

WRITING ABOUT THE TRIP TO ENGLAND

LONDON

Admiral Nelson

I'm admiral Horacio Nelson

Sailing no matter the season

With restless seas and sailors

Governed by my officers

I'm the father of all seamen

Vanquishing the sea with all those men

I'm the father of the sea

But she can't obey me

I fought against America

Napoleonic France and India

Wars know me and I know them

But I'm still afraid of them

I'm the father of all fighters

Winning wars with my officers

I'm the father of the sea

But she can't obey me

I have crossed the seven seas

I've been too much overseas

To complain about my life

My regrets are for my wife

I'm the father of all seamen

Travelling with all those men

I'm the father of the sea

But she can't obey me

For life I was with them

And without life I left them

Now I'm on Trafalgar Square

For tourists' pleasure

I was the father of all seamen

And still now I am their guardian

I was the father of the sea

And she can still look at me.

Julie Jacquemart



Rosetta stone robbery

It was a night of December 1801 and a guy named Vincenzo Peruggia was walking alone in London. He was only 20 years old but he was already a very famous thief in the world. Two years before he had stolen the most famous and a priceless work of art on our planet, Mona Lisa painted by Leonardo Da Vinci.

He had never been to England in his life but he felt quiet even if the atmosphere in London during the night was not the same. Indeed, there were many gangsters and a lot of robberies, much more than of the rest of England. Vincenzo was surprised by the towers because of their height and by the modern architecture of the City behind the river Thames which was just amazing. Then he went to the political area of London, Whitehall, before passing in front of a beautiful building, Buckingham Palace. He visited the city and he found that London was perfect for him to increase his reputation and also to make history. Finally he decided to go toward Trafalgar Square, to walk until he found an interesting thing. He arrived behind the British museum and he saw that some people escorted by the police were landing an important delivery.

At the beginning, Vincenzo didn't understand what it was because it was a big black stone. Later, after thinking about it, he was sure that it was the Rosetta stone. The most famous thief in the world was in a hurry and was ready to steal it. Vincenzo didn't use his brain very much, but it worked well when it was for a robbery. He managed to find a map of the museum and another one that he had stolen maliciously from a police officer earlier that day. He looked carefully and he found a tunnel below the place assigned to the stone. Then he went to the underground station and he was very lucky because once again there was a passage. He followed the same way with his trolley. He bore a hole in the ceiling. The Rosetta stone fell on the floor. He put it on the trolley and left the place very fast because he did not want to be caught. There were not many people but they thought that he was a member of the technical staff. He returned on the road, he hurt the driver of a cab and he used it to flee but people never discovered how he had managed to put it into the car...



Sihad ASADUZZAMAN

The enchanted museum

My name is Aaron. I'm eight. My father is the curator of the British museum so I live next door. During the holidays I often leave my house discreetly at night and I walk around themuseum. I love this place it's like a time machine in which you can choose the period and the country: Africa, Americas, Ancient Egypt, Ancient Greece and Rome, Asia, Europe, the Middle East ...At night this is my space, I'm alone and I play with a bow and arrows, Greek vases and everyday life objects from different times. I talk with the statues, I put on African masks, crowns, samurai armors, Indian feathered headdresses..., I wear the traditional costumes, I look at the paintings and I invent stories. I feel that the museum is alive like in a dream. My favourite parts of the museum is Egypt, the mummies, the sarcophagi, the Egyptian gods, the hieroglyphs, the pharaohs, it fascinates me.

One night I had a strange encounter in a corridor, I saw a girl, and I did not know her. She was wearing royal Egyptian clothes. I called her. She looked lost and sad. I started talking with her. She was very pretty and kind. His name was Narfitati. I explained to her how my world works, I spoke to her about my life and she did the same. She was the daughter of a pharaoh, her mother died when she gave birth and her father was never there because he was waging war all the time. Opponents to the pharaoh who wanted to recover power killed her. She was like me, my father travels all the time and my mother died when I was three years old because of an illness. We quickly became friends. The following days, I saw her again, talking, playing and inventing stories with her during the entire night and that continued until the end of the holidays. And all the years after, during the holidays, we met again as if we had never been separated.

During the holidays of my twelfth year, I brought a brownie for Narfitati. She had never eaten that before and she loved it. So we bought brownies together every night at the museum's food dispenser. It was so funny! But the holidays end fast. During the school year I spent the whole time waiting for the holidays to come back and I missed Narfitati a lot.

