CONTENTS

A WORD FROM THE EDITORS

A house magazine for this year is our aim
And not one with many an editor's name
That is why we've included so many Rolt girls
Who's obvious talent this issue unfurls.

Although there were times when we all had to nag
The Rolt girls for entries into our house mag,
At last we received them and found them so good,
We had to put in it as much as we could.

To all sorts of people we hope it appeals
And lots of variety it also reveals.
We really had fun when we made it take shape
And sure hope that you at its contents will gape.

EDITOR : TONI OLIVIER

SUB-EDITORS : TONI BECK ; SHANE FAIRHEAD

ART EDITOR : MARY JOOSTE

HOUSE REPORT

It seems that again, Rolt's brains lag behind its brawn, our achievements being mainly on the sporting side this year.

Where drama is concerned, Rolt did very well last September, to come second to Jagger in the Inter-house play competition, presenting an interesting play, "The Do-it-yourself Frankenstein Outfit."

Toni Olivier also did excellently in the Inter-schools Clarecon Play Festival, winning the award for best actress.

This year two of the three Choir leaders are Rolt girls:

Pam Boyes
Helen Dicey

and five Rolt girls received Choir badges last November:

Pam Boyes
Helen Dicey
Jane Dicey
Maryanne Marais
Shane Fairhead

With such a strong representation of Rolt girls in the Choir, we should do well in the coming Inter-house music competition, for which the Rolt Choir and other individual music students are hard at work practising.

However, on the sport side, we have achieved the most this year. For the eighth year in succession Rolt won the swimming gala. The team, captained very well by Jane Johnson, really deserve congratulations for this victory, which the house made even greater with their spirit.

As/....

As usual Rolt dominated the diving, with Mary Jooste and Monika Oelz diving well to keep the cup in the house.

Rolt came off second in the Inter-house hockey, Merriman narrowly beating us in the last couple of matches. Again, the teams, captained by Sue Stamper, played their best, accompanied by some strong singing from house spectators.

Unfortunately, our work is not up to the standard of our sport, and it seems a lot of effort will be needed to improve marks. However, Rolt does have its consistent hard workers, some of whom have their Academic badges and scrolls.

On the whole so far, Rolt has been doing well in most areas. If the spirit just continues and the effort is sustained, that Efficiency Shield may yet rest in the hands of Rolt!

Jane Dicey
Head of Rolt

ROLT PREFECTS

From top to bottom : JANE DICEY (HEAD OF HOUSE), SUSAN STAMPER, HELEN DICEY (HEAD OF BOARDING HOUSE), LEIGH MUKHEIBER, SUSAN STEENKAMP, SUSAN BURNS.

ROLT STAFF :

From left to right : Mrs. Louw. Mrs. Beams. Mrs. Gilbertson.
Mrs. Stockwell. Mrs. Crowther.

Seated : Mrs. Marr.

REPORTS

HE WHO KNOWS WHEN TO STOP

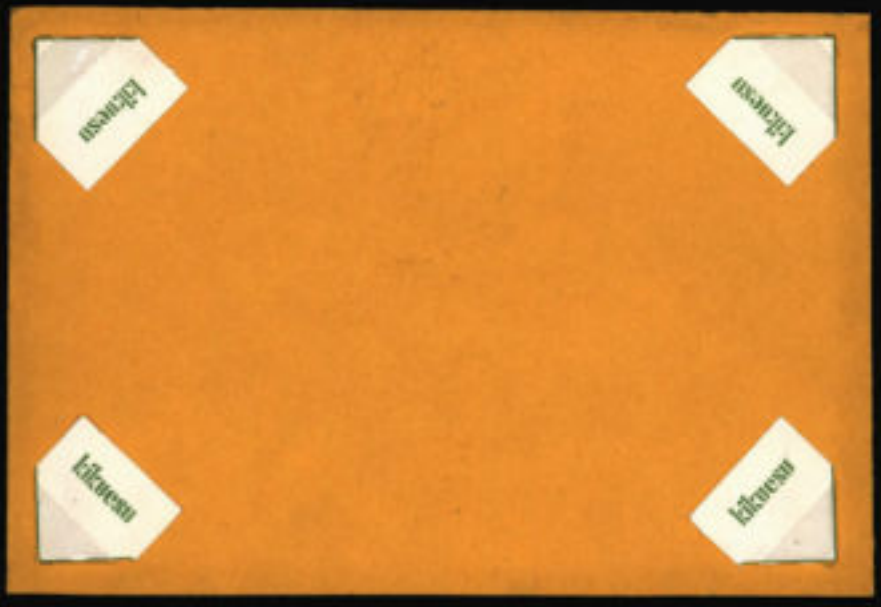
RUNS INTO NO DANGER

Lao-Tse

WE CANNOT WRITE WELL
OR TRULY, BUT WHAT WE WRITE
WE WRITE WITH GUSTO

Henry David Thoreau

IF YOU do NOT READ this gazinE



HE EDITOR WILL SHOOT HIMSELF

ROLT HOUSE

From left to right : R O L T

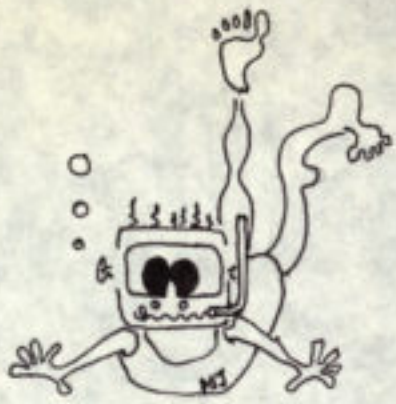
ART EDITOR : MARY JOOSTE

SPORT

Spectators at the Inter-House Swimming Gala

Rolt Open Hockey Team

Staff Team (left), Matric Team (right), played in the Staff - Matric's Hockey Match



SWIMMING

This year, 1980, has been a most successful one both for Herschel and for us Rolt girls. Our Herschel team won the Inter-schools gala for the first time in a number of years, and Rolt managed to keep up her record and win the Inter-house gala - although not as easily as in the past. Jagger and Merriman gave us really stiff competition in some events, and for Rolt the results were sometimes very shaky! I think the most important thing to remember about an Inter-house gala is not the fact that a certain house won, but the fact that so much team spirit and house spirit is evoked by an event of this nature. Rolt girls to commend this year are:

Deirbhle Mannion - who was awarded her full colours;
Monika Oelz - who always excels;
Mary Jooste - whose diving was beautiful.

The house really achieved a high level of team spirit and each girl did their utmost to support the team.

Thanks to Mrs. Goosen, who seemed to have superhuman powers with the team this year. The afternoon of the Inter-house gala was well organised and most enjoyable.

Three cheers for Jagger and Merriman!

Jane Johnson
Std. 10

HOCKEY

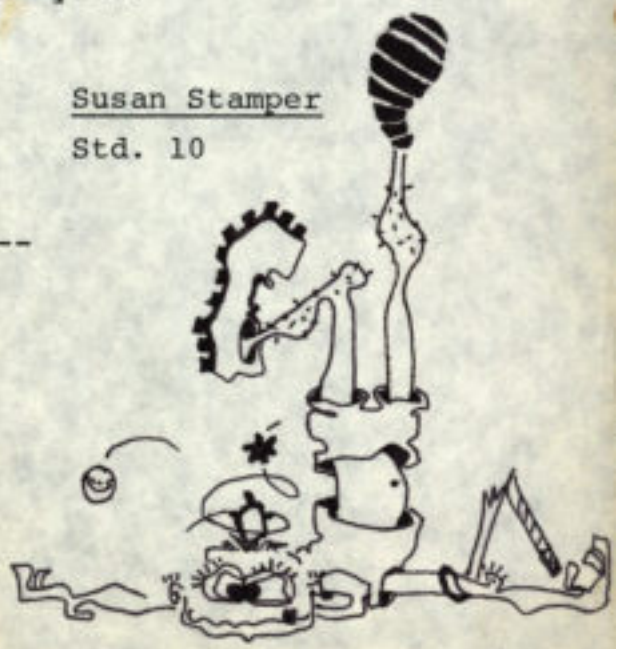
The general standard of Rolt hockey at the moment is pleasing, with three of our girls in the first team, who will be representing their school at the Inter-schools tournament later on this year. In addition, we have a great number of girls in the second and U-15A teams as well as some very promising juniors - Rolt's future first-teamers? The general enthusiasm towards the sport is increasing as we have six complete teams playing league matches on Saturday mornings which is a considerable amount for the size of our school.

The highlight of Rolt's hockey year was the Inter-house competition held earlier on this term, for which we had two very encouraging teams who, backed by some tremendous house spirit, managed to secure the second place for Rolt in some really exciting matches - a great improvement on last year's effort.

Some interesting non-competitive matches have also taken place which were a lot of fun, such as playing against Mums, Dads and teachers.

With such excellent opposition, the hockey cup will hopefully stand on Rolt's shelf next year!

Susan Stamper
Std. 10



DIVING

The story remains unchanged. Once again Rolt has won the Inter-house diving cup, featured predominantly in the Inter-school's diving competition - only one of the six Herschel representatives not being from Rolt - and produced the school's diving champion.

The five Herschel representatives from Rolt house were:

Tanya Landless
Monika Oelz
Mary Jooste
Clodagh Mannion
Sandy Newton-Thompson

Congratulations go to Monika Oelz, holder of the diving cup, who was awarded her full colours; half colours going to Tanya Landless and Mary Jooste.

Keep it up Rolt!

Mary Jooste
Std. 9

MJ

TENNIS

For the past number of years Rolt has fielded very few tennis players.

Contrary to recent years we now have four players in the first team:

Janice McMillan
Toni Beck
Jacqui Rathfelder
Susan Davies

and two in the U-15A team:

Kathy Dower
Alison McMillan

At the end of the first term Toni Beck, Susan Davies, Janice McMillan and Jacqui Rathfelder were awarded their tennis badges.

Therefore, instead of the disappointing third place, which we have attained for the past few years in the Inter-house tennis competition, we now have a chance of redeeming ourselves.

Come on, Rolt, let's win that cup this year!

Susan Davies
Std. 10

NETBALL

Although Netball is not Herschel's top sport, it is improving, as is Rolt's netball. Although we have not had Inter-house netball yet, Rolt is ready in spirit to really try and win the cup. Our number of players is unfortunately rather low.

In the 1st team, our only school representatives are:

Mary Jooste
Deirbhle Mannion

and in the U-15 we have:

Alison McMillan
Nicky Newton-King

Hopefully we will be able to make up two good teams to go with the great enthusiasm and spirit we have in the house because then we would have little trouble in finding our path to the cup!

Due to Mrs. Hudson's consistent support of our netball, the teams are really gaining a higher standard.

The Inter-house netball should be very exciting this year and a special 'good luck' to the Rolt teams.

Deirbhle Mannion
Std. 10

(We congratulate Deirbhle Mannion for reaching the final trials for the Western Province Schools Netball team - EDITORS.)

SQUASH

Last year's squash for Rolt was as successful as 1978, in that we won the Inter-house cup once more.

The team was comprised of:

M. van Niekerk
S. Burns
S. Davies
J. Rathfelder
T. Olivier

who played at Nos. 1 to 5, respectively. Congratulations go to Susan Davies and Susan Burns for making the finals of the U-16 and Susan Burns for finally winning at 3-2.

Best of luck again this year, Rolt, for I am sure we can do it again.

Meg van Niekerk
Std. 10

(We congratulate Meg van Niekerk on being selected for the Western Province 'A' Schools Squash team -
EDITORS.)

GYM

Gym has remained a well-loved sport by a group of very devoted gymnasts, and maintained a high standard. Although we have had no Inter-house event, the girls from all three houses have worked together helping each other and creating an enthusiastic gym club.

With this enthusiasm and interest from the girls and Miss Kable, a very good display was produced at the end of last year. Much of the work in this display was left over entirely to the girls' own initiative and ability. The display opened opportunities to girls of any standard in the school. Some really outstanding work was produced by the girls of the gym club and Mary Jooste should be especially commended on her magnificent performance, showing her extreme suppleness! Due to this and her own wonderful talent, Miss Kable awarded Mary her well-earned gym colours.

The gym club girls were thrilled to have Mrs. Goosen at our display. This gave her a really good impression of our ability, and she has taken over our gym club with tremendous enthusiasm. We are already working towards another display.

We received new apparatus this year - a beam and parallel bars. We have been working especially on the beam and on floor exercises to music for the display. The new work to music is very interesting and the girls have taken to it with a real keenness, and we would like to thank Mrs. Goosen for her valuable time and enthusiasm she has shown this year (even in her tiring 9 month period!).

Deirbhle Mannion
Std. 10

HAPPENINGS

OUR CHARITIES : (1) THE PENINSULA SCHOOL FEEDING SCHEME
(11) THE BRUCE DUNCAN HOME

For many members of the House, the second name brings on a strange fever known as "Jersey-itis". Its symptoms are annoyance, self-righteousness, frustration and temper. The medicine, made up of wool, knitting-needles and pattern, is very slow-acting and full recovery is achieved only when the last dose has been taken - i.e. the completed jersey has been handed to the House-Captain.

At this stage the old feeling of well-being returns and everyone basks in special sunshine, when I report that seventy or more jerseys have been delivered to the Home.

Every year, as I hand these jerseys to the supervisor, I wish that all Rolts could be with me, because I know that the experience of seeing the sheer joy of each child as he receives his new jersey, would make "Jersey-itis" extinct and replace it with the therapeutic qualities of compassion and concern, which would make those knitting needles really move!

Thank you Rolts, for giving warmth and comfort to the children of the Bruce Duncan Home and also for continuing to support them and the Peninsula School Feeding Scheme by donating money each term.

The financial needs of these charitable institutions continue to rise in proportion with the high rate of inflation and everything we can give is most gratefully received.

Elizabeth Stockwell
HOUSE MISTRESS

Lynn Stamper & Tisa van der Hoorn

Toni Beck & Kate Saunders

Hungry Mary!

Kathy Ince and her "Bokkie"

"CIVVIES" DAY

On the last Friday of the second term, the normally serene Herschel Senior School was transformed into a buzz of excitement. It was "Civvies" day!

This transformation was due to the Standard 8B class who organised this day as an effort to raise money for a charity.

But this was a "Civvies" day with a difference. Everyone had to dress up as twins, triplets or quadruplets. A competition, judged by Miss Geldard and Mrs. Gilham, was held to find the most successful 'twins'. It was impossible to choose one pair of twins, so five couples were named as the winners.

In all, this was a most successful day and was enjoyed by everyone.

Toni Beck
Std. 9

PET SHOW

On August 2nd, the Standard 9G class organised a Pet Show for their class charity. The Show was a joy for all, including the animals. The Husky Dog Food company supplied juicy prizes for the winners.

In the "most original pet" category, Kathy Ince of Rolt, won with her adorable pet goat, "Bokkie". The Show was a great success, and over R200 was raised.

Mary Jooste
Std. 9

INTER-HOUSE PLAY

What fun! Rolt was going to produce its very own play! We eagerly scanned numerous plays, and after lengthy discussion - and argument - we decided on "The Do-It-Yourself Frankenstein Outfit". Producer, Jane Johnson, eagerly got to work. Toni Olivier was allotted the role of the Demonstrator with Leigh Mukheiber, Shane Fairhead, Jacqui Rathfelder and Susan Davies taking other main parts. Lisa Lynne gamely choreographed a dance routine and trained the dancers and soon they were all high-kicking and leaping about with great vim and gusto.

At last the great day arrived! Feverishly we went through our lines, changed, applied - or rather, slapped on - our make-up and we were on! Everything went with a swing - the Demonstrator was at her witty best, the other robots acted mechanically and the dancers acquitted themselves superbly.

It was over and we were tensely waiting to hear the judge's adjudication. At last he stood up, "And I have awarded First place to ....."; "Rolt" we all mouthed silently; "Jagger!"

Hard luck, Rolt. Well done, Jagger. And roll on the next Inter-house play competition. Even if we didn't win this year, we had great fun putting the play together.

Susan Davies
Std. 10

ART TOUR 1980

After much excited preparation and last minute packing the group of fifteen, including nine from St. Cyprian's, five from Herschel, plus Art teacher, Mrs. Hale and her husband and friends of their's, the Alderman's, met at D. F. Malan Airport. None of the girls at this stage had really realised the full significance of jet-setting around the Continent. By that, I mean that we all had to be responsible for our own passports, travel documents and other sundry items, such as suitcases and hand luggage. We boarded the Airbus for Johannesburg after fond farewells from parents, some of whom I am sure were more than a little anxious about the livelihood of their young 'angels'.

We reached Johannesburg and boarded the Boeing 747 for Athens. We stopped at Lisbon and then continued on to Athens which was considerably warmer than Cape Town had been. After transferring to our hotel, we walked to the National Museum, one of the greatest in the world and includes many remnants of ancient history portrayed in pottery and sculpture, for example : Dipylon Vase.

