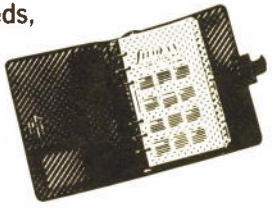

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(or, Never Mind The Quality, Feel The Width!)

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AN EDITORIAL

Who am I? The Senior Editor? Guiding and inspiring mentor? Staff-appointed censor? Frustrated hack? A history teacher looking for some new outlet to enthuse over? Someone who didn't say no when he could and should have? Who knows?

Anyway, the thing is that you are now beginning to read the 1987-88 edition of THE much known, loved and revered AVENUE, and that is an achievement for at least two reasons: one, that we have managed to produce something at all in the ten weeks given to us and, two, that we can still produce Scholars who can read! Mind you, if you have started reading this from the back and have now arrived at the front, just as you would do if you were sitting under a hairdryer having your bi-annual perm, then much of the editorial so far would have no point at all. But then, at least it's kept you entertained, kept you quiet during lessons and given you something to improve upon in 1988-89.

You will have noticed several new developments about THE new look AVENUE. It still opens up in the traditional way, but the margin is longways rather than shortways - if you get my drift. Secondly, you will notice rather more words than usual. This is so that you will have something to read in between the pictures. We thought about a totally new, radical form of presentation, but we put it through a word processor instead. We thought of a new name, 'The Water Tower', but decided that THE AVENUE was prettier. And less messianic. Lastly, we thought of trying to capture all aspects of School life, but we could only print one...the truth!

An editor's most important job is to thank all those who made the creation and production of the publication possible. There are some enlightened souls who, when they go to see a film, stay through all the credits at the end to see who has done what: who was the best boy, the gaffer, the hairdresser to Ms Streep, and so on. Without the people who have written articles, typed them up, sorted through the thousands of bits of paper, taken photos, taken more photos when the first photos didn't come out, stuck them onto paper in L4 over two weekends in June and July, collected ideas and then selected from them - without such spirits the universe, the world and even Friends' School would be a much sadder and more disconsolate place. A special thank you must go to Mike Collins for spending hours in front of the word processor and teaching the rest of us how to use it.

To conclude: there is a tribe of Indians somewhere in the Americas who, when they make something of great beauty, always include some deliberate flaw so that the gods will not be angry at mere mortals achieving perfection. There are no deliberate flaws in this magazine, but it is fair to say that the risk of the gods being angry does not weigh heavily upon us.



John Searle-Barnes.

ANOTHER EDITORIAL

Who am I? Student editor or bored history student who only agreed to do this because it would be good experience and wishes to hell she hadn't? Yes that's more like it! If you are aspiring to be the student Ed in the future, let me give you a few words of warning...

1. If you enjoy sitting in your study literally under mounds of paper, then go for it!
2. If you enjoy being hasselled or hasselling teachers, then this job is for you.
3. If watching numbers at Avenue meetings diminish from 40 to 4 over the weeks gives you a buzz, then apply now!
4. If seducing David Manuell just so he will do some nice cartoons for the Avenue is what you have always wanted to do, then make yourself available.

As you will find out, our intrepid reporters have uncovered some previously hidden gossip. For example, now you know that JSB's hair isn't naturally curly and, yes, he is a frustrated hack! You will also discover how amazingly alike Mr Bury and David Pritchett are, why Greg Blake is called Butterfingers, and many, many more titillating titbits.

Thank you all those who have worked on this edition, especially the Editorial Team. An extra large thank you must go to the Invaluables: Mike Collins for work on printing and presentation, Vicky Paulo for the photos and layout, Lisa Kiew for layout assistance, Charlotte Caley for word processing accurately and Vicky Rutherford for moral support when the going got tough.



Rebecca Gatward.
(Hackette)



PRODUCTION TEAM

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Michael Collins

Associate Editors:
Charlotte Caley, Lisa Kiew

Pictures Editor:
Vickie Paulo

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Other photographic work:
Duncan Holley, Malcolm Makins

THE MADMAN

Once upon a time there was a madman. He was quite definitely mad. They said so.He lived in a white room and wrote poems with a purple crayon. One poem was this:

I AM IN LOVE.
WITH WHO?
WITH A GIRL
SHE IS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL
BUT I CANNOT REACH HER
SHE IS A MILLION MILES AWAY.

Yes, he was definitely mad.

He wrote long purple poems while doctors theorized his cerebral problems.They said he was mad when he killed the beautiful girl's lover. He had used an axe. Oh, yes, he was mad. They took him away, these men in white. They were not mad. They were sane. They knew what was what. And now the madman sat in his white room and soft white clothes and wrote with a purple crayon.

I AM MAD
THEY SAY SO
SHE IS A MILLION MILES AWAY
BUT I AM MAD
THE MEN IN WHITE ARE UNMAD
THEY ARE RULED BY ANOTHER UNMAD
MAN
HE USED TO BE IN
COWBOY FILMS
HE LIVES IN A WHITE PLACE TOO
BUT HE IS NOT MAD
SHE IS A MILLION MILES
AWAY

"I wonder," thought the madman, "what the men in white who are ruled by a cowboy would do if I ate my crayon?"

He did not know. So he ate it. It tasted slippery. The men in white came again.

They told each other what the madman had done.
"He has eaten his crayon," they said. They were not mad. They put a tube down his throat and got the crayon back.

The madman wrote a purple poem with a new crayon.

I ATE MY CRAYON YESTERDAY
THEY GOT IT BACK
THEY SUCKED IT BACK
DOES THE COWBOY KNOW OF ME?
SHE IS A MILLION MILES AWAY
AND I AM MAD

He wondered; then he called. The men in white would not come. He knew how to make them come. He took a bite of his new crayon.

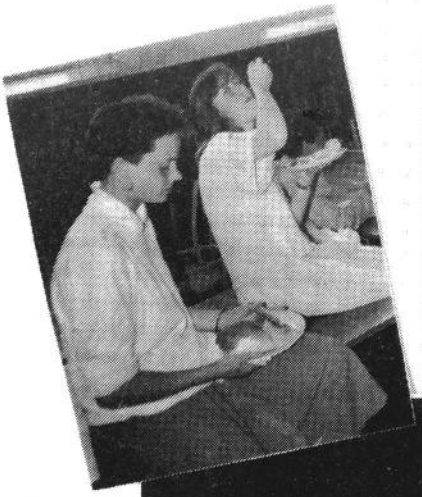
They came.
"Does the cowboy know of me?" The madman asked. The men in white stayed silent. They were sane. They knew the cowboy.

The madman died today. The sane men in white buried him. His last purple poem was sent to his sister. She was not mad.

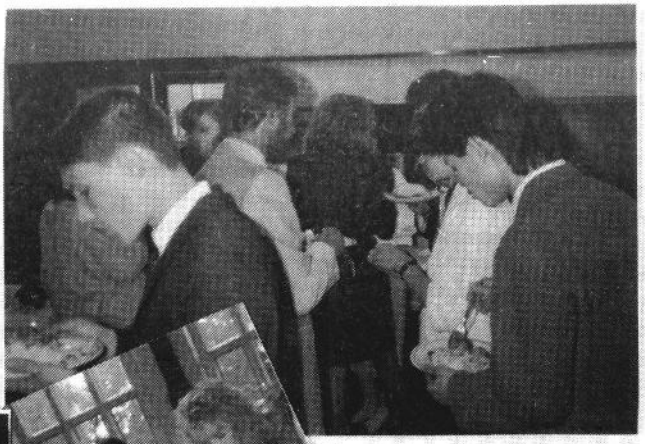
She had voted for the cowboy.

Mike Reed, 6.

THE LEAVERS' DINNER



Daniel catches a fly!

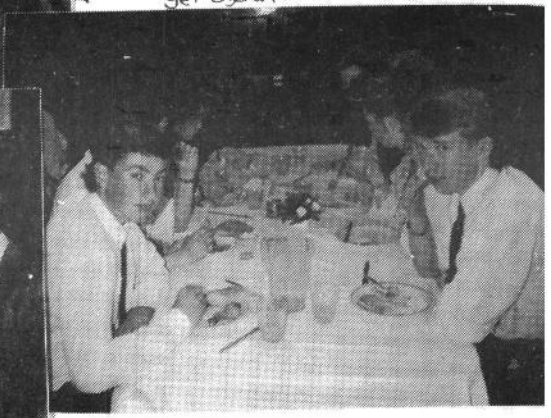


Many wonder whether "this (food?) could seriously damage your health..." BEFORE



AFTER { Bill has the answer!!

Void plus Mel posing yet again.






The "Glamour Girls."
Marty caught in the act of smiling!
Jim about to spit it out!





LIFE IN THE QUARTET

So: you want to be in the Quartet ?

OK, fine. Perhaps we can give you a different perspective.....

Do you think it's 'cool' to trip over in assembly when you're trying inconspicuously to get to the front?

Are you willing to sacrifice 'Neighbours' on a Monday for Quartet Meeting?

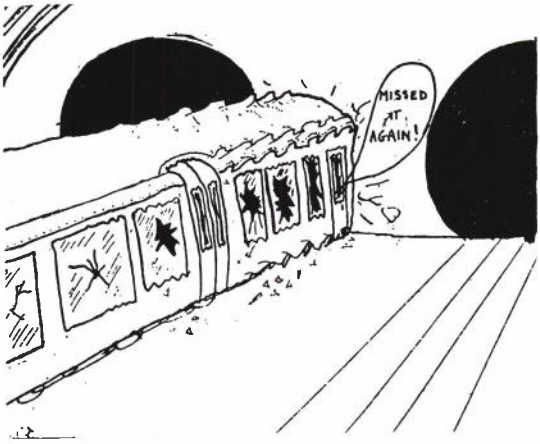
Do you fancy squeezing 10p's out of stingy people for leaving presents (and being responsible for breaking a £30 vase...Greg ?)?

Would you like to be responsible for bonfires that never light ? For organising 'Crazy sports' and Christmas dinners?

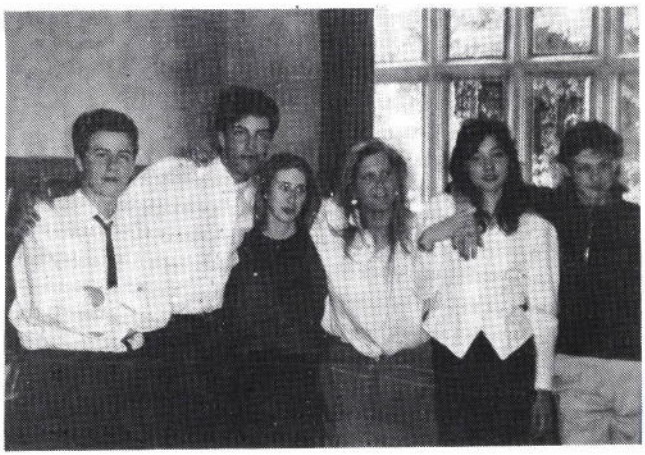
Could you cope with planning, chairing and minuting School Councils ?

Would you like to try staving off the hungry hoards charging for their bread at recess?

What about sorting through lost property at the end of term ?



A scatter-brained girl went to the bank to cash a cheque. As it was for rather al arge sum the bank clerk asked if she could identify herself. She took a small mirror from her handbag, looked into it and said with a sigh of relief, "Yes, it's me all right."





Enough? We hope you've got a flavour of what it's all about. Well you live and you learn - it has certainly been interesting. Good luck to all you prospective campaigners !

Hanneke and Yvonne

FOURTH YEAR GERMAN TRIP
MAY 29th - JUNE 4th 1988

In order to improve the German speaking section of the School, Dagmar Bradley-Manning led a mixed party of 17 to the west of West Germany. It was not only German that was to be learned.....

A Collective Birds' Eye View of the events:

We left School on Saturday afternoon, almost as soon as the sports' day proceedings had ended, in a jam-packed school minibus to Stansted. There we caught a bus to Heathrow. Somehow we managed to get on the plane without losing anyone. At Frankfurt we got to the U-bahn which took us to the main railway station where we immediately lost Robert who had gone off in search of food! We managed finally to get on to the right train to Marburg. Oh, one mishap: we nearly got off in the middle of nowhere and had to shovel our bags back onto the train double quick. We arrived in Marburg itself at about midnight and took four taxis to the youth hostel, at four different fares(!). We probably rolled into bed at about 2a.m.



THE POSEURS....

On Sunday, we walked into Marburg and strolled around the town. After a big muddle, we managed to get the right bus in the right direction to the Spiegelluststurm. We walked up the hill and climbed up the tower at the top, where we found a fantastic view. We all ate in a funny little restaurant and then walked back down the hill into Marburg. Some of the more immature of us also used the swings. We were given time to wander about and most people made a beeline for the nearest cafe. A strange experience that evening was the mint tea - let's say no more on that! The nocturnal activities commenced: a disco and table tennis. Another late night.

On Monday we went again into Marburg and wandered off to shop. We had a picnic lunch by the river Lahn and then some of us went boating or back into town again. That evening we went nine-pin bowling and Tom had his best moment: he was king (with Plunks) of the bowling alley. We had our evening meal there and then returned to the hostel.



THE DUDES.... 11

On Tuesday, a group went off to visit the castle, with the added attraction of a loo in a dungeon! The others, as always, went shopping. We met up at the Elizabethkirche, famous for having Hindenburg's grave in it. We then took a train to a funny little town in the hills, where everybody was meant this time to see a castle. However a succession of swollen ankles and sore feet prevented some from doing this. A shower of rain forced us to take shelter under a tree on the way down from the castle. We took a bus back to Marburg, but then Blanc found that she had left her bag behind. A special barbeque dinner was being prepared for us back at the hostel, but it decided to rain so we had to eat under cover. Another disco, more nocturnal activities and another late night.



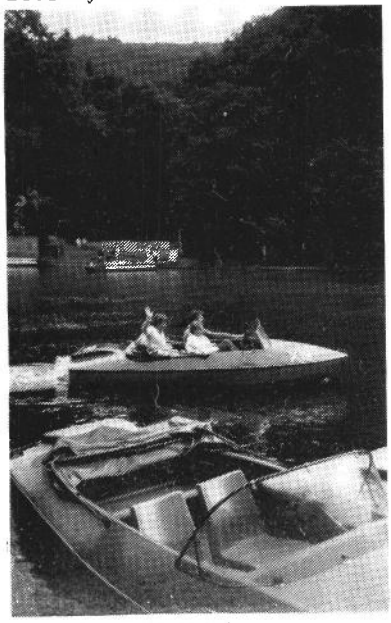
HEIL DAGMAR!

The following day as we were waiting for the train to Frankfurt, the train carrying Blanc's bag drew in, causing her great excitement. At Frankfurt we took the train to Bad Kreuznach. The youth hostel this time was on top of a hill on the outskirts of the town near the forest. A small group of us and JSB went on a trim fitness trail! Later, the Herbergesvater (the warden) took us on a moonlit walk through the forest. It is best not to go into details, but if the suspense is killing, ask someone who went.

On Thursday, we went on a twelve or twenty mile walk, depending on whose feet you ask, through the river valley, visited a ruined castle and crossed the river Nahe by being pulled along a wire hawser by hand. To get back to the hostel, we had to climb a very steep hill which, by the time we reached the top, saw most people near to collapse. That evening, those who could went wine tasting at a little farm in the middle of nowhere (but not very far away actually.

On Friday, we caught the train to Mainz and eventually found the youth hostel there after a sweaty journey by bus and on foot. In the afternoon, the more energetic members of the group went to see the sights, especially the famous Guttenburg Museum. The famous, or infamous Friday night revels occurred that evening.

On Saturday, we somehow managed to get on the right train to the right plane to the right country, and finally end up at School utterly exhausted.



... AND AGAIN!

Some (un)forgettable moments

"Finding 'Midnight revels' going on!" DBM
"Almost getting killed by drunk German mods" TR
"Lisa hitting Marco with a shoe."TD
"Friday night...And the Saturday morning after Friday night." VP
"Trying to buy 16 drinks at McDonalds in Frankfurt Airport - Total confusion !" JSB
"Witnessing Phil's jonahs" OP
"Getting called a toyboy" AA
"Phil not knowing what an Aryan was" CJR
"Watching TV at the youth hostel" RMF





"Going wine tasting" MN
"Tom asking JSB if he wanted to borrow his own pen " OP
"Terri asking for chocolate milkshake and getting strawberry"KB
"Coping without a hairdryer" KB
"Under the bridge with German girls in the stinging nettles ...."AA
"Last night at Mainz getting chucked into the basement" CT

Thanks to DBM, JSB, MP, and everyone who said all those weird things.

Lisa Kiew et al

← All Girls together



The Otter

The otter had been running for five days. His lack of blood was extreme and his mangled foot, where the trap had shut and held him fast, was an ache his mind could not deal with.

