

Editorial



THIS is the second edition of 'Image' — the Arts Magazine and the last before the school becomes co-educational. Within its pages you can read the views of some First formers on these momentous changes. Will future editions of the magazine be very much different when we have contributions from the girls?

An original feature this year is a competition for a new school song with a prize of £100 for the winners.

The magazine is an image of the school — its contents reflect the creativity of Edwardians . . .

Tony Aldersley

Tommy Duffy

Paul A. Kenin

Ben Morgan

John Mosely.

Rachel Thomas.

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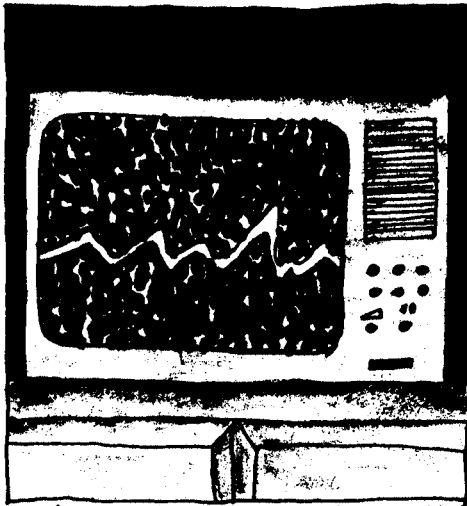
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Malapropisms
Paul Garrity
Form Six

Cover design by
Christopher Rodenhurst
Form Six

AFTER THE PARTY!

Tribute to those of us who are brave/stupid enough to have a party when your parents are away!



SO GREAT!

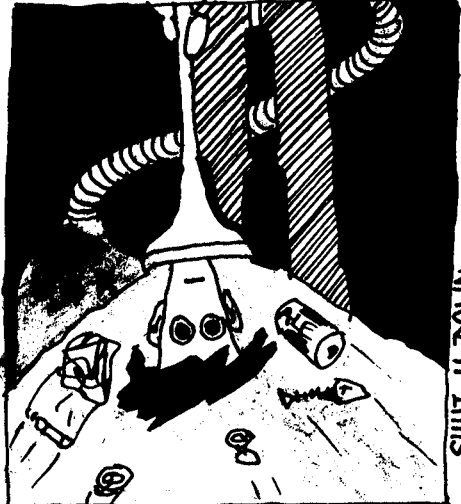


* ALL CHARACTERS ARE FICTIONAL(!), ANY RELATION TO PERSONS OR →



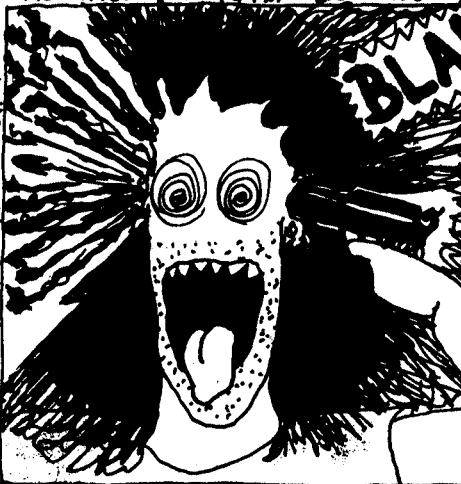
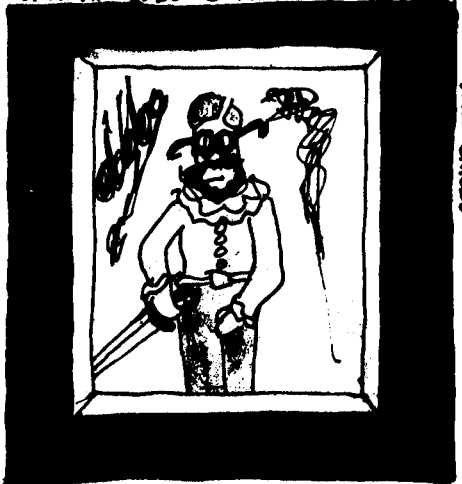
EVENTS IS ENTIRELY POSSIBLE, AND VERY PROBABLE!

DO YOU WANT YOUR MONEY NOW?



UNAUTHORIZED DUPLICATION IS A

VIOLATION OF APPLICABLE LAWS.



SCRIPT ~
dobbo
ART ~
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INKS ~
dobbo
LEGAL
ADVISER ~
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Alien



David Lambert
Form Three

VOID

Then consciousness. All around is warmth, comforting darkness, but a powerful urge, an urge to escape this beating prison, to escape to conflict. Go now my son, leave now! Born into violence.

All around is light, fear, danger. Flee now my son, your time will be later, for now you must rest, grow, gain in strength.

Then you will kill.

You kill to live and live to kill.

But finally my son, you survive.

Shapes around recoil in fear, but they are left far behind, their slow, awkward forms stumbling and staggering. In front is darkness. Flee the darkness my son, seek your brothers, rest, grow, gain in strength.

Then you will kill.

You kill to live and live to kill.

But finally my son, you survive.

Not far to go. Safety ahead, warm, comforting. Brothers in the nest. Seek refuge here my son, rest, grow, gain in strength.

Then you will kill.

You kill to live and live to kill.

But finally my son, you survive.

Safety. Home, a comforting darkness — but now it is time to leave, time to kill. Test

your new found strength my son, strength to kill, strength to survive, your time grows near.

Then you will kill.

You kill to live and live to kill.

But finally my son, you survive.

Irregular shapes, bearing light move below, invading the nest, they stumble and falter, cradling their hope in their arms. Feel their fear my son, thrive on it and use the darkness.

Now you will kill.

You kill to live and live to kill.

But finally son, you survive.

Dropping onto an irregular shape; fear, power and finally death. You have fed on the light my son, now go, take it, so more brothers may join you; flee to the darkness.

Then you will kill.

You kill to live and live to kill.

But finally my son, you survive.

Hatred from behind, a sound of death. Something ripping at the carcass, bleeding to death. No anger, no fear, just an opportunity missed. Your death kills the light my son.

Now it will kill.

We kill to live and live to kill.

But finally my son, we survive.

Alone



Stephen Logan
Form Two



Jeffrey Tobin
Form Six

LOST! Where am I?

Where are they?

how could they leave me here?

Alone! I'm all alone.

Never have I felt such emptiness.

What was that!

When did those shadows appear?

When wind, where has it gone?

It was flowing through the trees

and again I'm alone,

through the shadows,

one superior figure

calling my name.

It gets closer

Father! Mother!

You found me

and freed me from solitude.

Pencil drawing —
Dominic Minghella
Form Three



The Architect's Story ...



Mr Paul Falconer RIBA

TERRY Duffy recently remarked to me how few Old Boys have ventured into architectural practice after leaving school. My initial reaction was to think how astute these young students are, but on reflection perhaps many potential Frank Lloyd Wrights are discouraged simply by ignorance of what it is an architect actually does.

Architects are responsible for the design and production of the built environment. As well as new buildings, architects also refurbish existing buildings or are responsible for landscape works or more abstract studies into building performance, etc. The variety of challenges faced by the architect is one of the main attractions of the job. One day you may be involved in careful design of a beautiful building, the next investigating why the drains in the nursing home extension completed last year are backing-up!

On the whole one's workload is split between design, the production of information to fully illustrate that design, administration of building projects on site and meetings with clients, builders and the like. Architects are split between those working in private practice and those who work for public bodies, such as Local Authorities or the Health Service. Traditionally, the latter option has been seen as the safer bet with job security and interesting workload the main attractions when set against the potentially more lucrative career in private practice.

Both these sectors have been hit recently, however, by the severe recession in the building industry. This is one disadvantage of the architect's profession when compared with law or accountancy, and several other careers which seem to be more immune to the fluctuations in our economy. When investment in construction slows down architects are amongst those who feel it first.

Notwithstanding this, I would encourage anyone who is interested in the quality of our environment to consider architecture as a profession. Seeing one of your own designs being built can be very rewarding, and many architects are in the fortunate position of earning their living by turning what was once a hobby into a career.

Mr Paul Falconer is a partner in the Ian Darby architectural practice and has designed the new extensions to Runnymede and the sixth form centre.

Sixth Form Centre — Level of study rising

Photograph by Steven Dobbins
Form Six

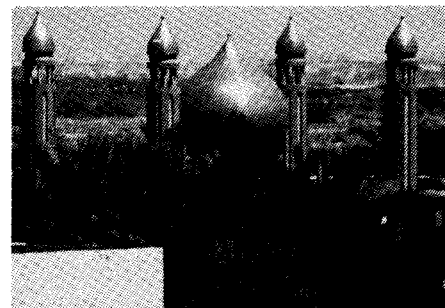
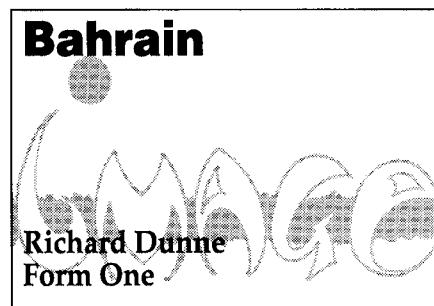


Extensions to Runnymede

Photograph by Steven Dobbins
Form Six

Bahrain

Richard Dunne
Form One



THE STATE of Bahrain consists of an archipelago of about 33 small islands. It is about 24km from Saudi Arabia. I lived there for 7½ years and enjoyed it very much.

It was very hot and humid during the summer and everyone had air conditioning in their houses and cars. The winters were very mild and it usually rained about twice a year.

I went to the British school on the island called St Christopher's and attended the Sacred Heart Church.

I was in the scout troop and we went on lots of camps and hikes in the desert. You had to get used to the odd camel spider and scorpion.

I played lots of sports out there including rugby and football. I've played rugby against Kuwait (and won) and I've been coached by the All Blacks twice. Water sports were very

popular there too. There was snorkling, water skiing, dinghy sailing, jet skiing and deep sea night fishing which I all tried out.

Our house was in a compound of about 40 houses. It was big and spacious with lots of rooms and had a big garden. In the compound there were lots of facilities such as a gymnasium, a tennis court and a swimming pool. I had lots of fun on them.

But what everyone did in Bahrain was skateboard. There were lots of ramps and quite a lot of skate shops too.

I also did a lot of athletics at school and we occasionally used the Bahrain National Stadium from time to time where there is the best running track I've ever used.

I found Bahrain a great place to live and if I had the chance I would go back there some day.



The Ballad of Winefride Bell

David Atherton
Form Three

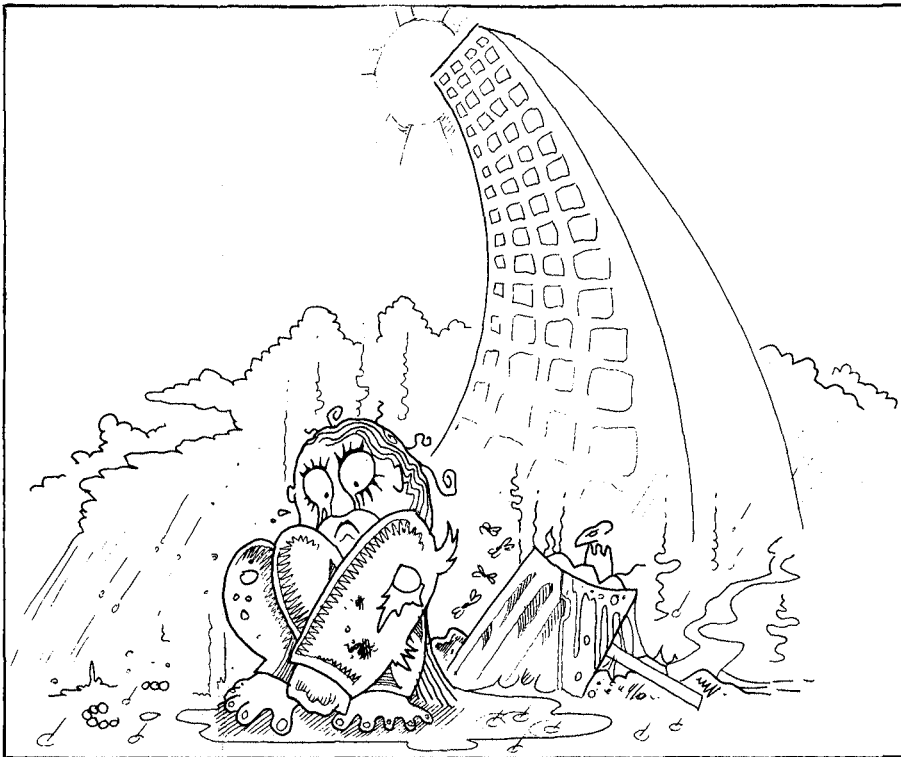
An upper class lady was Winefride Bell,
Her lamentable story now I will tell.
She was once very grand,
with houses and land,
which income tax forced her to sell.
She took to the streets did Winefride Bell,
Her then youthful body she attempted to sell.
But it was no good,
Her name became mud,
From the pinnacles of life she fell.

