The knife dropped to the floor covered in blood.



by Catie Westwood

One More Time On The Merry-Go Round

Today it was a beautiful day and Sarah and her mother are going on a merry-go-round. Suddenly a small figure which was demonic possessed Sarah. Everyone looked at Sarah and her mother because Sarah was starting to act strange. Then she killed her mother on the merry-go-round.

by Catie Westwood

Murder, He Said

It was a dark night around the campfire and it was time to tell scary stories. A man named Dave who was my best friend started to say that there was a clown in every forest which they were in. Dave got stabbed in the back and he said "Murder!"

Everyone ran away.

by Catie Westwood

The Killing Moon

It was a dark night. The moon was shining like the sun. Everybody was looking at it and they all started to chant "Our killing moon". The more they repeated it, the more the moon approached. The moon slowly appeared with its colossal hypnotizing eyes. And started to devour everyone.

by Catie Westwood

Short Stories

by Troisième Students

An Impossible Choice

Peter found himself rolling into the old manor of the town. From this point of view it looked even spookier. It was bigger, and taller, and sort of impressive. Peter wasn't sure if he should go further and see what the manor had to hide.

Peter had finished his school day, unusually it had been nice. But on his way home, Samuel, the school's worst bully, and his friends, took his bag, opened it, and threw it right into a private property. Peter did not know what was in there; it seemed nobody was there; so he just went in to retrieve his bag. He found it easily, but he could not just leave without taking a further look at this bit of terrain. He wheeled further into the property, beyond many trees until he found an open space. There in front of him was the manor; he had heard of it a couple of times from grown-ups but did not know much about it.

Now inside the manor, Peter was terrified. When he heard a sound, he could not turn around fast, because of his wheelchair, so that made him even more anxious. His wheelchair was an



everyday handicap: he could not go upstairs; neither could he go through tight passages; and he could not move fast. He had been handicapped

since he was eight; a car had hit his legs while he was crossing the road.

He now advanced into the manor, until he arrived in the parlour.

'Is anyone here?' he shouted, just to check he was alone.

He heard a soft 'whoosh' in response. His skin had goose bumps, so he assumed that the sound was from wind blowing in. In the corner of the parlour he could see an intriguing object. He took off the sheet that was over it, and saw what seemed to look like a machine. He could smell the old metal. He read the side; it said: "Time machine".

Peter was overcome with excitement, but also with fear and disbelief. He looked for some kind of switch; he shuddered as he felt the frostbiting metal. There it was! He had found it. He flicked it, and the machine started rumbling. Then he saw the note. It said: "Use this at your risk and peril; you could stay stuck in the past."

Meanwhile, sparks of electricity started flashing out of the machine. Peter knew what he had to do: go to the past and stop himself from getting hit, and being in a wheelchair for the rest of his life. But there was a risk of him getting stuck in the past. A difficult decision for Peter: either stay in a wheelchair but be safe, or be able to walk again but at the risk of living half his life again. He thought about it for a few minutes.

BOOM! The machine started to shake and rattle; Peter knew he had not much more time. He dialled the date he wanted to go back to, taking into account that, according to the machine, he should teleport back after two hours in the past, if everything went right.

* * *

He had done it. He was back in the present. Now he was on his feet, though he felt a tingling sensation in his legs, like ants were in his legs, probably because he had been sitting for four years in a wheelchair.

Liam Donaghy

A Moment that Changed my Life

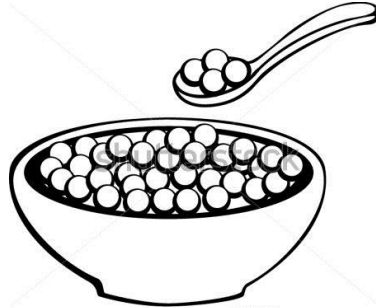
"Summer is over, it's time to go back to school!"

This is the worst phrase I could have heard, and sadly it was true! My mom had come to wake me up, so I could get dressed and go get breakfast. Of course it wasn't easy to get up to go to school, this was because I hated school! Having to socialize with students and even teachers was way too much for me to handle. Any time

someone came to talk to me I would start stressing out, not knowing what to say. This is why I only had one friend, Mackenzie, who accepted me for the stressing, weird, freak I was.

I got dressed in some comfortable clothes and headed down the stairs to get some breakfast.

As I was eating my cereal the most embarrassing moment of my life came to haunt me. I was sitting at the cafeteria with Mackenzie, when I saw the cutest guy I had ever seen in my life coming towards me. He had brown hair and beautiful blue eyes.



He approached and said, “Hey, do you know where the trash is?”

