



Uitgawe/Issue 5 March/Maart 2011

in this issue

Be The Best Friend

P a g e 2

Sot 101

P a g e 7

Meet the Newbies

P a g e 9

# THEY CAME STRAIGHT OOT OF Larrie Wonderland

-Rina de Villiers

Ons naels was afgebyt. Ons mae was behoorlik op 'n knop getrek. Ons rokkies was papsopnat gesweet. Ons kreet was ge-"polish". Ons banier was asemrowend. Ons ondersteuners se stemme was reg vir behoorlik te kere gaan. En ons atlete... was slag-gereed!

Die 4M van 2011 was in baie opsigte presies dieselfde as al die voriges – Juffrou Schoeman se aflosspanne wat tydens *sing songs* oefen, opgewonde Larries wat aan die einde van elke dag na die saal toe stroom om verder aan die kreet te werk (sjoe, hoe mis ek nou daardie kort periodes...), almal wat rondskarrel, atlete wat elke mid-dag hard aan die oefen is, en en en. Behalwe vir die sotte, is ons almal nou al gewoon aan die 4M ding.

Tog, was die 4M van 2011 iets besonder. Met ongelooflike, geesdriftige dirigente aan die voorpunt, het die 4M-gees al tank voor die eintlike gebeurtenis begin hoog loop. Die tema van vanjaar se 4M was absoluut puik en uiters kreatief – vir die dirigente was dit 'n jammerte dat die tema van "Alice in Wonderland", of dan nou eintlik "Larries in Wonderland" ietwat aan die vroeë kant uitgeglim het, maar vir diegene wat nie dirigente is nie (A.K.A. al die ander Larries...), het dié ontugtering ons net nog meer opgewonde en aan die gons gekry. Kombineer 6 OORgeesdriftige Larrie-dirigente, 'n paar honderd ekstatiese Larries, 'n wenner-tema, 'n asemrowende banier en 'n kreet wat jou laat opswel van trots...en jy het die beste ondersteuningskrag suid van die ewenaar.

Om so 'n wonderlike ondersteuningskrag te hê, beteken maar min as daar nie iemand is wat jy kan ondersteun nie. Ons atlete het al die Larries behoorlik opgewonde gehad, want ons het die sweet, hardwerk en *commitment* (en later ook die stres) elke dag gesien. Vir die Larrie 4M-span van 2011 sou die Larrie-onsteuners op die pawljoen hulle stemme weg

skree.

So het die groot dag, 24 Februarie 2011, uiteindelik aangebreek. Die oggend het ons die tradisionele Groot Brag gehad, waar ons gees net nog meer versterk is, en 'n paar trane hier en daar vinnig weggepek is. Chloë het ons behoorlik opgewonde en aan die toejugg gekry met haar "The Larries are the buffalo's, Bloemhof the lionesses, Girls' High the crocodile, and if you look real closely, you will see Rhenish – they are the windmill"-video.

Toe ons weer ons oë uitvee, was die optogte aan die gang, met almal se oë gevestig op ons dirigente se pragtige rokkies, en Annabé se fenomenale "Mad Hatter" uitrusting. En toe was Rhenish aan die sing...volgende, was dit Bloemhof...daarna, was dit Hoër Meisieskool...En toe...ons. Die Larries. Die Larries! Die kreet het kliphard, trots weergalm teen die Jonkershoekberge. Die mense het geweet: die Larries is hier.

Ons atlete het geskitter! Op die baan, en op veld – of dit nou met 'n spies, gewig of diskus in die hand was, en of dit spring oor 'n lat of sandput behels het, die Larries het gekook. *The race was on...*

Op die ou end was dit Bloemhof met 399 punte, HMS met 398 punte, Larries met 395 (ja, DRIE punte) en Rhenish met 155 punte. Of dit nou 'n derde plek met net 3 punte, of 'n eerste plek met net 3 punte was (ongelukkig was dit die eersgenoemde... hehehe), kan ons met Larrie-trots sê dat ons niemand anders as Larries op 24 Februarie 2011 was nie. Ek gaan nie die krete, baniere, skoolklere, atlete, of enigiets anders van Bloemhof, HMS of Rhenish met ons s'n vergelyk nie, want ons is Larries, en dis al wat ons ooit hoef te wees. Ek's mal oor daardie liedjie: *We are the Larries, Larries, Larries...We are the Larries, Larries, Larries...*want Larries is wat ons is, en op trots is! Die Larries het die groot voorreg gehad om vanjaar die 4M aan te bied, en, te danke aan ons hardwerkende onderwysers en personeel, en die unieke Larrie-"flair", was die byeenkoms 'n uiters groot sukses.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3



# BE the best friend BE that you can BE

## Vriendinne deur DIK & dun

-Annemie Nieuwoudt

Kan ek vir jou 'n prentjie skets?

