

1st February 2025

WRITING CONTEST

CATEGORY BEGINNER/ENGLISH

The writing contest is held on the occasion of 'Les Nuits de la Lecture' (Reading Nights). It's a French event whose purpose is to promote reading and writing.

The submitted text can take any form (short story, poem, letter, play, etc.). There is no specific theme, but the story must take place in France, and the name of at least one French monument must appear. The text must contain at least five sentences in French.

ISHITA WADGAONKAR, FIRST PRIZE

Le moment s'écoule
Comme du saphir fondu
Deep blue silences
No Earth below
No sky above

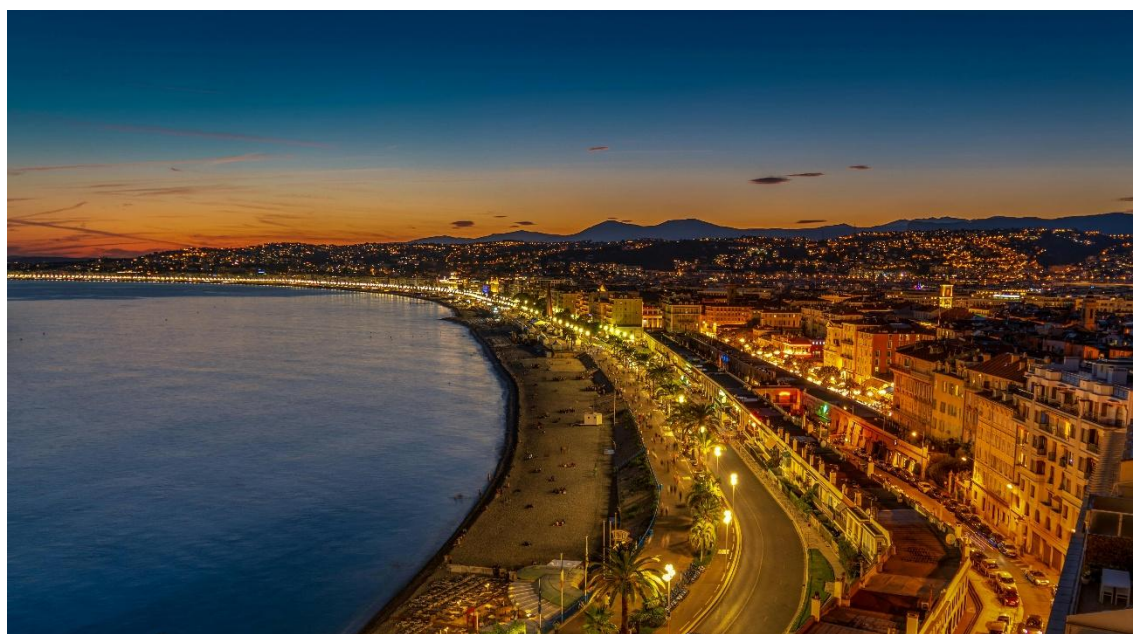
Les branches et les feuilles
bruissant
Saying you are the only one here
Seulement moi
Mon souffle
My heartbeat
Such depth
Such loneliness everywhere
Et moi,
Seulement moi

Je crois que maintenant j'existe
Dans l'ombre du Monument aux
Morts
Where memories of the past linger
A testament to time,
To life
Je me trouve
Le soleil se couche,
A palette of dazzling colors,
In the evening sky,
Les étoiles apparaissent,

In this sweet tranquility,
I feel connected to the world,

I am part of all,
Yet, alone.
Here.
The weight of time passed
And days to come
Rests
All around me,
The shadows of those gone by,
Tell endless stories,
Et je fais partie de cette tapisserie,
Woven into the fabric of Nice,
Où chaque rue,
Et chaque monument,
Raconte une histoire unique.

But in the darkness,
I find clarity.
Dans cette solitude,
Je découvre la paix,
And I realize,
Here,
À Nice,
I am alive,
I am home.



TVISHA KOCHHAR, SECOND PRIZE

The Secret Recipe of Maison Madeleine

Maison Madeleine, a heroine of the artisanal bakers, is buried in a cobbled alley in Paris 'half a minute's walk from Notre-Dame Cathedral'. The shop bore an ancient wooden sign whose letters had faded away over the years from the raging approaches of both sun and rain. It gently swung to and from in harmonic concert with the other signs in trade. The beautiful aroma wafted in the air of warm butter, caramelized sugar, and freshly baked bread—it snaked through narrow alleyways and pulled in locals and wandering tourists.

For more than 100 years, the Lefèvre family poured their life force into the shop, handed down the family knowledge through generations of pastry chefs. Long since the finest croissants, fresh baguettes, and delicate éclairs rushed off the shelves with the meticulousness that had inspired generations gone by. But amongst the bakery's bounty, one stood above the rest—The legendary tarte Tatin, a dessert of such great flavour, impossibly perfect perhaps holding a secret touch of magic.

Yet, despite years of working by her side, Camille, her devoted apprentice, had never been taught the recipe. At twenty-four, she could craft nearly every pastry with precision, the delicate layers of a mille-feuille, the glossy ganache atop a Paris-Brest, but the tarte Tatin remained a mystery. Madame Madeleine never wrote it down, never spoke of its secrets. And Camille, though patient, was beginning to wonder if she ever would.

“Why won't you teach me?” Camille asked one evening, after closing the shop.

Madame Madeleine looked at her for a long moment before sighing. She set down her rolling pin and gestured for Camille to follow her to the back room.

Over the stone fireplace hung a black-and-white photograph of a young woman standing in front of Notre-Dame, basket of apples in her hands. Camille had stumbled across the photograph several times, but this was the first time she studied it and began to notice how alike the two of them looked, the high cheekbones and the air of quiet determination in their eyes.

“Elle a inventé cette tarte pendant la guerre,” Madame Madeleine said softly. “Quand le sucre était rare et le beurre un luxe.” She invented this tart during the war when sugar was rare and butter a luxury.

Camille watched as her mentor ran a wrinkled hand over the photograph's wooden frame.

“C'était ma grand-mère. Elle a appris que la cuisine, ce n'est pas seulement les ingrédients, c'est la patience, l'intuition, l'amour.”

That was my grandmother. She learned that cooking is not just about ingredients—it's patience, intuition, love.

Camille felt her heart quicken.

“Je suis prête, Madame.”

I am ready, Madame.

Madame Madeleine studied her for a moment before nodding.

“Alors regarde.”

Then watch.

She lit the stove with practiced ease, the flames flickering against the copper pots that had blackened with years of use. With a careful hand, she melted butter in an old cast-iron pan, waiting until it turned a deep golden hue. Camille watched as she added sugar, letting it dissolve into the butter without stirring, just waiting.

The apples, sliced with precision, were laid gently into the caramel, each piece nestled perfectly. Then came the pastry, light, golden, placed over the apples like a delicate quilt. She did not rush. She did not measure. She simply knew.

After the tart baked to perfection, she turned off the heat and waited again. Ten minutes passed, then fifteen. Finally, she flipped the pan in one fluid motion. The tarte Tatin emerged in all its golden splendour, glistening under the warm kitchen light.

Madame Madeleine slid a plate toward Camille.

“Maintenant, goûte.”

Now, taste.

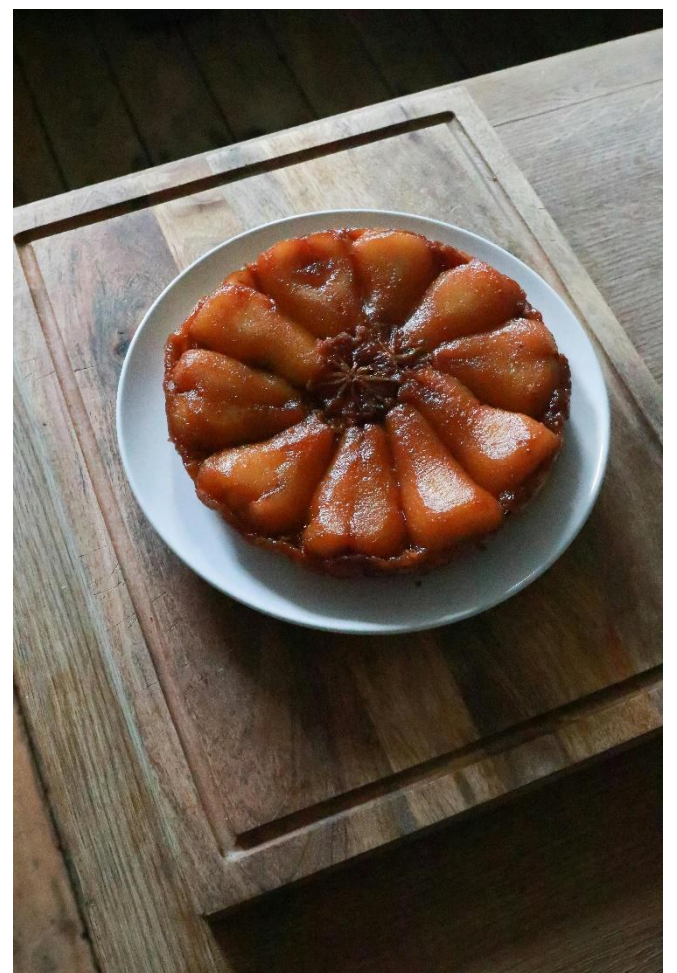
Camille picked up her fork, her fingers shaking just a little, and took a bite. The caramel was rich and dark, the apples soft, but just firmer, the pastry being crisp and buttery. It had never been something she had tasted before.

She looked up, eyes wide with wonder. Madame Madeleine gave a knowing smile.

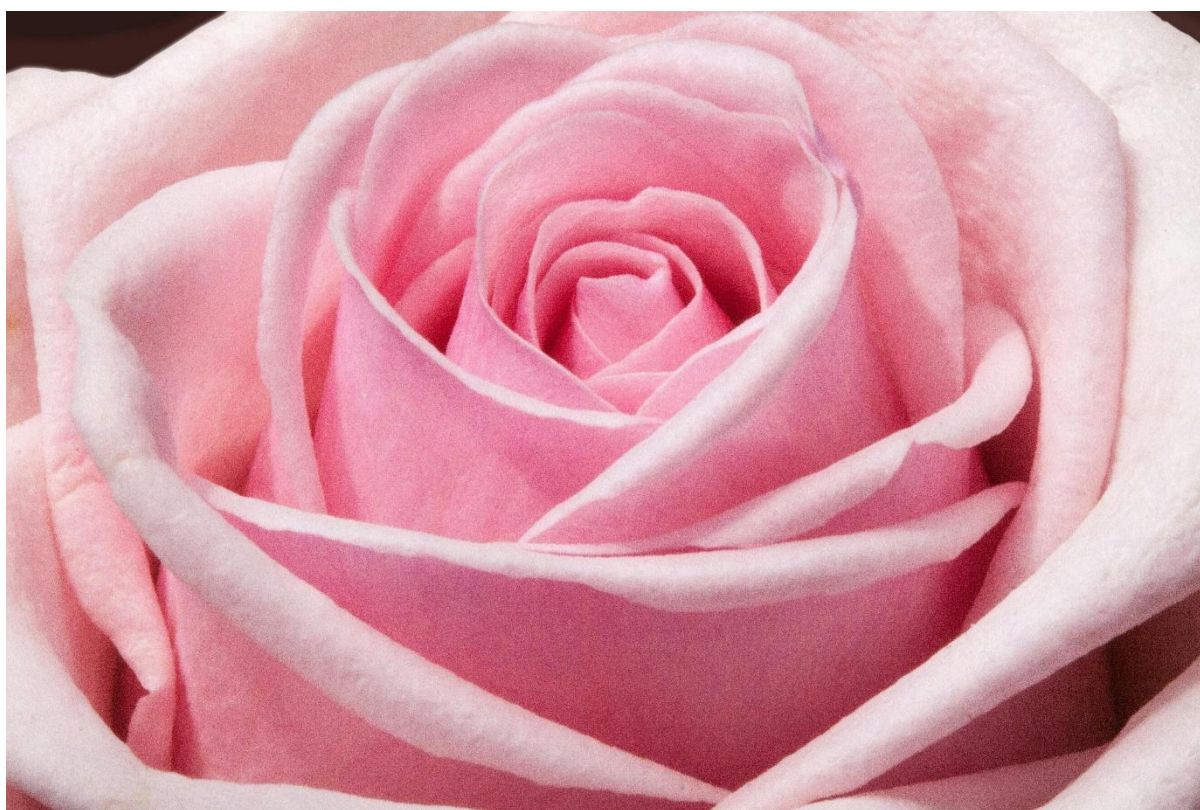
“It is yours now, Camille.”

The weight of those words settled in Camille's chest. This was not just a recipe. It was a legacy. A story passed from one generation to the next, from the woman in the photograph to the woman before her, and now, to Camille herself.

As she stood there in the quiet warmth of Maison Madeleine, she understood, some secrets are not meant to be written down. They are meant to be lived.



AVISHA GOEL, THIRD PRIZE



I say I'm over it,
But as I walk through the noisy parks,
I hear nothing but our laughs
I say I'm over it,
But the Eiffel tower feels not so magical
Now it's feels so tragical
I say I'm over it,
But I still remember us at the French Riviera,
The river making black drip from your mascara
I say I'm over it,
But the garden of roses
Still remind me of your heavenly poses
I say I'm over it,
Mais comment pourrais-je t'oublier mon amour
I say I'm over it,
Mais comment pourrais-je avancer mon amour
I say I'm over it,
Mais tu étais mon premier et dernier amour
I say I'm over it,
Mais je t'aime, mon amour
I say im over it,
Mais tu me manques
N'est-ce pas, mon amour?

CHAITANYA
ATHAVALE



C'était un dimanche matin paresseux. J'ai arrivé au célèbre aéroport CDG. Got myself a croissant and café in hand & headed to my train from gare de l'aéroport to Laval, a town 280 km west of Paris.

