

# **Alex in London**

**A collection of short stories  
by the students of Jean Jaurès**

**compiled by Antoine Boudé**

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# A STRANGE LUGGAGE

WRITTEN BY

**PHILOMENE TESSON**  
**&**  
**ARTHUR TIMBEAU**

Once upon a time, in a far far away city called London there lived a man named Alex. He was tall and thin and he had beautiful blond hair. He was drinking tea in Kennington Lane café when, suddenly, he saw a man getting in the bus forgetting his luggage at the bus stop.

Alex, who had finished his tea and was leaving the café decided to take the luggage to give it back to its owner.

It was a brown leather suitcase. And he didn't see any tag or any name written on it so he decided to take it to his home and bring it back to the lost items office later.

When he arrived to his apartment he was so exhausted that he fell asleep as soon his head touched the pillow.

In the middle of the night, he was woken up by a sound, as if someone was banging on the door. He got up and went to his door but there was nothing out there so he thought that he had imagined what he heard. He had barely closed his eyes when he heard it a second time. But, this time, he knew from where it was coming.

It was from the brown luggage, which was in the corner of the room. He went to the suitcase and he took it to put it on his bed. But when he came closer to open it, the sound started again just under his hand. He unlocked the luggage with a shaking hand but even before he could move an eyelash, the luggage opened and creature got out of it and yelled:

“Hello, I'm Dobby the house elf!!!!”

But even before the strange creature could take a breath, the luggage closed on him.

Alex was totally shocked and he took a moment to calm down. After a moment, no sound came from the luggage so he decided to reopen it. But when he did it, Dobby, who was a little bit disappointed by the welcoming, started to yell that it was very very rude and he sprayed a perfume in Alex's eyes.

Alex was totally blind for a few second and when he could reopen his eyes, the room was empty and he just took

the time to put on his shoes before he started to run out after Dobby.

But when he started to go after him, he saw, in the middle of the street, a huge and creepy dragon. He stumbled with surprise and everywhere he started to see a lot of strange creatures with horns or tails.

After an instant of surprise he decided that the only one who could explain what was happening was Dobby. Suddenly he saw at the crossroads a luggage which was running. Hum wait... what? A luggage can't run! He suddenly understood that Dobby was hidden under the luggage and was running away.

A great chase started in the entire town. Each time Alex was almost catching Dobby; this latter was disappearing and reappeared at the next crossroad. This entire run took end at the top of Big Ben after a perilous climbing of the building.

When he arrived at the top, Dobby was playing with the tourists. Alex cleared his throat and asked him:

“Who are you and what did you do to me?”

“I already told you that I'm Dobby, the house elf, and I just send in your eyes some potion of clear view.” Dobby explained with his little voice.

“But I don't want of your clear view ability!! I just want to go home and forget all of this story!”

“If you really want it, it's not a problem; I will just need a ghouls' finger, a mermaid's tear and a dragon's scale.”

“What? But, where can I found that?” Alex exclaimed.

“Come on, it's not that hard, you can find Gilbert the dragon at the crossroad of Henrietta St and Bedford St and the ghouls usually live in cemeteries. For the sirens, I am sure that you can find by yourself.”

“OK I will be there before the end of the night.”

So he went to find Gilbert and he succeeded to take a scale from him, even if he burnt his hair in the process. Then he went to Brompton graveyard and when the ghouls started to give his hand to say hello, Alex cut a finger from it and started to run away. Unfortunately for him, ghouls are living

in gangs but he finally managed to escape from the gang. A part of his pants had been ripped off by one of them.

Finally, he went to the Thames and swam to find a mermaid. When he found one, he started to tell her how he had lost his kitten Loli last year and how miserable he was about it. He did so well that the mermaid started to cry and he hurried to take the tear before running back to Big Ben.

When he reached Dobby, he was sleeping so tight that Alex had to scream into his hears to wake him up.

When he saw the ingredients, Dobby's eye gleamed; he took them with great care and, in a split second, ate all of them.

Alex was shocked and started to shout at him:

"What the hell did you just do? I spent the night to find these ingredients and you ate them like that! How can you give me my normal life back now??"

But before he could go on further, Dobby snapped his fingers.

In the morning, in a far far away city called London, a man named Alex woke up. He was tall, thin and he had no hair on his head. His bed was totally wet and half of his pants was missing. And he was waking up from a very very weird dream.



# DANGEROUS LOVE

WRITTEN BY

**ASSA SIRA**  
**&**  
**LISON THIERY**

It all started in the streets of London. A young woman named Liriya entered a building. The place seemed abandoned but Liriya took the elevator and went down and that's when the story becomes interesting. In the basement, three other women were sitting in front of their computers:

"Hey girls!"

"Hey Liriya!"

"Ok so today it's a bit more complex..."

The one who just spoke is the boss, her name is Amiléa Parker, and she is the most experimented of all of us. Oh by the way, our work is to kill people for money, a lot of money :)

"Your target is the senator". She said it kindly as if she wanted to calm me down but it did not work.

"WHAT?!" Oops, I screamed!

"Yeah it's a little tougher this time"

I could not believe it. THE SENATOR! He was the toughest target I ever had. He was very very protected during the big ceremony. I came to doubt myself. Unbelievable!

And when I was leaving...

"Oh I almost forgot, you will be with the new one."

"What new one?"

"Oh, an American, his name is Alex. He is from another company.

Shit! I was going be with an amateur. I was really mad at Amiléa. It did not really make it easy for me.

"You start tomorrow."

The next day, I saw him. He was tall, with brown hair and blue eyes. I had never seen a man so handsome, he was gorgeous. I WAS IN LOVE. But of course never mix love and work...

“Hey”, he said. I was looking at him with love.

“Hey, I’m Lirya”. I had a smile far too big.

So we were mutually introducing each other quickly and we talked about our business for a long moment. It was cool and at the same time I felt like I knew him because we looked alike.

But in fact after talking about business and everything I understood that I had to coach him to fight...

I saw him two weeks after in one of our shooting training room. When he arrived I felt strange.

During this training we were very close and we laughed a lot. I thought I wanted to see him again but I had the impression that it was not for work...

I trained him for another three weeks and the senator would be for us. But I did not hurry, strangely.

The big day arrived. The day we had to kill that f\*\*\*ing senator... I was pretty stressed and Alex also finally I thought. We waited for him behind his hotel and the time was very long.

It was dark. His 2 bodyguards got out first and Alex was in charge. As for me, I really had to kill the senator.

When I saw the 2 bodyguards on the ground .I rushed to the luxury watch of one of the bodyguards and I put it in my pocket.

The senator was supposed to leave 65 seconds after and I must be focused.

When he saw the two corpses, he took his phone but I shot it. The scared senator fell to the ground and it was easy for me to kill him.

When the job was finished I looked at Alex with passion and joy because we finally did it. We must flee but Alex took my hand and kissed me languorously .We finally cracked... I had fallen in love with a killer.



# THE MYSTERY OF THE LOCKER

WRITTEN BY

**ELI VERDET**

18 months before the 2012 London Olympics, Alex Basher, 21 years old, was going home after his three and a half hours of daily jogging. His body was streaming with sweat. Once in his living room, he fed his goldfish and rushed in the shower. He was living in London, two blocks from the British Museum, in a small apartment that he did not rent for much. He had stopped his medical studies to devote himself fully to athletics, specifically to the 100-meter race. It was his passion and he dreamed of being able to participate in the Olympics that would take place in London this year. He trained five days a week, in addition to his jogging, in a track and field club. He was the most successful runner on the team and had already won several trophies.

As he warmed up on field trips, before training, his coach, Mr. Eduard, asked him to come:

"Yes, coach?" said the young man.

"I'm proud of your level. Last Monday, you really achieved very good performances. A friend of mine works in recruiting young athletes for the Olympics and I would like to talk to him about you. What do you think?"

"Really?" Alex was dreaming.

Mr. Eduard, with a smile, replied: "So? You want it or not?" And Alex stammered: "Buu... Bu... But... But yes, that's... downright!"

The coach went on:

"You will have to pass an extremely difficult competition where you will have to face other young runners who dream just as much as you to participate in the Olympics. You will have to push your limits with each one of your trainings."

Alex wanted to jump everywhere but controlled himself in order not to look ridiculous in front of this man who was changing his life.

Alex then increased the number of hours of his daily jogging and finished all his trainings late at night. He was obsessed with one thing: his competition.

3 days before the event.

It was 5 a.m. and Alex was getting ready to go to the training place to find his mates and was looking everywhere for his second black sock with yellow dots. After ten minutes of growling and swearing, he found it under a copy of the newspaper "The Times" that had dropped under his bed.

Finally arriving at the locker room, he opened his locker and discovered a beautiful painting, quite small, with a beautiful misty sunset on a rough sea. He did not understand what could have happened. From the stadium, his companions called him:

"Alex! What are you doing? You're maybe the best in the race but you're the best in being late!" They laughed together.

"I'm coming!" he shouted, while thinking: "I mustn't be unfocused, I pass this contest and after we'll see."

The training ended and he went back to open his locker but the painting was gone! He thought he could have dreamed and went home. Once he opened his mailbox, He collected his newspaper and a few letters. He read on the front page of the Times, written in bold: "ROBBERY OF A TURNER PAINTING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM!" The illustration was the one of the painting he had found in his locker. Alex couldn't believe his eyes. He didn't sleep during the night, filled with questions in his mind: "Had the thief hidden the painting a few hours in his locker? How could he get his key? Why me? Where was the painting now?"

The day after, he came late for his training. He rushed to open his locker and the surprise was incredible: He discovered a splendid small African statue carefully carved in ebony wood with big eyes. Alex didn't have time to understand, once again his friends called him vigorously. Only 2 days to go before the contest. Dismayed, he couldn't speak to anyone about it. Then he ran to the stadium.

The day before the competition.

Alex had to do his last training before the race. He opened his locker thinking he would find another work of art but to his astonishment, a white dove rushed out of the locker and brushed his face. Alex lost his balance and narrowly caught himself on a bench. The bird was looking for a way out bumping against the windows of the corridor. The sound of his wings and shocks against the walls froze the young man. Finally, the bird managed to escape. Alex rushed to the stadium, late again.

In the starting blocks...

He was stressed. His belly was tight and his heart was beating louder and louder. He thought back of what his coach had said to him: "You concentrate, you have only one goal, when you hear the shot, you release everything and you rush!"

The gun shot. He couldn't hear anything around him except his breath; it was as if a wall was built around his brain that only let one piece of information out: "Run!". He barely heard the clamor as he crossed the line. He turned to see the other runners and then noticed that they were all behind him. He looked at the audience and through his tears he saw a white spot among the crowd. He rubbed his eyes and recognized the mysterious white bird on the shoulder of a woman whose face he could not see. He rushed to her to finally know who was behind these riddles. The further he went, the more fans rushed to him. Blocked, he struggled nervously among the cheerful crowd who cheered him. He had just enough time to see the bird flying above him and disappearing in the sky. He would never know...



