

The British School of Archaeology at Athens

Walking along the orange tree-lined street of Souedias, I passed the locked entrance gate to the British School of Archaeology, so continued to the American School. I walked through the electronic gateway to be confronted by a rather stern-looking security guard. I told him that I wanted the British, not American School, to which he answered with a pointed finger. I nodded my head and attempted to drag my ridiculously heavy suitcase along the gravel. The heat of the Athenian day was eased by the shaded pathways. Continuing past the Director's wonderful house, I entered the main courtyard, lush with vegetation.

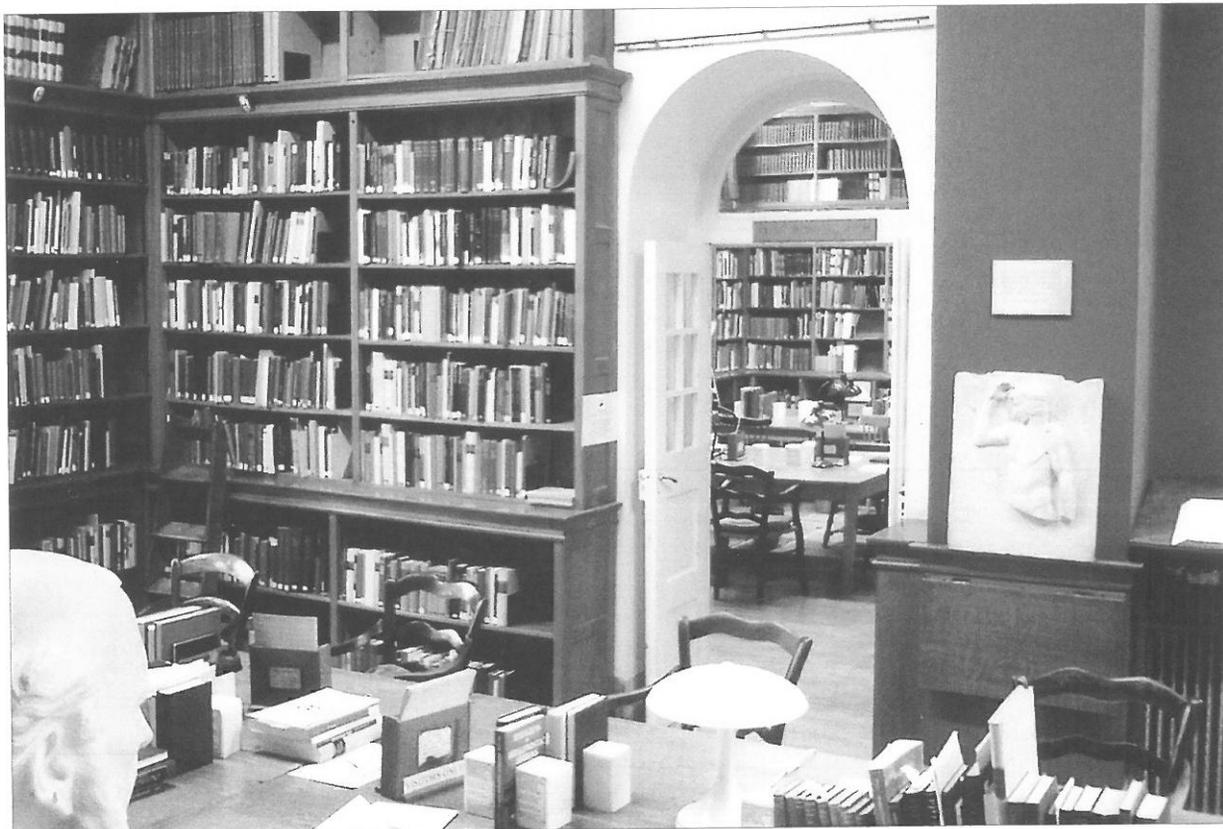
The drone of the city traffic was replaced by the constant hum of the cicadas, a noise that was always present at the British School, even in my dreams! I had entered a little 'oasis' amidst the modern glamour of a busy city.

My room was not in the hostel above the Library, but opposite in the courtyard. I shared with Sonia Vincent-Gill, a fellow student at St Mary's Hall, who was also there to help in the Library. The room was surprisingly large but simple. Against one wall was a beautiful old piano, for which I discovered the aged manuscripts in one of the cupboards.

Placed around the British School were several antiquities, busts of various Classical figures and stele (gravestones). For example,

a particular story comes to mind, of one of the American and British Schools' famous parties. A handful of incredibly merry American students thought it would be rather hilarious to steal the stele and put it in the American School of Archaeology next door. Before they had proceeded very far with the piece of marble that would have taken at least five grown men to move, they dropped and broke it in half. Realising the extent of their crime towards Classical Antiquity, you could imagine how quickly they sobered up!

A favourite room of mine in the British School was the Finlay Library. The room was filled from floor to ceiling with glass cases which housed the book collections of John Finlay, an early member of the British School. What was so wonderful about this place was that it was the epitome of Classicism, minus the academics! On a table there was an abundance of Martini, Whisky, and Brandy to allow for those early morning 'nightcaps'. An old, dusty tape player, an antiquity in itself, stood in the corner and would blare out perhaps some Bach or Beethoven in the evenings. Other tables were overflowing with books and newspapers in Greek and English, as well as albums of photographs in which you get the opportunity to witness the Director of the British School dressed up in a rather interesting Mexican outfit! There is still a fancy-dress mask on the Classical bust on top of one of the bookshelves as proof of this event!



Finlay Library



Director's house and gardens

On our first night in Athens, Sonia and I were invited to go to a Pool bar with some of the other students. It was a long walk through a dark and alien city. I admit, I felt vulnerable and intimidated in such unfamiliar surroundings and by the unwanted attention of male Athenians, but it was something I got used to rather quickly, and in fact was harmless. Being a young, foreign (and blonde) girl would probably explain it! As the Olympic Games is to take place in Greece next year, Athens is in a state of total reconstruction, covered in dust, bricks, scaffolding ... and builders. If you think that British builders know every chat-up line in the book, think again!

By the end of the first week I no longer felt like a tourist or stranger and knew the city relatively well. We also discovered that extra clothing to cover more skin was required in the Athineas, fruit, meat and fish markets, which Sonia and I discovered after receiving about twenty marriage proposals!

Over the month, I made a point of visiting every single museum and archaeological site possible in Athens. A rather amusing moment was when Sonia and I were standing on the Areopagus (the meeting place for the ancient Boule or Upper House Assembly). Two American tourists asked us where the Acropolis was. Smiling, we replied trying not to laugh at their ignorance, that it was right before their eyes!

On one occasion, Sonia and I visited an Interactive Museum in the suburbs. We were the only visitors. We stood in a small three-walled room and, wearing a head-set, entered a virtual world of Ancient Olympia. It was incredible as we could enter the buildings which now only exist in ruins. We 'flew' up onto the roof of the Temple of Zeus and were told to step off the edge but I hesitated as I put my foot forward believing I would really fall. This was my first experience of virtual reality, and I was thoroughly impressed to say the least.

One of my most memorable experiences was Cape Sounion. We waited forty minutes at what Sonia and I were told was a bus stop, but which appeared to us as an orange sign on a pole in the middle of the city. Suddenly a bright orange bus came flying out of nowhere almost missing our stop. The journey was along the coast, rather than through the mainland. I was pleasantly surprised by the beach resorts south of Athens.

