

THE FRENCHIE

INTERNATIONAL SOCIAL SCIENCES CRIME POLITICS

Price: £1.99

A GLIMPSE INTO THE PAST

MYSTERIOUS FORCE MAY RULE THE GALAXY!

A revelation that defies all previous understanding — a distinguished Japanese astronomer proclaims the existence of an invisible, untouchable force governing the cosmos itself. Though invisible to the naked eye, its power may bend the very fabric of the universe. Scholars are divided, the public enthralled and uneasy. Could this secret reshape the foundation of all known science?



PRISON PEN

Behind the cold, iron bars of his confinement, the once-mighty former President turns to the pen as his new weapon. Reports reveal he is crafting a book filled with reflections on power, justice, and betrayal, transforming his prison cell into a pulpit of ideas. The public debates: is this a genuine act of contrition, or a calculated move to reclaim influence? Either way, the saga of the fallen leader continues to captivate the nation."

The opinion of Percival Lowell, the famous astronomer: ***"We thought Newton had closed the book of the heavens, but it may be that we have only read the first page."***

A Night of Tragedy in Lille

Yesterday, the city was still asleep. Today, it is screaming. In Lille, a young man lies on the cold asphalt, struck down in the middle of the night by a driver intoxicated by a new poison: gas balloons. A chemical laugh, a dark road, and death strikes. A family is destroyed. A city is in shock.

ABANDONED CHILDREN FALL INTO RUIN!

What was promised as sanctuary has revealed itself as a harrowing trap. Nineteen forsaken children, once entrusted to the care of so-called 'foster families,' emerge with tales of cruelty, neglect, and suffering beyond belief. As public outrage swells, the failing system meant to protect the vulnerable is laid bare. How long will society tolerate this grievous betrayal of its most innocent?



HONG KONG IN FLAMES, CITY DEVASTATED BY FIRES

Hong Kong is going through some really worrying times. Over the last few nights, there have been some serious fires in a bunch of neighborhoods in the port city. Entire rows of wooden houses and warehouses have been engulfed in flames, lighting up the sky with a red glow visible from the harbor. The screams, thick smoke, and acrid smell of burning wood have left the population in a state of shock.

A BLAZE BORN IN THE POOREST QUARTERS

The fire is believed to have started in a block of low-income housing, where the tightly packed buildings allowed the flames to spread rapidly. Fanned by the sea breeze, the fire spread within hours, reducing entire streets to ashes. Water pumps and improvised fire brigades fought tirelessly, but their resources remained limited in the face of the scale of the disaster.

“The sky was red like the end of the world,” said a sailor from the port. “We thought the whole city was going to disappear in the fire.”

FAMILIES FLEEING THROUGH SMOKE AND RUIN

Many families had to flee hastily, carrying a few personal belongings under their arms. Haggard children were taken in by neighbors or missionaries, while elderly people remained prostrate in front of the smoking ruins of what had been their homes. Hospitals and clinics are treating the wounded for burns and asphyxiation.

AUTHORITY UNDER PRESSURE, ANGER IN THE STREETS

The colonial authorities ordered the establishment of security cordons and the evacuation of certain areas deemed too dangerous. Soldiers and officers were deployed to maintain order and prevent looting, while appeals for solidarity were made to prominent figures and trading houses.

NIGHTS OF ASHES, A WOUNDED CITY

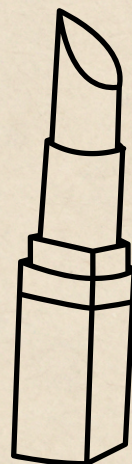
These fires highlight the city's extreme vulnerability. Overcrowding and the widespread use of wood, oil lamps, and domestic stoves make Hong Kong prone to disaster. Doctors and engineers have long warned of the need to clean up and modernize the poorest neighborhoods, but reforms have been slow to materialize.

Today, the flames have left behind ruins and desolation. Thousands of victims are now homeless, dependent on public charity. Beyond the material losses, the entire city has discovered its vulnerability to the uncontrollable forces of fire. Hong Kong, battered but still standing, will have to rebuild itself once again, carrying the burning memory of those nights of ashes.

