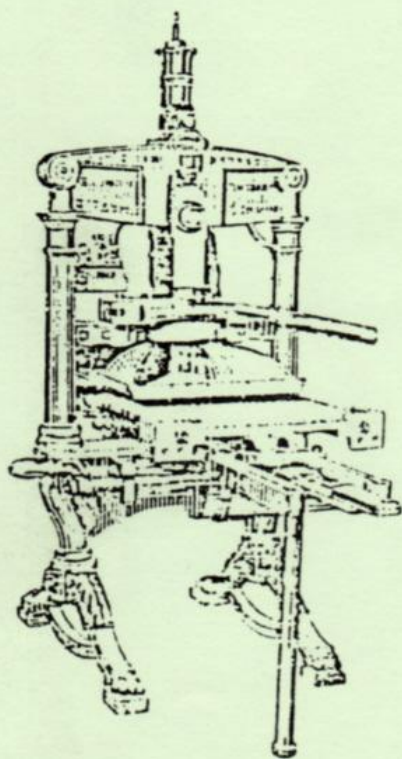


SEVEN AND ONE

An anthology of pupils' writing



1989



INTRODUCTION

This book brings together a variety of written pieces from pupils in P7 classes, and also from first year in Madras College. This is why Karen James of Largoward Primary, came up with the excellent and clear title SEVEN AND ONE. Well done, Karen.

As far as layout is concerned, I've simply arranged all the contributions in alphabetical order, according to the surnames of the writers.

This anthology should be of interest to all pupils in P7 or S1, not only those who have had their work published. From it, you will see the various kinds of writing which can be done by pupils of this age-group. It may give you ideas for writing of your own. And I think it will be very interesting for teachers, too.

I have reprinted material exactly as it was submitted, making only minor alterations and correcting oversights. Any mistakes which have crept in are mine! Many thanks to the dozens and dozens of people -- teachers and pupils -- whose hard work has made this publication possible.

Enjoy it!

Andrew O. Lindsay
Principal Teacher of English
Madras College
St Andrews



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Ghosts

Do ghosts exist? If so, what do they mean? Do they prove life after death? Or is the evidence all lies, superstition or trickery?

Many people claim to have seen ghosts or spirits, but are they liars or do they really exist? In Scotland there have been supposed sightings everywhere. A few of these are Pitlochry, Edinburgh, Killiecrankie, Cortachy near Ayr, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen and Stirling. In my opinion some ghost stories are untrue and gory, and other ghost stories are probably true but a bit boring. My favourite kind of ghost story is the one where someone is murdered and comes back to haunt the person who killed them. If you ask someone to describe a ghost, most people say 'a shadowy spirit of someone who died'.

In Dundee, near the Perth Road, a couple were staying at an inn called Benrachett. That night the husband fell fast asleep the minute his head touched the pillow, as he had had a long and tiring day. The wife, however, lay awake. During the night an awful smell entered the room. The woman debated whether or not to wake her husband but decided against it as he had had such a tiring day. A strange force entered the room. The woman, unable to help herself, was drawn towards a large cupboard. She opened the door. By now the smell was so bad that she thought she was suffocating. A head appeared, body-less, and moved towards the husband. The woman raced to her husband and shoved him out of the path of the head. He woke up and the pair of them scrambled frantically to find the door. They fell to the floor, vomiting because of the smell from the head. It advanced towards them and hovered over them for a second, then started to descend until it passed right through them. They lay there for some time then got up and went to bed.

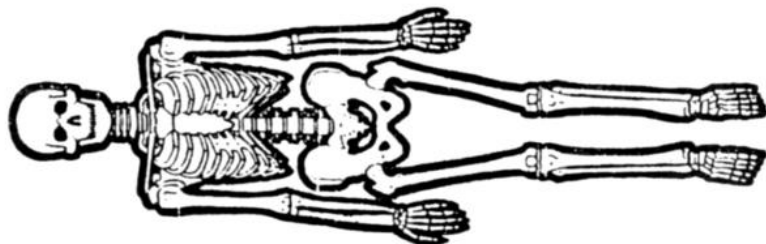


The next morning the pair of them went downstairs to demand an explanation. Then man promised to explain it if the couple would keep quiet about it. They agreed, and the innkeeper told his story. Apparently a pedlar had been murdered, and his head had been buried under the cupboard in the room.

Ghosts usually come out at night. They are scary, shadowy figures, some with heads, some without. On TV AM there is a children's programme called 'Caspar, the Friendly Ghost'. In the programme, Caspar comes out during the day, and is a friendly fellow. He looks rather like a walking, talking, white jelly-baby.

So are ghosts true, or just nonsense people make up to bring attention to themselves? I have no opinion. I believe it is possible, but not logical.

ALLYSON ANDERSON



Survival of the seals

My mother and I are going to go hunting for fish. We have a large family. My brothers, sisters and I take turns at going hunting with mother. It is my turn today. As the rest of the family lie on the litter-covered beach, we slip off into the sea.

In the water, my mother taught me the way to catch fish. We began by catching fish for the rest of the family, then after a while we went further into the sea and caught some for ourselves. But then we saw what looked like a large shark coming for us at very great speed. "Swim!" cried my mother, but as we fled a sudden darkness fell and the water thickened. I could hardly move because of this sticky black stuff. I looked at my mother. I think she knew what had happened, but I didn't.

Meanwhile on the land my father was getting worried, and so were my brothers and sisters. So my father went to look for us. But he did not get caught by the oil slick, and went under it instead. He could see our tails and before I knew what was happening he had pulled me down to safety. Then he did the same with my mother.

When we got back my brothers and sisters had gone. "They must have gone looking for us," said Father.

"We must find them before they get trapped as well," replied my mother.

When we found them they were just about to enter the oil slick. so my mother yelled at them to stop. They turned and came back, and we were all safe. I never thought I would be so happy to see the muddy, polluted, littered beach.

JOHN ANDREW



The Sixth Universe

The date is March 6th., 3097. These are the voyages of the space ship Explorer. We are entering the sixth universe: our mission is to search out new planets and species.

The warp drive was set at 7 and everything was normal on board Explorer until ...

"Captain," a voice crackled over the intercom.

"Yes?" replied Captain S. Bairner.

"There's an alien fleet attacking us," said the voice.

"WHAT?" screamed Stuart, going instantly into a panic and crushing his shades in the process. He was screaming so loudly that two men came and took him to the ship's funny farm. First mate Baillie took over and ran to the bridge.

"How many are there?" he asked Lieutenant Neil Steven.

"Well, let me put it this way. There's a hundred of them and one of us," came the reply. There were shouts of "We need a genius, get Bairner," and "Ugh, I swallowed my cigar."

"Warp factor 211," shouted Captain Baillie. The force of the engines burned the alien fleet to space junk. All except one small ship, but it had the fire power of the Explorer multiplied by ten.

Suddenly the doors to the bridge opened and revealed a green slimy mess. It raised its head and said "SURPRISE!" Then ex-Captain Bairner collapsed in peals of mad laughter, so much that the alien suit fell off.

"Get him out of aaaaaaaah ..." Captain Baillie lay a limp figure on the floor.

"Now Baillie, who is getting the last laugh now?"

"Me." It was probably the last thing Bairner heard before he hit the floor with a broken jaw.

It was only two weeks later that we found out why Stuart had been acting strangely. He'd had a brain transplant with a cabbage. We gave him his brain back, but he blew up. It was really horrible: bits of Stewart all over the place.

Slowly the Explorer came out of Earth's protective asteroid field. By rights they should have just entered Earth's atmosphere, but there was a big empty space there, then ...

"ZAP ... CRASH ... THUMP." All the lights on board Explorer went out.

"Emergency power!" shouted Baillie. The power came back on, and most of it was used for laser power. With one blast the other ship was destroyed.

