



Foreword

The arrival of the Magazine is always awaited with anticipation and excitement! We so enjoy reading about the highlights and achievements of the year and sharing them together. In this edition we are 'Celebrating Diversity' – celebrating the rich experience of life at St Mary's Hall. We come to School to learn and grow together. We have students with immense talent from a wide variety of cultures, traditions and faiths. This magazine reflects how we rejoice in our differences and in our individual strengths. We are enriched through working together in a spirit of mutual respect, co-operation and encouragement. Our young people are our hope for the future, for a peaceful world. Their thoughts and aspirations are recorded here and I hope you enjoy sharing them as much as I have done.

My thanks to the editors Mrs Fincham and Mrs Lock for their inspiration and Mr Hatherly for his photography.

Susan Meek
Headmistress



Some St Mary's Hall Sixth Formers celebrating the global cease-fire – Peace One Day, September 2002: each student received a white rose as a symbol of peace, at our Chapel Service

CONTENTS

Staff News	2
Commonwealth Day.....	4
Creative Writing, Year 7	6
Creative Writing, Year 8	10
Careers	11
Young Enterprise	12
Seagull Programme	13
Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme	16
Soil to Textbook	17
Hello Dolly	19
Travel	23
Creative Writing, Year 9	29
Pet Show	39
Creative Writing, Year 11	40
Creative Writing, Year 12	45
Miscellany	46
Creative Writing, Year 13	47
Junior Department	48
Achievements	59

Staff News

Some Familiar Faces Leave

Jenny Lovell

Those who have had contact with St Mary's Hall for a number of years will be sorry to learn that Jenny Lovell has decided to move on.

Jenny arrived a little while before me, but it didn't take long to find that we had a number of interests in common – in languages, Third World Development and Amnesty International, amongst others. In fact the friendship was shared with my wife Frances who has dragged her off on holiday at least once a year for the last few years, to parts of the country (colder ones!) I was less keen to visit.

Jenny has been, at various times in her stay at St Mary's Hall, Head of Modern Languages, Head of Boarding and Head of Religious Studies, so her formal contribution to the School in the past decade and more has been enormous and very much appreciated by successive Heads.

What may have been less obvious has been the amount of support which Jenny has given to students and colleagues with problems and difficulties, bringing great sympathy, sensitivity and perspicacity to bear on others' problems. I am sure many members of staff and not a few girls will miss her kindness and shrewd judgement.

At home, Frances and I will miss her friendship, although, as she has family ties in the area, we certainly hope to see her often. Does anyone have a thick anorak I can borrow?

John Low

Mrs Jackie Lewis came to St Mary's Hall in 1994 as Head of Physics, and for seven years shared her great love of the subject with the pupils. Astronomy was her special area, so she was in her element when we had the eclipse in the summer of 2000. Her enthusiasm in this instance was slightly tinged with apprehension; she was so concerned about the possible damage to girls' eyes that she ordered dozens of sets of cardboard specs, so that we could all enjoy the experience in safety. Mrs Lewis organised links with the local community, holding 'Physics is

Fun' sessions that were open to those with a scientific interest. She took school assemblies regularly, and organised a Coffee Morning to raise funds for Cancer Research. Retirement has meant a change of activities for her, with a chance to pursue her love of art, and spend more time than ever in her garden.

Miss Valerie Martin was also well known to many girls, not only as a biology teacher, but also as a teacher of English as a foreign language. Miss Martin came to St Mary's Hall in 1991, after a very interesting career, ranging from Head of Biology at Haberdasher's School in Acton, through Education Officer to the Government of Kenya, to translator of biology textbooks from French into English in Tunisia. Miss Martin's many anecdotes enlivened many a long afternoon in the lab! Her years overseas gave her a special understanding of the pupils from other countries; they enjoyed her sense of humour too. In the staff room she was not only 'poet in residence', composing lines on many auspicious occasions, including the school inspection, but also organiser of the draw for the Grand National and the Derby, and time-keeper for the 'Guess the length of the Speech on Speech Day' – £1 a guess and winner takes all, in case you're wondering. Miss Martin has also retired, and is enjoying her zoological and botanical interests again, with her Maine Coon cat and her wildlife garden.

The longest-serving member of staff to retire last summer was **Mrs Sylvia Lynton**, who had been at St Mary's Hall since 1978. For many years Mrs Lynton worked in the Art Department, then in the last few years she moved to the ESL department, teaching English to the overseas students. She enjoyed this new role, and in her retirement has continued to give English support to some overseas students in Brighton. She is also busy with her art work.

One other departure, under less happy circumstances, was **Mr Charles Macdonald**, who died in June 2001, at the age of 52, after a short illness. Mr Macdonald, who also played at Roedean School and Worth Abbey, had been instrumental in arranging for our new school organ in 1998 and he often played at our school eucharists and concerts. He had taken up the organ when he went to Bingley Grammar School, and accompanied his first service on Easter Sunday 1964, when he was fourteen. He went on to become Deputy Organist at Guildford Cathedral and Organist at the University of Sussex. The Christmas Carol Services in St Mark's Chapel, with Mr Roser's trumpet, Mr Jay's choir and Mr Macdonald on the organ, were a delight, and last December the Choir used one of his arrangements at the Carol Service. His Christian faith helped to sustain him in his struggle, and his choice of readings and music for his funeral service at St Peter's Church reflected his hope in the life of the world to come.

