



# RECTO VERSO

LYCÉE ROCHAMBEAU STUDENT LITERARY MAGAZINE | Winter 2016

# DEAR READERS

How proud we are of this Winter issue on the theme of change of perspective! We decided that it would be interesting to see what students could come up with this theme. In this issue we have a selection of funny poems describing how dangerous desserts are not necessarily the sweet treats we think them to be, the story of a boat instead of the adventures of its passengers, a cartoon bringing a new aspect of sneezing, and much, much more!

On a serious note, we wish to remember the victims of senseless terrorist attacks throughout the world. We mustn't forget these events nor the pain and suffering that has ensued; we must preserve the very idea of liberty; and, most importantly, we must learn to move on. We cherish the freedom of expression that is expressed in this magazine, especially as it isn't allowed everywhere.

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We thank the students who happily submitted their creations! This issue we've received texts in English, Spanish, and in French, along with many illustrations, from cartoons to photos. Special thanks to Happy Zappe and her wonderful students who wrote great pieces for us.

And now, reader, help yourself to a mug of Earl Grey or hot chocolate topped with marshmallows and a plate of sugar cookies, cozy up, and enjoy reading Recto Verso!

Flower by Isabelle Stevens, 5e

# THEME OF THE SEASON

# Change of Perspective

## Una misma experiencia, interpretaciones diferentes

Pepe y Juan son dos amigos jóvenes que fueron juntos de viaje a Europa. Cada día, los dos escribieron en un diario sus aventuras. En esta ocasión, los dos escribieron sobre su experiencia en la capital italiana, Roma, y tienen opiniones diferentes.

### Diario de Pepe

25/09/2015

Esta mañana, tuvimos que madrugar a las seis para "aprovechar del día a lo máximo". No dormí nada porque él irrespetuoso de la pieza de al lado miraba lucha libre y WWE con el volumen altísimo. Como colmo, el desayuno en el hotel dejó mucho que desear. Con todo lo que pagamos por la noche esperaríamos que no hubiera solo café con leche y unas tostadas. Estuve muerto de hambre hasta la una. Después fuimos en bus a las ruinas romanas. ¡Llegó media hora tarde y estaba lleno! Una vez ahí, esperamos durante dos horas en la cola para entrar al Coliseo. Me dolían las piernas de tanto caminar el día anterior. No eran ni las diez y no daba más. Como de costumbre, los turistas tenemos que hacer cola mientras que los guías turísticos pasan cuando se les antoja con sus grupos. Al entrar, me sentí decepcionado. Subí cientos de escalones, sofocado por los 30 grados de temperatura sin agua, y todo eso, solo para ver unos escalones y algo de arena porque la vista estaba bloqueada por las miles de personas en el lugar y los centenares de cámaras de fotos en el aire. Por fin salimos a las doce pero teníamos que ver el foro romano. Era igual a lo anterior aunque no había cola pero había que caminar más, mucho más. Juan nos hizo dar vueltas por todos lados, subir cada colina y ver cada reverendo edificio. Almorzamos recién a las dos. Unas hamburguesas en un restaurante local y gelato de fragola de postre. Por la tarde todo mejoró. Visitamos la ciudad moderna y paseamos por la "Vía del

Photo Claire Lee-Coudouel, 5e

Corso" y miramos los comercios ahí. Fue definitivamente la mejor parte del día. Hasta me compré una camiseta en uno de los locales. Finalmente fuimos a la Plaza de España antes de cenar e irnos a dormir con tranquilidad al hotel.

### Diario de Juan

25/09/2015

Luego de una gran noche de sueño, despertamos temprano y comenzamos nuestro día. El desayuno fue rico y simple, como a mí me gusta. Tuvimos la linda experiencia de viajar en bus e interactuar con la gente. Mi italiano es de horror pero de todas maneras me pude arreglar. Sin lugar a dudas, valió la pena esperar quince minutos para que llegara el transporte. Por primera vez, vi el Coliseo y las ruinas romanas de que tanto se habla en los libros de historia. Fue magnífico. Es increíble lo que se pudo construir con una tecnología tan poco avanzada comparada a la nuestra. Estuvimos en las gradas y pudimos ver la arena. Una mitad estaba abierta y se podía ver el complejo sistema de cárcel subterránea. ¡Qué belleza! Luego paseamos unas horas por foro romano, vimos muchos templos y otras construcciones de la época. ¡Qué lástima que todas esas obras de arte fueran destruidas con el pasar del tiempo. A decir la verdad, ese fue el pico del día, luego almorcamos en una hamburguesería decente de por ahí y visitamos varias tiendas hasta la noche. Lo pasé muy bien por la mañana, estaba tan ansioso por ver las ruinas que el resto del día fue una gran decepción. Ver locales que venden ropa prácticamente igual cuando podríamos apreciar el arte y la riqueza de esta ciudad. Sin embargo, terminamos el día con una buena nota al visitar la Plaza de España y comer una pizza exquisita.

Santiago Dassen, 2nde  
alumno de Sra Rodriguez

# Je vais vous raconter mon histoire.

Léopold Gires, 6e



C'est l'histoire d'un fameux trois-mâts fin comme un oiseau, oui, le même que celui dans la chanson.

Il fut un temps où j'étais le bateau le plus connu du monde. Évidemment, l'arrivée du Titanic m'a fait un peu tort...

