



image



Arts Magazine of St Edward's College

Vol 6 No 3 1991-1992

BUS
STOP

Ermani.



EDITORIAL

IMAGE

IN this — the third edition of *Image* — an attempt has been made to reflect current events: a Green article coinciding with the Earth Summit in Rio, coverage of the school mock election (which correctly predicted the outcome) and articles about Liverpool in its year of the Tall Ships. Another section is devoted to the ever-present factor of war and its effects, matters which do seem to loom large in the minds of the young, as well as a contribution from a Judge about the legal system, which of late has itself been on trial, with the Birmingham Six and the Judith Ward cases.

The long heralded arrival of girls into the first year has gone very smoothly and these young ladies are making their presence felt. They are clearly not happy with one aspect of their as yet male-dominated environment concerning school sports kit about which there is quite deep-felt anguish as you will see from the letters page. How will this debate end . . . ?

We welcomed a large, unusually large, amount of poetry this year — has this anything to do with global warming? If the magazine seems more serious than it has in the past, this perhaps reflects in the material submitted the state of the world today, or at least how it is perceived by the pupils.

Part of the Editorial Committee at work.



Philip Crewe

Simon Dillon

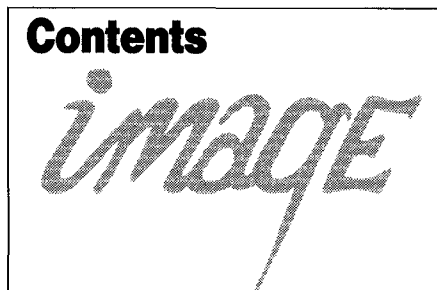
Bernice Duffy

Rita Gray

Francis Jarvis

John Mosley -

Guilva Williams



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Cover design by Dominic Norton, Form Six

Alone

IMAGE

Mark Bamber
Form Four

THE car pulled away, its headlights reflecting off the white, painted wall, as Emily closed and bolted the door. This was the first time her parents had thought she was responsible enough to be left for a night on her own, and, although Emily was 14, she was willing to agree with them. It wasn't that she was afraid; it was just that she was, well. . .

Emily slid the last bolt home, turned round and realised an incredible fact — the house was hers; for that short space of time from now, until five the next evening, she effectively owned the house.

Although only a three bedroomed terraced house in Manchester, to Emily, it was a mansion; a castle; a surreal, dream-world cottage, taken out of her fantasies. The time was also nine o'clock and the news was on TV. The news — that was what her parents watched; she wanted something more exciting, more interesting.

Emily dived through the open lounge door and attacked the 'Radio Times'. Monday, Tuesday . . . Friday! Yes! Found it.

'Now, let me see: BBC1, nine o'clock — "News"; BBC2 — "African Safari" — boring; ITV — "Sports Round Up" — not again! Typical, your first night of freedom and nothing's on TV; unless . . . Channel 4.'

She scanned the section, hardly breathing; there had to be something on, had to be.

'Murder by Ronnie' was the title and Emily settled down to watch. 'Spooky', she thought, as the opening scene showed a girl alone in a darkened room, watching TV. Lightning flickered across the sky outside and a crash of thunder caught her attention. In the silence that followed the doorbell rang.

She switched off the TV quickly, stabbing at the remote control. The doorbell rang again. 'Oh, hell!' She could see the silhouette of a man outside and, creeping silently towards the door, waited. Noticing a walking stick leaning against the wall, she grasped it for protection.

The third ringing of the bell made her jump, and was accompanied by a voice:

'Open up! Police!'

She slipped the chain on the door and opened it slightly. A faded ID was held up to the crack, identifying the man as Sergeant Mortly.

'OK, I'm opening the door,' she replied, trying to stop her voice from shaking.

The man stepped in and raised an eyebrow, amazed that someone so young was on her own in the house.



Photograph by **Nicholas Astor, Form Six**

'Are your parents away?' Mortly questioned.

'Yes . . . er for a while, sort of.'

'And you are . . .?'

'Mary, sir.'

'Mary Sir, that's a strange name,' joked the sergeant.

'No! No!' Mary stammered, not realising the joke, 'just Mary.'

'Anyway,' Mortly continued, 'I want you to listen. There have been a number of disturbances recently in this neighbourhood, break-ins, that sort of thing, some of them quite violent. We've been wondering if you've seen or heard anything?'

'Erm . . . no, sorry, nothing.'

'Oh, well, thanks all the same; let us know if you hear anything.'

'Yeah, sure,' Mary replied non-committedly. 'See you!'

Mortly left, slamming the door behind him, leaving Mary wondering. There was something strange about the man, something that didn't quite seem right . . . She shrugged the thought away and, after slipping the chain back on, yawned, and trudged wearily upstairs. 'God, I need a bath!' she thought, putting the plug in the bath and turning the taps on.

'Violent crimes; sounds like a book,' Mary mused, settling down in the bath. 'Yes, I can see it now.'

'Beautiful Maiden Found Murdered in Bath — Blood and Bubbles.'

'Hmnn, scarey thought; nonsense though,' she added for her own security 'C'mon girl! This is the nineties, not Jack the Ripper's time.'

Crash!

The sound made Mary stop, motionless. What was it? A Car? A milk bottle? . . . Window?

'Oh, damn . . .' Mary began, sinking further down into the bath. 'No, it can't be happening, Lord; it can't be. Help me!'

She lay, scarcely breathing for a full 10 minutes; there was no more sound. That one 'Crash!' drove round and round her mind like an out-of-control roller-coaster, shutting out logical thought and letting insanity take over.

'Stop,' she cried mentally, 'Stop!' The roller-coaster stopped. Reason began to creep back in, bringing with it sense and courage.

Mary rose from the bath stealthily, quickly dried herself and put her clothes back on. Extinguishing the bathroom light, she unlocked the door and opened it.

The walking stick was where she'd left it, just outside the bathroom door.

Brandishing it by her side, she moved cat-like down the stairs. She was certain that the sound had come from the lounge and so made her way towards it. The door was half open — had she left it like that?

Edging past the door, into the lounge, she felt along the wall for the light switch, and, with the stick raised above her head, she pressed the switch.

Light flooded into the room, dazzling Mary in its brightness, but revealing no one. Nothing except her cat, Jones, and a broken vase.

‘Strewth, Jones, must’ve knocked the vase over. God, what a fool I am, what a complete . . .’

Thunk! Her body hit the floor, blood gushing from the wound in her head; an ugly red-brown colour spread across the grey carpet.

Her attacker stepped out from behind the door with a bloodied blackjack in his hand. A wry grin extended across his face — he liked violence, lived for it even, and this was the best sort . . .

The doorbell rang. Emily switched off the TV quickly stabbing at the remote control. The doorbell rang again; Emily’s mind flashed back to the film. Eh-oh!

‘No, oh no, this cannot be happening. It cannot come true. That was a film, this is reality — maybe I’m dreaming.’

The third ringing of the bell doubled Emily’s heart beat. She started sweating as adrenalin surged through her blood vessels. Her right hand shook uncontrollably, as her left reached for the hockey stick behind the sofa.

Peering round the door, she could see the silhouette of a man, with a smaller figure behind him. Two of them! Emily crouched on the stairs, terrified, but still had time to be amazed as a key turned in the lock. The door was pushed, but the bolts restrained it.

‘Emily! Emily! Are you there?’ a feminine voice demanded.

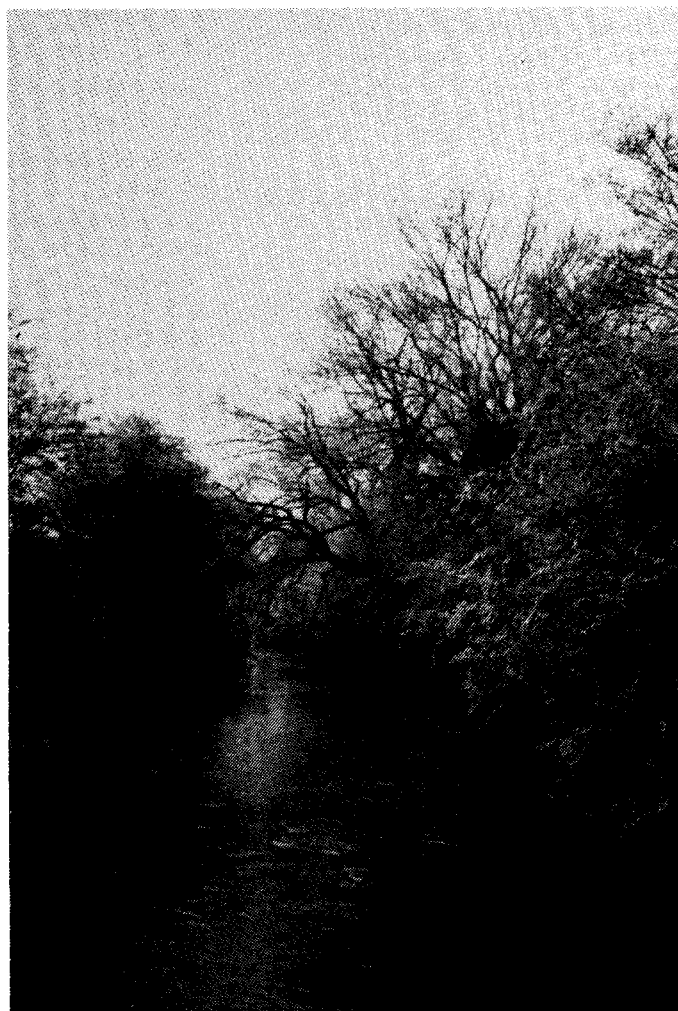
‘Eh . . . Mum? Mum! Thank God!’ Relief was evident in her voice and actions as she flew to the bolts, unlocking two at a time. She flung the door open and hugged the nearest of her parents — her father.

