

En Bleu,
Blanc,
et Rouge





We are pleased to present the second edition of Lycée Français' art and literature magazine, "En Bleu, Blanc et Rouge." Special thanks to all of the artists and authors who submitted their work to make this publication possible! Thanks also to teachers and parents who encouraged submissions!

C'est la deuxième édition du Magazine d'art et de littérature du Lycée Français, "En Bleu, Blanc et Rouge!" Un grand merci à tous les artistes et auteurs qui ont soumis leur travail pour rendre possible cette publication! Merci également aux enseignants et aux parents qui ont encouragé les créations!

Editorial Board/Comité éditorial, 2017-2018

Stella, Bella, Julia, Evie C., Svara, Lenore, Kate R, Isabel P, Isabelle M, Elijah J, and Madeline

Art Section



By: Sophie

el ojo de tigre



eye
of the
tiger.

l'œil
du
tigre

Ellrichhoff

The Eye of the Tiger

Anonymous

LFNO

Lycée Français de la
Nouvelle-Orléans



Grade: 4th

Giselle Morris Class: 208 Teacher: Sarah Mellouki Gi

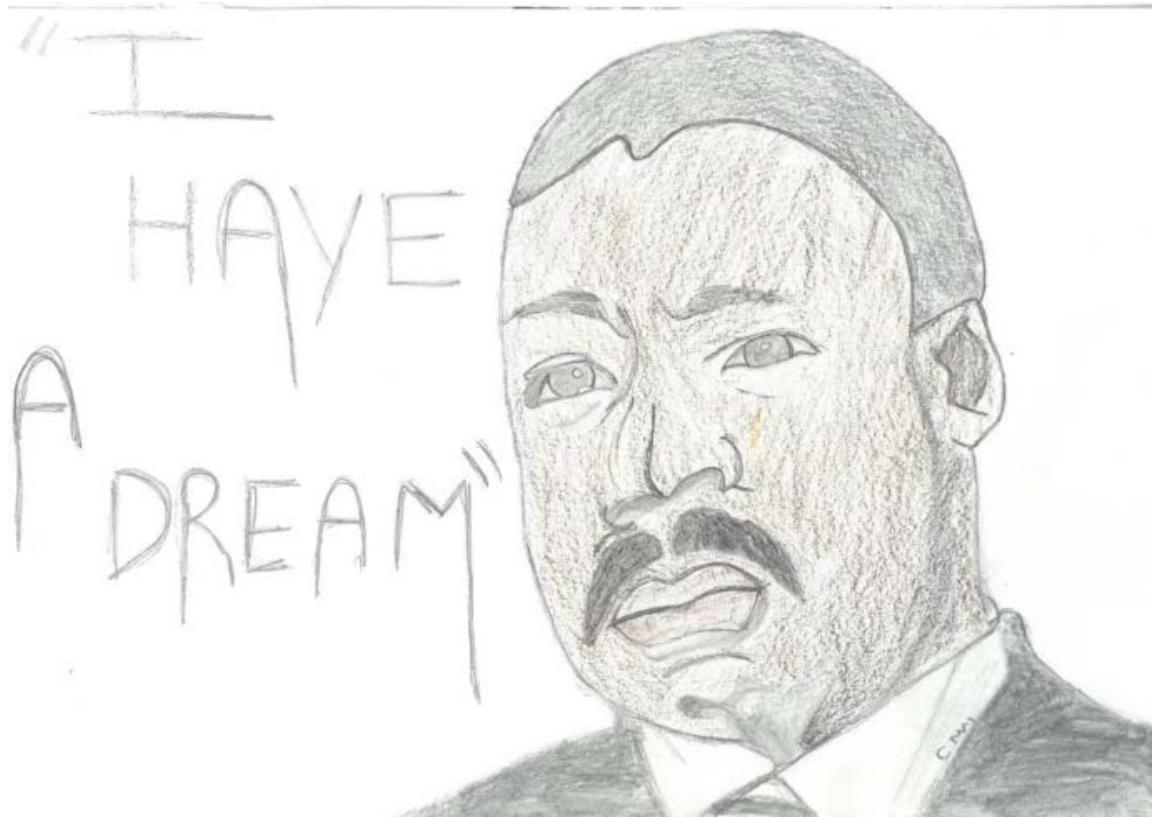


Sophie Monty





Anonymous



Anonymous



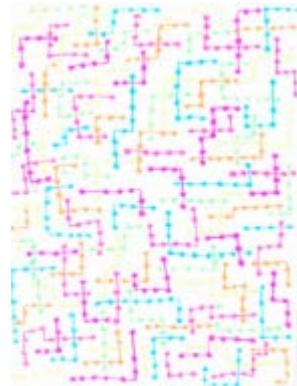
Anonymous



Isabelle M, 6th



Anders Preau
4th
Mme. Margot



Maddie D. 7th



By:Mathew J



Isabel P, 6th



By: Madeline D.

BANANA BREAD

prep
time
5-10 min.

(easy version)

Loafs
1

cook
time
55 min.

Ingredients:

- 2.5 very ripe & peeled bananas
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of melted butter
- 1 tsp baking soda
- pinch of salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 LARGE egg
- 1tsp. vanilla extract
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of all-purpose flour.

Optional:

- a handful and a $\frac{1}{2}$ of chocolate chips or walnuts.

