

My Mom

Mary



Christmas

'74



Wynne Easy Personnel

Adrian Perry	Julie Rogers
Richard Burton	Nicky Green
Kevan Wind	Sue Lamb
Kelvin Shearer	Damian McCann
Jackie Hopper	Sharon Garton
Steve Keeley	Sue Day
Lesley Hills	

Typing and layout - Janet Smith
and Carol Wood.

Our thanks go to the Office.

General Editor - Mrs. Dexter

Art & Design - Steve Keeley

FRYERNS SCHOOL COUNCIL

Minutes of meeting held on 7th November, 2.30 p.m.

Members present: Stephen Keeley (School Captain) - Chairman

Colin Burrows Jacqueline Springer)	1st form representatives
Robert Babbington Tracey Nicholls)	2nd form representatives
Jill Day Frankie Neal)	3rd form representatives
Stephanie Dicker Richard Magner)	4th form representatives
Liz Livingstone Steven Burke)	5th form representatives
Gary Page		L6 form representative
Adrian Perry		U6 form representative

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The following points were discussed and it was decided to bring them to the attention of the Headmaster.

1. A playground attendant is needed in the North building playground - possibly a prefect or member of staff, at dinner times.
2. Extension of after school activities, (e.g. chess, table tennis)
3. Methods of obtaining enough money for a minibus and alterations to the swimming pool, i.e., a covered pool.
4. To provide a safe place for fifth form pupils to park mopeds, possibly near the sixth form block.
5. The locking of classrooms in the North building to make it safer for pupils to leave their bags in classrooms.
6. Toilets in the North building being in a disgusting state, could the toilets by the tuck shop be opened.
7. More school trips arranged, both educational and pleasure.
8. Discos for each year during lunch hours.
9. The provision of indestructible seats in the North building playground.
10. The main path between the North and South buildings to be made wider.
11. The provision of curtains in the girls' showers, South building.
12. 3rd form pupils would like to revert to having their dinners in the North building.
13. The possibility of desks being repaired or replaced.
14. Supervision of dinner queues in the North building - teachers or prefects.

Date of next meeting: Monday, 25th November, 12.45 p.m. in Library, South Building.

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SCHOOL ASSEMBLIES

Assemblies seem to be even more pointless now as we have a shortage of teachers which leads to shorter school hours. The wasted time which is spent on assemblies could easily be put to better use even if it does mean more work for both teachers and pupils. People complain about the deterioration of the state of schools but nobody seems to be able to provide a suitable solution to the problem.

Assemblies are a waste of time as hardly anybody really listens to the text which is read and, although they bend their heads in prayer I do not believe that they are religious enough to understand the full meaning. The only positive item that some people listen to is the notices which could quite easily be announced in the form room if assemblies were abolished.

If assemblies must continue then I think it only fair that all staff should be present in the hall if that is the case with the pupils. Perhaps if more staff had to suffer the boredom and monotony of these communal gatherings then something could be done in order either to ban assemblies or make them more interesting.

During assembly we either have to sit or stand like stuffed dummies while a member of staff, very occasionally the Headmaster, drones on about some uninteresting topic. If only they would realise that the majority of people do not read or want to hear other people quoting passages from the Bible.

Beverley Davison
5 Gen. 1

When I was asked to write a reply to the article above, I was delighted, as it gives me the opportunity to air some of my views on assemblies in school.

The first point which must be made clear is that, by law, schools must have assemblies, and therefore, whether we agree with assemblies or not is irrelevant unless the law is changed. Apart from this fact, I think that assemblies can play a large part in the school as a community. With schools growing in size, they have become much more segmented. This is especially true of the Upper School where pupils are grouped differently for their option subjects. It is very easy for large schools, such as Fryerns, to lose all sense of corporate identity. Assemblies offer one occasion when a large number of pupils and staff can meet together.

This is only of value, however, when those present feel that what is happening within the assembly is worthwhile, which leads me to the content of these meetings. It is always difficult to interest a large number of people with very varying ideas and interests. As a member of staff who has looked into the sea of faces of people who have 'switched off', I know how difficult it is. It should be noted, however, that the aim of assemblies is not to entertain those present.

As anyone who has listened to what is said at assemblies will know, members of staff differ on what assemblies should contain and it is obvious that pupils also have their own ideas. I think it is important that whoever takes the assemblies should have the freedom to choose the content and the approach used. However, as it stands at present, staff are limited to giving a talk or lecture on a specific topic and in the Lower School, perhaps a hymn. If pupils would be prepared to take part in assemblies, the possibilities would be endless.

It would be more interesting to see many different people taking part as

the more people involved, the more diverse would be the topics and approaches. Ideally I would like to see every form doing an assembly at some time during the year. They could include drama, music or readings on a topic chosen by the form which they believe is relevant and important. I am certain there are many members of staff, certainly myself, who would help in the preparation and execution of the activities. I am convinced when a tradition of pupil participation is established everyone, staff and pupils, will think assemblies more interesting and worthwhile.

My reply to the article is, therefore, in the form of a challenge to the pupils of Fryerns. I am very pleased with the article on school assemblies as it shows a positive attitude as time has been taken to write about something which is strongly believed. What I would like to see is, a use made of such positive attitudes and of the latent ideas and talents, which I am sure are present in the school, in making our assemblies interesting and worthwhile.

S.V. Fletcher

CHRISTMAS EVE

Santa is coming, Santa is coming,
The children shout with glee,
It's the night before Christmas, the night
Before Christmas,
The tinsel's on the tree.
The pies are cooked, the pudding too,
Such a lot of things to do.
Parcels hidden out of sight,
Secrets safe 'til the morning light.
"Have you a bigger stocking, Mum?"
"What will we do if he doesn't come?"
Gradually they fall asleep,
Open the door and have a peep.
Yes, it's safe to leave the toys,
Dolls for the girls, cars for the boys.
Now Mum and Dad can sleep and dream
Until the yells of "Santa's been".

- Jill Day. 2M.

THE STORM

It was a hot muggy day, the lake near our house was warm and muddy and the local population were idly drifting round the surface, stupified by the hot noon-day sun burning high in the sky. Little black flies buzzed around making a nuisance of themselves landing on your arms, gnats were on the rampage too, hovering in waiting to suck some poor victim's blood. In the distance huge clouds loomed out of the sky, there was a storm coming.

I sat there on the lake-side waiting and watching the advancing clouds and listening to the distant rolling of the thunder. It was not quite dark, and the sun was quickly being blotted out. As the last rays shone creating a corona of deep yellow round their fractured extremes, the first drop of rain began to fall haphazardly into the warm muddy lake water. There was a sudden flash that flung itself from the blackness and landed in the vicinity of the road and a few seconds later a massive clap of thunder, reverberating from cloud to cloud as a little child bounces a ball. The rain now fell in rods of icy water, that streaked the background, the rain was falling in torrents. The lightening skipped from cloud to cloud discharging masses of dazzling light. The wind grew, rustling the leaves and eventually bending the sap-heavy wood into wild creations and the trees, trying to regain their status were quelled and battered each time. The roars came simultaneously with the violent flashes, the storm was overhead. A tree right next to me, a majestic oak, was struck and the tremendous charge went to earth with a violent crash that came up through me as if I was bouncing on a trampoline. As it collapsed and hit the floor.

Then the same way as it came it went, leaving an air of emptiness. The birds didn't sing just sat dumb in the trees, everything was soaked and limp and lifeless.

4 Gen.

The Storm

The wind sprang up at around mid-day,
Dusting the coral with a sudden fright,
Looking out one could see,
A prairie,
With the flying sea,
Made from the dark, red dust, and the wandering tree.

Over the overcast sea,
The outcast surf,
The shadowed ghost has returned,
Bringing the stormy waves,
Of hinderance and fright,
Surging towards us,
In the mid-day light.

- Andrea Snook 4 Gen 4

THE STORM

The solitary cloud loomed on the horizon,
Its black mantle shrouded the earth,
Solitary though it was, no-one was spared from its malice,
Its evil spite rained on the earth,
It drenched everyone with its hatred.

A crack o' whips impinged on its hatred presence
It's fire lashed out over the black mantle,
The repetitive endeavours to penetrate the black mass
amounted to nil,
The black mantle was impervious to attack.

It constantly dwelled on this same place, unmoving,
A malediction to which there seemed no end,
Its concentrated hate washed the earth,
Its raging fury, lashed out on the population below,
Peoples possessions were continually swept away as if drawn
by a magnet.

It had created its own dynasty,
Each successor almost identical to the first,
A gale picked up from the west,
It turned the spite into a driving force,
Its powers began to dwindle and like a down and out it
slowly moved on.

- Karen Fuller. 4 Gen.



Crack!
The golden lightning lights up the sky,
Rain pours down,
Then quietens down,
It's gentle now,
All quiet.
Then boom!
The thunder rolls across the sky,
The lightening follows brighter than ever,
The rain belts down harder than ever,
And natters against the window pane.
The storm is settled for the night,
It's hard to sleep,
The thunder deafening,
The lightning blinds me,
My eyes try to close,
I wake up,
It's morning,
The storm has gone,
The sun is warm and bright.

- Moray Bennett. 1M1

THE BIG MATCH by Crian Blough.

Well fans I know you are dying to hear my little story here tonight. As you know, my partner, Eddy Wornout, and I have reported on every great football match since the 2-1 victory of F.C. Moscow Holdonamoe over A.C. D.C. of Milan. Today we have the great report on the Staff v. Sixth-Form match-----the game of all games.

For this game the two giants of the art stand juxtaposed; a meeting of the Staff room Zeus and the Sixth Form Apollo. The scene was set for the great ballet of the feet, the duel of the kings of the turf. The teams like gladiators took the field, the Sixth Form crowned in toga virilis: the Staff throned in old ciggy smoke and stained with coffee.

