

THE MELTING POT

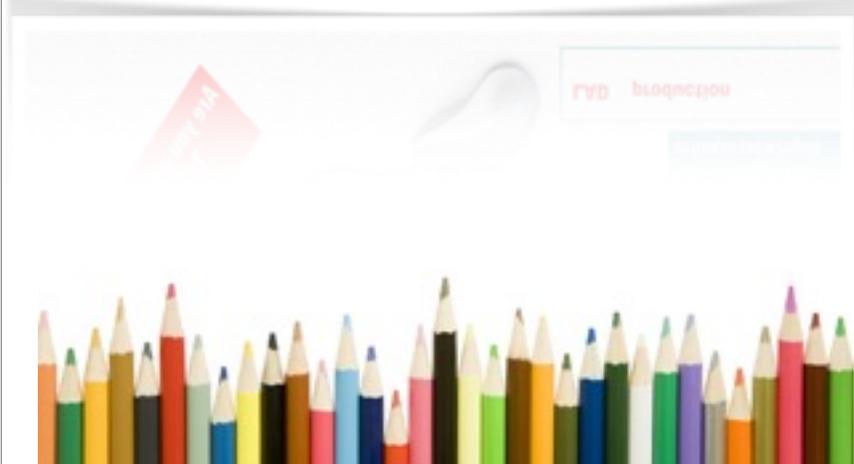
Contents:

- *Surprising facts about South Africa*
- *La Terminale, le Bac et la vie qui nous attend.*

The Literary Corner

- *A bilingual short story by 1ere L*
- *Unexpected tales by Terminales L*

The team: 1ereL, Terminale L, T.Roland



SOUTH AFRICA: Did you know that....

- The Palace of the Lost City resort hotel is the largest theme resort hotel in the world .
- South Africa generates two-thirds of Africa's electricity.
- There are more than 2,000 shipwrecks off the South African Coast , most of them being more than 500 years old.
- The first human heart transplant was performed in a Cape Town hospital in 1967.
- Every year South Africa moves about two inches farther away from South America as a subtle continuation of continental drift

by Enya Alcindor

- Table Mountain in Cape Town is believed to be one of the oldest mountains in the world.
- Table Mountain alone has over 1,500 species of plants, more than the entire United Kingdom.
- Three of the five fastest land animals live in South Africa - the cheetah (63 miles per hour), the wildebeest, and the lion.
- The Karoo region is home to some of the best fossils of early dinosaurs.
- South Africa has the highest commercial bungee jumping bridge in the world at Bloukrans South

by Anne Françoise Romain



La Terminale, Le Bac et Une autre vie qui nous attend.

Comme vous avez pu le remarquer grâce au titre, cet article comporte trois parties. Vous voyez comment je suis poursuivie par tout ce qui est scolaire. Hmh.

Commençons par la chère Terminale qui s'écoule au fur et à mesure que le mois de Juin s'approche. Une classe très spéciale qui tourmente, rend fou et impatient. Pour tout vous dire, dès septembre 2015, je savais que la classe de Terminale allait être pénible. C'est un peu le début de ce qui nous attend à l'université: Il faut beaucoup travailler, gérer notre temps, bien se comporter pour obtenir un bon dossier et surtout se concentrer, tout apprendre, afin de pouvoir réussir. La Terminale stresse; il faut avoir de bonnes notes à tout, et ce n'est pas chose simple, vu le niveau. En bref, c'est un bonbon "Sour Patch Kids", amer au début et par la suite, très savoureux.

Bien sûr, c'est mon idée de la Terminale, c'est à dire que durant ces mois, ça va "galérer" (excusez le langage mais c'est le mot le plus approprié pour expliquer la situation) et, en Juin quand tout sera fini et que je passerai mon bac, je verrai la vie avec un autre oeil, heureuse et délivrée si je puis dire.

Quant au Baccalauréat, maintenant, le but n'est plus de "juste l'avoir" mais de le réussir "AVEC MENTION", sinon "no consideration, thank you, bye-bye." Il faut également profiter des options, qui donnent des point bonus "à gogo". Donc ce petit message est à vous tous, futures promotions de la Terminale. Vous devez travailler dur, et réussir avec mention. Quant à ma promotion, on galère. Mais ce qui est amusant, c'est que l'on sait que cette vie d'élève, avec papa et maman, sans grandes responsabilités va bientôt s'achever; et c'est pour cela que nous avons envie de nous amuser comme des fous, de profiter de ces derniers moments de lycéens qui se transformeront en profondes nostalgies. Plutôt paradoxal hein: La Terminale et nous, c'est une relation d'amour et de haine.

Ensuite, bien évidemment, il y a l'autre vie qui nous attend. Celle d'étudiant à l'université, contraint à se prendre en charge, à déterminer son objectif dans la vie et à décider quelle route prendre pour arriver à bonne destination. JE vous promet que ce n'est pas facile. Nous nous retrouvons entre l'excitation de ne plus être avec papa et maman, vivre comme un adulte, faire ses propres choix et la peur d'être dans l'incapacité de fonctionner, de s'adapter à un nouveau mode de vie, de se demander qui l'on va fréquenter etc... Ainsi est-on triste de laisser notre maison, pour certains, notre pays, tout en étant

excité de faire de nouvelles expériences. C'est très compliqué mais c'est un passage obligatoire afin de grandir et de devenir des adultes, des êtres indépendants dans le futur. Pour le moment, le stress, la peur et l'excitation sont les émotions présentes chez moi. Mais je pense bien que c'est normal, que c'est une étape incontournable de laquelle je vais probablement rire dans quelques années.

