

RECTOVERSO

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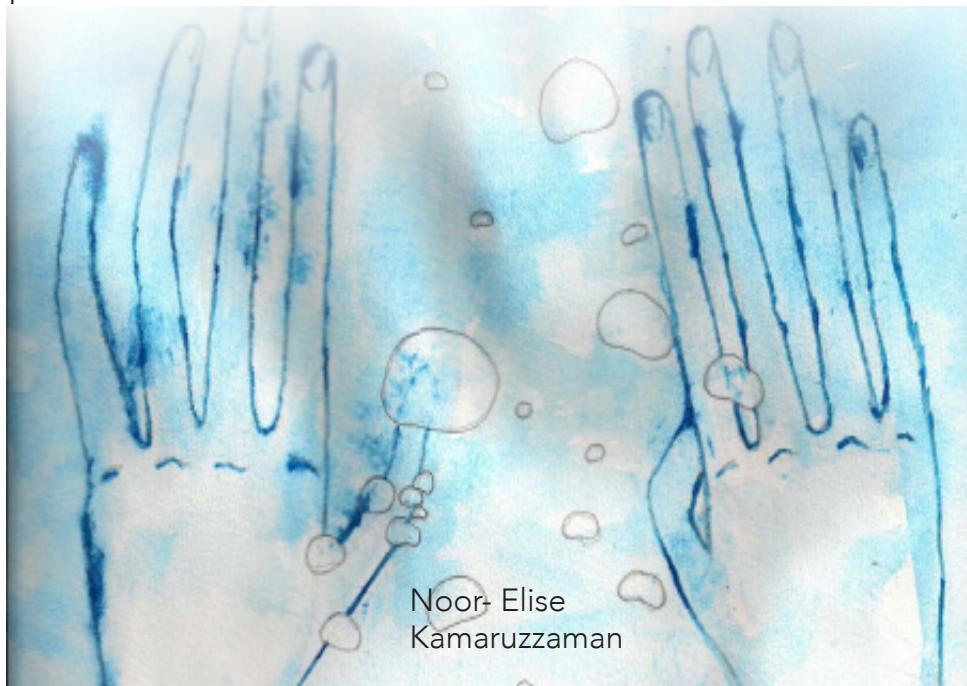
Dear Readers

As warmer days roll in and we start to hope for Spring's pleasant return, this year's second trimester comes to a close. Meanwhile, we at Recto Verso are delighted to publish this new, frosty edition, featuring many submissions from Madame Anabelle Roderiguez's Spanish classes. So get out your Spanish to English dictionaries and enjoy!

We dedicate this edition to all the victims of violence in the world, the most recent being the 17 victims of the Charlie Hebdo and Hypercacher attacks in France as well as the 43 students in Iguala, Mexico.

Together, we can move forward and have made noteworthy strides. While February was dedicated to Black History Month, this week also marks the 50th anniversary when ordinary people took to the streets of Selma, Alabama to march for black voting rights. In the United States, 37 states allow gay couples to marry. Celebrations for International Women's day remind us of milestones ranging from Maya Angelou's literary contributions to Hedy Lamarr's technological revolutions.

Let us remember that the Fight for Freedom remains vital in places both near and far.



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En Invierno



En invierno,
El tiempo va más lento.
Andando por las calles blancas y heladas,
Donde los árboles muertos te miran como cadáveres,
Se te va tu aliento, helándose y mezclándose lentamente al aire.

Volviendo a casa, sientes el frío que te hiela el cuerpo poco a poco.

Paseando por los caminos, sientes la nieve debajo de tu pie.

El tiempo. Los árboles. Las casas.

Todo parece estar helado.

Pero acercándose de las carreteras, y oyendo el sonido de los coches,

Te das cuenta de que todavía formas parte de la realidad,

Y que este mundo fantástico, místico y mágico,

Tendrá que pasar como todo lo demás,

Y un día, en poco tiempo, tendrás que volver a la realidad.

Philippe Maass
Tle S1

THEME OF THE SEASON



La lucha por la Libertad

La libertad y la lucha por la libertad es un debate de que hablamos desde años, pero el debate ha tenido una gran importancia después del atentado contra el periódico Charlie Hebdo. Hoy en los países occidentales, las libertades fundamentales son tan respetadas que los países en que no se respetan esos derechos parecen a veces muy lejos. La "Primavera Árabe" es un ejemplo de la lucha por la libertad. Las revoluciones que han comenzado en 2010 en Túnez, antes de extenderse a una gran parte del Mundo Árabe, son una lucha por la libertad en general y para muchas libertades: la libertad de expresarse, de tener un gobierno democrático que representa a la población, de tener derechos humanos respetados, especialmente para las mujeres. La "Primavera Árabe" también ha mostrado las numerosas facetas de la lucha por la libertad. Primero, las protestaciones han sido no violentas, pero a medida que las represiones aumentaban en intensidad, las revoluciones a veces se han vuelto guerras civiles, y otras veces las protes-

taciones han logrado cambiar el gobierno. Además, una característica importante de la "Primavera Árabe" es la importancia que las redes sociales han tenido. Primero, es en gran parte las redes sociales que crearon el movimiento, porque es gracias a esas que los jóvenes descubrieron la democracia en otros países. Después, las manifestaciones fueron organizadas en las redes sociales, y es de manera general allí que nacieron y se desarrollaron las ideas nuevas y las críticas. La "Primavera Árabe" se propagó gracias a las redes sociales porque los movimientos en países en que empezaron las manifestaciones fomentaron nuevas manifestaciones en los países vecinos.

Para concluir, la Primavera Árabe es un ejemplo de la lucha por la libertad y por los derechos, y es este tipo de lucha que provoca cambios enormes en el mundo de hoy.

Leo Bourdet, Tle S2



De manera general, la libertad es un concepto que designa “la posibilidad de acción o de circulación sin limitación o coerción”. Pero, ¿por qué esa noción, que parece muy simple, puede ocasionar malentendidos, o debates sobre su valor intrínseco en una sociedad moderna? ¿Por qué la libertad no puede existir sin límites, ser infinita?