Six years later, the last day of the holidays I did not want to leave her, I loved her so much. That year, I left London to study history in Oxford. I would not see her before three years. When it was time to say goodbye I did not know what to do so I kissed her, just a little kiss, and I ran away. It was stupid.

The following week I did not go to university. I searched for her everywhere to apologize for my inappropriate attitude but she was not there. So I went to university. I am shattered by grief, I'm trying to forget her, it's very difficult but I have ended up finding friends in my college who make me happy.

At twenty-six years old, I have finished my studies and I have come back to London in the family home for the summer. One night, I went to the museum again. Narfitati was not there but another woman was walking the corridors of the museum. She was the night guardian of the museum! Her name was Ava, this woman shared the same love as me for museums at night. Ten years later I married Ava. This woman with whom I spent my nights talking and walking in this museum. I never talked to her about Narfitati.

I can't say if all I saw when I was young was real but sometimes I put a piece of brownie on the floor of the Egyptian section and the next day it has always disappeared...

Pernelle Creusot-Lack



Thank you for the scones !

After visiting the British Museum, we started a big walk around London. We passed through Trafalgar square where we admired the huge "Nelson's column". Then, we went to St James Park. In this beautiful place we met a lot of birds and squirrels; I was giving some pieces of bread to a duck that seemed sick when I turned around and I couldn't see my friends anymore. My first idea was to call a friend with whom I shared my room in our family, but a big squirrel jumped and stole my phone. I started to worry about the way I would go back home. On the banks of the lake, I saw a little hatch which wasn't there a few minutes before. I decided to open it but suddenly, I felt the floor open up under me. It was totally crazy: I found myself on a subway platform! The underground was empty, I was alone and I had no idea how to escape this trap... I realized that I

had found a secret Tube line! Thus, the only way for me to go back home was to jump on the first train. After 10 minutes, I heard a shrill alarm set off and the train came to me. I boarded the first car where I saw many photos of the Royal family since the invention of photography. I was surprised! How could this happen to me? After only 3 minutes, the train stopped. A British guard was waiting for me. He took me to a big stairway where Elisabeth II was waiting for me at the top. I couldn't say anything, I was so surprised. It was like a dream: Elisabeth asked me to take a seat at a big table and all the Royal family came from everywhere!!! It was tea time for all the family; the Prince of Wales snapped his fingers and tea, cupcakes and a lot of delicious cakes appeared on the table! Her majesty The Queen brought delicious homemade scones and she asked me to take back the ones that had not been eaten. I played an amazing game of cricket with Prince Charles and Prince Harry! A limousine brought me back home. I think that I spent the most surprising day of my life!

Thomas Boucker



HAMPTON COURT

Television report about Hampton Court Palace

Anchorman: And now a short report about Hampton Court Palace.

Voice over: In the borough of Richmond upon Thames, Greater London... Hampton Court Palace was the favourite residence of Henry VIII. It was built in 1514, Thomas Wolsey, the archbishop of York, first lived here. In 1523 the king's apartments were finished, three years later Wolsey had to hand his property over to Henry VIII. It was built in the Tudor style and is still in good condition thanks to all the sovereigns who succeeded one another there. It held a central position in politics and in the monarchy for 200 years. Let's join Jonathan Bennett in this beautiful place.



J.Bennett : Yeah thanks. So we are here in Hampton Court Palace, a marvellous royal palace situated in the surroundings of London. There was a rumour in 2003 which said that Henry VIII's ghost had been seen on a CCTV. We didn't manage to meet him but here is the ghost of Catherine Howard, the fifth wife of Henry VIII.

Hello Mrs Howard, pleased to meet you and thanks for answering our interview.

C.Howard's ghost: Good afternoon and welcome to my palace.

J.Bennett : So you consider that this place is yours ? I thought it belonged to Elizabeth II...

C.Howard's ghost: No, it is not mine but I am the only one who lives here.

J.Bennett : Ok. How long have you been living here?

C.Howard's ghost: Since February 1542. I was beheaded at the Tower of London on the 13th of February (sighs), then I came back to have a place to live (Haha).

J.Bennett : HAHA... I have been told that every evening you need to run around the entire palace, crying, knocking at the door of Henry's ex-office.

C.Howard's ghost: Yes of course. By the way, it's time, I have to go!

