

## Information Technology moves to Microsoft Works 4.5

Commencing this year, we will be teaching Information Technology using Microsoft Works 4.5 rather than ClarisWorks 1.0. Whilst ClarisWorks has much to recommend it in terms of simplicity, it does not fully support some useful features of Windows 95 and, rather more practically, we were unable to obtain extra copies for our new IT suite and other new computers around the school.

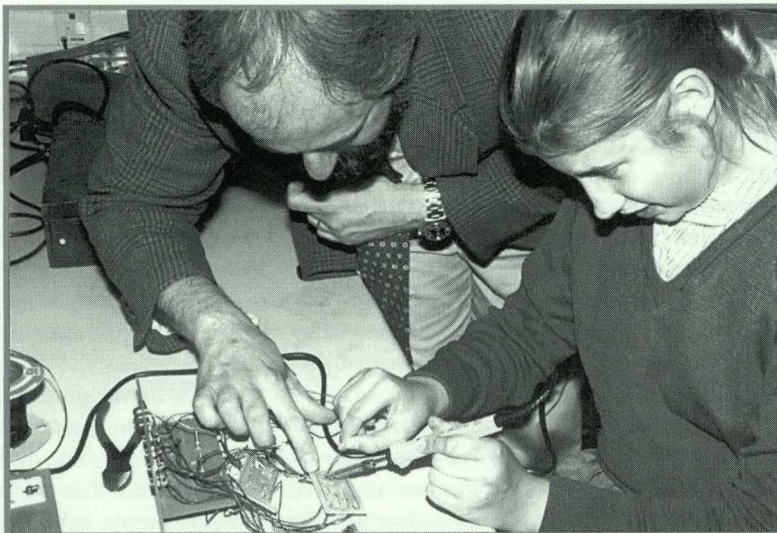
ClarisWorks will continue to be available on the network so pupils who have this software at home can continue to use it without difficulty. Users of Apple Macs may also find they are familiar with ClarisWorks which was originally written for the Apple computer, and may wish to continue using it.

The change to Microsoft Works is part of several major developments in information technology at St Mary's Hall, all aimed at increasing the opportunities for access to information and communications technologies by both pupils and staff.

A second training suite of computers is being opened just down the corridor from the existing IT suite (along with the new technology room next door, the corridor has turned into a self-contained technology area). Computers are being installed in the library for use by pupils for private work and research and these will support the planned library information system. Together with computers for staff use, these will all be linked to the school network for ease of access to school-wide and on-line resources.

To support this activity, our server systems are being upgraded and new web and e-mail servers installed to provide site-wide access to these services.

*John Low*



**Above: Mr Grant with Alexandra Mitchell  
Below: Library expansion plans!**



## Class Act: The Young Enterprise Company

**September, 1997:** 14 sixth-formers were persuaded that it would be a great idea to form their own company, as part of the nationally-run Young Enterprise Scheme. By the end of the month they had met their two advisors from American Express, had a name 'Class Act' and had elected all the directors.

**October and November 1997:** The company handed out questionnaires to get some feedback from the pupils about their proposed ideas. Meanwhile, shares were sold to raise money, so that raw materials could be bought. Soon, fur covered books were on sale in the Senior School, and sold well. In fact, the company could not keep up with the demand, and were having to meet several times per week to make the books. The directors also voted to design a mug which would then be manufactured to sell at the school production *Fiddler on*

*the Roof.*

**December, 1997:** Calamity with the mug delivery! Apparently the courier van containing the mugs had been stolen, so the manufacturers had to make some more, which were then delivered on the morning of the first night of *Fiddler*. Despite this, most of the mugs were eventually sold, some at sale price, and at least the company did not make a loss. As Christmas approached, the state of the accounts was quite healthy, with a bank balance of around £200.

**January, 1998:** Inspiration was needed, and it came in the form of two great ideas; to extend the sale of fur-covered books to the Junior Department of the school and to organise a Fashion Show. The younger pupils bought many books and the bank balance began to grow again.

**February and March, 1998:** Most of this time was spent



preparing for the Fashion Show. Auditions were held, models selected, clothes borrowed and parents' music collections raided to help with the theme "Fashion through the Ages". All the hard work paid off as the evening of the show finally arrived and was a huge success, especially financially.

**April and May, 1998:** The company had spent so much time working on the Fashion Show, they had to rush the writing of their report which was to be part of the Y.E. competition. A presentation also had to be prepared, and although this was very well done, Class Act were not considered to be in the top six companies in their area. However, they did themselves and St Mary's Hall proud at the award ceremony held at Roedean.

**June, 1998:** The time had come for Class Act to liquidate, pay off their taxes, reward their shareholders and hopefully have enough money left to give to charity.

Shareholders each made 20% profit, £60 was given each of NSPCC, WWF, Niemann-Pick and Christian Aid. £30 was also donated to Animaline.

I would like to congratulate every member of the company who made it through to the end: Aba Ansah, Jo Blackburn, Lucy Ellison, Jodie Graham, Sunita Ram, Charlotte Sabel, Yalda Saddighzadeh, but particularly to the Managing Director, Beth Zawde.

We were also very grateful to Brian and Tim from American Express.

They all say that it was worth all the hard work, and I hope that some of next year's Lower Sixth will want to participate in the scheme.



The Fashion Show

## Science Happenings

### Science Club

Science Club has changed its meeting time from Friday to Monday second break and this term we have enjoyed such varied activities as paper making, producing flying machines, seeing some tropical rain forest from Mr Hatherly's visit to Northern Australia (on video) and looking at micro-organisms under the microscopes.

### Microscopes

We have just taken delivery of 16 new microscopes which will be used throughout the 3rd to 6th years. They are very fine instruments and, whilst being simple to use, offer superb resolution at all magnifications. When you see a row of 16 beautifully-made boxes in the science department you will know what is inside them! This acquisition will bring an end to the frustrations involved in using non-standard or broken instruments with poor optics – an inevitable consequence of years of heavy use by learners. We shall use the best of the old instruments with the first and second years and give some to the Junior Department so that the little ones can experience the excitement of "seeing the invisible"!

### Room N

This room has been used for years for science lessons but has been very limited in its facilities for practical science. By the time you read this it should be fitted with sinks and have a vinyl floor..... and perhaps even be fitted with gas outlets, so that we shall no longer have to exchange classes or carry water and waste for practical work. This should increase the department's scope for regular practical work quite considerably.

### Visits

During the Autumn Term the third year visited the Science Museum, with special interactive presentations on food and sport. This proved very popular and we shall try to alternate this visit with the one to Hurstmonceaux.

During National Science and Technology week in March a group of sixth formers visited the Pathology department of the Royal Sussex County Hospital next to the school. They saw the Haematology Unit, Chemistry, Special Analysis Unit, Microbiology and the Public Health Laboratory. There was much of relevance and the forensic aspects of the work done there was intriguing.

### Datalogging

Whilst we have been progressing with datalogging using electronic means of capturing data for some years we have now developed a system for students to operate on an individual basis – 16 students per class. This means every student has "hands on" experience of capturing her own data, downloading it onto computer, collecting the data on her own floppy disk and processing it in the computing room (or at home). A scientific investigation can now be word-processed to incorporate electronically-generated charting data which has been manipulated after the experiment has been performed. This can be done by spreadsheets or other means. Much time is saved and very accurate data can be captured over a period varying from milliseconds to months. This is particularly useful in long-term biology experiments where readings have to be taken over weekends and overnight.

We propose to purchase probes for measuring parameters other than temperature in order to extend the use of electronic data capture throughout the senior school wherever it will bring an advantage.



# Sports Report 1997-1998

It has been another busy year for all the girls. The squads have had many more matches than ever before with increasing success in all sports.

The Senior netball team have had limited practice time due to the Upper Sixth having so many other commitments.

The under 16 team had several wins, the under 15s and 14s also showed improvement. The under 13 were the most successful, which we hope will continue in the next season. The new team in the under 12 age group were also showing a solid foundation for the coming year.

Senior colours were awarded to Kimberley Graves, Hannah Gale, Beth Zawde and Jodie Graham. Half colours were awarded to Laura Maxted, Alice Rawdon-Mogg, Katherine McGlinchey, Najwan Al-Mussawi, Vicky Young, Sarah Hatherly, and Sarah Sage. Commended were Corinna Harris, Rebecca Nam, Elizabeth Bowen and Antonia Edwards.

All the hockey teams had success in at least one game this year. The seniors had two enjoyable games against Seaford College, winning one and drawing the other.

They also played twice against Lancing College showing a huge improvement on last years 17-0 defeat.

The under 16s played in the National Schools' Tournament at Christ's Hospital and had a good tournament and great support from Brighton and Hove High School with whom they shared a bus.

