

WRITING ABOUT THE TRIP TO ENGLAND

LONDON

A logbook during the war

This is a historical document from 1940. We found it in the remains of a little place in London after the war. It's an extract of a logbook written by a French student, Sebastian Le Bihan.

September 6th, 1940

It's the second day of our trip to England. Today was a very exciting day, because it was the first time I had been to London. We visited the British museum where I saw a lot of interesting things. Now it's the evening and I have to go eat my dinner so I'm going to stop writing. Tomorrow will be our second day in London and we will visit all the famous places of the city. Goodbye!



Our arrival in London

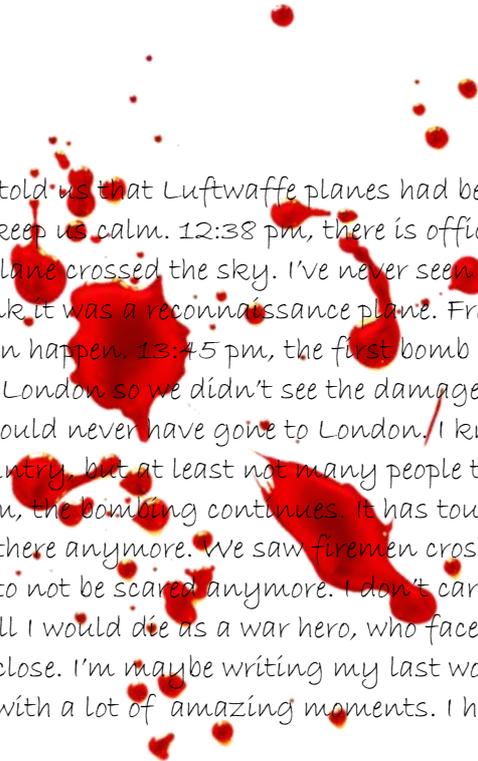
September 7th, 1940

Hello again! Right now it's lunch time and I have a little time to write so that's what I'm going to do. As I said yesterday, we visited famous places like Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square or Leicester Square. Now we are in a little place called Grosvenor Square. It was fun because we were practically alone walking. I guess it's because it's war time and the Luftwaffe, German airplanes, are not very far from England. But I'm not worried because I trust the Royal Air force. I think it's the most powerful air force in the world so they can probably protect us. This afternoon we will go to Buckingham Palace to [this part was never written or it disappeared]. Wow, there was a moment of panic because someone thought he had heard planes in the sky. Everybody started to scream because of that but I calmed them, telling them it was a practice for the Royal Air Force in case of an attack. So, I was speaking about it. This afternoon we are going to see the

famous guards in front of the Palace. I think I will enjoy it because it's funny to make a face to them when they are not allowed to laugh. Okay now I'm a little scared. We heard planes again but this time it was more intense. A



Added by the museum, A day after the bombing



policeman came to speak with us and he told us that Luftwaffe planes had been seen on the southern coast. Our teacher is trying to keep us calm. 12:38 pm, there is officially a German attack. I'm so stressed. A first plane crossed the sky. I've never seen a plane that close. It didn't throw any bomb but I think it was a reconnaissance plane. From now on, I will write every hour, because so much can happen. 13:45 pm, the first bomb was landed on London. It was on the Eastern part of London so we didn't see the damage. I'm so scared. I want to be with my family. I should never have gone to London. I knew the Germans had already conquered my country, but at least not many people there were killed. I really want to go home. 13:58 pm, the bombing continues. It has touched Trafalgar Square, I'm lucky we are not there anymore. We saw firemen cross the square to rescue the wounded. 14:11 pm, I decided to not be scared anymore. I don't care what can happen. What if I die, you could ask. Well I would die as a war hero, who faced the attack bravely. 14:32 pm, the bombing is very close. I'm maybe writing my last words. I'm not complaining, I had a short but good life with a lot of amazing moments. I have only got one regret it's [end]

The logbook stops here. He was never able to finish his story. But we are very grateful to him, because he made us understand more about the "Blitz", the London bombing. During this attack, 45 000 "war heroes", as he said, were killed. We personally think he was not exactly a war hero, but a war writer hero, because even with the incredible threat, he found the courage to continue writing. The whole document can be found in the Imperial War Museum.

Sébastien Le Bihan

Gerald's Fiction story

Let's discover the weird events of the British Museum, through the logbook of Gerald, 58 years old, who has been a guard at the museum for 30 years.

9 May 1988: *My first week at the museum,*

Today I was watching the main hall next to the cafeteria and the souvenir shops when two suspicious young girls got into the cafeteria. They were about ten years old. I saw them take a sandwich and put it under their coat. So I decided to call out to them but they started to run away. I stopped them after 20 minutes of pursuit across the entire museum. I managed to snatch the bag but it was empty. When I realized it, they had already left.

14 February 1990,

This afternoon I was in the 4th room, in the Egyptian part, when a young boy in front of The Rosetta stone pulled his pants down and put his buttocks in front of the glass case. All his friends were laughing; I was ready to shout to tell him to stop when he broke the glass case in a thousand pieces.

