

Adam BOURGEOIS (16)
Ambroise MADEC (16)
Tom LOUVEL (16)
Malcolm GUERRO-KARLEN (15)

Automat ,1927



The young woman was waiting on a chair, she was waiting for something, or for someone. For how long had she been waiting for? She didn't remember that part, all she could remember was her name, Alicia, and where she was, in an elegant hotel fancy restaurant. She had been staying in this hotel since this special day...

Two weeks ago, in the darkness of night, a dramatic event had happened. The phone was ringing in her room, she had answered the mysterious call which made her hear a long and strange noise. Afterwards, she ran out of the building and walked along the street until she saw a car accelerating in front of her. Suddenly, everything had become blank.

She had woken up in a hospital surrounded by nurses. They were checking up her vitals. Was she bleeding? Not at all. Was she traumatised? It appears that no, she couldn't even remember what had happened. However, things went wrong when she appeared to be an automat, a robot, a metallic shell with no heart and yet, a being that still felt it all thanks to a miracle. She understood her purpose for life: to live for others.

Classe de Première Générale (1^{ère} euro groupe 1)

Celia HUNAUT (17)
Ewa GOLDSCHMIDT (17)
Lalie GUERANDEL (17)
Lucille PARIS (17)



Cape Cod Morning, 1950

Mary was reading a book when suddenly she heard her son screaming from outside. She hurried up to the window to see what was happening. There, she saw her son being kidnapped by a tall and bulky man dressed in black. She decided to chase after him in the forest to get her son back because he was in danger. She went back to her kitchen and took a knife and ran back to the forest to stab the kidnapper. She arrived in front of him and threatened him to let her son, who was crying, run away. But the man persisted because his plan was to earn some money with a ransom. Fearing her son's death and because she was poor, she decided to stab the kidnapper in the heart. She took her son and went back home, where they drank a cup of tea to comfort themselves and to celebrate their reunion.

A few days later, the police knocked on the door because they were leading a case of a recently found dead man in the forest next to where she lived. Because she was acting nervously, they started suspecting her for the murder.

Classe de Terminale Générale (TG euro groupe 2)

Léna MAGON (16)
Clarisse LECHAT (16)
Joséphine DUROY(16)
Célia DENIEUL-JAMET (16)

Compartment C Car, 1938



It's 8 AM, Mrs Penelope is going to her husband's funeral.

20 years ago, Penelope and George met each other on a cruise. It was love at first sight and since then they never left each other and never stopped loving each other, until the day when her beloved husband was called for the war. It was a difficult ordeal for the couple who had planned so many things for their future together. During this time, the lovers sent each other letters to keep the sparkle between them alive. In these letters, they were talking about everything. But one day, Penelope didn't receive George's letter. She was pretty worried and started to get anxious. The day she had been dreading arrived : she received a letter from the Army saying that her husband died because he got shot and stayed on the battlefield without help. And so he died of coldness all alone. She remembered all her years spent with him and she broke down.

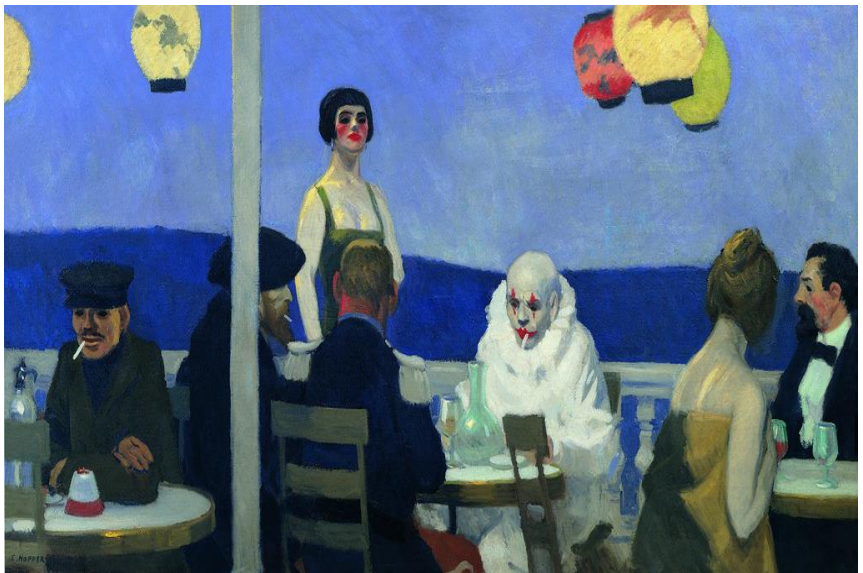
Today, for this sad day, she is wearing the lipstick she wore when they first met and her black hat hides her eyes filled with tears.