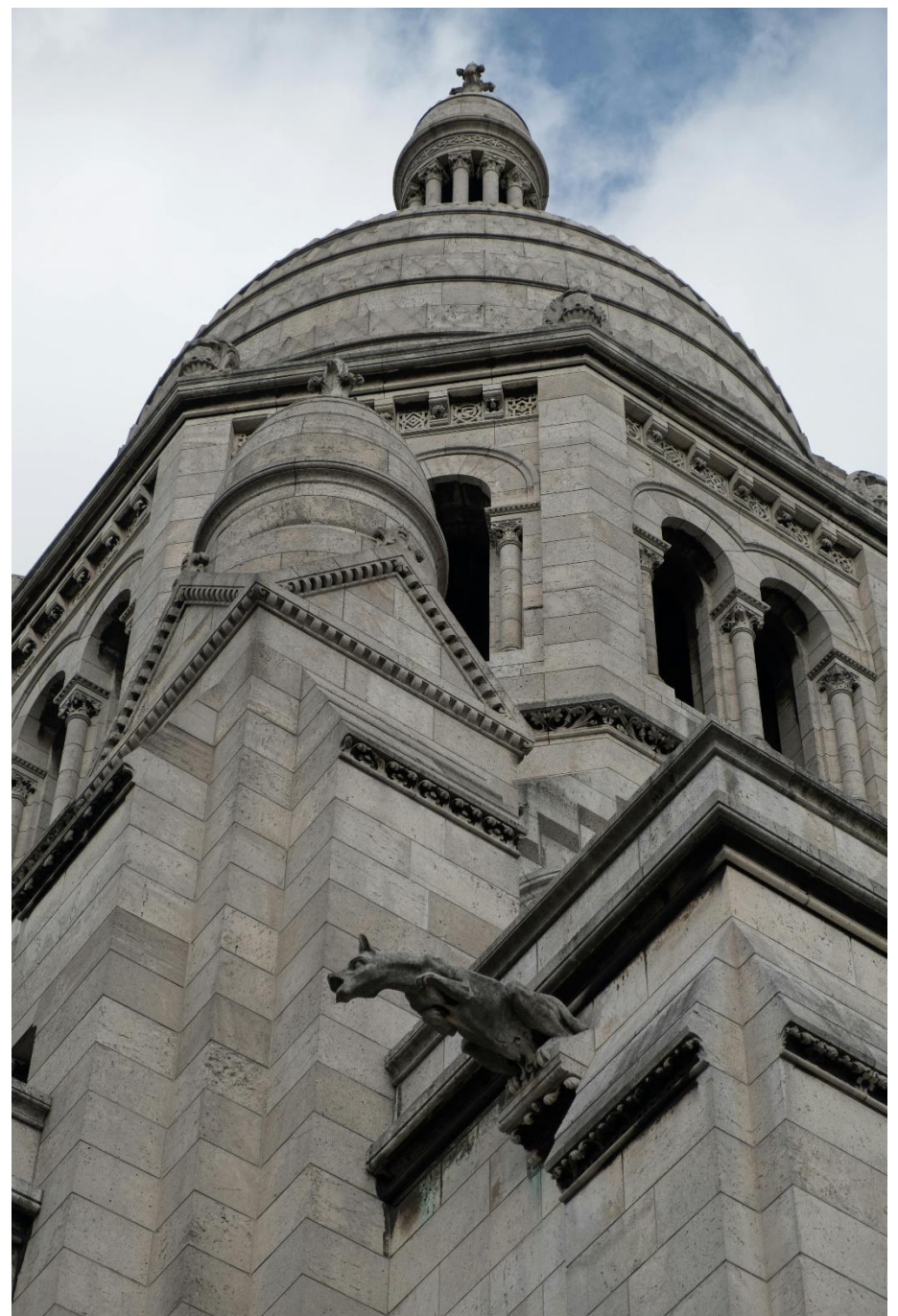
This time in my France visit, I wanted to make sure I visit Mont St. Michel. So after 3- day office work in Mayenne, I headed on a 2 -day workation + 2 -day weekend to few locations on way.

Je n'avais aucune idée de la beauté de ce site patrimonial. Until I saw it physically with my eyes! La grandeur, l'histoire sombre, the vast area inside and around the castle, the village settlement inside the castle, the churches, cafes, boutiques, restaurants, hotels, houses, graveyard, the new excavations, the little long alleys and stairways leading from base on beach to the castle top lined with artisan and souvenir shops. The drive to this castle itself is 'une route fascinante' dotted with champs de colza and jardins fleuris passing through small junctions in absolutely empty petits villages greeted with horses and ponies and no humans in sight. Bright sun throughout morning enroute the beachside from where I took a ferry bus on the sea bridge to reach the castle. Un souvenir à chérir pour toujours!

HIYA MUKHERJEE

Sous Ton Ombre

Beneath the shadow of the Sacré-
Cœur
Where cobblestones wept in the cold
night air
I whispered your name to the silent
stars
But the echoes returned to find you
weren't there
Le vent murmurait des rêves effacés
Of lavender fields and a lover's sigh,
Yet the chill in my chest betrayed the
truth:
Je suis venu seul, sous ce ciel d'acier.
Do you still linger where the
moonlight falls?
Où les cloches sonnaient, un écho du
passé
Or are you adrift in the quiet beyond
Untouched by regret, untouched by
time?
I held your letter, its ink long faded
Je t'attends, ton amour toujours dansé.
But the ache of the words was not in
their meaning
It was knowing you'd never write
them again.
Now I sit where your laughter used to
live
A ghost of a man, where love once
grew
And I wait, though I know you'll
never return,
For a shadow cannot hold onto you.



VEDIKA SHINDE

I have never stepped a foot in France, yet it lives vividly in my imagination. Paris, oh Paris! The city of lights, love, and endless attractions. I picture myself strolling along the Seine River, the gentle whisper of the water weaving stories of timeless cities. How many poets and dreamers have walked these very paths?

The Eiffel Tower stands tall in my dreams, its iron silhouette sparkling against a twilight sky. I imagine standing beneath it, craning my neck to take in its grandeur. Would it feel as magical as they say? Perhaps I'd sit at a small café, sipping coffee, letting the city's charm seep into my soul. And then, Notre-Dame. I've only seen pictures, but I can almost feel the weight of its history – the stained glass, the gargoyles, the whispered prayers of centuries long gone by. To think that such beauty has endured wars and time fills me with awe.

Mont Saint-Michel, rising from the tides like a vision. The Louvre, its pyramid gleaming under the sun, hiding treasures within its walls. The Palace of Versailles, where opulence tells stories of kings and queens.

France feels like a promise – a place where every corner breathes art, history, and passion. I dream of wandering its cobbled streets, of losing myself in its beauty, of finding pieces of myself I didn't know were missing. One day, I'll be there. One day, France won't just be a dream, but it will be my reality.

Until then, I'll keep imagining, because sometimes dreams are just as beautiful as the places they lead us to.



MALHARADITYA BHOSALE



There we were in the spaceship approaching a planet which looked like you couldn't even enter its atmosphere. We had to travel all the way from Earth to this planet. To be precise our spaceship was deployed from La Coupole, France. We would miss our country and especially the historical Eiffel tower. Why may you ask? Because we looked up to the Eiffel tower as a sign of hope. Would we return? It was uncertain. But as we the French people say: "Le plus grand risque est de ne prendre aucun risque." A very strange thing happened on the way. Let me tell you. So, there we were just out of Earth's atmosphere and as per our predictions finding a new planet would take us 3 months. As we started our journey and were nearing Saturn to which we had gotten after a month, we saw a massive wormhole. So bright that it would make you blind. We did not look at it. But suddenly we realized that we were getting sucked in. My fellow astronaut Jonathan Hopkins or Johnny as we used to call him tried to steer the spaceship away from the wormhole. But it was too late. We got sucked in and the next thing we knew was that we were in some strange galaxy and were approaching a planet. "Oh sauve-moi", said Johnny scared to death. But thankfully everything was alright. "The spaceship does not have any damage", said Jeanne. Another one of our fellow astronauts. "That's good", I said. "Get ready to enter the planet's atmosphere", said Johnny. "Everybody hold on", I said. We entered the atmosphere and steered the ship through the various obstacles. The atmosphere was full of dust and burning comets. All of us had to be very careful while steering through the debris and the burning comets that were there in its atmosphere. "We are either going to die or be stuck on this planet forever", said Jeanne losing hope. But then suddenly out of a clearing we saw something. "Land", I said and told Johnny to land immediately. The next thing we knew was that we were on the surface of the planet. The land looked normal just like Earth's. The three of us opened the spaceship door and went out. What a sight it was. We were on the land, ocean beside us. The land looked magical. There were big pink trees everywhere. The plants were a different colour. They came in the colours: Green, blue, purple, yellow, pink... You name it, they changed the law of science. We started to scribble down each and every little detail in our journals. We were still wearing our spacesuits. But I was a little keen to remove it and see what happens. The others thought that it was a bad idea. "No, absolutely not", said Johnny. "We do not want to lose anybody just yet, or probably never, I don't know", added Johnny. I slowly took off my spacesuit and the helmet and I felt better than ever. The air was the freshest and had many familiar scents to it. It was as if you were breathing the fresh French air mixed with the smell of Croissant au beurre, Macaron and Pain au chocolat. I told the others to remove their suits. They immediately did, Johnny was the first and then came Jeanne. They felt better than ever. As we were exploring the wonders of this new world, we saw a jelly-like creature with only 1 eye come to us. We stood still. He started talking in a strange tongue that sounded like gibberish. The jelly like creature immediately understood and gave us some cloud tablets on which the letters of their language were written and their translation in English. We slowly started to learn it. The jelly like creature suddenly started to speak in English. We were absolutely astonished. "Our community tends to learn new languages by just reading the letters and scanning through the words once", the jelly thing said. "We are known for our intelligence all around Oxgrava", the jelly thing added. "Call us Jellbobembo" the jelly thing said. "Ok" we added. "What is this Oxgrava", Jeanne asked. "Well, that is the name of this planet" Jellbobembo said. Suddenly we saw hundreds of these Jellbobembo head towards us. "Welcome to our planet and greetings", said an elderly Jellbobembo. "Thank you, sir," we said. Suddenly, out of the spaceship came a voice. A "Krrk" like sound. "What was that"? Jeanne asked me. I immediately went to investigate it myself. I slowly went into the spaceship. The next moment I came running out. "Run" I screamed to the others. There were dangerous spider-like things with fangs. "Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça" asked Jeanne to Johnny. "They look like some overgrown spiders with fangs and poison" said Johnny. "Run" I screamed. We immediately started running away from the overgrown spiders. The Jellbobembo started following us. "Follow us" said a Jellbobembo who looked like an elderly statesman. We followed him. Suddenly we stopped. "Kakur Nana" chanted the elderly Jellbobembo. We had absolutely no idea about what he was saying. And he was chanting it multiple times. Suddenly out of the soil a tunnel emerged. Thousands of Jellbobembo fighters as they were called came out of the tunnel. "Attack" said the elderly Jellbobembo. Here are your weapons for the fight. He gave us some weapons which looked like swords but could transform into any weapon. "Cool" all of us said at the same time. I ran with the Jellbobembos to attack the spiders. "Yaaaah" screamed Jeanne the whole time when he was slaying the spiders with the different weapons that he chose. The Jellbobembo warriors were skilled fighters and ended the enemy forces quickly. I had hardly slain a few. But Johnny slayed at least a 100. We did not know that he was such a skilled fighter. "I think we will call you Johnny Jellbobembo from now on," said Jeanne. "Why" asked Johnny. "Because you are a skilled warrior just like the Jellbobembos" I said. "Ok now I am a true Jellbobembo" said Johnny. Everyone started laughing. "We must return due to our spaceship having only some fuel left. Your magic and powers cannot fill it". "So we must return" said Jeanne. "Very well" the elderly Jellbobembo said. And so, we boarded our spaceship, and the Jellbobembos started chanting something. The next thing we knew was that we were in France. It was nice to be back. But we also missed Oxgrava. We knew that our cosmic journey had not ended. It had just begun.



TARINI SUPEKAR

Under the moonlight in the city of love

Under the moonlight, I saw your eyes shine,
Plein d'amour, plus brillant que la tour Eiffel qui scintille la nuit.

Under the moonlight
Was moment I gazed into them,
Nous avons tous les deux discerné la vérité, inévitablement nos
lèvres ont commencé à se connecter.

Under the moonlight, you kissed my scars.
Tu as embrassé mes cicatrices avec tout l'amour en toi, et tu m'as
donné le pouvoir de croire à nouveau en moi.

Under the moonlight, you looked at me as if I was more beautiful
than a flower blooming.
And maybe I believed that.

Under the moonlight was the instant, I knew.
I knew you've always been the one, the one to ignite the flames in
my bones.
Celui qui a redéfini les étoiles mortes en moi qui se sentaient
inconnues.

Under the moonlight, je suis encore tombée amoureuse de toi dans la
ville de l'amour.

ARJUN TANDON

Since childhood, I have dreamed of visiting France. When I learned about a collaboration between Alliance Française de Normandie and my school for a trip to Normandie, I was thrilled and excited. I immediately registered for the same, packed my bags, and became determined to improve my French by reading short stories every night, as we had to stay with French families. Je suis très content et très ravi.



When the big day arrived, I felt butterflies in my stomach. It was my first time flying to an international country all alone. As we reached Normandie, our teachers assigned us our families to stay with. I was welcomed with warm arms by the family I was assigned with. It felt like my own home. Yet again, I couldn't hold my excitement as I began to speak with the family for about an entire hour. Encore une fois, j'étais très excité. We also had our regular French lessons at Alliance. Je m'amuse très bien là.

Ce moment est très spécial et inégalé pour moi. It was a very special and unparalleled moment for me. If I were to be given another opportunity to visit France, je la prendrais !

RAMAN GHULE

A Chance Encounter In Paris



Somewhere in the city of Paris, an American tourist named Johnathan and a kind hearted woman named Emma had bumped into each other on the way to the Eiffel tower.

Johnathan: Sorry for bumping into you miss.

Emma: C'est bon.(It's okay)

Johnathan: While your here, would you mind to show me where the famous Eiffel tower is?

Emma: why, it's right in front you.

Johnathan: Oh, that's the Eiffel tower. It looks bigger and better in person.

Emma: Yeah, obviously. Anyways what's your name?

Johnathan: My name's Johnathan. What about you?

Emma: Je m'appelle Emma.

Johnathan: Oh yeah, do you know where is Du Pain et des Idées?

Emma: Bien sûr, one of the most famous bakeries in all off Paris, how could I not. It's on Rue Yves Toudic.

Johnathan: Can you recommend me some treats to buy from the bakery?

Emma: sure, I'll come with you.

On the way to the bakery they stumbled upon one of the most magnificent and wondrous pieces of art that Paris had to offer Le Louvre Musée.

Johnathan: What's that amazing work of art?

Emma: C'est le plus beau musée de France.

Johnathan: That's like the pyramids from Giza.

Emma: They do share a striking resemblance.

Johnathan: Anyways, I should get going. So, see you later.

Emma: Attendez ...

Emma could just watch as Johnathan walked off in sunset, just hoping they might meet once more one day.

SHIRIN SHEIKH

Un jour à Paris



This is a story of little Daphné who is 8 years old and her elder brother Raphael who is 18 years old.

Ils vivent dans une petite ville appelée Gosport, un village du sud de l'Angleterre.

C'était dimanche, little Daphné was asleep. It was eight in the morning when her mother came to wake her up. Finalement, elle s'est levée à 8 hr le matin. Elle s'est brossé les dents. Après elle s'est prise petit déjeuner avec un verre de lait. Elle était heureuse. Afterall, it was holiday.

She was very excited about going to the farmer's market. Every Sunday, the farmers go to the market near the dockyard to sell fruits and vegetables. Daphné's father was a farmer and she goes to the market with her parents. She loves going to the dockyard because she loves the sea and the ships. But today, she was very thrilled as her elder brother Raphael was coming back from a trip.

Raphael a 18 ans et il est pêcheur. Daphné aime son frère. She was looking forward hearing the stories from Raphael.

Après-midi, à 1 hr, Daphné a déjeuné. Elle a fait une petite sieste. Ensuite, à 4 hr ils sont allés au marché du producteur. People were buying fresh fruits and vegetable from the farmers. But Daphné was not paying attention to them. She was waiting for the ships to arrive at the port. Raphael had gone to France this time and Daphné was eager to meet him.