He remembered the warm sun of the Salisbury Plain beating on his stomach as the light had played with the willows, casting dark bars across the water. He recalled the coolness of the stream as it had lapped quietly at his side, laughing a song of mischief into his small furry ears. He longed for his stream now but knew he would not return.

He had left it in flight after the farmer who owned the land had ploughed with his horses right up to the bank. The jangle of bells on harness had terrified him and so he had gone. He ran free over several meadows until he went through that fatal hole at the bottom of the hedge. There it had got him; there the ground had fallen away - the dust giving way to cool metal and then the whirr and silent but ear-splitting noise of his own pain. He had sat, still for a moment, whilst the shock seeped through him, listening to dunnocks singing Spring to him from their white hawthorn-trimmed nests, and watching the slow disappearing body of a cow, contorting slowly under the carnage of its devourers.

It struck him then. He was trapped and the pain in his leg and the world along with it exploded in his head. Then he slept as all animals do - a kind of hibernation to escape reality, as scientists say.

When he awoke it was to the sound of a wrenched spring being set and the feel of something gripping his tail. His instinct curled him into a little sinew and he coiled and struck once with needle-point teeth the thing that gripped him.

Then he was off as fast as his legs would fly. One leg sent ice down his back everytime it hit the sun-hardened ground, though why his mind could not remember. So he had run until the first fingers of dusk had laid claim to the land - then he had slept.

Awakening in the morning he found himself sick and ill and the pain had grown so that he did not know from where it would attack him next. He licked his paw, then set out again. His days followed in slow succession; the sun rose and set. Each day things screamed life and re-birth at his already dying body, but all was blurry to him now. Once as he reached the top of the moor, sitting curled on a rock, he thought he could hear the water of his stream chuckle again as his mind dulled into slumber.

So now by the fifth day he had roamed the moor far and wide looking for water in which to swim. The sun had been born bright that morning and clouds had lain like two sleeping white dragons on the horizon. He felt better now, not so tired, not so ill. Calmness had slunk upom him like his mother coming back to the nest smelling of kingcups and sunshine. As he searched the moor again he heard a chuckle and, on mounting a small rise in the heather sea, saw a pool - its waters softly caressed by the light breeze.

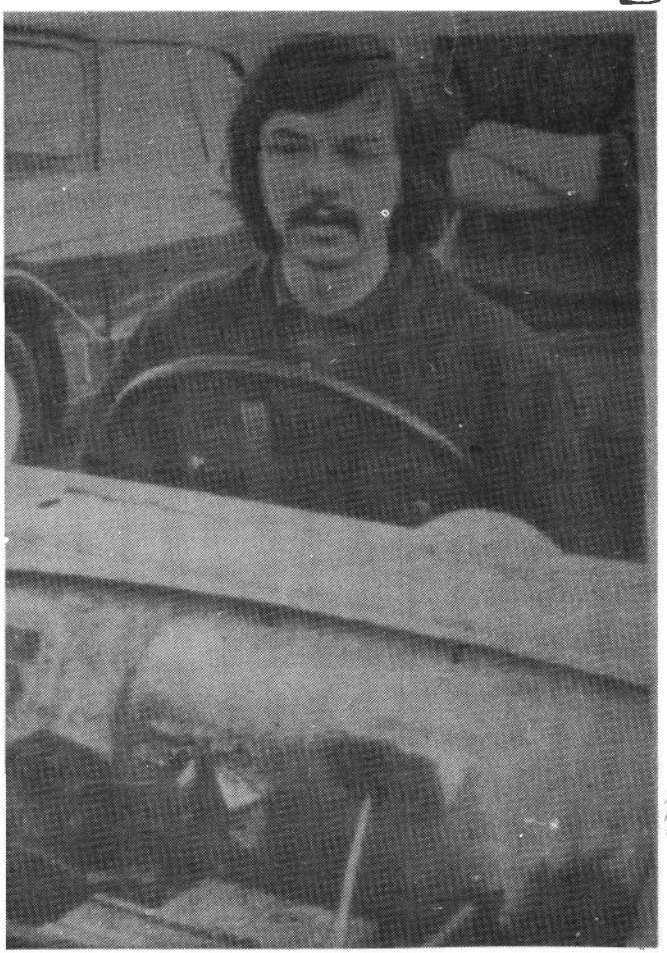
He slipped down the bank on his belly and rested a tired head in the clear water. Then the rest of his body followed. He dived deeply several times and as his head rose on the fourth occasion he stayed to gaze into the slow-dying disc of the sun. It glowed copper across the water to him and where the edges rippled fingers of gauzy shadow unfolded to beckon and welcome him. He slid out onto the bank opposite the sun and made a nest in the heather.

His body sagged. His mind slipped slowly into the coppery water that lay before him, dived once and rose to turn and salute his body, then fled the water, dancing in the shadow lands that led him, heart and soul, singing to the light behind the sun.

He got there and turned, looking out across the moor and the plain, the pools on both, the quiet whisper willows and the copper sun shining on a flock of silver swans crying their distant song to the cold Siberian waste -then vanished.

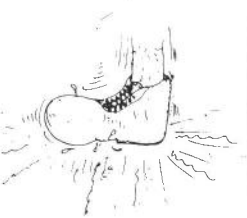
SUNDAY EVENING NIGHTMARES OR PEANUT BUTTER MADNESS

7.15pm: Recover from the stress of Evening Meeting.
7.50pm: Enter kitchen, remove the milk bottle which is floating in milky, smelly water. Rinse same and proceed to fill the urn. Switch on.
8.10pm: Walk past kitchen. Some moron has switched off the urn and is toasting their bread already. Scream at it (moron, not urn, not toast) and chuck the sticky-pawed creature out.



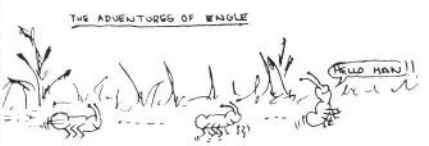
SPOT THE HIPPY

Two hippies were walking down a road when one was run over by a large green bus.
"Don't just stand there, man, call me an ambulance."
"Okay, so you're an ambulance."



**Two hippies were walking down a road when suddenly a jet plane burst into flames above their heads and the pilot ejected.
One said to the other, "Man, dig that crazy toast machine."**

Two hippies were walking down a road when one falls down a manhole.
"Hey man, give me a hand."
"Like bravo, man, bravo."



8.15pm: Ms Morrison arrives and I finally get the keys. Out come the peanut butter, Marmite, tea, coffee, chocolate and butter.
8.15pm plus two seconds: Raided by First Years. Someone has already smeared peanut butter up one wall.
8.20pm: Things have quietened down. There are only eighteen people left in the kitchen and all are trying to put their bread in the toaster.
8.30pm: The brown bread runs out. Half the Second Year are complaining and the rest have smeared Marmite and butter on the towel.
8.40pm: At last a semblance of peace! Only several of the more docile Second Years are around.
8.45pm: Daisy in the First Year rushes in with final pleas for drinks and bread for the rest of her year before they have to be in bed. Which is now.
8.50pm: The entire Third Year storms in, the bread vanishes and so do two blocks of butter and one jar of peanut butter. Marmite is daubed over the table and I start to have a mental breakdown just as they begin to leave. But in come the stragglers from the Fourth Year who are very annoyed that there is nothing left.
8.55pm: I lock the kitchen door and sigh in relief. Turn round and look at the state of the kitchen - peanut butter and Marmite in alternate stripes across the wall, butter splurged on the window, some unnameable gunk on the edge of the table and something brown and vaguely alive on the towel. Look in the sink and try to find a dish cloth in the sour milk and chocolate water. Finally, find something which might have been a sponge in its previous existence and decide to use it to clean up.
9.10pm: Survey my handiwork. The walls which once were white are now brown and the table is a strange shade of yellow. The sink is slightly cleaner, perhaps a fashionable shade of grey. Maybe Mrs Crawley will be so busy tomorrow that she won't notice....oh well. Only another forty-eight days to go before the jammy-faced, sticky-pawed creatures GO AWAY.

Lisa Kiew 4x



IAN BROWN



Ave: *When and where were you born?*
I.B.: I was born in Derby almost thirty years ago.

Ave: *Do you come from a large family?*
I.B.: No there is just me and my sister.

Ave: *Where were you educated?*
I.B.: At a school in Derby itself and then at Plymouth Polytechnic and Chester College, which is part of Liverpool University.

Ave: *Did you enjoy school?*
I.B.: Not to begin with but it got better.

Ave: *What were your hobbies and interests as a child?*
I.B.:I liked playing squash and swimming a lot and I still enjoy playing squash.

Ave: *Are you married?*
I.B.: No.

Ave: *Where did you work before you came to F.S.S.W.?*
I.B.: London Hospital Medical College, part of the University of London, as a deputy Bursar.

Ave: *Why did you leave?*
I.B.: I had been there for six and a half years and it was time to further my experience.

Ave: *What made you apply for the post here?*
I.B.: The school looked interesting and offered more responsibility than before. Also I liked the location, and the school generally appealed to me.

Ave: *Do you have any life ambitions?*
I.B.: Yes, I want to travel to India because it is a totally different country with a totally different lifestyle and culture, and also I like the food.

Ave: *Do you like foreign foods then?*
I.B.: Yes. Italian and French and, of course, Indian.

Ave: *Do you enjoy travelling to other countries?*
I.B.: Yes and I go to Greece regularly because, basically, I like the hot climate.

Ave: *If you like a hot climate, have you ever thought of living in a hot country?*
I.B.: Well, I won't say I haven't thought about it, but I shall always look upon England as home. It has a lot going for it, but I wouldn't like to live anywhere else permanently - just regular visits.

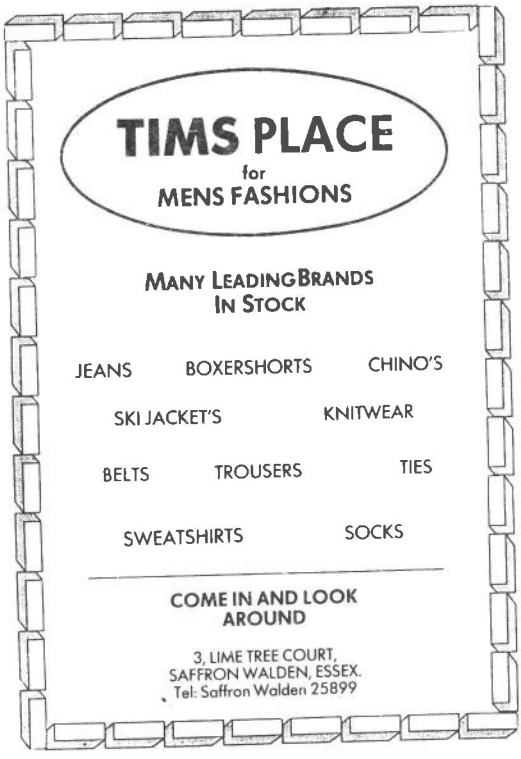
Ave: *What sort of a relationship do you like to create with your contemporaries?*
I.B.: I think it is important to be open with one's colleagues. To get to know them well, to help them and to develop a good relationship and working atmosphere. It is also important to treat them as equals.

Ave: *Do you have any future plans for F.S.S.W.?*
I.B.: It is difficult to say really; I have only been in the job five weeks and it's difficult to know what to say. I do agree with the upgrading of boarding accommodation and I see that as very important for the school.

Ave: *The school is undergoing a number of changes both structurally and within teaching ranks. How do you see this affecting the school as a community?*
I.B.: I think it will be ultimately good in the long term. There are changes everywhere in education and there is also change in society and I believe that we must move with the times and learn to accommodate change in our surroundings.

Ave: *Would you have liked to be a scholar here?*
I.B.: Yes, I think I would, but I cannot be sure as I never went to boarding school. But I think I would have got on well.

Ave: *Thank-you.*



10% Reductions for identifiable scholars of FSSW

WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED?

It was an ordinary Sunday morning when we signed out to go to Audley End. First we went to the newsagents near the fruit account and we bought ten pence worth of sweets each, then we began to walk to Audley End. We were walking along next to the Audley End estate wall when we heard four long loud ear-piercing screams. We stopped dead in our tracks wondering what had happened. We thought of rape, murder and other possibilities. We carried on, walking at a quicker pace.

We sat down on a bench to rest. A man carrying a W.H.Smith bag walked past. We waited until he had walked a fair way ahead of us and then we started walking again. We thought, "is this man an accomplice?" We heard rustles behind the wall and twigs snapping and our pace quickened again. This suspicious looking man then went into one of the houses opposite the Audley End House gates.

When we reached the bridge we fed the ducks, geese, swans and gulls with some bread we had taken from the kitchen (two crusts). We then went over to the other side of the bridge and down the side of the bank towards the river. Suddenly we noticed a black stiletto shoe stuck in the boggy ground. It didn't look too dirty or old, so we thought about the screams and the man and that started us thinking again.

We then decided we were hungry so we decided to go to Randall's to buy something to eat. We walked back along the same road, wondering if we would hear or see anything else. Then we noticed something we had not seen before, a wind sock in a field and a small plane. The plane started its engine and flew off in a southerly direction. We thought "what is the plane doing, who is in it and where is it going?" Then we heard a siren blaring and we turned round to see a police car whizz past with its lights flashing. We began to feel nervous and our pace quickened again.

As we reached Randall's we saw a lady wearing a pair of black stilettos. We bought our food and then walked back to school. As we were walking we heard an ambulance siren and we thought....



FSSW- SECRETS REVEALED

IN THE OCTOBER GALES, THIS WAS SPOTTED FLEEING FROM THE STAFF ROOM. WE PRINT IT WITHOUT COMMENT, HOWEVER IN THE INTERESTS OF OPENNESS AND FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.....

FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN

Headmaster:
Kenneth Nicholson, M.A. (Cantab.)



Bursar: Eric Brown, A.C.I.S.
Telephone: Saffron Walden 3139

To all members of staff. November, 1966.

.....

The committee, appointed by the School Council to discuss Assembly, met this week. Criticism of Assembly was mainly centred on:

1. The fact that it was often difficult to hear what was being read or said; we must be aware at all times that the Hall is acoustically rather bad.

2. A certain resentment among the girls that they have to sit in alphabetical order in Forms.

Suggestions were as follows:

1. They like it when boys and girls take part.
2. On the whole they feel that we do not sing enough hymns; they quite liked the week when hymns were introduced and partially explained before they were sung.
3. They would like more music at Assembly, particularly piano rather than records.
4. They thought that Assembly should very often include a prayer and also that we should miss no chance of using a specific day (eg. a Saint's Day) - rather unQuakerly this.

I think, in the past, it has usually been found that the best Assemblies have sprung from a concern, possibly by somebody taking Human Studies with a particular group. I should be grateful for offers from members of staff who would be willing to be responsible for Assembly for a week or a fortnight in the Spring or Summer terms, either using a group from a Form or not.

KENNETH NICHOLSON.



THE UNDERGROUND

The damp murky air

EMBODIES

The dark cavernous mouth
gapes open
ready to spew forth the mechanical
worm.
Warning
at its distance
The earth rumbles
The heart of grime
noise
beats
pulsating bodies
pushed together
anticipation
busy in the faces of
the programmed normal.
All staring individual.
An eye a nose

A BODY.

Yet all trapped in the lighted
World of waiting
waiting.
A frowned glance at time
yet, useless, dependant
on motion and expectation.

LIFE

controlled by the shaking contraption
roaring with greatness
overcoming the moment
deafening in awe.

Bodies
surge in a sea of colour
seething in a reverence
eager for entrance
into a metal

BODY.

merging
in intent, once seated
impersonality is the ambition
intimacy slyly escapes in a
shy, embarrassed glance.
Yet some, the brave
stare boldly, mesmerised,
jolted swaying
twisted and turning
snaking in a black, endless tunnel
encased.
Grinding to a halt the

THING

hisses and snaps
whirring the gills open
offering the breath of escape

THE BODY

lurches striving
yearning for the cleansing
daylight.
Forget this strange hideous world.

Vicky Newman.

A Tribute to Humanity

A swift downward stroke and it is done,
The body lies bleeding as its life slips away,
The man with the now bloodied knife looks down.
He sees a man with a large hole in his chest,
It's so easy to kill in modern society.
Death, pain, suffering are the ingredients,
that go to make up the world we live in.
We live in a world where people hurt each other,
We live in a world where love and compassion don't exist.
If this is us today, what hope has humanity for the future ?

Daniel Peacock

LEAVING

Seven years
Slip by.

I've taken bruises here
And tests.

Passed and failed.

People go.
Time compresses
Just a space in life.

But something more:
Something vital:
Love and sorrow:
Finding me.

I hope that somehow we leave more
Than just our names
On the study door.