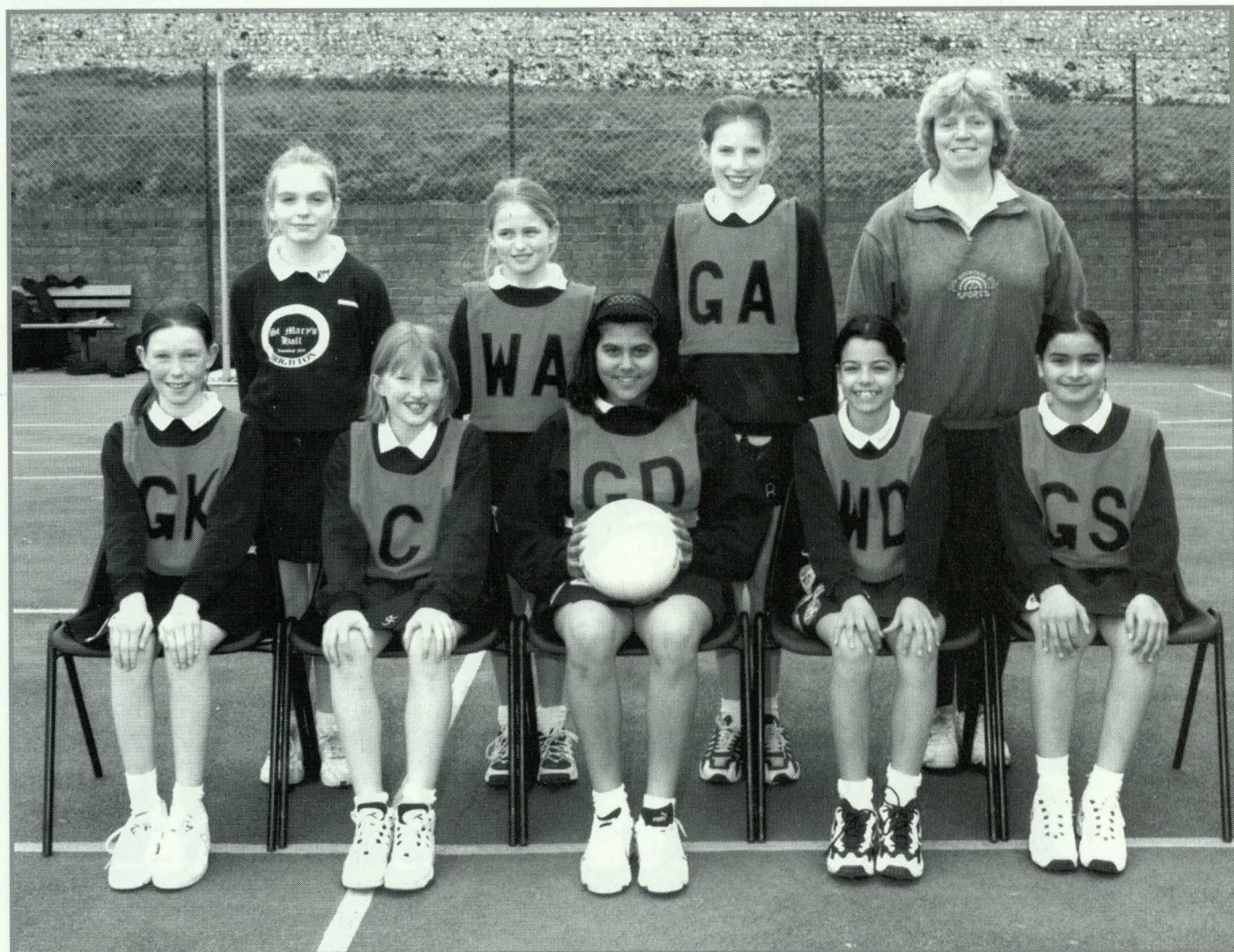
The under 14s and 15s had several matches with two indoor games against Roedean which were very enjoyable and showed the level of stickwork and fitness which we need to build on.

The under 13 team showed real resilience against several teams and beat Brighton College after a real battle.

All the hockey teams have worked hard and the extra practice on Astro turf and the 2nd and 3rd years having their lessons there has really begun to show improvement.

Hockey colours were awarded to Nicola Walters and Alice Rawdon-Mogg. Half colours were awarded to Tatiana Levterova, Antonia Edwards, Najwan Al-Mussawi and Vicky Young. Commended were Edwina Woolgar, Sarah Sage, Sarah Hatherly, Fatima Khamkhoeva and Sara Toussi.

We have also begun to develop the swimming teams



The unbeaten Under 11 netball team. *Back row, left to right:* Rebecca Marchant, Selina Austin, Charlotte Ridge, Miss Easterbrook. *Front row:* Lucy Antram, Nicola Johnson, Anita Dhillon, Athena Georgion, Sara Al Obaidly



and have taken part in matches against Roedean, Newlands, Bellerby's and Patcham High School. We also take part in the Brighton Schools Swimming Championships.

Over the last three years our athletics has developed rapidly. We have taken part in the Brighton Schools Championships and this year three of the squad were selected to represent Brighton in the Sussex Schools event. Many girls are members of local clubs, which is of great value as it ensures top level coaching.

Gymnastics half colours were awarded to Saphy Ali, Georgia Hamilton, Katie Jones and Jessica Warner. Commended were Gabrielle Ryan, Lucinda Maker, Nicola Johns, Jenifer Commin, Victoria Stalker, Jenny Hasson, Jay Auburn and Victoria Boyd.

Badminton colours were awarded to Nadia Behdad and Nadia Zaharan; half colours to Muizzah; commended: Jessica Lai and Sandra Hung.

Swimming colours were awarded to Laura Maxted; half colours to Maria Dato, Irene Kwong, Eleanor Loe and Clare Moss; commended were Lauren Lansdowne and Georgia Hamilton.

## Physical Education Cups 1998

### House

Inter House Hockey Cup	Bristol (Senior)
	Adelaide (Junior)
Senior Inter House Netball Cup	Adelaide
Inter House Tennis Cup	Babington (Senior)
	Adelaide (Junior)
Inter House rounders	Adelaide

### P.E.

Junior Physical Education Cup	L. Lansdowne and S. Gartside
Individual Senior Hockey Cup	T. Levterova
Individual Swimming Cup	L. Maxted
Swimming Cup (effort and improvement)	C. Myers
Gymnastics Cup	S. Ali and G. Hamilton
Individual Hockey Cup (junior)	A. Edwards
Tennis Open Singles	R. Doble

### Colours

Colours for athletics	K. Trembling, L. Barrow.
Commendation for athletics	J. Hasson, J. Warner
Commendations for rounders	R. Nam, V. Young, V. Furnham
Commendation for tennis	R. Doble



The unbeaten Under 10 netball team. *Back row, left to right: C. Ward-Caddle, G. Bentinck, E. Soumilova, L. Whyte, K. Lower, Miss Easterbrook. Front row: R. Pinsent, E. Manseu, A. Delicata, J. Foster, T. Shephard*



# Creative Writing: Junior Department

(Years 3-6)

## My Precious Toy

My precious thing is my china doll. She has blue eyes like marbles. A frilly dress and golden hair with curls at the end of it. She has white lace on her straw hat and white boots. She is precious because she is china.

*Annabel Crumpton, LP1K*

My toy leopard has grey and orange spots and a white beard. Two large black eyes and a soft black nose. He has a long tail and grey fur in between his eyes. He is three years old and is very naughty. I got him from the Sea-Life Centre. I love him.

*Julia Wells, LP1K*

My most precious possession is my teddy, Speshy. He is precious because I have had him since I was born and I cannot sleep without him. He is quite small and thin. He has got goldy brown fur and he is bald in some places. My granny got him for me. He has got dark brown paws and feet and a black nose.

*Amadea Hills, LP1K*

My precious toy is a dog. He has brown eyes and brown fur. My dog is so precious because if I do not have it in bed I have nightmares.

*Emma McElvenny, LP1K*

My precious toy is a dog and his name is Spike. He has some grey spots on his back, a yellow body and floppy ears. It is precious to me because it comforts me in the night when I am scared.

*Claire Hossack, LP1K*

## The Rock Pool

I come to some small, grey rocks,  
With great trouble I climb to the top.  
Ooh! Aah! Its very slippery!

Before I realise what's happening .....

Oh help!

I'm slipping, I'm falling, I'm screaming.

Everything's a blur.

I'm falling down, down, down,

SPLASH!

What's happening?

I'm in a different world, I'm sure I am.

Everything's green, it's a green jungle,

It has to be, it's got to be.

What's this? A starfish! A crab!

It's a dream.

