

BAYS day trip to the Science Museum

March 1999

It was an early start for a Saturday – well it was for me anyway! A group of us, and a few teachers, were visiting London, where BAYS (British Association of Young Scientists) put on exhibitions at several places, which we visited, as well as visiting the Science Museum.

It was a sunny morning as we all got on the coach at nine o'clock and we set off for London. Our first stop was at a balloon stand where we attached cards, with our names and addresses on, to balloons. We watched the balloons floating into a big net, which was to be released later that same day in a huge balloon race. I still wonder where mine ended up!

Our next stop was a massive tent, inside which were many stalls, where we entered competitions and were allowed to have a go at all sorts of things and even make badges. After we had seen everything to be seen in the tent, we stumbled out with many bags which seemed to materialise while we were in the tent. Everywhere we went, we were given yet another bag full of goodies (rulers, leaflets, badges, etc).

We then briefly looked in a small room with many different activities – computers, bridge making and watch testing. As the computers were full and we were due to make bridges later, we just had time to have our watches tested. By this time many of us were very hungry, so we left to try and find a place to eat lunch in the rather large crowd, out in the sunshine. On the way, we came across a stand with some rather peculiar creatures including an extremely ugly looking, slimy millipede! None of us could believe it when Mrs Lewis actually picked it up and held it! Yuck!

The next place that we went to was the Science Museum. We spent a little time looking in the Space section which was very interesting. We then went on the simulator, where we were tossed and turned until we felt extremely sick. We didn't spend much time in here, but we then headed for a show that we were scheduled to see. It was about the history of flight. As it happened, nothing could have flown us out quick enough! The show we were watching was actually designed for seven year olds – we had gone to the wrong

show! Oh no! But not to worry – many of us had Wordsearches, Game Boys, personal stereos and other activities with us to keep us occupied for a little while, before we decided that we couldn't sit through any more so, one by one, we discreetly walked out of the room as quietly as we could. Phew!

After a quick look around the shop, we moved on to bridge-making. This was tremendous fun and everybody enjoyed it. We had the task of building a bridge, using only sticks, string and elastic bands. It had to stand up leaning on two tables. You might think this sounds easy but one problem was that it had to carry a brick! It turned out to be very challenging and few of us were successful but, at least we all tried.

Then it was back on the coach and home to St Mary's Hall. All in all, I think the day was brilliant and I am sure everyone else would agree!

Christina Myers, 2J





Ch-Chiing!

Our Young Enterprise Company 1999

The company was set up in September. There were 14 directors in the company. We organised who was going to do which jobs and gave the company a name. We decided on Ch-Chiing! because it is the sound of a cash register which would hopefully encourage us to make a lot of money. Now all we needed was something to sell, we decided to make candleholders to aim at the Christmas market to generate enough capital for our main project. We carried on selling these until

January and we suddenly realised that we ought to start concentrating on our main product which was: 'Table Turners' which is the fun way to learn your tables. We ended our company on a high as we got through to the finals of the Young Enterprise awards at Roedean. Unfortunately, we did not win but we all agreed that we had definitely learned something from being in the company.

Charlotte Barrow, Marketing Director

Confirmation

May 1999

Stephanie Baxter, Faye Bennett,
Georgina Bennett, Amy Cowen,
Jemma Cowen, Anna Mojab,
Rachel Nicholas, Kate Salt,
Amanda Tsui,
Georgina Tunbridge with the
Bishop of Lewes,
The Rt Revd Wallace Benn Parke,
and the Chaplain,
Revd Colin Midlane



Roedean School U16 XI Tournament

On Saturday 28th November 1998, the U16 hockey team participated in the Roedean School U16 XI Tournament.

SMH were in a section with Eastbourne College, Burgess Hill, Brighton & Hove High School and Brighton College all of which we had to play. The matches were fast and energetic, three of which resulted in a 0-0 draw; v. Eastbourne College, Burgess Hill and Brighton College. We ended the day with a glorious 1-0 victory over Brighton & Hove High school. The SMH team were placed third in their section, narrowly missing a place in the semi-finals. Well done to everyone involved.

Team list: S Hatherly, N Al-Mussawi, A Edwards, F Khamkhoeva, R Nam, A Drinkwater, K Patel, K Antram, K Carr, L Gibbons, L Kanagalingam, R Saddighzadeh, A Saddighzadeh, K Smith

Lavant House U12 Netball Tournament

We had three matches to play to reach the semi-finals. Our first match was against Lavant; this was tough but we played well and won 3-2. Our second match was against Churchers. We found this easier and won 6-0. Our last match was against Sion who had lost half their team through injuries. We won 7-0.

Having won these matches, we went through to the main competition and our first match was against Windlesham. We played hard and won 7-3. Our last match against Lavant was very close throughout the game but we just managed to win with a score of 5-3.

The team: Nicola Johnson, Anna Vincent-Gill, Athena Georgiou, Charlotte Ridge, Anita Dhillon, Selina Austin, Rebecca Marchant, Lucy Antram, Bethany Seamer.

A big thank you to Mrs Moss for training us and our supporters, Mr and Mrs Dhillon and Mrs Johnson.

