Antelope! You sight the prey and your body
Quivers with longing, firm, unbent.
You leap!
Royally will you feast tonight, great Lord.

LYNDA JARRETT, 3L.

"THE SLEEPING CHILD"

What is she dreaming, this little sleeping child?
Does she know what lies ahead will not be meek and mild?
Can she see the sneering faces, can she hear the rude remarks?
Her inheritance, when she the nursery happiness departs;
For here she's just another child, no different from the rest,
But cruel and thoughtless people will this little one detest.
And all because she was born with skin of black
Her life will be forlorn, and happiness she'll lack.
Perhaps she will be lucky and earn enough to go
To her rightful land of Africa, and then perhaps she'll know
What true happiness can really mean . . . or perhaps she'll find
That those of the same colour can also be unkind.
They, too, may not want her for her mother was not black
And so you'll find her travelling to Trinidad and back;
Then perhaps to India or America she'll sail
And always everywhere the same will be the tale.

CAROLE KIRKLEY, 4L1.

ODE TO THE CITY

In the forced gaiety of the neon lights
I find a coloured world of falseness.
Yellow and green and violet,
The faces move and huddle,
In the long, low streets.
The tang of chips and ale intoxicate the air.
I feel imprisoned
In a world of indifference.
Never before have I felt so alone.
I am not afraid of death;
I am afraid of life as such,
Where the uncaring multitudes
Meet and scurry,
Along the pavement,
Afraid to lose the crowds.

G. BRASON, L. VIA.

FUTURE

It lies before us,
Opened out like a map, stretching into the mists of eternity.
What troubles it holds
No one knows;

What joys, what sorrows
Are hidden in its never-ending length
We are too insignificant to tell.
All we can know is of its enormity,
And that it will always be.
Eternity too great to comprehend,
Future too strange to foretell;
It lies ahead.
But we shall never reach it.
Our lives, a minute part of eternity,
Are nothing but a grain of sand
In all the deserts of the world.
This is our greatest gift,
Our great inheritance
And yet it is beyond imagination
And almost belief.

ANNE CHAPPELL, 5L.

NIGHT

The rattle of a train, its re-echoing clatter,
The lights yellow bright in the shattered peace,
The gentlest wind rustling layers of the satiny
Dark-green robes of the trees;
The shining, shimmering stars, their pin-point brightness,
The quiet—suddenly a train's passed by—
A dog's lone bark, and a cat's dim shape
Under the evening sky:
The cooling wind of night, the air's fragrant perfume,
With scents of the roses beside the hedge,
The cry of an owl. All these I see,
Smell, hear at my window ledge.

HELENA KINGSTON, 4S1.

THE SILENT WORLD

Quiet—
Is the town where I live.
Dim—
Is the sky above.
Still—
Is the world around me . . .
O, what a pleasant dream.
Black—
Are the shadows of lurking buildings.
White—
Is the shimmering moon.
Silver—
Are the beams of the twinkling stars.
O, why does it all have to end?

PAMELA CLARK, 2B.

IDYLL

Slowly, silently, inevitably, night comes,
O'er-shadowing evening's dusky mantle.
Night, that holds the silver key to sleep
Enveloping the world within its gossamer web;
That nestles on the velvet petals of the rose
And drinks its heady fragrance.
Lightly, it drifts upon the air
Pausing a moment by the tall steeple.
Dreamily, as with an artist's brush, it paints the trees,
Gently touching the hills and
Dusting them with powdery blue.
Silently it drops upon the shimmering stream
Muting its living music.
The pallid moon lifts her veil:
With this a myriad stars blink
And hold their nightly guard upon the firmament.
At last the dawn spreads its jewelled fingers—
Night departs, leaving its last caress upon the air.

CAROLE BUCKLEY, 4L1.

INDIAN SUMMER

Early in dry autumn came Indian summer,
Rushing through the town with the
Swiftness of gloating gossip,
Giving hope to the young who anxiously
Scanned the skies for her coming.
The old
Waited with tired eyes, for the silent, peaceful warmth
Before the coming of the winter.
The sun smiled upon the countryside
Making the leaves blush chestnut and red:
They fluttered wistfully from the high oak to the small bush,
Preening themselves—unaware of death and decay.

CHRISTINE SMITH, 4L1.

DUST TO DUST

Where are the trees?
Where are the bushes?
From where come these ashes
And this dust?
I trip over blackened stubbles
And choke with the smell of death.

Is this the glorious Mother Earth?
Where are her fighting men,
Her brave fighting men
With banners flying high?
Not here . . .
The green fields,
The sweet-smelling flowers,
All are gone—
One bright flash . . . and then nothing:
Man has doomed Man.