Porque tenemos responsabilidades ante los otros. Como lo ha dicho el filósofo ruso, Dostoievski: “Somos todos culpables de todo, y de todos delante de todos, y yo más que los otros.”

Una relación ética con los demás no es ni un contrato social, ni un encuentro en plano de igualdad, ni una amistad recíproca. Una relación ética existe solo cuando soy arrancada de mí misma por aquel enfrente de mí. Es solo gracias a las relaciones éticas que conoceremos la paz, y la verdadera libertad.

La individualidad es sinónima de la anarquía. La libertad de uno en ningún caso debería interferir con la libertad de otros.

Catherine Trad
TES

Últimamente se ha hablado abundantemente del ataque a la revista satírica Charlie Hebdo. Algunos defienden fervientemente la libertad de expresión y piensan que uno debe poder representar al profeta y burlarse de las religiones aunque esto ofenda a algunos creyentes. Otros piensan que hay límites y no comprenden cual es el objetivo de estos insultos.

Cuando mencionamos este tema últimamente muchos ponen los ojos en blanco, cansados de la importancia que le dan a este ataque cuando en otros países como en Nigeria tienen masacres que provocan más de 2000 muertos. Pero contar y comparar el número de muertos no sirve de nada. Cada víctima cuenta. Cada víctima nos acerca más al estado de animales salvajes y divide un poco más a las comunidades incrementando los estereotipos. El día después del ataque la profesora nos preguntó si teníamos miedo, nadie levantó la mano puesto que no querían parecer débiles.

Pero yo si tengo miedo.

Me asusta en Alemania el grupo Pegida y las 25000 personas que se reúnen cada lunes por la noche en Dresde para manifestar contra los musulmanes en Europa. Tal vez 25000 no parece mucha gente, tal vez es una minoría, pero existen y no dudo de su fuerza y del eco intolerante que provocara en otros países vecinos.

Me repulsa el racismo que encontramos en los Estados Unidos, país dicho "la cama de la libertad" que encierra a una parte del país en los gate communities sin darles ninguna oportunidad de salir de la ignorancia.

Me inquieta nuestra generación que es controlada por las redes sociales que seleccionan la información que comparten y que creemos ciegamente.

Nuestra generación debe entender que no es malo tener miedo, lo importante es lo que haces con ese miedo

A veces pienso que es imposible cambiar el mundo, que todos los políticos seguirán corruptos y que seguiremos haciendo los mismos errores que nuestros antepasados. Pero luego pienso que en este mundo de 7 billones de personas muchos deben querer lo mismo que

yo. Seamos mejores que nuestros abuelos, mejores que nuestros padres. Ya es muy tarde para que nuestra generación vea un cambio total pero podemos empezar esta historia, comenzar esta meta de tolerancia. Nuestro colegio es la prueba viviente que cualquier religión y cualquier nacionalidad pueden competir y compartir con las otras. Muchos dicen que en nuestro colegio todos son ricos, pero pocos entienden la verdadera riqueza de la que aprovechamos.

No poder hacer nada me vuelve loca.
Y sé que no soy la única.

En las composiciones de historia, en los trabajos de francés, lo primero que nos enseñan para el Bac es nunca dar nuestra opinión, simplemente los hechos. Entiendo porque esto es así pero creo que poniendo de lado las materias, deberían apoyar cualquier tipo de debate. La mejor manera de asegurar que en el futuro no nos manipulará nadie es crearnos una opinión desde ahora y escuchar la de los otros. Ese es por ahora la única solución que veo, debatir, dejar a cada persona de este mundo encontrar y subir su voz.

De esta manera evitaremos el radicalismo, de esta manera evitaremos el racismo, de esta manera no tendremos miedo de tener miedo.

Manuela Reveiz
2nde



Florence Geneau
4e 2

Las Victimas Sin Voz

Mientras millones siguen declarando
"Yo soy Charlie"
Ellos se permiten ignorar
Los miles de ciudadanos
Padres, hijos, primos
Que fueron matados,
Ellos también por el terrorismo,
En su estado de Borno.

¿Por qué no hemos respondido
Con la misma emoción
A los gritos de aquellos niños
Que desaparecieron de su nación?

Tal vez fuera su distancia
Al mundo preocupándose por Francia.
Tal vez fuera su carencia
De periodistas llegando con urgencia.

De todas las maneras
Dos mil vidas
Fueron terminadas,
Y ¿dónde está el poniente?
Francamente, ausente ...

Anonymous



Yo y Él

Yo voy a la escuela para preparar mi futuro
Él va a la fábrica para sobrevivir

Thomas Sherringham
Tle S1

Yo como un filete de carne y espárragos
Él come un pequeño plato de arroz seco

Yo bebo sidra espumosa con un toque de limón
Él bebe agua turbia con un sabor de cólera

Yo escucho las notas armoniosas de Beethoven en mi salón
Él escucha los disparos estrepitosos de rebeldes en su barrio