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A YOUNG MAN STRUCK DOWN BY AN AUTOMOBILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A GAS

Price: \$1.99

This article seeks, dear reader, to warn against the driving of carts or automobiles when lucidity is impaired.

NIGHTFALL AND SUDDEN HORROR

Night had just fallen over Lille when the tragedy occurred. A paved thoroughfare, a narrow pavement lined with gas streetlamps, a few passers-by hastening home. In the space of a few heartbeats, everything changed. A young man was violently struck by an automobile travelling at great speed. The impact, of unheard-of brutality, hurled his body several paces away, before the petrified eyes of the witnesses.

A MIND CLOUDED BY LAUGHING GAS

According to the first elements gathered by the constabulary, the driver was not intoxicated by wine or spirits. He is said to have made use of a so-called "laughing gas", inhaled with the aid of rubber bulbs or bladders, a substance known in certain circles to provoke exhilaration and loss of judgement. Several persons affirm that the machine was moving erratically, swerving dangerously before the fatal collision. In a few instants, a life was cut short.

DEATH BEFORE THE LANTERNS

The rescue services, composed of physicians and stretcher-bearers, arrived promptly. Despite their efforts, the young man breathed his last on the very spot. Around him, a heavy silence fell, broken only by sobs and the crackling of lanterns. The police immediately sealed off the street, transforming this ordinary passageway into a tragic scene frozen in terror.

WITNESSES STRUCK SILENT

"He was walking quietly, and suddenly that machine came at him like a demon unleashed," confides a trembling neighbour.

"There was nothing to be done, it all happened too fast."

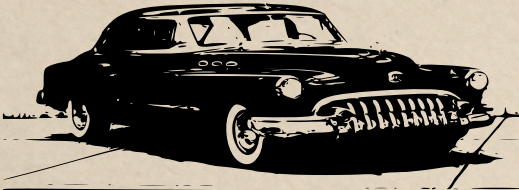
The driver was apprehended without resistance. Inside the automobile, several empty bulbs impregnated with gas were discovered. The findings confirmed the use of this substance, too often treated lightly, yet whose effects may prove fatal. The artificial amusement it provides was transformed into an irreparable catastrophe.

The victim's family was informed during the night. The shock is immense. Parents and relatives struggle to understand how a simple crossing of the street could become a death sentence. From the following day, bouquets, candles and handwritten notes were placed at the site of the tragedy, turning the pavement into a modest place of remembrance.

MODERN PERILS OUTRUNNING HUMAN WISDOM

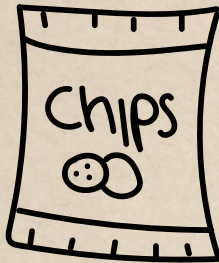
This drama revives the debate on the use of these new gases and on the dangers of automobiles, inventions still imperfectly mastered. Physicians, moralists and officers of the law call for caution, yet excesses persist. In Lille, emotion runs high. This is no mere accident, but the sign of a modern world advancing faster than human wisdom.

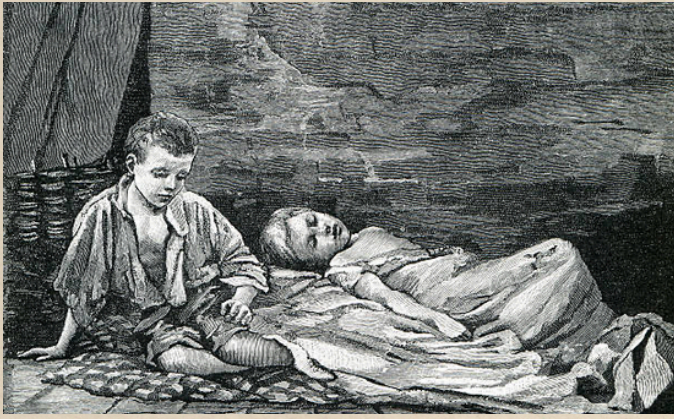
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SOCIAL CRIME? PLACED CHILDREN FOUND IN DEGRADATION!