Dis 'n Woensdagoggend en jy het verslaap. In die haas om in die motor te kom, hardloop jy in jou broer vas wat besig is om sy koffie te drink en die koffie mors op jou skoolrok. Jy het nie tyd om dit skoon te maak nie, of jy gaan laat wees vir skool. By die skool aangekom, besef jy dat jy in die haas jou Biologietaak, wat jy vandag moet inhandig, by die huis vergeet het. Jy het ook skoon vergeet van die Wiskundetoets wat jy vanoggend die eerste periode skryf. Terwyl jy in die ry staan en 'n verskoning probeer uitdink vir jou Biologieonderwyser oor jou taak wat jy by die huis vergeet het, kom jou vriendin na jou toe aan gestap

en gee vir jou 'n stywe drukkie. Sy kon sien iets pla jou en vra dadelik wat fout is. Nadat jy haar alles vertel het, verduidelik sy dat sy ook van die Wiskundetoets vergeet het. Sy troos jou oor die Biologietaak en haar opbeurende woorde laat jou somer beter voel. Julle begin toe somer saam lag ook die koffiekol op jou rok. Is dit nie waarvoor vriendinne daar is nie? Om jou muwwe dag weer vol sonskyn te maak en jou weer beter te laat voel nie?

Ek het 'n paar van my vriendinne gevra hoe hulle 'n goeie vriendin sal beskryf:

- \* "Lojaal, help jou as jy sukkel met iets."- Gretchen Landsman
- \* "Moet na jou kan luister. Moet

'funny' wees met 'n goeie sin vir humor. Iemand wat saam met jou mal kan wees en katterkwaad aangevang."-Carien Oosthuizen

\* "Iemand wat jou gevoelens en besluite respekteer"

\* Spreuke 17:17

"Op 'n vriend se liefde kan jy altyd reken, jou broer is daar met die oog op jou nood."

'n Goeie vriendin is daardie persoon wat jou deur dik en dun sal bystaan. Iemand wat jou aanvaar net soos jy is. Tydens my amper twee jaar by La Rochelle, het ek net besef dat ons Larries nie net vriendinne is nie, maar wel susters. Ons is altyd daar vir mekaar, want ons weet as ons saamstaan doen ons dit beter.



a friend is someone who walks in  
when the rest of the world walks  
OUT.



-Lara Peach

Stepping into a well-known high school such as La Rochelle for the first time is nothing short of intimidating. Your first year in high school is probably going to be one of the best and worst years of your life, filled with anxiety, high expectations and lots of debits. However, everyone has been through it, and at times you may think that there is simply no way that you

can carry on, but you will and it will be the best decision of your high school career.

For the Grade 8's, it is important that you embrace being a 'sot' to the utmost of all its pros and cons. Yes, even if it means sacrificing the first five minutes of your class to run after your milady with her books and tea you will never have the opportunity to be a 'sot' again, so have fun

and let go.

If there is one thing that I have learnt and experienced in the past two years of being a Larrie, it is that La Rochelle does not settle for second best.

We are the best and it is of the utmost importance that each and every student discovers their true talent, and explores all the opportunities that La Rochelle has to offer. Contribution, participation, and dedication are what one needs to be a true Larrie.

It takes hard work and nothing ever does come easy, but in the end it is all worthwhile. The teachers of La Rochelle will be your guides, but most importantly you need to support yourself, believe in who you are and what you are capable of, because you are the only one who is going to decide how you want to spend the rest of your time in high school.

And remember: no matter what happens, never lose faith, for it is now and never again that you will be part of such an amazing, talented family.

"We are the inventors, each sailing out on a voyage of discovery, guided each by a private chart, of which there is no duplicate. The world is all gates, all opportunities." –Ralph Waldo Emerson

# 4M 2011

Continued from page 1

Larries, ons is nog steeds daardie "buffalo"...

Dan, op 1 Maart 2011, verlaat 'n handjiefvol ondersteuners die Paarl. Nie sommer enige ondersteuners nie. LARRIE-ondersteuners. En, baie, baie geesdriftige Larrie-ondersteuners. Die Wiskundehuiswerk, en Skeinattoets was vir eers in ons agterkoppe, want ons was op pad na die 4M-swemgala. Ons het die swemspan se talent, hardwerk en gees die afgelope kwartaal elke oggend én middag gesien, en na die onthulling van hulle "Wow"-nuwe swemklere, was ons van een ding seker: die Larrie 4M-swemspan van 2011 was 'n eenheid wat die 4M-galabyeenkoms lanklaas tee gekom het.

Daar aangekom, was die swemmers klaar besig om op te warm in die swembad. Die Larrie-ondersteuners het hulle plek ingeneem, en beslis nie op hulle laat wag met die gesingery nie, en sommer dadelik met 'n *Go Larries!* begin (spesiale woord van dank aan Lindy Johnson wat onophoudelik gesing het.)