Yo miro un cielo azul claro
Él mira el humo de una explosión en el horizonte

Yo quiero el nuevo iPhone
Él quiere un hogar

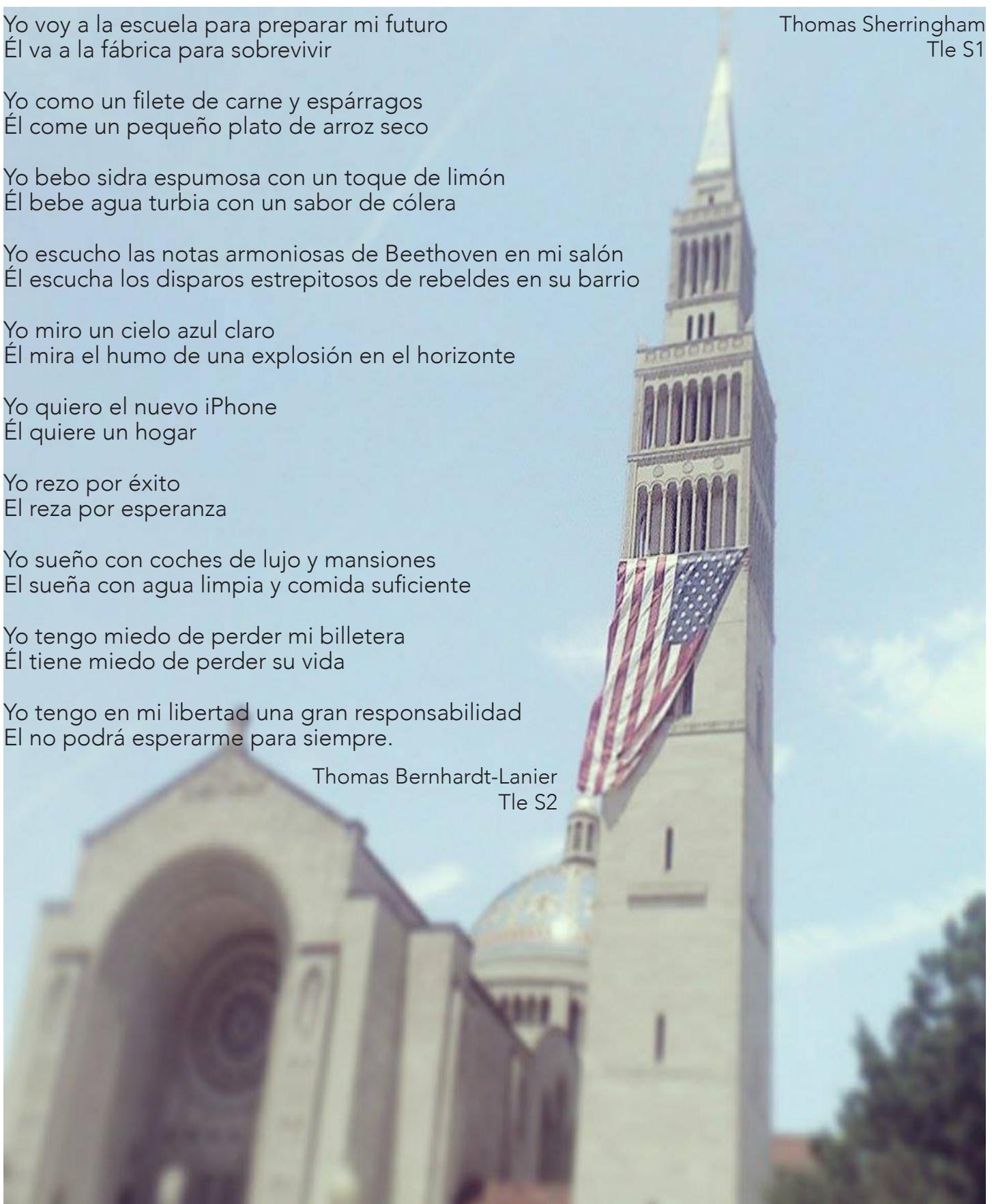
Yo rezo por éxito
El reza por esperanza

Yo sueño con coches de lujo y mansiones
El sueña con agua limpia y comida suficiente

Yo tengo miedo de perder mi billetera
Él tiene miedo de perder su vida

Yo tengo en mi libertad una gran responsabilidad
El no podrá esperarme para siempre.

Thomas Bernhardt-Lanier
Tle S2



INSPIRED BY JAMES JOYCE

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION

Recto Verso is proud to present homages to classic works of literature!

Students in Mr. Gibson's Seconde English Enrichment class rewrote James Joyce's classic short story 'Araby' (1904) in a contemporary setting. To achieve this Chase Fang and Claire Latendresse updated the references to make the story more modern all the while keeping a style and tone similar to the author's. For them, reading the story so closely helped them notice the details and get well acquainted with the particularities of the story and the style in which it was written.

Other students, Clara Floreani and Aster Lambert, focus on the light and darkness associated with the young narrator's feelings as they wanted to make the text livelier by including multiple uses of imagery.

Enjoy these rewrites that will take you into the world of unrequited love!



Amalia Navarro

Tle ES

I took My Seat...

I took my seat in a third class carriage of a once more, deserted train. I stared down at my empty hands and couldn't help but feel guilty and ashamed. A tingling and burning sensation in my throat reminded of my disappointing failure. The combination of the incapability of obtaining the key to her heart and the uneasy train ride made me feel nauseous. I got off the train and strode down the dark and empty Buckingham Street. The

usual glowing streetlights and livelihood of the neighborhood were dead tonight. As I slammed the front door and stomped up the stairs, I could hear my uncle chiding me but his voice was just a lonely echo in my busy mind. That night, I did not close an eye. I was far too busy contemplating my misery. What if buying her a present from the Araby was the only way to gain her affection? Foolishly, I had let that chance slip like sand through my

fingers. I spent the rest of the night crawled up in my bed, ruminating over my bad luck, as I listened to the cricking crickets chirps.

The next day at school, I hid from her like the insignificant being I had always been. Walking through the crowded hallways, I was reminded of my collapse. Every student who had been to the bazaar previously, was babbling on and on about their sensational night. A gray cloud of penitence lingered above me throughout the day. I wasn't the type to overthink, but her allure had me hypnotized like a snake charmer had its victim in a trance. I was intoxicated by her radiance and writhed to the music of her enchanting voice. I had to face my fear: I couldn't alienate her forever, I had to at least make eye-contact. I couldn't allow her to take control. As soon as I walked out to the court, my obstinate ways came to an end. I observed her dark hair dance to the rhythm of the wind, it reminded me of a fettered raven trying to fly away. I would never be able to fully know her, and I was mesmerized by this enigmatic side of her. I then realized that I didn't mind being under her sway. I was prepared to be engulfed by the crashing waves of her beauty. All of this daydreaming and reflection distracted me from seeing her approach. The mellow yet captivating sound of her voice promptly knocked me out of my daze. Dumbfounded, I stood in front of her, bewitched by her clear blue eyes. "Why don't you come by later tonight? You'll tell me all about the bazaar." As she uttered these words, I struggled to find an answer. The incapacity of finding my words had taken an inordinate amount of time, so I ended up nodding and hurriedly shuffling away. What would I tell her tonight? How could I possibly confess to having committed such an insignificant but crucial crime?

