

WRITING ABOUT THE TRIP TO ENGLAND

LONDON

THE TIMES

21st June, 2016

A murder in London

London, 12th April 2017. If you regularly read the newspapers or watch the news on TV, you have surely heard about this story. It was a normal day, with a lot of tourists near the London Eye (as usual), but something dramatic happened that day: a group of tourists went in for a ride in the wheel, in cabin 17. After the thirty-minute-ride, and everybody leaving the cabin, a lifeless body was still in it, lying in one of the corners of the capsule. The authorities were immediately told about it, and The London Eye closed for the week.

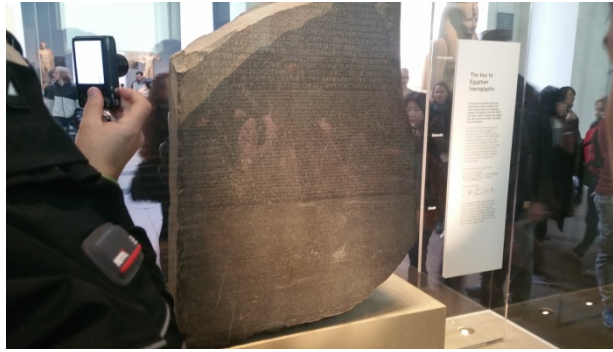
The investigation was just closed yesterday, and today the murderer is known by the police and has been arrested. George Smith, the culprit, denies he is the murderer but there is enough evidence against him to show he is the killer. He is now waiting for his sentence, but risks about 17 years of prison.

Just after everyone left the cabin, a security agent saw that a man wasn't coming out, and wasn't moving. He first called him, but got no response. He then went to get him, but saw that he was bleeding, and dead. The London Eye immediately called the police, and made everybody get out of the attraction before starting the procedure. The investigators didn't find much evidence at the start, only that he had been stabbed in the heart and a few hairs in his left hand and a statement by two witnesses who said that the victim was with a man when he got on the wheel, and also gave a brief description of him. But when the specialists analyzed his body in laboratories, they found small pieces of skin, under his nails, which meant that he had fought a tiny bit before getting killed. The analysis of the D.N.A. of the skin he had under his nails enabled the investigators to find the murderer; George Smith.

What happened was that Smith and the victim, Samuel Wisley went into the cabin. They talked a lot and had a little verbal fight, and when all the tourists went against the window of the cabin for the photo that is automatically taken, Smith discreetly stabbed Wisley, and then joined the tourists for the photo, but without showing his face to the camera. When the ride was finished, he quickly got out and fled in a taxi to go back home. He is now in custody waiting for his trial.



Article by: Swann Gramin, Jack Olivier.



The British Museum's heroes

In 2017, three friends, Roger, Timothy and Julie, decided to create a buzz on YouTube and on the Internet. To be popular on YouTube, they took the decision to break the law by staying in the British Museum at night.

It was 5:30 pm, the museum was getting closed. The friends were excited but stressed. Julie's camera was recording. For two hours, nothing happened. The friends walked along the museum, trying to avoid the surveillance cameras. Lucky day for them, there were not many guards that day. They visited all the rooms which did not have many cameras. They started to visit Ancient Greece, then Asia. Finally, they went to the most famous room of the museum, where the Rosetta Stone is situated. But, the Stone was getting stolen by a man. He was wearing black, had gloves and a knife. The kids stayed stone cold for a few seconds. Hopefully, the thief didn't see them. Then, the thief left the room, with the Rosetta Stone in his suitcase. Roger decided to call the Police, even if he was also infringing the law:

"This is the Police. How can I help you?"

Someone just stole the Rosetta Stone!" Roger said.

"Speak slowly please. Can you describe the man?"

"Well, unfortunately, we only saw his back. I can only say that he is wearing black, he is tall and tough. Oh, I almost forgot, he has a knife in his hand!"

"Don't try to be a hero, just follow him until we arrive. He might be the murderer we are looking for. He is very dangerous, so be discreet."

"Ok ..."