31 August 1994,

That day I was keeping watch on the Roman sculpture part in the basement of the museum when I saw a well-dressed old man. He was holding a bride's bouquet and it was curious. So I kept an eye on him. Suddenly, I heard a wedding song and I saw a lot of rose petals spread on the floor. I was stunned, especially when he started to put a wedding veil on the head of a Venus statue. After that, he knelt down and kissed the statue's hand. I was so astounded, that did not react at the time. When I realized that he was not allowed to touch the statue, I tried to

stop him but he started to shout and to struggle, saying that the statue was his dead wife and that he had to marry her to resurrect her.

23 September 2003,

This morning I had to check the 18th room, the Parthenon part. I saw a young man but I first didn't pay attention to him. Afterwards, when I looked at him for the 2nd time he was trying to pull down the pediment statues of the Parthenon. I caught him, he ran away and he climbed up the frontage of the Parthenon and once at the top shouted "I am the messenger of Athena and I want to recover the property that you stole from the Greek gods. FUCKING COLONIALISTS!!!"

10 April 2018: *the worst day of my all life.*

Today I have been fired! But let me tell you what happened, it's unbelievable!! It was during the night. I was in charge of the Egyptian part. Suddenly, I heard a big noise. Then I saw two young girls: a little dark-haired one and a tall one with a blond lock of hair. I remember that they were talking in French. I called them but they ignored me. The little one started to fly in the room above the statues and the blond one created light with her hand. They broke everything! I was so scared that I ran away. Afterwards, I went to the director's office to tell him what had happened but he didn't believe me and when he saw the damage he fired me. I still have not understood.

Adèle L and Mathilde B.

A night at the British Museum

Emeline is not lucky and is a scatterbrain. At 7 years old, her parents forgot her on the beach. At 10 years old, she did a class visit where she got lost and ended up at the police station with a broken ankle because she had run after a cat and fallen. Today Emeline is 20 years old and tonight she is locked up in the British Museum. I know you want to know how she ended up in this unlikely situation.

Emeline studies art in London and she loves visiting museums. So she decided to go to the British Museum. She had spent 3 hours in it when the voice that no one understands said something suggesting the museum was closing. Emeline had not finished visiting the museum yet but she didn't have time to finish. However before to leaving it she went to the toilet. This is where the trouble started, the door lock of her toilet was stuck. She spent 10 minutes trying to unlock it but obviously with her misfortune it didn't work. Emeline is the kind of person who is very positive. Rather than panic, she tried to find a solution. She looked down and saw the door touched the ground so she couldn't slip out under the door. There was nobody and her phone had no more battery so she couldn't call someone to help her. Finally she decided to pass over the door. She climbed on the toilet and tried to hang on to the door. She jumped over the door, the first leg passed then the other. Now she was outside the toilet and fortunately the door of the room was not locked. When she left this place, there was a great silence; there was nobody. She ran to the exit. Still nobody. When she arrived to the exit, she understood the museum was closed. The huge doors of the museum were closed. She was alone, in one of the biggest and most important museums in the world. Emeline was not afraid, we can even say that she was incredibly happy. She had all the night to see all the objects which are in the British Museum. She saw the Rosetta Stone, the mummy of Katebet, parts of the Parthenon and a lot of other amazing objects of the museum. She had her art book so she drew most of the things she saw. Then she fell asleep and when she awoke she was at

the police station and had to tell her story. She fortunately left this place safely.



Anaïs BRANCAZ

The Elizabethan dream



Roy and Sean were walking around the streets of Westminster Abbey. They didn't have much money because they had just finished their law studies at the school where they had met so they couldn't afford to go abroad. Still a trip around Great Britain was nothing short of a great idea and London was an awesome final destination, especially since they had never been there. Quite surprising, right? But when you live in a little village in Northern Ireland, you don't travel much. Little did they know that the buzzing city had a few surprises in store...

They arrived in front of Westminster Abbey and stopped a few seconds while Roy had a look at the map. He stared at it a few seconds before boldly saying:

“If we go to the left, we should see Big Ben”

“You'd better be right, answered Sean, because if I don't get to see Big Ben during this trip, I'm going to blow a fuse”

Roy just smiled and they went along Broad sanctuary. Not before long, they saw Westminster Palace but not Big Ben. In its place, there was a huge tower of scaffoldings. The two of them stayed silently opposite that massive abomination, completely baffled. Sean just calmly let out: “fuse blown”. They headed toward the metallic horror before Roy finally broke the silence:

“It says here that it's in renovation”

“For how long?” Sean asked impatiently

“About four years” Roy answered

“Four Years! I can't wait for four years! Who hides London's most famous monument behind metal bars for four years?”

“What do you want me to tell you? It's a shame, sure, but we can't help it. We might as well go see if there's anything else to visit today”

Roy started to walk away but Sean stayed in place. When he went to see why his boyfriend was not moving, Sean just said:

“Let’s climb it.”

“I’m sorry, could you say that again? I must have misunderstood because what I heard was absolutely bonkers!”

“I’m not joking, explained Sean, the workers aren’t here, they must be on a lunch break. We could climb it, see it from inside and get an astonishing view.”

