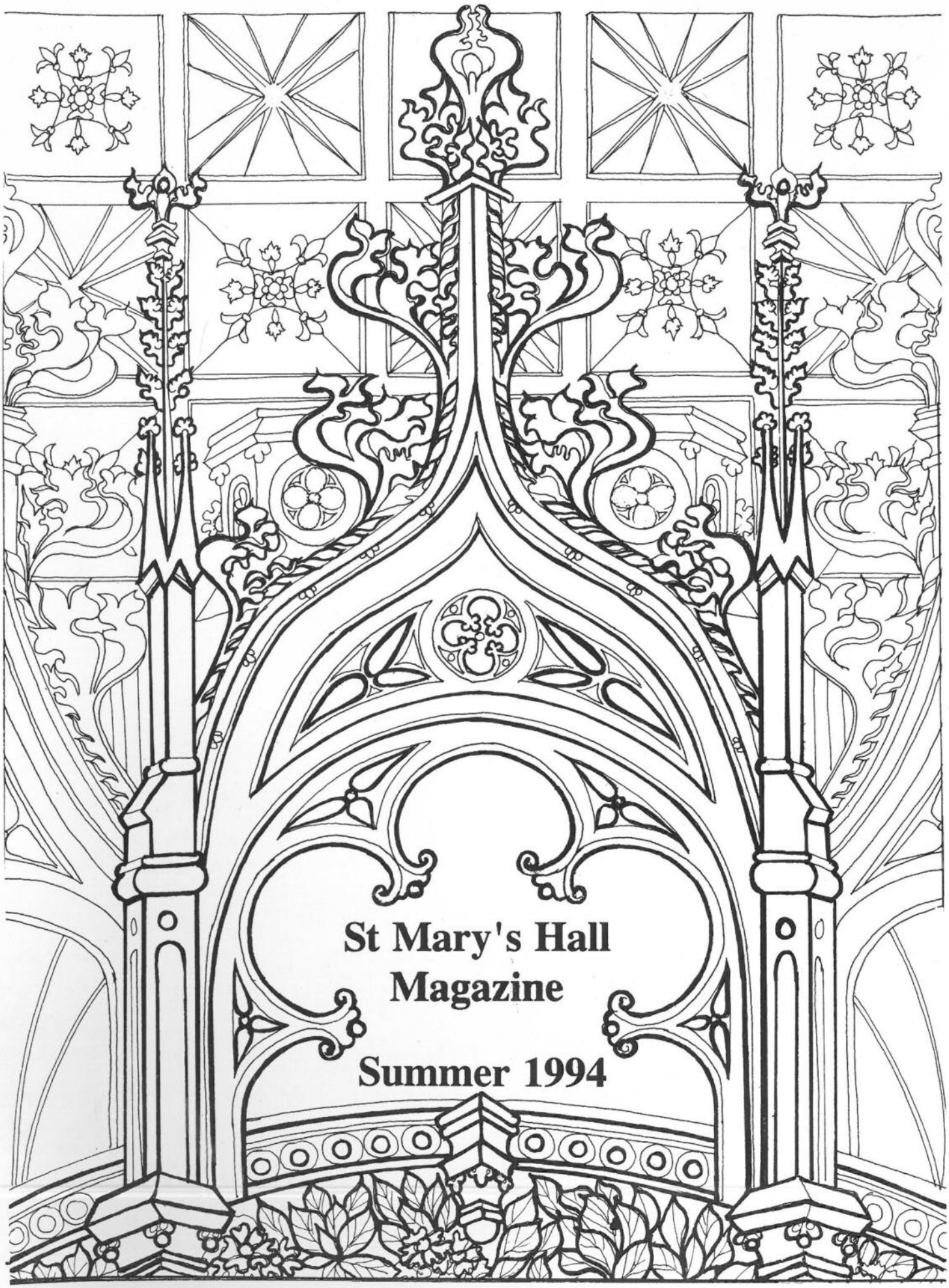


St Mary's Hall Magazine

Summer 1994

BURT BRILL & CARDENS

30 OLD STEYNE
BRIGHTON, BN1 1FL
Tel: 0273 604123
Fax: 0273 570837

We are delighted
to be associated with this issue
of the
St Mary's Hall Magazine

We would be pleased to provide advice and support to its readers upon a wide variety of legal matters.

If we can be of assistance, and for further information, please contact:
The Senior Partner: Mr Kenneth Edwards
or
Mr Kevin Smyth
or
Mr David Edwards
or
Mr Nicholas Rimmer

St Mary's Hall Magazine

Summer 1994

Cover design from a stained glass window in St Mark's Chapel.

FROM THE HEADMISTRESS

I am pleased to commend to you this 1994 edition of the St Mary's Hall Magazine. It is very important that the pupils should have the opportunity to see their work in print and that their activities outside the academic curriculum should be recognised and recorded. I think it important too that the Seniors should be aware of what the Juniors are doing and vice versa. For Juniors who are moving towards the top of the school it can provide a taste of Senior School life. I hope too that parents will read the whole magazine, though I understand the temptation to head straight for the contributions of their own children!

These pages will give you glimpses of many aspects of school life. As I write, in mid-February, there is plenty of the school year yet to come, and much to look forward to. Some of our pupils have mothers (and even grandmothers) who are old girls. They will be particularly interested to know that on Saturday March 12th Miss Conrady, who was Headmistress of St Mary's Hall from 1950 to 1965, celebrates her 90th birthday. We hope that she will be well enough to attend a special luncheon in school.

During this academic year we have welcomed our new Chaplain, Father John Lloyd-James. On a memorable morning this Spring Mr John Eastwood brought to Chapel for Senior School Prayers a black curly, lamb one-sixteenth Jacob, by the name of Hepzibah. Hepzibah brought smiles to the faces of all, young and old alike, and I am sure that all remembered the message of Christ the Good Shepherd. On a pastoral note too, Confirmation this year will take place on the afternoon of Friday 20th May and we are honoured that the Bishop of Chichester will officiate.

In the immediate future, some of the Senior School girls are travelling overseas in the Spring holiday. Second-formers are spending a few days in Paris in April, and girls from the Third to the Sixth forms will be spending nine days in Greece, also in April, on an expedition which has been run by Mrs Thomason for ten years now.

For the Summer term, it is we who shall be welcoming a visitor from overseas. Miss Hiromi Uchikawa will be with us for nearly all the Summer term, to widen the experience of all members of the school about Japan and its culture. Miss Uchikawa will be based in the Junior School, since the Junior curriculum has more flexibility than the Senior to use Miss Uchikawa's services in project work, but the Senior School pupils will also have opportunities to meet her.

A 'home' event which promises to be most enjoyable is the Auction of Promises, organised by the PSA, which will take place on the evening of Saturday 30th April. Anyone who was present at the last Auction of Promises will remember what an interesting and amusing evening we all had.

Finally, I should like to thank very much Dr Hopley, who edits the Magazine; Mrs Lock, the Art Editor; and Mr Low, for desktop publishing expertise.

I write, of course, before the Magazine has been produced, but I look forward very much to receiving my copy, and I am sure you will enjoy yours too.

Mrs P J James Headmistress

ACADEMIC REPORT

ENTRANTS TO FURTHER EDUCATION

Mona Alimin - Staffordshire University - Psychology
Alison Bonny - Royal Holloway College, University of London - Geography
Deborah Chan - London School of Economics - Law
Margaret Chan - University of Central England - Accountancy
Judith Green - Newcastle University - Classical Civilisation
Terri Howard - Cardiff University - Ancient History
Noor Kassim - Birmingham University - Law
Naomi Slater - Royal Holloway College, University of London - Modern Languages
Elizabeth Terry - University of Kent - Classics and Drama
Georgia Trott - Glasgow University - Social Studies

EXAMINATION RESULTS

A LEVEL PASSES 1992/93

Mona Alimin - Biology E, Chemistry D, Mathematics C
Alison Bonny - French B, Geography A, Mathematics E
Deborah Chan - Chemistry A, Mathematics B, Physics B
Margaret Chan - Economics C, Mathematics D
Terry Cheng - Chemistry E
Judith Green - Classical Civilisation A, English B, Religious Studies D
Terry Howard - Classical Civilisation C, English C, Spanish D
Noor Kassim - History A, Latin C, Mathematics D
Naomi Slater - Classical Civilisation B, English C, French B
Elizabeth Terry - Classical Civilisation B, English D, Religious Studies C
Georgia Trott - Art C, Biology D, Geography B

USE OF ENGLISH

Alison Bonny
Deborah Chan
Judith Green
Terri Howard
Noor Kassim
Naomi Slater
Elizabeth Terry
Georgia Trott

A LEVEL PASSES IN LOWER SIXTH

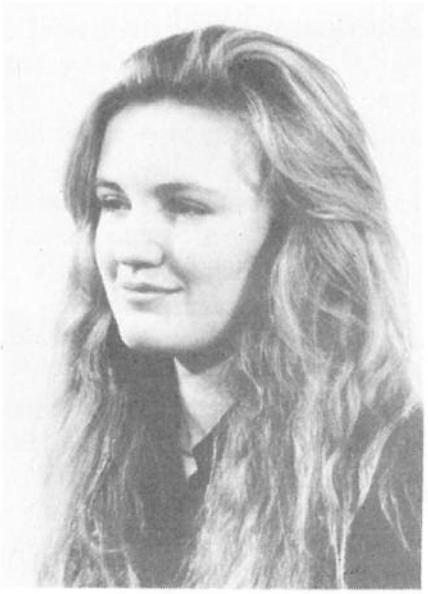
Anita Leung - Chinese A
Julie Freeman - French A

CERTIFICATE IN ADDITIONAL MATHEMATICS

Tracie Bowes C
Janan Kassir A
Anita Leung B
Victoria Robinson B
Panita Vig B

ADDITIONAL GCSE IN SIXTH FORM

Siti Ahmad 1
Tracie Bowes 1
Deborah Chan 1
Henrietta Knott 1



Susannah Hildyard, reading French and English at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford (Photo: JBL)

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE PRELIMINARY ENGLISH TEST

Pass
Patama Boonratana
Carmen Chan
Judy Law

Pass with Merit
Caroline Igel
Deborah Ko
Andrea Mendes

FIRST CERTIFICATE IN ENGLISH

Pass
Andrea Mendes B

INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY CERTIFICATES

Word Processing
Sarah Bridgewood
Madeline Farr
Natasha Greaves
Kathryn Harris

Justine Mayers
Anna Millyard
Sarah Nee
Penelope Powell
Sarah Terrot

YOUNG ENTERPRISE NATIONAL EXAMINATION

Derin Eleso - Pass
Julie Freeman - Pass
Alanna Henry - Pass
Susannah Hildyard - Credit
Janan Kassir - Pass
Anita Leung - Pass
Andrea Mendes - Pass
Rachel Pratt - Pass
Panita Vig - Pass

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

Silver Award
Eleanor Clarke
Justine Mayers*
Anna Millyard
Ciar O'Hare
Rachel Pratt
Helen Roberts*
Sarah Stallard*
Sarah Terrot

Bronze Award
Carina Bloom
Hannah Crockett
Emma Drew
Amy Ellison
Emma Gest
Caroline Green
Judith Green
Lauren Hoskins
Victoria Lewis
Jennifer Mathews
Justine Mayers*
Clare Newman
Helen Roberts*
Sarah Stallard*
Kathryn Taylor
Joanna Terry
Katherine Watkins
Karina Zajac

* receiving both Bronze and Silver

Jennifer Mathews receiving her prize from Baroness James (Photo: JBL)

GCSE RESULTS

An asterisk indicates an A grade; grades A, B and C only are listed.

Karen Altabev 9 ****
Lisa Askey 8 *
Carina Bloom 10 *********
Marusya Boxell 10 *********
Sarah Bridgewood 8 *
Eleanor Clarke 8 ***
Barbara Cole 10 ******
Lindsey Coombs 7 ***
Masrina Damit 7 *
Amy Ellison 7
Madeline Farr 5
Emma Gest 5
Natasha Greaves 9 **
Caroline Green 7 **
Lisa Hanner 5 **
Kathryn Harris 8
Maya Hatton 8
Joanna Heal 6
Zoe Kent 4
Joanna King 9 ***
Julia Knight 9 *
Alison Ko 5 *
Deborah Lang 5
Justine Mayers 9
Anna Millyard 5
Sarah Nee 6
Nicole O'Connell 4
Ciar O'Hare 9 ***
Priya Patel 6 ***
Penelope Powell 7 **
Clare Purkis 8 *
Helen Roberts 9 ********
Emma Sloan 6 **
Sarah Stallard 9 ********
Alice Tatham 10 ****
Emma Tennant 9
Sarah Terrot 8
Joanna Terry 7 *
Annie Tong 8 ****
Josephine Tsoi 6
Katherine Watkins 4
Miranda Wells 5 *
Mariam Yousuf 6
Karina Zajac 9

GCSE IN FOURTH YEAR

Winsome Chan 1 *
Sylvia Ip 1 *
Janet Lee 1 *

GCE PASS IN FOURTH YEAR

Penpitch Phinyawatana

GCE PASS IN THIRD YEAR

Elizabeth Pastouna

HOUSE REPORTS

ADELAIDE HOUSE REPORT

This year Adelaide House has decided to support a new charity, Tommy's Appeal. This charity is for St Thomas's Hospital, London, which is trying to raise enough money for a research centre which is concerned with the problems arising from childbirth. At the moment, in the UK, there is no research centre devoted to these problems.

Adelaide has raised a large amount of money this year for the charity. This has been possible through the sale of ice-creams and choc-ices in the summer term, hot chocolate and biscuits in the Christmas and Spring term; and, to boost this total, a Mufti Day was held on February 2nd this year.

We have done well in some of the Inter-House activities which have taken place this year. In the Summer term, we had a strong rounders team and gained first place. The Autumn term also saw some great achievements with strong teams in both badminton and swimming. The badminton team managed to win the competition and, although the swimming team suffered from a lack of support, they still managed to attain second place. Many thanks to Anna Green who swam extremely well and dived well.

This term sees the Inter-House netball and lacrosse matches, as well as the Inter-House drama competition.

Good luck to everyone in Adelaide in the forthcoming matches and competitions and well done to everyone who has already supported this house. Carry on collecting those House Points!

Tracie Bowes UVI

BABINGTON HOUSE REPORT

Throughout the last year, the members of Babington House have worked hard at both sporting and academic activities to achieve points for their House, although in the final count, our efforts have not always achieved the results we would have liked! Last Summer term, many House members formed teams and took part in the Inter-House tennis and rounders matches. Our final position in the tennis was third, and in the rounders fourth; and in the House points total for the term we came fourth. During that same term, we also held a Mufti Day, where any girl in the school can pay 50p to wear non-uniform clothes for the day. This event raised nearly £90.00 for our charity, the Save the Children Fund.

In the Autumn term, many girls took part in the Inter-House badminton and swimming, and we came third in both events, although we came fourth in the final scores for House points.

Nicola Mansell, winner of 1st prize at the Worthing Festival (Photo: JBL)

At the beginning of the new academic year, we had a new idea for fundraising: that of the members giving a voluntary contribution to the House, say 10p a week on a regular basis. We felt that this enabled people to give as much or as little as they wanted, and required less organisation and caused fewer subsequent problems than some of our previous activities. So far it has worked quite well, with few reminders being necessary!