An extremely sad woman is Winefride Bell,
She now is a tramp and she carries a smell.
She wears grubby clothes,
On her blue hands she blows,
Her life is a cold living hell.
She died a sad death did Winefride Bell,
Nobody cared what the papers did tell.
There was no funeral service,
People were so impervious,
To the wretched decline of Winefride Bell.

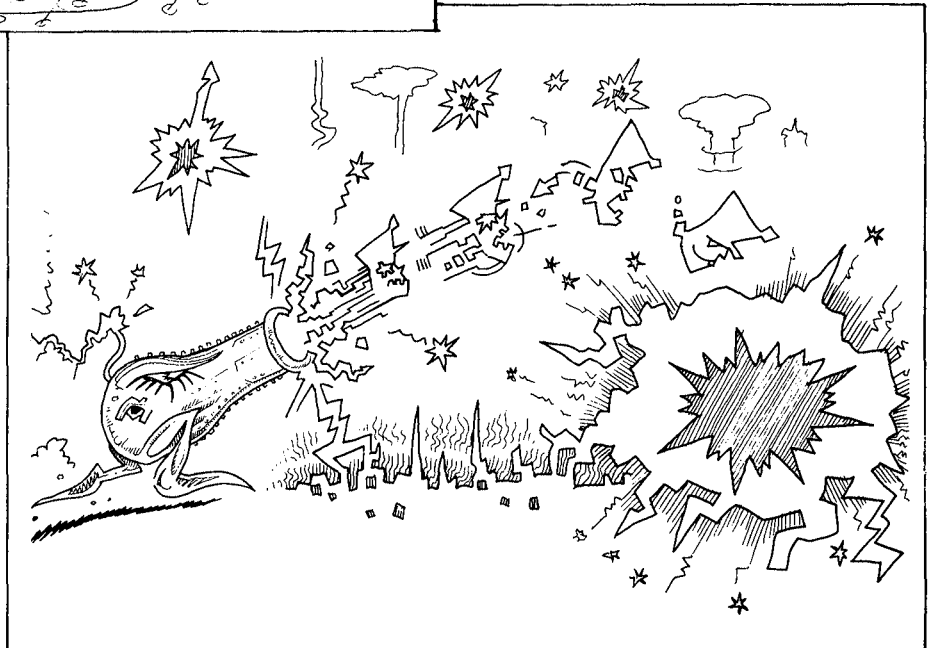
The Battle

Colin Tan
Form Two

He rode down the aisle, made by the two
lines made for him,
He scanned through the fields of men,
looking down from his horse.
Most of them young and innocent,
Never before faced the enemy on the field.
How gentle-like they looked, in their new
uniforms and hats,
Then the long formations threat, so-so many
of them.
Ready for battle-bold, glory.
Knowing they might not survive to see
tomorrow.
Then the flag was raised, the trumpets
sounded the battle,
They readied their new weapons, and set the
formation.
'CHARGE' he commanded, dismounting.
He took his place at the front sword in hand.
They plunged into the cannon-fire like
Dragons breathing,
Shots-shots exploding around them, some of
them fall like birds.
The enemy firing from behind,
Behind the barricades the grit of iron-steel.
They charge towards the fort, the enemy on
the run,
He spurs them on like a sunbeam, shining
down from heaven.
The doors, shattered by their cannons,
they rush in not knowing it was a trap laid
down.
The enemy fire,
The cannons fire,
Bullets pierce his chest,
The blood drips, wasted.
Down they fall.



Illustrations by
Christopher Rodenhurst
Form Six



Baza 1991

WMA

Stephen Settle
Form Six

ON Monday the 18th March, a group of eight lower-sixth lads and six girls from Upton Convent, ably led by El Señor Nev Mars and his trusty sidekick Mr Sancho Clayton, left Manchester for the warmer climes of Baza, deepest Spain.

Baza is the main town in the region, with 20,000 inhabitants, but it is still a world apart from the hurly-burly of Liverpool. Since 1987, pupils from our school have taken part in a Spanish Exchange with the José de Mora Institute in Baza, Andalucia. This year's proved to be as successful as the rest.

Each of us has our own highlights, our own stories to tell, but I'll tell it how I saw it . . .

It was my third time in Baza, so I knew what to expect, but the others were feeling a bit of apprehension about staying with a Spanish family for two weeks. The 5 a.m. plane flight didn't help, so the journey proved to be a bit subdued.

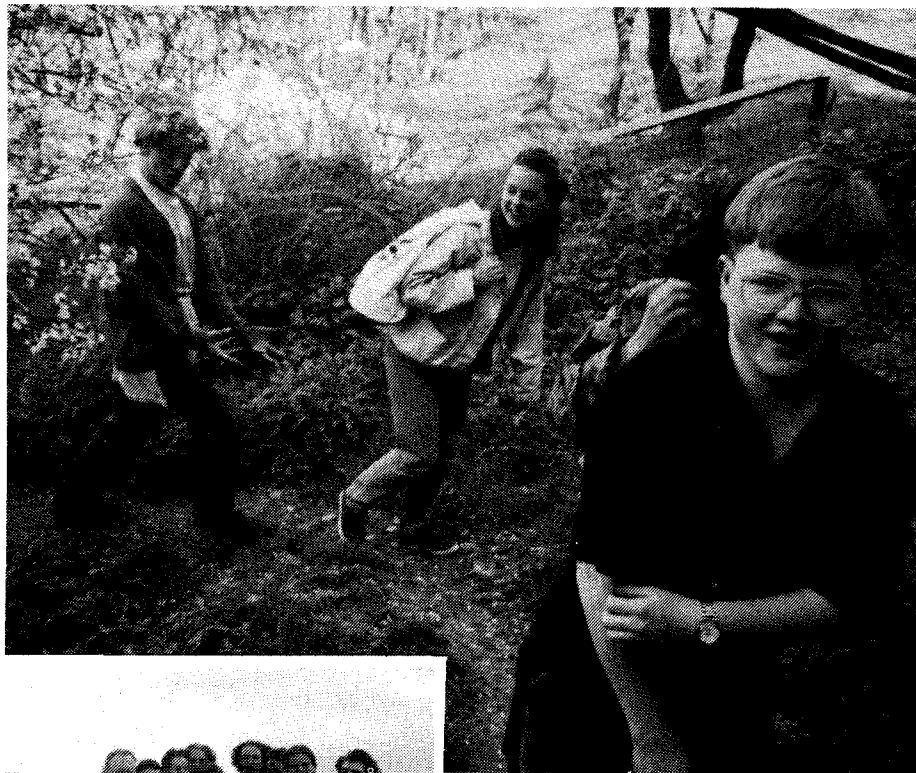
Upon arrival in Baza we were met by the headmaster and Nev paired us off with our partners. This exercise seemed reminiscent of a cattle-market, and did nothing to calm our nerves. Fortunately for me, Vania, my partner, proved to be friendly and bubbly (just ask Fergal), and already knew her from the year before. But for others the pairings were not so good — Ozzer was stuck with a 4ft tall 15 year-old, and Ingo and Kath were sped away to nearby Caniles (Spain's answer to Beirut).

Thankfully, none of us were in the 300-odd caves which are still occupied in Baza. Only the richer people could afford to send their children to England so we were well looked after.

That's a bit of an understatement really . . . because the families couldn't do enough for us. The food was delicious, once we all got used to the gallons of olive oil that they use (rumour has it that Ingo uses the same stuff on his hair). By the end of the two weeks we had become almost 'one of the family.' Neil's 'mum' even cried at the send-off . . . Such a nice boy!

After settling in, which can be rather awkward, (they speak rather quickly with a very strong Andaluz accent), we made our first visit to the Chimenea bar (where a 3ft waiter covers the vomit on the floor with sawdust, but the beer's cheap — so who cares?) For me, it was a chance to see old friends again. The Bastetanos (people from Baza) were all extremely friendly and eager to get to know us, so we had no problems mixing into the 'Baza scene'.

Tuesday was spent sussing out the place. The typically Andalucian network of narrow alleyways and tiny squares proved confusing to us 'outsiders', but once we got our bearings, we found we were all in close proximity to each other.



The following three days allowed us to attend the José de Mora school. We were met by the headmaster, Natalio Rodriguez Cano, and his speech (expertly translated by Nev — his talents are wasted in a lowly teaching job) welcomed us to the town.

School, quite simply, was a buzz. Breaks are spent in the local bar, and the atmosphere is so much more relaxed than over here.

Friday saw 'Nev's Army' take on the staff football team in a match played before several hundred students. The daunting atmosphere and the hot midday sun prevented us from showing our true colours, but Ozzer's heroics in goal, Fitzzy's crunching tackles, Gaz's shorts, and two classic goals by Ingo and myself, (nearly) kept us in the game. 'Nev's Army' finally went down 7-2. Our disappointment was added to by Mr Clayton's appearance, five minutes from time, with the paltry apology . . . 'bit of a hangover.' He was promptly named 'Judas' and only the offer of a round of drinks saved him from total rejection.

The second week of the stay — Semana Santa — gave us the chance to see some of the religious festivals. It was obvious that the Bastetanos (try saying that after a few cervezas) were devoutly religious, and the entire population turned out to see the processions of floats being paraded through the town. So it was the highlight of my week

when Fitzzy and I were asked to be 'orjilleros' (float carriers), a great honour, for we were the first foreigners to be involved in the procession 'del Cristo de los Mendez'. We had to carry the float on our shoulders around the town (a symbol of Jesus' burden of the cross), and several of the men were soon in tears, a mixture of tiredness and their sorrow for Christ. It proved to be quite a strange experience.

At this stage our Spanish had improved considerably and the social side was in full flow. Neil even found a bar that sold Guinness (much to his delight, until he saw the price).

The coach journey down to Granada is best forgotten. The early morning start, along with the maniac Spanish driver, bumpy roads, and Nev's Peruvian pipe music(?) made it a bad two hours.

Upon arriving at the magnificent Alhambra palace, built by the Moors in C14, we were given the stern warning by Mr Mars, 'now look lads . . . this is culture. It may damage your health!' This warning proved unnecessary, as the lads (even Ingo) showed a serious side as they gazed at the amazing labyrinth of rooms filled with mosaics, and the resplendant beauty of the fountains and gardens of the 'Generalife'. However, any notion and the lads were all 'cultured', was dispelled with a few rowdy verses of the Macc lads on the way home.

The last night in the Chimenea saw us all disappointed — the 'Baza tradition' of dunking someone in the fountain on the last night had to be forfeited when Chesney (the victim-elect) had an early night — wise choice really.

Our thanks go out to all who made it possible, especially Mr Mars and Mr Clayton — great laughs, good drinking-partners, and all-round top blokes.

Nev's Army were . . .

Neil Downey, Kevin 'Ingo' English, Tim 'Rubio' Fitzsimmons, Paul 'Gaz' Garrity, Mike 'Chesney' Harrison, John 'Ozzer' O'Neill, Chris 'Bartman' Parle, Ste Settle.

Blitz

IMAGE

Mr Philip Furlong

THE group perform a tribute to The Beatles spanning the Beatles' career from the early sixties up to Sgt Pepper. The fifth member plays keyboards and synths for the Sgt Pepper section and provides brass for other earlier songs.

They come from Tbilisi in Georgia, U.S.S.R.

Their names are: Kocharov Valery Vladimirovich, playing John Lennon; Osipov Bitchico Michailovich, as Ringo; Sachamberidze Zaal Nicholacvich as George Harrison; Ambarzumian Valery Alberiovich as McCartney; Sharashenidze Aviandil Georgiecvich as Sgt Pepper.

Twelve years ago, a copy of 'Rubber Soul' by the Beatles was smuggled into their country and it was copied many times onto tapes that were distributed, illegally, throughout Georgia. A club formed, with private listening in different people's flats, and at that time discovery by the authorities could have caused considerable problems for whoever kept the records and supplied the tape copies. Valery Kocharov is a state artist and had some freedom of movement, to Poland and sometimes Austria. Whilst there he could phone me and request other records which I would dispatch and he would then smuggle into the USSR. Whenever he phoned he would say that it was his dream to visit Liverpool and play all the places the Beatles played. This was achieved this year, only after lengthy and difficult negotiations with the Soviet and British governments.

They are truly amazed by the friendly response of Liverpool and its people. Their wish now would be to live here, but that is not yet possible, though it's become their 'new dream'.

The musicians led a discussion group with Form Six on Soviet life and music and performed at the college summer fair.



Co-Education

Views from Form One

IMAGE

AT our age girls are usually more dedicated and hard working.. This will mean more girls will pass than boys and the boys will become the minority, this year we will be O.K. because all the Runnymede pupils who have taken the exam are boys, but nevertheless, by the year 2000 two thirds of St Edward's will be girls and next they will want to change St Edward's to St Edwina's.

