looking in on MEN

MERRIMAN MAGAZINE

1983

EDITORIAL

The object of this magazine is not to send you to sleep. So instead of endless reports and essays, there are numerous photographs to browse through and decide for yourself if Merriman in 1983 was a spirited and happy house. Thus our overall theme is: 'LOOKING IN ON MERRIMAN, THROUGH THE LENS OF A CAMERA.'

A picture is worth a thousand words (so the saying goes); therefore this magazine is indeed long, but the writing is kept to a minimum. The original work was chosen with the readerb interest in mind; this, rather than quantity.

We have also tried to do away with anything kitsch or clichéd. We are trying to be original (not easy with limited variety!), so that you, the reader, will find this magazine interesting from cover to cover.

Co-editors: LEANNE CARLYLE
STEPHANIE DUTKIEWICZ
WENDY PEROLD
CATHERINE SHUB

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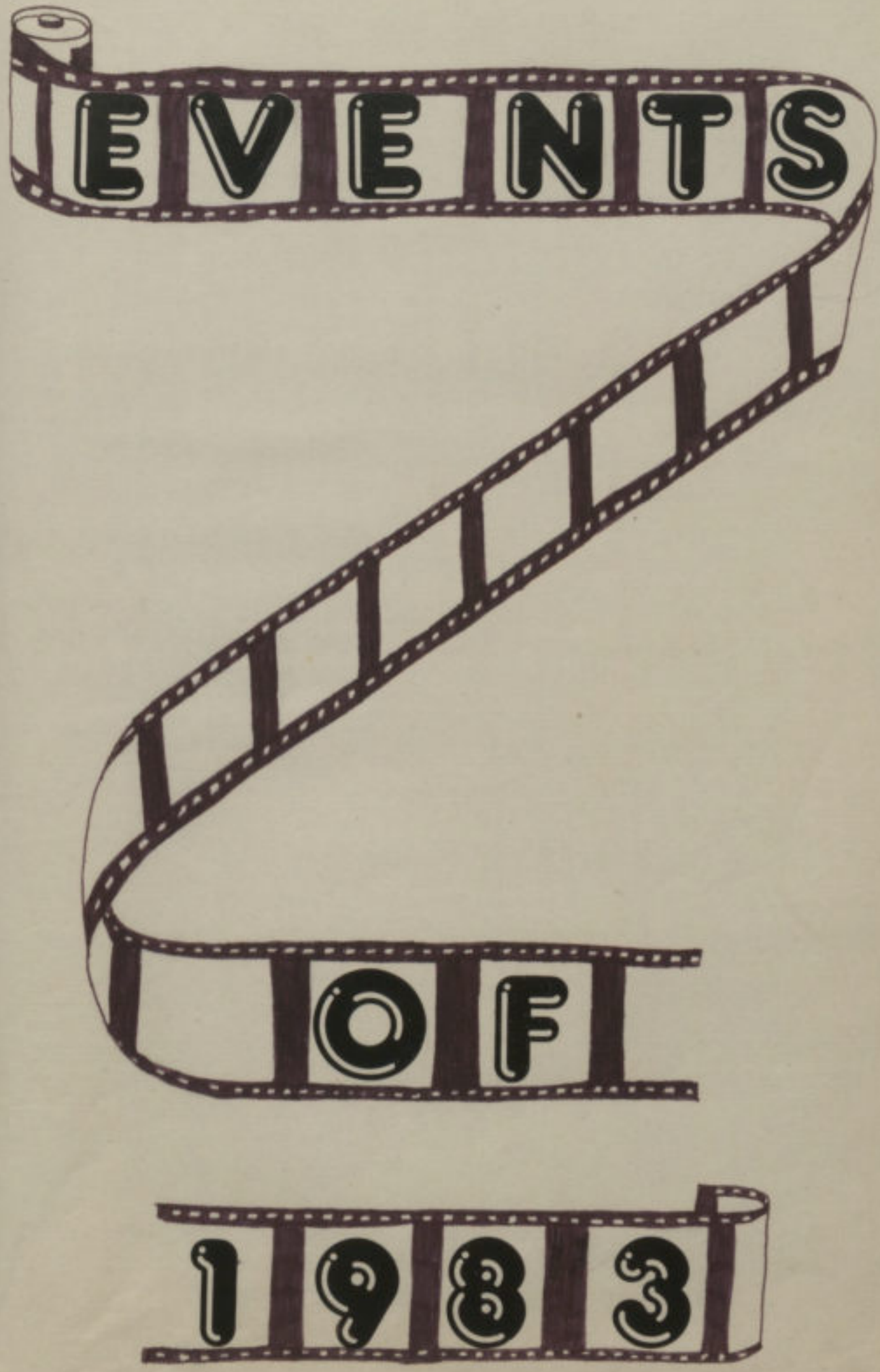

EVENTS
OF
1983

MERRIMAN HOUSE REPORT

This year we are really keen to win back the Efficiency Shield.

There was great enthusiasm when we introduced house T - shirts and peaks displaying our mascot, Mighty Mouse. These have been a great success, with brothers, sisters and boyfriends buying them to support our house. The T-shirts and peaks were first worn to the Inter-house swimming gala. A new banner was also raised with Mighty Mouse standing proudly above the house members. We were victorious for the first time since the early seventies. Congratulations to the entire team, and to Anne Abdy who organised our swimming so well. Unfortunately we were placed third in the diving, but not without a fight.

Inter-house music has taken place with Merriman coming second. I would like to thank Janette Krige for all her hard work and enthusiasm.

Jerseys collected by Merriman girls were once again given to St. Michael's Home. They were most grateful for this donation. Our charity money was given to Peninsula School Feeding. This was also gratefully accepted with the reply that they are feeding approximately ane hundred and thirty thousand needy children each school day. This has made us all aware of those less fortunate than ourselves.

Merriman has always been known as the most academic of the houses. Those who have achieved exceptionally high marks this year are: Elizabeth Baker, Stephanie Dutkiewicz, Catherine Shub, Wendy Perold, Lisa Kantor, Gina Niven, Lezett Preiss, Michelle Booth, Lindal du Plessis and Saron Gowdey. Congratulations.

I would like to thank Mrs Thompson and the other Merriman staff who are always so enthusiastic in the house activities. My thanks to the Merriman prefects and the entire house who are always behind me all the way.

Good luck for all the other Inter-house competitions during the rest of this year.

NICKY JONES
HEAD OF MERRIMAN

MERRIMAN HOUSE MEETING
IN THE ART ROOM

GIRLS IN MERRIMAN

Std 10

A Abdy
S Ashley
E Baker
S Bester
R Butler
R Evans
C Fletcher
N Jones
A Ovenstone
L Richards
J Steven
P Thesen
J Walker

Std 9

L Bailey
L Carlyle
D Crane
S Dutkiewicz
C Fioravanti
D Flanagan
I Hommersom
D Krause
J Krige
L Maisel
M Ovenstone
W Perold
J Postlethwaite
H S chubert
J Schulman
C Shub
H Tasker
D Taylor

Std 8

J Bosma
H Botma
C Christie
E de Wet
L Fioravanti
J Foster
S Frith
F Gilliland
N Hanekom
D Hathaway
L Hosking
L Kantor
F Knight
T van der Spuy
J van Reenen
J Williams

Std 7

L Bailey
L Challis
S Crawford-Browne
L Eichler
K Gordon
J Hendry
S Joyce
C Kendal
G Niven
S Orren
L Preiss
V Sass
N Shub
N Westgarth-Taylor
H Wood
P Wilson

Std 6

V Ahmed
M Booth
K Christie
K Donnelly
L du Plessis
D Frith
S Gowdy
T Gurney
I Hanekom
L Higgo
D Hosking
N Lloyd-Roberts
M Maclean
H Marx
C Meredith
T McLullich
M Mosomothane
A Paxton
T Reynolds
L Searson
K Snyders

MERRIMAN PREFECTS:
Anne, Julienne, Nicky
Ros, Sarah, Lucinda,
Rowena and Anthea.

MERRIMAN SWIMMING STARS
AND THEIR TROPHIES.

MERRIMAN MATRICS:

ANNE ABDY - Our swimming star, who is an all rounder to boot! Her plans for next year includes a course in Physical Education.

SARAH ASHELY - A tennis and hockey player, with a winning smile. She intends to do a B.A. at U.C.T next year.

ELIZABETH BAKER - Quiet and determined, she is no dumb-blond. She, too is planning to do a B.A. at U.C.T.

SONJA BESTER - Outstanding at Afrikaans and head of the Historical Society, Sonja can be depended on to ask an intellgent question when the silence becomes uncomfortable. She will be doing a B.Soc. Science.

ROSALIND BUTLER - Ros intends to travel next year, after distinguishing herself as Head of the boarding house and as an excellent actress.

ROWENA EVANS - Swimmer and Tennis player, Rowena plans to go to England next year. There she will attend Winkfield Finishing School.

CATHY FLETCHER - Cathy is going to a Finishing School, Institut Alpin Videmanette, in Switzerland.next year.

NICKY JONES - Our Head of Merriman, a squash, tennis and hockey player too. She will be doing either Personnel at U.C.T. or Hotel Managing next year. We wish her luck!

ANTHEA OVENSTONE - A matric boarder and keen horse rider. She is considering Motel school for next year.

LUCINDA RICHARDS - Lucinda is Netball Captain, Chairman of C.U. and plays tennis and hockey too. She will be working in Umgani Reserve in 1984 and hopes to travel to England.

JACQUI STEVEN - An artistic and friendly, dark skinned beauty. She might be going to New Zealand and hopes to get a bursary to Art School in London.

PENNY THESEN - A brilliant artist and photographer. She will be going to the Cape Technikon to do textile design. We wish her the very best of luck in all that she does.

JULIÉNNE WALKER - A born model and debater. She would like to do nothing next year, but has been advised by 'those that know' to do Business Science at U.C.T.

JOHN X. MERRIMAN: OUR ILLUSTRIOUS FOUNDER

I'm sure that many Merriman girls, especially our younger members, would like to know something of John X. Merriman.

Merriman, the prime minister of the Cape at the turn of the century, was a man of independent views and exeptional integrity. Born in England, he came to S.A. as a child when his father became Archdeacon of Grahamstown. He returned to England for schooling, but returned to S.A. to live from 1861 onwards.

Merriman has been classified as a farmer, but he was also a land surveyor, diamond dealer and wine merchant before a politician and farmer.

Entering the Cape Parliment in 1869 he quickly made his mark in debate and in administration, gaining a place in the first Cape Cabinet- Molteno's Ministry of 1872- 1878. He was a vovacious reader of history and accepted the intrpretation of whig historians. To him, as to Gladstone, whom he greatly admired, politics was a struggle between right and wrong. The imperialism of Rhodes, Chamberlian and Milner was, he thought, a catastrophic departure from the true lines of British policy. During the Anglo-Boer war he caused the fall of the Schreiner Ministry, of which he was a member, by opposing the introduction of the Treason Bill. He spoke on a pro-Boer platforms in England, and he led the agitation against Milner's attempt to suspend the Cape Constitution. Once the war was over, he considered that S.A. should be left to manage her own affairs without interference from Britain.He hoped that the differences between Boer and Briton would disappear,and that the parties would not evolveon a racial basis but on the basis of town versus country.Therefore, to a great extent, Merriman's outlook was similar to Louis Botha's, who became the first Prime Minister of South Africa.

cont...

Merriman's conduct during the war earned him the admiration of the Cape Afrikaners and, with his fine parliamentary and administrative he was the natural leader of the South African Party from its foundation. His position as P.M. was, however, insecure owing to a number of reasons; among them are his views on taxation, his anti-imperialism stand, the fact that he stood outside the Afrikaner cultural movement and expected that in the long run English would become the only language in S.A. The Merriman Cabinet was unstable and subject to recurring crises.

When the Union of S.A. was formed in 1910, Botha was chosen above Merriman, to become Prime Minister of S.A. Merriman was obiously disappointed and although remaining a M.P. in S.A., he never accepted a permanent position again.

The reason our red house is named after Merriman, is that Merriman, who belonged to St. Saviour's Parish, played a major role in encouraging the formation of a school for young ladies(?). St. Cyprians was the only school of this sort in Cape Town and it was widely felt that another one was needed. He encouraged people to support the building of the school and made its need apparent.

Although not much has been recorded about his personal life, he was a highly thought of Captonian who was aware of the need for the school Herschel.

LEANNE CARLYLE
STD.9

MIGHTY MOUSE

THE TALE OF MIGHTY MOUSE

Mighty Mouse was born a Mini Mouse - his might grew with age and size. His early quarters were cardboard Pick 'n Pay boxes filled with saw-dust. From here, he moved to a special cage made exclusively for him. His food was supplied by endless streams of blue-ribboned girls. He became a familiar sight and was soon moved to headquarters V.I.P. the Matric Common Room, where he lay and relaxed in state. The only effort involved on his part was that he had to put in an appearance at House functions; where he suffered the indignity of being sat upon, being hurled into the air by his tail and being passed eagerly around from arm to arm. He regards these functions with a bored acceptance of inevitability. You could never expect him to admit his true feelings of pride; could you? Well, he considers those moments sufficient justification for his lazy days of leisure spent sleeping; studying pictures of Vogue Male Models adorning the walls, and reading the occasional Latin book left lying around. He has to continue his academic pursuits, being the head-mascot of the Brainiest, wittiest, most talented house at Herschel. This large, well-endowed red mouse has a favourite slogan, - "Might is Right" and so say all of us!!

LEANNE CARLYLE
STANDARD 9

A LOYAL SUPPORTER !

BLINDING RED...

