



Rugby, a family affair

Hello, my name is Harry Foley, I am 15 years old and today I am writing this article to share with you the sport that makes my life vibrate: rugby.

To begin with, I live with my grandparents who have always taken care of me since my dad died, 4 years ago now.

Where did this passion start ? Since I was 3 years old, my grandmother has always made me watch my father's matches on television, because my father played with the Shamrocks , the Irish rugby team, with which he participated in major international competitions, like the World Cup, 6 Nations tournament and other amazing matches.

Oh yes, for those who don't know, rugby consists of 15 players on each side, passing the ball backwards or forwards to score a maximum of tries and drops for two half-times of 40 minutes each.

You have to be robust as it is not an easy sport!

Rugby is really part of our family: my grandfather was the coach for the Shamrocks even the year when they won their 3rd Grand Slam in 2018.

As you can imagine, my passion for this sport is not trivial, my great-grandfather, the one before, the one even before, all lived for rugby.

To finish, the goal of my life is to parallel the journey of my father and my grand-father, and to make this love last as long as possible.

By Harry Foley, The Irish Times, March 12, 2024

Written by Enora LOUVEL (18), Clarisse LECHAT (18), Jeanne OLLIVARD (18) and Joséphine DUROY (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





The Dragon Stealer

Have you ever heard about a sport with fantastic creatures called dragons ?

In a small province called Basgliath, citizens achieved the impossible, riding a dragon and making it a sport.

There, it is a famous competition which happens every two years all over the region.

The rules are simple: choose a dragon in the valley, manage to train it and let the fight start.

Competitors have to find the eggs of the other players' dragons in the wild and bring them back to the nest of their own dragon.

But they have to be careful, as a creature which lost its eggs can be very dangerous.

At the beginning, there are ten participants but at the end there is only one winner.

Indeed no holds are barred except for one rule : nobody can kill a dragon. If they do so, competitors are immediately eliminated.

The winner is the player who brings the most eggs in his nest and he wins a title with lands.

Furthermore, eggs have different values. For instance, an egg in deep water or in a volcano provides more points than a simple egg in a cavern.

To do so, they need to adapt their strategy : being brave and choosing a dangerous dragon which is more resistant but more complicated to train, or choose safety and stay longer in the competition.

Finally, everyone can participate, simply write your name on the list placed at the entrance of the castle.

After there is a selection between the participants to choose the ten best stealers.

So, will you have enough courage to participate in this fantastic sports competition ?

Written by Sarah FEGAR (18), Lucie DROGUET (18), and Clara FAISANT (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





On the peaceful rugby team of "The Tigers" in Ali's high school, there was a new player named Hayden. He had arrived in March, after a wildfire in his hometown, which had forced him to leave his house now burned and uninhabitable. Unfortunately, he was looking for the place of scrum-half, which was already assured by Oliver, a tall, brawny student. Since he had arrived, the unity of the squad had been threatened because each player had a favorite. In fact, a lot of them preferred Hayden because Oliver was arrogant and a bit full of himself, but his seniority weighed in his favor. Moreover, it was the last year before college, and Ali's high school used to send in a selection program their best rugby player. Hayden and Oliver were both brilliant, so to decide who would be the lucky guy, their trainer told them that he would choose the best student. Henceforth, it wasn't just the training sessions that were tense; their rivalry was omnipresent, in every class they had together, at every break, in every hall corner.

After a harsh training, the two of them were the only left in the locker room.

"It was a pretty good training, wasn't it" Hayden wondered.

"For you," Oliver retorted.

"Do you feel threatened by me to be so grumpy", Hayden teased the former scrum-half.

"You're so cute to genuinely reckon that you can weigh in front of me," Oliver replied immediately.

"You're so arrogant, it amazes me," the new player frowned.

"That is why you love me," Oliver winded up.

Written by Camille LE LANN (18), Lucile DENOUAL (18) , and May-Line JAILLARD (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





THE OZG RENDEZ-VOUS

Long ago in a faraway kingdom, animals lived in peace and harmony.

Occasionally, they organized grand sports competitions in which all animals, from the smallest mice to the biggest blue whales passing by the elephants, participated in many different activities: cheese eating, blowhole spray competition, trees destruction competition, and so on.

Broadcasted on television, those were the once-in-a-decade Olympic Zoologic Games and almost every animal watched them and supported their favorite teams. Indeed, the grand prize included £10,000,000 worth of the Lioner currency and a lifetime-long pass for drinkable water and meat.