André Walker
Form One

I THINK the idea of co-education should be scrapped because it will develop into a woman run school. The parents will complain to Br Sassi until he lets girls join the Cathedral choir! The girls will cost a lot of money for new fields and changing rooms when we get stuck with all the old ones which are dirty and in a dire state or repair. Girls will try desperately to get into all the boys' stuff e.g. rugby, football etc. Plus this may increase to extra lessons like cookery and even sewing! If we cannot stop girls coming into the school then at least they should be kept in a different class. A lot of kids would like girls in this school but I think they would spoil concentration.

James Pearson
Form One

I THINK co-education is a good thing and a bad thing. It can be good in these ways: It will save people money in the way of transport if both their son and daughter go to the same school. It will save them petrol money if they only have to drive to the one place. It will also encourage the pupils in the school to mix with the different sex.

It will be bad in these ways: Teachers only come to teach at this school (or so I heard) because it is only a boys' school. also there is not much point in this school going co-educational because there must be some other schools just for girls which have as good facilities as this school has and as good teaching qualities as this has as well.

But as it is I don't really mind about the school going co-educational and I wouldn't mind if it stayed the same as it is.

Jon Barton
Form One

I THINK that when girls come to school there will be a mixture of good and bad things happening. Although I think girls should be treated the same as boys and it is a good idea that girls should be admitted. The girls might distract the boys and there won't be enough work going on and the schools high standard would drop. School teams would probably get better and there would be a lot more sports and athletics competitions going on. It would make the school gain a better standard. More buildings would have to be built costing the school a lot of money.

Overall I think it is a very good idea.

Barry Roche
Form One

I THINK girls coming to the school will make St Edward's bigger and better than it is already.

It will advertise the school and show it is not old fashioned and is willing for change.

In my mind it will also be fairer on the girls' part because if boys are able to get a better education, why can't girls?

Women as you know can get most jobs now and with a better education will help them even more.

Overall, nothing can really go wrong.

Stuart Wright
Form One

Photograph by Steven Dobbins,
Form Six

Dangerous Dogs

James Pearson
Form One

1. American pit bull terrier kills 150 people and injures 150 per year.
2. German Shepherd Hybrid kills 50 people and injures 135 per year.
3. Chinese Shahtu kills 130 people and injures 50 per year.
4. Cross Doberman Pinscher and German Alsatian Hybrid kills 50 people and injures 10 per year.
5. Doberman kills 10 people and injures 3 per year.

As you can see the British Rottweiler doesn't appear here as it is a docile dog and only attacks if beaten or teased. This so-called 'dangerous dog' is supposed to be savage and will attack at the slightest thing but this is not true. This is 35th most dangerous dog and hardly ever kills a human.

These dogs were trained by humans in Roman times to kill prisoners and we cannot stop Rottweilers going back on their nature as we have forced them to do it. These dogs do not kill for fun as the newspaper put it, but they will attack if put through unnecessary pain.

The amount of dogs we kill each year for attacking their owners, do we ever check up on them, the owners? No. We trust these people and nine times out of ten the owners are beating their dogs.

All in all dogs cannot stand by while their owners treat them like muck but they have their own rights.

Calvary

Bo Win
Form Two

There was a cross as I flew by,
The ground was black and so was the sky,
Others didn't seem to care,
As I flew by there were no feelings there,
Only the hatred the pain and the flare,
The flare of their anger,
On the person to die.

Ways of the Cross

Kevin O'Neill
Form Two

A tear trickles down his Mother's face,
He walks past the crowd at a steady pace,
People cheering, People crying,
Little children amongst the dying.
The cross is heavy, still he goes on,
People will always remember him when he has gone.

Two thieves beside him,
A lot of pain inside him.

A nail is hammered to his hand,
A gentle breeze across the sand
Will he live? Will he die?
Hundreds of people start to cry.
A crowd of thorns are stuck to his head,
The people all shout 'Look he's dead'.
The crowd is still, there's a deadly silence,
Asking themselves was there a need for all the violence.

A rock is pushed to the door of the cave,
Christ is tied up just like a slave.
Will he go to heaven, will he go to hell,
If he went to hell the sight of fire would make him repel.

Passover Friday

David Brooks
Form Two

Passover Friday is ne'er a good day,
But a day for a man die.
I'll never agree, men to die,
For saying, 'No, I want you to listen to me.'
For this is what he said to my country and me.

Men have tried,
To carry their cross to their death,
Their thirst and their hunger
No longer matter,
To the world they'll be ...
Just more criminals that were.

No matter who helps him,
He's to be crucified for saying,
'No, I want you to listen me.'
For this is what he said to my country and men.

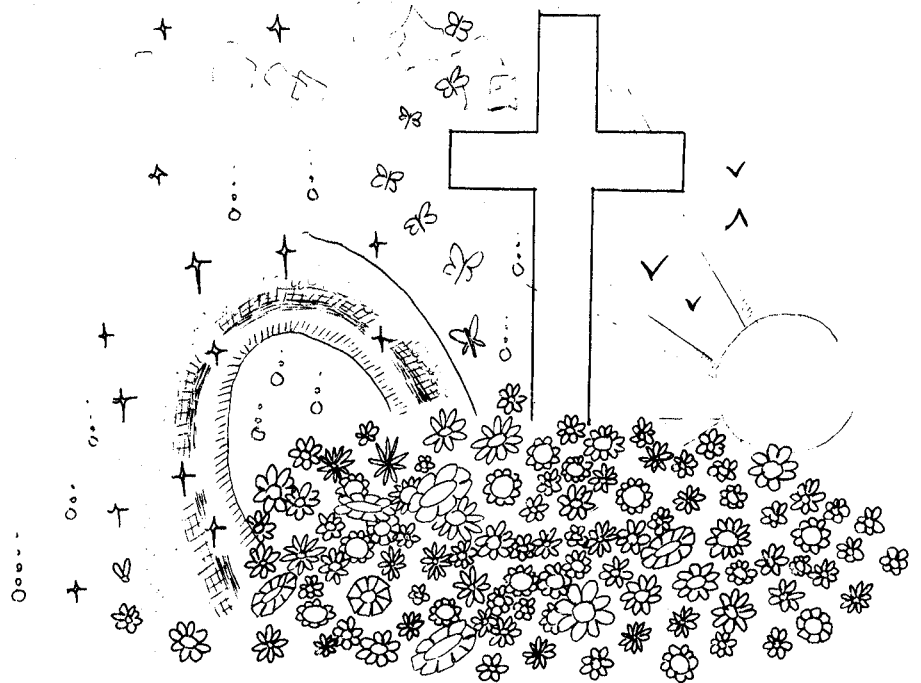


Illustration by Christopher Rodenhurst, Form Six

The crusades were trips to drive the turkey out of the Holy Land.

50 Years On — I Remember

Mr Ernest William Edwards
(also known as 'The Professor')

I WAS a Junior City Scholarship boy from St Alphonsus', Kirkdale, School in September 1934. My scholarship class teacher was Miss 'Mamie' Marks, who also enabled my older brother Charles to win a similar scholarship to St Edward's College two years before me.

I remember the stone spiral staircase of the college building in St Domingo Road, with the brass studs to prevent (or try to prevent) boys from sliding down the highly polished oak bannisters. I remember looking at the photographs on the walls of previous college classes and previous football and cricket teams, and wondering if I could ever follow in the footsteps of my illustrious heroes there depicted, like Vincent Jack, Gerry Growney, Tim McDonough, Joe Leroi, Jimmy Leonard. I can think back to Brother Curran, Bro Maingot (who later left the religious to marry), Bro 'Scully' Howlin (the only Brother to expel a pupil, James Riley, for hitting him), Bro 'Specky' Golding, Bro 'Snowey' MacNamara, Bro Roche (headmasters). I remember Masters like 'Froggy' Mullen (French Master), Sid Meldon (he of the knuckles rapping), and Jack Curtin. 'Doggy' Maher, the PT Master also springs to mind with painful memories of vaulting horses and climbing 20 foot ropes to the ceiling of the gym, and those excruciating wall bars! We used to catch two trams to Fazackerley to play football or cricket there (the cricket pavilion is now esconced at the junction of two of the lanes near the Copple House Public House there). I used to delight in wearing the blue jersey of St Domingo House, although I never rose above the ranks of the third team.

Sports Days at St Domingo Road were a treasure to remember, watching one's heroes race round the four sides of the

playing field, and later to stand with our proud parents and see Joe Leroi or Louis Smith climb the stone steps to the balcony at the front of the school to receive their Victor Ludorum prizes together with the endless catalogue of prizes won by them to the exclusion of mere triers like myself.

I remember the Assemblies in the Great Hall in the mornings to which we endeavoured never to be late, for fear of having five strokes of 'The Leather' (a piece of whalebone covered by black leather and wielded strongly by the Headmaster or one of his deputies). The hymns and school song were conducted by the revered 'Push' (Mr Fred Boraston FRCO) who was later knocked down and killed by a taxi, very close to his retirement home.

Once a week we would march(?) to the nearby Our Lady Immaculate Church next door to the college, of which the outstanding figure of Monsignor Moloney was parish priest. On St Patrick's Day and also on Orangemen's Day (July 12th) he would stand outside his presbytery in a fierce stance and dare the local Orangemen to throw stones at his windows! Those of us who had to pass through the Orange Quarter, as we called the local streets of Thomason Street, Crete Street, and York Terrace (with coloured chalk pictures of 'King Billie' on his horse drawn on the walls), were advised by our Headmaster to put our college caps in our pockets on March 17th and July 12th to avoid any unpleasantness from the locals, followers of the Reverend Alderman Longbottom.

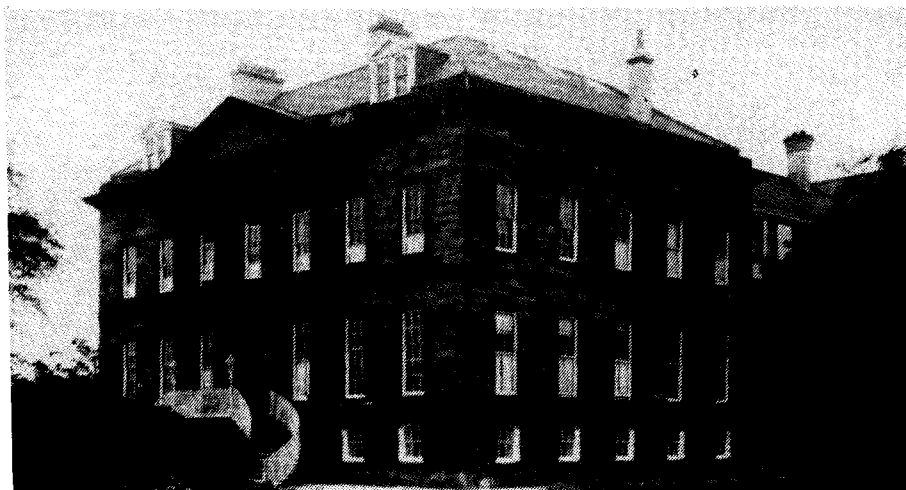
I recall the 'tuck shop' at the St Domingo Road College, where pudding cakes and aniseed balls were favourites. In the school yard all the pupils would gather to rehearse, under Jack Curtin, the war cry 'KAI ORA' which we should shout to give support to our Senior or Junior teams engaged in Cup matches.

I remember also the master 'Didgy' Rowe (D.G. Rowe) as being one of the personalities of that period of 1934-1938, and Mr Mulhearn's green Riley sports car parked in front of the school.

Two incidents come readily to mind, one the occasion when Charley Smith was riding his bicycle under the 'shed' of the schoolyard, when he collided with one of the iron support columns and finished up in hospital for many months, and as a result of the operations he was left with permanent baldness. I remember we had in those days to lift our bicycles through a small inset door within the back door of the schoolyard, as the main door was never unlocked. The second incident was when a light aeroplane crash landed on the roof of a church and then onto nearby houses at the junction of St Domingo Road and Royal Street. We all had souvenirs of this event!

The St Domingo College was sold for flats when the college moved in September 1938 to Sandfield Park, but that, as they say, is another story. Others no doubt will remember lots more.

Ernest Edwards left the college in 1940 (after evacuation to Llanelli), joined the Air Force in 1941, spent three years abroad in India, Burma and Malaya, returned and became a Local Government Officer in Liverpool until 1966 when he moved to Stourbridge and has been part of the Crown Prosecution Service Staff for some 25 years. He played football for Old Cathinians for 25 years (counting war service) and asks to be remembered to his team mates.



The epistles were
the wives of the apostles

First Case of the Morning

Andrew Ness
Form Four

SHE opened the door with trepidation, her fingers trembling slightly as they touched the cold knob of hard brass. The door creaked open like an unwanted rodent being executed by a feline predator. The expensive carpet was littered with sheets of paper, old acquaintances scattered desperately by careless feet and discarded absentmindedly by untidy hands. The walls were papered with memos, flowcharts and an antiquated calendar bearing witness to a year long lost in the misty shrouds of time. There was a gap in this clutter, where grey-white curtains hung like rags about an uncleaned window that peered down onto the evils of the city below with vacant disinterest.