Donc à toutes les futures promotions, je vous dis: Accrochez-vous bien! Et à ma promotion, je vous souhaite beaucoup de courage et que du succès pour la fin de l'année scolaire et pour cette nouvelle vie remplie d'expériences qui nous attendent !! OLE !!

Thalía :)



*The Yellow Bedroom: A bilingual short story by 1ere L.***Chapter 1:**

William once again stayed late at his job, being the CEO. He devoted his life to his company . That is maybe the reason why he didn't have a family . He did have a wife a long time ago but she left because he never had spare time for her . He didn't even have time for himself. Just like now.

He was going home at 11:00 and only got time to go home and sleep, then to go back to work at 5:00 in the morning. He walked out of the building and hopped in his car and drove off. When he finally got there he opened the door and heard an unusual sound. He pulled back to the door and pushed it open once again and the noise repeated itself. He knelt down and pulled out an envelope under the door . He got inside and opened it: there was a note which read "4th of July 1966" . His mouth dried up and his heart beat accelerated. He looked further in the envelope searching for other clues but what he saw inside made his blood go cold. He spent the rest of the night trying to figure it out with no success. He should go to the police he thought, but they would suspect him, and he could not risk losing his company. Days passed and he kept receiving letters and sometimes pictures of himself at work or at home. He needed to talk to someone. Someone he could trust. Someone who would believe him no matter what: Jasper.

Jasper had been his best friend forever. As kids, they were inseparable . The older they got, the more attached they were . But recently they hadn't seen each other a lot. William got to Jasper's house and knocked at the door .

"Coming" the voice said , the door opened "Will "Jasper said, surprised

"Hi , it's been a while " He said smiling "a year " he said before hugging, and then inviting him inside . They sat on the couch in the living room

"What brings you here " Jasper asked, handing him a beer.

"It's been a while and I wanted to see my best friend " he said

"Yeah! I don't think so " Jasper said

"What?"

"You're still a terrible liar you know that?"

William sighed and began "I need your help " he said

"What's wrong " Jasper asked

"I need you to promise me that no matter what I tell you or show you , you won't tell anybody"

"What did you do " Jasper asked worried .

"I need you to promise! " he repeated

"O-Okay, I promise " William nodded and took out the envelope and handed it to Jasper " A week ago I got home and found this under my door "

Jasper took it with hesitation and opened it

"Is,Is... that a finger ?!" He said in a high pitch voice

"Yes" and with it came this note " he said handing the note to Jasper

"What does it mean " "it's her, the day she left me "

Jasper understood "We need to tell the Police "he said standing, but William stopped him

"No, we both know how it works, they will think I did it and I can't go to jail Jasper "he said

"Then what do you want me to do ?" Jasper asked

"I don't know " he said desperately "Maybe I should leave the country"

Jasper shook his head negatively.

"Jasper it's a finger! Someone could have died "

"Then I'll help you leave the country discreetly" William nodded

"When"

"Not now but I can get you something next week "

"Thank you " William said.

A Day later he got a new letter and went directly to Jasper .

"Is there another body part ?"

"No " William answered " did you read it "

"Well obviously it's open "

"what did it say "

Jasper asked again "You can't escape your past.You can't escape Me. signed R.B"

"That's bad. I need to get you out of the country now "

"Where will I go ?"

Jasper took a second and said "You have a Grandmother in France right? "

William nodded

"Then that's where you'll go , I'll make sure you leave in two days . By that time, you'll check everything is fine with your company ." Jasper explained

"Thank you for everything "

"That is what best friends are for "Jasper said smirking .

Chapter 2

06.30 am

It was a Saturday night. The sound of the alarm clock was reasoning all over the place. William had trouble sleeping last night, wondering what could happen if he stayed in the country. After hours of reflexion, he decided to get up and walked straight to the bathroom. As he saw the letters on his table, he suddenly felt the urge to call the airport in order to flee his mysterious sender.

- Orly, bonjour!

- Bonjour, j'aimerais réserver un ticket pour Paris s'il vous plaît.

- Très bien. Et pour quel jour monsieur?

- Aujourd'hui même.

- Veuillez patienter un instant je vous prie.

As the seconds passed, William was already drowning in his own thoughts. It was as if the whole world was collapsing and he was the only one standing on the ground, with an irreversible destiny.

- Monsieur? He suddenly returned to his senses, ashamed that the lady had been waiting for him all this time.

- Veuillez m'excuser. Vous disiez?

- Le seul vol disponible est prévu pour ce mercredi.

- Impossible! Comprenez moi madame, il s'agit d'une affaire d'extrême urgence.

- Je comprends monsieur, mais je suis dans l'impossibilité de faire autrement.

- Dans l'impossibilité? Je vous explique que je suis dans une situation délicate et votre seule réponse à tout cela est que "madame" se trouve être dans l'impossibilité d'effectuer cette tâche.

- Je vous prie...

