

Spring term 1992 saw the first of the informal concerts which were intended to replace the competitive festivals held in previous years. These were a great success, not only because they gave girls an opportunity to perform publicly without the added stress of competition, but also to provide an occasion for parents to discuss their daughters' progress with visiting instrumental staff. Needless to say, we are repeating the format this year.

Our formal Spring concert consisted mainly of Renaissance and Baroque music. The brass players performed English and Italian pieces by those ancient masters Gastoldi and Byrd with thrilling percussion (or should I say concussion?) contributions by the shy but versatile duo Carina Bloom and Miranda Wells.

Sarah Harvey, Sian Harvey and Elizabeth Terry gave a splendid performance of Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, a virtuoso piece by any standards. The concert gave us an opportunity to present the talent of Deborah Chan and part of her A-level piano practical recital. She gave superlative performances of items by Bach, Chopin and Brahms and her decision to attempt A-level music in one year on a reduced timetable was admirably justified not only in this 'sample' performance but in the complete examination itself.

The grand finale of the Spring concert was a powerful performance of Pergolesi's Stabat Mater, involving Senior Choir, orchestra and organ with enchanting solos by Terri Howard and Kathryn Harris.

The beginning of the Summer term was taken up with the usual 'examination season' and at this point I'd like to mention a truly astonishing composition written for G.C.S.E. purposes by Panita Vig. Her 'Burlesque' for string quartet was without doubt the most original and complex piece we have had presented by a sixteen-year-old and Panita was duly rewarded for her efforts. What is less admirable is that I managed to 'wipe it' off a computer disk whilst trying to take a short cut through computer logic! The time spent restoring it was a salutary lesson.

Our Garden Party concert was a short but civilised affair and the large audience was very appreciative. The weather was not too hot and this always helps in times of stress!

The Autumn term of '92 was a busy, if somewhat disturbing, period. We suffered at the hands of burglars and this was not only distressing but was very inconvenient. However, we all put maximum effort into our end of the commitments and the performances raised our low spirits.

The Christmas concert, as always, was a warm and joyful occasion, with fine performances from all participants. The orchestral strings, ably led by Barbara Cole, bear witness to the success of the string programme in the Junior School and the sterling work of Eileen Avis. Particularly

memorable was Nancy Wolff's recorder ensemble which played a delightful piece of light music and sounded at times like a fairground organ.

This year's play, *Peer Gynt*, required incidental music and this was skilfully provided by Deborah Chan, Barbara Cole and Joanna Graves who, as Solveig, sang exquisitely.

The Ceremony Choir gave a candle-lit concert of music by Britten: *The Ceremony of Carols*, with solos from Joanna Terry, and the *Missa Brevis* which requires terrific courage and accurate intonation. The concert has become something of a tradition, and the atmosphere of voice and candle light is 'electric'.

Sadly, at the end of this year we have to say

MUSIC

farewell to a number of girls who have enriched the music department with their talents over the years. We wish them good luck and hope they continue with their music in some way.

Our grateful thanks as usual to our visiting staff without whom we could not offer such a variety of instrumental and vocal music.

R.R.

Chapel Report

Thirteen girls were presented for Confirmation on 12th March from Forms 1, 3 and 4. The officiant at the service was the Right Reverend Ian Cundy, the Bishop of Lewes. Katie Taylor, one of the confirmands, read the Epistle. Once again we have welcomed local clergy from Brighton, Hove, Shoreham and Lewes as preachers at our School Eucharists. The preacher at the Founder's Day Service last year was the Reverend Alexander Gordon of Lairg in Sutherland - the father of Rachael Gordon, now in Form IIG. Father Gordon is a Non-Stipendiary Priest who earns his living from being the local pharmacist. His parish in Scotland covers a vast area and his congregation is scattered in parts of the beautiful Scottish countryside. Our Carol Service was once again by candlelight and is a very popular feature of the school's calendar. We would like to thank all those who helped to make the service such a fitting start to the Christmas celebrations.

A weekly Eucharist is celebrated at 8.15am each Wednesday during term time, and we would be very happy to see more girls at this service, together with their parents. The termly boarders continue to worship Sunday by Sunday with the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Kemp Town, where our Chaplain, Father David, is also Vicar of the parish. Sister Alison, C.A., also from the parish of St. Mary's, takes the assembly at the Junior School every Friday, and is generally accompanied by her puppet Michael the Monkey!

D.P.

The PE Department was as busy as ever during the season with many new activities taking place. The highlight of the Autumn Term was the culmination of many hard training sessions when over forty girls took part in the Midland Bank Tennis Championships at the Brighton Centre as ball girls. They were congratulated on their professional manner and joined in with the professional players in catching the Brighton Bug that rampaged through players, officials and spectators at the tournament. It was an SMH coup when the girls were on court when old girl Clare Wood was playing.