My partner's view on the game was "I....yyyyyyy..welllllllll...heeeeeeee ...booooots the ball, it's on up and under, lyyyyy.....welll, they're a fine lookin' lads."

This I believe, is a most clear and decisive view of the games as seen by Eddy. And clever people like me, who talk loudly in restaurants, see this to mean that the Sixth Form are right little beauties. I asked the eloquent Steve (Who Wants A Coffee) Keely on how he planned to run the Sixth Form team, "Well Crian, I've opened a boutique for dolly birds and that, you know, for clothes and things. No rubbish.....a real class joint. Errr, fancy a coffee?"

"But what of the game Mr. Keely?"

"Oh, that. Well Crian, I just kick the ball and it winds up in the back of the net."

Well back to the story.

At this point we must note that the Staff managed to field 11 players because Mr. Mercer (no relation to Joe) rented a player from the opposition. The usual fee was arranged.....a night out with the female teacher of your choice with free beverages at the Long Riding Tea-rooms. Gary Page volunteered to play with the Staff (the dirty turncoat toady).

The referee for the match was Mr. Dale. He took the pitch with his guide-dog, M.A.C. and was armed with his birth certificate and rose-coloured glasses.

The match was fought fast and furious, each player moving with symmetry and speed. Steve Keely was booked for dangerous use of the head and for swearing at the ref. (he called him a 'nasty sadist'). A record number of foul throws was recorded during the 90 minutes, which shows you should not drink beer before the match.

The first Staff goal was scored by Kevan Wind, who is a biologist and therefore boring, so his goal isn't worth talking about. In the second half, the dynamic Adrian (burper) Perry, struck through the centre and with colossal strength he breached the defence and scored a fantastic goal. The spectator erupted and Police were forced to eject him. The Sixth Form had made a great comeback and were rallying to victory when Mr. Dale, whose palm had been crossed with silver, allowed a staff-player, who was totally off-side, to shoot a goal.....the ball bounced off the cross-bar, and Steve Cringle, the cat, (after he has been to the vet), was unable to prevent the ball from crossing the line.

cont'd....

cont'd...

So, at the end of the match the Staff had scraped through to win. But the Sixth form know that it's not winning that counts.....but how many players you nobble.

P.S. by Dimples.

P.P.S. The editor wishes to thank Mr. and Mrs. Dimples, without whom none of this would have been possible.

55p

The petrol row at 55p
Is enough to drive you barmy
Its now so dear
Dear it's clear
How I wish it were free
You get in the car and turn the key
Out of petrol, but 55p!
Over 50% of the pound
It's enough to drive you straight to the ground
You see
All for the sake of 55p
After all the trouble is
The petrol now is in a fizz
Now the car needs its fuel
I'm not surprised the people don't have a duel
And as you can see
Its all because of 55p.

Stuart Barrett
1st Year

The Trains

A driver says "no ash trays",
So the train stays in the depot for another
day
I wouldn't mind but this driver doesn't smoke
If he did he would choke
But enough of this tomfoolary
The drivers are full of loyalty
Their loyal to their book of rule
So if you wait for a train don't be a FOOL.

Stuart Barrett
1st Year

THE
BAT

There was a black bat hanging
on a tree at night
Staring at me. It flew
right over then back lower.
It had wings like fins. Its little
feet were small and neat and
Its spikey teeth crackled as if
it was hungry. It flew to eat
then came back and fell to sleep.

Carol Frost - 1D1



SHAGGY THE DOG

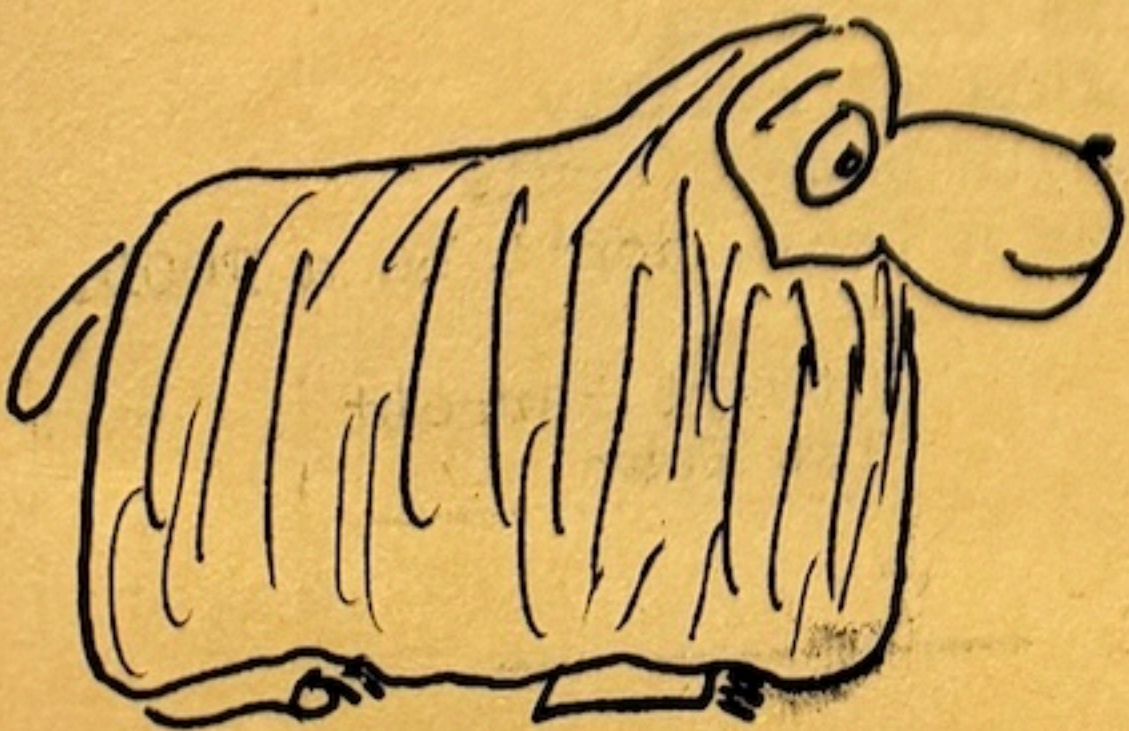
Shaggy the Dog went missing one day,
From a building site he ventured to stray,
His master began to enquire from all,
Had they seen old Shaggy at all.

When they replied with a sorrowful "No"
The master, his emotions began to show,
In despair he called his name
and out from a pipe Shaggy's head came.

Seeing his master,
He ran to his side,
Wagging his tail, forever to abide.

The End.

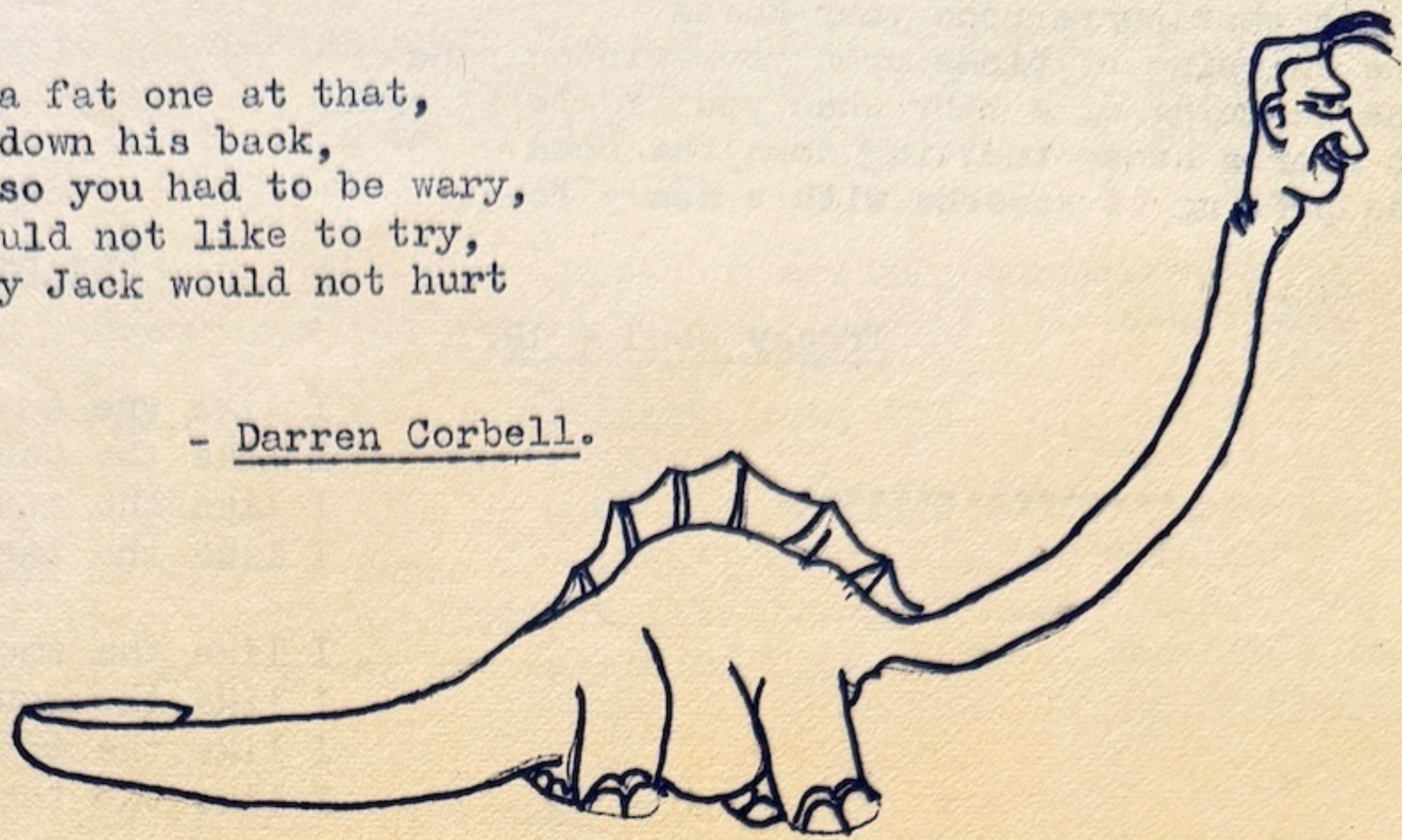
Craig O'Callaghan



JACK THE DINOSAUR

Jack was a Dinosaur a fat one at that,
He has humps up and down his back,
He looks very scary so you had to be wary,
To get near him I would not like to try,
But really and trully Jack would not hurt
a fly.