It just remains for me to say thank you to all the members who gave their time and efforts to all the Inter-House activities.

Henrietta Knott UVI

Georgia Trott U VI

BRISTOL HOUSE REPORT

Vicky Robinson and I found ourselves Heads of the House after Judith Green's highly successful reign. Although rather daunted by the task which lay ahead, we soon began to enjoy the responsibility, and I don't believe that the House has suffered any loss of prestige during our term of office!

We began the year with the obligatory cake sales, continuing to raise money for Leukaemia Research and made some money from petrol tokens and stamps. However, it was in the Autumn Term that the Susi & Vicky fundraising machine ground into action with the very successful chocolate bar enterprise. We raised a very pleasing sum last term and many thanks are due to the second and third years who gave up their breaks to help us with the selling.

The highlight of the year was our House play "Charles Augustus Milverton", a lavish production with tremendous atmospheric effect and authentic period settings. The atmosphere was rendered all the more tremendous when the window decided to assert its authenticity by collapsing on Holmes and Watson midway through Act IV. Emerging from the wreckage these characters (Selena Hoskins and Laura Harvey) proceeded with unabated confidence and style, demonstrating maturity and true professionalism. We really enjoyed our first experience of "luvvie" status and many thanks are due to our enthusiastic, talented cast.

We won the swimming last term and have had a fairly successful year in all areas of sport.

Finally, we would like to thank all our members who have supported us this year, especially Selena Hoskins. Having led our cast to a very respectable third place, she also helped with the selling and demonstrated a superhuman energy and enthusiasm in the swimming competition, thus elevating herself to aquatic superstardom.

We have enjoyed our experiences in office, and we hope that Bristol House will continue to thrive even after the dynamic duo have moved on to further theatrical exploits at university.

Susannah Hildyard U VI

CHICHESTER HOUSE REPORT

The past year has been full of activity and achievement within the House. We came a satisfying second when the house points for the academic year were totalled. Other inter-house events, such as swimming, badminton, tennis, rounders and general knowledge, were well supported and good results were achieved.

As dedicated fund raisers for the Rocking Horse Appeal, Chichester House was invited to its re-launch. The occasion took place at the Metropole Hotel at which Olympic Gold Medallist Sally Gunnell was the guest of honour.

The selling of chocolates and crisps at break time has contributed greatly to our House funds, which were added to further by the generous donation of a cheque presented by a member of staff, who shall remain nameless!

The House play "The Lady In The Cage" is in the safe and capable hands of the lower VI. The play provides a good opportunity for members of the house to come together and work on a hopefully successful production, which we are all looking forward to viewing at the end of this term.

The support and encouragement from the members of Chichester House has been greatly appreciated and I wish everyone luck in the forthcoming inter-house events.

Rachel Pratt U VI

SENIOR SCHOOL REPORTS

HISTORY DEPARTMENT VISIT TO CANTERBURY SUMMER 1993

Canterbury cathedral is the grandest original source studied by first year historians. However often the great cathedrals are visited, there is always something to learn. The enthusiasm of the guides for the building and its history is infectious, and both staff and girls found the visit enriching. The shrine of St.Thomas a Becket was one of the most famous medieval tourist attractions. Indeed, the steps leading to the shrine were worn down by generations of pious visitors who hoped for special blessings from visiting the site of the saint's death. Our first year pupils emulated their devotions and went on their knees to the site of the shrine. They saw the stained glass commemorating the miracles that had been done by prayers to the saint and saw the deep groove made in the floor by the pilgrims kneeling to ask for favours.

There is so much to see and learn in Canterbury, and one visit cannot do the cathedral justice. With lessons on Becket recently in their minds, our pupils were able to see tangible evidence of the importance of the martyrdom and the subsequent cult. We hope that subsequent visits to this and other cathedrals and monuments will be a recurrent source of pleasure and interest in their lives.

On a lighter note, the afternoon was spent very pleasurably in the 'Canterbury Experience'. This is an imaginative recreation of some of the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer using modern technology. Even the smells of the inn and the horses were presented to visitors, and the girls and their staff enjoyed the story telling which made an excellent introduction to the Tales. It was pleasing to see that copies of Chaucer were being bought in the gift shop, and we hope that the visit was a stimulus to further reading.

MEW

1st Forms visit Canterbury Cathedral (Photo: JBL)

HISTORY DEPARTMENT VISIT TO PARLIAMENT AND THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM AUTUMN 1993

The visit to Parliament by the fifth form has become an annual event, and is seen as of the utmost importance. If the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, then this can only be secured by an awareness of the importance of democratic processes. Young people must be aware of the importance of parliamentary institutions, and should know how laws are made. The excellent video made by the House of Commons educational service was a good introduction to a complex subject. It focuses on the work of one M.P., showing his service to his constituency and his working routine at Westminster. The hurly burly of question time can seem strange and disorderly, but its purpose was well explained here, and many aspects of the life

of Parliament were clarified. The most fascinating part of the visit, however, was, as always, the tour of both the Commons and the Lords. To be standing where the great figures of politics made their speeches is always a great experience. Even going round in an organized group, one is aware of power everywhere. The sense of the link with the past, and the importance of the past is overwhelming.

The past and its effects was, of course, the subject of the exhibitions in the Imperial War Museum. Once a rather dry and forbidding place, the museum has tried hard to be 'user friendly' and one of its most intriguing 'hands on' exhibits is a simulated flight in a Lancaster bomber on a night raid. Mr. Roser dared and was rewarded with a bumpy, but exciting recreation of a dangerous wartime experience. The rest of the party had the experience of being guided by an Air Raid Warden through a bombing raid on a London street in 1940.

The Blitz Experience is ingenious and quite vivid, and the whole visit was worthwhile and stimulating.
MEW

THIRD YEAR HISTORY OUTING TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY VISIT AT GOSPORT AND PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR

Every year a dedicated band of historical enthusiasts recreate seventeenth century life in a wood outside Gosport and instruct and entertain visitors by impersonating the members of an early modern village. This 'interactive' project allows students to ask questions and engage in banter with the soldiers, farmers, thatchers, innkeepers, carpenters, wise women and bodgers.

The desperate insecurity of life, and the need to use whatever materials are to hand in a way that shames modern waste of resources are points which are strongly made. But the charm and good humour of the villagers eliminate any hint that this is a didactic exercise, and our girls enjoyed the theatricality of the experience.
In the afternoon we enjoyed a pleasant excursion around the ships in Portsmouth harbour.

MEW

NOTES FROM ST MARY'S HALL ARCHIVES

Amongst the collection of documents in the St Mary's Hall archives which I am in the process of cataloguing, I found something which should interest all those who remember their First Year History lessons on the medieval open villages with their strip fields.

In a document dealing with the sale of a piece of land between our West Drive and the Royal Sussex

From Deed of Sale, 1846 (St Mary's Hall archives)

County Hospital in 1846, there is included a map showing a small part of what was once the huge open field called East Laine.

Although they were probably not being farmed in 1846, the strips are marked in clearly, together with the names of the people who had the right to them. So, when you play lacrosse at St Mary's Hall, you are doing so where farmers once toiled on their strips many years ago.

JR

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP

"A few days of relaxation," my Mum said. "The country air will do you good, dear." She could not have been more wrong. The field trip was four exhausting days of hard work, mixed with a little bit of fun: rounders with the Ridges, Welsh T.V. and late night gossips.

The trip began with our arriving at school by 7 am, Tuesday 27th April (while the rest of the school were still on their Easter holidays). We had a six to seven hour journey to Somerset, ahead of us, with a coffee break for Mrs Ridge. As the week progressed, we got used to these breaks for coffee!

We arrived at Nettlecombe Court, in Taunton, after travelling through various country lanes and getting temporarily lost! The building to be our school and home over the next few days was a huge, 500 year-old farm house in the middle of nowhere. We were welcomed by the owner. Although he looked strict, he wasn't. He had a marvellous, jovial character and had a wonderful way with young people, which gained our respect very quickly.

We were then told the rules and regulations, fire drill and about meal times. As students we had our own kitchen where we could make our own tea and coffee and there were always plenty of biscuits to keep us going through the hard work ahead.

We were then told, much to our horror, that our first lesson would start in just under an hour, barely giving us time to explore and unpack. Our tutor for the week was called Martin and he turned out to be an excellent and fun instructor.

Our first field study was on infiltration rates. For those of you who do not know what infiltration is, you may have some idea of how we felt, not understanding a word of Martin's Somerset accent and struggling to keep up with his dictation! Luckily Mrs Ridge whispered from the back of the class: "Girls, infiltration is the movement of water into the ground", and from then on we more or less understood what he was talking about. We then went outside for our first taste in field work (need I say that as soon as we stepped outside, the heavens opened and it poured with rain, but we continued). We measured the infiltration rates at six different sites and then went back indoors to record our results and write up our findings.

Wednesday's study was on Minehead, a town in Somerset, which boasts the largest holiday camp in Europe. We stood outside some shops with our clipboards and pens ready to survey residents about tourism in their town. You could see some residents trying to avoid us, for fear of our pouncing on them with questionnaires.

Thursday's study was on coasts and long shore drift at Porlock Bay which has the second highest tides in the world. We took profiles of beaches and measured the size of pebble at two different points of the bay - Gore point at the West End and Hurlstone point at the East End. There was a slight problem in gaining access to Hurlstone Point, namely a cliff being in the way! So we had to climb up North Hill, resting at the top and drawing the surrounding moorland before starting on the steep descent down a cliff onto the beach below.

The next day, Friday, was our last day at Nettlecombe Court, so we had to pack before our last lesson, which was on Microclimates, the study of climate variations over small areas within a few metres of the ground. We measured the

humidity, temperature, wind speed and wind direction, at different points around the outside of the building, before going back indoors to discuss ideas for our GCSE coursework with Mrs Ridge and Martin.

It was not just a week of solid work: we did have some breaks in between lessons when we played rounders against other schools, also staying at the centre. We also rested in the common room, which had a pool table, radio and a Welsh T.V. - have you ever tried watching the Nine O'Clock news in Welsh? Although our lessons went on all day, at least some were outside and this made such a refreshing change overall: a demanding but thoroughly enjoyable trip.

Shannon O'Neill V S

SILVER DUKE OF EDINBURGH EXPEDITION

Duke of Edinburgh Expedition 1993

During the third week-end in June 1993 the St Mary's Hall Silver expedition team set off for the Isle of Wight. Whilst most families were planning a quiet week-end at home with maybe a spot of sunbathing, we had planned to walk 48km over three days. Armed with our rucksacks, hats and sun shades we set off on the Friday afternoon in high spirits.

Our focus for this silver expedition was farms, and so our route was planned so that from A to B we encountered as many as possible - making sure we had also covered enough mileage.

After a good day's walking we were nearing the end of our route. Seeing the camp-site gave us all a burst of energy which enabled us to run towards the gates to complete our first day's exertion. All that was left to do now was pitch the tent, cook dinner and make friends with the herd of goats which were residents at the camp-site.

On Saturday, after an early start, we set off accompanied by our assessor. We met lots of people along the way, from scouts to cyclists. It was even suggested that our purpose be changed from observing farms to "men we met along our way"!

After lunch we started our main singing performance of the day and met up with a training expedition group who claimed they could hear us coming from miles off.

During Saturday's route we came across the largest milking farm on the island and after being shown around the parlour we were also given some fresh milk which came in very handy that evening. We continued on course and soon bumped into Mrs Ridge - we knew we must be fairly near the camp-site as Mrs Ridge wouldn't have strayed too far afield. After tumbling down the last hill, singing

a few more verses, we had soon set up camp and were cooking our cordon bleu meals!

The entertainment for the evening was a challenge rounders match against the staff which, needless to say, we won, even after our long day's walk.

On Sunday we had a new kind of energy driving us; if we weren't at our finishing points on time we missed the ferry! Knowing what was in store we set off. We stopped for lunch at the jetty, where, after removing our socks and boots, we let the water soothe our aching feet. Not content with this, Sarah and Alice plunged into the water for a quick lunchtime swim. Feeling quite refreshed, we carried on, stopping for our usual breaks and - believe it or not - a mud pack, as we felt the ground mud was suitable and it was exactly what our faces needed! At last, we reached our destination whereupon we promptly flopped. We had finally completed our three days of walking!

After being collected, we were driven to the beach where we enjoyed our last hour splashing in the sea and soaking up the sun. All that remained to be done was to catch the ferry back and return the equipment, sparkling like new!

Ciar O'Hare L VI

THE KING AND I DECEMBER 1993

Alice, Sara-Jane and Helen give their account of the production below. I should only like to add my thanks to all the staff who gave generously of their time to help with the production. There were a large number of girls taking part and it was a real pleasure to see a real team effort and such an encouraging interest in music and drama.

MEW

On Friday 11 September, a large number of people at St Mary's Hall were apprehensive about forthcoming auditions that afternoon for the musical "The King and I". Having watched the video the day before, we knew what parts to audition for. Girls from different years auditioned well, proving themselves to be very talented. On Monday the conjecture ended as the cast list was posted on the Drama notice board and congratulations were in order for everyone who had got a part.

We were all really excited to attend our first rehearsal as we embarked on what was to be a memorable experience. Although enthusiasm wavered over the weeks, a high standard of effort was still maintained at all times. The co-director, Mr Wells, patiently persevered with us as we learnt to play our parts with conviction. A great help to "Anna" and "The King" was the advice from Mr Richard Lindfield, who had portrayed the king in a production at the Dome, also directed by Mr Wells.

"The King and I" Autumn Term, 1993 (Photo: JBL)

After weeks of rehearsal in school uniform, the costumes arrived, making rehearsals more authentic and injecting enthusiasm into the cast. Mrs Lock's beautiful set also began to take its final shape. As well as helping us all through the play, Mrs Best provided final touches to the costume, as the weeks became days until the first performance. The atmosphere soared and nerves were on edge as band call and dress rehearsals came and went successfully.

As the first night approached, the cast were unusually subdued as tension increased. As soon as we

heard the first few bars of the overture, confidence overpowered the tension and the adrenalin level rose. By the end of the play, as we received the thunderous applause from the audience, we were definitely ready to do it all over again. After a brief pep-talk given by Mr Wells on the second night about not letting the level of motivation drop, we were pleased when the evening passed without too many hiccups!

On the last night, everyone was determined to make this performance the best. Although some people were suffering from colds and flu, the enthusiasm and cohesion within the cast was as strong as ever. Everyone gave their utmost as "thank yous" were given and speeches delivered, the lights dimmed and the music ended, the adrenalin subsided and the curtains closed for the last time. Sadly we realised it was over but the memories of a happy and exciting show will be with us for a long time.

Alice Tatham L VI
Sara-Jane Lo L VI
Helen Roberts L VI

SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Following an active and enjoyable year, the Society learned at the end of the summer term that the Studio was required for increased academic accommodation and that we would therefore have to move. Thanks to the Bursar and his maintenance staff, the alternative accommodation, in the basement of Elliott House, is an improvement. Although a few metres short for the effective use of a 90mm lens in portraiture sessions, the installation of rails on the walls provides a welcome versatility in the positioning of tungsten lighting units.