‘Ah, Hi Emily! Sorry about this; there was some trouble where we were going to stay, so we’re back now.’

‘Never mind, come in, I’ll get you a drink.’

‘Well,’ her father replied, ‘I don’t know if you can make it, but I could murder a bloody Mary.’

Photographs by Francis Jarvis, Form Six



Bicycles

IMBQIE

Matthew O'Shaughnessy, Form Five



X
Ψ
X
V
E



Photography by Nicholas Astor, Form Six

Celebration

IMBQJE

FOUR years in the planning. Four weeks in the doing.

The small committee soon knew what it wanted:

a Solemn Mass;
a big concert given by its own choirs and orchestra;
a flower Festival;
the *Dream of Gerontius* performed by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra;

Exhibitions

It organised all of these, but some further ideas failed to materialise:

a specially commissioned play — lack of funds
a Youth event — we couldn't quite decide what form this should take

Others arose unexpectedly:

the BBC Songs of Praise

We each had our area of responsibility. We each regretted our lack of time. Fund-raising, printing, rehearsing and all the minutiae of each event had to be fitted in around our work and personal commitments. Yet we felt it important to celebrate these first twenty-five years.

Millions will see the building on television, decorated with thousands of flowers. Many distinguished guests will attend. Perhaps a

few people will visit for the first time. It is, after all, a unique cathedral.

As I write this, the events are still to come. By the time it is printed they will be over. In the meantime it's head down until July.

No theatre trips. No lingering over meals. No lounging in the sun. It's rather like being back at school sitting 'A' levels again.

John Moseley

The Institute of Irish Studies

THIS new department of the University of Liverpool was set up three years ago as the national centre for the development of the study of Ireland in Britain. The President of Ireland, Mary Robinson, had agreed to become an honorary graduate of the University last year because of the success of the Institute.

The President attended a degree conferral in October 1991 in the Philharmonic Hall, which I attended as University Organist, when she addressed the assembled congregation in an eloquent and

impressive speech, delivered without the slightest hesitation.

Later that day, Mrs Robinson toured the Institute and was shown round by Professor Patrick Buckland and introduced to staff and students. She also met representatives of the Institute's external collaborators, including the European Commission, Members of Parliament, the local authorities of Birmingham, Liverpool and Hull and commercial organisations such as the Allied Irish Bank, John Kennedy and Company and the Royal Liver Friendly Society. Amongst current research programmes she saw were ones to do with Irish Migrants and European Regional Development.

There could surely be no better university in which to base an Institute of Irish Studies in view of Liverpool's close physical proximity to Ireland, the large number of Irish descendants amongst its population and the key role it played in the migration of so many Irish people to America in the 1800's. A steady flow of graduates and post-graduates is now expected each year.

Terence Duffy

Albert Dock Composition



Josef Canon, Form Six

The Tall Ships — Green Power

WHEN the tall ships of the Gran Regata Columbus berth in Liverpool and Birkenhead on 12 August, they will arrive to a mighty chorus of tourism hype accompanied by the more muted tones of nostalgia for the romance of sail. Our roads will be clogged with innumerable tourists, any of whom will not have the common decency to speak English: there will be a great temptation to turn off.

We all know that sail was not romantic: sail was incredibly hard and dangerous work. It was about having no dry clothing for weeks on end, about trying to re-trim a shifting cargo in a storm, about multilating injury, malnutrition, disease, death by gangrene, shipwreck and much, much more.

One aspect of sail does tend to be forgotten: to drive one of the great clippers or barques at speeds of up to 15 knots required a couple of thousand horsepower. Those horsepower were obtained not only free of charge, but free of any consumption of non-renewable fuel and free of the production of any pollution of air or water, except that for which the ship's cook was responsible.

The environmental benefits of sail, at least until the widespread adoption of iron and steel vessels, went much further. Their hulls were built of renewable timber, as were their masts and spars. The part of the ship which actually harnessed the power of the wind — the sails and the rigging — were made from renewable vegetable fibres. Most of the paints and other protective materials came from renewable vegetable oils. Only the iron fittings,

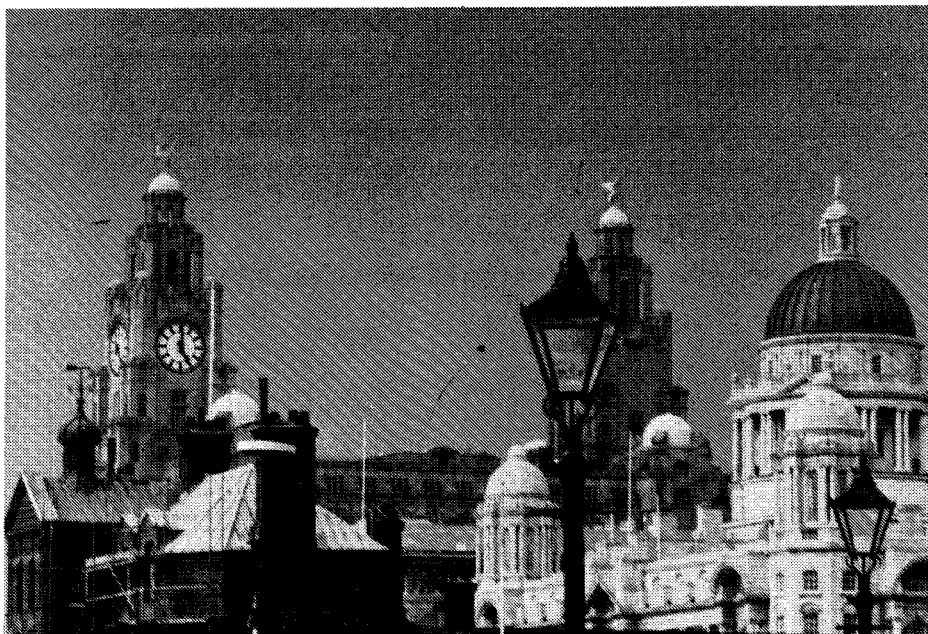


which were comparatively few in number, involved any significant use of exhaustible materials.

Even the methods of working the materials were green. Shipwrights might possibly depend on a steam-powered sawmill to prepare their timber, though many did not. Every other operation was carried out with hand tools, whose only polluting effect came from the combustion products of bread, beer and cheese.

Engineers define their basic task as being 'the harnessing of the great forces of nature'. As you read through enough publicity material to have de-forested half Scotland, remember that few devices made by men ever came to such an elegant solution — or such a green one.

Adrian Jarvis



Photographs by Nicholas Astor, Form Six



Elections



Sixth Form visit to Parliament

At the end of February when election fever was already gripping the country, we boarded the 6.55 a.m. train to Euston to meet David Alton our local M.P. for Mossley Hill, who had kindly agreed to guide us through the Houses of Parliament. A tired-looking bunch of students joined Mr Gordon and Mr Clough at Lime Street, found our reserved seats and made ourselves comfortable. There being no leaves on the line we arrived in London on time. A few of us spotted John Conteh, the former heavyweight boxing champion in the next car, although certain others had never heard of him.

David Alton met us at 11.30 and gave us a warm welcome. Was he wondering how safe his seat was back in Liverpool? He led us through the entrance that the Queen uses when she opens Parliament, although

I doubt that she has to go through the metal detectors as we did. We proceeded through various rooms and corridors while Mr Alton pointed out all the things of interest: pictures, procedures, historical relevance. Both the Lords and Commons are smaller than they look on television with the opposite sides much closer. On our way through the lobby we saw many famous MPs including the ever flamboyant Dennis Skinner, Ken Livingstone, Rhodes Boyson and a passing glimpse of former Labour leader, Michael Foot.

After a very interesting and enjoyable tour we thanked Mr Alton for his help. Unfortunately it was not possible to hear a debate because we didn't have any tickets for the spectators' gallery so in the afternoon we were free to explore London.

A lucky five managed to get the group ticket for free travel on the underground.

The return journey was uneventful except that this time British Rail had forgotten our reserved seats. We did, however, get back on time.

Thanks, Mr Gordon and Mr Clough for arranging the trip.

John Mills, Form Six

Thursday Night Fever

SUPPOSE they called an election and nobody turned up? This rather alarming thought gripped me on the morning of Thursday, May 7th this year, when about 200 district council elections, a mere four weeks after John Major's General Election victory. Voters, we were told, had had their fill of politics. Months of electioneering had left the electorate weary and cynical. They'd heard more than enough about 'tax bombshells' and infant ear conditions, thank you very much. They called it 'election fatigue', and it threatened to deprive your correspondent of his big moment, his place in the searing spotlight of BBC journalism.