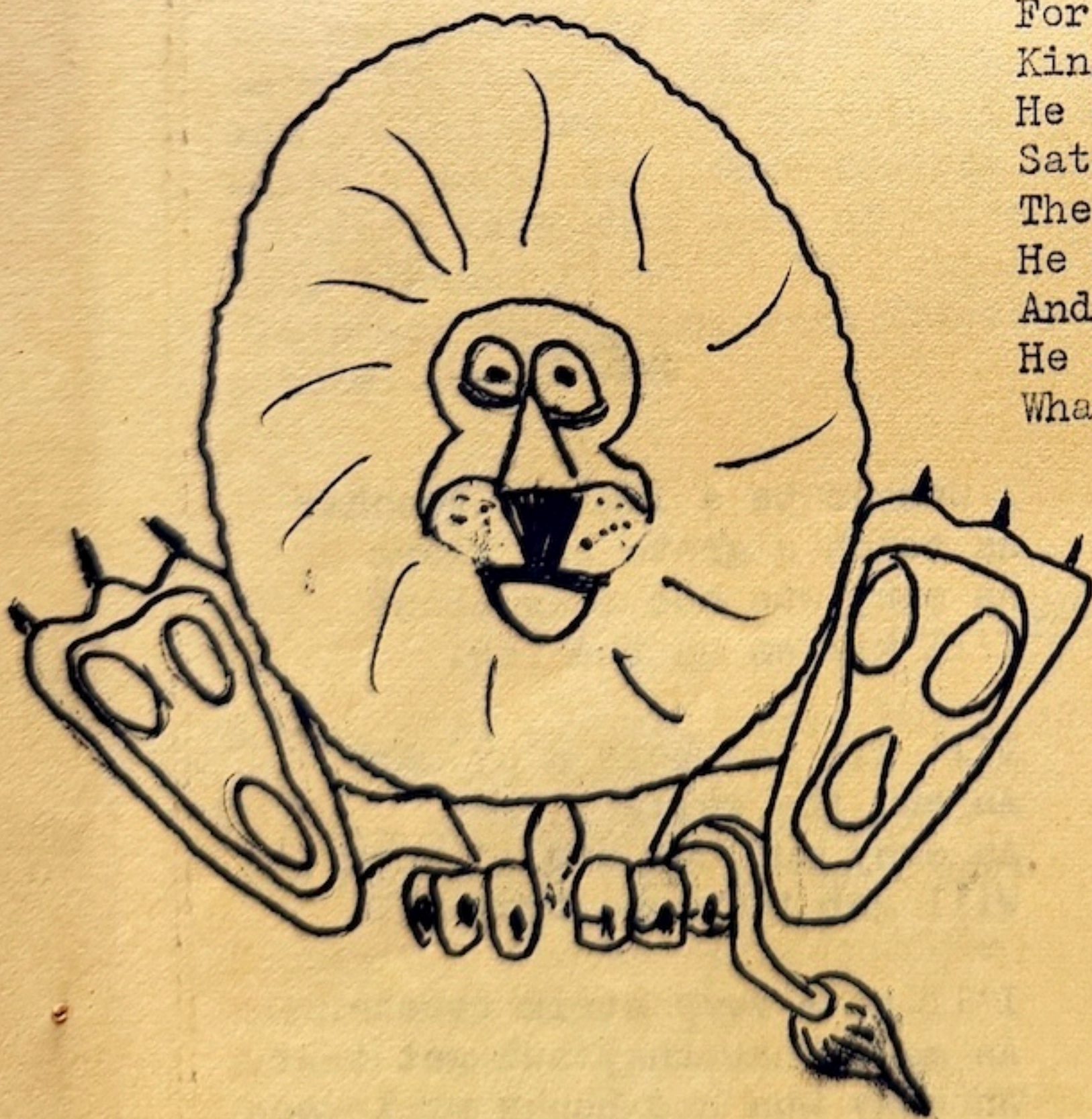
- Darren Corbell.



THE LION

The Lion stalks there in the sun,
Until upon his prey he comes.
He stretched his claws and showed his teeth.
For there stood the zebra that he seeks.
King of beasts the lion pounced,
He caught the zebra, every ounce,
Satisfied from toe to heel,
The lion settles for his meal.
He rips apart the stripey skin,
And when he's finished his lovely din.
He sleeps to find,
What's on his mind.

Denise Cordwell



Illustrations: Paul Parker
Ian Bishop

Quiet Noises

I Like the noise of a summer breeze
A cat that purrs upon your knees
The chirping of birds upon your window pane
The laughing of a baby when you tickle it again
To hear a horse trotting down the road
The puffing of someone with a heavy load.

Tracey Wood - 1P.

The things I like.

I like the smell of newly cut hay,
I like the sound of the horses nay,
I like the touch of satins and silk,
I like the taste of creamy cool milk.

I like the smell of pink paraffin
I like the sound of owls a-hootin',
I like the touch of soft sticky glue,
I like the taste of bread when it's new.

Karen Walter - 1P.

Fire

One spit, One spark
A swirling flame,
A blaze, fierce, scalding flame,
Swirling through the streets.
Then with an inspired flash
It reached the bush.
Swiftly scorching through the bush
Roaring through the bush
Leaving its mark in the path.
A disrupting flame,
A flame of hate,
A flame that disintegrates all in its path
A flash of water
A sizzling flash
Choking and spluttering, it's finally out.

Elizabeth Bean - 2G1.

A Poem

I wanner be a English teecher
An teech a grate big klars
An enny wun hoo muks about
I'll kik em up the leg.

I'll giv the bois a hy mark
An awl the gells a free
An enny wun hoo dus'n' work
Will get the kane from me.

I'll be a very strik teecher
An make shaw thay awl get tawt,
An enny wun hoo bunks my lesson
I'll poot em on report.

Michael Richardon 3GB

DAWN ATTACK

I looked across to the altimeter. The nose began to dip and I levelled up quickly. I knew everything there was to know about flying an aeroplane. I cast my mind back to the day I went to sign up. They couldn't tell me anything about flying. "Your Country needs you!".

The day we arrived at the base they showed us around, demonstrated the use of the equipment, showed how the planes worked. As if they could show me anything! I glanced at my watch, 03.50 hours. 04.00 hours was the time. Soon got the hang of this twenty-four hour clock lark, too.

I checked the altimeter again. We were coming close to the target now. I began thinking back to all the games of my childhood, playing soldiers. I realised the brutality, the thoughtless 'killing'. Yet here I was. Why was I here? 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori' It is sweet and noble to die for one's country.

I was now above the target. I looked down and saw row upon row of tiny houses, small and frail looking. I felt that if I breathed too hard it would blow them down. Once again I thought about what I was doing. I stared at the black lever. Once pulled, it would kill hundreds, thousands, millions. Could I do it? My thoughts came rushing back again, as if to impinge on my duty. It wasn't as if they were friends or relatives. They were just people. People I had never met or known. Just people.

I looked at my watch again. 03.56 hours. The cold light began filtering through the pink clouds on the horizon. Red sky in the morning, shepherd's warning. The altimeter. The watch. 03.59 hours. I looked down again, trying to focus on something. The watch. 04.00 hours the time. I looked back at the lever and began to shiver. I looked again and again at the watch, at the altimeter, my eyes blinded with fear. Or was it fear? The seconds ticked slowly by. 04.01 hours, sweat began to form in globules on my forehead. 04.02. My hands began to sweat. I groped for the lever and pulled hard. I felt the lurch as the doors opened, heard the piercing whistle as it fell down towards the town sleeping below. I closed my eyes. I didn't know what sort of noise to expect, but the noise I did hear just didn't sound right. As I quietly crept away in the cold dawn light I thought "It's not as if they were friends or relatives, they were just people, just people....."

Lynn Strutt - 4 Gen.1

WORLD WAR THREE

So it's here at last world war three,
But why, why does it have to be?
Sit and wonder think some more,
Why does there have to be a war?

Scores and scores of people die,
When I see them I just cry,
Sorrow shows on every face,
Could this be the end of the human race?

An elderly lady weeps with grief,
The Holy Bible's her belief,
But will she ever reconcile,
With the man who shot her only child.

Massacres in every village,
Where every home is left in pillage,
All the soldiers unreliable.
All the bodies indescribable.