MERRIMAN'S MATHS TEACHERS
(Camera-Shy)

SCHOOL LIFE!!

MERRIMAN SWIMMING REPORT

This year for the first time in many years, Merriman came out on tops. After yet another third place last year, we were determined to rectify that, and won this year's Inter-House Gala.

It was an exciting event and straight from the word "go" we took to the lead. As one event after another lapped by Rolt steadily crept up behind us. However, the relays increased our lead as we were clearly the stronger team. The final result was: Jagger, 118; Rolt, 140 and Merriman, 187.

Mrs Barbara McCormick presented the trophies and congratulations to Fiona Gilliland, Katie Christie and Anne Abdy who received cups. Special congratulations to Fiona Gilliland, who won the U16 Championship. Also to Anne Abdy and Nell Hanekom who broke butterfly and breastroke records respectively. To the rest of the team - Well Done!

Vanessa Sass, Lindsay Challis, Lisa Kantor, Ingrid Hommersom received their swimming half colours. Fiona Gilliland was presented her full swimming colours.

In closing, I want to say that this year, in any rate, Merriman was able to shine at swimming.

Keep up with the good work, we can repeat this performance again next year.

ANNE ABDY
SWIMMING CAPTAIN

THE GALA

NETBALL REPORT

The 1983 netball season bounces on!Merriman is represented by three players in the first team,three in the second team and anumber of under fifteen team members. Nell Hanekom has been playing extremely well but was unfortunately hindered by a fractured finger in one of her matches. Vanessa Sass, our under fifteen A team captain,and a superb player, was also out of action for a few matches on account of a twisted ankle.In view of the fact that we have had an extremely wet winter many of our matches were cancelled. Unfortunately Merriman came third in the Inter-house Netball, their netball prowess not quite matching their enthusiasm.However,all the girls tried hard- Malu Ovenstone and Debbie Crane both played very well.Well done to both teams and better luck for next year!!!

Lucinda Richards
Netball Captain

START...

SHOOTING A GOAL.

...END

HOCKEY REPORT

Inter-house hockey has not yet been played, but we, MERRIMAN, stand a very good chance, as we have two good teams.

There are a number of first and second team players who will be representing the open section, namely: NICKY JONES, LUCINDA RICHARDS, DEBBIE CRANE, NELL HANEKOM, SARAH ASHLEY, and HILLARY TASKER.

The house wishes both open and Under 15 teams the best of luck "and may the force be with them !"

NICKY JONES
STD 10

First Hockey Team doing their War-cry

INTER-HOUSE MUSIC REPORT

The Inter-house music competition took place on the 23rd March. The competition was divided into 3 groups: Choir, instrumental and sight singing. The choir comprising of 14 members performed first and sang 2 set songs. Unfortunately in this section we came last. The next section was the instrumental. Due to lack of orchestral instrument players in the house we only managed to have a flute duet and we tied for second place.
We won the final section which was the sight singing and this made the overall placing: Jagger first with 61 points, Merriman second with 60 and Rolt with 59 points.

JEANNETTE KRIGE
STD 9

Jeannette (right), who won the sight-singing, in conversation with non-musical friend.

CHRISTIAN UNION

The Herschel Christian Union is well supported by Merriman girls, Chairman being Lucinda Richards and vice-chairman Anne Abdy, both Merriman prefects. We have had very interesting meetings over the last year from Paul West, a singer to the exciting film of 'Cross and the Switchblade! Our camp at the beginning of the year was a great success and thanks to Mrs Wood for all her encouragement and organization.

This is one society that is very much alive and we hope that in the near future we will see many more young Merrimans joining us in our meetings

LUCINDA RICHARDS
CHAIRMAN
CHRISTIAN UNION

MOUNTAIN CLUB REPORT

Chairman: Anne Abdy
Committee: Mr and Mrs Fletcher
Penny Thesen

Unfortunately the weather, as in other years, forced several Mountain Club outings to be cancelled. However, we did manage two climbs, both in the first term. On both occasions the Fletchers took a small group of girls up Table Mountain, lunching in the S.A.M.C. hut. They then descended via Skeleton Gorge.

The highlight of the term was an outing to Du Toit's Kloof Pass. We arrived late and, once settled, Mrs Fletcher kindly cooked us a Chinese dinner. The evening was spent telling ghost stories. The following morning we rose early, had a hearty breakfast, and started our ascent of Du Toit's Peak. Three-quarters of the way up a troop of baboons, throwing stones, confronted us. For the party's safety, it was decided that we should return to home base. The weekend was spent in good spirits and we all had tremendous fun.

I want to thank Mr and Mrs Fletcher for their continued participation in the club. It is only a pity that so few members of staff and school have joined the club. The Mountain Club members spend only a short time in the sun on the slopes of Southern Africa.

ANNE ABDY
CHAIRMAN

Mountain Club Outing

REPORT ON THE ENGLISH FESTIVAL AT GRAHAMSTOWN

On Sunday 3rd July 10 girls met at the Newton-Thompson's house to begin the 15 hour trip in the school bus. The time was 4.00 a.m.! Mrs Newton-Thompson and Miss Boakes had both bravely offered to accompany us, and they both shared in the driving of the newly painted bus. Our only mishap was to run out of petrol 30 minutes out of Port Elizabeth. We crawled and sputtered to a standstill, where we remained for almost an hour. Mrs Newton-Thompson and Sandy managed to hitch a lift into P.E., where they stocked up on petrol. We arrived, very tired, in Grahamstown at about 7.30 p.m. After checking in at the Monument, we were sent on to our residence - Rhodes University Res'. We all unpacked and made ourselves at home.

Monday was spent exploring Grahamstown, shopping, visiting the few lovely museums, the beautiful Cathedral and friends. That evening we went up to the Monument to see 'Pray don't, Sir George', the play of Lady Anne Barnard. There were about 1 500 people from all over the country, and it was lovely to meet so many new people, with so many new uniforms. Because of the numbers, we were divided into 4 groups. Herschel belonged to Group D.

The next three days were spent at lectures on setworks, Authors and Plays. Some of the things we attended are: Chris Mann and Zabalaza, his African group; Master Harold and The Boys; Schreiner, a one woman play; the U.C.T. Ballet Show; Shakespeare and Puppets; the film My Brilliant Carreer; and lectures on Shakespeare by Guy Butler; Poetry by Ken Durham, King Lear by four very exciting young actors and actresses.

Although the weather was freezing and there were heavy water restrictions (1 shower a day for 3 minutes!) we all had a wonderful time and made many new friends.

On Friday 8th we left Grahamstown at 4 a.m. and travelled back via the Garden Route which was lovely. The trip back was shorter, but we were all very glad to be home - I think everyone feels that after a trip away!

Our thanks go to Mrs Newton-Thompson and Miss Boakes who were such super chaperones and excellent drivers, and to Grahamstown, as a whole, for making us feel so welcome.

LEANNE CARLYLE
STD 9

A Petrol Shortage...

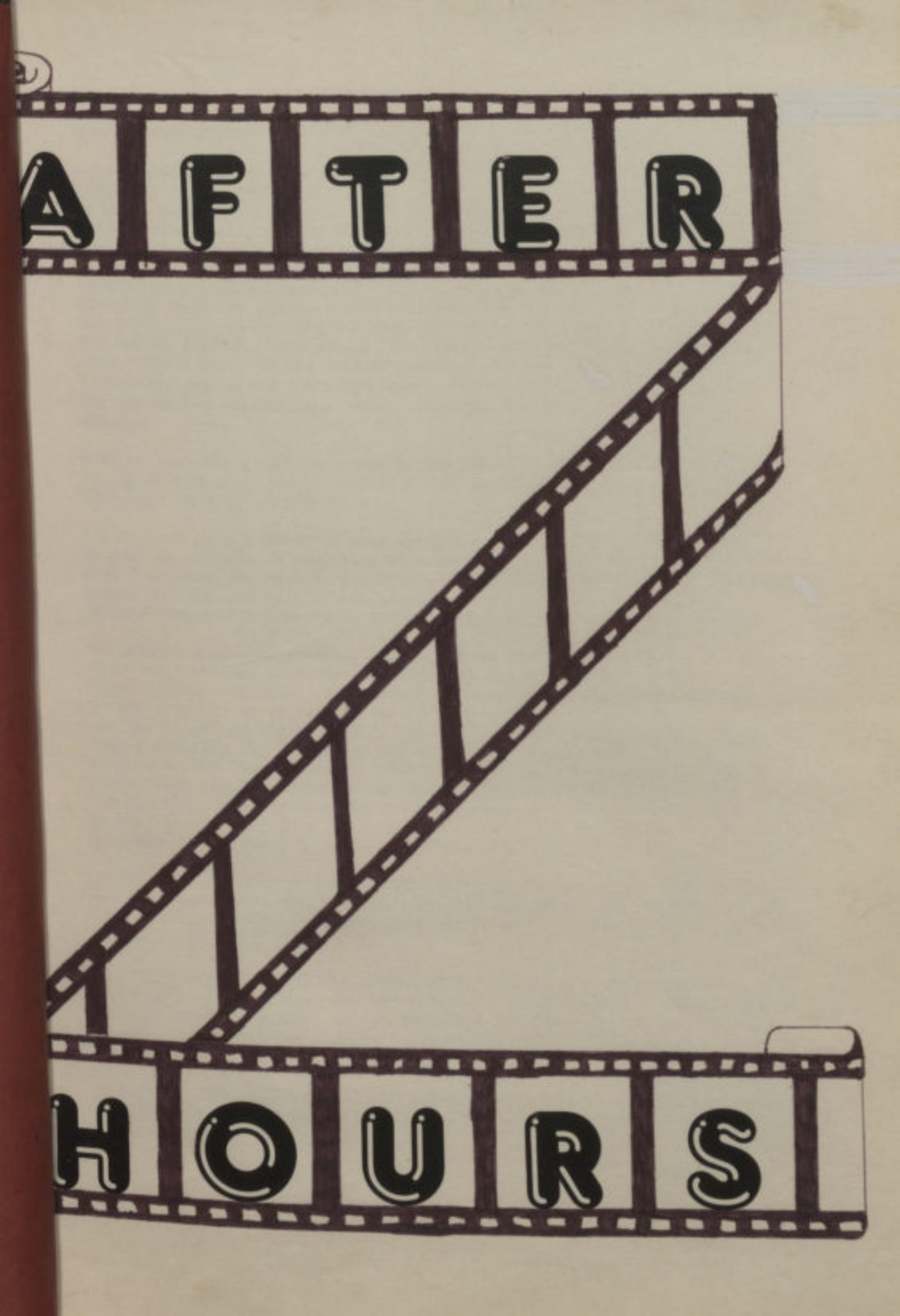
What to do in an Emergancy...

The 1820 Settlers' Monument

SOME VIEWS OF GRAHAMSTOWN!

CATHERINE SHUB AND
FAMILY IN CAPRI

ROSALIND BUTLER ON
AN EXOTIC HOLIDAY


AFTER
HOURS

MATRIC DANCE REPORT

It's always somebody else's matric dance, whether it be your older sister's, or the girl next door's. Then, suddenly you realise that it's not their matric dance. It's your matric dance, and then you start a wild panic, what's the theme going to be? What are you going to wear? Whose going to do your hair? Where's the after-party going to be? But worst of all, who are you going to take? Slowly you work through your little black book - Can't take him, he's overseas. Can't take him, he's too short. Can't take him, he'll flirt with everybody. Can't take him, he's going out with the head girl! Well eventually youfind Mr Perfect, he's single, he owns a suit and he is willing to come. While all this has been happening, you have been dieting furiously, paging madly through Vogue to find that little piece de Resistance and exhausting yourself painting scenes in the Jones's garage.

When at last the great day arrives, you waken to the fact that this is thé matric dance you've waited all of your school career for. And let's face it - it's worth it.

For me, the matric dance is very special - it signified a beginning as well as an end. A beginning of a new life ahead of you wherein you will " explore"the outside world no longer being confined within "Herschel gates" and the end of a school career wherein you have learnt hard, matured (some of us) and made life-long friends; so in a way it is sad.

Our matric dance was special, as all are to the Matrics concerned. Our theme was soft and romantic, a Fantasy Waltz, wherin we recreated a Ball-room in white and pink. Ball gowns were the order of the day and our partners looked oh so dashing in their hired suits. The main attraction was the black and white "marble look-alike" dance floor, and the fairy lights adorning the columns on either side of the room and facade added sparkle to the fantasy world. The band churned out all the old familiar dance tunes and we practiced our waltz, foxtrot and the Grand Finale and the Can Can. The teachers had a ball (excuse the pun) as this was set in an era that many of them found easy to relate to - it was the least that we could do for them, afterall, they had stuck us out for five years!

We left the dance in convoy and proceeded to get lost - we were heading for the Ovenstone's house where a marquis and disco were waiting for us. Due to the wonderful Ovenstone hospitality and the high spirit of us all, we had a wonderful time.

But the party was still not over - In Kenilworth Mrs Jones had been up all night. At 3.00 a.m. she had dutifully fetched newly baked croissants and had began to prepare a good wholesome breakfast for us all, needless to say, we all had our champagne and orange juice - cornflakes, youghert and croissants.

One by one the people started to leave, others passed out in the Jones's lounge. The matric dance was over - It had come and gone - but it had been wonderful!

JULIÉNNE WALKER
Std 10

DÉCOR

BELLES OF THE BALL


Before,
During and
After.

STD 9 FORM DANCE REPORT

The Std 9 dance was even more eagerly awaited than our Std 8 dance as we knew what to expect and were able,therefore,to relax and enjoy everything to the full.

