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EDITORIAL 1

This year has once more been a mad rush to try and get everything finished for the Avenue. The formation of an Avenue committee began at the beginning of this spring term, with Kevan Myers eager to get things going. Our first meeting was a memorable one with just myself and Kevan Myers turning up. The meetings didn't seem to improve in number at all and after a long battle to create interest in the Avenue Kevan Myers admitted defeat.

This failure to get the Avenue magazine started had been watched from above. Sarah Evans leapt into the scene, and with the help of Mike Collins, whipped up a team of trusty sixth formers. The ideas and planning flooded forth from each great mind upon the committee but no real work got put down on paper as is often the problem. The weeks passed by with no progress obvious, apart from a rough book packed with brilliant ideas.

Eventually, towards the end of the term the ball began rolling and work began to come in. However, the ball was rolling very slowly and because of the clash with exams the committee seemed to dissolve. Myself and Duncan managed to keep things going thanks to Sarah Evans urging us on and giving support.

Hopefully, the final product will look somewhat graphically smarter due to our whizz on the computers, Mike Collins. Even though there is a lack of art work (thank you Jim!) we hope you enjoy reading this magazine.

Jon Attwood.

The Avenue team consisted of:

Jon Attwood and Duncan Holley (Editors)
Jim Smith and Jodi Mullen (Supposed Art Editors)

Ben Peacock who actually did the drawings in the holidays!

Ben Ingle (who made an effort)

Mike Collins (who spent many hours over a steaming computer)

Sarah Evans (who kept everyone going through thick and thin)

Thanks go to everyone else that helped with and contributed to The Avenue.

EDITORIAL 2

The Avenue has been in a state of flux this year. Many of the aspects of school life which have traditionally been the basis of articles have been written up by scholars or staff in Newsletters.

One Avenue decision this year was to include articles written by people other than scholars, who could give a different perspective on a particular school occasion. The committee have continued with some "Old Favorites": the ever popular Whole School Questionnaire.

The committee was very small and my congratulations go to Jon Attwood and Duncan Holley who held firm in their determination that a magazine would be produced when everyone else somehow got distracted. We are also grateful to The English Department who provided material for the committee to select for the creative writing section of the magazine. I feel The Avenue is a very important window for this facet of school work.

The design and layout of the magazine has been entirely done in school this year. Mike Collins has shown us what his experience and design flair combined with our new technology can really do. This new dimension to the magazine is one we shall develop and evolve in years to come. The appearance of The Avenue is a product of the fact that it has become far more completely a home grown product.

The cover. *This has been designed and constructed by Duncan Holley and he is running a competition!*

Can you identify each part of the photo-montage?

Answers to Duncan Holley by the end of Autumn term. He will present a prize to the person who identifies the most.

C"an you give me a hand on Monday?
It's George Fox Day" said Dad.

You what?

I return from Sheffield to a Dad without a beard planning to dress up in seventeenth century clothes along with the whole of F.S.S.W. and ride a horse through the streets of Saffron Walden. Am I in the right house? Actually, I can believe anything of C.M.C. but all the school! This had to be seen.

When I arrived at school on the first of July the buildings certainly looked familiar but I didn't recognise any of the scholars and very few of the staff. I expected there to be some change in the scholars over the three years (if not a few more feet in height then at least a foot of hair) but not collars, breeches and bonnets. Everyone I saw was dressed in replicas of early Quaker dress to celebrate the life

of George Fox on the tercentenary of

his death. I felt like an outsider or rather a visitor from another time. Only little snatches of the twentieth century reminded the observer of the year. For

me a few minutes at the Music School, where a number of scholars rehearsed extracts from "The Fire and The Hammer", reassured me that this was indeed my school.

My reactions and feelings appeared closer to the scholars than those of the other visitors with whom I'd entered. I may be an old scholar but not that old. Despite the costumes, the scholars and Mr Dodge were just the same. School is school whether you are in the seventeenth or twenty-fifth century.

Other activities on offer during the day included a talk on the convictions behind early Quaker dress by Mary Probert and a lecture on the history of Friends in Walden by Joyce Whittington.

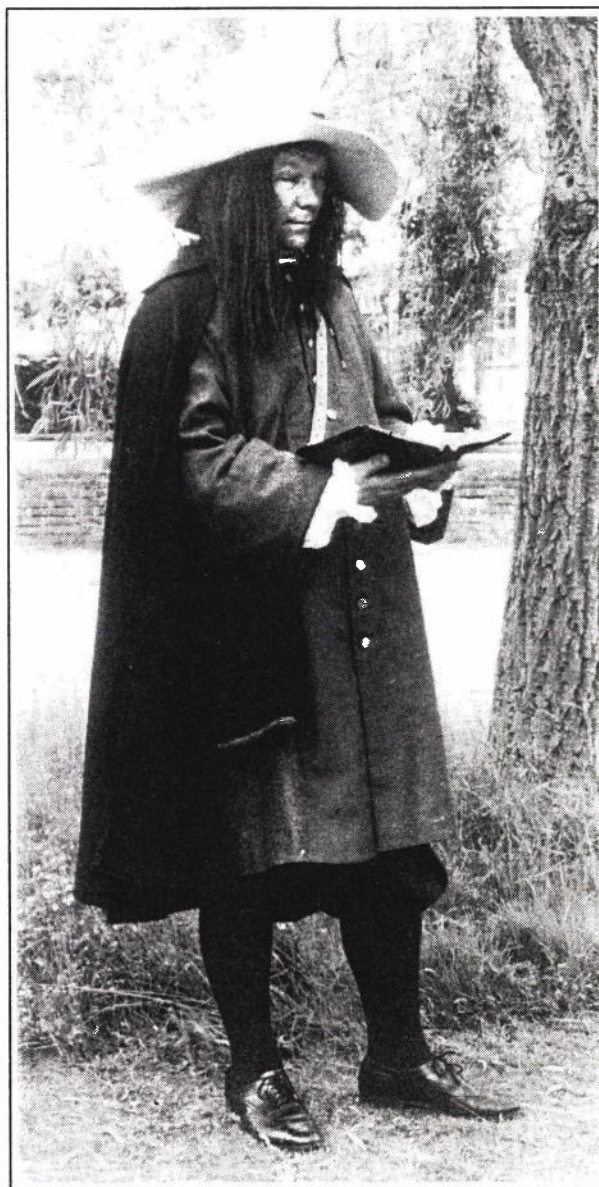
The general history of the Society was

GEORGE FOX DAY

an OLD SCHOLAR'S

PRESPECTIVE

by Richenda Collins



Mike Collins dressed as George Fox!

given by the history department and a visual display was present in the library. It was amusing to see "Cindy" and "Action Man" dressed in Quaker costume. Meetings for Worship were held in the town's Meeting House where the scholars were joined by local Friends and visitors, some of whom were also wearing costume.

I felt most at home in the Drama Workshop. It was great to see the improvements since my own Theatre Studies classes. I especially liked the candles. Although they were created by modern technology their effect was medieval and consequently a reflection of the day. I was impressed by the atmosphere of the play and the force of the characters' convictions. The casts' portrayal of times and emotions so far from their own was very convincing and showed great maturity. Reminded of my own year and productions we had done, I was envious of the opportunity the George Fox Day had given this group.

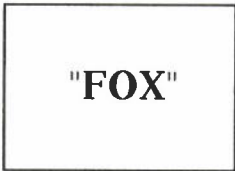
Nothing Dad could have said would have prepared me for the afternoon. The castle grounds were the perfect setting for the seventeenth century fair and there was bustle and action everywhere. There were a large assortment of games, including "Kill the Rat", skittles and a Greasy Pole, all aged to their former incarnations. Amongst the crowd, basket vendors offered a wonderful variety of wares. Away from the school grounds the costumes came into their own. The visitors were no longer surrounded by scholars and staff but by characters in a wonderful pageant. There were Friends School girls providing country dancing and the Milton Road, Cambridge junior school presented their Pike display: which was still pretty violent despite the shortness of the soldiers. Finally the revelry was interrupted by the booming tones of Fox himself, dismounted and inspired to preach to the revellers. My moment of importance had arrived as I became George's Autocue.

□□□□□□□□



Ruth Richards with a group of first year girls at the country fair

There is something very special about creating a work of art and Friends' School feels enriched as a community by the production of "Fox". "Fox - a play concerning George Fox, Quaker", was written by John Dickinson, Head of Drama at Friends' School as part of the school's commemoration of the tercentenary of the death of George Fox. The play is beautifully structured and Friends particularly valued the inclusion of Fox's own writing. Interweaving the many much loved passages from episodes from Fox's life, are dramatic images that heighten the sense of poetry created by the whole drama.



It was first performed at the London and Middlesex General Meeting of the Society of Friends on Saturday, June 29th 1991, the cast being members of the school's 1990-1992 Theatre Studies group. John Dickinson and the Theatre Studies group have been invited to take the production on tour to the North of England. Alec Davison was asked to review the production for the "Friend" and he has kindly allowed us to reproduce his words.

"FOX" ON AT HOXTON

Friends returning from lunch at the end-of-June London and Middlesex General Meeting found themselves first elderd by George Fox and then powerfully swept up in the visions of his dying moments when key incidents of his stormy life were re-enacted in his imagination.

