**Your title here**

A.B. Author

*Address of your Institution*

Abstract

This is where your text should be placed. It should consist of one paragraph and give a concise summary of the material in the article below. Please, preserve the style of the headings, text fonts, line spacing, figures, and bibliography to provide a uniform style for the abstract booklet. All files (.doc or .pdf) should be sent by the **11th of November 2013** by e-mail to **gvannoni@apc.univ-paris7.fr.**

Here below is a sample text, with figures and bibliography. Please, duplicate this template and substitute your text, figures, and bibliography to the sample ones.

In Moscow as soon as he entered his huge house in which the faded and fading princesses still lived, with its enormous retinue; as soon as, driving through the town, he saw the Iberian shrine with innumerable tapers burning before the golden covers of the icons, the Kremlin Square with its snow undisturbed by vehicles, the sleigh drivers and hovels of the Sivtsev Vrazhok, those old Moscovites who desired nothing, hurried nowhere, and were ending their days leisurely; when he saw those old Moscow ladies, the Moscow balls, and the English Club, he felt himself at home in a quiet haven. In Moscow he felt at peace, at home, warm and dirty as in an old dressing gown.

It was clear and frosty. Above the dirty, ill-lit streets, above the black roofs, stretched the dark starry sky. Only looking up at the sky did Pierre cease to feel how sordid and humiliating were all mundane things compared with the heights to which his soul had just been raised. At the entrance to the Arbat Square an immense expanse of dark starry sky presented itself to his eyes. Almost in the center of it, above the Prechistenka Boulevard, surrounded and sprinkled on all sides by stars but distinguished from them all by its nearness to the earth, its white light, and its long uplifted tail, shone the enormous and brilliant comet of 1812 – the comet which was said to portend all kinds of woes and the end of the world. In Pierre, however, that comet with its long luminous tail aroused no feeling of fear. On the contrary he gazed joyfully, his eyes moist with tears, at this bright comet which, having traveled in its orbit with inconceivable velocity through immeasurable space, seemed suddenly – like an arrow piercing the earth – to remain fixed in a chosen spot, vigorously holding its tail erect, shining and displaying its white light amid countless other scintillating stars. It seemed to Pierre that this comet fully responded to what was passing in his own softened and uplifted soul, now blossoming into a new life [[1](#Tol69)].

Figure 1 Insert your caption here

**References**

x

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| 1 | Tolstoy, Lev N. “War and Peace”, Journal Name, Volume, Page, 1869. |

x