



School Orchestra in the Chapel of St. Mark's. Open Day 1988

Photograph J.B.L.

GHOSTS!

Ghosts slither up chimneys,
Hide around corners,
Peep from behind cupboards,
And follow you like a shadow.

They rattle their chains,
Shudder and silently float,
Clench their teeth,
And screech.

"Urrr - urrr - urrr",
They call to me in my sleep,
I snuggle deep in my bed,
For fear that they may quietly tread...

Into my room!

Alanna Henry II G

AS SHE STOOD OUTSIDE THE DOOR HER FEELINGS WERE.....

She came slowly down the thick carpeted stairs. A floorboard creaked and she jumped, not expecting the sudden noise which broke the silence. Sighing, she jumped off the last step and plonked down on the floor, her back crashing against the radiator. She looked up expectantly at the clock. The hands jumped like the hands of the clocks at school; it was four o'clock.

Her fair curls tumbled across her cheek as she turned to look at the door. Her cheek was wet with tears.

As she stared at the door, she realized how ugly it was. The paintwork was white and coated evenly. There was a long black handle angled symmetrically to the edge of the door. Everything was straight and modern. Ruth wouldn't dare stick her bubblegum on the hinges like she would at home. She cracked her bubblegum and stuck it on the back of the radiator. Her mind went back to the door. As she stared at the door, memories came flooding back to her. Her grandmother's face seemed to be glaring down at her from the gleaming white paintwork. She shuddered, despite the warmth of the hall.

Ruth shifted uneasily; her t-shirt was riding up her back. The radiator felt cold against her warm back. Staring at the door for a long time made Ruth feel as though she could see every face that had walked through the door. Last of all she saw her grandfather tottering through the door. She imagined his chapped, wrinkled face with his sharp twinkling blue eyes looking down at her lovingly when he had given her her first Star of David.

Ruth thought of that first time she saw him in hospital. His face was so deathly white, it looked like the paintwork without the shine, so very different from the brown weatherbeaten one she knew. As she stared at the door, she felt a sudden urge to go up and touch the door. She touched the wood and could feel the layers of paint under her fingers. She was amazed at how smooth it felt - it was almost as if she were feeling a piece of newly cut wood freshly sanded. She stared at the door handle with an amazing intensity. She noticed a small gold 'C' engraved at the corner. She realized with a start that it was her grandfather's initial. A key turned in the lock. She looked at her mother's face and burst into tears.

Sherrie Elliott III

A DESCRIPTION OF MY COUSIN HOLLIE

Hollie Crowle is two years old. She has very blonde hair and very blue eyes. She is small and chubby and likes to think that she's my mummy. Her voice is soft and sweet, but, sometimes, she shouts and screams, then she gets told off and sits in a corner sulking and pretending to cry. Then she gets some tissue and makes you wipe her eyes. She likes to dance to music and is going to join ballet classes. She dresses prettily, but doesn't like her hair being done.

Most of the time she is a lovely girl and is very nice to watch.

Anna Stemp IZ

CHILDHOOD REVISITED

There are two memories I have of my childhood which have been changed. The first, and most important thing I remember distinctly is my dreamy garden in Westbrook. As soon as I had walked through the tall, white wrought-iron gate, I was enchanted, not only by the considerable beauty of the flowers, but also by the individuality of the various ornaments.

The only item in the garden which was not beautiful or productive was the air-raid shelter at the far right-hand corner of the garden. It was a domed, corrugated iron contraption, which was about five metres long. The inside was dark, and filled with the odour of rotting leaves and wildlife. At the end of it was a small sink, surrounded by a metal cupboard. Neither on the outside nor the inside could one speck of shiny silver be seen; it was all either rusted or covered with leaves from the previous autumn. Had it not been for my sympathy towards this pathetic little building, the air-raid shelter would have been gone within a couple of days, but my powers of persuasion had once again come in useful.