En toe klap die eerste skoot, en

jy sien net water spat. En die Larries swem, en swem, en swem. Die Larries het behoorlik stof, jammer, water in die ander se oë gespat. Dit was verstommend om te sien dat elke swemmer maklik 4 (en meer) items swem – iets wat omtrent gedoen wil wees!

Die Larries was teen die einde derde met 74 punte agter ons naam. Verlede jaar was ons derde met een punt verskil tussen ons en die verloorspan (ons noem nou maar nie wie dit was nie...), maar in 2011 het hulle die verskil aansienlik vergroot – 27 punte was tussen ons en die verloorspan (dit was dieselfde span as verlede jaar...). Ek mag dalk nie baie kennis van swem hê nie, maar dié groeikurwe maak my beslis baie opgewonde!

Baie, baie geluk aan die swemspan vir julle puik prestasies by die 4M-gala – die vroeë oggendure, en honderde lengtes was beslis die moeite werd. Rhenish en Bloemhof moet pasop...die Larrie-swemmers swem al hoe nader... En soos een van die Larrie-swemmers vir my uitgewys het – hulle is nie yster nie, want yster sink. Hulle is kwik!

# OMW!

-Jana Vosloo

Om 'n gereelde rubriek te skryf is moeilik – amper so moeilik soos om te besluit watter soort pizza jy gaan bestel. Of wat jy moet aantrek na 'n sokkie toe, of met wie jy gaan trou, of wat jy eendag gaan word. Om eerlik te wees, dit kan jou selfs effens waarsinnig maak. Ek meen waaroor skryf jy nou regtig? Daar is so baie moontlikhede. Jy kan skryf oor hoe om jou wenkbroue te pluk of oor wat jy van ons president dink. Jou keuses is eindeloos. So wat doen jy? Hierdie is beslis nie een van daardie situasies waar jy net kan inkie pienkie ponkie nie. Intendeel, jy moet dit baie goed deurdink sodat jy iets kies waarby jou lesers aanklank vind. Die vraag is net wat? Ek moet bieg Ek kan regtig nie besluit nie. Ek is ... besluiteloos. Daarvan is ek seker. Miskien is dit juis die ding. Is dit net ek? Of is daar nog van julle besluitlose wesens daar buite? Daar is net só baie keuses wat ons elke dag moet maak. Al hierdie keuses is so oorweldigend dat ek soms keusepaniek kry. Daar is moeilike keuses, maklike keuses. Klein keuses, groot keuses "You name it." Dalk is besluiteloosheid nie 'n slegte tema vir hierdie rubriek nie. In my poging om 'n rubriek oor besluiteloosheid te skryf, het

# I HAVE A COLUMN?

ek iets gedoen wat ons almal soms in 'n oomblik van swakheid doen: "I Googled!" Ek tik in "nice (jy kan sien ek was desperaat n.a.v. my swak taalgebruik) quotes on indecision" en kry toe duisende aanhalings, maar ek kon nie besluit water een om te gebruik nie. Daar was wel een wat ek snaaks gevind het. Dit lui soos volg: "Sir, what is the secret of your success?" a reporter asked a bank president.

"Two words."

"And, sir, what are they?"

"Good decisions."

"And how do you make good decisions?"

"One word."

"And sir, what is that?"

"Experience."

"And how do you get Experience?"

"Two words."

"And, sir, what are they?"

"Bad decisions."

Skielik beleef ek 'n gloeilampie-oomblik. Om goeie besluite te neem is belangrike, moeilik en ingewikkeld, maar daar is iets wat nog belangriker is. Dit is om die tipe mens te wees wat gedurig goeie besluite kan neem. Soos iemand dit mooi saamvat: "When one bases your life on principle, 99 percent of your decisions are already made."

# Winter Wonderland?

-Raphaela Böhmer

It is that time of the year. Waking up to the drumming of rain against your window. Dragging yourself out of bed. Walking into your room with the heaters at full force, taking long showers, constantly boiling your kettle, right? Wrong.

In winter we are notorious for our large energy consumption. But this need not be.

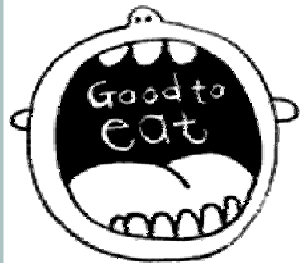
Heaters: In case you were unaware of this, heaters use large amounts of electricity. It usually uses at least 11 000 Watts in an hour. A light bulb uses a maximum of about 60 Watts in an hour.

So what can you do? Firstly, if you use a heater, close all the doors and windows to prevent the hot air from leaving the room. Furthermore, don't have your heater on constantly. Leave it on for some time, then switch it off. If you are in a sealed room, then you will remain warm. Please also remember to switch off heaters when you leave the room or the house, even if it is for just 10 minutes. Here is another idea. Instead of using the heater, pile on clothing to keep you warm, instead of just jeans and a top.

