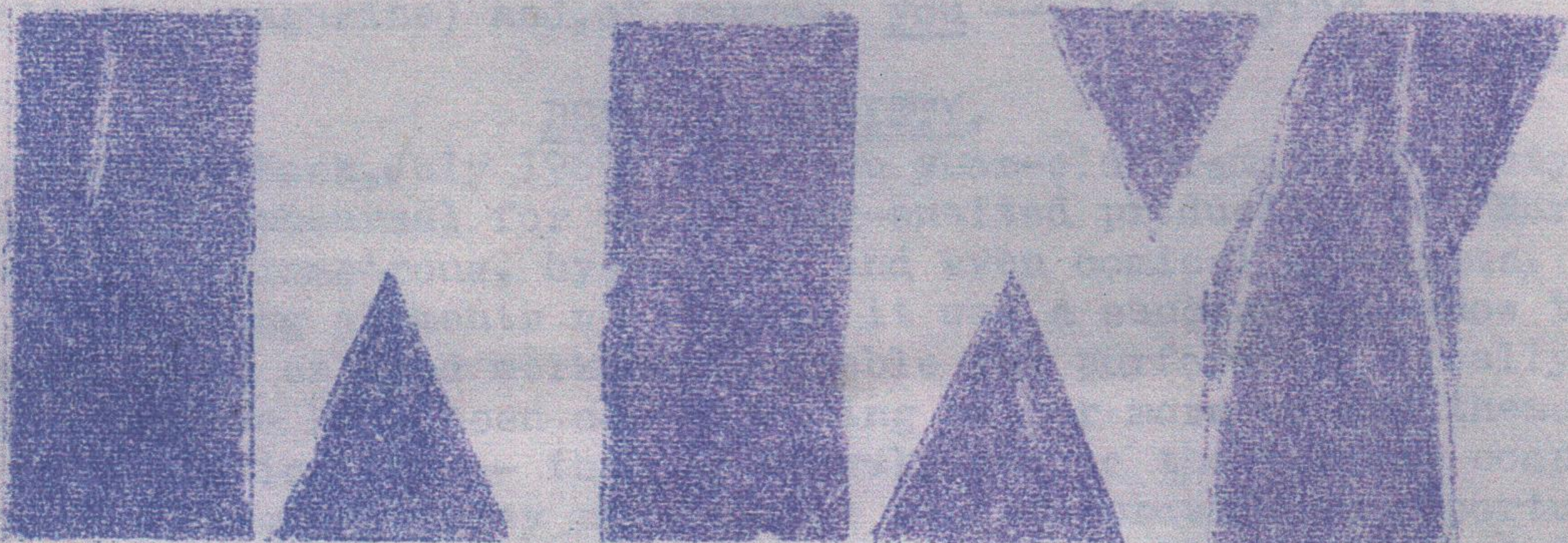


EXHIBIT 100



Hello!

Once again Milly has found herself in new hands and we hope she can live up to her past copies, if not better them! In this edition we have tried to bring to light the societies of the school, let people express opinions they hold on certain subjects, display some literary talent and, we hope, provide you with some entertainment.

I received this letter from a member of LVI, Linda Bates, by hand---
 "Dear Editor, I feel that the school as a whole rather than just the LVI who are the compilers of any particular year, should be able to express their opinions of what they consider should be included in Milly. I suggest that a letters page would help in this direction. This would enable different views on any topical subject to be aired and suggestions for the improvement of the magazine to come to the notice of the editor. Of course letters of appreciation would also doubtlessly be welcomed!" For once I'm afraid I must agree with my colleague and all letters and articles in answer to this would be most welcome.

I should like to thank Mr. Jones without whom this would have remained on the file paper, Mrs. Jones and Cherry without whom there would be no cover, all those who have helped in any way with the articles (without whom there wouldn't be a magazine) and, of course, you --- for buying it!

Linda Usher. L6.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Activities Week, July 1969, gave the year-old Dramatic Society a chance to do some solid rehearsal for their long-awaited production of "Murder in the Red Barn" - a disastrous, hysterical and even comical melodrama. Despite all these conflicting elements we believe it was a success and know that all who took part in it enjoyed working to enable the performance finally to take place.

This year we have been concentrating rather more on the theme and possibilities of improvisation -- this is largely due to the various complications involved in staging a play proper, but also to provide an opportunity for girls to come and go more or less as they wish, not feeling obligated to attend each week for fear of disrupting a rehearsal.

So far this term we have explored basic movement to music; discovered some of the possibilities of mime; and from working largely as individuals have come together to work in groups-- presenting our own improvised sequences. Our future, and our past, has depended upon the organisation, help and advice of Mr. Jones -- without whom we should be improvising more than planned.