It's 8 AM, Mrs Penelope is going to her husband's funeral at the American cemetery.

Classe de Première Générale (1ere euro groupe 2)

Mathilde LEFEBVRE (17)

Soir Bleu, 1914



As every Friday evening, you contemplate your reflection on the surface of your usual glass of wine.

As every week, you pretend to be part of the confabulation, you act like the pungent scent of alcohol doesn't bother you.

As every month, she hovers provokingly in her cadmium green dress; her face, you realise, becomes more and more like yours.

As every year, you break the promise you made to quit this awful habit thus you light up a cigarette once again.

However, none of this matters, nothing is genuinely important in this vicious routine, at least for you. You didn't feel so different before, using your hand as a language appeared natural to you. If you could merely get used to it, used to this world where everything seems to be thought to make you sick to the bone. Nevertheless, it doesn't work this way, it never did, you just ignore things. This isn't the arduous since you can't hear.

You don't hark the insulting people, the shrieking people, the bewildered ones.

Your only wish is that one day, your mouth will function so you can finally tell them, scream to them even.

Your bloody name isn't Pierrot.

Elève de Terminale Générale - TG7

Jeanne LEAUSTIC-OMER (16)
Leo PABOEUF (16)
Enora LOUVEL (16)
Jeanne OLIVARD (16)
Marion GAUDIN (16)

Q-Train



She was here in the metro, thinking about her last relationship and the moment where she saw him with her best friend.

She had gotten ready to make herself beautiful to join her husband. So she took the bus to surprise him as he had been away in London for two weeks. She knew he was going to the cinema so she went in front of it to wait for him. She saw him leaving the cinema with a girl. She approached to find out who her husband was with. First she thought that it was her sister but she suddenly realized that it was her best friend. She started to join them but they kissed in front of her. So she ran and cried going to the metro without knowing where to go.

Classe de Première Générale (1^{ère} euro groupe 1)

The Lighthouse at Two Lights, 1929



A mythical lighthouse on Cape Elizabeth built in 1787 contains stories about missing sailors and spirits. A young married couple, Emily and Frank set up in Portland Head in the 30's. In this lonely lighthouse overlooking the sea, the couple had taken refuge. The old man had been sent to France during World War One in 1918. As he was a witness of shocking events he came back traumatized and quiet. Nobody talked to him for years except for his wife. Sometimes neighbours could see Emily in town shopping for some groceries but he didn't go out anymore. Rumours quickly spread when the light, usually always on to guide ships, did not shine on a November morning. Some people were saying that the old Frank had died during another nightmare. Others were waiting for his wife in town to ask her what had happened and why the lighthouse was off. The crowd waited for days and days but neither Emily nor Frank went down to the village. The authorities decided to enter the building swept by the sea winds by forcing the door. The ships needed light to go along the coast. Two men had been chosen and the youngest one was quite frightened because of all the stories linked with this century-old lighthouse. They entered the house and found nobody so they decided to climb to the top of the lighthouse despite their fright. Frank was sitting there silently, facing his wife's dead body.

