

ROLT MAGAZINE

- 1 9 7 3 -

" He who does not live in some degree for others,  
hardly lives for himself."

Montaigne.



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FROM THE EDITOR

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Fouche very sincerely for typing out our magazine for us. We really appreciate the effort she put into it.

I would also like to thank Susan Dowdle for all the help she gave me with the magazine. Unfortunately Susan was rather over-worked as she is also organising the inter-house music competition for Rolt, but she handed her part of the work over to two willing helpers, Dorothy Beukes and Shushy Fuller.

Fiona McLachlan has been a wonderful and very efficient Head Girl and Head of Rolt, and her report of our house activities will be found on page 2.

This year the magazine displays 6 different languages as well as 5 illustrations, one of which is our own attempt at "true romance in pictures", and this can be found on page 45. It was no easy task selecting, rejecting, inspecting the essays and poems that were received, and after much deciding, we finally chose 66 entries which we feel show Rolt's work at its best. We hope you will enjoy reading through them.

Finally, I should like to say a big "thank you" to all the matrices for the wonderful job they have done in running the school, and we all wish them the best of luck in their future careers.

G.Parkin.

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HOUSE REPORT

By Fiona McLachlan  
Head of Rolt

Our year began with Mrs. Stracey as Head Mistress of Rolt, assisted by Mrs. Kowen, Mrs. Davey, Mrs. Stockwell and Mrs. Popam Smith. We welcome Miss Brown and Mrs. Stais as new members of Rolt. Mrs. Davey and Mrs. Kowen have both since left and Mrs. Kowen has recently had a daughter, Danielle!

Rolt's house charity has been the Ruby Ardendorff Home for Coloured Children and we sent them a lovely box of jerseys knitted by the girls during the second term. Unfortunately, we will soon have to adopt another charity as the Ruby Ardendorff is moving out of Lansdowne before the end of the year. Apart from Ruby Ardendorff, our house money collected during the year has been sent to Nondzane Private Crèche and Nyanga Welfare Centre.

The standard of work has been high throughout the year, apart from a slight decline during the second term! I would like to thank and congratulate the following girls on their constant and particularly good results which contribute a great deal to the marks of their house: Gwen Makepeace, Dorothy Beukes, Susan Dowdle, Gaile Parkin, Tjitske Post, Jean Barry and Elizabeth Murray.

Susan Dowdle and Susan Ward-Able both did extremely well in the Cape Town Music Eisteddford this year. Susan Dowdle has twice been awarded Honours and Merit and Susan Ward-Able also obtained an Hours and Merit.

Several Rolt members passed their Afrikaans Taalbond Examinations which were written at the end of last year. The following girls obtained their certificates: Kathleen Caradoc-Davies, Bridgit Borton, Clare Croudace, Susan Cunningham, Gwen Makepeace, Fiona McLachlan, Christina Murray and Susan Dowdle.

Our first inter-house event this year was the inter-house swimming and then the inter-house tennis. Congratulations go to Jagger who won. However, Rolt was not to be beaten at the hockey and at this point I would like to say a special "well done" to Margaret Minogue and Margot McLachlan, both from Rolt, who were selected to play in the Western Province School team. We congratulate Jagger once again on winning the inter-house Public Speaking but I feel I must mention Susan Dowdle who spoke so well for Rolt. We wish the house luck for the forthcoming inter-house music competition and the inter-house squash.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs. Stracey very much for all her help and encouragement during the year, also my prefects, Margie Minogue, Kathy Caradoc-Davies, Sue Cunningham and Chris Murray; also Gaile Parkin, the editor of our magazine and her assistants, Dorothy Beukes and Shushy Fuller. We have come to the end of a busy but lovely year and I wish our following prefects the best of luck.

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## CHOIR REPORT 1973.

By K. Caradoc-Davies.

The year began with the annual Founders' Day Service at St. Saviour's, Since then we have sung at two broadcast services. The choir has had much pleasure singing at the weddings of Lynne Reid, Helen Henderson, Gillian Verster, Rob Turner-Smith and Pieter Bairnsfather Cloete. We were also honoured to be asked to sing at the funeral of the late Harry Lawrence, whose wife is one of the foundation members of Herschel.

One of the most enjoyable events of this year was the production of "The Pirates of Penzance" with School House of Bishops. The choir formed the chorus of girls and two Rolt members - Pi McLachlan and Kathy Caradoc-Davies, were members of the cast.

In June we sang at an evening performance in the Nico Malan Theatre. We were accompanied by the Capab orchestra and sang "LaDemoiselle Elue" by Debussy. In August we gave a lunch-time performance at the Nico Malan in which the Chamber Choir featured.

At present, Rolt has formed two choirs to compete in the Inter-House music competition to be held near the end of this term.

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## HOCKEY REPORT

By M. Minogue. Matric.

We played the Inter-House hockey matches at the end of the second term just after exams. It was a very hot day but somehow or another we managed to summon the energy to play the matches.

Congratulations must go to the Open and U-15 teams who played so well that Rolt won the hockey. We must also congratulate Jagger and Merriman for putting up such a fine fight and succeeding in keeping us on our toes to the end.

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## M. I. X.

By Christina Murray

One evening in the last week of the second term about fifty people got together, with pounds of cheese, French loaves and dozens of borrowed fondue sets, in the hall for a cheese fondue, after which we saw a very interesting film. M.I.X. meetings, however, donot always consist of dripping cheese over gym equipment and this year a number of good speakers have spoken at our meetings.

Once this term a group of girls from various schools came to tell us about a holiday they had spent at a mission station in Lesotho. Later in the term a lawyer spoke to us about the work he does with Life Line, as a part-time telephone councellor. A very successful meeting was held in the hall one rest. About 75 people saw a film brought by the Leprosy mission on their work in Africa and now over 40 girls are collecting their coppers in little glass bottles to send to the mission.

We have/...

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M.I.X. (Cont.)

We have been arranging bible studies every Wednesday morning before school for anybody who is interested and, slowly, have worked through the letter of James. A group of members of M.I.X. have also arranged Thursday morning prayers a number of times.

I do not think we will tackle another cheese fondue at the end of this term but hope to show the film "To Russia with Love" one evening.

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MATRIC DANCE

By Gwen Makepeace. Matric

In true Matric spirit, we could think of nothing but the Matric dance from the first day of the year. As the days passed, sundry meetings were called to decide where and when it should be, but even the most organised meetings soon dissolved into chaos. Arguments raged and fur flew. Finally, Dr. Silberbauer took a hand, and the date was set - Saturday 14th April - a date no Matric will ever forget.

Now the heat was on, Frantic meetings were called to decide on a theme so we could get cracking. But decide we could not. Theme after theme was suggested, toyed with and rejected, and arguments raged once more. Soon the class was split into two groups. One group demanded a bold, vibrant theme, the other insisted on something more delicate and pretty. A compromise had to be found quickly before battle broke out. Fortunately, it was. Someone had a brainstorm and suggested Tahitian. And so the decision was made.

The holidays began, and, armed with huge rolls of paper, paint and rollers, we marched up to Di's house and took over the garage. Everyone had a hand in the painting and, before long, the murals were covered with colourful splodges of paint. So was the driveway.

And now partners had to be found. The manhunt was on, and anything in pants that moved was nabbed. Cupid was called in and last minute romances were arranged. The Matric notice board became covered with formal little notes of acceptance from partners (usually typed out by the girl and condescendingly signed by the partner).

The week before the dance was a flurry of activity, and the day before it was simply chaotic. To start with, it was Friday the 13th, and even the least superstitious of us were trembling at the thought. The teachers soon found that lessons were useless, and left us to get on with last minute preparations. Decorating began at one o'clock. People ran back and forth shouting instructions at no-one in particular, tripping over chairs and nets and other people. Palm trees galore were carted down from the forestry department and heaved into the hall. Slowly, our little Tahiti came alive.

Saturday/....

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MATRIC DANCE (Cont.)

Saturday was a flurry of hairdos, perfumed baths and elaborate make-up. Partners arrived all dressed in their Sunday best and we all gathered at a little rendezvous before the dance. After countless introductions and a little nervous conversation we piled into cars and set out for the Matric Dance.

Dr. and Dr. Silberbauer met us at the door, and we selected our tables and sat down. There was an awkward silence. But just as the panic began to rise, in walked two little Piggies, and the dance began to swing. Soon everyone was on the floor - the girls, the staff, the maids - simply everyone. A delicious dinner was served, jugs of Punch were downed, and the time flew by only too quickly.

At midnight we left for the Storch-Nielsen's, where the champagne flowed and the music went ding-a-ling.

For those who could keep up the pace there was plenty of entertainment. At six a.m. breakfast was provided at the Borton's for anyone who was prepared to cook it. So we all packed into the kitchen and lent a hand. And when the sun finally peeked over the horizon at Muizenberg those who had lasted out the night were there to meet it. When we were quite sure that the sun had risen, we returned to the hall to tidy up, before finally toddling off to bed.

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1973 WESTERN PROVINCE SCHOOLS HOCKEY TOUR

By Margaret Minogue. Matric.

This year two Herschel girls, Margot McLachlan and Margaret Minogue, were chosen to represent their province at the annual schools inter-provincial hockey tournament. The tournament was held in Port Elizabeth in the first week of July. We travelled to Port Elizabeth by train and stayed on the campus of the University of Port Elizabeth, where all the teams stayed during the tournament.

Saturday, the 30th of June, was the first day of the tournament. We played the first match of the tournament which was against South Natal and were narrowly beaten. The opening parade was held that afternoon and the tournament was officially opened by the Mayor of Port Elizabeth, Councillor S. Rubin.

During the next four days of tournament we played six matches of which we lost one (to Rhodesia) and won the rest. On the Friday we had a bye. Saturday was the last day of the tournament and we played South Western Districts, who we beat. That afternoon we had the closing parade and after that the teams began to leave. We caught the train to Cape Town that evening and arrived at our destination on Monday morning, where we were met by our parents.

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DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT OF MEETINGS HELD IN 1973.

By Susan Dowdle. Std. 9.

The Debating Society is run under the guidance of Mrs. Beauteumont with Christina Murray as our Chair Lady and Sharon Bosma acting as a very efficient secretary.

On the 24th January, an informal set of forum discussions was held with five groups of speakers. The Rolt girls that spoke in the discussions were very entertaining and amusing.

On the 19th February, Herschel proposed the motion "We live in the twilight of Western Civilization" in a debate with Wynberg Boys' High, held at Wynberg. Christina Murray, who was Herschel's first speaker, outlined past civilizations and pointed out the steady decline. The other Herschel speakers spoke very well, and, in summing up for the proposition, the speaker pointed out the disgraceful behaviour of the floor which she said was an indication of the future! Wynberg won by seventy votes to thirty-two with five abstentions.

On 15th March, a very amusing debate was held against Bishops at Herschel in the informal atmosphere of the library. The topic debated, "The Age of Chivalry is dead, and women have killed it" was proposed by Bishops and opposed by Herschel. Our speakers, although none were from Rolt, spoke extremely well and, considering that they had the most difficult aspect to debate, did very well indeed. The speakers were Sharon Bosma, Camilla White and Mary Newell for Herschel, and Bob Baigrie, Nigel Tebbut and Nicky Bicket spoke for Bishops.

Women's Lib. was strongly attacked and defended; Lady Macbeth was accused of tormenting Macbeth and Sir Walter Raleigh was the inevitable example of chivalry.

There was a bantering of historical dates which caused much amusement. Rolt's Josie Frater pointed out to the proposition's first speaker that it was not Queen Elizabeth I who sentenced Raleigh to death, but James I. Susan Dowdle, on the floor, said that women are the chivalrous members of society - not the mean. She said, "We struggle to get through the doorway first so that our escort might seem well-mannered!"

However, after much argument, not to say hilarity, Bishops won by twenty-seven votes to twenty with five abstentions.

On Wednesday, 18th April, we had a parachute debate at school. Each of the six speakers were assigned a charity to defend and the winner would receive R5-00 to send to the charity she had defended. Rolt's Tjitske Post spoke excellently for the Ruby Ardendorff Home and won the R5-00.

On the 1st August, another debate against Bishops was held at Bishops which was, unfortunately, not as entertaining as the previous debate held. The motion "Private Schools are digging their own graves" was proposed by Herschel and opposed by Bishops. Dorothy Beukes from Rolt and Terry Lloyd-Roberts, with Mary Newell summing-up, spoke very well, but this, unfortunately, had no bearing in the final result. The floor participated very

timidly/....

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT OF MEETINGS HELD IN 1973 (Cont.)

timidly and those that did speak tended to be rather frivolous. Bishops had an amusing speaker to sum-up, but in my opinion, it was not a true summing-up as he attacked Herschel very fiercely and "chewed" our poor speakers to pieces. The debate was lost to Herschel by an overwhelming vote of fifty-six to eight with nine abstentions.

Without a doubt, the highlight of the Debating Society was the Inter-House Speaking Competition which was held on Friday, 17th August at School. Dr. Silberbauer introduced Mr. Maxwell Lee, the Wanderer from the Argus, and Mrs. Saffrey, who were the judges.

The first item was in the form of a group discussion in which the standard sixes and sevens spoke. Each group consisted of three members from a house. For Rolt we had Fiona Adams, Louise Gottgens, Stacey Smith-Chandler and Rachel Browne speaking on the subject of "Dreams". Rolt came third in this section.

The standard eights had to give one minute impromptu speeches in the form of the popular and very amusing radio programme "Just a Minute". Rolt's subjects in this section were "My Great Aunt" and "Hogs" with Tjitske Post and Shona Milton speaking. We congratulate Merriman on winning this section, with Jagger second and Rolt third.

