

Telescope Poems

Through my telescope I
see a group,
in the group I see a
pushchair,
in the pushchair I see a
baby girl,
the baby girl is wearing a
badge,
the badge says save the
animals,
did she choose to wear it?

Antonia Enahoro, Ii

Through my telescope I
can see a ball,
there is a young child
playing with it.
Now I can see the rest of
the park,
Around the park there are
hundreds of factories.
The whole city is covered
with smog.
Will the child's children
be able to play in that
park?

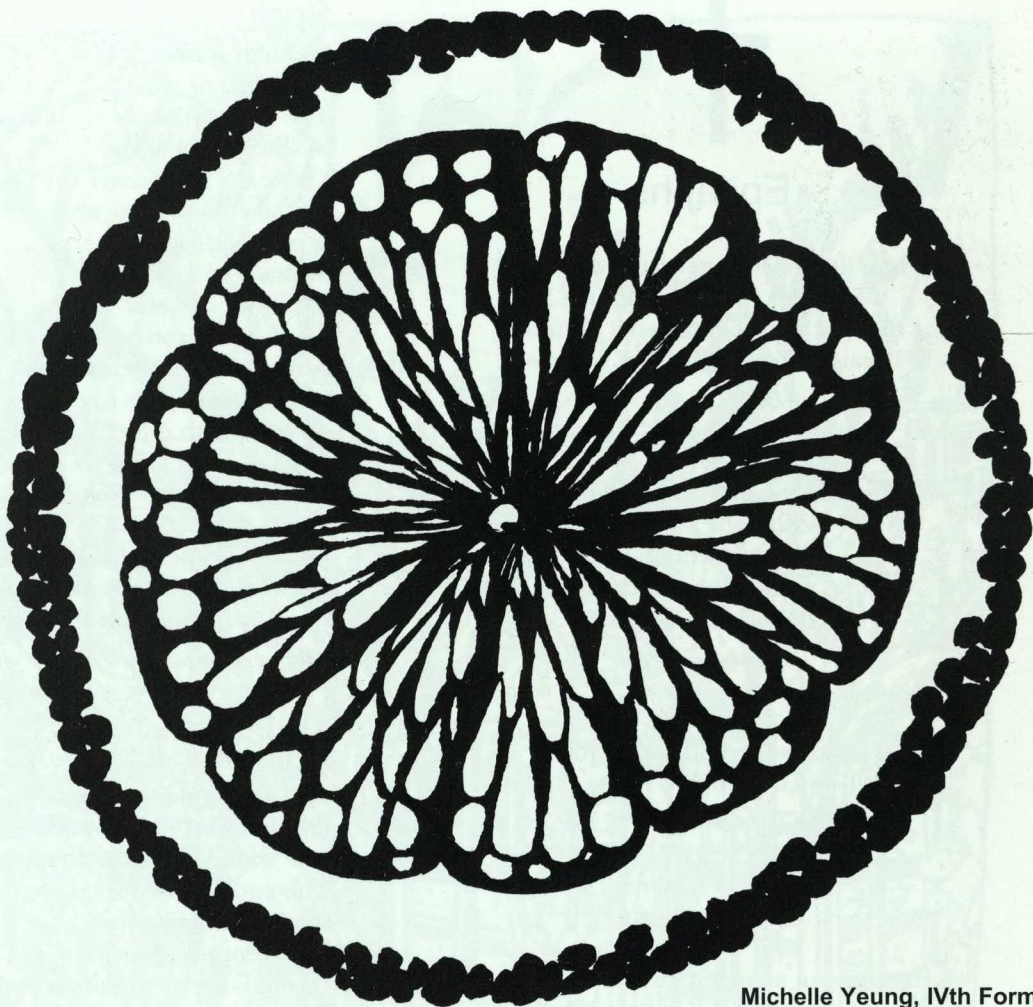
Simin Kiani-Lirharani, Ii

Through my telescope I
can see a town
In the town I can see a
Leisure Centre
in the leisure Centre I can
see a window
in the Gym I can see a
Gym
In the Gym I can see some
machines
On a machine I can see a
man working hard
I wonder who he is trying
to impress?

Alex Mitchell, Ii

Through me telescope I
see a beach
On the beach I see an
umbrella
Under the umbrella I see
a sun hat
Under the sun hat I see
sun cream
On the sun cream it says
Factor 2
Will it keep the sun away?

Lucy Lynch, Ii



Michelle Yeung, IVth Form

The doll I found in the loft

On the day I was at my Grandma's house, so I could find an old video, my Grandma told me that it was in the loft. When I got up to the loft, I started looking in a box of loads of old things but all I could find was an old doll and some old cassettes. So I went on to the next box but I still couldn't find the video. So I went back to the box with the old doll in it and picked it up, took it down to my Grandma and she said that the doll used to be her mum's doll.

When I got home it was bed time, so I put the doll on my dressing table and got into my bed and fell fast asleep. When I woke up in the morning I found that somebody had put the doll in my bed with me.

When I went to get some breakfast I asked mum and dad if they had put the doll in my bed, but they hadn't.

When they said that I thought the doll

was real, so I went up to my room and talked to the doll and I said, "If you are alive please talk to me". Suddenly the doll replied, "Hello, Hello".

Before the doll could finish talking my mum called me to go to school, so I grabbed the doll and ran downstairs.

At school I put my doll in my desk and when I didn't know a question the doll told me the answer.

When I got home I put the doll on my dressing table and I said, "Thank you for helping me with my work". Then I did my homework, and suddenly I heard this crash and a voice saying "Bye, bye". I looked behind me and I saw the doll lying on the floor. So I picked all the pieces up and started crying while going downstairs. I telephoned my Grandma and she said that I had to keep the pieces and remember the doll.

Seven Dreams

**He thought with dismay of the eighth dream
seeing the lake through the small doorway . . .**

The eighth door was too cold to touch,
though deceiving the eye,
He went in cautiously for darkness was around,
The fruits were low lying here as if to weep,
Their colour but a dark grey.
The peacocks here stood still,
frozen without their beauty,
Frozen without their colour.

Here he lay, for red is passionate,
the lake colourless with love,
the men were dancing,
the women were singing,
children going round with their toys.
Here the four horsemen looked proud,
while riding on their gallant horses.
Not one person here
waits for their last breath, because
Eternity is forever;
And for ever is love.

The tenth door he did not want to see,
for it told the truth,
for truth is a powerful thing.
he looked into the dreaded lake.
. . . Death was waiting along side the four horsemen,
that someone was him.
He tried to wash his hands in the lake,
the truth had come out,
That he had committed a sin.
He had murdered the horsemen, his so-called fellow
friends.

Zulehkha Waheed, 3M2

Dreams

**He thought with dismay of the eighth dream
seeing the lake through the small doorway . . .**

The lake through the small doorway,
showed emperors dancing lightly on their toes,
they were floating on the water,
with swans swimming about them,
they seemed to be in some kind of a trance,
the little ripples of water,
glistened and shone in the bright pink moonlight.

The ninth door swung open,
as if by force,
Bright rays of light,
shone down upon him.
He was at a King's banquet,
the black knight stood guard at the doorway.
The dreamer was offered fruit,
he took it, but it felt familiar,
he put it back.

This time,

there wasn't a door, but an archway,
again, he appeared in the castle,
but in a different place, in the courtyard,
where peacocks and pheasants were doing battle.
The dreamer jumped into the river,
to get away,
to get away . . .

He was going through a dark tunnel,
and when he came out of the tunnel,
he realised that he was sailing,
in a little boat,
big enough for one person.
Soothing music was coming from somewhere,
which relaxed him.
Swans were swimming round his boat,
making him feel dizzy.

He fell through a plane door,
he felt himself falling,
down, down, down,
he looked up,
birds were flying with him,
and emperors, knights, Kings and horsemen,
were falling down beside him.
He looked down below,
nearing the surface of the river,
Heading for the final door . . .

Stephanie Barnes, 3M1

Seven Dreams

**He thought with dismay of the eighth dream
seeing the lake through the small door way . . .**

And again he saw the lake but now surrounded by
rolling hills, which were reflected in its surface.
He saw the four horsemen galloping by
And then swans which now out spread
theirs wing and took off to the sky
The fruit trees grew around the lake
and the Black Knight laid down to die
he closed his eyes and gave a sigh

The doorway opened and there he stood
In side a cave dark and damp
He wore a coat with a dark hood
A bat flew over head
Three witches danced around a fire like only witches could
From the corner of the cave he heard a peacock cry
And then fell into a trance like sleep until
He reached the next door.