"Head for Mars. Earth's blown up."

Everyone turned around and saw an image of (ex) Captain Baillie standing in the doorway.

"Blast my body into space, but my spirit will help you still," said the image. Two days later the Explorer arrived at Mars. When Baillie heard the news he shouted "Just as well, we're out of whisky," then fell to the floor in a drunk state.

ROSS BAILLIE



Armistice Day

I stand, feet apart, heart filled with joy and pride,
I have returned from war, I am glad of my victory.
I look around me at the enquiring faces,
My happiness entering the soul of each person,
As they listen to my tales of glory.
Tired, I retreat to bed
And look out of the window on to the ground below me.
A young man sits in a wheelchair,
Eyes dead without a sparkle.
His mouth is set without a smile or laugh,
And he sits in the lifeless shadow of my home.
Passers-by look on in pity:
He reaches out, but they draw back,
Afraid of the limbless creature.
He sits alone, wallowing in sorrow.
He has returned from war, sick of the horror he has seen;
He looks around at the enquiring faces,
His grief and misfortune entering the peoples' souls
As they watch him, deformed, deserted and without hope.
His life is in vain, and he lives in death,
And I live in Glory?

AMY BAIRD



Jungle, Space Ships and Spiders

"Hi. I am Mike Donovan and I am on a mission. What I've got to do is hire ten men and stop Dr Dexter and his cronies from blowing up the sun. At 10.30 am I got my ten men and five jeeps. We were out of the door by 10.35.

It took us three and a half days to cross the desert. On the second day we saw a space ship. It was HUGE, about a mile from the middle, and because it was round, it would be two miles long and two miles wide. No one had ever seen anything like it before. I said it was a mirage and they believed me. Must be the heat.

When we got to the jungle we had to walk. At about 2.15 one day when I was on watch I saw the same ship. Luckily the rest were asleep, for I wouldn't be able to tell them it was a mirage this time. (Too cold). Suddenly I was grabbed from behind by a man -- well, a thing -- who shot me with a knock-out ray. I fell asleep. When I woke up I was sitting in an operating theatre with Dr Dexter and his evil assistant looking at me. He said "I want a thousand million pounds, or you die." I said "If I give you the money you will kill me anyway."

"There are many ways to die," he said.

"Try this one, Dexy." I shot a beam out of my laser contact lens. Then my ten men jumped through the door and taught him how to do the moon walk. The evil assistant was made to drink nuclear waste. Afterwards we planted a very big bomb in the middle of the space ship. We hijacked a fighter and came home.

I got a shock when I saw the President's place. His room was covered in spiders. I went in and got killed. "AAAAaaa"

"What's the matter, Michael dear?"

"Mummy, mummy. I just had a terrible dream."

STUART BAIRNER

School

I stand in the playground with hundreds of people.
The bell rings, they walk slowly in.
In a few minutes the playground is empty.
I'm on my own, but there is something,
Loneliness.

Inside, people hurry to classes for fear of being late.
I go to mine.
I step inside. People are talking.
But then it is reduced to whispers.
Who's he? What's he doing here? Not seen him before.
Loneliness is like a ghost. It follows me everywhere.

FIONA BOATH

I am Jan

When I woke up from what must have been quite a long sleep, I found myself in a small cellar with a few other children. The first thing that came to my mind was: Jimpy the Cock. "Where's Jimpy? Where's Jimpy?" I shouted, but the oldest girl only said we'd find Jimpy la ter.

Before I knew it I was getting fed with the most beautiful soup I had ever tasted, and I was being covered with sacks, probably to keep me warm.

I must have left my little wooden box with all my treasures in it somewhere outside, because one of the younger children came running in with it and said she'd found it outside, near where I was found lying. They begged and pleaded with me to open the box and show them what was in it, but I kept that a secret for the time being.

I found out that the oldest girl was called Ruth and she was sixteen years old. Her youngest sister Bronia was five. They told me they also had a brother called Edek who would be thirteen by now, but they hadn't seen him for two years because he was taken to Germany for smuggling cheese. All the rest of the children were Ruth's school pupils, taught by her in the cellar.

After a while they persuaded me to tell them that my name was Jan, and although we had our ups and downs, Ruth and Bronia were the most kind and loveable people I had ever met.

DEBORAH BRUCE



Feelings

1. Sledging

Speeding down the slope
Leaving my stomach at the top.
Blinded by snow spray,
Steering with my feet,
A feeling of great speed,
Coming near the bottom.
The slopes becoming less steep,
I'm slowing down considerably,
Putting out my feet to stop.
I'm now at the bottom and out of breath.



2. Pot-holing

Deep underground,
Surrounded by darkness,
Separated from my mate and his light.
Beginning to feel claustrophobic,
Imagining things in the dark,
Hearing something behind me,
Scared out of my wits.
My heart is beating fast,
I don't know how far I've gone
Into the rocky cavern.
I see my mate with a torch:
I'm relieved and calm once more.

LAURA BURNS

Lost

Lost! Why on earth had I accepted the dare to spend the night in the 'haunted maze'? My mum thought I was safe in bed in Sarah's house. I shivered: it was colder than I'd thought. I rubbed my hands together and pulled my jacket round me. It was getting dark now as I made my way into the centre of the maze. The moon made everything eerie. Was that a ghost? No -- only an owl!

Now that I was in the centre of the maze, I delved in my pockets and brought out my flask of hot chocolate. It was cold and horrid, but I forced myself to drink it.

I couldn't stay there all night. I knew I couldn't. I had to get out. Stumbling, I got up and tried to find my way out. It was pitch black and I fell over almost every little stone. I was so tired now. Surely I must be near the exit. Yawning, I knew I couldn't go any further. I fell into the hedge and dozed off.

I awoke suddenly. Wasn't that a noise? Footsteps? Rubbing my eyes, I looked around. Then I jumped. At the top of the hedge, glowing with its own light, was an enormous bird. The moon disappeared behind a cloud. It was only the ornamental peacock at the centre of the maze.

It started to drizzle. I pushed myself further into the hedge. Feeling in my pockets for something to eat, I found a packet of crisps. They didn't fill me up at all.

I think I dozed off. I remember dreaming about a madman looking for me. Coming closer, closer . . . I could hear his footsteps. I awoke with a start. There in front of me was a lady I recognised as the maze-keeper.

"What are you doing here, dearie?" she asked me.

"It was a dare," I said.

"Well come and I'll take you home then." She took me into her hut and gave me a cup of tea. Then she drove me home in her car. I will never accept a silly dare again. It isn't much fun being lost in a maze on a cold night.

LINDSAY CHARLES

Why me?

I never thought it would be this bad,
Boys swarming over others
Like an evil alliance or unholy brothers.
Boys fighting others for no reason at all,
Fat versus thin, short versus tall.
Punching hands, kicking feet,
No-one to talk to, no-one to meet.
There's a bully -- he must be:
He's threatening the first years and now he's
Coming for me.

BRUCE DE SMID

The Big Fight

Round one DING DING box ah crack pow crack wah break GET to your corners DING DING round two ah pow hmp hmp ouch crack beak are you OK? yes yes I am fine ah crack crack ah ah hmp hmp wah bang ouch crack ah bang he's down 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 you're out the winner from Fife in Scotland Jim Cowie yes yes yes.

DEREK DEMPSTER



The bleat

There was a grey castle, high in the highlands of Scotland. A grey mist swirled round the castle's roof. A wolf howled while the full moon shone down to make some light shine on the moat of the grey, still silhouette of the castle. A bat, all black, flew across the moon.

A farmer heard the howling of the wolf but still carried on. He also heard the bleating of a lost lamb stranded in the darkness. He was cold. He walked on, his feet scrunching in the mud. He was being drawn towards the castle.