The standard nines and tens had to give three-minute persuasion talks. Susan Dowdle had to persuade the audience to "Give up your car - use a horse instead". Christina Murray had the controversial subject "Give up Smoking". Our sincerest congratulations go to Clare Jolly who won the cup for the best speaker of the evening.

Unfortunately, overall Rolt came third with eighty-one points, Merriman second with ninety-seven points and Jagger first with one hundred and thirteen points - Congratulations! However, the evening was enjoyed by all and it was a very entertaining evening.

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WHEN RELATIVES COME TO STAY By Josephine Frater. Std. 8.

I always look forward to relatives coming to stay because they are useful. Often they have been used, in spite of my Mother's objections, to help my sister with her homework, which means that I have more time to do mine.

Relatives come to stay. Not surprisingly, relatives soon go. Imagine being asked by a sweet little girl if you have beetles in your beard! Unperturbed by your curt answer "No", she asks if your daughter is as good at history as she is. One answers politely and untruthfully. Still the dinner no doubt will compensate for all. However, there seems to have been an accident, so one has burnt toast and marmite.

After supper the weary relative plays games with the children. The youngest child, who is four years old, beats him at Memory, the seven-year-old plays chess with him and wins. The thirteen-year-old questions him on his science which he does not understand.

He finally goes to bed, taking the newspaper with him. A mighty battle ensues to get into bed, and it is goodbye to the sheets.

Half an hour later he is woken up by his host who has come to fetch the newspaper. He goes to sleep and dreams of his host coming for him with a carving knife.

The host works till half past two, grudgingly thinking of the bottle of wine which he opened for his guest.

His wife is glad that the guest is enjoying himself, but thinks of the two enormous coffee stains which he made on the white sitting-room carpet. She consoles herself with the thought that it was not quite as large as the ones made by Aunt Maude, Grandpa and Agnes.

"God gave us our relatives; thank God we can choose our friends".

ooo0ooo

AI, EK HET DAREM GROOT GESKRIK By Jean Bergh. Std. 6.

Een aand moes ek stoksielalleen by die huis bly. My ouers was by 'n partytjie en ek het 'n spannende speurverhaal voor die kaggel gelêen lees.

Om tienuur het ek gaan slaap. Ek het dadelik die lig af-geskakel. Alhoewel ek effens skrikkerig gevoel het, het ek sommer gou aan die slaap geraak. Om-en-by elfuur het ek veek wakker geword. Ek het iets teen my venster hoor krap, maar dit was net die reen teen my venster. Ek het weer aan die slaap geraak, maar het baie onrustig geslaap.

Skielik was ek wavyd wakker as of ek geskrik het. Ek het voetstappe teen die trappies hoor opkom. Van benoudheid het ek

onder/.....



NAVY ASSIGNMENT

By Shona Milton. Std. 8.

It had been three days now since Rus, Dicky and George had left Simonstown, and their destination was only half an hour off.

They sat in the small cabin which was now like a home to them, smoking and pretending to be very relaxed. They talked about their freedom from base, their girl friends and films they had seen, but of nothing to do with their job ahead.

As George plunged into the blue, he offered up a silent prayer before swimming lazily around, until Dicky rose in a cloud of silver bubbles after his plunge.

A glittering silver ceiling sparkled above them. Suddenly in the shadow of the boat, they dived.

Swimming strongly away from the sunlight into the cool green depths they moved like shadows. Some fish, larger ones than those above, darted away to left and right into the darkness.

After nearly ten minutes of strong swimming, George's torch beam shone on some long thin strands of snake-like seaweed, growing above a bush of red and white corals and fungi. Gliding to a stop George grabbed hold of a large piece of seaweed and anchored himself as he rotated the high powered torch around the silent depths.

Letting go his hold and beckoning to Dicky, George threaded his way among rocky grottoes where an occasional crab scuttled to safety and privacy away from the scornful beam of the torch.

George was just about to beckon to Dicky to rise when they came on the ship, cradled in a hollow of white sand, between two rocky outcrops. It was so barnacled and covered with seaweed that, at first, they took it for another rock, but something in its shape reminded them of the bows of a yacht. They swam up to the stern and saw the guard rails and sodden broken timbers of the deck. To their left lay the open hatch to the cabin. They crept through the gaping hole into the dim cabin. A table, still bolted to the floor, stood in the middle of the cabin; the rest of the worm-eaten furniture was forced against the roof by the force of the water.

A cupboard built into the wall stood ajar and swayed with the swirl of the water from the movement of their bodies in such a small space.

It was some kind of wardrobe, because inside still hung some tattered garments which swirled out as Dicky wrenched off the decaying door. In the darkness of the cupboard corner lay an old barnacled, rusty metal box.

They dragged it out and glided free of the claustrophobic cabin - and slowly surfaced.

DOLPHINS

By Fiona McLachlan. Matric.

"Diviner than dolphins is nothing created" writes Oppian, "for indeed they were aforetime men, and lived in cities along with mortals, but by the devising of Dionysos they exchanged the land for sea and put on the form of fishes". The true origin of dolphins is that they did at one time exchange the land for the sea and "put on the form of fishes". They belong to the group of warm-blooded mammals called Cetaceans, meaning whales, dolphins and porpoises. It is now known that the remote ancestors of the Cetaceans were inhabitants of the land but both the Greeks and Romans had their own interpretations of their creation. The legend of the dolphin forms the topic point of this essay.

All the famous legends and fables concerning dolphin friendships stem from Roman and Greek times and most of them relate the friendship with a single boy. Although the Romans and Greeks had far less opportunity than we have to hear of things that happened at another place at another time, they were apparently much better acquainted with dolphins than we are today. Greeks and Romans lived close to the coast which was the primary reason for this affection for dolphins, also they admired and were attracted by the creatures' characters.

Their legend of how dolphins were created proves that they realized that these mammals were more like humans than fish. The legend was as follows:-

Dionysos, the God of Wine and Frenzy (known as Bacchus by the Romans) was travelling from the Island Ikara to the island of Naxos when his sailors, not realizing that he was a king, decided to sell him as a slave and set sail for Asia. He then called on his magical powers which converted the oars into snakes and filled the ship with vines and ivy and the sound of flutes. Terrified, the sailors dived into the sea and formed the first dolphins. Dolphins then stood for kindness and virtue in the sea. Thereafter Poseidon (or Neptune) learnt of their usefulness and used a dolphin to find his bride Amphitrite who was hiding from him in a cavern under the sea. Poseidon then conferred the highest of all honours, setting in the sky the constellation of the Dolphin, which is visible during July in the Northern Hemisphere. The Greek word for dolphin - *δελφίς δελφίνες* is supposed to resemble their twirling motion through the water.

There are numerous other stories including that of Odysseus who was the first mortal to be saved from drowning by dolphins who swam with him to the beach. According to Plutarch this was the reason why his father had a dolphin engraved on his ring and shield. The best-known story (because it is mentioned by Shakespeare) is that of a poet and musician Arion who was rescued by dolphins after pirates had thrown him overboard because they wanted his money. Arion was apparently a real person and lived six hundred years before Christ. This story was written two hundred years later by Herodotos. Unfortunately the story is rather long and complicated but basically involves Arion calling the dolphin by his excellent singing and playing of the lyre once he realized that the pirates planned to cast him overboard.

Some/....

DOLPHINS (Cont.)

Some stories, however, concern a dolphin's gratitude to man, the oldest of these origination from the town of Miletos in the country now known as Turkey. A man named Koiranas saved a dolphin when he bought it from fishermen who wanted to kill it. He then set it free. Some time later when his ship was wrecked, he was the only person rescued - by a dolphin. Also when he died and his body was burned at the seashore, a school of dolphins appeared in the bay and remained until the funeral was over.

Dionysius, (a boy probably named after the God Dionysus) was befriended by a dolphin who would allow him to ride on his back. People flocked from far and wide to witness the sight. Unfortunately, one day the dolphin followed him too far, was stranded on the sand and died. The fact that Dionysius did not manage to push him back suggests that the mammal was too heavy and that no one was around to help as the dolphin's visits had become so commonplace that a crowd no longer gathered. Alexander the Great, hearing of the incident, came to the conclusion that Poseidon liked Dionysius who was then appointed to be High Priest of Poseidon in Babylon's temple. As a result of these stories many towns had coins minted featuring the figure of dolphins and humans depending upon their particular story.

The Roman scholar, Pliny, also writes of dolphin stories which occurred during the time of Christ's childhood. A certain dolphin in the Lucrine Lake near Naples became friendly with a boy from the district of Baiae. Pliny says that dolphins answered to the Romans' name for them, "Simo" and "liked it better than any other". The dolphin and boy became inseparable and one day when the little boy died, the dolphin still returned "with a sorrowful air and manifesting every sign of deep affliction, until at last, a thing of which no one felt the slightest doubt, he died purely of sorrow and regret".

There were various other stories relating the affection between dolphins and children, but later both the Romans and Greeks broke away from the fables and wrote about the facts. Aristotle was one of the greatest of these and wrote "The History of Animals" in which he set down an enormous amount of detail which was accurate and well observed. Pliny and Oppian also wrote about dolphins although their writings were not of the same excellent standard as that of Aristotle. However, they had to rely a great deal on hearsay and information from fishermen as it was impossible for them to sort out the complete life cycle of the dolphin.

It is not surprising that both the Romans and Greeks (having written so much about dolphins) were disgusted and revolted by their neighbours, the Thracians who were so terribly cruel to the creatures. They hunted dolphins for their fat and killed them barbarically with harpoons, taking advantage of their mother-love. They harpooned the baby dolphin which was allowed to writhe and turn in agony until it eventually exhausted itself when it was then dragged to the shore where they finally caught the mother who refused to leave her young one in its distress. Thus

the Romans/....





Elizabeth Mudge

Std. 9.



LONELINESS

By Jean Barry. Std. 7.

In an underground subway a man lies  
 Ill,  
 Lonely,  
 Dejected.  
 Like a dead flower whose petals have withered  
 Hands and teeth yellowed by nicotine  
 His nose is running  
 Wipes it on his sleeve  
 No one sees  
 There is no one to see,  
 He is alone in that evil place,  
 The only man in Hell  
 In a world of sinners.

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DEAD BIRD

By Jean Barry. Std. 7.

I shot it  
 I saw its wings flutter helplessly  
 It fell  
 It lay there -  
 a crumpled heap of sorrow  
 a dead flower  
 among so many beautiful ones.  
 Its lifeless wings  
 which had once curved in flight  
 Lay motionless  
 Still.  
 And I wondered how I could have been so cruel,  
 So harsh.  
 My tears fell on the defenceless creature at my feet  
 Covering it with regretful rain.

ooo0ooo

A SNOWY DAY

By J. Welbore-Ker. Std. 6.

The snow began falling. All through the night the soft  
 snow fell. Morning dawned the ground was covered. It looked  
 like a blanket of clean fluffy cotton wool. The trees blew  
 in the wind and the snow fell lightly on to the ground.

In the frozen pond a fish swam to and fro slowly watching  
 a beetle trying to get his feet on the ground.

A bird flies down and hopped about on the snow, he fluttered  
 off leaving his foot prints.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the shouting of children  
 on their way to school.

ooo0ooo

TO BE

By Morag Currie. Std. 8.

There was a man who condemned himself to death. Though he had lived in extreme happiness all his well timed life, and although his age was still unadvanced, he felt incomplete in heart and mind.

The day that he woke, when the sun was so brilliant, decided it all. All, being the journey to his fulfilment. The people bustled in the streets and cars belched out their poisonous fumes in vapourous gusts. The buildings were too cold and the sky-scrapers broke the sky and the trees were too green. His milk tasted sour and the bread was stale and the cat had no purr left, to squeeze out of its rough throat.

He walked through all this and so to the sea, where the pure, transparent water lapped the sand and gently raked the pebbles. Firstly he removed clothes, to feel the air rushing through his body in blissful streams. Toes were then in the first heaves of water, then his breast and so mouth and fuzzy hair. The salty sea trickled through his nose, mouth and ears. His limbs moved in rhythmic pulses through the rising sea and to the rocky avenues, the silent glittering mass of scales and finely webbed fins with a gentle satisfied swaying tail, glided.

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GODLESS SUNDAY

By Erica Bult. Std. 9.

Every Monday he awoke;  
Like he did every Monday.  
He ate and washed;  
Like he did every day.

He lived the rest of his week;  
Like he did every week.  
It passed slowly;  
As slowly as did every year.

His Godless Sundays dawned again;  
Like weekends, always ended.  
His tired sleepy body rested;  
Like it always lay when exhausted.

His horizon widened and grew light;  
Like it always does at times.  
His moon finally ascended in his infinite night;  
But, this had never happened before!

ooo0ooo

BEING A SLAVE

By Josephine Frater. Std. 8.

Under our masters yoke  
 like oxen  
 to be sold ...  
 or bought ...  
   on his whim  
 like cattle  
   to die in our stalls  
 our horns rMOVED from fear of the butt  
 but ojr danger gone  
 our hearts troddën into the ground  
 still the chains ...  
 still the brands  
 and the whips  
   owned body, soul and mind  
 without a sip of that strange wine called freedom  
 and to die without a family to mourn me  
 and the wrench of no lies to bind me  
 and only my soul  
 to call my own.

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BLUES

By Shona Milton. Std. 8.

A depth of depression; a melancholy thought; a sad song;  
 all these are known as "blues".

But diving into the blue depth of the sea, I feel at peace,  
 not depressed or tired, but exhilarated, alive. Blue shadows pass  
 me, some dark, some light.