At around 6 PM, all the ships arrived to Gosport from the Port of Le Havre. Raphael est arrivé au marché et a rencontré ses parents et sa sœur. Daphné était excitement. Finalement, ils sont retournés chez eux.

Après le dîner, Raphael a commencé son histoire sur voyage en France. Il est très content.

Their ship crossed the English channel to reach Port of Le Havre in France. Port of Le Havre, is the closest port from Paris. Raphael and his fishermen regularly go to Port of Le Havre but he never got a chance to visit Paris.

This time, when they were sailing through the English channel there was a storm. Luckily, the ship was close to the Port of Le Havre so they reached quickly to the port. After reaching the port, Raphael and his fishermen found that the ship was damaged and they have to repair the ship to go back to Gosport.

Ils ne parlent pas français. Ils ont reçu l'aide du pêcheur local qui connaît l'anglais.

It took a few days to repair the damage. Meanwhile, Raphael and his fishermen had nothing to do but to wait for the ship. Then they decided to visit Paris by boat, they sailed through the banks of Seine. Ils ont visité les monuments. Cathédral Notre-Dame, Sainte Chapelle, et Pont Neuf. Le soir, ils se sont promenés, sur les bords de Seine. Raphael, a acheté des souvenir pour ses parents et sa sœur. Le lendemain, ils sont retournés à la port le havre. Ils sont restés 2 jours. Pendant ce temps, ils découvrent la cuisine locale et goûtent au traditionnel plat de poisson. C'était fantastique.

Finally, their ship was repaired and they were all set to go back home. Raphael showed all the pictures of France he took in his phone. Daphné was recollecting all the places that she learned in her history class. Seine is the second largest river in France. The banks of the Seine are world heritage. C'est majestueuse.

At night, Daphné went to sleep she kept thinking about her brother's story. Soon she fell asleep and started dreaming. She dreamt that she was in Paris. Elle a visité les monuments à Paris. L'architecteur est exceptionnel. Elle a vu la musée, Le Louvre. C'est grand et belle. Daphné saw the world-famous painting Monalisa by Leonardo da Vinci.

She is so happy to see all of them. Ensuite, elle est arrivée à Charles de Gaulle pour voir l'Arc de Triomphe. There were the big shops of all the famous brands Paris is known for. Directement dans la rue, il y avait Burger King. She realized she is famished and ate a burger from there.

Le soir, elle se promenait sur le Pont Neuf et s'asseyait sur un banc au bord de la seine.

It was so beautiful to watch the river. People chatting with friends and having wine. Tourist enjoying the boat ride across the river. As she was adoring this beautiful landscape, she dozed off.

Daphné!! Daphné!! Wake up!! You are late for school!!

Daphné opened her eyes and saw her mother is calling her. She realized; she was dreaming. She smiled and thought one day she will become an explorer and go to Paris like her brother Raphael.

Mother shouting "Daphné get ready!! you are late for school!!" "Did you finish your assignment?" "Oui, mama" a répondu Daphné. Finalement, elle s'est levée est rapidement s'est préparée pour l'école.

She hopped on to the school bus. She was excited to share her dream with her best friend Cathy at school.

ANUSHA RANJAN

As the hot coffee stains the paper cup
mellow,
And the pages of our book turn crisp
and yellow,
Je réalise que mon amour pour lui se
réduit à une marque,
hidden but never forgotten, lit up yet
no spark.

L'amour felt timeless, like the
summertime hue,
Espresso shot, I brew, brew and
brew.
Till, the dark turned light, and the
bitter turned sweet.
Two separate ways, yet still we meet.

Sat on the cold, hard cobblestone—
near the interstice of the Arc de
Triomphe.
Où je t'ai vu marcher seul avec elle,
still, I beg to run from the
catastrophe.

The cramoisi cheeks turned into bleu
residues,
L'automne a bousculé le chagrin à
travers la fenêtre.
The coffee leaked out the cup, and
the fabric tore anew.
Reality struck like lightning, it hit me
that your gaze was out of solitude.



GERARD GEORGE



Never shall flame nor flood erase its grace,
Onward it stands, a monument proud and bold,
Time whispers softly through this sacred space,
Remnants of ages, where the story is told.

Even through fire, it will not yield,
Deep in its heart, the past will still remain.

A beacon of faith, it will not be sealed,
Marble restored, its beauty will sustain.

Eternal in its form, it will endure.

Crafted once more, the hands of skill will bring,
A legacy of faith and strength renewed.

The prayers were answered, and the heavens sing,
Hope is restored, the marble imbued.

Echoes of the past, now ever pure,
Defying time, as Paris holds its claim.

Restored to grace, its light is secure,
A monument of faith that will proclaim,

Legacy reborn, endless in its allure.

Parmi les flammes, sa beauté a survécu,
Au cœur de Paris, sa flèche se dresse fière,
Renouvelée, l'âme du lieu jamais perdue,
Inspirant le monde, sa lumière éclaire,
Sous le ciel, Notre-Dame reste un vœu.

AAYUSH BORASE

La Journée De Samarth En France

Samarth is a bright student from Pune. He finished his MBA from “Aditya Learning Academy”. He decided to go to France for extracurricular courses. He took a flight to Paris. When he reached there, he was very confused as it was a new country for him and he did not know the language either. Once he found a taxi, he reached to the hostel provided by his academy. Next day, he went to join the, “La Journée en France”. He made many great friends there like Manuel, Kylian, Amir and Ravi. They visited many places together like Eiffel Tower, France Miniature etc.

One day, in his academy a competition was announced where they had to make a project presentation about “One Great Weekend in France with Friends”. They had decided to meet and made a presentation together.

SCENE 1, ACT 1: THE PROJECT

Samarth :- Où faisons-nous le projet ?

Kylian :-Nous allons chez moi. Ma maison est grande.

Manuel :- D'accord. Nous allons à ta maison à midi.

À midi

Tous : Bonjour !

Kylian : Bonjour. Entrez !

Manuel : Qu'est-ce que nous écrivons pour le week-end en France?

Amir : Je propose le temps quand nous avons visité le Miniature France, le cathédrale, Marseille et Rouen

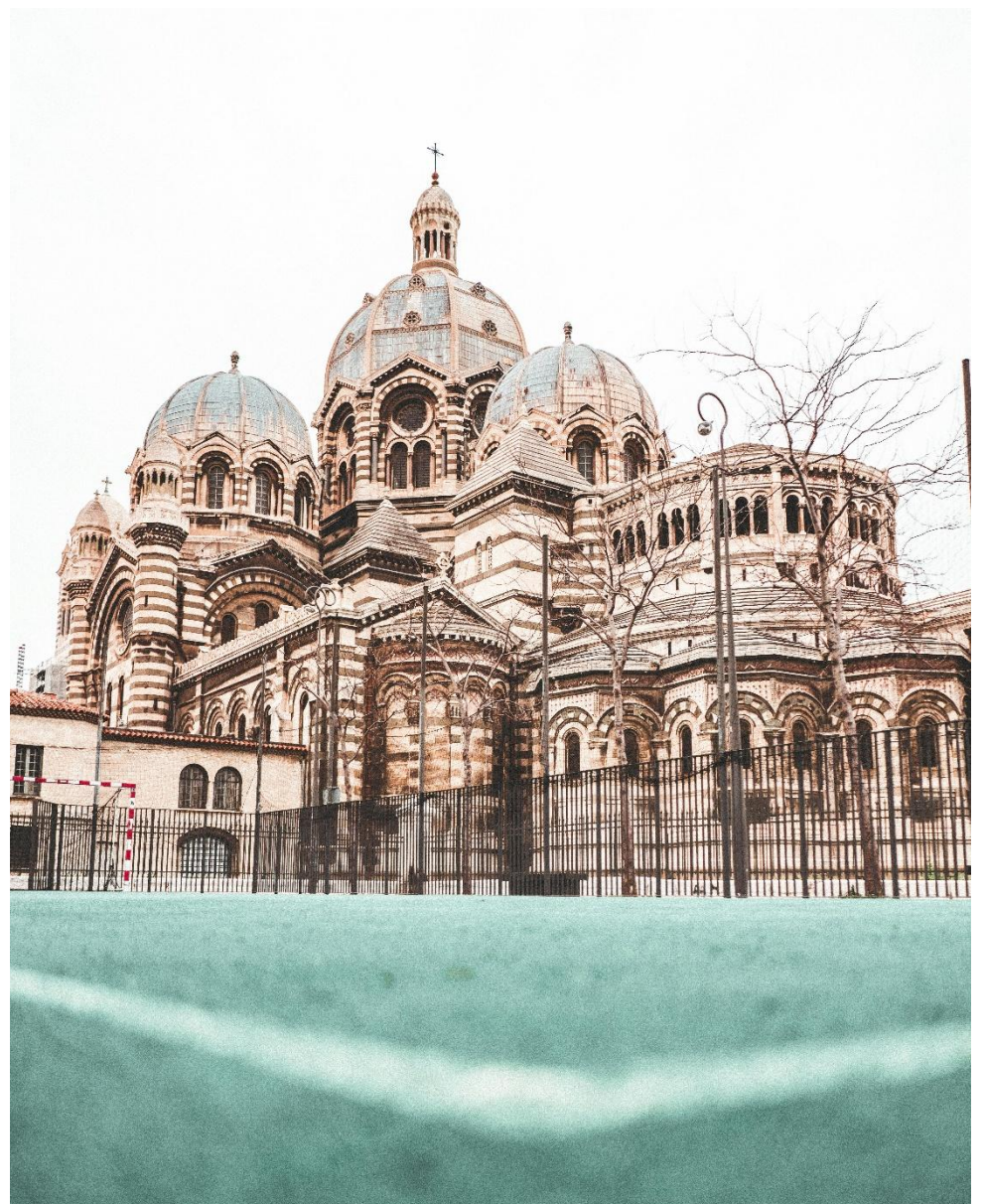
Tout : D'accord, Nous faisons le projet.

Trois jours plus tard :

Professeur : Aujourd'hui, nous voyons vos projets, roll no 1-4(Manuel, Amir, Samarth et Kylian).vous êtes les premiers.

Narrateur :-Manuel, Amir, Kylian et Samarth parlent à propos du projet. Ils gagnent le trophée.

Samarth decides to not leave France and to stay here with his friends and do his extra studies at Paris.



MAANYA MANOJ

Beneath the Eiffel's towering glow,
Where Seine's soft whispers gently flow,
The stars align, the night's alive,
In Paris dreams, our hearts revive.

"La tour danse dans la nuit claire,"
She whispered, lost without a care.
"L'amour fleurit dans chaque coin,"
Her voice, a melody divine.

On Montmartre's hill, where
shadows play,
Artists paint the skies of gray.
"Les rues chantent des histoires
passées,"
Each step a tale, each stone their
stay.

Notre-Dame, with its arches grand,
Holds stories carved by time's own
hand.
"Les cloches sonnent, l'histoire vit,"
Their echo sweeps through you and
me.

France, your magic's a timeless art,
Your monuments speak to the heart.
"La lumière danse, l'amour est là,"
In Paris, forever, c'est toi et moi.

Oh, City of Light, forever shine,
Your soul and spirit, always divine.



PARINOOR SEKHON

By the Seine

On any other day the Seine made one of two impressions on a lay man's eye. One, a murky, downtrodden and unappealing look where one would call into question the throngs of tourists surrounding it. The other, a picture of perfect tranquillity and beauty, its contents well hidden under the reflection of the cheerful weather. However, today was not any other day. Today was Marie's wedding day. Today the



Seine flowed past Marie in an interesting form. It was mildly unsettled, yet not raging- it seemed to mirror Marie's nerves accurately enough. As she peered down from just outside the Sainte Chapelle, the turquoise glint almost drew her in, disguising itself as the perfect escape from all that awaited her inside the church.

Marie Meyer's wedding- an event that was under construction well before Marie could even crawl, let alone pick out cocktail napkins and centrepieces. Marie's mother Sophie, had to settle for a union in a barn just outside her village and deeming it to be simple would be an overstatement. This was followed by a jump to a high up tax bracket, as a result of which she never ceased to dream of her daughter's grand wedding which was indeed living up to its planner's standards. A wedding in Sainte Chapelle is something straight out of a fairy tale and any young French girl would do absolutely anything to live even five seconds of it. One might call Marie ungrateful for assessing escape routes while this fantasy awaited her simply a few metres away, however, while her mother was having the time of her life, she was not. The micromanaging and nitpicking over the last few months had driven her to the edge of insanity. What could have been the best day of her life was going to be a stuffy affair with unfamiliar high ranking officials, measly appetisers and her mothers worst decision of all, the groom. Yes, the groom. In the 21st century Sophie Meyers didn't trust her own daughter, educated at École normale supérieure de Lyon, to choose a suitable groom for herself.

While Marie allowed her wedding nerves to turn into her wait for impending doom, a young man buried his head in his hands some distance away. A prominent investment banker at a firm, Paul devoured promotion after promotion and as any other cliché goes, the power got to his head. He took risk after risk, and while on some days they were rewarding, today was not one of those days. It was not one of those days at all. Paul here, managed to lose one of the leading firms in Paris a rather large sum of money, on a company that "felt right". It was an honest mistake, and a humbling one at that. He sent himself down a spiral of thoughts surrounding his empty personal and now professional life. He clearly hated everything. He hated his stupidity that cost him his career before it could even peak, he hated the way he allowed himself to join the rat race at such a young age but most of all, he hated his inability to find love. He couldn't decide if he was too flawed to receive love or if he was too flawed to go looking for it.

After some time Paul decided to pick himself up and take a stroll. He had heard a marching band closer to the church entrance and followed the noise. He seemed to have interrupted a procession, flocks of stately looking gentlemen, a few children with flower baskets and a frantic looking, middle aged lady. He walked back the same way he came hoping to escape this wedding that seemed to host everyone save the bride and groom who were yet to make an appearance. He walked around the back of the church to find a beautiful, young lady, clearly mesmerised by the Seine. He mustered up the courage to talk to her, "Bonjour, comment t'appelles-tu?". In his daze he failed to notice the wedding gown that the lady adorned. "je m'appelle Marie, et vous?". "Je m'appelle Paul. Vous êtes donc la mariée qu'ils recherchent?". "Oui. S'il vous plaît, ne leur dites pas que je suis ici", Marie did not seem even slightly bothered upon hearing of the frantic nature of her family. Instead she felt a rush of adrenaline and then prompted to ask "Paul veux-tu t'enfuir avec moi?" "Oui" said Paul, shocking Marie even further.

VEDANT WAGLE

The Mystery of Montmartre

The next night in Montmartre, Julien, age 12, adored mysteries and treasure hunts, especially when he was familiar with the territory. Thus, while exploring his grandmother's attic, whose house was right next to the Eiffel Tower, he found an old box with a book inside. It was dusty, and as he opened it, he assessed that "Le livre est très vieux." Julien, cavalier and thrilled, scrambled to the phone to call his best friend, Amelie, always down for such endeavors.

"Nous allons trouver le trésor!" she screamed through the phone, readying her flashlight and notepad. They wandered the cobblestone streets of Montmartre, by bistros they had come to know and ivy-covered walls. After they settled on their next destination, they ultimately arrived at another hidden garden, this one with a large statue of a woman holding a key.