Roger, Timothy and Julie were scared about what the policeman had said. They had to do the work of the Police ! Julie didn't want to follow that plan, she was too scared. The two men insisted, and she finally decided to follow the thief. The policeman was still on the phone, he tried to help them by comforting them.

The policeman gave an ultimatum to the group of teenagers. Either they stopped the thief, who was escaping, or they would be arrested. Timothy and the group decided to be brave. Timothy grabbed an object, and hit the man on his back. Bad idea. The thief turned over abruptly. He seemed not to have felt anything. He grabbed Timothy and threw him against the statue of Hoa Hakananai'a. The thief tied the three friends together. The murderer grabbed his knife, raised his fist to kill Roger, but all of a sudden, the policemen hit him in the back and handcuffed him.



Bryan Thouenon and Kevin Banor

CAMBRIDGE

Hey guys !

You're on my blog and today, I'm going to tell you a little bit about a city I visited during my trip to England few weeks ago. This is a little university town named Cambridge, but I guess you all already know it because of its colleges. Well now, let's describe this beautiful little town and of course, I'll give you my opinion.

When I arrived, it was early in the morning. My whole class was divided into four groups and in each group, an English guide came to take us on a tour of this university town. Ours was an "old" lady who I thought was a typical pretty English lady, very good-looking. First, we stopped on a bridge from which we were able to see the Mathematical Bridge, a very famous and old one, crossing the river Cam. Then we walked a little bit and the guide showed us various colleges and explained the system to us, how much it costs, how you can get in and the things to know. After that we were shown a very special clock, which was built by a former student of King's College. The latter is the biggest college you can find. As other ones, it contains a church but this one is very big, royal and special : it was built by king Henry VI. The architecture was amazing and incredibly majestic compared to others.

After saying bye and of course thanking our guide, we ended the day on a high note, by punting on small boats on the Cam. In groups of five or six, we were sitting in the boats with blankets and little pillows. Another guide, with an amazing moustache, was our driver. With a lot of humor and friendliness, he explained a lot of things we didn't know about Cambridge, its history, its colleges and its architecture.

If I had to conclude, I would really recommend visiting Cambridge which is such an interesting city in many ways.

Here is a picture I took when I was on the boat.



Anouk MULLER, 2nd1

Murder in Cambridge

During a night of April, a scream rang out in Mary's room, in King's College. Jane, who was walking in the gardens of the school, saw a man get out of Mary's room through the window. Immediately, she looked for a tutor. They ran to Mary's room together followed by a horde of scared and curious girls. As soon as they entered the room, they recognized Mary's body lying on the floor. The girl's screams broke up the silence of the night. Mary was disfigured, she had been strangled and stabbed, her neck was blue and she had hand's marks. She was bleeding and a puddle was appearing under her lifeless body. Jane fell apart because Mary was her best friend. Suddenly, she remembered the man she had seen in the garden a few minutes earlier. She decided to run after him and once in the hall, she saw him climbing the gate of the college. When she arrived in front of the gate, the man turned left in the street. She opened the door with her keys and pursued his shadow across Cambridge's roads discreetly. She was breathless when the man stopped running beside the River Cam and got on a punt to flee. She didn't know how to handle a punt so she decided to follow him on the banks on the river. She waited for the right moment to jump onto the boat and discover his identity. When that moment arrived she took her courage in both hands and lept in. She grabbed him by the neck and tried to throw him on the floor. He tried to defend himself but she knocked him out with the stick. She took off his hood and when she discovered his face she realized that he was their literature teacher. She fainted ... When she woke up, in her bed the next morning she learned that students and the tutor had followed her and had seen the entire scene but when they arrived the man had disappeared ...