And like any normal human, I panicked not knowing what to say next, and I hid under the table and became as red as a tomato. Fortunately the whole school didn’t notice, but he still noticed. I waited a moment for him to leave and then made the biggest sprint I had ever made to get out of there.

Let’s just hope he doesn’t remember this the next time he sees me at school.

I got over my cringe attack and headed to school. My mom was dropping me off. All the students were supposed to go to the gym so everybody could be assigned to a class, except that over the summer I had forgotten where it was, so I spent twenty minutes trying to find my way. When I finally got there I knocked on the door; opening it, I realized that the whole school was there and that everybody was staring at me and laughing. This didn’t seem to please the principal. I sat down next to Mackenzie, a bit embarrassed about what I had done.

The principal gave a whole speech saying that this was going to be a good year and everybody was going to have fun and get good grades; which personally I didn’t really believe. I was later assigned to a class, 8A; thankfully my best friend was in my class. The principal was telling the people in the class 8A, when he called out Jake, the boy who made me hide under the table because I didn’t know what to say. I was so

embarrassed, and it didn’t help when he looked at me and laughed. I felt like this was going to be the worst year of school yet!

When we arrived in our class, the teacher assigned us seats, and of course to make things even more embarrassing she put me next to Jake. I sat down like I had never seen him before, and didn’t make eye contact or even talk.

“Okay, students,” the teacher exclaimed, “turn to your neighbour and try to learn a little about them, because you will be next to each other for the whole year!”

I didn’t know how things could get worse, until Jake said, “Aren’t you the girl that hid under the table when I came up to ask a question last year?”

I tried to act cool like that had never happened, so I replied, “no that wasn’t me that was my twin sister.”

I know I could have said something like, “no I don’t think so, I think you have mistaken me for somebody else,” but, standing in front of this beautiful creature, it was hard to concentrate and find a good lie. But for some reason that made him laugh, so that made me feel better.

We talked for about ten minutes about what we liked, and what we wanted to achieve this school year. I said, trying to sound confident, “I want to try to get better grades and maybe make more friends!”

“Well you just made a new one, my friend,” Jake replied laughing a little.

I then blushed, and turned away to hide my face, and said, “Cool!” I know that once more I could have said something else that could have made me look cooler. However that made Jake laugh, so it’s okay with me.

Well, I guess this school year isn’t going to be that bad after all.

Héloïse Roche

An Impossible Choice

My father decided to take us to New York City during the school holidays as a Christmas present for the family. We all cried hysterically after we found out because it had been a lifelong dream that we never thought would come true. Arriving there was like arriving on a movie set because everything looked so familiar because we

had seen it in thousands of famous films shot in the “big apple”.

Obviously, we were all exhausted due to the time change, so we decided as a family to go on a nice relaxing stroll through Central Park as it was just down the street from our wonderful hotel.

Central Park was filled with hot dog stands, ice-cream trucks, people selling drinks and many different types of food. It was a warm spring afternoon and my stomach was growling because all I had eaten that day was two lumps of chicken from a curry, with a glass of orange juice on the plane. I really wanted to buy food but it was past lunch time and too early for dinner.

So I decided to go for a dessert or some type of snack to keep me going until dinner time, from one of the many people selling food. I walked up to the closest one to me and stood in line behind a large lady and her rather irritating children. Whilst I was waiting in line, it sounded like the woman was ordering the whole kart.

I was looking through the menus trying to figure out what I was going to get, until the lady left with her children with her hands full. I finally chose what I was going to get: a raspberry and lemon Popsicle. It sounded so good at the time it would cool me down because it was a very sunny day and hopefully give me some energy because I was so worn out.

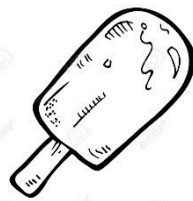
I walked up proudly to the front of the stand, placed my dollar on the tray and said, “one lemon and raspberry Popsicle, please,” pointing at the picture.

The man leaned over to the freezer behind him, searched through and said, “I’m sorry, but we are out of those, can I suggest the spider man ice cream? It’s very nice”. I stood there, outraged.

“There has to some left, I just saw you give plenty to the women before me!” I snapped back.

“I’m afraid she bought everyone I had left, Miss”.

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. That greedy woman had bought every last raspberry and lemon Popsicle. I stood there, not knowing what to say. Now what was I supposed to get? I



was hungry and tired and all I wanted was that specific Popsicle. There wasn’t a huge selection and that was all that had caught my eye.

“Hurry up Lindsey, we are going to head back to the hotel soon, you have two minutes,” shouted my mum.

