

ROLLT



one
step
ahead

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Editorial

HI THERE!

I can't believe that this magazine is finally finished. For the last three weeks we have been thinking magazine, talking magazine, laughing magazine, almost living magazine. It's been a time for arguments, shouting yellow murder, anxieties and frustrations but; if we look on the YELLOW side of it, it's been yellow-filled fun and laughter.

Time was running short, and we had not yet thought of a Theme for our magazine. We had, although, already started badgering and nagging our girls for essays, reports, pictures and other YELLOW material for The Book. We began to feel like the niggling Paparazzi with their snooping cameras and probing questions and Voila! - there was our theme. Rolt is always in demand and that is why our little man continuously appears, his camera flashing, his pencil working overtime, so as to find out more about these YELLOW STARS!

Through this magazine and the fun-filled moments we have all shared working on it, we have come to know the other girls in the house better. Rolt has always been a spirited and lively house, but we have come to realise how great this spirit really is. We have tried to capture the spirit and pride of the house in the pages of our magazine, as well as the friendships developed between young and old.

I'd like to thank Sam and Mandy for all the time they spent collecting art and for the effort they put into making this magazine colourful and creative. But I would especially like to thank Alison for all the afternoons that she sacrificed for this magazine because without her

the typing would never have been completed.

Finally, I would like to wish next year's Rolt Magazine Comittee the best of luck. Whoever you are, make the most of it. Although it was hard work, it was great fun!

CAROLYNNE MCGHIE
Editor



Mandy, Sam, Carolynne and Alison



Here goes folks



Ooh, my back is killing me!!!!



Listen here, Ed....



Finito, what do ya think??



Keep ticking, Ali.



Tea time, again.



Ooh, I give up!



Rolt House Report

I can say with all sincerity that I am proud to have been chosen as head of Rolt house. The girls in Rolt have a sense of comradeship for one another which is very comforting. The enthusiasm and lively house spirit on the part of Rolt members is always evident at our inter-house events. These and many more attributes give Rolt a happy and friendly atmosphere which, I feel, is most important. I am, therefore, pleased to be in a house that is sure to win all the way to that efficiency shield.

This year kicked off to an exciting start with our first inter-house event being the swimming gala. Rolt's beaming participants gave a tip-top show with all our Rolt spectators singing supreme. Our congratulations go to Laura Meiring for winning a cup for the individual butterfly race. Although we lost, the afternoon was worthwhile and there was many a raucous Rolt with a well earned house voice!

Tennis was next and there were no doubts about the winning house as our players strode onto the courts and confidently thrashed the Merriman and Jagger girls to a standstill. The stars of the day were Deidre and Lynette Murray; Michelle Kroon and Lucy Burns; Sonja Petrus and Caroline Simons; Lesley Millar and Penny Newton-King; Kim Porter and Carol Millar.

Every Tuesday, during our lunch-breaks interesting inter-house debates were in progress. Representatives from all standards provided thought-

provoking arguments with many humorous effects. Unfortunately we lost, but our girls spoke with great zest and confidence.

During the second term stunning performances by girls in Rolt were being acted in Herschel's production of "The Boyfriend". Our budding Hollywood stars were Alison Kebble, Anna Collie, Jenny Köster, Charlotte Saunders and many others. Here I would like to mention our house play for this term being produced by a standard nine girl, Charlotte Saunders. With all our talented actresses, her task should be a very rewarding one. Break a leg, girls!

Towards the end of the second term I had a house evening. The venue was our head-girl's house, Karen Dudley. Although it was pouring with rain outside, the atmosphere indoors was a lively and jovial one. Competitions such as "Chubby bunny" provided many laughs and there was evidence of budding fashion designers as original paper outfits were constructed. Age differences were forgotten and a sense of togetherness was predominant. This was my main aim for the evening, so it was successful and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

Inter-house netball and squash matches were played this term. The netball provided many tense moments as scores were close, but Rolt's fighting spirit, our girls emerged as the overall victors.

Other events for this term are the music competition being performed by the 6's, 7's and 8's! Good luck and sing like angels! Of course,

there is hockey which is a popular event not to be missed. May the best house win!

The academic side to Rolt is flourishing and girls to be commended are Jessica Turner, Lesley Millar, Nicole Champin, Nezeema Barday, Marion Bladegroen, Sonja Petrus and Deidre Murray for their constant hard work and well deserved marks. All I can say is don't be erratic - keep up a steady work pattern all the time, Rolt!

Every year each girl brings a jersey for charity. This year's jerseys went to very needy causes such as "Meals on Wheels" and "St Michael's" orphanage. The letters that were written to me expressed their sincere gratitude and appreciation and I was really pleased that we were able to help them. It also reminds us how lucky we are to have such happy family situations and to live in beautiful surroundings.

I would like to thank Rolt's daddy for being helpful towards me and to all the Rolt prefects for being so supportive. Thanks - I don't know what I would have done without you!

Last of all, I just want to remind Rolt girls to strive for the best and make the most of school. Three cheers for ROLT!...



KYRA PRATT
Std 10

Kyra being herself!



Rolt Rules Again, O.K!

"You have powers you never dreamed of. You can do things you never thought you could do. There are no limitations in what you can do except the limitations in your own mind as to what you cannot do. Don't think you cannot. Think you can."

- Darwin P. Kingsley.

I remember this as I stood in front of 250 gazing, expectant Herschel girls on the first day of school. Nicki Cane, our previous Rolt Head Girl, had primed me with as much knowledge as she could but the rest was in my hands. I stood there, knees trembling and very excited and eager to tackle the challenge of my new post.

But with ROLT house behind me, the limitations in my own mind began falling away and after a few days (and much nagging on the part of the Prefects) I learnt how to use the authoritative tone, the angry tone, the "I have had enough" tone and how to say a firm "Be quiet!" so that it is obeyed.

My aims were: to encourage more participation from every girl in the school in all school activities; to encourage discipline without becoming regimental; to inspire the prefects to work together as one effective body; to maintain school traditions; to promote school pride, loyalty to school and fellow pupils; and to create a pleasant, friendly atmosphere in the school. Personally, I aimed at being approachable and setting a good example.

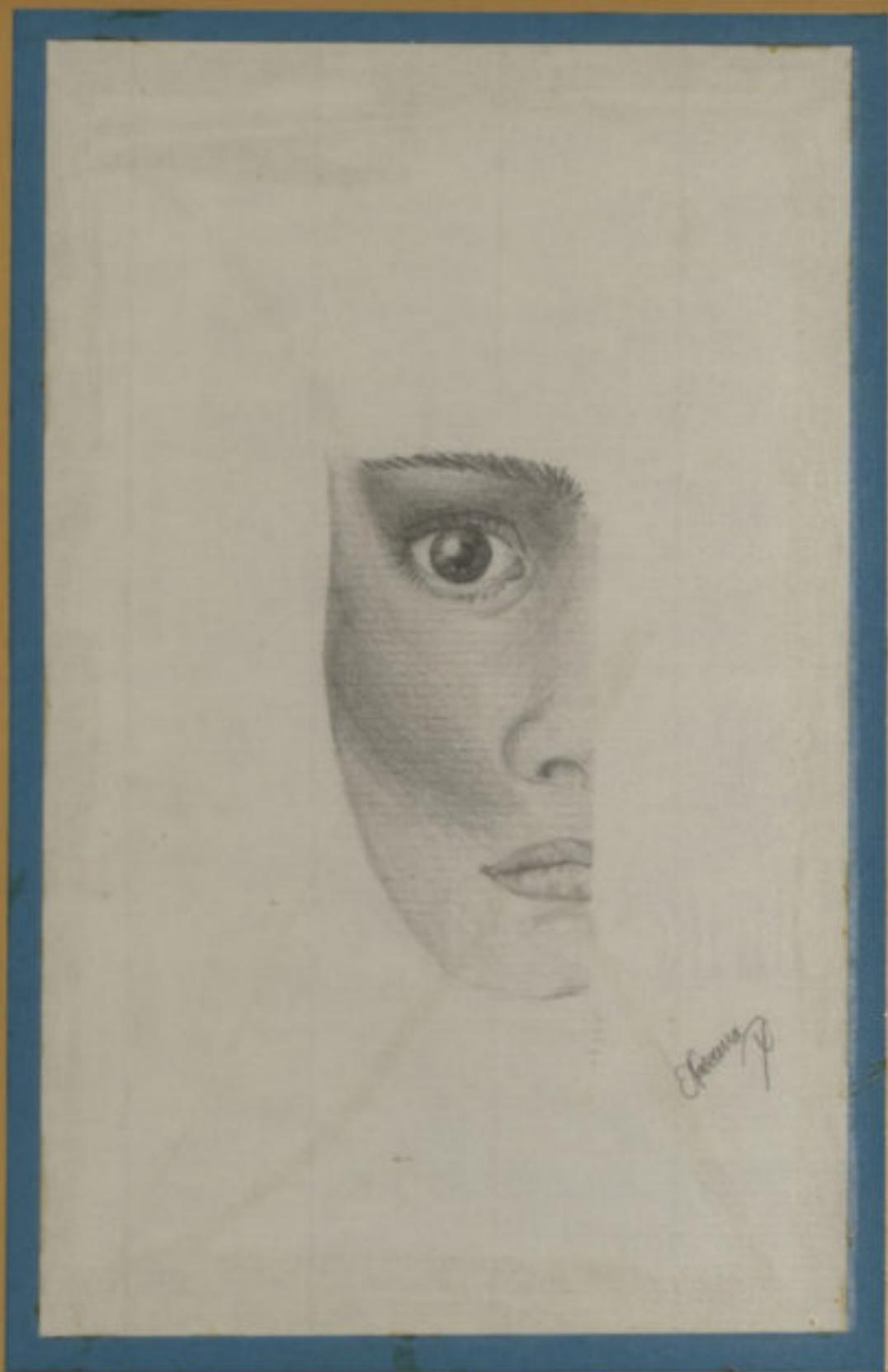
So far, this year has been the experience of a lifetime, with loads of fun as well as hard work. There are times when I feel helpless standing

in front of a particularly giggly or mischievous school. Of course, ROLT girls stir my heart with pride. They are full of bounce and energy, eager to participate, bright and smiling, the warmth and eye of the school - Herschel's yellow thunderbolts! ROLT'S my house and I'm proud of it!

KAREN DUDLEY
Head Girl.



Karen and OUR bunny



Nazeema Barday Std 7

TEACHERS

NAME: Bertha De Clerk

AGE: As old as my tongue and a little older than my teeth.

SHOE SIZE: Comfortable

NUMBER OF FILLINGS: False teeth do not require fillings!!!!

AMBITION: To be able to teach Herschel pupils - an impossibility.

LIKES: Everything

DISLIKES: Nothing

LATEST HEARTHROB: You

DO YOU THINK YOU'RE SEXY? I don't understand the question.



Mr Clarke

NAME: Madame

AGE: Very awkward question, that one!

SHOE SIZE: 5½

NUMBER OF FILLINGS: Countless!

AMBITION: To get to the top of Mount Everest

LIKES: Fresh air

DISLIKES: Cigarettes

LATEST HEARTHROB: Oh dear, certainly not P.W. Botha

DO YOU THINK YOU ARE SEXY? On a rockclimbing photo, when lens is out of focus - maybe!



MADAME STAEDTLER

NAME: Mevrouw (Louw)

AGE: Ten Years

SHOE SIZE: They don't make my size

NUMBER OF FILLINGS: Too many to count

AMBITION: To travel the world

LIKES: Friendliness

DISLIKES: Noise

LATEST HEARTHROB: YOU WOULD LOVE TO KNOW!!!!

DO YOU THINK YOU'RE SEXY? How can you ask such a question?



Mevrouw Louw

NAME: Question mark?????

AGE: Varies

SHOE SIZE: Don't wear them!

NUMBER OF FILLINGS: Countless!

AMBITION: "To teach" or "not to teach" ...!? (That is the question)

LIKES: School (Occasionally!)

LATEST HEARTHROB: My cat!

DO YOU THINK YOU'RE SEXY? Definitely!!!!!! I like red.



MRS. CHARLESWORTH

NAME: ??????

AGE: Fortunately my false teeth can't give me away.

SHOE SIZE: I was never good at fractions.

NUMBER OF FILLINGS: You don't have fillings in false teeth.

AMBITION: To be in more magazines than Kerry Hoffman.

LIKES: 1 O'Clock on Wednesday and 3 O'Clock on every other week day.

DISLIKES: Having to be nice to horrible pupil type people.

LATEST HEARTHROB: Too many

DO YOU THINK YOU'RE SEXY? Yes, very much so. My dog loves my legs!



Mrs Crowther

NAME: D.E.B

AGE: "The right side".

SHOE SIZE: Not applicable (I only wear boots and sandals)

NUMBER OF FILLINGS: Three tried and tested;

1. Chocolate fudge
2. Lemon Fondue
3. Brandy and walnut whip

AMBITIONS: Present - To complete this questionnaire without divulging any info.

Projected - "IN PURSUIT OF EXCELLENCE"

LIKES: Romance, Dynasty, flowers and St. Paul de Vence.

DISLIKES: "All the greys and inbetween".

LATEST HEARTHROB: No change! Alternatively - $\frac{78}{100}$ of a second ago.

DO YOU THINK YOU ARE SEXY: "NO SEX PLEASE, WE'RE BRITISH".



Mrs Beames AND ROLT MOTHER

NAME: M-TA H-RI

AGE: 21 ++++

SHOE SIZE: 9

NUMBER OF FILLINGS: 1 gold

AMBITIONS: Wouldn't you like to know?

LIKES: Men and secrets

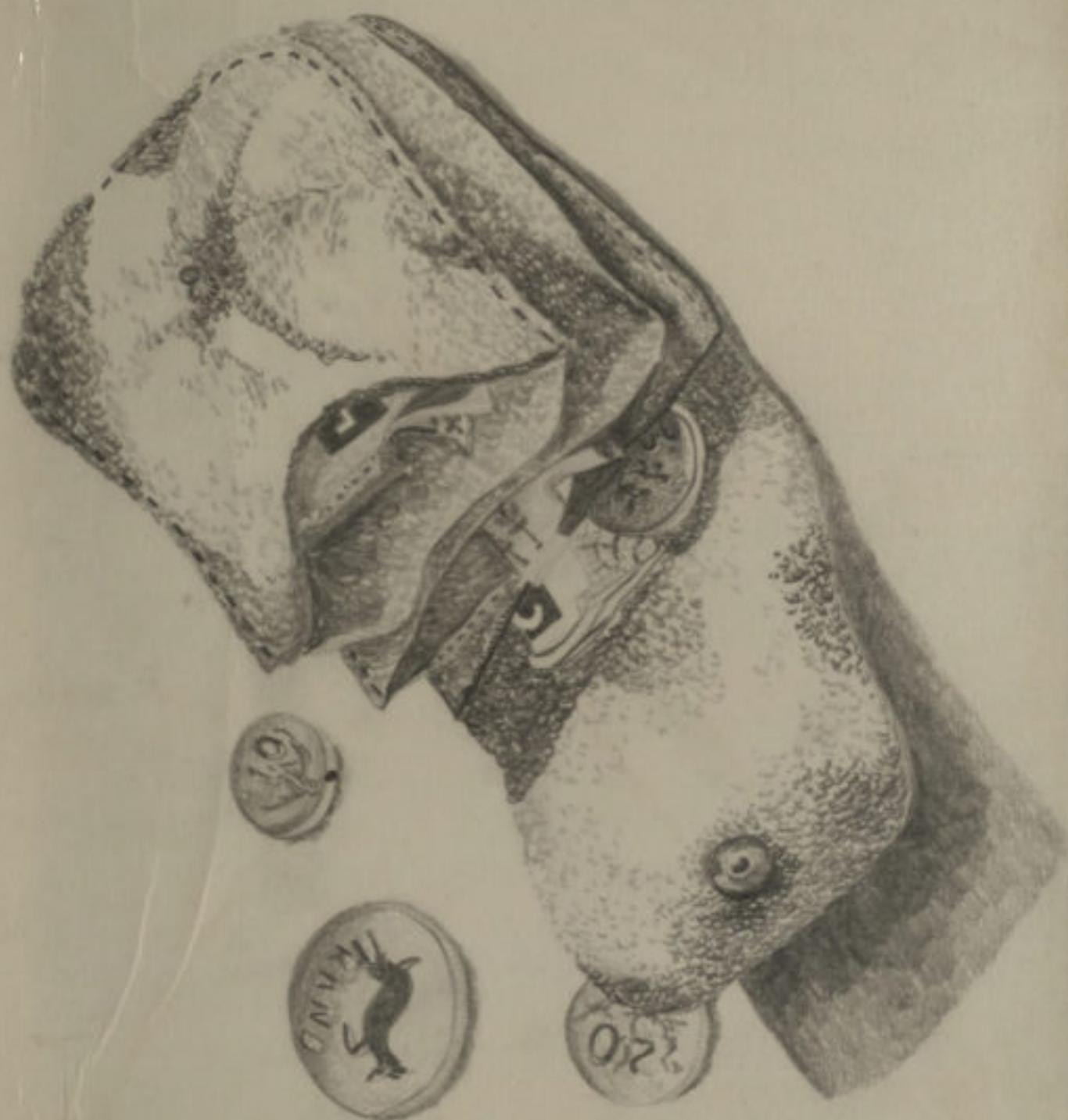
DISLIKES: Women and Honesty.

LATEST HEARTHROB: Wilhelm II

DO YOU THINK YOU'RE SEXY? YES, I judge by results.



Mrs. Marr



Natasha van Zyl Std 8

REFLECTIONS

Sports Day '84

On 30 November 1984, while the choir was raising the school roof with their beautiful singing, the rest of the school were congregated on the hockey field with all three houses enthusiastically waiting to cheer on their runners and sports persons. The day started off badly for Rolt, and the results of the first races could hardly be heard above the raucous howling of the houses, especially Rolt! Rolt managed to win eight of the thirty-four events, with eleven second places and thirteen third places, which was not bad considering that athletics is not one of Rolt's stronger points.

The overall results were Rolt, third with 136 points, Jagger second with 160 points and Merriman streaks ahead with 202. It certainly was a most enjoyable and exhausting day for everyone - even those not taking part in the athletics wore out their voices in providing encouragement.

Our thanks go to Mrs Botha and Mrs Hudson for organising the day, the girls who helped with timing and especially the Std. 8 pupils for providing the thirsty and hungry with cooldrinks and homebakes as their charity.

Three CHEERS for Rolt!

SAMANTHA DRUMMOND-HAY
Std. 9





Sonja Petrus and Jackie Kolbe -
three legging it all the way



Heather Dicey and
Jenny Köster



Carolynne McGhie



Cathy Stamper sprinting
to the finish

Kathy Abbott



Mrs Botha and Lisa Kode



Swimming

This year the Inter-house swimming Gala was held on a hot, sunny afternoon and although Rolt came third, we had lots of spirit and encouragement from our house and cheer leaders. They all looked very bright and full of spirit and energy in their yellow T-shirts.

