



Uitgawe/Issue 7 September 2011

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When in doubt, Dance

-Catherine Fok-Seang
 The grade 10s would understand me when I say that during the weeks leading up to the grade 10 dance we did nothing, but visualise how perfect the night would turn out to be. Acquaintances were brought closer by the common questions of "How does your dress look?" and "Who's your date?". Nail polish, make-up and hair were the subjects of eager conversation for those few weeks.
 On the evening of 29 July 2011, the familiar click-clack of high heels and the sound of thrilled squeals masked the air of nervousness in the school's parking lot. The night of great anticipation had finally arrived. It took a while to process and take in the beautification the hall had undergone. The walls were strewn with waterfalls of fabric and tables glittered with unique Paris Rouge furnishings. The sight was indescribable.
 The night began in the right way, as Mrs Conradie opened the evening the opening prayer. Soon, everyone was dancing. Disco lights lit up the dance floor and dresses sparkled in the low light. Whether it was the barn dance, sokkie, bop or boogie, we all had our unique way of expressing ourselves through dance. We only stepped off the dance floor to take careful bites of the provided snacks and fill our empty glasses with juice or to take a trip to the photo booth. Photo requests were called over the microphone. The requests ranged

from Mrs Laubscher's Maths class to Monsieur Botha's French class. Even a group of boys from Mr Shaw's science class enjoyed the photographer's flash. The night reached complete brilliance when the charming waitresses strolled in with chocolate fountains. The chocolate fountain tables could not be seen by the time the fountains had been placed in the hall. I have to admit, this was the highlight of the night!
 When the last song had been danced to and the photo had been taken, the dance committee was left to tidy up. Along with the help of Mrs Laubscher and Mrs Hill, the committee managed to pull off the remarkable job of co-ordinating this function. Many hours of gathering in the learning centre, painting the incredible backdrop and learning to shuffle in the half-decorated hall had really paid off. A special thanks to Miss Lochner, Mrs Laubscher, Mrs Hill, Mr Kroukamp (for tolerating the noisy meetings in the learning centre) and all the parents who sacrificed their time with helping us in giving the girls an unforgettable night this year. Most importantly, without the grade 10s, this dance would not have been what it was. Thank you, special girls.
 For once, the grade group enjoyed themselves as a whole. We were united on that night, through dancing and the constant snapping of cameras. Many memories were made, that will not be forgotten anytime soon. And don't forget. When in doubt, DANCE!

LARRIES GOT T★LENT

-Claire Clift
 I was fortunate enough to attend this year's Larries Got Talent competition. The hall packed with people, the excitement and anticipation rose as our two hosts, Annabe Marais and Rachel Draver emerged and performed hilarious (and I'm sure mostly improvised) antics as introductions to each act.
 After a tough round of auditions, La Rochelle's top talent really had come to the party, bringing diverse musical acts as well as a few memorable dance numbers. Each item held its own unique flavour, and there was not a single act that was not enjoyed. Special mention must be

made of Gabbi le Roux for her cover of the (ahem.) classic that is Toxic by Britney Spears, to Kina and Courtney for their pairing in "Someone Like You" and especially to Nicola Hartell for her heart-wrenching rendition of "Skinny Love".
 Though each person had their favourites, the judges chose well in their Top Three, which consisted of Gabbi le Roux in third, Roxanne Paulse's energetic dance number in second and in first place, Benita Visagie doing what she does best; hearty cabaret.
 If anything is certain, it's that talent, like swag, is just something we Larries got.

Raphaela Böhmer (Head Editor) - Heather Kirkby (Culture Editor) - Rina de Villiers (Sport Editor) - Catherine Fok-Seang (Design Editor) - Arianne du Plessis (Hostel Editor) - Vicky-Lea Thomas (Entertainment Editor) - Mrs T. Meyer (English editing) - Mrs C Vos and Mrs M Steyn (Afrikaans editing)

BE the best SPRINGBOK SUPPORTER that you can BE

–Rina en Engela de Villiers

Soos meeste van julle (hopelik) al weet, is die Bokke reeds in Nieu-Seeland besig om hulle (verskoon tog, ONS) titel as Rugby Wêreldbekerkampioene te verdedig. Die gees van rugby is regoor die wêreld aanvoelbaar – en met Suid-Afrika se rugbygees skort daar beslis niks nie. Maar, ons is seker dat daar van julle Larries is, wat nou nog nie heeltemal weet wat eintlik op 'n rugbyveld gebeur nie. Sommige van julle, (Engela inkluis) kyk net rugby vir die mooi gesiggies van die Pat Lambie's en James O'Connor's. Ons het dit goed gedink om die basiese beginsels van die mooi "gentleman's game" (sarkastiese toon) vir julle uit te lê.

"Sticks and stones may break your bones, but rugby does it better." Dis een manier om rugby op te som, hier is ons weergawe:

Hulle speel op 'n rugbyveld.

Daar is 15 spelers in elke span. Verder is daar ook nog 7 reserwes wat uitgeruil kan word. Vir die wat nie geweet het nie – daar is twee spanne. Die groterige ovaalvormige voorwerp wat hierdie 30 spelers rondgooi en –skop op die veld, staan bekend as die...rugbybal.

