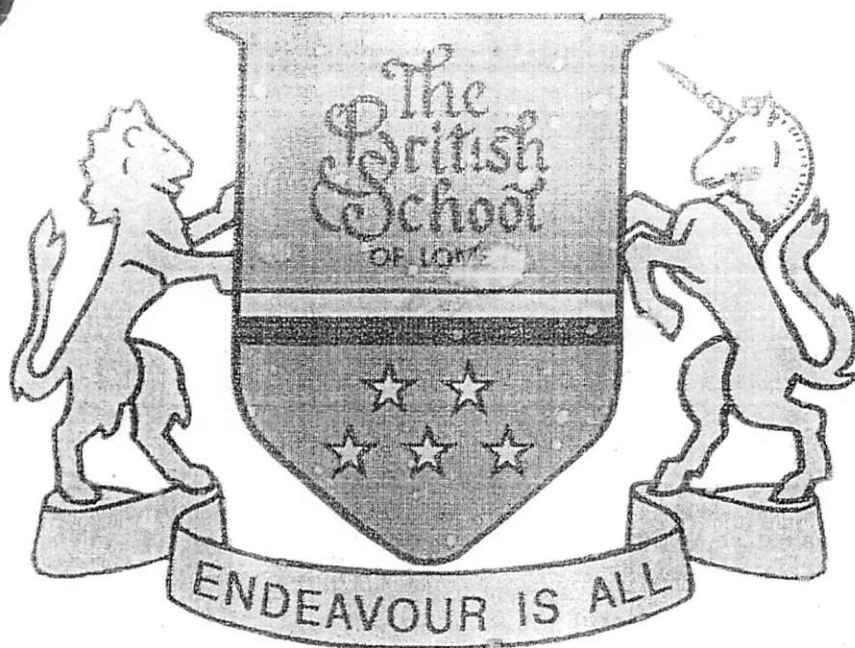


# BLISSFUL



The Premier Magazine of the  
British School of Lomé

1993 edition

# BLARE

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**EDITORS' LETTER**

We wished to thank all of the magazine's contributors, whose work has made this magazine a success and an undoubted pleasure to read. Their immense effort and their unreluctant co-operation that have insured the brilliance of this magazine, are unquestionable. A personal note to the chairman who listened intently during the meetings and drew very sensible conclusions. Finally the team of editors wishes to especially thank Miss Foulkes for her hard work and marvellous idea of producing a magazine. Over all a "Thank you" to all contributors of the British School of Lome Magazine. If there is any fault with the magazine, it belongs at the door of the editors.

**THE EDITORS**

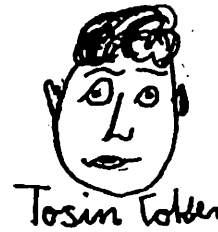
Tosin COKER Christiana NWOFOR Samuel CHIBALE Uju NNAMA Kwaku AGYEN-SAMPONG  
Laesha SMITH Tuifua MANZINI



Yoni Tui



Kwaku!



Tosin Coker



Uju  
Nnama

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

Without the help of the people listed below, this magazine would have been just a dream.

Thanks a bunch to:

- \_ Mr Sayer for supplying all the equipment needed
- \_ Mr Graham Johnson for his help with the computers
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- \_ And finally, thanks to all those who contributed articles

Photographer.....	Christiana Nwofor
Cover design.....	Biram Mboob
Illustrations.....	Rebecca Johnson
Editors.....	Olutosin Coker, Christiana Nwofor, Sam Chibale, Kwaku Agyen-Sampong, Uju Nnama, Laesha Smith and Tuifua Mazini
Advertisement.....	Deborah Foulkes
Manager	Deborah Foulkes

## THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN STRIDE AGAIN!

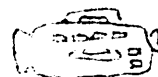
STARRING :       TREVOR COLE  
                  CAROLINE ELSBURY  
                  DEBORAH FOULKES  
                  JANE HALLEY  
                  MAHALI KHOTLE  
                  CHRISTIANA NWOFOR  
                  JUSTINE TAMBEAGBOR

In their most demanding role to date .... appearing on.....(drum roll please)  
.....Television Togolaise!!!

On May 24th 1993 the privileged amongst you will, no doubt, have been slightly surprised (I emphasize the word "slightly" because natural talent always shines through---not that we like to boast about it or anything!) to have seen the above named starring in an epic race: namely the 66th Lome Hash which had taken place the previous Saturday. Sceptics among you may well be asking yourselves what is the attraction of pounding the streets of downtown Lome (putting up with the familiar strains of "Yovo,yovo bonsoir, ca va bien merci!" from the children and mere incredulous laughter from the adults) on a sunny afternoon when we could be roasting on the slab at the Sarakawa or being a couch potato in front of the latest video release. Then to cap that, on returning to base what do we do but kneel with a toilet seat around our necks (lovely bit of jewellery you're wearing today, Madam!) singing the Hash song and then throwing beer all over ourselves. What is the sense in that? Well I'll tell all you disbelievers, critics and cynics--it's FUN! Yes F--U--N is something that can be bizarre, stupid or downright silly but makes us laugh. We also know that hashes are going on all over the world so we are part of an International Mad Club.



The aim of our special T.V. appearance was to inform the unenlightened about this event and to try to encourage new recruits to come along and meet some interesting (if slightly strange) people. The fact that this show was apparently a big P.R. stunt, and therefore blatant commercialism, for Sabena Airlines' manager Dirk Asselberghs to try and lure everyone to fly with his company rather than a certain one I could mention, is beside the point---we know who the real stars of the show were: Mr. Trevor Cole leading the pack through Lome, looking fit, healthy but rather warm. Yours Truly, on the other hand, looked as fresh as a daisy (ha! ha! ha!) and was seen walking in front of the camera stuffing her face (so what's new?) All in all, The Magnificent Seven did ourselves and B.S.L. proud.



Our reward for appearing on T.V.T. was a Hash Blast at the American Rec. Centre which took place on Saturday 5th June. Stand-in stunt man Toyin Clottey was also present despite the fact that he is rather more on-off thah on-on! A good time was had by all and even if the party was rather subdued to begin with, the B.S.L. swingers soon got it going with everyone boogying on down until Wee Willie Winkie arrived.

by Deborah Foulkes.

Bessie Braddock, MP: 'You're drunk!'

Winston Churchill: 'And you, madam, are ugly. But I shall be sober in the morning.'



## WOMEN ARE...

Women are witty  
 Women are lovely  
 Women need an hour to fix their hair

Women are good cooks  
 Women are soft  
 Women are delicate and need to be handled like China dolls

Women don't smoke  
 Women don't sweat  
 Women change their underwear at least thrice a day

Women don't drink palm wine  
 Or chew kola nuts  
 Women always buy mouth fresheners

Women are sensitive  
 Women can cry  
 Women love sloppy love stories

Women are old-fashioned  
 And always hope to marry their ugliest daughter  
 To a rich prince

Women are stubborn  
 They refuse to acknowledge it's their turn  
 To take out the rubbish bin

Women are Women are Women are  
 Women are gossipers and story twisters  
 Women are...



Christiana Nwofor 9G

### Top ten films

1. The Bodyguard
2. Mo' money
3. Class Act
4. Dirty Rotten Scoundrels
5. Sarafina
6. Sister Act
7. Pretty Woman
8. Dirty Dancing
9. The Hand That Rocks The Cradle
10. Three Men And A Little Lady



### Top ten authors

1. Jeffrey Archer
2. Roald Dahl
3. Danielle Steel
4. Judy Blume
5. Enid Blyton
6. Sidney Sheldon
7. Charles Dickens
8. Francine Pascalé
9. Stephen King
10. Virginia Andrews

## MEN ARE...

Men are  
 ambitious greedy and hungry  
 Men are  
 daring dangerous angry  
 Men are  
 lovely wicked mean  
 Men are  
 wild ugly unscen  
 Men are  
 solid strong tough  
 Men are  
 brave courageous rough  
 Men are  
 desirable and admirable  
 Men are  
 adorable but not portable  
 Men are  
 solid seductive and smart  
 men are  
 undoubtedly art

Sam Chibale 9P

*Student Of The Year*

- Giggliest -- Sebbe  
 Chattiest -- Mahali  
 Sulkiest -- Pauline  
 Nosiest -- Toyin  
 Greediest -- Kwawu  
 Neatest -- Mamfatou  
 Weirdest Sense Of Fashion -- Stephanie  
 Vainest girl -- Juliette  
 Best dancer -- Zizipizga  
 Most studious -- David  
 Friendliest -- Mahali  
 Wildest hairstyles -- Gbemi  
 Craziest laugh -- Aisha  
 Funniest -- Sam  
 Best smile -- Maria  
 Most helpful -- Mahali  
 Most outgoing -- Theresa  
 Most reserved -- Christiana  
 Sportiest -- Uche  
 Best female singer -- Alicia  
 Most male singer -- Sam  
 Most respectful -- Toyin  
 Most talented -- Christiana  
 Moodiest -- Onyi  
 Strangest -- Vivienne  
 Bossiest girl -- Johniere  
 Bossiest boy -- Emmanuel  
 Tomboy -- Laesha  
 Cutest boy -- Tidiane  
 Worst miser -- Onyi  
 Messiest -- Jainaba  
 Coolest -- Kwaku  
 Quietest -- Uju  
 Most generous -- Ojey  
 Cracker of the driest jokes -- Mahali  
 Most Heart-broken (91-93) -- Jide



## FRIENDS

Mmm — it's a bit of a funny shape, that dress.

*The dress is fine. It's YOU that's a funny shape.*

Want to use my hairbrush?

*Brush your hair. It's an absolute state.*

Bringing that boyfriend of yours to the disco on Saturday?

*If he's going, I'm not. I hate his guts.*

Er — I'm going out with Barry tonight — but you're welcome to come too.

*No, you're not. Unless you want to play gooseberry, that is.*

Oh, no! You're not going out with him, are you? He's awful.

*That's what I want you to think — because I actually fancy him myself.*

I look awful.

*I look great, and it's you that looks awful. I'm just drawing your attention to the fact.*



What's that red mark on your face?

*So you thought that mountainous spot wasn't obvious, eh?*

The weekend? Oh — er — I'm not really doing anything exciting.

*I've got a date with a boy you fancy.*

Here — I bought you some chocolates. Now let me take you for a coffee.

*Remember I borrowed your new blouse? Well, I was eating this hotdog with tomato ketchup and...*

You're better off without him anyway.

*You're heartbroken and I don't know what else to say.*

## BOYS

Er — no, I can't make it tonight.

*The football's on.*

You look — er — different.

*What's THAT you're wearing?*

When did you say your birthday was?

*Crumbs, I haven't got you anything yet!*

Of course I missed you while you were on holiday!

*Back already?!*

Er — I'll just have a coke! I'm not hungry.

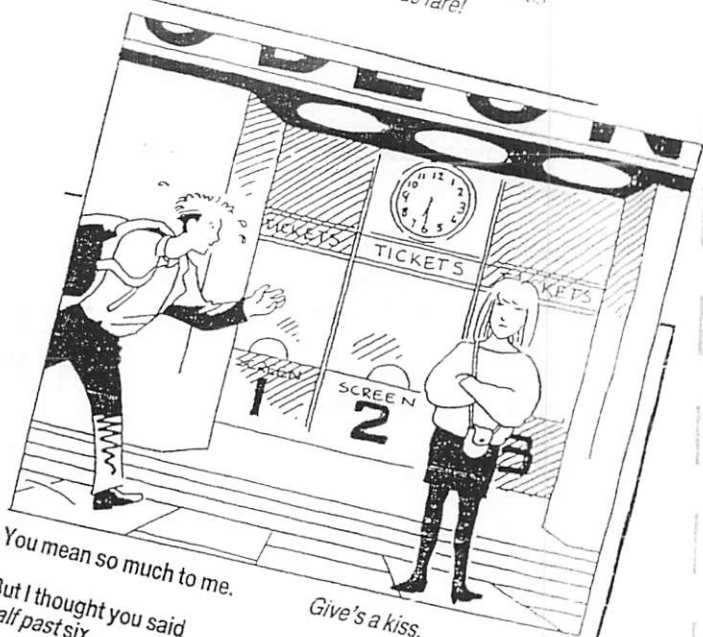
*I'm broke. I hope you're paying.*

What girl? Oh, that was my sister.

*DOPPS! That was a close one.*

Thanks. This Christmas pressie must've cost a fortune!

*You mug! Yours cost less than my bus fare!*



You mean so much to me.

*Give's a kiss.*

But I thought you said half past six.

*I'm late but I'm not admitting it.*

Of course I don't mind if you go out with your best mate.

*I'VE got other things planned.*

Erm — Hi!

*I've fancied you for ages but I'm too embarrassed to say.*

Mr. Moroney: "When you add together 12 and 30 and then divide by 14, what do you get?"

Sophie: "The wrong answer!"

Jide, in Mr. Rimmer's class, to Justine: "I wish I'd lived in the old days."

Justine: "Why?"

Jide: "Because there wouldn't have been so much history to learn."

# PARENTS

You're FAR too young to be going out with boys.  
You're FAR too young to be wearing make-up.

You're growing up and it's making us feel very old!

How do you feel about going to stay with your gran?

Your mother and I fancy a bit of peace and quiet.

Who broke one of my best china plates?

You're getting the blame anyway!



What would you like for Christmas?

We've already bought your present. We were just wondering if it's the right thing!

I don't care what your best friend's mum says!

You're not going and that's THAT!

You must invite this new boyfriend of yours round!

We want to interrogate him!

Do you really need another pair of jeans?

Why don't you buy a 'nice' skirt?

Men are nothing but trouble.

I'm not speaking to your dad.

...and chips tonight?

I can't be bothered cooking anything.

All right, pack up then, class.

No homework for tonight.

I give up.

I haven't marked last night's lot yet.



# TEACHERS

Morning, class. Get your books out — and no nonsense.

Watch it! I'm in a bad mood today!

Will you please be quiet.

Oh, shut up. You're giving me a headache.

I'm just going out for two minutes.

I'm off for a coffee. You lot can do what you like.

You, over there!

I've forgotten your name.

I don't know who you'll be getting next term.

Hopefully not me. I've had enough of you.

This work does show promise.

... but it's basically a load of rubbish.

You seem to be having problems with this exercise.

You're really quite thick, aren't you?

Thank you for the Christmas card.

What a little creep!



Mr. Sayer: "This is the third time I've had to see you this week, Momodou. What do you have to say about that?"  
Momodou: "Thank goodness it's Friday, Sir."

## CAR

### The syllable poem:

Big  
Shiny  
A beauty  
Bright as ever  
unmistakable  
Mysterious  
long and sleek  
ten wheeled  
flat



Mr. Pryer: "Can you name five members of the ape family?"  
Kwaku: "Easy, Daddy ape. Mummy ape, and three baby apes."

### The form poem:

Long, slow, bright, red  
secretive, windows, tinted  
Starts, spotters, stops, repaired  
Perfect, running smooth, beautiful

### Haiku:

Well look at that car  
All set and ready to go  
Just waiting for you.

### Dylan Thomas:

Have you seen a car before?  
Well, it's a mean, fast machine.

### Ezra Pound:

A car whizzing by  
A cheetah running at a hundred miles per second.

Adaora: "I was on the television last night."  
Sebbe: "Really?"  
Adaora: "Yes, but Mrs. Johnson made me get off in case I broke it."

### *N'della N'jie 10J*

It's no good shouting at anyone on the moon. There's no air, so sound cannot travel. So, if you ever get invited to a rock concert on the moon, don't bother to turn up!

Eve's Mother: "Well, how did things go on your first day at B.S.L.?"  
Eve: " Not very well. They say I have to go back tomorrow."

The boys (seven and five) proudly displayed their collection of model prehistoric monsters to a young visitor. That's a Stegasaurus, that's a Brontosaurus and that's a Tyrannosaurus Rex,' said the elder boy. Not to be outdone, the younger added:  
'And we've got a granny upstairs!'

## LEARNING ENGLISH AS A SECOND LANGUAGE

Coping with a French penpal who has come for the holidays...

Amy: Guess what? My neighbour took in washing now that they've retired.

Lucille: What? Took in washing? Does that mean they look like washing?

Amy: No, no. Took in washing means doing the laundry for other people and getting paid for it. But the took you're referring to is "took after" which means to look like. get it?

Lucille: Yes I think so.

Amy: Well they also designed their house in such a way they can now take in lodgers.

Lucille: Mais comment? How can they do the lodgers for other people and get paid for it?

Amy: There are two "take ins". One means doing the laundry while the other means accomodating people in the house.

Lucille: So how many different types of "takes" are there in the English language?

Amy: Well there are so many that it will take up a lot of time to teach you all of them.

Lucille: Take up?

Amy: That means to waste.

Lucille: you mean you'll be wasting your time teaching me?

Amy: Not exactly. Look why don't you take a pen and paper and take down the details of all the meanings of "take" that I've just mentioned.

Lucille: But why should I waste the details?

Amy: No I mean write down the details.