Mike Reed.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

If the law of averages,
is anything to go by,
It's about time
Something happened!

Statements, law suits,
Post mortems, examinations,
Life continues without
Regard to History.

But keep your 1066s,
your Armadas, your Napoleanic
battles,
your Sommes and D-Days
to yourself in a closed gile!

Because the gile will
be burnt down with the buildings
in a change
that will never happen.

At least, not now!

Jason D. Goddard



VOID

After waiting a couple of minutes with my cup of hot chocolate, the 'cool dudes' came upstairs and sat down to prepare themselves - for what ? I don't think they were sure! After a few minutes of polite conversation, they relaxed a bit and the interview that was fated for total chaos began ....

So whose idea was it to set up a 'band'?

Well after arguing and several shouts of 'mine' etc. there was a general decision that it was Jeremy 'there goes another drum skin' Kay and Adam 'Speed King' Swift who had the original brainstorm. Jeremy, who had been playing the drums for 3 years with another band in The States, encouraged Adam to learn the guitar as the prospective lead which he did from "some nice old biddy down town!" with his original claim to fame being Greensleeves.

So how did Matt 'I'm just going to do some revision,well golf!' Taub and Sam 'Oi Delve can I borrow this ..?' Cadman get drawn into this ?

"Well we were buddies and it was all a big laugh" - as Sam put it. Matt had a bass guitar so it was logical - or so they thought! ∴ that Matt should play bass and Sam would be the vocalist. I was assured that the rumour circulated that Matt's admission to the band was purely because he had amps was unfounded as he bought them after 6 months of participation. However, by the Christmas holidays 1986-87 (4th year) it was obvious that it wasn't viable for Matt to be on bass because as he himself told me "I've got no musical talent whatsoever!"

Meanwhile, Sam borrowed Adam's classical accoustic guitar and learned 'Let it be ' and proceeded to let everyone know it by playing



it non-stop! However, he had talent and was obviously enthusiastic so he took over as lead guitarist and Adam 'Who's got 'crucial ' rhythm ' picked up the bass pretty easily.

So, what about about Matt ?

Sam didn't want Matt in the 'band' at all by now, due to arguments in and outside the 'band' but had to give in when Matt's singing potential was discovered, i.e. "he was the only willing mug!"

So the 'band' as we now see it was organised with Jem on drums, Matt as vocalist and with Sam and Adam on lead and bass guitars respectively.

But where did they practise ?

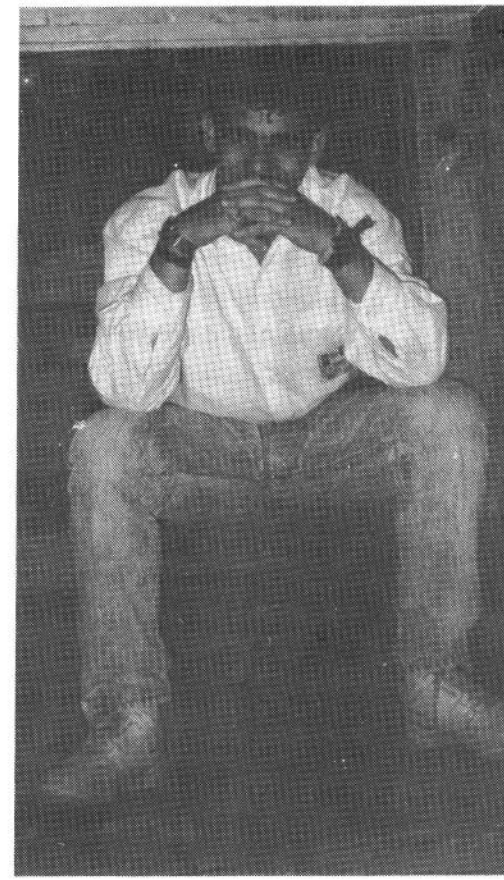
Well, during the January term of 1987, they practised in the music school but due to complaints from the neighbours plus £200 of damage to the floor due to the spikes on the base of the drum kit, after 3 months the 'band' were 'kicked out'

After moping about, wondering where to go Tessa Brown -'What a love she is'- came up with 'Crosfield'. The previous school 'band', the 'ENEPT' had kept their equipment in the cupboards there and it had spacious rooms to practise in. This was also where their first 'Mini-gig' was held during the summer term of 1987. A phenomenal 15 people turned up with Amna Manzoor being their lively mascot and fan! (She had been 'with them', ie always there for support etc, ever since the music school days). At the mention of Amna, Adam went a strange shade of pink!

They practised all day, every Sunday as much as possible during the week - often missing meals to do so. Their first perfected songs 'Honky Tonk Woman', 'Wild thing','Back in the USSR', 'The House of the Rising Sun' and their own creation 'Some people say I'm crazy' - which even though they thought was "wicked at the time, looking back was absolutely atrocious!" - See, Matt DOES know some big words !!!

However, Crosfield was to be converted to accommodate the changes for GCSE teaching, so now that too was out of bounds.





Finally,Mr Wadham came up with the idea for practising under the stage, which is where the 'band' have been ever since. Matt organised the move and cleared up under the stage with the others lending a hand under his beady eye! 'That was really the beginning of 'VOID'.

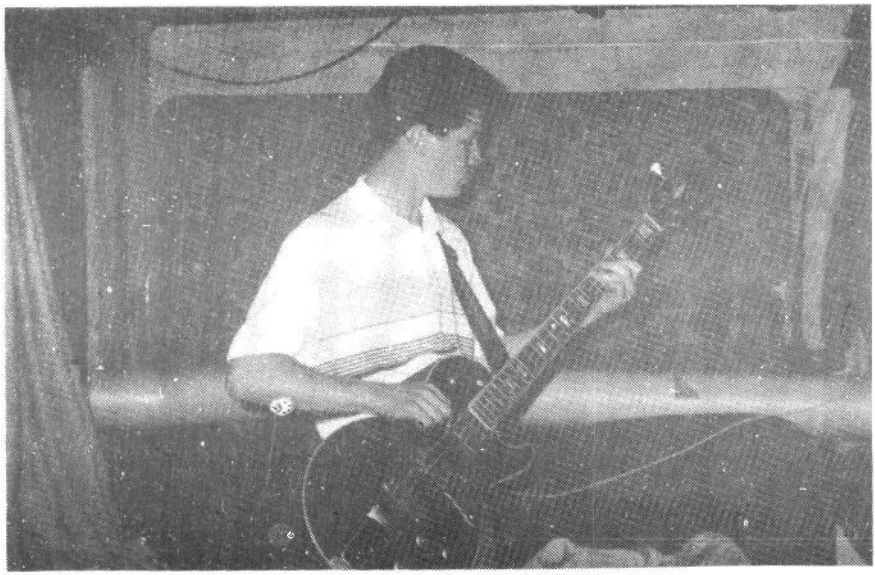
What other names had they considered before deciding on'VOID'?

'6070'-as that's the era of music they play, 'Blackdog'-the title of a Led Zepplin song and 'Hammered Down' which described their feelings after being criticised by various people for trying to make a go of it all.

VOID



IF REMOVED



So what was their first gig like?
"We originally thought it would be a complete failure when the idea of a gig was suggested," but Matt devoted the whole of the Christmas term (1987) into learning the lyrics and the line-up was decided on, eventually.
The day of the gig, Sam and Jeremy went on an art trip to the Fitzwilliam in Cambridge where coffee and nail-biting were discovered to be of top priority! In contrast, Adam and Matt went down town and talked it all through and decided "to make it brilliant- and we did!"
200 people turned up to see them and the atmosphere in the hall was astounding -"there'll never be another gig quite like that one," agreed all 4 of them.
So what about the 'Red Nose Day' gig? "That was a really slapped together gig - we had a week after Jonathan Gatward came forward with the suggestion of the fund-raiser to organise ourselves for the gig." 'Off the Wall' - their own song that transpired to be very successful - was born, but was unfortunately their only new piece of material, so the repetitiveness prevented the gig from being quite parallel to the first one, but still everyone enjoyed it and it was for a very worthy cause.
Did you have any problems ?
"The week leading up to the gig was a disaster!" Jem went through several skins on his drum kit due to excessive practice, the stage curtain ripped, Matt's leads blew and to top it all their lighting person walked out on them. Luckily, Philip Clapperton came in and saved the gig.



So what are our stars doing now ?

"Mainly writing new stuff and generally having a good time!" No lyrics have yet been written to the new masterpieces, but apparently the music is "well wicked!"

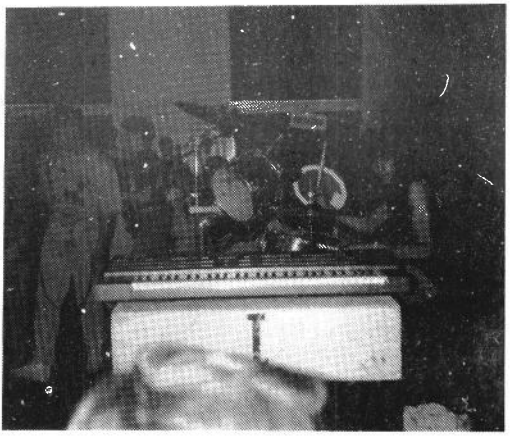
Any hopes for the future ?

Well, Matt will be leaving at the end of this year so looking for a new vocalist is the next thing on the agenda - any volunteers?!

Their penultimate gig together was at Charles Dale's end of year party, which was a great success. Their last gig was at the Leavers' dance which went on longer than expected due to technical problems with the stereo system.

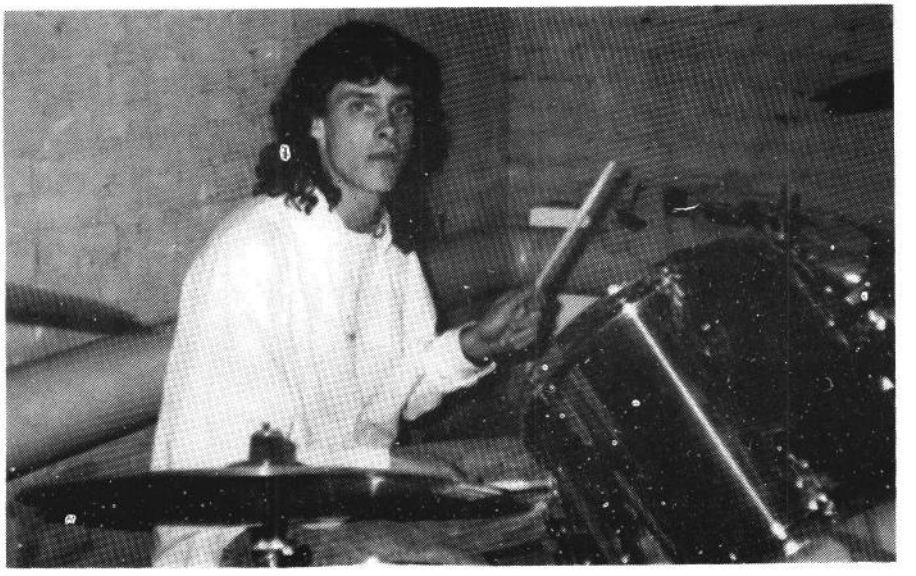
Where do you go from here?

"We hope to play more down town and hopefully be holding gigs in Cambridge by the end of the upper 6th," exclaimed Jeremy cheerfully, to be interupted by Matt with, "Oh yeah, and when that lot are famous and at Wembley, I'm gonna be their Jewish manager with 'LOADSA MONEY'!"



Special thanks and appreciation must go to JD, Mr Wadham and Tessa for their support and "any of the mugs who turned up to the gigs" !!

Sam Smith



Skiing trip to Courchevel, Jan '88

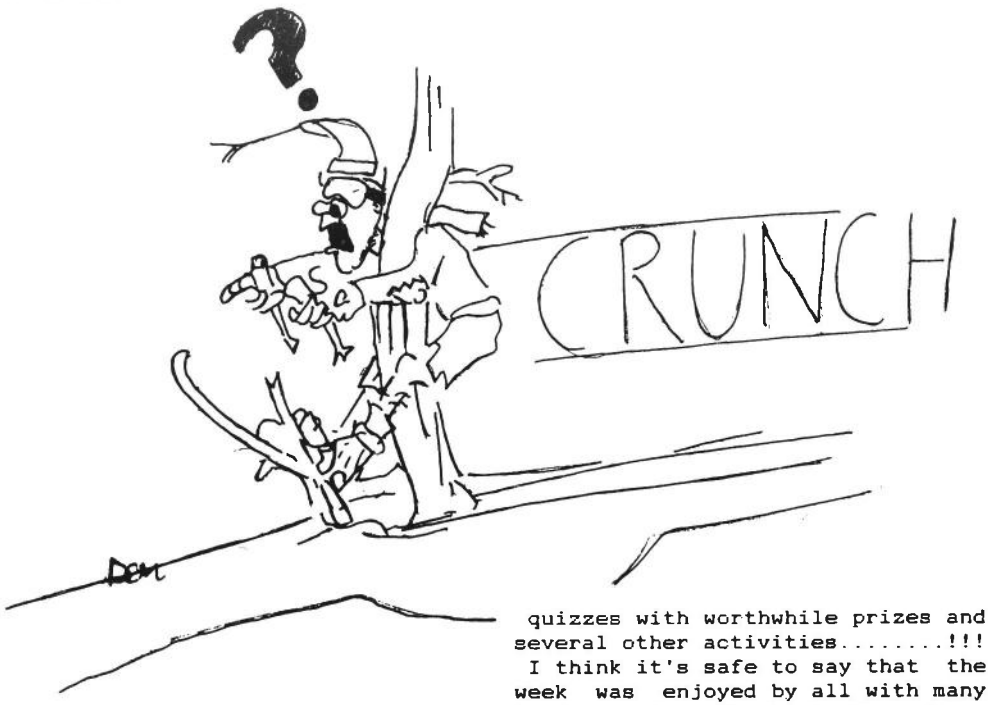
It all began on one drizzly January morning at the unearthly hour of 4.30am. Spirits were not to be dampened however and we arrived at Luton with plenty of time to spare.

After several had been stopped and body searched by the customs officials, we boarded the plane. Although our air stewardess could not be called entirely polite, the pilot landed us safely in France.

The forcasts of no snow were proved wrong (as per usual) when we arrived at Courchevel during a fresh fall of snow. Soon we were installed in our hotel and were treated to our first dosage of pea soup, and were promised that more was to follow!

The first day of skiing brought varying comments, especially for Sam who attempted a red slope with no previous experience; Matt set out to kill with his lurid pink ski sticks with matching lipstick, and the beginners investigated various ways of falling gracefully or otherwise to the ground - although in many cases it not the falling that was the problem, but the getting up again afterwards. The slopes were all very good quality and the week brought improvements for most. Apart from the odd bump or bruise, nothing but pride was hurt among anyone from our school.

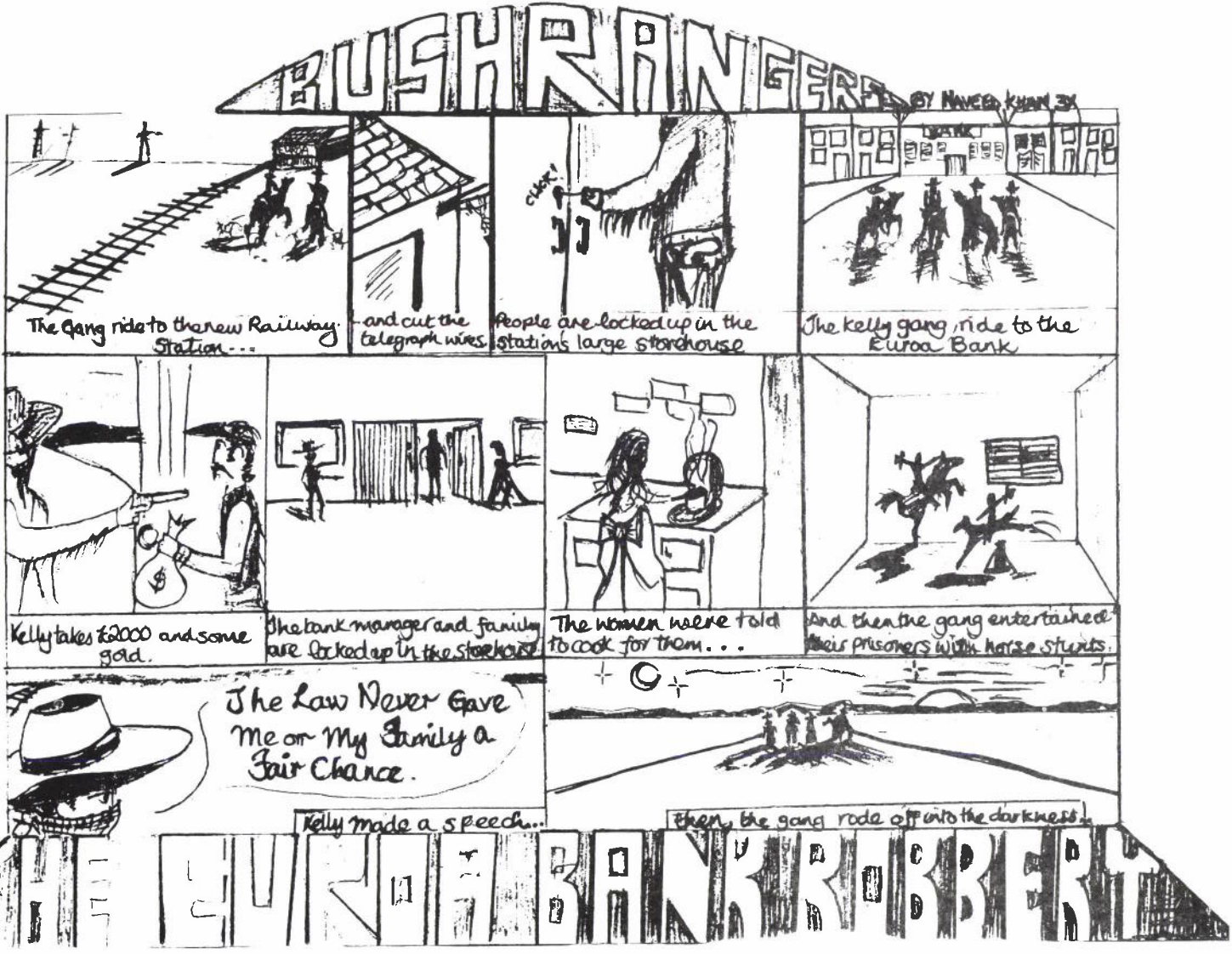
The evenings were filled with a variety of pursuits, including placcy bag racing down the slopes,



quizzes with worthwhile prizes and several other activities.....!!!