In the centre of this apocalyptic eruption of ageing contracts was a desk. Strewn across this was a random attitude were even more notes than on the walls and several mugs containing disgusting liquids which smelled vaguely of the caffeine of which they were eighty percent composed. Slumped among all this, open to the disgust and opinion of all who should enter this refuse tip was a man, asleep, his face buried in a half-eaten quarter-pounder with a slice of cheese in his mouth and a thin slice of cucumber paradoxically inserted in his right nostril.

'Mr Joe Ricksworth?' she inquired with sufficient volume to cause J. Ricksworth, private investigator, to jump from his horizontal position and snap his eyes open.

Ricksworth gazed up at her face. It was beautiful, clean, well made up but naturally appealing. Her nose was small, her eyes large. On her blonde locks perched a large shocking-pink Ascot style hat with a veil that came down to her sky-blue eyes. The ornaments which dangled from her delicate ears were large but not unwieldy as large jewellery can be. Her dress was in the same pink as the hat giving her the appearance of an immaculate rose, not subtle, openly and impossibly attractive. Over the dress she wore a mink fur, imitation mink but still horrendously expensive. Her neck was adorned with a stole and she carried a large, black handbag.

Ricksworth smiled stupidly, he was impressed. He didn't want to say anything, he knew it would come out wrong. She spoke first, attempting to conceal her disgust at his office.

'It's my husband,' she began. Ricksworth's grin vanished like a phantom in the night.

'I think he's trying to kill me.' She began to shiver.

'Sit down, please,' said Ricksworth gesturing to a chair that looked like an old man who was looking for a dime on the

floor, dirty and covered copiously with paper in similar fashion to the entirety of Ricksworth's office. The back was damaged and split, the arms severely weathered by the ages of use and abuse, one leg propped up on a couple of volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

The lady declined but continued her story to the man whom she hoped and prayed could save her, quite literally, from the jaws of death, the man who had been recommended to her by twenty-three different confidantes, the man who never failed, the man who, after her tale was over, decided to take the case, the man who sat looking at her, are now, tomato and herb McSauce dripping from his chin, the best PI in New York city.

A protestant is a wicked woman who gets her living through living an immoral life.

Gender is how you tell if a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.

The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth.

Law states man should have but one wife. This is called monotony.

First successes in technology



Mr Arthur Kelly



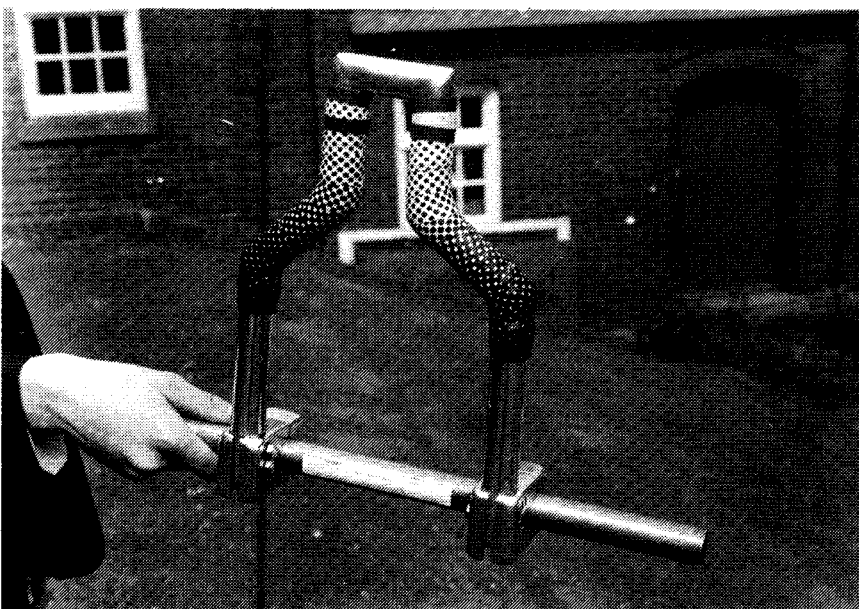
IT is six years since our headmaster, Brother Sassi, decided that Craft, Design and Technology should be introduced into the college curriculum. The subject has developed from the 'straws and cardboard' technology of that first year in the old art room in Runnymede to the current 'high-tec' submissions of the first GCSE candidates to be entered for CDT by St Edwards.

CDT is truly a subject of today and for today. Although its origins lie as far back as the sixties it was only in the eighties that it emerged as a subject of national importance.

As the fifth-form will testify, CDT is a very demanding subject to study embracing as it does skills as apparently divergent as the ability to create solutions to real-life technological problems, understanding the principles of basic technologies, and not least, translating design ideas into working, practical solutions.

The projects currently being submitted for examination show just how the candidates have come to terms with the demands of the subject. Both in range of ideas and quality of production they demonstrate a high standard of excellence.

This has been achieved only by the hard work of pupils and staff with the wholehearted support of Brother Sassi. CDT is a subject that has been enthusiastically taken up by Independent Schools and with the facilities we have in the Design Centre we can say that the department measures up to the best that there is. The years of planning and hardwork have brought the subject to a state where it can truly be said that at St Edward's CDT has taken off!



Photographs by Mr Simon Quarmby

The 1991 French Exchange

Andrew Cassidy
Form Six

SUNDAY, March 31 saw the arrival of the visiting French party at Liverpool.

The crowd of gullible students (and perhaps even more gullible parents) had been gathered together at short-notice, rather earlier than had been planned and it was lamented that everybody needed a few more hours to make their home presentable to receive a guest. We all waited nervously in the sixth-form common room for the arrival of Moulin's most adventurous students of English — entertainment was provided by Ben Mallon esq. the eternal scaramouch. Jokes were cracked casting aspersions upon the French condition of bodily hygiene after such an arduous coach journey. Nothing could have been further from the truth. The amount of time the French spent in the shower and locked in the bathroom would soon become legendary as the week developed. In the same way, Ste Dobbin's partner, Eric Moulin, will soon gain a reputation for his womanising aspirations. (Incidents were too numerous to recount, but victims included his host's girlfriend and various women on public transport.)

The French party soon made their entrance to join the throng, as it were, surprisingly odourless. We were much relieved upon seeing that the French were as nervous as we were. After all the introductions had been made, there was the embarrassing episode when Rachel's mother mistook me for a French boy, 'Is this your Jonathan? What . . . is . . . your name? . . . Ooer! Well he looks French . . . he's dark isn't he?' Jonathan White made a precedent for the week and arranged the first night out. It was to be at the wellknown

bastion of Liverpool culture 'Flannigan's Apple'. Need we say more?

That night everybody seemed to get on well together and as the night drew on we all socialised our way through much liquid (we were somehow subconsciously, or rather unconsciously aware that if we actually drank, nothing we did would actually be published in the school magazine). Previously long-forgotten French phrases were miraculously recalled with ease and the French perked up and became more talkative. As the language barriers came down, any prior-held misgivings about the exchange were soon drowned in shadow.

For the rest of the week, each family was free to entertain their guest in any way they pleased. The group outings included going ten-pin bowling at Speke and ice-skating at Deeside, however our visiting guests thirsted, in a manner of speaking, to see what Liverpool had to offer in the way of nightlife.

Naturally, we hosts obliged and despite financial constraints we showed them several establishments; from the tacky pretensions of the Hippodrome to the dodgy backstreet 147 snooker club. Of course it was at times like this when the purpose of the exchange was fulfilled. We taught each other the more powerful phrases of each other's language.

At the end of what proved to be a very busy week we gave our guests an emotional send off. For most of us, we now had an opportunity to use the bathroom for the first-time in a week.

The debauchery will be continued soon as the English contingent sets off for Moulins-Yseure on July 12.

Geriatric Hero Rabbits

Anthony McIlroy
Form Three

FOUR rabbits and a ferret sat around a television somewhere in the English countryside. These were no ordinary rabbits. They were the Geriatric Hero Rabbits.

Bugs, Roger, Cuddles and Peter were experts in the martial art of Carrotudo. They were trained in this art by the greatest Carrotudo master of all time, Twig the Japanese ferret. They were the sworn enemies of the Japanese Dogi master, Mick Simytoses.

This particular day had so far seemed boring to the rabbits. They had nothing to do but watch crown green bowling and Business Daily.

'Ooh, look at that the F.T. Index is down 20 points,' said Peter.

'Put the bowls back on, this is boring!' said Cuddles, 'Or I'll bite you.'

Both rabbits drew their walking sticks and began to hit each other on the head with them. Suddenly the rodent 'phone rang. It was June Gerbil, ace reporter for Channel 9.

'Rabbits, there's been a report of Mike Simytosos stealing cabbages from the First National Patch!'

'We'll be right over June,' said Bugs, 'Rabbits to the Zimmer Frame.'

In less than two hours the rabbits had made the 200 metre journey to the Patch. Luckily Mick Simytosos was still there but so were his henchmen, Trotter and Mooner.

'Give up you rogue Rottweiler,' cried Roger.

'Never, you'll have to fight us first!' said Trotter.

Soon the two sides were locked in fierce battle and reinforcements came to help Mick Simytosos. Throughout the valley the cries of battle could be heard.

The noise was so great that it woke up a young owl nearby.

'Old people these days. They've got no respect. I'm calling the police.'

In a few moments a police roller-skate pulled up between the two sides and out jumped detectives Trotsky and Hutch.

'Oh no it's the Pigs!' said Mick Simytosos, 'Quick scarper!'

'Rabbits retreat!' commanded Peter, 'Or we'll be put in the sty!'

It was too late a circle of roller skates had surrounded them.

'You old folk should know better,' said Detective Hutch 'I'm afraid I'll have to lock you up for a few days.'

On the way to a roller skate Bugs said to Trotter 'Bah, young people! They're boring!'

This report was compiled by June Gerbil, ace reporter for Channel 9 — the station with the carats.



Illustration by Christopher Rodenhurst,
Form Six

GIGUE for Unaccompanied Flute.

Philip Hateley, Form Six

Presto (♩ = 152)

mf f mf

f mf

p mp Repeat

mp p ff p f p mf

f mf p mf

repeat

p < f > p f p < f >

p mf dim

gliss. gliss. gliss. gliss. gliss. gliss.

p mf p

gliss. gliss. gliss. gliss. gliss. gliss.

3 p

accel. ff

Attempo mf

f p

mf f

mf f ff sf

accel. sub. p

Howie is Back, Howie is Back

Daniel Doyle
Form Six

Howard is back, Harvey too
In a move that came right out of the blue
The man Merseysiders had once forgotten
Will now take us to the top from fourth from
bottom

And let's not forget Harvey too
A man who will always be a true blue
He thought to watch the Blues he'd have to
pay
But now, in the running of the team, he'll
have a say.

We're on the march with Howie's army once
again

Now it's not a matter of if but when
The twin towers of Wembley are in our sight
We'll give the Reds from across the park a
fright

The triple is impossible but we can still do
the double
With Kendall and Harvey at the helm that
shouldn't be too much trouble.

Get rid of Lyons, get rid of Darracot
Kevin Ratcliffe go back to Mancot
Get rid of Sheedy, get rid of Sharp
Then once again I'll wear with pride my
Everton scarf.

The last night

Philip Jervis
Form Two

Six years have gone since it started,
Lots of deaths, lots of tears, lots of blood
But some think good has come of this war,
No German soldiers come and knock on your
door.

The soldiers that left us six years ago,
Are leaving their bunkers for home
Their clothes are ripped and covered in mud,
And smothered and splashed with the
enemy's blood.

The parents and family of the soliders,
Line up on the runways and ports
Then the planes came down into the crowd,
And the soliders knew that their parents felt
proud.

January, Liverpool

Kevin Fearon
Form Three

January is a time of
hats and scarves and gloves,
of bustle in the high street,
of people who push and shove.

And the weather outside the seething shops
is snow and drizzle and rain,
and prickly patterns of icy frost
clothe each and every pane.

New year's resolutions
are broken every day,
and each one will be forgotten
by the turn of May.

'Until the tracks are cleared . . .'
was the message to commuters
a bit of wind and snow
soon beats the world's computers.

A rubbish van filled with trees
rattled down the road
heading for the local tip
to dispose of its load.

Roundabouts and motorways
all grind to a halt
while the motorway contractors
are busy spreading salt.

Yachts are frozen at the jetty;
boats are just stuck fast.
Sails and ropes and semaphore flags
are frozen to the mast.



Illustration by Christopher Rodenhurst, Form Six

A vacuum is an empty space in Rome where the Pope lives.

The diet of worms was a punishment under feudalism.

Howzat!?!