Lucille: Oh je comprends.

Amy: Lucille can I take you into my confidence?

Lucille: How can I write down into your confidence?

Amy: I mean can I tell you a secret?

Lucille: Oh sure.

Amy: Anyway I took my boyfriend out last week...

Lucille: What! You mean you killed your boyfriend?

Amy: No, I meant I went on a date and not hte other "took out " which means to shoot down or to knock out.

Lucille: Oh I see.

Amy: Well we were having a great time when suddenly he took it into his head to leave.

Lucille: So he was deceived into leaving.

Amy: No, I mean he just decided to leave all of a sudden.

Lucille: But why?

Amy: He said he had to get home early because he was having dinner with a family friend. And can you believe it, I was completely taken in.

Lucille: Now this "take" means deceived right, right?

Amy: Hey you're learnig fast. Well as was saying . I was so bored that night that I went to a night club and guess who I saw? My boyfriend with my best friend. When he saw me he came over to explain but I ignored him. He got so mad he took back his words.

Lucille: I don't understand.

Amy: I mean he wasn't sorry anymore.

Lucille: But why?

Amy: I don't know. Anyway I went over to my best friend and took her down a peg or two. This ended my second closest relationship.

Lucille: How can writing down a peg or two end your relationship?

Amy: No, this "take down" means to reduce someone's ego. Anyway when my third closest friend came to comfort me I took everything out on her.

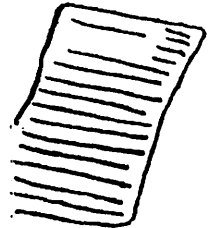
Lucille: You went on a date with her?

Amy: No, I mean I blamed everything on her and now I regret all what I did. I regret ever getting jealous and not controlling my temper. Anyway I've lost my three closest friends and I don't know what to do.

Lucille: It's not the end of the world you know. You can always give them a call to apologise.

Amy: You're right. I think I'll just do that. I mean it's worth a try.

Lucille: Good! But before you go, could you please repeat all the different types of " takes " and their meanings. You see I forgot to take down the details.



*Vivienne Egwudobi 10J*

Mr. Moroney: "Papa, if you had five pieces of chocolate and Simon asked you for a piece, how many would you have left?"

Papa: "Five."

## MATCHMAKING

The teachers were asked to fill questionnaires. These were compared to each other to pair the teachers up according to what they had in common. Here is an example of the questionnaires filled:

**NAME** Maggy Jenkins

**NATIONALITY** British

**FAVOURITE ANIMALS** Dogs

**FAVOURITE COUNTRY** France

**FAVOURITE TYPE OF FOOD** (Lebanese, African, Chinese, Japanese, Italian, Indian, Spanish, Mexican) Underline one.

**FAVOURITE TYPE OF MUSIC** Classical

**FAVOURITE LANGUAGE** English

**HOBBIES** Cooking, reading, music, travel, learning languages, walking, eating, sewing, gardening and solving crosswords.

**DISLIKES** Childish people

**FAVOURITE SPORT** Totally bored by all of them.

**AMBITION** To live in physical and mental good health till I'm 100.

**FAVOURITE DISH** I like everything.



Here are the results:

### COUPLES

### REASON FOR BEING MATCHED

Mrs Barbara Moroney and Mr Simon Collins. (These days some older women prefer younger men).

Both like African food and their favourite country is Togo and their favourite language is English.

Mr Ian Sayer and Mme Josette Hazoume

Both love classical music, French food and tennis.

Mr Graham Johnson and Miss Debbie Foulkes.

Both love dogs, Indian food and squash.



Mr David Moroney and Mrs Pauline  
Collins

Both love Chinese and Italian food and also  
like aviation.

Mr Rimmer and Mrs Margaret Gutai

Both love Chinese food and classical music.

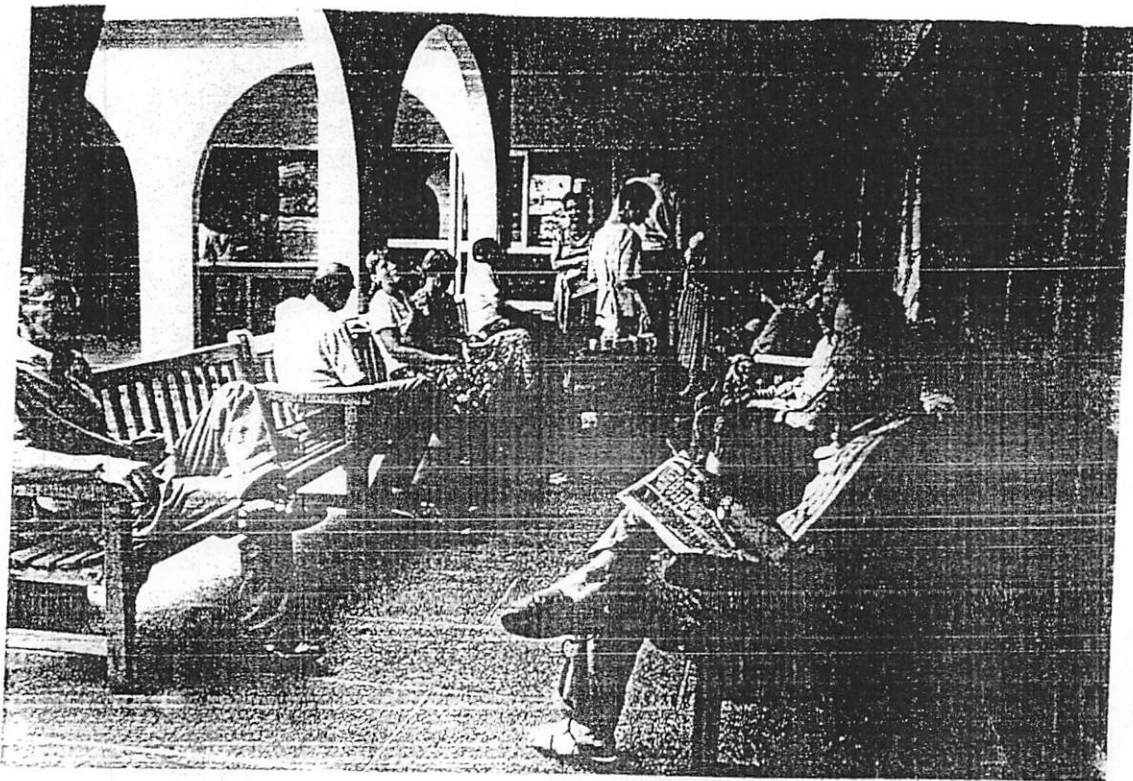
Ms Alison Spence and Mr Trevor Cole

Both like Indian food, swimming and  
reading.

Mr Michael Pryer and Mrs Jeni Sayer

They have absolutely nothing in common.  
(Haven't you heard that opposites  
attract).

Christiana Nwofor 9G



Mubukwanu: "What's green and purple, has yellow stripes, and hundreds of legs?"  
Miss Foulkes: "I don't know, what has?"  
Mubukwanu: "Well, I don't know either, but there's one crawling up the back of  
your neck."

## THE CHORES

Daniel, I would like you to go to the grocer's shop,  
Mum I don't understand my homework,  
You have to buy some cabbage,  
It's only a bit of maths,  
And maybe some carrots,  
I have to answer three questions,  
But don't forget the lettuce,  
The question I don't understand is question number 3.

The next place to go to is the dairy shop,  
It is "8+9+291=",  
We need butter, milk and cream.  
Do you know what the answer is?  
And if you want you can buy an ice cream.  
I've tried it so many times,  
Oh! Also get some cheese,  
I can't figure it out,  
The last place to go to is the supermarket,  
If I don't do it I'll be in detention,  
You have to buy some ham and salami,  
I'll have to write 50 lines,  
And also a packet of sweets,  
So I've got to figure it out,  
By the way, don't forget to do your homework,  
Mum what are my chores today?

Lelia Kuzbari 7E



## CRY OF PEACE

Burn the Bull of Excommunication.  
This ain't no time for segregation  
Reformation for all the nations  
Black, white, yellow, red 'n' green.  
Living in harmony is my dream  
Tension rising strange and static  
The Global position is obviously drastic  
The uprisal of a xenophobia  
Is now on the move, BOOM!, it'll blow ya.  
The shooting, the dying huh; the fighting  
The bitter hate and the endless backbiting.  
A war is on of racial discrimination  
It's victims, people from every nation.  
A global hate is growin' for one another.  
'The incessant smokin' of a sister or brother  
Is taking place. BOOM.....!  
Take cover.  
My rhymes original, the best  
The lyrics chosen by East and West.  
I said I'm the innovator, STOP!  
But nothing like, the imitator.  
I said I'm the originator  
But unlike God, I'm not the maker  
The bodies of humans on the streets.  
What do I say?  
ANOTHER HUMAN WANTED HEAT  
I think this thing is a psycho-madness.  
The growin' hate, stranger than the Lochness.  
The people's love in ablazing fire,  
The cry of peace from the Vienna choir.  
It's time the war and fighting cease.  
It's time for love. It's time for. YO PEACE!



SAMUEL CHIRAI.E 9P



## GUILT

A noise on the stair.  
A killer is in the house.  
What does he want here?

A domain of bricks.  
Lost souls wander within it.  
I might join them.

My burdens are stones.  
My soul is heavy with guilt.  
My past is unknown.

Deccit and murder.  
They followed me through my life.  
But no one knows this.

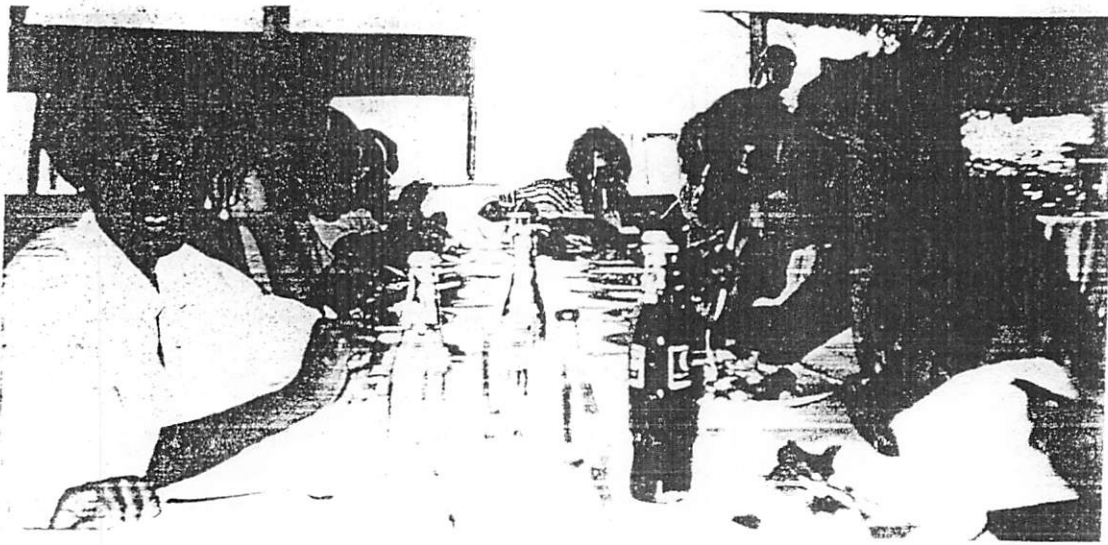
I killed a woman.  
She was my dearest mother.  
I wanted her soul.

Uninvited souls.  
My past is very guilty,  
And mother is dead.

UCHE AKOBUNDU 9P







### IT DOESN'T PAY TO BE GREEDY

Once upon a time, there lived a man called Kwaku Ananse in a village in Ghana. For many years, this village had been struck by famine and drought but eventually the rains started again. The villagers could then start their farms again. Kwaku Ananse and his family decided to grow yam, maize and beans on their farm.

The farm prospered and when it was getting to harvest time, Ananse finally sat down to think. He thought that when the crops were harvested, he would be cheated of his share as he had a lot of children. Finally an amazing plan dawned on him.

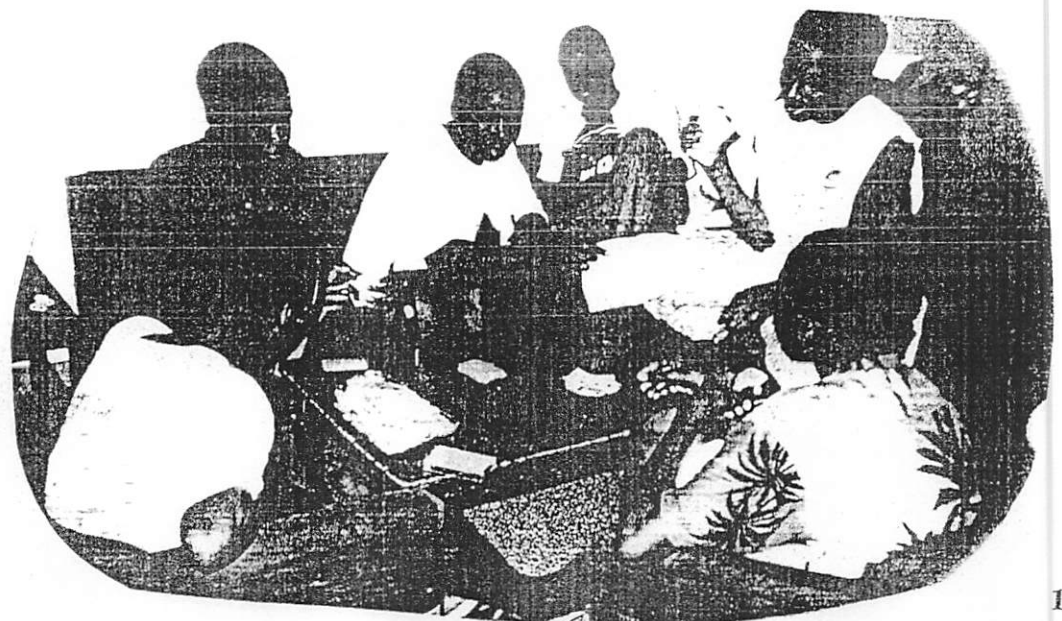
He called his wife and children the next day and told them that God appeared to him in a dream and told him that he (Ananse) was going to die the following day. His last wishes as he told his wife were: that the coffin he'd be buried in shouldn't be sealed shut, he should be buried with cooking utensils, e.g. knives, plates, pots, pans and so on..., he should be buried in his farm. His last wish was that nobody should come to the farm at night.

Ananse supposedly died the next day and was buried just as he instructed. Nobody came to the farm that night so Ananse got out of his grave and feasted on the crops nearby. He cooked with the pots and pans that he was buried with. The following day, Ananse's family went to harvest the crops but discovered that somebody had stolen their crops. This went on for about two weeks until they decided to put a stop to it.

They built a wooden dummy, covered it with black, sticky tar and then put it in the farm during the day. That night, when Ananse got up to do his business, he noticed a man quietly watching him. He didn't like this so he asked the man to leave. The man just stood there and stared. Ananse got angry and started shouting and hitting the man. He didn't realise that as he was hitting the man he was getting stuck until it was too late.

Ananse stayed stuck to the man until he was discovered the following morning. In his shame he confessed his guilt and ran away to hide. That's why today most spiders are seen hiding in corners. It just doesn't pay to be greedy.

Nana Okoh 101



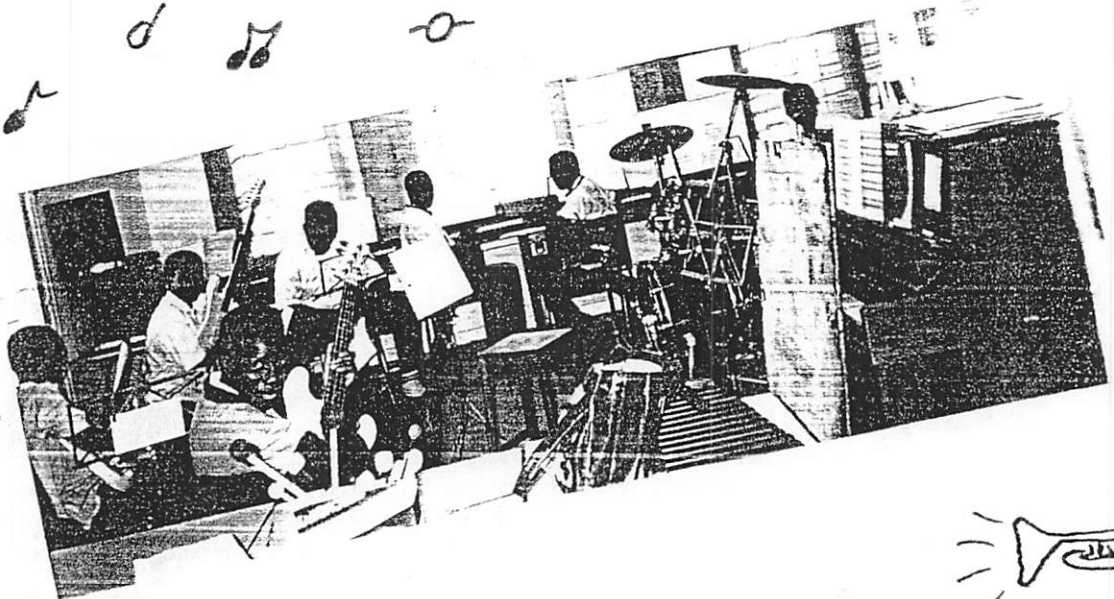
## MRS JENKINS' MUSIC ROOM

Mrs Jenkins is the music teacher of our little school. Clean and neat and tidy, that's how she keeps her music room. She keeps instruments of everybody's pick and choose. She lends instruments only to people whom she knew wouldn't lose them.