On this golden afternoon, I left my shadows behind myself and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. However, as soon as I stood in front of the impressive black door, my anxiousness ravaged my whole self and shivered my whole body. Numerous questions were buzzing through my head, and made me wonder why she had me come up to her own house. Suddenly the door swung open, en-

lightening the previously dull patio. She was waiting for me, her bright figure defined by the light from the open door. Her dress swung in the soft breeze as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair was being tossed from side to side. She gazed at me and her eyes dove into mine. "I know you didn't you didn't get to the Araby on time, and I really don't mind" While she spoke she turned a glimmering silver bracelet round and round her wrist. Mangan's sister then proceeded to grab my clammy hands with her soft palms.

Joy rushed through my veins. She was like a summons to my foolish blood.

Chase Fang
Claire LaTendresse
2nde



Amalia Navarro
Tle ES

Florida Avenue...

Florida Avenue was a cold, silent, stony street from dawn to dusk, except for the hour when the children returned from school. The cul-de-sac allowed every house to peer solemnly at the other twelve in the circle. The man who lived in our house before us, a forgotten musician, died in his living room. The entire house was disconcerting; the air was thick and reeked of sweat, loneliness and desperation, and every room was littered with his music and notes. The books piled onto his couch, chairs, table and windowsills varied from essays on Handel's Messiah to magazine revs of Eminem's *Lose Yourself*. The backyard was peacefully pleasant, serene rather than lonely. Beyond the warped wooden deck, a robust holly tree sheltered the ground from the sun and was surrounded by a cedar hedge, under which I found a lighter and a set of car keys which belonged to our house's late inhabitant, whose memory only lives on thanks to his generous will.

Come November, by the time we arrived at home each night, the sky was deep and dark. The streetlights shed cones of dim, hazy orange light. Brisk and sharp, the winter air numbed our noses and fingers, but the excitement of our activity kept us warm and in motion. Our games stretched east towards Fordham Street and north toward the church, passing through a myriad of unkempt lawns, empty driveways, desolate parks, and

darkened streets. When we returned, the somber cul-de-sac was speckled with the inviting glow of kitchen lights. If we ever noticed my uncle returning home, we would hide in the shadows until he was out of sight. Otherwise, if Mangan's sister came onto the front porch to call him inside, we would watch her from our umbrage. She knew we were there and simply waited for us to reveal ourselves before leading her brother into the quaint, warmly-lit house.

Every morning, when she emerged from her door, I was waiting, ready to seize my books, chasing after her and feigning surprise at each serendipitous encounter. This happened each and every day, yet we never exchanged more than a few uttered greetings.

I thought of her only and always. As I wandered through the mall, mindlessly following my busy aunt during her Black Friday shopping spree, the rows of feminine perfumes filled my head with her aroma, and even the flawless, digitally enhanced women depicted on billboards seemed homely compared to her. Through the incessant clamor of the crowds in each store, all I could hear was her clear, smooth, soothing voice. I only ever thought of the next time our paths would cross, how I would greet her and whether she would reply.

And finally, one day, she spoke to me. It was even more momentous for me than the time



I had picked up one of her fallen books and she had thanked me sincerely. She addressed the first words to me, and I was too overwhelmed to answer properly. She asked me whether I would attend the Adams Morgan Day Festival. I wasn't planning on going, but I implied that I most likely was.

She expressed her disappointment over not being able to go, and I asked her why she couldn't.

"There is a retreat for the students at Our Lady of Victory this weekend," she stated coolly, looking me right in the eyes, her pale gaze fixed on mine. The light coming from behind her made her hair glow like a golden halo and cast a shadow over her body, highlighting each curve, contour and silhouette. I was completely entranced. I promised that, if ever I were to go, I would bring her something. She smiled, nodded, and thanked me before turning away and disappearing again.

I wanted more than anything for the festival to come quickly; days passed monotonously in waiting for the day of the event. I tried to imagine what sort of lovely gifts I could find for her at the festival and pictured her reaction upon receiving it, delight spelling itself out among the gentle features of her face.

I made very sure to ask for permission to attend the fair. Impatiently, I scribbled the event onto every calendar in the house. Initially, my aunt was worried I wanted to join my friends in a questionable affair, but I assured her that I was simply curious to discover Adams Morgan, the neighborhood that was the very incarnation of cultural diversity, a veritable mosaic of ethnicities and cultures. My aunt, of course, was particularly pleased to hear this. On Saturday morning, on the day of the fair, I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the festival and he acquiesced curtly, visibly distracted and busy. Left alone in the living room, I watched the empty street and imagined a multitude of scenarios, ranging from a success rewarded with a kiss to a failure that meant total embarrassment. My entire body trembled with eagerness and apprehension, so I tried to stifle my rampant thoughts of her and the fair; I spent the rest of the afternoon wandering from room to room, singing softly and watching the cold damp world outside my own quaint house.

Every time I glanced out at my friends playing in the street, I could see her standing patiently on her porch even when she was not.

In order to go to the festival, I needed money from my uncle, and he had not yet come home. My aunt's friend came to visit, so dinner dragged on for an unusually long time, but my uncle was still nowhere to be seen.

At nine o'clock, my uncle's car pulled into the driveway and I raced out to greet him, pleading for money for the festival. He had forgotten. Reluctantly, he dug into his wallet and handed me a few bills. I thanked him sincerely and smiled at my aunt warmly before rushing off to the Tenleytown metro station. The train was vacant; only the rhythmic rolling of the car on the tracks could be heard.

Arriving at the fair, I quickly passed through a turnstile and rushed towards the row of small colorful booths, most of which were closed and their lights turned off. Guided by some harsh neon lights, I found a stand of hand-made porcelain statues where I could hear a young woman's noisy and incessant conversation with two of her colleagues.

"I never said that!"

"Yeah, you did."

"Did not."

"Did too. Didn't you hear her say that?"

"Come on, man, leave me out of this."

"Well I never said that"

"Yeah, you did"

Noticing my interest in her stand, the volunteer asked whether she could be of any assistance, which seemed like a phrase she had learned from her festival handbook rather than out of true interest or concern in me. I shook my head and she turned away, rearranging some dolls before returning to her pointless chattering.

