

the ordeal of the sailors.

hello, we are clara and pauline and we're going to tell you our crazy story. First of all we went with our school on a school trip to visit "la maison de la beurière" and "le calvaire des marins". We both went first to visit the sailors' calvary. We didn't even have time to set foot on this monument, which we had already transformed into sailors' daughters. We were in the 1600's and were both sisters, with our family we went to see our grandfather's memorial plaque on this monument because he had been shipwrecked with his ship and his crew. In the chapel we could see the names of all those who died at sea and on the walls of the chapel we could see the plaques of those who were lost at sea. After having been seen this calvary, we returned to our neighbourhood "Saint-Pierre", where most

neighbourhood "Saint-Pierre", where most of the sailors lived. So we both looked at each other and it was as if by magic we were back with our class. We then went to visit the butter house and went back to the 1600s. We were sailors' daughters again. Our little sister was sleeping in one of the closets and our father and brother had gone to sea. Our brother was the ship's boy, he wasn't much good except for doing the household chores. In our house we were 19, it was actually divided into 3 tiny apartments. In the big one at night, sometimes 4 of us slept but more often 2 because the men were not there. At the end of the seventh day in those days we were both back home, separated because of the confinement but we were back to our present time.

Clara et Pauline.