The veil is lifted on one of the darkest social scandals of our time! What was believed to be a helping hand extended to abandoned children has turned into a cruel and fatal trap.

Nineteen wretches will appear before the courts: unlicensed "foster families", recruited to take charge of minors entrusted by Child Social Services. What were meant to be official refuges were in reality homes of hell: violence, deprivation, medicinal treatments, unsanitary conditions... Some former orphans recall the screams, the blows and the nights of anguish that others have never dared to recount.

The wall of silence is finally cracking, but their scars will never fade.

"We were torn from a dysfunctional home only to be thrown into a nightmare. We were promised safety, but we were given misery," sums up Jean, a former placed child.

CHILD SOCIAL SERVICES AT BREAKING POINT

The Child Social Services, meant to protect children, are now overwhelmed by the scale of misery and abandonment. Departments are overflowing: not enough resources, not enough professionals, not enough homes.

The result? Children left to fend for themselves. Some wait for a dignified placement while being housed in hotels, a blatant violation of the law. Others wander the streets, left entirely on their own.

The State, though guarantor of their protection, appears to have abandoned its mission.

A CRUEL IRONY

The only apparent winners of this chaos seem to be quotas and public subsidies. While intentions are proclaimed innocent, the coffers of the State continue to open ever wider, as though to mask the glare of a blind administration. Each franc spent becomes yet another damning proof of a failing machine desperately attempting to conceal its own collapse.

Money replaces vigilance and justice.

BROKEN CHILDREN, AN ANGRY PEOPLE!

The people have opened their eyes and the hour of anger has struck! In the streets, citizens demand justice and transparency.

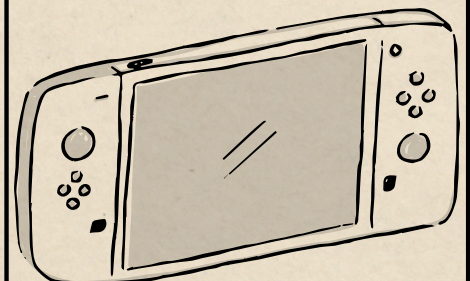
"It is not only Child Social Services that are at fault, it is an entire mechanism of indifference and neglect that tramples the dignity of the youngest," cries an emotional mother.

This scandal exposes the fragility of a society that abandons the adults of tomorrow and raises a burning question: how many shattered lives will it take before the State finally assumes its responsibilities? The Republic can no longer ignore these young people left in the shadows. The people demand that light be shed on these dubious placements and that justice be rendered to those who never had a voice.

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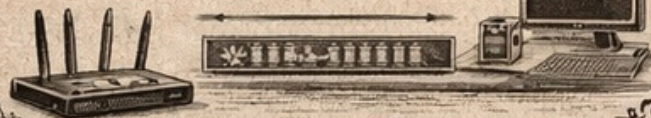
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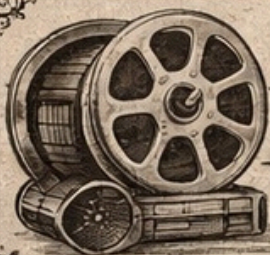
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A POPULAR SINGER ANNOUNCED IN A GRAND PARISIAN EDIFICE

PARIS TREMBLES BEFORE THE CURTAIN RISES

The performance has not yet taken place, and yet the capital of the Republic as a whole is already submerged in rumours and palpitations. In the months to come, a singer of meteoric success will appear in one of the largest performance halls of Paris, and the mere announcement has been enough to set alight the conversations of cafés, salons and gazettes.

A VOICE BORN OF THE STREETS

Born of modest neighbourhoods, the artist has imposed herself through a direct style, a language deemed by some "audacious", by others scandalously opposed to good morals, and themes drawn from the daily life of the people. For her admirers, she embodies the new voice of a popular France too often held in contempt. But for those who scorn her, she represents a noisy provocation, an offence against the artistic traditions cherished by the Nation.