It is a mark of the speed of advancement in photographic equipment, that "all singing, all dancing" automatic compact cameras are ubiquitous in school these days. In many such cameras, insertion and removal of a film cassette is all that is required in order to collect a wallet of 24 technically perfect colour prints from a local Foto Bar, a few hours after the last exposure has been made.

In time, new members realise that auto compacts, while excellent for their designed purpose, are restrictive when it comes to attempting more enterprising and creative work. For example, a shot of a rain-swept street at night is not necessarily enhanced by a blast of automatic flash, while a still-life grouping, requiring controlled depth of field in addition to a time exposure, becomes impossible!

For all aspiring Cartier-Bressons or Julia Margaret Camerons, it must be back to basics with a manual single lens reflex camera! There are no short cuts in acquiring the knowledge and experience that can lead to the production of satisfying and, ultimately, above average results.

SLR

SOCIAL CLUB

This year St Mary's Hall has definitely been on the map of the social scene with the new Fifth and Sixth Social Club. This involves a

Final, National Festival of Music for Youth, Royal Festival Hall, London (Photo: JBL)

committee of girls in the Fifth and Sixth Form arranging events during the year, which take place with various schools in the area.

A couple of events held during the Autumn term were the Curry Evening and a Symposium on the subject of date rape, with Hurstpierpoint College. Both occasions were such a great success that we were invited back to the various schools to take part in other social events. The hard work of the Social Club had certainly paid off.

Various events such as a bowling evening and a leavers' ball are scheduled to take place in the Summer term, both of which, I am sure, will be occasions to look forward to.

I would like to thank everyone who has supported the Club in any way, and I know that with continuing support, the Club will continue to be a success.

Panita Vig UVI

CHAPEL REPORT

Our Chapel of St Mark continues to play a very central part in the life of our school. As I have only been Chaplain for two terms I can only speak in a very personal way about my first impressions.

Since its consecration St Mark's has without a doubt developed its own particular atmosphere and spirituality for which we must thank our forebears as we continue to pray for the repose of their souls.

It is my privilege to Celebrate the Eucharist every Wednesday morning at 8:15 am. This is not an obligatory service but it is open to all friends of St Mary's Hall. I then conduct a short assembly. My other duties are the preparation of candidates for the Sacrament of Confirmation and at this time there are thirteen girls being prepared for the sacrament who will be Confirmed on May 20 at 2:30 pm. The presiding Bishop will be The Rt Rev Mark Green, at one time Bishop of Ashton.

As you know I am also Parish Priest of St Mary the Virgin, Kemp Town and we are honoured to retain the great link between the parish and the school as the first vicar was our Founder. We welcome girls to sing in the choir and join in our congregation and of course a warm welcome is there for mums, dads and friends. If at any time I can help any of you my pastoral duties extend to all connected with our school.

JEL

1993-94 Senior Lacrosse (Photo: JBL)

PE REPORT 1993 - 1994

This was, as ever, a busy year and one which produced excellent lacrosse results. Congratulations are due to Miss Corris for her hard work in this her special interest and to those who put in extra time to improve stickwork skills. The improvement was registered in the impressive list of those selected for the county teams and the win by the under 14 XII in the Sussex Tournament.

An encouraging number passed the RLSS Bronze Medallion: nine in all, and the examiner commented on the assurance with which candidates instructed their casualties. No one would dare to drown when being dealt with by these life savers!

Mrs Mathews has been doing sterling work with those who attend Table Tennis Club and the progress from tapping the ball over the net to inflicting spin on an unwary opponent has been most entertaining to watch.

Although new ventures, such as archery, have been introduced, a great deal of energy and effort is put into the familiar team games. It is still part of St Mary's Hall life to try to gain a Mars bar by hitting the rounders ball over the wall! We still start early Saturday mornings to travel to matches to meet familiar faces and old friends from our match circuit. It wouldn't quite be summer if at least one Midland Bank Tennis match wasn't played in torrential rain! It wouldn't be the end of term either, unless everyone was hoarse from cheering on the House Teams. Long may it be so!

HMF

1993-94 U.13 Netball (Photo: JBL)

SCHOOL TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Under 13 doubles
K. Graves, C. Bartram

Under 13 singles
K. Graves

Under 14 doubles
J. Graves, L. Canavan

Under 14 singles
L. Canavan

Under 15 doubles
J. Graves, L. Canavan

Under 15 singles
J. Lutkin

1993-94 U.14 Lacrosse (Photo: JBL)

Open singles
J. Lutkin

SCHOOL BADMINTON TOURNAMENT

E. Clarke, C. O' Hare

LACROSSE

Junior Lacrosse Cup
S. Harvey

Senior Lacrosse Cup
C. O' Hare, C. Green

SWIMMING

Cup for Effort and Improvement
L. Coulter, A. Clarke

PE

Senior Effort and Improvement P.E. Cup
A. Millyard

Junior Effort and Improvement P.E. Cup
C. Durrant-Peatfield

RLSS Bronze Medallion
E. Tennant, A. Ellison, H. Roberts, S. Stallard, N. O'Connell, S. Terrot, C. O'Hare, E. Gest, M. Damit

STRIPES

U15 Lacrosse
K. Ball, L. Harvey, L. Canavan, J. Graves, C. Newman

U15 Netball
S. Harvey, L. Hoskins, V. Lewis

U15 Tennis
J. Lutkin, E. Hall, C. Newman

Senior Lacrosse
E. Clarke, L. Askey, B. Cole, S. Harvey

1993-94 U.15 Netball (Photo: JBL)

Senior Tennis
E. Clarke, J. Kassir (re-awarded)

Commendations for Lacrosse
J. Green, C. Trott, Y. Kassim

Senior Netball
A. Tatham, Y. Kassim, C. Green

Badminton
C. Green, J. Green, E. Clarke, C. O'Hare

Rounders
L. Canavan, J. Graves, T. Henry, K. Ball, L. Harvey

COLOURS

Lacrosse, Netball
C. Green, R. Pratt (re-awarded)

Tennis
R. Pratt, C. Green, A. Tatham

COUNTY LACROSSE 1992 - 1993

U 18
C. Green, C. O'Hare

U 15
S. Harvey, C. Newman, L. Canavan, K. Ball, L. Harvey, J. Graves

HMF

SPOTLIGHT ON OUR UPPER SIXTH

A few words about each of our Upper Sixth students:

TRACIE BOWES

After studying A Levels in French, Geography and Maths (and GCSE Italian), I would like to go to Kingston University to read for a degree in French and Geography. I intend to have a career working in the European Community using language and perhaps geographical skills. My main interest is drama and I have taken part in many productions and hope to carry on doing so.

DERIN ELESO

My name is Derin Eleso. My A Levels are Business Studies and Art with an AS in Classical Civilisation. Next year I intend to go to art college in order to do an Art and Design Foundation Course.

JULIE FREEMAN

I am currently studying A Levels in English Literature, Spanish and Economics. It is my intention to study Economics at University College, London as I find it a fascinating subject - perhaps the area of academic enquiry which holds out the best hope of solving the world's problems.

ALANNA HENRY

I am taking Business Studies, English Literature and Geography A Levels. I have chosen to follow a management and business course at either Lancaster or Brunel University which will include a year of work experience in industry. I hope this will eventually lead to a management position, possibly in a personnel department.

SUSIE HILDYARD

Having recovered from studying A Levels in French, English and Music (together with Latin GCSE), I shall be reading French and English at Oxford for four years. After that I hope to work in France in a job which doesn't require too great a subservience to the world of technology and electronics.

JANAN KASSIR

After completing my A Levels in Physics, Biology and Maths and my AS in French, I hope to go on to read Law at LSE or UCL. My ambition is to become a successful solicitor and to set up my own practice. I enjoy taking part in most school sports and activities, and thrive on partaking in heated debates.

ZIGGY KENNELL

I am currently studying Art & Design, Physics and Technology at A level and intend to read for a degree

in European Business Studies with Italian, part of which entails a period of study in northern Italy. Obtaining this degree will, I hope, lead to a career in business management and to running my own business in the future. My interests include anything that promotes relaxation, leaving me with a clear mind for my studies!!

HENRIETTA KNOTT

I am currently studying for A Levels in Classical Civilisation, English Literature and Religious Studies. In September I will be starting a course in Catering and Hotel Management at Brighton College of Technology with a view to running my own catering business.

ANITA LEUNG

I am doing Business Studies, Economics, Chinese and Mathematics as my A Levels. I hope I can get into a university to do a business degree course. I am also interested in travelling, playing the piano, listening to music and athletics.

RACHEL PRATT

I am studying Art and Business Studies A Levels, and will be going on to do an Art Foundation course in September at Brighton College of Technology. I hope that this will lead on to an art degree at university. I would like to continue my interest in sport and complete my gold Duke of Edinburgh Award.

VICTORIA ROBINSON

After completing my A levels in English Literature, History and Mathematics I plan to study Philosophy at Leeds or Durham University. Before settling down to my chosen career I would like to take the opportunity to travel.

PANITA VIG

I am currently working for may A levels in Economics, Maths and Law. Afterwards I hope to go to UCL to study Economics and Statistics and then become a chartered accountant.

SENIOR SCHOOL CREATIVE WORK

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

Tonight is the last night but one of our holiday in Ireland, and the owner of the house we are staying in has arranged a party. It is a thoroughly Irish party, with an Irish fiddler. It is just the beginning of dusk when the first guests start to arrive, a summer dusk in which the heat remains and the gnats buzz fearfully around your head. All of us children stink of mosquito repellant, but it doesn't seem to have much effect.

The sky is lilac now, pale fuzzy lilac with streaks of gold. The sea sounds fainter than it does in daylight, lapping meekly against the sand with a soft rustle of foam. Everything is quieter and stiller, but the stillness is charged with the expectancy of music and laughter. The wood seems more dangerous, deeper and blacker, as though it hides a secret in its centre, and none of us suggest walking up to it to kill some time. Instead, we drink too much lemonade, leaving fizz on our teeth and sweetness in our mouths, and sometimes go into the hall to admire the food.

The Hall is not all that big; it is long and wooden, and sings clearly back to you if you give it a note. There is a trestle table set up at the side, covered completely by plates of saucisson and bottles of whiskey and lemonade. We have been deputised to bring light into the dark hall by setting candles up all around it, and we do so with a lot of squabbling. There is only one box of matches and everybody wants to light the candles. Not that everybody is all that many. There are four of us in the hall - my brother, our two cousins and me. John is six, and too young for most of our games, we tend to leave him out of things. Charlotte is nine, but seems older. She and I run away from Jamie (my brother) and form secret societies that never last. When all of us are together, we are ageless, fearless, and rebellious, we defy anyone over eighteen and plan midnight escapades.

Tonight we are filled up with laughter and excitement, ready for anything. I am hoping for a moonlight swim and dances that leave me breathless.

At last, my uncle and father return from the pub where they have been hiding, and we are dragged away from the saucisson to say hello to people we have never met and our parents do not remember. Some smile through their beards, others head straight for the whiskey. All of them seem immense and ridiculous; we comment on their clothes and laugh at their manner of talking.

Now the musicians arrive, a fiddler and an accordion player, who apologise for being late and smile toothlessly at anyone and everyone. The fiddler is so like a leprechaun that I cannot help staring: he has bow legs and no teeth to speak of, he is little and wiry and would not look out of place wearing a cap with a bell on it. All the adults turn and cheer them, their faces florid in the candle-light. While the fiddler tells them how to dance a jig, we squeeze in between them to find a clear space where we can dance. The fiddler begins to play and immediately my feet itch to skip around and rap the floor. Charlotte and I link arms and turn dizzyingly around, changing partners and returning. Everywhere feet stamp on the floor and adults laugh, uproariously: we smile secretly at one another. I catch my brother's arm and we spin round, faster with the confidence born of familiarity. I can see nothing clearly but my brother's face, everything else whirls around me in a blur. Eventually I begin to feel sick, and sit down on the steps outside. When the dance has finished and the grown-ups return briefly to their whiskey, the mother of the French boys who are staying in a small house in the grounds approaches me, smiling as widely and effusively as a crocodile.

"Would you have the next dance wiz my leetle Antoine? He would like to ask you but he ees shy." I feel myself going as red as it is possible to be, and my pulse races in horror. Out of the corner of my eye I can see Charlotte trying to keep a straight face.
"Oh - I - no thank you, sorry, no thank you," I manage to choke out, out of lips that will not form words.

"Oh pliz do!"

"Oh, I couldn't, no thank you, no thank you." She smiles again, shrugs her shoulders and shakes her head at "leetle Antoine", who is ten. I sit down on the steps, trembling with relief. My legs are wobbling and my hair springs out in all directions.

"Oh Katy, you should have said yes!" gasps Charlotte, who is curled up in hysterics.

"I'm never going back in there again! It isn't safe! Come on. Get Jamie out and we'll go onto the lawn."

Sitting by myself on the steps, I suddenly let out an explosive snort of laughter, causing a woman in a pink frilly top to drop her sausages on the floor.

Charlotte reappears with Jamie some time later, just as the fiddler strikes up again. We step down into the cooler air of the garden and sit down on the grass. I glance back at the hall, and think how strange it looks. Outside it is dark and still and mysterious; there is no noise except the faraway sea. All the light and noise in the world seems to be contained in the hall, cut off completely from the scented night.

"I asked that French boy to go on a date with you!" grins Jamie suddenly.

"YOU WHAT?!" I shriek, my thoughts rudely interrupted. "Charlie and I went up to him and I said, 'Would you like to go on a date with my big sister?'" (Charlie is one of three boys who are staying in another small house in the grounds.)

I remain calm, quickly thinking out a plan in my head. Revenge must be taken. I make a sudden move towards Jamie, and he darts back into the hall.

"Quick!" I grab Charlotte by the hand, and we rush towards the house, picking up the gravel. "What are you going to do?" queries Charlotte, anticipating glorious revenge.

"Where are the glasses?" I hurry into the dark kitchen, and rummage through the cupboards. I fill a glass with cold bubbling water from the tap, and smile to myself in the darkness.

"Oh brilliant!" giggles Charlotte, realisation dawning. "Shall I go and get him for you?" "Yes, but don't tell him I sent you for him. Just bring him out." Charlotte dashes out and I am alone. I walk out into the garden keeping my hand steady. I feel suddenly elated and excited; it is as though I have drunk in the heady warmth of the summer night. I shiver, and spill a few drops of water on the ground, then tiptoe into the blackness beneath the trees. I hear Charlotte, Jamie and John coming down the steps, and prepare to spring.

"What is this game of yours, anyway, Charlotte?"

"Just wait till we get down and I'll show you." Charlotte is being her most tantalizing; I can almost hear her laughing secretly inside her stomach.

They stop just by my tree, and I walk slowly out, grinning in unholy delight. "No, oh no Katy!" cries Jamie, spotting me and the glass at the same time. "Oh yes, oh yes, oh YES!" I laugh back, and let fly.

Jamie stands with dripping hair and a wet patch down the front of his tee-shirt. "Oorgh, just you wait!" he says fiercely, and sets off to the house with Charlie. I know he doesn't really mind getting wet, and I know what he is going to do, but I run out into the garden anyway, to find a hiding place.