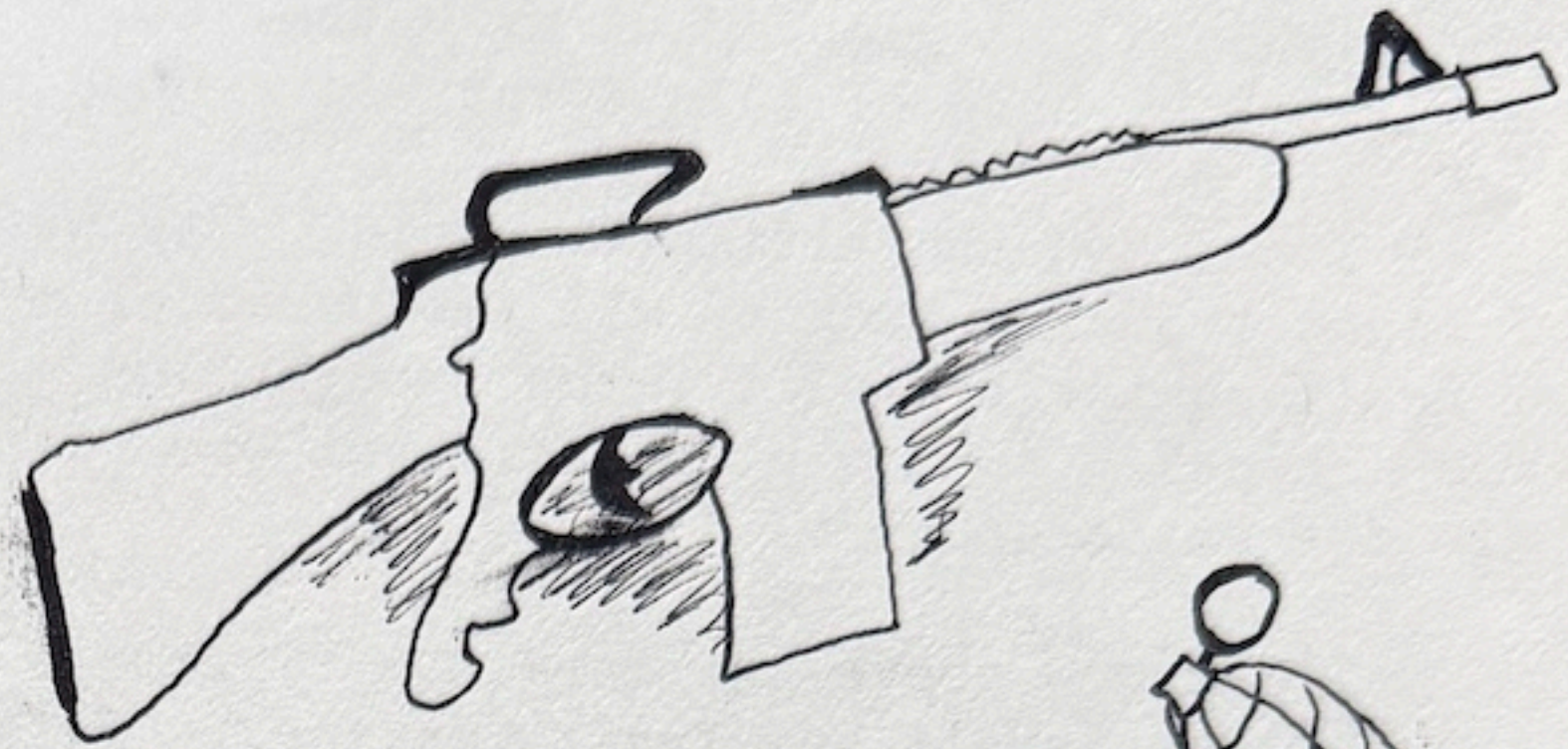
Buzz bombs, scaring, stopping, falling.
Suicide pilots families mourning,
Will we live and love and cherish?
Or will we slowly die and perish?

Questions will be a thing of the past,
When we hear the atomic blast,
How long on which does time depend,
Until this world comes to an end?

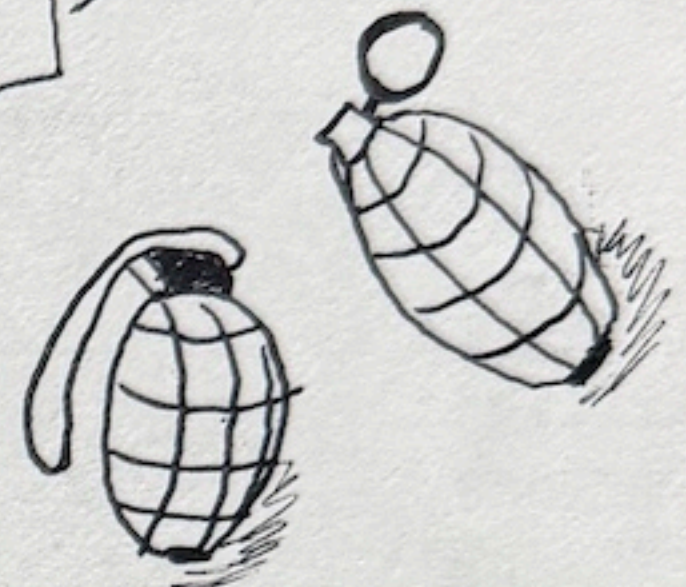
- Kay Singleton - 3D

Blitz

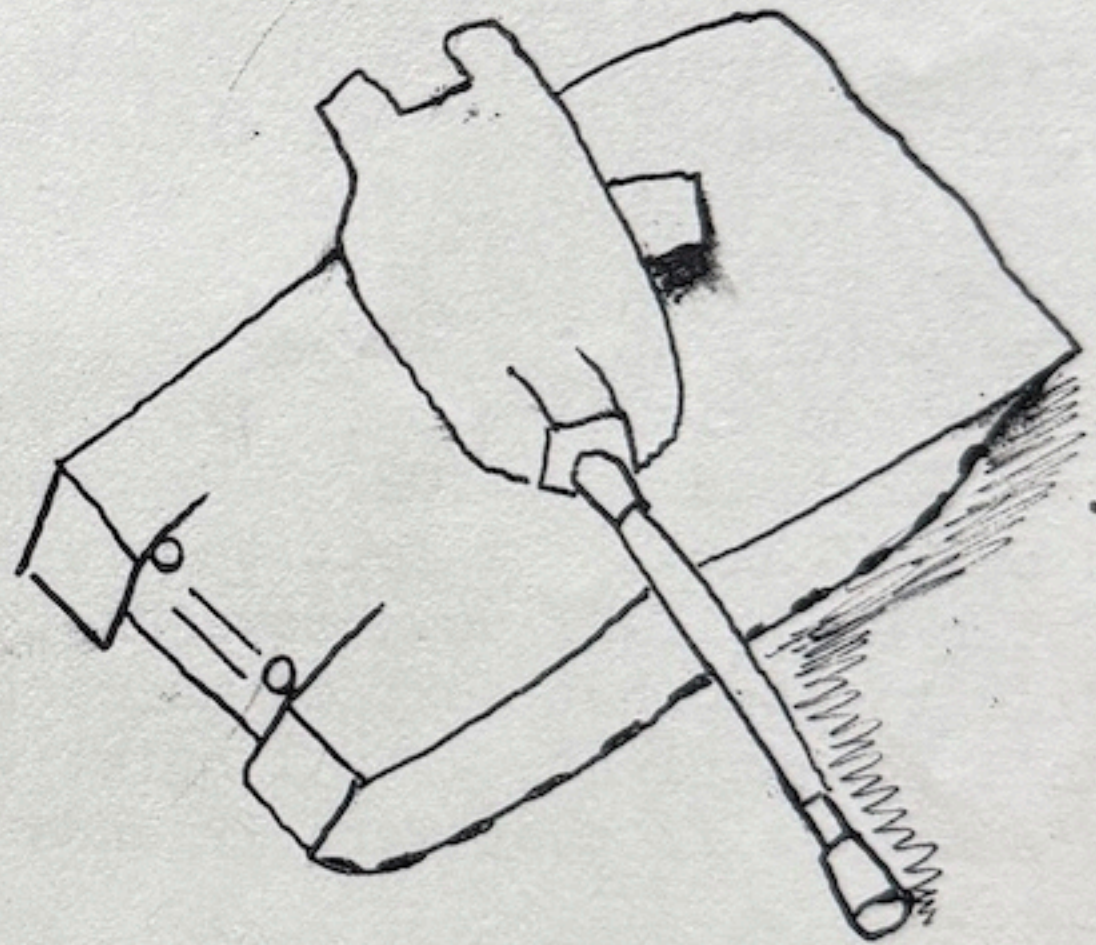
The town was drowsy.
Warm sweet air
Lulled the inhabitants
To sleep.
A muted purr,
Crept from the night factory
And blended with the silence.



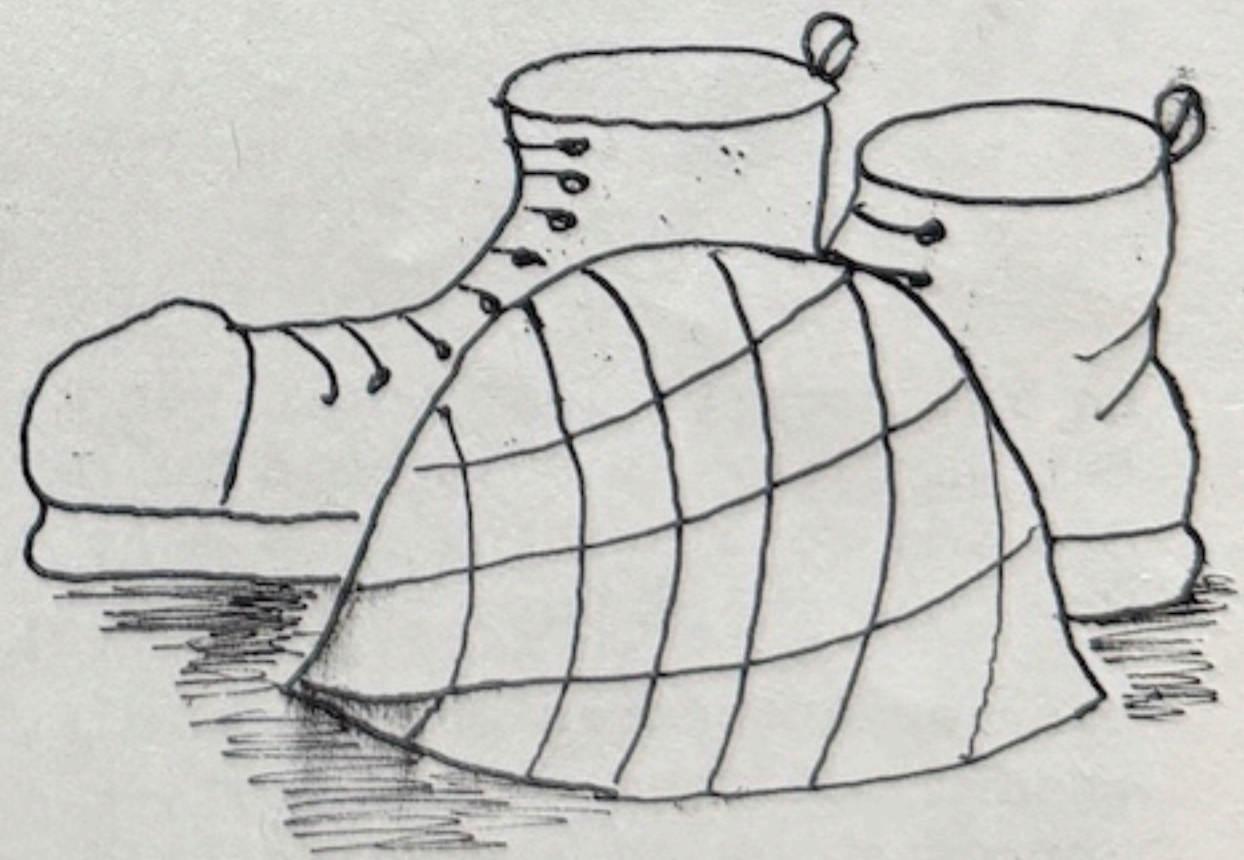
A remote sound
Cold and inanimate
Started to grow.
Swelling by the second,
It built into a pulsating turbulence.
It seeped into stone
Filled every crevice
And shook the buildings.