The following day we took a tour bus to the ancient city of Delphi, stopping at Ossias Lukos on the way. This was a fascinating example of ancient architecture including the temple and amphitheatre. The actual village was very quaint, full of windowboxes and little back-streets and of course the inevitable souvenir shops. On the journey back we happened to be in time to see the Olympic Flame being carried through Greece and then attended the Light and Sound display.

The next day we boarded a ship for a day tour to three

islands/....

ROLT MAGAZINE EDITORS :

From left to right : SHANE FAIRHEAD ; TONI OLIVIER ; TONI BECK

The Art Tour Group

Eiffel Tower

islands, Hydra, Poros and Aegina, and in the evening we visited the Plaka district, the nightclub area of Athens.

On the 23rd June, we left Athens for Rome where we saw the Trevi Fountains, Spanish Steps, Tivoli Garden and magnificent St. Peter's cathedral in the Vatican City. All the major Renaissance works were there including Michelangelo's Moses and the ancient Colosseum.

Florence was next on the agenda and we passed through Sienna and Assisi to look at St. Francis' chapel on the way. In Florence we saw the Cathedral and Dome and of course Michelangelo's David at the Academa. Unfortunately we were caught in bad weather and the hail and thunder-storm hit us while we were in central Florence. We also took a trip to Piza to see the Leaning Tower and Baptistry. Back in Florence we visited the huge Uffizi Gallery. This was the highlight of the entire tour.

We left Florence on the 30th June, by train, for Venice and spent two nights there and this included a gondola ride and a stroll around St. Mark's square, the Doge's Palace and the church. The place had tremendous atmos-phere and is really worth visiting.

Instead of the planned trip to Oberammegau to see the Passion Play, we took the Dolamite Express through the Alps to Munich, passing through Innsbruck on the way. The journey included a visible contrast as we passed through Northern Italy into Austria and then finally to Germany. We spent a rather wet day in Munich, looking at a huge Moslem art collection at the Kunsthaus, and then flew to Zurich.

Switzerland is wonderfully clean but we had to spend a

fortune/....

fortune on food and entertainment. We stayed two nights there and our stay included a boat ride on the River Limmat and a cableway trip up Mt. Selsenegg to get a better view of Zurich.

We then flew to Paris, which was my favourite city. We stayed there for three nights and visited all the famous Galleries and sightseeing attractions, such as, Notre Dame, the Louvre, Champs Elyseés and climbed the Eiffel Tower amidst hundreds of fellow-tourists. We made good use of the Metro and grew quite accustomed to dashing frantically for a carriage that wasn't quite as crowded as the rest.

Then to London, where we split up and I was fortunate enough to visit the Eve's in Salcombe, Devon.

Our return trip was uneventful and we were very pleased to get home to South Africa.

Fiona McQueen
Std. 9

THE TSITSIKHAMA TRAIL

On the last day of the first term, thirteen excited Herschel girls under the leadership of ex-game's teacher, Miss Kable, and two other Staff members, Mrs. Bamfield and Miss Aitchison, left in the somewhat crowded school bus, for Nature's Valley. Among the noisy troupe of girls were six Rolt girls : Mary Jooste, Deirbhle Mannion, Jacqui Rathfelder, Toni Olivier, Kathy Dower and Susan Davies. The group was off to tackle the five-day Tsitsikhama Hiking Trail running inland from Nature's Valley to Stormsriver Mouth.

We set off from the base camp at Nature's Valley the next morning at 7.15, with packs full and spirit high. Walking was relatively easy through thick forest apart from one rather stiff climb in the beginning. We reached the first hut feeling exhausted and bruised, but still had energy to climb down to a lovely pool below the hut. We found other parties at the hut before us, including the highlight - four boys from Gray's College in Port Elizabeth.

Over the five days, it was taken in turn to do the cooking and washing in groups of three or four. Meals were extremely well planned by Miss Kable and were all delicious, while still economical. We all slept in triple bunks in a separate part of the hut to the other parties.

The highlight the next day was an extremely beautiful and large pool, which we found difficult to leave. Walking was tough and blisters were getting bigger and more painful with a few exceptions. Because there was no pool very close to the next hut, there were showers,

which/....

Miss Kable - in one of her less conventional poses

The Hiking Group

View from the top Sleepkloof Pass

Storms River Mouth

which was quite a luxury.

The next day was tough with a nasty climb in the beginning. Spirit was still good, and morale was kept up by thinking about the next pool, and most of all, lunch. All lunches were strictly rationed, although quite a few girls broke them, and were a bit scant of food towards the end.

The next day's walk contained the much-feared "Splendid Pass". It certainly was a slog, but the view from the top was magnificent. When we reached the hut, we were very disappointed to have to split the party into two separate rooms, and on our last night too! We really had become inseparable as a group at the end of it. Our last evening was spent with the usual singing round the campfire.

The next day's walk was not far to the bus - five kilometres. We walked to Stormsriver Mouth and even crossed the old suspension bridge there. We ate lunch after walking a little way along the Otter Trail, to see what it was like. The night was spent outside Plettenberg Bay, at a small hotel.

On the next day there was a rather sad feeling in the air. Miss Kable was dropped off at Plettenberg Bay, before we started the long journey back to Cape Town.

We all enjoyed the trail a great deal, and were even discussing when to start the next one, on our way home.

Toni Olivier
Std. 9

Congratulations to LEIGH MUKHEIBER, of Rolt, who has recently been awarded a Rotary Scholarship. She is going to stay with a family in Arizona, Texas.

We wish her the very best of luck.

OBSERVATIONS

A PIECE OF STRING

A study of strength and unity lies before me, while cleanliness stretches out towards infinity.

It is abruptly cut off. It ends in a jagged, frayed edge which jars on consciousness, reminding one of poetry. A poem beautiful, yet stopped abruptly before the climax is reached. One feels rather than notices the potential it carries and one imagines the ending to be something magnificent.

Coiled upon itself, it symbolises many things. One thinks of people, united by a common bond of strength among them. The bond grows as each potential idea is realised, yet the people fall apart where the coil of unity ends and winds back upon itself, a failure, rejected.

The white coiled bond then symbolises a couple. Two people bound together by any interest shared. The coil moves on, the relationship intensifies, then abruptly falls away and frays like the edges which are no longer infinite.

Life itself seems to lie before me. It begins with force and continues, becoming more complex as it coils down the years. Death, an ugly jarring note with frayed edges suddenly strikes. The coil is broken. Infinity is no more.

Time passes. The ticking of a wristwatch interrupts my philosophy and brings me back to the examination room. I look at my paper. Empty. I look at the objects on the desk and wonder at my ignorance. I silently curse the piece of string before me, and the power of the imagination.

Jane Johnson
Std. 10

FREEDOM

I unhooked it and set it free,
It encircled its territory
Soaring up high,
up,
up,
until it was only a dark speck
in the brilliant blue sky.
It reappeared gliding gracefully with the wind,
It knew I was there
waiting,
watching.
It observed me, then suddenly
it plunged down, head first,
down,
down.
It landed on my outstretched gloved hand
and stayed for a split second before
it was lost from my sight.
I understand its need
of reassurance
that it was free.

Monika Oelz
Std. 9

MY FIRST IMPRESSION (RATS)

My first impression was of a warm, grey, pulsating wall of metal.

I wasn't quite sure what it was, but it kept us warm at night.

Looking around, a coiled snake caught my attention and I shoved my face quickly under my mother.

It was, I found out later, a spring; the wall, the cover to the main engine.

I had been born in a refrigerator.

Sandy Newton Thompson
Std. 7

A GOLDFISH

Innocent beauty,
Gliding forever
through a transparent world.

Alison McMillan
Std. 6

MY ISLAND

I listened at the bathroom door,
"... my island," my little brother said, "my very own island in my very own bathtub." I was puzzled.
"His island," I thought "what sort of island?" I listened again.
"It has green trees and white sand on the edge."
"Funny," I thought "what has green trees with white sand on the edge of it? He doesn't have a toy that looks even remotely like an island. Now let me see...."
I heard him talking again and listened very carefully to his description of, 'My Island'.

"Now these green trees are big, tall, jungle-trees. Yes .... that's right; it's a big jungle with lots of bad, dangerous people living inside it. The white is the white sand on the long, lonely beach. I shall call my island 'Flannel Isle'. This is the place where only I, the big game hunter, can go: the bad, dangerous people are very scared of me because I'm so big and strong. They aren't scared of anyone else, only me. The sea around my island has a lot of sharks and whales swimming around in its deep, dark waters. These can sink a ship with a flip of their tails. The sand on the beach is so hot that you can't put one foot down on it. This is because the island is right on the Equator. There are lots of piranha fish swimming in the rivers, that can eat you up in one gulp. The savages there are very bad and like eating human flesh. They eat all the people that come and visit them and sometimes even their own brothers. There are lots of wild animals, snakes, tigers and lions that live in the trees and in dens.

They/....

They eat all the nice, good buck which wouldn't harm an ant and are so tame that they eat out of your hand. The mosquitoes and flies are terrible and bite like anything. They make you get very sick if they bite you. The wild birds are very colourful but make terrible noises. There are lots of parrots and toucans and some of the parrots can talk just like me. I've been to this island so many times that....."

At this point I decided it was getting late and I was getting curious to know what kind of island he was talking about. I went into the bathroom telling him to get dressed.

"What are you up to?" I enquired, noticing that he was rather embarrassed.

"Oh! nothing really." 'Very innocent', I was thinking. I looked around and noticed a green and white flannel slowly submerging into the depths of the soapy bath-water.

"Gosh! What an imagination four-year olds have."

Roxie Carney
Std. 7

NIGHT

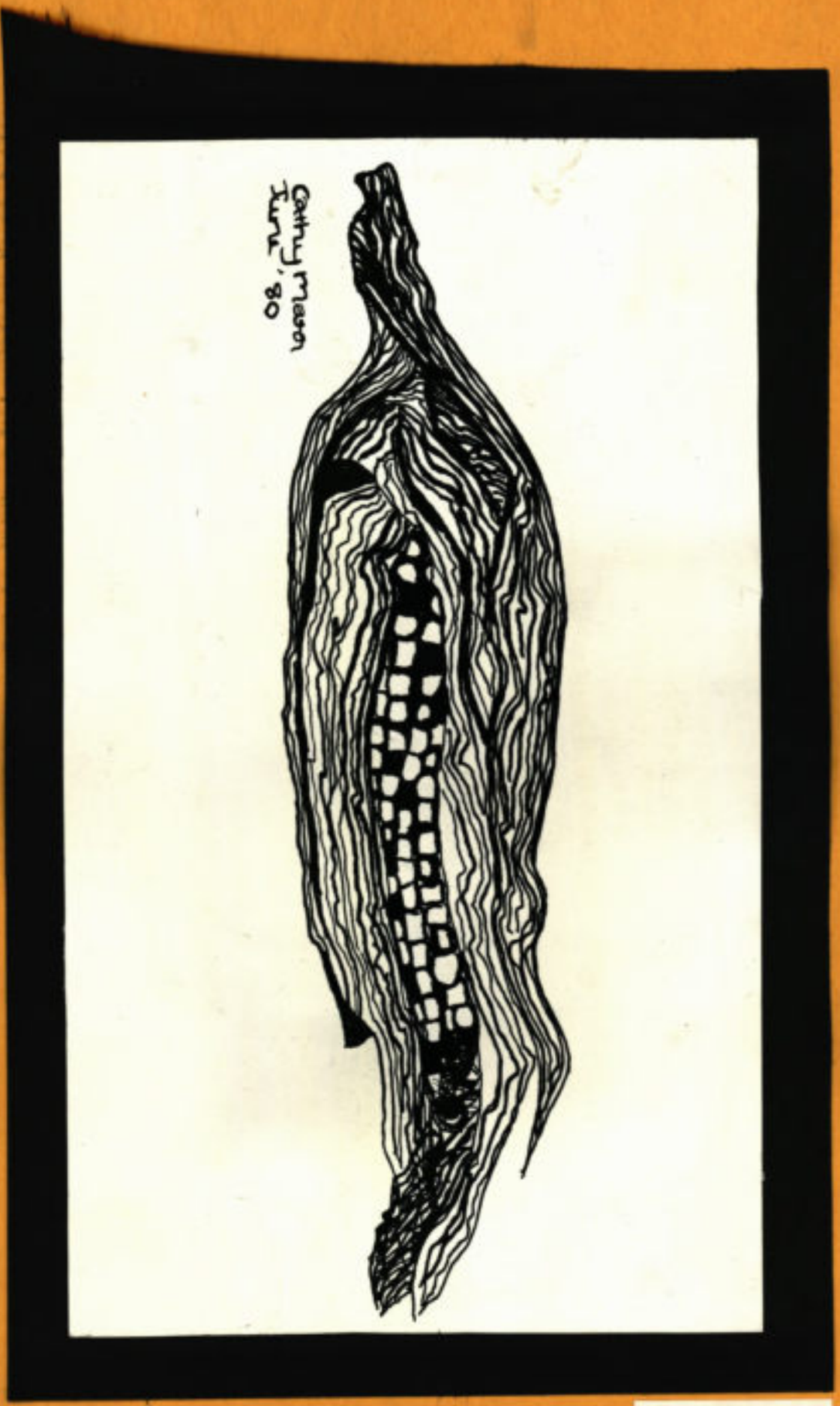
Night swept over the sky
Her cloak flying in the wind
Enveloping all in darkness.

Wilhelmina Bray
Std. 6

A NEWLY BORN LAMB

A bundle of fur
lies abstract but yet real
sweating, straining to open an eye,
motionless but fighting inside.
She will soon learn that
this is her world.
As darkness surrounds her,
she is a complete stranger on earth.
Then motherly love prevails,
as she opens her eyes, and
moves about.
Attempting to stand,
confidence encourages failure and,
Alas! she falls.

Alison McMillan
Std. 6



Cathy Marr
Std. 8

Erratic slip-thoughts
shimmer in mind's far recess.
Amoeba-like darts
whose tentative, thought-fingers
dissolve at one conscious touch.

Jane Dicey
Std. 10

MR. VERNEOT

Mr. Verneot looked perfectly normal. Well, almost perfectly normal. He had a short, stocky body, muscular arms and short legs. His face was round, a little plump perhaps, with a long drooping moustache. From a distance his face looked benevolent and kind. His mouth was curved into a perpetual smile, his clean, sparkling teeth shining through it. His nose was nearly straight, with just a small kink in it where, in his younger days, a hard fist had landed.

What was abnormal about him then? Wait, let me think. Oh yes.... it was his eyes. They were the type that never smiled with the rest of his face. One slightly larger than the other, they had an insane, cruel glint in them. The only time I ever saw them smile was when a kitten had been caught in a rat-trap by accident.

He lived in a beautiful little cottage on the corner of Oakland Crescent and Meyer's Street. It was well-kept, like the rest of his possessions. He wore different coloured clothes for each day of the week. I lived opposite him and could tell what he would wear every day of the week for a year.

Then suddenly he disappeared. No-one knew where he went. No-one knew why. The stories were passed from gossip to gossip, each nosey person adding one more scrap of information to the already exaggerated tale. After a time the scandal died down. People gradually forgot about mad Mr. Verneot. That was all a long time ago.

The little cottage still stands on the corner of Oakland Crescent and Meyer's Street, but it is no longer well-kept. The tiles have fallen off the roof; the walls

are/....

are grey, the paint is peeling off; and the gate creaks to-and-fro on one rusty hinge.

If anyone ever learnt the truth about Mr. Verneot it has long since been swallowed up in the misty clouds of time.

Sally Dicey
Std. 6

"ALL STATIONS TO CAPE TOWN!"

The busily knitting woman did not even glance up as the train groaned to a halt in Claremont Station, and another loadful of commuters bustled into the compartment. She was totally absorbed in her world of knit two, purl two. I wondered for whom she was knitting. Her rapidly clicking needles signified a sense of urgency. Perhaps she had a brood of children that all needed jerseys for the approaching winter. She looked harrassed and care-worn. Although she was neatly dressed and clean, there was a definite air of shabbiness about her. Her shoes needed new heels; there was a ladder in her stockings and the skirt was shiny with constant sponging and pressing. Her hair looked lustreless and needed a cut; her face showed tired lines, and the skin looked pasty and uncared for. I gathered from her appearance that she had a struggle to make ends meet, and that her life was dull and monotonous. There was no sparkle or zest for living in her face - it looked worn away by the cares of survival.

By contrast, on the other side of the compartment, were three young working girls. They giggled and chatted animatedly. They were all fashionably dressed, with the very latest in shoes and make-up. Their hair was shiny and beautifully cut, and they discussed the newest range of face preparations that one of them had just purchased. From this they progressed to their social escapades. One had spent the week-end at a "posh" hotel on the coast. Another had been to a "fabulous" party, while the third had seen the most riotously funny movie. All were filled with "joie de vivre" - life was for living.

The/....

The knitter did not look up once - it was as if she heard none of this - as if she did not wish to know that such pleasures existed. There was no curiosity to discover what the chatterers looked like. As I gazed from her to the others, I pondered on the contrast. Perhaps the knitter had once been like the others, perhaps she too had sported smart clothes, and done exciting things, but now her world had become grey and uninteresting.