SODDU Lola (16)
JAILLARD May-Line (16)
DENOUAL Lucile (16)

Morning Sun, 1952



I am alone in this room. The weather is beautiful, it reminds me of my childhood, when I was playing in the playground with my friends. What have they become? Do their lives are joyful? Are they married? Are they still alive? Have they overcome life difficulties? I wonder if they still remember me...

I want people to remember me, because I'm not special. If I was a star, people sure would always remember me. If I had invented something revolutionary, people would remember me. So, will they remember me even if I'm not special? I'm scared of being forgotten, but we all die in the end, so it is important?

It is how life is supposed to be? Sitting on a bed while pondering the meaning of life and watching through the window, wondering if our existence is meant to be...

I try to focus on the city sounds, the birds singing and the people enjoying life downstairs. Does the couple spreading their love in the flat in front of me will stay together until death parts them? In the end, will this man on the balcony jump?

Classe de Première Générale (1^{ère} euro groupe 2)

Anaëlle FOUQUET (17)

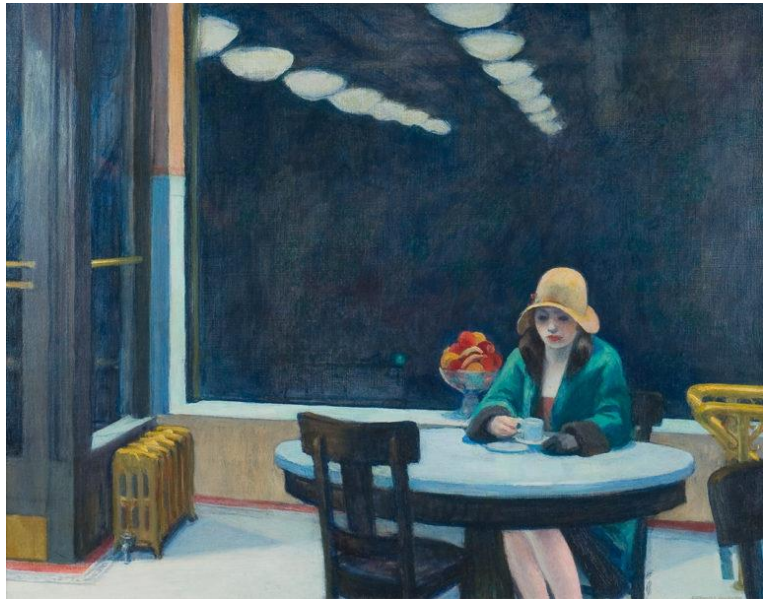
Morning Sun, 1952



Loneliness overcomes me. Alone facing the aurora of the sun. Alone, facing a city still peacefully asleep. The world is suspended for a moment, stripped of everything that animates it. That feeling that I dread so much, but that feeling that is also an ounce of warmth and fullness. The cool wind and light rays hit my white and frail skin. Silence reveals so much to us. And through this silence, I feel the slightest chills that overwhelms me. Everything is jostling in my mind, but yet I feel so soothed. This loneliness is indicative of so many things, so many sensations unknown to our body. I love her and I desire her for eternity. It distances us from reality, from our misunderstandings, our sadness, our anxieties, our apprehensions. To be alone is to cover one's thoughts with meaning when our word fails to express themselves. This light of the aurora rejuvenated my skin, flattered by life. A skin that tells my story better than words, a body that is only the story of my life transposing into this world. But I'm rambling. I'm just alone in my bed, waiting for love. Or death.

Elève de Terminale Générale - TG5

Sarah FEGAR (16)
Justine LEON (16)



Automat, 1927

«A large coffee please!»

«Right now Miss!»

There was a small free table in the back of the cafe, the lighting was cold as was the chair on which she sat. She received her coffee but being too hot she waited a little longer. Then he entered.

He walked quickly towards her: "The saucepan is in the wardrobe."

She replied: "Fork in the jacket."

He sat down next to her and said: "Did you manage to get the plans?"

"Yes everything is fine, they are in my jacket."

