T.S. Eliot: Four Quartets

GUIDING PRINCIPLES

Values

Truth, Honour, Courtesy, Freedom

Academic Excellence

Achieve the highest academic standards Develop and sustain an excellent work ethic

Monastic School

Provide the optimum, all-girl environment in which the potential to become a successful, independent young woman is nurtured

Christian School

A school which is based on Christian principles and beliefs and which observes the Anglican faith

Progressive Curriculum

Develop an individual independence of thought that enables pupils to make sound judgements and face challenges

Develop an ethos of community-service and partnership integrated into the curriculum Counsel, guide, and nurture each girl, caring for her emotional well-being Provide abundant opportunities to express creative talent across the curriculum, including art, drama, and music

Successfully South African

Develop pupils to become leading women in touch with the broader issues and community in both a South African and global context Sustain our diverse and integrated cultural community Link the traditions of Roedean's past with the challenges of the future

Teachers

Develop and sustain a complement of remarkable teachers Strive to create opportunities for the development of leadership, fostering a climate of empowerment and participation

Sport

Provide opportunities for full participation for all equip pupils with the skills to enhance their achievements Ensure that the quality of coaching and facilities is of the highest calibre

Facilities

Treasure the heritage of the school buildings, set in serene grounds and beautiful gardens Continue to build world-class facilities linked to the progressive curriculum

School Community

To foster a sense of community spirit, interdependence, and respect that serves as a model for and has impact upon the wider community

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If you have a garden and a library, you have everything you need. ~ Cicero

In The Pornification of Girlhood", a perceptive piece in Australia's Quadrant magazine, Melinda Tankard Reist, Director of Women's Forum Australia, laments the fact that, in the twenty-first century, girls'"emotional and psychological wellbeing" is "at risk in ways never before imagined". Because of the "wallpapering of society with sexual imagery" and the "insid
ious creep of the cult of physical perfection", girls are being encourage
d, nay, coerced, to regard themselves not as questioning, intellectual be
ings, but as prowling hedonists, obsessed with the body beautiful. Melind
a Tankard Reist asserts that concerned adults, whether parents or teacher
s, must assist girls to see that "succumbing to the demands and dictates
of popular culture causes them to live limited and constricted lives".
To attempt to empower girls to reject fashionable stereotypes is a noble
goal, but it is certainly not easy to achieve. It seems to me that encour
aging constant, critical thinking is a vital step in this process of libe
rating our pupils from false values and misguided idolatry. If studentsar
e always alert and questioning, they will make informed decisions as indi
viduals, and will, therefore, be less likely to be moulded by shallow nor
ms. I was rather amused, earlier this year, by the response to an article
that I set in a recent Matric examination. It was a scathing satirical p
iece by the accomplished Canadian journalist, Mark Steyn, on the bombasti
c vacuity of Barack Obama's political oratory. A number of students were
shocked by it, because the received wisdom is that Obama is some sort of
Messianic figure. What was pleasing, however, was how many girls commente
d that the article made them think more deeply. It did not necessarily ca
use them to change their views, but it did make them realize that it is n
ecessary to turn the cold light of critical analysis even upon those whom
they admire, and that is a very valuable lesson to learn.
I am pleased to state that this quality of critical thought pervades the
Roedean Magazine of 2008. I have always believed that young writers must h
ave what Matthew Arnold called "touchstones" of great writing to inspire
them. It is an excellent idea to call on pupils to imitate the writers th
ey admire, but, in so doing, to add their own distinctive touches. Thus,
in this magazine, you will encounter a number of literary pastiches, in w
hich students skilfully imitate the mordant wit of Saki or the mocking co
mpound adjectives of Tom Wolfe. Some Matrics created their own Hitchcocki
an dialogues; some LowerVs attempted the difficult art of parody, with mod
els ranging from A.A. Milne to T.
Editorial
S. Eliot. Such writing certainly hones the critical faculties, for, as the
celebrated essayist, Dwight Macdonald, wittily puts it in the Introduction
to his Parodies: An Anthology From Chaucer to Beerbohm and After, parody is
"an intuitive kind of literary criticalisin.Jt is Method Acting, since a suc
cessful parodist must live himself, imaginatively, into his parodee".Ho
ever, it is not simply parody and pastiche that nurture critical think
ing. All creative writing is, I believe, a means of encouraging individua
I thought and development. A pupil who struggles to create a sonnet is sh
aping her own ideas, and must be self-critical to do so successfully. A p
upil who writes an argumentative piece about the Internet is compelled to
probe her own responses to modern technology, and thus do some acute sel
f-examination. Creative writing should always be the fruit of a quest for
perfection, with all the meaningful self-criticism that such a quest inv
olves.
To return to Melinda Tankard Heist’s disquieting article, I believe that
the encouragement of a healthy sense of self, of individual worth, is the
best protection from the trendy uniformity and limiting stereotypes of c
ontemporary existence. However, a healthy sense of self should never be c
fused with self-adulation. As great thinkers from Plato to Jane Austen
have always known, self-love and self-knowledge are not synonymous. The f
ormer is merely damaging narcissism; the latter results in the formation
of a complex, interesting being. As always, the Roedean Magazine aims to
ensure that, through creativity that is both imaginative and meticulous, pupils help themselves to develop thoughtful, multi-faceted natures. I must end in traditional fashion by thanking all who made this magazine into the attractive and thought-provoking work that it is. To Gill Murdock, Nikki Fyall, Cathy Harrison, Gill Reid, Anne Goncalves, and Rosemary Wilke, thank you for your untiring labours and innovative ideas. To Alison Williams, thank you for your eagle-eyed proofreading. To all the Roedean pupils involved in the creation of this magazine, thank you for your enthusiasm and industry. I trust that, through our magazine, we have struck a blow against the "limited and constricted" values of a world shaped by People and Heat.

Digby Ricci: Magazine Supervisor.

ROEDEAN MAGAZINE COMMITTEE 2008

Back Row: Kimberley Wiid, Valerie Muganda, Adele Rossouw, Nosizwe Ndlovu, Nindy Hammond.

Middle Row: Christine Moeketsi, Maureen Makoko, Camilla Osrin, Alicia Swart, Francesca Stewart, Li-Ming Pan, Faeeza Soni.

Seated: Mrs G Reid, Mrs G. Murdoch, Mr D. Ricci, Mrs C. Harrison, Mrs R. Wilke, Mrs A. Goncalves, Mrs N. Fyall.

Absent: Tuscani Cardoso, Agata Ogonowski, Charlotte Savage, Nomzamo Mokaba.

This being my third Speech Day as Chairman of the Roedean Board, I suppose I should feel that I have been in this role for a long time now, but this is absolutely not the case. I have to confess that the role continues to provide me with experiences without which I would be a much poorer person. To be able to interact with this wonderful, world-class school (with the choir we have just heard) and, in particular, the dedicated and professional staff at this incredible place of learning, is a real privilege. Mrs Williams's passion for the school and the girls is an inspiration which I know rubs off on the other members of the staff, both academic and administrative. I wish to thank her and all the staff for their hard work. Thank you is a trite phrase when I consider how much you do, and the hours you spend on your work at Roedean, but I wish to acknowledge it and to tell you that you are an amazing team. Thank you.

In addition to such contact, I have the privilege to be able to interact with my fellow Board members, each of whom brings special talents to the Board, talents for which I am truly grateful. Our conversations in board meetings are often challenging and sometimes fierce, but we grow through these debates and I am sure that Roedean is the better for them. I also wish to acknowledge your contribution to the school over the past year and to thank you again for your hard work and in particular for the support you give me.

During 2008, no Board members have retired, but at the end of the year, Craig Dreyer, the Deputy Chair and Finance Director, will step down. Craig joined the Board in 2004. However, his involvement with the school goes back to around 1994, I guess, when his older daughter started at Roedean. His younger daughter is in Matric this year. In addition, his wife, Linda, was at Roedean in my year group, which matriculated in 1977, and this fact means that the Dreyer family's involvement with Roedean goes back a very long time! Craig has been a steady pillar of strength to the Bursar and her team, as well as to me, from the moment that he took over the role of Deputy Chair in 2006. Only the Bursar, Sue Leahy, and the finance team probably know the full extent of his contribution to the schoo
I. He has met with the Bursar once a week since 2004, and has spent hundreds of hours making sure that the school's finances are in order. I will miss him and his wisdom, as will the finance team and the rest of the Board. Craig,
I know how demanding your work is in the financial world of private equity, and thank you so very much for the time and dedication you have given to Roedean.
I am pleased to announce that there have been two newcomers to the Board. Firstly, Angel Gomes (nee Jones) who has taken on the new role of Marketing Director. Many people will have heard of her through the Homecoming Revolution movement she started in the early part of this century to encourage and assist South Africans living abroad to "come home". This movement is still going strong. One needs only to visit the website www.homecomingrevolution.co.za to see this. Angel is also known for the advertising firm which she co-founded named MorrisJones&Co. I am proud to say that she is also an Old Roedeanian, as are her mother and aunt.
Her role as Marketing Director is one that Mrs Williams and I identified some time back as being necessary to help us in positioning the school in the competitive independent girls' schools' environment that exists in Johannesburg. We are looking forward to working with Angel, whose energy and enthusiasm for South Africa and Roedean are going to stimulate us all, I'm sure.
The other new member of the Board was elected at the Board meeting held last month. His name is Graham Everett and he will replace Craig Dreyer as the Finance Director. He has a CA qualification and is head of the Domestic Treasury Division of Standard Bank, with added responsibility for Equity Derivatives, Credit Derivatives, and Capital Management. Most stressful job at present, no doubt, but he was still able to meet with us yesterday afternoon, to meet Craig, and to discuss the school's finances. He and his wife, Rose, have a daughter in Upper V. Graham brings interesting experience to the Board, experience from both the banking world and from Auckland Park Preparatory School, where he served as Treasurer for four years. We are looking forward to working with him too...
Turning to the Board's activities during this year, I would like to update you on developments with regard to the outcome of the 2005 questionnaire. 2005 may seem a long time ago now, but we have been steadily working on the issues which emerged from that questionnaire. You may recall that these were sport, finances, the role of the PTA, and the role of the SAORA.
As regards sport, I believe that Roedean's efforts in relation to coaching have shown dividends on the sportsfields and will continue to do so. The results are to be seen in the announcements contained in the Head's newsletter to parents. Congratulations are due to all those involved in this area of the school. I feel confident that sport is now getting the attention for which some parents wished. That said, Roedean will continue with its main focus of providing the best possible academic education, for all its pupils.
With regard to finances, I believe that parents should continue to anticipate steep increases in fees. Top-notch education like that which Roedean provides (some of our Old Girls are gaining admission to Oxford and Harvard) does not come cheap anywhere in the world, and South African schools are still amongst the most reasonably priced. The main factors causing costs to rise at Roedean, and no doubt at other schools too, are inflation, IT requirements, the pressure on schools to attract and to retain to
teachers from a dwindling pool, and the need to build and maintain facilities which are commensurate with the level of education being provided. In June of this year, Mrs Williams visited some of the top girls' schools in the USA and found, to my interest, that independent schools in the USA long ago reached the stage at which there was an annual gap between the amount that they felt that they could charge by way of school fees, and the actual annual operational costs. Parents are, however, expected to fund this annual "gap", and they do this by way of donations and fundraising. This is in addition to the efforts of the endowment offices which interact with various stakeholders to build funds for projects that are not considered to be operational. I have no doubt that South African independent schools are approaching this stage too. Clare Mitchell has told us that, in her canvassing of the parents on the PTA, she has learnt that Roedean parents would prefer an annual levy, rather than being asked to raise more funds than the PTA currently does. Next year, Roedean will start a foundation office in order to formulate and implement a plan to increase the size of the endowment funds available to the School and the Roedean Trust, but I do not think that this will obviate the need for annual fee-increases, as such endowment funds will not be used for operational purposes. Although endowment funds will assist with the funding of capital projects, such funds are, by their nature, built over time and do not flourish overnight.

Coming back to the results of the 2005 questionnaire, as regards the role of the PTA, we reviewed the constitution of the PTA and realised that it was unclear as to whether the PTA was a stand-alone body or a part of the school. Much debate ensued within the PTA itself, and finally a new constitution was adopted at the PTA AGM early this year. It states that the PTA is a standing committee of the Board and is responsible for the following: to support and further the interests and welfare of the school and of its staff and girls; to foster a spirit of community amongst the parents, teachers, and girls of the school; and to provide a channel of communication between the parents of girls in the school and the school itself.

All activities of the PTA must conform to the school's Guiding Principles and Code of Conduct. Each parent and/or guardian of a girl attending the school is automatically a member of the PTA for as long as that girl remains in the school. And all teachers who enter into permanent employment with the school also become members of the PTA for as long as they are so employed. The Executive Committee of the PTA will, from time to time, put forward nominees for election by the Board of one of the nominees to be a member of the Board, in accordance with Roedean's Articles of Association as a Section 21 company. Board members have a term of office of not longer than 6 years, after which they must stand down for at least one year and thereafter may be elected for only one more term of 3 years. The Articles of the school also state that up to four parents at any time should be members of the Board. The current PTA-nominated Board member is Clare Mitchell, but the Board does not require the Head of the PTA also to become a Board-member. The PTA should nominate persons who would best be able to serve the interests of the school as members of the Board. The advantage of the PTA's being a subcommittee of the Board, rather than being a stand-alone body, is that the PTA does not have to apply for tax-exemption in relation to the income it brings in through fundraising exercises, and also does not have to be separately audited. I hope that this exercise has succeeded in clarifying the
PTA's role. The PTA is a crucial body within the school and we rely on it heavily. I, therefore, also wish to thank Clare Mitchell and her committee for the Stirling work they have done this year.

The role of the SAORA as an association of the alumni of the school is, I think, clear. All girls automatically become members of SAORA on leaving the school. A review of its constitution revealed that it has always been a legal body separate from the school and it also has tax-exempt status of its own. It was set up in 1907 (what forethought our Founders had!) To foster relations amongst Old Girls and to maintain relations between Old Girls and the school. It was also formed to provide bursaries, to maintain the archives and records of the Old Girls, and to support the school whenever necessary. However, a role in contributing to the growth of endowment funds, as such, is not mentioned in the constitution. As can be seen from the tone of my speech so far, this is something which is becoming more and more important to the survival and success of independent schools. The school is, therefore, working together with the SAORA to educate the current girls of the school and the Old Girls as to the meaning of, and need for, philanthropy in relation to Roedean.

The current president of the SAORA, Sally Ann Fitzpatrick-Niven, and members of her committee are making good strides in this regard. Sally Ann tells me that she met with the Matric girls only yesterday and was thrilled by the number of girls who were offering to serve on the SAORA committee. The SAORA committee has also bought into the concept of the Foundation Office, which they have agreed to assist by providing some initial funding. I wish to thank Sally Ann and her committee for their work in this regard and to urge them to continue. As I have often said, if each Old Girl would donate R100 a month to the school, or R1200 a year, we would have ample funds to be able to continue to make Roedean "the best school of all." I myself have, for many years now, made an annual donation to the school. To my delight, the "R100 a month" concept was embodied in the 100 Year Fund which the SAORA launched last year, the centenary year of the founding of the SAORA. This fund aims to encourage each Old Girl to donate R100 a month to the SAORA. Whilst on the topic of the SAORA, please make a point of visiting the archives room which SAORA opened this year on Foundation Day in the old Bears sitting-room. The room is beautifully arranged and the displays are extremely interesting.

What I have said shows, I hope, that we have addressed or, at least, grappled with each of the issues that emerged from the 2005 questionnaire. One of the problems that the Board has been tackling in 2007 and 2008 is the need to provide open-space, large classrooms which are required in order to implement new learning methodologies. Mrs Williams and Mrs Mallen have been discussing these needs with the Board for some time now. Neil Cloete had the brainwave that such classrooms could be found in the current boarding-houses. He put forward the concept that the school should build a new boarding facility which would free up the current boarding spaces for new classrooms. Since the current boarding facilities are outdated, and the Board has also felt for some time that this should be addressed, we all agreed that this was a win-win solution. We have, therefore, approached the school's architect, Mr Clive Geary, to prepare documents in order to commission him to prepare drawings for this project. Needless to say, this is going to be an expensive exercise. We will be looking to the Roedean Trust to assist us with funding for the project, but also expert to have to enter into some form of borrowing arrangements. Whilst
Mrs Philippa Sauvenier: Chairman of the Board

any funding provided by the Trust can, we hope, be interest-free, any other form of borrowing will surely bear interest. Parents need, therefore, to expect a building levy to be added to the fees during 2009 and for some time thereafter. Please bear with us - this project is an extremely exciting one, and will bring many benefits to the school.

Quite by chance, and to our delight, Mr Julian Ogilvie Thompson has also very generously donated an amount of half a million Rands to the school which will be used to help update the school's science facilities. Mr Ogilvie Thompson has retired from the Trust after more than 30 years of service to the school. Such length of service, ending with this donation, leaves me without words to express our thanks sufficiently. A dinner to express our thanks was held recently in Kats sitting-room for him and his wife by the trustees of the Trust. We do, however, hope to continue to see them at school functions, especially the school plays, which they say, they always enjoy.

At the start of 2008, Mrs Williams told me that the five-year goals and objectives which she had presented to the Board, as part of the process of being interviewed in 2002 for the position of Executive Head of Roedean, had been fulfilled. As those of you who know Mrs Williams well can imagine, this announcement filled me with some trepidation. What was going to come now? To my relief, she told me that she thought that it behoved her to come up with another five-year plan. Shortly thereafter, she announced that she had arranged for the school's Executive Team to embark on a strategy exercise with Peter Labum (our guest speaker today). I was invited to join them. Some exciting concepts have emerged from two sessions with Peter and Nicky de Kok, a branding strategist, who works with Peter. The Board is going to meet with them this coming week. Much work is still to be done, and all I can say at this stage is, "Watch this space!"

Now I need to end my part of today's proceedings. Turning to the class of 2008, I wish you all the very best with your final examinations in this first year of the "New Matric" and in your lives after you leave school, when you too will become "Old Girls" of Roedean.

Mrs Philippa Sauvenier: Chairman of the Board.

~ @Toøa,~<eăn 0cAæel (03%) / Chairman of the Board's Report ~
pleasure to present my report and my reflections on the year to date.
ly, 4 October, I had the pleasure of seeing a presentation by the Drama girls before an external moderator, and a delight to see parents and their children, there exists a notice theatrical giftedness, and an engaged with the audience.

At the conclusion of the program, the moderator, a drama teacher of considerable reputation, was effusive in her praise, and I had the pleasure of seeing a presentation by the Drama girls before an external moderator, and a delight to see parents and their children, there exists a notice theatrical giftedness, and an engaged with the audience.

Ladies and gentlemen, 2008 has been a particularly challenging year and I am going to begin today by paying tribute to the staff of Roedean. In a few weeks, the National Senior Certificate Examinations will begin for the first time. The preparations for this new examination have been immense, and, since 2006, the Senior School staff members have been i
nvolved in many aspects of the development and implementation of this process at many levels. In 2005, Roedean was selected by the Independent Examination Board as a pilot school and this class and their teachers have followed the new Further Education and Training Certificate (FET) system with Roedean's customary rigour. The new School Based Assessment process has proved to be a weighty one. The evolution of the now ubiquitous portfolio and the educational benefits of its implementation are widely and hotly debated. Any good school whose focus is on providing a proper education within a framework of excellent teaching and learning will continue to experience levels of frustration and sometimes doubt as to the quality of learning that could characterize the outcome of this particular process of SBA, if it remains in its current format. In many subjects, as well, the National Core Curriculum has changed and these changes have brought with them considerable challenges. One needs only to consider the example of Mathematics and the ongoing debate over the apparent demise of critical Mathematical concepts, now relegated to an optional Paper 3. This is perplexing to say the least when the rallying cry at a global level is for a sharper focus on Mathematics and Sciences in the light of 21st-century and future economies. 2008 will see the first examination papers which no longer differentiate between Higher Grade and Standard Grade. Papers are now set to assess levels of skills linked to critical outcomes. As Roedean parents, you are aware of this change, as your daughters' school reports have familiarized you with the methodology and current assessment terminology. Good, accurate assessment is a highly skilled process, requiring specialist practitioners.

The 2008 results and the critical issue of standards will bring with them the impact of a revised curriculum. Much work has been done by the IEB, together with schools, to extrapolate results from previous years into this new framework of assessment. It is important to do this - we do know what is at stake. Our responsibility grows greater by the day, \( \text{\textcopyright \textregistered} \) Robert Evans (a clinical and organizational psychologist and the Executive Director of The Human Relations Service in Wellesley, Massachusetts) describes the paradox of 21st-century living as existing in a world in which opportunity has increased, while predictability has decreased, and that this fact has led to a serious rise in parent-and-pupil anxiety. In a year of extraordinary teaching demands, in a year of extreme national and global uncertainty, in a year in which many teachers have faced great personal loss, grief, and ill health, the members of staff at Roedean have continued to uphold the values and standards for which this school is renowned.

In spite of what I have described to you in the last few minutes, the one fact I do know is that, when pupils of this Matric Class walk into the exam room to write the first of the new NSC exams, they will do so with the same level of preparedness that has benefited every other Matric Class before them and we need only consider the academic reputation of Roedean to know how effective and far-reaching in its impact such preparedness has been.
It would be irresponsible of any one of us to underestimate the impact of teaching on the future of any girl who passes through these teaching spaces daily, but, while accepting teachers' increasing responsibility, one must acknowledge that it will be a terrible miscarriage of justice if communities continue to have unrealistic expectations that schools are 'one-stop shops' and that many parental responsibilities, linked to values and discipline, can be partially and conveniently outsourced. The bigger picture of the national and global teacher-shortage has to be addressed by whole school communities, and the Board of Roedean has recently made a commitment to embark on a process of transformation and teacher mentorship through programmes at critical levels of the school.

Much has been achieved this year. On numerous occasions, we have celebrated and published the successes of the girls across a wide spectrum of academic, sporting, and cultural disciplines. This time last year, I commented on the response by the girls to the introduction of The President's Award. In the space of one year, 19 girls have received bronze awards, 6 have received silver, and, on 31 October, a large group of Roedean girls will be presented with their gold awards by His Royal Highness, Prince Edward, who travels to South Africa every 18 months for this presentation. The many activities and ongoing acts of service that these girls have been involved in over the years at Roedean have contributed to their stellar rise within the rigorous framework of this award. It is an outstanding achievement - after all, the President's Award is described quite simply as a character award.

Our social responsibility programmes continue to grow and to provide many challenging opportunities for girls to develop a sense of citizenship. During the August holidays, two residential projects were undertaken. The number of girls who volunteered to work at Phedisang, the McLean Trust Feeding Scheme in Limpopo Province, doubled to 18 and, for the first time, a group of girls travelled to Phokeng near Rustenburg to work for five days at a small, impoverished school, which has been taken under the caring wing of Mmamogolo Semane Molotlegi, the Queen Mother of the Royal Bafokeng. Roedean has subsequently been invited to develop, with the assistance of generous funding from the Royal Bafokeng Institute, a programme of peer instruction and it is our intention to develop a Science-based programme as our first initiative. This is also a very exciting development for Roedean girls.

Each year, we use this occasion to pay tribute to a number of teachers who have served Roedean over a period of time, and I now call on Mrs S auvenier to present these awards.

30 years (32 yrs actual): Mrs Margery Taylor - Squash Teacher, Phys Ed Dept 15 years: Mrs Carol Hughes - Junior School Mrs Snezana Ivanovic - Music Department Mrs Tina Locke - Latin and Afrikaans Teacher Mr Marius Brink - Dept HOD Music 10 years: Ms Margi Allsop - Deputy Head, Junior School Mrs Marilyn Buchanan - HOD Mathematics Mrs Norma Di Clemente - Junior School Mrs Tessa Dix - HOD St Margaret's Mrs Lise Gordon - French Teacher & Lambs Housemistress Mrs Rosina More - St Margaret's pupil organiser Miss Loredana Raccanello - Phys Ed Department Mrs Alison Williams - English Department

At the end of this year, Mrs Angela Erasmus will retire from Roedean. Angela has taught in the Junior School for 12 years. Angela is committed to excellence, whether it takes the form of nurturing her Form II class,
taking her pupils on camp to Bush Pigs, or instilling good, old-fashioned manners into a generation of modern girls. Angela is always firm, but kind and compassionate towards her pupils, astute, a good listener, a wonderful friend, and a dedicated colleague. We wish her well as she moves to the KwaZulu Natal South Coast.

I would like to thank Jan Mallen, Tessa Dix, Margi Allsop, Brenda Howden, and all the members of staff of the Junior School and St Margaret's for everything they do to create the exciting and rewarding environment that characterizes our Junior School. And to the Senior School Executive - Fiona Rogers, Cathy Harrison, and Lyn Sonderup: your ongoing devotion to the wellbeing and academic development of the girls of Roedean is exemplary. I could not possibly face the many challenges presented to me without your support, involvement, and care, and I thank you.

Gary Hamel, celebrated business-thinker and Visiting Professor of Strategic and International Management at the London Business School, believes that 21st-century organizations will have to be much more than operationally efficient. It is his opinion that they must be able to change ahead of the curve, to spawn a torrent of rule-breaking innovations, to engage fully the passions and creative energies of all their members, and to balance the demands of a growing number of stakeholders.

How foolish and short-sighted it would be for any school to believe that the impact of 21st-century living is not going to compel it to reconsider the manner in which it operates! The time has come for us as a community to engage seriously in a strategic-thinking exercise which must capitalize on our current imperative advantage in order to position this school at the forefront of education in South Africa.

The rate of global change must force us to question the values and skills that are offered to pupils as part of their learning experience here at Roedean. It is of interest to consider what Thomas Friedman, influential Pulitzer Prize winner and author of The World is Flat, identifies as the types of people that will be needed in the rapidly changing world which he describes. He identifies, interestingly enough, not doctors, lawyers, UCT Business Science graduates, and the like, but begins with collaborators, orchestrators, and synthesizers who can bring a myriad of disparate ideas together. This, in turn, will give rise to a need for the great explainers, as Friedman calls them. Those individuals who can see complexity, but can explain it with simplicity will, therefore, be able to identify opportunities far more effectively; the great leveragers will be expected to maximize our advanced technologies, and the work forces will be required to ensure that work is smarter and faster. The capacity to be adaptable is probably one of the most critical skills that a good education will develop. On a recent visit to South Africa, Professor Erica McWilliam of the University of Technology in Western Australia describes this ability as knowing what to do when you don’t know what to do. Friedman calls on us to imagine workers approaching the workplace much like athletes preparing for the Olympics, but with one difference - they have to prepare like someone who is training for the Olympics, but doesn't know what sport they are going to enter. They have to be ready to do anything. The green people will quickly become indispensable to the survival of the planet as they labour on solutions to the looming and often insurmountable environmental problems. Former Saudi Oil Minister, Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani, once said,
"The Stone Age didn't end because we ran out of stones. The oil age will not end because we've run out of oil. It will end because people invent alternatives."

Friedman blames the Industrial Age and the Internet for the demise of many human interactive skills and believes emphatically that, because human beings are social animals who enjoy human contact, personal services will become more predominant and passionate personalizers will prevail.

In a recently published essay, Espen Andersen, a Professor of Management in Norway, listed all the reasons why a young person should want to study Maths today, and Mrs Buchanan will be delighted to know that Maths lovers are identified by Friedman as having, in the future, a significant territorial advantage.

Finally, being a great localizer will see you positioned to contribute to a robust economy - you will be able to take global capabilities and tailor them to the needs of a local economy. This will be considered an invaluable skill.

During the course of next week, the Board of Roedean will engage in a strategic-thinking exercise. In July this year, the Executive of the school spent two days in deep and often difficult conversations about the road ahead. In January, the entire academic staff will collaborate to think about the future of this fine school. The temptation to become complacent and comfortable in an extremely competitive and volatile environment must be resisted.

I would like to pay tribute to the members of the Board of Roedean for their ongoing service to the school and, on a personal note, for their unconditional support, a result of which is that this school continues to thrive. A special note of thanks must go to Mr Craig Dreyer, who has headed up the Finance Committee on the Board since the beginning of 2005. The financial sustainability and viability of schools is one of the greatest challenges facing the independent schools across the globe. Craig Dreyer has never wavered in his fiduciary responsibility to Roedean. We thank him for this commitment.

In the matters of school administration, I thank Mrs Sue Leahy, Mrs Gabi Kriel, and the Admin Department, and all our support staff for their ongoing contribution to the efficient running of the school.

SAORA, under the Chairmanship of Sally Ann Fitzpatrick-Niven, remains active in many areas of the school's operations, and is only too keenly aware of its challenges as Roedean moves into the future. I thank the Old Roedeanians for their contribution to their school.

One of the joys of returning to Roedean at the beginning of Term 3 is the anticipation of the splendour of the Roedean gardens in their full spring glory. This year has been no exception. In fact, one has to look no further than the rose garden outside to know that Anne Lorentz's magic touch and remarkable, indomitable spirit have once again prevailed. These magnificent gardens are an integral part of the heritage of Roedean, and we, as a community, continue to derive so much pleasure from them. Thank you, Anne.

In 2004, the Parent Teachers' Association embarked on a significant upgrade of the sports' pavilion. This work has been ongoing and, shortly, linked to one of the school's strategic imperatives, the PTA will make another major contribution to this ongoing upgrade of sports' facilities at Roedean by financing the installation of lights on the Astro Turf. I extend thanks to Mrs Clare Mitchell and her team for their support of, and service to, the school. Your contribution is indispensable to the development of Roedean and we are very grateful for what you do.
This morning is really devoted to acknowledging the achievements of this Matric Class and there is much to celebrate. There is a world of exciting opportunity awaiting these young women and they have a responsibility to this country and its future: to build on the strong foundations that have been laid in the time they have spent here at Roedean. I know, girls, that you really do understand the value of Truth, Honour, Freedom, and Courtesy, and nowhere have these qualities been more boldly portrayed than in the service given by Adele Rossouw and Alicia Swart. In their respective roles as Head Girl and Deputy Head Girl, these two young women have led the school with great courage, intelligence, and determination. I have been so impressed, as have we all, by their unwavering service to you all and, in school environments in which leadership becomes increasingly complex and demanding, they have led by example. This commitment we will never forget and I thank them for it.

I would never presume to dictate to the members of such a multi-faceted group how you choose to lead your lives and the manner in which you approach the future, but whatever opportunities wait for you, it is worth keeping in mind the words of the famous German poet and philosopher, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, who made this comment on the value of commitment:

Until one is committed, there is hesitancy, the chance to draw back, always ineffectiveness. Concerning all acts of initiative (and creation), there is one elementary truth, the ignorance of which kills countless ideas and splendid plans: that the moment one definitely commits oneself, then providence moves too. All sorts of things occur to help one that would never otherwise have occurred. A whole stream of events issues from the decision, raising in one's favour all manner of unforeseen incidents and meetings and material assistance, which no man could have dreamt would have come his way. Whatever you can do or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.

Mrs M. E. Williams: Executive Headmistress.

PRIZE LIST 2008
CERTIFICATES OF SUBJECT EXCELLENCE
A certificate listing all subjects where the Matric pupil has achieved above 80%:

ONE DISTINCTION:
Olivia Barrell, Tuscani Cardoso, Catherine Cunningham, Nomhle Gumede, Jessica Handley, Sarah Irvine, Amina Kaskar, Xinqiao Lian, Kabelo Matlala, Nolwazi Mngadi, Lesedi Nkambula, Rozanne Oosthuizen, Kerry Theunissen

TWO DISTINCTIONS:
Megan Andrew, Emma Delius, Pascale Desfontaines, Hye-Min Kim, Nosizwe Ndlovu, Jandri van Zyl, Kimberley Wiid

THREE DISTINCTIONS:
Gabriele Birkenmayer, I-Chang Fu, Jordyn Gracey, Lisa Maxton, Kathryn Mitchell, Paula Nagy, Tenille Wernars

FOUR DISTINCTIONS:
Alexa Scher

FIVE DISTINCTIONS:
Bianca Burkett, Philippa Nettleton, Camilla Osrin, Faeeza Soni, Razina Thokan, Kara Vorster

SIX DISTINCTIONS:
Adele Rossouw, Charlotte Savage

EIGHT DISTINCTIONS:
Robyn Dreyer, Kathryn Monteith, Alicia Swart
The following prizes are awarded for outstanding achievement in a particular subject.

**LESLIE COPE CORNFORD**
- English Essay - Robyn Dreyer

**BAKER MEMORIAL**
- English - Alicia Swart
- Reading - Adele Rossouw

**ELLA LE MAITRE**
- Afrikaans - Bianca Burkett
- Afrikaans Home Language - Alicia Swart
- Zu - Nolwazi Mngadi, Nomhle Gumede

**ADVINEY**
- French - Adele Rossouw

**Baker Memorial**
- History - Razina Thokan

**HRRAIKES**
- Physical Science - Kathryn Monteith
- Geography - Megan Andrew
- Additional Mathematics - Amina Kaskar

**POLE EVANS**
- Biology - Alicia Swart

**NOEL NIVEN**
- Music - Danielle Maycock

**JOAN HILDICK-SMITH**
- Art - Charlotte Savage

**Speech and Drama** - Charlotte Savage
- Accounting - Robyn Dreyer
- Life Orientation - Robyn Dreyer

**MARGARET EARLE**
- Latin - Charlotte Savage

**CLUVER GENERAL ACHIEVEMENT:**
- Lisa Maxton

**Moelwyn-Hughes Trophy for Public Speaking** - Alicia Swart

**Jane Stirling Cup for contribution to music** - Allegra Cockburn

**Maxine Beckerling Award for Cultural Achievement** - Charlotte Savage

**The Hayley Goodwin Hockey Ambassador** - Rebecca Van Huyssteen

**Marge Taylor Squash Trophy** - Lisa Maxton

- Diver of the year Trophy - Alex Scher & Paula Nagy

**Sasa FakoTrophy for “Best Netball Player”** - I-Chang Fu

**Melissa Lara Trophy for Commitment to Athletics** - Paula Nagy, Jandri van Zyl

**Marina Carr Trophy for Commitment to Swimming** - Sandra-Lee Bradfield

**Service to Sport Trophy** - Sandra-Lee Bradfield

**The Meg Fargher Trophy** - Jordyn Gracey

**St George’s Prize** - Alicia Swart

**The Peter Joubert Award to the Head Girl Elect of the School (2009)** - Keneilwe Ramaphosa

**AWARDS’ASSEMBLY**
- Junior Mathematic Challenge - Seo Hee Lee (Mary)
PricewaterhouseCoopers Prize for the Top Ante-Matric Pupil in Accounti
ng - Robyn Dreyer
PricewaterhouseCoopers Prize for the Top Ante-Matric Pupil in Mathemati
cs - Sita Elsaesser
The Ashton Reading Trophy for a pupil in Lower V
- Lucy Robson
The Lorna and George Thomas Prize for English in Upper V - Rebecca Fre
und
The Edelweiss Kruger Prize for Best Practical Musician - Radhika Mahidh
ara
The Kasia McNaught Trophy for the Best Practical Musician in Lower V or
Middle V - Claudia Dehnke
The Slava Richter Award for Excellence in Piano Performance - Christina
Wu / Milica Conkic
The Dawn Vincent Challenge Cup for Swimmer of the Year - Hannah Benn

The Wade Cup for the Most Promising Tennis Player - Johanna van der W
at
The Peter Wagner Junior Victoria Ludorum Award for the Best All-round Spo
rting Performance during the course of the year from a Lower V or Middle
V Girl - Laura Buck
Extra-Curricular National Sports Award - Prianka Pillay
The Equestrian Trophy donated by the McLean Family
- Susan Pieterse
The Sanchia Henning Memorial Bowl to an Ante-Matric Boarder - Valerie
Muganda
The Michelle Mullinos Memorial Trophy to an Ante-Matric Pupil for Gentle
ness and Loyalty - Alicia Swart
The Arabela Cachia Etching for the Most Promising History of Art Pupil in
Ante-Matric - Robyn Dreyer, Sita Elsaesser
The Andre Naude Picture for the Most Promising Practical Art Pupil in An
te-Matric - Pascale Desfontaines
The Honour Aux Dignes Trophy to "The Best All-rounder in Ante-Matric" -
Lisa Maxton

Ten Distinctions
Michaela Tiller - English, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, Spanish,
French, History, Geography, Additional Mathematics, Computer Science

Eight Distinctions
Kerriyynne Cloete - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Fre
rench, History, Accounting, Additional Mathematics

Seven Distinctions
Alexandra McIlraith - English, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, Fre
nch, Geography, Additional Mathematics

Andrea Paterson - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Bi
ology, Music, Additional Mathematics

Anthea Booker - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Fre
nch, Art, Accounting

Laura Byrne - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, French,
Beulah van Zyl - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, Geography, Accounting
Erica Flemming - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, French, History, Accounting
Julia Kennedy - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, Speech and Drama, Additional Mathematics
Alexandra Mcllraith
Marijana Novak - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, French, Accounting, Additional Mathematics
Nafisa Bhikhoo - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, French, Geography, Accounting
Reema Jamnadas - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, French, Art
Yolande Grobler - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, French, Accounting, Additional Mathematics
Six Distinctions
AlnicaVisser - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, History, Art
Catherine Cresswell - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, History
Nizenande Sindani - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, French
Olivia Deckers - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, French
Sunila Thomas - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Biology, French
Five Distinctions
Reaesaa Mohamed - English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Physical Science, Accounting
Four Distinctions
Aisha Laher - English, Mathematics, French, History
Camilla Antonie - English, Afrikaans, Biology, History
Lienda Kavindele - English, Spanish, isiZulu, French
Shadi Kekana - Physical Science, isiZulu, History, Accounting
Stawm Allem - English, Afrikaans, Biology, Geography, Tianran Jiang - Mathematics,
Three Distinctions
Alice Nevin - English, French, Geography
Camille Hall - Mathematics, Music, Additional Mathematics
Emma-Tiffany Durr - English, Afrikaans, French
Helen Sullivan - English, Afrikaans, Biology
Kimberley Bishop - Spanish, French, isiZulu
Two Distinctions
Catherine Reed - Mathematics, Geography
Clarize Malan - Afrikaans, Biology, Natalie Scheepers - Afrikaans, Mathematics (SG)
Paula Somerville - Mathematics (SG), Geography
Tessa Erasmus - Geography, Art Zanne Reyneke - Afrikaans, Art
One Distinction
Reema Jamnadas
Laura Byrne
Passes
Andrea Taylor Georgia Carpenter Lebogang Moerane Raeesah Ebrahim Tiffany Vize
Avni-Nastassja Kana Heather Davey Lucy Perold Sabreen Thokan Tumelo Singo
Ayanda Mhlongo Jessica Scholtz Mehreen Amanjee Samantha Bezuidenhout Violet Padi
Aziza Bester Katherine Kennedy Nishara Govinda Stephanie Sampson Yam Chanje
Dessislava Kaloianova Kirsten Gosling Nonkululeko Nkabinde Tanya Naidu
Felicia Dabishi Lauren Vogel Nqobile Bundwini Taonga Silungwe
Staff and Board
BOARD MEMBERS
Mrs Ft. Sauvenier (Chairperson) Mr N. Cloete Mr C. Dreyer Mr T. Hamilton
EXECUTIVE HEADMISTRESS
Mrs M. E. Williams: BA (UPE) TC (Zim)
SENIOR MISTRESSES:
Mrs C. Harrison: BA HDipEd (Wits) MA (Stil)
Mrs B. Nott: HDipEd (Copenhagen) BA Hons MA (UP)
Mrs F. Rogers: BSc (Hons) MSc HDE (Natal)
SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGIST
Mrs L. Sonderup: M Ed (EdPsych) (Wits) Ms J. da Silva: M Ed (EdPsych) (UP)
DIRECTOR OF COMMUNITY SERVICES
Ms C. Hulley BSoc. Sci (UCT) (Hons Social Work)
SENIOR SCHOOL TEACHING STAFF
Mrs A. Abatzidis: BMus (Ed) (Wits) Dip ABRSM (Lon) MEd (Wits)
Mr A. Abdelgadir: (Arabic)
Ms K. Austen: HDipEd (Secondary Maths & Science) (Wits) BA (UNISA) Miss J. Beeslaar: Bed (FET: Natural Science) (UP)
Mrs R. Bogaard: M Tech (Fine Art) (UJ) Mrs L. Bostock: BA (Hons) UCL (Bgm) Dip For Ser (Oxon) HED (UNISA)
Mrs M. Buchanan: MSc (UPE) HED (UNISA)
Mrs M. Buckley: BA (Wits) BA Hons HDipEd (Wits) BA (Hons) (UNISA) MA (Wits)
Mrs J. Conradi: BA HDE (UCT)
Mrs F. L. Cragg: BA (Hons) MA (Natal) Miss A. Cummins: BA (Hons) (Wits)
Mr D. Da Costa Ricci: MA (University of Toronto)
Dr C. Dugmore BA (Wits) Hons (Wits) H.Dip.Ed (PG) (Wits) PhD (Wits)
Miss A. Ebersohn: BEd (Honours)
HDipEd (Prim)
Mrs B. Elliott: HDipEd (Wits)
Mrs M. Gordon: BA (Wits) Hons (UCT) HDipEd (Wits)
Mrs S. Hanson: BA (Phys Ed) HDE (Rhodes)
Mrs E. Hope: BSc (Wits) TTHD (JCE) Mrs M. Hope: BSc HDipEd (Wits) ME d (EE) (Rhodes)
Mrs L. Kleynhans: BSc (Wits)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Qualifications</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. M. Kluth</td>
<td>BSc HOD (UP)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. V. Koseff</td>
<td>BA H dip Lib (Wits)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. J. Krumm</td>
<td>BA (Hons)(Wits)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. M. J. le Roux</td>
<td>BDram (Stell)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. C. Locke</td>
<td>BA (Wits) THED (JCE)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ms. L. Lordan</td>
<td>BA Fine Arts HED (UP)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. D. Love</td>
<td>BA (Hons: History) (Wits) BA (English) (UNISA) HDipEd Mrs A. Maphiri HPTC</td>
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<td></td>
<td>(Wilberforce) BA (Vista) Hons (UNISA) MA (Vista)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. T. Martin</td>
<td>BA (UNISA)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. P. Mdontswa</td>
<td>BA Hons (UNIZUL) MA (Wits)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. R. Minucci</td>
<td>BA Hons (Wits)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss. M. Mogodiri</td>
<td>UDES (Mankwe College of Education) FDE (RAU)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. S. Murray</td>
<td>BA HDE (Wits) CELTA (Camb)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. A. Natali</td>
<td>BTech Drama (Pta Tech) Mrs. J. Nocton-Smith: BSc Hons (UCT) Mrs. I. M. Pretorius: BSc HDE (UPE) Mrs. E. Ray: BA Hons (Wits) H DipEd (Wits)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. L. Riley</td>
<td>TTHD (JCE)</td>
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<td>Mrs. U. Rowlands</td>
<td>BA Hons (Oxon)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss. J. Ryder</td>
<td>DipSpEd (LibSc) (UNISA) TTD</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss. J. Sibisi</td>
<td>BA (Wits) HDiplInfo (RAU) Miss. T. Simpson: BA (UNISA) P GCE (Wits)</td>
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<td>Mrs. W. Simpson</td>
<td>BA (Pta) HED Mrs. C. Spargel: BA Hons (RAU) MA (Stell)</td>
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<td>Mrs. E. Swartz</td>
<td>BA (Pta) HED (Unisa) Hons (RAU) MA (RAU)</td>
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<td>Miss. B. Thorn</td>
<td>BA Hons (Rhodes) GradCE (UR)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ms. H. Venables</td>
<td>BA HDipEd (Wits) BTh MTh (UNISA)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. B. Ward</td>
<td>BArch (UCT) Hdip Ceramics (Technikon)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. A. Williams</td>
<td>BA HDE (UN) Hons (Unisa)</td>
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<td>Mrs. S. Vandeleur</td>
<td>BMus (UCT) HDE (Natal) DipData (UNISA) BEd (RAU) MEd (RAU)</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>TECHNOLOGY</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. N. DuToit</td>
<td>BA (Phys Ed) Hons HDipEd (Stell)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ms. Y. Lumka</td>
<td>BA (HMS) (Rhodes) Sport Science Hons (UP)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss. K. Musi</td>
<td>BA (Sport Development) (UJ) BA (Hons: Sport Management) (UJ)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss. L. Raccanello</td>
<td>B Phys Ed (Wits)</td>
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<td>Mrs. L. Rainsford</td>
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<td>Mrs. J. Taylor</td>
<td>Dip Phys Ed (Dartford)</td>
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<td>Mrs. A. Trininc</td>
<td>B Phys Ed</td>
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<td><strong>JUNIOR SCHOOL HEADMISTRESS</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. J. Mallen</td>
<td>BA (Wits) TTHD (JCE) Dip Spec Ed (Wits)</td>
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<td><strong>DEPUTY HEADMISTRESSES</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss. M. Allsop</td>
<td>HDipEd (Wits) BA (UNISA)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. B. Howden</td>
<td>BEd (Hons) (Edinburgh Scotland)</td>
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<td><strong>JUNIOR SCHOOL TEACHING STAFF</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. A. Anderson</td>
<td>HDipEd (GTTC) (RAU) Miss. M. Bailey: BA (UN) HED (UNISA) BEd (Hons) (Wits)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. J. Busa</td>
<td>BPrim Ed (Wits)</td>
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<td>Mrs. M. Carr</td>
<td>BSChons HDipEd PG (Wits) BA (UNISA)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. J. De Lange</td>
<td>B Phys Ed PDM (HR) Mrs. E. Deppe: HDipEd (JCE)</td>
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<td>Mrs. N. di Clemente</td>
<td>TTD (JCE) DSE Rem (UNISA) LTCL</td>
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<td>Mrs. J. duToit</td>
<td>BA HED (UPE) Hons (RAU)</td>
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<td>Mrs. T. Dix</td>
<td>HDipEd (NTC) DSE Rem (UCT)</td>
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<td>Name</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs F. Edwards</td>
<td>TTD (Potch)</td>
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<td>Mrs A. Erasmus</td>
<td>BA (McGill) PGDip (London) RemDip (RAU)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs N. Fyall</td>
<td>HDipEd (JCE and Wits)</td>
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<td>Mrs A. Goncalves</td>
<td>HDipEd (JCE and Wits)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs C. K. Harms</td>
<td>BA Ed (Wits)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs C. Hughes</td>
<td>JunPrimDip (JCE) Pre-School Dip HDE</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs D. Irons</td>
<td>BA Hons (Sp and HTh) (Wits)</td>
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<td>Mrs K. Kunene</td>
<td>PTD BA (UNIZULU)</td>
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<td>Mrs L. Hughes</td>
<td>JunPrimDip (JCE) Pre-School Dip HDE</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs M. Marescia</td>
<td>HDipEd Remedial (W Cape College)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs G. Murdoch</td>
<td>BA (Wits) HDE (Wits) Miss J. Penrose: Bed (Wits)</td>
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<td>Mrs N. Reddy</td>
<td>BSc OccTh (Wits) RemDip (RAU)</td>
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<td>Mrs D. van der Merwe</td>
<td>HDipEd (JCE) Rem EdDip (CEFT) BA Ed (UNISA)</td>
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<td>Ms L. Vogt</td>
<td>BA (UNISA) HDipEd (JCE) Mrs C. Watson: NTD (Natal)</td>
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<td>Mrs G. Workman</td>
<td>BA HED (Rhodes)</td>
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<td>Mrs M. Bladergroen</td>
<td>MMus (UP)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss T. Bogomolova</td>
<td>BMus (Gorky Cons.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ms N. Bowen</td>
<td>MMus (UN)UPLM (UNISA) LTCL FTCL (London)</td>
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<td>Mr M. Brink</td>
<td>LRSM (London)</td>
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<td>Mrs R. Bunyard</td>
<td>MMus (UCT) UPLM (UNISA) DipSupD'Exec</td>
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<td>Mrs J. Conkic-Dedic</td>
<td>BMus NOVI SAD (Serbia)</td>
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<td>Ms C. Kok</td>
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<td>Mrs D. McEwan</td>
<td>BMus (UP)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ms H. Meyer</td>
<td>HED (SP) (Stell) BMusHons (UP) MMusEd (UP)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ms L. van Dellen</td>
<td>BMusEd (UN)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr R. Schmitt</td>
<td>BMus (Jazz vocal)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ms C. Smith</td>
<td>BMusEd (UNISA)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs C. Szymczak</td>
<td>MMus (Wits) GTCL (London) PGDE</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr Q. Turner</td>
<td>(Professional Musician) Mrs S. van Straaten: BMus (Hon)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ms C. Sheard</td>
<td>Miss K. Pohl Mrs A. Punadi Mr I. Selemla Mr L. Selola</td>
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<td>Mrs R. Wilke</td>
<td>(Public Relations and Marketing)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs D. Abrahams</td>
<td>Mrs S. Antonizzi Mrs T. Briel Mrs S. Bruins Mrs B. Dunn Mr J. du Preez SrV. Gungaram Mrs G. Kriel Mr R Likhade Mrs A. Lorrentz Mr M. Matlala Ms G. Mbele Mrs D. McGurk Mr J. Mnguni Mrs P More Mrs A. Murrin Mr R. Muumba Mrs J. Naidoo Mr P Ngubane Mr T. Nichols Dr B. Oswald Miss K. Pohl Mrs A. Punadi Mr I. Selemla Mr L. Selola</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dr B. Oswald</td>
<td>Miss K. Small Ms M. TLaka Mr M. van derHeever Mr P. Walther</td>
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<td>Mrs R. Wilke</td>
<td>(Public Relations and Marketing)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ms A. Williams</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

ROEDEAN SENIOR SCHOOL STAFF 2008

Back Row: Mrs L. Rainsford, Ms R. Bogaard, Mrs A. Hoberg, Mrs A. Abatz
idis, Mrs T. Scheidegger, Mrs S. Murray, Mrs C. Szymczak, Miss D. Till
eard, Miss A. Ebersohn, Mr M. Brink,
Mr D. Love, Mrs L. Bostock, Mrs J. Conradie, Mrs H. Esterhuyse, Mrs J. C
onkic-Dedic, Mrs S. Ivanovic, Ms J. Sibisi, Mrs S. van Straaten.
Third Row: Mrs M. Hope, Miss J. Gomes da Silva, Ms K. Nelsen, Miss T.
Mogodiri, Miss K. Musi, Miss K. Austen, Miss L. Raccanello, Miss A.
Cummins, Ms H. Venables, Mrs J. Krumm,
Mrs E. Hope, Mrs M. Kluth, Mrs A. Trninic, Mrs M. Buckley, Miss J. Bees
laar, Mrs C. Vorster, Miss C. Kok, Mrs A. Maphiri, Mrs D. McEwan, Mrs R
. Watts.
Second Row: Mrs J. Nocton-Smith, Mrs M. Taylor, Mrs N. du Toit, Mrs C.
Hulley, Mrs I. Pretorius, Miss L. Lordan, Dr C. Dugmore, Mrs S. Hanson,
Mrs V. Koseff, Miss J. Ryder, Mrs L. Riley,
Mrs S. Vandeleur, Ms N. Bowen, Ms P. Mdontswa, Mrs C. Locke.
Seated: Mrs E. Swartz, Mrs E. Ray, Mrs U. Rowlands, Mrs M. Buchanan,
Mr D. Ricci, Mrs F Rogers, Mrs M. Williams, Mrs C. Harrison, Mrs L. S
onderup, Mrs M. Gordon, Miss B. Thorn,
Mrs M. le Roux, Mrs L. Kleynhans.
ROEDEAN ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF 2008 Back Row: Mr I. Selemela, Mr M
. van der Heever,
Mrs J. Catalino, Mr P. Walther,
Mrs A. Murrin, Mrs T. Briel,
Mrs S. Bruins, Mr L. Selolo.
Middle Row: Mrs J. Naidoo, Ms G. Mbele,
Mrs B. Dunn, Mr M. Matlala,
Ms A. Williams, Sr V. Gungaram,
Mr R. Muumba, Mrs R. Wilke.
Seated: Mrs E. Clarke, Mrs D. Sheard,
Mrs D. McGurk, Mrs M. Williams,
Mrs A. Lorentz, Mr J. du Preez,
Mrs G. Kriel, Mrs E. Bragge.
ROEDEAN EXC02008
Back Row: Mrs F. Rogers, Mrs T. Dix.
Seated: Mrs B. Howden, Miss M. Allsop,
Mrs J. Mallen, Mrs M. Williams, Mrs C. Harrison, Mrs L. Sonderup.
~ ^Toedeom 0c///k*/// Staff Photos
11
fMfm/eaeo 0cAeol C0- 'M) / Staff Photos â–
ROEDEAN DOMESTIC AND MAINTENANCE STAFF 2008
Back Row: Agnes Mokebe, Dumisane Nzimande, Hendry Madiba, Joseph Ma
welewele, Stanley Moja, Velley Mahlatji, Edison Mariba, Elfas Khaph
athe, Peter Matsepe, Daniel Zulu,
Dorah Molefe.
Third Row: Nelson Madisa, Faith Gasa, Andriena Sikhakhane, Mandla D
lomo, Victor Gwala,Gordon Khaphathe, Titus Mothige, Nataniel Sendez
a, Cynthia Tyabule, Rachel Manyela, Joyce Mogaswa.
Second Row: Patrick Likhade, Ellen Chauke, Violet Magongoa, Rosina M
ore, Regina Mbele, Jafior Kekana, Walter Magongoa, Belinda Tofile, M
aggie Legoabe, Maria Tiaka,
Elsie Nxumalo.
Seated: Mauritz van der Heever,Isaac Selomela, Walter Mosehle, Samua
l Nkuna, Carel Botha,Mrs A. Lorentz, Mrs M. Williams, Jan du Preez,
Lesego Serero, Grace Mbele,
Lloyd Selolo, Edward Khaphathe.
ROEDEAN JUNIOR-STAFF
On 1 May, Mrs Benedikte Nott School. Mrs Nott joined the staff of Roedean in January 1999 as Deputy Head and Head of Boarding. Mrs Nott's period of service has been characterized by all the qualities that epitomize an exemplary teacher. We wish her happiness, love, and fulfillment as she assumes the challenges of her new position. We will miss her sense of humour, her unflagging energy, and her exemplary work-ethic. Her contagious laugh, the quick clicking of her heels as she ran from exam venue to her office and back again, her anecdotes, and her 'Danish' flair will long be remembered!

Mrs Rosemary Wilke.

