

Environmental Issues

On the day you read this article over 1,000 dolphins, porpoises and small whales will be slaughtered!

The legacy of the 20th century will include a damning record of extermination of the world's dolphins, porpoises and whales, unless we act now to ensure their survival.

In over three years over 70% of one species - the Dall's porpoise - have been killed off the coast of Japan. Between 1979-89 21,000 Pilot whales and dolphins were killed in the Faroe Islands. Modern fishing techniques, such as driftnets - the so-called "walls of death" - are wiping out whole populations.

Hundreds of thousands are killed in this way every year and other threats, such as pollution, may cause more deaths.

Did you know that up to four birds die for every one that reaches the pet shop? The volume of trade is unmonitored in many parts of the world. Terrible suffering and cruelty is inflicted on the birds leading to high mortality rates and serious conservation problems. The trade in endangered species is also out of control. Almost one-third of all parrot species are threatened, and 77 are in grave danger of total extinction.

Between 1979-89 100,000 elephants were slaughtered every year in Africa but there is now mounting political pressure to overturn the ban and pressure from traders to re-open the trade. Botswana and Zimbabwe have announced their intention to kill thousands of elephants. In Japan, millions of pounds worth of ivory seals have been seized as they are smuggled into the country. Several southern African countries all maintain reservations to the ban and insist that they be allowed to trade their ivory

All this cruelty is unfair and unnecessary. We must work as a community to stop this cruelty which is harming our beautiful wildlife. We hope to be able to

have an environmental issues board in the school. Please support us in this, because it is important and the wildlife needs us, NOW!

Ayesha Gilani, Emma Stagg, IVP

Paradise not Pollution

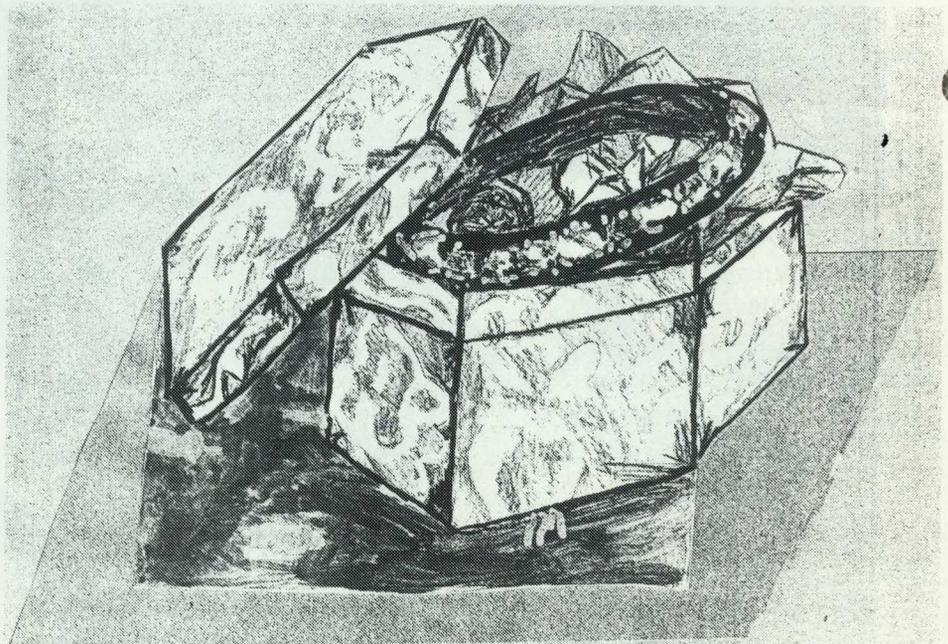
I'm standing by a lake right now, a shimmering, shiny, silver lake with beautiful white, snow-white swans swimming by. The water is crystal clear, good enough to drink, not slimy like other lakes nor greenish brownish colour.

The banks of the lake are covered with pansies, poppies and daisies, a colourful combination. And the grass is a fresh green with the cows grazing, munching the flowers. Buzzing, busy bees hum by, stopping to climb inside and out of the flowers.

I adore picnics by a lake, with all the sandwiches, cakes, drinks, just as it used to be when I was a little, little girl. Also, when I was little, I can remember climbing trees. The trees here look very healthy and not like some other places. You can see the birds rushing by, nesting in the trees and from my point of view, trying to win a medal by bumping into everything they see, or just showing off, fluttering, flying around, but I like the tweet, tweet song that makes one fall asleep in a deep, deep, sleep.....

Jennifer Lumb, Li

Emma John, 1K



Ideca

The country of Ideca was calm and peaceful with quiet streams and deciduous woods. Gandalf had been walking for days, but he could see no road nor signpost in front of him.

He had been informed, by a passing elf, that after twenty years of travelling he would confront a great waterfall. It was there that he was to find his destiny.

His destiny had bothered Gandalf all his life. Why was he here? He had no friend who could inform him; he had no family, not even a distant cousin.

As Gandalf wandered, avoiding the mysterious holes that kept on appearing before him, he came across a huge pinnacle that rose too high to be able to see the top. It seemed to be made of a crumbly, rocky substance which was soft to touch. Gandalf circled the illogical pillar, surprised because he had not noticed it before. He had not seen the pillar from far away, yet it was so tall and so dignified.

The elf had not told him of any pillar. Was he on the right path? Was he on any path? It was doubtful: the grass he trod was fresh and untouched.

Suddenly a howling wind that pierced the ears circled the pillar, descending from higher up in the sky. It was quite visible as it was like a purple gas and as it crashed to the ground it liquefied and bubbled; with a sizzle it had vanished.

Everything was quiet again as he entered the wood. The light shifted through the trees, falling on the over-grown speedwell, like jewels sparkling on a crown. It was so magnificent that Gandalf was breathless and stunned.

As he gazed, a beautiful girl appeared before him, dancing and singing. She was dressed in a long, flowing, blue dress. She was centred in a clearing and had an expression of sheer happiness and delight.

Gandalf blinked and she had gone. He could still hear the singing and the music though.

Entranced as he was, he fell asleep, a sleep filled with dancing and happiness.

He woke to screams of torture, and everything about him was dark and spinning around. He tried to get up, but with no success; he was tied down.

The wood was chanting, "You have seen the girl; you have heard the girl; now you must pay." Gandalf was held down by roots, roots that had grown when he had fallen asleep.

"I saw nothing; I heard nothing," Gandalf cried, in doubt that the trees would believe him, but the spinning ceased and the screaming ceased. The roots broke and the dark wood became light again.