Tout d'abord, il faut savoir que je ne suis pas seulement allé à San Francisco. Je suis allé partout en Amérique, en Asie et aussi en Europe de l'Est. Et pas seulement pendant une dizaine d'années! Qui avait effectué le voyage de l'Odyssée? C'était moi! Bon, Ulysse m'a volé la vedette, mais, sans moi, il serait mort chez Calypso.

J'ai aussi fait une carrière à Hollywood. Vous m'avez peut-être vu dans Pirates des Caraïbes ou encore dans un des milliers de remakes de L'Arche de Noé.

Un jour, on m'a envoyé à San Francisco, et je peux vous dire qu'à 4 noeuds et 400 tonneaux, nous n'y étions pas rendus... Un soir, les matelots ivres ont créé la chanson. Pour le vers "Je suis fier d'y être matelot", c'est moi qui ai eu l'idée. Petite anecdote: voulez-vous savoir pourquoi il n'est pas dit dans la chanson si nous sommes arrivés à destination? Les matelots s'étaient tout simplement endormis avant de finir. Finalement, nous y sommes arrivés, et puis on m'a amarré, je n'en sais pas plus. Allez, pour finir en beauté, une dernière anecdote: les matelots m'avaient appelé Santiano just pour la rime. Voilà, maintenant, vous savez tout sur ma vie.

# EL DESCONOCIDO

¡Qué lindo es! El desconocido...

Todos los días lo miro, al desconocido

Todos los días me mira sin verme, el desconocido

Como amo a este bello desconocido

Yo estoy en la misma escuela que él, el desconocido

Pero no en la misma clase, el desconocido

Juega muy bien al fútbol, el desconocido

Y todos los días con placer voy a mirarlo jugar, al desconocido

¡Cómo amo yo a este bello desconocido!

Bénédicte Sanon, Terminale  
alumna de Sra Rodriguez

I have a secret. So if you're reading this it happens that you are someone to be trusted. Don't make me come back on my decision to believe your blood pact. Alright. Let's just get this over with.

It all started when I was about six or so. My dad was a devoted alcoholic and my mother, ironically, was a psychologist specializing in the abuse of alcohol and drugs. So, when I was seven, my mother filed for a divorce and we moved out of the country to start a new life somewhere we wouldn't be known for my father's tendencies to hit us when things went awry. That's how we ended up in Romania.

From my new bedroom window, I could see the tomb of Bram Stoker, renowned author of Dracula. Since school started in a month, I figured I had time to explore my surroundings, so I climbed onto the garage roof and hopped into the graveyard. The trees were dense and the clouds menacing, but things seemed to be calming down, so I climbed up a slight incline covered with weeds, to get to the famous author's grave. But to my surprise, instead of the marble cross

I'd seen earlier, there was a slab of granite, and half hidden in moss and spiders was the inscription *va de retro satanas*. Latin, I figured. Stepping nearer to this mysterious grave, I closed my eyelids when the ground came up to greet me, and all went black.

When I woke up, I was in my room, and lying next to me was my computer, an old model of Lenovo's. My fingers seemed to have their own mind and quickly looked up Google Translate and found out what the carved words on the grave meant: "Step back, Satan." Before I could even process what I was doing, I was back at the hill, and once again stepping towards the grave no one ever discovered before me. This time, I made sure not to close my eyes when stepping towards that grave. Then I noticed something I hadn't seen before; so I was caught up in the words engraved upon the grave; a black velvet cape, with a blood-red silk lining. Splattered upon the inside of this new discovery was what I recognised as dried up blood, having seen a good amount of it the day after a

# THE GRAVEYARD ESCAPADES

CLAIREE LEE COUDOUVEL 5E

particularly brutal beating. Also on the red side of this cape was sewn a label of cream colored cotton, with the words Property of the Son of the Dragon. Creepy. Then, in a flash, I was back in my room. Again.

One more time, it seemed as though my fingers knew better than me what to type on my outdated computer. It turned out that the son of the dragon was Romanian for Dracula. Back to the graveyard I went, but this time, it was dusk, so, my visibility reduced, I proceeded to Count Dracula's grave. How else was I to explain the abandoned location, century-old cape belonging to the son of the dragon, or, as we now call him, the son of the Devil? Falling asleep slowly, I felt a pain expanding through my chest. Looking down, I saw a corpse stabbing a blunt wooden stake into my heart. Figures, I thought to myself; since the internet produced the information that Dracula thoroughly enjoyed stabbing his victims through the chest with a dull wood stake... And then dipped his bread in their blood. Slowly, I felt

myself rising through the air, and, when I looked down, instead of my solid body there was an opaque wisp of human-shaped smoke that was my ghost form. Then, just as the last of my solid form was morphing into smoke, I felt a hand grab me back. Through the darkness, I felt a hand pulling me away from the dead and back into reality. As I slowly descended back to the ground, the corpse who had killed me in the first place started talking: "I haf changed my mind. And thiss iss only because you are verry prretty... If you promise not to tell anybody about thiss night, I let you live. If not, back to the dead vorld you go... Vell, vot is your decision?" What kind of question was that? Of course, I promised not to tell anyone about my night at the grave.

So. Now that you know my story, what's your decision? Will you tell someone about my graveyard esca-pades and face the consequences, or will you stay silent to the grave?