Tribute to Mrs Nott

The Matric class of 2008 has also almost reached the end of our time at Roedean, and has learnt that as much as one's matric year is a year of learning, and excitement, and planning for the future, it is also a year of farewells.

We would like to thank Mrs Benedikte Nott for being one of the people at this school on whom one could always rely for an honest opinion, and for sound advice. We thank her for her wonderful sense of humour: it has been said that laughter is the shortest distance between two people, and her sense of fun has indeed enabled the forging of very close bonds with many of her students. We thank her for being strict, because the strong enforcement by teachers of correct moral behaviour can only result in a sense of self-respect in pupils. We thank her for leading by example, and thus showing us the value of a positive attitude towards a difficult task. In fact, as we have been told, one of the most difficult tasks that our generation will have to face is not only that of environmental crises or political and religious tension between nations, but also that of a shortage of teachers to educate our children. Thus, the most important thank-you that we, as students, have to say is this: thank you for having been our teacher.

At the end of Term 1, it was time for Mrs Nott to be "off to great places", and it is with sadness, but also with gratitude, that we say goodbye. After all, it is when our teachers "soar to great heights" that they inspire us to do the same.

With love from the Mean Matric class of 2008.

Adele Rossouw: Headgirl. Farewell to Rosemary Wilke

It is with mixed feelings that we say farewell to Mrs Rosemary Wilke. She leaves Roedean after a long association with the school as wife, parent, colleague and friend. Mrs Wilke took on the role of Public Relations Officer in 2002. All our prospective families in both the Senior and Junior Schools are initially welcomed into the school by her. Mrs Wilke's friendliness, her reassurance and her considerable knowledge of the school have made up the face of Roedean and we are extremely grateful for all that she has done in this department. Although one of Mrs Wilke's incredible strengths is her people skills, Rosemary has also taken on the other challenges of the department with professionalism and aplomb. Manning stands at schools and shopping centres with her beautiful exhibitions; flying as far away as Botswana to promote the sch
ool; organising functions like Speech Day and the Valedictory Service; and officiating in our Communion Services as well as sourcing suitable publishers for the Roedeanian and the school magazine have all formed part of her portfolio. She has taken on the challenge of marketing the school and we are indebted to her for this.

Mrs Wilke’s relationships with the staff and girls bear testimony to the value of this fiery soul. Rosemary is always willing to assist in any way possible and does so with efficiency and good humour. She is loved by the girls and in turn loves them all from the babies in Grade 0 all the way through to the Matrics as they leave us at the Valedictory Service. Mrs Wilke was hesitant in resigning from the school because she is so dedicated to the Roedean community. Her move comes as a result of her husband, Rev. Terence Wilke being offered and accepting the position of Chaplain at Bishops Diocesan College in Cape Town. I shall miss Rosemary for her assistance, her care and love for all things Roedean, but we all wish her and her family great happiness in their new home.

Mrs Catherine Harrison: Deputy Headmistress. Hazel Morrison
Hazel has been Matron of Lambs Boarding for seventeen years. Just think, if you are Mathematically inclined, how many boarders’ lives she has touched in that time! Because the majority of her girls’ have been Lower Vs and Middle Vs, she has been responsible for setting up a sound foundation for a life at Roedean. As she tells families intending to send their girls to Roedean, when they tour the school, Hazel’s recipe is 50% Discipline and 50% Love. She’s right about the discipline! But her love and support of her charges are immeasurable. You cannot guess how many girls, many, many years later come back to see Hazel, or ask other teachers about her welfare.

Mrs Erasmus is such a wonderful teacher. She helped us so much through our Form II year. She is always smiling and kind, especially in Geography. She also makes jokes. On April Fools’ Day she said, ‘Girls, get ready for the Math’s exam.’ We got such a shock. Then she told us to write 1 April in our books and we realized she was joking! We are certainly going...
All who worked with Lynne in the Junior School and the Music Department will miss her greatly and testify to her personal integrity, her dedication to her job, and
We wish Lynne well in her future as Deputy Headmistress at Kyalami Prep.

“Most enduring memory of Lynne is that of her choir. Her choice of repertoire often challenged the girls, but they ended up making it sound easy, with wonderful harmonies soaring into the hall.”

Mrs Marisa Bladergroen: Music Teacher. Farewell to Penitence Kunene
Penny Kunene made her mark as a dynamic teacher of Zulu language and culture. Her classes were an exuberant mixture of robust singing, chanting, dialogue, and a meticulous attention to the finer details of Zulu grammar and vocabulary. Her willingness to work closely with her colleagues in the Zulu Department was much appreciated.
Her annual contribution to the Cultural Festival was always impressive, offering our girls the opportunity to showcase their oral skills. Penny's unique style has left its mark on our pupils and we wish her well in her future ventures.

“Thisha was a very exciting teacher and her lessons were always full of fun. Each day we would wait, with bated breath, to see her new and exciting hairstyles.”

Candia Carr: Lower IV.
Our special ginger cat roamed Roedean like royalty. He was noticed everywhere he went by staff, pupils, and visitors.
Ginger adopted Roedean over 20 years ago. He settled himself onto the most comfortable chair in the Senior School's staffroom, and no one ever dared to evict him from his throne. His pleading eyes next to his saucer under the staff teatable were legendary, as was his appearance at every function that served eats!
When he thought that he had been sufficiently indulged by the senior staff, he wandered down to Roedean Junior School, where he spent his last few years being adored by the younger girls.
Ginger brought out the soft and caring side in many people, as few could walk past him without stroking him or greeting him.
His tubby figure on the edge of the Junior School fountain and his visits to the Junior School secretary's in-tray will be missed.

Monica Murray: Lower V.
her abundance of enthusiasm for all things musical. She built the junior choirs, organised soirees and cultural evenings, provided musical items for assemblies, often at short notice, and tackled difficult assignments with gusto. Her major productions were just that, and no effort was spared in allowing every girl to shine under her expert coaching.

ROEDEAN PREFECTS 2008
Back Row: Philippa Nettleton, Paula Nagy, Bianca Burkett.
Second Row: Bianca Kruger, Nomhle Gumede, Sandra-Lee Bradfield, Lisha Maxton, Kimberley Wiid, Maryann Nkhambula, Nabeela Arbee. Seated: Nolwazi Mngadi, Charlotte Savage, Adele Rossouw, Mrs M. Williams,
Learning is a treasure that will follow its owner everywhere. ~Chinese Proverb

Mr Laburn's insightful address and thought-provoking comments about "unconstrained" leadership are of particular value to this year's matriculants, who must, with courage and determination, move out into what is described in this week's The Economist as "a world on the edge". The problems that contemporary society faces can be overcome only by leaders with a sense of purpose and determination, and with little time for fear or blame.

The Pakistan-born British author, Mohsin Hamid, once commented on the effect that others might have on the way in which we define ourselves. He wrote, "Something of us is now outside, and something of the outside is now within us." The Matric Class of 2008 can only hope that we have, during our time at this school, made some contribution to "the outside": that the environment in which we have spent our formative years has, in some way, benefited from our activities and efforts. We can but hope that we have succeeded in giving something of ourselves. What cannot be doubt
d, however, is the profound influence that this community has had upon us. I will always be proud to say, "I am a Roedean girl," because of the traditions that are so central to the character of this school; I am a Roedean girl because of all that I have learnt here, whether the knowledge is academic, cultural, sporting, or relates to the true meaning and moral implications of the founding principles and code of conduct; I am a Roedean girl because of the direct way in which this school's individual members have shaped me.

"There are a lot of very brilliant people, bright people, clever people; not so many who are wise." This comment formed part of the response of the Australian politician, Malcolm Fraser, to a question on his definition and experience of wisdom. Throughout my school career, I have experienced moments of being intensely aware of how working with people who display both the passion of great intelligence, and also the wisdom of experience, has influenced the way in which I think and act. Mrs Mary Williams has guided me through the many challenges and experiences of this year, and it is she whom I have to thank for many of the insights into leadership, self-knowledge, fairness, courage, and humility that I have gained. Madam, I will be forever grateful for the privilege of knowing, and learning from, so great a teacher. Thanks must also go to Mrs Harrison and Mrs Rogers, who have supported us throughout our Matric year, and indeed through all of our years spent at Roedean. The Matrics, of course, also owe great thanks to all of the other men and women who have been our teachers, and who have taught us so much more than what is required for our looming examinations. I thank my teachers for the world-class education that I have received from them; I thank them for their unwavering dedication; and I thank them for exposing me to a side of education that lesser men and women might have neglected: that of encouraging pupils to question and to think about all that is learnt.

Throughout my time at Roedean, but especially so during this year of preparation for the final examination, I have been aware of the patience and great care with which we are instructed. If I have learnt a lot from my teachers, it cannot be denied that I have also learnt a considerable amount from my peers. I will take a great deal with me when I leave this school, but I think that the friendships that I have made here will be the greatest. I will remember my classmates as a group of people characterised by a wide range of talents, an ability to take initiative, a great sense of humour and fun, and a strong respect for the individual. It has been a privilege to work with, and for, such a group of people.

Indeed we are lucky when we can say that we have friends of such intelligence and insight that they never fail to inspire us to better ourselves. This year, Alicia and I have had a lot of fun together, have worked together on many projects, and have braved many obstacles which, when encountered alone, might not have been so easy to overcome. Alicia, I would like to thank you, because I could never have asked for a more insightful and supportive friend with whom to share the past year.

Thus far, my speech has been one of thanks to all of the men, women, and girls who have influenced me during my time at this school. Yet what about the essence of Roedean, which cannot be traced to any particular individual? When I think back on my time in "the land of youth and dream" I will miss all my friends and teachers, but I will also miss that character of the school that has been built up through so many generations: the character which is to be found in the beauty of the surroundings, and in the values of truth, honour, courtesy, and freedom which must accompany us through...
ghout our lives. Here I have learnt, as one Old Girl once wrote, of "all that is great and beautiful". It has been an honour to serve, and to be a part of, this community, in which the ongoing traditions are an acknowledged strength of identity, and in which the present diversity is a tribute to the strength which is achieved when individuals serve a greater community. Now I, and all the Matric, must bid farewell to the school which has shaped us, and how lucky we are to say that "something of the outside is now within us": here we have learnt to think and to serve, and may those lessons stay with us in all our future endeavours. May we never forget the fine spirit of exploration that permeates this school. To quote from Tennyson's "Ulysses": may we never cease "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield".

Adele Rossouw: Headgirl.

~ @Q>ean 0e/ool / Headgirl's Speech ~

Lights, Camera, Action!
"Give'em the ol' Razzle Dazzle. Razzle Dazzle'em!" These words from the musical, Chicago were echoing through my head as I entered the school gates on that fateful night: 10 May, 2008. The time: 19h30. The moment for my call-back audition had come!

Lights! So bright that I could see my future in the spotlight... Camera! Paparazzi, cameras flashing, mobs of action-hungry, flashbulb-happy journalists... Action! The grand entrance. The Glamour of it all hits you as you face the backdrop of a pivotal figure in Hollywood: Marilyn Monroe. There is the director's chair, and others just like you are rehearsing their lines for the big moment...

Quite a scene I have set, is it not? Well, the truth is stranger than fiction. The Roedean Matric Dance 2008 was infinitely more glamorous than any fantasy of fame and adulation! Never would I have thought that this night would exceed my expectations, and those of my fellow pupils, but it did.

The Matrics of 2008 are truly a fantastic group. And on this night, I think we all realised how much we value one another, as well as the knowledge and ideas Roedean has given us. Not only was this evident within our year group, but with the Ante Matrics as well. They produced such a wonderful atmosphere from a year's hard work and planning that it truly was a reflection of what Roedean girls are capable.

I think everyone who was present will agree with me when I say that the Matric Dance was a spectacular event and most enjoyable for all. I truly am blessed to be part of such a fantastic year group. As Adele said in her speech at the dance: "Who else do you know that would organise a whole standard's practice of the Soulja Boy dance on Bears' Lawn at lurch?"

Ninoy Hammond: Matric.

For an hour each Friday, we Matrics took a break from normal lessons, sat back, and opened our minds to all the opportunities, careers, and people with whom we will one day come in contact in the world after school. The content of the talks ran from journalism to stand-up comedy, from the challenges that we face during our Matric year to the mysteries of philosophy. We were exposed to much and learnt What makes the talks very exciting is that they are people who are experienced in their respective fields. We were, for example, able to learn about journalism, philosophy, or working on the radio from people with a sound knowledge of these careers. We also had a few presentations by different universities, presentations which helped us a great deal to make the difficult decision about where to study after Matric. After each talk, we walked...
d out feeling as if we knew just a little more about what is happening in the world.

Thanks must go to all the speakers who took time out of their busy schedules to come and speak to us, and, of course, to Mrs Wilke and Mrs Van deleur for making these invaluable opportunities possible.

Alicia Swart: Deputy Headgirl.

The only source of knowledge is experience.

-Albert Einstein

Adele Rossouw, Thando Moyo, David Bullard, and Kimberley Wiid.

*('Aw/eam 0c/u>ol C0’3?i) / MatricTalks â€¢
~ ^Toec/eam 0eAool C0S^) / Matric 2008 ~

The thing about tooth fairies is that they encourage children to sell their body parts for money.

- Megan Andrew

History will be kind to me, for i intend to write it.

-Sandra-Lee Bradfield

Whatever you think, be sure it is what you think; whatever you want, be sure that is what you want; whatever you feel, be sure that is what you feel.

- Allegra Cockburn

We are all worms, but I do believe I am a glow-worm.

- Gabriele Birkenmayer

Hard work never killed anybody, but why take a chance?

- Pei-Ying Chung

I think I've discovered the secret of life- you just hang around until you get used to it.

- Catherine Deconinck

Get with the bracken, move with the moss, lie down with the lichen. -Catherine Cunningham

Our destiny is not in the stars, but in ourselves.

-Liesel Da Costa

When in doubt! Do a T-account! - Nabeela Arbee

Dream as if you'll live forever, live as if you'll die today.

- Bianca Burkett

What do I know about man's destiny? I could tell you more about radishes. (Samuel Beckett) - Olivia Barrel!

None* but people of strong passion are capable of rising to greatness. - Tuscani Cardoso

Dreams are today's answers to tomorrow's questions.

- Sarah Irvine

^â– r
I don't mind living in a man's world as long as I can be a woman in it.

- Boipelo Kekana

^joec/ecm 0ie/iaol C@f3?i0 / Matric 2008 ~

Wearing a halo can give you a headache.

- Bryoni Kassel

Me fail English? That's unpossible! -Victoria Lekone

I'm always embarrassed upon receiving a compliment-1 never feel that the other person has said enough.

- Jordyn Gracey

If you think you're too small to make an impact, you've obviously never experienced a mozzie bite. -Nomhle Gumede
Individuality is a beauty greater than any other.
-Jessica Handley
Easy now fuzzy little man-peach. -Pascale Desfontaines
Many of life's failures are people who didn't realise how close they were
to success when they gave up.
- Robyn Dreyer
They're not accessories! They're essentials!
- Ninoy Hammond
Accept a compliment; you insult people if you don't agree with them.
- Jeannette Joynt
Yesterday is history, tomorrow mystery, today is a gift- that's it's called th
e present.
- Diana Fu
All the world's a little queer, save for thee and me and even thou art a littl
e gigIF
- Emma Delius
Politics is Hollywood for ugly people. - (Juliette) Hye Min Kim
Remember, Ginger Rogers did everything Fred Astaire did, but backwards
and in high heels.
- Amina Kaskar
The longer I live, the more beautiful life becomes.
- Bianca Kruger
Grrrr!
- Timile Mabutho
-Jenny Lian
It's better not to have honour and to deserve it, than to have honour and n
ot deserve it!
- Kabelo Matlalala
I am very important. I have many leather-bound books and my apartment
smells of rich mahogany. -Lisa Maxton
And in the end, it's not the years in your life that count. It's the life in your
years.
- Danielle Maycock
Whatever doesn't kill us, makes us stronger.
- Emma MacWilliam
Someone may have stolen your dream when it was young and fresh and
you were innocent.
- Eleni Michalakis
So long and thanks for all the fun! - Kathryn Mitchell
Use each moment to make another's eyes sparkle and to warm a heart. -
Christine Moeketsi
When in doubt, eat chocolate! - Kate Monteith
world; those who can count and those who can't.
- Nomzamo Mokaba
fi/lsm/ea/ti (^fcA&oI .Si) / Matric 2008 ~
Life is my college. May I graduate well and earn some honours.
- Georgina Mackenzie
All the world's a stage and most of us are desperately unprepared.
- Thuto Maureen Makoko
Once in your life, your life will flash before you. Make sure it's worth w
atching. -Wendy McPherson
Imagine having breakfast in Heaven. That would be nice!
- Nolwazi Mngadi
You should never agree to surrender your dreams.
- Serisha Moodley
We spend our whole lives searching for happiness. I found it here. -ThandoMoyo

The second greatest invention after the wheel? The designer handbag! -Valerie Muganda

Driving along on a plastic dream, heart beats fast like a tiny machine, I am electro bpy: I am electro girl. -Georgia Munnik Jk

It's about the good times! Aye, sir! -Nosizwe Ndlovu

If the world were a logical place, men would ride side-saddle. You are your own restriction. -Livhuwani Nefolovhodwe

A witty quote proves nothing. -Philippa Nettleton

You know you are getting old when there is one candle on your birthday cake. -(Maryann) Lesedi Nkhambula

Clear eyes, full heart, can’t lose. -Paula Nagy

The whole world steps aside for the man who knows where he is going. -Heena Prag

Ad hoc, Ad loc, and quid pro quo. So little time, so much to know. -Camilla Osrin

I’m seriously serious: follow the yellow-brick road! -LiMing Pan

Just keep swimming! -Marisa Prinsloo

To do is to be, to be is to do. Dobedobedo - Adele Rossouw

eat a peach? I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach. -Charlotte Savage

~ @lo^(/ean 0c/o/o / Matric 2008

Far out-like totally trip the light fantastic. -Alexa Scher

An error doesn’t become a mistake until you refuse to correct it. -Rudo Tammy Shitto

Hogwarts forgot to send my owl! Roedean was the next best thing. -Faeza Soni

I didn’t fight my way to the top of the food chain to be a vegetarian. -Francesca Stewart

Does anyone have spare sweets, please!? -Emma-Jane Thomas

Don’t tell me the sky’s the limit if there are footprints on the moon. -Tenille Wernars

I have an idea that the phrase ‘weaker sex’ was coined by some woman to disarm the man she was preparing to overwhelm. -Alicia Swart

Don’t be a human being, be a human doing. -Rebecca van Huyssteen

Live the life you love, love the life you live. -Kara Vorster

I’m gonna shake my biscuit’til my cookie crumbles. -Callan Williams

I decided long ago never to look at the right hand of the menu or the price tags of clothes - otherwise I would starve, naked. -Kerry Theunissen

Well, actually dears, watch me! -Kimberley Wiid

To see the world in a grain of sand and Heaven in a wild flower, hold inf
In the palm of your hand and eternity in an hour. -Razina Thokan
Always remember; the best things life are better left unsaid.
-Jainisha Sooka
Every single one of us is twisted by design, but, as long as we're here, everything is all right.
-Karmen Wessels

To celebrate a birthday is to celebrate the past achievements, the future goals, and, of course, the present identity of an individual, or indeed a community, whom or which we love. Foundation Day, like other occasions of its kind, is characterized by the singing of songs, the cutting of the birthday cake, and the gathering of friends. Most important and inspiring, though, is the feeling of school spirit and pride which never fails to charge the air on this commemoration of the school's founding. With the gathering of Roedeanians past and present, we are reminded of how much there is to celebrate!

It is undeniable that a great part of the joy of the occasion springs from the growth that has taken place since those early days of the school's history. The sea of faces that surrounds one on such an occasion does, of course, remind of how our numbers have grown since that very first class of twenty two. As individual members and years have accumulated, so, too, have the traditions that are integral to the character and strength of Roedean.

In a school which is so proud to uphold its traditions, we are, of course, constantly reminded of the contributions to the community that have been made by those who came before us. The matrics were privileged to attend the Foundation Day celebrations that took place on the Saturday, and to meet many of the old girls who have passed through the school, and have made a mark on her history and character.

As one celebrates the past and the present, though, one's thoughts must also turn towards the future. Vincent van Gogh once wrote that he (or, of course, she) who loves much, performs much, and can achieve much, and that all that is done in love is done well. May we continue to sing the school songs with such gusto, may we always enjoy the company of the friends whom we have made here, and may we always return to celebrate the existence of the community that has shaped us. May the Best School of All, which has already grown so strong since her founding, be further enriched by the love and efforts of all Roedeanians.

Adele Rossouw: Headgirl.
2008

Congratulations to the following girls on having been selected for District Hockey Teams:

- Kylie Jones and Mehek Gopaldas (U/18B)
- Priankasillay and Anesu Mbizvo (U/16)
- Sarah-Ann Sabbagh
- Marii WiiffiffffTidffS^ppointed as Coach for the JD08 South African Junior Hockey Team.

Mrs Marian Marescia.

Roedean squash players have achieved remarkable success this year.
- Laura Buck was ranked no. 1 in the country in her age-group.
- Samantha Kleynhans was ranked no. 3 in the country in her age-group.
Lisa Maxton was invited to play in the SA Schools' Tournament and finished in the Top 16 in the U19 event. Marijke Bruins played in the U14 SA Schools' Tournament event and finished in the Top 16.

Roedean won the Aggregate Trophy for the Best All-round School.

Gauteng Close Squash Tournament - Lisa Maxton won the U19 event; Samantha Kleynhans was runner-up in the U16 event; Laura Buck won the U14 event; Marijke Bruins was runner-up in the U14 event.

The following girls were selected to represent Gauteng in the Inter-Provincial Squash Tournament to be held from 28 June to 4 July: Lisa Maxton, Nabeela Arbee, Samantha Kleynhans, Laura Buck, Marijke Bruins, Laura Lucic, Meeghan Oosthuizen, Sarah Jenkins, Maya Priestley, and Paula Koki. The non-travelling reserves are Rachael Mackell, Divasha Moodley, and Kirsten Leong.

Gauteng Top Schools' Squash Tournament held on 24 and 25 May, 2008: Roedean School's Squash Team was the winner in the Girls' event, and will represent Gauteng at the National SA Schools' Final to be held in Pietermaritzburg in August. This is the fifteenth occasion that Roedean has won the Top Schools' Squash Tournament, which has been in existence for 17 years. This is a remarkable achievement. Members of the team: Lisa Maxton (Captain), Samantha Kleynhans, Laura Buck, Nabeela Arbee, Marijke Bruins, and Emma-Jane Olley. Laura Buck also represented the SA Schools in the Malaysian Open and other tournaments in the U14 age-group.

Prianka Pillay took part in the European Karate Championships in Torino, Italy, and won the following awards: Gold for Kata, Bronze for Kumite, and Bronze for Team Kata. She also won the following in the South African National Championships: Gold for Kata, Gold for Kumite, and Gold for Team Kata.

Public Speaking - Award for the Best School at the Senior Level.

After an exhausting and stressful term of preparation and practice, Roedean's youthful orators emerged from the ordeal of the Speech and Drama College (SA)'s Public Speaking Competition adorned with especially glittering laurels. Roedean won a certificate for Best Overall Results, and the Matric Prepared Team won the title of Best Senior Open Team. There were many A+ and A++ symbols.

Rotary Club

Deepshika Hariparsad (grade 11) of Roedean School (SA) was placed second in the Rotary Club of Sandton Speech Competition. The topic of her five-minute presentation was: "Marijke Bruins, Samantha Kleynhans, Lisa Maxton (Captain), Nabeela Arbee, and Emma-Jane Olley. Deepshika Hariparsad."

NEWSFLASH!

English Olympiad

As this magazine goes to print, Roedean has heard that our candidates' results in the English Olympiad have been amended. Allegra Cockburn, Jordyn Gracey, and Georgina Mackenzie received Silver Awards. Adele Rossouw received a very prestigious Gold Award.

@Caedecm 0cAod (0-W / Senior School Achievements - Philippa Nettleton, Bianca Burkett, Paula Nagy, and Kathryn Mitchell â
– Members of the Best Senior Open Team in Public Speaking. Prepared speech was 'A Fine Balance'. This is the fourth year that a Roedean speaker has been a finalist in this prestigious competition, which Roedean won in 2006.

Allan Gray Scholarship
Nomhle Gumede (Matric) has been awarded an Allan Gray Scholarship for 2009 in the preliminary round of selection, provided she meets certain conditions, which we have no doubt she will do. The Scholarship will be awarded in full if Nomhle is accepted by a university in either the B.Com or Engineering Faculties. The Scholarship offers full tuition, residential fees, and bookfees. This prestigious Scholarship offers its recipients many other wonderful mentorship programmes linked to entrepreneurship.

With two Inter-School events behind us, we are halfway through the official equestrian year! Our small, but dedicated team continues to do battle against the equestrian giants, like Beaulieu and St Stithian’s, and we are currently in 8th place overall. This is no mean feat as, with only 9 team riders, we are able to take part in only 23 of the 44 possible classes in the High Schools’ Division - often with only 1 rider per class. One of the main objectives of the SANEF (SA National Equestrian Federation) Schools’ League is to make competitive riding accessible to as many riders as possible. We would love to welcome any Roedeanians who ride to join our team - feel free to talk to Sue McLean, who organises show entries.

Johannesburg Junior Council
Congratulations to Siphiwe May and Kagiso Mothibatsela who were elected as Roedean Representatives on the Johannesburg Junior Council.

Achievements from Old Girls
â€¢ Michaela Tiller (Matric 2007) has been awarded a scholarship to study at Harvard University. Michaela achieved 10 distinctions in the 2007 1.E.B Matric Exam.
Charlotte Martinson.
Art Competition (Lower V)
Charlotte Martinson won the Digital Section of the VISA Olympics of the Imagination Art Competition. Her winning work, one of the top 50 from 2000 entries, was displayed at the Civic Theatre.

EQUESTRIAN NEWS:
At the second SANEF Inter-Schools’ Qualifier on 17 May, the Roedean team did us proud once again! Ashlee Hausberger came 1st and 2nd respectively in her two 1.3m jumping Nomhle Gumede.
â€¢ Davina Mendelsohn and Laura Pereira (Matric 2002) are both doing post-graduate degrees at Oxford University.
â€¢ Anneke van Nieuwenhuizen (Matric 2001) was awarded the following awards by Rhodes University: Juta Prize for the best student over the entire LLB degree; and Judge Phillip Shock Prize for the top final-year student.
â€¢ Lara Mallen (Matric 1999) has been awarded a Clarendon Fund Scholarship and an ORS award to study for the full-time DPhil in Archaeology at Oxford University.
â€¢ Ciara Metcalfe (Matric 1999) is in the 2nd year of her PhD at Cambridge University. She is doing research on throat cancer at the Laboratory of Molecular Biology.
The autumn sun shone gloriously for the annual Mothers & Daughters' breakfast, which took place on Pleasaunce in May this year. Once again, the event proved to be extremely popular, and the Matric girls delighted those of us who were there with their beautiful dance dresses. The falling oak leaves provided a fitting backdrop for the 'Shades of Autumn' theme, while glasses of chilled champagne added to the convivial atmosphere. The Roedean Golf Day was another successful event for the PTA, with all the fourballs sold out well before the day. For the second year in a row, we held this event at the beautiful Royal Johannesburg and Kensington Golf Club. The chilly weather did not dampen people's spirits, and those who took part appeared to enjoy the day thoroughly. Mark Banks provided entertainment for the evening's dinner, and auctioned the items which so many parents had generously donated for this purpose. The prizes were once again extraordinary, thanks to the generosity of the Roedean community.

The PTA is currently coordinating the 2009 textbooks for the Senior School. Although this project is not as high profile as other PTA initiatives, it is very extensive, involves a lot of dedication and hard work, and also provides an invaluable service to both teachers and parents. The PTA has been able to use the funds generated by this initiative for the benefit of the Roedean community as a whole.

For the first time this year, the PTA will also facilitate the purchase of stationery through Waltons. This is an optional service available for parents, and will generate funds for the school.

Clare Mitchell: Chairman of P.T.A.

ROEDEAN ST URSULA'S (BEARS) BOARDING 2008
Back Row: Maria Scholtemeyer, Anesu Mbizvo, Jeande Luck, Nicola Graham, Sasha Karuhanga, Natalie Karuhanga, Allegra Whitehouse, Palesa Mtimkulu, Li-Chi Pan, Li-Chen Pan.
Seated: Nolwazi Mngadi, Kgaugelo Mphelo, Li-Ming Pan, Bianca Kruger (Matric - Head of Bears Boarding & Boarding), Sr V. Gungaram, Ms P. Mdontswa (Head of Boarding), Mrs E. Bragge (Matron), Reneile Phala, Oluwatobi Onasanya, Nancy Liu, Kagiso Mothibatsela.

Bears boarding has been a multi-faceted experience. Being surrounded by girls between the years of sixteen and eighteen, one certainly learns about sisterhood and bonding. This institution's traditions and sense of security certainly make a pleasant home for most of us; I personally believe the boarding house is my second home. Every girl who experiences the unfailing love, warmth, and trust of this home from home is a true Bear's boarder. One will remain a boarder at heart forever; I know from this year's experience that boarding really sets down the fundamentals of individual responsibility and communal care.

We are taught to live according to the values of respect, honesty, and true companionship. I have learnt about womanhood, sharing, and that friends are part of your home.

Bianca Kruger: Head of Boarding.

/ Bears Boarding ~
To most people, the thought of being in a boarding house surrounded by children between the ages of 9-13 is complete torture, but, for me, it is something completely different. One would never have imagined how much one can learn from children. One thing that they have taught me is that you should enjoy every second of your life whilst you are still young. It is very seldom that we have quiet, dull days, for, in Kats boarding, everything is done with enthusiasm and an intense sense of enjoyment. As is the case in most families, we go through trials and tribulations together, but we are able to rise above them with the strong support and comfort of our Mommy Kat, Mrs Sheard. Kats Boarding House is truly our 'home away from home! We all work together, and the love that we share is indeed unconditional.

Rudo Shitto: Head of Kats Boarding.

You can never truly understand the magic of something unless you experience it yourself; this is how I feel about boarding. In Lambs, we emphasize the qualities that make a home, a home: unity, sisterhood, individual freedom, and let's not forget the importance of rules! While the Lowers have Thursday for Talent Night which allows them to express their uniqueness, the Middles have every other night to enjoy the privilege of sleeping later, going first, and just being 'big girls' of the house. All in all I have never been surrounded by so much spontaneity and eccentricity.

Valerie Muganda: Head of Lambs Boarding.

You can never hide in this boarding house, not your feelings or your status. You don't notice it happening, but you slowly start falling in love with the boarding house you are in; and suddenly, when the thought of home rises
es in your mind, so does the image of Lambs Boarding. It truly is magic.

ROEDEAN BEARS 2008


Forth Row: Yuka Vorster, Thandolwenkosi Moyo, Oluwatobi Onasanya, Isobel Kolbe, Louise Kolbe, Lauren Reeves, Julie-Hannah Massyn, Alice Johnson, Aimee Plutsick, Philippa Raal, Meaghan Oosthuizen, Marina Wildt, Gabrielle Coldicott, Wendy McPherson, Emma-Jane Thomas, Ekaterina Lambrianos, Alexandra Pinnington, Katherine Donald, Ann Varughese, Emily Asbury, Fiona Munshi, Iman Allie, Gemma van Huyssteen, Audrey Lewat, Julia Reeves, Li-Chi Pan, Li Chen Pan, Li-Ming Pan, Ninoy Hammond, Obakeng Monodi, Amy van der Velden, Michelle Blaackenberg.


Seated: Yang-Yu Chen, Mokgadi Makhura, Katherine Kriegler, Hyemin Kim, Miss A. Cummins, Ms J. Sibisi, Mrs V. Koseff, Mrs A. Natali, Sandra Lee Bradfield (Head of House), Miss B Thorn (House Mistress), Miss D. Tilleard, Mrs J. Krumm, Ms Howard Venables, Mrs C. Locke, Karen Wessels, Gugu Mahlangu, Aneesa Mooia, Romana Dasoo, Nonhlalhla Lunga, Lerato Lethsebe, Ronel Irvine.

Front Row: Christina Wu, Helen Michalakis, Minet Labuschagne, Ramana Bham, Carol Modise, Fatima Mathivha, Nelisa Ngcobo, Jabulile Gumede, Kimberley Quan, Boitumelo Molotsi, Kathutshelo Neluheni, Jainisha Sooka, Charlotte Stewert, Elizabeth Kriegler, S'bongiseni Mashinini, Angela Lai King, Victoria Lekone.

"'Twas Bears forever!"- my cheers were not feeble for Bears are folk who do and dare."

This was sung with absolute gusto at Foundation Day this year, for every Bear wanted to do her house proud! This attitude towards Bears was maintained throughout the year. Our senior and junior debating teams did very well, both making it into the final rounds of the Interhouse competition! House night was a BEARnificent evening and the acts that the Bears put on at our high tea party were very entertaining! Much appreciation must be shown to Jessica Handley and her team of Matrics on putting on a superb production for the Interhouse play competition! Thank you for doing and daring to go the extra mile with your version of "The Man in the Bowler Hat". Bears participated in the Interhouse sporting events in true Bears House styles; that is, with determination, spirit
t and enjoyment. I thoroughly enjoyed having the privilege of playing on teams with some of our great Bear athletes as well as watching them improve their personal bests whether it be in the pool, on the court, or the field. At this point I would like to congratulate and thank Jordyn Gracey for being awarded best Musical Director of 2008. Well done to Jordyn and her team of musicians for performing for us so wonderfully. It was beyond doubt a BEARi lient evening. Bears House ended the show with Fame, the musical's "I wanna live forever!" The lines "remember, remember my name" will echo on in Founders' Hall for many years to come. This year could not have as successful as it was without the enthusiasm of the whole house, the Matric Bears, and most importantly, Miss Thorn. Girls, thank you for your friendship and commitment, and thank you, our Mommy Bear, for your encouragement and support. And so all I have left to say is: "Bears, Bears, Bears is the best of all!"

Sandra-Lee Bradfield: Head of St Ursula's House.

ROEDEAN KATS HOUSE 2008


Seated: Jenny Lian, Ntsepase Mojela, Sarah Jenkins, Charlotte Savage, Miss T. Mogodiri, Ms C. Hulley, Mrs M. Kluth, Mrs S. Vandeleur, Mrs M. Le Roux, Kimberley Wiid (Head of House), Mrs L. Kleynhans (House Mistress), Mrs I. Pretorius, Mrs S. Murray, Ms R. Bogaard, Ms L. Lordan, Caitlin Vente r,
Camilla van Hoogstraten, Catherine Deconinck, Olivia Barrell, Razina Thokan.


Lime green, grass green, bright green, dark green, sea green, army green, fern green, forest green, moss green and asparagus green. Who would ever have thought that the possibility of the shade of green could be infinite? I had never thought about this fact until I was elected to lead St Katherine's house, the green house, through a year that would prove to be truly victorious and perfectly magnificent.

The needs of those less privileged than ourselves occupy many hours of the lives of our gracious, giving Kats who have enriched the lives of so many at Agape House this year. However, in true Kats style there is never work without play. House Night was a spectacular blast from the past as all the Kats came donning outfits suitable for our theme, Katerday Night Fever.

The Kats Matrics of 2008 have spirits as big as their hearts. One of the main concerns throughout the year was to ensure the comfort of the smallest Kats amongst us: the Lower V kittens. Next on the list was to intensify the spirit within the house and our efforts were by no means futile as we swooped to victory, winning the spirit stick.

This victory was undoubtedly spurred on by the enormous success Kats House had in the pool and on the stage. We proved beyond reasonable doubt that Kats are not afraid of water by winning the Interhouse Gala. Congratulations to Lisa Maxton who directed Five Birds in a Cage (ironic I know) with superb flair. Razina Thokan and Charlotte Savage prolonged our reign by teaching our debaters everything they needed to know to ensure success. Danielle Maycock, the Kat who can lead any orchestra, led Kats House to victory in Interhouse Music and proved to the rest of the school that we do indeed have "All That Jazz".

I was fortunate this year because I was able to have two Kats House 'mumies' to turn to for advice. I would like to thank Mrs. Le Roux for making me see the comic side of almost any situation. Her constant support has been invaluable. Mrs Kleynhans never fails to make one see the bigger picture. She has been a truly wonderful housemistress and is an amazing lady. Kats House will miss her next year as she assumes the role of the Head of the Science Department but we wish her a great deal of success in her new venture.

Finally, to the Matric Kats of 2008: You are all truly remarkable. I hope that all the future Kats realise that to be a Kat is to be unexpectedly unique and extraordinarily unordinary, for, as a wise man once said: "The thing about cats, as you may find, is that no one really knows what they have in mind."

Kimberley Wiid: Head of St Katherine's House.
I have found, during this year, that my behavior has changed in a rather peculiar way: I have developed a new found love/obsession for fluffy lambs which are scattered all across my bed; I feel strongly connected to anything that goes Baaa; I count sheep before I go to bed; and my clothing colour schemes tend towards blue (even my Matric Dance dress.) Yes, indeed, I am suffering from Lambania.

We started the year with an amazing production of The Man Who Wouldn't Go To Heaven. Alexa Scher did a superb job and all the actresses and backstage workers, headed up by Alicia Swart made the night a truly enjoyable one. Our musically talented Nomhle Gumede with much assistance from Maryann Nkhambule put on a wonderful show at Interhouse Music where our Lambs and several members of the Hairspray cast rocked the house with our version of ‘Welcome to the Sixties.’ Thank Ewe and Well Done to everyone who was involved.
House Night! I don't think I need to say anything and the vivid memorie s of that entertaining night come flying back to all Lambs. The theme b eing M-EWE-SICALS, each grade dressed accordingly, fun skits, games, so ngs and snacks... it truly was a great evening.
It is widely known that the lamb symbolizes gentleness and tenderness. Our work with NOAH is proof of that. But our resounding success did com e with, not so much
tenderness, but heaps of energy. Throughout the year, we have achieved m any triumphs: in squash, debating, tennis, netball, hockey, diving etc, etc, and we won the academic silver leaf every term and the spirit stick ... we are pretty-faced, shining-fleeced, talented, brainy, all-rounded SUPERSTARS!
Thank ewe to all the tutors and the staff of Lambs; you have been baa-rili ant!
To my truly lamb-tastic class; we are strong, caring and crazy and it
helped me every step ofthe way. Thank ewe for all your help when Lambs
duties called and thank ewe for making my year so unbelievable! To ou r main shepherd, Mrs Gordon, thank ewe for being caring and so support ive. You are a kind, generous, and talented woman. Thank ewe for alway s helping me and guiding me.
All the Lambs... it has been an honour to lead you. You are the house w ith most enthusiasm, talent, friendship and love! I have learned so muc h from the greatest flock in the world! Thank ewe for your blue-blooded selves and enjoy every minute of being part of the BEST HOUSE ever! I chant the lines of our famous war-cry and can hear your screaming voice s with me because "things go better with baby sheep, things go better w ith LAMBS!" Naa nana nanaa naaah!
Nabeela Arbee: Head of St Agnes' House.

One hundred and fifty girls are currently participating in The President' s Award at Roedean. Their various pursuits, both within and beyond Roedea n, continue to develop qualities of perseverance, compassion for others an d passion for skills and sporting activities.
Stephanie Cowper and Jessia Dix, who represented Roedean on the 2008
Gauteng Youth Committee, benefitted from a week with Mrs Murray at The President's Award Grahamstown Youth Forum. In addition, they pla yed a large role in organising the Khanyisa Youth Day which Roedean hosted.
Many girls have benefitted from Garry Townsend's Adventurous Journeys t o the Wolkberg and Buffalo Gorge. We thank him for his enthusiastic lea dership of these trips.
We commend the following girls who completed various levels of this pres tigious international award during the course of 2008:
Bronze: Michelle Blanckenberg, Monika Radziejowska, Alexandra Radziej owska, Gabriella Maree, Laura Wilson, Taryn Everett, Carolin Parkin,
'St vaccine young people everywhere'
Emma Johannes, Jessica Dix, Philippa Raal, Ekaterina Lambrianos, Jai nisha Desai, Mieke Bruins, Seo-Hee Lee, Nicola Mitchell, Megan Ho, C helsea Roy, Johanna Van der Wat and Helen Byrne.
Silver: Kathryn Monteith, Paula Nagy, Caitlin Bellew, Lucy Woolcott, M egan Bybee and Tessa Conradie.
Gold: Li-Ming Pan, Nabeela Arbee, Valerie Muganda, Christine Moeketsi
Lisa Maxton, Sandra-Lee Bradfield, Wendy McPherson, Jordyn Gracey, Philippa Nettleton, Maureen Makoko, Nosizwe Ndlovu, Stephanie Cowper, Amina Kaskar, and Hye-Min Kim. We are especially proud of the fourteen girls who earned their Gold Awards. This achievement is regarded as a sound character reference by tertiary institutions worldwide. We extend our thanks to Mrs Patricia Wade, from the Gauteng President's Award office, for her inspiration and guidance which continue to be invaluable to the success of the Award at Roedean.

Mrs Sandy Murray: Roedean Award Leader.


Seated: Jordyn Gracey, Mrs S. Murray, Mrs M. Williams, Nabeela Arbee.

Absent: Stephanie Cowper, Hye-Min Kim, Philippa Nettleton.

Being part of the Roedean school play was a wonderful experience. Roedean girls are blessed with many talents, and those talents were clearly displayed on the three nights that The Dianaloques was performed. The concept of poor theatre - using only our bodies as props - is a clever one, and it was a wise decision to use it to entertain audiences and expose them to new kinds of theatre. The ensemble acting in this production was especially impressive. Without the help and enthusiasm of Mrs Natalie and Ms Cummings, this play would not have been as successful as it was. Everyone's time, energy, and effort paid off, because we managed to produce a marvellous piece of theatre!

This year's school play was yet another of Mrs Natalie's innovative and thought-provoking creations. The play was definitely an enjoyable project to work on, with funny scenes and an even funnier cast and crew. The school play experience is always challenging and a huge learning experience, and this year was no exception, especially since the play took the form of a series of monologues. As ever, there were amazing performances by the cast, a testimony to the hard work that goes into these productions. It was all totally worth it! Being involved with the major production was a remarkable experience, one which will not be forgotten by the cast or the school. The pressure is certainly on for next year!

Allegra Whitehouse: Ante Matric.

The World's a Stage
The chitter-chatter backstage. â–
Costumes, make-up, even"Hallo's". ft
Run 1
Peek through the front curtain: j
All our friends and family.
The butterflies are flying.
Deep breath -it begins.
I'm in the next scene Grab the mannequin.
One, two, three, to my p'ace.
Lights, people, all eyes on the stage.
Turn,
drink, laugh, dance.
What comes next?
Turn.
I Off the stage.
House Plays 2008

There is only one word to describe House Plays of 2008 - EPIC! Alexa Scher directed The Man Who Wouldn't Go To Heaven for Lambs; Lisa Maxton directed 5 Birds in a Cage for Kats; and Jessica Han dley directed The Man in the Bowler Hat for Bears. The audience had no choice but to be blown away!

Each house pulled out all the stops to offer spectators humour, talent, and sheer entertainment. The casts and crews worked tirelessly over a very short period to create small slices of magic on the stage of Founders' Hall!

Lisa Maxton and Alexa Scher: Matric.
Best Director.
Enrichment Society and The, //Mory Society

Both of Roedean's cultural societies have enjoyed a very successful first half of 20081
The Enrichment Society paid tribute to Alfred Hitchcock's darkly romantic Vertigo on its fiftieth anniversary, and premiered Kenneth Branagh's film-version of As You Like It, an enchanting, original interpretation of Shakespeare's gender-bender comedy, which Branagh sets in nineteenth-century Japan.

The History of Film Society offered a homage to the Father of American Film, David Wark Griffith, and screened a fascinating documentary on Griffith's greatest star, Lillian Gish.
The Society's second event - a tribute to the pioneering Soviet director, Sergei Eisenstein, and to Charlie Chaplin - attracted an enthusiastic audience, and Chaplin's tragicomic masterpiece, The Kid, was received with
joyous tears and laughter.
On Monday, 26 May, the Enrichment Society examined the life and career of the controversial director, Leni Riefenstahl, and screened a section of Ray Muller's documentary, The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl. Part of Riefenstahl's masterpiece on the Berlin Olympics of 1936, Olympiad, was also screened. (It is the seventieth anniversary of the release of this groundbreaking work.)
On Wednesday, 4 June, the History of Film Society celebrated the careers of The French Master and the Girl from Kansas. The French master is the innovative director, Abel Gance, whose epic, Napoleon, is routinely voted one of the best films of all time, and the Girl from Kansas is the exquisite rebel star, "the girl in the black helmet", Louise Brooks.
An evening devoted to the partnership of Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev followed, but, on this occasion, alas, gremlins struck, as they always do whenever school equipment is being used. The Roedean Auditorium's equipment loftily rejected the Fonteyn and Nureyev: The Perfect Partnership DVD, and the audience had to be moved to the REALM. The screening took place successfully enough, but some purists complained that the sylph-like figures of the ballerinas were somewhat distorted!
The Film History Society honoured Ernst Lubitsch, the legendary master of verbal and visual comedy, by screening his wittiest film, Trouble in Paradise. This event proved to be a particular success, and I am delighted to record that this most stylish of comedies played to a full house!
An evening of music, song, dance, and poetry, in honour of Elisabeth Eybers and Ingrid Jonker proved to be an excellent showcase for the talents of the untiringly energetic and creative Mrs Le Roux, and her cast of enthusiastic and gifted performers.
The cultural societies ended the year on an appropriately poignant note with a screening of Jean Renoir's anti-war masterpiece, La Grande Illusion, a film that triumphantly succeeds in uniting pacifist satire with what Pauline Kael called "an elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy". Tears flowed for Pierre Fresnay with his white gloves, and that great actor, the first European "hunk" star, Jean Gabin, met with a deservedly intense response.
I am very grateful for the enthusiasm and commitment of all supporters, both inside and outside Roedean, especially our loyal 'regulars'. Heartfelt thanks to the Roedean pupils who assist with the tea, and particular gratitude to Mrs Val Koseff, whose technological expertise and publicizing skills are greatly appreciated.
I would like to use this opportunity to pay tribute to the late John Rowlands, whose erudite and ardent support of the Roedean Enrichment Societies shall be sorely missed. John was a truly cultivated and gracious gentleman, and everyone at Roedean loved and respected him.
Kenneth Branagh (right) directs his As You Like It.
Digby Ricci: H.O.D. English.
Ernst Lubitsch's Trouble in Paradise.
(gfflmtewh 0cAo-c C0S^) / English/French Enrichment Society and The History of Film Society ~
Absent: Karen Grobler.

Afrikaans Olympiad

We were very proud of this year's results:

Afrikaans Home Language (Senior)
Alicia Swart (third nationally and second in Gauteng) Christi Wasserman Adele Rossouw

Afrikaans First Additional Language (Senior)
Karen Grobler Monique le Roux Kathryn Mitchell

Afrikaans First Additional Language (Junior)
Claudia Dehnke (top 20 in Gauteng)

Congratulations, girls, and thank you to the Roedean Afrikaans Department. Mrs E Swartz: Head of Department - Afrikaans.

~ @Loet/ean> 0cAool /Olympiads ~

ROEDEAN MATHS OLYMPIAD ACHIEVERS 2008
Sarah Jenkins, Mrs M. Buchanan, Xinqio Lian, Mrs M. Williams, Seo Hee Lee.

Cafe International

It is no secret that Roedean girls have the Midas touch. Whether achieving highly commendable results for academics or dribbling circles around the Astroturf, we are known for the passion we bring to every activity in which we participate. But there is a truth we have kept hidden for quite a while, veiled by our innocent and obedient appearances, one that made its debut on Friday, March 7, 2008. The undeniable fact that Roedean girls are phenomenal entertainers!

If (because of some very serious ailment), you missed Roedean's Talent Show, I will not hesitate to express my shock and pity, because to have missed such an outstanding display of talent and artistic excellence is a tragedy beyond description.

The evening began outside Founders' Hall where guests enjoyed food from the Mediterranean, India, America, and China; all displayed on beautifully decorated cafe stalls. Once all edible treats had been devoured and the reality of indigestion was evident, we were seated and introduced to our hosts for the evening: our very own Jean Rodrigues and Dancing with the Stars' Emmanuel Castis. If ever Castis's popularity with teenage girls was questioned, I can guarantee that Friday night cleared up any confusion, but, if Emmanuel seemed popular, it is impossible to describe the impact of Crash Car Burn. From the moment the members of the group stepped on stage and delivered the lyrics of their opening song, their popularity was visible - and deafening. After the rock band had spoilt us with the mini-concert, the time had come for the girls (and one boy) to wow the crowd with their quick feet and sensational voices.

From the precise movements of the mime artist, to the soulful rhythm of the African dancer, and the electric sounds of the rock band, the performances were nothing short of spectacular and left the members of the audience inspired to discover their own magical talents. Isidingo's Keketso Semoko, Clive Van Derwageder, Gabrielle Najar, and Senzo Mbeli were the judges for the evening and I was really not envious of their incredibly difficult task of choosing six winners. But it had to be done... We extend our heartiest congratulations to Prianka Pillay. Her powerful karate sequence claimed first prize in the Innovation Category. Mohato Molefe gained second place for her wonderful mime act. Lomawa Maelane gained an award for her fierce display of African dancing, and Gabriella Fairhead stole the prize for her quick feet and perfect poise in tap dancing. In the instrumental section, Tessa Conradie, Kate McLean, Caitlin Bellew, and Lauren Reeves won first prize for their magical collaboration, and Kai,
Inez Patel, and Kagiso Magabe were presented with second prize for their rendition of a High School Musical hit. In the final singing category, several breathtaking voices proved just how exquisite a simple song can be. Second place was awarded to Livhuwani Nefolovhodwe, Nomhle Gumede, and Nolwazi Mngadi, and the audience was blown away by Allessandra Tonello, who secured first prize for her beautiful rendition of 'Ain't No Sunshine!

To say that it was a great evening would be an understatement. We commended the Matric Dance Committee and all of the Ante Matrics on their tireless work and dedication to the planning and execution of such a superb event, and especially to Jean Rodrigues who, as Head of the Talent Show, gave of her time and effort to make sure the evening was an immense success; it really was a fantastic evening and, after such an inspiring display from Roedean's finest entertainers, I am forced to wonder whether my act will be ready in time for next year... But one thing I know for sure: Roedean's got talent!

Iman Alfie: Ante Matric.

Jozi City Life

George Bernard Shaw once said: "Fashion is nothing but an induced epidemic." I can safely say that, after attending Roedean's own Fashion show, Jozi City Life, I not only agree wholeheartedly with Shaw's comment, but am convinced that all lucky enough to witness such extraordinary creativity left completely infected!

The evening began outside Founders' Hall where guests were introduced to the urban vibe with stalls alongside a busy road, offering iconic South African edibles and displaying 'street-like' decorations. Mime artists and a saxophonist stood performing for the crowd with hats extended, and received generous donations. All these details added to the vivacious urban atmosphere!

From start to finish, there was a mood like no other. As Cindy Dladla opened the show and spoke the very first words of her poem, "Big Bad City," it was clear that the night would display the same passion and intense creativity that were evident in her hard-hitting and emotional words. The dances provided the audience with a sense of joyous freedom, evoking a special excitement and astonishment. Each dance portrayed an aspect of Johannesburg culture: the rhythm, the danger, the beauty, the pride, and the diversity. The use of different genres of dance was inspired and truly captured the essence of a multi-cultural city.

And then came the main event: I sat and stared in wonder as, one after another, a beautifully designed garment appeared on stage and lit up the eyes of the audience, a testament to the unfailing creativity of Roedean girls that I like to brag about so often. As dictated by the rules of the competition, each garment had to be designed to focus attention on an issue close to the designer's heart. The designs exceeded expectations, and the many positive aspects of Johannesburg that designers chose to emphasise were inspiring. The judges, Pamela Schroder and Cynthia Allie, faced the challenge of choosing the winners of the competition, and out of the thirty contestants and seven finalists, three runners-up were chosen: Cindy Dladla for her striking dress entitled "Lady of the Night," Khatshutshelo Neluheni for her unique teabag creation, highlighting environmental awareness, and Kagiso Mothibhatsela, whose garment "took a stand" against the illegal trade in ivory. The winner in the design category was Virginia Boshoff. She showed remarkable creativity with her energy-conscious garment. It was not only visually appealing, but, with its adjustable lights, very convenient for those electricity-deficient nights!
The photography category is a new addition to the Fashion Show, and, definitely, one that made its mark. The five photographers were given a cause on which to base their three photographs and each was projected in the Hall. Almost every audience member was blown away by the quality and emotional impact of each of the photographs, but a winner had to be named, and Catherine Cunningham was that talented girl. Catherine’s causes were AIDS and culture, and never have I seen the impact of the pandemic more effectively captured. Alexandra Davis was awarded second prize for her heart-wrenching photographs depicting her cause: abuse.

Since the first appearance of Roedean girls on the school’s catwalk in 2007, the Roedean Fashion Show has become an increasingly popular date in the school calendar, and I am delighted to report that the greatly anticipated event was extremely well received and has definitely set the standard for fashion shows to come. It was the last fundraiser for the Matric Dance. I am proud to have been part of the Ante-Matric grade that was responsible for the planning and execution of Jozi City Life. I would like to congratulate Emma Boshoff, the Head of the Fashion Show, and all the pupils of the Ante-Matric grade for their hard work and dedication to a beautifully organised event.

The Fashion show is evidence of the undeniable truth that fashion is so much more than the clothes on your back. Like the urban vibe of Jozi, it is an expression of who you are, it is a magnetic attraction, it is a passion, a culture, THE kulcha.