Die mooiste rugbyspeler is sonder twyfel: Patrick Lambie.

Drie: Die doel van rugby is om drieë te druk. 'n Drie word gedruk wanneer 'n speler van een span die rugbybal agter die doellyn van die opponente druk. Snaaks genoeg, is 'n drie nie drie nie, maar vyf punte werd.

Vervyfskop: (conversion) Na 'n drie, kry die span die geleentheid om pale toe te skop. Hierdie skop kan vir 'n span 'n addisionele twee punte op die telbord verskaf – as dit oor is.

Strafskop en Skepdoel: Beide hierdie skoppe is drie punte werd, en kan van enige plek op die veld geneem word. Strafskoppe word toegeken wanneer die opponente 'n ernstige fout begaan. 'n Skepdoel is wanneer 'n

speler (gewoonlik nommer 10) die bal laat val, en dit dan oor die pale skop.

Plettervat: Of die meer bekende naam, 'n "tackle". Gaan Google "Schalk Burger tackle" – jy sal gou die idee kry.

Aanslaan: Dit is wanneer enige speler met sy hand(e) aan die bal raak, dit vorentoe laat val, en die bal die grond raak.

Skrum: Wanneer een span 'n minder ernstige fout maak, vorm die twee spanne se eerste agt spelers 'n interessante formasie deur af te buk, snaakse gesigte te trek en by mekaar "in te haak" deur op vreemde plekke vas te hou. Die span wat nie die fout begaan het nie, se skrumskakel (nommer 9) kan dan die bal ingooi.

Lynstaan: Wanneer die bal oor die kantlyne van die veld gaan, kry die haker (nommer 2) van die span wat nie laaste aan die bal geraak het nie, die kans om die bal in te gooi. Mens sien gewoonlik dat baie groot en lang mans hier in die lug op spring om die bal te vang.

Of jy nou hierdie basiese reëls verstaan of nie, ons hoop dat elke Larrie vir die res van hierdie wêreldbekergetroou haar boktrui sal aanhê en ten volle die Bokke sal ondersteun. Of jy nou voor die televisie gaan sit om werklik waar na die spel te kyk, of om net vir Pat, Francois (altwee...) of Jean te kyk, maak seker dat jy bankvas agter die bokke staan. Leer ken die bokspan, sing die volkslied uit volle bors saam voor elke wedstryd, en maak jou Facebook status gereeld oor die Bokke. Vir die van julle wat om een of ander baie vae en vreemde rede, NIE die Bokke ondersteun nie, ons laat julle met die volgende waarheid:

Q: What do you call fifteen guys sitting around the TV watching the world cup final?

A: The All Blacks...

GO BOKKE!



-Lucretia Pienaar and Angeliqe Schoeman

Ek waai my Suid-Afrikaanse vlag rond en bond, maar onderaan die etiket staan daar: "Made in China" Wat het geword van, om trots Suid-Afrikaans te wees? Sing jy nog "Shozalozza" soos Mandela dit sing? Braai jy nog Boerewors op Nasionale Braaidag? Sit jy jou hand op jou hart as jy die volkslied sing? IS JY NOG TROTS

DAAROP OM 'N SUID-AFRIKANER TE WEES?

Indien jy nie is nie, hier is 'n paar riglyne om daardie trots diep binne jou hart weer eg te maak:

1. Wees 'n "Player 23" en maak seker dat jy nie een enkele wêreldbekergedstryd op die televisie misloop nie.

2. Sing die volkslied ten alle tye uit volle

bors. (al het jy nie 'n stem soos Laurika Rauch nie)

3. Ken die manne in die Springbokspan en weet wat hulle als aanvang...(soos dat Schalk voor elke wedstryd Jean se tokse wegsteek)

4. Eet, loop of slaap met jou Suid-Afrikaanse vlag.

Ons daag jou uit om 'n trotse Suid-Afrikaner te wees. Wat het jy om te verloor? Kom ons wees een nasie agter ons Springbokspan. En onthou, ons wen saam, verloor saam en staan saam. Ons bloed is groen, want ons is TROTS SUID-AFRIKAANS.

BEHIND THE WALLS OF Buckingham Palace

-Mari Hanekom

16 meisies vir nege ure op 'n bus Namibië toe, kan vir twee onderwysers en die bestuurder een groot kopseer gee, maar vir my het dit een ding beteken: tonne en tonne pret!

Donderdagoggend, 23 Junie, 7 uur (ja, so laat omdat sekere mense mos hul paspoorte by die huis vergeet het!), het 16 baie opgewonde Larries saam met tannie Elbie en Juffrou Schoeman op 'n Paarl Rock Tours bus geklim en met Barry agter die stuur, die lang pad Namibië toe aangepak.

Nadat ons seker twee keer "Alvin and The Chipmunks" en drie keer "John Tucker Must Die" gekyk het, het ons uiteindelik by Felix Unité aangekom langs die Oranje Rivier. Ons heel eerste aand het uit konserte bestaan waarvan een van die temas "Behind the walls of Buckingham Palace" was.

