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From one of the
Hamm negatives?

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"... Just as what we have done in the past works on into our present life, the things we do in the present must work on into the future. Humanity of the present age has become sadly thoughtless about such matters.

When a man has performed some deed, he should say inwardly: "May my Guardian Spirit receive this my deed as a root and from it bring forth fruit . . ."

Rudolph Steiner, 1924.

May this continue to be through this medium

ENGLISH

THE CHERRY ON THE TOP

How wonderful and satisfying how incredibly stupendous to have been the man (or was it a woman?) who invented the cherry on the top.

What excitement, joy, thrills and nourishment to crunch, nibble, gnaw, savour or gobble that after thought on the top.

Think of the countless pleasure he (or she) has given to millions the world over.

Surely if one had achieved nothing else in life this invention would be sufficient to carve for oneself a place in history.

Leigh Mukheiber
Std. 6

S H A D O W S

Caress the shadows
of your mind -
Otherwise they will
Crumble to
dust,
and remain forgotten
When they could have
been shared . . .

Jean Barry
Std. 9

T H E F I S H E R M A N

Serious
Silent
Patient
Poor
and Sad . . .
But eager to catch.

Georgie Frater
Std. 7

A H U M A N ?

Am I a robot
or a human being?
I just don't know
anymore
I just don't know
I'd like to get out of here
and run and run
and feel the sun
and wind and rain
and sea
again
I'd like to get to know
nature again
I'd like to be set free
to roam around
and be wild and
free. That's all I'd like to be.

Please?

Karen Corder
Std. 7

FRAGMENTS

My thoughts now
 downhill
 treading
 waylaying
peace of mind,
while the insufferable
 over-exposed silence that
 gloating pain
 loudens
moves down with them, to grasp
 eternity and
 Throttle the life and
love in it
 with ice-cold
 tentacles -

My thoughts now
 downhill
 treading
 past detour signs
 and paths-to-freedom; on
singing the now drunken, tuneless and
 mocking
 word -
 formations that
 used to be
 and never form again -
 quite.....

My thoughts now
 swaying uncertainly towards
 - truth - ?

but truth's
 (hidey-hole) lies
 bared
 coldly naked; truth having departed,
 simple and
 beautiful
 with your spirit

Leaving the
 hollow, rotting core of
 exposed,
 shivering and
 bloodracing pain
 through my heart,

and undercurrenting
 my mind
 with its
 emptiness.

Jean Barry
Std. 9



Lucy Quinan
Std. 8

AUTUMN BEACH

Last week the multitude was here
Their gazing faces detecting all,
Even hippies and tramps are tourist attractions,
Leaving behind them coke cans and garbage,
Choking the already polluted beach.
And the oil covers those brave enough to
Venture out into the suspect water.
Men serve ice-cream to dirty-faced kids,
Fat women look on, husbands snore beneath newspapers,
Looking forward to the night's bingo.

It's raining today and all is deserted.
The beach can breathe a sigh of relief.
Proprietors begin to lock their wooden chalets
Already needing a new coat of paint.
Dogs scavenge among piles of rubbish,
Rainwater casually sweeps over the pebbles,
Dodgem-cars lie idle under tarpaulins,
Newspapers and milk cartons flutter away
While the pier looks tired but free,
And the sea resembles a colour of blue.

Patricia Tyler
Std. 8

THE GIRAFFE

A wet, newborn foal
Is born, the mother
With joy, as the little giraffe
Tries to stand up.
She pushes it gently
With her nose
And at last
It stands shakily
On its two long legs
Looking at the world
Through his big eyes
Happy, that it is born!

Tanja Honig
Std. 6

THE TELEPHONE & HUMANS
BY A DOG

"One object that I cannot make head or tail of is a
little black box. When it rings, someone runs to it and
they talk to an object which looks like a bone
and is connected to the box by a leash. . ."

Stacey Smith-Chandler
Std. 9

R O D E N T

Quietly, deliberately he stalked
the furry greycoated rodent -
with its long fluffy tail,
its menacing cold eyes
and razer sharp teeth.

Quietly, deliberately, he put
one foot forward testing
the ground before replacing
the furry padded paw.
His body except for his
legs, motionless,
every whisker straining,
next foot forward.
Then down he crouches,
strain showing in every
muscle of his body
yet perfectly composed.

The unsuspecting rodent
casually eats the acorn
with a casual flick
of the tail.

I wanted to shout
to it.
to warn
it.

Slowly he slunk forward
one foot away
he stopped
so did the rodent,
nose twitching
tail flicking
up, up and away -
away from danger.

And he with his
furry paws -
walked nonchalantly away
to wait for his next victim.

Rachel Browne
Std. 9

I F

If I should try
To capture
The very essence
Of my passion
In word,
The secret mechanisms
Of my heart
Should be open
To the world.

Bridget Gough
Matric

MOVING HOUSE - TULLOCH STYLE

(This is extracted from a short story)

"During the holidays, we moved from the Hout Bay Hotel into a house. This, I think, was one of the most hectic moves we have ever had to make, but on the other hand, being older, I took a more active and conscious part in it.

On Tuesday, 1st April, we began to move. (Maybe the date had something to do with it? . . .) Mum had got apple boxes from Alphen in which to pack all the "goodies" that we had accumulated over the years. We had many of these, as Mum had bought many "homely" things, hoping that each one would bring us nearer to having our own home. But because of this, I think I must have carried boxes all day, and quite frankly, I am sure that I would scream at the sight of another apple box.

Stuttafords Van Lines had kindly sent us two unpackers. We realised only later what a mixed blessing these people with their gappy smiles were.

But the moment Mum's back was turned, Gloria and her "helper", the two unpackers, rivalled each other over the boxes. They were ripped open and the contents revealed as though they had never seen books, curtains, glass or china before. In one of the infamous boxes were all our beautiful cut glass decanters.