Gandalf could only hear a distant voice whispering, "Thank you, you have broken the curse, thank you." The voice died away and Gandalf sat down on the leafy floor and pondered. He pondered for five hours before he gave up and continued his journey.

Gandalf was used to many strange events happening: stones falling from the sky, books exploding after being looked at, but never had he broken a spell for the good of someone else. He felt proud and triumphant.

Now, on the horizon he saw a cliff - a drop higher and steeper than any he had seen before. Far below there were more green hills, more trees, but also more civilisation.

There was only a winding path as narrow as the width of his foot to reach this landscape. He felt solitary and confined; his determination rose within him and he carefully made his way down, hugging the cliff face. All that was in his mind was the huge waterfall; a haven and a place of rest.

He stepped on to the springy turf and looked about him. Here was a brook with leaping fish dressed in red and blue feathers with long fins and tails. They were spectacular but they were not the goal he had in mind. He crossed the footbridge and stepped onto

the bare rock path, advancing towards the cottage, with a timber wall and a turf roof.

Inside the cottage Gandalf saw a note. It read: "So you are here at last, Gandalf; at the next ravine you will find your destiny, as well as who you are."

Gandalf's heart soared. He was near, very near; he could almost hear the rush of water, so close to his heart.

Up the next flight of stone steps, wider this time, but more treacherous, easier to fall from than the cliff and Gandalf was feeling careless. He checked himself and continued past fires which lit up the now dusky sky; spears fell from the sky like stars, like deadly stars.

He passed tiny hamlets and villages with no more than ten houses per group.

The next ravine was in sight; he was running to the edge. As he reached the edge he noticed the ground was crumbly and insecure. There were no steps, just a rope tied to a small shrub about as high as Gandalf's waist.

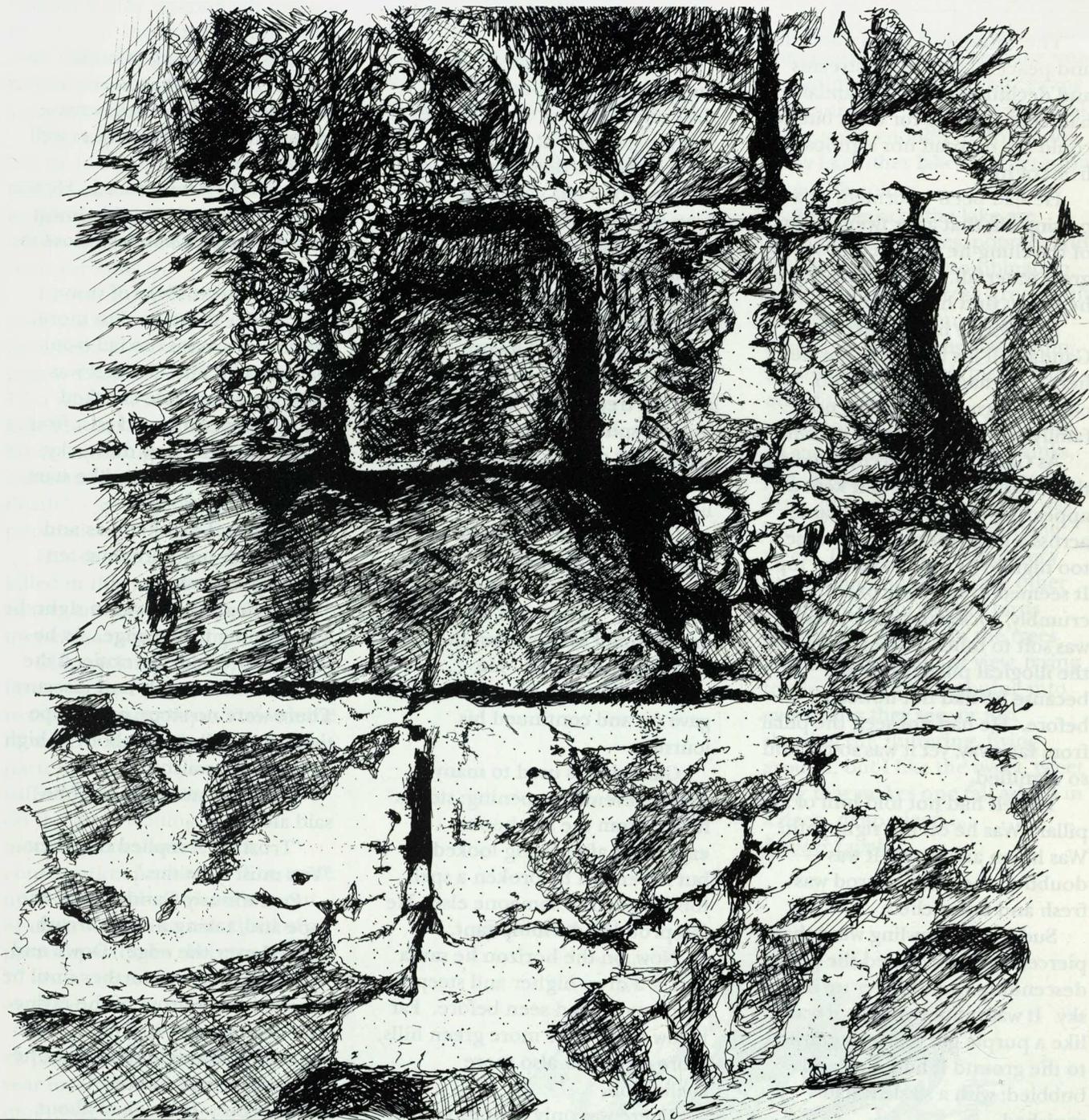
"That will not hold me," he said aloud.

"Trust me," replied the plant. "You must trust me."

Precariously Gandalf took the rope and, taking a deep breath, slipped over the edge. Down and down, further and further until he touched the bottom of the ravine. The brown water soaked through his leather shoes immediately; he knew the way would be treacherous. He looked about him and saw black stones four feet apart. It was hopeless, but he could still hear the rushing water on the shingle that he had imagined, after he had read the note.

For some strange reason he risked his life and jumped to the next stone. He should not have made it but, somehow, he did; he flew from one to another as if a new life had entered his spirit.

He had made it, despite the goblins with their sticks and the daglalites armed with many stones; these were creatures of the devil, creatures to avoid.



Georgia Trott, UVI

He entered a dark wood with low hanging branches. Butterflies swarmed around him, leading the way.