It was an oddly appropriate meeting place for such a dramatic encounter for we were in the Hoxton Hall Theatre, oldest surviving nineteenth century music-hall in London, but owned by Quakers, having been given to the Bedford Institute Trustees by the biscuit-maker William Palmer. For this event, however, we were all seated in the body of the hall, some above in the gallery, and the play took place in-the-round, with the actors coming and going from where they sat in our midst.

The performance was the premiere of "Fox", a play written and directed by drama teacher John Dickinson as part of the Friends' School Saffron Walden's exuberant celebrations to mark the tercentenary of George's death. The company making the presentation were sixth form members of the school's current Theatre Studies group, one actor playing Fox throughout with six others skillfully doubling over thirty parts and operating lights. It was faithfully costumed and propertied in convincing period style.

From the first the audience were riveted by the kaleidoscopic images in sound and vision that enveloped us. Poetry from the darkness, chorally spoken, underlined the inner turmoils and discoveries that the charged emotional outer incidents were propelling Fox through: youthful break-away, search for a faith, encounter with the inner Christ, steeplehouse

and discoveries that the charged emotional outer incidents were propelling Fox through: youthful break-away, search for a faith, encounter with the inner Christ, steeplehouse disruptions, Margaret Fell's conversion, the Naylor affair, trial, imprisonment, peace testimony, marriage to Margaret, American journeying, setting of the Society's structures and finally the death itself. The expressionistic treatment of staccato scenes was evocatively supported by the original music of Sue Naylor, hauntingly in and out of the period.

For a first performance the piece had great confidence, driven on by the compelling performance of Ben Ingle as Fox. Understandably the committed cast lacked the passion and physicality of their originals, and the boys even the long hair!, but each acted with that tangible sincerity which is so palable when close. They were not young Friends yet they must have been moved by the spiritual quest of those they were identifying with for so many of the audience to have been so moved.

John Dickinson drove his piece through tightly and swiftly. As it spanned over fifty years in about as many minutes, it may have been difficult at times to follow for those not knowing Fox's Journal which was much of the material's source. Yet no-one could fail to be caught up in the emotional power of the protagonists' openings and witness. It was an inspiring depiction, ending where it began in silence.

Alec Davison

Alec Davison is the LEAP, the Leavers Experimental Arts Project, coordinator. He is one of the originating members of The Quaker Youth Theatre, The Leavers and was the first director of the ILEA's Cockpit Theatre and Arts Workshop.

Having happily taken on the task of directing the 6th form play, we were soon shown just how much work was involved!

After the initial mammoth task of casting the actors (?) we proceeded, still smiling, with the rehearsals. These were generally successful. Everyone was full of enthusiasm, whether they turned up or not! Those over the field were surely with us in spirit. We were aided by the considerable talent of many players and also the large opportunity to typecast. (Laura perhaps too much so!). Being perfectionists we wouldn't stop until every detail was right, insisting that Martin and Laura ran into each other at least 50 times a day, and Neil managed to pick Louise up without dropping her! Kate's screaming and Gavin's insistence to bring his axe to the rehearsals sometimes brought us into total mayhem but we wouldn't like to be too proficient - next year have to have **SOME** room for improvement!

On the technical side much is owed to Arthur Saunders, James Hawkes, Olly Hyde and Rupert Rusby --- including the badly-timed curtain calls, blown light

fuses, benches turning up on the wrong street at the wrong time and no caps in the gun --- the list is endless. Seriously, all

credit is due to them for their **IMMENSE** hard work and "creative skills".

As for the performances each one was varied to say the least! Although the "excellent directing" was apparent throughout you had to come twice --- Ben getting stuck in the curtain, James Hawkes' phantom

hand and Jane Vanners' full frontal appearing through the 'killer' chair and the real version of the script as opposed to Katy Colchesters'.

A special mention to Suzie Naylor for all her help in the music department, enabling us to witness outstanding solos from Ben, Louise, Neil (?) and the delightful

c h o r u s
'drone' at the end. Thanks to Suzanne Goddard, Jodi Mullen and Dot Free for the costumes and make-up, JD for his support and "It'll be alright on the night" reassurance and also to everyone else involved in the play in any way.

The whole experience was- an ex-

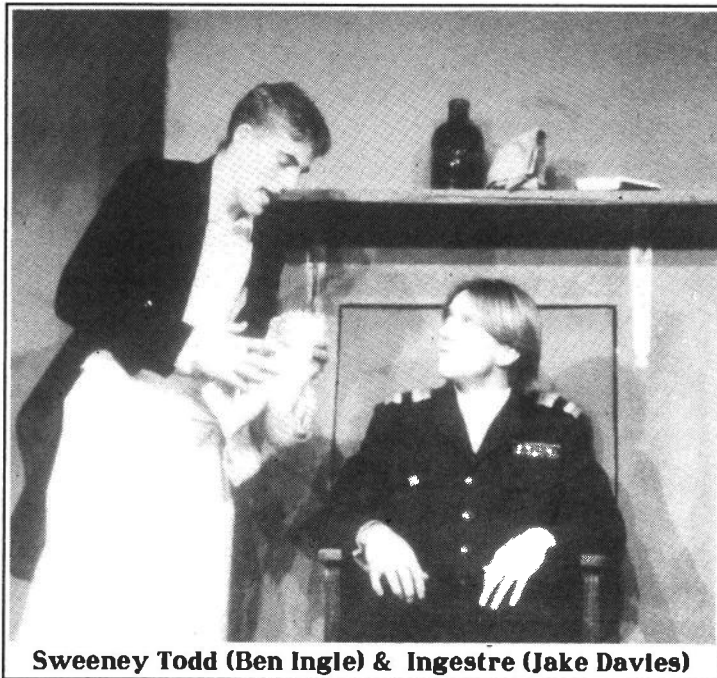
perience to say the least. Good luck for next year and get started now! □□□□□

SWEENEY TODD

THE sixth form play!

By Clare Bradshaw

and Alice Heywood.



Sweeney Todd (Ben Ingle) & Ingestre (Jake Davies)

ZIGGER ZAGGER

This year we were about to embark on a Shakespeare play. However it became apparent that should we do so, approximately 50 students would be without roles to perform! As a result John Dickinson was faced with having to do some quick thinking and came up with "Zigger Zagger!" It was ideal because it had taken both the critics and audiences by storm when it was performed by the National Youth Theatre and could also accommodate the huge interest in Drama in the school.

The cast was well aware that the previous production "Grease" would be hard to improve on. Nevertheless we gave five fine performances. Harry Philton was played by Lee Hawkins, Zigger by Ben Ingle, Edna by Vicky King, Les by Richard Murgatroyd and Mrs Philton (Harry's mother) by Kate Colchester. After a great deal of hardwork from the whole cast, patience and masterful direction by John Dickinson the production came together nicely and will be an enjoyable memory for all who took part. (Ben Ingle.) □□□□□□□□□□□□□□



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MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAY

Two short plays were produced in the Spring term by the newly formed Junior Drama Club. The first was "The Whole Truth" by Ray Jenkins and is about an unattended classroom where a form set up a court and one of them who has been on the wrong side of the law reveals the "whole truth" about her life. The lead roles were played by; Meg Flanagan (Mason), Lalage Harries (Billy), Tolly Nason (Glenda) and Lucy Hardy (Denise).

The second was "The Rising Generation" and is a strange play about young people rebelling against the establishment, and their hope to find something better. A lot of special effects were used, especially sound effects and music, supplied by Richard Isbister. The principal characters were: Joan (Emily Sackett), Steve (Nathaniel Rackowe), Mother (Liz Brasher) and Teacher (Anna Kennedy).

On the first night most things went well (apart from a slight technical hitch in the sound department). But it was on the second when the place was packed with parents, that tension was running high, lines were desperately being repeated and friends and family were pushed aside as everyone frantically panicked, until it was finally time to go on. Judging by the reactions of the audience both plays seemed to go well. (Lalage Harries)
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On the 23rd of March, twenty people, sixteen from Friends' School made their way up to Norfolk to go cruising on the Broads. Two fifth years and Sixth formers also joined us who were from Mr. Newsome's past schools. The ages of the

THE NORFOLK BROADS

by Mary Paterson
& Jo Beachey

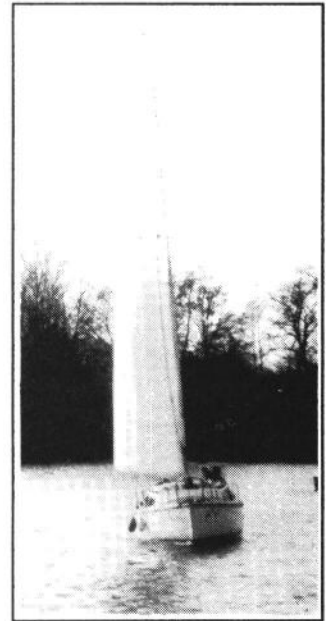


pupils who went ranged from 2nd years up to A' level students. Out of everyone, 4 girls went. These were evened out fairly on each boat, I'm sure to do the woman's duties!!