The compartment darkened, and we drew into Cape Town. For a short time a variety of people had been brought together with one purpose in common - that of reaching a destination. As I left the train, I wondered from where the knitter had come, and for where the chatterers were bound.

Leigh Mukheiber
Std. 10

TIRED

Drooped eyelids
Head turning over hazy thoughts
Like a tumbledryer
Slow, methodical
Muscles easing
Oozing over, around the bones

Sandwiched between sheets
Chest moving up
Chest moving down
Breath regulating
Blackness
Three green blotches
Cross the screen
Fifty dreams away.

Mary Jooste
Std. 9

THE ROSE

fragrant sweetness
warmly perfuming the air
with beauty and love.

A STOAT HUNTING AT NIGHT

Shy
Silent
Silver-shot shape
Slinking Spectre
Stoat

Jean Moodie
Std. 10

WHAT ASPECTS OF CHILDHOOD DO YOU CONSIDER IT A PITY TO HAVE LOST AS YOU APPROACH ADULTHOOD

There are many aspects of childhood that I consider it a pity to have lost.

The first is toughness. For many years of my childhood I fought continually with my elder brother. For a long time we were on a par with each other, but as we grew up the scales were tipped more than somewhat. As he is older, his size increased faster than mine. I can remember the many frustrating times when he, with his long arms, held me by my neck at arm's length, while I kicked furiously at the air around him, not able to make contact. Sometimes, though, we found it beneficial to join forces. I remember one time when we had to be called off while in the process of ganging up on a boy we did not like. But as we grew older, so I became more delicate and he became stronger and I frequently went crying back to mum. This forced my parents to forbid him from touching me, let alone fighting. I was thankful at first, but then began to miss having a good old brawl.

Another aspect that I miss about childhood, is the ability to get what you want by crying, sulking or throwing a tantrum. Even to this day I have memories of being separated at a tender age from my mother in some big shopping complex. At that age, the obvious thing to do is to break out into loud wailing until some old dears feel sorry for you and rush you off to the Lost Property Office or something. They have no problem in getting the Manager to page your mother over the loudspeakers. But now, when you are separated from your shopping partner, you would feel a bit of a fool throwing a tantrum in the middle of

Cavendish/....

Cavendish Square! As for the Manager, he would charge you some vast sum for calling your partner over the intercom.

I always admire kids when I see them playing in the middle of a pile of mud making castles and coming out looking like warthogs, but still with that look of intense satisfaction on their faces. But then I remember what fun it was when I was that age. However, this realization will still not convince me to throw myself with joyous abandon into a pool of mud when passing. It is this carefreeness of childhood that I miss so much.

Another aspect of childhood that I regret losing is the ability to get what you want, not by crying, but by comparing yourself with your contemporaries. I can remember using this tactic many a time.

"Mum, me and Jenny are going over to Helen to play today. We're going to ride there. You know, Jenny has got such a nice bicycle with gears and everything so she can even ride up hills. I'll just have to push mine though. O.K., mum, bye-bye."

This is a sure way of getting Mum to persuade Dad to have some gears fitted to the bicycle. I find that this tactic no longer works, however. The reply now, is usually that if you need the article so desperately, you can jolly well go and earn the money yourself!

These are just a few of the aspects of childhood that I consider it a pity to have lost, although approaching adulthood certainly has its advantages as well!

Toni Olivier
Std. 9

EAGLE

Wheeling,
Soaring high on the streams of the air
The eagle spreads his wings
And freezes, motionless,
A small-scale hang-glider.

A wind current bears him for a while,
Teasing his fluttering wingtip feathers,
Then
d
r
o
p
s
him

The eagle swoops,
Holds,
And swoops again,
Spiralling closer to the world
Spread beneath him in a map.

Again he checks,
Eyes focus,
And out of the sky he plummets,
(A bomber now),
lets down strong clawed wheels
And grabs a meal.

He clambers up into the sky again,
Slowly,
And flies himself home, satisfied
Free.

Katherine Dicey
Std. 8

DESTRUCTION

THE DEVIL

An old, bent man shuffled slowly down the endless, dry road that lead from town. Everything around him lay in awesome silence. The whole Karoo waited in expectation. The only sound was of his feet, being painfully lifted up, one after the other. As he put his one foot down a cloud of swirling dust surrounded it. The hot sun baked his old, worn and tatty felt hat and beads of sweat ran down his wrinkled forehead. Two buttons were missing from his once white shirt, which was now a stained and rumpled grey. A thin claw-like hand, stained with nicotine clutched a thin, grey jersey at his side. The other hand held tightly onto the bag containing his precious food for the month. The space between his shoes and trouser leg revealed a thin, brown ankle into which his only shoes clung. The shoes were a well worn black colour and a cracked pair of toes peered out of a hole in one of them. As he felt stones creeping through these holes, he cursed, wishing he could afford a new pair. He walked through the white, chipped gates and up the path. Thorn trees, with their piercing white thorns, lined the side of the road. He walked up to his cottage on the deserted farm and went through the open front door. He didn't bother to lock it as no-one knew he lived there and it had been three years since someone had come to look at the farm, in order to buy it. He was as safe as solitude.

He sat down in the only room and rested, listening to the sound of the Pepper Tree, that had drooped itself across the roof, swishing in the slight breeze. He looked up at the wooden beams that held the thatch of his roof, wondering when he could afford to replace the dry, grey

thatch/....

thatch that was a fire hazard. He reached for the oil lamp and struck a match in order to light it. His hand jerked and the match fell into the newspaper that covered the wooden table. The flame began to grow wickedly and little flames jumped into the roof. The dry thatch caught the flames and burned merrily. The old man sat, dumb-struck, unable to move as the flames danced an evil dance of the devil around him.

Outside, the Pepper Tree burst into flame and the thorn trees became little crackling devils spreading the master's work.

The Devil eventually enveloped the whole cottage in his red cloak of fire. The Karoo's expectation was fulfilled.

Wilhelmina Bray
Std. 6

RUST

Vermilion ravager
Destroyer, disintegrater,
A cancerous growth that creeps and spreads
Nibbling and consuming bit by bit
A corrosive force that attacks and dissolves
Leaving nothingness

Leigh Mukheiber
Std. 10

OLGA

Miss Olga Navoskova had defected from Russia in 1968 and had come to London where she had met and married James Hammersfield. She had joined a small secretive party of White Russians but the media got to know of it and all names were released causing its collapse about eighteen months ago.

It was about twelve, noon, when Olga Hammersfield walked into Fortnum and Masons, went straight to the back and sat down at a reserved table for lunch. Two elderly men came in about five minutes after her and sat at a neighbouring table. They saw Olga pull a theatre ticket from her bag and just managed to read the name 'Cossacks' at the top. One of the men stood up and went to the public telephone at the counter and dialed 826-4046. It rang for quite a while and then was eventually answered by a gruff-sounding man.

"Hallo, 826-4046 here".

"Hallo, Nicholas please".

"Hallo, Nicholas here".

"Hallo, Nick, we've traced the lady, she's going to the 'Cossacks' at the Haymarket at two. She's wearing blue and carrying white gloves and a green umbrella. Look out for her and then strike".

Olga stood up from her seat and walked out, down to the Haymarket. It was raining by now and her umbrella was put into good use. As she entered the foyer she saw a smart, good-looking man with an eye patch over his left

eye/....

eye. She recognised his face but could not place him. She gave up wondering and walked slowly to the chocolate counter where she bought herself a box of Black Magic chocolates. She opened them and took out a Turkish Delight and then shuffled into the theatre with the crowd. She was sitting in Seat F4 and in Seat G4 sat the man with one eye.

Olga had left her green umbrella with the coats in the foyer but still had her gloves. She ate her chocolates during the first half of the performance, and when interval came she stood up and walked out to buy a cool drink and some more chocolates. She hadn't noticed that the man with one eye had followed her out.

When the curtain rose on the second act, Seats F4 and G4 were both empty with just a chocolate box and a white glove lying on the floor of Seat F4.

The theatre cleaning staff never connected the unclaimed green umbrella and the white glove with the newspaper reports of the missing Olga Hammersfield.

Kathy Dower
Std. 8

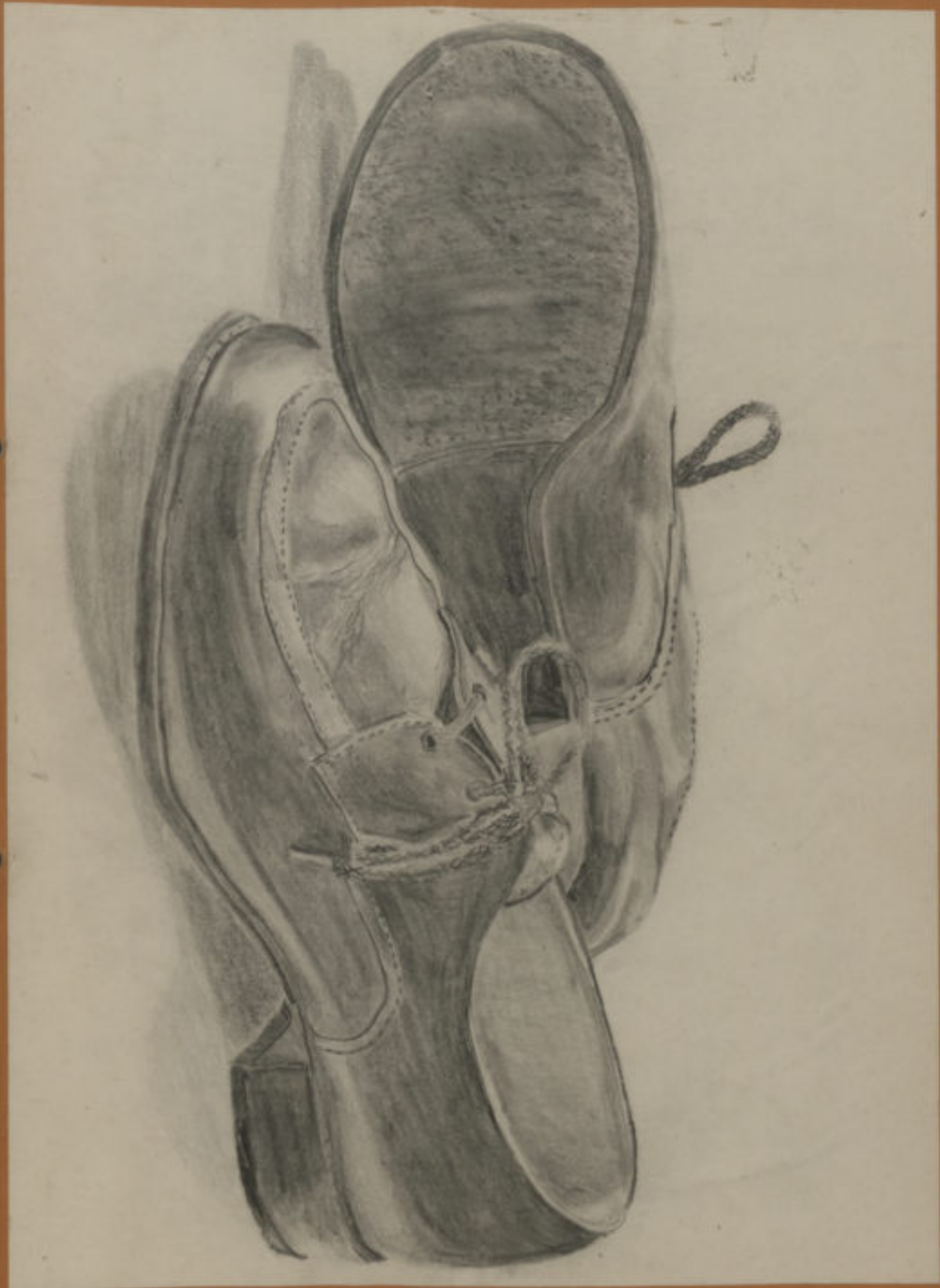
ONS VRA

U VERSKONING

VIR DIE

KORT

ONDERBREKING



Fiona McQueen
Std. 9

LADY OF THE ICE

Lady of the Ice. That was what we called her. Lady of the stark, frozen, wastelands of ice. She was beautiful. Her long hair flowed down her back like a horse's mane, but it was shite. Her lovely slender arms, long legs and straight torso stood upright in the strongest of winds, but they were white. Even her clothes, eyes, in fact everything about her was white.

Lady would stand there for hours. She would stand next to a small tree which was bent and wizened like an old, old man. As children we would laugh at her. We called out rude names, showering our cruel words upon her like little pieces of hard, sharp ice.

Then one day, while we were taunting the beautiful girl, a strong, cold wind blew up. So strong even the Lady of the Ice swayed. So cold even the Lady of the Ice shivered. The gale continued blowing. Bits of snow and ice were swept into a huge bank next to the Ice Maiden. She seemed to rise with the bank. Ten metres...twenty metres...thirty metres...forty metres...fifty metres. At last the drift seemed to stop growing. The Lady of the Ice stood still at the top of the ice and in the wind there seemed to be a voice saying, "You are going to be punished...punished...punished...punished."

We huddled in a group. That voice had been directed at us. We were determined to stay together but a magnet seemed to pull us apart. We stared at each other in horror. We were turning white. Our hair, our sturdy bodies, our eyes, the clothes we were wearing, they were going white.

And we started climbing. Up that huge, white cold drift. Our legs just seemed to be pushed forward at each step.

We/....

We fell and got up again. We didn't know how or why we were doing what we were doing. We climbed, stumbled, got up again and climbed. Just climbed and climbed and climbed.

The Lady of the Ice's leaden face seemed to change into a smile. Sound came to her lips and we strained to hear. It was laughter. The sound echoed in our ears, laughter... laughter...laughter...laughter...

Sally Dicey
Std. 6

WAR

MIDNIGHT

The world is in sleepy silence.
A monotonous droning is heard from the sky.
Now a change in pitch
As the sadistic laugh of shells
Come shattering to earth.
The explosion into yellow flames
That eagerly devour buildings
Before spreading on and on.

THE WORLD

Now in a tumult of frenzy.
Screaming people, whimpering dogs,
Ignored instructions being shouted
Above the crackling fire.
Still the whistling, screaming bombs.
"Where must we go? What must we do?"
The final desperate plea
Of innocent people in a desperate bid to save
their lives.

MORNING

The World is a dull grey.
No more flames, only the smoking of ashes -
The reminders of last night's uninvited visitors.
People look on. Charred bodies
Are removed from the silent debris.
The tears have been shed long before.
All that is now left is a reawakened hating
Of the cruel, unfeeling shells.

Beverley Atkinson
Std. 9

OBSESSIONS

THE FANATIC

"Well," said Mrs. Browne grimly, as she turned off the television set and the last of the glittering, gaudy dancers faded into nothingness. "Now that your father's dead, I think we'll have to get you on the stage to bring in some money".

"Don't make jokes like....." began Jane, and abruptly stopped, staring aghast, not at the smiling joviality with which she had thought would accompany this remark, but at a face set in hardened lines, replacing its usual gentle, pleasant expression. This was her mother, who, in every way, had encouraged Jane in her desire to become a 'prima ballerina'. Mrs. Browne continued in the same steel-like tones, "Tomorrow I'll phone Madame Simone and tell her you won't be coming back to classes, and in the afternoon we'll go for an interview at Selbey's Stage School".

"But....", Jane gasped.

"No buts, Jane", her mother admonished, "and while we're on the subject, we'll have to do something about your figure", she said, surveying Jane's perfectly proportioned form and firm flesh. "You've got to be like this", she went on, picking up a magazine and showing Jane a picture of two anorexic-looking girls in their skimpy stage-outfits.

Disbelievingly Jane left the room. The next day she was installed in Selbey's Stage School, where she found it difficult to adapt her strict ballet training to the unrestrained style of modern dancing. Furthermore, over the weeks her mother seemed like a changed person. Jane

was/....

was put on a strict diet and all her spare time was spent practising and perfecting her dancing.

It was breakfast-time three weeks later. Jane listlessly picked at her half-grapefruit, which, after three weeks, she still detested. The rosy colour had faded from her cheeks and she no longer had any appetite. There were deep hollows in her cheeks and her once firm flesh sagged awkwardly, barely covering her prominent bones. "I see that there's a part going in this musical". Mrs. Browne's harsh voice cut across Jane's reverie.

"There are two hundred other girls at the stage school", Jane said wearily, pushing a lank lock of hair away from her forehead. "You'll get it!" her mother replied, with that strange glint in her eyes. "Now, go and put in an hour's practice before you leave for school. I think we'd better increase your practice-time to ensure you of the part."

Jane left the table, donned her practice-clothes, went into the play-room and switched on the record-player. She mechanically began her exercises. Suddenly it became too much for her! She picked up her ballet shoes and flung them at the record-player. 'Melody in Paris' screeched to a sudden halt, the record-player hovered uncertainly on the turn-table and, urged on by a violent kick from Jane, crashed to the ground. Jane stood motionless, aghast at her temerity.