How to:

- Preheat oven to 350°F and butter a 4x8 pan.
- Mash the bananas with a fork in a large mixing bowl.
- Add butter, egg and vanilla. Mix.
- Add flour, baking soda, salt and sugar. If closer to, add chocolate chips or nuts!
- Mix thoroughly.
- Bake for 50 min to an hour or until toothpick/ tester inserted into the center comes out clean.
- Cool. Remove. Slice

And most importantly:
ENJOY

By: Remy F

TOUJOURS

FOREVER

ENGLISH

ANGLAIS

LOVE

LEARN

ECOLE

AMOUR

ECOUTÉ

FRIDNSHIP

TOGETHER

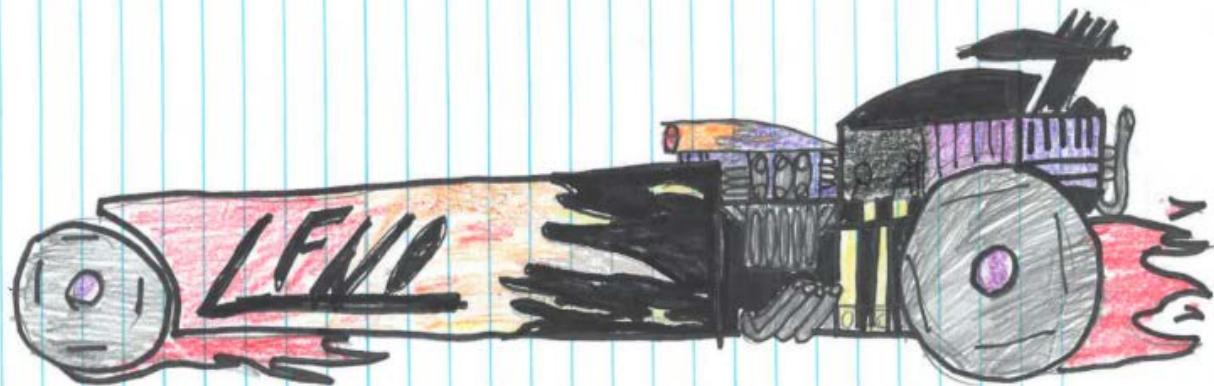
FRANÇAIS

ENSEMBLE

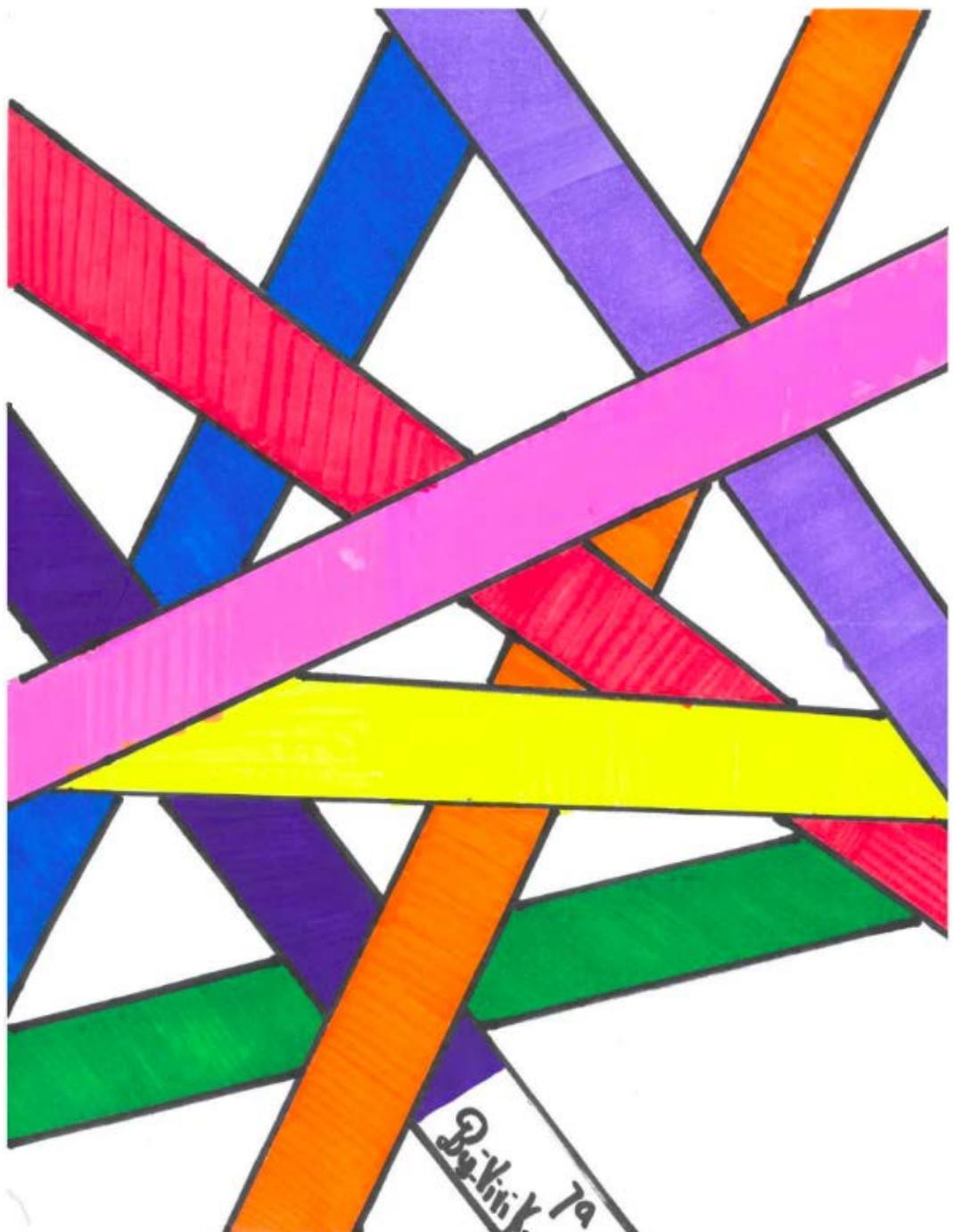
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Peyton G. Appenith

Lycée Français de la NOUVELLE ORLÉANS!