# THE GHOST OF JOHN SOANE

WRITTEN BY

**ASSA SOW**  
**&**  
**ISMAELA TRAORE**

31st October 1999

Dear Diary,

I'll tell you a story: A young couple, Alex and Veronica, are on holiday in London. They decide to spend a day in the north of London. Alex, who really loves the supernatural suggests to go to the John Soane Museum, Veronica disagrees with him. She prefers strolling in Lincoln Inn Park but to please Alex she accepts to go to the museum which contains those things that terrify her so much.

Once in the museum, Alex is amazed by what he sees, he wants to go to all the rooms and Veronica is not at ease but she follows him in the rooms.

In the first room, they see a sculpture of Dracula. For Alex it is not scary enough. He turns around to go to the other rooms and see more interesting things. For Veronica, it was already too much. She stays staring at the statue when she sees the sculpture talk to her.

She screamed "AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!"

Alex runs to his wife and asks : "what is happening?"

"I I I heard the statue speak to me."

"But no, it's probably your imagination. Come with me in this room, I have something to show you."

She follows him without speaking. They enter in another room. She sees a painting which reminds her of bad memories.

"I want to see something more interesting!" says Alex, "let's go to another room."

"Go! I follow you."

When Alex turns around, the painting says to Veronica "*I told you to never come again!*"

Veronica runs out of the room and joins Alex. She is crying: "I WANT TO GO HOME!!"

"Why? What do you have?"

"I do not feel good in this museum!"

"Okay,okay but first put water on your face in the toilets!" says Alex, panicking.

She enters the toilets, washes her face and she looks at herself in the mirror. A dark shadow goes out of the mirror. She freezes for 30 seconds but it is enough for the shadow. The shadow grabs Veronica and imprisons her in the toilets. As for Alex, he is getting impatient. He goes to the toilets but he doesn't see his girlfriend. He knocks at all toilet doors but she does not reply. He is worried and looks for his girlfriend everywhere in the museum He searches even in Lincoln Inn Park but he does not find her. The night was starting to fall and he still hasn't found her! He goes back to the museum where there is nobody It was the end of the visits.

Suddenly he hears the voice of Veronica. He turns around and sees his girlfriend with a black shadow around her.

“Where were you?”

“I had warned her! Not to come back here!” says a deep voice

“What?”

“You are going to die!” says Veronica, possessed by the ghost of John Soane.

Veronica catches her boyfriend and strangles him. The ghost comes out of Veronica and repeats: “I warned you.”

“What should I do to stop it?”

“Never come back in London!”

And the shadow fades away.

The ghost of John Soane wanted evil at Veronica because during her first visit when she was a very young girl, she had broken a sculpture and the curse followed her!

When you read this page, I will be with Alex. Yes, I am Veronica!

XOXO



# THE MYSTERY FAMILY

WRITTEN BY

**LOUISE DEGOUVE DE NUNCQUES  
&  
MARIE LOU SOULARD**

Crowthorne, 2018

December 19th 2018 at midnight. I am at Broadmoor Psychiatric Hospital in Crowthorne. Father Patrick has been in his cell for 7 months now. His condition worsened severely and doctors diagnosed a denial of speech and visual delirium related to severe trauma. Specialists just know that he was coming back from the "crime house" 25 miles from Highgate Cemetery. It was a villager who found him by the side of the road leading to the city in a state of delirium. The doctors don't know any more, but at first sight his condition is terrifying. I would therefore like to warn the entire population to stay away from this house! The police minimizes this story by making it look like a simple suicide, but it's much more than that.

Katie Wilson

Journalist

A year earlier, London, 2017, in the news agency.

"Greg, it's already been four months since you promised me a deal and I still have nothing."

"Ah Katie! You're just in time. I just have something for you. You see the house near Highgate Cemetery, forty kilometers away, there is a house. It happens that a few hours ago, two little twin sisters ended their lives in this house. So I'm asking you to go there.

"Great! Finally! But hey, sad story anyway. All right, I'll go right away."

It was getting dark in London. The city was covered with a vast white carpet. Katie called a taxi waving her hand. Once the car stopped, she sat in the back seat.

“5 Wollstreet, please.”

Two hours passed and Katie finally arrived at her destination. The taxi stopped in front of a large, isolated house. It was surrounded by trees that barely let the rays of the rising moon filter through.

About fifty police officers, inspectors and scientists were entering and leaving the house.

Katie stopped a policeman to ask him information, but he didn't even bother answering her. So she decided to enter the house without asking anyone for permission. She observed the place and noted: “*large, dusty staircase, creepy cellar, intact house*”

Suddenly, a voice made her startle.

“It's 11 p. m., little lady. We have to leave now.”

Katie turned around and saw a large policeman in a blue uniform.

“Please, give me some more time.”

“No, no way, get the hell out of here!”

He took Katie by the arm and threw her out.

So she decided to wait until everyone had left before breaking into the crime scene. She waited for thirty minutes, then forty five, and after an hour, the last car had left. She found herself alone with the huge house.

The journalist had a moment of hesitation, to stay or leave. But Katie really needed this case, so she decided to take her courage with both hands and enter the house.

It was dark. Katie took out her phone to get some light, but she had no battery left. But fortunately she had a spare lamp. She lit it and began to visit the place. Katie entered a room, she lit the walls, the ceiling, she saw a lot of crucifixes. She walked in the dark, and stumbled on something big and soft.

She lowered her lamp to see more clearly and discovered with horror a slit body lying in a huge pool of blood. Stunned by the horror of the scene, the journalist remained petrified.

After coming to her senses, Katie feverishly pulled out her camera. The flash light illuminated the whole room. She positioned herself in front of the door to take a picture of the whole room. Once the picture was taken, Katie left the room, leaned against the wall and let herself slide down to sit.

The young woman took a deep breath and looked at the picture. She screamed in horror and dropped her camera. On her camera, two inanimate bodies could be clearly seen with their faces torn off.

Suddenly, a noise was heard on the first floor, like a squeaking wooden floor. Katie was intrigued, but nevertheless anxious. She went up to see. The steps of the old staircase creaked under her feet. The walls were covered with crucifixes.

A loud noise was heard in a room above.

"Maybe it's the murderer", Katie thought.

So she walked with a decided step to see the so-called murderer.

But the bedroom door slammed so loudly that Katie ran back down.

She came out of that terrible house and ran, ran, ran, to the first house near the city.

Once she arrived home, she didn't even take the time to wash and went straight to bed. But she couldn't sleep, she kept thinking about what she had seen.

"Do I have to say all this to Greg, Sydney?" Katie said to her dog, Sydney, who was sleeping at her feet.

Katie finally went back to bed and fell asleep.

"Oh, my God!"

She woke up in sweat and turned her light on;

"Oh Sydney, it was horrible, blood, entrails of the eyes of dead bodies, oh my God!"

The young woman bent over to see what time it was.



“4:35 in the morning” she sighed.

“Knock, knock, knock” someone had just knocked on the door. She got up again a little bit under the shock of her nightmare and went to open the door. But there was no one there. She looked around, but saw nothing... When Katy wanted to walk into the lobby, she saw a box. She leaned over, picked it up and closed the door. “But what is this?” thought Katy, “who can drop off a package for me at this hour?”

Then, she opened the package and shouted in horror before falling to the ground. A few minutes passed and the young woman got up painfully and trembling. She went to get her camera and took a picture of the content of the package. In this small cardboard box there were two eyes and a photo dating back to the year 1932 representing two twin sisters. She closed the box and put it in her fridge in case she needed it and put the picture on her desk. The night went by and Katy couldn't sleep. “Tomorrow I will return to this house!” she said to Sydney. Katy had just run from home to arrive as soon as possible at the famous residence. Once she arrived, she rushed into the house. There was no police officer or scientist yet, and they wouldn't pay any more attention.

With a hesitant step she entered and returned to the large living room where the bodies of the two sisters were. But something surprised her: the last time she came, yesterday, the body of the first twin was lying on her back, her head turned upwards, and there, she was to the door. She approached with a hesitant step and noticed that on the other twin, symbols were carved. Katy took pictures to compare them to the previous day's pictures. She also took close up pictures. Then she left the living room to go upstairs. Last time she went there it didn't go very well. That's why she'd rather stay on her guard. The journalist climbed up the squeaky staircase and arrived at a first door.

“Weird, why didn't any police officers come up to this floor?” Katy asked herself.

She opened the door and entered.

“Wow! It's beautiful!”

The room was beautifully decorated, a huge Christmas tree stood in the middle of the room, garlands everywhere and candles. On the fireplace, we could see two socks embroidered with gold thread: Julie and Britney.

“Without providing the last names of the family members”, Katy thought. She took pictures of the whole room and all the decorations. “They prepared Christmas, with extraordinary decorations. No doubt, this family was happy.”

Katy searched the room but couldn't find anything more. “I've seen enough for today, I'm going home!” Katy was about to leave, but the door suddenly closed in front of her, preventing her from leaving. She tried in vain to open the door but it was locked. She called for help and a policeman opened the door.

“Well, then, little one, how did you lock yourself in?”

“Excuse me?!?!? How did I lock myself in?”

“Hey oh, don't mess with me! What are you doing here again?”

“I was just planning to leave, move away!”

Back home, Katy began to wonder: the eyes, the 1932 picture, the murdered twins, the crucifixes.... With her detective mind, Katy concluded that this case was not about reality. So she decided to call an old friend, Father Patrick who had baptized her as a child.

He rushed to her house when he heard the news.

“Hurry, hurry, I absolutely have to show you the pictures I took,” Katy said in panic. She scrolled through the photos, but the priest's gaze stopped on one of them on Katy's desk.

“Who is that in this picture?”

I don't know, it's a picture from 1932 that was given to me in a parcel with eyes that I put in the fridge, Katy replied.

"I'm borrowing it from you. I'll need it for my investigation."

The priest put the photo carefully in his bag with a surprised look.

Two weeks later, when she had no news, Katy decided to visit her friend Patrick. She knocked on his door, and it opened suddenly.

"Hey Katy, there you are, come in quick, I have lots of information for you! But don't speak too loudly, she might hear us."

"But who are you talking about? Is there someone in your house? Anyway, show me what you have to show me."

Patrick remained frozen on the spot, staring at the wall.

"What's the matter?" said Katy.

"Don't move, she's right behind you."

Suddenly, the priest started running as if to escape danger. The young woman tried to catch him, but he threw himself out of the window. Katy, frightened, called for help.

"Yes, hello, my friend jumped out of the window!!! Come quickly."

"Is he hurt?"