I think it's safe to say that the week was enjoyed by all with many fond memories. Thanks to Mr and Mrs Smith, our instructors and Julia our rep.

Charlotte Caley & Rebecca Jewell


BUSHRANGERS
BY NAVEED KHAN 3X
The Gang ride to the new Railway Station...
and cut the telegraph wires.
CLICK!
People are locked up in the station's large storehouse
BANK
The Kelly gang ride to the Euroa Bank
Kelly takes £2000 and some gold.
The bank manager and family are locked up in the storehouse
The women were told to cook for them...
And then the gang entertained their prisoners with horse stunts.
The Law Never Gave me or My Family a Fair Chance.
Kelly made a speech...
Then, the gang rode off into the darkness.
THE END
BANK ROBBERY

THE SCHOOL'S GOVERNORS

I am very happy to respond to a request made by one of the groups at the recent evening meeting between pupil representatives and Governors that the pupils be given some clarification of the appointment and role of the Governing Body.

The school is owned by London & Middlesex General Meeting of the Society of Friends, despite its geographical situation in Essex. This arises, of course, from the history of the School, and its foundation in Clerkenwell, and later move to Croydon. The School is managed on its behalf by the Board of Governors, and it reports to General Meeting each year on its stewardship. The Governors employ the Head, Deputy Heads and the Bursar. These officers have the duty of carrying out the policies laid down by the Board and, naturally, they advise the Board professionally.

Governors have no financial interest in the school. They contribute no monies to it and receive no income from it. However they are liable should the affairs of the school be seriously mismanaged, as they would be directly blameworthy. All governors are interested in education and many are, or have been, teachers. Many bring other professional skills to their service on the Board, financial, legal or managerial.

Governors serve for a four year term, but can be reappointed. They retire in rotation, thus ensuring continuity which is vital in the management of a large business, such as this school. London and Middlesex General Meeting directly appoints seven governors, one from each of the Monthly Meetings within the area. It also appoints seven others who are nominated by the Board itself, a provision which allows for the representation of skills which might not otherwise be available to members. Six other General Meetings, most neighbouring London and Middlesex, appoint one Governor each. Old scholars appoint two of their number, and the Essex Education Committee appoints two. There are thus twenty-four Governors altogether. All the direct General Meeting appointments will be Quakers, but a few of those appointed by other bodies or nominated by the Board may not be Friends, although they will be sympathetic. There are a few parents on the Board, but this is by chance rather than design. Two members of the teaching staff attend part of the Board Meetings as observers, and they may contribute to the discussions but, as employees of the school, they cannot be full members.

Beside the full Board meetings, there are meetings each term of four committees: Education, Personnel, Premises and Finance. The chairmen of these Committees occasionally meet as an Executive Committee. Ad hoc working parties or sub-committees are set up as required. We meet annually with pupil representatives and also with staff. Twice over the last few years the Board has met for a full weekend conference to discuss more fully long term policies for the school.

I hope this description will explain the role which the governors play in the life of the school.

JOHN SHACKLETON

Chairman of the Board of Governors.



THE EXODUS

THESE PEOPLE HAVE ESCAPED!

PETER ARTER (a.k.a. BOD), PAT BALTROCK (a.k.a. ESMERALDA), DONALD BENSON (a.k.a. CHAIR CHUCKER), MARY BLANN (a.k.a. THE STABBER), HOWARD BOWDEN (a.k.a. EYEBROWS), DAGMAR BRADLEY-MANNING (a.k.a. ADOLF), TESSA BROWN (a.k.a. MUSCLES), ANDREW BURY (a.k.a. THE WALRUS), JANET CLAXTON (a.k.a. THE SAINT), ERIC JARVIS (a.k.a. SING ALONG CASSIDY), ANNE FOXLEY (a.k.a. VAN GOGH), JANET MORRISON (a.k.a. TURKISH DELIGHT), VERNA SPOKES (a.k.a. BLOODY MARY)





INTERVIEW WITH PAT BALTROCK

Ave: *What is your full name?*
PB: Hedwiga Patricia Baltrock.

Ave: *When was your date of birth?*
PB: 15/2/49

Ave: *What is your height?*
PB: 5'7"

Ave: *Where were you born?*
PB: Leeds,Yorkshire.

Ave: *Where do you live?*
PB: Saffron Walden.

Ave: *What are your hobbies?*
PB: Reading, writing, swimming. I don't have much spare time!

Ave: *Did you enjoy school?*
PB: I'm not sure.

Ave: *What were your favourite subjects?*
PB: English and History.

Ave: *What was the worst thing you did at school.*
PB: I produced a comic book in which all the characters were teachers. I wasn't really bad.

Ave: *What are your favourite colours?*
PB: All shades of blue.

Ave: *What car do you drive?*
PB: Anything that will move!

Ave: *What are your plans for the future?*
PB: I want to continue teaching.

Ave: *Do you have any pets?*
PB: 7 tortoises, a baby snake, 2 fat guinea pigs and 2 tarantulas.

Ave: *Do you have any wild fantasies?*
PB: To go startrekking across the universe with Captain Kirk.

Ave: *Thank you.*

PRESENT WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN! LAST SEEN HEADING TOWARDS NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL CLAIMING SANCTUARY...





INTERVIEW WITH DONALD BENSON

Ave: *Where were you born?*
DOB: In Belfast, where my family lived until I was 6 when we moved to Stoneleigh, near Epsom in South London.

Ave: *What were you interested in as a boy?*
DOB: Well when I was in Belfast there were things like bicycles and catapults. Then when we moved to London we discovered a swimming pool only 3 miles away.

Ave: *Did you come from a large family?*
DOB: Oh yes, I had three brothers and three sisters. That was a large family by English standards, but by Catholic standards in Ireland it was quite small.

Ave: *Where were you educated?*
DOB: I went to primary school in Ireland and in England I went to Stoneleigh West school. Then later I went to Exeter which was then the University College of the South-West.

Ave: *You presumably studied physics there?*
DOB: Well, yes and no. You see, I studied a general degree of Physics, Chemistry and pure maths because I wanted to be a teacher. It was just as well I did a general degree, because in my first job I taught Physics and 6th form maths.

Ave: *Where was that?*
DOB: Frensham Heights, near Favisham, Surrey, a fantastically wonderful school and I was there for 6 years.

Ave: *What made you leave?*
DOB: Well, I was seeking promotion, and when I had been here 3 yrs I rose to the position of Head of Science as Stanley Pumphrey retired and I have remained here ever since. You see, I knew that I wasn't cut out to be a Headmaster, but I could manage being a head of department because I didn't have to organise people. I don't have to tell people like Denby and Martin how to teach. My first achievement as Head of Science was to get us a Lab Technician. Before that, we had curators who could make a marvellous mess of things and fry chips when not supervised.

Ave: *What were teaching facilities like when you first started teaching?*
DOB: Fairly sparse really, a few bunsen burners and batteries; nothing really exciting. Do you remember the experiment for measuring elasticity of a steel wire? Well, the steel wire was clamped to the landing at the top of boys stairs and the experiment was done on the ground floor.

Ave: *What changes have occurred in the school during your time here?*
DOB: Changes to the world and attitudes have changed beyond belief - obedience used to be taken for granted. As soon as a teacher's presence was perceived in a classroom, the room fell silent. You may know what it is like today. Today you have to win co-operation whereas then you had it as a right.

The average class size was 30, and 384 was the total number in school. One person I showed round said it was a great rehearsal for life in prison - he wasn't far wrong! A bell was rung for bed and if you weren't up within five minutes you got a disorder mark. If you weren't washed and in your bedroom in another 5, then you got another, and another if you weren't in bed on time. Of course, talking after lights out was a non-existent activity. 3 disorder marks = 30 minutes Puni: that was the origin of Puni.

Ave: *What were the buildings like then?*
DOB: "Essex" was built in 1959-60 and was called "Essex" because the County Council paid a grant for half of it. Before "Essex" was around, the staffroom was in what is now the staff dining room and before that it was where the dining room annexe was, before there were boilers underneath. Because the school moved from the typhoid stricken Croydon, they did not want to take any chances with ventilation, so there were a number of giant ventilators in the roof. At night the cold air whistled through the dormitories, whisking away the smallest germs. The boys kept warm by a mixture of faith and blankets.

Ave: *Do you have anything special that you look forward to doing as you enter retirement?*
DOB: No, I want to relinquish many of the commitments I have spent a whole career "doing", often "frantically doing". I want to give up that and switch to being a more fulfilled person.

Ave: *Do you have any desire to travel?*
DOB: Oh, that is sure to happen, but it is not a desire. I have made one undertaking in active politics and that's all. Then I hope to have many fewer commitments and, maybe, travel.

Ave: *Has anybody or anything influenced you in your life?*
DOB: I don't know. My father wasn't Prime Minister, my uncles and grandfathers were not archbishops, famous writers, actors, or motorcycle riders. The people who have influenced me have been the ones who have enabled me to discover myself and my abilities - my chemistry teacher and the farmer with whom I spent many summer vacations working. I don't remember having any specific favourites whom I modelled myself on, except perhaps my brother who became an electrical engineer.

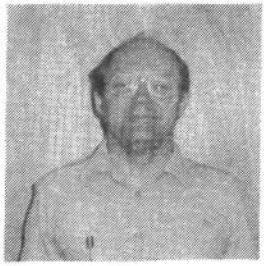
Ave: *How long have you been married?*
DOB: For 35 years, and we have 3 children who are all girls.

Ave: *Where did you meet your wife?*
DOB: She taught P.E. at Frencham Heights and, being a boarding school, conducting a courtship was not easy, but we managed. It all started when I boasted once in the staffroom that I reckoned that I knew what it was that the Driving Test examiners wanted. So she suggested that I taught her to drive. I agreed, and before long she passed and all of a sudden there was a whole string of other staff wanting to be taught to drive

Ave: *Did/Do you enjoy sports?*
DOB: Well my sport was athletics and cross country. Due to having rickets as a child, I couldn't breath fast or deeply enough for sprinting, but I ran long distances on the track and cross country at school and later at college.

Ave: *How do you see the future for F.S.S.W.?*
DOB: Well, I imagine a new Head will have a new outlook and new ideas. Things that he will emphasise will be different!

Ave: *Thank-you.*





INTERVIEW WITH PETER ARTER.

Ave: Mr Arter you've been at this school 14 years. Have you enjoyed those years?
PA: Stupid question! If I had not enjoyed working here, I would have left some years ago.

Ave: Sorry..uhm..What are you looking forward to in your new place of work?
PA: Hmmm..Well, I'm looking forward to change and to teaching the Scottish syllabuses. I'm looking forward to going to a school where swimming is of a very high standard and I'm looking forward to not being resident after a dozen years of being in a boys' boarding house.

Ave: Where in Scotland is this school you're going to?
PA: It's in Edinburgh, a boys' boarding school where I considered I'd be happy to teach. A significant difference between this new school and FSSW now is that virtually everyone stays from first year to sixth form, or so I'm told.

Ave: So you'll be looking forward to coaching individuals and teams for seven years?
PA: Yes. Often fifth form leavers here have been strong record-breaking swimmers and, although the sixth form here have been good, often there haven't been enough swimmers to make a strong team.

Ave: Over the years what major achievements have you seen in swimming?
PA: I think the first years of my appointment saw a fairly rapid rise in standard.
Ave: Because of you?
PA: That's always difficult to say. I think people practised more swimming then. I certainly do take pleasure in the fact every swimming team I have coached (and enjoyed coaching, I might add) has been able to break the medley relay record that stood when I first came.

Ave: You must have seen some outstanding swimming. What is the most memorable?
PA: I think it was when a boy in the 4th year swam the 50 yards backstoke in 49 seconds (not a good time) and then in the 5th year improved his time to 29 seconds. (The school record for that distance.)

Ave: Apart from in the swimming pool, how do you think you've helped others?
PA: Well, I hope I've helped people in the Maths classroom. Also, perhaps more important, I think I've helped people in the boarding community...

Ave: To wake up in the morning?
PA: Don't interrupt.

Ave: Sorry, but you must admit you're well known in Boys' House for stripping peoples beds and shouting in that familiar tone of yours, "Stir your stumps you lazy laddies" or "Rise and shine you hounds."
PA: LAZY hounds.

Ave: Sorry. How did you come by these phrases?
PA: Well, this was how I was woken at my boarding school and it's part of my humour to do the same.

Ave: I see. What about your mathematical services Mr Arter?
PA: I've taught some very distinguished mathematicians, but have also enjoyed teaching for examinations and I've enjoyed teaching the little kiddies.

Ave: You've often mentioned to me work you've done to analyse pupil performance. Would you like to elaborate?

PA: Yes. Apart from V.G.S. (Vocational Guidance Survey), I've done research into comparing pupil performance in the lower years to their Public Examination results.

Ave: Mr. Arter, you've given so much to the school, what do you think the school has given you?
PA: Well, apart from a home and a place to study, I think what it has given me is a more overall view of various people, and the Quaker element of God in every man has been very important.

Ave: Mr. Arter, thank you very much.

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INTERVIEW WITH TESSA BROWN

Ave: How long have you been at this school?
TB: I came in January 1976.

Ave: Have you any pets?
TB: Yes. I've got a big, fat, lazy, ginger cat called Tike which makes Garfield look active!

Ave: Did you have a nickname at school and, if so, what was it?
TB: Yes. I was called Brune which in French for brown.

Ave: How many people were at this school when you first came?
TB: There were 350.

Ave: Did you like P.E. when you were at school?

TB: Yes. I was quite natural at it and I didn't do much training. I'd rather sit by the long jump pit getting a suntan than warming up

Ave: What subjects were you good at?
TB: My other main subject was geography.

Ave: Do you like Neighbours?
TB: Yes. I started watching Neighbours after hearing reactions from Hillcroft girls.

Ave: What is your worst food?
TB: I think my worst would be either kidneys or black pudding.

Ave: If you got a free holiday, where would you go?
TB: I'd go to either China or Peru. I'd also like to travel around India.

Ave: What school did you go to?
TB: I went to a school just outside Nottingham, where an old scholar now teaches.

Ave: Why do you teach P.E.?
TB: Because I enjoyed it at school and wanted others to have the same enjoyment and realised the importance of fitness. The challenge of the P.E. teacher is to find an aspect of sport to suit all shapes and sizes.

Ave: Thank you. Keep fit without Chris Rea and TB just won't be the same!





INTERVIEW WITH MARY BLANN (Sister)

Ave: *Have you ever wanted to do anything other than being a nurse? If so what?*
Sister: A medical doctor.

Ave: *When you first started working at F.S.S.W., were you the Sister?*
Sister: Yes.

Ave: *Do you ever get fed up and feel that people are making a fuss over nothing?*
Sister: Children do sometimes; it's life. Adults do it as well, though.

Ave: *Which do you prefer: when it seems that the whole school is ill or when only a few people are ill?*
Sister: I don't like to see lots of children ill, but I like my work and like to be lazy!