- Non! C'est à cause de gens comme vous que votre compagnie perd des clients.

- Monsieur...

As William took a breath, finally letting the woman talk, the only answer he received was a long moment of silence.

- Allo?

...

- Etes vous toujours en ligne?

- Oui mais je crois que ma patience a atteint des limites.

- Pardonnez moi?Vous n'avez pas compris, je vous ai dit qu'il y a effectivement un vol de libre.

- Vous voyez quand vous voulez...

- Il est prévu pour cet après-midi. 13h30 pour être plus précise. Veuillez bien me donner vos nom et prénom s'il vous plaît.

....

As he finally arrived at the airport, William was feeling exhausted. He rested his back on the chair and slid his hand through his pocket. He felt something that seemed to be a fragile item. After moments of hesitation, he grabbed the mysterious element, just to find a piece of hair inside a plastic bag, on which was written "14th February"...

" Les passagers du vol 405, sont priés d'embarquer s'il vous plaît "

William didn't understand what was happening, nor did he have the time to. He suddenly got up without thinking.

"I'll be safer" he said as he walked towards the boarding area.

CHAPTER 3:

La France a toujours été un pays où il se rendait pour s'éloigner un peu de tout. Arrivé chez sa grand-mère, William prit un bain et sentit qu'il vivait enfin sans problème, sans se sentir observé par quelqu'un. Le soir pendant le souper, elle lui posa certaines questions comme "pourquoi tu es venu en France ?" "As-tu des problèmes d'argent?" Il ne savait pas quoi dire et ne voulait pas là paniquer en lui disant qu'il recevait des lettres d'une personne inconnue : " je suis venu rendre visite à ma grand-mère, ça fait si longtemps!"

...Elle ne le croyais pas.

Après deux belles semaines dans ce merveilleux pays, il remarqua que sa grand-mère Marie n'était pas en bonne santé. Elle se rendit à l'hôpital où elle fut mise en soins intensifs. Les docteurs demandèrent à William de rentrer pour se reposer: ils lui écriraient pour envoyer les résultats des examens sanguins. Sur la route, il aperçut un café et sentit qu'une personne le fixait: cette sensation familière...

Quelques jours plus tard, devant la maison, il remarqua une lettre avec le logo de l'hôpital et l'ouvrit: "tu penses qu'en changeant de pays, je vais arrêter de t'envoyer mes lettres, tu te trompes!"

D'un seul coup, son cœur se mit à battre de plus en plus fort. En relisant cette lettre il entendait des voix qui le rendaient fou. Puis, on frappa à la porte. Rapidement il cacha la lettre: c'était l'infirmière qui apportait les résultats de sa grand-mère. L'expression de son visage disait tout, Marie allait bien.

Le soir tomba il resta éveillé en se posant des questions " qui pouvait être après moi ?" "qui essayait de me contacter?". Vers trois heures du matin, il dormit et eut ce rêve étrange dans lequel il vit des personnages couverts de draps blancs, noirs et rouges, qui essayaient de faire passer un message en parlant la langue des signes.

Quelques jours après, il put aller voir Marie à l'hôpital, et fit son possible pour ne pas paraître inquiet. La façon dont il avait imaginé ses vacances en France ne se déroulait pas du tout comme prévu. Il avait cette envie de partager ce qui lui arrivait avec une personne sans passer pour un fou.

Pendant sa dernière semaine de vacances, sa grand-mère alla bien, et il avait quelque peu oublié cette histoire de lettres inconnues. Jasper commençait à recevoir des appels pour le travail. Il lui fallait rentrer. Il prit donc le premier vol, laissant Marie, très triste.

CHAPTER 4:

After a long flight, he was back in his country at 5 PM. When he got to his office, he heard bad news, apparently everything was messed-up. During the day Jasper called to know how was everything, so he explained to him how his business was a mess. Jasper asked how France was and William said:

“ You would never believe me! I got another letter by the same person and the letter said "tu penses qu'en changeant de pays,j'arrêterai de t'envoyer mes lettres, tu te trompes!" Jasper was so stunned.

“WOOW! I can't believe it! we have to go talk to the police ! “Jasper said

It took him 5 minutes to actually think if he should go to the police, but he was so scared.

“ I can go alone to talk to the police station it's okay, I just want you to feel free!”

“NO! I don't want you to be in this story : I would feel guilty. I know you have your own problems.”

After this conversation with his friend, William stayed at work, trying to fix things for the company. Around 10 PM he was tired and decided to go home and relax. When he got home, he realized something had changed, he didn't know what, but his house was different, and when he looked closer, he discovered that some of furniture had been moved. So he called Jasper because he was the only one who got the spare key and said:

“JASPER! when I left, you went to my house to do something like cleaning?”

"No, why?"

"My furniture has been moved, that's weird!" William said

"Are you serious? I'm sure you're just being paranoid!" Jasper said.

"NO trust me I know how I left my house. I'm not crazy! Someone came to my house."

He looked closer: on his bed was a letter. He took it and the first thing he saw was "R.B" and he saw a Rose Petal and under this rose petal: " remember it was my favorite: you used to give it too me every time! PS: Don't go to the police because you may regret this. Trust me"

William called:

"I got another letter and this time it's a rose petal and I swear this rose petal has the smell of someone I know, But I don't know who!"