"He's still breathing, but he's in very bad shape, so make it fast"

At the hospital, the journalist questioned the doctor who was leaving her friend's room.

"Is he going to be all right?"

"Yes, but sorry to announce it like this, but following the events produced, we will send him to the Crowthorne Psychiatric Hospital."

"What do you mean, what events?"

"You don't know about this? These events are related to traumas that occurred last week."

"Do the best for him."

Worried about her friend, the journalist wanted to find out what had happened.

So she decided to go and see Patrick's personal belongings for herself.

Luckily, the front door had remained open. Curious and determined to solve the mystery, she pushed the door and entered.

On the priest's desk was a large file with "KATY WILSON" written on it. Intrigued, the young woman took the file and read it carefully.

She dropped the case without even reacting, shocked by what she had just discovered. She took out her dictaphone and said:

"Katy Wilson, I'm in Father Patrick's apartment, I just discovered that I'm related to the two twin sisters who were found dead.

It also happens that my biological mother, whom I have never seen before, is said to be connected to these murders.

I don't have any more details, and Father Patrick is in no condition to answer my questions. It will remain a mystery"

# THE FANCY DRESS PARTY

WRITTEN BY

**CHAIMA IZOUYAR**  
**&**  
**NTSAAYI DARDAINE N'SONDE**

## CHAPTER I

Zack is in the double decker bus, he is stressed. He has an appointment near Buckingham Palace with Allison, his girlfriend who he will finally introduce to his twin sister. Allison is not a Londoner she is a Parisian born from English parents. Zack is waiting for her outside Victoria Tube station. He sees Allison climbing the stairs to join him upstairs, she's a very pretty girl.

"How beautiful you are today?"

"Thank you, you too, my love."

"Baby we'll be late for the appointment."

They have an appointment at Starbuck's, with Zack's twin sister

"She likes making a beautiful entrance, to be remarkable."

Zack and Allison are waiting in Starbuck's

"Here we are at 27 Berkeley Street"; Miss Smith's driver says.

"Thanks, Christofer", answers Miss Shirpey Smith, "Alex darling, let's go!"

Shirpey and Alex enter in Starbucks.

"Here's my twin and his girlfriend" says Zack to Allison.

"Hey Alison! What a small world!!" says Alex.

Allison and Alex had already met at a party in Paris.

"Do you guys know each other?" exclaim the two twins simultaneously.

"Yes", answers Allison, confusingly.

Finally, the afternoon at the Starbuck's went well. The atmosphere got more relaxed. In front of the Starbuck's, Zack whisperers to his sisters.

"I hope you do not mind, but I have invited Allison to our pool party?!"

"Ahh you have..."

## CHAPTER II

“Daddy!! I still need some money for the pool party.”

“Again ! Shirpey don’t push it! I have already booked for you and your brother a room and a pool at the Ritz... and you still want more money!!”

“But it’s for me and not for Zack, I really need it.”

“Okay only £2000.”

“That’s all...? Thanks anyway Daddy!”

Shirpey picks up her phone and FaceTimes Jessica, her best friend.

“Hi Jess, are you there?”

“I’m here, how are you?”

“Good and you? I am finishing the preparations for the pool party.”

“What! Zack is not helping you?”

“No, he is still with his girlfriend!”

“What! What! His girlfriend? Since when?” exclaimed Jessica.

“Well, for a month! But what’s wrong with it?”

“Oh... nothing”, says Jessica embarrassed. “It’s just that it’s not fair not to help you with the preparations!”

“Don’t worry, Zack is too bad at decorating! He has given me full power.”

“And so, you are with Alex then, are you?”

“Well Alex and Allison are friends...”

Jessica asks Shirpey: “How do they know each other? And doesn’t it bother you, Shirpey?”

“Don’t worry, I have a plan !”

*Alison is in a swimsuit store with Jessica and Shirpey.*

Jessica is asking Allison a lot of questions about her relationship with Zack. They buy their swimsuits and masks.

### **CHAPTER III**

It is the D Day. It is 7:30 p.m. The guests are starting to arrive and Shirpey is happy to see so many people. But

Alex has not arrived yet and Shirpey is worried. Zack and Allison are near the bar, they are talking about everything...

Jessica arrives at the bar and Zack begins to blush. Allison does not feel comfortable. Shirpey is getting impatient. Alex is still not there. Finally he arrives, it is 7:59pm. Shirpey can finally focus on her birthday party and her little plan... It's an evening where at 8pm everyone needs to put on a mask. Allison puts on a beautiful mask and a very posh dress. The party is great.

When Allison decides to put on her beautiful swimsuit and go to the pool, DISASTER!!! When she moves in the water everyone is looking at her. She does not understand why everyone is looking at her. She has lost the top of her bikini. Earlier, she had asked Shirpey to help her tie the swimsuit. Allison is shocked by the laughs. Where is Zack? Alex comes to her with a bathrobe to hide the top of her body. Shirpey is happy with her plan but it's not over. Alex takes Allison in a corner to make her regain her senses. Allison returns to the party with her beautiful dress. Shirpey apologizes and Allison tells her that it could have happened to anyone. Allison goes to the bar to drink an orange juice. Jessica arrives, they talk quietly. The party is superb everyone dances, talks, sings, laughs, has fun ... Shirpey is proud of her organization. Jessica holds a glass of grape juice in her hand. You have to be careful with this kind of juice, it is very staining. Shirpey goes behind Jessica and jostles her, flipping the glass over Allison's beautiful dress. OMG!! But what's going on, Allison is not coming back, some drops of grape juice fall on her beautiful dress. What a disaster!! And it's Alex who comes to help her. "Where is Zack??" wonders Allison. She does not see him but she seeks him but with all this crowd and these masks she still can't find her boyfriend. So she follows Alex. Who tries to clean up the stains, but he can't. That why Alex lends one of his outfits. Alex returns to the party and lets Allison change. Once she has changed, she sees him to thank him.

"Oh, frankly thank you very much, you saved my life twice tonight!!"



"Oh don't exaggerate, I did not "save your life". I just helped you as everyone would have done."

"No, only you came to help me"

"It's true that it's not nice that no one came to help. Most of the guests laughed."

"You see, even Zack did not come!!"

Allison leaves by kissing Alex's cheek.

Shirpey gets more and more upset, because everything she does to humiliate Allison pushes her toward Alex even more. Jessica comes over to Allison to apologize and tells her that she does not know how this disaster happened. Alison tells her that it's not her, it's because of the person who has jostled her. Jessica says that she didn't recognize the person who pushed her and that he was wearing a mask.

Shirpey goes to the toilet to cool off. The lights go out, like a shower of stars lightening the room. Shirpey is shocked. What's going on? It's the Good Fairy coming.

"My dear child..."

"Who are you ?" Shirpey interrupts her.

"I am the Good Fairy, here to protect those who need it."

"Thanks, but I don't need any help."

"Oh, I know that, my child. But that poor Allison you're humiliating tonight, she needs help."

"What ????? Me humiliating someone, it's not my style," Shirpey laughed.

"It's not funny, Shirpey. Take me seriously and stop it right now."

"Or what?"

"If not I'll turn you into a squirrel, like the ones in Hyde Park!"

"Oh, into a squirrel, it's such a cute animal!"

"Cute? Everything remains to be seen, my child!"

And the Good Fairy disappeared.

Shirpey doesn't take the Good Fairy seriously. She calls Allison to join her in a small hidden room at the Ritz. Shirpey has put a pot of paint at the top of the door. The

second Allison pushes the door, the pot of paint spills on her. Allison is upset, confused, she doesn't believe what has just happened. Once again Shirpey has humiliated her. A pot of paint on her hair, OMG!!!!

"What the hell do you have against me?" asks Allison crying to Shirpey

"What??? From the first moment I saw you in Starbuck's with Zack. I knew you were going to get me into trouble."

"Me getting you into trouble?! Since the beginning of the evening, you keep giving me sh\*t. I have never done anything to you!"

"I see your little game with Alex, you don't really love my brother and you're making him suffer."

"My little game with Alex?? But he's the one who comes to see me because your brother has not paid attention to me all night. He spends his time talking to Jessica."

"I know that in Paris you and Alex were really close! Don't speak ill of my brother, if Jessica talks to him it's because she's a real friend."

"A true friend!!! But she's friend with you just because she's in love with your brother! Alex and I kissed during that evening, it's true, but nothing else. After that evening we haven't seen each other again.

"Jessica? In love with Zack? Not at all!!!"

"It's true, I'm in love with him," said Jessica, who comes out of nowhere.

Zack arrives just behind Jessica.

"What???" say the twins at the same time.

"Yes, I love you, Zack, it's true, I've been feeling that way about you for a long time now."

Next, Alex gets in. He doesn't fully understand what's going on.

"What the hell is going on here?"

"So this is the evening of great revelations," Zack replies ironically.

"Seriously!!! Allison, what happened to your hair?"

"You care more about Allison than me," says Shirpey, angry.

"Shirpey spilled a pot of paint on my hair. Since the beginning of the evening she's been doing everything she can to humiliate me."

"What? But why would Shirpey do something like that?!"

"But it's for you that I did it, I love you. you don't understand or what?"

"You love me, but that's not love! Allison is a really nice girl, beautiful and respectful."

Shirpey adds: "What? You are defending her and you're against me, Alex! So only Zack really loves me!"

"No Shirpey, I love you I'm your brother but I'm not with you on this one? Even though it wasn't true love between Allison and me, you had no right to do what you did. It's mean and unhealthy."

"You're all against me, you're bad and vile!!!!!" shouts Shirpey crying and running.

"What's happening to her?" asks Zack.

"She's not like usual." said Alison.

"I don't know what's happening to her, but she really pissed me off. I wonder how I ever loved a girl like that."

"I still don't understand what I did to her!"

"Don't worry, Allison, that's not the problem, but she is."

"It's true, you love me, Jessica?" asks Zack.

"Yes I love you and I have always loved you!"

"Oh excuse me Allison, but I think our story will end there and I'll start a new story with Jess, if she wants to."

"Oh yes I have always loved you, Zack!!!" says Jessica with extreme joy.

"Nice", said an embarrassed Allison

Zack and Jessica go back to the party hand in hand.

"I'd like to start a story too, with you Allison." says Alex.

"With me?"

“Yes, you. Since the kiss in Paris I've been thinking about you.”

“Oh really!!! I've been thinking of you too.”

Alex and Allison kiss, full of love for each other.

Shirpey cries, cries and cries, in a small corner of the room. The Good Fairy returns.

“So, my child, what's happening to you?”

“Everyone hates me. I lost my boyfriend, my best friend and even my twin brother.”

“I told you to stop, but you didn't listen to me.

“Good Fairy, what can I do now?”

“Now you can go apologize. But you can't change the love between Alex and Allison or Zack and Jessica.”