The pressure was on. I had the choice between a Snickers bar, a Spiderman ice cream, a Ben and Jerry’s Chunky Monkey ice cream (which by the sound of it, had banana in it, which I absolutely hate) and a bag of cheesy crisps. The rest just looked inedible. The clock was ticking, my stomach was grumbling and my mum and the man in the trucks were waiting impatiently.

Tic toc tic toc tic toc... the man was standing, looking like he was about to strangle me because I was literally taking minutes to make up my mind. “So? What will it be? I don’t have all day!” he yelled crossly.

“I guess I will take the Spiderman ice-cream please,” I squealed. It looked absolutely revolting but I had no choice. I paid and made my way back to my mother, who looked quite agitated.

While we were making our way back to the hotel, I unwrapped the ice cream, took one bite out of it and threw the rest away because it was revolting (the man had lied and said it was great when it was the opposite of great).

By Amaya Maldonado

A Moment That Changed Everything

This whole mess started when my dad decided to take my little brother, our dog and me on a family trip, which led to a moment that has scarred me for life. The plan was that we were going to drive from San Francisco, where I live, to Salt Lake City in Utah. The trip started off very badly: my little brother couldn’t find his favourite stuffed animal, I couldn’t decide what clothes to bring (I ended up packing half of my closet), and my dad was getting overwhelmed because he had to make sandwiches, pack the car, make reservations at a hotel in the City and make sure that our oversized, fluffy sheepdog called Murphy would get in the car.

Of course we started driving half an hour later than we were supposed to; I’m proud we even managed to do that. A couple of hours in, my

shrimpy brother started to moan repeatedly, “I have to pee! Can we pull over?”

He exasperated my father so much that we had to stop in the middle of nowhere, on the side of the road next to a dried out forest for him to have a tinkle. He finally got back into the car and we continued driving. When I had almost fallen asleep, Dad realized that we were almost out of



gas; he told me he was going in the station shop to pay for gas; I was still very drowsy at this point.

My blurry eyes saw him as he came back in the car; I caught a waft of musky perfume. Just a foreign odour from the gas station, I concluded. The radio started, which was very unusual because Dad hates the sound of voices when he drives.

Confused at this strange behaviour, I asked him, “Why are you putting the radio on?” I didn’t really hear his response and I was still too tired to insist on an answer so I slipped back to sleep.

After what felt like a whole night, I woke up and looked outside the window to see lots of dry land and cactuses.

“Dad?” I asked, “How much longer is the ride?”

I guess he hadn’t heard me because he didn’t answer. I peered down at poor Murphy sitting in his cage and saw his big hazel-brown eyes gazing up at me.

“Don’t worry, baby, you will be free in just a little bit” I said to the fuzzy creature.

I glanced at my brother who seemed so harmless asleep with his blonde hair and his chubby cheeks; I could see his growing teeth through his half opened mouth. Of course if you knew him like I did, you wouldn’t be fooled by the illusion of innocence.

The phone rang, and I heard dad say, “Yes, I have them—both of them, the girl, the boy and a dog... I hope you know that I will be expecting something in return for this—and extra for the dog!”

I thought nervously to myself that it was mom calling from Shanghai to ask him about our trip. Mom had been away on a business trip for

almost a week and had called every day to check in on us. Reassured by my inner voice, I decided I was still tired and took another snooze.

I woke up to the poignant smell of a parking lot and the sound of shrill, unfamiliar voices. Dad wasn’t in the car anymore. I leaned over my brother to his side of the car, where the voices were coming from and saw two men and a woman standing on the grey concrete of an indoor parking garage. Behind these people, I spotted what looked to be an exit for cars. A few meters away were a pair of elevator doors. The dodgy elevator must have been very old because there were cracks in the ancient, fading paint and the doors were marked and dented.

The woman’s voice raised, she seemed to be ordering the men to take something out of the car. I moved back to my side of the car and woke my brother up.

“Hey, where is dad?” I whispered.

“I don’t know”, he answered worriedly, “I was sleeping the whole time—why? Where is he? Is something wrong?”

I didn’t want him to cry so I lied, “No, no. Nothing is wrong. I was just wondering if you knew”.

A man dressed exactly the same way as Dad walked towards us and opened the door.

“Get out of the car and come with me” he said in a firm, deep voice.

This was not dad’s voice. I stared at this imposter’s face—he had one brown eye and one pale eye; my dad had vibrant blue eyes. This man was not my dad. It was at that moment that I realized what had happened. We had been kidnapped.

Thinking as quickly as possible, I grabbed my brother’s hand, pulled him out of the car and sprinted into the elevator, dragging him along with me. Luckily, just as the men were approaching us, the rusty doors slammed together, temporarily saving us.