# *Dangerous* **DESSERTS**

**A Collection of Poems**  
**Ms. Zappe's 6e Students**

### **Sinful Nutella**

"Nutella is good,  
Nutella's divine!"  
Nutella will make your health decline!  
It attracts your child's mind,  
So he asks his mommy:  
"Would you be so kind?"  
He eats the jar.  
You see he's far up  
On a sugar cloud,  
Then he goes deep down  
To a nutty underground...  
You hear, "Argh!"  
Your child's in bed  
Banging his head.  
"Bring me the bucket, my stomach  
aches!"  
He says, screaming in pain.  
Mom says: "Don't complain,  
I warned you, Kane.  
Take this broth,  
It will get you restored."  
Sometimes, you'll find that  
What's good for your palate  
Can make you feel bad...

**Sibylle Ravano**

### **Dangerous Desserts**

Oh, those dangerous desserts...  
Though they are delicious,  
They're not very nutritious.

It makes your head hurt  
That ice cream dessert  
It freezes your brain  
And causes you pain.

Of course there is also chocolate  
sweetness  
Which is everything but neatness.  
It causes a mess  
And a lot of distress.  
It makes your mom pale  
When checking your scale!

Ohh, those delicious treats...  
Creamy, sweet and yummy,  
But so bad for your tummy!

**Maya Valentina Ghazzaoui-Chelle**

### **My Love for Nutella**

A hint of hazelnut, a burst of heaven  
You hit my tongue and I am in a daze  
Dense and smooth, you taste so good  
You never fail to amaze

Too much and you ail my health  
Too little, and I crave for more  
Oh, Nutella what would I do without you?

**Sarah Rimli**

### **Little Tina-Mae**

Little Tina-Mae  
Wanted to bake  
But her parents would not listen to what she said  
So she got into her stubborn little head  
That she would make them a cake instead

Once it was done they neared it at slow paces  
As if it were going to explode in their faces  
They came to a sudden halt  
The cake started to expand  
KA BOOM!!!!

The cake as a matter of fact did explode!  
"My dear parents, this is a dangerous dessert" said Tina-Mae  
Who finally got them to listen that day.

**Gabrielle Cross**

Don't drip milk chocolate  
On my rocket  
'Cause it will explode  
You'll make me angry  
And I will implode  
So don't drip milk chocolate  
On my rocket.

**Matías Heitner**

### **Devil's Evil Cake...**

I know it is watching  
Hiding in the shadows  
Faking to be sleeping  
All his evilness shows.

I try to walk away  
His evil eyes follow  
Like asking me to stay  
To feel all his sorrow.

It is evil, I say  
More than Darth Vader  
He'll hurt you on his  
way  
Careful with his laser.

Who am I talking of?  
You may be wondering  
I'm talking of my love:  
The cake in the dining!

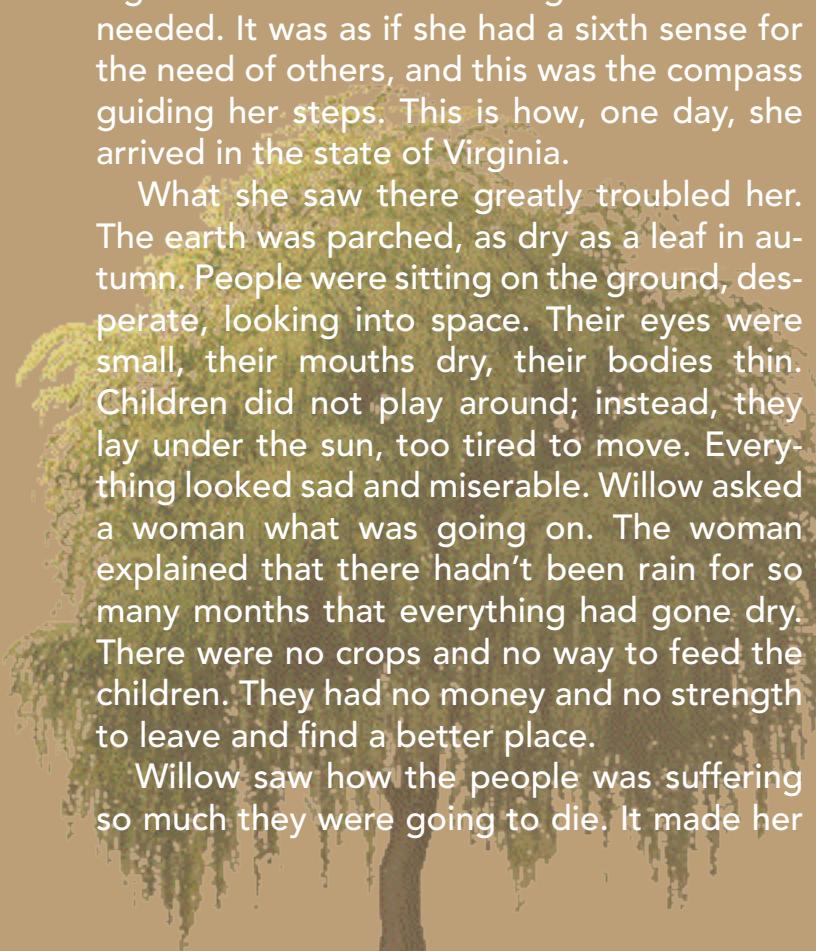
**Mathilde Pouillot**

### **Dangerous Desserts**

Hey, eat him before he eats you!  
I guess it must be true,  
Because each time I turn, he's there.  
Yes, he wants my skin teared.  
He's just there in the dining hall,  
Just like a killing doll;  
And I think I should run away,  
As if I am his prey.  
His cherry lips are filled with blood,  
He's a vampire in disguise;  
And here, when I look in the fridge,  
I saw him... a PIE! Outrage.