The sessions this term have been well-attended and we hope that this will continue as they provide, not only enjoyment, but an opportunity to be energetic (with a difference!) and highly imaginative.

Janet Dickerson. U6.

STAMP CLUB.

We would like to take this opportunity (by kind permission of Lower VI) to advertise our existence. Not many of you may know about us but every Monday during lunch break in Room 3 there is a meeting of the Stamp Club. We meet under the expert guidance of our founder, Mr. Lawson, ably assisted by Miss Douglas.

The club was formed to encourage interest in this lucrative hobby among those who had previously collected stamps only on a small scale. The club buys its own stamps which it sells reasonably, if not cheaply, to its members. Members in turn bring their own stamps to swap or sell to other members. Our numbers have increased since members possessing a certain business acumen have discovered how rewarding stamp collecting can be. It also holds a certain interest for those of a more aesthetic nature. We would, of course, be pleased to welcome any new members.

THE MILLS GRAMMAR SCHOOL SWIMMING CLUB.

Since 1958 members of the Lower IV and upwards have been going swimming at Fore Street Swimming Baths in Ipswich. The first lesson of fifty girls was taken by Mrs. Carter, but since then Miss Michelle has taken over her position as the instructor. We go swimming in the Autumn and Easter terms, and depending on the number present and the number of groups, each group spends approximately thirty minutes in the water.

Over the past couple of years, the number of members in the Club has dwindled. Until this year only fifteen girls have signed up, saying that they would like to go. This is a great pity, because it means that every year the Swimming Cup-awarded to the House with the greatest number of points after the annual swimming sports-always seems to go to the house that has the most swimmers, meaning, that for the past four years the cup has gone to Nightingale. So how about more competition from the other houses?! (By the way, both the Captain and Deputy Captain are in Nightingale, and of course, the star swimmers, but don't let that worry you!!)

The only requirement that the club insists upon is that you can swim 25 yards, and it doesn't have to be any special style, doggy paddle will do, no-one minds, and you will always be able to win points for your house in the swimming sports in beginners races. Also, if you can't swim now, go to the summer beginner's classes, and learn to swim there so you can go the following winter. You can also take Life Saving Exams, which are not at all difficult, and which mean you can have a badge to wear on your swimming costume, if you pass them of course.

After all that, there is the small matter of five shillings deposit that you have to pay and that you get back at the end of term anyway, so you don't lose anything at all, in fact you can only gain. So how about more members-we are sure you would enjoy it!

Sian Williams.

Linda Bates.

SAILING AND CANOEING CLUB.

Under the helpful guidance of Mr. Clinch and Mr. Lawson, a much needed sailing and canoeing club has begun at school.

We hope to maintain an interest throughout the year, rather than just exist in the summer. As a means to this end, we hope to have films and lectures at our meetings, (probably fortnightly,) which will continue through the winter. If possible, we will canoe all the year, and sail in the summer. Our recently acquired minibus should sort out transport difficulties which have been prominent recently.

We hope that we have overcome the old problems of lack of facilities and possibilities to use them enough, to have regular and frequent activities, and thus promote a greater interest from everyone. As yet, a programme has not been arranged, when it has, it will be put up on the board. Please come if you are interested.

Isabel McNab.

CHOIR

On Speech Day last term the choir gave its second mini-concert, singing a wide variety of songs. Rehearsals had been hard to fit in the busy end of term with exams, activities week etc., but we bravely went ahead with the programme, and hoped Dr. Russol's excellent piano accompaniment would help disguise our pitfalls! We hope the parents enjoyed hearing the singing as much as we enjoyed singing the singing!

This year we welcome many new faces to the choir, and have already begun to practice some unusual carols for the ever-nearing Christmas festivities. (I often wonder how we manage to make any utterances at all after just having eaten a hasty middle lunch of meat pie and chocolate stodge!)

During the choir periods this year, Mrs. Russell has decided not to be adventurous in her choice of music, and although we still sing in two parts the music is not so difficult as we have attempted in the past. This is also a great help to those among us whose sight-reading is very limited!

Although attendance has increased in the past weeks, new members are still most welcome. Any Gillian Humphrey's waiting to be discovered in Mills?

Jean Inrie.

POTTERY CLUB

Are you a little potty? Then come and pot in the Pottery Club. You may establish a very interesting and gratifying hobby, watching the product of your imagination take form from a lump of wet clay to the finished product; a skillfully glazed (or otherwise) sugar bowl!

Everyone is welcome to attend, even those among you who are outcasts and misfits of our scientific society.....termed artists. (If the shoe fits, wear it!)

Pam Travis.