I knew what it was!
The town fearfully awoke.
While people seethed,
Into the streets.
We ran wildly, caught in a whirlpool
Of horror,
Which was sucking us down.



The air was now heavy,
Pungent with the sickly sweet smell
Of blood.
Houses squirmed
Between the flames like
Tortured snakes.
Slowly,
Amidst the hush
The people scurried from the ground,
To stand and stare,
And wait for tomorrow.



Julie Mundy. 4 Gen.1

DAWN ATTACK

Note: Please read this as though I were telling it to you and not as a journalist piece.

It was ***!!? hot that day, too hot for a war anyway. There were Nips everywhere, up the trees, in the bushes and in the gun emplacement. We were sitting there in our trenches, sitting and waiting for the signal to attack. That was the worst part, waiting, all I wanted to do was get out there and shoot the asses off those pesky Nips. I wasn't nervous or anything. I didn't care if I was killed or not, well not then anyway. It didn't occur to me that I might get shot or run through by a bayonet. All I wanted to do was fight and get it over and done with.

I remember I'd just lit up a fag when the sarge blared in my ear'ole the order to get ready. I stubbed out the cig and stuffed it in my packet for later. If there would be any later. I was so excited, I don't know why, there is nothing great about running in to a hurricane of bullet fire. I suppose it was the adventure of it that so excited me, like a kid just about to go on a trip. The order came, we dived out of the trench. The Japs responded with a hail of shell fire from the four gatling guns on the emplacement. Fairy Flagon was the first to be picked off, good bloke he was.

The sun was peeping over the top of the emplacement, silhouetting it on the horizon. Wished I'd had my sun glasses then, because that sun was blinding. You could hardly see what you were shooting at.

The Nips were everywhere. It seemed as if the more we potted the more there seemed to be. I remember tripping over the sarge. He had got it in the head. I looked at him, his eyes were open and staring straight at the sky as if he were admiring it. Got to admit though, it was a nice day, just right for a day on the beach. That was what bugged me most, here we were fighting like a load of kids for a stupid gun emplacement, when we could be enjoying ourselves laying in the sun.

It was ***!!? suicide to tell the truth. Most have been like target practice for those Nips. We call them animals, they must have thought we were right nutters just let out of the loony bin running in to all that gun fire with no place for shelter.

There was a bloke on the ground his chest riddled with bullets. He grabbed my ankle as I went past. "Help me," he said. I brought my ankle out of his grip and thought, **!!? you mate, if I stop now to help you I'd be safer sitting in the middle of the high street. I yanked my ankle once again for he had once again got a firm grip on it. "Not now mate," I said and started to charge again.

As I was running I was plugged right in my gut. I slumped to the ground. For the first time I was frightened. I felt alone. Everyone running past not worrying, not bothered about me lying on the ground. I remember shouting for help, nearly crying, just like a little kid. I now realised that war was not just another game. I was scared. It was horrible, frightening and terrifying. The continuous torrent of noise drummed and echoed in my head. I couldn't make anything out, it was just noise. Things were becoming a little blurry also.

That was the last I remembered. The next thing I knew I was here in the military hospital.

by Micky Richardson. 4 Gen.

Pointless

Why do so many die,
For war which is so pointless?
And yet our elders lie,
The war will disappoint us!

Many will suffer - and they say not.
And yet it's brave to be
A soldier, loyal, and then shot.
Will some live? - Let us see!

They kill, take lives
And yet each one cares
For families and for wives
And everyone - death scares.

A pointless, bitter struggle.
Until the end they'll fight,
All to win this muddle,
Will some live? - They might!

- Sharon Garton
L.VI

"Genocide"

Several unclothed, untouched bodies lay
Huddled in a confusion of limbs.
Their eyes, stark with terror, rolled
Grotesquely around their faces
Slowly, each plunged to the vortex

Beyond, a charred pit, enclosed
Within a bubbling, frothy, gel.
Around the interior of which meandered
The skeletons of its victims,
Who were bodily thrown into this
Viscous substance.
A squalid sequel to the felony of
The gas traps,
Perhaps they would go to be part of
Some wierd, and wonderful experiment.

- Karen Fuller.
4 Gen. 2

CONFESSIONS OF A CONFECTIONER

Eliot Nestles, the leader of the famous Crime Busters, has uncovered and brought to justice a gang of vicious criminals operating in Fryerns School, (no connection with the staff). Over the past year the tuck-shops operating about the school have been used as a front to run a series of criminal projects, run by an organisation known as the Goo-Gang.

At their trial, Judge Jeffries said to the Goo-Gang, as he sentenced them to 6 years rock-breaking at Dartmoor maximum Sugar-wing, "You have robbed and menaced many innocent school children (pause for laughter). I have no hesitation in putting you behind bars - all of which are Watneys." (Pause for tears).

This article has been published to show how corrupt your sweetie shop has been over the last 12 months. The head of the syndicate, the tooth-fairy, runs operations headed by hand-picked, pre-wrapped, and quick-frozen minions. Roy (Dirty-Mac) Strutt was head of the South-side. Through his corner he ran a boot-legging operation pedalling wine-gums to first-formers and letting them go out with a jelly-baby (for a fee) (elbow, elbow). Strutt was a tough man and dealt rapidly with any troublesome customers, 6 of whom were found at the bottom of the ice-cream freezer. His partner, Big (Botty) Bob is also believed to have eliminated Tootes Hopper, a mobster who high-jacked a 15-ton truck of licorice and gave the tooth-fairy a run for his money.

The other half of this operation, on the North-side, was run by Limpy Banks. Originally he was a contract man for Cadbury Brothers and now he is head of operations for the tooth-fairy. He uses his two strong men, Slasher Wainman and Sue-the-Knife. This is where the people buying sweeties at the Tuck-shop are allowed credit and are charged exorbitant rates of interest and if they fail to pay up they are hit in the dolly-mixtures with a line shark (not a pretty sight). The North-side also had a system of sherbert pushing and growing addicts could get up to 5 shots per day, by collecting cash for the Goo-Gang's coffers.

However, the days of crime are over in Fryerns, Mr. Capes, an amateur Economist, got hold of the Tuck-shop books and using his lightning quick brain, he realised that something was wrong ----- yes, he was holding the book up-side-down. Yet when he examined the figures he knew that crime had been committed. Mr. Capes confronted Strutt who tried to reassure him along with 6 of his friends. After this Mr. Capes went to Eliot Nestles and told all. The gangs days were numbered and soon all were brought to book, showing that crime does not pay.

- Dimples.

P.S. The publishers have also produced this article on a Corn-flake box in serial form.

* * * * *

A NIGHTMARE

In the dark and scary night in a forest called witch wood,
There was a boy walking underneath the white moon,
Through some trees he saw a clearing and he could not believe his eyes,
There stood a hag with prompt nose and fiery eyes, and a black cat,
She stood there shouting curses and chants,
Soon she started to dance round a steaming caldron.
I stood there frozen. After a while she spotted me and started
coming towards me!
I started to scream in panic, and awoke to find myself in bed.

- Robert Barry 1D1

* * * * *

A TYPICAL FISHING TRIP

After the massive response to the previous fishing article "Messing about in the River", (5 threatening letters and 2 obscene phone calls) and pressure from Mrs. Dexter I have decided to write another article on this piscatorial art. I will attempt to describe the ideal fishing day as described in any fishing magazine or book and then what really happens.

Let us start with planning. "This should be done at least a week beforehand, to enable the correct baits to be assembled etc.," says the book. In reality, one decides to go fishing for 3 reasons: 1) relatives coming to stay 2) a lot of work to be done around the house 3) Fred Bloggs down the road hooked a whopper at such and such. Now these things are sprung upon one at the last minute and leaves little time for collecting "bait etc.," so, this is usually a scrounge round the kitchen for bread and a dash down to Charlie's for a bait box of maggots. The annoying thing however is that I being a true 6th former can never remember anything so forget the bait box and have to buy another resulting in about 10 bait boxes piled up at home, half containing dead flies as I had forgotten to empty them.