Mrs Lock, what can I say...

The end of this term sees the retirement of Mrs Lock. I can hardly find the words to describe the caring, enthusiastic, captivating, humane, cordial, life enhancing, liberating, amiable, illuminating, generous, challenging, inventive, joyful, rich, fun, considerate, enjoyable, productive, educating, compassionate, inspiring, loyal, informative, pleasant, energetic, agreeable, invigorating, liberal, virtuous, respectful, entertaining, supportive, stimulating, adventurous, giving, sincere, magnanimous, enriching, capable, creative, engaging, altruistic, encouraging and wonderful twenty years I've had teaching art with her at SMH.

J.M. Abbott

Leon Robinson (A wonder of the Modern Age)

Leon studied Philosophy and Theology at Worcester College, Oxford, and PGCE in Religious Studies at Brighton University. Between these two qualifications, he had many adventures taking him to distant lands and he made enormous sandwiches in New York City, cleared olive terraces in Tuscany, was awarded a bursary to Barcelona and helped make the first post-apartheid park in Kahyelitsha, a township outside Cape Town, South Africa.



He has been a sculptor, a researcher and a professional cleaner of windows (he owned his own ladder and squeegee). He is an award-winning playwright and a truly terrible rock vocalist.

As well as teaching Religious Studies at Queen's School, Bushey (where the RS department was awarded the Farmington Trust Award for Excellence), Leon is a visiting lecturer at Brighton University, and teaches World Religions at a variety of centres for Adult Education.

In his spare time Leon enjoys combining the pleasures of country walks and decent beer, and rejoices in the miracle that he isn't as big as a house. Yet.

Leon Robinson, Religious Studies Teacher

On being asked to write something for this publication . . .

A long time ago I used to write.
Monologues were my thing;
Talking heads,
Speaking in tongues,
Talking nonsense sometimes.
Texts to solve riddles
And limericks finding
Target in my life.
Monologues with words that
Cut
Through.
Now, years later
I return,
I'm here again.
Older
Though still none the wiser
And expecting to make words
Without brief work.
A long time ago I used to write.



I'm better with a paintbrush.

Jock Peebles, Head of Art



The Governors meet in the Drawing Room together with the Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton, the Deputy Lieutenant of East Sussex and ex-Headmistress Mrs James

Commonwealth Day, March 2002

'Celebrating Diversity'

Commonwealth Day is celebrated each year around the world on the second Monday in March. One of the largest celebrations is in London, at a multi-faith Observance in Westminster Abbey, held in the presence of the Queen and broadcast round the world by BBC.

More than 1000 school children take part – and this year, there were four young people from St Mary's Hall, accompanied by Miss Valerie Withers, the House-mistress of Venn House. The girls represented four parts of the Commonwealth: Australia, Hong Kong, Nigeria and the United Kingdom.

Here are their memories of the day:

"I enjoyed the service very much; it was a big experience for me. I remember when the service was about to begin, and all the flags of the Commonwealth were being held by the representatives of their countries. We waited for what seemed like a long time for the Queen. When the Queen and Prince Charles came in, I saw that she was wearing bright pink – it's my favourite colour. Then Denise Lewis carried in the baton to start its journey to the Commonwealth Games. It was very interesting what they said about the Commonwealth, that everyone is equal. During the service there were dancers, which I found very enjoyable. I would like to thank the school for giving me the opportunity to go to the service."

Stephanie Baxter, United Kingdom.

"The service was very long but interesting. I enjoyed my day very much; it felt very special as not many people get to meet the Queen. I was very happy to be there to represent the school."

Shealfiin Chan, Hong Kong

(Bemmy Ajayi, from Nigeria, was asked to read a passage, just before the service began.)

"As I walk up the aisle, I shiver, then I wonder if it is excitement or fear. I still feel as if it is a dream. Then the priest takes my hand and welcomes me to the 'high seat' (well, maybe the one after the Queen's!) Suddenly drums were rolling like thunder. I see the Queen walk up the aisle and take her seat. After her come Tony Blair, his wife, and His Royal Highness Prince Charles. The service now begins. I have been told to read my part immediately after the priest has finished his passage. He tells me, "Go on, you can do it." For a moment I feel like telling him "Are you kidding?" The people are waiting. Suddenly a burst of energy comes and I get up and speak. This was all on Commonwealth Day. I just thank God for giving me the strength to walk up that aisle."

We were so pleased that St Mary's Hall was represented at the service in the Jubilee Year. We have many representatives of the Commonwealth in our school, and we hope that all of us are aware that this diversity enriches our lives – as the Queen said:

"The Commonwealth sees its diversity as a strength . . . we recognise that promoting diversity is not just tolerating

difference. Living together as neighbours needs more than that. It requires respect for others and a readiness to learn from them; recognising that we have duties as well as rights; and seeking to leave the world a better place than the one we inherited."

Jenny Lovell, Teacher

My Experience at Westminster Abbey

How amazing it was to be one out of four girls to be invited to go to Westminster for Commonwealth day to see the Queen. To me, it was such an honour. This service was multicultural. I am Australian, Steph is English, Shealfiin is from Hong Kong and Bemmi is African.