The journey was two hours at least. About half an hour before Cape Sounion, the coastline became magnificent: hilly, barren and rocky. Just before the great Temple of Poseidon could be seen on the edge of the cliff, I, for the first time witnessed Homer's 'wine dark sea'. I had always thought it was a wonderful epithet to describe the sea. I had never fully understood its meaning, until that patch of sea, roughened by the currents a few hundred metres off the coast. It was as if Poseidon himself was present, just making his existence known to me, with his swirls of 'wine-dark' water.

At the moment when the Temple of Poseidon came into view, I admit, I was naively disappointed that not more of it still stood on the headland. As we drove closer I discovered that the presence of a few extra columns would not have affected the overall impact and power of this sanctuary in such a wilderness. And wilderness is exactly what it was. For the first time again, I experienced the true wilderness of Hellas, Homer's Hellas. The first image that entered my mind was of an Odysseus coming ashore and climbing up the steep rocky cliffs. I couldn't help myself going closer and closer to look over the edge at the sea clashing against the rocks far below, despite the strong winds. Aeolus was certainly playing.

Attempting to avoid the Japanese tourists and the security women armed with their screeching whistles, Sonia and I headed for the ship dock which we didn't manage to find in the maze of prickly bushes.

Below the Temple of Poseidon were the ruins of a Temple to Athene. We climbed under the chains, barricading the entrance, and entered a little wilderness of overgrown vegetation. I came across a large pit in the ground. I moved forward to look over the edge to get a closer look but was abruptly halted by the biggest and nastiest spider I have ever seen! However, I swiftly continued my trek around the mound, clapping and stamping my hands and feet to deter any snakes . . . and spiders! Just around the hill was obviously where the temple had stood for there were huge piles of broken marble. It was the brightest white imaginable. The colours of the Acropolis are nothing compared with this. The Parthenon especially, has been dulled due to damage from pollution in Athens. I left with a satisfied smile on my face. It was as if I was an Archaeologist and had made my own discovery!

During the course of my summer in Greece, I visited the islands of Kos, Rhodes and Aegina. I was utterly fascinated by Rhodes Old Town encased within its great walls with its cobbled streets and Turkish influence. I also took the opportunity whilst on the island to visit the resort of Faliraki, which did not appear to live up to its infamous reputation, much to my disappointment . . . only kidding! But the atmosphere was wild and lots of fun!

I took the ferry to the Saronic island of Aegina from Piraeus, Athen's main port. It was Friday afternoon, when most Athenians visit the islands for the weekend. There was absolute chaos in the port, endless traffic, horns, travellers, shouting and whistle-blowing by the staff in white sailor uniforms. It was wonderful to watch, but only when seated comfortably on deck!

Aegina is a tranquil little island, the perfect escape from the busy city. An island which fortunately is not totally overrun by tourism and foreign holiday-makers, much to the disappointment of a group of poor Swedish boys, expecting to find endless clubs, bars and parties!

Night-life in Athens seemed fairly relaxed. Most youths had migrated to the coastal resorts to all the nightclubs, which was a bit of a trek for me. Instead, the evenings consisted of wining and dining in various restaurants and bars around the city. The British School is fortunately situated at the top of the city in Kolonaki, the 'chic' area, equivalent perhaps to London's Mayfair. The bars' clientèle consisted of the rich and the richer attempting to

display their wealth, and women dressed in the latest Armani and Versace.

The Library was fantastic. It was almost frustrating not to be able to read all of the books, which would take me a lifetime to read. The Library housed millions of books, periodicals, maps and archives on everything to do with the ancient world in many languages. The 'Rare Books Room' in the basement contained the oldest and most precious books which crumbled in your hands. The atmosphere was strange and gave me goosebumps!

At the British School I noticed, almost immediately, that there was a rich colonial atmosphere; the intrusion of modern England (and America) had not particularly replaced the old and traditional ways of the English founders of the School. There was a feeling that Classics was still closely associated with aristocracy, as it was in the Victorian Age. The place, it seemed, was filled with the highly literate and educated, which it was!

I felt as if we were encased in a compound; locked up in our little, green, tranquil and secluded box of knowledge and history, contrasting with the busy, modern, capital outside. We were the foreigners, the metics (residential aliens) perhaps, protected by high walls locked gates and security guards; yet it appears that we are the ones attempting desperately to grasp onto the rapidly dissolving history and culture of ancient Greece – one of the most intriguing, intelligent, and influential civilisations ever to exist.

Maybe we Classicists are idealists and romantics, exchanging our futures for a foreign past. The Greek youths of today seek modernity, which we already have to some extent. We want to preserve what they perhaps are more keen to forget – and vice versa.

Does this mean that we Classicists are attempting to live our lives in a different reality? Or does it make us more fulfilled human beings, enriching ourselves with ancient philosophy, literature and history, the basis of the modern 'civilised' world?

I asked myself all these questions at the beginning of my trip, and today I can only conclude that the answer to both questions is a triumphant 'YES'.

Bianca Southwell, ex-SMH pupil



British School at Athens Christmas Auction of Promises.

To raise funds for archaeological research, a Christmas auction was held in the Royal Green Jackets' Club. Our girls acted as hostesses and porters for the evening for which they received a vote of thanks. Pictured with two ex-Directors of the British School, from left, Anna Mojab, Philippa Southwell, Bianca Southwell, Dr. David Blackman, Marine Archaeologist now working in Sicily, Mrs S Thomason, Dr Hector Catling OBE, excavator of Sparta, Sonia Vincent-Gill and Philippa de Boissiere.

Elle GIRL

THE CULTURE COLUMN

Dear all Elle Girl readers,

In this week's Culture Column we're talking about people and their possessions. I was visiting a school in Brighton and sat in on a Year 10 English lesson, and this odd lesson inspired me to write this article. You may be wondering why on earth was I there, so I'll tell you. I was there with a friend who is a journalist for Education Sussex, who was visiting different schools to write a review on the standard of English teaching and, as I had a free day, she asked me if I wanted to tag along. And I did, so now I'm writing what I learned from the one lesson, and how it made me think about life and its importance.

So the lesson began, and all the students were going to be studying four pictures, each with families on them from different parts of the world. This suddenly made me think about how lucky I am. In our everyday lives we may come across some of these terms 'Can I get that, please, I'll pay you back when we get home' or 'Oh! the internet is not working' and 'It's time to go to sleep! No more talk'. In some countries these things would never be heard of. This lesson also made me realise that we're all so materialistic.

Before we looked at each picture, the students were put into groups of two and three. After looking at the different families a group at a time you then had to quickly go and write down everything you saw in each picture. Before starting this, everybody wrote down what they thought was needed for a comfortable lifestyle. Most people's answers were about the same, they included: TV, money, family, love and computer etc. I personally feel that without these things I would be lost, and I expect that if you're totally honest with yourself you feel the same way too. All these things we take for granted and it wasn't until later that I realised this.

What is essential for a comfortable life? The pictures showed what each family owned, whether comfortable in their life or not is another story. The group I was in looked at C first. We couldn't discuss the pictures just memorise them. In the picture was a family who lived in the United States. This family was a good middle-class one. The picture showed so much that it was impossible to remember everything. I just put down that there were lots of toys, beds, washing machine, two cars and lots of things that we might find in our own houses.

Then we looked at picture D. This was in India and it was very sunny and the earth was a orangey-red colour. The family was poor, but I was told that they're not the poorest of that country. They had an old tatty bike, a chair, two beds and generally basic things. Not worrying about anything we, moved onto B.

Picture B was from Uzbekistan, Russia. The climate is very cold there, and they had lots of rugs, which dominated the picture.

They must have made these and probably that was how they made their living, which must be awfully time-consuming. In the rest of the picture, there were a few chairs and things in the background, but it seemed as if the rugs were their pride and joy.