This gave the swimmers great encouragement and support.

Special congratulations go to Laura Meiring for winning the cup for the best U/16 swimmer! Special thanks go to Mrs Botha for organizing a wonderful day full of fun and enjoyment and to all those girls who helped and last but not least the teachers who did the time-keeping for us.

Thank-you all for your support and co-operation. Well done to all the Rolt Swimmers!

DIANE STRINGER
Swimming Captain



Rolt streaking ahead!!



Caroline Symons and Kim Porter - look at d'em legs!



Yellow at its best



Kim Porter - caught in the act.



Mandy - AGAPE!!!

GALA



Kyra and OUR bunny.



Alison Kebble rounding up the troupe.

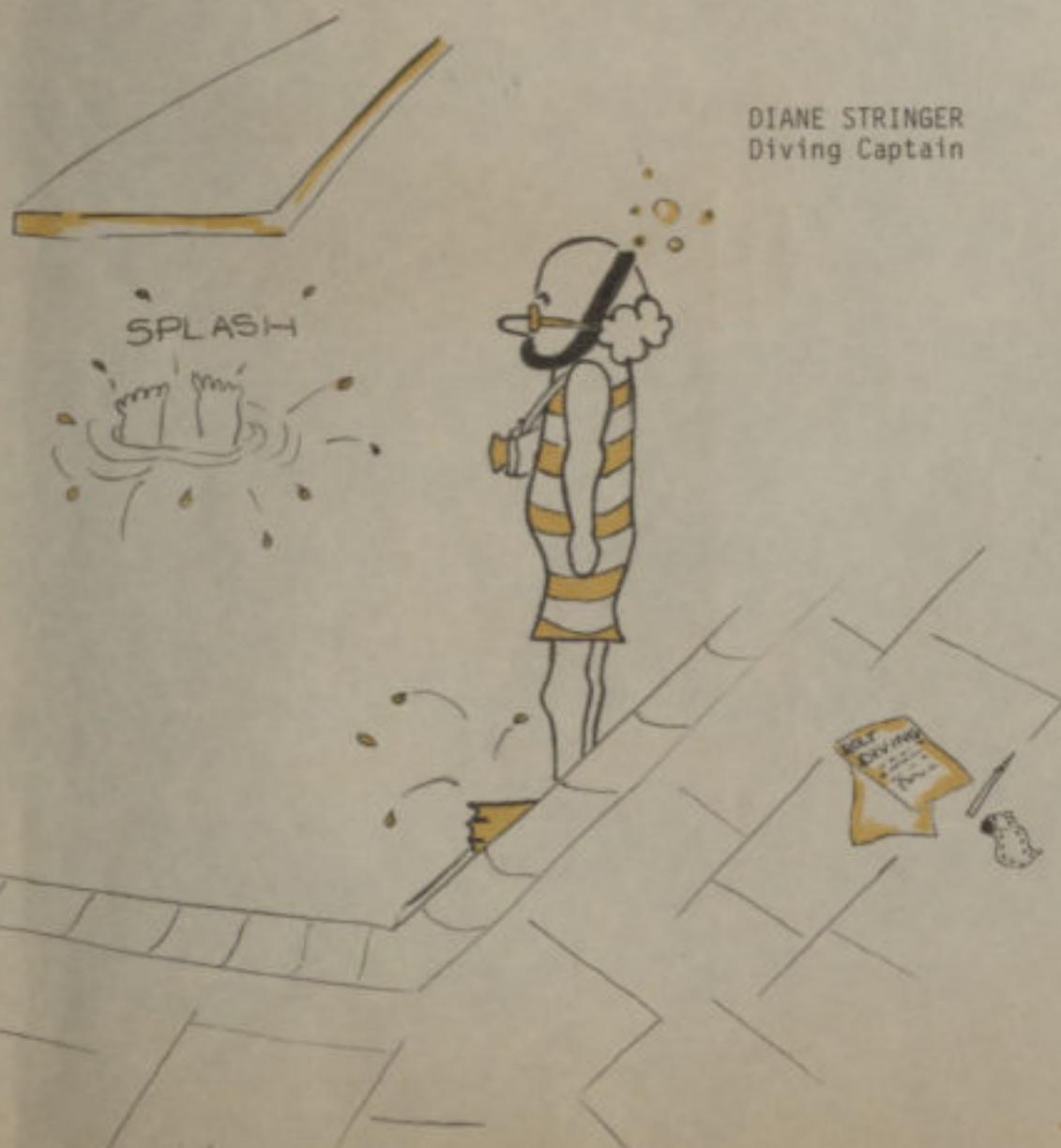


Carolynne and Anna - cheering them on!

Diving

After many lunch-time practises our Rolt diving team was ready for the Inter-House Diving Competition. Our U/14 divers were Kate O'Neill and Nina Daniels. Congratulations to Kate who came first in the U/14 section. Heather Dicey and Natasha Van Zyl were our U/16 divers, unfortunately Natasha had to retire at the last moment as she was not well. In the Open section Carolynne Mcghie came second and Diane Stringer third.

It was a most enjoyable afternoon and I would like to thank all those people who supported us and a special thank-you and congratulations to our Rolt Divers!



DIANE STRINGER
Diving Captain

Rolt reigned supreme! The Rolt team won 60 games out of a possible 60. We were very ably represented by Deirdre and Lynne Murray, Michelle Kroon, Lucy Burns, Lesley Millar, Penny Newton-King, Sonja Petrus, Caroline Symons, Carol Millar and Carolynne McGhie.

The Rolt tennis girls also make a valuable contribution to school teams. In this connection we congratulate Penny Newton-King and Lesley Millar on winning the Open Doubles Championship. We also congratulate Carol Millar and Tania Fourie who formed part of the Std 6 tennis team which came second at Inter-schools.

Keep up the excellent work, Rolt! We want the cup on our rack again next year.

DEIRDRE MURRAY
Captain



Deidre and our Rolt bunny

Hockey

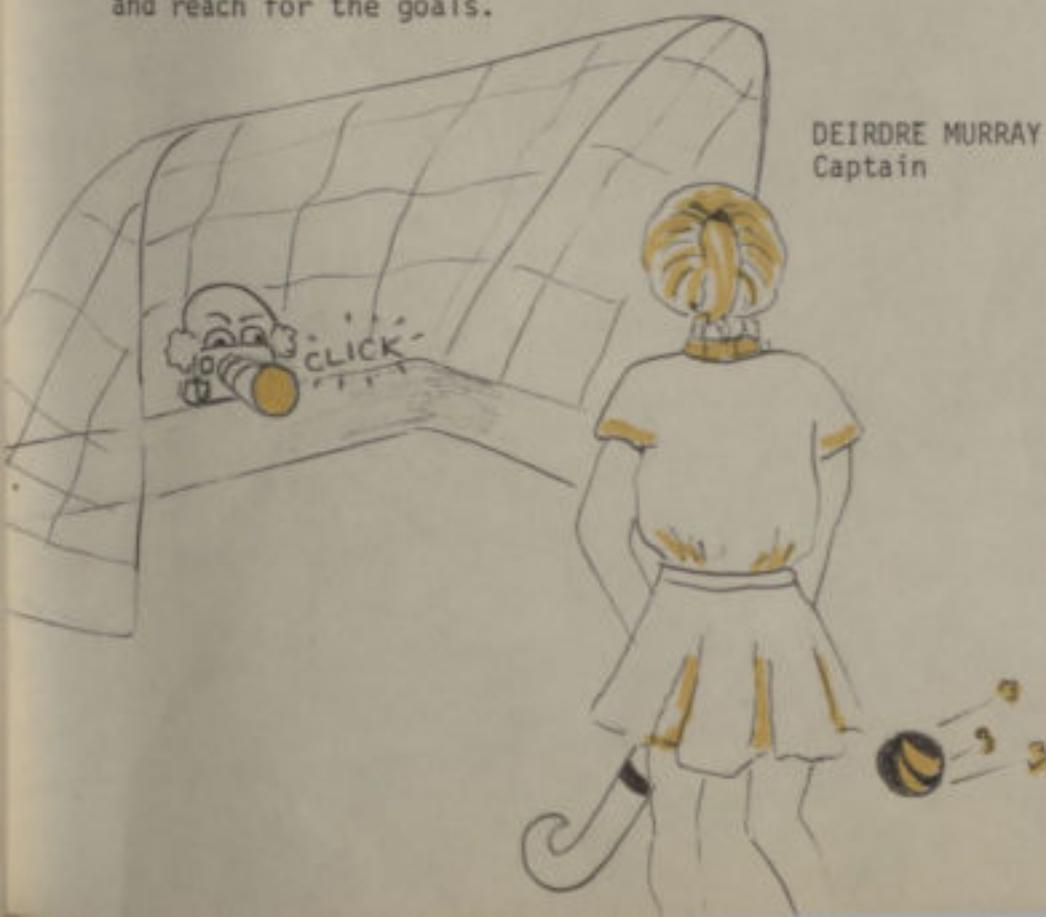
Rolt hockey is alive and well and rearing to go for the 1985 Inter-house competition in a few weeks time. Rolt won this event last year and we will be putting in all our efforts to retain the cup.

Rolt has 5 representatives in the First XI. They are Lynne Murray, Michelle Kroon, Alison Kebble, Sally Köster and Deirdrè Murray. It is most encouraging to see the large number of younger Rolts playing hockey. It is reassuring to know that in the years to come Rolt will not lose the inter-house hockey as a result of lack of interest.

Sally Köster and Lisa Kode have been attending the junior W.P. Squad practices - good luck for next year!

Lynne Murray, Sally Köster and Deirdrè Murray were invited to W.P. trials. Lynne made the W.P. "B" side and Deirdrè the W.P. "A" side.

Keep up the great hockey - put your stick on the ground, eyes on the ball and reach for the goals.



This year has brought about a change in the netball teams. There is no longer an U15 team but two Open teams. This means that younger girls are playing in an extremely high league, much higher than they are used to. The second team consists mainly of Std 7's and 8's and they are at a disadvantage because many of their opposition are a head taller than they are. This could be a benefit in the long run because they will be star players in the future.

The first team have not had much support from 8 and 9 players. There are only four std. 9 girls in the team and many girls who have the potential to strengthen it. Both teams are skilled and have great potential but should all practice more seriously. We have had much help from our student teacher, Miss de Marellic, with our Netball. She is shaping us up for inter-schools.

In the inter-house netball, Rolt did very well. The open team won both their matches. The U15's played well too; drawing with Jagger and losing to Merriman. There was a reasonably high standard of netball shown by all three houses. Well done Rolt.

The overall results of the inter-house netball were;

1. Rolt
2. Merriman
3. Jagger

OPEN TEAM

Samantha Drummond-Hay

Kim Porter

Sally Köster

Jenny Köster

Lesley Millar

Heather Dicey

Carolynne McGhie



KIM PORTER
Std. 9

Inter-provincial Squash

On the 6th of July, Western Province U16 Squash players left from Cape Town station by train for Johannesburg, where the interprovincial was being held. Included in the team were four Herschel girls, Nicky Ekstein, Lucy Burns (both Rolt girls), Melissa van Assen and Penny Cheeseman. At Johannesburg we were taken to Wits university where we were to stay for the following week.

We played all our squash matches at Hillbrough Squash Centre and in the Interprovincial A section, WP came first, and in the B section, WP came second.

On the social side a disco and a braai were held for us and both were great fun. There was time for us to wander around Johannesburg and to meet new people. Altogether it was a fun-filled tour.

In the U14 Interprovincial, both WP Girls A and B came second. The Herschel girls who made the U14 side were N. Mohammed and M. Godson.

NICKY EKSTEIN
Std. 9



Thank-you very much to all those faithful players for keeping the school's standard of badminton on an even keel.

Although we have lost some of our better players, matches continue to be challenging and often as exciting as only the fast-moving game of badminton can be. We are in need of more players and invite any girl who feels like testing their reflexes and physical fitness to come and try.

To all the Rolt girls in the team, "Keep up the Rolt Spirit and make matches worthwhile!"

SONJA PETRUS
Std 10



LANGUAGES



Alison Day Std.9

english

Rolt is always cheering,
for their sportswomen to win.

We're leaders all the way
right from the begin.

Excepting for our swimming which has never been our forté
We're champions at everything especially for our court play.

Even academically we always come out tops

The reason is, quite simply, we pull out all the stops.

And at all the house meetings, Kyra stands up with pride;

And after preaching says to us,

'We're always on the right side!'

In closing and in short, Rolt is best,

and the nicest thing about us is that we are never ever pests.



TANIA FOURIE
Std. 6

Breaking Away -

They are "breaking", "popping", "locking", "waving", "punking" and "spinning". From where breakdancing started, on the sidewalks of New York City ghettos, the movement has spread to all parts of the world. Young and old alike stare in awe at dancers whose ritual dance is a combination of mime, gymnastics, karate, jazz and modern dancing.

Breakdancing is the revival of many old styles but is also said to have originally started as a type of mock-warfare between ghetto-gangs, in which each side would send out its best man to compete with the other in a series of steps. This new stylised form of movement and the music that goes with it is the product of an inner-borough upbringing, among the traffic-thronged city streets with their neon-lights and night-life. "Breakers" do not only attempt to defy the force of gravity but to break away from convention and the bonds of city life.

The dynamic new "culture" has been spurred on by films and songs with titles such as "There's no stopping us", "Street Dance", "Freak Show on the dance floor", "Part of the beat" and "Beat Street".

An oversized radio blares out "Scratch" songs with a steady driving beat. A good dancer has a "street name" and sports wild apparel, hair-style and make-up. Although many have tried to copy, the "original generation" dancers claim that it is only they who wear them with sartorial flash, as a kind of uniform for cultural challenge. The garb includes fleece-lined T-shirts, cock-eyed caps, designer-label corduroys, white tackies and numerous belts with burnished buckles. These clothes ("colours") like the "hip-



hop" dance styles are constantly updated - but they remain true to their origins.

The "street people" are talented, motivated and determined. They give to their dancing all the energy they possess and to watch them is a breath-taking experience. They pirouette on their heads, dance on their wrists, kick their feet in circles to get the momentum to spin with elegance and speed on their shoulders, arms, backs and hands. Manoeuvres which are intricate and involved are executed with seeming ease. When "Breakers" "hit the street", movements may be anything from mime to a bewildering variety of syncopated stops and starts, the dancer's body extending and contracting to the musical beat. Simultaneously a "bopper's" body can perform rubber-limbed antics to create the illusion that his body is going in several directions; and at another time, each joint of the dancer's body is isolated on a different musical beat. The variety and flow of different movements - fluid, stiff, with angular twists, turns and glides never ceases to excite and thrill me.

Does all this energy really satisfy the young person's ever-persistent search for himself? Is this break away from the protocol of dress, dance, behaviour and lifestyle for the better?

KAREN DUDLEY
Std. 10



Many incidents have helped me gain my opinion of war, songs, stories and history lessons.

When the wars of our nations did beckon, a man barely twenty did answer the calling, proud of the trust that he placed in our nation, but he is gone now and only heaven knows him.

He crouched in a trench, waiting for hours holding his rifle to his side as he watched one after another his comrades being slaughtered. He knelt even lower in fear as he prayed, "you can't let me die, you can't let me die here!" But he is gone.

The grave they dug him had flowers collected from the hillside in bright summer colours. The brown earth around his grave is bleached white and the rough wooden cross they made him and the flowers are gone. He was not the only one but one of the millions of soldiers killed in the war of our nations.

Has one man who is no different than us got the power to send people away to fight, has that one man really got the right to take lives for granted especially as we only have one?

There are laws that state that we may not kill people yet we can walk a few miles straight into an enemy country, where they are no different to us, and kill them and then when we return we will be heroes.

People say and pretend to hate violence but still they give their small children play guns to play with. Is that not encouraging violence?

CLARE SPARKS
Std. 7





Dusk at Onrus

The sun was setting, casting a pinkish glow over the serene sea, the rugged rocks and our patio. Our large family had gathered at our beach cottage for an informal fish braai and an evening of laughter.

As I sat crosslegged on the floor, I thought of those affectionate people, humans of all ages, varied interests and differing personalities and what an important role they all played in my life and the childhood memories they helped to create. Cobas - my cousin's husband was softly strumming his guitar and his brother was enthusiastically if somewhat off-key singing along. My dad, brother and cousin, Karel, were playing frisbee on the lawn. My mum was chatting to her adult nieces and occasional bursts of laughter could be heard from that quarter. My Aunt Elaine was telling her grand-daughter the Christmas story. I was on my own, yet not alone. Each one was doing something that was of interest to him, yet we were one.

Shortly before the fish was served we all trooped into the kitchen, man and woman alike, washing the fruits, peeling carrots and preparing the salads. Then I stiffened with shock as a piece of watermelon was sliding down my back and my seventeen year old cousin's shoulders shook with suppressed laughter. Sputtering indignantly, I grabbed a watermelon peel and chased him - but to no avail. In the end I decided to give in gracefully but certainly not. Peacefully and conspiring against him I had my aunt rub the watermelon over his back while I calmly shook hands with him, declaring truce! With much laughter we went in the calm, salty sea to wash the sticky sweetness off our bodies.

In the warm aftermath sunset, we ate our fish - fish that had been caught that day and purchased at the harbour - a kaleidoscope of haggling fishwives, brightly painted fishing trawlers and the stench of bait.

The fire crackled merrily, the flames stretching and devouring the rookrans, casting shadows over our faces. There was silence, there was peace, there was harmony and there was love.

LAURA WOULIDGE
Std 8



Christmas With my Cousin

As I stamp the crisp, lacy snow off my boots, Colleen appears at the door and greets me. "Hey, pickle, you've grown," she comments in her usual jaunty manner. As I look her over I notice that her fiery sunset hair is more springy than usual and that her almond shaped jade green eyes are sparkling with excitement. She then hobbles into the living room and sinks into the overstuffed cloudy blue chair, dropping her wearied feet into a steaming bowl of water which I later find is the actual cure for an aching toe. Then all the family gathers around as she tells us about her twenty-first party and her engagement party, introducing us to the lucky fiancée, Randy, who is sitting by her side, all in her commanding and husky voice. I study her animated ivory face which is sprinkled with freckles, her slightly protruding chin and her thin and pouty but often expressive mouth. When Christmas dinner is served her small spritely body springs from the chair and she walks arm in arm with Randy, supporting her, into the dining room. Throughout dinner she cracks caustic jokes about everyone but then just laughs them off, her deep laughter resounding throughout the room. When the evening ends, Colleen pecks a kiss on everyone's cheek and waves madly at our car fading in the distance.

NICOLE CHAMPIN
Std. 7





The Smuggler

The Smuggler rowed his boat ashore,
On a dark and silent night.
Watching for the secret sign,
A glowing yellow light.
His friend,
A one-eyed, bearded man,
Hobbled from the cave,
A quick exchange of Pounds and Pence,
For the Booty that he gave.

MONICA DRUMMOND-HAY
Std. 6

England

Dirty buildings,
On littered roads.

Foggy mornings,
And grey afternoons.