Being Australian, I would never have thought of seeing the Queen, it was just amazing! Here's what happened that day.

On the day, I found it hard to work at school knowing that today I would see the Queen. I just had to be patient, but I was so excited!

The trip into London was great, very relaxing might I add. Sitting quietly, looking out the window and thinking of what's going to happen next. The one thing that bothered me the most, was the fact that I was expecting them to search my bag, because the Queen would be in our presence. I didn't want them to search my bag. I had so many things in it, and don't ask me why. Surprisingly they didn't, and I was so relieved.

When we arrived at London Victoria Station, we all had to stick together because it's such a big place. As we gradually made our way through with some help by the security guy giving directions, we managed to get to where we wanted. When we got off the busy tube, we walked the rest of the way to the Abbey. On our way, we saw the type of things we expected. Students posing for photos all around London. Typical. We didn't take many photos around London, but I took lots of the Queen and Prince Charles.

When we arrived at the Abbey we were quite early, so we waited in line with the rest of the schools. We had about 20 minutes till they opened the doors. The organizer approached us and said, "We would like one of your girls to read out a piece of writing in the service in front of Her Majesty the Queen."

The lot of us were freaked out! What could we have been thinking?

There's going to be too many people!

What if I make a mistake?

Will I meet the Queen?

She'll see me!

None of us really wanted to say it. Bemmi was the first one we looked at. She nearly had a heart attack. She was jumping up and down as if life was coming to an end. I don't blame her. I was just really relieved it wasn't me chosen to say it. I didn't think I wanted that experience at all. Out of all the other 200 schools there, our school and about five more were chosen to speak up

front. That's what you get for looking prim and proper. If you think about it, we were so lucky.

When the doors opened, all of the schools shuffled in. Bemmi had to go up the front with the organizer and the other students speaking. She was so nervous.

The rest of us just waited and sat through the practice, and when we were asked to stand to sing a hymn, the whole Abbey would stand.

After a 45 minute through the practice, the real service started. Part of the service was to wait till all the Royals came through and part of the Parliament.

It was quite funny, because when the Queen and Prince Charles arrived, everyone's head just turned and looked at their direction. As the Queen and Prince Charles walked through, we were told to stand. To me, the Queen doesn't look like she really is, on telly. She looks better in real life.

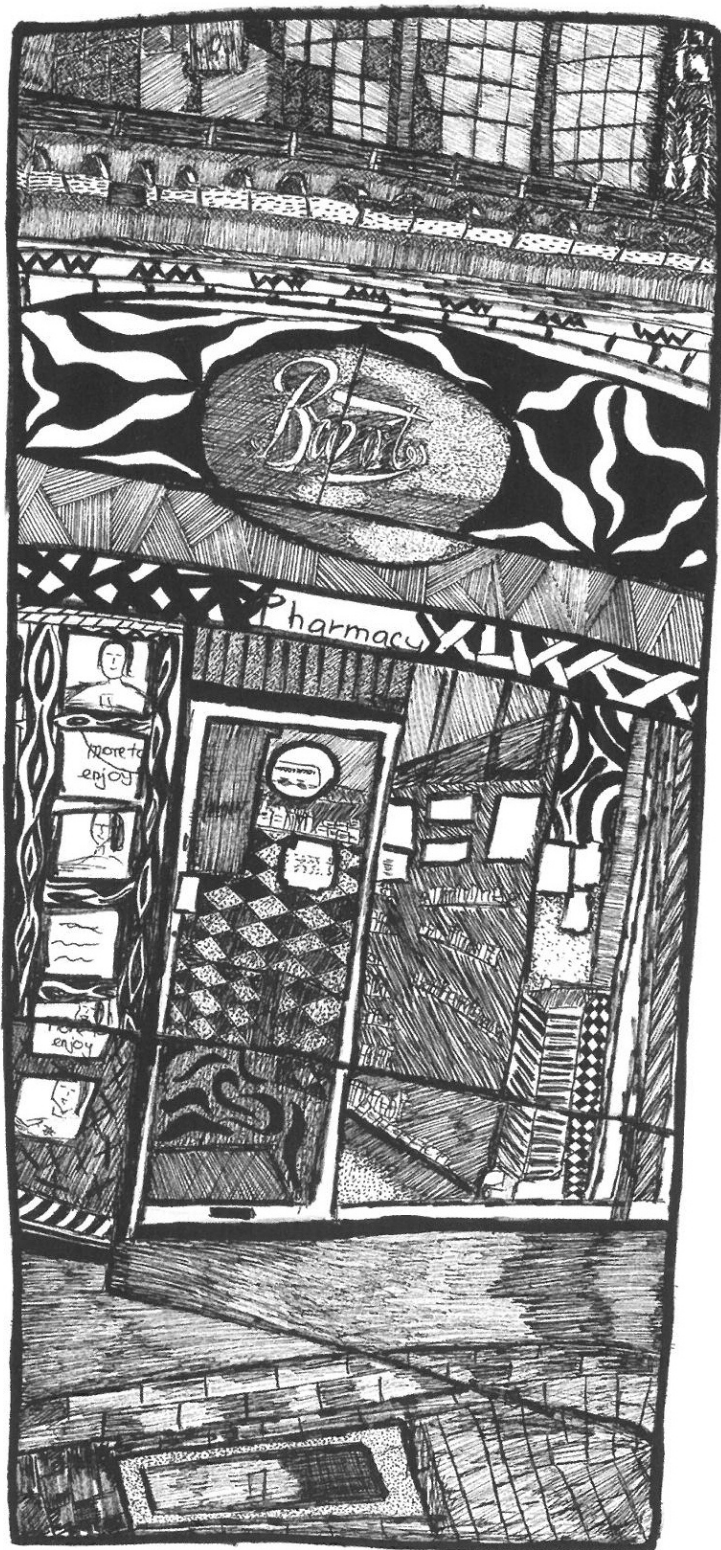
As the service progressed, it was now time for Bemmi's speech.