The next door opened into a forest full of trees
It was night and a cloud had covered the moon
He heard the horses walking on fallen leaves
The chilling night air sent a shiver down his spine
As he walked he remembered what he had
seen before, the fruit trees, the swans,
the horsemen, the peacocks and the lake
and then he saw another door. He walked
towards it and then he opened the door
and stepped out of the dream.

The Wind

The wind howls.
Trees dance, waving their
branches
to and fro.
whooshing and wailing,
whining and crying,
racing rapidly round and round.
Getting tired, slowing down,
the trees stop dancing.
Instead they sway.
The wind blows
calmer and calmer,
and then stops dead.

Alex Mitchell, Ii

Witchcraft

Put in a:
smelly sock,
half a cotton smock,
1 eyeball,
1 fresh fish from a table,
7 frogs brains,
And make sure they have
chilblains,
(by now it should smell as bad as
plane food)
Take a teaspoon of hot dung,
A bone from a body that has
been hung,
And some blood from a tongue.

Penny Ellis, Ii

Mysteries of the World

The Sun that has no shine,
to brighten up our day,
The Moon that has no glow
ever in any way,
The Sky that has no stars
that twinkle in the dark,
Are all the signs that leave
a death defining mark.
The world that has no peace,
No harmony, no joy
Like a baby all alone
without a single toy.
The Air so unclean so unfresh
so unpure,
One of the mysteries of the
world

I am sure.

The nose that never smelt,
The hands that never felt,
The bell that never rang,
and the bird that never sang,
These are the mysteries of the
world.

Yewande Ososanya, III



The Kitchen: Dega Stephenson, Vth Form

Antarctica

*Antarctica, Antarctica, you are the last to be uncovered
and you have beauty that no man can reach.*

You are a continent with ice on top,
You contain no creature that cannot swim or fly,
You are a refuge of sorts.

*Antarctica, Antarctica, you are the last to be uncovered
and you have beauty that no man can reach.*

Animals, penguins, black, white and blue.
Float around on the land and the pack ice with
you.

Rocks as nests, five weeks for an egg to hatch,
All of which are life to you.

*Antarctica, Antarctica, you are the last to be uncovered
and you have beauty that no man can reach.*

Run, run, something attacks,
The leopard seal is on your tracks.
On no, oh no, he's caught a catch,
Whisper mother to mother from batch to batch.

*Antarctica, Antarctica, you are the last to be uncovered
and you have beauty that no man can reach.*

The whale dives as the fin slaps,
Leaving currents, currents sucking back.
The azure sky sees all doing its job and lots more.

*Antarctica, Antarctica, you are the last to be uncovered
and you have beauty that no man can reach.*

You lack so many things like trees and soil,
Yet the sun shines all day and night,
Pink, blue and every hue.

*Antarctica, Antarctica, you are the last to be uncovered
and you have beauty that no man can reach.*

Maria Redman, IIF

Alliteration

The fire works, twisting and turning,
terrifying the tiny people below.
As they boiled and bubbled.

Onomatopoeia

With a screech and a scream and a long fading
howl. The fire works were gone.

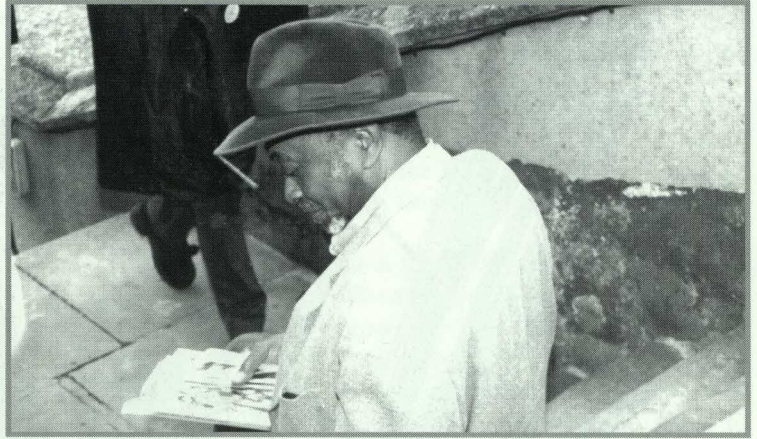
Simile

Screaming like a frightened child. The fire works
raced to the sky.

Metaphor

As the fire works burst, they split into a stream of
trickling colours. But within a glance they had
disappeared.

Pippa Southwell, Ii



James Berry OBE

All the best stories go in threes

The first week of October 1998 was a great time for St Mary's Hall: we celebrated both National Book Week and National Poetry Day. This year we decided to go for a hat-trick of pleasures so we invited James Berry, OBE – world famous Caribbean poet – to work with us to enjoy these two events.

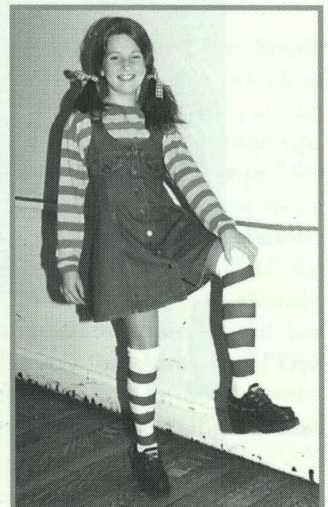
First, James Berry read poems as part of our morning Chapel Service; then two writing workshops were held, one with 5th years, the other with 1st year pupils. All pupils in the school from the nursery to the sixth form were invited to dress as characters from literature; many staff were brave enough to join them too. In the afternoon it was the Junior Department's turn: ten is a great age to get hooked on poetry. South East Arts made a generous contribution for this event for which we were very grateful.

As part of the St Mary's Hall celebrations for the Millennium (the school was founded in 1836 and is still in the original buildings) we have set up a Community of Writers to prepare a school poetry anthology to be published by Christmas 1999. All pupils, members of staff, parents and past pupils will be invited to contribute a poem for this book and a programme of Saturday workshops is already underway. Some of the poems will be in French, Spanish, German, Russian, Japanese, Chinese and other languages to reflect our multicultural community.

Liz Fincham



The Water Babies



Pippy Longstocking



Connie Luk, Vth Form

In the mountain palace of the Rainbow Kings there was a locked room . . .

A girl with the name of Amy found the silver key and opened the door. She saw a bed and a statue and finally a golden birdcage with a white dove asleep. Carefully and quietly she took the cage and the dove and she went down stair hoping no one could hear her. She heard a foot step but not hers, and it stopped each time she did. She turned round and saw . . ., and then collapsed on the floor.

Much later she woke up in a strange room full of gold everywhere. She looked puzzled and in a dark corner of the room she saw a tall dark figure staring at her with a dark purpose. He came into the light. Amy had quite a fancy for him, she thought. He looked quite handsome but strange. "Why are you here?" he said. "I can't remember I must have hit my head quite hard when I collapsed." "Who are you?" Amy shouted to him. I am a knight that never sleeps. "And who are you!" "Amy."

"Why are you here, may I ask again." I am a sorcerer's servant. I add that I can disappear in my cloak. I know magic too, as well as my master. "Come closer!" he said. Amy stepped closer afraid of what he might do to her. "Closer!", "Closer!" Then he grabbed her cloak so she wouldn't disappear. "Now tell me what your name is and who are you to do that to me."

"How are you speak like that to me in such a tone!" "Sorry" Amy said quietly fading her voice. Then by surprise she grabbed her cloak back from the knight, then vanished. The knight opened and shut his eyes in a quick blink to make sure she was there. He got angry with the fact she had got away. She left a ring on the floor, sparkling like a pot of gold like the room. He put it on then! He just disappeared but on the ring it wrote, "Curiosity kills the cat." And so no one saw the Knight ever again.

IK

In the mountain palace of the Rainbow Kings there was a locked room . . .