D. KENT, 3L.

THE RAILWAY REFRESHMENT ROOM

AS I entered the rather sordid refreshment room, I noticed, out of the corner of my eye, the girl behind the counter furtively dust the sandwiches, scratch a patch of rust on the urn, and smile at me, wondering if I was another mug or not.

I asked for a Pepsi-Cola and received a glass of muddy-coloured liquid through which a couple of dejected bubbles rose sluggishly to the surface, where they popped and dispersed into the atmosphere, an atmosphere which smelt of forgotten cheese sandwiches, stale potato crisps, weak beer and oil. I regarded my glass of Americanised water and took a cautious sip, looked to see if anyone was watching and spat it into the cracked and yellowed spittoon and wondered by what method it was better to die, this or thirst. I then got up, muttered: "My train", and walked out of the entrance, feeling glad I did not have to drink my fire-water, and feeling (for once) perfectly happy to be in a clean atmosphere of oil, smoke and dead station rats.

J. BATES, 2A.

THE MONSTER

"HELP! Get it away from me." These feminine cries of distress, carried on a writhing breeze, hit our courageous hero smack in the ear. He jumped up, his intentions being to stop the noise rather than rescue the damsel, I fear.

On charging round the corner, he collided with the female who was emitting cries reminiscent of those of a wounded elephant, and hopping around the street as though she had St. Vitus' dance.

Regarding him as a likely protector, she flung her arms around his neck, stared into his eyes and sobbed: "It's after me. The Thing! Save me. Help! I'm frightened."

That's an understatement, he thought, but then, aloud, he said: "Er, not wishing to appear ignorant, but what?"

"Oh, you know, the Thing," she replied a little impatiently. Here was a man supposed to be saving her and he hadn't, as most

heroes do, taken in the situation at a glance. Her first high hopes of him faded, and she withdrew her arms from his neck.

"Describe it," he ordered.

"Well," she glanced fearfully around, "it's got thousands of legs, a huge head with big eyes"—she shuddered—"and it's hairy. Do you think it came from Mars?"

Our hero took in the situation, a nasty one. He was not feeling very brave at the time, but he shook himself, a St. George of 1959, ready to slay the evil monster.

"Where is it?"

"Over there," she pointed.

He grabbed a stick and slowly advanced towards the bush indicated. Warily he scrutinised the battlefield, preparing for a huge, vile, cold-blooded, blood-sucking, Dracula-like fiend.

"Where?" He could not see it.

"There."

"Oh no!" The stick dropped from a limp hand, and while the girl looked on with hero worship in her eyes, our conquering hero crushed the caterpillar with his foot.

G. French, 2A.

AN IMPRESSION OF BOREDOM

THE relentless sun threw its piercing rays through the closed windows of the stuffy, airless room. Books lay strewn across the floor, and well-read magazines (no longer placed in a neat pile) lay over chairs and furniture as if tiny multicoloured squares of paper had been flung haphazardly from a passing plane. The television droned out its seemingly endless classical music, no doubt popular with Beethoven fans but not so with the sole occupant of the room as he sat motionless, looking vacantly at the black, grey and white squares and lines of varying degrees of hardness and colour which comprised the channel's test card.

"One, two, three, four, five . . . " He was counting the squares again, searching for some fault in the picture; but the two sides were exact opposites. He could find no difference.

He turned the set off and sat watching the small spot of the tube growing smaller, smaller and smaller. The spot was gone now. The blank screen looked blanker than it had ever done before. Realising his predicament, without books or television he stoutly declared that his life was not ruled by these luxuries. He would become a conversationalist—or a great philosopher. He shifted his position, looked at the damp stain on the wall and thought . . . and thought. Try as he could, he could think of nothing. His mind wandered back to the television: he rushed over to it, turned it on and waited. The classical music could be heard faintly as the set warmed up. With an irritated gesture he flicked the switch off again, and watched the spot grow smaller and finally disappear.

With a sudden burst of inspiration he thought and looked at

the stain. "Conversation is out," he mused. "Haven't got anybody to talk to. The stain," he said quickly to himself, "looks just like Hitler. Yes, I can see him plainly now . . . " And he wished that someone was there to congratulate him on his undoubtedly clever diagnosis of the stain. "Look," he thought, "there's his moustache and there's . . . " A sudden movement outside the window startled him. It was next door's cat. He hated it. He rose to chase it away, but it obligingly saved him the trouble by crawling back to its rightful domain.

He turned once more to the stain. He tried to picture Hitler. He stared hard at it . . . half closed his eyes and squinted at it, but he just couldn't see it. He persevered for five minutes but could only see a damp, irregularly shaped patch. It was no use: he had lost the knack, and he turned on the television to listen to classics and stare at the test card as the sun beat mercilessly through the window.