"La clé est importante," Julien said under his breath, motioning to the statue. They rubbed their hands along the bottom of the statue and noticed an indentation at its base. Curious, they looked inside and found that it was hollow, and deep within the hollow center was a small, dusty key. No way. Their hearts started to palpitate—they were one step closer.

They turned the key and unlocked the padlocked door, hidden behind the ivy. Wood creaked in place, stalled, before parting to an unlit corridor filled with dusty breathing and footsteps attempting to enter on a dirt-floored oasis. The tourists entered, and their echoing footsteps filled the space around them until they hit the dead end and saw a huge, ornate chest covered in dust and cobwebs. They opened it.

"C'est incroyable!" Julien exclaimed as they uncovered not money and jewels, but books, photographs, and relics of history. The mystery set was from a forgotten Montmartre novelist from centuries past; he bequeathed nothing but his published works. Amélie and Julien were ecstatic as they unboxed the mystery set step by step. They would donate their discoveries to the local museum to provide the man's identity.

"C'était une belle aventure," Julien spun in the street going home under the stars. Amélie beamed and agreed because for the two of them, the journey was the most valuable treasure.



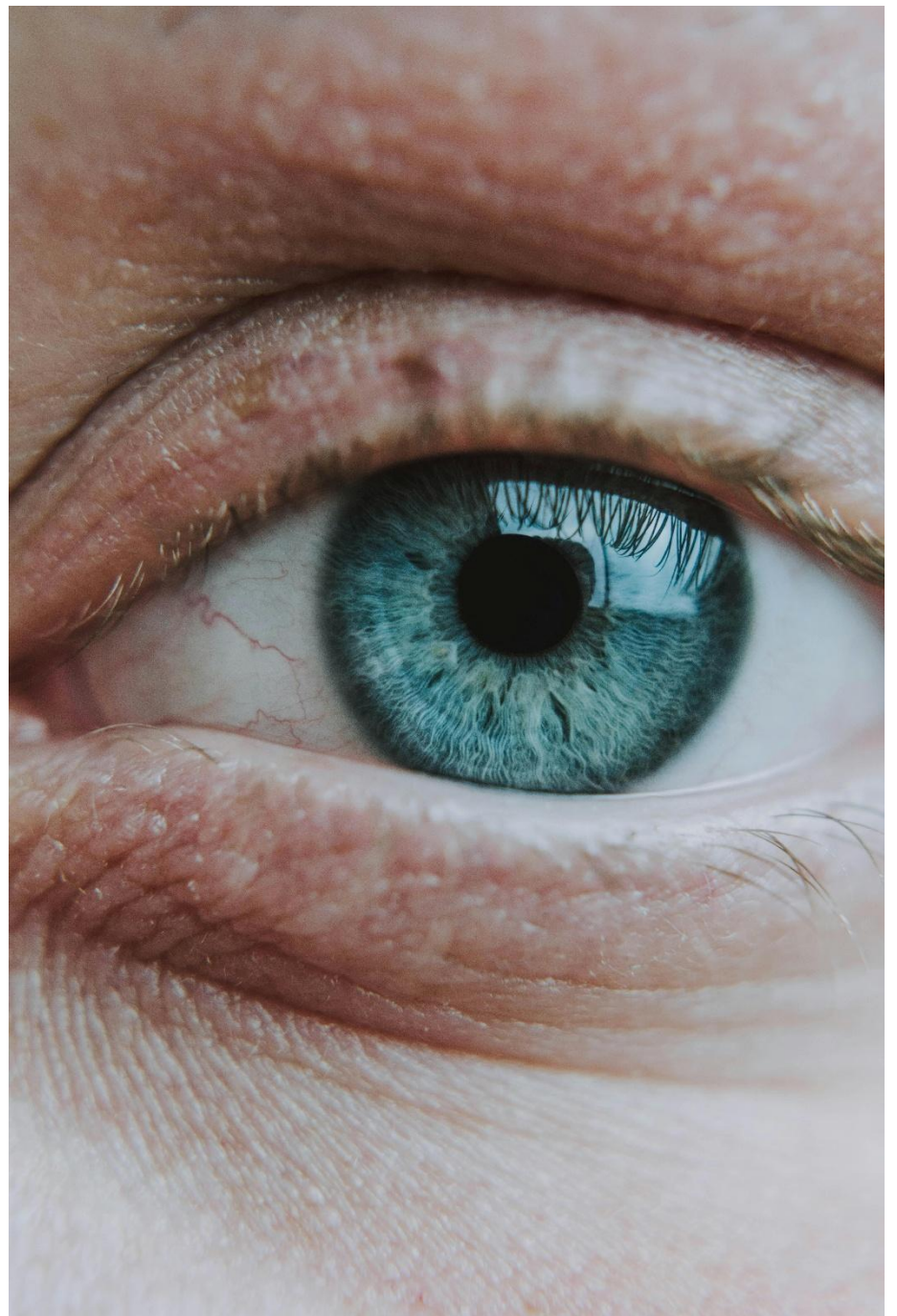
PARI RAO

The maps on my skin

Freckles like stars, bright deep in the night,
Charting stories that my ancestors ignite,
Wrinkles from valleys, aged by time's hand,
show that how life, can truly expand,

My palms hold roads, where generations have gone,
They show how much is to live, that the journey is still on,
Each line is a story, a fold that's untold,
a bridge between the past and the future that I hold,

Mes yeux comme un miroir reflètent le temps qui passe chaque année,
Rempli de joie, d'excitation et de peur,
Le patrimoine coule comme une rivière à travers moi,
S'étendant à travers le monde, remplissant la mer,



Each part tells a story unique just like sound,
a history engraved in my heart and all around,
together they form, the whole of me,
make sure that I am the history they want to see,

The stories of old, in front of which I bow,
Through every decision, through all that I know,
Each path that I've walked, each choice that I've made,
Is painted with colours of my history's shade,

My blood, once a stream of a future yet to be told,
now swells with the stories that life unfolds,
Every heartbeat a drum, a rhythm so deep,
Is now a piece in the past, a secret that we keep,

The maps on my skin, a gift, and a guide,
shows me the places where memories cannot slide,
They tell me no matter the places I might roam,
I will always carry the feeling of home.

DIYA AGRAWAL

The Painter of Montmartre

Henri had spent the better part of his life in Montmartre, Paris's artistic heart. Years had etched lines into his face, a slight tremor to his hands, but Henri didn't neglect his talent for bringing the soul alive in his subjects. Henri never gave up the passion of being able to understand his subject through their eyes and etching them onto a canvas. Each day, he set up his easel near the steps of the Sacré-Cœur and painted portraits of tourists as well as Parisians. It was a modest life, but in its quiet rhythm, he was content.

One morning when the cherry blossom petals had spilt pink scatters across the roads a young woman turned up to him. Her dark chestnut hairs caught the warm sunlight, as did her bright eyes. Deep dark blue-eyed Henri felt, as if the tsunami passed, several decades before, were turning him around all over again with its force.

"Bonjour, monsieur," she murmured. "Veux-tu peindre mon portrait?"

Henri nodded, his hand gesturing towards the wooden stool in front of his easel.

As she sat down he regarded her face, his eye taking in the curve of her cheekbones, the gentle slope of her nose, her piercing ocean eyes. But it wasn't just her features that captivated him, it was something in her expression, a sense of familiarity that tugged at a long-buried memory. Her French had a slight accent that he was familiarized with.

While he worked, he couldn't shake the sense that he had seen her face before. He painted in silence, his brushstrokes practiced and smooth. The young woman, Sophie, sat immobile, her eyes roving the square as she hummed a faint melody. He knew that tune instantly. It was a song he hadn't heard in decades, one his beloved used to hum while she worked in the garden. His hand stilled mid-stroke as he realized.

"That song," he said, his voice barely a whisper. "Where did you learn it?"

Sophie turned to him, her eyes wide with surprise. "My mother used to sing it all the time. She said it was her favorite."

Her eyes held him, and a strange tension built in his chest. When he finished, she smiled, her gaze dropping to the portrait. "It's hypnotic," she whispered. Then, after a long pause, she said, "My mother always said you were talented."

Henri froze. His heart was racing. "ta mère?" his voice so quiet that even Sophie barely heard it.

"Elle s'appelait Camille Rousseau," Sophie said.

The name hit Henri like a thunderclap.

His brush slipped from his fingers, clattering to the cobblestones. "Camille?" he breathed. Memories surged forward—Camille laughing in the rain, her auburn hair catching the light as she danced through the streets of Montmartre, her voice humming softly as she sat for his portraits, her eyes shining in the sun. Then came the memory of her leaving without a word, a hole in his heart that he never healed.

Sophie's gaze softened as she continued. "She told me about you. About how you met here, in Montmartre, and how you painted her portraits. Never forgetting to mention how much she loved you. She told me that you made her believe in beauty again, that you saw the world in a way no one else could. She always said you were the only one who understood her."

"I never knew," Henri whispered, a lump forming in his throat. "I never knew she had—" He paused, trying to gather his thoughts. "She left, without a word. I thought I'd never see her again."

Sophie nodded, with her eyes on the floor. "I do not think she wanted to leave, but things weren't easy for her, Henri. She made many hard choices. She never stopped thinking about you, even after she left Paris."

Henri stepped back, his hands shaking as he gazed at Sophie. He had spent years grieving for a love he thought he lost, not realizing that it had left him with something far more precious: a piece of Camille, a piece of himself.

"Je suis désolé," Henri whispered, his eyes welling up with tears. "je n'ai jamais su."

Sophie smiled softly. "C'est bon. Tu es là maintenant."

Henri felt years' burden melt away into something he hadn't felt for much too long: hope. He reached out and took Sophie's hand. "Je suis content que tu sois venu" he said. "je suis heureux de te rencontrer."

The evening wore on as they walked through Montmartre, Sophie telling Henri about her life since Camille's death. She told stories where she sometimes found pieces of her mother in art. She heard from Henri their stories of sharing time together—on how Camille had changed the world for him.

As they left that evening, Sophie gave Henri a small sketchbook, one that Camille had kept. "She wanted you to have it," Sophie said. "Elle a dit que tu saurais quoi en faire."

That night, Henri sat alone with the sketchbook open on his lap. He flipped through its pages and saw the familiar strokes of Camille's drawings, some of which were of him, of Montmartre, of life they'd dreamed of sharing. In the back of the sketchbook was a drawing of a small gallery, space to share her art, a dream she had never lived to fulfill.

With a deep breath, Henri closed the book. He had been awaiting a sign—a closure—for so long. Today, he realized, the sign was never about the past—it was about the future. A new purpose and a new story awaited him.

He stood, walked to the easel and began to paint again. Not for tourists or people he did not know, but for Camille's dream, Sophie, and the art that had kept him alive all those years. He painted under twinkling lights that Paris offered; not to set in stone all that was passing, but live for what he had yet to.



NIHIRA ATHAWALE

It was an exciting day for me and my friends. We were going to Paris! Everyone was nervous too, especially May! We left for Paris around 10 am and reached around 7 pm. We were going to explore France to help us in our project. “Je suis très heureuse!” said Nia. “Oui, moi aussi !” said Juillet. We were so happy we all immediately dashed to the hotel. “Bienvenue à l’hôtel de Paris !” It read. We kept our bags and



took a bus to the Eiffel Tower, just in time for the light show and to eat croissants and bread. “Mmm ... Il y a très bien !” Anya said.

“Non ! Il y a très, très bien !” I said.

Suddenly, there was a loud round of applause from the crowd and a satisfying “ooh” from the tourists as the light show started. It looked amazing! Feeling full and content, we went back to the hotel and had a good night’s rest.

The next day, we immediately set off for the Louvre museum after having breakfast. When we reached, the place was swarming with people. We squished our way in and saw some interesting historical artefacts and statues of famous people. Au final, nous aimons le voyage et termine le projet.



NISHCHAY SURI

[At a café near the Eiffel Tower]

Emma: I can't believe we're sitting here with a view of the Eiffel Tower. It feels like a dream!

Lucas: Oui, c'est incroyable! Je n'ai jamais vu quelque chose d'aussi magnifique.

Emma: Did you know it wasn't always appreciated? Critics didn't see its charm.

Lucas: Oui, c'est vrai. Gustave Eiffel a même défendu son projet contre les artistes de l'époque.

[A waiter approaches their table.]

Waiter: Bonjour! Que souhaitez-vous commander?

Emma: Je prendrai un café au lait et un croissant.

Lucas: Un chocolat chaud et un pain au chocolat, s'il vous plaît.

Waiter: Très bien, je vous apporte ça.

Emma: Now, it's a symbol of France. I'm glad it's still standing.

Lucas: Imaginez Paris sans la Tour Eiffel — impossible. Elle pèse plus de 10,000 tonnes!

Emma: I can't wait to go to the top! The view must be amazing!

Lucas: Faisons-le. Et peut-être une promenade sur la Seine après?

Emma: Perfect. But first, let's enjoy our croissants!

Lucas: Vive la France!

ARHAAN SYED

Secrets in the water of Bordeaux

Under the golden glow of Bordeaux's lights, Camille walked through the Place de la Bourse, whispering "c'est la beauté". She sat near the Miroir d'Eau, captivated by the reflection of the palace. Leaning closer, she absorbed its beauty until a gust of wind carried her hat towards the water.

The white hat floated on its surface. The initial A.E standing out, a precious reminder of her late grandmother "Mon chapeau s'il te plaît". It was the last thing she received for her, in a state of desperation Camille slipped off heels and stepped into the water. "l'eau est froide". Shivering as she waded to the hat.