The Spring Term had its full complement of tournaments, as ever, with an Under 13 and Under 14 lacrosse tournament as a new venture. This was good experience for all who took part on a beautiful sunny day at St Michael's, Petworth. This, hopefully, will become a regular event. Six girls - Caroline Green, Ciar O'Hare, Deborah Lang, Lisa Askey, Siân Harvey and Clare Newman - were selected for the Sussex County Under 15 lacrosse squad.

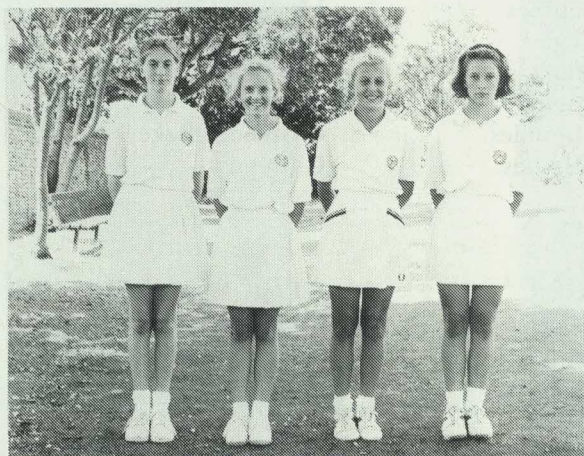
The summer term was short and yet we still managed to fit in all the Midland Bank Tennis Tournament matches; how we really don't know! The Junior House tennis is coming along in leaps and bounds with 5 and 6 year olds showing great proficiency in short tennis. Garden Party work included swimming, keep fit, badminton, volleyball and table tennis. We are grateful to Mrs Blunt, Miss Gilbert and Mrs Mathews for

their hard work in running clubs in the last three activities so that more SMH members can improve their standards.