A girl with the name of Julia found the silver key and opened the door. She saw a ring and a wizard and finally a golden birdcage with a white dove asleep. Carefully and quietly she took the ring and the cage and she went but as she went the wizard said, "Where are you taking that?!" She said. "I don't know but I heard voices saying," Go on take it, take it so I took it!" "Do you know what theft is young lady?" said the wizard!" "Of course I do!" "Well," said the wizard," that it what you have just done."

Much later the wizard went to check on the girl because he put her in a bright room with toys and jewellery and a tape recorder behind the wall which kept on saying, "Go on take it, take it, take it, take it", and it kept on going. When it finished he went in the room and said, "Is that what it sounded like". "Yes how do you know?" "Well" said the wizard a long time ago when I was your age I could always hear the sounds as well but because I was a young wizard at the time I got hold of a

recorder, you know one that fits in your pocket. Well, I put it through my ears so it just fitted in front of my brain."

"Hang on a minute in front of your brain er" "Yes, why?" "Cool, can I do the same?" "No you cannot, it will hurt you." "Anyway every time I heard the noise it taped," "That tape you made me listen to was that the one you taped?" "Yes!"

"Can we go and have a look?" "Yes come on!" and he showed her the way. When he got there she looked at it with a grin "What's the matter?" he said. "Well, have you lost any part of your brain on trees?" "Yes, I have, when ever someone mentioned them I used to think they were one of the things that sit by the loo and you used it to wash the loo out" Then he looked down and there was the part of his brain saying trees so he picked it up and put it through his ear!

"How ever can I thank you?" he said. "Well", said the girl "You can try to get the sounds out of my head!"

So he did! "By the way", he said "Don't always listen to temptation."

Rebecca Arghiros, IK

In the mountain palace of the Rainbow Kings there was a locked room . . .

A girl with the name of Laquesha found the silver key and opened the door. She saw an unfinished painting and a dead twinkie and finally a golden birdcage with a white dove asleep. Carefully and quietly she took the dove and the painting and she flew fiercely to her room. She put the dove in her silver birdcage and shut the door. Laquesha was trembling with fear, staring at the painting. She put it on her canvas stand and stared at it even more.

Much later in the day she decided to go back to the room and look round. When she arrived at the door she opened it and to her amazement the twinkie was gone. Being a twinkie herself she knew that once they died they didn't disintegrate that quickly. All the sap on the floor was gone and the room had been tidied up. Laquesha thought there was something particularly strange about this and wanted to get to the bottom of it. She left the room.

Next morning while she was watching The Small Breakfast there was a news flash. "Yesterday a priceless white dove was stolen from a film set." Laquesha spat out her fruit loops in amazement and turned the volume up. "Hey that looks exactly like that dove I found, whoops." So Laquesha having found out she took a priceless dove quickly dressed up and went down to the police station. "Sure he's right over there", said the receptionist." Er excuse me" "What is it?" said the officer impatiently arguing with a man with a huge gold chain round his neck. "Uhh, my dove where did you find him/her" "The same place you left it" "I honestly didn't know you were shooting a film, I just saw the twinkie and thought some one . . .

IK

The Garden of
Mysteries

Here I sit alone in the green
gazebo,
looking out over five hundred
acres of the most amazing
overgrown garden in the
country.

To my right
is a crumbling statue
of a cute cherub who once
had water flowing.
forcefully from his open
mouth,
yet now he only dribbles
drops of water after the
rainfall.

Further away in the distance a
huge lake
lay shimmering in the glow
of the full moon
as the weeping willow dips
her thin
fingerlike branches into the
cold, clear water.

Now I turn to my left
and look towards the west
I see the sun setting
peacefully over the green
grassy hills.

Behind me
is the out-stretched gravel
driveway,
which ends in the distance
by two rusty, ornamental, tall
iron gates,
which hang from their rusty
hinges.

The ghostly sound,
of their creaking
movement as they sway
to and fro with the Autumn
breeze.

Faye Bennett, IK



Esi Ansah, IVth Form

Snow

The snow glistened on the icy road. As I walked along, it cracked and crunched under my warm cosy feet tucked away in socks and boots.

The clouds above were black, and suddenly they burst and white soft snow fell to the ground.

In the distance I could see young children laughing and playing no skies.

The snow continued to fall as the day drew to an end. The children skied home and I continued to walk through the gathering gloom.

Kerry Moss, Ii

My Guardian Angel

The photograph album was covered in a thick layer of dust. I blew the dust off the front cover revealing a title written in gold capitals. It read:

THE SMITH'S FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM

"Mum! I've found it!" I yelled down to my mum.

"Good, bring it down here!" she shouted back up to me.

I climbed down the wooden ladder out of the attic and jumped the last couple of steps.

"Here it is."

I handed the book to my mum and then I looked down at myself and saw that I was covered with dust. I brushed the dust off my jeans and the elbows of my white T-shirt. Then my mum pointed to my hair and started to giggle.

"You look like an old lady, look at yourself."

My mum directed me towards the mirror and I saw what she was laughing about, my hair had gone white from the dust.

"Ha, ha, very funny. Well, next time you can go up there!" I replied.

"Come on, let's have a look in the book!" I suggested.

So my mum and I sat down at the kitchen table and began flicking through the old book. There were pictures of my mum when she was a baby and there were pictures of her mum when she was a baby.

When we had finished flicking through my mum said, "There you go, will that help you with your project?" "Yes, thank you," I said.

I then went upstairs to my bedroom to start on my project. The project that we were given was that we had to find out as much as we can and then write about our great, great grandmother, grandfather, uncle or aunt. I found a photo of my great, great grandfather as a young man of fourteen years old. I thought to myself "So that's where I get my good looks from." I gave up on my project soon after that, well you don't have to hand it in for two more weeks so why bother doing it now?

Today's Monday and I'm late for school, as usual! I got changed, grabbed a banana and dashed out the door looking a complete wreck. I got to school and apologised for me being late.

Our teacher, Mrs Grim is positively GRIM! As her name tells us. She's the worst type of teacher because she pretends to be nice but really she's thinking up a plan so she can get you into detention.

"Now listen class," she began. "Today we have a new pupil, his name is Sam. Now be polite and show him his classes O.K? Good." I looked at Sam and I thought. 'Gosh, he looks familiar' but I couldn't remember where I had seen him before. This kept on bugging me for the first part of the day, so during break I went up to him and said hi.

"Hi, my name's Emily" I said.

"Hi, I'm Sam."

"Have I seen you around before somewhere, because I have the strangest feeling I know you? I asked.

"Not that I know of," he replied. So we started to have this conversation and we got on really well. So over the

next week we began to hang out with each other and have a laugh. It was great.

I got up late as I usually do on a Monday morning and shot off to school. It was like any other, I chatted to Sam. School had ended and I had said goodbye to Sam and I was about to cross this busy main road to the bus stop so I could catch the bus. So, I began to cross the road when a speeding vehicle came down the road, I saw Sam rush over, he pushed me out of the way and I hit the pavement and then it was a blank.

I opened my eyes to see my mum's kind face beaming down at me. "The doctors say you're going to be O.K," she said in a soft soothing way. Then I thought of Sam.

"What about Sam? He, he pushed me out of the way, he was hit."

"Sam? The doctors didn't mention anything to me about any Sam. I'll go and find out for you," my mum said. She came back, she had a bemused expression on her face. "The doctors say there is no Sam. The paramedics didn't find anyone else, just you," she told me.

I was confused I didn't know what to think. Was I going crazy? Maybe it was someone else? No, it was definitely Sam. I remember seeing his face, it was so serious. The doctors let me out later on that day and I decided I'd carry on with my project. I flicked through the album to the picture of my great, great grandfather and realised Sam was my great, great grandfather. Then it all became clear, he had saved me. Then I didn't ask any more questions because I knew where he had gone and I knew what to write about him in my project.

My Great, Great Grandfather aka My Guardian Angel.

Francesca Parker, 3M2

V W Beetle

It's shaped like a smooth side of an egg shell like the sun rising and setting in the west and east.

The wheels with the white strip are like the whites of our eyes

with hubcaps as the pupils reflecting the past places travelled.

The endless miles of leisure and relaxation if you're just 'cru'sin'

The rear wheels covered to a low paint to give a droopy, sly, slick look and personality.

The bonnet shaped like a tongue dripped between the circular lights with shiny eye lids fixed to attention.