"Where are the stoppers for those?" Mum inquired nervously. Gloria promptly picked up the pieces of newspaper they were wrapped in and waved them around furiously to see if the stoppers were in them. Luckily they were not

Then Gloria and her helper proceeded to produce about half a dozen sandwiches, each about four inches thick, from somewhere, and gleefully began munching. Mum and I went down to the "Red Sails" for some coffee and soup.

On returning, Mum managed to dispose of Gloria (and her "helper") saying that she found the male helpers more "understanding". Soon afterwards, our four big packing cases arrived, but could not be taken into the house as the furniture and many piles of books that Gloria had helpfully dumped in the passage were blocking the way.

This was not all though. Shortly after four in the afternoon, a fairly long time elapsed between loads from Stuttafords. Eventually a man came up and said, "Madam, the little van (originally sent as a replacement for another one which was too big to fit into the driveway) has broken down, so we will have to send through to 'town' for another one". Mum groaned and collapsed into a chair, the bottom of which fell through "

Tania Tulloch
Std. 9

THE VILLAGE

The village is situated on the coast in a small bay that has remained unchanged for centuries. Although the village has been touched here and there by progress, it is much the same as it was when it first began, centuries ago. The cobbled streets still wind their way round the closely-packed houses that lean further and further out over the streets as the years pass. Over the doors of most houses hang signs that tell the passers-by what trade is practiced there, although by now the villagers don't need to be told.

One of the houses in particular would not catch the eye of a newcomer to the village, if such a rarity appears before the house falls down. It is a small, unobtrusive building, crammed between the butcher's shop and the tailor. Its windows look like glass that has been tumbled over and over by the waves until it is smooth and misty. The door has become worn by standing with its face to the winds of the sea that seem determined to blow everything away and leave it as untouched as it was before Man came.

It was the first house to be built and was meant to last. The solid beams that make the ceiling seem even lower than it is, the thickness of the walls, the way the house seems to refuse to be crushed by the pressure of the buildings on either side of it, are all evidence of the clever way it was built.

The peaceful silence is shattered by the noise of a huge, shining monster of a car that bumps its way over the cobbles. The occupants of the car sit back and survey the street with condescending curiosity. A man sits at the wheel, his wife next to him. She has tried to fight the onslaught of time by peroxidizing her hair and slapping on make-up and a false smile that fools no-one but herself. She squeals with irritation as the old, bent vegetable vendor seemingly absent-mindedly steps out in front of the car.

Only when the car has screamed to a halt does she notice the liquid eyes that stare around in confusion, seeing nothing. She pulls some coins out of the pocket of her too-tight jeans and stretches her hand out of the window as the car swerves past him, dropping them into the gnarled hand. An exclamation of annoyance as a piece of her carefully manicured thumb-nail chips on the edge of the window, as she draws her hand hurriedly inside.

One of the windows of the old house is pushed and a snowy white head peers out. The dim eyes see the vegetable vendor and a gnarled, leathery hand is drawn out from under the shawl and with a vague wave of the hand, a thin, silvery voice calls him home. He stumbles inside, shaking his head in confusion and the old, weathered door is drawn closed behind him.

Fiona Adams
Std. 8

30/9/74

You saw a shell of
thoughtlessness
around them,
But your weeping eyes
didn't see the
yolk
within.

Bridget Gough
Metric.

W A V E

The wave arched its back,
Beckoned to us with a foamy finger,
Then crashed, sobbing, to the sand.

Dawn Garisch
Matric

THE SQUIGGLE

My baby sister has just begun to toddly and is highly dangerous! The cat has taken to staying on top of the kitchen dresser and only comes down for meals. The goldfish bowl has to be put out of reach and the dog can hardly ever be found. She waddles along squeaking and making revolting noises.

However, yesterday she was the absolute limit; apart from upsetting the cat's milk dish and various other things, she sneaked into the dining room, which has just been painted, with a large, fat, wax crayon and began scribbling on the wall. Of course my mother was furious but I must say that my sister's attempts at writing weren't that bad!

Nicolette Schmidt
Std. 7

THE SUNSET

The sun rises a bright yellow,
Crisp and alive,
When night draws near,
The sun, a brilliant mass of a bestroot
Tumbles beneath the waves,
The growing red fades,
The colours of the spectrum
Surround the outside world,
And then it disappears.

Georgie Frater
Std. 7



Bridget Gough
Matric *Herschel*

SHAKESPEARE IN THE OPEN AIR

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."
Troilus and cressida

The stage has always been an adventure to Man; not only to those who stand in the spotlight, but also those behind the scenes, the playwright, director, critic and the audience. It is the place where the writer and actor unite to perform animating and aesthetic feats.

Shakespeare is known to be our greatest English dramatist. Before and during his time, strolling players often acted in the open or in court-yards, as they would wander all over the countryside seeking audiences. Even the Globe was not entirely enclosed but had the yard open to the sky. We therefore find in the open-air theatre, a link with drama of the past.

In Shakespeare's writing we find frequent reference to Nature. He uses it to set atmosphere:

"When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning or in rain."
Macbeth

to heighten emotion:

"Blow winds and crack you cheeks!
rage! blow!"
King Lear

to metaphorise age:

"My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf."
Macbeth

and soley to add to tone and description:

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme
blows,
Where ox-slip and the nodding violet
grows."
Midsummer Night's Dream

Therefore a play in the open air achieves the full force of his imagery without having to use artificial substitutes and confining them to a box or screen, where there is only visual impact instead of sensuous involvement.

Shakespeare, as a poet, playwright and a great understander of human nature excelled as few have ever hoped to. I feel that nothing should detract from the beauty of his language and the meaning of his every word. Therefore the stage set and effects should be as simple as possible, which is the effect achieved in open-air performances.