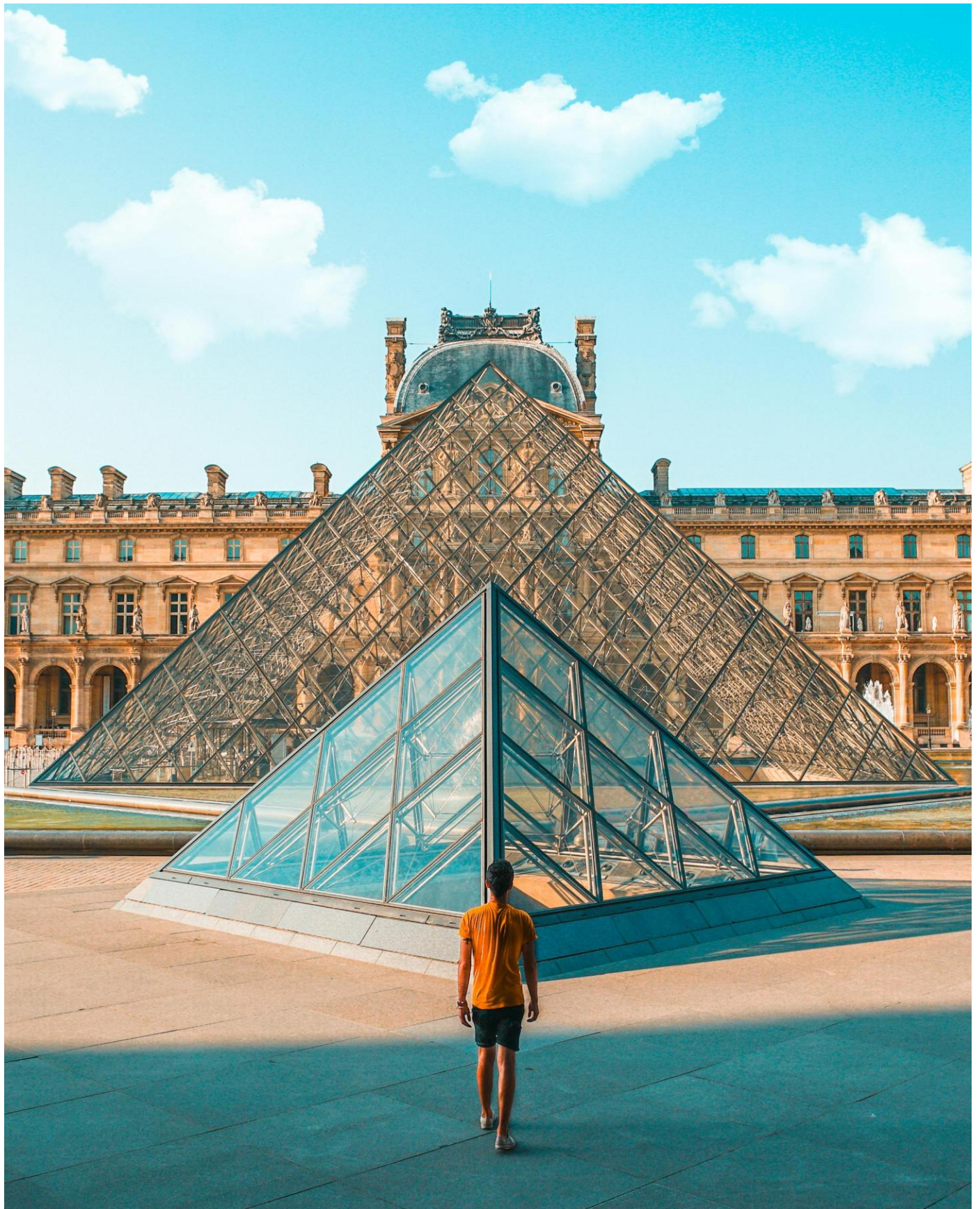
The relief was interrupted by the shrill sounds of a whistle, "sacré bleu, qui est-ce" she exclaimed. Panic setting in, she ran barefoot and breathless, the wind tangling her hair. "je me sens vivant". This unexpected moment broke her routine and became a memory for life. L'histoire de France est importante, mais les vies et histoires personnelles sont tout aussi mémorables.



OM SUPE

La réalité crue: Together to end racism!

Je m'imaginai toujours visiter le musée le plus renommé du monde — ‘Musée du Louvre.’ Providentially, my dream came to reality! I took the fast, hygienic metro from my hotel, amazed by the striking views of The Eiffel Tower, and arrived at the pyramid I always desired to visit. J'étais



émervéillé par les peintures, l'architecture, l'armure, et plus !

I couldn't imagine our civilization creating such wonders with few resources! Pendant mon exploration, un homme m'a dit, “Pourquoi es-tu ici, toi, curry ?” I couldn't understand French, being just an Indian tourist, hoping he would complement me. I secretly started a voice recording to keep track of what others would say. As I viewed The Mona Lisa, a tourist yelled, “Oh mon dieu ! Ce garçon a l'air d'un voleur, en raison du fait qu'il est brun !”

I went back and heard the recordings. Oh mon dieu ! I respect tourists, but I didn't think they would be racist towards me! Nous devons mettre fin au racisme pour garantir de bonnes connexions.

ARJUN MOREY

The Tapestry of Time

Ethan Carter ran his fingers over the faded tapestry in his grandmother's living room.

Worn yet intricate, it depicted knights, castles, and swirling silver patterns.

“Do you know its story?” Nana Ruth asked.

Ethan shrugged. “It's just an old decoration.”

She chuckled. “This tapestry is over three hundred years old. Your ancestors wove their history into it. Each generation adds a mark.” She pointed to a small crest. “My grandfather stitched this when he left for America. I added mine as a child. One day, you will too.”

Ethan frowned. “But why? We don't live in castles anymore.”

“Heritage isn't about the past—it's about remembering who we are.”

Ethan looked at the tapestry again. It wasn't just cloth; it was a living story.

Nana handed him a needle and thread. “It's time.”

After a pause, Ethan smiled and began to weave.



SATVIKA SINGHANIA

The Eiffel tower, tall and grand
A shining place, in the land
With iron touching up above the sky
It makes us light up and wonder why

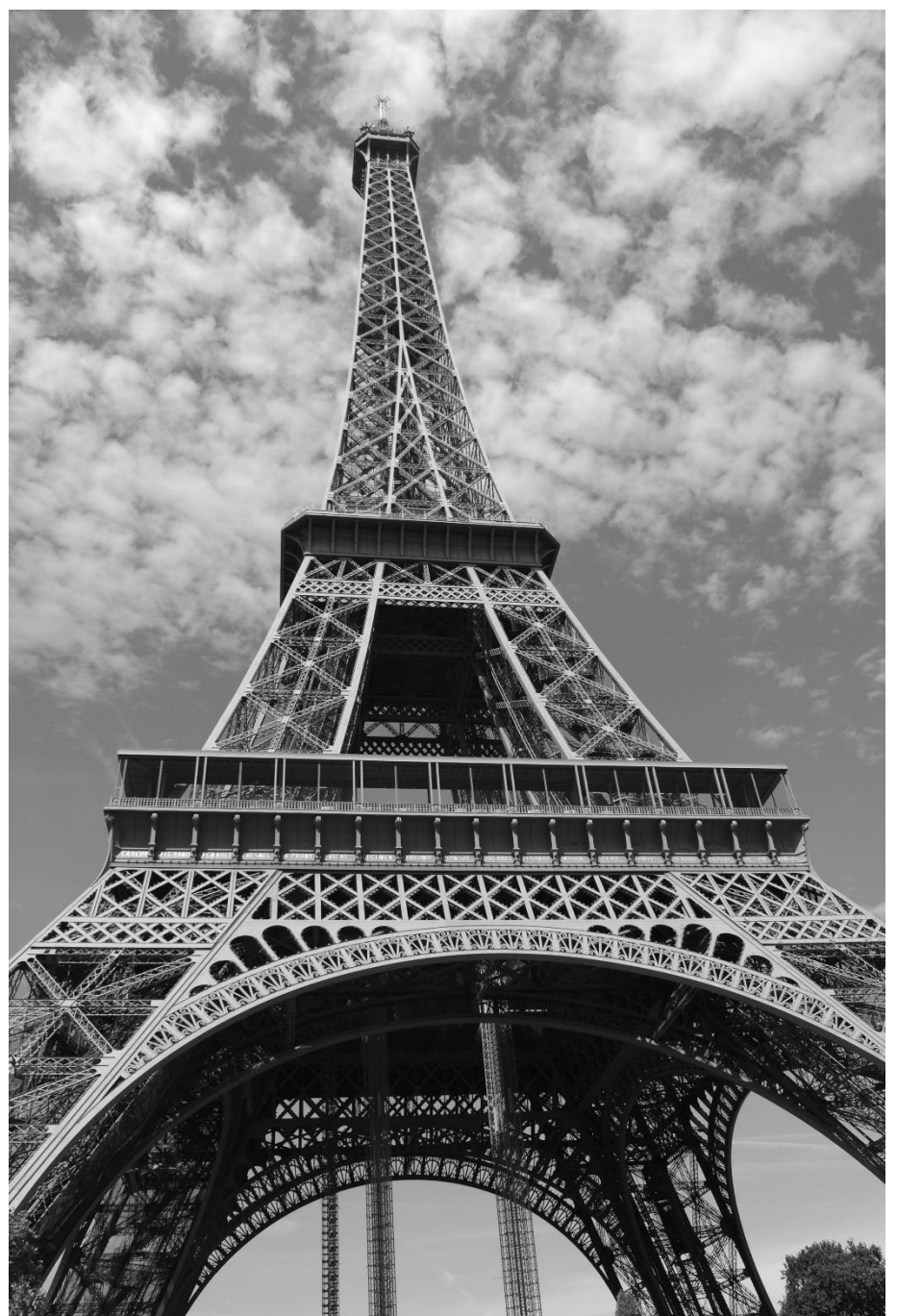
La tour Eiffel brille la nuit
A sparkling light, just so bright
It lights up Paris, far and wide
With a shiny star, faraway tied

The iron legs, so strong and high
Touching the clouds up in the sky
Elle est l'âme de Paris
A so beautiful sight you can see

People come from far and near
To see the tower, standing here
A place of love and so much pride
La tour Eiffel, fière et forte, side by
side

In Paris' heart, she stands so tall,
A beacon bright, above it all.
Elle est le symbole de l'amour,
Her beams reach high, her lights
allure.

Sous les étoiles, elle danse
doucement,
A timeless mark in the city's light,
Eiffel, forever, day and night.



SAMYAK JAIN

Le Voyage dans le temps

Beneath the romantic streets of Paris, hidden in a system of complicated tunnels, stretching all the way from the Seine in Paris, all the way to Montreuil, they hummed with energy. Tonight, it would make history or disaster. Dr Amelie Lavigne was in a car travelling to the supercollider along with some company. Raindrops splattered against the window as Amelie continued to look at the colossal Eiffel Tower. They were going to test the time dilation theory and go back in time. Eloitte Dubois, the very person who volunteered to go forward in time. “I’ll get you a croissant from the future if you like? Imagine the advancements in baking” he said. Amelie stayed silent.



Soon they climbed in a sewer and turned right after walking in the waste. They saw a dark circular opening. Amelie tapped a small area around the door and with a slight beep the door opened, to reveal a marvellous sight Supercollisionneur temporal the largest, strongest super collider in the world.

“Es-tu prêt?” asked Amelie, “Oui madame, je suis prêt”. Eloitte climbed into a small pod, twirling a pocket watch with his fingers. He turned around and said before closing the door. “I’ll get a pack of croissants for everyone!”

“Alright team” yelled Amelie. “Initiate Particle accelerator sequence, calibrate the beamline, stabilize the magnetic field, all systems are a go, let’s make history!”

The pod started spinning quickly around a path like a roller coaster, turning to a blur. You could hear poor Eloitte screaming.” OH NO, JE VOMIS” to which the whole team couldn’t help but laugh. About five seconds later Eloitte screamed again. “C’EST DANS MA BOUCHE ! C’EST DANS MA BOUCHE!” In a minute or so the lights in the room started flickering and Amelie said “Approchent la vitesse de la lumière en trois, deux, un et zéro”. The machine disappeared into thin air. Amelie asked loudly” Nous avons bien fait?” “we can’t be sure till he finds a way to return” replied her assistant Emma. “We could’ve killed him, right?” asked Amelie, now worried. Silence blanketed the room. Amelie ran out the room.

Amelie left early that day and was walking near the Louvre, thinking of Eloitte. Suddenly, her phone rang. It was Emma. Emma simply said “He’s back.”

Amelie rushed to the collider and entered in the room, puke splattered on its walls. “Bonjour Amelie, je suis revenu avec un paquet de croissants!”. Amelie hugged Eloitte as tightly as she could and said “How did you come back?” Eloitte said “In the future this collider still exists. I simply came back using it”. “Now let’s celebrate!” said Amelie, “but first things first.” said Amelie taking the croissants. “I call dibs on the pack of croissants!”

It was a proud moment for France.

AGAM MUNDRA

Mysteries of the Seine

The Seine River beneath Paris streetlamps recounts an enigmatic tale of wonder as it flows in the city's center. As the "City of Lights" ("Cité des Lumières") lifeblood, the Seine River conserves many historical tales both heart-breaking and joyful. A tragic tale of L'Inconnue de la Seine follows the story of an anonymous young woman who remains an eternal inspiration to hearts across the modern era.

An examination near Quai du Louvre on the Seine revealed her dead body in the late nineteenth century. People exchanged many theories about the young woman's background with hushed conversations. People made different assumptions about who she was: some thought she was a tragic misplaced soul but others thought she might be either an artist or a city model entranced by Paris' abundant cultural worries. Using the famous expression of Mona Lisa as their comparison, viewers saw the tranquil expression on the unknown female figure. Dr. Eugène Bataille became so entranced by the subject that he commissioned a death mask from the unidentifiable corpse in order to preserve the pose. The bare bones reproduction of the dead woman extended beyond artistry into a symbol that people displayed in Parisian homes where it stimulated endless speculation worldwide.

L'Inconnue de la Seine's reputation fueled Paris with stories while her death mask within Paris moved from widow to artist to mythic symbol. Artists together with writers found inspiration in this artwork which drew creative impulses from anyone who stared at it. The painter Henri worked diligently from his tiny studio which featured a Seine river view before he became established in his career. He found himself at the Seine river under moonlight deepening his mysteries about the unknown woman's profound beauty as he compared her sorrowful grimace to sketches in his notebook. He would frequently wonder what made this mysterious woman so administrable as he gazed into flowing waters.

On a random evening Henri discovered a hidden old bookshop in a hidden alcove of the Seine's banks. Upon entering the old bookshop, he discovered a journal containing L'Inconnue's sketches and notes. Before her unfortunate demise, the writer stated he personally knew the subject. After seeing the book, Henri immediately bought it before rushing back to his studio. The journal disclosed that L'Inconnue was Elise, an artistic striver who encountered resistance because the city did not welcome people who lacked connections or money.

As he read her dreams ("Elle avait des rêves") to himself, Henri experienced an overwhelming feeling of purpose (She had dreams). With the intention of honoring both Elise's appearance and her aspirations and hardships, he chose to focus his artistic work on a series of paintings. Through the night while painting, he felt that Élise helped him with his work. Finally, after months of dedication, he unveiled his masterpiece, a stunning portrait that captured Elise's essence: Her soft grin combined with her watery stare pointing towards the Seine River.

His exhibition "Les Rêves Égarés" (The Lost Dreams) held its opening night. Everyone at the exhibition focused their attention on the remarkable Elise portrait which hung at the show's center. Through telling Elise's story to those gathered around the painting, Henri elevated her from victimhood into an example that inspired hope. He emphasized

with strong emotion that this story needed to be told ("Cette histoire doit être racontée"). People developed a personal connection to Élise's story which caused them to start sharing their personal ambitions alongside their experiences of failure. Every person in the crowd confessed softly that they possessed dreams ("Nous avons tous des rêves"). Visitors engaged in conversations that recentered forgotten talents and demonstrated how we must appreciate genius beyond traditional categories.



KAVYA WHIG

France Fiesta !

France is a beautiful place,
Its capital is full of grace,
Cela signifie Paris, la ville des
lumières,
C'est magnifique la nuit.

It has a monument: the Eiffel
Tower,
A place where the fireworks
shower,
Il a l'air si grand et élégant,
Entouré de paix et de calme.

Many famous artists from this
place,
All filled with elegance and grace,
Picasso was among the best,
His art was filled with flair and
zest!

France has an excellent cuisine,
Seeing it makes me keen,
It was amazing, mouth-watering
food,
And indeed it tasted good!