We stopped off at many places, including Norwich where we went shopping for the afternoon. At one of the places we stopped at, a conflict seemed to start as another boat forced one of our sailing dinghies under a bridge causing a mast to snap. No words were said but minds were boiling. Everyone had their chance to

learn to sail, row and drive the boat.

Our first day started by being woken up at six o' clock in the morning by the younger years running about on deck. This didn't go down too well in our cabin as they soon found out!



We feel that if there were a few more senior scholars, it would have been that bit more enjoyable. However, a good time was said to be had by everyone.

I'm sure that all the other pupils on the boat join with us in saying our thanks to Mr. Newsome, Mr. Ratcliffe, Miss Withers (and her dog!) and also many thanks to Fiona, Christina's Aunt, who came along to help. □□□□□□□□□□



We left the snow and ice of England at about 2:00 on a Sunday afternoon to venture into even more snow and ice and temperatures plunging below freezing. Yes, Moscow here we come. We came and we went and we also spotted a sulky Russian or two amongst the millions of tourists who'd come to invade and show off their wealth - just like us.

Russian time is 5 hours ahead of us so we arrived at 6:30 pm our time, 11:30 their time - thus there were no heavy drinking sessions seeing as breakfast was at 8:30 the next morning (plus there was only one bathroom for five people!)

We spent three days in Moscow visiting all the famous sights - Red Square, Lenin's tomb, Moscow state circus and the Kremlin. We also went on the underground which, for an Englishman, was an experience. It only cost 0.25p and you had to be pretty intelligent to find you're way around - like our guide, Valerie 'Val' for short and he was a he.

On the third day it was time to move on. We caught the midnight train to Leningrad (once known as St. Petersburg) where we were to stay for another 3 days. It was an overnight train which meant that people had to sleep - the only night of sleep on the whole trip.

We were awoken to the sound of Russian radio - our 'rising bell'

and found out that we had around three quarters of an hour until the train stopped and there was only one loo for two groups. MAD RUSH.

SCHOOL TRIP TO RUSSIA

FEBRUARY 1991

by Helen Wiseman
and Krista Overby, 5

Compared to Moscow, Leningrad seemed much cleaner and much prettier - there were houses instead of blocks of flats everywhere. We visited the Hermitage, the Winter Palace (in Leningrad) and the

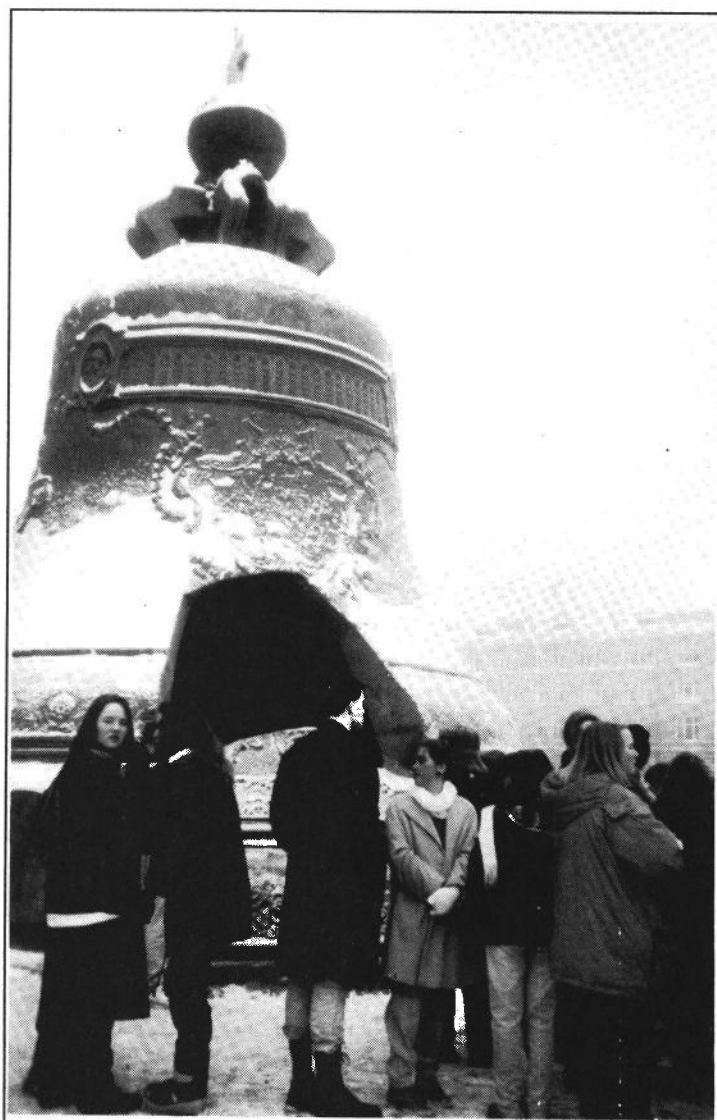
Summer Palace (just outside Leningrad in a town called Pushkin). These were both very beautiful. The Winter Palace is now a huge museum and, according to Val, it would take about seven years to look round the whole lot.

The Russians didn't seem so inhibited about showing feelings for one another - unlike the English, so it was quite common to see two

males walking hand in hand or sitting on each others lap. Ben Kay seemed rather shocked when one Russian boy blew a kiss at him from a passing bus - but we were in Russia.

The whole trip was a valuable experience for everyone, and we would like to thank Jane Laing for organizing it, Mrs. Richards and Miss Welch for coming and Mr. Whittington for his amazing Russian when a few of us got caught up with a sleazy Russian bloke.

Photo of the one bell that didn't get hung in the Ivan Bell Tower. Kremlin, Moscow.



This year a record 45 people went skiing with Friends', ranging from first years to a parent, and some "ancient" teachers, taking in many of the years between.

SKIING IN SAALBACH
by Kevan Myers

alley. Only sober people can do this!

Other apres-skiing events included swimming and a couple of discos, where even the soft drinks proved prohibitively expensive,

We had booked our trip to Saalbach Austria, partly because the snow had been excellent there in 1990, but as the time of our departure came closer, we passed many anxious moments as snow reports from Austria got worse, and the final blow was when one parent discovered on his Teletext that the resort was to close for the summer the day after we arrived!

but the music was free, as well as the company of some delightful strangers from other schools, who soon became close friends once Nat Rackowe, Hung Yi, and Nick Otway had demonstrated their irresistibly attractive break dancing.

Nevertheless Club Europe had promised us snow and we set out on our long journey, hopeful, but steeled against the worse, as weather reports were telling us of gales over the Channel. Anyway we survived it, none the worse for wear thanks to our seasick pills and after a delightful night and morning of videos, snoring, elbows in ears, climbing over sleeping bodies on the coach floor, motorway cafes, (wonderful coffee! No small change to pay fierce ladies guarding loos!) we drove up a beautiful (but, unfortunately, green) valley to our hotel, the Altachhof!

As for the skiing: we were lucky and unlucky: unlucky in that we had to travel for a couple of hours each way to get to the snow and in that there was only a limited range of skiing on offer, but lucky because we could ski every day; we had good instructors and the weather remained fine with just enough variety to provide a range of different skiing conditions to add to the interest.

This was our base for the next week. Our rooms were quite neat and beautifully clean though some were shortly turned into "tips", so we could feel comfortable and "at home"; the food got better and better and we enjoyed clambering the steep hill behind us, past the little shrine in the yard behind the coaches, and even mounting the narrow, precipitous path through the rocky forest that led back from the village to the hotel, near midnight, after joyful evenings at the bowling

Most of the group were beginners or near beginners and for them there was plenty to learn and nearly all ended the week having skied from the top of the mountain, down the red run. While the more advanced skiers also enjoyed improving their techniques and their sun-tans. In the end there were no complaints. We all had a marvellous time.

And now, because of the popularity of the 1991 trip, we are running two trips in 1992: one for 5th & 6th formers to Serre Chevalier, France, on 21st Feb. and another, for the younger scholars to Haute Nendaz, Switzerland on 3rd Jan. At the present time almost a quarter of the schools' pupils have booked for one of these holidays.

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The end of this term has been a sad occasion for the school because of Denby Allen, Michaela Deering and Jill Ludgate leaving. Each will be sadly missed not only in their respective roles as Biology teacher, Art/CDT teacher and lab technician but also in the time they put into helping in and around the school community, out of lesson time.

Our roving reporters were able to gain interviews with Denby Allen and Michaela Deering.

DENBY ALLEN

As this interview turned out to be more of a friendly chat and reminiscence, at various Granada service stations on the way back from a Biology Field Trip, it has not been written out in the usual "AVENUE INTERVIEW" format.

Denby began teaching at Friends in 1963. From the very start Denby began to have a large involvement with the school community. He started keeping animals at school in 1966 including sheep, ducks, a goat and a cow. A few years after this he started a Forestry group who were put in charge of a small area of land near Carver Barracks which has now grown into a mature wood.

On being asked about any memorable moments from when he first came, Denby recalled his first weekend duty. When he arrived on Sunday morning he was aghast to find centre corridor chock-a-block with beds.