A SANCTUARY CONTESTED \$1.99

The chosen edifice is no trivial matter, for to sing there signifies attaining supreme recognition, crossing the threshold of a sanctuary hitherto reserved for the elite, entering the unofficial pantheon of artists consecrated by the nation. It is precisely this that unleashes passions and divides public opinion.

"She sings as our streets speak,"

writes a columnist in a popular sheet. "One may take offence at it, but one cannot deny that the crowd recognises itself therein." Other pens, more severe, denounce a "decadence of taste".

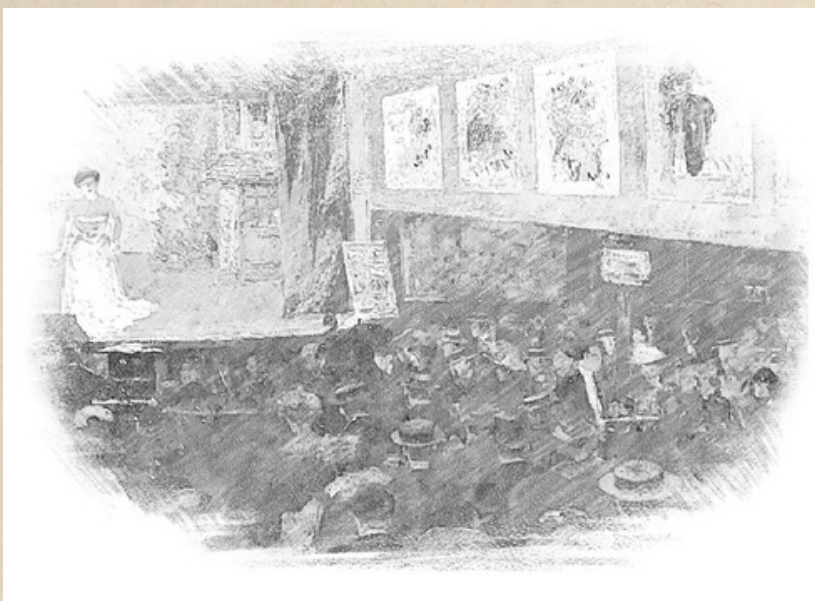
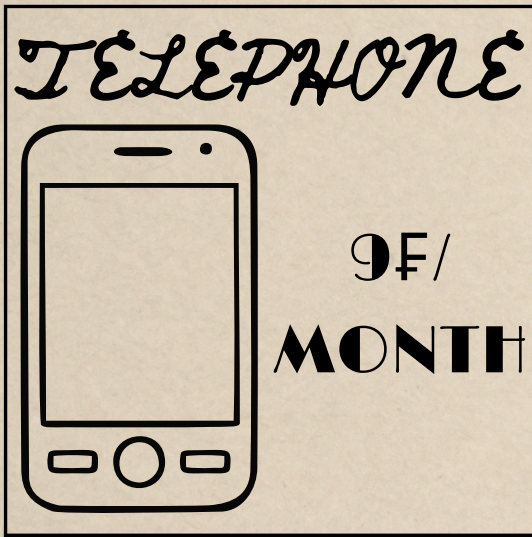
A GENERATION LONG UNHEARD

Discussions have likewise flared up in the newspapers and in public squares, where some hail a sign of progress and others condemn a provocation. Yet behind the invective lies a simple truth: Aya Nakamura speaks to a whole generation never heard in the salons, but which fills the streets, workshops and suburbs, long kept apart from traditional cultural circles.

When evening comes, a great crowd of spectators is expected, from Paris as well as from the whole of France. Chandeliers will light up the night, voices will rise even before her appearance on stage, and the chroniclers, notebooks in hand, will watch for the slightest misstep as keenly as for the smallest triumph.

A BATTLE FOR THE SOUL OF CULTURE

This concert will be more than a diversion, it will be a true symbolic battleground, a mirror held up to the France of its time, posing an essential question: who decides what deserves to be celebrated as national culture? Even before having sung a single note, Madame Nakamura has already claimed a symbolic victory.