The door slammed behind her. Mrs. Browne entered and Jane quickly wheeled around. The next moment blows were rained on every side of her face, and she reeled around dizzily. The odd phrases 'ungrateful little wench', 'expensive record-player' and 'brat' whirled around in

her/....

her semi-conscious brain, and she sank thankfully into oblivion.

Ten minutes later Jane was mechanically warming-up, watched over by her mother.

She did get the job - thanks to her mother.

She was offered more engagements - thanks to her mother.

A month later Jane was found sprawled on her bed, clasping in her hands an empty bottle of sleeping pills, and a note which read, "You're the fanatic about dancing, not me. As our positions should rightfully be the other way round, you can take my place."

Her premature death was thanks to her mother.

Susan Davies
Std. 10

STEALING

Quick, look
The biscuit tin is there
Nobody about?
The coast is clear.

Grubby hands slide closer.
Oh, this is fun.
Footsteps!
Grab the tin and run.

Ilse Richter
Std. 6

BOYFRIENDS

I will never forget how my sister and her husband-to-be really met. About three years ago we were spending our December holidays at the sea, as always. I have two sisters, Margaret and Jean, and these holidays Jean was determined to find a boyfriend as she did not have one and all her friends did.

We were sitting in my bedroom one day, discussing all the males staying in the village. Most of them did not seem quite right as a boyfriend for Jean and so we went through them all until we came to the families on either side of us. On the left was a family of three boys and one girl. However, they were all younger than Jean. The right-hand-side family consisted of two boys and their cousin, Leon, the oldest brother, was Margaret's boyfriend. Peter, the cousin, was 'unattached' but he was all arms and legs. The younger brother was - wait! The younger brother was ideal! Margaret assured us that as well as being good-looking (as we already knew), he was a very pleasant person. She told us, "He's divine - of course Leon is divine too, but he doesn't look as nice as André does." We unanimously agreed that he was the one.

However, there was a big problem. André was so 'lekka' that he was constantly chased by girls and as a result he was afraid of them. We now needed something to overcome that problem and sat with our brains working furiously, occasionally pausing to listen to a new, but inefficient, plan. Suddenly Margaret jumped up, giving Jean and I quite a start. "I've got it - listen."

You/....

"You know how good you are at water-skiing, Jean, and you know that André is an expert at it, and you know there is a water-skiing competition next week?" We looked at her in wonder. She had hit the nail on the head and I hastened to tell her of the notice I had seen, asking for judges. We all babbled for about fifteen minutes and finally had it sorted out. Jean would enter, of course, and Leon would be persuaded to persuade André to offer to judge at the contest. He would be dazzled by Jean's performance and..... so we talked until suppertime.

The following day Margaret went next door to 'inform' Leon of a notice urgently asking for judges. She and Leon discussed it and he thought of a very clever thing! "André is a water-ski champion so he would judge, I'm sure..." He told André of 'his' idea and in no time at all it was settled that André was to be one of the judges. Jean immediately entered the contest. So far everything was going fine!

The great day dawned and we all set off to the lagoon where the competition was being held. Jean was in the fifth event and eventually she set off to the starting point where André's cousin was waiting with his motor boat. He had helped her practise for two weeks and knew exactly what to do. Margaret and I watched with baited breath. From the start things went wrong. Jean seemed to have forgotten her sequence and was watching the judges' stand instead. We looked there too and André was not there! What we had not realized was that different judges judged different events. We were staring at the judges in

consternation/....

consternation when we heard a squeal from the middle of the lagoon. To our alarm, Jean had fallen into the water and her skis were preventing her from getting to the surface. Then Peter, the forgotten cousin, jumped into the water and dragged her into the boat.

As he helped her onto shore I could almost see her thinking, "He's not so bad after all!"

Katherine Dicey
Std. 8

Mary Jooste
Std. 9

Ship -
monster -
floating 'plane -
portholes for eyes.
Creation -
of man.
God?

Susan Stamper
Std. 10

CROSSWORD PUZZLES

My earliest memories are of crossword puzzles and, to be quite honest, they aren't very happy ones. My whole family, with the exception of me, is crossword-puzzle-crazy. Over the last few years I've come to the conclusion that my family aren't the only crossword-fiends but so are four-fifth's of the world's population.

In our house Sunday is crossword puzzle day, so of all the days of the week I hate Sundays the most. Just the thought of Monday is a happy one. All the newspapers published in Cape Town, be they English, Afrikaans or French, are delivered to our house. Nobody ever reads them, but the crosswords are cut out and stored for Sunday. One thing that really annoys me is that aunts, uncles, cousins, grandparents and friends the world over, send us their crossword puzzles. With the enormous pile of crosswords that have arrived by Sunday, there is never a chance to go out. If I even suggest going out, a look of horror springs onto everyone's face - in fact they would look less horrified if I suggested we go and rob a bank!

If a crossword puzzle appears to be impossible, my family will search for the solution until it is found. It has been known for the search to continue until one o'clock on Monday morning.

My family, as I mentioned before, aren't the only crossword puzzlers in the world. If I travel by public transport I can be assured of a seat next to a crossword fiend. They will get onto the aeroplane, train or bus and turn immediately to the crossword puzzles spreading the rest of the newspaper all over me or any other

non-puzzler/....

non-puzzler sitting next to them. A bit of advice that could come in handy is never disturb a puzzler. You will get dirty looks for the rest of the journey, get more newspaper thrust on you and they will annoy you for the rest of the journey. If I'm lucky enough to wangle my way out of the newspaper I can read, my enjoyment will be short-lived. If the fiend can't work out a clue, he will start sighing. The sighs gradually grow louder and the crossword fiend starts muttering at very regular intervals. They are most annoying.

Ah well, seeing as I am part of the minority, I had better not complain too much or too loudly as the superior breed could take offence and then the entire week-end will be devoted to crossword puzzles and the inferior breed will be banned from public transport. I guess I'll just have to grin and bear with it and marry a non-crossword puzzler.

Beverley Atkinson
Std. 9

THE FANATIC

There was a fire inside
That burned, and fed, and all consumed.
His eyes were blind -
He could not see.
His ears were deaf -
He could not hear
The pleas, and cries, and arguments.
He only knew the heat that seared,
The firey tongues that licked his brain.
His passion grew, and gained, and groaned
Inside his feverish soul.
His face was wild, mad were his eyes,
His speech, a raving, ranting rage.
Yet thousands heard, and cheered, and
followed
His name was known throughout the world,
And those that wept, and bled, and died?
Who knows them?

Leigh Mukheiber
Std. 10

NEW WAVE

"You beserk? Naught, I'm no punk, I'm into New Wave. Like mush man! You wanna know why I'm no punk? 'Cos punk's a phase an' it dyin', yeah dead. An' another thing, I don't dig to stick safety pins in no nose of mine. Naught man.

Hey Matt! (You guys heard of Matt?). He's the cat in 'Big Wednesday', the movie. A very mellow surfer, like hits the wave pretty radical, cuts back sharp and tubes so smooth it's like busting pipe. Like way out man. Well, we call this cat Matt, his real name's Harry, but we call him Matt, 'cos he's got a two fin point five board. Hey Matt, you check these cats? Well, they tune we're punks. Too much man jus' like too much. Hey kid, you spy the cat decorating the boney, the one with the spikey hair - yeah, that's the one - you sus the red marks on his neck? No joke man, he dropped outta punk and that's from wearing his dog collar - see, he's pretty freaked out and skimmed it more punkish to wear the studs inside out. Life's a bummer man.

Jo's quite a cool chick cat - he grabs them pretty neat. Like way out man, them chicks skim he's pretty far spaced - like way out - you twig? My little brain tunes me I should grab a pair of them platform sneakers he wears too - like walk tall, y'know? Well that's all of us gang, let's go get....."

"Edgar, will you please come and eat your dinner and don't forget to wash your hands."

"Yes Mommy, I'm coming right now. Hey you cats, go squawk some other place."

Mary Jooste
Std. 9

THE DRUG ADDICT

Stupor
morphine
colours, bright
euphoria
grasping hands
nightmare
black

Jean Moodie
Std. 10

SUFFERING

FUNGUS

A cold weak light filtered through the grime of the window-pane, starred with cracks, into a small room. The stench was almost tangible, offensive and ugly. Water-stains mapped the faded walls with brown-edged continents. The cartographer splattered regularly in a corner. The wet stain crept and merged with others on the pocked and pitted floor. A dead light bulb, freckled with fly-specks, hung from the undulant ceiling.

Beside the window lay a man, on a sagging stretcher, like an abandoned rag-doll. One arm hung down and rested lifeless and white on the soiled floor-boards. His face, smudged by stupor, was sheened with sweat. A fly, the only sign of life in the room, sipped at a globlet of blood at the flexure of his elbow, with steady delight. A syringe lay empty on the floor.

A spasm ran down the arm and it trembled into life. It rose limply and slowly brushed the fly away. The lids flickered open, revealing eyes veined in red. The room yawned and then shrunk and yawned again. His bleary eyes widened as blurred image fused to clear sight. A black fissure appeared where the floor joined the wall at the opposite side of the room.

A grey-white mass began to emerge, belching and pulsating, filling the blackness with its spongy bulk. Terror pinned the man to his bed. His eyes became orbs as he stared in disbelief, and his mouth worked soundlessly in a desperate prayer. The wet-earth smell of it clogged his nostrils. His breathing became short and anguished.

The/....

The amorphous grey matter mushroomed into a nebulous shapelessness. Its base seemed to be anchored in the black fissure, while questing pseudopodian tenticles waved malignantly at its prey with primaeval power.
The man shut his eyes to black out the vision that now snaked towards him with awful purpose. His nails bit into the flesh of his palms, the real pain did not hinder the unreal predator.
His back arched in a rictus of terror as he felt those thick rubbery fingers, cold on his body. Revulsion and fear screamed up his nerves, riding them ruthlessly.

A tenticle caressed his face and another entwined his arm. His mind swept back to his dim biology classes. "The fungus is saprophytic, living off dead or decaying matter," droned the teacher as he gouged his initials with his compass in the wood of his desk.

The cords of his neck tightened as he opened his mouth to scream, but the scream was muffled by a mushroomy plug.

He awoke to whiteness. Starched linen rustled crisply and cleanly as he shifted. He gazed up at the snowy, lofty ceiling and remembered. His lip trembled and his eyes searched the room fearfully. Yet the walls were unblemished, the floor was of gleaming linoleum. He looked through the bars on the bed and beyond to the bars criss-crossing the window.

He knew now that nothing could get in - not even the fungus. But he soon forgot about the fungus when he was suctioned into the dark, craving whirlpool of withdrawal symptoms.

Jean Moodie
Std. 10

MOMENTS OF TORTURE

A bird in a cage
helpless and confined
its spirit haunted with a hidden rage.
Stricken with anguish when a wild bird
flies above it,
its wings moving freely with the wind.
Despair and pain possess its bewildered heart
which yearns for the ecstasy of freedom.

Georgina Hart
Std. 9

JULIA'S WEDDING

She froze as the window slowly opened and a hand was placed on the window sill. Quickly she lifted the revolver and in an instant the hand stopped dead and there was a thud as a body hit the ground.

The following day Julia sat in a dingy, dark prison cell. She heard strange voices all around her and suddenly she let out a bloodcurdling scream as faces cynically grinned at her. She glared at them through the metal bars which would enclose her freedom for many weeks until she would stand in the dock.

Prison life was undoubtedly unpleasant. Every morning she was woken at five o'clock by an alarm. She and the other prisoners would be shunted through the corridors and out into the bright life. There she would dig and plant vegetables. Often she, together with the others, would be taken on a long run. They would have to carry rocks on their backs and occasionally they would have to carry a fellow prisoner on their shoulders. Many dropped to the ground from sheer exhaustion. Later in the day they would be taken to the prison kitchen where they would have to peel potatoes and wash dishes. Late at night they were taken back to their cells where they received a glass of water and a slushy mess in a metal plate. The lights were turned off twenty minutes later.

A month after her arrival she was led to a special room by one of the wardens. There she faced a man, whom she later discovered was a lawyer. For an hour she was cross-examined, often being told she was a bloodthirsty murderess. She tried to defend herself but she knew she would have to face a judge in a few day's time.

She/....

She had been standing in the dock in the Supreme Court for two hours. The court case had finished and she stood before the man who would either give her her life or take it away. He opened his mouth but he need not have done so. She knew what the final decision would be. She, Julia Freestone, had 'married' death.

Belinda Morris
Std. 8

GLOBULES

thousands of uniform globules
wallow wearily,
swirl lazily,
aimlessly
around in the same contented way
until...
pop! one bursts out:
a bubble of air and life,
it dances and dives
and gurgles and spurts,
forgetting itself,
forgetting the globules
but
the globules will not allow it!
up they surge to bring it down,
upon it they pounce to suppress its energy,
to deaden its hope,
to retain their power.

Toni Olivier
Std. 9

YOU HAVE BEEN AN INVOLUNTARY PARTICIPANT IN THE HIJACKING OF A SUPERTANKER

"I am having a marvellous time. Wish you were here. All my love, Susan." I stuffed the postcard into my blazer pocket as the ship's siren wailed, indicating that the ship had docked at Rio de Janeiro and we could all disembark for an hour while the ship re-fuelled.

I had just left school and had won the Rotary scholarship. Having never been oversea before, I had been ecstatic when I heard the news. The luxury liner had set sail two weeks before and now we only had one stop until we reached our destination. I hugged myself in anticipation! There were quite a number of ships in the harbour, including two powerful-looking, streamlined super-tankers. I wondered if it were possible to look around them. There was no-one else around, so I decided to chance my luck. I quickly sidled into a side cabin-door. After having made a quick tour of the ship, I was about to make a hasty exit when the murmur of voices caught my attention. Thinking that it came from fellow tourists I ran forward, exclaiming, "Did you also want to see around the .....?"

My words stopped dead in my mouth. Leaning menacingly towards me were two vicious-looking men. One had a long, jagged scar down the side of his cheek and the other had black, oily hair and a swarthy complexion. They looked at me contemplatively for a moment and then the one with the scar muttered something unintelligible and pushed something into my hand. This 'something' proved to be a hyperdermic needle. I immediately flung it as far away from me as possible, dazedly watching it hit the opposite wall with a resounding crack, then splitting in half.

Did/....

Did they expect me to calmly inject myself with a hyperdermic needle? I reeled around as my cheeks were methodically slapped in turn, and I slid, unseeing, on to the floor. These assaults contined until I gleaned what they wanted me to do, as these demands were uttered in a mixture of broken English and Spanish before I realized what was expected to me.

These men were planning to hi-jack the super-tanker, and I was to creep up behind the captain and inject him with a hyperdermic needle while they robbed the liquid rooms - I pinched myself to make sure I was not dreaming. I was then roughly pushed towards the captain's cabin door and silently entered. He looked up and gasped as I stood there, poised with the needle.

I knew I could not do it, even if it meant endangering my own life. I dropped the needle and motioned him to telex that the super-tanker was being hi-jacked. He looked at me uncomprehendingly, and I hysterically commanded him to do as I told him. I heard voices outside and ran out of the control-room, bolting it behind me, so that the captain would be able to get his message through uninterrupted.

I heard running feet and shouts behind me. A shot rang out and a searing pain ran through my leg. My postcard lay in a puddle of blood.

"I am having a marvellous time. Wish you were here."

Susan Davies
Std. 10

BOYFRIENDS

It is extremely difficult to come by a boy who has maturity, transport and an acne-free skin. This means that the ideal catch must be eighteen years or above, and when you are only in Standard six, you find that they hardly look at you twice. So when you start going out with boys, you usually end up with a spotty, immature boy with a bicycle and no money. The resulting few weeks or months are spent travelling everywhere by train or bus, and paying your own way into revolting discoteques that only cost fifty cents.

These boys, aged about fifteen years, usually fail the test when confronted by two nervous parents who want their daughter back by half past ten. The parents also want to know how many escorts are accompanying them through the dark streets at that late hour. The flustered teenager is then forced into lying about this, giving a string of boys' names. The parents also need the 'phone numbers of any possible place where the couple may be reached in case of emergency. The boy usually succeeds in giving one number, and having failed the test, is made to bring the daughter home half an hour earlier. The evening, now not long enough to go to see a film, is spent drinking coffee and saying very important things at the house of some spotty friend of the boy.

This pattern is followed for about the first year or more, until the next stage is reached. This being the sixteen-to-seventeen year old who is able to get hold of a boy with a car, but has no licence. On these dates, the time is spent hopping as much as possible from place

to/....

to place in the car, and not much time at a film or discoteque. The driving is usually rather reckless, and at some time or other the car is stopped by a policeman who gives the boy a warning or suspends his chance of receiving a licence at eighteen.