An amazing light filled the trees. The thunder of water was near now; he could feel it; he could sense it.

He stepped into a clearing and there was the magnificent waterfall. Tears sprang to Gandalf's eyes but he brushed them away quickly for the scene was being ruined. All creatures he

had ever seen, and many more, surrounded the water, dancing.

The water glistened and shone. The noise was deafening but the creatures were not disturbed.

In the midst of the group was the girl dressed in blue; just as happy, just as beautiful. Her eyes were loving and Gandalf instantly recognised her.

"Gandalf," she called, "Gandalf, I have a message for you, from the kingdom of Ideca."

Gandalf knelt beside her but

instead of speaking she raised him and she herself knelt. With so much grace she recited the well-rehearsed message.

"You are the greatest wizard in the world, the oldest and wisest man alive; you are our long-awaited ruler of Ideca; you are our king and shall be for many more years to come."

Then there was more singing and dancing; Gandalf was the happiest man alive.

Isabel Walker, IVY

A Distant Group of Trees

I was in the remote countryside.

The simplicity of the landscape
was ominous.

In the far distance I could see a
small shape which looked like a
cluster of trees.

A cloud in the sky made a shadow
like a hand which crept over the
sun.

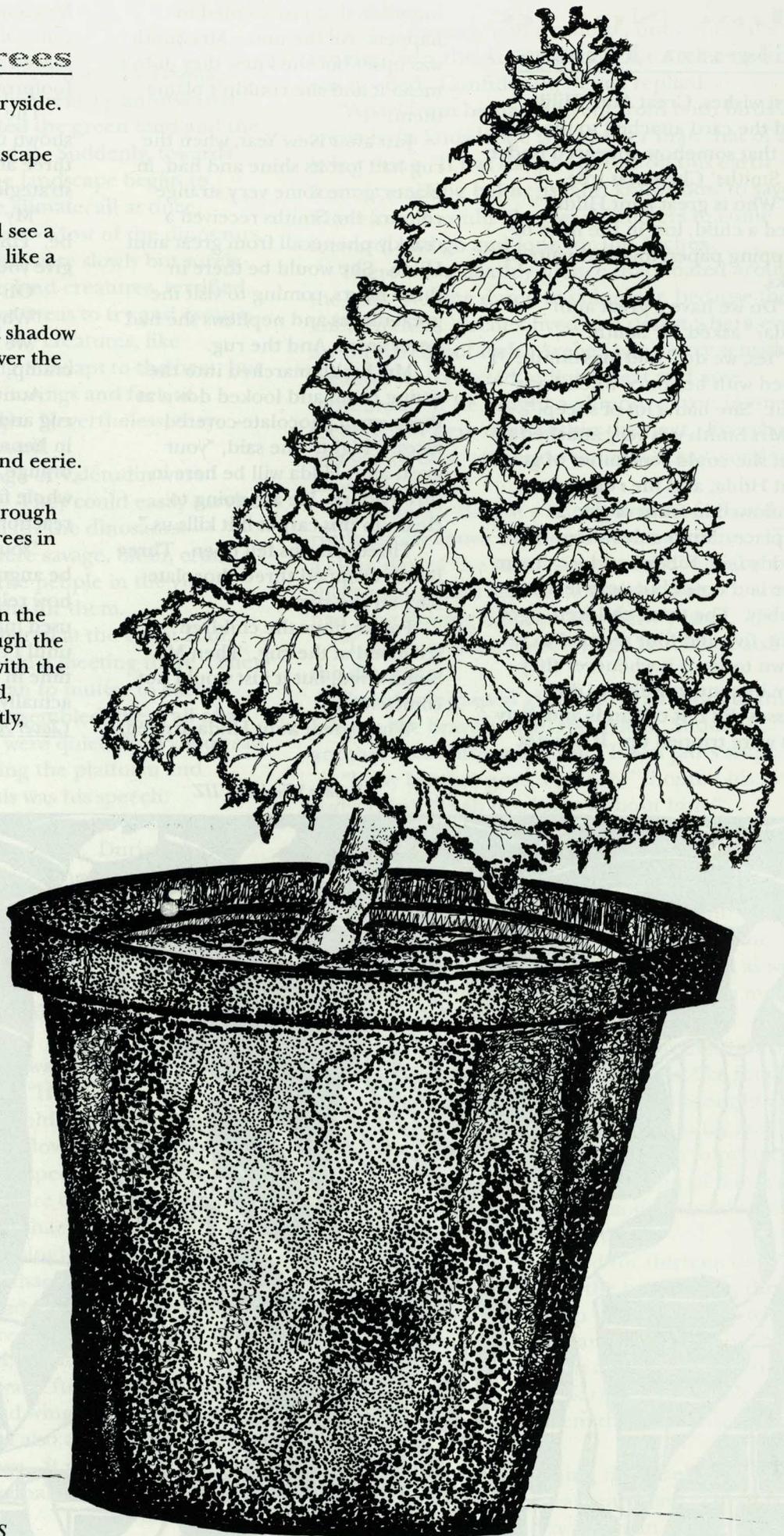
For a few minutes my
surroundings were dark and eerie.

The sun pushed its way through
and I could now see the trees in
greater detail.

I could hear whispers from the
weeping willow, and through the
leaves I could see a lake, with the
stillness of a sleeping child,
breathing softly, softly, softly,

SSHH, SSHH, SSHH.

Naomi Usher, III



How Not to Clean Rugs

"Best wishes, Great Aunt Hilda," read the card attached to the large rug that somehow appeared under the Smiths' Christmas tree.

"Who is great aunt Hilda?" asked a child, lost in the mass of wrapping paper, toys and pairs of socks.

"Do we have a great aunt Hilda?" asked Mr Smith.

"Yes, we do," said Mrs Smith. "I stayed with her once when I was eight. She had a lot of sheep."

Mrs Smith was very attached to what she could remember of great aunt Hilda, and the rug was positioned in front of the fireplace. Strict rules about muddy feet, Ribena and ice cream were laid down but were less easy to obey. The three children, aged eight, five and four seemed to be drawn towards it whenever they were in contact with any dirt. Glasses slid out of hands and dirty feet were tripped up. It was not

intentional; it just seemed to happen. All the time. Mrs Smith was upset but she knew they didn't mean it and she couldn't blame them.

Just after New Year, when the rug had lost its shine and had, in places, gone some very strange colours, the Smiths received a crackly phonecall from great aunt Hilda. She would be there in three hours, coming to visit the great-nieces and nephews she had never seen. And the rug.