Instruments of all sizes and shapes are in that room. There are euphoniums and clarinets, tenor horns and soprano cornets, African drums and bass guitars, and xylophones that are ever so large. Low pitched instruments, high-pitched instruments all played that merry tune. Then one day a boy called Jerry entered her music room, and meddled and meddled till all the instruments were out of tune.

Then Mrs Jenkins entered and took one look around and left the room without a single sound. Then she returned with an instrumental tuner who fixed the instruments so that they couldn't sound any newer. Mrs Jenkins put a notice on the notice board that said "Nobody is allowed to enter my music room ever, ever again!"

Laesha Smith 7E



### SOME INTERESTING QUESTIONS FROM LONDON UNIVERSITY'S PHILOSOPHY DEGREE EXAM PAPERS (one hour for each question)

1. What do all red things have in common?
2. If on three successive days men of heights 9'9", 9'10" and 9'11" arrived at Heathrow, should one's confidence that all men are less than 10' tall be increased or not?
3. One grain of sand does not make up a heap of sand. Nor can a single grain ever make the difference between what is and what is not a heap. So no number of grains of sand suffices to make a heap. Discuss.
4. What is the pen you are holding?
5. How do I know what others think? How do I know what I think?
6. Does day cause night?
7. Discuss whether a dog has beliefs.
8. Do buildings ever have a meaning?

## THE GAMBIA

The Gambia is a very small country situated in West Africa, surrounded on all three sides by Senegal. The Gambia became independent in February 1965. The president is called Sir Dauda Jawara. He has been president of Gambia ever since it gained independence from the British. The Gambia has a very small population. The main tribes are Wolof, Fula, Mandinka, Serchule and Serrer.

The capital city of the Gambia is called Banjul, and it is the busiest city in the country. Other towns in Gambia are Fajara, Kotu, Cape point and Bakau. The main exports are peanuts, rice and vegetables. It makes things such as plates, shoes etc.

The Gambian airport is called Yundum and it has one of the best and longest runways in the whole of Western Africa. The Gambia is a very peaceful country. There has never been a war in there before. It is a Muslim country. 85% of the Gambians are Muslims and nearly 15% are Christian.

The Gambian currency is Dalasi and Bututs. Gambians like listening to the music of famous musicians such as Youssou N'dour and Ysmael Lo. The most popular sports played in The Gambia are football and a lot of athletics is done. Most Gambians I know are good at football, even though we do not have a national football team.

The major river in Gambia is the river Gambia, and it is useful for fishing and for drinking and irrigation. The river is located in the western part of Kerewan and it flows into Senegal and Guinea Conakry. The river is very big.


Gambian schools have strict rules. In primary schools the uniform is either green, brown or blue. Teachers are allowed to beat students in primary schools. Only one primary school in the whole of Gambia forbids this. This is the Marina International School, which is an American school.

The Gambia and Senegal are very close neighbours, mainly because they speak the same local languages { Senegal's official language is French}. The two countries get along very well, since both are peaceful nations.

The flag of Gambia is designed horizontally, with red on top, blue in the middle and green at the bottom. The red stands for the sun, blue for peace and green for agriculture.

*Papalie Jeng 8C*

### I SHOULD LIKE TO...

- 
- I should like to taste the smell of the flowers, to drink the air, to conquer the world and buy every single hour.
  - I should like to live ten thousand years, to paint the sky all green, to smell the sound of a guitar playing a love song.
  - I should like to always stay young, to fly into the bright blue sky, to buy a Ferrari for two hundred francs CFA.
  - I should like to talk to the wind, or hear the voice of God, I should like to live after death.
  - I should like to laugh the whole year long, to never see a tear from my face. I should like the sun not to set. I should like to swim over the sea.
  - I should like to have the knowledge of the world, to be an Einstein II. But all these things are only dreams. I'm an ordinary school boy.

*Christian Dummer 8C*

The noblest of all dogs is the hot dog; it feeds the hand that bites it. (Lawrence J. Peter)

Kelechi: "Don't you know it's rude to reach across the table for the cake? Haven't you got a tongue?"

Mahali: "Yes, but my arm's longer"

## LOOK WHAT'S COOKING

This mouthwatering menu is full of calories so if you're on a diet, skip this column( you can try the chef's salad though) but if you're not, it's time for PARTY! LET'S DIVE IN!!

### Menu

Hot fruit kebabs

Chef's salad

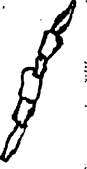
Original chemical-free cocktail drink

Spanish omclette

Crepes suzettes

Chocolate brownies

Pizza



### Hot fruit Kebabs

#### *Ingredients*

6 tbsl creme fraiche

4 tbsl soft dark brown sugar

a little melted butter

suggested fruit: grapes, strawberries, bananas, kiwi fruit, madarin oranges.

Mix the creme fraiche with 2 tbsl brown sugar in a bowl. Allow the sugar to melt and then give the mixture a very thourough stir.

Wash the strawberries. Peel the bananas, madarin oranges and kiwi fruit. Cut the kiwis and bananas into large chunks. Thread the fruit and marshmallows on to wooden skewers, alternating the colours. Don't forget to leave 1 1/2 inches at each end, so you will be able to pick the kebab up.

Put the kebabs on the grill rack. (Tip: line the grill pan with tin foil\_ this makes washing up a lot easier.)

Brush the food and marshmallows with melted butter. Sprinkle the rest of the brown sugar over the top. Turn the grill on. When it is hot, put the grill pan under the grill. (Don't forget to use oven gloves.) Grill from one minute and remove from the heat.

Place a kebab on each plate and serve with creme fraiche sauce

### Chef's salad

#### *Combine:*

Lettuce \_ shredded

Chicken \_ diced and cooked

Ham \_ diced and cooked

Grated cheese

Cucumber

Streaky bacon \_ cook until it is really crispy and crumble it over the top.

Pour over dish a really good coating of French dressing or mayonaise, or indeed a mixture of both.



*Overheard at the last Parent's evening. Who were the speakers.*

"We teachers all call your son our wonder student."

"That's very nice to hear."

"Yes, we all wonder if he's going to learn anything."

Mr. Rimmer: "There was the Ice age, then the Stone age, what came next?"

Kabbal: "The saus-age."

## Original Chemical-free cocktail drink



Sugar  
10 oranges  
1 pineapple  
5 lemons  
ice cubes + 2 straws for each glass  
1 cup of water



Cut the oranges in half horizontally and squeeze juice out into a bowl. Peel the pineapple and cut in small pieces. Grind well and sieve into a bowl using a very fine sieve for liquids. Do this at least twice. Add a cup of water. Cut lemons in half horizontally and press juice out into a bowl. Take out seeds. Put the three juices together in a big bowl and add 10 level teaspoons of sugar. Stir well. Serve with ice cubes and two straws. You can also add a sliced lemon over the rim of the glasses.

## Spanish omelette

4 big potatoes  
2 medium size tomatoes cooked in hot water until soft enough to peel skin  
2 green peppers  
1 onion  
5 large eggs  
Salt and pepper  
Butter

Chop potatoes, onion, tomatoes and pepper into small pieces separately. Beat the eggs into a bowl and season with salt and pepper. Light the cooker and place a frying pan on it. Over high heat melt enough butter in the pan to fry all of these ingredients, then lower the heat. Don't add too much butter at first otherwise your omelette is going to be too oily. (You can always add more butter as you go along.)

Add onions and stir until transparent. Add tomatoes and pepper. Stir for a minute and then add potatoes. These have to be on the fire for quite a long time so that they are well cooked. After a few minutes taste them to make sure that they are well cooked. If they are not, leave them on the fire for a bit longer. When the potatoes are well cooked, add the eggs. Scramble the contents of the frying pan until the eggs are set. Serve warm with slices of sweet bread.

## Crepes suzettes

For the batter:

50 ml milk  
110 g (4 oz) plain flour  
1 egg size 3  
1 egg yolk size 3  
280 ml (1/2 oz) unsalted butter, melted

For the caramel sauce:

60 g (2 oz) caster sugar  
The juice of 2 Seville oranges  
The grated rind of 1 Seville orange

To complete:

2 tbs Grand Marnier  
2 tbs Brandy



To make the batter, sift the flour into a bowl. Make a well in the centre, add the egg and yolk, then gradually whisk in the milk to make a smooth batter. Cover, leave to stand for 30 minutes, then stir in the melted butter.

Make about 16 wafer-thin pancakes in a lightly greased, non-stick frying pan. Cook the pancakes until pale golden on each side, then layer them between pieces of greaseproof paper on a plate, set over a pan of gently simmering water to keep warm.

To make the caramel sauce, place the sugar and 1 tbs of orange juice in a small, heavy based pan and gently heat until sugar has dissolved. Cook to a golden brown caramel, then remove from the heat and carefully add the remaining orange juice. Add the grated orange rind and continue cooking to form a syrupy sauce.

Fold the pancakes in half and in half again and place in a large non-stick frying pan. Pour over the caramel sauce and heat gently. When hot, add the Grand Marnier and Brandy and set alight. Serve immediately.

## Chocolate brownies

3 oz/75 g self raising flour  
1 oz/25 g cocoa  
1/2 level tsp salt  
4 oz/ 100 g plain chocolate broken into pieces  
4 oz/100 g caster sugar  
2 eggs  
1/2 tsp baking powder  
1/2 tsp vanilla essence  
2 oz/50 g chopped walnuts (optional)

Grease a 10 \* 8 inch/25 \* 20 cm baking tray ( a Swiss roll tray is ideal).  
Boil 3/4 pint of water in a saucepan and remove from the heat. Put the chocolate in a heat-proof bowl. place this over a saucepan, so that the heat from the water melts the chocolate.  
Put the butter or margarine into a bowl with the sugar and beat hard until light and fluffy, with a wooden spoon. Add the chocolate and vanilla essence. Beat in the eggs one at a time  
Sift the flour, cocoa, salt and baking powder into the butter and sugar mixture, stir in walnuts. Turn the mixture on to the baking tray. Place in the oven and bake for 30 minutes. Cut into squares, but leave to stand in the tin until cool

## Pizza

### Base

4 oz/100 g plain flour  
1/2 level tsp salt  
1/2 tsp dried instant yeast  
2 fluid oz/50 g warm water  
(You can use a packet mix if you've never made dough before)

Sift flour into a bowl. Add the salt and yeast. Make a hole in the middle and pour in the warm water. Stir all the ingredients gently. You will eventually need to use your hands. Turn the mixture on to a floured board and knead it as hard as you can.

### Toppings

1 tbs cooking oil  
1/4 onion  
1 small tin chopped tomatoes  
1/2 level tsp castor sugar  
1 tsp mixed herbs.  
Choice of : olives, mozzarella cheese, mushrooms, sliced, chopped ham, peppers thinly sliced, grated Cheddar cheese.

Chop the onion into very small pieces, and put it into a saucepan with herbs, tomatoes, sugar, and salt and pepper (1/4 tsp of each). Put a lid on the saucepan and simmer the sauce for 20 minutes. Stir it occasionally to prevent it sticking to the pan. Then remove it from the heat.

Roll out the pizza dough into a circle approximately 10 inches across. ( Pizza dough is very hard to roll, so if it is tough push it into shape with your fingers.) Place the circle on a well-oiled baking sheet. Cover the surface with the tomatoe mixture. Add grated cheese and any other toppings you choose. Bake for 20 minutes.

## CHRISTIANA NWOFOR 9G

Aunty Benny: "Geleh, what are you doing?"  
Geleh: "I'm sprinkling elephant powder around the house."  
A.B. "But why? There are no elephants here!"  
Geleh: "Yes it's good stuff isn't it."



Coca-cola is sold in about 157 of the world's 171 countries. Even if you don't know a person's language, you only have to order a Coca-cola to be sure of being understood.

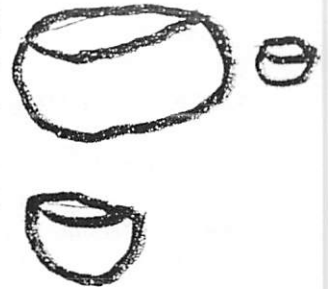


### Goldilocks and the Three Bears.



Once upon a time, there were three bears; Baddy Bear, Mummy Bear and Baby Bear. They lived in a dark, dark wood. One morning they made some porridge, but it was too hot, so they went for a walk.

A little girl called Goldilocks came skipping through the wood. She went into the Bears' house and ate up all Baby Bear's porridge. Then she tried Daddy Bear's chair but it was too hard, Mummy Bear's chair was too soft, but Baby's chair was just right. Goldilocks sat down on it and because she was too fat it broke.

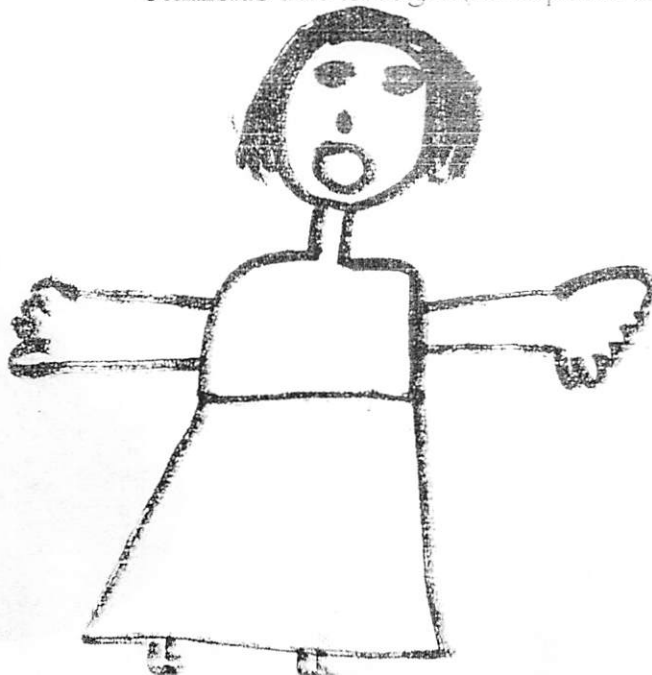


Then she went up the stairs and into the bedroom. Goldilocks saw three beds. Daddy's was too hard, Mummy Bear's was too soft but Baby Bear's bed was just right and Goldilocks fell asleep.

Just then the three Bears came home. They found Goldilocks in the Baby Bear's bed. When she saw them, Goldilocks got a big fright and jumped out of the window and ran all the way home.

The End.

Written by : Mark , Tidiane , Leke, Damilola, Sena,  
Stanislas and Bridget (Reception Class)





"What I found irresistible was your sense of humour,"  
Said Mr Forthright with vigour,  
"It wasn't your management qualifications which prompted me to agree."