Among all the activities, the event was mostly known for the relay-race between the hares and the turtles as well as the snake-throwing competition. In those games, the rules were simple: not to cheat and have fun. One time, during the snake-throwing competition, a comically light monkey contestant flew away to the stratosphere when he tried to throw his serpent. Although countless rescue missions were launched, none of them were fruitful, making the event known worldwide. As they said, "a bad game is still a game !"

Written by Adam BOURGEOIS (18), Malcolm GUERRO-KARLEN (18) ,
Ambroise MADEC (18) and Tom LOUVEL (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





Supporters of "Les Dauphins de Sète"

Water-polo. It is a sport that is underrated but we are supporters. There are only 19 000 water-polo players worldwide which is too small a number for such a great sport.

To be honest, there is a team which is the best according to us : "Les Dauphins de Sète". Even if water-polo is originally an English sport this French team is the best. This team is not well known and not many people support them, which is a shame as they should be at the top of the pyramid.

Since 2009, when they reached a final game we became their greatest supporters. This team is our favourite because it comes from the town where we go when we are in France and they are really cheerful even when they lose. Therefore we follow them to all their games, and we bring banners and we wear their club's clothes. Moreover we created goody bags to bring in more people to our fan club. Furthermore we even sing a chant to encourage them "Go go go Les Dauphins let's go Sète" and then we do like cheerleaders, that is we say loudly the letters of the town like "Give a S, give me a E, give me a T, give a E, Sète!!". If you want to join in on our adventure please sing it with your heart at their next game to make them confident! And if you want to join our fan club we will welcome you with open arms.

Written by Abigaëlle GEORGE (18), Klervi GODARD (18) and Maëlys ROUVY (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





The change of tennis through the ages

Tennis is a sport that is extremely popular in the English culture, in fact one of the four most famous tennis tournaments is held in London, and it is considered to be the most prestigious.

Rackets were born during the 11th century in France and became the tennis that we know during the 19th century in England.

We're now in 2078, and tennis has changed and evolved for a long time. Technological advancements had a significant impact on how tennis rules were applied. Tennis players got robotic prosthesis because it was more efficient in order to fly or shoot harder. They can even be compared to cyborgs. Courts have been expanded to accommodate the new restrictions as it's now possible for those courts to take flight. Technology has also allowed the umpire to be fair and the player to avoid cheating (some cheating instances are now well-known, for example, the bouncy soles on the shoes) Furthermore the ball that the players now play with still looks like the regular ball that we all know, but it's got the capacity to move everywhere and be really fast.

Written by Jeanne BLANCHARD (18) and Léo MASSE (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





Welcome to Dwarf Curling, the cool version of the classic sport where the boringness is curled out and the fun is kept chasing. Along with classic curling, teams tend to throw objects across the ice towards the target, but here with a funny twist.

In Dwarf Curling, the body of the dwarf is not taken into account while scoring the game. To add to the charm, the dwarf must meet specific criteria: height must not exceed 120 cm, weight has to be at least 40 kg and the head has to be bald. However, that is not the end of it - the dwarf has to be in the right place on the target, which depends on the help given by their teammates to make it possible.

So the game starts and both teams compete for the advantage by determining who will be able to push his dwarf ahead across the ice better. At the beginning, the order is only for starting and then, the real fun begins. Teams are extremely meticulous and throw strategically their dwarfs across the ice, hoping for a maximum scoring.


But it is not all about the competition: in addition to wit and laughter Dwarf Curling is also about skills. The beauty of the shaved dwarves gliding triumphantly will definitely put the spectators and participants to a reaction of smiles.

A coveted prize awaits the winning team: a person-sized golden dwarf cup, the trophy's symbol of their prowess, their teamwork and their cheerful nature. It is a blessing beyond any other and this certainty will make Dwarf Curling an unforgettable experience of life for all.

Thus, with your team, in your curling outfit and curl preparation, get ready for a fun day of joke, companionship, and maybe a few turns that seem to have been invented on the ice. Dwarf Curling is the next to come, the adventure yet to be that is unique.

Written by Félix OISEL (18), Antoine MARIE (18) and Léon DELAVALD (18)
Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





06/10/2012

Dear diary,

Today, I have discovered Hobby horse riding, thanks to Luke, who invited me to his competition. At first, I didn't really want to go, I was there only for Luke, you know he's very handsome ... But then the competition started, and I fell in love ! Not only with Luke, but also with the sport !