Mrs Smith marched into the sitting room and looked down at three small chocolate-covered faces. "Right," she said, "your great aunt Hilda will be here in three hours. We are going to clean up this carpet if it kills us."

Three mouths fell open. Three hands dropped three chocolate bars on the rug.

For an hour the children scrubbed at the rug. Then Mr Smith tried, but it just would not come clean.

When great aunt Hilda arrived,

Mrs Smith had her plan all worked out. On every major stain she had placed a child. It seemed foolproof.

The doorbell rang. Hilda was shown into the sitting room where three angelic children were strategically placed on the rug.

"My back's not what it used to be," Hilda said, "come here and give your auntie Hilda a hug."

"Oh no, we can't."

"Why not, chicken?"

"We are we've all got cramp."

Aunt Hilda waddled over to the rug and swept up the nearest child in her arms. A large patch of orange squash was revealed. The whole family waited for her reaction. Then she spoke.

"You didn't really think I would be angry did you? You don't know how relieved I am to see it being used instead of sitting in the attic until I came to stay. For the first time in my life, someone is actually using one of my presents!"
Cllover Arnold, IIIF

Sophie Wimbush, IIZ



Archex

In the days far beyond the Permian and Triassic ages lived dinosaurs like the great Tyrannosaurus Rex; early reptiles inhabited the green land and the whole scenery was wonderful. Suddenly, towards the end of that period, the landscape began to change dramatically. The climate, all at once, began to get unbearably hot. Most of the dinosaurs, like Tyrannosaurus himself, were slowly but surely becoming extinct. All the land creatures, terrified, began running to different areas to try and escape the heat, but they failed. Sky creatures, like Pterodactyls, were learning to adapt to the heat, but occasionally scorched their wings and feet, at landing and flying too high. Nevertheless, they managed to survive quite well.

The people in the village of Valétudin were getting rather concerned. They could easily survive the heat but were worried for the dinosaurs.

Although the dinosaurs were savage, bitter, cruel and liked eating most of the people in the village, they still felt some sympathy for them.

All the Valéts were gathered at the Great Hall, for they had decided to hold a meeting there. They all filled the seats and began to mutter to each other why they had been assembled; then, all of a sudden, all of the people were quiet. Everybody saw a very old man approaching the platform and standing up to speak. This was his speech:

"Hail my people. We are gathered here to assemble on a very serious matter. During these times, we have all noticed a change in the weather and climate. The landscape keeps moving and causing the ground to shake. The days are getting longer. Our friends, and sometimes enemies, the dinosaurs, are running away, trying to hide from the climate and are dying. We have go to help them."

At this point, the silence was broken by the sound of people crying out "Hear, hear," and encouraging whistles. The old man, called Senex, raised his hands to quieten down the audience; then he carried on with his speech:

"There is only one creature capable of helping our friends, and it is the Archaeopetrix."

At this statement, every single person that was in the room gasped. The Archaeopetrix was a very dangerous mammal. It had a beak that was like a modern bird: it was covered in feathers, a pair of wings, and a very long tail; but it had animal features. Inside its beak was a full length of teeth, spread about its jaw. It had wings to fly, with finger-like tips on them. It could also talk like you and me, in the human language. It was considered to be the most dangerous animal that anyone could ever see.

The whole of the audience remained speechless

for approximately half a minute, until one Valét inquired why the Archex (short for Archaeopetrix) was needed. Confidently, Senex replied:

"Apart from being different from both birds and animals, its knowledge is far better than that of any living thing. It has the power to stop this earth from crumbling below us, and knows how to save it. Therefore, I would like two volunteers to come forward, and go and look for the Archex."

There was a deathly silence that floated around the hall. No-one dared to volunteer, because they knew Archex. Archex lived in a desert where even an ant dared not lurk. Archex was a very sensitive creature who reacted to light, heat and any movement. If he caught a glimpse of you in one second, you were dead within the next. Everybody was scared of it, and none thought about coming forward.

The, Senex caught a faint glimpse of a hand rising slowly above the heads of the audience. Then a clear view of the man came to sight. He was a short man (about six feet and eight inches), and he had long flowing hair and was fairly young. He said:

"I, Jair, nominate myself to go to Archex and save the dinosaurs."

Everybody gasped at this; they all thought that Jair was the bravest of all the Valéts. Suddenly, another voice also spoke out. It was Jair's sister.

"If my brother goes, I go too," shouted his twin sister Brin. "I will not leave without him."

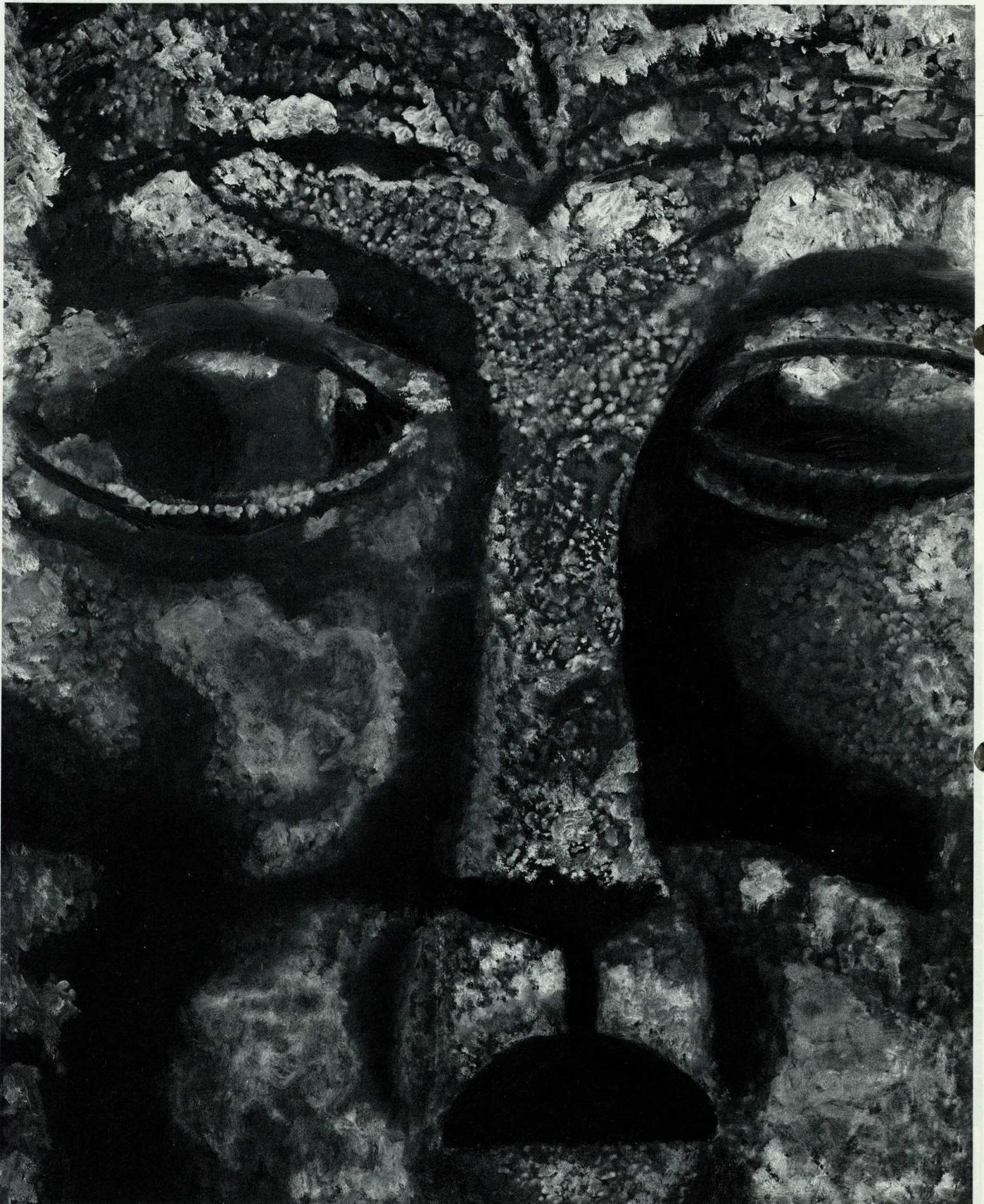
To this Senex replied:

"Very well, you two young ones, go forth and bring us Archex. If you believe you can do it, I believe you too. The shortest route to find Archex is by Eastland, past the Maelmord and into the Desert of the Dead. I bid you farewell, and as we always say, 'fortuna fortibus favet!'" (which means 'fortune favours the brave').

So, the two young people went on their journey. They took with them some provisions, like food, weapons and fresh horses. They also brought along a special box. It was a gift to Archex to try and 'soften him up' a little, and it was also to protect them at all times. If they were in a lot of danger, all they had to do was open it up and it would reveal all its magical powers to protect them.

Brin and Jair had travelled for thirteen days to reach the Eastlands, and at the border-line, they were confronted by a group of thugs. They tried to steal all of their provisions and even the box, but Brin and Jair bravely fought and overpowered them. As they were both skilled warriors they easily overcame whatever problem that had arisen before them.

As they were approaching the Maelmard, they befriended a very great warrior called Garet Jax. He was the most skilled swordsman in all of the four lands and he had decided to help them. This was a



Sarah Nee, VS

very fortunate thing because the Maelmard contained 'Mord Waels'. These creatures were unknown to anybody anywhere. They wore black cloaks and long pointy hoods attached to them. If they touched anybody, that person would instantly come to their death.

Neither the Mord Waels nor the thugs dissuaded Brin and Jair from their mission. With the help of Garet Jax and the box they could conquer anything. (They only used the box a few times because of desperation).

When they reached the Desert of the Dead, all three of them were very nervous. They knew that Archex would immediately come to them, so they opened the box. Suddenly something very strange began to happen to them; a feeling of euphoria gripped all three as they were swept into the air and were encased in one huge bubble. They could see Archex approaching them at great speed, and they waited until it was at talking distance. Then Jair yelled:

"We come in peace and to give you this box as a present!"

"Why?" Archex inquired.

"Because we need your help," Jair replied. "You have probably noticed that our climate has become incredibly hot. All the dinosaurs are dying and the sky creatures are flying away, but have no place to go. Please will you help us?"

"What can your box do for me?"

"It can protect you and"

"I do not need protection. Everyone and everything fears me already. I want more."

"I have nothing left to give."

"Yes you have."

"What?"

"Your sister. She is your sister, isn't she? She will make a very nice meal for my poor stomach. I cannot eat animals that are already dead. Besides"

"No!" Jair said desperately.

"It's up to you. Your choice," Archex said mockingly.

It was just about to leave when Jair suddenly said:

"You are an animal too, in a weird sort of way.

You still live on land. You have teeth and claws and a tail. That makes you also a dinosaur. All the dinosaurs are becoming extinct and that means you too will die. If you are a bird, you have no place to run to; and if you cannot eat dead things, you will not be able to eat at all, because we will all be dead."

Hearing this, Archex flew into a rage, grabbed the box from Jair's hands, and soared into the sky, heading towards the sun. All at once there was a blinding flash, and everything changed. Not for the worse but for the better. Everything seemed to turn back to normal, and our heroes headed for home.

Doyin Eleso, IVY

The diary of a boy-actor in Elizabethan times

15th June 1595

I am beginning to get very tired now after a day's work and Will has noticed it. He says he will give me lesser parts but I told him No Thankyou! I can cope.

Throughout the morning I was at the Globe and we rehearsed our parts for today's play. I worked with Dick again and he helped me on my moves for the fairy part today in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I have to lead all the other fairies when we come on. Some of the other boys envied me a little for this small part but I don't think there is anything special about the part. There was one last proper rehearsal with everyone, in which Will pointed out our mistakes and we corrected them. This rehearsal finished just in time for lunch.

I went back home at 12.00, had some soup and bread, and then quickly returned back to the Globe. It had been about half past twelve when I arrived there and we had to be there by one o'clock. Our performance started at two o'clock and the weather had seemed to be all right.

By a quarter to two, people had started pouring in and today it looked as if it would be very busy. The play had been a great success and many people enjoyed it. It had lasted for over two hours and we were all shattered at the end. At six o'clock everything was cleared and everyone had gone except us actors. Tomorrow we are touring and we were to go back home, have supper and then return one hour later with extra clothes and some food for the journey. We are going to Arundel. We shall perform *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Will's latest play.

I quickly went back home and there my mother had dinner ready waiting for me. After having a delicious meal, I returned back to the Globe with all that I would need. At half past seven, four horse-drawn carts arrived at the Globe and we loaded our belongings and costumes and then drove off.

Not everyone is going, only twenty-four of us. There are eighteen proper actors and eight boys. We should arrive in Arundel in the morning. There will be many people in the audience, including the Queen! Will wants our performance to be perfect and as we are travelling to Arundel, I'm sure it will be.