I lingered near the booth for a minute or two more, glancing down at my phone every so often in order to seem somewhat occupied and not so aimless and lonely. I folded my money and stuffed it into the back pocket of my jeans and turned back towards the street, which was now almost entirely dark. I wandered farther and farther down the road and felt my spirit droop. The lady at the booth of porcelain dolls in the distance then yelled something and all the lights suddenly went out. The street was now entirely barren.

I found myself alone in the darkness, my mind empty but my heart filled with anguish.

SWEET LITTLE GIRL

When Mary arrived at the big brick house, the first thing she realized was how grand it seemed compared to the plain stone houses surrounding it. The fluffy snow had swirled perfectly into place on the front lawn, and the bushes were trimmed to such an impeccable neatness that it seemed unreal.

As Mary – a tall, twenty year old woman, with blond locks and intense hazel eyes – trudged up the walk of the grand house, she thought she glimpsed the faces of people peeping out of closed curtains in the houses next door. She reassured herself that she was just being paranoid, and that the long walk from the train station had made her weary. After gingerly grasping the lion head knocker, and hitting it twice, a plump maid with dark brown hair appeared at the door.

"They've been expecting you. Please come in," said the maid as she gently pulled off Mary's coat and took

her hat and gloves.

"Thank you," replied Mary.

"Right this way Miss," said the maid while motioning for her to come along.

First off, Mary noticed that the foyer had a burgundy carpet and a great, big grandfather clock leaned against the wall. As Mary followed the maid into the sitting room, she took in all the antique furniture, and the shimmering diamond chandeliers. Mary slowly sat down on a chair, careful not to crease the upholstery. She looked across the room, and saw a brick fireplace with what seemed to be a freshly built fire burning in the hearth. Suddenly, a pale woman with brown hair, pulled up into a tight bun, stepped into the sitting room.

"Good evening Miss Mary, I am Madam Redmont, and I am pleased to welcome you to our humble home," said the woman.

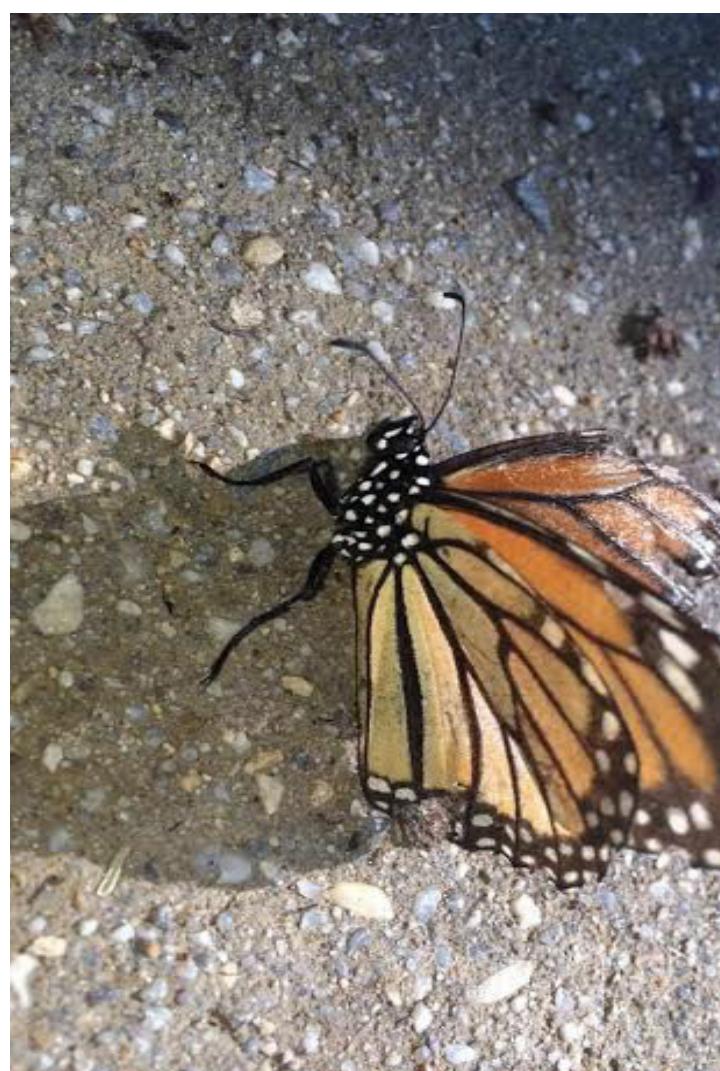
"Pleased to meet you Madam," replied Mary. To her, humble seemed like a complete understatement for the mansion.

"My husband and I are so glad that you have agreed to become our girls' nanny, it's been so difficult to find another one after our first one left. None of the young women seemed to like the place, and stayed for a very short period of time. Especially with the holidays nearing, my husband and I will be attending many parties and need a trustworthy person to look after our children."

"Yes, of course. It's my pleasure. Now, I am assuming that your daughter is already asleep, but what time would you prefer to have me start her lessons, Madam Redmont?" asked Mary.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Breakfast is at seven, so that means that she should start her lessons at seven thirty. Of course the lessons should end at five, so Samantha can bathe before dinner which is at seven thirty. Now, you must be very tired, why don't you have Miss Leary show you to your room. See you tomorrow," said Madam Redmont before turning to leave.

"Good night Madam," replied Mary.



Sarah Curtis, Tle S2

Once in bed, Mary took out Gulliver's Travels and started reading. Before she could finish the chapter though, she dozed off with the book still in her lap. When she woke in the morning, she peered out the window, and sure enough, it was snowing. Mary got up, freshened up in the bathroom, and changed into a blue dress with a lace collar, and headed downstairs for breakfast. When she arrived in the dining hall, heaping platters of bacon, sausage, French toast, and eggs lined the wooden table.

Madam Redmont was sitting next to a well-dressed man-who Mary assumed was Master Redmont, and they were both sipping from porcelain cups of coffee. "Ah, good morning Mary," said Madam Redmont. "Darling, I would like you to meet Miss Mary, the girls' new nanny."