The last stage is the best. It is spent with an eighteen-to-twenty five year old with a car, clear skin and money. The girl, now being older and more attractive, has a strong chance of attracting one of these well-equipped males. The places frequented by the couple have a relaxed atmosphere and they may stay in the same place until the early hours of the morning. This last stage, however, also has its disadvantages, because, as a boy grows older, so his desires become more apparent. Unfortunately there is now no excuse that "Mum will be expecting us home soon" or "Mum and Dad will be home soon", so this problem has to sort itself out somehow.

My conclusion is that whatever age you and your boy-friend are at, there will always be some complication!

Toni Olivier
Std. 9

FUTURE SHOCK

It seemed a morning like any other on the tiny island Capu off the coast of Japan. The sun was already high in the sky and dancing bright mystic patterns on the ripples of the water. Short stocky boys and long-legged girls walked around the beaches in groups talking of the latest events in the village. Father Knoponu had found a new oyster bed on the island's east side so now this much-loved commodity was in new supply. His sister Hamiri had made some flower garlands of the most beautiful Ibus flowers as well so their stall was the centre of excited swopping in the market place.

Such colloquial talk was uppermost in the minds of these half-naked simple people, not what was happening on the mainland. What did they want to know about their country's so-called encroaching upon the freedom of the South East Asian or Chinese people which was causing so much bother to the allied nations? Such high political thought was far above the intelligence of these happy people. Their religious leader had nothing to do with the policy of the greater islands so it was no concern of theirs. They carried on in their normal way of life - subsistence farmers living off their back gardens and perhaps undertaking the long canoe trip to Hiroshima once a month to visit relatives.

Why is it then that when the USA dropped her first atom bomb on Japan, this eastern sect was completely wiped out? They, who did not even know the first thing about the meaning of war, who never hurt any living animal? This is all the fault of careless, thoughtless and perhaps even power-crazy leaders.

The/....

The shock of the shattering results of the dropping of 'the little boy', as the bomb was known to its inventors, did not halt the pressing of the button to release 'the fat man' on other innocent people. These two together took the lives of millions of uninvolved people who did not even know what a bush uniform, hand grenade or swastika meant. Today still, children are being born deformed from the results of radiation experienced all those many years ago. This all happened in the past, yet if the common population does not become aware of the dire threat of nuclear warfare today, surelv we will only have a much worse repeat performance on our hands?

And what about the shock to come in the future? That is, if there be anybody existing to experience any feelings after hot war had begun. One cannot stop discovery or even limit its use but as a final bid to preserve the safety of innocent people, the majority must push the issue of the various nations casting away their differnces in order to remain on friendly terms. To cease the forming of military agreements and put an end to all the futile éntente, detente talks which hardly ever come to any sort of decision anyway.

Future shock? Worse than that experienced in 1945!
A shock that would leave no future ....!

Susan Stamper
Std. 10

THE OUTCAST

A stone hit me. It was only the beginning. Words were spat at me. For once I wished I was deaf. More and more animals joined the pack. "I am not an animal, they are the animals," I whispered over and over to myself.

"Get out," they cried, "You are a disgrace to our city. You are an outcast."

The women were the cruellest, women who had had children themselves. Even people who had been my friends threw stones at me, but their stones were mountains.

My torn robe clung to my unshapely body. I used my arms to form a protection for my protruding stomach. My face was streaked with tears that ran uncontrollably down my face. I ran unseeingly from the hunters. I had lost my sandals and my feet were bleeding from the knife-shaped stones.

Stones and humiliating words hounded me. More than the pain of my bleeding and bruised body was the confusion in my mind. These people who claimed to be Followers of God could kill a woman and her baby because she did not have a husband.

I could not run anymore. I collapsed; my hands still clung to my stomach. I wanted to close my eyes and go to sleep without ever waking up again but there was something more important than dying. Living. I had to fight these people so that I could live and see my baby, hold it in my arms and feed it from my body.

"Get up," they sneered, "Crying wont cleanse you."

With/....

With a new determination I staggered up and faced the animals.

"Leave me alone," I cried. The words of abuse stopped. They stood watching me. I turned and walked towards the gates of the city, my head held high. "I am an outcast," I told myself, "but I am going to live."

"Kill her, kill her," a woman screamed. Once more stones and words were flung at me.

"I want to have my baby," I screamed.

"I want to have my baby, I want to have my baby."

The words resounded in the hospital room.

The nurse had laid a gentle hand on my shoulder.

"You have had your baby," she said. "The doctor is very pleased with the caesarian."

"And my baby?"

There was a long pause.

"I want to see my baby," I sobbed.

She brought my baby to me. It was deformed.

Suzanne Louw
Std. 8

UNOWNED

A little coloured boy wandered helpless,
Homeless in the vast emptiness.
Forsaken by some loved, unloving parents,
He walked alone on a beach, understanding nothing,
Then found some food and a caring person.
He was taken to a house
With many boys and smiling faces.
They welcomed him
And he became one of them,
Dismissing his past abandonment.

A few years are past now,
And as the beach-bound bus arrives
The orphans climb noisily aboard.
At the other end they all jump out
And tear about and scream and shout,
Enjoying their small freedom.
All except one.
He is standing, staring
At a cluster of houses.
Memories flashing through his mind,
He recalls his almost-forgotten unhappiness.

He is back where he started -
Unowned.

Toni Olivier
Std. 9

WATER

The horn bellowed, echoing into every corner of the wind-swept tents and out across the golden misty desert. The wind then swallowed it up and slowly digested it.

We sat huddled together, my mother, my father, my little brother and I, waiting for the pounding river to settle, before we could respond to the call of the goat's horn. The camels grew restless, so my father wrapped his robe tighter round him and stumbled out of the tent to see to them. He steadied himself against the wind, before plodding slowly towards the hump-like shapes swaying slightly in the wind. Suddenly the wind dropped, just as quickly as it had started. The sand settled and slowly people swathed in the common thick coarse cloth started collecting near their camels, with belongings which were to be taken on the treacherous journey from the barren area where we had a temporary settlement, to the lush, cool oasis.

Only men were allowed on this journey, so as I had passed my test of manhood, I too was to accompany my father. We said our last, tearful (tearful for the women, as men were not supposed to show their feelings) goodbyes and checked our supplies. My father was to lead the procession so we responded to the second gust of sound from the horn.

Waving madly from the top of the camel, I watched my mother and brother slowly fade and blend into the horizon.

We had been travelling for two days now and I, rather ashamed of myself, had to retire to the hump of the

camel/....

camel, permanently, as my feet were covered by blisters, cuts and sores. Nevertheless, I was proud to be able to, with my lips, with my lungs, shout the sudden appearance of the cool, lush oasis. Already people were running ahead towards the bubbling, trickling sound of the precious water.

After two hours of bathing, drinking and filling the bone-dry jars, the horn once again reminded us of the long journey ahead of us.

Catherine Marr
Std. 8

TOOTHACHE

I have the most dreadful toothache imaginable. There is a distinct pain in the second last tooth on my upper jaw which is sending distress signals all over my head. The pain is slowly creeping up towards my ear like a cat stalking a mouse. Suddenly, as though a dart has just been thrust into my left eardrum, I feel a terrible stab of pain in my ear. Alas, the pain has captured my eardrum and is now stealthily advancing towards my left temple, its next victim. The pain is acute; it is as though a witch has made a wax model of my head and is sticking pins into the left side of it. I am afraid I will have to go and see my worst enemy, the dentist.

I reluctantly go and phone the dentist and make an appointment for this afternoon for five o'clock. At five to five I leave home and walk to the dentist. It is as though I have sticky toffee on my feet judging by the incredibly slow pace at which I walk. I am now in the lift going up to his rooms. I can already smell a bad smell, that of disinfectant and I hate it! Then I hear a drill, I begin to perspire and fear takes control of my body. My knees knock, my lips tremble and I start to shiver. I am a complete nervous wreck by the time I reach the big brown oak door with a black and white sign on it saying, 'Waiting room for Dr. van Drill'. I wipe the sweat from my hands, legs and face, take a deep breath and walk in.

To my horror the room is packed like a slave ship. I try to walk boldly across the room to the receptionist and

in/....

in a quavering voice give her my name and particulars. As I walk across the room my skin is penetrated by at least forty eyes all staring hard at me. I try to ignore them so I start reading a magazine. I must have read the same lines at least three times before my eyes peered discreetly over the top of my magazine to look at all the victims of the dreaded toothache.

There is a large family who cannot stop eating, sitting opposite me. They must have an expensive dentist's bill! Every now and then the silence is broken by the dreaded sound of 'Next'. An old man hobbles slowly into the waiting room. His face is badly swollen and has a faint blue tint to it. As he enters, heads suddenly appear from behind newspapers and magazines to watch the newcomer. After going and talking to the receptionist he sits down and once again one only sees tops of heads. A little girl with red hair and a sprinkle of ginger freckles on her nose comes out of Doctor van Drill's room grinning like a Cheshire cat. She has just been shown how to use a pink flouride pill. Her teeth are shocking pink, her hands are pink and her dress looks like a patchwork dress. All forty eyes once again look up but this time the victim is the little red haired girl.

The girl leaves and once again there is a deathly hush as people try to read their magazines. No more people arrive and the crowd in the waiting room slowly diminishes until only a lady and I are left. I look at her, smile meekly and hope that she goes in before me. She looks at me and smiles back and then continues to read her newspaper. I read my magazine. I wriggle a bit and I see her moving her foot around. I peer over my magazine. She peers over her magazine. Our eyes meet. We smile. I wriggle again. Her face twitches. We hear the drill. I begin to

sweat/....

sweat. She wipes her face and I can hear her breathing heavily. The drill stops. Doctor van Drill's door opens. My heart stops. I look at her. She looks nervous. There is silence, a deadly hush. Suddenly the silence is shattered by a penetrating voice saying, "Miss Roomes, please."

Terry Roomes
Std. 9

FOOTSTEPS

It was a hot, humid, summer's day in Arizona when Midge and Toni left the house to go rock-hopping in the creek. The long walk through the dense forest tired the girls out. As they sat beneath the trees, the stillness in the air made them feel terribly alone and scared.

They noticed how extremely inviting the water looked and decided to go swimming. The water was cool and refreshing and after the long walk it felt good. In the midst of their fun and games the eerie feeling of loneliness was soon forgotten.

They ate their packed lunches of cold chicken sandwiches, potato chips and an assortment of fruit and cooldrink, under an embankment nearby. They let their feet dangle in the water while talking freely about the local, school gossip.

"What do you think of that new 'guy' in matric?" Midge asked Toni.

"Mike? Oh, he's a doll!"

"How do you know his name?" Midge asked curiously.

"Well ... he's asked me to go steady." she giggled.

The sun was starting to set and the wilderness was becoming more and more noticeable by the minute.

"What do you suppose the time is?" Toni asked abruptly.

"Oh, I don't know. But I suppose we'd better start to make our way back. I wouldn't like to be stuck in here when it gets dark," Midge answered, remembering an article in the newspaper about a boy and girl who had been attacked by a bear in that same forest.

As they walked back in the steadily growing darkness, they began to hear strange noises. This urged them to

move/....

move faster. By then the conversation had dropped to a minimum. Each girl was lost in her own thoughts; Toni thinking about Mike, her new found boyfriend and Midge thinking about a test she had to write the next day when she returned to school. Suddenly Toni stopped.
"What's wrong?" questioned Midge.
"Shhh! .... Listen!" Toni whispered.
The unmistakable sound of footsteps, coming from miles around was heard. They seemed to be drawing nearer; and becoming heavier! Midge's mind raced back to the article in the newspaper as she screamed, "Run for your life!"

She thought she had glimpsed something big and black, running towards them. The girls ran as fast as they could, dropping most of their belongings. By now, the forest was quite dark and it was difficult to see where they were going. The footsteps still seemed to be getting closer, regardless of the light intensity. When suddenly, Midge heard a muffled, hoarse voice calling her. Her heart stopped beating when a giant claw-like and gripped her shoulder. As she spun around she screamed so loudly that she woke herself up. She looked around anxiously for her best friend, Toni, and was relieved when she found out that she had been dreaming.

As she looked deeply into her father's eyes, she realised that the footsteps she had heard were her father's, coming to wake her up for school and were, in fact, friendly.

Terri Liljequist
Std. 8

Lisa Lyhne
Std. 8

SILENT ANGER

He slouched in his habitual armchair, legs sprawled, reading his newspaper. Now and then his right hand made return-trips to the beer can. The can was perched among its fellows on the armrest, adding just another ring to the circular stains superimposed on the faded floral design of the material. His head tilted as he drank, resting against the well-greased headrest. His throat contracted and relaxed as he swallowed. He replaced the can with a satisfied belch and folded the newspaper with a neatness and precision that belied his appearance. Placing his hands carefully between the beer cans, he heaved himself up. His buttocks left an imprint that had long since ceased to undent itself.

He sniffed appreciatively the warm aromatic smell of cooking, which pervaded the room. He loosened his belt a notch in expectation - Thursday night was 'meat-night'.

His wife and son faced him across the table. The boy's knuckles whitened as he gripped the back of the chair. "For what we are about to receive...," the familiar pattern rumbled heavily in the boy's ears.

The steaming dishes and hot plates were ferried busily by the woman to the table. She laid them gently on the mats in front of her husband as if they were sacrificial offerings for a deity. Her eyes glanced furtively from the dishes to the brooding eyes of her husband, begging to be praised. The 'Buddha' said not a word.

The lid of the dish was lifted. "Not boiled tripe again!" rebuked the husband. His wife cowered back in her chair, struck by the verbal blow. "It was a special offer at the supermarket, so I thought I might as well..." her voice

trailed/....

trailed off and she uncertainly cleared her throat. Nervousness made her clumsy, she accidentally knocked over the salt-cellar. Her hand crept timidly across the table and uprighted it and then, quickly, withdrew to the refuge of her lap.

The man only raised his head once he had finished eating. His eyes rested meditatively on his son - as a cat watches its maimed prey flounder - while his tongue reflectively probed the corners of his mouth for hidden food. The boy stared back with festering hatred, his fork piercing a piece of tripe. The predator bored, rose from the table and with a sneer, went back to the comfort of his chair.

Later that night, the thin partition shuddered inducing the boy's form involuntarily to hunch and curl, foetus-like. He burrowed his head into the bedding, trying to extricate himself from what he was hearing - dull smacks of iron fist hitting soft, defenceless flesh. He mouthed a soundless cry of sympathetic agony into the yielding mass of wet pillow. He clutched the unbilical cord of twisted sheet. To him, his eternal silence not only handicapped his life but above all, rendered him impotent to protect his mother. He could not express his hatred for his father. The very word conjured up an image similar to King Kong. His father, the brute that broke, abused and shattered all he held sacred and cherished, his mother. Yes, his mother - delicate, gilt bone-china being stamped, crushed and pulverized by an enraged psychopathic monster.

Purposefully, the boy unfolded himself from his curled position and released his desperate clutch of the sheet.

The/....

The man, his hand raised like a viper about to strike, whipped around as the door burst open. He froze in this pose, disbelief smudging the expression of murderous rage. His mouth worked soundlessly, goldfish-like, as his gaze rested on the breadknife held in the small, white, clenched fist. The tension was as tight as the fist, the man's heavy breathing as ragged as the serrated edge of the knife.

Jean Moodie
Std. 10

HOME SWEET HOME

It all began one afternoon, when my mistress and I were having a quiet stroll in the woods. There were so many squirrels of all shapes and sizes scuttling about, each one doing its own thing. The temptation was too great, I just couldn't resist joining in the fun, chasing squirrels.

I ran ahead, I ran and ran, chasing squirrels up the trees, mice to the nearest holes they could find, and disturbing the birds while they were trying to enjoy the last bit of daylight. Suddenly I found I was all alone. Dusk was falling and I could see no sign of my little madam. I started to search for her; I knew she would be somewhere but alas, she was nowhere to be seen. I searched and searched, I didn't stop until I found I could see no more.

Now I had to learn to look after myself so I curled up beside a tree and prepared for what was still to come.

The morning was misty and cold and there was a strong wind blowing through the trees. I was lost and I was also cold and miserable. I had a last look to see if I could perhaps find my mistress and then I decided that I had better find somebody who could help me.

At last, after a very long, tiresome journey, I came across a house in the woods. It was a very small house, but the size didn't matter to me.

After scratching several times on the little wooden door, I waited and was surprised to see an old man a while later asking me what I wanted but, when seeing how cold I was, he pitied me and I was invited to go inside. There

were/....

were no second thoughts about that!

A few days later, when the weather had cleared up, he and I went for a walk and to my astonishment, we walked to the village. A little boy ran up to us and said, "Oh! You've brought Penny's puppy back. I'll take him for her, shall I?" The man was overjoyed and most of all, so was I.

At home, everybody praised me and they were all so happy to see that I was safe! A bowl of warm milk was placed before me, which I must admit didn't taste as good as the goat's milk which the old man had given me, but the chocolates and cookies that came after the milk were really something! The biggest treat of all was to be back home, with my little mistress, Penny!

I had learnt my lesson, never to wander off without Penny, but she had also learnt that if I wanted to run, she had to run too. After all, I am only a little puppy!