Anna Diop and Adèle Duremberg



How I met your father

“It was on the third day of the trip, I remember. I had been on the punt for twenty minutes, and I just wanted to jump into the water. I would’ve done it if I hadn’t seen the face of an angel. It was the man that was sailing. He was handsome, and he had also told me that I could die in the water, he was so thoughtful! I think I’m in love! Or maybe I’m just hungry... Anyway, I need to eat something right now, or I’ll never be strong enough to tell him that he should be the father of my children! After the boat, we started to walk when I saw a supermarket. It was a “pound land”, so I ran into it as fast as I could, to be alone, without the other children. I hate them. I was looking for my “club sandwich”(I love mayonnaise) when I saw someone in a white coat, trying to take the last mayonnaise club sandwich of the pound land. If he gets it, I’ll have to eat something healthy. How disgusting! I couldn’t let him get it. I let him think he had won the war, but he had only won a battle. I let him pay for the sandwich, and then started to follow him. He was going to one of the college building, a laboratory maybe... I saw one of his colleagues on the opposite pavement. I needed a uniform. He had to die. Finally, I got panicked, so I slapped him before taking off his white coat and running as fast as I could to the building where the club sandwich probably was.



I was now inside the laboratory. Around me, there were some extremely complicated machines, some chemicals, some scientists, it was amazing. I concentrated and smelled the sandwich. I started transforming into my “hungry-me”. I was messing up everything around me, people were screaming, things were melting, exploding, dissolving all around me, but I couldn’t stop breaking everything down, because I was still hungry. I looked around me and thought “oops, I did it again”. I only stopped when I saw the big black sphere that was growing in the room. It was attracting everything in the room. I started screaming that I needed help, and then he came. The angel that was going to be your father! He was also a scientist! He threw me the club sandwich, because he was the only one that could understand me. I could finally eat my sandwich, and I ran to him because I needed a kiss. When I jumped on him, he slapped me so hard I fell asleep (I think I heard him yelling. Probably love words). He was strong, but I think I just wasn’t ready for his hand on my cheek, so I fainted . Our love was so strong, I couldn’t handle it anymore. Anyway, when I woke up, I was in this room with you, and without my love. Oh! Look! My nurse’s coming!”
“Hello!”

“Hello Estelle. You know that if you keep talking to this picture, you’ll never get out of the mental hospital, right?”

“YOU’RE JUST JEALOUS THAT MY SON’S DAVID BECKHAM SON. GET OUT OF MY ROOM NOW OR I’LL KILL YOU.”

“What if I give you a club sandwich?”

“ I think I’m in love with you.”

Oops, I did it again.