A blue daisy nods its head with its gay yellow face smiling.  
 Like the daisy, my life is not constantly in blues; yellows,  
 reds and greens are also there in their places.

My blue budgy chirping happily in his cage also sings the  
 "blues" when he is sad.

When I think of death it always seems to go with blue;  
 perhaps because when you suffocate you turn blue; not a gay  
 blue but horror and crudeness. Blue eyes indicate a merry  
 person to me, maybe a cold and evil one, not like brown eyes  
 which are boisterous, gay and warm.

The proud swallow swoops past in a flash of dark blue and white.  
 Proud of his markings and colour. Blue has two sides just like  
 a human; it is also alive. It can be cold and grey, or peaceful  
 and merry.

I like blue.

ooo0ooo

TELLING A COLOUR-BLIND PERSON ABOUT A DAY AT THE BEACH,  
NOT TELLING THEM WHAT YOU SAW.

By V. Farquhar. Std. 6.

The water tasted just like the beach today, salty and sunny. In the little rockpools I could distinctly taste the crystal clearness of the fresh water. In between the rocks I could almost taste the rays of the sun reflecting in the water. The sound of the heavy, crashing waves rolling onto the beach as if the massive sea behind was pushing them, seemed as if even they were trying to taste the fresh air. In a sensual dream I wandered among the tiny rock pools, feeling the icy touch of the cold, clear water, almost feeling the delight of the little fishes as they dared nibble my wandering toe, then darting back to hide in the lingering rocks. Then, as a crab comes limping along, they stay quite still as they camouflage themselves against the helpful rocks. Then, as the defeated crab scuttles shamefully back into his home in the rocks, I can almost hear the little fish giggling to themselves. Then as a wave breaks into the little rockpool, they swim out into the wide sea, purposely to nowhere.

ooo0ooo

THE PEPPER AND THE SALT

By V. Farquhar

The pepper asked the salt to dance  
 With him a merry jig.  
 The salt agreed most willingly  
 And replied, "I feel quite big".

But when they danced the waltz,  
 The salt began to stutter,  
 "We're going into the tea-tray!"  
 And he tripped into the butter.

The pepper hauled him out again.  
 The salt began to cry,  
 "I'm so messy, I'm so cold,  
 I think I'm going to die!"

"Nonsense!" said the pepper,  
 "You'll soon be quite alright",  
 But the salt disagreed with him  
 And they began to fight.

The salt was feeling better,  
 The pepper was feeling sore  
 So he sat down in a corner  
 And he vowed he'd fight no more.

"It's all because of you!"  
 The pepper said to the salt.  
 The salt was most indignant  
 And replied, "It's not my fault!"

"It was because of you!"  
 The pepper did reply.  
 The salt just sat quite still,  
 Except for a mournful sigh.

ooo0ooo

DEATH OF AN ANT

By Victoria Farquhar. Std. 6.

A little ant walks busily along, back to its nest, when suddenly a foot tramps on him, and squashes him into the earth. Just one step, and a little ant lies rotting in the sand, and no-one will ever know.

ooo0ooo

LIMERICK

By Chloë Fouché Std. 6.

There was a young girl called Nicky,  
Whose fingers were constantly sticky,  
And even her money  
Got covered in honey,  
And shopping became very tricky.

ooo0ooo

A BIRTH

By Lindsay Guibell. Std. 6.

It happened,  
she lay the baby on the fresh woven mat,  
All the people had gathered  
inside the nutshell hut  
of grass, sticks and weeds.  
The people did not murmur a word,  
They sat like frozen statues  
around the fierce fire,  
licking its lips, spitting, hissing.  
The women stared at the new-born baby,  
The baby cried, it was  
cold, and tired.  
The mother cuddled the baby  
And the baby was sung a lullaby,  
to sleep by the gathering.

ooo0ooo

FAIRPLAY

By Nicola Fouché. Std. 8.

If it wasn't for the fact  
That my front was like my back,  
I'd applaud with admiration  
Women's liberation.

ooo0ooo

ME (IN A DARK FOREST)

By Susan Ward-Able. Std. 6.

Sppss! .....  
Crack! .....  
Doef ...Doef ... Doef  
    (Lying in my sleeping bag)  
I hear ... Noises .... Crackle  
The fire spits .... out his hands  
... grasping for ... air  
It dies ... dies .... dies  
    Darkness creeps over the  
forest (closing me in)  
    The moon shines onto me and  
and sort of smiles at ...  
me! I ..... sleep!

ooo0ooo

THE CAPE-TO-RIO YACHT RACE

By Gail Anderson. St. 8.

As Kim Shippey on the S.A.B.C. said, "This is to be a race of physical endurance and sheer guts, which in this cellophane-wrapped world is a lot less plentiful than it used to be".

The start of the Cape-to-Rio yacht race is a sight I will never forget. All those wonderful spinnakers were throwing colour into the sky. Granger Bay looked like a postcard with the blue-grey mountains surrounding the unforgettable sight of the yachts on the choppy sea.

A shot of a gun, and we were off! The vast ocean that lay ahead of us seemed to be full of threatening dangers.

The days on our yacht, "Mercury", were luxurious and peaceful, but laborious as well. Every morning, we awoke to find the red light of the rising sun shining through our tiny cabin windows. What a marvellous sight awaited us on deck! The calm sea had a soft pinkish hue and, near the horizon, the sky seemed to be on fire. Many a morning, I sat on the deck in the fresh air watching this amazing sight.

The day on the yacht consisted of scrubbing the decks, cooking, steering, washing and, most of the time, reading a book or just lying on the deck and exposing our bodies under the burning sun.

The navigator was as white as asheet at the end of the race, while the rest of our crew, which numbered seven, were as brown as berries.

In the evening, we all sat on the deck, eating our basic supper of tinned vegetables and meats, and watching the setting of the sun. We always got to bed early, because we had to be up early every morning to start our chores. Every night the men took turns in steering the yacht.

Our sleeping equipment was thoroughly basic: a minute bed, one sheet, one blanket and one pillow sufficed our needs. A few of the men, who did not mind the cold night air, slept on the deck.

Altogether the voyage was very smooth. The sea was always calm, sometimes so much so that we were becalmed for as much as twelve hours at a time.

Every morning we kept in touch with the "S.S. Tafelberg", a naval ship that had accompanied all the yachts.

Altogether we saw seven yachts during the race.

We arrived at Rio on the 16th February. An awe-inspiring sight awaited us: the Sugarloaf Mountain stood out to the left and the row of skyscrapers lined the shore, with green mountains looming up behind them.

We dropped anchor in the enormous harbour and found out that we had come twenty-fourth in the race.

At the prize-giving, we were awarded a medal for having crossed the Line and reaching Rio.

I AM A PAINTING.

By Fiona Adams. Std. 6.

When you first look at me, you may think that my home should be the rubbish dump but, in fact, if I had a touch of spring-cleaning, I would be fit for a king's palace.

I will tell you the story of my life. I was started on a wet, dark and rather unpleasant morning in winter, at a little town called Warrington in England, on the twenty-third of February, 1700. My artist was a hard-up young student who had gambling debts and was trying to earn money.

He worked really hard on me, so that he could earn a lot of money because he was going to be taken to jail if he did not pay up soon.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, he finished me in six months and was able to pay nearly all his debts.

I was sold to a rich man who bought paintings for the sake of it. After a while, he went bankrupt and one by one we paintings were all taken off the walls and sent to be auctioned.

When I saw all the people's faces in the auctioneer's room, I hoped I would be sent to someone who would care for me as I felt I was worth good care.

I was sold to a rather nasty-looking man who had, as I had expected, only bought me for someone else. He obviously did not know the first thing about paintings or he would have given a much higher sum for me.

I was taken along some back streets to a broken-down looking house. The walls were going green from the damp and the ceiling had cracks right the way along it. Inside, on an old box, sat a man not unlike, in appearance, to my purchaser. He was smoking an old pipe which smelt as though it had been found in a gutter.

I stayed there about a month until, one night, at about eleven o'clock, I saw two men come into the room with sacks on their backs. In their hands they each had a big stick. One of our owners woke up and .... he was knocked unconscious.

We were all shoved into a bag and were carted off to an old attic nearby where I have remained since, waiting for someone to come and find me!

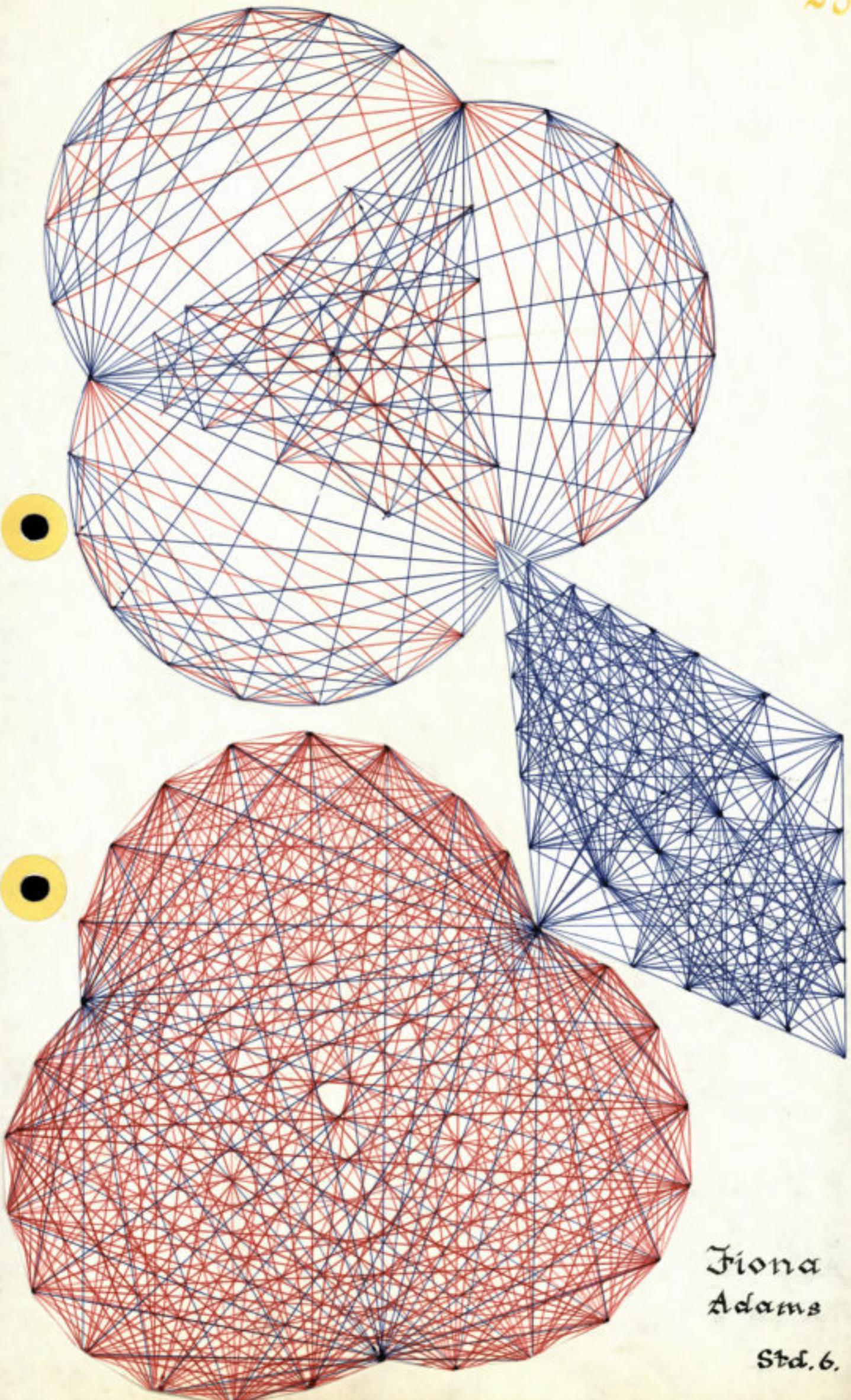
ooo0ooo

MATRONA GALLICA

By Doune Hannay-Robertson. Std.6.

Matrona est pulchra eſ magna. Ea est Matrona Gallica. Metrona duas filias habent. Una fſlia appellatur Julia; altera ſexunda appellatur. Matrona appellatur Cornelia. Julia quindecim annos nata est. Cornelia filias curat et educat. Julia et ſexunda bene recitant. Cornelia fabulam novam narrat et filiae audiunt. Fabula nova ſexundam et Juliam delectat.

ooo0ooo



Fiona  
Adams

Std. 6.

24

JOURNEY INTO NOWHERE

By Erica Bult. Std. 9.

Louise Russel was a typical moody, adolescent and spotty schoolgirl. She regularly studied up the pop stars, wore the latest leather boots, and hero-worshipped the boys in the local motorbike gang. She had many friends in and out of school and was eagerly looking forward to starting work at the end of the year.

On one particular afternoon after playing a strenuous hockey match, Louise had a strange sensation of being followed, and no matter how she varied her route home, she could not get rid of this increasing fear. She arrived home two hours late to her distraught mother who had already rushed round the neighbourhood and phoned the police in an effort to find her. Louise quietly listened to her mother lecturing her as she ate her supper, but she found she did not have the strength to retaliate or even to try to explain the uneasy sensation she had felt that afternoon.

At 1:0 a.m. in the morning her parents were awoken by piercing screams uttered from Louise's room. They hurriedly stormed into the room to find her writhing on the bed with the sheets wrapped round her body, choking her as she turned over. As soon as Louise awoke she burst into tears and went into a cold sweat, but eventually her parents managed to calm her down so that she could run a few sentences together before bursting into tears again.