THE UNIVERSE TREMBLES: A MYSTERIOUS FORCE MAY RULE THE GALAXY

Never, in the annals of astronomy, had we suspected the existence of a force so invisible and mysterious. Yet today, after years spent scrutinising the heavens, a Japanese professor, Tomonori Totani, claims to have observed traces of an unseen substance that would dominate the entire universe. He speaks of an elusive force acting in the shadows for millennia.

Transparent, impalpable... yet endowed with a power capable of bending the cosmos. A discovery which, if confirmed, would shake the very foundations of physics.

SINCE WHEN HAVE SCHOLARS HIDDEN THE TRUTH FROM US?

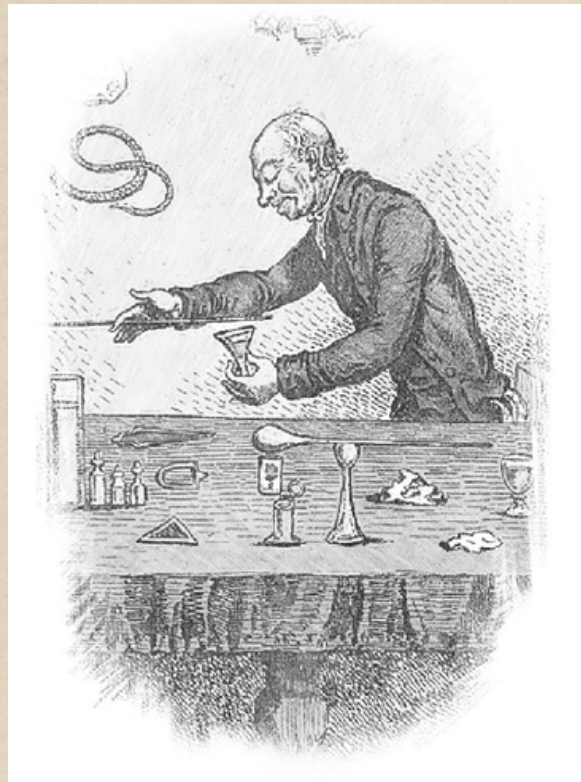
Since the discovery of Neptune, murmurs had circulated of anomalies, calculations that failed to align, inexplicable stellar movements. These matters were discussed in hushed tones, but the public was spared... Until today. Totani dares to speak. He breaks the silence and even accuses certain scholars of wishing to "stifle the indications of a superior force".

THE PHANTOM SUBSTANCE DIVIDES

The astronomer claims to have observed the galaxy animated by a force that should not exist, a force without light, without trace, without face. Yet it governs every star, planet and every breath of the cosmos.

The opinion of Percival Lowell, the celebrated astronomer: "We believed Newton had closed the book of the heavens, but it may be that we have read only the first page."

In the respectable salons of the academies, sceptical scholars already tear at one another: Newton's followers cry blasphemy, and disciples of Laplace refuse the idea that an unknown force could trample their elegant equations. Others, however, admit with trembling voices that they had already sensed "something" they could not discern, and young scholars whisper that Totani may be the prophet of a new era.



A DISCOVERY STILL HAUNTED BY DOUBT

The true nature of this mysterious power remains entirely hypothetical. Nothing is yet certain, and the absence of direct proof, despite years of meticulous observation, leaves room for competing explanations, sometimes judged more plausible. Yet one fact troubles all astronomers: stars and planets do not always follow their expected course, betraying the presence of a mass never before seen, which seems to govern the cosmic dance. Even the most eminent minds admit that the universe still harbours secrets that science struggles to penetrate.

**"WE BELIEVED NEWTON
HAD CLOSED THE BOOK
OF THE HEAVENS, BUT IT
MAY BE THAT WE HAVE
READ ONLY THE FIRST
PAGE."**

REACTION OF THE PEOPLE: BETWEEN DREAD AND EXALTATION

Everywhere, legends are already being told and each person voices an opinion on the matter. Some claim to glimpse strange lights in the sky, others say that this "invisible mass" might one day influence the destiny of nations. "The world will never be the same again," confides the keeper of a popular café.

