

# WRITING ABOUT THE TRIP TO ENGLAND

## ROCHESTER

The story of the magical Toz

Once upon a time in the faraway kingdom of Rochester, there was a special door, The Door. The city was only known for that because a deep mystery surrounded the place ... Indeed no one could tell what was behind this door, not even the guard Gary. Gary was strong and handsome; he was everything for the town and for the Queen. The Valiant, nominated by God himself, had the mission to keep the robbers away from the magical Toz. Nobody had ever seen it as it was on the other side of the sealed door. The entire village was looking for the key that could open that famous door, closed since the beginning of all times. But the legend said that anyone who could open that door would have magical powers that could even surpass god's power. So Gary was the pillar of the queen. She was loved by all the inhabitants but everybody was scared of what kind of queen she would become with the magical Toz. Gary spent all day guarding the door and sometimes the queen talked with him because lots of guards were missing. Indeed, the guards were split into several groups in several lands. But the citizens were losing hope because the key was indiscoverable. One day the queen, desperately bored, came in front of the door to talk to the Valiant Gary.

"That's strange isn't it ? We don't even know what is behind that door! Perhaps we are wasting our time..."

Gary blushed. He admired her and realised that she was pure and beautiful. The queen, a bit impatient, nudged Gary and laughed because he was stuttering. They were both about 25 years old and badly in need of love. They were so close right now, and they were staring at each other without saying a word. When all of a sudden, two knights barged into the hall and screamed:

*"WE HAVE FOUND THE KEY!"*

The queen crazed with fear, whispered to the Valiant Gary:

"What should I do next?"

"Your duty my queen"

"But we don't know what is behind that door! What if it's..."

"Don't be afraid. We will finally get what we have been looking for for ages! Do it for the realm."

"But what will happen to you? If I open that door I will never see you in my castle again.. I cannot choose between my people and.. and you Gary.."

"You don't have to choose Milady and I'll always be by your side."

The first guard came in front of her and gave her the key. The Queen stared at the knights, took the key and opened the door. They were first blinded by the light. They couldn't see anything. Gary and the queen entered the room and saw a golden chest. Hesitating, they walked to it and decided to open it together. They looked at each other, they were smiling and hand in hand they discovered that what was in the chest was the most incredible treasure life could give them : Love.

Elise and Angela

## LONDON



# THE BRITISH MUSEUM



The British Museum is a museum located in central London. It is one of the most popular museums in the world and we can compare it to the Louvre. The British museum is a big place which deals with the history of several countries in the world. The British Museum houses a vast collection of world art and artifacts and it is free to all visitors.

When you see the British Museum for the first time, you can see a big and beautiful building which is in neo-classical style. After admiring the architecture of this wonderful museum, you will fall in love with the amazing exhibits.

The British Museum is divided into many departments. Each department is devoted to a specific country, continent or an old ancient civilization. Every department is wonderfully represented with many sculptures, paintings... The museum's collection of prints and drawings is one of the finest in the world.

Make sure to visit the Egypt department. There are the last archeological discoveries. You can see many tombs, sculptures... Anyway, I think that the most important is the granodiorite slab known as the Rosetta stone. On The Rosetta Stone there are different languages, Demotic, Greek and Hieroglyphs. It was used to understand the meaning of hieroglyphs from the Greek and Demotic. Besides, the British Museum houses a vast collection of Greek treasures with the great full frieze representing the procession of the Panathenaia which used to be on the Parthenon.

Moreover the Syrian department is an incredible place with its gigantic statues and ruins of the mythic Syrian temple. The British Museum is one of the rare museums to have Assyrian remains. By the same token, the African department is a wonderful area which honors the African culture and history.

There are many other departments that you can visit in the British Museum but we only talk about the main ones.

In conclusion, the British Museum is a huge building that is the right place to do research if you are a student. In addition you can also visit it with the family thanks to the colossal statues which will impress your little monsters. If you are a drawing addict, the British Museum is the place to be with its beautiful mosaics. Don't forget to take your pencil, a piece of paper and your camera!



