

### THE BOXER

Sweat flies from his brow.  
And as the next punch is swung  
His head swings to see a roaring crowd  
Then a bell rings.  
He staggers to a corner  
And as water is run down his swollen face,  
A few encouraging words are shouted in his ear.

He is pushed into the ring again  
With the fist belting at him,  
Like a violent nightmare.  
The enjoyment becomes painful,  
Then his bones give in.  
And the crowd — a blur of colour —  
Explode with noise.

*Fleur Hardman, IVV*

### HANDS

Hands are for shaking and baking and taking,  
Hands are for smacking and clapping and wrapping,  
Hands are for feeling,  
Hands are for peeling,  
That's what hands are for.

Hands are for touching and clutching and punching,  
Hands are for making and raking and shaping,  
Hands are for lifting,  
Hands are for sifting,  
That's what hands are for.

*Rebecca Hartley, The Junior School*



*Sarah Van Carrapiett, V*

## PLACES AND EVENTS

### THAT BOUNTIFUL PLACE

Where the mynah birds sit in the papaya groves  
And peck at the ripening fruit,  
Where women in grass skirts sway their hips  
To the hula dancing melodies,  
Where brightly-coloured yachts  
Are slaves to the dominant breezes  
In the luxuriant, shimmering waters of the blue lagoons  
And snorkellers watch the beautiful fish on the coral reefs,  
While spectators watch with terror, the brave men  
Battling to ride the fifteen-foot waves.  
And I sit on the doorstep of my house in the mountains  
And watch the comings and goings of the city I love.  
For this is the city of Honolulu  
And here is my home.

*Tina Gray, IVV*

### THE SHIPWRECK

The ship was on the rocks. From where I was I could see a gaping, great hole in the side of the black hull. She had sailed with eight large white sails, but now, not one remained. She stood stricken on the rocks. Waves gently lapped the rocky shore around her. The boat's name could not be seen from where I stood, so I moved slowly towards her, unable to take my eyes off the broken masts and slimy deck.

As I got nearer I finally saw that the name was "Lovely Girl". It was written in black on a gold painted background.

The middle mast had snapped in two. The broken splinters of wood were scattered over the deck, which was covered with a green slimy seaweed with crabs and sea urchins in it. The hull was covered with limpets, common and tortoise shell, and mussels also, with their bluey green tinge on purple shells, clung to the hull.

Half the ship was submerged under the water, and the frothy white waves climbed up the sloping deck. I turned and trudged my way back up the shore, then I looked back on the ship. She was lying lonely, alone, stranded on the rocks, black and broken, the hole in her side showing the world that she had crashed on the rocks and would never sail the seas again. A seagull cried and alighted on one of the broken masts. It called its lonely and heart-rending call and then flew up to join its mates. The ship was left, alone, on the rocks.

*Sarah Cole, IIE*

### MY PRIVATE PLACE

My private place is in my bedroom. In my bedroom there is a cupboard, and in that cupboard there is another cupboard. When my sister is horrible to me I go in there, or when my Mother has shouted at me. Once I went in there with a drink and lots of biscuits, when my Mother called out, "Alanna, where are you?" I hid there for five minutes, then I came out; Mummy was looking for me everywhere. Another time I told my sister where it was, and took her in it. When she got out she went and told Mummy where my hiding place was. The next day I found that my hiding place had got boxes in it. I was very cross, and now I have not got a Private Place.

*Alanna Henry, The Junior School*

### SAILING IN GREECE

I was up early on the day we were leaving; I rushed to get dressed and ran down to breakfast, jumping the last three stairs. I ate my breakfast so fast that Mummy thought I would have indigestion, but I didn't.

When we got to Gatwick Airport and the correct gate, which was Number 36, I ran all the way to catch the bus to take us to the plane. I was worried because I was wondering if we had gone the wrong way, but soon I saw another "Island Sailing" luggage label. When we got to the plane, I sat next to the window. In the seat you could feel the bars to support it.

After a while we landed and as soon as I stepped out of the plane I felt very hot. The airport at which we landed was not a commercial airport, but a military one.

Soon the coach arrived and Linda, our hostess, told us about the landscape. When we arrived at the harbour, we had to walk to reach the boats. Ours was called Kandilla. On the first night I didn't sleep well, but I was woken up by a cock crowing. For the first week we were supposed to be sailing with Mark the skipper, but his boat, called Gin and Tonic, broke down, so we had a week's free sailing instead of the normal three days. On the last night, I stayed up until one in the morning. I had to stay up to collect our third prize plate, for winning a race.