“Okay, Good Fairy, but why didn't you turn me into a squirrel?”

“Because I saw how sad you were for losing the people you love. I'm the Good Fairy, here to help people, not to make them suffer even more.”

“Thank you very much, Good Fairy!!”

And the Good Fairy disappeared. Jessica and Zack lived the perfect love. Allison and Alex lived happily ever after and had many children.

# LOST REVENGE

WRITTEN BY

**FARIDATOU N'DA**  
**&**  
**FAZNA ADAME**

“And that’s it! It’s for you my little boy! All you need to do is to put it preciously in your bedroom not to lose this pretty lantern. I hope for you that this one will be the one that you are going to use in seven days? For February 15<sup>th</sup>?”

“Thanks ma’am, I will pay attention. And if I take more candies, can I know the total price with the lantern and the candies please?” asked the little boy with his ticket of £10.

“It will be £5 my son”, replied the sales woman to the child.

As you can see, everything seemed normal here in Chinatown. Despite the winter, the weather was bright and sunny. For a few minutes, my colleague and I were there, to watch the happiness of the Chinese people of London who were present to celebrate this event. Today was the 7<sup>th</sup> day of the next eight days that would follow the Chinese New Year. The last day of the party, the lanterns fly in the sky. For every Chinese New Year, I come to see that party which reminds me of my Chinese origins. But for 3 years, it was special: I came to the party being a policewoman and my work was to see if nothing was strange at the party.

The police was really discreet among the crowd celebrating the New Year which was coming. There were activities for the adults and for the children, people talking about China and sales of cakes... But among these normal people, we were looking for some people who were hiding among the crowd. Knowing that, I had been coming for many years, I knew it was the period for English people. In fact, it was the perfect opportunity to do their illegal trafficking that gets them a lot of money. Yes, very much money. These people were unhealthy and are only looking to enrich their business. The goods of the criminals came from Peru near Lima. The city was the place where the organ traffickers found the most hearts. Organ trafficking was beneficial to them. Digging the bodies of their deceased ancestors to get organs? They could do it. £10,000 for a heart, we can say that with these hearts, they were very rich.

For a week now, a new colleague was among us and the captain told us that Steven, my new colleague, wasn't much experienced and he was going to stay for a month only. During the week, I had to work with him, so find those famous traffickers with his help. I told to Steven to catch them to the evidence. We could not go to court empty-handed.

By the way, my name is Shancai. Zhu Shancai, to be precise. As a policewoman, I have been working for six months on a difficult case to stop these organ traffickers. I knew that in the next 8 days it would not be easy for me to catch them. Not sleeping at night and taking every step as an important element was fundamental to me. Even if I die, I had to find them.

It was 6:45 pm and we were February 12<sup>th</sup>. Three days remained before the lanterns party took place. With Steven, we had set up a plan that was going to work well if everything was fine. Our organization was clear. After other detectives had succeeded to find the discussions of the famous Alex Taylor. Finally, we knew everything that was going on the next 3 days.

Five days ago, we had just discovered that Alex was going to sell a heart to an important woman who was known in politics. And this sale was going to be today. If the messages did not lie, she did not actually want any heart. It was the heart of a former dead politician and nobody had found the body. For this politician, she was ready to do anything! Even to give orders to Alex in the goal to kill the politician... And for this reason, we understood that Alex Taylor was a trafficker and a murderer. According to the messages, he was going to cover himself with a scarf with red squares with black details. This scarf would be under an entirely black outfit and Alex would carry a bag where the heart would be. As for the politician woman, she was going to wear brown leather tight boots and on her long hair she would wear a hat in polar bear skin.

The appointment was planned for 7:45p.m at the subway station Leicester Square. With Steven, it was several minutes that we observed the station discreetly. We were in plain clothes. With our police uniforms, we could risk getting noticed.

6:58p.m, the great lady had just arrived and as she said in the conversation with Alex, she was wearing her white hat and her beautiful boots. Every minute, her eyes were riveted on her watch which probably cost the salary of an entire life of a simple cashier from McDonald's.

How could a great lady like her, known as Amanda Cooper, need a dead heart from Alex Taylor? And why did she absolutely want that heart and not another? It is true that in the press, it is said that it was one of the politicians with who she got along the least... But what happened for her to want his death and even his heart? And above all, what was she going to do with this man's heart? Case to follow...

A few minutes later, Alex appeared in my field of vision. I nudged Steven to follow what was going to happen. Alex Taylor and Amanda Cooper were there, in front of us. But we couldn't hear what they were saying. But how to approach them and hear what they said? :

“Steven I got an idea! Listen to me carefully.”

“Yes Shancai?”

I looked one last time their positioning and then I turned to Steven:

“You are about to take your walkie-talkie,” I said taking them out of my backpack

“Alright, but what do I do with it?”

I huffed and looked to my left. We were like 2 lovebirds but the train was coming in 2 minutes. We had to do it.

“You'll go next to them, pretend you're waiting for the subway and as soon as the metro comes in, you'll push Alex without doing it on purpose. You follow me?”



“Yes. And after that? “

“And you will intentionally drop the things he has in his hands. As soon as his stuff falls down, you'll pick up everything fast, including his phone.”

“Alright I get it! And normally, he will not pay attention and will quickly get on the subway before the doors close.”

“Exactly.”

Steve huffed, turned on his walkie-talkie so I could hear what they said to each other, and set off for action. As soon as the metro arrived, as expected, he pushed Alex and put all his stuff down on the ground:

“Pay attention! I'm going to miss my train!” shouted Alex.

From that moment, the seconds were counted. In 10 seconds, if Steven had not taken Alex's phone, the doors would close. I did not see the scene well but I heard through the walkie-talkie.

Seconds later, I saw Alex and Amanda coming up quickly on the subway. And finally, Steven came back. I could not know if he had the phone because no expression was written on his face. After the subway was gone, Steven and I left the station to get in the car.

With a neutral face, he put one of his hands in his pocket, taking out a cigarette. He lit it and then took it to his mouth. He offered me one that I accepted. Giving me the cigarette, he pulled out the phone and handed it to me. At the sight of the phone, I had a big smile on my face and my eyes focused on the messages of Alex Taylor. I knew exactly what was going to happen during the next three days and especially on February 15th with a certain Bob...

“Girls, girls and girls! Looks like it's all about Alex! At least, I hope he'll be happy when I'll be handcuffing him tonight and take him to prison!” I said mockingly.

“Looks like you're looking forward to tonight? asked Steven who was smiling at me, holding Alex's phone in his hands

“If you knew! My parents, who are dead now, took me to these festivals. It was very important to them. They do not want me to forget my Asian origins. Even though they came to live in England, our country has remained engraved in our heart, China.”

“Shancai, you don’t have to talk about your parents you know...”

“They were good people; they had a hard time getting me. Sometimes I tell myself that I have not told them enough times that I love them.”

“I’m sure that they know that you love them” said Steven.

“If these organs traffickers didn’t kill them, I could have told them that I love them...”

“So are these organs traffickers responsible for their deaths?” asked Steven shyly.

“It was 10 years ago. I was 14 years old and once again, I was going to this famous Chinese festival. But during that time, I was the rebellious girl we see in the movies. You know the one who had a lot of girlfriends, who wanted to please boys but who wanted mostly to be free. I used to go to this festival each year with my parents. But that day, I decided to go to a friend's house in secret.”

“It happens to everyone to be rebellious to his parents Shancai” reassured Steven.

“Perhaps, but if I hadn’t been like that then, they would not have looked for me in every street corner to finally be killed by organ traffickers. Sometimes I tell myself it would be better for me to join them, and then I think that I cannot leave without getting my revenge. Since I was 14, it's my goal to catch one of their damned group members.”

“Well tonight, you will make your teenage dream a reality” Steven claimed.

“I hope so... Anyway, it’s okay for tonight? 8:10p.m at the restaurant?” I asked Steven.

“Of course! See you tonight! ”

8:10p.m was the time Steven and I met at this Chinese restaurant in London called Baozi Inn. Many people came to eat on the last day of Chinese New Year. Waiting for Steven, I ordered sushi. For 1 hour, I tried to reach him by all means: his professional number, his personal number but nothing worked. He did not answer. I then left the restaurant but I was so impatient that I kept looking at my watch carefully.

9:04 p.m the night had already fallen and still no sign from Steven. What had happened so that he would not come to the meeting? While I was stuck between fear and curiosity, I lifted my head and saw that the lanterns were already in the sky. Directly, I was eager to turn mine on. It was so beautiful, this dark sky with the lights rising higher and higher in the sky. I saw parents help their children to light theirs. It reminded me of my parents and me, and that, still today, I have trouble lighting it! It proves that we always need our parents even when one is 24 years old like me.

As I began to think of them, tears ran down on my cheeks. Regrets surfaced as well as remorse. I was about to take a tissue in my pocket when I felt my phone vibrate in my hand. It was Steven's call to which I directly replied:

“Where are you, I have been looking for you for an hour”, I said, shouting at him.

“I'll explain everything later ... But get in the tower on your right.”

“How do you know it's on my right?”

“If you want to do what you want to do for 10 years, go up!”

Without asking questions, I went to the tower he was talking about. Although I only knew Steven for a few days, I had a confidence that bound me to him as if I had known him forever. And I said to myself that after this investigation, I would have liked him to work with me to solve other mysteries.

9:33 p.m. I climbed the tower while being on the phone with him without really understanding why he was telling me to go upstairs. And there were a lot of stairs. But as an answer, he told me that from this point you could easily see Alex with one of his traffickers, Bob. It encouraged me to go upstairs.

I missed a few steps when I heard Steven's voice but also another voice:

“Are you with someone?” I asked him on the phone.

“But no! Come quickly!”

And that's what I did. While I had 5 steps left, I saw Steven accompanied by two men who were smiling at me:

“Who are these people Steven?” I asked, breathless.

“I introduce you to Alex Taylor and Bob Levinson, my great friends”, he answered me.

Alex Taylor slowly approached me while Steven spoke. At that moment, I came to understand that Steven had betrayed me and lied. And me? I had made myself a fool. As soon as I had time to turn around, I felt a cold object pointed at my heart and a hand strangling me that made me scream in pain:

“I'm Alex Taylor, the last man you'll hear before you die. It's my brother who killed your parents and today I'm just finishing the job. Your revenge will not be accomplished. But before leaving, remember one thing Shancai Zu...”

While he was talking I was trying to detach myself from that hand looking for air. But Alex Taylor had said the last sentence I would hear before resting forever:

“Great souls have will, weak souls have only wishes. Rest in peace Shancai.”