Die volgende oggend was ons vroeg op en op pad na Lapa Lange in Mariental. Ons was deur tannie Elbie verras toe sy ons dadelik laat oefen het, net nadat ons daar aangekom het. Laat middag het ons op 'n "game drive" gegaan waar Mandy eerste die enigste kameel gesien het. Die aand het ons gekaraoke, Sigi het ons leer tango en Elsie het probeer om 'n klomp jagters te leer vasdans!

Die volgende oggend het ons weer geoefen en na 'n heerlike "plaas-brékvis", was ons op pad Swakopmund toe.

In Swakopmund, het ons die kans gehad om Namibië op sy beste te leer ken. Ons het wedstryde gespeel teen Walvisbaai se privaatskool (en gewen), op 'n bootrit gegaan en vir Spotty, die rob, ontmoet. Ons het ook gaan motorfiets ry in die duine en gaan "sandboarding" doen op Charlé se 18de verjaarsdag. Ons het selfs voor die casino in die parkeerarea geoefen! Ons het ook kans gehad om bietjie op die strand te loop en by verskillende winkeltjies in te gaan en het een van ons oud-Larries, Kim Meintjes, raakgeloop.

Na 3 dae in een van Namibië se pragtigste dorpe, was ons op pad na die groot sportfees by Windhoek Hoërskool. Ons het by Okahandja se stalletjies gestop en die verskillende houtwerke gaan bewonder.

Ons het die eerste aand in Windhoek na Joe's Beerhouse gegaan en seker van die grootste snitzers ooit geëet. Die volgende dag het die Janine en Suzelle Davin Sportfees begin. Ons was deel van 'n optog en ons heel eerste wedstryd was teen Hugenote.

Die aand was ons by die toernooi se sportdinee waar die Namibiese rugbyspan aangekondig is en David Grier die gasspreker was. Die Larries was bevoorreg genoeg om 'n konsert van Glaskas en Dans Dans Lisa ook te gaan kyk!

Die hotel waarin ons gebly het, was soos iets uit 'n James Bond flik! Die toernooi was 'n sukses en La Rochelle se eerstespan was onoorwonne.

Ons het ook 'n klomp nuwe vriende gemaak en mense ontmoet, onder andere die eerste hokkiespan van Tygerberg.

Sleepvoet het ons almal weer in "Uncle Barry" se bus geklim op pad terug na Felix Unité.

Die aand het die "seniors" in die Lapa gaan slaap en die "juniors" het hulself vermaak buite hul tente. Alhoewel meeste van die meisies bang was vir die wurms wat hul verskyning in die gras gemaak het die aand, kon hulle nie die versoeking weerstaan om onder die Namibiese aandlug na die sterre te staar en met kitaarbegeleiding 'n paar liedjies te sing nie.

Die laaste dag het ons op die yskoue Oranje Rivier spandeer en verskillende speletjies saam met die gidse gespeel.

Doodmoeg die volgende oggend moes ons op die Noordoewer-grenspos vir oulaas terugkyk na die pragtige Namibiese vlaktes en die herinneringe van 'n ongelooflike toer-ervaring koester.

LANDLOOP

Nog 'n seisoen agter die rug

-Annemie Nieuwoudt

In reën en wind, in modder of selfs deur modder, papsopnat en yskoud. Dit is maar net 'n paar van die gruwelike elemente wat O'Neil se kuikentjies moes oorleef.

Sjoe, dit laat die landloopseisoen soos 'n straf klink. Om die eerlike waarheid te sê, die landloop was elke dag 'n nuwe ervaring om na uit te sien. Ek is seker almal wat saam geoefen het, is baie spyt ons landloopseisoen in nou agter die rug.

Ons het elke dag ons beste gegee om seker te maak O'Neil is trots op ons. Die wat wou, kon Saterdag proewe hardloop om hul fiksheid teen ander atlete te meet. Daar was ook natuurlik die Boland proewe wat gevolg is deur Wes-Kaap en SA's. Ons is almal baie trots om te sê dat Monique-Ann Lombaard, 'n getroue landloop atleet, in September aan die SA-Landloopkampioenskappe gaan deelneem. Baie geluk Monique, jy is vir ons 'n voorbeeld!

Daar was wel dae wat ons onself nogal skraal gehou het as dit gestortreën het, maar kom wat wil, ons het bly oefen. Ek is seker almal wat die hele seisoen kom oefen het, is baie trots op hulself en julle mag maar wees. Ons hoop en sien uit daarna om almal en nog meer van julle, volgende jaar op dieselfde plek en dieselfde tyd te sien!

*"Hockey players have fire
in their hearts and ice in
their veins"*

-Catherine Fok-Seang

On the first day of this term, everyone else was gradually getting attuned to the idea of coming back to school... while the hockey players had busied themselves in focused practice for the tough and challenging games ahead. We took on two extremely competitive schools during the first week of school - Paarl and Bloemhof Girls' High schools. It was a tough match-up, but the Larries brought home great results against both schools.

The highlight of the term was the second annual interschools against Wynberg Girls. We felt a certain obligation and responsibility rest on our shoulders. Making or breaking it depended on all the teams taking part. Unfortunately, this was a little hiccup in the hockey season, but it was soon straightened out by all the victories in all the remaining matches. Other opponents this term included Rhenish, Hugenote and Luckhoff.

Interhouse was the final close-off to this year's hockey season. Pride proceeded to win once again, with the valid prize of receiving all the tuckshop's leftovers from this season!