The windscreen is modelled on wings sloping in the middle like a butterfly giving the glass lift. The engine starts with a purr [talk to AD about this] the wheels turn with the heads of people who watch the car roll by.

The eyes open as it travels.

The wind hits the tongue and glides up and fills the wings. The Beetle's in flight.

Amy Drinkwater, 3M1

The School Reunion

As I stepped off the train I wondered whatever had possessed me. A School Reunion? Curiosity I suppose. Twenty years is a long time . . . was the thought I had at the train station.

At school my best friend and I had always said that we would have a reunion, when we had left school. It always seemed like such an amusing plan looking along into years to come. We had even planned the event too, we were going to organise the whole thing, tracking everyone down, decide who should sit with who at the tables and that we would bring whom we wanted along with us.

But twenty years ago is such a long time, we were fifteen and sixteen when we left school. Now at thirty six it seems like such a long time ago! I am now living in Devon in the countryside, so it was very different coming back to Brighton where I grew up. At the train station I took a taxi to my parents' house. As they were still living in the same house, ten minutes away from the school, I decided to stay with them.

On the morning of the reunion I do admit to having second thoughts, but however I realised that if I did not like it I could leave early, and beside, I don't have to ever see these people ever again if I choose not to.

It was being held in the main hall. As I approached I became increasingly curious as to what people had done with their lives. My friend Sam and I had always kept in touch but I had not spoken to many people after a couple of years of leaving. I suppose I just hadn't got around to tracking anyone down.

As I walked into the room it seemed to be bursting with people, far more than I ever remember there being in my year. I took a glass of wine and bumped into Sam, I hadn't seen her for a few months so we hugged as a greeting. I was not aware that she was coming so hadn't been expecting her. She was talking to a girl called Gina whom we'd both been friends with, she was always so immature at school and now she just seemed to have completely changed, everything about her was so different from what I could remember.

The afternoon carried on and over the time I worked my way around the room speaking to almost everyone. It did seem



Christmas card 1997
designs by Jenifer Commin, Katie Jones and Emily Beard, 2nd Form

strange to see what people had become. Some were working as shop workers. Some women (I think four) had bought their own companies and had well-positioned jobs working in London.

Most women were married, some with children and some people were still single and living alone. One particular woman – whose name I can't remember had been married and had five children. It seemed like she had been married for ever, not fifteen years. I have been married for eight years and even that seemed like a long time.

When we were driving through Brighton I saw places where we used to 'hang around' at and where we used to go in the evenings. The whole town had not really changed much. It is so different to where I live now, the country. It is always quiet and a forty five minute journey into the nearest town. Sam still lived in the area so it was just the same to her as it always was when we were younger.

As I arrived home, I realised that I had enjoyed the reunion a great deal. As I was always interested in what everyone else was doing and being nosy it was just the perfect occasion for me, to look into other people's lives and see a tiny bit of what was going on, then make my own mind up about the person involved!

Felicity Carr, 3M

The Path

I was walking along a path of Ellesmere Island, in northern Canada. Today is the summer solstice, so the sun will be out for a very long time. The tall trees rustle in the warm summer breeze. Bright green colours surround me. The Arctic ocean is just a few hundred metres away, and I can hear the waves crashing against the ancient shore. Further north, snow-capped mountains peak over the horizon. Birds call each other, and the buzz of insects is all around. The sky is bright blue, with just a few clouds. Squirrels, chipmunks, pine martens and deer are seen, gathering down by a small pond in the centre of the woods. There isn't another person within miles.

Suddenly, I stumbled. Bending down, I saw a glint of gold. I brushed away fallen leaves, and saw that it was a rather large key. It was exquisitely made with gem studded gold. The top of the key was woven in an intricate pattern. It looked like something that had fallen out of a fairy tale. I placed the key in my pocket.

About 300 metres further down the path, I saw a large redwood fallen on the ground. It appeared to have been struck down by lightning. It blocked out the sun when I was standing directly beside it. Walking off the path, I followed the tree to its stump, and, pausing to count the rings on the stump, discovered that the tree was at least 200 years old. I turned and followed the tree back to the path, so not to lose my way in this wild expanse.

I hear leaves crunching behind me. I turn quickly to see a woman, in her early twenties, walking towards me.

"Hello," she says as she comes closer.

"Hello." I answered cautiously.

"I'm Erin. I was camping nearby, and now I'm making my way back to the main road, and I'm taking a charter flight back to the mainland." She pointed to the heavy looking bag she was carrying on her back for proof.

"My name's Christine. I was doing a day walk through the forest. It's very beautiful," I added, to make conversation.

"Definitely," she answered.

We continued to walk down the path until we came to a fork in the path. To the left side, we saw a small cottage.

"Who on earth would be daft enough to live up here? It gets down to -60°C during the winter." Erin said. We walked up to the cottage. It was rather ordinary, but neither of us could resist looking in the windows. We saw a small table, with four chairs. We walked around the back

of the house and saw a kitchen, with only a few sets of plates and cutlery. Then I noticed a very minuscule window, closer to the roof of the house. Erin helped me up, and I peered inside. It was a room full of archaeological books and equipment, and several books on the Viking sagas in North America. I saw an old, old knife, a few pieces of pottery, and a few other household items.

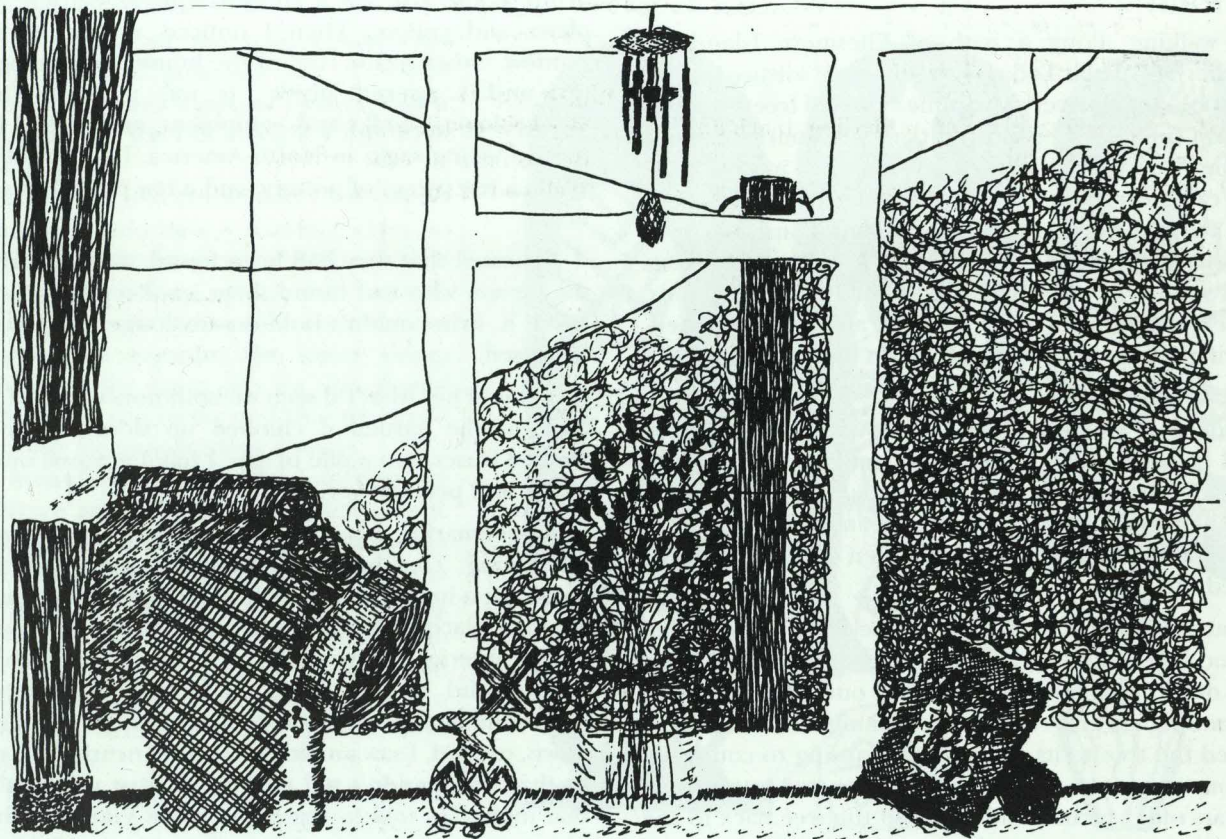
I guessed that they had been found around here, and the person who had found them was keeping very quiet about it. Erin couldn't hold on any longer, and we both collapsed.