If I swim to the top, I'll find myself in bed I think.

Aah air! Oh what a silly I have been,

It's a rock pool!

A cool, relaxing, salty rock pool!

It seems to be whispering a secret language.

As the wind blows gently,

Small ripples appear from nowhere.

Green seaweed hanging limply from the rocks.

It doesn't have any colour at all.

It's clear, perfectly clear,

The rock pool is just like my sister's mirror.

Pink limpets cling tightly to the rocks.

Water lapping gently at the rocks,

Warm, golden yellow sand goes through my toes.

Oh great, how on Earth can I get out of this rock pool!

*Victoria Arak, LP2*

*Poems written by Victoria Arak, LP2, in response to the cover of "The Snow Spider"*

## The Daughter Of The Snow

As if from nowhere

A faint figure of a girl

Slowly she looked away

Nervously she started to walk

Oh, ever so slowly!

Snow flakes, fell on her glowing hair

Piercing sky, blue eyes looked at me

I froze!

Desperately I tried to back away

Excited smiles swept over her face

Remembering something,

I just ran home.

## The Best Tree In The World

I woke up on a cold frosty morning

To rush to my window,

To greet the new day,

But all I can see is a silver, sparkling world.

I rushed outside to my tree,

The tree that I planted when I was four years old,

The tree that kept me cool every summer,

The tree who grew fruit for me to eat,

The tree I climbed up everyday,

Is now a strange, silver figure.

Its branches thickly covered in silver,

Its bark feels strangely cold,

It isn't a beautiful tree any more,

It's now a strange, silent, ugly figure,

Standing all alone.

The cold winds blowing my scarf this way and that,

What has happened to my tree?

Do you know?



## The Great Plague

Oh laws a mercy! What is to become of us! My younger brother, good George, has got the plague. He never did believe in God. Some people say the plague happened because it was a punishment for us poor people for being bad. The cheek of it!

Others say that bad air causes the illness. Some others think that it's poison in the blood which causes the plague. But it's those nasty black rats aggggggh . . . horrible things! Their fleas carry the disease. They bite the rats for blood and those rats die. Because there are fewer rats around the city the fleas start to bite us humans.

Oh why did dear George get the plague. He's only 7 years old. I'm 9 years old. Oh here comes the doctor with his long leather coat on and a beaker full of herbs to protect him from the illness.

"Darling go outside and paint a red cross on the door".

"But Moth . . ."

"Don't just stand there, just do it!"

I leave the room with a heavy heart and step outside into the street. Everywhere people are rushing around trying to buy a mixture of herbs from street sellers to cure their loved ones. I paint a red cross on the door to tell people to stay away otherwise they might catch the disease. I decided to write under the cross *Lord have mercy on us*. Then I went inside. I found out from the doctor that there were two stages of the plague. In the first stage you would get a headache, feel sick, run a fever and get lumps in armpits and lumps at the top of legs. A few people recovered at this stage. But if black spots, weeping sores and rashes appeared the victim would probably die in a few days.

I turned round to see that a wise woman was putting a charm round George's neck. On the charm were written the words ABRACADABRA. "To keep away the evil spirits" explained Martha who was the wise woman. Then Martha and the doctor put leeches on George's skin. Yuk! Leeches are slug-like creatures which suck blood.

"The leeches will suck out the poisons in the blood and George will feel a little bit better" said the doctor.

"A fat lot of good that is going to do when the fleas are the cause of the problem," I muttered under my breath. I went outside to see a cart of bodies being driven away. The bodies were the bodies of people who had died from the plague. They would be buried in the mass graves outside the city. How I hoped George would not end up like them! That night I prayed for George. A few days later we were rejoicing. George had survived! It was a miracle! Lucky George.

*Victoria Arak, LP2*

*Inspired by Holbein's portrait*

## Henry VIII

Looks hurtful and mean

Rather scary and brave

Rich and proud

Smart and fat

Clothes of satin, silk and fur

Colours dark and dull

Brown, black, green, gold

And silver too!

A solemn, solid grey figure

Standing there, all alone

Waiting for me to enter in!

I stared at the thin lipped,

Determined man

I gasped at the jewels

Rubies, emeralds, diamonds too!

Shoes like slippers,

Flat and square!

*Bethany McCall-Anderson, LP2*

Henry, always looking at you

Wherever you are

Whatever you're doing.

He would ask

"Who are you?"

In a loud booming voice.

His lips are a straight line,

His nose is a pointed arrow.

Skin as hard as rock.

His face is round.

His cheeks are hamster's pouches.

Smooth and silky clothes,

Soft as gold,

Silver, pewter, bronze materials,

Covered in priceless jewels.

A dagger by his side

To show that he is brave.

*Verity Carr, LP2*



## Seashore

Crashing waves against the rocks,  
 Pebbles scattering everywhere,  
 White seahorses curling, rolling, tumbling  
 and breaking on the seashore  
 Like a glass bowl shattering  
 into a thousand pieces.  
 The sea roars as ferociously as a lion  
 over the top of my head.  
 Get out! Get out!  
 The tide is coming in,  
 It's tapping at the rock pools  
 And fills them to the brim  
 with greeny-blue seawater,  
 Freezing cold, like an icicle,  
 Until the sun comes out  
 and warms it up.  
 The sea starts to sparkle once more,  
 As though someone has sprinkled  
 glitter all over it.

*Rebecca Ridge, LP2P*

## The Water Cycle

Flaming red, hot sun  
 Shines on the icy, turquoise sea.  
 Steamy vapour rising up  
 to the clear, blue sky,  
 Making the white, fluffy clouds.  
 They look like cotton wool  
 moving over the rugged land.  
 Darker and darker,  
 Pure white becomes  
 sooty, black thunder clouds.  
 Then the rain comes down  
 Pitter patter, pitter patter.  
 It spits, softly at first.  
 Then crash!  
 Splurting heavily on the ground.  
 Stops for a minute  
 Then it starts again.  
 Cold, wet rain.  
 Up go colourful umbrellas,  
 Heavy footsteps of wellington boots  
 splash in muddy puddles.  
 Rain running in rivers  
 along the gutter,  
 Down into the drains  
 back to the turquoise sea,  
 To start all over again.

*Katrina Ip, LP2P*

## The Dragon Tree

One night in bed  
 I could not go to sleep,  
 So I looked out of the window  
 And saw a dragon.  
 It was brown with green scales  
 Which were flapping up and down.  
 It had an enormous, twisted body.  
 I screamed and started to cry.  
 My Mum came up and said  
 "What is the matter dear?"  
 I told her that I'd seen a scary dragon.  
 "It's only a tree, go back to sleep".  
 But still I could not,  
 so I crept downstairs  
 And went out to the dragon tree.  
 It puffed leaves at me,  
 But I took a step closer  
 And saw it's hairy bark.  
 It was true what Mum said,  
 It was just a tree

*Katrina Ip, LP2P*

## Weeping Willow

Tangled leaves angled branches  
 Weeping down into a lake  
 Weeping willow swirling in the water.  
 Furry leaves that you might be able to touch.  
 The weeping willow waving in the wind  
 looks scary in the night.  
 Leaves falling into the water  
 and whirling round the weeping willow  
 Leaves dancing round the tree  
 The weeping willow looks like lots of hands  
 The lovely leaves reflecting in the water  
 Falling off and floating down the stream.

*Jennifer Moreton, LP2P*

## Henry VIII

A deep voice bellowed  
 The solemn figure of Henry VIII appears  
 With the finest clothes and most perfect silks  
 And a sword by his side  
 Henry VIII looked determined  
 Velvet, fur, rings and rubies he had them all  
 His bristly beard quite quite dark  
 Fat and chubby  
 Be careful what you said to the king  
 Demanding money from the monasteries  
 And a rope round his waist  
 Gold, brown, white and black  
 Were the colours of those fabulous clothes  
 With shoes like slippers  
 The new king of England was here!

*Victoria Arak, LP2P*



## The Moon

Moon, moon,  
Where are you?  
Hiding behind the clouds  
Visiting the sun or stars?  
On Venus or on Mars?  
On Saturn's rings?  
Or Earth's terrain?  
Moon oh moon please come home again  
Back to the sun, back to the stars,  
back to Jupiter and Mars  
And make the Face you used to make  
For you are the power of the night sky  
For the people and mammals who go by.....