Rolling hills,
And green meadows.

Tiny houses,
On narrow roads.

Crisp air,
And pretty roses.

These are my,
Memories of England.

JANE BOYES
Std. 6



"Look, Sellcirk, if you want me to help you, you have to tell me the truth and all of it. Start talking sense."

As a police guard, I heard many similar conversations, and now I stood quietly in the corner of the questioning cell while the lawyer conversed with his client.

"Me have told you everything. Get off my back, man. Me didn't do it!" The table shook as Marco Sellcirk thumped his enormous, meaty fist down on it in frustration.

"I," corrected the lawyer, Alec Melluish, automatically.

"What?"

"I didn't do it."

"Come to think of it I might have done it," Marco said in a puzzled, thoughtful voice. His facial expression suddenly changed to one of defiance. "But me," he said, stabbing a finger at his chest, "Me did not do it."

"This case is certainly different," I thought to myself, glancing at Alec to see his reaction to the insane statement.

"Do you mean you might have killed those people but you don't know?" Alec asked in a quiet voice.

"No, no," came the anguished reply, "me didn't do it!"

"Okay. You didn't do it but 'I' might have. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Who is 'I'?"

Silence.

"What is I's name?"

"Marco Sellcirk."

Alec glanced at me in bewilderment and then down at the papers in front of him.

"You and 'I' are one person?" he asked carefully.

"Yes. Me and I are one person. I isn't here. I don't want you to catch him."

"Wait," said Alec, holding up both hands palm out. "You and 'I' are one person but in two bodies?"

"Yes, that's right," Marco said in a relieved voice. "Now you know about I, me will tell you about him." He looked at me, leaned forward secretively towards Alec and said in a loud whisper, "I is evil!" He sat back triumphantly.



"So 'I' could have killed these people?"

"Yes, except me don't know when I could have gone. Me am usually with him."

"Was there no time that 'I' was alone?" asked Alec, speaking Marco's garbled language.

"Only once."

"When?"

"A couple of months ago I locked me in the dungeon."

"Why did 'I' do that to you?"

"I says me am crazy. Me am not crazy, am me?" Marco had transformed himself into a little boy in an enormous, muscular body. "I is the evil one, isn't he? Not me."

"Times up," I said, moving forward to take Marco's arm and lead him back to his cell.

"You won't tell anyone, will you Mr Melliush. Me mean, that I is evil. People like I. They don't like me though. I should be at home. Will you go and see him, Mr Melliush. Tell him me say hallo. Good-bye, Mr Melliush." Marco's voice had risen a pitch and he giggled.

As I past Alec, I saw him write down a singleword at the top of an

empty page. He muttered the word as he wrote it down.

"Insane."

HEATHER DICEY
Std. 9





Sascha Mayer Std 7

Tigers

Tigers, swift, intelligent purring mammals,
Colourfully striped and seemingly playful.
Dangerous, but will not attack unless threatened or hungry.
Prowlers of the night, sleeping by day.

Live in deserted open places, but stay in one place.
Tigresses hunt for food swiftly and softly,
Pouncing onto their prey when near enough.
Protectors of their young till the time is nigh,
When they will take their turn,
To prowl, hunt, and care for their young.
Tigers, prowlers of the night, sleeping by day.

AMANDA BAKER
Std. 6

Shadows

And the shadow
is still, so still,
Stars and the moon
are moving fast,
And the shadow
is still, so still,
I was in a panic
and began to sweat,
So I feebly reached
for the light,
Ah! a sigh of relief,
The wondrous shadow
had gone -

JANE BOYES
Std. 6



African Dusk

The dust was settling
as the weary day came to an end.
The bushveld was peaceful;
the animals lethargic
as the soft heat spread
through their bodies.

Peace reigns, royalty too.
She crouches, her muscles tense,
her eyes alert.
Watching, waiting ...
The buck walks past, unaware.
She seizes the moment and
the buck.

The herd scatters,
the alarm is raised.
The great cat moves off,
The sun sinks lower in the African sky.
All is forgotten, life goes on ...

KATHY ABBOTT
Std. 9



Words! Words! Words!

"Words! Words! Words! That's all we get. It's nothing but talk and all in a foreign language as well. Do you know how sick I am of hearing their words, Nan? All the words are promises that they do nothing about. 'We promise to give you money to buy food'. The young man paced back and forth across the short length of the bare room. The anger in his voice was reflected in the long, purposeful strides. "They give us a little money to buy a few seeds and say: There you are. There is your food. Just plant them in the barren soil that you do not have and without the machinery to cultivate the dead soil and without the water to feed it. You will get a crop big enough to feed one healthy white man for a week so that is enough food for a black family of nine for a month."

The wizened old woman watched her robust son sadly, well aware of what he was feeling because she too had experienced the injustice of life on earth. She sat patiently in her uncomfortable wheelchair, her bent, crippled legs covered with a warm blanket. Intelligent, alive black eyes in a sunken, weary face followed her son's movements. Her thin, calloused hands lay quietly on her lap.

"My son," she said gently, "my son, listen to me. You must not believe all that they say. They may not always carry out their promises but they always carry out their threats."

"But, Nan, you don't understand. They just give us words, empty words. Words that are unimportant, like most words."

"Son, words are important. You would not be able to sing your freedom or war songs without words. The words that our brain enables us to form, differentiate us from apes and monkeys. The words enable us to write; they enable you to fight verbally against government and it is words that have got you into trouble. You did not use your words properly and that has angered the authorities. They did not like what you said. They want to bury you deep in one of those cells so that you can never have the chance to speak harmful words against them again. They want to forget about you and the trouble you have caused," the soft voice of the woman was filled with sadness.

"Nan, I had to do it. I had to do it for you and all my 'brothers' and 'sisters'. I'm like a single minute cell in a living body composed of millions of cells, and I had to play my part for the well-being of life in the whole body. I'm sorry if I have hurt you but..." the young man stopped in mid-sentence and cocked his head, listening.

The woman also cocked her head to listen and through the broken window came the sound of the police siren. The woman looked at the man, fear for him in her face.

"Go, my son, go quickly before they arrive. Now is no time for words. You must go."

"Nan, you have just taught me the importance of words but you are right; there is no time for them now. I will go now but they will not catch me."



At the door he turned and looked at the woman. As she stared back, he saw the life slowly die out of her eyes. They were dead now, as dead as her useless legs. The man looked at her and knew that her sorrow mirrored his own.

"Good-bye, mother," he whispered softly. "I will take heed of your lesson and remember your words."

HEATHER DICEY
Std 9





Amanda Thompson Std 9

"Hey, Shiray, man, come here, man! What's wrong with you, heh?" asked Frank, a skollie-boy from the Bo-Kaap.

"Nothing is wrong with me."

"You know, I can't help it if you're too dumb to know how much of the stuff to keep from the Big-ou," sneered thin lips from a big head, bobbing on a wreathy body.

Shiray turned and walked down the cobbled road to the cracked hovel where he stayed with his parents and six brothers and sisters. Walking down the steep hill, his cheek ached as gravity seemed to draw blood from the place where Johnny, the Big-ou, had playfully slashed the night before for keeping some of the stolen flowers for himself.

"Maybe I should go and stay with the rest of the guys. I hate this mummy's-boy business. It just makes trouble."

Here he was, twenty years old and still staying in this sweet-smelling dump. You could smell the generations of Fakier sons who became tailors, and their families, as if they were all still living here.

"I want to get out, get some money."

Shiray peered into a bit of mirror on the wall of the room. The mirror was steamed up by his four brother's breath. In the mirror he saw thick blood ooze out of the bruised flesh of the cut in his cheek. They did it to him again. He sat in jail for three months; he was attacked by the soetgirls after they all had their fun. Why was he always the one to be blamed? Maybe it is the curse Hadji Suraya put on his father for marrying her daughter that had rubbed off on him.

"You try your hardest, what for?" he said to the sallow face with marble eyes staring at him from the shadows of the mirror. "To get the kick in the pants! Mummy's boy with tears in his royal blue eyes...ha, bloody ha!..."

"Ouch," Shiray Fakier tried to stop the beads of blood coming from where he accidentally cut the scar on his cheek whilst shaving. His eyes had a strange gleam in them as he stared at himself in the steamed-up mirror in the bathroom. 'Mummy's boy with tears....,' it echoed in his head as he remembered twenty years ago.

"Do you have to go," his wife demanded in their little son's room.

"I have to go to Faruk's funeral. He meant a lot to me. He kept me going to school till standard eight, you know."

"Then he dropped you."

"I was the one who had had enough. At least I got out!"

The BMW effortlessly climbed the hill up Adams Street to the top of Signal Hill where Faruk was being buried. Mostly men were gathered at the tiny mosque that the poor were barred from. Shiray wondered whether he should have caught a train.

"Hey, Mummy's boy, I like the car, my pellie!" The face was old, but Shiray recognised Johnny. "Look at it julle-ouens. Isn't he smart now?"

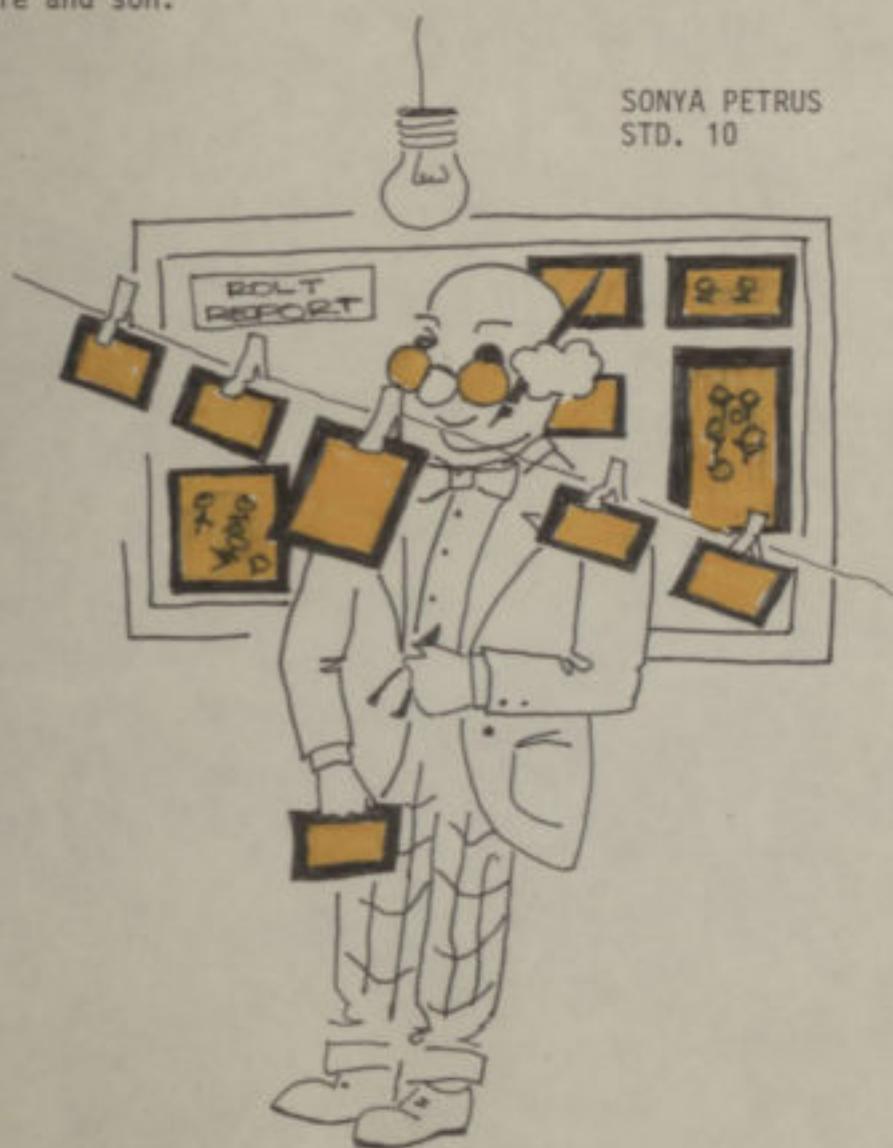
Pat, pat, pat, doemf, doemf. He started hitting the car with his hands; many soon joined him. They stalked around the car like primitive dancers in their suits, shinny with age, hair slicked down and eyes glinting.



"We thought you were tough like your royal-blue lookers. Ja, they looked like marbles; like Jesus's one's which the preacher said, 'They say that he is a man who can bear the sins of the world.' " Doemf, doemf - pat, pat.

"Now he's got the bucks and the car, now he does not have to show his muscles. But then, shame, he tried so hard." pat, pat, pat - doemf!

The bitterness surrounding him kept him in the car and drove him home to his wife and son.





Champions

The crisp morning air
Embraces us with
Cold fingers.

We set off,
At a slow gallop
My horses muscles
Rippling,
The icy air
"Smoking" out of
Flared nostrils.

We return
Him, in a suit
Of shiny sweat.
Me
Refreshed.

MICHELLE MILNER
Std. 9



Sunrise in the Karoo

It is early. The sky has just started getting lighter. Nothing has awakened. The world sleeps in silence. All that is visible are the outlines of various objects but they are very vague. The day is dawning slowly. The sky becomes a deep purple-red with stripes of oranges, yellows and many more brilliant colours. There is a certain spot in the sky, just above the huge mountain, where it is lighter than the rest of the sky. It is there that a ray of light slowly peeps over the mountain-top and strikes the ground below it.

First, the small insects awaken and start their daily routine of work. They scurry about searching for food, dashing in and out of shadows, looking in every place imaginable. They contemplate where to store their big supply of food, needed for survival in the long hard winter which awaits them with cold and cruel fingers.

The silence of the earth, yet to awaken, magnifies the sudden bleat of a single sheep. Within the heart of this land, life is awakening. The flowers on the succulent cactii open to display their priceless jewels which lay within.

The birds start chirping cheerfully in the trees. The chicks cheep expectantly for their breakfast, which consists mainly of worms. The fathers fix the nests while the mothers feed the children.

A smell of fresh horse-manure floats on the morning breeze. A neigh; a stallion screams; silence again. In the distance, a thundering of



horses hooves is heard, tapping out the beat to the wild music of nature. The untouched morning is broken by the tearing of the plague through the dry and thirsty land. A little black boy scamps down the narrow foot path to ring the bell which awakens the workmen every day. Clang, clang, clang.

First the sun, then the birds, the flowers and then man, all rise within minutes of one another to combine onto the elements of the day. Every day starts like this, every action is the same, the birds rise at the same hour, the flowers open up their petals, the horses neigh and it is like that every time, yet each is a miracle - an absolute magnificent miracle from God.

The sunrise is enhanced by the exquisite landscape. The dryness and the dust gives it a beautiful glow of sparkling yellow.

The chorus of the animals and the beauty of the country rises to the most breath-taking sight ever experienced by any person. This, is the absolute splendour that is impressed on you by a Karoo sunrise.



JENNY KOSTER
Std 8

"EXCUSE ME..."



The suicide of Percy Hobbs

Nobody cares for anybody where I live. They are either too tired from working down the mine to care or they are so drunk they cannot remember what it is to care. To care and to acknowledge are different things, but nobody even acknowledges that I exist. They think that to be deaf is as good as being dead, but they forget that I have eyes. I sit here at the window and I watch; I absorb; I think.

This is how I met Percy Hobbs but he did not meet me. He moved into the room across the street from the asylum three years ago. At first he appeared as self-centred as the rest of them, uncaring, unfeeling and only interested in the pub down the road. His room was gloomy and sparsely furnished with a bed with sagging springs, a wobbly table and a "kitchen" consisting of a gas ring, a pot and a bowl.

He worked down the mine with the rest of them. I used to watch him stumbling, still half asleep, exhaling morning mist on his way to work at six-thirty each morning. When he returned at seven each night I had to strain my eyes to distinguish him from the other miners as they trudged along wearing disguises of soot and grime. But Percy Hobbs was always walking alone, aloof from the other coarse, sweaty figures.

Then I began to realize Percy was different. His room was always neat and there were always newly washed clothes suspended from a washing line contraption on the window. I also discovered that when he, after work, went down the road towards the pub he did not stop there but walked the five miles to green hills out of town. He walked to the

green hills where the air is fresh, where the birds sing and where the world is beautiful. I knew this because of the flowers he brought back and placed in a fish-paste bottle on the window sill.

One day he brought back a small piece of greenery. What he wanted with that I could not imagine. Percy planted it in a tin mug and each morning religiously, before going down the mines, he watered it. He cherished that plant and he loved it.

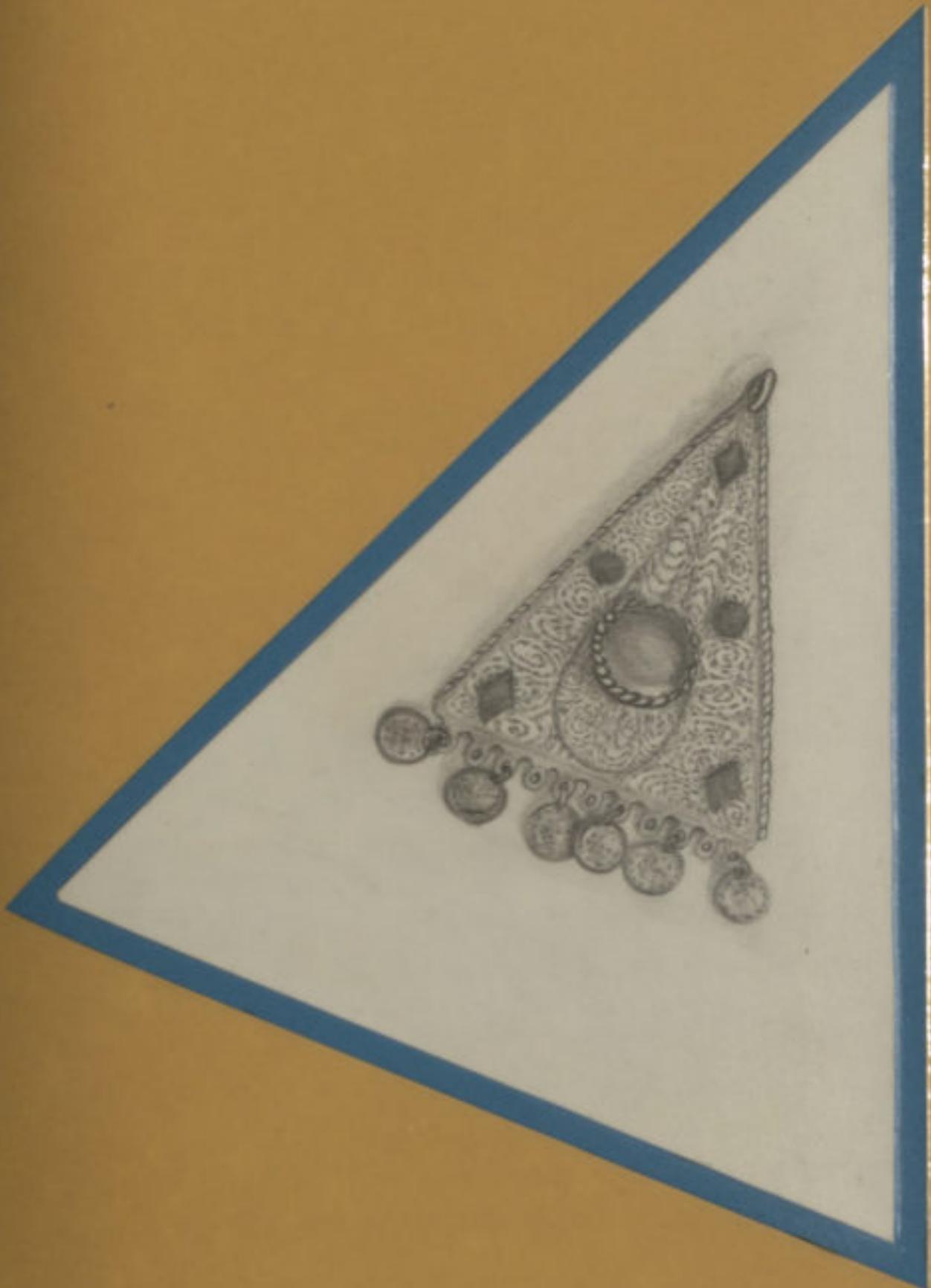
Percy was different. Every time a new bud appeared on his plant a gentle smile spread across his face. Percy Hobbs cared. He had feelings and he cared.