Apparently, Louise dreamt that she had been walking through a wood which she found extremely beautiful. She had noticed a fairly wide stream flowing to her right, which gently babbled as it tumbled over the small pebbles. In this wood the foliage was particularly green and there were many birds flying low overhead or busily making exquisite nests or pulling up luscious worms. However, this, as far as her parents were concerned, was no explanation for Louise's wild screaming, but they decided to return to bed and discuss the whole thing at breakfast.

Louise woke up to the usual alarm at 7 o'clock and after a lovely warm bath she hurried downstairs to snatch something to eat before she went down to school. The atmosphere at table was extremely tense to say the least. But with gentle persuasion her mother wheedled the whole story out of her: from the previous afternoon's sensations to the strange dream. Actually Louise seemed particularly relaxed and did not seem the slightest bit upset after the evening's antics.

At school, Louise found herself drifting off into a nothingness world during class and found it extremely hard to concentrate. Later, she began to feel as if it were not herself that was controlling her actions. For days this non-existent life continued and, apart from her friend noticing a dramatic change in her, Louise's teacher found it necessary to consult the school

doctor/....

JOURNERY INTO NOWHERE (Cont.)

doctor about the unusual lack of concentration and enthusiasm in class. The doctor could find nothing wrong with her at first but noticed at the end of his examination that the pupils of her eyes dilated rapidly in the presence of light, and did not return to normal for a few minutes. At this, the doctor wrote a letter to her parents requesting them to watch the child's movements in case she might be under the influence of some new drug.

For weeks Louise continued to have these apparent nightmares and after a while her parents noticed her pupils were shaped like a cat's, on awakening her. Also, as time wore on Louise began to be concerned about these dreams. She claimed the wood was getting darker each time she dreamt about it. She felt that the trees and undergrowth were enveloping her and she found it increasingly difficult to return to the clearing she started off in, before she woke up.

Her parents now felt this was a case for the psychiatrist. After many interviews the highly qualified Mr. Evans could only come to the conclusion that Louise was going through an extremely insecure stage, and that plenty of rest would probably be the only cure.

Louise, on the other hand, became increasingly exhausted, as the dreams occurred regularly each night. She also began to wonder when she went to bed whether or not she would be able to find her way back to the clearing again as she found it more difficult each night. She could not fathom what exactly was driving her, but all she knew was that this 'thing' still followed her through the wood until she apparently lost it. She was then faced with the task of finding her way back to the clearing. Every night the undergrowth hampered her more and slowed her down so much she was sure 'it' would catch up with her soon.

A few months later Louise was taken away from school as she could no longer work and her mother felt she wanted to be near her child in case of need. Louise's drifting during the day subsided a little, but one afternoon she rushed into her mother's room practically hysterical with fear. Eventually she managed to blurt out the words that she was sure that she would never be able to find her way back to the clearing that night, and begged her mother not to let her go to sleep. Louise stayed awake for two days and two nights, but eventually their doctor was requested to help her sleep for the sake of her health.

Louise did not know what the injection was for, but slept soundly that night. Maybe she did dream again that night; but she certainly did not find her way back to the clearing!

ooo0ooo



WHEN RELATIVES COME TO STAY

By Tjitske Post. Std. 8.

Whether or not I like the idea of relatives coming to stay, depends on which of the thousands it is, and when they decide to make an appearance. I love it when they come at Christmas because this is the time when they come armed with lots and lots of presents. (This applies especially to old aunts). In mid-winter there is not nearly as much to do as at any other time, so it is not as pleasant, except for the fact that it is my birthday during this period and often they bring me a present or some money to spend.

If relatives let us know when they are coming, there is a general spring-cleaning of the house, especially if it is grand-mamma. However, if they just appear out of the blue, there is a mad rush for the linen-cupboard and then to the spare room, which my little brother occupies at other times. It is usually littered with toys and books, but luckily for us, our relatives do not mind this rushed, unprepared state of affairs.

One thing I dislike intensely, is to be left at home to try to cope with all my cousins, all younger than I, because my parents have decided to go out with my aunts and uncles. It sounds as if we could have fun, but the younger ones refuse to go to bed and persist in shouting, screaming and chasing the cats up and down the passage. Then the one nearest to me in age, who is ten, really hates me and tries to be as cheeky and superior as she can be. However, all my cousins on my Dad's side get on very well with us and we have great fun.

When all my cousins are here, my room is forever being ransacked. This happens whether I close my door ask them sweetly and politely not to; or whether I shout and scream at them.

They spend their lives crying and laughing and chasing the poor chickens around the garden.

For all these reasons, I much prefer my older relatives. They have extremely interesting stories to tell of their youth and of the World Wars. They seem to have been much naughtier than we are in our day, but at least they don't pull the cat's tail or chase the chickens around the garden, and generally the house is much more peaceful. They donot mind the youth of today, so I do not really have to dress up to please them.

What usually happens, when relatives do come to stay, is that they enjoy the climate, the food and the general country life, that they want to stay for much longer than they had ever intended, and quite soon they can become a menace.

When they do eventually leave, their cars crammed full of flowers and plant cutting, we're usually sad to see them go, although a few days before, we would have done anything to get them out of the house. However, during their stay we were made to raise our standards, which probably did us a great deal of good.

ooo0ooo

SYMBOLS

By Gill Turner. Matric.

Yesterday I saw the first symbols of winter. Leaves fell slowly on me as I walked through the silently dying garden. In the air was already the scent of decay. The sun hung pallid in a watery sky, I felt the overwhelming sadness that such signs always bring and in my heart I longed for the yellow ray of the late season.

But suddenly it struck me that all this was only a symbol, the signs of a false winter. My imagination had deceived me. I felt rejuvenated and so much happier. I started thinking how much symbols mean to us in our day to day existence.

In the morning the day is heralded by a gradual lightening of the sky. Black turns through grey to blue and the day puts on a multi-coloured dressing-gown and steps down to breakfast. The fear-darkness of the night is dispelled and reassuring colours once more deck the land.

And then the city, from a distance bright and shining like an angel's vision, symbolizing all our ambitions, appears to me as I progress past the dull suburban houses with their suburban swimming pools. Millions of Joneses forever keeping up.

Skyscrapers thrust at the sky, a visual demonstration of man's aspirations to rise in all spheres. The man at the top of the building as always the boss.

As I walk along the streets I see in the gutters harsh evidence of man's degradation. Crushed cigarette butts lie waiting to be picked up, side by side with yesterdays discarded news. The shards of broken bottles are in the parking lots with spent matches impatiently tossed aside. And over all the city belch the high chimneys, their black smoke the sign of man's ruthlessness, his willingness to destroy his environment for more pecuniary gain. Everywhere around me are advertisements, gaudy billboards playing on man's desires for prestige, comfort and sex, telling him to buy a radio, a car, vacuum cleaner, a packet of cigarettes .....

And in the evening, returning to my countryside, as the age-old cycle begins to end, I feel the coldness, the bleak oppression of a winter that is really coming.

Symbols signify reality.

ooo0ooo

HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT BETWEEN WARS

By Christina Murray. Matric.

(Written at the time of the Munich Olympics last year)

Once between two atom bombs balanced a sick society of fleeing Asians, Coca Cola tins and cigarettes-cum-cancer, poisoning like a trapeze artist skyscraping without a net.

Weekly congresses and meeting of many nations were held to try to save the situation and, between cups of china tea and finely-cut egg sandwiches, secretaries of state tossed the problem to army-protected presidents.

Millions were spent, one fortune counteracting the other, but it was essential that Apollo should not fall or Atlas drop the globe. This would lead to disaster as all the king's horses had become guerrillas and terrorists (except for a few who were freedom fighters). They could not communicate either as some spoke Israeli, some Arabic and the rest Chinese.

Inflation balanced the ball from left to right wing as men made more easy-open cans and nuclear weapons balanced the ball from right to red.

Nobody could cure the society caught critically between communities and an unknown Western virus as the sub-societies of Mahyong, Chess and Bridge calculated one another. Aware and unaware of the balancing ball the societies share and separate, love and fight, striving towards, as their ultimate end, the best bomb.

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THE VOYAGE OF THE EMILY HOBHOUSE

By Susan Howes. Std. 7.

At last the great day had arrived - we were leaving Toulouse to return to our own base in Simonstown - to join the South African fleet and become a powerful addition to our navy and help defend the vital sea routes of the Republic.

With the Emily Hobhouse dressed overall we were moved away from the quay to the stirring notes of the 'Marsellaise', followed by our own anthem 'Die Stem'. Many of the friends which we had made during our period in France were there to see us off, and we were sad in one way to say goodbye or, perhaps, 'au revoir' to these kind people who had been so hospitable during our stay in the South of France.

Soon we were well out to sea with our submarine working at maximum efficiency - a reflection of the many hours we had spent in training during the months which had just past.

For several days all went very smoothly and while I was on duty at my radar equipment nothing of interest took place.

Early one morning my equipment showed that an unidentified submarine was following us. It didn't respond to our signals so after several hours we decided to come to surface.

About/....

THE VOYAGE OF THE EMILY HOBBHOUSE (Cont.)

About two kilometres away was the very latest Russian submarine and it was very interested in our vessel and, after circling us and taking photographs, it moved away at a very high speed.

After many days we began to get excited when we looked to the horizon and saw Table Mountain. We cruised slowly to Simons-town to be greeted by our sister snips and then by the chief of the navy. Loud cheers echoed across the dockyard and there were our own families waiting for us to rejoin them.

At last we were here, having had a wonderful voyage and now being the latest addition to the strength of our own South African Navy.

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TAKING IT EASY

By Nicola Fouché. Std. 8.

Taking it easy simply means not worrying about what is going to happen in the future. Just live for today and not tomorrow, i.e. taking life as it comes. But this I suppose is controlled by your nature, If you are a born worrier you will find it more difficult to take things easy than someone who is a happy-go-lucky person.

Many people have different ways of taking it easy. Young children like going to the beach instead of going to school. On specially hot days they like to catch a tan and swim in the crystal clear sea water. Some people like to go yachting or boating. This can be great fun, especially if there is a strong wind blowing. Most of today's younger generation enjoy spending their holidays surfing on one of the many, sunny beaches. This, though it seems to be a leisurely sport, requires much skill and can be dangerous. Riding is very popular among the horse-lovers and some people like to spend whatever time they have to spare with their horses, cleaning, riding or feeding them. Mountain climbing and various kinds of sport - tennis, hockey and netball - are popular sports in one's leisure hours. The indoor type of person enjoys reading good literature or doing some types of sewing; tapestry for instance. Cooking is a form of relaxation for some people, while others prefer working in the garden. I know, cos my mother can't keep out of the garden and often spends till late at night working by the light from the nearby street lamp!

For the older generation a lazier leisure time is spent. They like going for Sunday afternoon drives and have tea on route. One day I went to the beach to watch some friends surf and at about two o'clock a car of old ladies arrived. They stayed for about 2½ hours just watching the sea - a wonderful way of relaxation. The older men enjoy a quiet game of bowls. Some of them even take it up seriously, entering competitions and so forth.

We must/....

TAKING IT EASY (Cont.)

We must not forget sleeping, which, of course, is by far the most popular form of 'taking it easy'. Certainly it is with my father! People, after a hectic day, always retire to bed with a good book and in no time at all they are fast asleep.

My favourite ways of taking life easy are without doubt lying on the soft sand of the beaches with sun-tan oil trickling down my legs, and also playing a strenuous game of tennis. For a quiet evening spent at home, I usually sit in front of the fire with a blanket wrapped round me, sipping cups of coffee.

From what you have heard, 'taking it easy' has a different interpretation for each and every one of us, and appeals to all kinds of people, whether young or old!

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THE KIND MAN

By Lynne Slingsby. Std.9.

It had been ten years at least since I had last seen Ronald Seymour. I had hoped never to see him again. When I heard that he had arrived in town I was amazed at the sheer cheek of it. That he, who had so much reason to fear me should come to this out-of-the-way little town, of which I am the magistrate, seemed at the time little short of madness.

In a small town like Smithville rumours spread like wild fire and of course I had heard a lot about Ronald Seymour before I ever encountered him again. There was nothing tangible, but he seemed to evoke a fear and disquiet in most people. I kept my own council, but nodded in agreement. The stranger seemed to keep much to himself for he was seldom seen on the streets and seemed to have no acquaintances among the townfolk.

It was one of those hot, dry summers which cause an uneasiness, and the boys seemed to run wild. I mention this because that summer caused the downfall of my own son.

I was dozing in my chair when I was suddenly awakened by a loud knocking on my door. I took a moment to orientate myself, and it crossed my mind that Jody, my son, had not returned home. I opened the door and the constable, with Jody beside him, greeted me with "Can I have a word with you Sir?"

The story that followed was truly an amazing one. Jody out of curiosity or rebellion had stolen my gun and entered Mr. Seymour's house. Whether he expected to meet Ronald Seymour I have established but in point of fact he did. He pointed the gun and demanded his money. According to the policeman's report Mr. Seymour continued to sit staring into the fire. He did not even turn round but said quietly, "You will find some money in the desk over there". I am sure my boy did not expect this approach but having started something he could hardly back down. He grabbed the money, a fairly tidy sum, and started to leave. Ronald Seymour turned round and looked the boy in the eye and said, " Don't you thank me? for I have given you smmething". Jody told me afterwards that

he/.....