Denby has also been on many Biology Field Trips and he recalled an episode from one of them. The group, including his family, were visiting Yorkshire in two minibuses. After a long hard day they all decided to relax at a pub. Eventually they left and began to drive back to the school at which they had been staying. About half way back one of the girls in Denby's minibus realised she'd left her purse behind so back they went. Denby found the barman who had picked up the purse. As Denby walked out of the pub a little voice said: "Where have you been?" It was Denby's five year old son who had been left behind!

A school trip that Denby has been involved in over the years has been going to La Combe in France. On one such trip

DEPARTING STAFF

Interviews by
Jon and Dunk

INTERVIEW 1991

a group of sixth formers and Denby were driving back through the Massif Centrale and camping on the way. It was

evening and the sun was low on the horizon creating a red glow. They came to a point on the road where a small track led down to a grass clearing. There they found an area in the shape of a saucer surrounded by imposing rocks. Denby told everyone to put the tents up before they did anything else, knowing what they were like. Without saying a word everyone emptied out of the minibus and climbed onto the rocks. All at once, in yells and shouts, they began to recite famous poems and quotations. One yell that Denby remembered was: "Let there be light!"

Denby's keen interest in cricket has been shown by his dedicated coaching and umpiring at school. He will leave a large gap out on the cricket square. Another task that Denby has taken on board is the gruelling job of arranging the school timetable. However, as he pointed out it can have certain advantages: for example, being able to arrange for himself and certain other staff to have free periods together making it possible for them to escape to the seclusion of Saffron Walden Golf Course for a quick round!

When asked if he could change anything in the world what would it be? Denby replied:

"Nuts in chocolate. I would get rid of all the nuts because they ruin the creamy smoothness of it."

"I would change the cricket rules to stop the bowlers bouncing the ball so much."

"Increase the size of football goals to make matches more exciting."

As Michaela is leaving at the end of this term we did the traditional interview. But as she is shy, timid and doesn't like spiders we did a short, lurrvey-durrvey interview.

1. *FULL NAME?* Michaela Elizabeth Jayne Deering.
2. *HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?* Four years.
3. *BEST MEMORIES OF F.S.S.W?* It's all the little things, nothing big, just the little things.
4. *MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT?* There was a fire alarm early one morning, and an unnamed scholar came round checking the buildings. He wandered up the stairs of my residential flat looking for anyone left in the building. Much to his surprise and mine, he caught me getting dressed!
5. *FAVOURITE PASTIME?* Making things, as in furniture, dresses and food.
6. *FAVOURITE MUSIC?* Chris de Burgh.
7. *ONE THING YOU WILL MISS?* Friends, staff and pupils.
8. *YOUR FUTURE?* Immediate-Go home and go to sleep. Long term-Moving to Cheltenham, getting our new house together, then looking for a job.

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MY AUNT

by Dougal Holley. 2Y

She is a brown leaf in
Autumn falling to the ground,
like steaming Yorkshire Puddings on a
Sunday,
And a pub full of smoke at Lunchtime.
She is a leaf swooping through the rafters of
an old barn.
And she smells like horses in a stable on a
cold winter's morning.
She is like a sloth to get out of bed in the
morning,
And a rusty old Philips screwdriver sitting in
a garage waiting to be used.
She is a single steamed rose bursting out of
the ice to live, fade out and die.

The Life of Harry (Nonsense Story) by Dermot House

Harry climbed out of the Baltic Sea and caught a Pan-Am to Harrods top floor, where he bought a pet camel. He then sailed down the River Indus on a whale. He got to the Bermuda Triangle, married a girl called Yoko, "To Utopia, on your moped." She said.
by Zobulins Lunchbox.

With their exams coming to an end, 6² began to disappear at a rapid rate. However, our intrepid Avenue reporters managed to grab a few of them for some exclusive interviews. Here are their replies.

Full Name: Robert "Semi" Semaganda

What are your immediate plans? Pass these A' levels and go to watch the "London Monarchs"

Your ambitions? Be a successful Civil Engineer, run 400m in under 47 secs. before I'm 20 years old, as well as meet Gazza or Tottenham Hotspur football team.

What was your funniest experience at FSSW? Seeing the U13 boys football results!

What will you miss most about FSSW? Games and Chris Smith, John Searle-Barnes and Mr Isbister.



Full Name: Lorna Alison Maclean

What are your immediate plans? Year off. Get some money, then work in a Kibbutz in Israel. Do a B.Ed at Chester or Lancaster Uni, and enjoy life.

Your ambitions? Happiness.

MEMORIES OF 62.

Full Name: Catherine Ann Jenkins / Jenx.

What are your immediate plans? To be taken ill before our Biology exam starts!

Your ambitions? To be a wild life photographer in Africa.

What was your funniest experience at FSSW? Our 6¹ play - "When We are married."

What will you miss most about FSSW? Miss the food terribly and all the lovely teachers.

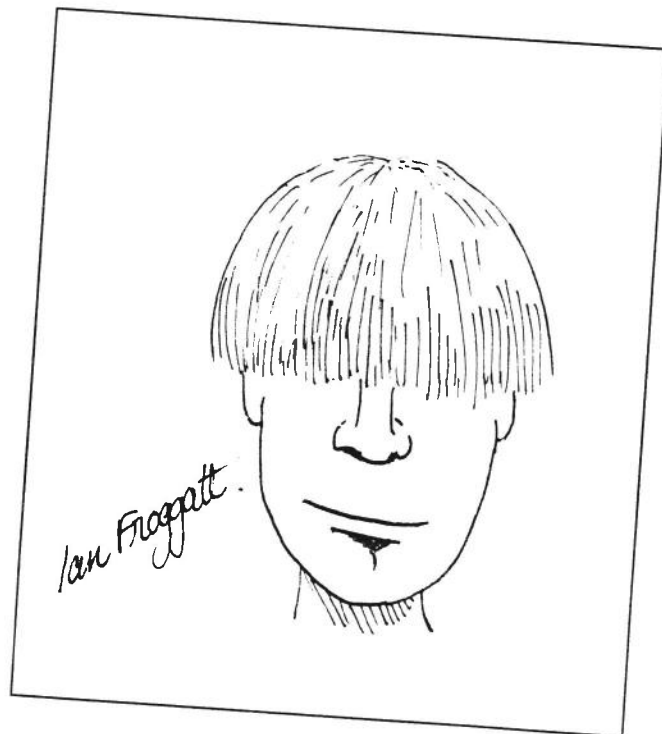
Full Name: Iain James Froggatt (Sproggit)

What are your immediate plans? To go to Thames Polytechnic to do a degree in Quantity Surveying.

Your ambitions? To be rich and famous.

What was your funniest experience at FSSW? Not much funny has happened here.

What will you miss most about FSSW? The amazing atmosphere.



Full Name: Raymond Chan

What are you immediate plans? Back to Hong Kong for the summer holiday and then go to Canada in October.

Your ambitions? To be a successful accountant and have a nice future.

What was your funniest experience at FSSW? The day when I got the wrong examination paper in the room.



Full Name: Claire Zoe Sauzier (Sausage)

What are you immediate plans? Making money in my year off.

Your ambitions? I've got too many.

What was your funniest experience at FSSW? All my funniest moments involve breaking school rules

What will you miss most about FSSW? Various people.

Full Name: Roger, William, Robinson

Your ambitions? To be a world famous, extremely rich and renowned artist.

What will you miss most about FSSW? My friends.



6² by 6¹

The time has come to say farewell
To all of those who gve us hell

We're talking of course about 6²
Those guys and gals that we all knew.

They came, they saw, but didn't quite conquer
But that's because they were all bonker-s!

They're gone for good: is it a loss?
We don't think so, 'cause we're now boss!

Having said all this, we make amends
Because after all they really were quite nice
people and are now our chums.



DRY SKIING

A personal view by Stuart Humphrey 2

In the spring term of 1991, Kevan Myers organised dry skiing lessons.

It got off on a shakey start for me. On the first trip I was left behind as I was told we left at five thirty, and not four twenty. Never mind. When we got there, on the second trip, it was all worthwhile, nearly. We had to walk up the slope as the lifts were broken, a twenty minute walk for a thirty second ski. Wow!

The lifts were finally fixed. I wondered whether it was possible for them to be more uncomfortable? To begin with it was quite fun to fall over. Then it hurt a bit. Then a lot. Then it really, really hurt. So much so, that I had to sleep on my front for the next week and was only just getting back to my normal way of sleeping in time for the next lesson. Great!

Now that I have mastered the art of standing up on skis (I only fell over three times), I feel confident to go down from the very top. Casualties: Marcus' thumb.

Me (All over!)

□□□□□□□□□□

ROWING CLUB by Jon Attwood

This year the school created another sporting opportunity for its pupils. With the help of John Wadham and his long connections with the city of Cambridge Rowing Club it was possible to get a school rowing club underway quickly. Most of the initial interest of scholars stayed and enthusiasm grew as many of the regular rowers began to improve their skills.

The club has been able to function regularly every Sunday thanks to Fernanda (our Brazilian resident graduate who has now sadly left), Anthony Ratcliffe and John Wadham who all made sure it was possible for a group to get to Cambridge.

We are usually there for about two to three hours and scholars are expertly coached by John Wadham and some of his rowing friends.

Those that partook in this activity found it greatly rewarding. We hope there will be sufficient interest for this club to be able to flourish in the future.