He bent over her and discreetly picked them up.

He was about to leave but she grabbed his jacket: "Be careful who you trust!" And he left.

She finished her coffee and left a tip on the corner of the table.

Classe de Première Générale (1^{ère} euro groupe 2)

Emeraude CHIROUZE (16)
Klervi GODARD (16)
Héloïse LEFRANC (16)
Anjela MIRZOIANI (16)

Compartment C Car, 1938



This woman is not the person you might thought she is. After all she will be famous soon. She will be Annabelle Campbell.

Annabelle is really stressed at this moment as she is remembering all she is doing to achieve her dream. She is from a small family from the countryside, from Grenville, but now she is reading the scenario for the musical she will be in. She has a long time trip so she decides to read and reread again and again her script and practice as many times as she can. This time is really important for her, so she wants to immortalise it by asking a kind lady to take a picture while she is posing. This kind lady is encouraging her because this lady said that she is a wonderful singer and actress and that she will go far.

Annabelle responded, “Thank you so much, I’m going to Broadway.”

Olivia DUNA (17)
Hanaé DERIEUX-BILLOT (17)
Anaëlle EON (17)



Ground Swell ,1939

Once upon a time, me and my friends decided to go sailing. We were on vacation in Bora Bora because why not, after all it was a beautiful location! So, we started to prepare the boat and set sail. At first, we thought that this was going to be a wonderful day but we were wrong. Out of nowhere, clouds appeared. Nothing to worry about, we thought, but the more we sailed the more the clouds started to multiply and it was getting darker. That was it! A storm was coming. Waves appeared, bigger and bigger until one turned the boat upside down. We started to panic not because of the storm but because of an unwanted presence. A shark. An enormous shark. We all started to swim towards the boat to get on top of it to get safe. Unfortunately, drama happened! One of our friends got bitten by this shark. Blood was everywhere! We tried to get him back to the boat but it was too late. We had lost one of us. After the storm, the authorities found us. They asked us what had happened but no one responded. Bora Bora, a beautiful location but the worst vacation.

Elèves de Terminale Générale (Term euro groupe 2)



Room in New-York, 1932

After a long day of work, my only pleasure was reading the newspaper, and enjoying my wife's company, laughing with her, and listening to her beautiful piano skills. But today, all of that is over. When I read the news, I only see pain in the world, people are suffering, and a new crisis has begun. I feel like the world today, an unspeakable pain is the only thing I feel.

Even if we are two in this room, I feel as lonely as I would on the moon, and I am sure she feels exactly the same as me. The main problem is that we stay silent. Laughter, music, and words have disappeared. I would not say that our love disappeared, at least not for me, but I can tell it is in danger. Maybe our happiness will be back when the world will be better, or maybe when my happiness will be back, I will assume the world will be better.

Even if I can see the world through my window, the world does not need to come through my window. To be happy again, maybe I need to forget the world's problems, and focus on what really matters, us.

Elèves de Terminale Générale (Term euro groupe 1)

Cyprien BONHAMME (17)
Hugo COUPE (17)
Nicolas ZMIJA (17)
Etienne BUSNEL (17)

Gas, 1940



It is nine in the evening, the sun is going down and I can't see my children. You know at the moment life isn't so easy, I have to raise 9 children with only my small income which is of 1000 dollars. Every father is close to his children, playing with them and enjoying time with his family. However, now I am taking some oil at the gas station with all of my income because of the inflation due to war. Life is hard you know but not as in Ukraine where it is very difficult. Imagine a man like me, how can a father of 9 little kids raise them between bombs and shoots?

Elèves de Terminale Générale (Term euro groupe 2)

Lucie DROGUET (16)
Clara FAISANT (16)
Marie GAUTIER (16)

Nighthawks, 1942



Everybody wanted to kill Andrew... and in a moment chaos would begin.

During a day like any others, the couple, Andrew and Kathryn went to Phillie's coffee shop to drink some tea. They talked casually with the waiting staff.