Iman Allie: Ante Matric.
~ f/loes/ea/U @fcAool / Cultural ~

44

IT and REALM Monitors’ Report
ROEDEAN COMPUTER AND REALM MONITORS 2008
Back Row: Li-Ming Pan, Ntombiyezulu Khumalo, Juliette Kim, Alicia Swart, Ekaterina Lambrianos, Katherine Donald, Kimberley Wiid.
Middle Row: Maureen Makoko, Serisha Moodley, Megan Ho, Seo Hee Lee, Nabeela Arbee, Ingrid Gmeiner, Lomawa Maelane.
Seated: Boipelo Kekana, Ms J. Sibisi, Mrs V. Koseff, Mrs J. Nocton-Smit h, Mr D. Love, Mr M. Matlala, Timile Mabutho.
The Computer and Realm monitors have been dividing their duties between the Computer Room and the Realm. Most of the monitors have chosen to work in both centres.
The Computer Room is in the process of being upgraded, and we are enjoying using the new Dell computers and sitting on comfortable new chairs. We look forward to the new desks which will complete the New Look IT Centre!
Afternoons in the Realm are always busy and most girls stay until 5.00 p.m. There are always exciting projects and a buzzing atmosphere.
Next year, we hope to be involved in more blogging and other IT initiatives.
Boipelo Kekana: Matric.
~ ^Toedecm 0cAool / IT & Computers ~

45

ROEDEAN SACRISTANS 2008
Kara Vorster, Nolwazi Mngadi, Livhuwani Nefolovhodwe, Mrs C. Harrison, Kabelo Matlala, Christine Moeketsi, Alicia Swart.
Sacrists St m
It has been a wonderful and enlightening experience being a Sacristan this year. The new dynamic team of Sacristans was especially successful in introducing innovations for chapel services, becoming more involved in
the chapel, writing prayers for services, and organising multi-lingual services. Mrs Harrison's reassuring smile and Father May's gentle encouragement gave us the support we needed to ensure that chapel services ran smoothly. I would like to thank all the Sacristans for the amazing job they have done. I hope that future Sacristans will enjoy the experience as much as I have, and I hope they continue to grow in love and faith.

Livhuwani Nefolovhodwe: Matric.

ROEDEAN SCA 2008

Back Row: Siphiwe May, Livhuwani Nefolovhodwe, Laurie Harrison, Tessa Conradie, Emma Kunz, Lucy Woolcott, Otoleng Mhlongo.

Seated: Lomawa Maelane, Audrey Lewat, Megan Bybee, Mrs E. Swartz, Khathushelo Neluheni, Charnelle Kluth, Kgomotso Seabe.

SCA

The Students' Christian Association is dedicated to exploring the role of faith in our everyday lives. Roedean, our school, is based on Christian principles and values, and we strive to put these into practice during our weekly meetings.

This year, we have tried to make the SCA more appealing to the whole student body, and we are very happy about the increased number of people who have attended meetings. However, we are hoping that even more people will get involved and join the SCA next year.

This year, our SCA was invited by St. John's to 'Soul'd Out', a cell-group spiritual event. It was a really great experience and everyone who attended enjoyed herself thoroughly, and, to most, it was certainly a spiritual awakening. One day, in the near future, we would love to host such an inspiring event at Roedean.

We encourage everyone to attend our meetings, even people who are not especially devout, as the SCA assists you to grow your faith and learn about Christian principles. We accept everyone and are eager to hear individuals' opinions on the topics discussed! Khathu Neluheni and Megan Bybee: Ante Matric.

Johannesburg Junior Council

Imagine being in a room with future world-leaders, and listening to them discussing the issues of the world and how they can go about changing the world. When realizing that these future world-leaders are only 16 and 17 years old and have barely seen the world, yet they still have a common ambition to make radical changes in the world, one is flabbergasted, yet inspired.

When we were told that we had been selected as representatives of Roedean on the Johannesburg Junior Council, we did not believe it, but we eventually got used to the idea. We had no clue what lay ahead, because we did not really know what was required of us. Therefore, the task of being councillors has been very exciting and time-consuming!

The main purpose of the Johannesburg Junior Council is to empower youth. We do this through several projects aimed at young people: leadership programmes, volunteer work, fundraising, and many other projects. Our general meetings are held in a parliamentary fashion. We have had guest speakers from the Blood Donation Fund, The Times and CANSA. On 29 July, the Welfare Committee hosted a Battle of the Sexes Quiz at St David's. The Roedean team was victorious out of the 5 girls' schools and 2nd overall, an achievement that was expected, but still very pleasing.

Overall, the experience has been incredible. Council has given us the op
portunity to meet so many different people from different backgrounds. It has been an honour to represent Roedean in an organization that aims to make a difference in the lives of others.

Siphiwe May and Kagiso Mothibatsela: Ante Matric.
Siphiwe May and Kagiso Mothibatsela.
Bronwyn Morphet

ROEDEAN SRC 2008
Middle Row: Buhlebezwe Ndaba, Emma Cooper, Shannon Kearney, Emma Johannes, Aimee Plutsick, Lauren Reeves, Alexa-Mae Fiford, Ingrid Gmeiner.
Seated: Rozanne Oosthuizen, Sandra-Lee Bradfield, Faeeza Soni, Alicia Swart, Mrs J. Conradie, Adele Rossouw, Nabeela Arbee, Bianca Kruger, Charlotte Savage.

One of the most valuable organizations within the Roedean community is, without a doubt, its Student Representative Council, which offers all girls from Lower V to Matric (including two Junior School representatives) the opportunity to express themselves within a constructive forum.

This year, the SRC has continued to build on its previous successes and has gone from strength to strength. Some of the projects the SRC focused on this year were the organization of the ever-popular SRC-Day, the organization of drama-skits during assembly, and the implementation of a queuing system at the tuck shop. One of our most exciting projects, which will continue next year, is the establishment of an environmental team within the school to support the growing emphasis on environmental consciousness. This team will continue with the very successful paper-recycling project established this year, and will also brainstorm many other exciting ideas. We have also enjoyed a few impromptu SRC parties at which delicious chocolate cake was devoured by all!

It has been an absolute privilege to work with such a wonderful, committed team, and, on behalf of the SRC Board, I would like to thank each representative for her enthusiasm and dedication. I wish the SRC all the best for the future and have no doubt that it will continue to be a positive and vibrant force within the school. On behalf of the SRC, I extend our heartfelt thanks to Mrs Jane Conradie. Your enthusiasm and commitment to this organization have been a pillar of support.

To Mrs Nott, Mrs Rogers, Mrs Harrison, and Mrs Williams, thank you for your willingness to listen to our proposals and to assist in our endeavours. And finally, to the SRC Board, you have been a wonderful bunch to work with and your time, dedication, and loyalty have not gone unnoticed.

Long live the SRC!

Alicia Swart: Chairperson of the SRC.

~ 0c/8ol / SRC ~
~ ^\lon/mn 0cAo<d / Debating ~

Debating Report

One of the greatest lawyers ever known, Cicero, said of oratory: "Wisdom without eloquence is of but little advantage to states, but eloquence without wisdom is often most mischievous, and is never advantageous to them." Fortunately, this year, the members of the Roedean Debating team have not encountered any problems fusing their wisdom and eloquence; in fact, they have acquitted themselves most "advantageously" to their craft and their school, and have demonstrated remarkably sophisticated skills in argumentation and oratory.
Sadly, this year saw the closure of the regional Greenside League, a more informal competition, involving Roedean and neighbouring schools, leaving a distinct gap in speaking opportunities. However, we still started the debating year with a torrent of sharp-tongued speeches heard in Interhouse Debating in the first term. The Junior and Senior competitions were won by Lambs and Kats respectively, and there was certainly a great deal of impressive speaking in these exciting events.

The SACEE team has enjoyed a successful season, winning the majority of its debates this year, and taking part in some daunting debating tournaments. Our speakers participated in the African Schools' Debating Championship at the beginning of May, and we emerged with one of the highest speaker-score averages in the competition, and landed two speakers from our team of five in the top twenty at the event. Next up, we scooped a victory at our first SACEE debate in May, and, in June, took part in the next two rounds of this league. Needless to say, we upheld our excellent standards.

Also in May was the Model UN Competition, in which our girls fervently argued resolutions on drug crises in a mock-United Nations format. We even found time to stretch our brains in some University Debates, in which we proved ourselves against Varsity students, achieving some admirable results! Congratulations to each and every debater at Roedean for her extraordinary wisdom and eloquence, which would, I'm sure, surpass any standards Cicero could dream of. May we never rest while there are other sides to be proved, and other arguments to be expressed. Long live debating!

Charlotte Savage: Matric.

ROEDEAN DEBATING SOCIETY 2008

Back Row: Yerma van Wyngaardt, Alicia Swart, Mary Kennedy, Mukundwa Katuliiba, Ashleigh Steinhobel, Jessica Dix.

Third Row: Kgomotso Seabe, Danai Musandu, Ashleigh Dewberry, Arian a Pather, Ann Varughese, Lomawa Maelane, Deepshika Hariparsad.

Second Row: Cindy Dladla, Nicola Mitchell, Jordyn Gracey, Kimberley Wiid, Lwazi Zwane, Thando Moyo, Hannah Massyn, Mehek Gopaldas, Derryn-Anne Swatton

Seated: Keleneha-Mohato Molefe, Lauren Reeves, Nabeela Arbee, Charlotte Savage, Mrs L. Gordon, Razina Thokan, Marryum Kahloon, Emma Johannes Mokgadi Makhura

© ROEDEAN PUBLIC SPEAKING 2008


Seated: Deepshika Hariparsad, Derryn-Anne Swatton, Emma Boshoff, Charlotte Savage, Ms H. Venables, Mr D. Da Costa Ricci, Mrs A. Williams, Mrs S. Murray, Marryum Kahloon, Nonhlanhla Lunga, Paula Andropolous.

Absent: Lara Tenderini, Ayanda Collins, Sarah Jenkins, Mrs C. Harrison.

public-speaking arena. Our speakers walked away with the prize for the
Best Prepared Team in the Open Category and the Best Senior Results overall, I refer once more to Churchill's comment and feel I have proved his point completely untrue. To be one of the best, you have to work hard. The dedication of both the coaches and the girls ensured that nobody just stood up and sat down when she felt the speech was desperately in need of ending. Instead, all speakers gave perfect endings not only to their speeches, but also to a wonderful season.

Kathryn Mitchell: Matric.

Public Speaking
To qualify as an excellent public speaker, one must have original content, and one must structure and link ideas effectively, but, perhaps most important, one must be a poised speaker and have the ability to captivate one's audience. It is not a generalisation to say that every girl who had the honour of representing Roedean in public-speaking competitions throughout the first term this year is an excellent public speaker. Winston Churchill once said of public speaking that all there was to it was to say what you have to say and, when you come to a sentence with a grammatical ending, sit down. I have to disagree with Winston on this point—most of the speakers and especially their coaches who put in many hours of hard work over and above their normal commitments would tell you that there is far more to public speaking than simply saying what you have to say and then sitting down. There are little points, the sort that are usually written in fine print, to fuss over, such as shuffling one's cue cards or swaying or emphasising the wrong words in a sentence. Straightening out the kinks takes many hours of practice on your own and with your team, and, once again, Roedean acquitted itself superbly in the After an exhausting and stressful term of preparation and practice, Roedean's youthful orators emerged from the ordeal of the Speech and Drama College (SA)'s Public Speaking Competition adorned with especially glittering laurels. Roedean won a certificate for Best Overall Results, and the Matric Prepared Team won the title of Best Senior Open Team. Roedean's achievements were truly spectacular. Gratitude is owed to the indefatigable trainers from the English Department, and congratulations must be offered to all pupils who participated in the competition.

A complete list of Roedean's achievements follows:

Group Team Members Topic Trainer Symbol
Lower V Prepared Elizabeth Kriegler, Alexa-Mae Fiford, Paula Andropoulos, Derryn-Anne Swatton Crossing the Line J. Krumm A+
Ante-Matric Impromptu Deepshika Hariparsad, Emma Boshoff, Lauren Reeves, Allegra Whitehouse ....He killed the Golden Goose J. Krumm A+
Matric Prepared Philippa Nettleton, Kathryn Mitchell, Bianca Burkett, Paula Nagy Customary masks and veils had been lifted H. Venables A++
Upper V Impromptu Jessica Dix, Michelle Rossouw, Tendani Mulaudzi, Nicola Mitchell Let's fight with gentle words H. Venables A
Lower V Prepared Yemalunda Nkanza, Lara Tenderini, Ariana Pather, Sarah Jenkins We need to know the truth... A. Williams IA
Middle V Laurie Harrison, Alexandra Chalwin-Milton, Hannah Massyn, Danai Musandu The audience is waiting S. Murray A+
Middle V Katherine Kriegler, Nonhlanhla Lunga, Ayanda Collins, Marryum Kahloon There'll always be Barbie S. Murray A+
Ante-Matric Prepared Anesu Mbizvo, Ashleigh Steinhobel, Charnelle Kuth, Alexandra Dunsford-White And often I dream of freedom A. Williams A+
Trophy Team Charlotte Savage, Adele Rossouw, Livhuwani Nefolovhedwe Sunt lacrimae rerum D. Ricci A+
**Individual Speaker Alicia Swart**

I have made this letter long, because I did not have time to make it short.

D. Ricci

Matric Impromptu

Nomhle Gumede, Kimberley Wiid, Robyn Dreyer, Lisa Maxton

Thou art not what thou seemest.

C. Harrison

Upper V

Prepared Caroline Parkin, Helen Byrne, Seipati Bodibe, Emma Johannes

Mr Mandela, have you ever wondered?

C. Harrison

~ @Toedean 0cAool C03Z) / Public Speaking ~

Interact

Interact is a community-orientated society that helps the different charities and communities around us. We go on outings and plan ways to help our community. It is a ‘fun’ way to help anyone who needs us and to make other people very happy! This year, we have been very busy. The girls go on outings every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, visiting Little Saints Pre-School, The SPCA, and Park Care Old Age Home. In the first term, the school was asked to collect Easter eggs and the response was overwhelming. We had more eggs than we had places to which we could give them! We were very impressed. The Interact girls also held a High Tea for the residents of Park Care, and this event was a great success. During the second term, we asked the girls to knit squares and, yet again, they rose to the occasion magnificently. We had a knitathon, complete with hot chocolate and pizza - a wonderful opportunity for the girls to spend time together. We also had a braai this term and invited other schools in the area so that we could ‘interact’. This year, following a very successful trend, Interact will host an International Food Evening, which, we are sure, will receive more acclaim than ever before. Thank you to all the girls who have given up their time and talents to give back to the school and the wider community.

Tessa Conradie: Ante Matric.

ROEDEAN INTERACT 2008

Back Row: Allegra Whitehouse, Julia Olley, Mieke Bruins.

Forth Row: Aimee Plutsick, Victoria Osier, Ootleng Mhlongo, Alexe-Mae Fiford, Emma-Jane Olley, Anesu Mbizvo, Rethabile Madumise, Caitlin Bellew, Emma Johannes, Jessica Dix, Olivia Fiorotto, Jainisha Desai.


Second Row: Khathutshelo Neluheni, Sheila Lubega, Sandiswa Sondzaba, Nelisa Ngcobo, Deepshika Hariparsad, Emma Boshoff, Lauren Reeves, Lomawa Maelane, Megan Bybee, Sarah Michaelis, Romana Katrakilis, Nicole Narain, Tshepang Marishane.

Seated: Siphiwe May, Keneilwe Ramaphosa, Kagiso Mothibatsela, Lucy Woolcott, Tessa Conradie, Mrs U. Rowlands, Alexandra Dunsford-White, Henna-Naristanja Kana, Fiona Munshi, Li-Chi Pan, Georgina Mackenzie.

~ ffie&etectom C0-rM) / Interact ~

The Library

What is more important in a library than anything else - than everything else - is the fact that it exists. ~ Archibald MacLeish.

Libraries: The medicine chest of the soul.

~ Library at Thebes, inscription over the door

A good library will never be too neat, or too dusty, because somebody will always be in it, taking books off the shelves and staying up late reading them. ~ Lemony Snicket

The library has been a hive of activity this year!
Firstly, improvements to the library's interior have caused it to become a place of greater comfort and relaxation, allowing girls to find a peaceful sanctuary from their busy, complicated lives. The reading area has become very popular, and large numbers of girls can be found there reading a good book, debating heatedly, although quietly, about the world around them, or just paging through the magazines and newspapers, while allowing their brains to wander. This year, the library's newsletter, the RLP (Roedean Loose Pages), was started by Vice Library Head, Valerie Muganda, and a team of hard-working library monitors. Each RLP issue has a specific theme and the issue includes a review of a book associated with that theme, jokes, and articles on world events and fashion trends. There has been excellent feedback about the newsletter and the highly creative Valerie Muganda and her team will certainly continue to produce it. The library's popularity amongst the Roedean girls has increased dramatically. Many girls who have never ventured into the library before this year have suddenly crossed its threshold and these new faces, along with those of our regulars, have really made the library come to life. The library has become a more fascinating, more peaceful, and much more comfortable place than ever before. The Roedean Library lives up to what Samuel Niger, a literary critic, once said about a good library: "It is a palace where lofty spirits of all nations and generations meet."

Georgina Mackenzie: Matric Lambs: Head of Library.

ROEDEAN LIBRARY MONITORS 2008
Middle row: Sumayah Desai, Nonhlanhla Lunga, Deepshika Hariparsad, Mary Seo Hee Lee, Ayo Olamide, Ntombiyezulu Khumalo, Emma Johannes, Kagiso Mothibatsela, Nancy Liu, Boitsheko Ganyane, Fatima Mathivha.

~ Aow/t'fiti (^fe/wol / Library ~
Middle VCamp
Camp is always a challenge. For some, it's the fear of the outdoors. For others, it's being away from home. For me, it's usually being thrust together with a group of people, most of whom you don't know well enough. Group-work has always been a challenge for me and every camp I dread being put into a group of people with whom I'm not very friendly. However, even though this happened at Spirit of Adventure, I felt that it was one of the very few times I managed to enjoy working in a group. Arriving at Spirit of Adventure, all of the Middles were already tired from the onslaught of work that we had faced at school and were very apprehensive about going to camp, as most of us, really, just wanted to go to sleep. Upon arrival, we were divided into groups, randomly, and were then delegated a counsellor. Unfortunately, at the time of this article's writing, I cannot remember our counsellor's real name, but I do know that a short time into the first day he was dubbed "Lucian". Lucian gave the usual precamp pep talk about what was and wasn't allowed and then he ended off with the cliche of all camp counsellors' speeches, "But remember, the number 1 rule is to have fun!" At this point in time, as I always do, I thought to myself, "How on Earth am I meant to have fun? I'm in a jungle... with snakes and other ghastly things." But we d
The first exercise that I recall is one in which we formed a human chain and had to get the person at the back to the front and get everyone else to follow on. It took us three efforts to complete it, but finally we did so. Then we all formed a mix-up of arms and had to untangle ourselves without letting go. After lunch, we did an exercise that will always stick in my mind. We were given a tyre-swing and two planks. We then had a barrel on one end and, around 4m away, was another barrel. Our task was to get all our team-members and the two planks onto the other barrel.

This meant that there had to be around 6 people and 2 planks on a barrel with a diameter of about 40cm. We did this exercise again and again and again. Although we as a group did not complete this task, I believe that, if we had not had to go for supper, we would have succeeded in the end. What really amazed me about this task was the sheer perseverance that a person can have. I have never seen a group of well-behaved girls swinging and jumping and grabbing with as much zeal as my classmates and I did that day.

Even though we did not complete the task, I feel that, as a group, we gained so much from this simple exercise that it helped create the attitude of determination and support that we had for the rest of camp. Camp is always about learning new things and being exposed to different situations. On this camp, one of the main things I learnt and have capitalized on ever since is that, even when you feel that there isn't a chance you can do any better and you just want to give up, at the end of the day, you'll surprise yourself and do far greater things than you ever imagined.

Marryum Kahloon: Middle V.

Lower V Camp

After one has been introduced to all the new challenges of high school and has met all the unfamiliar faces, the best way to start the year is getting to know your classmates at the Lower V camp.

On Wednesday, 6 February, all ninety-three enthusiastic Lower Vs got onto a bus, excited and curious about the adventures that lay ahead. As we arrived at Goodland Fountain Estate, the fresh air caressed us, while the hot African sun blinded us. After dumping our bags in the dormitories and filling up our water-bottles, we were led onto the grass and were divided into different groups. Each group was required to make up a war-cry to support its team-members and to build spirit. The main objective of this camp was getting to know one another and working as a group.

Finally, the activities began: anything from tying knots to fastening logs, to falling into a dam from an unsteady raft, and carrying fellow sufferers over an "electric fence" At one stage the group was literally strung together while trying to form a knot. One evening, a fashion show was produced, with newspapers as materials and torches as spotlights! The challenging activities certainly taught each one of us the skills of teamwork.

On Thursday, all the prefects came and spent the day with us, enthusiastically cheering us on and secretly giving us tips. This camp was a super jaunt. And, as Henry Ford once said, "Coming together is a beginning; keeping together is progress; working together is success."

Mattie Landman: Lower V.

You know you've been at camp too long when....

The only songs you can remember the words to are camp songs!

Choir Camp

This year, the choristers embarked on yet another trip to Camp Discover, on their now annual choir camp! After a three-hour bus ride, the choir was welcomed once again by Oom Willie and his team. The long hours o
f rehearsal were enlivened by Mr Schmidt's weird anecdotes. Fun include
d The Choir Idols judged by the matrics and the formation of the choir'
s very own pop-star group: The Coffee Crew! A late-night jump into the
swimming-pool ended our camp off with a 'wet' bang. Thank you to Mrs Wi
lke, Mrs Harrison, and Ms Bowen for all their hard work and for putting
up with the 100 girls and their unorthodox choir-master.
Nomhle Gumede: Deputy Head of Choir.
UpperV Camp
In the first term of this year, the Upper Vs set out to visit Ukuthula, a
game-farm and lion-park. When we arrived, we were divided into groups an
d then we went for a walk to get to know one another. Every night, each g
roup would do a different activity: stalk the lantern, a team-building ni
ght-walk, or 'fun' games, like 'Fruit Salad'. During the day, we did othe
r exercises, like obstacle courses, paintball races, target-shooting, or
wall- climbing. Every morning, a different group would go on the game-dri
ve through the park to see giraffe, zebra, and other animals. Even though
we did such a wide variety of activities, I think everyone's favourite p
art was when we played with the lion cubs and went to see the fully grown
lions (these were behind the fence!). This year's camp was a great exper
ience - people made new friends, strengthened old friendships, and learne
d a lot about lions!
54
Camp has always been the short space of time in the school year that turns
a grade on its head, ties it up in knots, and binds it together more tigh
tly than before. It is an experience in which our strongest friendships ar
ere formed, our truest characters tested, our sugar tolerances pushed to the
limit, and the greatest of memories locked in our hearts.
It is difficult to believe that we, the Ante-Matrics of 2008, have no mor
e of these legendary camps left to look forward to, but it is even more d
ifficult to imagine a weekend more spirited or successful than the one we
spent at Kyara Lodge in the Magaliesburg at the beginning of September.
As the day of departure to leadership camp drew near, the Ante-Matric g
roup found itself bursting with excitement and anxiety. Although slight
ly disconcerted by countless cautions of infamous 24-hour personality t
ransformations, we approached the experience with an eagerness and enth
usiasm that never once diffused. The weekend was a whirlwind of team-b
uilding and personal-development activities, each with a different slan
t on and lesson in leadership. Opportunities were presented for us to f
ine-tune our vision and objectives for next year, and discuss the diffe
rence we will make to the Roedean community as the Matrics of 2009. The
response of the grade to these activities was unbelievably positive: ea
ch new challenge strengthened our support for one another, every sponta
neous sixty-man soccer game celebrated our sense of fun, while fresh th
oughts and ideas highlighted the potential we possess as a group.
I believe that during the course of the weekend, our grade found its iden
tity as a unique, united and self-motivated group, bursting with passion
and personality. Throughout our career at Roedean so far, we have culti
vated an infectious and unrelenting spirit that characterized every mome
nt of our experience at camp and will continue to shape the legacy we wi
ll leave behind.
I feel so proud and privileged to be a part of a group with such energy a
nd capability; a group that has so much faith in itself and celebrates ea
eh of its members; a group of leaders, a group of supporters, a group of
good and close friends. Bring on 2009... Antes’08 dominate!
Ashleigh Steinhobel: Ante Matric.
There was never a boring moment. We also found that the relationships between the students and the teachers were very open and honest.

Ante Matric Camp
Argentina

From the day we arrived, all the students in our class went to a lot of trouble to make sure we was a great pleasure be in E.N.E.T and experience a different and exciting lifestyle and were comfortable. Our allocated class was 4 to 1 and its students were very welcoming and culture great appreciate this wonderful opportunity, soon everyone was our friend. We are going to miss them very much and hope to keep in contact. We also built many other relationships outside our class and loved joining new friends Michelle Rossouw & Jannika Koortzen: Upper V. foresome"mate"

Another highlight of our time spent in an Argentinian school was the "Kios ko" There is so much variety and everything is delicious!!!

"Buenas tardes" We were impressed by the daily greetings to the school before class started. We believe it is important to show this type of respect before continuing one's daily activities.

One of the biggest differences from Roedean in South Africa was the fact that school only starts at 2:10 in the afternoon. This is the type of lifestyle we South Africans envy.

We never knew school could be such fun. We did not understand much, but found it amusing to observe how the students worked and communicated.

Chase Exchange Students: Jannika Koortzen, Aimee Plutsick, Palesa Mtimkulu, Olivia Coombs, Mohlokoa Nqoashena Michelle Rossouw

Karmen Wessels Tuscani Cardoso
r >

ik jÂ£&

Alicia Swart
(Sffjoedcem (^fcAeol / Art - Pascale Desfontaines
Nomzamo Mokaba
Megan Andrew Li Ming PflIn
Catherine Cunningham
Jessica Handley
Thandolwenkosi Moyo
Amina Kaskar Georgina Mackenzie Rebecca van Huyssteen

Charlotte Savage Marisa Prinsloo Robyn Dreyer
Kathryn Mitchell Pei Ying Chung Jeannette Joynt
Pascale Desfontaines
Jandri van Zyl
Georgia Munnik
Gabrielle Birkenmayer
maat m wink!
"ouw" Trow howto.'

mis
WA£ nwd -folk \\nâ– anryso
Jane Jane Morrison Morrison Priscilla Marie Dupree Nagged and nagged her mother. She was horribly spoilt, you see.

Jane Jane Said to her mother:
'Mother,' she said, said she,
'You must never go to down to Sandton town, If you don't spend money on me.'

My first day
The knot of fear in my stomach seemed to become even tighter as I entered my new classroom. Every face in the room stared at me. I walked slowly to the only vacant desk, the teacher, a thin woman with chocolate-coloured hair and a mouth so tight that it appeared that she had no lips glared at me. She asked my name in a dry tone, but all that came of my mouth was a kind of hoarse grunt. My classmates giggled as she narrowed her eyes at me and muttered darkly, "No respect". As she sat down, I tried my best to remain focused, even though my hair was plastered to my scalp with sweat, and my hands seemed to be twisting of their own accord in my lap. So this was the feeling of a new school. Dread, humiliation, and, perhaps, just the tiniest glimmer of hope....

Virginia Boshoff: LowerV.
Pascal Desfontaines, Experiencing Solitude
Tuscani Cardoso, The Pan Series
Hannah Benn

Jane Jane Morrison's mother Put on her Versace gown,
Jane Jane Morrison's mother Drove to Sandton town.
Jane Jane Morrison's mother Said to herself, said she:
'I can hurtle down to Sandton town, and pop into Woolies for tea!'

Selebi put up a notice:
'LOST OR HIJACKED OR STRAYED!
JANE, JANE MORRISON'S MOTHER SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN MISLAID,
LAST SEEN
WANDERING VAGUELY,
WITH HUNDREDS OF BOXES OF SHOES, SHES HETRIED TO GET BACK
FROM SANDTON TOWN, NOW SHE IS ON THE NEWS.'

Jane Jane Morrison Morrison (Commonly known as 'J')
Said to her other relations:
'I don't know what to say!'
Jane Jane said to her mother 'Mother', she said, said she:
'Don't ever come back from Sandton town If you haven't got shoes for me!'

Chloe Prince: LowerV
WILL THE LAST PERSON TO Leave blow out
the cblndleT
Gabrielle Birkenmayer, Own Title
Coffee Machine
A slurping gurgle fills the room The scalding water fills the flume. Into the murky river deep,
The coffee beans begin to seep. Then belches out a noisy BEEP, Settling down in eerie sleep.
It grunts and dribbles on the floor - I don't like coffee anymore Cassie Byrne: LowerV.
Caroline Parkin: Upper VZ
The End of Childhood
"I'm on line 5, Sir. Flyer 1.1.5 has crashed and the enemy is approaching! May Day! May Day! We need reinforcement thing-a-ma-gigs; we are surrounded by malicious Willy-nillies! I can't hold them off for much longer... Mr Unicom, help meeeeee.."
I dive under the covers of my fairy-covered duvet
"Don't worry, Captain Rosie" says my synthetic, fluffy friend. "Moondust is on her way. She'll save us."
I go back to the real world, but all I hear are the snores from the monster under my bed. Seven years old. Seven years old and dreaming seven-year-old dreams.
I am now nearly double that age. Nearly fourteen years old. I do not have a monster under my bed, and my fluffy unicom no longer reassures me.
It just sleeps on my bed. Worn-out Tired. My Barbies are stuffed into boxes, with their skimpy skirts and their plastic boyfriends, whom they 'kiss' quite often. I do not play kissing games with Barbies and Kens anymore. I have reached the end of childhood, and now all of us fourteen-year-old teenagers want to play kissing games with real boys. I go to a 'big' school now and can't ask Mummy for help with my homework. At school, we work: at home, we work. I spend the rest of my time watching Grey's Anatomy and SMSing friends. I have reached the end of childhood.
"Supper Time," yells my mum from the kitchen. "It's your favourite, Mac and Cheese."
"Coming!" I yell back.
I amble down the passage, taking my time, not caring that someone has cooked the meal for me. I slump down in a chair at the table. I remember I used to pretend, (or was it real?) that the chair was my golden throne, dripping with jewels, and that the cheesy meal was fairy food, for the kings and queens of Elfin Land.
Bath time is no longer a mission in the ocean. Fighting wanahuku fish and riding mermaids no longer require my commitment And bedtime does not need a princess hero. I have reached the end of childhood, left that journey behind, to continue my way through the winding maze of life. I have reached the end of childhood, and I am only at the starting-line of womanhood. On my marks! Get set! Â§o!
Rose Buckland-LowerV.
Thurberesque Fable - The Bear and the Bee and Plenty of Honey
It was the very first day of spring. The sun was golden and beamed upon an abundant field of yellow daisies. At the end of the field on the left stood the tallest oak in the forest and, near the top of the tree, lived the busiest creatures in all the land. The queen bee and her hardworking followers lived in that tree in a hive full of tawny-orange honey.
The queen awoke one morning and said to her assistant, 'Today is my favourite day and all the bees should go out and enjoy it.' Her assistant told her in a nervous buzz that this couldn't be done, because someone would have to watch the hive. But, when an ambitious bee listening to their conversation heard this, he said, 'My queen I will do it. I will watch the h
The queen told the bee that the hive was too big for only one bee to watch. But the worker bee insisted and told the queen that he was the strongest bee in all the land. So the queen agreed, and she and her colony left to enjoy the day.

While the bee was waiting for the return of the others, he saw something big and brown, with huge paws and even bigger claws. It was approaching the hive, so the bee went inside. Then a big, black, round nose was poked into the hive. It was a bear. The bee rose up and said, 'Get out of my hive!' The bear looked at him strangely and said, 'One bee.' The bee was very frightened, but still looked the bear in the eye and said, 'I am the strongest bee in all the land, and if you touch our honey, I will sting you.' The bear laughed and replied, 'You may be the strongest bee in all the land, but I'm the strongest bear, so go ahead and sting me.' The bear took two steps back and then fluttered forward lodging its sting in the bear. The bear felt a tingle then watched the bee fall to the ground. The bear triumphantly looked down at the bee. Then he greedily stuck his tongue into the honey that the boastful bee had sworn to protect. MoraM Foot and his honey are soon parted.

Ariana Pather: LowerV.

Discovery
I saw her standing there. She was leaning against an apple tree. Her surroundings were glowing sepia. Her hand was raised, and she posed with a muted smile. Who was this mysterious woman? I held up the aged, faded photograph of her. She seemed to be in her mid-thirties. She was wearing a white bonnet and a pinafore with a torn side pocket. I ran my fingers over the smooth, glossy sheet that lay over her.

We had just moved houses, and there were boxes of all sizes scattered around the empty house. Being a helpful child, I was assisting with the tedious job of packing and unpacking. Most of the boxes contained irrelevant items to me - curtains, bedding, and pillowcases - but one box of pillowcases, which I reluctantly started unpacking and shaking, contained the faded photograph of the mysterious woman. It flew out of the shaken linen!

I wondered who this could be. My curiosity took over. I wanted to find out more. I kept searching the box of empty pillowcases, shaking each to be sure I hadn't missed anything. I moved from box to box, searching, until I got to the bedding. I scrambled to rip off the brown duct tape. It made a grating sound like the sound of a plaster being pulled off a wound quickly. I threw bedding all over the attic until another photo flew out. I studied it carefully, observing all of the aspects this time. The photograph featured a young man in a bowler hat and a long, black tailcoat. That just gave me an excellent idea for my forthcoming history project.

I later found out from many sources that the woman was my great-grandmother and the bowler-hatted man was her son who later was sent to war. Photographs are certainly there to remind us of what has been forgotten.

Caitlin Venter: LowerV.

Life is Beautiful
Life is a finger-painting of colourful prints. It seems to be nothing but colours, but, when you look more closely, it is a canvas of emotion. I remember the days of nursery school, when I dipped my palms into primary colours and flattened them onto a page. I later gave that page to my mum. I felt so proud as she put it on the fridge. It was my work, but I never saw the depth of what it meant. Now I know it was my identity - my pri
nts and my choice of colours.
I have learnt that, as human beings, we often forget that our lives consist of our own choices.
I have given in to pressure, but it's not only pressure, it's an inability to make my own choices, to decide not to doubt myself or to worry what others think. Perhaps this is because of the speed of time, the constant motion of a clock that won't stop to allow you to remember or to take control. The speed of life is not theoretical, because, before you know it, you are moving on. I have moved on and now I am in high school and painting with my fingers is not possible. Instead, I find myself copying a Van Gogh painting.
This makes me wonder how soon it will be until I have taken the next step. Life is a finger-painting. It holds your choices and your identity. Life is a Van Gogh copy that shows repetition of someone else's choices and identity. Or is life just a painting of everything you endure and learn? If it is, it is a beautiful one at that.
Ariana Pather: Lower V.
Alicia
Madiba Magic
Tata, we thank you.
We thank you for the Foundation that you have started for us,
We thank you for showing us the right way to live, We thank you for fighting for what was right,
Our freedom is what you gave us.
Through all those hard times and struggles,
You never gave up for our country,
Even when you were in jail in solitary.
You, Tata, are a great man with strength, pride, and love.
I believe you have a heart that will never grow cold, You have the wings to spread and fly innocently like a dove,
Your eyes still sparkle like the stars.
Your words fill me with inspiration.
I will follow your footsteps of love.
Reabetswe Moloi: Middle V.
Karmen Wessels, C.S.P.
I saw her standing there...
I saw her standing there with a smile upon her face, and the bandages on her arms... I saw her standing there amongst the people she loves... I saw her standing there - broken.
Storm was the kind of person I never saw hurt or angered, upset or confused. She always knew where she was going in life and what she wanted to achieve. Later, I learnt that appearance is not everything.
Our friendship was close, but I never saw the damage that was done. I could never understand why she would hurt and cut herself, yet be such a joyous person.
Storm came to school with bandages on her arms to cover up the scars that had been inflicted before and that were going to be inflicted again. I sometimes wondered if she just wanted attention, but I soon saw that she never seemed to be disappointed in herself. Most of all, she always wore a smile. It made me think that the bandages were not only covering up her scars, but also the fear, the pain, and the humiliation she felt deep down inside.
She was okay for a while, but her bad habits rubbed off on others. I saw many girls constantly hiding their wrists and I knew Storm's poison had spread. My friends. The ones I loved. Punishing themselves. The anger I
felt towards her grew and I never looked at her in the same way again. I refused to involve her in my life. I chose to ignore the bandages she used to gain people's attention. I stopped myself from becoming more like her than I already was.

I don't know what happened to Storm, but I know she went somewhere for help and never came back to Roedean. When I saw her a while later, I remembered what an amazing person she was, and a smile covered up my anger over her selfishness.

I saw her standing there with a smile upon her face, and the bandages on her arms... I saw her standing amongst the people she loves... I saw her standing there - broken.

Meaghan Oosthuizen: LowerV.

('Aon/eat) (prfeAwl / Art and English Writing
Jessica Handley, Sisyphus, the Minotaur
@Co&JeAM 0cAeol C03tf) / Art and English Writing â–
Nothing Lies Perfectly Forever
At first glance, it seems absolutely immaculate. First you notice how the folds of the most costly curtains form exquisite ripples of linen hanging alongside the spotless windows * much like the ribbons of hair that fall perfectly into place, framing her polished-marble eyes. The pink cushions always seem to lie on exactly the right spot on the bed of crimson satin. The rows of old fluffy toys sing cheerful nursery rhymes when you squeeze them. This place that she wakes up in every morning reveals much more than her love of pink: the stainless carpet, her Barbie-Doll skin, and the massive piles of teddies that mimic her everlasting Hollywood grin. Despite its flawless appearance, this room is home to an arbitrary stench that settles just above your lip. This feels like the wary warning you instinctively get when she flashes you one of her "Miss America" smiles. You can't help but notice this subtle stench that wavers elusively between your nostrils every few minutes or so, lingering in little intangible wafts of foul-smelling air. The pretty ornaments of material beauty begin losing their charm, as you start imagining the possible origin of this awful smell. As you explore your imagination, you can assume its source is the mounds of dirt and rubbish that she's collected over the years, stuffed into little corners at the back of tiny drawers.

As you open the cupboard door, the truth behind this seemingly pristine outer appearance comes tumbling down, like the tears that spoil her powder-caked face. She is exposed. The old, smelly socks that create that distinct reek tumble out and ruin the once exquisite carpet. Every part of the room is covered, every manic teddy squashed under the cascades of mess she's been hiding for years. But, tomorrow, she will come and pluck, wipe, and conceal every spot that might give the truth away, so another person can marvel at her dainty silk cushions. However, it will not be long before they discover the source of that awful stench and they will earn that nothing lies perfectly forever....

Gemma Van Huyssteen: Middle V.

"I watched the ripples change their size but never leave the stream"
Changes - By David Bowie

People destined for success are those who have no fear of change beyond their boundaries. The people that are destined for failure are those that will remain in their boundaries because of fear of change. The latter group of people will live their lives in small and confined worlds, while the first will live in large and open worlds.

An obstacle to change that many people are defeated by is fear, fear of the new and the different. To many of us, constant is comfortable, and the
slightest thought of change or an irregularity is enough to prompt our organs to turn inside out and start to digest themselves. The reason we are so 'stared is that we cannot predetermine the outcome. This is a senseless argument, as trying to predict the future is similar to counting stars: it leaves you in the dark and without certainty. But we are all guilty of it, choosing the sandwich you have been eating every day for years, in stead of trying a new, possibly tastier one; going to the same place on a Saturday night where there is a guarantee of an average night, rather than trying a new place where you could have an amazing night, but just as easily a wish-you-had-stayed-at-home night.

There is another larger group of people who do not change as they are restricted by the boundaries of their environments, who, like the largest ripple, are cut short by the riverbank. It takes so much determination to escape these boundaries, such as poverty, that very few people possess the will to do it. But there are glittering droplets that splash out of the stream, such as former President Nelson Mandela who changed from a cow-herder in the Transkei to the saviour of a nation. Many South African children who grew up before 1994 tried to change their world, but landed up getting crushed by a physical aspect, such as their race. This is also true of women through history who have tried to cause change and help one another change, like ripples spreading out, but they were met only by man-made rules regarding gender.

Evolution is constant change and is always going on around and in us. It is a gradual improvement and we can't fight or resist it. The other side of evolution is all the other failed experiments that had to happen so we could be safe to experiment some more. I hope I will never be too scared to experiment, knowing that the water in my stream is flowing and that I'll never know when a new dam or diversion is around the corner.

Ayanda Collins: Middle V.

During the fortnight of exams, I am often overcome by waves of pure relief. While lining up outside Freer, my ears begin to fill with the sounds of buzzing tension; pens clatter softly within crinkled plastic bags. Souls shuffle briskly upon worn wooden floors, as crucial information is divulged among pupils. We walk reluctantly in different directions and are confronted by unadulterated silence, dominated by nervous thoughts. As reading time ceases, I slowly gain a sense of the examination paper in relation to what I have learned; I open the answer book and feel as though the ocean is receding from the shore, and, like the creatures deep beneath the tiny grains of sand, relief bubbles in my throat; I begin to breathe.

Finally, the fading sound of pacing heels upon the turquoise tiles allows me to lower the pen. The exam is finished. I am no longer in control, and, as I walk out of the confines of the room, the feverish whispers among friends bounce upon the ground like hail stones. Some bounce high with adrenaline and smug guarantee, while others melt like tears and seep through the warm, red bricks.

A grey cloud of doubt looms only slightly above my head until I receive six months of learning summed up and surrounded by a scrawled red circle. I am showered by a downpour of rain, the slate is wiped clean, and all that awaits is another opportunity for me to improve myself.

As the holidays draw near and the entire process officially ends, the sooting haves that grace the ocean's surface and glisten beneath the sun grad
ually become ripples that lull me into a lazy state of pure relief.

Lucy Robson - Middle V.

The Artist’s Abode

As I stepped into the room, I felt as if I had just entered a kaleidoscopic dream. Colours were strewn everywhere: from the walls to the bed and the floor, so many that shades and hues seemed to twirl and dance. Because of the open window, white pieces of paper flew around the room, looking as if they were doves with a rainbow sky behind them. In the corner of the room, the artist was poised. Her silhouette was cast so naturally. She pointed a brush at the canvass, and her head was tilted to one side. She heard me behind her and approached me. Flamboyantly, she said, "Ah Nicola, welcome to my humble abode."

"Thank you. It is definitely unique and very interesting," I replied. "Of course it is," she stated, "Please feel free to look around while I complete my work."

While becoming more accustomed to the space, I noticed open books lying all over the floor. After a more detailed look at them, I saw that they were all books on art, whether on techniques, history, or the famous artists themselves. Around those books, several old and hardened paintbrushes rested like the unwanted runts in a litter of piglets. Open tubes of paint were spread across the room, some leaving more spillage than others, and their lost lids were nowhere to be seen. Bits and pieces of unfinished drawings, paintings, and sculptures could be found in untidy piles scattered around the room. Tins of pencils - 4B, 2B, HB - were lying on the unmade bed, along with broken erasers and fragments of charcoal. The only couch in the room was covered in overalls, which were themselves covered in paint, and, in the centre of this pile, the old tabby cat lay, purring like the engine of an old, rusty car.

I glanced back at the artist, who seemed engrossed in her masterpiece. She was dressed in another one of her overalls, and her hair was tied in a messy bun. Her only piece of jewellery was extravagant earrings, which hung like sequinned chandeliers. And then she sighed, and turned around to face me.

"Nicola," she said, "Thank you for your visit. I have been painting this for a while, and am overjoyed that you could be here to witness my complete piece."

She stepped aside and I gasped, my breath caught in my throat. Among all this chaos and disorder, never in my life had I seen anything so exquisitely perfect as this artist’s masterpiece.

Nicola Doyle: Middle V.

Clare Vandeleur

- I

Pascale Desfontaines, Don’t Talk to Strangers

Amina Kaskar, Untitled

The Fish and the Hummingbird

Once, not too long ago, there lived a small, silver herring. He lived in a colossal salt lake at the rocky toe of an unconquerable mountain. The lake was so crystal clear that it served as a giant mirror to the flocks of colourful birds in the neighbourhood. The birds were all very complimentary, and, often, the herring found himself blushing as he was sprinkled with twitters of flattery, because his lake was so immaculate.

Although, during the day, the herring often had the company of the flirtatious birds, he was in fact lonely in the vast lake and longed for someone to love. One day as he was staring through the shimmering ceiling of the
lake, he experienced something truly majestic. His beady eyes took notice of a delicate, graceful, and extraordinarily beautiful hummingbird. Their eyes locked and it appeared to be love at first sight. Only, the fish did not realize that the hummingbird was gazing lovingly at her own reflection. The herring was too afraid to speak and the hummingbird grew tired and flew away.

Day after day, the fish stared up longingly at the hummingbird, as she marvelled at her own reflection. It was only years later, when the hummingbird and the fish were sporting newly grown emerald feathers and silver-grey scales respectively that the fish decided to introduce himself to the hummingbird. He jumped out the water and exclaimed, "Dear Miss Hummingbird, I have been watching you all my life and I am completely in love with you".

The Hummingbird looked utterly taken aback. "I always thought something looked odd in my reflection," she twittered softly. "My body always appears to have creases in it!" The fish then explained that this was, in fact, the water. They spoke for hours about land, water, and love. "But, my darling," the hummingbird cooed. "Where shall we live?" They could not find the answer. They both grew weary and wished to return home. "I expect I shall see you soon," said the fish. All the hummingbird could do in reply was nod her olive head, sadly.

Many moons drifted away, the sombre waning moon and eventually the bitter sickle moon, and yet no solution to the predicament was discovered. The fish and the hummingbird were soon strangers once again and lived their lives in empty spaces, with nothing to fill the desolate gap.

When the pain was no longer bearable, one gloomy night when no moonbeams fell on the rippling waters of the lake or the trees' drooping leaves or the soil, they both lolled in their companionless homes and died of broken hearts. 

The Moral of the Story: Love must be in the form of Apples and Apples, not Fish and Hummingbirds.

[mma Johannes: UpperV.]

Thurberesque Fable

One glorious day in the African savannah, a lilac-breasted roller was preening himself on a lonely tree. He was a vain bird, passing his time grooming himself and inventing plumage trends.

He loved to sit in the open where the birds could watch him model his mauve splendour. They admired his beauty and looked to him for fashion advice, listening religiously to his comments.

"Purple is the new brown," he told them. "It's all the rage in Europe this season!" Autumn arrived and the roller bade farewell to his fans as he set off, migrating to the farthest north. The colourful flowers and berries faded to brown and grey, as did the other birds' obsession with purple.

When the roller returned in the spring, the other birds were so excited to see the radiant colours of the new season that they refused to follow the roller's 'new' purple trend. The roller became lonely and missed his adoring fans, but there was nothing he could do. The birds were content with their own 'natural' fashions. Moral: Fashion is something that goes in one year and out the other.

[Lauren Antrobus: UpperV.]

Thurberesque Fable - The Cat and the Mouse

Once a mouse was scurrying through the farmyard and he came upon a ginger cat with a broken leg. Assisting the cat into the barnyard, the mouse mended the leg and fed the cat. Two days later, the mouse and his brother were fetching grain from the barnyard. They saw the ginger cat sle
eping peacefully by the red door. In the blink of an eye, the ginger cat pounced on the grey mice and ate them both—the mouse and his brother, Marvin.
Moral: Once your enemy, always your enemy.
Taryn Everett: UpperV.

Inky hair and violet eyes:
He starved for her.
Her back arched like twisted gold;
The pout of her berry lips summoned him. He came from the shadows -A starving fox sent from Hades Cunning and sleek.
He left her flowers, violets,
Told her to wait That he'd soon be coming for her. He watched and she never knew.
Her soft rich flesh called out to him In the middle of the night;
Her sculpted fingers beckoned -It killed him to refrain.

Violet Seduction
A Venus in a bed where only demons lay.
He never knocked
He crept upon her, wanted to drink that scent -Like rain and blood and violets.
He was upon her before her eyes were open.
She never cried, she laughed, because she knew.
He smelled of lust and smoke.
She hated this thing she practised,
But her body craved more That night, he feasted on violets;
She drank the sweat of foxes.
The Venus had seduced the beast.
Hades was seduced by beauty.
Together they drowned in passions, wrong.
He paid well.
The mint paper was left in the drawer.
She paid too— a hefty fee for a goddess,
Her blood was left on the floor.
Jordyn Gracey: Matric.

In the blink of an eye
To think that in "the blink of an eye" or a split second, something so mind-blowing can happen that it will affect people for the rest of their lives. In the blink of an eye, a huge ship slams into an iceberg, an aeroplane crashes into the Twin Towers, and a tsunami wipes out everything in its path. We sit, watch, and listen to these devastating events and think,"Oh shame! How horrible," and then carry on with our lives. For we live bubble-wrap lives, thinking things like that don't happen to us, and, when, unfortunately, they do, the experience is like receiving a stiletto blow to the heart. My dad was no politician running a country, no scientist creating cures for cancer, no famous athlete, or film director. He was simply my friend, my homework-helper, fellow explorer, leader, and protector, and I loved him for all those qualities. I had been one of those people living a bubble-wrap life and taking everything for granted. 'In the blink of an eye', my life was changed forever. I felt as if I was on a rollercoaster stuck in mid loop and gazing at the happy, untouched families on the ground below. The moment I heard the news, my first reaction was disbelief. This could not be happening to me. They must have the wrong dad with grey hair an
d funny ears, not my dad. I replay this nightmare day over and over: what I ate for breakfast, what clothes I chose, could I have held onto my dad one more second to delay that car from swerving into him? Could I have refused to set his alarm clock, stopped him waking up? Thinking about what I could have done fills me with regret and the pain rises in my stomach and burns my insides. Maybe he was just in the wrong place at the wrong time or it was fate.
The days that follow whirlwind into months, the people come and give you hugs and their apologies, secretly smiling and thinking that they are happy it did not happen to them. "I am sorry for your loss." Food and flowers fill the house, but nothing can fill that emptiness of the figure gone forever, never to return. One fewer setting at the table, one fewer car in the garage, one fewer toothbrush by the basin, but not one fewer person in my heart.
Time passes, smells fade, wrinkles increase, gardens grow, and people die. I know that it was my dad's time to leave and he would want us to be strong. I also know how unexpected and brutal his death was, but people will soon forget about it and move on with their own lives. I could tell them to love and appreciate what they have and not waste life, for it is too short, but that is hard to do and, sometimes, you appreciate things only when they are gone, and, yes, they can go 'in the blink of an eye'.

Kelly-Anne Ellis: UpperV.

Life is Beautiful
The mere existence of living things is a gift from God. He gave life to human beings, animals, and plants and created a world for us. Often, people live through each day without appreciating the value of all our God-given gifts.
The variety of flowers and plants that surround us in our gardens makes life beautiful. Take a careful look at a single leaf and you will see the intricate veins that seem to be etched onto the leaf by an artist's hand. Bold splashes of colour on the roses must be the results of God's playfulness and creativity with his paint brush. I wonder how many colours are on his palette: fuchsia, magenta, champagne, and canary yellow! We are living in a real piece of art.

God wanted Adam to have a companion in his life, so he gave Adam Eve. God did not leave any one of us alone in this world, because we have our families and friends. When you are lost, your mentors and teachers will use their experiences and wisdom to guide you and lead you out of the maze. When life throws you a curve-ball, your friends will stand beside you to help you defend yourself. At every stage of your life, someone will bear witness to every step you take and share a piece of your life with you. Life is so beautiful, when you reminisce over photographs of your laughter with friends and hugs with your family. Though your road of life may not be straight and smooth, and you may be alone sometimes on your journey, you will always have the comfort of knowing that you are never completely abandoned. This is what makes life so beautiful.

Hopes and dreams give wings to life and make our lives soar. There may be a day in your life that is dark, gloomy, and hopeless, but there is always tomorrow. Rain cannot pour from the sky forever and the clouds will make way for the hidden sun, the hidden hope in your heart. Shaping dreams for the future in your head can make life so invigorating and exciting. You may have ambitious dreams of travelling to space, or you may have a modest dream of getting teddy bear for Christmas. Dreams give us something to expect, even to anticipate, in life. The process of waiting and working towards your dreams may make you feel even better when
your dreams finally become true. Hopes and dreams make our lives meaningful and purposeful. Isn't life just beautiful?
Let us open our eyes a little wider and let our hands reach a little further. We will observe and discover so many wonders of life that are right underneath our noses. Inhale life, taste life, see life, and feel the life in you. You will realize and appreciate the beauty of life. Oh, life is beautiful!
Nancy Liu: Ante Matric.
"now the eyes of my eyes are opened" (cummings)
It happened so suddenly.
Last year, a girl I have known for most of my school years, a girl with whom I danced ballet festivals, and played alongside in the St. Katherine's orchestra was raped. In just one night, Jamie Patterson's entire life was thrown into turmoil, scraped, and scarred by a single act of horrific inhumanity. Suddenly, the girl I'd always known became a complete stranger. Suddenly, a danger I'd always been wary of and warned against seeped into my life and jolted my reality. Suddenly, my eyes were opened to the vulnerability, the defenselessness, and the utter frailty of existence here in South Africa, the place I call home.
It is incidents like Jamie's terrifying ordeal that shock people like me into stark and vivid awareness. Coming from a privileged background, I have, on numerous occasions, been cautioned against the risks and dangers that I, as a young woman in South Africa, face: rape, underage sex, substance abuse, abduction. Yes, I've listened. Of course, I've taken note. But, having never experienced such an ordeal firsthand, I found that it was only when one of these acts affected someone close to me that the eyes of my eyes were truly opened. Jamie's nightmare and the suffering her family endured pulled the reality of rape from the back of my mind to the core of my heart where it materialized into a harsh and icy reality, for the first time making me realize that there is every chance in the world that it could happen to me.
Soon after coming to terms with this frightening revelation, I was confronted with another shock that sent tremors through my blissfully ignorant existence: our weekend helper fell ill and was diagnosed HIV positive. A familiar and friendly part of our family for nine years, Moky - a truly incredible woman and the hardest worker I've ever known - suddenly became someone different, someone I was strangely afraid of, someone I couldn't find things to say to. My feelings shocked me to my core and brought the chilling realities of AIDS to life, right before my eyes. I have learned everything there is to know about the disease, yet I knew nothing about it until it hit home. Only when someone I loved became just another statistic did the true magnitude of the pandemic hit me. I have heard stories of discrimination, but it was only when I acted differently towards my second mother that I could truly understand the agony, the guilt, and the overwhelming fear that so many victims of AIDS face every day. Once again, the superficial eyes of my understanding were replaced with an entirely new outlook, observed through eyes that feel and perceive and empathize. I began to view AIDS as a part of my life, something that affects me up-close and personally, rather than at a distance. And, of course, it brought my vulnerability and that of those around me into distressing perspective.
Two weeks ago, returning home from school, Mum told me that a man called Sheldon Cohen - a respected entrepreneur and family man, just like my dad - had been shot and killed in cold blood while waiting for his son to finish a soccer practice. As I listened, I felt a heavy dread flood my reality - my brother plays soccer too. What if that had been my dad, my role-model, my hero, who had senselessly lost his life? Dozens of people
are murdered in South Africa every day - it's something we have all come to accept and live with. But sitting there in Mum's car, I felt the creeping unease of helplessness. It is truly tragic that, because these acts of violence occur so often in our country, South Africans have become immune to the devastation they cause, oblivious to the danger they pose. Thought we try to push it away, we must allow the eyes of our eyes to be opened in order to remain aware.