Ave: *Is there ever a time when no one has come down to the San for a few hours?*
Sister: Yes, quite often on Sundays when most people are on weekend leave. Other times, there is usually someone who comes.

Ave: *Are you in charge of the San?*
Sister: I'm in charge of the medical side, but there is someone above me such as the Head, or some administrator.

Ave: *Do you have any favourite animals?*
Sister: Yes, dogs.

Ave: *Do you miss us during the holidays?*
Sister: I sometimes miss my work, but I enjoy seeing your happy smiling faces when you come back.

Ave: *What sort of music do you like?*
Sister: Light classical, old fashioned sorts.

Ave: *What is the most common complaint you have?*
Sister: Colds and sore throats, but that's probably most common throughout England.

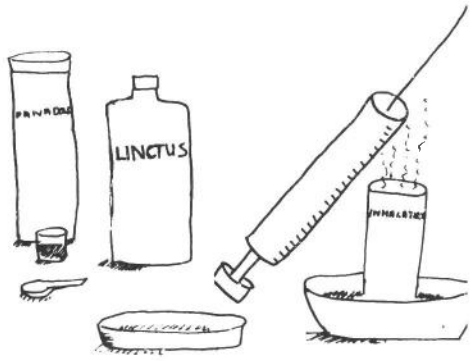
Ave: *Do you have any Quaker connections?*
Sister: No.

Ave: *Would you have liked to come to F.S.S.W. as a pupil?*
Sister: I wouldn't have minded as a day scholar, but I wouldn't want to board here or anywhere.

Ave: *Did you have a nick-name at school?*
Sister: Yes, there was a brand of cream cleaner for household things called Pan Shine. I was called that, but I don't know why.

Ave: *Have you enjoyed working here?*
Sister: Yes, I wouldn't have stayed so long if I hadn't.

Ave: *Thank-you.*







INTERVIEW WITH
DAGMAR BRADLEY-MANNING

Ave: *What do you think about our school uniform?*
D.B.M.: Rather dreary as my second gym slip was dark green, which I didn't like wearing.

Ave: *How long have you been here?*
D.B.M.: About five years.

Ave: *Have you always been a German teacher?*
D.B.M.: Yes, most of my professional life I have been. I've taught in many schools and also I've taught Pottery.

Ave: *What made you want to become a German teacher?*
D.B.M.: I've always liked the subject German. The worst reason to be a German teacher is to go away on holiday in Germany.

Ave: *Are you a Quaker?*
D.B.M.: Yes, but I am now less confident.

Ave: *What qualifications did you get at school and elsewhere?*
D.B.M.: Well, I was the teacher's pet, as the only thing I really did was school work. Later I did a degree in Latin and German, with History and Art.

Ave: *Did you have a nick-name at school?*
D.B.M.: Yes I think I did, but I can't remember it very well; it was a long time ago.

Ave: *What was your favourite subject at school?*
D.B.M.: It depended on the teacher which I liked. My favourite subject wasn't German because I didn't like the teacher! My favourite subject was probably Art.

Ave: *Have you any pets?*
D.B.M.: No, not at the moment but hopefully soon!!

Ave: *If you had a million pounds where would you go?*
D.B.M.: Probably India or China.

Ave: *Have you any brothers or sisters?*
D.B.M.: Yes I've an older sister.

Ave: *Do you watch TV?*
D.B.M.: No, not much really because I've not much time, but sometimes I feel burnt out and I watch programmes that make me laugh!

Ave: *Thank-you.*





INTERVIEW WITH JANET CLAXTON

Ave: How long have you been working at this school?
JCx: 17 years -that's before you were born!

Ave: What are your plans for the future?
JCx: I'm going to enjoy being a student for a while. I'm going to go on a course to teach English as a foreign language at a college in Birmingham. After that I'm going to France or Brussels to improve my French. Then I'm going to Zaire in central Africa to teach Maths and maybe English, but I'll be teaching it all in French!

Ave: Have you enjoyed working here?
JCx: Yes, very much.

Ave: What is your most memorable moment at this school?
JCx: I don't know really. A lot has happened in 17 years. The staff have been an important part of working here and were particularly friendly and supportive when I was bringing up two small children.

Ave: If there was one thing you could change at this school what would it be?
JCx: Well, That's difficult. Attitudes rather than physical things. Casual attitudes that some people have to belongings. For example leaving things around as if they don't matter.

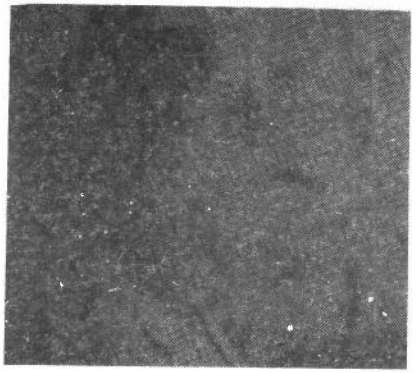
Ave: What is your favourite thing about this school?
JCx: Again it comes back to people. Both staff and children. The whole atmosphere depends on the people and the relationships between them. Very often it's a good atmosphere, especially between staff and sixth formers as it is more an adult to adult relationship.

Ave: Which year do you find the hardest to teach?
JCx: Probably the third years overall, because they are beginning to stretch their wings a bit.

Ave: Are you looking forward to going away?
JCx: Yes, in that I'm taking up a new challenge and it's exciting to be thinking of going back to Africa again. But this place has been like a second home to me for a long time. I've spent nearly half my life in this place.

Ave: What are you going to miss most?
JCx: I'll tell you that next year. I don't know at the moment!

Ave: Thank you.





NATURE MORT AVEC CARROTTE.

INTERVIEW WITH ANNE FOXLEY

Ave: *What do you like doing in your spare time?*
A.F.: Painting, resting, going to the cinema, talking!

Ave: *How long have you been interested in Art?*
A.F.: Since I was at school.

Ave: *Where would your dream place be?*
A.F.: Somewhere warm, in pleasant company.

Ave: *Who would be your dream person to be in your dream place with ?*
A.F.: Gabriel Byrne.

Ave: *What other subjects were you good at when you were at school?*
A.F.: French, and all the languages really.

Ave: *What school did you go to?*
A.F.: Six different ones! One in Turkey, four in South Africa and one in the North of England.

Ave: *Have you and pets?*
A.F.: Yes, a cat called Sascha.

Ave: *Where do you live?*
A.F.: In Saffron Walden.

Ave: *What do you think of your school uniform?*
A.F.: I don't like it at all! It could be better, more stylish.

Ave: *What is your least favourite food?*
A.F.: Turnips, Brussel sprouts, Mangoes.

Ave: *If you hadn't chosen to be a teacher, what might you have been?*
A.F.: I'd like to work in the theatre - designing sets or costumes.

Ave: *Do you like Neighbours?*
A.F.: Yes.

Ave: *What is the worst TV programme do you think?*
A.F.: Anything with Jimmy Tarbuck.

Ave: *What was your first job?*
A.F.: I taught Art at a school in London.

Ave: *What is your most memorable moment at Friends'?*
A.F.: I can't choose one, but there are three I would say. The last night of the school production of 'Oh, What a Lovely War!'; putting on a puppet show for the School minibus appeal and last year's trip to Amsterdam.

Ave: *Thank-you.*





INTERVIEW WITH JANET MORRISON

Ave: *Name?*
J.M.: Janet Rosemary Morrison.

Ave: *Age?*
J.M.: 4,000!

Ave: *Oh! What was it like 4,000 years ago?*
J.M.: Not much different from now. People don't change; only the things around them change. I don't think human nature has developed at all.

Ave: *Where were you born?*
J.M.: London

Ave: *4,000 years ago?*
J.M.: Yes, it was a little town then.

Ave: *What do you do when not teaching?*
J.M.: I'm learning.

Ave: *How long have you been at F.S.S.W.?*
J.M.: 4 years.

Ave: *What have you learned?*
J.M.: Before I came here I used to move around quite a lot, so a lot of time was spent thinking about moving. For four years I haven't thought about it, which gives me space to think about other things. Its been a monastic existence - solitary!

Ave: *What were your favourite subjects at school?*
J.M.: Well the only thing I was good at was English.

Ave: *Worst subject?*
J.M.: French, because I didn't like the teacher.

Ave: *What about Maths? - You don't seem very good at it.*
J.M.: (Cackle) I'm good at numerology - thats a branch of Maths that Peter Arter knows a lot about I believe!

Ave: *What was your worst experience at school?*
J.M.: I was constantly in trouble as I stood out. One morning it was snowing; we were all hanging out of the window throwing things at people when the headmistress arrived with a great fluffy hat looking like an abominable snowman - she was certainly abominable! I started cackling out of the window and was still there when she came in the classroon.

Ave: *Will you miss F.S.S.W.?*
J.M.: Yes, you start grieving for a place even before you leave it. You get to know people, see them change and go through things with them, so it is hard to leave it behind.

Ave: *Why do you want to go to Egypt?*
J.M.: Well 4,000 years ago...!
I want to understand Egyptian culture and the formation of the Gnostic religion and the best way to do that is to live in it and contribute to it. I also need a job!

Ave: *What about teaching attracts you?*
J.M.: I don't think I can help but teach - its part of my nature - sometimes you can be paid for doing it.

Ave: *How do you see your time at F.S.S.W.?*
J.M.: It's been incredibly difficult. It has drained me thoroughly in many ways - its time to get away from it. You have to be a strong character to survive it. You have to make of it what you want. I had no-one telling me what to do and there was no sense of being cast out from the community.

Ave: *How do you see yourself in 30 years?*
J.M.: Younger, (Cackle) No, probably dead I should think. Its almost irrelevant - I don't believe in the linear pattern of time but a cyclic pattern. I don't celebrate birthdays. Time narrows you down and you are expected to mix with people of your own age - that's a terrible form of control.

Ave: *Do you belive in God?*
J.M.: I believe in a sense of the divine. It's a state - it's achievable.

Ave: *What's your wildest fantasy?*
J.M.: I think I've achieved most of them!

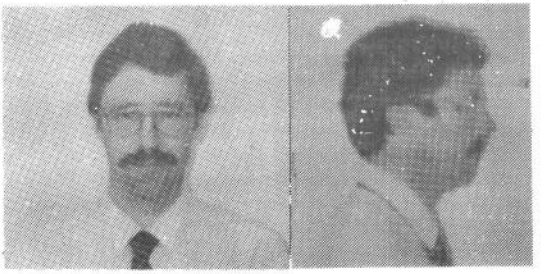
Ave: *Why do you wear black?*
J.M.: It's simple, demands less thought, it cuts down your whole consumerism, if you're an itinerant wanderer, like me, it's convenient to wash. It's also a statement, it belongs to a whole avant-garde movement.

Ave: *What other colours do you like?*
J.M.: Chromatic colours, off colours. I like to paint with them.

Ave: *What is the most important human emotion?*
J.M.: Love, but not what we commonly identify as love. A oneness with others and other things. Deceit is the worst - self deceit - not knowing yourself

Ave: *Have you ever had any pets?*
J.M.: I had a BLACK CAT called JEZEBEL!

Ave: *Thank-you.*



INTERVIEW WITH MR.BURY

Ave: *What are you doing when you leave?*
A.B.:I'll be lecturing in Physical Science at Bedford College of Higher Education.

Ave: *What made you decide to leave?*
A.B.:Well, it was an opportunity. I had to make the decision.

Ave: *What have you learnt from being here?*
A.B.:How to cope with GCSE. I haven't taught in a boarding school before. The nature of FSSW cannot be learnt by second-hand knowledge. It can only be gained by personal experience.

Ave: *Have you enjoyed being here?*
A.B.:Yes. A new job is always difficult. This has been a worthwhile experience.

Ave: *Who would you like to be stranded on a desert island with?*
A.B.: My wife (Ahhh!). Nothing chemical, only the chemistry that's there!!





INTERVIEW WITH VERNA SPOKES

Ave: *How old are you?*
V.S.: 25

Ave: *Where were you born?*
V.S.: Northampton.

Ave: *How long have you taught at FSSW?*
V.S.: 3 years.

Ave: *What would you have done if you hadn't become a teacher?*
V.S.: I would have become a lady of leisure, I would not watch Neighbours, but travel the world.

Ave: *What did you want to do when you were doing your A-levels?*
V.S.: Get them over and done with - I hated them. I really have a lot of sympathy with people taking exams. But I always fancied being a teacher or an actress.

Ave: *What are your plans after you've left FSSW?*
V.S.: I'm getting married on August 6th to John Mark Salber.

Ave: *Where's the honeymoon?*
V.S.: A romantic setting in deepest Cornwall.

Ave: *What do you plan to do once you are married?*
V.S.: Part of me wants to be a housewife, but the other part wants to stay with historically based work.

Ave: *Any worst memories of FSSW?*
V.S.: Yes, when Tim Pearson took his trousers off in the middle of the class - I didn't know what to do. Also form 4x when I first arrived.

Ave: *What are your three main goals in life?*
V.S.: To be happy, to be well liked and to help people.

Ave: *What would you do with a million pounds?*
V.S.: I would give some to charity and invest the rest.

Ave: *If you could change the world, what would you do?*
V.S.: Call for multilateral nuclear disarmament and push for a peace-faring world.

Ave: *What about the characters in the school?*
V.S.: There's plenty of those! Mr.Woods - he's always been a very good neighbour, no bad habits, like putting the cat out late at night. Mr.Bowden - he's quite good looking - quite a hunk really.

Ave: *If you wrote a book, what would it be about?*
V.S.: Humorous moments in sixth form history lessons, probably.

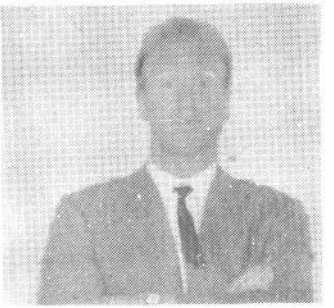
Ave: *Have you any final comments about F.S.S.W.?*
V.S.: It's done me a lot of good, and has been a good education for me, but I'm glad to be moving on to a new life.

Ave: *Will you miss F.S.S.W.?*
V.S.: Yes. I really liked it here.

Ave: *Thank you.*

****

WHAT DID THE SEA SAY TO THE BEACH?
Nothing, it just waved!!





INTERVIEW WITH HOWARD BOWDEN

Ave:*How old are you?*
H.B: 27

Ave:*Where were you born?*
Born:
H.B: Sheffield.

Ave:*How long have you been at FSSW:?*
H.B: 4 years.

Ave:*What has being at FSSW taught you?*
H.B: The value of being in a community.I think that's one of the strengths of the school.

Ave:*What do you do when you aren't teaching?*
H.B: I often go out of town, usually to visit my mother in Leeds. I also help organise a lot of coach trips in the country.

Ave:*Do you believe in God?*
H.B: I'm an agnostic, which means that I can't be sure whether he exists or not. I don't go by any religions as I'm not a believer in particular denominations.

Ave:*How do you see yourself in 30 years time?*
H.B: I don't like to think that far into the future: I think it's unhealthy.

Ave:*Do you have an idol?*
H.B: Not anymore,but during my teenage years I was influenced a lot by certain punk rock groups, and groups such as Slade and Gary Glitter.

Ave:*Are you a vegetarian?*
H.B: No."

Ave:*Why on earth not?*
H.B: Well I am strongly against Battery farming and such like, but I do love the odd hamburger or steak...

Ave:*How many times a week do you go down the pub?*
H.B: Obviously hardly at all during term time, but a couple times a week during the holidays.

Ave: *How do you react to the recent statement made by Verna(about you): "...he's quite goodlooking,quite a hunk,really..."?*
H.B: Well, with a great deal of embarrassment. She tries very hard at tennis, I must give her that.
ZZZZZZZZZZZZ.....



"Drinking again!"

a short story entitled:

THE PAINTING

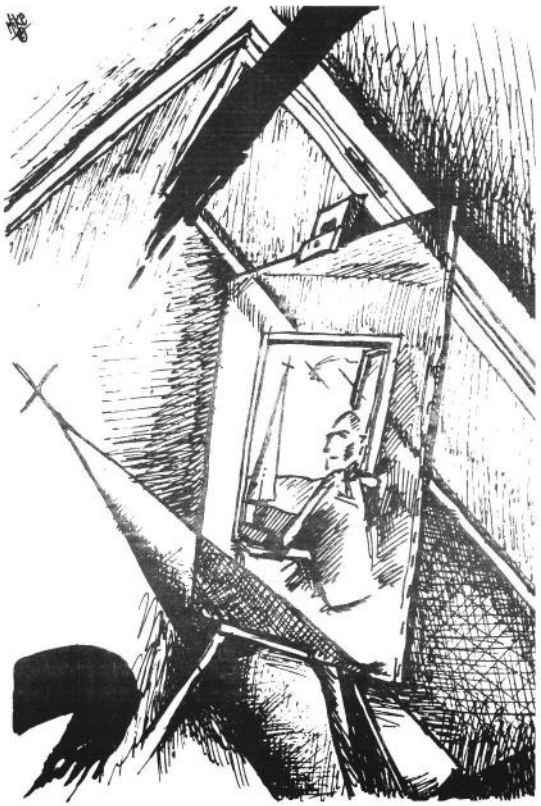
Tom had never seen himself as a great artist, but he loved it, and at school his Art mark was always A or B. He had even sold a couple of pictures locally, but he saw his hobby as no more than that: his minor obsession.