“That’s not the problem! Roy exclaimed. It’s dangerous and we could get in a lot of trouble!”

“Come on! We never do anything fun together. This is sure to spice things up a bit! Please?”

“Huh”, Roy sighed

“Yes! That means yes! We’re doing this!”

Sean dragged a reluctant Roy to the Elizabeth tower where they sneaked past the few people there and started climbing the scaffoldings. It wasn’t too hard although a bit unnerving because of the height. Soon, they passed the clock and reached the top. The couple helped each other in through the windows. With a solid floor under their shoes, they collapsed and lay down on the ground to catch their breath. Sean got up first and looked at the view. Roy joined him soon after.

“Was it worth it?” Roy asked gleefully

“Yes it was. “

Sean backed a few steps away from Roy, pulled a little velvet box from his coat pocket, put a knee to the ground and asked one simple question: “Will you make me the happiest man alive?”

Roy froze for a couple seconds before throwing himself into his new fiancé’s arms. They climbed down the Elizabeth tower unseen and headed back to their hotel room to celebrate. It wasn’t even night time but they already knew this was a day to remember.

Thomas D.

The British museum's ghost, Article n°255 of England is haunted.

The British Museum is a place with plenty of works of arts and many remnants of civilization.

Created in 1753, in London, it welcomes 5 million people in just one year.

However, the museum is not as normal as it pretends to be.

We've interviewed Marcus Flinterd, one of the British museum's guards.

Marcus has been working at the museum since 1985, and today he's celebrating 25 years of memories and weird stories. He called us and offered to tell us some of the most frightening stories he's lived in the museum.



Journalist : Good evening Marcus and thank you so much for you presence tonight. I thought it would be more interesting if we met at night, to feel a worrying atmosphere, I'll let you explain to us the terrifying life experience you had, 13 years ago.

Marcus : Thank you so much, the pleasure is shared ! This moment dates back to 13 december 1997.

It was a winter day, the coldest we'd had in thirteen years. As always I was in charge of watching the museum at night, from 10pm. I left my house at 9.30 pm, knowing that my car was totally frozen, and most of the transports were closed so I had to walk in the snow, the wind and the squalls. My fur coat and my 3 woolen sweaters were not enough to protect me from the icy wind penetrating the fabric.

Journalist : I imagine that this cold night was conducive to ghost and spirits' stories !

Marcus : Exactly ! - *he laughs* – Finally, I arrived to the museum and spent three hours without noticing anything. At 1am, I was walking in the medieval part of the museum. You have to know that the British museum's collections of the period from the great invasions to the Middle Ages are among the richest in the world.

You can find hundreds of remains of the medieval civilization !

I was walking between the anvils, the armors and the banners when I heard the first weird noise, behind my back.

It was 1.13 am and for the first time I heard a chuckle in the museum. It was followed quickly by a hoarse moaning. I turned around and headed for the noises. I realised a few seconds later that the place I was heading to was none other than the tomb hall of Gilles de Rais, a cursed knight. This knight was hanged for persecuting and raping children. When I entered the room, I knew something had changed . There was an icy squall and I was brutally pushed against the wall by an invisible force. Someone screamed and I fell on my knees emptied of all energy. It was the most terrifying moment of my entire life ! After a few moments of noise and ominous screams, a dull sound was heard and everything became calm again. However the atmosphere wasn't the same and I felt bitterness around me. I was paralyzed with a terrifying thought and I raised my head towards the tomb. The vision I had paralyzed me. Gilles de Rais' coffin was broken and the remains of the knight had disappeared. I stayed the rest of the night tremulous in a corner of the room.

Worst night ever.

Journalist : Woah. Never heard a story like that before. What do you think of this story now and can you swear that everything is truthful ?

Marcus : I swear it. Now I think Gilles' spirit had spent a lot of time alone in this grave, full of resentment and anger. All this happened on the same day he was hanged. He had to leave it, to quench his thirst for crime. Perhaps it's a coincidence, but it was a 13th of the month, 1.13 am. I am very superstitious but I don't think all of this happened by chance. I think there was a reason.

Journalist : Thank you so much for the story. It was captivating.

Marcus : Of course ! Have a good sleep ! - *He laughs* -

Armelle Rabault



KIDNAPPING IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Everybody knows, queen Elisabeth the 2nd was captured by men in guards costumes in the middle of the night last Tuesday! She was just sleeping in her bedroom with the window open when they got in through the window and they assaulted her. After a week of searching she was still missing but a student at king's college in Cambridge who's now the hero of the nation recognized her and called the police. And today we are lucky enough to present this exclusive interview of the queen herself!!!



Now the guys have been arrested and an investigation has started. This case has to be followed.