THE KIND MAN (Cont.)

he could not take his eyes from Mr. Seymour's but, trembling, managed to thank him before running off to bump straight into the local policeman on his rounds. The money spilt from Jody's clenched fists and Jody, with little encouragement related the story to the policeman.

My first reaction was one of dismay and disbelief; my son a thief. As I dwelt on the story and analysed it and heard the story from Ronald Seymour's own lips, I was truly grateful that my son's first crime was committed against so great and just man. This act of humanity was to teach us all a lesson but the tragedy lies in Mr. Seymour's untimely death the next day.

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THE MALAY GIRL

By Dayle Meatchem. Std.9.

Mabel and Jim Hathing, recently married, had found a delightful thatched cottage on the border between South Africa and Zambia. Being alone in these parts, and Jim being at work the whole day, Mabel decided to employ someone to help her with the house and also to keep her company.

The only servant girl available, was an old Malay girl, very sly-looking with huge slanting eyes. Mabel was desperate for some help and after a while the girl proved efficient, so her doubts about her ceased.

The couple lived as any normal couple lived for a couple of months, until they began to notice very odd behaviour in the old Malay girl. She shifted about the house in her plaintive old way, but her eyes portrayed a look of complete mystery and evil, as if she were living in another world.

Together with the behaviour of the maid, strange things began to happen in the cottage. The couple were rudely awakened one night with the tremendous banging and clanging of windows and the huge wooden door.

"It's probably just the wind", Jim muttered, knowing very well that there was no wind.

"I'll fix some bolts on the door in the morning", he said. Alas, the bolts and planks did nothing to stop the "wind". At two the next morning the banging recurred, but it was louder and closer this time. Mabel and Jim soon began to have their doubts about this "delightful thatched cottage" full of wonders. Mabel, who could endure it no longer, decided to ask in the village.

She bumped into the estate agent, who had sold them the cottage, and he explained that the Malay girl was known to be a witch, and she practised black magic, casting evil spirits. He said that they must pour boiling water around the kitchen table when the banging started.

The next morning, Mabel and Jim, on hearing the banging, crept into the kitchen, and poured boiling water all around the kitchen table. This was followed by gurgling and cursing screams.

They/....

THE MALAY GIRL (Cont.)

They crept back to bed and sighed, as the banging ceased.

Mabel was cooking breakfast the next morning, when Mala, the Malay girl, eyed her suspiciously, asking if she could leave to find another job.

Mabel, without turning around, said yes she might, and then took a quick glance at Mala, who was leaning against the table, her body covered with huge blisters and burns.

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PORTRAIT OF A NONENTITY

By Susan Dowdle, Std. 9.

The groping hand of Mr. John Brown reached out to silence the alarm clock at seven o'clock on the morning of Tuesday the 14th June. He yawned and looked around his "bedsitter" on the second floor at 14A, Chesterton Gardens. He recognised every little detail in that room, which was not surprising. Had he not been living there for the past fifteen years?

He lit the gas-ring and made a cup of coffee, cooked his egg for exactly six minutes and ate his cornflakes. He shaved, and dressed in his usual dark suit, took his umbrella from the hallstand, put on his bowler hat and set off for the bus stop.

On his way, he stopped to buy a newspaper, and made a point of not greeting the newspaper man, because he never got a reply. On the bus, he wedged himself in between the people having a conversation across him, and almost through him, as though he did not exist.

He reached the office at nine minutes to eight, one minute later than average, and joined the happy crowd talking outside the life. No-one included him in the exchange of bright "good-mornings"; a fact that he did not really regard as remarkable because, after all, nothing had happened to him the night before, as it seemed to have happened to everyone else, and "good morning" is not a thing onesays unless one has something to say afterwards. He entered the lift unobtrusively, and to avoid catching anyone else's eye, stared fixedly at the lift attendant's back. Jimmy they called him. "Good morning", Jimmy", everybody said, "Morning Miss, Morning Ma'am, Morning Sir". Strange that he should envy Jimmy whose salary was lower and whose pension was far less secure!

The work on his desk was fairly straightforward and did little to engage his mind or his interest. The telephone on his desk rang, and he lifted the handset with eager alacrity.

"Sorry, wrong number".

"No matter," he thought, "There have been occasions when they wanted me".

Five o'clock came, as somehow it always did. The way home was the mirror image of the way there.

He sorted through the letters that the landlady always left for the residents on the plate in the hall. There was nothing for him. One day he would stop doing that, too - looking.

ooo0ooo



Morag Currie.

Std. 8.

JOURNEY'S END

By Gaile Parkin. Std. 9.

So far in my life, I have encountered many journeys, either sad, amusing or just plain boring, but each journey has always ended on a suicidal note, summed up in one word - catastrophe!

Our arrival in Cape Town from Bulawayo is an occasion I shall never forget - by no means through want of trying.

The train steamed leisurely into the station, a mere five hours late, and we unloaded everything, sending my brother to fetch our four dogs from the guard's van.

A most unwise move.

Glancing up minutes later, Mother observed four small dogs charging with incredible velocity towards her, an hysterical boy in hot pursuit. Letting out a loud scream of recognition, as well as a few other words, she dashed forward to meet them. The dogs, terrified by the screaming woman advancing upon them in knobbly-kneed indignity, turned tail and fled, bowling my brother over on the way. What happened next, I do not know - I was too busy gazing disowningly in the opposite direction.

When the ripple of laughter had finally faded into the inaudible distance, I turned around nonchalantly - no dogs, no family.

Doubting the fact that I would be looked for if I went wandering off, I seated myself vigilantly amongst our luggage. Surely they had to come back for that?

A stomach-rumbling hour later, four dogs, bored with christening pillars, suitcases and unsuspecting people, puffed their way to my side, and were soon lost in blissful dreams of the morning's chase.

Mother, brother and sister, accompanied by two policemen, appeared on the horizon later that afternoon. The family was duly reprimanded and placed in my custody.

When we were settled in Cape Town, one of our dogs, who had, for obvious reasons, been treated with more than a touch of disrespect, developed bronchitis.

One night it was particularly bad, and I stayed up trying to comfort her. Her breathing was slow and difficult, and she appeared to be in great pain. I fetched the old family remedy, the brandy bottle, and gave her a large dose. This had a miraculous effect; she jumped up, swayed on her unsteady feet, rolled her eyes together, stuck out her tongue, produced a burp of appreciation, and died.

Her short journey through life had ended, and there are many times when I envy her peace.

Life is a journey that we must all undertake, and the end is inevitable. Every day brings us nearer to the destined graveyard.

As for myself, I am quite prepared to go on with the plain, ordinary run of life, but I would rather that ended, than endure another journey with the family .....

A LIFETIME

By B. Borton. Matric

The whiteness of the surf has gone for good,  
The blue of the sea has turned to green,  
And endless footprints in the soft sand, seem  
to make it like a piece of rotting wood.  
Remember that glimpse of heaven as we stood,  
The sun on our hair, casting a golden sheen,  
Our thoughts in the clouds, they were but a dream  
As those memorable days are gone for good.

The sand is hard now, the surf is white,  
The green of the sea is turned to blue.  
The day was long, but now it is night.  
My day was spent longing for you.  
Why do you not tell me where you hide?  
Or did you flee with the changing tide?

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SUNSET

By Phebe O'Neill. Std. 6.

Building up to a crimson blaze,  
Radiating further and further  
                  throughout the sky,  
The sun sinks gradually beyond  
                  the horizon  
Leaving colours to fade to subtler  
                                  shades  
Of mauve and rose and then  
                                  dove grey.

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MA GRANDMÈRE

By C. Moni. Std. 8.

Ma grandmère était Italienne. Elle était venue en Afrique du Sud quand elle était très jeune et elle avait rencontré et épousé mon grandpère à Johannesburg.

Elle était très petite et elle mettait les souliers avec des talons très hauts qui la faisaient plus grande. Elle était pleine de joie de vivre, elle aimait beaucoup les belles robes, et les bijoux. Elle était toujours gaie et quand on allait la trouver chez-elle, elle avait toujours des gâteaux et des bonbons pour nous.

Après la mort de mon grandpère elle avait vendu la maison de famille et vivait dans un appartement à Sea-Point avec une de ses belles - soeurs. Quand elle venait chez-nous elle nous racontait des histoires de sa vie.

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MILK BOTTLES

By Kathy Caradoc-Davies. Matric

The familiar milk bottle forms an essential part of our everyday existence as it contains one of nature's most important products, milk. Every morning the milkman brings bottles of milk to our front doorsteps. However, it is strange to think that the glass milk bottle is a comparatively modern invention, in all the years that milk has been used.

Many years ago milk was not treated before it was drunk. People drank their milk straight after it had come from the cow. In the Middle Ages it was part of the every-day routine to go and collect milk from the milkman, The householder would carry his bucket to the milkman who stood with his cow in the street and he would receive a bucketful of warm frothy milk. In Victorian times, the method of obtaining milk became more refined and milkmaids brought the milk round to the houses in pails.

During the last century, Louis Pasteur discovered germs and that they were the cause of illness. He found that these germs were also present in milk. Pasteur then developed the process of pasteurization, by which the milk is treated to kill the germs that it contains. Now, all the milk that is sold is pasteurized milk.

The process of pasteurization and the result of the process makes us forget that the milk originally came from a cow. The milk is heated to a high temperature to kill all the bacteria that it contains. The bottles are sterilized in hot water. The milk is then cooled and bottled. The bottles are then passed on a conveyor belt to have their silver tops attached. When this is completed the bottles of milk are ready to be sold. After buying milk, the housewife places the bottles in the refrigerator where they are kept for use. We have certainly progressed a long way from the time when milk was obtained straight from the cow standing in the street.

Nowadays, glass milk bottles are being replaced by those which are made of plastic. There is a new invention of plastic bottles which disintegrate after a certain period of time, thus preventing sour milk from being sold as fresh milk. Plastic bottles are far easier to dispose of than glass milk bottles thus they are an aid to prevent pollution.

Milk is now also sold in plastic bags. For how much longer will milk bottles be used to contain milk?

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EEN DAG IN HET JAAR 3000.

By Katinka Honig. Std. 6.

Het was morgen. Ik drukte op een knopje en daar kwam een robot aan. Hy deed de gordijn, en open en ziei goedemorgen. Ik stond op deed myn kleren aan stapte in de auto en reed naar de eetsaal. Het was niet ver, maar och, waarom zou ik lopen. Ik riep een woord en het eten stond op tafel. Na het ontbijt besloot ik even boodschappen te gaan doen. Ik reed weer in myn kleine autootje naar het vliegtuig en vloog naar de maan. Daar aangekomen sprenkelende ik wat poeder over mijn voeten, zei een woord, en zweefde meteen naar de winkel waar ik heen wilde.

Onderweg zag ik mijn vriendin en zei weer een geheimzinnig woord, bleef in de lucht op de zelfde plaats, praatte even, en zweefde weer verder. De omgeving op de maan was precies het tegenovergestelde van de omgeving van de aarde. De lucht was groen en het grass blauw: de mensen op maan hadden een been en vijf armen: ze leefden met hun hoofd naar beneden en hun benen omhoog. Ik was klaar met boodschappen.

Ik wou mijn vriend op de planeet pluto even opzoeken. Ik riep weer een geheimzinnig woord en op het zelfde moment kwam er een vliegtuig en weg ging ik. Ik bleef daar voor een week op Pluto. Daar waren de mensen weer anders. De mensen heten "wiebels." Het is 'n gekke naam maar dat komt omdat we mensen worden genoemd. We wandelden over de bomen op Mars, het was zalig want de aantrekkings. Kracht was hier zo licht. Als je op de grond stond en sprong ging je zo vijf meter in de lucht. De vogels waren lange veren en middenin zag je twee kleine oogjes en ein bekje. De zon ging onder achter de wolken en kwam 's morgens opdoemen aan de horizon. De lucht was dan prachtig paars en de bomen, de blauw waren gaven een mooi en lelijk effect. We deden 's avonds "knots" en dat is een spelletjie het zelfde als bridge. De mensen hier, hadden op hun voeten haren en kaal hoofd. Het is natuurlyk wel een beetje gek, maar je zal er wel aan wennen als je ze een tydje genien hebt. Zy vinden tenslotte ook ons raar. De geleerden hebben uitgevonden dat Pluto vierkant van vorm is en dus kunnen de mensen niet aan de onderkant leven, want Pluto draait niet om zijn as.

Ik ben in het vliegtuig inmiddels teruggevlogen en is nu weer op mijn eigen huis op aarde.

oooOooo

JAPAN

By K. Caradoc-Davies. Matric.

Old Japan

Until the last half of the nineteenth century Japan was organised on a feudal system. The emperor or mikado claimed descent from the sun goddess and appointment by divine right. The mikado was a figurehead and he was held in great reverence by his people although he took no part in the government of Japan. The mikado lived in seclusion at the palace at Kyoto.

The real political power was exercised by the shoguns who were feudal princes. The title of shogun became hereditary in the Tokugawa family. The various provinces in Japan were governed by daimios who were feudal lords. The daimio of the Tokugawa clan had to wage constant war against the other daimios to keep himself in power. The Daimios were served by samurai who were armed servants. Below the samurai were the farmers who were the chief tax payers and the artisans. Below these were the merchants and below them were the peasants.

When the young mikado took over complete control of the government in 1867, the daimios lost all their feudal privileges. In 1871 he abolished feudalism and a universal military service was set up to replace the samurai. The mikado abandoned his former seclusion and the court was moved from Kyoto to Yedo, later named Tokyo.

How Japan's isolation was broken.