Margie Marr
Std. 6

AFRIKAANS

ALLEEN IN DIE WÊRELD

Ek is 'n meisie van sestien jaar oud. Toe ek vyf jaar oud was, is my ouers noodlottig in 'n motorongeluk beseer. Ek was hul enigste kind en na hul ongeluk moes ek na hierdie weeshuis gaan waar ek nou is. My familie wou my waarskynlik nie hê nie en daarom bly ek na hier. Ek weet nie wie hulle is en wat hul name is nie. Ek het jare lank probeer om uit te vind wie en waar hulle is, maar nou het ek besef dat hulle baie nare mense moes wees om my hier te los.

Hier in die weeshuis is almal baie gaaf en ons probeer om soos een groot familie te wees. Ek het baie vriende en is baie gewild, maar nogtans voel ek baie eensaam. Ek voel ek behoort aan iemand nie en niemand het my werklik lief nie. As ek verjaar, is daar niemand wat die dag kon onthou toe ek gebore is nie. Ek is verlore en alleen in die wêreld.

Ek probeer om meer en meer van my ouers te onthou, maar ek was so jonk toe hulle dood is. My moeder was beeldskaan en my vader was groot en sterk. Hy het my altyd soos 'n pop op sy skouers gedra. Ons het in 'n klein huisie gewoon en hulle het my baie bederf. Hulle het my baie liefgehad en dit was die enigste liefde wat ek nog ooit gehad het.

Eendag as ek ouer is, wil ek 'n weeshuis hê vir kinders soos ek. Ek wil hê hierdie kinders moet al die liefde een aandag kry wat ander kinders sou ontvang. Ek wil nie hê hulle moet eensaam en neerslagtig voel nie. Ek glo dat ek eendag baie gelukkig sal wees omdat ek my lewe aan kinders sal gee, wat sonder ouers is, soos ek.

Kathy Ince
Std. 9

'n BEROEMDE AKTRISE VERTEL VAN HAAR LEWE

Ek, die beroemde Tessie Peterson, is nou baie ryk, maar ek het in 'n arm gesin met sewe ander kinders grootgeword. My pa was altyd dronk en my moeder moes hard werk om vir ons kos te koop. Toe ek dertien jaar oud was, het my ouers geskei en my moeder het met 'n ander man getrou. Ons kinders het by ons pa bly woon en ek en die vier ouer kinders het die skool verlaat om te gaan werk.

Ek het op die ouderdom van sestien weggehardloop en by my ma gaan woon. Natuurlik was ek 'n pragtige meisie al was ek baie skraal. As gevolg van my skoonheid het Ma se nuwe man, 'n fotograaf, foto's van my geneem en hy het hulle na 'n tydskrif gestuur. Dit was in 1920 en die tydskrif het baie van die foto's gehou omdat dit die mode was om skraal te lyk. Toe het my loopbaan as model begin. Ek was die tydskrif se beste en enigste model. Daarom was ek die enigste persoon wie se gesig in die tydskrif verskyn het. Die tydskrif, Vogue, het my toe gevra om by hulle te werk en ek het vinnig ryk geword. Toe ek genoeg geld gehad het, het ek natuurlik meer geëet en daarom het ek 'n bietjie vetter geword. Ek het vinnig moeg geword van Vogue en die hele besigheid en ek het besluit om 'n aktrise te word - jy moenie daardie gerug dat ek te vet vir Vogue geword het, glo nie.

Omdat ek 'n aktrise wou word, het ek met 'n rolprent agent getrou en toe ek 'n kontrak by Universal rolprente gekry het, het ek in 1930 van hom geskei. Die volgende jaar, 1952, het ek in die beroemdste rolprent waarvan ek ooit gehoor het, die hoofrol gespeel. Daardie rolprent

was/....

was "Kougom". Jy het seker daarvan gehoor. In 1953 het ek vyf-en-twintig rolprente gemaak. Hulle was so goed dat ek amper 'n Oscar gewen het - dit was in die kategorie van "die aktrise wat die meeste probeer". As gevolg daarvan het my derde man, die aktuur Eddie "Sourdough" Smith, vir my lesse gegee om hoe toneel te speel. Ek was natuurlik nie baie bly nie, want ek het nie lesse nodig gehad nie en ek het van Eddie geskei. Ek het toe in Hollywood met my twee oudste kinders gewoon. In die volgende twintig jaar het ek vier keer geskei, maar in 1972 het ek met Ben Abdul Hamid getrou en saam met sy ander dertig vroue in Saudie-Arabië gewoon.

Ek het in 1973 van hom geskei en weer met ses van my kinders in Beverley Hills in Hollywood gewoon. Toe het ek in Jaws die haai gespeel en ek het twee miljoen rand daarvoor gekry.

Nou in 1980, woon ek by my dogter wat twee-en-dertig is. Ek is net nege-en-twintig (dis die waarheid) en ek is so ryk dat ek nou skraal kan word, sodat ek weer soos die pragtige sewentien-jarige model kan lyk.

Katherine Dicey
Std. 8

Twee Jonge Gezellen
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14 April 1980

Die Eienaar
Kani Traki
L'Agulhas
2301

Geagte Heer

Klagte oor toestand van strandhuis

Ek skryf aan u om die gebreke van u strandhuis onder u aandag te bring.

Ek weet nou wel dat u huis se naam Kani Traki is, maar ek is seker dat dit nie 'n verskoning is om u huis in so 'n toestand te laat staan nie. Kani Traki het 'n nuwe dak nodig, want daardie eerste aand het dit gereën en ons kon nie 'n oog toemaak nie. Die slaapkamers was onder water. Die stoof in die kombuis het glad nie gewerk nie en ons moes elke liewe dag 'n braaivleis hou. Saans moes ons by die hotel gaan eet het en ek was glad nie tevrede daarmee nie. Die warm en kou water was baie vuil en ons het toe reënwater gebruik. Ek hoop dat u so spoedig moontlik die verbeterings sal aanbring.

By voorbaat dankie vir u moeite.

Die uwe

(Mej.) K. Krone

Karin Krone
Std. 8

WAT EK DEUR DIE TREINVENSTER SIEN

Dit was om twee-uur namiddag voor die trein by Kaapstad se stasie uitgetrek het. Ek was alleen in die kompartement G in die laaste wa voor die kondukteurswa. Ek gaan by my oom en tante vir die Septembervakansie in Beaufort-Wes kuier. Ek is so opgewonde om weer by my niggies en nefies te gaan kuier. Ek kyk by die treinvenster uit en daar glip so baie dinge verby.

Dit is lente en buitekant skyn die son in die potblou lug. Dit lyk asof iemand 'n grasgroen mat oor die berge gegooi het. Die wingerd het al hul donkergroen blare begin groei. Die vrugteboord lyk net soos 'n spierwit en pienk mat daar ver onder die berge. Die damme en riviere is nog propvol van die winterreën. Riete begin om langs water se kante op te spring en die ganse wat op die dam swem, het seker hul nessies begin, of, is dit nessies klaar gebou. Langs die spoorweg is klein wit huisies met hul rooi dakkies waar kleurlinge woon met so nuuskierig vir jou aankyk. Die kindertjies staan by die draad langs die spoorweg en waai hul klein armpies met 'n groot glimlag op hul bruin gesiggies.

Dit is nou sononder en die son sak stilletjies agter die berge en die woekies op die horison word rooi, pienk en pers ingekleur. Dit is te pragtig vir woorde en ek raak aan die slaap.

Dit is sesuur in die oggend voor ek wakker skrik. Ek kyk by die venster uit en ek sien hoe vaal en grys die veld is. Ek sien nie meer bome nie. In die verte is die swart Nuweveldberge en die groot bal van die son kom stadig op. Ek is nou weer in die Karoo, die plek waar my vader gebore is. Die lug word bloedrooi toe die son

opgekom/....

opgekom en die veld is bruin maar ek dink dit nog al baie mooi is. Die skape lyk net soos spierwit bolletjies daar in die verte en partykeer sien ek 'n huis of 'n windpomp.

Die trein trek by Beaufort-Wes stasie in en ek kyk deur die venster om vir my oom te soek. Daar was baie mense op die stasie wat so opgewonde rondgekyk om hul mense te sien. Daar sien ek my lang oom, oom Peter.

Debbie Koster
Std. 8

DAAR IS MAAR MIN TYD OOR

Eendag het Jan en Elsa op die stoep gesit en koffie drink. Die wind het liggies die stilte tussen hulle verbreek. Jan moes daardie dag kusdorp toe vertrek om vars mielieplante te gaan haal. Elsa was verwagtend.

Jan se ossewa was klaar ingespan en hy het reg gemaak om te vertrek. Twee vriende sou saamgaan met hulle ossewaens. Elsa was bang, maar sy het hoorself komkomme koel gehou. Die Zoeloes was baie bedrywig in daardie laaste paar dae. Onrustig oor sy vrou, het Jan vertrek. Hulle eerste kind sou enige dag gebore word en hy sou miskien nie betyds terug wees nie. Om nie eens te dink aan die Zoeloes nie. Haar suster sou by haar kom bly, maar twee vroue alleen teen 'n Zoeloemag, nee!

Daardie aand toe Josef, die Xhosa-bediende, klaar in die kombuis was, het hy nag kom sê. Hy het ongemerk vir sy nooi gewink en sy het in antwoord haar kop geknik. Hy het jare lank by haar ouers gewerk en hulle het mekaar goed geken. Elsa se suster, Marie, het gaan was en Elsa het alleen in die voorkamer gesit en dink. Marie het teruggekom nadat sy besluit het om al die ander kerse in die huis dood te blaas. Hulle het saam in die voorkamer gesit met net een geweer en een kers. Marie en Elsa was ewe goed, maar Elsa kon nie nou in haar toestand skiet nie.

Net voor hulle wou gaan inkruip, het die honde buite getjank en iemand het aan die deur geklop. Marie en Elsa het ewe groot geskrik. Elsa het geantwoord. Josef se stem het kalm en rustig in Zoeloe gevra of hy nie kon inkom nie, want hy was siek! Elsa het vir Marie

gefluister/....

gefluister om te begin skiet na sy die kers dood geblaas het. Marie moes by die vensters uitskiet en so laag as moontlik hou. Assegaaie het ingereën en Marie het geskiet sodra sy die geweer gelaai het. Mense het buite gegil. Sy het so hard gekonsentreer dat sy nie eers opgemerk het dat Elsa haar ook gehelp het deur die assegaaie wat ingekom het, weer uit te gooi nie.

Toe alles oor was, het hulle daar tussen al die assegaaie en bloed gaan sit en bang in mekaar se oë gekyk. Elsa het eerste gereageer deur Marie by die agterdeur uit te pluk en in die direksie van die plantasies te hardloop. Hulle het plat gaan lê.

Skielik het Elsa in 'n uitgeputte stem gesê dat daar min tyd oor was. Haar baba sou binnekort daar wees! Marie het gou haar rok stukkend geskeur en op die grond gaan lê. Hulle het stil saam-saam gesukkel, en so op die harde grond het hulle 'n nuwe lewetjie in die wêreld gebring. Die seuntjie is toegedraai in stukke materiaal en voor dagbreek het hulle almal stadig terug huis toe getrek. Marie was uitgeput, maar sy was te opgewonde om daaraan te dink.

Toe Elsa weer kon dink, het sy vir Marie vertel dat Josef ekspres vir haar in Zoeloe gevra het, want só het hy haar gewaarsku dat daar Zoeloes buite was. Twee weke later het Jan teruggekom na 'n huis vol vreugde. Die Zoeloes sou nie weer in 'n lang tyd daar kom pla nie en nog belangriker, hy was 'n trotse vader!

Myrna Rabie
Std. 9

DIE BEDELAAR

Die ou bedelaar wat op die straathoek staan lyk so arm en verdrietig. Elke dag dra hy dieselfde klere en hy staan met sy hoed in sy hande om hier en daar geld te versamel. Hy het jare lank op hierdie straathoek gestaan en bedel met sy lelike skurwe tone en sy lendelam hoepelbeen.

Toe ek klein was het hy gekom, maar hy het pragtige venterliedjies gesing en baie meer geld gekry, maar nou staan hy sonder 'n stem. Hy sing nie meer nie en die enigste word wat hy sê is 'dankie' as iemand iets in sy hoed sik. Al die ryk mense loop verby en as 'n klein kindjie verbyloop, vra sy vir haar ma of sy geld vir die bedelaar dan gee. Ek het nie geld vir hom gegee nie; ek het elke week iets kleins gegee om te eet.

Toe ek twaalf jaar oud was, het ek probeer om tien rand vir die bedelaar te kry. Ek het hard in my pa se tuin gewerk en die motor gewas. Elke Sondag het ek na my oom se winkel gegaan om hom te help omdat ek een rand per dag betaal was. Toe ek uiteindelik die geld bespaar en dit gekry het, was ek baie bly. Ek het nie my werk by die skool gedoen nie omdat ek net by die bedelaar wou wees. Ek het onthou dat toe hy so baie mooi gesing het en gelag en gepraat het, maar nou staan hy net.

Toe die skool uitkom, het ek na die straathoek gehardloop, maar hy was nie daar nie. Die eerste keer in jare was hy nie daar nie. Ek het 'n week lank elke dag gegaan, maar hy het nooit weer gekom nie.

Jacquie Rathfelder
Std. 8

TERWYL PA EEN SATERDAGMIDDAG SLAAP, PROBEER EK OM 'n ENTJIE MET SY SPLINTERNUWE MOTOR TE GAAN RY

Ek moes stilletjies uit die huis kruip sodat Pa my nie kon hoor nie. Ek wou 'n entjie met sy splinternuwe Golf gaan ry. Ongelukkig moes ek eers agtertoe ry om in die pad te kom.

Ek het al baie in my lewe 'n automatiese motor bestuur, maar nie een soos 'n Golf; wat nie automaties is nie. Elke keer as ek na 'n hoër rat wou gaan, het die motor sulke snaakse geluide gemaak. Ek kon nie verstaan hoekom dit gebeur het nie, dit gebeur nooit met my ouers as hulle ry. Per ongeluk, het ek 'n klein bietjie van die verf aan die regterkant van die motor afgeskraap. Die ruimte tussen ons en ons bure se huis is baie nou en ek het nie altyd reguit gery nie. In die pad het ek besluit om 'n bietjie vinniger te ry. As ek te stadig gery het, sou al die mense wat verby my ry, seker na my kyk en wonder hoekom ek die motor bestuur. (Ek is nie baie groot nie.) Ongelukkig, toe ek na 'n hoër rat verander het, het ek nie op my hande gekonsentreer nie; dus het ek na die anderkant van die straat gery en almal moes hulle remme vinnig aanslaan sodat hul nie teen mekaar sou bots nie. Een man het vir my geskree om van die pad af te kom en vir my gesê dat ek 'n padbuffel was. Ek was nie heeltemal op my gemak nie. Ek het bang geword toe die motor skielik baie vinnig begin ry het. Ek het gesien dat ek teen die hoogste spoed gery het en die motor wou net vinniger ry. Toe ek om 'n hoek gery het, bande wat skree en my oë toe,

het/....

het ek skielik gevind dat ek half op die sypaadjie en half op die pad was. Ek het eindelik die motor gestop en dadelik uitgeklim. Ek het so vinnig as ek kon huis toe gehardloop om my ma, nie my pa nie, daarvan te vertel. Ongelukkig het my pa opgestaan en gesien dat sy nuwe motor nie op sy plek was nie.

Toe ek hom my storie vertel het, was hy baie kwaad. Ek het as straf twee maande nie sakgeld gekry nie en ek moes elke Saterdag die Golf was. Ek dink dat ek nie weer 'n motor sal neem sonder om iemand eers daarvoor te vra nie.

Hilary Jooste
Std. 8

DIE OU BEDELAAR OP DIE STRAATHOEK

Elke dag na skool het ek dieselfde bedelaar gesien. Hy het altyd 'n grys hemp, met gate, en 'n wit trui gedra. Hy het so honger en koud gelyk. Ek het baie jammer vir hom gevoel. Wanneer ek verby stap het ek hom gegroet, maar hy het niks gesê nie. Die motors het verby gegaan asof hulle hom nie sien nie. Mense te voet het vir hom gelag en niks gegee nie.

Eendag het ek by hom verby gestap en hy het my gegroet. Ek was so bly dat my hart uit my mond geval het. Van daardie dag af was ons vriende. Ek het kos vir hom gegee en as ek 'n klein bietjie geld by my het, gee ek dit ook vir hom.

Ek het aan my lewe gedink. Ek het alles en by het niks. In die winter het ek baie klere om aan te trek, hy het niks nie. Ek het 'n dak oor my kop, hy het nie 'n huis nie. Ek het oor hom gepraat met my ouers. Hulle was kwaad vir my omdat ek geld en kos vir hom gegee het.

Ek het na die hoek gegaan om hom kos te gee, maar hy was nie daar nie. Ek het treurig gevoel. Dit het vir twee weke aan gegaan. Ek het bekommerd geword.