J.Bennett : Wait please, one last question : you seem to use a very modern language even though you lived during the 16th century at the time of the Renaissance.

C.Howard's ghost : Ha ! Er... You know... I don't do a lot during the day so I listen to all the tourists and I learn new words and new languages. That's why I talk like 21st century people.

Alexandre

EXCLUSIVELY IN THE TIMES :

SHE MET HENRY VIII's GHOST : SHE TELLS US HER STORY IN DETAIL

Last week, we met Sarah Crosh, a woman who worked at Hampton Court, an English museum, where she lived paranormal experiences. Here is her interview. She swore that everything she said was true.

Journalist: Hi! How are you?

Sarah: Hello! I'm okay, thanks.

Journalist: First, can you introduce yourself briefly?

Sarah: Well, my name is Sarah Crosh and I'm 26. Now, I work in a bakery, but before, I worked as a museum guide at Hampton Court Castle for two years.

Journalist: Why did you choose the job of museum guide?

Sarah: I have always loved history, and more precisely the Renaissance period, so it was very clear for me: I had to work in a museum. Moreover, I love the contact with the people and telling them stories.

Journalist: According to a very famous myth, Hampton Court is a haunted castle. Did you know that?

Sarah: No, I didn't, but as I soon as I arrived, I began to hear people saying that strange things had already happened in the castle.

Journalist: And didn't it scare you?

Sarah: Not really, because I'm not superstitious and I don't believe in the existence of ghosts. But shortly after, disturbing things began to happen.

Journalist: What type of things?

Sarah: Well, I lost the watch my grandfather had offered me before his death. And then, all my jewels disappeared, including my earrings: that was so freaky!

Journalist: Why didn't you call the police?

Sarah: I thought they would not believe me and would take me for a crazy woman: it's not common. But one day, I had to...

Journalist: Why? What happened?

Sarah: I will remember this day for the rest of my life. It was a Tuesday evening of March. After work and before leaving the castle, I went to the restroom. When I was washing my hands, the light switched off. Afraid, I wanted to go out, but when I tried to open the door, I realized it was locked. Suddenly, I noticed a little light, moving towards me. At one point, I saw that the light looked like a human face: the face of Henry VIII. I heard words: go out, and never return! Then, the door suddenly opened, and I left the castle.

Journalist: In your opinion, why did Henry say "go out!"?

Sarah: I don't know... But now, I'm writing a book about what happened to me, in which I interview other victims to try to understand the "mysterious secret of Hampton Court Palace".

Journalist: Thank you very much for your answers, we are looking forward to the publication of your book!

Sarah: With pleasure, goodbye!



A royal place you have to see if you go to London!



Last month, we visited Hampton Court Palace. It's a royal place located in the south west of central London on the River Thames. It's famous because it used to be the residence of Henry VIII; there are a lot of beautiful works of art in it. The castle was built in 1514 in the Tudor style.

Let's talk about the history of the castle, Hampton Court became the residence of the King in 1526. Henri VIII's only son was born in 1537. The last people who lived in this palace were the prince and the princess of Wales in 1717. This castle was opened to the public on 1838 by Queen Victoria.

If you go there you will get in through the impressive main gate which was built in the typical Tudor style near the river Thames. The river Thames was very important because it was the main means of transport at that time. You will arrive in a huge paved courtyard. We appreciated the medieval ambiance recreated with the sound of horses and other noises, they also rebuilt a fake fountain as the old one. Thanks to a guide we visited the kitchen, the dining room where you can see the beautiful tapestries which were bought to impress Henry VIII's guests. In the corridor we had the pleasure to see some beautiful paintings, like Henry VIII's portrait. You have to see Hampton Court Chapel whose ceiling is beautifully decorated. The royal chapel was painted in blue and gold like a magical place. It was installed by Henry VIII in 1535 and this is where his son, was baptized. Then we visited the garden. It is a French garden but as the weather was cold he didn't spend a lot of time outside. But we saw the grapevines anyway. We don't recommend the grapevine because this is not the most attractive part of the castle. If you have children you should go on sunny days to be able to enjoy the garden. There is also a labyrinth for the youngest. We advise you to eat on site there is a cafeteria with big wooden tables as the old

ones. You should bring your own food because it is very expensive. There are several gift shops where you can buy medieval stuff for children and adults. There is also a shop where you can buy food and kitchen utensils.