St Leonards Mayfield U12 Netball Tournament

We were in section 1 of the tournament and had to play against 8 different schools and win to get into the semi-finals. Our first match was against Skippers Hill, we beat them 4-0. After a short break we were back on court playing St Bedes. This game was tough but we managed to win 3-2. Then straight on to our next game against The Towers this was easier than we thought and we won 4-1. Our next match was against Tonbridge this was a very close match and it ended with a draw of 3-3. Next was Bedgebury we played well and won 6-2. We had another short break, and then played Moira House. We tried hard and won 5-2 our next match was against the hosts, St Leonard's, Mayfield. This was easier we beat them 8-2. Our last match was against Kent College. A 4-0 win meant we were through to the semi-finals to play Cumnor House. This was a difficult match but we tried hard and won 4-3. We were into the finals, playing Brighton and Hove High School. We knew it would be a tough match. We tried our best but unfortunately we lost 3-5.

Everyone tried really hard throughout the tournament. The players were: Nicola Johnson, Anna Vincent-Gill, Athena Georgiou, Charlotte Ridge, Anita Dhillon, Selina Austin, Rebecca Marchant, Lucy Antram.

A big thank you to our coach, Mrs Moss and our supporters Mr Ridge, Mrs Dhillon, Mrs Austin and Mrs Johnson.

Sixth Form v. Staff

At the end of the Spring Term the Upper Sixth challenged the staff to a netball match. The day of the match was cold and blustery but it didn't put anyone off. Pupils came out in force to support the match.

The scores were pretty equal all the way through with the staff winning by 11 goals to 9. Man of the match has to go to Carl who helped lead the staff to victory. Mrs Thomason's gloves and broom proved to come in useful and Mr Grant never knew a suit could be versatile.

In the Summer Term the Upper Sixth challenged the staff to a volleyball match. Plenty of staff and girls played. After a short training session from Miss Whittaker the staff stormed to victory winning 3-0.

However, all is not lost, before we leave to do our A Levels we have challenged (or should I say they have challenged) to a rounders match. Let's hope all those years of rounders lessons will pay off.

Jodie Graham, Head Girl

NB: Sorry Sixth Form, the staff were victorious yet again beating off a strong challenge winning by 13½ - 9.

Creative Writing: Junior Department

These interviews were written after a visit to the Globe Theatre in London

Stage Fright at the Globe

Interview by Lydia North

Today we are interviewing Laura George about her exciting trip to the Globe Theatre. She is at St Mary's Hall and is wearing her school uniform. She looks very smart. She acted on the stage of the Globe Theatre in Romeo and Juliet. She is 9 years old.

Lydia: How did you get to London?

Laura: I got there by coach.

Lydia: Which plays did you act from?

Laura: *Romeo and Juliet*.

Lydia: What did you feel like when you were on stage?

Laura: I felt nervous.

Lydia: What did you learn from the actor?

Laura: The first rule of acting is listen and concentrate.

Lydia: What is the Globe Theatre like?

Laura: It is big and round and there is no roof.

Lydia: Was it fun?

Laura: Yes, it was fun.

Lydia: What was William Shakespeare like?

Laura: Ugly and famous!

Lydia: What is the Globe Theatre made of?

Laura: Plaster made of lime and goats hair and thatch.

Lydia: What was your favourite part in the play?

Laura: When Juliet stabbed herself.

Fun at the Globe

An interview by Harriet Butterworth

Today I am interviewing Baiju Patel. She has recently been to the Globe Theatre. She said it was the best thing in the world. She acted on the stage there.

Harriet: What did you do at the Globe Theatre?

Baiju: We acted out plays.

Harriet: Why did you like it?

Baiju: It was fun and interesting.

Harriet: What is the Globe?

Baiju: It is a theatre.

Harriet: Who wrote the famous plays?

Baiju: William Shakespeare.

Harriet: What was it like on the stage?

Baiju: It was scary and embarrassing.

Harriet: Were you nervous?

Baiju: Yes.

Harriet: What did you learn?

Baiju: All about Shakespeare's plays.

Harriet: Who were you in the play?

Baiju: I was Juliet.

Harriet: Would you go there again?

Baiju: Yes, I would like to go again.

Harriet Butterworth, LP2K

Romeo and Juliet in 5 minutes!

Interview by Charlotte Watson

Today I am going to interview Laura Thompson. She has been to the Globe Theatre with her school (St Mary's Hall). She is wearing her school uniform. She is 8 years old.

Charlotte: What is the first rule of acting?

Laura: The first rule of acting is listening and concentrating.

Charlotte: Which play did you act in?

Laura: The play we did was *Romeo and Juliet*.

Charlotte: What lines can you remember?

Laura: I can remember the line that Juliet said, "Oh happy dagger, here rust and let me die."

Charlotte: What were the other children like on the stage?

Laura: They were extremely good.

Charlotte: Which parts did you enjoy best?

Laura: I enjoyed the bit where we acted on the stage.

Charlotte: What part did you play?

Laura: I was Romeo

Charlotte: What did it feel like acting in front of lots of people?

Laura: I felt as nervous as if a lion was saying "I am going to eat you for breakfast."

Charlotte: What was your favourite part in the play?

Laura: My favourite part was when you have to fall on the floor.