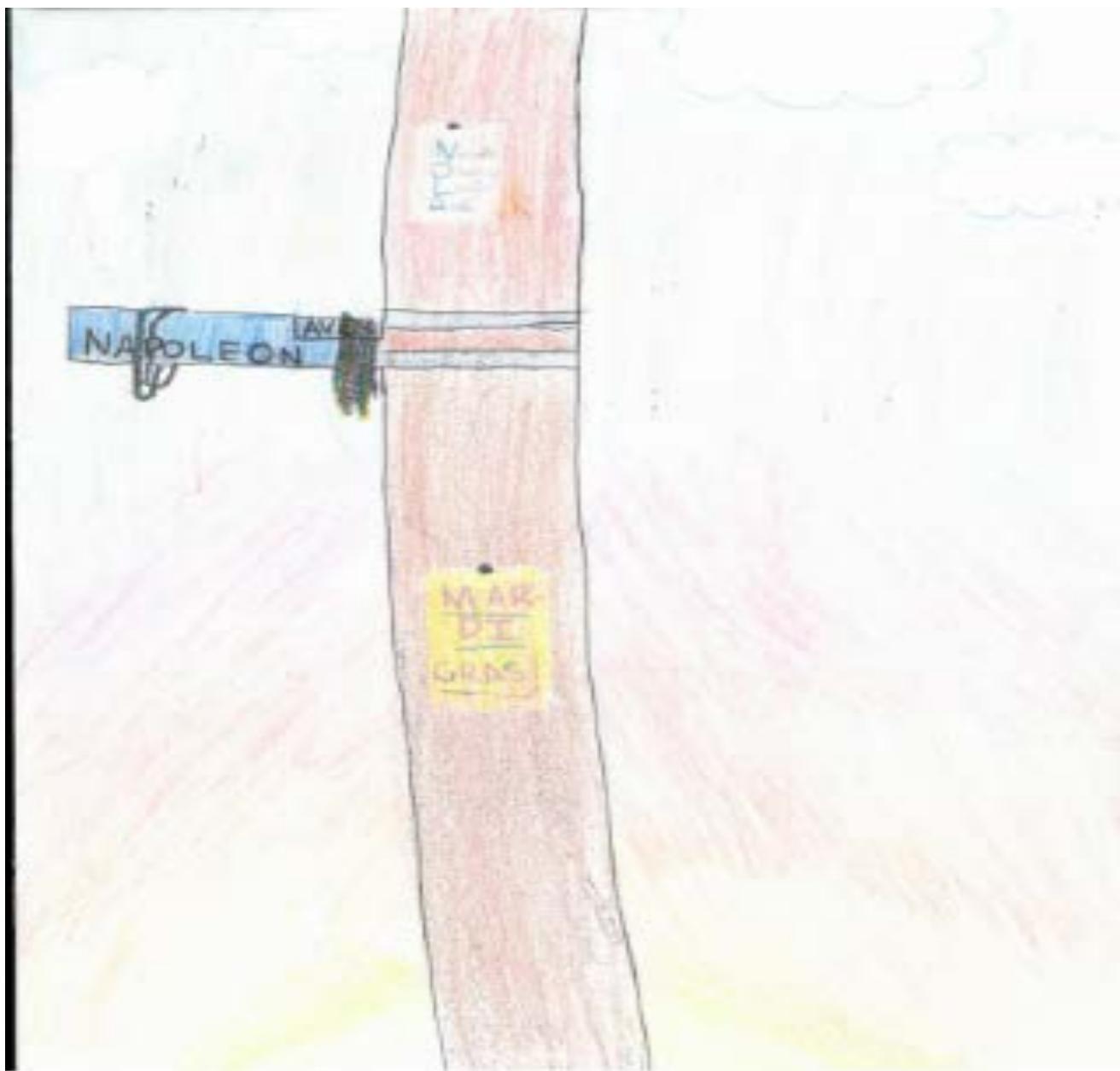


By: Peyton G.