We advise you to take a day off to visit Hampton Court Palace if you like medieval sites or if you have children. You have to see the royal chapel because it is the prettiest part of the castle.



Reporters Coste and Moynacq.

CAMBRIDGE

BLOODY SUNSET

My name is Jason, and that day changed my life.

One week ago, it was my birthday, and I decided to hang out with my girlfriend, the love of my life. I spent a very beautiful day with her, she was so adorable, so perfect, she was my Nancy. She bought me a gift in a shop near St Mary's Church, and we walked around the streets together. We went punting on the river. In fact, it was the best birthday I had had.

In the evening, we were walking across the bridge, over the River Cam. We were looking at the sunset and she told me that she loved me. I think I will never forget the look in her eyes, just before I heard the gunshot. The gunshot which destroyed my life, my love, and all my hopes for my future. I didn't have time to shout, nor time to cry, I was just the spectator of my own destruction.

I saw her and it was tearing me apart: she was lying on the floor, and all her blood colored her white dress. Time had stopped around me. I squatted down next to her and took her face into my hands. I caressed her cold cheeks while she was dying. I couldn't do anything, nobody was there. I was all alone with her, with my sadness, with her death. At that moment I was so afraid, because I realized I was going to lose her forever.

And then I screamed, I screamed very loud, as loud as I could. I decided to run to the college, searching for help. But inside I knew it was already too late, my love was gone, and I couldn't tell her goodbye.

A few minutes later I saw a professor and I told him the entire story. He was very shocked and he warned everyone: Nancy was dead, and her murderer was still on the run in Cambridge.



Anaïs CHERON Fanny BERTHELOT

The end of the year in Cambridge!



Once upon a time, in the famous city of Cambridge, the students were celebrating the end of the year with the emblematic sport of the place: Cricket!

Two weeks ago, as every year, it was the big cricket tournament! All the university was gathered, it's one of the most important events of the year. I was so excited; I had been training very hard with the Cambridge Team. The exciting thing was that I was with my three best friends. Unfortunately, there was one negative point, the Oxford team, our worst opponent, played against us. They play very well; I admit I was a little bit stressed. Nevertheless, I was ready to win against this formidable team. We were about to lose the match, my heart began to beat very hard, our last chance was if Damian threw the ball far enough.... I was watching him in the eyes. I had all my hopes in him... and we WON the final cricket match of the year (once again)!



After having felt many emotions, Damian, James, Ashley and I decided to go to my house to dress well. The girls also wanted to do their hair and put on some make up. My house was the stereotype of the English house with red bricks, two stairs, and carpet in the entire house. It was a small house.

Then, we were ready to have an awesome evening. Before going to the prom, we decided to have a break and drink some tea. On the road we passed near King's college Chapel, which is one of my favourite places of the city with its amazing stained glass. We also saw the graduation gowns shop where we go every year to buy our outfit. We arrived at the Tea shop, we

love going there because we are gathered all together around a tea with scones, sometimes, and we always spend good moments. Unfortunately, when I wanted to sit down, I tore my dress. For one minute I didn't have any reaction and then I ran out of the tea shop to go to Cambridge's center. I was very worried so I ran as fast as I could. I was downtown but... all the place was filled with tourists! I was lost in this mess. Finally I went into a small shop; I had never felt so exhausted. A very kind woman helped me to find a dress that was not too expensive. I was relieved.

However I hoped that I wouldn't be too late. James picked me up at the corner and drove me to the prom. When I came down the stairs of the party room I felt like Cinderella. Finally we spent an unforgettable evening; we relaxed because we all knew that another stressful year was ahead of us...

Mélina & Clara



CRIME IN CAMBRIDGE.

Saturday, 5th May 2018; on the TV news:

"Hello ladies and gentlemen. Today I'm in Cambridge because this morning, two murdered bodies were discovered in one of the colleges of this famous university. What really happened while this city is usually very quiet, considered for its prestigious university and source of numerous scientific discoveries? This tragedy happened in the biggest college of the city, King's college, which has the biggest chapel in the world. An investigation was opened by Scotland Yard."

Flashback...

Monday, 12th September 2017.

Luna:

"Today, it's been one week since I arrived at the University! It's amazing, the buildings are impressive but the classes are very hard... I met an interesting boy two days ago, he is smart, charismatic and we talked a little bit.. Tomorrow, we are supposed to meet at a café. I'm very impatient!!!"