The farmer saw the shadow of a figure lurking behind a rock, but thought it was just his imagination. He carried on, but he was scared stiff. A Dracula crept behind him with his cloak flying behind him. He stretched out and seized the farmer, and pierced his neck with his fangs. He lay there helpless.

Two days later the farmer's wife called up missing persons, and a search party went out to find him. But there was no luck. The castle disappeared. The mystery still lurks today.

CLARE DEWEY



School

I stood there, desolate.
What seemed like thousands of people,
Yet still I was lonely.
Like I was in a cage,
They knew I was there,
But seemed to ignore it.

A bell. Everone stands in line
Like soldiers being inspected.
Me. The Outsider.

Criticism.
Sarcasm.
Is that what they're taught here?
I wonder.



Another bell.
Confusion.
People weaving in and out.
Help!
I'm in the middle.
Can't find my way out.
Help!
Eternity.

RACHEL DONEY



Badger!

Badger! That doesn't sound like a dog at all, but he is. We named him Badger because he had a stripe right down the middle of his face. Badger is really quite lazy. He hates being cuddled, but I can't really help cuddling him. He's small, fat and cute. You couldn't get a more funny-looking dog.

Badger is a Jack Russell, not a pedigree. He likes a bit of fun and games, but not an awful lot. He likes to sleep and laze around. He loves us in his own way. For example, when he wants someone to cuddle into, he won't hesitate to jump on your knee and cover you in white dog hairs. Like most dogs I know, he loves going for walks. When you pick up his lead and rattle it he goes frantic with excitement. He jumps up and down and circles happily round my feet. Just about every time I take him for a walk we end up in a tangle.

He gets on very well with other dogs, although he can be jealous of them. If I was playing with another dog, Badger would come and join in, but that's not all he would do. He would hog the ball, for example, until I took it off him. If the other dog got the ball, Badger would start growling and threatening the other dog until it dropped the ball. He has cunning wa to annoy and frustrate other dogs until they can stand no more, and go away. Then he would go back to sleep, not caring about the scolding you were giving him. He would simply look at you as if to say "Well, she deserved it. After all, I am your favourite!"

Now you know something of Badger's nature, but there's more to find out. Mum and I had been shopping in Presto. We left the messages on the table, then Badger disappeared for a while. When we came back to the kitchen, the place was swimming in orange juice, with soggy bits of bread in some places. In the corner sat Badger, chomping away at a packet of Corn Flakes. Mum went mad.

CHERYL DOWIE

Blood Baths

The land was totally ruined. Shell-holes covered the landscape, and mud was everywhere. There used to be majestic trees with spreading branches growing out of the grassy fields, where the mud now lay like ponds. The fatal mustard gas killed my friend Joe. Sorrow filled my heart as I watched Joe suffering. His lungs were filled with lethal foam, and his skin was either burnt or covered with ghastly red blisters. The smell of gunpowder made me sneeze. The blood in the dugout was incredible, and hundreds of bodies lay dead. Then suddenly out of the blue the Germans attacked. They appeared from nowhere, although they must have secretly crawled over No-man's-land with their deadly weapons. I had been shot in the side. Then suddenly I was awakened by freezing cold water being thrown over me. They took me to an uncomfortable shack and beat me. In the shack it was cold and damp. They took me away into a wide grassy field and left me to die.

DARREN ELLISON



Haiku

Amaryllis
Stalk tall and fragile
The flowers dazzling white
Beauty from the dirt.

KERRIN EVANS

Sock Sniffer

A sock sniffer
A toe biter

A fur comber
A face washer

A heater chewer
A urine brewer

A pouch stuffer
A seed cruncher

A water lapper
A little house cleaner

All these things
Make me HAMSTER

KERRIN EVANS

Thunder and Lightning

I awake with a rumble of thunder
As black clouds gaze at me from the sky,
And wild winds pick up the leaves in the garden.
Then a sudden flash of brightness leaps from the sky.
Rain bounces on my bedroom roof.
Coaking wild wet trees blow and creak and sway.
City lights flash on in the darkness of the night.
Ritter winds blow through my bedroom window.
Litter rustles in circles with wild abandon;
Rain pours down my window-sill as I stare out.
White sparks of lightning aflight on the window;
A faint rumble of thunder is heard far away.

Then a sudden brightness,
And morning birds chirp merrily with the sunrise.

JANE FARMER

At the Beach

A warm heat hits me
It's the sun.
As I'm lying by the sea,
And the others are having fun.
Another ray hits me.
I'm under my umbrella.

I'm lying there all tired
While the others cycle about
On the bikes we hired.
I can hear them shout:
Come on, Bea!
Come meet Stella!

I'm walking along the shore
With the sea lapping my feet.
I want to stay for evermore
But we're going home ...
... We're beat!

COLETTE FINLAY



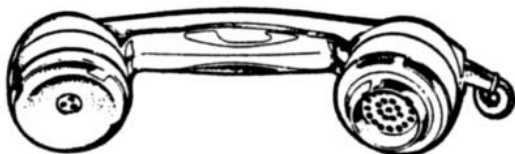
Our Communications Project

Our class project is communications. When we first started we were thinking up all the different ways of communicating, and we got about 20 -- 30 different ways, which we put on the wall around a big sign saying 'Communications'.

Doing our project so far we have had three visitors. Mr Cameron came to take some photographs of Primary 6 and 7 to pu in the Daily Record. Mr King talked to us about the deaf, and did a few small experiments with us, and Mr Suttie who mainly talked about the blind, but talked about the other senses as well.

After each visit we made up a report. After Mr Suttie and Mr King had gone, we put up the deaf alphabet and the Braille alphabet. We did the deaf alphabet by cutting out black and white and using one of each for each letter. For the Braille alphabet we used split peas to give the effect of the bumps.

We have also done a few experiments with the teacher. We made a telegraph station by using a big cardboard box and two little bulbs, and a button that lights the bulbs up. We did an experiment on conductors and insulators. We had



to collect 18 things made of different materials and lay them across the metal bridge. The ones which lit up were called conductors and the ones which didn't were insulators. We had to estimate first, then see if we were right.

At the moment we are doing communications using flags to put up a message across the classroom saying "Welcome to our Communications Classroom". And we've studied various degrees of visual impairment where we cut out pictures and either put tracing paper, or tissue paper, or black paper to give the effect of how much people would see. We have also tried communicating through dance and drama.

SAMANTHA GARDNER



Abseiling

Waiting, watching at the bottom of the seemingly huge abseil tree, my stomach nervously tingles and I know the meaning of fear. It is my turn. A shout, and a tug of the rope, and I'm off. Stealthily winding my way up the freezing, wet, slippery branches, the feeling of nervousness goes and my only thoughts are of reaching the top of the huge pine. A final push and a tug of the rope and I'm there. A feeling of achievement that I've finally reached the summit, but a feeling of dread that I've got to descend from my lofty sanctuary high above the saturated earth below.

Releasing the knobs of wood, I fall backwards slightly, but the rope restrains my fall to millimetres. Edging on downwards, I find a joy greater than my fear and I enjoy myself more and more. Then, relaxing a little, a slight slip and a skid which gets my concentration going again. Letting the rope go further, I find it's a long, long way down, and time seems to stand still for ages as I approach the ground. But on reaching terra firma again, the feeling is of ecstasy, with no nervousness left for the next time.

CHRIS GREEN



Grendel's Last Stand

What I would like right now is a nice juicy human. I'll go and get one right now. It's a long walk to the village, so I'll just go to the King's mean-hall and with any luck I should find a human or two.

I'm almost there now, and I smell men. It's time for supper, Grendel. What? The door is barred. There must be lots of men in there.

CRASH BANG -- nothing stops Grendel. What's this? You want a fight, do you? Well, you'll get it.