The setting of the open-air theatre is at the same time part of this world, yet part of another, which is true of Shakespeare's magical plots concerning fairies, witches and ghosts versus men, and even kings and the historical tragedies. The beautiful forest background at Maynardville adds to the enhancement of the setting and gives that sense of depth to the third dimension which cannot be achieved on the conventional stage and not as well on the screen.

Both/.....

Both the actor and the audience can lose themselves in the naturalness of their surroundings and can really feel 'the dead vast and middle of the night' (Macbeth). I think that there is more personal contact and a freer flow of emotion between actor and audience, and a greater sensitivity towards a play being enacted before one in the open. What enhances this effect is that the 'stage' or grassy platform is just a continuation of the auditorium.

Shakespeare in the open air to me has a charm and magic all of its own. I came away after one such performance, feeling as Shakespeare said, although not in the same context:

"Can such things be
and overcome us like a summer's
cloud
Without our special wonder."

Dawn Gärlich
Matric

A face at a window
Staring out onto a wet world
With big, muddy puddles and figures under umbrellas
Yesterday's sand-castles, today's mud
Cars roar past, spraying the pavements with dirty water,
Stinging, soaking.
A person huddles on a doorstep,
A thin, patch coat over his head,
Sheltering from the
rain.

Caroline Dowdle
Std. 6

REALIZATION

Once,
They threw me warnings
but I caught them
and
threw them back,
Unheeding.
Then,
The cannon of deceit
hit my innocence
and
tore it apart,
Mercilessly.
Now,
I feel my wounds
deep and raw
and
curse my destroyer,
Weeping.

Bridget Gough
Matric

SUNSET

It was now sunset. I sat silently on the soft cool sand watching the sun escape into another world.

Slowly the great crimson ball slid behind the never ending crystal plain, until only a glow appeared on the horizon like the embers of a fire.

The sky that was once filled with bright light was now the dull dark night.

Vanessa Geldenhuis
Std. 7

FOETUS

The woman is young, strong, supple,
her leathered breasts heavy with dew.
and the child on her back
Wrapped in a warm, patterned blanket
woven soft, with the grass
cries, innocently suckling
her shoulder -

This woman is Africa
She is her people.
The pot, earthily-beautiful
on her proud, tall head, does not sway
as she walks, to the water
running over the banks and rocks.

To wash away his cares in a shrieked song
Which falls gently on the green land,
the little brown boy-body is as agile
as any lion - every muscle joyfully tense.

They meet with shy smiles,
As the softly crying baby tilts her head
to the dew-beady, gently-stroking Sun
which falls, and plays wonderfully
with these children of Africa,
forming tears of shared peace and joy
in their eyes.
- And the baby girl stops crying when Africa
smiles.

The earth pot full, the heavy-breasted,
hip-swaying woman of Africa
moves away from the water; the young boy
continues his play. Spray-splashing
his tears of joy.

These people, they are Africa's children,
and I, I am an intruder -
but how beautiful it is to be one.

Jean Barry
Std. 9

A ROOM

Empty,
Lifeless,
bare,
dismal,
and has no shape,
until Life is added.

Georgie Frater
Std. 7

THE UNFORGETTABLE FRIEND

He was my friend,
Faithful and just to me,
With whom I never had any doubt
Or fear.
He used to sit,
Listening, understanding,
Occasionally uttering a kind of grunt,
A kind of purr,
To show that he agreed.
He was my companion
And my comforter when I was sad;
My confident.
He was my friend
Playful and kind to me,
With whom I used to run and play
And share my games.
We used to chase-
First him, then me,
Across the parks and meadows
Near our home.
He joined in all,
Was loved by all,
The most disobedient yet lovable dog
In the world.
But this was long ago.
Now he is gone.
And though I know he is very far from sight
His spirit lingers on inside me,
Unchanging, immortal,
Ever present - yet he is never there.
He was my dog,
And all that is in me
He knew.

Patricia Tyler
Std. 8

STONE AGES

In the beginning they swung at a height,
To do this they had to jump with all might.
The old stone-age men had very few tools,
In order to make them they couldn't be fools.

Berries and roots was the usual food,
But it all depended on the present mood,
Hunting for game must have been such an art,
Nimble on foot and quick with a dart.

Stone-henge was the place of listening to preaching,
I'm afraid to say it's out of my reaching.

Belinda Couzens
Std. 6

LIMERICKS

There was an old man of Baghdad,
Who certainly thought he was mad.
Said he to his wife
"I'm taking my life".
And so went the man of Baghdad.

Debbie Chamberlin
Std. 6

There was a young chapie from Rome,
Whose head was as big as a dome!
His one problem in life
Was to find a good wife
For the girls took one look and ran home!

Therese Herbert
&
Leigh Mukheiber
Std. 6

HAIKU

The river gurgles
down the mountain side, like a
little dancing fairy.

Debbie Chamberlin
Std. 6

The small fluffy fox
Lay silently in its den,
Hounds came, then death.

Louise Murdock
Std. 6

SIDE B

Society's needle scratches
the rut
of external expression,
'Neath which a silent song
revolves.

Dawn Garisch
Matric

THE IDEAL WOMAN - MYTH OR REALITY

What is the ideal woman? Is she as we knew her at the turn of the century, and even before - timid, obedient and subservient to the male or is she as so many females are today, members of the society known as Woman's Liberation in this, the Year of the Woman, 1975?

By returning only to the last century, the female, to quote Jane Austen, was a "pretty, elegant little woman, of gentle, quiet manners and a disposition remarkable amiable and affectionate". In books of old we read about the exceptional gentlewomen that lived in the world of yesteryear whose approaches to life were those of the heroines who believed in the natural processes like falling in love, wedding bells and living happily ever after. Likewise when tragedy struck, they remained quietly at home, languishing for their lost loves.