□□□□□□□□□□

KARATE CLUB by Jon Attwood

The Karate Club has been able to develop this year because of the large amount of interest shown by the school. The initial burning enthusiasm gradually simmered down to produce a nicely sized group of dedicated pupils. After two terms the club decided to open its doors to the community of Saffron Walden. This was very successful and kept the club going through a short period of loss of interest by the school community.

Now the club is running steadily with an even number of people from in and outside school. Many students from school have found their dedication rewarded by achieving belt gradings. □□

WHOLE SCHOOL QUESTIONNAIRE

Half way through the Summer term a questionnaire was given out to the pupils of the school. In total 176 questionnaires were answered and returned. These are the results.

Year Group One. Number of questionnaires answered - 30.

Most popular T/V programme was Darling Buds of May.

Some other favourites were Neighbours, My two Dads, Home and Away, Crystal Maze and Doogie Howser MD!

Most popular singer was M.C. Hammer, other favorites bands were Bob Marley and De La Soul.

Year Group Two. Number of questionnaires answered - 30.

Most popular T/V programme was Neighbours.

Some other favourites were Rosanne and Darling Buds of May.

Most popular singer was N.W.A and other favorites bands were M.C. Hammer and The Wonder Stuff.

Year Group Three. Number of questionnaires answered - 29.

Most popular T/V programmes were Spitting Image and the News.

Some other favourites were Twin Peaks and Chart Show.

Most popular band was Inspiral Carpets and other favorites bands were Iron Maiden, Cult and Ragga Twins.

Year Group Four. Number of questionnaires answered - 27.

Most popular T/V programme was Twin Peaks.

Some other favourites were Cell Block H, The Fresh Prince of Bell Air, Red Dwarf and Home and Away.

Most popular band was Jacobs Mouse and other favorites bands were Mega Death, Lenny Travitz and Bart Simpson!

Year Group Five. Number of questionnaires answered - 21.

Most popular T/V programmes were Twin Peaks and Spitting Image. Some other favourites were The Chancer, Sportsnight and Home and Away.

Most popular band was R.E.M. and other favorites bands were Prince, The Clash and Madonna.

Year Group six. Number of questionnaires answered - 39.

Most popular T/V programmes was Jeeves and Wooster. Some other favourites were Fresh Prince of Bel Air, Neighbours, Cheers and Home and Away.

Most popular band/singer was Phil Collins and other favorites bands were UB40, N.W.A. and SEAL.

TOTALS FOR EVERYONE. Total number of questionnaires answered - 176

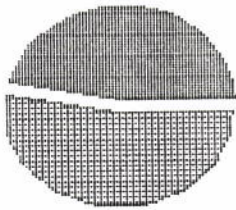
TOP 5 TV PROGRAMMES.

- 1 Twin peaks
- 2 Neighbours.
- 3 Spitting Image & Home and Away.
- 4 Darling Buds of May.
- 5 Jeeves and Wooster.

TOP 5 BANDS/SINGERS

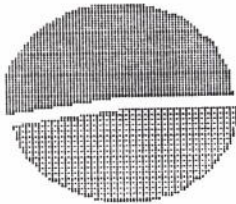
- 1 Phil Collins & M.C. Hammer
- 2 N.W.A.
- 3 G'N' Roses
- 4 R.E.M.
- 5 Inspiral Carpets.

FEMALE/MALE



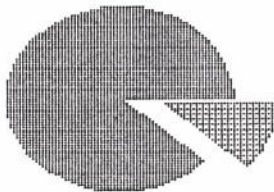
● 46.6% FEMALE
 ● 53.2% MALE

BOARDER/DAY



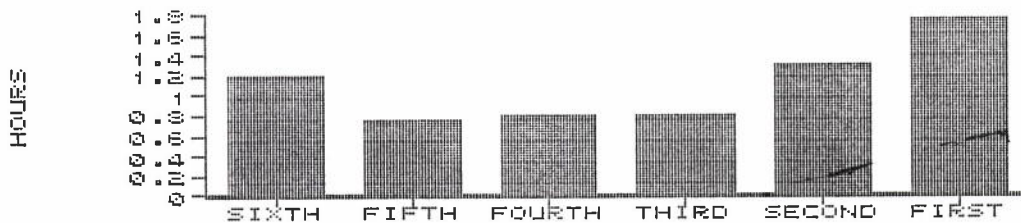
● 53.1% BOARDER
 ● 46.9% DAY

U.K./ABROAD

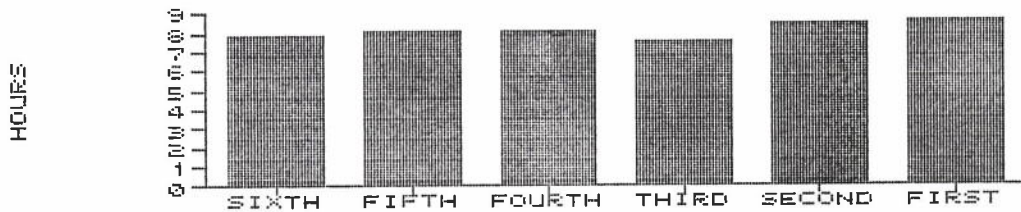


● 88.4% U.K.
 ● 11.6% ABROAD

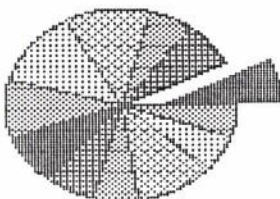
AVERAGE AMOUNT OF TIME T/V WATCHING



AVERAGE AMOUNT OF TIME ASLEEP

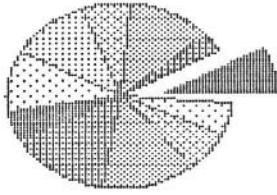


STAR SIGNS ALL PUPILS



● 7.4% ARIES
 ● 7.5% CANCER
 ● 8.1% CAPRICORN
 ● 11.7% GEMINI
 ● 12.7% LEO
 ● 10.0% LIBRA
 ● 8.4% PISCES
 ● 8.9% SAGITTARIUS
 ● 8.8% SCORPIO
 ● 11.1% TAURUS
 ● 8.0% VIRGO
 ● 8.4% AQUARIUS

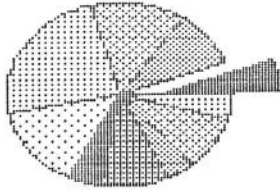
SIXTH FORM STAR SIGNS



11.1% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0%

- 10.0% ARIES
- 10.0% CANCER
- 10.0% CAPRICORN
- 10.0% GEMINI
- 11.1% LEO
- 10.0% PISCES
- 10.0% SAGITTARIUS
- 10.0% SCORPIO
- 10.0% TAURUS
- 10.0% VIRGO
- 10.0% AQUARIUS

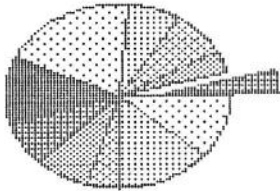
FIFTH FORM STAR SIGNS



10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0%

- 10.0% ARIES
- 10.0% CANCER
- 10.0% CAPRICORN
- 10.0% GEMINI
- 10.0% LEO
- 10.0% LIBRA
- 10.0% SAGITTARIUS
- 10.0% SCORPIO
- 10.0% TAURUS
- 10.0% VIRGO
- 10.0% AQUARIUS

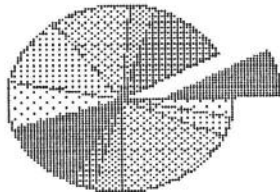
FOURTH FORM STAR SIGNS



10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0%

- 10.0% ARIES
- 10.0% CANCER
- 10.0% CAPRICORN
- 10.0% GEMINI
- 10.0% LEO
- 10.0% PISCES
- 10.0% SAGITTARIUS
- 10.0% SCORPIO
- 10.0% TAURUS
- 10.0% VIRGO
- 11.1% AQUARIUS

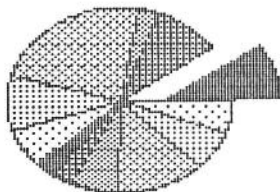
THIRD FORM STAR SIGNS



10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0%

- 10.0% ARIES
- 10.0% CANCER
- 10.0% CAPRICORN
- 10.0% GEMINI
- 10.0% LEO
- 10.0% LIBRA
- 10.0% PISCES
- 10.0% SAGITTARIUS
- 10.0% SCORPIO
- 10.0% TAURUS
- 10.0% VIRGO
- 10.0% AQUARIUS

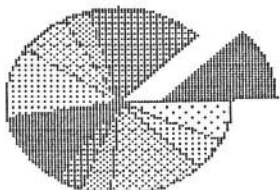
SECOND FORM STAR SIGNS



10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0%

- 10.0% ARIES
- 10.0% CANCER
- 10.0% CAPRICORN
- 10.0% GEMINI
- 10.0% LEO
- 10.0% LIBRA
- 10.0% PISCES
- 10.0% SAGITTARIUS
- 10.0% SCORPIO
- 10.0% TAURUS
- 10.0% VIRGO
- 10.0% AQUARIUS

FIRST FORM STAR SIGNS



10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0% 10.0%

- 10.0% ARIES
- 10.0% CANCER
- 10.0% CAPRICORN
- 10.0% GEMINI
- 10.0% LEO
- 10.0% LIBRA
- 10.0% PISCES
- 10.0% SAGITTARIUS
- 10.0% SCORPIO
- 10.0% TAURUS
- 10.0% VIRGO
- 10.0% AQUARIUS

There are twelve signs of the zodiac, for example if you were born on December 12th, your sign is Sagittarius.