I am young. Not yet 16. I should be unburdened, and carefree. Yet, in this last year, I have felt the horror of reality move, like a dark shadow, across my life. I am unsettled. I feel fearful. Because now the eyes of my eyes have been opened.

Ashleigh Steinhobel: Ante Matric.

*3 Frances Stewar
~ /Toedean (~<~<æèCÆ«) C0SW / Art and English Writing ~
A Tom Wolfe Pastiche - 'Preparing ourselves for battle'
Armies of girls assemble themselves at my front door, their getting-ready-for-battle bags slung around their shoulders. They are all here to prepare for yet another exciting night out. My room is soon filled with these young girls and their getting-ready-for-battle-bags: bags which are filled with sandals, flip-flops, heels, pumps, shorts, skinny jeans, bootleg jeans, white jeans, black jeans, green jeans, pink jeans, purple jeans, T-shirts, boob-tubes, halter-tops, strappy tops, leggings, dresses, skirts, every kind of make-up imaginable, and ditto for the hair products and accessories. It's crazy what they can fit into those bags.

So it begins! The extremely lengthy process of preparing ourselves for battle. It begins with the bathrooms being used by each girl for what seems like HOURS! Once she has been scrubbed, cleaned, plucked, shaved, washed, and conditioned within an inch of her life, she moves on and allows the next girl to begin her process. Next up it's hair and, seeing that my room is not large enough, we decide to set up the local hairdressing salon in my mother's room. This is where the hair is dried, straightened, curled, crimped, teased, and back-combed into the wearer's preferred style. The hairspray is then very generously applied to keep the look lasting all night long.

Now, it's time for the hardest part of all. DECIDING WHAT TO WEAR! This, of course, depends on where we are going. Jeans and a T-shirt to a club? Far too casual. A tiny dress to the Mall? Far too dressy. Things like this must be taken into careful consideration. As must the climate and whether you feel like sticking to the status quo or not. The options are, of course, endless. That cute new red dress, those gorgeous new Guess skinny jeans, your green Polo shirt, All Star Converse shoes with your br and new YDE skirt and top. So many choices....

Last, but, most definitely, not least, is the make-up. This is probably the most important part, as your face is the first thing that people see. Lots of time can be spent doing and re-doing your make-up. Again there are SOOO many choices! The natural look is most common, but, once in a while, it can be fun to add some purple-red lipstick or even some electric-blue eyeshadow.

Once everything has been put together, it is time to ask that final but all-important question. HOW DO I LOOK? The best and safest answer is always, "Stunning! You make me so jealous. Wish I looked that good". This statement, of course, guarantees everyone's happiness. Flattery means everyone has a good night out.

This whole process is, naturally, extremely tiring work. So once everyone’
s ego has been sufficiently stroked, it is time to eat. This isn't a very lengthy process, as no one wants to ruin her perfectly applied make-up. So the battle begins! The battle to get to the party on time, the battle to occupy that cute boy's full attention, the battle to make sure you remain airbrushed and fabulous all night, and, finally, the battle to regain the strength to repeat it all next weekend.

Samantha Delport: Ante Matric.

A Tom Wolfe Pastiche: The Joys of Maturity

It's the small things that signal the passing of years. The I-know-the-face-but-not-the-name story or the cabinet stocked with day-creams, night-creams, anti-wrinkle foundation, anti-wrinkle eye-cream, anti-wrinkle eyeshadow, anti-wrinkle lipstick, anti-wrinkle after-shave, anti-ageing suncream, anti-ageing bath gel, anti-ageing soap, ten-percent eye-lift cream, or - a personal favourite - the don't-smile-and-you-won't-show-wrinkles cream. Different products from a very wide selection of producers. The latest lotion is advertised as the groundbreaking, reduce-the-effects-of-ageing-by-ten-percent-more, new and improved, most effective anti-wrinkle cream on the market. Of course, this advertisement is screened during an Andie MacDowell! or George Clooney film. Luckily that won't worry you because 'You're Worth It'.

Signs of age:
1) Repetition. Stop. Think. Have you told the same person the same story today?
2) You meet someone new every day. Do you spend a good ten minutes talking to someone in the shops and then, when your son or daughter asks later who your friend was, you say: "No ideal"?
3) Memory Loss. When watching a popular television series, take Friends, for example, that you and your family have watched together for years and you've told all your friends that your kids are probably the most obsessed fans because of the number of times you've all seen the different episodes, do you ever think - "Oh wow! I don't think I've seen this one and upon sharing this with your teenage and/or adult children receive a sigh and the familiar reply, "Mum/Dad, you have"?
Congratulations! You are now mature.'

While looking through a photo album of my mother's, I stumbled upon a photo of her and her classmates on their last day of school back-in-the-days. I was horrified to find that my mother wore pigtails and their uniforms resembled well, nothing, really! At least, nothing that I had ever seen before. The dresses were the colour of seaweed with a shape that reminded me of those very thick stage-curtains that are designed to hide everything behind them. While trying to overcome the shock at the thought of my respectable and sensible mum being caught dead in something hideous, I was struck by another thought. What will my children gasp at while looking through my photo albums? In a frenzy, I snatched up the most recent album and pored over it. But my fears were in vain. I looked fashionable and full of youth. There was no way my kids could find fault in that!

Tessa Conradie: Ante Matric.

(gffeedeaM 0cAeol C03$) / Art and English Writing

Tom Wolfe Pastiche - Love in Strange Places
She thinks she's oh so cool now that she has a boyfriend. A tub of lard, she means. How can a boy who looms over you to the extent that he could squash you with his fat thumb and forefinger be something to be proud of?
The nails she spent about one century perfecting, but which still resemble a stained carpet, boredly apply the last year's sale, inside-of-a-plum lipstick that she oh so carefully twists to accommodate the fullness of the slimy pink growths protruding from her orthodontically enhanced rigid white spikes. She is planning to draw blood from her victim. A juicy one, he is. There will be plenty of meat to go around. We could even send some vacuum-packed to the starving orphans in Ethiopia.

He's got that just-try-not-to-break-out-in-sweat-or-pimples-and-you'll-be-okay look about him. Every step he takes towards the front door is like watching a triple-storey house trying to take a step. He must be a relative of the Michelin man. They share cascading multiple rolls of unsaturated "heaviness".

Slowly, slowly, but determinedly, he's managing. Closer, closer, closer! Just about. Nearly. And he's done it... the doorbell has been successfully poked by the greasy baby elephant attached to his hand. She'll be "just a sec", her chalk-on-the-blackboard voice shouts. Let her just "freshen up.'She constantly thinks she can achieve the impossible. What I like to call, "a go-get nothing."

Now comes the attire for the fun-filled evening with Tub of Lard. It's between a grey-and-neon-orange knitted slip-on jumpsuit that buttons up down the front (Lard will love that) that cutie-pie; no-fangs Auntie Babette knitted or the hugging multi-coloured sequined slip-on (Fat Lard prefers to call it "slip-off") pinafore that I-am-so-not-in-competition-to-win-our-niece's-affection Auntie Saraphina produced after downing five straight-as-cannibal vodka's. She opts for the neon (easier access for Fat Lard).

Holy mother of all things bright and beautiful! Fat Lard has achieved the impossible. He has... actually articulated a sentence. He has achieved the impossible. Perhaps, he is supernatural. Perhaps, he deliberately applies charcoal to his juicy eyelids. After all, he needs to get in touch with his Death-Metal-I'm-a-punk-kill-me-now side. It's a pity, then, that his lazy brown eyes hardly squeeze through the flesh doughnut's surrounding them. It is also a pity that the two-metre journey from the white picket-fence to the my girlfriend's front-door has just been too strenuous for his large upper (and lower) body. It is a pity that his girlfriend will be spending their date in a red-crossed white shiny truck with painfully flashing lights and oxygen masks. Oh well, people find love in strange places...

Emma Boshoff: Ante Matric.

Fingers
A collection of Bones and joints,
Crammed into a sock of skin, Yet!
The outlet of our every emotion, The instruments of our will,
The extensions of our souls.
Opening to find friendship,
Closing to control fury.
Drumming to pass the time!
They prod, they poke, they pinch, they point, They tickle and caress,
They make shapes.
With our fingers, we write stories Of sawdust and spaceships,
We document the mysteries of time.
With our fingers, we create art that explodes off the canvas, Or a melody that races and surges and swells To slip off the edge of the crescendo.
But it takes ten fingers to strangle. And just one to pull a trigger,
Just one to close the gap between Skin and syringe.
They are the tools of our survival, Held prisoner to our desires.
They will express, experiment, explore, 
Articulate, accuse, 
Demand. 
They will create beauty Or take life, 
Design a world Or its destruction. 
Take care where you point yours. 
Ashleigh Steinhobel: Ante Matric. 
~ ffileedemi 0cAo<rf / Art and English Writing ~ 
67 
The Music of Other Worlds 
Taken from "you cannot know the fears i have"by Shabbir Banoobhai A few weeks ago, I happened to be watching television and I came across a programme featuring some music from a typical Chinese opera, as performed in Beijing. To me, the high-pitched falsetto voices and what seemed like disjointed phrases and notes hardly qualified as music at all. This led me to thinking about the music that exists in different worlds, in the broadest sense of the word, and, in particular, of that type of music that cannot be heard -music that is not a set of notes strung together, not an audible melody, nor a song, music that cannot be written on paper and is not in any particular key. Life is the composer of this music, and, for each person, the tune is different. This music is the harmony that arises from true happiness, contentment, and a sense of meaning. And just as the world of Western music differs vastly from the world of Chinese opera, so the worlds of inner music existing within the minds of each of us differ greatly.

Who will ever know what the music of the world of an autistic child sounds like? What is the melody that keeps him so isolated? To which inaudible rhythms do Down's-syndrome children dance? They, of all people, who seem to have so little to be happy about - what inner harmony inspires that characteristic joyfulness? In our lives, so attuned to analysis and understanding, the simple music that they live by is difficult to imagine. But other worlds need not mean something as dramatically different as those of mentally handicapped. To a large extent, each individual lives in his own world with its unique music. When we are happy and satisfied with the way the elements of our lives fit together, our music is playing at its best. But while we are pleased with its harmonious quality, we often do not understand the music of the worlds of people around us. To us, their music does not seem like music at all - but like illogical and unharm onious noise.

Our inability to appreciate the harmony of worlds different from our own takes many forms. It is visible wherever there is intolerance, judgement, stereotyping, or hatred. In a country like ours, in which there are so many different cultures and backgrounds, it often takes the form of racial prejudice.

In truth, I believe that many of us are afraid of music we do not understand - we are not comfortable with rhythms and notes which differ from those with which we are familiar. There can be no doubt that someone who can appreciate Chinese opera just as much as a Western pop song or a classical symphony must enjoy a richer musical experience. Just so, someone who is receptive to the music of other worlds must necessarily lead a fuller and richer life than someone who marches to the beat of a single drum.

Alicia Swart: Matric. 
GuguMahlangu
The Evolution of Man and Woman

There is a misconception among the masses. It has been so for many years: the misleading idea that men and women have evolved at the same pace, and now reside on the same level. Unfortunately, and it pains me to say it, the evolution of mankind is certainly an unbalanced one.

Since the beginning of time, women have been seen as the inferior gender - a truth that has been echoed throughout the ages: the pitiful number of female presidents, the few-and-far-between female leaders, the lack of female athletes, pilots, astronauts. Even Jane Austen spoke of the universally acknowledged truth that a man in possession of a large fortune must be in want of a wife, not a life-partner, not an equal. The sheer ridiculousness of this state is striking; the fact that, after so many years, we've progressed so little. The extraordinary thing is that so many people (coincidentally mostly male) have yet to acknowledge the amazing talent that is involved in being a woman. It's as if we are born equipped with the ability to juggle family life, careers, passions, and duties. A woman is never really only a woman: she is a mother, a confidante, a business-tycoon in her own right, an artist, a teacher, a girl. But even with all this evidence, it seems as if so many of us are blind to the truth.

It is a known fact that the business world is a dog-eat-dog place, a ruthless environment that is harder on no-one than it is on women. They are torn between the fulfilling achievement of succeeding in the land of the briefcase and the beauty of fulfilling motherly duties. There is sure to be ridicule - often self-inflicted - at both ends. The mother that gave up her career to raise her children so often feels unfulfilled, annoyed about becoming the stereotype. Her sacrifice, however selfless, is a cognitive itch in the back of her mind. The life of a businesswoman is just as trying. If a woman in business succeeds, she is seen as cold, disloyal to her family, determined to the point of ruthlessness, and - most painful - a negligent mother. For men, on the other hand, it is an entirely different approach. A man succeeds in business and he is ambitious, a good leader, inspiring, a role-model. Such a perception is grossly inflated, considering he doesn't have to have dinner ready by five.

Sport is another area in which women always seem to come last. From the large-scale international competitions, to the small-scale school festivals, the achievement of women in sport is ignored, the support they so desperately crave, disappointing. The media are partly to blame for this. The success - and, often, failure - of male teams is splashed daily across newspapers, billboards, and magazines, whereas female teams who are known to have done much better are insulted with a matchbox-sized article in the corner of the final page of a newspaper, under the washing-machine ads - with unrealised dreams of an accompanying picture. Fair? I think not. Reality? Undeniably.

The effort being put into changing the structure of society is commendable. The wheels of change are certainly in motion, but it is up to us, the girls of today, the female leaders of tomorrow, to provide the oil. Women are hurricanes of ability and achievement, visions of success. Armed with a blackberry, a spatula, and a tube of lip-gloss - we're unstoppable.

Iman Allie: Ante Matric.
~ ^Toecfcem C03$) /Art and English Writing ~
Pascale Desfontaines, Naartjie Peels
Hitchcockian dialogue: Conversation between Norman Bates and Mitch Brenner
The office of the Bates Motel.
Mitch: Hello Norman Bates; I'm Mr Mitchell Brenner. I've been hired as a
lawyer by Lila Crane. I'm here to inform you that, since the disappearance of Marion Crane, we need to move you to a Phoenix holding-cell just to monitor you.


Mitch: Now calm down, Mr Bates. It is not a "mad-house." There'll be no tears, no cruel eyes, just help-what you need is help.

Norman: Another trap. I'm used to those. I was born in mine. I don't mind it anymore. We all have traps, don't you think Mr Brenner?

Mitch: I suppose. It depends on how you live your life. Norman: Do you feel trapped, Mr Brenner?

Mitch: Well no, not really. I feel rather comfortable with my situation, thank you. Mr Bates.

FX: PHONE RINGING Mitch answers the phone.

Mitch: Hello, yes, Mother. Yes I will be coming for dinner. You won't mind if I bring Melanie along? (Sigh.) Goodbye, Mother.

Norman: It's your mother, isn't it?

Mitch: What's that, Mr Bates?

Norman: Your trap: it's your mother, isn't it?

Mitch: I have no trap. That's the end of it. Well, I suppose she can be a bit overbearing at times; she's just lonely and, after my father died, well, it's been hard. It's not her fault... I just... it's what I want that scares her. She's afraid of being alone. She's vulnerable. I don't want to hurt her, but, God forgive me, I love Melanie. Oh, Mr Bates, I'm sorry, there's no need to talk about this. Norman: She's jealous of that girl, Melanie, just as I was jealous of my mother's lover. Not her fault? Why did she have to leave me? For years, after my father died, we lived as if there was no one else in the world, but, after she found that man, I became nothing to her. I just wanted her back, but she was too busy with him to notice that. I took him, but she still lives. Mother is still here.

Mitch: Is your mother not dead, Norman?

Norman: NO! No, why, she's just up there in the house. She's always in the house.

Mitch: Well, then, you wouldn't mind if I asked her some questions?

Norman: No she's sleeping. She's been ill and well-how do you say it? "not herself lately" (Norman eats candy.)

Mitch: Then, Mr Bates, you wouldn't mind if I took a look in the back there, would you?

Norman: Oh. My private parlour. I'm sorry, I have work to do, Mr... If you don't mind... Fine, go ahead.

Mitch enters the parlour

FX: SHRIEKING VIOLINS FROM PSYCHO SOUNDTRACK

Mitch: (Shocked and stuttering): I had no idea you take such an interest in birds. They're all over. Norman: My hobby is stuffing things... taxidermy. And I guess I'd just rather stuff birds because... well, I hate the look of beasts when they're stuffed, foxes, and chimps and all... some people even stuff dogs and cats... but I can't... I think only birds look well stuffed, because they're rather... passive, to begin with... most of them...

Mitch: Passive?! You call birds passive?!

Norman: Is there a problem, Mr Brenner?

Mitch: No, er, not at all. Did you not hear of the bird attacks on Bodega Bay? The birds went mad. They attacked the whole town. It was like a bird war.

Norman: Well, no, I heard nothing of the sort. Birds are surely incapable of organised warfare! Mitch: Oh; but these ones weren't! The attacks tr
aumatised everyone, including mother. Her fear of loneliness just became worse.

Norman: Hmmm... Peculiar. Perhaps there was something about the Bay that disturbed them. Mitch: Do you have many birds around here, Mr Bates?

Norman: Feathered ones? Oh you mean the swamp. Well, no. Everyone seems to stay away from here. Funny really...

Mitch: Well, I'll let you get your stuff together, Mr. Bates, and we can be of f.

Norman: What about Mother? We can't leave her. She's ill and she'll be... alone. I can't!

Mitch: Well, if you like, I could go up and inform your mother of all of this. I will only take a minute of her time.

Norman: But she's sleeping. I told you! She's not herself! She won't take kindly to strangers who disturb her.

Mitch: Now, Norman. I have legal permission from the state police to move you from here immediately. If you would just co-operate, all will be fin e.

Norman (in his mother's voice): Now go along, Norman. Listen to Mr. Brenner. Oh Norman! You were always a naughty boy. They're gonna put you away now, Norman, just as I should have done. As if I could do anything except just sit and stare... like one of your stuffed birds.

Mitch: Mr Bates, what are you talking about? Norman!

Norman (in his mother's voice): Take him away, Mr Brenner! I want him and his stuffed birds away from me. Let them stare at him!

(Grabs bird and shoves it near Mitch.)

Mitch: Norman! Stop that! What's going on?!

(Mitch stands up and hits his head on a stuffed bird which sways like the l ight bulb in the cellar scene in Psycho.)

Mitch: My God. The Birds is coming! The Birds is coming!

(Mitch exits hastily.)

Nabeela Arbee and Bianca Burkett: Matric.

(©m/ean 0chool 003$ / Art and English Writing â–
-â– Wi
Marisa rniw>-' â– â–
'Drown in Love and Memories'

Fish balls. Those gooey eggs run down my visage and into their bowl. A dam's ale was once absolute. The two Hydrogen and Oxygen molecules paired up to form an odourless composition. My bowl was once colourless, tasteless, pellucid- it was once non-living. Dull. Dead.

I was leaning against a monster, but I was too busy looking out for you. Soon those gooey eggs which I never did try to sponge up, metamorphosized into limbless, cold-blooded creatures. Creatures that survive in the condition that would fail me. Polluting my water. Leaving me to lie alone on the deck chair in this room. I feel as if the bowl is the ocean, and' as I doze off, it is to my nightmare, high tide. I was having trouble sleeping. I can feel you jiltishing me out of this chair. I can feel myself falling, brea king. I can hear that screeching.

I still am unable to see through this polluted bowl. All I can see is you, and I see you without my eyes.

I know this because I wake up, with that feeling of sinking. As if the fish are living off me parasitically and depriving my body cells of oxygen. I feel so empty, and yet I am full of secrets, stories, feelings that I can never let out of the water. How do I catch a goldfish with my hands, in a bow
I filled with the depths of an ocean, robbed of my eyes? I lie alone. My body throbs as I feel myself going towards a watery grave. I grip my clammy pastel hands as the arrow pierces my eyelid with numbing medicine. Numbing medicine that will never be enough to travel through my veins and paralyse those reddish-bronze Eurasian carps at the end of the tunnel. In the time that my eyelids darken my sight, I imagine my gold, sparkly shoes vaporizing into the atmosphere. The impact of that force threw me over. Over you. Black. Awake. I see through my mother and remember, from photographs, her past. Her beauty is an understatement. I remember gazing into the still life and feeling the dark chocolate melting through the glossy plastic holding her into place on this pictorial plane. This warm sweetness can be traced back to her eyes. Her face rests snugly on my honest skin. Just thin king about it causes my body to react. I automatically-like a machine, the machine that catalysed my destruction-drill into my hands with my nails, strong and short from the action of biting, biting uncontrollably. Everything destroying me comes out of the same body part that can cure me. I've always wanted the truth. This love is splitting me apart and I feel myself dissolving into nothing. All from what started off as a revolutionary act.

Love and memories together deteriorate my being. If I didn't love her, I would be able to breathe. Agata Ogonowski: Matric.

A Saki Homage: The Grave-Digger
The small fair-haired child peeked into the box and gaped at its contents. "Happy Birthday, darling," her mother's shrill voice sliced through the stillness. The child gawked, wide-eyed, at Mrs Peters and blinked at her several times before enquiring: 'Urn, Mummy, what is it?' "Why, dear, it's your very own little puppy dog." Scarlett Peters dropped her eyes once again to examine the soft brown thing that she had discovered upon opening the large beribboned box not seven minutes ago. She tilted her head to the side, scrutinizing it. Creasing her freckled nose, she lifted her hand, extended her index finger and proceeded to jab the thing several times before, once again, turning her attention to her mother. "It's not breathing," she concluded. "Don't be silly, dear," Mrs Peters chided. She too started to poke at the animal. "Of course he's breathing. He's just asleep—Oh!" She stopped abruptly. "Well, that is a shame." "I don't think so, Mummy," Scarlett said brightly. "I had much rather you gave me a dead dog than a living one, any day. I absolutely loathe dogs." "No you don't, dear," Mrs Peters waved her hand dismissively. "I suppose I had best ask George to bury him in the garden. It is all terribly vexing. Mrs Lark and Bobby are arriving at any moment for tea and I shall be awfully embarrassed if they witness the burial of a puppy. Mrs Lark does care for dogs, you know. We shall have to keep them away from the garden at all costs. You will have to be very nice to Bobby, Scarlett." "But Mummy, it's my birthday and Bobby must be the one thing that pleases me less than dogs do. He's always talking about ghosts and 'the other world.' If you could only do to him what you have done to my present, it would be very..."
"Scarlett!" Mrs Peters cut short her daughter's fantasy and gave her a stony stare. "You will be very nice to Bobby."

After enduring an hour of cleaning and preening, Scarlett was sitting in the kitchen pretending to be interested in what Bobby Lark had to say on the "pressing" subject of recognizing "the men of darkness."
"And then there's the Lady of the Bridge. She will never let the man who
spies her reach the other side. There's 'Thaniel. He's the one wh..." Scarlette continued to nod and seem to be solemn. She reasoned that either her charade was working most effectively or Bobby was too wrapped up in his recital to notice that she would rather be counting the grains of salt in the jhaker than listening to him. Suddenly, Scarlett stood up and smiled at Bobby, hoping that he'd understand that this meant that he was to follow her. She led him into the garden and sat herself down under the oak tree. Bobby was about to do the same when he stopped short.

"Is that man digging a grave?" Scarlett could've slapped herself. She had forgotten that her mother had expressed the desire to have them inside for the day. She decided to ignore Bobby's question and attempt to get him back inside as quickly as possible. She stood up and started for the house. "I said," Bobby pressed. "Is that man digging a grave?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," Scarlett replied. "Oh no!" Bobby stopped. Scarlett sighed and turned to face him. "You know what this means, don't you?"

"I really don't," Scarlett looked at Bobby with a bemused smirk on her face. "You remember," he insisted. "Bastien - the grave digger! Once you've seen him it's all over. He only appears to him for whom he digs the grave."

"No, really Bobby, it's not..." Scarlett stopped. She grinned, then quickly adopted the gravest expression that she could manage. "Oh dear, Bobby," she said grimly. "I'm so dreadfully, dreadfully sorry."

"lt was all most peculiar," Mrs Peters exclaimed. "The absurd child ran from the house shrieking." She glanced at her daughter who blinked back at her. "I'm so sorry darling. Next year, we'll do whatever you want." Scarlett smiled. She made fools of fools and even fooled those who would discover her....

Allegra Cockburn: Matric.

~ 0cAod \ Art and English Writing

I am nobody; I have nothing to do with explosions - "Tulips" by Sylvia Plath

I remember that day had a dream-like quality about it; everything faded into a jumbled haze of everything else whilst the television cackled and buzzed in the background like a fly or a bee. I remember watching Sky News in disbelief with a feeling of being, perhaps by some cruel joke, in a documentary or a history textbook. In the cushioned, opaque bubble that was my life when I was eleven or twelve, war was only the sport of cruel, slightly deranged men like Hitler, and the rest of the world only fought back to save humanity. Even to my simple untainted mind, weapons of mass destruction had never existed in Iraq. Maybe innocence can recognise innocence and my youth saw something quite opposite in George W. Bush, or perhaps it was the frequent dinnertime debate (that appeared to go over my head) that imprinted fierce anti-war sentiments on my soul and in my heart. My childish idealism wouldn't (couldn't?) allow me to acknowledge that America had declared war on Iraq in, what I had considered, a civilised age. I truly had believed war was something of the past and that modern leaders could recognise its inability to settle conflict, and its unwarranted toll on human life and quality of living. What I was blind to on 20 March, 2003 was the more subtle, intricate political web George Bush had woven in his bloody quest for oil. It was when this realisation dawned on me that I felt incredibly small and extremely helpless. It was then I decided: I was nobody. Although my new status as someone with zero influence on the world made my feel helpless and frustrated, it
made me feel safe. I was free now, free of blame, responsibility, and guilt. I told myself there was nothing I could have done—"I have nothing to do with explosions"—I quickly developed from an idealistic youth with a keen social conscience and a virtuous sense of right and wrong to a spectator, removed, almost omnipotent. I had inflated my own position from that of a pawn, even a victim of the world's circumstance, to that of one who doesn't have to play at all, who can do enough by simply watching, from my god-like repose on the sidelines, I had the freedom to observe and it was safe not to, no, expected of me, not to pass judgment on a situation that could fundamentally affect my life. I sadly watched the seats around me get fuller and fuller with more and more people choosing to watch life happen, excusing their social-unconscious with feeble bleats of 'What difference would one person have made?'

What difference would one person have made? In a world increasingly faced with seemingly insurmountable problems, like AIDS, cancer, and global warming, one person could make all the difference. Whether it be one person to spark a return to the youthful idealistic values the world has taught us to discard; or one person choosing a hybrid car above a Four-By-Four; or planting a tree. It could be donating all you can spare to a medical-research centre with the knowledge that it could mean the difference between a cure and a curse. Although it's easy to preach this message, it is true that everyone has an influence over something, however small and insignificant it may appear. It is far easier to ignore this fact and pretend we don't, but, by sideling our influence, we have lost the battle before it's even begun. In the end, nobody is truly nobody, and we have everything to do with explosions.

Kathryn Mitchell: Matric.

I Am Not As I Was Before

As my eighteenth birthday rapidly approaches, I am overcome by a sense of some kind of achievement. Although I knew it would come, I always had a dangerously looming thought at the back of my mind that, somehow, I would never make it to the fateful day. Turning eighteen, for me, is like starting a whole new chapter in my life; unlike the new and exciting world of being a teenager - the always amazing thirteenth birthday party, keeping up with the latest teeny-bopper trends, and attending countless sleepovers - surviving one's eighteenth birthday is akin to a rite of passage into adulthood.

The metamorphosis from being a preteen to being a teenager and then suddenly becoming a young woman has not been an easy one. The amount of growing up that one has to do between the last two stages was almost impossible for me to handle. The worst years are the fifteenth and sixteenth. One learns far too much about oneself and one's friends. New friends are made and old friends are lost. No matter how hard both parties attempt to save a friendship, friendships are torn apart by silly teenage arguments. At that age, we all just want to grow up and leave childhood behind.

I like to think of myself as childlike, simply because 'childish' is too often used as an insult. The idea of growing up terrifies me because growing up means leaving a loving, protected, "if you make a mistake you can make it up for it later" school environment and going into university, meeting new people, and actually having to think for myself. The most dreadful part of this is leaving friends behind, losing them and oneself to adulthood. The adult world has no rewrites, no set test dates, and no holidays. It's a 12-month term, every year, for the rest of your life.

I have tried to prepare myself for it. I wake up on some days thinking, "T
his is it. Today is the day I grow up, "but, within two hours, I'm back to my carefree, childlike existence, relying on my parents to organise my life. Is there some kind of defining moment that I have not yet come to? Does one wake up on one's eighteenth birthday feeling brand new and... well... adult-like?

It seems that way to me, as many of my friends who have turned eighteen seem to have a presence about them, and a sudden change in the way in which they carry themselves. I am almost afraid to approach them with an old joke or anecdote because of a fear of rejection, a grave fear of being told to grow up. But, with my birthday only a month and twelve days away, growing up is not something I am ready for or want to do.

In my Ante-Matric year, I looked at girls that hadn't yet entered senior school and pitied them because of the many years of school that they still had to endure. But lately, as each day passes and every day becomes one day closer to writing my finals, I envy these girls. I envy the life that they still have ahead of them. A life of Barbie and pool parties, of discovering that boys aren't as dirty and disgusting as they were before, of going to sleep at 8 o'clock every night because they don't have three tests the next day. I used to think that life begins at eighteen. But, as my eighteenth birthday rapidly approaches, I'm starting to think that it only goes downhill from.

Nolwazi Mngadi: Matric.

THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY

"A photograph: a picture painted by the sun without instruction" by story writer and satirist, Ambrose Bierce. Photographers are those who ask permission from the sun to capture the picture eternally. And the work of the photographer allows one to lose oneself in another world and rediscover all that one thought one knew.

I discovered my love for photography one night at a combined fiftieth and eighteenth birthday party. We were all seated and I was surrounded by rugby jocks and girls with so much make-up on their faces that their features seemed to be sagging under the cosmetic burden. The speeches seemed to be continuing for eternity. I was fiddling with my fork and was generating quite a sound and stares, so I decided to put the fork down and look around myself instead. I then noticed the reflection of the Chinese lanterns above me in the glass in front of me. Each lantern was a dab of colour in my glass, glinting and beautifully distorting, with each different position I took. All I wanted to do in the world at that moment was to capture those darting, dancing colours, to pay tribute to their beauty, to have the euphoria, that beautiful and harmonious detachment I felt while looking at them, forever tangibly with me.

Thus, I began to take photographs. Photographs of things, happenings, discoveries, all of which renewed that euphoria within me. Photographs that allowed me to return to the blessed sense of not fully understanding beauty, but of being allowed to be awed in its presence.

I have never been an ultra-technical photographer with bags and bags of equipment and that X51CB2 camera and all that; nor have I ever decided to photograph something specific and have headed out with the image of what I wanted in mind. I just take photographs: usually photographs of miniscule creations that are not often seen or appreciated - a twist in an aloe, the reflections seen in wnaows, the vibrant flash of a goldfish next to a reed, the texture of bark. There is so much we take for granted in this world, and yet each thing is so incredible in its own particular way that...
t it should be given just acknowledgement, and that is what I intend to do. Although, as I have said before, I am lost cause when it comes to technical photography, or anything technical for that matter, one technical branch of photography that does interest me greatly is pinhole photography. This photographic medium is an extremely precise one and takes hours upon hours of work to achieve the right outcome. A pinhole-photography box has to be made by painting the inside of an A4 box black, cutting out a small rectangular section of the box and replacing it with tin, and then pricking the tin with a pin to create one minute hole which has to be covered with press-stick. Then you take your "camera" outside with you and set it up in a position. Then you take off the press-stick and wait for the correct amount of time (which varies, frustratingly, with each photograph) for the image in front of the box to be burned by the sunlight onto the photographic paper which is stuck to the back of the box. When the time is up, the press-stick is gingerly put back to cover the hole and it's off to the darkroom to develop the photos. This involves a complicated procedure of leaving a photograph in different solutions and chemicals for the correct amount of time and finally hanging it up to dry. This leaves you with the eerie negative images in which the world appears to be upside down. But a light-burning machine permits the negative to be turned into a "normal" photograph by burning the negative onto another piece of photographic paper with bright light. I like this photographic medium, because one never really knows what the outcome will be. It is an artistic adventure in the purest sense of the word.

One photographer who has had a great influence on my mindset and my work is South African photographer, David Goldblatt. I discovered his work only recently at an exhibition of his "Joburg" series in the Goodman Gallery. Each photograph in his series was beautifully composed, each work that he created to capture this vibrant city was perfect, and yet tainted with the depression of the past South Africa. Although his work focuses on people in landscapes (of which the clarity is remarkable), and I prefer to work with objects, I still want to achieve the same atmosphere he created, an atmosphere which silences one into awe and humility as soon as one walks in, allowing the power of his camera's glorious precision to affect one's being and set one at peace.

Photography, one could say, is my "hobby"! but, for me, it is more an exit from this world to another. Man Ray, a Dada artist, once said: "Photography is not art," and I would like to expand this statement by saying that photography is not art, but rather the discovery of a soul, while capturing the art of the world.

Georgina Mackenzie: Matric.

Emotion in the Empirical

"What men are poets who an speak of Jupiter if he were like a man, but if he is an immense spinning sphere of methane and ammonia must be silent?". A «

There are, of course, many possible responses to this quotation from The Feynman Lectures on Physio. One possible opinion is that it quite simply is difficult to evoke human feeling when describing what is, essentially, a rather large ball of spinning gas. It is this very sentiment, however, that Feynman tries to address: a scientific analysis might emphasize composition and size instead of emotion, but surely such an investigation on the natural world should arouse a sense of wonder in any human being? It is this sense of wonder with which, I recently realised, I had lost touch. Of all the questions posed to me in my Additional Mathematics class, the one I was least prepared for was this:
"What is your favourite scientific experiment?"
Frankly, I didn't know. And neither was I the only one: according to the teacher conducting the class, it was this question that, in a specific interview for scholarships for science-related studies, most frequently caused candidates to stumble. I could recite various laws of physics and chemistry, but had ignored the practical reality. I realised that I, as well as many other South African pupils, had underestimated what Peter Watson's /I History of Ideas of the most influential ideas in history": that of the experiment.

The past of the scientific experiment is difficult to trace. Like all other advances in science and scientific thought it developed through the cumulative insights and experiences of many. The modern experiment stems from the concept of empirical scientific induction - that is, the belief that all laws should be based on physically observable phenomena. In short, the process can be summarised as follows: observe, experiment, conclude. Even though one cannot deny the fact that certain scientific theories and calculations are almost incomprehensibly complex, it is the elegant simplicity of the scientific method and of some of the conclusions that can be drawn from it that can be regarded as the essence of scientific genius. Such brilliant insight is clearly demonstrated in, for example, Newton's famous prism experiment which demonstrates the existence of seven different colour components in a ray of white light. This experiment is like a beautiful shell which made the vast sea more comprehensible.

With Newton, then, came the greatest scientific revolution since Aristotle. By now, we have also, of course, experienced the effects of the experiments and conclusions conducted and made by Einstein, and we have re-examined the aspects of Newtonian physics that they brought into question. However, Einstein emphasizes the fact that we can never be certain of any absolute scientific truth: essentially, science is a game that is played by some of the greatest minds in history, and over many centuries, but it still remains a game of trial and error. Of experimentation. To the modern human being, therefore, living as we are in an age that is dominated by science, the rather clichéd phrase, "It has been scientifically proved that,., should lose some of its impact. "Experiment escorts us last / His pungent company / Will not allow an Axiom An Opportunity."

When considering the Feynman quote that I used earlier on, it is rather ironic, yet not altogether unexpected, that it was a poet who so successfully summarised the nature of the experiment. The constant process of controlling all possible variables so as to design a fair test, the constant striving for results that are valid, results in the questioning of accepted truths, the gaining of insight into the world that surrounds us, and, one hopes, the rediscovery of a sense of wonder.

Adele Rossouw: Matric.
~ (StToedea/n 0cAo#l /Art and English Writing ~
Tuscani Cardoso, The Pan Series
'You can purchase anything off the Internet, except common sense'-Jim Harrison

Jim Harrison, the director of the Kentucky Reptile Zoo, said:"You can purchase anything on the Internet, except common sense". Perhaps he was right- perhaps this "network of [computers] connected to one another by wide-band communication lines'; as the Internet was described by its pioneer J. C. R. Licklider, has robbed us of our inhibitions and all means of logical thinking. Fundamentally, the Internet is a group of area networks that have fused to
provide people with access to other people's 'sites' or 'web pages! It is widespread networking, essentially, and, at first, was open only to the American military and to universities. But as interest grew, so the Internet had to expand into the virtual village (or foreign planet) it is today. As such a technical definition of the Internet demonstrates, the Internet has opened thousands of new doors in terms of jargon, jobs, and opportunities. But it has also opened the door to previously unconsidered problems. So much is available on the Internet. How does one police it or restrict it?

It seems the answer to that question is that one can't. As fast as one learns to restrict one section of the net, another is developed to sidestep the most carefully set of traps. Open web spaces have allowed people to post things anonymously very easily and this allows us a glimpse into people's dual natures, uncensored by the morals of society or the risk of a tarnished reputation. An example of this is a website oiled 4chan.com. It was developed by a boy of 15, who goes by the name of Mook in an effort to stay anonymous. Mook wanted a forum to speak to his friends about anime and manga: Asian animation and graphic novels. It escalated into a breed of chatroom to which thousands of people post anything from video clips to images to comments. There are many boards with different categories, the most popular of which is the random board. It has become a medium for anything derogatory, profane, and scorned by society. According to Time Magazine, people post racist and sexist remarks, explicit images, and any sordidness they fancy. The popularity of the site must surely be because of the fact that people can express their repulsive opinions anonymously. They can vent their views without any threat to themselves.

This raises the question: is there a little of the profane in all of us? Did we just need the right place for our inner demons to emerge? It may seem extreme to do so, but we on certainly draw parallels between the forum provided by the Internet and the forum provided by war. During World War II, the atrocities committed by the Germans against the Jews were generally attributed to the Gestapo and the SS and not the army. But the Wehrmacht, or the German military, also indulged in the slaughtering of Jews and gypsies, regardless of gender or age, military status or civilian status. In one such instance, which is by no means isolate or unique, a German captain in a small Polish town — Tuscani Cardoso, Flower Girl — randomly selected 300 Jews, a group which included women and children, and marched them to an area in which mass graves had already been prepared. Family groups were lined up, naked, stripped not only of clothes but also of dignity, and were unceremoniously executed. The captain was following no orders, simply killing people to satisfy himself. When a general discovered this atrocity, he sent the leaders of the operation to be court-martialled. The defendants claimed that no human beings had actually been killed, and, therefore, no crime had been committed. In a shocking twist the judge agreed with them and they were released without any punishment.

This one example out of hundreds proves how frighteningly quickly young men can become sadistic and inhumane — very few even questioned the brutal treatment of others! let alone resisted it. War became a platform and later an excuse for the degradation and slaughter of a different people. Soldiers acted in a way they never would have done, had normal circumstances prevailed.
Jim Harrison, despite having made his comment on the Internet with reference to the illegal trafficking of poisonous reptiles on the web, exposed not only a flaw in the Internet, but also a flaw in human nature. Civilization has rightly demanded that we stamp out the more primal and vicious aspects of our nature—but they keep on creeping through the cracks it appears these demons need an outlet, whether it be anonymously on the Internet or in the chaos of war. We can compare our dark side to a cockroach: a miracle of evolution, it has remained one of the most robust and unchanged creatures from the age of the dinosaurs and, surprisingly, the more you try to squash it the less squashable it seems to become. Similarly, the darker more menacing side of human nature was essential to our survival as primitive beings, but now, despite our attempts to suppress our beasts, they continually find different forms of expression.

Kathryn Mitchell: Matric.
Saki-esque Story: Catastrophe.
"John, did you hear? Rosalind has only one cat left!" said I, in a 'this-is-juicy-let-me-tell-you-why'tone. "Ah, what intelligent cats, they ran away from the shrew, didn't they?" replied John and, with a slight giggle, I began to recall the happenings of the fatal Friday on which Rosalind's fondness for felines was taken too far.

The place was one of those Oriental affairs, almost Chinese, but not quite. We sat down at a table, and a waiter dressed in a bottle of suntan and heavy eyeliner, and sporting the most unconvincing Oriental accent came up to us. "Can I be of service?" "Yes, learn to speak properly!" Rosalind snapped. The poor man replied, "Ah so sorry, would you like to order food, Madams?" Ignoring him completely, she began unwrapping chopsticks. She took the sticks and snapped them in two, spraying splinters across the table. "Cheap rubbish!" she shouted, as she began unwrapping another pair. This pair snapped cleanly in two, making a loud crack. "Ah, that's how I like them. I prefer human foetus spines, to be honest, but they're getting rather difficult to obtain these days. These are the next best thing." I was dumbfounded, but simply hid behind my menu to protect myself from the aerodynamic splinters.

She continued, while staring at her menu: "You know, Jenna, I could order something ordinary like Dim Sum or Mushu but I am attracted to new foods and interesting names." I replied with some general knowledge: 'You're just like the Cantonese people from the southern region of China. They are particularly fond of trying new foods." She chose to ignore my comment and continued: "Hmm Chao Mao, that sounds tantalizing." I called the young man over. "California rolls for me and some of that for my friend." He replied "Yes, Ma'am" in a new, almost Irish accent Rosalind obviously noticed this and said, "I think you are getting confused with your accent. You're supposed to be Chinese." "Yes, uh so sorry, Madam. I will leave now," replied the hurt waiter. "Yes, please do, because, while some people bring happiness wherever they go, you bring me happiness whenever you go." I thought I saw a glimmer of a tear on the edge of his eye as he left, and I snapped at her: "That was so unnecessary!" She cut me off. "Someone needs to let him know."

While waiting for the food, I was forced to listen to the stories of her tatts. "Lillian had another litter—that makes 22 cats. My darlings! Each one unique. They are the reason I wake up each morning," she rambled until finally her mouth was too busy scoffing down her meal for her to talk. Every now and then, in between forkfuls, I heard, "This is simply delicious!"; "Such tender meat"; "This is simply divine. Try some." She really enjoyed the food and remarked that it was the best meat she had ever eaten.
When the blue-white plate was polished and the stuffed Rosalind was sitting back in her chair with a contented look like that of a purring cat, the waiter came over. “Did you enjoy your meal?” She was quick to answer: “Simply sensational! Please tell me what Chao Mao is, I plan to make some at home.” The waiter casually replied, “Chao Mao is the Chinese word for fried at.” She was on the floor.

Tears were streaming down her cheeks; she was wailing, and, needless to say, distraught. She grabbed me and exclaimed, “But, Jenna, I’m no cannibal!” I had never seen her like that before - she's usually so confident and strong - so I simply replied, “Yes, Ros, I know you’re not You’re a atibal.” I hauled her up and took her home.

“And that’s where it began:” I said, satisfied that I had finished the story. John still seemed confused. “But how come she only has one at left?”; “Oh, do I need to spell it out for you? After her panic attack and breakdown, she called the restaurant, obtained the recipe and found another use for her cats, a use which did not involve stroking.”

John's mouth dropped, but then began to smirk. We started to guffaw when he added: “She really is like the Cantonese people. As the Chinese saying goes, ‘The people of Canton will eat anything with wings, except an aeroplane, and anything with four legs except a table!””

Nabeela Arbee: Matric.

Dream Children

When we are growing up, it seems that the heroes of our favourite works of fiction have lives filled with adventure-filled with walruses who recite verse, with time-consuming searches for shadows, and with frequent visits to 100-acre woods. Then, suddenly, we take a bite of the wrong mushroom and we are too big. We realise that we have missed out on the time in our lives when such adventures were possible for us. It happens to all of us; I'm sure it happened to me; and, really, it makes you wonder, doesn't it? Whether the dream children themselves ever woke up and realised that they had grown up....

Do you think Alice Liddell ever looked back and wished she could find the mushroom to make her small again? Do you think that the Llewelyn Davies boys hoped that Barrie hadn't made Never-never land up, that they could just go there and stop getting older? I sometimes wonder if Christopher Robin missed Edward Bear when he left the 100-acre wood to go to school.

What happened to the dream children we know so well? Where did they go and what happened to their own dreams? To what extent were their lives dictated by the fiction which was based on them? How difficult was it to live in reality, when such a large part of them had been explored in a fantasy?

In the summer of 1862, Lewis Carroll took the three Liddell girls boating. While they were on the river, he began to tell the tale of a girl named Alice who discovered the magical world of Wonderland, whilst chasing a white rabbit In the stories, he constantly alludes to all three sisters, for instance, at the Mad Hatter's Tea Party, the Dormouse begins to relate a tale about three sisters - Elsie, Lade, and Tillie - these are all names which are derived from the names of the original three sisters. After the publication of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the looking Glass, there was plenty of speculation regarding the relationship between Lewis Carroll and Alice Liddell. Some of the speculations include the rumours that Lewis Carroll was an opium-addict and that he sexually molested the Liddell girls during the time that he spent with them on the river.
Such rumours are fuelled by the sketches which Carroll made of little girls, as well as by provocative photographs which he took of Alice. The condition of his diaries also shows that several entries have been torn out. It is presumed that these entries documented his fall-out with the Liddells. Many believe that this fallout could have been a result of the Liddells' fear that Carroll was behaving inappropriately with their children. It is also suggested by some that the missing entries record the possible engagement proposal which Carroll made to the then-11-year-old Alice, and that they were torn out by Carroll's family members, who wished to protect their name. In later life, Alice Liddell grew to loathe her association with both Carroll and with the Alice of the stories. If the rumour is true, then we can surely understand that every reference made to the masterpiece would have reminded Liddell of her suffering. In the intriguing film *Preamchild*, Alice Liddell is presented in old age, and, through a series of tormented flashbacks, she has to confront the exploitation which she endured. Despite the popularity of such speculations, they have never been definitely proved. We can only say that the world of Wonderland will always be a mystery. The tales of Alice haunted Liddell until her death in 1934. Edward Bear and Christopher Robin say farewell to each other in The House at Pooh Corner. When Christopher Robin leaves the 100-Acre Wood to go to school, we feel that he may never be reunited with his youth and all its adventures. In many senses, this was true. Christopher Robin Milne grew up to resent the character which was based upon him. In his autobiographical writings, Christopher Milne states that "It seemed to me a most that my father had got where he was by climbing on my infant shoulders, that he had filched from me my good name and left me nothing but empty fame". Christopher Milne grew to detest the poems and tales which his father had written about him. He felt that, because of the books, he was trapped in a perpetual childhood which no-one would ever allow him to escape. In *The Enchanted Places*, Milne relates how the Pooh books caused him to feel frustration and anger throughout his life. Nomzamo Mokaba, *Memoirs of a Ballerina* 
Hida Ooye
Perhaps the most tragic stories of children upon whom fiction was based are those of the Llewelyn Davies boys. In the film *Finding Neverland*, we see JM Barrie and Peter Llewelyn Davies comforting each other on a bench after the funeral of Sylvia Llewelyn Davies. The film makes it look as if the relationship between Barrie and Peter was a strong one. In reality, however, Peter Llewelyn Davies loathed his association with Barrie and Peter Pan. Wherever he went, he was seen as the boy who never grew up—despite the lad that Barrie had made it clear that Peter Pan was more of a reflection of himself than of the five Llewelyn Davies boys for whom he had been appointed legal guardian. The characters in Peter Pan and Wendy are mostly based on Michael - the brothers to whom Barrie was closest. Even though Peter Pan was named for Peter, it is said that Michael Llewelyn Davies was the boy who was most like Peter Pan. Most of the Davies boys died at a very young age. George Llewelyn Davies was killed in World War I, aged 21. The youngest of the boys, Nico, describes George and Michael as being the two boys who were most special to Barrie. One month before his twenty-first birthday, Michael and a friend from Oxford were found, drowned, in Sandford Pool, close to Sandford Lock. The most commonly accepted explanation for the incident is that the boys were homosexual love
rs who had entered into a suicide pad. However, the coroner's report claims that Davies drowned accidentally and that Buxton, his friend, died trying to save him.

Peter Llewelyn Davies, for whom Peter Pan was named, was subjected to much unwanted fame because of his relation to the character. He rebelled against Barrie, despite the brief period of doseness they had in his extreme youth. Peter fought in World War I and was scarred by the experience. During the war, he became romantically involved with Vera Willoughby - she was married, much older than he was, and she had a daughter. Barrie disapproved of the relationship and a rift between the two men was created. This was never wholly repaired, as Peter felt intense resentment of Barrie, and hated his own association with "that terrible masterpiece" as he called it. Barrie excluded Peter from his will, and this rejection left the Davies boy embittered. Eventually he became an alcoholic, and, in 1960, he threw himself in front of a train and was killed.

Perhaps, J.M. Barrie did discover a way to make childhood last forever he wrote it down. But not many people want to be seen as children for their whole lives. None of these so-called "dream children" enjoyed the dreams with which they were associated. Some of them hated the link between their fictional and living selves. We all want to disappear down the rabbit-hole at some stage, but, for these Children, there was never a way to return to reality, for these children, life was always a search in the woods for things that have no names. I refer to them as children even now. To us, they will always just be children in a story written by someone else's hand. For them, life was a struggle to write their own story - to be someone different from the child who had been preserved in an inky tower of beautiful, famous, imprisoning words.

Jordyn Gracey: Matric.
The City-Slicker
Tall, claustrophobic buildings; rough, solid concrete; rubber and steel; and the stench of stress and chaos: Here stands the city. Or does it? Actually, I don't see it like that. Where you see skyscrapers, I see anyon walls. Where you see filthy cement, I see a collaboration of earth and water. When you smell car fumes, I smell the sweet success in the mind of a man who created the pure exhilaration of torque. And, when you feel stress, I think - success! Because nothing's better than sweat, blood, and competition!

What has all this negativity about global warming done to our own, magnificent inventions which have reared their heads so high as to reach the Ozone layer? How can you possibly blame me for trying to find some light in this carbon-filled cloud? I am a city-slicker; a modern woman of a golden metropolis, and I feel powerful!

I must sadly admit though, that not many people have the same views. In fact I stand in the minority when I say that the city is a dazzling and magnificent place. Although I agree with the comment Hopkins makes in his poem, "God's Grandeur"that 'All is seared with trade, bleared, smeared with toil and wears man's smudge," I simply believe that it is a golden sear, worthy toil, and a creative smudge. But then, Hopkins is not the only genius with such views. Wordsworth too, shuns man's speedy move towards industrialization by stating that "We are out of tune"and "we lay waste our powers" and so I feel chastened by the realization that such literary giants are opposed to my personal ideals.

I do, however, find hope in the great artists of the early 1900s, the Futurists. Futurism was a celebration of the delights of speed and mechanical energy. The poet, Filippo Marinetti, described it as follows: "Everything moves
runs, turns rapidly. A figure is never stationary but it appears and disa-
ppears incessantly. Thus, a galloping horse has not got four legs, it has t
wenty." And so, by the creation of such creatures, the Futurists essentia-
y captured all that is beautiful in the eye of the city-slicker.
Please, do not get me wrong! I love nature and I have wanted to work
with animals ever since I learnt what they were. But, perhaps it was all
those school camps with soggy samoosas, mosquito bites, and camp leader-
s who wore clothing which can only be described in one word, 'Boere! whi-
ch made me dedde that the bush was not a place for a girl like me and th-
e longest I wasable to cope with such a place was exactly three days. So,
I have learnt to find natural splendour within my own environment The u-
rban island. What many people do not know is that the dty even has a uni-
que dimate of its own. It has low humidity, high temperatures, gusty win-
ds, and it is even proved to rain more in cities. This is the wondrous h-
abitat ofthe city-dweller.
The city is the heartbeat ofthe nation. An area for the educated, the powe-
r-dressers, and the great suppliers ofthe economy. This is my home. It is
where I thrive. Where you might see a smudgy waste of powers, I see growth
, potential, and an opportunity to fuel an entire nation with rapid passio-
n, lama city-slicker and, you must admit, the city is pretty slick!
Tuscan! Cardoso: Matric.
~ (S/Voef/mn 0eAml C0>9%) / Art and English Writing ~
"kumU..
writing
Michelle Rossouw (UV) - Die Buitekamer
Vier jaar lank.. Die buitekamer waarop my kamer uitkyk
- daardie gruwelige, koue kamer - is nou al vier ja3r lanMjfe sedert Ma-
mma se dood, gesluit. Nes almal se lippe. Niemand praat oor daardie aan-
d nie. Dit was seker te verwagte, dink mense. Mama heeft aan depressie g-
ely.
Ek kan skaars sien wat buite aangaan, maar ek bly voor die venster staan
, so asof dit wat gebeur het sal weggaan. Asof ek sal vergeet en ophou s-
eerky. Die voetspore in die modder, wat lankal deur die reen uitgevee i
s, kan ek nog so duidefik voor my sien.
"Hartseer", weet ek gaan hulle se. "Tragies dat albei ouers hul lewens n
uum." Ek staan steeds vir die donkerte en staar toe hy my gedagtes onder
breek. "Bianca, luister vir Boeta," se hy in 'n kalm, gerusstellende ste-
m en plaas sy woord op my skouer. "Pappa is nou net dood," vertel hy vir
my asof ek nie weet nie. "Jy kan nie slaap nie. Jy het die buitekamer se
deur hoor oopgaan weer toe, sagter."
Ek knik my kop sodat hy weet dat ek gehoor het, dat ek verstaan. Hy weet
ek sal nie stry nie, want vir vier jaar lank praat ek al nie meer nie.
Niemand weet dat daar twee rye voetspore was nie. Met'n sug van tevreden-
heid staan hy op uit sy gehurkte posisie en loop by die kamer uit. Uit d
ie hoek van my oog sien ek die bloed - Pappa se bloed - op my skouer.
Charlize Morgan (UV) - Die deur gaan oop... en weer toe
Melissa de Beer dra haar verlede oral saam met haar heen.
Dis bitter moeilik om daarvan te vergeet of om die rolstoel te probeer w
gsteek - almal weet. Met verlamde bene is dit skaars moontlik om alleen
die trappe na haar kamer te trotsen en met'n rolstoel nog minder. "As
jy eers bo is, bly jy! Hoorjy vir Pappa?" As Mama nog daar was, sou sy
haar nooit alleen geols het nie.
Dis toe die dag wat Elsie, ons bediende, terug is huis toe vir die nawee-
k en Pappa...hy was alweer tot na sononder by die werk. Ek verkies om ni
e alleen te wees nie, ek hou nie van die donkerte en die stilte daaronde
r terwyl ek stoksielalleen moet wag nie.
GMppan ek die alarmstelsel vanaf my kamer aanskakel, dis maklik, maar d is die doodse stilte van die lee huis wat my pla. Of eerder, die eienaardige geluidjies wat dikwels die stilte onderbreek. Maar so laat soos vanaand was Pappa nog nooit nie. Dis vreemd.