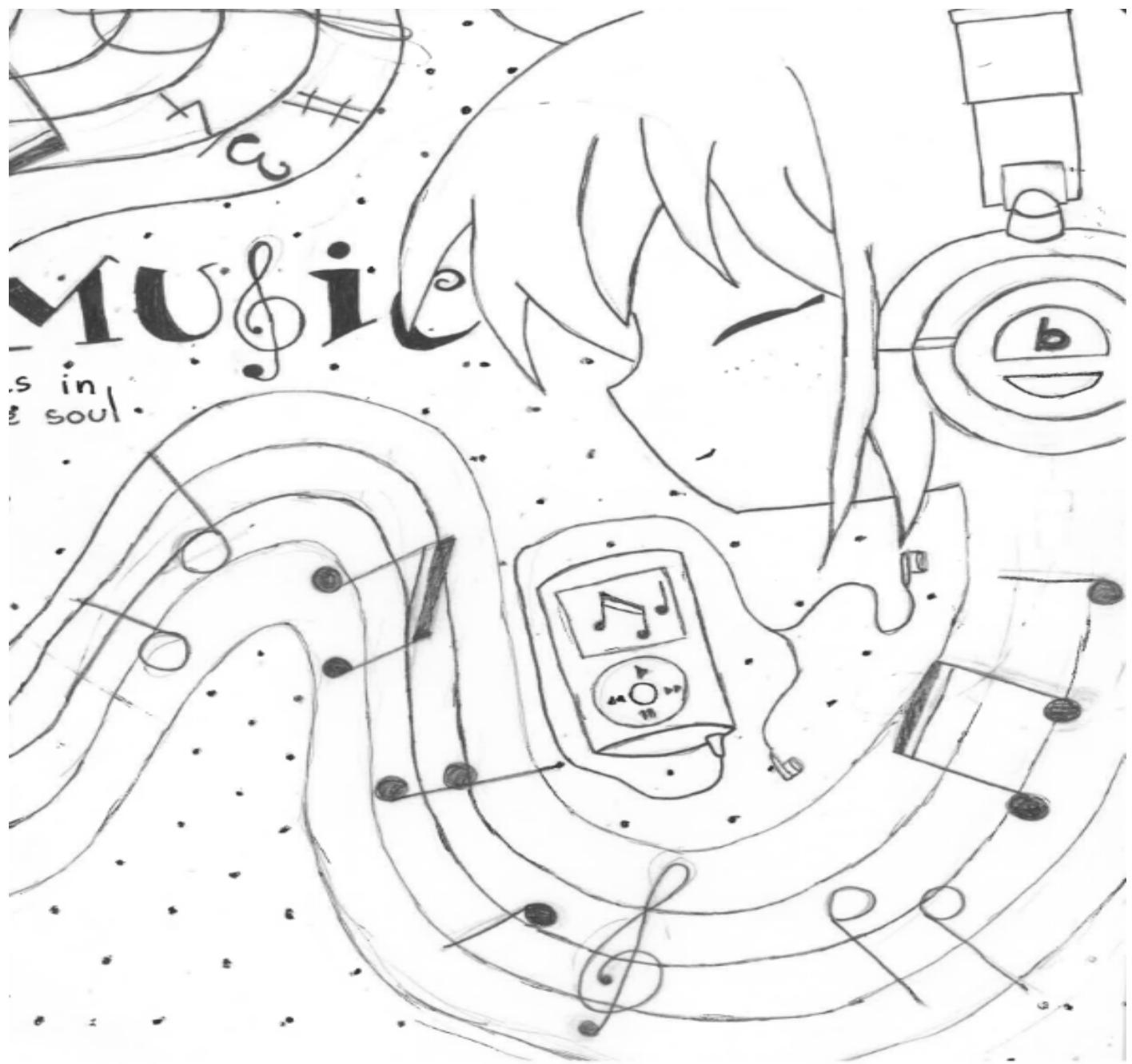




By: Evelyn D.



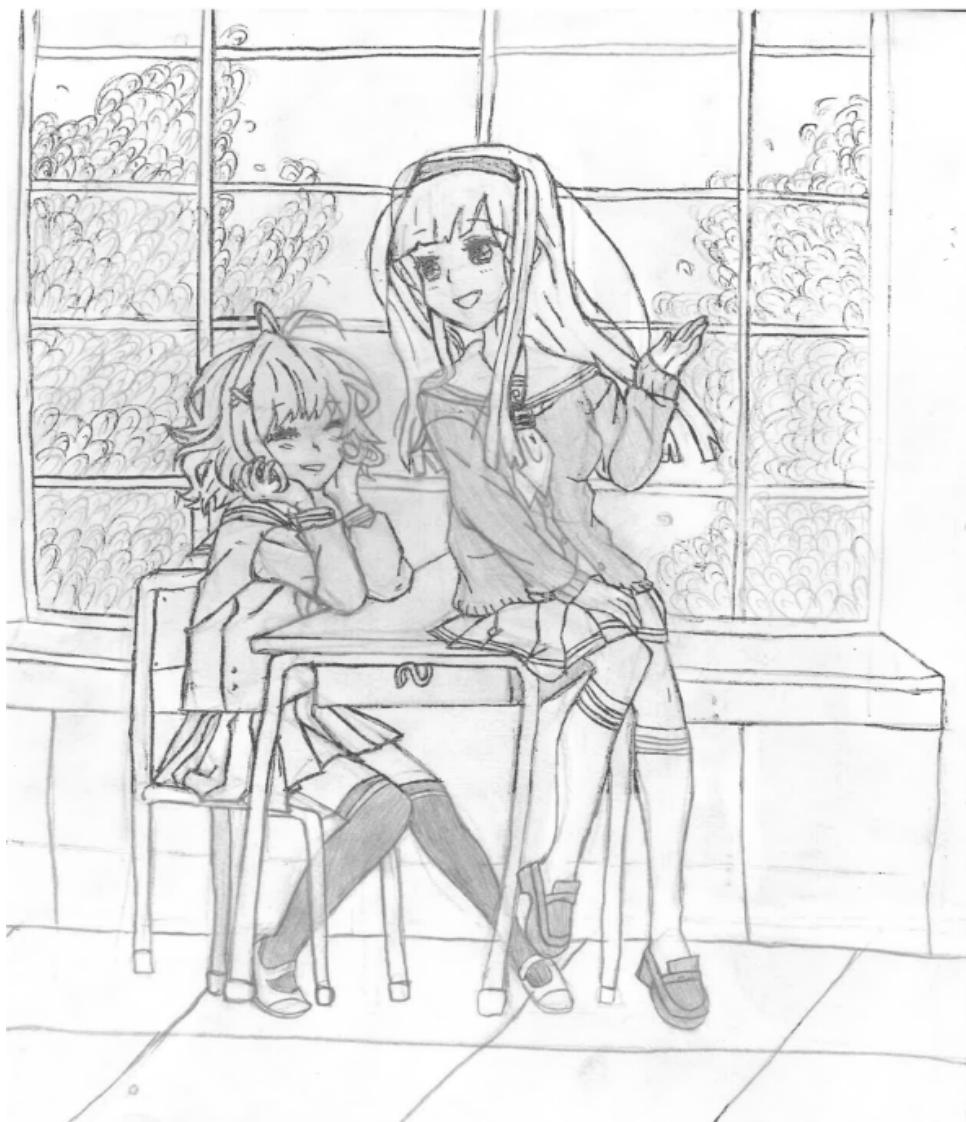
By: Iris W.