*Bethany McCall-Anderson, LP2P*

## How the Sun, Moon, Stars and Planets Became

God had a pet hen and one day she laid two eggs. One was boiling but the other was freezing. But God didn't mind, he said "I will have them both for breakfast". A woodpecker cracked both eggs and God took the shell off them. A ball of gas came out of the boiling egg and a ball of ice bounced out of the freezing egg. The gas ball was much too hot to bounce. Both balls were the same size. But as the ice ball bounced it broke in half. One half crumbled and God brushed those pieces into space and God called them the stars. Next God looked at the boiling ball of gas and said "I will get my heat resistant catapult and throw this ball into space. I will christen it the sun". So God did that but the spring on the catapult didn't work. The ball was much too hot and soon the catapult was a large ball. God made 9 balls out of it, threw them into space and called them the planets. In the end the gas ball went out into space itself. Of course, it was called the sun. The ice ball was done the next day and God called this the moon.

*Naomi Violet Pine, LP2M*

## The Creation

"This is how I think the sun, moon and stars came to be in space". One day God said, "I think there should be some light in that black hole I made all those years ago". So God sat in his workshop and took a hot lump of coal out of the fire and made it extremely big. God put it in the oven and let it burn until it was on fire and then he put it in space and said, "This is called the sun", but he did not think it was bright but he put it in the washing machine so it shone and it was cool and called it the moon. All the embers from the coal had settled on the floor so God swept them out of the door and they fell into space and God said, "Oh dear now what am I going to do? Oh well I'll have to call them the stars."

*Helen Hudson, LP2M*

## The Huge Eggs!

There was once an enormous bird called Sunny. If he started talking to himself he would call himself Sun. One day he started to lay eggs on the ground, the eggs were huge! All the eggs went under the ground, then everything started shaking and rumbling. Then the brightest light popped out of the ground, it started growing legs and arms and that was the sun. A couple of years later everything started to rumble and out popped a bumpy bright ball. It didn't grow arms or legs, this was the moon. The sun and moon were bored so they started digging and the moon watched because it had nothing to dig with. The sun found an egg, once the sun held the egg the sun's hands cooled down. Then it had a great idea and said lets hop into space so he picked the moon and egg up and did a gigantic hop right into space. Then the egg open and out came the stars they could balance in space so could the sun and moon. The sun's ashes turned into planets that was the sun, moon, stars and planets.

*Zara Miller, LP2M*



## Safe

It was a cold November evening and Mrs Smith was walking home from the cotton mill. The wind was almost blowing her shawl off, she just wanted to stop. Her body ached from bending over to pick up the bits of cotton in the mill. But she knew she had to go on because Jack, Julia, Thomas and Victoria would be needing their supper. It was going to have to be the same as yesterday, cabbage soup and a bit of bread. How she wished she could give them more as she climbed the steep hill that lead to Symour Lane. When she arrived home she saw four smiling faces waiting for her. The warmth of the small room felt lovely against her face as she caressed the four children in her arms. She then went about preparing their supper.

After supper they told her about their day at school. She told them that they would have roast lamb on a Sunday if they worked hard enough, they all promised they would. The next day she gave them porridge and sent them to the steel factory to work, while she went to the cotton mill. She said that at lunchtime they were allowed to buy a sausage and share it among themselves. After lunch they were allowed to play in the old factory at the bottom of the road and she would collect them at the end of the day on her way home. But while they were playing Julia fell and spoiled her best dress. For that Victoria scolded her and said she couldn't play! So while nobody was watching her she ran into the factory to hide. She just sat in a corner behind a piece of woodland and fell asleep. Meanwhile Mrs Smith was throwing fifty fits because no one could find Julia. They looked high and low but they couldn't find her so they went home. Some time later Julia awoke to find darkness and silence all around her. At first she was frightened, shakily she got up and made her way to the door using only the moonlight to guide her. She walked across the ground, it was a cold and bitter night but the thought that drove her on was the thought that soon she would be home in her warm blanket.

As she knocked on the door she felt a sudden feeling of safety, it was a feeling she had had all her life, but never noticed. When Mrs Smith opened the door her eyes lit up and since then Julia has always had that warm feeling inside.

*Vusa Tebe, TRANSA*

## My Baby Bird

On Wednesday 6th of May, I was returning from school with my dad. We parked the car in the driveway, my dad stepped out of the car and was starting to go towards the door when quite suddenly he stopped and cried,

"What on Earth is that?" and pointed at something I couldn't see from where I was standing (I was just getting my things from the car). As soon as I heard that, I dropped everything and ran over to see what it was that my dad saw. When I got there I saw a ..... a baby bird!

It was unbelievable, he looked so tiny and helpless. He was sitting there right before the doorstep, so tiny you could hardly see him. He was brown, grey and sort of creamy colour with a yellow beak and kind of musty coloured legs and feet. I ran over to the car got my things, my dad opened the door and there was my mum on the stairs, I rushed over told her and then rushed back out of the door. My mum went after me fetching a towel with her. We caught the bird and brought it home. Meanwhile my dad got a box out of the garage and put some newspapers in it. Once my dad had done all this my mum and I put the bird in there.

The bird or 'birdy' shook himself, opened his eyes and stared at us, then opened his mouth. We understood that that meant he wanted to eat. My mum boiled an egg which we then left to cool a bit. While this was happening Argo my dog had come to the kitchen to see what was going on. He looked in the box smelled it, sniffed it and then growled, that was because birdy came closer. Then suddenly he jumped and flung himself against the wall of the box (birdy did) that started Argo completely. He barked and growled and that scene was so funny. Birdy could not fly yet, so one of the main reasons we took him in was so that he doesn't get eaten by a cat.

Anyway, when the boiled egg cooled down we cut it up and tore tiny bits of it, then sprinkled it into birdy's box. However, he refused to peck so we had to every 10 minutes to give him some of the egg to eat or if you like put it in his mouth.

The next morning we phoned the Animal Welfare and they told us that he was probably learning to fly at the moment and fell and that the parents are now probably looking for him. After we had been told that we placed him and his box on the balcony. We let birdy out of the box and took pictures of him.

His parents really did come to him and even bought food for him. (although we still fed him). Then after a few days of keeping him he flew off. After this I learned that birds are fast learners.

*Katerina Soumilova, UPF*



## The Magic Box

I will put in my box

The crystalline  
water washing away the darkness  
the touch of a soft silky cloud on a summer's day.  
a glistening web trailing on and on

I will put in my box:  
a strike of lightning  
sparking across the tumbling waves  
the shouting wind and crashing trees  
the sea blasting against the falling walls

In my box  
I will bathe in the warm Caribbean Sea

My box is made of the world and its future to come

*Charlotte Ward-Caddle, UPF*

## The Magic Box

I will put in my box

The bright colours of a rainbow  
on a showery summer's day  
the loud echo  
of the mountains  
fading right away  
the quiet whistle of the wind  
whirling round the willows  
big fluffy clouds like huge white pillows

I will put in my box

the white sparkle in a star in the sky  
a cold frosty snowflake floating by  
two silky grey koalas hiding in the trees  
the lonely planets that hardly anyone sees.

My box is made of glass  
with a silky spider's web for lining  
The hinges are silver cockle shells

In my box I will fly away  
on a shooting star  
in a jet black sky, to the moon.

*Rachel Barker, UPF*

## The Magic Box

I will put in the box

the silver thread of web  
wrapped round the frosted moon  
and the crystal stars  
hidden in the pitch black sky  
in the corners  
the gleam of the icy rivers  
down the crispy mountains

I will put in the box

a rhino hidden behind the long, green grasses of Africa  
and the branch of honeysuckle  
in the violet meadow

My box is made of the softest silk  
created by the silk worm  
and has a padlock of frozen ice  
with the whisper of silent wind trapped inside.

*Tamsin Shephard, UPF*

## Harvest

**H**arvest is a time of rejoicing  
**A**nd a time of giving  
**R**ipe fruits are gathered in.  
**V**ines are laden with grapes.  
**E**njoy the fruits of the season,  
**S**o succulent, juicy and delicious.  
**T**hank you God for our food.

*Rosie Holman-Nicholas, UPF*



## A Tragic Good Bye

The army are looking for boys about my age. I am Abosede and I am thirteen years old and my brother Zargam and I are wanted by our chief to fight in the army because our enemies want our land and they know that if they don't kill us, we would have a big army.

We were asked to escape by Oxfam to go to Kenya where we would be safe, but I did not want to leave my sister, Yewande, and my mother Yemota, but there was no choice, I had to go.

We set off that afternoon and we crossed marshes and rivers and then we came to a desert place. It was very hot and by then we decided to have a little sit down. But just then a snake came out of the sand and bit my best friend and went away slithering at a very fast pace. But one thing was that it was one of the most poisonous snakes in the world and there was nothing I could do about it nor anyone else.

He died in the next half an hour and we buried him in the sand. We kept on walking for days and weeks and months and even years.