Adela Hussain, Ii

A View from the Window

It was a dull, windy day. The sky was a very pale blue colour, almost white, as it usually is on a dull day. The branches of the trees were swaying in the wind. I could see a row of houses, which were all three storey. There was then a row of old Regency houses, with all types of pillars. Corinthian, Ionic, Tuscan, Doric, etc. The houses had balconies. There was another gap between that. It was the sea, which I like looking at.

The road, by the sea was as busy as usual. Lots of traffic - buses, cars, lorries. People were walking down the pavement, near the sea.

The waves were lapping against the pebbly shore fiercely, pushed by the strong wind. The waves had white tips, that meant that the sea was rough. The wind could be heard from inside a house. Not many boats were on the sea as it was so rough. Only a blue ship and two sailing boats, with red and green sails. Birds, mostly seagulls, were pushed by the strong wind or waves. They looked helpless against it. The waves looked as though they were coming further and further in.

Suddenly it started to rain heavily and the rain was beating against the window hard. I no longer looked out at the view and wild waves. I just sat down and happily finished drinking my orange juice.

Arabella Clarke, 11



Memories

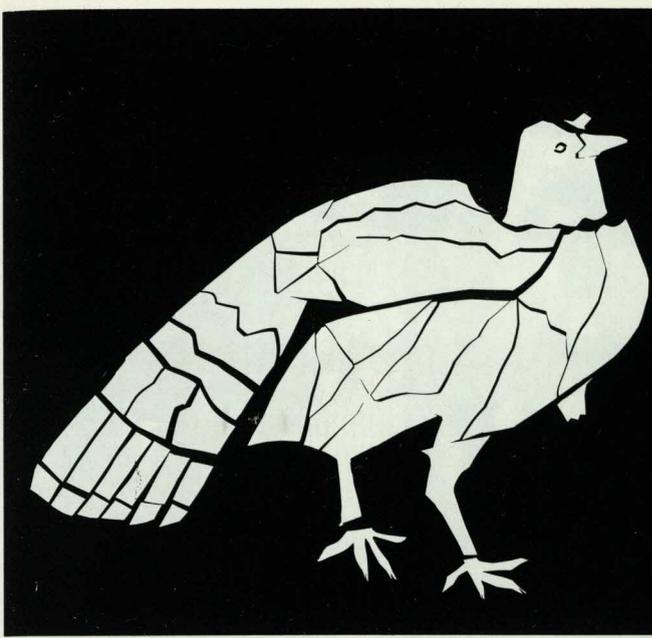
Once upon a time
I was here; walking along this road,
Watching that cloud creep across the hill,
Hearing the gentle lap-lapping of that bay.

Once upon a time
I wondered at those sights;
Watching that quietly changing countryside
And those wild and windswept firs.

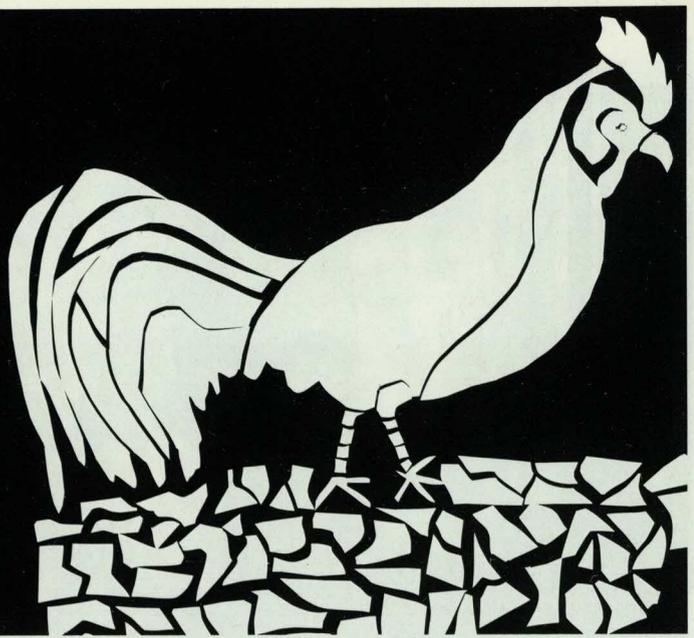
I felt that purple mist surround me,
Heard the wind whip up those waves
To horses, amid the clouds on that sea.
And I shed a tear inside,
For I knew that once I turned away,
This moment in time would be gone -
For ever.

Marie York, IVP

Kimberly Graves, IIG



Fiona McCarthy, IIZ



Caroline Igel, IIZ

Ben

My pet is a dog called Ben but my sister Victoria and I call him Boo Boos. Ben is a golden retriever. Ben has light coloured fur with a black spot on his right side. Ben weighs thirty five kilograms. Ben has brown eyes, a brown nose and ears which hang down each side of his face. When Ben first came to live with us he was six weeks old and his name was Pirate because of his spot. Ben was number six in a litter of seven pups. He has five brothers and one sister. He was born on the 21st August 1991.

Ben's favourite toys are a yellow rubber bone and a blue rubber ring. Katie, my sister, gave Ben one of her old slippers to chew but one day Ben managed to reach Katie's room and he took the other slipper from under her bed. Ben buries a lot of his toys in the garden and never finds them again. When Ben wants to go outside into the garden he sits by the door till someone lets him out and when he wants to come in he paws on the door till someone lets him in.

One of Ben's bad habits is searching through rubbish bags and pinching bits out of them. Also he eats anything that falls on the floor especially paper handkerchiefs. Ben's favourite foods are chicken, ham sandwiches and biscuits. Ben eats anything except his own food.

Ben first slept in a cardboard box inside his plastic bed because he was so small. He cuddled a piece of fur which made him think it was his mother. As he grew he eventually slept in his large bed. He sleeps in the breakfast room next to the kitchen. When Ben hears any noises outside he barks and dashes to the kitchen door to be let outside.

Ben does not like the noise of the Hoover, or when the ironing board is put up. Every time Ben hears them he runs away from them. Ben does like

his 'walkies' so that when we say 'walkies' he starts chasing his tail and going mad. On the way to the place where we are taking Ben he starts making funny noises. We think he says 'Hurry up!' We normally take Ben to the Dyke which is open grassy land.