Water: It is a well-known fact that it does rain in the Western Cape in winter. So it is fine to shower for 10 minutes with piping hot water or to fill the bath to the brim? Although we often have full dams, the winter rainfalls have to get us through the summer, too. So, continue to exercise control over how much water you use. Still take longer showers and baths, but not to the extreme.

Kettles: There is nothing nicer to warm you up than a steaming cup of coffee, tea or hot chocolate. Firstly, please do not fill the kettle to the brim and boil all that water if only you want tea. You are wasting a huge amount of electricity. If you know someone in your family also enjoys coffee, tea, or hot chocolate, please offer to make them some. This is not just to gain brownie points with them, but to gain brownie points with Mother Nature. Instead of the kettle being used twice to boil water, you only need to boil the water once. It is amazing how much time and energy (and money, come to that) is saved.

Enjoy the cold and the rain and have an enjoyable, environmentally friendly winter.



## The Old Biscuit Mill

-Heather Kirkby

If by some miracle you have a Saturday free, why not pay a visit to the Old Biscuit Mill in Observatory? It is a quirky mish-mash of some of Cape Town's finest creative minds. There is always something interesting to see and do. The shops sport items ranging from high-tech photography equipment to old golf clubs. Not to mention the clothes that are so beautiful they would make any Mr Price item weep. It's rather like stepping into a glistening soap bubble where everything is wholly lovely and exorbitantly priced.

Now, you may be wondering what this has to do with *Good to Eat*. Patience, dear reader. There awaits you an organic food market on any given Saturday that will change your sensory experience forever. No jokes, every Saturday from 9 am until 2 pm there is a market that sells everything from Belgian chocolate to fresh, home-baked bread, to pomegranate juice. There is such a wide range of foods, it staggers the mind. To ensure that you do not roll out of the venue, go with a budget. You should be able to buy a decent meal for about R50.

To add to the heady smells of food that waft about, there is usually

live music, or at the very least, lively music. You will more than likely encounter a number of creeds and cultures, as it is a serious melting pot and tourist attraction. The Old Biscuit Mill is very busy, so make sure you arrive early. Also, be aware of dodgy car guards that could tell you to park in illegal zones. Other than that, it is always worth a visit. Ticked your fancy? Find out more at [www.theoldbiscuitmill.co.za](http://www.theoldbiscuitmill.co.za) or on Facebook under the Old Biscuit Mill fan page.



# Avante-Garde

-Lize-Mari Kotzé en Jana Vosloo

Mense verskil. Smaak verskil. Dis 'n feit waarmee ons as die samelewing moet saamleef. Een van die grootste smaak verskille is in musiek. Van pop tot rock en classic tot hip hop. Almal verskillend, almal musiek. Met hierdie kolom het ons besluit om vir julle van ons musiek te vertel. Die musiek wat niemand hoor nie. Of miskien wat almal hoor, maar nie altyd die betekenis daarvan verstaan nie. Musiek wat hulle aanmekaar speel op 5fm of Radio Houtstok of selfs dies wat hulle nooit sal speel nie. (Nie oor dit sleg of vulgêr is nie; maar oor dit nie kommersieel genoeg is om cool genome te word nie )

Die bekende rockgroep U2 was onlangs in Suid Afrika. Hierdie treffer van hulle het vir ons baie betekenis en waarheid en daarom wil ons dit graag met julle deel.

I'll Go Crazy If I Don't Go Crazy Tonight

There's a part of me in the chaos that's quiet  
And there's a part of you that wants me to riot  
Everybody needs to cry or needs to spit  
Every sweet tooth needs just a little hit  
Every beauty needs to go out with an idiot  
How can you stand next to the truth and not see it  
Oh, a change of heart comes slow  
Every generation gets a chance to change the world  
Pity the nation that won't listen to your boys and girls  
'Cause the sweetest melody is the one we haven't heard  
Is it true that perfect love drives out all fear  
The right to appear ridiculous is something I hold dear  
Oh, but a change of heart comes slow  
(chorus) It's not a hill, it's a mountain  
As you start out the climb  
Listen for me, I'll be shouting  
We're gonna make it all the way to the light.

But you know I'll go crazy if I don't go crazy tonight

Sjoe! Dis *heavy* diep goed hierdie! Mens kan uit alles iets leer en volgens ons is een van die hoofdoekappe van hierdie lied dat daar 'n tyd en plek vir alles is en dat jy moet kan onderskei tussen die twee. Ons almal moet soms net ingee, maar nie te veel nie. Ons moet beseft dat ons die kans het om 'n verskil te maak, maar dat hang alles af van hoe ons dit doen. En soms moet ons net alles aanvaar en beseft dat daar ook 'n tyd is om te laat gaan, bo oor al die uitdagings van ons lewens.

## Top 10: (volgens charts)

1. Born This Way - Lady Gaga
2. Grenade - Bruno Mars
3. I Need a Doctor - Dr Dre ft Eminem
4. Firework - Katy Perry
5. S&M - Rihanna
6. Never Say Never - Justin Bieber
7. Tonight (I'm Loving you) - Enrique Iglesias Ft Ludacris
8. Black and yellow - Wiz Khalifa
9. Hold It Against Me - Britney Spears
10. What's My Name - Rihanna ft Drake.