She said, "Why are there so many different people in this world?" She did a really good job of it.

By the end of the service, about 80 people of different nationalities came out through the Abbey in lines holding up flags. It all makes sense, because it's a multicultural service. Then through them came the Queen and Prince Charles. We were told that at the end we would be able to take photos of them if they decided to go for a walk. Luckily they did, and I took so many photos of them. Really close ones as well. They would have been standing about five feet away from me, which was amazing. When they went, that's when the crowds died down and everyone left. We headed back to the station, on the train, and into Brighton.

My highlight of this occasion would have to be seeing the Queen face to face and her smiling at me. Being Australian, it was a great honour for me to be able to go to Westminster Abbey let alone take lots of photos of her, as it would be highly unlikely I would have the chance of seeing her in Australia. It was a day I'd never forget and I'm very happy I had the opportunity to go.

Keli Farkas, Year 9



Carol Pham, age 14

Creative Writing

Year 7

I have chosen a picture called **Flowers and Fruit**

W.B. Gould was a painter in Australia. This is a picture of flowers and fruits. The fruits are bright shiny red cherries with long stalks. The pears are gold, the grapes are purple and black and some are light green. Peaches are orange and red the strawberries. There is a vase of flowers, some are bright pink like roses, some are red and some are white, some are orange, some are gold. It's in a black vase, the back ground is red and orange, the leaves of the fruit are light and dark green, the table is light brown, it is like gold, it is made out of wood.

Hannah Elbaccush, Year 7

I have chosen a picture called **The Monarch of the Glen** by Sir Edwin Landseer.

This picture has a deer and in the middle of the picture there are mountains behind the deer and around the deer's hooves there is rough looking grass. I can see white mist in the air. The mountains have a reddish tint to them. I can see about three mountains.

The colour of the deer is a mixture of browns. Around the neck there is a lot of fur. Maybe to keep it warm. The deer's antlers are very sharp and pointy, they are big and are a hazelnut colour.

The grass has different colours of green, light green and dark green. The grass also has some red flowers in it. Also on the mountains there is colour of green. The deer looks proud, as if it is all his area, a bit like he's the king of the castle.

Rachel Boxall, Year 7

I have chosen a picture called **Sunset** by Monet.

This picture has a lovely sunset, the sun is a bright orange and it reflects on to the rippling water. There are three boats out at sea and they are going in to the harbour. The harbour has a lot of metal grey things on it. There is steam coming out of the pipes and it looks like a factory. The sky has the lovely bright orange sun but the sun has been covered over by the grey sooty steam and smoke coming out of the tubes of the factories. You can see patches of green and blue in the sea. It must be a rough day because you can see ripples in the sea and they are green. One of the boats has been reflected into the sea. Part of the sky is orange from the sunset and the other part is grey. It looks like the three boats are going into the harbour or factory. But the thick layer of smoke is covering up the boats. The smoke is like a bag of grey cotton wool. One boat has not gone in yet and you can see the black anchor. You can see where the smoke is being carried across the sea. There are reflections of the factory and pipes. The sea has got patches of grey, white, green, orange, brown, blue and black. The sun looks very far away from the sea and factory. It looks like there is a softly flowing river going through the two factories. There are three fat long black tubes they are letting smoke out in the same way as you pull one bit of cotton wool away from the other. The sky's main colours are orange, yellow, black and grey and that little sparkle of brown. This picture makes me sad and miserable and cold.

Sophie Leak, Year 7

Work based on Shakespeare's speech for Jacques 'The Seven Ages of Man'

Seven Ages of Women

At first the infant kicking and screaming
Hitting the nurse demanding that it gets its way
Then the school girl arm in arm with best friend
Talking about the latest thing whilst walking unhurriedly
to school
And then the loved one with man following like
shadow
singing, sighing, giving flowers whilst emptying his purse
upon her.
Then the married woman bearing first child
Awaiting the husband's return
Next the mother with smiling baby
Reading a nursery rhyme and singing a lullaby
Free from her children who have now moved on
She paints her pictures and reads her novels
Finally and last of all she sits in her rocking chair
with knitting for the grandchildren.
Remembering days gone by until she falls peacefully to
sleep
Forever.

Maggy Thring, Year 7

The infant
Kicking and screaming
Keeping mum and dad up
Not sucking a dummy
or having a bottle
Never used to sleep.

I was always attacking the boys
And always played football
I was a cool person
To be around with and still am.

I get mood swings
And don't know
What I must do at the time.
It is really annoying
I have spots and everything a teenager has.