His pictures were rarely imaginative, rather he painted views, landscapes, a few portraits for friends. He was pretty happy with his works.

This picture had begun life as nothing extraordinary: a self-portrait of him at the window of his attic 'studio', so that he could get his favourite view in as well. It was the view over the town, and the fields and hills beyond. The church spire dominated the view, rising from a sea of little red rooves, like funny hats, with TV aerials for feathers. The picture sounded promising, so he set up the easel near the window and positioned his mirror. He wanted to have himself leaning on the sill, looking out at the view. He got into the position, looking carefully at his reflection: the position of his arms, the slope of his back. As he was sketching on rough paper, Liz rang the bell, with an invitation to the pub. He accepted, on the condition that she do a little modelling for him. He put her in the same leaning position, glad to be able to see and sketch at the same time.

"This okay?" she asked, looking out at the spire.

"Yes, but tilt your head a little - that's it! Hold that a sec." and he quickly threw together the lines of her body. In the mirror Liz could see the canvas, and the preliminary lines he had pencilled in. Something in the position of those grey slashes bothered her: they seemed organised, deliberate. They formed a strange pattern, like Chinese calligraphy, but different.



"Righto", Tom said as he finished, and she stood straight again, turning to the canvas, wondering why those innocuous lines looked so odd. As she passed it, she deliberately brushed it with her elbow, as hard as she dare, to try to stop the pattern.

"Whoops, careful!" grinned Tom, and she decided she was being silly, and they went to the pub, where she forgot it.

The next morning was Saturday - Tom's day off from the library. He decided to spend the day painting. The view was glorious in the sun, too good to miss. He put a tape in the stereo and got into his long painting shirt - 75p from Oxfam.

He was engrossed in the painting when the clock chimed two o'clock, and he realised he was hungry. He stood back and examined the picture, and was very pleased with its progress. The growing view had an almost abstract quality, the red tiled rooves forming a pleasing pattern, that seemed to complement the rest of the picture well. In fact, the whole painting was taking on a well balanced pattern that pleased Tom very much. He hoped it wouldn't get lost as he went on.

After lunch he painted solidly, engrossed in the work, becoming more pleased with it as it went along. The shadows of the room highlighted the sun well, the shape of his body fitted well into the general pattern of the painting. He allowed himself to think that this might be one of his best.

At seven, with the painting almost done, he remembered the Channel Four film that he'd wanted to see, and reluctantly cleaned off his brushes and sat down in front of the TV.

Within five minutes, he found his mind wandering back to the painting, and in ten minutes he realised he wasn't watching the film at all. Pleasantly surprised at how much he wanted to finish the picture, he switched off the set and put his shirt back on.

The pattern intrigued him, and the figure's stance was pleasingly similar to his own. Excited by the progress, he painted on. The face appeared, quite freely painted, but unmistakeably his. Just the hands looked slightly wrong - how had they gripped the sill? He stood in the pose again, and looked at the way his hands rested on the wood. He checked the canvas, and thought he could see what was wrong. He looked at his hands again, then up at the view. It really was marvellous, that view. He felt he could look at it for ever; the roof shapes, the strong spire.

He was getting stiff. His arms felt slightly numb. He tried to straighten up, but his back refused.

"Oh, God," he thought, "don't say I've done myself a mischief!"

His whole body felt odd, he realised: his hands seemed almost moulded to the sill, as if made of the same material, and his whole body felt slightly wet, and slippery. He could only move his head very slightly, and the stiffness was growing by the second. He moved his eyes, felt them move slickly in wet sockets, and the dreadful sight swung dizzily into view.

There was himself, towering above, reaching for a brush. He could see a huge window, tilted crazily. His drying eyes switched bach to the view outside the window whose sill he was leaning on.

"What...?" his tight mouth tried to say. "Oh, Jesus ... oh, no..."

The view was very nearly finished, and the sunlit spire glistened slightly as it dried.

BY MIKE REED 6



'NO TIME FOR FIG LEAVES'

Putting on a 6, play to the whole school was a daunting prospect, acting was a grey area unknown to most of us and I was quite happy to have kept it that way. The play was chosen after a slight discussion(!) It was a farce set in contemporary England where all but two men had been eliminated by an Atomic explosion. As a result women were in power and the discovery of the two men led to all kinds of difficult situations. Jenny Dooling, the director, set about the task of casting and the parts worked out well, with Bec finally fulfilling her dream of being a dominant old witch!

Rehearsals didn't seem to be very important until two weeks before our opening night. They were performed in the 61 common room amidst an atmosphere of steaming coffee, loud music, the pool players and an entangled Jenny and James in the corner. Luke occasionally blessed us all with his presence and, once we were all together, we were able to produce some promising ham acting.

Luke and Chrissy's athletic love scene caused such uncontrollable and infectious giggling in rehearsals that it was amazing that it was all right on the night!
Dan was steady and reliable in getting construction materials, paint and props; without his organisation at the start, things would never have got off the ground.

Constructing the Prime Minister's office involved James swinging from pole to pole on stage, with hammer in mouth and a constant obsession with six inch nails. As James was one of those very annoying perfectionists, only he could put up the set and, when we did take the initiative and put something up ourselves, he would take it down and promptly put it back up again the same way.

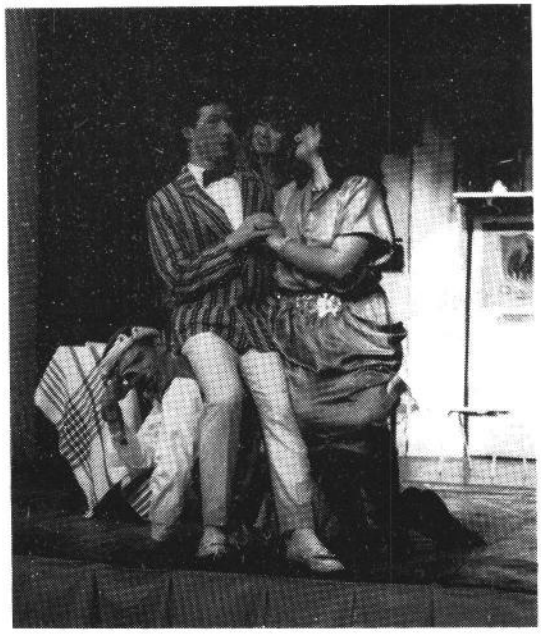
Lines were still not learnt at the dress rehearsal which took place on a half painted set with technical problems giving the best performance.



By the first night, the peach paint on the plywood walls was still wet and the sofa was having a mental breakdown from being jumped on too many times. Backstage, fears, apprehensions and threats were being expressed and a complete state of nausea was being created in make-up by Luke.

However, to our complete and real amazement, both nights went very well and, from what we heard, the audience loved it. Once over and done with, bets were made as to who could remove the make up (alias plaster of Paris) and get down to the pub first. (Shurely some mistake? Ed) Satisfaction spread across the 61 faces in huge Cheshire cat grins and any hostile relations the play had caused were quickly patched up.

Vicky Rutherford.



The COMEDY of ERRORS 1988

Thousands flocked from around the country and assembled outside the hall. They gave their prized tickets in at the door and prepared to enter the auditorium to witness JD's production of William Shakespeare's farce, 'The Comedy of Errors'.

The moment they did enter they received a shock. The stage lights burned like a Mediterranean sun and an unusually conventional set. Spread around the Greek taverna (for that is what the set represented) were a collection of costumed waitors, waitresses and various characters from the play seemingly oblivious to the mass crowds beneath them. The action gently built up until the grand entrance of the Duke, sorry Duchess.

It would take too long to describe the play in total but let me give you a brief summary of the plot.

A merchant and his wife give birth to twins before the play starts and on the same day another pair of twins are born (coincidence, huh?!) Now this second pair of twins become servants to the first pair of twins (convenient) and while the four twins are still babies they get caught in a storm and, believe it or not, they get separated. The plot now resolves around the fact that these twins (who meet up in later life) confuse each other and naturally a lot of trouble is caused.

I won't confuse you any more with the details. If you weren't able to see the play it's a pity, as it was a memorable occasion for everyone involved. As far as I know, the entire cast and production team enjoyed it immensely.

Luke Boumphrey.

My Pet

My pet is a large, bouncy, Old English sheep-dog. Now you can hardly tell that he is the same dog that I found two and a half years ago.

I found him, lying half dead by the side of the road. I felt very sorry for him and, as I bent down to stroke him, he feebly lifted his head and whined, seeming very happy to see someone bother about him. While I was stroking him, I noticed that he had a shilling and a small piece of paper round his neck. I took the piece of paper and read, "Please look after my dog. I cannot afford to keep him any longer. Here is my last shilling. Thank you. I am very grateful. I will come and collect him when and if I survive to earn enough money."

I decided to take the dog home and see if I would be allowed to keep him. I lifted him up, as he did not seem to be very strong.

When my Mum opened the door, she looked very surprised and asked, "What on earth do you think you are doing?", while staring at Shilling - the name which I had already decided to call my dog.
I told her what had happened and showed her the note.

She was very much softened by it: "What a nice thing to write! I suppose it would be nice to keep him, but we'll have to ask your father. O.K?" I agreed and my Mum suggested that we should give him a bath and something to eat so that he would look a bit more presentable when he was to be shown off to Dad.

When we spoke to Dad, he was rather unwilling, but after a bit of persuasion from both Mum and me, it was decided that we would keep him, but he was to be my dog and I would have to be responsible for washing, walking and feeding him.

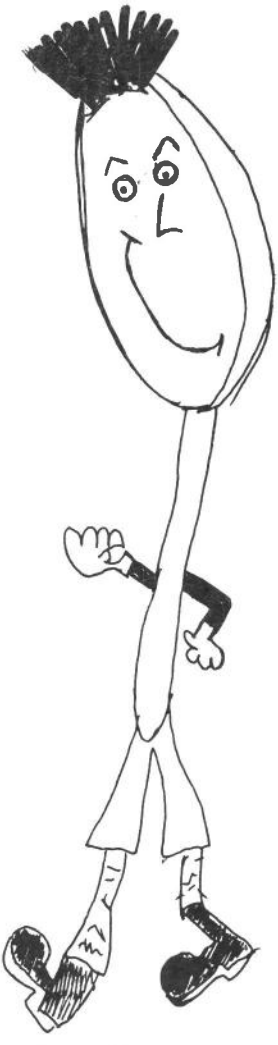
Shilling is a big, hairy and very active dog. He is grey and a sort of dirty white in colour. He is very friendly, even to strangers. I don't think that he hs ever growled.

We worked out that Shilling was one and a half human years old - ten and a half dog years - when we adopted him. As he was still quite young, I started trying to teach him a few tricks, like begging, catching and fetching. He's naturally good at begging, but he's hopeless at staying. He likes everyone and almost everything. There are only two things he doesn't like: people dropping food on his nose or putting food straight onto the floor without useing the bowl. His favourite place is on the end of my bed, even though he has his own bean-bag.
His first owner has never come to collect him and we have had Shilling for two and a half years now.



SIDNEY THE SPOON.

(A morality tale of lust and excess.)



One rainy day in the middle of June
There walked, downcast, a small gold spoon.
"Oh dear," he said, "I'm very sad
Life for an unwanted spoon is bad.
Today, for instance, I started life
With a house and a beautiful teaspoon wife.
I found this morning when I awoke,
They'd repossessed the teapot-I was broke!
So I packed up my stuff in a small teabag,
Drank a last drink, smoked a last fag
Then set off alone on the long dark road
And said goodbye to my humble abode.
For days and days and days I'll trek
without even one flake of 'Ready Brek'."
The thunder roared, the lightning flashed
And through the rain our hero dashed,
Over the hills and down some holes
Saying "Hello!" to a couple of moles.
Eventually he came across
A badger, stuck in a clump of moss.
"What are you doing?" asked the spoon
"What d'you think, you silly loon?!"
"I'm not sure," he cautiously replied
"I'm eating my tea," the badger lied.
"Oh jolly dee, can I join in?"
The badger was amazed that the spoon was so dim.
So the spoon carried on in his search for a place,
When he found a place that was really ace.
Comfy and nice, an abundance of food,
And naughty young girl spoons, all pretty and nude.
"Whoopee!" shouted Sidney (For that was his name.)
"I think that I'm gonna enjoy this game!"
So he unpacked his bag and made himself at home,
As he looked at the girls his mouth started to foam.
He took a girl in his arms, the randy young spoon,
And as she was tickled she laughed like a loon.
(Oh, Sidney, you perv, is there no hope
For a story as clean as a new bar of soap?)
He should have got bored and packed up his bags
But he didn't, he romped, drank and smoked fags!
His life became joy in the house of sin,
Until he was attacked by the badger, who did him in.
So ends the tale of Sidney the Spoon
The reason his life was ended so soon,
He indulged and succumbed to too many vices.
His lust and greed worse than men or mice's.
The badger, let you know, was an agent of God
Who had to kill Sid, the indulgent so and so.



TWO ANONYMOUS EX-PHYSICS STUDENTS.
ME AND HER!





A COMMENT ON BRITISH SOCIETY.

The man and his wife were waiting for their scampi in the plush and wealthy restaurant. The man placed his finger in his ear and twisted it a number of times. When he withdrew his hand he noticed that his earwax had gone green! Stranger things were to happen in the next few seconds.

Firstly his kneecaps became increasly itchy, then his eyebrows set on fire. Finally, after he had extinguished his burning eyebrows with a glassful of water, his head exploded covering his wife with a delightful peachy-grey assortment of blood, bone and brain.....

"Arghh! That's disgusting! "said the man's wife. "Gerald that's the last time we go out! You're always embarrassing me!!"

But her words were to no avail because her husband, Gerald, Winkle-Farmer, Accountant, Family man and ex-Hamster wrestling champion of the World, was quite, quite, dead!

"Excuse me, madam, but your husband's dead! "said the head waiter worriedly.

"No he isn't!" she replied, wondering why people were either leaving their seats or being violently ill on the Persian carpet.

The headwaiter calmly leaned forward and said;

"But his bloody head has blown up!"

"Oh, just ignore him! He's only showing off - he's always doing it. I mean last week at the Golf Club he was throwing peanuts in the air and catching them in his mouth. And only yesterday we were making pancakes and of course he had to help. The kitchen was a state afterwards, and would he clean up all the mess he made? No!", stated Geralds wife, brushing bits of his cranium off her shoulder.

Meanwhile, all the people in the restaurant had left in disgust except for one man who stood in amazement, looking at Gerald's body.

The manager wandered up to the man and asked him to leave, but the man claimed;

"I am a doctor, let me look at this poor fellow."

The manager let him through.

For the next few minutes, the doctor analysed Gerald's headless body from head to foot. The restaurant's staff busily cleaned up Gerald's head (which spread from table 12, to table 18 - quite a distance for a brain of average intelligence) and the customers' vomit; and Gerald's wife kept on saying that she could not understand what all the fuss was about and that she wanted to take her husband home once the doctor had finished.

The doctor stopped looking at Gerald's body, looked at the manager and exclaimed;

"This man has got no head....."

....he then screamed, covered himself with scampi sauce and ran away to live a new life as a Buddhist monk.

Before long the police arrived.

"Evenin' all, "said inspector Ruptured Spleen of Scotland Yard. "Me an' the boys have arrived on the scene cos we have reason to believe that someone has committed a murder on these premises."

"MURDER!" cried out the manager.

"MURDER!" cried out the head waiter.

"MURDER!" said Gerald's wife (In fact, she also cried out but I didn't want to repeat myself!)

"Yes, murder," said Spleen, coolly, calmly and totally relaxed. In fact, so relaxed that he melted into the Persian carpet!

"OH MY GOD!!" exclaimed John Searle-Barnes as he read it, "This story is getting extremely silly. I'll probably enter it soon!!" He read on....."Oh no, I already have!!"

Meanwhile, I wondered how I could finish off this story that I started with such finesse earlier.