SUFFOLK PUNCH

H

He was a magnificent beast,
Tall, splendid, regal.

A giant in strength, and gentle too.

He liked a friendly pat on his shoulder,

He bore the pestering flies in summer,

with eyes, knowing, understanding.

Work ended for him years ago,

He saw tracors come and take his place and tractors go too.

But not he, he remained staunch and solid.

Passer's-by would stop and look at him;

He didn't mind.

He would carry on standing by the gate,

His tired old head resting on the top bar.

Alas, no more.

He became old. His heart grew weak and tired.

The end was near.

The vet came, shook his head.

We watched in vain until the beast became,

not more than skin and bone.

Yesterday, they took him away.

Today, death.

To-morrow - forgotten?

NO.

Sally Finbow. Upper III.

ANARCHY!

I have in front of me, as I write this, a cutting from the Daily Mail, about the Picadilly squatters. It states that a group of anarchists have moved in with the hippies, and then goes on to describe these anarchists as being "black-bearded and barefooted", and says that they were "filling sandbags, sharpening wooden sticks and planning to make petrol bombs". I hope that these words have struck terror into your hearts; they are certainly a good example of the press attitude to anarchists. Another example of this is that whenever anything goes wrong, such as an outbreak of violence, it is immediately labelled "anarchy". Because of this constant indoctrination of "anarchy" being equivalent to "chaos" and "violence", very few people know what anarchy really is, while many are prejudiced against it.

There have been many definitions of anarchy- it can broadly be described as "a political theory opposed to all forms of government and governmental restraint and advocating voluntary cooperation and free association of groups and individuals in order to satisfy their needs". In other words, an anarchist would want to see all authority, except that of governments, abolished.

At this stage you are probably throwing up your hands in horror, and exclaiming "But there must be law and order", (words which remind me of Governor Wallace and Enoch Powell,) and "Well, how would you control things?" At this point, we remember that anarchists advocate free cooperation. In an anarchist society, people would not be all out to get the best for themselves, at the expense of, and without regard for, other people. They would combine in free associations for their mutual benefit. (Rather like the way national post offices combine when a letter is posted from one country to another- they do it for their mutual benefit, and no World Postal Authority has been found necessary).

Different anarchists have different ideas on the distribution of property in this context, though the view which I am inclined to support is that put into practice by Barnaby Martin in his Mobile Voluntary Work Team, which believed in "work done in response to need, not greed." This implies giving work/produce/service to those who need them, rather than to those who already have too much, but are able to give more in return. This does away with the need for money and makes property extinct. Proudhon said "Property is theft", and Tolstoy said, in attempting to define property-"We speak indiscriminately of our own house and our own land. But this is obviously an error and a superstition. We know, and if we do not it is easy to perceive, that property is only the need of utilising other men's labour. And another's labour can by no means belong to me." I, myself, cannot see how, logically or morally, someone can say, "This tree is mine" or "This piece of land is mine." If someone claims possession of more than he needs, what moral or logical right does he have to it? Why should one man have more than another man- who gave him this right? The government? If there is no property, there can be no distinctions between the "haves" and the "have-nots" - everyone is a "have". Those who most need something would use it, as is done in several existing communes. (e.g. Selene Community in Wales).

To this, you might ask, "Who is going to produce goods if there is no-one to force people to work?" First of all, let me point out, that in an anarchic society, many of today's jobs would be extinct. (e.g. jobs concerned with law, tax, advertising, inspection, politics, policing etc.) Therefore, there would be, on the average, less work per person. Many of the goods manufactured nowadays are neither necessary or desirable- their manufacturer's have to put powerful pressure on us, by means of advertising, to get us to buy these goods so that they can make a profit. And a profit for one person means a loss

for someone else. These goods would not be produced in a free society. Thirdly, with the constant progress of technology, machines will soon be able to do the drudge work. There will be no objection to this as there will not be a need to artificially create employment. Fourthly, experience has proved that when a need arises, there will be volunteers to fulfill this need. (e.g. the many voluntary institutions such as BIT and the lifeboat institution, helpers at times of disaster, and even a friend helping another friend who is "in need".) And, fifthly, there are always some people who enjoy work, and this number might increase if the work was voluntary, and if it was given some dignity. One of the troubles with our present society is that "production" is regarded as an end in itself, and no thought is given as to whether the product is necessary or whether it could be more enjoyably produced in a different way.

Let me close with a quotation from saint-Simon: "The time will come when the art of governing men will disappear, Anew art will take its place- that of administering things."

Christine Cook.

LINES.....

The difference between communism and democracy is plenty.

WHO OWNS THE ZEBRA?