You don't have time to yourself
You are always working and doing exams
You have time to make-up
Or dress up
But you go to bed later
You get spots on your face
And all over.

Gumashah Al-Ateeqi, Year 7

Seven Ages of Woman

Baby

All babies have all sorts
of terrific homes to go to.
When I was a baby
I went not to a normal house
but a rest home
(Old people's home)
because my Mum owned it.

School Girl

The first school
I went to was a nursery
Called Ovingdean Nursery School.

Teenage Girl

I've always imagined being a teenager to
be great fun
because you can see cool new movies
you can get on all the good rides
and you most probably have a boyfriend.
All my friends
tell me it's no different from being
twelve.

Student at University

I've always thought
that being a student at university
would be tough,
but at the same time
I've thought it would be extremely good
fun.
Relationships/engagements/and marriage
I hope by the time I am eighteen
I would at least be in a serious
relationship,
maybe even thinking about the future
like getting engaged
and then married
and who knows I might even have
children.

Job

I hope my job
is going to include singing and dancing.

Being a mother

I don't know
whether being a mother would be hectic
or whether it is going to be great
but one thing I know it changes your
whole life
even the way you think.

Grandmother

I can imagine an old lady
sitting in a rocking chair knitting,
even though I don't know how to knit
now
I am sure by the time I am a
grandmother
I will know how.

Old Lady

Old ladies don't do very much,
(I should know
because my Mum
runs an old people's rest home).
They mostly sit down
in their special chairs
and either sing to themselves
sometimes they even talk to themselves,
but the thing they do the most is knit.

Rachael Bisnath, Year 7

Seven Ages of Woman

First, the baby non-stop crying, dirty
nappies and sleep
She wakes up sobbing for drink, food and
things we just don't know.

Second, the toddler just learning to walk,
not being able to walk alone grabbing
legs,
hands, tables anything in sight

Third the school girl being made to get
up,
Getting in the car with bags under her
eyes.

Fourth the student, exams constantly
and studying not quite as often as she
should.

Fifth, seeing the lover with his heart of
gold
With his non stop blabber about love

Sixth, with the old man crinkled and old
with his wooden walking stick
and a sight not fit for seeing.

Seventh the death mourners gathering
round for the service
they hoped would never happen but
happens in life
everyday.

Jessica Hancock, Year 7

10 Ages of Woman

At first the baby,
Gurgling and spitting,
In her mother's arms.
Next a toddler,
Swirling and swaying,
Trying hard to find her feet.
And then the giggling school girl,
Skipping joyfully
To school.
Soon followed by the teenager,
Moaning and groaning,
Talking only about boys.
A student now,
At college,
And still a lot to learn.
Left school,
And with a job,
Saving for the next surprise.
A mother,
With two kids now,
I know what Mum felt like.
A grandma,
At 56, the balls of life have come around.
89,
Not getting younger,
Time's not on my side.
Dead and gone by 93,
Left all those near and dear.
Here is to a great life and new cycle.

Philippa Scott, Year 7

Extracts from new 'Harry Potter'-type stories

Harry Potter Story

When they got there they were in the houses, they had a great feast, two hours later they went to their room. The girls are separate and the boys are separate as well. It is Harry's, Ron's and Hermione's first day in Hogwarts. The first lesson was English with the Head who is called Dumbledore. Harry and Ron were late and said sorry, and carried on with the lesson. After that they had a poison lesson with Hagrid. He looked mean and nasty. Then Harry and Ron had a boring lesson, it was History. Ron nearly fell asleep but Harry kept elbowing him to keep him awake. Then after all of that it was LUNCH TIME. Ron stuffed himself with chicken legs, Harry stuffed himself with corn on the cob (sweetcorn), Hermione stuffed herself with low-fat cheese. Ron said, "How does she do it, eating low fat food, I would rather eat fatter and greasy food." After all that food they had the spell lesson, the teacher was really horrible to Harry.

About 7pm it was dinner and it was the English favourite, fish and chips. After that they all went to their bedrooms.

Abbey Gibbons, Year 7

Chapter 3

Inside it was pitch black, and now the saying as blind as a bat really meant something to Harry and Ron. Harry looked up and he could see a little bit of light. He opened the door and they were outside on the field. Then just as Harry was pushing himself up he could tell that the invisible man was right in front of him (he could only tell because there was a coat floating in the air). Then the invisible man took a knife out of his pocket and threw it at Harry's face. Then he ran towards Harry and pulled him up and said, "I've wanted to do this for ages." He pushed Harry down the black hole, and then the invisible man grabbed Ron and twisted his arm very hard and pushed him over. Then he went to Harry (Harry had got out of the hole and ran to Ron to see if he was okay). The invisible man grabbed hold of both of Harry's arms and dragged him across the grass away from Ron, and took another knife out of his pocket and stabbed Harry in the stomach. Then Harry woke up, to discover that his head really hurt (that was only because he had fallen out of bed in his sleep).

Rachael Bisnath, Year 7

We were in assembly when the news was released – that evil teletubbies had escaped and were on the rampage to kill witches and wizards. I was so worried that my legs got shaky. I do not know what happened next apart from one thing, I cannot play quidditch for a month. What will I do? Quidditch is the only thing that stops me worrying.