INTERVIEW:

Journalist: *"How did you feel during the kidnapping? Did you realize what was happening?"*

Queen: *"I was absolutely terrified and I didn't feel safe. I tried to scream but I couldn't and at that moment I understood that it was really happening and not just a nightmare. I couldn't see anything, it was completely dark and I didn't see where they were taking me."*

Journalist: *"how did they treat you during your captivity? Did you have all the things you needed?"*

Queen: *"It was a bit complicated but they were nice to me. They didn't want to hurt me they just wanted money for their school project. I had enough to eat but the hardest thing was to not to have the right to go outside. I felt lonely as if I was totally abandoned."*

Journalist: *"what do you keep in mind after this adventure? Did captivity change your life and the way you see the world and people?"*

Queen: *"First, maybe it seems childish, but now I always check that my windows are closed before going to bed. I am quite famous so I was lucky enough to be watched by everybody, so thank you very much, now I think about the people who are not as lucky as I was and are kept in captivity for months. I thank my family for being stressed and worried for me."*

Journalist: *"Thank You for answering us, have a nice day!!"*

Leane and Alice

CAMBRIDGE

11th September, 2016

Dear diary,

Today is my first week at the University of Cambridge. I'm really happy and proud: it's one of the best universities in the WORLD! I worked a lot to be accepted in this university. It was really difficult and it will be difficult too. The town is very pleasant and amazing.



My favorite place is King's College Chapel: the architecture and the stained-glass windows are beautiful. For the time, it was a real architectural success even if it was built in one century. The buildings of the university are also impressive: I think it will be an ideal place to learn and study not only thanks to the quiet atmosphere, but also thanks to the grass and the River Cam which are relaxing. I wish I could go for a boat ride one day on this river if I don't

have too much homework. The only problem in Cambridge, except the rain, is the number of tourists who visit our university town: there are too many. What attracts them is our university and the different colleges, but also all the legends: personally, I don't believe in all the strange stories at all.



In Cambridge, the majority of students and inhabitants move around on bikes, they don't use cars so it makes the living environment better than other towns and very friendly. Moreover, it's funny to ride past our teachers in the street on bicycles. But, the disadvantage is when it is raining (every day : we 're in England !!) because I haven't got a car so I'm forced to use my bicycle and to be wet.



Now, let me speak about my first impression about my daily life. On the first day, I met my teachers and my classmates: My teachers are kind but they give a lot of homework. I'm studying a lot of scientific subjects like math and physics. It not easy but fortunately, our class is united. Besides, the days are exhausting and busy: I can't hang out with my friends in the evening very often. Even if my class is united, I'm anxious for the exams because the level is very high: this is not a legend. I'm a bit disappointed because we haven't got a lot of holidays. So I won't be able to see my family really often.

Emmanuel Chapuis and Adrien Loyer

Horror story in Cambridge

I went to Cambridge two months ago because friends said that I absolutely had to go to Cambridge and this is what I did. I spent a wonderful day in Cambridge I visited saint John's college and its church , I walked in the narrow streets , I went punting on the river Cam but when I saw the hangman's house my blood froze and didn't understand why . I was having a good time in this city that's why I decided to eat there, in the famous pub called "the Eagle ". This is where two scientists of the Cavendish laboratory announced the discovery of the DNA and it was also the place where a lot of aviators drew on the ceiling during World War II.

Relaxing

At the time, I thought that was the best possible choice but I was wrong, I would have to run as far as possible from this cursed city. I was in the pub, having my dinner and suddenly I heard a shout, a horrible shout , a shout of death . I heard steps in the stairs, then a man said with quivering voice "the...the win...window is closed. "A deathly silence was in the room but I didn't understand. Two minutes later he had not come back yet and I was anxious for him, but not for a long time because every glass broke after I had heard a scream, it seemed to come from a little girl. Everybody ran outside I did the same but in front of the door there was a man with an axe, he had blood on his shirt. At that moment I couldn't think anymore, all of my thoughts were "I have to survive ".I hardly heard shouts of scare which said «It is the hangman, he is possessed." He shook his axe and people lost an arm or were cut on the neck. Inside there were three ghosts, two boys and one girl, the girl wore a Victorian dress. I diverted the hangman and ran to my car and drove to my room in London. When I arrived there I cried for three hours, I could see blood everywhere. After that , I took a shower and I went to bed but when I woke up I was in the ruins of the Eagle pub ,around me there were many firemen , the pub had caught fire .



Capucine Bertin2nd9



THE CLOCK THIEF

ONCE UPON A TIME, A YOUNG LADY NAMED NELLY LIVED AND STUDIED AT THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. SHE WAS CRAZY ABOUT LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM, BUT THE THING THAT SHE LOVED MOST WAS POLICE INVESTIGATIONS. TODAY WILL BE A SPECIAL DAY FOR HER. SHE WAS IN CLASS, AND HER JOURNALISM TEACHER GOT IN AND ANNOUNCED THAT THERE WAS A BIG INVESTIGATION GAME ORGANIZED IN THE CITY. EVERYBODY CAN PARTICIPATE. SHE WAS VERY HAPPY AND SHE UNDERSTOOD THAT IT WAS FOR HER A BIG CHANCE TO SHOW AND LIVE HER PASSION. A LOT OF QUESTIONS CAME OUT OF HER HEAD, SHE WANTED JUST TO START THE GAME.