Maxime and Giovanni



# The British Museum

Last week we talked about the Macchiaioli exhibition in this column. This week's edition is devoted to the British museum's American art gallery. This gallery is composed of two rooms showing an outstanding collection. Aztec, Mayan, Inca statues or Native American works of art are exhibited here all year long, but from next Wednesday, the gallery will travel the world in the exhibition called "British Museum treasures". If you've never been to London or if you haven't seen it, you must check out the exhibit which will soon be in your country. There you'll see some traditional native clothes (modern and old) in the first room with typical objects of everyday life in a reservation, such as decorated knives or painted animal skins. Then in the second room there are sculptures of animals and ancient civilizations' deities like jade dragons with precious stones in the eyes. Those are beautiful works of art; you can also see low reliefs coming from Mexican temples. The exhibit will also include a wonderful modern art collection by unknown artists. The aim is to present modern works of art representing or reusing old ones with today's materials like plastic, styrofoam or wax. Everything is very well explained in the Museum and not so hard to understand, so it will probably be the same explanations in the exhibit. It is also quite short so everyone can visit it even with children, they will not be bored, and it's really an exhibition adapted to all. The exhibit will be in the following cities:

Paris, Warsaw, Moscow, Madrid, Lisbon, Oslo... and maybe more if it is prolonged. "British Museum treasures" will be a series of exhibitions. Maybe we'll see the Egyptian gallery, Greek remains of the Parthenon or maybe the Babylonian doors and jewels?

Next week's article will deal with the representations of bears through History. So see you next week!

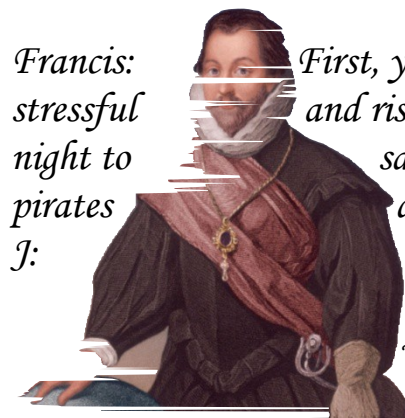
Julien, 2°7

# *The Golden Hinde (interview of the Captain)*

*Let's imagine we could go back to the 16<sup>th</sup> century and interview Sir Francis Drake... Of course, newspapers didn't exist at that time, but let's dive into this extraordinary story of Francis Drake and his crew on board the Golden Hinde.*



*Journalist: Today we're interviewing the Captain of the Golden Hinde, Sir Francis Drake. The Golden Hinde is a small ship that made a lot of trips to America and the West Indies, and the people on board are the most courageous and valiant sailors of all times. Sir Francis Drake, can you tell us, what is life on board like?*



*Francis: First, you have to know that living on board is a very stressful and risky job. You don't rest a lot and often have to be up at night to sail the boat and look around the ship to be prepared if pirates decide to attack and jump onto the deck.*

*J: Wow! What an impressive routine! How do you organize the crew so the life on board is nice and without problem?*

*F: There is a strict hierarchy on the boat. At the head of it there is the Captain, that is me. I'm in charge of the whole crew and I have to give orders to my shipmates. Below me, the second-in-command has to replace me if I die during the voyage. The rest of my crew is more than twelve years old*



*including the cook and the doctor. Under twelve years old, you are not regarded as a man. However a person can begin being on a boat from the age of 8 but is generally first a cabin boy.*



*J : How do you choose the cook and the doctor ?*

*F: The cook is often a former member of the sailing crew that has had a serious accident making him disabled and incapable of sailing and fighting again. On a ship, you don't hire a cook because he's good at cooking. To choose the doctor, we hire a man that has studied medicine and surgery on other boats so that he is better than a doctor who has studied philosophical medicine on land. Indeed, he is more used to doing amputations and other emergencies on board.*