"Charmed Miss," Sid Mister Redmont with a bow of his head.

"Good morning Master and Madam Redmont," replied Mary whose stomach was telling her to eat, while her head was telling her to have manners, and she forced herself to eat when allowed.

After a hearty breakfast, and a cup of black coffee, Mary was sent upstairs to introduce herself to the Redmont girl. The maid stopped at a door far down the hallway, on the left. Mary knocked once.

"Come in!" yelled a little girl. Mary pushed open the door. Inside, seated at a table, was a small girl, with brown locks, wearing an elegant lace dress. She was pretending to put in sugar cubes into a wooden tea cup.

"Hello miss, I am your new nanny, Mary," said Mary. The girl didn't respond. She just looked at her and then went back to her game. "Your mother said that I should start your lessons." At this, the girl stopped playing, and looked up at Mary. Samantha glared at her, for a moment, Mary almost thought she saw her eyes gleam red. "No. We will start the lesson when I say. Now come over here and braid my hair," said Samantha. Afraid to say no, Mary walked quickly over to Samantha, and took a golden brush from her hands and started brushing. All of a sudden, Samantha whipped her arm up, and slapped the golden brush out of her nanny's hands.

"You're knotting up my hair! Start by brushing down

and then gradually go up!" screamed Samantha like she had said it a million times. Mary picked up the brush and started brushing the way Samantha had said. Mary then placed the brush down, and started to braid her hair. Suddenly, Samantha got up and walked over to her bed and sat down.

"We are going to play checkers now," declared Samantha. Reluctantly, Mary got up and walked over Samantha's bed and sat down. She set up the board, and the two girls started playing. After about three minutes, Mary had won, and Samantha just stood sat there. Suddenly, she leaned over and slapped Mary across the face.

"You're a cheating pig!" she screamed. "I'm going to tell father if something like this happens again!"

"I'm sorry," mumbled Mary, still dazed from being whacked on the face. Samantha was sure strong for her appearance. After five more rounds of checkers, which Mary let Samantha win, Samantha stopped abruptly and thought for a moment.

"Excuse me Samantha, but don't you think we should start our lessons, it's nearly lunch time," suggested Mary. Samantha sighed. Without a word, she reluctantly pulled a cloth notebook from her bookshelf and opened it up to a fresh page.

"Good. Now today let's do some spelling," declared Mary. "I'm going to say five words and you will have to try to spell them correctly. Then I'll correct them, and we will see how you did," said Mary. After Samantha had finished spelling the five words, she gave the notebook to Mary. Mary tried to hide her shock, but instead her face turned pale and her eyes widened; for there, on the paper, instead of the five words Mary had recited, was an awful sentence. It read: You are as good a nanny as a pile of manure and you are destined for Hell. Mary could barely breathe. Wasn't the daughter of a wealthy couple supposed to be well behaved?

"Samantha, what... what have you written," asked Mary timidly.

"I wrote exactly what it says on the paper you idiot!" screamed Samantha. All of a sudden, Samantha raised her hand, her fingers curled into a fist, and brought it down hard on Mary's nose. Blood spewed everywhere, and Samantha shrieked. Mary tried not to cry and bit her lip so as not to scream, but she couldn't bear it anymore. Mary heard footsteps pounding up the stairs. The Redmonts burst through the door.

"Samantha! Are you all right?!" screamed Madam Redmont. "Mother, Mary has a plague! Her nose is bleeding, and she is hot and pale!" shrieked Samantha. Mary tried to interrupt, but instead, Master Redmont's booming voice echoed over the rest of them. "Mary, you are to return to your room immediately, and pack up! You are to take off your clothes and change, so we can burn them in the fire. Now hurry, so you don't spread your germs!" shouted Master Redmont.

After clambering around her room, rushing to pack up, Mary was out the door, and was heading down the sidewalk, when she thought she saw somebody looking out at her from the house. She turned around. There in the window of Samantha's room was the little girl, except this team her eyes were gleaming red, and she was waving good bye, while grinning and evil smile. Mary turned away and ran down the street. She got on a trolley, and headed towards the train station. She was still blocking the blood from her nose with a handkerchief when they finally arrived. She stepped out of the car, and trudged into the train station. People were staring at her and her bloody handkerchief like she was a man with three guns in his hands. Some parents even told their children to close their eyes so as not to be possessed by

the demon girl that was walking through the station. When Mary finally was finally seated in her train seat, she realized that the bleeding had stopped. She searched for Gulliver's Travels, but realized with dismay that it had been in the pocket of the smock that had been burned. After a while, the repetitive lull of the train made her weary, and she dozed off. When she awoke, she was startled to see that it was dark out. She asked a gentleman sitting across from her what time it was. He responded that it was nine at night. Mary realized that she had missed her stop. She decided that she would just get off at the next one, and slumped back into her chair. All of a sudden, she thought that she saw something red gleaming out of the corner of her eye. She turned around and faced the window. Mary couldn't breathe. She felt her stomach lurch and her heart skip a beat. There in the window, was the face of Samantha, except her eyes were gleaming red and her hair was knotted, and blood was smeared across her face.

Mary could just make out Samantha whisper:
"Little girls can be demons too."

Isabelle Stephens
6e Gr 4



Manon Lagarde
2nde 1

The Notebook

I hurried to my bed and grabbed my notebook. It was my fathers when he was young. I know because he wrote stories in it and it holds all the information I'll ever get on my family as I stayed in this orphanage. I continued my story. I was inspired by a passage from my fathers work:

MY FEET SPLATTERED ON THE SOGGY GRASS AS I SPRINTED FOR THE SHELTER OF THE SCHOOL. THERE I KNEW I WOULD BE SAFE. MY EYES FOCUSED ON THE LIGHT COMING FROM THE WINDOWS BUT MY MIND WAS ON WHAT LAY BEHIND ME. TOO CLOSE, I COULD HEAR ITS FOOTSTEPS TOO, SQUISHING IN THE MUD, COMING CLOSER, CLOSER... THE SCHOOL DIDN'T SEEM TO COME TOWARDS MY AS I PUSHED MY STINGING LUNGS TO ENDURE. MY BACK MUSCLES TENSED, MY SENSES ALERT, BUT IT WAS TO LATE. BLACK CLAWS DUG INTO MY SHOULDERS, PIERCING THE FLESH AND TEARING IT OFF MY BACK. I FELL TO THE GROUND, OUT OF ENERGY, OUT OF STRENGTH, OUT OF MY MIND. THE BEAST ATTACKED MY CHEST AND MY LEGS. BRIGHT RED HORROR BLED OUT OF MY OPEN WOUNDS AND STAINED THE GRASSES AT MY SIDES. I LOOKED BACK AT THE SCHOOL ONLY TO SEE THE LIGHTS FLICKER OUT.