Jasper said:

"Don't panic at least it's a rose petal"

William tried to figured out this smell, he knew it wasn't something new. Walking through to his bathroom he saw rose petals all over the floor, and he saw another letter but this time it was a random picture of a family then he saw " we could be a family! but you left me I just want to know why. WHY WILLIAM?"

After this letter with a picture, William thought it was time for him to make some research about his past and about what he did wrong.

CHAPTER 5:

"Stay focused" These were the words William kept telling himself. Ever since the threatening letters started, his life had become an absolute nightmare. The simplest items were now, equivocal. As for the people around him, they had grown suspicious. As he walked down the streets, the thought of having a serial killer following him made him sick. He felt scared, hesitant, observed and lost. William was only sure of one thing; there was no way for him to continue living like that. He had to put an end to this entire situation.

9.33 pm

His room was quiet and empty due to his successive absences. The heavy silence in his house was persistent. You could almost hear the sound of his heartbeat always playing in unison with his footsteps.

The rhythm of the clock kept reminding him of a possible end. Afraid, William took his coat and went all the way downstairs with the bright idea of rejoining his confidante of all time.

9.45 pm

"Help me" said William with sweat pouring down like the rain.

"You could have at least invited me to the rally. What with that look of yours?"

"I'm tired Jasper! I'm tired of waking up with fear in the morning, and going to bed with the same fear in the night. I don't understand Jasper! Why? Why are they persecuting me like that?"

"If you don't understand, it means that something has been missed out"

"What are you talking about? This is no time for philosophy."

"I know, but listen carefully; you spent the last few weeks receiving letters. If we consider the time interval, it means that... that specific person is after you, after something you have possibly done lately. Do you have any enemies?"

"Of course not." William said shaking his head in total shock.

"That's quite sad. 'A man without enemies is a man with no aspirations'."

William immediately glared at his friend warning him about what would happen if he kept talking recklessly.

"I'm sorry, I forgot that one cannot take a joke nowadays. Did you misbehave lately? "

"For God's sake Jasper! you know me and you know how quiet and peaceful I'm with people."

"Not really, you always leave that attitude behind my door. But let's not miss the point. Think carefully before you answer. A period of your personal life has become a danger to you. Think about a reckless action or something offensive you said to someone."

William turned around, trying to remember the possible source of all of this. As he remembered something, he turned back to his friend with a confused look on his face.

"There was this girl..." He began to say

"I see. In fact, every nightmare begins with a woman"

"It was in a coffee shop" said William, trying to avoid the comment of his friend. "As she was drinking from her cup, I had accidentally pushed her and got her dress dirty with hot coffee. "

"What was her reaction?"

"She seemed to be the shy type. She only smiled innocently and excused herself even when I was the one at fault. I don't even know why I mentioned her... She, in fact, didn't look at all like a psychopath"

"The devil was once an angel. But, if you say so... Let me rephrase the previous question. Did something inexcusable! brutal! violent! happen to you lately?"

"There is also my neighbor. She lives across my house. Every morning, she always waves her hand at me with the creepiest smile on her face. She was also always knocking at my door bringing her so called "Gateaux de la passion". At first I found it normal until recently, when I saw her hiding behind the curtains, observing my house. I had immediately decided to break all contact with her"

"Or you're just confusing polite manners with paranoiac intentions. She could have been watching something else and not your disoriented head."

"You're such a help"

"I know, thank you. Anything else?"

"There's also this man who got his cat killed with my car."

"It must have been terrible..."

"I know poor cat" said William under his breath

"...For you to get rid of the blood" said Jasper with a look of compassion. "I feel bad for your car. Besides, you don't even have to worry about that guy. If the dog-owner was a lonely

woman in her late age, maybe ...There is nothing more gracious and precious for those ladies. They put their unwanted love and their feeling of loneliness on those lazy, egocentric and helpless animals. Let's focus on the content of the letters. The first was, correct me if I'm wrong, a marvelous finger. We have never really searched, though, the hidden meaning behind that."

"Because there is no meaning at all beside the fact that this person, if we can still call this a person, wants me dead."

"Don't be so stubborn. Try to see under the surface. The implicit meaning. There is always a meaning behind everything willing or unwilling. I remember seeing on the newspapers something about what the meaning of each finger was"

"Why would you read such a thing?"

"Maybe because in situations like this, uninterested things can be very useful."

With that being said, Jasper headed towards his office leaving William by himself. He was clearly perplexed about Jasper's point of view but he couldn't help feeling curious.

"Bingo" William jumped a little to the sudden scream of his friend. He rushed to the office only to find a smiling Jasper, lost in a newspaper.

"What did you find?" said William as he approached Jasper.

"Exactly what I was looking for. Let's see... They give us what symbolizes the five fingers but we only want one of them."

"One?"

"The finger that had been given to us was obviously too thin for it to be the thumb and too little for it to be the remaining three. According to the Greek god, the index symbolizes self-confidence. The middle one is for justice. And ... Doublebingo!

"What... What did you find Sherlock?"

"It's a girl"

"What?" said William confused

"The one persecuting you is in fact a paranoid woman. I knew from the beginning that the ring finger symbolizes relationships but I wanted to make sure. It's a woman... probably your wife."