One month later...

Ethan:

It's been three weeks since I met Luna! She is smiling all the time, every day she is in a good mood and she cheers me up when I want to give up: she is fantastic! For the scientific contest, I had an idea: I want to create a cure against brain cancer ! I'm very happy because I will do it with Matthew, my best friend.

Saturday, 31st October, Halloween

External point of view:

Tonight, it's Halloween in the university of Cambridge. A party has been organised by the college. But gradually, Ethan has become jealous about the relationship between Matthew and his girlfriend. Indeed, Luna and Matthew have become friends and they spend most of their time together when they're not with Ethan... and now they are dancing together...

"Hey Dude! What are you doing with Luna ?? She's my girlfriend so don't approach her anymore, understood ?? screamed Ethan.

"Calm down right now, okay ?! He's my friend! You can't act like this !! I thought he was your best friend ! So why do you react like this ??", Luna said

"Sometimes I have the impression that you like him more than me ! You're always with him !"

"But are you completely out of your mind ?? I'm in love with you but I don't want you to make a scene because of my friends !"

"Never mind... "

As they both left away on their own, they didn't see the big smile on Matthew's face...

Three days later...

After going back together, Ethan explained to Luna that he may have found the cure against brain cancer, but unfortunately he is not with Matthew anymore for this important contest...

"Why aren't you together anymore? What happened the other day wasn't important!" Luna said

"Yes but he is very strange this time... He doesn't want to talk with me and he always stays on his own... It's very weird!"

Friday, 4th May; King's College...

"Matthew told me to come to the living room tonight... Why don't you come with me? I think you have to talk too, Ethan said to Luna

"Yes it's a good idea! But I'll be a little bit late..."

"Great!!"

Three hours later, in the living room:

"Matthew? Where are you? I'm happy that you want to talk with us!" Ethan said

"I'm here. "

When Ethan turned back, he saw Matthew with a gun in his hand.

"Hey! What are you doing man?? That is not funny okay!!

"I don't want to be funny. Since the beginning I have been jealous of you! You always have what you want!! You have a fantastic family while I've been adopted; you have found the cure against brain cancer! It's sure that you will win this contest, that you will receive the prize and be famous all around the world! But most of all you have the best girlfriend that exists, she loves you and she doesn't see me at all while I'm in love with her!!!

"Don't do this Matthew!!"

At that moment, Matthew shot him in his head.

"Sorry I'm late!! I..." Luna said, then she saw the body of her boyfriend on floor.

She screamed.

"What happened?"

While she was crying, Matthew said:

“You never looked at me, you were always talking about him but I was crazy about you!!!”

And crying angrily, he killed her too.



Ines Fresquet and Emma Boudoux

Conor Evans's story

This day was a common day for Conor Evans. He was a student of Cambridge University and didn't imagine that his life was going to change forever. It was a Monday night Conor was going to sleep when he got a message from a stranger saying 'I know what you did'. He didn't know what this stranger was talking about so he started asking questions: 'Who are you, what are you talking about I did nothing wrong'. The stranger just said one word 'Sophia'. 'Who is Soph...' This name sounded familiar to him but he couldn't figure out who that was. He went to bed but that night he didn't sleep well because of the messages he got. On Tuesday morning he woke up and prepared himself to go to the university, what had happened the day before was still in his mind but he thought that it was over.

He went to school, when he arrived he opened his locker and in red letters was written the word 'KILLER'. Now he knew what the stranger was talking about.

Three years before, when he was sixteen he had argued with a woman that he didn't know, she was drunk and had tried to punch him so he had pushed her and she had fallen from the bridge, it was an accident but still a murder. Now he remembered that in the following days the name of Sophia had been in the newspapers, that was the name of that woman. Conor was in panic, someone knew that he was guilty.

In his locker there was a letter that told him to go to the university library. It was the same handwriting as the word killer, it was the same guy. At 3 p.m he went to the library he saw a man in black with a hoodie who was reading a book. When Conor arrived he put a letter into the book and went away.

Conor took the book and read the letter. He gave him another meeting point so after school he went to the place that was mentioned on the letter. The man was there, he looked at Conor and said 'You're going to pay for my sister' Conor started running but it was too late the man grabbed him and stabbed him with a knife. He got arrested two weeks later and was sentenced to life imprisonment.