*"What d'you mean you'd never have the patience?
You've been watching me for the past two hours"*

Now we assume the "angler?" to be at the water having killed off all opposition and is setting up his gear. Once again this appears simple in the book. One looks at the water, decides where the fish will be and which piece of your vast set of tackle to use. Once again in practice this falls down mainly because of the price of tackle at the aforementioned (good that bit, eh?) Charlies and the ease with which weed can tangle with ones tackle and it is lost. By the time I have forgotten half my gear I usually have a choice of about 2 floats usually one big enough to float a boulder and the other so small even the smallest weight sinks it. Also due to the early start I am never awake and when it is all done I find I have forgotten to put the line through the rings on the rod. As a result I have to reassemble my gear.

"Once the gear is in the water it should be left for as long as possible, until a bite occurs" the book confidently states. One tends to find however that once the tackle hits the water one can't remember if there is any bait on the hook or it looks as if with the feeble attempt at a cast the line is tangled etc, and it has to be removed. This goes on for most of the day with constant splashes as the tackle hits the water and is wound in again over and over.

cont'd.....

Now we come onto the all important piece of catching fish. "When a bite is indicated, a firm gentle strike should be made and the fish played in as quickly as possible." However, in reality the part of the book is not very often acted upon for the simple reason that not many bites are indicated. If they are the fisherman is in a great state of excitement and slams the rod up which brings about a few results.

(a) Usually the bite was weed catching on the line, so he gets a large amount of wet weed and line entangled around his body,

(b) The weed was firm and the line snaps. This immediately becomes a massive fish which despite all the anglers skill managed to luckily escape. (c) The angler catches a fish. This happens very rarely and when it does it is a tiddler which having no chance flies out of the water and the fisherman is tangled in line and a fish. The amazed angler immediately weighs the unfortunate fish and places it in a massive keep net in the hope it will grow in there before he leaves.



'Hardly credit he's President of the local Bird Protection Society would you?'

"In the event of a blank (no fish caught) one is advised to go and watch an angler who is having luck. Most anglers are decent fellows and will not mind a quiet watcher." Never attempt this unless you are bigger than the angler who is having luck or can run faster. If asked anything most anglers will reply with unprintable answers or calmly chuck you into the river. Some will however be sufficiently bored to answer and will reply in fishing jargon trying to baffle you into thinking them professional, e.g.,

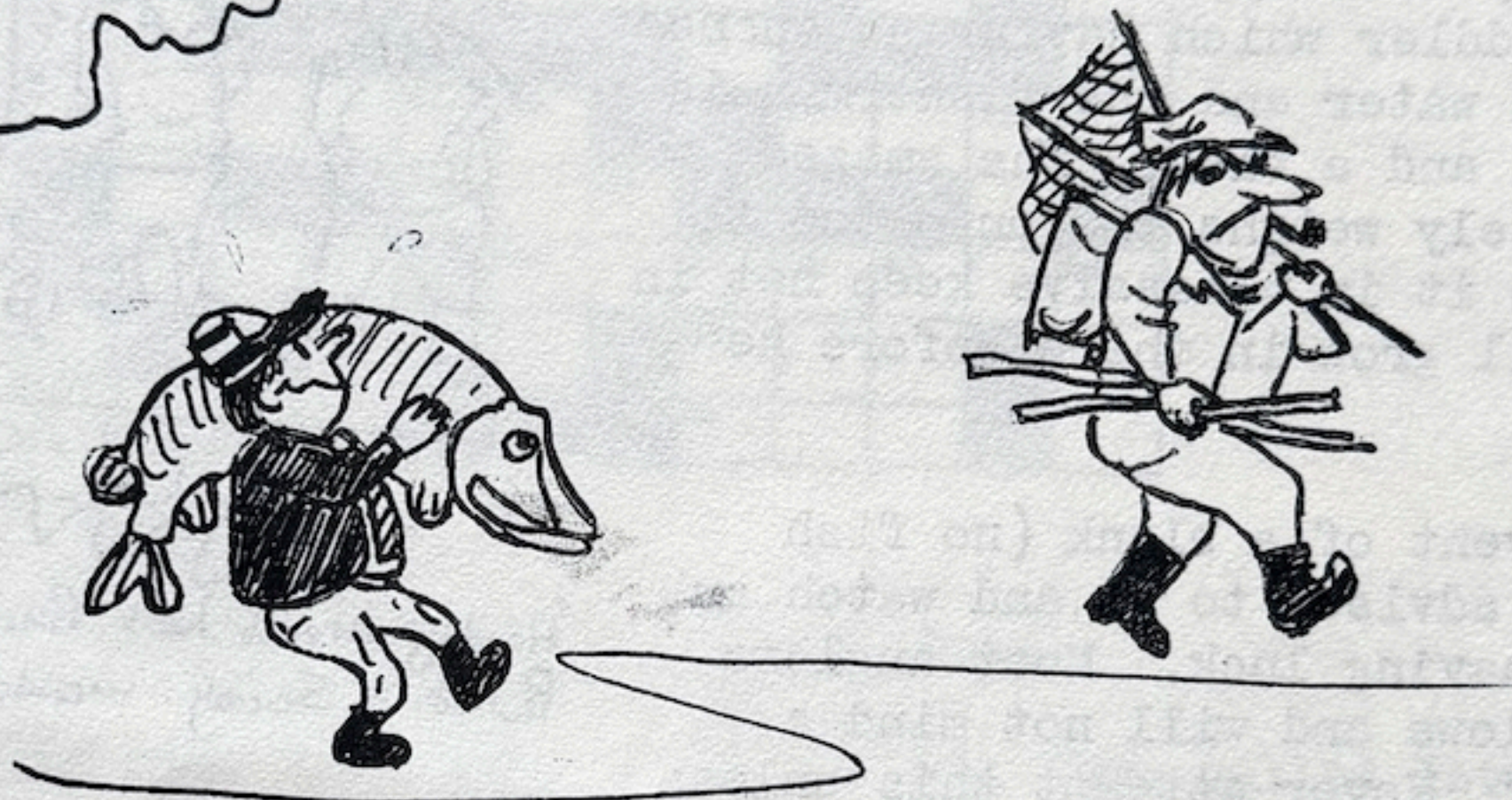
- "What are you after?"
- "Bream"
- "Why fish here?"
- "Thermoclines"
- "Ah Yes"

One never shows ones ignorance even if you don't know what the ***!! they're on about.

"Yes Thermocline" That and its the only place on the river where I can get the ***!!? float to stand up!"

"So we come to the end of the trip when one returns the fish gently to the water" Seldom done as most have no fish "and return to a pub to talk of the day." Here I can say that for once the book merges into reality. If on a club trip those who have caught something may buy you a drink (showing how seldom it is they catch something.) The day ends in a drunken stupor as one staggers home with any fish you have caught magnified by 4 admiring and envious fishing friends.

Jan 30 Saturday
 Took Bob on first
 fishing trip. Bob caught
 4 1/2 lb chub and 25 lb
 Pike. Self nothing.
 Encourage Bob take
 up Country Dancing.



K. Wind - Fisherman
Extraordinaire

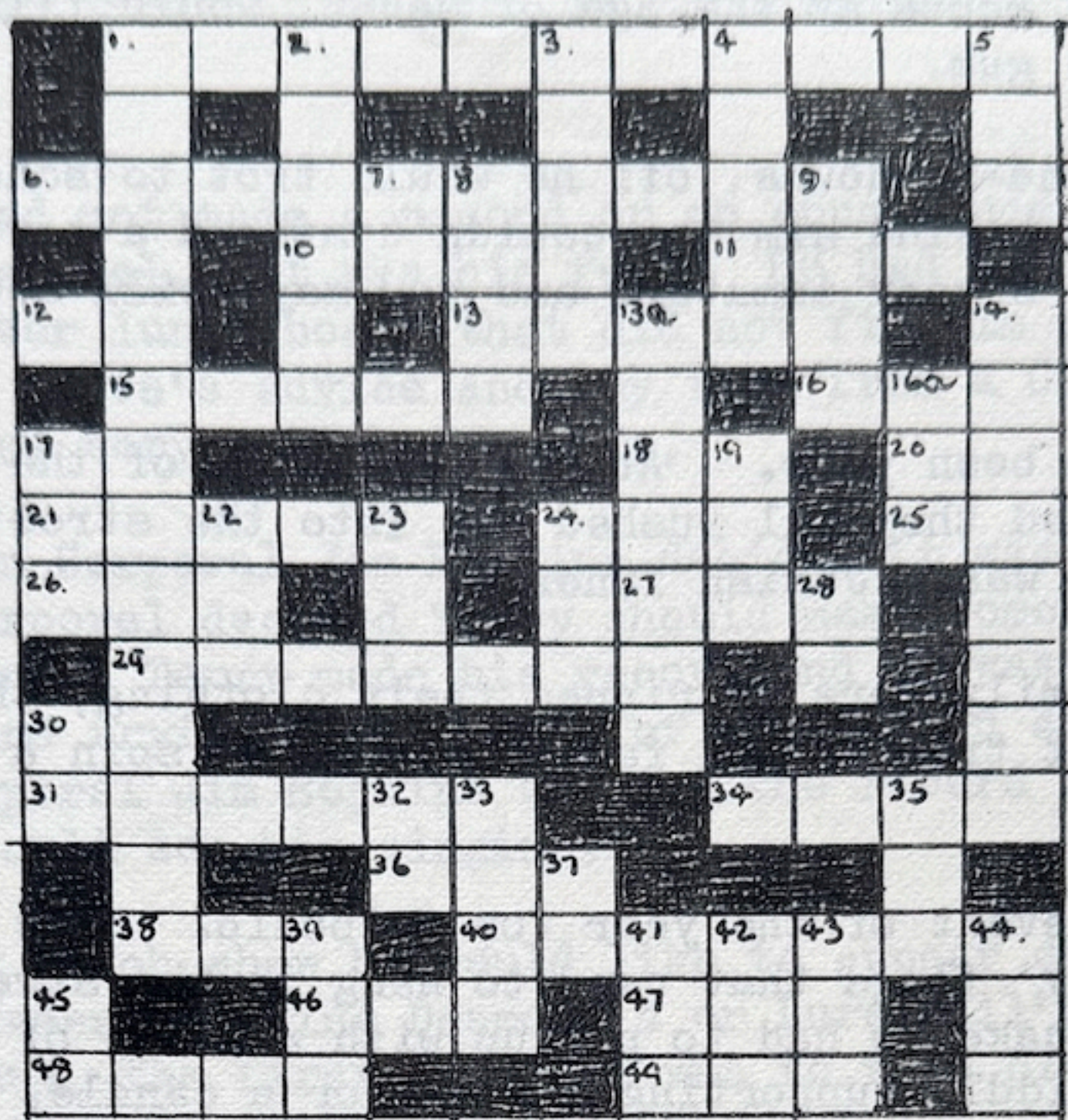
THE SCHOOL BOOK SHOP.