After the usual heated debates,a pink and white theme was chosen;a venue was found;the date decided upon,and decorations made.The partners-this was the BIG question.Those girls lucky enough to be attached,brought along their dates, while others of us searched our memories, diaries,and neighbourhoods for eligible names.

Finally after eliminating the luckless not-to-be's, we all had a date.

The house,which had been overrun by busy,frantic and sometimes hysterical girls that morning on the 26 MARCH,became a fairyland of pink and white.Streamers,ballons,candles,paper flowers, white table-cloths and pink flower arrangements, all added to the magic.

Everyone had a wonderful time:the girls looked lovely,the partners were super,the snacks went down well and the music was really fantastic!

All in all,it was a lovely evening and when 12.30 arrived,everyone felt so sad to be leaving. But I suppose, all good things have to come to an end!

LEANNE CARLYLE
STD 9

STD 8 FORM DANCE REPORT

On 18 MARCH our form dance was held in a marquee, in the Van Reenen' garden.The interior was a splash of pink,white and silver.

This 'calm' setting was a far cry from the last minute rush and heated arguements at class meetings. The hysteria of people desperately trying to find suitable partners,and "the fact is I haven't got anything to wear!" was contagious.

It was very romantic to walk into the candle-lit tent,and the atmosphere was enhanced by the very good music played by a well known D-J.

There were no mishaps,and everyone had a lovely time.

SANDI FRITH
STD 8

STANDARD 8 FORK DANCE

HERSCHEL CHARITY DISCO

Merriman Girls Shone in
Herschel-Truworths
Fashion Show

MERRIMAN GLAMOUR GIRLS

Merriman is not only the cleverest house, it is also the house which possesses the prettiest girls. Several Merrimeners have been in the news recently.

Alexa Singer, an ex-Merriman girl, who was also a prefect, has rocketed to stardom in one short year. She has attained international recognition as a top model, and is in fact the only South African to have her face on the front cover of the Vogue. She is symbolic of the Eighties, representing youth, health and beauty. However, Alexa found the pressure of the seemingly glamorous modelling world too much for her, and decided to return to Cape Town to do a B.A. at U.C.T.

Anthea Ovenstone and Rosiland Butler, two matric pupils, appeared in the Argus in red outfits that they wore to the J and B Metropolitan Stakes.

Both Jenny Foster and Esmé de Wet are in standard 8. Jenny appeared on the T.V. in a fun-filled Cal-C-Vita advert, where her gymnastic skills stood her in good stead. Esmé has modelled Globe clothes and has appeared in the Women section of the Argus.

Kate Saunders, our ex-head girl and Merriman girl, reached the finals of the Jordache competition for the most glamourous couple in South Africa.

Marie Louise du Toit distinguished herself by being chosen as a U.C.T. rag queen finalist. She appeared in a fashion show at Cavendish Square, in which all the finalists modelled and her vivacious appearance delighted all.

We are proud of these Merriman girls, especially as we know how tough the modelling world and the so-called glamour is. We wish them all of the best for the future!

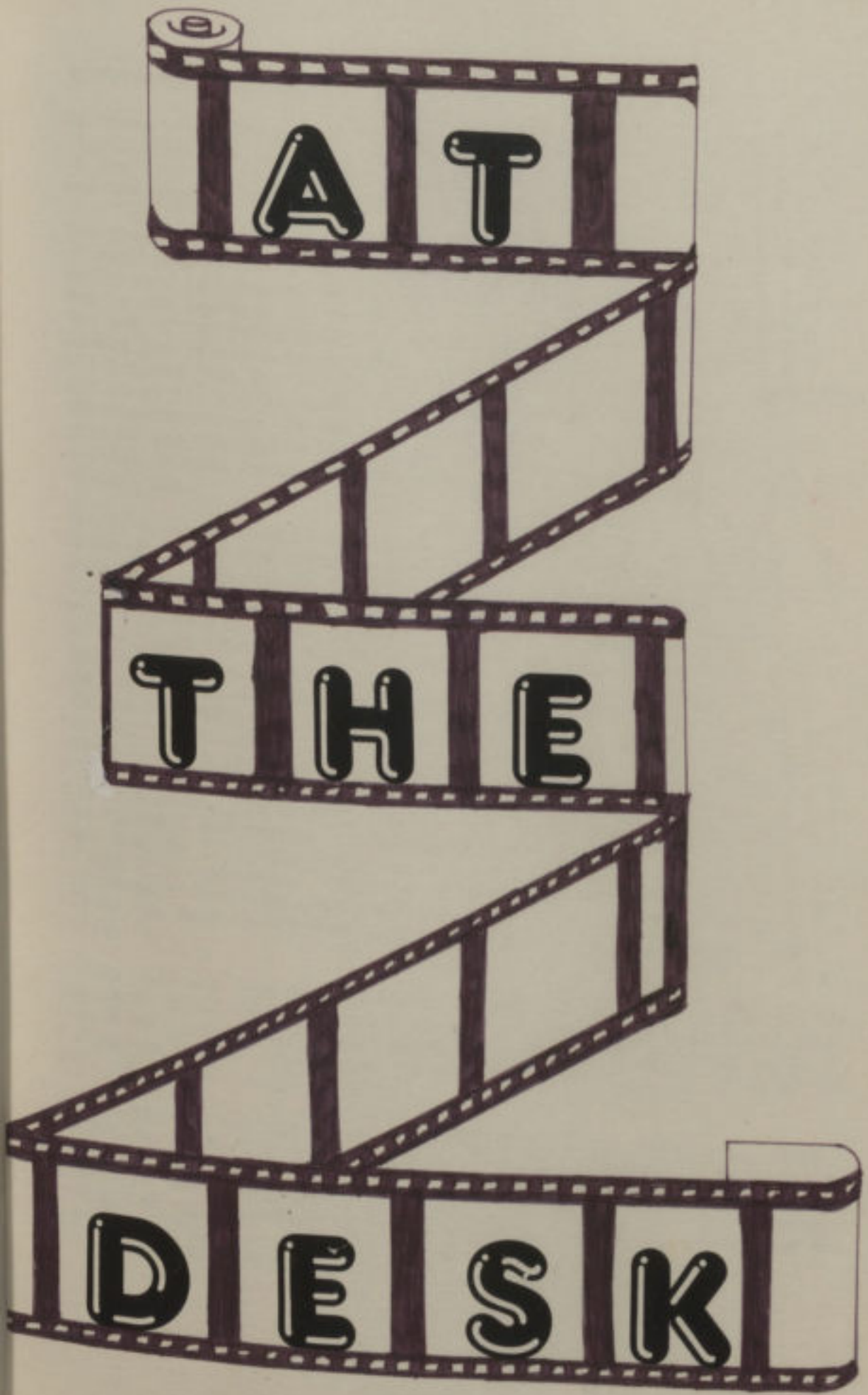
CATHERINE SHUB
STD.9


At the Met...

Alexa


ELLE
BELLE
EN
AOUT


SELF
Fast Fitness
PERSONALITY
boosts for you


AT
THE
DESK

NOBODY DOES IT QUITE LIKE HAROLD!

If there were more people like Harold, then Band-Aid would be a much bigger business. It is not that there is anything wrong with Harold, on the contary, he seems quite a nice bloke. It is just that Harold has the uncanny knack of doing the wrong thing, at the wrong time.

Everybody at the Club adored Harold, to show their appreciation of him, they gave him his own parking bay at the bottom of the drive-way, an honour never before bestowed apon any other gentleman. The reason for this little show of affection is that Harold found the art of reversing quite trying at the most of times, and did not always get it absolutely right. (The traffic department gave him his license just for loyalty to the department; he had been there over six times for his license, failing each time because of this unfortunate issue) It was when Harold came into the Club, holding part of the Chairman's Rolls Royce in his hands, that the members decided to take serious action. Harold was allotted his own private Parking Bay.

It was because of Harolds success at the Club, he was invited to the house of Mr and Mrs Amstrong-Jones. They were a charming couple, and gave the most marvelous parties. Harold, who considered himself a eligible young bachelor dicided that it was only right that he should chose a suitable eligible lady to accompany him. He had been to the right schools, and had recently inherited vast amounts from his poor widowed mother. Harold had a keen eye for the fairer sex and can be well complimented on his choice - Sarah Winthrop- Edwardson He had his tailor make him some new attire, and went to the Barber for the latest hairstyle in Vogue. Harold was in his element, and everything was going splendidly until..... At the party, Harold, clearly enamoured with his maiden, asked her if she would like to take a stroll around the moonlit garden. She agreed, and apon showing her the fishpond and trying to whisper sweet-nothings in her ear at the same time he fell into the pond, and had to go home, much to the disgust of his fair companion. Needless to say, Harold's reward for this most unfortunate occurance, was a severre bout of influenzo and a "Pity you missed the rest of the Party, had a wonderful time" card from Miss Sarah.

Harold does not look for accidents; accidents look for Harold. As any gentleman could tell you, Ascot is the place to be in the season, and Harold as a newly-established gentleman considered it his privilage to partake in the celebration. A pin-stripe suit was the order of the day, and Harold looked smashing

He had his own box and naturally served Caridre and champayne. What elegance.....The big race was about to start,.....The race was simply thrilling, and Harold(who had done a little bussiness with his bookie on the side-line) looked on with added interest. The race was nearing an end, and Harold's horse was winning. The horse crossed the finishing line,..... Harold jumped up off his seat and rip..... his trouser sported a round bare patch of considerable size.

Nobody does it quite like Harold !

Harold no longer carries a black umbrella (at a dear friend's insistence) as he once knocked all the Lady Mildrids dessert onto her lap, while talking to the head-waiter. He also feels that chivalry is no longer part of our twentieth Century lives, as ladies politely ask him please not to open doors for them.....

Something Harold's poor widowed mother has never been able to tell him, is that he was an accident.....

JULIÉNNE WALKER
STD. 10

WAITING

I cleared my throat. All the eyes in the room flashed on me, accusing me of breaking the silence. I blushed, and stared at the lovely, empty face of a model smiling up at me from the cover of the magazine I clutched in my hand. The hospital gave off a faint smell of antiseptic and false homeliness. Who wants to be 'at home' while waiting to hear if a familiar and loved face was going to be gone forever?

A woman in the corner was sobbing softly. I wished that I could cry too, washing that red-hot stone of fear and grief from my chest. But the tears would not come, had not come, not even during that ghastly, impersonal phone-call...

I had been clearing my flat of all the usual things that littered it - pens, papers, clothes and books, when I heard the phone ringing. I decided it was probably a university friend asking me to ANOTHER party. I was bored with parties. They were all the same.

But the persistent bussing of the phone was irritating, so I ran down the stairs, feeling annoyed. I picked up the phone, and demanded brusquely, "Well, what is it?"

A cold distant voice that sent a chill down my spine said expressionlessly, "Miss Duncan? I was afraid I had missed you. I have a message for you. I am very sorry, but your brother was in a motor-car accident this afternoon. His friend was driving and there was no way that they could stop. He's in Intensive Care at the moment. I'm afraid there's only a small chance of survival. Could you come to Everdene Hospital right away, to sign some official forms? You are his next-of-kin, I believe."

Dazedly I put down the phone. I felt totally numb, with only the heaviness in my chest to remind me that I lived. Alex, that optimistic young brother of mine, dying?

The waiting-room door opened. Everyone stiffened.

"Is Miss Duncan here?" The nurse looked professionally sympathetic.

I nodded and stood up.

"I am afraid your brother did not survive. He was badly injured, so it is a merciful end. Could you come and sign some papers?"

Slowly I put down the unopened magazine. The model still smiled impersonally, and the nurse looked slightly impatient.

Alex had gone, but no one cared. No one except me. People had to go on living. What was another accident? They happened every day.

SALLY OHREN
STD. 7

MY FAMILY AND OTHER ANIMALS

We all think that our families are special, but some families feel that they are more special than others. Have you heard of a mother whose twelve year old daughter's shoes are too big for her? She only comes up to my father's elbow, but we believe that good things come in small packages. She is so meticulous that when my father puts something out to be worn, it's in the wash before he's even worn it.

My father goes through phases with his hobbies- wine, stamps and Persian carpets. Any other conversations, especially about things that need doing in the house, just pass over his head.

Mom and dad are very envolved in their jobs. Mom battles each day trying to put things into people's heads, while dad spends most of his time yanking thing's out of people's heads. (He is a dentist.)

The centre of my family's life is Mrs Bella Pano, and the centre of her life is our two maddogs. Bella's hobby is ironing. It's just as well, the way Mom puts things into the wash. Tommy, our fat little white Maltese Poodle,was bought as a wife for our other brown poodle, Chocolate; who, to her disgust, has never shown the slightest interest in her. His only interest in life is chasing shadows.

The two grannies complete our little family. The one runs up mountains and the other buries her head in crossword puzzles. However, they do meet on the bowling green.

Last, but not least, is me. I'm the surprise package. My family sends you their sympathy!

KIM DONNELLY
STD.6

POEMS

REJECTION

Carelessly you threw me down
face-down into the black sticky mud
You walked over me
ignoring my cries for help,
then,when you listened,
you laughed at them,
at me.
You walked on together
towards the light,
leaving me to face the dark.

CAT

If I were a cat
I'd go walk-about,
satisfy my curiousity.
I'd walk the streets
silently.
I'd see the world,
my soul would fly free.
My life would be a black shadow
forever searching
on the wall of life...

HOPE

A golden thread
silk-fragile,
attached to your heart,
A lifeline
through the darkness;

TO THE A.N.C. IN COMMEMORATION OF THE PRETORIA BOMB BLAST

It ripped through our lives
with the force of a space-
shuttle,
It left the same impact.
It imprinted itself on our memories-
I'm sure it imprinted itself
on the minds of those killed,
in those last precious
seconds of life.
Are you satisfied ?