And, finally, we went to picture A. This was Israel. They could fit their homes on a crane! What does that tell you. They had a car and sofas, bookshelves, and plants which made them much more wealthy than D or B. So you can see the contrasts between all four of them.

But it wasn't until we had finished looking and writing about the pictures that it hit me, "Gosh, I'm lucky!" I thought "How we take things for granted!" I had just gone about it as if it was a normal exercise, and that I was just seeing how much I could remember of what was in each picture, to the point that it meant so much to these people didn't count, it was just getting it down on paper.

The people in poorer countries probably have never had the chance to watch a movie, or 'surf the net', which is only at the touch of a button for us. You might even say it's a privilege, but doing those sort of things is just an everyday occurrence for us. Now I am sure that all of you have heard about 'third world countries', poverty and people starving but honestly, ask yourself this, "Have you ever thought twice about these things?" We have all seen the adverts asking us to give £1-£2 a month, but have you really gone to pick up the phone? I feel very strongly about animal cruelty and used to subscribe to an RSPCA Magazine, nearly all the money went to saving animals. I'm not saying you should go and pick up the phone, and call a charity to start giving money if you're only doing it because of a guilty conscience. If you are going out of a church service and they're holding out a box of donations, and you're a rich man and give, say, £100, then behind you an old lady who isn't rich only can afford to give 20p. The smaller donation means so much more. All I want is for you to just think when sitting in your warm living room, comfortable and you are warm. Somewhere, a child is exhausted from trying to earn their dinner, like the family in India or Uzbekistan.

The pictures that we looked at were from the magazine *The New Internationalist*. It has very good articles and interesting facts which you probably have never come across before. There are also lots of colour photos to help make things more interesting. So, if you Elle Girls fancy a bit of 'light' reading on the world and its different cultures, it's just for you. Don't worry if you can't find the magazine in the shops as today's issue comes as a free sample with all the details of how to subscribe.

So, finally, I hope this article has educated you in some way, and that you, too, can see what I've been going on about. I hope now you can learn to enjoy and appreciate the good and greater things that life brings.

Olivia Antoniadis, Year 9

Elle

GIRL

Who, What, Where, Why?

What do you think is vital for a comfortable life?
Love, family, money, friends, food.

A simple question, with a simple answer. But if you asked exactly the same question to a family from a third world country, the answer would be very different.

We dream about having the new Louis Vuitton bag or the new Christian Dior watch. A poor family in India dreams about having clean water, or at least one meal a day. An average family in India (that isn't rich) – two kids and two adults, own about two beds, one bike, cooking utensils, rice and not many other things. The house they live in is a hut, with the roof made out of wood.

If you now think what is in your bedroom alone, whether you think you are rich or poor, you will have a lot more possessions than the average family in India. You never appreciate what you have, until you see what others less fortunate have.

To compare different countries, we studied what four average families had in their houses, from four different countries around the world. The four countries were: Israel, Uzbekistan, USA and India. If you had to rate them (as in number 1 the poorest and number 4 the richest) how would you rate them? India = 1, Uzbekistan = 2, Israel = 3, USA = 4.

We saw a picture of a family from each country with all of their possessions. The family from Uzbekistan might have sold rugs for a living, because there were masses of rugs with the rest of their possessions. Although in such a cold country that is a very vital thing to own. There were eight people standing outside this house – with only one bed? There were two children and in the picture, there were absolutely no toys. The children were holding one of the two dogs. Imagine only having your pet to play with. There were also four wooden chairs. When you go home at night, don't you just love curling up on the sofa, with a nice hot drink, watching the TV? That would be a complete luxury to the family living in Uzbekistan. One other thing that really makes you

feel sorry for the poor families, is that they have a bike – this is their only means of transport. In January, the temperature is -10°C, and if they need to get somewhere or something they have to use their bike (if they don't walk). Next time you are feeling cold, sitting in your car, think about about the people in Uzbekistan having to ride their bike.

So those are the four families, some rich, some poor. Have you ever thought what it would be like to be poor? Although your mum, or even your grandparents, are saying that you are always taking things for granted, every one of us is actually taking what we have for granted. When we studied those four pictures at school, it actually made me (and I think the rest of my English class) realise how lucky we are. We are all guilty of not realising how lucky we are. I think the reason we have never realised before is because from when we were first born, we have always had luxuries. In India, by the time you are 10, if you are not being educated, you will be working out in the heat, to get money for your family. You will be working on an empty tummy. We moan if we are hungry, we then usually get food in the next hour. If you had no money and lived in a third world country you would have to wait for the next day until you could eat. Some families will have to get up at 5am just to go and get some clean, fresh, healthy water; all we have to do is turn the tap on! Doesn't this make you feel bad? While you are fast asleep, families in India are getting up to travel 4 miles by foot just to get water. People also judge you by how rich or poor you are, which really annoys me. You should never judge anyone by how much they own.

Rebecca Ridge, Year 9

new internationalist
The people, the ideas, the action in the fight for global justice

Dear Elle Magazine

My name is Sarah Westgate, I am 14 years old, and I go to St Mary's Hall in Brighton.

I am writing to you because we are learning about 'different cultures', where they live and how they live. I am writing to you because I think what we are learning about is important, because we need to know how other families around the world cope with how much money they have and how they use it. From the work we have been doing, poorer families do actually sometimes live in a better way than we do. They spend their money more wisely because they don't have as much, and they are sensible, which they don't just buy things because they think look pretty. The poorer people actually only buy the essentials, like food. We take all things around us for granted.

We, as a class, looked at some pictures about 'different cultures', which have the same idea about rich and poor.

One picture was Israel, they had luxuries which we have, but where we would take them for granted, the family in Israel would look after them, and respect their luxuries, because it may have taken them a while to get them. From the picture, the Israeli family had children's toys, CD player and a few CDs, but we would think that they were everyday things. We wouldn't understand how important the stuff is to poorer families.

Another picture we looked at was in the United States. This was the country that was most like us. The family shown had loads of stuff. They had children's toys scattered all over the garden, and most of them were really old and for tiny children, but the children were about 4 and 6 years old, so they could have given the toys away to charity. It's only fair to give away the toys they don't use to children who will be happy playing with them. I wouldn't say the children were spoiled, but their parents had a lot of money and so spent it on their children, buying them things which will keep them occupied while their parents are busy. But, looking at the picture, I wouldn't say they were rich, but had loads of junk. Most of us have a lot of junk which we never get to use, like books. We say to our parents, yes, we will read them and want them, but they just sit on a dusty shelf somewhere. They had computers, a printer and a table and chair to sit and work at while they are on the computer and some people would say that that's a luxury. They had an oven, dishwasher, fridge and freezer. The children had a bunk bed which was full of toys which, would never be used because they had so many toys. Most of us have the same problem, we have too much of something but never want to throw it away. They had loads of tables and chairs, plastic and wooden, they also had two cars which, to most of us, would seem like a luxury.

The last picture we looked at was one in India. Looking at this picture, in contrast to the one from the United States, made me feel angry that one family can have so much and the other have so little. This family was a family of six people. They had what looked like a mud hut, and three big bags of food, and a few big silver bowls and jugs. They had two beds which may have been hand-made by the family. Looking at the beds, it looked like they weren't used for beds, but for sitting on. This family had the essentials which you need to live. They didn't have luxuries at all. They had one pair of shoes, which they might think of as a luxury as if it meant a lot to the family. They had a bike, which could also be a luxury, because the family only had food and water and a pair of shoes. The only food they had was three big bags of rice in a material tied in a knot. At the back of the house, they had a big pile of wood to keep warm and cook their food on.

After we had written about all the houses we had to make a list of what we felt was essential to us.