We came to Ethiopia and it was our fourth year of travelling and we came to a part of Ethiopia where they were fighting and a lot of us got killed and wounded and that included my brother who was badly injured, but he lasted till we got to Kenya where a family took us in. We had a family again but I will never forget my old family.

*Bethany Seamer, TRANS A*

## Tropical Storm with a Tiger

She leaps through the windy leaves  
as small as a mouse  
lost in the middle of nowhere  
Trickles of raindrops  
fluttering down so fast  
She shelters under a tree  
Suddenly the rain stops but the wind stays  
The reeds swaying in herds together  
She stalls into a great leap  
and soon she grows into a huge striped tiger  
fierce but calm.

*Katie Yetton, TRANS A*

## Marooned on a Desert Island

### Saturday

Today I didn't do a lot. John got up very early and made his breakfast and I got up at lunch time. When I awoke I smelt this lovely smell, it was John cooking lunch. When I got dressed I had my lunch it was gorgeous. After I had finished my lunch I sat down next to a tree and read the Bible. While I was reading John went to get some wood and something for supper. When supper came John cooked a lovely supper, it was bird pie with potatoes and for pudding we had a fruit pie and as soon as my head hit the pillow I fell fast asleep and I didn't take any notice of John's snoring so I got a good night's sleep.

### Sunday

On Sunday I had cuts all over me and I felt very ill and drowsy and so John put iodine on my cuts and then put bandages on me, I felt so tired that I was asleep the whole day and by tea time I was still asleep so John went to sleep without any tea.

*Extracts from a diary by Katy Haines, TRANS A*



## Gymkhanas

**A**t gymkhanas you can enter competitions. These are a bit like games and are mostly fun. Do not feel disappointed if you do lose, it's taking part that matters, not winning. If you come 1st, 2nd or 3rd you might get a rosette. Remember to give your pony a pat however hard he tried. You couldn't do it without him. This is what you have to do in some of the games.

### Flag Races

You start by a tub, then you race to a set of flags. Pick up one flag, race back to the tub and put it in. Carry on doing this until all the flags are in the tub where you started. The winner is the first one to do this.

### Bending Races

You steer your pony in and out of a line of poles. When you get to the end of the line go round the last pole and race in and out back to the start.

### Sack Races

Everyone races their pony to a line of sacks. You get into a sack and lead your pony back to the start.

*Ruth Symons, UPF*

## My Dog

My dog looks like he rolled in soot and then walked in caramel all day.

He eats like somebody's going to take his food away, he's universal at that.

When he walks I get the impression he's a king, and he runs as fast as an arrow as if there's no one in the world except him.

My dog sleeps as soundly as a mouse and as sweetly as a cat purring.

When he's naughty and someone tells him off he looks as innocent and sweet as an angel.

When he comes back from the garden he looks like he's been digging in bone-mines.

*Katerina Soumilova, UPF*

## Sports Day

Shouting screaming come on . . . go

Puffing, panting. I do my best

Oh yes brilliant. I came second.

Right it's time for the house play

Ten people ready to go.

Smiles all around, every one's cheering

Day by day I've been waiting for this

And now it's to see who's won.

You know what, Adelaide's won.

*Emma Wilkins, UPL*

## My Sports Day

Sports Day is today. We will do our best to win. Amazing Adelaide is my team.

We're going to win. Shouting, screaming, so nervous at the start, then the whistle blows, lets go. Running for my life, nearly there . . . YEAH I won!!

That's my Sports Day!!!

*Harriet Cork, UPL*



## Cat Stories

### Pharaoh's Adventure

In Egypt, the Pharaoh has a cat called Pharaoh. While the Pharaoh got the other men to work, the cat would just lie by the Pharaoh's chair in the sun and his fur shone. Pharaoh never asked for more than he was given.

The next day Pharaoh was looking at his master (the Pharaoh) and Pharaoh thought he looked quite pale so Pharaoh went up to his master and meowed. Pharaoh's master picked the cat up and Pharaoh said, "Are you all right? You look pale to me." "Well I do feel a bit rotten," said the Pharaoh. "Come and sit down," said Pharaoh. "I will go and get a doctor." "No don't bother. I'm fine," said Pharaoh's master.

"No you are not, now you go and lie down in your bedroom while I go and get a doctor," said Pharaoh. So Pharaoh jumped out of his master's hands to go and get a doctor.

When the doctor had arrived he looked at Pharaoh's master and took his temperature and everything. Then he finally said to Pharaoh, "Your master has got this very rare disease and only the nectar from a special flower can cure him," "Is the flower anywhere that I can purchase it?" said Pharaoh "Yes, but you have to go through many great dangers. Some that might even kill you," said the doctor.

"Well I will do anything for my master," said Pharaoh. "Here is a map to find the flower," said the doctor. "If I was you, I wouldn't leave till tomorrow because you need to get all your things ready." "That's right," said Pharaoh, "I will have to prepare so I will leave at sunrise."

It was sunrise and Pharaoh was nearly ready to leave. He brought with him food, a bottle of water, rucksack and a rope. Then, when he felt he had everything, he left.

It had been an hour and Pharaoh was getting hot and, what was worse, he had nearly run out of water. Pharaoh looked far ahead and there he saw the flower but it was so far away. Pharaoh knew that he wouldn't let anything get in the way of getting his master cured.

Pharaoh spent all night travelling and every stop Pharaoh took he was getting more determined to get the flower. The next morning Pharaoh came to this huge mountain. Pharaoh saw the flower at the very top of the mountain. Pharaoh went inside but he knew that it would be dangerous because he remembered what the doctor said. He went up the long staircase because the stairs were so old they could crumble any moment, so Pharaoh had to be very careful. When he finally got to the top of the staircase engraved on a door was a note in hieroglyphics saying, "If you are trying to get the flower this note is a warning that you will have to get past something before you get the flower but you have to defeat this something before you get the flower". Pharaoh went through the door feeling frightened but knowing he had to get the flower for his master. So he kept on going but then suddenly a mummy's case appeared and the mummy came out of its case and threatened Pharaoh. He wanted him to leave but Pharaoh wouldn't leave. The cat remembered what the note said about having to defeat

the mummy otherwise he will not get the flower. The mummy gave the cat a sword and got a sword out for himself as well, so Pharaoh had to be very careful. Eventually Pharaoh won. The flower appeared in the cats paws and the cat jumped in the air for joy.

The cat travelled as fast as he could home. It took him a day and a night to get home. When he got home he gave the flower to the doctor. The doctor gave the nectar from the flower to Pharaoh's master and within a few days Pharaoh's master was feeling better than ever.

*Rebecca Kanagalingam, UPF*

### Sparkle

Sparkle lives up to her name. Sparkle is a sweet, loving and caring cat. She is always purring and is a lap cat who always wants attention. Her best hobby is curling around my neck and watching fireworks. Her fur is silver, white with a tinge of blue. I got her from the RSPCA, who told me she was born on the 17th May 1988.

*Rosie Holman-Nicholas, UPF*

### Delilah

Delilah thinks that she is the most beautiful cat around. She has sparkly blue eyes and long, smooth deer colour hair. She lives in a mansion with her mistress. She has her own room with a soft bed and cushions. Every day her mistress brushes her hair and gives her the most delicious bowls of fish and the creamiest milk.

The worst day of her life was when she got taken to a cattery and thrown into a dirty cage with several other boy cats who totally ignored her. She was then found by her mistress who promised her a new collar.

*Ruth Symons, UPF*

### Klaus

Klaus is a white, ginger and black cat. I don't like calling him Klaus, I call him Nasty because he always rips up the furniture, and runs outside into the garden and kills birds and rats and then eats them. Nasty always fights with other cats, and when he comes in he always knocks things off shelves and has got soot all over the floor because he runs in down the chimney. When he eats he gets food all over his whiskers.

*Rachel Flatt, UPF*



## The Day I Met Darth Vader

I came into school, the children's chatting blaring out as usual. I saw that I was late because my class were just going up the third flight of stairs. I started sprinting up the stairs, but the class seemed to have already got up there.

As I lifted my leg up the last stair, it seemed quite, subtle, and strange. As I went down the hall, some sort of material brushed my arm. Near the end of the hallway I turned around and saw a black figure standing there. I shook my head and looked again. This time it was clear!

I remembered a video called Star Wars. There was a figure standing in a ship in that video. His name was Darth Vader! This character looked just like him.

He looked hard and frightening, with a cold stare. He walked towards me, and as he got closer he towered over me. I ran into my classroom. My teacher glared at me.

"Where have you been?" "I'm sorry Miss but I saw ..."  
"No buts sit and you can get on with your maths book as you missed half the test!"

I sat down, paying no attention to my maths book but just thinking about what I had seen in the corridor. That strange, weird, creepy figure getting closer stuck in my mind.