# THE GREAT FEAR

WRITTEN BY

**AZARIS BOUZIDI**  
**&**  
**NOE SAVOYAT**

It was a Monday, at the 77 Borough High Street, in a pub called George Inn. And like he used to do, Alex, a young man aged twenty one, was sitting with a friend. Drinking his coffee, he took the opportunity of the calm Monday morning to open a letter from his grandmother.

*My dear grandson Alex,*

*Monday, I'm going to a party organized by Christine. You know, my friend from the bingo club. I will leave at the end of the afternoon and I should come back the next morning. I need you to keep my manor in Cassiobury Park. I'll put my keys in a flower pot by the front door. You must also keep my animals: my two dogs, four cats and my parrot, Gugus. To feed them, give the dogs and cats patty and for Gugus, he has his special food.*

*I thank you infinitely,*

*Your grandmother who loves you.*

Once night came, he took the underground nearby, at Wembley Park station on the Jubilee line. He changed and took the Metropolitan line at Watford to finally arrive at Cassiobury Park.

It was 8 o'clock when he arrived in front of the manor. He opened the squeaky gate and looked at the huge gloomy garden in the middle of the night. Alex walked to the front door and found the keys in the yellow tulip pot. The big wooden door resisted but he managed to open it by forcing. The corridor was dark, we saw only furniture forms. Alex turned on the light, and walked to the living room. A big silence was dominating when suddenly the animals jumped on him. And he then began to do exactly what his grandmother wanted: giving some patty for the two fat dogs, the four cats, and finally giving his food to the parrot Gugus. Once these things were done, the immense manor was

beginning to worry him. He had very rarely come to his grandmother's house. It was dark, he was alone and without landmarks. He noticed scary details: an old painting, an old wooden thing, a big brick chimney. Alex did not bring a book to read. So, he decided to go to bed and walked on the creaking floors.

In the middle of the night, Alex woke up in a hurry. A loud noise of a slamming door. But what was it? Was it a housebreaker? Or was it worst, a ghost! Alex was completely lost, he didn't know what time it was. He heard little crunches. But what was it? Alex started to really regret being there. These noises did not stop but were moving downstairs. He decided to see what was happening, the head full of doubts. He opened the squeaky door. Alex tried to reassure himself, by turning on the lights of the big corridors of this gigantic place. And there he was, in front of the stairs, in this big mysterious house. That was terrifying. He decided to go downstairs. Step by step, shaking, at every new step, a drop of sweat appeared on his forehead, his forehead already full of sweat... Every new step, the fear came gradually as he was going down, in this infinite catabasis. He saw a light, near the kitchen. He was hearing the noise of the fridge. In a moment of courage, he decided to open the door, with a very hard hit. And, Alex came face to face with his grandmother. She was back. The mouth full of food, she was eating food from the fridge. At this moment Alex was living the most awkward moment of his life, few seconds after living the most frightening.





# A TIME STORY

WRITTEN BY

**MARIE-SARA TCHICAYA TATY**  
**&**  
**MATIAS MARTIN**

## Chapter I

I started my second year in the prestigious Cambridge University. My parents paid a lot of money so I could study here, and they put all their hopes on me.

Human relationships? I am not into that. I have never succeeded to build any type of relationship with anybody. Furthermore, in my opinion, the one who understands the laws of the Universe does not understand the laws of the Humanity, so.

Classes start again tomorrow, and I confess, I was not really thrilled by this fact. More liberty, more thoughts, expression, more movements. Studying, analyzing, understanding, searching, are going to be my words to give a rhythm to my life for the next three years. So, I was enjoying those last moments of calm, having a walk on Tower Bridge and also enjoying the fabulous view.

By the way, my name is Edmund, Edmund Lewis. I was 19 years old then and I was studying astrophysics.

The next day, in front of the classroom, people had not changed. They were greeting each other, hugging, and I was alone. Everybody was ready and the teacher entered the room and was talking like this:

“Greetings everyone, I am Mr Hodgkin and I will be your professor of astrophysics during this year. Hang on, I shall not make it easy for you. Get your things out. I am going to present you the first assignment which will be made in groups and which will need all your attention during two long months. It is about what I call a “White Doctorate”. 4 themes which I will write on the board are proposed to you.

Well, let us proceed to the organization of the groups:

First team: Edmund Lewis, Hazel Blossom, Alex Bothom and Dawn Cholmondeley.”

I could not believe my ears! Dawn? Seriously? She is the kind of girl who sees me without looking at me, who hears me without listening to me. I was hoping that our group work would go well.

After class, the groups had a discussion. Ours had chosen the integration of the muon and the analysis of its performances on the background cosmogenic noise with some neutrino experience. An interesting and deep subject, but much too complicated for the stupid Alex and the stuck-up Hazel. Dawn sorted things out...

## Chapter II

In my student room, I was reading peacefully when Dawn came in. She was radiant and magnificent, a charm that took my breath away. She approached slowly, as to watch my reaction. Finally, she spoke:

“Edmund Edmund! Why are you locked up with your book into this seedy room when the weather is so beautiful? Come with me, we are going to have lunch on the campus and why not have a walk in the streets of Notting Hill. It is far, I know but we have plenty of time. We have barely talked to each other for at least two months, we have so much to discover about each other.”

She spoke very fast and with an uncommon enthusiasm. It is as if, suddenly, all the enjoyment which overflowed her heart, escaped to burst in mine.

I got up, slowly, which seemed to annoy her.

Then in a swift movement, she took my jacket, my key and took me out of my grave. Certainly, I was not going to be bored.

Lunch, Abbey, Notting Hill, London Eye. She dragged me everywhere.

On my way home, I was exhausted. And lonely. On my bed, I smiled. I had not touched her, hardly looked at her but her presence did good to me. And at this moment, I missed her strangely.

The next day, in class, Dawn sat next to me. This closeness was bothering me.

“Ed! Hi! Yesterday evening I was not able to work because of you.

Sorry? It is you who forced me to go out with you! So that did not please you?"

I blushed. I was intimidated and she gave me an unknown, unspeakable feeling. The fear of creating a bond, of going away from my family, my studies. I had to be cautious, to be careful, girls like her are dangerous.

### **Chapter III**

One more time, she offered me a day out, to the Science museum in South Kensington.

We were together in the middle of this museum. I felt good and in a consistent impulse, I took her hand. She raised her eyes, a light smile on her lips.

We arrived in the aeronautic and information technology part of the museum.

Dawn run, with a happy face, towards the side dedicated to Alan Turing.

"Ed! Turing! Wow! Finally! Did you know that it was thanks to him that we won the Second World War? He and Joan Clarke, such a brilliant woman! So sad that someone forced him to be chemically castrated because of his homosexuality."

"Yes, I know, he broke the codes of Enigma and he is really the pioneer of the computer science. A genius!"

"You are always so careless! Aren't you interested? Obviously you are!"

In a nod, she started again

"Anyway, I was recently able to observe his first computer program and I have to say that..."

She continued her sentence but I did not listen to her any more. I only saw that she was shining with her intelligence. I was melting. Her dreamy eyes, her little smile. I felt that my feelings were growing as she spoke, as she was looking at me.

We say that love is magic but the magic is only an illusion. That's what worried me.

We went out of the museum and we had a walk. We arrived in Baker Street. One more time, she exclaimed:

"Ed! It is a famous street! I hope that you recognize it?"

"Yes, Sherlock Holmes."

She raised eyes, angry at my dry answer.

I loved it.

Around 11pm, we went back home. I was happy. Really happy.

Days passed. Between revisions, ideas of theories, sleepless nights, I could not finish any more.

Every day, Dawn's presence seemed more and more essential to me. Out of shyness, I showed nothing but inside I was burning with passion. I secretly hoped that Dawn would manage to break the mirror.

Alex took out me of my thoughts:

"Hey man, this evening there is a party in the residence SigmaTauPI. Come with us, Dawn and Hazel will be there too."

I did not need anything more to convince me. I hate social life, but where Dawn goes I go.

## **Chapter IV**

She was wearing a lovely blue dress, above the knees, buttoned up to the collar.

English-style decency, as I like it. Her twinkling brown hair let reveal her ears, decorated with beautiful jewelries. Her heels slammed the ground.

Dressed in my simple black costume, I watched her arriving.

"Mr Lewis! You are so elegant! Do you find me pretty? It is not my most beautiful dress but I like it."

"You look so pretty."

She frowned, and it amused me.

The evening went on quietly. I wanted to be alone with Dawn but I did not dare tell her.

She had probably read my mind, because she took my hand and took me far from all this agitation.

On a bridge, above the river and below the stars, I wanted to admit my feelings to her.

“You are the omega of my heart, Dawn.”

She put her finger on my mouth, looked at me intensely and put her lips on mine.

A slow then passionate kiss. A kiss which took all its sense, which translated all the words.

The eternity was on our lips and in our eyes.

I could not sleep that night.

The moment of this kiss repeated in my head, under all its angles and I could not stop smiling.

## **Chapter V**

Two days later, I was walking on the campus, my book on my hand when suddenly, my limbs seemed to be suffering. My knees were folding non-stop, my wrists were folding too, I was getting dizzy. I felt myself falling on the ground.

When I woke up, Dawn was here, looking bad. Her eyes were empty, without any happiness, and then, her eyes seemed to illuminate suddenly when she saw me. A doctor entered the room, with a shadow on his face. I was waiting for bad news...

“Mr Lewis, I am sorry to inform you that you are affected by an amyotrophic lateral sclerosis or with other words, the Charcot syndrome. Over time, your muscles will paralyze and you are going to be disabled. That’s why we consider that your life expectancy will be of two months.”

I was feeling Dawn's hand. I was not feeling anything else, I did not wish anything, I was not foreseeing anything. I was sick and I was going to die. I was not going to finish my studies, I was not going to marry the woman I loved. My torment was only starting.

The days passed. I locked myself into my room. Dawn knocked every day on my door. Either I ignored it, or I shouted at her the worst atrocities. I hated myself. I felt as a trapped rat, a person sentenced to death. It will arrive, and very soon. I was afraid, then I locked myself up. I wanted to make nobody suffer around me.

However, on December 13th, I had to return to my doctorate. Alex, Hazel and Dawn seeing me arriving, acted casual. I hardly stood on my legs and my face was deformed. My jaw was bent to the right as well as my hands. A cane helped me to keep my balance. I felt like a monster.

Dawn kissed me, with her smile always so radiant.

"Ed! I missed you! Never ignore me again! Do you realize? You wanted to see nobody and you dropped me! Who do you take me for?"

I apologized.

By going out of the room, Professor Hodgkin was very proud of us. We had 94/100, it was excellent.

## **Final Chapter**

We laughed like in the good old days.

Suddenly, my head began turning. I felt my limbs weakening. Dawn noticed it and called for help. I fell on the ground, I saw nothing more.

I believed it was a heart attack, but that was not the case. My disease showed itself and it was ready to gobble me up. This time, it was over.