For the trial period of a term,  
And agreed to back us in our project  
For the next day Mr Forthright called my firm  
It must have been alright

As I stared into the open-mouthed faces of the crowd  
And I blushed to the roots of my hair  
In the dead silence the slurping seemed unnaturally loud  
The pianist stopped for a rest

And for effect I ended with a burp.  
It cooled the food; it didn't burn your tongue  
I found out that the best way to eat soup is to tip the plate and slurp  
The soup was good and hot

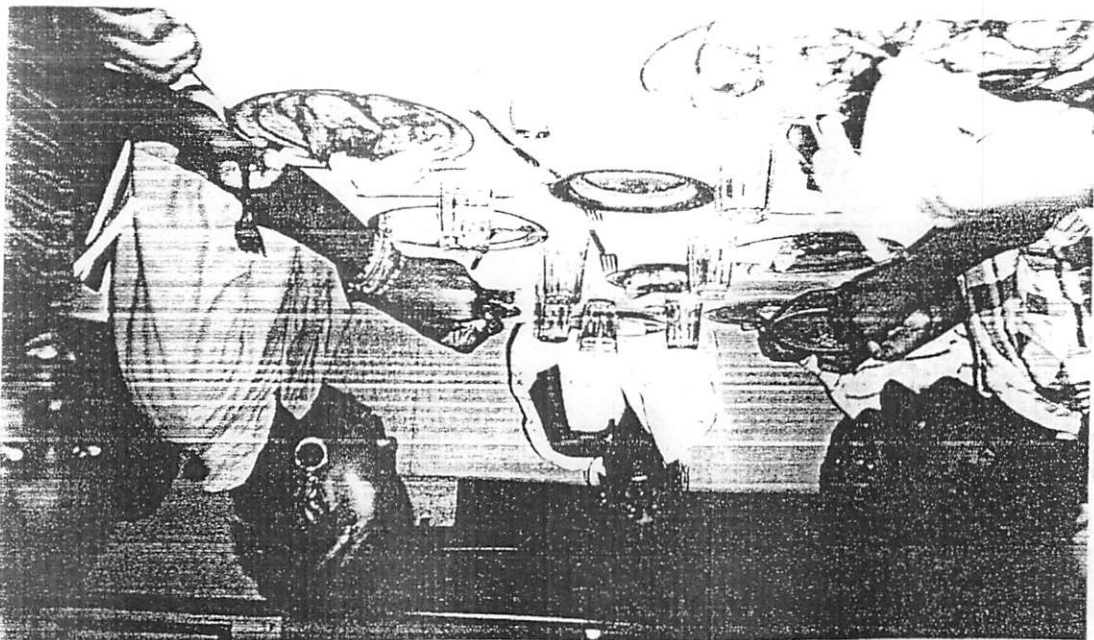
And thanked my stars for this trick of fate.  
I remembered a book on western etiquette  
And I wondered how to eat soup from a plate  
The waiter laid down the plate

"Ern, you sit at the table you've reserved, it's only fair."  
Mr Forthright bent down and whispered to me  
I went to the nearest table and pulled out a chair.  
I was out on a business dinner with a client

We always ate the spaghetti mashed with banana  
In the remote parts of Ghana  
It wasn't my fault. In my village

And my table manners were hardly the best in the country  
I disgraced myself while eating spaghetti  
It was my first time in a posh restaurant  
The first time I was invited out to dinner

AMERICAN ETIQUETTE IN A RESTAURANT



FOOD

Apples are nice  
And so are chips  
Rice and pasta  
And oranges with pips

Bread and butter  
And English trifles  
Birthday cakes  
In the shape of rifles.

Hamburgers and pizza  
Peaches and cream  
Curry and prawn cocktail  
What a wonderful dream.

French salad  
And fried eggs  
Shepherds pie  
And fat frogs legs.

And just to finish off  
Jelly and ice  
Big chocolate cakes  
They are all very nice.



Simon Pryer 7E



# science prize crossword

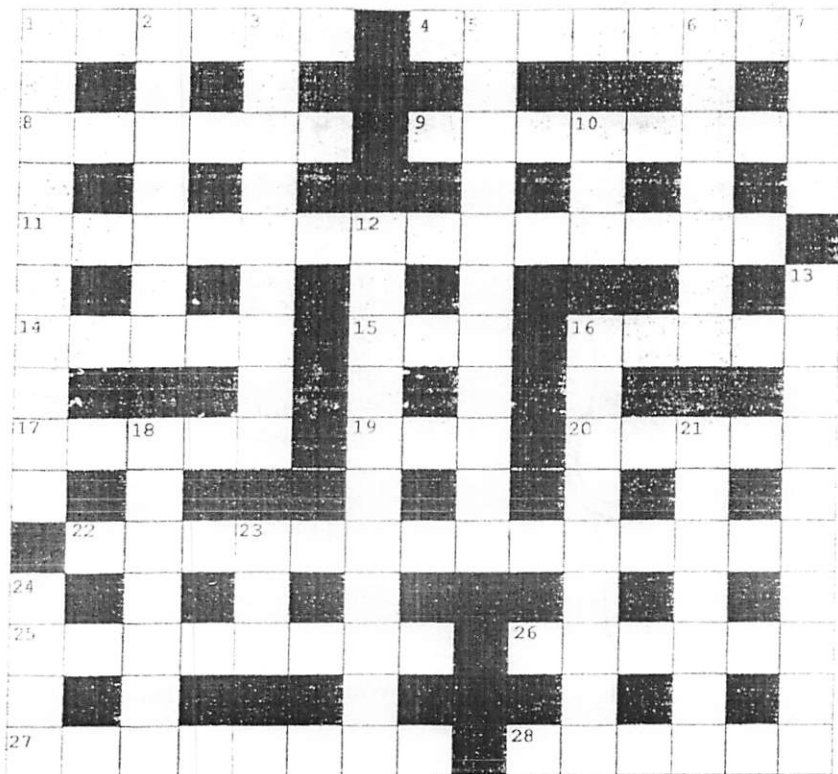
Prizes will be awarded to the students who get the most clues correct.

Entries to Mr. Moroney by

Lunchtime

Tuesday 6<sup>th</sup> July 1993

The World Book Encyclopaedias and Chambers Dictionary will help -use the library.



## ACROSS

1. The common name of a cone-bearing evergreen tree in the pine family, native to the northern hemisphere. (6)
2. A device for making ozone from oxygen (8)
3. A programme of space missions intended to land humans on the moon -successful in 1969 with number 11 in the series. (6)
4. See 24 down.
5. Scientist, born in Germany, famous for his theory of relativity. In 1921 he received the Nobel Prize for physics. In 1933 he emigrated to the USA, living there until his death in 1955. (6,8)
6. Long, protruding teeth, as seen on boars or elephants etc. (5)
7. One of 10,000 insect species that lives in organized communities called colonies. Each colony has one or several queens, whose job it is to lay eggs. (3)
8. A vegetable substance used in varnishes, medicines, soaps and paints. Two natural types are called amber and lac. (5)
9. Rises and falls of ocean waters. Caused mainly by the gravitational pull of the moon; especially large ones are caused by the pull of the moon and sun acting together. (5)
10. Egg cells or female gametes. The singular form is ovum. (3)
11. To bar out or exclude. Anagram of 'read'. (5)
12. Theory that says one substance is what it is because it gives away hydrogen ions, and the chemically opposite substance (alkalis) take them. (4-4,6)
13. An animal, especially a dog, with an incut posterior extremity. (8)
14. Continent connected to South America some 200,000,000 years ago. (6)
15. Movement of air, caused by air pressure differences in different regions of the world, coming from 090°. (8)
16. The organic basis for bone, from the Latin word ossis. (6)

## DOWN

1. An icicle-like object, made of calcium carbonate, hanging from a cave roof, formed by water evaporation dripping through limestone. (10)
2. A quadrilateral having two pairs of parallel sides all of the same length; a 'slanting square'. (7)
3. Green sickness, a form of anaemia affecting young women. From the Greek *chloros*, meaning pale green. (9)
4.  $Zn(NO_3)_2$  (4,7)
5. Kingdom, phylum, class, order, family, genus, ..... (7)
6. The typical genus of frogs, giving the name to the family Ranidae. Spanish for frog. (4)
7. Time zone used in Togo. Named from the place near London housing a Royal Observatory which is on the Prime Meridian. (1.1.1.)
8. The change in state from liquid to vapour. It can occur below the boiling point. (11)
9. A potential one would occur if, for example, an object is lifted. (6,4)
10. Changes in wavelengths towards the longer wavelengths when objects move away from an observer. These changes in objects such as stars lead astronomers to believe the universe is expanding. (3,6)
11. Pours off a liquid to leave a sediment. (7)
12. Element number 35, a dark red liquid at room temperature which boils at 59°C. It is a reactive non-metal, one of the halogens. (7)
13. An insecticide powder, widely used on crops for pest control. The three letters come from dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane. It is now largely banned due to adverse effects on food chains. (1.1.1.)
- 14 and 9 across. Two of the primary colours of light, together they give cyan -don't confuse them with the primary colours of paint. (4.3.5)

## THE PAST, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE

## ALL ALONE

The past lags behind  
Some like to remember it  
Some do not at all

The present is here  
Here now and here forever  
Regardless of time

The future's afront  
Sometimes it's near, others, far  
We race to catch up

With past behind me  
With future ahead of me  
with present with me

If present all time  
Where is the past and the future  
Sometimes I jusi wonder where



Sad  
Sad  
Is the man  
As he thinks of his past.  
Happy  
Happy  
Was he back then  
When he was young.  
Quick  
Quick  
Was he then  
As he jumped around  
Young  
Young  
Was he then  
Young and happy.  
Slow  
Slow  
Is he now  
With no one to love him.

*Biram M'boob 9G*

*Mary Dudley 8C*

### Typhoid

Just when the Christmas holidays started, I began to feel ill. I never ate anything and I didn't want to drink anything or then I felt like thowing up. I was forced to drink a glass of water every hour because I was dehydrated. When I walked around the house to get something I always felt dizzy and sometimes I felt like fainting. My mother's friend is a doctor so she came to check what was wrong with me. She didn't know what I had and suggested that if it was Malaria I should take a dose of Halfan(malaria tablets). My stomach was getting bigger every day and after three weeks I looked like an eight-month pregnant woman. I was getting yellower and whiter every day so they also thought I had Hepatitis. My liver was very swollen and it caused my stomach to blow up like a balloon. Because the strike was still on no one could do tests on me because the clinics were still closed, so after three weeks of being sick they thought it would be best to travel to a hospital in Europe. My mother had to come with me to put me in hospital. We travelled to London because my father lived there. On the airplane I couldn't sit still and wanted to lie down, so a hostess brought me a matress to sleep on, near an emergency exit. I slept through the whole flight and didn't drink or eat anything. I threw up once on the floor and once in the brown bag which they put in front of your seat. When we got out I was put in a wheel chair and they took me out of the plane. We had arrived in Schipol airport and as I couldn't walk long distances I was sat on a little blue car and was taken with my mother to the next flight for London. We waited for about fifteen minutes in the airport and soon we were flying over the clouds to London. At Heathrow airport I was also sitting in a wheelchair while we went around the airport, while my mother filled in the passports. After filling in our passports we went to another room where people were waiting for their relatives or friends who were arriving. I looked around the airport and spotted my father in a black business suit. He came and held my hand as they pushed into the ambulance. We all got into the white van and all went into Cromwell Hospital. They took me to a big ward where other patients were and they set me on a bed in front of the door. My parents were sitting next to me while the doctors checked me. They took a sample of my liver by sticking a tube in my right rib cage which sucked it out, they gave me an anaesthetic before they did it (of course). I then had to sleep for three hours on my right side and three hours on my left side so it would give my liver time to reproduce what had been taken. They put me on drips straight away and when I woke up they took me to my own room. There was a television and a dressing table in it. There were also some chairs for the visitors and a little bathroom. The minute I lay in bed I started watching the television. I was on drips for three weeks, three bottles a day. At the beginning I wouldn't eat so they wanted to put a tube up my nose but I promised them I would eat. Every day my father came to see me in hospital and always bought me a jam doughnut! I finally came out after three weeks. I stayed for a couple of weeks more with my father because I still had to visit the hospital for blood tests.



*Lelia Kuzbari 7E*

## The green and the grey fields

My name is Francois Tignasse. I lived in a small hut on top of a grey hill near Paris. I lived together with my sister, my dad, my mum and my grand mother. Beside our hill, there is a green one and on top of it, there is a chateau where a noble lived with his family. We had to work for him and we only earned a small amount of money to buy bread. One day, there was a feast and we were going to it, but some soldiers heard my father saying bad things about the king and sent him to a prison called the Bastille.

I was very sad and in the night, I decided that I had to talk to the other peasants. The next day, I stood on top of the hill and shouted, "Peasants! Listen to me! Don't let the rich people do this to us! WE are not slaves! Lets storm the Bastille and kill the rich people and make a revolution!" Lots of people gathered around me and as I finished, they clapped and shouted "Hooray". Early in the morning, we marched to the bastille and stormed it. My father died because the walls of the Bastille broke and fell on him. We killed lots of soldiers. I was very unhappy but happy too, because we had won.



Hillert 6C

## THE PUPIL'S REVENGE

Today's the day of my revenge  
And teacher's going to get it!  
Today's the day of my revenge  
And teacher's going to scream!  
I'll put slippery snakes and gooey frogs  
And all the horrors from the swamps  
Right in the middle of teacher's comfy chair.  
So when teacher sits it will go plop!  
I'll put spiders and fish in teacher's notebook,  
Lizards and bats in teacher's desk  
I'll put slime on teacher's pens  
And trip wires on the door.  
I'll be horrible and make faces in class  
I'll even give teacher an apple  
(With worms in it of course!)  
Teacher's coming through the door,  
And I'm ready to begin!  
Then she smiles at me  
And I feel sort of funny.  
Well, maybe it can wait till tomorrow.  
Then I can begin.

by Jennifer Stokes 7E.

## I SHOULD LIKE TO...

I should like to see the air moving in and out of the trees.  
I should like to keep the sound of the morning sun, or the sound of death.  
I should like to see the whole universe.  
I should like to touch the planet Mars.  
I should like to hear the rainbow or see the whisper of the winds.  
I should like to see a lion's roar or feel a dinosaur breathing.  
I'd like to smell the seaweed deep below the sea.  
I'd like to hold the stars to see if they would melt.  
I would like to taste the grass growing or hear the world thinking.  
I should like to keep a big piece of purple under my pillow.

Rebecca Johnson 8R

A five year old was caught with his finger firmly up his left nostril. His mother admonished him, but the boy replied:

'I wasn't picking it. I was resting my finger up it.'

Auntie Benny: "I don't want you using those bad words anymore."  
Zizi: "But Shakespere uses them."  
Auntie Benny: "Then I forbid you to play with him again."



## HELPING HAND

Give me all my needs  
great Creator of all men  
and I shall thank thee.

by Ifejika Nkem 8C

## THE SCORPION

Crawling under rocks.  
You with the poisonous sting.  
Where are you?

Rebecca Johnson 8R



## NIGERIA

Nigeria, the biggest nation on the west African coast has more people than any other African country. Nigeria is a land of great variety. The population consists of over 250 different ethnic groups. The 3 main ethnic groups are the Yoruba, Igbo and Hausa. The first two of which are represented in this school. Ethnic groups differ from one another in languages, customs and traditions.

Even though English is the official language, each ethnic group has its own distinct language, and some of these are taught even up to university level.

In the cities many Nigerians wear western-style clothing but other city dwellers and people in rural areas wear traditional clothing. In Nigeria, men and women wear loose attires made of white or brightly coloured fabrics. The men may also wear short full tops or jackets with baggy shorts or roomy trousers. Small round caps are popular head coverings for men, and the women often wear scarves or colourful headgear (Igbo and Yoruba especially).

The chief foods of Nigeria include yams, corn, rice and beans. The people also eat plantains and the roots of cassava plants. The common foods amongst the Yorubas are pounded yam, amala and eba. The Hausas enjoy eating tuwo which is grounded rice. The Igbos eat Akpu and Edika Ekong soup. These are accompanied by vegetable soups cooked with either palm or peanut oil and are highly seasoned with red peppers. These meals also feature beef, meat, chicken or lamb.

The Nigerian people are also great dancers. Be it at festivals, special ceremonies or moonlight games, dancing is always prominently featured.

As I mentioned earlier on, Nigerians dress in a variety of ways using very colourful material and complicated headgear.

The Hausa Kaftan and trousers is mostly worn in the northern parts of Nigeria.

The Yorubas have a special cloth which is handwoven in strips which are joined to form the outfit. This is called Aso Oke and it comes in many different colours. Also, Yorubas wear loose tops and wrappers, usually with a matching scarf. These also come in various prints.

The Igbos usually wear plain-coloured blouses with printed or painted double wrappers called George and a matching headgear. Also short loose boubous are worn over wrappers and are accompanied with or without headties.



*Olutosin Coker 9G*

## BOARDING HOUSE

The boarding house was first established in 1985, and was called Cambridge. There were six children ranging from seven to sixteen years old. The names of the six children were Aisha, Akuye, Addy, Doreen, Mainga and Rotimi. Their housemother was called Mrs Smith, and she came from Sierra Leone.

In September 1987, the numbers of boarders increased and so Oxford house was started for the senior boys with Mrs Mark Browne as housemother. Some of the senior boys may remember some of Mrs Mark-Browne's peculiar ideas concerning lemons! In 1988 Durham house was started for the senior girls with Mrs Hewitson, as housemother and then finally in 1991, Lincoln was started for the junior girls with Mrs Johnson. There are now seventy-two boarders.

All the meals were eaten in the boarding houses until September 1990 when Mr Sayer obtained the remainder of the Commercial Centre, including the restaurant which has now been made into a dining area.

The boarders come from thirteen different countries, some of them as far away as Guyana, the Solomon Islands and Lesotho.

The current housemothers are Mrs Tamaklo in Cambridge, Mrs Mensa in Durham, Mrs Abbeyquaye (known as Auntie Benny) in Oxford and Mrs Johnson in Lincoln. There is also Auntie Rose who is a temporary house mother for when a housemother has her night or weekend off (they need some freedom!).

By Rebecca Johnson 8R  
Sebbe Zulu 8R

Nancy Astor, MO: 'If you were my husband, I'd poison your coffee.'  
Winston Churchill said: 'If you were my wife, I'd drink it.'

## HEALTHY LIVING

### Diet basics

All of us should follow a good, healthy diet to make the most of our bodies and our lives. And although our needs change as we get older, all of us should follow these basic rules to have a healthy diet.