Memorable interviews in Cambridge

Hello, I'm Jean-Patrick , a student coming from France. I'm in Cambridge today to do a survey by asking people in the street about that city.

First, I interviewed someone in the market square of Cambridge.

"Hello, I'm doing a survey about Cambridge, do you have some time to answer a few questions?"

"Yes, why not, just go on"

"Let's start! First, do you live in Cambridge?"

"Yes, I do, I'm a student here!"

"Oh fine! And in which college do you study?"

"In King's college, because, let's face it, I'm an awesome student!"

(laughs) "How much time do you plan to stay in this city?"

"I want to finish my studies and then I will return to Manchester which is my native city."

"I enjoy Manchester too because my uncle lives there and I sometimes visit him. So, where do you like to go in your free time in Cambridge?"

"I love so much to run next to the Cam, on the bridges and in the park. Additionally, I'm fond of going to the market on Sunday mornings because people are lovely in this city."

"That's super cool, I'll try that!"

"Sorry, I've got to go because I have to read for my exam. It was a pleasure! Good luck with your survey!"

"Thank you for all and good luck for your exam."

Then, I managed to get an interview with the Deputy Mayor of Cambridge who is called Jeremy Benstead. We did it during a punting tour around the city.

"Good afternoon, it's an honor to be with you!"

"Welcome to our beautiful city."

"I'm here to ask you a few questions. Can we start?"

"Of course but the weather is not with us so the rain could come at any moment."

"Sure. Is it difficult to run this city with all these students?"

"Sometimes it is, mostly at the start of the school year when all the new students arrive."

"Yes, I understand. (At that point my notes flew away into the water.)

OH MY GOD! All my notes have fallen into the river."

"Oh, that's a problem, try to catch them!"

I bent over and I reached to recover them

"Be careful or you'll fall, the punt is instable."

"I almost have them."

At that moment, the Deputy mayor stood up and he lost his balance)

"AAAAH, I'm falling!!!"

I don't really know how that happened but the punt tipped and everyone, including the deputy, fell into the water.

"God, it's so cold!

"I don't know how to swim! Help me!

This last interview was a disaster but everybody is alive so we avoided the worst.

I apologized to the deputy mayor (it was his fault) and I went back to France without any problem.

It was and it will be always a memorable scene.



MURDER IN KING'S COLLEGE:

"Good morning everybody. My name is James Livingston. I have been studying in King's college since my 18th birthday and I'm in architecture class. Today I will talk about this place: King's College. This University was created in the 13th century and it's also the 16th best university in the whole world. I chose to study here because king's College is the most beautiful college in the UK and also its architecture is unique. If you look at King's College Chapel, you can see all the details of Gothic architecture. There are many details. From my point of view, it's a masterpiece. Can you see all these roses on the wall? It's the symbol of the wedding between Henry VI and a princess of France: A..."DRIIING. At last. I was wondering when this tour would finish. I love helping people but I need to study too.

"Please listen everybody, I'm your new dean: Mrs.Tuch. We are going to spend all the year together without any trouble. Understood? Great. And James Livingston, please come to my office.

"Very friendly. She's new and she already wants to see me. What did I do? Her desk is on the other side of my college. I need to cross all the buildings. I will go through the park. It's faster and the park is very beautiful. I love walking in the grass when it's still wet. It reminds me of my garden, in Dartford. It's always raining.-"Come in "said Mrs.Tuch. I have never seen this new office but it's very beautiful. There are a lot of picture of all the founders of King's College.

"Hey James, this way!".

"Watson? ». Watson is my best friend and he's actually tied to a chair and a policeman is next to him.

"James! They think I killed Anna!"

"Wait. What?" Anna was Watson's ex-girlfriend. Let's say that he fell in love with the librarian. She read Shakespeare like nobody did.

"Mr. Livingston, said the policeman, Anna GREY was murdered last night but we have not found the weapon of the crime yet. She wrote a diary and it said that Watson and she were together just before she died. Watson contacted you because he would like to find the "true" criminal and he thinks you can do this. But don't count too much on this because we know we have the murderer. He's just in front of me. Sorry but we need to hurry. Watson PRANK, you're accused of Anna's murder. Everything you say may be used against you."