Dawn was always by my side. Tears streamed on her soft face.

I needed to admit everything to her, to keep nothing more inside of me.

“Dawn Cholmondeley, I want you to know that by your side I’ve spent the most wonderful moments of my small life. You are the woman who changed my conception of love. When I think of an ideal and perfect woman, you are the first one I think of. Life is going to separate us, but I never hope to leave your heart. You bring me to a climax without sex and you do it all with a gorgeous grace. You are my heart in human form.”

She listened to me, patiently, and I felt that she had never loved me as much as in this moment. No sound came out of her mouth but I could hear her thoughts. I wanted this moment to continue for eternity.

My heart accelerated. I was sweating, my tongue became dry. I knew that it was the end, I had anticipated it.

Then, I wanted to have the certainty that she would never forget me, I wanted to tell her a sentence which she would never forget, which would warm her. A mixture of love and intelligence, miracle and merit, tenderness. A sentence which would sum up all our short love story.

In a breath, I whispered to her:

“ $E=mc^2$ , my love.”



# THE REVENGE OF ALEX AND ZX.48

WRITTEN BY

**SANA SAADAoui**  
&  
**CARELA ANDERSON BAYUNGA**

*Thursday October, 12th 2053, in London. It's 7 AM and Alex wakes up to go to the National Theatre.*

Alex is a young man who is 21 years old and he is a fan of robotics. He lives in an apartment in Westminster in London. Westminster is very famous because it is where Big Ben and Buckingham Palace are located. He works on a very difficult prototype. He wants to create a robot, the first intelligent robot. Today he is going to an audition at National Theatre for a play entitled "The Incredible Flying Machine". This is a theatre which has 3 different rooms: the Olivier Theatre, the Littelton Theatre and the Cottesloe Theatre. It can welcome up to 2450 people. He has always wanted to play in this theatre house since he was young. It is his dream. He was always taken in the plays at school and he dedicated a lot of time and a lot of work. For him, it was an art. Maybe today he has the chance to progress and go higher.

Alex is getting ready to go to his famous audition. He's very happy but very nervous because it's about one place in one of London's most renowned theatres. The problem is when Alex is stressed, he loses his mind, and that could well cost his place.

Now it's 8 AM, it's time to go. He leaves in the direction of Lambeth on his flying skateboard.

He arrives in front of the National Theatre and he sees a long line of candidates for the audition. So he goes at the end and wonders what it will be like. At this moment, one girl comes out crying. At the exit, her friend asks her what happened. She says that she's not accepted. The wait is long. After 1 hour and 15 minutes, it's time for Alex. He enters inside a big room which is beautiful and bright, with a lot of chairs on the floor and at the top. In the middle there is a long table with a jury of 5 people.

Alex introduces himself:

“Hello, my name is Alex Williams. I’m 21 years old. I live in Westminster.

“Very well”, said a woman of the jury “I will introduce myself. I’m Mrs Robert. For the audition, we want from you an improvisation of a man who just lost his wife. It’s simple, if you convince us, you will be accepted. If you don’t you’re out.”

Listening to her, Alex starts to be afraid. He says to himself he will not make it. He starts his preparation exercises and he gets into the character. He begins the interpretation: “OH MY GOD! Who could do this? What will I become? ...”

During this interpretation, the members of the jury talk together. They take notes on their paper about what they think of Alex’s improvisation. When Alex finishes, the jury, one by one, say to him their opinion. In the end, the woman who gave the instructions at the beginning says:

“First, we thank you for your presentation. It was a difficult decision and our verdict is... unfortunately you’re not taken. You can leave.”

Alex, torn apart, goes out silently. He leaves the room and hears the woman scream:

“NEXT !”

When he gets home, he thinks it’s over for him. That he will not have another chance to become an actor. He gets angry. The more time passes the more his anger intensifies.

Now it’s 3 PM and, as usual, he will work on his prototype. Throughout the day, he only thinks of this failed audition. 6 PM and his anger is at the maximum.

He is totally mad because it was his only chance and now that he has not been taken, he doesn’t have the courage to try to audition again.

His rage puts him in a second state. He has a fantastic idea. He decides to get revenge. Alex wants to

finish his robot as soon as possible and then he will order it to destroy the National Theatre. He decides to get to work.

Alex works night and day for a month. He almost doesn't feel tired. Alex is determined to take revenge. He sleeps only four hours a night.

Here we are, after two months and three weeks, he has finally finished his robot and it remains for him to name it. He looks for the perfect name and ends up calling it ZX.48. ZX.48 is big, impressive, handsome and particularly smart. He is all metal grey and made of quality materials. He's equipped with a camera in each eye and infrared cameras, a lie detector, very powerful lasers in each hand, etc...

Once rested, Alex, proud of himself and ready to take revenge turns on ZX.48 for the first time and he hopes not to face a defeat again.

The robot turns on and says: "Hello I am the robot ZX.48. I am at your service master."

"I'm Alex, your master" said the young man excitedly "I will give you one mission. I order you to go destroy the National Theatre in Lambeth and Mrs Robert without being spotted, then come back quickly."

"At your service Master. I am going right now."

The robot takes his reactors out and flies out of the window. With his super speed, he arrives at the National Theatre in five minutes. Not to be spotted, he stays in the air. With his laser, he cuts the wall in half horizontally which makes it fall.

Then he loads a bomb and throws it in the theatre and while leaving, one big explosion shakes the city. He returns to his master. The police and firefighters come to the scene to save who they can.

The next day, everybody is talking about the explosion of the National Theatre and the mysterious criminal. On television, in the news, in the newspapers...

Alex turns on the television and come across an interview with one jury who complains about not being able to exercises what they like. Alex is speechless. He calls ZX.48 and asks why Mrs Robert is still alive. He answers that he doesn't know how she is alive because he totally destroyed the theatre. At the same time, Mrs Robert says: "Fortunately, we were not there yesterday. If we had been there, we would not be alive. We were just going to start in two days. Sadly, it's no longer possible. On the other hand, Prince Henry and his wife Princess Meghan offered us a playroom in Buckingham Palace to play. So I have the pleasure to announce that the show will take place on Tuesday, January 8<sup>th</sup> at 8 PM."

Alex doesn't believe this so the play for which he was not taken will finally happen. It's unimaginable. He becomes angry.

In anger, he orders ZX.48 to go to the play on that date and destroy everything.

The D Day has finally arrived. ZX.48 takes off and as expected arrives at Buckingham Palace when the play has already begun so no one can see him. He decides to cause a gigantic explosion larger than the theatre's. He executes his plan except that this time, the Palace is totally secured by guards, policemen, soldiers, all armed and ready to defend themselves at the slightest suspicious move. ZX.48 throws several bombs in a row, but being a lot of meters higher, one guard had the time to see him and has started force field around the palace in time and sends troops after the robot.

This field forms a transparent bubble that encompasses the entire palace and its surroundings. The bubble protects them from any possible attack.

To catch the robot faster, the troops take their "*Tuberbit*". They are shoes that allow them to levitate above the ground and to go over 300 km/h. The chase lasts 15 minutes. The robot doesn't want to stop and he is trying to hurt them with his laser. The police have no choice but to use force. One of them takes a small object with which he sends

a beam directly to the robot, which shoots it in flight and makes it fall to pieces on the ground.

A police officer finds Alex William's information on the robot, allowing them to go to his home and arrest him. But the task is difficult. Alex managed to escape with his flying skateboard that can reach 200 km/h. They take another chase but that doesn't last long because Alex sees that they catch up with him. He's fed up with losing. He cannot forgive himself for another defeat and decides to throw himself in front of them too soon so they can't stop. Alex receives a huge shock from their *Tuberbist* and falls stiff to the ground. The police call the firefighters and an ambulance. Once they arrived, the doctors say: "We are sorry, but we cannot do anything for him. He is dead."

# SOPHIE'S MURDER

WRITTEN BY

**THEO PIERGENTILI**  
**&**  
**SAMIA DJEMEL**

Alex is a young man of 21 years old. He is tall, slender with sparkling eyes of curiosity. Since his childhood, he dreams of becoming a great detective like Sherlock Holmes. He entered in the police academy and he has finished school first in this promotion. He made friends with Jean, his colder roommate. He is older than him. Jean continued his studies to become a medical pathologist at Scotland Yard. Alex's office was in Piccadilly district of London.

One fine day while he was story aid files, a man appeared in his office. This was a man. He has twenty years old with black hair and green eyes. He was tall and wears a long coat. He was missing to him one button at his coat. This man seemed in distress. Alex recognized William his childhood friend. He told him to enter and offered him a cup of tea. Alex asked for his friend to tell him his problems. William began his story. He told with a sad tone.

"It's terrible Alex. My wife Sophie, she was dead in the living room this morning when I woke up. She has been stabbed in the heart. The knife was put nearby. She has caught thieving because her jewels had disappeared. I know you can help me to discover her murdered so that her spirit can rest in peace".

"I can to help you William to resolve the Sophie's murder" said Alex with a trusting tone. "I ask for a friend to meet us to your home. William gave him his address and Alex called Jean his friend from Scotland Yard". "Thanks Alex thanks a million" said William. "I want to help you handcuff this killer".

Thirty minutes later, the tree men found themselves in a small street, in front of the building where William lived. The apartment was located on the first floor. It was not big. The furniture was old and there was musty smell in the room. In the living room, the drawer of the buffet was open and



some objects were knocked down on the floor, testifying that a fight had taken place.

Jean approached Sophie's body and examines it. He found that the victim was stabbed in the heart. Blood was spread on the floor. Meanwhile, Alex searched the apartment for other clues. He noticed a button in a corner on the floor. He picked it up and put it in his pocket. He noticed that a knife was missing in his pocket. Alex asked Jean if the knife found next to Sophie matched those in the kitchen. Jean confirmed. He told her that the victim also has bruises on her left wrist.

"She must have wanted to defend herself" he said. In addition, the blows were made by a left handed person from see the lesions.

"Interestingly, the murderer is left handed. She even managed to snatch a shirt button from her attacker" Alex answered. Following his words, William looked uncomfortable and closed his coat that he had kept on. William went to the buffet near the living room window. Alex noticed traces of blood on a pair of shoes stored in the entrance. He called for Jean to examine it and confirmed that it was the blood of the victim. Alex had observed from the corner of his eye that William had put something in the left pocket of his coat.

"Alex, do you think you can find the thief who killed Sophie" asked William.

"I still have some elements to assemble" answered Alex. I propose to meet at home in an hour to discuss my observations".

"Very well" said William.

Jean and Alex left the apartment, letting William alone.

"I thank you for your help Jean. Ask Scotland Yard to come to my home within one hour to reveal the murder of poor Sophie" Alex said.

An hour later, William rang at Alex.