THE NEXT MORNING IT WAS EIGHT O'CLOCK AND NELLY WAS ALREADY IN FRONT OF THE UNIVERSITY TO GET THE EVIDENCE TO START THE GAME. THE FIRST CLUE WAS IN KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, BUT SHE WAS NOT INSPIRED AND THERE WAS A LOT OF COMPETITION WITH THE OTHER STUDENTS WHO PLAYED THE GAME TOO. SO SHE DECIDED TO CHANGE PLACES AND TO GO TO THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE GRAND ARCADE. WHEN SHE REACHED THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE, SHE REMEMBERED THE FIRST JOURNALISM LESSON AND THE ADVICE SHE WAS GIVEN: IT WAS TO WATCH ANY MOVEMENT OF THE PEOPLE AROUND HER. SO SHE WAS AT THE STARBUCK'S WITH HER CAPPUCCINO AND IN FRONT OF HER THERE WAS A MAN WITH A STRANGE BEHAVIOUR AND SHE NOTICED THAT THE MAN HAD A CAMBRIDGE SHIRT AND A REALLY OLD BOOK WHICH CAUGHT HER ATTENTION. SHE DECIDED TO FOLLOW HIM TO HAVE MORE INFORMATION, HE TOOK HIS BIKE, SO NELLY DECIDED TO RUN BEHIND HIM. SHE WENT PAST QUEEN'S COLLEGE, MARKET PLACE, AND THE MAN STOPPED IN THE HARRY POTTER SHOP TO BUY SOME CANDIES SO SHE ENTERED TOO, AND THERE WAS A RADIO IN THE SHOP. THE NEWS WERE: "THE CORPUS CLOCK WAS STOLEN DURING THE NIGHT AND WE DON'T HAVE ANY INFORMATION ABOUT THE CULPRIT".



AT THE SAME TIME SHE SAW THE MAN RUNNING OUT OF THE SHOP SO FOR HER IT WAS A SUSPICIOUS ATTITUDE AND SHE CONTINUED TO FOLLOW HIM. ARRIVED NEXT TO THE RIVER CAM SHE BOARDED A PUNT WITH THE MAN. WHEN THEY STARTED THE VISIT, THE MAN OPENED HIS BOOK TO DRAW THE MATHEMATICAL BRIDGE AND WHEN THE MAN TURNED THE PAGES, SHE SAW THE DESCRIPTION OF THE CORPUS CLOCK HOLD UP! SO, FOR HER IT WAS CLEAR EVIDENCE, HE WAS THE CULPRIT ! SO SHE CAUGHT HIM AND SCREAMED : “IT’S HIM, IT’S THE THIEF !!”. A FEW DAYS LATER NELLY WAS REWARDED BY THE MAYOR OF CAMBRIDGE IN THE BOTANIC GARDEN OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AND SHE RECEIVED A GOLD MEDAL TO THANK HER FOR HER AMAZING INVESTIGATION. SHE WAS VERY PROUD OF HERSELF AND SHE WAS IMPATIENT TO CONTINUE TO SOLVING THE INVESTIGATION GAME .

BRANGEON LOUISE

BOUR NINON

The Eagle, May 1942

It’s raining outside. The weather is sad and time passes slowly. But, in a little place, the world is like a theatre play. It’s a bar named the Eagle built in 1667. It’s one of the biggest pubs in Cambridge. We are in 1942, in the middle of Cambridge, this pub is the favorite place of the R.A.F staff. Here, they can relax, have fun and have a break from the war against Germany. When you enter, first of all, you can’t see anything because of the smoke. Then, you just need three seconds to adapt yourself to the strange atmosphere of the pub before someone comes and talk to you like an old friend. At this moment, you can’t realize that the war is outside. It’s as if time has stopped. This place is unbelievable, a young airman can climb up on a chair and use his lighter to write his squadron’s number on the ceiling like many others before him and, a second after, because of the drinks that he took, he falls asleep in his friend’s arms. This is normal. All of those graffiti are impressive: they are everywhere. There you will learn that, to write your squadron on walls and ceiling is like a tradition. Somewhere, on the ceiling, if you look carefully, you will see that there is a drawing with a red outline. It represents a naked waitress who works there and who has a really good relationship with airmen. To draw her, they used her red lipstick. This ceiling is extraordinary. Will this ceiling be famous? Will it disappear because of the smoke? Where are all of those people who wrote their squadron with a candle? Are they dead or fighting or taking a break somewhere else? I hope this place won’t be forgotten. I’m sure that other incredible things will happen here.

Chloé V



The Eagle

The true story of Scary Mary

“Dear readers, do you know the story of scary Mary? Well, it’s my story, and I’m going to tell you the truth today because I have heard lots of false rumours about it... Let me introduce myself: My name is Mary Hawkins. I was born in 1923 in Hereford and I always had an interest for sciences. During my childhood, I used to borrow science books at the school library. Later, I was accepted at Cambridge University and it was for me an accomplishment of my deeper dreams. I didn’t earn lots of money so I had to live at the “Eagle’s inn” in the center of the campus. Slowly, I learned to appreciate this place and I felt comfortable. This pub was attended by American airmen during the Second World War, these men wrote and drew many inscriptions with lighters on the ceiling.