**Emma Leblanc**

# The Tall Tale of Willow



Willow was a young woman who was humble, caring, and generous. She was unselfish and compassionate, very loving towards all creatures: men, women, children, animals, and all other living things on earth. The fiercest of animals, like tigers and bears, became tame around her and looked for her company. Plants seemed to revive when she looked at them and flowers bloomed faster. Butterflies came out of their cocoons and chicks poked their heads out of their nests to look at her. Willow had huge eyes: they were so wide open that you could fall into them; they were full of kindness and love. No one knew where Willow originated from. Rumors say that she was the daughter of Mother Earth because she was so full of goodness. She had no fixed home and wandered around the world, going to where she felt she might be the most needed. It was as if she had a sixth sense for the need of others, and this was the compass guiding her steps. This is how, one day, she arrived in the state of Virginia.

What she saw there greatly troubled her. The earth was parched, as dry as a leaf in autumn. People were sitting on the ground, desperate, looking into space. Their eyes were small, their mouths dry, their bodies thin. Children did not play around; instead, they lay under the sun, too tired to move. Everything looked sad and miserable. Willow asked a woman what was going on. The woman explained that there hadn't been rain for so many months that everything had gone dry. There were no crops and no way to feed the children. They had no money and no strength to leave and find a better place.

Willow saw how the people was suffering so much they were going to die. It made her

very sad. She could not stand to see people in such a horrible state. It was breaking her heart. For the first time, she felt powerless to help them. A tear came down her face to the ground, then another one, and suddenly she started crying. And as the tears fell down from her face to the ground, a miracle happened. The earth became wet, not only at the surface, but moist very deep down. Suddenly, a stalk of wheat came out, and grew in the wink of an eye. Then another followed, and soon thereafter, a myriad of green stalks sprouted everywhere around Willow. People were looking, their mouths wide open. The earth was literally burgeoning in front of their eyes. Willow realized what was happening and a smile came to her face. Big mistake!

As soon as Willow smiled, her tears dried up, and so did the earth again. People became upset and ordered her to cry again. But the anger of others would not make Willow cry. Finally, it was the children who found the solution. They all jumped on Willow and started tickling her feet, her belly, her chin, and Willow started giggling, and then she burst into laughter, so hard that tears came down her face. The children took turns tickling Willow well into the night. Willow cried so much from laughter and so many tears fell to the ground that a whole river formed itself from her tears. It is known as the Potomac River. The earth became very fertile, and people in Virginia were never hungry again. They all remember Willow because so many Willow Trees now grow on the shores of the Potomac River. This is why Virginia is one of the states with the most Willow trees in the country.

**H** There once was a strong man named Herder. He has accomplished many impossible tasks, and here is one of his adventures.

**e** It was a beautiful day in Point Hope, Alaska. Although it was summer, blue ice floated everywhere, but you could feel the hot breeze and the smell of flowers. Herder was out to visit his friend John Mc Miner, who lived at the Point Hope Port as a fisher. As he strolled about he noticed a myriad of agitated inhabitants at the port, all trying to find space between the crates of whale fat to peer at the looming shadows in the morning horizon. Herder, curious, pushed through the crowd to see what the fuss was all about.

**r** And there he saw John.

"What's happening, buddy?" asked Herder.

**d** "Oh! You're here! Good thing! 'Cause I have an extremely huge mega-triple-decker problem that will involve some casualties: a huge iceberg is going to destroy the port!" exclaimed John. "We need your help!"

**e** And so Herder set off on a steamboat with John and his friends to destroy the iceberg. Little did they know that it wasn't the current pushing the iceberg, but an army of legendary ice men known as Frost Giants. Frost Giants are evil giants that have blue skin, living in the Aleutian Islands. Frost Giants use ice as their weapons (much like Elsa). If they are near, they mean you harm, for they raid Russian villages! The only way to beat these monsters is to smash their plump noses.

**a** So let's go back to our handsome, charming hero. Observing the iceberg, he thought, "Something isn't right!" Herder glanced at the water. "The current is going with us, but the iceberg is floating towards us..." As he realized this, he slapped his hand to his forehead. He was about to alert John when CRACK! A huge ice arrow impaled itself into the deck.

**n** That was when the Giants emerged from their floating hiding spot. At first, no one on the boat moved until Herder took action. Ignoring the fact that these giants were five times his size, he punched the closest Giant's nose, which fell off his face. One by one, random Giants, caught in surprise, were losing their noses, until Herder found himself in front of the Giant's Chief.

**d** "I see that you are stronger than my sons," the Frost Chief boomed with a devilish smile. "We will see if you can beat me in a duel."

**t** And as he said these words, an ice sword sprouted from his hand.

"Choose your weapon," demanded the Giant.

**h** John, who had followed his friend from a distance, handed Herder a strong harpoon.

**e** The duel started. To Herder's surprise, the Chief was extremely strong compared to his noseless and useless sons. After an hour, both opponents were exhausted, their arms sore from swinging and slashing, so the Chief declared a pause. Herder huddled with his fellow fishermen to conceive a plan to defeat the Frost Giants.

**G** Here's what they came up with: since the Frost Chief is the strongest of all Frost Giants, while Herder is fighting with the Chief, John and the other fishermen will attack and defeat the other Giants. Once they succeed, they will advance on the Chief together.