"Impossible. Rose wouldn't have done something so insane. She's someone with a pure heart and soul."

"Rose? For God 'sake William open your eyes and stop being delusional! How come you have never mentioned her name before? You tried to rip off the door when the key was right under your eyes!"

"What do you mean? I thought you knew that."

"How come? I have never really like this girl nor did she. And as you can see I show no interest in people who don't catch mine. That's right! Everything fits together! The finger, the name, the date!"

"I'm stopping you now my friend. She loved me and I believe she still does. She was the one who proposed to me a long time ago."

"And she left jus as fast. With all due respect William, I can easily imagine a woman getting upset and paranoid with your lack of spare time. My dear friend, I think we have our suspect."

CHAPTER 6

Jasper nodded "William it's obviously her, look at the name, at the way the person signed 'R.B' as if Rose Bermin your ex " William couldn't deny it , it was pretty clear

"T...that's not possibly true " he said looking at his friend "W...why would she want to hurt me she's the one who left

"L'amour a ses raison que la raison ignore...Anyways it's getting late and I got to go home to my girlfriend "

"I don't remember you having a girlfriend"

"Goodnight boy and William don't die during the night buddy, good luck" he said smiling walking out .

William shook his head.

He thought: "Je ne comprends pas pourquoi moi? pourquoi me ferait-elle une chose pareille? , c'est Rose ,belle et innocente Rose." Comme Jasper te l'a dit le diable était un ange . Et pourquoi maintenant, pourquoi 3 ans après " He sighed.

"Je ne peux pas dormir quand je ferme les yeux je sens qu'on me fixe et que quelqu'un pourrait me sauter dessus à n'importe quel moment . Mais voyons ,tu dois dormir tu ne pourras pas être objectif sinon " il soupire une seconde fois et marche vers les toilettes pour prendre des pilules et un verre d'eau.

Le lendemain

Jasper, at the door:

"William!!There's another letter!!!!" "Where's Will " "sleeping at this time of crisis ?!" "Wake up sleepy head "

"Qu...qu..est-ce qui se passe?" demanda William. Le français lui était venu naturellement.

"someone wants to kill you , and there is another letter " dit Jasper en s'assailant sur le lit

"Je peux?" dit-il avec un accent.

William hocha de la tête en se frottant le yeux

"Do you smell that?"

"Smell what ?" demanda Will , Jasper se rapprocha de la lettre et la renifla

"Yep...women perfume " dit il et renifla une second fois "Dior more precisely "

"it was Rose's perfume " William prit la lettre pour s'en assurer.

"How do you know that?" demanda Will

-I had a girl that used to wear it all the time, awful women by the way . well you won't care so ouvre la Will"

- je ne peux pas . dit il

- ok I'll do it . Jasper prit la lettre, l'ouvrit et lut en silence.

"so " demanda t-il impatient

« Yeah, ok... I don't read French "

" What?!" Will smacked the back of Jasper's head and started reading

"Finalement après tout ce temps, tu n'as découvert que ça! Franchement je m'attendais à mieux. Il t'a fallu un autre idiot pour aboutir à cette conclusion . En tout cas mon plan arrive à son terme, je vais bientôt te faire souffrir autant que tu m'as fait souffrir . Ta perte arrive à grand pas . Tu te demandes surement pourquoi maintenant et pourquoi toi mon amour! L'amour a ses raisons que la raison ignore ! signée Rose Bermin "

William finished

"Wait isn't that my phrase from last night ?" dit Jasper

"...and how did she know we knew it was her ? " William demanda effrayé

"she was listening, how ?" dit Jasper

il devait le découvrir vite car comme le disait la lettre la fin était proche et pour sauver son ami il devait mettre la main sur elle . Cette femme allait le rendre fou si elle ne le tuait pas avant.

CHAPTER 7

Of all the things that could happen, William never expected his marriage to take a tragic turn. He didn't know what to believe or what to do. Rose was for him, everything a man could wish for. Beautiful soul and splendid traits. There was no way that his so called "Fleur de Lys" could turn into the subject of an interminable nightmare. He saw in her, a fascinating being, where comprehension and affection went together. She erased the false idea of romance Jasper warned him about. She was attentive, caring and most of all charming. As he got into his car, William remembered having his first dispute with his lover. Even when she tried to be enraged over something, you could only contemplate her without even realizing what had been said. Except for that night. That specific and inevitable night, where beauty had been scratched to the ground leaving behind all that she seemed to care about.

William finally came back, shocked at everything he had been hearing from his friend. He couldn't believe it. Something didn't fit in the puzzle. Rose was everything but a paranoiac. He had to agree with the fact that she didn't like his friend Jasper. The cause? It seemed that Jasper saw in her the meaning of total beauty... with no brain.

William finally went upstairs with the thoughts and doubts flowing through his head. He sat on the corner of the bed, looking at the empty place beside him. Then, he would contemplate every night his sleeping beauty. He laid down while looking at the ceiling. "Beautiful as a rose and hurtful as its thorns... Could it be?" He said to himself, finally letting his eyes close with an awful look of fatigue.

...

He woke up only to find a feminine body standing in front of his bed. The woman was crossing her arms. He rubbed his eyes as he tried to recognize who the intruder was. His vision became clearer. It was her. He suddenly sat down confused.