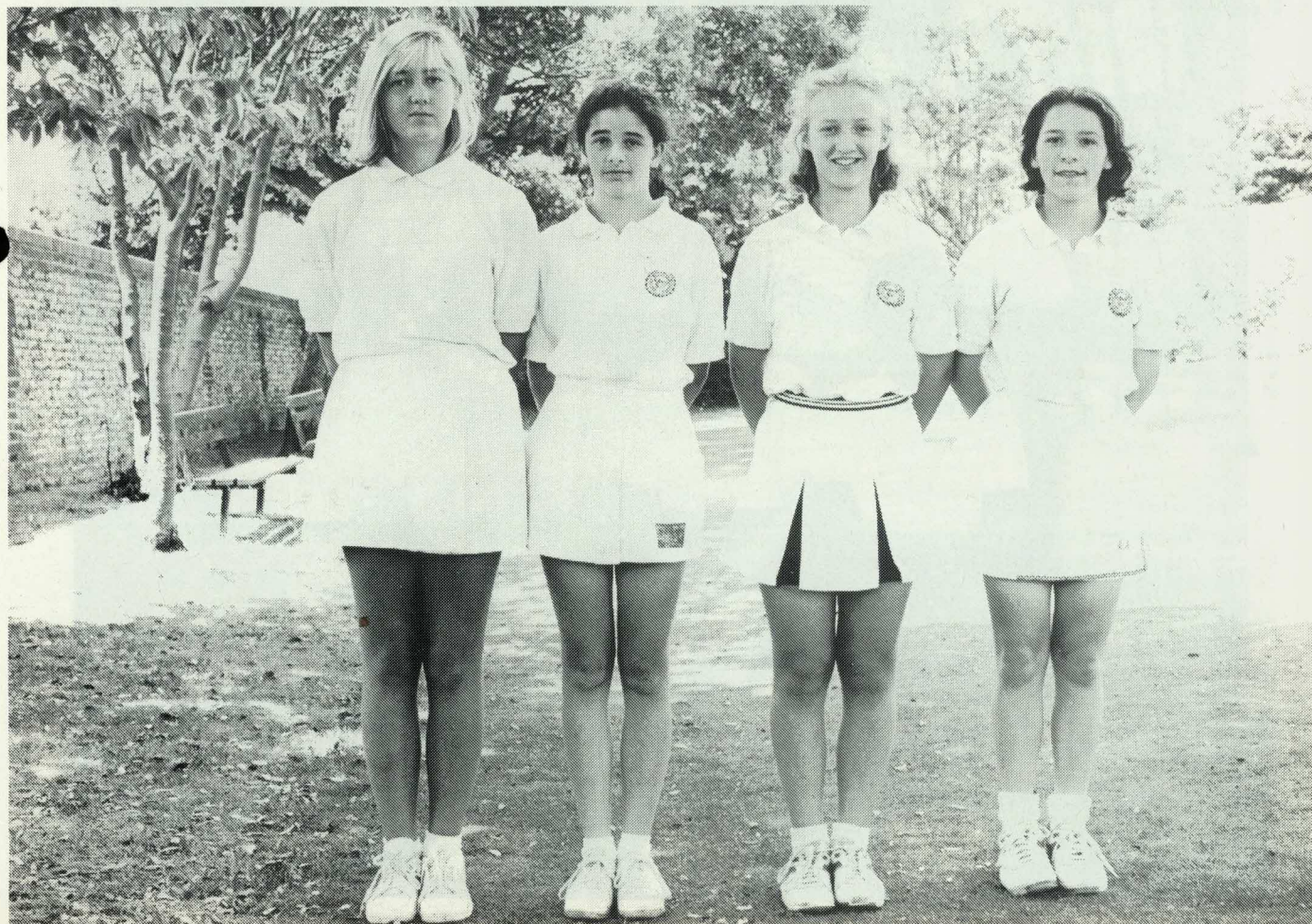
P.E. REPORT 1991-92

We welcomed Mrs Hurst to the Department and her enthusiasm and interest in lacrosse and tennis have been greatly appreciated.

H.F.



Tennis IVs. Above: Under 13s, Below: Under 14s. (Photos J.B.L.)



P.E. Cups

Junior PE Cup for effort
and improvement

Senior PE Cup for effort
and improvement

Swimming Cup for effort
and improvement

Junior Lacrosse Cup

Senior Lacrosse Cup

Gym Cup

School Badminton Trophy

K Ball

E Clarke

C Nunn

Siân Harvey

C O'Hare,

C Green

N Hudson

J Green,

C Green

School Tennis Tournament

U13 Doubles

U13 Singles

U14 Doubles

U14 Singles

U15 Doubles

U15 Singles

Open Doubles

Open Singles

L Canavan, N Hudson

L Canavan

J Lutkin, C Newman

J Graves

L Askey, C Green

C Green

C Green, L Askey

C Green

R Pratt, M Corfield

Sarah Harvey, J Kassir

U15 Stripes

Lacrosse

Netball

Tennis

Rounders

L Askey, E Clarke,

C Green, D Lang,

C O'Hare, Siân Harvey

C O'Hare, C Green, D Lang

C Green, L Askey, J Heal

C Newman, E Hall,

Siân Harvey,

J Lutkin

Colours

Netball

Sarah Harvey,

Z Kennell, J Kassir,

M Corfield, J Crouch,

R Pratt, C Barnes



Rounders teams. Above: Under12s, Below: Under 14s. (Photos J.B.L.)



Creative Work



Mixed Media by Ye Hee Kim, IVP

Amy's pet tortoise Boko

Amy is ninety, going on ninety-one. She lives in Eastbourne with her pet tortoise Boko. Amy has had him for fifty years. She does not know how old Boko is, though she says they can live for over a hundred years.

Amy had Boko when she was forty years old. She had cats before. They died so she had a tortoise. He was called Bruce but Amy thought that sounded like a dog's name so she called him Boko. She had Boko from a lady who had two tortoises. They fought a lot, so the lady asked if Amy would like one, so she had one.

He has always been this size. Amy does not know what kind he is. He lives on a cushion but at night he goes into a special house just like a doll's house a neighbour made for him.

Tortoises like to eat all sorts of things, like apple, cucumber, lettuce, stems of a dandelion, buttercups and wallflower leaves. Boko eats about half an apple a day. Amy does not give Boko tit-bits from the table.

Amy thinks a tortoise makes a good pet. It depends on who has it. She talks to Boko and Boko moves his feet in response. She taps the side of the chair with her ring and Boko comes out and plays. When Amy is in her invalid scooter Boko comes over and looks up at her. Sometimes he puts a foot up onto the scooter and tries to get on.

Once Boko went walk-about when Amy went to visit West Grinstead. He was gone for three weeks. She put adverts in the paper and in shop windows, offering a pound reward for his return. A little boy who was in an Approved School nearby had seen Boko on the school field so he took him home and looked after him. He asked around the school to see if he was anyone's pet. Then he saw the notice in the paper, so he rang and said, 'I

think I might have your tortoise here.' Amy went and saw him. She could tell it was Boko because he has a dent on his left side. She gave the boy a pound as a reward but the master would not let him keep it because he thought that the boy had stolen Boko, so Amy bought two tortoises for the boy as a reward.

Some cats and dogs are house trained and so is Boko. When he sees something moving he will chase it. He plays with the Hoover when the cleaning lady comes. Amy went into hospital for two weeks and when she came back Boko tore across the room to greet her.

Boko, as we say, is an only child and is also a fighter. The way to kill another tortoise is to knock it over on to its back so it cannot get up again and it dies, but Boko has another way of fighting. He hisses and goes to another tortoise with his mouth wide open and goes for the head. He does not like the gardener and hisses at him. Once Boko tried to climb on a stone but fell on his back and Amy got there just in time or else he might have died.