'n Paar uur later skrik ek wakker, moes tussendeur al die bangheid aan die slaap geraak het. Met my rolstoel ry ek tot by die venster wat op die motorhuis afkyk, sy kar is nie daar nie. Maar ek kan nie weer slaap nie. Skielik het ek die buitekamer se deur hoor oopgaan en weer toe, sagter, maar Pappa se kar was steeds nie daar nie...

Christi Wasserman (AM) - Skildery in rooi
My oe - vasgenael aan die meesterstuk voor my - verslind elke haar, elke sproet, elke broekie vel waaroor my oe gly. Die kwashale vorm 'n asemrowende figuur wat my asem wegslaan. Nog nooit vantevore is ek al so beinvloed deur 'n voorwerp wat my pad gekruis het nie. Die kunstenaar het ongelooflike visie gehad; sy kuns vir my oe geskep. Die verfkleure van smaraggroen en kastaiingbruin tref my oe, loop deur my lyf en smelt in my hart. Ek is verlore in sy oe, sy hare, die vorm van sy mond, die gevul van sy hand in myne. Ek kom agter wat my oe in al die jare van my bestaan gemis het. Die figure word vasgevang in my geheue, van kop tot teen ingegrafeer in die grysstof van my wese. Die skakerings van bruin en blond wat in die sonlig dans, vorm 'n kroon op die modieuse haarstyl. Ek wil daaroor streef, my vingers daardeur trek, die perfekte tekstuur met my vingerpunt voel, die gevoel in my vingerafdruk vasmelt. Geen haar word onkant gevang nie, elk in presiese harmonie van bestaan, in posisie, in ontwerp met kam, haardroer en haarproductive.

Die kwas beweeg duidelikaan om'n gesig met'n prominente struktuur te skilder. Wangbene gevorm, getoor deur 'n talentvolle hand. Gevolg deur sterk kake en 'n wipneus wat trek in sy punt oplig. Elke figuur geskilder met die fynste kwassie, vel so glad soos seep, onderbreek deur effense lagplooie om die koeelronde mondhoeke. Oe - 'n smaraggroen see wat 'n gesonde siel ontbloot. Hul vertei 'n storie van hul eie en nooi my uit om saam met hulle avonture te ondemeem. Hierdie edelgesteentes veroorsaak dat'n straal sonskyn deur my lyf flits en my van kop tot tone warm maak. Pure blydskap straal deur my binneste, laat my oe flikker.

Laer af verskyn 'n groot borskas, omring deur twee gespierde arms, gebult van oefening en gewigte optel. Die klipharde spiere hou my vas, om hels my, druk my styf teen die perfekte prins wat my na 'n sprokieswereld toe lei. Ek is die bevoorregte prinses.

Minet Labuschagne (AM)-'n Vlieg in die salf
'n Ronde potjie salf. 'n Potjie salf met 'n harde randjie en 'n sagte romeri
ge middel. 'n Potjie salf wat hemels ruik en soms stink, 'n Potjie lewe, die lewe. Die lewe in'n bloublink potjie en 'n vlieg wat om en om sirkel.
'n Vlieg met ses harige pote en deursigtige vlerke. 'n Vlieg met vuilgoed op sy maag en 'n mond wat spoeg en lek.'n Vlieg met'n onwrikbare drang om in die blou potjie te krap en te mors. Die vlieg wat die lewe moeili k maak.
Die vlieg - die uitdagings en teleurstellings. 'n Vlieg, omgekeerde kant van die lewe.

Die lewe se potjie salf is nie altyd dieselfde nie. Elke dag verander die salf na gelang van hoe die wind waai. Ons wil almal graag he dat ons salfies altyd welriekend en sag moet wees, maar die lewe is nie altyd reg verdig nie. Wanneer die ongelukkigheid ons oorval, verander die salf en word sommer hard. Dit stink dan ook sommer vir 'n dag of twee. Die salf word die hart, word die eie ek. Deur te dink en te redeneer kan die salf skud en skommel en gou weer na laventel ruik.

Gevoelens kan die potjie laat blink en 'n lewe aanneem. Die skakerings van blou en lig kan die salf laat leef, polsend en aanloklik. Ander kyk na die salf met lang oe en kan nie wag om ronde vingers daarin te druk nie. Die gevoel van sagte salf tussen vingers en op die gelaat, maak die lewe wakker.'n Vooruitsig op 'n wonderlike gesig en'n spieel wat lag en knik...

Maar dan kom die vlieg - om en om en om. 'n Vinnige spoeg en lek, dan weer om en om en om. 'n Vinnige sit op die rand, en om en om en om. Waar om te sit? Waar om te spoeg? Soveel vrae, soveel keuses!


Die potjie salf glimlag selfvoldaan. Die afgrylslikheid in 'n salwegraf. Nog 'n aanslag op 'n gelukkige lewe is afgeweer. Die potjie blink en knipoog in die spieël. Die potjie salf bewe en word by elk ander poot en pate en die lewe se potjie salf is nie altyd dieselfde nie. Elke dag verander dit na gelang van hoe die wind waai. Ons wil almal graag he dat ons salfies altyd welriekend en sag moet wees, maar die lewe is nie altyd reg verdig nie. Wanneer die ongelukkigheid ons oorval, verander die salf en word sommer hard. Dit stink dan ook sommer vir 'n dag of twee. Die salf word die hart, word die eie ek. Deur te dink en te redeneer kan die salf skud en skommel en gou weer na laventel ruik.

F.G. Birkenmayer (M) - Die liefde is'n reus
Liefde kom in baie verskillende vorms. Liefde verras jou wanneer jy dit die minste verwag. "Hy pas jou op, dra jou op die hande en verskuif jou gewese." Hy kan jou ondersteun en oplig totdat dit voel asof hy op die hoogste spits van die hoogste bergreeks ter wereld staan, of hy kan jou van jou binneste afkraak en jou laat verbrokkel totdat dit voel asof jy net'n vaal, flikkerende gees is wat tussen al die lewendes op aarde doelloos roe.
Liefde is eintlik iets waarvan ek nie veel weet nie. Hy is soos 'n ontwykende skoenlapper: jy kan horn aankyk en jy kan agter horn aandwarrel, maar indien jy te naby kom, fladder hy weer weg totdat hy net buite bereik is. En op die skaarsste oomblikke wat jy horn ontduik en dit tog regkry om hom te vang, kan jy hom in 'n goggaboks sit en jou aan hom verwonde, vir n rukkie, maar dan, skielik weet jy nie meer wat om met hom te doen nie. Jy kan hom uitlaat en hom laat ronddartel vir iemand anders se tydverdryf of jy kan horn hou as jy te suinig is om te deel: die boks nou dan rondskud om te sien of hy nog lewenslus het, totdat hy op 'n dag sterf... Maar die liefde kan ook nydig wees, hy is so delikaat dat as jy hom nie versigtig genoeg vashou nie, beskadig jy hom sonder om dit eintlik te bedoel.

Altans, ek dink dit is hoe hy is. Die konsep van liefde, nie wellus of kalweliefde nie, maar ware, egte romantiese liefde, verskrik my. Daar word altyd gese dat die liefde 'n avontuur is, maar daar is eenvoudig net nie genoeg toerusting om my voor te berei vir 'n avontuur met so baie lokvallen en gevare langs die pad nie. Mense dink gewoonlik dat ek bang is om see r te kry. Hulle beloof my: "Jy sal nie seerkry as jy by my betrokke raak nie." Dit mag miskien als wel en waar wees, maar ek is nie die enigste een wat in die verhouding sal wees nie; dis hulle vir wie ek bevrees is. Ek is 'n-meisie met baie selfvertroue, maar ek vertrou tog nie myself om nie vir ander seer te maak in die spel genaamd liefde nie.

Die gevoel van romantiese liefde is nie iets wat ek al ondervind het nie, maar vir my is dit'n goeie ding. Daar word gereeld met my gesimpatiseer - van alle dinge - omdat ek nog nooit dolverlief was nie; dit blyk mense din k dit is die manjifiekste ondervinding. Ja, se ek, totdat dit moet eindig, of hoe?

Liefde kan allerhande goed aan jou doen, en dit kan jou ook allerhande goed laat doen. Die bladsye van geskiedenis en literatuur is besmet met die bloed van mense wat vir liefde gesterf het. Helen van Troje, Romeo en Juliet, Anthony en Cleopatra... Is dit rerig die moeite werd? Die jaloesie? Die pyn? Liefde is tog soos 'n reus, en dit het al die mag in die wereld om jou te onderdruk, te vermink, te ruineer.

Party vind my siening te sinies, maar al word jy verlief, is daar niks wat waarborg dat die reus stabiel is nie; dis so groot en gevaarlik en da ar is niks wat vereker dat die reus nie sal oMiddle Val nie. En sodra hy omgeval het, is dit gewoonlik te moeilik om hom weer op sy voete te help; so hy bly maar net verlate le, totdat hy homself opgehelp het, of om dat hy sterf omdat niemand meer vir hom omgee nie. Maar elke nou en dan kry iemand 'n ontsettelend sterk reus met uithouvermoe wat skrik vir niks: 'n reus wat nie na sy knie toe gebring sal word nie, maak nie saak wat hom tref nie. As ek vir my so 'n reus kan vind, as jy vir my so 'n mens kan bel oof, sal ek dit moeilik voorweg om die liefdesavontuur aan te durf.

Laura van der Griendt (LV) - Portret van my vriendin
Syis'nbekoorlikereier wat baie vlieg en lag, en haar hart is baie solied, enhaarstemsbaiesag.

Syis doloor haarvriende en familie en die strand, maar verpes die hardvo gífgejagter en sy oe wat passievol brand.
Haar ma se sy is talentvol, haar pa dink syis mooi, maar ek dink sy is onbe skryflik, haar persoonlikheid isvoltoo.
Maar syis'nbekoorkie, eneendag vlieg die voel met die vlerke van 'n engel na'n bewonderenswaardige doel.
Helen Byrne (UV) - Springmielies
My wereld is papiere en inkvlekke Dis onderwyseresse e
n punte Dis leer en toetse
Dis vroegoggende en laat nagte Dismiljoene eksamens Dis berge van huis werk Dis stres en trane.
Maar...
Dis ook warm sand en koue water
Dis die blouhemel
Met die wit spookasemwolke
Dis vriende en geluk
Dis sonskyn en somer en swem
Dis fliek
if
V
4
.â€¢-VC -
Â»T
Dis springmielies
Diana Fletcher (UV) -'n Lee verstand
niks beweeg, niks roer
'nekste van alle gedagtes
daar is geen wonderlike idee
ofvraag gevra
dit is leeg
alles het verdwyn
alle inspirasie en nuwigheid is weg
seffs die babbel van elke dag het verdwyn
'n lee ruimte bly alleen
dit is leeg
woordeisvergete
maal het gesterf
daar is niks daar
'n verdoofde stilte alleenlik
dit het opgehou werk of vergeet hoe
dit is leeg
en al hierdie leegheid en lee spasies gebeur in die oomblik watek'ngedig
moet skryf my verstand is leeg
Lise-Jo Snyman (UV)
Ek is kleurblind:
Die wereld is swart en wit Jy kom, so onverwags soos die liefde en jy sit
t kleur in my wereld.
Jy is nou in my atmosfeer En ek skryf ons name in die lug.
Jy is saam in my atmosfeer.
Jy weet wat omtes S Jy weet hoe om'n gebroke hart heel te maak.
Ek word weer heel.
Gabriella Maree (UV) - My oorspringklip
Jy is altyd daar Om elke hoek As ekhuil dan huiljy saam Wanneer ek lag
dan jy saam
Jy weet wat omtesS Jy weet hoe om'n gebroke hart heel te maak.
Jystootmyvorentoe wanneer ek terug wil gaan Met jou beskerming is ek ons
terflik.
Jou ondersteuning
laat my weet dat ek enige iets kan doen Asekval
isjydie een wat my weer optel.
Die trots in jou oe verbleik nooit Ja doen soveel
maar partykeer loop ek verby sonder erkenning Maar ek wil hê
dat jy weet hoeveel ek dit waardeer.
Jyis my oorspringkip
Oor die gevaaarlike rivier van die lewe
Sonder jou liefde
Is ek verlore...
@Taedecm 0c/tâ«el / Afrikaans Writing â–
â€¢ Igama lomcimbi wami ngumshado. Sibiza umshado iShadi ngesiUrdu
â€¢ Umcimbi ugujwa uma ushada
â€¢ Umcimbi ugujwa amalanga amathathu
â€¢ Manga lokuqala libizwa iMehndi
â€¢ Ilanga lesibili libizwa iNikkah
â€¢ Illanga lesithathu libizwa iWalima
â€¢ Umndeni nangakane baba baniingi
â€¢ Nomakhelwane baba khona
â€¢ Ebusuku bc-uqala kuba ron'culo nomdanso
â€¢ Kualalwa iDohlki
â€¢ Kunemidanso yesintu emindenini emibili
â€¢ Kudliwa iMatahy nePaan
â€¢ Umakoti uqgoka iroko eliphuzi avale nekhanda
â€¢ Ufaka amagugwana anhlombonhlolo
â€¢ Umsebenzi ubhekane nabakubo kamakoti
â€¢ Bamgcoba imendi no-oylea ezandleni nasesiphundu
â€¢ Ubhusuku besibili umakoti nomkhwenyana banikana izipho
â€¢ Umshado uqquqzelwa abomndeni
â€¢ Umakoti uqgoka ingubo eboMiddleVu ehlobiliwe
â€¢ Umkhwenyana uqgoka ishalwar kameez emnyama
â€¢ Umakoti uqgoka ucutub&wab
â€¢ Ubhusuku bokuggcina umakoti nomkhwenyana bayayehlukayi
â€¢ Lobusuku bugcina kubo kamakoti
â€¢ Ubhusuku bokugcinina laba ababili bafiselwa izinhlanhla
â€¢ Banikwa izipho eziningi
â€¢ Umakoti uqgoka ingubo yesintu ephuma kubo kamkhwenyana Ibhal
Ukuba NgUMPHEKI Ucabanga kulula?
Funda uzozizwela.
Mina ngingumpheki nomnikazi wase Le Carnade. Ngisebenza ngokushesh
a nangobunzima ebusuku ngoba ngipheka ukudla okuningi. Angithandi
abasebenza abasebenza ngokuxabana nangokuvuilapha ekhishini lamini, n
goba abathengi bpthatho ukuthola ukudla kwabo ngokusheshua. Ngithan
da basebenze ngokuzimisela. Ngifuna abathengi bahambe bejabule.
Ekuseni ngivula irestaurant ngenjabulo nangokusheshua. Ngilungisa ama
tafula ngobunono futhi ngibase isitofu. Kunabantu abaningi abangena
ukuzodla ibhulakufesi kodwa abanye bakhulumga ngokudelela kowela laph
a eLe Carnade.
Human Rights Day
Ngikhethe ukubhala ngeHuman Rights Day engoMashi 21. Igama leholid
e ngesiZulu "usuku Iwamalungelo esintu". Lubizwa iHuman Rights Rights
ngoba iNingizimu Afrika igubha amalungelo abantu. iHuman rights d
ay ibaluleke ngoba ikhumbuza abantu ngamalungelo abo futhi abantu
bakhumbula nge"Sharpeville Massacre". iHuman Rights Day yaqala ngo
Ngalolu suku sikumbula ababhikishi be "Sharpeville massacre" futhi suku khumbula amalungelo eSintu. Sikhalela ukufa kwabantu kodwa sigubha futhi inkululeko.

Thina sigubha inkululeko yethu namalungelo ethu. Abantu bagubha lo lu suku nqamakhonsathi nemicimbi. Umcimbi weHonours Awards eKapa u khetha abantu abalwela amalungelo abantu. IHuman Rights Concert ye nzeka eCape Town ngeHuman Rights Day njalo ngonyaka.


Ibhawle ngu Clare Vandeleur: AM.

Ngelantshi abantu badla ngokujaha ngoba kufanele babuyele emsebenzi. Ebusuku abantu bathamile ukudla ngokuthulwa ngoba bakhathele kodwa futhi abanye bakhuluma ngokuzithoba ngoba bafuna ukupholisa ikhanda.


Usafisa ukuba umpheki noma kunjalo?

Ibhawle ngu Seipati Bodibe: UV.

Je souviens de ta petite main^cSÂ®de la PpnXtf rii ip nm k tmnr0^rr"w dann#Ta peintuif,,

Je me souwll^ffSe mes doigts le long de la page Danslesdessins prudent s

Pendant que toi tu as decide de decorer ton estomac Au lieu du papier. Je me souviens du vent qui joue avec tes cheveux Pendant que nous nou s balancions Je me souviens: tu es tombee par terre Et maman est venue et a cries sur moi "Wa11SWhffSais pas assez prudentment sur toi Je ne f ai pas aimee ce jour-la.

Je me souviens de ta larme qui a descendu ta joue Pendant que nous assis ensemble Je me souviens de tes mots de souffrance Qui se sont appuyfe contre mon cceur Pendant que mes larmes tombaient av ec les tiennes.

Comme nous avons pleure ce jour-la.

Tu me manqueras quand tu partiras Je passerai beaucoup de temps 'â€¢'

Avec de vieilles photos de nous deux De temps en temps, je jeterai un co up d'oeil Par mon epaule, a ta place deserte a cote de moi Et je sourirai
en me rappelant nos souvenirs Je sais qu'une fois que tu seras partie,
Tu ne regarderas pas en arrière.
Mais je serai toujours ici Etta place a cote de moi,
Sera toujours Ouverte.
Josephine Matterson UV
De quoi reve-t-il?
Je te regarde mais tu ne bouges pas Et je voudrais seulement savoir Qu
and tute couches la Est-ce que tu penses a mol?
Est-ce que nous jouons et tu me portes?
Ou pleures-tu parce que je suis morte?
Est-ce que nous sommes ensemble?
Ou separe?
Es-tu content ou desole?
Mon cheri, tu reves de quoi?
J Est-ce que nous sommes a Par's?
I Ou passons-nous la joumee
9 Ensemble?
Viens-tu sur ton cheval majestueux Pourm'aider
A melcherperdes mauvais?
Est-ce que tu me tiens sous les etoiles? -------- â€¢
Ou me vois-tu habillee en blanc, avec un voile?
Mon cheri, reveille-tol Pour que jetedemande SI tu as reve Demoi?
Raissa Mbuyamba UV
L'Espace Silendeux - Mon Paysage a moi.
Au milieu de l'Afrique du sud, il y a un endroit d'espaces libres et secs e
et palsibles. C'est la region qui entoure la ville de Bloemfontein. C'est une
region de fermiers qui sont plus sages que les habitants
de la ville avec leur air enerve, c'est une region naturelle qui absorbe tou
s les bruits. Le bruit n'existe pas: ici, on peut entendre, et on peut compr
endre.
Jan Smuts, un ancien Premier Ministre d'Afrique du sud, a dit: Â«Il n'y a 
rien comme une nuit sous le del africain pour guerir l'ame blessee.Â» Ca
cest un resume de mes sentiments de cette region. La ville, c'est le tr
avail et la peur et le bruit C'est un endroit de frustration et d'ambitio
n. C'est le chez soi d'une population preoccupue. Mais a la campagne on p
eut trouver la paix. Or peut accepter les emotions reprimees.
Les collines, ou plutot les 'koppies; se dispersent sur le paysage. Quel
age ont-elles? C'est reconfortant de savoir qu'il y a des choses qui sont
plus agees que les hommes. Elies rayonnent la chaleur. Comme ur ecrivain
afrikaars a dit: l'apres-midi, c'est comme la cendre chaude. Cette chaleu
r nettoie l'ervironnement, et la poussiere fine embrasse la terre.
L'air aussi est different: c'est caracteristique des espaces silendeux de l'
'Afrique. C'est pur: on peut voir le paysage brun avec un peu de vert, si o
n a de la chance, et si le del n'est pas sans pluie. J'aime cette chaleur,
 cette absence de vert.
Les habitants de cette region contribuent aussi a l'air de calme. Les ani
maux ont plus de chance qu'on ne croit Ils ne doivent pas parler ou hesit
er. Leurs vies sont pleines de silence. Les fermiers, comme tous les gens
, ont des problemes et des souds, mais en meme temps ils ont le silence q
ui manque dans la ville. Pour quelqu'un qui aime la solitude, quelques jo
urs ici signifient la paix.
Le Free State, c'est mon paysage a moi. Ce paysage symbolise, pour moi,
la solitude sans le vide. Ici, je peu trouver quelque chose qui est plu
s grand que les villes, quelque chose qui est plus grand que les hommes I
ci, le bruit n'existe pas, et on peut comprendre la grandeur du silence.
Adele Rossouw Mairic
L'herbe est toujours plus verte de l'autre côte
Les arbres tiennent tranquilles
De temps à autre se balançant dans la brise
Le bruit des voitures
L'aboiement des chiens
Les pas occasionnels d'un homme essouffle
Qui fait du jogging
Est-ce que l'herbe est toujours plus verte de l'autre côte?
Le garçon, que vous aimez, aime une autre fille.
Les promesses cassées, les cœurs brisés Tout coume au mal et vous vous demandez Si ça vaut la peine.
Est-ce que l'herbe est toujours plus verte de l'autre côté?
Vous n'avez pas vraiment peur de la mort. Juste du temps.
Et le fait de découvrir qui vous êtes censé être Dans ce monde avant de le quitter.
Est-ce que l'herbe est toujours plus verte de l'autre côte?
Dans le pare, à l'hôpital, tout ça a un maintenant Vous voyez que la lumière blanche vient ver vous Vous paniquez
Mais, dans un instant, vous êtes dans un endroit différent Oui, l'herbe est toujours plus verte de l'autre côté.
Nadia BamathMV La chandelle breve
Nous marmonnons Nous begayons Nous trébuchons avec nos langues Mais les montagnes entendent-elles?
Nous racontons l'histoire d'un idiot D'un pauvre joueur D'une améolle
Dont l'heure sur la scène est breve À la commencer...
Nous rampons vers la route ombragée (ja continue...
Nous marchons vers qui sait où Nous tombons.
Les derniers éclats de lumière Sont fracassés d'un côté à l'autre du del.
Comme la chandelle a côté de moi Tout est éphémère;
Tout sauf la terre De lait et Le miel
Michelle Rossouw UV La musique
La batterie, la flute, la guitare, le piano Je les mélange Et j'entends une mélodie La musique est tout autour Et c'est tout ce que j'entends Le bruit doux de la flute,
La compassion et la vérité du piano Le rire de la guitare Je souris
La musique est comme des couleurs lumineuses,
Comme beaucoup de couleurs tristes Mais tout est différent La musique, c'est ma vie.
Julia Olley MV
La Porte
Toe! Toe! Toe!
Mes jointures blanches contre le bois
Tremblent de peur
À «Entrer!»
L'aveir me fait signe d'entrer.
Je me retire!
Je changerai la porte
Je ne veux pas me trouver confronté
Parce que j'ai fait
Mais je peux pas aller en arrière.
L'aveir me fait signe d'entrer.
L'obscurité me suffoque
L'air devient la glace dans mon corps
Je vois mon visage
Je me cramponne les doigts, mon reflet rond se serre.
L'averir me fait signe d'entrer.
À «Entre!»
L'averir me fait signe d'entrer.
Et
J'ouvre la porte.
Deepshika Hariparsad AM
La Ville de Larmes
Je vois les bougainvillées qui grimpent dans la jungle de béton.
Je vois les gratte-dels qui arrivent au ciet colore.
Je vois le coucher du soleil africain: rouge, orange, jaune, dore.
Je vois mon pays: mon cceur et ma patrie. C'est tranquille, pour llnstant!
Bourn! Bourn!
J'enterds le tonnerre qui retentit dans ma ville d'or. Je suis dans l'obs
turite. Une seule bougie pour faire la lumière! Un manque d'électricité, ma
is pas un manque de vie.
Ur coup de foudre allume le del!
Udairaveuglant!
Il y a les gratte-ciels sinistres dans le melange de noir et blanc Je suis
dans un orage qui a le pardon d'un etre feroce.
(r/oec/m,n- 0c/aol
/ French
78
Et maintenant que la pluie commence, le del pleut de grosses larmes de co
lfere et de tristesse. Elies frappent la terre, formant des ruisseaux ent
re les routes qui meandrent dans la ville.
Lbbscurite commence S se diminuer et je vois les ruisseaux qui se rejoig
nent et font une grande riviere, ^a coule sur la terre rouge et orange d
e l'Afrique et c'est comme un coucher du soleil par terre, mais c'est pl
us rouge. Rouge: la couleur du sang. Il y a les effusions de sang dans c
e sombre crepuscule. Le desespoir. L'abus de pouvoir. Leau passe des mur
s surmontes de barbeles et de crampons. La riviere continue en bas, en b
as, en bas. Vera le bas.
Leau passe les bidonvilles detruits par forage. Elle passe la cachette d'u
n enfent qui pleure demandant la protection contre les esprits qui ont pro
voque la tempete. Il pleure pour la nourriture qu'il n'a pas mangée, qui a
ete lavee, avec sa maison dans la riviere.
Dans la noircur de la nuit, les etoiles commencent a briller! et lentemen
t la lune fait son apparence et allume la ville avec les faisceaux de lumi
eres spearales.
Tout se baigne dans la lumiere argentee de la lune aime. Leau n'est plus r
ouge, mais d'un rose pale. Leau purifie et hydrate la terre autour d'elle
pendant que la nuit disparait.
Le soleil commence a se lever. Tous les evenements de la nuit sont oublifc
par les personnes qui se reveillent a un soleil qui brille sur la ville. On
voit encore les bougainvill&s qui continuent a grimper dans la jungle de b
eton. La vie va bien pour nous: on a de la lumiere encore! on a la lumiere
du soleil africain.
Les larmes d'eau sont oubliees, les peurs sont oubliees. Pour llnstant!
La douleur est oubliee et eartee pour un autre jour, pour une autre temp
ete quand nos larmes se melangeront avec la pluie.
Kathryn Monteith Matric
Lavoixdans levent
Je veux que tu aies le courage de voir la montagne Pour que quand la mon
Tagne ne sera pas la Tout ce qu'il reste, c'est moi.
Jesuisleseul
Moi seul, je peux déplacer la montagne Moi seul, je peux la pousser au loin Moi seul, je peux conquérir les problèmes Qui sont en face de toi aujourd'hui.
Ta seule tâche c'est de croire D'écouter ma voix
Et quand tu entendras ce que je commande
Obéissance sera ton choix
Mais ce ne sera pas trop difficile
Parce que la victoire est déjà à moi
Et jeterai de mon esprit
Pour que mon esprit traverse toi, puisse briller.
Non pas quand tu seras parfaite comme tu penses que tu dois être Mais quand tu seras content de devenir de plus en plus comme moi.
Jessica Barrell UV
La Xenophobie
La jalousie
La haine La violence J'étais fiche
Sans travail.
Tu étais heureux,
Libre,
Avec une famille.
C'était bon,
Moi sain.
Nécessaire.
Devorant,
Hypnotique,
Et monstrueux.
Condamne-moi, mais Pardonne-moi... S'il te plaît?
Caitlin Bellew AM
Le changement
Je me couchais sur le dos Dans une prairie tranquille et verte Et j'observai le ciel Bleu comme le bleuet Clair et libre et interminable.
Pendant que je m'assoupisais Des centaines de papillons voltigeaient Dans la lumière du soleil.
Insouciants et illimités,
Les papillons tournaient tout en rond Toute en rond,
Je me couchais sur le dos,
Et les feuilles étaient brunes et dorées.
Le ciel était toujours bleu Mais les nuages commençaient A tempir sa perfection.
Le vent poussait Et il a apporté Un seul papillon Qui tournaît tout en rond Toute en rond,
Toute en rond.
Et maintenant, il fait froid.
Et la terre est dure Et j'en me couche pas.
Le ciel est gris et sombre.
Je me serre et Je cherche les papillons.
Mais ils ne viennent pas; Ils ne toument pas.
Le temps a changé.
Laura Wilson UV
Le dernier train à la gare de larmes
Dans la gare bondée
Les gens tristes se baladent
Ils cherchent quelque chose
Qu'ils ne trouveront jamais
Dans la gare dégoutante
Ilya une jeune femme
Qui cherche un morceau perdu de son être
En dehors de cette gare lugubre
Le monde est un fouillis
de poisons qui criantent, «Heil Hitler!»
Â«Tuez les innocents!»
Dans la gare a flamée,
Affamée pour les larmes,
Un seul train s'arrête.
De jeunes hommes descendent du train étouffant Ils voient leurs familles
Et les larmes tombent de leurs visages blessés. Mais un visage ne se montre pas.
La jeune femme se souvient de ses mots,
Â«Viens a la gare. Je te verrai là.»
Elle s'assied sur un banc Et elle attend.
Quand le train commence a sortir furtivement La jeune femme crie, Â« Attend! Il descendra!» Mais elle attend un homme Qui n'arrivera jamais.

Emma Johannes UV
Le Papillon
Il est le Papillon Noir
Il voleterra d'une fleur a l'autre La premiere sera la rouge,
Puis, la rose.
La musique s'arrêtera
Et il me regardera de l'autre cote de la piece.
Il traversera le plancher
Il me donnera la main.
Puis nous danserons,
Nous nous elancerons.
Et je serai perdue.

Helen Byrne UV
Le Silence
Le silence est une larme Gelée en plein ciel Le silence est une aiguille qui Ralentit a un arret impossible.
Le silence n'est pas dore
Il fait fener la beaute Fait frissonner la musique En notes fausses Et efffuer le souffle.
Le silence est la tragedie angoissante De mots pas prononce C'est la co uverture qui suffoque Les sentiments.
Le silence est le coup d'un cceur,
Le rappel qu'on est tout Et complemente Seul.

Faeeza SoniM Le Visage dans la Glace
Pour mon troisieme anniversaire, ma grand-mere m'a offert une glace en a rgent magnifique. J'etais impressionnée par les petits oiseaux, l'epanou issement des fleurs et des papillons vifs sur le revers de la glace. Gra nd-maman m'a encouragée a identifier ma reflexion dans la glace.
J'ai identifie une fille qui etait belle, au visage souriant, aux joues p otelees, aux yeux bruns riants et innocents, avec les anglaises blondes.
Ma grand-mere m'a dit: Â«Tu venas toujours la reflexion de ton ame dans ce tete glace. La glace tient la reponse. En te connaissant toii-meme, tu con naitras le monde.» Ces mots etaient inroherents pour moi.
Pendant les jours de ma dixieme annee, j'ai regarde fixement ma reflexion dans la glace. Je n'etais pas dans mon assiette: j'etais victime d'intimi
dation, tyrannisée par la mechanté des autres. Le visage souriant était
remplacé par le chagrin. Ma grand'mère m'a conseillée de chercher la ver-
te dans la glace ou je n'ai rien compris.
Quand j'avais treize ans, j'ai cherché des réponses à la vie dans la glace.
J'étais déjâ: pas de réponses, seulement une façade de maquillage et
une fille tiree a quatre épingles. Une réflexion qui était inconnue pour
moi, quelqu'un qui se mettait en quatre pour être accepté. Ma grand'mère
m'a dit sagement: À«Ton voyage fait partie de la vie. Retrouve ton espi-
t, ta propre identité.»
À l'approche de mon dix-huitième anniversaire, la tempête a disparu. Je v
ois dans la glace une image de calme, de tranquillité et de sérénité. Je
connais cette jeune fille qui me regarde. Elle sourit encore une fois. La
s'yeux donnent une impression de bonheur. La fille n'est pas parfaite, ma
is il y a unetotalité d'amé. Elle est sage et elle se rend compte qu'elle
a la connaissance personnelle d'entrer dans le monde. Elle a la confiance as
suree de s'engager avec son environnement
Le cadeau de la glace offerte par ma grand'mère a été un cadeau pour la vie.
Je me rappellerai toujours ses mots profonds quand je me regarde dans
la glace. À«Si tu te connais, tu auras le pouvoir de faire n'importe qu
oi. La connaissance de tes qualités fortes et faibles te permettra de co
nfronter les problèmes et de trouver les réponses en toi-même. Ça c'est
le vrai cadeau que je t'offre.» Robyn Dreyer Matric
LesPetitesChoses
Nous faisons des listes.
Nous faisons des projets.
De traverser des limites Et dene jamais nous retourner,
De faire un pas
~ I (~fe/wof / French ~
79
Etde ne jamais tomber.
Comme les taches de rousseur sur mon nez, Comme une empreinte dans
le sable,
Comme l'ombre sur un mur vide,
Je veux laisserun legs.
Vous pouvez prendre ma photo Et la suspendre dans une galerie Pour v
ous souvenirde moi.
Honnêtement,
Jimprimerai plutot Unsourire
Sur les murs de votre memoire.
Charlize Morgan UV
LesPlaisirsdeParis
Une femme d'un certain age
Flane dans la Rue St Sulpice
Elle porte du rouge a levres et un foulard Hermes
Le souffle du printemps est partout
Elle est accompagnée de son chien
Portant des rubans
C'est un jour pourfaiuredu shopping
Son mari est parti avec une fille exotique
Les odeurs de Paris-
Les parfums du pain, du cafe et des macarons- Lui rappellent sa liberte
Elle sourit a un bel hommequi promene son chien. Mary Kennedy MV
LesSaisons
Le printemps arrive
Ça sent la vie et le bonheur
avec les fleurs qui ouvrent leurs petales
pour le soleil
Comme moi,
J'ouvre le coeur pour toi
Il fait beau; un temps heureux jeune innocent
La saison du début de la vie Le printemps s'édait et voici l'été
Il fait chaud comme notre amour
Tu m'embrasses doucement et passionnément
comme la pluie légère
quitombe
sur notre peau
La foudre terrasse la terre
Et maintenant je tombe
profondément
amoureusedetoi
La saison du cœur est complète
Cet été finit rapidement
Les vents d'automne commencent à souffler de petites tornades de colère blessante Les feuilles tombent lentement comme mes larmes Et l'hiver
comme notre amour commence à perdre sa couleur Voilà venue la saison du changement.
Et puis... l'hiver
Il fait froid, très froid
Comme mon cœur
La douleur est longue
Comme les nuits profondes
Mon cœur en mille morceaux
Comme les milliers d'étoiles dans le del obscur
Qui est-ce qui est arrivé?
Tu m'as dit: À «Les saisons.»
Megan Bybee AM
Liaison Aigre-douce
Il me prend la main
Et mon cœur commence à s'emballer
Il me touche la joue
Et l'air frais remplit ma poitrine
Il m'embrasse les levres
Et mon esprit est perdu dans l'instant
Ah, quelle douceur aigre! (cette liaison avec un ange)
D'habiter dans un état d'extase quand il est proche Et comme la terre disparaît sous moi quand il est parti Je sens qu'ill me quitte maintenant Le temps, il file entre mes doigts Absent de notre monde tellement magique Absent de moi
Absent de la parfaite liaison aigre-douce!
Iman Allie AM
Ma deuxième mère, bon anniversaire
Quand j'étais bébé, je réchauffais ton dos,
Et j'ennouais tes tresses
Pendant que tu faisais le ménage
Quand j'étais enfant, tu me faisais la genoise
Et nous la laissions pour les fées
Dans les tours de fleurs
Quand je pleurais, tu étais toujours là
Pour m'essuyer les larmes
Quand je me blessais, tu me guerissais
Avec tes remèdes bizarres
Et tes bras rassurants
Tu étais mon ange, ma meilleure amie,
Celle qui m'a enseignée à chercher le rire
Puis la maladie a voleé à moi
Et mon cœur est devenu sec.
Il y en a eu d'autres, mais personne comme toi...
Personne dont le rire m'induisait de soleil,
Personne dont les baisers apaisaient chaque douleur.
Done, aujourd'hui, six ans plus tard,
J'enterre les souvenirs à bille
Sous nos fées
Et je m'enveloppe dans le souvenir de ta chaleur
Et de ta voix qui m'aidait à m'endormir
Tu vivras dans mon cœur jusqu'à la fin du temps
Ma deuxième mère, bon anniversaire.
Ashleigh Steinhobel AM
Moi et Toi - Une Reunion magique
Nous nous rencontrons devant la passerelle
De l'autre côté c'est jubilatoire
Un nouveau voyage.
Nous savons que nous allons être copines.
Tu as le tact comme un nounours.
Jesuis timide comme un papillon.
Nous avons beaucoup en commun.
Tu t'écoutes.
Nous savons que de l'autre côté de la passerelle
Nous allons faire le voyage ensemble.
Romana Katrakilis et Rebecca Jennings LV Mon paysage
Elle pleure du lever du soleil au coucher du soleil.
Elle a des larmes qui descendent en courant ses rues sombres et grumeleuses.
Ne pourrai-t-elle jamais être sauvée d'exister représentant un danger pour la vie?
Pas pour elle seule mais pour ses enfants aussi.
Ses rues sont pavées de paquets de chips, de kleenex sales, de bouteilles à bière vides et de vieilles boîtes de coca abandonnées par ceux qui pensent que personne ne les observe.
Elle les observe tous les jours.
Elle abrite davantage que ce qu'on lui demande, mais de façon ou d'autre, la vie continue.
Elle est mon foyer.
Son nom? Hillbrow.
Quelquefois je veux courir loin d'elle et ne jamais revenir.
Je ne veux pas que mes amies viennent la voir; vraiment elles préféreraient m'inviter à aller chez elles.
Je ne les blâme pas.
On dit que le foyer c'est là ou se trouve le coeur.
Peut-être se bat-il dans ce tas desalete et dégout.
Elle est toujours mon foyer.
Je vois, avec étonnement, de mon balcon au dix-neuvième étage... que les réverbères commencent à s'allumer, les mamans rentrent chez elles après une longue journée au travail.
Les enfants viennent d'arriver de l'école.
Tout est aimé et tranquille jusqu'au. L'anuit's'introit.
J'ai une belle vue. C'est un autre monde.
Chaque batiment est allumé et je vois de moins en moins de personnes qui marchent dans les rues. C'est le moment de fermer nos portes ici, à Hillbrow.
Parce que maintenant tout ce que vous entendez sont les cris de femmes, les coups de feu, les accidents de voitures et les sirènes de police.
C'est beau la nuit à Hillbrow, c'est dangereux la nuit à Hillbrow.
Et après tout p, son soleil se levera et son soleil se couche. Kabelo Matlala Matric
Que Dieu benisse l'Afrique du sud
Je viens d'un endroit où les gens sont libres, oil les gens sont différents avec leurs patrimoines intéressants et ou les gens ont l'énergie et la bonne humeur. Je viens d'un endroit où on peut trouver toutes sortes d'animaux et une population chaleureuse. Bien que mon héritage soit différent et bien que la couleur de ma peau soit différente, je suis chez moi. Je viens d'Afrique du sud.
Je me tiens sur mon balcon. Il s'étend sur un côté de la maison. Il n'y a pas beaucoup à voir, ce soir, à cause des ténèbres. Les étoiles dorment dans une ville comme la mienne avec toute la pollution, les étoiles semblent être toujours endormies. Toutes les lumières sont éteintes; c'est notre tour d'être 'sans électricté' ce soir. Les journées sont pressées avec beaucoup de travail, mais c'est à la vie dans la ville. J'ai besoin de prendre le temps de refleter et de reévaluer.
Nabeela Arbee Matric
Sansavertissement
Elle est rentrée.
Dans la cuisine Elle a allumé le fourneau Dans la cuisine trap tranquille Elle a allumé la radio. La musique magique. Dans la marmite Elle a mis le poulet Avec la petite cuillère Elle a mélangé les épices César-la, la lune était pleine Les étoiles brillaient dans la nuit de velours fence César-la, la nuit était si claire Qu'il n'y avait pas un seul nuage dans le ciel César-la, les insectes chantaient Tout à coup Sansavertissement Il y a eu Un tremblement de terre Elle a couru La musique a continué à jouer Le poulet était sur le plancher Et le téléphone a continué à sonner A sonner A sonner A sonner. Megan Ho UV Toi et Moi (Special mention in Le Concours de la Francophonie) La lueur de ton visage est comme un rhizome jubilatoire, un sourire du m
atin. Mon amour pour toi est toujours minutieux, une boussole qui pointe à ton cœur.
Comme une passerelle entre deux lieux différents, nos cœurs sont toujours ensemble. Pour toujours, la mémoire et l'amitié resident en nous. Nous nous attablons. Voici la conversation et la vie. Nous pleurons ensemble à travers tout.
Notre amitié est comme le rugissement d'un lion, puissant mais apprivoisé.
Kevyah Cardoso et Alexa Mae Fiford LowerV
(0tAer
Toi, la-bas... Oui, toi.
Toi, la-bas...
Oui, toi
Qui t'entends dans le coin...
Tu t'entends la Si grand
Si fier
Tu essaies d'être fort Je me tiens ici Je observe
Si seulement Je pouvais être à tes côtés Peut-être qu'un jour Nos yeux se réuniront Toi, la-bas...
Oui, toi Jeteus
Mais chaque fois que tu sembles parfait pour moi Tu regardes
Mais tu ne prends jamais le temps de voir J'écouterais quand tu parlerais

languages
-A
Genglish- Dreams
There comes my Schatz; the Postbote. Sein name ist Peter. Er istussund jung
He looks at me, mit seinen blauen Augen. Ah he carries me away.
J'essuierais tes larmes
Je partagerais tes inquiétudes
Je t'aiderais à faire face à tes craintes
Tu n'es pas seul
Je suis ici pour toi
Je serai avec toi dans tes rêves
Je t'aiderai à apprendre à sourire
Car dans cette vie
Nous ne pouvonspas choisird
Celuiquенаusaimons
Nos cœurs choisissent pour nous
Il est inutile d'ignorer les sentiments
Nos cœurs gagneront
Toujours
Ainsi, dans mon cœur
Tu devras tester
Jusqu'aujourd'hui
Toi, la-bas... oui, toi
Tuviendrasici
Pour être avec moi
Alexandra Dunsford-White AM
Umshado - Wama Japanese
Umshado wama Japanese uyajabulisa.
Ugujwa ekwindla nasentwasahlobo. Ugujwa ngumakoti nomyeni Ugujwa amahora amathathu, ebusuku.
Umndeni wakho nabangane bakho baya emshaweni.
Abantu beza emshadweni eShinto Shrine.
Umakoti uggqoka ikomono emhophe nesicholo nokunye okuyigugu. Umy eni uggqoka ihakama emnyama.

Ibhawle ngu Nicola Doyle: Middle V
DIETRAUMÉVON EINES JUNGEN MADCHENS
Blumchen, Feen
Die Traume von eines jungen Madchens Bonbons, Engel Alles will sie haben.
Heute, Morgen
Wann werden ihre Traume wahr? Wirklichkeit, Fantasie Existieren all die Dinge?
Mutter, Vater Machen Traumewahr Etwas! Alles!
Lassen ihr ihre Traume.
Blumchen, Feen Bonbons, Engel,
Heute, Morgen,
Mutter, Vater Lassen ihr ihre Traume.
Die Traume von eines jungen Madchens. Thuto Maureen Makoko: M
Jeden Freitag kommt er zu meinem Hause And delivers me post. Ich lade ihn immer ein zu Tee und Kaffee,
Und wir haben einen wonderful Chat!
He is daring at times, wie er lacht
Und mich anschaut, but I keep myself back, und lach.
Obwohl there won't be a future zusammen,
Werde ich mich immer auf Freitags freuen. Sigrun Wilby: Upper V
Mantswe a monyaduwa
Ke letsatsi la ka le leholo la letjhatso Jo! Jo!, ke se ke tlo ba mofumaha di Ke nka sefane sa monna wa ka.
Ke emetse nako hore e fihle ke tsebe hore:
" Nna Thuto Makoko, ke nka Napo Molefi hore e be monna wa ka"
Ha ke tsoha ke boha botle
Botle ba mose o mosweu o nkemetseng
0 nkemetseng hore ke 0 tene ke tshwanelwe
Ke ikonke ka lesira le lesweu.
Utwa bo mme ba didietsa...
Ke t soswa ka thabo ka le lets walo Ke bina "Ntate nthe ekele Seanna Marena"
Bo Mme ba bina "Fiela Ngwanana"
Jo, letsatsi le monate haka alo!
Ke se ke le Mmamonaheng Molefi Ke tsoha ka matjeke ke fiela lebala ke hopola la maobane
letsatsi le ke tla le hopolo bophelo ba ka kaofela.
Letsatsi la ka le leholo la lethjhatso!
Mongodi Maureen Thuto Makoko: M
~ (Sffiec/eian 0e/u.o/ \ Other Languages ~
ROEDEAN COMMUNITY REPRESENTATIVES 2008
Back Row: Alexa-Mae Fiford, Jessica Roberts, Mieke Bruins, Emma Kunz, Siphiwe May, Kgaugelo Mphelo.
Absent: Storm Anderson.
The Social Awareness and Responsibility Programme allows our pupils to d
develop the skills of critical thinking and analysis which are fundamental in developing responsible and informed leaders within our community. This is the overall outcome of the Social Awareness and Responsibility Programme at Roedean. The vision in the Senior School is twofold: it is a vision of both internal development and external experience.

Internal cross-curricular learning projects include projects with the South African Human Rights' Commission, Beauty Without Cruelty, Soul Budyz, Peace One Day, and Heartlines.

External learner-support projects with a focus on English and Math literacy include working with Noah, Agape, and Nkosi's Haven.

External five-day residential projects include working with:
- Phedisang, an organisation working with orphans and vulnerable children, in Limpopo Province;
- Partnership between Roedean and St Gerard Majella School, one of the schools earmarked for development by the Royal Bafokeng Institute;

The main aim of all the projects is to ensure that pupils develop the understanding, attitudes, and skills that contribute to personal growth, social development, intellectual competence, and a desire for ongoing learning.

The Junior School is involved in a variety of projects, each offering our pupils a unique learning experience. The ages and diversity of our pupils are an asset to the organisations with which Roedean Junior School works. The pupils provide dynamic ideas for projects, are willing to learn, and are "a breath of fresh air" (Toy Library: 2008), offering energy and liveliness to the organisations.

The organisations with which the Junior School works are: Tape Aids, Toy Library, Philile Pre-school, Park Care Centre, Lapeng, and The Key School. All the organisations offer different challenges for our pupils, resulting in our pupils becoming independent, resilient, collaborative, and reflective children.

Charlotte Hulley: Community Service.

Kats House Community Service at Agape

This term, Kats House has continued its relationship with Agape, the children's home in Yeoville, and, by now, we feel like the extended family of Agape. Once a week, a group of Kats volunteers goes to Agape to hug, cuddle, and play with the babies and toddlers. We take educational games suitable for the little ones, and our weekly time together just flies. During its weekly visits, this group has the privilege of witnessing abs
olute miracles: when we see how weak, under-nourished babies arrive at Agape and blossom into well-fed, smiling babies in a few weeks' time. We have devised literacy programmes, literacy games, and enjoyable activities suitable for the various learning levels needed at Agape, and we have fun while performing a useful task. Because these sessions are on e-on-one, special bonds are inevitably formed, and our Monday-afternoon sessions are just too short.

In dealing with Agape, we are constantly aware of the remarkable achievements of Tracy and her team. We salute them and consider ourselves privileged to be part of this extraordinary process.

Mrs. M Le Roux.
Lambs House Community Service - NOAH
The Lambs volunteers have been actively involved in a project to help the children of Noah with literacy, in previous years, we have concentrated on crafts and other activities. This year, we have decided to work with smaller groups of children in order to be more effective. Instead of going to Yeoville, where the number of children is overwhelming, and where facilities are lacking, we now fetch groups of children in more or less the same age-group and bring them to our school. We will rotate every term until all the children have had the opportunity to attend. They really enjoy being here and observing and experiencing activities so different from their own.

It is heartwarming to see how keen our volunteers are to befriend the children from Noah, and how they go out of their way to assist them with their homework, and to help them to acquire certain skills.
We look forward to strengthening our relationship with the children from Noah and to sharing with them whatever we have to offer.

Mrs. E. Swartz.
Bears House Community Service at Nkosi's Haven
Albert Schweitzer once wrote: "There is no higher religion than human service. To work for the common good is the greatest creed". The Bears House volunteers who worked at Nkosi's Haven this year certainly embraced this belief.

Their involvement at The Haven took the form of literacy development and general extension of education. However, amidst the reading of stories and practising of dictionary, writing, and comprehension skills, they found the time to wipe away tears, encourage their young partners, and provide hugs on demand.

Their commitment, kindness, and hard work were much appreciated by the children and staff of Nkosi's Haven, and they have been excellent ambassadors for Roedean. Truth, honour, courtesy, and freedom were reflected in all that they did.

Well done, girls! I am so proud of you. Had he seen you in action, Dag Hammarskold may well have reconsidered his assertion: "You have not done enough, you have never done enough, so long as it is still possible that you still have something to contribute."

Ms. H. Venables.
~ @Toe/ecm 0eAool / Social Awareness and Responsibility Programme ~
~ c^oec/ean 0eAoo/ C0S5/ / Social Awareness and Responsibility Programme ~
Roedean Residential Project in collaboration with the Royal Bafokeng Institute.
During the August holidays, a group of 7 Roedean girls and three teachers set out to Rustenburg on a trip that aimed to teach the pupils of St
Gerard Majella Middle School computers, English, and marimbas. The Bafokeng trip was one of the most amazing trips I have ever been on! In those five short days, I was stunned, amazed, and humbled. The children were remarkably friendly and accepting. From the moment we arrived, they made us feel as if we were in a home away from home. We taught the children marimbas and drumming, and were impressed by their speedy learning of computer skills. The children have so much potential and really amazed us by how quickly and eagerly they grasped everything we taught them.

Our trip to the Tapologo AIDS Hospice was a bittersweet experience: extremely saddening and absolutely eye-opening. It taught us about cherishing our environment and about the dignity of people infected and affected by HIV and AIDS. We ended off with a brilliant concert, showcasing all that had been taught and learned. It was an awesome day for everybody.

At the closing ceremony, the Queen Mother of Bafokeng said: "Let us not let the successes of this project end here". I really hope to continue the relationship we formed with the people of Bafokeng and I and everybody involved with the trip would love to go back again.

S'Bongiseni Mashinini: UpperV.

As the touring choir arrived at O.H Tambo International Airport, the excitement began to build. We all realised that the tour would be an opportunity not to be missed. When we landed in New York, we were too overwhelmed to pay any attention to how tired we were after the fourteen-hour flight. The group was particularly excited about shopping and meeting our host families. As we stayed with host families throughout the tour, we all formed new bonds and will be forever grateful to the families for welcoming us into their homes. As the tour progressed, we experienced mixed feelings; we missed home, but wanted to stay and share our music with people who would otherwise not have heard "real African music" as our New Orleans host described it. Our performances at St Paul’s Cathedral in New York, Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta, and The New Orleans Jazz Festival were our three main performances and we felt humbled by being given the opportunity to perform. Another experience that we will all cherish was assisting the Habitat group with building houses for Hurricane Katrina victims in New Orleans; it was humbling to contribute positively to the lives of strangers. It is on behalf of all the girls that I say this tour was truly a fun and incredible learning experience.

Nolwazi Mngadi: Head of Choir.

The Roedean Music Department hosted its sixth annual Music Competition in May. We are indeed fortunate to receive ongoing financial support from the Lovemore Music Centre and Yamaha. Invitations to take part were extended to surrounding schools, and three categories could be entered: Piano, Woodwind, and Strings. The prizes in each category consisted of: First Prize: R3 500; Second Prize: R2 000; Third Prize: R750.

The response we received was, once again, gratifying, and 68 participants played for our two esteemed adjudicators, Professor Ella Fourie (piano) and Professor Eric Rycroft (orchestral instruments). Nine finalists were selected to perform at the Gala Evening on Friday, 30 May, at which the winners were announced.

Mrs Nell Bowen: H.O.D. Music.

The results were as follows: 2nd Prize: Christina Wu - Roedean Strings: 3rd Prize: Han-Na So - Pro Arte
1st Prize: Radhika Mahidhara, Cello Wind Instruments:
- Roedean 1st Prize: Jason Mayr, Recorder - Holy
2nd Prize: Carin Jansen van Vuuren, Violin Cross
- Pro Arte 2nd Prize: Jean-Emile Jammine,
3rd Prize: Abel Selaocoe, Cello - St John's Saxophone - St John's College
College 3rd Prize: Angus Fletcher, Saxophone
Piano: - Crawford College
1st Prize: Elizabeth Gaylord - Roedean Congratulations to all the participants!
Carin Jansen van Vuuren - Pro Arte. Abel Selaocoe - St John's College.
Christina Wu- Roedean.
Han-Na So - Pro Arte.
Jean-Emile Jammine - St John's College. Angus Fletcher - Crawford College.
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Radhika Mahidhara - Roedean.
Elizabeth Gaylord - Roedean.
88
ROEDEAN SENIOR STRING ENSEMBLE 2008
Back Row: Nicola Sturgess, Danielle Maycock, Johanna van der Wat, Caitlin Bellew.
Seated: Erryn Gracey, Clare Vandeleur, Radhika Mahidhara, Mrs D. McEwan, Xena Visser, Minet Labuschagne,
Christina Wu.
CLARINET ENSEMBLE 2008
Adele Rossouw, Katherine McLean, Maryann Nkhambula, Minet Labuschagne, Mr M. Brink.
Senior String Ensemble Report
This year has been another successful year for the String Ensemble. Even though Mrs McEwan was away on maternity leave in the first term, we still managed to give of our best in all our performances, which include assemblies, Musical Evenings, the Phedisang Picnic, and the Musical Picnic. Our repertoire included an Allegretto by Beethoven, the famous Pachelbel's Canon, and Dunhill's Elfin Patrol. We are an extremely talented group of girls, and I thank all players for their enthusiasm and commitment!
Danielle Maycock: Head of String Ensemble.
Clarinet Quartet
The Clarinet Quartet has been fun. I really do think that we sound great and I am very proud to be in the group. Although it takes up our breaks and we are sometimes late for classes, the music is worth it. The repertoire we played this year consisted of the classic "Over the Rainbow", "Bach Goes to Town", "Pizzicato Polka", "Slavonic Dances". Thank you to Mr Brink who sacrifices his tea to hear us play, but never sacrifices his demand for excellence. He has not pulled us out of a concert yet, but has threatened to do so many times! Although Adele and I are leaving, the group can only get better. Good luck to Minet and Kate and - who knows? - maybe we will pop in to see if our replacements are good enough. It was truly a blessing to perform with all of you.
Lesedi (Maryann) Nkhambula
&Toec/ean Qfe/o<h
/Music-
The Flute Ensemble
Although it seems that each year is busy, this year has certainly been the busiest of all! This year, we welcomed the new members of the Senior Flute Ensemble, Mattie Landman, Emily Asbury, and Lusanda Miilo, who are fine assets to Roedean's Senior Flute Ensemble. The dedication of each of the flautists has been rewarded with a high standard of play. We have enjoyed playing at various school functions, including Speech Day, the Senior Musical Evening, Foundation Day, and the Musical Picnic. Under the active encouragement and expert guidance of Mrs Hoberg, we have mastered new pieces. At times, these pieces were challenging, but they proved very gratifying, as our skills were developed. This year has been such fun. We have all grown and a strong bond has formed among all the flautists. I would like to thank all the senior members for setting such a good example to the younger members and for keeping up the enthusiasm on wintry Tuesday mornings. You girls will undoubtedly lead the Flute Ensemble to even greater heights next year.