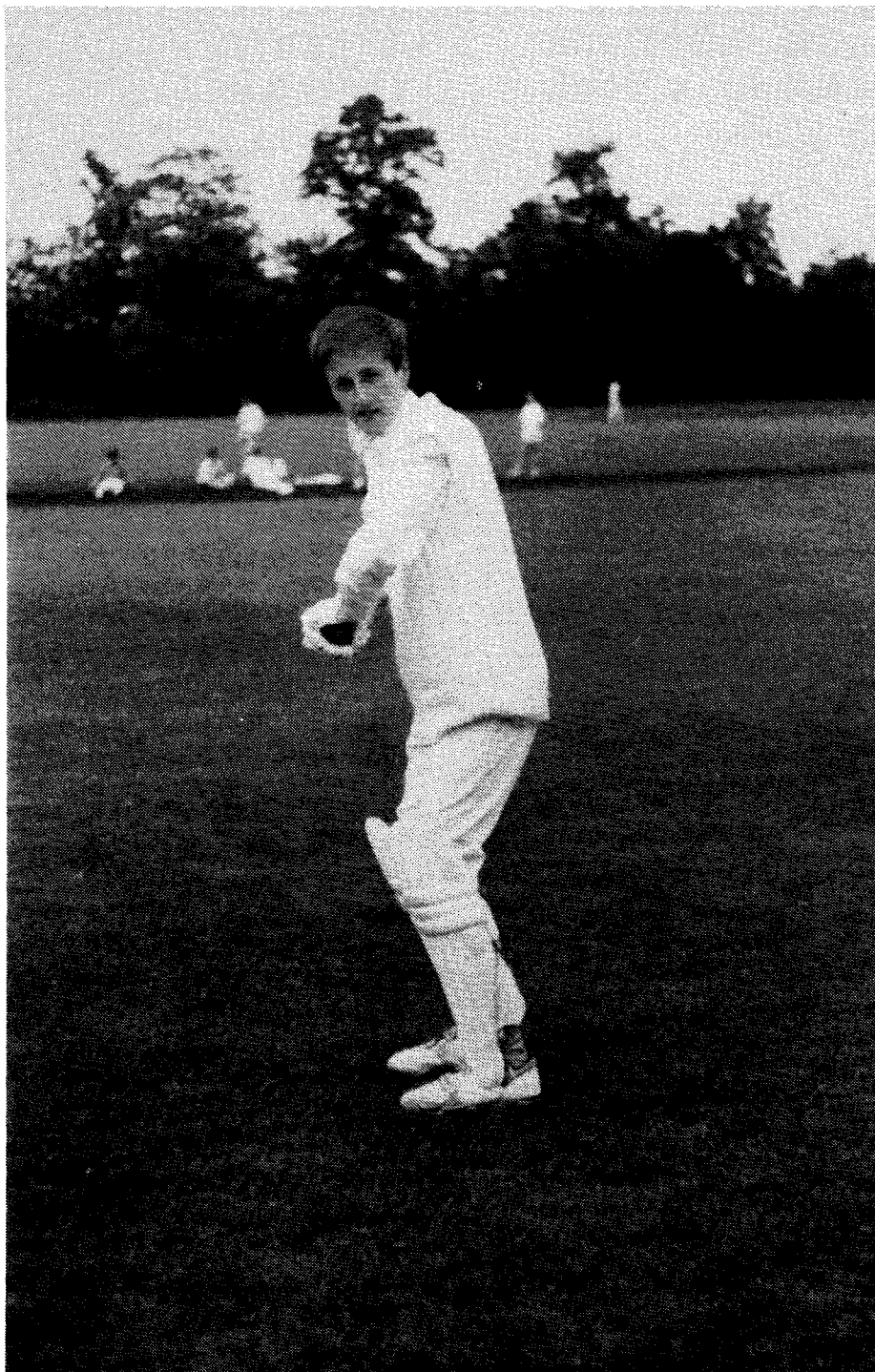


David Brookes
Form Two

The boys in white move out.
The boys of the red rose,
The boys of the white rose.
Bat on ball,
Leather on willow.
All the sound expected to hear
All the cricket ground.
The first delivery ... bowled ...
Howzat!?!
The umpire said no,
So much for that.
... Crack!!!
Run after the ball
Or it'll go for four.
Come on, lad, you're pretty tall,
Oh no, now it's one hundred for four.

The bowler bowled him
And the bails were tumblin'
With the next ball,
The wicket-keeper was fumblin'
The other lad in he's on eleven,
The whole team, however,
Are a hundred and fifty for seven.

It's getting near the end,
And soon we'll be in bat.
Hang on a minute, why didn't he shout?
Lad, you should have shouted.
Howzat!?!



Photograph by Steven Dobbins
Form Six

Charon was the Greek god who fried soles over the sticks.

Letters



Dear Mr Morgan,

Due to the introduction of co-education next year, I was wondering if either the quality or the reputation of the school's first teams (rugby, cricket, athletics etc ...) is going to suffer. Also, regarding sport, what does the future hold for girls?

JOHN NEWBERRY
Form Six

Dear John,

Obviously, the move towards co-education is going to have significant effects on St Edward's College. Potential changes will appear to take place on the sporting side. i.e. 'female sports' being introduced, such as hockey and netball, and mixed training possibly taking place in athletics, cross-country, swimming, badminton etc.

Concerns are great with reference to our traditional sporting activities e.g. rugby, cricket and the effect of a lowering of numbers may have on the quality of school sports.

In answer to this, I must say that we are entering the unknown, but success in sport is achieved through a combination of different factors;

1. Facilities — of which we have an excellent selection.

2. Staff — skilled and highly motivated staff for each activity.

3. Performers — we already possess performers with quality or the potential for quality, and I am sure within the groups of boys and girls entering the school in the future, we will have pupils with enthusiasm and quality to nurture.

If the pupils/staff expectations and aspirations are high, we should not have any worries. Indeed, as well as success in rugby, athletics etc, we may soon be celebrating the success of your female classmates, I hope so.

S. R. Morgan

Dear Editor,

Last September, Rob (Greenland) asked me to help out with the SVP, I reluctantly said yes, not knowing what I had got myself in for. I did not regret it.

Our visits to Sandfield Park school began with good natured football games, with balls played gently around the playground, however, after a couple of wild tackles, things got a little scary. Anyone who drew the short straw was forced to mark Mick (he of the bloodstained crutches), but they soon gave that up.

At our peak, at least three Edwardians were at the school each lunch time. For one reason or another people dropped out, but the same few faces were always ready to lend a hand. (Special thanks to Christine, Frances, Matt, Bob and Tony). The kids at the school look forward to our visits and miss us when we're not there.

We were invited to the school's Christmas concert along with the parents, and it was as tear-jerking as it was funny. Anyone who has been to the school will tell you about the overall feeling of warmth and

optimism in the children; this was no less apparent yesterday as it was today or any lunchtime we spend over there.

All of the SVP group will have their own special memories which express what SEC's community work is about — whether it is Tony Youds being sent off for handball by one of the kids (Phil), Christine Bibby being asked to marry another (Stephen) or being hugged and told a child has missed you (Thanks Maia), they all are very special.

Before it gets too soppy, I had better say my 'thank you's'. Thank you to all the staff at Sandfield Park and SEC for their aid. Thank you to the guys from Mencap (Chris and John) for being around. To finish, a very special thank you to my good friend Rob, without whom I would never have joined the team.

SIMON WESTON
Form Six

Dear Editor — A photo wouldn't go amiss, and could you send a copy of the mag to Sandfield Park School?

Cheers, Wez

Dear Mr Mercer,

Along with the rest of the school, I've seen the work in progress on the Sixth Form Block yet as a member of the Sixth Form I haven't been told about any changes that are taking place. Please could you outline your plans for the new building so that we will have some idea of what next year will be like.

NICHOLAS McCURTIN
Form Six

Dear Nicholas,

Thank you for your letter concerning the new Sixth Form block. The changes taking place within the block can be divided into three areas; (a) the teaching curriculum, (b) the layout of the new building and (c) the Common Room.

Apart from the use of specialist rooms, such as the various laboratories, History and Geography rooms, all sixth form tuition will take place in the Sixth Form block. Each year will be divided into seven classes or groups and referred to as 6/1/ 6/2 ... 7/1, 7/2 etc. The practice of keeping Arts students or Science together has been disbanded; groups will contain a mix of Arts and Science students, there being a maximum of fourteen students in a class.

The interior of the block is undergoing a major transformation. The ground floor retains its large classroom, sixth form office, tutorial rooms and toilet facilities; one of the tutorial rooms has, however, been converted into a well stocked careers

library. The remainder of the downstairs is given over to an extended Common Room.

The first floor retains two large classrooms and the rest of this floor has been set aside for the new library. The present library is being extended by approximately fifty percent.

The second floor houses six large classrooms and four tutorial rooms. New toilet facilities are in the process of being built. At the centre of this floor, a large space has been allocated for two hundred new lockers; the practice of students having their own individual desk has ceased and a system, very similar to that found in universities, has been adopted.

Finally we come to the new Common Room all students, in years 6 and 7, will share the same leisure facilities. These will include areas specifically for table tennis, snooker and pool. There will also be a well stocked 'tuck shop' and a new eating area. Facilities for making tea and coffee will be available. Students will be allowed to use the common Room during their free periods, provided they do not abuse this privilege.

I hope this information gives you some insight into how the new Sixth Form will function in the next academic year.

Your's sincerely,

PETER MERCER
Head of Sixth Form

Vesuvius is a volcano.

You can see the creator
sitting there smoking all
day and night.

The Man



Stephen Byrne
Form Three

SHE watched the young man make his way out of the casino door and sit down on the stone step outside. She walked slowly towards the door, so as not to startle the man, and softly she told him to follow her. The man turned his head to see the elegant lady walking towards well about two hundred yards down the road. He sat, contemplating for a moment, before deciding to follow this mysterious young woman.

He made his way to the well where he found the lady sitting on the edge swinging her feet from side to side.

'Would you like to try to get back your losses and have your money doubled?' The lady looked hard into the eyes of the man.

'What? How? Do you know how much I've just lost?' the young man's face turned a pale white.

'Yes, you've just lost £5,000 and getting it back is simple. Are you game?'

The man ran his hand through his shiny black hair and then answered, 'Yes, sure. Now what do you want me to do?'

'I want you to kill my husband! No questions asked! I want you to break in and shoot him as he sleeps. Here's the address and here's the gun you must use! Meet me back here in one hour.'

The man took the paper and the gun from her hand strode off down the road.

He did return one hour later, to find the woman exactly where she promised she would be and with the money.

'Did you kill him?' she said calmly. But the man did not answer.

'Did you kill him?' she repeated with an air of anxiousness now creeping into her voice.

The man stared sternly at her and raised the gun to her head.

'What are you doing? What went wrong?' A tear rolled down her red cheek and lodged itself upon her lips.

'I did as you said,' the man began, 'I broke into the house and was about to kill your husband but he awoke and told me that he'd double anything you would give me. So, with the money from your and husband and money I'll take from you, I haven't had a bad night after all.'



*Metamorphosis —
Linocut by David Strong
Form Six*

My Journey

Barry Roche
Form One

THE strange forest lay ahead of me. I began to run as fast as I could because I wanted to get through before dusk. The boiling hot sun had gradually been setting in the west, the sky was a bright red-orange colour.

As I was running I tripped over an old, dirty, mossy log. My elbow bashed against a sharp, grey, cracked rock. I was in terrible pain. I pulled myself up. Suddenly I heard an owl hooting in the very far distance. As I continued running, branches and thorns swept across my whole body scratching me as they did. My heart was beating faster and faster. Sweat poured off me like a bucket of water.

I stopped suddenly gaping at a wild dog, saliva poured out of its mouth. Its eyes were red and evil looking. I glanced at its back right leg quickly so the animal couldn't attack without being noticed, it was broken and blood poured out of its foot.

My fate was decided as it slowly limped towards me. Out of my pocket I pulled a revolver and aimed it carefully between its eyes. The dog whimpered and it ran away

limping. The exit of the forest was near but it was blocked by a dark green bush of nettles.

The dog I had just left was running behind me but I was lucky because it was still limping. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me through the bush, I was unaware of the pain. All I wanted to do was get away from the dog. My gun caught onto a branch and fell to the ground.

Exhausted I stopped and lay down on the soft, muddy ground. I realised that I was now truly safe, the dog couldn't or wouldn't cross the bush. Each time it tried it staggered back.

Dragging myself up and along the muddy ground I made my way to the moonlit river. My throat was dry and hard like a rock. I took small sips of the fresh water because my throat was still throbbing with pain and gulping too much would be a shock to my body.

I washed my grazed elbow, it was infected. I decided to sleep for a few hours, waiting till the next day arrived to finish my very important journey home.

The night it started

Philip Jervis
Form Two

I was only four when it started,
The bombs dropping down from the sky
The people not merry nor jolly.
But worried, hoping that their fears would die.

The children acting so brave,
But they knew bombs were digging their grave
Their fathers so helping, so kind,
But death's the one thought on their mind.

The radio blares out loud,
Below the smoke thickened cloud
The sound of the Spitfires roaring,
And the people that pray for the morning.

The chief occupation of Tyre's
ancient inhabitants was dying.