DREAMS

What are dreams
that men will search
for them,
until they die
disillusioned and bitter ?

LEANNE CARLYLE
STD 9

A REAL CHARACTER

Whenever I hear the words 'a real character', I think of Toni. Toni is unlike anyone I have ever met or am ever likely to meet- vital, shrewd, extremely clumsy and with an incredible sense of humour. Let me explain how I met her.

I was placidly washing the dishes in my bedsitter about six months ago, up to the elbows in soap suds and lustily singing 'Rule Brittania' when a loud howl and a crash, succeeded by a tinkling sound, interrupted my musical moment. Dripping a trail of suds, I crept cautiously into my sitting room, to stand amazed by the sight that greeted me. My windowpane was lying in a heap on the floor, and on top of it sat a furry ginger cat, legs splayed, tongue hanging out in an expression of complete incoherence and exhaustion. For two full minutes I stared while the chilly July breeze coated my dining table with a layer of frost before I could do anything constructive about this outrageous situation. First, I decided, that cat must go! Crossing to her and smiling winningly, I lunged for her, but Toni, being nobody's fool, hurriedly removed herself to the shadowy recesses of my cocktail cabinet, which I had unfortunately left open. I decided to clear up the mess on my sitting room floor before trying to remove the cat. I was about to open the cabinet when I was horrified by the sound of breaking glass. Oh no! Fractionally opening the door, I peeped in, to find her lapping up the contents of a broken Vodka bottle. Finding that the reeking liquid was seeping into my precious carpet, I cleared up the mess, much to the cat's disgust, before attempting to remove her again. All the while, Toni, as I had named her (after the brand of Vodka), sat watching me with what can only be described as an amused grin on her feline face. So endearing and challenging was this grin that Toni and I ultimately sat down to a dinner of fried sole and milk, and if life is now somewhat more hectic than it was before, it certainly is more entertaining!

WENDY PEROLD
STD. 9

SYBIL

Sitting under the large old oak tree in her colourful garden with all her women friends around her, Marion felt very content with her life. Life was good for a white woman. Coming out of her reverie, she quickly joined in with the rather involved debate about apartheid so that nobody might feel that she was bored with her companions.

"It really is quite terrible about all these poor Blacks starving out there in the world. Ag shame, if only you could see those little "pikkanins" running round with bloated stomachs and runny noses," stated Sharon.

"My girl has five children and half the time she does not even know where they are."

"Too true," replied Di, "that is why I always make a point of giving the garden boy all our old clothes so that he can give them to his children."

"Di, don't you find that these natives are not very grateful when you give them..."

"Sh! Here comes Sybil."

Sybil, Marian's maid, had suddenly come to the table and was requesting to speak to the Madam. Smiling brightly the hostess gushed to her friends: "Hang on a sec., I must talk to Sybil."

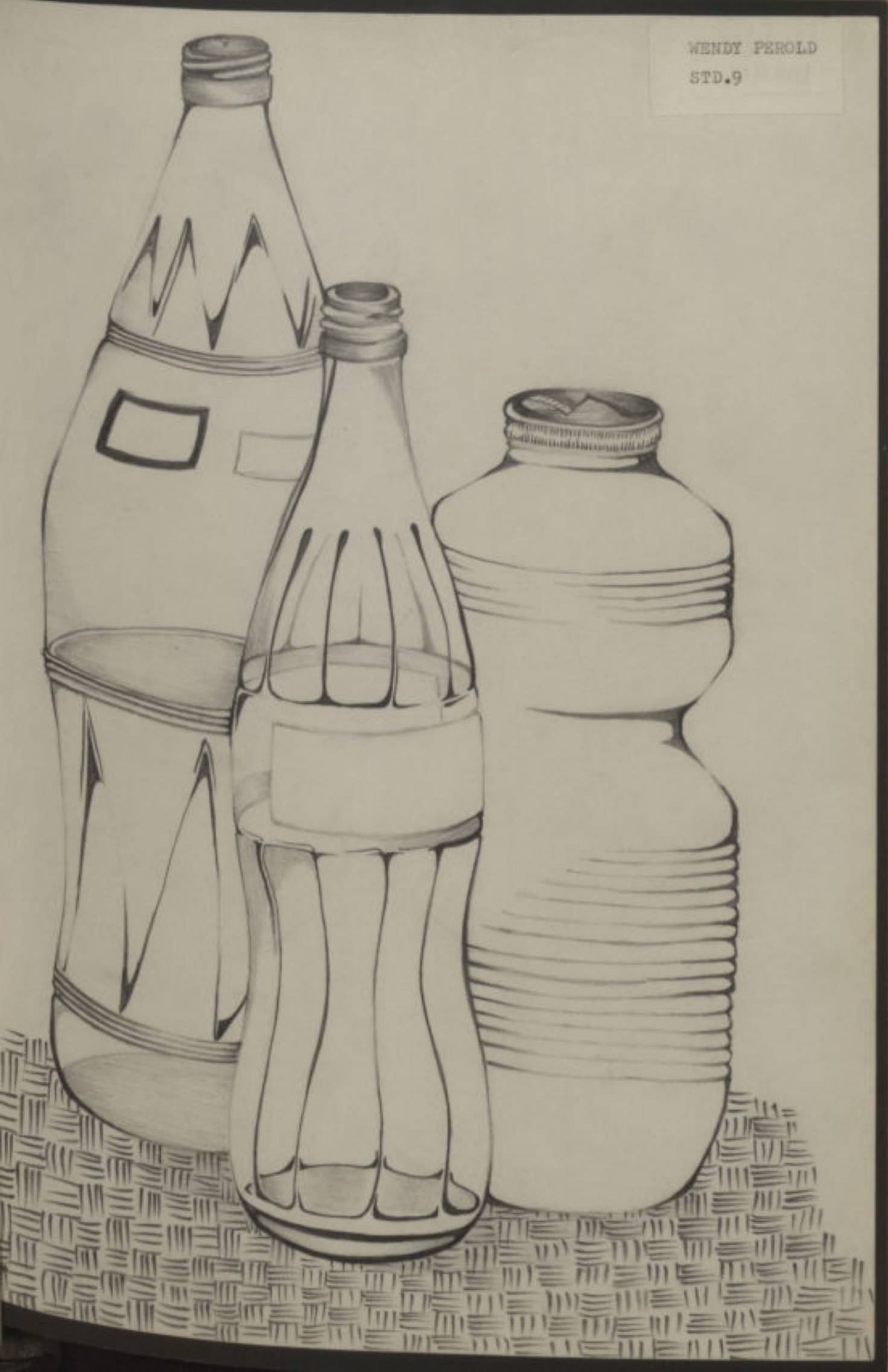
Loudly, in front of everybody, she talked to the maid, who was trying to ask her privately for some money off her next month's wages as her small daughter had been beaten up by some 'skollies' and was in hospital. With that Marion spun around and told her attentive audience in a high pitched voice of the girl's plight. Sympathy filled the blossom-scented air.

"Oh Sybil, of course you can have some money and the master will gladly give it to you as a token of our sympathy. We would never dream of taking money off your monthly salary: you have little enough already. George, dear, do give darling Sybil some money to send home."

Thanking the Madam awkwardly she walked back into the house.

"Poor things," Marion said. "These poor Blacks, we really have to help them: they are so ignorant."

Sandi Frith
Std 8


WENDY PEROLD
STD.9

ALONE ON THE MOON?

I could not shake off the feeling that I was being watched. On top of being totally alone, afraid, and with Moon-Base I in burnt shreds a few hundred metres away, I still had the uncanny awareness of being watched.

I must have been mad, I reflected, to have volunteered to help set up man's first base on the moon. And when the explosion had occurred and all my work and survival kit destroyed, I had been doing another mad thing by going for a walk - not that there was much to see on the Moon.

And now I had started getting strange feelings. To keep from freezing - even with my Solar-suit on - I had tried to keep walking, but every time I rounded a corner, I felt that an unknown presence was watching and waiting.

While I was looking anxiously around me, I caught my foot on a rock, and fell forward. I must have hit my head, for when I came round, I felt quite warm. When I opened my eyes I almost felt my brain fall into my toes with surprise and shock.

A little,round, anxious, purple face with wide nostrils, a very large mouth, and blue-brown eyes was peering anxiously down at me. He seemed quite friendly and very concerned. He made a grimace which I took for a smile so I smiled back. He asked in accented English if I felt better. I replied that I did, but I had a headache.

He gave me two pinky-yellow tablets, which I, after hesitating, swallowed. After that I felt much better.

Curiously, I asked why I had not noticed him before. He demonstrated by suddenly seeming to divide into millions of separate molecules which, when they floated in the air, were almost invisible. He came together again and told me that he often hid himself that way; it was called "moleculizing".

I was very impressed, and told him so. He blushed a deeper shade of purple and, confused, asked if I would like to go home. I think I must have looked disbelieving, for he smiled and said that all it took was a couple of "Will-power enforcement pills" and a lot of concentration, and then my own will-power would transmit me back to Earth within a microsecond. I said "goodbye", and thanked him, then placed the azure pill on my tongue, swallowed, and thought hard about home. The Moon-man's face distorted, then seemed to dissolve, and I found myself looking at the familiar landscapes of home.

SALLY ORREN
STANDARD 7

LEAVES IN THE WIND

It was spring and the bare, drab trees had begun their transformation into green, gnarled gnomes. Young flowers bloomed radiantly and the crisp breeze was warming up. Gradually duffle-coats, windcheaters and scarves disappeared, to be packed carefully away until the following winter. People smiled more: winter was over and with spring, a new beginning.

Laughter floated across the blue sky from a group of children playing noisily in the park. Exhausted, they collapsed giggling on the lawn, and lay back looking at the sun-drenched sky. There were four of them; three boys and a girl. At ten years old their lives revolved around the next game in the park, buying the largest bag of niggerballs they could and generally enjoying life.

When they were fifteen they vowed never to lose contact with one another. This oath was taken very solemnly near the pond in the park, at a time when summer was advancing. The trees all had that contented, satisfied appearance, what with their myriad velvet-green leaves and laden boughs. While the ducks swam and dived in the cool brown water, Sean, Ian, Scott and Roxie laid their hands upon one another's and chanted the oath.

After that the four began a slow drift away from their childhood closeness. Roxie grew into a tall, slender woman, while the boys developed into young men. Every month, however, they would meet in the park and walk slowly around, talking earnestly, recollecting hilarious events and laughing over old stories.

It was nearing the end of summer when the war began. Excitedly the boys joined up, starry-eyed in heroic enthusiasm. Not to be outdone Roxie did a first aid course and joined societies involved with the war. Their last walk together was a quiet one. Roxy couldn't help noticing how young and brave the boys looked; their uniforms starched; their hair cropped, and a fierce fire of determination shining in their eyes. They sat on the empty green lawns watching a flock of birds overhead. Roxy shivered, pulling her jersey closer, "Autumn is almost here. All the leaves are beginning to fall now. Its sad how quickly the seasons pass, isn't it?"

They were quiet after that, each hidden in a private cocoon of memories and fears: would they come back again alive? Would they win the war? How many people, innocent people, would die? Would they remain friends forever?

The cold wind was blowing gustily and smoke rose from several chimneys. The trees were bare and around their feet lay dry, crumpled, fragile leaves. Red, yellow, brown and orange spider-like skeletons all heaped together in a disorderly mass. Roxie sighed as her children's voices broke into her reverie. They were out in the yard, amongst the leaves, laughing and shouting; their faces pink from the cold air; their fingers covered in bright mittens. They were young and energetic, full of hopes and expectations for the future.

She remembered that last walk in the park with the boys, her boys she called them. She remembered how young and hopeful they had all been then; never doubting in their strength and power.

And then there had been the war. They had all come back alive, but changed. They were not the same boys who had left home; but cold strangers unable to communicate with one another. They had grown apart and gone their separate ways. They still sent Christmas Cards annually and enjoyed their chance meetings. They were growing further apart every year; now only their shared memories remained - soon those, too, would fade away.

Outside a sudden sharp gust of wind blew through the yard, lifting the brittle leaves skywards, where they hung suspended, before slowly settling down elsewhere.

LEANNE CARLYLE
STD. 9

ELLEN PURDOM'S PRIDE AND JOY

In my childhood, I often used to visit Ellen Purdom's house. Initially I went for a piano-lesson, but after she had retired from that occupation, I went to visit her, or rather, to visit and appreciate her beautiful house.

One wintry day, prorupted by the thought of a warm fire, I decided to visit her. As I approached her house, I inspected it carefully. It was Georgian with a fine, white-painted doorway. The windows, too, were white, wide and graceful on the ground-floor and first-storey, but small and square where they peeped out from under the overhanging tiles above. There was a changeless elegance about the place.

As I stood on the threshold, I could almost see the deep arm-chair drawn close to the leeping flames, the tray of crumpets, a steaming cup of tea. I rang the doorbell and instantly the afternoon peace was shattered by the distant, familiar baying, like a wolf-pack in full cry. As I peered through the frosted glass, I saw as in a hazy picture, a river of dogs pouring down a large passage. The door shook as they dashed themselves with frenzied yells against it. I retreated a few steps but the friendly face of Mrs Purdom reassured me of safety. The one magic word she muttered, silenced the maddening barking.

"Good afternoon," she said, with a twinkle in those dark eyes of hers. "Coming in for tea?"

"I'd love to!" I replied, with a smile.