## Recommended Bands:

Muse My Chemical Romance  
U2 Greenday  
System of a down aKing  
Paramore The Beatles  
Prime Circle The Parlotones

## Upcoming shows:

- 2 - 24 April - Tina Turner tribute  
6 - 9 April - Chris Chamberlain  
11 April - Neil Diamond  
8 May - Roxette  
28 May - Goldfish  
13-17 July - The Parlotones  
25-26 June - Oppiehoek  
26 October - Kings of Leon





## The King's Speech

-Claire Clift

It is safe to say that if you were only to watch one movie this year, it should be *The King's Speech*. It is based on the rise of King George VI to the throne in England, taking into consideration his paralyzing speech impediment, which is aided by his unorthodox Speech Therapist, Lionel Logan.

In the film he comes to grips with his duties to his country, his duties to himself, and he begins to understand the concept of unbreakable companionship. The movie captures beautifully the contrast between the dreariness of England, the unsympathetic and dry humour of the English and the lavish surrounding of the English monarchy.

With imagery that speaks cleanly without dressing itself to be more than what it is, it is simple, cutting and slices you through the duration of the movie, engulfing you in the very settings of the story. It also rings with the intensity of the pain caused by predestine and expectation of the English people on their imperial rulers. Devastatingly brilliant and provoking performances from Colin Firth and Geoffrey Rush, this movie will stick with you long after you have left the theatre.

## Scott Pilgrim Vs. The World

-Claire Clift

I will admit that I was reluctant to watch this movie at first, but I'm really glad that I did. It follows the life of Scott Pilgrim (Michael Cera), a nerdy twenty-something and aspiring rock-star, who falls hopelessly in love with Ramona Flowers (Mary Elizabeth Winstead), an off-the-wall type girl from New York. Set in Canada, the movie effectively administrates cinematography and graphics similar to that of video games, turning the movie into a festival of the bizarre.

It's hard to tell how much of the movie is meant to have its feet planted in the real world, as Scott has to battle the "League of Exes" to win his beloved's heart. With its complete lack of coherency and plot, the humour is many times ironic and anticlimactic, and veers from the typical slap-stick nature of most American movies of the same thread.

Although by no means a beacon of intellect, major laughs are guaranteed.



-Vicky-Lea Thomas

The two things that most students would like are chocolate and public holidays. That is exactly what Easter provides. Well, Easter is more than that; it is a festival of overwhelming joy. The joy that celebrates life. Or, rather, the victory of life over death.

The "Easter egg" is a symbol of new life, just as a chick might hatch from the egg. It was a symbol of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The oldest tradition is to use dyed or painted chicken eggs, but a modern custom is to substitute it for chocolate eggs, or plastic eggs filled with confectionery such as jelly beans. These eggs are often hidden, allegedly by the Easter Bunny, for children to find on Easter. Otherwise, they are generally put in a basket filled with straw to resemble a bird's nest.

As far as the long weekend goes, this is one weekend to be thankful for. We have the Friday off thanks to Good Friday. Good Friday is a religious holiday celebrated primarily by Christians commemorating the crucifixion of Jesus Christ and his death at Calvary. We also have the Monday off thanks to Easter Monday, or Family Day. Easter Monday was renamed Family Day in South Africa in 1995.

So when you are enjoying the long Easter weekend, remember the big picture. That Jesus died for all our sins, and well... there is never such a thing as too much chocolate!

# What's impossible with man, is [always] possible with God

-Antionette Rawlings

*"The power of the Holy Spirit has freed me from the power of sin."  
"Nothing but God can truly satisfy us like Jesus." "Do you trust Jesus  
enough to surrender everything to God?"*

We arrive in the heat of the day; boys already in the pool. Farm animals roam the area; goats pick leaves off small trees, springback jump around and chickens clean the road of crumbs and bugs. This is Home: for the following 2 days anyway. Supper precedes an awesome worship: 'Hosanna, hosanna', 'Our God is mighty to save', and 'Hy hears oor die heelaal'...Cooling evening entertains songs by guitar, legs in the pool and peaceful chatter under the starlight. What could be more... peaceful?

Day 2. The habitual obstacle course is craftily replaced by bizarre group activities. (Throwing eggs into tarpaulins held by the group, carrying water buckets using strings, pushing each other around in a circle, and touching the ground with only certain body parts, to-

gether as a group!) Then during free time, the excitement plays on in the form of pool-rugby.

The wind stirs and steadily blows harder with the circling sun. After worship: How Great is our God, Our God is an awesome God, through Him the blind will see... a gale to be reckoned with blows outside; chilling all who pass through to the bone. Under the full moon, and the full force of the gale, some slept peacefully while others feared the images that filled their minds. But what can we fear, when we are completely given over to God?