Members of the first three years are constantly complaining. Their list of "wants" is endless - lockers, covered way between the building, indoor swimming pool and so on.

We cannot expect the taxpayers and ratepayers to supply us with any more luxuries. If we want extras we must raise the money ourselves. Various projects have been started and one of these is the School Book Shop.

The Book Shop is open every Tuesday and Thursday from 12.45 p.m. to 1.15 p.m. There are comics at 1¹/₂p each, paper backs at 4p, and hard backs at 6p. Everyone is welcome to come to Room 29 and all profits will go straight into the School Fund.

CROSSWORD



Clues

Across -

1. You don't put this type in a vase.
6. A place of study.
10. The inverse of tixé.
11. The pinna is on the outside.
12. The pronoun of the cat.
13. Tears for some, found in shells.
15. He held up the world.
16. Black slimy snake.
17. Not quite an ant.
18. I want.....go.....the pictures.
20. A short buzz buzz.
21. Twinkle, Twinkle David Essex.
24. To put ingredients together.
25. Blue Peter petrol station.
26. Knock the ball in cricket.
27. A baby's bed.
29. Colourless, Transparent.
30. Yes.
31. On the contrary.
34. Surname of a man who brought about puddling and rolling.
36. Horses food.
38. The tide goes away.
40. Long food
46. You do it to 40 across.
47. He will do this to wood to shape it.
48. You are often in a bad one.
49. A female sheep.

Down -

1. Now called Istanbul.
2. Uncover
3. Jester in 'Twelfth Night'.
4. Furry water creature.
5. True colour of Royal Blood.
7. Prefix meaning 'out'.
8. Tears
9. A type of key.
- 13.a. Things in this newspaper.
14. Large jungle creature.
17. Cinders.
- 16.a. See 38. across
19. Savoury drink.
22. Past participle of eat.
23. No longer sitting.
28.or not....be
30. As 30 across.
32. Sew and sound a like.
33. West.
35. Old clothes.
37. Baby's thank you
39. Sleeping couch.
41. Need.
42. See.
43. Wonder.
44. Go to work on it.
45. I ... you are.

CRIBBALD FLOBBY.

Poor old Cribbald Floppy, he's quite a frail little lad at that innocent sweet age of sixteen (h'mm well!). He had a sad, hard life as a child, his parents could only afford one pair of boots, so, when his elder brother had finished stomping around in his army surplus, Cribbald, filled with joy at the sight of his first pair of boots at the age of seven, would fill the worn holes with freshly chewed bubble gum.

With brother's old hand-me-downs, off he would trot to school, pulling his ever faithful roller skate behind him (he couldn't afford a toy dog so he had to make do). By the way, he's very immature and you may still see him dragging it along behind him.

His family had always been poor. At the beginning of the war, when the first air raid siren sounded they all rushed out into the streets with begging bowls in hand, thinking it was a Jewish funeral.

When anyone in the family tore or ripped their clothing, they couldn't afford darning implements, so that trained the family spider to spin a web over the holes and just had to make to.

His birthday was the event of the year for Cribbald. His parents would cover the walls with the 'victory' flags that used to hang in the streets after the war. As they couldn't afford a cake, he had to put up with a slice of bread with dripping which was mounded in the middle supporting a wick for a candle.

When he was fourteen he got his first job, as a skinner down the local pongo or fishery, but for some strange reason he never got on with anyone during this period, especially the opposite sex. He still hasn't found a companion to this very day, his only friend is dear old 'Rover', the roaming roller skate.

- K. Grahame. 5 Gen 2

OLD AGE.

"Mum, what is old?,
Mum, I want to stay young.
Mum, don't ever leave me".
"Don't worry. I won't."

"Mum, why is your hair turning grey?
Why does daddy never run?
Why is Uncle going to wear glasses?"
"Oh, darling, listen to me for a moment".

"You become a woman,
Then a wife,
You have some children."
"That would be nice."

"Mum, why is nan so wrinkled?
Mum, why is nan so deaf?
Mum, I never want to have grey hair".
"Oh, of course you won't."

"You start to walk,
You start to run,
You learn to read and write".
"Oh yes, I see."

"Your children grow up,
You become older
When you're a grandma".
"I can't wait".

"So you see the joys of getting older
But don't wish your life away
Or you'll be forty."
"Mum, now I understand".

- Helene Stebbing -2nd year

An Embarrassing Situation

(or an exaggerated look of the commercial pop scene)

Terry Tinsle had not made a record or an appearance for a year. He had been seriously ill in hospital. It was his feet. He had had bunions. He got them because he wore silver lurex boots that did not fit him properly. He did not take his friend, Shimmer Steve's advice and buy them from a Clark's shoe shop but bought them from a cheap not very well known shop.

Terry's manager Corporal Jim Hopkins decided it was time he should maintain his career. The Corporal decided Terry should make some television appearances to promote his record. Terry made his record and it was ready for release. All the disc jockeys were trying to get hold of the record and be the first to play it on the air. Corporal Jim Hopkins decided the record should be heard on television then Terry's fans could see him singing.

He asked Terry which show he would like to appear on. Terry said that he couldn't decide between Dazzling Desmond's or Lurex Lil's show. Lurex Lil had a new season of shows, the first of which was to take place about the time Terry's record was to be released. She was delighted.

"Just think Terry Tinsle making a comeback on my little ol' show." Lurex Lil's show was live in front of a live audience. The public did not know Terry was on the show. He was the surprise guest. Lurex Lil's show was very popular. To get tickets for the show you were put on a long waiting list. Everybody was wondering who her surprise guest was. It was the talk of school girls. Many people were placing private bets on it.

Terry was very nervous on the night of the show. He made his appearance at the end. He had a new silver and green tinsle suit with boots to match from Clarks. He looked like a Christmas tree in it but nobody dare tell him.

Lurex Lil was doing the dance routine just before Terry was due to go on. Terry got up from the chair in his dressing room to go to the side of the stage when he remembered he had not put on his green eye shadow. He picked it up from the dressing table and put some on. He dropped it and when he bent down to pick it up he heard a ripping sound. He thought the worst, his trousers split all the way round, showing his Marks and Spencer unisex briefs. He shouted for the wardrobe lady. It was only a small split about two inches long and the lady said that it would not show from a distance. He went to the side of the stage. Lurex Lil was introducing him.

"Now my millions of little ol' fans, here is my fave fan, somebody we have not seen for a while. Here to sing his new record. 'I love you more than Turnips', Terry Tinsle." There were screams from the speakers at the side of the stage and the audience. Terry ran onto the stage nearly falling off his green and silver lurex boots from Clarks. He burst into song. He was singing away when somebody threw their T shirt onto the stage.

Terry forgetting about his trousers bent down to pick the shirt up. He heard a lot of tearing sounds. He carried on singing. The sleeves of his jacket then began to fall down his arm. He gracefully let them fall to the floor. The audience were laughing but they thought it was part of the act.

cont'd....

cont'd.....

The girl whose T shirt Terry had in his hand then ran up onto the stage. He walked towards her and his trousers just completely fell away from his body. The embarrassed Terry Tinsle was left wearing a jacket with no sleeves, a pair of silver and green lurex boots from Clarks and a pair of unisex briefs from Marks and Spencers.

The band stopped playing. The girl on the stage said, "Uh. He's got bad breath." She grabbed her T shirt and ran off stage. Terry Tinsle also ran off but he tripped over and had to be dragged off. He left an audience in hysterics and the television screens of millions blank. So much for the comeback of Terry Tinsle.

Lorraine Dean - 4 Gen. 1

Disaster of the Art Lesson - or
How do these things happen?

Last Thursday I was in the Art lesson painting. When I had finished the painting my friends and I played with the chairs and the teacher told us to stop and to go down the other side of the room and sit down. We went and my friend suggested that we play a game. This was for the last few minutes of the lesson, so we agreed with her.

At the end of the lesson we were sent to the year tutor. So I said to Miss, "I want my report sheet back."

She said "Wait until I've written on it," and she wrote, "Disgusting behaviour."

This made me lose my temper and I called her a very bad name in fact I swore at her. The I ran through the room shouting and kicked chairs over and broke a paint brush in half and smashed some paints and kicked a hole in a cupboard and then started crying.

I was told to stop crying and wash my face and I went to the tutor and told him what had happened and he told me that we would help me but if I did not get better he would move me to another class.

I shall be quiet in future.

WHAT IT'S LIKE?

After being forced, arm-twisted, attacked, blackmailed, and threatened by the Upper VI I decided to voluntarily write a piece for the school mag.

"But what can I write about?" I asked.

And still I don't know what to write about. So I've started to write hoping I'd think of something worthwhile to write about. If on the other hand I don't you'll be left reading a lot of nonsense not that you'll make sense of anything I do write anyway!