But people did vote on May 7th, and in considerable numbers. The national turnout was around 40%, which is pretty much the norm for local elections in this country. Having passed judgement on all the boring stuff — taxation, the economy, Europe — a month earlier, millions of people made the most of their chance to vote on some of the really important issues — like the state of the pavements, the bins, or the local playground.

In an earlier life, I reported on local government for BBC Radio Merseyside, and no journalist could fail to be stimulated, fascinated and occasionally horrified by the activities of Liverpool City Council. I had the great good fortune to cover council affairs at a time when Liverpool made as many appearances on the front pages of the newspapers as on the back ones. I also became a member of a pretty exclusive journalistic club — I was

once given a firm 'No Comment' by the usually loquacious Cllr. Derek Hatton. I remained convinced of the value of local government in general, and of the need for specialist correspondents to throw light into the dark corners of municipal politics.

It's fashionable to regard the local elections as a mere sideshow to the national poll, and indeed many voters choose local councillors on the basis of party loyalty, or on the performance of the big parties nationally. Councils complain that Whitehall now pulls all the strings, and that local authorities act as mere agents of the central power. The Victorian 'city fathers', people like William Rathbone in Liverpool, and Birmingham's Joseph Chamberlain, sponsored public works — gas lighting systems, swimming baths, libraries and concert halls — whose benefits we still reap today. Yet these giants of municipal government would, under present conditions, probably find themselves charge-capped, ring-fenced and regulated out of existence.

But the 'local-ness' of local government continues to re-assert itself. Local planning disputes, education policies, poll tax levels and personalities can all help to determine the political composition of the council. Councillors have different sets of priorities: Tory Wandsworth is different to Labour Camden. Vision and ambition may still be found in town halls up and down the country. The city of Birmingham, for so long characterised as a cultural wasteland, is being transformed, with its new Concert Hall, Conference Centre and

International Arena. Here, as in Manchester, Glasgow and Sheffield, the local council is leading the way, co-ordinating and cajoling local interest-groups for the common good. Quite whether local electors appreciate these developments is another matter. The cost of staging the World Student Games will show up on Sheffield chargepayers' bills for years to come. In Manchester, there are already complaints that fares on the new Metrolink light rail network are too high, as the local transport authority tries to recoup the cost of this futuristic project.

The great task of local and national politicians is to reconcile the public's enthusiasm for better services with its reluctance to pay for them. There's a thin dividing line between efficiency and parsimony, and one of the tasks of a local government journalist should be to identify where that line runs. This summer, councils expect a rough ride from the Government, as Ministers try to hold down public spending. Town halls are big spenders, employing more than a million people, and responsible for spending about sixty billion pounds each year. The perennial debate about cuts in local jobs and services promises to be especially fierce this year. The Chinese consider it a curse to live in 'interesting times', but they are a blessing to the journalist.

Liam Fogarty

Mr Liam Fogarty is the Local Government Correspondent for BBC Radio and a former pupil (1970-77).

School Election '92

In this special election year of 1992, I am proud to have taken a significant part in St Edwards' School Election. I, and my fellow pupils, although not all of the same opinion, revelled in and enjoyed the importance of such an auspicious occasion, which was conducted in a manner befitting the good name of our illustrious college.

Although, this election was carried out in a serious frame of mind, it did not fail to have its many moments of humour, especially when one sat up for hours on end writing out posters only to see them disappear before one's very eyes the next day. I wonder if the dastardly persons concerned will ever own up to their devious pranks? Well, does it matter now? I think not, after all the only party for Britain came up trumps.

During the question-time period, heated debates and controversy were at the forefront; credit to the N.D.P.P. for trying to cause bewilderment into the argument, but unfortunately they only bewildered themselves in the process. I would like to thank Miss Wendy Trehay for taking the chair during this period of debate and discussions, a very difficult job, to which she adapted splendidly, for a female. A special mention must also go out to Mr Gordon without whose help, all this would not have been possible, his keenness and organisation were invaluable. I thank him on behalf of all the candidates and of myself.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr Young and Sean O'Toole for their expertise and knowledge freely given to myself as the Tory candidate, and not forgetting Mr Clough's efforts for the Labour Party, who in all honesty must have known that he was backing a loser, from the start, against such strong Tory policies and candidate.

Mr Gordon, what can I say, election organiser and backer to the Lib-Dems and Greens, you deserved better reward for your efforts and I salute you. Thank you especially to all the pupils who gave such a lot of their own time and effort which made it all worthwhile.

On behalf of all the respective candidates and participants, many thanks.

Salutations Tories everywhere!

James Spencer, Form Six

Who won the School Election for the Conservative Party.

MARGARET & JOHN,
TRUE TORY BLUES,
WITH THEM AT
THE HELM,
HOW CAN WE
LOSE?
VOTE CONSERVATIVE

THE GREEN PARTY



THE GREEN PARTY HEALTH MINISTER
CONSULTING WITH THE GREEN
MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

*ENVIRONMENTAL ISSUES ARE
IMPORTANT. WE IN THE LIBERAL
DEMOCRATS REALISE THIS, BUT
WE DO NOT LOSE SIGHT OF
OTHER IMPORTANT ISSUES.
THE GREEN PARTY HAVE NO
POLICIES ON HEALTH OR EDUCATION.
VOTE LIBERAL DEMOCRAT
MILLS

From Nature

IMAGE

Bala Lake

*The air so calm,
the air so pure.*

*I gaze upon the opposite bank,
Then I gaze at the waters.*

*The lake is large and azure,
with a solitary fishing boat far off.
It is a small, brown, humble old boat.
With a man fishing in the waters.*

*The trees embrace the lake,
crowning its glory.
The birds fly from tree to tree, rustling the leaves,
and dart over the waters.*

*The clouds form a silken lining,
encasing the uppermost of the valley.
The hills roll majestically, a greenish-grey pallor,
towering above the waters.*

*The small shingle beach, upon which I tread,
sounds like a crystal chandelier.
The seagulls swoop and dive along the beach,
and over the waters.*

*I wonder why we couldn't be graced,
yet I know that we couldn't be,
with more lakes of a similar kind,
but there can only be one.*

Gerard Woods, Form Two

The Bee

*First I came through the warm grass
singing in the sun,
And now I fly through the evening sun
soon turned cold.
I'm used to this green ocean on my way
To the pretty pink rose.*

*North wind, until I reach it
keep your icy breath away.
Don't turn my pollen into dust.
Let me be drunk on this scent again,
Then throw me back to where I belong.*

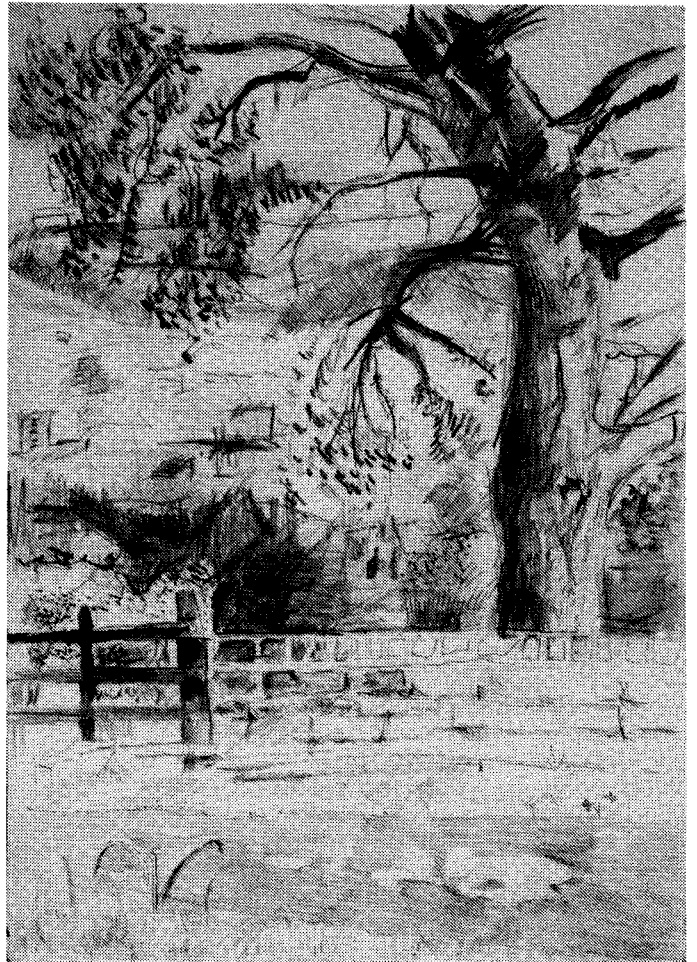
Claire Conroy, Form One

Elvis

*Elvis lives and so do I,
I saw him with my very own eyes.
His sidees trailed along the ground,
His funky clogs were really sound.
His flares are almost three foot wide,
And everyone had thought he'd died.
Please everybody don't ask me why
Elvis lives and so do I.*

Andrew Williams, Form One

Open Air



David Greaves, Form Six

Red Beauty

*Delicate as a leaf falling from an autumn tree
It flows gracefully
Streamline like an arrow from its bow cutting the air
With its finely trimmed edges.*

*Proud as a lion cub after her first kill, she passes
Head held high knowing she is the main attraction.*

*Intricate as a chinese doll,
Delicate as a newly-born leaf,
Innocent as the blazing sun, with beauty beyond that of a roaring
volcano*

*They accompany each other down their hall of fame,
Both with the power to say no to temptations.*

James Ross, Form Three

Over

*Death
Desolation
Was this the future?
Had we done this to our world?
Disease
Illness
Those to blame did not share the pain.
Hate
No escape
All I could think 'I was trapped with this.'
Had we done this to our world?
My fault
My death
Why should I die? Why should they die?
It's over*

Christopher Humphreys, Form Two

City Lights

THE early morning sun peeped around the tall skyscraper and the bright light woke Dave from his uncomfortable yet peaceful sleep. After a few minutes, he removed the cardboard box that had been his home and bed for the past night. Dave's faithful, old dog, Shaggy, remained asleep whilst Dave stretched his aching muscles. Thinking ahead, Dave planned exactly what he was going to do on this sun-baked Saturday — however, today, followed the same routine that every other day of the week did.