CRUNCH. One down, fourteen more to go. Let go of my arm, imbecile, or you too shall fill my stomach. Stop squeezing my arm, it's beginning to hurt. I will shake you till your bones crack, you are no hindrance to me.

I must break free. AHHHH my arm! You have pulled my arm off. It is so painful that not even I, one of the troll kind, can withstand such a mutilation. I must escape from this place. I must withstand the pain until I reach my lair, then I shall rest in peace.

Mother, you must take revenge on these humans, for I shall not be able to last for much longer ... goodbye, Mother ...

PAUL GREENHILL

The Once-dead Norvissont Lives Once More

This morning the once-dead volcano in St Andrews (Mt Norvissont) shook the innocent town. At about 4 am it re-lived its younger years, erupting all over the area around it. It left nothing of the town except scalding hot black rock coating thick sheets of fire. The tower, castle, ruins, etc. are now ruins.

The unfortunate residents who didn't escape shall lie in the position they were in at the time until the day comes to rebuild the devastated town. Experts say it shall be about 28 days before we are allowed on the scene of the disaster. The only survivors of the accident were a cat and a dog. Geologists aren't sure if it will erupt again.

BARRY GRIEVE

Dog

A dog from Auchtermuchty went singing
He sang, and he danced, and went swimming,
He applied for a job
He was working with Bob,
And the two of them did the bell-ringing.

BEVERLEY GURR

Sheep

In Strathkinness there once lived a sheep
Who ran away with Bo-peep.
They laughed as they ran
And went clapping their hands,
And jumped over the fence for some neeps.

BEVERLEY GURR

War



We marched along the lonely road
Where mothers wept and cried
Over their children's bodies lying there
Without having lived had died.

No-one really is a winner
War is a senseless waste
Sights and sounds live on with us
Leaving a bitter taste.

What does war bring to our minds?
Gas chambers, bombs and death
Spreading misery and pain
Over our beautiful earth.

Can't grown-ups get things sorted out?
They've made an awful mess
For two thousand years they've had a chance
They're supposed to know best.

Can't we youngsters get a chance?
I'm sure we'd do much better
Before grown-ups blow the planet up
And end life altogether

ALISON HENNEY



The Pageant

The first pageant rehearsal I had was on a Monday from 3.00 till 4.30. Everbody was told what person they would be. I'm the old lady.

The old lady had to walk along the road and drop her basket, then King James V picks it up and hands it to her. She says thank you and gives him a scone. So we have a chat and a giggle, then three ladies-in-waiting come in and curtsey. Then King Robert the Bruce comes in and bows. And I stand back and say "They're doing that as if you were the king himself".

Queen Ermingaurd died in the first part, and at the end of part two, Mary Queen of Scots came in. They had a dance and planted a walnut tree. We have had a lot of rehearsals, and I enjoyed them.

Our class wrote the history of the pageant and the Abbey, and I'm looking forward to acting it out.

FIONA HOGG



Yum

Chewitts, Polos,
Galaxy.
Bon bons, Smarties,
Big Crunchie.
Highland toffee,
Mars Bar, Twix,
Ringos, Locketts,
Pick 'n' Mix.
Dizzy fizzers,
Nerds too,
Lilt, Tango,
Big Chew.
Fatness, black teeth,
No money,
Dentist, doctor,
Unhealthy.

OLAF JABS
JUSTIN ABRAHAM
ANDREW KIRKALDY



The Changes

It was very difficult trying to get adjusted to the country life. For one thing, the cottage was a lot smaller. When we first got there it was dusty and full of cobwebs, and the garden wasn't much. Mum had to do all the cooking because we had no servants, except a lady who cleans up the place. Sorry for not introducing myself, but I am Phyllis.

When Dad went away to Scotland we became very poor. That is why we had to move to Yorkshire. We miss Dad, but we have met a man called Mr Perks. He is a very kind man who brought us food and tried to mend Peter's engine. I wonder when Dad will come back?

KAREN JAMES

Mrs Gaven

"I wish mum would get out for shopping," said Sally.

"She can't because we are blocked in by the snow," replied Fred.

Mum came in from the kitchen and said "I think I'll go out for some shopping, and I'll get Mrs Gaven to look after you. I won't be long."

Next Mrs Gaven came in and plonked her bottom down and watched television. "If you want to play in the room, go on then," said Mrs Gaven.

"Oh, said Sally.

When Sally and Fred got up to the room they were making a big noise. Then Mrs Gaven came up and said "Children should be seen and not heard, so get down stairs right now."

Later mum came in and said "I have bad news. Dad's car skidded off the road. He's not hurt badly, but I have to go and see him. Surely Mrs Gaven will look after you for the night.

"Oh no!" replied Sally and Fred.

"Oh no!" replied Mrs Gaven

"Oh yes!" said Mum.

LEANNE KEIR



Noah's Ark

Once upon a time, Noah was walking through his town without a care in the world when he saw a burning bush ahead of him. "Oh dear, I seem to be in the wrong Bible story; there's no burning bush in mine, that's in the one about ..."

Noah was cut off in mid sentence by a thundering, deep, very low, angry voice.

"Noah," it said.

"Yes God, Sir, your worship, royal of the royals of the ..."

"Never mind about my title, we've got no time for that."

"What do you want then, Sir?" came Noah's trembly, squeaky reply.

"You are going to build a boat: a very big boat, large enough to hold you, your family, and a male and a female of every living creature on my earth."

"That's odd," said Noah, "I distinctly remember planning a greenhouse for Mrs Noah, I ..."

"**AHEM!** Your ark shall be about 30 metres long, 10 metres wide and 20 metres high ..."

Now it was Our Lord's turn to be cut off in mid-sentence. "I was no good at Maths when I was a boy," said Noah. "I got ... er ... um, oh yes. It was whatsitmetres and thingumybobs I got mixed up," he went on, dreaming of his schooldays.

"Just get building!" was God's rather frustrated reply. Oh, why did I choose him, he thought.

The reason Noah had to carry out all these tasks was because God was going to flood the world as a punishment for all the naughty happenings. He wanted to save his animals, and the good Noah and his family. A while later (and I mean a while) Noah had finished his ark. It looked quite strange because he had mixed up his whatsitmetres and thingumybobs — again. The main thing is that it was safe. Noah had just squashed the last hippo through the door when he felt a splat on his face. It was rain!

He led his family in and shut the door. The boat rose higher, higher, higher and higher until it was miles above the ground. Noah felt a squash at his feet. "Oh blast, there goes the desert fruit fly," he said. After forty days and forty nights it stopped raining. After about a hundred and fifty when Noah started looking for land. The raven he sent didn't come back. He sent a dove, which did not return either. He sent out another dove and guess what? It brought back a twig. There must have been land ahead. Noah and his ark of animals re-settled on the earth and lived for many more happy years.

WILLIAM KERR



Being on an Oil Rig

Whirling waves enclose me in their prison,
Foggy, freezing winds savagely swirl round me,
Cold, wet and shivering am I, with no way to escape,
Waiting for the noisy drill to stop
As it rumbles in my ear.
I am as sturdy as ever.
The pounding rain makes my legs stiff and rusty;
Wet and cold all day, I hardly ever see the bright warm sun.
Screeching seagulls soar overhead, lost in the evil fog.
I stand here, waiting for another day to dawn.

DEBBIE KING

Journey to the Earth's Core

As I pass the rabbits' holes
I often see some little moles.
Down and down we're digging deep,
We shall reach there one week.
As we pass the limestone's layer
I see some crystals sparkling there.
Coal and salt we're digging through,
Someday you'll be happy too.
We're getting closer, I feel the heat;
My shoes are melting on my feet.
We're taking samples all the time,
I hope I'll see some daylight shine.
We're passing basalt layers just now,
I wish that I had brought my plough.
As we reach the big steel ball
I feel the greatness of it all.