Let me explain, because it's wonderful! Instead of riding real horses, and hurting them, we're doing it on stick horses! It's not expensive, we don't need to feed them and have ranches to keep them. You know me, I'm all about animal freedom, especially for horses.

We jump over wooden obstacles, with our stick horses, just like real horses would.

09/09/2016

Dear diary,

Today is both the best and the worst day of my life : I got married, to Luke, the love of my life, but, Vanilla, my stickhorse for the last 4 years just died ! Indeed she broke in two pieces during my hobby horse themed wedding.

10/22/2023

Dear diary,

Today I'm very disappointed, furious. I feel misunderstood, the olympics committee refused our association, to which I'm the president, the addition of hobby horse riding to the Olympics Games!! We're not being taken seriously, we're always criticised by people who have never even tried it! At least it's a real sport, (even if not officially recognised as one), unlike horse-riding, since we're actually the one running and jumping. It requires years of training, that's why we won't give up on our dream!

Written by Anaëlle LAURANS (18), Lucy THOMPSON (18) and Inès
DENOVAL (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





Since she was a child, Lesna had always dreamt to become a MMA Champion like her father. However, as a girl she wasn't allowed to participate. In order to fight she took the name of her late brother, Leo .

"Their rivalry is well-known as one of the toughest in the MMA world, nevertheless this is only their third fight against each other. A round of applause for Leo and Krister!!!"

As the fighters entered the ring, everyone noticed the fragrant contrast between them. Krister seemed joyful and very confident, busy charming the assembly, whereas Leo was calm, humble, cautious but not intimidated by this overly boastful adversary. The public was highly enthusiastic, screaming and cheering on their favorite.

After a moment, the two competitors looked at one another with all the hate and resentment they felt for their opponent.

Lesna really hated this guy. He represented everything she disliked. He was chauvinistic and disdainful. She had never ever seen him being nice to someone. It would be a real pleasure to beat him. She knew she was more skillful than him. He didn't know it yet but he was about to be defeated and lose his smile.

Krister looked amused while watching her, his smile became even bigger. Maybe he knew all the rejection she felt when she was near him, and maybe he thought about using it during their combat, but she would never let him.

The fight started, everything could happen ...

Written by Maiwenn MARCHALAND (18), Lou-Ann MORIN (18), Héloïse LEFRANC (18) and Aude ROUSSELOT (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





From an early age, Jasmine had played badminton: training, competition, missing school all for her future in this sport. That would make her parents proud, they did everything in their power to help her. Even though she was not a great player she managed to win a couple of medals and trophies, all exhibited in her house dining room.

Studying was secondary, but she still managed to do it in between matches. Jasmine did not have time for friends, they were a distraction, as her parents called them.

She loved playing badminton, all day long, every single day, driven by her will to be the best. At least that was the official version, told by her parents to everyone around them. In all honesty, she despised that sport, it brought her no joy. She always came back tired from training. She wanted to have a social life with teens her age, not spend her time with adults on a badminton court.

This frustration was what probably drove her to cut ties with her parents and leave her home and the trophies as soon as she turned eighteen.

She started anew, making friends along the way, some of these friends introduced her to tennis. She adored that sport. She loved running after the ball, and sending it back.

That was what she wanted: to get better, to be good enough to play in the most important tennis competition, Rolland Garros. She was going to be the best player, in the sport she loved.

Written by Chloé BIZETTE (18) and Sofia SALLANDRE (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





The detective went closer to the victim.

"So, when did it happen?"

"Apparently she was training..."

Scuba diving incidents occurred frequently in the Bahamas but Freeport inhabitants had never seen such a weird one.

"Could it be an animal, maybe a shark?"

"No. There are no sharks in this area, plus there are no marks of fighting, neither of the rope on her hands. It seems like she didn't even try to reach the surface."

"We are aware that scuba diving is a pretty dangerous sport but there is always a reason, Officer."

"The way things are presenting, she dove, did her best score of 280 meters, attached the bow she was wearing on her wrist to the rope and let herself drown. It's her friend Wallace who first looked for help when he saw Carol's bag still on the pontoon 3 hours after she started training. Her body was found near the rope, a little above the bow."

"Officer, I know Carol, she was a hard worker, always making sure that everything was all right before starting to dive," Wallace said.