Dave woke Shaggy and he folded up his mobile home, placed it under his arm and then set off with Shaggy by his side towards the 'Coffee Shop' where, every morning, the owner would give a few of the local tramps some hand-outs. These were usually the previous day's leftovers but, today, Dave and Shaggy were very lucky because, on their arrival, Mr Alzo, the 'Coffee Shop' owner, greeted them with some fresh sandwiches. None of the other regular tramps turned up and when this happened, Mr Alzo would go out to the back of the shop and chat with Dave, telling him exactly how the local football team (the New York Jets) had been playing. Dave really enjoyed these chats even if they were often cut short by an influx of people into the shop who all wanted a good, cooked breakfast à la Mr Alzo.

From the evidence of the first half hour, today was going to be a good day because Dave had received an excellent breakfast and Mr Alzo hadn't been called away and they talked for about twenty minutes. When Dave left, he knew all the news of how the Jets had trounced their opponents, sixty-two points to seven, to reach the Super Bowl yet again. It was with these thoughts in his mind that Dave passed a store with a big poster in the window.

It was advertising the fact that if you bought a 'Snickers' bar, you stood a chance of winning a trip to the Super Bowl. Going to the Super Bowl had always been Dave's dream yet he knew that the chances of his ever going to the Super Bowl were about as likely as his becoming a millionaire.

Dave continued walking on his aimless route around the city. When he passed the bins where some of the other tramps he knew slept, he saw something shining at him. Whilst Shaggy searched the bins, trying to find a bone, Dave realised that the shiny, round thing was a one dollar coin. Picking it up, hundreds of thoughts passed through his head as to what he should do with it. The agony of choice for Dave was painful — should he buy a hot drink or something for his faithful companion or even just save it for 'a rainy day'?

The one idea that kept re-entering Dave's mind was to go and purchase a 'Snickers' bar because last time he had one (nearly three years ago now) he had enjoyed it so much; also, there was the Super Bowl Competition to enter, as well.



Photograph by Nicholas Astor, Form Six

Dave turned round, the coin held tightly in his hand, and headed towards the city shops. He entered the store that he had passed not half an hour ago — the one that had advertised the competition. Soon, the shop was empty of customers. Dave walked towards the counter and asked for a 'Snickers'. the female assistant gave him the chocolate bar, a game card (as she called it) and the forty cents change. Dave left the shop and realised that the so called 'game card' was needed to enter the competition.

On the card, there were nine silver panels — three of which had to be rubbed to reveal the helmets of three national football teams. Dave chose to rub away at the three on the top row. The first panel revealed a picture of the 'New York Jets' helmet; so did the second; so did the third. It was only then that Dave read the instructions and they told him that he had won one thousand dollars for revealing three pictures that showed exactly the same thing and, because they were the helmets of one of the Super Bowl finalists, he had won himself a trip to the Super Bowl itself!

Dave jumped for joy in the middle of the crowded sidewalk and continued walking around the city; he pinched himself every now and again to make sure that it all wasn't a dream. For some reason, though, the more Dave thought about the trip, the more he decided that it wouldn't be the

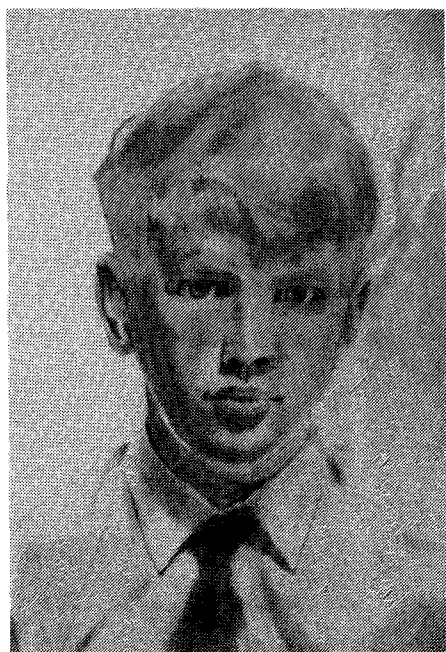
right place for him. He could, however, think of somebody whom Dave owed a lot to — Mr Alzo.

It was now the busy lunch-time rush at the 'Coffee Shop' and Dave knew that Mr Alzo would be very busy so he went to 'Commode' — a very expensive department store — and managed to buy one envelope with the remaining forty cents he had. Using a pen that was rapidly running out of ink, he wrote 'For the attention of Mr Alzo. From a grateful friend.' Dave wasn't sure if what he had written was grammatically correct but he knew that Mr Alzo would understand it. He popped the winning gamecard into the envelope and discreetly handed the envelope to one of the waitresses before crossing the avenue to watch his friend open the envelope. Dave saw Mr Alzo open the envelope with great care and then he looked at the contents as if he had become president of the USA.

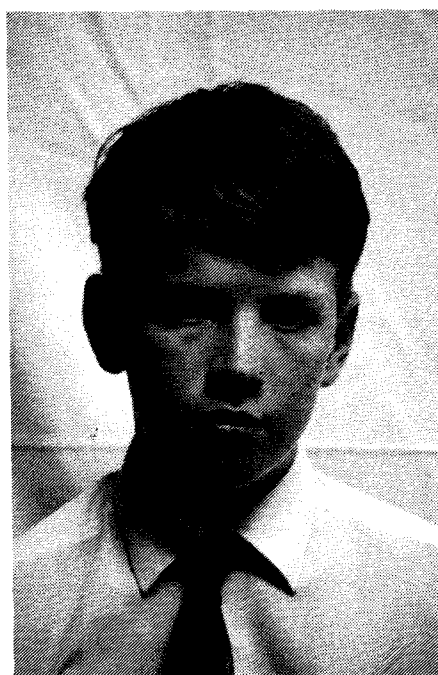
Dave tried not to think of what he had done but when he and Shaggy decided to set up their mobile home at about nine o'clock, Dave looked up to the lights of the skyscrapers around him and it was only then that he knew that he had done the correct thing by giving Mr Alzo the ticket. Dave concluded that if there were more people like Mr Alzo in the city, it would be a much better place to live.

Robert Geraghty, Form Four

Faces



**Brian Lawlor,
Form Three**

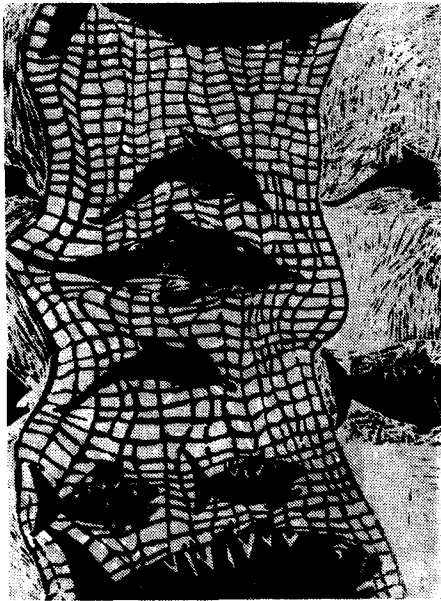


Neil Wood, Form Three



**Kieran Squires,
Form Three**

Fish



Lino Print by **David King, Form Five**

Muddle

Clothesline pegs
Butterfly eggs
Snakes in a twist
A Computer list.
Plastic bags
People smoking 'fags'
A zooming car
A door left ajar.
Lego on the floor
A rampaging boar
Desk untidy
A book from the library.
Swirling fog
A rotating cog
Newspapers scattered
Fishcake battered.

Andrew Brereton, Form One



Photograph by **Nicholas Astor, Form Six**

Quarrelling

*She didn't call for me as she usually does.
I shared my sweets with someone else.*

*She gave me a funny look as we were going to
assembly, so I sat with someone else.*

*I put a slight pencil mark on her book by accident.
She put a felt tip mark on mine.*

*I just touched her PE bag with my foot.
She gave me a sly look and pulled tongues at me.*

*At hometime, I walked home with her as usual.
She came to my house for tea.*

Leanne Lloyd, Form One

Pigs

*Railings to deter them from getting out,
No games or entertainment to see them through,
No light or space to turn around
Nobody, to talk to.*

*With no knowledge of the outside world
They are helpless and have nowhere to go,
If only they have a little chance,
To see what life is all about.*

*So now with such a short time to go,
They are hung up, and ready to die,
With not a chance to feel the pain,
Not even a chance to say goodbye.*

Stephen Cranny, Form Two

Four Seasons



Lino Print by **Raymond Ho, Form Five**

Go Green

IMAGE

**Louise McCann,
Form Six**

If I were to start talking to you about organophosphates, ITTO, ICN, IPPC, you would think I had a screw loose, or would you know what to think? Well, if I hadn't swotted up first, I would not have known myself that these words are all Green issues.