**i** And so the duel started again. Herder barely noticed the yells of the other Giants splashing around in the sea. A Giant watching the duel caught Herder's attention. Our hero ran to him and chopped off his nose to throw it onto the Chief. The latter was enraged by this he ordered his sons to attack Herder. Observing no response, he looked around, and his jaw dropped. All of his sons had had their noses chopped off and were fleeing, their arms flaying over their heads. Herder, taking advantage of this unpleasant surprise, punched his opponent's nose, knocking him unconscious.

**a** "What do we do with this bugger, Herder?" asked John, who had wrapped the Chief in a net.

**n** "Let's just leave him here, after all, he has no more sons to help him destroy the port." After tying a knot around the Giant's wrists, Herder punched him in the face one more time for good measure.

**t** And so, Herder, John, and the fishermen sailed back to Point Hope Port on their steamboat. Arriving there, they were all praised for saving the town and the locals. While he was recounting this little adventure to the children, a local Inuit alerted Herder, telling him about some reindeer destroying a neighboring village of Noatak.

**s** "Humph, can never get a day's peace," he growled.

He set off for his next adventure.

A machine. A machine with tubes and bits of melted metal. Those were the first things I saw when I opened my eyes. The greenish smoke made my vision blurry. As I wobbled around it seemed to me that I was in a burning building. I ran outside only to realize that it was freezing cold and that I was at the summit of a snowy mountain. I was trying to walk down the mountain slopes in the hope of finding a nearby village when my head felt dizzy, and I fainted.

When I awoke for the second time, I could not remember what had happened. I looked around and noticed a buff, red-haired man sitting on a stool as he peeled potatoes next to the bed I was in. He saw me awake and told me, "Hi there, young chap! I found you on that mountain three hours ago. You were sleeping in snow. Oh, and by the way my name is Joco. Where do you come from?" I couldn't answer. Where *was* I from?

The next day...

"Hey, did you hear? The nuclear plant exploded yesterday, on the mountain!"

"Oh yes, I've heard of it! Quite odd, the plant was supposed to be nicely isolated, and with extremely good security."

"I thought that as well. What triggered it?"

"Well, I was told that the butcher was told that Tolkien was told that..." This was the kind of conversation I overheard in Buckby Village. As I explored the town's little alleyways and people, many people asked me who I was, what I had come for.

Wait... Who am I?

I wasn't very comfortable with all of these new people. I don't recall ever living with anyone, actually. All I remember from before I woke up is the sensation of floating in thick water, my skin tingling pleasantly, as muffled voices talked around me.

Luckily, I had Joco for comfort. He let me stay in his little cabin with his dog Molar. I didn't remember having or living in any kind of building, so I did my best to help him out. I learned how to cook and how to correctly get rid of bugs that like to burrow everywhere (ugh, I hate those). I wished that things would never change.

One night, I heard a crash of glass in the kitchen of Joco's house. I ran down the stairs to find Joco spread on the ground, dead, with Nutella on his hands and in his mouth. I looked around and saw a man in black, who shouted, "The experiment! He's here!" Then he

# FAILED EXPERIMENT

ANTOINE AND NOOR ELISE  
KAMARUZZAMAN GE AND 3E

whipped out a gun from his pocket and shot me in the leg.

"Gah!" I yelled. Despite the pain, I ran as fast as I could toward the back door and jumped out into freezing cold. A dozen other armed men were outside, waiting for me. I climbed up a ladder Joco had left outside and ran onto the roof, hopping from house to house. At last, I stopped and I looked back. No one was chasing me. I slid off the house I was on and, when I landed onto the road, I heard some barking. Ratdogs! I should have known that my assailants would have those! Ratdogs are creatures that are bred for manhunts. They look like a big dogs with huge canines and a long rat-like tail. I had seen some in the sewers of Bucky Villages, and I did not want to see them again.

I ran down a narrow street. I could hear the barking getting closer and closer; hoping to find a hiding spot, I slipped into an alleyway and hid behind a trashcan. Suddenly, I felt a tail on my shoulder. I looked up: a huge ratdog was staring at me with his glassy red eyes. It let out an angry growl, and some men in black ran to me, guns held in front of them.

A man, bigger than the others, came to me.

"Ah, here you are," he chuckled. "You committed a serious crime." That guy must be the bellwether.

"Me, a crime?" I croaked with fear.

"Ah, of course you don't know. Have you ever seen this?"

He handed me a picture of a burnt

building. A burnt building...

Suddenly, I remembered: I was running out of a building on fire...

"I've seen this before," I exhaled apprehensively.

"Ah, see!" he cackled. "Don't you understand? That building is the nuclear plant that exploded... and you caused it! You are a failed experiment. You killed all the scientists when your artificial-man-making tank exploded. And, sadly, this crime is only punishable by death.

"Kill him," he ordered, and the ratdog's tail slid into my throat. My lungs craved oxygen. I vainly gasped for air. He was torturing me. Then the jaw of the ratdog opened widely in front of my nose and...

"AAAAAAAH!"



Art by Brice Testa, 2nde

# THE VOICES

## ISABELLE STEVENS

I sense their presence behind me as I quickly place the book on the shelf. I feel them follow me as I take out the trash can. I can feel their breath on my neck as I read my novel. Finally, I feel them draw back as I exit the library and lock the door. I can hear them whispering commands in their slithery tone as I try to live on normally. It has been three weeks since they have come, and they don't seem to be leaving soon.