I wrote down:

Chocolate
Animals
Friends/family
Love
Water

I put down chocolate, which all of us take for granted. It's always there, but around the world poor families can't afford a bar of chocolate between them, let alone a bike. But I think if we took the time at home to see what we find essential, we would be surprised what we have.

So, what I'm trying to say is, you don't always get what you want, so we shouldn't be selfish or take anything for granted, and be happy that we have warm beds to sleep in. And even a pair of shoes to wear. We have it all and never think of others, and sometime in our lives I'm sure we have all been a bit spoiled. So, in future, when you don't get that new jumper or bike you have really wanted, stop and think about others who don't have anything.

Sarah Westgate, Year 9



Who? What? Where? When? How?

What is it we need for a cheerful living?

In our daily lives we rely on everything that exists in our cosy homes. And from that, life still isn't enjoyable enough, so we go out and have fun. By watching movies, going to parties, shopping, and I suppose this could go on for another A4 sheet, but we get the idea, right?

There are many television programmes, leaflets and books on persuading people to be helpful and to try to save resources from the Earth, not to waste our money on silly things, but have you ever followed what they said? Ever listened to the advice and thought about what you are going to do to save resources? Millions of people on this planet aren't as lucky as you, they don't have money to waste, or to even spend on the things they really need for their daily lives. If you took every single item you have in your house out into an open place, and compared with a family who lives in a less-developed country, such as India or Uzbekistan, you will see the major difference between the richness from your house and their homes. Now we, our new Elle Girl article writers, have actually gone out and researched how big the difference is between the things that we have, and the people who live in USA and India have.

I'm going to have a look at a family from India. From what I can see, the Indian family lives in a fairly large house, made with tiles, stone and wood. The windows are very small and are placed up high with wood bars to fill the gaps. Showing what they own, they have picture displays of gods; a large bed; a ladder; one bicycle; a few cans of food; a small shelf; a metal box; some slippers; a pile of fire wood; a few blankets and sheets; lots of pots; plates and jars; a few bags of rice or seeds and a big bowl of rice. The family house doesn't have a garden, there's only grass and flowers grown everywhere in front of the house, and there is also a little pathway to walk across to other houses. The Indian family doesn't really look very cheerful, they are sitting around the only bed that they have, as the photograph was taken. The mother is carrying a newborn baby. From behind the father is showing the gods' pictures. I think he was very proud of them as those were the only things he was holding. The children were sitting in line at the side of the bed, with expressions of sadness.

Now, we are going to have a look at the family which lives in

Uzbekistan. It is usually very cold and chilly all year round, so that could make a difference to what we usually have. In the picture, there is no house or flat, I suppose this tells us that this family travels around places quite a lot. The eight of them are all standing on the floor, which covered with lovely white snow, wearing thick and woolly clothing, and looking excitedly upwards. Behind them, they have three large boxes, with about 41 blankets on top of them; two dogs; one cow; a comfortable bed; different types of carpets on the floor; four chairs; a bike; lots of cups and cooking sauces; a table full of jars and kettles, and a tiny cat in the background.

Although it didn't look like they had a lot, the whole family looks very happy and didn't complain about what they own and do not own. This is the largest family out of the three photographs I've looked at and might have the least things as well. I also discovered that the family might be living by selling or trading blankets and carpets, so they would need to go on journeys most of their life.

The imbalance of these families tells us that you could be more wealthy by living in different countries, but this doesn't always happen. People can become poor and helpless in USA, people in India can own even more than the Europeans and have golden things just for decoration in their homes. So no matter where you're born you can still live a happy life. But is a happy life just about money? Money can bring most things you really want or desire, but cannot bring you love or happiness. Living with your family could be the most important thing in life, but having friends around you comes into this as well. No-one can live without friends, what if you're away from your family? Would you know what to do?

So now I'm asking for help from you. Can you just send in some money or food to help those less wealthier countries? Provide them with a happy and healthy life as you have too? If yes, I would be very pleased and thankful. But even if it's no, you can still think about the issues in this article and try and help the needy in your daily lives. Thank you very much.

Carol Pau, Year 9

new internationalist
The people, the ideas, the action in the fight for global justice

Different Cultures

I was looking at some pictures in my English lesson. The pictures we looked at were showing what people around the world had in their house. When I looked at them, there was a big difference between them all. The places where the pictures were taken were the USA, Israel, India and Uzbekistan. I was more like the USA.

The first picture I looked at was Uzbekistan. It was amazing how people could live like they did. It was cold (freezing, more like) covered in snow. There were eight family members and most of the picture was of differently coloured rugs that they had made to sell and trade. They also owned a cow, which they probably used to help carry around the rugs to sell.

So as you can see that family was big and they hardly owned anything. In my house there are three of us and we live in a three bedroom house and we have more than them.

The next picture I looked at was taken in India. This family was much the same as the family in Uzbekistan, except it was not cold or freezing, it was hot and boiling. This family was slightly smaller, it had six people in the family. The family looked like it had lots of food, because they had bags full of corn or rice.

There you are, they are the two families in the pictures that were not well off at all. There are so many things around our houses that we take for granted, TV for example. We all watch at least an hour of TV a day, I know I do. If you are lucky enough, you may have hundreds of channels to choose from. I bet you watch TV and when the episode of 'Eastenders' finishes and there might be a documentary on people in the Middle East, or something like that, which your parents might want to watch, what do you do? You go to another room to watch something else, or you go on the internet. That's another thing we take for granted. We think it is quite old but when you think about it, it is only 4 maybe 5 years old. There must be millions of facts on it and you can find almost everything on it, now.

Of the four pictures I looked at, two were very similar, and the other two pictures were the same but very different to the first two.

OK, onto the next picture. It was in Israel. There were a lot more things in this one, the family had lots of things but they looked quite cheap. There was a white wardrobe and it was full of clothes, but it looked like it was made of chipboard or something like that. Also there were beds, kitchen stuff, a sofa, a car, they also had a typewriter.

This family probably is getting to be more like our average households, with two adults and two children. But, then again, I know I have more than them. I also know a lot of people who have more than them.

The last picture I looked at was in the USA, and there was a big difference between this one and the pictures in Uzbekistan. I thought that it must be really hard for them to live like that, but then I thought again, that is all they know, but I think they would find it easier to come to England or the USA, than we would to move to Uzbekistan. We wouldn't be able to live there for a week.

Now I'll go on to the picture showing what the Americans

owned. To make it easier I'll list them:

- five bookshelves full of books
- a double fridge
- cooker
- washing machine
- tumble dryer
- two different climbing frames
- bunk bed, double bed
- computer, printer, fax
- lots of sizes of bikes
- two cars
- a well-lit workshop
- pictures
- sofas
- basketball hoop
- garden things
- loads of kids' toys
- dining room furniture
- two cars
- lamps
- pushchairs
- TV and videos, maybe DVDs
- photo albums

There were even more things in the picture, but I think you get the point.

Some of the things we take for granted are really luxuries. In everyday life you have a routine, you may get home, lay in your comfortable sofa watching "Eastenders", then go and do homework, or revision or just plain old boring work. You may next have dinner, or even go out to a restaurant, or maybe get a 'takeaway' (even better). Children play in their free time but in so many places in the world, in their free time they are preparing meals, sitting at a fire for two hours just boiling the water. All we have to do is go to the supermarket and buy a ready-heated dinner, and put it in the microwave.

So, as you can see, our lives are so much easier than others' in the world. The one thing we can do to help is to raise money so people aren't less fortunate than we are.