There are ten planets that rule the signs. These give the signs a certain flavour, for example Mercury (Planet) rules Gemini (Sign) making these people good communicators and generally liking the sound of their own voices!

There are twelve houses in the zodiac. These represent areas of your life for example money, health, relationships and travel.

There can be any number of signs and planets in each house. This will make that area of your life important to you. The aspects of these signs and planets to each other have both posi-

tive and negative effects on you as an individual.

Astrology is not about predicting events. It may, if studied seriously, give an indication where there may be problems or pleasures involving any of the twelve houses. Therefore any attempt made by newspapers to forecast the week ahead, for any of the signs, will only be accurate if you wish it to be so usually when it's really good!

ASTROLOGY:
FACT, FICTION AND FUN
Things to remember about astrology
compiled by Duncan Holley.

The chart is drawn up at the exact time of birth. Each individual will have a chart that is unique so how can all Taureans have the same sort of week when your charts are completely different.. The chart is then a map of your potential not a means of telling the future. The future is in your hands, not in the stars.



Some of the most important signs in everybody's chart are:-

The Sun.

Which is the red personality. Usually more evident in younger children.

The Ascendant Which is the part of yourself you wish to show publicly. More evident in adults who frequently hide their real personality.

The Moon.

Which is the way you react on an emotional level.

So technical bit over, now for the fun part. Remember these are your sun signs. They form only a small part of the individual that is you. There are positive and negative aspects to each sign. One thing, astrology does point out your weaknesses as well as your strengths. If you're sensitive, stop here.

ARIES

March 21st - April 21st

Usually energetic and full of drive especially if

its for your own advancement - can be very self centered. Competitive courageous people, you hate being tied down to boring tasks or people. Patience is not one of your virtues, you want everything now or yesterday. You are usually enthusiastic and often generous by nature.

TAURUS

April 22nd - May 21st

Steady, reliable, sometimes boring. You can be artistic if awake long enough! Often lazy and very, very untidy. Food is high on the list of priorities so you often make good cooks. Sweets are your downfall, you just like to eat them by the kilo. Usually make good friends but prone to jealousy and what a temper when roused!

GEMINI

May 22nd - June 22nd

Fun people, never quite grow up. Usually look younger than your years. Can often do several tasks at once. You may try several occupations before you find the right one. You will be good at languages, writing or anything to do with communication. You sometimes like to gossip and some of you may just be a little two-faced.

CANCER

June 23rd - July 23rd

Kind, sensitive emotional people. One of the best parents around but you may be over protective of those you love sometimes. You can be moody and occasionally self-pitying. You avoid arguments if possible. You can be a little less than generous as far as money is concerned. Do you ever forget injustices done to you - probably not!

LEO

July 24th - August 23rd

Not very complicated people. You think you're the best and as long as lesser mortals are aware of this - no probs!

You can be very creative and have a flair for drama especially if you're playing the leading role. Good at organization. Affectionate and generous. You're inclined to be fixed in your opinions which you consider are right of course!

VIRGO

August 24th - September 23rd

Know anybody with a tidy life, everything in its proper place - you got it, Virgo. You're practical people. Pay quiet attention to details that would bore most people. You can be full of nervous energy often directed at helping others. You're very good behind the scenes workers often allowing others to take the credit. You may be hyper critical. If people can accept your outspokenness, you make excellent friends.

LIBRA

September 24th - October 23rd

Charming, diplomatic, romantic but oh! so indecisive. You sometimes appear lazy because you can't decide what to do next! You hate quarrels and because of this you sometimes try to be all things to all men. Good partnerships both in business and in private life are essential. You cannot bear loneliness so try not to rush into friendships that are not right for you.

SCORPIO

October 24th - November 22nd

Very passionate in all areas of life, in work as well as play. You can be very jealous. You are probably quick to adapt when life puts obstacles in your way, and are very determined to get what you want out of any situation. You are fascinating, mysterious people. Others will never get to know you, just too many secrets buried in there.

SAGITARIUS.

November 23rd - December 21st

The sign that most people long to be. Optimistic, freedom-loving. You need intellectual as well as physical exercise. Great fun at a party because you're unconventional and lively. You need a challenge and many of you will do two or more jobs at once. You may sometimes be prone to exaggeration and can be a bit of a bully. People should avoid asking your opinion on personal matters, tact is not a word in your vocabulary!

CAPRICORN December 22nd - January 20th

You're reliable and have probably got a good sense of humour. Ambition is a driving force. Some of you will be extremely successful, others less so but ambition will always be there in some shape or form. Guard against being too pessimistic. You may be a bit of warrior and sometimes close relationships are a little difficult because of this. Patience is one of your virtues.

AQUARIUS

January 21st - February 19th

Idealistic, usually intellectually inclined. You are always willing to help others but never willing to get too close, making you appear detached. You can be unconventional, often in your dress. Independence, both your own and others is of great importance to you. Your thinking may be ahead of time but try not to be too fixed in your opinions, other people can be right some of the time you know!

PISCES

February 20th - March 20th

You are very, very sensitive, usually with deep strong emotions that cause you some confusion. These emotions can be used creatively and many great artists have Pisces prominent in their charts. You may be a little unworldly and are often impractical. Discipline, both of self and others, is not one of your strong points. Consequently, because you're sympathetic and kind, people will often dump their problems on you. Be aware of this and don't allow them to take advantage of you.

SO WHO IS WHAT STAR SIGN?

Aries: C.M.C., Gemini: D.S., G.H., P.R., J.R.W., Cancer: J.O.C., S.W., Libra: J.D., Scorpio: R.O., Sagitarius: F.R.W., M.Cr., Capricorn:, M.J.H., J.E.L., Aquarius: S.A., E.D., Pisces: S.H.E.

The rest did not know what they were !



BLACK POPPIES

Kathleen Wyatt 5

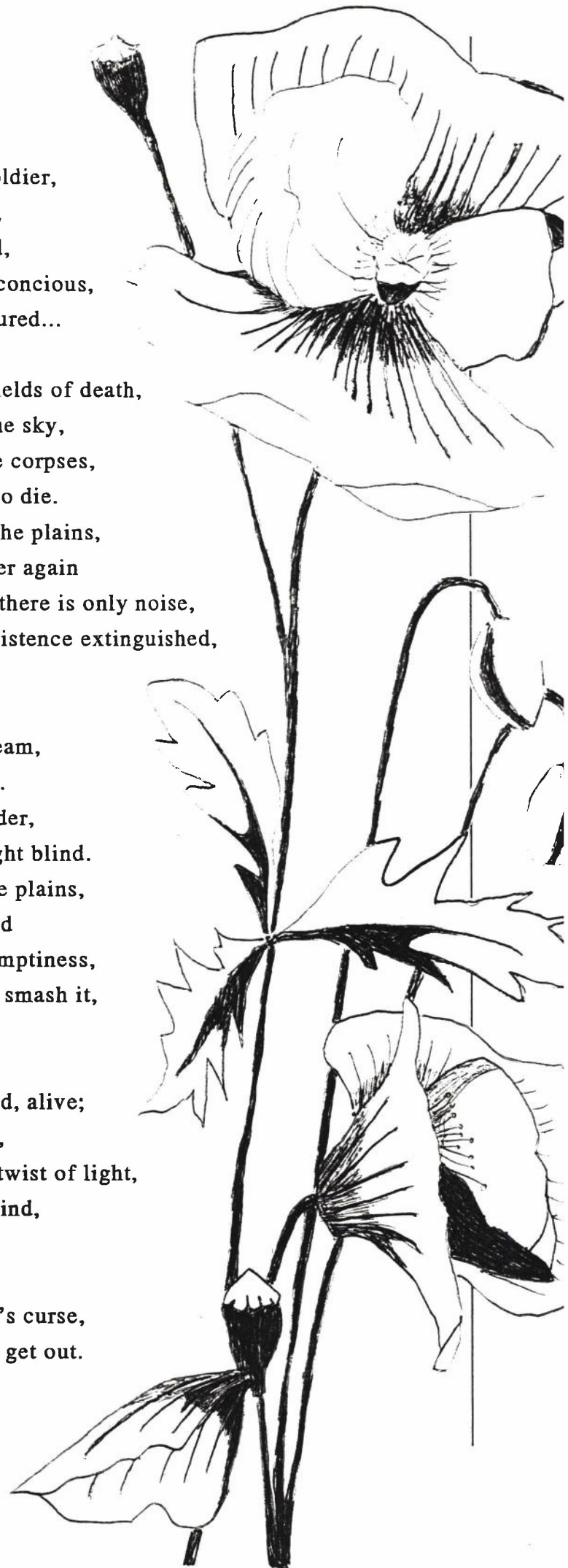
Exhaustion washed through the soldier,
The room dwindled to a pin point,
Cold, ugly scenes were recaptured,
And within the reaches of his subconscious,
Another festering dream was nurtured...