As I told her what I'd seen we both noticed a wall at the edge of the garden. I climbed up slowly, while Erin pushed leaves into a pile in case I fell. I grasped onto the ledge, and peered over.

It was amazing. I saw an old settlement, which I guessed was Viking. Thatched roofs had been unearthed, and I could see a long house, which would have been used as a meeting place. This was the second Viking settlement in North America, known as Mark Land. The Vinland had been found in the 1960s, at L'Anse aux Meadows, Newfoundland, but this was doubted to exist. As I climbed down, excited, I saw an old man sitting nearby. He said to us that we shouldn't tell anyone, at least not until after that night. He told us that there was a Viking myth, that he wanted to prove true. We went inside, and he handed us a small, very tattered book. We read a beautiful story, about the legend of the White Wolf, who would come on Midsummer – tonight! We waited until nightfall, and then something extraordinary happened. A beautiful pure white wolf came out of the darkness. The old man placed the knife and pottery in front of him, and the wolf came closer. He sniffed the artefacts, and then stepped over them. When he moved again, the things had disappeared. The wolf went from house to house, and they all were gone within a few seconds. He turned, as if to leave, but sniffed the air, then turned back and growled at me. I understood. I placed the key that was in my pocket down. He came to me, and seemed to smile.

He had been the guardian of the Vikings. He did not want to have their resting place disturbed. Now no one would find the settlement. Erin and I walked back to the main road in silence. We said our good-byes, and were on our way. I never heard from her again. No one would ever believe that there had been a Viking settlement up on Ellesmere Island.

Julia Bezanson, 3M



Sarah Hatherly, IVth Form

Romeo and Juliet

I am Juliet Capulet. I am going to tell you the story of how I met Romeo and what happened after that until the day I died.

I was engaged to a man called Paris, who was a nobleman and kinsman to the Prince. For years, my family, the Capulets, had been feuding with the Montagues.

One afternoon, I was at the Banquet that my mother and father had held, that was where I saw Romeo. Romeo came over to me and talked, then we kissed! Nurse came and told me my mother wanted a word with me. When I returned, I was talking to Nurse, and I asked her to go and ask his name and if he was married. So she told me his name was Romeo and a Montague, the only son of my family's great enemy. I was so upset that he was a Montague, of all names, why must I hate a man that I love.

That evening, I was standing on the balcony, and I heard him talking about me. He came up and we talked. We arranged to marry each other.

The next day, Nurse told me the news about when and where the marriage would be. I married Romeo and I was happy, but nobody could know that we were married.

Nurse came to me and told me that my cousin Tybalt was dead, she also told me that Romeo had killed him, but I still loved him.

Romeo had been banished but he returned for the

night of the wedding and he slept with me all night until he heard the lark, the herald of the morn. He left me just in case someone saw him, but I wanted him to stay forever.

After Romeo had left, mother and father came in. They told me that I was to marry Paris on the next Thursday.

I didn't want to marry him and I couldn't change my mother and father's minds, so I went to see Friar Lawrence.

Friar Lawrence understood my problem and had an idea. He gave me some liquor which was meant to make me so doped, that I would appear dead. He told me to go to bed and drink it. He also said that he would send a note to Romeo to tell him I was not really dead.

That night, as I was going to sleep, I drank the liquor that Friar Lawrence had given me.

I woke up after just under two days. To my surprise, I found Romeo dead, with a bottle of poison in his hands. I couldn't believe it. I was so sad, that I decided as I loved Romeo so much, that I would kill myself to be with him. I thought that there might be some poison left on his lips, so I tried kissing him so I could get the poison off his lips, on to mine, but his lips were dry. I took his dagger and I stabbed myself with it.

Sonal Desai, Ii

Wicked Conversations: 1

Lady Macbeth: You're like a reptile, Macbeth,
dark and slimy,
Macbeth: You're like a crow, darling, black and
beautiful,
Lady Macbeth: Yet you are changeable; sometimes
feeble, sometimes evil,
Macbeth: You're two faced; angelic and devilish.
Lady Macbeth: You are the impotent one of us,
Macbeth: Yet, it was your idea disposing of
Duncan.
Lady Macbeth: And a praiseworthy idea it was.
Macbeth: Praiseworthy . . . maybe, righteous . . .
never!

Katy Deak, IIM1

"You'll be a king", three witches said.
But first king Duncan has to be dead.
We'll kill him when he comes round,
Be sure not to make a sound.
Then we'll take him up to the tower,
Then we'll have all the power.
Be careful my bold Macbeth,
I'll make sure tonight is Duncan's death.

Monika Patel, IIM1

Lady Macbeth: Witches told my husband he's going
to be a king.
Macbeth: A bold soldier to a proud king
What a funny thing!
Lady Macbeth: A crown, some jewels,
I'll be a beautiful queen.
Macbeth: We could kill Duncan,
Oh, no! That would be obscene!
Lady Macbeth: We'll kill the king!
That's what we'll do.
Macbeth: But then we'll be an evil two!
Lady Macbeth: Tonight he comes, to a vicious stay.
Macbeth: Left will be a guilty pair,
Who live another day.

Samantha Compton, IIM1

Lady Macbeth: On this jet-black night we'll kill
Duncan,
Macbeth: I don't know.
Lady Macbeth: Oh, you're feeble,
Macbeth: You're wicked and evil.
Lady Macbeth: Stop! Now listen, we won't be vicious,
Macbeth: Don't you think it'll look suspicious?

Alex Viano, IIM1

Don't be so feeble,
It's wicked to do this to me.
You may be beautiful,
But you can be evil at times!
Well you're supposed to be a soldier and bold.
Perhaps I don't want to be,
As evil and thoughtless as you!
All right then,
If you don't want to be King.
Of course I do,
Well yes,
Perhaps tonight,
Will be wicked!
Wonderful,
Let's be jet black together!

Felicity Carr, IIM1

Lady Macbeth: Macbeth you are so feeble,
but there is a way you can be my hero.
Macbeth: What's that my beautiful crow-like lady?
Lady Macbeth: Kill Duncan tonight or you'll be zero!
Macbeth: But that is just plain evil.
Lady Macbeth: You're meant to be a soldier,
or don't you want to be KING!
Macbeth: You wicked, rotten, hard-hearted
reptile.
Lady Macbeth: You are a traitor Macbeth,
now kill Duncan tonight!

Alexandra Fleming, IIM1

Lady Macbeth: A crown, some jewels and now a queen,
Macbeth: To kill Duncan, but that would be
mean,
Lady Macbeth: The deadly deed will proceed tonight,
Macbeth: I used to be an honourable Knight,
Always ready to fight.
Lady Macbeth: Now you'll be a proud and handsome
man,
Macbeth: I'll be guilty with blood stained hands.

Cassandra Kamtarin, IIM1

This inky night is right for the deed,
But no guilt will haunt us,
We should not fear guilt,
What if Duncan makes a fuss?
Is it not a great sin to kill,
We should trust the three witches that spoke,
We would be killing him against his will.

Laura Brooks, IIM1

In the middle

Goodbye Summer
Hello Winter
The weather is getting cold
Winter is wrapping
her big arm around us
Autumn fires being started
Extra blankets
Goodbye Summer
Hello Winter.