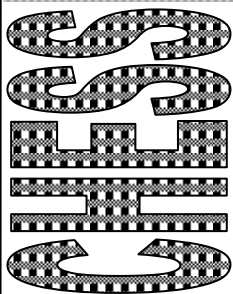
For now though, the hokkie bakkies are putting their sticks and shinnies away. Until next year...

-Arienne du Plessis

Chess is presumably the sport for brainiacs...

Or rather, in our case, it is a social gathering where playing chess is involved in the process of laughing and joking around. Contraire to popular belief, the chess club is a very relaxing club to be part of around this time of the year what with the new leaders being elected and the minimal matches being played.

The following was once asked at one of the chess meetings that had us laughing pretty hard, "Can you buy an entire chess set at a pawn shop?"



Debating: Hard work pays off!

-Jayne Foxcroft

Many of my friends often ask me what debating is or what we do there. Well, you sometimes have to give up your long weekend to go to the Western Cape Debating Trials, but it is never in vain. Just ask Marthella Minne for making it through to the next round of the trials and Raine, Megann and Jayne who, despite not making it through to the next round, certainly had loads of fun and exchanged a few BBM pins with their

not so nerdy Stellenbosch counterparts. Giving up Monday nights to stand up for what we believe in certainly all pays off! Congratulations to Marthella Minne and Jayne Foxcroft for being amongst the top ten junior debaters and Helen Denny for being amongst the top seniors in the Boland League.

To all our talented interhouse debaters out there – Well done! You did Cillie proud! Better luck next time to our runners up Murray, Pride and De Villiers!!

You may say that debating is for nerds or for those who have too much to say... okay, okay, so we do have too much to say, but you must admit that debating does open up opportunities. Let's just look at the Model United Nations. Congratulations to Raphi, Christiana, Keith and Prudence for successfully representing Germany and winning the competition. Good luck to you all with the preparation for the next round.

Henry Ford once said, "Coming together is a beginning, keeping together is a process and working together is success".

This term, I can only but agree with what Henry Ford said. Between the Wineberg Interschools, the Model United Nations, the interhouse debate and the Western Cape Debating Tournament, La Rochelle certainly celebrated many victories.

Debating is truly a skill.

Remember that debating is taking the most unrealistic, believing in it and convincing others to agree.

Together Everyone Achieves More!

-Nandi Pape

Being a Peercoach is definitely not uninteresting. The training has a way of keeping you awake and interested in what's being said, unlike most classes. The techniques and skills we learn are very helpful when the situation calls for them to be used.

For those of you who do not know, the Peercoaches (located between the two Biology classes - if you reach the blue lockers coming from the tuck shop, you've gone too far) are there to help you with whatever you may need help with, be it career advice, love triangles or even a recently deceased goldfish.

We are trained by professionals in listening and in confidentiality, so what you tell us in the room, stays in that room.

In the Peercoaching room, we try our best to create a comfortable, relaxed atmosphere to make you feel at home. So the next time you have nowhere to go in an off period or simply feel like chatting to someone, feel free to drop by. You might walk away feeling a whole lot better.

Jy doen drama? ...Regtig?

-Jana Vosloo

Baie van julle het seker al gewonder wat aangaan in daardie klein hokkie net langs die saal? Miskien weet party nie eers van hierdie hokkie se bestaan nie. Indien dit die geval is sal ek vir julle sê, hierdie hokkie is die drama hokkie! Dit is die plek waar talle talentvolle dramastudente, onder die leiding van Juffrou Van Heerden, hul passie uitleef. Of dit nou in vryperiodes, Biologie-periodes, of na skool is. Dit is amper onmoontlik om te beskryf wat in die klasse gebeur, maar ek sal dit beslis aanbeveel! Baie geluk aan al die Drama-leerders (ook die matrieks) wat hierdie kwartaal aan Eisteddfod of enige ander kompetisies deelgeneem het. Namens al die dramaleerders wil ek ook net dankie sê aan juffrou Van Heerden vir al haar harde werk, entoesiasme en ekstra ure! Soos Rebekah Adams gesê het: "Drama is theater, life, an escape from life, happiness, and sadness all rolled into one."

Peercoaching

the art of listening

NEED SPACE?

R100 - 1/6 of the page black and white

R150 - 1/6 of the page colour

R200 - 1/3 of the page black and white

R250 - 1/3 of the page colour

Contact tracy@barries.co.za

WE'VE GOT IT!

Model United Nations :

Part 1

-Raphaela Böhmer

After many long meetings, hours of scanning hundreds of pages, spending megabytes galore on the internet and learning everything there is to know about Germany, the fantastic four (dressed in suits, might I add) crossed the threshold of the Western Cape Provincial Parliament Building on Wale Street, their minds teeming with facts. Today was the day of the Provincial Model United Nations Competition.

As the name suggests, this competition is a mock United Nations General Assembly, held as a competition for school learners.

A team consists of four learners from two different schools, and we were teamed up with New Orleans. Upon receiving the topic and our country at the training day, the next two to three months were consumed with preparations for the competition. In our case, we lived and breathed Germany as, on the day, we would have to present Germany's view on "Internet Freedom and the Role of the United Nations."