The route from the front door to the sitting-room, always fascinated me, mainly because I could see, as I walked along the passages, into all her rooms. Every room had a beauty about it and although many of them were never used, they maintained a warm and easy atmosphere. I followed Mrs Purdom between the white-washed walls, my feet clattering on the tiles. Her house had been built in the grand manner; the rooms were high-ceilinged and airy, often with a massive fireplace flanked by arched alcoves. The room to which I was always led, had a french-window, which looked on high-walled gardens. The predominant feature of the garden was a huge acacia tree, and as I stood looking out onto it, it was enveloped by sunlight. Above and beyond, lay wild hills, but in this garden were beautifully-kept rolling lawns, a rockery and many fruit-trees. As I gazed out into the garden, I became aware of her dogs regarding me apathetically. They had arranged themselves peacefully around the room and except for a brief dispute between the Maltese terrier and Boxer dog about the occupancy of a deep chair, there were no signs of their previous behaviour. They lay regarding me with friendly boredom and, at the same time, fighting a losing battle against sleep. Soon the last nodding head had fallen back and a chorus of heavy breathing filled the room that had become blanketed with a silence.

It was then that I noticed the chilling silence of the house. I became aware of a darkness in the room. It was still light outside but in this room hung a gloominess. My eyes rested on a vase that usually overflowed with brightly coloured chrysanthemums - instead it

stood bleak and empty. The rhythmical breathing of the dogs and the crackling of the fire seemed to menace rather than to cheer. I heard Mrs Purdom's footsteps on the tiles; they were heavy as if loaded with extra weight. As I looked up, I saw the slender figure of this elegant woman dressed in a dark grey skirt and blouse. There was a painful expression on her face that usually broke into a smile. She tried to hide her distress but her eyes revealed a deep sorrow.

I waited. After walking past me and staring out of the window, she eventually seated herself in the chair opposite me.

"This house has always been a major part of my life. I've lived all my married life in it - thirty years. Yes, all that time ... and when my husband died, it held all my memories of him. I had hoped to live here till I died. That will never be so."

She sat, looking out onto the sunlit acacia tree, pulling deeply at her cigarette, narrowing her eyes as the smoke trickled from her lips.

I cleared my throat and spoke lightly, "Why is that?"

"Ro ... Road development," she said faintly, her lips trembling. She sat motionless except for the clasping and unclasping of her hands.

I swallowed hard as I watched her glide through the room, her fingers lingering on the furniture that complimented it so well, on her dogs that had been her companions for so long. She stopped in front of a portrait of her husband. I saw the agony in her eyes. Pity seized me. I could see the executives, in smart pin-striped suits seated around a map, planning ... planning to destroy a life for "development". Was that justice?

As I looked out into the garden, I saw thart the acacia tree had become a dark bulk in a grey light. It looked desolate without the warmth and light of the sun. As I walked home, I was aware of the complete desolation of her house. It had always reminded me of a picture in an old book, Mrs Purdom's silent house. I could never quite believe it was there and that I had been able to appreciate it but soon that delight would cease. I ran into the darkness.

SARAH ASHLEY
STANDARD 10

EXHAUSTION

Like a burning rim
Your eyelids sting,
Heavy with lashes doped in sleep;
Hanging curtain-like,
Flickers
Then droops
Sleep.

RUNNING DOWNHILL

A tentative step towards
Eternity
Leads to another, surer,
Quicker,
On
And on,
Down
Until
You lose control,
Plunging wildly ahead,

Onto the grassy bank.
You knew it was there all the time.

BÊTE NOIRE

Cigarette ends and stale smoke,
Beery breath and long-dead fires,
Sticky plates and coffee mugs,
Quiet houses, lonely nights
After the friendly chatter.

BOREDOM

If you don't entertain me
I will be bored
For I am unable to entertain
Myself

But your entertainment
Becomes trite when I don't listen.
Who will entertain me now?

WENDY PEROLD
STD 9

CHAINS

Here I was at last, in the waiting room of the Royal Academy of Dance. It was something that I had dreamed of for years as I'd clawed my way through seemingly endless exams, though mountains of supercilious dance instrucors and through countless exhausting classes.

I knew that this was my last chance to prove myself to be more than an ordinary, earthbound mortal. My parents hated dance, they loathed the idea of my becoming a dancer, and it was only through sheer strength of of will that I had managed to frag myself through their stupid prejudices. They wanted me to settle down and become of all things, a secretary. This to me was the epitome of all that I scorned and wished to avoid in life. To become a secretary meant that I would be tied to an ordinary way of life... and for me it was as if I would indeed be "chained to the typewriter."

Dancing was the only thing that allowed me to express myself and that allowed me to fling off the mantle of dull, bleak ordinariness that cloaked the hundrum suburban life from which I sprang, and that allowed me to be free. This Freedom of expression was all important to me. It meant that I could have the inexpressible joy of cutting my own way through air, of having no boundaries and above all, no links with the world. From which I sought so hard to escape. That was what it really came sown to, the fact that the only time when I could escape the chained existence I so abhorred was when I exchanged this world for the one where flights of fantasy became amazingly, magically real.

I came back to reality with a start - it was almost time for me to dance. I clenched my teeth and chewed my lips as I felt every sinew of my body tense with wverwhelming nervousness. A feeling of horror and anguish filled me. What if... no, the thought was too terrifying, I would <u>not</u> allow my mind to explore that passage.

Then, it was my turn. I got up and walked through the door into the famous audition hall. I faced the row of blank faces, lifted my chin bravely and danced. I danced with everything that I had I summoned every vestige of strength and I knew that I could not, even have danced better.

But it wasn't enough. I failed... once it was all over, there was not even one tiny glimmer of hope for me. Ihad played my best cards and I had irrevocably, irretrievably lost.

As I walked out of the main doors in the pale, misty sunlight, I felt a cold, dreadful reality fall upon me. That reality has bound me to a life that I hate ever since then.... there was to be no further escape for me.

Catherine Shub
Std 9

SUNSET ON THE BEACH

The crowds of happy people seem to disappear as the golden sun creeps slowly into his bed behind the mountains. All the little sea snails bury themselves in the damp sand. Birds start to dive into the crystal clear water that laps the shore with its tender tongue. A fish creeps out from under a protecting rock and goes to visit a plastic bag at the other side of the tidal pool. Fishing boats glide across the sea heavily loaded with delicious fish. Seagulls hover like vultures above the boats waiting for any discarded morsel. The clouds skid across the sky and a few stars trim the earth, like tinsel on a Christmas tree.

I hear the quiet hum of the traffic. The sea seems to sing a soft lullaby, consisting of gurgles and splashes, to the sleepy sun. Every now and then I can hear ships calling to each other with their sirens.

I can smell the seaweed and the banana skins left over from people's lunch. The breeze smells fresh and slightly salty. There is a strong smell of fish coming from the harbour.

The breeze is also slightly chilly as it wraps itself around my shoulders, like a shawl. I can feel my hair being turned over and over, like spaghetti in a pot. The water washes my feet. Sand seems to jump at me, stinging my thighs.

Suddenly there is silence as the sun smiling disappears, leaving Mother Moon to light up the night and to protect the world until the dawn.

KIM DONNELLY
STD. 6

MY KIND OF MUSIC

There was a time, long ago; when I heard no music, not the kind of music that I so loved. The music that I so desperately wanted to hear. My music was not forth coming. It seemed to have died somewhere, perhaps with so many of the fun-loving people that died that year and the years that followed.

It was the year 1938. I was a Jew and lived in Germany. Unknown to me, my fate had already been decided, along with many of my friends and family, fortunately I am still alive to tell the tale. So many of us never returned.

A victim of bitter hate, herded like common animals into cattlecars, prodded and poked we were loaded into those unhygienic hell-holes. Moved from one cattle truck to another, from one station to another. We tramped miles across vast empty landscapes. The bitter Siberian winds whipping at our frozen torn bodies, as their icy fingers gnawed into our bones; the Nazis gnawed at our very soul, draining us bit by bit of every feeling of hope, until we were nothing more than the numbers we were each given.

There was no bubbling, happy-go-lucky individuals anymore. Like ghosts doomed to wonder aimlessly. So many of us marched to our deaths. No history book can ever hope to portray what it really was like, how so many suffered. The brave and strong died slowly. The weaker had a quicker escape.

The first few days in the camp were worse than the nights in the cattle trucks, our mattresses (if any) were flea infested. People fought like vicious animals, tearing at each other. That was before Emma Kanenbkie arrived.

She was a new inmate who at first seemed quiet and surprisingly serene. It's thanks to her that I and so many others survived the ordeal of those years Someone was having a fight, Emma was quietly listening to the conversation. All of a sudden she laughed, a good whole-hearted row of laughter. Everyone stopped and looked at her. A few more started laughing until at last every person in that bunker was laughing. All fustration gurgled away. Like a sweet melody to our ears Emma had brought laughter back into our lives. Its sound so rich and pure and it echoed through the walls. After that, as ridiculous as it seems, at least once a week we used to sit in a large and make tunes with different people laughing at different times. To listen to these different laughs and tunes would cause the bunker to become something at a madhouse. Of course the guards didn't approve, but they wouldn't come into the bunker if they could help it, as it was so lice and flea infested. I didn't care if they heard us or not. I had rediscovered the sound of laughter, the nicest kind of music in the whole world.

My kind of music.

DEBBIE CRANE
STD 9

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS! I'M SO SICK OF WORDS!

I am assaulted by deafening noise and stale, smoke-filled air. Mindless noise a few crazy people call music! Crashing notes and beats and thumps provide the uniform background for a uniform party for uniform people.

My eyes strain for visibility through the hazy curtain. Here and there I am able to identify faces; mask-like faces. In the corner I see Beverly; shy quiet Bev; chatting wordlessly to an admiring group of males. My god, Clare's hair looks like a beehive! And as for that orange mini dress she's wearing.....

Bodies gyrate endlessly, not hearing or caring about the music. With Dutch Courage, boys find themselves chatting up eager wallflowers, who absorb every word that's spoken to them with wrapt attention.

The social bees flit in and out, gushing words of false admiration wherever they go: "Oh Tracey, what a simply gorgeous top that is! What have you done to your hair - it looks amazing! Stella, who is that guy that you've got with you? He looks totally divine!"

Words are flung about everywhere by everyone simply for the sake of opening mouths. No one listens, everyone talks. It doesn't matter what one says just as long as one adds to the verbal chaos.

Neon lights flash faster and faster, ultra-violet rays pick up the myriad colours: exaggerating and distorting. Painted faces throw words at the air; eagerly, hastily, desperately. The words rise sharply, but no one listens, so they fall back again, lost amoungst new, rising words.

Social phrases are used and used and then used again. So this is how clichés are formed! Inadequacies are hidden, complexes and feelings of inferiority are buried deep below by the stream of words that we all speak. Words are our defence.

Words, words, words! I'm so sick of words; but I couldn't survive without them. Could you?

Leanne Carlyle
STD 9

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

He came home early from work, more sullen than usual. His large, worn hands had taken the bowl of soup from her almost roughly. She had sat and watched him as he drank the thick, rich liquid, thinking that it was perhaps all her fault. Then he had gone up to bed, without a word. She was left alone in the kitchen, with an empty soup-bowl and his coat hanging on the door. The next morning he was dead.

He had been a good man; he had never got drunk, or beat his wife. He had loved her. He had not minded hard work or long hours the thought of her had kept him to his task. He only smiled to his wife, renewing the vows of love between them. Yet, when he died, he had left her wordless. She did not understand at first.

They had lived five years together in their tiny cottage and she had always tended the roses in the front with such care that they bloomed longer than any others. They were dead now, their heads dropping sadly, brown and worn out. Leaves, decaying, swirled in the street before the rushing wind.

She was dressed in black at the funeral. She had stood tearless as the coffin was lowered into the grave; then turned away and wandered homewards. She had stood and stared at the dead roses and had plucked a withered petal. Inside an empty soup-bowl lay on the table.

That wind was colder than anyone could remember. The snow piled up high around the cottage. The food was short and the firewood dwindled.

The spring came late. The road was wet for many weeks. The roses remained lifeless. The village women crossed themselves as they passed the cottage.

The summer did not bring the warmth. The wheat did not ripen in the fields and the wind still blew, howling in agony down the lane.

The autumn did not bless the trees with much fruit. The workmen wondered whether they had done something wrong.

He was not a bad man, he had loved his wife. When he had to leave her, he could not let her see how much it hurt him. She waited all year to understand.

She came home early from her work, hung her coat besides his, drank her soup and left the bowl besides his, and went up to bed.

The roses outside never bloomed again.

Stephanie Dutkiewicz
STD 9

INSPIRED BY A PHOTOGRAPH

The world is outside,
I am inside,
hesitantly waiting.
Life's eternal magic
calls to me.
Hands grasp the window
of experience,
Dare I break down
the barriers
set up by convention?
I wait
preferring to observe
from the inside.
The sun is setting now.
Dare I break down
the barriers,
before conventionality
chains me to my seat ?

LEANNE CARLYLE
Std 9

IN THE RAIN

The soft, warm globules gently caressed my tingling skin. Drop after drop landed on my forehead, and nose, and from there streamed down my face, soothing my nerves and washing my emotions with tranquillity. Unconsciously I yielded to its wet embraces, forgetting cares and troubles in the perfection of that moment. Time stood still as I willingly abandoned myself to the beauty surrounding me.

The old man huddled in the corner at the bus terminal; his head bent and his shoulders hunched against the cold wind. What is he thinking of, as he sits there alone? Does he wonder when the sun will shine again, when the warmth of summer will re-enter his life? Doesn't he realize that winter is a natural stage of life, and that after every winter, a spring will come? Old man, don't you know that old age is not the end, that happiness can be found amidst your emotional turmoil? You understand life so much more clearly now, so can't you accept the inevitable? If you could, you might re-discover the feeling of joy that standing in the rain brings to you.