I worked at the Cavendish laboratory nearby, this is the most famous laboratory in the world because lots of discoveries happened there. Particularly those of Joseph John Thompson who discovered the electron in 1897 and Ernest Rutherford who received a Nobel prize for his research about the atomic nucleus. Therefore, you understand that I was honored to work in this place.

One day, after hard work and determination, I made a fundamental discovery about the structure of DNA. I couldn’t believe it so I shared it with my colleague. I directly saw that one of them was quite jealous: Rosalind Franklin.

When I came back home I needed to clear my mind, thus I wrote the discovery in my notebook as usual. It was a very weird evening: I seemed to be overcome by a sense of foreboding. At 9 pm, I heard someone knock firmly on the door of my room. The sound echoed through the corridor. When I opened the door, I began to petrify. I saw Rosalind Franklin with an axe looking at me with wrath. In an instant, I was beheaded... To hide the murder, she burned the entire inn and ran away. From that moment, the curse was established: my ghost would haunt the surroundings.

Today, if you come to the Eagle, you have to leave the window of my room open to permit me to reach the Heavens. Now, you know the truth: Rosalind Franklin is an impostor, she never discovered the structure of DNA, and she just stole my research once she had killed me. However, I didn’t simply die in the fire as everybody thinks.”



The dream

It is a beautiful day, the weather is really nice. I'm playing in the Garden with John; I can't believe that he is already seven years old, the twins Lily and Cherry are also playing with us. You suggest going to the river Cam to bathe, the twins and John yell "YES!" so we go to the river, even mom comes with us.

We arrive at the Cam after lunch at three pm. It is amazing! The sky and the sun reflect in the river, it makes the water shine everywhere. The river is a charming light blue. Some families are already bathing and some others take a punt ride.

We begin to bathe, the water is hot and I can feel the sun tanning my skin, it's pleasant, Lily throws a ball into my head because she wants to play with me, I tell her that I don't want to play. Finally, one hour later we are all playing, even mom who stays at the edge because she can't swim. We play all the afternoon, we just stop fifteen minutes to eat some ice cream, I take raspberry it's my favourite flavour, then we go back into the water. At the end of the afternoon, all the other families come back to their home and all the boats are shipshape, but we stay.

Suddenly the current becomes stronger, you help the twins to leave the water but at the same time, John and I are swept away by the current. You come to help us, but sadly, you get stuck in a branch. I manage to climb up on the edge and help John to get out of the river. Suddenly, I hear mom screaming, I see you drowning, you are floating, you are dying.

Happily, a divine miracle propels you out of the water, you are breathing, you are alive. You take us into your arms and everyone acts as if nothing had ever happened. One second later we are all at home with you, it's really weird, something is wrong, I'm afraid!

Then I wake up with a start and realize that it was just a dream, I look at my alarm clock, today, you have been gone for ten years, daddy.

Rosalie Tranier 2°8



What about ?



It was a Thursday afternoon, almost summer but the wind swept the city. It was only the second day of the school trip but exhaustion was already felt. London, dear sweet London, a dream city for most of us, here I am. We were walking through all of it. After a British Museum tour, we walked passed Trafalgar Square and Whitehall towards Buckingham Palace. Therefore, I was looking around in Saint James

Park when two men caught my attention.

In London, everyone dresses as they fancy. You can be either chic, punk, cheap or old fashioned. However, those two men were special. They were sitting on a bench, dressed in beige and light grey suits with bow ties, fancy walking sticks and high top hats from the 40's.

I quickly realized there was a film crew in front of them and understood I was disturbing a film shooting. I walked away but couldn't stop wondering what they were shooting? What were the costumes for?

I pictured a conversation in my head. One botanist and one archeologist... what could they be saying ?

What about?...

"10/04/1931 Thursday

The fate of the world is between our hands ..."

Too formal. What about?...

"10/04/1931 Thursday

Today I'm meeting a famous biologist. I am very excited about this meeting. I'll finally be able to be taken seriously about my research...

"Hello professor."

"Doctor, I'm glad you came," I said.

"Tell me, have you found this "T-rex" of yours yet ?" "

Dinosaurs? maybe too much. What about archeology?

"Tell me, have you found any interesting fossil?" asked the botanist.

"I sure have. See, have you heard about Atlantis?"

"Is that what this is about? A myth? A magical lost island?"

"Indeed it is. I was looking at the Mayan temple we discovered last week and I think I've been able to decipher an incredible legend."

"Don't get me wrong Professor, I am delighted you are enjoying yourself with some fairy tales. But please tell me, when are you going to inspire me as well?"

I never smiled that hard. Here it was: my moment, my shot. My career would finally serve science and knowledge.

“Dr Smith, you have always followed me in my insane works. It won’t be a waste, I promise.”

“And I put all my trust into your hands.” *He looked curious.*

“I will never thank you enough – you can always count on me. Get your suitcase ready” *he was choking, speechless.* “I have found something big...”

It doesn’t sound right... What about ...

“I will never thank you enough – you can always count on me” *I paused.*

I had a hard time continuing my speech. How would I phrase it? So many thoughts ran through my mind. I had to convince him.