During the sixteenth century the Portuguese began to trade with Japan and they were followed by the Spanish and the Dutch. Francis Xavier established a Catholic mission. The shogun became suspicious of the intentions of the europeans and banned Christianity in 1614 and excluded all foreign powers in 1640. Thus a period of isolation began in Japan which lasted until the middle of the nineteenth century.

Japan's isolation was broken in 1853 by the visit of four American warships. Under Commodore Perry. He wanted to gain a promise for the protection of American trade from the Japanese government. Perry returned to Japan two years later and signed a Treaty of Amity and Friendship whereby two ports were opened to American ships and certain privileges were given to American trade. Similar treaties were made with Britain, Holland, Russia and France. Japan had now been opened to european trade.

This resulted in a political revolution in the country. Certain feudal lords wanted to overthrow the shogun and restore the mikado's authority. A civil war followed. In 1867 the Shogun was forced to resign and the Mikado Mutsuhito took over the complete control of the country. The end of isolation was the beginning of a period when Japan adopted what she pleased from Western civilization.

Westernization of Japan.

The mikado abolished feudalism in 1871. The daimios had to give up their feudal privileges and the peasants became the owners of the land they tilled. Local government was handed over to prefects. The samurai were replaced by a universal military service.

The mikado granted a new constitution in 1889 which was based on that of Germany and in which there was no mention of the political rights of the people. The parliament or diet consisted of two houses:- The House of Peers, consisting of nobles appointed by the emperor for life, and the House of Representatives, which was elected by people who owned a certain amount of land,

A new legal system was established . In 1880 a modern criminal code drawn up by a French jurist was adopted and the prison system was improved. In 1898 a new civil code, based on German civil law, was introduced.

Military and naval reorganization took place. A strong national army was needed to replace the samurai fighting forces. In 1870 Yamagata visited Europe and studied the methods of the Prussian army and arranged for Prussian instructors to come to Japan. In 1873 conscription was introduced and a national army was brought into existence. The samurai were not satisfied with the changes and revolts occurred from time to time. Money built up the Japanese navy on British lines.

After 1871 the educational system was changed as Japan realized that the secret of Western success lay in education. In 1871 a Department of Education was set up and in 1872 an Education Act was passed making public education compulsory. Schools and universities were modelled on those of Europe. Teachers were encouraged to go to Europe to study at the European universities.

Transport was westernized. Communications were improved. Sea-going ships were constructed and merchant vessels began to visit the ports of Europe, America and Australia. In 1872 the first railway line was opened from Tokyo to Yokohama.

An industrial revolution took place towards the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth century. Experts were brought to Japan to give technical advice. The first industries that were developed were those of military importance, such as armament works, iron foundries, shipyards, and naval ships. Coal, copper and iron were mined with the aid of European experts. Cotton and silk mills and factories, producing a large variety of articles, were established. There was a large supply of cheap labour. Japan's export trade increased steadily as a result of the increasing industrial activities.

Japan had experienced a social, economic and constitutional revolution by the beginning of the twentieth century and she had become a strong westernized state in the Far East.

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DOLPHINS

By C. Croudace Matric.

White-sided, Pacific Short-beaked, White-beaked, Common dolphins, Dussumiers, Cape, Red Bellied, Slender, Malay, Bottle-nosed, Rough-toothed, Speckled ..... Those are various types.

Pelorus Jack, the self-appointed guide of many ships plying between Pelorus Sound and French Pass, was a Risso's dolphin. Jack would dart out from an unknown hiding, place himself at the head of a ship which emerged from the Sound, and, romping and leaping through the water, would accompany the ship to the entrance

of the/...

DOLPHINS (Cont.)

of the Pass. There his act of pilotage ended, and he would return to the Sound.

Only certain ships were thus honoured. Whereas whales will attack sailing ships, but flee from the sound of a steamer's propellers, Jack ignored the sailing vessel and favoured only steamers, and not even all steamers either. He would view big newcomers with suspicion and then turn from his inspection. But other ships he knew, and he sped like a vast silver torpedo to meet and lead them.

Jack was as well known as any human pilot. Wretched traitors tried to shoot him for what they called sport, so the New Zealand government passed an order in Council specially protecting Jack from any harm. He met with one accident, hit by the prow of a ship to which he hung too near, so he hid and healed for nine months, then came out remembering; never again did he touch a vessel.

What became of him is not known. He was on his beat from 1889 until 1914; then in the war all trace of him was lost. He was scarred all over from the claws and suckers of the cuttles on which he fed. Let us hope that he did not find too many cuttles for one meal and so become a meal for many.

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POLLUTION

By Rachel Brown. Std. 7.

Congested lungs  
coughing out putrid smoke  
Polluting the innocent world  
around it.  
Factory chimneys  
happily churning out  
black smoke turning  
the once blue sky  
into a menacing grey.

Motorcars racing through  
the fresh countryside  
so different from  
the city air, but still  
behind them they  
leave these menacing  
fumes adding to the  
ever increasing  
Pollution!

ooo0ooo

GRIEKELAND

By Dorothy Beukes. St. 9.

Griekeland en al die Griekse eilande in die Middellandse See, is van die interessanste plekke op aarde. Dit het ek ontdek toe my ouers en ek die afgelope wintervakansie 'n reis na Griekeland onderneem het.

Ons heteers per vliegtuig van Johannesburg af na Athene gevlieg. Wat was ons verbasing groot toe ons reg voor ons hotelkamer die groot historiese pilare van Zeus kon sien. Links of die agtergrond het ons ook 'n uitsig gehad op die wêreld beroemde Akropolis. Dit is die heilige berg van die ou klassieke Grieke. Daar het die groot staatsman Pericles die pragtige temples opgerig en daar het hy ook sy beroemde toesprake gelewer.

Athene was vir ons baie interessant en ons het na die museums gaan kyk waar 'n mens pragtige standbeelde van die klassieke tydperk kan sien. Hoewel Athene verskeie kere vernietig is, het die Grieke dit weer herbou. Vandag is Athene een van die mooiste stede in Europa.

Maar nog interessanter vir my was 'n reis op 'n Griekse boot na die bekende eilande in die Middellandse See. Ons het met die luukse boot 'Orion' eers na die eiland Kreta gevaar. Daar het ons gaan kyk na die ou paleis van Knossos wat in die tydperk 3000 jaar voor die geboorte van Christus 'n baie hoë beskawing gehad het.

Ons het ook na die groot Turkse stad Istanbul gegaan en al die wonderlike dinge daar gesien.

Vir my was die interessanste egter die besoek aan die eiland Santorini. Daar moes ons met esels die berg opry om by die dorp te kom. Van daar af kon ons sien hoe 'n aardbewing baie duisende jare gelede die grootste deel van die eiland in die see laat sink het.

Dit is 'n gesig en 'n reis wat ek nooit sal vergeet nie.

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VANDAG VERJAAR EK

By Gwen Makepeace. St. 10

Ek staar ellendig na die plafon. Ek kan die verpleegsters deur die saal hoor rondloop, en 'Goeie Mōre' sê. Maar ek wil nie vir hulle 'Goeie Mōre' sê nie. Dit is dieselfde elke mōre van die week. Ons word om sesuur wakker, die verpleegsters groet ons, en dan kry ons ons onthyt. En vandag is net soos enige ander dag. Maar vir my is dit 'n spesiale dag. Dis my eie dag, ja, my verjaarsdag.

Ek onthou my verjaarsdāe van my kinderjare. In die oggend het ek vroeg opgestaan, gelukkig en opgewonde. Toe het my familie vir my 'n gelukkig dag gewens. Daar was baie geskenke en soene, en kaartjies van die res van my familie. In die middag het al my vriendinne na my verjaarsdag partytjie gekom, en daar was 'n groot koek met kerse. En by my plek op tafel was daar altyd 'n enkele rooi roos.

Ek onthou/...

VANDAG VERJAAR EK (Cont.)

Ek onthou ook my een-en-twintigste verjaarsdag en die groot party waar almal so gelukkig was. My pa het 'n toespraak gehou, en toe moes ek ook 'n toespraak aflewer. Ja, daardie dae was ek so jonk en lewendig en 'n verjaarsdag was so 'n gelukkige geleentheid.

Maar nou is dit 'n ander saak. Nou is ek 'n ou siek vrou, twee-en-sewentig jaar oud, en ek het geen familie wat oorgebly het nie. Wie is daar nou wat my verjaarsdag sal onthou? Wie gee vir my om?

Ek lê plat op my rug en ek voel neerslagtig en gekrenk. Niemand het vir my ,gelukkige verjaarsdag' gesê nie, nie eers die verpleegsters nie.

Toe hoor ek die stem van 'n verpleegster langs my, ,Hier is jou onthou, Mevrouw du Toit'.  
,Ek is nie honger nie'.  
,Kom Mevrouw, kyk wat ek jou gebring het". Ek kyk styf round. My kos is mooi uitgelê op 'n speciale silwer skinkbord, en daarop lê daar 'n enkele rooi roes.  
,Gelukkige verjaarsdag' sê sy.

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DIE PERSOON WAT EK ALTYD SAL ONTHOU

By Gwen Makepeace. Matric.

Sy was die verpleegster wat vir my gesorg het die maande dat ek volgens die ongeluk in die hospitaal was.

Voor die dag van die ongeluk was ek 'n gelukkige, vrymoedige jongmens, verlief op die hele wêreld. Ek sou kort-kort aan 'n baie gawe man getroud wees. Maar eendag het 'n motor deur die rooi lig gery terwyl ek besig was om oor die pad te stap ....

Die verpleegster was saam met my toe ek gehoor het dat my bene heeltemal verlam was, en dat ek nooit weer sou kon loop nie. Daardie dag het sy lank met my gepraat oor die lewe en die lyding wat elke mens moet ondergaan. Sy het my verseker dat ek goed sonder my bene sou kon klaarkom.

Die verpleegster was ook saam met my toe ek eers besef het dat my verloofde nie met 'n kreupel wou trou nie. Daardie dag het ek gevoel dat ek van nul waarde was nie, en sonder haar hulp sou ek glad nie daardie dag deurgekom nie. Sy het lank met my gepraat en haar stem was sag, kalm en versekerend. Stadig het ek my selfrespek en my moed teruggekry.

Ek verstaan nou hoe slim sy was en hoe hard sy gewerk het om my te hulp. Sy het my saam met mense wat ernstige as my

beseer/....

DIE PERSOON WAT EK ALTYD SAL ONTHOU (Cont.)

beseer was, gesit sodat ek nie so selfsugtig sou voel nie. Elke dag het sy nuwe idees gehad om my besig te hou. Sy het my leer verf, naaldwerk doen en ook blokkieraaaisels doen. En sy het my altyd klein komplimente gegee oor my werk, dat ek meer selfmoed sou hê.

Toe ek uit die hospitaal ontslaan was, en darem nog vandag, onthou ek die woorde wat sy vir my gesê het, die maande dat ek in die hospitaal gelê het. Ek onthou haar glimlaggende oë en die kalmte van haar stem, en ek weet beslis dat sonder haar sou ek nooit geestelik herstel het nit.

Ja, sy is die mens dat ek altyd sal onthou.

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AS DIE DORP SE KATTE VOOR MY VENSTER KOM KUIER

By Mary Messaris. Std. 7.

Op 'n dag het my ma besluit dat ek my sanglesse moes verbeter, Ek het hard probeer, maar net verniet. Tot my ma se onsteltenis kon ek glad nie goed sing nie.

Eendag in die skool is ek gekies om die hoofrol in 'n toneelstuk te sing. My ma was baie in haar noppies omdat ek haar eëigste dogter is. Dag na dag het ek hard gesing.

Terwyl ek nog eendag so my bes probeer het met die sangery, het ek plotseling 'n vreeslike pyn in my keel gekry. Ek het my ma geroep en sy het dadelik onraad gemerk, en toe het sy die dokter ontbied. Die dokter het dadelik gekom en my deeglik ondersoek. Hy het vasgestel dat ek mangel-ontsteking het. Ek moes dadelik na die hospitaal toe gaan.

By die hospitaal het hulle geen tyd verspil nie. 'n Verpleegster het my op 'n waentjie na die operasiesaal toe gestoot. Binne 'n uur is my mangels uitgehaal. Toe ek my bewussyn herwin het was ek in 'n privaat kamer. Na 'n week is ek uit die hospitaal ontslaan om weer met my sang voortgaan.

As gevolg van die mangelontsteking was my stembande aangetas en my sang was selfs nog slegter. Toe hom selfs die dorp se kaate voor my venster staan om saam met my te sing. Die toe dat my ma ten lange laas, en tot my groot vreugde besluit om my sanglesse te stop!

ooo0ooo

Tie a



**YELLOW**



● ribbon round the

**OLD OAK TREE**



● **STARRING**

**T. POST**



**B. WARD-ABLE**

**E. PRAY**

**F. ADAMS**



**PHOTOGRAPHS: G. PARKIN.**



I'm coming home,  
I've done my time,  
And I've got to know  
What is and isn't mine.



If you received my letter  
Telling you I'd soon be free,  
Then you'll know just what to do  
If you still want me.....



Tie a yellow ribbon  
Round the old oak tree-  
It's been three long years,  
Do you still want me?  
If I don't see a ribbon  
Round the old oak tree,  
I'll stay on the bus,  
Forget about us,  
Put the blame on me,  
If I don't see a yellow ribbon  
Around the old oak tree.



46  
Bus driver, please look for me,  
'Cause I couldn't bear  
To see what I might see.



I'm really still in prison  
And my love she holds the key.  
A simple yellow ribbon's  
What I need to set me free.



Now the whole damn bus  
Is cheering.....  
And I can't believe I see.....