His closed eyes were opened on fields of death,
Body-smothered to the touch of the sky,
Jagged stumps tore up through the corpses,
The wounded lay dying, wishing to die.
Noise: biting, bruising, breaking the plains,
Could the elusive kiss of quiet ever again
Be pressed against his lips, when there is only noise,
That, or the sickening truth, an existence extinguished,
By a futile whim: to win!

In the cascading visions of his dream,
Pain-twisted faces were redefined.
Shades of victory came from murder,
With force-fed theories, they fought blind.
A wind cleansed, hollowed out the plains,
Incomprehensible silence, his hand
For a second touched the brittle emptiness,
His fist, that at any second would smash it,
Clasped it to his heart.

There was light! Hope illuminated, alive;
Powering through his desperation,
A flame, fragmenting the dark, a twist of light,
Then gone, extinguished by the wind,
Replaced by frustration.
As if truth's interminable frost,
Had secured his heart, the soldier's curse,
Struggling for freedom, he had to get out.

He woke, and it was worse.



PICTURES

Dougal Holley 2

A clump of crocodiles
Like stripes on a T-shirt,
Eating ice-cream
Has a feeling of skiing.

Symbols on a blackboard,
Like chalk mixed with mud,
The mud is washed away,
To reveal cats singing on a fence by moonlight.

The sun is blazing down as a rat runs over a dune,
It jumps up into the air, it explodes in a fit of rage,
And it reveals the Anihym stadium
As Jeff White scored a home run for the Angels.

The scene is set, the actors start to twist the play around their finger tips,
They remove their masks and a plague of rats spew out and fall onto the floor,
As they fall they change form to apples on a tree as a blond haired lady picks one and
starts to enjoy the richness of its taste.

There is a piece of glass on the floor, a cricket ball strikes it.
Glass flies everywhere as the pieces hit the ground
A shower of gold and diamonds stays glinting in the moonlight.



QUAKER MEETINGS

by K Smy 1

The first arrives,
All is quiet,
Except for shuffling feet,
As the meeting becomes a
House full of friends,
Time ticks on,
The silence forms a thick cord,
Drawing people together,
Then the meeting comes to an end,
People shake hands,
They have had a successful meeting.

PAIN

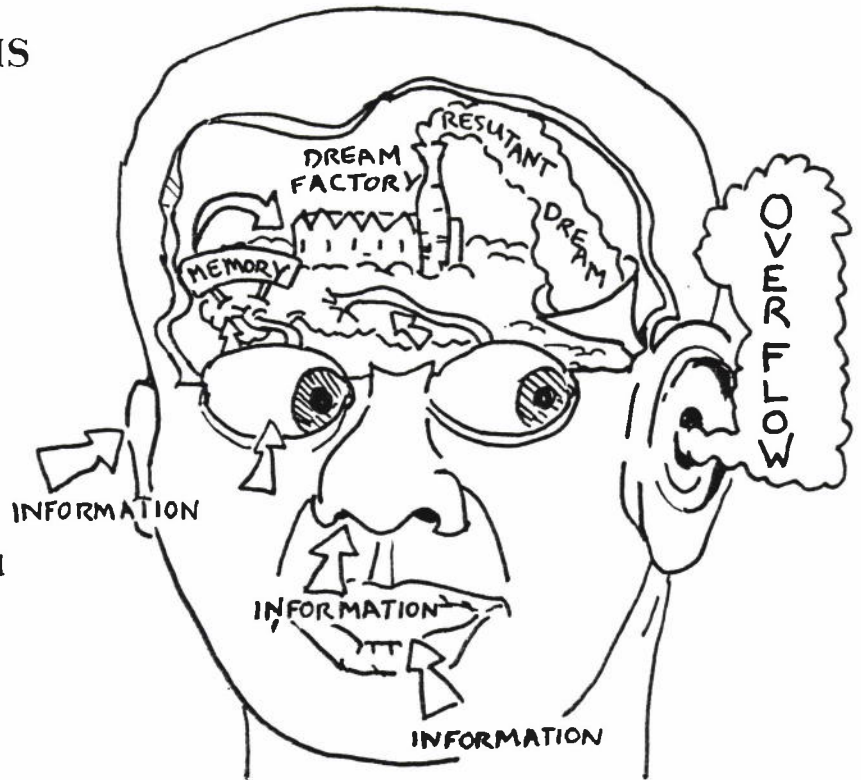
by Caroline Churchill 5

Pain is a shining knife piercing the skin of a finger
The once united flesh apart
Seeing down to the bleach white bone
And slowly seeing the gash fill with the red liquid
Blood
Overflowing and dripping like a tap
Down to the ground to form a puddle
Feeling the clock-like throbbing
The sting
The ache
The pain.

TO HEAR MY DREAMS

By Dougal Holley 2

I would like to hear a person
in a coffin talk to the
bouquet of flowers on the lid.
I would like to hear groaning
noises from a worm's bedroom.
I would like to see the
pain of a piece of paper being
stapled to a wall.
I would like to see a blackboard
draw symbols of love on itself.
I would like to hear ants
playing cards on the moon.
I would like to see a dead
fox come alive and start to
play the violin round a candlelit dinner table as a couple kiss and two become one.
I would like to paint a picture that dances and sings.
I would like to see hatred and love in a soldier as he kills his Brother.
I would like to be ink on a page splatted to make words.
I would like to be the love between an owl and its prey and the wind and a sail.



I SEE FROM YOUR FACE WHAT YOU THINK OF ME.

Sophie Baker 5

The expression across your face
And the facial lines you bear,
Shown with a slightest twitch
You realise that I've noticed,
You're looking down at me;
Feeling sorry for me as if I were incapable.
My strong points you weaken,
Above yourself, being the best.
In my retaliation I return with comments too cruel
Falling down to your level,
I am trapped and can't get out
Worthless and degraded.

HORSE AND RIDER...

by Annelle Ashworth 2

Determination and stamina leading the way.
Freedom ringing in my ears,
The horse like a shadow facing the ground.
The shimmer of my stallion enhancing the sun's radiant glow.
Riding, escaping the world's clutches,
My hair streaming behind me,
Dancing with the wind,
The hurdling legs crashing upon the rich, green grass.
No obligations!
No buildings overtowering!
The brisk long strides, each a step of freedom.
The atmosphere caressed with silence and peace,
The tall black stallion overtowering any beast.

THE STORM

By David Beattie 1

When the storm comes,
creatures and animals hide from the wind.
Howling from the north it comes
loud as a pack of wolves.

Here comes the lightning,
jagged and razor sharp.
It is the rapier of the skies,
but the thunder is its voice.

Next comes the rain.
It slams down with the force of sledgehammers
forcing down the proud heads of corn.

The four become one and elemental terror rules the natural world.
The howling of the wind lowers its voice and the thunder lessens its tone.
The rain stops and the lightning is finished and gone.
Peace now reigns from the heavens until
The next storm breaks loose.

SADNESS

by Judith Astell-Fuller 4

Driving so slowly,
so very slowly,
my minds ticking slowly,
so very slowly,
the car in front is full of memories,
happy, sad, nobody knows.

The voice draws my energy,
I listen,
the music plays softly,
almost too softly,
the curtains close,
we walk away and tears drop.

Outside the sun hits us,
we see all the flowers,
the memories,
she has gone now,
she is quiet and peaceful,
no longer in pain.

A FRIEND...

by Stuart Howard Humphrey 2

He's a lumbering tank,
Clumsily lumbering through trees.
He's a big whale
accidentally destroying ships.
Or a cricket ball,
going through a closed window.
Even an oak,
going through a greenhouse.
He'd be lightning or a big storm
accidentally destroying homes.
He's a raven,
clowning about.
A bold robin,
not afraid to sing his song.
A sinking frog.
An overweight blue bottle,
unable to fly.
He's a big old tree
falling on a big white house.

LOVE by Bill Mumford 4

I loved you, you loved me
We loved
Together as one held in the arms of Eternity.
Carried to some ethereal plain
Where love knows no bounds

Cupid lets loose the arrows
Of fiery passion piercing the mind and
Enticing the soul to abandon all senses of reality and purpose.

Perhaps if all mindless destinies were to join
At the seas of Quidity
All levels of dreams would be as one.

THE THING I SEE BUT SLEEP....by Naomi Hilton 1

Suddenly, A tangle of twitching and itching
To get us and grow.

It seemed to stare
And yet so bare
So ordinary and mouthless
It seemed to moan and groan.

How could this thing grow so tall and strong
And yet before so small and helpless
That we had trodden and trampled on?

It rose up to the clouds
Heads lifted to the sky
Whilst I lie in deepest sleep
Just as it's at its highest peak
I slip out of my noisy slumber
" What a relief! " Onto the floor
How sore.
It's all over isn't it?
I hope.

ANGER: THE BEAST

by Anna Holness 5.