OK, I'm now going to tell you what I think is essential for a happy life, but your opinion may be different to mine. I think the first thing for a happy life is your family, because, I wouldn't be where I am without them. My parents have helped me a lot, for example, when I found out I had dyslexia. The next important thing would have to be my friends. I have had, and still have, lots of friends. The next thing I think is important would have to be love! I haven't found it yet but I'm sure I will. There are other things that aren't as important but are nice to have and one is money!

I asked, a few of my friends which they thought was most important - friends, family or money? It was interesting, because they all chose family. After they told me this I realised that if you choose money, money can't buy you true friends and if you don't have anyone to share the money with, what is the point of it?

So there you are, that's what I think is essential and what isn't.

Elizabeth Bodkin, Year 9



Dear Elle Girl

My name is Stephanie Moss, I am 14 years old and attend St Mary's Hall in Kemp Town, Brighton.

Last week, for my English task I was really made to think about different cultures and parts of the world in poverty and I hope that with the help of my article you, too, will stop and think.

Our task was to write down how many things we thought we needed for a comfortable life. You try it, too. I put love, friends, family and food but others wrote computer games and mobile phones, did you get anything else?

After we had finished this, our teacher laid out four pictures, all very different, of four families in different countries. These pictures were taken from the New Internationalist Magazine. We studied one picture for one minute, went back to our place and wrote down as many things as we could remember from the picture. We did this four times, once for each picture.

Each picture was very different. The first picture, A, was of Israel. Four people living in a very poor environment, with only a few essentials such as a car, to travel around in, clothing and a television. I would not like to live like this as they don't have any luxuries that I need in my life.

Picture B was of a big family in Uzbekistan in Russia. These people were very poor. The only thing for them that I would class as a luxury was one single bed, even though there were eight people in this family, the rest probably sleep on the rugs. I think that the family made these rugs and sold them to make their money. They were living in harsh conditions, as it was cold nearly all year round for them, and it wouldn't help them being poor.

As you might have guessed, picture C, the richest family are from the United States. There are four people in their family. We would not class them as rich compared to us, they are just a normal, average family, but if we compared them to the other families, especially family D, they were very rich. If family D came to visit the American family, it would be like they have gone to heaven. They would be so shocked by how much the family have, and would probably never want to go back home to their tiny shack after seeing how the Americans live, and how easy their life must be. Like me, they had a family car, heaps of children's toys, a double bed for the parents and a bed for each of the two children. They had a two-storey house, with proper roofing, and a garage. They had proper cooking essentials such as a cooker, fridge, freezer, and an oven, and they also had a dishwasher and a washing machine, when the other families would probably have to walk to a dirty river to wash their clothes. They had electricity

and running water, which the other families may not have had and they take it for granted, as we all do.

The poorest family was picture D. They lived in India and I felt very sorry for them. There were six of them and they only had very basic food, which was corn and rice. They probably also had a few chickens to eat because it looked as though they lived on a farm. They had one essential, which was a bed and a tiny shack to live in. They had no luxuries like we do, and if one of us was put in their shoes for just a week we would not be able to cope. It would be such a change from our normal daily routine, and what we are used to.

Doing this task made me realise how well-off I am. I take most things for granted, even tiny things like having electricity and running water to drink and wash with.

It makes me feel very selfish because I know that I could be doing things to help these people, we all could, but we don't.

Here are things you could do to help people worse off than yourself: give clothes to Oxfam or other charity shops, give money, or think up ways to raise money for charities.

When we have all these luxuries around us we shouldn't take them for granted. We should take care of them, because there are people who have nothing and to waste these things would be selfish of us. It's like when our parents tell us to eat all of our dinner, because people in other countries would love to have these, but don't. If we all started to appreciate the good things we have in our lives, maybe we will be able to see that there are people who need our help, and we can try to understand how they live without things we all call basics.

Stephanie Moss, Year 9

Who? What? Where? When? How?

"Where's my phone?" "Can I go on the computer?" "Can I have my pocket money." These might be some of the questions you ask daily or weekly. My name is Holly, and I am 14 years old, and I also ask these questions, expecting something on the end of it, whether it is money, or a simple yes. I am also guilty, like most of us, of taking it all for granted. Whether you live in a flat, a house or, even a mansion, you are probably surrounded by material things that you probably do not even notice. Following one English lesson I realised how lucky I was.

Our English teacher floated into the classroom, gave us all a piece of A5 paper and told us to write down what we thought were the essentials for living a good life. I, like my friends sitting next to me, wrote: love, money, friends, food and happiness, other people wrote music, games, television and chocolate.

What do you think is an essential for living a good life? Your mobile, your television, your computer and your money? I would like you to take a few seconds to think of the things you consider essential, and imagine your life without them. No "Eastenders", no quick chats with your friends or checking your e-mail. Well, I have learned over the past few days that some people around the world do not have these privileges, or essentials, as we like to call them.

The *New Internationalist* is the magazine we have been studying in English. It really brought home to all of us just how lucky we are. This magazine tries to promote the real meaning of having nothing. Sometimes you might think or say, 'I have no clothes.' Some people actually don't. The magazine had an article on different people, different countries and possessions. We had very strong feelings about the piece so we decided to write this, in response.

After we had written what we thought was essential for a good life, our teacher held up a poster, which had four photographs on it. The photos were of families across the world, standing outside where they lived with all their worldly possessions.

Picture A was from Israel, the family from that picture seemed to have enough for living a basic life in the western world.

Picture B was from Uzbekistan, the weather in this picture looked cold because there was snow everywhere. There were eight people in this picture, two dogs and 1 single

bed. One bed! There were about 45 rugs. I suppose some of the family slept on some of the rugs and some were traded. Back to my English lesson.

Picture C was from the USA. They had everything you or I have. So much I could not remember everything they had but, more to the point, I don't think they could remember everything they had.

Picture D was from India. The family of six had two beds and lived in what I could only describe as a mud hut. The weather looked unbearably hot, and what has just occurred to me was that when the sun shone on the hut the smell must be unbearable.

Another luxury item we have is running tap water. No matter where you live in the UK you have running water. In most of these third world countries, many of the people do not even have running water in their villages, let alone in their homes! I hope you are good at imagining, because I am going to ask you to do it. Imagine that you had to walk between 10-15 kms a day just to get fresh drinking water.

The essentials that you and I cannot bear to live without are only dreams for people in some parts of the world. Poverty is everywhere, you do not have to go to places like third world countries to find it either, it happens all over the world including the UK and the USA. Our essentials are their privileges.

Next time you go to ask your important questions, just think of the hard graft that someone across the world would have to put in to provide you with your answer.

Holly McGill, Year 9



Photograph copyright: Peter Menzel/Impact Photos
www.menzelphotos.com (the photographer's website)
People and Possessions (the book - published by New Internationalist)



Two Worlds

We have been studying four pictures with families from different cultures. Firstly, the class and I played a memory game. We looked at each picture for about a minute then wrote down everything we could remember about the picture. We then discussed the pictures. I'm going to write to you about each of the pictures and compare the similarities and differences between them. I'm also going to write about injustice – explain why the different cultures are unfair in some ways.

The pictures are set in Israel, Uzbekistan, the USA and India. The picture set in Israel contained a family of four, outside either a one or two-bedroomed flat, with possessions including a television, a washing machine, a fridge, books and a car. By looking at their possessions alone, it looked like they had quite a lot but, comparing it to one of the other pictures, and the stuff I have, they seemed quite poor. The picture set in Uzbekistan also looked quite poor. They had a family of eight, an ox – probably used to pull carts and similar things, a dog, and there were also piles of rugs, which I think they have made in order to sell and trade. The picture of the USA was richer than the previous two, I think, because there was a family of four standing in a big garden, covered with children's toys, a washing machine, a tumble dryer, a big fridge freezer, a computer and many other luxuries. From looking at the other two and this one, this one looked greedy in a way, because they had so much compared to the other two, but this one was probably closest to us. So, without realising it, we have taken lots of stuff for granted, for example, clean water and food. The last picture was situated in India. In this picture there were six family members, a bike – probably their mode of transport to get to places, pots and plates which they use to cook with. There were also a few pictures of gods. Maybe they believed that gods are watching over them and one day they will do something to make their lives better.