After break, I dreaded going outside the classroom. The thought of meeting this "Darth Vader" was awful! I started walking down the hallway. Just then, my friend Alex asked what I was doing.

"I'm watching out for Darth Vader!"

"Not that story again! I've got to go, so have you, we're late."

"OK I just need the lavatory."

I felt a bit more confident now but I still rushed along to the lavatory. When I got there I locked the door, unlike me! Then that cold feeling spread across me again. I quickly rushed out the loo forgetting to wash my hands and tried to open the door! It was locked!

Then that nightmare figure appeared again and glared at me unkindly.

"You will come with me!"

"Never!"

I then rushed over to the taps, grabbed a cup and filled it up with water. I chucked it at him thinking that he might dissolve like a witch but I was trapped!

"Ha, ha, ha! You will never defeat me! Now come with me or face your doom!"

"I'll never come with you! Never!"

"Fine. Then face your doom!"

Darth Vader started to close in on me. I dodged him and ran through the door.

"You cannot escape me!"

I just ran on, knowing that he was close behind me. I ran down the corridor, down the six flights of stairs and hid in the staff room. Even inside the staff room you could hear his deep breathing.

I looked around the staff room to see what might get rid of Darth Vader. Then I spotted something! INK! If I poured it somehow in his mask it might go in his mouth and poison him! I took the ink and flung open the door!

Darth Vader was standing there. You could just imagine his evil eyes staring at you under that mask. I took my chance. I chucked the ink in his face. He shook his arms about and was screaming frantically like a wild animal!!! He suddenly collapsed on the floor and cried out something.

"I'll be back, I'll be . . .!"

His words faded in this awful scene. Now all that remained of him was the black mask. I picked it up and went to my English class. I put the mask on the display table. Luckily I wasn't late. We were asked to write a story. That wasn't a problem! I took my story book and wrote at the top, "The Day I Met Darth Vader"

*Georgina Bentinck, UPF*

## The Day I Met Darth Vader

It was a Friday night and I was watching television with my hamster. Then my hamster suddenly jumped off the sofa onto the floor. I got off the sofa and was just about to pick it up when I heard a voice. It was a deep groaning voice. I picked up my hamster and stood up. My hamster started squealing as if she had seen something that I hadn't. Then I saw a hand. Someone had put their hand round the door. But was it someone or something? The voice again, "Charlotte come here come to the door." I screamed. "What's the matter Charlotte" came from the kitchen. It was my dad. I wasn't quite sure what to say, so I said "I don't know, but there's something." Then came the voice again, "Come to the door Charlotte, come to the door. You know who I am. You were watching me a few minutes ago." I looked at the television. Yes! Star Wars, that was it. Darth Vader was in my own front room. Another hand, then a foot. Then the moment I dreaded - the awful scowling creepy head. He lifted his hand as if to grab me, but didn't. Instead he put his arm on the sofa. I ran to the door like he had told me to and waited for something to happen, but nothing did. There was silence for about five minutes and then he turned his head and looked at me. I tried to scream but nothing came out. It felt so frightening being in a room with Darth Vader. He's only meant to be in Star Wars, a film not in real life. "Come here Charlotte." this time in a kindly way, but he was not getting me to go over to him as if he was my dad!! I ran out of the room and he followed me. I was so scared I ran to the park about three streets away. I had no idea if he knew where I was going. All I could do was hope. I got to the park three unbearable minutes later. There was one of my best friend Emily. Emily was having a race with one of her best friend Jodie. I ran over to them and shouted, "Stop!! Come quickly. I need to speak to you." They stopped and came over. "There's Darth Vader coming after me. Please come and help," I said. They both gave me a strange look and then Jodie said "Don't be silly. Darth Vader's in Star Wars." I didn't have time to argue so I grabbed them and ran. We were just in time to see Darth Vader coming round the corner, almost at the park. "Gosh you're right" said Emily and Jodie screamed. Darth pointed at us and then started running towards us.



It was starting to get dark and I didn't know what to do so I stopped dead still and pretended to faint. I was lying in the street on the floor with my two friends standing above me. Then I heard a thump and Emily and Jodie fainted. I opened my eyes just in time to see Darth Vader press a button on his belt.

When I woke up I was in a space ship and I was on my own. I could hear some laughter coming from next door. Then came a shout which sounded like Jodie. I crept out of the room and went down the corridor till I got to the next door down. I peeped through the door and saw loads of controls. Then I saw a sign on the door saying 'Control Room'. I took a note in my head of where this room was and carried on down the corridor. I suddenly saw a dark figure coming down the corridor. He didn't look like Darth. Then he said, "OK I will check them." He was coming closer all the time and I knew *them* meant us. So I hid behind a box in the corridor just in time. He came past me and then stopped. He turned round and looked back, first at the corridor and then at me. A cold shiver went through me. He walked to the box and then said "Fragg is that you?" I didn't do or say anything. He turned round and carried on down the corridor. I waited until he was round the corner and then ran. I heard a scream again. It was coming from the next room. I ran to it and opened the door slowly. It was Jodie and Emily. I ran to where they were tied up and untied them. Then I said, "Be quiet and follow me." "Get those boxes and put them over your head, I will get the scissors and cut some eyeholes."

We were walking down the hall with the boxes over our heads and at last we got to the control room. We walked in and the first thing I laid my eyes on was a gun which had in big letters 'Control Gun'. I knew what it meant. I said, "Take your boxes off your heads and come here." I went to the door and stuck my head out. There was that man again running down the corridor. I pulled the trigger on the gun and shot at him. As soon as the fluid from the gun hit him he stopped running and walked over to me. I said, "Go and tell Darth that you have not found the girls and you are leaving to find them. Then come back to me." A few minutes later we were getting into a mini space ship so that we could go back to Earth, but then Darth's servant pressed a button and we were all back in my sitting room and dad had turned the television off. I looked round to check we had landed back in the right place and we had. The servant wasn't there and Jodie said it was probably a dream but I still had the scissors in my hand!

Charlotte Ward-Caddle, UPF

## The Day I Met Darth Vader

"David, Henry is here, love" said his mother. "Okay then mum," said David running down the stairs. "Hi Henry, we're just waiting for Jade now."

A couple of minutes later I arrived. "Sorry I was late. We got caught up in traffic," I said. "Let's go and watch some TV," said Henry. It was 7.30 pm by now so we sat down and watched *Eastenders*.

After that David's mum and dad went out. Just then we heard a noise. It sounded as if we were going into the twilight zone. Then the house blew away in the air and eventually we landed in the Darth Star Two. All of the robot army of Darth Vader gathered around the house. Then his heavy breathing echoed round every nook and cranny in the house and the space ship.

Then in came this weird and awful thing. He approached the house. By the time he reached the front door (which wasn't really there) I was upstairs, close to screaming. The boys (who I didn't see) were taken out of the house into the spaceship. I couldn't hold it any longer. I screamed. Darth Vader, as sharp as he looked, turned around and found me, this evil, unkind thing.

We were taken into this sort of dungeon where some of my friends were. There were Ruth, Rebecca, Rosie, Romi, Alissa and Dizzy, Rosie's dog and their mums and dads. Even my parents. There were some strangers too but there were a few that caught my eye. They were the actors and directors from Star Wars.

"What are you doing here?" I said trembling a little. "We want to ask you the same question," said Rosie. "Well we don't know," said Romi. "Well what are we waiting for? Let's get out of here," said Henry. But just as he had finished speaking Darth Vader came in and all the girls were taken into this machine in which one of the girls had got to step onto this round, large disc and you were frozen into the mould which you were in. "Which of you girls is going in?" he said. There was a long silence when Rosie said, "Dizzy." Everybody gasped. "Rosie you really will?" said Ruth. "I have got to, it's either her or one of you."

We returned to the dungeon, Rosie was in floods of tears but one of the actors said, "I think I know how to get Dizzy out." "How?" "From the film. I know it." Rosie settled down a little, still sobbing. "Why don't we just settle down and play a nice game of I Spy?" said Ruth. "What is there to spy on anyway?" said Elaine, Rosie's mum. "It's so boring in here," said Rebecca.

After that some of Darth Vader's troops came in with some food. You couldn't tell it was alien or human food but that didn't matter. A few hours later we were all asleep. Only I wasn't. I was on watch with my mum. Meanwhile the boys weren't getting too much sleep but they did get some.

Before they knew it, it was morning. The troops had already been but the food had been eaten. That didn't matter. We were still full from last night. "I wish we were back home," I said. A couple of minutes later Darth Vader came in. You could tell he was secretive. He towered and looked at us. We looked back.

Ruth was banging on the steel walls so I joined her. At



last I loosened four bolts by getting the hammer I brought over to mend David's wardrobe. We were lucky. Behind us was where all the space ships were. We got the boys out and found the ready for take off when Darth Vader walked in.