While we wait, crouched under a bush, Jamie is filling his own glass, and finally comes out of the house with John, and charges at us with a war cry. Charlotte and I shriek, and run into the dark garden, ducking through the trees in terrified excitement. Round the hall and through brambles we run, never daring to stop, branches catching our hair and briars scratching our bare legs, running with the same urgency as we would if a murderer were after us. Eventually, Jamie calls "pax", tired out, and we all walk up back to the hall, panting and sweating. I am too exhausted now to be worried about French mothers, so we all go in and

watch the grown-ups, made childlike with whiskey. Then a real Irish dancer comes in, and everyone clears a space for her in the middle of the hall. I watch her feet, fascinated by the speed at which they point and twist, while her upper body remains as motionless as her face. When she finishes, and we dance again, Charlotte and I try to copy her, but succeed only in treading on each other's toes.

Yee-Young Yoon IV O

The candles are melting down now, their flames long and flickering, and the plates are nearly empty. Our parents, feeling indulgent, force us into singing some songs. All the adults smile benevolently, but the fiddler winks at me, and suggests that we sing "Molly Malone". I swear that at the end of the evening he is more energetic than he was at the beginning, and his fiddling is faster. We sing "Molly Malone" in uncertain voices, made stronger by the adults joining in, then step down, smiling, into candlelight and applause.

Then Auntie Sarah, bolder than ever, takes the fiddler's arm and asks him if he can dance the Gay Gordons - which he can. So my tall aunt and the little fiddler skip up and down the hall faster and faster, until Auntie Sarah calls a halt and sits down. The fiddler looks as though he could carry on all night, but steps down graciously and lets Uncle Patrick recite half of "The Fiddler of Dooney" before giving up for lack of words.

After this the grown-ups say "Enough for the children" and drag us out of the hall into the pitch-dark midnight, where the stars are brighter than they are in England and the moon is bigger. I stumble over tussocks of grass into the house, and haul myself upstairs into the room I share with Charlotte. Changing into our pyjamas by the window, we look into the night and see that the light flickers through the windows in the hall and hear the fiddler - whom I ever afterwards refer to as the Fiddler of Dooney - playing wild, fast music that goes on and on into the wee sma's when the whiskey runs out. But even after that, I see him before my eyes, dancing and playing the music of Ireland into the Irish summer night, the Fiddler of Dooney.

Kate Morrison IVY

DANS LA SALLE

Quand il est arrivé
il a ouvert la porte
et est entré dans la salle.

Dans la salle
il a ouvert la valise
sur la table.
Il y a regardé
Il a pris un livre
dans la valise
Il a ouvert le livre
et a marché vers moi
Il m'a donné le livre
sans une parole
Il a ouvert la porte
et il est parti.

Kemi Anibaba V S

ESCAPE

It was nearly eleven o'clock on a cold November's day. The mist covered the land like a thick white blanket and out of that blanket only the sounds of barking hounds and the clatter of hooves could be heard. It was the day of the hunt: a day of excitement and pleasure for the hunt and the pack, but for the animals and the fox in particular it brought a day of fear and terror.

With the slow, ghostly sound of the horn, the hunt was under way. The horses cantered on the soft ground with their heads held high, their ears pricked and their eyes alert and taking in everything that was happening around them.

After cantering across several fields and failing to find a scent, the Master led the pack to the edge of a copse on the higher ground. Suddenly the leading hound gave voice. "That's it, " said the Master, "we've got him. If we keep behind him and drive him to the river, there will be no escape. With the rain we've had recently, the river is in flood and no animal, horse or fox, could cross that river and come out alive. We'll have a kill before lunch." At the thought of this an evil smirk came across his face and he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks aggressively.

The huntsman's horn sounded and the field came together behind the pack which was now in full cry. "View halloo!" shouted one of the riders and there in the distance could be seen a small brown speck heading as expected towards the river.

By now the horses were in full gallop. Field followed field, hedgerow followed hedgerow. The horses took everything in their stride. Their nostrils were flared and red and their flanks heaved as they gradually closed the gap between them and their prey.

The fox was worried. He had not expected to be found so far from his lair. While he was foraging for food an encounter with a large dog had left him with a badly strained shoulder and he knew that in this condition he could not outrun the pack. He was no fool. He knew the state of the river, but knew also that it was his only hope. Better to drown, than to be torn to pieces by a pack of dogs!

By now the pack was only a field away. The fox could see the drooling mouths of the hounds as they grew nearer and nearer. He limped to the edge of the water and turned to face his attackers. The Master reined in his horse. "Right my beauties, " he said, "kill him! Eat him! "

The fox looked at the raging torrent, but there was no alternative. He leapt from the bank and was immediately swallowed up by the angry waters. "Damn!" said the Master, "he's cheated us, but at least we know that another fox is dead."

The fox in fact thought he was dead. The current had

taken him underwater for what seemed an age and his lungs felt as if they would burst at any moment. Just when he thought he could last no longer, the water suddenly disappeared and he found himself cast up on a narrow shelf at a sharp bend of the river well downstream and away from the terrors of the hunt. He crawled onto the land and gulped in the fresh air. He was alive. He had escaped.

Clementine Hunnisett IV Y

A HOLIDAY RESORT IN BAD WEATHER

In the true British tradition, which is upheld by continuous cold weather fronts, it is raining here in Bournemouth. Before me I imagine miles of golden sand which so resembles soft brown sugar and a calm summer sea in which you are able to swim without getting pneumonia. But, alas, all that stretch in front of me are miles of wet sand which look suitable for the concrete mixer, and a grey turbulent sea. So much for sunshine and warm seas in my half term break!

As I walk along the promenade I watch as careworn-looking mothers with grey faces and a slight smile hold on to their children protectively. Despite the inhospitable weather, the children still seem gay, wearing their bright red and blue rain-macs and licking freezing cold soft whip ice cream bought from an Italian vendor just across the way. Further along as I walk my eyes are immediately drawn to the brash flashing lights of the Amusement Centre. Slot machines and arcade games twinkle enticingly to youths, their money, soon to be gone, stuffed in their pockets...

An hour later, after stopping for a light lunch at a local pub, we graduate on to the town centre. Shops such as BHS, Marks & Spencer and Dorothy Perkins lure the true "shopaholic" into a wild spending spree. Although the sky is hung with great, dirty, looming cumulo-nimbus clouds, the precinct is bustling with people, many looking out for bargains. In a corner beside the Pizza Hut is a young busker. He has a slight beard and looks like a student trying to earn some extra cash. Many people are gathered around him, young and old alike, all captivated by his recital of "The Phantom of the Opera" on the flute. At the end of his performance, he looks pleased as coins clink into a bag on the floor. Bravo!

Later in the afternoon, since the weather has now become really horrendous, my family and I decide to try to while away the hours at the Bournemouth Leisure Centre with a warm swim. The pool contrasts sharply with the stormy sea at this moment. On the television Michael Fish on BBC 1 mumbles that the weather is fine and sunny on the South Coast and raining in the North. Michael, is there a distinct possibility that you have got it wrong as usual? Yes, I think so.

Well, although the weather has been a terrible let-down, there has been a consolation. My father has been able to paint part of a marine painting with the help of such a fine example of a rough sea just outside his hotel window. Bad weather is not so "bad" after all.

Jenny Pattinson IV O

THE FLIGHT OF THE MOLECULES

The carbon monoxide molecules laughed and jumped for joy as they were set free, floating up and out of the great chimney in a huge poisonous cloud, choking any oxygen molecules that lay in their path. They were indestructible, insane and out to kill. They had no plan, no organised attack scheme; it was just kill, kill, kill.

"Ha Ha," cried one, "the organisms of this planet should have taken heed of their own warnings." The cloud floated further and further and as it did so it broke up, spreading the molecules out. Some headed

for the organisms of the Nebula to be breathed in by them, entering their lungs, where they searched for the red blood cells, latching on to the haemoglobin and then never, never letting go. The organism choked, coughed, wheezed, tottered on its feet and never drew another breath. The other molecules found an air current and floated up and up. "Higher, higher, " they screeched and so the wind took them up to the ozone layer where they began their attack, gradually eating into the protective layer over the Nebula until a hole appeared which grew and grew, letting in more and more harmful rays, until all life forms on the planet had been destroyed. But the molecules still could not rest and off out into space they went, flying here and there, flying fast and slow, nowhere, anywhere and everywhere, and maybe they are still out there. Nobody knows, maybe, just maybe they'll find us, or will it be too late? Will we have made the same mistake?

Nathalie Hojka IV Y

LOOKING THROUGH A WINDOW

When I look through a window,
I see the whole world stretched out before my very eyes,
A window can be your passport to freedom,
It can show you better places.

But apart from that it can be a comfort,
In a time of pain, sorrow and distress,
It can help you step through into another world,
Or it can give you your reflection as a friend.

When you look through a window you see nature,
You see the cruel and unnecessary acts of human beings,
You could see skies clear and beautiful or black dirty ones.

You know it really is enjoyable looking through a window.

Serena Dougan I K

DINER TRISTE

Il n'y avait personne
Dans la cuisine

C'etait complètement sombre

J'ai écouté le bruit du vent
Et de mon chat, seule.

J'ai mis ma fourchette
sur la table

J'ai aussi mis sa fourchette
Et ses assiettes

J'ai regardé la table
Je me suis levée
Je suis partie avec mes larmes.

Ye Hee Kim V S

THE WOLF

The forest was misty, and there was the sound of running water. There was the smell of man's campfire. They were hunting wolves!

The footsteps of the hunters were now growing faster, as they had seen a pair of green, glaring eyes looking straight at them. IT WAS A WOLF!
The wolf howled, which made the hunters turn around frantically, to try and get a glimpse of the wolf again.

The wolve's flanks heaved so much he was forced to leave the hunters and rest in a nearby cave. Suddenly he had a need for human flesh!

The mist had cleared, and the moon shone brightly, making the hunters' job easier to find the wolf.

The hunters had their guns ready to fire! The wolf crouched low, tensing every muscle in his body..... He leaped upon the hunters and, at the same time, one of them shot a single rifle bullet.Then silence. Still, unbroken silence.

The wolf lay there DEAD!

Charlotte Overton-Hart I i

THE BRITISH BY AN AMERICAN

I just moved to England.
Wow, what a change!
I never believed that anyone
Could really be this strange!

The British call it chaos
If they can't have their cup of tea,
The British talk in weird accents,
Another language to me!

How can they drive at all ?
They're on the wrong side of the road!
They have these things called roundabouts -
Tossing us to and fro.

In school they teach you French,
Latin, and Scripture's taught, too.
And never did I think I'd miss,
The boys the way I do.

Not that I don't like Brits,
I'm having a lot of fun!
I even like the mild weather,
Except I miss the sun!

Sarah Twenty II E

WONDER IN THE WOODS

Look at them! How silent they are, swaying in time to the breeze, letting the wind rustle their crispy, golden, brown leaves in a dark and gloomy wood, only lit with the glittering, golden sun beams, filtering through their leaves.

The weird and wonderful woods are special to me. It's a peaceful place but noisy in its own way, with bees humming and buzzing around you, flying to each delicate flower, collecting pollen, and the birds twittering high in the trees, singing their sweet song, the fresh smell of dew on the dark glossy green grass. If you're quick you may catch a glimpse of a nimble squirrel or a rabbit hopping hither and thither.

The flowers are beginning to bud, but are already giving off a sweet scent that drifts in and out of the trees. Ivy takes over part of the trees - letting each leaf curl along each dew-tipped branch, while, down below, a sparkling spider's web also glistens in the sun and the dew begins to slowly, slowly melt away.

Soothing, wonderful, peaceful woods are where I like to wander.

Jennifer Lumb II E

Fumi Yuasa L VI

SCHOOL

Hard work all day,
Never having time to play,
Listening to notices in prayers,
And being caught asleep in lessons unawares.

Lots and lots of prep,
Never having time to watch TV,
Always busy like a little bee.

At last the weekend!
And we can relax,
Until next week when it all starts again!

Susan Dalton III M3

FAMILY AFFAIR

Hannah, Alex, Richard and Scot,
Grannie, Auntie, Uncle, the lot,
We all meet together once in a while,
and when we do, for the cameras we smile.

Uncle Gordon is telling a joke,
While Auntie Carol starts to choke,
Grandpa sits asleep in a chair,
and Alex falls from the top of the stair.

Sophie, only just one,
has found drawing on walls lots of fun,
Uncle Robin sees the damage she has done,
and runs to find Sophie's mum.

I watch the scene in disbelief
As Auntie Marie exclaims, "Good grief!"
Cousin Richard hasn't a care,
"Don't worry, " he tells me; "It's a family affair."

Katie Overton-Hart III M3

SCHOOL MEMORIES

One of my first memories at St Mary's Hall is of playing the violin. We were in Upper Prep and compulsory violin lessons had started. None of us were very good, but we had only been playing for about a term. It was a warm day and we were having our lesson in the Robinson Wing, so we opened all the windows.

In this particular lesson we were mastering a new note and it was a rather challenging one. In order to perfect our newly found note, we were told to repeat it over and over again. This we did for about five minutes.

It was getting to sound rather like a fire alarm after this length of time and, obviously, other people thought so too. Because of the open windows the sound had travelled its way round the school. So, whilst we were happily scraping away, the entire senior school had been evacuated. Eventually, a member of staff came up to tell us we should have evacuated the building and located the cause of the commotion. Fortunately, we progressed, but I know that there is nothing quite so disheartening as being told you sound like a fire alarm!

Amoret Abis III M3

Centenary Pageant 1936 (St Mary's Hall Archives)

LIFE AS A MOUSE

I'm not a person that lives in a house,
Nor a cat: I'm a small mouse.

I look after myself and live off scraps,
Which I hide in my hole, away from the cats.

I have many enemies, the cat being one,
Wherever I go, I'm always on the run.

My hole is my retreat, I feel safe inside,
Whenever I'm out, I have to hide.

I spend each night looking for food,
Hoping that humans won't come and intrude.

I find the scraps from the cupboard and often on plates,
And when I'm full, I can play with my mates.

We have to take care that the cat is not out,
And if it's all clear, we can frolic about.

My life is not easy and can be quite short,
But for other small animals it's often more fraught.

Hannah Gale III M3

DISASTER ON THE ROCKS

Plop, splash, plop, splash went the crumbling rocks falling into the sea. BANG! Went another, larger boulder crashing and breaking on the rocks below. An alarm bell started to ring somewhere in the vast hotel on the cliff top. People began to gather on the lawn and hotel staff were calming people. Fire engines, ambulances and police arrived to sort out the situation as best they could whilst in the background there was the dull rumbling of rocks slipping and skidding down the cliff edge. The holiday makers were sent to other accommodation and yards of red and white tape was put up all around the scene of the disaster.

How strange it was to see half rooms left standing, rooms that were once cosy and full of luxury now open for every one to view, like a dolls house with the front open.

Pieces of furniture were sliding steadily with the rubble towards the sea and people's possessions moved slowly and steadily away from their owners. Already crowds of sightseers were gathering, anxious, cameras in hand to get some good holiday shots to take back for friends and family.

A great crack filled the air as more of the cliff gave way and this time onlookers stared in amazement as the contents of the well equipped kitchen crashed and clattered to the cliffs below. Saucepans, frying pans, knives, forks, spoons, crockery, all sped on their way, jangling, smashing, cascading into an unexpected collection at the foot of the cliff. The beautiful Georgian building which had once welcomed so many holiday makers and people seeking rest and peace had slipped away into oblivion, its contents strewn across the beach and buried under rubble. What a sad and desolate sight.