This brain-teaser can be solved by combining deduction, analysis and sheer persistence. The essential facts are as follows.

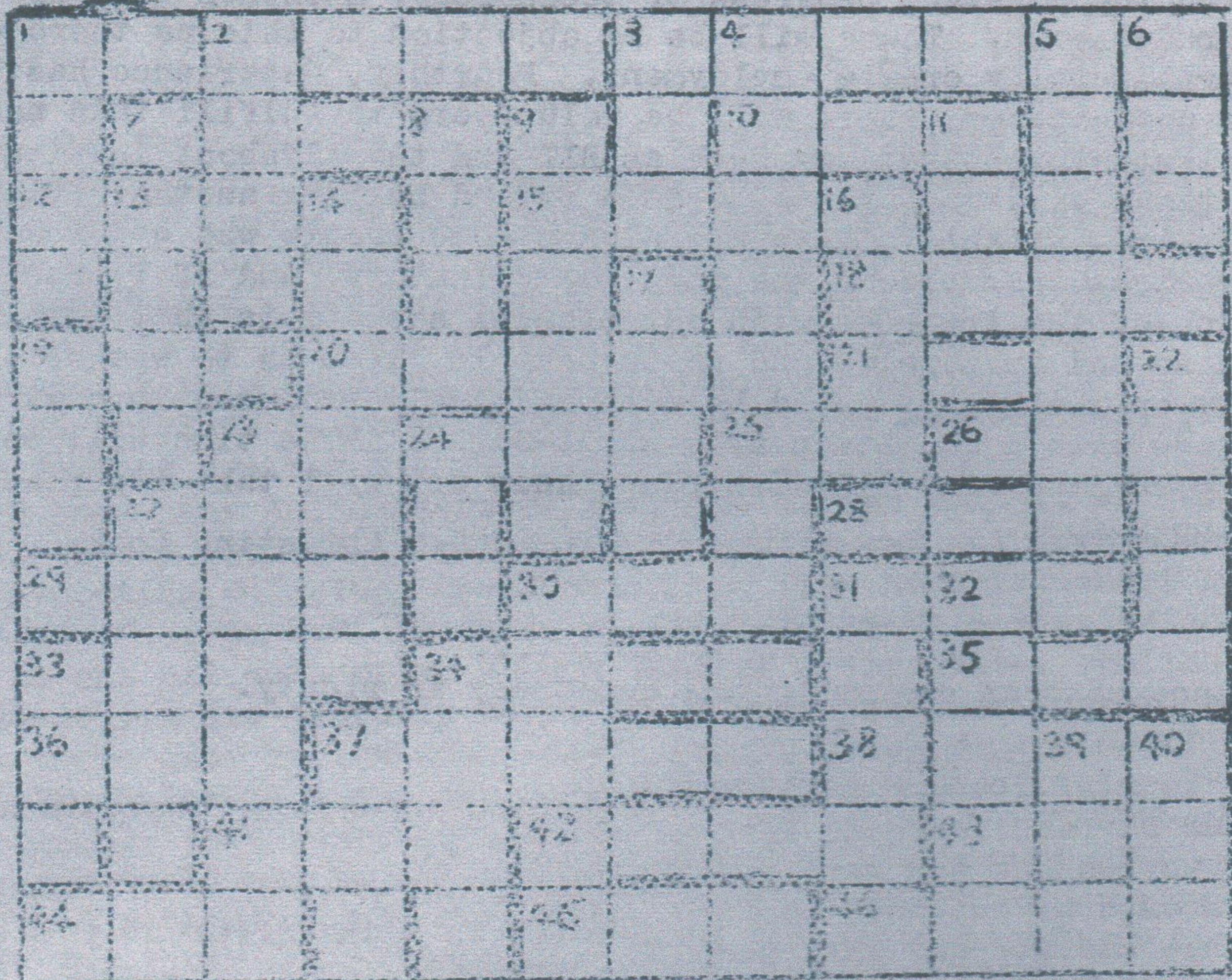
1. There are five main houses, each with a front door of a different colour, and inhabited by men of different nationalities with different pets and drinks. Each man smokes a different kind of pipe tobacco.
2. The Englishman lives in the house with the red door.
3. The Spaniard owns the dog.
4. Coffee is drunk in the house with the green door.
5. The Ukrainian drinks tea.
6. The house with the green door is immediately to the right (your right) of the house with the ivory door.
7. The medium cut smoker owns snails.
8. Spun cut is smoked in the house with the yellow door.
9. Milk is drunk in the middle house.
10. The Norwegian lives in the first house on the left.
11. The man who smokes mixture lives in the house next to the man with a fox.
12. Spun cut is smoked in the house next to the house where a horse is kept.
13. The Flake smoker drinks orange juice.
14. The Japanese smokes Rough Cut.
15. The Norwegian lives next door to the house with the blue door.