### YOU SHOULD AIM TO EAT EACH DAY

- 4 portions of the following: bread, cereals, rice, pasta or potatoes.
- 4 servings of fresh fruit or vegetables.
- 3 servings of cheese or yogurt
- 2 servings of meat, fish, eggs, nuts or pulses.
- 1/2 pint/300 ml whole milk or 3/4 pint /480 ml semi-skimmed milk.

- \* A safe weight loss plan should provide about 1000 - 1250 calories each day. Anything less won't provide the nutrients you need.
- \* The word diet doesn't have to be linked with weighing scales and measuring tapes. It should be about feeding your body properly.
- \* Try to become in tune with your body. For instance, only eat when you are hungry, and stop when you are satisfied.

Christiana Nwofor 9G



## PHILOSOPHY IS PHUN

1st Philosopher: What do you mean?

2nd Philosopher: What do mean "What do you mean?"?

Now try the following. Just think about them.

1. "I always tell lies". Is this true.

2. Mr Sayer left his office to go to the assembly hall the other day but he never arrived. To arrive, he had to walk halfw  
1 there

3. "If you had struck the match, it would have lit". How could you possibly establish whether this statement is true or fa

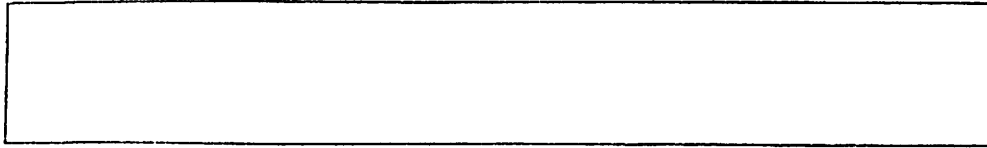
4. Observing black ravens provides evidence that all ravens are black. Now the statement that all ravens are black is equivalent to the statement that all things which are not black are not ravens. Evidence for this latter srtatement should be obtained by observing things which are not black which aren't ravens {eg. yellow bananas}. But what confirms a statement surely confirms any logically equivalent statement. Therefore, observing yellow bananas provides evidence that all ravens are black!

5. When I was hungry, I ate a pound of steak and felt better. So, if I'm hungry again and eat five pounds of steak, I shall feel five times better.

More people in the world watch or play soccer than any other team game ever invented.



Olympic gold medals aren't really made of gold- they are 92% silver and 8% gilt. SHAME!



How good are you at following instructions? The following is a self-assessment test designed for you to find out if you are able to follow a series of instructions. You should take no more than four minutes. Use a pen.

Read through all before writing anything.

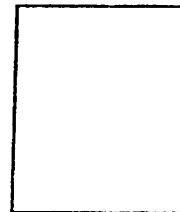
1. Write your name using large, clear letters in the rectangle above.
2. Draw a large cross in the middle circle on the right
3. Draw a circle in the top two corners of this page.

4. Completely shade in the oval to the right.



5. Write the name of any four-legged animal here:
6. Say loudly to the person nearest to you: "*I am doing the self assessment test.*"
7. Draw three wavy lines across the top of the page
8. Make a noise like a dog for five seconds.
9. Lift both your arms in the air for five seconds

10. In the box to the right, draw a picture of Mr. Sayer:



11. Close both of your eyes for five seconds
12. Write your name on the dotted line:.....
13. Stand up for the remaining instructions.
14. Shout: "*Finished.*"
15. Ignore instructions numbered 2 to 13.

How well did you do?

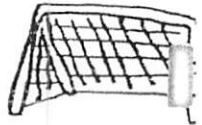
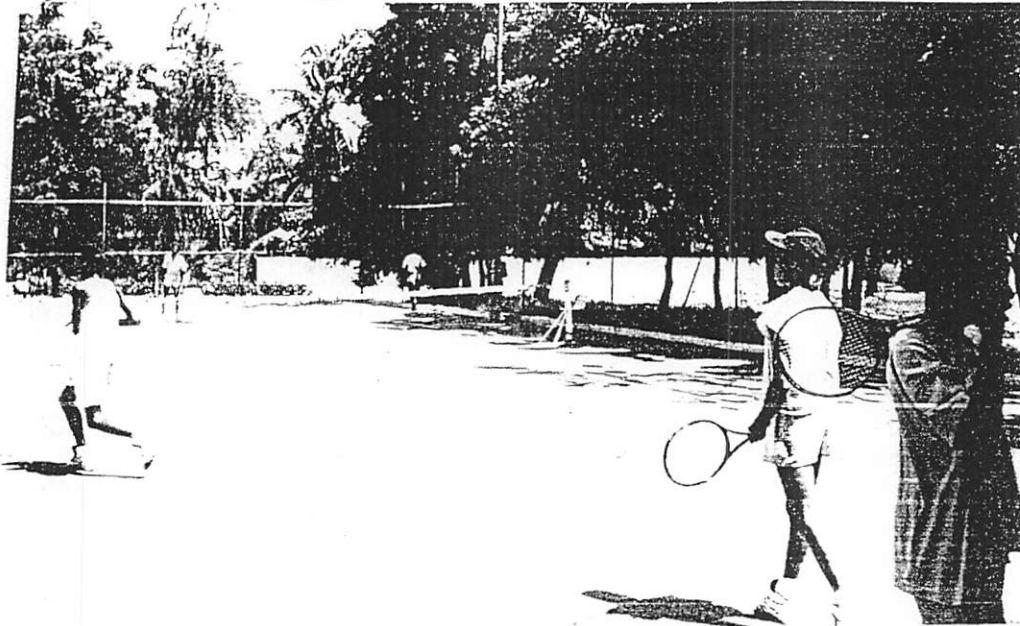


## Games Lesson

Tuesday, 1.30. The bell Rings. The school shop is practically spilling over with year nine students stocking up with M&Ks, pebbles and other Sweets. In the school Miss Foulkes and Mr Cole get out the sports equipment as hushed voices worriedly discuss the setting of this games Period. Will it be the dreaded university or the cramped school backyard? You can't blame me for giving it that name)what else would you call it? As the girls gather around in what is meant to be sports uniform but is unfortunately just a poor excuse for it, news gets round that Yvonne is Sick. Not because she misses games, but because she is missing games since she always misses games. As register is being taken, Mr Cole only has to raise an eyebrow once or twice to keep the noise level Down. It figures, the raised eyebrow is meant to remind you that you will be raising your weight on flabby or skinny hands instead of muscular ones. While 9G's fate is being discussed, a young lady who hates losing, finishes off the remains of her 0.7 cm long nails(I measured) as she hopes fervently that the games aren't 9G versus 9P but Lawrence against Eliot.

The university is chosen and the games will be Lawrence against Eliot. The teachers(who are by no means spending 70 minutes on just teaching sport) start on their first discipline lesson. They insist mercilessly that an unwilling pupil undertakes the gruelling job of carrying the bibs over to the university. Good old year nine takes this opportunity (the stroll down to the university, and they make it real slow and leisurely ,to catch up on what Juliette and Johniere are cooking up(or have cooked up and served),or try to find out what Christiana and Baboucarr are fighting about now. We're all lucky Mr Cole hasn't suggested a jog down to the university.

Once at the university, another 5 minutes are wasted on deterring everyone's attention from the next jumble of sentences that they've already planned, before bothering to listen to what the teachers have to say.



Rounders , football ,volleyball ,handball ,hockey or dodgeball, what's it going to be? A typical football afternoon features most often than not, Miss Foulkes staying planted in one spot, laughing at or with Samuel for the whole afternoon. Johniere and Mahali have assumed the Lawrence defence area because the game always goes on at the other end of the field. Although they are hardly enjoying the sun, they always find something or other to talk about with just enough attention to spare to send any disturbing balls sprawling back to their scoring Area. Mr Cole, the real referee runs up and down with the ball and Tosin, Richard, Sam, Jide,Yinka, Oley, and Justine play a serious football match, that is if Justine and Oley haven't been bullied into goal so That it is impossible to score even half a goal. Michael decides on his own when he is going to play like Maradonna. Lawrence is quite mean really, they always leave Tosin to do all the work while Eliot exhibits excellent team-work. Long gone are the days when the girls used to kick up dust instead of the ball, or when their shoes flew two metres into the air when they kicked the ball. True they aren't experts but they can kick the ball around and into the goal. Someday the class is divided into Lawrence and Elliot and each house plays within itself. In handball Lawrence once spent the whole first period kicking a ball in the handball court where one kick was enough to send the ball way out of the court.

Rounders is pretty serious. Miss Amy's rules have long been put away with happy memories. You only get one rounder if you've made one whole turn without stopping. If someone's bat doesn't fly off, Francis hits the ball so far across the field that he could make two rounders if it were allowed. So far hockey must be the worst games period we've had this term. I find it extremely mean that a ball that was especially designed not to hurt anyone's head should it land there, is fated to have its head mercilessly kicked around until all the stuffing is seen carpeting the University of Benin football field as if there had been a spell of mildew. Smart as they are meant to be, year nine was huddled around

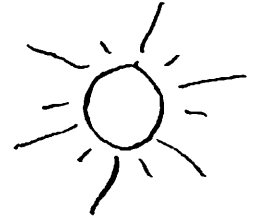




this one ball, like chicken around corn, dangerously hacking at it and twelve other people's feet. The field is so big that you'd think they'd set up positions so that the ball reaches its destination quicker. Just like in dodgeball (normally played in school) they can't get it through their fabulous hairstyles and haircuts that if you stand closer to the middle line the team is most likely to get the ball. (There is a diagram below to describe this.) The person on the opposing team is forced to throw the ball diagonally so if the ball misses you the ball passes to your team. If they played horizontally the ball would still be theirs.

Volleyball for girls and football for boys has always been the all time favourite but lately games is even better. Now everyone plays football and everyone plays volleyball. We now have a wider field area where Francis and Richard can satisfactorily exert their energy even though Boye could do with less sun, especially as she is so much closer to it than the rest of us.

We all reluctantly look forward to games (the teachers too, believe me) despite the rumours that say otherwise. We have a lot of fun.



Mahuli Khotte 96

### The Spill Chuckler

One of the greatest booms of you sing a word-processing package on yore computer is the guaranteed lack of wrong spillings. Most word-processing programs -from the choppiest to the must advanced, such as World for Widows- half a facsimile for looming over your work and corroding spelling errands.

I'd lie to explain howl to use this facilely: simply crack the moose over any world you have doublet about. It will be highlifed and, if incorrigible, you will be given the write alternative.

Bee car full, though, a soften it will knot recognize a word. A sentry like "Mr Cole is in Lomé, Togo" comes out as "Mr Cruel is lumpy, to go!" How ridiculous!

So take care -you have been wormed.

Mr. Marooned

Ms. Elsbury: "Where is your textbook, Ozichu?"

Ozichu: "I ain't got one."

Ms. Elbury: "Not ain't got one -it's haven't got one. I haven't got one, we haven't got one, they haven't got one."

Ozichu: "Well, who has got one then?"



The famous writer George Bernard Shaw was accosted by a woman who gushed: "You have the greatest mind in the world, and the I have the most beautiful body in the world; together we could produce the most perfect child," To which Shaw coldly replied: "What if the child inherits my body and your brains?"

Rebecca: "I've lived on nothing but vegetables for years."  
Sebbe: "So what, I've lived on Earth all my life!"

## Riddles

My first is in cat but not in hat.  
My second is in brown but not in down.  
My third is in book and also in cook.  
My fourth is in bow and also in cow.  
What am I?



My first is in crown but not in brown.  
My second is in hat and also in bat.  
My third is in fat and also in sat.  
What am I?



by Dzigbodi.

## Green

The sun shines through the leaves in the forest.  
The green leaves feed the tree  
And after the fall of the leaves in Autumn  
The world is dim.



The light says go.  
The light is peaceful, it frees cars from the traffic jam.  
The light is happy sometimes and sad sometimes.  
When it is happy it is bright but when it is sad it is dim.

by Goke.

6C

**YET ANOTHER PRIZE** ( for first correct solution out of a hat. Give answer to MR PRYER).

A hunter decided to go out hunting bears. So, he collected his long range rifle with telescopic sights and packed food and water to last a few days. He left his hut and had only gone 100metres when he saw a bear. He followed the bear for 30km due south, trying to get a good shot at it. However, the bear kept just out of rifle range all the time. Then the bear turned east and the hunter followed it for another 20km. Finally, the bear turned due north. The hunter tracked it for 30km and found himself back at his hut. The bear had been in his hut and eaten all his food. Now, the bear was nowhere to be seen.

**QUESTION!** "What colour was the bear?"



Mr. Pryer: "Now, Emmanuel, this is a dogwood tree."  
Emmanuel: "How can you tell?"  
Mr. Pryer: "By its bark."

## MUSIC AT B.S.L.

I've been at this school since 1991 and I have to say that the music scene at the school has changed dramatically. Now, it is possible for every student at the B.S.L. to learn to play an instrument whereas two years ago,

there was nothing. Music lessons consisted of merely singing along to the piano. But now everyone has the chance to really do something.

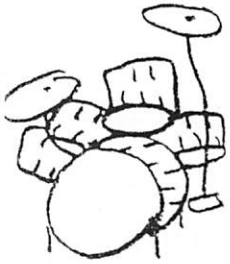
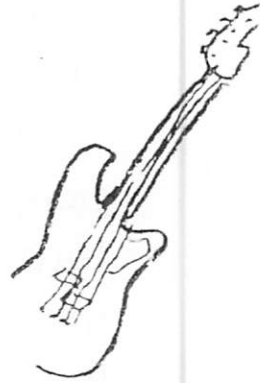
As well as singing there are so many instruments to be played: guitars, piano, brass, recorders and of course--the new movement of B.S.L.--BANDS (Thunder and Lightning, High Tension etc.) So now we can really play real music in a real band.

I'm telling you--listening to music is cool but playing music is 1000 times cooler! Playing in a band really is the best opportunity of learning how to play an instrument. The brass people played in assembly a few weeks ago and really made a big effort, it seemed to me.

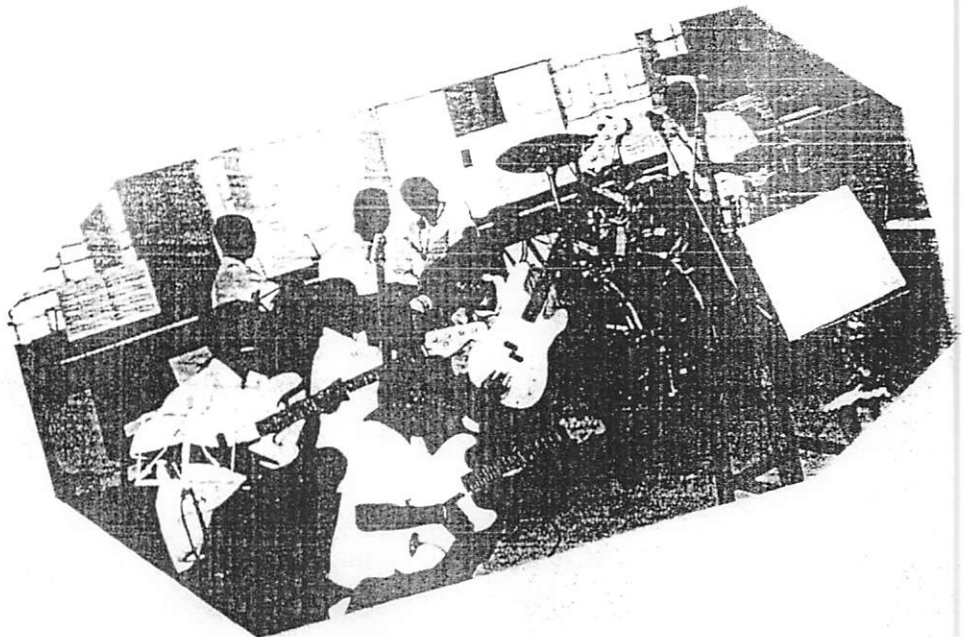
The bassists of the Year 8 groups (Emmanuel, Ifedayo and Uju) have really learned a great deal. The school has changed and people have changed too!!! I didn't have a lot to say, and you might have already known all this, but somebody had to put it into words.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs. Jenkins from the bottom of all the students' (and teachers'?) hearts at the school. Thank you for the hard work you've put into the bands! And thank you also for the music classes! I enjoy your lessons the most out of all the lessons at the school.

by Christian Dummer 8C.



Nathaniel: "Have you tried the meatloaf?"  
David: "Yes, and found it guilty."



## The Boom!

Boom!!!! Many people screamed as we did a nose dive straight in to the canopy layer, 138 people were killed. I scrambled to the door and jumped out with three other people. While we were wandering around, our plane was turning into a pile of rubble. It was very interesting here in the tropical rain forest, many strange animals roamed the forest floor. I particularly liked the wasps and so did the driver but unfortunately he got too close and had a painful death.

It was almost dusk before I had stopped asking unreasonable questions about where we were.

That night I was up while everybody else slept hoping that we were not going to be attacked by pygmies. Unfortunately again we had a fifty-fifty chance that we would be. Crack! we were all running like sheep being chased by a rattle snake, but instead we were being chased by overgrown Black Ants. Then I realized they were pygmies.