In the summer Amy takes Boko outside but at night she brings him in again because of the foxes. Amy thinks tortoises are for you to care for but with cats and dogs you think that they love you, so you don't do so much for them.

Amy and Boko are great friends growing old together.

Emma John, IK

Nerves

Is it the opposition of all self confidence?

A harsh barrier from common sense,

In times of importance and triviality,

Feelings of expectations and anxiety.

A relief, hindrance, friend or foe?

Resulting in success or drowned in sorrow,

Experienced by all young and old, Virtuous, fiendish, meek and bold.

It bores in your stomach, flutters your heart,

Not till the event is over does this emotion depart.

'Tis an obscurity as to what function it serves,

This strange, curious feeling is 'Nerves'.

Emily Hall, IVP

The Shadow

What is that thing?

Follows me around

Everywhere I go.

It won't make a sound.

Spooky but strange,

Creeping about,

Silently steps,

Through things and out.

Looks like a person,

Will never talk,

Goes everywhere with me,

Every place I walk.

I think it'll go,

Maybe one day.

Who turned out the lights?

It's gone away!

Julia Fleming, IIZ

When Earth Caught Fire

I woke up at about five in the morning feeling unbearably hot and went to open the window for some fresh air - instead, a rush of hot air hit my face, and I saw the Sun through the mist looking like a huge blood-red orange - and all this in January! It has been a month now since we heard the news that because of too much testing of atomic weapons the Earth had shifted from its normal orbit and, as a result, was now rushing towards the Sun. I hurriedly dressed in the coolest and lightest clothes possible and then went downstairs to have some breakfast. There was little choice. Fresh milk deliveries had stopped, and the refrigerator was not working owing to power cuts. Even the tap water was polluted because water supplies were running low.

After I had found some biscuits and the last bottle of lemonade I thought of visiting my friend. I walked to her house, as my bicycle got stuck in the melting tar in the road. People I passed were all anxiously looking up in the sky, obviously hoping for some rain. There were swarms of insects flying around because of the heat and the smell of refuse which had not been collected. As I passed the main park I noticed the grass was burnt brown and the plants were wilting.

All of a sudden I heard my name, "Charlotte, Charlotte." It was my mother calling me, "Hurry up, Charlotte, or you will be late for school, and dress warmly. It is a chilly day again."

I sat up in bed and saw my bed-clothes were all over the floor, but I wasn't hot any more and then I realised it had all been a dream.

Charlotte Sabel, 11

Outside

Outside people are walking and talking,
In their winter woollies, and are as warm as toast.
Trains coming and going from or into Brighton Station
Making noises like a kettle boiling.
The sirens of ambulances saving people's lives,
Police, catching crooks, and fire engines putting out fires.
Taxis and cars taking people to their destinations.
Cats wandering about with layers of warm fur making
As little noise as possible.
Wind blowing telephone wires about as if a gale or a storm was brewing.
People laughing and joking about what happened at Fred's party last night.
But lucky me.
I am snug and warm in bed,
Dreaming.

Kate Hasson, 11

The Brain Block

"Tick tock. Tick tock," says the clock, as the big, black hands creep past the numbers. Ten past ten, eleven past ten, twelve past half past ten! Half an hour to go and I still haven't done half the test.

Think, think! 600×96 . How do I do that? Oh yes, now I remember. 45×69 , 85×43 , $973 \div 4$ Quarter to and about ten more sums to go. Everyone else seems so calm. I know I'll fail. If I don't get into this school I'll die

One more sum to go. 5×5 ... 25. I've finished with $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to go. Those big, black hands don't seem so big any more. Or so dark.

"Please put your pens down," says that man with the glasses.