ROBBIE LARG

Night Fears

In my bed in pitch dark my imagination is opening.
Big demons with one eye crawl on the floor.
My clothes come alive and a savage executioner stands before me.
The Devil appears with his jagged fork and flaming eyes.
Wolves with teeth like blades snarl and growl at me.
Then suddenly the lights go on and they all disappear.

NEIL LATTO

Snow

Snow freezes
Cold and icy
Snow beautifies
Pretty and soft
Snow sparkles
Clean and white
Snow melts
Soggy and wet
Snow makes me feel chilly

ASHLEIGH LAWSON



School

Football? They call this football?
It's just kick the ball up and down.
What is this? A Bell? What's good about that?
Why is everyone rushing inside?
Frightened about something?
There's maybe something worse inside.
Let's follow them.

Now where? Up? Down? Right? Left?
I'd better wait.
What? Where is everyone?
They are all gone. Where?
...s find somebody.
Where do I go? I'm lost.

Just who I wanted -- an adult.
What? The Headmaster's office?
What's a Headmaster? Where is the office?
I'd better go home.
Oh no, door's locked. This is a jail !!
SCREAM (twice)

CALEB MAHECHA

The Attack

Night attack

Two Guards on duty,

Archer's crossbow,

Through the forest on horseback

Extinguish the beacons

Boat across the moat

Jump through cannon-ball hole in battlements

Kill guards

Undo the bolt on the door

Take everybody hostage

Knife to the daughter's head

Where are the jewels?

Where is the money?

Grab them

Undo the portcullis

Run into the forest

Escape!

MATTHEW MARSDEN

Flanders by Night

Flanders by night is cold and wet

No trenches in this field.

Slim shadows fill the ground.

The Boche lie dead, some by gas, some by rifle fire.

This is no war, this is death.

These dark shadows will never move:

They're here forever.

Still flowers grow amongst the dead.

JAMES MARTIN



A Rainy Evening

Rain pattering, like soft tapping fingers, impatient, waiting for something that won't come. Puddles forming outside, their surfaces rippling, and wriggling like small creatures.

The sun slowly sets below the dark clouds, lighting them like fluffy lights in the red sky, and reflecting off raindrops and puddles, making an array of colours.

Lights in the windows of the houses switch off, one by one. Now, only the odd car splashes down the road, while everyone is in bed, dreaming.

PETER MARTIN



Beowulf

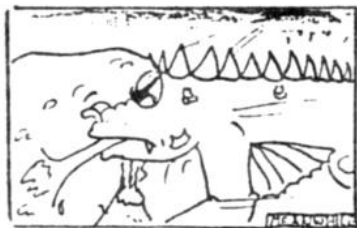
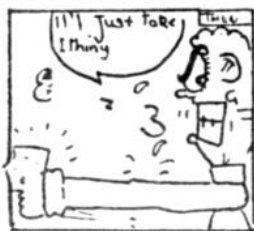
A naughty little man annoys
Some chaplain



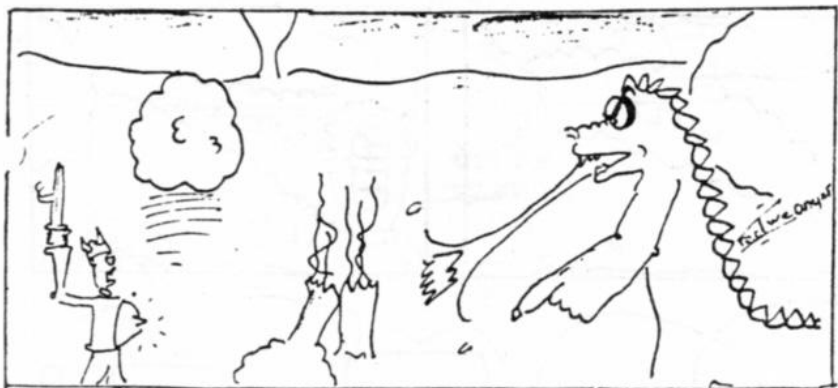
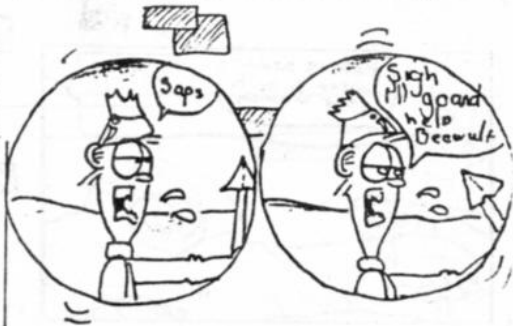
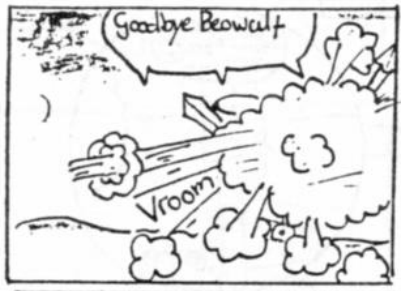
And The Fire Drake Hoard



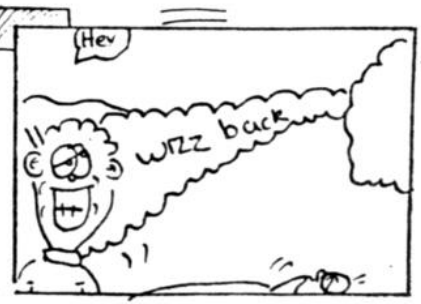
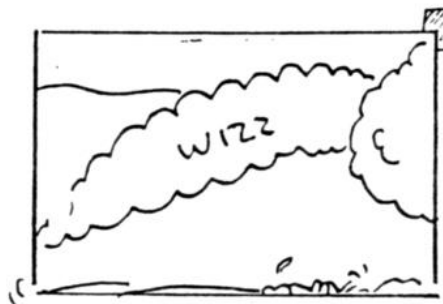
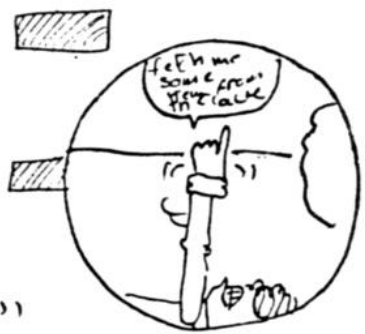
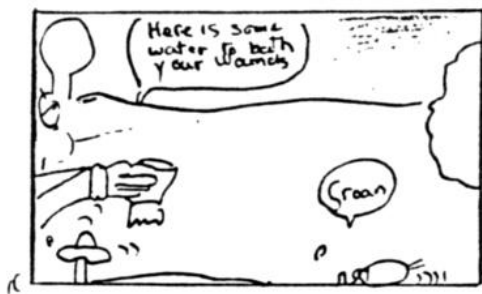
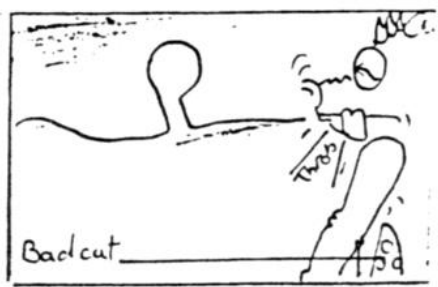
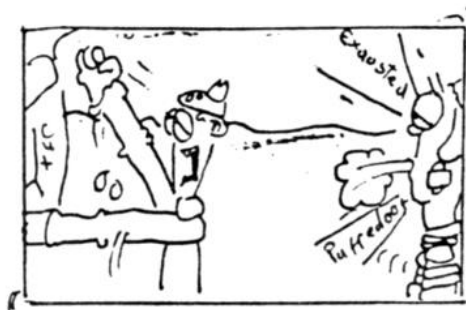
INSIDE THE CAVE



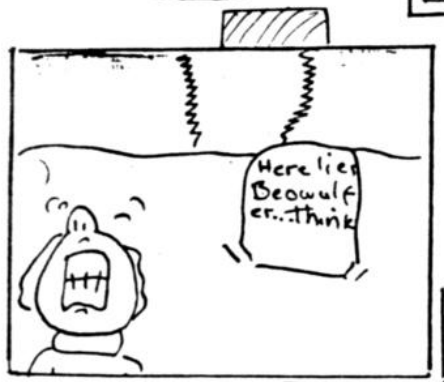
More fun on
next page



Never Give Up



Fight To The End



THE
END

Marooned on an Island

One day I was playing with my friends on the beach, and we decided to go for a swim in the 'calm' sea. Then suddenly the sea got rougher and rougher. It was too strong for any of us to swim back to shore. Suddenly we lost sight of Kay and Susan. After a wee while Lyndsey spotted a small island so we swam as fast as we could until we reached it. There was only one palm tree on it. We were so tired from swimming we fell fast asleep.