There aren't many similarities between the four pictures, they are mainly individual. A similarity that I did notice was that each had a family, which is very important and I think that this is essential for a happier life, which I will explain more about later.

The four pictures were different because they were rich and poor. What I noticed was that the pictures in extreme weather conditions are poorer than the others. In this case, Uzbekistan and India were the poorest two and these were in opposite extreme weather conditions – Uzbekistan being in the snow and India being in the heat. The family in Israel, I think, were the second richest because they could afford a flat and have a few things the poorer would call luxuries. For example, the box of children's toys and the record player. That left the family in America to be the richest. This leads on to the topic of injustice.

Why is the USA richer than India? Why isn't anyone doing anything to help? Well, we can help by giving to charity, donating our unwanted clothes to people and similar things. I don't think it's fair that some countries are richer than others. We take things for granted when there are people wishing that they could have clean tap water.

In the picture of Uzbekistan, the family looked quite happy. This is good because even though they were poor, they looked happy with what they had and had a positive attitude towards things which made them happier. In the picture from the USA, the people looked quite happy, which doesn't surprise me, because if they looked sad then I would think that they were being selfish, but money doesn't always buy you happiness. In the other two pictures, the families didn't really look happy or sad but, if I was them, I would be happier in Israel because the family in India were very poor and I wouldn't think that they would be happy.

Now, as I said earlier, I'm going to explain what I think is essential for a happy life. Firstly, I think that a family is essential for a happy life, closely followed by friends. I think this because without family or friends, you will have no social life and nobody to discuss your problems with. You would probably also feel very small inside and feel as if no-one is there for you. Love is also connected with family and friends, because they should always love each other for the reasons I said above. Secondly, I think that food and drink is essential simply because you cannot live without it. Education is important, I think, because an education is needed to get a job with reasonable pay, which then can buy you food, a house to live in etc. Good health is another important factor, because it's not fun having to keep going in and out of hospital, that is, if you can afford it. If you can't, then people just have to suffer and leave their bodies to fight off the disease.

To conclude this article, I'd like to say that if you are like the American family in the picture, then use lots of opportunities to give away your unwanted goods to charity shops etc., if you want to do your bit to help poorer countries have a happier life.

Jennifer Moreton, Year 9

Monkey in the Stars

One of my Easter holiday tasks for many years has been to visit the famous Theatrical Bookshop in London, Samuel French, and browse through its amazing collection of plays to select one suitable for school. There is a catalogue which sets out the plays in terms of number of characters, female and male, young and old. There is also a brief description specially written to make each play seem attractive. But 'mail order' is notoriously misleading. Plays for young people which sound ideal – large cast, interesting theme, can be disappointing. One in particular promised a large cast, mostly young women, set in Venice in the eighteenth century and involving the composer Vivaldi. My imagination raced to shimmering sets, luxurious costumes, music, and a passionate story of creativity set against prejudice toward women musicians. In reality, there were long and rather stolid speeches with most acting opportunities consisting of walking in procession and miming playing the violin. Ah well, back to the drawing board!

Most of the day had been disappointing when I chanced on an adaptation of Jamila Gavin's children's book 'Monkey in the Stars'. Reading a play is often like going to the theatre – within the first few minutes you know whether something is going to 'click' with you, and whether or not something is special. A more careful reading going back on the train confirmed that feeling and, six months later, watching the performances, I was glad that I had played this particular hunch.

The play follows the experiences of a young Indian girl, Amrita, as she finds out more about one of the principal legends of Hinduism, the story of the God Rama. This epic is called the Ramayana and is a mixture of story and profound religious experience. Amrita is led through the



story by the Monkey God. This wonderful being starts by throwing peanuts at Amrita, and jumps down from her wardrobe. She accepts this, as we do, and he leads her into the ancient world of Gods, demons, monkeys and heroes. Amrita goes back and forth from the world of Gods to her normal life, but finds the Monkey God a constant companion until the celebration of Divali, the festival of light, ends the play.

Here is drama as story-telling. We have to accept the appearance of all sorts of mysterious characters and events, and have that 'willing suspension of disbelief' that theatre depends on. More importantly, like Amrita we learn about culture and belief.

On one level, the show offered all sorts of acting opportunities – from many-headed demons, to heroic Gods and striking animals. There was also the need to research and enter the Hindu world. We

were incredibly fortunate to have the help of pupils and former parents to assist with rehearsals, help with dancing and give us confidence that, in dealing with this religious theme, we were not being disrespectful or impious.

Mrs Majevedia, whose daughters had been at St Mary's Hall, was splendid. She is an accomplished practitioner of Indian dance, and she urged on the girls playing the chorus of monkeys. 'For us these are Gods, you must be like monkeys'. Inhibitions had to go, and the result was a vigorous and committed portrayal of monkey warriors. There was also a moving cameo of a stag, played with utter





grace and conviction, as well as birds and ferocious demons.

What emerged most strongly was a real sense of commitment. Not all teenage girls might have relished being covered with blue make up and asked to play a Hindu God. However, Lottie who played Rama took it in her stride: 'Blue – cool!' I shall remember that. When it came to it, everyone took that attitude – however outrageous the demands for character movement, make up or costume, there was a willingness to get on with the job and lose everyday life. That is the joy, after all, of acting. We were helped by highly effective costumes. Mrs Cryer actually contacted a firm in India who sent the authentic masks and ornaments which gave everyone confidence that they were looking right. Mr Peebles based his highly effective set on original research. For all concerned this was a rewarding learning experience, but really good fun as well.

Teamwork is at the heart of all productions. Once again, as the play went, on the sense of involvement increased from all concerned, including the crew. In thirty years' of directing school plays, I can honestly say that this was one of my most fascinating and profound theatrical experiences. Perhaps I can use this report to thank everyone concerned again.

Now, back to the French's catalogue with its particularly uninspiring yellow cover; back to the crowded bookshop and the hope for a bit more magic.

Mr M. Wells

House Drama Festival

March 2003

The House Drama Festival gives students the chance to choose and direct a short play. The organization of rehearsals, the casting, the setting and the manner of production is their responsibility. This gives an excellent insight into the 'nuts and bolts' of drama. It also gives a chance for many girls to take part in plays. Sometimes the time commitment of major school productions is too much, and House Drama gives a chance to act without the pressures of 'the school play'. Often there is the desire to support the House or the Director. But whatever the motive, the excitement and challenge of appearing before an audience takes over and this year, again, a real sense of teamwork emerged.

The choice of plays was interesting, and audiences and the adjudicator were presented with a fascinating and varied programme.

Adelaide House chose 'a play within a play'. In 'The Farndale Avenue Housing Estates Townswomen's Guild Dramatic Society's Production of Macbeth' by Walter Zerin and David McGillivray, some enthusiastic but not very talented ladies attempt a wildly unsuitable play. Bossed around by the chairwoman, the players face every possible technical difficulty and blunder to glory. The girls had to establish their 'real characters' and then had to act badly deliberately and keep up a good pace in a farcical manner. This was a very demanding play, but was done in an energetic and well focused way and made its points well. It had good teamwork and, in fact, emerged as the winning production.