Jessica Hancock, Year 7

Harry Potter and the Attack of Voldermort

The three Durselys were sitting around the kitchen table. Uncle Vernon was a beefy man with hardly any neck, Aunt Petunia had a bony, horse face with an exceptionally long neck useful for spying on the neighbours, and then there was Dudley who took up a whole side of the table by himself. Harry helped himself to a piece of toast and was spreading butter on it when they heard footsteps outside on the gravel path, they sounded as if the owner had just popped out of thin air! Aunt Petunia's neck elongated itself when she heard the noise, Uncle Vernon's moustache bristled and Dudley fell off his chair.

Maggy Thring, Year 7

A paragraph from Harry Potter and the Invisible Room

Ron and Hermione were each shaking like a leaf so they decided to go out of the invisible room, but Harry needed them. He shouted "Ron and Hermione", but they could not hear Harry. Harry was heading towards the green door when Voldermort unscrewed his thumb, there was green stuff coming off the screw. Gretchen was just standing there when Voldermort says, "What's the matter little girl?"

"You . . . you just unscrewed your thumb" said Gretchen whilst moving back.

"Why you mustn't be scared" said Voldermort.

"Ron and Hermione come quickly!" shouted Harry.

Sophie Leak, Year 7

Judging the Harry Potter stories

Knowing what an avid fan of J.K. Rowling's 'Harry Potter' series I am, Mrs Fincham asked me if I would help her judge the stories written by her Year 7s. I agreed because I was interested to see what this group would create, either using the given title of 'The Invisible Room', or one of their own choosing. So, one morning near the end of term I sat down with Mrs Fincham and we went through all the pieces of writing.

What I was looking for was imagination, use of language, and stories which were original whilst maintaining the spirit of Rowling's much loved adventures. I was therefore looking for characterisations which were easily recognisable as the personalities so many of us know. Did they write Harry as Rowling does? Did Ron speak here as he does in the famous tales? Did the action follow as it would in Rowling's Hogwarts? However, I was not merely looking for copies of the original Harry Potter. I was also looking for original ideas about what these friends may encounter, and the girls' ability to present these stories within the 'short story' structure; after all Mrs Fincham was not asking for a full length novel!

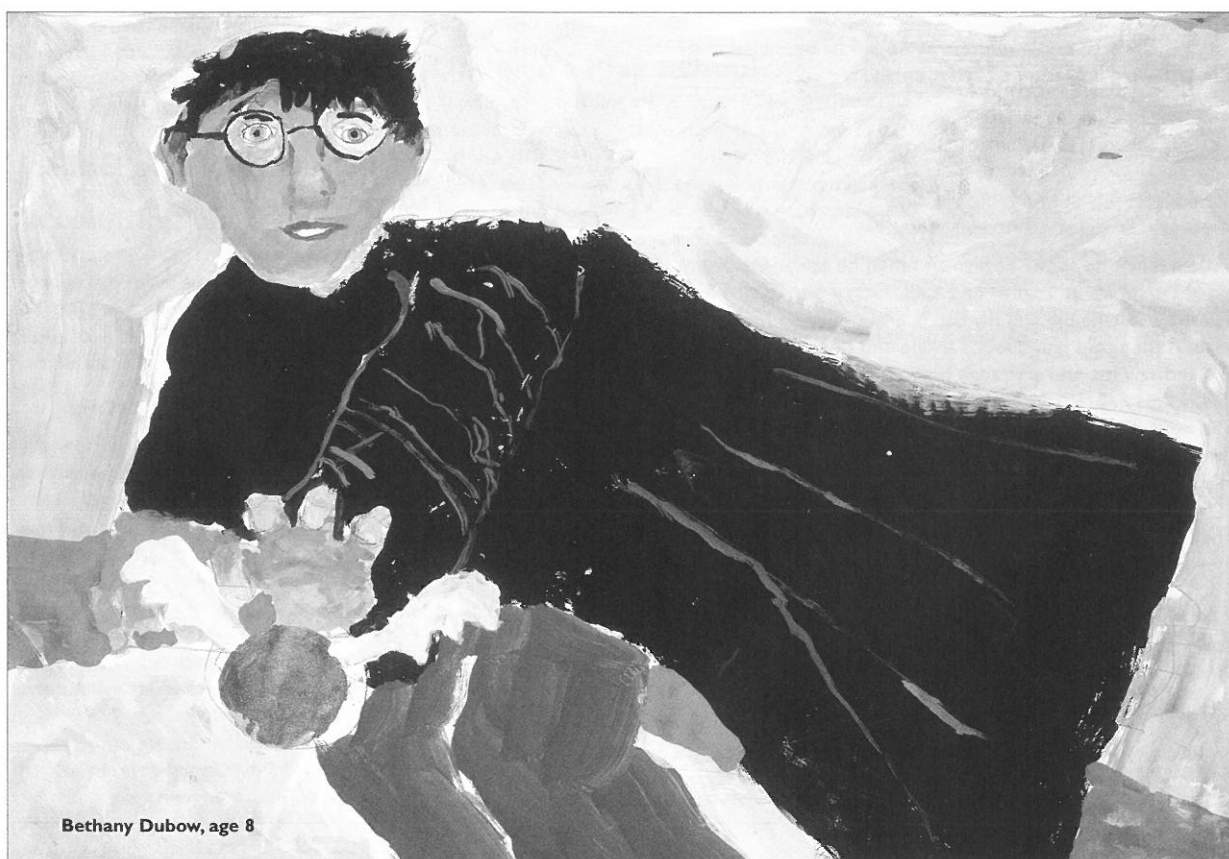
Upon reading them I was treated to a variety of escapades encountered by Harry, Ron, Hermione, and in some cases even HeWho Must Not Be Named. I was impressed by the creativity of the group, the situations they could concoct in their mental cauldrons. My task was not merely to enjoy these stories however, it was also to judge them. So I set about 'grading' the stories. Some read easier than others, making better use of narrative rather than pure dialogue. Some had closer characterisations to the books than others, and it was largely on this basis that I judged them, as the ideas themselves were all wonderful.