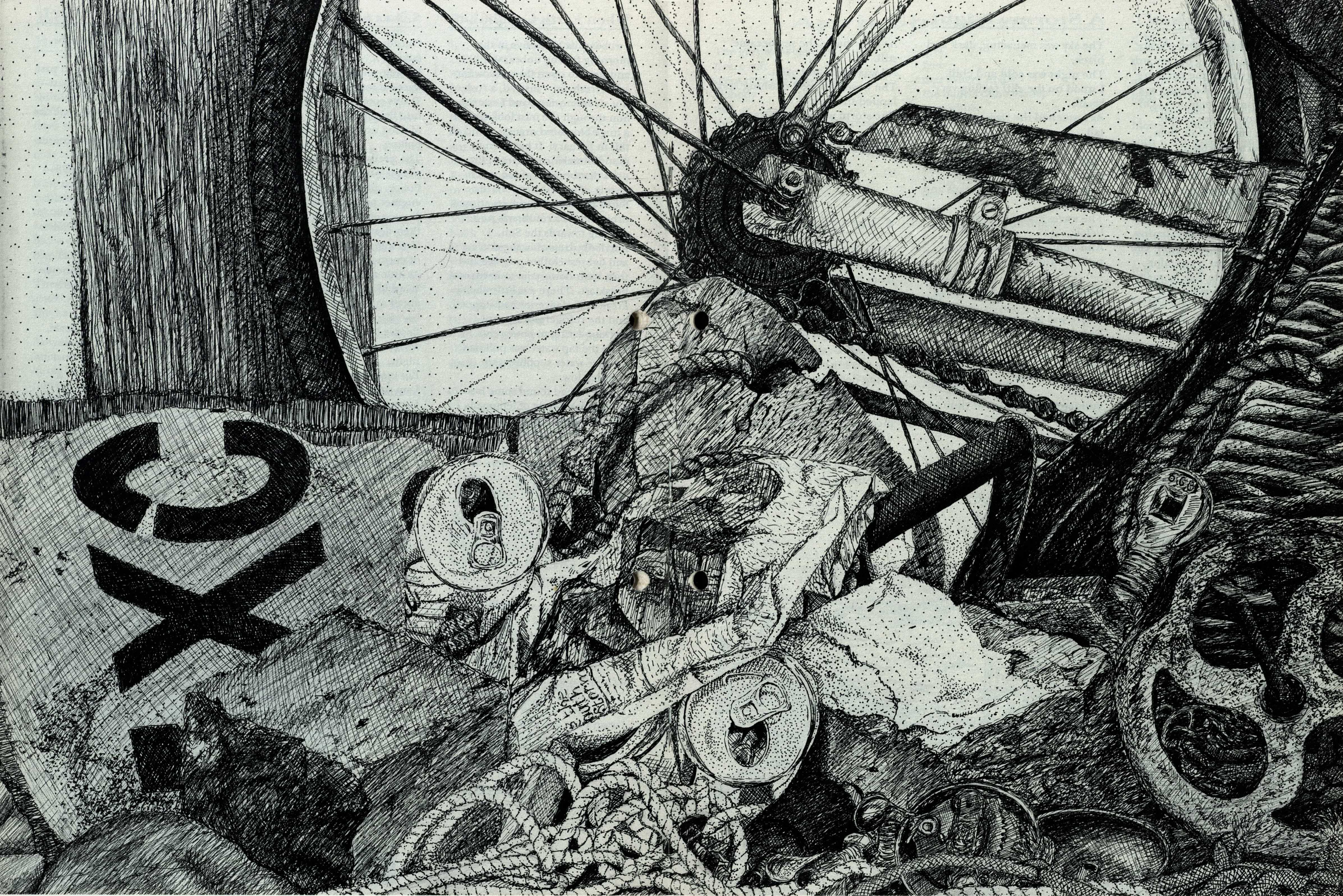
"Boy, I'm starving. At least it's time for break."

Explanation: I wrote this description about the traumas of an entrance exam while sitting outside Room L. I was acting as a runner for the examinees and thinking what could be going through their minds. I remember most of it from my own entrance exam.

Antonia Bell, 11

Drawing by Sarah Nee, VS





The Storm

It is a stormy evening and you are sitting in a car looking out towards the sea. It is rough; the waves are rolling and raging like savage sea monsters hunting their prey. On the beach you can see people leaning against the wind; then suddenly turning around, struggling forwards like a soldier going through a marsh. The waves are growing bigger and bigger, whilst in the car you are safe, safe from the howling winds that sound like werewolves baying on the night of the full moon, safe from the waves that are coming closer every minute, safe from the storm. It becomes wilder and thunder starts to crash and roll while the wind is screeching around you; then, suddenly, lightning flashes, lighting up the stormy scene for a split second. Then darkness again.

It is becoming calmer, the waves are ferocious still but the wind is calmer, and it is howling no more. Half an hour has gone by, and it is all calm now; the only interruption is the windscreen wipers going to and fro, to and fro, to and fro

Nicola Mansell, Ii

A Stormy Night

The sky was menacing, dark and black,
The night was cold and chill.
I stood on the cliff feeling very small,
As I watched the waves so very tall.

Approaching fast was a mighty storm,
That swelled the sea in leaps and bounds.
The waves crashed on the rocks below,
And lightning lit the sky with brilliant glow.

The light from the storm lit up the shore,
There was no-one else in sight.
Everyone else was snug and warm,
But I felt the urge to stay and watch the storm.

Suddenly a loud clap of thunder filled the air,
Which made me jump in terror.
Oh, those poor men at sea in their boats I thought,
I just hope they can make it to the port.

As if by magic the sea became still,
All was silent and calm.
The waves stopped crashing and lapped the shore,
The storm was gone, it was no more.