So, Prudence Present, Keith Lewis, Christiane Badenhorst and I, Raphaela Böhmer, became German delegates on the twentieth of August. We were accompanied by La Rochelle's English teacher, Mrs Meyer, New Orleans's English teacher, Ms Daniels, Helen Denny, two mothers and two New Orleans students. The whole day, we sat, squeezed into the desks together, working hard and battling it out against the other countries.

To be honest, when all the speeches were finished, we were relieved that this was over. Our lives could return to normal. So, after the third and second places were announced (Libya and China, respectively), we still whispered (with conviction) that Russia would win. You can therefore imagine our shock and disbelief when we, Germany, were announced as the winners. Christiane summed up our sentiments perfectly: "Vraagteken?!"

Even more exciting news is that our team goes through to the South African competition, to be held in October. Now, as Nigeria, we have to prepare two topics. But more on that later. Furthermore, we

are guaranteed that at least one member of our team gets to participate in the international competition in New York. Furthermore, if we win (or, as Christiane puts it, when we win), all four of us, as well as the two educators, go to New York. So, despite the fact that we cannot yet wash our hands of all this and that piles of work still lie ahead, we are looking forward to Model United Nations - The sequel.

HIP2B²

-Vicky-Lea Thomas

On the 4th August, a group of Larries made their way to Paul Roos to participate in the Hip2b2 ithink challenge. On the way to the tournament, all the learners sat with the latest Hip2b2 magazines, trying to work out the games and riddles, but we were all very stunned to find out that this was not your 'basic' challenge! The ithink challenge consisted of tasks, challenges and riddles that tested our knowledge and ability in Science, Technology, Entrepreneurship and Maths-based

activities. While trying to balance 10 metal nails on one another, running to different Hip2b2 ambassadors to get new riddles, messaging and bbming other team members for the answers to questions and learning the Michael Jackson 'Thriller' dance, all of the Larries could agree that this was an experience to enjoy and that learning had never been this much fun before! Thank you Mrs Potgieter for arranging for the Larries to take part in this unforgettable experience.

Alles die moeite werd

-Engela de Villiers

Jy stap op by die verhoog en jy voel hoe jou hart in jou bors klop. Elke lieue vlinder fladder sy vlerkies in jou maag. Jy voel asof dit jou heel laaste vertoning in die hele wêreld gaan wees, want met dié hoeveelheid stres gaan mens bly lewe nie. Maar dan onthou jy al die maande se swoeg en sweet, en dan stap jy met selvertroue voort en gaan doen jou ding. In die maand van Augustus was dit een van die lekkerste gebeurtenisse op die kulturele kalender - die Paarl Vallei Eisteddfod. Dit is daardie gebeurtenis waar mens vir maande lank voorberei en dan in 'n oogwink is dit alles verby. Die larries het deelgeneem aan vele aspekte van die Eisteddfod - musiek,

drama, sang en koor en soos gewoonlik het die Larries uitgeblink.

Na hierdie hele maand van kreatiewe aktiwiteite was daar nog een aand wat op elke deelnemers se kalender aangeteken was. Die Eisteddfod Gala aand! Dit is die aand waar die deelnemers wat die beste in hul groep gevaar het, beloon word met 'n beker en 'n sertifikaat. Die Larries het behoorlik uitgestaan en 'n klomp van ons het met 'n trofee in die hand gesog. Natuurlik, sonder enige verbasing, het die koor die beker huis toe gebring.

Hou aan sing, musiek maak, dans, skilder, "act" en laat die swoeg en sweet maar weer begin...want, op die ou end, is dit alles die moeite werd!

...tick,
tick,
tick...
BANG!

-Antionette Rawlings

All the anticipation, the conundrums of planning, swapping ideas, testing opinions and options... it finally arrived with a suspended bang... seeing one another - dressed to kill - enchanting and delightful.

Surprise and pleasure blended together with the mixing of matrices on the outside lawn at dawn. All were wacky, crazy, cool and especially - uniquely perfect (in some twisted way). Make sense?

Walking past the school (through girls gaping in awe) we paraded to the approving eyes, critical flashes and ever present inspection of cameras. The sound of whispers humming in the background...

There were: Pirates, babies, bakers, Zorro's, Lego blocks, Chinese, the Grouch, Miss World, a pineapple, Mrs Spongebob, Egyptian queens, a Greek goddess, a fairy, a nun, angels, clowns, hippies, Snow White, Mexicans, Pocahontas, a farmer, a crocodile, a biker, a real bride, a corpse bride, and so many more!

This was our day to shine in fun and absurdity, even if a soaking rain cooled the fire of ambitious rogues. Tranquil sigh. We had pizza in the hall, an extended break and most periods off.

Many of our outfits gave in to the cold and the warmth of a jacket, but could you spot the matric who hadn't dressed up? Of course not! There wasn't one, and therefore 40 DAYS was a great success!