"Rose?" He finally managed to say

"No! From now on you're the one that is going to listen to me William."

"What are you ta..."

"Ever since I've known you, I thought that I had finally acquired a stable point in my life . Even if you warned me about the consequences when I proposed to you, I thought that maybe you would've changed for me and for the sake of our marriage. But you didn't. William, the fact is ... I'm tired! I barely see you anymore... I know that your work is important but for me to believe that it is what matters to you the most is heartbreaking. It hurts to realize that the man I once loved, has become a total stranger in whom I find no more interest. When I wake up... you're already gone and when I sleep, you're not there.

"Rose listen please..."

"I can't pursue my life that way. That is why I've decided to put an end to this interminable routine. I wish you the best Will."

William grabbed a knife from his plate. When Rose decided to take her suitcase, William took this moment of inattention as an opportunity.

"You promised"

Rose tried to turn her head, but it was already too late. The knife had already killed her.

"By my side... through good and bad times" He once again stabbed his wife, this time reaching for her finger, letting the ring fall to the ground.

"Guess that will be the end for you" Rose fell on his arms with blood now covering her shirt collar.

"You promised" He finally said with tears streaming down on his face.

"AHHHH!" William woke up from his dream due to the sudden and unrecognizable scream. Without knowing it, he had revived the tragic night of Rose's death. He got up and hastily grabbed his gun in his drawer. He walked downstairs tiptoeing, making sure that he didn't make any noise. When he arrived below, he checked to see if there was any evidence that would make him think of a robbery. He looked next to the door, the coat of Jasper was hanging on the coat rack. He recognized it by the eccentric fur and the golden buttons. An open door immediately drew his attention. The thought of Jasper performing once again one of his lamentable tricks crossed his mind. But the heavy silence made him grew perplex. After a moment of hesitation, he walked towards the empty place. The hatch of his basement was open. Without any reason, his heartbeat started to skip a little. He walked down the wooden stairs, pointing his weapon in front of him. At each step, you could hear a slow, awful and disturbing noise. It was dark but a little light illuminated a part of the place. He looked on the left only to find old furniture and a few portraits , both covered with spider webs and dust. As he turned his face to the right, he saw his friend kneeling on the floor, terrified and perturbed. Jasper was paralyzed and shocked as if he had seen the devil himself. William finally lowered down his gun and approached his friend with a worried look. Jasper got on his feet, shaking. He took steps backwards, terrified.

"Jasper..."

"Don't even think of taking steps forward"

"What in the world is going on. It's me! William!"

" I wish it wasn't.... In fact, I wish you would have denied it by saying that this is the doing of your imaginary twin"

"Jasper.. I've already told you to slow down on alcohol. You're talking non-sense"

"To think that the murderer would have the audacity to victimize himself..."

"Murderer?"

"Do I even know you, psychopath! To think that you, out of all people, would have killed your own wife"

William was appalled by his last words.

"What are you talking about"

"You want me to believe that you don't know anything about the dead body cut to pieces in this freezer. " Jasper said pointing at one of the corners of the basement.

William walked straight towards it. On the floor, you could see dead rose petals. On the wall was a picture of Rose and William cut in the middle. A red liquid was apparent on the side of

the freezer. He opened it: his wife's grave made of plastic bags. Was he really the author of all of this? Was all his life a giant lie? William took a step back. The flashbacks and the memories were hitting him all at once.

In total panic, he pointed his gun at Jasper.

"It's because of her. It's all because of her"

"I know William, but please take your gun down"

"If she had stayed quiet during that night, none of this would have happened"

"Listen William you're going to put that gun down and we'll both go upstairs and discuss about that together, like civilized people"

" I need a tranquilizer"

" You need a psychiatrist for God's sake! There is a body in your basement, you fool!"

"I'm not crazy. Why are you defending her? I thought you were my friend. Why do people always want to leave me... Everyone leaves." William said burying his face in his hands.

Jasper didn't know what to do: if he rushed upstairs, William would shoot him in the back. If he tried to fight him, the distance separating them would be a disadvantage for William. In every way, death was waiting for him. He seized his courage with both hands and ran in order to escape from his psychopath friend.

POW!

Jasper was paralyzed and terrified.

"This is the end" He finally whispered. After a few seconds, he touched himself searching for a hole all over his body. He turned his head wondering how was he still able to move. On the ground, was the dead body of his friend. As he approached him, he saw a tear going down his face. And if it wasn't for the light, Jasper would have sworn that his friend was smiling.

THE END by 1eres L



Fairy tales “à la” Thurber.

James Grover Thurber (December 8, 1894 – November 2, 1961) was an American cartoonist, author, journalist, playwright, and celebrated wit. Thurber was best known for his cartoons and short stories, published mainly in *The New Yorker* magazine and collected in his numerous books. (wikipedia)



Beautifulla And The Creatures

Once upon a time, there was an amazing kingdom somewhere far away. It was known for being extremely peaceful but also for being the most beautiful kingdom in the whole wide world. That is why it was called: Beautifulla. In this kingdom, every single person there was gorgeous; literally perfect, from a physical point of view. Women were considered as diamonds from the new Cartier jewelry collection and men like Rolex’s watches. They were neat, sparkling and easy on the eye.