When I read Maggie's, I was very impressed by her use of language. The narrative flowed beautifully, which made reading her story both easy and enjoyable. Her witty descriptions mostly avoided the trap of repetition. Her characterisations were also spot on, right down to the portrayal of Mrs Dursley. She took Rowling's description of her very long neck, "which was very useful for spying on the neighbours", whilst using her own style, describing how Aunt Petunia's neck "elongated". I thought that the idea of continuing from where we have been left at the end of 'Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire' was simple, but highly effective. She did not complicate the story by trying to fit hers into the already existing world created by Rowling, she simply took it further. I also liked the way in which she did not try to tell the entire story in such a short space. She was effectively starting the fifth book, but did not try to cram it all into a few pages.

I also thought that Claire's story was full of imagination, using a truly original idea: the notion of a new enemy in Voldermort's brother. The concept of the ball was interesting, and her use of language was again highly readable, making the imaginative story most enjoyable. She managed the telling of her tale in such a short space relatively well. I thought the way she took existing ideas, such as that of Harry's dead parents, and put her own spin on them was very inventive.

I thoroughly enjoyed reading these stories, and I commend all of the group for all the creations. It was though, ultimately Maggie's and Claire's skill at presenting these adventures which led me to determine that they were to be the winners. Very well done!

Lauren Lansdowne, Year 13



Bethany Dubow, age 8

Creative Writing

Year 8

Story in response to Rudyard Kipling's "A Smuggler's Song"

A Smugglers Song!

I am a Smuggler and I have a small daughter called Sardine who is 7 years old. I tell her lots of advice but does she listen? No, of course, she doesn't. Yesterday I caught her playing with some baccy, she is so stupid. My wife says all the time that she needs more responsibilities, so before I go out tonight I will tell her why she is not to play with any more barrels.

We live in an old, oak house that just about fits the three of us in it, while Trusty and Pincher stay out in the cold.

I sit her down and tell her everything, for the first time in her life she listens. I look at her sweet red lips, her dark hair going straight down her back, I look at her plain face and her yellow buttercup dress. I told her to face the wall when the smugglers go past and not to mess about with any suspicious barrels she sees. I said that if you do as you are told I'll try and get you a nice doll sent all the way from France. Then I said, "If you wake up at midnight, do not look out of the window, look at the wall not at the smugglers. Only come out when the house dogs bark!"

I put on my newly mended coat, which had now been washed and went to a tall bumpy tree, I knocked 14 times, each time whispering the bark of two types of living things, then out emerged from behind other trees my fellow smugglers. They said "Come here and look in a big, black, bag," and when I did I saw a small, dark, little French child, who looked just a bit older than Sardine. They told me his parents don't want him, also his parents wanted a quiet family whose father was a smuggler, to tell them what was happening with the child. Then the smugglers said that there wouldn't be any more smuggling in this part of England that night.

I told the boy to come out and as he did he stumbled but I caught him. There was a note beside him and I picked it up and it said:

Thomas
13
French
speaks English.
J. Season

I asked him if he spoke English and then he said, "Oui!"

He then spoke in English and said, "Sorry about all of this but my parents had nowhere to take me and my dad is a smuggler so he thought of smuggling me over here." I then told him about Sardine and he was interested. Sardine then walked in and she saw me and a strange boy of 13. They wandered off together.

The next night of smuggling arose, and I set off and as I did my signal, ten of King George's men came and arrested me. I was worried about my wife, about Sardine and mainly Thomas, what would happen to them? Would Thomas get sent back to France?

They searched me for smuggled items and found nothing so as they had no evidence they let me go home.

I got home and Sardine was lying down on the floor asleep and Thomas was lying down but gazing up at the ceiling. They were still in their day clothes, I woke up Sardine and all three of us got changed in to night clothes. Thomas wore an old, too small night shirt of mine.

My wife woke them up and I gave Thomas a pair of jeans and a checked shirt. Sardine told him to go and wash his face, so he did.

Emma Leigh, Year 8

Thirty

There's thirty days till my birthday
There's thirty days till I move
There's thirty days everywhere I go
But not just that
There's thirty days to everything
But most of all
There's thirty European countries
then I found out
That there's thirty female teachers in St Mary's
Hall
And all the female teachers are thirty years old
And even more funny
All the classes are 30 yards away from each
other
But when it comes to lunch
There are thirty meals to chose from
Puddings too.
Then there's thirty tables
Thirty benches
Thirty lockers in each room.
But here is some more information
There are thirty pencils and pens in each class.
There are not even 30 pupils in each class.
The word thirty
Is every where
The pupil's are just going crazy
and dizzy about the word thirty
so St Mary's Hall
is now changing the school name
to the Thirty School.