These women, regarded today as old fashioned, were the home makers who entered not into the business world, but stayed patiently at home rearing their many children and devoting their lives to their menfolk - the bread winners.

We now live in the post decades of shorthand, nuclear warfare and telexes. Life is more urgent and sharper. Today, the majority of women are anti-heroines who also include the noisy category of militants - the ban the bombing, women's libbing, bra burning hordes. Admittedly not all females fall into the above category but nevertheless today's woman is far more independent and free thinking than those described by Jane Austen or even Emily Bronte - Little Women are no longer "little" women today.

Our modern society is slowly but surely allowing the responsibility of the female sex to enter the business world of today. Some of these women do the same works as men, and they are proud of it!

Which of these two types of women I have described would you say, was the ideal woman? It does not really matter what you or I decide - it depends on the man.

Stacey Smith-Chandler
Std. 9



Clare Harvey-Kelly
Stl. 9

PATH TO ETERNAL BLISS

I am born, an infinitesimal micro-organism among millions, on one of nine planets belonging to an insignificant solar system among the millions which comprise the Universe. I am Man.

I enter from the unknown into Time, another unknown. The Gates of Life are open, and I stand alone, with the world somewhat blurred, out of focus about me. The horizon is so very close to me because I am so little.

Slowly I explore in stages and learn by the experiences of my senses which objects are good and which are best left alone. I find that I can see further, I am taller and my horizons wider, although I still cannot see beyond them. But I must reach them as there lies my future, and the path I take is my life.

At first I am guided by my parents, who are older, and have travelled a similar path, but can only teach from their experience where thorns lie, and I follow blindly until I can discern these things for myself.

Then I stop and ask: "Who am I? Where am I from? Where does this road lead?" and they, in belief that they have been taught, reply "You are Man, put on Earth to execute God's Obscure Purpose. And on the far horizon of the path God has chosen for you, waits heaven and eternal bliss."

I believe them without question, because they are adult and have taught me all I know, and because I want to believe that I have reason for living, a small cog in a big wheel, and that finally my life will be rewarded by an eternally happy one, rather than ended in a hole in the ground. After all I am Man, with a wonderful brain that can reason and understand

But I notice after a while that everyone has his own different interpretation of God's Obscure Purpose, and paths clash. Religions' head-on collisions result in wars and death; politics overtakes sport, and apartheid signs rule the highway. Naturally everyone is shocked for the appropriate amount of time, then speeds away, each wrapped in his own plastic, self-contained package. Then I wonder, maybe it's true, maybe the eternal bliss is in dying, the only permanent escape from it all.

I am much older now; much wiser. My path has been a rough one. I tried to smooth it out for future generations, but it seems as though they prefer to pick their own way over the thorny ground. We are quite wonderful really; just look at the advancement made during my lifetime alone. All the way to the Moon! It is all part of God's Purpose, you know. But I am near my horizon, weary after a long journey. It's not far now, to the end of my path to eternal bliss.

Yet tonight, as I raise my eyes to the sky for the last time, I see reflected across Our winking universe a shadow . . of doubt

Dawn Gärisch
Matric

NIGHT

The blanket of night
Was broken by the silver
Of the silent Moon.

Leigh Mukheiber
Std. 6

RIVERS

What are rivers? By rivers, one always thinks of running water, starting usually in a mountainous region and ending in the sea. This is perfectly correct, but one should also think of rivers in their other perspective - as a life giver, because that is what it really is. As it moves seaward, in its graceful catlike way, a river gives life to the inhabitants of the land surrounding it, depositing its rich and fertile mud on its sunloving banks, giving food and warmth to its people.

The river is a King reigning its land on its moods; when in a joyous mood, it comes rushing down, shouting out its joy to the land, then everybody is happy. When the sun shines for long days on end, the King grows unhappy and tears trickle down the dried up beds, the sunloving banks dry up, all their happiness gone. The King's tears eventually cease and he lies dormant as if in a trance and the land lies still mourning the unhappiness of their King. Slowly, very slowly the dark thunderclouds form and slowly the rain starts to come, praising the King in every drop which falls. He is now the mighty monarch once more. The rain falls heavily, trying in vain to apologise to its Lord for its Lord's discomfort and humiliation during the long months of drought, but the mighty King does not forgive, he is merciless. The rain falls more heavily, the King roars its punishments to the cowering rain. Tired out, the rain stops, the King, now reinstated in his kingship, gurgles and tumbles his way down to the sea, to his one and only overlord. There he is taken in the sea's power to be taken up in the clouds and in time, to fall again over his kingdom.

Men have thought on rivers as time. Rivers are forever moving and will always move if there is water. Thus rivers, like time, always move onwards, as if trying to reach an unknown destination, but never gaining it. Rivers are the source of life, directly to some people and indirectly to others. In ancient times in Egypt, the Nile was Egypt's life. Shadoofs were placed along the river, to irrigate the farming land and when the rains did not come, the river ran dry and drought ruled the land and the people.

Rivers are a place for dreaming beside, watching the slow movement of the calm black water, lingering in the shade of an overhanging tree and then quickly darting back into its lifestream. In a river you can see your whole life in front of you, going on into eternity. The river is a part of us and our lifeblood and only when the sun starts to die slowly will the rivers die and so will we.....

Rachel Browne
Std. 9

SOCIETY

They have closed the lid
And stare with pointed fingers
Through the wire,
Their goblin faces
contorted with toothless expression,
And watch as I'm broken
on the bar of convention
to join their ranks
and dig my fingers into
another man's soul.

Dawn Gärisch
Matric

ORPHAN

He looked around him, Standing there -
And the more he looked, the more they would stare,
What did he know of it
He, so young, why, he was hardly more than two,
Yet as he stood there, watching, waiting,
His Heart seemed to cry out to you.