Three days later, the results of the autopsy came out. The officer decided to go back to the crime scene. He found Wallace training at the same place where Carol had died. He waited for the young man to come back up to talk to him.

"Aren't you afraid after what happened?"

"I'm not. It is beautiful down there, and I am a professional."

"I'm not talking about scuba diving, Wallace. It is obvious now that Carol was drugged before diving."

"Am I a suspect?" he responded quickly.

"No. You are under arrest. I hope you know your rights as well as how to beat your opponents for the world record."

In memory of Carol, the Bahamas inaugurated a statue at the entrance of the pontoon.

Written by Emeraude CHIROUZE (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





On an October day, during a regular bike race like every weekend, Jane and Jules met each other. But in reality, it was not a regular weekend because it was Halloween.

Every cyclist was supposed to come to the race in disguise. Jane was there because she came to support her cousin, August, who had been a cyclist for years. However, August did not receive any encouragement from his cousin as she was concentrating on another boy. This boy was Jules. It was love at first sight. After this day, they never saw each other again.

But on a March day, Jane came back to support August again while in reality, she was hoping to see Jules for a second time. It was a big day for Jules because he had just won his first race. He was extremely happy but not because he had won but because Jane had been here to see it. Since the last time, he had only thought about her but never had the courage to contact her.

On the podium, Jules searched for Jane. He wanted to see her one last time because he was scared not to be able to see her ever again. His vision focused on one person, one pretty girl. Jane. He smiled and went down to find her.

3 years later, Jane and Jules were happily together. Every weekend, Jane accompanied Jules to his bike race.

Written by Jeanne LEAUSTIC-OMER (18), Léna MAGON (18) and Marion GAUDIN (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





Quidditch is a really amazing, interesting, fabulous sport. It is a team sports born in the United States.

This mythical sport is inspired by the famous novel series, Harry Potter. The rules are pretty simple: each team is made up of 7 players: one Seeker, one Keeper, two Beaters and three Chasers.

A game of Quidditch begins with the Quaffle and Bludgers all placed in the centre of the field. Each team's seven players start in their keeper zone, with their eyes closed, Once the Golden Snitch is a sufficient distance away, they begin the game by shouting 'brooms up!' Each team must then attempt to score more points than their opponents. During the game, any player that is hit by a Bludger is required to dismount their broom, run back and touch their own net before going back to the game. Quidditch is a full contact game and players can use force against each other.

At last, capturing the Golden Snitch immediately ends the game. There is no set time limit to the game. The winner of the match is the team with the most points at the end of the game .

But be careful because several years ago the Golden Snitch has started to rebel !!! If a player disrespects the Golden Snitch he will be chased by this one and will be beaten up with a magic stick .

And this is why we love this sport , it is as fun as exciting !

Written by Justine LEON (18), Marie GAUTIER (18), Inès RUDASSO-EL
MISSAOUI (18) and Anjela MIRZOIANI (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu





Laetitia and Enrico used to be in the same basketball club ever since their childhood, but they did not like each other very much due to their family's long-time arguments. Nevertheless, they never really talked, nor considered each other.

One day, Enrico had a dreadful car accident, hence his legs ended paralyzed. His dreams of becoming a professional basketball player vanished. Everything seemed over. He stayed in his room for days and days. He started to smoke to forget his problems and pains. He thought he would never have the chance to play basketball again. Even if he could not play anymore, he was still watching basketball on television.

One day, he thought he was going to watch his favorite team play, but the match was delayed, which he was really sad about, and he started to switch channels. Then, it was a revelation for him : he stumbled upon the American disabled basketball team. It was the turning point of his life: he wanted in, it was his only chance to touch the orange ball again.

He went back to his childhood basketball club, and he found Laetitia, who was apparently a coach for the disabled team. What a coincidence! They started to train together for days and nights and they became really close. They succeeded in breaking the giant wall that had grown between them during their childhood. After 6 months of hard training, he was getting better, but it wasn't only his level that was growing, his feelings for Laetitia were growing too. In the end, they fell in love and were really happy.

Enrico became a professional disabled basketball player, one of the best in history. During the Olympics of 2024, he won the gold medal and even MVP, like in the good old times.

Written by Lola SODDU (18), Juliette LESAGE (18), Noa LAURENT (18),
Léo PABOEUF (18) and Fleur LAFOREST (18)

Classe de Terminale, Lycée René Cassin, Montfort-sur-Meu