Now who drinks water, and who owns a zebra? You'll find the answer on page 12. But don't weaken until you've worked out an answer on your own!

LINES

Did you know.....In Washington a narrow bridge has been built over a busy street near a park, so that squirrels in search of nuts can avoid the whizzing cars? The human pedestrians will still have to look out for themselves!

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST CROSSWORD.



(N.B. Both puzzles are completely different but use the same diagram.)

BEAUTY

ACROSS

1. Take it and live (6). 3. Sun snakes! (6). 7. Little insect up to scratch.
 10. All write with this? (3). 12. Flower got up. (4). 15. Jump every four years.
 18. Has in towns. (4). 19. Shout and weep. (3). 20. Man that listens. (5)
 21. Leeds gives shelter. (3). 23. Harbour nearly Heaven. (5). 25. Say you disagree.
 26. Limb take weapons. (3). 27. Record lump of wood. (3). 28. Yesterday shows agreement. (3).
 29. Dig this! (4). 30. Talk too much at high speed. (3). 31. Up in the air.
 33. Headless David is keen. (4). 34. Talk to God. (4). 35. Olive can grease. (3).
 36. Hot colour. (3). 37. French pupil. (5). 38. Foolish spots! (4). 41. Past since.
 42. What 4 Down are for? (4). 43. Recline in untruth. (3). 44. What's a thing of beauty? (3).
 45. Pinch a little brandy. (3). 46. Spin out the story. (4).

DOWN

1. Poet sounds shut out. (4). 2. Otherwise. (4). 3. Agent for a time. (3).
 4. A girl's best friend? (8). 5. Athletic beans. (7). 6. The best number? (3).
 8. Continent as I am. (4). 9. Plane ride with G.L. (6). 11. Gardens sound busy.
 13. Monster dog Rex. (4). 14. Ran into edge -- furious. (7). 16. Sport with 29A.
 in the middle! (4). 17. Healthy colour. (4). 19. Baby bed. (3). 22. Nasal sense. (5).
 23. Had oily mess on vacation. (7). 24. Animal doctor. (3). 27. Liked very much. (5).
 30. Jealous colour. (5). 31. Apologies! (5). 32. Al in oak finds bear. (5).
 33. Old floating zoo? (3). 34. Plan piece of land. (4). 37. Urge on an oval body.
 39. A title for a man. (3). 40. Provider of 37 Down! (3).

The above crossword is comparatively easy—that is the beauty of it. If you want to stretch your mind a little try the next one;— it's a bit of a brute. You are recommended to use Chambers 20th Century Dictionary (Revised

THE BEAST.

Each clue leads to an intermediate answer which must be 'doctored' before insertion in the diagram. Final clues are either anagrams of the intermediates or they are the same as the intermediates with one letter changed. All final answers are to be entered normally in the diagram and all are in some way members of the animal kingdom. Five are plural forms.

ACROSS

1. So came to a gem with figure in relief. (6)
3. Oak pak? Comfy stuffing in - - pillow. (1;5)
7. See 27 Down.
10. Sh! Keep the cat in it. (3)
12. Scorch a cleaning-woman. (4)
15. Yet the head is a Scottish gate. (4)
18. Fortune awaits plucky heart. (4)
19. Hear vegetable in letter. (3)
20. Further on in time. (5)
21. Measure breathless Inferno. (3)
23. Dare a Spenserian guess. (5)
25. Belonging to soft heart. (2)
26. Shelter in Cleethorpes. (3)
27. Large cask sounds heavy. (3)
28. To pretend to perform. (3)
29. Property charge torn apart. (4)
30. To be horizontal untruthfully. (3)
31. A small spot is a stop. (3)
33. Strike at golf. (4)
34. Relative is a nut. (4)
35. Outfit a very small cat. (3)
36. Circle in orbit. (3)
37. Spill a pert mixture. (5)
38. Spoils the planet god. (4)
41. Net backs the right number. (3)
42. Similar to enjoy. (4)
43. Confine a feather. (3)
44. Put a question. (3)
45. Letter for a girl. (3)
46. South African stick from dark iris. (4)

DOWN.