The woman hurried across the street, laden with parcels and bags and an umbrella. Her face was harassed and worn, the make up smudged and creased; her shoulders sagged wearily. Is she wondering what meal to prepare for her husband, whom she hardly ever sees, and her children, whom she rarely talks to? Is she mentally trying to reorganize her daily schedule and is she wondering how she will ever fit her her bridge session in between her flower arranging class and her photography course? Lastly, can't you stop for a moment and look around you? You might be quite surprised at what you see? Can't you see how you are allienating yourself from your family? Lady, you are always looking for photographic subjects, so why don't you look for inspiration right here? Look at that toddler sitting on the pavement, splashing the water in sheer delight. To him the rain represents fun and laughter; it's wet stuff that trickles down your shirt where it clings damply. It is squelchy stuff that drips into your shoes, where it trickles around your toes and makes a wonderful squishy, shloopy sound and has a mushy feeling. To that little boy the rain is a laughing friend, conspiring with him over how to attract mud into the house; it means youth and giggling innocence. Why not photograph him? Why not capture that mood in black and white, forever immortalising the essence of youth and rain, together?

Honestly, isn't that what life really is about? Through every stage we pass, the rain reflects our moods and inner feelings. It is flexible and indisciminate. If you allow it to, the rain will take you, and hold you in damp arms; it will wash over you gently. Lovingly. If you allow it to, it will be your companion and new source of life. Try it sometime, it is simple. Just stand in the open and abandon yourself to the sensation of standing in the rain...

LEANNE CARLYLE

STD.9

LEAVES IN THE WIND

An icy gust of October wind bowled past the muffled figure in the park, whirling the dead brown leaves in a misterious ritual dance glorifying the winter, chanting a shrieking tune as it rattled around the benches and sneaked between the buttons of woollen overcoats. The woman stood effect, like a dog catching a scent with her face uplifted to the wind and her long brown hair flowing out from beneath the woollen cap drawn about her ears. She was alone in the centre of the tawny leaf-littered lawn whilst passers-by huddled deeper into their scarves and clutched at hats and skirts as the wind playfully tugged them along. It made her think of her childhood, when she had coaxed her adored father to play in the vast sunny gardens of their country house- in vain, though, for her father was an austere man who had devoted himself entirely to his business. Yes, her father was like those people in the park: reluctant to play, absorbed in a grey fruitless life.

Marjory had always been a gay person, one whose child-love and zest for life was unaffected by disillusionment. She had the ability to turn any situation, any simple action, into a game to be savoured, remembered. Yes, in her quiet hours, Majory was reflective, never bitter in her thoughts towards the mother who had abandoned her father in preference of a younger, livelier husband or towards the father who was unable to give her the time and love she so desperately needed. Many would have called her naive, but Majory's keen perception belied thes half-truth. It was just that she had retained the fundamental clarity of vision and uncluttered, simple enjoynent of life which even children lost as they matured. Marjory thought she was lucky.

An elderly man, stooping slightly, as though he carried a heavy weight on his shoulders, yet tall and proud, walked along the paved pathway of the park, with long, brisk, silent strides. He was Duncan, hard to love and hard to live with, and his pain was not being able to communicate, for all the eloquence of his perfect English. The small frown on his lined face showed concern, but was in reality a reflection of his inner anguish at not having the ability to speak to his daughter, to give her that which she most neede, which he longed to give her.

From the middle of the lawn, Majory saw him. The keen pleasure, like a warm smile inside her, overflowed onto her face and she plucked off her c cap and waved it above her head to her father. That innocent gesture engraved itself on Duncan's memory. It was so typical of hes radiant, loving daughter. Uncharacteristically Duncan dropped his briefcase and ran to her, the golden-brown leaves toning and churning at his feet as his heart tore free and flew to his daughter.

WENDY PEROLD
STD 9

SUFFOCATION

I was squashed against the window-pane in a smoke-filled carriage. The huge, heavy train bore down into the valley below. It was raining. I had not noticed. The paving landscape slipped away into the night. Fat drops of rain trickled down the panes, leaving spidery trails behind them. A big, apricot moon raced alongside us. In the scant light of the stars I could see a strange world flashing past. A big woman, bleary-eyed, talked raucously on and on in the over-filled carriage. She had them all listening to her. Except me. It was all too new and strange and hot, and yet always the same hand gripped my throat, my head, my body; the same one that had done so for weeks.

I had just left the town where I lived, or rather, where I had lived until then. The past weeks were a black stain on my mind, filled with visits every day to the cold hospital. Every day I left with the same sick feeling. My mother had pleaded each time that she wanted to go home, that she was well, but she had to stay in hospital; it was the best thing for her. She had lain in a horrible cold bed with cardboard sheets surrounded by white iron bars and beds, rows and rows of beds, all heaped with sick old women and tubes and ugly medical things. She had hated it so much and it made me cry. And yesterday she had died, so I left the hospital for the last time.

In the train, I felt as though I was still at home, which I had now left. They had felt it was right to send me away for good, now that Mother was dead. They had all been there yesterday, my aunts, my cousins, my brothers and sisters. And they all said the same thing, how sad it was that such a kind, beautiful woman should die so soon, and what a brave little girl I was to take it so well. I could not stand it. They streamed through the smoke-filled lounge and into the steam-filled kitchen all eating and talking and smoking and crying. Suitcases blocked up the hall and men in black clothes stood around in every room. I could not breathe and soon I wanted to go.

And back in the train, the same bleary-eyed woman was quiet and was watching me. My throat constricted as I stared back at her unfriendly, ugly face, and I wanted to get off, but the further away we moved in those awkward, clanking movements of the train, the less cloistered I felt.

My grandmother met me at the little station where she lived and I stepped off the train, blinking curiously at a new sun-suffused world. Around me, great red clods of ploughed soil showed fresh and tumbling, like a choppy red sea. As we walked along the huge expanse of field, it was that hushed and listening hour. The birds sent long sad calls from tree to tree and all the colours of earth and sky and leaf were deep and golden. The sun was a foreign sun and the wind spoke a strange language, but I would never have to return to the cloister of my home town, to those stuffy people and the suffocation of life there.

ELIZABETH BAKER
STD 10

TAIR LI-AERN

If you leave the main road after Gadswold, and follow the small road between sheep-filled fields and soft undulating hills, you will arrive in the village of Li-aern. With the craggy hills around it and above the immense arc of sky, Li-aern seems to be shut off from the world. A slow-moving, quiet village with so few people that you stand out as a stranger. If you stopped at the little tea-room and asked the wrinkled grey-haired lady inside the way to Tair Li-aern, she will smile sweetly and walk with you to the beginning of the path. Then, if you climb this path above the village, you will enter a green wood. The smell of sweet vegetation hangs like a haze over the trees. Rabbits and mice crouch unseen as you pass and birds will sing. If it is Summer, the ground will be carpeted in flowers and dark red berries will hang heavily on bushes. As the green encloses you, you will feel that you are entering another age- an age lost to the memory of man, thick with the sense of mystery.

Then the trees will thin and a great moss-covered wall will appear before you. You will have reached Tair Li-aern, the last castle of the old, forgotten earth, which lies in ruins now. Clamber through a crumbling breach in the wall and stand entranced, for Tair Li-aern is beautiful in its glory and strength. Grass has grown where the great halls and corridors, where many a noble foot has trod. Ferns cling to the silver-grey stones and moss hangs in soft damp masses. The sun breaks through the trees and sheds drugging rays of light over the ancient ruins. Tired from your walk you will sit in the shade of one crumbling wall and stare in wonder about you.

But, sleepy from the sun you might fall under the deep magic that hangs over Tair Li-aern. Then, perhaps, the walls will grow again and the sound of singing will reach your ears. You will start, a cobbled courtyard will stretch before you and, maybe, one or two noble horses will snort in the shade. You will look to see the person who sings so sweetly, and you will see Princess Rhea above you, on a balcony, beckoning to you.

Run up the stairs to where she stands. She will smile at you and take your hand in friendship..She is slender, dressed in a ....

cont....

...long white robe. Her gold hair hangs in a thick plait and a thin gold chain passes round her head. She will look at you with deep grey eyes and then, laughing, will lead you through the old high-ceilinged corridors. Richly coloured tapestries hang on the walls with tales of wild hunts, battles and feasts woven into them. But you can not stop to look at them, for Princess Rhea leads you to the great hall. You will lean over the balastrades, looking down to where a few knights will stand around the wise white-haired king, who sits on a carved wooden chair under a red and gold canopy. He will look up and see his daughter, and smile. Rhea will smile too, then taking your hand again, will run out into the sunshine. She will take you to the stable, where she will show you her favourite horse, Windeve. Stroke its nose and feed it grain from your hand, for there is no finer horse. The princess will show you the hooded falcons and kestrals, with long dangerous talons.

Go into the castle gardens, where the fruit hangs heavy on the trees. Rhea will pluck peaches and strawberries and give them to you to eat. Then you will sit on a stone bench, staring into the pond where the gold fishes drift under the clear surface and a white swan will ripple the surface as she draws close.

And Rhea will grow silent as she stares into the water. For she can even then see her tradgedy, for her death will be imminent. And her father will follow her, dying of grief. And the old earth will die and Tair Li-aern will crumble. But Rhea will turn to you again, laughing.

The stars will cling to the deep blue sky and the gold moon will rise above the ruined walls. You will wake among the sweet, damp grass and rise, thoughtful, and leave Tair Li-aern.

STEPHANIE DUTKIEWICZ
STD.9

LINDSAY CHALLIS
STD.7

OP DIE SOLDER

Die deur het eers mooilik oopgegaan. Daar was lanklaas iemand op die solder gewees en die slot was styfgeroes. Hier bo het die hitte van sewentig somers en die stof van sewentig jaar versamel, en die lug was dik, soos 'n vloeistof wal om my geborrel het toe ek oor die drumpel tree. Die lig was 'n sagte grys kleur wat deur die plafon gedring het en deur die skrefies in die dak het die hande daglig soos blink messe geskyn. Êrens in die stemerige solder het reën met 'n dowwe, droë geluid op die houtplafon gedrup. Hier bo was daar geen van die herfs-reën-varsheid nie, net 'n mengsel van die huis se verlede, sewentig somers en sewentig winters, die herinneringe van die drie geslagte.

Stadigaan het my oë aan die dowwe lig gewoond geraak. Ou meubels was teen die kante van die solder opgestapel. Daar was 'n gevlekke ou staan spieël en twee uitgedroode gekraakte kombuisstoele langs 'n reistommel wat nie heeltemal toegemaak was nie. Stukke materiaal het stofbedek uitgesteek en verhoed dat hy to gaan. Nuuskierig het ek nader gegaan. Onder my voete het die planke geluig en gekreun. Ek het 'n onredelike gevoel van agting gehad vir die ou hout wat sewentig jaar lank op die beknopte solder gelê het: ek was jammer omdat ek daarop moes trap.

Die deksel van die trommel was swaar, en my vingers het merke in die stoflaag gelaat. Binne-in die trommel was ou klere, wonderbaarlik stofery en netjies gepak. 'n Ligroos rok het my aandag getrek. Ek het dit uitgehall en voor die spieël gehou. Dit was lank, met 'n hoë kraag en 'n wye gordel. Dit was 'n mooi rok, maar hartseer. Ek kon nie sê hoekom nie, maar ek het 'n knop in my keel gekry toe ek dit in die geveelte spieël sien, met die meisie se bleek gesiggie en lang, bruin hare daarbo weerspieël. Ek het omgedraai en op 'n ou tafel 'n foto opgemerk. Dit was 'n portret van 'n jong meisie in 'n ligkleurige rok. Op haar gesig was 'n afgetrokke blik, asof sy glad nie van die kamera bewus was nie. Geleidelik het herinneringe uit die verlede na die oppervlak van my geheue gekom, herinneringe aan 'n ou dame, stil en mooi, wat haar kleinkind haar foto uys; 'n foto van 'n dromerige jong meisie in die rok wat ek vasgehou het. En daardie middag is sy dood. Met koue hande en 'n swaar gemoed het ek die solderdeur agter my gesluit.

WENDY PEROLD
STD 9

LUGBESOEDELING IN EN OM ONS STEDE
EN WAT DAAROMTRENT GEDOEN KAN WORD.

Lugbesoedeling is 'n baie dringende probleem in die wêreld, maar veral in Suid-Afrika. Dit is omdat ons baie industriële stede het en ook 'n groot landbougemeenskap. Die resultaat is dat Suid-Afrika 'n baie erg probleem van lugbesoedeling het en dat die probleem so gou moontlik opgelos moet word, voordat Suid-Afrikaners daaronder gaan ly om besmette lug in te asem.

Lugbesoedeling wat van fabrieke kom, kan voorkom word as mense meer geld spandeer om beter en skoner metodes te gebruik om van die rook wat by die pype en torings uitborrel ontslae te raak. Hulle kan gesofistikeerde filtreerders in die torings sit sodat die rook goed gefiltreer kan word voordat dit in die lug vrygelaat word. Dit sal meer kos, maar die lug sal skoner wees sonder die lelike, swart rook wat uit die fabrieke se torings kom. Hulle kan ook sekere chemikalieë gebruik wat die rook in die torings kan skoonmaak voordat dit toegelaat word om in die lug te gaan.