When I realized that, I began to grow worried. "How can someone like him survive in this coarse, crude world?" I thought to myself.

And then it happened; it was no surprize to me, of course. One of the boys from Blackdune lane shot down Percy's plant with his catapult. The mug shattered on the cobbles and the plant was trodden on by Mr Wattle, the grocer's horse.

The expression on Percy's face when he saw his plant brought tears to my eyes. I turned away to allow him privacy in his grief. So, I did not see how he did it; I saw only his pale body lying motionless on his bed. There he will lie for a long time. Nobody cares for anybody where I live.





Alison Durr Std 8

It wasn't even Midsummer's Eve, with all its magical connotations. It was just an ordinary summer's day, with heavy sunshine and the warm smell of country fields. The grassy bank, shadowed beneath the trees, was fanned by the river breeze and cooled by the eddies curling underfoot. I dipped my toes into the water and turned over another page.

Splash... sploosh... I barely noticed the quiet splashing noises from the river's edge. I was taken by surprise then, when a small, slippery body flopped down beside me. An inquisitive face with bright, dark eyes and pink cheeks pushed itself between me and the book. "Watcha reading?" it inquired.

"The Water Babies." I looked up, "Careful, you're dripping water all over it."

The little boy smiled sunnily. "I've been swimming," he said. "Come on."

"Where? Wait!" I called, as he scrambled down the river bank, his little body pale in the gloom.

"Come on," he repeated. "We're waiting for you. With that he disappeared below the river's surface.

I found myself slipping after him into the water, which was both cool and warm, and then the dimness wrapped itself round my head. It was



as welcoming as a smooth sheet, warmed by the summer night's air. A glow that had been filtered from the sun diffused over the riverbed making it ethereal.

I realised that I was not alone. Through the clear dark water, I could see that I was surrounded by a tumbling troupe of small children. Their hair was dark, as dark as their eyes, and they were as swift and skilful as otters.

I followed them in a mad chase through the water, over rocks and under shadows. Looking up I could see the banks above me and the busy river life that moves ceaselessly. Looking down I could see the polished pebbles; the water weeds, with silky fronds and mellow tones. I hung weightless and watched the trout play coyly with fishers' flies. Cow, with silky lips, puckered the surface into fairy rings of speeding light and, suspended above me, a duck, like a clumsy surfer, paddled with splaying feet.

Then, as I watched, someone poked at the water, with first one foot and then the other. With patient ease he rippled the water, cooling his toes before raising them, dripping, to paddle the warm air over his back.

I made hardly a splash as I slid out of the water onto the bank beside him. I smiled. "I've been swimming," I said. "Come on."



JESSICA TURNER
Std 8

Alone in bed

A deadly quiet hum
oozes through the air
and darkness floods the forlorn mind
which has abandoned all hope of safety.

Without assistance
an individual lies motionless
observing every crashing molecule
and thinking only of the present.

VAUGHNEEN RICKETTS

Std. 8



I trod beside the harbour slip,
slimy and black
sloped along a dreary harbour wall
and watched
a seagull turn his back,
then jump into the breeze
that jived to a beat
and an alien song that I knew well.
Far away people laughed by the rocks,
a measure from me.
I wondered,
suspended,
to where they argued,
not having noticed I'd gone.

JESSICA TURNER
Std. 8





afri-
kaans

Die lug was bitterkoud en die wolke het laag oor die stad gehang soos rook in 'n kamer met geen vensters oop nie. Alles was grys en vaal en die mense in hul groot jasse het vinnig heen en weer geloop. Hul wange was rooskleurig van die byt in die lug. Skielik het die reën gekom en die mense het binne-in die winkels verdwyn. Ek het ook by die naaste winkel ingestap.

Dit was 'n donker, stowerige winkel wat ou tweedehandse ware verkoop het. Daar was 'n tafel met 'n gebreekte poot, kartonne vol ou tydskrifte, 'n hoede met lang pluime daarop. Daar was ook, in 'n baie donker hoek, 'n skildery. Toe ek nader gekyk het, het ek geglimlag. Dit was een van my eerste skilderye wat ek op ons plaas geskilder het toe ek nog 'n jong man was. Ek kon mooi onthou die dag toe ek die koppie opgeklim het om die plaashuis te skilder. Ja, dit roep baie dinge van my jeug in herinnering op.

Dit het my 'n bietjie teleurgestel laat voel toe ek aan die goeie lewe in die ou dae gedink het. Al ons kinders het 'n spesiale taak gehad. Marie het Ma in die kombuis gehelp, Johannes, Kobus en Pa het die groente en graan gekweek. Ek moes die skape in die veld oppas. Ek het baie daarvan gehou om in die veld in die skadu van 'n doringboom te sit en die skape en landskap te teken. Ja, dit was baie rustig en ontspannend. Dit het so gesit tot die skaduwees langer geword het en dan stadig terug plaas toe gestap.

As ek maar daarheen kon teruggaan. Die stad, dit is mooi, maar dit is nie my plek nie. Die Karoo, dit is waar ek beseft dat ek behoort. Skie-



lik het ek besef dat ek in 'n winkel was en dat die assistent my iets
vra. "Ja, ek wil die skildery koop," het ek geantwoord.

Toe ek daardie aand by die huis gekom het, het ek my vrou vertel dat
ons die volgende vakansie Karoo toe gaan.

KATHY ABBOTT

Std. 9



Onderwinding is die Beste Leermeeester

"Doen dit!"; "Moenie dit doen nie!"; "Pas op!"

Van weins af moet kinders sekerlik bevele van hierdie aard en in die meeste gevalle dien hulle uit om ons te vererg. Dit duur net tot 'n stadium, totdat ons self, op die harde manier, uitvind dat ons ouens of onderwysers tog reg was.

Ek woon op 'n plaas en soos enige plaasjapie ek dit om skoene te dra, maar daar is tog tye wanneer dit onverwydelik is. Soos die dag, omtrent elf jaar terug, toe ek saam met my pa veld toe gegaan het.

"Marie, onthou om jou skoenveters was te maak," het hy my, soos vir die afgelope drie jaar die geval was, gewaarsku.

Ag, het ek gedink, ek het nog nie tevore geval nie en het met los skoenveters en al oor die bossies en klippies gespring. Kaboemi! my voete het skielik onder my uitgeslaan en ek het hard met die aarde kennis gemaak. My pa het my 'n "ek-het-jou-gewaarsku" uitdrukking opgehelp en tot vandag toe stap ek geen enkele tree met 'n los skoenveter nie.

Maanate 'n mens ouer word, word jy mos ook slimmer as jou ouers. Of so het ek gedink totdat ek 'n paar maande gelede, tot my verleentheid, moes uitvind dat dit nie so was nie.

"Jy moenie later as twaalfuur terug wees nie, want ons gaan more na die opname van die wedstryd gaan kyk."

Ek kon nie wag om die opname van die rugbywedstryd tussen Frankryk en Engeland te sien nie. Ek sou terselfdetyd my held, daardie oulike, blonde Franse rugby speler sien. Maar eens sou ek my aand geniet. Twaalfuur?

My ouers is so oudenwets, en het eers om vieruur in my bed ingekruip. Gelukkig het hulle geslaap en was dus onbewus van die "misdaad" wat ek gepleeg het.

Ons het om tienuur na ons bure gery om na die opname te kyk want hulle moes dit daardie middag terugstuur stad toe. Die wedstryd was skaars tien minute oud of ek was in droomland. Toe ek wakker skrik was die wedstryd iets van die verlede en my ouers het my later in alle duidelikheid laat weet dat ek nie gou weer met my vriende sou uitgaan nie. Soonop het ek nie eens my held gesien nie!

Ek dink dit is waar om te sê dat ondervinding die beste leermeester is, maar dis ook soms 'n geval van slim vang sy baas!

DEIRDRE MURRAY

Std. 10





Carolynne McGhie Std 9

Ontspanning op die plaas

"Word wakker slaapkous," het my suster in my oor gefluister, "ons gaan mos 'n entjie langs die dam draf."

'n Uur of so later het ons langs die dam gaan sit. Die son was nog besig om op te kom, en dit was so still en rustig. Teen die voet van die berg, het die vee gestaan. (Teen sewe-uur sou hulle gemelk word.) Orals in die veld het miere rondgeloop. Dit was bitterkoud, maar ek het gou daarvan vergeet, toe ek die voëls en ganse op die dam sien dryf het.

Die plaas is so anders as die stad. Gedurende die dag word die enigste lawaai deur die diere gemaak. Behalwe teen etenstyd, as die swart kinders van die skool af kom. 'n Mens kan die hele dag onder 'n boom deurbring, veral as dit warm is. Partykeer swem ons in die dam. Ons help ook as die koeie gemelk word of as die skape geskeer word. In die stad hoor 'n mens net die gedreun van motors, die geluid van toeters, en die stemme van mense wat vir mekaar skree.

Op die plaas is alles natuurlik, niks is mens gemaak nie, (behalwe die geboue). Dis so rustig om in die veld te sit en wat my gelukkig maak, is om die siek diere te sorg.

Ek dink een van die redes waarom die plaas so rustig is, is omdat alles in sy natuurlike omgewing gehou is. En ek moet sê, dat baie mense net my sal saamstem.

NICOLE RETIEF
Std.7



Hoekom is ek so alleen? Hoekom voel ek so moedeloos? Partykeer weet ek self nie waarom ek vir myself sulke vrae vra nie. Ek ken altyd die antwoorde. Ek weet waarom ek so alleen is en waarom ek so moedeloos is. Dis my eie skuld. Ek kan niemand anders as myself daarvoor blameer vir wat gebeur het nie, waarom ek vandag so by die huis sit en niks doen nie. Ek gaan nooit uit nie. En net omdat ek nie "Ja" gesê het nie.

Dit het omtrent vyf jaar gelede gebeur. Ek was toe drie-en-twintig jaar oud. Toe my oudste broer in Ierland was, het hy 'n baie oulike kêrel ontmoet van wie hy baie gehou het. Sy naam was Terry en hy het later vir my broer op die plaas kom help werk. Vir ons was dit liefde met die eerste oogopslag. 'n Maand lank het niks gebeur nie. Ons was altwee baie skaam en onseker dat die een nie van die ander sou gehou het nie.

Ons het 'n wonderlike tyd saam gehad. Hy was ses maande lank hier, en in daardie kort tydjie, het ons so verlief geraak op mekaar dat ons aan niks anders as mekaar kon dink nie. Ons het saam tennis en muurbal gespeel, ons het saam gaan perdry en saam gaan swem. Ons het alles gedeel, ons kon enigiets vir mekaar sê, en ons kon en ons het oor al die dinge onder die son gepraat en baklei.

Omtrent twee weke voordat hy terug Ierland toe is, het hy vir my gevra om met hom te trou. Ek was baie onseker oor die hele saak en het gedink dat ek te jonk was om te trou. Hy was maar net vier jaar ouer as ek. Hy het my gesmeek en gesmeek, maar ek was te selfsugtig om ja te sê. Ek was verkeerd soos ek nou kan sien. Ek was baie verkeerd.

Nou sal ek hom nooit weer sien nie. En dis my eie skuld. Ek wonder hoekom ek nie ja gesê het nie. Miskien was ek te jonk of te kinderagtig om te weet hoe om so 'n situasie te hanteer. Ek mis hom nou nog baie en dink elke dag aan hom.

JENNY KOSTER
Std 8



Ek was alleen toe ek dit gesien het. Dit het in die donker, soos die lig van 'n groot kers, gegloei. Eers was dit maar baie klein, maar toe het dit begin groei. Ek kon verskillende kleure sien, en af en toe was daar groot ontploffings van rooi, geel en pers. Ek het in die donker gesit en met bewondering na hierdie "lig" gestaar. Dit was so mooi.

"Dalk is dit 'n groot ruimtetuig," het ek by myself gedink. "Of miskien is dit die begin van 'n ander lewe." Ek het nie geweet dat hierdie wonderwerk presies dit was nie; die begin van 'n nuwe lewe, vir ons almal.

Ons land was altyd donker. So lank soos ek kan onthou, was daar nooit lig nie, maar dit bekommer ons nie. Ons is die enigste lewepop die planeet. Daar is geen plante nie en geen ander diere nie. Ons hoor nooit die mooi geluide van hierdie diere nie. Baie lank gelede, voor ek gebore is, was hierdie diere en plante hier, maar toe het alles sleggeword.

Daar was groot oorloë en ons planeet het begin om te sterf. Alles het net verdwyn; die voëls, die groot diere, die plante en selfs die water het verdwyn. Net die berge het oorgebly, die berge en die droë sand.

Maar ons het nie gesterf nie. Ons, wat nog all hierdie jare bly leef het, is nog hier. Ons sal altyd aanhou bly lewe. Ons het krag. Maar ons land is koud en donker, en ons is alleen en bang. Ons onthou nie meer die goeie lewe nie, die lewe toe alles nog lig en warm was.

Ek het stadig opgestaan en na die ander toegeloop. Ek het in die lig met my hand beduie en hulle almal het ook die groot wonderwerk in die donker gesien. Daar was onmiddellik 'n verandering van emosies.

Hulle het begin praat en lag. Dit was asof iemand hulle pas geleer het

hoe om te praat en lag. Ek het na die groot "lig" in die donker gekyk en toe, skielik was daar 'n groot ontploffing van al die verskillende kleure; rooi, pers, geel en blou. Toe het ek op die grond gaan sit en ek het gevoel dat dit warm word. Ek het daarna gekyk en dit het gelyk asof dit geleef het. Ek het omgekyk en gesien dat dit ligter begin word. Op die grond het klein plantjies begin groei. Die Ster! Dit was die begin van 'n nuwe lewe. Ons planeet het weer begin lewe. Die Ster. Die Ster. Ek het opgekyk en gedink dat ek altyd dankbaar hieroor sou wees. Die Ster was die begin van 'n nuwe lewe vir ons planeet.

CAROLYNNE MCGHIE
Std. 9



My broer se bruilof

Die dag toe my broer getrou het, was 'n historiese dag vir ons gesin. Om my broer in 'n kerk te kry, was 'n groot prestasie, maar die feit dat hy in die kerk was om te trou, was regtig iets besonder.

Jare lank het ons gewonder of my broer ooit sou trou, en nou dat die dag eindelik aangebreek het, was daar groot blydskap, alhoewel ons nie geweet het of ons dit eintlik kan glo voordat dit regtig gebeur het nie.

Ek dink dat ek, as een van die strooimeisies, senuweeagtiger oor die hele ding was as die bruid, want ek het my broer en sy vorige gevoelens oor trou al te goed geken. Ek het net gebid dat hy nie op die laaste oomblik sou besluit dat hy die finale stap nie kon neem nie....

So diep ingedagte was ek dat ek op die soom van die bruid se rok getrap het. Net haar skree, en die feit dat sy reg voor my broer geland het, het my gedagtes onderbreek.

Verleë is nie 'n sterk genoeg woord om my gevoelens te beskryf nie, maar die bruid het die situasie gered deur gou weer op te staan en te sê: "Ek weet ek is veronderstel om tot na die troue te wag voordat ek by my man se voete neerval, maar om in die lewe bo uit te kom, is dit altyd goed om anders te wees!"

Op hierdie ligte noot het die troue vrolik voortgegaan.

MARIAN BLADERGROEN
Std. 10





Alison Day Std.9

french

Au debut des vacances je suis allee observer une concours de karate. C'etait tres ravissant.

Le lendemain jour nous (ma famille) sommes alles a la ferme de mes grand-parents. J'ai fait une promenade a cheval. Vendredi mon pere est arrive mais il a ete en retard pour son souper. Quand ma grand-sere a demande "Peter, la lasagne, est-il sechee?" mon pere a repondu, "Oui, tres." Mon pauvre pere. Tout le monde a ete fache avec lui. Mais mon pere ne ment jamais.

Samedi nous sommes alles au Kwazulu. Ma mere et mon frere, Gareth, sont allés dans une voiture et mon pere, ma soeur et moi dans une autre. Mon père a été terrible. Il est allé a Qua Qua. Il est allé sur une longue route étroite sans fin. Il a continué et continué. Ma mère est arrivée a midi. Mon père est arrivé a quatre heures et demie.

A six heures mon autre frère, Nicholas, est arrivé. Il a vingt quatre ans. Il est arrivé avec son ami, Francis Nxumalo, a l'hotel pour souper. Parce que Francis est un guerrier, il mange sa viande rouge. Nicholas et Francis habitent au Kwazulu. Après le souper nous avons visité le musée que Nicholas a fait.

Le lendemain matin nous avons visité la famille de Francis. Mon frère, a dit a ma mère:

"Madame Nxumalo, la mère de Francis, est une femme admirable. Elle a douze enfants".

Ma mère a été tres fachée parce qu'elle a seulement cinq.

My Holiday - Translation

At the beginning of the holidays I went to watch a karate competition. It was very exciting.

The following day we (my family) went to my grandparents' farm. I rode horses. On Friday my father arrived but he was late for his supper. When my grandmother asked "Peter, is the lasagne dried out?" my father answered, "Yes, very." My poor father. Everyone was angry with him. But my father never lies.

On Saturday we went to Kwazulu. My mother and my brother, Gareth, went in one car and my father, my sister and myself went in another. My father was terrible. He went to Qua Qua. He went along a long, narrow road, without an end. He continued and continued. My mother arrived at noon. My father arrived at half past four.

At six o'clock my other brother, Nicholas, arrived. He is twenty four. He arrived with his friend, Francis Nxumalo, at the hotel for supper. Because Francis is a warrior he only eats red meat. Nicholas and Francis live in Kwazulu. After supper we visited the museum which Nicholas has made.