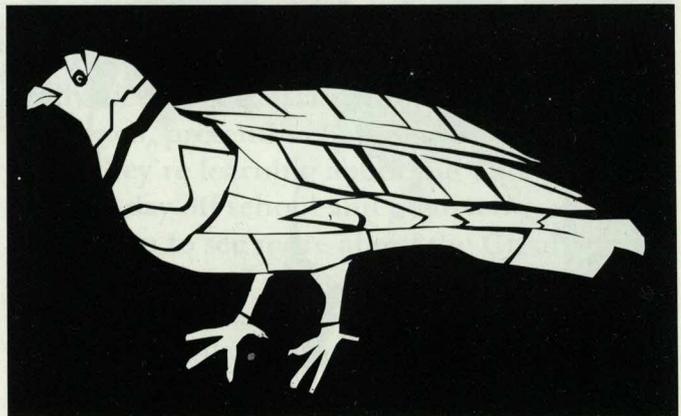
On Ben's first birthday the lady whom we had bought Ben from organised a party walk in Eastbourne. All Ben's brothers and sister were there together with his mother, three of his aunts and his grandmother.

Ben enjoys sitting at the back door with his paws hanging over the edge of the doorway, watching what is going on in the garden. If he sees a magpie or a squirrel he dashes out the door to try to catch them. He used to eat the tulips and pansies in the spring time but fortunately for my mum he has decided not to do that any more. He also used to dig up the flower beds and the lawn but again he has grown out of that.

Ben is a very gentle, friendly dog and would not hurt anyone. Ben likes it when you put your hand in his mouth and he pretends to chew it. We all love our pet Ben very much.

Nicola Walters, IK

Selena Hoskins, IIZ





Has another year really gone by? The staff, children and parents of Gloucester House have been as busy as ever. If we cast our minds back to Summer 1992 we remember our production of *Sleeping Beauty*. One of the many highlights had to be the entrance of the princes, eager to hack down the thorny hedge, swords in hand, astride hobbyhorses, accompanied by the *William Tell Overture*.

Thankfully, all the children still had plenty of energy left to participate with enthusiasm in the Sports Day. The parents excelled themselves in their races and refreshments, supplied by the P.S.A., were well-deserved and gratefully received.

The Summer Term is often popular for educational visits. The PPIs spent a worthwhile day out at Wilderness Wood as part of their topic on conservation and the PPIs had a fascinating time at the Sea Life Centre enjoying the experience of handling some of

the smaller sea-creatures.

At the start of the new academic year we were happy to have Carol Mander joining us to teach Reception alongside Vivien Jewsbury. In October Carolyn Riggs started her maternity leave and she now has a baby girl, Bethany. All our very best wishes go to her family. We were very pleased to welcome Joy Towner to take

GLOUCESTER HOUSE

over at the church and with more four year olds keen to stay all day, we now have Nicky Gibbins teaching at the church in the afternoons. Motherhood began to seem catching when we heard that Gail Page was also expecting a baby, due March 1993; we were sad to see her go, for



the time being, but are very fortunate in having Janet White join our team in her place.

The Nativity Play in St Mark's is always a moving occasion and this year was no exception. A retiring collection raised £110 for the NSPCC.

The year ended with a visit from the Rainbow Theatre Company who performed *Tales of Peter Rabbit*. The company always proves to be a great success and with maximum participation from the children this year's visit was no exception; a very 'real' theatrical experience.

Finally, when reporting on the past year, we usually focus on the 'special events'. This year we thought it would be interesting to ask the children of Gloucester House, from 4-7 years, what they have enjoyed most over the last year. Here are some of their thoughts.

This year we have enjoyed: reading, painting, writing, doing work for the walls, singing, swimming, Sports Day, trips, the train set, cooking, colouring in, dressing up, playing in the house, the computer, sand, number work, spellings, playing on the field, doing grown-up work, looking at books, P.E. and, last but not least, getting blobs (part of our house point system).



And what about Gloucester House? What do you like about it?

It's friendly, cosy and warm; we've got lots of room, lots of friends and everyone is really nice!

Through the eyes of the children it is not just the special events that matter. At the end of another year we should celebrate the fact that the children enjoy coming to school, they are eager to learn and the experiences we can offer are varied from the modest to the grand, but all are important to the children.

S.H.

A hypothetical conversation over tea between Elliott House and his mother

Mrs. House: *Hello, dear. What did you do at school today? Did you like your first day?*

Elliott: Oh yes, Mum. We learned all about Cogibidibinus.

Mrs. House: *Who?*

Elliott: Well, this Roman who built a big house at Fishbourne. Mrs. Bradley's class went to see it, well what's left of it anyway, and they told us all about Cogibidibinus, and how he lived, in assembly today.

Mrs. House: *That's nice, dear.*

Elliott: Yes, and that's not all. We had a mufti day in aid of Guide Dogs for The Blind and we raised 80 pounds. Charlene Evans (she's in Mrs. Lyon's class) wanted to raise some money for the dogs. On mufti days we can wear

anything we want to school for a day and it only costs us 50p.

Mrs. House: *Anything?*

Elliott: Well, no, not quite. I'm sure Mrs.

ELLIOTT HOUSE

Jewsbury wouldn't like it if we wore our birthday suits! But listen, Mum, they do some really nice things. Classes go out to the farm, the beach, pretend to be smugglers and sailors when they're learning about the Tudors, have a whole day off school and go to a big museum in London to see more about the Great Fire and the Plague. I can't wait till I get to do that.

Mrs. House: *What are you doing this term?*

Elliott: Oh well, nothing. I mean, not really. I think Lower Prep are doing the Vikings soon,

so we might go on a day trip to Norway to see Valhalla.

Mrs. House: *Oh that's too far, dear.*

Elliott: Well, Upper Prep went to see Egyptian mummies and Trans went to the British Museum too; they said it was all Greek to them, but I don't really know what they meant.

Mrs. House: *I expect it was a joke, dear.*

Elliott: Eh? Oh, very funny. Well, I wouldn't mind being on the top floor because they do good things like Hyde House and Planet Earth.

Mrs. House: *What's that, love?*

Elliott: Well, Planet Earth, that's us, our planet, isn't it? They are learning about rocks and at this exhibition in Newhaven, there's lots of buttons to press and the model earthquake shakes you about, the pterodactyl roars if you touch her egg and there's this terrific film to watch about volcanoes. You can see lots of rocks and fossils too.

Mrs. House: *What about Hyde House?*

Elliott: It's some kind of big house in Dorset, I think, where you can do all kinds of brilliant things like water skiing, abseiling and climbing, sailing, windsurfing and canoeing. And they've got an assault course where you get SO muddy that you have to spend an hour in the shower and throw your clothes away!