Charlotte Watson, LP2K

London

The journey began and we got on the small coach and set off. The first half an hour was boring but then we got worked up and started having a good time. Abigail was excited because she had never been to London before. I stumbled out of the coach because I had cramp in my leg. As we walked into the National Gallery we heard a series of voices because there were a lot of talks going on. We walked up two flights of stairs and walked through about nine massive rooms full of paintings and then we got to a lady, Rachel, who gave us our talk on a painting of Jesus in front of a priest on the day he was going to be crucified on the cross. Then we walked to another room which had a painting called 'The Enchanted Castle'. This painting has a girl in it called Psyche. Because we were quite short of time we quickly went to lunch. It was a small stuffy room. We went onto the bridge and the river was quite exciting because it was running very fast. We went to the Globe workshop. We did four scenes, one from *Macbeth*, one from *Romeo and Juliet* and one from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. We were at the workshop for about an hour and a quarter then we went to the Globe Theatre. It was grand and quite old. It was completely breath-taking. It only took about 15 minutes to perform. Then we got on the coach and went home.

Verity Carr, UPF

Where there's a Will there's a way

Have you ever been to The Globe? You may have even seen a play there. But how would you fancy performing on that famous stage?

Well we did! As part of Art Week, Lower Prep 2 and Upper Prep went to London to the National Art and Portrait Galleries and then on to the Globe for workshops with company members and the chance to show their recently acquired Shakespearean dialogue and stage techniques. What stars! The 'groundlings' in the audience (tourists on guided tours) were held spellbound as a multi-cast *Romeo and Juliet* 'loved and died' with great aplomb and dramatic verve. The applause rang out, the cameras clicked and radiant 'corpses' arose to take their bow. It was a triumph and the girls enjoyed every minute.

'Will power' is not confined to The Globe, however, and it is determination and concentration encouraged in the classroom and outside, which make a real difference to both academic and personal development. The programmes of work, visits and visitors, presentations to other pupils and parents, sports and clubs, all provide opportunities for development and application without which far less could be achieved.

Encouragement is a vital ingredient and we heard recently of a member of Transition being cajoled, supported and challenged so successfully that she overcame her fear of water and ended up by swinging on a rope over a stream during an activity on the French trip. Her success was not only an achievement for herself but a great reward for all the staff who had played a part in her holiday.

Whether the girls in Elliott appreciate it or not, little by little the staff attempt to help them extend their boundaries, take the next step, consider options and make decisions, gain confidence and dare to try something new.

We have been working this past year on a Personal, Social and Health Education programme which will begin next academic year. This merely formalises what has been less structured but still in place for some years. It results in confident, capable and, hopefully, happy and enthusiastic girls. They are certainly a joy to teach and to watch as they grow.

Events of the past year have also included, Poetry Day Workshop with James Berry, *The Hobbit* – production by Rainbow Theatre, visits to Fishbourne Roman Palace, Wilderness Wood, Preston Manor, Brighton Museum, Newhaven Fort, Singleton Open Air Museum, National History Museum, Herstmonceux Science Centre, Anne of Cleves House, Harvest and Christmas Christingle Service. Plays: Penny the Raindrop, Pepys' Show and Rats. A new Awards Assembly, Sports Day and Swimming Gala, Inter-House netball and rounders, netball, rounders, swimming, athletics fixtures.

Deirdre Francis, Head of Prep Department

Anne Cleves' House

I'm Lord Andrew. I found a pineapple. At first I thought it was a live animal, but I discovered it was a fruit. I came across it in Jamaica. I also found a potato in the New World, America. I haven't mentioned that I am a merchant. I go on many travels. I take with me a pewter plate. In case you haven't guessed, I'm very rich! The poor can't afford pewter, so they eat off trenchers. Trenchers are pieces of stale bread. I never forget my tankard. A tankard is a pewter cup with a handle and a lid. I like to drink warm ale from this. I also take with me a rush light holder with a rush light in it. Before you put it in you have to dip both ends in animal fat. Beeswax candles are rather expensive, so I don't take these on voyages. I heard that smoking tobacco through a clay pipe makes you feel better, but the St Mary's Hall girls told me it was bad for you. I think I'll believe the girls because when I tried it, I felt sick and dizzy. The tobacco was discovered in the Americas. I take a quill pen with me. A quill is a pen made from a goose feather. You dip it in ink which you can get from India. It is very expensive, so I only use it when I'm writing important letters or things like that. It is made from squashed beetles. The other ink isn't so expensive because it is made out of soot and I use that when I'm writing something not so important. Here is a coin with Henry VIII on one side and Latin on the other side. Latin is the language of educated people, so as you would expect, I'm fluent in Latin. I got some materials called lace and silk. The silk comes from India and China and the lace comes from Spain. I think I'll get Mistress Elizabeth to make me some new clothes. Now you've heard of what I take with me so you should know much more about me and other Tudors.

PS: I wash quite regularly because I bath every six months!

Amadea Hills, LP2P

Kitchen Maid

I am a kitchen maid called Anne, my master (Lord Andrew) has come back from his journey and I am to prepare a feast to celebrate his return. Mistress Susan and I are making potage (soup). We are using carrots, herbs, peas, cabbages, beans, lettuce and onions. I am working it in a cauldron which is hanging from a chimney crane. It is to be served with bread and butter. I baked the bread in the bread oven but before that I put it in the bread chest to rise. Next we are making roast swan on the spit. The swan is being served with potatoes. For afters there are to be jumbles with cream and fruit. They are made from honey, caraway seeds, flour, water and egg, then they are put in the bread oven. Now our feast is finished I hope Lord Andrew likes it.