At the bottom of the garden, was a large orchard of blossoming apple trees. This part of the garden was the most peaceful. Walking through the trees was beautifully calming, that is, unless someone was calling me from the top of one of them. The birds generally favoured this area of the garden, because their song could be heard, without fail, every morning here.

Just in front of the orchard was an area of grass, in which to sunbathe, and just in front of that was an ornamental concrete paddling pool. It was surrounded by a small wall on two sides, and on the far side it was half walled but also had two pillars opening an archway onto the grass. On top of these pillars were two proud lions, with eyes that seemed to be watching you wherever you stood.

In front of the pool was another small area of grass followed by a large pond containing one hundred and sixty-five goldfish, which had a population that was every-increasing. A little wall of miniature bricks surrounded the pond, and over the top lay a small grey bridge. At first, I would run over the top as many times as I could, but the novelty soon wore off, and instead I just looked at it.

As well as these features, there were many colourful flower borders, and a large vegetable plot. Although I lived in this house for only three months, the memories of it are vivid. This made it a shock when I returned to visit a friend in the area. We decided to peek through the gate to see the state of the garden.

As soon as I heard the barking of the dogs, a strange feeling of apprehension swept over me. The garden had been

completely rid of its beautiful contents, and been covered with grass. Not only this, but hundreds of dogs seemed to be running around, barking. I wished I had never gone back to see the garden, but instead had kept the picture I had before.

My second memory is my old village school. It was a very old stone building of grey. A large wall hid a majority of it from public view, but it was unmistakable that children were around during play-time. A series of stone steps led to a large oak door. This may seem daunting for an infant school, but to us it seemed like a mansion in which we had the privilege to play and learn.

Inside there were three huge classrooms, a library and a gymnasium (as well as a staff room and toilets). My classroom contained eight or so hexagonal tables, which were dotted around the room. Next to the door was the teacher's desk, which was covered with books to be marked. On the walls were various "masterpieces" drawn by my friends and me.

The room did not have many windows, and so in the summer it tended to get rather stuffy. Nevertheless, it was in this room that I learnt to read and write, and where we changed tables and giggled. The teacher was very young, and called Miss Campden. She had long dark hair and a pleasant face, which occasionally showed slight annoyance at our antics.

I went back to visit the school seven years after I had left, but there was no longer any school to be seen. Instead a road lay where my classroom had once been, and pavements took the place of the old playground.

Susan Hindhaugh VF

AN AUTUMN SCENE

When autumn comes and leaves start falling,
The trees blow around while the wind keeps calling.
The golden colours are drifting around,
And the children skip, but make no sound.
The birds get ready to fly somewhere warm,
And the hedgehogs and tortoise hibernate at dawn.
The sun warms the fields with a glittering glow,
And the ears of the corn sway to and fro.
Soon it's the harvest with haystacks and pitch-forks,
Then its woolies and wellies and afternoon walks.

Jemma Joyce 2H

MY GRANDMOTHER

My grandmother has grey hair which has been tinted a bit with purple. I think she has false teeth. She wears glasses which are slightly tinted pink. She has had an operation on her right hip where they have put a piece of metal in the hip. She is now as fit as ever. She has a very kind heart and always gives nice presents. She seems to forget that I am eleven now and not a little girl. She likes to brush my hair. She is very generous; she gives me two pounds pocket money a week. She helps me with my speech and drama when I have an exam because she taught dancing and drama and she used to own a school. Her first husband was called George King, but he died over twenty years ago. She married Jimmy Phillips (Grandpa Jim) in 1972 and he died of heart trouble in 1982. He wrote the words to "Smile" and he discovered famous singers and published famous songs.

My grandmother now lives in a flat on her own, where she is very happy. She is eighty-two years old and takes size six shoe size. She does a lot of charity work and she still collects

money for Cancer Research. She likes doing the waltz with me in her living room. She is very good at the Charleston, which she first learnt when she was a young girl.