Heather Goddard, IVP

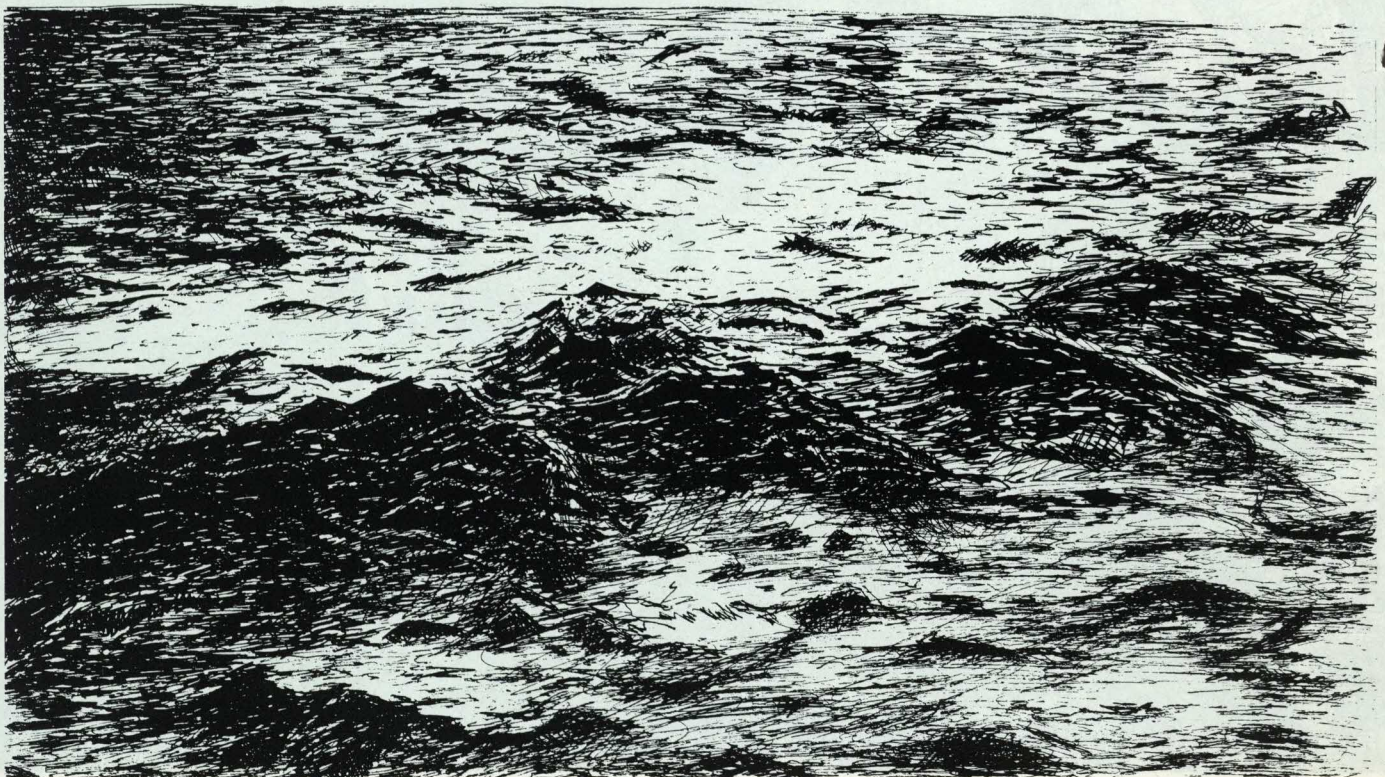
Getting Old

I feel that getting old is just a part of life as when you come from being a child to an adult. I think that getting old is more like being an adult and becoming more child-like.

Of course it is not always like that. My Granny is eighty-three, has two hip-replacements and is going deaf, yet she still plays bridge and occasionally golf and is still active. I think that the picture of old people as being tiny, with bad memories and no teeth is just a stereotype and that all old people are different, depending on how they think about themselves.

Katie Walters, IIF

Georgia Trott, UVI



April Showers

The grey wool blanket,
fleece soft
crept over the busy world.
Nobody
saw
the green dancers in the trees
halt their waltz
and their dazzle-beam
partners fade.

Nobody
heard
the
velvet-thick
silence
settle.

But the
birds saw
and were quiet.
The sleek eel-cat
heard
and was still.

And,
then,
the rain
came.
Quicker than thought
smoother than silk
then,
quick
the drops
came fast
pelted down
hard on the ground
and
THEN!

The people saw!
The people heard!
and
RAN!
racing to the gutterstreams
panicking.
Morse code of shoes on
the sheen
of

grey,
feet
everywhere AND
the bullets came harder
turn white,
hail comes
barely any space between
the wet sugar lumps
fast, hard, frozen Niagara
racing from the sky
but
wait
it slows to rain, and then
there
is
silence,
quiet,
waiting,
has it really stopped?
The grey blanket
clears
from the silent
world.