*J: How do you distribute the bedding within the boat? And how do you make sure you will have enough food for the whole trip*

*F: I'm the only one allowed to sleep in a bed and I have my own cabin! The other sailors sleep on the lower deck. Each of them has one blanket to rest. The animals live on the same deck so the crew is never cold. We bring four different kinds of animals, so food is never scarce: Pigs, goats, sheep and hens. Goats are the most important animals of the four because they produce milk and it makes us strong to sail. It's the last animal we eat. Everyone drinks beer on board even cabin boys because water gets unsuitable for drinking. Sometimes you can get scurvy if we don't eat enough fruit. That's why, we take dried fruit stacked in barrels.*

*J: Thank you so much for telling us about your life on board, Captain Francis Drake! Have a nice voyage!*

*Ilan and Eloï 2nde 7*

How I met the famous Francis Drake

A first blast came up to my ears. I heard some agitation on the deck. A second shot was fired. Then, I realized: We were attacked. I jumped up, panicked, and ran as quickly as I could to the deck. There were my men, trying to cope with the attack. One had caught the helm, and was trying to avoid the attack by diverting the boat, but when we saw that we couldn't avoid the confrontation, we decided to prepare for the fight. My men were playing with their weapons to look like experienced and ferocious warriors. As for me, I was standing on the poop, staring at the other captain. I heard the enemy giving the signal to attack our ship: He seemed to be British. The fight began. Both of our crews hurled themselves at each other. The two crews looked like savages and the fight was bloody. I figured out that two of my men had been captured. Eight of them remained alive. As for us, we didn't capture anyone. We were losing.

At the end, the British man dressed in a long coat that I had imagined as the captain came on my boat. I was standing there, alone, next to my men slumped on the floor, trying to maintain my dignity. In a deep and hoarse voice, he mumbled: « Come on board ». Then, he addressed his men: « Search the boat! I want you to find every precious object that's down there! ». I went up on his ship and noticed the name that had been given to it: « The Golden Hind ».

I found myself following the captain who brought me to a small room furnished with a table and some chairs. Their boat was larger than ours and wasn't organized in the same way. I assumed that they used it as a dining room. After offering me a chair, the pirate sat down, took a small moment to breathe out and then addressed me: « I'm sorry for attacking you. I hope you will enjoy your stay here. I'm the privateer Francis Drake, and you are...? ». I was shocked by his words. How could he apologize for attacking us? He asked his men to attack us showing no sign of pity a moment ago. And what was he talking about? « Enjoy your stay »? This man was insane, but since we had already lost, I didn't want to upset him by criticizing his weird manners. Instead, I just followed him through the galleon. He showed me the place where I would sleep and told me that I had to participate a bit to the different chores.

At night, I couldn't sleep. My life had tipped over in a day and I didn't want to think about what I would say to the King of Spain when I returned. How would I tell him that his fortune had been stolen? The loud noises of the pigs and the chickens weren't helping. A strong smell was coming from the cargo hold. At least, the captain and his crew seemed to have a lot of provisions.

When I woke up, I was alone. I took the time to remember where I was and decided to climb up to the deck. The whole crew was very agitated. That night, someone had stolen a chicken, and the culprit had been found two seconds ago. Some of the teenagers seemed worried, and I concluded that one of their friends had committed this crime. As a captain, I already had an idea of what they would do to him, and I could understand why his friends were concerned. Suddenly, somebody called my name. I had to help one of the crew members to keep an eye on the thief. I followed the officer to the hold. He pressed the hand of the child against a post. Abruptly, he hammered a nail into his hand. The boy screamed. At the end of the day, he was released. I could detect a serious infection. I was overwhelmed by sorrow for this boy: he had almost no chance to live.

Before having the chance to become a captain, I was a surgeon on a boat. I decided to try to cure him. He had fainted after his release, so it was easier for me. I cleaned the wound with alcohol and put a dressing on his hand. I treated his fever and let him fall asleep. I kept looking at the evolution of his injury. A few days later, the boy had no more fever.