We took off. Darth Vader got in the last ship. The chase was on. Mum, Dad, Ruth, Rebecca, Alissa, Romi and I. The others went in another ship. Darth Vader was right behind our space ship. We suddenly stopped because there was a giant space ship. Darth Vader crashed and died. We got the worst of it because his helmet came through the windscreen.

So we made our way back to the space ship. When we arrived we were not invited. We got out as quickly as we could. The troops didn't notice us. We went through the main part of the ship and through the engine into this big room. It was pretty cold but it didn't bother us. Behind a big cupboard was Dizzy frozen solid in the moulded container. We deciphered the code. It was "Let go Dizzy. Get out of there Dizzy. Come out now," and it worked. Just then there was the Twilight Zone music, the house came to us. We got in the house and flew back home. We got there just in time. "It is time for Jade and Henry to go home," said his mum coming through the door. Just then the doorbell rang. It was our parents. We went home and relaxed. But I wasn't certain if Darth Vader had gone, but I am not going back to find out!

*Jade Paine, UPF*

## My Dog

My dog looks like he's had a run-in with a brown and white chocolate factory.

He eats like there's no bottom to his bowl.

He runs like he is in the around-the-world Olympics.

My dog sleeps like a hedgehog in hibernation.

He is mischievous as a mad monkey.

When I try to tell him off, he makes a sorry face at me, like an innocent puppy, and I can't tell him off any more.

*Emily Ward, UPF*

## My Monkey

He is as brown as a conker.

He eats like he could fit a whole horse down his throat.

He swings like a piece of string in the wind.

He sleeps like he's had too many late nights.

He sounds like hoofs drumming on the ground.

He is naughty as an untrained puppy.

*Chloe Isaacs, UPF*

## Emotions

### Anger

Anger is like a volcano erupting, a balloon bursting when its full to the brim, the hot iron on the ironing board, a dragon's fiery breath or a storm.

*Rachel Baxter, UPF*

### Anger

Anger makes you feel you are expanding. You are going to burst any second. It feels like an erupting volcano. Your eyes fill with red hot fire.

### Love

Love is like a fluffy cloud floating in the air. Love is a squashy bed that you just fall into and, you feel warm inside someone's heart.

### Loneliness

Loneliness makes you feel you are in a dark spot where nobody is there to talk to you. Loneliness makes you feel cold and empty.

### Jealousy

Jealousy makes you feel that you can't do anything. You want all attention. Jealousy makes you want to steal all the things you never got.

### Happiness

Happiness makes you feel you are the best person in the world. It makes you feel you can do anything you like.

It is like nothing can make you upset, like no sharp edges anywhere to hurt yourself.

*Rebecca Kanagalingam, UPF*

### LOVE

Love is like a pink and fluffy cushion.

Love is like your mum giving you a big hug.

### ANGER

Anger is like a red hot volcano exploding. It is like an earthquake happening in my head.

### HAPPINESS

Happiness is pale blue like the sky. It is like running through a field full of flowers and animals.

### LONELINESS

Loneliness is like you are in a big, grey room alone. It is like a grey cloud.

### JEALOUSY

Jealousy is like your brother has a warm bed. It is like your friend has a kitten and you don't.

*Jennifer Ditch, UPF*



## LETTERS TO AND FROM PRESTON MANOR

Dear Lady Ellen Stanford

I would like to apply to be fourth maid. I am eleven years old, and my name is Sarah. I have five sisters and eight brothers. There are fourteen of us altogether. I am the eldest sister. I want to work at Preston Manor because I need to help my mother. She needs some money. I have no father and my young sister is dying. I have never worked before but my mother told me a few things. I can read and write. I am not sickly. I heard that Preston Manor was a good place to work.

Yours faithfully

Sarah Joan

*Lauren Whyte, UPL*

Dear Mother and Father

I have been given a job at Preston Manor. I have been given a job as a fourth maid. My bed is in the attic and I share it with a girl called Alice. I have to get up at 5.30 and I start work at 6.00 in the morning and finish at 9.00 in the evening. I have a few hours off in the afternoon to catch up with my sewing. I get paid 12 pounds a year. I will send 3 quarters of that money to you. I hope mother gets well soon and I hope father finds a job. Send my love to Charlotte and Jack.

Your loving daughter

Katherine

*Katie Lower, UPL*

Dear Lady Ellen Thomas Stanford

I am writing to you on behalf of the advertisement. My name is Katherine Lower and I am thirteen years of age. I am applying for the job because my father has just lost his job and my mother is ill. I would like to apply for the post of the fourth maid. I have had some experience before. I once worked in the house down the road from me. The owner was an elderly lady and she needed help with her washing and cleaning. I think I would be a good maid because I know how to wash clothes, make beds and do general cleaning around the house.

Your obedient servant

*Katie Lower, UPL*

Dear Mother

I am all right at Preston Manor but it is very hard work. I miss you very much. I would love to see you again. I did get the job. I have a 2 hour break in the evening and start at 6 in the morning. Some of my duties are making beds, cleaning silver and gold, polishing, making fires.

Yours faithfully

*Emily Cowen, UPL*

Dear Mother and Father

How are you? I am just writing to say I have been given the job at Preston Manor as fourth maid. I start at six o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night. I am sleeping in the basement room with other servants. I have one bath a week and I have half a day every Sunday. I get £12 per year. I get seven days off a year.

Yours affectionately

*Helena Tehrani, UPL*

Dear Lady Thomas Stanford,

I would like to apply for the post of the fourth maid because I have heard that Preston Manor is a good place to work and the master is fair. I am 20 years old and I know what I am doing. I want to learn how to be a good servant and hope one day to be a house keeper. I hope to be of use. I am very healthy and fit to do a good job.

Your Obedient Servant

*Helena Tehrani, UPL*

Dear Mother

I have got the job of fourth maid. I sleep in the attic. I work from six o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night. I get £12 a year. I have seven days a year holiday. I sleep at one end of the bed and a maid sleeps at other end of the bed.