The real bad things started last night. The voices whispered something at 11:32 PM. They told me to open my jewelry box and find their next instructions inside. I rolled over in my bed, trying to block out the sound, but the strong urge to find out what was in the box eventually pulled me out of bed. I picked it up and turned on the light. As I lifted the lid, I noticed a small bottle containing a purple liquid, with a tag wrapped around its cork. I pulled it out, carefully pushing aside the necklaces it had been nestled in. Turning over the tag, I read the note with surprise, the bottle almost slipping out of my hands. I could barely make out the scraggly handwriting that read:

WE LIKE YOU, YOU LIKE US, DON'T DISAPPEAR,  
THE FUN HAS JUST BEGUN. TOMORROW AT  
NOON, SWIP THE BOTTLE'S CONTENTS IN A  
CUP, AND GIVE IT TO THE LIBRARIAN, MRS.  
RUFF. BY FIVE TO ONE, THE LIBRARIAN WILL  
BE GONE.

I read the note a few times, thinking deeply about its meaning before I tossed it into a dustbin and locked the bottle in my dresser. I returned to bed, feeling angry at myself for letting the voices control me. I could barely fall back asleep.

The next morning, when I awoke, I had completely forgotten about the note and the bottle until I opened my dresser. I was rummaging through stacks of clothes when I rediscovered the deadly-looking purple liquid encased in the vial. As I gathered my bag and opened the front door to head to work, some part of me was compelled to retrieve the bottle and to bring it along, just in case.

When I arrived at the library, Mrs. Ruff was already there, so I instinctively avoided all eye contact with her, still feeling guilty about last night. But my demeanor towards her changed in the next hour. As I was coming back from the breakroom with a fresh mug of coffee, Mrs. Ruff came rolling down the hallway with a chariot full of books. She was having trouble controlling it and, all of a sudden, she bumped into me, forcing me to splash scorching hot coffee all over my shirt.

"Oh my! I'm so sorry!" exclaimed Mrs. Ruff.

"It's fine," I growled at her as I turned around and stormed into the breakroom to clean up.

At lunchtime, after four hours of hauling heavy books to dusty shelves, I grabbed my lunch out of my bag and went to eat in the breakroom. As I sat beside Ms. Garfield, the manager of the children's section, I felt the voices' presence behind me. They started to whisper things into my ears, and I turned cold with fear, goosebumps rising on my arms. I tried to push the voices out of my head, concentrating on other things. I decided to go get my sweater, and, as I walked down the hallway, I trembled as I passed by Mrs. Ruff.

"Going to eat lunch, dear?" she asked pleasantly.

"Yes, yes," I said. "Just -- just getting my sweater...uh, see you in the breakroom."

After splashing cold water on my face and recomposing myself, I returned to the breakroom only to find my lunch gone. I asked around to see if anyone had

seen it.

"Um, anybody seen a paper bag? It has a sandwich and apple in it," I said. Without a doubt, Mrs. Ruff was quick with her reply.

"Oh, that paper bag," she said. "I threw it out when I came into the room, I'm really sorry, I thought it was trash!" she cooed.

"That's fine," I said in an icy tone, as I snatched my bag from my seat and left the room. Everyone had stopped eating, sensing the growing tension between the two of us.

As I slumped against a bench outside the library, I heard the voices breath out a new message.

FRIEND OR FOE, TRAIN OR SHINE, YOU MUST COMPLETE YOUR TASK BEFORE IT IS NINE.

I gulped as their slithery tone finished reciting the message. Trying to distract myself, I walked over to a nearby vending machine and bought myself a soda. As I pushed some coins into the dispenser and waited for my drink to come out, I thought of all the bad things Mrs. Ruff had done to me. Suddenly, I realized the voices had been right all along; they had been trying to help me. I felt a new anger rise in my stomach, my eyes burning red with fury. I will complete the task that the voices had given me, and I will do it now. As I opened the soda, instead of taking a swig, I pulled the purple liquid out of my bag and dumped it into the can.

I marched back inside the library, my head whirling with excitement. When I crossed Mrs. Ruff in the hall, I pulled her aside.

"Here," I said, giving her the soda. "I'm sorry for the way I've been acting lately."

"Well, that's very nice of you, thank you," Mrs. Ruff said gratefully as she brought the soda can to her lips. I turned away and started down the hall, not before calling out:

"Enjoy your drink!"



Photo by Béatrice Piché

The next morning, the local newspapers were buzzing with headlines like *Beloved Librarian Found Dead* or *Hilary Ruff, Murdered at Work*. As I flipped through the newspaper, a smile of triumph crossed my face. I knew that the voices had been right all along and that I had succeeded. And, even as a group of police officers knocked on my door, I could no longer contain my happiness, and let out a shriek of delight.

notas?" me dije en voz baja mientras bajaba del autobús y caminaba a casa.

Después de esperar por media hora, el autobús D2 llegó.

Pagué con mi bono de transporte público y me senté en la última fila.

Estaba acostumbrada a la lluvia pero el cambio tan repentino del clima había conseguido que el frío me afectara el doble.

No quería llegar a casa. No ahora que sabía que mi hermana venía. Estudiaba en la facultad y llevaba meses fuera de casa. Por mucho que la quisiera, ella siempre disgustaba a mis padres y su llegada les iba a poner de mal humor. Y el mal humor de mis padres me afectaba siempre a mí. "Ojalá este autobús tarde media hora más en llegar" pensé, sin atreverme a pronunciar aquellas palabras, mientras ya bajaba del autobús y me acercaba, inevitablemente, a casa."