When we woke up we saw Kay lying on the side of the island. Then Sarah spotted something swimming round the island.

"It's a shark!" shouted Lyndsey.

"Hurry up and get Kay on to the island," said Sarah.

We got her up on to the island and waited until she woke up. Her eyes suddenly opened and she started to talk

"Where's Susan?" she said.

"We lost her in the rough sea," said Lyndsey.

"I'm going over for a drink of water."

"Watch out," said Sarah, "the shark's coming."

"It's got something on its back," said Kay.

"It's Susan," said Sarah. "Let's get her on the island."

The shark dropped her on the edge of the island and we rushed to get her. She suddenly opened her eyes and stood up. We heard a noise which sounded like "Climb on to my back everyone and hold on tight." Then we realised that it was



the shark which had said it, so we walked slowly over to the shark. Kay went on first, then Lyndsey, then Sarah, then Susan, then I went on last. The shark suddenly shot off and before we knew it we were back on shore.

Every day after this we went down to feed the shark with some fresh fish from the fisherman. At weekends we would go down to the beach and have a ride on the shark. We named him Sharkey.

JULIE METHVEN

Starting Karate

On my way to the hall was nearly the most nerve-racking experience of my life. I was really looking forward to it, yet I was dreading it. As I opened the door into the hall, everyone fell silent and my heart stopped beating, and I felt the blood rushing to my face, and I thought "Oh no, not another beamer!"

To my relief, all of the noise returned to the hall. Everyone went back to his own business. The big fat black belt came over to my dad and me and said "Hello, are you joining the club?" I replied, rather shyly, "Em ... er ... I'm only watching tonight, thanks." The black belt went back to the class, my dad left the hall, and I sat down on a bench to watch everyone.

I didn't see what I was expecting to see that night. I was expecting to see bricks being chopped, and men jumping ten feet in the air doing flips and fancy kicks ... no, that is not what I saw. I saw everyone in rows punching and kicking, at the black belt's command. I saw people doing long sequences of moves, and shouting aloud at a punch or kick. What I saw was KARATE.

From that night on I was hooked. I didn't like it for fancy moves or bricks being chopped. I did it for myself.

BOBBY MITCHELL

The Mole

A tiny tiny little body and a big huge nose,
Tiny little legs and tiny little toes,
As blind as a bat,
And very very fat,
There's no more to tell, so that is that.

HELEN MURRAY



The Amaryllis

Stalk slender and thin
White and green blended together
Shy and secretive.

BRUCE MCCAFFERTY

Evacuated

The teacher had told us to come to school with a bag packed with night things, toothbrush, and a gas mask. I started out for school with my best friend Joanne.

"Where are we going?" I asked her.

"I haven't a clue," she replied. After that we walked silently to school. When we arrived there was a bus waiting outside. Mrs Cooper was standing beside it. We went up to her, and she told us to get in. We were the only people in the bus apart from the driver, so I asked him where we were going. He said that Mrs Cooper had told him to drive us to Paddington Station and leave us there.

"Paddington Station? Why there?" I looked at Joanne.

"Don't ask me," came the reply. Some other people had just climbed on. Soon the whole class had joined us.

The bus started off. Joanne, who was leaning out of the window, told me about everything we passed. Soon we arrived at Paddington. Everyone got off and Mrs Cooper told us to wait on platform 2. There was a train already there: it was going to Devon. Mrs Cooper came and ticked out names off on a register. She then told us to get on the train and sit near the front.

The train started. It was an express train because we passed three stations in half an hour, and did not stop. We reached our destination about an hour later. I looked out of the window and saw about twenty people waiting. We got out and Mrs Cooper started calling our names and telling us who to go to.

"Diane McKay and Joanne Sidebottom -- you've to go to Mr and Mrs Kingsley." They were an elderly couple with kind smiles.

"Come along, dearies," Mrs Kingsley said. "It's only a ten minute walk to the house."

We soon reached it. It turned out to be an old but cosy-looking country



cottage.

"Dump your bags inside," Mr Kingsley said. We got inside and looked around: it was very neat and cosy. Mrs Kingsley showed us our room, which had two single beds and a rocking chair. There was also a small dressing table. Mrs Kingsley called us from the kitchen.

"Tea is always ready at four o'clock prompt." It was half-past three so we had half an hour till tea. So we decided to explore the house. We found the bathroom, the living room and the dining room. They had a fairly large garden with flowers and trees all around. We went inside just in time for tea. It was a lovely spread, with sandwiches and all.

Mr Kingsley told us we had to be up by seven in the morning to be ready for school. We finished our meal, and listened to the radio until eight. Then we went to bed early, ready for the next day at our new school.

DIANE MACKAY

Flight

To soar in a vortex of eternal silence,
Lit by the white radiance of the sun,
Surely that is the ultimate sensation:
That of flying through the ether
Like a knife through butter,
Side-slipping and rolling,
Frolicking in the vast playground of the sky,
The earth falling away as you shoot heaven-wards,
Rising up to meet you in green folds and rumples,
Whirling around you like the moon around the earth.

To traverse the world in a steel and chrome albatross,
Skimming over Atlantic breakers,
Soaring over thunder-heads,
Lances of lightning turning your wings to liquid silver,
You whisk through the air,
Absolutely alone in the infinite space,
And you think 'By God, I can fly,'
And you pity the poor souls below
Who will never know flight:

The Ultimate Experience.

ROSALIND MACLACHLAN



My Hobby

I have birds called Bengalese finches. I have two pairs of Self Chocolate and Chocolate and White. I have had them since October 1988.

My birds stay in my grandad's bird shed with his. He had British birds like Siskins, Greenfinches and Bramblefinches. He has a Greenfinch hen sitting on four eggs. All the rest are in the middle of making their nests. My birds are sitting on their nests, and I'm waiting for them to lay eggs.

I feed them Foreign Finch seed and water and I spray them every two days for the show at the weekends. I take them to the show the night before to check them in, and look at the rest of the birds. Then the next day the show starts at 1.30 pm. That's when I go. We see if my grandad has won anything, then we go and see if I have won anything.

I have won something at every show I have been to this year. I hope I'm as lucky next year. I really like my hobby.

KAY MACMILLAN

Chainsaw Reaction

One day two men decided to build a log cabin in the forest. They had nearly finished when one man said to the other "Go and cut down one more tree." So the other man collected the axe and walked off. Seconds later the second man stopped two metres from the cabin, but before he could finish cutting down the tree the first man shouted "Wait! That tree's too near the cabin!" So the man went to find another tree.

He started to cut another tree, but before he could finish, the first man said "Wait! That tree's too near the cabin." So the second man went to find another tree.