Kate Morrison, IIIF

The Garden of Our Enchantment

The sweet aroma of roses dances
around you, making you giddy,
light hearted, a child once more.

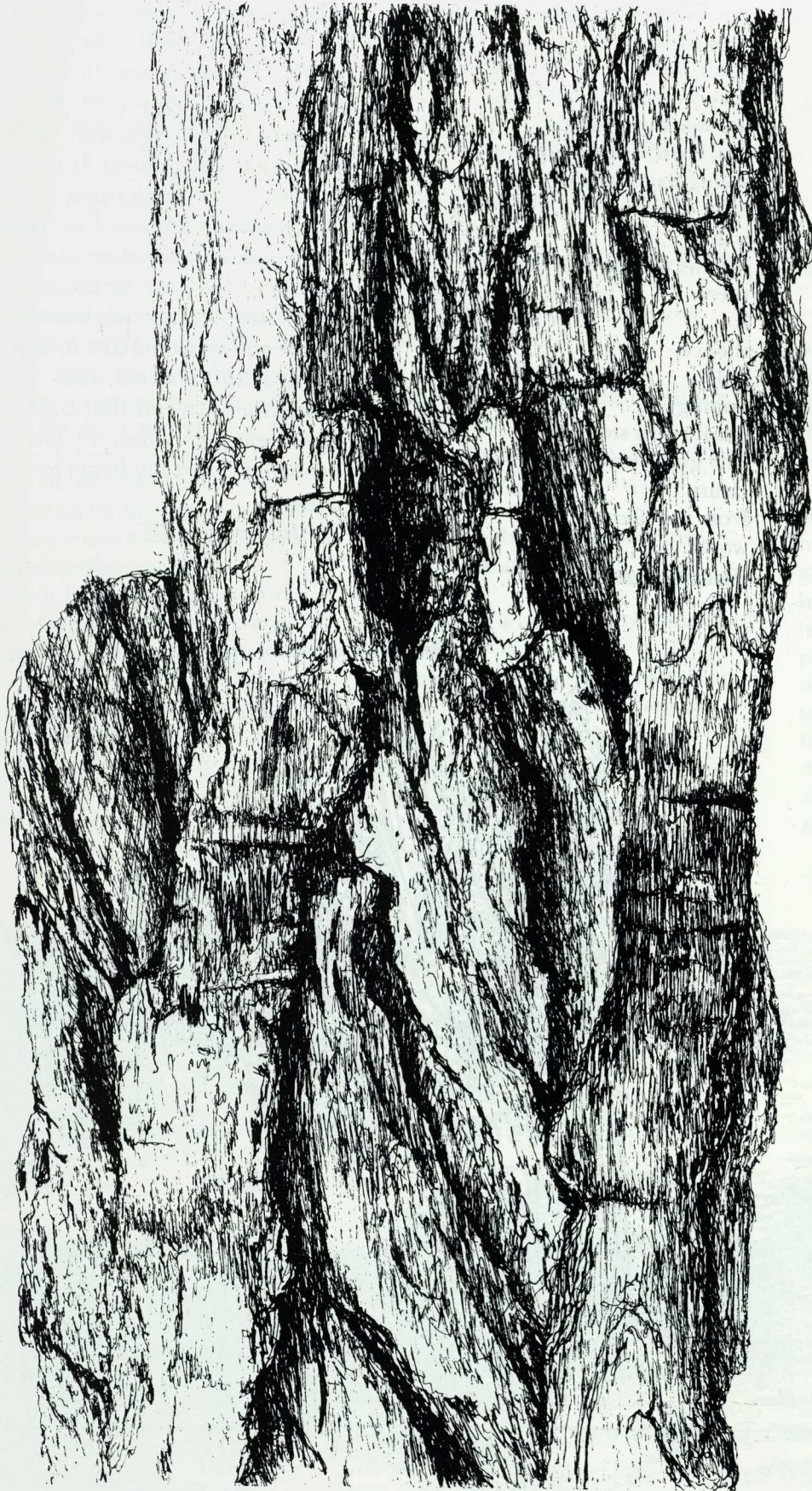
When the slight breeze
blows, it is warm, and brings
with it the graceful melodies of
the birds which sing with such
passion and loveliness in the
garden of our enchantment.

Unaware of where I'm head-
ing I walk to his cottage, our
cottage, I look out to the sea,
the malevolent, cruel, heartless
sea, seeming to delight in my
anguish and sadness, and
remember how on that cold
day a year ago, when my love
drowned, I lost my heart to the
ocean.