“What I am trying to say is that... I found something... I think I have enough evidence to affirm it was more than a legend, *he was speechless.* We are talking about an uncivilized island. The inhabitants are part of one of the oldest living tribes. The Maya might have survived and we could discover it. England would be more powerful than ever, the head of sciences. We could reveal History!”

We looked like children opening Christmas gifts.

I looked at him and said “I know you’re choking, but it isn’t time to be emotional. Get your suitcase ready, I have found something big”

And that, would be the beginning of a great story. I pay tribute to you, Jules Verne.

Noah Bensoussan

HAMPTON COURT

Ghost Stories at Hampton Court

Tuesday, October the 10th

I finally get back to work.

I haven't worked since my wife's death, one month ago. It's still hard for me to talk about it but I managed to recover from my depression. Today, we had a crime scene in a corridor of Hampton Court. It's a strange case: the body of the victim was found this morning but without any injuries. I don't know why they called the police; it was probably just a heart attack. But some people in the neighborhood think it's the ghost of the old queen who did that. And even the superintendent is getting superstitious: he wants a policeman to stay on duty in the corridor every night. And guess what? I was picked for the first night. At least maybe I'm going to prove that there's nothing to be afraid of.

Wednesday, October the 11th

I still don't believe in ghost stories but something really weird happened last night.

I was sitting in my chair when I heard it: the scream of a woman begging for her life.

I ran as fast as I could to the place where it came from but I didn't find anybody.

In fact, nobody was supposed to be there. So maybe it's really a murder...

I didn't talk about it to the superintendent: he would have got afraid and he would probably have given up the case. I asked him to continue being on duty at night. He agreed.

Going back home I did some research. The queen supposed to haunt this corridor was actually begging for her life according to the legend. I guess the murderer is trying to imitate her, maybe to make people afraid?

Thursday, October the 12th

She was here last night.

She talked to me, asking me to free her, to save her life. I'm now sure, *She* isn't the murderer, *She* is the victim. Her voice is nice and sweet. How can somebody do something mean to a such nice person? I've got to find her, whatever the cost. Tonight I'll save her.

1:30am Friday, October the 13th

Where are you?

I've been looking for you all night. I can hear you but I can't find you. I love you. I didn't want to do this, I swear! Please forgive me. You know I'll go to the other side of the world to find you. Wait? You are at the window, aren't you? Wait for me!



Maxime

INTERVIEW OF HENRY VIII ABOUT HIS CASTLE OF HAMPTON COURT IN 1532

“Good morning, Your Majesty. How did you react when you heard the fact that you had not ordered the construction of Hampton Court?”

“It’s lies! Wrong! Wrong! I’m the king, so I hold the truth! Who else could have built a palace like that!”

“For example, the famous cardinal Wolsey?”

“Cardinal Wolsey is an impostor! I will behead him if he propagates other rumors! I ordered the construction of Hampton Court in 1485 and I gave the project to architect Thomas Smith.”

“When were you born, Your Majesty?”

“In 1491, I think... Why?”

“And you ordered the construction of the castle in 1485?”

“You are lying, insignificant beggar! I haven’t said that! The architect Thomas Smith had the architectural plan of the castle in his house and I know where he lives”

“But, isn’t Thomas Smith dead, Your Majesty?”

“Oh my Lord! It’s terrible and tragic news! I’m collapsing! It was a good friend! When did it happen and how?”

“We are in 1532, so it was forty years ago. You ordered your loyal executioner to behead him, because he said that he was the one who had built the castle. Your Majesty? Your Majesty? Why are you becoming red? Your Majesty?”

“You are lying! Wrong! Wrong! I’m the king, so I hold the truth! Are you sure of what you are saying, dear friend?”

“Yes, Your Majesty, I am categorical! Thomas Smith is dead because of your royal sentence! Your Majesty? Why are you blushing?”

“Oh sorry, my dear friend! I’ve just remembered that the architect of my beautiful palace of Hampton Court was indeed Thomas Smit.”

“But, isn’t Thomas Smit the best friend of cardinal Wolsey, Your Majesty?”

“You are lying, insignificant beggar! Wrong! Wrong! I’m the King, so I hold the Truth! I said Thomas Smite with an e and not Thomas Smit!”

“Sorry, Your Majesty, but Thomas Smite isn’t an architect but is a baker!”

“I AM THE KING AND I DON’T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR ACCURSED INTERVIEW! You are a liar, so I sentence you to be beheaded, by my loyal and great executioner!”

“You hanged your executioner two days ago for murder... Your Majesty? YOUR MAJESTY? YOUR MAJESTY? WHY ARE YOU TAKING YOUR SWORD?”

Jules H. and Théotime L.D.

MARY'S DIARY



28.05.1532
Hampton court

Today it was my very first day at Henry VIII's court.

We arrived at Hampton court at 7am after a long trip from France where my mother and I met Arthur Deparday the nephew of the French King. My mother organised a wedding between me and Arthur because of financial interests and to unite our two regions. So he invited us at Henry VIII's court to get to know me better. Nevertheless I'm not very interested in him because his face is not very pleasant to look at (if you see what I mean) and he is older than me (we have twenty years of difference!).