Kate Fleming, II F

HAPPY I AM

I am the sun which starts the day,
The bird which shares its song of joy with the world,
The sea which has exquisite beauty,
The books which contain the mysteries in life,
The stars which are so beautiful, lighting the night,
The happy faces of people, when they receive good news,
The food which has an unforgettable taste,

The moment of joy which people will always remember,
The children who give the world its joy,
The confidence which exists in every human being
in order to succeed.

Nadia Zaharan II F

1-2-3 DESTROYED
THE EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN

It was approaching dusk; people were returning from work. Children anxiously waited for mothers or fathers at the entrances to their homes.

By the way, this little village named Kuwsuko was situated near a hill. It usually had a few "rumbles" now and then because it was a delicate area.

Suddenly a rumble was felt. It was a slight one but somehow I could see a glimpse of worrying in people's eyes. Their eyes seemed to "pull away" from the sight.

Then came the big shock, a deafening explosion suddenly being vibrated around this village.

Women were screaming and were trying to run with their children. The rumbling became more and more violent every minute. The hill which was situated near the village began to crack and it started to erupt. At this point the soil began to pour all over the village.

The panic-stricken village now had two problems to face. They didn't know where to turn to. Their hysterical sobbing could be heard. Now the scene looked like this: smashed crockery, protruding bits of wood of houses, legs of chairs, wheels of prams, smashed ornaments. It was definitely a chaotic sight.

The soil at first was hesitating to move down to the village but then the soil hurtled down.

Now it was calmer: it had done most of its damage. Most people before the earthquake were in their houses waiting for families to have their supper.

Many people would have died from shock and the violence of the earthquake and the eruption of the soil. From what I saw this was true.

By now only little "floods" of soil were hurtling down; the rumbling had stopped.

People just looked round at their once beautiful village now all in ruins. Families started sobbing as they saw their houses which they had worked for, gone. People were still panicking and others were just glad the terror had stopped. It was nearly nighttime, the people didn't realise that the "soil eruption" had stopped. People just looked around, gazing at the tragedy. This has definitely been the worst disaster I have seen in all my years.

Ambika Padiyath II F

THE SEASIDE

We are going to the seaside today,
With a bouncy, colourful ball we'll play.
All us friends, we go together,
Running around in this beautiful weather.

We are going to the seaside today,
Find a sandy patch and there we'll stay.
To enjoy the sun and eat our lunch,
Chatting and laughing, while we crunch.

We are going to the seaside today,
To swim in the sea, hip, hip, hooray !
Jumping and splashing over the waves,
A happy day to remember always.

Hannah Delow II E

THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER SCHOOL TERM

Brighton.....
The Sea.....
Sussex Square....
St. Hilary House...
The Housemistress...
My friends.....
I'm back at school again.

The dog is pleased the hamster's back,
I go to get unpacked.
Yackety yack, we catch up on news,
I blu-tac my posters,
I hang up my mac.
I have to get the knack of school again.

Later the supper bell rings,
Vegetable slice,
That was nice.
Today school starts -
Another term to go.

Arabella Clarke II E

TALKING TO A SPARROW

Oh, you are a plain bird aren't you? Dull and brown. You are in fact quite ugly. But you are beautiful, my little brown bird, you are beautiful in your own way. You flit about the sky, your wings going so fast they are just a blur. Brown, that is a coarse colour isn't it ? For a bird should have bright colours, that sparkle as it glides through the sky. But, I think, of all the birds, I like you best, not the swallow, not the parrot, not the majestic eagle, but you, my plain friend; you are the most beautiful of all.

Nicola Mansell II E

SYMPOSIUM

You're waiting in Room L, getting very nervous about standing up and delivering your speech. You don't want the chairman to say: "The Proposer is XXX and I call upon her to speak first." Your throat tightens up, you can hear your heart beat and, worst of all, your seconder hasn't arrived yet! That was what it was like for me and this tells you all about how I lost this motion and the disappointment I went through.

This motion was: "The Law Should Prevent Parents From Smacking Their Children". The Chairman was Daisy Edwards-Bayne. The Opposers were Zee Agoro and Leonora Bartrop-Clist, and Lucy Dinning was seconding me.

Two girls from III M3 entered Room L. They were Selena Hoskins and Julia Fleming. Lucy and I started to get the desks ready. I asked Selena "What are you voting for?" Selena answered that parents should smack their children. I thought "Oh dear!" Soon other people were arriving and they all thought the same thing! This was going to be harder than I imagined! A few people were on my side. I remember Gemma Finney and Hannah Field sitting next to us. "Go Zee!" shouted Selena. Lucy asked Gemma "Can you start shouting: Go Nadia and Lucy!" A few of IK were on my side as well.

I was getting more and more nervous by the second. I tried not to show it by practising my speech, but that was no good because I was speaking an octave higher and my heart was in my throat . . . . when suddenly, Mrs Robson entered the room! I didn't know whether to heave a sigh of relief or to start panicking but, there and then, I just got this big boost of confidence. I don't know how it happened but I felt I was going to win this motion no matter what.

So Daisy started it off and I put on this grin until she said: "The Proposer is Nadia, and I call upon her to speak first." So I spoke as I had never spoken before.

I remembered all the dynamics like - slowly on this bit, expression on this bit, etc. Then the Opposers spoke. The girls paid as much attention to them as they did to me. Leonora's speech was good and I thought she's one of the best debaters we've had at St. Mary's Hall. Then Lucy spoke, perfect as usual. I felt proud for her to second me. Then the debate was open. Lucy and I were whispering and taking down notes for my next speech. I was very nervous now.

It did not occur to me that this wasn't a matter of life or death, but I said to Lucy, "If I start to panic, chip in!"

I was almost in tears. I recited my second speech but it wasn't very good. I saw my friends were giggling. I could have sworn it was about my speech and how I was saying it.

Then I thought, "Forget them!" Then I felt absolutely awful, it was as if I was going to faint, but I kept going. Then I thought, " Face it Nadia; don't get your hope up; you've lost anyway!"

Daisy said, "Hands up, who is for the motion". Three hands went up. "Hands up who is against the motion". Twenty six hands went up. She finished, "Thank you and goodbye."

I was so mad that I rushed out of the door and ran to the cloakroom! I felt a complete failure! I was tired, angry and miserable! Twenty six votes to three! I was dreading Mrs James reading it out in Prayers! I was so angry that I ripped up my speech and threw it in the bin! Eventually, when I went back to the classroom, I heard "How did you do, Nadia ? Did you win or lose, Nadia?" I said: "I lost twenty six votes to three." They were going to laugh, but they saw that I was not in the mood for laughing, so they didn't.

Nicola said to me, "Come on Nadia, it's not the end of the world you know!" I said "Yes, but it just meant a lot to me, that's all." I then thought later on, "Never mind, it was what the people felt." Even then I felt a bit sad. My Dad had said to me, "You've got to imagine yourself winning and coming first in everything." Well, Dad, your formula did not work!

So there it is, from me to you and my advice is this:

Read what the motion is, and then ask your friends what they think before you put your name down. Then prepare a good speech. Don't worry if you don't get to be Opposer or whatever, there's always next time! Make your speech interesting with lots of expression in your voice. Don't be like me, for heaven's sake! Don't worry if you lose. Remember: "You Win Some, You Lose Some!"

Nadia Behdad II E

BEACHED WHALES

Washed ashore like pieces of stranded driftwood,
Shipwrecked on a land which they know nothing about,
Helpless.

People flock like a shoal of fish,
Contemplating, and ready to aid the noble beasts of the sea,
Distressed.

Cradled in arms like a mother and child,
Humiliated and humble in our presence.
The sea laps around them and strokes their slippery silky skin,
Subdued.

Do they want us to save them or is it a cry in the night?
Who knows what these creatures are feeling,
and if what we are doing is right.
We lead the whales out to sea like a school of wrinkled black shadows,
But the call from the shore was too strong to ignore...

People devastated and anxious while the sea powers them on to an unknown
world.

Can they at last be heading homeward?
Yes, how mighty, how great and sublime,
They toss and turn in the waves
and won't come back ...
till next time.

Naomi Usher IV P

THE SQUALL

A ferocious squall of terrible consequences
is sighted above the cobalt sea,

Moments later he has arrived:

Bone white, angry, raging horses,
crashing courageously against
the weakening, wearing, weary, walls,
the fury of the frenzied, frantic waves,
desperately trying to attack the land on which we live.

The rough, deep chopping swell,
the frightening mass of never-ending electric blue,
cascading towers of pearl white sensations,
the unwelcoming waves.

The vast, deep ocean
in a moment of rage haphazardly picks up
an unwanted brown boot floating in his territory, and,
in one, huge, effortless motion hurls the laceless shoe .....
into outer space.

His tantrum still full of hate continues:
he fiercely, forcefully and ruthlessly
smacks the promenade walls,
and leaves them with holes the size of volcanoes
imprinted in them.

After finishing his mean, mad duties,
he gradually calms down,
slower, slower than death,
and so the ultramarine seas once more
become a pleasant, peaceful place.

Abigail Delow IV P

FALLS FROM HEAVEN

The fire is slowly dying but father revives it
Using chunks of coal,then Mark makes a spark.
Our faces are glowing again as the fire
Flickers and it is like a reflection bouncing
Back on our faces.

Sitting by the fire now
Waiting for the snow to stop
But looking closer with eyes bright blue
A very special snow flake starts to drop.

Twisting, turning, blowing, right to left,
Spinning, flinging itself back up to the top,
Tumbling, twinkling non stop
Then bright eyes dimming, heads lowering, feet tingling,
Excitement has stopped!

Every hilltop in the district stood shivering and
The valley rivers were as still as sparkling glass
Every child wrapped up warm stayed out to play
But they were the only colours that brightened
That frosted day, in which the falls of heaven
Came down in disarray.

Fiona Grinyer II F

Laura Muzzall II E

BEAR ALONE

I am a bear alone on the shelf,
A solitary figure, no one but myself.
The dust lies thick on my shoulders and head,
My joints are rusty, all movement is dead.
My fur is frayed, my clothes tattered,
My ears are chewed, my body battered.
I wish I was freed from this isolated place,
Then finally I would see a new smiling face.
Suddenly the door opened a jar,
In walked a girl, in her eye was a star.
She carried a large, bulging, black sack.
She walked over to me with it over her back.
She opened the sack and to my delight
My heart missed a beat as I caught sight -
Yes it was true, there were all my friends.
Now I knew the sadness would end.

Gemma Finney II F

Anne Hagenkord L VI

JUNIOR SCHOOL REPORTS

THE YEAR IN GLOUCESTER

In the summer, the Reception and the Pre Prep classes enjoyed a trip to the Seven Sisters Country Park. To many of the children, the highlight of the trip was eating their break under the shelter of dripping trees and their lunch in the coach. Unfortunately, the weather was against us and we were unable to visit the beach as planned. Instead, we all enjoyed exploring the Living World Exhibition, where the children were fascinated by the glowing nocturnal animals. Outside, a deluge awaited us and we were happy to clamber into the sanctuary of the coach, prior to our return to school.

The children of Gloucester House entertained visitors at Garden Party with a lovely display of country dancing. The Reception Class acted out two well-known songs, helped vocally by the older children. These children enjoyed performing traditional folk dances and were delighted to invite their parents to join in with the final dance.

All the children in Gloucester enjoyed the Harvest Festival where they delighted their parents with a lively song. The Reception and Pre Prep 1 had learnt appropriate poems whilst Pre Prep 2 showed us how to make bread!

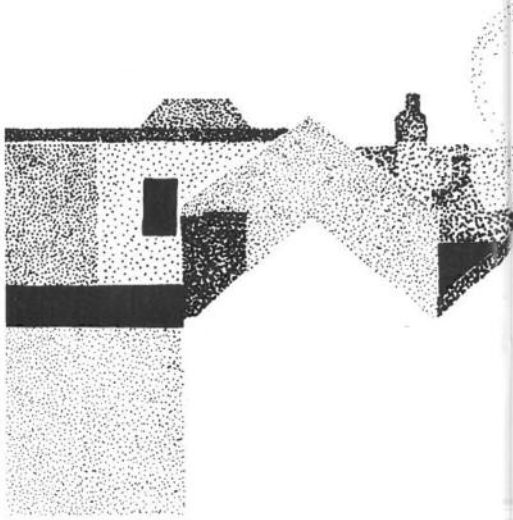
At Christmas, the Nativity Play took us on a trip around the world as the Angels looked for somewhere for Jesus to be born. The celebrations continued into the New Year when we were visited by the Rainbow Theatre with their exciting performance of Jack and the Beanstalk.

PRE PREP 2

As part of our topic work on food PP2 collected windfall apples from under the trees in the school grounds. The apples were sorted, washed and weighed, then made into some large apple crumbles. During the cooking process we considered the qualities of different types of sugars and fats. We tested samples of them in water to see which ones would dissolve. We put pieces of butter in different places and noted how long it took for each one to soften or melt.

The aspirations of rumbling tummies were well controlled as warm and golden crumbles were lifted from the oven. Such bounty called for sharing. So invitations were written to the children in the Pre Prep 1 classes to come to a Crumble Party that afternoon. Everyone accepted. After a dash to ASDA for ice cream and much borrowing of plates and spoons, everything was ready. As a testament to the good cooking of PP2 not a crumb was left over. There were smiles all round - even from those who did the washing up.

In the Spring Term PP2 were learning about the development of Brighton from prehistoric times, through its growth into the fishing village of Brighthelmstone and finally to the busy seaside town of today. A team of Lewes-based archaeologists spent a day with us, guiding us through a range of practical activities which helped us to learn a great deal about the lives of the early settlers. We learned how to weave on an ancient loom. We also made clay pots. We studied models of dwellings, burial mounds and flint mines. We watched slides which showed us how archaeologists find the remains of pre-historic settlements and how a "dig" is organised. Moving on to Roman times, we all shared in the making of a mosaic, painstakingly pressing tiny pieces of tile into a clay base! We visited Lewes castle and museum and also found the house where Dr Richard Russell lived. It was his belief in the benefits to health of swimming in the sea that first led people to



Brighton, so initiating the development of the town as a seaside resort.

PP2 decided not to test his theory, fearing that swimming in the sea in 1993 might have the opposite effect!

VISIT TO PRESTON MANOR

Our two classes were taken to Preston Manor and we were dressed in Victorian clothes. We got to Preston Manor at 9.30 am on Wednesday 29th September. We went up the steps and had a photo taken by Mrs Bonner. Laura rang the doorbell and a man answered the door, who said "Yes." Laura said " I would like to apply for the job of being a housemaid."

We all waited outside and then two maids came up to us and said "Come in, wipe your feet on the mat." We went in and one of the maids said "Stand up straight in a line. Make another line if you can't fit on the first line." Then the two maids told us their names and they were Miss Rose and Mrs Storey. First they took us to the dining room and the table had to be laid. Mrs Storey and Miss Rose showed us how to lay the table and four people got chosen to lay the table. Then they got four big napkins and they showed us how to make water lilies out of the napkins. The four people had a go making water lilies. Then we went to the drawing room and we lined up. The drawing room was where guests and special people sat and we talked about how we would polish the wooden floors and scrub the carpet. Then we were split into groups.