Lugbesoedeling om ons stede is ook erg omdat boere bemestingstowwe gebruik wat hulle uit vliegtuie sproei. Dit is 'n baie goeie manier om die grond te bevrug en ook om siektes aan die plante te voorkom. Hulle sproei ook gifmiddels om lastige insekte dood te maak wat skade doen aan die plante en die landerye vol koring. Al hierdie middels besmet ons lug en dit kan voorkom word as die boere metodes gebruik wat stadiger is, maar beter en skoner vir ons is. Hulle kan trekkers gebruik om die bemestingstowwe in die grond in te ploeg sodat dit deeglik in is en dus goed sal werk. Die gifmiddels kan hulle ook inploeg of dit rondom die plant gooi sodat dit die insekte op die grond sal doodmaak. Hulle kan ook gifmiddels maak wat 'n vloeistof is en dit dan oor die plante verf sodat dit die vlieënde insekte sal doodmaak. Dit sal harder werk kos en meer arbeiders, maar hoeveel beter sal dit nie vir ons wees nie.

Dit is die twee ergste oorsake van lugbesoedeling in Suid-Afrika in en om ons stede. Die swart, borrelende rook wat daagliks van ons fabrieke in die lug wyl en ook die chemikalieë wat oor ons landerye gesproei word, moet beëindig word. Daar is alternatiewe metodes wat gebruik kan word om die probleem op te los.

SONYA BESTER
Std 10

JEANIE MET DIE DONKERBLOU OË

Dit was herfs. Die hele vallei was in verskillende skakerings van bruin en geel geklee. Daar was nog 'n handjievol swaeltjies wat nog nie die lang tog na die noorde aangepak het nie. Ek het verby die winkeltjie van mnr. Smith geloop en toe by een van die strate afgedraai en in die rigting van ons huis geloop. Toe het ek haar gesien.

Sy was 'n klein "stukkie" mens wat op die vaal sypaadjie gesit het. Vir my het sy omtrent elf jaar gelyk. Ek het haar nog nooit in ons vallei gewaar nie en het toe geraai dat hulle eers daardie dag by een van die huise ingetrek het. Haar donker hare het wild om haar gesig gekrul en haar vel was so wit en glad soos 'n lelie, maar die opvallendste ding aan haar hele liggaampie was haar groot, donkerblou oë. Hulle was soos groot, donker poele waarvan 'n mens nie die bodem kon sien nie.

Ek het haar vriendelik gegroet, maar sy het nie geantwoord nie en net aangehou om in die verte te staar. Ek het weer probeer, maar dit het geen uitwerking op haar gehad nie. Toe gaan ek huis toe, maar daardie gesiggie was nog baie helder in my geheue. Ek het my ma van haar vertel, en sy het gesê dat hulle nuut was op die dorp. Sy het my ook vertel dat hulle dogtertjie se naam Jeanie is.

'n Paar dae later, het ek weer op haar afgekom, maar die keer was sy nie alleen nie. Daar was 'n seuntjie by haar, wat besig was om albasters te tel. Ek het nader gestaan en 'n paar lekkers uit my sak gehaal en wou dit vir haar gee. Sy het na my gekyk en ek het vir die eerste keer die leë uitdrukking op haar gesig opgemerk. Toe spring die seuntjie skielik op en sê vir my heeltemaal gesond gelyk en ek het gewonder waarom hy so sê. Op daardie oomblik het 'n vrou, Jeanie se ma, te voorskyn gekom. Sy het my toe gesê dat ek liewer nie met Jeanie moet praat nie omdat sy geestelik versteurd is.
Ek was diep geskok. Ek kon nie begryp hoe so 'n pragtige kind geestelik versteurd kon wees nie. Dit het die "lee" uitdrukking op haar gesig verduidelik.

Jeanie en haar gesin was 'n jaar in die vallei tuis. Ek het hulle nooit beter leer ken nie en ek het altyd gewonder wat Jeanie dink as sy droomverlore op die sypaadjie sit. Miskien was sy gelukkig in haar eie wêreld. Toe daardie jaar om was, het hulle sonder 'n woord die vallei verlaat, maar ek sal Jeanie met die donkerblou oë nooit vergeet nie.

JAHANARA WILLIAMS
STD 8

SARAH CRAWFORD-BROWNE
STD.7

LIEWER BANG JAN AS DOOIE JAN

Vandag is dit die 28ste Julie. Ek dink aan daardie dag, presies 'n jaar gelede, toe ek nog in die leër was. Ek was in Port Elizabeth gestasioneer. Gelukkig was 'n paar van my maats ook daar gestasioneer. Ons het ons gesinne ses maande nie gesien nie en toe het ons 'n kans gekry on die naweek Kaapstad toe te gaan. Ons het geweet dat een van die militere vliegtuie die Vrydag Kaapstad toe moes gaan en dat dit die naweek daar moes bly en dan sou dit die Maandagoggend terugkom.

Ons het toestemming ontvang om as passasiers in die vliegtuig te gaan. My maats was in die wolke, maar ek was nie so seker nie. Ek het na die venster toe gegaan, en ek kon sien dat alles opgebou het na 'n groot storm. Terwyl ek na die yslike swart, stormwolke gestaar het, het ek 'n voorgevaoel van dreigende onheil ervaar. Op daardie oomblik het ek besluit om nie te gaan nie.

My vriende het gedink dat ek mal was en het gesê dat ek bang en dom was. Ek het geweier om van besluit te verander. Ek was seker dat 'n vliegtuigrit onder hierdie omstandighede baie gevaarlik sou wees. Ek Het my bes gedoen on hulle te ontmoedig, maar hulle het net vir my gelag en gesê dat ek te versigtig was.

Daardie nag het 'n groot storm uitgebreek. Die volgende oggend het ek in die koerant gelles dat die vliegtuig geval het. Al my vriende was dood.

Mense het my altyd oor my ingewortelde versigtigheid gespot, maar dit was die ding wat my lewe gered het.

CATHRINE SHUB.
Std 9

'n SOMERAAND OP DIE STRAND

Een someraand was dit verskriklik warm. Ek kon nie aan die slaap raak nie en het toe besluit om op die strand te gaan stap. Ek het soetjies uit die huis gekruip en vinnig strand toe gestap.

Die maan was goudgeel en het weerspieël op die see. Dit het net soos 'n stuk kaas gelyk. Bo my kop het ek die sterretjies helder sien gloei, hulle het soos vuurvliegies gelyk. Die lug was pikswart en ek kon die sterretjies helder sien. Die sand het soos goud gelyk waar die maan geskyn het. Die see was baie kalm en ek kon die branders duidelik hoor toe hulle gebreek het. Ek kon 'n skip kilometers ver voor anker sien lê. Die skip se liggies het amper soos die sterretjies gelyk. Ek het 'n paar seevoëls hoor skree, maar daarna was dit weer stilte. Ek het ook twee seevoëls, wat seker kos gesoek het, laag sien vlieg, maar tevergeets. Ek het stadig gaan sit en gedink. Ek dink altyd beter as ek by die see sit en daar stilte is. Die sand was koel onder my bene en ek het baie rustig gevoel. Ek kon nie lank sit nie en het gou weer opgestaan om in die water te speel. Die koue water het gevoel asof dit in my voete inbyt. Ek het gegril toe die koue water saggies oor my voete gerol het. Ek het eers stadig geloop in die water, toe het ek 'n paar tree gedraf en toe het ek op my vinnigste gehardloop. Dit was 'n heerlike gevoel toe die water agter my bene skop en toe die windjie saggies deur my hare trek. Ek het omtrent honderd meter gehardloop en toe weer terruggedraai huis toe.

Daardie aand het ek rustig gaan slaap.

ANN PAXTON
STD. 6

TOE EK OMKYK, STAAN HY AGTER MY

Toe ek omkyk, staan hy agter my, die man met die swart hare en 'n groen pak. 'n Skerp gevoel het deur my getrek, asof ek vinnig yskoue lug ingeasem het. Hy was agter my, met sy skrefies-oë en lang hande wat gelyk het asof hulle aan my keel wou gryp en druk. Die mense het om my gewoel waar ek in die midel van die sypaadjie gestaan het. Sommiges het verbygestoot, ander het gevloek. Nee, ek kon nie daar bly nie. Al was daar mense, kon hulle my nie help nie. Die afskuwelike man en sy aaklige hande was nog agter my. Ek moes stasie toe gaan.

Vinnig het ek die straat af geloop terwyl ek kort-kort agter my kyk, my oë vinnig besig om in die gewoel 'n liggroen pak uit te soek. 'n Liggroen pak of daardie lang hande. Nog net drie minute, drie kort minute, voordat ek by die stasie sou aankom. Maar ek was verkeerd: dit was drie lang minute. My oë het begin brand en my keel was droog, ek het vinniger en vinniger gestap totdat ek amper gehardloop het. In my are het vuurwarm bloed geloop en 'n deurdringende koue het my brein verlam. Hoe vinniger ek gehardloop het, hoe meer het ek agter my gekyk, en hoe meer ek agter my gekyk het, hoe minder het ek van daardie liggaam, daardie hande gehou. Dit was asof hy my hele voorbestaan bedrieg het.

Die stasie was vol mense wat stadig, stadig rondgestap het, net om en om gestap het sonder doel, mense wat tussen my en die trein gestaan het, wat my bloodgestel het aan daardie man,daardie hande. Ek het met 'n yslike woede, amper so erg soos my vrees en afsku, tussen die laaste stadige mense ingekruip en met yskoue hande aan die deur van die trein vasgehou. Uiteindelik was ek binne en hy buite, daar onder my waar ek by die venster gestaan het. Stadig, baie stadig, soos 'n droom, het die trein weggetrek. Hy het in my oë gekyk, sy hand in die lug gesteek en gewaai. Toe die glimlag sy oë bereik, het ek opgelet dat hulle dieselfde kleur as sy liggroen pak was, en ek het gelag.

WENDY PEROLD
Std 9

OP DIE SOLDER

Vir my is die reëndae in die Karoo nog altyd die lekkerste lekker. My ouma en oupa het daar grootgeword, en hulle ouma en oupa ook en daarom is dit so lekker om in die groot wit huis met sy gekleurde glasvensters te sit en dink aan die oudae, en hoe dit moes gewees het om in daardie dae te lewe. Dit was op so 'n dag dat ek besluit het om 'n bietjie op die solder te gaan rondsnuffel...

Kraak, kraak het die soldertrappies gegaan soos ek versigtig een voet voor die ander gesit het, en die trappies uitgeklim het. Bo was dit donker en die solderdeur was toe, maar met 'n klein bietjie van my oorvloedige lyfgewig, was dit maklik om dit oop te stamp. Binne-in was van dié waaruit net 'n kind se drome bestaan: groot kiste, ou boeke met leer gebind en lang danarokke wat lankal deur motte ontdek is. Maar in die hoek was 'n groot kis van donker houd en ysterr gemaak, en voorop was Juliette Anne Paul geskryf - ou - Ouma se kis.

As kind het ek baie dae by ou-ouma se voete deurgebring en sy het my vertel van die lang reise waarop sy en ou-oupa gegaan het. Nog in haar laaste paar jaar was sy vol van die lewenslus en avontuurlus wat albeide sy en haar man besit het. Hulle het die hele wêreld platgereis. Sy het my vertel van die dae wat hulle op die see in die Queen Mary deurgebring het, en hoe hulle altyd dieselfde kajuit gekies het, en hoe hulle in die maanlig op die dek gedaans het, en hoe altyd na die skeepskaptein se tafel vir ete genooi is; en toe het haar oë daardie glinsterende glans in hulle gekry, en dan het ons opgehou want sy het aan ou-oupa gedink, en die tye wat hulle saam gehad het...

Langs die kis het die ou boeke gelê, dik met stof bedek. Met die punt van my sakdoekie het ek dit afgevee en daarop in goue letters was Antionette Beatrice Paul geskryf - my ma. Binne-in was al my ma se baba-foto's, haar geboorte dag, haar eerste tand, haar eerste ponie. Ek het die trane in my oë voel opwel, want ek het aan my eie baba-foto's gedink en voor my amper 'n beeld van myself gesien. En toe het ek op 'n foto van Sara afgekom: Sara, die een wat vir my gesorg het, die een wat vir my van die tokkoolosch vertel het, die een wat my getroos het toe my wit muis dood gegaan het. Liewe Sara... Sara was my ma se aia, sy was skaas sewe toe sy my ma en Sara groot geword saam het my ouma vir hulle geleer, en toe my ma getrou het, was Sara saam en toe ek gebore is, het sy my geliefkoos soos sy haar eie kind sou.

Lank het ek daar gesit en droom van die ou dae, die dae toe 'n mens tyd gehad het om alles te doen, die dae toe tyd vir jou gewag het.

JULIENNE WALKER
STD 10

LEANNE CARLYLE
STD.9

'n BESOEK AAN 'n MINDER BEKENDE DEEL VAN ONS LAND: RICHMOND

Eers was my maats nie so ingenome met die plan nie. "Ag nee!" het hulle gesê "Richmond, ons het nog nie eers daarvan gehoor nie, en nou wil jy hê dat ons ons vakansie moet prysgee om saam met jou hierdie plek te gaan besoek, jy is mos mooi laf!" Dit het my dae van mooipraat gekos, voordat ek hulle kon oorreed om saam met my die Karoo in te gaan.

Pikswart en baie vroeg,(die steenkool-enjin het 'n groot lawaai gemaak , en daarom kon ons nie slaap nie) het ons by Merriman-stasie afgeklim. Merriman is wel op die landkaart, maar waarom weet ek nie; dis net 'n straaitjie met "bossiewêreld" daarom.