Therefore, each inhabitant of the kingdom had to be beautiful on the outside to blend in with everyone and create an enjoyable view. From the hawkers to the royalty; from the biggest creatures to the smallest ones, it was all beautiful people in Beautifulla. Even its fauna and flora were indisputably amazingly glowing, rich and very vivid.

For almost fifty years, the King did not allow any disgraceful creature or person to enter his kingdom, fearing the imbalance in his population. It was even engraved as the ultimate “Beauty Law”, on the unique marvelous “Beautifulla Stone” that was popular for its diamonds and gold color. It was placed at the entrance of the kingdom, in order to warn the strangers, along with the truthful mirror, judging the beauty of whoever walked near the entrance. Every other kingdom knew that if one wasn’t pleasantly viewable, then one mustn’t even dare to ask to enter the kingdom. Being magnificent there was like the red color under each Louboutin’s shoe: a definite must.

One day, four creatures were fleeing their kingdom because of political and financial problems. So they walked thousands and thousands of miles, climbed mountains, swam rivers and seas, fought with monsters; they were seeking for the kingdom they had heard was magical: they were hopeless to find Beautifulla.

After eight months of searching with obstinacy, they finally found their way to the kingdom. It was Miss Felicity a charming fairy; Dragonor the handsome dragon, Griguor the kind ogre and Milbet the generous giant. They all came from the same kingdom and each had extraordinary powers.

The only problem was that, Griguor and Milbet weren't pretty but they took their chance despite the fear of being rejected. Arriving at the entrance, the four creatures explained their

problems to the guards. Their stories and tribulations were narrated with such profundity and honesty that, when the subjects heard of it, they insisted that the king help the creatures.

"Hmmm" said the king, reflecting on the situation, "I may accept but first I demand the description of their appearances and qualities. Right now." he retorted with authority to his subjects.

"First there is Miss Felicity, a lovely, oh so lovely fairy, your highness" answered one of the subject, "The most elegant of all the fairies she is, the most powerful of all the fairies, she also is." He continued, "She is the only one who can accomplish one's wishes without even asking for it, she is known to have the most powerful magic wand in the world and it is told that she is as elegant as Kate Middleton."

"I also heard, your royalty that Miss Felicity is really egocentric and conceited" added one truthful man.

"And Dragonor, oh the handsome Dragonor!" followed up another man, " He is the finest dragon that has ever existed! Not only magnificent his skin, his eyes and his tail are, but also his skill for breathing fire is more than extraordinary. Moreover, he is the cousin of Dragon, the donkey's spouse always with Shrek, so he's from a famous family."

"Well, your highness, you know I cannot lie. I have also heard with my own ears that Dragonor has a tendency of being ill-mannered and nonchalant", retorted the truthful man.

"But what I know for sure is that the two other creatures are extremely special, your royalty", insisted the man, " Griguor the ogre may be somehow not really pleasant to observe but I have to admit that I have a lot of admiration for him. Once, on one of my many adventures really far away from here, I met him. He is the kindest person I have ever met. Oh and how skillful he is! He can build anything you ask; He's a worthy and hard worker. I also met Milbet the giant, who is a very generous giant, my king, even though he is not the ideal man in a physical way", said the man with a serious tone," he's really reserved, well educated and really strong. He is the one who saved hundreds of men whose ships were sinking on the Sawilkyo Sea during a horrible tornado; he always put people's needs in front of his and that is incredibly great. Your highness, these two creatures are not as beautiful as the two others, but they sure are good people, maybe two of the best people you'll ever find before a long time, and they are extremely faithful, that, I guarantee you. It would be suitable for you, master, to take my veracious proofs into consideration" concluded the man.

After a whole day reflecting on what decision to take, the king got up on his throne and decided to give an answer.

"After hearing all what you had to say, subjects, after a lot of thinking, I took my decision", responded the king, "I appreciate how you described the four creatures to me with such details, because as we all know, I cannot let anyone enter my gorgeous kingdom." And he went on, "I have to admit, Griguor and Milbet seemed to be impressive and really deserving to be welcomed here. They seem like good people who will protect our kingdom. But unfortunately they are really ugly, and I cannot bear looking at them, so much that my eyes

hurt. I am not used to seeing dreadful things. That is why I welcome with all my shining eyes and beautiful self, Miss Felicity and Dragonor in Beautifulla. They are welcomed to stay, live happily in our kingdom where beauty surpasses everything."

With joy and relief, Miss Felicity and Dragonor entered the kingdom, were welcomed with warmth meanwhile Milbet and Griguor left, took the road again, sad and desperate, not even knowing what was going to happen to them.

Moral: For all you readers that thought Milbet and Griguor would be accepted, you must be ashamed of yourself and do three hundred and fifty push-ups while saying "I'd rather live in a realm peopled with ugly creatures than in a country filled with beauty."

Thalía Barbot (2016)



The prince and the white maiden

Once upon a time, in a kingdom far far away where the sun never rose and shadows never died, lived a wise king who ruled over a land where angels fell and gods were made.

He was father of a child born under a crimson night as stars collided, a boy with horns and eyes as dark as the depths of the unknown. A child whose heart was so grim and a soul so hollow that roses would turn as black as burning naphta and would let out wails of pain as he roamed over the dark meadows.