The following morning we visited Francis' family. My brother, Nicholas, said to my mother:
"Mrs Nxumalo, Francis' mother, is an admirable woman. She has twelve children."

My mother was very angry because she only has five.

SARAH PENNY
Std. 7



Où je voudrais naître

Il y a deux semaines j'étais assise sur un rocher à Rhodes Memorial. Il faisait beau. Mon amie et moi avons regardé la péninsule étendue devant nous - les milliers de maisons, ces appartements, cette école, les arbres, les petites voitures sur les longues routes, la mer dans le lointain, la montagne dernière. moi et j'ai su que le Cap est l'endroit de mon coeur. Oui, le Cap est l'endroit que j'aurais voulu naître.

C'est vrai, nous habitons un bel pays. La côte et les endroits comme Knysna, George, Plettenberg Baie, Natures' Valley sont mes autres farons. L'est, l'ouest, il y a de belles montagnes, l'étrange Karoo, le Transvaal Est - ils sont très différents. Johannesburg est moderne et c'est pressé et grana. Tout le monde là est occupé avec leurs propres affaires et à faire de l'argent. Non, je suis de 17 ans que la meilleure chose de Johannesburg est la route qui mène au Cap!

Entouré des montagnes, le Cap me rend sûre. Quand je suis loin du Cap la Montagne de la Table me manque avec sa blanche nappe et l'odeur de la mer quand le vent souffle.

J'aime le pays: je suis née ici. Mais c'est le Cap qui est près de moi parce que les gens ici sont plus libéraux. La région a beaucoup d'atmosphère. Il y a des gens très différents avec de différentes cultures et de religions. L'anglais, l'afrikaan, le Xhosa, le Sesotho, l'hollandais, le français, l'allemand sont des langues qu'on parle ici. Il y a des Blancs, des Noirs et des Colorés. Quoique l'Afrique du Sud soit un pays avec beaucoup de problèmes énormes et d'injustice, tout ces gens le rendent une région très intéressante à habiter.

Je pourrais remplir dix pages ou sujet du Cap que j'aime. La grande



ville - la parade et ses vendeuses de fleurs au gratte-ciel et l'ultra-modernes hôtels et les bâtiments constructions. Rue Adderly, rue Long, rue Shortmarket, La Place de Greenmarket (ma favorite), "Bo-Kaap", le port, Lion's Head, Sentinel Hill et les marais des Cape Flats sont tous spéciales à mes yeux.

Mes souvenirs, mes espoirs, mes trésors sont au Cap. Le Cap est la mien. Je suis contente d'habiter dans un petit coin de cette belle région.



where would you have liked to be born? Why?

Two weeks ago, I was sitting on a rock at Rhodes Memorial. It was a beautiful day. My friend and I looked at the peninsula stretched before us - the millions of houses, this block of flats, that school, the trees, the little cars on the long roads, the sea in the distance and the mountain behind me, and I know that Cape Town was the place of my heart. Yes, Cape Town is the place where I would wish to be born.

It is true, we live in a beautiful country. The coast and places like Knysna, George, Plettenberg Bay and Natures Valley are some of my favourites. East, West, there are beautiful mountains, the strange Karoo, the Eastern Transvaal - they are very different. Johannesburg is modern, fast and big. Everyone there is busy with their own affairs and in making money. No, it is my opinion that the best thing about Johannesburg - is the road to Cape Town!

Surrounded by mountains, Cape Town makes me feel safe and secure. When I am far from Cape Town, I miss Table Mountain and its white table cloth and the smell of the sea when the wind blows.

I love the country: I was born here, but it is Cape Town that is close to my heart because the people here are more liberal and open minded. The area has much atmosphere. There are very different people with very different cultures and of diverse religions. English, Afrikaans, Xhosa, Sesotho, Dutch, French, German are some of the languages spoken here. There are Whites, Blacks, and Coloureds. Although South Africa is a country with enormous problems and injustice, all



the people make it a very interesting place to live in.

I could fill ten pages on the subject of the Cape that I love. The city - the parade and it's flower sellers to the sky scrapers, ultra-modern hotels and building constructions, Adderley Street, Long Street, Short-market Street, Greenmarket Square (my favourite), "Bo-Kaap", the harbour, Lion's Head, Sentinal Hill and the Cape Flats are all special in my eyes.

My memories, my hopes, my treasures are in Cape Town. Cape Town is mine. I am happy to live in a tiny corner of this beautiful place.

KAREN DUDLEY
Std. 10





Alison Day Std. 9

Latin

Atlanta et Hippomenes

olim quaedam puella pulchra, nomine Atalanta, erat. celerius quam omnes viris currere poterat. multi viri eam uxorem ducere volebat, sed Atalanta duras condiciones dabat. si vir celerius quam puella currere poterat, eius uxorem erit; si minus, certe statim necabit.

quamquam periculosum magnum erat, multi viri temerarii fortunam temptabant igitur die constituta complures ad cursus ibant. omnes viri superabantur et omnes poenas dabant.

sed, inter spectatores vir quidam, nomine Hippomenes, erat. tum puella vidit, statim eam amavit. itaque, is quoque currere et superare voluit, et igitur Venus, dea amoris, auxilium rogavit. illa ei tria mala aurea dabat.

et puella et adolescens summa celeritate currebant, sed eum praeteriit. iterum deos auxilio ad mala avertit et Hippomenem puellam praeteriit. sed Atalanta, tum clamores spectatorum audivit, multo celerius cucurrit Hippomenes praeteritus est atque Atalantiam non procul ab meta erat, cum Hippomenes malum tertium iecit. iterum Atalanta a curse avertit et malum petit. Hippomenes ad finem cursus prior pervenit.

postea eam uxorem ducit.

NASEEMA BARDAY
STD. 7



Atlanta et Hippomenes (translation)

Once, there was a certain pretty girl called Atalanta. She was able to run faster than all men. Many men wanted to marry her, but Atalanta gave harsh conditions. If a man was able to run faster than the girl, she would be his wife; if not, he would certainly be killed immediately.

Although there was great danger, many men tempted fortune. Therefore, on the appointed day, many went to the course. All the men were beaten and all paid the punishment.

But, amongst the spectators there was a certain man called Hippomenes. When he saw the girl, he immediately fell in love with her. Therefore, he also wanted to run and win, so he asked Venus, the goddess of love, for help. She gave him three golden apples.

Both the girl and the young man ran at top speed, but she passed him. Again he asked the gods for help, then threw the first, then the second of the three apples in front of the girl. She turned towards the apples and Hippomenes passed the girl. But Atalanta, when she heard the shouting of the spectators, she ran much faster. Hippomenes was passed and Atalanta was now not far from the end, when Hippomenes threw the third apple. Again Atalanta diverted from the course and made for the apple. Hippomenes reached the end of the course first.

Afterwards he married her.

NASEEMA BARDAY
STD. 7



"Show-off"

Sextus est puer molestus qui semper Corneliam vexat. Cornelia igitur Sextum non amat. Hordie sub arbore dormit Cornelia. Sextus puellam conspicit et furtim appropinquat. Arborem ascendit et subito magna voce clamat. Vocem Cornelia audit sea Sextum non videt. Magna vox Corneliam terret. Sollicita est.

Tum Marcus ad arborem currit. Marcus puerum molestrum conspicit et clamat. "descendre Sexte!" Sextus clamat "Marce, cur tu non arborem ascendis? nihil me terret. quid te terret.

"cave sexte!" Clamat Marcus. "rami est infirmi."

Subito Marcus et Cornelia magnum fragorem audiunt; Sextus ex arbore cadit. rident Marcus et Cornelia, sed non rident sextus.

Translation

Sextus is a troublesome boy who always annoys Cornelia. Cornelia, therefore, does not like Sextus. Today Cornelia is sleeping under the tree. Sextus catches sight of Cornelia and stealthily approaches. He climbs up into the tree and suddenly shouts in a loud voice. Cornelia hears the voice but does not see Sextus. The loud voice frightens Cornelia because she is alone.

At that moment Marcus runs towards the tree. He catches sight of the troublesome boy and shouts "Get down Sextus"
Sextus replies "Marcus, why don't you climb the tree? Nothing frightens me. What frightens you?"



"Watch Out Sextus," shouts Marcus, "The branch is shaky!"

Suddenly Marcus and Cornelia hear a loud crash. Sextus fell out of the tree. Marcus and Cornelia laugh, but Sextus doesn't.

NASEEMA BARDAY
Std. 7





Alison Day Std. 9

xhosa

Vuzo lweliso lam

Ndime phezu kwentoba,
Apho indlu yakuthi ime khona
Ndibuka inxiwa yentili
Ukunaba kwengca okwenze ingubo eluhlaza
Okokukhazimla kwalo ntlambo.

Ndalame malusana
Obunzi lalinikwe inkazimlo kukubila
Obuso babutshiwe lilanga
Ekhokela ubutyebi bukayise
Enyusa loo mnyantsa
Eya kusithela kwindawo yakhe
Yokuphumla.

I stand on the hilltop
Upon which our hut is built
Admiring the site of the valley
The green grass stretching across it
The crystal clear water in the narrow stream.

And the young shepherd
Sweat dripping down
His innocent, sun-burnt face,
Guides the cattle up the hill
And escapes to his place of rest.



Indlela esinga kwinkqwithela

Eli libali lenkwe eyathunyelwa ngunina eKoloni ukuba iye kuchola-chola imfundo iye nase Dyunivesiti. Emva kweminyake esibhozo eKoloni, lo mfana wakhumbula ekhaya. Wazimisela ukuba uyakugoduka emva kweeveki ezimibini. Kowabo, yayilikhaya elalisemva kakhulu, yaye kwakunjalo nakuba melwane. Wonke umntu kwesi sithilana wayehluphikile.

Lo mfana wathabatha uholiwe wangokuhlwa elibele ngobumnandi base Koloni ayinga kuphela ngekhaya lakhe. Akukho namnye kwaba kowabo owayesamkhumbula ubuso bakhe. Kuphela waye enomfanekiso kanina awayewugcine kuye.

Ukufika kwakhe kowabo, unina waba ngowokuqala ukumqwalasela nangena wayeguga. Unina wambuka unyana wakhe eqonda ukuba uyazingca ngaye kuba waye guquke mpela. Emva kweentsukwana, iindeba zokuba lo mfana ubuyile eKoloni zazise zisaziwa nalusana. Ngobuhlanga, lo mfana, waye engumntu webala, waye ethandana nentombi eMhlophe, thandana kanga ngokuba umthetho azange bawuhoye. Bazimisela ukuba bazimele ngobuSuku baye apho banokonwaba khona.

Isthi ngobuSuku obulandelayo bazimela, kwathi kanti bakhe phantsi isitya sigcwele. Uyisemncinci wale ntombi wayesele ehletyelwe ngumhlobo wakhe, emhlophe, ukuba uyakrokra ukuba kukhona okungalunganga okuqhubekayo ekhaya apha kuba ubone umtshana wakhe edibana nalaa mfana uvela eKoloni. Endleleni, lo mfana nale nzwakazi babahamba besinga elonwabeni lwabo xa babona izithunzi ezibini ziqabele emahashini phambi kwabo. Le nzwakazi yothuka kakhulu xa uYise mncinci nomhlobo wakhe bejolise imipu kubo, belungisele ukuba dubula.

Yaba busuku benzilo kubantu besithili somfana lowo. Abantu bebala baphulakana nomqa esandleni bumini, kubo lo mfana wayeza kuziga imfundo kwisizwe sabo.



The Path to Destruction

This is the story of a boy who was sent by his mother to the university in the Cape. After eight years of studying in the Cape, he started missing home more than ever. He decided to go home in a fortnight.

His family was very primitive, and so were the rest of their neighbours. Everybody in this village was very poor. This village is on the northern part of the drought stricken Karoo.

This boy took the evening train forgetting about the good times in the Cape just thinking about the place of his birth. There wasn't a single person in his family whose face he could remember. He only had a photograph of his mother.

When he arrived home, his mother was the first one to recognize him even though she was growing old. His mother looked at him, feeling very proud of him because he had changed completely. He compared him with the son of her neighbour. When he came from the Cape he only tried to cheat people and returned to the Cape. After a few days, the news of his return from the Cape was known all over the village. The boy was a Coloured, by race, he was in love with a white girl, although it was forbidden by the law, but they were in love and didn't care. They decided to slip away at night and go to a place where they could enjoy themselves. So, as they were slipping away the following night they did not know that they were making a big mistake. It so happened that the girl's uncle had been told by his friend that he, the friend, suspected that something was no right because he had been seeing the niece constantly having clandestine meetings with the Coloured boy from the Cape. On the way, this young man and his lady saw two silhouettes on



horseback. The girl was shocked to see her uncle and his friend pointing their guns at them ready to shoot them.

That became the night of mourning to the people of the village where the boy came from. They had lost their treasured son unexpectedly because he was going to be the source of education to the Coloured community.

AYANDA JIMBA

Std. 8





Samantha Drummond-Hay Std. 9

frisian

Stjerren blinke, wyntsjes sweÿe,
 En natûr leit yn'e slom.
 't is de stille nacht fan't fryen;
 Kom, myn ljeave famke, kom!
 Lit ús hân oan hân hjir sitte,
 Foar nin loerende eagen bang;
 Lit ús wrâlds fortriet forjitte,
 Ljeafde wit hjir fan nin twang.

DR E HALBERTSMA.

Stars twinkle, breezes are silent
 and nature is softly asleep.
 It is the quiet night of making love
 Come, my darling girl, come.
 Let us sit here hand in hand,
 Not afraid of prying eyes.
 Let us forget the sorrows of the world.
 Love doesn't know any obligations

TINEKE PELT
 Std. 8





Alison Day Std. 9

hebrew

ע'לע אהא חלמנדי חלום. חלמנדי שאני מלכק עם אלע
 על סוף רים, זונגע ציי עוברות רחוקות מחי". בכל פוק
 מחי ראיני ג' זאגות של עקבות החול: אחא של גא
 של אלעם. כשרה בתמונת חלום אל פני, רגשותי גא
 וראיתי שמיא כמו צעדים, ישט רק פונ אחא של עקבות
 החול. שמיא גא אה אה, שיע רחמי קרה התקופות
 הקשות והצרות של חי".
 עוהרה פאפ רבליא אורי, אכן שאיתי את אלעם: "א
 כרי אתה רגשות שאם אני מחליט אלכר הרבה, את
 ירבע עצה בכל ידכי. ועתה אני רואה שהתקופות
 הקשות של חי" יש רק פונ אחא של עקבות. אינני מהן
 אהא הלמניא בקשם רחלני אפש".
 אלעם צנע ע': "בני אני אהב וסולח לא אהבך.
 התקופות הקשות של חי", התקופות החמור וסגל כשר
 אהא רואה רק פונ אחא של עקבות, טע קחך כשר
 אני נשאר אורי אל כפ".



Footsteps - Translation

One night I had a dream. I dreamed I was walking along the beach with the Lord, and across the sky flashed scenes from my life.

For each scene I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand: one belonged to me, the other to the Lord. When the last scene of my life flashed before me, I looked at the footprints in the sand, and noticed that many times along the path of my life there was only one set of footprints.

I also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times of my life. This really bothered me and I questioned the Lord about it: "Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you would walk with me all the way; but I have noticed that during the most troublesome time in my life there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why, in the times when I needed you most, you would leave me." The Lord replied: "My child, I love you and would never leave you during your times of trials and suffering. When you see only one set of footprints, it was then that I CARRIED YOU."

REBECCA GARSON
Std 9





Alison Day Std.9

german

Max und Moritz

Ach was muss man oft von bösen
Kindern hören oder lesen!
Wie zum Beispiel hier von diesen,
welche Max und Moritz hiessen
Die, anstatt durch weise Lehren
sich zum Guten zu bekehren,
Oftmals noch darüber lachten
Und sich heimlich lustig machten -
Ja, zur Ubelheit,
Ja, dazu ist man bereit!
Menschen necken, Tiere quälen
Apfel, Birnen, Zwetschen stehlen -
Das ist freilich angenehmer
(Und dazu auch viel bequemer),
Als in Kirche oder Schule
Festzusitzen auf dem Stuhle -
Aber wehe, wehe, wehe,
Wenn ich auf das Ende sehe!
Ach das war ein schlimmes Ding,
Wie es Max und Moritz ging.



Oh dear, all the things you hear and read about naughty children!

Like, for example, these two boys called Max and Moritz.

Those two, instead of listening, were always up to mischief and always laughed about it.

And instead of taking good advise to their hearts they just carried on playing the fool with people.

They treated their pet animals badly and stole fruit from the tress.

Of course they found this much more amusing than going to church and school, but of course this nonsense couldn't last forever and they would soon get their punishment.

Oh yes, it was really terrible, all the things that happened to Max and Moritz.

NINA DANIEL
Std. 6





Alison Day Std. 9

sesotno

Seipone

katsati le leng hone honalemonna amotle aneng a dula le mosadi wahae amotle leena. Batho bana bababedi bane baratana haholo. Bane ba phela moho ka thabo ekgolo. Empa batho bana bane basahlalefa haholo.

meteng, bane baphela kgale kanako ewo honehosatsejwe hole hona lentho ebitwang seipone. Hone hosena le emong wabatho ba neng ba dula motseng wabona yaneng a itseba hole sefahleho sa hae se ne se le jwang. Bane ba bona ditshwantsho tsabona ka metsing ha bane baitlhatswa.

katsatsileleng ha monna enwa ane atswa mosebetsing, abona ntho ebenyang erobetse fatshe. Hoba monna enwa one a rata tjhelete, monahano wahae wapele ene ele hole ntho ena etobetseng fatshe ketjhelete. Yaba monna enwa wa ethonaka. Iitse ha are wa esheba, ibile atsheha, abona monna emong kahara galase ena aqalang ho ebona. Iitse ha a bona hore "monna enwa" leena otsheha leena, atsheha haholo. Abona hole monna yakagalaseng ena leena otsheha haholo. Ntho ena e ile yahla ya mothabisa haholo aba anahana hole monna odulang kagalaseng ena ihlile omotle otshwana le ntate wa hae yaneng a hlokafale kgale.

Yaba sephoqo sena senka galase seekenya kamokotlameng wa jase aneng a e apere.

O ile a etsa phoso ya hole aseke a bolella mosadi ha a fihla hae. Mehla yohle one a kena ka kamoleng a sheba setshwantsho sa ntatae (tje ka ha ane a kgolwa).

Empa mosadi wahae one asa fowufala hoba o ile ahla a elewa hole dintho ha diya loka. Yaba oipata kakamoleng hole atle abone hole keng epatilweng ke monna wa hae. Yaba ommona antsha ntho kamokotlaneng wajase, a esheba, atshehela hodimo abanna ale, "Ke ya horata, watseba."