I. Kelly, 4S2.

THE GHOSTLY GREENERY

IT was pitch black, an all-enveloping blanket of darkness. The clouds prevented any moonlight reaching the earth. The warm breeze just off the sea seemed like a billowy pillow.

In the near-absolute silence of the countryside the smallest sounds hammered at my ears. The sound of my footsteps was my only guide to direction; the difference between the crunch of the gravel and the whispering rustle of the grass kept me from going into the ditch.

I suddenly felt the absence of the hedge and knew I could turn off and take the quick way to the house. I would have preferred the easier though longer way to the house, but the lane had a reputation for being haunted and I wanted to see any ghosts in the offing. I turned off the gravel on to the hard, dry, rutted track that was the lane.

The lane had had its bad reputation for longer than anyone could remember: no farm worker would use it after dark; he would sooner take the long way, no matter how tired he was. It was said that smugglers had started the tales to keep people away. Faylesham had a reputation for smuggling: there was an old farm over the sea wall which had a bottle glass window, part of which formed a telescope surveying the estuary. Bearing in mind the smuggling theory, I felt I had small chance of seeing the ghost.

While in this disbelieving mood I saw something which nearly made me change my mind. There was a gust of wind and the ghost appeared. I thought my cousins were playing a joke on me and strode towards the shimmering object, and grasped it triumphantly. The next second I felt as though I had grasped a red hot poker. The night was transformed; the blankets of dark-

ness became a hovering vampire; bushes became crouching fiends; the ghost itself was still in my grasp and the pain was shooting up my arm. From the turmoil of thoughts flashing through my mind I was trying to remember the one familiar point about the situation—someone had once told me about a clock that was thrown across the room—but that would have been a poltergeist—then I looked closer and found that I was holding a giant nettle with a luminous underside.

In spite of having my belief in the non-existence of ghosts deepened, I remembered Kingsley once commented: "No-one can say water babies do not exist until they have seen them not existing, which is different from not seeing them exist."

K. KING, 4S2.

VIEW OF AN ARMY

Thud, thud, thud, thud, the echo
Resounds through the glen,
The tramp of many feet, but oh,
The weary grim faces of the men
Who march to die upon the ground
Where they their enemies shall meet,
And fight until the victory sound
Shall show one side has met defeat.
No one knows the cause for fight,
No one knows why they should roam
To face the enemy, when they might
Remain to do their work at home.
No one knows their country's name,
No one but themselves that is.
Perhaps they'll fight 'till they're insane,
With Home, sweet word, their only wish.

P. MARSTON, 2A.

THE SEA

She beats against the tow'ring cliffs
With greatest noise.
She is heavy with the mighty burden
Of many souls.
Out of her dark tumult comes
Death.
And the fury of her wrath
Is terrible.

LESLEY CARPENTER, 3L.

A TUG

Her siren shrilled,
The ropes grew taut,
Round her stern
The oil-black waters milled,
As she took the bit between her teeth,
And pulled the giant seawards,
Like a bulldog of the seas 'neath
The darkening sky.

D. OSBORN, 3L.

DARK VILLAINY

IT was pouring with rain and I was sitting by the window watching our cat. She was lazily sitting on the shed in the back. Suddenly she perked up: a crowd of screaming sea-gulls went by overhead, but she knew she couldn't catch them so she resumed washing herself. Just then a blackbird flew down on to our line post. Sooty immediately crouched down and sidled towards the end of the shed. The bird flew down to the scraps of bacon that I had put on the grass that morning.

Sooty sidled nearer.

Extremely silently she jumped off the shed. The bird had now turned his back on us and was pecking at the worms. The cat crouched down and moved six steps with her stomach on the ground. Then she stopped and a quiver went through her body, making her jaws move silently. She licked her lips and crawled another ten steps. Still the bird had not seen her. By now she was on the edge of the grass, about two leaps away from the bird. She moved her jaws again and almost motionlessly crept very slowly and terribly silently forward. Now she was in a great state of excitement and I thought that the bird had surely heard her.

Sooty licked her lips, wagged her tail—and leapt! The bird, taken by surprise, uttered a loud squawk as her hungry jaws closed around its throat.

I opened the back door and rushed down the path, but Sooty, expecting this, sidled off with her prey, growling with pleasure, leaving me standing on the grass sorrowfully looking after her retreating figure and wishing I had done something earlier.

ROSEMARY COX, 2B.

REVENGE

THE bull pawed impatiently at the ground and bellowed loudly.

Outside he could hear the crowd shouting with suppressed excitement. He bellowed again for he was anxious to be out. Suddenly the doors were flung open and the sunlight flooded in.

The crowd cheered and he charged into the ring. He was an old bull and had fought many battles. He was scarred and battered, yet he had still hidden strength in his limbs.