Babington's 'What Are You Doing Here?' was one of David Campton's clever and accomplished plays which are very suitable for festivals. It was a very good choice. It took a simple idea of passing on anger and frustration, and allowed some sharply characterized and observed scenes. There was effective use of sound, different locations were suggested well, and a friendly and communicative narrator allowed the audience to relax and be taken through the stages of the story. This was an enjoyable piece.

Bristol's 'One of Our Pages is Missing' was a play in a series written by Steve Barlow and Steve Skidmore about boys and girls delivering papers – 'Paper Tigers'. It demanded – and got – very skilled ensemble work. The boys and girls were natural, moved well and listened to each other. Excellent use was made of this year's innovation – the stage being set up 'in the round'. We entered into the world of the youngsters and their 'boss', Mr Ali, and responded to the dramatic points. This was a show that gave real pleasure and was accessible to a school audience.

Chichester's 'Before I'm Dead' was written by a Year 13 student, Joy Flatt, who also directed and acted in it. It is really exciting to have new work. Joy's play relied on creating an atmosphere of mystery and tension. It was genuinely poetic and did not aim to be 'a well-made conventional play', but to intrigue, suggest and disturb by fleeting images and short emotional scenes. It was exciting to be a part of 'the first night' audience. Joy learnt a great deal from the experience of having her work performed, and we hope that she will go on writing. The cast gave Joy their all and responded to the highly-charged atmosphere of the piece, as indeed, did the audiences.

Our adjudicator this year was Miss Judi Campbell. An actress and director herself she was a sympathetic, but acute judge. But, loving all aspects of drama, she aimed to encourage not to find fault. We enjoyed her adjudication and hope that girls will continue to want to participate to make this festival a success. Thanks to all who took part in the 2003 plays. Good luck to everyone in 2004.

Michael Wells (*Head of Extra-Curricular Drama*)

Poems

Spring Poems by Year 7

IMAGINE

Daffodils swaying
in the breeze.
Softly brushing
against my bare feet.
Streams come to life,
leaves heavy with dew.
Old couples sitting,
watching children play.
Freshly cut grass,
newly baked bread.
Clouds making shapes,
White candy floss.
At last,
In May,
Spring is tired and old,
Her sun sets pink, orange and yellow.
Along comes Summer
With her crown of gold.

Vivian Lord

DANCING DAFFODILS

When I think of Spring
All different pictures come to mind
Like golden daffodils
Shining in the sun.

As I look towards the field
Thousands I saw at a glance
Tossing their heads like a dance.

Next year when I think of Spring
A fear comes to mind
Daffodils might not be there
Dancing in the air.

Francesca Baxter

SPRING POEM

When I think of Spring,
I think of rabbits, lambs,
Yellow daffodils,
Being planted in the grass,
Bluebells coming, blue skies appear,
Little chicks being born every year,
Leaves crackling under feet through the woods,
Water glistening from the waterfalls,
The sun is shining
The rainbow appears,
And the young run around,
It's Spring.

Rebecca Lavies

SPRING IS . . .

Freshly cut grass, glistening green,
Memories of past years,
Rolling in the countryside, gazing at the crystal clouds,
Seeing lots of different shapes and sights.

Forced outside by the smiley sun,
Running by the river, with my brothers,
Bubbles full of fun, popped one by one,
When the sun goes back to sleep.

Rosina Campbell

SPRING IS HERE!

Spring is that time of year,
New animals born every day,
Lambs, bunnies and baby deer,
Prancing through the month of May.
As they run,
Flowers bloom,
Spreading blossom,
Chasing gloom,
Then at last,
Spring's job's complete,
She settles down,
Winter admits defeat.

Sabine van der Sande

Year 7

BIOLOGY POEMS

The Flamingo stands tall and straight
with one leg in the air
its bright feathers light up the dark miserable day
and its shining eyes glisten in the black night.

The Dolphin's sleek body springs into the air
its unique fins waving backwards and forwards
then it suddenly turns and hits the water on its back
the splash soaring up to the sky.

The Cactus looks stern and fierce
it marks its territory with its sharp prickles
its tall stem soars up to the sky
and glares at the world at a new height.

The Rose's elegant petals circle the top of its stem
but its prickles give it a dangerous look
it stands there showing off its magnificent
scent and attracts all of the bees.

Jessica Taylor, Year 7

My inches of snow-white fur keep me warm.
I eat meat, mostly seals.
I sleep on the ice – snug and warm.
Guess who I am? A polar bear.

I eat flies for breakfast, lunch and dinner.
My prey doesn't notice I'm there.
They land on me and then snap.
Guess what I am? A fly catcher.

I stand on two legs, I have two hands.
My species rules the earth.
We buy food from the supermarket
Guess what I am? A human.

I photosynthesise to get my food.
I come in many colours red, white, orange.
People pick me for decoration.
Guess what I am? A rose.

Gemma Tomlinson, Year 7

The lion is the king of the jungle,
he prowls through the bushes.
He pounces on his prey
No-one dare stand in the way of the predator.
The Leo roars at anyone on his territory.
His bellow echoes across the jungle.

The puppy and his cuddly fur.
He's cute and playful.
He is a loyal man's best friend.
He uses his bark to protect his owner.

The delicate petals of the chrysanthemums
and their long stems.
The bright big blooms.
The beautiful colours and furry leaves.

The elegant looks of the pussy-willow
and its furry and silky soft leaves.
The pretty stems,
Limited, as it only comes out in Spring.

Sido Williams, Year 7

BIOLOGY HOMEWORK

The giraffe reaches for the lush vegetation at the top of the tall tree. Afterwards it is thirsty and bends its neck down to the cooling gentle-flowing river. Its spotted, strong body is very well camouflaged against the savannah plains. Even though the giraffe's legs look weak and thin, it still can notice the predator and gallop away.

The snowdrop heralds the start of spring. It is a extremely delicate flower, with its cupped, white petals it stands innocent and beautiful.

The crocodile with its strong jaw, and sharp, claw-like teeth. It lurks in the murky river water waiting for a crowd of wildebeests to cross the river. It keeps low, then as they charge across the river, it pounces killing the young and vulnerable.

The water-lily floats on top of the undisturbed pond. Its green, light leaves and pink, blossomed flower sit in the middle of the pond displaying the gentleness.

Ruth Griffiths, Year 7

MY EXPERIENCE WITH ANIMALS

Waving green and lanky I am ripped from my roots, plucked clean off the ground by a sweaty nose. I am crushed beneath the weight and I start to feel wrinkly lips and gusts of wind from those big ears.

I found myself in China, in the sweltering hot jungle, where the great black and white pandas roam, crashing through the Bamboo.

I am now a thick straw chiming against the wind, reaching up to the sun.

May Turner, Year 7

Lion

Lion has a long long brown soft tail.
It has light brown hair, too.
It uses four legs to find animals.
And it uses its strong teeth to eat.

Rabbit

It has got a short thin tail to jump, jump, jump.
Its black whiskers are very useful to smell.
The white fur is easy to be a dirty rabbit.
Its long ears listen for some secrets.

Lily

Lily has a green long stalk.
Lily's white petal makes so many insets.
The yellow stamen has pretty smell.
It hasn't got any leaves around it.

Daisy

The short stalks are very thick.
There are short, thin leaves around the daisy.
Daisy has beautiful colour of petal.
Sometimes, there is a pretty smell from daisy.

Pinkie Lau, Year 7

AUTUMN IS HERE

Autumn is that time of year,
When we know Winter is near.
The harvest is beginning,
but the birds stop singing.
Autumn is here.

Leaves are falling,
the wind is calling.
The rain is pouring,
the thunder clouds roaring.
Autumn is here.