Iitse ha monna ane ase atsamayile, mosadi enwa antsha galase a esheba. Empa yena a bona setshwantsho samosadi yamotle. Anahana hole monna wahae o ratana lemosadi enwa. Hofihla ho monna mantsibuya, mosadi amosahlela. Amobolella hole ha asamobatla hoba orata mosadi emong. Yaba baphihisana hofihlela mosadi a lata galase. Monna are ke ntatae motho enwa, mosadi are tjihe, ke moratuwa wahae.

Yaba ba bona hole hobetere bampe ba botse momiti. Iitse ha moruti omotle okentsheng kholloro e tswewu. Yaba ore, "Motho enwa hase ntatao, ibile hase moratuwa wa hao, ke moruti wa keteke yarona wakgale oneng ahloka-fale pele ho tswalo ya rona. Setshwantsho sena ke sa kereke." Yaba wasenka osebeha ta foleng aldateng. Seipone seno sentse se le mono, lekajeno.



Seipome - Translation

One day there was a handsome man who lived with his beautiful wife. They loved each other very much. They lived happily together but they were not very clever.

To tell the truth, they lived long ago when people did not know there was such a thing as a mirror. There wasn't a single person in their town who knew what his or her face looked like. They saw unclear reflections of their faces in the water when they washed themselves.

One day when this man was on his way home from work, he saw something shiny on the ground. Because this man loved money very much, his first thought was that it was money that was lying there. He bent down and picked it up and when he looked at it, with a smile on his face, he saw the face of a man in this glass he had never seen before. When he saw that 'the man in the glass' was smiling too, his smile became even broader, and so did the smile of the man in the glass. This made him very happy, so happy that he decided that this was the picture of his handsome father who died long ago.

So this idiot took the glass and put it in his coat pocket.

He made the mistake of not telling his wife about the mirror or glass when he arrived home. Every day he would go into their bedroom to look at the picture of his father (as he believed).

But his wife was not blind because she realized that everything was not as it used to be. So she hid in the bedroom so she could see what it was her husband was hiding from her. So she saw him take something out his coat pocket, look at it, laugh out loud and say, "I love you, you know that."

When he was gone, the wife took out the glass and looked at it. But then she saw a picture of a beautiful woman and thought that her husband was having an affair with this woman. When her husband arrived in the evening, she attacked him. She told him that she didn't want him anymore because he loved another woman. They argued about this until the wife fetched the mirror. The man said it was his father in the picture, the woman said no, it was his lover. And so they went on for hours.

So they decided that it would be better if they asked the local priest. But when the priest looked in the mirror, he saw a lovely priest with a clean, white collar and said, "This isn't your father, and it isn't his lover either. This is an old priest of our church who died before any of us were born. This picture belongs to the church." Then he took the mirror and put it on the table on the altar. That mirror is still there even today.

NEO BACELA
Std. 9 W





Alison Day Std. 9

dutch

Denkend aan Holland zie ik brede rivieren
 Traag door oneindig laagland gaan,
 Rijen ondenkbaar yle populieren
 Als hoge pluimen aan d'einder staan.
 En in de geweldige ruimte verzonken
 De boerderijen verspreid door't land,
 Boos groepen, dorpen, geknotte torens
 Kerken en olmen in een groots verband.
 De lucht hangt er laag en de zon wordt er langzaam
 In grÿze veel kluerige dampen gesmoord,
 En in alle gewesten wordt de stem van't water
 Met zÿn eeuwige rampen
 Gerreesd en gehoord.

H. MARSMAN.

Thinking of Holland I can see wide rivers
 Go slowly through the low country.
 Rows of unimaginable transparant poplars
 Standing like high plumes on the horizon.
 And sunk in the immense space
 The farms spread out in the fields,
 Groups of trees, villages, flat-spired towers,
 Churches and elm trees all united in something big.
 The heavens hang low and the sun gets slowly smothered in grey
 multicoloured mists
 And in all districts the voice of the water
 With its ever returning disasters
 Is heard and feared.





ROLT ON THE GO!

Tie a Yellow Ribbon Around the Tree Trunk



ON STAGE

The Boyfriend

From the 6 to the 11 of May, Herschel presented THE BOYFRIEND at Grove Primary School.

After months of hard work from everyone involved, and thinking that we would never get the show on the road, we managed in the last week of rehearsals to present a polished and hysterical production of this 1920's era play

The title THE BOYFRIEND alone conjures up all sorts of images in one's mind and it seemed to attract more females than males. I know that the question asked around school was "Who is the Boyfriend?" and "What's he like?" The answer was always "Wait and see". And they saw. They saw plenty of them. Some from Bishops, some from the Navy - in fact, a selection of them. Inevitably and ironically many relationships started and many ended because of the play. However we were enriched by all the experiences, and many friendships have grown since then.

If one studies the programme one would see that the majority of the cast were Rolt girls. Although the leading Lady (M. Ross) was from Jagger we see that her four best friends, Marsie (A. Kebble), Dulcie (K. Pratt), Fay (C. Saunders) and Nancy (J. Koster) are all from Rolt. It's not our fault that we had all the boyfriends-it must be because we are all from Rolt.

Hortense (well, one of them at least, as Cathy Searll was the other one



was very successfully played by Anna Collie whose pert sexiness attracted all the boys. (Including ours.) Anna is in Rolt as well.

Then there was Madame Dubunnet (Liora Lazarus who is in Merriman) who portrayed a very sultry headmistress. She carried it off hysterically.

The other pupils in the play from Rolt were: Alison Durr, Elizabeth Frater, Corien Pelt, Linda Newton-Thompson and Lynette Dicey. Without them the play would have lost substance, they were great.

Even Sally Koster came in "boots and all" as one of the additional singers for our performances. Thank-you, Sally.

Lolita, a Spanish Dancer with a pan face character was immaculately played and danced by Jill Atwood, also of Rolt.

I would like to encourage all those girls out there in Rolt to get involved in the forthcoming plays, they are a lot of fun but also a lot of hard work.

To all those who helped backstage, Amanda Thompson (set-painting), Kerry Hoffman (costume-design and make-up) and Jackie Kolbe (stage-management) thank-you; your help was much appreciated and you are all great assets to our house, ROLT!

Lastly but not least, Mrs McClurg, Mrs Weerts, Miss Wood, Mrs Brockbank,



Miss Sweet, Mrs Montgomery, Mrs Gower and all the staff involved,
thank-you.

ALISON KEBBLE
Std 10

Les Boys and Mrs. McClurg



Anna Collie

Kyra Pratt and
Alison Kebble

SOCIETIES

Christian Union

89

It has always been an important practice of Christ's disciples to encourage faith by sharing with one another the mighty acts of God. 'They gathered the church together and declared all that God had done with them' (Acts 14:27) ; 'They listened to Barnabas and Saul as they related what signs and wonders God had done through them' (Acts 15:12) ; 'He related one by one the things that God had done through his ministry' (Acts 21:19).

In our materialistic society it is all too easy to be earthbound, unbelieving, even cynical. We forget that God is God. We doubt that the God of the New Testament is still the God of today. We reduce him to the level of our small minds, and wonder why most people respond, 'But that I can't believe'.

The theme in our Christian Union meetings this year has been 'IS IT FOR REAL'. Under the new leadership of Mrs Eddy, our relatively small group have studied the evidence backing up Christianity. We have had various speakers speaking to us on different aspects of Christian living and sharing how the Lord has worked in their lives and miraculously changed them.

We were also privileged to have the Youth for Christ Gospel Group, New song, minister to us with their music during one lunch break in the second term.

A surfing film was also arranged for us in the first week of the third term which managed to increase the size of our group by quite a large number!

This term we are concentrating on Personal Testimonies and we look forward to a Christian Union Weekend, led by Rev. David Cooke, towards the end of this term.

ALISON DAY
Std. 9



During the first term the choir sang at Solm's and Vivienne's wedding at Constantia Christ Church. We sang "The Lord's my Shephard" and "God be in my head".

On founders' Day the school went to Saint Saviour's Church and the choir sang "Where Thou reignest" and "God be in my head".

Last term, on Ascension Thursday, twelve of our choir members went to Bishops to join over a hundred and fifty other boys and girls to sing. Richard, the musical director of SABC choir and chamber choir, was the conductor and organiser.

On the 10th of August, the choir will be singing at Callow House, Kenilworth. Miss Sweet, our choir mistress, has not yet decided what we will sing.

JENNY KOSTER
Std. 8

Bridge Club

Bridge Club meets once a week, on Wednesday Evenings from 8pm - 9pm. The Bridge Club has had a few social evenings with Bishops, which were not successful in the winning sense, but very enjoyable.

Last year the Bridge Club was very small, but has increased alot during the course of this year. Bridge Club is enjoyable and I hope even more people will join, as it is a valuable game to know how to play.

SALLY KOSTER
Std. 8



This year in the inter-house debate, the Rolt standard sixes and sevens debated the topic 'Sport makes women manly' which proved to be very interesting. The topic of the senior debate was 'Marriage is an outmoded institution'

Our Herschel debating team versus Bishops debated the topic 'Religion no longer serves a useful purpose in our society'. The Herschel team, with two of the debaters, Karen Dudley and Sonja Petrus from Rolt, won.

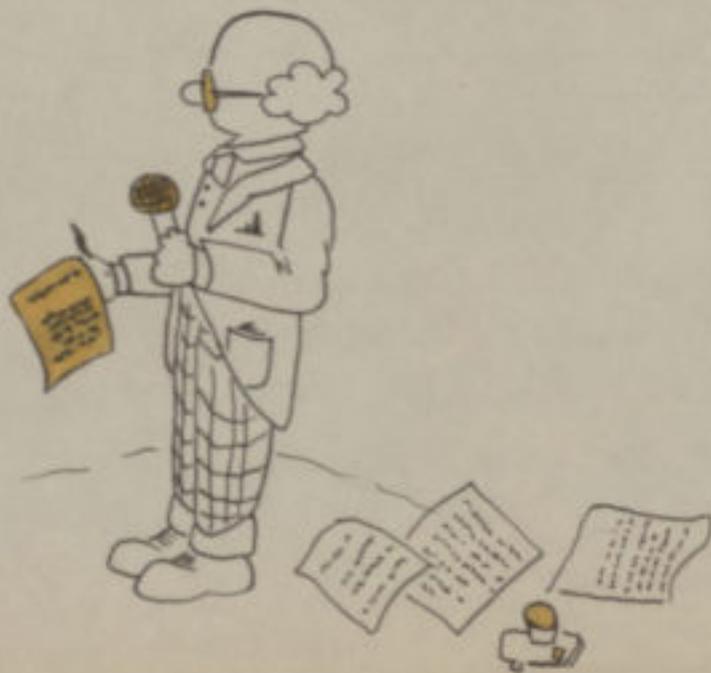
The inter-form debates this year have also been most interesting with both the junior and senior winning teams represented by Rolt members.

The forum discussion group who attended the forum discussion in Milnerton was also very successful with Sonja Petrus speaking very well.

Herschel won both the forum discussion and debate against St. Cyprians.

All round it has been a worthwhile and interesting debating year for both Rolt and Herschel.

SARAH PENNY
STD. 7



All History Pupils are automatically members of the Historical Society. Many of the other girls join us for our meetings. This year we have watched a film on World War I organised by Mrs Beames. This was extremely informative and was enjoyed by all.

Another interesting item on our agenda was a talk given by Mr de Jager from Rondebosch Boys High School on the significance of history in our society today. This was most entertaining and he even gave us demonstrations on how to use a sickle. This was demonstrated while he was standing on Mrs Beames' desk! He also organized for one of his Std 9 boys to give us a talk on a topic on which he had done extensive research - The Samurai. It was enjoyed by all !!!!

A successful debate was held between history students (matrics) and non-history students (Std 9's). The nines were the proposers and the matrics the opposers. The topic of the discussion was HISTORY IS BUNK! The topic arose from a lunch-time dispute. The proposing team was defeated in what proved to be a very worthwhile debate.

Our thanks go to Mrs Beames for organizing talks, films and discussions for us this year.

KIM PORTER

Std. 9



Mountain Club

The Mountain Club has been quite active over the last year. We have done all sorts of walks that satisfy the various personalities in the Club. There have been the peaceful Sunday climbs, romantic sunset walks, daring rock climbing ventures, and a fun-filled camp.

We do most of our walks on Table Mountain as it is the closest available location for one-day walks. We are led up Table Mountain by the Fletchers who are both experienced mountain climbers - Mr Fletcher having climbed in mountains all over the world and also the founder of many of the various routes up Table Mountain.

For our "romantic" climbs we have been up another available "mountain" - Lion's Head. Many people who had not set foot on a mountain before accompanied us on these walks. With that one simple walk I think they felt like experienced walkers. They gamely made it to the top with surprisingly few grumbles except when reaching the parts where you hauled yourself up by chains. At this point the moans and groans from the front became audible at the back. At the top everyone found a comfortable rock to perch on and munched their supper while watching the sun set. It was only after the sun had disappeared below the horizon of the sea that we collected our packs and started downhill, but in the dark! Experience gained from that walk: calculate your 'romantic venture' to be on a night when the moon is full and watch it rise above the city lights on your downward climb.

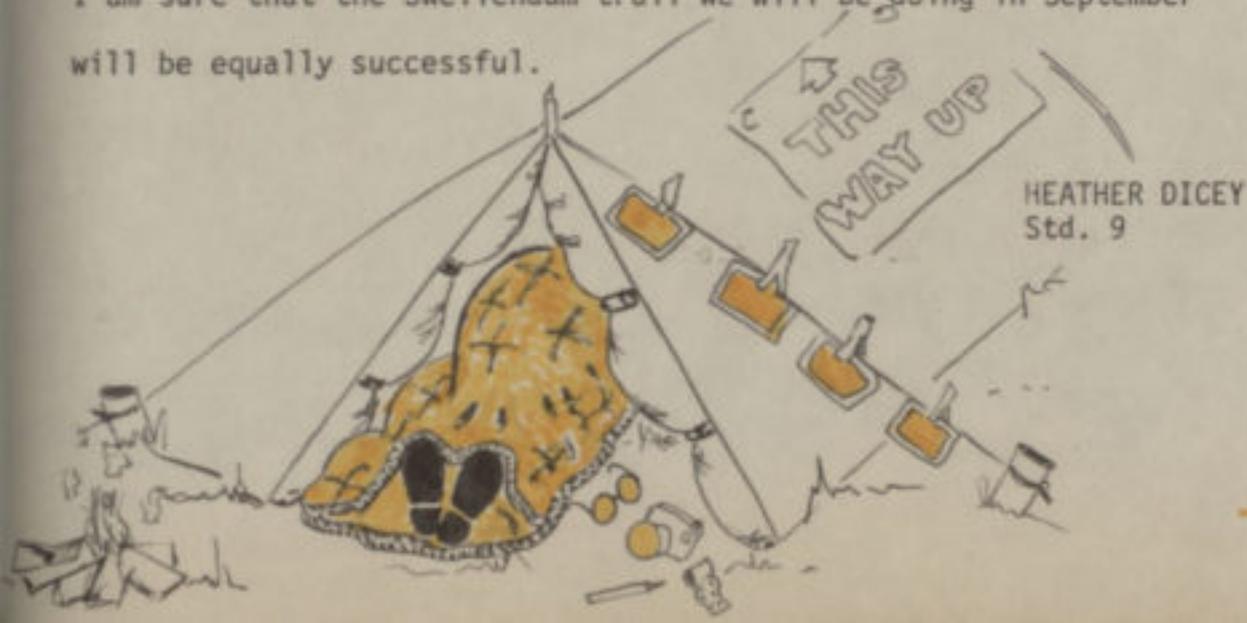
Other adventures are the rock-climbing trips where Mr Fletcher teaches us how to absail, how to climb up a rock face with ropes



and the rules of rock climbing, such as: always wear a helmet, do not climb alone in case of trouble, and enjoy yourselves!

So far we have only been on one weekend camp. Even with the abrupt ending to the weekend it was very enjoyable and full of fun. On arriving at our camping spot we did - nothing but swim in the river and sunbathe using available rocks as pool loungers. We were accompanied by Mrs Steytler and Mrs Feast who were our "guides". After long camp fire stories we crawled snugly into our sleeping bags and were soon asleep, only to be rudely interrupted from dream-land at 5.00 o'clock in the morning by the pouring rain. There was a wild rush for the only hut which only holds two people and nine of us crammed into the hut leaving the tenth person, Mrs Steytler, soundly asleep in the only tent, totally unaware of our uncomfortable existence. After two hours of cramped sitting and numerous cups of tea we decided to call it a day and started the 3 hour hike back to the car and the long drive back to Cape Town. Even though we were water-logged, the camp had proved great fun and definitely a memorable occasion.

All the trips or climbs are filled with comradeship and fun and I am sure that the Swellendam trail we will be doing in September will be equally successful.





Lynda-Ann Ferguson Std. 10

This is the latest society at Herschel and it was founded by Mrs Thompson. As Mrs Thompson is an education fanatic it is fitting that she should found Scientia which means "Knowledge". Scientia is really a fun society, although it is also an educational one. This society is based on the game Trivial Pursuit. Girls challenge each other and the victor's name goes up onto the ladder. The number one seed on the senior ladder is Marion Edmunds and the number one seed on the junior ladder is Elizabeth Mallet. Schoolgirls are not the only people who play this game; our teachers also partake. These matches always attract the greatest audiences. The girls cram around the competitors to decide which teachers are the geniuses and which ones are only clever.

Scientia has been accepted and attended with much enthusiasm and spirit. Thanks go to Mrs Thompson for organising such a great society.



CAROLYNNE MCGHIE
Committee Member

Once again this year Mrs Staedtler has organised a very varied program of speakers and films for Sociological Club. The subjects covered have been interesting, thought-provoking and so varied that the Club's attention has been constantly held and all meetings have been enjoyed.

At the beginning of the year Mrs Lapping, our pottery teacher, opened our eyes and our minds to everyday objects around us. Mrs Berry from 'Beauty Without Cruelty' shocked and infuriated us all with the gory details of vivisection. Mrs Higgo came to speak to us about beauty and skin care and equally interesting, but quite different was an informative talk on owls.

I have mentioned but a few of the speakers who we have been privileged enough to hear. The films we have seen have been on subjects as varied as Shakespeare, Ballet, Byzantine Architecture and relationships. Sociological Club is a club that interests and is enjoyed by all.

Kathy Abbott
Committee Member



Social Responsibility Club

In the past year the Social Responsibility Club has been fairly busy under the leadership of Beth Stuart Finley and with help and advice from Mrs Marr.

In November last year food was collected from girls in the school and was taken to a centre for the aged in Nyanga, who were in need of solid meals.

For the past year approximately ten girls in the school have been visiting old people in our neighbourhood. This became possible when a social worker came to school and gave us the names of lonely or sick old people who would appreciate our visits. This project is called "Rent-a-Granny" and has been very successful. Girls visit their "grannies" once a week, usually on a set day. They go in pairs or three at a time and spend an hour or so in their "granny's" company. Jenny Köster and Penny Newton-King, two Rolt girls, have been visiting their "granny" for the past three terms and a fond friendship has developed between them and Mrs Duthie.