*Fiona MacGregor, The Junior School*

### MY PRIVATE PLACE

My private place is at the back of my garden. It is very good because when it rains none of the water comes in. It is warm and very big; it is so big that my Dad can stand in it and he is 6 foot 4 inches. It has a pine tree and a fir tree covering it. When I have my friend over, we go up there and make mud pies and chalk pies. When I'm upset I go up there and play. It has tables and chairs in there as well, and is very comfortable. But one day, when I was just about to go up there, I saw that my mum had started to chop it down. I started crying and told my Mum not to do any more. Now I have no camp at all, only when I make them out of blankets.

*Jocelyn Crouch, The Junior School*

### THE TRAGEDY

Laughs and cheers mingle with the fiery blast.  
Those awed and excited eyes wait for the expected  
Then well with tears.  
The celebration becomes a tragedy.

The Stars and Stripes hang at half mast,  
While the country mourns its dead heroes.  
The only remains of the tragedy  
Is the debris of the doomed shuttle  
And the scarred memories.

*Fleur Hardman, IVV*

### MY VISIT TO YORK

When we went to York, we started off by train, and at ten-thirty we arrived. We asked the lady where our car was, collected it and drove to the Galtres Lodge Hotel, Low Petergate.

In the morning, we went across the road to a wonderful toy-shop called "Angels of York" and bought lots of lovely things. We went back to the hotel and out of our sitting room window we could see York Minster.

In the afternoon we went to York Minster. The Minster is well known for its fire in 1984 and we saw the south transept roof; it was covered in plastic. Inside we saw some wonderful pieces of wood that had just escaped the fire. Underneath the Minster was the undercroft. The undercroft was a fascinating place; it was crammed full of Roman things that were found under the Minster.

The next day we drove down to Middlesbrough to our new hotel, for a Captain Cook Family reunion. When we had checked in we went off to Whitby to see where my father had been born and we visited a lady my father knew. We then went off to Whitby Bay to see the Captain Cook Memorial Statue. Across the cliff was a church and when we got there we found where a few of our relatives were. This church was where one of the services was going to be held the next day, but we were going to a different one. My father told me that when someone was to be buried, the people of the town marched up one hundred steps from the bottom of the cliff to the church.

Next to the church was Whitby Abbey; it was mostly in ruins, but Charlotte and I could just imagine it in its full glory. There were some old steps and we climbed them and in through a tower window we saw the only still-standing, complete room!

We had to rush off quickly back to Middlesbrough for a reunion buffet meal at the Captain Cook Birthplace Museum. The television company was there, and my father met a second cousin he didn't know! There was a family tree going right round four walls! It was so long that we had to ask where we were, but we found ourselves.

First of all there was a long talk, which was quite boring, then we had the meal; afterwards we looked around the museum. It was very good. There were waxwork figures in realistic buildings, complete with sounds. Further on, there were stuffed animals, complete with a polar bear, a kangaroo, a wallaby and a duck-billed platypus.

The next day we went to the museum again, not to see it, but to be in it! We met the Mayor and Mayoress of Middlesbrough; some people dressed as Captain Cook and his crew and Mrs Bernacle, who founded the museum. We went outside and stood in front of one hundred and fifty people and some television cameras, while the Mayor and some other people gave a speech. Mrs Bernacle was given an award and the dressed-up people did a sea dance with the sea cadets, while the band played. When the sea cadets were standing still one of the girls fainted and was taken away! I thought it was terribly funny!

Altogether I had a very exciting time and it was also very interesting. I met some relatives I had never heard of before and found out some new and different things.

*Sarah Davidson, The Junior School*

### IS ANYBODY THERE?

The Castle has a dark and gloomy aspect,  
The moat is grey and deep.  
Strange fish swim about,  
Glowing in the dark.  
The guard's armour shines in the moonlight,  
The big, stoney battlements  
Tower above the ground,  
Shadowy, in the night.  
The wind whistles through the windows,  
Black slits against the stone.  
Candle light flickers,  
Shadows dart about the room.  
The port-cullis is down,  
And everyone is safe from harm.  
From the dungeons, a small, meek, voice cries,  
And it echoes, echoes, echoes and echoes.

*Jane Kirby, The Junior School*

### CHINESE NEW YEAR IN ENGLAND

This year began auspiciously, as what we call the year of the Tiger. The Chinese celebrate their New Year in the month of February; the celebrations last for fifteen days. This was my first time celebrating this memorable occasion away from home and my family. You may find this difficult to understand, but I found it most upsetting that I was unable to be with my parents during such an important period.

I almost resented the prospect of spending it in London but fortunately, it turned out better than I had expected. I owe due thanks to my brother, who tried his very best to make me feel at home. We managed to get ourselves some typical Chinese dishes, such as chicken, which we had steamed and decorated nicely on the plate. As I looked at the varieties of food that had been beautifully set out on the table, fond memories returned, as I recalled the wonderful times I had when I was in Malaysia.