By: Matilda .S..

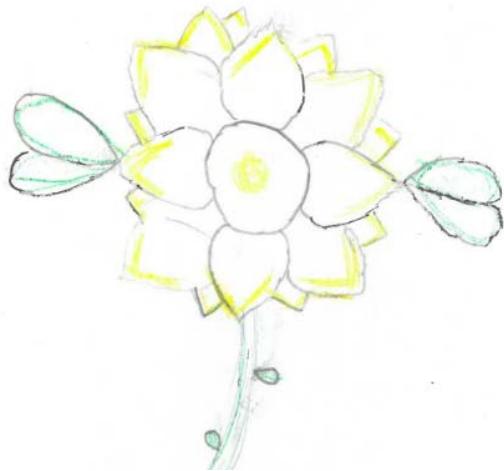


Anonymous



By: Kate Ransom

My flower
Evangeline Todd
5th Grade



By: Evangeline Todd



By: Julia S. 6th

Poetry

Have you Seen

by: Henry Lindberg

Have you seen
where I've been
In the dark
where there is a mark
To see where I've been

Blue Water

Blue water,
Blue water,
You are so wide

Blue water,
Blue water,
Your calming state is overwhelming
Blue water,
Blue water,
You are a saddened pool with depths
So large no one can reach,
With peaks so perfect it's hard to breathe

Blue water,
Blue water,
You are more than I can say
With little waves and big islands
Like whales

Blue water,
Blue water,
Your clear state is beautiful.

-Sophie S.

Butterfly

Butterfly
A butterfly travels,
Like a pearl,
Around the world,
With a girl.

-Kaia L.

I Read A Book

I opened a book to page 153
I prepared to enter a new world, maybe two, or even three
As my eyes met the words, I said goodbye
To the world that both you and I reside
It was chapter 27, and the battle had begun
The knights of the moon fought the warriors of the sun
Feona was in love with the handsome Romeo
And Juliette was searching for the window
To sit and read and forget of her troubles
In the world of Ethan, the problems were doubled
And the wizard and witch did their best to resolve them
It's chapter 28! I'm so nervous I've ripped my skirt's hem!
For George is about to meet his true love
And Arthur's still searching down and above
The wolves are howling, screaming my name
And I realize that it's not the wolves, but someone of the same
Blood and family as I
It's my mother calling, for it's suppertime
I closed my book with sorrow
I suppose the adventure must wait 'till tomorrow.

Me and the Fig Tree

Dear fig tree
How everyday
I climb on you
And told you all
Of my secrets
As if you were alive
How I gave you water
When it didn't rain for days
How she came over
We would play on you
How when I fell
Stressed I would lay
And cry on you
How every year
We would make jam
With your fruit
How you were always there for me
Happy or sad

Hope

Hope.
It fills you with false beliefs,
And unrealistic wishes.
It gives you dread,
And weaknesses.
And it kills you when you
Have it,
And when you don't.

But hope.
It fills you with magical dreams,
In a world away from this awful reality.
It gives you happiness and love,
And you treat it like a sign
From above.

Hope is the glue
That keeps this world together,
But eventually, it will dry
And the pieces will fall apart
And the world will break
Along with all the hearts.

-Anonymous

Untitled

There is a place
Beyond time and space
Where day and light
Collide with the beauty of night

There is a room
With both sun and moon
Where the window show is magic
Where time slips away with logic

There is only one
Who sees all and none
And that is me
When time and space cannot be

By Sophie Montz

Deciding between fruits

By: Gigi Haydel

There was a peach
Juicy as can be
Lying on the table
Waiting for me
Then there was an apple
Rolling on the floor
I picked it up
Deciding, apple or peach ?

The Girl

There is a girl
Standing in the mirror
She is familiar
But, she is not me

Her hair is messy
Her clothes are torn
Her eyes are haunting
Her mouth is open in a scream

Fear has taken over,
From the looks of it

From the looks of it,
Fear has taken over

Her mouth is open in a scream,
Her eyes are haunting,
Her clothes are torn,
Her hair is messy

But, she is not me,
She is familiar
Standing in the mirror
There is a girl

Sophie Spera, 5th grade

The countryside

By: Iris Wiseman

Clouds cover the bright blue sky.
Only the most beautiful flowers.
Unite the calmest breeze,
Not a sound louder than a bird's call,
The green grass sways in the wind,
Rivers flow thru the wonderful land,
Yellow butterflies fly in the blue sky

Soon the sun goes down and the moon comes up,
I sit on the grass and look at the sky.
Down on earth, I think, *How far away are the stars?*
Even though you know its too far.