It was dawn now and we were very tired after being chased by pygmies. We had mangoes for breakfast and mango juice instead of orange juice that we had on the plane at one point in time.

A few hours later we were picked up by a helicopter and our adventure was over.



Niki Lynn 3/45



Red hot stars look cold and glittery but at heart they are terrifically hot. The sun, the hottest thing we can imagine, is really just another star.



Miss Rose: "It's a long distance from England."  
Mr. Sayer: "Yes, everyone knows that."

## Sad I Am's

### I AM

a watch without a strap,  
a journey planned without a map,  
a week without a single day,  
a horse missing just its neigh.

### I AM

an aeroplane without a wing,  
a person missing just one thing,  
an elephant without a tusk,  
a fuselage covered by years of dust.

### I AM

a night without stars or moon,  
a day without midnight or noon,  
a pair of shoes without a sole,  
a big brown molehill without a mole.

### I AM

a hammer without a nail,  
a postbox without any mail,  
some hair without a head,  
a pencil without a lead.



### WAR

I am the disease  
No one wants to touch me,  
The black amongst white  
The aged amongst youth  
The stale amongst fresh

I am like the ugly duckling,  
But no one can see the swan,  
The beautiful, graceful swan  
The swan that everyone craves to touch,  
The sawn that everyone wants to love.

But they can only see the darkness,  
The dry ugly layer which conceals the truth,

The radiant light,  
Which lies within only me,  
Just urging to burst free.

No one can see the beauty,  
The beauty I conceal,  
Even the people cannot see,  
The people who once loved me before,  
The people I fought for,  
The people I gave my life,  
And now,  
Now I lay here,  
Unwanted, untouched, unloved.

*Adeyinka Ebo 9P*

Rebecca 8R.

**ANOTHER PRIZE!** - For the first correct solution, handed to MR PRYER, drawn out of a hat at random.

On the Lome-Kpalime train are three passengers named Toyin, Zizi and Aisha. By coincidence the engine driver, the engine driver, the fireman and a guard have the same names.

1. Passenger Toyin lives in Lome.
2. The guard lives halfway between Lome and Kpalime.
3. The passenger with the same name as the guard lives in Kpalime.
4. The passenger who lives nearest to the guard earns exactly three times as much a month as the guard.
5. Passenger Zizi earns 200,000 CFA a month.
6. Aisha (a member of the crew) recently beat the fireman at billiards.

What is the engine driver's name?

# Only The Fit Stay Young

## Exercise basics

- Whatever your age, it's important to remember the following basic exercise rules...
- Fitness is a very individual thing. For instance, a 20-year-old woman who is overweight and smokes may not be as fit as a 50-year-old who is slim and does not smoke. The important thing is to exercise at a rate that feels right for you.
- Don't exercise when you feel unwell.
- Always warm up and cool down properly when exercising to prevent injury.
- Don't push yourself too hard; you should build up gradually to avoid injury.
- Check with your doctor before embarking on any exercise regime, especially if you are unfit, pregnant, recovering from an illness or have a back problem.

- \* Start a regime for life now. You should aim to exercise three to four times a week for 30 to 40 minutes each time.
- \* Remember, exercise doesn't have to hurt to do good. Pain is the signal which means STOP.

## Relaxation

The ability to relax is one of the most important elements fitness. It is no use being strong and agile if you cannot relax because it is the balance between the two that produces real health.

- Stand with arms at shoulder level and swing around bending knee and lifting heel as you go. Focus on something on a wall behind you to help prevent dizziness. Repeat to other side and continue twisting from side to side in a good easy rhythm until you feel really warmed up
- JUMP KICK**  
Standing with both feet together, hop onto one leg as you bring other up towards chest. Jump, both feet together and extend same leg forward in a kick. Repeat alternating legs until comfortably out of breath.
- ABDOMEN**  
Lying on back with knees bent and feet flat on floor, breath in. As you breath out, push back of waist firmly into floor so pelvis rises upwards. Pull tummy in at the same time. Breath in and release. Repeat and release.
- ROLL**  
Stand with feet hip width apart and weight of body evenly distributed between them. Center pelvis. Lower head very slowly tucking chin in. Continue lowering head towards floor and let shoulders drop forward too, so arms are hanging heavily down. Bend knees as you go on curling very slowly towards floor. Breath deeply several times, then curl up again equally slowly, keeping knees bent. Feel pelvis centering itself as you return to upright position and straighten legs.
- FEET** (feet must be bare for this one)  
Take a small firm ball, a squash ball is ideal, and place it beneath right foot. Roll it gently around in small circles, putting weight on foot. Imagine the ball is covered with ink and you want to cover entire underside of foot-heel, sole, inner and outer edges, underneath toes. Continue for at least three minutes, closing eyes and enjoying massage. Repeat with other foot.
- RELAXATION**  
Lie flat on back on floor. Pull shoulders away from ears. Rest one hand on chest and other on abdomen. Make sure you are comfortable. Now roll head from side to side to make sure any tension from neck is released. Press head down into floor and stop. Push shoulders away from ears once more and stop. Press back of waist into floor. Push heels away from you, lengthening back of legs. Breath deeply, feeling lower hand rise as air is drawn deep into the lungs. As you breath out, feel lower hand falling as air leaves lungs, but don't let your chest collapse. Run through your body checking for areas of tension. Are your jaws clenched? Are you frowning? Have your shoulders crept up again? Is breathing still easy? Be aware of your body as you do this, then let go of everything, close eyes and relax, feeling breathing becoming shallower and shallower as you enter a state of deep relaxation.

(Ask someone to read this through as you do it.)



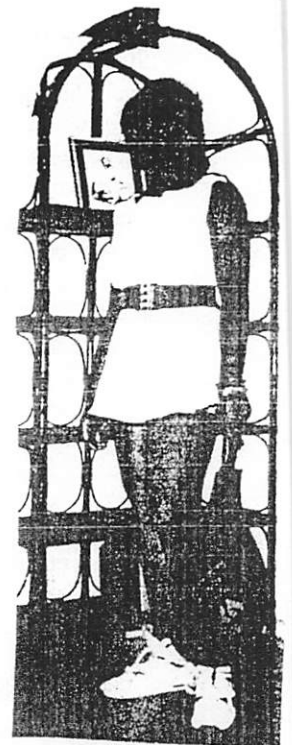
GET READY FOR SUMMER

1. Dress up for a hot date in this slinky green dress. A Brazilian creation



2. Brighten up your white t-shirts anyday with these colourful waistcoats. They cost about 3500 cfa.

3. Hooded tops are the rage now. Bought in Lome, they cost 1500 cfa upwards. Trousers to match are models own.



4. This navy blue and beige tennis dress is sported by tennis player Christiana Nwofor, Photographed by Aisha Addy.



5. If you want this red summer dress from Marks and Spencer, just hop on a plane to England and you can have it for somewhere between £30 and £60.



Get ready for a snooze  
in this black silk  
negligee.  
Silk kimono from China.



#### WHY THE SPARROW IS THE KING OF THE LITTLE BIRDS

Once upon a time, the sparrow had an argument with the dove. It was all about who was to be ruler of the little birds in the animal kingdom.

So they kept arguing until the tortoise who was the wisest of the animals happened to pass by.

"What's wrong?" the tortoise asked. "What are you two arguing about?"

"We both want to be king of the little birds," the dove replied. "And I say I'm more worthy than he is."

"No you're not!" the sparrow interrupted angrily.

"Okay, okay relax!" said the tortoise as he tried to calm them down. "I have a good idea. This is going to be a test of strength and endurance for both of you. You must both choose a tree where ants live and stay on the same tree for seven days. After that you must both return to me and the one who looks healthier will be king. Do you agree with me?" he asked.

"Yes we do!" they both replied.

So the next day the tortoise asked both of them on which tree they were going to live on for the next seven days. The sparrow chose to stay on the tree where the yellow ants were while the dove chose the tree where the forest ants were.

So they both continued to live on the trees and feed on the ants. The sparrow continued to live on the yellow ants and was well nourished because they tasted delicious and they never stung. The dove got stung several times by the horrible forest ants and didn't dare try to eat them because they had such a horrible taste. Whenever the sparrow called out to the dove in a lively manner, the dove always replied in a hoarse and weak voice.

Finally the test came to an end. The sparrow flew down to meet the tortoise who was at the foot of the tree. As they waited for a long time and there no sign of the dove, they were both convinced that the dove was dead so the tortoise made the sparrow king.

After the sparrow had been made king, he flew to the tree where the dove had been, and used one of his thin bones to make a flute. He played a tune of triumph as a sign to the little birds that he was now king over them.

Today the sparrow still rules over the little birds.

Michael Dokun 9P

Bouillabaisse a fish stew from Marseilles in south of France, contains 20 different types of fish.



## International kids

This is a subject that has come up quite a number of times this year. International schools bring together a wide variety of kids, cultures and nationalities. But there are a few problems. Although they are meant to encourage children to teach each other about their countries this seldom happens. First of all the schools are either American or British and secondly children can't teach each other. Slowly the kids learn about America; American literature is all around them, media, newspapers, books, stories, their way of speaking, manners, way of thinking, use of language; they all turn American or British. In History, they know nothing about their kings and queens while they study all about Henry VIII's wives, in geography they can name the 50 American states and their capitals but have no idea how many countries there are in Africa. Another thing is that they are all children, still growing and still learning about their own people when they leave their countries in search of better education. Better or more European, because European or Western or Northern means developed, but how far does this development go? Why, a child from the British School of Lome visits their village for the winter holidays (it's not even winter but summer there) and all the kids decide they are craving for honey. First of all, her accent is nothing like that of the others, but because she is family, their code of honour & loyalty make them stick to her. They have the same aunts, uncles, and they are off-springs of the same grandparents. A trip to the store is what she thinks but is surprised when they nick a matchbox and leave in long-sleeved shirts and start picking dry wood. Underneath a tree they light a rather smokey fire and run away and hide. Bees come swarming out of nowhere and woe-be-tide anyone who isn't out of sight. While everyone enjoys the honey, she goes off with two puffy cheeks that stay that way for two days. Funny, but why should someone meant to be so well educated not know the first thing about how to get honey. Another thing they face, these international kids is they way they don't and will never belong anywhere. They leave where they belong and settle among a people that isn't their own. They are either half accepted by both but are also thrown out by both because they aren't exactly the same as either. This creates a rather complex personality and character. Not belonging anywhere really hurts (you see it in every day life where people do very stupid things just to feel that they belong.) Birthrights are a main part of a person's self, their individuality and similarity, what makes them them and different from every body else. Their family tree, their country, their traditions, their code of honour behavior, way of talking, body language and manners etc. A person who has practically brought himself up (let us say he has been in boarding school most of his young life) uses or rejects the influence given by the people around him, and it shows. Just by looking at how they address adults for instance, whether with respect and love or fear and reverence, carelessness and a loose tongue, ease and an open mind can tell you volumes about them. How they were brought up, where they were brought up, by whom whether they responded to discipline fuelled by love and whether they knew that discipline was purely out of love. Where a person is from really makes a difference. A Californian raised individual will be different from someone raised in Idaho in their way of talking for instance. A Nigerian raised individual will be different from a black child from Soweto in their behavior towards most white people. But a South African raised in South Africa then in Nigeria doesn't know how to react, not being familiar with the way of life can really cause trouble. Not being able to agree completely with both sides and not being able to disagree completely with both sides could mean a lot of pain and abandoning. This would result in peace or perfect hatred according to what actions were taken. Having lived with people that believed that it was only good manners to burp after a savoury meal then living with those that considered it extremely bad manners, what you do in your own house is awfully difficult to decide.

Whether you eat with you hands or with a fork and knife is often a trivial question in some places. You could excuse yourself by saying your hands aren't clean enough, or the other way, (your reason for not using a fork and a knife) the food slips too much. Normally all that really matters is the reason why you do it, whether it is to make yourself look better than everyone else. Ofcourse the type of food that you are eating makes it easy for you to decide what you are going to eat with.

Do you show respect to older people because you have to or because you heart is really set on letting them know where they stand?

They say that a tree without roots can never stand. They also say that if you graft one plant into another the end result will be in a way both plants, and in another way none of them. Sometimes it's a nice plant with very good results.

Maybe before grafting a plant, it would be better to explore and learn about the strengths and weaknesses of the original plant before grafting it for the best results. Because if it is grafted prematurely, its qualities aren't fully developed and they can get lost easily or not be very clear. When the grafting takes place both sides must be well informed about each otherso that they can complement each other. The weaknesses of the other will be met with the strengths of the other and vice versa. That the end what you are depends on your background and what you take in from your foreground. You won't usually be judged by what you do but why you did it, because international child has alot to learn, pastis to dig up and hearts to search and at the end someone to be. At the end whatyou are depends on your background and what you take in from your foreground. You won't usually be judged by what you do but why you do it. Who are you? Have you completely been westernized? Maybe it's not even that important.

I used to believe that the Americans carefree manner was the ideal of behavior. You got to know a person without anything being disguised by etiquette or manners. But with me it always seemed to trigger off all the wrong feelings and unforeseen reactions. Maybe being carefree doesn't only go with being outspoken, blunt, honest and down right truthful because most of the time the truth really hurts and it ain't pretty. I believe though that once the truth is out, shrinking away into self-pity isn't unpardonable but saying.

"Alright, I'll face up to it and make the truth good so that I don't have to feel this way every time someone tells me the truth," is better. The jist of what I'm saying is that if you are going to tell someone the truth about themselves and it isn't pleasant, be prepared to help them make it pleasant. Often people are all too busy to tell the truth, just to avoid this.

Have you ever seen an child carrying a pail of water on her head and yet two heavier ones in her hands. As she walks miles on hard earth with nothing but calluses on her feet, she thinks nothing of her appearance or the great duty she is doing somebody, but of how her poor child laden and trouble laden mother works hard to keep her alive, happy, and growing to become a lady worthy of a gentleman. Her one aim is to help her in as many ways as possible, working up to her expectations and at the end take care of her as well as she was taken care of. Going to school is a blessing, being given time off her chores to go to school is the best gift sh could be given. The harder she works to earn the fees makes it so much more worthwhile. But you know the international kids train of thought along these lines. If I knew exactly how I ended up here, with all that I have or if I had worked my hands off to enable my children to receive such an education. I know I'd just weep to hear them say, "I hate school."

Roots are very important, they are a trivial part in the rest of the tree.

Mahali Khotle 9G

#### JOKES

It's no use telling politicians to go to hell- they are trying to build it for us now.

An illiterate carpenter asked his friend to read a letter for him. But before his friend started to read the letter the carpenter blocked his friends ears with his fingers.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the startled friend.

Carpenter: "Because the letter may be private and for my ears only."

"May I see some mirrors please?" asked the lady shopper.

"Hand-mirrors, Madam?" queried the assistant.

"No," said the lady, "ones you can see your face in."

Customer: "Waiter, hurry, I'm late already. Will the pancakes be long?"

Waiter: "No sir, they'll be round."

A woman bought a new wig and thought he would surprise her husband with it at the office. She walked in and asked,

"Do you think you could find a place in your life for a woman like me?"

"No chance", he snapped "You remind me too much of my wife."

Jainaba  
Jagne 105

Mrs. Okoh: "Mr. Rimmer tells me you are his worst pupil"

Nana: "But that's not fair. He keeps asking me questions about things that happened before I was born."

Theresa: "I don't think I deserve nought on this test."

Mr. Johnson: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I can give you."

## THE THOUGHT OF GLORY

I kissed my family and friends goodbye,  
And went off to join the other men  
That gave their life up to fight in the air.

I knew that I might die  
Or even lose a leg or an arm or two  
But that's a chance I'll have to take

But maybe I will live and return with medals of gold  
And the praise for all my deeds  
They may even build a monument in honour of my name

Time had passed very slowly and I was losing my cool  
It was supposed to be exciting  
I was supposed to save my comrades lives in the nick of time.

But instead I sat - we sat and waited  
For the first move to be made  
Days went by then weeks-I prayed not years.  
It seemed I was fighting a war that never existed.

The war seemed to have a great effect on me  
All night I would dream I was in my bed at home  
But when I woke up I was on the bare ground.

The war went on and I could not bear it  
My mind was going crazy, It was only a matter of time

For months later men were dying  
And rats patrolled the area  
I have had enough  
I raised the gun to my head  
And ended the war myself  
You, sons of bitches could suffer on  
But I am going home.

Johniere Smith 9P

## THE FINAL CHAPTER

It was the year 3000  
The nuclear missiles had roared.  
The USA had fought with Russia,  
Poland had invaded Denmark,  
The Eskimos had battled the Chinese,  
Africa had clashed with Europe,  
And many more.  
Atomic bombs were dropped daily.  
The ocean had lain dry.  
The forests were no more.  
Millions died of hunger and thirst.  
The wind itself  
Had smelt of fear.  
The earth had suffered.  
A human life was worth nothing now  
Mankind was destroying,  
The last guns being destroyed.  
Then, once more  
Like in the beginning,  
There was silence.