GO BIG OR GO HOME

-Jordan Kleudgen

Our second annual Inter-schools against Wynberg took place at the beginning of the term. It was the first time that the Larries were going to Wynberg Girls' High School, so we were looking forward to the day. There were several culture and sports teams that took part, such as hock-

ey, netball, debating, public speaking and chess. The Larries gathered sleepily in front of the hostel at 06:45 for roll call and at 07:00 we boarded the bus in our navy blue and yellow tracksuits or school uniform. We left for Cape Town, feeling very excited, despite the early hour. The Larries did fantastically - we

stood together as a team and family, never giving up. A huge thank you to our supporters. Without them, it would not have been the same. At the end of the day it was all worthwhile - getting up early in the morning, training and practising - as we all had lots of fun and got to know each other better.



LEIERS van 2012

2012 is om die draai, en die volgende Larries is verkies om 2012 as ons leiers aan te pak.

Studenteraad:

Annieka Mostert (Hoofdogter), Lesley Arenz (Onderhoofdogter) Christiane Badenhorst, Kelley de Boelapaep, Rina de Villiers, Nasthasha Dippenaar, Nerine

Fourie, Zoë Greeff, Esmari le Roux, Joan van Dyk, Anne van Schalkwyk, Adrea van Zitters, Raphaela Böhmer, Catherine Fok-Seang, Mari Hanekom, Elmie Odendal

Koshuisprefekte:

Nasthasha Dippenaar (Hoofdogter), Kelley de Boelapaep

(Onderhoofdogter), Lesley Arenz, Christiane Badenhorst, Suzaan du Toit, Zoë Greeff, Esmari le Roux, Annieka Mostert, Monique Uys, Michaela van den Heever, Anne van Schalkwyk, Clarissa van Wyk
Verteenwoordigende Raad van Leerdere:
Graad 12: Nasthasha Dippenaar,

Lindy Johnson, Annieka Mostert
Graad 11: Anke Barnard, Lorné Lourens, Elmie Odendal
Graad 10: Engela de Villiers, Annemie Nieuwoudt, Karla Rabie
Graad 9: Danielle Boon, Zama Ngubane, Mandie Venter
Baie sterkte met die groot taak

AND THE WINNERS ARE...



-Mart-Marié Serfontein

Vir party mense is dit 'n groot ding om 'n prys of toekenning te kry. Daar is die dankie-sê-toespraak en alles wat daarmee gepaard gaan, maar vir die paar Larries met wie ek oor hulle toekennings gesels het, was die Larrie Awards net vir hulle 'n bewys van al hulle harde werk wat hulle in hulle verskillende...talente in sit. Lente Kritzinger en haar milady, Annabé Marais, het die toekenning vir Milady en Sot gewen; MS: Het jy ooit gedink dat julle die toekenning kon wen? LK: Ja! Ek en my milady spandeer baie tyd saam en ons kom goed oor die weg. Dis 'n goeie ding. Andrea Carelse het Mej. Landbou gewen, en sy sê weer sy het dit half ver wag. "Baie mense het vir my gesê ek staan 'n goeie kans, omdat ek laas jaar ook genomineer is. Ek is ook eintlik

bly dat mense vir my gestem het, omdat dit my laaste jaar is, en dit 'n goeie afskeidspresent is." Chelsea Meyer is as mej. Boishaaai gekroon. Sy lag en sê dat sy wel elke Boishaaai byeenkoms bywoon en sy is bly sy kry erkenning daarvoor. Anne van Schalkwyk sê dit was soos 'n droom wat waar geword het toe sy die 'joker' toekennning ontvang. Sy bedank haar ouers en sê: "Hulle het my tot hier gekry! Dankie Mamma en Pappa." Toe ek haar vra of sy dink sy die toekenning verdien antwoord sy: "Ek was wel verbaas, maar mense sê altyd vir my dat ek hulle laat lag, so, ja." Laastens was daar Mandolene Hermanus, wat met die Jock-toekenning weggestap het. MS: Is jy darem bly jy het gewen? MH: Ja! Mense sien my harde werk. Dit wys my dat ek nie verniet oefen nie. Larrie Awards is weereens 'n bewys van al die goeie goed in La Rochelle. Soos iemand

eenkeer gesê het: "Attitudes are contagious. Is yours worth catching?" This year's Larrie Awards went to the following Larries: **Player 23:** Rina de Villiers; **Most likely to become president:** Nasipi and Zandile; **Most Random:** Lindy Johnson; **Cutest Couple:** Elmie Odendal and Richard Dixon; **Larrie Ginger:** Joan van Dyk; **Larrie Joker:** Anne van Schalkwyk; **Larrie Jock:** Mandy Hermanus; **Miss Landbou:** Andrea Carelse; **Miss Boys' High:** Chelsea Meyer; **Bestest Friends:** Tasmin Copley and Alicia Aubin; **Larrie Shopaholic:** Lee-Andra Bruwer; **McDonald's Upsize Fan:** Mystical Appels **Metal Detector:** Zinta-Mari Koekemoer; **Best Video:** Nicola Mostert, Elmie Odendal, Janneke and Anna-Mart Rabie; **Milady and Sot:** Annabé Marais and Lente Kritzinger; **Fiela Vlooi:** Claudia Agostinelli; **Blonde Ambisie:** Lara Peach; **Masterchef Freak:** Engela de Villiers; **Biggest Belieber:** Anlezia Venter; **Cutest Sot:** Farah Moerat

Lieswes

A Poem by Mia van der Merwe

Liewe Jesus help my, Hou my hand vas en lei my, Dra my oor die klippe en verwyder al die dorings, Liewe Jesus, help my. Ek het talente, maar ek gebruik dit nie. Ek het die Woord, maar ek verkondig dit nie. Ek het U in my lewe, maar kan ander dit sien? Liewe Jesus, help my Ek lees my Bybel, maar dit maak nie sin nie. Ek vra baie vrae, maar ek hoor nie U antwoord nie. Ek kyk na die Hemel, maar weet nie of ek daar gaan kom nie. Liewe Jesus, help my Ek vra vir geduld Heer, U toets my, maar ek misluk.