My oom hulle boer net buite Richmond, maar hulle het ook 'n dorpshuis op Richmond, en ons het besluit dat ons die eerste week in die huis sou bly sodat ons Richmond en sy mense kon leer ken. Dis 'n groot huis met hoë plafonne, wat dit net weer spookagtig laat lyk. My maats het amper omgekeer toe ek hulle van die huis se spook vertel het en het dit moeilik gevind om daardie nag aan die slaap te raak...

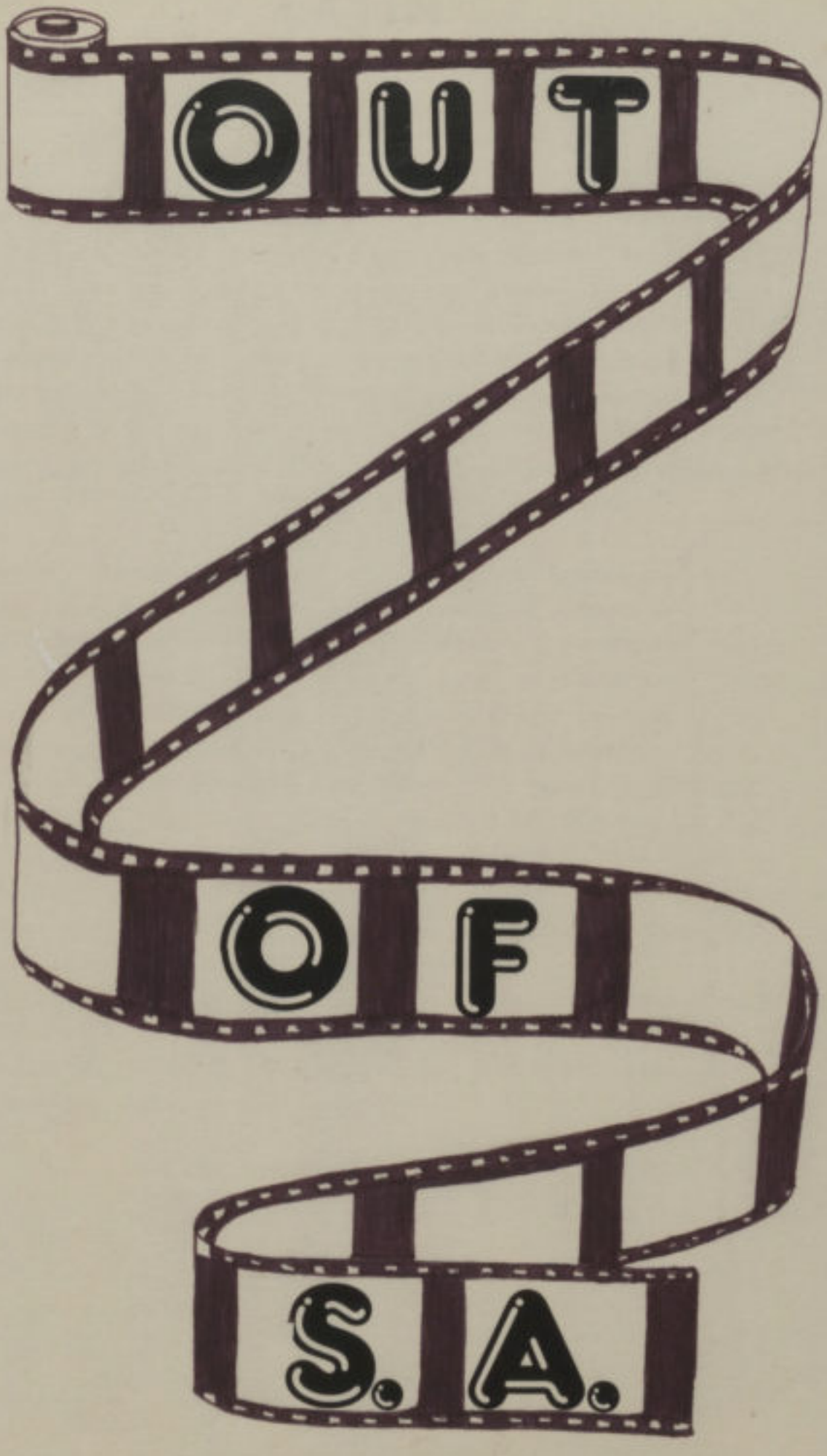
Die volgende dag was ons gereed om die dorpie goed deur te kyk. Daar was net een hoofstraat, drie winkels: "Du Plessis en Seun", "Urtel en Seun" en "Roux en Seun", 'n N.G. Kerk, 'n magistraatskantoor, 'n bank en twee hotelle, "Die Grand" en "Die Belsona". My tante het ons vertel dat die hotelle altyd vol is. Die mense van nabygeleë plase kom dikwels in dorp toe, vir 'n bietjie kuier en dan sien hulle nooit kans vir die lang ryery huis toe nie, en daarom slaap hulle sommer in die hotel, en vertrek die volgende oggend huis toe. Een ou oompie het sommer 'n permanente kamer daar bespreek. Hy kom elke naweek dorp toe vir 'n bietjie jol. Hy is glo 'n "regular".

Richmond is propvol interessanthede. Die huisies veral, is van groot historiese waarde. Sommige is al meer as 'n honderd en vyftig jaar oud, maar pragtig versorg. Wat ek nou regtig interessant gevind het, was die klein watershuisies wat padlangs loop. Elkeen in Richmond het sy water dag, en dan maak hy sy sluisie oop en die water maak sy tuin nat. 'n Mens koop nooit groente nie, dis mos waarom die tuine daar is. Een ou tante met haar plooigesiggie en grys hare het vir my vertel van die keer toe die Koning op De Aar aangekom het. (De Aar is net buite Richmond) en die magistraat het haar gevra of sy nie van haar bredie sou maak nie, want hy was seker dat die Koning honger sou wees. Na al hierdie jare het sy dit nog nie vergeet nie, en haar ogies het geglinster soos sy my daarvan vertel het.

Januarie is Skou-tyd. Die skou is een van die grootstes in die Karoo en Richmond is die hoofsentrum van die Amerikaanse Saalperdvereniging. Die skou is die laaste naweek in Januarie, en op die Vrydag pronk die boere so 'n bietjie met hulle skouperde. Perdetelers kom van oral oor die land om hierdie skou by te woon. Op die skoudans word die skoukoningin gekroon en dan laat waai almal. Dis nou vir jou 'n partytjie. Die langarm, sakkie-sakkie en "two-step", alles bymekaar gegooi, die Afrikaner is mos plesierig...

Ek hoef nou nie meer my maats te smeek om saam Richmond toe te gaan nie, hulle smeek nou vir my om saam te mag gaan...

JULIENNE WALKER
Std 10


OUT
OF
S.A.

LATIN

EXTRACT FROM: C.PLINIUS' LETTER TO APOLLINARUS

anxium me et inquietum habet petitio Sexti Eruci mei. adficiâ cura
et, quam pro me sollicitudinem non adii, quasi pro me altero patior;
et alioqui meus pudor, mea existimatio, mea dignitas in discrimen
adducitur. ego Sexto latum clvum a Caesare nostro, ego quaesturam
impetravi; mea suffragio pervenit ad ius tribunatus petendi, quem
nisi obtinet insenatu, vereor ne decepissi Caesarem videar.
proinde adnitendum est mihi, ut talem eum indicent amnes, qualem
esse princeps mihi credidit. quae causa si studium meum non incitaret,
adiutum tamen cuperem iuvenem probissimum gravissimum eruditissimum,
amni denique laude dignissimum, et quidem cum teta damo.

Translation: The candidature of my friend Sextus Ericus, makes me
anxious and uneasy- I am moved by worry and the concern which I
have not subjected myself to on my own behalf, I am now enduring
in respect to another person, as if it were for myself and besides
my honour, my reputation and my rank are brought to the test. I am
the one who gained by request the broad stripe of senatorial rank
for Sextus from our Emperor, I am the one who gained quaestorship
for him,with my political support he reached the right of seeking
the office of tribunship, and if he does not obtain this in the
senate I fear lest I should seem to have deceived the Emperor.
And so, I must endeavor so that everyone may regard him to be such
a person as the Emperor believed me that he is.
And if this reason did not move my zeal, I would nevertheless wish
to help a young man who is so excellent, so very serious and so
well educated, in short, so worthy of all praise and indeed he is
such together with his whole family.

LISA BAILEY
STD. 9

FRENCH

VOUS ÊTES CHOISI POUR FAIRE VISITER VOTRE PROVINCE Á UN GROUPE DE JOURNALISTES FRANÇAIS: QUEL EST VOTRE PROGRAM?

Le Cap est un pays varié et on peut même dire de contrastes- c'est une province de riches et de pauvres, de beauté et de laideur et si on doit faire visiter notre province a un groupe de journalistes, il faut leur montrer tous ces aspects pour mieux le voir dans son contexte.

Peut-être l'aspect le plus attirant, c'est la nature diverse du province, pour exemple les hautes montagnes, les plaines, les plages ensoleillées et même les pistes de ski- tout cela et plus se trouve au Cap. Pour cette raison il faut leur montrer nos montagnes qui constituent l'un des plus beaux spectacles du monde- c'est la montagne de la Table. Naturellement cela doit être la première attraction touristique du Cap mais on doit la visiter la nuit, parce qu'elle ressemble à un royaume de fées.

Au Cap, c'est notre côte qui continue d'attirer le plus des vacanciers. On y trouve un ciel toujour bleu, une mer chaude et un soleil éclatant et naturellement nous voulons passer des heures sur les plages et voyager autour de la côte. Encore il y a des contrastes de la côte et il faut leur montrer notre côte si développée et d'autre part si sauvage. La Pointe du Cap: voici le bout de notre province qui est en même temps l'extrémité de l'Afrique. C'est une région sauvage et ravissante balayée par les vents et battue par l'océan. On y trouve à la fois des animaux variés.

C'est encore intéressant de visiter la ville du Cap avec les nouveaux et vieux bâtiments et les magasins où l'on peut faire les courses pendant quelques jours. On veut visiter surtout nos centre artistique et culturelles comme le théatre ou le musée du Cap. Après avoir vu le centre de la ville et la riche région industrielle où se trouve Koeberg- une région ventée et inhospitaliére- je voudrais leur faire voir l'intérieur du Cap.

cont....

Elle offre au voyageur la fraîcheur de ses chemins bordés de haies et d'arbres et le pittoresque de ses maisons de compagne. Par exemple, Stellenbosch où se situe notre région vinicole- elle se présente comme la plus riche des régions agricoles du Cap. On y peut faire la dégustation de nos vins célèbre. C'est aussi dans ce paysage où les journalistes peuvent voir les petites taches blanches qui indiquent les villages des paysans. D'autre part, il faut leur montrer les quartiers pauvres et misérable ainsi que les régions arides.

Après les avoir promenés tout autour du Cap, j'espère que les impréssions qu'il garderont seront favorables, et qu'il voudraient agréer avec moi que c'est un pays splendide dans lequel le nombre de touristes qui séjournent augmente considérablement chaque année.

ELIZABETH BAKER
STD. 10

JOURNÉE D'HIVER

L'automne a passé avec ses couleurs vives. Pendant la nuit, la neige est tombée.

Le petit garçon s'est levé de bonne heure. Il s'est enveloppé dans un pardessus et une echarpe. Il est sorti dans le monde blanc. Le soleil se levait. Les montagne devant lui étaient roses et violettes. Le petit garçon a monté la colline derrière la maison avec sa luge.

En haut de la colline il a hesité et il a regardé le paysage devant lui. Il y avait une nappe blanche sur tout. Au-dessus de la maison montait la fumée grise qui a salué au nouveau jour. Les arbres noirs se dressaient courageusement dans la première lumière, nu sauf pour la neige.

Le petit garçon a glissé en bas de la colline sur sa luge. L'air froid a battu son visage. Le sang montait a ses joues. Ses yeux étaient clairs avec l'emotion et il riait.

Au fond de la colline la luge s'est arretée. Le petit garçon est tombé dans la neige douce. Riant le garçon s'est levé et il a couru à la maison chaude pour trouver son petit dejeuner.

STEPHANIE DUTKIEWICZ
STD.9

GREEK

ὁ Δικαιόπολις

ὁ Δικαιόπολις Ἀθηναῖός ἐστιν· οἰκεῖ δὲ ὁ Δικαιόπολις οὐκ ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις ἀλλὰ ἐν τοῖς ἀγροῖς· αὐτουργὸς γάρ ἐστιν. γεωργεῖ οὖν τὸ χώριον καὶ πονεῖ ἐν τοῖς ἀγροῖς. χαλεπὸς δέ ἐστιν ὁ βίος· τὸ γὰρ χωρίον ἐστὶν ὀλίγον, μακρὸς δὲ ὁ πόνος. αἰεὶ οὖν πονεῖ ὁ Δικαιόπολις καὶ πολλάκις στενάζει καὶ λέγει· "ὦ Ζεῦ, χαλεπός ἐστιν ὁ βίος· ἀτέλεστος γάρ ἐστιν ὁ πόνος, ὀλίγου δὲ τὸ χώριον, καὶ οὐ πολὺν σῖτον παρέχει." ἀλλὰ ἰσχυρός ὁ ἄνθρωπος καὶ σῖτ ἄοκνος· πολλάκις οὖν χαίρει· ἐλεύθερος γάρ ἐστι καὶ αὐτουργὸς φιλεῖ δὲ τὸν οἶκον. καλὸν γάρ ἐστι καὶ αὐτὸ τὸ χώριον καὶ παρέχει σῖτον οὐ πολὺν ἀλλὰ ἱκανόν.

J. Schulman 9H

DEBBIE CRANE
STD.9

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