By: BIRAM AFRICAN 9G



## DID YOU HEAR?

Did you hear what they said?  
Did you hear what they did?  
Did you hear?...Did you hear?  
In the village they gather.  
Every age, every shape  
Every walk of life  
Young girls, old women  
Sit under the palm trees  
Gossiping, gossiping...  
Till the sun comes down.

Did you know what they took?  
Did you know what they left?  
Did you know?...Did you know?  
As they wash clothes at the stream,  
Binta tells Amina,  
Amina tells Aisha,  
Aisha spreads it round.  
"Have you heard?" she says.  
"Lami stole a pot of soup!"  
"Not at all!" someone cries.  
"Lami ate a sack of food!"

Did you see what she ate?  
Did you see what she stole?  
Did you see?...Did you see?  
Young girls, old women  
Sitting under the palm trees  
Gossiping, gossiping...  
Twisting stories round  
Till the sun comes down.

Ghemisola Coker IIM

## HOME FREE

I walk all through life  
My pains and sorrows unseen  
Shadowed in darkness

Where am I going?  
I am walking with my pain,  
I cannot go on.

I need to be free  
Where can I walk to be free?  
Free from suffering

What am I against,  
What is pushing me away  
From freedom of pain.

I am looking for  
The light that shines so brightly  
Out of the darkness.

It must be a dream  
What is all this carefreeness?  
walking though rainbows.

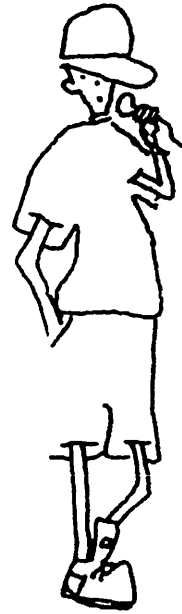
Walking along where  
No one has to have a care  
Over the white clouds.

No longer are there  
Life's painful paths up where we  
Can all be home free.

Alicia Thomassen 9G

## OXFORD HOUSE

Introducing Michael, Peter and Jack,  
Here we are trying to do the ox-crew rap,  
You're just a little house and you need some sleep,  
So close your eyes and get some ziz,  
Winky, winky, winky, winky, winky, winky  
Say Oxford did you brush your teeth? No!  
Say Oxford did you wash your face? No!  
You need to wash your face and get some sleep,  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh,  
You need to brush your teeth and get some ziz,  
ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh,  
When it's time to wake up you'd stretch and yawn.  
You'd jump into the bath and get it done,  
When you have your breakfast and get to school,  
You tell the teacher she looks like a fool.  
YO! In the name of FUNK Y  
I've got a mission gutt my crew to support me,  
Our name is spelt O-X-F-O-R-D and YO! H-O-U-S-E,  
Short Ox-crew like double 07 bond we're ready to strike YO!  
Anyone in our way get slam on mission to get funkier,  
The school most wanted housemother will use any excuse 2 get us in trouble,  
Gutt Mr Sayer 2 defend his school,  
YO! Back 2 our mission, code name B.S.L,  
Sometimes we get in T-R-O-U-B-L-E,  
Some homeys say we're naughty by nature  
YO! Is that true?  
Now you see we got 2 pass other houses,  
Cambridge, and YO! As well as honeys in Durham, Lincoln ain't nuthin' 2 us,  
Now here is the crew selected for the mission,  
Section by section here they come,  
Kool Moe Jeng, D.J. Soul- E, D.J. T-Z or better known as the ZKC,  
  
Then we have D.J. woze, Jimmy Jimpe, Slim GG, Heavy M, T.C. Base, Little Daddy T, D.J. Rhamba,  
E.N. we don't know his name, D.J., A.G. Silent K, Heavy K, Kool SKC and me myself and I G.I.  
Junior. Oh yeah, one more name Pastor Mike yo! Pastor Mike!  
Pastor Mike yo! Pastor Mike yo!  
Now you've met the Ox-crew,  
And in the name of G.I. junior we're outta here.  
Wish you peace in the middle school, YO! We're outta here!  
PEACE!



*Ifedayo Akinyele 8R*

### **RUDE CHILD?**

At a children's party a plate of cakes is passed around. With only the child of the house and his mother left, there remain only two cakes, one a cream cake, the other a rock cake. The child is offered the plate and grabs the cream cake. His mother reprimands him, stating that he should have left the better cake for someone else. The child asks which cake she would have taken if she had served herself before him. "The rock cake, of course", she replies.

"Well that's what you've got", he says.

Don't tell Bunmi about the butter, he might spread it



To all those young cooks out there, ready to try out some new recipes from other countries. I bet you've never eaten pineapple and avocado salad from Haiti; raw vegetable fondue from Belgium or even empanadas from Chile! Well, another thing, the recipes are in French!! Don't just flip the page over and say "Oh no, it's in French....how boring!" C'mon be adventurous and try it out, it will help your French. Have fun and good luck.

### SALADE D'AVOCAT A L'ANANAS

#### *Ingredients*

1 avocat bien mur,  
 4 tranches d'ananas frais ou en boite,  
 Feuilles de letuce lavees,  
 6 cuilleres a cafe d'huile d'olive,  
 2 cuilleres a cafe de jus de citron,  
 Sel prins de persil.



Coupe l'avocat en deux et enleve le noyau. Ote la chair de l'avocat a l'aide d'une petite cuillere.

Coupe cette chair en petits morceaux. Retire la peau des tranches d'ananas. Coupe chaque tranche en petits des. Mets les morceaux d'avocat et d'ananas dans le saladier. Fais la sauce avec l'huile, le jus de citron et un peut de sel. Fouette-la a la fourchette et verse-la sur les fruits. Tappise un plat creux avec les feuilles de laitue et vides y le contenu du saladier. Decore avec le persil. Ta salade est prete.

Bon appetit!

### N'DELLA NJIE IOJ

the amount of baked beans sold each year in Britain is equal in weight to more than 20,000 African elephants.

### HOW TO KEEP A PROFESSOR AMUSED FOR HOURS:-

Professor Jean Piaget said, "You must always put a 'd' in 'grand'.

"Why, what happens if you don't?" asked a small boy.

### **KNOW YOUR BIBLE?**

The worst enemy- mark this well-  
 It is the wicked alcohol;  
 But in the Bible it is written:

"Thou shalt also love thine enemies".

# EVERY MAN'S CLASSIC PUZZLE

1. Demochares (very easy)

Demochares has lived one-fourth of his life as a boy, one-fifth as a youth, one-third as a man and has spent thirteen years in his dotage. How old is he?

2. Three sons (easy)

A man has three sons. At first two of the ages are together equal to the third. A few years afterwards, two of them are together double the third. When the number of years since the first occasion is two-thirds of the sum of the ages on that occasion, one age is 21. What are the other two ages?

3. The leap year ladies(average)

Last leap year ladies lost no time in exercising their privilege of making proposals of marriage. In consequence, a number of men were to be married, of whom one-eleventh were widowers. Of the proposals made to the widowers, one fifth were declined. All the widows were accepted. Thirty-five-fourty-fourths of the widows married bachelors. One thousand two hundred spinsters accepted by bachelors was seven times the number of widows accepted by bachelors. How many women proposed?

4. Cigarette boxes(difficult)

A manufacturer sends out his cigarettes in boxes of 160 each. They are packed in 8 rows of 20 each, and exactly fill the box. Could he, by packing differently, get more than 160 into the box? If so what is the greatest number that he could add? At first sight it sounds absurd to expect to get more cigarettes into a box that is already exactly filled, but a moment's consideration should give you the key to the paradox.



## HAIKUS AND CINQUAINS



Alicia: "I'm glad I wasn't born in France."

Boye: "Why's that?"

Alicia: "Because I can't speak French."

### BURNING

Burning  
Of our forests  
Burning the forests to ashes,  
Destroying the Ozone layer.  
STOP IT!

Mubukwanu Mubukwanu 8C

### FELLING

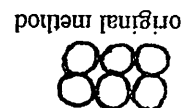
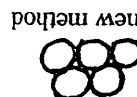
Felling  
Felling of our trees  
For fire and for our books.  
Fell a tree and plant one.  
Keep forest.



George Kaufman said, of a dead waiter: 'God finally caught his eye.'

*Christiana Nwofor 9C*

Let us suppose the diameter of a cigarette is two units. The second and subsequent layers, using our new method, will only add 1.732 units to the height, the depth of the box is 16 units, since it originally contained 8 layers. With our new method we shall get nine layers.  $2 \text{ plus } 8 * 1.732$  is equal to 15.856. So with five layers of 20 and four layers of 19 we shall get 176 cigarettes into the box.



We have 20 cigarettes in the bottom layer, instead of having 20 in the next layer, we place 19 as shown in the diagram, then we continue with alternate layers of 19 and 20.

**Solutions:**  
1. 60 years old  
2. 15 and 18  
3. 11,616 ladies  
4. 176

## WISDOM FROM THE OUTBACK

For two years starting in January 1972 I had the extraordinary good fortune to live and work in a small Australian town called Ravenshoe. It's a gorgeous little place. Situated in a mountain valley some 150km south-west of Cairns ( a city which has become internationally famous thanks to its proximity to the Great Barrier Reef ) Ravenshoe is in the middle of a veritable Garden of Eden. It boasts vast areas of rainforest; mountains as high as 1,700m above sea-level; dozens of spectacular waterfalls; volcanic lakes the like of which you won't see anywhere else in the world; mile after mile of coconut - fringed beaches ( just like those we have in Togo); and several ghost towns.

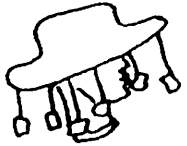
Most of the other teachers at the school where I taught tended to spend most of their weekends on the coast. I joined them on several occasions; but, more often than not, when the bell rang at 3.15 on a Friday, I used to jump on my trail bike ( a Honda XL 125 ) and head in the opposite direction - to the belt of semi-arid country which lies to the west of the mountain range that extends along the entire length of Australia's east coast.

The scenery in the dry parts of northern Australia can't compare with the tropical islands where my fellow teachers used to spend so much of their time, or with the jungle-clad mountains that rise up so majestically immediately to the back of Cairns, but these places are frequented by tens of thousands of tourists, whereas the places I used to go to wouldn't see a human being from one month to the next. The main attraction as far as I was concerned were the old ghost towns. These places had been thriving communities during the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, but the only reason for their existence was to act as service centres for nearby gold or tin mines. When the ore ran out, as it always did, the towns were abandoned and left to decay. I used to love these old places and in June 1972 I decided to try to piece together the history of as many of the North Queensland ghost towns as I possibly could and take photos of what was left of them. What began as a weekend hobby quickly developed into an obsession: in the years that followed I returned to the area on 13 occasions ( often with a coachload of schoolchildren); and travelled all over Australia and the British Isles trying to put together the history of the whole area. The result is a 1,000+ page book which I'm still working on. When completed it will have 41 chapters. So far I have completed 35 and, all being well, I'll have the other six ready by July 1994.

During the course of my travels I came across all sorts of incredible people, several of whom were poets. Their work varied in quality, but some of the poems I had read to me were very good indeed. When Miss Foulkes asked me to make a contribution to the school magazine my first thought was to write something about football, but in the end I decided to write out two of the poems I'd learned while I was living in North Queensland. In my opinion they are absolutely beautiful, and I can assure you that you won't read them anywhere else. Neither has been published, nor are they ever likely to be.

One of the poets I met had spent most of her life in a small mining community called Mt Mulligan. Her name was Mary Wardle and when I met her she was over 80 years old. During her childhood the Aborigines were still living much as they had been for the previous 40,000 years and she made friends with several members of the local tribe. They taught her their language, but in later life she didn't get to use it much because by about 1960 she was the only person left in North Queensland who could speak it: All of her Aboriginal friends had either died or left the area. Mary did write a number of her own poems, but the one I remember best is her favourite and that was written by somebody else. She couldn't tell me its title and she didn't know who wrote it, but I think you'll agree it's a real beauty:

If with pleasure you are viewing,  
The kind of work a man is doing;  
If you like him, if you love him,  
Tell him so.  
Don't withhold your approbation,  
'Til the parson makes oration,  
And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;  
Cos no matter how you shout it,  
He will never know about it,  
He will never know the teardrops you have shed.  
So if you think some praise is due him,  
Now's the time to slip it to 'im,  
Cos he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!





The other poet whom I'd like to introduce you to is George Cooper. When I knew him he lived in a concrete hut in the middle of a forest near a tiny little town called Cooktown. He'd been attracted to the area by its climate and remoteness, and by the tolerance of the local people. George wasn't a great one for dressing up - in fact when he was at home or roaming around the forest, he'd either wear a loin cloth or a G String, and this led to him being called G String George by the people of Cooktown. His life-style was very similar to that of Tarzan, although by the time he came to live in North Queensland he was well over 60 so he didn't swing around in the trees as much as he would have liked. He did, however, have two talents that were completely lacking in Tarzan: he was a competent artist and a very good poet. His poems are very varied and it's hard to know which one to choose, but here's one I think you'll like:

Life is like a river;  
 Long and fast and deep.  
 We are twigs upon its surface,  
 That twist and turn and meet,  
 Sometimes we float together,  
 Share that journey for a while,  
 Sometimes with a tear  
 And sometimes with a smile.  
 But if from every meeting  
 We can give a little joy,  
 Then the river will not drown us,  
 Only take us to the sea,  
 Where all the spirits gather,  
 And forever be.

Mr. Rimmer

### RIDDLES

1. I am imagining a lion in front of me, a python to my left, a leopard to my right, and a wolf behind me. What should I do?

Answer: stop imagining

2. I go through a black bush every morning. What am I?

Answer: a comb



3. I am something. I have three legs but I walk one. What am I?

Answer: a wheelbarrow

4. Which city has no people?

Answer: Electric city

5. I am white inside and brown outside. What am I?

Answer: a coconut

Julius Onah 5C



### Money Talk

KFELOMABTR  
 GURNARKHAK  
 NAPABAALLR  
 INNIHBLKIA  
 LGLANORKRM  
 LTACDGMCA  
 T  
 IIOFOUTGOS  
 HCLBNILASO  
 SAOAREPREP  
 HLABBASIP

Abbasi	Libra
Amole	Lira
Baht	Mohar
Belga	Obol
Fuang	Ostmark
Half dollar	Perpera
Kran	Peso
Krona	Shilling
Kupingtael	Tical

Q. What's brown, hairy and wears sunglasses?

A. A coconut on holiday.

(Ha! You thought it was Samson, didn't you?)



## Numbers

One worm wriggled worriedly.  
Two tiny tigers took a trip to Togo.  
Three houses turned into trees.  
Four fat foreigners fighting for a fish.  
Five flies flee forward from San Francisco.  
Six singing sisters are singing in the states.  
Seven spiders spent the season in Spain.  
Eight elephants ate eight eggs.  
Nine nurses ill for nine nights.  
Ten toes of the tiger bled terribly.



by Onyeka 6C

## The Horse

A horse gallops across the meadow.  
Full of strength like an arrow.  
His brilliant face, full of tenderness,  
Shows all his worry.  
Searching to save his friend,  
Galloping to get help across the meadow.

by Sandra 6C

**WET HUMID RAINFOREST**  
The damp, rainy and dark forest.  
Gibbons scream and orang-utangs howl.  
I feel brave, heroic, strong and explorative.  
I feel small against the forest.  
Oh how it fascinates me.

Elliott, Ousman and Nicki 3/4 S



**TROPICAL FOREST**  
It is dark, muddy and bushy.  
A fruit falls and splats  
And makes birds squawk.  
We feel unsure, scared, frightened and alone.  
Then we realised we were in paradise.

Adam and Niki 3/4 S

## THE LIVING FOREST

Rainy, dirty and dark  
A fruit falls on my head and makes me jump.  
I feel miserable and alone.  
It's paradise for the animals.  
But for me it's a nightmare.

Licia, Sarah and Fatou 3/4 S

Mr. Pryer: "Name ten things with milk in them."  
Vicky: "Milk shake, tea, coffee, and seven cows"



## WAS I REALLY ARRESTED?

At last the moment all of us in 10J had been waiting for had finally arrived. everyone was excited, especially the moment the bell rang. Yes it was all organised, the bus was already in the take off position.

10J's funky students climbed onto the school bus at both sides of the door, squeezing in three at a time full of excitement, screaming and laughing. Now we were off on our geography course work at the Grand Marche.

We got to the market without any difficulty. Mr Cole took us for a short tour of the market to make sure that everyone and their partners were certain of what was supposed to be done. (They said we could take some pictures.) Unfortunately Matuh was my partner!

After having finished with counting pedestrians and vehicles we decided to take some photographs of the street with some cars and people passing in and out of the market.

I took the first picture. Then Matuh said,

"Aisha, we've got to take another one of the pedestrians."

"Matuh, why don't you take it ?I took the first one." I replied.

"But this is your camera. I only know how to take pictures with a simple camera. Come on, I don't want to disgrace myself in front of all these people," challenged Matuh.