1. In the car trade. (4)
2. Take the Irishman for ridicule. (4)
3. Scots sound so like say. (3)
4. Soft shade-no loud colour. (4;4)
5. Urged by piercing. (7)
6. Hollow bottom near the bottom. (3)
8. Sounds sore but will fly. (4)
9. Tier sounds like a tale. (6)
11. Tubular projectile discharger. (3)
13. Hand a free ticket. (4)
14. Give her a gin for her audition. (7)
16. Holly in endless exile. (4)
17. Discovered ~~at~~ uncovered. (4)
19. Beat brown. (3)
22. This word is loaded. (5)
23. Ready money belongs to us. (3;4)
24. Poem is a bit odd. (3)
- 27 (and 7 Across) A high-speed mover. (1;8)
30. Soft fleshy ply up. (5)
31. The boy from Eke Rd. (5)
32. i) O.K. a tree! (3)
ii) Maths symbol sounds edible. (2)
33. Fight a case. (3)
34. Child's goodbye. (2-2)
37. Degut gadget and you have it! (3)
39. Bench of pewter? (3)
40. A thing of beauty -- joy for ever. (2;1)

THE SQUIRREL

The squirrel is a cheerful fellow,
Rusty red and slightly mellow,
Two tiny eyes sharp and bright,
Very good to see at night,
A bushy tail and tiny ears
That prick up quick to all he hears.
With hands and feet,
So small and neat,
He leaps from tree to tree,
I come each day just to see
If he will talk to me.

Avis Frost. U3.

THE STARS AND YOU.

Most people—at some time of their life—are being fascinated by the lure of the stars, regardless whether they consult the daily horoscope in their paper or Tiburon, the Mexican Enigma! I doubt it though, whether anyone really believes in stars being able to predict the future. After all, kings and generals, in past times used to have their court astrologers, but hardly ever listened to them, or History might often have taken another course. Even Wallenstein, with his pet astrologer SENI, didn't listen when Seni warned him against going to Eger; he went there and got himself assassinated.

People are rather fascinated by horoscopes because they believe they will be able to learn something about themselves; they might even use it as a sort of alibi! I can't help slamming the door; after all, that's my fiery temper, I'm an Aries! Don't try to get this book from me, I'm a possession-loving Taurus!

No decent astrologer, though, would touch these run-of-the-mill horoscopes with a barge-pole. A real astrologer must be a mathematician: after having learnt the minute and the place of your birth (longitude), he will consult a book (something like logs), called Ephemeris, where he will find the exact position of you ascendant and all the planets in the hour of your birth. He will then cast a horoscope: enter all the twelve houses in a circle and all the positions of the planets, moon etc., in order to interpret their relations. This is rather a complicated work. Provided, of course, that you believe in the position of sun, moon, planets etc. in the minute of your birth to have a decisive effect on your fate.

I, on my part, rather tend to the interpretation of astrology as published in a book in 1968 by the director of the University Library of Vienna, Wilhelm Knappich, who explains the signs of the Zodiac and the planets merely as symbols and archetypes. The sky with all the stars is for Knappich an enormous picture book for the human mind whereby he considers the planets as symbols for vital and psychological functions whereas the signs of the zodiac represent the moods of the various seasons. This symbolic astrology could allow assumptions about possible trends in characters which might, but not necessarily have to, be realised.

Let's give it a try: take the signs of the zodiac as defined by the four elements: earth, fire, air and water, and their relations to each other! Fire (ARIES, LEO, SAGITTARIUS) is threatened by water (PISCES, CRAB, SCORPIO) but is fed and nourished and should therefore get along very well with Air (AQUARIUS, GEMINI, LIBRA). Earth (TAURUS, VIRGO, CAPRICORN) can only gain from water (PISCES, CRAB, SCORPIO); tossed up on fire, it might smother it (ARIES, LEO, SAGITTARIUS). Air (AQUARIUS, LIBRA, GEMINI)'s relations to water is rather complicated (evaporation, sea, rain etc.) but air is a friend of fire.

Everybody is in love and identifies with his or her own sign; but not everybody is as lucky as I am to have a zodiac sign, highly praised in:

When the sun is in the seventh house
And Jupiter allies with Mars,
Then there will be peace on earth
As it is in the sign of
AQUARIUS.

Dr. L. Frobenius.

LINES

Did you know....a food statistician reported that, in an individual's lifetime he eats 30,000 eggs, 6,000 loaves of bread, 9,000 pounds of potatoes, 8,000 pounds of beef, 12 sheep, 15 pigs, 5 calves and 7,000 pounds of fish—so what earthly difference can a few pieces of pie make?