Zoë Temmerman, IIIF

Gemma Finney, IK





The Cycling of Carbon

The log fire at Henry VIII's banquet is burning away nicely. Combustion is taking place and carbon dioxide gas is being released. One little carbon atom floats off and is absorbed by a plant which uses it for photosynthesis. The atom diffuses into the leaves and is built up into sugar.

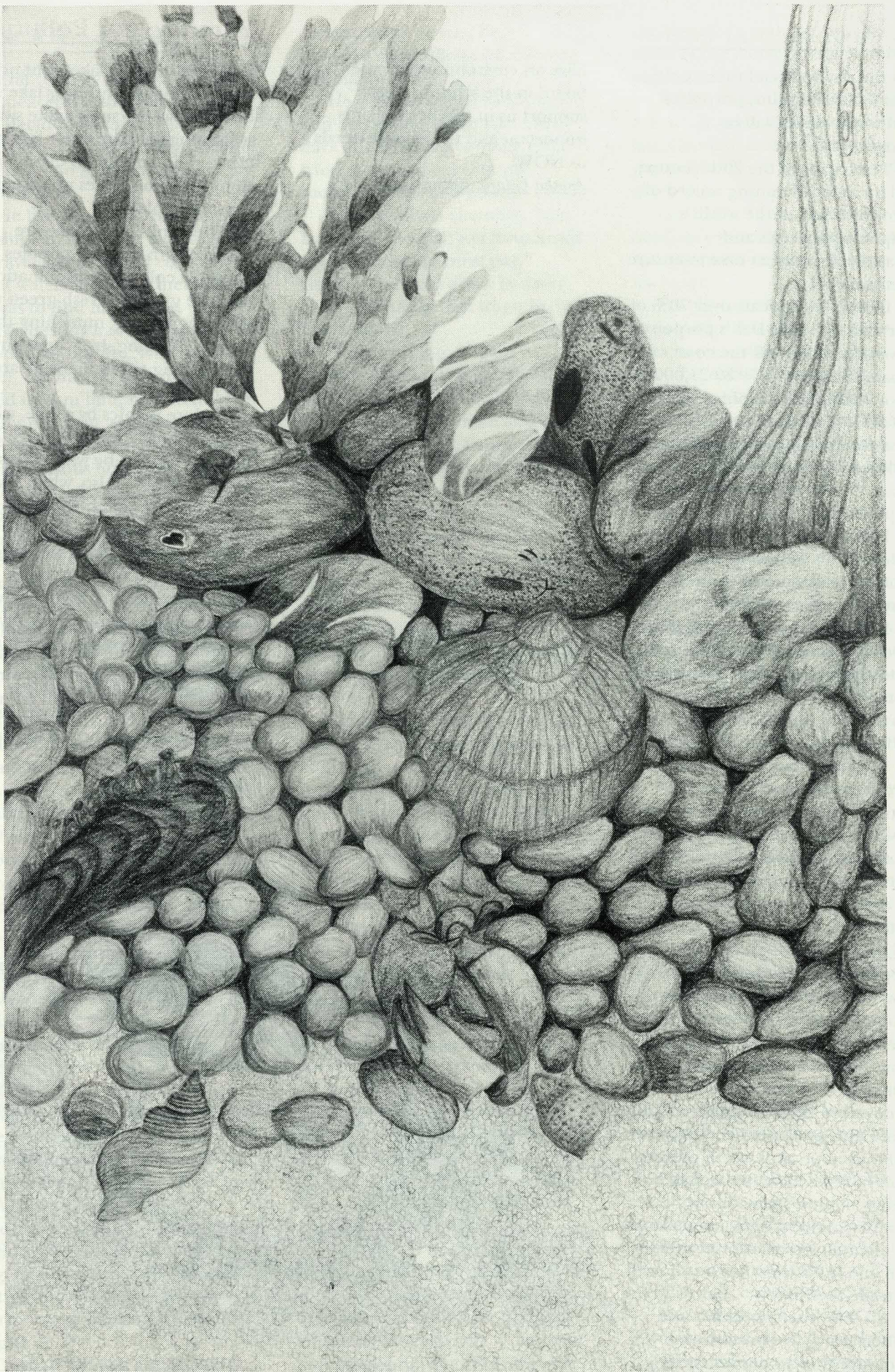
Now, a little harvest mouse comes along and nibbles at that same plant and just happens to eat that same carbon atom, in the form of sugar, and it gets into the cells in his body.

The little mouse, quite full, runs off and unfortunately has a heart-attack and dies. The animal's body decays. In this process bacteria and other microbes feed on it.

One microbe eats the carbon atom and then respire. As a result the atom is put back in the atmosphere.

Then it is absorbed again by a tomato plant, which builds it up into sugar. A girl then comes along and picks a tomato (the one containing that same atom) off the plant, and eats it. The atom travels about the body and finally comes to rest forming part of a cell in her big toe

Louisa Canavan, III



Joy Phinyawatana, IVY