Panic-stricken, I dialled dad’s phone number: the longer the phone beeped, the faster my heart raced and the tighter the knots grew in the pit of my stomach

“... Hello? Anna? Is that you?”

The familiar sound of my dad’s voice comforted me and helped me recover from that nerve-racking moment.

“Oh my gosh!! Thank God it’s you! Where are you? We are being followed by these men and I don’t know what to do!”

And then I remembered my baby, “Murphy!” I cried frantically on the phone, “I completely forgot about Murphy!! What do I do? I’m such a terrible person!”

Dad just had time to say, “Don’t worry. I’m coming for you, I have the police here and they know where you are. Just hide!” before the elevator doors opened.

My hand was still locked to my brother’s arm; we ran up some stairs to the roof. When Mom and the ten-year-old version of myself played hide and seek, I would hide on the roof of our apartment building inside the electrical room. I would always imagine that door to be the gateway to my imaginary world, full of buttons that could change the weather and cabinets that could lead me to a beautiful field dappled with daisies, speckled with sunflowers and mottled with marigolds.

Making our way with haste, I precipitated towards the electrical room, my little brother toddling behind me, trying to keep up. I opened the door, being careful not to slam it behind us and I found a spare key to lock us in. My brother sat on the cold concrete floor whimpering.

I crouched down and whispered, “Can’t you see it? Can’t you see all the wonderful things in here?”

He shook his head. I stood up and pointed to a button and explained softly, “This button can change the weather. And this one can take us anywhere we want. Where do you want to go?”

I could hear the man’s heavy footsteps pacing around the roof.

“I want to go home,” he muttered sadly.

I pretended to push the button, crouched back down and took him in my arms, “Look there’s the TV,” I breathed to him while pointing, “We are watching your favorite movie, ‘Finding Nemo’ ”.

My brother didn’t answer; he leaned his blonde head against me and stared at the spot where our imaginary TV was. The man came to our door and impatiently pushed and pulled on the door handle. When I couldn’t hear his footsteps anymore, I texted my dad: “Are you near? Charlie

and I are hidden now; I don’t think they know where we are. Hurry.”

Tap, tap, tap, tap. More footsteps.

I felt my phone vibrating against my hand. “Hey dad,” I whispered.

“Anna, I’m here, where did you hide?” he asked, his voice trembling a little.

I wanted to make sure it was really my dad, so before I answered his question I asked,

“Where is Murphy? Is he O.K.?”

“Murphy the dog, is fine, he was still in the car when I found him.”

From this answer, I knew that it was really my dad. Reassured, I answered, “We are on the roof, inside



the electrical room, someone else is on the roof – I don’t think it’s that man”.

A few moments later I heard someone knock on the door. I stood up, pulled my brother up and pushed him behind me. As I prepared to open the door I spotted a piece of spare metal that lay on the floor, I grabbed it and unlocked the door, ready to strike the man with my weapon. I glanced out and saw my dad’s lively blue eyes and his graying brown hair, and most comforting of all, his friendly, white smile. In that moment the fear and panic that had taken over my body dissipated; we were finally safe.

Matilda Mauth

An Impossible Choice

Delphine had been trying to decide for weeks on end, but now there was no escape; she had to make a choice.

Flushed and confused, she gazed at the people who counted the most in her life, sitting not more than two metres away from her, who were demanding an answer.

She had to choose between Michael, her boyfriend for four years, and her family. The choice was impossible, because her heart told her “Michael” and her head screamed “Family”. Delphine reviewed the facts as she had done countless times before.

On the one hand, she had Michael: gentle, handsome, protective, strong and modern. He paid Delphine compliments like no one else ever had and made her feel special. He managed to give her a confidence in herself she had rarely felt.

Yet she had an uneasy feeling that he was hiding something: Michael often received phone calls late in the night which he refused to talk about. Delphine only heard snippets of his mumbled conversations, unable to make out any words, but certain of the sinister tone. Maybe it was an old girlfriend, maybe he was in trouble somehow, maybe there was another side to him completely.

On the other hand, her family had been ever-present, kind and supportive, if somewhat strict. They had given her a happy childhood and an excellent upbringing and had helped her through the bad times. When she was bullied at school for being a snob, or after her disappointing exam results, she could always count on them.

The family had been wealthy and prosperous but had struggled with their finances after being robbed. Delphine had only discovered this recently because her parents had been too proud to discuss it. They had always tried to protect her from any hardship and made sure she was well looked after and lacked nothing. But they had never accepted Michael.