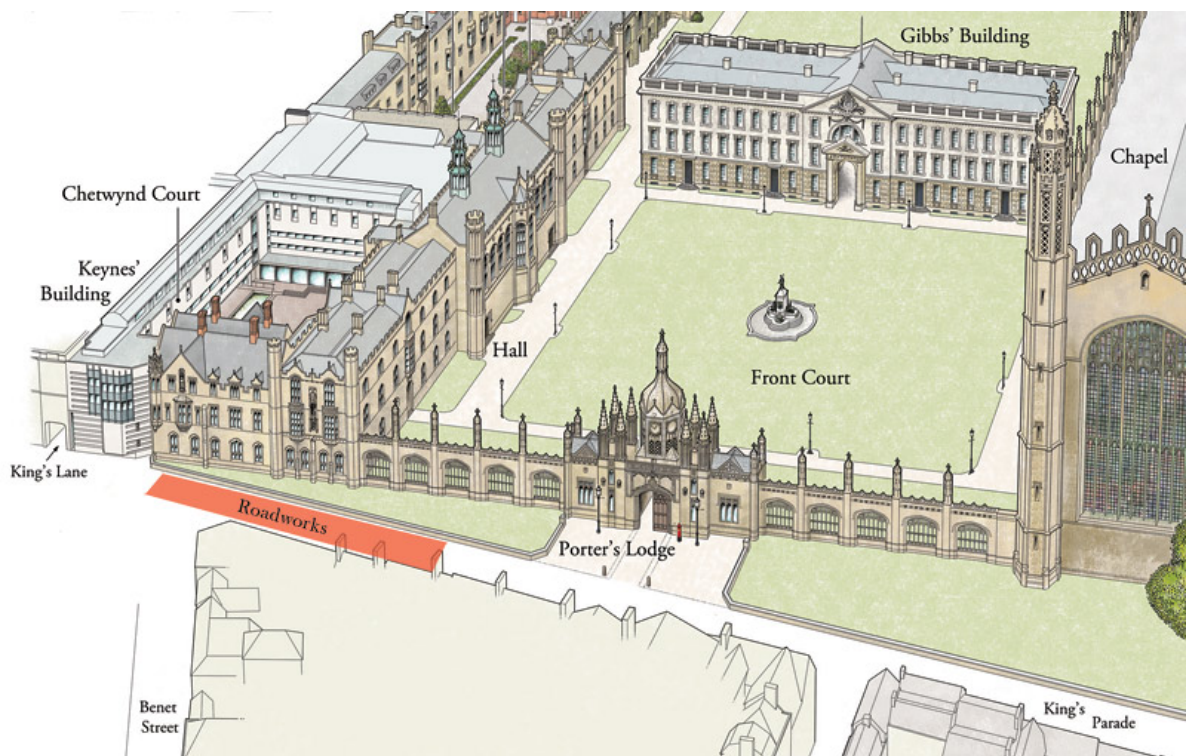
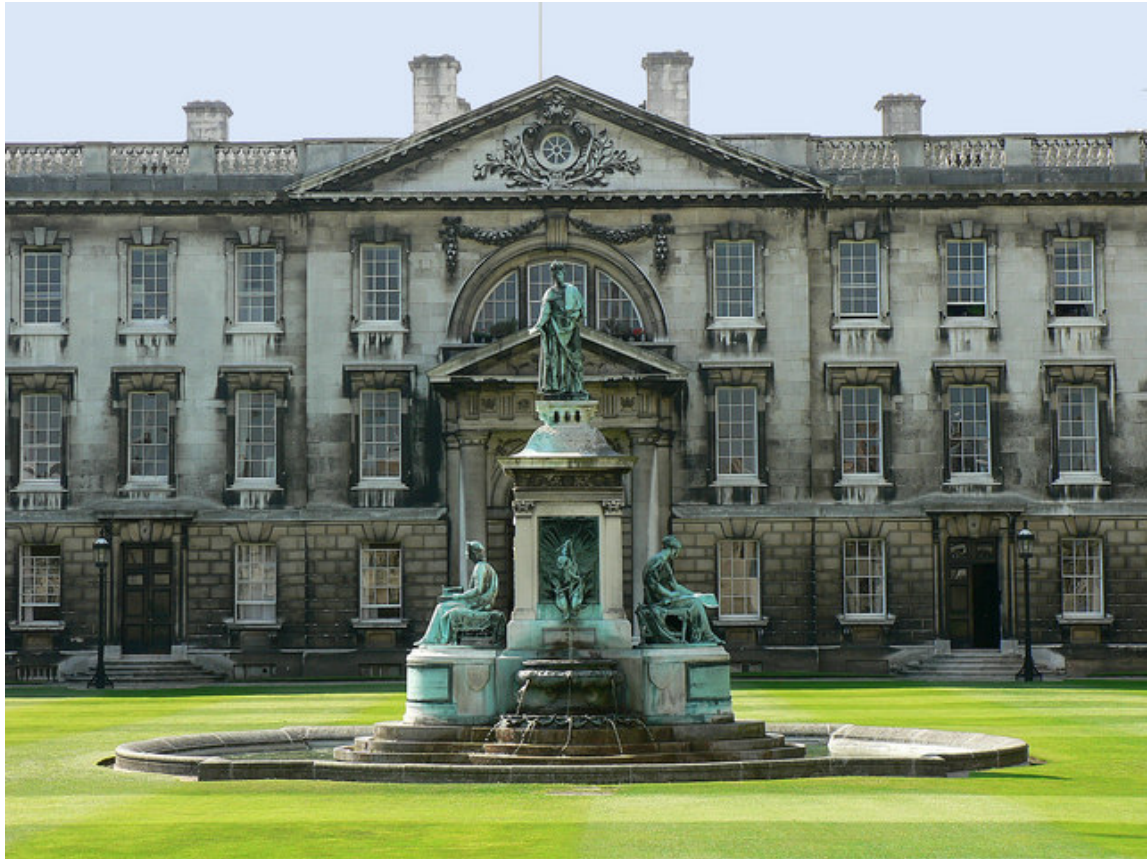
Estelle Lim and Paul Wijkhuisen