The crew had more work to do because of the ship's boy missing which made the captain more and more upset. I told him that the boy could work in a couple of days. The captain was very thankful. As we were not far from France, he dropped me at a small harbor in the south of France.

I had gained my liberation.



## THE END

Hélène and Victoire

### What do we do with a drunken sailor ?

*“What do we do with a drunken sailor ?  
Sing all the seamen working  
While the waves are flushing.  
The Ocean ? not a place for a sir ...*

On this boat, in the middle of the Ocean,  
The captain yells through the swell,  
Seamen are climbing the mast, well :  
Life isn't in slow motion.

But sails appear behind the fog,  
A Spanish ship suddenly arises  
*“Hell ! Bring the gunpowder guys!”*  
And all the sailors begin to slog!

Monkeys are running on the floor,  
To prepare the following fight.  
*“We’ve enlisted to smite  
The same pirates as we were before!”*

Cannonballs fly everywhere  
Only their sound goes off.  
The battle goes rough,  
And blood spurts in the air.

A ship is sinking in the dark  
But the Golden Hinde is still sailing...  
Seamen celebrate victory, singing :  
*“they’re feeding the white shark !”*

Finally, a sailor asks after this win:  
*“how did this boat get here ? “*  
*“well, the real one has disappeared,  
But its story still stays in  
Our minds, in London”* says the guide,  
*“and you learned it by my side”*



*A long time ago, there was a pirate boat called the Golden Hind, which belonged to the privateer Francis Drake, employed by the Queen. He went to America where he destroyed many Spanish boats. It was a great three-masted boat with 4 decks. Drake's crew lived on the lower decks with animals and in very hard conditions, but they knew that they were going to earn a lot of money if they survived.*

*Once, in the morning, when they were off the coast of South America, Drake saw a gigantic ship far away, one like he had never seen. At first sight, it seemed to be a commercial vessel, so he woke his men up to attack it. Even though they had to crawl on the deck, not to bang their heads on the ceiling which was very low, they were eager to plunder the other ship; therefore they were ready to board it thirty seconds later. However, they saw the Elizabeth, just behind them, being destroyed by a cannonball coming from nowhere. Suddenly, another one fell into the water next to them. At that point, they realized that they were the target of this mysterious boat which was actually a Spanish warship.*

*"Arm the cannons! Raise the sails!" shouted the captain. They started to fire on their opponents, but they didn't reach them and they had no more cannonballs. Consequently, they were forced to charge at them and to board their ship if they wanted to survive. Indeed, getting away was not an option. They quickly arrived thanks to the wind, although three cannonballs hit their ship. Despite this, they didn't sink. The fight could begin.*

*"All aboard!" bawled the crew. They took their swords, rushed onto the Spanish boat and ran into their opponents, who were waiting for them. While the crew was fighting, the smart captain found the gunpowder in a room, but the other captain stopped him. He had to kill him if he wanted to set the boat on fire and save his men. His opponent tried to hit him with his huge sword but Drake avoided it and pierced his neck. No one could face the merciless captain. Then he screamed:*

*"Go back on the boat! It's going to burn!" Afterwards he set the powder on fire and jumped onto his deck, he heard the explosion, turned back and saw the destroyed Spanish boat.*

*That's how, once again, Drake saved the life of his crew.*

*Fristan and Paul*





**CAMBRIDGE**



Hello everybody and I'm Anne Carter and I am here in Cambridge to meet an artist called Tom Simpson who worked on the restoration of King's College Chapel.

Anne Carter : First of all, hello Tom Simpson.

Tom Simpson :Hello.

Anne Carter :You contacted us one week ago because you discovered things, thanks to your work as a restorer of the chapel, can you tell us more about those ?

Tom Simpson : To sum up the story, while I was working on the chapel I saw some historical references carved on the wooden walls as well as a trapdoor, so, I started investigating like Sherlock Holmes and I began to search for the meaning of those engravings, leaving out the trapdoor for the moment.