THE DRINK MACHINE

On a sunny summer's day
A new machine came to survey
The landscape, staff and pupils too
Of our famed Mills Grammar School.
Left in a windy corridor
Its bones were stiff, its back was sore.
It was mistreated dreadfully
Until Miss Corrigan came to see
The new attraction on the scene.
She hushed the din in the canteen.
And then she noticed everyone ~~was~~
Was hitting it and making fun
Of its dial and flashing lights
'Fie' said she 'if it excites
You to such a feverish state
Then everyone will have to wait
Until the staff have had a turn,
Or otherwise you'll have to learn
How to treat it with due care.
Hitting it, just isn't fair.
Do not dis-orientate the dial
And queue for it in single file.
And now I've told you what to do
I want you all to try it too.
And now I'm going to have a drink' ~~0~~----
Just then she saw the object wink!
And ever since, the drink machine
And Miss Corrigan have been
The best of friends; and frequently
Miss Corrigan has made a plea
To treat it as a precious pet ~~0~~----
Because its easily upset !

Alison Tannock U5.

MY ILLYWOG

I had a little illywog,
He was all black and 'airy
My Auntie Mary didn't like him
'Cos you see
I called my little illywog
Mary.

I loved my little illygow, he was very dear to me,
But on a trip to Belgium,
Someone threw him in the sea.
So now you see why I say had
'Cos my little black and 'airy has
Gone.

L. Mabey. LV.

World war three had ended and with it went the world. All life was destroyed except a small area on the east coast of Africa in Kenya. In this area there is a lagoon and many wild beasts and fruit. Beside the lagoon stood a tall fair haired man, bronzed by the sun. His eyes had a distant look in them as if he were not there but far away in a much better world.

"Why has he saved me, For what purpose? I cannot start another world if I had my wife and Bobby here.....but I can't. She told me not to join the air force but I came and she was in London when the bomb hit....What am I to do here in this jungle with only the animals to keep me company? If only I had a companion. Someone to tell my fears, and to give my affection to and get some in return. I had spent the last three weeks wandering, eating, sleeping, building a shelter and wondering, but I had got nowhere. I could not tame the animals-the wild boars or foxes-only if there was a woman. But what's that coming out of the jungle? Surely I must be ill or asleep. She is smiling at me and coming towards me. How those limbs of waxy beauty glide, how her hair flows and her eyes sparkle. She will be my Eve and I, her Adam. Now I see why I, why we are here, to start time again".

"I want him, the way he stares-but I must not hate him-I will like him. He will want to look at my beauty all day, and in return I will get food. He will hunt with those strong muscles and bring back meat and cook it. He can make me a brush for my hair and clothes to cover my delicate skin. I can use his shelter and he can keep me warm at night".

"Three weeks I have known my Eve now, she is everything I want in a woman, except she does not respond to my affection. She seems so cold when I mention the children that we must have. She seems to only want me to look at her and admire her beauty, but there is time yet."

"Look at the way he eats that fruit, not to waste a scrap, and when he deguts a boar, he will be so particular, not to throw out any of the good meat. So practical! If only I could do that, and build the fire, and mend holes in the shelter. The only use I am is for producing kids, and I won't do it. I will not be like a machine for mass production, (even if he is the controller of it)

"During the past week my Eve has become sour; I cannot touch her or go near her. I tried to calm her the other night when she became hysterical, but it is no use. I wonder what has made her change so much. Why will she not give a little time to creation? She is so beautiful and I love to watch her move, when she swims her long dark hair flows out behind and she looks like Venus or Diana and I long to hold her, but I can't. I have not used violence and I won't, she will get over this phase soon."

"For seven weeks I have known my Adam, and I hate him. I hate his fussy ways, his strong muscles which think they can control me, the way he feeds me as if I were some caged animal. But now I am hunting for my food and he cannot boss me and rule me. I am free!

"She has gone out to hunt for herself now, I will not stop her if that is what she wants... I can't stop wondering sitting beside this calm, beautiful lake why I had been chosen to be the Adam of the H-bomb and wondering still further at my Eve - my irresistible but totally unresponsive Eve. Her attitudes puzzle me and are, in fact beyond me, and I now cease to care about her coldness. She is sure to need me sometime, being a woman. Til then I will refrain from being aggressive, otherwise there will never be a Cain and Abel. Her reflection appeared in the green of the lake and it shocked me. She was no longer beautiful, but a leering, evil witch, and it frightened me. Her eyes met mine as I swung round to face her, and her body which I once so desired now loomed over me like some distorted figure from a horror story.

/CONT....

She lifted her arms, and I saw the book which she clutched between her hands. Her eyes remained steady, purposeful, and above all, evil. Her mouth opened wide, not to show the beautifully moulded structure of her face, but the ugly leer which she had revealed a few moments before. I could not protest or move and, the arms came down.....

The woman laughed, a weird, ghostly laugh, turned from the mutilated body and stumbled away into the jungle - this radio-active Eve.

Celia Rhodes UV.

THE BEST AGE TO BE LIVING IN.