Thérèse Herbert
Std. 6

REMEMBER ME

Off-tones of grey washed the sky - a vast expanse of abused, polluted waste. And down below, on the brown soil of a corrupted civilization, Man rotted, and the stench diffused into the mind of the old sallow man. And this man just sat, and watched the dulled sun play on his long, white beard as he contemplated. But so great was his faith that the stench did not completely fill his nostrils and the doubt did not materialize.

And so it was, the scene unchanged, when the old prophet saw the vision - a vision in his mind and in his soul. He was filled with wonder as the bright light came nearer, and Was.

Most were afraid to know, to touch, at first, and so was he. But his fear stemmed from his respect for this Being which had landed on the hard, unrelenting world which was His. And he watched the Man's tears fall like rain, and flowers grow from the soil he thought dead. And he watched the sea play under His feet, and love lap gently on the Shores of His civilization.

Thus the Prophet watched his dream materialize, and he himself become part of it. And he choked in the sweet, giddy suffocation of his new-found joy. Joyfully he watched the Man bless and in turn be blessed.

But then the giddyness passed on and he watched with saddened eyes filled with wisdom. He once more became the Prophet that was his true self.

He watched the Man, the Jesus, the Superstar, weave his spell over mankind. And he watched the people drink it up and become drunk - so the joy and love of God filled their souls. But it was with saddened eyes that the Prophet watched the Jesus and mankind become as one. With saddened eyes he watched for, like drunkenness, it could not last, but would blow over.

And as he watched, the wind changed and the tide came in and the waves broke furiously on the shore. The sky became solid, compact and grey, and the soil black and hot as fire, and orange, yet seemingly blood-red flames of hatred crackled wickedly in the minds of the people. And the Prophet watched the Man, the Superstar, stand alone on the shores, and cry his prayer to the sea. But the water covered his bare feet and the wind caught his hair and pulled it, bringing tears of pain to his eyes, which were already heavy with sorrow.

And then the Prophet watched from the distance of the Man's eyes. He watched the thorns, and the hot bloody nails and the heavy cross - all this he saw spelled in the Man's eyes.

And as the Man died, his arms blessing all around him, He looked up and in His eyes, amid the silent tears of suffering, sorrow and compassion, distinguishable amid all this, was carved His simple message to mankind -

"Remember Me"

Let it be so - for ever and ever, Amen.

Jean Barry
Std. 9



Dear Dragon

Are you Tolkien's Smaug?
Or are you just a fraud?
Are you for a child's delight painted so bright?
Or are you the mysterious dragon to fight
The courageous knight?
Do you live in the world of fantasy, mystery
and delight?
Or are you justa picture
On a piece of paper?

Antoinette Slingsby
Std. 8

**OTHER
LANGUAGES**

A F R I K A A N S

'n WIT KERSVEES IN ENGELAND

(In die neentiende eeu)

Die sneeu lê plat op die koue grond. Die lug is fris en die hemel is helderblou. 'n Ou man sit op die grond en rook 'n pyp. Hy verkoop die Kersbome wat op die wit sypaadjie lê. 'n Gerimpelde man met 'n lang baard staan op die sneeubedekte grond en speel 'n draai-orrel; sy hoed lê smekend op die sypaadjie. Kinders speel met sneeu en pluk misteltakke. Pragtige meisies en mooi seuns loop in die straat. Rui-tuie, perde en sleë staan in die straat en honde loop in en uit die stalle. Die huise lyk soos pophuisies, rook filtreer uit swart skoorstene en die geur van Kerskos filtreer uit die kombuis. Die bome staan wit, kaal en koud in die straat.

Mense koop Kersvees-presentjies in die besige winkels. Sinterklaas sit op 'n stoel in 'n speelgoed-winkel. Klein kinders sit op sy knieë met glinsterende oe. Hy gee hulle klein presentjies soos poppe, treine, boeke en popsklere. In die hoofstraat is daar 'n groot Kersboom. Dit is wonderlik en dit het klatergoud daarop. Baie mense staan en kyk na die wonderlike boom. Kinders en ouers en die ou mense van die stad het 'n glimlag op hulle gesigte.

Dit is Kersaand!

Louise Murdock
Std. 6



Peta-anna Simpson
Std. 8

ONS BURE

Ons bure, oom Piet en tant Marie, is sonder kind of kraai in die lewe en nou hou hulle nie juis baie van kinders nie. Hulle kla sommer steen en been oor die gedrag van die kinders in die buurte.

Ek moet erken dat hul tuin een van die spogtuine in die hele buurt is. In hul blombeddings is daar kleurvolle blomme wat so pragtig en aantreklik lyk. Daar is ook allerhande bome met verskillende kleure en vorms en in die middel van die tuin is 'n visdammetjie waarin seldsame vissies rondswem.

Eendag het ek en Sandra, my vriendin, tennis in ons agterplaas gespeel. Ons het die bal na mekaar toe geslaan en die speletjie werklik geniet. Een keer het Sandra die bal te hard geslaan en ongelukkig het dit in ons bure se tuin geval. Ons het na die baksteenmuur gehardloop, daaroor geklim en hot en haar na die bal gesoek.

Net toe ek die bal vind, het Sandra 'n bruin slang in die gras gesien. Tot my ontsteltenis het sy so groot geskrik dat sy hardop gegil het. Tant Marie het natuurlik die geraas gehoor en het kom kyk wat aan die gang was. Gelukkig was haar brommerige ou eggenoot nie by haar nie. Tant Marie het my natuurlik herken en by my ouers gaan kla.

Ten einde weer moeilikheid met ons bure te voorkom het ons ouers ons dus verbied om ooit 'n voet in hul tuin te sit!

Stacey Smith-Chandler
Std. 9

'n PARADYS

Suid-Amerika is ons voorland! Lekker warm land, lekker warm mense met 'n opwindende naglewe, en daardie weergalose Suid-Amerikaanse ritmes wat lank in u kop sal draai.