# Llegada a casa

Clara Puente, 2nde  
alumna de Sra Rodriguez  
Art by Annabelle Piot, 4e

Por fin, llegó el autobús.

Pagué mi billete y me senté cerca de la puerta de salida.

Estaba empapada de pies a cabeza por la lluvia que parecía no dejar de caer. Además, el aire acondicionado estaba puesto y el agua fría me helaba los huesos. Lo único que me confortaba era el olor a café que me llegaba desde el asiento de delante.

Pensé, entusiasmada, que hoy vería a mi familia. Llevaba meses lejos de casa porque, este año, estudiaba en la facultad. De repente, sentí un nudo en el estómago, empezaba a ponerme nerviosa por verles. "¿Cómo reaccionarían ante mis malas



Me llamo Marco, tengo 41 años y soy arteterapeuta. Hace ya un año, más o menos, que me encargo de Juan, un joven de 15 años. Ha sido recogido a los 13 años por su tía porque sus padres se separaron y lo dejaron en la casa de su tía prometiéndole que volverían el día siguiente. Esto jamás ocurrió. Pues hace ya un año que su tía me lo confió, preocupada porque no habla, no va más al colegio y no tiene ninguna vida social. Sabe que este joven sufre debido a su pasado. Un pasado que es desconocido para ella como para mí. Así como se lo dije hace ya un año que lo veo dos horas por semana y cada semana trato de hacerlo hablar y de comprenderlo, pero nunca ocurre nada. Nada. Nada que pueda explicarme su malestar. Es verdad que durante aquel año tenía más el papel de un psicólogo, que el de un arte terapeuta, pues hace tres días decidí integrar el arte en su sufrimiento para hacerlo hablar.

Lo que vi fue increíble. Estábamos en un pequeño teatro moderno donde la escena estaba al mismo nivel que el público. La sala estaba vacía, las paredes negras no decoradas. Dos de mis colegas nos esperaban, actores profesionales, una mujer y un hombre en sus treintenas. En un primer tiempo senté a Juan en una de las butacas y le pedí lo que haga una recreación de algo que hacían sus padres habitualmente en la vida de cada día. Estas informaciones las conocía, no eran las que tenía dolor en transmitir porque no describen la relación que tuvo con sus padres. Juan describía lo que sus padres hacían, y los actores actuaban lo que Juan decía. Y luego,

# La belleza de mi trabajo

Emma Roux de Luze, Terminale  
alumna de Sra Rodriguez

al cabo de un momento, un hombre de unos veinte años llega y se coloca sobre la escena entre los padres. Era Juan, era una reproducción de su vida familiar y esto Juan lo comprendió rápidamente. Entonces le dije a Juan "dinos quién es esta persona". Juan tuvo dolor respondiendo entonces le pregunté: "¿Cómo se comporta esta persona? ¿Está bien o no". Escuchando las respuestas de Juan, el actor se convirtió en Juan. Y luego, poco a poco, ya no necesitaba más preguntar, el personaje de Juan y su vida familiar tomaban vida porque Juan estaba fascinado por el juego de los actores y seguía hablando.

Aquel día, supe más sobre Juan que en un año, más las acciones se encadenaban más lograba abrirse y pude comprender por fin la violencia que vivió con sus padres. Conseguí romper esta barrera que Juan se había impuesto haciéndole cambiar de perspectiva. Pudo visualizar su historia contándola como si fuese una película y que no era su historia sino una historia. Según él, no contaba su historia ya que todo lo que decía no era personal. Gracias a esto pudo redescubrirse.

Me llamo Marco, tengo 41 años y soy arteterapeuta y esta es la belleza de mi trabajo.

# UNDERLIGHT

LILLY WOODWARD  
GWEN AUBRAC  
ABIGAIL CHEN

## SECONDE

In our story, we attempt to recreate the imagery present in "The Cinnamon Shops," a short story by Bruno Schulz. The midnight sky, illuminated by the moon, creates a similarly silvery, magical ambience. Yael, the one and only character, gradually transforms into a mermaid, which adds an element of fantasy. Because we do not know her reasons for entering the water, the story is dreamlike, with no logic to guide it.

Slipping into the frigid water, Yael sensed the glossy pebbles comprising the sea floor rubbing dully against her small feet. The hem of her skirt clung wetly to her pale ankles. Little by little, her steps drowned her further into the ocean until only her head protruded from its glassy surface. Serene, she inhaled deeply. As she closed her violet eyes flecked with silver, a sense of tranquility and silent delight pervaded throughout her entire being. Slowly, the water engulfed her. Her ivory blond hair floated in idle clouds around her head.

After gradually opening her eyes, she was struck by wonder. Kaleidoscopic corals wavered in the deep cerulean ocean surrounding her. Slivers of moonlight flitted in and out of the corals, now and then weaving around her fingers and feet. Little clown fish, the sun to the

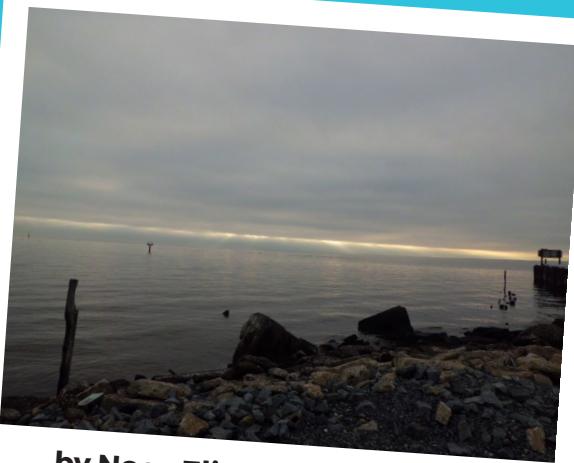
shimmering minnows, pranced about.