C-o-u-n-t-r-y-s-i-d-e

-Iris Wiseman 5th grade

The Bird in France

In a small cabin, western France,
I sat on my bed looking outside.
And there you were.
With your bright eyes,
And white feathers,
You turn your head,
Ever so slightly,
And stared at me.

I miss you landing on that tree near my window.
I miss you staring at me with your bright eyes.
I miss your soft call in the cold wind
I miss your symbol of Athena,
The bird in France

Iris Wiseman

Directions

Directions are maps that take you places,
Or GPSs that bring you spaces.

Directions, Directions

Where do they go?

To a certain show?

Or lemonade stand?

Directions, Directions

They take me places.

Directions, Directions

GPSs that take me spaces

Directions, Directions

By: Iris W.

The Golden Flower

By: Evie C

Gleaming gold
Earth unfold
Let your secrets shine from within
You are special
A story untold
Unfold
A gleam of hope
Burst through
Shake off the dirt
Petal by petal
Gleam and shine
A golden girl
Bright as the sun
The sun is mine
The moon is yours
You are mine
Together but apart
I am yours
My little golden girl
Make me proud
Brave as ever
Tell your story
Shine like the stars
Bright like the night sky
The golden girl
One and only
Unlike any other
The golden flower.

What I'm Made Of

By: Kate Ransom

Of open dreams and secret ones
Of thunder and stars and bitter pines
Of pencils and paper and soccer balls
Of hot chocolate on winter night
And skates and wind and stone roads
By trees, of mischievous waves and autumn leaves.
I'm made of cotton and kind
Hush and rain, of books and words,
And snowflakes and music notes
Of bright, clear ice and blossom flowers
Of dandelion chains and soft grass.
I'm made of broken tears
Of riddles and questions and
Of pale green sea glass
Of crescent moons and high fives
Oh struggles with truth
And genius with drawing.
Of copper and snowstorms and wonder
Of whispers, ideas and laughs
Of love, heart, awe
And fire

The Sea

On summer evenings
Warm and humid
With a chilly breeze
And a sunset's colors
On the leaves
A cat gently snoring
A bird on a branch
Singing the last
Song of the day
Our thoughts locked up
Behind closed eyes
Our dreams commencing
A world is changing
Yet the sea roars steadily on

The sea of all colors
A sea of life
Behind a sea-foamed wall
And waves gently lapping
Silently on the sea-shore
The stars are reflecting
On a moving land
Constantly changing
But always the same

-Julia Sholl, 6B

Summer

In the summer,
Kids have fun,
The kids, they run.
It's always so hot.
You have all day to play,
Or maybe just hang in the lot.
No matter what the weather,
It will get better,
In the summer it's never,
Ever...
Ever...
A bummer.

The Fox

In the woods she gazed at me
Her fiery tail swishing quietly
Orange fur flutters in the wind
Bursting red with gentil sin.

As I shivered in the cold
Her eyes glinted, for they hold
Great wisdom

The trees closed in, and
The violets whispered their song
As if they had known all along
She was there

A breeze whipped incessantly,
As I cracked a twig in the leaves,
The birds cooing upon distant eaves,
I tried to advance

She stepped back, and
Pranced, that fox, behind a tree.
She pranced...

And she was gone.

By Kate R

Always Alike

By: Isabelle M.

A tiger prowled,
Fur thick and striped.
It's head hung low.
Soft, padded feet.
Moving silently
On the foliage.
A hare jumped,
Obvious to
The predator.
Beady black eyes
Darted around.
A button nose
Sniffling in the
Misty air.
A low growl
Reasoned through the tree,
Escaping the Tiger's lips.
It pounced,
Regal and proud.
A kitten mewed,
Lizard in mouth.
Standing with it's head
Held high,
It trotted to it's owner,
Showing off it's catch.
A kitten and a tiger.
The same thing?
To me yes.
Both courageous,
Strong and curious.
The same size no,
But the same amount
Of pride, yes.

Can't Think Of Anything

It's pretty hard to draw
And to think about it
And if I ever saw
An artist thinking of the things
That make them happy
Then putting that
Into a drawing.

Writing's even harder
Everything going from
Imagination to paper
And then some
There's no order
Even writing a poem.

The block is a struggle
The blank head a cup
With nothing in it to bubble
It's just the hardest thing
When you have
Artist's block on the brain.

Bella M 6th

Sun?

By: Kaleigh Bourque

Where does the sun go
Does it go to play
Or does it stay

Does it laugh
Does it sing
Does it dance
Does it ring

Like the alarm
Thats stuck in my head
The one that gets me out of bed

I get out of bed
When the sun awakes
Opening its eyes to a new day.

Peace

Peace is important
it requires patience
strength and courage
it's not easy but
yet not hard
peace is required
if happiness is desired
Peace means love
love means happy
happy means calm
calm means peace
a never ending cycle
peace, happiness,
kindness and love
are all factors for
a happy life
and a better world
There is not
enough peace
there is
hatred and
war fighting
endlessly
shattered only by
light and love

Evangeline Campion

Geology by Elenor C. Reyher

When rocks quiver,
When earthquakes tremble,
When volcanoes erupt,
When fossils collide.

When magma slide,
When lava dries,
When waves dive,
When the ground tilts.

This is when geology giggles,
When waves appear,
When waves disappear,
When the ground shakes.