Robyn Dreyer: Head of Senior Flute Ensemble.

ROEDEAN SENIOR FLUTE ENSEMBLE 2008
Back Row: Samantha Delport, Sanusha Reddy, Milica Conkic, Mary Kennedy, Stephanie Cowper, Chelsea Roy, Emily Asbury, Lusanda Miilo.
Seated: Mattie Landman, Isobel Kolbe, Mrs A. Hoberg, Robyn Dreyer (Head of Flutes), Mrs S. van Straaten, Mary Lee, Megan Ho.

Vocal Ensemble
The Roedean Vocal Ensemble has always been the heart of the choir. Comprised of a small group of girls whose voices (combined and individual) make one believe that angelic choruses do exist, this group has certainly managed to dazzle audiences. Vocal ensemble practices every Monday night are a pleasure to attend, because of Mr Schmit's vibrant personality and the girls' open and friendly dispositions. With every passing day, this small singing group becomes more and more like a family. Apart from being involved in the CD recording, the farewell concert, and countless music picnics, and assembly performances, the Vocal Ensemble has also undergone several transformations, the most notable being the acquisition of a new name: VERSE - the Vocal Ensemble of Roedean School. Much like a group of lines that form a unit of a poem, VERSE is a group of singers forming a melodic and always unique unit that creates beautiful music. I truly believe that this small group of girls is very well "versed" in the art of singing, and I am grateful for having been given the opportunity to lead such talented singers. I will cherish this experience forever.

Livhuwani Nefolovhodwe: Head of Vocal Ensemble.

Jazz Band
"One thing I like about jazz, kid, is that I never know what's going to happen next. Do you?" Bix Beiderbecke, famed American jazz musician, c
ertainly captured what many would regard as the essence of jazz when making this comment on its unpredictable nature. Maybe that's what all the genre’s fans like about it: the unexpected changes in rhythm and dynamics, the scope for improvisation, the swing. One can't help but be bewitched by such an unexpected expression of freedom.

This year, the Roedean Jazz Band certainly has enjoyed and explored the genre to which it is dedicated. We played pieces which ranged from old favourites from Gershwin and Porter right through to Jenkins's "Palladio", with its strong Baroque influences. Band members and, we hope, our various audiences have enjoyed and have been enriched by the music that we've played. Special thanks must go to our conductor, Mr Brink, whose expertise, dedication, and wonderful sense of humour shape the spirit of the band, and to Mr Turner, Ms Bowen, and Mrs Bunyard for accompanying us at all performances.

Finally, heartfelt thanks must go to all of the band members, quite simply, for making the music. The clarinettist, Eddie Daniels, once described the spirit and joy of jazz: "a'that's a'freedom". Exactly!

Adele Rossouw: Head of Jazz Band.

ROEDEAN SENIOR GUITAR GROUP 2008

Mrs R. Watts, Elizabeth Gaylord, Louise Kolbe, Rozanne Oosthuizen.
Absent: Alexandra Morgan.

ROEDEAN SENIOR VOCAL ENSEMBLE 2008


This year in the Junior Orchestra, we played many enjoyable works, including "Rock Around the Clock", "Habanera" and the jazzy "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White." We were sad to lose two valuable members, Ethel Kiggundu and Paola Koki, at the end of the second term, but look forward to receiving new players next year!

Despite the cold, early morning rehearsals in winter, orchestra was always great fun!

Teagyn Gracey: Upper IV.

Junior Orchestra 2008

The enthusiasm for marimba playing is continuing to develop at the school: we now have two Senior School groups and two Junior School groups.

The Senior School Band has been very successful and has performed at assembly, the Musical Evening, the Music Picnic, and the Phedisang Fun Day. All the marimba players have shown lots of talent, and, this year, some members have begun to compose their own songs.

Our important project of the year has been the one that took place in Bafokeng in August. The aim of this project is to create a partnership between Roedean and St Gerard Majella school in Rustenburg. The Senior Marimba Band travelled to Rustenburg for a five-day stay in the area. Th
e band collaborated with St Gerard Majella's with marimbas-training and drumming workshops, creative-writing sessions, and computer-enrichment lessons. We, as Roedean girls, have all learnt a great deal from the enthusiasm of the St Gerard learners, whilst the Roedean musicians have formed a relationship which will contribute to the continued success of marimbas in the school.

We look forward to another successful year! â–  Siphiwe May: Head of Marimbas.

Orchestra Report
It's been another busy and exciting year for the orchestra, which has expanded even more since last year! In the first term, Mr Brink kindly stepped in for Mrs McEwan whilst she was away on maternity leave, and we performed "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," and the always popular, "Take 5." Second term meant that Mrs McEwan was back, with a beautiful addition to the family! We performed "A Mother's Prayer" and the much-loved, "Ireland Potpourri." It has been a most enjoyable year for the orchestra. All members must be commended on their enthusiasm and support.

Danielle Maycock: Head of Orchestra.

ROEDEAN SENIOR MARIMBAS 2008
Back Row: Christine Moeketsi, Megan Ho, Otlotleng Mhlongo, Siphiwe May, Mary Lee, Lomawa Maelane.
Front Row: Yeukai Mutemeri, Kagiso Magabe, Khusela Ngcaba, Mrs C. Szymczak, Boitsheko Ganyane, Katleho Mokonyane, Khathushelo Neluheni.

ROEDEAN SENIOR ORCHESTRA 2008
Back Row: Adele Rossouw, Johanna van der Wat, Danielle Maycock, Milica Conkic, Chelsea Roy.
Middle Row: Claudia Dehnke, Katherine McLean, Kara Birkenmeyer, Caitlin Bellew, Mary Lee, Nancy Lui, Xena Visser. Seated: Christina Wu, Clare Vandeleur, Radhika Mahidhara, Mrs D. McEwan, Charlotte Savage, Minet Labuschagne, Erryn Gracey.

JUNIOR GUITAR GROUP
Seated: Keren Buisson-Street, Andrea Maree, Siobhan Reddy.
Standing: Alexandra Bolton, Savannah Hinis.

JUNIOR GUITAR GROUP
The Junior Guitar Group met every Monday afternoon in the library. We played pieces, ranging in style from classical to modern, and members were free to choose pieces that they wanted to play. We performed at the music concerts held each term, the Upper Junior Cultural Evening, and the Junior School Carol Service. Mrs Rhona Watts.

Junior Flute Ensemble
The Junior flute Ensemble had a very happy fluting year. We performed at the Grandparents' Tea, various assemblies, the Musical Picnic, the Eisteddfod, the Junior School Carol Service, and the Celebration of Achievements Assembly. Our repertoire includes a wide variety of music: classical, jazz, blues, traditional and contemporary.

We practised in the Junior Hall on a Friday morning before school. Although cold in winter, the girls happily arrived on time and arranged the rehearsal around the heater! The commitment of the girls was astounding.

Mrs Annelie Hoberg.

ROEDEAN JUNIOR FLUTE ENSEMBLE
Lisa Rahman, Mrs A. Hoberg, Jaylin de Klerk.

Junior Marimba Group
This year, the Marimba Groups became far more established at Roedean. The large UIV group started to perform at festivals and, more frequently, at assemblies. New groups emerged from the LIV classes and this development introduced marimbas to the Junior Choir. The repertoire incorporated songs from many parts of Africa, for example, "Tofara" from Botswana and "Meadowlands" and "Jikele Mawena" from South Africa. Keep on playing, girls!

Ms Collette Szymczak.

Back Row: Divasha Moodley, Victoria Payne, Suzannah Visser, Megan Kenny, Catherine Gordon-Grant, Ngozi Olojede, Loan Heilner, Olivia Parfitt, Naledi Mashishi.
Front Row: Ashleigh Goncalves, Melissa Flemming, Tessa Frewen, Teagyn Gracey, Zahraa Kazee, Mpho Mokaba, Jamie Ruiters, Heather Donald, Rebecca Henning, Mrs C. Szymczak.

UPPER JUNIOR CHOIR
Line 2: Keren Buisson-Street, Carey Streeter, Teagyn Gracey, Lerato Mogase, Julia Cuthbert, Thandiwe Bvrere, Alexandra Bantock, Sarah Fox, Zanokuhle Nkosi Khanyisile Vilakazi, Grace van Wyk, Ashleigh Goncalves, Rebecca Kuttschreuter, Pebetse Nchabeleng, Christie Reeves, Talia De Mendonca, Cynthia Kijj ambu, Ms H. Meyer.

ROEDEAN SENIOR CHOIR 2008
Back Row: Courtney Thomas, Laura Buck, Mary Kennedy Tessa Conradie, Lauren Antrobus.
Third Row: Yeukai Mutemeri, Nomvelo Sibisi, Alice Joynt, Rosemary Munro-Sloan, Lwazi Zwani, Seo Hee (Mary) Lee, Catherine Honegger, Megan Lang, Emma Cooper, Susan Pieterse, Obakeng Monamodi, Li-Chi Pan, Emma-Jane Olley, Victoria Osier, Reneiloe Phala, Gemma van Huyssteen, Jeannette Joynt, Keyyah Cardoso, Yolande Steyn, Maureen Malu-Malu, Natasha Hamunene, Maya Priestley, Maureen Makoko, Allegra Cockburn, Camilla Speight.
Second Row: Kabelo Matlala, Kgomotso Seabi, Boitsheko Ganyane, Megan Bybee, Katherine McLean, Kelly-Ann Matias, Ingrid Gmeiner, Charnell
This year, the choir has been involved in many exciting ventures. Our biggest achievement singing has a long tradition at Roedean. There are three choirs in the Junior School: St Margaret's Choir, the Form II Choir, and the Upper Junior Choir. The choirs had the opportunity to perform at school functions and at the Lindoer Auditorium. Cathedral School and St Alban's School from Washington were an opportunity for the choral singing involves commitment and perseverance. It encourages teamwork and friendship, and is loads of fun. I believe that group singing is important to all musical from strength to strength. Inspired by its enthusiastic conductor, Ralf Schmitt, the choir is guaranteed an exciting future! Learning and should be experienced by all children.

Nolwazi Mngadi: Head of Choir.

~ @lae</ea/iv 0cAool / Music ~

93

FORM II CHOIR
Back Row: Alycia Samsudin, Anesu Shoko, Pascale Naude, Chupa Mondo loka, Almee Roos, Naomi Forrester-Smith, Kate Burgess, Sarah Benn, Natasha Rajak, Alice Phale, Tshiamo Sibika, Erinn-Mae Schoemaker.
Front Row: Imaan Hassim, Angeliki Koutromanos, Manale Kekane, Laura Robinson, Natasha France, Ayesha Karjieker, Natalia Perdikis, Olivia Olsson, Lufuno Neluheni,
Faatimah Mayet, Carmen-Daisy Wesson.

ST MARGARET’S CHOIR
Back Row: Sarah Jackson, Emma Flitter, Laylaa Omar, Mahlogonolo Kabi, Banthathi Sekwala, Lerato Mogase, Kirsten Reeves, Tamera Wessels, Simona Cutifani, Mia Gruber, Jessica Edge, Ashley Saaayman, Emily Gewer-White, Boitumelo Moyo.
Line 4- Mrs A. Goncalves, Ariel Tang, Lumengo Mngomezulu, Gabriella Heurlin, Elma Mammen, Nthatisi Mota, Gemma Bedford, Skye McMahon, Nina Jacobson, Lilitha Swana, Dhrutika Patel, Mallory Hartman, Katherine Brady, Tania Catalino, Li-Chun Pan, Miss H. Meyer.
Line 3: Khetiwe Kingston, Caterina Morettino, Ane Muller, Sara Grace, Caitlin Fyall, Emma Harding, Alida de Bruyn, Lauren Conway, Victoria Roeterger, Alexandra Stone, Anna Gruber, Andrea Jury, Jessica Madavo, Georgina Barrow, Hanaan Hassim, Uma-Rose Vlismas, Monna Muldoon, Keren Buisson-Street.
Seated: Hope Tarita, Kyra Soicher, Anastasia Tambo, Chiara Goncalves, Kathleen Mdaughlin, Monica Takawira, Neo Sithole, Karin Reeves, Alic bedford, Yuvishka Harpytrasadh, Vuyisa Mduitshane, Chloe Vinnicombe, Gabriella Dunn.

ROEDEAN U/15&U/16 SQUASH SQUADS
Christina Wu, Olivia Coombes, Monika Radziejowska, Caroline Parkin, Julia Olley, Laurie Harrison, Chelsea Roy, Storm Anderson, Megan Culligan, Mrs M. Taylor.

ROEDEAN U/19 SQUASH SQUAD
Nabeela Arbee, Emma George, Sanusha Reddy, Samantha Delport, Alexandra Davis, Laura Buck, Tessa Otten, Emma-Jane Olley, Patricia Swart, Jean Rodrigues, Mrs M. Taylor.

ROEDEAN U/14 SQUASH SQUAD
Sarah Reeves, Julia Reeves, Meaghan Oosthuizen, Marijke Bruins, Rachael Mackell, Kate McCormack, Lara Lucic, Sarah Jenkins, Mrs M. Taylor.

Middle Row: Lesedi Nkhambula, Sarah Irvine, Laura Buck, Elizabeth Mackenzie, Mary Kennedy, Georgina Mackenzie, Lucy Woolcott, Prianka Pillay. Front Row: Megan Bybee, Mattie Landman, Nina Bayett, Christene Andresen, Caitlin Bellew, Caitlin Venter, Rosalyn Morphet, Jai nisha Desai, Chelsea Smith, Mrs N. du Toit.

ROEDEAN PROVINCIAL SQUASH PLAYERS Sarah Jenkins, Marijke Bruins, Laura Buck, Lisa Maxton, Meaghan Oosthuizen, Nabeela Arbee.

ROEDEAN SENIOR DIVING TEAM
Back Row: Bianca Kruger, Allegra Whitehouse, Paula Nagy (Captain), Nicola Graham, Jeande Luck, Kelenheha-Mohato Molefe.
Front Row: Ms L. Raccanello, Bryoni Kassel, Xena Visser, Rebecca Jennings, Rutendo Shumba, Kathryn Monteith, Catherine Honegger, Megan Ho, Alexa Scher (Vice Captain).

ROEDEAN SWIMMING TEAM
Back Row: Laura-Anne Wilson, Rachael Mackell, Helen Byrne, Cayla-Rae Hannington, Gabriella Maree, Monique le Roux, Emma Kunz, Laura van der Griendt.
Middle Row: Philippa Raal, Jessica Dix, Nicola Doyle, Stephanie Cowper, Ashleigh Steinhobel, Kylie Jones, Catherine Byrne, Jessie-Lou Workman, Emma Johannes, Mrs L. Rainsford.
Front Row: Ivanna Katz, Hannah Benn, Gemma van Huyssteen, Kate McCormack, Sandra-Lee Bradfield (Captain), Ayanda Collins, Patricia Swart, Meaghan Oosthuizen, Sarah-Ann Sabbagh.

ROEDEAN OPEN WATERPOLO TEAM
Back Row: Stephanie Cowper, Cayla-Rae Hannington, Gabriella Maree, Ashleigh Steinhobel.

ROEDEAN U/14 WATERPOLO TEAM
Back Row: Alexandra Gascoigne, Laura van der Griendt, Rachael Mackell.
Front Row: Sarah Reeves, Sarah Jenkins, Kate McCormack, Mrs A Trninic, Catherine Byrne, Meaghan Oosthuizen, Sarah Sabbagh.
Absent: Emily Asbury, Ashleigh Henson.

ROEDEAN U/15A NETBALL TEAM

ROEDEAN 1ST NETBALL TEAM
Kara Vorster, Johanna van der Wat, Sarah Irvine, Diana Fu, Rethabile Madumise, Jandri van Zyl, Lesedi Nkhambula, Kabeio Matlala.
Absent: Ms S. Voigt (Coach)

ROEDEAN U/16 NETBALL TEAM
Cayla-Rae Hannington, Helen Byrne, Lisa-Jo Snyman, Chelsea Roy, Mercy Vangu, Jainisha Desai, Michelle Blankenberg, Reneiloe Phala, Boitsheko Ganyane, Suzanna Amoes, Mrs A. Trninic.

ROEDEAN 2ND NETBALL TEAM
Nosizwe Ndlovu, Hye-Min Kim, Li-Ming Pan, Kerry Theunissen, Pei-Ying Chung.
Absent: Ms S. Voigt (Coach)

ROEDEAN U/17 NETBALL TEAM
Tessa Conradie, Siphiwe May, Emma-Jane Olley, Victoria Osier, Patricia Swart, Alexandra Dunsford-White, Lomawa Maelane, Kgomotso Seabe.

Absent: Ms H. Joubert (Coach)

ROEDEAN U/15B NETBALL TEAM
Mukundwa Katuliiba, Danai Musandu, Teboho Ramosili, Keleneha-Mohato Molefe, Nonhlanhla Lunga, Gugu Mahlangu, Reabetswe Molozi, Ms L. Raccanello.
ROEDEAN U/14A NETBALL 1 Ifeoma Umunna, Sanam N Yemalunda Nkanza, Lwazi Ms A. Mahlangu.
ROEDEAN U/14C & D NETBALL TEAM Gabrielle Coldicott, Monica Murray, Nomvelo Sibisi, Romana Katrikilis, Ntsepase Mojela, Tashmira Kara, Romana Dasoo, Ronel Irvine, Sandiswa Sondzaba, Sheila Lubega, Angela Lai King, Ms A. Mahlangu.
ROEDEAN CHEERLEADERS Rozanne Oosthuizen, Karmen Wessels, Ninoy Hammond, Tuscani Cardosa, Rudo Shitto, Callan Williams, Marisa Prinsloo, Jeannette Joynt, Nomzamo Mokaba.
EQUESTRIAN TEAM Susan Pieterse, Katherine McLean, Rebecca Freund, Wendy McPherson, Katherine Donald, Ashlee Hausberger.
ROEDEAN PROVINCIAL HOCKEY PLAYERS Prianka Pillay, Anesu Mbizvo, Sarah Sabbagh.
ROEDEAN U/14A&B HOCKEY TEAM Back Row: Sarah Sabbagh, Lara Tenderini, Jean Doubell,
Ashleigh Henson, Meaghan Oosthuizen,
Rachael Mackell, Marijke Bruins, Julia Reeves, Shannon Kearney, Anthea Marinakos, Sarah Jenkins. Kneeling: Rosalyn Morphet, Sarah Reeves, Tara Ellis,
Mattie Landman, Camilla van Hoogstraten,
Carla Kluth.

ROEDEAN OPEN BASKETBALL TEAM
Back Row: Noziswe Ndlovu, l-Chang (Diana) Fu,
Natalie Karuhanga, Sasha Karuhanga,
Hye-Min Kim.
Front Row: Pei-Ying Chung, Bianca Kruger, Emma Cooper, Danai Musandu, Miss Y. Lumka, Li-Ming Pan, Christine Moeketsi, Kgomotso Seabe,
Cindy Dladla.

ROEDEAN ROCK CLIMBING
Back Row: Pascale Theron, Jessie-Lou Workman, Monica Murray, Elizbeth Leonard, Yolande Steyn, Alexa Rosen. Seated: Catherine Deconinck,
Amy van der Velden, Sapna MrsT. Scheidegger, Isobel Kolbe, Nikita Morar, Prianka Pillay.

ROEDEAN SENIOR ATHLETICS TEAM
Back Row: Stephanie Cowper, Rachael Mackell, Mary Kennedy,
Carmen Gassman, Alexandra Gascoigne,
Monica Murray.
Middle Row: Nicola Mitchell, Susan Pieterse, Kylie Jones,
Jessie-Lou Workman, Ashleigh Steinhobel,
Meaghan Oosthuizen, Anesu Mbizvo, Diana Fletcher, Ashleigh McCulloch, Sandiswa Sondzaba.
Seated: Chelsea Smith, Mattie Landman, Sarah-Ann Sabbagh,
Rebecca van Huyssteen, Ms L. Raccanello, Paula Nagy, Isobel Kolbe, Nelia Ngcobo, Fezile Zulu.

JUNIOR TENNIS SQUAD
Back Row: Melissa Flemming, Alejandra Murillo,
Ayla-Jane Bonfils-Persson, Kirstin Leong, Olivia Parfitt, Heather Buys, Mrs N. du Toit.
Front Row: Andrea Maree, Katelyn Pye, Sarah Fox, Adrienne Koor, Ashleigh Goncalves, Raeesa Bham, Tohfah Gaibie.

ROEDEAN PROVINCIAL WATERPOLO PLAYERS
Back Row: Monique le Roux, Laura van der Griendt,
Rachael Mackell,
Alexandra Gascoigne.
Front Row: Ashleigh Henson,
Meaghan Oosthuizen,
Gabriella Maree,
Kate McCormack,
Kylie Jones.

UNIOR DIVING TEAM
Back Row: Erinn-Mae Schoemaker, Serena Mason, Montana Wemars,
Gabriella Kruger, Divasha Moodley, Ngozi Olojede, Afua Sekyere, Loan Heilner, Rosaline Chiu, Shaziah Hajee, Jamie Ruiter, Bianca Ho.
Front 4: Jordan Nobrega, Shingisai Tengende, Keagan Mackinnon,
Zuzile Ganda, Thandiwe Bvurere, Zanokuhle Nkosi, Georgia Williams, Brittany Vinnicombe, Marie Odhiambo, Harriet Brookes-Grey, Alyda Sams
udin, Lauren Harper, Aimee Roos, 
Ms L. Raccanello.

ine 3: Nompilo Sibisi, Samantha Wise, Natasha Rajak, Sasha Fairtiead, 
Yasmine Samsudin, Carey Streeter, Tshiamo Sibika, Emily Cotterrell, Na 
tasha Tenderini, Catherine Jackson, Georgina Criditon-Grubb.

ine 2: Julia McKerron, Nina Jacobson, Jessica Edge, Amogelega 
Mutloane, Niyanta Lekha, Ngozi Olojede (Vice Capt), Teagyn Gracey ( 
Capt.), Gabriella Heurlin, Lumengo Mngomezulu, Gemma Bedford, Lilit 
ha-Lobomi Swana, Ashley Saayman, Kaitlynn Du Ploooy. ine 1: Carmen-D 
aisy Wesson, Lisa Rahman, Zahra Moti, Cynthia 
Kijjambu, Andrea Maree, Tsholofelo Marishane, Skye McMahon, Mia Gru 
ber, Sarah Jackson.

Megan Quan, Nandiie Sindani, Faatimah Tuz-Zahra Mayet, Natasha Franc 
e, Manale Kekana, Tessa 6lyn, Lutuno Neluheni, Jordan Hartland, Jenn 
ifer Buys.

Front Kow: 
ROEDEAN JUNIOR BASKETBALL
Back Row: Teagyn Gracey, Serena Mason, Motheo Mutloane, 
Tshedza Mbelengwa, Rumbi Shitto, Afua Sekyere, Yasmine Samsudin, Gab 
riella Kruger, Naledi Mashishi.

Middle Row: Samantha Wise, Tsholofelo Marishane, Noelle Oguta, Rebe 
cca Kuttschreuter, Montana Wernars, 
Kirsten Hinde, Adriana Sposato-Weng, 
Cynthia Kijjambu, Courteney Krauss, Ms K. Musi.

Front Row: Jessie Schultz, Ngozi Olojede, Lerato Mogase, 
Divasha Moodley, Loan Heilner, Mpho Mokaba, 
Zahraa Kazee, Siobhan Reddy, Ashley Lloyd.

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JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY TEAM
Back Row: Cynthia Kijjambu, Aimee Roos, Emily Cotterrell, Annabel 
Fenton, Nompilo Sibisi, Yasmine Samsudin, Alexandra Louis, Montana We 
 rnars, Ngozi Olojede, Loan Heilner, Tessa Frewen, Rosaline Chiu, Cait 
in Mostert, Divasha Moodley.

Line 3: Lauren Harper, Lufuno Neluheni, Bianca De Carvalho, 
Hannah Human, Motheo Mutloane, Serena Mason, Tshiamo Sibika, Shel 
by Labuschagne, Falak Khan, 
Ashleigh Lloyd, Kirsten Reeves.

Seated: Dominique Rowe, Pascale Fairbairn, Laylaa Omar, Amanda 
Vermeulen, Carmen-Daisy Wesson, Zahra Moti, Shubhangi Singhala, Juli 
a Cuthbert, Kirsten Graves, Zandizoloyiso Nduvane, Tyla Jacobs, Tess 
a Glyn.

On-Floor: Jennifer Buys, Sarah Jackson, Mia Gruber, Nandiie Sindani, 
Megan Quan, Angeliki Koutromanis, Mary Butler, Bianca Ho.

JUNIOR SWIMMING TEAM
Back Row: Sarah Benn, Candia Carr, Alexandra Bolton, Isabella Kriegl 
er, Jessica Jones, Megan Kenny, Catherine Gordon-Grant, Heather Buys , 
Rebecca Henning, Savannah Roy, Gabriella Pitcher.

Line 5: Amal Priestley, Chame Vermarok, Lamia Priestley, Talia De 
Mendonca, Jenna Leesam, Shubhangi Singhala, Jennifer Buys, Nicole H 
arte, Lauren Harper, Zahra Moti, Naomi For Tester-Smith, Adriana Spo 
sato-Wen.

Line 4: Natasha Rajak, Emily Cotterrell, Jordan-Leigh Hartland, Megan 
Berger, Bianca Ho, Rebecca Kuttschreuter, Kenyn Shelley, Sarah Shille 
r, Andrea Maree, Catherine Jackson, Natasha Tenderini.

Seated: Tyla Jacobs, Kirsten Graves, Bianca Da Molo, Carmen-Daisy
Wesson, Fabiana Katz, Megan Harper, Christie Reeves, Kelly Calvert-Evers, Pebetse Nchabeleng, Alexandra Bantock, Christie Reeves, Sarah Fox, Emma Bracher.
Kneeling: Angeliki Koutromanos, Aimee Roos, Tessa Glyn, Mia Gruber, Kirsten Reeves, Gabriella Heurlin, Sarah Jackson, Georgia Wakefield.
On-Floor Dominique Rowe, Emma Futter, Emily Gewer-White, Simona Cutfiani, Pascale Fairbairn, Amanda Vermeulen, Erin Beeton, Tamera We ssels.
irffi&eclecm 0cAoel / Sport â–
105 (r/\ oe//smn 0c/w<d / Sport ~ U12 NETBALL SQUAD Back Row: Yasmine Samsudin, Motheo Mutloane, Afua Sekyere, Rumbidzai Shitto, Tshedza Mbelengwa, Jessica Lyne, Montana Wernars.
Middle Row: Isabella Kriegler, Nompilo Sibisi, Candia Carr, Serena Mason, Gabriella Kruger, Sarah Shiller, Noelle Oguta, Khanyisile Vilakazi, Ms L. Raccanello.
Front Row: Megan Quan, Lamia Priestley, Rebecca Kuttschreuter, Bianca Ho, Cynthia Kijjambu, Adriana Sposato-Weng, Megan Berger, Nandiie Sindani.

U11 NETBALL SQUAD
Back Row: Mrs Trninic, Claudia Smith, Aaliyah Buksh, Mashudu Ramaphosa, Zanokuhle Nkosi, Tohfah Gaibie, Thandiwe Bvurere, Kimay Ramnarain.
Middle Row: Jordan Nobrega, Elena Balestri, Andrea Maree, Pebetse Nhabeleng, Fabiana Katz, Zuzile Ganda, Gabriella Giannoccaro.
Front Row: Rumaanah Hajee, Keagan MacKinnon, Katelyn Pye, Shingisai Tengende, Naledi Frazier, Raeesa Bham, Ashleigh Stoger.

U9 NETBALL SQUAD
Back Row: Amogelega Mutloane, Jessica Butcher, Kirsten Reeves, Tofin Omisore, Simona Cutifani, Aaliyah Suliman, Amanda Vermeulen.
Front Row: Alice Phale, Georgia Williams, Lauren Harper, Naomi Forrester-Smith, Aimee Roos, Emily Cotterrell, Brittany Vinnicombe.

1 CHESS TEAM
Back Row: Caitlin Mostert, Gabriella Pitcher, Katherine Perdikis, Heather Donald (Capt.), Naledi Mashishi.
Middle Row: Alexandra Bolton, Nompilo Sibisi, Tayla Saayman, Kirstin Leong, Annabel Fenton.
Front Row: Thandiwe Bvurere, Fabiana Katz, Adrienne Koor, Zuzile Ganda, Ashleigh Lloyd, Julia Cuthbert.

U10 NETBALL SQUAD
Front Row: Alice Phale, Georgia Williams, Lauren Harper, Naomi Forrester-Smith, Aimee Roos, Emily Cotterrell, Brittany Vinnicombe.

Front Row: Rebecca Henning

FORM II HOCKEY SQUAD
Back Row: Imaan Hassim, Aimee Roos, Bianca Steyn, Naomi Forrester-Smith, Sarah Benn, Nicola Andreani, Jemma Williams, Jordan Hartland.
Middle Row: Tessa Glyn, Jennifer Buys, Georgia Williams, Kerryn Shell ey, Chupa Mondoleka, Angeliki Koutromanos, Faatimah Tuz-Zahra Mayet, Mrs N. du Toit.

LIV HOCKEY SQUAD
Back Row: Megan Quan, Bianca Ho, Cynthia Kijjambu, Nompilo Sibisi, Annabel Fenton, Motheo Mutloane, Hannah Human, Jess
ie Schultz, Serena Mason,
Mrs M. Marescia.
Front Row: Bianca De Carvalho, Shelby Labuschagne, Falak Khan, Mont
ana Wernars, Tsholofelo Marishane,
Ashleigh Lloyd.
$fcAoo/ / Sport$
FORM III HOCKEY SQUAD
Back Row: Thandiwe Bvurere, Christie Reeves, Zanokuhle Nkosi,
Shubangi Singhala, Jennifer Murray, Sarah Fox, Alexandra Bantock, Julia
Cuthbert.
Middle Row: Talia De Mendonca, Zandizoloyiso Nduvane, Kirsten Graves,
Catherine Jackson, Andrea Maree, Tahlia Cutifani, Zuzile Ganda, Nale
di Frazier.
Front Row: Robyn Murning, Yasmeen Mahomedy, Natasha
Tenderini, Tyla Jacobs, Pebetse Nchabeleng, Adrienne Koor, Bianca Da
Molo.
FORM 1 HOCKEY SQUAD
Back Row: Mrs N. du Toit, Gabriella Heurlin, Erin Beeton, Laylaa
Omar, Kirsten Reeves, Mahlogonolo Kabi, Jessica Butcher, Claire Gafner
, Mia Gruber.
Middle Row: Sarah Jackson, Pascale Fairbairn, Georgia Wakefield, N
iyanta Lekha, Elinor Rayner, Skye McMahon, Gemma Bedford, Amanda V
erneulen.
Front Row: Julia Hope, Emily Gewer-White, Christin Chalwin-Milton, Ta
mera Wessels, Banthati Sekwala, Jessica Martin, Ashley Saayman.
JUt.
UIV HOCKEY SQUAD
Back Row: Jenna Leesam, Alejandra Murillo, Alexandra Louis,
Siobhan Reddy, Ayla-Jane Bonfils-Persson,
Kelly Calvert-Evers, Heather Buys, Melissa Flemming.
Middle Row: Ashleigh Goncalves, Alexandra Bolton,
Heather Donald, Carey Streeter, Teagyn Gracey (Capt.), Tessa Frewen (V
ice Capt.), Kirstin Leong,
Rosaline Chiu, Caitlin Mostert.
Front Row: Keren Buisson-Street, Yumna Bham, Jemma Dawson, Sara O
wen, Naadhirah Loonat, Emma Ho, Shazia Patel.
Diving
Every year, the diving season is characterized by hard work, fun, a few p
ainful 'splats', and the courage to get on the board and attempt a seemin
gly impossible dive, until it becomes not only possible, but a dive with
straight legs, pointed toes, and a champion score! This year, at Inter-Hi
gh Diving, the Roedean diving team was placed in third position, proving
that all our practices certainly paid off. This year's diving season was
also the first year that the Junior School and the Senior School did a Jo
int diving display. With over twenty under 9s and 10s scampering around a
nd splashing in the pool, Miss Raccanello struggled to co-ordinate the de
lightful display that the event ended up being. On the whole, the 2008 di
ving season can be defined as one in which Bears and Kats saw Lambs claim
the Interhouse Diving Trophy, in which there was the occasional (as Miss
Raccanello says) "prima-donnaish behaviour" on the board in the face of
a challenging dive, but, in which, most of all, we enjoyed a time filled
with laughs, fun in the sun, and success.
Paula Nagy: Diving Captain.
Waterpolo
Our newly formed waterpolo squad has grown from strength to strength in
the last year. Dedication and hard work from all the girls has contributed to success in the many tournaments and league matches in which they have participated. Owing to the girls' commitment and talent, a number of players will be participating in the Provincial Schools' Tournament. We would like to thank our coaches, Etienne le Roux and Mrs Trninic, who have played a huge role in our successes and have been there whenever we needed their support. We hope that the popularity and success of this new sport will create a legacy for the future. We wish the girls luck for next season, and hope that they will achieve as much success as the players of 2008!

Kylie Jones and Monique le Roux: Captains.

Netball: 2008

Standing beside the field on match days and watching the girls play with enthusiasm and determination, I can only be positive about the future of this sport at Roedean and confident that we will achieve successes in the years to come. If you take into consideration that this year at Interhouse Netball we had, for the first time, A, B, and C teams in each house for the under 14 and 15 teams respectively, I believe that the popularity of, and the interest in, this sport are increasing considerably. We also had some wonderful results this term. The under-15 and-17 teams reached the playoffs in their respective pools. The open team also had some success at the netball festivals, especially at the Independent Schools Festival at Durban Girls' College, where, after a long and tiresome journey by bus, then train, then bus again, we managed to win 4 out of the 5 matches we participated in, as well as beating the dreaded St Anne's, which no other Johannesburg school managed to do. So, well done to all the girls that participated in netball this year, congratulations for your wins and, as for the 'losses', just remember that they weren't losses at all. You just didn't have enough time to secure your victory! I hope that all of you stay encouraged to continue to improve your skills and that you will continue to display great sportsmanship, both on and off the court! Keep practising, guys; one of these days, I'm sure, we'll be top of the league!

Jandri van Zyl: Captain.

Athletics

This season, the athletics field was buzzing with enthusiasm and interest. The girls, despite those butterflies that always seem to fly into our stomachs as we stand in the queue anticipating our turn to compete, did brilliantly, as they all gave of their best to the team. I believe that what most of us have taken away from this season is the sheer fun that comes from participation and the addictive adrenaline rush we get as the gun sounds for our race to start or when our names are called for our turn to jump. We also learned the value of having stamina, perseverance, dedication, and the desire for self-improvement (especially at the beginning of term when jogging once around the field seems far beyond our reach). Well done to all the girls who participated this season. Remember that it isn't winning that counts, but the way we play the game!

Jandri van Zyl: Captain.

Equestrian team

2008 has been an excellent year for our Equestrian Team. Roedean was placed fifth in the SANEF Gauteng Schools' Third Qualifier. We have managed to grow the team to 9 riders, which is a considerable increase over last year's numbers. Behind the competition arena lies the real passion that the girls have for their ponies and horses. The constant training and maintaining of horses through the year takes time, effort
, and love. What magnificent creatures they are! Unfortunately, my horse was lame for the last show, and we had a few accidents in the arena, but we all continued bravely, determined to do our best.

A significant part of the success of the team is owed to the unwavering support and dedication of Sue Mclean. To her, all Roedean riders offer a heartfelt "Thank you!"

Wendy McPherson: Equestrian Captain.

Basketball 2008 is Roedean’s third year of playing basketball and the Roedean basketball teams have had another phenomenal season. This was our second season with a full squad represented by all age groups. The U14s, U15s, and U16s have all shown a great deal of potential throughout the season and they all played fantastically. The members of our 1st team have led by example, finishing this season in second place in their league. All the girls have worked really hard and have shown good sportsmanship, dedication, and enthusiasm.

The Roedean 1st team travelled to Mafikeng to participate in the ISASA Basketball Festival. Eight top schools from all over South Africa were invited to play.

We played schools that have been playing for many years, more years than we have played, but we played exceptionally well and finished fifth.

I would like to thank all the basketball players for their hard work, commitment, and support. I would also like to thank our coach, Ms Y. Lumka, for her dedication and faith in Roedean Basketball, and for showing us that basketball truly is the best sport of all.

Diana Fu: Basketball Captain

Squash

Triumph was the result of a year dominated by hard training and intense commitment. The Inter-house Squash prize was awarded to Lambs house; Roedean's first team seized victory at the Top Schools' Gauteng Tournament, and various members of the Roedean Squash community were chosen to represent Gauteng province at inter-provincial tournaments throughout the country. Of course, the usual hearty thanks must be extended to Mrs M. Taylor, our charismatic and caring coach, who made all of our accomplishments possible.

It has been an honour to captain the team throughout this successful year!

Lisa Maxton: Matric: Squash Captain.

Tennis

It was very strange to have my last tennis season at Roedean practically rained out, but it was a good season, nevertheless. My years playing tennis at Roedean have been great, filled with fun, laughter, and hard work. I have had the opportunity to play with committed, talented girls, who, despite having many other responsibilities, represented their school with pride and industry. "H2O" could not have been so successful without the support and organization of Mrs Du Toit, who looks after every single player, non-team or team, who approaches her with a racket, with enthusiasm. I would like to say good luck to the girls for the years to come, and I trust that we will get the better of Northcliff next year! Lesedi Nkambula: Tennis Captain.

Swimming

"H2O: two parts heart and one part obsession."

The season started with the arrival and welcoming of the Roedean Swimming Team. Their boundless energy and enthusiasm soon rubbed off onto everyone, and the LVs became an important part of the Roedean Swimming Team.
The Interhouse Gala was a great success this year, many girls improving their individual times and others coming close to their personal goals. It was great to see the competitive nature of the girls emerge. Another memorable experience for many of the Roedean swimmers was the Midmar Mile. For many girls, this was their first Midmar time, while others were striving to improve their times from the previous years. In their preparation for the Inter-high gala, Roedean swimmers managed to achieve a position in the top half of every gala. This was a great accomplishment, as it showed the team's consistency, as well as its will to do well!

The Inter-high Gala was a memorable event. It was great having so many supporters present; their enthusiasm gave other spectators a chance to experience the true Roedean Spirit. It is at this point that much appreciation must be given to the cheerleaders and to all of the supporters throughout the season.

We formed a happy team in which we enjoyed swimming for one another. Great team camaraderie was established from the outset, and lasted throughout the season. Many thanks must go to Mrs Rainsford, who was not only our coach, but our mentor, for giving up your precious time to train the Roedean Swimming Team. From those rainy early morning practices to the afternoons which turned into evenings, thank you. It is because of you that the team was able to improve as much as it did. Thanks must also go to Mrs Trninic and Mrs Du Toit. Thank you also for your commitment and dedication to our team.

May the Matrics that are leaving cherish the highlights of their Roedean Swimming career, and make sure that this experience stands them in good stead for the years to come.

It was an honour and a privilege to have captained such a wonderful team. Thank you to the girls for making every moment such a joyous and memorable one. I wish you much success and happiness in the future. 'Swimming: From the outside looking in, you can't understand it. From the inside looking out, you can't explain it.' - Anonymous

Sandra-Lee Bradfield: Swimming Captain.

Hockey Team

This year, the Roedean Hockey team was determined to give of its best. With the arrival of our new coach, Ms / Marion Marescia, there was much excitement as to what the season would bring. The First Team's preparations began with a tour to Stellenbosch. Here we participated in the Maties Hockey Training Camp held annually over the Easter weekend, for schools from across the country. The squad benefited greatly from the tour, and it was a brilliant opportunity to fine-tune our skills and improve our fitness for the big season ahead.

Our new skills and hard-earned fitness, we were ready for the pre-season St Mary's Hockey Festival. Here the girls exceeded all expectations and managed to achieve an impressive final placement. Filled by this newly required confidence, we enjoyed our league matches. Our performance this season was admirable. Congratulations to all of the senior players who were chosen for provincial teams. Thank you to Ms Marescia, Mrs Rainsford, and Mrs Howden for their undying commitment, encouragement, and enthusiasm. To all the players; your spirit and your dedication were fantastic. Thank you for making this season such a success! The best of luck for next season.

Rebecca Van Huyssteen: Hockey Captain.

Rock-climbing

I've often heard 'a fully rounded education' being compared to an iceberg;
most of what is actually learnt is hidden beneath the surface. Whilst our reason for going to school is to gain the best education possible, there are a number of other vital skills to be picked up along the way - if one knows where to look for them.

We have had the climbing wall in the gym for some time, but rock-climbing is a new activity at Roedean - and one which is gaining popularity fast, especially with the more adventurous juniors of the high school. We have been supplied with excellent new gear with which students may challenge themselves to reach beyond their comfort zones. Safety is taken seriously; training courses have been attended so that calculated risks can be taken within the safety limits of a controlled environment. We aim to push boundaries and to discover new horizons. Teamwork, interdependency, and trust are all important factors of climbing. The girls learn wise qualities at their own pace along the way. Besides being a good all-round form of exercise, climbing also challenges the mind. Climbers must learn to solve problems in order to complete difficult climbs, as well as to stay focused and calm in disturbing situations.

Currently, lessons are being held on Friday afternoons. Some girls have competed in competitions held at the 'Wonderwall Climbing Gym' and in the Wits Bouldering Cave at the invitation of Roedean Old Girls. We have had friend-hk competitions against St David's, both at their school and at Roedean. There have been school trips to test our skills - at Struben's Valley Cliffs or at Wonderwall. Increasing numbers of schools are becoming involved in this extraordinary new sport, and they are beginning to build teams. We are all looking forward to our first formal Interschool competition, which is to be held in October this year. Good luck to those climbers!


Junior Hockey
The overall standard of hockey in the Junior School improved tremendously this year. Roedean participated in the Private Schools' League. Each age group, apart from the Lower IVs, fielded two teams and each team played six matches.

The results of the A-teams were as follows:
Form 2A - Won 5, Lost 1 Form 3A - Won 4, Lost 1, Drew 1
LIV A - Won 1, Lost 4, Drew 1 UIVA - Won 5, Lost 1

The highlight of the season was the wonderful week-end for Lower and Upper IVs at the Riverside Sun. The experience gained on this tour was fantastic. The Form Is participated in a festival at APPS which they thoroughly enjoyed. Roedean hosted a Grade 2 and Form 1 Hockey Festival, with seven schools participating, which offered our young players invaluable experience.

Teagyn Gracey: Captain

Junior Water Polo
The Water Polo Squad had a most successful season. Jamie Ruiters, Savannah Roy, Heather Buys, and Megan Harper were selected for the Gaute U13 Girls' Water Polo Provincial Team. They will compete in Schools National Water Polo Tournament in East London in December. The day of the trials was one of the coldest days of the year, which made their selection an even sweeter achievement.

We applaud Mrs. Trninic for teaching us and developing our skills so that we could achieve at the highest level. Thank you also to Mr. Le Roux for taking the time to coach us.

We had a most enjoyable season, beating St Dominic's U13 Team 5-2 and losing to St John's U13 and Kingsmead's U14 teams, but each girl worked
d extremely hard and gained in strength and independence, both in and out of the water. We congratulate the girls on their achievements and look forward to training with the Senior School next year.

Catherine Gordon-Grant: Captain and Paola Koki: Vice-captain Junior Netball

The netball teams had a very fulfilling and interesting season, in which many of us achieved our goals. We are grateful that Roedean sent us to the Netball Camp. We all enjoyed it and it helped us to see how privileged we are to play netball. We wish all netball players in the junior teams all the best for next season. Thanks to all the teachers for taking the time to coach us.

Netball results 2008

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<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>U9A</th>
<th>U9B</th>
<th>U10A</th>
<th>U10B</th>
<th>U11A</th>
<th>U11B</th>
<th>U11C</th>
<th>U12A</th>
<th>U12B</th>
<th>U12C</th>
<th>U13A</th>
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<tr>
<td>Won</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
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<td>4</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>Lost</td>
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<td>3</td>
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Catherine Gordon-Gran: Captain and Paola Koki: Vice-captain Athletics

The 2008 Athletics' Season was yet another challenge for our girls to show their determination and commitment. After a slow start, the athletes got into their stride and competed well in each age group.

Field events proved to be our team’s strongest point. Special mention needs to be made of Loan Heilner who remains unbeaten in the High Jump event, Megan Harper and Montana Wernars who showed great talent in the High Jump, and Catherine Gordon Grant who excelled in Shot Put. Our thanks go to all the parents who took the time to cheer us on at the competitions, to our drivers, Mr. Isaac Selemela and Mr. Lloyd Selola, who drove us safely to each event, and to our teachers, Miss Musi, Mrs. Rainsford and Mrs. Trninic for their commitment and encouragement.

Results:
- 12 September at St Stithian's
- 3 October at Brescia
- 19 September at St Andrew's
- 26 October at St Mary's 307 Brescia house 294 Holy Rosary 207 Roedean 200 St Andrew's 134 St Andrew's 503 Roedean 420 Assumption 409 Brescia House 178 St Stithian's 178 Roedean 100

Loan Heilner: Captain and Ngozi Olojede: Vice-captain Junior Squash

This year, our Squash team realized their potential and performed admirably at every fixture. It was wonderful to see how their game matured throughout the season. Three girls were chosen to play for the Gauteng Provincial team, Paola Koki, Divasha Moodley and Kirstin Leong (as a non-travelling reserve). The girls always displayed great sportsmanship and their behavior made Roedean proud. We thoroughly enjoyed this season and look forward to an even better one next year.

Divasha Moodley: Captain

Junior Basketball

Basketball was a great success this year. At the end of the second term, we said good bye to our coach, Miss Yoliswa Lumka, and would like to thank her for introducing the sport to us. To our new coach, Miss Kagiso Musi, welcome Madam and we hope you enjoy working at Roedean. We are delighted to have you.

Our seniors made us proud; Loan Heilner, Ngozi Olojede and Teagyn Gra
cey were chosen to play with the U14 Team. I hope next year's Lowers and Uppers will show the same enthusiasm as we did this year.

Lethabo Khaas: Captain

Junior Diving

Diving this year was busy and great fun! In the first term, we put on our annual diving display and chose worthy captains. The display was successful as we had put many hours of diligent work into making it the best we could. In the second term we did fitness training as it is too cold to dive at that time of year and, unfortunately, the trampoline was broken. Our fitness and strength work paid off in the third term - we can now really jump high! We were very sad to say goodbye to our captain, Ethel Kiggundu, as she left for Canada. We miss her dearly. In the third term, Ngozi Olojede stepped into the breach as vice-captain, doing a sterling job together with Teagyn, the captain. We are now back to diving in the pool and are doing our best to learn new dives and perfect old ones, in time for our Interschools' Prestige Championship. We look forward to doing very well.

Teagyn Gracey: Captain, Ngozi Olojede: Vice-captain and Ms Raccanele: Coach

This has been a year of exciting discoveries and challenges, spurred on by the increasing pace of change and new styles of learning and teaching. chreffele* with an extended day, enhanced our sporting opportunities and provided greater cultural exposure for our girls, particularly in music and the performing arts. It also created time for an additional chapel service and opportunities to align our ethos with the strengths and values of the Anglican Jaith.

Staff development was ongoing, offering a variety of workshops on creativity, thinking skills, white board initiatives, IT Skills, cross-curricular projects including eco-links, and an overview of different learning styles. Many of our teachers attended curriculum workshops with other IEB schools and some were involved in setting aspects of the Preparatory Schools' Shared Assessment, which our Upper IV girls wrote in the third term. A team of Senior Phase teachers was instrumental in setting the IEB Grade 6 Core Skills Assessment, which is written nationally each year. We also made curriculum links with the Senior School each term, to build continuity and to foster new ideas. The Junior School staff was involved in a workshop, run by Estelle Nell, an assessment specialist with the IEB, which provided excellent training in the design, content, and evaluation of assessment tasks. This parallel process of learning for staff was most enlightening and emphasized the importance of reflecting on our thinking and practice, in line with the fast-paced change in education globally.

A special thank you goes to Mrs Brenda Howden, our Curriculum Director, for her passion and energy in sustaining this initiative.

Our Discovery Zone was a hub of energy, ideas and thinking throughout the day. The inter-curricular approach to learning fostered the development of research skills, IT and internet skills, and optimum use of the variety of resources available. The Literature Circles, Inter-School Quiz and S
John's-Roedean Family Literacy Evening continued to sustain a depth and love of reading. The library's excellent reading resources were well utilized.

Music, Art, and Drama continued to flourish. Our choirs participated in a variety of choral experiences at the Linder Auditorium, including the Johannesburg Festival Orchestra, the Ridge Choir Festival, Easter and Christmas Services, and the St John's Pre-Prep Carols by Candle Light Service. Our Flute, String, Djembe, Marimba, Recorder groups, and the Junior School Orchestra grew in depth and talent, engendering in the young musicians a great love of music.

Our Upper Junior play, 'Child of Africa', workshopped by the girls, creatively scripted by Ms Avril Cummins, and directed by Ms Hybre Meyer and the Junior School staff, was a sincere reflection of the girls' perceptions of the variety of cultural richness within our community and the importance of building these bridges of understanding. Our Form II Soiree/Rubbish to Riches', was a powerful review of the value of our eco-curriculum and the vital importance of preserving our fragile planet.

Our focus on sportmanship and participation, enhanced by the extra time in the sports' curriculum, developed the depth and talent of our girls. Hockey, Tennis, Netball, Swimming, Diving, Cross Country, Athletics, Water Polo and Basketball in Upper IV provided the girls with opportunities to develop a love of sport. We are very proud of a number of our pupils who were selected for provincial sporting teams. Our Family Sports' morning, where parents, staff and pupils participated with wonderful energy and enthusiasm in hockey, tennis, netball, volleyball, croquet and boulle, proved to be a most successful and spirited community morning. Our Mini-Maranthon, Community Fun Day and Upper IV Entrepreneurial Market encouraged wonderful spirit and teamwork amongst the girls, staff and parents.

Our St Margaret's Sports Day was a happy, shared celebration. It was a privilege to have Mrs Peta Woolcott, a great friend and supporter of the school, as our guest of honour. Her delight in sharing in this celebration and the support of Mrs Mary Williams and the Senior School Exco were much appreciated. The camaraderie and team spirit made it a memorable and very joyous event.

As I reflect on another wonderful year at Roedean, with so many varied and rich experiences, I would like to share some ideas about the real essence and spirit of school life. No matter how old or how experienced you are, you can always learn something from a child. It is often the small moments of daily school life - a shared story, a touch, or a hug - that make life meaningful and remarkable. It is that act of love and sharing, no matter how big or small, which is always appreciated. It is important never to underestimate a child's ability and to be aware that grades on reports do not predict success in life. Often the most valuable learning in the curriculum is when children of different cultures and ages work and play happily and co-operatively. The most important aspect of teaching is not what you say, or do, but how you make a child feel. We strive to develop the whole child and to create a school where listening is as important as learning. We strive to nurture children who will be able to experience loss and failure and who will understand that success in problem solving is not only in what they have accomplished, but also in how they have faced it.
As the year draws to a close, we extend a number of sincere thanks. Our appreciation goes to our wonderful and enthusiastic team of Class Mothers, who, in so many different ways, gave of their time, expertise, and warm friendship. Thank you to the PTA ladies, under the leadership of Mrs Clare Mitchell, for their support of the Junior School, as well as their financing of new school initiatives, and to our parent community, whose support of the school and staff is so appreciated.

I thank the Junior School teachers for their support, commitment, and the extraordinary passion with which they take on every challenge. I extend a warm thank you to all our Support Staff, who sustain the beauty around us and so efficiently facilitate the planning and organization of our many school events. Special thanks go to Mrs Sylvia Bruins and Miss Sharon Antonizzi, who, with such humour, compassion, and competence, cope with the varying and ever-demanding needs of the Junior School. To Mrs Brenda Howden, Miss Margie Allsop, and Mrs Tessa Dix, your sustained support, commitment, care, and concern for our community are deeply appreciated.

My heartfelt thanks also go to Mrs Mary Williams for her interest and unwavering support of the Junior School and to Mrs Philippa Sauvenier for her concern and wise advice, given so generously to the Junior School.

Mrs J R Malien: Junior School Headmistress

Montana Wernars was awarded Gauteng colours for Diving and came second in Ijfer 12 at the South African Primary Schools' Aquatics Naffinal Championships. She was presented with a long service award for achieving Gauteng colours for five years in a row. Montana also competed against Malaysia in the Jozi International Rhythmic Gymnastics Competition and came fifth.

Ethel Kiggundu and Loan Heilner were selected for the Central Gauteng Junior National Team to dive at the South African National Championships.

Claire Butler was awarded the Ella IjLdfeitre Academic Scholarship and Annette Mostert was awarded the Dr Anne Cleaver Academic Scholarship, both for Roedean Senior School in 2Q09.

Paola Koki and Divasha Moodley were selected for the Gauteng U 13 B Squash Team. Paola was also selected as goalkeeper for the Gauteng U13 Hockey Team.

Heather Buys, Jamie Ruiters, Savannah Roy; and Megan Harper were selected for the U13 A Gauteng Water Polo Team and will compete at the Schools' National Tournament in East London in December.