Picking up a daily paper and having a flick through you will notice, if you haven't already, that it's fashionable to be Green. It's cool to cultivate your own caulies, trendy to take in a tribesman, and you have really made it today if you are nutty about the nitrogen cycle. Unfortunately though we are not all capable of reeling off how many chemicals there are in an exhaust pipe, and if we could — what good would it do?

The great pity is that our earth could actually be in danger. The media is attempting to educate the populace about

Green issues, but they do so on a global scale. As one Chinese philosopher said, 'In order for a man to walk around the world he must start by putting one foot in front of the other.' Realistically, none of us can stop the way we keep nipping out to the local rainforest to clear a few acres, or stitch up the hole in the O-Zone layer. But we can take a small step towards a cleaner planet, from home.

Switching a light out when you are not in a room takes no time at all, opening the fridge door for the shortest time possible is hardly putting you out — but by not doing so you're wasting energy, and the earth's survival time. Did you know that if half of British televisions are left on 'standby' overnight, the energy wasted could light a town the size of Basingstoke?

Picking up litter, not leaving hot taps on,

closing doors in winter — they all help a little.

If you ask yourself — how much of my Easter egg was wrapping? What did I do with my last bag from 'the Kwiky' — did I bin it or did I re-use it? You'll see that there are things you can do to help.

Perhaps the main problem lies in the fact that all too many companies use Green issues to sell their goods and encourage waste, and ultimately confusion. You don't need a First Class Honours from Oxbridge to see the planet's in danger — take a look around at school, or in the street. Neither do you need such qualifications to understand that you solely cannot stop global warming — but you can do just a small amount, because the world's in your hands — for your own sake, don't let it slip through them.

How can you defend him?

IMAGE

John Morgan

'HOW can you defend someone you know to be guilty?' Those contemplating a career in the Courts should know that every advocate is asked this question at just about every social function he attends. For it encapsulates a very popular misconception as to the role of the advocate in an English criminal trial. The advocate is not paid to concoct a defence for his or her clients. Unlike his American counterpart he is not paid to coach his client and witnesses in the answers he expects from them in the witness-box. Sometimes sadly he is not paid at all! He or she is subject to a strict Code of Conduct which recognises both his duty to his client and his duty to the Court. His duty is to present his client's defence in the most effective way and to challenge and test by cross-examination the case brought by the Crown. The Key to his role lies in the golden thread — a man is innocent until he is proved guilty. That means that regardless of any admissions the client

makes to him as to his guilt he is entitled to plead 'Not Guilty' and put the Crown to proof of their case. Of course in those circumstances he cannot put his client in the witness-box to commit perjury. He can simply submit that the Crown has not proved its case and leave the jury to decide.

But that is the exceptional case. In the vast majority of cases the client has given to the advocate a full account of his answer to the charge totally consistent with his innocence which he loudly and vehemently protests. That account constitutes the advocate's instructions and it is on the basis of those instructions that he will fearlessly cross-examine the Crown witnesses, call his client to give evidence and address the jury at the conclusion of his case to attempt to persuade them to return a verdict of not guilty. Of course the advocate will test those instructions in conference with the client. Privately he may be sceptical to their veracity. But he is well aware that many an unlikely story has turned out to be true and no-one can be convicted unless the jury is satisfied so as to be sure of his guilt. The advocate's task is not to usurp the function of the jury or to pull the wool over their eyes. Nor is the advocate permitted to express his own personal opinion. Lawyers wince when they hear the TV barrister proclaim to the jury 'I believe passionately that my client is

innocent.' In reality the advocate can only 'submit' and 'suggest'. His own opinion is irrelevant and can never be expressed.

When his client pleads guilty his role is to plead in mitigation of sentence and if necessary call character witnesses. But he must be wary even here. An advocate whose client pleaded guilty to embezzling £10,000 from his employer called his client's local vicar who was believed to be sympathetic to his cause. Unfortunately he had an inconvenient attack of conscience at a crucial stage and when asked by council 'Would you trust this man with your own money?' he hesitated and asked 'How much?'

So the advocate's difficulty lies not in the fear that he defends someone he knows to be guilty but the knowledge that his client has trustingly placed his future in the advocate's hands. It is that knowledge which frequently makes the advocate's task a burdensome one and occasionally an awesome one. To those considering it as a profession it is a hard and time-consuming task-master. But it is a noble and time-honoured one and it can be extremely rewarding.

His Honour Judge John Morgan is a former pupil (1942-52), a parent and also Chairman of the Governors.

Letters

IMAGE

Dear Editor,

I am a fan of American Football. In the United States, schools play in an organised league. Is there any chance of our school playing this game, even if it is without the full equipment which I know is expensive?

SIMON FRASER
Form One

Dear Editor,

I am writing this to ask, why isn't there a basketball team or even a club for first year's. Lots of first years are interested in basketball. If there was a team then I think that there would be a lot of people turning up to do the activity.

If there was a side, I think that it would be a very good side because there are some good players in the first year. I know that because in P.E. in the winter there was basketball. Also there was a basketball camp held by Everton F.C., which improved everyone's basketball skills.

SIMON WORSLEY
Form One

In answer to questions concerning the range of sports offered at St Edward's College.

What a school can offer to its pupils is limited by a number of factors: time, facilities and the number of qualified staff. Although we cannot cater to everybody's whim, I can assure you that the breadth and quality of sporting activities offered at St Edward's College compares very favourably with other schools.

SIMON MORGAN
Head of PE

Dear Editor,

I should like to know why it is that only forms 6 and 7 have a committee? I think this is unfair and elitist. Could there not be a committee for the whole school with representatives from each year? Such a group could complement rather than undermine the teachers' authority.

DAVID ASHTON
Form Six

The committee in forms 6 and 7 has been a way of enabling students to adapt to more involvement in the school activities as a preparation for university and further education. It organises the common room, tuck shop, and a variety of clubs and associations. I feel that these are good reasons for a committee at this stage. I know that some form teachers have and some still do have committees in their forms, but a school committee with representatives from each year does not have much appeal to me. The difficulties of organisation, expenditure of time and areas of responsibility would, I feel, outweigh any possible benefits.

I have enquired of other schools where this sort of system applies but I am not, as yet, convinced. However, I will put the idea to Mr Waszek and possibly he might have some thoughts on the matter.

ANTHONY EDWARDS,
Acting Headmaster

Dear Editor,

We are writing on behalf of all the first year girls who all agree that gym knickers are not suitable clothing to wear when taking part in athletics. The boys can wear white shorts and T-shirt, and can move as freely as they need to, so why can't we? Another alternative is for the girls to wear their blue gym skirts and white T-shirt with gym knickers underneath. We feel that wearing gym knickers will be an embarrassment to girls who wear them during athletics, especially with the boys in our class there. We feel very strongly about this subject and think something ought to be done. As girls are not very well represented throughout the school; we need someone on our side. Please do something!

LEANNE LLOYD,
JANE ATHERTON,
Form One

Concerning PE equipment, enough discussion has taken place concerning clothing used. The school equipment list states clearly what should be worn.

SIMON MORGAN
Head of PE



Peter Stephenson, Form Two

Power tends to Corrupt

image

**David Atherton,
Form Four**

Dear Editor,

In view of the recent incident involving Catherine Bamber is it possible for the school to form a 'Bully Council'? No school can say that they are without bullies and while it may not be possible to stop bullying entirely, it might be possible to reduce such incidents. If the Government doesn't act, then schools should.

**SANDRA DUNCAN
Form One**

What a good question Sandra, and how tragic was the case of Catherine Bamber.

Yes, we do have bullies. Some we know, others we don't. What strategies do we deploy to deal with them? Hopefully we provide an environment which reduces antagonism and encourages care and sensitivity to others' feelings. We encourage students to speak to staff about bullying, knowing that it will be treated confidentially and with tact.

We as a staff must continually improve our skills at detecting bullying in whatever form it occurs. The bully is as sad a case as the bullied.

I agree that schools should act, or at least provide a structure so that bullying should not be practiced. The school where a Bully Council was formed does appear to have greatly reduced the incidents of bullying though I understand that very few cases were brought to it. I am sure it will be one of the strategies we will look at as a staff.

I saw a good definition of bullying: the wilful, conscious desire to hurt, threaten or frighten someone — and I know that it occurs.

**ANTHONY EDWARDS,
Acting Headmaster**

'200 die in slum gas explosion', screamed the headlines of the newspaper lying on the desk. Major Johnson slammed his first down on the paper, sending a cloud of dust into the faces of the phalanx of grey-suited men stood before him.

'Why the hell wasn't something done about this you gang of idiots?' bellowed the irate Major. One of the men shuffled forwards and said in an apologetic voice, 'Well Sir, 18 months ago, you channelled the resources for slum development into the purchase of the Russian telecommunications industry, there simply wasn't any money to carry out the necessary repairs.'