In Bariloche kan jy die parke met die pragtige blomme sien en ook die naglewe en bonte kultuur. Jy kan in die magtige Andes berge rus en kan ook in die sneeu ski. Bariloche is 'n plek van mere en woude en u kan bootvarte meemaak en hengel.

In Iguaza kan jy die indrukwekkende waterval sien. In die hoofstad, Rio de Janeiro, kan u die beroemde Suikerbrood leer ken, die Copacabana-strand, die ontsaglike Christusbeeld op die Corcovadoberg en die tropiese woud besoek. Rio het baie vir die oog, vir die hart en die mond.

Suid-Amerika is 'n paradys en jy kan baie onvergeetlike dae daar beleef.

Vivian Horwood
Std. 6

DIE DAG TOE EK BAIE ONGEHOORSAAM WAS

Verlede jaar was ek en my maat Susan baie ongehoorsaam. Ons het die vorige naweek ten volle geniet en geen tuiswerk gedoen nie. Die volgende more moes ons 'n Afrikaanse toets aflê en ons was regtig bang. Ek het 'n lang ruk met my ouers gestry om liewers daardie dag tuis te bly, maar hulle was onverbiddelik. Ons twee het dus besluit om stokkies te draai en om na die strand toe te gaan.

Ons het besluit om half sewe by die stasie te ontmoet. Omtrent kwart voor nege het die trein by die stasie ingekom en ons het ingeklim. Ons het ons skoolklere gedra en het toe besluit om ons ander klere aan te trek toe ons by die strand aankom.

Dit was 'n snikwarm dag, die volmaakte dag om na die strand toe te gaan. Toe die trein by Muizenberg aankom, het ons haastig na die kleedkamer toe gehardloop om ons ander klere aan te trek. Niemand moet ons sien nie!

Ons het eers 'n rukkie lank na die mense op die strand gestaan en kyk. Ons het gou-gou ons goed op 'n veilige plek gesit en na die water toe gehardloop. Die water het yskoud, maar baie verfrissend gevoel.

Na middag-ete het ons na die kaffee toe gegaan om 'n koeldrank te koop. Ons het die kaffee binnegegaan en wie het ons gesien. ?
My ma en haar vriendin! Ons was uitgevang!

Hulle het ons in my ma se motor huis toe geneem. My ma het Susan se ma gebel om haar te vertel wat gebeur het. Ek het 'n pak slae gekry en moes die res van die dag skool toe gaan. Ons laaste twee lesse van die dag was Afrikaans en ons moes die toets skryf!

DIE DAG TO EK 'n NUWE HAARSTYL WOU HE

Ek het eendag so 'n mooi haarstyl in 'n koerant gesien, dat ek dadelik besluit het om my hare op dieselfde manier te laat knip. In die koerant het dit gese dat "Jefferey's" die plek was waarheen u moet gaan as u daardie selfde moderne haarstyl wou he.

Die volgende oggend het ek 'n afspraak by "Jefferey's" vir my hare gemaak - drie-uur. Ek het regtig daarna uitgesien om my hare te laat kort knip, want ek was moeg van my lang hare wat ek altyd in vlegsels moes dra.

Toe ek later by "Jefferey's" aankom, het 'n mnr. Paul gesê dat hy my hare gaan knip. Hy het gesê dat hy eers my hare 'n warm-water was sal gee voor hy dit knip. Nadat hy my hare gewas het, het ek aan hom verduidelik hoe ek my hare wou hê.

Mnr. Paul het eerstens 'n laag met 'n skeermes geskeer, toe het hy vir my 'n kuif geknip en my hare kort agter geknip. Hy het my hare in 'n haarnet gesit en my onder die haardroer laat sit.

Toe ek onder die haardroer uitkom, het mnr. Paul met 'n krultang my kuif en die kante van my hare gekrul. Ek het twee uur by die haarkapster deurgebring. My hare het net soos die op die foto in die koerant gelyk. Ek was baie trots op my nuwe haarstyl!

Margo Marais
Std. 9

MY JEUG

As ek terug dink aan my jeug
Word my geheue swart.
'n ontasbare, abstrakte swart,
Onreikbaar, geheimsinnig,
Nie leeg nie, maar vol tot oorvloed,
Hier en daar vang ek die oorskiet
Van my kinderdae,
Deurskynde liggies van die verlede.
Soos die dag toe ek 'n siggarete gerook het
En water gedrink om die reuk te verdrink;
Toe ek met my boek onder my kussing geslaap het
Om vir 'n toets te leer;

Ek dra my kinderdae met my
Maar hulle is vir altyd
Agter die swart
 gesluit.

Sharron Gird
Std. 9

D U T C H

MIJN VAKANTIE

We zouden naar Rhodesie, maar dat plan ging helaas niet door. Daarom niet lang getreurd want er waren genoeg leuke dingen te doen in Kaapstad.

De eerste twee weken bleef ik in de buurt van Kaapstad. De laatste week ben ik naar Carmel toe gegaan. Carmel is de naam van 'n boerderij, tien kilometer van George afgelegen. Daar zou 'n kamp gehouden worden voor jongens en meisjes vyftien jaar en ouder die naar privee scholen in de Kaap Provincie gingen.

Dus op zeven Juli stond ik met mijn koffertje tegenover het Rondebosch Huis Hospitaal, waar iedereen die naar het kamp ging, zou samenkomen. Van daaruit reden we in volkswagenbusjes naar Carmel. We reden de hele dag en kwamen om ongeveer half zes by Carmel aan. Daar aangekomen, aten we in de eetzaal. Iedereen sliep in bedden in kamers los van het hoofdgebouw. Die avond speelden we spelletjes en om half elf was iedereen onder de wol.