On the first day of New Year, the Chinese believe that the family should stay at home for a reunion meal, while visitors go to their houses to join in their celebration. Married couples give away red packets to the children, just as presents are given away here during Christmas. It is also said that no household chores, for instance, sweeping, should be done on that day, for it is a Chinese superstitious belief that all the luck will be swept away. This is because prosperity plays an important rôle in our everyday lives. Lion dances also contribute to the traditional beliefs of the Chinese; it is believed that they drive away ill-fortune. Fireworks and crackers are used to frighten away all these terrifying omens as well.

The wonderful reverie ended when we made a phone call to my parents at midnight, Malaysian time. They were busy preparing themselves for this grand occasion. I felt so upset and distressed when I heard their voices that tears just rolled down my wet cheeks. Words would not come, as I remained silent over the phone. It may seem strange, but at that moment nothing was more comforting than to hear my parents' voices. In a way, I felt as though they were so close, as if they were just about a few miles away from me, but of course, it was just a figment of my own wild imagination. I thought such a thing was too good to be true.

Lovely Chinese music filled the air, as we had our meal. I could still remember vaguely how I used to prepare myself on Chinese New Year eve. I long and yearn for such happy moments again, but a dream like this just is not realised easily. Though such fantasies may be rare and wonderful, I realise that it will be quite a while before I am able to spend this beautiful time with my parents.

Strange it may sound, but somehow, I feel deprived of the kind of happiness I ever wish for. Yet although I know there will never be a better home for me, I am glad that I have been given this wonderful opportunity to be in England. To experience life on my own, and to confide in myself, whenever I need to, is part of my own belief that in joy and sorrow alike, life itself is precious.

*Pearl Yong, IVV*

## THE NATURAL WORLD

### THE ADVENTURES OF RAINDROP

Raindrop was born in the big cloud. She had lots of brothers and sisters and they were all happy in the cloud, but one day the cloud grew blacker and blacker and suddenly, it BURST. Down, down, down went Raindrop, very fast indeed, but then she started to get blown about. Round and round she twirled, round and round and round.

Raindrop started slowing and stopped twirling altogether. She liked that feeling.

"Splash, plop, plop, splash, plop, plop" "What's that?" wondered Raindrop. She then realised she was going to fall near a tiny river and some boys were splashing there.

She ran very fast indeed; she went under a haystack and into a little gutter, where she met a few of her brothers and sisters.

"Hey, hi there, why don't we have a race to see who can get to the sea first?"

"All right," they shouted and they were off. No sooner were they off than a small dog came to have a drink. The raindrop didn't want to be drunk and so quickly dodged the thirsty dog's tongue, but some of her brothers were playing around and the dog drank them. She was very sad to see them go, but there were still five drops in the race.

"Plop-plop, plop-plop." All the drops of water were jumping in the tiny river. Raindrop held her big sister Sarah's hand and jumped.

"Plop-plop." She was in the tiny river. Raindrop was quite near the top and she could just see a buttercup field disappear, when suddenly, it seemed that someone had turned the lights out! There was a dog playing in the water. It was white with black patches. Raindrop had got in the way and was now trying to be shaken off, but she couldn't jump off on to the land. She was too scared. It was too late; the dog was now running in the forest at top speed, and suddenly it jumped straight into a car, and lay down on a blanket near some food.

Now was her chance, but as soon as she'd realised that, her chance was gone. A human called Mum suddenly shut the roof and got in.

"Dad, Charlotte, Paul, come on. We haven't all day to get to the seaside," Mum shouted. Charlotte and Paul came. Paul was the boy splashing in the river. He came and tickled the dog. Some of the drops clung onto Paul's fingers, but Raindrop just missed. She stayed there very quietly and they were on the move. Dad suddenly turned the heater on and Raindrop drifted upwards, then, growing colder, landed on the edge of the window.

She felt very different. She was also very tired. She fell asleep, but was suddenly woken by something.

Charlotte was drawing her name on the window and in the middle of a great big "R" was Raindrop and at that same moment they stopped. Charlotte ran out, right to the sea, with Raindrop still on her finger. She splashed about in the sea and Raindrop went swimming off happily, to see if she had won the race.

*Sarah Davidson, The Junior School*

### A LAKE

Clear as a mirror  
Glassy and clean  
I daren't touch it  
Disturb it  
Break the glass  
As I lean over it I see  
My reflection and  
The reflection of the bird in the tree  
Behind me  
Suddenly a drop of rain  
Falls  
It destroys my mirror  
The ripples make rings  
Growing large and larger, then  
Disappearing

*Daisy Balogh, IV*

### THE WIND ON THE RUN

Over went the fruit stall,  
All the fruit too!  
Blowing and bustling,  
Making everyone blue.

The wind on the run,  
Everyone down on their knees,  
Stop, stop, stop,  
Please, please, please.

Running to houses,  
To go in and keep warm,  
A nice thought if you're outside,  
In a wind storm.

*Bryony Allan, The Junior School*