Ek vra vir vrede Heer, maar ek sien nog steeds swaarkry. Ek wonder oor die lewe, maar kom nie tot 'n gevolgtrekking nie, Liewe Jesus, help my Here, Wanneer gaan ons beseft, dat dit eintlik doodeenvoudig is? Wanneer gaan ek beseft dat dit net in U hande is? Here, U is tog altyd daar... U slaap nie, U is nooit te besig nie Ai, Liewe Jesus, help my. U gee my die blou lug Heer, die wolke en die voëls U doen om my wonderwerke, U gee my elke dag se krag, Maar ek beseft steeds nie,

Liewe Jesus, U help my U gee my die sonopkoms, die maan en die sterre U beskerm my teen die donker nag. U gee my vriende en geliefdes, maar steeds beseft ek nie, Liewe Jesus U help my. Na jare se vrae en verkeerde keuses, het U nog steeds my gelukkige einde geskryf Ek moet net vertrou, want U gee my die krag U IS liefde, En steeds beseft ek nie Liewe Jesus, U help my U gee my die blou lug Heer, die wolke en die voëls U doen om my wonderwerke, U gee my elke dag se krag, Maar ek beseft steeds nie,

Liewe Jesus, U help my U gee my die sonopkoms, die maan en die sterre U beskerm my teen die donker nag. U gee my vriende en geliefdes, maar steeds beseft ek nie, Liewe Jesus U help my. Na jare se vrae en verkeerde keuses, het U nog steeds my gelukkige einde geskryf Ek moet net vertrou, want U gee my die krag U IS liefde, En steeds beseft ek nie Liewe Jesus, U help my SO, Pappa-God, vat my lewe, my hart, my hande Sodat ek die lewe saam met U kan stap. Al gaan ek deur donker dieptes, sal U altyd daar wees

KOSHUIS / HOSTEL

TRUE BLUE GIRL POWER...

-Arienne du Plessis

A few false notes and the passages tugging their way to victory... what happened, you ask? Well, Hostel had a karaoke night and a tug-of-war competition between the passages where Blue Passage was victorious. Soon after, we all made our way to the study hall to blow the hostel away with hits like "Baby Tjoklits". Overall we had an awesome experience, as it was the first of its kind to take place. Lets hope we can keep it up for many years to come!

Brakkies in Grand West!

- Mariana Kirstein & Cassandra da Cruz

As the bell rang an hour and a quarter early on that wonderful Wednesday, about 200 buzzing hostel brakkies excitedly dumped their bags and ran to their lunch bags and boarded the bus. Many of us were quite literally jumping for joy when we got a whole R50 from our generous headmistress. We would all, as a hostel, like to thank Miss Lochner so very much for being so giving towards us.

As we all got on the bus, the sleepy slept, the hungry ate, the bored talked and the excited talked some more! After about an hour that felt like forever, we arrived! First there was a long line and before we knew it, metal detectors! Once we passed the test, we were all free to roam Grand West as we liked.

Many of us went ice-skating, which turned out to be quite enjoyable for some and disastrous for others. Slipping, sliding and falling in awkward positions was not uncommon and we all idolised the amazing 6-year-old figure skaters gliding smugly around us.

After the mass failure at maintaining balance, all the girls went along their merry ways. Some decided to spend their money on take-aways, whilst others blew their "hard earned" R50 on kiddie gambling: the arcade.

Arguably the best way to develop a gambling habit at 10, many a brakkie walked out with only a small bag of cheap Chinese bracelets as their souvenirs for the day. Others, on the contrary, struck gold. Those lucky few managed to score hundreds of tickets, earning them cooler memoirs than plastic flies.

Tired after a busy and fun-filled afternoon, brakkies curled up for a quick snooze or compared prizes and photos on the drive back. 200 very content and full Larries rode back into a gorgeous sunset.

What's Happening At Hostel?

* 02/11: KOSHUIS vs DORP Athletics

BRAKKIES! On the 2nd of November 2011, we will march down to those hockey fields and take town down!

WE WILL NAIL THEM!!!

Peanut butter and jam sandwiches will lead us to victory!

THE FISH!!!

- Arienne du Plessis

The inauguration of the hostel prefects, 2012, took place on Monday the 26th of September. As per usual, the food was FANTASTIC, and the hall looked amazing! The hostel prefects of 2012 are a spontaneous bunch and will bring a lot of action to the hostel next year.

The hall had an almost underwater feel to it as each table had its own goldfish! This seemed to enthral each of the hostel kiddies in their own way. We all joked about one of the vases (containing a goldfish) falling over, and lo and behold, it happened! One loud frantic cry was heard as all the girls shouted in unison, "THE FISH!"