"Hi everybody and welcome to BBC news. This is MRS. Armanda who is talking to you. I'm in front of King's College ,the oldest and also the best college of all Cambridge. But my dear audience, we're not here to talk about its founders...No we're here because somebody is dead. A young lady named Anna GREY. She was only 19, ladies and..."But I couldn't hear the end of the interview because Patricia ,my room-mate decided that it was enough. She says that I will become crazy with this story and that nobody can do anything .She's right but I, I can try to discover the murderer. For Watson's sake. But where should I start? She was murdered during the night and I know only one place which is open during the night: King's College Chapel. As I said, it is open but there is a guardian. It doesn't matter, I can climb through the gate. It was complicated but I did it. I'm in. I need to find some evidence to prove that Watson is not guilty. Here! Between the organ and

a...very strange statue of a woman who's dying. I don't care. There is still a knife with some blood. This must be the weapon of the crime.

"Police! Put your hands on your neck! Don't move!"

"My name is James Livingston! I study here and I found the weapon of crime!"

"We know who you are boy, you're the murderer"

SOLENE GAILLOT

POLICE REPORT BY LIEUTENANT HOLMES

In the year 1887, the police had to deal with a very complicated murder which happened in King's College Chapel in Cambridge. The murderer committed an atrocious murder without leaving a lot of evidence behind him. This is the way I was called so that Mr Watson and I might find the culprit. And so our investigation began. One day after this unprecedented crime, we arrived at King's College to investigate. It is one of the two greatest colleges in all England. On the way to the chapel we collected the testimonies of the people who had been in touch with the dead man to know if people might have wanted to kill him. With these testimonies we learned that the victim who was called Henry Durand had stolen a very precious thing but we couldn't know. I deduced that the crime was motivated by money. Maybe the murderer stole the precious thing with the victim and wanted to keep it for himself. King's College Chapel is the biggest chapel associated to a College. It was built between 1532 and 1536 and the College in 1441. The place where the murder had taken place was a blood bath. It was horrible. Watson and I were shocked. We tried to keep our countenance but it was so difficult. After examination of the body, I deduced that the weapon used was an ax. The same ax which wasn't on the wall any more. The crime wasn't premeditated but the murderer might have killed him because Henry wanted to confess to the police. Mr Watson found a thing under a bench. It was a big red precious stone which was priceless. And not far from the stone there were glasses, but not Henry's glasses. I asked the teachers who these glasses belonged to. They were Mr Becket's glasses. I thought I had found the murderer. I questioned the suspect and after two hours of questions he finally confessed his crime. He was so sorry and said that he did not mean to kill him. He also said that Henry wanted to confess to the police although nobody knew and they could be rich by reselling the stone.

This is the way the investigation was solved.



Lucas Nicolas

WRITING ABOUT THE TRIP TO RUSSIA

The Peter and Paul Fortress in Russia

The Peter and Paul Fortress is a fortress in which there is an old prison where some important people were locked away since the beginning of the 18th century.

We went to the fortress and we visited the church. It was weird because there were the tombs of the dead Tsars of Russia. We could feel like a presence that had been there for long time. After the creepy church, we visited the dungeon of the prison. There, we had to go through a long gloomy corridor where there were brown doors behind which there were the cells of the prisoners who had died here.

Everybody was looking through “window” of the door which gave a view of the cell of Sergeï Netchaïev, a famous terrorist who had died in this prison, so we got interested. When people stopped looking and were leaving the corridor, we took a look through window and saw a living person in the cell. We jumped because of the surprise and we looked at each other for two seconds which seemed as an eternity. We looked again through window and there was nobody in the cell. What had happened?

We were just shocked and didn't have any words to describe the moment. We took another look and now the person was just in front of the door. He went through the door and walked past us and we felt as if we were lifeless. We turned to look at the spirit and we couldn't say or do anything. He began to talk to us in Russian, of course, and he said something like “Stay with me”. Then we just began to scream and to run toward the exit without looking back. We went through a room where there were old uniforms which had been worn by the prisoners there and which were the same as the clothes the ghost was wearing. We arrived outside and ran under a big arch which was the way the prisoners were taken to be beheaded or to be hanged. When we passed that arch, we felt free

and we saw the ghost couldn't cross it, so we ran back to our group which wasn't aware that we had stayed in the prison. We never returned there and never saw any spirit again.

Mathilde L. and Laura L.



