

Hi! My name is **Alizé Tournemaine** and I am an SIB student in **4e C**.

In English Literature, we learn about various subjects, such as analysing poems, how to act in drama, but I particularly liked creative writing. Writing short stories in different genres has helped me understand how authors work and how they carefully choose each word. Writing has increased my level of reading, understanding and analysing books and I even won first place in a competition held within the class!

Bonjour! Je m'appelle **Alizé Tournemaine** et je suis une élève en SIB en **4e C**.

En Anglais Littérature, nous apprenons des sujets divers, par exemple l'analyse de poèmes, comment jouer une pièce de théâtre, mais j'ai particulièrement aimé la création littéraire. En écrivant des histoires dans des genres différents, j'ai pu comprendre comment les auteurs travaillent et comment ils choisissent soigneusement chaque mot. L'écriture a augmenté mon niveau de lecture, de compréhension et d'analyse de livres et j'ai même remporté la première place dans un concours organisé au sein de la classe!

## **'A Frightening Experience' by Alizé Tournemaine**

I woke up to the sound of a clock chiming. I recalled that the house clock was currently unfunctional. Nobody could have replaced it since I live alone. I live in a castle that once belonged to my grandfather, surrounded by pitiful hills, a despairing landscape far away from the city. As I started walking, the air got denser, forming a thick veil of fog. I barely saw anything. By the time I arrived at the clock, it had already stopped making any sound.

I must have been dreaming. Unaware of my surroundings, I accidentally knocked something over the table. I bent down to pick it up when I realized what I had just touched. It was the skull of a human. I backed away silently in shock. Then, I fell into an embrace.

"I have been feeling quite lonely...Wouldn't you stay?" He whispered.

Rain started pouring down. Each new clap of thunder was louder than the last. Impossible, I thought. I hurried into a chamber. I immediately locked the door and looked through a small crack. Even with the fog, I could still recognise my grandfather, who died years ago, but at the same time, not. Someone dug out his eyes from their sockets, and his long, sharp tongue was dropping from his mouth. His limbs were unproportionate. His pale face was savage like a beast. Worst of all, he cried crimson tears.

Unable to find me, he left. I quickly ran out of the room. I needed to get out of there. The moment I ran out, I started hearing tapping on the floor. Sometimes distant, sometimes near. Sometimes left, sometimes right. It was fast, and it was coming for me.