Sarah Perkinson, LP2K

The Kitchen

I work at Anne of Cleves' house as a kitchen maid. I like the kitchen best. These are some of the things I use to cook with. A spit iron is used for cooking meat like lamb, pork, swan, wild boar, chicken, duck, venison, beef and pheasant. A spit dog is used for heating drinks up, like ale, which is beer. A copper cauldron is like a big pot, it hangs above the fire. When I was in the kitchen, I spilt the soup and nearly got punished, so I quickly made a new one. A chimney crane moves the cauldron so you don't burn yourself. When I first came in, I burnt myself trying to move the cauldron. A bread oven cooks bread. I made a fire in the bread oven and waited for it to go out. Then I threw the dough in, but it missed. I was meant to use the bread paddles. A dough chest is like a big boat, but you put the dough in and leave it to rise. The yeast in the dough makes it do this. I got in the chest and someone closed the lid so I could not get out. The dough chest is made of oak. Eventually, one of the other maids let me out. Cook wasn't very pleased. She told me to stop messing around and get on with my jobs. I had to grind the black pepper with a pestle and mortar. My last task was to make some herb bags with pepper, salt, sage, rosemary and bay. I wrapped them up in some muslin and tied them up with a piece of string.

Christina Georgiou, LP2P

*186 Penny Lane
Eyam
Derbyshire*

To my dearest Anne,

I fear I will not be able to see you for I may spread the plague. I think the plague may have spread when some cloth came all the way from London, for two days later dear George Vickers died of the plague. It was an awful sight. He got all hot and sweaty, then came up in lumps and bumps and weeping sores. I could not look. Some nurses tried to cure him, they used all kinds of things like leaches, charms, necklaces with the word 'abracadabra' on them and there was a cure which empties your stomach. Doctors are dressing up in special outfits. They wear long, brown, leather coats with brown gloves and beaks full of herbs. People are not allowed to leave for they may spread the disease. We get food by giving money to the vicar and he puts it in a bowl of vinegar to disinfect it. Then other towns give us food, it is left by the well. We have to attend church services on the field because in the church you could catch the plague. My life is sad as I write. I fear someone is dying. My sister has caught the plague and is suffering terribly at the moment. There are hundreds of bodies in carts being dumped in holes and also hundreds of dead rats. It is a filthy sight to see. I am very healthy, luckily.

With love from Julia

26 May 1999

*Eyam,
Derbyshire*

Dear Jemima,

I cannot see you because the plague has spread to Eyam. Some of the remedies used by the nurses are herbs and purges. A purge is to clean out your stomach. Some people say that it was spread by a tailor's cloth that he ordered from London, others think it's through air. The doctors dress in funny clothing. They have beaks that are full of herbs and they wear jackets made out of some kind of material. The symptoms of the plague are weeping sores and lumps and drowsiness and lack of hunger. The food is left at a well. We have to put some money in a bowl of vinegar so it disinfects the money. The way we tell if someone's has caught the plague is a painted cross on the door in red. The people are very sinful to have caught the plague. My daily life is a misery and also a bore. I am not allowed outside much and I still have to do all the chores, like collect all the eggs. I go to work at the big house and I get paid a groat a week. My father has caught the plague. He is so ill. Mother is an absolute wreck. I do hope he will not die. I am so worried. His body is weeping with blood. He has charms on his neck and he has been purged. The nurse is probably sitting with him now. How are your mother and father? I do hope they are alright. Do you have a job at a farm or a house? If so what is your master's name? Mine is Lord Andrew. He is very kind. Please write back to me.

Sincerely

Charlotte Wood, LP2K

The Deserted Mansion

One silent, misty night the traveller on his horse, looking for his lover, heard a crying sound. He saw a fine young woman sitting on a balcony of an empty and mysterious mansion. She beckoned for him to come to her so leaving his horse he entered the eerie, creepy building. The traveller climbed the spooky staircase leaving dusty footprints.

Inside, the house had a terrifying and sinister feel about it. As he walked onto the balcony, he heard a petrifying scream and his blood ran cold. The woman was lying on the floor with a jewel encrusted dagger forced through her heart. As he walked towards her the figure slowly faded before his eyes. Suddenly he realised the place was haunted and that the woman was a ghost trying to tell him his lover was dead. Feeling desolate he left the deserted mansion and began the long, lonely journey home.

Emma Middleton, UPM

WANTED

A Jolly Jester

The jester would have to act funny to make King Edward and Queen Mary laugh. He could juggle with pies so that they spatter all over the place to make them giggle. He could make them laugh by singing and dancing with wheels on his feet and pies in his hands and on his head. He should be funny and amusing and especially happy, as well as being generous, cheerful and silly by throwing pies and peas in the air and making faces and telling jokes and performing tricks and bouncing about. The king and queen want this jester. They need him because when they're bored they want some entertainment. They often wake up in the night and can't get back to sleep, so he might have to amuse them in the middle of the night. If you are interested, apply to Wonder Palace between 17th March to 21st April.

Claire Hossack, LP2P

Ten Ways to Make a Jester Jolly

If I saw a jester who wasn't jolly, I would :

1. Ask him if he has lost his job. If so, try to help him get it back by telephoning the company.
2. Give him some lilies to make him happy.
3. Give him a skiing holiday to make him happy.
4. Say a joke for him to laugh at. My best joke is: How do you cure a lemon? Give it lemonade.
5. Let him come to our house to watch a clown because he might get some jokes that people would laugh at.
6. Let him watch a magic show so he might be able to do some magic.
7. Take him to a party with you so he can have some fun.
8. Play a game with him. I would play 'travel the world'.
9. Go to the cinema with him so he can watch the film he likes.
10. If he has a hole in his clothes? I would buy some new clothes for him.