WRITING ABOUT THE TRIP TO GERMANY

Heidelberg Castle

Pink clouds, blue sky, trees in bloom

This morning I am going to the castle of my dream

I take the path of the philosophers with all its daisies

I can see the mountains, which are green due to spring

This castle hides the most wonderful fairytales.

Finally I arrive at the top of the path

It has not changed. Still the same red façade,

Still the same windows covered by curtains,

The same details carved in stone.

Some grass begins to grow along the ramparts.

I open the gate and arrive in the courtyard,

Visits have not started, I have got the castle for me alone.

I could feel lonely surrounded by all these mysterious ruins,

But I don't. I feel like I'm home again.

Its elegance and beauty will always impress me.

I push the big wooden door, and take the stone stairs

I arrive on the gateway surrounded by trees and mountains

The chapel is getting closer and closer to me.

The door is open, I walk inside silently and wordlessly,

Next to me, sculptures of Hungarian and German kings escort me.

Behind the chapel, there is the big balcony

Which offers one of the most magical views of the valley.

From there, it seems like the world has no limits,

That fear and hate are just old memories.

The Neckar and its several bridges may represent the union

Between the two parts of Heidelberg.

The sun begins to seriously shine,

It's time for me to leave, to leave you, paradise of my life

Perhaps I'll be back one day, in another year, another life,

Far from the demons that live inside of me. My heart full of sadness,

I walk down the path leaving the castle and the mountains behind me.



Elise Trotignon

A mysterious meeting in the castle of Heidelberg

On this cold morning of December , I was being led by the smiling girl walking before me through the crowd, while enjoying the warmth of the sun on my skin. This girl was my German penfriend ,and even if I had known her for only a couple of day, I was feeling at ease with her. Therefore , I followed her , eyes closed, while the sun on me felt like it was healing my heart .I tried to remember the program we had that day. In the morning with my class, we attended lessons in our penfriends' school. I was really excited about that when I read the program, consequently , I didn't really read what we were doing in the afternoon. "Probably a visit", I thought "at least I'll be with my friends" ... While this thought was coming to my mind , I felt my penfriend stopping before me. We were in front of a door in the school: the science class ,where we were going to have a science lesson. I immediately started to focus on the crowd of Germans I did not know: blond ,tall ,most of them were the perfect cliche of a German, but one boy was standing out the crowd. He had blue dyed hair, and ripped jeans, which is not current in Germany , and seemed to be friends with the whole class. What an open-minded country! seeing him so different but accepted by everyone was delightful and during the class I couldn't focus on anything but him without exactly knowing why...the morning seemed short and when we left the school I had barely talked to him. You can imagine how surprised I was when I saw him in the bus we were taking to our visit. I was even more surprised when , despite all his friends , he sat alone at the bottom of the bus. I can't stand seeing people sitting alone , and without thinking about it I sat next to him , with a friendly smile. For a second he seemed bored , and not really knowing what to say , I asked him if he knew what we were going to visit. I saw a light in his green eyes and he smiled : he told me about the castle of Heidelberg we were going to. Built in the thirteenth century, it was the castle of kings during the middle-ages. It was then used as a jail, and is now the memory of centuries of history. It has a huge dining room in which nowadays parties are given and the most famous element in the castle is the huge barrel. An eight-meter- high- barrel stands in the "ball room". It can be filled with 228,000 liters of wine and was a real disappointment to the king who had built it: the wine was rotten before he was drunk...



the boy knew a lot of fun? surprising or awkward stories about the castle that he told very well and I spent the whole journey listening to him, captivated. During the visit we saw all the things he had told me about: we went past the huge staves , the dining room, and every time he winked at me with a little smile. Coming to the “big barrel” I looked for him in order to cross his eyes , but he wasn’t in the crowd ;I looked around and saw blue hair disappearing behind the barrel. I thought that he wanted to show me the other small barrel of the castle about which he had told me a fun story and I followed him without being noticed by the teachers. When he noticed me, he smiled and without saying anything he put his hood on .Intrigued I followed him. He seemed to know the castle very well and we ran through rooms where the public was not allowed. I started to freak out a bit but I couldn’t go back, as I didn’t know the way back to the group . He started to slow down , stopped, stared at me seriously and put his finger on the “small barrel” which.....opened ! Incredulous I took a look inside the huge wooden construction , blinked a few times ,and...I can’t even describe what I saw .The door shut behind me.

To be continued

Héloïse Ostian