Een Sondag het ek na die kerk toe gestap maar hy was nie daar nie. In die kerk het die predikant oor bedelaars gepraat. My ouers het na my gekyk. Die predikant het gesê dat op een van die straathoeke het 'n bedelaar gebedel. Daar was 'n ongeluk. 'n Motor het oor hom gery toe hy te vinnig gery het. Die trane het oor my wange gestroom. Ek het hom lief gehad soos een van my familie. Ek sal nie weer in daardie straat loop nie. Wanneer ek 'n bedelaar sien, dink ek aan my bedelaarvriend en ek gee vir hom kos en geld.

Belinda Pentz
Std. 8

IN OTHER WORDS...

FRENCH

UN JOUR DANS LA VIE D'UNE DOMESTIQUE AFRICAINE

Le réveille - matin sonne à six heures. Je me traîne du lit chaud et vais me laver. Quand je suis habillée de mon uniforme je fais le thé et l'apporte à mon cher docteur et la belle madame. Comment je les aime. Ils sont gentils, genereux et affectueux. J'ai une chambre confortable et ma propre salle de bains. J'ai de la chance!

Je prépare le petit-déjeuner - nous mangeons habituellement les oeufs et la céréale. Tandis que Paul et Hélène (mes petits choux) déjeune je cire leurs souliers et je fais leurs petits repas - je leur donne toujours un petit extra, par exemple, une tranche de gâteau ou une crotte de chocolat. Puis je sers le docteur et la madame leur petit déjeuner au lit pour qu'ils puissent écouter "Radio Today." Je donne Johannes, le jardinier, son oeuf, son pain et son café et après ca je mange. J'ai de grandes tartines avec beaucoup de confiture et une tasse de café bien sucré. Je mets la suisine en ordre et puis je fais la lessive essentiel et le repassage jusqu'à ce que la belle madame soit finie en haut. D'habitude elle fait les lits et je dois seulement nettoyer les salles de bains et les tapis. En bas je fais le nettoyage avec l'aspirateur et l'époussétage tandis que je parle à mes amis au téléphone.

Juste avant le déjeuner je lave le reste du linge et puis Johannes et moi mangeons. Je suis libre jusqu'à quatre heures et pendant ce temps j'écoute la radio et mes amis me visitent. Nous causons et rions - nous

sommes/....

sommes tous heureux. Puis je nourris les chiens, prépare le thé et repasse.

Vers cinq heures je commence à cuire le repas avec l'aide de Madame. Nous dînons à sept heures, et une demi-heure plus tard je suis dans ma chambre. Je regarde la télévision fatiquée après la journée longue mais contente.

Leigh Mukheiber
Std. 10

LES VACANCES DE DÉCEMBRE

Les vacances à la fin de l'année après les examens de décembre sont aux Sud-Africaines, pour se reposer, se bronzer au soleil, aller aux réunions, aux discothèques et faire des choses qu'on ne pent pas faire pendant le trimèstre. Le'est aussi, surtout à la fin de neuvieme, la durée de six semaines quand beaucoup de filles changent leurs personnages; alles deviennent plus raisonnables, plus mûres et mûres en leurs attitudes envers la vie, on deviennent quelque feris plus sophistiqués. Moi, j'ai fait tout zela un peu pendant ces vacances.

La première moitié des vacances j'ai travaillé dans le magasin de ma mère à Wynberg le'est un magasin de souliers et pour la plus part on vend des souliers d'enfant. J'ai appris vite à servir des mères exaspérantes qui ne penvent pas discipliner leurs enfants et prins, n'achétent rien, car leurs enfants ne veulent pas essayer de nouveaux souliers. Il y à d'autres à qui on dit, après avoir déballer déjà six bôitès de souliers, "Je regrette madame, mais il n'y a rien d'outre en votre pointure". La réparation des souliers posent aussi un problème surtout quand on souzonne que le client en a fait mauvais emploi. Elles teléphonent et menacent de rapporter aux journaux que la réparation est trop longue à faire, et qu'elles en ont besoin. J'ai dû apprendre la patientience et la politesse.

Après la nouvelle année notre famille est venu à Hermanus. James Weir, létudiant rotaries des etats unis, est venu aussi. Il faisont de bonne compagnie

pour/....

pour moi (il a dix huit ans) et nous sommes sorties beaucoup ensemble. Mais apart d'avoir un ami avec qui je pouvais faire de choses, j'ai appris un peu de sa philosophie de la vie. Moi, je me sens mal à l'aise avec ceux qui boivent de la bière et fument aux discothèques et qui ne portent que les vêtements au vent. Les grands fumeurs je dédaignai un peu et avec les riches elégants je me sentais inférieure. Mais ces vacances je m'avais accepté et les autres avec nos habitudes différentes.

Meg van Niekerk
Std. 10

PROMENADE EN AUTO

a'huit heures et demie la mere met en marche l'auto. Alain et Chantal ouvre la porte. Ils ferment la porte et Maman demarre. Nous passon les camps et la ville ou Auxerre. Maman s'arrête devant une grande maison. La maison a un toit rouge et des volets. Les volets sont rouges, Maman klaxonne.

Une petite enfant ouvre la porte de la maisons. Maman crie "Zazou, Zazou c'est ton grande mere". Zazou sourit et il dit "Maman c'est Claudia". La mére da Zazou regarde par la porte. Maman ouvre la porte et elle marche à la mére de Zazou. Maman entre la maison. Zazou dit "Quitte l'auto". Chantal est Alain desendre l'auto et entre la maisons avec Zazou. Aprés deux heures ils quitt-onts la famile Bernard. Maman souril et elle met in marche l'auto. Ils passont le champ et elle s'arrete devant sa maisons. L'enfant quittent l'auto et entre dans la maisons. Ils sont a maisons.

Nicola Newton-King
Std. 6

UN ACCIDENT

C'était vendredi et papa a acheté une nouvelle voiture. Sa couleur était bleue, elle était grande et les sièges étaient très confortables. Papa a decidé de nous montrer la vitesse de l'auto et donc il a mis la voiture en marche.

Nous étions sur la Route Nationale avec papa au volant. Il a commencé à p-euvoir et l'eau gouttait sur le pare-brise et donc papa a utilisé son essuie-glace. Tout à coup il y avait un grand fracas. Une autre voiture a fait une embardée et elle est entrée en collision avec nous. Papa a essayé de virer main il ne pouvait pas le faire. L'autre voiture a capoté et il semblait que le chauffeur et les passagèrs étaient blaissés. Mes parents avaient de la chance parce qu'ils avaient utilise les ceintures de sécurité. Toutes les portes étaient fermées et nous ne pouvions pas sortir de la voiture. Les poignées n'etaient pas coincées. Notre voiture était extraordinaire parce qu'elle avait un toit ouvrant, donc nous pouvions sortir de la voiture.

Nous avions de la chance parce que personne n'était blessé, mais la nouvelle voiture de papa s'était terriblement fracassée. On ne pouvait pas reconnaître le pare-choc de devant et le retroviseur était cassé. La peinture de l'avant de la voiture était terriblement grattée. Le moteur ne pouvait pas marcher parce que l'embroyage et le radiateur étaient cassés.

Les personnes dans l'autre voiture n'-etaient pas terriblement blessées. Un des passagers a frappé contre le pare-brise qu'était terriblement brisé.

Il/....

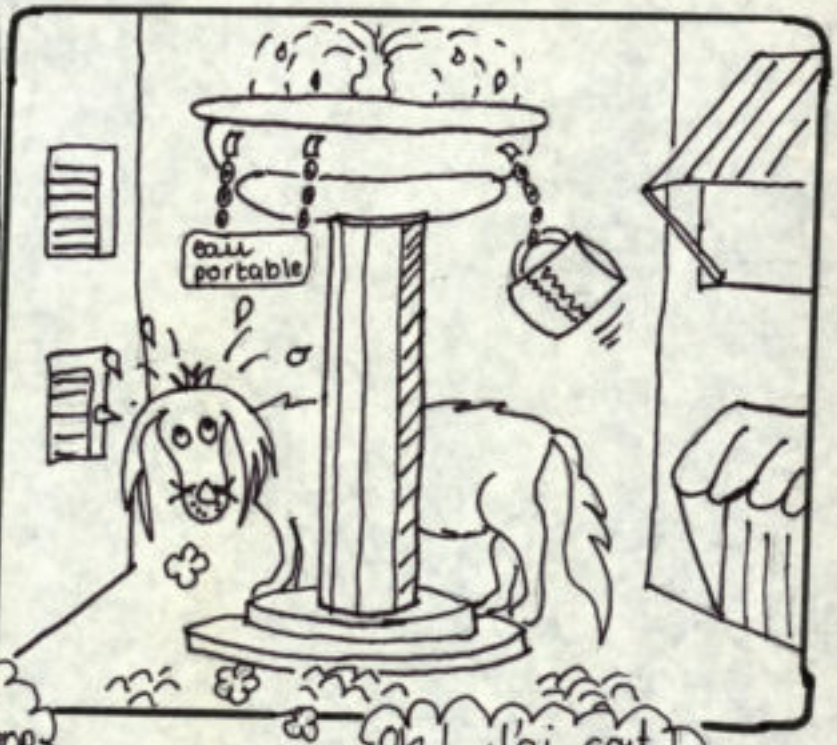
Il y avait de l'essence sur la route. Nous avons aidés les personnes a sortir de leur voiture et puis nous avons trouvé que le chauffeur n'avait pas de permis de conduire. Par-dessus le marché il était ivre.

Un motard est venu et de toute évidence a infligé une amende au chauffeur. Un autre motard nous déposait chez nous. Quand nous sommes arrivés à la maison nous étions encore choqués.

Cet accident je ne l'oublirai jamais. J'éspère que je ne serai pas de nouveau en collision. C'était une experiènce très terrifiante.

Mistene Maisel
Std. 10

Une vie de chien !



Je n'aime pas l'été. Il fait trop chaud

Oh! J'ai soif!

Ouf! Ce n'est pas facile

Et maintenant, j'ai mal à la tête

Roxie Carney

Std 7.

VACANCES!

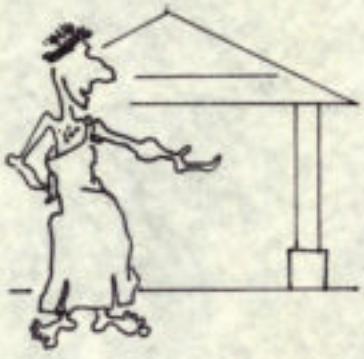
Pendant mes vacances, je suis allée en France pour deux semaines. J'ai aimé beaucoup tous les endroits que nous avons visités mais il y avait deux endroits que j'aimé plus que les autres.

Carcasonne est une ville qui était bâti à l'epoque romaine. La ville est entourée d'un fort très magnifique. Le fort a deux murs et cinquante clochers. Il est comme une trappe d'homme. La ville avec beaucoup de maisons, boutiques, restaurants et des rues étroites et des galettes appartient à un autre monde, un monde très unique et intéressant. Nous y sommes allés pendant une soirée. Au centre de la ville, il y avait des hommes qui jouaient de la guitare. Au centre de la ville aussi il y avait beaucoup de restaurants dont l'atmosphère était très jolie. Il n'y a pas de voitures dedans les deux murs, des piètans seuls. Mon frère qui a huit ans, veut habiter Carcasonne parce qu'il aimait le fort. Il a acheté beaucoup de soldats d'enfant. Quand nous sommes parti de Carcasonne, le soleil se couchait et nous avons vu une vue très spectaculaire de ce vieux forte sur la colline avec le coucher de le soleil. Je ne l'oublierai jamais.

L'île de Porquerolles était mon edroit favori. Nous sommes allés à l'île par un bâteau pendant l'après midi. Il n'y a pas de voitures sur l'île, seulement les bicyclettes. Ce-ci donne cette petite île beaucoup de caractère. L'île est couverte de bois très beaux. La mer entourante l'île est d'un bleu très claire. Au centre de la ville de cette île, il y a un endroit où des hommes jouent aux boules. J'ai aimé beaucoup cette île.

Georgina Hart
Std. 9

LATIN



Mane erat. Iam pueri ad ludum profecti erant. Cornelia in domo sedebat atque stolam faciebat. Iracunda erat quod Baias regredi et Flaviam amicam suam, videre cupiebat. Praeterea Romam non iam amabat. In domo sedebat sola et de multis rebus cogitabat tristis, cum mater ingressa est. Mater epistulam manu tenebat et statim cum filia loqui coepit.

"Cur tam tristis videris, Cornelia?"

"Urbs Roma mihi non placet, mater", respondit Cornelia. "Totum diem sola domi maneo nullas amicas habeo. Baias regredi maxime cupio quod ibi habitat mea Flavia. Melius est in villa quam in urbe vivere".

TRANSLATION

It was morning. The boys had set out to go to school. Cornelia was sitting at home and making a dress. She was in a bad mood because she wished to return to Baias and wanted to see Flavia, her friend. Moreover, Cornelia did not like Rome now. She was sitting alone at home and she was sadly thinking about many things, when her mother entered the room. Her mother was holding a letter and immediately began to speak to the girl.

"Why do you now seem so sad, Cornelia?"

"I don't like the city of Rome, mother" she said. "I remain alone at home the whole day. I have no friends. I wish very much to return to Baias because my friend Flavia lives there. It is much better to live in the country house than in the city".

Janice McMillan
Std. 8

XHOSA

IHOLIDE YAM

Ngeholide ndihlala eTulbagh eplasini. Kusasa nditya iblekfesti. Ndiphunga ubisi kuba ndithanda inkomo kuba zinika ubisi.

Ndithanda ukukhwela amahashe. Ihashe lam lintsundu. Emini ndisebenza egadini. Ndidada njalo-njalo emanzini, kuba kushushu yonke imihla. Evenkini ndidlala imidlalo. Ndithanda ukudlala intenetya.

Imini yonke nditya iziqhamo. Ndiya edolophini notata. Ndithenga iilekese.

Ebusuku ndibona iT.V. Ngesidlo sasenini sitya inyama, iertjies neepatile. Umama upheka ukutya kamnandi.

MY HOLIDAY

(TRANSLATION)

During the holiday I stay on a farm in Tulbagh. In the morning I eat breakfast. I drink milk, because I like cows, because they give milk.

I like to ride horses. My horse is brown. During the day I work in the garden. I also swim in the water, because it is hot every day. During the week I play games. I like to play tennis.

Every day I eat fruit. I go to town with father. I buy sweets.

At night I watch T.V. At supper we eat meat, peas and potatoes. Mother cooks lovely food.

Karin Krone
Std. 8

IZINTO EZINDENZAYO NDONWABA

Ndicinga ukuba into endithandayo kakhulu kukutya. Ewe, ndithanda ama apaile akhiwa emthini osemyezweni. Ndithanda ukudla eli apile nesidlu sam sakusasa nelanga belikhanya phezu kwentloko yam. Ihlobo yinyanga endenike uvuyo olukhulu, ngakumbi ukuba ndiselwandle. Ndiphila ukuze mandiye elwondle. Ngelixesha ndinamba emxwemeni nejersi yam eshushu. Kukho enye into - ndithanda ijersi eshushu eyenziwe ngoboya. Kodwa kukho izinto ezinini enclizithandayo. Ndithanda lomntu othi, "Kulungile ke, ndazi ukuba ndenze imphazamo". Akathi, "Kodwa andenzenga into embi". Ndithanda incindi endiyisela kwituatyambo entambeni xandihamba yonke impelavelli. Nclipha umbulelo kwendalo nembula. Ndamkela abantu ababoleka izinto kum, bazibuyise.

Kodwa anithandi ukuba abantu batshaye bazize umzi kebusweni bam. Ndithanda izinto zingaqhelekanga :- ndithanda iminqathe engaphekwanga, kodwa into enye endiyithandayo eqhelekileyo nqunzantsi Afrika.

Mary Jooste
Std. 9

IZINTO EZINDENZAYO NDONWABA

(TRANSLATION)

THINGS THAT I DO THAT MAKE ME HAPPY

I think that the thing that I like most is to eat. Yes, I like apples that are picked from a tree in the orchard. I like to eat this apple with my breakfast. With the sun shining above my head. Summer is the month that gives me mostly joy especially if I am at the beach. I live so that I can go to the sea. During this time I walk on the shore with my jersey that is warm. That is another thing, I like a jersey that is warm and is made of wool. But there are many things that I like. I like the person that says, "O.K. then, I know that I made a mistake". He does not say, "But I did nothing bad".

I like the nectar that I suck from flowers on the mountain where I walk every weekend. I give thanks for nature and rain. But I don't like people that smoke and blow smoke in my face. I like things that are strange :- I like carrots that are not cooked, but one that I like which is not strange, is South Africa.

Mary Jooste
Std. 9

UMTHANDAZO WENKASI

(LORD'S PRAYER)

Bawo wethu osezulwini
Malingcwaliswe igama lakho
Mabufike ubukumkani bakho
Mayenziwe intando yakho emhlabeni
njengasezulwini.
Siphe namhlanje isonka sethu semihla
ngemihla.
Sixolele izono zethu njengoko sibaxolela.
abasonayo thina
Ungasingesi ekuhendweni
Sisindise enkohlakolweni
Ngokuba ukukumkani bobakho namandla
ngawakho
nozuko lolwakho
Kude Kube ngunaphakade
Amen.