Harriet Mercer, LP2K

An Indian Tale

Once upon a time in India there lived a crow who lived in a Bunion tree. Lots of other birds lived in the tree too. One day the old crow spotted a hunter approaching. "That hunter looks fierce!" said the crow. The hunter had a stick and a net in his hand. He lay the net down and went to hide. Then some doves came along and swooped down to get some grain.

"Stop it's a trap!" shouted the crow. "You're just trying to steal our food", said the doves. Then the hunter sprang out and turned the net over.

"Help help!" squawked the doves. "Don't worry", said the leader dove. "Flap your wings in time with me! Up, down, up, down!" They started to fly. The hunter froze in amazement. The hunter started to run after the doves. He soon gave up and said, "I'll never catch those birds" and went home. The doves landed on a hill. Then the leader said, "Digger, Digger can you help us please." Digger was a mole who lived in a hole. Digger started to nibble them and they were all set free. The moral to this story is work together and trust your friends.

Grace Macdonald, LP1

How the Sea Became Salty

Long, long ago when the sea was full of fresh water Neptune created a little magic silver fish. The little magic fish blew magic bubbles to make white horses gallop on the waves. He told all the other fish to look after the little magic fish. Then one day a big hungry shark ate the little magic fish. Neptune was so angry that he told all the fish that they would never have fresh water to drink again and he made all the water in the seas salty.

Claire Burgess, LP2K

Why the Sea is Salty

In 1949 there was a 50 metre ugly monster, who lived in the Indian Ocean. He always went to Sri Lanka looking for people carrying salt. Whenever he sees one he gobbles the humans up, then he eats the salt. One day a strong man (about twenty one) came to kill the monster, he was English. He took some salt with him. Then he sat down on the very edge of Sri Lanka waiting for the monster. Suddenly the monster jumped up and caught the man. The man was frightened. He knew he had to kill the monster because he had to save the people and the people's salt. And so he stabbed the monster with his golden sharp sword. In a second's time the monster was floating dead. All the people who were eaten up by the monster were free. The salt came out into the sea and this is why the sea is salty.

Sylvia Liu, LP2K

T.D. the bear, or Terrible Disaster!

Before I start I must warn you this is all untrue and is unlikely to happen to any of your bears.

I first met T.D. on a rainy September morning. He stared at me as if to say "Be my friend." From then I just couldn't resist him. T.D. has a beautiful woollen, tartan scarf round his neck and a lovely brown furry coat.

I remember when T.D. was sitting on our deck leading into the pond when suddenly a huge gust of wind came and knocked him flying into the middle of the pond. Luckily he floated and my brother managed to fish him out before he drowned. As you would have guessed he was all wet and had pond all over him!

The next thing was the one, the terrible washing machine! I hated to see him spin round and round, faster and faster! I couldn't watch. Then when he came out he needed to go in the terrible monster of a tumble dryer. Finally when T.D. felt very dizzy indeed (I bet you would too if you were spun for ages inside first something wet and soapy then something hot and stuffy) he probably thought that it was finally over but it wasn't. My mum insisted he was hung on the washing line. I followed hopelessly and just watched my mum hanging him by his ears. But it could have been worse. She could have hung him by this feet. But something even worse happened last sunny summer.

Last summer I decided to have a tea party with T.D. outside. I left him out while I got a drink from inside. Would you believe it? Two seagulls picked him up by his ears and flew away. Was it a bird, was it a plane? It was T.D. flying past the kitchen window. Luckily they dropped him at the end of the garden.

Now T.D. sits on my bed dreaming about his adventures. He has made lots of friends with the other cuddly toys like Pingo, Guzy, Old bear, Choco and many other small ones who were I to name them we would be here all day. T.D. is really just a big softy. He's often saying he's afraid and he's not too keen on the dark. But after his adventures I don't blame him.

Helen Hudson, UPF

My Teddy dearing Donald

I met Donald in California when I was 18 months old. He was introduced by my mummy's cousin. He has a bright blue ribbon on which has red spots, on it and on the spots it has paw prints. He is very fluffy and is chocolate colour brown.

Fifteen months later I went to my first day of Nursery, I brought Donald with me in my bag but opened the zip a bit so that he could breathe. I hung up my bag and stuck Donald's head out so he could see what I was doing. A little girl took Donald out of my bag when I wasn't looking and painted him pale pink and put glue on him. Then she put him back into my bag.

It was home time and I hadn't seen Donald painted in. When we got him I tried to take him out of my bag but he wouldn't come out. Then I saw the glue and found out that he was stuck to my bag. I went to the kitchen and got the scissors and cut some of Donald's hair off because I saw my mummy, cutting some of my hair off when I got glue in my hair. At last Donald came out and I gave him a big hug.

I noticed the paint on Donald and thought he had gone pale and was ill, so I got my doctor's kit out and saw the instructions and the only words I could read was 'water' and 'the'. So I filled the sink up with water and put Donald in the sink for a few minutes and like magic he looked much better.

The next day I went to the park, we crossed the bridge and threw some bread in for the birds. My daddy picked me up so Donald and I could throw some bread in for them as well. Then out of nowhere came a big seagull and snatched Donald out of my hands and dropped him into the pond. I started crying and a big black dog went into the pond and saved Donald's life but chewed off his paw as well and because of the seagull his eye was hanging out. When we got home we put a bandage round his arm and stitched on his eye.

Now he sits on my shelf with a stitched eye, a bandage round his arm, some dried up glue on his head and a smile on his face.