Bryan, the waiter, while he gained their trust, put some poison in the couple's cup to kill off Andrew, because a spy with a hat had paid him to do so.

But why did people want to kill him? It was because Andrew had been in the mafia a long time ago and had stolen a million dollars to live a better life.

Furthermore, the woman just wanted the inheritance from her husband as soon as possible because she needed money to help her hide her family.

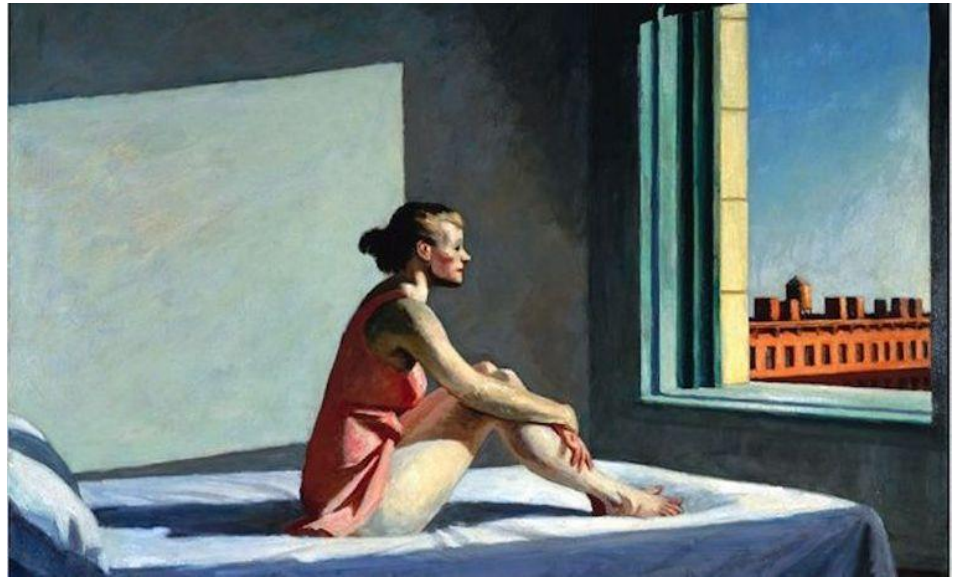
A few minutes later, the couple took their last breath in front of the spy and Bryan. And the coffee had never been so silent since its creation. The only thing to be heard was the coffee's machine next to the corpses.

The chaos really started when someone saw them through the window and screamed: "THERE ARE DEAD PEOPLE !".

Classe de Première Générale (1^{ère} euro groupe 2)

Juliette LESAGE (16)
Lilou PASQUET (16)
Fleur LAFOREST (16)
Noa LAURENT (16)

The Morning Sun, 1952



This is the story of a dancer. That morning she felt nostalgic because of her memories from her past life as a dancer. She remembered the smell of the colophony and the touch of the dance bars. She dreamt of being the White Swan in Swan Lake or Clara in the Nutcracker, and she wanted to dance in the Opéra de Paris. But everything fell apart since THE accident : She broke her tibia doing a wrong balancé. It was on a Monday, at 7am. She remembered that moment so well, she remembered the physical and mental hurt when she had realised that she couldn't dance anymore. She felt angry, guilty, frightened because she didn't know how to live her life without dancing. It was her breathe, it was her social life, the love of her life. But then, what had she left ? The morning sun and her insomnia. Her only thoughts were always the same : dance, balancé, accident, again, again and again.

But since the last morning sun, she decided not to stay a prisoner of her demons in dance slippers. She promised herself that she would try to find a new breathe, a new social life, a new love. But she knew that it would never be the same.