After months of writing and editing, finally, I felt satisfied with my work. I brought it to the front office for Mrs. Beckerson to take a look. As I entered, the smell of citrus perfume and firewood greeted my nose. I showed her the book and described my story. As soon as I recited the last passage (the one my dad wrote), he face turned grim.

"Where did you find this?" her voice cracked.

I, not knowing what the problem was, told her, full heartedly "Well, I found it in my dad's work, it's the stuff in the front." I flipped through some pages until I recognized his hand.

She skimmed it sharply and looked up. "These are all his unique minded inventions, his own proper stories?"

"Uh...I guess?"

"No!" she breathed. Then suddenly, she got up from her office chair and stormed off, book in hand. I crept behind, following her until she reached the backdoor. From there she slipped into the forest. I hesitated, then, gathering all my courage, I continued after her into the night. The branches snagged my clothes and dead twigs

splintered under my feet, but I wouldn't stop until I found what Mrs. Beckerson was doing. At last, she came to a halt in the heart of the woods. Under an old oak tree, she placed my book and quickly hurried off, but I stayed put. My fingers were numb and trembling with cold. "Hello!" said a voice, not far above me. I jumped, and forced myself to look up. A boy with black hair and freckles looked down at me. He looked so familiar.

"Do...do I know you?" I hesitated.

"Duh! I'm David." As if that helped. He seemed to understand my befuddlement. "From your book." He explained, "You wrote me."

"I what?" I was so confused.

"You wrote me." He said this time more slowly and clearly, "But I'm not the only one that came out" he continued, "Be careful".

Before I knew what he meant a low growling sound came from behind me. I slowly turned around. A shock of horror resonated in my chest. It was there. It turned and ran.

My feet splattered on the soggy grass as I sprinted for the shelter of the orphanage. There I knew I would be safe. My eyes focused on the light coming from the windows but my mind was on what lay behind me. Too close, I could hear its footsteps too, squishing in the mud, coming closer, closer...

The orphanage didn't seem to come towards my as I pushed my stinging lungs to endure. My back muscles tensed, my senses alert, but it was to late. Black claws dug into my shoulders, piercing the flesh and tearing it off my back. I fell to the ground, out of energy, out of strength, out of my mind. The beast attacked my chest and my legs. Bright red horror bled out of my open wounds and stained the grasses at my sides. I looked back at the orphanage only to see the lights flicker out.

Natalie Woodward
6e3

A LOS AMORES DE UN DÍA, DISFRAZADOS DE ETERNIDAD,

Era el 18 de enero. No había un alma en la librería, como siempre. Solo León, el dueño de la librería, estaba en la puerta, como era habitual, asegurándose que ningún policía reconociera el lugar. Era el año 2088 y los libros habían llegado a su fin. Hacía más de treinta años que estaban prohibidos y esta era una de las últimas librerías clandestinas que aún existían. No tenía nombre y nadie sabía de su presencia. Ningún vecino sospechaba de la existencia de la librería y de esa forma había pasado desapercibida durante las últimas décadas. No tenía mucha clientela; solo de vez en cuando, un hombre corpulento, de gafas, entraba, se quedaba unas horas y se iba. Siempre vestido de negro, se llevó a quince o veinte de mis hermanos... Nunca los volví a ver.

El 18 de enero entró por primera vez una mujer. Era una mujer de figura angelical cuya hermosura sobrepasaba en belleza a la rosa fresca que se abre en verano. Sus ojos brillaban cada vez que su mirada encontraba los pocos rayos de luz que provenían de la mirilla y que iluminaban un pequeño rincón cada vez que León dejaba su puesto de vigilancia. Yo era uno de los pocos a los que nunca se habían llevado. Nadie nunca vino a verme... Me sentía invisible al lado de todos los otros. Vi a la mujer pasar en frente mío. La observé tocar a otros, posar su mano sus cuellos, y deslizar metódicamente su dedo en línea recta por la espalda de aquellos que

vivían conmigo, como si buscarse algo prohibido. Sentí un fuego en el lugar más íntimo y oculto de mi corazón: estaba celoso, celoso por una mujer que no había visto nunca.

A veces me miraba y yo la miraba también. Su mirada era triste y profunda, incluso cuando sonreía y sus cálidos ojos marrones eran dulces e hipnotizadores. Nuestras miradas se encontraban y yo quería gritar: ¡Llévame! ¡Libérame! De pronto, sus ojos se fijaron en mí con firmeza y su atención negaba sencillamente a apartarse. Sus movimientos eran vacilantes, percibía que sus manos anhelaban acercarse a mí, querían tocarme y yo lloraba silenciosamente de impotencia. De repente, sentí su presencia más cerca de mí. Su dedo se deslizaba dulcemente sobre cada vertebral de mi espalda dibujando un corazón. Ella seguía dudando.

Finalmente, se aferró a mí, me abrazo, me acomodo bajo su abrigo y nos dirigimos juntos, los dos hacia la puerta. Pago unos dólares a León, sus miradas se encontraron con firmeza y yo me enfurecí. Ella, de un movimiento rudo, salió de la librería. Yo, bajo su abrigo, podía sentir su respiración. Vislumbraba las casas y la gente a través de los agujeros en su abrigo.