Discussing relationship issues and questions about dating and your motives, reviewing the foundations of Christianity and God's amazing love that sets us free from the consequences of sin; the bottom line of the camp can be summarized as follows: "Find your identity in Christ, for who you are is not important, only who God is, for God says of Himself: 'I am'." Choose now who you want to serve... you never know when will be your last chance to choose...

## Where Sotte gather...

-Fatima Hendricks

This experience is not one to tell in a paragraph or two. It is a story you have to live yourself! This camp was the best experience I could ask for. The day did not start out as exciting as I make it out to be. It started with swimming trials. Most of the matriculants and several grade elevens came to support us. I guess they know how we felt. Anyway, after the trials, we were allowed to have a small lunch. As we boarded the bus, the excitement and tension in the bus rose. It was wonderful to see so many girls together.

When we arrived at the West Coast Fossil Park, we were handed a small snack before being seated in a room in which we watched a video about particular fossils. Afterwards we sighted the actual fossils. This was very interesting.

Geelbek wasn't what I expected... it was even more! Arriving, we removed our luggage from the bus. We then chose cabins to sleep in and several of us had to sleep in the hall. The next two days will not fit into the space I have left, so all I will say is that it was the most fantastic two days of my life. Each item we had to do was very educational and entertaining, especially the bird watching. On behalf of the grade eights, I would like to bid thanks to all teachers involved and a special thank you to Mrs Kramer for taking care of the Muslim girls!

## Skakespearean for a night

-Claire Clift

We assembled outside the school in the warm late-afternoon air of summer, eager for the evening that lay ahead, an evening of glittering theatrics and boisterous performances. Once huddled in the bus, we set off on our journey to Cape Town.

Upon arrival, we mix in with swarms of other school-goers, dividing into groups by the colours of our uniforms, wandering our huddles in across the grassy grounds until being called back to the arena to take our seats. From our perch in the first rows of the open-air theatre, the magic fills the given space as the stage lights up with bright colours and exaggerated movement.

Actors strut the stage, creating the scenes of "Taming of the Shrew" with confidence and exuberance. Holding true to Shakespeare's writing, releasing every syllable with hauling passion and communicating the innuendos that littered the script with zeal.

The props were underplayed, with exceptions of the mechanical animals that roared to life with the twists and turns of the hands of actors dressed in black operating them.

At the end of the play, to leave the fantastic world of the vividly lingering daydream put the dullness of the real life into a cold new light. I left dazzled and feeling the inexplicable urge to use bigger words.

# SOTS OT SOTS

-Raine Comminos (AKA Drizzle)

The torture begins... It was an early morning; the sun had not yet come up and an eerie mist hung over La Rochelle Girls' High School. The time for us to be sots had arrived. The night before, we had had a taste of what was still to come. With fear and trepidation we met our miladies and were given our sot names. Later the sounds of "ek is 'n wurm" echoed in the passages as we ran around and around. I felt scared but also excited. We did not know what to expect. When it was finally time to go home, we all thought that we

knew what it was like to be a worm. Soon the wormlike feeling would be replaced with the feeling of excitement of proposals to tall, dark strangers and just getting to know our miladies. We spent our first two weeks getting lost in the school, bending and looking down when the miladies were near and even squashed against a wall.

My first two weeks as a sot was a crazy experience but I would not take it back for the world. The urban dictionary defines 'sot' as an acronym that means so over that and for those of you who do not understand what a sot is, it is quite

simple.

A sot is:

1. A young girl scared out of her wits on her first day of school
2. A plaything for miladies
3. A rite of passage
4. A stage between the innocence of primary school and the big bad world out there
5. Something that every girl dreads and also secretly enjoys
6. A tradition in La Rochelle, my high school.

So, in closing, I have three words to say: so over that!



## Valentine's Dance

-Heather Kirkby

Despite the fact that I am a firm disbeliever in cliché and its evil twin sentimentality (both of which Valentine's Day reeks of), when the Valentine's Dance approached I could not resist the urge to dress up in a pretty dress and have a good old adolescent gambol in the school hall.

Tickets were disappearing like cookies around hostel brakkies and I was one of the flock that pursued a rather harrowed-looking Christiane in pursuit of a ticket. The purchase of a ticket had the same transformative quality as a golden ticket upon the characters of Roald Dahl's 'Charlie and the Chocolate Factory'. Although this buoyancy may just have been a result of the realisation that I was finally old enough to play with the big kids, I proceeded to paste the red heart into my homework diary with a childish relish.

The days that followed glided by at the same rate as a snail on a hot summer's day. Yet, Friday the 11<sup>th</sup> of February arrived in its due course and with it came the final joint effort to get the hall ready. From there the hours seemed to melt into one another...