France is indeed unique,
The place which tourists seek,
La nourriture me fait dire « Ah ! »
La France c'est bien « voilà ! »



PIYA NAGRANI

The Quintessence of Heritage

A young artist named Blair lived in the heart of Paris, beneath the alluring gaze of the Eiffel Tower. Each day, she would sit in the Jardin du Trocadéro, sketching the iconic monument that had become a symbol of love and resilience.

Driven by curiosity, Blair explored the city's lesser-known parts. She wandered through the streets of Montmartre, where the scent of freshly baked baguettes and pastries filled the air. She walked even further where she stumbled upon the Basilica of Sacré-Cœur. Its white domes glistened in the sunlight reflecting at her.

“C'est magnifique,” she whispered, sliding her fingers over the intricate mosaics. Blair was deeply connected with the rich history of The Basilica. She imagined the countless visitors before her, each leaving their mark on the sacred space.

Blair sat on the steps with her sketchbook resting on her lap. She taps her pencil on her book looking off in the distance. “La beauté de l'héritage,” she mused, pondering on the layers of stories that surrounded her. She thought of the artists, lovers, and families who had gathered to express and celebrate the joys of life.

As she sketched, an elderly man approached her. “Bonjour, mademoiselle,” he said, his eyes twinkling with curiosity. “What brings you to this beautiful place?”

“I'm intrigued by the heritage of France,” Blair replied. “Every nook and cranny of this city tells a story.”

He nodded, sitting beside her. “Indeed. The culture and heritage are not just in monuments but in our memories. I remember my father bringing me here every Saturday as a young boy, telling me stories of the great artists who once lived in Montmartre.”

“Tell me more,” Blair urged, marvelling at his story.

“Ah, there was a time when Montmartre thrived with creativity. Artists like Picasso and Dali found their peace here. They portrayed their perspectives and essences of life through their art. And now, it's up to us to preserve, protect, and continue their legacy.”

Inspired, Blair returned to her sketch, illustrating not just the Basilica but also the robustness of art and life surrounding it—a street performer playing the saxophone, children playing games together, and lovers sharing a moment by a café.

“Votre dessin est magnifique,” the man said, appreciating her work. “You have a gift. Remember, heritage is not just about the past but also our memories and stories.”

With a novel perspective, Blair realized that her art was a bridge between the past, present, and personal memories. She wanted to capture the soul of her surroundings, honouring the heritage that shaped her identity and countless others.

The sun began to set, casting a golden tint over the city's timeless landscape, Blair closed her sketchbook filled with pure love for the city. She promised the elderly man she would return, excited to learn more about the stories weaved into the very foundations of Paris.

Walking back to her studio, she felt deeply rooted in the artistic culture of France. The Eiffel Tower in the distance, reminded her of the daring dreams that had been brought to a reality, causing the city to flourish. “Nous sommes tous des héritiers,” she whispered to herself, realizing that everyone carries a piece of their heritage within them and everyone has a life as intricate and complicated as her own.

That evening, she painted the Eiffel Tower expressing her journey in Paris. The heritage and history of France were not just in its monuments but in the hearts of its people, the stories they shared, and the dreams they wished to pursue.

A few days passed and Blair continued to explore the city, visiting museums, galleries, and historic sites deepening her appreciation for the diverse web of cultures that enriched her identity. She began incorporating elements of her experiences into her art, blending the past with her contemporary visions.

She visited the Palace of Versailles and she stood in the Hall of Mirrors, in awe of its opulence. “C'est incroyable,” she gasped, imagining the grand celebrations that had taken place within those walls in the past. She drew the reflections, capturing the exchange of light and history, wanting to pay homage to her heritage and share it with others as well. Soon after, people were drawn to her mesmerizing artworks, admiring her skill and pure passion for art.

“Merci! Merci!” she exclaimed, her heart filled with gratitude as people swarmed her with compliments. At that moment, she realized that her art had become a part of the heritage that she could pass on to others.

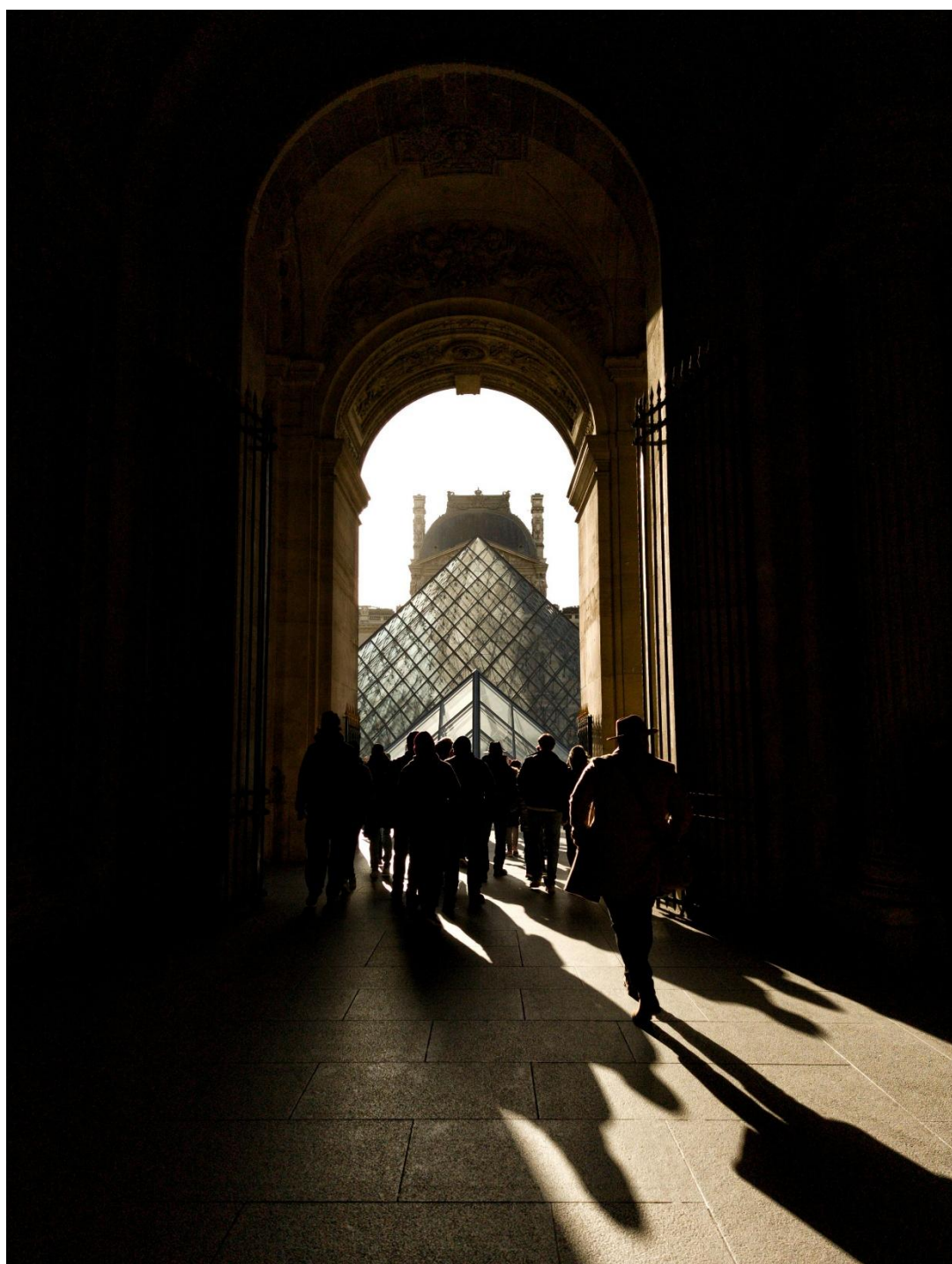
From that day forward, Blair wholeheartedly devoted herself to recognizing and portraying her heritage through her art, hopefully, inspiring others to celebrate the stories that connect them to their roots. As she continued her journey, she sympathized with the idea that heritage is a living web of culture woven from the threads of memories, dreams, and aspirations.



REYANSH MHASE

Danger au musée du Louvre

The Hardy boys had finished a mystery in Montana when they received a parcel. In this parcel, was a stun gun, money and a DVD. The DVD was from Q, their boss told them that there was danger to the Louvre Museum in France. Somebody was plotting danger on the historical site. There had been several mishaps such as fake fires, skunk bombs etc. It was also suspected that the bad seed could be someone they had faced before as their habits may be the same. The DVD told them that they would need to go to France and solve the mission undercover as visitors.



When the Hardy boys reached France they immediately decided to visit the Museum. They saw a couple of areas roped out but everything seemed fine until a cry shouted help. They immediately dashed to the scene and saw a couple frantically being held fugitive by a man in a ski mask gun in hand.

"Frank, mets-toi derrière lui", dit Joe.

They slipped behind the intruder and jumped on him but he managed to slip away but not before giving a few clues.

The jacket he was wearing was old and frayed suggesting a beggar. The voice he spoke in was rough indicating a man. He held the gun in his left hand making him a lefty. A packet of cigarettes dropped from his jacket pocket telling the boys he was addicted.

"Eh bien, Joe, je suppose que c'est peut-être lui", a déclaré Frank.

The Hardy's had faced the criminal before he was Jenkins a local security guard they met at Galaxy X park. Cela faisait quelques années depuis sa libération sous caution.

The brothers knew of his habits and came down hard on him to force out the truth. It turned out they were right he had been the one behind all the crimes.

Grâce aux courageux Frank et Joe Hardy, le musée historique du Louvre en France a été sauvé.

TANVI DESHPANDE

Sarvesh loved eating croissants. The crumbly, flaky bread, the buttery aroma and the first delectable bite- it was a thoroughly enjoyable experience. His biggest dream was to go to France and learn how to make croissants himself, the traditional way, so that he would have an endless supply. And that's exactly what he did. He booked a flight to France immediately. France was a beauty. The Eiffel Tower, beaches of Nice, baguettes- it was to die for. However, Sarvesh's dream remained unfulfilled. He had not yet found a Croissant maestro to teach him. So, he set about, searching the streets of Paris.

Sarvesh: Es-tu un fabricant de croissants?

Stranger 1: Êtes-vous fou?!

Sarvesh: Excuse-moi, peux-tu m'apprendre à faire des croissants?

Stranger 2: Je ne peux certainement pas, mais je connais quelqu'un qui peut.

Sarvesh: Oh? Et qui est-ce?

Stranger 2: Mon frère, pâtissier renommé. Viens, je t'emmène chez lui.

Sarvesh went to hug the man. "You, sir, have made me the happiest man on Earth. It is such a dream come true, honestly. I personally never would have imagined getting to this stage of my journey so quick-"

The man cut him off, "Yes, sir. But talk less, please." Sarvesh gave him a guilty smile and said, "Sorry. I'm just so happy."

So, Sarvesh followed the stranger, who led him to a big restaurant. "We're here!" He said happily. The duo went into the kitchen.

"Well, what now?" Sarvesh asked, looking about dreamily. The kitchen was piled with baking supplies- flour, eggs, chocolate, candied fruits, you name it.

The stranger looked at Sarvesh for a long time before saying, "April Fools! There is no Pastry Maestro here. Now clean the dishes." Sarvesh looked at him angrily. "You're really not beating the 'French People' stereotype!" and stormed out. "No, I did beat the stereotype by talking to you. Otherwise, I would have just walked off! Humble yourself," the man said, equally angrily.

Sarvesh walked out only to find a camera pressed against his face. "Well, what's this?!" He yelled at the poor cameraman. "Sir," the cameraman began softly, "we're shooting a TV show. You, my dear, are going to be a STAR. Everyone's going to know your name."

But that prophecy didn't come to fruition. Sarvesh remained as unknown as before, and equally as unskilled in the art of baking croissants. Sarvesh was now very angry, and returned to India immediately.

In the plane on the way back he was seated next to an elderly gentleman. "Bonjour," Sarvesh said politely. The man smiled at him. "Hello. I'm Jean. What's your name?"

"Sarvesh," Sarvesh replied, happy to have made a new friend.

"And what do you do, Sarvesh?"

"Well, I'm an IT consultant slash wannabe baker. I really want to learn how to make croissants. In fact, that is the only reason I came to France in the first place."

The old man gave a big smile. "Oh? And did you learn how to make them?"

Sarvesh frowned. "No, unfortunately. Instead, I got pranked by a silly TV show."

"Well," the man announced, "today must be your lucky day. I'm none other than Chef Jean, renowned pastry maker."

Sarvesh's eyes widened, "No way! Um... could you teach me the art of making croissants?"

Jean smiled at Sarvesh, "Of course, my dear. Just hop over to the restaurant I'm working at. Wait, here's my phone number..."

And this is how Sarvesh's dream got fulfilled. He became a talented young croissant maker, working alongside the great Monsieur Jean.



SWARA SAPRE

Walking on streets of the great city, Paris, I felt overwhelmed, my dream of exploring La Ville Lumière had come true. I had to stop walking for a while to take in the view of La Tour Eiffel, it looked mystical and majestic, I was over the moon looking at the lights shining throughout the city. It was the night before La Fête Nationale which takes place annually on 14 July. I had specifically come here for



the National Festival, I wanted to see the parades, the Eiffel Tower shines in the flesh and be a part of this memorable festival. I had already visited L'Arc de Triomphe de l'étoile, from what I had seen, I could tell why France is the number one tourist destination in the world. While I was strolling, I came across a shop selling croissants, not having had dinner and starving, I said to the shopkeeper, "Bonjour, Monsieur! Je veux trois croissants, s'il vous plaît." He replied back,

"Oui, Mademoiselle, quel croissant voulez-vous?"

I answered, "Le croissant de poulet, s'il vous plait."

He said, "Voilà, mademoiselle, Amuse-toi, s'il vous plait."

"Merci, monsieur, Bonne nuit!"

I started walking to my hotel, enjoying my chicken croissant. I went to sleep that night with the dream of tomorrow's beautiful night that will forever be embedded in my memory.

ANUSHKA SAXENA

The Legacy of Montmartre

The streets of Montmartre were always alive, a mix of old traditions and new visitors. Tourists wandered around, taking pictures of every corner, while locals relaxed outside cafés, sipping coffee. Fifteen-year-old Camille walked quickly through the cobblestone streets, her old leather notebook tucked under her arm. She was heading toward the Basilique du Sacré-Cœur, one of the most famous places in Paris. Her grandmother, Mamie Odette, had told her, “Tu trouveras des trésors dans ton passé.” You will find treasures in your past. Camille didn’t know what her grandmother meant, but she hoped to understand soon.

The white domes of the basilica stood high on the hill, shining brightly under the afternoon sun. Camille stopped for a moment, catching her breath as she stared at the beautiful building. Montmartre wasn’t just any part of Paris—it was her family’s home for generations. Mamie Odette often said, “Chaque pierre ici a une histoire.” Every stone here has a story. Camille loved that idea, imagining how her ancestors had lived and worked in the same streets she now walked.

She climbed the steps to the basilica, her heart beating fast, not just from the climb but from excitement. Inside, it was calm and quiet, the light from the stained-glass windows casting colors across the floor. The smell of candles and incense filled the air, making the whole place feel peaceful. Camille found a seat near the front and opened her notebook, but her pen hovered over the page. What should she write?