Classe de Première Générale (1^{ère} euro groupe 1)

Maiwenn MARCHALAND (16)
Lou-Ann MORIN (16)
Maëlys ROUINVY (16)
Aude ROUSSAULT(16)

Western Motel, 1957



The scene was set in 1950, during the honeymoon of a newly married couple. However the woman, sitting alone in a quiet hotel room, was not just a simple woman : behind her beauty she was keeping a secret with thorns. Three hours ago, they were two in the bathroom but only one came out alive from this room covered with blood. The man, her husband, wasn't a casual citizen either. He was a political ennemy of the United States of America, a USSR spy.

She was working in the shadow of the American government to collect information on their rivals. Her mission was easy, she had to convince this paticular man to trust her to the point of sharing important secrets about the USSR government. When this was accomplished, she had to kill him.

So, after cleaning the mess, she was now waiting for her driver to arrive, so she could give him her suitcases full of human body parts as a proof of her work. In exchange he gave her a new mission, with her new identity.

Classe de Première Générale (1^{ère} euro groupe 1)

Inès RUDASSO-EL MISSAOUI (16)
Lucy THOMPSON (16)
Inès DENOUALI (16)
Anaëlle LAURANS (16).

Cape Cod Morning, 1950



A young lady was waiting for her husband, every morning she would go to the window to see if he was coming back home in this lovely American country side. They were freshly married, they had met in town a few years earlier. They had planned all their life, from then till their death tore them apart. The country was going through a hard time due to the war, which was spreading around the world. He was fighting on the front line, in Europe, and the only news she got from him were his letters. He used to write to her, every time he could. It had already been a whole year since he left. She missed him very much, and since he joined the army, her life felt very lonely. She was always anxious about the news that was coming from the postman, because she knew it could either announced her husband's death, or a letter that he wrote for her in the mud, in the trenches. She sometimes secretly hoped that he injured himself, so that he would come back home to her. She didn't know that the next letter that was coming was the letter she was afraid to receive.

Classe de Première Générale (1^{ère} euro groupe 1)

Felix OISEL (16)
Antoine MARIE (16)
Augustin BARTH (16)
Abigaëlle GEORGES (16)



Room in New-York, 1932

Andrew Bushnell was an immigrant from Ireland and his wife Carmen Siantago Bushnell, from Latin America. They went to New York to have a better life in which they succeeded. They were sitting peacefully as one may think, but there was a huge problem in their relationship. Indeed, Carmen was depressed because Andrew forgot their wedding anniversary. She often played the piano when she was depressed as it was a way for her to evacuate her negative feelings. He forgot about the anniversary because his car company was in a crisis: a new competitor company was growing, and his industry was losing money. Since then, he was more invested in trying to sink the new company rather than taking care of his own family. Carmen was trying to hang to their relationship, but it may end sooner than they thought.

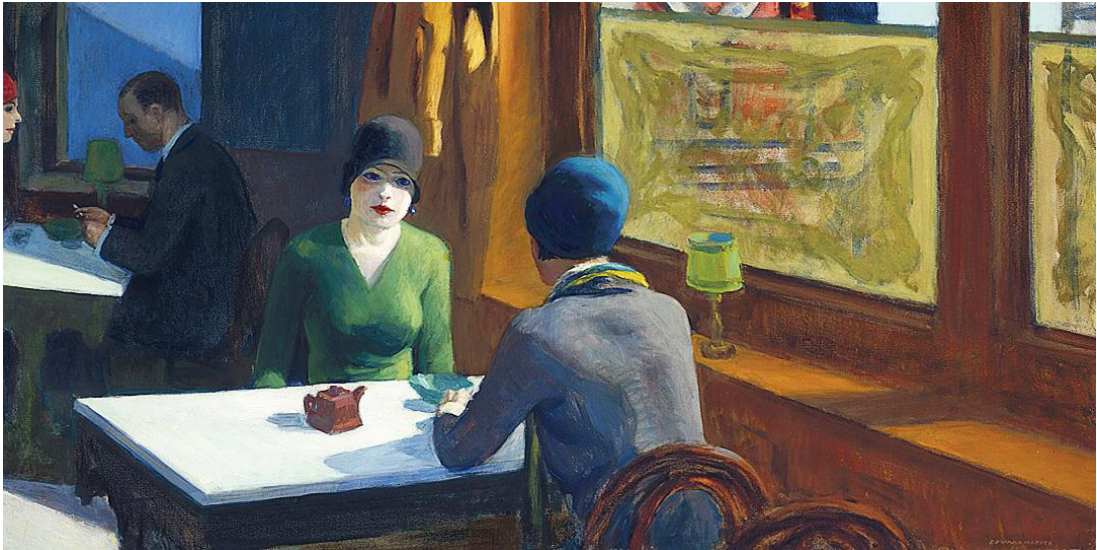
Classe de Première Générale (1^{ère} euro groupe 2)