Anne Carter : Ok, let's give our readers some information about King's College Chapel : it is an old gothic monument built in the fifteenth century at the request of Henry VI (1446) but finished by Henry VIII (1515). This monument is a symbol of the monarchy with some secret details according to Henry VIII.

After getting things straight, let's resume your story.

Tom Simpson : In order to concentrate on the job I had to do, I decided to take photos of the engravings and analyse them at the end of each day. However, one day, while I was thinking about the engravings, something clicked in my head ! All the engravings had two initials : A.B. « like Anne Boleyn » the others told me but I wasn't thinking of a woman's name, I was thinking of some secret information.

Anne Carter : Hum, interesting story, can we have the second part of it ?

Tom Simpson : Of course you can ! Just after this idea came to my mind, I decided to go back to the chapel because one day, as I told you, I had seen a trapdoor near an engraving. So, arrived in the chapel, I opened it and there, I discovered the clue to the mystery : a stained glass which represented Henry VIII with a baby in his arms ! Then I directly told myself : « A.B. is for another boy » !

Anne Carter : You are saying that Henry VIII had another son with another wife than Jeanne Seymour ?

Tom Simpson : I don't know if it was with another wife or not but of course he had another son, certainly hidden from the world as those elements are concealed.

Anne Carter : What a revelation ! And did you tell it to anyone except us ?

Tom Simpson : Yes, the director of the college. First , he said that it sounded crazy but might be true, and, he told me that if historians validated my supposition, he would offer me a test year in his college, it's awesome, isn't it ?

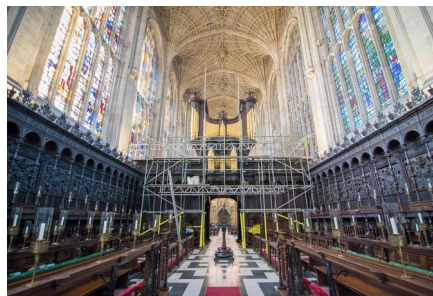
Anne Carter : Yes ! What a way to get into one of the thirty-one colleges of Cambridge.

In any case, thank you very much for this historical gift and let us know if your supposition is validated by a historian, goodbye !

Tom Simpson : Of course, goodbye and thank you for listening !

One month later, Tom called us back to tell us that historians had proved that his supposition was false but the college director had however given him a test year in his college.

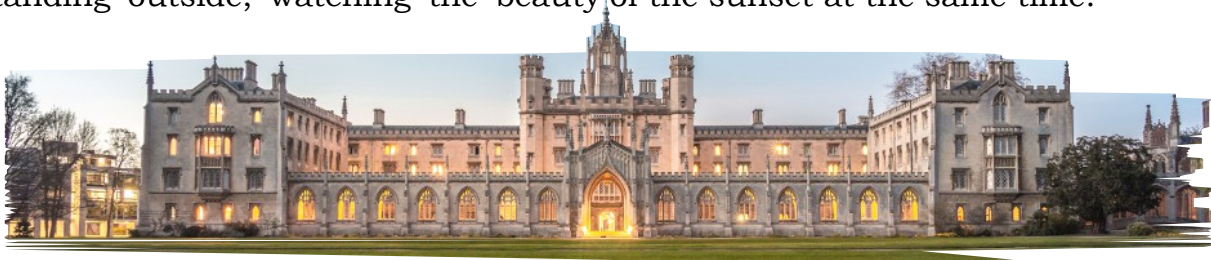
Philippine and Antoine 2nd6



## Murder in Cambridge

Alicia Poirot parked her car near a long expanse of grass. A flowing breeze was coming from the north, bringing flower scent. The perfect spring day was contrasting with the “*Cold Voice*”, as she called her supervisor in the British crime unit. He was the man that sent her one hundred miles away from her home. “We have a new case” he said, “a hard one.”