Rumbidzai Bvurere was selected to represent Gauteng at the South African National Junior Chess Championships to be held in Potchefstroom in December.

Kathryn Reeve and Pascale Fairbairn were selected to represent All Styles Karate South Africa at the 6th W.K.C (World Karate Confederation) World Cup for Juniors 2008 Championships held in Novo Mesto, Slovenia, in October. Pascale came 4th overall in Kata and won gold in Kumite in her category. Natalia Perdikis won silver in Kumite in her category.

Natalia Perdikis was awarded the Royal Academy Ballet Bursary for Grade 5, which goes to the top Grade 5 student in Gauteng. She also won her sections in the Gauteng Dance Festival and in The Ballet Festival, as adjudged best Demi Character, 9 Years and under 13 Years, at The Concours de Ballet Festival, and won the Junior Championships, 9 Years and under 13 Years, in The Ballet Festival.
Olivia Parfitt.
/Jnr School Achievements -
Kathryn Reeve and Pascale Fairbairn.
Jamie Ruiters, Megan Harper, Savannah Roy and Heather Buys.
Montana Wernars.
Divasha Moodley. Paola Koki.

Olivia Parfitt was selected as one of six finalists who will attend classes at the South African Ballet Theatre Academy for a year, in preparation for the prestigious Val Whyte Bursary Competition in 2009. At the Gauteng Dance Festival, Olivia was awarded Best All Round Dancer, Best Classical Dancer and Championship Winner. At the Concours de Ballet Festival, she was adjudged best Demi Character, Most Promising Dancer, and Championship Winner in her section.

Claire Butler and Annette Mostert.
The annual production, Child of Africa, explored our cultural diversity. The play celebrated the heritage of the many cultures represented at Roedean. It allowed our girls to learn from other cultures - their religions, customs and heritage. The play coincided with the period of unrest in June, when many non-indigenous cultures found themselves threatened. It created awareness about how each culture contributes uniquely to a 'South African' identity.

Ms H Meyer: Music Teacher and Ms A Cummins: Drama Teacher
Child of Africa was about a young girl, called Zero, who wakes up to find herself in a strange place. She has forgotten her identity. She is discovered by a group of friends who decide to expose her to a variety of cultural experiences, in the hope that she will find out who she really is. Zero enjoys the encounters, but is troubled by the strong divisions she senses between cultures. Through her journey, she finds a new identity and realizes that she is a part of every culture.
The play made me stop and think how each culture contributes uniquely to a South African identity, and how truly exciting our country is.

Olivia Parfitt: Upper IV
Our Adventures at Kloofwaters
"We went climbing over rocks and up mountains, abseiling and trying to catch tadpoles and frogs. There was even a treasure hunt in which we had to find objects such as candles, benches and live spiders! Unfortunately, Julia was bitten whilst trying to catch one! We all enjoyed it terribly."

Lisa Rahman: Form III
The Form Ills faced many challenges at Kloofwaters Camp. They learnt how to collaborate in groups and apply problemsolving skills in a range of exciting outdoor adventures.

Upper IV Leadership Camp at Kloofwaters
The Kloofwaters Camp saw our Upper IV girls reflecting on the fundamentals of leadership. They gained insights into themselves and others when put through physically and mentally challenging activities. In the wise words of Henry Ford, "Coming together is a beginning. Keeping together is progress. Working together is success" This epitomized our Upper IVs of 2008.

Margie Allsop
"We did a range of activities, from bridge and raft building, bum sliding, completing an obstacle course, to reaching the top of the gum tree, making use of a human pyramid. Teamwork helped us learn to work together in order to achieve success."

Megan Kenney: Upper IV
ffioedeem 0cAao/ / Adventure Camps -
The Ubungani Wilderness Experience took us to Botshabelo outside Middleburg. We learnt about leadership qualities - integrity, dedication, generosity of spirit, humility, openness and creativity. All of us can lead, be it from the front, the middle or from behind.

"Ndebele plate painting gave us the opportunity to sit and concentrate. We basked in new experiences - cheeky monkeys, squishy, chocolatey mud fights, daytime heat, nighttime sky, ghosts and compasses, sandwiches and slippery spaghetti, chicken that never tasted so good, hot chocolate on tap, showers at a premium and beds-a-dream."

Lower IVs
Bush Pigs
The Form IIs spent an exciting and challenging three days at the Bush Pigs Environmental Camp. In line with our Roedean initiative to reduce our carbon footprint, the focus was on conserving precious resources and on recycling.

"We arrived and went to the mess tent for scones and juice, then it was off to see Captain, the Cape Griffin Vulture. The treasure hunt, bingo, and hot chocolate made a perfect end to a tiring day! After breakfast, we made mascots or went on a mountain hike. We had fun doing the Mudsticks Course and ended the day at the campfire circle, roasting marshmallow s." Kerryn Shelley: Form II

Literature
The promotion of reading has been central to the Junior School curriculum planning this year and the renewed vigour with which the girls are approaching literature and reflecting on their reading is evidence that this initiative is bearing fruit.

Our Celebration Week of Literature and Science started off with a dress-up and our annual, highly-contested literature quizzes. The depth and breadth of the girls' responses reflected their love of reading. 'Hooked on Books' again inspired our girls to read, as did the range of titles on display from the Travelling Bookshop.

The St John's Family Literature Quiz at the end of Term 2 was a wonderful evening, celebrating literature and rewarding readers. Visits by well-known authors are always an inspiration. A group of Roedean girls met world-renowned children's author, Eoin Colfer, creator of the Artemis Fowl series. Our Lower and Upper pupils had the privilege of meeting famous South African storyteller, Gcina Mhlophe. They were captivated by her deep, earthy tales of the creatures of the wild. A highlight was the much-awaited visit to Roedean by Meg Cabot, who enthralled our girls with her address about her new 'Allie Finkle' series for younger readers.

We also entered two teams in the annual Kids' Lit Quiz, a highly-contested, international literature quiz, hosted by New Zealand academic and book lover, Wayne Mills. One team achieved 3rd place.

The introduction of Reading Circles, as part of the English Curriculum, has met with much success, especially in the girls' quantity and quality of choices, as well as their written and oral responses to literature.

Gill Murdoch: Teacher Librarian
St. John's Family Literature Quiz
The questions ranged from boys' literature to girls' literature, children's literature to adult literature, manga comics to well-loved classics, as well as special bonus questions for certain age groups to answer. (You could win a bar of chocolate if you answered these questions.) I thought that my team, The Magical Unicorns, was quite strong, because we had peop
le who read from different genres of literature.

Caitlin Mostert: Upper IV

Focus

My vision for teaching Science is that the girls will be able to reason scientifically and be able to participate in public debate about issues that affect their lives, such as our energy crisis, ecological issues that threaten our environment and HIV and AIDS. Roedean Junior Science registered this year as an Eco-School. Our aim is to obtain the Green Flag which will enable us to work towards the International Flag. The themes we chose were Local and Global Issues, Resource Use, and Nature and Biodiversity. Some of our co-curricular projects included the tagging of many trees in the Roedean garden, doing litter audits, registering for the owl box project, X making an earthworm farm, organising walks in The Wilds, the Ronnie Recycling Initiative, and the Collect-A-Can Competition. Being an Eco-School also involved cross-curricular tasks and assembly topics in line with the above issues.

Our Celebration Week of Science and Literature was, again, a great success.

The fascinating Science presentation by Barry Myers, the planetarium visit, and the entertaining and informative walk through the Roedean gardens with Mrs Anne Lorentz and Kirsten Pohl were real highlights, as was the fascinating tree talk by Patrick Glynn.

T J de Klerk, Anne Lorentz, Kirsten Pohl and the Form III girls were involved in tagging the trees of the Roedean gardens, thus sharing the wealth of knowledge that Mrs Lorentz possesses. Our sincere thanks go to these ambassadors of our Eco Team.

Gill Reid: Science Teacher

My favourite thing about the Planetarium was the stars that connected into pictures and it was interesting how the cavemen worked out time. I also enjoyed how they named the days of the week using planets.

Georgina Crichton-Grubb: Form II

I enjoyed the Science show because of the experiment with real lightning. It gave me such a fright! The rock with the ultraviolet light was definitely the highlight.

I also enjoyed the tree walk with Mrs Lorentz, because I learned so much about trees. I learned how to tell if a tree is male or female.

Charne Vermaak: Form II

I enjoyed the walk because I learned about different tree species with Mrs Lorentz. My favourite tree was the Laurel Magnolia, which has lovely, fragrant white flowers. I learned that the Maidenhair tree, with its interesting fan shaped leaves, was here before mankind.

Jessica Batchelor: Form II

Science Fair Success!

This year’s science fair was full of surprises. There were bangs, blasts and even sizzles! Some of the experiments were quite unusual and scary, especially the kidneys which we probed and poked. Not many people could do our experiment. You had to write your name upside-down and the wrong way around (as it would look like in a mirror.)

Jenna Rosmarin: Upper IV

Shocking Science

Candia and Lamia show how the kidney works.

Fatimaah Demonstrates the Properties of air

Lisa Rahman bonding with Toffee, our indulged lab rat!

^Toedea/n 0e/uÅ«i/ C03?Æ) / Science Focus â€—
Our first Integrated Curriculum Day with St John's was extremely successful and was thoroughly enjoyed by all the pupils. The Grade 3, 4 and 5 St John’s boys joined our girls at Roedean, while the Lowers and Uppers went across the bridge to join the boys. The activities for the day centered on an 'Olympic' theme. The Form 1s completed a mini Olympic project, followed by an obstacle course through the Grade 0 playground, ending with the presentation of medals. The Form II girls prepared a presentation on various countries participating in the Beijing Olympics and also dressed in the national costume of their chosen country and provided delightful accompanying food. They competed their day competing with the boys in a Mini Olympics. The Form II is worked in mixed teams to perform an Olympics Drama improvisation. The Lowers and Uppers worked in mixed teams to complete a General Knowledge Quiz and an Amazing Race Challenge around the St John's property. We look forward to this becoming a regular feature in our calendar.

Jodenn Cross-Curricular Day

Arose amongst the thorns!

Arose among the Chair Game!

Casual Day

Roedean girls and staff parade their bandanas, bought in support of the Sunflower Fund’s National Bandana Day. The proceeds are used in the search for possible bone marrow donors to aid those with leukaemia and other blood disorders. Casual Day was a joyous occasion, with pupils and staff dressing up in a "Spring" theme. The money collected will go to The National Council for Persons with Physical Disabilities in South Africa (NCPDPSA).

For the Maths Department, 2008 has been a most exciting year. Many of the initiatives started in previous years have begun to pay dividends. Mathematics, an online Mathematics programme, has been a popular addition, and many of the girls have enjoyed pitting their skills against children from all over the world.

The Maths Festival saw children from different schools convening at Roedean to compete in a variety of problem-solving challenges. The Lower and Upper IVs were invited to the Kingsmead Maths Fest, and enjoyed the experience of mixing with Maths whizzes from other schools.

Jad de Lange: Junior School Mathematics Co-ordinator

The Junior Maths Festival was challenging and fun at the same time. The hard sums were fun for our brains. Before we started the Maths Fest, we had butterflies in our tummies and our heads were spinning. We think we did well, even though it was very noisy, with everyone debating their answers. We had lots of challenging fun!

Brittany Vinnicombe and Faatimah Mayet: Form II

We enjoyed all the challenges of the Maths Fest and learnt to work with people we didn't know... Even though there was a 1st, 2nd and 3rd place, we were all winners at the end, and were rewarded with delicious CHOCOLATES! Katelyn Pye, Christie Reeves and Samhaa Seedat: Form III
The Senior Maths Festival was an amazing opportunity to meet new people, as we were not allowed to work with our friends. It had a wonderful, friendly atmosphere. My group worked together well, but some other groups found it hard. I had a really great time and met some interesting people. I am sure everyone felt the same.

Candia Carr: Lower IV
Maths Fest
Chess
The Chess Club has a lot to be proud of. The first match saw Roedean be at The Ridge and St. Katherine's, then lose by a very small margin to A PPS, St. Stithian's and The Ridge.

Our new coach, Thabo Mohale - a final year L.L.B. student at Wits who represented South Africa at the World University Championships and the African Universities' Championships - oversees practices on Mondays. We are delighted by the turnout of girls at this early morning slot. Our 28 St Margaret's girls are readily learning new moves, while our 18 senior girls are applying new strategies in their matches.

Catherine Donald, Chess Captain, and her two deputies, Gabriella Pitcher and Katherine Perdikis, are to be commended on their organisational abilities and for guiding the girls so competently.

Margie Allsop: Chess Co-ordinator
Chess players with new coach, Thabo Mohale.
At the start of the second term, a national provincial chess player, Thabo Mohale, from Wits University, came to coach any junior girls who were interested in playing chess. He has been very helpful in teaching us new and unusual openings and strategies.

Chess is a truly remarkable game. It not only teaches you to think quickly but also improves your memory.

Katherine Perdikis: Upper IV

During the course of the year, we used different areas of the school programme to expose our girls to entrepreneurial activities.

In the first term, the Upper IV girls sold a variety of food and clothing items at the Swimathon and they ran a tuckshop at the Junior School Hockey Festival. The money raised from these events will go towards their end-of-year gift to the school.

The Lower IV girls were given the opportunity to be creative and sell items at the Family Fun Day held on Saturday, 26 July. A tremendous amount of fun was had by all and hopefully the girls learnt a great deal about finding the gap in the market and collaborating in groups.

In the third term, the Upper IV girls had an opportunity to set up stalls and experience a market day at the Mini Marathon and Spring Festival. It was a tremendous learning experience for them all. It is pleasing to note that all groups managed to make a profit (even if it was only R9 each),
and most of the friendships remained intact! The Form III girls were exposed to a similar opportunity at a juniors swimming gala hosted at the end of Term 3.

Dog
Playful, energetic,
Smiling, yapping, jumping. He keeps barking at the gate. Spot
Charne Vermaak

Honey
Yellowy syrup Sweet, sticky,
Gooey, golden trails Dripping thickly on pancakes. Honey
Faatimaah-Tuz Mayet

Form II
OUR SCIENCE SHOW
I enjoyed the Science Show. I thought it was interesting that one strike of lightning is billions of volts of power and that if you get a piece of toilet roll and rub it on a light, yopiWe it glow. Lightning is likely to strike in the same place but it does not, because the air has already been electrified. We learned that UV waves can damage your skin. Too many X-rays, the stars and the sun send out UV waves. We were shown a detector that senses these waves. Every time a wave hit earth, the detector would beep and when he tested it with a certain type of rock, it beeped non-stop. I learned a lot from Mr Myers and I really like Science.
Sarah Benn
I think that the Science display was amazing. I did not know that atoms burst every second, or that you can make fake lightning with static electricity. I also did not suspect that the rainbow is connected with ultraviolet. All in all, I think that it was inspiring.
Mary Butler

Waterfall
I hear the crashing sounds.
I feel a splash on my face As it rains from the cliffs. Natasha Rajak

124

Boat Race
Picture yourself. You are excited and nervous. The whole island is watching you. Paddles flashing, you guide your canoe over foaming white water, swerving around rocks, through waves and over cascades. You have to win. You absolutely, positively and utterly have to win! Kerryn Shelley

Spring
Warm April sunrise.
Tender green shoots pierce the soil, Aiming for the sun.
Natalia Perdikis

Hippo
Giant water monster,
Clomping, swimming, grunting. As huge as a whale. Hippopotamus.
Tessa Glynn

She reminds me of the sparkling winter season,
The noon time of the day, when the sun is shining. Touching her is like tumbling into a cozy cot,
With the scent of sweet smelling baby cream.
She reminds me of a lamb, asleep next to her mother. Her light green aura brings a huge smile to my face. My precious baby sister.
Jemma Williams

The Cave
Stuck in a deep, dark cave, we crept along the narrow tunnel. Groping o
ur way ahead, dodging stalagmites, stalactites and low-flying bats, we
inched forward. While sloshing through the damp gloom, a white figure a
ppeared and screamed.
Jessica Batchelor
My Dad, Kevin
He reminds me of a warm summer's day at the Vaal.
The hot morning, just before noon.
Hugging him is like curling up in my warm bed.
His gentle eyes remind me of a lion cub chasing a butterfly.
He reminds me of the calming colour, aqua.
His sweet scent shows how loving he is.
Sarah Vyvyan-Day
Pamela
Warm, happy.
Cuddling, helping, caring.
There, whenever I need her.
Mom
Laura Robinson
Andrew
Cheerful, mine.
Rides, hugs, smiles.
Looking out for me.
Dad.
Laura Robinson Summer
The sun's shining face Beams down on seaside swimmers, As foamy wav
es crash.
Marina Obregon
Waterfalls
Fast flowing river Crashing over the high cliff, Dropping down below.
Sarah Vyvyan-Day
Lab Rat
Soft, active, Scampering, running, His claws tickle me.
Marina Obregon
/ Form II ~
125
Winter
Snow flakes falling down, Ice-skating on the cold ice,
Wind blowing gently. Carmen-Daisy Wesson
Moonlight
Moonlit forest grove.
Silver beams melting in the night, Streaming through the air,
Mary Butler
Rain
Rain falls on the roof.
A lullaby in my sleep.
Pitter, patter, pit.
Brittany Vinnicombe
My Clock
My clock goes tick-tick.
My clock is as annoying As my brother.
That's why, sometimes,
I don't even bother Trying to turn it off.
Aimee Roos
Nanny
Beautiful, lovable.
Baking, working, caring.
Her arms are mainly for hugging.
Grandma
Natasha France
Parent
Round, tough,
Loving, cycling, building.
His arms are for me.
Dad
Sarah Benn Autumn
Orange, yellow, red.
Leaves dance as the wind blows strong' They fall to the ground.
Imaan Hassim
Wind
A rustling of leaves Howling around the corners,
Knocking on my door.
Bianca Steyn
Shoes
Walking into the shop. Something catches my eye.
A shoe, a shoe!
It makes me want to pop!
So comfortable! So fashionable! A shoe, a shoe!
I think I'm in love!
Alycia Samsudin
Acrostic Poem
And so I was born Night dark and silent Gushing into this world Eventually in Form Two Lots of work Intense timetable Keeping it up Into life
Angeliki Koutramanous
Willows
Whispers in the wind.
Soft and sweet sounds in the air, Lovely as the roses.
Emily Cotterrel
Free Verse
My favourite spot makes me happy. When I am cold, it makes me warm. Sitting there reading a book, how cozy. When my dog starts barking,
I have lost my happy place,
My special place in the living room,
So, so warm.
Anesu Shoko
Cinquain
Mom.
Beautiful, kind,
Loving, reading, driving. Her arms encircle me. Mommy
Charne Vermaak
~ @doedea/n (gtfp/uwl / Form II ~
Darkness
In the black of the night,
Soaring swiftly, silently,
Like a terrifying creature that makes You tremble.
As scary as life itself.
Alexandra Bantock
form
Mythical Poems Form III
In the Green of the Loch
The Loch Ness monster lurks low in the waters of the loch.
Marvellous, mysterious monster, he may never be seen.
He's always a silent creature in the dark. Meeting him is what I would not like to do.
At night I can hear the people’s screams. Samhaa Seedat

Wild Wyvern
In the light of the moon,
After the sun has gone down, It seeks for a victim As it circles the sky.
It ducks and dives,
Like an acrobat up high, Leaving me lifeless As it leaps into the distance
. Katelyn Pye

Ghost Ship
I sail swiftly through the midnight mist. Then suddenly it dears,
As if someone has turned on a giant fan.
A ship appears, like a shape in the distance.
We pull up against the side, no one on board.
A cloud passes over the moon. Darkness, a storm blows over,
And the ship is gone.
Julia Cuthbert

Dark Mystery
In the black of the night, In the eye of the storm,
It drifts about in the Loch, Gliding and disappearing, Haunting my dreams.
Bianca Da Molo

My Loch Creature
Ducking and diving into the depths, Swimming in the darkness,
The creature lurks in our dreams.
A lumbering giant.
Is it a myth or a mystery?
Tyla Jacobs

My Mythical Creature
It comes from the mountains And haunts my dreadful dreams.
It makes me shiver,
Like a terrible caterwaul cry at night. I wake up in a state of fright
In the middle of the night.
Raeesa Bham

Snow Beast
In the heavenly snow
A roar meets my ears,
Like the sound of thunder In the high Himalayan mountains. Giant footsteps sink into the snow
While a shiver runs up my spine Leaving me cold and alone. Christie Reeves

My Mystical Creature
In the light of the moon,
While the wind whistles,
I hear a stomp and a gaggle.
I see a footprint, as large as a giant's. I stand in the cold snow Waiting for another chance
For a sighting of my Yeti.
Natasha Tenderini

The Black Lake Creature
When there is no moon And no stars to light up the path,
It slips silently and slides into the water, Like an evil runaway beast.
I lie awake frightened,
As my lake creature glides away,
Faraway
Tahlia Cutifani

cnmeâ€¢
Small,
Yet dangerous.
Nimble
Ornitholestes,
Running across the land, Swiftly,
Coelophysis
Small,
Fast,
Noisy
Coelophysis,
Quickly catching its prey,
Deviously,
Cunningly,
Like a sly jackal.
I'm Glad you're not on earth anymore Coelophysis,
Noisy coelophysis.
Christie Reeves
Diplodocus
Scary,
Terrifying,
Gigantic
Diplodocus
Lumbered across the desert,
Slowly,
Heavily,
As solid as lead.
I love how it moved gracefully. Diplodocus,
Peaceful diplodocus.
Sarah Fox
As fast as a Ferrari. Why did you disappear Ornitholestes? Samhaa Seed
at
('Aofv/ett/i ('Jr/co/ / Form I
130
@Toec/eM @fcAo#I fQX(J'0 / Form I
Tyrannosaurus Rex
Scary,
Enormous Tyrannosaurus Rex,
Twisting its neck.
Flexible,
Powerful,
Like a big wheel.
It's sad it disappeared. Tyrannosaurus Rex, Humongous Tyrannosaurus
. Rumaanah Hajee
Camptosaurus
Ancient,
Unique
Camptosaurus
Roams fearlessly across the planet Gracefully,
Like a train starting up. Fascinating, how you survived Camptosaurus,
Graceful Camptosaurus. Catherine Jackson
Tyrannosaurus Rex
Huge,
Vicious,
Large.
Tyrannosaurus Rex,
Moving angrily through the forest 
Slowly walking, 
As big as an elephant. 
I feel curious about this animal. Tyrannosaurus Rex, 
Ancient 
Tyrannosaurus Rex. 
Alexandra Bantock 
Synodon 
Fast, 
Small, 
Cute 
Synodon, 
Running to catch its prey, Swiftly, 
Quickly. 
As quick as a cheetah. 
Your are extinct and I am sad Synodon, 
Cute Synodon. 
Robyn Murning 
Tyrannosaurus Rex 
Terrifying, 
Strong, 
Dangerous Tyrannosaurus Rex, 
Storming into the forest Powerfully. 
Intimidating 
Powerfully. 
As mighty as a tanker. Tyrannosaurus Rex, 
Terrifying, Tyrannosaurus Rex. Kimay Ramnarain 
Cynodant 
Small, 
Dog like, 
Hairy 
Cynodant, 
Wiggling into its burrow, Skillfully, 
Swiftly, 
As small as a dog. 
I'm sad that you left the earth Cynodant, 
Tiny Cynodant. 
Claudia Smith 
Brachiosaurus 
Giant, 
Herbivorous, 
Fearless 
Brachiosaurus, 
Loping along Heavily, 
Determinedly, 
As big as a house. 
You frighten me, Fearless Brachiosaurus, Giant 
Brachiosaurus. 
Lisa Rahman 
Triceratops 
Mighty but gentle, 
Slowly grazing, 
Softly chewing, 
Very slowly, 
As slow as a rhino.
Wish it had stayed on earth. Triceratops,
A gentle giant,
Triceratops.
Gina Fitzpatrick-Niven
Tyrannosaurus
Largest
Carnivorous
Predator,
Tyrannosaurus Rex.
Massive, balanced by a long tail, Powerful,
Large,
Like a hunting leopard.
Admirable for its size,
Tyrannosaurus Rex,
Powerful.
Tyla Jacobs
Stars at night
It is midnight,
When the stars shine bright.
It is a beautiful sight,
To see the twinkling light.
I feel like taking a flight,
Throughout the night,
To touch the stars to my heart's delight, Until it's daylight.
Sejal Dulabh
Iguanodon
Small,
Fast,
Bird-hipped
Iguanodon,
Running long distances, Energetically,
Powerfully,
Swift, like a Ferrari.
I wish you were still on earth Iguanodon,
Fast Iguanodon.
Adrienne Koor
My Beautiful Kite
What a beautiful kite,
In the deep night,
In all the shades of white, Look at the colours so bright. Oh what a wonder ful kite,
It feels and looks so right,
In this beautiful night,
With all the parts so light. Zandi Nduvane
/Form III
Adrienne
Koor
Kirsten Grave
Raeesa
Bham
Kita French-von Willi*
Katelyn Pye
Zuzile Ganda
Pebetse
Nchabeleng
latasha Tenderini
tobyn Murning
Papier mache fruit and vegetables. Media - newspaper, glue, acrylic paint , varnish
Alex
Bantock
Aaliyah Buksh
Christie
Reeves
Bianca da Molo
Jordan King
Ceramic flower dishes. These were designed and hand made by the children to look like real flowers. Media - clay, ceramic paints.
(^loer/ean
/Form III Art
Catherine
Jackson
Claudia Smith
ower IV
The Storm
"The storm is gelng worse. This isJstffy Whineslot, reporting from Dallas, raftoe a raging tornado isjjj;avelling at 130 km an hour. If you are wat ching this, ta%@ver because this is as wild and mad as a squirrel and hisn afrMglrttintffie, as you can see, is the ^^Bfcojtjttoltornado. We are go l^Rr into the ffignmil storm right now. Yoirjffight think I'm crazy! aÅ»KA ^ttere:aFey6u gbng? Weli, there goes my camera crew. It looks as if I'm on my own. It's going at a pretty rapid speed and looks de athly."
"Very windy, I should say. But I'm sure I'll make it, I hope! I'm not too sure but I think I'm in what's left of Rustle Lane. The tornado is coming closer, probably 20 metres away, but I think in the next 20 minutes this w hole place will cease to exist and everyone who lives here will perish. Wh o knows when the storm itself will abate? Hopefully soon."
"I really should take cover, but this is what I do and what I'm paid for, an d no one is getting between me and my money. m even a deadly tornado that is about to kill me. It's as huge as Mt Kilimanjaro, and that is pretty big if you ask me. If you really think that today started as hot and sunny, now lo ok at it. It's big, it's black, and it's continuously ripping through this p lace like a knife through a cake. I think I should start running or sprintin g. Nooooooo!"
Two weeks later! y
"faooa morni"-! Texas, Jamie Goodman here, coming to you from C.B.B.C News. Today we will be discussing the tornado that struck two weeks ago, and we will be remembering our beloved Amy. She was a good worke r and friend, and she paid with her life to keep you updated on torna do Katima. So, Amy Whineslot, may you rest in peace. We owe the torna do report to you." Jessie Schultz: Commonwealth Essay, Commended ffjcwtecm 0^cAccl /LowerIV
COLOURS OF WINTER
The yellow and red leaves covered In small flakes of white snow. The wind making a miniature Tornado of white. The children searching through the leaves, Making snowballs.
NandileSindani
CHOCOLATE
Creamy cosmic
As I look up at the whitewashed ceiling of the hospital, I think back to the time when my life was normal, when I was normal. Not haunted by the shadow of a curse, a curse that changed my life forever, I was the once well-known archaeologist, Mr Abroski, and this is my very unfortunate story.

It was a hot summer’s day in Egypt. The blazing sun was turning my hand sidekick, Mr Wilber Brown, into a wrinkled prune. We had been digging and pulling huge rocks out of the earth for some time, when Mr Brown called to me. I walked over and saw a glint of gold which stood out from the dirty brown sand.

We continued digging, and found the ring next to a stone block, and on the stone, written in beautiful gold hieroglyphics, was the following message: "I'm as beautiful as a rose, an instant fortune, a worldly treasure beyond imagine, but touching me will cause you to waste away under the curse of the deadly ring."

I read the message over three times, and then turned to Mr Brown. His eyes were as big as dinner plates, his mouth wide open, forming a perfect O.

"Oh come on, you can't possibly believe that absolute rubbish," I said to him. I picked it up and walked back to the excavation office, without a second thought.

The office was as old as the hills and half of the ceiling had caved in. I was given orders to go back to America and present the ring to the Washington Museum of Egyptian Treasures. It was from that point on that I started to wonder if the curse really did exist, for a series of very unfortunate events followed that day.

First, as I got onto the aeroplane, I slipped down the stairs, falling all the way to the bottom. I walked back up to the top and saw that I had been booked into Economy Class, right next to toilets.

So, unfortunately, I didn't get to sleep at all that night.

When I stepped off the plane that morning, I was very tired and my eyes were drooping so much that I looked like a hound. It was a long walk from where we were parked to the Arrivals Terminal, and on many occasions I slipped, tripped or fell. By the end of the walk to Arrivals, people were staring and gawking at me like goldfish. I felt as if I was the new endangered animal at the zoo.

I looked around and saw children who had managed to kick my seat all night, laughing and pointing at me. I've never been able to keep my emotions to myself and right then I felt tears welling up in my eyes. I tried to blink the tears away and think about the ring, the ring that would be an instant fortune for my family and me.

As I waited for my luggage, I reached into my pocket to feel the ring, and that is all I can remember!

The nurses told me that I had fainted and that an ambulance had taken me to the hospital and that is where I am now. As for the ring, I have kept it in my pocket since that day, not wanting some other innocent soul to be harmed by the curse. I will waste my life away all for next to no
thing, for riches and popularity, all for a ring.
Candia Carr: Commonwealth Essay, Highly Commended
I WISH I'D LIVED IN THE DAYS OF OLD
I wish I'd lived in the days of old Where dragons flew, great and bold,
With great wings of sapphire and gold.
And flames of fire went through the air,
Giving brave knights quite a scare.
Where dragons guarded caves of treasure S. From the rogues stealing just for pleasure.
Noelle Oguta
BLUE AND WHITE DAY
Beautiful flowers.
Big white clouds high in the sky. Blue petals floating.
Catherine Vermeulen
BLUE AND WHITE DAY
Clouds in the sky,
Oceans and snow capped mountains, Swirling fog at night.
Moonlight on the water,
Twinkling like a flickering firefly Making our decrepit wall dance To a tune of the deep.
Moonlight on the water,
Sparkling like the queen's jewels Illuminating the mermaids' tails Like ice on a summer's day. Moonlight on the water,
As elegant as a midnight ball Giving light to a witch's lair Whilst she sits by a black lake. Moonlight on the water,
Giving our maiden faith When she sings to the whales In a lacy silver gown. Yasmine Samsudin
NO RAIN, NO PUDDLES
No rain, no puddles.
No more midnight swims.
Not even the rain man can bring the rain. The hot dry savannah stretches out Without even a hint Of green to be seen.
Endless days under the hot, hot sun Drag on and on.
By Kirsten Hinde
~ Redeem 0c wol C03% / Lower IV ~
No Rain No Puddles
No rain, no puddles No drops to fall.
The hot, yellow sun Beaming down to the floor, And still the days continue to boil. But no rain, no puddles are here. Megan Quan
Blue and White day
A blue and white day.
In the midst of a blizzard Stands a willow tree Bianca Ho
The Ubungani Wilderness Experience took us to Botshabelo, outside Middleburg. We learnt about leadership qualities: integrity, dedication, generosity of spirit, humility, openness and creativity. All of us can lead, be it from the front, the middle, or from behind. Ndebele plate painting gave us the opportunity to sit and concentrate. We basked in new experiences - cheeky monkeys, squishy, chocolate mud fights, daytime heat, nighttime sky, ghosts and compasses, sandwiches and slippery spaghetti, chicken that never tasted so good, hot chocolate on tap, showers at a premium and beds-a-dream.
Lower IVs
~ 0e<A\w / Lower IV ~
Helena Hegele,
Claire Scott
Falak Khan,
Jessica Lyne
Candia Can
Hannah Hi
Bianca Ho
Cats. The girls drew cats, paying special attention to tonal values and texture.
Media - pencil.
Megan Quan
Roedean Girl. The girls studied body proportions and drew themselves, holding or doing something they enjoy.
Media - Gouache paint, watercolour paint, varnish.
Cynthia Kijjambu
Sasha Fairhead
Yasmine Samsudin
Sarah Shiller
Montana Wt
Kate Reeves
Lameez Nazeeer
Courteney Krauss
Cakes. Part of being human is celebrating. We made celebration cakes.
Media - found objects, plaster of paris, silicone, material flowers, ribbon, beads, acrylic paint.
@A£œedea/n 0o/wo/ (0'3'f) / Lower IV Art ~
Upper IV
NOW, WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE
Now, when I was your age.'.... Oh, how I detest that phrase, because I know that what follows will inflict feelings of guilt and boredom. To sit there and listen to some ancient being talking about a time when dinosaurs still ruled the planet is pure torture! Why is it that adults take so much pleasure in this tedious activity? Why is it that, when it is painfully obvious that you have stopped listening, they still carry on droning as if they enjoyed your undivided attention?
We all know children loathe that sleep-inducing phrase, but I have found that even some adults duck for cover when their older relatives start reminiscing about the "good old days."
If you are in need of some advice for getting out of listening to great Uncle Fitzhugh's unnecessary pontificating, without hurting his feelings, then here are some helpful tips. First, an old favourite. Say that you need to go to the bathroom, or that you forgot something and you will be right back, or just be honest and tell the person you have already heard the story.
I must confess that there is one man whose childhood and adult life grip me with fascination. His stories are interesting, humorous and filled with action and danger. This man is my father. Unlike most adults and senior citizens, he does not compare the hardships of yesteryear with the modern child's seemingly "perfect" life.
What most adults fail to comprehend is that, even though more and more children do not have to trudge through kilometres of snow to get to school or work in the local grocery store for two shillings a week, we have our own set of problems. They never experienced things like academic pressure, distractions, which range from a surfeit of TV to killer drugs, let alone being told that their generation was killing the earth.
Did you know that there are different types of "Now, when I was your age"s storytellers? There is the "Sleeper", who is either so old, or whose story is
so boring, that
he or she falls asleep. Then there is the "Spitter", who sends projectiles
aimed straight at your face! The next delightful member of this clan is the
"Droner". Need I say more. Last, but not least, there is the one who does
not make you want to run and duck for cover or book a one way ticket to
Japan. This one is the "Entertainer", but unfortunately they are a rare breed!

There are many different sentences that follow, "Now, when I was your age." These are some of most common: ... we walked five miles to school and back;... we never had cell phones or televisions;... if we wanted money, we had to earn it. The list is endless, yet somehow all of them are similarly taxing.

Perhaps adults are so insistent on our listening to their pointless babbie because they want to be remembered. Maybe we should just grit our teeth and bear it, because someday we might be the ones fearing that we will be forgotten.
Annette Mostert

You feared the worst and now he is gone, No time to say a goodbye.
As you lie there, in creeps the dawn.
All that is left is the yearning to cry.
There is a part of you that is missing, There is sadness in your soul.
A voice in your head is strongly hissing, Nothing will ever fill this hole.
Lost is the urge to sing,
That blissful tune that dances.
No more happiness inside to ring,
Or cheerful spirit that prances.
But in the end the sun shall rise,
And you will heal, to your surprise.
Loan Heilner

Where cultures clashed And people bled.
Where wars were fought And brothers were slain,
But thankfully, it is the time of peace again.
All these things have happened
And I would not change them for the world,
For they have made me who I am.
This is my heritage
And I will not shy away from it,
Because if you don't know where you come from, How on earth will you know where you're going?
Annette Mostert

My Heritage
The soil beneath my feet And the blazing sun on my back.
This is my homeland.
This is where I belong.
It is the place where the tree of humankind first took root
Sand and soil,
Grasses and trees,
Nature and City,
Branches and leaves.
It is a whole kaleidoscope of different things And I'm a part of it, just like my ancestors before me.
This is the place where blood was shed.
MAGICAL LIES
It is hard to believe in fairy tales,
Or to believe what cannot be proven.
When I was young I was taught to trust,
But in a sentence, lies can be woven.
Magic was always one of my passions.
It made me think of the impossible.
Lies take you to different locations,
But it's trust that keeps a friendship stable.
It saddened me to think that friends could lie, And that magic is just an illusion.
A lie causes friendships to die And people to become disillusioned.
Both magic and lies are made to deceive, Magic and lies - you choose to believe. Gabriella Pitcher
PR Committee
~ 0c/io<</ C03%) / Upper IV
THE ENDLESS SLUMBER
It is true that nothing lasts forever,
They eventually die out in some way?
Nothing to do with being too clever,
Is what they believe and say.
No soul can escape what is meant to be,
When the time comes, you have to go.
Be you human, animal or tree,
New lives must have a chance to grow.
Is there life after death, you want to know,
Or is it up to heaven in a flash?
Being put in the ground, so very low,
Or will you just become a pile of ash?
No need to fear when the end is in sight,
From Earth's darkness, you shall see Heaven's light. Caitlin Mostert
YOU ARE MY VALENTINE
I hope today you will be mine,
So will you be my Valentine?
I love the way you make me happy And the ways you show you care.
I love the way you say, "I love you,"
And the way you are always there.
I love the way you touch me Sending chills down my spine.
I love that you are with me And glad that you are mine!
Savannah Roy
DEATH
Death is a closer-creeping thing, that many people fear.
Sadness, depression and dread it brings, Getting closer, year by year.
Courageous people laugh at it,
But more sensible folk shy away.
No matter how you look at it,
Death will reach you, anyway.
Sometimes Death takes you by surprise, When you are innocent and young.
Some children have barely opened their eyes, When Death takes them, one by one.
So enjoy your short and valuable life,
Before Death strikes you, like a deadly knife. Claire Butler
ON LEAVING
When I leave, please, please remember me. Remember to do what I tell you.
Remember to spread me over the sea.
Always go where I wanted you to.
If you fail, get up and try again.
Smile every minute of the day.
I will always be there when you are in pain. Always be comfortable where you lay.
Do not worry if you are feeling down.
Do the right thing and always be kind.
When you are feeling sad, please do not frown. Work hard at school and have a strong mind. Do not forget the times that we have shared. Remember that I always cared.
Victoria Payne
THE VOICE
I started off as a world-renowned skyscraper. People came to admire me. Some worked long hours in the bowels of my soul and tourists took pictures of how tall I was. I stood in the middle of New York, in all my splendor, with my twin.
On the 11th September 2001, disaster struck! I stood there, shining and shimmering in all my glory. At 08:38, from somewhere deep in my soul, I heard a woman screaming. I listened to what she said.
"EVERYONE!" she screamed, "Flight 77 has been hijacked by terrorists and has crashed into the Pentagon in Washington. A hundred and twenty-five people are dead!"
No, the Pentagon, one of my good friends! I sensed their fear and devastation. I began to fear for myself. I looked at my twin and saw the fear within her. There were papers flying, phones ringing and tears streaming down people's faces. I could see the small acts of kindness by others to help those in need. I could sense pandemonium.
08:43. It was as if time stood still. An eerie silence fell upon New York. Not one sound. In the distance, I noticed a familiar sound. It became louder and louder. A huge shadow loomed across the buildings in front of me. An aeroplane, heading straight towards me. Was this a repeat of what had happened at the Pentagon?
Was this going to be the end of me? I stared at the creature that was about to change the history of the world. As we stared eye to eye, I closed my eyes and thought of my twin and what would become of her.
08:52. I exploded into ten billion pieces, crumbling to the ground. The sirens of police, ambulances and fire engines aroused me. I looked around and saw my once beautiful splendour lying in tatters on the ground. Men and women were helping one another. Brave firemen were searching for people in the rubble. There were cameras flashing. I looked across to my twin and was relieved to see that she was still standing.
08:58. What is this? What is happening? My twin has also been hit! Lives have been taken. I hear screaming, shouting and crying. This misery is beyond belief! I cannot take it anymore. Death has yet again reared its ugly head.
My twin and I were been gleaming icons in the sky, but now I lie in a deep hole called Ground Zero.
Olivia Parfitt
XENOPHOBIA
Corruption, Xenophobia, created. Driven by hatred and stupidity. The public lied to; they were elected. Uneducated - they kill them blindly. Led by nothing but their own foolishness, Xenophobic, they hate the foreigners. Their souls eaten by their own selfishness, Unaware of any grieving mourners.
We sit and watch, while the country crumbles. We hate, we corrupt, and we kill for nothing. Do nothing as the government fumbles, Not helping to stop the senseless
Supposedly proudly South African, Oh God, where are all the great men!
Ngozi Olojede
Qfe/iool / Upper IV -
THE SECRET AND THE SONG
"That's life," a song by Michael Buble, explores how life goes through good and bad times.
"And if I didn’t think it was worth one single try, I’d jump on a big bird, and then I’d fly."
There is a secret that I have learned from many adults. There do not always have to be bad times in your life. You choose your path in life. If you are a negative person, negative things will happen to you, but it can also work the other way around. If you have positive thoughts, positive things will happen. The secret, though, is that you cannot just expect them to happen. You have to work towards those positive goals. This "equation" is called the law of attraction. It involves how you think and your mind-set. Another secret that my mother taught me is that when you feel ill, you behave miserably. Think positively and pretend the illness is not even there. Although this seems hard to do, if you get it right, you do feel better.
Like Michael Buble says in his song, "Don't let it get you down, for this fine old world keeps spinning around." These are the worlds that will get you through life, because he says that, even if this world gives you a raw deal, there will still be many positive opportunities coming your way. There are many ways to think positively about yourself and your life. You should concentrate on the saying, "when one door closes, another one opens."
You may encounter some life-changing experiences during your time. You may become a famous actress who does not do drugs, smoke, or shave all her hair off. You could have an ambition to become a successful journalist. You have to believe that you can be anything you want to be - this is achieved through the law of attraction. Again, I would like to quote the words of Michael Buble, "I have been a puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet, a pawn and a king. I've been up and down and over out, and I know one thing. Each time I find myself flat on this face, I pick myself up and get back in the race."
Many people are afraid of death because they do not believe in the hereafter. Other people believe that death is just another door opening; it will lead to a time to be with God. In conclusion, it all comes down to one thing. Things change and people change and this change can be positive or negative. You have to remember that the sun will rise tomorrow, opening new doors of opportunity for everyone. Teagyn Gracey
DINNER AT HOME
It was a late, lazy Friday afternoon. The summer sun was setting over a dirty, orange horizon. My family and I were all comfortably seated on the large balcony of our holiday home in Umhlanga, with a superb view of the beach. My father was admiring the soft turquoise waves as they climbed higher and higher into the air, only to be knocked down again as they reached the shore. He commented on the small, ant-like ships that grew to twice their natural size when viewed through binoculars. My mum, sister and I each had a book in hand. We were immersed in the small, fi
ne words which amazingly fire your imagination. This calm and serene atmosphere was abruptly interrupted by the rumbling sound of my stomach crying out for a meal. "Tood glorious food," I heard it sing. How I craved the delicious thought of a flame-grilled patty, with a melted slice of cheese between a warm toasted roll. What about a lightly roasted chicken? It could be soft and tender on the inside and crisped to perfection on the outside. Or a large pizza with extra mozzarella and cheddar cheese, topped with ham, anchovies and sun-dried tomato? Another appetising meal that came to mind was a dish of succulent king prawns with a drizzling of lemon butter sauce.

My mouth-watering train of thought suddenly came to an abrupt halt when I heard my mother who was now in the kitchen asking what we wanted for dinner. My eyes sparkled and I sat up perfectly straight in my seat. However, before I could answer, the decision had been made. "How about a tasty toasted sandwich," she suggested. My jaw dropped in shock! My book fell to the floor with a loud bang. My Dad noticed the startled look on my face and asked me if something was wrong.

I answered that everything was just peachy. Although I enjoy toasted sandwiches; I felt totally deflated after my day-dreaming of all the lovely food I could be eating. When the toasted sandwiches lay waiting on the table, I noticed the chuffed look on my mother's face. This look was quite contrary to mine.

My initial reaction was to complain about the meal. However, I hesitated and could not bear to thwart my mother. After all, it was my mother's holiday too. Preparing scrumptious meals was not a priority. I resigned myself to eating the toasted sandwich!

Katherine Perdikis
Each person's soul she tears.
I hate her, I hate her, what more can I say.
She knows that she is wrong.
And yet, day after dreary day,
She still carries on!
For she is like Cruella Deville Or should I say, the Queen of Evil. Shazia Patel
QUEEN OF EVIL
I hate her, I hate her with all my heart. She's mean, she's nasty, she's rude. Gossip and rumours; she's always the one to start.
I really think she should be sued.
I hate her, I hate her, with all my being. That evil smile she wears.
That evil girl, the one you can't trust.
~ 'lo^dean 0c/iml / Upper IV ~
141
PORTFOLIO COMMITTEE REPORTS
Each Upper IV prepared a applied lor a committee position, and went through an interview process. Their participation on these committees ensured the smooth running of the school.

Community Service Committee
We were involved in the Easter-egg drive, which helped so many little children to enjoy Easter. We were also involved in running the different community service activities for the younger grades. I was involved in T. M.I. and Tape Aids for the Blind. Towards the end of the term we went to
an old age home in Westdiff, where we spent quality time with senior citizens. I really enjoyed being a member of the Community Service Committee because I love helping people.

Yumna Bham Sports' Committee
As a member of the Sports' Committee, I learnt how to organise myself and give positive input when discussing the issues at hand. My fellow committee members and I dealt with matters such as sports' timetables, inter-house events, community fun days, etc. We thought out an effective plan to get the sports' results together and announce them in assembly. I feel confident that the Sports' Committee worked co-operatively and helped to promote Roedean's sport.

Ngozi Olojede

Discovery Zone Committee
We had a productive year on the Discovery Zone Committee. Each term we elected new candidates for the positions of chairperson, co-chairperson and secretary. These office bearers handled their positions with efficiency and responsibility. Our jobs included shelving books, helping with stocktaking and using the Libwin System effectively.

Loan Heilner

SRC
At the beginning of the second term, Megan Kenney and I received our badges. In the SRC meetings, we spoke about Roedean having a "green team" where a group of girls would manage the litter and re-cycling. We also talked about having a speakers' box, where girls could air their opinions. I enjoyed the meetings very much.

Victoria Payne

Photography Committee
Our duty has been to take photographs of all the different events at Roedean for use on the school's web pages and magazine. Our portfolio became much more exciting when discussion of a photography competition came up. We had lots of fun planning the themes and prizes for the competition.

Suzannah Visser

Science Committee
Our first contribution this year was buying our lab rat Toffee, for the science lab. We created a roster for everybody to take responsibility for Toffee and the resident fish. Some of us helped Mrs. Lorenz and TJ de Kleur to tag the trees around the school. We also organised the assembly presentations for the newspaper and collect-a-can competitions.

Our contribution to our Eco School Initiative was to help the Form IIs to learn about the importance of worms in our eco system and how plastic bags affect the environment. We all worked hard cleaning Mr. Reid's store room in our spare time. This year Eco has been very enlightening for us all!

Caitlin Mostert

Art Committee
We all did our duties - which included tidying the art room and planning for the different activities linked to this year's theme, The Circle of Life, gently and with care. I thoroughly enjoyed working with the committee members.

Sara Owen

Eco-Schools' Committee
Our main focus has been the Ronnie Re-cycling and the Canny Man initiatives. We discussed the idea of starting a worm farm and getting baby owls. We also talked about ways to save electricity, and announced our ideas and the results of the Re-cycling drives at assemblies. On the whol
we had a fun and eventful year.
Naledi Mashishi

Choir
In the first term, Mrs Van Dellen was the choir teacher. She left and Miss Meyer took her place. We had a lot of fun with Miss Meyer and we sang great songs. The Upper Junior Choir's first performance in the second term was at the Linder Auditorium, singing "What Tomorrow Brings" and "Dinesi Ponono." The St Margarets Choir sang very well in assemblies, and both choirs sang at the Musical Picnic Keren Buisson-Street

The P.R. Committee
The PR committee played an important role in organising events and running errands in the Junior School. The year started with the PR girls taking prospective Gr. 0 parents on a brief tour of the school grounds and then introducing them to teachers. Later in the year, we helped with the Chatterbox Public Speaking competition hosted by Roedean. We also made sure that our playgrounds were safe and we updated the safety procedures in every classroom, and escorted the VIPs from their cars to the sports' field on St Margaret's Day. The RR. girls put a lot of effort into fulfilling their responsibilities.
Claire Butler and Emma Ho
(Megan / Upper IV ~
Megan Harper
- Claire Labuschagne Carey Streeter
Catherine
Pattern Page.
The girls created patterns, using colour theory. Media - gouache paint.
Teagyn Gracey
Megan Kenny
Tessa Frewen
Fantasy Insects. The girls combined a number of different insects to make their own. They concentrated on texture and tonal values.
Media - pencil.
I Jemma Dawson Â«
Caitlin Mostert
tleandta Murillo
Gabriella Pitcher
Mpho Mokal
Rosaline Chi
Naledi Mashishi
Miniatures. The theme was weddings, as union is an important part of life. The girls depicted different aspects of a wedding: church, reception, bridal suite, and honeymoon. They were encouraged to make all the items themselves and not to buy ready-made ones. Â» ^r
Media - wood, acrylic paint, glue, paper, found objects, clay. JH
Claire Butl<
Melissa Flemming
Divasha Woodley
Ashleigh Goncalvt
Savannah Roy
Kirstin Leong
Heather Bi
/ Upper IV Art
Die KultuurAand
Ek kyk uit oor die gehoor - dit voel asof almal reguit na my kyk, maar ek weet dis sommer net in my kop. Die koor sing en almal klap, dan draai o
ns om en loop af. 
Ek hardloop terug na my klas toe. My klasmaats is besig om te sing en dans en die snaaksste ding van alles is dat ons juffrouens saam dans! 
Nou roep hulle ons - dit is tyd vir die marimbas om te kom. Ek is deel van die marimba groep. Ons speel entoesiasties - dit is baie pret maar diel igteskyn in my oe!

Die Zulu meisies gaan op. Ek en die ander Afrikaanse meisies staan buite in die koue. ii'Klank soos donderweer slaan teen my ore. Dit lyk asof die Zulu meisies se vertoning baie geniet.

Ons loop op en my hart klop vinniger. Ek moet eerste praat. ek hoop ek maak nie'n fout nie. Ek se my woorde en stap agteruit. Die musiek begin en die res van die Afrikaanse meisies stap op die verhoog. Ons eerste liedjie is 'Die la Rey'en ek staan in die middel. Nou is almal se oe op my en dit is nie net my verbeelding nie! Ons volgende liedjie is Pampoen en ons sing dit deur sonder een fout. Dis die laaste Afrikaanse liedjie en dan gaan ons almal na ons plekke toe.

My plek is saam met die marimbas. Ek staan daar en kyk na die eindeloze stroom van kinders wat op die verhoog loop. Al die voorbereiding, al die oefening, alles bet bygedra tot hierdie groot oomblik. Ons eindig die Kultuur Aand met 'We are growing'- nogal van pas, ne?

Annette Mostert: UIV
Die Dagboek van Jenna..............

Maandag - Vandag was skool baie interessant. Dit was 'n blou Maandag vir Mevrou Smit en sy was kwaad van die begin tot die einde van die klas. Sy was kwaad en se dat ons baie harder sal moet werk. Ek haat skool!

Dinsdag - Vandag was baie beter. Ek het ri nuwe katjie gekoop, en haar naam is Ruby. Sy is baie pragtig maar baie stout!

Woensdag - l/andag was skool beter en Mevrou Smit se ons het baie hard gewerk. Ek het my Engelse vraestel ter ugekry. Jippee, ek bet 84% gekry! My ma en pa was baie trots. Ek voel so gelukkig. My broer se ek irriteer hom, maar ek dink hy is erger!


Saterdag - Vandag het ek laat geslaap en wakker geword om agtuur. Ek het na my niggie se partyjie gegaan en lekker ge'et. Na die partyjie het ek by my vriend gaan kyker. Onshettelevisie gekyk.

Sondag - Ek het tennis met my pa gespeel en ek het bet dit spel gewen. Dit was heerlik om te wen en wat'n goeie einde vir die naweek!

Jenna Rosmarin: Upper IV

Die vakansie dagboek van Melissa

Donderdag en Vrydag - Vandag, het ek in 'n vliegtuig gevlieg. Die reis was baie ongemaklik en nou is ek moeg want ek kon nie slaap nie. Met ons aankoms in Engeland gaan ons na die winkels, en bet nuwe klere gekoop.

Saterdag - Ek het na die tennis gekyk. Wimbledon is baie pragtig. Ons het in die tou vier uur en veertig minute gestaan, maar ons het tog goeie tennisspelers gesien.

Sondag - Ons het die vandag, na die 'Tower of London' gegaan. Dit was mooi en interessant. Ek het die baie nuwe geskiedkundige feite geleer!

Maandag - Ons het per vliegtuig na Frankryk gegaan. Dit was 'n lang reis insluitend die motorreis na Disneyland.
Dinsdag - Ek en my sussie het baie pret want ons het opwindende ritte deelneem. Ons was nou in Disneyland. My ma was altyd te bang om aan die ritte deel te neem.

Woensdag - Ons het per trein na Saint Malo gegaan. Saint Malo is 'n koudige, ommuurde dorpie. Ons het baie Franse pannekoeke gehad om te eet. Dit was'n lekker dag, maar dit was moeilik om Frans te probeer praat.

Donderdag - Ons vlug terug na Suid Afrika is bespreek vir nege-uur vandaand. Dit is'n wonderlike weekvolverassings.

Melissa Flemming: Upper IV
Ons besoek aan die SAUK
Aan die einde van die eerste termyn het die Upper IV en Lower IV klas e die geleentheid gehad om na die SAUK uitsaaisentrum in Aucklandpark te gaan. Ons was in die verskillende ateljeeë waar al die bekende en g ewilde TV programme en sepies gemaak word. Die SAUK toergids het ons na die Jakaranda 94.2 se ateljee geneem. Ons was bevoorreg om by'n uit sending in te sit. Die 94.2 span het die oggendprogram opgeneem en uit gesaai. Die toergids het ook aan ons al die verskillende elektroniese toestelle wat in die radio stasie gebruik word, gedemonstreer. Ons meisies was bevoorreg om 'n lewendige opname van 'n baie gewilde program te sien.