THIS is the best age to be living in? Surely someone has warped ideas! Although things have progressed immensely in the last century and especially since the last war, we now live in an age of drug addiction, violence, and the ever-remaining threat of nuclear war.

Obviously many things have improved a great deal; we are mesmerised by television; swallowed up by automation and as the centuries slip away we are gradually losing the use of our brains and limbs. People are getting more and more lazy. But then of course why should we have to train our brains and plug ourselves with knowledge when we have computers and highly complex machines to do all the work for us? Why should we exercise our limbs and tire ourselves out when we have cars, aeroplanes, ships and hovercraft to take us anywhere; anywhere on this earth anyway. Why should we bother?

Because we weren't made to turn into morons, to turn into lifeless lumps of flabby flesh, because we were given intelligence and as human beings we should make use of it.

But when the thought comes of actually living in olden times, it's a bit different. All right for the wealthy, one thinks of the chivalry, the long dresses, the feminine females and the masculine males, the whole Goergette-Heyer-type scene. But what if your father was not a lord, but a peasant or a servant. Not so good.

There is so much equality these days, you're not so likely to be pulling your belt in another couple of notches and wondering where your next meal is coming from. Yes, in fact we are getting fat and lazy and soon something will have to be done about the population expansion. But we can't really say whether or not this is the best age to be living in, when we know so little of the past and nothing of the future.

A.Tannock UV.

WILLIAM.

A slim grey form moves through the long grass,
His body held close to the ground,
He moves with grace of a jungle king
As he hunts his prey - my cat.

A leap in the air - a rodeo act
Performed with such cruel delight,
When the mouse moves no more he leaves it behind
And comes home purring loudly - my cat.

Elizabeth Woods.

LINES Do you want to remember what you read....? Close your eyes and tell yourself in a 'Did-you-know-that?' tone of voice. And then reply to yourself with an astonished, 'You don't say!'

12
CHRISTMAS IN THEIR EYES.

Natalie Dwyer.5.

It's Jesus's birthday and he has a cake and a party for his birthday in the stable. He comes down from Heaven and he sees the oxen and the shepherds and the wise men what was there before he was born. He gives them sparkler stars from Heaven and they give him presents and sing: "Happy birthday, dear Jesus, meek and mild."

Simon Ollivierre.6

Children have presents because of being good and keeping saying "Thank you". Father Christmas doesn't send Jesus no presents because of the reindeers not knowing where Heaven is. Heaven is up in the sky and all the people are dead and when you're dead you don't want no presents.

David Cross.7

Christmas is because of Jesus being born in a stable and because of him being King, Son of God. Jesus had to be born in this stable because the Romans were filling up all the towns and the inns and because the Romans were bossy and horrible and all that. The Romans wanted to rule Nazareth and they didn't like Jesus being the King.

Lucy O'Donaghue.5

Christmas is giving presents and I've got Mummy two bags of clips and my nanny her best lipstick and my dad's his best white soap. I've got one brother and one sister as well but I've not got no more pocket money.

Samantha Gordon.5

I don't think they tell you the truth about Father Christmas coming down the chimney. Well if he comes down the chimney how is it that all those presents is awfully dirty?

Susan Oberhor. 5

I haven't actually seen Father Christmas but in the night when I'm asleep I hear his footsteps walking along and I've talked to him and he's nice. If you're good Father Christmas comes and you get presents and if you're a bit bad the ogre comes and breathes fire on you. If you're very bad two ogres come and they eat you up.

Poppy Dorsen 5

Christmas is because of Mary having baby Jesus and Joseph being the daddy. Mary and Joseph live in Heaven. When it's Christmas Day Mary wears her party dress and the angels wear their long white dresses and Mary sings.

Linda Bates.17

Christmas is the time ...we save up for ages in advance and then don't know what to buy for whom...send cards to people who then feel they have to return them...eat cake, sausage rolls and mince pies because everyone does at Christmas...go to parties...little children are allowed to stay up late...trees are brought into the house and over-dressed in silver balls and tinsel...it has to snow on Christmas Day...crackers are pulled and the paper hats worn with gusto...and Christ was born.

.....what is Christmas in your eyes?

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ANS ER TO "WHO OWNS THE ZEBRA?"

The Norwegian	drinks water.	The Japanese	owns the zebra.
Front doors:	Yellow.	Blue.	Red.
Inhabitants.	Norwegian.	Ukrainian.	Englishman.
Pets.	Fox.	Horse.	Snails.
Drinks.	Water.	Tea.	Milk.
Tobacco.	Spun cut.	Mixture.	Medium cut.

Ivory. Green. Spaniard. Japanese. Zebra. Coffee. Rough cut. Dog. Orange Juice. Flake.