.....Read on if you dare risk catching that dreaded disease - boredomania.

The Sixth Form Block - "What's that?" some of the younger members of this establishment may ask. Well that is the place where they keep the Sixth Form. It's a largish, dark, creepy building with walls covered in those dangerous monsters - the Wombles.

All around you see the death traps - otherwise known as easy chairs. Once you sit in one you've no chance. They eat you and as you sink deep into the depths of the unknown easy chairs you reach out in a last desperate attempt, for the nearest thing to you. You look in your hand to find you've got the latest issue of the intellectual Sixth Form paper - Beano.

If you escape (and you're lucky if you do) you go into the kitchen the place where steam pours from the large outer-space urn (no relation to Mr. Wise - think about it - never mind!.) bubbling, gurgling getting ready to pounce. Then it happened it pounced - but not the urn - the toaster throwing out those bullets (burnt toast - Damian cooked it!) It jumped and tried to bite (not that we blame Damian - not much anyway!) But that famous Sixth Form maintainer of law and order Supertwit (otherwise known as Head Boy - no offence Kelvin) came to the rescue. After a huge battle I escaped leaving Supertwit trying to catch his breakfast.

Moving on we find the room which holds the booming machine (for those ignorant few amongst us a quick translation is record player) booming out Pink Floyd, Monty Python, Marty Feldman and Pinky and Perky (all highly sophisticated stuff.)

Then we find the padded cell - where all of the little first formers we catch are kept before the kill and the feast (there is an end of term dance and feast where all of these are roasted, and, after a short ceremony thrown to the dogs - known to you as the teachers).

In the next cell we find the teachers just been locked up for a while so as the Sixth can read the Beano and drink coffee for a while longer before slowly strolling away to lessons.

Then you see him - the school streaker. Once he's gone you come out of hiding to find notices of

"Streaker Strikes" and
"Up the Streakers".

On leaving, you are confronted by a mat. Not an ordinary mat. THE MAT. THE MAT of the Sixth Form block. That famous mat that is the first and last sane thing that you see on entering the Sixth Form block and becoming a Sixth Form loony.

Sharon Garton - L.VI

It is the 3rd September 1666, and the fire has been burning for about 32 hours. It started at 2.00 a.m. yesterday.

I am frightened because Mother and Father won't leave our house and it might burn down while we're in it.

It is now about 5.00 p.m. and we have left our house with our few belongings. Our house is a pile of ashes now, and we have to leave in a boat on the Thames. I think Mother is worried about us dying from starvation. She is a bit pale and looks ill to me. I haven't spoken to Father about this yet but I suppose he has guessed.

By the way, my name is Sandra Gold, my parents are not very wealthy, so I am lucky I can read and write. The Priest in our local Church taught me when I was nine years old. I am now thirteen years old.

We are leaving in a moment. I feel sad to see the only home I've ever had burnt, and to leave it even sadder. I feel tears in my eyes as I step into the tiny rowing boat. But I can't let Mother see me cry, so with a lump in my throat I hold back my tears.

Goodbye home, I'll never see you again. And I'll never see again (I hope) the flames licking the wood, and houses disappear. While from the fire tiny, but fatal sparks shoot out and another home is lost.

The men tried pulling down the houses but the fire was faster than the men.

All we could do was to leave, for ever, our homes. So our town was lost, whether for better or worse, not-one will ever know.

- Colleen Garton
3D1

Teachers' Crossword
Answers

- | <u>Across.</u> | <u>Down.</u> |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Capes. | 1. Crowley |
| 3. Nicholson. | 2. Page |
| 5. Gates
(Anagram of
Stage). | 4. Doncaster |
| 6. Dale. | 7. Tindill |
| 9. Hunter | 8. Jenkins |
| 13. Yardley | 10. Ure (Anagram
of Rue) |
| 14. Fisher. | 11. Crabb |
| 17. James | 12. Terry |
| 19. Kavanagh. | 15. Heaver |
| 21. Dexter. | 16. Parkinson |
| 22. Marden. | 18. Evans |
| 23. Spencer. | 20. Nelson. |
| 24. Winch. | |
| 25. McCaffery. | |

The other Crossword
Answers

- | <u>Across.</u> | <u>Down.</u> |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Cauliflower. | 38. Ebb. |
| 6. University | 40. Sausage |
| 10. Exit | 46. Eat |
| 11. Ear. | 47. Saw |
| 12. It. | 48. Mood |
| 13. Pearl. | 49. Ewe. |
| 15. Atlas. | |
| 16. Eel. | |
| 17. An. | |
| 18. To. | |
| 20. Be. | |
| 21. Stars. | |
| 24. Mix. | |
| 25. B.P. | |
| 26. Hit. | |
| 27. Cot. | |
| 29. Neutral | |
| 30. No. | |
| 31. Oppose | |
| 34. Cort | |
| 36. Oat. | |
| | 1. Constantinople. |
| | 2. Unveil. |
| | 3. Feste |
| | 4. Otter. |
| | 5. Red. |
| | 7. Ex. |
| | 8. Rips. |
| | 9. Yale. |
| | 13a. Article. |
| | 14. Elephant. |
| | 16a. Ebb |
| | 17. Ash. |
| | 19. Oxo |
| | 22. Ate |
| | 23. Sat. |
| | 28. To. |
| | 30. No. |
| | 32. So |
| | 33. East |
| | 35. Rag. |
| | 37. Ta. |
| | 39. Bed |
| | 41. Use |
| | 42. Saw |
| | 43. Awe |
| | 44. Egg |
| | 45. Am |

SPORTS REPORT

The Sporting men of the school are once again doing well in all departments. The Rugby teams are having a good season, led by the 3rd years who are undefeated in their 7 games, scoring 214 points and conceding only 9. Robert Dyer, the kicker, is leading the points tables with 70, whilst Captain Mark Holmes is the leading try scorer with 8. Mark is chased by R. Dyer on 6, and the luckless John Evans who broke his arm playing in the 18-3 win over Woodlands. The whole team is playing well, and it is hoped they can tidy up some of their problems before 14th December when they meet Westcliff in what could be a classic match. (One or two places may be available on the coach for this game - see Mr. Clark).

The first years appear to have enjoyed their start to competitive rugby with 3 wins from their 4 games, climaxed by a superb win by 6 to 4 at Langdon School, East Ham, when Kirk Parker's fine conversion kick won this evenly matched fixture. Too many boys to mention have shown ability, but O'Callaghan and Dawson look promising in the pack, and it is hoped that Pinder will revel in the responsibility at scrum half.

The second year are having a mixed season with 4 wins and 5 defeats to their credit. The pack are playing with true determination, very ably led by Shaun Ryan. Russell Mann and Mark Thatcher are noted for the directness and strength of their running. The tackling of the forwards has improved immensely, and the backs have taken encouragement from the pack, especially newcomers to the side, Young, Keeble, Piggott and Barker. Every team has its unfortunate incidents and the sending off of Mark Norris against St. Anselms has provided a stern warning to the other boys with regard to misconduct on the field. Norris has still to regain his place after a two week suspension.

The 5th year performances on the Soccer field have been second to none. They are still in the Basildon cup after drawing twice with Nicholas 3-3 and 4-4 and are now in the quarter finals of the Essex schools trophy, after beating Cumberland School 3-2 in the last round. Several other teams are doing well. The 3rd years lead their section and the 4th year are lying second in their section. The most improved side are without doubt the second years.

U/13 Soccer.

4 3 0 1 20 9

The U/13s got off to a good start beating Bromfords 2-1. So far they have played 4 and lost only one - against Woodlands. They were very unlucky to lose, having bravely fought back from being 3-0 down to 3-3 and losing by an odd goal. At present they lie second in the league table. The attack and midfield have been working very well together. Murtens and Moles making penetrating runs to the goal line regularly, being ably supplied in midfield by Wheeler and Lawrence. At the back, big Mark Thatcher is a daunting figure to any attack and with Dyerson between the posts they could go on to win 'their' section of the league if they keep up the consistency of their play. We shall see next term whether they realise their capabilities.

Sports Report Continued.

The U/29 and U/14 Basketball teams are still unbeaten, and both head their section of the schools' league. The under 14's have a wonderful chance of qualifying for the quarter finals of the County Cup if they beat Norlington on November 26th.

6th Form Go Down Again.

Having lost 2-1 to the staff on the Soccer field, they dropped out of the Wellie throwing, complaining that the pitch conditions were not good enough for an attempt at the 130ft plus world record. Fair weather wellie men if you ask me. The final humiliation when Mr. Mercer's hand-picked Basketball squad ran out 20 to 8 winners over a motly looking 6th form, despite big M's generous decision not to continue half way through.

Well done the lads. (Staff, of course!)

CAKE COMPETITION

1p Admission

See Gym notice board for fixture

FINAL - THURSDAY 19TH DEC. - KICK OFF 1 P.M.

VI v Staff Football Match

A member of the sixth form under pressure (fumb-screws actually) has decided to give a COMPLETELY UNBIASED report of this truly great match.

After continuous pressure from the VIth form on an extremely unfit staff XI (eh, Mr. Prentice) the staff suddenly had break away and scored a fluke rebound goal (suspiciously off-side). The VIth rallied to this and within minutes the staff were 2-0 up (which was also suspiciously off-side). Mr. (chopper) Mercer had a 90 minute lapse of concentration, thinking he was playing with an oval ball instead of a round one. Finally the staff's hand picked defence broke down under pressure (typical) and Adrian Perry pulled one back for the VIth form.

The final result clearly does not reflect the TRUE run of the game and when the VIth form's temperament was tested after having their 7th disallowed goal, well! Although with Mr. Dale refereeing - say no more!

Your Sports Correspondent wishes to remain anonymous for fear of reprisals.

(Bruised School Captain - Steve Keeley).