"Between William and sit down, I'm going to tell you my conclusions. That's what happened" Alex started. "You

murdered Sophie". William stands up and denies the accusation.

"I must now be stabbed. You tell anything. That not true" said William.

"Leave me to demonstrate what I advance" continue Alex. "First, I found a button on the floor. I noticed that you had bothered to close your coat after I found it because you had not noticed.

We found the blood of Sophie on your shoes that have in the entrance of the apartment.

You took the trouble to change shoes but you did not remove the other. You had a fight with her. You took the knife in the kitchen to threaten it and you came to fight. Unfortunately, the knife hit in her in heart. It was an accident you did not really want to kill her. You made believe a burglary by stealing the jewels.

I noticed that you had put in your left pocket of your coat the picture that was placed on the side board. I noticed it on arrival. You're left and the studding was carried by a left-handed person as we learned Jean. William took the picture out of his pocket. It was a Sophie's photo. She was with another man. She was cheating on you and that why you quarreled. I'm for you William" said Alex.

"You guessed everything Alex" said William. "I did not want to kill her". William began to cry in his friend's arms.

The door opened and a policeman from Scotland Yard entered. He handcuffed William and took him to the station. Jean entered the apartment. "I'm sorry for your friend" he said "for your first big deal I'm sorry that one of your friends is mixed up" said Jean.

"I thank you and it is only an accident with a good lawyer he will get away with only a few years in prison. Thank you my friend, do you want cup of tea" concluded Alex.

# THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SHEALEY

WRITTEN BY

**AWATEF MALATACH  
&  
SELMA BEKHERRAZ**

Once upon a time, Alex was 21 years old and was living in the USA. He was wanted by the FBI because he was accused of kidnapping and murdering an eighteen year old girl. If he had stayed there, he would have been condemned for life. So, he came to London to hide.

Two months after returning from University, Alex saw Shealey for the first time and fell in love with her with her brown hair, blue eyes and dreamy body. After seeing her, he could not stop thinking about her. He wanted to have her only for him. Psychologically unstable, Alex, had mental problems. He was impulsive, jealous, possessive, nervous and really very violent. It became an obsession for him, every day he wanted to see her. But one day it was so important for him that he wanted to see her. Shealey was receptive to these advances. So she and Alex go to know each other and she fell in love with Alex. Their dates became more and more frequent. But one day Alex couldn't control himself. He was a young man looking at his beloved one. He got angry, became violent and he grabbed Shealey and took her home. He locked her in his cellar.

Her father was worried, he had already lost his wife and first daughter in a car accident, and he could not bear to lose his only and last family left.

He thought his daughter must be dead by now, but he still had hope.

Shealey woke up and felt a painful pain in the head . She got up and knocked on the door with all her strength, she shouted for help but no one came.

About an hour later, she heard footsteps coming towards her and then she heard the door opening.

She saw Alex:

"Get up!" Alex said coldly.

"Why are you doing this to me, I didn't do anything to you.

I loved you", bursting into tears.

"I told you to get up!!! You disappointed me. I thought you loved me. The other day, a young man was looking at you

and I don't want anyone to look at you. You belong to me, is that clear?"

"But I wasn't the one looking at him, I love you and not the other man. Do you understand? I don't love him."

"I don't want to know. Now you get up, I'll wait for you upstairs and hurry up!"

So she got up scared and completely confused by the revelation Alex had just made to her. Then she went to meet him, she had difficulties climbing the stairs because she hadn't had a drink or food for some time.

Alex pointed out a room: there was a double-bed, a wardrobe, a TV and a tray full of food. She was already drooling just looking at it and then she heard a loud sound of a door closing and then she understood that Alex had locked her up.

Thomas, Shealey's father, called his daughter's best friend but she replied that she had not seen her all day. Shealey had never missed a class.

He went to his room to see if he could find any evidence, he looked everywhere and then he found a letter where there was a big red heart and inside it, it was written: "4134 5678. Alex who loves you"

He guessed it was Shealey's boyfriend so he might be where his daughter is. But on second thought he was able to take his daughter with him. But as an agent of Scotland Yard he didn't want to jump to conclusions too soon.

To be sure, he went to his office and put the number in his database and found information about the young man: Alex Firley, born in the United States, who is wanted by the FBI (Federal Bureau of Investigation) for kidnapping and murdering women and is known to have serious mental problems.

Suddenly Thomas was scared and angry. He thought that if this criminal ever touched a hair of his daughter he would kill him. Then he saw a red dot on the screen, which

indicated the last position of the cellphone, which had been 50 kilometers from the city for 3 hours. As head of department, he took a team then went in search of his daughter.

Shealey had eaten, it felt good and then she wanted to sleep so she fell asleep.

She woke up screaming because she heard gunshots and saw her father in front of her. She broke down in tears and then went to take refuge in her father's arms.

Then her father carried her back in one of the cars and he went back to the house to arrest Alex. They arrested and handcuffed him and one of the police officers called the FBI to tell them that they had found their suspect and the BFI thanked them.

A few days later, Shealey tried to get back to a normal life; her father helped her a lot and helped her going back to school. Courtney, Shealey's best friend, came to see her every day.

A month after the tragedy, Shealey went back to school and lived a more or less normal life.

# **A HEART AND A LIVER**

WRITTEN BY

**DIATOUROU KANTE  
&  
OUDIMA TOURE DOBONG NA**

The sun sets on London this Thursday. Marie must keep a young boy named Alex, he is 6 years old and a very happy boy.

"Sorry for being late, I had a transportation problems."

"No it's not important. We understand, Alex is in his bedroom, he has diner and he goes to bed, okay?"

"Yes you can count on me, enjoy your night."

A few minutes later the parents leave and Marie hears Alex crying. So she goes up to his room to reassure him. A few minutes later, Alex is crying again so Marie goes back up again to put him back to bed. Alex starts to cry a third time which annoys Marie. She is furious but she realizes that maybe it's a statue of a clown in his bedroom which frightens Alex. So she decides to change the position of the bed towards the other side of the bedroom. She thinks that the problem is now solved. Marie comes down again and calls the parents on the phone:

"Hello it's to warn you that Alex did not stop crying. I think I have solved the problem by moving his bed not in front of the clown statue."

"But there is no clown statue in his bedroom!" replied the parents.

Marie is shocked by what the mother has just told her. After understanding, Marie rushes to the bedroom of Alex and she sees Alex between life and death having received several stab wounds.

Marie called an ambulance and Alex was saved.

Fifteen years later, Alex is now 21 years old. Back to his parents' house, one evening, he heard:

"Alex give me your heart and your liver, I'm in front of your home."

"Alex give me your heart and your liver, I'm in the stairs."



“Alex give me your heart and your liver, I'm in front of your bedroom.”

“Alex give me your heart and your liver, I'm just behind you.”

Alex give me your heart and your liver, I'm HERE!!!!!!!

Alex turned and saw the crazy clown statue. He fought and finally destroyed the evil statue. The curse was finally broken forever.



# THE MYSTERY OF HYDE PARK

WRITTEN BY

**LEA SIMA**  
**&**  
**LOUISETTE TATY ZELE**

*"The night of Halloween, a young teen whose name is Jason decided to break into Hyde Park with two friends and have some fun. At sunrise, Jason and his two friends disappeared and nobody ever found their bodies."*

"This is the end of the novel" said Isabelle, the grandmother of Alex.

"Thank you grandmother, goodnight!" said Alex.

"Goodnight, my darling."

Eleven years passed and Alex was now seventeen years old.

Alex and his two friends, Bryan and Brandon, fascinated by the story of Hyde Park, decided to solve the mystery during the night of Halloween. But Bryan, scared, decided to leave and left Brandon and Alex alone in front of the park. But the latter crept back into the park

In the park, Alex and Brandon found themselves facing two roads, Alex suggested doing disperse to find some clues faster. After five minutes of search, a big "BOOM" ringed out. Alex was scared and shouted many times "Brandon" but he did not answer. Alex thought that Brandon was maybe already back to his home, so he went to his home.

The next day, Alex went to school, but he did not see Bryan. Alex panicked. He waited until the end of classes to go after him. He took his bag and he went to his grandfather's to take his old shotgun.

At 8pm, Alex returned to the park to find his friends. When he arrived there, he went near where Brandon began to investigate. Putting his flashlight in the tree, he discovered the dead body of his friend, but he didn't have his head. Around the dead body, there were many spiders which were eating the intestines of his friend. Scared, Alex moved back and stumbled on a stone, which opened a trap just in front of his feet. He went down in the trap and he came face to face with two tunnels: one went to Big Ben and the second to the

National Gallery. He decided to take the direction of the National Gallery. On the way, Alex heard spirits screaming his name. He was very scared, so he started to run. When he arrived at the National Gallery, he found himself in the middle of a room with a message written with blood on the wall: "To go out of the National Gallery, you need to solve the mystery". At that moment, Alex heard a big "boom" which meant that the trap had closed. Just under the message, he saw an arrow that showed the name of three paintings: *Venus, Cupid, Folly and Time*; *Boy Bitten By A Lizard*; and *Mond Crucifixion*.

He began to look for the paintings when he discovered the painting *Boy Bitten By A Lizard* he saw blood on the painting. Turning it around, he saw a lot of letters: "T H R C" in the first; "H P E" in the second and "I R O S" in the third.

After 2 hours of investigation, he was successful at finding the word "CHRISTOPHER"!

Heading to the exit, he heard footsteps behind him and turning around, he saw a man dressed up as a clown who knocked him out with a baseball bat.

The next day, a museum guard found Alex on the ground, unconscious with a lot of snakebites on his neck. The guard called an ambulance.

Not wanting to be locked up, Alex escaped and went back to the National Gallery to continue his investigation. Arriving over there, he entered through a window.

Entering the National gallery, he found a book with a page where there was written: "You solved the mystery? If yes, write the answer here". Alex took the pen which was next to him and wrote the name "CHRISTOPHER". The book answered him: "Good answer, now go to Buckingham Palace".

Alex went to Buckingham Palace. There, he heard voices which called out to him. He turned around and lots of dolls stained with blood approached him. An enormous anaconda came out of one of the dolls and bit Alex. He fell and heard a voice which told him: "I am Christopher, you

tried to discover the mystery of the Hyde Park, and now you are going to accept the consequences.”

At the same moment, the spirit of Christopher went into Alex's body. Christopher, who controlled Alex's body, made Alex move forward to Tower Bridge where he threw himself into the Thames. Alex drowned himself and his body was never found.

# ALEX'S ADVENTURES

WRITTEN BY

**KAOUTHAR BOUDELAL**  
**&**  
**SYLVIE HU CAO**

My name is Alex, I'm 21 years old, I live alone in a house located in a famous London avenue: Oxford Street. Since I was little, I always liked to discover new places usually with my friends: Max, Harold, Katherine and Athena, all 22 years old.