As years passed by, he grew stronger and his heart darker, but blinded by his love for his son, the king only saw greatness in the soul of the one who would one day rule over the vast plains of his empire. A child whose fate would change the world. Though his horns got longer and larger, embracing a serpentine shape, giving him a mephistophelean look the young prince was treated like a little angel and was given all he wanted.

Each year, people from all around the world would come to give him presents under the king's order to celebrate the birth of his heir, but the more they saw the dark prince, the more they were frightened. Each year, it would get worse as he became more and more gloomy with his mischievous gaze. He was known for his cruelty and dark desires, always like a wolf wandering in the woods searching for its prey.

Upon his eighteenth birthday, it was decided that it was time for him to choose a bride, soon to become queen, for the king was now at the edge of his life. Royal ambassadors were sent throughout the whole kingdom in search for the most beautiful princesses worthy of carrying the child of the new king. On the night of the dark sun, when the two moons hid completely the rays of light covering the world in their warm veil, hundreds of young duchesses in silk dresses came to the ball. Though the young elegant creatures seemed to be pleasing themselves, every one of them felt the urge to escape the inevitable, the choosing of the future queen.

The young prince was seated on an ebony throne incrustated with rubies and large pieces of onyx, giving its owner an aura of danger and a sense of perverse devilry. While his gaze was looming over the would-be queens moving in front of him, he found himself enjoying the unnerved look on their faces. They all looked the same to him and he had grown to despise them for they would always see him as a monster and not the king he was meant to be.

But while he was lost in his thoughts, something suddenly caught his attention. What had seemed to be a bright light at first was now the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. With her long golden braids and her pale soft skin, she looked like an angel from the realm of dreams. She was the very personification of beauty and purity. For the first time, he had

felt something deep inside the cracks of his shattered heart. Something new was blooming in the shadowy plains of his soul, something so bright but so fragile like the wings of an exotic fairylike being.

The young prince stood up and the crowd fell silent. As he slowly approached the divine princess in white floating veils, she looked at him in the most innocent way and smiled. And with trembling hands he ripped her loving heart out of her fragile chest, spilling red on her white dress.

Moral: A monster will always destroy what he doesn't understand for his clouded heart can never be saved.



The princess in the ivory tower

Once upon a time in a land far far away, far from the grip of "artisanal" goblin coffee shops and "urban " troll outlet stores, lied a prosperous kingdom ruled by the fairest king of the land, King Vendric. It was a kingdom of hard workers, strong men and very beautiful, yet independent women, who "didn't need a husband's permission because they were just as capable of making decisions as their husbands and because one's role in a relationship should not be determined by gender or by income but rather by who they are not by what society says they should be because society has no role in how they should see themselves or their peers". The kingdom was beautiful and stretched out for as far as the eye can see.

King Vendric ruled over this land and by his side were the lovely feminist, queen Ariadelle, and his beautiful daughter Eliza. Eliza was raised hearing only stories of saints and other princesses before her. She was raised to believe that all the tales of princesses before her: her favorite was the kind princess Altia who was known as the princess with the purest heart. Her heart was so pure that she was known for having saved a young prince trapped in the body of a hideous toad from a curse by kissing him and releasing him, they then lived happily ever after in his rightful kingdom. She dreamt of the lives of those women and wondered what that must have been like to see what they saw.

Eliza was a tall, slender and so gracefully lanky. Her hair was of a gold nature, her eyes a deep artificial blue like a gas station postcard from Hawaii, her skin was sun-kissed porcelain like the kind special edition summer barbie dolls have. Because of her beauty, her father never let her out of the castle, instead he built her a tall ivory tower in which the walls were outfitted with enormous television screens, where she had a bed as wide as a barn with the most comfortable sheets the kingdom could offer, where she would have the best wifi and a personal Starbucks in her room that would be updated constantly with new flavors and recipes depending on the season. She was to remain in the tower, until she finally got married once the time was right but until then the king made sure she would never have to leave. But one day, many months later, a prince from a poorer kingdom decided to try his luck and rode for the kingdom to ask for her hand in marriage. And so the prince rode for days to arrive one early morning to the bottom of her tower. From which he screamed for her "Aliza Aliza I wish to be yours and for you to be mine! Eliza come forth to the window and let me thus tell you how I dream of you" Eliza heard his beautiful words and out of curiosity looked out the window to see the young man at the feet of the tower. Eliza, intrigued, smiled and sat at the windowsill "tell me oh brave prince" she said, the prince continued his speech "Oh! Eliza I have heard of your misfortune stuck in that ivory tower never to leave and I've seen your beauty through Kingdumblr and Instacrown and ever since I saw your beautiful face I have dreamt of making you mine, alas I was too passionate to just text you. I wish to take you away from here and to see the world".

Eliza smiled and wholeheartedly shouted " nah I'm pretty comfortable up here I'm not coming down" and shut her window after calling the guards to arrest the so called prince, who was just a gold digger planning to steal all the riches.

Moral of the story: Romance shouldn't outweigh logic and all of those who thought Eliza would leap from the tower and leave with the prince, I ask you this, would you have left the most comfortable place in the country for some weird social media stalker who tracked you down and showed up in front of your house at 6am just because he says he's a prince and says you look pretty?