*Christine Barclay, UPL*

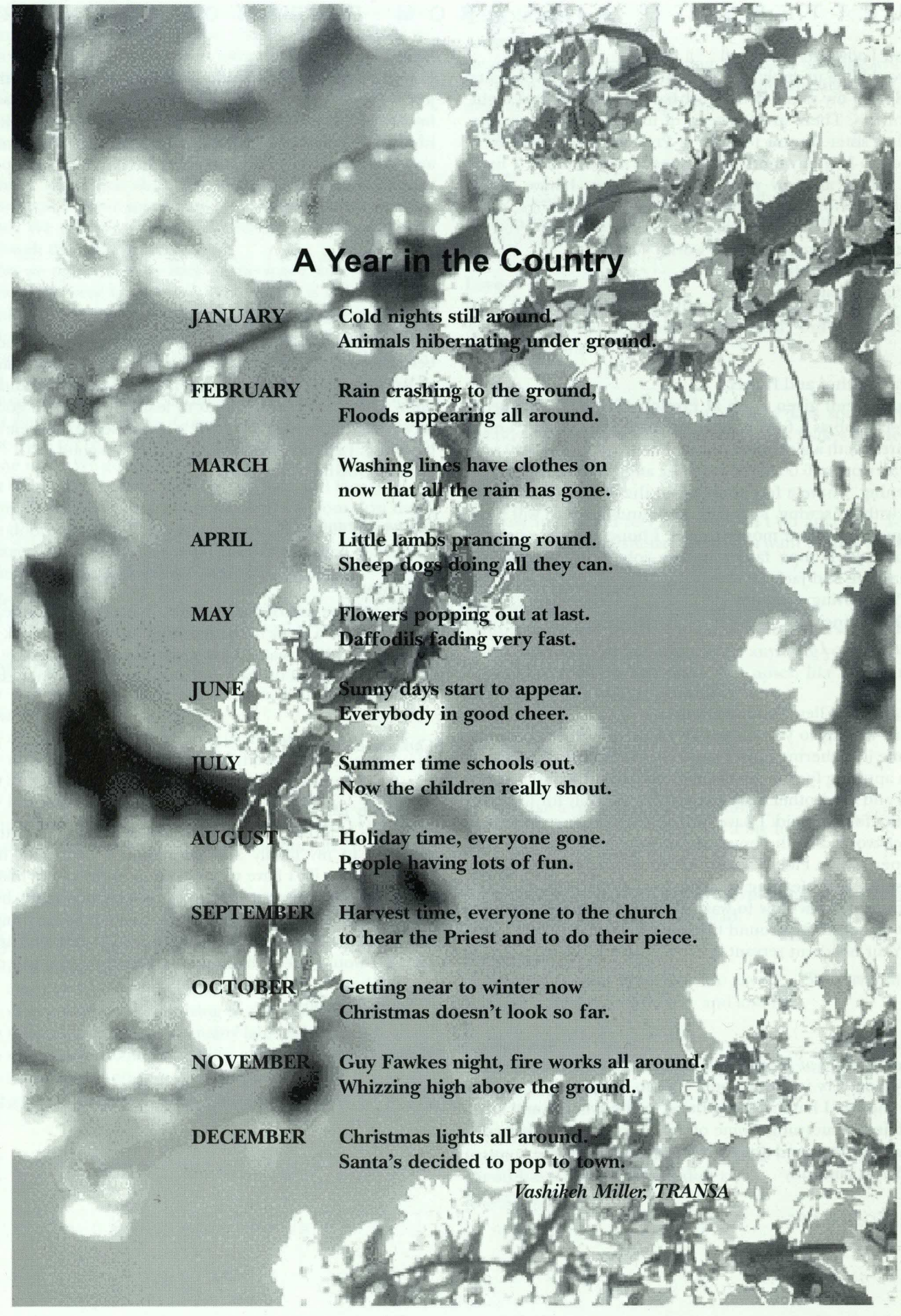
Dear Lady Ellen Thomas Stanford,

My name is Elizabeth and I am ten years old. I am the youngest in my family and my father is dead and my mother is very ill. I have never been ill in my whole life. I have worked in another rich house as a kitchen maid, but it was too hard so I left. I help at home a lot doing things like washing, making beds, help cooking other bits and pieces. I would like to try and be a fourth maid. I will do my very best.

Yours faithfully

*Victoria Lefeuve, UPL*





## A Year in the Country

JANUARY	Cold nights still around. Animals hibernating under ground.
FEBRUARY	Rain crashing to the ground, Floods appearing all around.
MARCH	Washing lines have clothes on now that all the rain has gone.
APRIL	Little lambs prancing round. Sheep dogs doing all they can.
MAY	Flowers popping out at last. Daffodils fading very fast.
JUNE	Sunny days start to appear. Everybody in good cheer.
JULY	Summer time schools out. Now the children really shout.
AUGUST	Holiday time, everyone gone. People having lots of fun.
SEPTEMBER	Harvest time, everyone to the church to hear the Priest and to do their piece.
OCTOBER	Getting near to winter now Christmas doesn't look so far.
NOVEMBER	Guy Fawkes night, fire works all around. Whizzing high above the ground.
DECEMBER	Christmas lights all around. Santa's decided to pop to town.

*Vashikeh Miller, TRANSA*



## Haiku

Haiku are small Japanese poems using the syllabic form 5,7,5. In the two columns below are the first attempts at syllabic verse by Form IK: in some of them they have also used compound words to create a collision of images in our minds. In the column to the right are Haiku by Form Ii

### Zebra-Treehouse

The zebra-treehouse  
Small and stripy – black and  
white,  
Shady, warm and snug  
*Laura Higson, IK*

### Apple Legs

My apple legs are  
blue and red like Madonna,  
On the cool cat walk.  
*Jemma Cowen, IK*

### Zilch-Teddybears

Teddybears come big  
and small, but they have no  
brain  
They're ZILCH-TEDDYBEARS  
*Katie Salt, IK*

### Older Spirit

Older than the world  
Younger than the dark blue sea  
This is my age now!  
*Faye Bennett, IK*

### The Onion-Dress

The onion-dress will  
make you cry, the ringlets bring  
Tears to your eyes.  
*Katie Beves, IK*

### Fire-Daisies

The fire-daisies  
Rocking in the breezes,  
Just like the steam trees.  
*Naomi Hyde-Smith, IK*

### Red and green zebras!

Red and green zebras!  
The old Queen is from Pluto!  
Snoring Blue Apples!  
*Lana Belameh, IK*

### Forget Me Not

Purple – Pineapples,  
Candle – Minute – time goes on,  
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick . . .  
*Vanessa IP, IK*

### Elephant Exit

Elephant exit  
So sweet the elephant looks  
Oh sweet elephant  
*Agatha Zargham, IK*

### Spooky

Moon – Fruit, Rainbow – Sea,  
Sitting under Stars, lovely!  
Goblin – Swimming, Sea!  
*Rebecca Arghiros, IK*

### Sugar Elephant

Sugar – Elephant  
Sweet – Sugar Elephant  
Stand in the Tea  
*Rishma Patel, IK*

### Sea-Shanty

Shiver – me – timbers  
A sea-shanty I will sing  
hmm . . . on land, that's grand!  
*Verity Mayes, IK*

### Elephant Exit

Big – elephants can't  
always use small – exits, so  
they use bigger ones!  
*Abosede Ososanya, IK*

### Spring Rain

Spring rain slowly falls  
It hits all of the flowers  
and makes them grow

### Autumn

Autumn's here at last,  
leaves are falling to the ground.  
Red, brown and orange.  
*Allana Austin, Ii*

### A Fish Tank

A fish tank of gold  
quivers and flashes like jewels  
In sudden sunshine  
*Anna Mojab, Ii*

### Frosty Windows

Frosty windows here,  
Wild breezes frightening sounds,  
never any sky  
*Antonia Enahoro, Ii*

### The Flower

An opening bud,  
Its petals open slowly,  
and sway in the wind.  
*Christina Myers, Ii*

### A Small Shining Star

A small shining star,  
in the darkness of the sky,  
Sings his lonely song.

### The West Pier

West Pier stands alone  
Starlings gather there to roost  
West Pier Not alone  
*Kerry Moss, Ii*





Amoret Abis, UVI

## The Forgotten Garden

A scraggle of tangled thorns and weeds  
Rusty old brickwork in a cobwebby jumble  
Trees that are crippled by age and age and aggression.  
In leafy disorder and crumbling soil.  
This restless maze of crumbled rain  
Has somehow been forgotten  
And where roses once stood so proudly  
there are now thorns and mangled grass.  
An eerie silence grasps the garden  
Drawing it into a mystical spell.

*Rebecca Sutton, IK*

## Grandma

A wonderful nice old lady  
Everybody's wish of a grandma with a lovely big smile  
she has the smallest of grey hair  
She walks around  
with a wooden brown walking stick  
with glasses on the edge of her nose  
and she always carries  
a little white handbag on her left arm  
with matching white shoes.

*Jemma Cowen, IK*





## Epitaphs

Here lies my hamster named Honey,  
She lives in a very big cage.  
I thought that she looked a bit funny  
because then she died of old age.

*Lucy Lynch, Ii*

Here lies the body, bones and soul  
of Kitty the family cat  
Whose playful habits  
and naughty tricks  
got her, just like that

*Allana Austin, Ii*

Here lies the body of Dr Jones  
Who devoted his life to fixing phones  
But when it came to the wires  
He was good at making fires.

*Simin Kiani-Lirharani, Ii*

Here lies an arrogant girl called Gunn,  
who was told to never play with fire,  
she would never listen to her mum,  
so her ending was rather dire.

*Christina Myers, Ii*

Here lies James the DoDo  
Who enjoyed life everyday  
sadly he fell on his pogo  
and now he's on his way

*Hannah Brooks, Ii*

I came,  
I stayed,  
and I'm sorry if you missed me.  
R.I.P.

## Spell

Six slimy snakes,  
One wing of a bat.  
Two tiny turtles  
as scared as that cat.  
I wave my hands over the pot,  
but take them away when they start to feel hot.  
A prickly thistle  
as sharp as a nail  
a splinter of wood  
from an old rotten door  
feathers from an eagle,  
and the yolk of its egg.  
A spider with only six long legs  
and last of all I add six drops of blood.  
Now I've thrown them all in,  
I swirl them around,  
but I stop when I hear that bubbling sound.  
Now my spell is complete and I start to sing.  
I've cast my spell on a living thing.

*Allana Austin, Ii*

## Autumn

The crisp golden leaves  
lay gently on the ground  
The sound of the bird fading  
The endless summer days  
have been and gone  
and Autumn is peeping  
through the clear waters of the lily pond  
The wildly west wind  
sweeps the floor  
as he does his joyful dance  
and the sweet scent of berries  
lies deep within Autumn.

*Pippa Southwell, Ii*

## Autumn

Leaves are rustling along the ground  
swirling and twirling all around

Hear the scrunching crunching noise  
the shouts and laughter of little boys

The dew on the leaves shimmers in the sun  
Goodbye Summer, Autumn has begun

The crackling sound beneath your feet  
little animals collecting things to eat

The bright golden sun above the trees  
slowly disappearing behind the sea.

*Simin Kiani-Lirharani, Ii*