It was a beautiful afternoon of May, the sun was shining bright. I had been walking around in Cambridge with my girlfriend for some time, when we decided to go to King's College, seeking a fresh place, or at least one in the shade. As we were entering the front gate, arriving in the front court, she noticed the lovely fountain, placed in the center of the lawn. "Come on" she said "let's refresh ourselves!" She wasn't a student of King's college so she didn't know, she didn't know that it was strictly forbidden, that, in no case we, simple students, could dare to walk on that grass. So I told her, though she didn't understand how serious I was because she replied: "Oh come on, it's only grass, and the weather is so hot, we're only going to spray ourselves with water..." she saw me hesitating and she added : "we'll be gone before anyone has time to see us, stop worrying so much!" She didn't really convince me, but I wanted to impress her so I did it. I, a student, walked on the lawn. The forbidden lawn of King's College.

A few hours later, as I was lying in my bed, trying to sleep a bit, I heard voices coming from the front court. I rushed to the window to see what was happening, and what I observed terrified me. The police. It was there, three policemen, standing near the lawn, talking to one of the professors. My breath accelerated, my hands started shaking, I had been discovered. They knew. They came to arrest me. I suddenly felt very angry at myself, why, why did I walk on that stupid grass?! Then, I realized that I might even lose my scholarship over this stupid mistake. I had to do something; I had to intervene, to explain, to defend myself. Unless... what if they never found out it was me? Nothing could happen to me then... But they would find eventually, wouldn't they? Surely someone had seen us, or maybe they could identify my footprint. Yes, I had to confess, and maybe, just maybe, they could have mercy on me.

So I ran down the stairs, I ran as fast as I could, until I arrived, panting and sweaty in the front court of King's College. My math teacher and the three policemen stared at me: "Are you alright Mr Allen?" asked the professor. "It was me; I did it, I... I..." I had to stop to catch my breath. "Well, I think we should go now, we have to be at the station at 10. It was great seeing you Archibald." As the tallest policeman finished speaking, the others said goodbye and the three of them left. "Do you feel better now?" asked my teacher. I responded that I was fine, and wondered why the police was here. "Oh, Officer Reynolds, Webb and Baker are friends of mine; they were just passing by to chat a bit". Oh, okay... everything was going to be okay. My muscles relaxed and I finally stopped shaking. I thanked my professor and started to go back to my dorm when I heard him calling me and say "Mr Allen, why are your shoes so dirty?", "Hum, what did you say professor?", "I said, Mr Allen don't forget the assignment due on Thursday!"





Maya De Faviski

In Cambridge, on the river cam, this is where I decided to go for my next stop on this world tour.

I was admiring the wonderful nature of this little academic town from the window of my car. Trees, bushes, flowers and grass were circling massive colleges and little houses. I was amazed by how charming this view was. I arrived on a parking lot, and walked to the river. The wind was cold but refreshing so I didn't mind this change of temperature. I walked a little further and asked a man to give me one of those small boats so I could admire this nice place from another angle.



I finally got, onto a punt with nine other people. I was excited and very happy to begin this little adventure even though, as you can imagine, it wasn't the most exciting thing I had done on my world tour... But I've always been surprised by the little things because it's in the little places you can experience the most bizarre events.