Zara Miller, UPF

Christmas Crisis

There were strange noises coming from the stable. Santa trudged out there.

"Atchoo", sneezed Rudolph. "I'm not going out there tonight Santa."

"Don't be so selfish," replied Santa.

"I can't go out, it's too cold."

"Yes you can, I'll run off track without your bright nose to guide me."

"But my cold will get worse," complained Rudolph.

"Well I've not time to sort you out, I'll get Mrs Santa to make you a medicine."

"Thanks Santa", thanked Rudolph. "I'd really appreciate that."

"Here's Mrs Santa with a cure."

"Drink this in one", said cheerful Mrs Santa.

"Gulp, thanks, now I feel a thousand times better."

"Right, come on Rudolph, lets go and get Dasher, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner and Blitzen."

"Okay". So off they went and flew off into the sky. Rudolph in the lead.

"Ho, ho ho merry Christmas everybody," cried Santa.

Naomi Pine, UPF

Book Review

Kay Umansky wrote Pongwiffy

Pongwiffy She is a very smelly witch and she always fights with her friend Sharkadder. She has a familiar (pet) called Hugo.

Sharkadder She is a very perfect witch and she is Pong's best friend. She has long brown hair and she is tall. She has a familiar (pet) called Bendyshanks.

Hugo He is a lethal hamster. He has brown thick fur. He has very sharp claws. He is Pong's familiar (pet) hamster.

The story is all about some witches with pets and they have a talent competition, and Sourmuddle decides not to retire after 100 years but after 400 years of being a witch. And then it comes her 200 birthday and Sharkadder and Pongwiffy go to Sharkadder's famous uncle a chef and he made a big cake for Sourmuddle. When they were walking home it was too heavy for them so Pongwiffy made a spell to make it float home but when they got home it was gone and the goblins had got it.

My favourite bit in the story is when Bagaggle and Agglebag sing their song in the contest. This is how it goes:

"Witchway wood is really good, Doo witchy Doo witchy Doo, Much better than . . . " Witchway Wood is where I'll be. Doo Witchy Doo witchy Doo".

I really like the story and I think it is really good, I think I would like to read it again but on my own. I think if I was giving it out of ten, it would be ten out of ten (10/10).

Stephanie Moss, UPF

The Traveller's Tale

Travelling far on the damp, frosty, moon-lit forest floor, a traveller trots along. Through the trees he sees it, a big, grey mansion in the mist, icicles hanging on the snowy roof. He goes over, gets off his horse and raps smartly on the front door. "Is anybody there?" he calls. No one answers, but he is sure someone is listening. He knocks again and eerie shivers run down his back.

This mansion the traveller sees as a lonely, sinister place. He tries a third time and a petrifying voice answers and to the traveller it doesn't make any sense at all.

"It's you to dwell on the secret of this deserted, desolate place,

Of deadly rattlesnakes, spiky monsters, so beware

Of finding more than nothing here,

Magical miracles, deadly dragons."

The voice stops with a hiss and the traveller stumbles backwards, but curiosity overcomes him and slowly almost as if he is enchanted he walks inside.

Cold, chilling air whips his face. He hears the door crash closed. The traveller walks down a dimly lit passageway, everything is silent, or is it? The traveller hears a long, terrifying yowl! Crash! Bang! The traveller stands rooted to the spot as if he has been petrified. At last he finds his voice and weakly shouts, "Who's there?" No one answers and he walks on.

He goes round yet another corner and finds himself in a brilliantly lit chamber and comes face to face with a ghost! A mysterious, white shape with blood-red eyes, pearly white, wearing historic clothes. A ruff around its neck, a top hat, dark waistcoat and trousers and a gold watch on a chain. The traveller was astounded and gaped with awe at the ghost. He came back down to Earth and suddenly felt terrified. The traveller ran back through the door down the passage, through the last door, jumps on his horse and they jump clear of the gate and on to the dark forest.

This is the reason he was in the empty, ghostly mansion in the first place. He had made a promise thirty years ago and had kept it, the promise I cannot tell you.

Bethany McCall-Anderson, UPM

The Mystery of Tutankhamun

A diary of Howard Carter

On the first of November 1922 all my workmen and I were ready to begin a fine hot day in the Valley of the Kings. We worked for four whole days hot and bothered, feeling the devil had brought us to hell. None of us really wanted to work any more. We could not stand the scorching hot sun, the sand was too hot to walk on!

Suddenly one of my workmen (the youngest), made an extraordinary discovery. "Howard, I have dug up a step," shouted the boy. The workers dug and dug all day with me, helping to unearth the staircase. That day I had butterflies.

The 5th November came with a strong sun but a pleasant breeze. My group were happy because of the staircase that all of us had found. As I stooped against the bottom of the staircase, I found a hole along the top. I scooped the soft sand and dirt. A sudden feeling of luck ran through me. Bit by bit I saw a purple railing which looked like the top of a doorway. My smile grew and grew. "Men come down here," I shouted. "I have found a doorway." My men looked at me in amazement as I was busy rummaging through the dirt, feeling so lucky that I was shaking.

The next day, the 6th of November, my men were working on the first doorway in the bright summer sun. I was busy writing a letter of Lord Carnarvon (my great sponsor who had been sponsoring me for the last three years) to come to Egypt from England to look at the great architecture my men and I have found.