Joanna King IY

ROTTINGDEAN PARISH CHURCH TWO VIEWS

As you step into the church through the huge wooden oak door, the feeling of being lost in time is very great. The smell of polished wood, flowers and just burnt out candles pricks your nose and you can imagine that a medieval church service is in progress. The wind whistling up in the church spire, the tick-tock ticking of the large clock on the front face of the building and then the deafening chime of the great bell in the belfry all contribute to the atmosphere of people, maybe even monks, chanting prayers. The beautiful stained glass windows seem to move to the echoes, the angels climb Jacob's ladder and Mary bends down and wipes the oil away from Jesus' feet with her hair. The whole building seems full of the worship and glory of God. But underneath the church the hushed mutterings of smugglers with their full barrels of contraband can still be heard trundling barrels through the dark mystic tunnels which wind their way through the village.

Maybe, therefore, the priest is not fully set on his prayers to God, only on the payment of brandy he will receive for allowing smugglers underneath the church.

The ancient parish church of Rottingdean is full of wonderful surprises. The main body of the church is one thousand years old, but the small chapel on the side is more recent, only five hundred years old. The steeple is fifty metres tall and the clock on it is the original which is dated approximately 1850. The beautiful stained glass windows which adorn the church are also very old and are the best windows in England. Services are held here daily and the church has a large congregation of both young and old, which is very different from when it was first built. Then mainly monks from the local monastery and the old folks of the village would attend. Nowadays people from all over the country flock to visit the church and many wish to be married in such a beautiful setting. Little do most of them know that beneath the ancient tiles and memorial plaques lies a maze of long winding tunnels, which, when contraband was a good way of making a man rich, smugglers would use to hide or transport their goods from the sea to customers.

Fortunately, nowadays, though, the vicar does not get paid with brandy for allowing people to tour them.