A HUNDRED YELLOW RIBBONS  
ROUND THE OLD OAK TREE !



47

SUN FLIT

By Dawn Garish. Std. 8.

As the sunlight moulds the earth,  
So was my love to you.  
You basked in the flowing warmth,  
And laughed in the glow of the morning.  
You laughed last the care grow too deep,  
Lest the care seep into your soul  
And my love touch the cord of reality,  
Forcing your eyes to meet mine.  
You were there, yes, your body was with me,  
But I could not capture your dreams.  
A cloud came wafting by,  
And what we had was gone.

You turned away, forgetting,  
And looked for another sun.

ooo0ooo

UPON A DISTANT VIEW OF A SPIRE

By Gaile Parkin. Std. 9.

The spire rose up above the quiet church and its music filled the air with the gentle innocence of a Raphael madonna. Far behind it lay an eternity of misty, pale mountains that merged the horizon into pastel non-existence.

The previous night an unwanted guest had parked her ample self upon my spectacles, reducing them to a mangled entanglement of irreparable mutilation. And thus it was that I stumbled out on to the balcony the following morning in a haze of progressive myopia, to see the spire as I had never seen it before.

For the first time, I, a confirmed atheist, saw something of beauty in the house of God. Coleridge once wrote "Little do these men know what Atheism is. Not one man in a thousand has either strength of mind or goodness of heart to be an Atheist", but I do not believe that. I have no need of a God to lean upon, and I have learnt to blame myself when things go wrong. If there is only myself for me to rely upon, I am assured of doing my best.

And yet the spire, bathed in the the tranquillity of the holy morning, seemed so sturdy, so reliable, something to believe in.

I looked down at humanity. Everyone lived differently, everyone spoke differently, everyone thought differently, and yet everyone was following the same call of the spire's bells.

"'Twould ring the bells of Heaven

The wildest peal for years,  
If Parson lost his senses  
And people come to theirs,  
And he and they together  
Knelt down with angry prayers  
For tamed and shabby tigers,  
And dancing dogs and bears,  
And wretched, blind pit ponies,  
And little hunted hares."

were the words of  
Ralph Hodgson, and I have never forgotten them. When people are

not/....

UPON A DISTANT VIEW OF A SPIRE (Cont.)

not too busy praying for themselves, they do occasionally pray for others. But that is all they do for them. Expressing a wish in the church beneath that spire merely makes one feel good. It does nothing to heal the sick or feed the poor.

What is it that brings so many different people together in spiritual unity? God? "God is one's conscience". "God is everywhere". Then why build a church for self-worship? Why build a towering spire to reach God in Heaven?

Absurd!

I remembered what I had learnt as a child: "Men who never change their minds love themselves more than they love the truth". All right, I would visit the spire the following week, by which time, hopefully, I would have obtained a new pair of spectacles.

Meanwhile I learnt to appreciate my misfortune. I could retreat into an oblivious world of my own, that no-one else could see, and when I received my spectacles, I would be able to return to everyone else's world. No matter how hard people "blessed" with perfect sight tried, they would not be able to view the spire as I saw it that morning.

The following Sunday I joined the congregation at the church. But the spire at close quarters was harsh, painfully symbolic of what I could not believe, and it held no meaning for me.

I shall keep my distance.

ooo0ooo

UN INCIDENT PENDANT LES VACANCES

By Fiona McLachlan. Matric.

Au commencement des vacances, mon père decida de déménage nos lions à l'autre "zoo". Nous avions qui s'appelle Leo, une lionne qui s'appelle cider et deux lionceaux. Le lion est tres grand et il est quelquefois tres féfoce, mais la lionne est plus féroce, surtout quand elle a des petits.

Leo est tres majestueux avec sa crinière touffire et on peut comprendre pourquoi le lion est connu comme "le roi de la jungle".

D'abord nous voulions drouguer les parents mais quand ils voyaient la seringue ils s'en doutaient. Enfin nous devions seringuer la drogue dans la bouche. Après avoir attendu pendant une demi-heure, la lionne commençait à tomber comme elle marchait. Tout de suite elle se rendit compte que quelque chose n'allait pas! Elle tombait plus souvent, et puis elle tombait sur les lionceaux, qui la quittaient pour aller a Leo, qui était dans une cage à côté. Quand ils la quittaient, elle devenait desespérée et commençait à rugir.

Au bout de quelques instants elle était si droguée que nous pouvions la porter à la voiture. Puis elle était relachée première dans leur cage neuve.

Avant de droguer Leo nous voulions attraper les lionceaux dans une petite cage mais quand il le vit il se fâcha contre nous, et sauta contre la barrière.

Cependant, enfin, nous les demenageâmes et nous les relachâmes dans la cage ou Cider les attendait. Les lionceaux la virent tout de suite et ils se derigerent vers elle. En tombant encore, elle les lecha, mais quand elle vit Leo, elle trébucha vers lui en regissant heureusement!

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UNE VISITE CHEZ MA GRAND-MÈRE

By Sue Howes.

Aujourd'hui je vais chez ma grand-mère. Je me lève à nuit heures et regarde par la fenêtre. Il fait froid et il pleut. Après, je me lave dans la salle de bains. Je vais a l'armoire et choisit ce que je vais porter. Je mets ma jupe grise et mon tricot rouge, puis je mets mes soulier noirs et mes chaussettes blanches. Parce-qu'il fait froid Maman dit que je doit porter mon manteau et mes ganto, J'apporte mon petit sac rouge. Dans ma poche il ya une jolie mouchoir blanche, Mais maintenant je ne suis pas prêt. Maman crie

"Est ce que tu es prêt?"

"Non Maman, attendez un moment. Je vais aller dans le jardin". Dans deux minutes je vais à la voiture avec un bouquet de belles fleures pair ma grand-mère.

"Maman, je suis prêt, maintenant, allons cheq grand-mère!"

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"ET TU, BRUTE"

By Janet Hanson. Std. 9.

It was a bright and breezy summer's morning in the year 45 B.C. when Caesar returned to Rome. It was a real hero's welcome now that Caesar had defeated Pompey and the Civil War had ended. The streets were a magnificent sight, wide and cobbled between tall, impressive buildings, lined with all the people of Rome and the surrounding countryside. The morning sun glinted and shone off the armour and weapons of the soldiers, and the crisp snow white togas of the people fluttered in the breeze. They went wild with joy and shouted themselves hoarse as their hero came smiling by. He was loaded with gifts and honours from all quarters and generally flattered and made a great fuss of.

But in spite of all this show, some members of the Senate were gradually becoming more and more jealous of him. Some feared that he was making his way to becoming a dictator, by announcing himself king, something which they greatly feared when they remembered how Rome had suffered under her last king.

The conspirators increased in number as summer aged into autumn and finally into winter. They knew that it would not be difficult to rid Rome of Caesar, because Caesar was utterly confident and would not tolerate a bodyguard. Many of the conspirators were mean-minded men who joined the plot out of jealousy and hope of gain, but there was one man who joined the plot for the good of Rome. He was entirely honourable and genuinely believed that for the good of Rome it was necessary that Caesar should die. This was Marcus Brutus who was greatly loved by Caesar.

It was decided that Caesar should die on the Ides of March when he was due to address the Senate.

The 14th of March was a dull and foreboding winter's day. Life carried on as usual in Rome as Caesar prepared the speech that he was to present to the Senate on the following day. As the day wore on, dark and angry clouds gathered around the seven hills of Rome. It seemed as if Jupiter was angry. As darkness fell, a wild storm broke which was to rage all night through. All night the sky was torn by the bellowing thunder and the flashes of lightning.

Terrifying and ghastly sounds were heard throughout the city, and the armour of Mass in the Pontifical Palace crashed to the ground. Calpurnia, wife of Caesar, was tormented all night by fearful nightmares, and before dawn broke, she went to her advisers to find out what they meant. Together they returned to Caesar to ask him to stay at home and not to go to the Senate as all the omens were unfavourable.

Caesar, who was not normally superstitious, listened patiently as he continued to prepare to leave for the Senate. Between them, Calpurnia and her advisers reasoned, begged and pleaded that Caesar should change his mind and stay at home. At last, for a little peace and to pacify his nearly frantic wife, he agreed to stay at home. The advisers, much happier now, left.

However,/.....

"ET TU, BRUTE" (Cont)

However, almost as soon as they had gone, Caesar's great friend, Mark Antony, and one of the traitor conspirators arrived to walk with him to the Senate and, with very little persuasion, he agreed to join them. His tearful wife could not persuade him not to go even when his statue, which stood in the hall, fell and smashed into a hundred pieces.

The three of them walked cheerfully on, discussing the strange events of the previous night. They realized that they were late, and when at the doorway of the Senate Mark Antony was stopped by a friend, Caesar hurried on. Some anxious Roman citizen thrust a scroll with the full account of the plot into Caesar's hands, but he did not have time to read it because he was surrounded at once by hostile men. For an instant Caesar looked into the faces of his murderers - some of them men whose lives he had spared after the Civil War and to whom he had shown great kindness. Caesar was greatly saddened at seeing the man he regarded almost as a son amongst them, and with the words "Et tu, Brute", he died at the foot of Pompey's statue, stabbed in a hundred places.

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HOLIDAY BLISS

By Gwen Makepeace, Matric

Doris hastily snatched up the toys and books scattered across the living room floor and tossed them under the bed in the children's room. Quickly she gathered up the coffee cups and the sundry odd glasses and plates and straightened up the cushions on the settee. The Stuart-Jones's would be arriving any minute and Doris was not going to let them see the house so untidy. They had no children themselves, and would never understand her chaotic family life.

She heard the purr of a Mercedes in their driveway and dashed into the bedroom to comb her hair. "Charles, dear, they're HERE! For goodness' sake, Charles, comb your hair! You can't let the Stuart-Jones' see you like that!"

"Oh, for pete's sake, Doris! What's so special about the Stuart-Jones'?"

"But dear, they're such REFINED people! They've just been to South America, you know. They just wouldn't understand the way we live. Now go and let them IN dear. We mustn't keep them waiting. I'll be with you in a minute".

Charles snorted and went off to the front door, mumbling furiously to himself, "Always trying to impress people".

He opened the door and greeted the guests grimly. "Come in and sit down. The wife's still busy preening herself to impress you, no doubt. She should be through soon". Margaret's eyebrows lifted slightly, but Jeremy chuckled "Women! They're all the same".

Doris/...

HOLIDAY BLISS (Cont.)

Doris came prancing in, with a smile glued to her face. "Margaret, my dear. How wonderful to see you! And you too, Jeremy. Get them a drink, dear. So, do tell us, how did your holiday in Rio go? It must have been too wonderful".

"Oh, Doris, it was simply DIVINE! Wasn't it Jeremy?"

"Yes, dear, simply divine", he repeated, without enthusiasm.

"We had such a lovely time. We did positively everything there was to do. And there was so much! Shame, it's such a pity you two couldn't manage to come along. But, of course, you have the children to look after. It must be such an awful bind being so RESTRICTED! Shame, I believe you went camping", she said pointedly.

"Well, yes we did", Doris answered. "But it was really a lovely holiday, honestly. The children were no trouble at all. Good as gold, weren't they dear?"

"They certainly were", he said. "No wonder either," he thought, since they spent the whole holiday in bed with gastric enteritis.

"The children were absolute angels", Doris went on.

"Yes, well, as I was saying, we took the cablecar up the Sugarleaf. It was most fascinating. It's got a tremendous view".

"We also went mountain climbing", Doris countered. "It was such fun".

"My back foot!" thought Charles. "You saw a snake before we'd even climbed ten foot and screamed your head off till I took you home".

"Anyway", said Margaret, "We also did a lot of waterskiing. Jeremy became quite an expert. He's always been rather gifted at sports, you know".

"Really? Well, actually Charles did quite a bit of surfing, didn't you, Charles dear? He was terribly good, you know".

Charles snorted. "Like hell", he thought, fuming. "Why must she talk such tripe? The first time I tried surfing I fell off and got cracked over the head with the board. And that was definitely the last time", he thought, remembering the swollen black eye he'd had for a week afterwards.

"We spent a lot of time on Copacabana Beach", Margaret was saying. "The weather was simply marvellous, and it's such a lovely stretch of beach".

"We also had good weather. We were at the beach almost all the time, you know. It was so lovely".

This was too much for Charles. "Confound it, Doris!" he bellowed. "You know darn well that we had absolutely terrible weather, and the only time we went to the beach you got stung by a jellyfish and your foot swelled so much you couldn't even walk! The tent leaked, the kids were sick and we had the lousiest

holiday/...

HOLIDAY BLISS (Cont.)

holiday ever!"

There was stunned silence. Margaret's eyebrows had risen noticeably. Finally she spoke. "Oh my, how unfortunate!" But Jeremy had begun to laugh. He shrieked with laughter, in spite of the stern looks from his wife. They all stared at him. Finally he spluttered, "Oh, Charles, if only you knew! Our holiday was absolutely awful! The weather was terrible and Margaret was sick and ....." he doubled up with laughter again.

The women stared at each other. Then Doris grinned.

And suddenly they all began to laugh.

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DIE SKAPIE

By Mary Messaris. Std. 7.

Daar hoog in die berg  
Hoor ek die geblêr  
Van 'n skapie wat soek na haar ma.  
Die skapie is bang  
Dat leeu haar sal vang  
En opvreet as hy haar hoor kla.

Gelukkig vir haar  
Het haar ma haar gewaar  
En gou was die twee bymekaar.  
Met haas gaan hul voort  
Na die kraal waar hul hoort  
Om warm te slaap en weg van gevaar.

ooo0ooo

MY PERD

By Peta-Anne Simpson. Std.6.