The Monologue of a Village Doctor

Wesley Allmark
Form Three

'JUST look at them two, Nicole Derbyshire deserves better than that good for nothing Goth, Paul Rydeout. He's a lout, she must be mad to like a man who's only interests are taking drugs and drinking. Did you see him yesterday? He was dressed like a scarecrow. I can't think of one good point he has.

'Phillip Derbyshire must not be very pleased about Nicole seeing so much of Paul Rydeout. I'd expect he will be furious. Did you hear what he plans to do with the bed and breakfast? He says he's going to repossess it, and then develop it, but if I have my say in the matter he won't get near the place. He doesn't care about the villagers' views, he's too selfish, obsessed with money. He'd probably like having Paul Rydeout around, after all they're both men, and the kind of men that they are they would probably stick together. I don't know why Rose puts up with Paul in the bed and breakfast, I certainly wouldn't.'

A Mountain

Daniel Dempsey
Form Three

The mountain stands proudly above the rest,
Above the trees, above the nest,
Clenching the ground not wanting to move,
With many of spikes and many a groove.

The grass is lush but then goes thin,
To disturb this sight would be such a sin,
Warm at the ground, yet cold at the peak,
The smell is fresh, never does he reek.

Is there anything in the middle of him,
There could be a heart but it won't bear a sin,
Is it a heart or is it all stone,
Never a moan, never a groan,
Never a sigh and never a cry,
All he wants to do is climb higher in the sky.

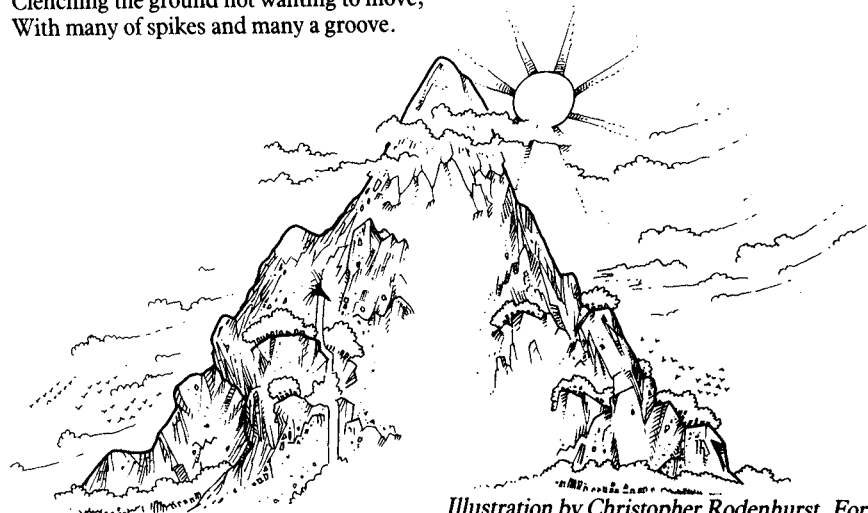


Illustration by Christopher Rodenhurst, Form Six

Of Life and Death

Benjamin Rudge
Form Four

HIS yellow finger flicked the page and a thin blue smoke ring broke in nought. His lips curled up at the edges as the gilded page brought forth white amusement. His tie hung low and his eyes grew narrow as he reached for the coffee cup stuck to an old magazine. This is how Rupert Blaire spent his evenings.

The neighbours thought him odd to be so dull, but Rupert just scoffed and coughed and said to himself, 'So often today are morality and merriment are envious foes'.

And so he sat, there in a world, content His thoughts leaped and pranced like the flames he sat beside. His creative mind was curious to search for new concepts, applicable to the ethos of the rigidity of the times. He peered from a smoky bubble, aside the velvet curtains, to see the life outside. On his garden wall sat several youths sharing a bottle of a bohemian liqueur, and holding a cigarette lighter beneath a spoon, with a strange precipitate bubbling. The vapour brought pleased reaction. Rupert closed the curtain and sat once again to face the flames. Rupert was now captivated, and thoughts ran through his mind as sand runs through the fingers.

It was many-a-year since Rupert Blaire had willing tread on path, to see, hear, and step back. Off he set on his inter-war bike with basket, huge mudguards and a paraffin lamp on the front. His Oxford 'bags' were choked by his bicycle clips, and they made his legs look like half full sacks of potatoes. The clatter of cogs turned many heads in curiosity and sarcasm, and alcohol abused him via the mouth of yobbish youth. In this way he trundled down the street, greyed by pollutant gas.

On his sojourn he saw how 'life had died' and 'death as evil' had grown. Rupert approached the 'centre of life' in his city. His eyes shrank before the glaring lights. Empty bottles lined the the streets, like brown soldiers, dead and injured, strewn across the field of battle.

As Rupert traversed the street, the path narrowed and grew dark. Parked perpendicular to the pavement was a sable black limousine. Three men were standing in close proximity to each other, making a transaction of some kind.

Suddenly a burly man with a square chin produced a silenced pistol, and released its load into another man's skull. Rupert in a fit of fear, turned and mounted his pneumatic steed. The skeletal form creaked more than ever and it gave away the presence of an unwanted witness. The gunman aimed for the silhouetted figure, but the barrel canted and flew wide did the shot. The foul deed filled the mind of Blaire as did the looming limousine, sliding up the street (devilishly black). Rupert once again passed the 'dogs of

Joe — the blind man

Andrew Preston
Form Three



Michael Riley, Form Six

war', drained of their lifeblood.

Finally, Rupert seemed to have escaped from the clutches of evil talons, and he was outside his garden wall. The bicycle in the shed, Rupert opened the front door. After changing from his sweaty apparel he sat to face the flames. If he had looked through the window as before, he would have seen death creep up his path. Rupert shot from the chair as the floor fell flat. A masked gunman entered the house and burst the smoky bubble. They stood, face-to-face; Blair rigid with fear. The silenced barrel let slip the lead devils, and Rupert fell, spreadeagled.

He sat before a blazing wall, all else was black. The flames began to take shape, pictures of naked women, food, drink, pleasures; yes a dark taste offended Blaire's tongue; an irony, foul taste. The flames were orgies of 'pleasures', 'pleasures' that Rupert had abstained from in life on earth. Like Rupert's curiosity to see the world outside his window, he wished to see the world beyond the wall of flames, yet the foul taste held him back.

Rupert, in a phantasm, perceived an illusory black object, crossing from the world beyond the flames. It had the eyes of many, the hands of many, the mouths of many, the minds of many. Blaire was filled with terror, as the black haze hovered. Pure evil.

The evil presented Blaire with the things he saw in a wall of flame, and still Blaire could taste a vile taste.

'See my power, see my gifts; give me your eyes, your hands, your mouth, your mind, in return for such treasures. Choose! Pleasure-v-misery.'

Blair chose; his yellow finger flicked the page, and a then blue smoke ring broke in midflight. He looked from his smoky bubble. He saw pleasures. He sat down and smiled as the gilded page brought forth white amusement.

The decrepit old solider roaming in the crowd,

No-one to help him and screaming aloud.
Truant boys shout, middle class stare,
The poor old man thinks nobody cares.

Crossing the avenue, is a laborious task
Shielded in darkness through a perpetual mask.

Crawling across with a kind woman's aid,
The outcast, old Joe, though he was saved.

The sound of light footsteps the whistled away,

A spiritless blindman, on his own again.
Alone again in a crowded town,
Nowhere to go, nowhere for home.

Dressed with rotten rags for clothes,
Joe is the blindman who nobody knows.
His feet are a mass of swollen blisters,
An example of many unfortunate misters.

With decayed teeth like concrete chipping,
And ancient skin so hard and black.
Transparent eyeballs that look loose fitting,
And nothing to cover his wrinkled back.

To the young girls he seems funny,
But to most he's a sorrowful sight.
He begs for desperate gifts of money,
Joe has no family to visit at night.

The one night a shadow was cast,
For solemn Joe, 'twas to be his last.
Fog swirled over, covering the town,
As a tired, ill blindman slowly settled down

The cold bit hard on the poorly clad man,
With nowhere for shelter, but still 'on the con'.

Huddled by a wall, away from the wind,
No presents for Christmas did old Joe send.

His eyes slowly shut, to fall asleep,
Never to wake, no-one to weep.
Not a soul noticed that Joe had gone,
Except a generous woman who he had depended on.

The chief cause of divorce
is marriage.

Premonition of Affliction



Peter Moran
Form Three

Last night, whilst I lay in bed,
The serenity of my vacant head,
Crept away and left to me,
A dream of frightening clarity.

My dream began and the sky was filled,
With the sound of innocents being killed,
Dying people in red were draped,
'Neath towering clouds, mushroom shaped.

Their cold ruler said that everyone,
Would fight and die 'til there were none,
The sound of bombers above his head,
And more of his people lay draped in red.

A young child, the last in the land,
Put down his gun and raised his hands,
He begged but from a victorious gun,
A shot rang out; the war was done.

The victorious force had crushed this
dictator,
They proclaimed themselves the 'Liberators'.
They had reclaimed a captured land,
Of death destruction and blood-soaked sand.

Their celebrations were underway,
They had destroyed a people in just a day,
A spokesman said, 'I've been told to say,
That this was a very satisfactory display.'

The sky cleared of its filthy smoke,
I started, jolted, then awoke,
A feeling of shock, disgust and horror,
Was replaced by one of relief with sorrow.

For this was a dream which was now done,
Or had it only just begun?

Imports are inland ports.

Copernicus invented the sun
as the centre of the Universe.

The climate of Bombay is such that its inhabitants have to live
in other places.

The Red Sea and the Mediterranean Sea are connected by the
sewage canal.

Prize Competition



Mr Donald Crisp

COULD you write the words, or the music,
or both, for a new 'St Edward's College
School Song'?

The Chairman of the Governors, His
Honour Judge John Morgan, has generously
donated a total prize of £100 to a competition,
which will be divided into two distinct stages.

The words

Perhaps you are a lyric writer or poet, but
not a composer?

The first stage is to produce the words for a
school song, suitable for formal college
occasions, and entries are invited from any
pupil in the school. Bear the following points
in mind:

We want a song which expresses the
essential spirit and ethos of St Edward's, as
we enter the 1990s.

*It needs to be suitable for the transition to a
fully co-education school in the next few
years — not 'boy-centred'!*

It should reflect the school's aims to
promote and produce excellence in all areas
of its life — academic, sporting, music, drama,
etc.

It should reflect the school as a Christian
community, and the whole ethos which this
generates.

It needs to be suitable to be set to music!

An appropriate song will probably be
between three and four verses, with a regular
poetic metre and rhyme scheme, appropriate
for a musical setting.

All 'words entries' should be submitted to
Mr Moseley or Mr Crisp by September 30.
These entries will then be judged by a panel
including the Headmaster, the Chairman of
the Governors, Mr Moseley and Mr Crisp.
The best THREE entries will be decided,
and will then go on to the second stage.

The Music

Would-be composers will have access to
any or all of these three alternative versions,
to set to appropriate music. The music for the
song must be easy to learn and remember and
the pitch range within the average pupil's
range. Preferably the song will be
memorable!

Entries should then be submitted to Mr
Moseley by October 31. The musical
viability of the entries will be decided, and
then the same panel of judges will meet, to
reach the final decision as to the best over-all
entry — the new School Song!