Three weeks later Lord Carnarvon arrived. He came in a large car suitable for royalty. He was wearing a large white suit with the shiniest black shoes I would ever see (but they will soon get dirty). Lord Carnarvon said what great work my men and I had done and that

he was very proud of us. He also said that the group would get a thousand pounds or more if we found a tomb which had not been robbed.

Today the 24th November the staircase was starting to look clear. One of my men discovered some letters on the wall. As I brushed a bit more dirt off we found a few more letters in gold. Soon we made out the name of TUTANKHAMUN.

Another busy day came for all of us. We went through the door and found out that there was a passage way that lead to another doorway that looked exactly like the first (we could only see the top because of rubble).

At last we had finished clearing out the passageway and came upon the second sealed doorway. Once again I had the same feeling that I had on the first doorway. I was excited and nervous, my heart was beating rapidly. I pulled down some dirt from the left hand side and made a hole, big enough to fit a candle through. As I lifted my candle into the hole it started to flicker. Now I had fitted all of my candle in the hole I felt tears dripping down my eyes. Lord Carnarvon was anxious to have a look but I did not listen to him. I was too busy catching a glint of gold. I was shivering from head to toe. My candle blew out so Lord Carnarvon passed me a torch. At first I could not see anything because of the smoke. I took another glimpse. As I was swooping my torch around, I went past a large gold object. At first, it looked like a sleigh but then I realised it was a golden carriage. Other treasures in the tomb were model ships made of gold, statues, treasure chests and jewellery. This day is the best day of my life.

Daniella Woudman, UPM

Day Dreaming

My name is Alex Mansell and I have dark brown hair and blue eyes. My best mate's name is Ollie, he has light brown hair and blue eyes. This story is mainly about Ollie and his day dreaming. When he came to sleepovers he always stayed awake, but always slept in the daytime. That's how he got his nickname, 'Ollie the Owl'. The teachers, Mr Idiot (an unfortunate name), Mrs Bonner and everybody else always sent him out the room for day dreaming. But really he was always asleep, you see Ollie sleeps with his eyes open.

One day the teacher announced that the 'Big Test' was going to be in a month's time. Of course, Ollie was asleep. I told him about it over the phone at about midnight. The problem was that he didn't study at night either because that was when he played.

It took a lot of thinking but I managed to think of a way to help him. Ollie was so nervous because there were only two weeks left before the exam. Every night we secretly studied together. I would climb up his ladder leading to his bedroom. He had a computer in his room and that's how we did it.

Ollie loved computers, so we studied by playing a game on Encarta. But one night when I climbed the ladder, all that was sitting on his bed to greet me was an owl. I did not think this was funny.

The next day was the exam, I waited patiently for Ollie, but he did not come. In fact he never returned. A few weeks later I went back up that ladder and Ollie was there. I thought he was just day dreaming. He was cold and white. Ollie was dead. As I touched him he suddenly turned into an owl and flew away.

It was then that I woke up. It was all a dream. I was so pleased, but oh no it was a dream all about me! (Ollie was imaginary, I was the day dreamer).

Alissa Mansell, TRANA

I will give them to someone who will love them

Gemma stormed up the stairs, kicked open her blue bedroom door and slammed it back again with terrible force. At that same moment, Teddy, followed by Bunny, was knocked down onto the computer table and hit a large glass of chocolate milkshake onto the expensive keyboard. "That's it! I've had enough of you two toys messing up my bedroom! You're both going to someone else!" Gemma yelled. Teddy was flat and out of shape because of being crushed and hugged too much. Bunny had long floppy ears, very fluffy like cotton wool, but a bit fatter than Teddy and had huge, sorry-looking eyes that seem to stare up at you.

Gemma just had her bedroom redecorated in blue, green and orange wallpaper and a bunk-bed if she wanted someone to stay the night in her house.

She snatched the two cuddly toys and quietly crept down the narrow stairs and out the back door where she found her mountain bike and rode off, down the main road. It was early afternoon and she hunted for an orphan named Paul. They had become friendly and they played games together in the summer holidays. Gemma questioned and told people about Paul, but had no luck. When she was just about to give up, a boy was walking up to her and he said "I just saw another boy sprinting into a shop and out again! Then he sat down on the door step of the shop! Maybe it's him!" Gemma rushed down the road and down to the shop. Then, she saw Paul sitting outside the clothes store. He spotted Gemma and she spotted Paul. Gemma handed Paul the two cuddly toys and then suddenly felt a pang of sadness in her heart, because, she had had them since she was a small baby as a present from her grand parents, who are dead now. Paul, on the other hand, was delighted with the gifts and squashed them even more with a hug. Gemma was so sad she said goodbye to Paul, and he thanked her and then Gemma pedalled off, back to her house. Her mother was worried about Gemma and asked her where she had been. "I just went out for a little exercise on my bike and gave Paul Teddy and Bunny. He hasn't got a toy at all." replied Gemma. "Oh, well that was kind of you Gemma, but why?" asked her Mum. "I was in a temper and Teddy fell and knocked down the milkshake onto the keyboard." answered Gemma, sadly, "But I'm sure Paul will love them too." "I'm sure he will, Gemma." said Mum, "But go and tidy up your bedroom." This time Gemma didn't have a fit, which was lucky for some of the other toys!

Vicky Lefeuve, TRANA

I just found a key

“Here is the Tudor exhibit”, the tour guide said. I was so bored I thought anything could cheer me up. Even maths!

By the way I’m Sarah an ordinary 13 year old girl with an attitude problem. I hate school and I can’t bear maths.