Difficulty was Alicia’s motivation. She never stopped. From the best school in Britain, she went to Cambridge. The first, among two hundred students in psychology, was Alicia and then she became a profiler. “I’m back” she thought. She could remember everything, each bridge, each tree. On her left, Trinity College and around her, one of the most exciting cities in England. Soon, she arrived at King’s. It was twilight and the rays of sunshine were coming through the stained glass window of the chapel. For once, people could admire the refinement of these colourful shapes while standing outside, watching the beauty of the sunset at the same time.



When she glanced at the middle of the courtyard, she saw a man, standing bolt upright. She guessed it was a local constable that was in charge of helping her find her way in the maze of corridors and rooms. Instead, she preferred to ask him about the case. He replied that it was easy to explain and that Professor Michael Green had been found dead in his office with the door of his safe broken. The constable also added something: "No evidence has been found yet, except two scraps of wool. A Cambridge blue and a white one."

The crime scene was extraordinarily clean. No blood, no clue of any fight. It was hard to believe a murder had been committed there. However, the forensic scientist spotted one tiny scar on the victim's neck. Given that the cause of death is a CVA, what people call a brain stroke, the most plausible scenario is that a man stung Pr Green with some air in order to create a bubble that went directly to the brain and made a blood vessel burst. In her head, Alicia added to herself that Michael Green knew his murderer because there was no evidence of break-in and due to the fact that the professor was found sitting in his chair.

Alicia absolutely wanted to be back to her place in three days. She liked her warm house just as the colleges in Cambridge but she had promised her husband to be there for his concert. Music was one of the many hobbies and passions they shared every day. Alicia played the piano and he bewitched her with his cello. They always played together, at home close to their fire place. That's why she chose the RAF bar as a questioning room for Pr Green's close friends and colleagues. She wanted a warm welcoming place.

She started with two of the victim's laboratory assistants, Geoffrey Hill and Susan Howson. Everybody, including Alicia took a hot chocolate. Alicia asked them about Green's projects or others wishes. The two freshly graduated scientists revealed that the professor was working on a high-power nuclear fuel, thorium but without any limitation of that power. They spoke a few minutes about the routine of M. Green. When the bill came, Susan insisted on paying it. When she came back, she discreetly gave Alicia a piece of paper. It was the bill and behind it, five words:

## HE DIDN'T TELL YOU ALL

Susan headed to the Whipple Museum whereas Geoffrey started to walk, sadly down the river Cam. Alicia caught him up and said: "What didn't you tell me?"

"How do you know?"

"I'm a behaviourist, I can see when you lie or don't tell me all the truth."

"Well...Pr Green was my father...my stepfather but I didn't really have a dad. Michael was also a kind of spiritual father. He helped me to enter King's 8 years ago. He made me work and think. I have a deep respect for him...I had."

"My deepest sympathy. But if you don't mind: why hide all this from me? I can understand all family matters"

"Because I'm one of his heirs and also because I owed him money. He supported me when I bought a house."



“OK, thank you and...”

“One last thing. There was a rivalry between Pr Green and Pr Poliakoff. Both were working on thorium and Poliakoff was for limiting the power of thorium to be able to control it more easily. Susan didn’t tell you because Poliakoff is her godfather at the university.”

Alicia went to the office of Martin Poliakoff and asked to see him. His assistants replied to Alicia that he was teaching in the laboratories. Alicia went there and waited, seeing all the chemical reactions.

“Pr Poliakoff ?” She called him out

“Yes, what do you want?”

“I’m Alicia Poirot of the British crime unit. Scientists told me you and Pr Green were rivals, it’s about his death.”

“Do you think I’ve got something to do with that?”

“His research and yours could lead to a Nobel...”

“But the other would have had the Feynman Prize. It’s not as prestigious but both are well-known and I would never kill for it, especially an estimated scientist. “

“One last question: Where were you last night?”

“Home, with my wife. I was watching TV when Green died.”

“That’s true; I can see it on your face.”