'Well, tell the papers that the explosion was the fault of a middle aged woman who left her gas oven on while, err, scavenging at the rubbish tip. Say that she is being tortured in the state prison and will be executed at noon tomorrow. I'll tell you what, we'll make it a public shooting, one of your goons can go and drag someone out of the slums to be executed. MOVE!'

The shocked official scampered out to carry out his boss' biddings. Major Johnson now turned his attention to another of his employees. 'Tell me, Lemant, what price is tobacco at nowadays?'

'In the State Tobacconists, ten cigarettes cost six pounds fifty.'

'How about alcohol then?'

'Well Sir, in the State Off Licences, one can of beer, two point three per cent alcohol, costs five pounds ninety nine.'

'That's wonderful, how's the anti-smoking TV campaign going then?' Lemant looked shocked. 'Just joking,' said Johnson, 'I know that I reappropriated that section of our spending so that I could purchase that Third World country. HA HA HA.'

'Oh, Sir,' interrupted Ben Spark 'Elizabeth Windsor has presented another petition asking for a Stay of Execution, most people in her detention centre have signed it.'

'That woman doesn't give up does she, you know the procedure, bin the petition and give her another course of electro-convulsive treatment.'

'Of course Sir.' Spark hurried away. Major Johnson, flicked through his newspaper until he found the centre pages. 'WHOOPEE!', he yelled.

'I suppose you've found out that your syndicate has won the national lottery again Sir?' asked the remaining suited figure, Joe Mellett.

'Yeah,' replied Johnson 'that's twenty seven times on the run now Mellett. By the way, I hear your community charge is outstanding for this month.'

'Yes Sir, I meant to pay but I haven't had the time,' he stammered.

'Don't give me that bull Mellett,' sneered Johnson, levelling a pistol at the snivelling Mellett's head, 'here's your summons.' The gun blazed and Mellett was thrown back against the wall, his blood already soaking the wallpaper. 'Oh to be in England, in nineteen ninety five,' sang Major Johnson, reclining in his chair.

Outside, a gang of filthy slum dwellers ran up the street and hurled a brick at Major Johnson's house. The gold number ten on the door buckled and fell as the guards on the door opened fire, gunning down the vandals. Then all was quiet. Absolute power corrupts absolutely.



Lee Rowlands, 2 Hope



Christopher Harrison, Form Two

The Modern Bank Manager

IMAGE

Jon Nelson

THE role of the branch manager has changed rapidly over the years. It was not so very long before I joined Midland in 1974 that the familiar perception of the bank manager was of a pillar of the community who was well respected but rather formal and certainly available only to see the more important customers. He was probably held in awe by customers and staff alike!

Most branches were very traditional, somewhat imposing and perhaps even forbidding.

Relatively few people had bank accounts, but in the late 1960s a series of mergers of smaller banks created the 'Big Four' as the banks geared themselves up for a predicted explosive growth in the market.

Computerisation played a tremendously important part in the development of the banks and enabled them to cope with the increase in customers. Computerisation continues under the guise of information technology and the resulting improvements have brought and will continue to bring benefits to customers and banks alike.

Most adults in the UK have a bank account and competition between the banks is great. Customers demand the right products and a high standard of service.

Banks must respond quickly and efficiently or customers will not hesitate to transfer their business elsewhere.

To meet this challenge Midland has been modernising its branches in a new image far removed from the traditional bank branch. We have introduced services that customers tell us they want, and our range of services has grown from the traditional overdraft and savings account to include mortgages, pensions and life assurance.

These changes mean that the modern branch manager is a very different person from his counterpart of 20 years ago. Most of today's customers — both personal and business — expect and demand the right to see their bank manager if they have a problem and it is not possible to remain aloof as our predecessors did.

Not that I would wish to — the most interesting part of my day is talking to customers and helping them to resolve their problems.

As well as dealing with customers, the branch manager has to look after the needs of his staff. It can be very rewarding to see youngsters joining straight from school and blossoming into experienced and competent members of the team.

I have been referring to the manager as 'he'

because until fairly recently it was rare to find a female branch manager.

Times are changing, though, thanks in part to Midland equal opportunities policy. Today, 58 per cent of all Midland staff are female and 21 per cent of management positions are occupied by women.

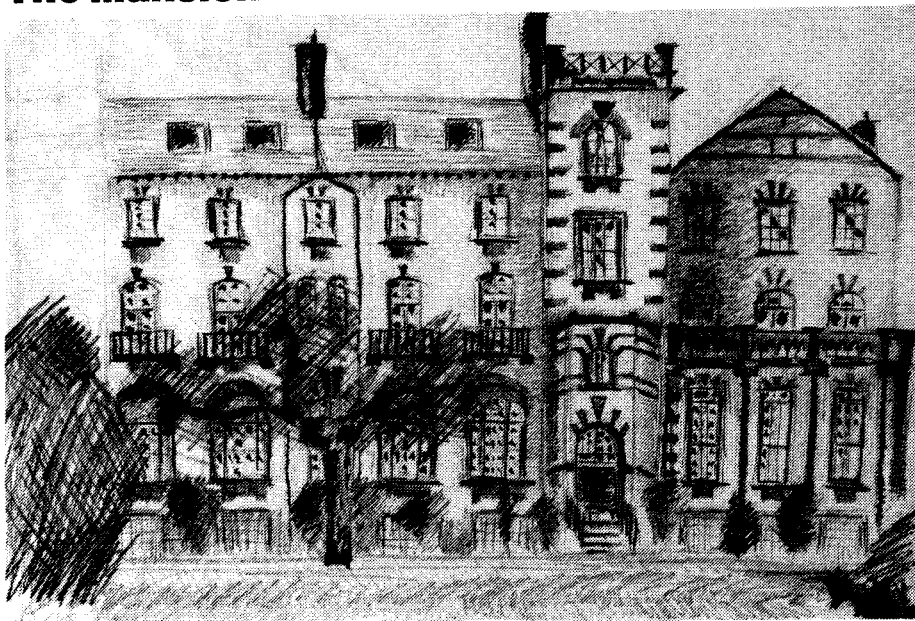
Considerable resources are being invested in staff training. All staff are encouraged to take the Chartered Institute of Bankers' examinations, and to take part in a self-development training programme which covers subjects as diverse as banking, selling, stress management and effective communications.

Like his or her predecessors the modern branch manager is an important member of the local community, often becoming honorary treasurer of local committees and charities. Unlike past managers, he or she is readily available to see all customers and tries to give an efficient and professional service.

Being a branch manager in this rapidly changing environment is both exciting and stimulating and while, as in all jobs, there are frustrations, I consider myself very fortunate to be in this job.

Mr Jon Nelson is the manager of the busy Old Swan branch of the Midland Bank

The Mansion



Pencil Sketch by David McMahon, Form Six

Something to remember me by

IMAGE

**Bernard Kelly,
Form Six**

IT was warm in the room, what with the windows closed and the central heating on; I knew he would have let some air in, but he was gone now and, strangely, I felt it would be irreverent to open the windows. Strange, because I was never respectful — and I didn't care for God either. Not that I have suddenly become religious. He may be dead, but I know my friend would disapprove if I went holy, so to speak. That would be giving in, he would say.

I knew his mother had been in because the bed was neat and the pillows were puffed up and propped against the headboard. There were flowers, already wilting, in a vase on the window sill — lavender hung on the air, making the atmosphere almost cloying. The desk was pushed against the wall opposite the bed. The room was so different — except for the shelves and the cupboards, strewn with books and papers. That was like him.

I am sitting on the bed. I shouldn't really — it shows no respect, does it? Already the light outside is falling, and the flowers have all but given up. The house is silent except for a curious creaking sound coming from the landing. I expect it's his mother hovering around outside the door, waiting for me to come out, and she may have to wait all night. I could sit here forever, feeling the heat and the tears on my cheek, hearing the anxious creaking, smelling the flowers, looking for his face in the wall.

In the corner of my eye I catch the tiny form of a spider dancing across the wall, but I do not move. Cannot move. He hated spiders, you know. He would try to squash it at arm's length. With a magazine. Or one of his text books. He hated text books, because they were always getting ripped and torn and then you had to pay a fine to the college. Ah well. No more fines now, eh?

★

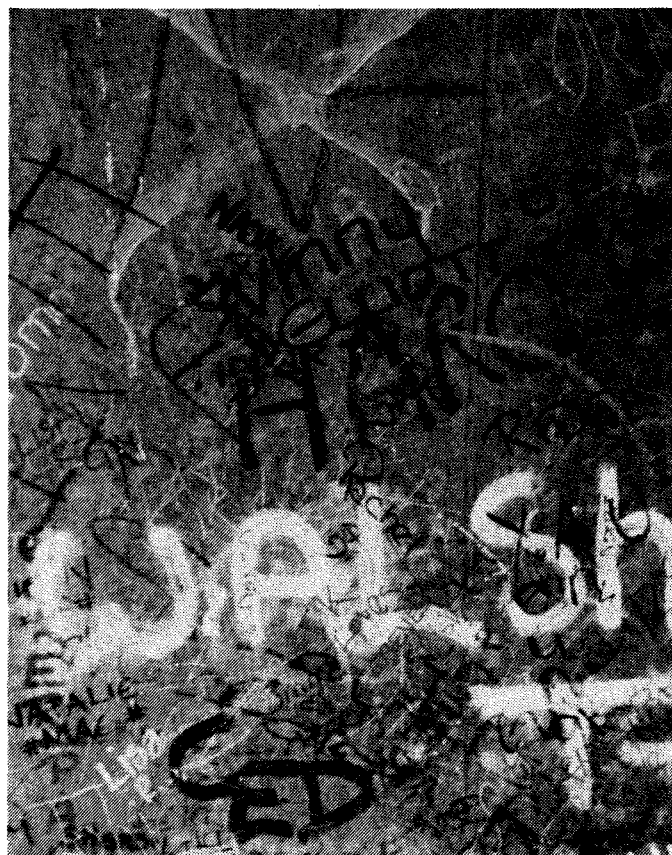
He is crying, poor lad. He has lost a good friend. And he sits on the bed and cries into his hands.