The man started to row, but suddenly all the people that had just got onto the boat began to jump off and went back to the land. The man didn't react, he just continued to row, he completely ignored this whole weird situation. I panicked and questioned myself : " Was I accidentally in a diving class ? ". So I asked the same question to the rowing man and, as I thought, this wasn't a diving class, I just hoped it was. We then continued, and I asked again "does this often happen ?" one more time my question was nearly rhetoric because once again I knew the answer... This had never happened before... So why was the rowing man so calm? Why did the people quit the boat? Was I with the local psychotic rowing man and was he going to kill me..? I felt insecure and wanted to jump off like the others had done. But I stayed. I ignored the fact I was maybe going to die and continued to admire this wonderful and cute... cute town. Was I maybe overwhelmed and tired and was this only paranoia, so I felt free to ask another question : « did you see those people jumping off from the boat ? ». He responded in the most natural and spontaneous way : « yep they all jumped but you didn't». I was terrified.



© Mark E Tisdale

Oh! A duck! Let's concentrate on this innocent animal which seemed very normal and harmless. I glanced at the rowing psychotic and too calm man and he waved his hand very quickly over his head to make a ladybird go away. Yes the duck, the duck, a duck. Ha that reminded me of a story about a little duck which wasn't like its siblings and all the others didn't like this little duck, even his mother wanted to get rid of it but one day this hated duck became a swan... What a wonderful story that reminded me of my joyful childhood... Great memories out there, is this the end ? Am I going to recall all of my life and then die in terrible pain ? The man began to wave his other hand in a dancing way this time, and I was watching him with all my attention now. He didn't notice and started moving his whole body in a strange way, as if he was about to transform... and he did transform... he became a sw... a swa... a SWAN.

I had never been so confused in my life. And I was going to hit a wall with this small boat, I finally touched the wall and I questioned my existence for a few hours as I was blocked in the middle of this river. I couldn't actually believe what had happened. I thought I was stoned or drunk or crazy. But I knew I wasn't.

And then, after I thought I was having a mental breakdown... I woke up.

But it felt so real... What a dream...

Matylda Gawarecka



"Hello, David, you're an American student who came to Cambridge to study in King's College for three years. Is that so?"

"Yes, you're right! I have been here for two years, it's my last year. At last!!"

"Oh is it as hard as people say?"

"Well, I don't really know what people say about universities, but yeah it's pretty hard! I have to learn my lessons every day, I work hard in order to have good marks because if I don't, if I mess up I'm dead!"

"Why do you say that? You will be killed?" (Laughing)

"Unfortunately the rules are very strict: If you fail a year you don't have the chance to repeat this year and to finish your degree in Cambridge. So, every year is difficult for me and very stressful."

"So to make things clear, if you fail this year, all the work that you did the previous years is pointless. But are there any benefits to studying in Cambridge?"

"First of all, there are many advantages to find a job because it's a very prestigious school. I've got accustomed to the difficulty. I think it's really important for my future life, it has shaped me. And also the environment isn't bad: Cambridge is a lovely city."

"What do you mean by the word 'lovely'?"

"I don't know, the place is very green, there is this beautiful river called the river Cam, all this brings a warm and calm atmosphere to Cambridge."

"Can you say something about the River Cam?"

"Mmmh if I remember well, the river is 43 miles long and there are 14 bridges in the part of river Cam which goes through Cambridge. By the way, do you know that the name of the city comes from the first bridge which was built over the river Cam?"

"Oh really? That's funny I never thought about it! And what about your favorite part in the college?"

"I'm not religious but I think that my favorite part is the Chapel. I don't know if you've ever been there but the architecture is magnificent. There are many details in the walls and the ceiling, for example under the windows we can see sculpted friezes with flowers and a prince's head is hidden there. And the stained glass windows are huge and colorful."

"Are there any traditions in the school?"

“Yeah a weird one, the students don’t have the right to walk on the grass! Only the teachers have this right. I don’t really know why but it’s an old tradition.”

“Well, David thank you for the time that you gave me. Good continuation in the college! Bye!”



Cyrielle Maeso, Romy Pinson

The cure against AIDS

We are in Cambridge in 2031, and it’s actually 4 am. Joseph Kensington, who is an eminent biologist and doctor at Cambridge University, is working hard in his laboratory. In fact, he is close to discovering something which will change the world forever. An innovation which could save thousands of people’s lives: the cure against AIDS. He has worked for many years on this project, he gave up his family life for Science.