All five were friends, since we were little and until now, we continue our bike rides to find new places because this is our passion.

Until now our discoveries are not that amazing. But, one day, Harold made a memorable discovery. People said that Epping's Forest (Epping Forest is an ancient South Royal Forest in England) is hidden in a place where no one wants to enter, whereas without hesitating we made a plan. The next morning we would meet at 8:30 am in Oxford Circus Underground station we would go to this forest.

#### *The next morning at 8:30 am...*

We were all ready. This time I had taken with me my camera to film our adventures. We took our train at 9:30 am and during our route I imposed rules for the security of all. After approximately 1h30 of route we arrived. It was still necessary to walk 30 minutes. And there we arrived in the forest of Epping. I entered the first. Max, Harold, Katherine and Athena followed me. We walked without knowing where our steps would lead us. Suddenly I heard a noise on my left, I turned around and saw a wooden house. It seemed strange to me, windows were condemned by wooden boards but more surprisingly the door was intact. I photographed this house. Max suggested entering it but Katherine and Athena were both scared, whereas Harold stood back. I eventually convinced my friends to enter it and I went first in there. I had just touched the doorknob, when suddenly the door opened all by itself. I was surprised and fascinated! I looked at my friends and I saw in their eyes a worry but I did not want to back down. So, we all entered the house together. The atmosphere was cold and there was a terrible smell I can't explain why. We inspected the premises, the house was deserted: there was only a chair, a table and a few books. I



wanted to test the light to see if there was electricity, I pressed the switch on. At that moment I fell down a hole for just a few second and suddenly felt my butt bang against the ground, I saw a world that was unknown to me. Opening my eyes again I saw my friends on the ground, and then I shouted their names. They finally woke up and didn't understand what had happened. We noticed that Harold missed the call. Questions remained unanswered until the end. We walked all together. I was amazed by this world: there were multicolored trees with in every branch a unique fruit growing. Streets were in stone but what me amazed me was that there were no one, absolutely nobody. We did not forget our goal which was to find Harold. I was leading the group. I shouted his first name "Harold", when suddenly a whole group of species, which I had never met before, went out and circled us. They were only animals but eccentric animals. Rabbits with wings, cats with horns, I even saw unicorns! There were also squirrels with human legs. They inspected us and we inspected ourselves. Suddenly I heard a scream. The animals lined up as if they were going to welcome someone. We looked in front us, on the left, on the right, there was nobody. I noticed that the eyes of the species were looking up towards the sky. I then began to look towards the sky and saw a dragon in the distance. Katherine, Athena, Max and I were all surprised, astonished by what we had just seen. The dragon landed and remained there. And we did not know what to do when the dragon smiled and exclaimed: "Welcome to the fantastic world!"

My friends and I looked at each other and prayed with fear.

"You said?!" my voice was trembling.

"There is no point in fearing my friends. We are all nice here. Ah... we haven't told you, have we?"

"We don't understand what's going on, why we're here?"

"You are not here by accident. You have been chosen to live an extraordinary adventure!"

“We have lost one of our friends and we would just like to find him!” I said.

“Can you help us?” said Katherine.

“Of course, that’s why you are going to live an incredible adventure in this fantastic world!”

The dragon began to explain which way we could find Harold. He explained that there were three doors and that in every door contained a different universe from other doors and through only one of these doors we would find Harold. The dragon explains that there would be a sort of competition to find Harold first. Three great clouds opened in front of us, the clouds hid a portal made of tree branches. I took the one in the middle. Before I went in I heard all the animals wish us good luck and a successful adventure. Now that the animals were speaking things seemed even more surprising to us.

*In the new universe...*

I came into a world which left me speechless. The landscape looked like the landscape of a urban city: there were houses, supermarkets, gardens, bars and stores. Alleys are made by brick however I saw flying cars and huge multicolored animals. The city seemed joyful. I saw some couples having tea outside cafés, an elephant herd watching a game in a bar with a beer in their hand. But I was caught up by a tiger, and I saw him in the distance making a sign to me. I went to him:

“Then it is you Alex?”

“Yes, it is me. How do you know me?”

“My friend the dragon talked to me about you. Then you are looking for your friend?”

“Yes! It is true that I am looking for him. Could you help me? And what’s your name?”

“My name is George, I am 30 years old.”

Having got acquainted, we set off in search of Harold. George had advised me to ride on his back because I was too small I risked to be crushed. On his back for long hours of walk I discovered this extraordinary world. The night fell

and we still hadn't found Harold. My concern about Harold's disappearance became increasingly important, all the more so I didn't have news of my friends. George and I went to sleep in a cabin on the main street.

*The next day...*

I was sleeping tight against the belly of the tiger when I heard several cries, cries of anguish. I got up and woke up George. Through the window I saw all the animals running in the same direction, rushing, tripping, falling. George came out of the shack and gave me an order not to move. After learning what was going on, he rushed towards me and he put me on his back. I was holding on with all my strength, he ran so fast I closed my eyes because I was afraid. After a long run George stopped abruptly and got me off his back.

"What happened?" I asked.

He explained to me that during the year there was a day called "*The day of misfortune*". That day there's a huge storm and it takes everything it finds into an evil world. So you'd better flee.

After things had calmed down, we decided to go look for Harold. George and I were in a forest. We heard strange noises. We advanced with curiosity in the direction of the noise. The closer we came, the louder the sounds we would hear of a singing person. And I saw a figure that was familiar to me. It was obvious that it could only be Harold. But I had the impression that he had changed physically.

"Alex?" he said in a surprised voice.

"Harold? Is it you? But how did you get there?"

"I also don't understand, but when you pressed the button on the switch I felt my body released and suddenly I was here. I really thought it was over for me and I was never going to get back. But tell me, where are the others?"

"I will tell you all about them on our way home."

I had finally found Harold and now we had to go back to the real world.

I said goodbye to George and Harold and I both entered the portal.

*In the real world....*

The portal led us to the starting point of this infamous house. Nothing had changed I saw my camera on the table. The door was open and I saw my other friends a little further away. We all hugged because we were so happy to see each other again. The adventure was over, but it will forever be in our hearts.

# CLOWN

WRITTEN BY

**JEAN-MARC DICKO**  
**&**  
**YOUSSEF EL BOUHALI**

Once upon a time, in the city of London in Woodgreen, a family lived. The boy was named Tom, the mom Christina and the dad Gary. This day was very important for this family because Tom celebrated his 13th birthday. Tom wanted his dad to come to his birthday party but Gary was very busy because he was a real estate agent. For Tom, Gary had to be present for the birthday because he must wear a clown disguise. Gary hadn't found a clown disguise and searched everywhere. He went in the basement of an old house and found a big chest with several chains and a padlock. Gary ran fast to the garage to pick a mace to break the chest. Inside, he found a clown disguise and he put it on. In this chest, there was also a paper which read "Think carefully before donning this costume because you will not be the same after putting it on and you will suffer the consequences".

Gary put it on without thinking and fled to the birthday party at full speed. He rang at the door and Tom opened and said "Dad is here!" while Christina was preparing the cake. The father looked at the children with his strange appearance and the kids took this for a joke. After, Tom's friends started to eat the cake. The mother found the father distant and strange with a cold look. She found it so weird that she told Tom's friends to go home and Tom to go to bed. The mother tried to talk to Gary but he did not answer. Christina said "If that's how it goes, do not come talk to me anymore!"

Christina was upset because of Gary. So, hours later, Gary went to the room to talk to Christina.

"Christina I'm doing everything I can to take off this costume but I can't. This costume makes me weird. It's not me. I'm not controlling myself"

Christina said "Gary let me sleep. We will talk about it again tomorrow."

Upon awakening, Christina found the mutilated body of Tom lying in a bloodbath, she shouted with all her might "Gary where are you?" but he was not here.

Christina was crying when she called the police and explained the whole story. The police arrived home and found proofs that Tom had been eaten. The police asked "Where is the dad?"

Christina replied "I don't know. The father really had a weird behaviour". The police immediately began to investigate. A few weeks later, the news confirmed the presence of a monstrous demonic clown at Finsbury Park. The police went directly to the scene where the monster was. Christina was very worried and immediately thought about Gary and she left on the spot. Arriving at the park, she saw the demonic monster who owned Gary surrounded by cops. Christina walked among the police officers and shouted: "You killed my son!"

Gary, trying to fight the demonic force in his head, said "Christina, I love you". Christina approached Gary but the monster took over Gary and was about to hit Christina but the police officers all fired as soon as the monster moved his arm. After the monster was finished, its skins decomposed and underneath this demonic skin there was the body of Gary which was later auctioned for millions of pounds.





# THE ADVENTURE OF ALEX AND SAMBA

WRITTEN BY

**MORIBA MAGASSA  
&  
BANDIOUGOU KEITA**

Once upon a time, in London, Alex and Samba, two best friends, visit Buckingham Palace. Entering this beautiful castle, a dog welcomes them.

"Hello welcome to Buckingham Palace"

Alex and Samba are very shocked because the dog speaks. The castle dog shows them Buckingham Palace. At one moment, Alex and Samba hear a song in a room. They want to see that. Entering, Alex and his best friend see Michael Jackson in full concert. Samba and his best friend believed that Michael Jackson was dead. They could not understand and they were scared. They had returned to the past, opening the door, but they didn't know it.

The two best friends opened another door and they entered the future. Alex and Samba saw Johnson Jackson in 3046 and the two best friends request an autograph from Johnson Jackson. They invite him to eat mafé. Johnson Jackson refused because he had another concert. Alex and Samba are disappointed because he did not eat mafé with them. Disappointed, they continue the Buckingham Palace visit. Continuing the visit they saw an aquarium with a 30cm whale. They were shocked and they changed room. They saw a dragon in a big indestructible box and suddenly something happened in the body of Samba. He turned into a dragon and Alex into a hippopotamus. The two friends who did not understand anything wondered how was it that they had transformed. They then asked the dog. The dog explained to them that they entered a new world by entering Buckingham Palace. So the two friends asked the dog if it was possible to get out of this world and the dog told them:

"Yes there is a way out of this world."

They asked what this meant and the dog said to them:

"You will have to fight the boss like all those people who are coming here."

"How's the boss? Who is he? And why?"

"Yes a boss. It's the London Holy Phoenix. He is out to get you. So to go out, you have to kill him and then you can be free "

"When will we have to fight this boss?"

"In exactly 30 minutes, the time to prepare for the fight."

Thirty minutes later, the two friends changed rooms and prepared to fight the Sacred Phoenix. Entering the room they saw a big imposing Phoenix and they said that they would not succeed. Two minutes after, the fight began and Samba the dragon and Alex the hippopotamus kill the boss in one shot and they saw a door opening. They came out free and in human form. All is well that ends well!