Judging by the letters of our dear readers, many hail an unprecedented discovery, a major advance in the understanding of the Universe, while others fear the repercussions of a cosmic power hitherto unknown. The people now find themselves torn between hope and fear, wonder and unease, stirred by the spectacle of a sky that, it seems, still conceals forces invisible to the human eye.

Thus ends, for the moment, this staggering chapter of astronomy: a troubling revelation, still veiled in doubt. For nothing, absolutely nothing, allows us to affirm that the "invisible substance" is indeed what is suspected. The universe remains silent, drunk with mystery, and our instruments of glass and metal appear minuscule before its grandeur. Yet Man does not renounce his quest: he casts a renewed gaze toward the stars, aware that he may one day lift the veil on the force that governs the galaxy.

Final note: Dear reader, should you possess any clue or observation concerning these celestial phenomena, do not delay! Address your letters to our editorial office, at 12, rue de l'Astronomie, Paris, and contribute to unveiling the mysteries of the Universe.

POLITICAL THEATRE: DARMANIN HAS CROSSED THE FORBIDDEN GATES!

The French people are in turmoil! Rarely has the Republic witnessed such a political coup de théâtre. Gérard Darmanin, Minister of Justice, has crossed the prison gates to meet Nicolas Sarkozy, the former Head of State currently incarcerated for illegal campaign financing. Officially, a mere inspection of detention conditions... but public opinion cries scandal!

According to our exclusive information, Darmanin entered the penitentiary centre accompanied by two assistants and a legal adviser, without the prison administration being fully informed. The former President was notified only moments before the minister's arrival, provoking sharp reactions among guards and prison staff.

"This is unacceptable!" exclaims a guard under cover of anonymity.

Darmanin attempted to calm tempers, declaring that the visit bore no political purpose. Yet doubt remains. Rumours circulate that special instructions were exchanged and that this unprecedented scandalous meeting could call into question the impartiality of the State.

A COMPLAINT FILED, THE COUNTRY DEMANDS ANSWERS!

A collective of citizens and lawyers has filed an official complaint, alleging a violation of the principle of neutrality and presumed preferential treatment. Criticism abounds: the minister is said to have crossed a moral boundary, exposing the government to a major crisis of confidence and reviving bitter memories of great corruption affairs such as the Panama scandal, when the Republic was already accused of shielding the powerful at the expense of justice.

THE PEOPLE DEMAND THE TRUTH!

In the suburbs and boulevards of Paris, anger and questioning are mounting.

Morning newspapers report heated debates and caricatures in which every scene becomes a spectacle of emotion and scandal.

Opposition parties are calling for the immediate opening of a parliamentary inquiry and the resignation of the minister. Some denounce a grave blow to the credibility of the government, while others invoke a simple parliamentary misunderstanding.

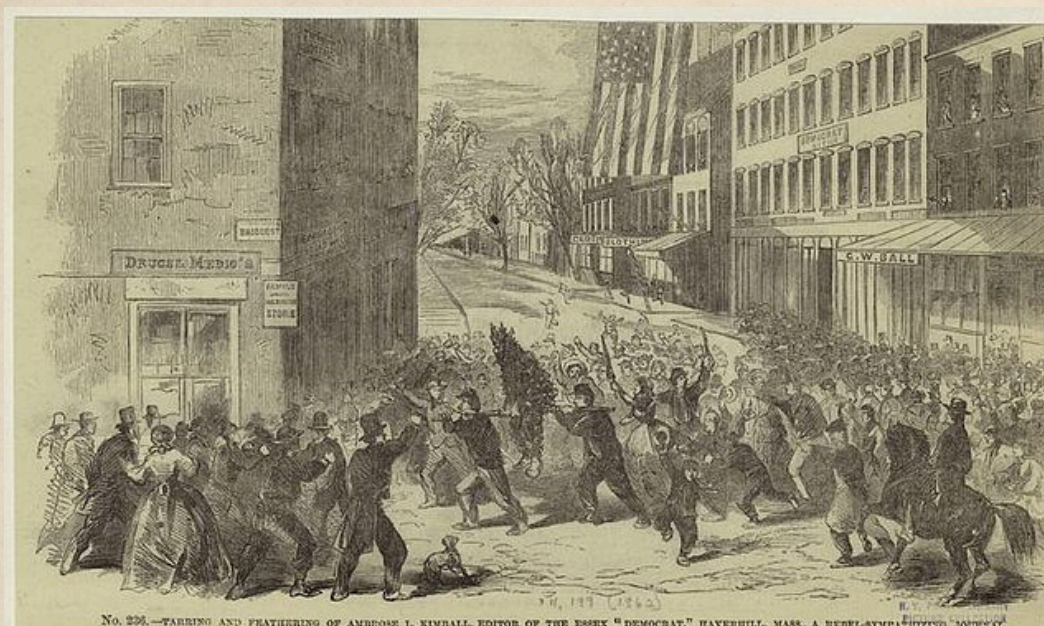
In a further twist, the foreign press has seized upon the affair: "Francia: El Ministro de Justicia visita al expresidente. ¡Estalla la polémica!" headline Spanish dailies. France as a whole now stands under the glare of international scrutiny.