Galop, galop, galop  
Ek sit boe op  
hande hou vas  
Did koud onder die jas!

Skielik 'n skop!  
So hard dat my kop  
Nie kan dink nie ...,  
Oor my stoute perdjie.

Wonderlike huis!  
Ek is so bly ek is tuis!  
Toom en saal,....  
Sal ek nou afhaal.

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Elizabeth Mudge

Std. 9.

THERE SHOULD BE A LAW AGAINST HAVING TOO MANY CHILDREN IN A FAMILY

By Christina Murray. Matric.

The voice was caught in a slamming door: "I've got a job!"

He found his mother in their dining room machining quietly to complete the dressmaking before evening. As she looked up and smiled he explained: "It's at the sewage works, first you go to some lectures and you get paid all the time and it's easy to be promoted quick!" He pushed a knife through the bread and gulped a bride-sized slice before phoning to tell Magdaleen.

Tom, appearing as his older brother dialled, asked what was happening.

"Basil has found a job". The mother's eyes were almost as excited as her son's but the needle sewed straight and finished seams.

"Where? How much will he get?"

"It's at the sewage works. I ...."  
Tom ran out with a shriek.

"Angela! Angela-a! Basil's working on a sewage farm!" Together they left holding noses tight between thumbs and first fingers and fanning air violently with the free hand to tell John and the twins.

"To begin this series of lectures we will explain something about our project for the next thirty years. By then there will be twice as many people in Cape Town. We will need twice as many employees, double the amount of machinery and by that time water will be recycled..".

Basil smiled as he pictured telling Tom where his water would be coming from. Slowly he realized the meaning of "twice as many". He looked at his own family, his four brothers and two sisters and he remembered their crowded street.

Thinking slowly as the lecturer's words collected to dis-integrate into loose syllables he toured the Cape to buy ground. When he and Magdaleen married they would need a house and space for their children. He found a plot near Paarl, bought it, signed anything that needed to be signed and became an architect. First a large garage with shelves and a plug for his electric drill. That was a good buy. Just wait for George to see it. He pictured George handling the machine with delicate care, fidgeting with envy and a desire to use it.

" ..... food is another problem ...."

Quickly he sold his land back to the farmer. He remembered a leaflet he had picked up some time ago in the streets: "South Africa cannot continue increasing the production of food as rapidly as the population is increasing". Again he saw the crowded street and the words of a song circled in his mind:

"Three billion people, together, forever,  
Three billion people ..." circling at first with a tune, changing to desperation, a claustrophobic fact, pounding out, too big to imagine, doubled.

The lecturer, black suited with trousers which needed taking/.....

THERE SHOULD BE A LAW AGAINST HAVING TOO MANY CHILDREN IN A FAMILY (Cont.

taking in, waved to a map.

" the main pipe lines of Cape Town .."

Basil watched the mass of tangling lines staring until they vibrated in blurred pattern. He outlined Magdaleen's profile. When he received his first pay packet they could marry and buy a house and have children. Again a phrase from the pamphlet forced itself upon him: "We must control the rapid increase of population - the only way is by having fewer children".

On the way to the 7 o'clock show at the drive-in that evening Magdaleen, happily picturing herself married, suggested, "Basil now you're earning some money?"

He laughed and kissed her and she continued: "We could have a family! Oh Basil!" But he felt uncomfortable and sad. How could he explain that he thought they should have only a few children? He thought of church and the priests. They did not mind if you had a big family.

Later, as he lay before going to sleep, the words on the pamphlet worried him. Again, he remembered the song "Three billion"; he shut off the inconceivable. Unable to sleep he remembered the newsreel they had seen. Millions starving in India, cars suffocated by cars in Tokyo and the smiling face of the mother of two sets of quintuplets.

The problem of the "population explosion", as it is called today, is serious. Statesmen can waste years, talking, debating, pondering over a law but, meanwhile, man is throttling the world with desire and need in growing numbers.

"We will form a committee", they might suggest, putting on it a lawyer, doctor, business executive, professor and two religious men, one a Catholic priest. For weeks to years they would argue, prove and disagree, as the world slowly overflows.

When Galileo first suggested the world was round he was tried for heresy. Years later we have proof that he was correct. No one can suggest that there are not millions starving and that if fewer babies were born fewer men would starve. With all this evidence the necessity of the law is obvious and men must be reasonable if they wish to live with space around them.

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GEEL

By Peta-Anne Simpson. Std. 6.

Geel is die kleur van die wonderlike lewe op 'n plaas.

Geel is die kleur van ons buurman se okkerneute steel.  
Geel is die kleur van varkies terg an die ou moedersag kwaad maak. Dit is die kleur van vroeg in die môre gaan perdry.  
Dit is ook die dleur van my perd.en die appels wat ek vir hom gee. Die reuk van die perde se stalle is geel.

Geel is die kleur van die lammetjies wat so heerlik rond-baljaar en die blêrvan die moeders wat hulle babatjies roep.

Geel is is die reuk van heerlike vars melk en botter.

Geel is die kleur van 'n lekker soet en sappige appel.  
Dit is ook die kleur van suurlemoene, pomelo's en druiwe.  
Die heerlike perskes wat so sappig is, eet ek onder die koel skaduwee van die perskeboom.

Geel is beslis nie die kleur van my eerste nag by die koshuis na die vakansie nie, maar wel van die dag wat ek huis toe, plaas toe, kan gaan.

ooo0ooo

DIE HOBY-CAT

By Barbara Ward-Able. Std.9.

Verlede kwartaal het ek en 'n vriendin na Langebaan toe gegaan, op 'n Sondag. Die weer was koud, met 'n sagte windjie, en die water was yskoud.

Die mense na wie ons gegaan het, het 'n klein bootjie gehad, en 'n ding wat 'n ,Hoby-Cat' genoem is. Dit is 'n klein katamaran, met 'n ding soos 'n trampolien tussen die tweek buitenstes. Dit het 'n mas en 'n seil en twee roere.

In elk geval, het my vriendin, haar pa en ek vir 'n rytjie gegaan, maar haar pa het nie geweet hoe om die ding to seil nie, en skielik het ons omgeslaan!

Ons het al ons klere aangehad @ lang truie, slenterbroek, en reddingsboeie. Die reddingsboeie het ons baie gehelp, want ons klere het ons ondergetrek.

Die wind het die ,Hoby-Cat' vinnig getrek, en ons was bang dat die mas in die modder sou vassteek en afbreek. Maar gelukkig, to dit vasgesteek het, kon ons saam met dit swem, na dieper water toe.

Intussen het 'n reddingsbarkas vinnig na ons uitgekom, want ons was nou aan die dryf na 'n ou gestrande skip wat baie roeserig was, met stukke metaal wat uisteek.

Hulle het ons baie gehelp, en die ,Hoby-Cat' na die strand getrek, waar die water 'n bietjie vlakker was, en daar het ons hom oorgeslaan.

Onmiddelik/....

DIE HOBY-CAT (Cont.)

Onmiddellik daarna, het ons onervare kaptein in die wind in weggeseil!

Ons twee het soon verdrinkde rotte huistoe gehardloop en in 'n lekker warm bad ingespring en het daardie aan aandete in die bed geëet!

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INSULA MISERA

By Jane Welbore Ker. Std.6.

Olim Cornelia regina insulae Britannia erat. Cornelia pulchra et bona regina erat. Aestate Cornelia villam habitavit sed hieme in urbe habitavit. Cornelia multos servos habuit. Hi servi reginae mensas rosis ornaverunt. In suis agris galinae et equi erant.

Olim in insula magna pygna erat et miser captivus reginam hasta necavit. Ex eo die insula misera erat.

ooo0ooo

"LA MIA FAMIGLIA"

By Francesca Welbore Ker. Std.9.

Quale e il membro piu important? E il mio Fratellino più piccolo, biondo ed angelico (solo quando dorme) o il mio fratello maggiore dello sguardo intenso, già uomo con responsebilitè di una sua famiglia. Tira il primo de venti cinque anni e l'ultimo di cinque sono altri cinque persone inclusa me stessa.

Ognuno di noi è diverso con una eutità propria. L'altro mio fratello ha un po miscuggue carattera latino e irlandese. Di conseguenza è facile ad essere allegro ma anche presto si deprime ed a volte divente molto di cattue umore; mentre il terzo ni ordine di età ha un caratterre equilibreto, molto facile e comprensivo.

Le mia due sorelle sono una piu giovane di me e l'altro di diversi anni maggiore. A me piace molto mia sorella più grande sia perchè è molto bella e sia perchè io sono sempre state la sua favorite.

Che dire della piccola? A volte litighiamo ma ni fondo siamo buoneamiche.

E sopra questa schiera di giovani vegliano i genitori. Loro sono come tutti gli altri genitori e perciò non mi didungo a parlare di loro.

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MY POET

By Christina Murray. Matric.

"Liz" my sister pushed into my ear from behind a confidential, inky hand, "A poet's coming to dinner to-night".

"Rubbish. How do you know?"

"Mummy told me", and I felt her mentally marking up the scored point.

It was true. "A poet is coming to dinner", Mum told me when I went demanding the truth. "He's had some published - without capital letters, I don't really understand it. He has just left university".

He's young! I walked sedately upstairs, spun into the bathroom and flooded the basin with hair to be photographed by the press with a famous poet.

A poet! Paging through books of verse I burnt my scalp, forgetting the drier. Fingering a hot head I tried to educate myself, read aloud to "get the feel" of incomprehensible lines.

A poet! Forcing Latin verbs onto foolscap I doodled my poet in the margin, droopy moustache, artist's beard, the man of many faces. Solving for x in simultaneous linear equations he was serious and gentle with a streak of humour and charm.

A poet! Carefully dreading through wardrobe I dropped a shoe onto a baby toe, stepped back to tangle land over a wooden stool. The cat stalked up from under my legs and stepped into a cupboard corner to clean.

A young poet. Reaching for the Times I resisted comics and paged to the literary section to absorb the ideas of "the" scholars, artists, authors and poets.

My sister sneaked up to score; "His name is Christopher".

Christopher! Like Christopher Columbus, Christopher Marlowe, Christopher Robin, St. Christopher the carrier of Christ! I was christening our eldest son Christopher to a surging organ when our spaniel barked a car up the path.

From a pen-knife slit between curtains I watched two men step from a floral Austin.

"His brother". She scored two for that.

His brother had a too-big suit, a sad army haircut but I soon forgot and watched the poet - steel, square and shiney glasses, curls folded over a straight collar - real poet.

"Lizzie, you coming down?" my father ordered. Mad, I made a note to ask why he bothered to christen me.

Smiling with elegant charm I sailed the stairs towards the visitors. The misfitting brother held out a large hand.

"Christopher, meet my daughter - Elizabeth". I felt awkward for my father's mistake but my poet smiled, "Elizabeth, meet Jonathan" - my poet!

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JOURNEY INTO NOWHERE

By Frances Parry, Std. 9.

He stared at the reflection in the cold glassy mirror. He could hardly recognise the image that faced him.

He saw two hollow grey eyes, ringed by dark circles, a mass of dishevelled unkept hair and a discoloured white face covered

with/...

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JOURNEY INTO NOWHERE (Cont)

with overnight stubble. The expressionless mouth hung open and automatically formed words over and over again, Oh please God don't let me go blind, please, please, say this is not really happening to me! He found himself praying desperately to a God whose every existence he had always doubted. Less than six months ago he could picture himself in front of the mirror saying those words, when he realized his sight was failing him, but now he could hardly make out the images that stood before him in the mirror.

Everyday objects were becoming more and more blurred, things were hardly recognizable, everything was just a colour melting into other colours. It was only when he was really close he could make out what vaguely the image was - his mind had a craving to see something clearly that he recognized.

Each day he would wake up hoping for a miracle that he would see again a clear blue sky, that it had been a ghastly dream, but, alas, day after day he would open his eyes and notice, that the light and images around him were just that much more darker than the day before.

He could not come to terms with the fact that once his sight really left him, he would never see again. Lately his luck had turned on him badly, his folks had just died in a flying accident and he had no-one to really share his problem with him. He had been moderately popular but now no one seemed to be interested about him and his continual complaint.

He had always taken his eyes for granted just as he had taken life for granted. He tried desperately to appreciate the green grass and beautiful things around him but he found it increasingly difficult as these things grew more and more indistinct.

Towards the end of his journey into nowhere, his course of unhappiness in life changed.

It had been a bad unkind day for him and he sat and thought about it on the once familiar grey kerb stones because he could not bear the thought of entering his basement flat before he had to. In the distance, he heard the "hum-drum" of city life, the screeching of brakes and, high above him in the gutter of the roof, the familiar sound of the family of doves, which he longed to see. All of a sudden while these things slipped silently through his jumbled mid he felt himself rolling off the pavement and heard a sudden shower of apologies from a delicate distinct girl's voice. In his mind he pictured a young girl performing another one of the usual children's pranks to pretend they had not seen him, pretending to be blind like himself, but as he picked himself up, cursing and swearing, he found the girl spoke quietly and apologetically to him. During the course of the conversation he found she, too, was blind and had been from birth. She had never experienced the green grass and seen rain falling or the beams of the sun crackling on the water. It was then that he came to his sense and realized just how lucky he was to have experienced the beauties of nature, even though he had only experienced them for nineteen summers of his life.

"The value of life lies not in the length  
of days, but in the use we make of them;  
a man may live long, yet live very little.  
Satisfaction in life depends not on the  
number of your years, but on your will."

Montaigne.