Penny Ellis, Ii

Leaves

The brown and yellow leaves
Are flying down from the Old Oak
Tree,
The wind of winter is scattering them
round the warm wood,
the bright summer leaves are turning
to mellow yellow leaves.
Soon they'll be frozen from winter's
sharp gales,
Winter's coming,
Summer's going,
Autumn is here

Ii

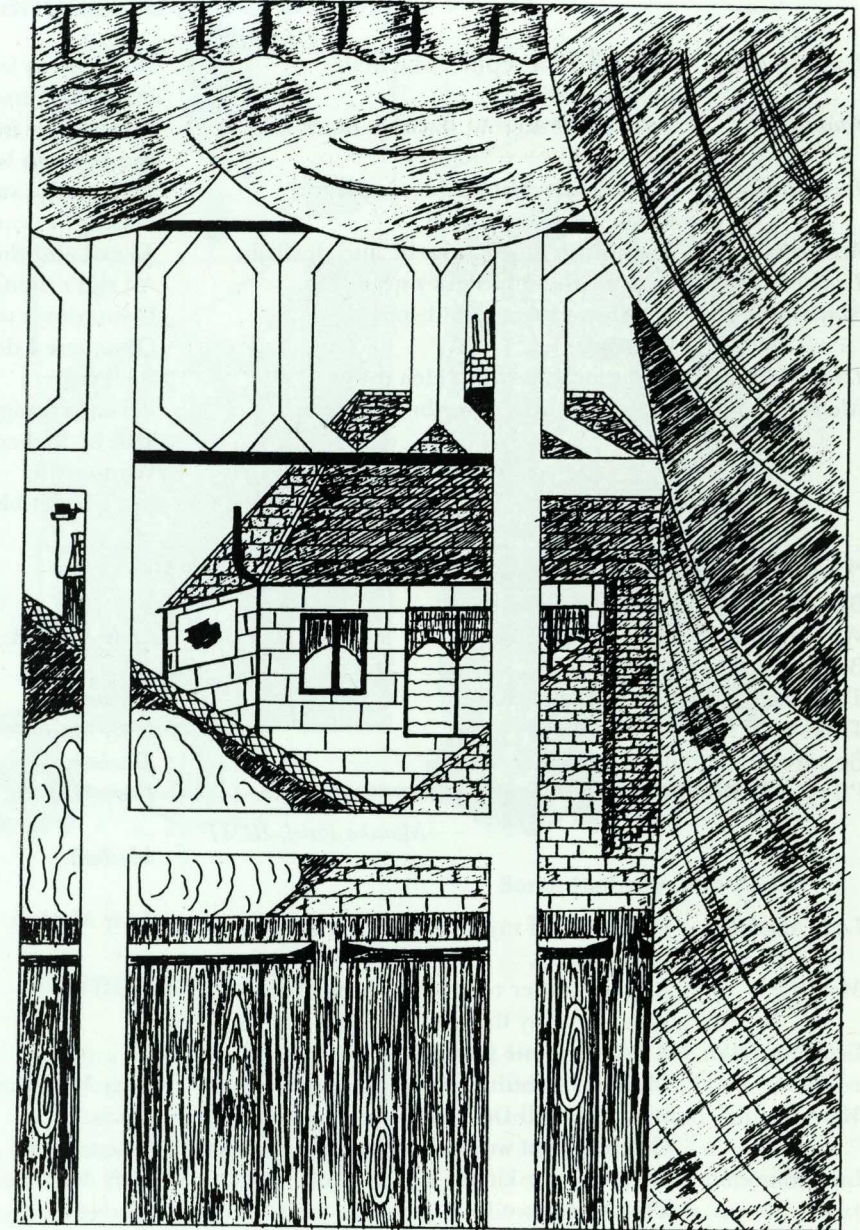
Leaves

They twist and twirl
around and around
dancing and diving right down to the
ground

They're orange and red
they're yellow and brown
blowing and rustling
falling down and down.

What are they?
These things
they come from the trees
I know what they are
they're fabulous leaves!

Lucy Lynch, Ii



Sara Toussi, IVth Form

The Wind

The wind began with a fearsome blow.
It started like Sprinters on the word go.
The wind whooshes and whistles down windy alley ways.
It's never been like this, until today.
It lifts umbrellas up into the air and turns them inside out without a care.
The wind is a bear growling all night, the winds destruction is a terrible sight.
It howls like a wolf calling for its mate.
Expending its power at a terrible rate.
It lifts the leaves and swirls them around.
Then suddenly it stops without making a sound
Looking around its devastation is complete, the silence is like a baby asleep.

Allana Austin, Ii

Wicked Conversations: 2

Lady Macbeth: Tonight's the night, where I can show my wicked side.

Macbeth: Yes, it's the night I become king . . .

Lady Macbeth: I love it when you talk so boldly.

Macbeth: Well, I wouldn't be me, if I didn't.

Lady Macbeth: I can just see it; blood spitting out from everywhere.

Macbeth: The next thing you know, he's dead! Which makes me king And me proud for being who I am.

Kinal Patel, IHIM1

Lady Macbeth: Macbeth, my dear, you are so bold

Macbeth: Lady, my love, you're just plain evil and cold!

Lady Macbeth: Don't make me cry, for you scare me too much,

Macbeth: All right I'll do it, but please help me out!

Lady Macbeth: You kill him at twelve, but not before.

Macbeth: You're far too ambitious, what if it all goes wrong?

Lady Macbeth: It shouldn't, as long . . . as you don't go wrong!

Sarah Gartside, IHIM3

My Box

I want my box
To be made of polished oak wood
My memories engraved on the lid
The inside would be lined
With plush red satin
With my duvet all scrunpled up.
On the bottom would be my music
On top of that my photos
My favourite pillow would go in next
My Liverpool shirt after that
And my flute.
In would go JBR
My scruffy little monkey
My reading classics would go in later
A Little Princess and *Ballet Shoes*
My cameo set would be kept close
The one that my nanny gave to me
My special blanket would go in last
The one I've had since I was born.
I would like to put in my parents
But you can't when
You're dead.

Michelle Moloney, IHIM

The Beach

The beach is a bare, undressed no-man's land which lies between the dull noise of the busy streets, and the quiet sweep of the sea.

It is constant, year after year, almost unchanging through day and night. The beach is there as the sun rises, climbing lazily into a smiling summer sky, touching each smooth grain of sand with its soft, comforting fingers.

The rocks rise at the edges of the sand. Unbreakable fortresses to guard the unknown beauties of the sea, and protect the vulnerable sand from attack.

As the day wakes, the sweet silence of the beach is broken by the urgent cries of the gulls calling those nearby towards the promise of that day.

By mid-morning the beach is coloured with activity. Children play in its smooth, curving dunes and bright towels are spread out, dressing the beach in its best for that summer day.

The tide flows in, gingerly reaching out to the warm beach in waves, then shyly falling away again.

The sun reaches its throne at the top of the sky, and the multitudes of people lessen as the pressure of the heat pushes down on them. The air shimmers in the fierce and the water rushes to cool the burning sand.

Late afternoon, and the sun is starting to tire. The beach is more subdued now. There is less excitement hanging in the air. The loud cries of the gulls, standing like sentries on the rocks, mingle with the slow, broken conversation of lazy people relaxing in the gentler heat and listening to the almost vocal sounds of the sea.

On into the comforting warmth of a summer evening. The sun sinks to admire itself in the looking glass of the still waters, and the beach is stilled. The bright colours are gone. Only the sand – pale in the fading light – is left. The sun's soft spectrum of gentle colours caresses the rhythmic waves lovingly, and dreaming couples walk hand in hand, looking out at the dancing half-light on the quietly whispering sea.

A blanket of calm peacefulness lies over the beach and all who are near it. For a moment – in the last breaths of the dying light – the beach becomes a landscape of lunar curves and ethereal shadows cast by unseen things.

And as the light fades away completely, the beach lies still and sleepy, a pillow for the sea.

Siobhan O'Hara, IVP

Home Alone!

My house is all jolly,
 when people are home,
 but I absolutely hate,
 being home alone.
 There's no one to talk to,
 nothing to play,
 I'll sit reading books,
 or watch TV all day.
 I could be out shopping,
 having fun with my friends,
 but Mum said "No way!"
 will this day never end!
 Mum gets home,
 roundabout eleven,
 the minutes tick by,
 it's only half past seven!
 when I walk round my
 house,
 I go in each room
 all as quiet as a mouse.
 I hear the door o[pen,
 who could it be?
 my sister, my Mum, my Dad
 Maybe.
 I hear a voice calling,
 It's one that I know,
 My heart comes to rest,
 Somebody's home!
 I run down the stairs
 shouting,
 "Mum, your home!"
 Then I say to her,
 "I hate being home alone!"