As she reached out an elfin finger to touch one, it swiftly darted away. Smiling widely, she chased after it, dodging corals and undulating patches of seaweed. The minuscule creature soon outstripped her. Her dress snagged on an errant sea urchin and tore as a large rent was formed, but she splashed past it and dove into the velvety blues and purples of the ocean. Exhausted, she drifted to a halt, floating on her back, her lungs greedily gulping down prodigious quantities of oxygen.

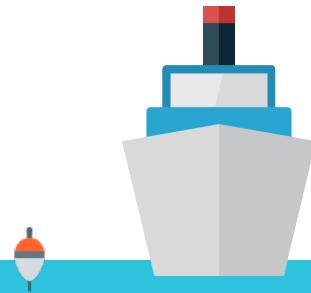
The moon reflected brightly on the crystalline surface of the water as though it were a facet of an enormous gemstone. In the sky, thousands of stars shimmered, turning the dark indigo night into a mystical dream. Peering into the fresh, crisp air, Yael realized that she could barely discern the shore. Immediately, this information was classified as secondary compared to the intriguingly intangible, ivory wisps now beginning to dust her cheekbones.

The snow fell thickly, each individual flake highlighted against the moon that peeked out from in between the clouds. One alighted on her tongue. Shiveringly cold, it tasted of twilight, before ceasing to exist. Her hair a golden comet streaming behind her, she dove back into the depths.

A piercing pain shot up Yael's neck. Eyes wide open in stupor, she naturally started to part her lips



by Noor-Elise Kamaruzzaman



to emit a scream, but a wave of water rushed into her mouth. Choking in agony, she soon felt a soothing relief as bubbles began to effervesce from her newborn gills and water innocuously began to fill her lungs.

Gently closing her eyes to feel the soft currents of water, sometimes warm and sometimes glacial, tickling her back, Yael let herself fall, plunging further and further down until the shadows of corals surrounding her became barely discernible. As she plummeted down into the depths of the arcane expanse of ocean, the light gradually started to wane, and darkness began to beleaguer the tiny Yael. She felt weightless and free, like a feather floating down an immense horizon. An ephemeral ray of moonlight drifted towards her, becoming dimmer as it reached her argent eyes. Soon, outright obscurity enveloped her body and mind, and she felt like a snowflake dwindling in a breeze until it hit the salty water and melted. During her everlasting descent into the abyss, she wondered idly whether she would ever reach the bottom.

A light appeared without notice to her left, trembling nonchalantly. The will-o'-the-wisp-like luster beguiled Yael, ensorcelling her with every flicker. As she slowly drew closer, all of a sudden, the approaching glow revealed an angler fish, moving from left to right in a sinister and unbalanced motion. As it approached, the creature came into hideous detail. Under the eerie cast of its own light, the monster appeared dull gray, almost translucent. Its gaping crescent-shaped mouth lined with needle-like teeth leered maliciously at her. Covered in acicular spines that guaranteed laceration, its ma-

levolent eyes seemed to bore into the Yael's soul.

In sheer trepidation and dread, her heart rate surged momentously, and Yael felt as though iron hands were vehemently seizing her throat, leaving her smothered. Convulsing violently and flailing her arms in every which way in a desperate attempt to escape, she glanced down at the viridescent scales now covering the lower half of her body. As her two limbs merged to become one tail, she swiftly glided through the waters with a newfound ease and began to surge upwards towards the surface of the scintillant sea.

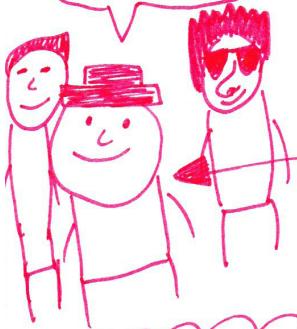
Yael raised her eyes towards the silvery rays of moonlight that permeated the water. As she parted her petite, ethereal lips, the thick, salty water filled her mouth and was filtered smoothly through the gills on the side of her neck. She gave a shout of bliss and, beating her lustrous tail furiously, rose to the surface, soaring above the wavelets below before plunging back down into the ocean that had become her home.



And then  
the burrito  
said, THAT'S  
A WRAP!

# SNEEZING.

A change in perspective about sneezing.



THIS IS YOU. ENJOYING YOUR LIFE, BEING PERFECTLY NORMAL. SUDDENLY...

## SNEEZE ATTACK!!

OH NO... I LOOK STUPID WHEN I SNEEZE, THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

Ooo...



THERE IS TERROR IN YOUR EYES.

YOU TRY TO FIGHT IT, BUT YOUR STRUGGLE IS IN VAIN. Nobody CAN FIGHT THE SNEEZE



-SNEEZE-  
1000 000 / 1000 000

VS

-HUMAN-  
01 / 1M

YOU!



THEN IT HAPPENS:



# ATCHOOO!

?#@%