I will not bore you with the minutiae; there are enough dances this year for you to remain unimpressed by the microscopic details. So, in overview, the music was appropriately blaring and there were enough cheesy love songs to keep me off the dance floor for a good deal of the night. Everyone looked absolutely stellar in their evening attire. The food was delicious and so aptly styled (Thank you to a certain member of the committee who stayed up until 2 am making chocolate hearts.) The hall was so classily dressed up in white drapes, fairy lights and hearts, that it was completely unparalleled by its usual mundane state. Thank you to the teachers who sacrificed their Friday evening to chaperone this event. A big thank you also goes to Mrs Landman and the dance committee, who made it possible for the evening to be such a memorable one.

## First Aid for the First Aiders

-Vicky-Lea Thomas

"Okay, this guy just fainted. He is unconscious. I do not know what to do. Will you please help?" This was the introduction to our CPR practical examination. And yes, the dummy on the floor was not breathing. On the 12th and 19th February, 27 learners and 2 teachers gathered at La Rochelle in anticipation of the Level 1 First Aid course that they had signed up for. With our two instructors, Daniel Geiger and Herman Schlechter, from Dynamikos, all 29 people passed the theory test and CPR practical.

So, who are you going to call when you have a problem? No, not the Ghostbusters, but the newly trained First Aiders!

## Larries Go Green

-Mariana Kirstein

What is better than a Larrie? An eco-friendly Larrie! A few weeks ago, Arienne du Plessis and Zanelle Coetzee decided to start an all new Eco-club. It is a great way to start cleaning up the environment and showing that you care about the earth that we live on.

At 16:30, on a Wednesday afternoon, a few of us gathered in front of the hostel, excited for the event about to follow and wearing our oldest clothes and trainers. Off we went to the Berg River just around the corner. As we arrived, we were startled at the sight before us. Trash lay littered in every nook and cranny and as we descended the embankment, we discovered yet more rubbish and pollution! So we snapped on our Latex gloves, grabbed our black bags and set off on a mission to clean the banks of the poor, polluted Berg River.

As we cleared all the refuse, the weirdest, most random things showed up! Our bounty included an entire outfit, (a pair of jeans, underwear, a shirt, a cardigan, and a jacket), various bottle caps, a rubber ball, a glass, a baby's jacket, bread packets and even "hubby bubbly" flavouring! The garbage just went on forever and I'm positive that, even if we had a whole week for our disposal, we would never have been able to completely clean those banks. The only thing is that, with more people to help, we would make so much more of a difference.

At the end of the day, we all had heaps of fun laughing at the things we found and also felt pretty good about ourselves. We were helping to save the world after all! :) At that moment, we had all made a difference, no matter how small. And THAT is something to be proud of!

# Revenge has never been this fruity...

-Janet Clift

I think you all know what happens at a Fruit Festival.

The sots line up nervously, wearing their costumes – some of them are painted, others are wearing shop bought outfits and others did not really make an effort at all. The parade starts and the Grade 8s strut their stuff.

The older kids are anxious; you can almost taste the anticipation in the air. A few of them dance to the music playing, but there is a tone of tension under it all. Occasionally one or two would shift a tiny bit closer to the table or sneak a glance at the fruit, worried that if they do not constantly check on it, it might just disappear.

The parade ends and the winners are announced. The teenagers at the sidelines applaud politely as the select few sots are crowned.

The anticipation mounts. The speaker finally declares that the Grade 12s may go to the table. The Matrics jump to their feet and make a beeline for the fruit, which coincidentally was the place where I was standing.

I do not know if you saw us, but I was helping out at the table by pulling off grape stalks. You know, those nice and caring kids that volunteer to help with these events? (And no, we totally did not help out just so that we would have first dibs on fruit. Pssh, not at all.)

I actually was not paying that much attention when the beginning of the fruit fight was announced – okay, I will admit that I was maybe squeezing grape juice into my friend's face, but that is not important, right? – but I cottoned on pretty quickly that the ball was rolling when I heard the excited yells.

You have never felt true terror until you have stood in front of a mob of blood – uh, *fruit*thirsty Matrics who are running straight at you so fast that it would make a 4M athlete jealous. You may think that most of the girls in our school are friendly and polite, but when they want to get to a table of fruit, do not get in their way. Seriously.

The mob made it to the table – pushing the table over, if I might add. See? They are animals.

Their hands and hair quickly filled with fruit.

The fight had officially begun.

We were all soon slipping and sliding on the grass, trying to turn our friends (and enemies) into fruit salads.

During the fight, I realised that I do not understand why people say girls cannot play rugby. I saw some pretty impressive tackles on the field. Although our main goal was to get food smushed into our friends' hair and not to get a ball to a line past the other team...

And all too soon, we ran out of ammo and the fight dwindled down to a few friends making a last stand over a few pieces of fruit covered in grass and dirt.

We washed off, trying to get the fruit out of our hair, the grass out from under our nails, and, if you were as unlucky as I was, trying to get the taste of dirt mixed with grape out of your mouth.