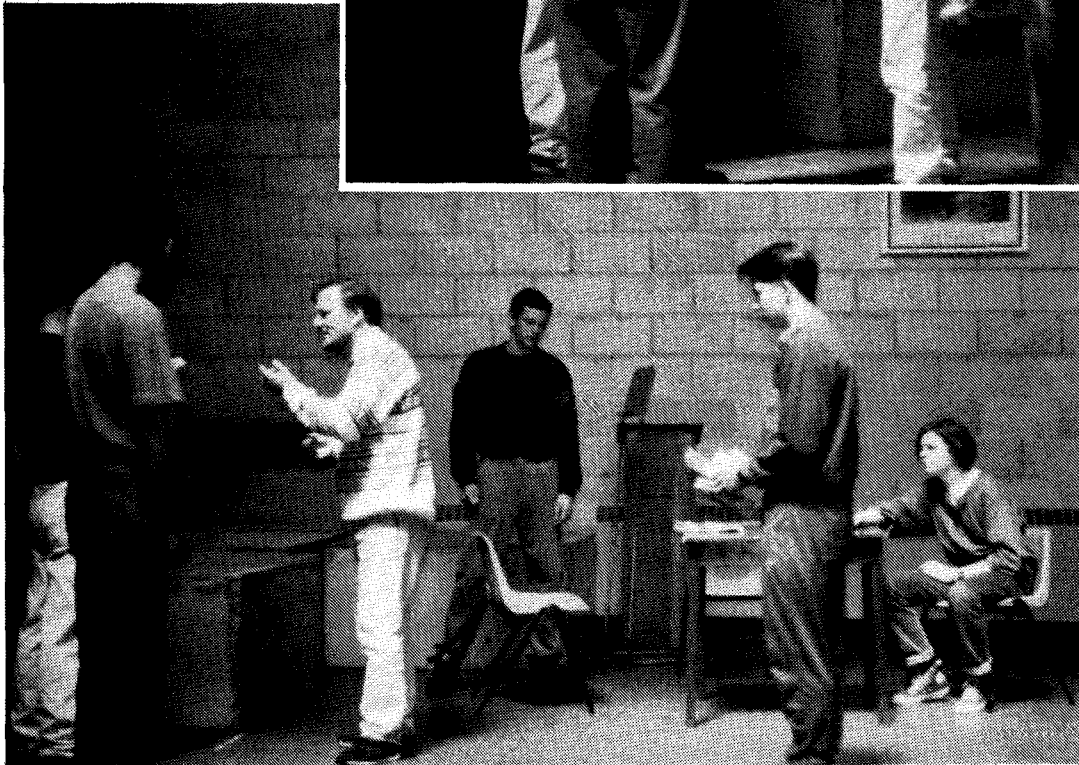
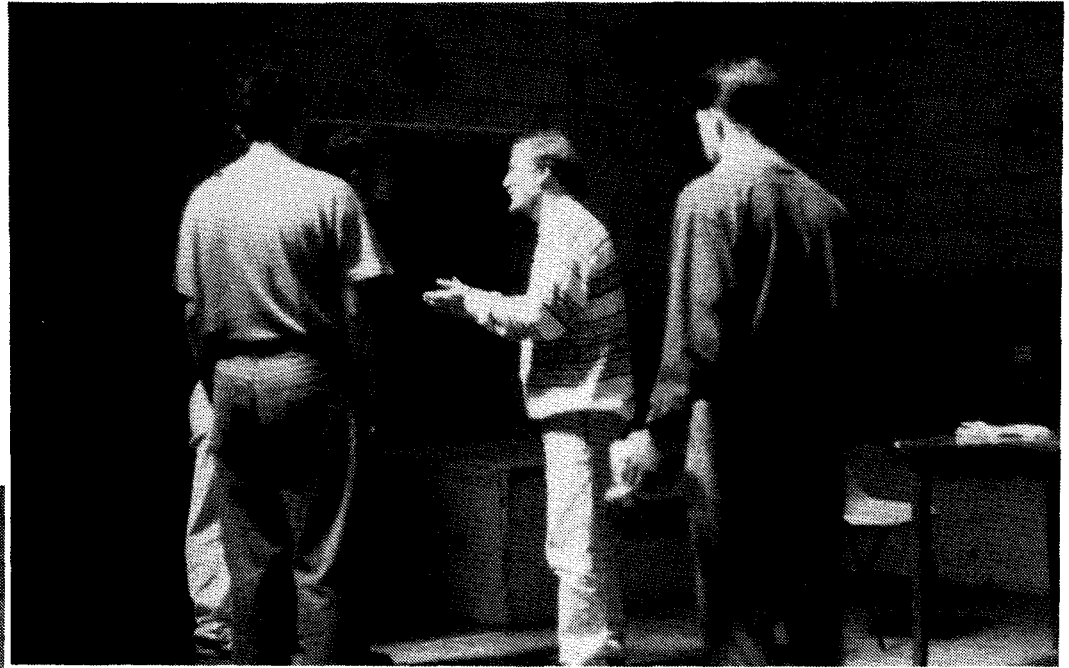
The final prize will be awarded as follows:
£50 for the writer of the lyrics.

£50 for the composer of the tune.

Stage 1 is for submission of the lyrics (or
words) of the song. Entries for Stage 2 will be
for composing tunes to the best words
submitted. Arrangements for Stage 2 will be
announced in due course.

Rehearsals for 'The Crucible'
June 1991

Photographs by Steven Dobbins
Form Six



Rehearsals for
'The Crucible' June 1991

Photograph by Steven Dobbins
Form Six

Wells Fargo
(preparations for 'The Crucible')

Photograph by Steven Dobbins
Form Six



Where's the crosses, then?
(Scenery for 'The Crucible')

Photograph by Steven Dobbins
Form Six



Quick Quiz

Paul Spencer
Form Six

'1976 — What a Year.' (or 20 questions).

Rules: 20 questions, each with four responses. Only one is correct. Which one? 73 points if you're correct, 44 if you are nearly right, 0 points if you are wrong (and a lot more besides!).

Clue: One option is totally incorrect.

Q1: What is sodium chloride?

- a) Soot; b) Table salt; c) Epsom salts or d) John Parrot in 1989.

Q2: Who presented Tiswas, out of these 4?

- a) Chris Tarrant; b) Noel Edmonds; c) Bill Oddie or d) John Major.

Q3: What is the highest finish in darts?

- a) 147; b) 161; c) 170 or d) $(2\pi + 43) \div 7!$

Q4: Excluding USSR, what is the largest country in Asia?

- a) India; b) Saudi Arabia; c) China or d) Elland Road.

Q5: the 4th year corridor is not occupied entirely by the 4th years. Which 6th form class is also in it?

- a) 6B Moderns 1; b) 6B Moderns 2; c) 6B Moderns 3 or d) Yes.

Q6: Which of these gases is a noble gas?

- a) Neon; b) Boron; c) Nitrogen or d) 36 to 14.

Q7: Which word is the verb in this sentence?

- a) verb; b) is; c) this or d) George Formby.

Q8: If $2+2 = 4$ then $9 \times (9+9) \div 9 =$

- a) 18; b) 82; c) 81 or d) all of these.

Q9: are you liking this quiz so far?

- a) Yes, it's okay; b) No, I'm not. it's boring!; c) Yes, it's brill! or d) There is insufficient information to answer this question.

Q10: How many rooms are there on the third year corridor?

- a) 3; b) 4; c) 5 or d) The Nolan Sisters.

Q11: Name the apostle.

- a) Peter; b) Paul; c) Barnabas or d) Cliff Richard in 1982.

Q12: Who were 'going to Scarborough Fair'?

- a) Simon & Simon; b) Simon & Garfunkel; c) Simon & Peters or d) Since prices rose, nobody's bothered.

Q13: Why are you lucky?

- a) I cannot think of a question.

Q14: The number that comes before 'M*A*S*I' is:

- a) 4176; b) 4082; c) 4077 or d) Bangers 'n'.

Q15: Hydrogen sulphide gas smells of:

- a) bad eggs; b) burnt paper; c) rotting

compost or d) Featherstone in 1983.

Q16: Billy Butler presents which radio programme on Sundays?

- a) Heads or Tails; b) Hold Your Plums; c) Are You Ready? or d) The Chelsea Flower Show.

Q17: I can fly. True or false?

- a) True; b) False; c) Both or d) How do I know?

Q18: who presents 'The Cook Report'?

- a) Richard Cook; b) Roger Cook; c) Jimmy Cook or d) Delia Smith.

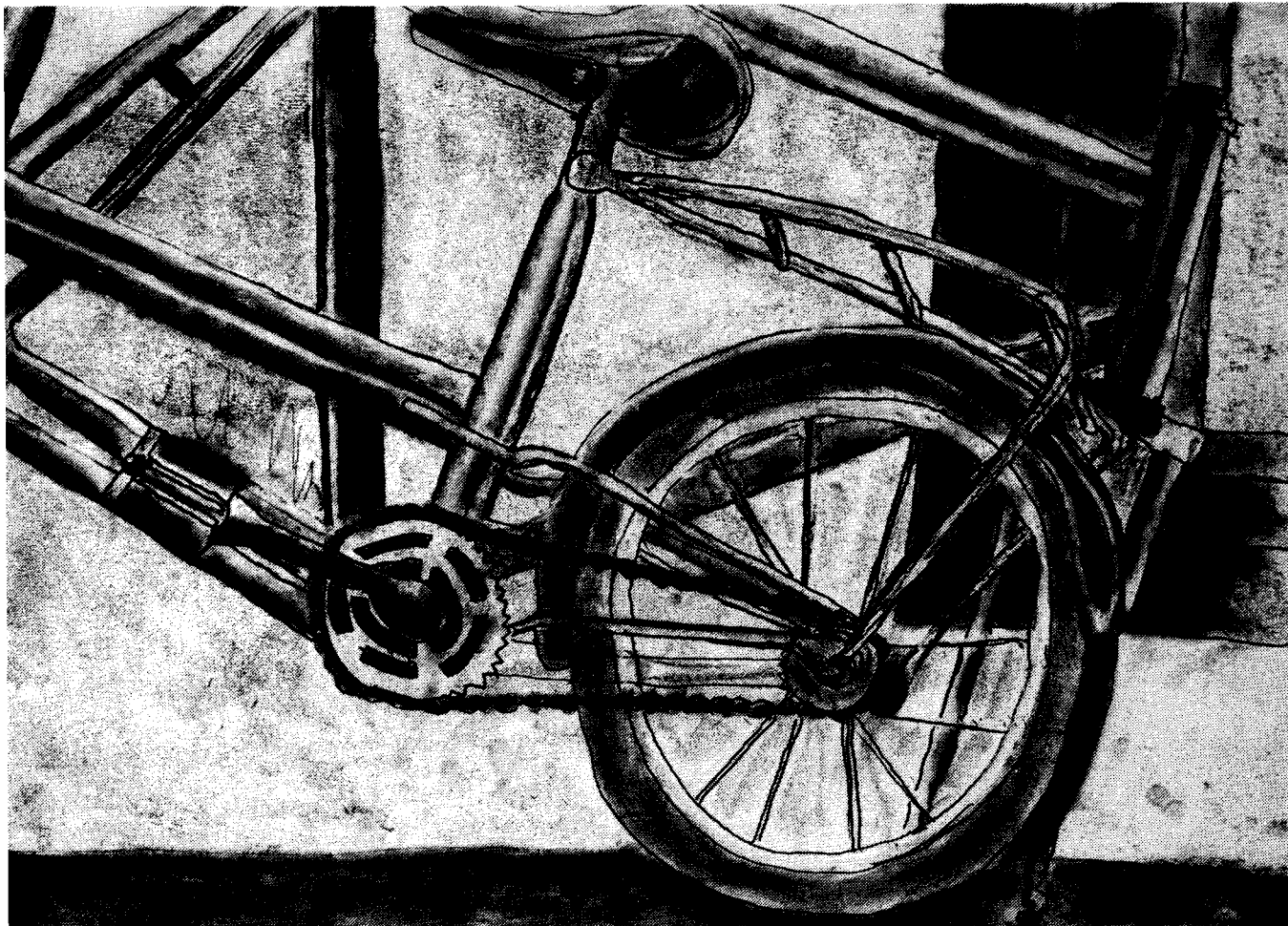
Q19: Wigan have won at Wembley in 1988, 1989, 1990 & 1991. Which one of these teams have they won there against?

- a) St Helens; b) Widnes; c) Leeds or d) The Conservative Party in 1987.

Q20: Who claims that 'the Milky Bars are on me'?

- a) Milkoman; b) The Milky Way Matchmaker; c) The Milky Bar Kid or d) Paul Spencer (he does not).

Bicycle — Michael Riley
Form Six





School views — Troilus Midwood, Form One



Spring Air

IMAGE

Glen Anderson
Form Three

The smell of the air,
The sight of a stream,
The heat of the sun's startling beam.

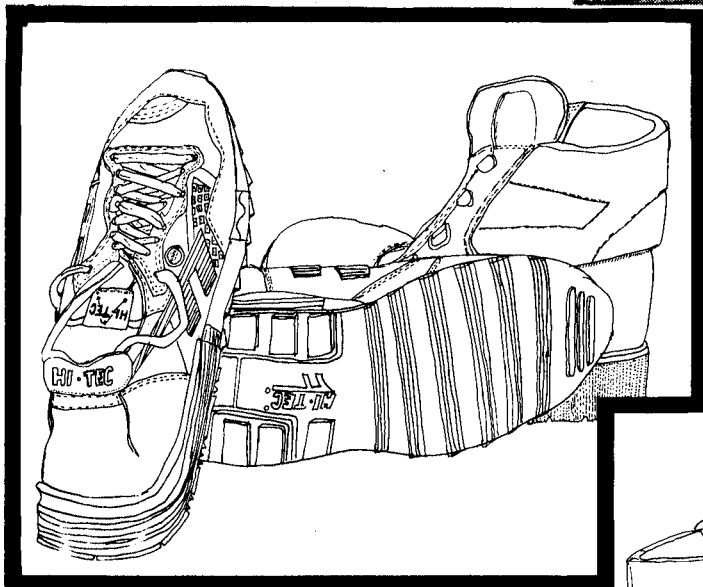
The children play,
The birds sing,
It's the sights and sounds of a day in Spring.

It is the month of May,
The end is near,
Summer's grasp is nearly here.

By the beginning of June,
The heat will daze,
And we will start our Summer ways.