It’s 5 am, and Dr Kensington has eventually discovered the cure of HIV, which is mainly composed of uranium and the “Tat” protein. Before going to sleep, Joseph Kensington posts an article on his blog entitled “I have found the cure against AIDS” and explaining the happiness he is feeling to the scientific community. Joseph finally goes to sleep relieved and confident.

At the same time, Keyzer Soze another famous scientist wakes up on the other side of the city. He opens his laptop and opens Joseph’s last article. He is very surprised by Dr.Kensington’s discovery, he didn’t think that he would be able to do that. In fact, he was

actually working on the same project however the results weren't promising. He is very jealous. How did this incompetent professor find the cure? How much money will he earn? He will probably mark history forever!

He is literally maddened by his jealousy, he can't stop thinking about this discovery which is totally annihilating his efforts, he can't accept it.

An idea goes through his mind: why not steal the cure from Joseph? What a great idea!

So he decides to go to Joseph's laboratory, hoping to find Joseph sleeping and obviously the cure. When he arrives there, he gets into the laboratory as quietly as possible. However Joseph has planned everything, he knows that some jealous professors could try to steal his work. So when Keyzer comes into the laboratory, an alarm sounds. It is the police...

Keyzer Soze finally went to prison for 5 years, and Joseph Kensington became the most brilliant English doctor and received the Nobel Prize.



Fayssal Nait Moussa, Logan Renaud

It's only a matter of time...



We were just after the winter holiday. Last night, during the "Back to school" party, I heard about a strange story.

"Hey boy! How are you?" I asked James

"Hey man! Fine but my French lesson, this morning, was very boring..."

"Did you know about the school curse?"

"Well..."

"What? Tell me!"

"So... Every year, during the graduation ceremony, one student dies in a strange way but nobody knows the reasons for those tragic events."

"But nobody is curious? Nobody wants to discover why those events happened?"

"It's scary, no one wants to be involved in this story, and we can't do anything! Just forget man!"

I answered a bit vaguely “Okay see you soon...” but I wasn’t satisfied, and this story began to obsess me.

After a few months, during the History class, the teacher told us about John Taylor, a former student of Corpus Christi College.

“So today we are going to talk about one of our most talented students: John Taylor. Ten years ago he built a beautiful and impressive clock. He offered it to Cambridge. I advise you to go and see it outside the Taylor Library.”

On the very evening, I asked James about J.Taylor. He told me that this man was, of course, a very clever student, but that he had difficult school years here in Cambridge; he was bullied by other students...

Monday morning I was leaving the Taylor Library when I stopped in front of the Corpus Clock, also called the “Time-Eater” of Cambridge. At that moment I understood: of course John Taylor and the strange deaths were linked! Every year time stopped for a student.

The weeks after my new discovery, I started to investigate on John.

One week before the graduation ceremony, I managed to find more data about the student and especially the number of his former room.

Driven by curiosity, I accessed John’s former room. I began to search under the bed and I continued like this for one hour, searching every single place of the room. But I didn’t find anything so I got out of there. I was disappointed and frustrated, so I slammed the door violently but I heard a big noise coming from the room. I entered once again and I found an old notebook yellowed by time. I opened it and I realized it was John Taylor’s notebook!

I came back to my room and I spent hours reading it. In this book, John confided about his difficult school years, why he had decided to create the “Time-Eater” Clock and create the curse. There were also many explanations about how to stop it!

One week from the graduation ceremony, I only had one question in my mind:

Will I be able to save the next victim before the graduation ceremony ...?



Judith Frament and Manon Bessin

HAMPTON COURT



During a trip to London, a group of students visited Hampton Court. Five of them decided to stay in the castle at night, to see if it was really haunted. They hid in the toilets to wait for the castle to close. At three minutes past ten pm, they left their hiding place, and started their exploration through the dark corridors. They visited several rooms before arriving in the famous Hampton's Court haunted gallery where Catherine Howard's ghost, one of the six wives of Henry VIII, is supposed to be roaming...