AHA-I have the solution....(now read on)

Suddenly all the people in the restaurant were screaming out, "Murder, Murder!!" and blatantly accusing each other of the murder of Gerald. In the midst of all the confusion Gerald's body moved - firstly it was just a twitch, then he lifted up his hand and finally the headless body stood up. All the noise stopped. The manager stopped accusing the headwaiter of Gerald's murder, the Spanish waiter stopped fondling the waitress, and Inspector Spleen and his men stopped beating up a defenceless black - guy in the corner of the room.

Then, after watching Gerald's body place a tip in a saucer in the middle of the table and put his wife's coat on her, everyone in the restaurant fainted (except ofcourse Gerald and his wife!)

They both left the restaurant and walked to the car-park, leaving the restaurant behind them looking like a minefield.

When in their car, Gerald's wife turned to him and said: "Gerald, don't ever do that again!"

"Sorry, dear, "said Gerald. "I won't."

And as they drove out of the car-park they ran over a demented doctor who was covered with scampi sauce and trying to look like a Buddhist Monk!.....(Finito!)

by Jason Goddard 6.





"Will I get them out?" →

Girls Cricket

Background: This was a rare occasion. Last year Alisa Goddard hit Mr Bowden twice(!) with a cricket ball. Karen Edwards nearly lost the ball in the pond. Nothing so spectacular happened this year. Mr Bowden with much reluctance agreed on Friday 27th May to venture across the field with Olly Plunkett.

The results were :

First Side

Batswomen	Total Runs	How out	Bowler
Lisa Kiew	1	Bowled	Massey
Alisa Goddard	5	Bowled	Millard
Rachel Smy	1	Run out	
Karen Edwards	5	Not out	
Sarah Deacon	3	Not out	
extras (mostly wides)	8		
Total	23 for 4		

Bowlers	Wides	Balls b'wld	Overs	M'd'ns	Runs	W'kts
C.Millard	2	20	3	1	3	1
H.d'Ancey	2	15	2	0	2	0
D.White	0	20	3	0	6	0
M.Massey	1	14	2	0	2	1



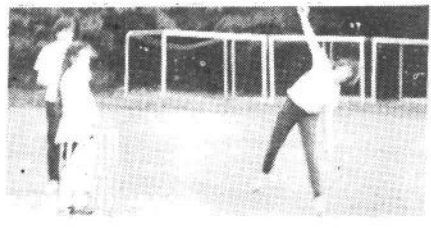
A bored fielder - wondering why she's playing this game.

Second Side

Batswomen	Total runs	How out	Bowler
M.Massey	9	Caught C.M	Kiew
V.King	8	Not out	
D.White	0	Caught C.M	Edwards
C.Churchill	0	Bowled	Deacon
H.d'Ancey	0	Not out	
Extras (Wides)	6		
Total	24 for 4		

Bowlers	No balls	Balls b'wld	Overs	M'd'ns	Runs	W'kts
A.Goddard	0	6	1	1	0	0
S.Deacon	1	18	3	0	11	0
L.Kiew	1	12	2	1	1	1
K.Edwards	0	14	2	0	5	2

A demon Bowler, a worried batswoman and a wary umpire



Lisa Kiew

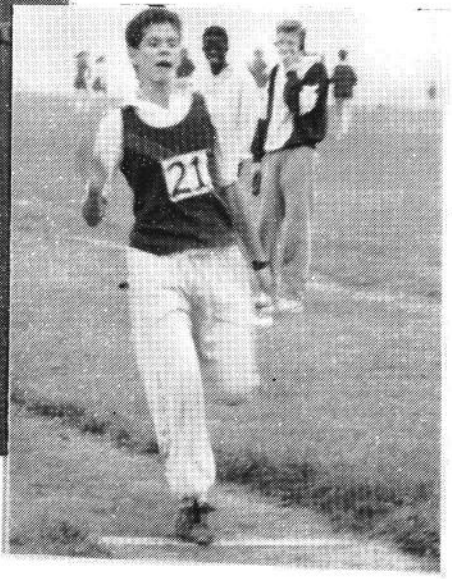
CAUGHT IN ACTION













Scouts

Scouting is based on the outdoors, so inevitably the Summer Term is the busiest of the three terms. Different years have different emphases, depending on the Scouts in the Troop, and this year the interest has been in water activities. Highlight has been the weekend at Bradwell Sailing Centre spent, as the name implies, largely on sailing various types of boat. There have also been two sessions canoeing at Harlow Outdoor Pursuits Centre, a sponsored paddle from Chesterford to Cambridge, and we had one relay team and 3 individuals entering for the first time the County Canoe Races from Chelmsford to Maldon. All who took part enjoyed the event and Richard Jones (10th) and Jonathan Attwood (12th) performed particularly well.

In the Spring Term a weekend in Kent involved a ten mile hike, an overnight stay at Kemsing Youth Hostel, and Archery and Go-Karting on the Sunday. There has also been Dry Skiing at Harlow, an Incident Journey in the area around the town, and participation in the District 5-a-side Soccer and Swimming Competitions. We won the Senior Age group in the latter, and have now won at least one of the two age groups in 12 of the last 14 years. Richard Jones broke the District Record in the breaststroke and other individual winners were Arthur Saunders and Jim Smith.

There has been a wide range of activities at the Friday Meetings, including a course at the local Fire Station, cooking, hiking, pioneering and games of various sorts.

Final event of this academic year will be participation in the Essex International Scout and Guide Jamboree, when we will be part of an event involving up to four thousand Scouts and Guides from a number of different countries.

Extracts from the Minutes of School Council Meetings
20 years ago i.e. 1968

(The year in which John Woods took over from Kenneth Nicholson as Head)

1. **Attendance at school films** 3rd form boys

Most of the council seemed to agree with the 3rd form boys that attendance at school films should not be compulsory because some films may be upsetting or the films may have been seen before. It was suggested that one should be allowed to leave in the first interval if one wished.

2. **Boys' informal dress after school** 6_1 boys

It was suggested that in the Autumn and Spring terms ties should not have to be worn in tea.

3. **Excursions** 6_1 girls

It was asked what had happened to the whole-day excursion in the summer term. Mr Nicholson explained that they hadn't disappeared but owing to expense smaller excursions were being organized.

4. **Collections**

Last term £50 was raised for refugees at Brumana. This term, so far, energies are being turned to helping an old lady at Wimbish.

5. **2 sittings for lunch?**

The Headmaster announced that a decision has been reached that self-service lunches shall come into operation in the autumn term, and if this proves successful the self-service may also be extended to other meals. The details of the matter have not yet been settled, but Mr Nicholson ennumerated many advantages for the scheme, such as: wuicker lunches, hotter food, people being able to sit where they want, and when they want from 1-2 pm, and more people catered for.

6. **School Clocks**

Several examples of the present unsatisfactory system of clocks in the school were quoted. After some discussion, Mr Woods was asked to pass on the following comments and suggestions:

1. The present battery system is overloaded and definitely not synchronised.
2. Three clocks are not working at the moment and require wiring up; these are the ones in both of the changing rooms and the gym.
3. New clocks are needed in the boys' bathroom and Croydon House in prominent positions.
4. A completely new system, run off the mains instead of batteries has been needed for some time and would be welcomed.
5. A system of bells might be integrated with a new electric clock system, with both running off a master clock, for a trial period.

(The Chairman at this point added an extra item to the agenda)

7. **The Water Tower and Reservoirs area**

Mr Woods told Council that the School Governors are considering the future of this area. He pointed out that the lowest estimate received for demolition of the Tower alone is more than £1,000. There followed a discussion concerning possible uses for the area. The School are encouraged to submit any suggestions to their form representatives. Miss Ashford pointed out that only the lower two floors of the Tower would be useable because the safety of the upper section is uncertain. The Reservoirs might be, for example, converted to a hall or Social Centre of the type suggested two years ago, although it might be preferable to remove them completely and rebuild to our own requirements, though at greater expense. The subject will be further discussed at the next meeting.

8. Sunday Leisure

a) More time for swimming. Games on the field, e.g. softball, preferably unorganised.
b) More television and films. Weekday clubs moved to Sunday.
c) Later breakfast was suggested but it was pointed out that time would be too short for the kitchen staff between breakfast and lunch.

9. Evening Meeting: 1st and 2nd form attendance

The boys wanted the choice of going to either morning or evening meetings.
The girls wanted to go to Evening Meeting only.

10. Thursday morning meeting

There were four suggestions for this meeting.
1) To have three simultaneous meetings: one of silent worship,
one with music,
one with discussion.
2) To have one meeting for forms 1 and 2,
one meeting for forms 3 and 4,
one meeting for forms 5 and 6.
The staff thought this a bad idea because of lack of rooms and supervision.
3) Several small meetings: but again there are the problems of room and supervision.
4) To have 2 or 3 simultaneous silent meetings at which attendance would be voluntary. For those not attending there would be an extended assembly with music or discussion.

Mr Woods pointed that this choice was unfair. The general feeling was an objection to compulsory attendance. With the present arrangement the social pressure is a burden on the lower part of the school.

11. Third and Fourth form boys' common rooms

The 3rd and 4th form boys pointed out that while the 1st and 2nd form boys have much equipment and 2 common rooms, they have only an extension to their formroom. A partition is wanted if another room cannot be found, and also more equipment e.g. table, pin-board, cupboard.

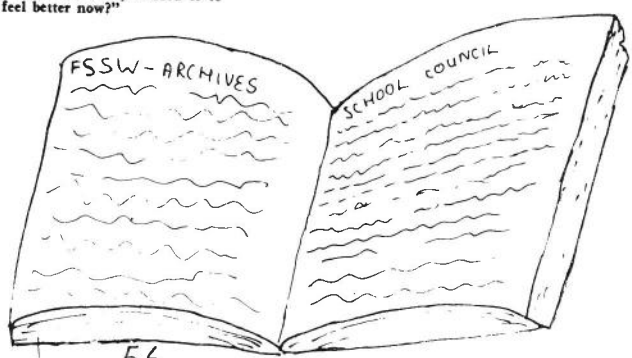
12. (Television viewing was restricted to:-)

i) **Weekdays** between Prep and 8.50 pm only by special arrangement with Mr Perry made 24 hours in advance, and would be in the Annexe.
Between 8.40 pm and bed-time in the Geography Room.

ii) **Saturdays** between 3 pm and 5.45 pm in the Hall.
Between 7 pm and bed-time in Room 10.

iii) **Sundays** between 3 pm and 5.45pm in Room 10.
Between 7.50 pm and bed-time in the Hall.

The air hostess was serving lunch and when she came to these two men sitting together, she gave one a tray and did not disturb the other who had fallen asleep. Suddenly the plane lurched and the man's soup landed on his friend. The latter woke with a start, grabbed a handkerchief, handed it to his seat-mate and asked solicitously, "Do you feel better now?"



INVESTIGATION

TELEPHONE LINES

This investigation is trying to discover how many telephone lines 20 people need if they are all going to have a line passing between each other.

i) The telephone lines for 2 people = 1 *(see fig. i)*



fig. i

ii) The telephone lines for 3 people = 3 *(see fig. ii)*

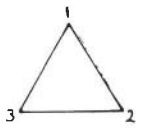


fig. ii

iii) The telephone lines for 4 people = 6 *(see fig. iii)*

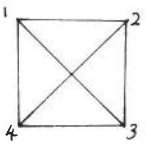


fig. iii

iv) The telephone lines for 5 people = 10 *(see fig. iv)*

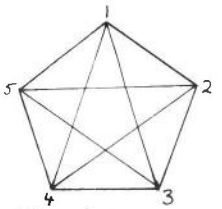


fig. iv

SO;

No. of people.		No. of lines.
1	=	0
2	=	1
3	=	3
4	=	6
5	=	10

If you look at the "number of lines" column, you will see that the difference between each consecutive no. of lines goes up by one more each time. i.e. The difference between 0 and 1 is 1, between 1 and 3 is 2, between 3 and 6 is 3, and between 6 and 10 is 4. Therefore, 6 people would need 15 lines.

But why?

Refer to fig iv. With the results of 5 people, point A has 4 lines going from it, point B also has 4 lines going from it, but one of them has already been counted in A, so there are only 3 uncounted. Point C has 2 uncounted lines going from it, point D has 1 uncounted line going from it, and all 4 of E's lines have been counted before. If you add up the digits from 1 to 4 (4,3,2,1) you get the answer for 5 people.

Another table:

```
1 person 0 = 0
2 people 1 0 = 1
3 people 2 1 0 = 3
4 people 3 2 1 0 = 6
. . . . . .
17 people 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 = 136
18 people 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 = 153
19 people 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 = 171
20 people 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 = 190
```

An even quicker way to find out the answer is:
(P = number of people in question)

(P - 1) / 2 * P = no. of lines for P people.
e.g. if P = 20
(20 - 1) / 2 * 20 = 190

Also for numbers which begin in a 2, and are followed by 0's. Take the 2 and turn it into a 1, then take the 0's, and turn them into 9's. Then take the 0's and put them on the end. e.g.20, is made into 19, and then the 0 is added on the end - 190!
So the answer to 20 000 would be 199 990 000. I'll prove it by using the formula.
20000 - 1 / 2 * 20 000 = 199 999 000!

BY ARTHUR SAUNDERS
3Y
(With help from Jim Smith)

Thirteen unanswered questions...

1. Where does Mr Ratcliffe buy his ties ?
2. What kind of aftershave does Mr Searle-Barnes wear?
3. Who makes Mr Allen's cardies?
4. When did Miss Brinkworth last buy a new wardrobe ?
5. Does Mr Bowden bleach his eyebrows ?
6. Is Mrs Bradley-Manning aware that fashions have changed since the 1960's ?
7. How many strings of plastic beads does Mrs Davies have?
8. Does Mr Arter really polish his head ?
9. Where does Mr Benson buy his bow ties ?
10. Has anyone ever seen Mr Hugall smile ?
11. Is Mr Dodge a medallion man at heart ?
12. Does Mr Whit idolise Papa Smurf?
13. Did Miss Green bunk off games when she was at school ?



Lisa Kiew

W O R D S E A R C H

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

Teachers

AC	AB	AF	AR
BG	CS	DA	DBM
ED	FW	FS	DOB
MB	MC	MD	MH
MM	MP	PA	PB
PR	RR	RS	JRW
SG	TB	TD	JCX
HB	JD	LG	JCW
JM	VS	SA	JSB

With the remaining letters, form 5 words to do with the school.

Carol Thompson

A Sunday School teacher asked her young class: "Who knows who Matthew was?"

No reply came. "Who knows who Mark was?"

Still no reply. "Who knows who Peter was?" . . . Then a small voice answered: "Please Miss, I fink he was a wabbit."

The Inland Revenue people have simplified their tax forms for this year. They now read:

(a) How much did you earn last year?
(b) How much have you got left?
(c) Send it.

TEACHER: "YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE AT 9.15!"

STUDENT: "WHY, WHAT HAPPENED?"

"Why are you pulling that piece of string behind you?" said one lunatic to his friend.

"Well, have you ever tried pushing it?" he replied.

The new monk was being shown the monastery and when he and his companion arrived at the recreation room they suddenly found a group of monks sitting in a circle in one corner. Suddenly one jumped up and shouted "59", and the group dissolved into laughter. The new monk asked what was going on and was informed that they were telling jokes. "We have a numbered list of jokes," explained the guide, "Instead of reciting the whole joke we just give the number."

"Can I try?" asked the new arrival.

"Certainly."

"47." Whereupon the group remained silent.

"You didn't tell it right; try again."

"196." This time everybody howled with laughter and rolled around the floor for at least five minutes.

"Yes," replied the guide, wiping the tears from his eyes, "We haven't heard that one before."

INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT PROBLEMS!

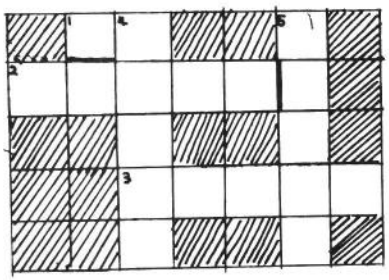
1 Find a cleverly disguised name in this thingy:

F R I E N D S S C H O O L
R I E N D S S C H O O L F
S C H O O L F R I E N D S
I A M A F R E A K H A H A
R I F C E N S D S O H O L

2 Unravel these anagrams to find your 4 favourite things:

BELYMASS _____
SITTING NELMEE _____/_____
CHEATERS _____
NIP U _____

3 And a wonderful crossword consisting entirely of teachers



Across:
1 DJ (Anagram).
2 Forest like.
3 Resembles school uniform.

Down:
4 Likes playing strip music.
5 Small, dangerous and wears glasses.

Answers (if you really need them)

1 Friends School
2 Assembly
Silent Meeting
Teachers
Punt
Across: JD, Woods, Green
Down: Dodge, Arter

Match each word with the right language

ESPERANTO	FRENCH
ABGEDROSCHEN	SPANISH
KORESPONDANTON	GERMAN
CIRCONSCRIPTION	ESPERANTO

A frog is at the bottom of a 30ft well. Every day, he jumps up 3ft and slips back 2ft. How many days does he take to get out of the well?