Children playing in the park,
all the dogs begin to bark.
Autumn is here! Autumn is here!
But it will come and go!

Sophie Bowles, Year 7

Year 8

SURREALISM

Surrealism.

Unusual.

Right or wrong.

Read or mind's eye.

Either dark or bright.

Amazingly analysing each little bit.

Look carefully see things you have never seen before.

In your own way in your own time.

Seriously dream-like pictures.

Most of your darkest dreams and fears are found.

Sophie Leak, Year 8

THE WHITE WASTE LAND

Over the icy wastes of the snow you can see for miles as the sun never sets.

Around the edges of the ice glaciers you can spot the whales spouting their fountains into the mirror-like sea.

On the ice the grey seals play, and the young huddled together to keep themselves warm. Also to be seen are penguins all dressed up in black and white, in rows like soldiers.

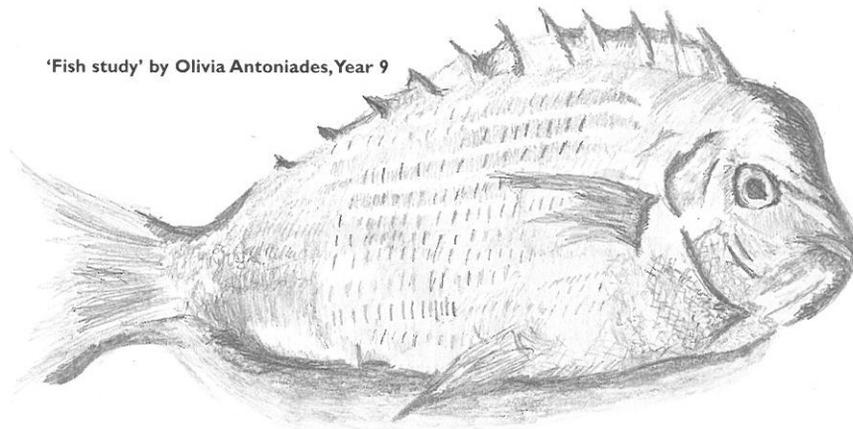
As we wander across the snow the ice crackles beneath our feet. We spot holes in the ice as the seals pop up to breathe.

All you can hear is the wind that blows its chilling gusts over broken rocks in a never ending rush.

Every so often you can hear the crash of the ice on water as the edge of the glacier falls into the sea.

Abbey Gibbons, Year 8

'Fish study' by Olivia Antoniadis, Year 9



Animals live here.
Nature is all around.
Temperature is below 0°C.
A whale is always found in the sea.
Remote, there are only animals.
Cold weather all year round.
The time difference and the daylight.
Ice-sheet everywhere.
Chile is very close to Antarctica.
Antarctica is an unique place!

Elizabeth Bodkin, Year 9

Animals live in cold Antarctica conditions.
No permanent human residents.
Temperature below 0°C.
Always in daylight.
Remote – nothing much there.
Cold and chilly weather all year round.
Time frozen still.
Ice-sheet.
Common animals are penguins and seals.
A crackle of ice and then a glistening shine.

Emma Frew, Year 9

A very unique sort of continent.
Never belonged to anyone but animals.
That would never be hot in Summer,
Always covered with huge blocks of ice all year.
Remembering what will happen in the future,
Cracking away as the ice melts.
This wilderness sort of place,
Isolated in the South Pole of the earth.
Cold and bitter as the temperature drops,
And this adds up to a beautiful view of Antarctica!

Carol Pau, Year 9

A grey, white and black background,
Natural wildlife
The secret ice place
Absolute isolation
Rural and undiscovered
Crueled coldness
Totally remote
Ice covered
Continent of deserted wilderness
An ice-world.

Natalie Audley, Year 9

Year 9

Grey ice and more everlasting ice fill this unique land.
It is free of humans and full of nature.
The cool breeze and animals fill the air instead of noisy human voices polluting it.
It is basically the last bit of land in the world that hasn't been affected by us.
Let the animals live there peacefully without us wrecking their home.
Leave the place barely touched so that the following generations can see the pure beauty of the world without buildings and factories covering it up.

Chloe Hutton, Year 9

PENGUIN, DESERTED AND ALONE.

Starved of food and crowded lands
For months without light,
Sitting, just waiting for light.
24 hour dark, dark and silent.
Afraid of death,
Of sea lions eating, biting
dying, silent dying.
Reduce the population of penguin.
Cold, freezing conditions.
A bleak outlook.
Soon without animals.
Antarctica the land of calm.
Nearly the country of still.

Emma Leigh, Year 9

ANTARCTICA

Antarctica's a continent,
The coldest place we know.
It's covered by an ice cap,
That's made of ice and snow.

The animals that live here,
The whales and penguins too,
Enjoy those freezing temperatures,
Too cold for me and you!

Penguins are called 'flightless birds'
Which means that they can't fly.
Their 'wings' are used for swimming,
Not soaring in the sky.

Seals and whales and dolphins,
All live here in the sea.
Many kinds of birds are here,
They dive for food, you see.

So, in that cold Antarctic,
With all that ice and snow,
We could never live down here,
Where freezing, cold winds blow!

Nadia Leach, Year 9

THE ANGEL OF THE NORTH

(in response to Antony Gormley's work)

His perspiring breath condensed on the window pane
As he sat in mesmeration gazing out
Onto the Angel of the North
His energy seemed to be penetrating
From his fingers smearing shapes and lines
Across the frost-bitten glass

Copper and zinc lines streamed down from each exasperating
wing

A strength in hand no-one had felt but only knew was there
Its eyes shut not for even a moment in time
Men had only feared what they did not know
For no-one was man enough to find out

His life was merely a shade of pink, it lacked but one thing ...

LIFE

Time missed a tick
Breathing missed a breath
Life missing living
The cure for this fatal disorder
Lay in the hidden depths
Of the Angel's monstrosities

The same question resounded in my head
Why?
How?
What?
The unexplanatory questions he longed to assemble
From the Angel of the North

He wandered through the deserted streets with no answer to
life

What he was about to bring to this world
Would change the course of living and thinking
From strength to strength

He branded his way
Through the limp trees
To the sun-burnt plain

No birds dare sit in the Angel's view
In precaution that the eyes will blow
A lightning-fast-strike
To anyone who enters the no-man's land
Creeping through the insipid grass
He made his way to the Angel's foot

The foot had inscribed on it
A chant?
A spell?
A prayer?
He read out the indolent words
That slurred into every seeping crack
Of the Angel's foot
The indomitable Angel seemed now not so harsh

The words he read were the words of the redundancy of the
Angel's career

The life lived in vain was now lived to the max
With lights and celebrations
Streets filled with anticipation
Of his return from his envious journey

Time was ticking
The lost breath was breathed
LIFE was now worth living

Chloe Farkas, Year 9

POEMS

poems are soft
poems are funny
poems are very colourful
poems are very old and new.

Earth

the earth is round
the earth is big
the earth is an important place in life.

Fire

fire is bright
fire is hot
fire is a dangerous thing.

Schools

schools are fun
schools are the place to learn
schools will teach you a lot in the time to come.

Teachers

teachers are fun
teachers are bossy
teachers like to punish children.

Kirsty Annets-Gledhill, Year 9

THE GARDEN

Go out into the garden.
The flowers bloom there,
The trees grow tall,
and the squirrel seems small.

Go out into the garden.
Where the cats and dogs play,
and the sun fades away,
into the darkness of the day.

Go out into the garden.
The bees will hum,
and the flowers burst out,
into magical colours.

Go out into the garden.
It's just a walk away,
even if it's raining,
and even if it's grey.

Olivia Antoniadis, Year 9