I went with Mrs Storey. We first went to the kitchen then Mrs Storey said that the person that owned the house loves ginger bread. Mrs Storey started making it and then she asked Katie and Victoria to make shapes with the mixture. Then we made lemonade and everyone had a sip of the fizzy lemonade. Then we went to the polishing room and that is where you polish shoes. Then Miss Rose took us and the other group went with Mrs Storey. We went to the servant's room and four people were chosen to make the servant's bed. Miss Rose slept in the servants' room where we were. Then we went to the laundry and we washed a shirt and then dried it. After this we met up with the other group and we looked at the bells. The bells came from lots of the rooms, then we went through the hall and it was the end of the brilliant trip. We went and spent our money at the shop before we were taken back to the school.

Jodie Rogers UP A

Lisa Askey L VI

JUNIOR SCHOOL CREATIVE WORK

MY BALLOON ADVENTURE

Once I had a balloon. There was a big gust of wind but I clutched onto my balloon and it took me to France and then it took me to the pier and then it took me round England. I told it to go faster and it said yes. It was fun. Then my balloon took me for a tour round the whole world. I told my balloon to slow down. My balloon did slow down. I said thank you. It did not mind if I would've said thank you or not. I enjoyed it. It was nearly dinner time. I told my balloon to turn round and take me to 43 Cobden Road. I had dinner and went to bed.

Ruth Symons PP1 T

Once upon a time, there was a boy called Tom. He had a blue balloon from his party. One day Tom went out with his blue balloon. He went over the pavement and a wind came. Tom closed his eyes when he tried to walk. He flew over Hawaii. Tom saw them dance and a bird came. The bird thought the blue balloon was a nest. She lay eggs. It was to heavy. It went bang. Tom fell down into the water. "Help" he said. A whale came but the whale was kind and the whale took Tom home. When Tom got home he did get another blue balloon. "Goodnight" said the blue balloon.

Karin Vigerland PP1 T

I was walking along the pavement and a big gust of wind came and blew me up and I flew to Hawaii. I was on a boat. Suddenly I was floating in the air until a bang came. Along came a seagull and popped at the balloon. I talked to the balloon and it blew itself up and I was so happy when I saw my mummy and I said to her my adventure.

Natalie Laurence PP1 T

Once I was walking along the road with my balloon and a gust of wind blew my balloon away and I went with it. I flew away to Australia and it took me down. I had a ride in a Kangaroo and the balloon took me up into the air again and we flew home again and were in time for tea.

Rhoslyn Moore PP1 T

RAINBOW THEATRE

I liked the Rainbow Theatre. I liked Doris, the vegetable fairy because she pretended to be someone else and she looked pretty.

Hannah Evans PP1 M

Rainbow Theatre came. I liked the bit where Vusa was the hen and she said cock-a-doodle-doo and I liked Daisy the cow. We made a hat. I didn't like the giant because I didn't like people dressed up.

Charlotte Goodman PP1 T

The Rainbow Theatre came. They did the play of Jack and the Beanstalk. Jack took Daisy to the market but he met Doris the vegetable fairy. A nasty man wanted Daisy. Jack said "I saw you yesterday". The giant was very funny because he fell in Jack's garden.

Jade Paine PP1 T

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

Once upon a time there was Jack and his mother and their cow. They had no money to buy any food so Jack's mother sent him to sell their cow. He came back with the magic beans. Mother threw them out of the window. Next morning Jack saw a beanstalk so he decided to climb the beanstalk. It went above the clouds and came to a Giant house. "Go away boy," said a tall woman. "My husband will be home and eat you up. Hide in the oven." The giant was asleep and he said "Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman." "Don't be silly," said the wife. So he got out of the oven and got the hen and gold and went down the beanstalk again and his mother was pleased. Next morning he climbed the beanstalk and went to the giant's house and hid under the table. Thud, thud, the giant came and had breakfast, then listened to his harp and fell asleep. Jack took the harp, ran up to the beanstalk and the giant chased him. Jack saw an axe and chopped the beanstalk down. The giant was dead.

Jonathan Young PP1 M

I am Jack's mother. When Jack sold Daisy our cow for money, we would have been rich but he didn't. He sold her for beans. Silly, silly Jack. Now we will be poor again. He said "they're magic beans, Mother." I said I didn't care. I threw them out of the window. I didn't know what would happen. In the morning there was a huge bean stalk. I tried to stop Jack climbing it but it was too late, he had already got to the top. There was a big castle. "This must be how I get rich" he thought. "I will go inside" he said. He saw a Lady. "You must hide from my husband. He is a giant" she said. Suddenly he heard a voice. "Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman." "Here he comes now. Hide in the cupboard."

The giant said "Give me my harp and my hen that lays the golden eggs. Play harp Play! " Jack said he fell asleep and he got the hen and the harp and ran back home to me and said: "Give me an axe. I will chop it down." Down fell the giant. He had a big nose. It had spots on it. It looked horrible. He had a brown coat and dirty black trousers. Then we lived happily ever after.

Danielle Harris PP2

I am a cow called Daisy and I don't want to be sold. I am a brown cow with white dots. I tried to change Jack's mind by saying "Oh please Jack don't sell me because I can make milk cheese butter and ice-cream and you can sell them and make money and I could eat the grass and frighten the burglars away." Jack changed his mind and so I wasn't sold. "Thank goodness," I said.

Katrina Stalker PP2

THE SQUIRREL'S SECRET

Once upon a time my mummy and daddy were sitting in the sitting room. We lived near a wood. I wanted to go and play in the wood and mummy said yes. In the wood I saw a squirrel and it ran away. I went home. I told mummy what happened and mummy did not believe me and was cross. I told daddy and daddy did not believe me either and he was cross. I was sad. The squirrel that I saw in the wood was running to my window. She jumped on to my window sill and she jumped into my room and said hello. I was surprised. The squirrel said "Don't be sad, I ran away because I am shy. Can you keep a secret that I can talk ?" I said yes. We were great friends forever and we had lots of adventures together.

Nicola Johnson PP2

Junior Orchestra (Photo: JBL)

THE FRIENDLY GIANT

In our class in our school, in a town called Brighton, we were sitting down one day doing adds. Suddenly a giant arrived. "Help" said Mrs White. He put his hand through the window. We said "Help". The giant ran away because he was afraid of us. Next day he went into the playground and when we went out he came and chased us. He took us home and used us for dolls. Then at night we ran out of the dolls house and then we went back to school. But he was there and we said "Help". But the giant cried because he only wanted to play with us. So after that he came on sunny days and we played together.

Georgina Tunbridge PP2

CINDER THE PRINCESS

Once upon a time there lived a princess. Her name was Cinder. She was a very pretty girl. Cinder lived in a castle. It was wonderful in the castle and there were china plates and cups and beautiful jewels. But one day Cinder went to her friend's house. They played guess what I look like. First Cinder's friend had a go and her name was Sophie. Sophie looked pretty. Her hair was grey and had plaits in it. Her lips were pinky red. Her eyes were green. Then it was Cinder's turn. She looked pretty and she had brown hair and her eyes were brown and her lips were pinky red as well. Soon it was time to go home. When Cinder got home she had a bath and went to bed. Cinder snored ZZZZZZZZ ZZZZZZZZZZ. The next day Cinder woke up. She got her nightie off and put her clothes on. Then she went to get her special ball. She went to the lake to play with it. But when Cinder was playing with her ball, suddenly she dropped it in the water and that was the end of the little ball and this is....

the end
of the
story.

Stephanie Wilson PP2

IF I WERE A LEAF

If I were a leaf upon a tree,
All the world I could see.
But when the autumn comes, I fall down
Hard upon the dampened ground.

Then comes a swishing, swirling sound,
I find myself all upside down.
In a bag off I go,
Oh I do hate it so.

Alexandra Viano UP A

There I was watching my friends fall off the tree,
They would have such fun, but I was alone.

I was all alone and watching my friends play,
I looked at myself and I was changing colour.
I went bronze, gold and copper.
But I was still all alone.

My friends were running and jumping,
Some of them were bustling.
But I was still all alone.

Suddenly I was floating down to the ground,
I was tumbling.
I slowly landed softly on the ground.
Now I wasn't alone.

Amy Drinkwater UP A

SCHOOL

School means different things to different people:
Mum thinks it's educational,
Dad thinks it's historical.
Sister thinks it's musical.
I hate maths! The tables don't sing to me.
My Brother thinks it's fun.
Granny thinks it's knowledgeable.
Grandpa thinks it's artistic.
History's boring, it happened so many generations ago.
Aunty thinks it's polite.
Uncle thinks it's creative.
Baby sister thinks it's Double Dutch.
English to me is the worst lesson of all.
Grandmother thinks it's interesting.
Godfather thinks it's food for the brain.
and....."Lunchtime".
GREAT!

Madeleine Wilson UP A

MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

My new year resolution is to become a model student. I can become a model student by giving in my homework on time and doing my projects. But why do I need to do things like learning my tables? Because when I learn them, they will make all the sums easy for me. When I give in my homework on time I will not have loads of homework. When I do my project I will learn more and I will help my team Adelaide with gold and silver stars. When I listen to the teacher when she explains so after she explains I will understand. When I practise violin I will follow what the music teacher tells me to do and next year I will do better. This year I would do my best.

Hadir Mills UP P

Before Upper Prep went to Preston Manor, they had to write to the House Keeper asking for a job. Here is one example:

Dear Mrs Storey,

I understand that you need a house maid. Please consider me for the post.

I can read and write, I went to school until I was 10. You will probably remember my mother who was a very hard worker just like I am going to be. I have worked before at Lewes Crescent in Brighton as a house maid. I am looking for a post because the man who I worked for is going to India.

Hoping to hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely,

Felicity Carr UP A

A VICTORIAN CHRISTMAS

It was nearly Christmas and Mama and Papa were very busy writing Christmas cards and invitations to all our friends to come to dinner. The cooks and servants were very busy up and down the stairs, it was very exciting. Nanny was taking me shopping to buy presents for the family. I have my little bag full of pennies. What shall I buy for Mama ? A little lace hanky. That is what she wanted. Papa, those cufflinks, he was hoping for them. My little brother, the marbles? Yes that is it, we go back to our country mansion today!

Now it is Christmas Eve, Mama and Papa are down having supper. When they have finished, we can go down and say good night. They finish and we go down and Mama and Papa say goodnight and we rush upstairs to bed. It is Christmas tomorrow.

It is Christmas Day. I wake up and my brother is peeking in his stocking. I say stop. We never open our stocking until we are with Mama and Papa. We run along the corridor because it is so cold. They are sitting in bed. We sit at the end of their bed and open our stockings. In my stocking are some nuts and a little wooden doll and a satsuma. Mama and Papa get up and we all start to have breakfast. Then we start to welcome our guests and Aunt Rose has a new dress. It is made of silk. I felt it when I gave her a big hug because she is very fond of us. We all sit down to a lovely meal and to think about our Lord.

Eleanor Burke UP A

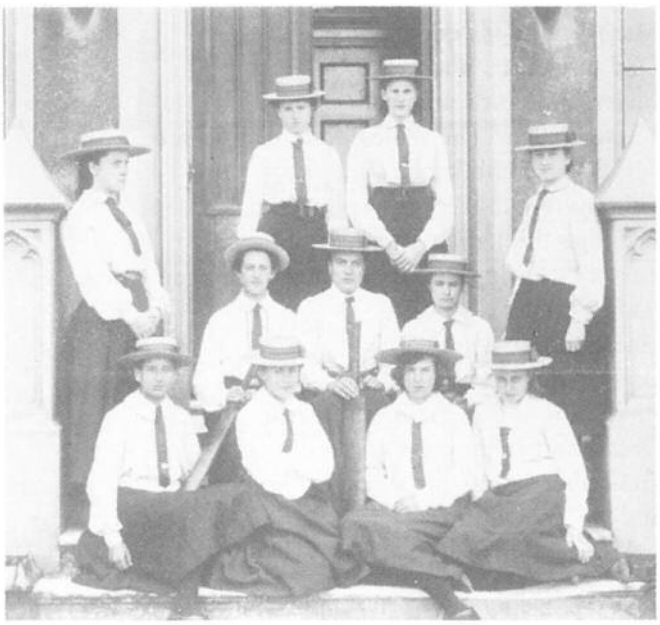
I can't wait for Christmas. I hope to get some nice presents, some nuts or a bar of chocolate. It's very hectic, the gardener outside is cutting the holly, the cooks making deliveries and making Christmas pies. The servants are decorating the Christmas tree while I'm making some decorations and some are cleaning the bedrooms.

I went out to get some presents, a lace handkerchief for Mama and a nice bow tie for Papa. I wrapped them all up and the next day is Christmas day. Yes it's Christmas, I ran into Mama's and Papa's room with my stocking. I opened the presents and ran to Mama and Papa and thanked them.

Valerie Furnham UP A

GRANNY AND THE DISCO

My gran was always thinking of new things to do. One day she announced that she was going to a disco so she went upstairs and found some clothes and put them on. Off she went to the disco but then her car broke down, so granny had to walk all the way to the petrol station to get some petrol and then had to come all the way back carrying a can of petrol. She poured the petrol in the car and after that the car sounded as good as new: pup pup bang pup pup bang it went. Finally



The cricket team in 1903 (St Mary's Hall archives)

she got to the disco. She did the twist and wiggled, jumped and somersaulted into the air and landed in the splits "oh my poor back, I think it's time to go home" granny finished her gin and tonic and drove back home "oh where are my headache pills ?" Granny sat down in her favourite chair in front of the fire and fell fast asleep.

Bonita Austin UP A

BACK TO SCHOOL

Come on Jodie get up now,
Get yourself washed, you can't be late,
Have your breakfast and pack your bag,
You have to leave the house by eight.

At last at school we see our friends,
Then up to the classroom to settle down,
In comes our teacher "Good Morning" we say,
Let's hope it's going to be a good day.

So nice to see my friends again,
Lots to talk about and laugh about,
In and out of lessons all day,
What a lot of work before we play.

Swimming will begin next week,
P.E. will start today,
English, Art and Music, IT,
So much to do through the day.

Nearly at the end of the day,
Then we can all go home to play,
No homework for tonight,
Off we go and our bags feel light.

Jodie Rogers UP A

THE WORST WITCH (MY BOOK REVIEW)

The story is about a witch called Mildred Hubble. She goes to a school which is very dull. They only wear black clothes. She has a friend called Maud who is quite fat but Mildred is quite thin. They get into all sorts of trouble as when Mildred spoiled the Halloween Celebration. There is a bossy girl too.

I thought that there were lots of good points. Here are just some good points. That you never know what was about to happen in the next chapter. That they explained things well. The bad points are: not many pictures and there are no chapter names. I would recommend the book because it is exciting and funny.

Alexia Fleming UP P

THE FIRST STEP ON THE MOON

Quiet, hard, empty,
Nothing else is here,
No sign of living creatures.
I am the only one here.
I'm excited, amazed, frightened,
Lonely, on my own.
No oxygen or gravity,
I'm floating and bouncing about.
It's curious, still, peculiar,
To be way out here in space.
When I look, the earth is so small,
I shiver, one minute.
I'm sizzling the next.
I'm confused, amazed, taken back,
I've taken the first step on the moon,
The first ever step on the moon.