THE DEEP FAULT LINES OF GOVERNMENT

This incident reveals profound flaws in transparency and rigour within the government, leaving the people to wonder whether justice is truly impartial or subject to the privileges of the most powerful.

Each citizen questions, rumours continue to circulate, and as investigations proceed, one certainty remains: this affair will be etched in memory as one of the great political scandals of the Republic.

Are we still living in a democracy, or in a theatre for the powerful?" asks Mr. Martin.





PRISON NICOLAS QUILL: SARKOZY WRITES BEHIND BARS

Barely twenty-one days behind the cold walls of detention, and already the pen is at work! Nicolas Sarkozy, former President now incarcerated, has turned his cell into a writing chamber. The announcement strikes like a thunderclap: a book is said to be in preparation, nourished by confinement and disgrace.

According to sources close to the prison administration, the former Head of State is filling page after page, meditating on justice, power and what he himself would call “the betrayal of the elites”. Irony of fate: the man who once governed the Nation from lofty tribunes now writes by the pallid light of prison corridors.

In cafés and along the boulevards, tongues are loosening.

“It took only three weeks to become a martyr?”

mocks a Parisian labourer.

Others see in it a carefully calculated manoeuvre, an attempt at moral reconquest through words.

The presumed title is already circulating, stoking curiosity and anger alike. Publishers are said to be standing ready, sniffing out scandal and the black gold of public indignation. Can prison be turned into a platform? Does guilt become literature?

This announced work raises a burning question: is prison the same for all? While some rot in oblivion, others turn their chains into ink.

One thing is certain: even behind bars, Nicolas Sarkozy still occupies the stage. And the Republic, an unwilling spectator, witnesses this new chapter where justice meets commerce and where the pen defies the bars.

THE CROWN JEWELS STOLEN IN THE NIGHT!

Paris awoke yesterday in shock and indignation. A crime of unheard-of audacity has been committed at the very heart of the capital: the Crown Jewels have been stolen, torn from the sacred heritage of the Nation. In the darkest of nights, criminal hands have profaned what France holds most precious.

According to initial findings, the thieves are said to have entered the conservation halls taking advantage of lax surveillance. Forced locks, shattered display cases, footprints still visible at dawn: everything points to a carefully prepared operation. Pearls, diadems and precious stones, symbols of power and history, vanished as if by enchantment.

Rumour swells along the cobbled streets: internal complicity, culpable negligence, or a plot hatched in the shadows?

“Give back the Crown Jewels!”

cries an antiquarian from the Marais district, as passers-by crowd before the closed gates, hungry for details and scandal.

The Prefecture promises a swift inquiry, but the people doubt. How could such an infamy occur under the gaze of the State? Already, caricaturists seize upon the affair, depicting a France stripped bare, betrayed by those meant to protect her.

This theft is not merely a material crime: it is a moral wound, a blow struck at the national soul. Paris demands the culprits. Paris demands justice.