They entered the gallery, not feeling at ease. Using their torches, they looked at all the different paintings in the corridor. At the end of the gallery, they saw a huge old mirror in the left corner which looked really strange... They approached, took a selfie with the mirror in their backs. When they looked at their photo, they saw a shadow behind them. First, they all thought it was just a problem of light, but when they looked more closely, they saw a pale face watching them! All of them were shocked and frightened; they ran away as fast as possible...



When they arrived in the banquet hall they decided to get out of the castle through the gardens. They rushed down the stairs and entered the kitchens. It was a cold place, because cold air was coming through the fire place. Moonlight was coming in through a huge window. Their torches suddenly went out. A cloud hid the moon. In the darkness, plates and cutlery started to fall from the shelves. They panicked. One of the students tripped on a broken plate and sprained his ankle. His friends came to help him and carried him outside. They sprinted through the gardens, looking for an exit. They were terrorised, and even thought they heard voices in the wind. Then, there was a heavy silence, until the big central fountain started up by itself. The students returned to the castle, and they took refuge in the Chapel. There, they realize that one of them was missing. Panicked, they decided to run away and to leave their friend behind.

They crossed Hampton Court to the main gate and climbed over it, which was not an easy task because of the one who had sprained his ankle. Once on the other side, they came face to face with a night watchman and their lost friend. The man shouted at them, telling them never to come back at night. The five students got away. The watchman returned to the castle and resumed his work, leaving his ghost's role for the next night visitors...

Simon Faivre Dupaigne and Meïssa Gueye

Hampton Court

Today our article is about Hampton Court, “The haunted castle”.

First, Hampton Court Palace is a royal palace which was built in the Richmond district upon the River Thames. It was built in 1514 by Cardinal Thomas Wolsey and in 1529, as Wolsey fell from favour, Henry VIII seized the palace for himself and later enlarged it.

Since the king lived in this castle, it has had a morbid reputation because four people died in this place, two of his wives were executed by his order (Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard), and one died from natural causes (Jane Seymour). Thomas Culpepper was also executed because he was Catherine Howard's lover.

If you visit this palace, be careful because rumours say spirits haunt this place. But don't worry we visited this place for you and here is our experience:

Every room had a reassuring atmosphere except the haunted gallery... This gallery had portraits of the royal family and a letter from Catherine Howard. When we entered this hall, we had small headaches and heart pains. It was mysterious pains... A short while after, the atmosphere became heavy and cold and we felt relieved when we left this hall.

Some people are said to have fainted after seeing Catherine's hand come out through the wall, we could recognize her hand thanks to her ring. Some people also heard echoes through the gallery: “I die a Queen, but I had rather died the simple wife of Thomas Culpepper. May God have mercy and my soul. Pray for me.” And some saw her ghost walking in the corridor.



During our visit, we also learnt about Skeletor who is another ghost. One of the guardians told us that on the night of the 2nd December 2003 the video surveillance showed a door open and close harshly. The guards saw this video a lot of times and at the beginning they thought it was the wind but later they saw a human in the footage and proclaimed Skeletor's existence. But some people say it was Henry VIII's ghost. Since this story, Skeletor has never reappeared. Another rumour says a third ghost haunts this gallery. Her name is Sybil Penn, a servant to Tudor monarchs, she began haunting the palace around 1829 when the church at nearby Hampton was rebuilt and her impressive tomb moved.

Sybil's ghost is known as the Grey Lady of Hampton Court Palace. But we were not lucky enough to see it during our visit. We advise you to go to Hampton Court to see it with your own eyes.

After this gallery, we found a warm atmosphere and saw a lot of traditional outfits of the time. There were actors playing the role of Henry VIII, his younger self and Catherine Howard.



We saw kitchens and a large wine cellar. They needed a great deal of wine because the King organized a lot of parties and a lot of banquets. Before we left this beautiful castle, we visited the gardens. It was wonderful because there were a lot of trees and a big fountain.



Pauline and Roshika