The same thing happened with a tree ten metres away, and fifteen metres away. Then the second man stopped at a tree twenty metres away and started to cut it down. When it fell, it hit the tree fifteen metres from the cabin -- which had been weakened because of previous blows of the axe -- and it fell. When it fell, it hit the tree ten metres away which, having been weakened, fell. When it fell, it hit the tree five metres away, which was weakened, and it fell. In doing so it hit the tree two metres away, which was weakened, and it fell on the cabin.

DANNY OSWALD

School

As the surge of boys go up the stairs,
I get knocked down.
Struggling to my feet, I am kicked down again.
As the crowd disperses,
The dirty heap of clothes and blood
On the floor
Is me.
As I stand up the bell rings
And the surge of boys comes again,
Knocking me over again.
As my bruised eyes open again
The headteacher pulls me to my feet
And rows me for being untidy.

As I get to the classroom
The teacher jumps out and rows me
For being late.
As I sit down, my chair
Gets pulled away and I fall.
The stupid wally behind me
Falls about laughing.

As I leave for home,
I remember the roughness
Of the day,
And nothing could be worse.
That was before I was chucked in the burn!

ANDREW PATERSON

Over the Top

Over the top
No Man's Land and try
to shoot them down

We are there
now go very
slowly. Bang! Bang!
We all fall down
I -- still alive
crawl back to
the trench. Bang! Bang!
I peer
A man lies dead
War.

GRANT PETRIE



Children on the Oregon Trail

(Extracts from the diary of Louise Sager)

Today a terrifying thing happened. We were confronted by a grizzly she-bear. There were three bears and two of them were cubs. There was another cub but we didn't shoot it -- we gave it some meat and that satisfied it. I was the first to see them because I was going to get some water from the river. I was just looking to the east and to the west and then I looked down and saw the bears

I was petrified. I just couldn't move. All that I could think about was getting away without making a sound, but my body would not do what my mind wanted me to do. A branch snapped and the bear looked slowly up. It started walking towards me. I ran as fast as I could go, then I started to scream and I just ran until I got to the camp. I started shouting at John: "John, please help me!" He got a rifle and put it to his shoulder. I didn't look any more. I couldn't stand it. All I know is that John killed the she-bear first, then the two cubs, and then the third cub came along and Francis gave it some meat. None of us wants to camp at that place any more so John is packing our things up and we are going to move on. There are already vultures circling the bears.

Last night the worst storm imaginable struck us. We had had good weather so far, but yesterday there had been warnings of bad weather. We had prepared the wagons for this, but it was in vain. It started as quickly as you could say Jack Robinson. The wagons could not stand up to it very well. All the families stayed in the wagons while the storm raged outside. You could hear the poor animals huddled together outside snorting and lowing their heads off. I had to help Cathy and Lizzie because they were howling with fear all the time. Matilda was her usual quiet self in the chaos. When the storm subsided, Father went to a meeting and didn't come back for about an hour.

(Extract from the diary of John Sager)



Today we were crossing the River Platte. We had to get all the wagons, horses and oxen over. I asked my dad if I could cross with my horse, Mary. He agreed, but warned me to be careful, so I mounted my horse and set off towards the river. We were going all right until we reached about half-way, then Charley the ox started drifting downstream. I had to save him, otherwise he would have been drowned in a whirlpool. So I got off Mary and started swimming towards Charley. Before I knew what was happening, I was being sucked under the fast-flowing water. Then I struggled back to the surface, and glimpsed everyone on the bank before I was sucked down again, and my chest and lungs were in agony. A moment later, I felt a large, furry object. It was Charley! I had set out to save him and he ended up saving me! I held on to him and we swam ashore. I climbed out on to the bank and collapsed, exhausted. I woke up after about an hour, refreshed, and we continued the journey to Oregon.

NUALA PETRIE * LUCY ALEXANDER * JOHN PAUL RIDDEL

Mrs Twit

Mrs Twit, as you have probably already guessed, is a horrible thing. She has an extra gi-normous-sized nose with hairs coming out of the nostrils. She has crossed eyes, and big shaggy eyebrows. She also has a massive mouth with no teeth. But the worst thing about her is her hair. This un-combed stuff is infested with dead flies and other succulent beasties, for the rits to feed on, down in the murky depths. She also has millions and millions of warts. She has purple ones, red ones, purple and red ones and polka-dotted ones, each worse than the other.

GRAHAM REID



To Light — Logo Program

Technic Lego is a special kind of Lego which you can add motors to, and the computer has wires to fit to the motors. We were set a task to make a traffic light box. It was very easy to make, but then we had to program the lights to work in order. Most of us made mistakes, but there was no problem because if you did, you just typed EDALL and you could change the mistake. When you finished, you could press <CONTROL> and C, then you could write out the rest.

This is my final, correct procedure.

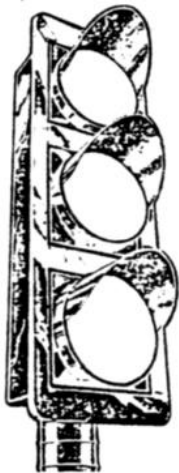
```
?TO LIGHT
>TURNON0
>WAIT300
>TURNON1
>WAIT300
>TURNOFF[01]
>TURNON2
>WAIT300
>TURNOFF2
>TURNON1
>WAIT300
>TURNOFF1
>TURNON0
>REPEAT3[LIGHT]
>END
```

When you press <RETURN> after END, this statement will come up:

```
LIGHT DEFINED
?
```

Where it has ? type in LIGHT, then press <RETURN> and the lights will light up in order.

MICHAEL REYNOLDS



Released

Out through the doors
They charge for the gate.
They want to be home
Not to be late.
I walk out calmly
And breathe in the air,
Thinking of school,
How it's so unfair.

I think of my freedom,
How it's been torn from my soul.
I think of my life,
How it's got a black, ominous hole.
Authority has seized me,
In its cruel gaping jaws.
Now I'm restricted
By rules and laws.



ANTHONY RIDDELL



The Day I (nearly!) ran away

On October 28th, I wanted a new outfit for Hallowe'en. It was a skeleton. I wanted it so much that if my mum didn't buy it for me I would run away, and wouldn't be able to go to my friend Zoe's party.

That night I made a list of things I would have to buy the next day. Then my mum came in and I shoved the paper under my pillow and pretended to be asleep. The next day, the 29th, I got some money and went down to the shop. I got everything, went out, then remembered cat food for my cat Cuddles. The rest of the day I thought who would miss me, and who I would miss. When I woke up on the 30th, I made the final preparations for going. I packed my case, put the cat in my room for the day, and wrote a note ready to put up the next day.

When I woke up on Hallowe'en, I got up early, put on my coat and gathered my bags. As I was about to go out my bedroom door I noticed a present beside my bed. It said "To Lizzy. Happy Hallowe'en". I opened it and inside was the skeleton outfit. I tried it on. It fitted perfectly. Quickly I unpacked my cases, put the food back in the cupboard and put Cuddles back on her chair. I changed out of the skeleton into my nightie, switched off the light and pretended to be asleep. Now I could go to Zoe's party. I thought, perhaps its not such a good idea to run away anyway.

ELIZABETH ROYDS

Jimmy Stuart's Life at School

School is a funny place because of the surroundings,
But at four o'clock I can't wait until the bell rings.
The teachers! They are so strict,
Most of the class gets on their wick!
But I suppose you get used to it.
I must say you have got to have a lot of wit.
And then there's Fagso! He thinks he is tough,
But I think he's a bit of a buff.
They other lads, they all follow him -- Fagso Brown.
With him around there's nowhere to go in the town.

SEAN SCANLON



A day at the fairground

Set right in the heart of the pale blue sky, the sun smiles down upon the fairground like a golden eye. The clothes of the fair people are well camouflaged against the bright colours of the signs advertising rides and amusement stalls.

The rides are really exciting!