Justification

For our project, we created The Frenchie, a Parisian monthly published in November 1895.

The choice of this date is not insignificant, it corresponds to a key period in the rise of popular and sensationalist journalism, notably embodied by Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst in the United States.

Catchy headlines, strong emotions, scandals, human stories and striking visuals, everything is designed to capture the attention of a wide readership, mainly from the working classes.

The date of 1895 was also chosen in connection with the scientific discoveries of the time and more specifically to match our scientific article. Finally, this choice allowed us to adopt the visual codes of Pulitzer and Hearst, notably the absence of colour in illustrations, which only began to appear from 1896 onwards.

The objective was to transpose these characteristics to a newspaper intended for Parisian readers, by selecting important and interesting current events, while treating them using the codes of sensationalism. The newspapers we were inspired by were mainly daily newspapers, but we chose to make The Frenchie a monthly in order to benefit from more varied content and a wider range of subjects.

The title The Frenchie reflects both the place of publication, Paris, and the intended audience. As the newspaper is entirely written in English to meet the course requirements and be understood by the professor, the choice of an English title was an obvious one. The term Frenchie also brings a friendly, almost familiar dimension, which fits well with the popular spirit of the newspaper and its desire to create closeness with its readers.

In the Science section, we made the deliberate choice of a fake testimony, attributed to Percival Lowell, a famous astronomer of the time. Through the quotation,

"We thought Newton had closed the book of the sky, but it may be that we have only read the first page"

We deliberately combined a nineteenth-century perspective with a contemporary scientific issue. Using fake testimonies reinforces both the sensationalism, the apparent credibility of the article and the idea that the newspaper does not simply report facts, but "makes the news", in the spirit of the "I make news" associated with Hearst.

The Frenchie clearly positions itself as a newspaper that is an actor of reality, committed "in favour of the people". It relays scandals, rumours, deliberate exaggerations and striking events, not out of a concern for objectivity, but because it sells and captures attention. The style adopted is deliberately direct: very catchy titles, sometimes excessive, subheadings and an emphasis on emotion rather than neutrality.

Illustrations are a central element of the newspaper, following the example of what made the success of Pulitzer's New York World. We used royalty-free images from Wikimedia Commons, which we then modified to give them an old appearance. They are deliberately not in colour in order to respect the historical context of 1895, when black-and-white illustration still largely dominated the press.

The layout is directly inspired by sensationalist newspapers from the late nineteenth century. The typography is varied, sometimes aggressive, with different sizes and styles coexisting on the same page. The front page functions as a spectacular portada, with a very imposing main title and an opening section, presenting the most eye-catching articles in the form of short summaries. This organisation makes it possible to immediately attract the reader and encourage them to read further.

The content is deliberately dense and varied: serious articles, news items, interviews, science, but also, at the end of the newspaper, a game, which reinforces the playful and accessible aspect of the popular newspaper.

Advertisements also occupy an important place, integrated directly into the pages and grouped together on a full page at the end, they fully contribute to the visual identity of the newspaper and remind us that popular press of the time was also a commercial object, designed to be read, looked at and consumed.

We took great pleasure in designing The Frenchie because every choice: the date, the title, the sections, the sensationalist tone, the illustrations, the fake testimonies and the layout, was carefully thought out in order to create an immersive, dynamic newspaper that is faithful to the spirit of popular press at the end of the nineteenth century.

Inspirations

Image 1 of The evening world (New York, N.Y.),
February 7, 1890, (EXTRA 2 O'CLOCK) | Library of
Congress

→ Newspaper we drew the most general inspiration
from

[https://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/bpt6k715844d?
rk=85837;2](https://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/bpt6k715844d?rk=85837;2)

→ Layout and illustrations

Image 3 of New York journal and advertiser (New
York [N.Y.]), April 11, 1897, (EASTER EDITION) |
Library of Congress

→ Originality of the structure and advertisements

Le Petit journal. Supplément du dimanche | 1890-
11-21 | Gallica

→ Variety of sections

Main archival :

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Page d'accueil | Gallica