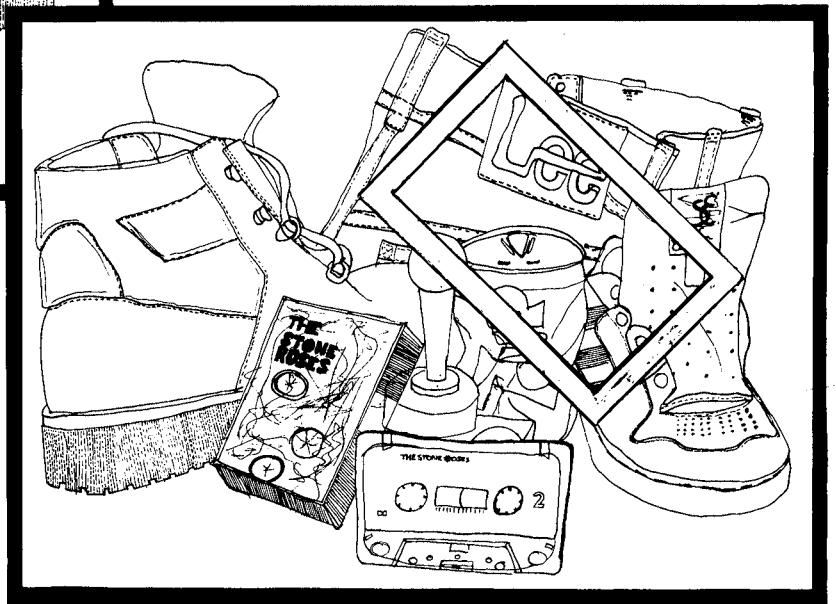


Still Life — Steven McKenna, Form Three



Linear Still Lives — Michael Riley, Form Six

Linear Still Life.



Together



Christopher Crewe
Form Three

Living our lives together
With our heads sown together.
Life of love together
Separation, never ever.

Laughing at the profits
That they make from our shows.
Laughing at the false prophets
The lies of love that they have told.

Watching us on television
They shiver when we're near.
They change to another station
They don't want to hear

They poison us
We laugh and don't know why.
They torture us
We're freaks and only there to die.

The thread must be within our mind
Because we've laughed when others died.
Our single heart pumps living spirit
But we've pushed life to its empty limit.

Too much



Peter Moran
Form Three

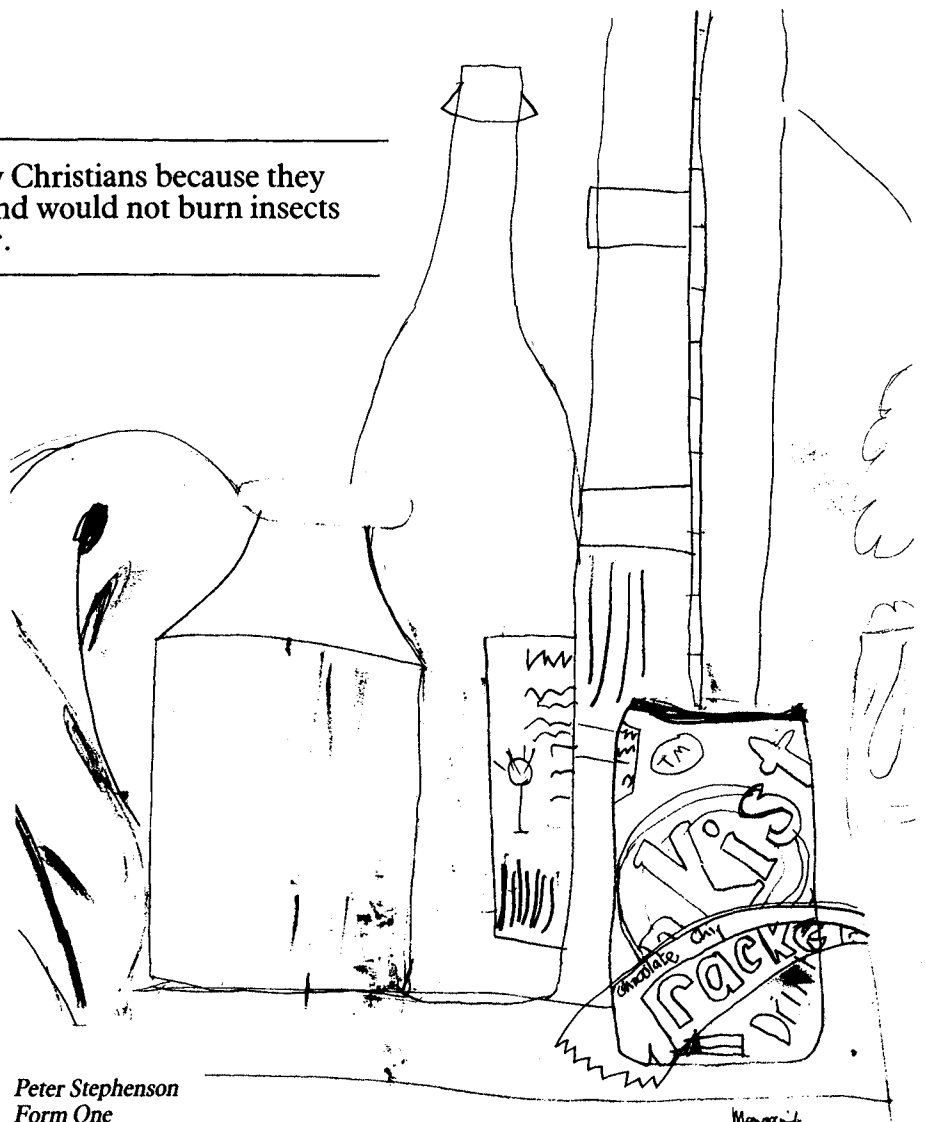
Agoraphobic tendencies, a prisoner of its own
freedom
Reliant on the umbilical, on a decrepit
mother
Piercing looks disable its pride, surrounded
by images of itself
The mother cries but the child is secure held
within a
Bleak, dark but impregnable womb.
Both feet planted firmly in mid-air
Pessimism is realism and optimists are liable
to devastation
The outlook is black and the child has had too
much
The mother has gone far away; the child is
alone.

Instructions not to push intangible forces
Confusion is rife and the awakenings
maturity brings hurt.
The child is a man;
The mother is dead.

Independence, love, once desired now
deposed
A new desire to be back in the womb
A wish to be dependent, for the mother to
live
But the mother is lost;
The child is lost.

The child ends his journey away from birth,
The man begins his journey towards death,
But his load is too good.

The Romans prosecuted the early Christians because they disapproved of gladiola fights and would not burn insects before the statue of the emperor.



Peter Stephenson
Form One

Manapit.

Bigotry is having two wives at
the same time.

Trouvez Les Mots!

Robert Geraghty
Form Four

A L L E M A N D D X Q R E S
 U G Y X T I W A N N I E F U
 J O U R N A L G N S C I T P
 O H R E E H N A A I G D R E
 U M A V N J M H A P P N S R
 R M A G S A C T O S U E M
 D W L T M M B R O E E L T A
 H V S A B B Y A L O C E R R
 U I N I H E M L V W N Y I C
 I L S E O E I E S V A T N H
 W I H H B E R D O U C H E É
 U T D U T T F N I R A G I K
 O R I U H S M I E X V A R I
 B T O N C L À L I S N J L N
 Y B R E G U K H C N S E P S

FIND the French for the following words:

BAG	BOTTLE
LEG	TODAY
BED	NEWSPAPER
MONDAY	MUM
SHOWER	SUPERMARKET
GERMAN	HOLIDAYS

The War

David Pinnington
Form Two

There was a time
In England old when
A war was fought
And many English lost.

'Twas in 1939
When Mars was nearest Earth
A devils' messenger came and poured
Its evil magic on to a madman.

There was explosions, deaths
There was gunfire casualties
There was monsters, in the form of tanks
That battles furiously on the ground.

Howling like an injured cur
The air-raid sirens howled
As metal birds of menace
Flew over head deploying their cargo.

At last a time came
Where gunfire ceased to fire
And the howling cur was at rest
No more the monsters battled.

And in the air, all was silent
No more aircraft came over
As the birds filled the peaceful sky
Roses covered the war-lands.

And as those flowers
Blanketed the battle-field
As men who died in battle
Lie still decomposing in a land of freedom.

To primitive man,
nature was always scared.

C'est la vie

James Hunter
Form Four

a Vie,
C'est difficile,
C'est un café,
Noir et blanc,
C'est un pupitre,
Noir et brun,
C'est un livre,
Noir et bleu,
C'est un chat,
Noir et blanc,
C'est un cheval,
Noir et brun.

a Vie,
C'est difficile.

Ma Vie,
C'est noir.

A Winter's Day

Nicholas Mulroy
Form Three

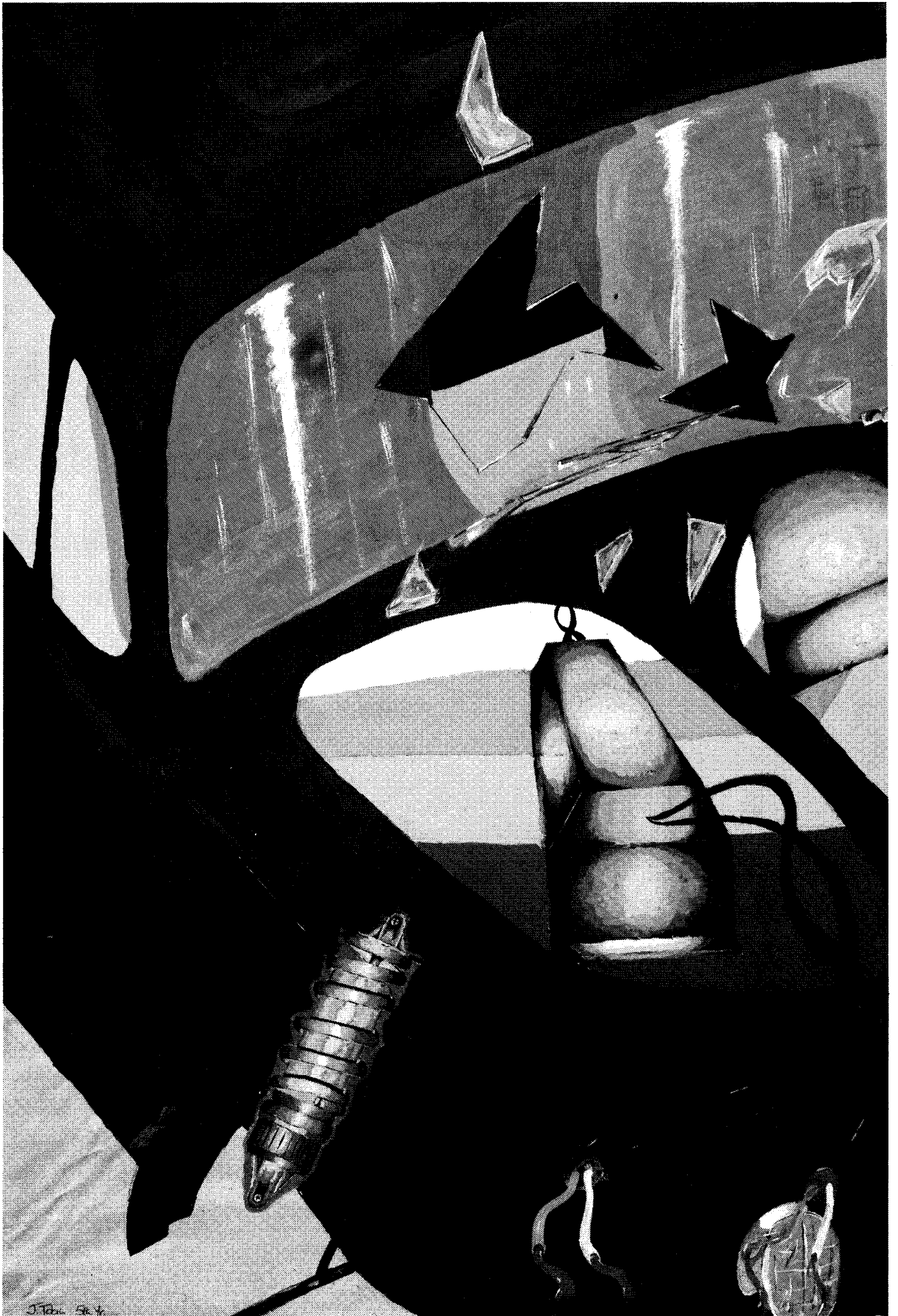
The frost descends on to the lawn like a
dove's delicate landing,
It crackles, protesting, when I walk on it.
When I venture outside I can feel winter's
grasp,
Gripping me tight, refusing to let go.

Everything is dead: trees barren, birds silent,
While people's faces are rosy from the chill.
The cold is like a knife: sharp and cutting,
People huddle together to avoid the knife's
edge.

Sunset: the sky bleeds a cold crimson,
While darkness kills off the day,
Enveloping all signs of life,
While people wait for another cold, dead day.

The cuckoo lays other bird's
eggs in its own nest and viva
voce.





'Wreck' — Jeffrey Tobin, Form Six



Life — Philip Jervis, Form 2