Kirsty Annets-Gledhill, Year 8

Whispering of the Bells

I sit watching for a while
As bronze bells whisper
Each cloud battles against
Each grey slate tile
I turn away, hopes blunt as lead,
The battle still raging on behind
Then I hear it and hope shows light
I turn back to the battle field night
He's there, smiling in his mischievous way
Eyes misty like condensed glass
Sweet embrace of his true
Rain kindles his dark hair
But each strand is a rope of love
Bound tightly around my heart
Then no longer are we by my window
But by sharp rocks being torn at by water
Salt dries our skin as we waltz through the
spray
And in his eyes eternity
Then my world of content and joy melts away
And I'm back at my window
Salt dusting my lips
As bronze bells whisper

Georgia Rushton, Year 8

Careers

Extracts from **Take Your Daughters to Work Day**

written by Year 9 pupils.

Veterinary Clinic

What I did in the morning:

"I watched the morning consultations. The first animal brought in was a very fat tabby cat. He had a weight problem that put pressure on his left foreleg. The second visitor was a little lopped eared rabbit called To-to. He just came in for a check up and to see if he needed to be neutered or not. The third was the chicken. She had a lump in her mouth and she had been treated for it. When the owner stopped using the antibiotics to destroy the lump, the lump grew back again. Our fourth visitor was an old mutt. She had a problem with her left eye. She was going blind in it. The last visitor for the morning was a little old terrier mix called Pip. He had a problem with incontinence.

Other comments or events of the day:

"The vet's job often has to deal more with the owners than the pets. The worst part of the job I would say would be doing all the paperwork, putting pets to sleep and trying to keep calm when the owner of a pet is being unreasonable or very demanding."

Accounting company

"I had learned from my father who works alone in this office that the dress code for the company was extremely casual so I chose to wear my jeans, trainers and blue hoodie, topped off with a baseball cap also blue.

My workplace guide was my father obviously as no-one else worked in his office. In a work setting my father's language and attitude was much more formal; the way he actually answered the phone in his workplace was amazing because at home he usually just leaves it for someone else, even if it's right beside him he won't pick it up, but in his office he answers the telephone and rings people.

My father set me some basic clerical tasks that were shredding and photocopying and then he thought I should have a promotion, he gave me the job of filling his

water bottle up every time it was empty. My father, after lunch which was taken at noon and didn't finish until two o'clock, set me the task of sorting out statements and invoices and if I finished by the time he wanted to go home, I would get lots of chocolate, so being the average teenage girl who loves chocolate, I got started with the aim to finish."

Veterinary Practice

"Before I went to the vets I was very nervous. I didn't know what I would be doing and what was going to happen during the day. I was also very excited, I had always wanted to work with animals and be a vet and now I was about to go and see what they all did during the day. In advance they had told me to wear protective clothing. This made me more curious because I didn't know what I would be doing that required me to wear protective clothing, would I be getting messy?"

Under 5's Play School

"Inside the building was just like a massive playhouse, where both the boys and the girls were co-operating together. There was always a difference though between the boys and girls, as you would usually find the girls in the kitchen area, dressing up as princesses, whilst the boys were playing with cars, pretending to be gladiators.

Everywhere you looked would be a variety of posters, either with the alphabet on, or counting with numbers, many of these posters would be expressed by pictures making it easier for the children to learn. There was nothing I didn't like about the play school itself, I felt it was a fun-loving place which was sending out a clear message, "Have fun while you learn!" and to a child I think that is very important".

In a Hotel

"In the morning I served breakfast between 7.30 and 9.30am. After everyone had finished breakfast, I had to help clear the breakfast area so the bar could be

opened. Then as another experience I went upstairs with the Head of Housekeeping so I could see and help her change a room after someone had checked out to get it ready for the next customer. Then it was time for my lunch break. After I had finished my lunch I went to the Reception to answer the phone and work on the computer. Then I undertook some basic clerical tasks: illuminating, filing and answering the phone.

My supervisor was pleased with me. She said I was efficient and caught on quickly. I very much enjoyed my day at work and prefer it to school."

Car Sales Room

"I was feeling confident and ready but when I walked into the building I felt out of place and like a schoolgirl which I was.

Some tasks I found relatively easy, not any tasks they set me were impossible but taxing a car was challenging. The tax discs have to be kept in a locked box, in a locked safe, sunk into the floor, covered with a carpet, in a locked room. Also the programme for it was confusing. But thankfully Ambrose Hartcourt from Southern FM was pleased that I successfully completed taxing his car.

When I am older and in the workplace I will know that to be happy at work you need a good atmosphere and to be able to be responsible, mature and most of all, to get along with your work mates and enjoy what you do."

Crèche in Corals Health and Fitness Club

"As the various mothers dropped off their children, I was told to ask them their name and smile to show them you are a kind and considerate person. Through the morning I took phone calls from people wanting to arrange a booking with the company to mind their child. However, I found out how popular and busy the crèche can become on a Saturday by looking ahead in the club's diary. In the afternoon I undertook a basic clerical task, photo-copying. I made twenty copies of the crèche timetable. After handing the copies to the receptionist, I made my way