Outside there are clouds gathering on the horizon, driving all the fleecy little ones before them. There is darkness over the city, and yet on the other side of the world the sun is up and people are laughing and smiling. No happiness here. Not in a dark city.

★

I can feel fatigue creeping up on me, reaching through my tired limbs, but I can't fall asleep there. Not now. It wouldn't be right. Not here. Not now. I need to find something to remember him by before I go. I need to remember his face, hear his voice —

And tomorrow I will run and walk, and feel water on my hand and my face, and see birds dip and bob in the sky so full of blue and hear the music of people's voices. And all the frustrations — the work, the sweat, the tears, having to finish essay and get this done, get that done. And oh, I am smiling in my sadness. Only fifty more years and then I'll go, like him. It may be less. It may be tomorrow. Perhaps then there will be an end to this insane life, and I will be able to smile again. To feel the wind cool my face and not to worry about tomorrow. To see my friend again and laugh and shout. To smile because of all it means to be human.



Photograph by **Nicholas Astor, Form Six**

The Orchard

*There is somebody in the orchard who is crying
Because there are no magic paintings in the orchard
Where the angels' cherry trees are dying
And the angels themselves are backward.*

*Away from the sight of the pretty angels
Mary is tied to a chair by Mark who is lost
The chair is formed by twining red roses
And Mary's skin is pierced by the thorns of the apostles.
She's being abused by the rapist
Shortening her half-life
Losing the dew from her life in the dawn.
But the sun rose too early and broke her dream.*

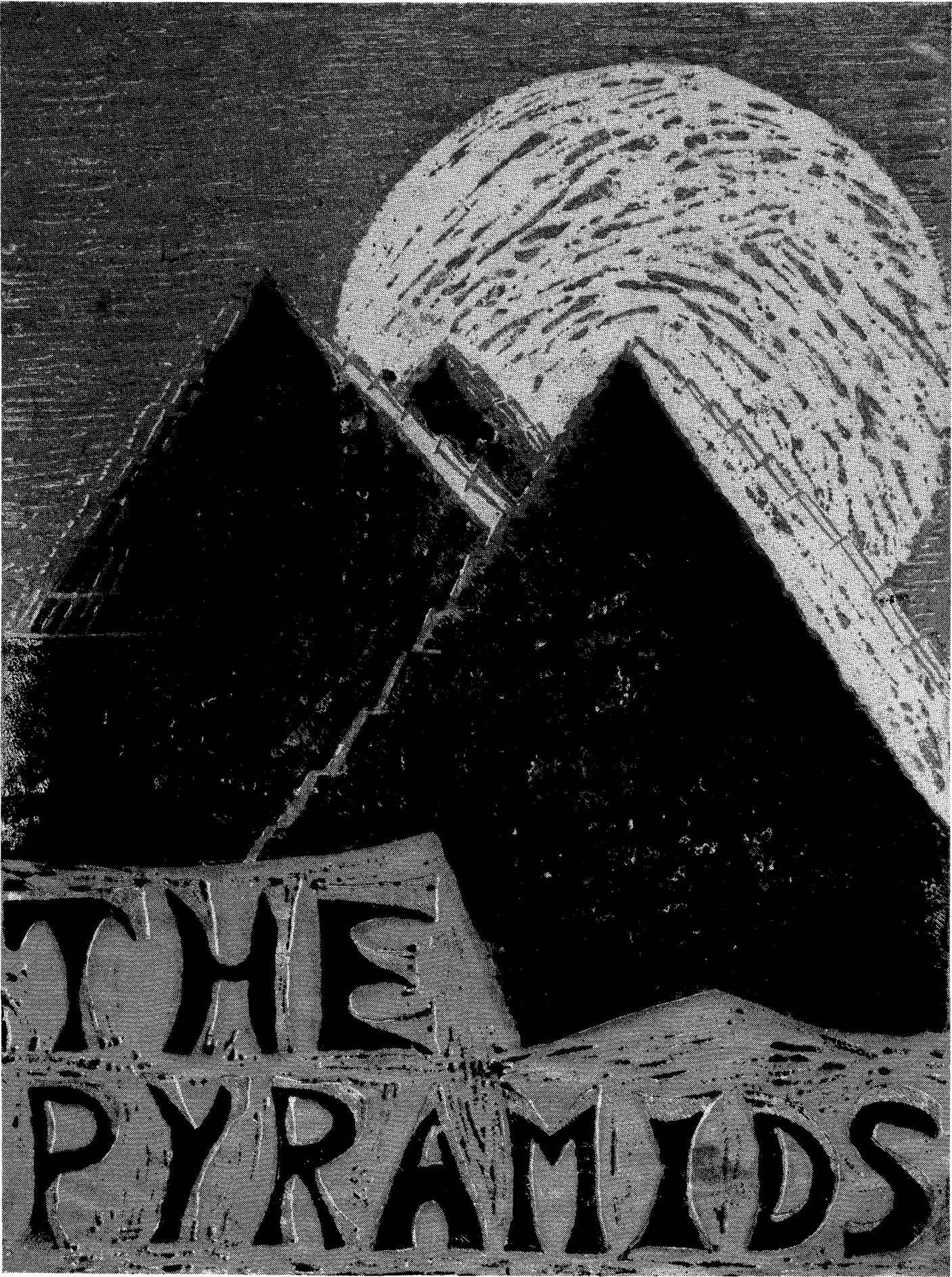
*And the songs of the angels that are singing
Are sung on a note of bitterness
Like the hymns in the Churches of Revolution
As autumn turns to winter.*

*The angels have thin red lips that are bleeding
With cuts from the fruit in the poison orchard
With spiked red apples and spiked red wine
Intoxicating their pretty heads.
Nobody told them not to eat them
Though somebody told them what to wear
They were wearing socks as white as their painted faces
And Samson-like they lost their hair.*

*And as they are marching into line
And as the wicked dictators are ringing the bell
The herds of angels share the same face
And their orchard, burning, turns to hell.*

Christopher Crewe, Form Four

The Pyramids



Lino Print by Jamie McMullen, Form Five

War



Deaths Of Soldiers

Blood of soldiers, blood of men,
Carved in the once-remembered seeds of time;
Maybe five soldiers, maybe ten,
Shot down in the enemy line.
False hopes and foolish honour wasted
In numbers great;
Hiding in rain-soaked trenches,
The soldiers meet their fate.

Families mourn at home
For missing relatives, fathers and sons,
While the vulnerable soldiers stand alone,
Facing death and shots from guns.
Foolish are the brave,
And foolish those who fight;
Souls rest in graves
Who once were in the light.

The war goes on without stopping
And death sweeps the world,
As the bombs keep dropping.
There cries a little girl,
A girl who lost her father
Who didn't return from the war;
And the soldiers who fought for their country
Do not exist anymore . . .

Bo Win, Form Three



Photograph by **Nicholas Astor, Form Six**

Why War?

War! What is it? Why do we fight?
Is it just to prove that we are more powerful?
To say, 'We are a stronger country than you are?'
Or is it because we need to save other countries
From their fate?

And when the battle has begun,
There's many lost — but we still fight on.
The trenches dug within our hearts;
Mothers, children, brothers, sisters torn apart:
But we will never surrender;
Our hopes are high, although we've lost
So many,
Our homes, our families.

We're now so far into it
There's no turning back —
Not even for our loved ones.

But as we sit, what goes through
The soldiers' minds?

Is it fear of being killed?
Or regretting ever thinking about the army?
Sometimes, we have no choice;
We are chosen,
One by one.
Our judgment day awaits us with eager hands
Ready to grab our bodies and make them mortal.
So come on! Tell me!
Is it glorious?
Is it glorious to fight for Queen and Country?
For now the end of life might be
Just around the corner.

Trust not the burning ambition to become
A hero.

You are easily deceived.

Try not to make a name for yourself.

Just think: you have everything to live for.

But when you die in action, you're

Just one of many;

You're not the only one who's special!