Sarah Johnson LP2 H

Adela Hussain and Natasha Arghiros present 22 "shoeboxes for Romania" to Mr D Ford (Chairman 18th Hove BB) (Photo: JBL)

When I walked down the ladder and saw the empty moon,
It was quiet, cold and lonely,
There up in space.
Excited, cold and astonished.
Then I took the first step ever on the moon.

Jenifer Commin LP2 H

The first step I take,
The first look I take,
The first feel I take.
Lonely, empty, silent,
Cold, damp, dark.
The sun comes up.
It turns blistering hot.
I touch with my hands.
"Ouch!"
My hands with blisters.
Shall I touch again?
No.
I start to bounce,
Here to there.
And bounce back to the space ship,
To go back home.

Kirsty Carr LP2 H

THE STRANGE RING

One day I was walking down the road with my friend when we noticed something strange on the ground. It looked like an old ring. It had rust and dirt on it but it looked like it was meant to be gold. My friend said "pick it up." I said " no you", so my friend picked it up and suddenly....BANG. It was horrible. It had gases and smoke. It was quite hard to breathe. Suddenly we were in the middle of nowhere. We looked around. My friend said we were in a jungle. I didn't see any snakes. What should we do. " I don't know" I said. " Do you think we should carry on ?" "No we might get lost", I wanted to go back. I said "why don't you drop the ring and then pick it up then we might get back." So we tried it but it didn't work. But something else came. It was a man who looked like he was Chinese with a black beard and he was quite fat. He said "urcat." He thought we were Chinese and we said we weren't and suddenly he vanished away. We picked up the ring and dropped it and we were back home.

Jennifer Hasson LP2 H

HAWTHORNS ON THEIR CRISPY LEAVES

Hawthorns on their crispy leaves,
Rattly, noisy, jingly leaves.
The little birds love their haws,
Lying on the crispy leaves,

Purple berries with stainy juice,
Gracefully the leaves so sweet
Fluttering, floating, twirling to the ground
Silently as can be,
Smooth and spiky, rough and shiny,
Green, brown, gold and cream
Are the colour of these.

Natasha Conn LP2 H

SEEDS

Seeds twirl and whirl
to the ground.
They go to sleep
so we can see them
one by one
grow Big and Big and Slim,
until one day the flowers
grow
and grow.

Deveena Patel LP2 H

THE HUGE FOOTPRINT

One day I was walking down the road with my friend when we noticed something strange on the ground. It looked like a huge footprint. Anna my friend said it looked like a shoe. I said "Impossible, it must be an animal's footprint", then I said "I know, let's follow the footprints." "OK" said Anna, "let's go." We followed the footprints through a forest and then past a river until we came to a cave where the footprints went. We peeped into the cave making sure what was in there didn't see us. Then we heard crying, so we went in. There was a baby gorilla which was crying. So we got out our packed lunches and gave some of it to the gorilla. He liked my sandwiches. Anna gave him a drink to keep him quiet. Then we left the gorilla but the gorilla followed us out of the cave. We told him to leave us alone, but he wouldn't so we had to let him follow us. He followed us back past the river. Then we heard big heavy footsteps. It was the gorilla's Mum. She took the baby gorilla. The baby gorilla waved to us and they left so we went home.

Victoria Stalker LP2 H

Girls gardening in the early 1900's (St Mary's Hall archives)

THE SEA

The sea is full of different colours. Sometimes it's deep or shallow. When it is rough the waves go really high, but when it's calm people sometimes swim or sail boats out to the deep blue sea, or maybe you could go fishing and catch some fish. Then collect some shells and get your bucket and make a sand castle out of sand and decorate the castle with shells and stones.

Charlene Evans UP P

When I go to the sea,
There I see the wonderful sea,
Rough, cold, salty sea,

Wet, stormy, deep, deep sea.
What fun it will be,
Down by the rough rough sea.
Different colours we shall see:
Green, blue, multicoloured,
That's what we shall see.
Down by the deep blue sea.
The sea is deep and the sea is happy.
Oh I do love the deep blue sea, sea, sea.
Everything I see are beautiful things.
From the sea, sea, sea.

Anna Rosati UP P

When I went down to the sea,
I saw little white seahorses bobbing up and down.
I heard the waves on the stones, making a sucking sound.
Then I heard a whisper saying:
Do not go in, it is rough and deep,
But fun as well. If not go in go and collect shells,
Go on a boat, see what you can see,
Or you can sit on the beach all day,
If it is a nice day go snorkelling to see the coral reef seafish,
sea creatures.
Can you smell the salty sea air ?
Can you hear the seagulls' cries ?

Emma Temmerman UP P

Wet and cold and swampish grey.
Rough and stormy and white sea horses.
Thrashing the rocks and throwing the fish and shells,
While under the sea the octopus swim
And the mermaids dance.
And all is still.

While up on top the sea is calm,
The rain has stopped and as the ships come
From the harbour gates the sun's rays stroke them,
Dolphins chatter and spring,
The whale throws her glittering spray,
The seagulls squawk and look.
The brown and fluffy gulls swoop,
The picnic people and children having fun.

Vanessa Austin-Locke UP P

Hannah Crockett V S

ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY THING

All this happened late one night. Something stirred in the green slime. The fish swam behind the water weeds. The night birds squawked noisily and flew away. Something squatted on a tree stump. The thing croaked "where am I ?" The thing was covered in slime and it suddenly jumped. It came closer and closer. It was about two inches tall and four inches long. It started to croak. As it came nearer the croak got louder. Then a fly flew past and a long red thing came out of the slime and caught the fly and went back into the slime again. The thing leapt onto my foot and I screamed and kicked it off. My friend threw

some water over it and that washed the slime off then we found out we were being scared for nothing because it was only a frog.

Karina Korby UP P

All this happened late one night. Something stirred in the black mud. The fish swam away in fright. The night birds hid their heads under their wings. Something was on the bank. The thing murmured "What am I?" "Am I a big, tall tree with leaves on my branches?" He paused for a moment "No I'm not, I am not tall nor do I have branches" he sobbed. "Maybe I'm a water weed. No they're tall, I'm not." He looked at himself. He had one eye, thick black skin and long snake like feet. "I have never seen anything like me." He looked around for a moment then he heard a sort of rustling sound. He heard his heart pounding against his chest, it was going pitter, patter, pitter, patter as fast as a motorcar. Then he turned around and saw a thing with one eye and thick black snake like feet but it wasn't exactly the same. It was a girl. He asked "What am I?" She said "You're a Bunyip."

Anne Marie Parker UP P

All this happened late one night. Something stirred in the black mud. The fish swam away in fright. The night birds hid their heads under their wings. Something was sitting on the bank. The thing murmured "What am I?" Then a weird bird came up to him and said "you're a very extraordinary thing. We are going to have to call you something." The bird called down his friends, the other birds. They weren't so sure, they were a bit afraid. The bird shouted "It's OK, he is very friendly." So with a little convincing, they came down. They started thinking of each other's names. The thing asked what the bird who spoke to him first's name was. He said "Feathers." All the birds said, now we will think of a name for you. They thought and thought until Blue Eyes said "What about Moonlight?" Everyone agreed that it was a fantastic name. So Moonlight it was. He liked his name as well. The fish became friends with him as well. Moonlight was really happy with life and learnt to swim with the fish and fly with the birds and he was never lonely again and that is the end of the story about Moonlight.

Dulcie Bailey UP P

THE QUICK ROBBERS

Once upon a time there were four robbers. Their names were Glub, Rugg, Dodo and George.

As weapons they used an axe, saw, sword, torch, pepper and salt. They shone the torch in people's eyes, put pepper in people's beds, sawed their cars apart, chopped down their apple trees, put salt in people's tea and last of all, they used the sword to kill people's pets. These robbers were so quick that nobody could ever catch them. If they came into someone's house and the owner came downstairs, they would be gone in five seconds. The police would come but there would be nothing left but a nut. Not even a fingerprint or footprint could be found. The robbers had everything they needed, they had a nice home as well. No one knew where the robbers lived. They lived at the top of the highest mountain in a mountain cave. Everytime they wanted to go out, they had to ski down the mountain and bring back all the goods and stuff they needed. Once one of the robbers, Dodo, brought a bunk bed back complete with all the pillows. Once Ruff brought a pair of fish back when he had been hungry. George brought a roll of carpet back and made the cave cosy and warm with it. Glub was the biggest and strongest and he got all the jewels. Once Glub brought a necklace back and the lady who had it on!

One day some people were coming up the mountain when they fell through a blanket of white into the robbers' hideout. "We have found the robbers" they

cried. "We have found the robbers' hide out." That night the village planned an attack. The robbers were put in jail for the rest of their lives and because Glub was so big he could not fit through the door. So they made a stable for him to live and sleep in for the rest of his life.

Emma Hoyle UP P

FRIENDS OR ENEMIES

"Oh that does it! I am trying to get some sleep around here and all you can do is bang your beak against a tree" screamed Owl crossly. "Well I'm very sorry Mr Owl, but ..."
"Don't give me rubbish, I know what you're like, out now!" interrupted Owl.
"It's a free country and I do believe this is my property anyway" Woodpecker whispered.
"I'm bigger, better and older, so you'll do as I say," Owl shouted worriedly, but he tried to look proud.
"No way" said Woodpecker.
"Why you, you baby driller" went on Owl.
"How dare you" Woodpecker carried on.
"How dare I, ha, how dare you?" went on Owl again.
"You overgrown beetle," the Woodpecker shouted.
This went on for a long time, but in the end they realised it wasn't worth fighting and they began to be friends.

Ruth Evans UP P

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF A WINTER'S DAY.

On Sunday I went for a walk. It was cloudy and windy I thought about how the wind blows the air. The wind was strong and chilly, the leaves on the trees were dropping to the ground, one fell on top of my head. I picked it up. I looked at it. I felt it. It was golden. The wind was breezy. The sky was so bright and lovely I felt that I could touch it. It was nippy and cold, frosty and wintry. If you look out of the window you see a sunny day but if you go outside it's cold and windy. The clouds move around and around. The clouds make different shapes and patterns. The leaves are rustling, dry and crunchy, crackling. The wind whistles, blows, howls, moans and groans all day long, it is freezing, frosty, chilly and cold. The wind was cutting and sharp. I like the wind blowing in my face because I feel I can touch it. The leaves go different colours, red, yellow, brown and gold. It is misty, bright with a little sunshine.

Haroula Papadamou UP P

It's a cold winter's morning and the wind is blowing through my lips. It is chilly so I run to get my gloves as my hands are getting purple and numb. The wind sounds sharp and strong. The leaves beneath my feet crackle, crunch. I look up into the sky, the sun is shining, bright. As I look up into the trees, the frost is lying on the leaves. The wind is rattling against the kitchen window. My lips are sore. The frost lies on daddy's car window. As I look down at the pond, the frost lies on the lily pads and I must go in as it is so cold.

Kerrie Trembling UP P

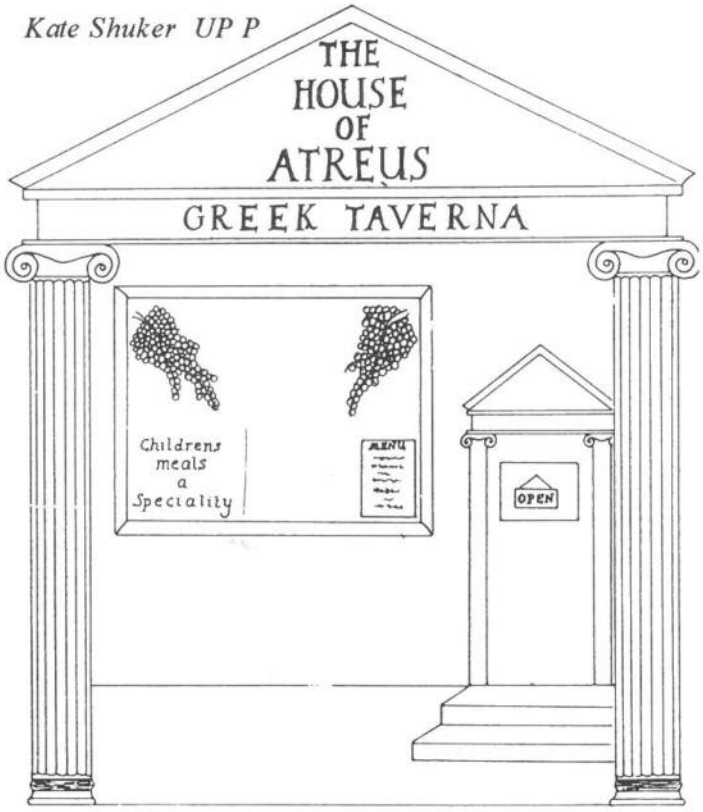
Leaves and trees rustling in the breeze.
Lots of children kicking the leaves and making scatters of leaves. Leaves falling to the ground.
Bright chilly days.
Sun so high you can look for miles and miles.
Leaves falling into people's gardens.
Chilly, nippy, icy days.
People wearing gloves and scarves.
Some standing around in the playground getting cold.

Julia Fleming III M 3

Lots of children in the garden sweeping up the leaves. Howling winds in the night but we're all snuggy by the fire with our hot cocoa.

Then we are put snugly into bed with two covers instead of one.

Kate Shuker UP P



Sketch by Lisa Askey L VI published in 'Omnibus' a classics magazine for sixth formers.

THE GLINT OF GOLD

I'd been working for two months trying to find a clue to where a pharaoh might be. At last I found a step. It took me nine days to uncover all of the steps. At the end there was a sealed doorway. It took me a few minutes to make a hole. I shone a torch in the hole. I was shaking and sweating, the torch was slipping, I gripped it hard. I saw gold and silver chariots, the place was packed with little soldiers and boats. The glint of gold was everywhere. I was staring at the strange animals and gods when suddenly my battery went dead. I lit a candle and looked in. I saw the pharaoh case. It was the most wonderful thing I've ever seen.

The jewels were everywhere: gold, silver, copper, bronze, diamonds, emeralds, rubies and some sapphires. I saw chairs and tables all made of gold. Pictures, writing and paintings covered all the walls. It was just amazing. I went away dazed and dizzy. I would do anything to see it again but there is no chance of that. Later that day, the sand and rocks were blown into the staircase again, it's not fair!

Katayoune Mokhtar UP P

LOST IN A FOREST

Vicky was a ten year old red head. She was looking forward to meeting her grandpa and grandma who lived in Aberdeen, Scotland. They were both 60 years old. Vicky thought they were brave to have a big farm at their old age. She was flying on a plane next Friday. At school she told everyone where she hoped to go over half term.

On Friday she was up early and ready to go by 10 o'clock. She had already packed the previous night.

"Come on Vicky, it's time to go."
"Coming."

Vicky was very excited. This was the first time she had been away on her own. They reached the airport, where Vicky saw a big model of an aeroplane which was a jumbo jet. Vicky knew which terminal she had to go to. She said a quick goodbye to her dad and ran to her terminal. She boarded the plane and was greeted by the air-hostess. She went and sat at the back of the plane. The flight took one hour. She got off the plane

and saw her grandad waiting for her. They drove back to the farmhouse where she met her grandma. Grandma had made her favourite chocolate chip cookies. She had some cookies and milk and then went for a walk with her grandparents.