Joy Flatt, IInd Form

My Cat

We rescued him about three months ago. The person whom we rescued him from was going to dump him at Devil's Dyke. Mum just couldn't leave him so she brought him home, we named him Teddy because his face looks like a teddy bear. At the time we had two fish and a hamster. When he came he was very shy and he would hide behind the sofa until we had all gone to bed, then he would come out and eat. He has a gorgeous coat which reminds me of a tiger, his eyes are big and round and green and when he is annoyed they go a really dark green and they get smaller. His fur is soft and gentle and he has a caramel tummy. When you pass compliments to him he looks at you in a way that tells you, "Well carry on then, I'm waiting for more". If you really annoy him by telling him off for trying to eat the fish he will walk a perfect circle round you until he makes friends with you and the only way you can do that is to give him cat biscuits.

When I first started to become a day girl, I used to and still do get up at 6.00. Now every morning at six o'clock he wakes up exits himself from the bottom of his bed and wakes me up but the thing is he will either walk all over me and attack my heel until I get up or he'll sit down on the floor and hit his bell round his neck until I get up to feed him and let him out. When you feed him he will only eat Felix with jelly and or cat biscuits. We have tried him on everything else and he won't eat it. He doesn't eat any kind of human food apart from chicken Ticca which is slightly strange. When you do come to feeding him before you put the bowl down you say kiss and he will jump up and give you a kiss. When he is outside and we want him in we take the cat biscuit box and shake it until we see a small thing leap over the fence which runs straight in and straight to the food bowl. My cat is a very lazy cat and will just sleep anywhere.

Say this city has ten million souls

With apologies to W H Auden

Dreamed I saw a table with a thousand meals
A thousand faces and a thousand fears.
Just two of them were ours, my dear, just two of them
were ours.
Stood on a great plain in the blazing heat.
Ten thousand sacks of rice, but no meat.
At least it's food for us, my dear, at least it's food for us.

Hannah Redman, IV

Say this city has ten million souls

With apologies to W H Auden

'Refugee Blues'

Say this country has ten million souls,
Some a living in mansions, some are living in holes:
Yet there's no food for us, my dear, there's no food for us.

Went to a charity; they offered me a chair;
Asked me politely to return next year:
But where shall we go to-day, my dear, but where shall we
go to-day?

Came to a village the speaker got up and said:
"If we let them in, they will steal our daily bread"
He was talking of you and me, my dear, he was talking of
you and me.

Thought I heard the planes rumbling in the sky;
It was the UN over Sudan saying: "They must live, not die"
O we were in their mind, my dear, O we were in their
mind.

Saw a baby in a jacket fastened with a pin,
Saw a jacket opened and another let in:
But they weren't living babies, my dear, but they weren't
living babies.

Went down the harbour and stood upon the quay,
Saw the dead lying as if they were free;
Just ten hours away, my dear, just ten hours away.

Dreamed I saw a light with a thousand rays,
A thousand lives and a thousand days;
Not one of those was ours, my dear, not one of those was
ours.

Stood on a hill top in the blazing sun;
Ten thousand troopers marching until they won:
Looking for you and me, my dear, looking for you and
me.

Sara Toussi, IV

Description

After many years of waiting the youngest and happiest
of the fairies was given a chance for her first creation.
She had lots of suggestions but none quite special
enough. Until one day she came up with the best idea and
set to work straight away.

She picked a very special mare and an extremely
beautiful stallion and a foal was born as black as a
silhouette of the sun with only two white marks, a small
snip on the tip of his mouth and one white foot. To
symbolise that he was a gift from the fairies she sprinkled
a touch of angel dust on the side of his head and taught
him to run with the wind giving him the name Peter Pan.
He would fly and stay young at heart forever. He grew up
a bright and happy foal and by the age of four we were
drawn together. Now, two and a half years later I start my
description.

If I were to say the thing I love most about him, it would
be his uncontrollable character. He can be cheeky, loving
and willing at once and you never know quite what he will
do next, although he is not uncomfortably unpredictable.

He knows all the tricks in the book such as landing me
in the muddiest puddle and then turning around with a
puzzled look on his face as if to say, "What are you doing
down there?" Of course sometimes he is naughty but I can
never stay angry with him for long.

He hates being kept in a stable for days and gets ratty,
he prefers to be in a field in any weather. I am set on the
idea that he hears me coming and then chooses that time
to 'roll' so when he innocently looks up from his
munching he is covered in sticky wet mud.

Despite his being 'slightly' overweight he is surprisingly
fussy about titbits and has limited himself to carrots,
apples and polo's whilst some horses will happily glug
down a can of coke!

Out in the field he is generally 'the boss' because out
there he changes to very protective and dominant. He will
generally do anything I ask provided I do not confuse
him. On a softer note when I am with him I feel he can
take me anywhere, anytime and he listens to my problems
and achievements without commenting.

Rebecca Rowland, 3M2

The first time I went on a horse.

The first time I went on a horse was at a park. We were at Hove Park and there was a horse ride. The horse I went on was a small one and it was a beautiful one. The horse I rode was grey and had a saddle which was not fully on, so each time I went around the saddle moved over to each side which was quite scary. So they put it on in the correct place.

To begin with my mum walked round to see if I was comfy and if I was enjoying it. I got up by walking up some steps and then I was up on the beautiful horse. The reins were long and black and very hard. So I just held the reins with my fingers which was wrong. I was led by somebody, who helped me to ride. Then the person in the front started trotting so we all did, and it was very bouncing and scary because we were going quite fast. We carried on going around the park. I was really enjoying the ride in the park. Then we began walking again. After a while the girl let go of me and I began walking and trotting by myself. It was scary and hard work because I had to keep on kicking and slowing down. The horse was getting very naughty because it kept on going over to the side. So I gave the horse a tug. I had a half an hour ride. I was not looking forward to getting off when we got back, there were no steps. So I was helped down the proper way! I loved that day and it was just so lovely to think about it again. I go riding at Happy Valley Riding Stables which are lovely and enjoyable.

A dream come true

It was a late night, Penny was getting ready for bed. She got into her cosy bed and was asleep very quickly. Penny started to dream. She dreamt all night long about getting a playful little puppy.

The next day she got up, got dressed and ate her yummy breakfast. Penny went to get the paper for her dad. As she was walking she thought and thought about a puppy. Penny went into the newspaper shop and bought the early paper. When she was back in the street she looked at the notices in the shop window. One notice said a puppy had been found, the people who were its owner hadn't come forward and the other people had to go to America on holiday.

Penny started to run home. She told her mum and dad. They told her to go to play while they thought. They thought and thought and eventually called Penny and told her she could look after the puppy until the owner came back. Penny was over the moon. She called the people. They gave her the beautiful, playful puppy and said, "Thank you." Straightaway she took the puppy for a walk.

Three weeks past, no one came forward. The people who had gone to America called to see if the puppy had been claimed. Penny's mum and dad decided to keep the puppy. Penny was delighted.

Every day she played and walked the puppy. She called it Smudge because it had a habit of walking on and smudging her work. The puppy grew to be a big old labrador.

Response to an article in *The Times*

Do you know about young carers?

- David Henderson (9) does a full day's work before he leaves for school.
- He makes sure that his mother is well and sets out her amount of pills to take, chooses her clothes and reads her mail.
- Melanie attempts as much as she can for herself, because David does too much.
- There are about 40,000 young people caring for sick or disabled parents.
- Melanie became blind 8 years ago, her husband left her 5 years ago.
- David has to care for his mother who is sick as well as blind.
- David has adult responsibilities; he worries about his mum all the time. Some schools don't help, they won't let children like David home if their parents are ill.
- One teenager is so stressed her hair is falling out; and her school won't give her home tuition.
- One girl tells her friends that she goes home to feed her dog, because if she told the truth, she might get bullied.
- About 20% of carers miss a lot of school and Ms Crawforth doesn't like it that the social services won't pay for a paid carer.
- The Duchess of Kent recently presented David with tickets for the F A cup final.
- There are about 100 young carers projects run by the local authorities and by charities but many young carers don't come into contact with them.
- Emma Fincham, Young Carers Worker at the Princess Royal Trust for Carers Centre in Tower Hamlets, says that they don't want to be identified as young carer because they think they might have to be put into care.
- Patrina Brooks (11) is sometimes taken into care for a short time when her mum is hospitalised. Her mother suffers from Lupus, her husband left her after she became ill.
- Patrina has been caring for her mum since she was 4.
- Her mum makes sure that Patrina has outside activities to give her a break from caring for her.