Je kan je niet vervelen op Carmel; je kon tennissen, volleijball spelen, tenniquats spelen, golfen, wandelen, croquet spelen en tafel tennissen. Er waren paarden beschikbaar en de paardenliefhebbers konden dus buiten nitten maken als ze wilden.

Het weer was behoorlik, behalve bij onze aankomst en de dag daarna. Aangezien er ook nog andere gasten op Carmel waren, konden s'avonds na negen uur in de gemeenschappelijke terecht. Om kwart voor tien gingen we naar onze kamers, waar we met onze groepleidsters onze avondgebeden zeiden.

We zijn ook naar de Cango Grotten geweest. Ik had ze al eens gesien, maar ik ging toch. Ik was alleen nog nooit door de duivel's schoorsteen geweest. Die duivel's schoorsteen is een route waarbij je constant door kleine openingen moet wriggelen en kruipen, je hoofd gebukt. Je werd er zweterig van, maar had toch 'n gevoel van voldoening als je er eenmaal door was.

Ik vond het reuze jammer toen het kamp afgelopen was, maar ja, het derde schoolkwartaal stond voor de deur!

Katienka Honig
Std. 8

MIJN VAKANTIE IN JOHANNESBURG

We vertrokken Dinsdag per vliegtuig naar Johannesburg en landde twee uur later op Jan Smuts. Daar werden we afgehaald door vrienden van ons.

De volgende dag lieten ze ons Calton Center zien, we hebben daar koffie gedronken. In de week dat we daar waren hebben we heel wat gezien! Bijvoorbeeld Soweto, een Bantu stad waar we met een tourbus doorheen zijn gereden. Pippin, een musical, over de zoon van een koning die denkt dat hij beter kan regeren dan zijn vader. "The Diamond Hunters", een film, en de mijn dansers, een opvoering door Xhosa, Zulu and andere groepen dansers. Ze dansten daar voor hun eigen plezier, niet voor de touristen die daar kwamen kijken.

Elke dag in Johannesburg zogen we iets anders!

We hebben het allemaal genoten!

Tanja Honig
Std. 6

G E R M A N

A U F S T E H E N

Ich liege im Bett und schlafe; plötzlich rasselt der Wecker bei meinem Bett. Ich wache auf und sage;

"Was ist das? O! es ist mein Wecker, es muss dreiviertel sieben sein. Ich muss aufstehen."

Es ist kalt draussen und im Bett ist es so schön warm. Eins, zwei, drei und ich springe aus dem Bett.

Nun laufe ich ins Badezimmer und wasche mich mit Seife und einem Schwamm; ich trockne mich mit meinem Badetuch ab. Dann nehme ich die Haarbürste, gehe vor den Spiegel und bürste mir das Haar. Ich ziehe mich an, So! jetzt bin ich fertig und kann ins Esszimmer gehen.

Ich sage:

"Guten Morgen, Mutti! Gut geschlafen?"

Mutter sagt:

"Guten Morgen Hans. Trinkt jetzt schnell euren Kaffee. Du hast nicht zu viel Zeit."

Ich sage:

"Wo is Vati?"

und Mutter sagt:

"Er geht heute nicht so früh in die Stadt; er kommt später. Der Kaffee schmeckt auch herrlich an einem so kalten Morgen. Die Brötchen sind auch schön frisch. Willst du noch eine Tasse Kaffee haben?"

Ich sage:

"Danke, ich will nichts mehr."

Plötzlich sehe ich noch der Uhr; schon viertel vor acht. Ich nehme meine Tasche, zeihe den Mantel an und gehe schnell aus dem Hause.

Cheryl de Villiers
Std. 8

Z U L U

UJOSEPH: Sawubona

UWANDLA: Sawubona. Kunjani?

UJOSEPH: Ngisebhona. Kunjani?

UWANDLA: Ngisaphila. Kumakhaza.

UJOSEPH: Ngomqgibele umthakathi ubulale intombi ngomese.

UWANDLA: Umthakathi uphuze utshwala. Ngibona umthakathi.
Gijima! Hamba kahle.

UJOSEPH: Hamba namadlozi!

Cheryl de Villiers
Std. 8

TRANSLATION

UJOSEPH: Hallo

UWANDLA: Hallo. How are you?

UJOSEPH: I am fine. How are you?

UWANDLA: I am fine, but it is cold.

UJOSEPH: On Saturday a witch-doctor killed a girl with a knife!

UWANDLA: The witch-doctor had drunk beer. I see the witch-
doctor now. Run! Go in peace.

UJOSEPH: Go with the spirit of your forefathers!



Glynnie Underhill
Std. 9

F R E N C H

MES IMPRESSIONS

(Quand j'ai dîné dans un grand restaurant de luxe)

La première fois que j'ai dîné dans un grand restaurant de luxe, était en France. Nous y sommes allés, il y a deux ans, lorsque j'avais douze ans et je ne l'oublierai jamais. Mon père, qui ne pouvait parler français, nous y a amenés. Ma mère est devenue très nerveuse et elle avait honte. Pierre, l'aîné de mes frères avait dix ans et Jaques, mon frère cadet avait huit ans. Ma grand'mère nous a accompagnés.

Nous y sommes entrés et quand nous étions assis autour de la table, le garçon nous a montré le menu. Ma père n'a rien compris.

- Traduisez, a-t-il dit, Toi, tu as appris le français à l'école.

- Mais je l'ai fait parce que je ne pouvais faire les Mathématiques.

Grand'mère cherchait dans son gros sac à main et enfin elle nous montre le Petit Larousse. Ma mère a rougi toute de suite.