When we arrived, Henry came to welcome us and to invite us to the royal ball for his daughter's birthday. I was tired but I accepted because I wanted to meet new people and make friends because I'm going to stay here for 2 months.

A valet showed us the appartements that I am going to share with my mother.
Good night my precious diary, I need to sleep for tomorrow 's ball.

29.05.1532
Hampton court

Today is the day, I am a bit stressed , I hope I'm going to meet great and interesting people.

I visited the place . I'm very impressed : everything is beautiful and magnificent.

In the evening I prepared myself with a beautiful dress offered by Arthur Deparday, he has one quality, he has got good taste...

The decorations of the place were beautiful . I was talking to the king when he introduced me to his cousin Henry Courtenay, a charming man of my age , he invited me to dance. It was the best time of my life. He is very funny ,intelligent... I find him attractive.

31.05.1532
Hampton court

When I woke up I received a note from Henry Courtenay. I am so happy he is so nice with me. He wants to meet tonight in the gardens. I had been waiting for this moment and finally I went to my room , and I crossed a corridor and something very weird happened : I lost my bracelet ! It fell on the floor and I don't know how this is possible because it was fixed on my wrist, it's so strange !

But I finally had a great time with Henry ; we walked together for two hours . We spoke about everything !

05.06.1532
Hampton court

Now we have our little habit of seeing each other alone in the gardens and we talk a lot. I love these moments spent with him... I think I am falling in love with him ! But my mother must not know it because Arthur is organising our wedding ! It is a disaster ! By the way, some very bizarre things happened again ! In fact, it happened every time in the same corridor that I take to see Henry... Weird...

10.06.1532
Hampton Court

Henry has finally asked my hand ! I love him so much ! I told my mother that I was in love with Henry Courtenay, and she was

angry. But after a few words I convinced her to accept my wedding with Henry if I suggested a solution. And I have maybe a little chance to convince her because he is rich and nice, so I hope I'm going to find a solution.

12.06.1532

Hampton court

I have found a solution ! I was in the corridor and I saw a ghost ! Believe me, it is the truth even if I admit it is very strange... at the beginning I was scared to death but I recognised my old maid who had taken care of me during my childhood ! She advised me to organise a duel between my two pretenders so my mother can choose between them!



14.06.1532

Hampton court

The king has organised the duel tomorrow! Henry and Arthur have one obligation : they have to fight with swords! I'm so scared for them ! But I know that Henry is going to win because he is younger than Arthur and I trust him !

15.06.1532

Hampton Court

Today it was the duel between both !! You must have understood that the winner is Henry ! My love ! I'm so relieved! My mother and the king want to organise the wedding soon ! We will see what happens next ! See you soon, my lovely diary !

A strange spirit

I've been to England for a school trip. It was amazing because we visited a lot of the most famous monuments and places in London. We also went to Cambridge, Canterbury, Greenwich and Hampton Court Palace. This palace was one of King Henry VIII's and it was my favorite part of the trip because the architecture is very original (it's made of brick).

So I visited this beautiful place with my class: we walked through the courtyard, visited Henry'



apartments and his big kitchens... But I remember that I was walking in the castle, alone, and I saw it, something weird, at the end of the corridor, but it disappeared... I continued my visit normally. Shortly after, the guide told us that the fifth wife of Henry, Catherine Howard, had been beheaded in the castle after she had been arrested for treason.

He also said that her ghost was still in the castle, walking and screaming... I don't believe in strange spirits, ghosts or other things like that. But I had to believe in this story because I saw it again, walking slowly toward me... and just before she went past me, she looked at me... Poof... Nothing, it disappeared... I was scared because I'd seen her face. She'd got blood on the neck and a screaming face... I asked my friends if they had also seen her but they hadn't, I was the only person of the group who had seen that.

Later, we could do what we wanted in the castle. So I went the kitchens because they are so big. The kitchens and the stocks could feed 600 people for a week. The interesting part of the stocks was the wine cellar because the wine was always fresh. In this room, the ghost came out of a wall, her arms lifted, moving her head from the left to the right... then it stopped... suddenly looked at me... and ran in my direction. I was terrified but I was able to run outside the wine cellar and in the corridor... but she was following me. I went to the Great Hall, the gardens, through the labyrinth but she was still following me. Then I realized that I was alone in the castle, alone with the ghost... I stopped, I turned around and the spirit wasn't there. However, I felt something behind me... she was in my back... I confronted her. Then she said with a girl's voice: "Why did you do that to me Henry? What did I do? Why..." I moved away but she was still talking. I tried to escape... then she screamed and looked at me... she ran again, her arms forward, shouting "Henry"...

She kept following me to the apartments of Henry, I passed the door of Henry's chamber, I looked at her: she was running and screaming in the corridor... then she went to Henry's room through the door... nothing at all... no more screams... I was alone. At that moment, I tried to find my friends but there was nobody...

"Hey Arthur, do you want to play cards with us?"

I was in the bus, with the class. There was a lot of noise. Then I realized that the entire story was just a dream. I was so tired after the visit that I had fallen asleep.

"Yeah, sure"

We played with
Court Palace, I had



cards of Hampton
the card of Catherine
Howard...



Arthur Lanaspeze