Susan Gatt
Std 6

GRACE

Oku kutya sikutyayo
sikuphiwa Nguwe Bawo
nala manzi aselwayo
Siwaphiwa Nguwe Bawo.
Amen

GRACE

(TRANSLATION)

For this food that we eat
We thank you Father
and this water that we drink
we thank you Father.
Amen

Kathy Dower
Std. 8

DUTCH

MOLENS

Een hollands liedje luidt :

Daar bij die molen,
die mooie molen,
daar woont een meisje
waar ik zoveel van houd.

Op een plaats in Nederland - bij Kinderdijke - kan men op 'n rijtjie tien molens zien staan.

Op advertenties over Nederland staat meestal ook een molen : het is embleem van Holland.

De molens worden - en werden - gebouwd om water weg te pompen in de lage landen van het westen van't land en om graan tot meel te malen in de ovenige delen van Nederland. De molens die water weg pompen zijn kleiner dan de graan molens en van verschillend ontwerp, ook maar gelang van de streek waar ze staan. In tegenshelling tot graanmolens worden deze niet bewoond.

Alle molens worden door wind aangedreven en de "kap" - dit is waar de wielen aanbevestigd zijn - kan waar de windrichting geset worden. Vooral in de dagen dat er nog geen radio of telefoon was kon men door middel van de stand der wieken boodschappen doorgeven zoals : gevaar; sterfgeval; bruiloft.

Tegenwoordig zijn de molens nog volop in gebruik, verlevendigen het landschap en door alleen windkracht als energie te gebruiken veroorzaken zij geen vervuiling van de atmosfeer : zij zijn milieuvriendelijk.

Water/....

Water molens in tegenstelling tot de hierbouen besproken windmolens worden gewoonlijk langs stromend water aangetroffen en worden door water aangedreven.

Jenneke Post
Std. 9

MOLEN

(TRANSLATION)

WINDMILLS

A dutch song goes :

At the windmill,
the beautiful windmill,
lives a girl,
who I really like.

In one place in the Netherlands - at Kinderdyke - one can see ten windmills in a row.

In advertisements about the Netherlands there is generally a picture of a windmill : this typifies Holland.

The windmills are and were built to pump water out of the lowlands and to grind wheat into flour in the rest of the Netherlands. The windmills that pump water are smaller than the wheatmills and are of different origin.

This/....

This is also to do with the area where they are used. These mills are also inhabited.

All windmills are activated by the wind and the "kap" (head) - this is where the blades are attached to - can be changed to face the wind direction. In the days when there were no such things as telephone or radio, the mills could send messages. It depended on the way the top was facing. Messages such as : danger; death; marriage.

Windmills are still being used today, decorating the countryside and as they only use wind energy they do not pollute the atmosphere. Water activated windmills are built next to running water and so activated.

Jenneke Post
Std. 9

GERMAN

DAS SÜDWESTERLIED

Hart wie Kameldornholz
ist unser land
und trocken sind seine Riviere
Die klippen sie sind van der Sonne verbrannt
und Scheu sind in Busche die Tiere.

Und sollte Man mich fragen
Was hält dich dem hier fest?
Kömte ich nur sogen
Ich lieben Südwest!

Und worst Du schon ainmal
in unserem land
und hast seine weiten gesehen
und hat unsere Sonne
ins Herz die gebrannt
dann komst du nie wieder gehen

Und sollte Man uns fragen
Was hällt dich dem hier fest?
Könnten wir nur sagen
Wir lieben Südwest.

Myrna Rabie
Std. 9

DAS SÜDWESTERLIED

(TRANSLATION)

Hard as Camel-thorn wood
is our land
and dry are the rivers
The stones are burnt by the sun
and shy are the animals in the bushes.

And if man asks me
What keeps you here?
I can only say
I love South West!

And were you already once
in our land
and did you see the vastness
and did our sun
burn into your heart
then you can't go away.

And if man asks us
What keeps you here?
We can only say
We love South West!

Myrna Rabie
Std. 9

MUSI DEM

Musi dem, musi dem
zum Städtle hinaus
Städtle hinaus
Und Du mein Schatz bleibst hier.

MUSI DEM

(TRANSLATION)

Must I, must I
Out of town
of town
And you my love stay here.

Myrna Rabie
Std. 9

ITALIAN

LE MIE IMPRESSIONI DI UNA SCUOLA STRANIERA A ROMA

Sono tornata a città del capo, la mia città Natale, dopo aver passata due Anni a Roma dove ho frequentato la scuola inglese chiamata St. Georges English School of Rome. St. Georges è una scuola mista dove studiano molti studenti di vari paesi, approssimativamente sessantasette diverse nazionalità. Io, abituata alla disciplina delle scuole di città del capo che è abbastanza rigida non mi sono trovata all'inizio a mio agio perchè la disciplina nella scuola lasciava molto a desiderate. Ho avuto la fortuna d'incontrare una buona amica con la quale sono ancora oggi in corrispondenza. I professori con i quali andavo molto d'accordo apprezzavano il mio comportamento in classe e avevamo un buon rapporto che si è consolidato nel periodo di vacanza - viaggio che la scuola organizzava durante il mese di marzo.

Avevo scetto di andare a Vienna e ho avuto la fortuna di andare con uno dei professori più simpatici, Mr. Gibbs, professore d'inglese. Per me è stata un esperienza unica perchè ho imparato molte cose di valore e anche ho potuto conoscere meglio il gruppo di studenti e i professori che ci accompagnavamo. Le case che mi hanno più interessato sono state la scuola d'equitazione spagnola a Vienna, l'opera, la cattedrale di St. Steven, e il bellissimo palazzo reale di Schönbrunn e abbiamo anche fatto una gita sul famoso fiume Danubio Durante quella settimana ho imparato moltissime cose indimenticabili, e mi sono verramente divertita. I due anni passati a St. Georges sono stati per me interessanti e instruttivi.

Claudia Moni
Std. 8

MY IMPRESSIONS OF A FOREIGN SCHOOL IN ROME

I returned to Cape Town, my native city, after having passed two years in Rome where I frequented an english school called St. Georges English School of Rome. St. Georges is a co-educational school where many students study from various countries, approximately sixty seven different nationalities. I, who was used to a fairly strict discipline at the schools in Cape Town, found myself a bit uneasy at the beginning because the discipline there left much to be desired. I was very fortunate in meeting a good friend with whom I am still today in correspondence. The teachers, with whom I got on very well, appreciated my behaviour in class and we had a good understanding during the holiday period, which the school organised during the month of March.

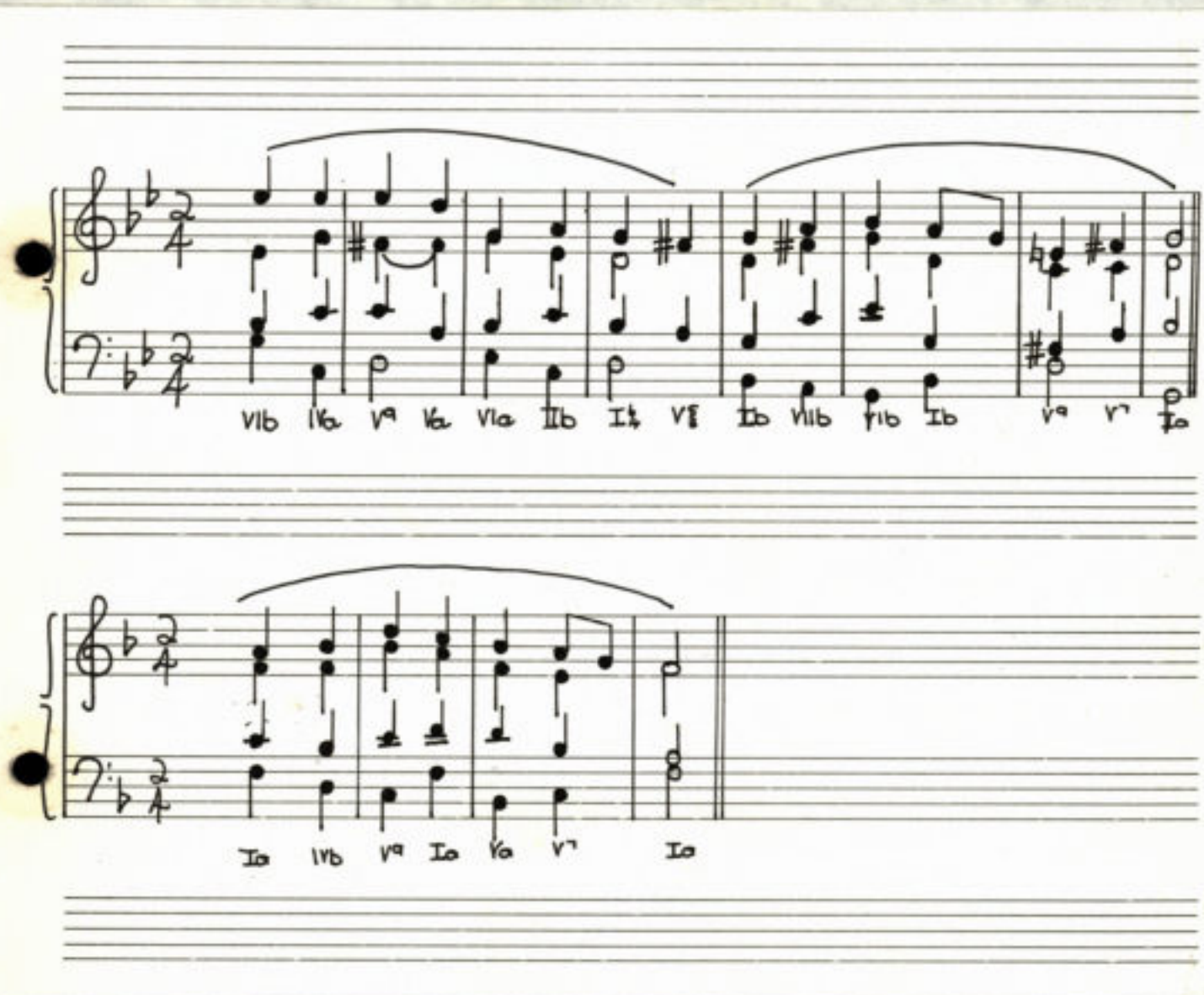
I chose to go to Vienna and I had the opportunity of going with one of the nicest teachers, Mr. Gibbs, an English teacher. For me it was an unique experience because I learnt many things of value and I also got better acquainted with the group of students and the teachers that accompanied us. The things that interested me the most were the Spanish Riding School in Vienna, the famous opera house, the St. Stephens cathedral, and the beautiful royal palace of Schönbrunn and we also went on an expedition to the famous river Danube. During that week I learnt many unforgettable things and I really enjoyed myself.

The two years that I spent at St. Georges were both interesting for me and instructive.

Claudia Moni
Std. 8

MUSIC

HARMONY



Helen Dicey
Std. 10

HOUSE SONG

Old Dean Rolt was a jolly old fellow
He worked for the school
and left Rolt yellow
Rolt is a house which brings to ones mind
a bevy of girls of superior kind.
Undaunting, persevering, Mrs. Stockwell
at the fore,
stepping out together we'll surely have
to score.
Big Rolts, Little Rolts, Herschel's
yellow thunderbolts.

Rolts in the classroom, Rolts in the play,
Since the swinging twenties we've featured
all the way,
Skirts on 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
Big Rolts, Little Rolts, Herschel's yellow
THUNDERBOLTS!

MIND BOGGLERS

KCIREMIL (SDRAWKCAB)

Ecno a gnuoy nam morf Zidac
Tog otni sih elttil der rac
Eh denrut eht bon,
Tub trats ti dluow ton
Neht dnuof ni eht enigne sih tac!

LIMERICK (BACKWARDS)

TRANSLATION

Once a young man from Cadiz
Got into his little red car
He turned on the nob
But start it would not
Then found in the engine his cat!

(Sa ton ynam elpoep era tneulf ni siht
"egaugnal", siht yrtne si ton ot eb nekat
ylesuoires!)

TRANSLATION

(As not many people are fluent in this
"language", this entry is not to be taken
seriously!)

Toni Olivier

Std. 9

PUZZLES

QUESTIONS :

1. What simple English statement is represented by the following :

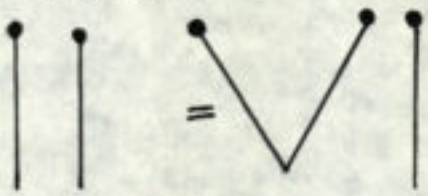
Stand	Take	Mine	Taking
1	U	2	My

2. What word contains the same vowel repeated 6 times? :

3. What common chemical compound is represented by the following :

HIJKLMNO

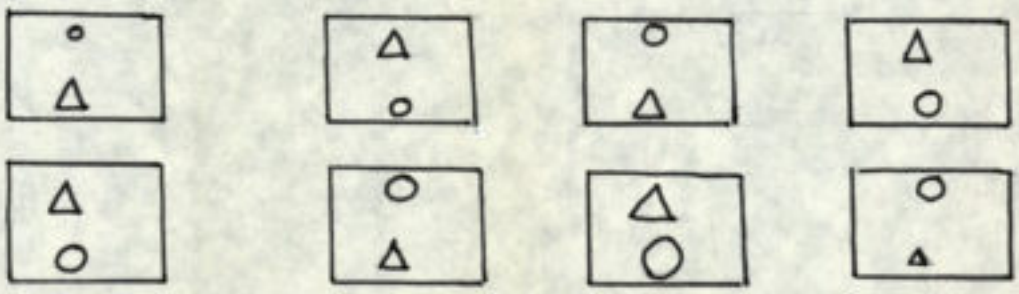
4. Can you make the equation true by moving only one match :



5. Supply a digit for each letter so that the equation is correct :

ABCDE
4 x
EDCBA

6. Which figure in the bottom row should appear next in the top row? :



(a) (b) (c) (d)

7./....

7. What are the next four numbers in this series :

   12, 1, 1, 2, 1, 3, ...

8. Two men played checkers. They played five games and each won the same number of games. How? :

9. Make a sentence by rearranging the following :

   000011248

10. Given ALMAIRCKE, you could remove one name by crossing out ALICE and leave another name, MARK.

    Now try these :

    a) TSAOLASATD

       Remove one thing to eat and leave another.

    b) MEARDINEA

       Remove one girl's name and leave another.

    c) HABNIZDEELT

       Remove one composer and leave another.

11. CAT, PICADOR, ENGLISH, AID, HERE, CROP, TEACHER, LEG.

    Pick out the missing word in this list.

12. If Grandpa's age is increased by 2 and divided by 10, the result is the same as that obtained by decreasing his age by 16 and dividing by 8.

    How old is Grandpa? :

13/....

13. If you number the letters of a well-known 9-letter word from 1 - 9, you will find that :

Letters 4 5 6 6 3 2 give you one season of the year;

Letters 4 1 2 7 8 9 give you another season of the year.

What is the 9-letter word? :

WHO'S THE LUCKY MAN?

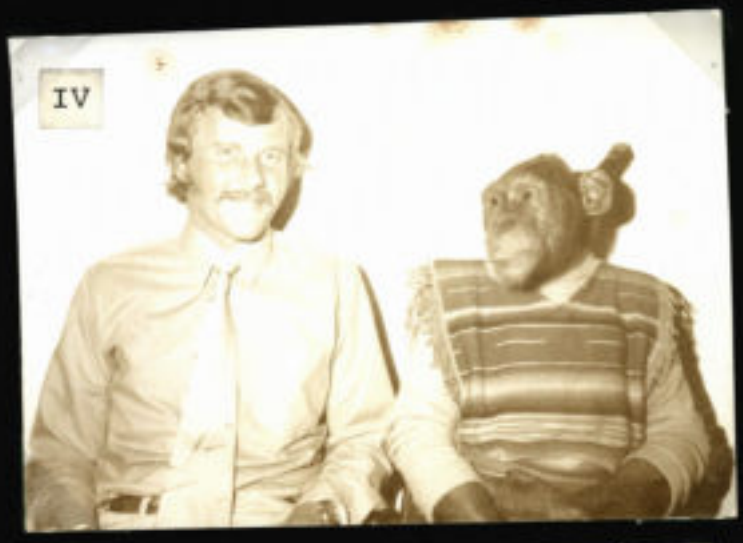
Can you match our gorgeous Rolt Staff with their handsome husbands?

A

D

E

F


IV


VI


II


V


III

13. PRESUMING - (SUMMER, SPRING).

ANSWERS : WHO'S THE LUCKY MAN?

A - V

B - VI

C - IV

D - I

E - III

F - II

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Lynn Stamper

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We sincerely thank our Botany expert, Shane Fairhead, for picking and pressing the flowers.

All Rolt girls.

7/2/3/20

Susan Gatt
Std. 6