Mrs. House: *Rather that, than bring me your dirty washing. Ugh!*

Elliott: Well, the juniors do lots of unmucky things too. Perhaps you'd rather see me do those.

Mrs. House: *Yes, I think I would.*

Elliott: Well, from what I've heard they do lots of music and some get so good that they take a violin exam, grade I or something. Last year Lower Prep Ones did a play called *No, No, Noah* and they all had to dress up as animals and sing like mad. Lower Prep Twos all dressed as mermaids and sea horses for the *Bells of Lyonesse*. That was really good, because we watched the rehearsal. Upper Preps and Trans did a Chinese musical. It was all in blue and told a story of a plate, on a plate. Do you know what I mean?

Mrs. House: *Do you mean 'The Willow Pattern'?*

Elliott: Yes, that's it. All about a wooden bridge and a willow tree and a man with a whip kept chasing this man and a girl and in the end they changed into birds and flew away.

Mrs. House: *Don't you do a carol service at Christmas as well?*

Elliott: Oh yes, I'm sure we do. Last year they did lots of poems, readings and music as well as singing carols. I like "Away in a Manger" best. At the end they had a collection and the parents gave more than 150 pounds which we gave to children at the Jeanne Saunders centre.

Mrs. House: *Why did you give it to them?*

Elliott: Well, because you give things at Christmas, and these children aren't like me, they have problems.

Mrs. House: *You're a problem sometimes!*

Elliott: No, I mean, they can't help it. Trans did some carol singing at a Christmas Fayre in Brighton in aid of Jeanne Saunders' children.

Mrs. House: *What about the summer? What happens then?*

Elliott: Well, we go on walks a bit. Upper Prep did a village study of Rottingdean last year and Trans walked across the Downs, around the Marina and the Museum. And if that isn't enough exercise, we can do swimming badges too. Will you count for me when I do 1000m?

Mrs. House: *But you've only just passed your 10m!*

Elliott: Yes, I know, but I'm going to go to swimming club next year and then I'll get really good. It's on every Wednesday after school and did you know last year they did a sponsored swim in aid of the dolphins and raised over 1000 pounds.

Mrs. House: *That's very good.*

Elliott: Lunchtimes could be a bit hectic, too. There's choir and orchestra with Mrs. Austin, table tennis too when you get up to Trans. Some of the girls are so good at netball that they are asked by Miss Ford to train with the 1st years in the senior school.

Mrs. House: *Yes, I can see you could be rather busy.*

Elliott: Sometimes people come in and talk to us. Last year they had a beekeeper, a sports editor from a newspaper, a whole company of actors who did some really good bits from plays by Shakespeare, and a lady who brought in a whole load of bits of wood with metal pictures.

Mrs. House: *For brass rubbings?*

Elliott: Yes, that's it. Well they said it was really good fun and they were allowed to keep the pictures at the end.

Mrs. House: *Talking of ends, isn't it about time you stopped rambling and started eating? Your tea must be stone cold!*

D.T.

Upper Prep and Transition from last year went to Hyde House in the summer holiday. We travelled to Hyde House in Dorset by coach. We were all glad when we arrived, we unloaded our bags and were shown to our dormitories on either side of the landing. Inside there were bunk-beds, but instead of two beds high there were three. We were told the rules of Hyde House by our two group leaders, Jim (whom we called Jimbo) and Lisa. My group leader was Jim.

On Monday we all got up early and went down to breakfast. They had miniature Frosties and a cooked breakfast. Most of us chose the cooked breakfast. After that we were to go water skiing by the lake. We had to put wet suits on and take turns wearing it with a partner. I was third in line. When it came to my turn I was scared, we all were. I got in the water and held on to the bar, they gave us purple skis to wear. Then the boat started, I held on tight but ten seconds later I fell off. Everyone did!

After two goes on the bar, we were allowed to either go on the rope or the doughnut. I chose the rope. I made it. I was proud and happy.

Below and inset: Before and after the assault course.



In the afternoon we went to a field to do archery. Everyone hit the board but not the target, and it began to rain. Just as evening began we went orienteering. You had to look for squares, half red half white, but in triangles and my group didn't have much luck.

Danielle Fraser, Transition

EXTRACTS FROM DIARIES WRITTEN AT HYDE HOUSE

On Wednesday we went abseiling. We drove through Dorset in mini-buses. When they were parked, we still had quite a long walk to Dancing Ledges, where we were to abseil. We took our lunches in rucksacks, for we would be staying into

On Thursday we went to Fishbourne Roman Palace for the day. We saw some mosaic floors that were very interesting and then we went to see the Roman gardens and there was a pool. Then we went in the museum and we saw this helmet that had fallen into the sea and we saw this boy's head and we saw a plan of the Roman Palace. We also saw this skeleton in its case. Then we had lunch and then we watched a film. It was called 'Voices of Fishbourne'. There was a soldier who lost his helmet in the sea and this little girl who lost a ring and they could not find it. There was a great fire that destroyed the palace. I think that the Saxons started the fire. A lady talked about the palace. Then we went to the shop and came back to school.

Laura Gibbons, LPIV



Lower Prep on a Science Field Day

Coombe Farm Dairy

On Wednesday we went to a farm and a farmer called Mr Carr showed us round. First we went to the barn it was really smelly and one of the cows went to the toilet. After that we went to see the calves and I will tell you something really sad that the calf only stays with its mother for one day. The little calves were asleep but the slightly bigger ones were awake. The one at the end of the little house licks you and it licked me. Then we went to see the bottles and machinery. I asked a question I said what's that thing doing there and Mrs Carr said it is pushing the lids on and making them tighten. While we are talking about milk I will tell you about the cows getting milked and other things like that. The cows are milked three times a day. You get 50 pints per cow. The babies have two weeks of mother's milk. They have five weeks of dried milk then they have solid food. Then we went in the freezing cold freezer that had all the milk in.

We went back to the barn, this time we could actually stroke them. It was very funny because one of the cows went to the toilet then stepped in it. As we went out a cow was in our way but it did move. As our boots were so dirty we went

to wash them.

I just have two more things to say that there were two dogs one called Rosy and the other called Pippa and something I should have said through the story that the bulls have a ring round their nose so when they take him anywhere the rope will go through the ring and if the bull pulls at it, it will hurt him. I think the best part of the trip was the little calf that licked me. I did enjoy my trip.

Kate Smith, LPIP

Lower Prep at Coombe Farm