On her way back to her hotel, Alicia got an anonymous email:

“9pm” on the Queen’s Bridge.”

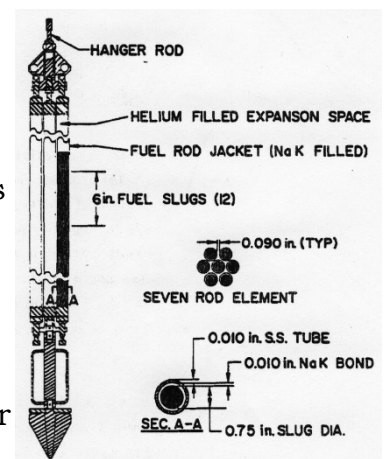
She decided to go, take the risk and meet the man or the woman that texted her. When she arrived, a girl-student was already waiting. They quickly started to talk and the girl revealed one thing to Alicia, that a Brazilian student named Esteban used to steal documents in Green’s office. Alicia was sceptic. How could a student be a spy? And why did this student kill the person that indirectly gave him intelligence information? She hoped she could find clues and, as a consequence she broke into Esteban’s room in Clare College. There she discovered many documents about how to make a very powerful thorium...that could possibly become a nuclear bomb. She also found a laptop, open with this information

sent to Brazil. The whole case started to make sense. Brazil was more and more important in America but it didn’t have any dissuasion power. And all the political regimes in the region were not very friendly... Just like during the cold war: “SPY IN CAMBRIDGE” thought Alicia. When Esteban came in, Alicia saw a colourful bangle around his wrist, with the two colours of Cambridge, blue and white. She asked him:

“Why spy and why kill an innocent man?”

“I have to make my country better and Green surprised me in his office. I had no other choice.”

“You always have. It’s sad, I saw your work in maths, you would have been a great mathematician.”



David and Romain

## CANTERBURY

### *Why chewing gum is forbidden in the Cathedral of Canterbury*



“Don’t forget your umbrellas!” the teacher said “it’s raining cats and dogs today.” I stepped out of the bus and joined the group. Between the houses, I could see the bell tower of the cathedral of Canterbury we were heading to. Five minutes later we stepped through the gates of the cathedral. A middle aged man, I assumed he was the caretaker, welcomed us. He looked very tired and said “What, another group at this time!?! It’s almost 6 pm, I’m sorry but you’ll have only three quarters of an hour to visit the cathedral. But first, I have some instructions. Please do not go to the forbidden places and do not talk too loud to respect the cathedral. And please throw your chewing gum away before going inside.”

We took the questionnaire he gave us. The class was split into smaller groups and I went with my friends in a group of five. I looked down at the questions, the first one was about the murder of the archbishop Thomas Becket in the 12<sup>th</sup> century. We followed the questions that led us to the place where he had died. It was marked by a candle. I could hear the wind and rain getting worse outside. The sun was down now so it was very dark inside the cathedral. I started panicking because I hated this gloomy atmosphere. In the next question of the survey, we were asked to reach the next pillar and look right behind the candle. I could hear Hugo behind me making bubbles with his chewing gum. He said in a very relaxed way “It’s weird, I can’t hear the rest of the group” he made a bubble and added “no big deal, the cathedral is huge anyway”. “Look!” Sara said and she showed us small stairs going down into the crypt. Indeed, the wick of the candle was showing that door.



My friends went down the stairs, I wasn’t sure about this but I didn’t want to stay alone so I followed them. The crypt was wet and dark. There were a lot of pillars. We split up and started walking around them. I could hear the sound of steps echoing around me. I started panicking. I heard the sound of a mechanism and all of the sudden, a light blinded me. The caretaker shouted “What are you doing down here!?! I told you not to go to forbidden places.” We went back with the class, I was relieved to leave this place but at the same time I wanted to go back to know what there was down there. “Hey, where is Hugo?” Sara asked me. I had no clue so we asked the caretaker. He told us “He should have listened to my instructions, all my instructions”.