Without wasting much time arguing I took a perfect shot. I hadn't even taken my eyes from the view-finder when I heard a deep masculine voice behind me.

"Qu'est ce que vous faites ici avec le camera?" said the strange voice.

Fortunately Matuh speaks fluent french and can sort out any problems I can't solve.

We began to speak quite fluently to each other until they told us that we had to go to the Chief of Police at the Head Police Station for the market. At that moment Matuh completely lost all her french and pretended she couldn't hear a word they were saying. They were asking for our ID cards and we showed them a letter we each had saying that we were students doing some field work. Then they asked us to follow them to the station. Suddenly we remembered Mr Cole saying something like "If there were any difficulties, I'll be at the church."

So we told them to follow us to our teacher. Yes they were following us patiently with some kind of playful grins on their faces. We got to the church.....and no Mr Cole.

"Matuh, what are we going to do," I asked worriedly, "I'm not getting into any car."

"They are escorting us there. Its vry close to here," replied Matuh.

To be honest I was not scared but rather embarassed. People were staring at us, some confused and others laughing! Trying to be rebels we followed them and had a small conversation between ourselves constantly laughing to keep us in control. The two soldiers asked us friendly questions from time to time, which made us relax a bit.

Walking into the Police Station our eyes popped out. In the cell a skinny man was practically naked, screaming and begging for forgiveness. Well, we had to pretend we hadn't seen what was happening. We were taken to the chief Police Officer. Aisha and I were getting a bit scared, but as usual we tried to play it cool. The chief of police was asking questions and he told us to relax on some very comfortable chairs. We were trying our best to be polite. Finally they let us go and we were very happy. We looked for the others, but we couldn't find them. On seeing Mr Cole we ran to him and told him about what happened.

Aisha Addy

Matuh Mtumngia 10J



## THE CAR CRASH

It was on Friday 26th February, when Vicky, Jaspreet and I were going home with our driver in the Nissan Patrol. We were going down a hill at a speed of 140 km/hr in the Be area. We were overtaking a Peugeot when suddenly, a motorbike came in front of us, causing the driver to slam on the brakes. Unfortunately It was too late: we hit the Motorcyclist and he flew over the bonnet and then rolled off. Our driver now lost control and he went over the Motorbike and dragged the man along for a few metres. The car then went up on the footpath and hit some bottles of petrol which were on a table. The car finally hit a small bar and instantly burst into flames. We immediately jumped out of the car and ran away out of danger. We finally arrived back home safely, but the driver was badly injured.

Nayneet Sethi 7E

## RIDDLE

You are captured and you were put in a room without windows, in the heart of the forest. You have a spring bed, a calendar and you have to eat, and drink water. You have to get out of the house and out of the forest. What do you do?



## FEMALE FOOTBALL

In the ten year history of the B.S.L. the school has never before had a female football team: B.S.L. only had one soccer team and it was all-male. Any attempt by a girl to join the team was met with male sneers. However, during games lessons in school, the girls did have a chance to play soccer with or without the boys.

This prompted two girls, Uju and Yinka, to take it upon themselves to form a girls football team but they needed a coach. So they plucked up courage and approached Mr. Rimmer to ask if he would mind being their coach. He said that he would be delighted as long as Mrs. Sayer agreed. Surprisingly, Mrs. Sayer thought that it was a good idea. So it was arranged for Sunday afternoon at 3p.m.

At 3p.m. on May 22nd, a group of girls (and a small group of boys) gathered on the miniature field behind the school. The girls were divided into three teams: white, green and red. Not much was expected of them but, to everyone's amazement, the girls played very well and the game was exciting.

After the game, 5 people were interviewed: 3 players and 2 spectators. They were Laesha, Uche, Onyi, Matuh and Zizi. Laesha said, "the game was blooming and it was nice to have the chance to play football because usually only the boys do it." Uche thought that the game was fun to watch and also exciting to play. Onyi said that it was a good way to improve the football skills of the girls. Matuh agreed with Uche and Zizi said that the game was not boring at all, which actually shocked him.

They were asked what kind of improvements should be made. These suggestions were made:

- 1) Because we are not that experienced yet, shin pads should be provided—many girls came back home grateful for ice-cubes!
- 2) We also need uniforms and new bibs.
- 3) We need a bigger field.
- 4) We need to learn to pass the ball faster, to kick properly and to improve our defence.
- 5) We need to learn to work as a team.
- 6) We need ENCOURAGEMENT!!!!



The spectators had the following advice for the girls:

- 1) Those who didn't come should join.
- 2) The players shouldn't get frustrated when they make a mistake but should persevere.
- 3) They should work harder.
- 4) They shouldn't take the ball alone.
- 5) They should make sure that they know all football rules.

All in all, the game was fun and we are all looking forward to the day when we are good enough to play against other schools. My advice to all the players is to keep up their enthusiasm for football. Lastly we would like to thank Mr. Rimmer and Mrs. Sayer without whom we would never have played!

by Aboyepe Adepoju 9G.

Nathaniel Olatime 8R

Answer: You eat the dates on the calendar and squeeze the water from the spring bed, then rub your hand on the wall, till you get a saw. Then cut through the wall and when you get outside, you shout till your voice becomes horse, then you get a horse and go out of the forest.

## CLEMENTINE

It was a sunny morn.  
When he was walking with his mother,  
Saw a maiden fair,  
And they fell in love with each other.

Her name was Clementine.  
He was a good catch.  
In their eyes they knew  
That they were a perfect match.

Later that night,  
From their homes snuck each.  
They met for a rendez-vous  
On the moonlit beach.

For days and nights,  
They snuck away  
To a secret beach  
Along the quay.

One day he told her  
They were to be married.  
And without further ado,  
To his home she was carried.

His parents were thrilled.  
Her parents were shocked,  
To think all these nights  
They had been mocked.



"She had told us."  
Said her father.  
"That she was going,  
To the fields to gather."

"Some household goods,  
Herbs and a plough."  
"No, you're not getting married,  
No, I will not ALLOW!"

Clementine wept.  
She implored and begged,  
Still her father shook  
His grey old head.

Her mother saw  
Her child weep.  
And knew at once  
Their love was deep.

At last she relented,  
Then said  
"Only the best for you,"  
And allowed them to be wed.

The wedding was great.  
People came from far and wide  
To see the handsome groom,  
And his blushing bride.

At sunset they rowed  
On a boat to the sea,  
As happy as  
A married couple should be.

But they didn't see the storm  
That upon them came  
It erupted their happy life  
So it would never be the same

Clementine flew into the water  
Her struggling was in vain  
He tried to save her,  
But then the wind came

It blew the boat,  
To whack his face.  
The water washed him to  
Their lovely secret place

So mad with grief  
And half-crazed was he  
That he jumped him and drowned  
In the deep blue sea.

So died the two  
Lovers here.  
May they meet somewhere  
Out there.

## UCHE AKOBUNDU 9P

### **LATERAL THINKING - WIN A PRIZE IF YOU CAN SOLVE THE FOLLOWING PROBLEM (First demonstration in front of MR PRYER wins)**

Take a piece of paper 10cm x 12cm and cut a hole in it, big enough to get your entire head through.  
NB. "hole" here means a gap surrounded by continuous uncut paper, with no joins in it.

### WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE REASONING?

1. Someone dies either when he is alive or when he is dead. If he dies when he is dead, then he must have died twice. If he dies when he is alive, then he must be dead and alive at the same time. Therefore, he cannot die.
2. Monday, I got drunk on whisky and soda. Tuesday on gin and soda, Wednesday on vodka and soda. Thursday on rum and soda. I don't want to get drunk anymore, so no more soda for me!
3. The only proof that a thing is visible is that people see it. The only proof that a thing is audible is that people hear it. In the same way, the only proof that a thing is desirable is that people desire it.

Mr. Cole: "What minerals come from Ghana?"  
Esther: "Coca-cola and Sprite."



## SKOOL DJ

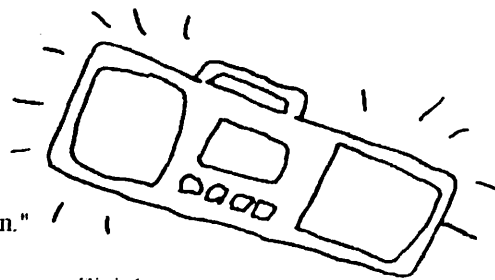
Brothers in the corner play the ghetto game

I'm about 2 give U a definition of what I'm all about on a mixer, so yo let's get down and talk about T-Z.

Mo Jeng says, "Yo Z bring that bit back."

Soul E says, "Hey yo, Z, bring those bitz back."

ZKC says, "Yo T-Z make 'em jump up and get down."



They call me DJ T-Z and I'm the school DJ. I am known as Zizi, but every 4 weeks on Friday night, I become DJ T-Z. At 2.45pm, I go back home and I try to get every single tape I can find in Oxford House. I then go back to school around 3.00. Once at school, I check to see if everything is alright. I check the speakers, the 4 cassette players, the mixer, the mic and the headphones. If there is any problem, I call Mr. Sayer or Mr. Johnson. When everything is fine, I check to see if the lights are working. I try and get them to the right speed. When everything is alright, my #2 (Samson) and I set up the music. At 5.00pm, we go back to the boarding house and get ready for the disco.

At 6.15, we both get down to the disco floor and we start the music. We don't pay to enter and on top of that we get a free drink each. The discos are always boring at first because everyone is too shy to get up and dance. In the heat of the disco, Samson and I get down to the dance floor and do all sorts of crazy things.

When I say problems I mean with the mixer. Any other problems are nothing to do with me. By the time the disco is over, I am tired, so I ask someone to get the tapes for me. Back in Oxford, we talk about what happened during the disco: If there were any heartbreaks or not.

Some people have asked me if I like being a DJ. My answer to that question is, "No, I don't like it. I

**LOVE IT!"**

Peace I'm out.

*Zizipizza Chirwa 10J*

Laesha, on returning home for the Summer: "Dad, can you write your name in the dark?"

Laesha's father: "I think so."

Laesha: "Great! Would you please turn off the lights and sign my report card?"



Mr. Pryer: "Give me the chemical formula for water."

Richard: "H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O."

Mr. Pryer: "No!"

Richard: "But you said it was H to O."

## War

*Soldier of hope and glory  
A citadel of chaos.  
The hellish fields of mud,  
The clock slowly ticking.  
Bodies thrown into pits, newly dug.*

*A field of atomic waste;  
Of corpses young and old.  
Men of the spirit, men of the sword  
Men both cowardly and bold.*

*The body of the soldier remains  
Without the flesh, with only the bones.  
His spirit in the abyss of hell.  
His ripped face stone cold.*

*Courage like that of a lion.  
Muscles made of iron and steel.  
The enemy cringe before him,  
Like in worship in his presence they kneel.*

*His motionless body is somehow living,  
Though his face is torn apart.  
His once burning flame of commitment,  
Killed by a bullet in his heart.*

*His absolute desire, his passionate desire,  
To defeat his powerful foes.  
Is something we will never understand,  
It's something we'll never know.*

*It was his job to kill his foes,  
If possible slaughter his prey,  
For he was a soldier sent to war,  
With a purpose, his enemy to slay.*

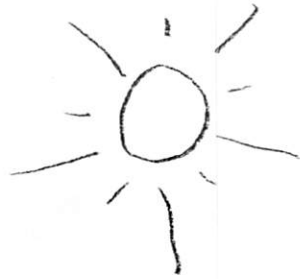
*His heart was heaving with iniquities,  
And his body overflowing with sins,  
His hope is dead, his life is gone.  
Even his utmost ambition to win.*

*Woe to this place full of blood,  
Full of death and plunder.  
Its victims (the warriors) are condemned,  
And are to be judged by God's  
Iron rod of thunder.*

*Let mankind live in harmony.  
Let mankind live in peace.  
war, fighting, death, destruction,  
Are risen from the evil one.  
And therefore must they cease.*

*Sam Chibale*





We want a word with you.

You're in BIG trouble — RUN!



### I SHOULD LIKE

I should like to walk up in a sun ray  
 And rush through the clouds.  
 I should like touch the stars,  
 To hold one in my hands.  
 I should like to keep the sound of rain in a jar,  
 So I could listen to it everyday.  
 I should like to paint a picture of a love song,  
 Coming out of a guitar.  
 I should like to paint a picture of a snowflake,  
 Fluttering to the ground.  
 I should like to hold the sound  
 Of love in my hand.  
 I should like to live in the clouds,  
 To run and play in their softness.  
 I should like to paint a picture of the wind,  
 Rustling in my hair.

by MARY DUDLEY



### HEARTBEAT

Feel the rhythm of the sea on the shore  
 And the clash of the swords  
 Of the people  
 Hear the whisper of the wind in the trees  
 And the people as they breath

Hear the people  
 Know the beat of the rain as it falls  
 And the tinkle of tears from us all  
 Hear the waterfall laugh in time  
 And chuckle as we realise the rhyme.  
 Feel the throb of the earth  
 Take the pulse of the new birth  
 Feel the pounding  
 Hear the tune of the birds  
 With the choirs in the church  
 In harmony  
 Know that a heartbeat is what brings to life  
 Both nature and humans alike  
 When this harmony has been unfurled  
 We will be  
 The rhythm of the world

Casie Stokes 9P

Mr. Pryer: "Jerry, you can't sleep in my class!"  
 Jerry: "I could if you didn't talk so loud, sir."

Boye: "Help! Adeyinka has swallowed 600CFA"  
 Miss Rose: "That's o.k., it was her dinner money"



Knock, Knock  
 Who's there  
 Exam  
 Examwho?  
 Eggs, ham, and cheese

## Life as a Missionary's kid

I guess it started when my parents were appointed as full-time Missionaries in 1984 I was only five years old, so my reaction was something like, "Missionaries, wow! Africa! ? Where's that?". I was just 5 years old!

Before we could even go to Africa, we had to travel to raise our support so we could live there. We went to about two hundred and fifty churches in about two years three months. At first that might not seem like a lot, but considering that there are only fifty-two weeks in a year, that is about five services per week! Yet, we made it (finally) and we were ready to go to Switzerland.

We arrived in Lausanne, Switzerland, in April 1987. We were to be there for fifteen months to learn the official language of Benin, our destination—French. The months in Switzerland were not pleasant. I was put into a private Swiss school and most of the children were older than I was, but I worked hard each day, and it eventually passed.

By December 1988 we were settled in Porto -Novo, Benin (we spent three months in Togo, before) where we were welcomed by the church and its pastor with open arms. The pastor, whose name was David Mensah, had lost his wife in the beginning of October due to a car accident. He later said that our presence in Porto-Novu during that time was what helped him through his grief.

I really loved that time in Benin. I joined the church youth-choir, where I learned to sing in at least seven languages. I was also the flower girl for three weddings. I made many friends, and they are in my mind forever.

Some people wish that they didn't have to go to a public school. They would rather have their mother home-school them. I had my mother as my teacher for six years. I am glad to be going to a regular school with people my age, although it was exciting doing home-schooling.

The work that my father does and has done is exciting, helpful e.t.c. During the first few months in Benin, he got to know the pastors, churches, the different towns, and just how to live in Africa. He went to many different churches to preach, and sometimes my mom and I would go with him and we would sing together. Then, after about six months, he became the I.C.I. director for Benin. I.C.I. (International Correspondence Institute) produced literature and Sunday School courses for churches. He thought that was a lot of work, until he came here. Now he works at W.A.A.S.T., which stands for West Africa Advanced School of Theology.) W.A.A.S.T. is a Bible school for training pastors. My dad is a teacher of many different subjects and, right now he is the business manager. A business manager takes care of money (finances) and checking that the workers do their jobs. I don't think that he has ever worked harder in his life than he has this past year!

No matter what anyone says, being a M.K. is the best way of life I could ever have. Especially sharing the Good News of Jesus with people, and meeting many different people is great! I will always remember these years.

Alicia Thomassen 9G

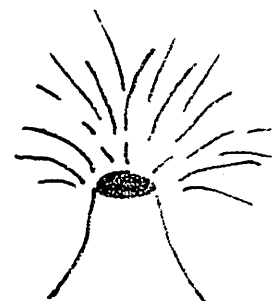
## Solomon Islands

The Solomon Islands are a group of islands close together in the Pacific Ocean near Australia. There are about 27 islands altogether. We have different groups of people on each island. We all have the same religion, but our skin and hair is different. Some are half-caste with different coloured skin and hair. Some of us are blacks but our hair is like an Indian or an African.

The main island or the capital island is called HONIARA. There are many big buildings such as hotels and offices. There are also islands that are great tourist attractions. Tourists from all over the world come here for holidays.

My island is called Simbar Island. It is made from two small islands which are separated by the sea, but we have a bridge which connects the two islands. I live on the smaller island and on the bigger island there is a volcano which is active. There is also a volcanic lake on which belongs to my family generation.

I always go swimming and sometimes I swim from my house to the big island but at other times the sea is very rough and I don't.



Tuifua Ma'ini 7E