After a lot of thinking, soul-searching and even a couple of pain killers, she made her decision.

With the words “Better the devil you know” ringing inside her head, she chose her family, but it was with a heavy heart. Little did Delphine know that she had just made a choice that she was to regret for the rest of her life.

Camille Yekpe



Persuasion Poetry

by Troisième Students
for the ASIBA Poetry Competition



The King of Persuasion

Sitting in the street, late afternoon,
Rain clouds adding to my sense of gloom.
Was it tears or rain running down my face?
I didn't know, I had lost all grace.

I was so in love my judgement was clouded
I gave him my heart, which sadly rebounded.
Too late I realised he didn't even like me
He only stayed because of the money.

He was always asking for more of my cash,
Never had his own, it was gone in a flash.
He told me his mum had bills to pay,
But now I know that she'd passed away.

This man really was the king of persuasion,
His cruellest trait was manipulation.
When I tried to resist giving in to the pressure
His tricks convinced me he knew for the better.

If only I'd been less easily persuaded.
I'm no longer blind, my love has now faded.
I want to get back everything that has gone
I have to stand up, I need to move on.

Camille Yekpe



This is OUR Planet

Generous and glad,
The world welcomed me with pride:
Glorious, grand, green forests worldwide
And spectacular landscapes, it had.

Peaceful Paradise it was,
To this day degraded and destroyed
Twisted, decayed and as burnt as ashes,
Our Earth has been exploited.

Small boat, Planet Earth is,
Sinking in deep, dark seas,
What would happen to us if up, went the degrees?
Most important crisis of our era, it is.

Temperatures are rising,
Coral reefs, dying.
Weather patterns are changing,
Polar caps, melting.

Generous and glad,
The world welcomed us with pride:
Don't leave our home aside
And save the world before it is too bad!

Carla Pierini

Things I need

Mom there are one thousand things I need
And trust me there is not 1 percent of greed
I ask you with my very heart buy them all
Cause most of them are very... small
I want: a pony with a mile long tail

An elephant with a brain the size of a snail
A dozen sheep with silk wool
A massive swimming pool

A red canary
A second Ferrari
My own jet plane
And place where it would never rain

Aww please mom I'll do anything to persuade
you!
I'll clean my room for one month, I'll stop
complaining about your bad soup
I'll stop stealing my little brother's cake slice.
Sorry son I wasn't listening, what did you say?
Henri de Longeaux



Reflect

We are human beings.
We all live on a wonderful planet,
That's Earth.

Earth belongs to Solar System, controlled by Sun.
Solar System controlled by Sun belongs to Milky
Way Galaxy.
Galaxy is not alone; has many brothers.

More than ten, hundred, thousands.
Between hundred and two hundred billion of them
exactly,
And that's a lot.
Thus, they are all different,
More than a billion, dissimilar having their own
Milky Way, Solar System controlled by Another,
different planets, orbits and whatever.

Evidently, all this fits in Universe.

Humans are belonging to Earth, belonging to Solar System, belonging to Milky Way and with all his brothers, belonging to Universe, are so small.

Our house, clothes, phones, bodies are so small! And so are our problems and little-everyday-conflicts...

So please don't create fights and stories Because there are more important things to defend Such as global warming. Live, Enjoy, be Blessed for what Earth provides us, because Earth is unique, irreplaceable.

Now reflect about this, we are all human beings, We all live on a wonderful planet, That's Earth.

Yasmeen Peretti

My Love

The wind caresses her figure,
This figure carved by erosion,
This figure that hosts my heart, my emotions,
As time passes, her figure changes.

So wild yet so welcoming,
So tall and elegant,
So many faces she shows me,
So settled, as she was here a long time before me,

Everyone that concerts with her, is nourished by her.
With each season comes a new wardrobe, new colours.

She is My Love, My Mountain.

Thomas Pequignot



Stop the cars

Hey, you guys!
Stop using your cars,
For going somewhere close, like going somewhere far.
It pollutes the planet we love so much,
Even if you don't see it, the pollution is always there.

Look, maybe you should walk more often,
It would make you fit, and wash your lungs,
Adding fresh air, and most of all,
Making earth a better place.

And for longer trips,
Why not take the train, or bus.
It will always be better for the planet,
And you get to sit back, and relax, during the trip.

Liam Donaghy



Sly words seep into
My brain—cunning as a snake—
Making my thoughts fade

Very dangerous—
For blandishment should never
Be taken lightly

An avalanche of
Inducing words really must
Never be trusted

A warning to you—
Always steer clear of tempting
Speech—it will always,
Aim for your weakness.

Matilda Mauth