In the second term of this year a lady came to speak, not only to members of the Social Responsibility Club, but to any girls who wished to attend the meeting. She told us about The Homestead, a home for vagrant children, or children whose families cannot keep them, in the Cape Town area.

This foundation is hoping to buy a new house somewhere in the Wynburg/Claremont/Kenilworth area because their present home cannot hold as many children as they wish to take in. When they have bought a house we hope to help them in some way by making a pleasant environment for their children, perhaps by helping to paint walls or create a pretty garden.

All in all we feel that this society has been a great success and we encourage you all to come and join us!

CAROLINE SYMONS
Std. 8



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The French Tour

The French Tour from Herschel this year was a great success. I can't remember when I had a more exciting holiday and I even learnt some french into the bargain.

On the 21 June 1985, Cathy McCarthy, Liesl Haldane, Laura Woulidge, Ann Paxton and myself met Madame Steytler at D.F.Malan with trepidation and heavy suitcases. There were three girls from other Cape Town schools who were very friendly and another two from Pretoria Girls' School who joined us in Johannesburg. We took off for France (by a U.T.A. flight of course) and Madame Steytler had her first conversation in french with one of the groundstaff. The rest of us were tongue-tied, needless to say. The flight was very long; about twelve hours with an extra two hours stopping time at Brazzaville and Nice. No one got much sleep except Madame, who is an experienced traveller and took a sleeping pill, and Tessa, who was smart and slept on the floor. Airplane seats are not big enough to sleep in, whatever the advertisement might tell you!

We arrived in Paris, somewhat overwhelmed by the huge, bustling De Gaulle airport. We managed to find all our suitcases, and enough trolleys to carry them on. We were then whisked away to the Hotel Burgundy in a luxurious coach.

We spent the rest of the day in Paris. We went to the Place de la Concorde, from which we were able to look up the Champs-Elysees to the Eiffel Tower. We walked through the Tuileries Garden and went to



the Jeu de Pauvre Museum, which contains the impressionist paintings. After having seen copies and having read about them it was fantastic to see them in real life.

We were "ripped off" in a tourist restaurant, being unable to walk any further, and thoroughly embarrassed by our pathetic attempts to order lunch in french! We just made it to the hotel where we collapsed on our beds and slept, read or talked, with the street noises of Paris a constant accompaniment.

We set off at 5.00 and took the Metro to the Latin Quarter where all the students live and where there are many restaurants. It was incredibly vivid and noisy, with street musicians and crowds of french students and foreign people everywhere. We didn't want to waste any time sitting down so we bought enormous sandwiches at a Greek restaurant. They were the speciality and were absolutely delicious! Eventually at 10.30 when it was still light, we returned to the hotel via the metro and were soon fast asleep, despite the rowdy Parisians and the long summer twilight.

The next day we took the train to Angers, most of us a little apprehensive but quite eager to meet our families at Angers Station. It was terrifying to have to leave our friends at the station but our families were all very friendly.

I had my first political conversation (in french, a major achievement!)

and they were most impressed. So was I to tell the truth, as I know very little about politics. They were very interested in everything about South Africa.

The next day, Monday, was our first day of school at the Centre d'Anglais by bus, which was quite an experience, by foot or by bicycle in the true french tradition. We usually had lessons in the morning followed by excursions of windsurfing or shopping in the afternoon. We saw many of the Chateaux of the Loire Valley, where Angers is situated including Le Plessis - Mace where we saw the play Antigone on the last night.

We also went wine-tasting and bought plenty of bottles for friends and families. The long lunchtimes, from 12.30 to 2.00, were spent in the park next to the school. Those french packed lunches were something else!

The food was excellent and we tasted such specialities as rabbit, snails and the fantastic patisseries. The french culture and cuisine is very different, even the way they set the table. French T.V. however is very similar and we even saw the A-Team with B.A. Baracus talking french!

By the second week we were talking fairly fluently and could make ourselves understood most of the time. We were joined by five Swedes at the school who mostly spoke better french than us!



The third week produced a young Spanish nobleman called Nacho, who was instantly nick-named Macho, and who was 'admired' by all the girls. He was very friendly. We were even sadder to leave after we met him! We had a barbeque on Tuesday which was very lively and then on Friday, the last evening together, we went to see Antigone, a very good play. The weekend after that was spent packing, giving presents to everyone and swapping addresses. We all met at the station at noon on Monday and after many, many tears and goodbye kisses we all scrambled on to the train for Paris.

The train only stops for two or three minutes and it was a mammoth task to get ourselves and our bagg on board. We stopped at Chartres as everyone wanted to see the cathedral. It was very beautiful and so was the town. Soon, however, we were back on the train to Paris.

After establishing ourselves in Hotel St. Ann and braving the old lift we went for a ride on one of the Bateau - Mouche along the Seine, which was super but very cold.

The next two days, we hurried round Paris after Madame. We saw the Eiffel Tower, L'Arc de Triomphe, Napoleon's Tomb, Rodin's Museum, the Pompidou Centre, (which was facinating, as was the red light area nearby!) Sacre Coeur and Mont Martre, where we bought paintings, St Chapelle and Notre Dame Cathedral; all the famous places we'd heard of but never seen. The last day was spent in the Louvre, looking at the Mona Lisa and many other famous paintings, doing last minute



shopping and enjoying Paris as much as possible, even though it was full of American tourists!

That evening we sadly took our bags and a last look at Paris and then boarded our flight for Johannesburg. The flight home seemed very short and soon we were there seeing Afrikaans magazines, trying not to speak French and feeling thoroughly at home again. We said goodbye to the two Pretoria girls, Julia and Tessa and all promised to write. Madame Steytler breathed a sigh of relief as we started the last leg of our journey and everyone found that they were actually looking forward to seeing their families and the rainy old Cape!

So from France "au revoir mais pas adieu!"

JESSICA JURNER
Std. 8





Lynda-Ann Ferguson Std 10

S.A. Schoolgirls' Hockey Tournament

On Saturday evening, the 6th, the Western Province, Peninsula and Boland teams departed by bus from Paarl. The trip was very long and tiring, and thanks to a leaking bottle, the bus floor was very wet, which added to the unbearable cold. Having to push a large bus at about 2 a.m in the middle of the Karoo was not much fun either! Nevertheless, we finally arrived in Kimberly at about 8 a.m on Sunday morning. We had a fairly relaxing day because, as I am sure you can imagine, nobody could possibly manage to sleep in an uncomfortable bus with 45 other people!

The tournament officially started on Monday the 8th, with 24 teams participating. The teams were divided into 3 sections. Deidre Murray (Rolt) and Nell Hanekom (Merriman) represented Western Province, and Lynette Murray played in the Peninsula team. W.P played extremely well, losing only one match, and were extremely unlucky to lose their first match to the tournament winners, Orange Free State, in a very close game. If W.P. had won this match, they would have tied in first position with O.F.S. However, they tied for second with Natal Midlands.

Unfortunately the Peninsula side did not do as well as they normally do. We lost 4 matches, won 3 and drew 1. Nevertheless, we all thoroughly enjoyed the tournament. The week did not, however, consist only of hockey. We had many laughs and alot of fun, including a talent evening on the Wednesday night. Naturally the Province teams made a bit of a mess (nothing unusual) - acting is definitely not one of our strong points!!! Nevertheless, we had a very enjoyable evening.

On Thursday night we all had a braai together at a resort near Kimberley, and on Friday everybody went to the "Big Hole", which really was very

interesting.

On Saturday afternoon, after the closing ceremony, we reluctantly said good-bye to all the super people we had met. We were all rather sad to leave and I am sure the experience we had gained during the week will stay with us forever.

After a long journey home, we arrived back in Cape Town and I think most people were, in a way, relieved to be back after a very enjoyable, but tiring, week of hockey.

LYNETTE MURRAY
Std. 9



DANCES

Unbelievable, but you don't realize you are in Matric until the Matric Dance and you don't realize you're at the Matric Dance until 12 o'clock when it is all over - but you don't realize all is over until you wake up on Sunday morning.

Rushed, that is the word. During the first term, all everybody thought about was raising money and what the theme would be. Cake sales and shouting sessions followed. From a night in Paris to an Ice Palace to a Ballroom to finally, about the last week of the first term, when it became "Heaven". Not ordinary "Heaven" with angels, but a ballroom/open pillared terrace trimmed with ivy, suspended on clouds which were bathed in a beautiful sunset. With having done nothing in the first term a few faithfuls (about six) slogged all through the March holidays.

Having a Matric Dance two days after a holiday is no joke. Suddenly you find your dress is not finished, a chandelier is not working, the roof is leaking and who was meant to film the entrance hall scene? Hours and hours of sheer hard work and finally about four hours before the Dance - Magic! It works. Only the critical eye of the rest of the school to watch out for! They like it....!

Wish the hairdresser liked my hair! The best part of course is dressing up. Not even a princess could enjoy dressing up more for a ball. After the transformation, the best part of the evening starts.

HE, dressed in a suit, whisks you off at twilight, to arrive in time for



a before party at the Kantor Residence which passed the stateliness and grandeur of any "happening" in the "Style". Another whisk and you pass through the misty cloud filled entrance walking on a silver glittering passage to find yourself entering the candlelit and soft music atmosphere of a ballroom surrounded by the most romantic and fabulous onsets imaginable. Such beauty, such splendour ... "Is it all real?" When you suddenly slip on the hem of your dress it is, but mostly it's like a dream.

Then it's over ... you shed your splendid gown and "party" on ... until the early hours of the morning. Somehow, you make it to the champagne breakfast and dream your last dream with a rather worn out HIM ... the next time you wake up it is Sunday morning or the end of the Biology lesson on Monday!

SONJA PETRUS
Std. 10





Karen and Partner



Std. 9 Waitresses.



Jackie, Roschan, "John", Jill and Sonja.

Std. 9 Form Dance

The Louw's beautiful house and lovely estate was the perfect setting for our class dance. The evening was still and cool, and an excited atmosphere reigned.

Although there had been a minimal amount of preparation, the marquee looked splendid with its pink and white flowers beautifully decorating it.

The girls too kept this standard of perfection as they all looked superb and really lovely. The group of dashing partners helped to make the evening even more exciting!!!

The music added lots of spice to the evening and Miss Geldard and our class teachers, Miss Wood and Mrs Beams, joined in and had lots of fun.

The evening was a great success and we all had a fantastic time. We went home reluctant to leave the party and, needless to say, exhausted.

LINDY NEWTON-THOMPSON
STD. 9



Roll std.9's

Std. 8 Form Dance

Finally, after at least three months of festidious preparation and organisation; deep discussion; and several "Nervous breakdowns" from all the numbers of standard eight, the big night of our first form dance arrived!

Donning the most delightful but daring dresses, the sixty nine belles, of course accompanied by sixty nine beaus in equally stunning attire arrived at definately, in our opinion, the most talked about event in the History of Herschel.

The marquee itself had obviously dressed for the occasion showing delicate fairytale colours of pink, white and silver.

"Was it going to be the success we dreamed it would be?" seemed to be the question on our lips but after half an hour of wondering, the party kicked into a "swinging success".

Time flew by as we danced and snacked our way through the four short hours and before we knew it, it was twelve o'clock. Fervently discussing our standard nine Form Dance we sadly left the Lloyd Roberts's house and said goodbye to one of the best, most exciting evenings in our lives!

NATASHA VAN ZYL
Std. 8



HOLIDAYS



KERRY - FAITHFUL ALL THE WAY!

Paparazzi Special - Interview with Rolt's B/G-time model, Kerry

Q: How did the opportunity arise for you to model in Milan?

A: I was spotted and photographed in Mauritius by the photographer for Italian Vogue, during my Christmas Holidays, then the largest Agency in Milan called Riccardo Gay L'Image called and offered me work for a 3 month period. I had to cut this to 6 weeks, which is the minimum period they would accept, because of school.

Q: What is the daily life of a model in Milan like?

A: Well, it's very hectic and tiring - spent mostly on trams, buses and metro's visiting clients and photographers to show your "Book" or "Portfolio" and to introduce yourself.

Q: What is the atmosphere between the models like?

A: Well, it is a very competitive life, with the Cream of International models wanting to work in Milan, as this is the status they need to get to the top. But among the models at our Agency we work as a team with tremendous spirit and friendliness.

Q: I believe you have done TV Commercials for British, German, South African - and now Italian TV - does this interest you more than photographic modelling?

A: To know in which direction my interests lie, I would like to try all types of modelling, including ramp and then decide. TV Commercials certainly pay the best.



Q: Were you nervous for your first assignment in Milan - or did everything go to plan?

A: My first assignment was fashion for Harper's Bazaar and I was nervous, but soon conquered it as all the professionals were so relaxed and friendly.

Q: Do you plan to be a full-time model when you leave school?

A: No, I plan to be either a Textile or Graphic Designer, but I will probably spend a year modelling - to travel and earn some money before I study.

Q: To get back to modelling in Milan - what do you wear everyday?

A: The models can be spotted anywhere, not only because of their height (must be a minimum of 5'10) and their looks, but because of their stylish casual clothes. Fashion was huge shirts, tight trousers, like tights but with no feet and no straps under the feet, plenty of hats and caps and ankle tacks. Each person adopts this to their own individual style. A minimum of make-up is worn and nails are fairly short, square and no polish. I was told to cut mine as they looked too "American". Hair is washed daily and there are some crazy short styles, but generally long hair is returning.

Q: Did you see any male models - and what were they like?

A: We had plenty at our Agency, they were great! They all seem to look alike - tall, well-built, blonde, blue eyes, tanned, the same hairstyle, wearing shorts, "T"-shirts and Sony Walkman.

They have a great deal of fun and go around in huge crowds. They are mostly American.

Q: Are all models skinny?

A: They all battle permanently against putting on weight as the camera enlarges so much, you would get asked to leave the Agency until your weight came down, as you would not get work carrying extra weight. Height and small bones are important.

Q: Why is Milan such an important place for models?

A: It is the top city at present. Girls come seeking fame and only very few are accepted. It was awful seeing them turned away - even though their "Books", I thought, were very good. The agents take 50% of your earnings, but models need the exposure, so they accept and don't make more than survival money.

Q: How do our SA models rate?

A: My "Book" was totally rejected as it was out of date and my first two weeks I had to have it re-done and get more photographs taken. Aspirant photographers and make-up artist's don't charge for this as they also want the photographs for their books, to get them work. I met only one other SA model, who was based in London. I think that our models compare quite favourably.

Q: Did you work anywhere other than in Milan?



A: Yes, I did some work in the Swiss Alps.

Q: From what have you benefitted most on your trip?

A: My art Syllabus came to life and I enjoyed visiting Museums and Historical places in the little free time I had. I am going to have to work very hard to catch-up my school work, but feel that I have benefitted a great deal from the challenging experience.



KERRY



Kerry

Timbavati - The land of the Bushbuck

Running through the rough, wild lowveld is the dry, sandy bed of the Timbavati River. It was on the banks of this river that our first camp was situated. We dumped our rucksacks underneath the impressive Albizia tree after a short walk through the bush. I had no idea what to expect and was surprised when we spent a couple of hours just relaxing after setting up camp. It was not long before the atmosphere of the bushveld had seeped into our systems and we felt very relaxed.

Later in the afternoon we ambled down to the river to dig in the sandy alluvium for our life support liquid - water. While the others took turns at digging one of us scanned the banks for "animals that bite". After filling our tanks with clear, cool water we set out on a firewood collecting expedition. Tim, our very knowledgeable guide, taught us how to identify the different kinds of wood and which kind is suitable for cooking and all-night fires.

Our camps were just clearings in the veld with a tent at one end in which to store our daily rations. The seven of us slept in a row on mattresses 2cm thick and Tim slept separately with his gun loaded, ready to jump up if some curious lion or hyena came cruising into camp - apparently this had happened on many occasions.

After supper Tim told us of all the near scrapes he had had with lion, rhino and hyena at our camp, Albizia. So we were filled with confidence for our first night watch. As animals lose their fear for humans at night it is necessary to keep a large fire burning and to have someone on their feet patrolling camp with a torch to detect if there are any big yellow

cats or other things that bite nearby. Night watch was divided into one and a quarter hour shifts. It was quite a responsibility as you had the lives of seven other people in your hands.

We changed camp after two days at Albizia and had to trek for two hours in the blazing sun to our new camp Ka-Madzive. Whenever we walked through the bush it was in single file with Tim upfront with his gun. Talking was not permitted and our means of communication was a bird call if we wanted, for any reason, Tim to stop and a hissing alarm call if we saw any danger. The reason for this was to remain as quiet as possible and not to scare the game away. As we walked through the bush Tim would stop and tell us about the trees, the anthills and as we passed areas which were once inhabited Tim taught us some anthropology of the area. We were taught bush orientation and how to use the sun, anthills and buffalo weaver's nests as compasses.

On the fifth day of our trail, when we were to return to the combi Tim developed a "migrain" and using what he had taught us we had to lead him back.

The aim of this trail, organised by the Wilderness Leadership school, was not so much to see big game as to teach us how to survive in the bush. Life in the bush is a life that few people have experienced. This is a great pity because amongst the Tamboeti trees and the warthogs all men are equal. Living as all people did thousands of years ago staying alive is a full-time job. It is a life that is exciting, frightening but most important it is a life of the co-existence between man and nature and a life of peace.



Kathy and family - "hitting" the bush!



Digging for water

Adventure into Service

From July 1 - 5 during our holidays I attended a course which Rotary had organised, called "Adventure Into Service", for school pupils in stds 8,9 and 10. The course's purpose was to inform today's youth of organisations serving the Cape Town community. People from many parts of South.Africa attended this course; the total number of people on the course being 97. Those from up country schools had a slightly varied programme from the people attending schools in the Peninsula but basically our courses visited the same type of organisations.

On the first morning, which was Monday, we all met at UCT and were welcomed and given last minute details of the week's programme. We were then transported by bus to the Supreme Court in Cape Town and in my opinion, this was the most interesting and most informative visit of the entire week. In the Supreme Court building we had talks by a judge and a prosecutor-general which were both excellent. We also had a tour of the building; we saw the cells in the building's basement, a judge's office and the court library.

On the Tuesday we visited a number of organisations, including the Metro Ambulance Headquarters in Pinelands, the Port Control Tower in the Cape Town Harbour and St. Joseph's Home for severely handicapped children. On the Wednesday we were shown around Parliament, which was very interesting. Afterwards we joined the "Up Country Group" for lunch with Mr Sol Kreiner, Mayor of Cape Town in the Civic Centre. One thing which impressed all of us on the course, was the meals we were given; they were five-star(and quantity for the males). After

our "finger luncheon" we were shown around the Civic Centre, seeing debating rooms, the Mayor's Palour and his office.

Thursday was spent visiting two old-age centres, NICHRO, and the NSRI. On Friday we all met at the B.P. centre, in Cape Town, where we had talks on Rotary, Rotors and Interact organisations, which were all very well delivered. Afterwards we were given a chance to talk to the organisers of our course on which parts of the course we enjoyed and on those which we thought could be improved on, so as to make an even better week for pupils next year.