Neil Tobin, Form Three

A Time To Run

*Right, I'm going to run for it!
I'm going to make a break!
As I leave, I see a light seep over the barrier
And I see the men awake.*

*I've done my worth for king and country;
I've been where most men wouldn't go;
I've seen the bloodshed and the anger —
And take any more, I couldn't.*

*I'm free from all the horror,
The bloodshed and the pain.
I'm free to do whatever I want
And to live my life again.*

Mark Ramsdale, Form Three

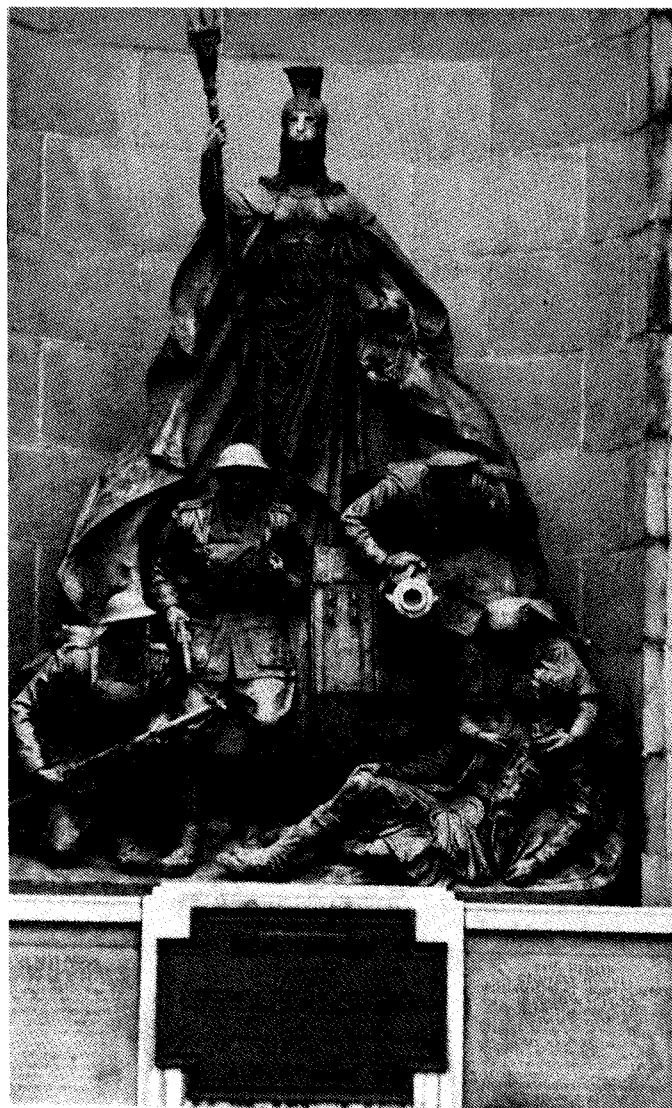
Memories Of War

*Remember, men, all your good friends that died,
Died for millions and their country's pride.
They never mentioned the trenches they failed to win;
But when they stopped fighting, they had won.*

*Same old story again;
All those tears shed in vain;
Nothing won;
Nothing gained —
Only hope remains.*

*The Spirit stronger than war was working that night:
They all joined forces and decided not to fight.*

James Kenny, Form Three



Photograph by **Nicholas Astor, Form Six**



'You're Fighting For King And Country'

*We crawl through the swamp;
The foggy air makes it hard to see,
But our hearing is not disabled.
A rustle of grass . . .
Rat-a-tat-tat . . .
Another Jerry . . . another life.*

*What am I doing here
In a world where I do not belong?
All the hatred, all the death,
All the injured, all the lives.
We're fighting a battle that just won't end,
A battle, they say, that must go on.*

*'Come on, son; you're fighting for king and country.'
But then, they don't have to wander in all this hell and death,
Not knowing what will happen next.
They just sit at home.*

*They're safe from all this, all the hell,
All the death.
They can rest; they can sleep;
They don't have to worry about who's watching them,
Whether they'll see tomorrow,
Whether they'll see home again,
Or have the luxuries that they are so well accustomed to.*

*They just say, 'Get out to war,
'Be proud . . . you're fighting for king and country.'*

Paul Stanley, Form Three

Alone

SHE had survived. She had survived the most terrible war in human history. Billions had died, but she had survived.

She sighed deeply and cast her mind back to that terrible day, when missiles and rockets had rained down on the earth, when bombs carrying burning chemicals and germs, that polluted the water, dropped from the sky, when the air was thick with gas, toxins and human suffering. She retained little memory of the first few days after the holocaust. She had wandered through the burning ruins of humanity, like many others across the world — a brotherhood of survivors — the unlucky ones who had survived the apocalypse.

That had been many long months ago, when Armageddon had brought humanity to the brink of disaster. People had blindly staggered through the ashes, scavaging for food, absorbing radiation, slowly dying — but not her; no she had been prepared. While those around her wasted away from poisoning and hunger, she watched.

She pushed her mind back further with difficulty, old memories refusing to show themselves. She remembered who she had once been — the centre of attention, the source of much pride, the recipient of much admiration and love. In the past, people would have bowed and curtsied when she passed, but since that day of madness, when man had declared war on man, she had become one of the mass of dying people, another stranger in the ruins.

She stood up quickly and backed away from the repellent scene in been taught, her posture defying her surroundings. She walked through the smouldering remains, surveying her kingdom, but laughed out loud, a harsh, bitter laugh, as she thought of the incredulity of this idea — she had a devastated kingdom full of rotting subjects. A tear splashed to the ground, making a small crater and sizzling as it came into contact with the charred earth. She wiped a grubby hand across her face and blushed with embarrassment — she must not be seen like this.

She glided on through the devastation, like a ghost in a twilight world. She stopped and strained to see something on the track before her. There on the ground lay a moribund butterfly. At first she thought that there were two butterflies, locked in some loving embrace, and she stooped to pick them up, but then threw the butterfly to the ground in revulsion. It spiralled to the ground and remained there, ineffectually fluttering its nine misshapen wings.

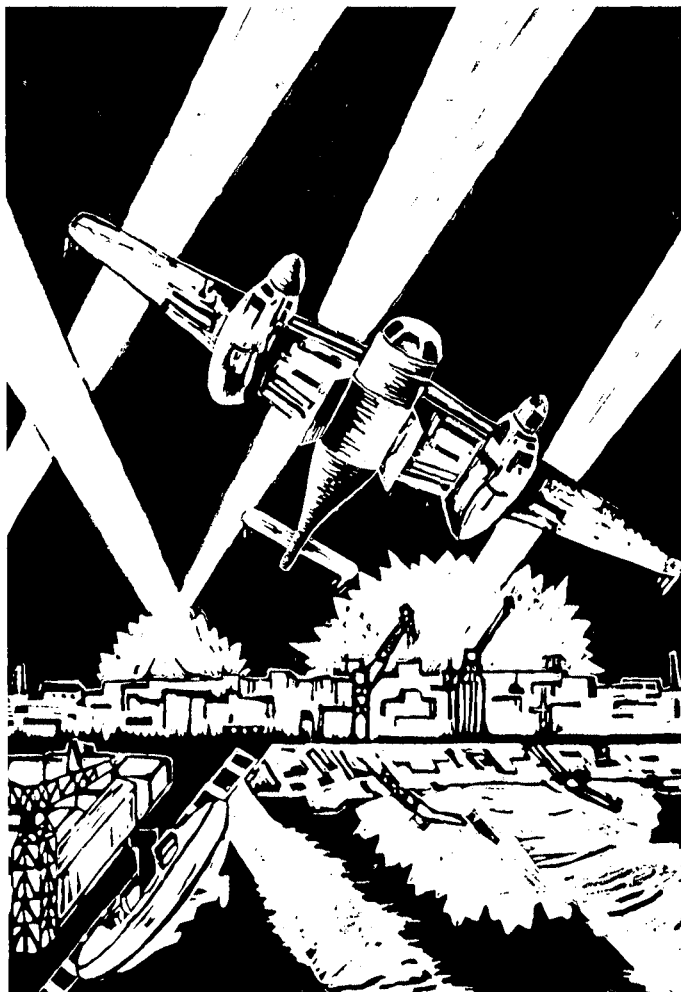
She stood up quickly and backed away from the repellent scene in disgust. She sat on a pile of rubble that had once been a home, broke down and cried. So this was what had become of her — the ruler of land where only the half-dead and half-alive had survived, if you could call it survival. From the bottom of her soul, a new truth stirred — she knew that she was alone. She was a woman with the will to live, in a world that had died.

The old days had not been perfect by any stretch of the imagination, but there had been hope; now all that had gone. A planet full of opportunity had been transformed into an undead wasteland, populated by shadows, but now even the shadows had gone.

The once mighty woman sat, the mistakes of her race around her. The once might woman sat, her face in her hands, the tears coming freely now, but across that devastated world, from the sludge filled seas, once teeming with life, to crumbling necropolises, that had been mighty cities, no one heard, no one heard her cries, because she was alone.

David Lambert, Form Four

Searchlight



Ian Power, Form Five

English Lullaby

Jude Watts, Form Six

Handwritten musical score for "English Lullaby" by Jude Watts, Form Six. The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The score is heavily annotated with handwritten markings, including slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The notation is somewhat informal, with some corrections and additions visible. The piece concludes with a final cadence on the tenth staff.

A handwritten musical score for guitar and piano, consisting of 12 staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures (one sharp and one flat), time signatures (4/4 and 3/4), and dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *sf* (sforzando). The score features complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth-note runs, as well as melodic lines with slurs and ties. Performance instructions like "slower" and "over" are written in the lower staves. The piece concludes with a copyright notice: © 5/92 JHW.