We went home exhausted, messy and wet, but hey, how many other schools can say that they host annual fruit fights for their students?

## The New Ones



-Jana Vosloo

Daar het hierdie jaar vier nuwe onderwysers by ons skool aangesluit. Almal uitstekende onderwysers by wie ons baie kan leer. Ek het met elkeen van hulle 'n onderhoud gevoer sodat ons bietjie meer oor hulle kan uitvind. Die onderwysers is:

S: Mnr Strack

R: Juf. Roux

G: Juf. Grundling

B: Juf. Bester

J: **What do you often eat for breakfast?**

S: Nothing. In the winter I eat German Rye bread.

R: Pronutro in die week en oor naweke 2 Min. Noodles

G: Ek eet nie regtig ontbyt nie. Soms 'n vrug.

B: Eet nie regtig ontbyt nie, miskien 'n muffin of so.

J: **Where did you go to high school?**

S: A Mystery school in Cape Town

R: HMS Bloemhof

G: Hugenote

B: Girls' High

J: **Wat maak jou kwaad in die klaskamer?**

S: As kinders praat wanneer ek praat.

R: As ek heelyd vir stilte moet vra of as iemand praat terwyl ek moet praat.

G: Leerders wat nie respek teenoor mekaar het nie.

B: Dogters wat nie omgee vir hulle skoolwerk nie.

J: **How would you describe yourself in 3 different words?**

S: Patient, caring, sometimes lazy.

R: Minimum effort, maksimum results.

G: Passievol, liefdevol, streef altyd na die beste.

B: Besig, fisies aktief en ek lag baie.

J: **Which three people would you invite to your fantasy dinner and what would you serve?**

S: Michael Schumacher, Tim Noakes and Angela Merkel. I would serve Bratwurst and sauerkraut.

R: The Wright Brothers, Hendrik Verwoerd en Magaret Thatcher. Ek sal steak met 'n mushroomsous, gebakte aartappels, brokoli en blomkool met

'n kaassous en 'n groot mengelslaai bedien.

G: Nelson Mandela, Michael Jackson en my man. Ek sal Chicken Licken bedien.

B: Anne Frank, Bobbie van Jaarsveld, my Oupa en ek sal Sushi bedien.

J: **Wat is vir jou vreemd omtrent La Rochelle?**

S: Om na 40 jaar se onderwys net meisies in 'n klas te hê. Ook hulle

snaakse name wat ek nie kan uitspreek nie!

R: Dat die koshuis net een keer 'n week besoektyd het en dat almal heelyd opstaan as ek verbyloop.

G: Dat daar net meisies is.

B: Die hoeveelheid selvertroue wat almal het.

J: **What stinks when it's living and smells good when dead? (The answer is bacon!)**

S: I am too old for riddles.

R: ...'n muishond?

G: Um...A bad attitude.

B: Chops?

J: **Wat is die een ding wat ons as Larries van Meneer/Juffrou moet weet?**

S: Ek lees baie, hardloop en wedloopstap.

R: Ek onthou alles wat leerders vir my vertel en ek raak woedend vir mense wat nie waardeer wat hulle het nie. Gelukkig raak ek gou weer goed.

G: My ouers bly nie in Suid Afrika nie.

B: Ek word vinnig kwaad, maar ek vergeet weer gou daarvan.

J: **Which cause do you strongly support?**

S: Anything to do with nature.

R: Stamselnavorsing en ek voel sterk daarvoor dat mans wat vrouens mishandel gekastreer moet word.

G: Child abuse.

B: Die versorging van hawelose kinders.

J: **What type of music do you like and what is your favourite?**

S: Classical music, no modern music. My favourite would be Bach.

R: aKing

G: Gospel, Jesus Culture.

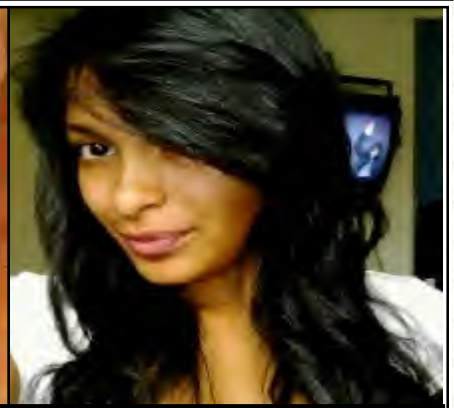
B: Enigiets met 'n lekker beat.



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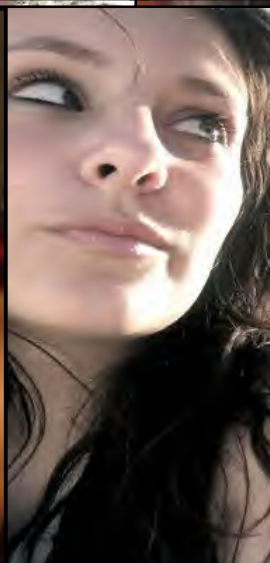
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