The saying goes "All good things come to an end", and by the time Friday drew to an end, we all wished we could begin the week again. It was very sad saying goodbye to our newly made friends, especially those who came from far away places. However, we all enjoyed ourselves thoroughly and looking back, the course served its purpose very well; to enlighten today's youth of organisations serving the community.

CAROLINE SYMONS
Std. 8



Grahamstown Festival

During the June Holidays, five of us, Sonja, Alison, Bennita, Marrion and I, escorted by Miss Geldard, attended the National Schools' Festival in Grahamstown. Grahamstown is the cultural centre of the Cape and has both Rhodes University and the 1820 Settlers Monument in it.

We were divided into groups according to the type of matriculation we write. This enables us to attend lectures on each of our respective setwork books. We also attended a plenary lecture and several performances daily which were very good and inspired worthwhile thought. The only disappointment was that there were no workshops or discussions periods and as our program was so compact we had the most interesting discussions until early hours of the morning.

The high-lights of the Festival were: An outstanding setwork lecture on 'A Story of an African Farm' by Olive Schreiner. Although this was not one of our setworks it was the best lecture in that the teacher intersperced her comments and views with snippets of excellent acting by her pupils.

The plenary lecture given by Dr Douglas Livingstone was unique as we learnt more about the poet and his poetry from him.

"Hello and Goodbye" by Athol Fugard was a very powerful performance but terribly tragic and rather depressing and it moved the majority of us to tears.

The RAPS winning I Act Play, Metamorphosis was technically very polished with original use of makeup masques, sound effects and movement. This was a great thought provoking production.

We were also treated to "the happening", a disco, in the 1820 Settlers Monument which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Festival ended with Creation Theatre which included the presentation of "Kwamanzi" and "The Great Trek" by NAPAC in which they set out to demonstrate that a performance could be just as powerful without elaborate costumes and props. This was really quite an education as the actors, by using a few prominent gestures, were able to portray the nature of the various animals. It was interesting to see how in "The Great Trek", the actors transformed from people into parts of the waggon of cattle.

In all they were most inspirational and enjoyable four days of our June Holiday and our thanks go to Miss Geldard for escorting us.

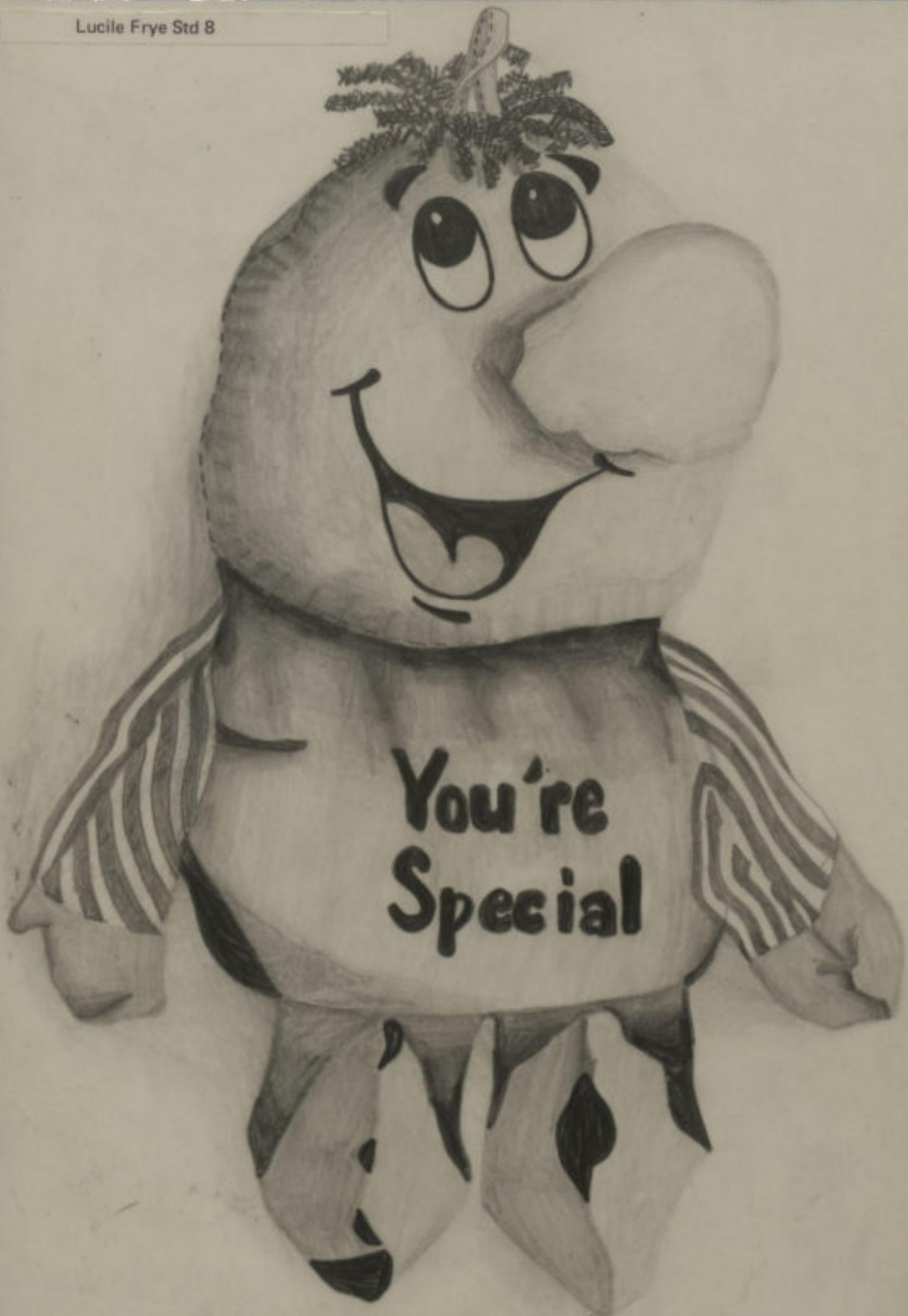
The Hostel

LYNDA-ANN FERGUSON
Std. 10



Alison Moultrie, Benita Oswell, Sonja Petrus,
Lynda-Ann Ferguson, St. Cyprian's pupil and
Marian Edmunds

Lucile Frye Std 8



A Day in Delhi

We left the hotel at about 9:30 taking a guided tour of Delhi, the capital of India.

Passing along the roads, we saw people of various dress and nationalities, Sikhs in turbans seeming particularly prominent.

First we went to the mausoleum of Mahatma Gandhi. This was in a beautiful green area of trees and grass surrounded by gardens. An eternal flame was lit at the place of the cremation. The garden is stone-enclosed and in the centre of it is found a black marble slab, inscribed with Gandhi's last words 'O God' in Hindi.

Next we went to the cremation place of Jawaharlal Nehru, the first prime minister of India, and father of Indira Gandhi. This was much less elaborate and was only a patch of ground, covered in grass. Close by was also the grave of his son.

Lastly, we went to the burial place of Indira Gandhi, former prime minister of India who was assassinated last year. This was just a piece of ground enclosed by a railing with no grass or plants around it as these were still to be planted. People surrounded the railing, a few were seen crying.

Before reaching the Red Fort, we passed through Chandni Chowk (meaning silver street), where the royals of the Moghul Dynasty bought jewellery. Although now over 300 years old, it is a lively area, still a famous market.



Entering the Fort, we passed through the Mina Bazaar. This was also the market, when, on Thursdays, it was reserved exclusively for them. The Dian-i-Am, the Hall of Public Audience, was a large pillared room. A balcony overlooking it was the area from which the emperor stood and listened to the complaints and quarrels of his people.

Next to this was the Moti (Pearl) Mosque. This was used privately by the emperor and his family.

Through the Diwan-i-Khas, the Hall of Private Audience, ran a small canal which sprouted out into a fountain in the centre of the room. During summer, this kept the room cool.

The Sheesh Mahal (Palace of Mirrors) was next to the Diwan-i-Khas. This was covered in coloured glass and mirrors, and a single candle could light up the entire room magnificently, as the light was reflected.

Before leaving, we went to the museum. Here we saw various things concerning the Fort, including paintings, swords, coins, manuscripts of calligraphy, as well as the original model of the Taj Mahal presented to Shah Jahan.

Next we went to the Jama Masjid, the oldest mosque in India. Before entering through the beautiful arches, we ascended a flight of marble stairs onto a high raised platform, on which it was built. I still have a vivid picture of the pigeons swooping across the large court-yard and landing on the grey-coloured domes of the mosque.

A special room was made here by one of the emperors to house relics of the Prophet Mohammed (S.A.W.).

This mosque was built especially so that the emperors and kings could make Juma prayers there with the people on Fridays.

On the way to Humayan's Tomb, we passed India Gate, in front of which stood a small dome supported by four tall pillars, which had previously housed a statue of King George, but this had been removed some years previously and was still to be replaced by a statue of Mahatma Gandhi.

Seven cities of Delhi had been built during the reign of the Moghuls and we passed also the old fort of Parana Qila, the sixth city. This had recently been converted into a zoo.

The tomb of Humayan, father of Akbar the Great, who lies buried, together with other members of his family, is a large spacious garden close to the Jumna River. It was built by his wife, Hajee Begum, and completed 14 years after his death.

Following this, we went to Qutb Minaar. This, a minaret, had been closed due to repairs. We nonetheless walked around the area. It is a famous landmark of the city.

We drove through the area of the city where the various embassies were situated, each showing a different style of architecture. Close to this was the President's House, the place where Lord Mountbatten had stayed, while viceroy there. The Houses of Parliament were next to it.

Lastly, we went to the Lakshmi Narayan Temple (a Hindu Temple), which was a structure painted in pink, yellow and white. This was on a hill and was richly decorated in the many Hindu gods.

It was already evening by the time we returned to our hotel, and after an appetising supper and ice-cream milk-shakes, we got ready to go to the Son-et Lumiere at the Red Fort.

My mom and youngest brother were too tired, although, so my Dad, older brother and myself went without them.

It was quite an experience travelling in a rikshaw to the Fort, where it was being held.

The history, describing the time from the Moghul invasion of India to its independence from Britain, was beautifully told with very realistic sound-effects and the lighting superb.

The entire day proved to be thoroughly interesting.



odds

+

ends

Boarding House Blues!

News Broadcast! Rebecca Garson is back from Israel, with more than just a tan to "blacken" her name. Living on a kibbuts on the Med, she razzled all night and dazzled all day. Lucky Danino.

And as Rebecca thinks about her four weeks in passion's paradise, Lyn Murray still spends her days gazing up into the eyes of Shaun Thompson - unfortunately pinned to her pin-board. But wait! She is not looking at a magazine picture, but a real photograph of Shaun with his tanned, muscular arms enfolding her to his masculine chest...passionately! Alas - she is lost! A tiny dwarf-like figure stands caught in the arms of fame. And Neo Bacela forever engrossed in her steamy Silhouette Romances, gazes up into the eyes of Michael Matolengwe, as he "bops" to that funky beat.

And who knows what steamy, passionate depths Heather Dicey camouflages beneath that "bookworm" appearance. Is she hiding Mel Gibson in her cupboard, Richard Gere in her pillowcase, or maybe even Dudley Moore in her slipper? Who knows...?

SHSHSH...POP...! Ah, champagne! As Corien Pelt turns eighteen (and VERY VERY legal) she celebrates her elegant champagne breakfast in a dream house in Bishops court with many "friends" including her famous friend "Topdog".

She waltzes through the crowds, keeping her eye pinned on a dark haired Bishops matric boy in a black and white jersey. Too young, Corien, don't you think? SSSSS...sploosh! The birthday girl is thrown into the swimming pool... "wetter" luck next time, baby!

It was last weekend when Charlotte Saunders went back to her roots. She was engrossed in the arms of Jeremy who were both at a very hot



sizzling party. She was wearing a very hot little number - a black, short, leather miniskirt and the crowd stirred as she swished into the room with her hair hung seductively over one eye, while the other eye was eyeing Jeremy who was seated quietly in the corner. Just another one of Charlotte's life as a drama queen!

ENCORE! ENCORE!

CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS
Std 9



MATRICES '85

NAME: Joanne Kyra
Widdrington Pratt
AMBITION: To be world
Famous
NICKNAME: Toothpicks
TALENTS: Acting (the
giddy goat)

NAME: Marian Bladergroen
AMBITION: To be a nun
NICKNAME: Dolly
TALENTS: Acting the dumb blond!

NAME: Diane Stringer
NICKNAME: Shorty
HEARTHROB: Berty Clarke
TALENTS: Give me a full
page and I will
tell you.

NAME: Karen Dudley
ACHIEVEMENTS: Look at me now
LATEST HEARTHROB: My dad
NICKNAME: Duds

NAME: Niki Ince
ACHIEVEMENTS: Going out with
Gerald for 2yrs
7mths, 8 days
NICKNAME: The Nik

NAME: Jackie Kolbe
ACHIEVEMENTS: Not
yet ach
ieved.
NICKNAME: Jackson
TALENTS: Riding a
camel with
one hump

NAME: Cathy Stamper
AMBITION: Become a professional
Pig farmer
LATEST HEARTHROB: Paul, Sean, Dominic,
Brad, John, Brent?
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Censored!

NAME: Deidre Murray
AMBITION: Play rugby
for S.A.
TALENTS: Falling asleep in the
bath; burning my hair
in chapel!

NAME: Alison Kebble
AMBITION: To pass
matric
LATEST HEARTHROB:
My Boyfriend "Anonymous"

NAME: Alexia!
NICKNAME: Sexy lexy!
TALENTS: Too many to mention
FAVORITE PASTIME: No Comment!

NAME: Sonja Petrus
HEARTHROBS: 1 Future Ambassador,
1 Future lawyer,
1 Hunk!
NICKNAME: Caramellabear
TALENTS: Talking, Talking, Talking

NAME: Lynda-Ann Ferguson
ACHIEVEMENTS: Status Quo
LATEST HEARTHROB: Garfield



We asked the Std. 6's what their first impression of Senior School was.

AMANDA BAKER: I found it to be totally different from Junior School, and at first I didn't like the change, but now I'm getting used to it and I'm enjoying it. You are more independent and have more responsibilities and I like that alot.

JANE BOYES: It was very exciting coming to Senior School and a very different scene from Junior School. You have much more freedom and are able to make your own decisions. Overall I think we all have a lekker time and lots of fun together e.g The House Braai.

AUDRA CAREY: I thought it was really fun when we arrived here and was amazed at all the teachers and classrooms. It was scary in the beginning trying to find the right classrooms and the many teachers shouting at us and giving us essays. But I enjoy Senior School and all in all it is a great deal of fun.

GILL CLAYTON: It was big and looked like a hospital. I found that there had to be quiet and alot of running around when changing lessons but now I've grown used to that and the Senior School is fun.

NINA DANIEL: Life at the Senior School is different compared to the Junior School because I find that the teachers don't spoonfeed you and modily-codily you anymore. The most important thing is that you have more responsibility but lots of freedom.

DIANA DARE: I thought the Senior School was big and good fun. There is, however more and harder work.

BEATRY de VILLEGAS: I was rather startled (but Pleased) to suddenly realize that I didn't have to go to the Junior School ever again. It was a lovely feeling and I was pleased at having managed to reach high school at last!
I thought the Senior School was much larger than the Junior School and in some ways, but not all ways, nicer.

JEAN DICEY: My first impression of the Senior School was the amount of independence you need to have. to survive, and you don't get told to do your homework and how to do it, you just do it as soon as it is given to you.

MONICA DRUMMOND-HAY: The school was bigger and you sometimes got lost. Many of our lessons were spent finding classrooms. There is more pressure than in Junior School and alot more work, but overall it is great fun.

TANIA FOURIE: I first noticed that in the Senior School you get much more freedom and are treated more as an adult as well as being given much more responsibility.

KIM FRYE: A place of freedom, yet of Rules, a place very much like Junior School, but very different - but like any school, it is still school - still hard work and still full of gossip, games and laughter.

MANDY HUNTER: It is very different from Junior School and there is much more work. The teachers also now depend on you more. It's quite nice, but I'd rather be back at Junior School.

KIRSTY LEITH: It is very different from Junior School! The work is much harder. There are also no "little screaming kids" running around all the time.

CAROL MILLAR: My first impression was that there was going to be alot of hard work.

KATE O' NEIL: My first impression of Senior School was that it was very friendly and there was alot of independence.

NICOLE RETIEF: It is VERY strange and different from Junior School. You have more responsibilities and morework! At first I hated it, but it's getting better!



Some Roll Std.6's



Std 10

A Billings
 M Bladergroen
 K Dudley
 L-A-Ferguson
 N Ince
 A Kebble
 J Kolbe
 D Murray
 S Petrus
 K Pratt
 C Stamper
 D Stringer

S Köster
 M Kroon
 L Millar
 G Moodley
 P Newton-King
 T Pelt
 C Peters
 A Porter
 V Rickets
 C Symons
 J Turner
 N van Zyl
 L Woulidge

Std 9

K Abbott
 J Atwood
 N Bacela
 A Collie
 A Day
 H Dicey
 S Drummond-Hay
 N Eckstein
 R Garson
 K Hoffman
 C McGhie
 M Milner
 L Murray
 L Newton-Thompson
 C Pelt
 K Porter
 C Saunders
 A Thompson

Std 7

E Aling
 N Barday
 N Champin
 S Jaffe
 L Kode
 S Mayer
 L Meiring
 S Penny
 G Raaff
 S Smuts
 C Sparks

Std 6

A Baker
 J Boyes
 A Carey
 G Clayton
 C Daniel
 D Dare
 B de Villegas
 J Dicey
 M Drummond-Hay
 T Fourie
 K Frye
 S Hodgkinson
 A Hunter
 K Leith
 C Millar
 K O'Neill
 L Powell

Std 8

Z Bacela
 L Burns
 L Dicey
 Alison Durr
 Alexandra Durr
 S Emmerich
 G Fitzpatrick
 E Frater
 L Frye
 A Jimba
 J Köster



10's

Deirdré Murray - Tennis badge, WP Schools Hockey

Sonja Petrus - Chosen as Rotary Exchange Student

9's

Lynette Murray - Tennis badge, WP Schools Squash

Nicky Eckstein - WP Schools squash

Michelle Milner - 2nd in Horse Show.

Carolynne McGhie - Academic badge

Kerry Hoffman - Modelling in Milan for Vogue

8's

Lucy Burns - Plate event in squash tournament (won), Honours for Piano Eistedford

Alison Durr - honours for drama eistedford.

Sindy Emmerich - Merit for Drama eistedford

Laura Woulidge - Merit for Dram eistedford

Lesley Millar and Penny Newton-King - won doubles championships for tennis

7's

Naseema Barday - chosen to go to America for tour

Clare Sparks - award in dancing eistedford

Laura Meiring - U16 inter-house gala cup (won)

6's

Whole standard won inter-schools spelling competition



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- All teachers for their support and understanding.

- To the whole house without whose help and co-operation, this magazine would not have been possible.



Lynda-Ann Ferguson Std. 10



the end