Nous avons décidé de manger les hors-d'oeuvres et quand mon petit frère les a vus il a eu de la difficulté de décider ce qu'il devait manger, enfin il a pris un morceau de tout. Tout le monde l'a regardé. Nous avons à peine pu manger. Ma (après avoir chercher les mots dans le Petit Larousse) a décidé que nous mangerions un coq au vin. J'ai aperçu beaucoup de gens très dans le vent qui nous regardaient et se moquaient de nous. Nous avons bu le café, laissé un pourboire pour le garçon et ont quitte sans payer. On nous a rattrapés et amené devant le patron

Notre repas était formidable, mais je n'y irai pas encore!

Josephine Frater
Matric

I N C O N N U

Il y a des émotions
Que je ne peut pas exprimer.
Des humeur que je sente
Que je ne peut pas comprendre.
Personne ne peut pas me les explique
Parce que je ne suis pas seul
Dans ma frustrations!

Sharron Gird
Std. 9

LA FÊTE DE MON PÈRE

Aujourd'hui, le 23 mai, c'est la fête de mon père. Je suis très inquiet parce qu'il rentre de Paris cet après-midi. Il est maintenant dix heures du matin, je n'ai que cinq heures pour choisir un cadeau pour Papa. Je prends l'autobus en ville et je commence à regarder les vitrines.

Tous les magasins ont des choses trop chères. Je veux acheter une cravate de Christian Dior, mais elle est trop chère. Alors je vais regarder les rayons des livres. Un livre très lourd et intéressant coûte beaucoup d'argent que je n'en ai pas. Je n'ai que cent francs, c'est très peu pour acheter un cadeau. Je vais au rayon des objets en cuir. Je vois un magnifique portefeuille en cuir, il est magnifique! Je demande au vendeur le prix. Il dit

- Deux cent francs, m'selle!

Je dit

- Non! je ne crois pas que ce soit ce que je cherche, merci, au revoir.

Il est maintenant deux heures de l'après-midi, et je n'ai pas encore acheté un cadeau. Je crois que je vais dire à Papa que je ne peux pas rien trouver qu'il aimerait et puis je peux regarder les magasins encore demain. Je marche chez moi, et en route je vois le bureau de tabac. J'entre, regarde autour moi et tout à coup une idée me frappe,

- je vais acheter une pipe, oui, une pipe. Pourquoi n'y ai-je pensé avant, je ne sais pas!

Je choisis une pipe et la vendeuse me demande cinquante francs. La elle enveloppe le paquet pour moi et je march chez moi avec l'air très heureux!

Mary Messaris
Std. 9

UNE POÈME POUR TOI - DANS TA DÉCEPTION

A toi à travers l'océan
dans les rues
sombres et silencieux
de -
où . . . ?
Mes rêves bondent
mais avec la grace
autrefois
ta vie était
parfois parfait
à mon avis
tu étais plus grand que les montagnes
et plus belle que l'automne
et les ruisset ont couru
avec mes larmes
quand j'ai entendu les nouvelles.
Mais - tu semble heureux
dans ta simple joie de vivre
et moi
je suis tout seul maintenant
même avec
ma solitude
et mes rêves
mais je pense
toujours.

Jean Barry
Std. 9

G R E E K

Ποιός δάσαι ἢ ἀγαίον μου,
Εβύ δάσαι ἢ ἀγαίον μου,
Εβύ δάσαι ὁ οὐρανός μου
Εβύ δάσαι τὸ φῶς μου,
Εβύ δάσαι τὸ φῶς μου,
Εβύ δάσαι ἡμέρα μου καὶ ἡ νύχτα
Εβύ δάσαι δειμά μου ἀσώγε.

Ρούω Γλυκεῖα, Ἔσα ζανά
Ἔσα ζανά κοκκά μου,
Ἔσα ὠρωί, Μὲ τιν ἀύρη,
Εβύ βουν βάν ἡθίου ἀατιδα,
Ρούων μου μιυρη.

Ρούων ἀγαίον μου,
Εβύ δάσαι ἢ ἀγαίον μου,
Εβύ δάσαι ὁ οὐρανός μου,
Ρούων φῶς μου,
Θάσαι τὸ φῶς μου,
Θάσαι ἡμέρα μου καὶ ἡ νύχτα,
Θάσαι δειμά μου ἀσώγε.

Mary Messaris
Std. 9

TRANSLATION:
Rubylove - Cat Stevens

HOUSE SONG

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a simple accompaniment of quarter notes. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the second measure.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a more active melody with eighth notes and some beamed sixteenth notes. The lower staff provides accompaniment with quarter notes and some dyads. A piano (p) dynamic marking is at the end of the system.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece with two staves. The upper staff has a steady eighth-note melody. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with quarter notes. A piano (p) dynamic marking is at the end of the system.

Old Dean Rolt was a jolly old fellow
He worked for the school and left Rolt yellow,
Rolt is a house that brings to ones mind
A bevy of girls of superior kind.
Undaunting, perservering, Mrs Stockwell at the fore,
Stepping out together we surely have to score.

CHORUS:
Big Rolts, little Rolts,
Herschel's yellow thunderbolts!

Rolts is the classroom, Rolts in the play
Since the swinging twenties we featured all the way.
Skirts at the ankle, skirts on the knee
Cool, calm and collected, unchanging are we.
Winning or losing we'll give them all a jolt,
Confidently bearing the badge and name of ROLT.

CHORUS:
Big Rolts, little Rolts,
Herschel's yellow thunderbolts!

EDITORS' NOTE

In this magazine, we have striven for the highest standard possible in all three sections, the English, the other languages and the art. Therefore, we must say a 'big thank you' to everyone who contributed, for materialising our aim by handing in entries that we feel are of a higher standard than those we remember handing in when it was our turn.

We have enjoyed compiling this magazine, and we hope you will enjoy reading it!

EDITORS: Jean Barry
Sharron Gird

TYPIST: Sharron Gird

COVER: Sharron & Mrs. Gird.

F I N I S