Deaf

If I told you I was deaf, would you turn away,
Or would I read your lips that tell me it's ok?
Would you understand if I start to use my hands,
And tell you how I feel?
If I tried to speak, and the words weren't complete,
Would you smile and think less of me?
Or do you really see me for me, and not a disability?
If I began to stare would you realise
How much I need to see and listen with my eyes?
If I began to touch, would you be offended?
If I began to point to what I want, or intended?
You can take my hearing aid
To you it's just another game.

-Sarah L.

Prose

The Mysterious Streetcar

Everyday is the same. Each morning, I walk to the streetcar. When it arrives, I say hello to the driver, pay for my ride, and look for a seat in the crowded benches. Usually, I look for my friend Veronica; we talk about the show *Stranger Things* and debate who is going to date Dustin. Even when I am tired or don't want to go to school, I look forward to mornings riding the streetcar.

This morning started the same. I woke up, got dressed in my everyday navy skirt and itchy white shirt, stuffed some apple slices in my mouth, took my money, and went out the door. I noticed it was odd right away because it was cold; I rubbed my arms to keep out the chill. "When is it ever this cold in New Orleans?", I thought. Then it got even odder when I realized that it was silent! Living in the city of music is never quiet. I kept walking. I looked down, and tried not to feel afraid that my feet were the only sound.

I looked up and found myself wrapped in fog. I couldn't see even two feet ahead of me. I pulled my backpack straps closer and kept walking, trying not to trip over cracks. Time passed as I walked for what seemed like miles. Why were there no other people? My palms were sweating; I was alone in the fog! I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw two familiar lights in the fog, the streetcar!

I was grateful for the screeching sound it made when it stopped. I jumped on quickly and tried to fill the silence by greeting the driver. But the driver didn't respond, she didn't even look at me. I felt an icy chill down my back. The door shut behind me and I turned and froze in fear when I saw that the streetcar was empty. The streetcar jolted forward and I tumbled into an open seat.

I held tightly as the streetcar sped forward, bumping violently. Finally, when it stopped, I forced my shivering hands off the seat, and still shaking, I carefully got off the streetcar. Nearly tripping over my own feet, I went down the steps and into the street. At last I was on solid ground. I looked up and gasped in surprise, I was right in front of my school! Even more surprising, the fog was gone, the air was warm, and I could hear the normal noises of New Orleans. I turned around to thank the streetcar driver, but it was nowhere to be seen. Even the tracks had disappeared.

I stood, in front of my school, stunned. What just happened? I shrugged, thinking it must have been in my head. I began to walk into school when I heard the eerie screech of the streetcar and felt a chill race up my spine. Whatever had happened, it was still with me.

Kate Wisnesky

A Perfect Winter
By Kate Ransom

Long ago, there was a twinkle of stardust that fell from a shooting comet. The stardust spun, and transformed into a ball of light. She opened her eyes, and looked around in wonder. There was absolutely *nothing* except for a few comets. Startled by the endless black void around her, she flew around desperately. She started forward, first tentatively, then strongly, needing to find some life.

A few weeks later, she found distant, cold planets. She gasped at the sight, and flew towards them. She sadly noted they were far from being able to be restored. Bright tears dripped down her cheeks as she flew onward.

Every few years she'd find something new, but it would be dead. She didn't give in just yet. There *must* be some around here.

Two years later, just as she was about to lose her will to hope, and accept that there was nothing but infinite blackness, she found a solar system. She danced around in joy, for all the planets were ALIVE, and BRIGHT, and COLORFUL, and she wasn't going to be alone anymore. Desperate to find a home somewhere, she went to the first planet she saw which happened to be called Earth.

She zoomed full speed and soon broke through its borders. When collected herself, she was stunned. She found herself looking at the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

The sky.

It was a deep forget-me-not blue that twisted into a spiral across the sky, horizon to horizon. She felt really, truly happy.

Then she just happened to tilt her head and for the first time looked down. She was beyond speech.

Below her were soft snow, pure white in the light, and liquid silver in the shadows. It wrapped around like a blanket, hiding the world from the void of black just outside its borders. And when the snow met the sky, the deep blue color mixed with it, creating a sapphire and diamond sunset. A frozen pond lay beside.

Then her eyes widened. Intertwined, glass-like snowflakes, started falling, like slow-moving frozen rain.

She would never leave.

But then her breath caught in her throat; the snowflakes, that were so beautiful, when they touched the ground, they crumpled into snow. *Why is there always loss?* she thought.

As she watched the scene around her, she had to admit it was a pretty amazing sight. As the snowflakes fell she mourned for them and decided to give the place a gift. She wouldn't be able to save the snowflakes, so she would make the place an even more beautiful plane.

She lay on the ground and hugged as much snow as she could. A light danced in her hands, and made the snow glow and glitter like fallen white jewels. It spread to each particle of snow, turning it alight. Now a soft mist traveled over the ground, shimmering like pixie dust. It was truly sensational sight, with the snow shining and glittering as if in a spotlight.

Alone

My legs were burning, I heard bullets being shot at me, but it was the happiest I've been in what felt like a long time. The last time I was this happy was when I destroyed the Crystal of Peace with all my friends by my side. Don't let this name delude you. It can and will destroy every human in its path. It says it will save you, it says it will care for you, but don't listen... It killed my family.