Aún era de día. Su cuerpo era cálido como las entrañas de una imprenta. Sentí su corazón acelerarse y me gustó la idea de que fuese por mí. Se puso a correr y

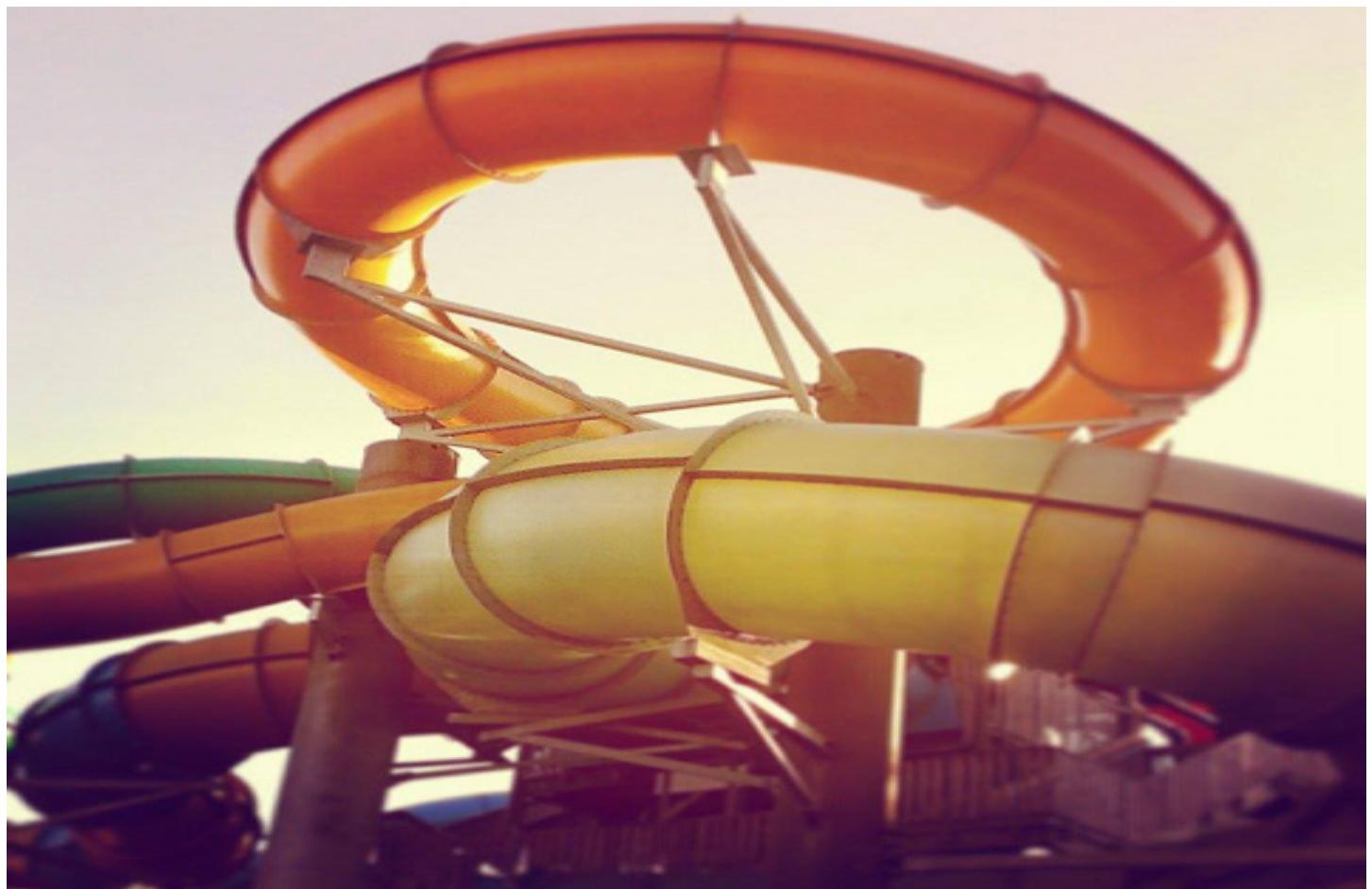


yo nunca me había sentido más protegido. Repentinamente, paró y sacó del bolsillo de su abrigo un objeto. En un instante ya estábamos en su casa, frente a la chimenea. Estaba oscuro y me preocupaba que ella no me pudiese ver bien. Me miraba con unos ojos tristes como la noche y su piel tersa rozaba mi cuerpo. Yo, por mi parte, la contemplaba, descubriendo a cada instante un pequeño detalle más. Hermosa era una palabra muy pequeña para describirla. Sus ojos frágiles demandaban atención. Yo la observaba con determinación. Mirarla era como despertar...

Tenía tantas cosas que contarle... En realidad todas estas formaban una historia. Una historia que había marcado mi vida, como si yo hubiese nacido para contarla. Era el relato de un náufrago que estuvo diez días en una balsa, diez días sin comer o beber. Cuando apareció en tierra, fue proclamado héroe de la patria. Fue besado por las reinas de belleza y hecho rico por la publicidad y luego aborrecido por el gobierno y olvidado para siempre. A pesar de su impermeable interés en mí, me conoció muy rápido como si ya supiese mi historia. Parecía apurada, angustiada de que nos encontraran aquí solos los dos, juntos. Me tomo entre sus manos otra vez como lo había he-

cho en la librería. Pensé que iba a abrazarme pero me soltó. Ya no sentía sus manos y con cada segundo que pasaba, su rostro me parecía más lejano. Ella había cortado mis alas y me había soltado al vacío como si no le importase mi amor por ella. Sentí un calor mientras me alejaba. No era un calor como el de su cuerpo pero uno abrumador y violento. Al contacto de mi piel con las llamas, sentía que la perdía. En unos instantes, disfrazados de una eternidad, me encontré rodeado de fuego. Un ardor me quemaba la piel mas era incomparable a la frialdad con la que la mujer me había abandonado. Después de unos minutos, mi cuerpo quedo inerte. Tenía sueño... Mis débiles párpados, exhaustos de llorar, se cerraron lentamente y sentí mi historia y mi alma marcharse, flotando, lentamente.

Cecilia Suescún



Thomas Sherringham
Tle S1