The picadors came out and rode round the ring. For a few minutes they confused the bull, then at last they went off leaving the matador to enter. The crowd stood up and cheered. Then, as the fight began, they were silent.

The matador swirled his red cloak and the bull charged. Sighs of relief came from the watchers as they saw that he had beaten the bull's charge and was safe. The bull saw his smile and his bow towards the crowd, and hate sprang up in the animal's heart. Time and time again he charged and only the man's skill saved him.

Yet again the bull charged, and this time he felt a sharp pain in his side. The bull was wounded. The crowd fell silent, waiting for the kill. The matador advanced and as the bull charged again he was wounded in the shoulder. The bull was so weak now, after losing so much blood, that he could only wait for the matador to discard his cloak and draw his sword. Not a single sound came from the crowd.

The bull felt the terrible agony of death upon him and summoned up his last strength. Then, as the matador drew his sword, he butted him, the horns making a horrible noise as they tore the flesh. The scream filled the arena, oddly out of place in the bright sunshine, as the bull and the man fell dead upon the crimsoned sand.

IRENE TURNER, 3L.

THE BULL

A menacing figure there he stood
Pawing the ground with iron hoof,
His eyes rolling in a wild frenzy
Snorting and bellowing with yellow foam
Flecking his loose slavering jaws.
Maddened with pain from pricking darts
He sought his vengeance on his foe,
With one snort from his fiery nostrils,
He charged across the reddened sand.

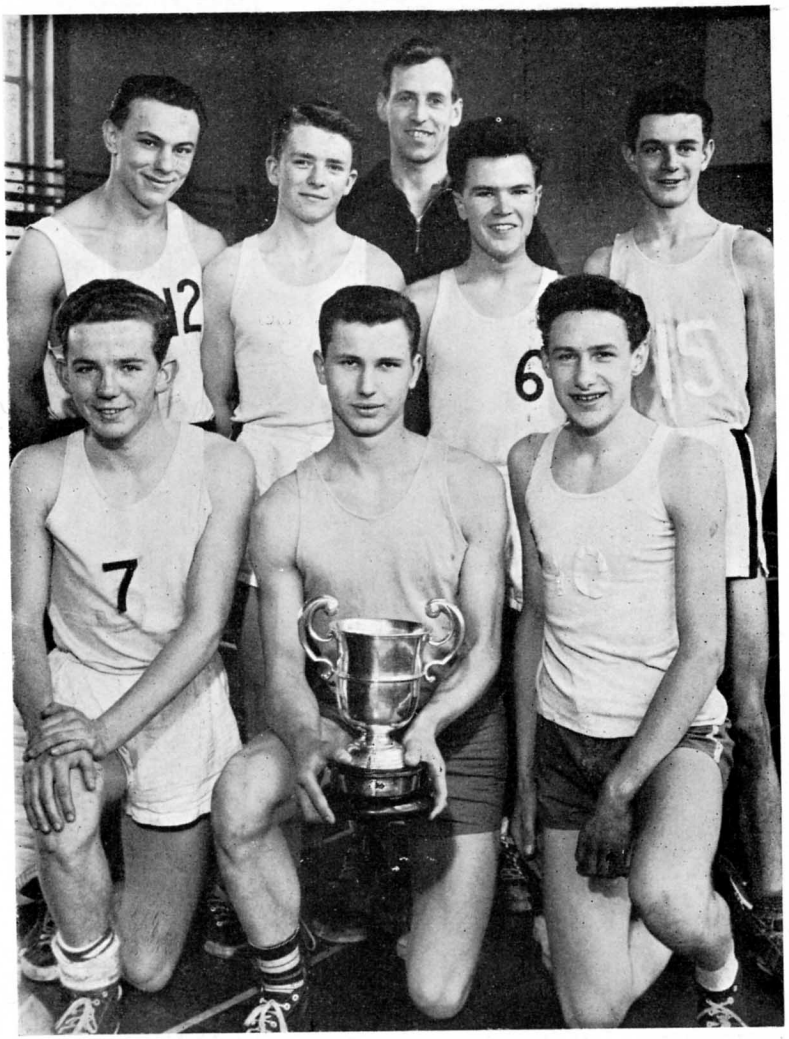
C. KENNETT, 1A.

BASKETBALL

THE first team lost only one match, this being the final of the Middlesex Schools Under Eighteens' competition in which we lost a close match to Acton County School.

With the assistance of two old scholars, M. Campbell and K. Biggerstaff, we managed to win the National Junior Championship, beating R.A.F. Cosford Apprentices by 81-60 in the final at Leicester. The team was made up by R. Burns, J. Clarke, G. Kenward, J. Spender, K. Coldwell, R. Bulpitt and D. Steggall.

The last three named boys were each selected to play for



THE BASKETBALL TEAM