When I destroyed the Crystal of Peace it felt like my shackles were finally taken off after an eternity of pain. It felt as if the mist in my eyes was finally clearing up, allowing me to see the light. Everything went downhill from there. The guards found me, they shot my friends with tranquilizer guns and I ran. I'd been running for miles in the dirty streets of our disgusting town with the buildings in it possessing shattered windows and mortar that was seeping out between cracked and unstable bricks. The air was polluted making it even harder to breath and between the broken glass on the floor, the terrible people and the depressing surroundings I almost wanted to let them get me. Almost...

I was slowly breaking down out of sadness and fatigue. They were chasing me down and calling reinforcements and I knew I would fail but I kept on running. I was about to give up when I heard a voice. I turned to my right and I saw my beloved sister Ava. My heart melted just looking at her sweet doll like face. Her blonde hair was carelessly in her amber eyes that burned into your soul by just glancing at them but could melt away just as easily. Her voice resembled a puppy begging for attention. But, it couldn't be her...she was dead. But there she was, crouching behind a faded green dumpster whispering my name. My heart froze long enough for the guards to catch up a little bit and for me to regain my senses and go to Ava. I quickly ran to her and wrapped my arms around her sweet soft skin but right when my skin touched hers she disintegrated into millions of ashes. In that moment I knew it was all a trick and they had led me into their trap to capture me. I couldn't believe that I actually thought that my very own sister was still alive after all this time, and that horrid day was a nightmare, but it was very real. The day they raided my house and I hid in my tiny closet was all very real and now dozens of guards were surrounding me, hitting the life force out of me. Sharp spikes of pain were going throughout my body. Darkness was dancing in my eyes and I felt bruises forming on my skin. Suddenly my eyes closed and I was now floating into the oblivion, unconscious.

Addington McKearn

The Merchant

A peasant couple went out of their hut to find some wine. As most knew, water was dangerous, but wine was good to drink. The husband's name was Horasephalise and he asked his wife come to help because he thought they would need a lot. Horasephalise treated his wife better than most men did. Back then, men treated their wives terribly, but Horasephalise married for love. Her name was Nikorania, meaning "victory of the gods."

Merchants shouted at the couple to get them to buy their cloths, food, and other nonsense. Nikorania noticed that one merchant seemed to keep showing up. She filed that away. It was a privilege when she got out the house, because women had few rights. However, Horasephalise was nice, so she decided to enjoy the walk.

Horasephalise saw a vendor that had blue *chitons* and asked Nikorania if they should get some. "New robes would be a treat!" he said. When Nikorania saw the *chiton* merchant, she stopped in her tracks. "It's him," she said. "It's who?" Horasephalise asked, mesmerized by the *chitons*. "That merchant! I've seen him!" she said, irritated now. Horasephalise heard her sternness, so he looked away. "Let's check it out," he said. "Good idea," she responded.

As they got closer, they noticed his facial features, pointy ears, and curly short hair.

When the merchant saw the couple, he said "Welcome, mortals, to a *chiton* stand!"

"Well, that's a funny thing to say," Nikorania said, knowing something was off. "You act like you're not."

The merchant cursed, and then said "Well, let's just forget that, shall we? So, what brings you here?"

There was an awkward pause before Horasephalise said, "Those *chitons* are magnificent..."

"Yes, so you want to buy?" He said rapidly.

"No," Nikorania said. "Just looking around."

"Why not buy?" the merchant said.

"Because we barely enough *drachma* to make a living." Nikorania then said, "You think business is the solution for every problem!?!?"

"Yes!" He said.

"Well, you should know, perhaps for you, a successful person, but look at what it did to those merchants over there!" She pointed across the dirt road. "They are unsuccessful, my whole family isn't successful, I wasn't successful!" Then Horasephalise said, "Agreed."

"Well then," the merchant said, disappointed. "I see your logic now."

"You should!" Nikorania said, as they stormed off.

A few days later a glowing light filled their hut. "I'll check it out," Horasephalise said to Nikorania. He went outside and saw a glowing figure, ten feet tall, levitating off the ground.

"You and your wife taught me a lesson!" He boomed "And a valuable one, too."

"Who are you?" Horasephalise asked squeakily.

"Why I am merchant Hermes! You needed wine the day you visited me?"

"Yes, Lord Hermes." Horasephalise said.

"In that case, take these." With a glowing light, he disappeared. Hermes left them a vine of endless grapes and a set of *chitons*. From then on, the couple worshipped Hermes daily, and Hermes smiled on them.

By: Brody Bell

Just Another Horror Story

By: Isabel P

Now this one starts out like any other, it was a dark and stormy night. You could hear the wind howling as it rustled through the trees. This night, everyone was wearing a heavy rain coat.

Now I feel particularly bad for Clair, Elliot and and Blue, if you're wondering why, you will soon find out .

"Hey, where's Mrs. Carole, and isn't she with Elliot and Bleu?" asked Claire.

"You're just scared that your going to have to spend the night alone in that fancy tent," said Julie in the darkness.

"Now, now child -- " Ami was cut off.

"You ARE a child! So don't you say that word!"

"Well, there's no reason to --"

"interrupt , well --"

"Well, I'm just gonna tell." She stormed off into the mess hall without another word.

"Wow I've never seen Miss Jenifer so angry" said Clair. "I know right?" responded Ami.
"Well, this is where I leave you. Bye!"

"Bye."

"Hey Clair! Mind if we're with you? All the other tents are full." It was Blue and Elliot.
"Sure, why not?" Elliot and Blue ran to catch up up with her, then continued the walk in silence.
You could hear the leaves rustling under their feet. Soon their in front of the green and yellow tent.

-To be continued...(next year) ☺