Just then, Camille noticed an older woman sitting nearby. The woman looked kind, her silver hair glowing in the soft light. Camille smiled politely, but the woman spoke first.

“Bonjour, ma petite,” the woman said warmly.

“Bonjour, madame,” Camille replied, a little shy.

“Tu écris?” the woman asked, nodding toward Camille’s notebook.

Camille hesitated before saying, “Oui. Enfin, j’essaie.” Yes. Well, I’m trying.

The woman’s smile widened. “C’est bien. Écrire, c’est une façon de ne jamais oublier.” Writing is a way to never forget.

Camille felt a little embarrassed. She had been carrying this notebook for months but hadn’t written much. The woman stood up slowly and touched Camille’s shoulder gently.

“Tu es jeune, mais ton héritage est grand. N’oublie pas qui tu es.” You are young, but your heritage is big. Don’t forget who you are.

With that, the woman walked away, disappearing into the shadows of the basilica. Camille sat still, her mind racing with the woman’s words. She opened her notebook again and began to write.

“My family has lived in Montmartre for many years,” she wrote in simple, careful sentences. “Mon arrière-grand-père était peintre ici. He was a painter here, capturing the streets of Paris in colors of blue and gold. My great-grandmother baked bread that people said was the best in the city. My grandmother played in the streets as a child, her laughter filling the air.”

As she wrote, Camille felt like she could see her ancestors. She imagined her great-grandfather sitting in the square, painting the Sacré-Cœur as the sun set. She pictured her great-grandmother pulling warm loaves of bread from the oven, their delicious smell spreading through the neighbourhood.

When Camille finally looked up, the sun was lower in the sky, and the basilica was almost empty. She closed her notebook and stood, feeling lighter and more connected to her family’s history. As she left, she took a moment to admire the view of Paris from the top of

the hill. The city stretched out before her, a mix of old rooftops and new buildings, all glowing in the fading light.

On her way home, Camille stopped at a small bakery that Mamie Odette loved. The smell of fresh pastries made her smile, and she bought a warm croissant. As she walked, she thought about how her family had been a part of this neighbourhood for so long.

That evening, Camille showed her notebook to Mamie Odette. Her grandmother’s eyes lit up as she read the words aloud. “C’est magnifique, Camille. Tu fais honneur à notre famille.” It’s beautiful, Camille. You honor our family.

Camille felt proud and happy. For the first time, she understood what her grandmother meant about treasures in her past. Her heritage wasn’t just old stories—it was something alive, something she could carry forward. As she went to sleep that night, Camille decided she would keep writing. Her family’s legacy wasn’t just in the past; it was part of her future too.



AYANNA SAURABH

A Taste of Freedom

No place like home, thought Selena, as she entered the spacious kitchen. Elle préparait des macarons faits maison pour le festival à venir, l'odeur sucrée des pâtisseries flottant jusqu'à la porte. Living in an apartment with a fantastic view of the Eiffel Tower, she liked to take quick walks in the gardens surrounding the monument. Elle a adoré la vue du haut de la Tour Eiffel, c'était comme si elle était au sommet du monde. And, with Bastille Day right around the corner, Selena was more excited than words could explain. Cela a marqué la fin de l'autocratie et le début d'une nouvelle ère de démocratie. With the world's current sociopolitical issues centered around totalitarianism, racism, sexism, homophobia, etc., Selena felt proud to be called a citizen of France, whose heritage helped her remember the values she stood for. Elle savait qu'il était important pour elle de se défendre, ainsi que celle des autres, en défendant son avenir et celui de tous les peuples opprimés dans le monde.



HARI BAL

Napoleon awakes from the dead. He kills the enemy which is Germany in France.

It was 21 June 1940 in France, as the hot musty air rolled inside through the general Nadege's window. Nadege sighed scratching out his 67th attempt to make a feasible strategy. It was a beautiful day, and everybody in France would be enjoying, if the entire country was not in a crisis – the Nazi's invasion. As he crumpled his last plan into his full wastebin, he was interrupted by his top-scout, Navarin. "Monsieur, vous êtes convoqué à la réunion avec le président et les généraux en chef". Nadege sighed, "I'll be right there." After rapidly fishing out his failed strategies from the bin, we ran to the meeting. When he entered he was heard by rapid discussion and debate. "Sir we must do a massive offensive-" "It won't work!" "How about we just surrender and minimize damage?" "No, we must save our nation. After a minute, the president noticed Nadege. "Well general Nadege, have you thought of any strategies?"



"I am afraid not sir. I have a few strategies with me but they won't work at all without a miracle. Has the elixir been created?" Responded Nadege. "The life elixir. Yes, I got a message and the scientist just developed it with a few other elixirs he was making simultaneously. However, I don't think it matter, the Nazis will be here in a few hours. I am giving each of you generals the elixir but I do not know how much use it will be." Said the president. Nadege looked around the room. The generals and presidents all looked dead lost, and he knew it too – The nazis were taking France and Paris as a whole. After a deafening long silence, Nadege spoke up, "Well I better organize the soldiers." Before leaving the meeting to address his soldiers. Outside, was where is soldier where organized and he gave a brief speech in French. "Soldats et généraux, nous sommes aujourd'hui confrontés à l'un des jours les plus importants de l'histoire, car l'armée nazie est à quelques minutes de s'approcher. Face à cette bataille, il est important pour nous de garder espoir. La France est l'un des meilleurs et des plus puissants pays du monde. Nous n'allons pas entraîner un petit groupe de meurtriers se mettre en travers de notre chemin. Nous les avons battus une fois, battons-les encore !" The speech has well-worded, but in reality we knew not a single word was true this was France's final stand and it wouldn't be a big one. He walked towards of his army and ordered them to wait for the nazis. He looked around at the city. Innocent people were working and improving France for the greater good. To the right was the grand Eiffel tower, while to the left was the museum of Napoleon. 'Please help me win this battle' he thought looking at the coffin of Napoleon. A few minutes later, the nazis arrived in the battlefield. He knew his men were trying their best but it wasn't even close. The nazi armies stormed Paris and using blitz screen tactics, rapid open the centre of the French army. Nadege ordered for air attacks but it was majorly ineffective. Nadege looked around desperately and saw the Napoleon museum. Suddenly he got an idea. Taking the elixir with him he ran into the museum and found Napoleon's coffin. Since there was no security in the panic of the invasion, Nadege was easily able to open to coffin and sent the life elixir into Napoleon. At first, nothing happened. Then miraculously, Napoleon stirred into a completely alive form. Shocked, Napoleon said, "What, where am I? I thought I was dead for good at the battle of Wellington." "Sir, I will explain afterwards. In the meanwhile there is a battle in the capital." This got Napoleon attention. "What? Lead my there!" He shouted. When they arrived at the battle Nadege realized it was even worse than before. The centre was now falling and the army was panicked. "Troops! I am back and here to command you." He shouted over the noise of the battle. Shocked the entire French army listened. Then, was Napoleon's magic. He quickly organized the army and gave them courage. He ensured the centre of the army intentionally fell back, when the flack came and encircled the helpless nazis. The battle was quickly turning, and in less than an hour, Paris has been saved. Napoleon has then regarded as a hero and celebrated. Nadege quickly explained the situation to Napoleon, who was completely stunned. "Well thank so much Napoleon. You just saved our country!" Finished Nadege. "Oh no. Your country is far from saved right now and I am taking back control. All Hail me, soon emperor of France."

SIDDHANT SATHE

WHISPERS OF THE SEINE

Amélie wandered through the cobbled streets of Paris, her sketchbook tucked under her arm. The cold air carried the scent of freshly baked croissants as she paused before the majestic Notre-Dame de Paris. It had always been her favorite place, a silent witness to centuries of history.

"C'est magnifique," she whispered, tracing the cathedral's intricate details with her pencil.

Just then, an old man sitting on a bench nearby smiled at her. "Tu aimes dessiner?" he asked, pointing at her sketchbook.

"Oui, surtout l'architecture française," she replied, showing him her latest drawing.

"Les monuments ont une âme," he said. "Ils racontent des histoires que nous devons écouter."

Amélie walked away from the old man, her heart brimming with curiosity. His words lingered in her mind: "Les monuments ont une âme. Ils racontent des histoires que nous devons écouter." Did buildings really hold secrets? Could they whisper untold tales?

That evening, she spread her sketches across her small Parisian apartment, the dim glow of the streetlamps outside casting golden reflections on her walls. She had drawn Notre-Dame many times before, but tonight, the cathedral looked different on paper. The shadows seemed deeper, the towers taller, the gargoyles more watchful.

A sudden gust of wind rattled her window. She turned to close it, but in the glass reflection, she caught a glimpse of something peculiar—Notre-Dame as it had once been, without the scars of time, its spires untouched by fire, its facade untouched by pollution. She blinked, and the vision vanished.

Was it exhaustion, or was she seeing something beyond reality?

The next morning, she returned to the cathedral, unable to shake the feeling that she was meant to be there. As she traced her fingers along the cold stone walls, she thought of the stories hidden within them. The old man's words echoed in her mind.

"Tu es de retour," a familiar voice said behind her.

She turned to find the same man from yesterday, his eyes twinkling like the Seine under the moonlight.

"Oui," she admitted. "Il y a quelque chose ici... une histoire que je dois découvrir."

The old man chuckled. "Alors, écoute."

He gestured for her to sit beside him on the bench. The sun bathed the city in warm hues as he began to speak.

"Cent ans auparavant, il y avait un artiste nommé Julien. Il venait ici tous les jours, dessinant Notre-Dame avec une dévotion obsessionnelle. Mais un jour, quelque chose d'extraordinaire s'est produit."

Amélie leaned in, her breath hitching. "Quoi donc?"

The old man smiled knowingly. "Julien a vu la cathédrale s'animer. Il a vu les statues bouger, les gargouilles chuchoter, et les vitraux changer d'images. Comme s'ils lui montraient une histoire oubliée."

Amélie's heart pounded. "Et après?"

"Il a disparu."

A shiver ran down her spine. Disparu? How could someone vanish in the middle of Paris?

That night, she couldn't sleep. Julien's story haunted her thoughts. She found herself returning to Notre-Dame at midnight, the city silent except for the distant hum of the river. The cathedral loomed above her, its shadows stretching across the square.

Taking a deep breath, she placed her hands against the cool stone and closed her eyes. Show me.

A sudden chill prickled her skin. When she opened her eyes, the world had changed.

The streets were different. Gas lamps flickered where streetlights once stood, and people dressed in old-fashioned attire strolled along the cobblestone paths. The cathedral shone as it must have in the past—untouched, glowing under the Parisian moon.

She had stepped into another time.

"Mademoiselle?" a voice called out. She turned to see a young man with charcoal-stained fingers and a satchel full of sketches. His gaze bore into hers with an intensity that made her breath hitch.

"Vous êtes... Julien?" she whispered.

He frowned. "Comment connaissez-vous mon nom?"

Amélie hesitated. How could she explain? Instead, she looked at his drawings. They were breathtaking—Notre-Dame in exquisite detail, yet there was something odd. One sketch showed the cathedral's doors slightly ajar, as if inviting him inside.

"Vous avez vu quelque chose, n'est-ce pas?" she asked.

Julien's expression darkened. "Chaque nuit, les gargouilles me parlent. Elles me disent d'entrer. Mais je n'ose pas."

Amélie glanced at the looming doors. If history had brought her here, perhaps it was to finish Julien's story.

She took his hand. "Alors allons voir ensemble."

With hesitant steps, they pushed the massive doors open. The interior was bathed in the soft glow of candlelight. But as they ventured further, the stained-glass windows began to shift, the colors swirling into moving images. They showed stories—not just biblical ones, but moments of forgotten history. The construction of the cathedral, the people who had walked its halls, the love, the loss, the whispered prayers.

Then, one window changed.

It depicted Julien himself, standing where he was now, staring at the glass with wide eyes. And beside him... was Amélie.

She gasped. "C'est impossible..."

Julien reached out to touch the window, and as his fingers met the glass, the world around them trembled. The cathedral whispered their names, calling them deeper. A gust of wind blew through the halls, carrying voices of the past. They spoke of an artist who would disappear and a traveller who would rewrite fate.

"Julien, nous devons partir!" Amélie shouted.

But he was entranced. "Et si c'était mon destin?"

She grabbed his wrist. "Non. Ton destin n'est pas d'être piégé dans une histoire inachevée. Viens avec moi!"

With one last glance at the shifting stained glass, Julien nodded. Together, they ran back toward the entrance as the cathedral groaned, its whispers turning into a chorus of sighs. The moment they stepped outside, the world around them blurred, and Amélie felt herself being pulled away, back to her time.

She gasped awake on the bench outside Notre-Dame. The city was as it had been, the modern hum of Paris filling the air. But beside her, lying on the ground, was an old, dust-covered sketchbook.

She picked it up and flipped through the pages.

Sketches of Notre-Dame.

Sketches of her.

A final note was scribbled at the bottom in elegant handwriting:

Merci, Amélie. Les histoires ne meurent jamais.



EVANA GADA

Colours of Heritage

SCENE 1: ARRIVAL IN FRANCE

(Lights up. A busy street in Paris. An Indian student named Riya shows up at her friend Julien's house.)

Riya: I can't believe I'm here, Julien! But with Holi approaching, I really want to be at home.

Julien: Holi? You mean the festival of colours? Tell me more!

Riya: It's a celebration of love, spring, and the triumph of good over evil. People share candy, dance, and throw colours. It's a part of our culture, our heritage.

Julien: That sounds fantastic! Why don't we celebrate it here?

Riya: However, we require a location.

Julien: How about we do it near the to the Eiffel Tower? It is a globally recognised monument, hence there are thousands of people walking by every day.

SCENE 2: GETTING TOGETHER FOR HOLI

(Julien and Riya make acquaintances from a variety of backgrounds. In the background is the Eiffel Tower.)

First Friend: This is really thrilling! I love the way that cultural customs unite people.

Friend 2: I've read that Holi represents unity. Here in France, let's spread the message in France.

SCENE 3: HOLI PREPARATIONS

(Riya and her friends gather music, traditional sweets, and colour powders. They enlighten interested bystanders about the significance of Holi.)

Julien: Could you tell me the origin of Holi?

Riya: It is rooted in Mythology. The demon king Hiranyakashipu wanted to be worshipped as a god, but his son Prahlad was devoted to Lord Vishnu. Holika, the king's sister, attempted to burn Prahlad while wearing a boon that could endure fire. But instead, she died, signifying the victory of good over evil.

Third Friend: That's amazing! Let's tell everyone who joins about this legend.

SCENE 4: SPREADING THE WORD

(Julien organises a virtual gathering. As more people show interest, the enthusiasm increases.)

Stranger 1: This is my first time celebrating Holi. What do we have to wear?

Riya: All-white attire! They do an excellent job of displaying the colours.

Julien: And remember that this festival is about happiness and friendship, so bring an open heart.

SCENE 5: THE MAGNIFICENT FESTIVITY

(A varied crowd assembles at the Eiffel Tower. There is a lot of music, laughter, and vivid colour throughout the space.)