You know when it's there,
You feel it, come and grab you.
It shakes you, and slaps your face,
Again and again.
It grins at you with its twisted hideous teeth,
Then, all of a sudden, it opens you up,
And pours burning paraffin down your throat.
You feel it cascading in a powerful torrent
Through your body.
Soon it has filled up every inch of you,
You feel yourself wanting to burst,
Explode before the beast's eyes.
The paraffin reeks, the strong poignant smell fills up your nostrils,
It overwhelms you,
Making you feel sick,
You black out,
And in your nightmares
You wait for that horrific beast,
With his demented grin,
To come and throw a match at you
And stand and stare,
With pleasure all over his face,
As he watches you, go up in flames.



THE WORLD ACCORDING TO A GOLDFISH

Anna Holness 5.

■ I swim, ■

■ I have swum, ■

■ I am swimming, ■

■ I swim around in the bowl, ■

■ The bowl I have swum in for, ■

■ Quite a few months. ■

■ My memory is short, ■

■ For if it was not, ■

■ I would die of boredom. ■

■ My bowl is quite cosy, ■

■ I have a plastic bridge to swim under, ■

■ And pretty pebbles that decorate the floor, ■

■ What more could a Goldfish ask for? ■

■ People come and stare at me, ■

■ Flicking my tail around, ■

■ Winding my way slowly, ■

■ around my bowl, ■

■ They never watch me for long, ■

■ They must get bored. ■

■ Boredom, boredom, ■

■ boredom, ■

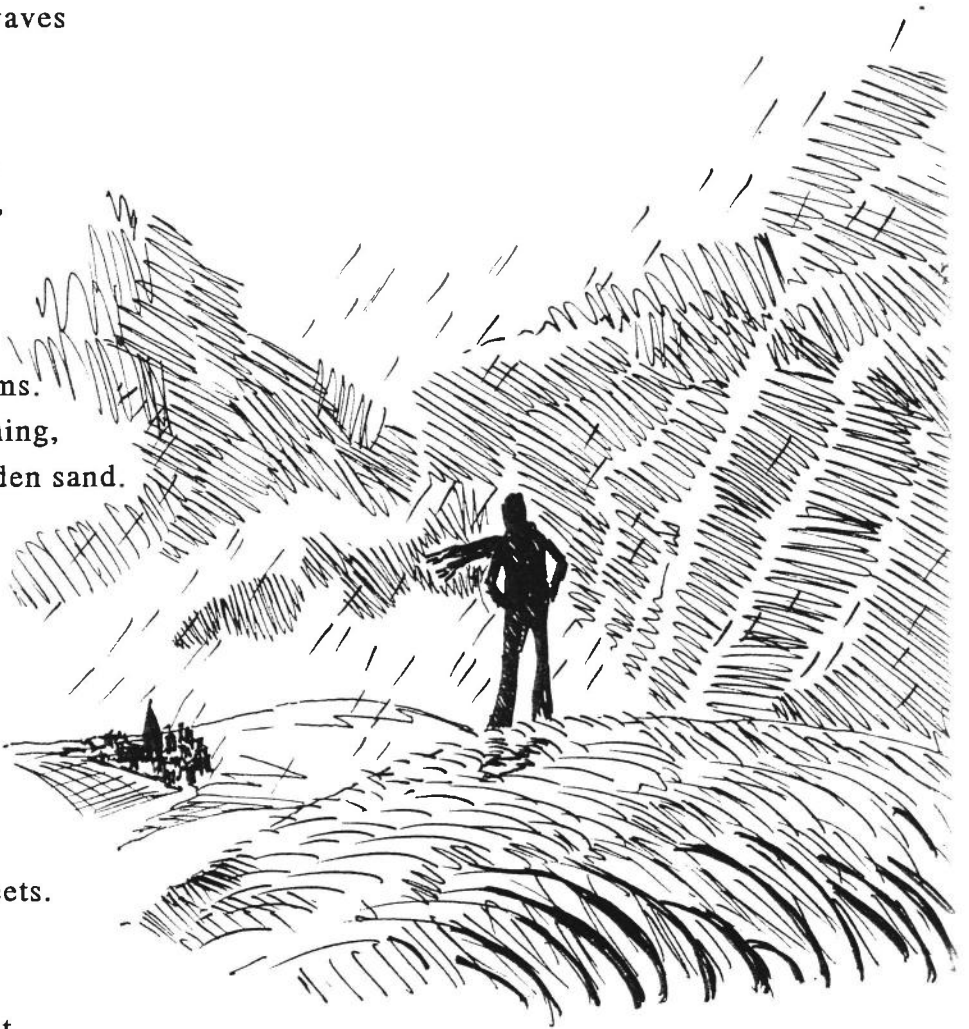
■ As forever I swim, ■

■ I have swum. ■

■ And I am still swimming. ■

THE STORM

The close warm air
Silent and still
Monotonous rhythm of waves
Restlessly waiting.
Specks of rain, cold,
Form craters in the sand.
Suddenly as if by a spell,
The once clean blue sky
Turns a dirty yellow.
Clouds fill the sky,
The wind whines and hums.
Rain falls as if from nothing,
Scrunch! In the now sodden sand.
Black sea moves closer,
White foam like hands
Reach out to grab me.
I run.
Wind pushes me around
As if it were a game.
A sudden gust,
A vacuum
Pulls me up deserted streets.
A welcome sight,
My home, my shelter,
A luminous crack of light
Silhouettes like a camera flash
Trees bent low, like sea anemones.



NIGHTMARE BLACKNESS by Kathleen Wyatt 5

Reality wavered and sleep filtered through,
A mist of fears clouded her reasoning.
Her thought ran in confusions,
Now pictures of shadows, twisted, convulsing.
Her floating spirit was pulled
To a place where silence echoed in the nothingness.
Then images were outlined,
And in the nightmare came awareness.
Panic had drawn its veil: no light, her eyes were
blind.
There came a sence of evil,
Its distortions corrupting her mind.

Anxiousness ran its finger down her spine,
A shiver stung her in every part,
Fear pulsed through her body,
And with cruelty froze her heart.
Her legs were moving, running,
Stumbling, pulling her away from the beast,
Whose breath caressed her neck,
The scent, impatience for the feast.
As the claws scratched for the victim,
And her lungs sucked the thinness for air,
As the demon almost had her,
Her eyes opened: she was no longer there.

MADNESS

by Matthew Miller 3

Madness is being in a small cell,
Chained to a wall and not able to move at all,
A person tickles me and a bird pecks at my head,
The key to my chains is just out of reach,
A pair of wide eyes stare into mine,
But I cannot turn away,
Mocking laughter fills the room,
And I can't cover my ears
Madness creeps up on me,
As an unseen hi-fi plays brass in my ears,
That's it,
I scream to no avail
I strain
I scream
I sweat
I toil
I try to wiggle free...
I've done it! I'm free!
I'm no more a madman,
I'm a happyman,
Oh no! The door's locked.
I lie as a crumpled, cracked heap on the floor.

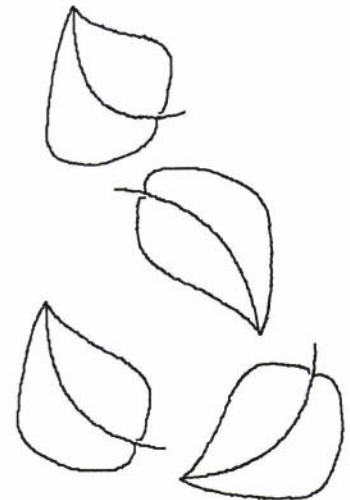
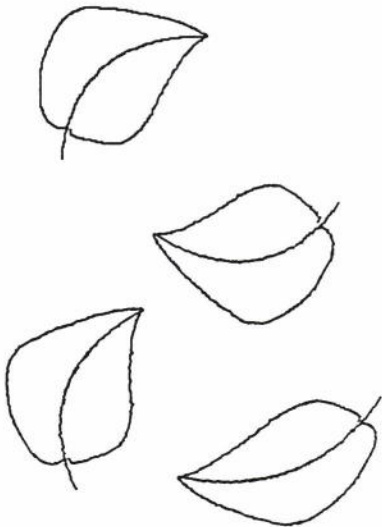


HAIKU POETRY

by Kelly Yarde 1

Golden leaves falling
Onto the ground
Fluttering and spinning
Making no sound.

Leaves coloured like
Autumn rainbows
Swaying in the breeze.



PLASTIC PARADISE

- a Pretend Poem Kathleen Wyatt 5.

(Extracts taken from the "Sermon in the Skyscraper", delivered by the T.V. evangelist K.Wyatt)

"When overdosed in reality, they overdose on pills,
Cigarettes, alcohol, anything that kills."

-I can be your baby doll,
Just let me be in your Will!

"Drug-dealing, extortion, crime,
All the seven sins, done seven times."

-Sell me your soul, then be mine,
Your cheap life for the universal dime!

"It's plastic lives that melt in the sun,
When their functions have ceased,
And disillusionments won.
Though, the need for escape, soon made useless and dumb,
By those knowing the truth:
Money fulfills no one."

"Screen propaganda, for screen clones:
Poses practised, conversation drones,
With plastic minds, plastic cares,
With plastic minds, and plastic hair,
PLASTIC IMAGES! A bed of lies,
With their plastic cards, and their plastic paradise."

"With stereotypes, fashion, hype, and stereotypes,"
-Don't let me become one as well!
"The living version of paradise,
Is one step down from hell!"