Stephanie Barnes, 3MI

Community of Writers

Extracts of poems for the St Mary's Hall Anthology

Aleatory

We're a pilot group, a disparate team.
Laid end to end we're about as long as
Three Globicephala Malena,
The Pilot Whales. But are we as clever?
Can we thrust our heads up out of the waves,
Look around, take a bearing on our lives?
We're found in most of the earth's great oceans
In gregarious hundreds, travelling Together. So why are we just nine?
Perhaps if we hold our breath, dive down deep,
Emerge black-backed, blowing our thought's spray
High and wide we might make someone gasp
With our ice-water brilliance. Maybe They'll join us, until our school is as big
As the School, and our anthology sea-wide
With the salty dip and swell of our words

Anne Commin 16 May 1998

Poetry

You can't hurry a good poem.
Reading or writing, take it easy,
Slow as a Summer Sunday,
Quiet as a Quaker Meeting.

Shape it sound by sound,
Weigh word for word,
Build the phrases gently,
Get the feel and then
The sense will surface,
Ball its fist and
Punch you in the gut.

So, remember: breathe deep, keep calm,
But brace yourself for Impact.

Anne Commin 16 May 1998

Poem written in response to Rousseman's painting The Tiger.

Jungle Cat

Deep in the Jungle,
Two bright eyes peer through the undergrowth.
They are sparkling,
Glistening,
Bright, bright yellow eyes,
Full of life,
Full of excitement,
Full of danger.

Deep in the Jungle,
A head pokes through the undergrowth.
A large head, with rounded ears,
Whiskers that twitch with anticipation,
A large, black, shiny, wet nose,
That sucks in the air for danger or prey.
She yawns - still feeling a bit tired from her sleep earlier,
And shows off her two magnificent long, sharp, pointed canines.
She is now ready to hunt.

Deep in the Jungle,
A cat stalks through the undergrowth.
She has a long, muscular spotty body,
Equipped with strong, powerful legs,
Fully armed with sharp, retractable claws,
Which she will use to rip open her prey with,
Like the hunter she is.
Her tail,
Long, curling, thin and spotty,
Waves in the moonlit night,
Ever twitching to escape from the blood sucking parasites,
Of the African Plains.
She is now going hunting.

Slowly but surely,
She stalks nearer and nearer to the injured antelope,
Which she has already picked out from the rest of the heard.

Suddenly the animal stops grazing,
Looks up and scans the night plains for danger.
She freezes.
As soon as the small head drops down to feed,
Certain there is no danger,
She moves again,
Closer, closer,
Nearer, nearer, until she is just the right distance from her prey.

Then . . . she charges.
The majestic beast throws herself out of the bushes into the chase.
The antelope bolts, aware of the charging cat advancing closer and closer.
The animal is weakening,
Which gives our cat the chance she has been waiting for.
Out shoots the front paw,
Tripping the antelope in its path.
It loses balance, falls and breaks its neck.

There is little left of the chase now.
Up comes our cat and gives the antelope the suffocating bite to the throat,
Which is the last action necessary to fulfil her aim.
As reds, oranges, yellows and pinks drift across the sky,
And the sun rises over the African Plains, signalling the start of a new day,
The silent leopard walks majestically to a tree.
She hauls her prize up onto a bough, slings it over a fork,
And settles down to eat.
Once again the hunter has won,
And the Jungle echoes with roars of victory.

Dee Baker, IV



Dragonfly Elvis

For Jack Williamson

Shirt white enough
to shame an angel,
patience with kids
to outshine Job,
shoes polished
into black glass.

Tucked in the corner
of the staffroom
listening to a tale of woe
spinning a story
with a fisherman's skill
talking families,
pride in his voice.

On a Friday walkabout
up in the secret world
at the school pond
he noticed
the dragonflies dance.

Up on the stage
at the fashion show
Elvis in white jeans
making us laugh.

At the end on term
defusing the scratchiness
of our exhaustion

We'll miss you each summer
when we slow down,
take time, to watch
the dragonflies dance.

Liz Fincham



Photographs by Mark Hatherley

Family Memories of St Mary's Hall

St Mary's Hall – 1932-1940

It is interesting for me having the third generation of our family at St Mary's Hall. My sister and I were at the School in the 1930's. I was there from 1932-1940, when the School closed because of the war. The terraced houses in Eastern Road were called Harvey Terrace and when the School closed down in July 1940 and it was taken over by the Canadian Army, everything of value was put in Harvey Terrace and that was bombed!

In my day, there were many more boarders than day girls, and the Junior House which was called St Nicholas, was where Hilary is now.

The music facilities now are superb compared with my time. We had no orchestra; jazz group; only singing, although some girls learned the piano and violin and one played the harp. However, plays were produced and musicals such as 'Hansel and Gretel', and we were all in the Centenary Pageant in 1936, dressed as in 1836.

We were very lucky with the games facilities – no swimming pool, of course, but Whitehawk did not exist, and the School rented out acres of land there, and we had many cricket pitches, and a dozen or so tennis courts – and netball courts and hockey pitches. Incidentally, we played hockey on the very sloping field opposite the School, where the houses are now. There were very few cars, so we were easily able to cross the road.

In my day, there were no male staff, and none were married, and only one had a car. Most people walked, cycled or went by bus or train.

I enjoy returning to see how the School is moving with the times and yet retains the many good traditions that were begun so many years ago.

Mary Clements (née Reeson)

St Mary's Hall – 1960-1968

When I first came to SMH the uniform consisted of a navy blue tunic, white shirt and navy and pale blue (for my house, Bristol) striped tie. However, within a year the uniform changed to a grey skirt, turquoise jumper and pink and white or blue and white short sleeved shirt.

As day girls we were in the minority with two day houses, Bristol and Chichester (a third, Adelaide, was added later) and three boarding houses, Elliott, Babington and Hilary.

We used to play lacrosse on the field 'over the road' where there are now houses across from the school. On the 'sloping field' where now stands the VI form block, some of us had small gardens in which plants and herbs struggled to survive depending on whether we remembered to water them, with Miss Bristol (ex-Latin mistress and in charge of the library) supervising.

I was very happy at SMH and am delighted my niece (Sarah Gartside) is the third generation of the family to attend the school.

Sue Bruce-Smith (née Clements) 1960-1968

St Mary's Hall – 1965-1972

Inkwells in Transition with Miss Armstrong. Daily third of a pint milk bottles to drink with a straw – Linda Wilson found a very useful hole in the floorboards (now the Chemistry Lab.!) to deposit the milk which many of us hated!

Buns – jam, currant and iced – delicious at break time – I don't remember drinking milk after Transition, must have been a relief for the floorboards!

Berets – always having to wear them, with our hair tied back, when we were travelling to and from school. We were always trying to take them off and hoped no prefect or member of staff would see us!

Miss Hauser and singing practice in the old dark hall – now the gym, widthways was the length and half the size – "Girls, when we have finished this practice, please do not slam your hymn books together" – slam, slam, slam echoed round the hall!

The arrival of Miss Ratner a terrific music mistress (not quite the standard today, of course!). "Sit you down", she would say and we all sat down immediately. Madrigals and Choral Society with Brighton College! What excitement visiting Brighton College, better get my comb out and make sure I look OK! Singing Stabat Mater as well!!

Mrs Watts hurling board rubbers at us if we were not listening! Miss Griffiths who taught R.S introducing Question Box where we used to invent the most ridiculous questions – along the lines of PSE today, but not quite the same!

Being forced to finish every bit of rice pudding at lunch time – I was sitting on the top table (ugh!) in the old dining room (room K, now).

Mrs Allen, our excellent English mistress, who would ask us to repeat the last item someone had been reading from Shakespeare, if she thought we were not paying attention! I found my mind rarely wandered in these lessons!

One term everyone ended up with flu in my class except me, so I had to write an absentee form with everyone name on and then hold the door open for Mrs Web – French mistress – as there were just the two of us left!

I enjoyed my years at St Mary's Hall and look back at the many happy and sometimes funny memories of my time there.

Elizabeth Gartside (née Clements)