Katherine Perdikis: Upper IV
/Junior Afrikaans/

ISIZULU

The All Primary School Additional Languages Conference held at St Stithan's College in June this year was a watershed event for sharing a wealth of knowledge and skills associated with African language teachin g. King Zwelithini, Winnie Madikizela Mandela, Professor Mmusi, Mary Metcalfe and other distinguished guests honored this occasion. Winnie Madikizela Mandela emphasized the importance of the role of African Language educators and King Zwelithini tackled the role of African languages in preserving culture. Some speakers covered the methodology of teaching and learning African languages, promoting multi-lingualism through indigenous languages and the additional language curriculum development.

Penny Kunene: Zulu teacher Form 2
The form Ills did a lot of creative exercises and presentations which the y had to dramatize in class. These included dialogues about buying at th e clothing shop. Each learner had to dramatise buying any item of clothi ng at the shop and perform a dialogue between a waiter and a customer.

~ 0cA&ol C0S50 /JuniorZulu

Sawubona Yebo sawubona.
Ngicela ijezi elibomvu.
Usize bani?
Usize 28.
Mmm Liyangifanela.
Imalini?
Ngu R150.00 Ngiyabonga. Sala kahle.
Hamba kahle.
Form III
The form Ills thoroughly enjoyed creating, decorating and composing mess ages for their Zulu Easter cards, iya ku:
Mama, baba nosisi Nginifisela iPhasika Elihle nelinentokozo Ngothando o
The Upper UIV lulu class had to do a Zulu Assembly about June 16. This moving production highlighted what happened before, during and after Apartheid. This year the girls also created their own magazine in Zulu, with relevant topics such as celebrities, xenophobia, sports and advertisements. This is Loan Heilner’s article.

IZINGANE EZIDUMILE

Loan Heilner
Lower IV
The LIVs did a taxi project in which they had to dramatize what they observe about taxis in their everyday lives. The girls were asked to create their own taxi models and write a poem.

Woza tekisi
Abantu abadumayo nabancanc nezingane. Umuntu odumile nguAngelina Jolie. UAngelina ingane yesithupha. Amagama ngoMaddox (Cambodia), uPax (Vietnam), uZahara (Ethiopia), Shiloh. Knox. noViviennc. UAne lina Jolie ujabulela ukuba umama

(Qttf<es/mn 0c/w,/ C03%) I St Margaret's Play
IF A WIZARD CAME TO ME AND GRANTED ME ONE WISH I WOULD WISH...

for a horse. Isabella Anderson
it was my birthday. Estelle Beneke
if I could wish just one wish I would wish that my mommy would never go away again. Alexandra Bishop
that I could have a net for catching insects. Allyce Chung
that all the poor children could have enough money to buy food. Emma Clarke
that my brother would stop being mean to me. Jenna Coward
for 200 Barbies. Sophie Jacobson
that I could see a Johnson
/Grade 0.1
/Grade 0.1
- you cant tell or it wont come true!
Katia Kelly
- that I could watch TV every day and that I could be a teacher. Dineo Malan
- that I could fly, and have my ears pierced and be able to sleep over. Lara Moschides
- that I could have a Nintendo wii.
Kutlwano Motau
- to be a rock star. Yasmina Muldoon
- that I was a flower and then I could just sit in the sun. Wandile Nduvane

- that we were all royal and lived in a castle. Tiasha Reddy

- that it was summer all the time. Zanokuhle Sibisi

- to be a princess. Sazile Sindani

- for hamsters. I'm dying for hamsters! Angela Swatman

- that my wishes would never stop.

Nicole Thomas

- I don't know what I would wish.

Lexa Froes

If a fairy granted me a wish, what would I choose?

Amirah Akoojee: I wish I was a rainbow fairy

Mbali Booi: I wish I could fly

Amelia Boshoff: I wish I could fly so I could see from far away

Abigail Crooke: I would love a little kitten

Luisa Da Molo: I would like 2 bunches of money

Alexia Davies: I wish I could fly like a bird

To be a fairy with wings as well so I could fly. Nika Hofmeyer

Megan Holness: I would like to be a butterfly fairy

Isabella Hope: I would like to have a cute kitten

Asanda Kunene: I wish I was a sunshine fairy

Reeesah Mota: I would love to be a fairy

Qayla Motara: I wish I could fly like a butterfly

Jachine Oguta: I would wish to be a mermaid

Simran Singh: I would like to be a spring fairy

Megan Stoger: I would like all the animals in the world to live in my house

Hayley Tsuen: I wish I could get a car and drive it

Katherine Vermaak: I wish I was a cat so I could catch mice

Rowan Walker: I wish I could go to Gold Reef City

Thandeka Warren: I want a magic wand so it can make all my wishes come true

Bianca Wessels: I would love to see my ouma and oupa again

Alexandra Wrigley: I wish I could have more friends

Boati Motau: I would like to be a gymnast

Caitlin Murphy: I would like to jump off the highest board into the pool

My name is Kaleem. I am a strong man. I lift weights and my job is very dangerous. It is dangerous because I might drop the weights on myself! I live in a caravan, I have lots of friends and I have a lovely job.

RAIYAH AHMID.

My name is Catherine. I am an acrobat. I wear eye-shadow and wear earrings and a bright blue costume. I swing across a rope at the circus. I can do handstands too.

JENNA BASSETT-LEE.

I am Livia and I work at the circus. I dress up as a skeleton and I look like a scary Egyptian mummy. I have patterns on my costume. I trick people and I like to stand on stilts.

TANIELLE DA SILVA.

I am Sasha and I am a trapeze artist. I flip to my friend and I do cool things. I thank the people and I listen to the ringmaster. I play with the children and the ringmaster tells us what to do. I help my friend and my frien
d helps me. We do nicely!

CARA JAMES.
I am Flopse the clown, but my real job is a lion tamer. I train lions to do tricks. They jump through the hoop that has fire on it and they also jump through hoops with no fire. The lions roar a lot and they scare the children. NASEEHA JHAVARY.
My name is Kleru land I am the star of the show. I am a tightrope walker and I wear a leotard. It is black and purple and flow tricks. I wear red make-up. I learn very fast! After the show I go home and sleep!
KHE7IWE KINGSTON.
My name is Sun Camél and I am a tightrope walker and I wear an orange swimming costume.
I am a seal trainer and I help the seals to do tricks. I feed them fish every day and they eat LOTS of fish. I train them every day and they learn lots of tricks.
SAXON LEATHWHITE.
My name is Alex and I am an elephant trainer. I have a dangerous job because I might get stamped on. I wear a beautiful skirt and a beautiful shirt with a bow. I show the elephants lots of tricks and I also give them water. I like to make them chase people. I love elephants and that is why I am an elephant trainer. I also hold pompoms in my hands. They are full of glitter and they sparkle with stars shining all over them. NOOR-UL-HUDA MALIK.
My name is Star and I live at the circus. I am a seal trainer. I wear a pink dress with pink hair bows. I love my seals because they are good. I also train a seal baby. He is two years old and his birthday is today. I have a friend and her name is Tanielle. We go to see the seals together.
2ANDILE MASEKO.
I am a stiltwalker and my name is Square.
I love my job. I am a girl and I love wearing a dress, which has lots of patterns on it. I love walking on stilts and holding balloons. I like the colours. My balloons are red, green, yellow, purple, orange, pink and brown. ANE MULLER.
I am a seal trainer and I wear blue clothes.
I like being a seal trainer, but I have to be careful. I feed the seals fish every day and I like being part of the circus. I am happy. I like the seals and they like me.
JIMENA MURILLO.
â–  is Lala. I live in the circus and I am a fire eater. I work very hard but it is good. I love my tricks. It is a lot of fun and we do lots of things. I love eating fire!
PUSELETSO MATIALA.
I am a juggler and my name is Ben. I juggle balls. You must be careful because they can hit you! You can juggle eggs too. You can also juggle lots of balls, but afterwards you must drink lots of water! If the balls hit you, then you can get hurt. We also juggle spoons and oranges.
JESSICA MCKERNAN.
My name is Star and I am a seal. I wear a hat and I swim down at the sea. My tail sticks out of the sea and I flap my fins. I jump through the hula hoop and make a circle and everybody claps. Then I jump over the hula hoop and then I come back.
VUYISA MDUTSHANE.
I am the lion tamer and my name is Tom. I like my job and I am very brave.
The lions like me and I like the lions. When it is time for the show to begin, the lions are very good. They do lots of tricks. The people like the show and everybody is very happy.

YAJNA MOODLEY.
I am a lion tamer. My name is Belu. I like being a lion tamer because I love animals. I wear blue clothes. My lion can run on two feet. It eats meat and it roars very loudly. The lion can balance on barrels and it can do many indifferent tricks.

KAttm^AURRIN.
I am a tight rope walker. My name is Six. I walk on rope and I love my job. I'd&jiiany tricks. I live in a caravan at the circus. The rope is near the top of the circus tent. I have to have very good balance so that I don't fall off!

YOSHEEN RAMNARAIN.
My name is Rambo and I am a seal trainer. I look at the seals and I check if they have food. They eat fish every day. I take them out every day to train them. I like the seals and they love me. Many people have made friends with me and I have made friends with them.

ASHLYNN SWATTON.
My name is Star and I am the ring master.
I wear a red spotty T-shirt, blue and white trousers and yellow shoes with little pompoms on them. During the show everybody jumps up and down. Now the show is over and it's time to close the curtains.

MONICA TAKAWIRA.
I am a seal trainer and my name is Toxey. I teach the seals and I check on the seals. I am always very careful. I feed the seals and I teach them every day. I love the seals so much.

ANASTASIA TAMBO.
My name is Belu and I am a lion tamer. I like being a lion tamer because I love animals. I wear blue clothes with a lion on it. The lioness can stand up and it can jump up and down on two feet. She loves eating meat and nuts. She does lots of tricks and everybody loves her tricks. She can run very fast too!

CHLOE VVINNICOMBE.
I am a horse. My name is Lucy. I wear a red and blue denim blanket on my back. I make the children laugh when I trot around the ring.

Sarah Brady
My name is Jumbo. I wear a red saddle and the clown rides on my back while he is juggling. The children laugh and clap when I do my tricks.

India Legh
I am a baby white tiger. My name is Chloe. I wear a blue denim jacket and a dress. I eat tiger food. I like to entertain people. I love kids. I flip three times in the air.

Shreeya Khoosal
I am a baby white tiger. My name is Chloe. I wear a blue denim jacket and a dress. I eat tiger food. I like to entertain people. I love kids. I flip three times in the air.

Neo Sithole
I am a juggler. I have four balls. I work six hours a day. I wear funny red and yellow slippers, stripes pants pink and orange shoes. My favtr trick is ju
gbling fire. The fire goes up in the air, I have to catch the fire very caref

ul.

Sayru Pillay

Nikita Kokot
I am a juggler. I can do lots of tricks. I can make people laugh. I wear black and pink shoes. I am very clever. I can climb ropes.

It is fun. We work every day. We only have Wednesday off. On a Wednesday I like to practice my tricks.

Sofia Sacranie.
I am a trapeze artist. My name is Salma. I wear a mini skirt and a purple and pink top. I have a hat that squirts water at children. I love swinging. I like playing with children and teasing them.

Shazia Akoojee.
I am a juggler in the circus. I wear a red silk tunic with bells on my shoes. I do very clever tricks and the children cheer and clap. My name is Max.

Ammarah Ganchi
I am an elephant. My name is Dumbel. My ears are so big that I can fly. I wear a beautiful red velvet cloak I do tricks in the circus ring. The monkey rides on my back. His name is Ban
gers.

Francesca Gnodde.
My name is Gary. I jump through a circle of fire. I roar at the children and make them scared. I chase the clown around the ring.

Kiera Clarke.
I am a tiger. I have big teeth. My name is Jo the Tiger. I have a red tie. I jump through two rings of fire. I push two balls with my paws. I can dance on my back legs. Oratile Modise.

I am a lion my mane is Nicky. I look like a fury lion. I like to show people my self.
I like to show my jumping trecks. I wear a black ribbon. I Hike to roar at children when I roar at children. They sometimes cry. But they love lions.

Ling Huang
I am an elephant. My name is Ellie. I live in a little hut. On my back is a velvet cloak.

I like apples and carrots. My friend Zaza Zebra has been to the USA. She is black and white. We do tricks together like roily pollys. My boss stands on my back. I must be careful not to throw him off.

AHda de Bruyn
I am an elephant"M^name is Dumbo. I eat leaves. I wear pink featheTs. gn d a silver blanket. I stand on one leg and I trump?t---_ at the childre n. I make them laugh. Uma-Rose Vilismas.

I am a tight rope walker. I work six hours on the tight rope. I am after the clowns. I have been in the USA. I am famos. I walk on ropes. My partn er and I use a unesikel. We have seven show. At the end of each show I get ready for the next one. I have pink cheeks. I have blue stripes on my s hirt and a red pants.

Tiane Parris.
I am a horse called Tinkerbell Ellie. I wear pink and blue feathers in m
y hair. I have a blue mane and tail. My boss rides on my back standing up around the room. I do lots of big jumps. The children clap and cheer me on. After the circus my owner lets them pat me and feed me apples and carrots. Georgina Edge.

I am a clown and I know lots of tricks. My name is Ben. I like children. My shoes are black. I have a big red nose. I have one big hat. It is red and it squirts water at the children. They sometimes get a fright and cry. Caterina Morettino

I am a clown called Mr Joey. I have a red nose, a black tie and big ears that are brown. I roll on tyres and fall down. The children and people laugh.

Gomo-lemo Khaas

Adopt an animal When you adopt an animal from a zoo you feed it and care for it just like a child. If you do not care for it the animal will die. That is why you have to look after animals so that they do not become endangered. You can also adopt an animal from the spca. By Andrea Jury

So my solution is to use your bike when you don't have to go far. Walk or use a bike if you are close to the place you are going to. I walk when I go to the park or the shop because when you walk you also get fit. I love the earth. Mother nature does not like pollution. By Nthatisi Mota

Conserve energy. Do not leave the heater on because you will waste energy. When you go to school or work you must switch off the geyser, and you must also use a fan because if you use an air conditioner you will waste a lot of energy. To save energy we can use candle light Switch off lights if you are not in the room. By Gabriella Dunn

Eat your home carefully. Don't leave the electric blanket on the whole night Use a gas heater, than an electric heater. By Yuvishka Harryprasadh

Investigate about what the pandas are going to eat next. Investigate more about the earth and your body. Investigate about global warming and protect all the animals in your country. By Kathleen McLaughlin

Join an environmental group. The environment is where there are trees, flowers and birds. The earth is very big. Save the planet by not littering and join a group like our school has. By Jessica Madavo

Keep our beaches clean because some animals might eat a piece of litter and then die. Or when the tide comes up to the beach and then washes up the litter then a turtle might eat the peace of litter then get sick. If you do the beaches will go black and the animals in the sea will die. By Caitlin Fyall

Don't kill endangered animals because they have the right to live and they are happy in the world. When we have our children they won't see the real thing. Not just the stuff thing or a picture. By Jordanne Hawksworth

Educate your family you can be kind and you can talk to people in a nice way otherwise people won't like you. You must love the earth. By Emma Ghirlanda

Grow your own food. It is good for mother nature if you grow your own food. The food you grow is tastier and better for you. When you buy fruit at the shop it is nice but it is better if you grow it yourself. By Emma Harding
We need oxygen to breathe. If we don't have many trees we will suffer. In forests people are cutting down trees and animals are dying. Animals also need trees to survive. It is where some animals live and eat from. You must not pollute it kills animals and plants. When someone cuts a tree we must plant another one for trees are important to us because it helps the earth. By Rosa Fihla

Spend "TC quiet times with your family having a lovely time walking on the beach, in nature reserves and forests. I like to have quiet times to see the beautiful animals. By Alice Bedford

Reduce, reuse and recycle. It is good to recycle paper and cans. If you recycle paper you save a lot of trees. If you recycle cans you don't waste money. By Razeena Bham

Take WSW short showers because we must save water and electricity. Don't waste hot water. By Tania Catalino

Take care of the rain forests. Don't cut down trees because orangutans, sloths, spider monkeys, boa constrictors, tree snails, leaf beetles, flying squirrels, bears, parrots and other animals won't have a place to live. By Anna Gruber

Use recycled paper. Don't use paper from the printer. To save the trees you must try to recycle paper all the time because then we will be able to breathe more easily as more trees will survive. The factories also use less electricity if we recycle.

Visit a habitat. Visit a habitat because it may help the earth any habitat, cold, hot, wet or full of trees. It's your choice. Like the tundra, rain forests, deserts, oceans and grasslands. So think about it but leave it as you found it. Keep the planet clean. By Jessica Wise

Water wisely because we won't have any left if you waste it and the animals need to drink especially the elephant. Do not waste water by leaving the tap on. By Georgina Barrow

- Say NO to littering and cutting down too many trees. Say NO to wasting paper and water. Say NO to pollution and poaching of animals.

Say estosolar power. Try to use the sun in the day and not electricity. At night if you are in one room then only put that light on. By Veronika Grobler

Protect the O^ layer by not polluting the atmosphere because we are breaking the world's blanket over your mother earth. You must love and look after the earth as you would look after your mother. God is very special and you are very lucky to be in this world. So keep the earth clean and if you see a peace of paper you must pick it up. By Jordanne van Niekerk

Make a difference. Don't litter in the sea or the forests only in dustbins. Don't use too much electricity. Try not to pollute the air. By Kyra Soicher S.

Use natural products. Make your own compost. Don't use stuff to kill insects. Don't use food for plants that is poisonous. Grow your own vegetables. Don't give your pets bad food that you don't know where it came from. By Lauren Conway

Save our oceans. Do not litter. If you do the beaches will go black and the animals that live in the sea will die. We won't have any fish to eat. When you litter little animals eat it and die. Do not
ot over fish because the sharks, whales and dolphins will die. You must be
careful that the oil tankers do not spill other wise it will make the water
black too. By Kate Robinson
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My World
I love the earth because it takes care of me and I take care of it. It does
to not deserve to be all littered over. Look how much it's done for you.
Why would you want to litter when there's a bin right next to you. Love the
world as much as you love yourself. That's why Roedean School has had a
recycling competition each Grade from G1 to G12 must collect cans newspa-
per let's see if you can also save the world. - Aliyah Bulbulia
My World
I like my world because there are nice creatures and beautiful flowers. I
love the sea because there are different sea creatures. I like the fishes
in the sea. My favourite sea creature is a dolphin. The star fish are my se-
cond favourite. On land I like dogs, cats and lions. - Eleonora Da Molo
What I like most in my world.
In my world I like animals also because they are so cute and I can learn
more and you can see amazing sites and I just like them so much. And I
also like the sea you can have so much and you can play soccer on the
beach and you can fly a kite and once I almost got tacking in to sea but
my brath was very brave and he helped me to get back. - Mallory Hart
man
What I love most I like going on holidays because it is fun and I love school
because you line new stuff that way I love school from Hanaan. - H
anaan Hassim
My World I love the world it's a beautiful world sum times I think I am God
but I allwase know that I am not god but in my life I have done lots of
ings and I will tell you right now in my life I love animals I love mostlee in
the world to go to my familie dut that is it the End.
- Cameron Hinde
Why I love the earth I love my world because sometimes I like to eat swe-
ets and have friends to play. Sometimes I can even love my Gran she is a
vegiterian. She makes us eat vegis But still I like her and I like to rea-
d to see what the book is about.
- Jessica Hinde
What I love on mv Earth I love school because evry day you learn somet-
ing new and play exciting games.
- Katherine Brady
My World
I love my world and I also love the animille in my world and mostly I love
the sey. - Camryn Braun
My World
I love the sea because I can swim and play in the sand and build sandcas-
ie. Do not litter and save our Earth.
- Jessica Cotterrell
My World. Why I love the earth.
I love the earth because it is a place where there are habitats for the animals can live and survive. The animals can live in the tundras, grasslands, forests, coral reefs, deserts and wetlands. - Sarah Grace Kahloon

My world I love the earth because it is a place where the animals can live and survive. I love nature and the best. I also like the ocean it has lots of interesting sites. - Noor

My world I Like the world and the sea. I like going to school and I would really like to learn about the world a lot. - Naseema Ganchi

My world I love my world it is the place for me. I love the animals in the zoo but most of all the sea. I wish I could save the world. The is my place the place for me. - Chiara Goncalves

My world home The earth is my home. I love the earth because it takes care of me every day at school. The trees are the earth's lungs. - Georgia Labuschagne

My world I like the beach a lot. I like the water I like the animals that live in the water like a crab and a fish. I love fish to eat and I like water because it makes me cool. I don't really like sharks and I like seafood because it is yummy and the ocean basket is my favorite food shop and it sells seafood. - Imbalenhle Mcunu

Why I love the earth I love the world because it is where I live. I live in Waverney it is very quiet. Back to the world the sun goes over the world there is the yellow thing the orange thing is Astraea. - Hannah Passmore

My world I love my world because I like the animals very much and I have a pet tortoise and I feed lettuce and carrots and their names are Max and Muddy - Steffany Koutromanos

My world I love my world because it is so nice and I like the earth because it has oceans and shops and my Mom and Dad it is the. - Boitumelo Mo yo and dolphins. -

My world I like my world its my home. I love going to the beach to find shells. I love the sea because it has my favorite sea animals fish whales. - Karin Reeves

My Beautiful world: Animals and Nature.

There are many different types of animals that are endangered species. You can adopt an animal from the zoo and give the zoo money to care for it and go and visit it too. You can also adopt from the SPCA you can adopt from people that cannot afford it. There are special places for adopted animals the people there send information to you if you are interested in adopting an animals. Plants are nearly all over the world trees make oxygen for us. We walk on grass. Bushes, flowers, and other things are also in my garden. Trees are cut down we need oxygen no oxygen no people no animals please please recycle paper plants need water to stay alive have your own compost heap at home vegetables grass cuttings at the bottom of the composts help thick branches. Keep the world clean pretty and happy. - Victoria Roetger

Protect endangered species

Because they have the right to live and they are happy in the world. When our children grow up they want to see the real thing not some old pictures. - Alexandra Stone

What I Love Most in my world I love animals and why should we love it is bad for animals and for plants and us we should stop killing animals and help them - Hope Tarita
My world I like my world because of the animals and the plants. I love dogs because they are nice fluffy. My favorite flowers are blue violets and roses. My favorite place in the world is Croatia. It has beautiful beaches and I swim all day with my cousins. - Ana Trinic

My World I love my world and there are over one million people in the world and people are littering and help clean the world please. - Caroline Vermeulen

My world I like my world because going to school. Spending time on Durban beach. I play and build sandcastles. Sometimes there is litter on the beach and I don't like it. My favourite animals are colourful fishes. My best are dolphins. On land my favourite animal is the cheetah because it runs so fast and it is endangered.

- Radiyah Wazar

KMy Hero is JK Rowling. She is the author of the Harry Potter books. JK Rowling used to write little books and read them to her sister. In 1990 while she was on a train trip from Manchester to London, the idea of a young boy attending a school of wizardry came to her mind. Potter books were 'born'. She was unemployed and then when her books were published, she became one of the richest people in the whole world. I love her books and she challenges my reading! - Erin Beeton

My Heroes are my mom and dad. They are very kind, helpful and patient, they help me with my homework. My dad is very strong and my mom is very kind and helpful. They sacrificed a lot to make me happy. They help me by taking me to school and kissing me good bye. When I am very angry or sad, they will cheer me up. They have paid for a lovely house which costs a lot of money. They took care of me and raised me well. I have learned to be kind of all people, respect to all people specially my parents. They also taught me the difference between right and wrong and to always be confident and believe in myself. - Mahlogonolo Kabi

My Hero is my Mom. My mom has made a difference in my life by inspiring me, motivating me and by buying me what I need. My mom has also made a difference in my life by being there for me, keeping me safe and drying my tears when I was sad. My mom has done a lot for me. My mom is important to me because she is special, precious and because I treasure and love her. My mom is unselfish, happy, patient, caring, quiet, helpful, inspiring and honest. - Elma Mammen

My Hero is Steve Irwin. He is also called the 'Crocodile Hunter'. He grew up with crocodiles and snakes. He is extremely brave and is not afraid of anything. He even catches crocodiles with his bare hands. He has started the Australia Zoo where he looks after all sorts of animals. I love animals and have learnt so much from Steve Irwin. He has made a difference in my life because now I know I want to be a vet when I grow up. Unfortunately last year he died. And that is the story of my Hero. - Christin Chalin-Milton

My Hero is Madam. My Madam is my hero because she supports me in everything I battle through. I really like Madam because she made me and you smarter. Madam I am proud to be your student. I will never forget you. You are the greatest Madam in the world. I will miss you next year. I wish you luck and love. And if I could I would like to stay in form one but time flies by. - Kaitlynn Du Plooy

My Hero is my mom and dad. They brought me in to this world and I am very grateful for that, they care for me., love me and they give me the best of everything. They support me in the good times and the bad times.
They are always there for me and I love them. They taught me what is right and what is wrong and to appreciate life. I like playing and having fun with them. I like my mom and dad because they are warm hearted parents and good people to my sister, brother and me. They love me very much. - Hannah Duarte

My Hero is my dad. I love him because he loves me. He helps me to climb things and he always cooks on a Sunday. He also believes in me and I believe in him. When I am cold he keeps me warm. He is always adventurous and he looks after me. When I am sore, he helps me get better. He has made me confident and happy and he always makes me feel loved. He tells me funny jokes and he makes me laugh till it hurts. He is very wise and he teaches me lots about the world. He takes me on cycling trips and encourages me to go faster. He tries to do what’s best for ME! - Jessica Edge

My Hero’s name is Makhaya Ntini. He plays cricket. Makhaya Ntini is mostly a bowler. He has a lot of skill. If I could ask him a question, I would ask him how does he practice bowling? Makhaya Ntini is also good at fielding, but not as good as bowling. He started playing cricket when he was twelve. Makhaya Ntini took six wickets in a one day international game. Known as and O.D.I. Makhaya Ntini is an important sportsman to me because I like the game too. He is a special man because he has clinics for disadvantaged cricket players. I enjoyed doing the project about Makhaya Ntini. - Pascale Fairbairn

My Hero is Susannah Yvette White, nicknamed Moose. She is my hero because she is a good person and will help anybody who needs her help. Moose has lots of adventures. She knows how to have fun and is not afraid of much. Moose has traveled the world. She had climbed Kilimanjaro, hiked through Tibet and traveled down the Nile in Egypt. She also rode through the Lesotho Mountains even though she had saddle sores. The amazing thing about her is that she went parachuting for her 60th birthday. The best thing about her is that she makes me believe in myself. When I am near her it is like a light has suddenly gone on inside me. Susannah Yvette White is my wonderful grandmother. She is the BEST most loving grandmother in the whole wide world! - Mia Gruber

I have always wanted to be an artist and that’s why I chose my great, great aunt Mary Stainbank. Mary Stainbank was an artist from Kwa-Zulu Natal. She carved sculptures which are found all over the country. A well known sculpture that she carved was one of John Ross in Durban. In Johannesburg she carved the roundels in the foyer of the Johannesburg Public Library. I have learnt from an artist like my great, great aunt that if I use my imagination I can see pictures and shapes in everything. Although she is no longer alive, she created, as an artist, beauty which continues to give pleasure to everyone. - Sarah Jackson

My HERO is amazing in so many special ways. He is my grandfather, the grandest Grandparent in the whole world. My grandfather is a very charitable person and he helps to educate many underprivileged children every year. He works very hard and when I saw him receive a Lifetime Achievement Award on television in November, I was really proud of him. He sends me to Roedean School so that I can have a good education and he teaches me lots of clever and interesting things. He is never too busy to make time for us and always makes me feel very special and important. My grandfather is a gem. He is my HERO and also my Guardian Angel. - Humnaaz Jhavary
My Hero is my Mom because she is important to me and I love and trust her. I love my mom because she is loveable, brilliant and she is always there for me. I am so glad that my mom has made a difference in my life by always caring for me and by teaching me right from wrong. My mom is gentle, smart, honest, kind, patient, pretty and supportive. I am glad that my mom is a dentist so she can help people. I am so glad that my mom is my mom and my mom means a lot to me and I mean a lot to her.-Jessica Martin

My Hero is my DAD. He is my hero because he wrote a book ailed "How to have a Big Life" My dad owns a company called Me Nab's, he makes vitamins that give you energy. My dad has a funny sense of humor. He is a very good storyteller, he reads stories in an American accent and makes me laugh. My dad is a hard worker, he works all day. My dad has always looked after me, cared for me and loved me. My dad has taught me to be patient and loves me be Independent.-Julia Mckerron

My Greatest Heroes are ordinary people doing EXTRA ordinary things. My heroes care and love, not only for me but EVERYONE! -Monna Muldoon

They are my mum and dad. They both are my heroes because they inspire me and make me proud. Mum is my hero because she has traveled around the world and produced TV shows about saving our planet. She is caring and worries about people, finals and our world. Dad rescued teenage girls from Saddam Hussein's invasion in Kuwait in 1990. He had to take a 4 X 4 and escape across the desert into Saudi Arabia. It was really dangerous buy dad was a hero! Mum and Dad are definitely my greatest heroes! - Monna Muldoon

My Granny is my Hero. She always loved and cared for me. She always listened to me and giggled at what I said. She gave me the most special hugs and kisses. She taught me for my temple exams. She was the most organized and reliable granny. My granny was very beautiful. She taught me about God and always said good things about others. She cooked yummy and delicious food. Her motto was "never be negative, never be scared and always strive to reach your goal". My granny, she was the BEST in the whole world.-Dhuratika Patel

My Hero is Oetesh Ranchad, my Dad. My dad opened an exciting business and he now owns six wonderful shoe stores. When I grow up, I would also like to run my own business. He is important to me because he gives me support when I need anything. My dad made a difference in my life by teaching me the importance of things like being well mannered, reading to improve my knowledge and caring for others. I admire my dad because he is hard working and honest. I think my dad is wonderful and very very SPECIAL. - Prital Ranchod

My Hero Is Martin Luther King. He was born on the 1st of January 1929 and was a leader in the American Civil Rights. He fought to end segregation and racial discrimination. For this work he became the youngest person to receive the Nobel Peace Prize in 1964. Martin Luther King is a role model because he saved people from segregation, discrimination, violence as well as trying to end poverty. People like him, Nelson Mandela and Mahatma Ghandi have made the world a better place to live in. - Snead Reddy

My Oupa was very important in my life because he always made me feel like a princess. He always kept a promise and he and Ouma came to us' on our birthdays. He was a very clever man and was director of many companies. He retired on the family farm where he produced apples, apricots and also
had sheep. My oupa taught me never to give up, be honest and respectful to all people. He put others first and I want to be like him when I grow up. He made us feel special.

I miss him very much as he died in December 2004. - Ashley Saayman

My Hero is my Dad. His name is Sajeet Sacranie. He is my hero because he makes me feel so special. My dad does this in so many different ways. He loves reading, painting, martial arts and playing tennis. He also loves to travel. My dad loves playing tennis with me, he helps me with my homework and we love painting together.

He tells me lots of stories that make me laugh. When I am around my dad, I feel safe. My dad takes me out to try different food. I also love my dad's cooking. Re also helps me to organize my desk at home. My dad takes me to school every morning and he makes us say our prayers so that we are ready for the day. - Saara Sacranie

My Hero is Roger Federer. He is the best tennis playing in the world. Federer has won Wimbledon five times in a row. I think that he plays tennis very gracefully and uses more skill than power. Roger Federer has encouraged me to play tennis. I think that he is a good sportsman and a very humble person. Federer has taught me how to never give up. He always tries his best. He always plays a fair game and is never a bad loser. People who know him, say that he has a special gift of always making others feel important. I think that all of these things make him My Hero.

- Lamisah Seedat

My Hero is my Mother. My hero is kind, loving and caring. She is good at sewing, planning, arranging, knitting and cooking. My mother always looks good, marvelous and fantastic. She makes me feel happy and she is very funny and good to me and my family. Whenever we walk together, we always meet her patients who are grateful to her for helping them and sometimes we meet doctors and psychiatrists who are grateful to her for teaching them well when they were her students. - Banthati Sekwala

My Hero is somebody all of you know. She is our teacher Mrs. Deppe. She has been teaching for the last ten years. She has made a difference in my life because I look forward to coming to school everyday. She is kind and understands me. She also takes good care of all of us. When somebody is hurt she makes them feel better. She guides us and teaches us new things every day. I am sure she is a good mother as she is a very good teacher. She is a role model to everyone young and old. She encourages us to do good work and to be good people. - Aaliya Suliman

My Hero is Amy. She is helpful. She tests me on Afrikaans and Zulu when I have a test. She checks my paragraphs everyday. I like to read to her because when I get stuck, she will help me pronounce it. I like when she helps me on Afrikaans. Whenever she is busy, I will help her make the bed and put the toys away. She helps me with my homework and checks my maths. I love her. - Ariel Tang

My Hero is most definitely my Dad. He is the most important person in my life. He protects me at all times. He teaches me to be the best that I can be and of course he loves me so very much. When I look at him I feel so safe. He makes me be a strong human being and to have a positive mind. I am so proud of him. I admired him the most. When he had cancer he was so positive and brave. He never gave up. He taught me that if I have motivation and determination I will always achieve the best. He is such a good listener and never says NO! My dad is the best HERO any little girl could ever have. - Naqiyah Valli

^ Neethling was born in Bloemfontein, he went to Grey college, \"f ( W w
here he excelled in swimming MM - earning him a place in the South
mm African swimming team for the 1996 JrV summer Olympics in Atlan
ta where he
came fifth in the 1500m freestyle. The highlight of his career thus fa
r has been winning a gold medal in the 4x100m freestyle relay at the 2
004 summer Olympic. Ryk Neethling is my hero because when I grow up I
also want to be a good swimmer. Ryk Neetling has won 5 gold medals, 4
silver and 5 bronze. - Amanda Vermeulen
My Mom is my Hero because she has done so many things for me. She made
me, she was there for me, she made me a bedroom, a garden, food, and
she made me organized. She has taught me to be content with who I am.
Best of all she took me to the school I belong to. If I go and live on
my own it wouldnt be the same without her. My mom understands me and
will always care for me. She will always love me for who I am. She has
taught me to care for others. I could never leave her. I love her so m
uch. - Georgia WakefieW
[here are no laws that encourage Apartheid in South Africa now. Nelson M
andela is turning ninety on the 18th of July, 2008. In ten years he is g
oing to be one hundred! Nelson Mandela was born on the 18th of July 1918
. He is a very important man. He is also a very kind man. He is the pers
on that reunited blacks and wijites.
Emily Gewer-White - My mom's first big achievement when she learned
to read by the age of four. This shows how intelligence is. She is also
so a very determined person. When she was in Matric, she belonged to t
he Junior City I A Council and then she was chosen to go f to Australi
ans an exchange student She has also achieved academically, with a sch
olarship to Sussex University and two Masters Degrees. She is now a ho
t-shot businesswoman who owns her own company. With all of these achie
vements, she is still my mom- a warm-hearted, loving P person and an a
wesome tickle-monster. She has shown me the importance of kindness and
caring for others. She has also taught me to be polite and respectful
. I call her SUPERMOM - my greatest hero!
Sarah Ghaniem - My dad is my hero because I love him more than anyon
e.
He does everything he can to make me happy. He pays for all my comfit
ses and M gives me a salary. My dad is a good man.
He is religious. He is warm-hearted and selfless. He works very hard and h
is brain ... r works like an engine. He is ambitious
and strong-minded.'His family is most important to him. My dad is a stro
ng man. He enjoys plain and simple things. He likes soccer. His favourit
e food is pasta with red sauce He teaches me ^ to be decent loving, trut
ful and caring. I have travelled to many places because of my dad. My d
ad owns a travel company and is a successful businessman. He is extremel
y special because he in an inventor. His invention has to do with a re-u
sable travel card instead of airline tickets. His invention can be found
on the internet under Mohamed Ghaniem. My dad is my hero!
Gabriella Heurlin - Nelson Mandela was born in the Transkei on the 18th o
f July 1918. In the 1950's, there was a system called apartheid in South
Africa.
This system meant that black and white people were treated differently.
Nelson Mandela fought against Apartheid and brought freedom to South A
frica. In 1964, Nelson Mandela was put into prison on Robben Island. He
stayed there for 27 years. After that he became the most famous presid
ent of South Africa. He was brave enough to stand up for our freedom. M
andela has made a difference because he makes people love each other. He has been a hero to everyone since he was the leader who spoke against apartheid and for freedom for all people in South Africa. He has made South Africa a nicer place to live in. It is because of him that I am able to go to school and be friends with people of all different colours. 

Julia Hope - My hero is my mom. She is my hero because she loves me and cares for me. My mom has made me happy by always fetching me from school on time, helping me with my homework, reading me bedtime stories and hiring movies for me when I feel sick. She comforts me when I am sad. She makes me laugh and tells me stories about when she was young. I love my mom because she lets me have sleep-overs and sometimes a double. If I could say one thing to my mom, I would say, "I love you and always will".

Nina Jacobson - My dad is my hero! Dad loves and cares for me and is always there if I have a problem or a question. He teaches me something new every day, like how to fish, or facts about music and composers. He told me that Ludwig von Beethoven was deaf and that Vivaldi's first name was Antonio, and also that Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was only four when he wrote his first piano concerto. Daddy reads to me every night and because he is so interested in the English language, he has shown me how to use words and their meanings. Dad is important to me because he taught me to have faith in myself and to stay calm. I love my dad SO MUCH!

Husnaa Jhavary - Do you know who the most amazing person in the world is? He is my uncle and MY HERO! My uncle works very hard and he is a really thoughtful and generous person. He always sponsors different charities and helps people by donating his time and money. When he won the Top Billing Businessman of the Year award in 2007, I felt so proud of him.

My uncle is a speaker at many functions and he helped to produce a Bollywood movie, filmed in Durban. He always thinks about me, cares for me, and makes me feel really special and important. My uncle is never too busy for me and always comes to visit us when he is in Johannesburg. My uncle always gives me good advice and he has taught me that it is better to give than to receive. If I could give him a message, I would tell him that I really love him for being my truly special, incredible, awesome and extraordinary HERO!

Niyanta Lekha - My mum is my hero. She has taught me a lot of stuff. She has loved and cared for me since the time I was born, every second of my life - even when she shouts at me. She is there for me whenever I need her. She is a great mother to both her children. She is understanding to everybody she knows. She is a kind-hearted person. My mom has made a difference in my life by teaching me good manners and encouraging me in everything I do. My mom has cared for me by giving me a healthy meal to eat everyday. My mom has helped me with my homework. She has taught me to speak nicely to everybody, especially adults.

Gemma Bedford - My hero is my mum. Her full name is Marion Hahle but we go by the surname Bedford. On the 24th of December 2006, my mum was going down the stairs to get some water, but her big toe got stuck in her pyjama bottoms and she went flying and her head scraped against the bird cage and then she collided with the glass door. So on Christmas Day we had to take mum to the hospital to have 30 stitches or so. If you are reading this please do not ask my mum about her scar. My mum is very special to me because she is my mum, she packs my lunch, she teaches me good manners, she loves me, she cares for me and she cooks my supper.
I love my mum so, so much. She is really kind and organises play dates for me. My mum is the BEST.

Jessica Butcher - My mum is one of the most speciat-est most specially spedal-est special people in the whole entire world! She is the person who makes everything possible for me. My life would be sooo boring and unsuccesful without her. In feet, I have no clue what I would do without you, mum. I just have one thing to say to you, Thank you for bearing with me all these nine years; Thank you for never giving up on me; Thank you for, loving me, always, even through the most hard and stressful times for the two of us. It means more than the world to me. 5

Simona Cutifani - My hero! My hero is my DAD! I chose my dad because he has done a lot of great things in his life. My dad was born in Wolongong Australia. My dad has given money to the poor with the United Way in Canada. My dad is very important to me because he gave me life. My dad has made a difference in my life by moving so we can make a lot of new friends. I love my dad. Now tell me who your hero is, because mine is my DAD!

Emma Futter - My hero is my mom. She helps me with my homework every day. She loves to wear jewellery, like earrings, necklaces, rings and bracelets. My mom looks after her unde with Alzheimers disease. She takes care of my brothers and me. She loves our family. My mom owns her own company called ASF. It stands for Anthony Sarah Futter. She taught me to spend my money wisely. She has taught me how to respect other people. This is why I love my mom and why she is my hero.

Claire Gafrier - Nelson Mandela is my hero. He is my hero because he stopped Apartheid. If Nelson Mandela was never president, Apartheid would have gone on forever. Apartheid means blacks and whites have to be kept separate by law.

Ipeleng Makgekgenene - My hero is my dad. He is my hero because he helps people, but I know he also cares about other people. He gives money to poor people, so their children can have a better education. My dad is the guy I look up to. If I had to ask him one question, it would be, "how is it that you are always so FUN?" and I would thank him for being my dad! I love you so much, dad!

Skye McMahon - My hero is my mom, just call her mommy. My mom got me a signed cookbook. It's signed by Ching-He Huang. Shefmy favourite chef. This is what she wrote: "To Skye, happy walking, Flove Cheng-He Huang" My mom is the best mom any kid I know could ask for. My mom loves fashion. My mom and I go horse-riding. My mom organised for my brother and I to go to Mozambique. I've also been to Cape Town and Durban. You're the best! My mom nurtures me. To nurture means to love, care and look after. Love you lots like jelly-tots, mommy! My mom is the best thing that happened to me!

Lumengo Mngomezulu - My dad is my hero because he done lots of things for me. Like being there for me or helping me and taking me to school. When he goes to Amelia he buys me shirts and caps. If I am lonely he will cheer me up. My dad is a real hero to me because when I am in danger he will save me. He has saved my life so many times, like when I fell off a jumping castle and nearly broke my neck. I also love him beo
use when I am sick he gives me medicine. He is very important to me because he gave me a good education and makes my life easier. I am his Number One Fan because he is my role model. He is the best! I love my hero!

Amogelega Mutloane - My hero is my tin. He is a policeman. He is my favourite uncle out of the three of them because my first uncle is a mechanic, my second uncle is very busy and the other goes shopping for food. My favourite uncle's name is Harry. When my mom asks my uncle to sleep at my house he comes at the speed of lightening. Like there was this one time when my dad was gone and the lights were out and we were scared because at that time, we didn't have a fence. My mom called him to come over because the lights were out and we were scared. He came quickly and when he came inside, we were all able to go to bed.

Laylaa Omar - My mom is a very special lady. She loves, cares, helps, feeds and clothes me. She is very good at: cooking, baking, knitting, sewing and loves reading. My mom taught me how to do things in my life. I have learned that my mom is much smarter than I thought she was. I am very happy my mom gave birth to me. But before that my mom worked at Standard Bank from the age of seventeen. She then was promoted to manager at the age of twenty. She then went to Taiwan, Namibia and London to help open Standard Banks there. My mom is a special part of every thing in my life. I love you mom!

Tofi Omisoie - My hero is my Grandma! She is my hero because she loves me and has brought me to the world by bringing my mum into the world. She has also made a difference in my life by teaching me and also looking after me. She is important to me because she is determined, loving and caring. My grandma gave birth to four girls but looked after twelve! She has definitely influenced the community by helping people who are blind all over the world. Her other job is a doctor, like my mum. If I could say one thing to her, I would say, "I love you and I always will!"

Li-Chun Pan - My hero is my mom because she makes me smile every day. She makes my heart shine when I am sad. My mom packs a nice lunch for me. She helps me when I get stuck. She is a super mom. She loves to shop. She loves making me a lovely, super hero like her. She has done lots of nice things to make me proud. She is the best mom in the world!

Elinor Rayner - Roald Dahl is my hero. He was a famous writer who wrote lots of children's books and inspired me. Roald Dahl was born in Llandaff, Wales, in 1916. He died at the age of 74 in 1990. My favourite books that Roald Dahl wrote are: The BFG, Matilda, and Fantastic Mr Fox. The reason he inspired me is because he made me imagine lots of creative worlds and wonderful characters. Roald Dahl has also made me love reading because his books are quite easy to read and not hard to figure out. He is my favourite writer because he imagines such funny things like Vermicious knids and oompa loompas. Roald Dahl is a great hero!

Kirsten Reeves - My dad is my hero because he is the kindest person I have ever known. He cares about everything and everyone around him. When I am sad, he makes me laugh, and when I laugh, he laughs with me. He is so thoughtful because he always puts our family before himself. He always helps others. He is so important to me because he makes me feel safe and secure and I love him very much. My dad has made a difference in my life because he has shown me that being kind and honest is the right way to behave. My dad has made a difference in my life and I can think of no better hero in my life!

Dominique Rowe - My hero is my Godfather, Hanspeter, in Switzerland. We all him Gotti Hanspeter. He is a farmer and he breeds pigs and lamas.
He helps the pigs give birth. Gotti Hanspeter is important to me because he is the husband of my mom's sister, Regula. I love going to the farm because I get to hold the piglets and feed them as well as the nine lamas. He makes a difference in my life because he saves animals and pigs. Another reason why he is my hero is because I am fascinated by how he handles the animals. My Gotti Hanspeter is almost two metres tall and very handsome, but OH! Is he sometimes dirty and smelly!

Prajna Serrtoo - My hero is my cousin, Kerisha. She has passed Grade Twelve with distinction. When I reach Grade Twelve, I want to perform the same. This makes my cousin my role model. When we are together, we have fun reading. I have selected her as a role model in that I want to follow in her footsteps. She teaches me stuff like cooking and cleaning - our favourite is baking chocolate cake. My cousin always teases me and never lets me forget all the crazy things I did. My cousin is studying to be an optometrist. We laugh, we cry, we make time fly!

Lilith Hoborm Swana - My hero is my dad because he has helped me so many times. Like when I was born, he held me instead of letting me go and walking away. When my dad held me, I felt so happy. My dad's name is Nkuli. He is a businessman. He helped me when I was a baby and I couldn't walk or talk. He taught me how to talk and walk when I was small. My dad helps my mum, my brother and me by working for money to buy the house that we live in now. He also helps me by being my dad! I love my dad because he has helped me so many times. I love my dad so much - if he had to leave and go to another country for the rest of his life, I would be so sad!

Giseia van Wyk - My hero - Princess BT 'Diana. Princess Diana was 'the Peoples' 8 â– Princess" and "Queen of Hearts"! She showed me that love conquers all. She helped the sick people who had AIDS and Cancer by raising money through charities. She also showed the world people who were hurt by dangerous landmines. She was loved by many people all over the world. She is my hero because she helped so many people.

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â– - Cudsto I boetie co V'n twe.el.n0.

/ St Margaret's Artians' Association 6, Report
Standing: Brett Jury, Jean Wilke, Patricia King, Gillian Pilcher, Kirstin Otten, Emma Boyd, Samantha Louis, Jennifer Hughes.
Seated: Jane Buisson-Street, Sally-Ann Fitzpatrick-Öiven, Letumile Motalana, Bronwen Cuthbert.

In terms of the constitution, the objectives of the South African Old Roe deanians' Association are to continue a relationship between the school and its Old Girls, support the school in every way, and assist its members. Traditionally, on the school's birthday, the Headmistress invites us to hold our AGM, followed by a lunch. This is Foundation Day. For over a hundred years, Old Girls have come from around the world to reunite with their classmates, toast the school, sing the school songs and war cries, and keep the traditions and pride of the school alive. Age groups at the reunion r
ange from three years on to thirty and even sixty years on! We invite the Matric class to join us for the lunch, as they are soon to be Old Girls. It is a special day filled with joy, laughter, and nostalgia.

The Old Girls are also responsible for the archives and the maintenance thereof. On Foundation Day this year, we were delighted to open our new Archives Room. Thank you to John Crawley, Peta Ward, Paddy Lake, and Jan du Preez for all their help. The room is beautiful and is always open for girls, Old Girls, and parents to visit.

The second-hand shop, whose funds go towards bursaries, is one of the ways that the Old Girls maintain their relationship with the school. The shop has grown exponentially and we are looking at expanding the space in the near future. We extend our thanks to Kirstin Otten, Philippa Grubb, Louise Nevin, Brett Jury, and Sarah Heulin for all their hard work and help with the running of the second-hand shop.

As the shop has grown, so has the jumble-sale. This event is eagerly anticipated by the staff, and we appreciate all donations made by parents. The funds generated from the jumble-sale also contribute towards the Bursary Fund.

Words and expressions such as "the spirit of the Founders", "honour", "truth", "courtesy" and "code of behaviour" are all familiar to a Roedean girl. So too is "The Flail", "Chapel" and "Cat's Courtyard". As much as we revere the traditions, so we also need to update the facilities that contain them. We need to think about sustainability and looking to the future. So, as Head of South African Roedeanians Association, I ask you to think about your support of the school, going beyond loyalty to concrete support, such as donations, bequests, and grants, so that Roedean continues to grow and prosper, with her traditions and her pleasaunce of green, as a leader in the future.

The South African Old Roedeanians' Association is now over 100 years old and has a significant database - well into the thousands - which requires work and upkeep. If you have news of an Old Girl, an interesting story or information of a birth, death, or marriage, please send an email to saora@roedeanschool.co.za.

Sally-Ann Fitzpatrick-Niven - President.

Evening with the Matrics

In the morning of 10 July, 2008, approximately 25 Old Girls who are currently at universities of Matrics gathered in the Roedean Auditorium for a "University Information Evening" which we all hope will become an institution.

The central aim of the evening was to give the Matrics a chance to ask questions about the various universities, particular degrees offered, and university life in general. The evening also provided the Old Girls in attendance with the chance to chat and 'catch up'. With Old Girls studying towards (or having completed) degrees in various disciplines at several different major universities, including Wits, the University of Johannesburg, Rhodes, the University of Cape Town, Stellenbosch, and the University of Pretoria, the Matrics had access to information about all the tertiary institutions that they were considering.

I opened the evening with a brief talk about my varsity experience, and this was followed by an informal session in which the Matrics could chat to the Old Girls about their universities, degrees, and experiences at varsit...
y. Fuelled by tea, coffee and delicious snacks (as well as gluhwein for the Old Girls), the Old Girls seemed as enthusiastic to share their knowledge about university life as the Matrics were to hear what it was that awaited them in the next few years of their lives. Positive feedback was received from both the Old Girls and the Matrics who attended, so the S.A.O.R.A is hoping to repeat the success next year. Thanks must go to Sally-Anne Niven, Jennifer Hughes, Lisa Otten, and Mary Williams, for their organisation and help and also to all members of the S.A.O.R.A committee for their support.

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Roedeanians
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Saturday 4 October
Honorary Old
Back Row: Mrs E. Swartz, Mr M. Brink, Mrs L. Kleynhans, Mrs A. Erasmus.
Third Row: Mrs S. Ivanovic, Mrs U. Rowlands, Mrs J. Conradie, Mrs M. Buchanan, Mrs S. Hanson, Mrs N. di Clemente.
Second Row: Ms L. Raccanello, Mrs S. Vandeleur, Mrs M. Carr, Mrs N. Fya II, Mrs G. Reid, Mrs T. Dix, Mrs L. Riley.
Seated: Miss B. Thorn, Mrs C. Locke, Mrs M. Taylor, Mrs M. Williams, Mrs E. Ray, Ms N. Bowen, SrV. Gungaram.

Roedean "Grandchildren" 2008
Pupil Daughter of Granddaughter of Great-Granddaughter of Anderson, Isabella Jane Dunning
Andrew, Megan Barbara Mackintosh Bernys Rissik
Barrow, Georgina Alison Ross
Batchelor, Jessica Heather Yates
Berger, Megan Jacqueline Smiloc
Blanckenberg, Michelle Lindsey van Reenen
Blyth, Alexandra Charmaine Fairlamb
Boshoff, Emma & Virginia Paula Joubert
Braun, Camryn Kim Swart
Buckland, Rose Hillary (Posy) Keoqh
Buisson-Street, Keren Jane Eqner
Burrell, Stephanie Susan Malcolmson Pamela Roberts
Cowper, Stephanie Marjorie Hornby
Cuthbert, Julia Bronwen Davies
Donald, Katherine & Heather Joan Summerley
Dreyer, Robyn Linda Boyce
duToit, Cayla Kirsten Venter
Fitzpatrick Niven, Gina Sally-Ann Fitzpatrick Niven Cecily Fitzpatrick
Ganchi, Naseema Sumaiya Suliman
South African Old Roedeanians' Association

BIRTHS
RECORDED SINCE FOUNDATION DAY 2008
To Elizabeth (nee Boniice) (1987) and Harald Wenzel a son Daniel born 16 August

MARRIAGES OF OLD ROEDEANIANS RECORDED SINCE FOUNDATION DAY 2008

DEATHS OF OLD ROEDEANIANS RECORDED SINCE FOUNDATION DAY 2008
Rhona Ridsdale (formerly Craik-White, nee Vincent) (1937) died 28 April 2008, sister of the late Janet Gow (1942).
Betty O'Docherty (formerly Nicol nee Pratt-Johnson) (1941) died June 2008.
DEATHS OF RELATIVES OF OLD ROEDEANIANS RECORDED SINCE FOUNDATION DAY 2008

Brian Bendall died 22 March 2008, brother of Gillian Reid (Hon. Old Roedeanian) and uncle of Julie Reid (2000).
John Gibbs died 22 March 2008, brother in law of Gillian Reid (Hon Old Roedeanian) and uncle of Julie Reid (2000).

ROEDEAN GENERATIONS 2008

Back Row: Tamara Henderson, Virginia Boshoff, Katherine McLean, Rebecca Henning, Georgia Gordon, Stephanie Cowper, Monica Murray, Alexandra Gascoigne, Chloe Prince, Tagatha Lorentz, Robyn Dreyer, Katherine Donald, Alex-Claire Labuschagne, Megan Andrew, Rosemary Munro-Sloan, Emma Boshoff, Jennifer Murray.


Third Row: Mrs S. Ganchi, Mrs C. Hughes, Mrs H. Henderson, Mrs A. (Ros) Flemming, Mrs M. Gordon, Mrs D. Walker, Mrs Soicher, Ms S. Fitzpatrick-Niven, Mrs S. Burrell.

Seated: Mrs S. McLean, Mrs P. Boshoff, Mrs T. Labuschagne, Mrs K. Braun, Mrs B. Cuthbert, Mrs M. Williams, Mrs T. Sakota-Kokot, Mrs A. Abatzidis, Mrs B. Jury, Mrs K. du Toit, Mrs K. Gascoigne.

Front: Rowan Walker, Nikita Kokot, Kyra Soicher, India Legh, Jessica Hinde, Kate Robinson, Isabella Anderson.

Absent: Alexandra Louis.

~ @Toeclecm 0cAeol / SAORA/Generations ~

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