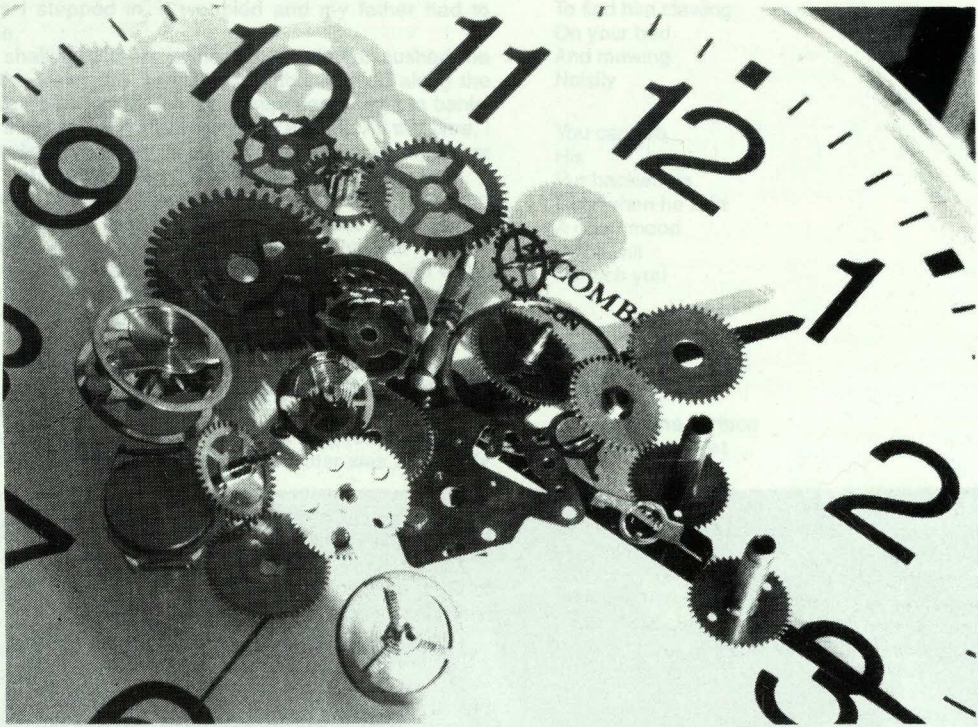
Claire Grinyer VF

ST MARY'S HALL

Building a school is like building a brick wall. All the bricks individually are weak; if you dropped one it would break. If you cement these weak, tiny bricks together, the result is so strong that only the strongest of metal balls can smash it. But the cement needs its praise because without cement the bricks would fall down and smash. But also the cement has to dry so it takes time until the wall is very strong.

We are the bricks. We are weak until we come together and we are tiny until put together, but we need cement, and that cement is God, holding us together along with time, love, care and a lot of very hard work. Together, we are as strong as a brick wall.

Sarah Stallard IY



Still life by LALIDA RICHARDSON V U

RICHARD

Richard (my step-father) has bright blue eyes. He's very tall and has size eight feet. He has light brown hair and quite a big nose. Richard has a small mouth and he can't blow raspberries because his tongue is too short. I think he is very handsome, but the clothes he wears are a bit scruffy. He is forty years of age.

Richard is very kind. He loves cats, but hates dogs (because they foul the roads). He is very intelligent, and is an intellectual. He is musical and writes songs quite a bit. He's a gentle man, and is always willing to share. He isn't stingy at all and hates to be fussed about.

His activities are mainly playing pool and strumming at the guitar. Richard does read a lot and enjoys filling in cross-words. He usually reads the Independent, but if he can't get hold of one, he reads anything as long as it's good. He used to read the Sunday Times, but he got fed up with all of the magazines etc. Richard (I think) likes to go to museums. He enjoys finding out more than he knows (which is a rare case anyhow). In the mornings he reads the paper or an encyclopaedia. He drinks Camomile tea, and thinks that processed peas are delectable. He adores Fat Freddie's Cat, and doesn't understand how Garfield is so popular. Richard has a lovely voice (middle pitched) and is a very good singer. He's very witty and good at accents. I think he's great.

Deniz Kirkaldy IY

FIRE IN A BUILDING

Flames like a rainbow-coloured sunset,
Danced and waved within the building.
Heat, like a red hot iron, scorching and stinging faces.
Periodically, small explosions were heard,
And rubble would fly out like a "party-popper".
Heat and power, like a strong hand pushing
People further and further away.
The smell, like damp leaves and rotten wood, tinged the air,
And deep crimson flames leapt higher, fighting to escape.
Whilst down below, blue and purple flames flickered,
Pops and bangs could be heard, like the shooting of a gun.
The intensity of flames, the intolerable heat, the sparkles
and the crackles.
Then slowly, slowly, the flames died down,
Until at last, a mass, dejected and alone,
Lay dead, never to stand again.

Camilla Wells III V

THE MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE

Two Christmases ago, I received a canoe from my mother, father, granny and grandpa. It has a turquoise top and a white bottom. I just couldn't wait to launch it into the water. Three days after Christmas, we took it down to the river. I sat in the canoe, which was gently bobbing up and down in the

water. As I stepped in, it wobbled and my father had to steady me.

I was shaking with excitement as my father pushed me out into the water. My father and mother walked along the bank while I paddled bravely on. I kept careering into banks because there was a current pulling to the left. All this time, I kept squealing and every time I nearly tipped over, my father shouted, "Keep steady, don't worry, you won't fall!"

The next time I went canoeing, we went to a river called the River Splash. It is called this because it has a weir, some small rapids and some very fast moving water. The first day we went it was a nice sunny day. There was not much water in the river, so I managed to go down the rapids. It was very scary and I nearly got caught under the bushes on the river bank but I managed to stay upright. Then the current started to take me downstream. I didn't paddle. I just sat there and I went whizzing downstream. My father ran after me, climbed into the river and stopped me.

