

## **My EIPACA**

Before, I thought that I didn't have the level,  
I thought that this school was a tremendous castle.  
Before, I thought it was the Quest for the Grail,  
I thought it was the magic of a fairy tale.

To come to this school,  
I have to leave my home,  
To go out in the rain...  
So sometimes it's not cool,  
I have to leave the Drôme,  
Sometimes I'm full of pain...

I don't know the future,  
Maybe it will be like a flower,  
Or like a vulture,  
It's a ring full of power...  
Even I don't know that, I admit.  
The future, no one knows it!

*Lynn Bölling, 6ème 2*

## **EIPACA thoughts**

When I think about EIPACA  
I imagine a big homework lava  
Dreaming about this well-known school  
Resembling a big qualities bowl

When I did the tests  
I thought « It's too high a level »  
But I would do my best  
To, one day, hear this school's bell

Sun rays, sun light, sun scorch  
Sun is making us happy all the way.  
When we are looking to the Mont d'Or  
It's an other another sunny day

Flying in the blue, blue sky of EIPACA

Lucile Gallot

## **A NEW DAY AT SCHOOL**

Secondary school is not like before  
When we stayed in the class with the kids from next door.  
Everything is different, strange and new  
The building, the teachers and the pupils too.  
We move around from class to class  
Washing our hands and wearing our masks.  
People are chattering like birds in a tree  
Waiting in line for food that is tasty.  
At the end of the day after maths, sports and poems  
I'm glad to leave and get back home.

Jackson Kennedy

## International School

Here friends are as precious as jewels  
And with them, getting social, COOL!  
Trying to stay in the rules  
But life is about breaking them  
And taking risks

My luck must be like a  
FORTNITE LOOT LAMA!  
to get into such a great school!

I felt really nervous but happy  
But now It is more relax,  
"It's the school for me."

Jacob Ziemnicki 6eme2

My international school,  
As a perfect tool.  
Each day I'm coming in,  
To have so much of it.

My holy bag is full  
And comes with me to school.  
Just in time  
To write my rhymes... on English lesson.

As long as dachshund,  
My day at school.  
One day I'll have no accent,  
To take my knowledge full.

Mark Bardin-Vigier

Slowly, I am leaving my bus,  
New classes are waiting for us.  
Perfume of paper and pencil case,  
I am going to my class, at a slow pace.  
The bell is ringing  
For the recess we are rushing.  
First time at the canteen I eat,  
French fries and delicious meat.  
As I am putting alcohol on my hands  
A little crown restrains new friends.  
I am here, at this new school.  
Which is international, and that is cool!  
Running like a cheetah  
I'm going home, leaving E.I.P.A.C.A

Achille

As the sun goes up in the sky  
I must wake up early, don't ask why.  
Arrived at my new cosmopolitan academy,  
I directly spot a teenager as tall as a tree.  
I follow my new classmates like a sheep.  
When a teacher talks, we can't hear a peep!  
Our new educators with different characters,  
Their posters whisper the answers.  
For my first time at a canteen,  
I eat butter and beans.  
The fantastic flavor of fresh food!  
Puts me in a good mood.  
I have a lot of friends now, that is cool!  
And so, here are my feelings about this school.

Simon Martinez

## **My new life challenge**

I remember the day  
When they came to tell me  
I will choose this way  
And I had won the key

I knew it would take a lot of time  
And it could be a great opportunity  
But it should not be a crime  
If I am not the English fairy

I feel as little as a mouse  
Among these giants in the playground  
Strangely not hurry to get back to my house  
Since my new friends are now around

I do my best to make them proud of me  
In my new life, I feel very happy

Lilly Masselin

## **My first day in 6th grade**

The first day that I walked into EIPACA  
Everybody looked as cool as a cucumber  
But I felt as strange as an alpaca  
It was a marvelous and terrifying day in September

But now I have great friends  
I am improving my English  
And I hope my learning never ends  
Soon I will even speak Spanish

I think next year will be even better  
Because my little brother will be here  
For both of us it will be smooth as butter  
But before that I need to finish this school year

Léopoldine

## **E.I.P.A.C.A.**

The good thing in this incredible school  
Is that everything is cool:  
Even in the pandemic  
The teachers are fantastic  
And when classes begin  
All I can do is grin  
When I go to the canteen  
We eat like kings and queens  
I smell wonderful odors  
Of food with delicious flavors  
But when classes end  
I need to leave my best friend

When the sun rises  
The teachers await with surprises  
And when I go to the college  
I improve my knowledge  
I meet again my friends  
And we all open our pens  
As we write the lesson  
We all carry on  
With our teachers who are so cool  
We are all as quiet as a mouse  
Because we are at school,  
Not in our house.

When I walk in school each morning  
I hear the beautiful blue birds chirping  
I hear the wind flowing through the leaves  
And the branches of the trees  
I see some ants  
And all the plants  
All of those make me happy  
I heard that school is a vaccine for ignorance  
I guess our teachers make all the difference  
You can tell how good they are at first glance.

Victor

'Time to get up!' 'That can't be true!  
My watch says it's half-past two.  
It's still the middle of the night!  
'Look out of the window! It's getting light!'

Grumbling, I get out of bed  
Reach for my clothes and hit my head.  
Stumbling and tumbling down the stairs.  
Impatient, Dad's in the car,  
'Can't find your trainers?  
Come as you are'.

At school, my bad mood disappears  
I catch up with my friends:  
"hey! had a good weekend?"

Lessons start at five-to eight  
The 'jailer' closes the school gate.  
Lines us all up, in single file  
I feel like an unruly crocodile.

Maths first. Long division's long!  
I cover three sheets and the answer are wrong

At Lunch time Things go from bad to worse!

Back to class we go!  
Waiting for school to end at five-o-four!  
The 'jailer' at last opens back up the gate,  
I charge down the drive at such a rate.  
Dad's waiting in his usual place:  
"I can see from your face  
You've had a really great day!"  
Crossing my fingers In a lie 'Oh Yes,' I say

Elsa

## My friend

The drive to school winds up and down,  
It spins my head, around and round,  
But stops when I walk through your gates.  
You calm me as I greet my mates.

We wander through your playful grounds  
And chat whilst making silly sounds.  
We smell your canteen's stodgy food,  
It puts us in a bitter mood.

In your class rooms, as busy as bees,  
We work on using similes.  
The lessons fill our silky souls  
With knowledge for our future goals.

By Johanna Wraith