Today we have come on a school trip to Cliff Edge Castle. We’ve come with our history teacher, Miss Waters. We came to Cliff Edge Castle mainly to see the Tudor and Stuart exhibits. (Although I’d rather go and see the torture chamber and dungeons).

Our tour guide is babbling on about who was the first Tudor king, when he became king and how old he was. All the other kids seem to be really interested in what he’s saying but I really can’t be bothered to listen.

“Right children”, Miss Waters said, “Who can tell me who the first Tudor king was.” All the other kids’ hands shot up and mine was the only one that didn’t. “Sarah”, Miss Waters said, “as you seem to be eager to answer why don’t you tell us what the first Tudor king was.” “Sean the Vth”, I said in a small voice. Suddenly I saw something glinting on the floor. I walked over to have a look at it and found out it was a key that one of the security guards had dropped. I picked it up and put it in the nearest door and turned it. The lock clicked and the door creaked open. The room behind the door was absolutely magnificent. There were gold plates, cups and cutlery on the huge oak table. There were red and gold drapes with gold tassels. The walls were covered in gold leaf and the picture frames were solid gold. The room was so beautiful. I wished I could stay there forever and have servants do everything for me. And then suddenly out of nowhere servants appeared and did everything for me. I then wished for some food and that is exactly what I got. I made many wishes after that and I stayed there forever and I haven’t been back to the real world since.

Katie Lower, TRANA

The little lost lamb

Tom is sitting in class and the time is going very, very slowly. As for all nine year old boys, lessons seemed to drag on and on and on. Suddenly the end of day bell went. Tom hurriedly stuffed his homework into his bag and ran out the front door and waited for his sister. His sister was called Jane and she was fourteen. Finally Jane came and she said that we could go to the corner shop and each buy a bag of sweets. Their mum only gave them the exact money for the bus fare so they spent all the money on sweets. Jane decided to walk through the farmer’s field that their mum had forbidden them to walk through. They walked through the field and suddenly they heard an alarming bleat from a mother sheep. Jane and Tom ran to where it was coming from. Soon they found the afraid ewe and she was standing so close to the edge of a quarry. Tom remembered that his mum had banned them from walking across the field because she was afraid of them falling down the quarry. Jane and Tom walked over to the ewe and looked down. They saw a little lamb laying on his side and it looked helpless. Tom remembered the long rope in Farmer Brown’s huge barn. He told Jane what he was going to do. Tom ran as fast as he could go and he crept into the barn. He caught hold of the rope and pushed the heavy barn doors and ran back to where Jane was standing. Jane took the rope and knotted it around Tom’s waist. He climbed over the edge and Jane lowered the rope little by little. Tom caught hold of the lamb. When Tom was half way up, he lost his footing, almost pulled Jane over the edge and the rope almost slipped right off Tom’s waist! Jane quickly tugged on the rope and after about fifteen minutes, Tom and the lamb were out safely, far away from the edge of the quarry. Then Jane and Tom carried the lamb back to Farmer Brown with the mother sheep trailing along behind. Farmer Brown was delighted to have his prized lamb and sheep back again, he gave Tom and Jane ten pounds to spend on anything they wanted to! Jane and Tom thanked the farmer and said if there was anything wrong, and he needed help he could ask them. They went home and told their mum and dad what had happened, and they were very pleased.

Victoria Lefeuve, TRANA



Christmas card design: Stephanie Baxter, 1i

Dear Lord

This year is the final of the second millennium.
 So many things have happened since the year of our Lord
 Ideas have been created, things have been invented.
 And many people's lives have changed for the better.
 I hope everyone will celebrate the new millennium
 With wine and food and parties or just with family and
 friends.
 Please let the year 2000 be good for everyone
 And let world debts be cancelled
 To give the poor something to celebrate.
 Amen

Sarah Johnson, III

The Prayer

Dear God,
 Thank you for all the medicines in the world and thank
 you for helping others when they are in need. Please
 forgive us for making deadly weapons which kill people
 who have not done anything to harm. Help others who
 are less fortunate than us. Give poor people the chance to
 live happy and healthy lives.
 Amen

Kathy Haines, 1i

My Prayer for the Millennium

Dear Lord, thank you for the world you built, with
 people good and bad, poor and rich, and the animals
 on land and below in the water. Also thank you for the
 food you made. I would like to say sorry for all the bad
 things I have done and the world has done, like wars. I
 would like to wish people better who are sick and in
 hospital. I would like you to help people who haven't got
 schools.
 Amen

Laura Davies

My Prayer for the Millennium

Dear God
 Thank you for all the clever inventions, the food to eat,
 the water to drink and for the kindness to help each
 other. We are sorry for polluting the environment so
 badly, for having wars and killing harmless people. Please
 keep providing us with food and water, cures for illness
 and the will to help each other. Help everyone to carry on
 being kind to others all through years to come.

Amen

Rebecca Marchant

My Prayer for the Millennium

Dear Lord,
 Thank you for all our food, people, inventions and
 animals everywhere. Thank you for all our homes,
 buildings, towns and countries for us to live in.

Thank you for our warmth, clothes and our knowledge
 for making people better. We ask forgiveness for our sins.
 We are sorry that we have made some animals extinct, we
 are sorry that we have polluted your world, had wars and
 have been untruthful about many things.

Please let this century have no pollution and all the bad
 things we have done.

Please let this world be a better place to live in.

Amen.

Stephanie Baxter

Lucien Freud Study:
Elizabeth Reed, 4th form