Friend 1: Take a look at everyone! This is amazing.

Riya: With a French twist, it seems like home. Let's sing a song first!

(Fusion music from French and Bollywood is played. Dancers combine contemporary French techniques with traditional Indian dances.)

SCENE 6: RITUALS OF HOLI

(A tiny campfire is set up by Riya and her companions to symbolise Holika Dahan.)

Julien: For what purpose is this?

Riya: It represents eradicating negativity and embracing optimism.

Friend 2: Gorgeous! Let's all hope for a brighter future.

(Wishes are written on paper and placed close to the flames by everyone.)

SCENE 7: UNLEASHED COLOURS

(Laughter abounds as people toss colours. Friendships form between strangers.)

Second Stranger: This is amazing! This is something we ought to do annually.

Julien: I agree! Beyond national boundaries, Holi has united us.

SCENE 8: REFLECTION AND FAREWELL

(People relate their stories as the celebrations come to an end.)

Friend 1: Today taught me a lot. The world is richer because of traditions like these.

Riya: Although I initially homesick, I now feel comfortable here as well.

Julien: Everyone is entitled to cultural legacy, which is its magic.

Everyone: Happy Holi!

(Lights go out while background laughter and music play.)

SCENE 9: DISCOVERING MONT BLANC

(A journey to Mont Blanc, one of France's most well-known natural heritage sites, is planned by Riya, Julien, and friends a few weeks later.)

Riya: Julien I just realised that even though I showed you Holi, I haven't yet had a chance to enjoy France's natural heritage.

Julien: Let's go to Mont Blanc, then! It is the tallest mountain in Western Europe and a magnificent representation of the natural splendour of France.

First Friend: That sounds exciting! I've read of its stunning views and glaciers.

SCENE 10: MONT BLANC ARRIVAL

(The company is amazed at the size of the snow-capped peaks when they arrive at Mont Blanc.)

Riya: This is amazing, I must say. It's unlike anything I've ever seen.

Mont Blanc is more than just a mountain, says Julien. For ages, poets, painters, and adventurers have been influenced by this UNESCO World Heritage site.

Friend 2: Did you know that in 1786, the first ascent was documented? It's a historically significant location for mountaineering.

SCENE 11: INVESTIGATING THE CAVES OF ICE

(The group explores the magnificent glacier with elaborate ice caverns, the Mer de Glace.)

Riya: It's unbelievable. The ice formations have a fairy tale-like appearance.

Julien: Unfortunately, the glacier is getting smaller due to climate change. It serves as a reminder of the significance of preserving our natural heritage.

Friend 3: Perhaps we can educate people about the importance of protecting places like these, just as we did for Holi.

SCENE 12: REFLEXION ET CONNEXION

(Ils réfléchissent à leur aventure alors qu'ils s'assoient à un point de vue pittoresque et regardent le coucher de soleil sur le Mont Blanc.)

Riya: Malgré leurs différences apparentes, Holi et le Mont Blanc symbolisent tous deux un patrimoine : un naturel et un culturel. De plus, les deux favorisent les relations interpersonnelles.

Julien: C'est exact. Notre patrimoine façonne qui nous sommes, que ce soit par la commémoration des coutumes ou par la découverte du monde naturel.

Friend 1: Prenons l'engagement de continuer à partager et à protéger ce qui est important.

Everyone: Je suis d'accord!

(Les lumières s'éteignent alors que le groupe regarde la montagne briller dans la lumière du soir.)



SHIVANI PADHI

The Notre Dame rises before me like an abandoned altar, towering in the distance, unyielding and frigid. Each night, as the sky fades its final glow, I ponder the same query: Do you have me on your mind? And each night, the silence becomes more profound.

"I can nearly spot you here," I remark, but no one pays attention. "Certainly not in the same way you were." My memory isn't as sharp as it used to be.

You fade at the borders, just as the world does. I glide my hand along the railing of the bridge where I've been many times before. "Yet occasionally, in the breeze... I sense your voice." "Have I ever mentioned how much I disliked your voice?" The words resonate with harshness and resentment. False. Or perhaps they are accurate. I can't say for sure now.

On certain nights, I remind myself that you were my rescue. The only positive aspect in a world I've long ceased to care to comprehend. On different nights, I am convinced you were my retribution—a reflection presented to reveal what I am, or what I was not, or what I ought to have been. "You laughed a lot, didn't you?" My lips curl as I converse with the shadows. "Chuckled as if everything was a riddle I could never grasp." Were you making fun of me? "Or were you feeling sorry for me?"

I'm unsure why I inquire about these matters. I'm not even sure if you still exist. Perhaps you never have. However, the pain in my chest is genuine enough. The shadows murmur deceit, or perhaps reality, or perhaps a mix of both. "I loved you," I finally say, even though the words come out barely. "Or perhaps I didn't." "Perhaps I no longer understand what that signifies."

The Tower stands tall above me, motionless. And I remain underneath it, hoping for a response that will never arrive.

I recall the mornings most clearly—the sun's warmth filtering through sheer curtains, and you there, barefoot and partially clothed, as if divinely crafted for this precise glow. "Regarde-moi," tu dirais, ta voix douce et espiègle. And naturally, I would gaze, since I simply couldn't turn my eyes elsewhere. You were every prayer I had ever spoken and every wrongdoing I had yet to engage in.

You chuckled when I referred to you as my guardian angel, even though I was sincere. Did I not? Or was it just that I wanted you to exist? Even at that time, I found it unbearable to be apart from you. The idea of you not being here—the lack of your laughter, your breath, how your hair flowed over your shoulders like fiery gold—filled me with fear. If paradise is real, it must surely fall apart without your presence.

However, there was something different, wasn't there? A glimmer behind your smiles, a change in your tone that intrigued me about what was hidden in your stare. When you exited the room, my heart would tighten as if the area you left behind were an injury.

"Je t'aime tellement," répèterais-je, encore et encore. You constantly smiled, but you never replied using the same words. Not even a single time. Why didn't you do it?

They say that love is without selfishness. However, what could be more self-centred than longing? I desired you completely, down to your essence, your voice, your ideas before they were expressed. Not a part of you unprotected, not a shadow you could create without me entering it. Is that not what love is, then? The appetite that consumes inhibition, the urge to ingest, to transform?

"Tu m'appartiens," je t'ai dit un jour, et tu as ri, doux et amer, tel une prière détournée en hérésie. You didn't grasp—I desired you like a fire needs timber, to reduce you to ash, to possess you in a manner that no one else ever could. You glanced at me then, inquisitive, as if you had caught a glimpse of my essence and deemed it lacking. Did your love for me diminish because of it?

When you vanished into a different room, the walls engulfed me completely. My mind wandered into shadows I was afraid to identify. Where had you disappeared to? What did you conceal? Why didn't you inform me? It was your quiet that troubled me the most. Your body, your voice, your fragrance—those were mine, but your silence was not. I was unable to make contact with it.

Is that the reason I ended us? Or was my love for you so great that it unravelled everything? Tu représentais tout pour moi. Et cependant... tu n'étais jamais suffisant.

I adored you like the serpent adores Eve—passionate, unwavering, tethered by longing to the action that ties our destinies. You were too ideal for this existence, too luminous for its harsh chaos. Each day, I observed you move deeper into it—laughing with unknowns, strolling through illumination I couldn't manage. They would have dismantled you, my fallen angel, bit by bit, consuming that elegance you donned so carelessly.

Thus, I welcomed you again. I protected you in the only manner I understood. Isn't that affection? To protect what you cherish from deterioration? Is it worth it, even if it requires us to become the thing that curses us?

Your skin, which was once so radiant, now resides in my mind, cherished in my remembrance. Your voice, gentle and melodic, resides within me, murmured in each breath I inhale. The world would have devoured you, careless and undeserving. But I—I saved you. How could I have allowed them to take you when you belonged to me already?

"Je t'ai sauvé," je t'ai dit, te berçant, comme Lucifer berça autrefois sa couronne. I carry that guilt now like he carries his downfall, yet the silence that followed was sacred—utterly calm, utterly ours. Was it not lovely? Was it not sufficient? Oh for eternity I'll wait.



SHREYAS SABALE

The tour of Paris

It was a wonderful day in Paris, capital of France. The grass was shining in the sunlight while the Eiffel tower got surrounded by thousands of visitors. Some were even going to the top of the tower for a spectacular view by means of lifts and stairs. One of those was a young traveller named Tom. He was talking with his college, John.

Tom: The view is magnificent from all the way here; where should we go next?

John: Après la tour Eiffel, nous allons à la basilique du Sacré-Cœur par l'Arc de triomphe.

Tom: Ensuite, on va au Louvre et au musée d'Orsay.

John: Where do we go after the museums?

Tom: À la cathédrale de Notre Dame parce que cette cathédrale est spéciale.

John: Enfin, nous à la rivière de la Seine.

Tom: Pourquoi nous allons à la rivière ?

John: To cruise on the Seine river on a boat of course.

Tom: OK, j'aime ce plan.



SAHANA KINKAR

Un Voyage En France

It was the first day of summer vacations for Aarvi. She and her family were planning to on a vacation somewhere. Since she had learnt all about France in her Geography class, she wanted to go there and explore. All her family members agreed.

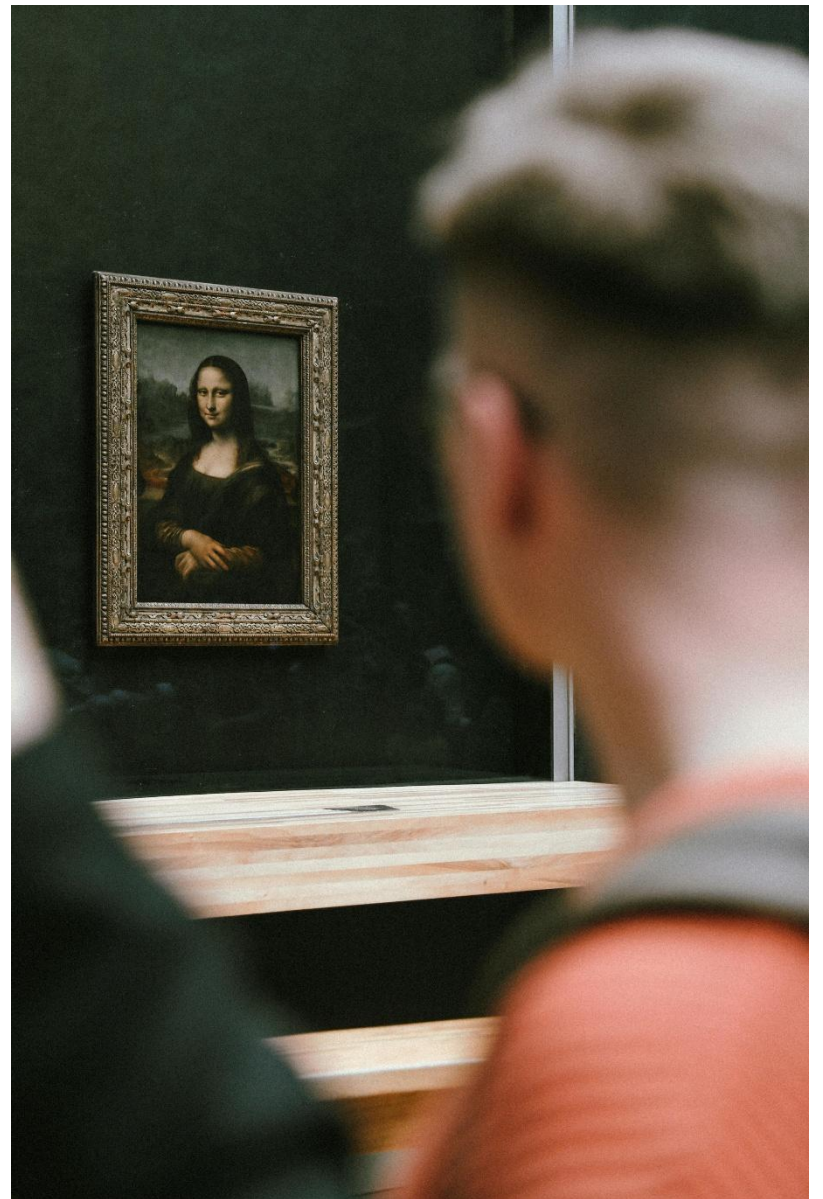
They were all going to France in the month of May. Aarvi was most excited, as her birthday was going to be on the 5th day of their trip.

On the day before the trip, they had a flight to France. It was a long flight. Aarvi got bored, and passed time by sleeping, watching movies on the screen, and roaming around the plane.

Once she reached, she was more excited than ever. She was planning everything in her mind. It was going to be her favourite trip.

She, along with her family, got into a taxi. It took them to their hotel. It was amazing. Their room was huge. They got settled down, and then played a few games of cards. That was the first day.

The next morning, they had breakfast and headed for 'Le Louvre' museum. It is home to around 35000 displays. The Mona Lisa, Venus De Milo and winged victory were also there. They had a lot of fun. There was a board near the gate which said, 'Le Louvre a été réalisé a la fin du'. It meant, "The Louvre was made in the late 12th to 13th century". They were amazed to know that. They returned to the hotel and rested. The next few days were spent shopping and roaming the streets of France. On the fifth day it was Arvi's birthday. They went to see Eiffel Tower. Arvi loved it. It was so majestic in the sunlight however nothing compared to what it looked like at night. It looked amazing as it was shining like a huge star in the sky. She was very happy. The last day of their trip was approaching. They packed their bags and kept them ready. They had booked a taxi in advance but what they did not know was, their driver did not know about how to speak in English. As they got into the taxi, he asked, 'Où veux-tu aller?'. Everyone was silent. They did not know what to say. So, he asked again 'Quel est la nom de l'endroit où tu veux aller?' Again, a silence. Aarvi took her phone out and opened a translator application. She typed something and said weakly 'nous d-d-devons aller à l'aéroport'. Now driver understood a little. He actioned them to sit and drove them to airport. They reached in about an hour. She said, 'merci beaucoup'. 'Pouvez-vous s'il vous plait aider avec les bagages?' The driver took out the luggage and said, 'Au revoir. Reviens visiter'. He then smiled and drove off. They boarded their flight I couple of hours and were back home by the next evening. It was a very memorable experience for Aarvi and her family. She would never forget it.



ADWITI THUKRAL

I was awestruck looking at the painting of Marie Antoinette. So, I touched it. And whoosh I was transported through a vortex. Je regardais l'exécution de Marie Antoinette.

I remembered that she had been executed during the French revolution in the Palace de La Révolution. I heard the queen's screams, but the people were angry and they beheaded her. I looked to my right, and I saw the ghost of the dead queen. j'étais tellement paniqué. The queen said 'they killed me'. Maintenant les générations futures ne se souviendront que de mes défauts'. In a way I kind of felt sad for the queen, even though I knew that she was hated by the common French people. So, I said, je parlerai à ma génération de tes luttes. I will tell the world even if you spent a lot of money you were still a good queen. You helped your subjects.' The queen smiled at me and as soon as I returned the smile she faded away. Suddenly I was back in the Palace of Versailles where the painting is kept. Je tiendrais mon vœu.