The next day was a freezing day. It had rained all night and the river was full to the brim. The water was amazingly fast.

My father dared me to paddle in the canoe across a really fast bit of water. I could feel the current pulling under the canoe. I did a back paddle to stop myself from being pulled down the stream and nearly capsized, but I leant the other way and splash! I was under. The water was absolutely freezing.

This year I did my one star canoeing badge and I passed with flying, or rather canoeing, colours.

Alice Tatham I Z

TOUCHING THE CAT

(With acknowledgements to George Macbeth)

You can feel
His bony back
Arch
When you
Go to
Stroke
His fur

You can use
Your thumb
To stroke between his ears
To hear him purr

You can scratch his ears
Behind them
He will push against you
Hard
He loves it

You can stroke
The soft
Fine hair, on the
End of his nose
He doesn't
Like
That

You can awaken
In the night

To find him clawing
On your bed
And mewing
Noisily

You can rub
His
Fur backwards
Only when he is in
A good mood
Or he will
Scratch you

You can
Slither your hand
Gently down
His back
Skimming the surface
Of his black velvet

You can haul
Him
On to your lap
So
He can sleep
In comfort

*Fourth Formers: Sarah Cox, Magalie Brown
Beth Dumonteil, Samantha Garbutt,
Jenny Cruickshank-Robb, Daisy Balogh,
Emma Saxby, Sophie Evans*

HANDS

My hands like to stroke my rabbit, Bright Eyes.
They like to feel cold ice cubes
And hot radiators.
They like to feel cool breezes
And soft, fluffy sheep's wool.

My hands like to feel soft jerseys
And warm woolly sweaters.
They like to feel hard card
And new, clean paper.

My hands do not like to feel snakes' scales
Or prickles on hair brushes.
They do not like to feel cold metal
Or sharp objects, knife blades or pins.

My hands are useful to draw cats or dogs
And draw cartoons.
They are useful to brush my hair and teeth
And gently comfort someone
Or hit, punch or pinch.

My hands are useful to comfort unhappy people.
They can pat people
Or gently stroke their foreheads,
And when someone has fallen over
Hands are useful to comfort them.

Madeline Farr IZ

SOME MOMENTS ALONE

I waited apprehensively on the corner, looking up and down for my friends. The sky was clouded over, though occasionally I could see the moon, its rays flashing through the dense cloud. The feeling of the city at night was one of nervousness; Saturday night held a lot in store, some good things, some bad. Sunday morning would come with relief, but that was a long way off, as it was only nine o'clock, and the night was young.

Taxis were rolling up the main street, dropping their occupants at the desired destination, and hurrying on to their next call. Young couples were wandering hand in hand, gazing into each other's eyes. Groups of girls in jeans wearing red lipstick were laughing and teasing any males who happened to pass. People were coming out of fast food shops, laden with huge packages of food. The smell drifted over to me on ever increasing gusts of wind.

From my vantage point, I looked down the main road in the opposite direction. The lights of the department stores twinkled in the distance, and the rubbish blew up the empty street. Advancing towards me, I could see the lighted ends of cigarettes, their owners having just left the pub. These people passed me by, and left me to smell the blend of perfume, chips and lager they left behind.

I sat down wearily on some steps, and viewed the familiar scene of the town centre. I had quite a shock; the city had a totally different aura at night. The large buildings cast new, engulfing shadows across the road, which looked like they could swallow even the largest human up. In the daytime, these shops looked welcoming, but now their Christmas decorations looked almost sinister. They loomed high above me, mocking me, making me feel very insignificant in my tiny retreat.