It was a cold summer night, I quickly stepped on the last car of the first metro I saw. I suddenly felt exhausted and slumped on one of its uncomfortable benches. What a crazy day I just went through, hopefully now no one could see how miserable my appearance was. The low battery sign lit up on my phone, leaving me truly alone. So why did it feel like I wasn't? Perhaps those funny round neons on the ceiling were looking like a thousand of creepy eyes watching me. I was the absolute last thing I wanted to be at the moment. Tiredness was starting to set in and I did not feel like opening my eyelids yet.
I fell asleep.

Auriane FOUVILLE (17)
Eline SAILLENFEST (17)

Chop Sue, 1929



I was sitting right across from this woman in a cafe, Louise, if I remember correctly from when she introduced herself a few minutes ago. But this was probably not her real name since I was also using a code name. She was talking to me the first time that I was doing it. Perhaps, that was why I was a little stressed. I did not want to get caught by the German opponents because I was determined to carry out my duties since I was a member of the Resistance in a group called “Action”. They had faith in me although I was new, but as a woman, I was looking less suspicious than men. When I finally concentrated on what she was saying, I instantly understood. The next day’s mission against the German soldiers was a trap and I needed to inform the group to prevent the death of hundreds of airmen that would take part in it. The enemy had discovered the existence of the operation and its location. It would be an ambush if they did not interrupt this mission. And I had to save them.

Elèves de Terminale Générale (Term euro groupe 1)

Charles VAUDRY (17)



New York Movie, 1939

A woman in her fifties was married to a rich man, the theater's owner, who mistreated her. She was crying because she was fed up with being mistreated. She lived in richness but not in happiness. That was why she had decided to break up with her husband, on the theater's scene in front of a lot of people to humiliate him. He would leave the theater to his wife . So, the woman was very happy knowing it, and she decided to create a charity in favor of mistreated women. This association organized a lot of actions such as prevention, or actions with the police. The association had a lot of success. Indeed, the woman encountered the mayor of New York City, and even the President of the United States, who really wanted to work with her and with her association in favour of women's rights.

Elève de Terminale Générale (Term euro groupe 1)

Compartment C Car, 1938

A woman was sitting alone in the compartment of a train. She was reading a paper, and was dressed with a black dress, and a black hat, which hid her eyes. However her lips were red, which drew a slight smile, enigmatic. Her black clothes may represent the mourning of a husband maybe recently dead.

In reality, this woman had lost her husband, but in a more complicated way. He was a dangerous man. He was involved in the mafia, they had to change locations all the time to survive, so she was in danger because of him. Moreover, the woman never loved him at all, she was married to him because of his financial situation, that her parents found advantageous, so they had forced her to accept the marriage proposal. But she hadn't wanted to marry him. The woman spent one year organizing his murder, because he was also excessively mean and violent with her. One day, she called him to have a coffee together in the lounge. The coffee was delicious, but poisoned. He died immediately, without suffering. The following day, the woman left the country, to escape jail.

She can therefore be found on this train, in direction of Island, where no one would ever find her. The black dress was very ironical in fact she was not heartbroken, or devastated, just free, and reading housing searches for a home in Reykjavik, where she would live the life of her dreams, far from her former life with her abusive husband.