In the woods, Vicky ran in and out through the trees. Suddenly she turned around and she couldn't see her grandad or her grandma. She ran for some time but she could not see them. She knew she was lost. Vicky could feel the chilly, autumn wind against her cheeks. She kicked around the piles of damp leaves which stuck to her shoes. By now she was quite tired so she made herself a bed in the autumn leaves. She was nearly asleep when Vicky heard the sound of thunder. Soon it started to rain heavily. Luckily she had her warm coat on, which she buttoned up and pulled over her head. Vicky soon fell asleep.

In the morning she could see the dewy trees and smell the smell of damp autumn air and her leaf bed was wet through. Vicky saw orange berries growing in the bushes. Now that it was daylight she knew her way back to the farm. On the way she saw conkers on the ground along with some acorns. As she went, she gathered a few in her pocket. As she came out of the forest, she could see fields of corn and wheat. She soon saw the farmhouse in the distance.

Dipti Patel Transition

GHOST

I go to school at St Mary's Hall. We have a cloakroom down in the basement, we all say it is haunted. But one day on a Friday I just couldn't help looking. It was before Ballet and we had half an hour to play. Antonia Edwards and I went down to the basement. We turned on the light in the basement hall. We heard thumping from above. Antonia thought it was only the Ballet group before us, but somehow I didn't believe it. There it was again, I shouted:
"The Minotaur!"
and rushed out of the basement to the stairs. Antonia yelled:
"Come back you idiot, the Minotaur is dead, you know that!"

I went back to Antonia and we both went through the basement hall. We heard another noise; it was like a snake hissing. "Hisssssss hissss," it went as we went past the cells and loos. We climbed the steps and just as we turned to go back,
"Ghost! " Antonia cried. "Over there, in that room. I saw it. It went through that wall."
"You're worse than I am with the Minotaur, come on don't be stupid."
"I'm not, " said Antonia indignantly, "go and look for yourself."
I was just about to, when:
"Ooooohhhhhh", went a noise, "ooooohhhh."
"What did I tell you ?" said Antonia.
"Okay I'll have a look."

We both went into the cell and there we saw a terrible creature, half human and half ghost. We ran screaming to our Ballet teacher. "Jean, Miss Ramsey, we saw a ghost, a real live ghost!"
"Well where are Salha and Beenum then?"
"Oh we don't know?"
Suddenly it struck us they were playing a trick on us.
"Well then, we shall pay them back," said Antonia.
So we went quietly back to the basement cell, opened the door and said:
"Boo! Ha ha frightened you that time, didn't we?"
So all of us went to our Ballet lesson together.

Alexandra Holmes Transition

THE DOOR

The door in front of me is in a tree, a very large tree. It's a wooden door with ivy up the sides. I turn the rusty knob and open the door. It makes a spooky creaky noise. Suddenly the door slams behind me.

Inside there is hay on the floor. It's quite a small little room and it's very warm compared to outside. In the corner there is a little table with a tray on it. On the tray there is a teapot, two cups, two saucers, two tea spoons and a sugar bowl.

In another corner there is a blue and white lamp shade. There are lots of pictures on the walls, they are of pixies of all shapes and sizes.There is a giant picture of trees made of candyfloss and chocolate and birds made of nougat. Last of all there is a wooden chest of drawers. I open the drawer. It has a light blue coloured calculator. On one button it said vanish. I pressed it and everything around me disappeared. I was in the plain old wood once again.

Antonia Edwards Transition

The school staff in the early 1900's (St Mary's Hall archives)

The door in front of me is an old garden door. It's a white door with dead flowers around it. It's also very dusty and has cobwebs all around it. The handle is rusty and stiff. It has a faint pattern of black squares. The wall around the door was white-washed with little flowers painted on it.

I tried to push the door open and it creaked and was very stiff. As the door got pushed further away I began to see things.

I can see a little valley with lots of trees and mountains and there's snow on the ground. There were little people running around. They were all kneeling down to this stone statue which looked like a giant rabbit. The rabbit had a crown on its head.

Dipti Patel Transition

The door in front of me is made of wood and painted silver. It is small and it's quite old. It has a round top, a shiny gold handle and there are gold stars painted on the door. This door is in a wall to a house. There are no windows.

I turn the handle and the door swings open with a creak. Inside there is a room with shiny black wallpaper. It is quite warm. There are lots of paintings on the wall.

There is a big shelf on my left with vases made of china and crystal glasses and plates. To my right there is a fireplace with a lit fire. Two white cats are sitting on the hearthrug. A gold cage is hanging from the ceiling. There is a small black and gold bird in it .

Suddenly, a lady appears. She is Chinese. She has got a multicoloured dress on and her hair is up in a bun. She has a welcoming smile.

Paula Bahamon Transition

PETS

On the earth, we have many animals, some of them are kind, some of them are not. People will have some of the kind animals, that are called pets.

On the earth, we have many many pets. If you want to get one of them, you can go to the pet shop. Pets are many kinds, dogs, cats, birds, fishes, mice and more. Many pets are people's best friends, because if you have them for a long time, they will listen to you, and if you are sad, they will be sad, too.

My uncle has a pet, it is a dog, he is called MESS. He is a very lovely dog, he is three years old. I like him very very much. And he will listen to me, too. But he won't listen to everyone, only to me and my uncle and my uncle's wife.

Rebecca Nam Transition

Pets are very important animals and we have to take care of them. Pets like bunnies and hamsters are fragile, so we have to treat them with care. I think pets can be fun to have and if we look after them they'll stay with us a long time.

Pets are something most people enjoy and quite a few people have them. Some of my friends have dogs or bunnies, quite a few have hamsters, some even have fish. Fish need as much attention as other pets.

I have a pet. It's a bunny and I try and keep her cage clean but, let me tell you, it's different to cleaning a hamster's. I love animals but I wouldn't want to be a vet. It would be sad and also I wouldn't like to tell the people their dog was dead. I think if you haven't got a pet you should go out and buy one. You'll see that having a pet is just as much fun as having a gameboy.

Christa Edmonds-Slaney Transition

. . . and in lighter mood, celebrating the retirement of Mrs V Betts (Head of Modern Languages) in Dieppe 1993 (Photo: JBL)

GREEK POTTERY

When Greeks make pottery, they use a potters wheel, and when the clay they use gets dry they put slip on it. Sometimes they put perfume, wine, water, corn and olive oil in it. For eating with they make plates, cups and bowls.

When they decorate the pots they decorate them with everyday life or legends. The colours of the pots are normally red, black and white.

Archaeologists go down to the bottom of the sea. to investigate a shipwreck. They find bits of the ships and try to put them together. When they have got all the pieces, and just one is missing, they use plaster of paris to fill it in.

Beenum Vig Transition

THE MINOTAUR

I was being dragged to the labyrinth,
My heart thumping,
Thinking why have I got into this!
I haven't got anything to fight with,
Only my body,
Then Ariadne gave me,
A ball of string and a dagger,
She said to tie the string to the handle of the door,
I was thrown into the labyrinth,
It was pitch dark,
I was scrambling along the walls,
They felt damp and cold,
Beneath my feet there was a cracking sound,
There was a slit in the roof,
A shaft of light came in,
It was bones and bits of body,
I pulled out my dagger,
And stabbed at it several times,
The minotaur was big,
Half man,
Half bull,
It had huge horns and bloodthirsty teeth,
With a great scream,
He died,
I scrambled along the ground to find my string,
And followed it back to the door,
To meet Ariadne.

Vicky Young Transition

DRAGONS

There is a peaceful dragon inside me
That makes me want to be friends with everyone,

There is a playful dragon inside me
That makes me feel light and happy,

There is a lazy dragon inside me
That makes me want to curl up in bed on a Monday morning,

There is a hide and seek dragon inside me
That makes me do things I'll regret and I know it,

There is a noisy dragon inside me
That makes me tired on a Sunday night,

There is a devilish dragon inside me
That makes me think of only myself.

Ruth Copelin Transition

THE WONDER GARDEN

It was in September when I first discovered the garden. We were all going to a restaurant. It was my mother's birthday.

When everyone was sitting down happily talking, I asked if I could go out into the garden.I was allowed to.

When I got to the garden I was amazed.All of the trees were silver and pink. Each little bit of grass had an icy tip. It was a huge garden full of wonderment.

I went on a little further. There were two pure white swans in a pond. I then touched what seemed to be a statue of an angel.

It was made of ice, and it made my hands go all shivery and numb.

One thing I noticed in the corner of my eye was a sundial, and I was beginning to wonder what the garden would look like during the summer.

The numbers looked strange, not like ordinary numbers.

I went into a shed that was covered in white paint but there was something about it that looked different, as though it didn't belong in the garden.

I went inside the shed, and found an old man carving ice.

He looked mysterious. Then we started to grow into a conversation. He told me that he was called the season carpenter. In Spring he would carve wood. In Summer he would carve ivory. In Autumn he would carve ice. I said farewell to the old man and ran back inside. I can't wait to go back in Spring.

Antonia Edwards Transition

MY BEST FRIEND.

My best friend is called Sara. Sara and I have known each other for five or six years now. Sara and I have the same coloured eyes as each other, her surname is like mine, but hers starts with T and mine starts with S.

Sara has two hamsters, one called Buttercup and the other called Petunia, she used to have a pet guinea pig called Snowy, but he has died.

Sara only has one grand-parent, her grand-mother, (from her mother's side).

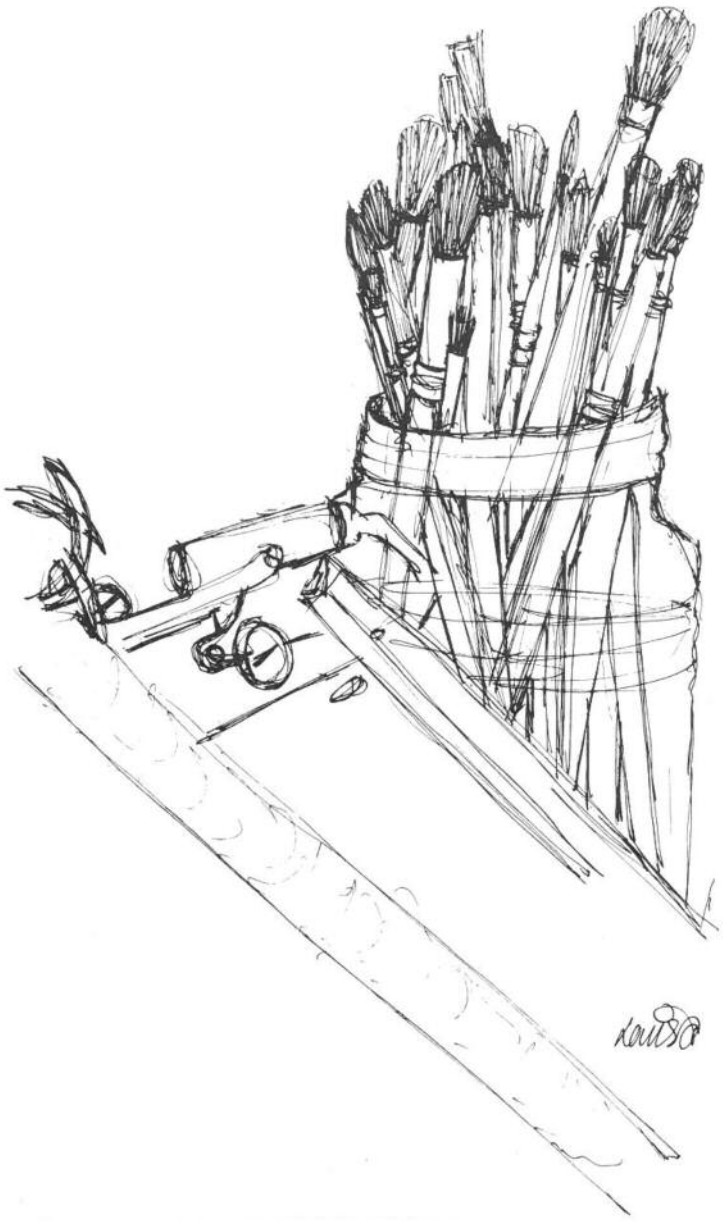
Whenever I am lonely Sara comforts me, and when I am ill she helps me. Sara cares about everyone.

Sara has a nice sense of humour, she always makes everyone laugh. Whenever I get something wrong she helps me get it right. Whenever I do something wrong she sticks up for me. Everyone likes Sara (including the teachers).

Sara is very helpful, she is funny, understanding and clever.

Now Sara has left. She was like a sister to me, I will never forget her. Even though I don't know where she is, she will always be in my heart.

Salha Soussi Transition



Louisa Canavan IV P

THE SEA ON AN AUTUMN DAY

The sea is whirling, twirling,
In the Autumn days.
I run along the sea shore,
But it can't catch me.
Early in the morning,
Fishermen go out to sea.
When I run and jump,
My hair blows up,
Then stands on end.
On a cold Autumn day on the sea,
There's a chill in the air,
On a cold Autumn day on the sea.

Amy Blackburn LP2 H

A CRUISE DOWN THE NILE (IN 1570 B.C.)

Friday.

It's the early morning. We've just come in from the Mediterranean sea. We have seen some fishermen and hunters. We are in a dhow boat. There are a few pyramids on the left. There are lots of birds, geese and fish and we have just seen two children playing with their spinning tops.

There are five ladies washing their clothes, and some more children playing. It is now late afternoon and we've just passed a village of houses.

Saturday.

It's a hot morning and all the farmers are out working very hard. There are some more pyramids to the right and we should be passing "Valley of the Kings" today. Ah, here we are. There are huge pyramids. I've just been bitten by a mosquito and it's really itchy. We have seen some more hunters. It's even hotter now. I'm glad I've got my hat with me. It's the end of the day now.

Sunday.

It's really hot again. I've got more bites than ever now. We've just seen some temples and more farmers. The temples had huge statues around them. There's lots of desert land all around and there are a few palm trees at the side of the river.

We have just seen a market at the side, but we can't stop now because it's time to go home.

Laura Brooks UP A

Gloria Mok IV P

NEW COURSES

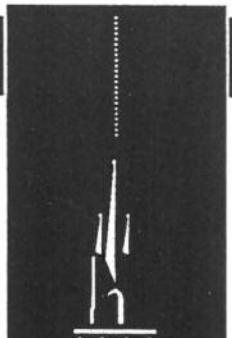
BUSINESS

MARKETING COURSES
Chartered Institute of Marketing (CIM) one-year Certificate/Diploma courses

BUSINESS STUDIES
Recognised one-year Diploma for University entrance

MANAGEMENT DEGREE
University of London External Degree in Management Studies

College accommodation available



FOR PROSPECTUS PHONE (0865) 791908

TRAINING

NEW COURSES

SECRETARIAL SKILLS COURSE
12 weeks intensive training

ADVANCED AND EXECUTIVE COURSES
24/36 weeks Secretarial Skills Training with business or foreign language options

Students can continue their studies for one term in Madrid

Ideal in your gap year

College accommodation available

25% Inland Revenue discount available on majority of courses

15 KING EDWARD STREET, OXFORD OX1 4HT