There is one called the "Big Cheese" which consists of small mouse-shaped cars and a huge piece of 'cheese' made out of metal. The cars form a circle around the cheese. It is lifted by strong mechanical arms, and the cars go whizzing round. The ride is occupied by many dizzy young children with looks of thrill and excitement on their faces. As may be expected, the occasional child feels slightly sick and goes a bit green in the face. But not for long. Soon he is feeling fine again, and when he leaves the "Big Cheese" he is eager to go on other rides such as "Sink the Hippo" and "Tour of the Universe".

Moving further into the centre of the fairground we discover the typical blaring music and twinkling lights. Stall owners are calling "Come on, candy floss, only twenty-five pence for a small stick, thirty pence for a medium stick and thirty-five pence for a large stick!" There are many delicious smells of roasted nuts and hot snacks.

Tiny children toddle around, attracted by colourful merry-go-rounds, high swings, donkey rides and best of all the King of the fairground -- the enormous Ferris Wheel. They stare up at it in awed silence, their faces lighting up in pure delight as they watch the multicoloured assortment of carriages travelling in the wide open space above. The queues are quite big, but not as long as when evening comes and the crowds gather.

Time passes. Evening falls. The twinkling lights exist no longer, they have been replaced by bright, glaring lights, silhouetted against the darkening sky like airport lights at night and in the early morning. The queues which were quite long during the daytime have now become enormous, some stretching across the fairground as much as two or three times. Most of the small children are at home and in bed now. This is the time for teenagers. They run around yelling, screaming, trying to get into the ghost train and fortune-teller's tent at half price by masquerading as five-year-olds. The blaring music is now louder than ever and, as the fairground is situated on the summit of a hill, the sound sifts down to the city below. Two or three drunks wander around, curiously peering into various tents. They don't behave too badly because they know that if they do, they will be thrown out.

The evening soon comes to an end and the fair closes. The teenagers walk or cycle home, some of them eating, all of them laughing, and most of them holding bright balloons with funny cartoon characters printed on them.

Soon everything is quiet as the fair owners tidy the mess, and this time it is not the sun but the moon which looks down from the heart of the starry sky upon a peaceful fairground, to say goodnight.

JOANNA SCOTT



Cry of the Banshee

One night I was walking home at about six o'clock. It was dark then because the clocks had changed. I was along at Patricia's house for tea, and I stayed for a while before walking home.

I was just walking home when I heard a strange cry. It was a sort of screeching which pierced the dark misty air. I felt very cold and a little scared. I walked towards a lamp-post. Under its light I listened, but could hear nothing, so I kept going. I turned up the lane to get to my house.

I was just walking up the lane when somewhere out of the darkness the most horrible thing stared me in the face. I screamed, turned around and ran the other way to get to the front door. I ran up the stairs and picked up a book about monsters. I remembered it having one big ugly nostril, one razor-sharp tooth and webbed feet. It said in the book that it was a banshee which is a woman ghost which cries when someone or something is going to die.

I went to bed wondering if it was anyone in my family. Next morning I heard nothing about anybody, but then I found that my budgie called Bobby had died.

NICOLA SLADDEN

The final twenty-four hours

Here I am, sitting in the cockpit of the spaceship that will soon be taking me to the distant planet of Bogkog. I look back on the last day of my life on earth. It had been a very sad day. First of all I still had my car, which was a Lada. It had not been sold yet, so I took it along to the local garage where I got £75 for the old banger. After that I went to the local bank where I withdrew all my money. I was on my way out when I saw a lorry smash into the side of a car; this made a bike spin off course and head straight for me. I tried to dodge out of the way but it was too late and the bike smashed into my leg. It was agony lying there waiting until the ambulance arrived. I was taken to hospital where they put a large plaster on my left leg, which of course was the one that was broken.

Later I was released from hospital. The time was 3.10 and the take-off was meant to take place at 7.00, but I had been delayed and I had a lot to do, so I decided to delay the launch until 11.00. It was my last day on earth so I decided I would treat myself to a Wimpey Big Mac meal and a free Coke. As I was coming out of the Wimpey, and hobbling along the road, I heard someone approaching swiftly from behind me. I turned around and saw this deformed guy with evil in his eyes.

I recognised him as Ralph Bruno, the escaped murderer. He pulled a knife out of his pocket and lunged at me. Thankfully I managed to grab his hand, and fell him with a punch. I walked away casually.

I visited my mum and dad and said my farewells. I am now about to take off. The engines are on, and I feel a funny feeling in my stomach as up I go, to Bogkog.

MICHAEL SMITH

Snow

Snowflakes falling, pure white, almost silver
Tickling my face, my hands, my legs,
Getting stronger, deep snow forms on the pavement
Covering everything like a shroud.

ALISON STORY



The Storm

The bright sun is shining,
Then it goes in,
A light breeze grows stronger:
Over goes the bin.

A storm is brewing,
We huddle inside,
Waiting for it to calm
And then subside.

ALISON STORY

Archery

I lifted my bow and held it in my hands. It was metal and heavy. I ran my fingers up and down the taut bow-string, sensing the power -- hidden power, power that could only be demonstrated when someone picked it up and unleashed it.

I set the bow into position, measuring the distance with my eyes. Then I started to pull back on the bow-string, feeling and loving the tension I felt in these taut fibres. Taking careful aim, I released my grip on the string. Immediately all the strength from my arm was transferred to the arrow and it was sent winging to the target with a low buzzing sound. It flew exhilaratingly fast, straight and true. It thudded into the target, quivering like a startled animal. Joy shot through me like electricity -- I had hit the target. Admittedly it was not a bullseye, but still I had hit the target. I picked up my bow, ready for another go ...

THOMAS TAYLOR



Sweet Thoughts

Bon bons, Skittles,
Jelly Tots,
Star Bar, Minstrels,
Fudge, Gum Drops



Tic Tacs, Trackers
Twix, Polos,
Bounty, Smarties,
Wham, Rolos.

Sherbert Lemons
Lion Bars,
Jelly Babies,
Boost, Mars Bars

Cola (bottled
Walnut Whip,
Umbo Gumbo,
Sherbert Dip.

All these sweeties
Rot your teeth
Revealing your gums
Underneath.

ALISON WAKE
ANGELA PEAT
ANGELA WILLETT



Working on the Farm

I live at South Falfield Farm, with about one hundred cattle. They are calving just now, and about 170 sheep are lambing. We have 100 lambs. Some have died, and the dog eats the lambs that have died.

We have a boy that helps my dad. He is called Grant. My dad and Grant help my grandad do the ploughing and harrowing, and my Uncle Sandy sows the seed into the ground.

We have a lot of machinery for different jobs. We have a rotovator to break up the hard pieces of earth. The combine cuts the crop and separates the barley seed and the straw.



I help by bruising meal, and burning bags, and opening the gates for the tractor to go in the field. I also drive the tractor. I like staying on the farm. There is a lot of mud to go through with my bike, also I like to make mud tracks. I like driving the tractor on the farm.

ROBERT WILSON



Smells

When my dad is home, my bathroom has the smell of aftershave mingling with toothpaste and soap. The living room still smells of paint from when my dad repainted the fireplace, and the smell of air-freshener. I like the smell of the sweetshop in the Hilltown; of the peppermints, toffees, sports gums, and all the other sweets mixing into one delicious aroma. I hate the smell of petrol stations when our car is being filled with petrol, and the ghastly pong wafts in through the vents and floats around the car. My least favourite smell is Dens Road Market on a hot day when everyone is smoking and it's practically impossible to stay there for more than half an hour. My favourite smell is probably on a really hot day in the summer when the flowers are in full bloom and the trees are covered in blossom.

DEREK WINTON

YOU THINK YOU COULD DO
BETTER? OKAY - PROVE
IT! OTHERWISE YOU'LL
BE HEARING FROM MY
FRIEND HERE!



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