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE QUIZ

1.British Isles
A clay found in Cornwall and used in the making of high grade pottery is sometimes known as China Clay. Give another name for it.

2.Scandinavia
Which Danish writer, also a poet, gained lasting fame as a writer of fairy tales?

3.Germany and Austria
What is a)the highest mountain in Germany and b) the highest mountain in Austria?

4.Holland and Belgium
What great river passes through Holland from Belgium?

5.France
Is the Eifel Tower 374ft, 572ft, 836ft or 984ft high?

6.Switzerland
Describe the Swiss flag.

7.Spain and Portugal
Which one of Portugal's chief exports comes from the sea?

8.Canada
Who discovered Canada?

9.Asia
In which month does the Monsoon strike Asia?

10.Africa
On which river is the Victoria Falls?

11.Australia
What is the main source of water in Australia?

12.United States of America
How many stripes are there on the stars and stripes?

RIDDLES

What can be oval or round, hurts if you hold one and you often see them flat?

What is round, flies, needs heat and can be any colour?

(Answers: A hedgehog, A hot air balloon)

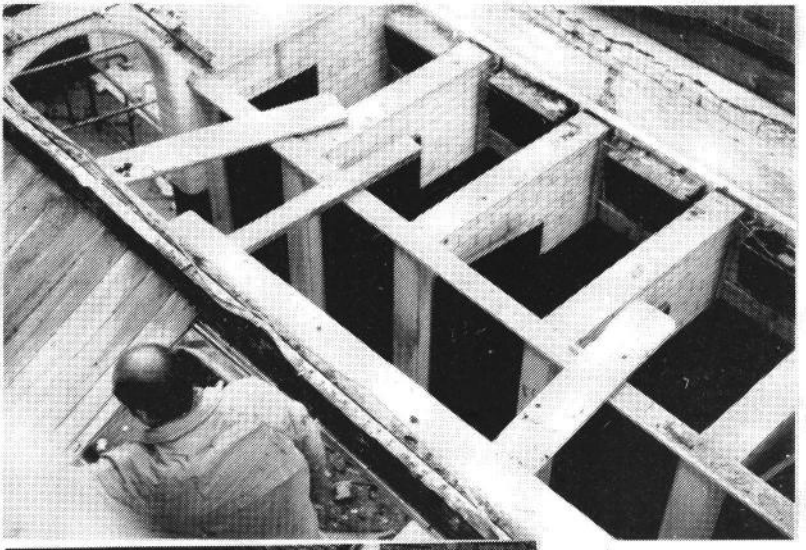
PUZZLES

How many words of more than 4 letters can you make out of:
ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANISM ?

Find the capital city of these countries:

NEPAL	SOUTH KOREA
PAPUA NEW GUINEA	
LAOS	MAURITANIA

Die Toiletten...

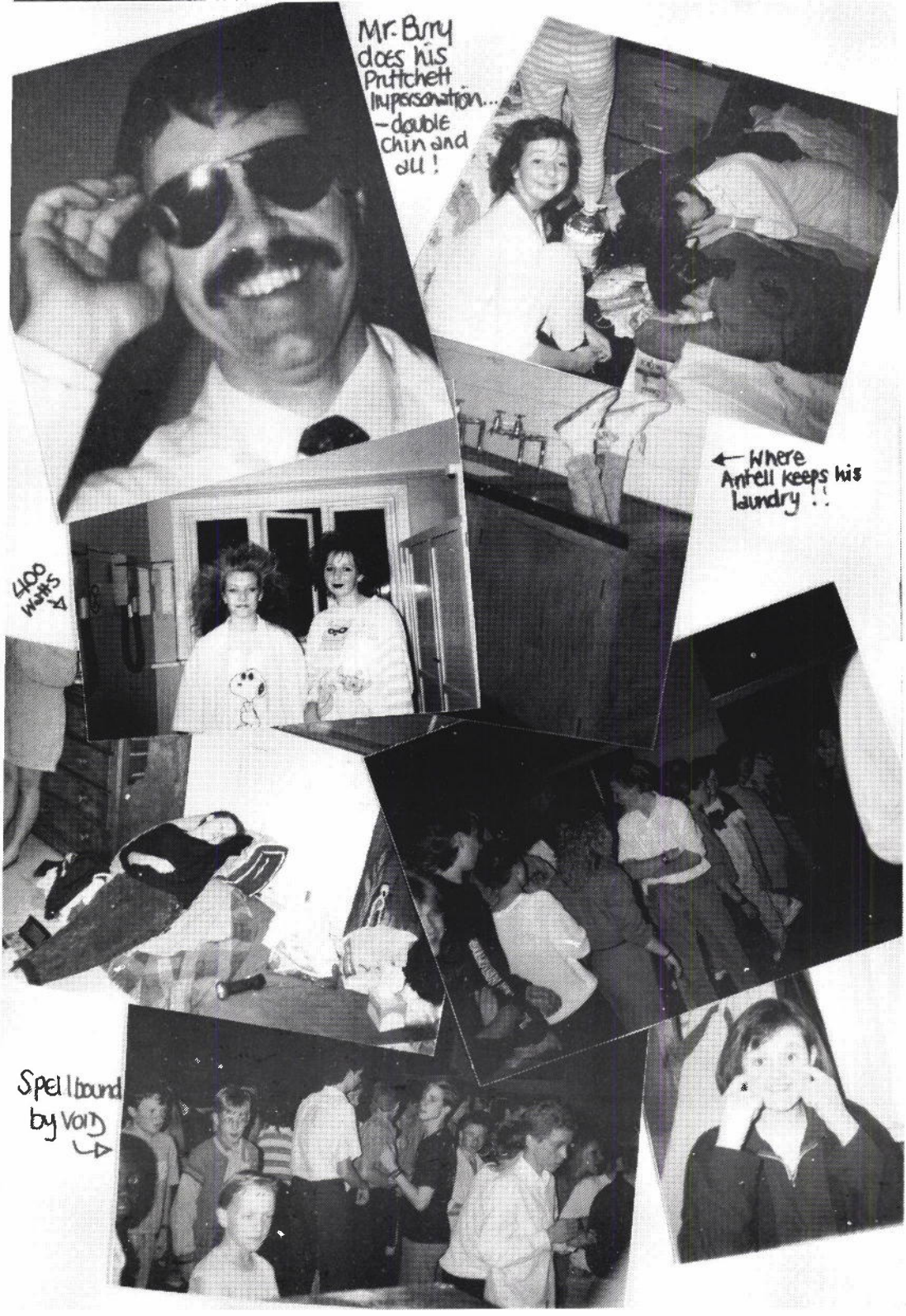


CHECKING FOR SMOKERS..



THE SQUATTERS

"GOD...THIS IS A BIG HOLE JOHN"....

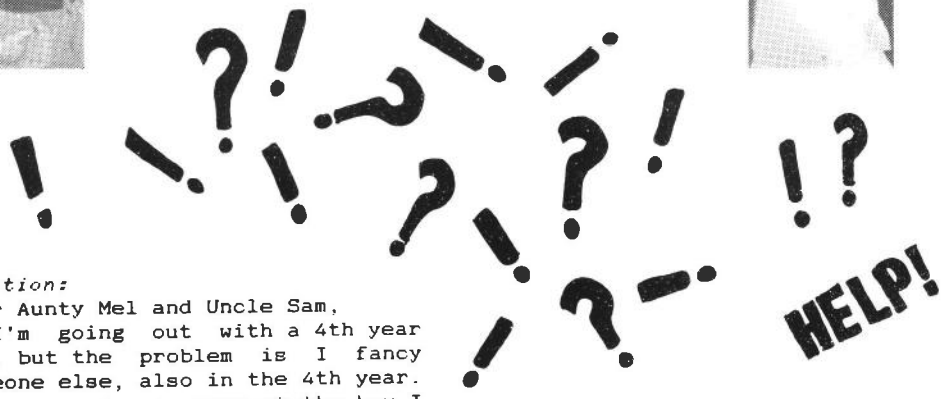

Mr. Burry does his Pritchett impersonation... - double chin and all!
← Where Antrell keeps his laundry!!
400 WATTS
Spellbound by Void



PROBLEM PAGE

Aunty Mel & Uncle Sam





Question:

Dear Aunty Mel and Uncle Sam,

I'm going out with a 4th year boy, but the problem is I fancy someone else, also in the 4th year. I have made a pass at the boy I fancy, but he has ignored, or not noticed, it. I don't know why he won't go with me, as I won't chuck the boy I'm going out with 'till I know the other one will go out with me, because I can't do without 'em, Love! I am really sexy etc, so I don't know why the other boy doesn't want to know.

Name withheld.

Sam's Answer:

I think your present boyfriend should tell you where to shove it as you're obviously using him and I suspect that the other boy is much too good for you!!

I think you love yourself too much to be able to give any to anyone else, "Love"!

Mel's Answer:

Write down the 'Pro's' and 'Con's' of each boy and then make a decision. You can't string them both along forever!

Call that help?

Question:

Dear Aunty Mel and Uncle Sam,

My problem is, I have a crush on a teacher. What makes it worse is I don't think he likes me. But he knows I like him a lot. I try getting "U's" in all my tests as this is the only way I can get his attention. He's married with two young children, so when I leave this school in June, do you think I should ask him out?

Name withheld.

Sam's Answer: You are obviously desperate for some love and attention, but I'm afraid this man is deeply in love with his wife. However, Mick Jagger went out with a 13 year old when he was in his early 30's, so there is hope for you yet!

Mel's Answer:

It's quite natural to have crushes on teachers, as long as they don't get too out of hand. My advice is to forget him when you leave as he is quite obviously happily married and not interested in you.

Question:
Dear Aunty Mel and Uncle Sam,
I'm madly in love with a male teacher. I'm worried that I'm gay. What shall I do? I have been out with girls.

Confused Madonna fan.

Sam's Answer:
Most people go through a sexuality crisis at one time or another in their lives and, as you say, you've been out with girls before. However, there is nothing whatsoever wrong with being gay.

Mel's Answer:
Most people are apt to getting homosexual fantasies at some point, so this is nothing to be ashamed of. I do suggest that you discuss your feelings with a Doctor or such like, so that they're clear in your mind.

Question:
Dear Aunty Mel and Uncle Sam,
I have this problem. Sometimes I feel so left out, everybody in my year hates me, what can I do? I'm a really nice person, but people feel scared towards me as I can be quite hostile at times.
Please, please help me.

A 4th year girl.

Sam's Answer:
Dear 4th year girl,
Pull your act together, woman! There's got to be give and take in all relationships. Perhaps if you weren't so desperate to get on with people and allowed yourself to relax a little, people will be attracted to your good side you mentioned and you wouldn't feel a need to lash out. Good Luck!!

Mel's Answer:
It's not really surprising people shy away from you if your aggressive. Try controlling your temper and I'm sure they'll flock to you, if you're as nice as you say you are.

Question:
Dear Aunty Mel and Uncle Sam,
Please could you advise me how to spend my money properly as I never seem to have enough. It would be helpful to have some advice on money matters.

A Proper Soul man.

Sam's Answer:
Dear Proper Soul man,
Don't drink, don't eat, don't smoke - I'm sure you'll then find you have enough money to spend on what you like!

Mel's Answer:
If you don't spend your money, you'll have a lot of it, and so your money problems will be over.

Thats no help

Question:
Dear Aunty Mel and Uncle Sam,
I'm a 1st year boy and I always feel homesick. The other boys in my year think I'm a sissy. Please help me.

Frustrated ABBA fan

Sam's Answer:
Well as far as homesickness goes, perhaps if you go home more on Weekend Leave you'll find it easier to cope with being away. Besides, most boarders go through this at least once during the years they are here and I should think your worry will pass.

Mel's Answer:
Try and make the most of school-life and the people while you're here and don't go on Weekend Leave too often. If it still doesn't improve, obviously being a boarder isn't for you.



Question:

Dear Aunty Mel and Uncle Sam,

I have a very serious problem. It has been worrying me for a long time and it interferes with all my school work. It started when I was twelve and it has scarred me for life.I have decided to tell you, but this has been kept a secret for a long time and I am in desperate need of advice. I would appreciate it very much if you could help me, although I know my problem is not very important. I suffer from " Prepititus", more commonly known as "Ihateprepum." I am not sure if this is a spreading disease or not, but what is your advice? Is there a cure? Thank you for listening.

Sonia

Sam's Answer:

Yes, shove your head in a toilet and flush the chain. Why? Because the disease is killed off by toilet water as it cannot breathe due to all the bacteria.

Mel's Answer:

GO AND SEE YOUR DOCTOR!

Question:

Dear Aunty Mel and Uncle Sam,

Please can you give me advice on starting up my own French School? I love the subject so much and the teachers who teach it. I want my own little shop selling books, tapes, etc.

Le garcon francais.

Sam's Answer:

I'm glad you find the teachers so encouraging; are you sure you attend this school?!

I'm sure the careers officer for the area would be glad to get you in touch with a company who could help you raise the capital needed. If not, try a bank!

Mel's Answer:

It's a very good thing to have ambition, though career goals are something that should be well thought out. If you're sure this is what you want, speak to a careers guidance counsellor, I'm sure he'll be able to set you on the right mark.

Question:

Dear Aunty Mel and Uncle Sam,

I'm having quite a few problems settling in here, and it's not helped by the fact that people say I'm really big-headed. This is because I thought two girls in the Fifth year fancied me, and it turned out to be one big joke. Also I always admit to what I'm good at. I wish people would just give me a break. Can you help?

Anon (3rd Year)

Sam's Answer:

I don't want to be offensive, but here's my opinion: Perhaps if you "laid-low" for a little while and stopped drawing attention to yourself with suggestive body language (e.g. mouthing obscenities across the room at people), the incident with the 5th year may not have occurred.

However, I'm sure you'll get rid of your present bad name eventually, when you stop being egotistical! I hope this has helped!

Mel's Answer:

Every one likes to impress, but I think in this case you've gone just a little too far. Others probably feel intimidated by you, so it's a good idea if you stopped bragging and started complimenting instead.



Question:
Dear Uncle Sam and Aunty Mel,

I have a serious problem. Ever since coming to a position of power, I have become a megalomaniac. I just can't keep my mouth shut and I keep saying silly things. My job's in jeopardy. Help!

Love,
Power-Crazy.

Sam's Answer:

There are associations you can join who can help you with this problem. Just take your well-earned break during the summer holiday and I hope you come back in the autumn refreshed and ready to help, instead of pushing your underlings around.

Mel's Answer:

GO AND SEEK PSYCHIATRIC HELP.

Question:
Dear Uncle Sam and Aunty Mel,

I've got a problem! I fancy James, in the 4th year! What can I do? Also, is his reputation to be believed?

Depressed WHAM fan.

Sam's Answer:

If you mean his reputation as a bit of a rebel, it used to be the case, but he's a different person now. However, rumour has it that he IS a bit of a womaniser, so watch you don't get hurt!

Mel's Answer:

The only way you can do anything about it is by letting him you know how you feel. If you want to know about his 'reputation', ask him.

Question:
Dear Uncle Sam and Aunty Mel,

I have this problem. Whenever I see a problem page in any magazine I just have to write into it. Am I strange? I have this impulse to make up stupid stories and lie. I've even had myself reported dead and born in the 'Telegraph' on the same day.

Love,
The Bug Printer

Sam's Answer:

I think you may have a serious problem. You are in dire need of attention and find this the only vent for your emotions. I'm sure if you start a relationship/friendship or otherwise, with someone who'll care for you, your impulsive writings will cease.

Mel's Answer:

You can receive psychological help free on the NHS and this is something I think you should take into very serious consideration. Many obsessions are rooted in emotional problems and, until they're sorted out, there's nothing you can do.



What do you mean ??

Question:

Dear Uncle Sam and Aunty Mel,

I'm going out with a boy three years younger than myself. Everything was going fine until just recently. He always wants to be with his friends, with whom I don't get along, and I want him to be with mine, who look down on him. I don't want it to finish, but there doesn't seem to be a compromise. Also, all the school seems to be making fun of me. What can I do?

A Suicidal 6th Former.

Sam's Answer:

If you two were really meant for each other, I'm sure you'll pull through this experience. 3rd/4th year boys do tend to be pretty immature and his friends are also probably very jealous that he's going out with someone much older than himself.

Discuss the matter with your boyfriend, but if no solution can be found, why not run off into the sunset with him, get married and live in a cottage in the countryside with 2.2 kids!?

Mel's Answer:

You should both discuss the situation, and if no compromise can be made, then obviously you're not meant to be together.

?!.?!/

If you have any more problems don't write to us we have enough of our own.

?!.?!

!.?!.?!

BLADDER TROUBLE



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