I looked at my watch. I still had twenty minutes to go before I was due to meet my friends, so I decided to walk down to the seafront. The gaudy yellow, green, red and blue lights were flashing along the promenade, and, as I approached, I could hear the monotonous thud of music from the pier. The bins were overflowing and the pavement was littered with rubbish. Laughing groups of people were in a party mood, casually pushing and teasing each other. Everybody was happy, since this was the night they had been looking forward to all week. Looking down onto the beach, I could just make out the continuous lapping of the

waves on the shingle. These waves would continue to fall on to the beach, whatever the mood of the city, or its occupants. I was disturbed from my thoughts by a shout of, "Sarah, over here". I turned to see my friends beckoning me, and departed from the peaceful sea to join the hubbub of the city at night.

Sarah Hanson VU

THE STOWAWAY

He sat shivering in the tiny, confined space. But it wasn't cold; he was shivering from pure terror - terror that they would find him and terror that they would hang him, the same way they had hanged his pa. His body became rigid, trying desperately to shut out the tormenting memories.

His legs were bent up, pushed tightly against his heaving stomach. His whole body was compressed against the walls of the box. His arms rested, compact, on his knees, locked into place after hours of sitting in the cramped position. His head was bent over and wedged firmly against the splintering wood of the ceiling. His neck ached unbearably. He longed to reach up and ease his hand across the back of it, soothing the throbbing discomfort. Despite his bleak conditions, he knew that nothing could be worse than the hardship he had had to struggle through all his life.

His mind drifted back to the months of planning he had put into this journey, the sleepless nights forming a recipe that would blend together to make the perfect escape. He thought of the long, sweaty days in the plantation, dreaming of this moment, a harsh whip cracking fiercely behind him.

"The white man", the words flashed through his head, as he clenched his teeth against his deadly anger. How he hated the evil white man! But now he was escaping from the nightmare that, only a few months earlier, he had thought would never end. He felt the ship toss and turn.

He saw his mama's kindly face, with the hint of a smile, then the face changed to the white man's and the expression changed to that of dissatisfaction.

"Mama!" he called into the silence. Then there was darkness.

August 18th 1879. Dead body of young negro escapee found on the cargo deck. Third failed attempt this month.

August 19th 1879. Body and cargo box thrown overboard.

Sophie Evans IV O

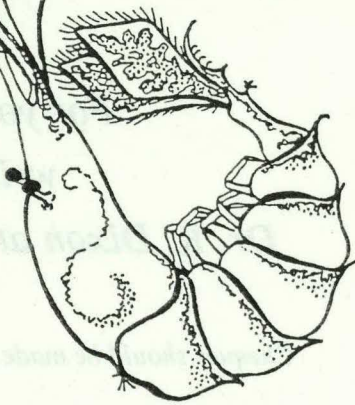
YOUR OWN CORDON BLEU CHEF FOR DINNER & LUNCH PARTIES

Artigone
catering services

- Also : separate dishes made to order :
- : buffets : cocktail canapés :
- : romantic candlelit dinners for two :
- : Far Eastern, vegetarian & low fat dishes :

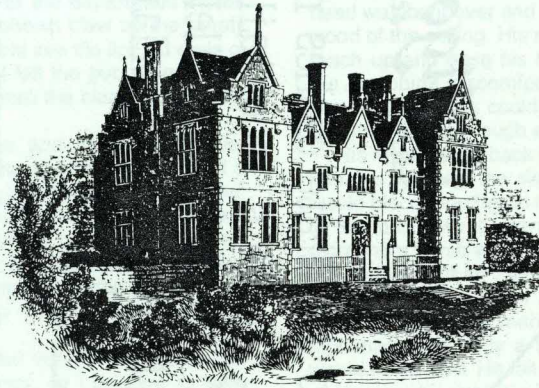
**PERSONAL CATERING FOR YOUR
INDIVIDUAL REQUIREMENTS**

PHONE SALLY DIXON ~ BRIGHTON 463695





ST. MARY'S HALL COOK BOOK



St. Mary's Hall as it looked in 1836.

Price: £1.65 + 25p postage

For your copy

write to

Dr. R. Dixon at St. Mary's Hall

Cheques should be made payable to St. Mary's Hall