

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION

Teacher's Name: Ms Michaud

School address : Lycée Les Bourdonnières

8 rue de la Perrière

44200 Nantes

Class level : Seconde Générale

1.Pupil's Name : Rezeau Maïa (2^{nde} A)

Maier's photograph : Untitled



“They were like sisters. Both of them, standing hand in hand, walking in rhythm. The two little girls were smiling. Despite their differences in wealth, an unbreakable friendship had developed between them. No one could separate them.

No one except their respective guardians.

The parents of the older one had decided to move to another city for their work. It saddened the two little girls who had not stopped crying since the news came to them. But

nothing would change the parents of the kid in the dress. She would be leaving in two months.

The parents of the girl in the dress had decided to pay a photographer so that the two girls could have a memory of their friendship later.

This photographer had come on a sunny day, her name was Vivian MAIER. Given the relationship of the two girls, Vivian had decided to show this strong relationship through the photo she was going to take. She had seen it sadly, but never to this extent. She had agreed to take the photos for free. During the photoshoot, the little girls were all excited. They were jumping, laughing, running, screaming and expressing their joy in life. Then came the end of the day. It was late and the girls were tired. The day had been exhausting and emotional.”

Rezeau Maïa (2^{nde} A)

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2. **Pupils' Name :** Soulard Pauline et Prin – Chanial Rose (2nd D)

Maier's photograph : Old Man With Tie



“What is this street? Where am I? I can see the buildings, a lot of people. The people are hurrying. Why are they hurrying? I hear a lot of sounds. People are honking their horn. Are they angry?

I can see a woman who doesn't pay attention to where she is going because she is looking through her camera. People are bumping into each other.

I hear a music, a strange music. I don't understand the lyrics! The man is singing too fast. When I was younger, the music

was slower.

I am in the street but what I am doing here. Where should I go? I need help, I don't know anybody. A woman is next to me, she talks to me. She looks strangely like me. I stop, she stops too. I don't understand, what is going on. I ask her who she is. She's telling me crazy things; she would know my daughter. I don't know. I'm tired of hearing this nonsense stories. I don't understand anything. This woman makes me angry. I am angry. I start making a crisis in the street. My daughter tries to keep me calm. This crisis lasts fifteen minutes. In the end, I calm myself down, I come to my senses. Then, my daughter and I sit on the sidewalk, waiting...”

Prin-Chanial Rose/ Soulard Pauline

2°D

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3. Pupil's Name : Boivineau Sidney (2nd A)

Maier's photograph : Man with Pigeons



“Grief. It’s hard to let her go, because I feel like I might have told her one last time how much she meant to my life.

I wish I could go back in time. Going to work, in my little restaurant where she also worked. Everyone came to this little brewery to see her. Smiling and always happy, we all miss her. Yet, I feel her presence with me every time I look at the sky. I see her flying with her own wings. The memory of her smile.

When my thoughts are too strong I am going out, to let go in the streets of our city. And that’s

where I see what she yearned for every day, freedom. Like a bird. It will continue to live in us and with us in the form of freedom, a bird flying into the sky to escape evil and good.

I want to see you again so I can say goodbye to you at least one last time.

A woman photographer took a picture of me in my moments of sorrow and reflection. Her name was Vivian Maier, she was telling me her story and I felt confused so I told her about the young girl I loved and who recently disappeared. Confiding in her, I found a little bit of solace and hope. These photos she gave me after she left made me realize that wherever I am, the wandering spirit of the girl I loved will bring me happiness. I want to take back my life and continue loving my life for her. I want to leave, fly away. We will meet again someday, Era.”

Boivineau Sidney (2nd A)

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3. Pupil's Name : Paul Routon, Nils Asselin, Lucas Collen (2nd A)

Maier's photograph : Man with Pigeons



“The story begins in 1956 in New York. During the 23 November, an event on fruits and vegetables was present during which seeds were given to the visitor. The visitor does not always reuse them, some of them give them to feed the pigeons.

A man dressed with a white shirt and black pants remained in front of the event's hall with two beautiful gray spotted with white pigeons. At the end of the event, the man left the place and the pigeons followed him. They passed through parks where cats tried to attack them. But the man was very careful that the pigeons did not die.

After several minutes of his walk, the man reached his house and fed the pigeons one last time before closing the door of his house. Since that day, the pigeons come every morning to his window and wait for the man to feed them and make an aerial ballet as a thank you.

One day, while the pigeons were waiting for the man, no one came to open the door for them. They understood that something had happened to the man. To mourn him, they made a last slow and sumptuous aerial ballet to express their gratitude and their sadness.”

Paul Routon, Nils Asselin, Lucas Collen (2nd A)

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3. Pupil's Name : Paul Valin, Felix Toussaint (2nde E)

Maier's photograph : African-American Man on Horse NYC



This is the story of Cacombo. Cacombo was going to turn 18 years old when he heard about a legend in his family which talks about time travel in the future when they turn 18 years old.

In his past, Cacombo was born in West Africa in a little village but one day, when he was 10 years old,

slaves owners came and destroyed his village, burnt the house, killed the old people and they captured young women and men. They also captured boys and girls, and Cacombo was one of the people who have been captured by the slave owners. After they went in a ship and they crossed the Atlantic to work as slaves in cotton fields in the United States.

On the 14 of December of 1834, the snow had started to fall when the bell rang to announce the end of the working day. But Cacombo decided to escape from his slave owner. He ran away for ten minutes when two horses came with his owner. His owner had a knife and he stabbed the knife straight into Cacombo's leg but, before the knife cut him, he was teleported, sent into a big city with one of the horses. Cacombo fainted.

After waking up on the back of the horse, everyone in the streets looked at him strangely. He was like a vision, a god for them, and nobody dared to speak but everybody filmed the scene. He was there, dressed like a poor man, his outfit had not changed. He was riding the horse in the street, he did not understand anything. It was like a dream, but a realistic one, for him.

After one hour of looking the big buildings, the strange and new "modern horses" and the weird people. He decided to ask for help but a man and a girl didn't want to talk to him, so Cacombo left. Far away, he saw beautiful things, and his best companion- the horse- was happy too . A day passed and a portal suddenly opened, he went through it with the horse and started to get teleported again.

It had never been like that before. For the first time in his life, he was in the lead.