Soon after the accident it was located and plopped into the vase on the next table!

We had a lovely dessert thereafter and a bunch of full, tired brakkies then retired to their rooms.

Hostel's very own Winter Wonderland.

-Arienne du Plessis

The Hostel's first Winter Ball in 3 years went down without a single glitch. What was thought to be a simple sokkie turned out to be an unexpected night of glitz and glam! The evening was spectacular, the seniors looked amazing, the food was fantastic (this is always important for hostel kids) and the music filled the hall and could be heard throughout the hostel building. The Winter Wonderland was adorned with lace and crystals and the colour scheme stuck to a black and white theme. The evening was a great success and everyone looked breath taking!

OMG! I HAVE A COLUMN?

My muse...



-Jana Vosloo

Een koue reënerige aand het daar 'n vreemde besoeker aan my voordeur geklop. Toe ek die deur oopmaak en vra wie dit is wat my so laat steur, antwoord die persoon:

"Dis ek, jou Muse. Maak oop die deur, ek kry koud"

Ek maak die deur oop en laat hom in. Bietjie onseker oor wat om vir hom te sê, vra ek maar of ek vir hom tee of koffie kan aanbied. Hy kyk my aan asof ek van 'n ander wêreld kom en mompel saggies dat hy koue water verkies. Ek loop na die kombuis toe en skink vir hom die water in. Hy gaan lê op my bank asof dit sy eie is en vat die water by my sonder 'n enkele teken van dankbaarheid. Aangesien ek nie gewoond daaraan is dat my Muse saans vir my kom kuier nie, vra ek vir hom wat hy van my soek.

"Ag, jy weet, ek kom loer net so bietjie in. Kyk of alles nog in orde is. Gee jy om as ek 'n sigaret aansteek?"

"Glad nie, doen net soos jy wil," antwoord ek.

Hy steek sy sigaret aan en staar na my. Wanneer hy uitblaas, blaas hy die rook in my gesig. Dit smaak my dat sy ouers hom nie regtig maniere geleer het nie. In elk geval, hy begin my uitvra oor my lewe. Ek antwoord hom elke keer eerlik. Na elke antwoord knik hy net sy kop instemmend en sê iets soos: mmm, h'm, reg of goed, asof hy my evalueer. Later begin die vrae al hoe meer persoonlik raak. My antwoorde is nie meer so eerlik soos die vorige vrae nie. Hy vra my vrae soos: Is jy 'n gelukkige mens? Ek

antwoord "Ja." Huil jy baie? Ek antwoord "Nee." Begeer jy ander mense se besittings? Weereens antwoord ek "Nee." Doen jy baie goeie dade? "Ja ek doen," antwoord ek.

Ek begin nou effens ontsteld en geïrriteerd raak met hom. Wie dink hy is hy om vir my al hierdie vrae te vra? Sy pakkie sigarette is naby aan die einde en ek hoop hy loop as dit op is. Ek het regtig nie nou meer krag vir hom nie. Skielik gebeur daar iets vreemd. Hy begin saggies huil. Sy huil raak al hoe harder. Ek is verstom.

"En nou? Wat is fout?" vra ek.

"Jy. Jy is wat fout is. Nie eenkeer sal jy my vra oor my lewe nie. Jy vra nie of ek gelukkig is nie. Jy gee nie om hoe gereeld ek huil nie. Jy dink seker nie eers dat ek ook soms ander mense se besittings begeer nie. Nee. Ek, jou Muse, moet net altyd daar wees as jy inspirasie nodig het of as jy sleg voel, maar jy sal nooit na my huis toe kom of vir my 'n skouer wees waarop ek kan huil nie. Nooit nie!" antwoord hy. My woorde het my verlaat en ek staar net na hom.

Hy begin weer praat: "So weet jy wat? Ek gaan nou opstaan en by die deur uitloop die koue in. En moet nie vir een oomblik dink dat ek sal terug kom nie. Jy verdien my nie... Dankie vir die water." Hy druk sy sigaret dood, staan op en loop by my huis uit. Die deur klap hard toe. Nou is dit net ek in die huis. Net ek en die gedagte wat my Muse by my gelaat het dat dit nie altyd oor my gaan nie, maar soms ook oor ander.

How to Run the Final Race

TIPS ON HOW TO SURVIVE FINAL EXAMS
(Based on the content of the book: *The 7 habits of highly effective teenagers*, by Sean Covey)

-Antionette Rawlings

Don't study in close proximity to a computer. The temptation of internet surfing, scrolling documents, pictures or movie clips might just be over-powering. Make sure the kitchen is out of sight; otherwise your mind will constantly be divided. Buy something you'll kill for, like dark chocolate or Turkish delight, and then keep these as rewards after each study session. (Drop this idea if the reward becomes too much of a distraction.) Ps: Do not reward yourself too often, as sugar should be minimised for ultimate brain power!

When taking a break, listen to stimulating music: relax your mind. (But keep breaks short!)

Try standing while studying (every now and then). Then stretch your calves, thighs or do rises onto your toes, thereby you are exercising as well!

Get regular exercise. Exercise pumps blood to your brain and fills you with fresh air. Even just going for a daily walk is good. However, if you don't get outside, try skipping or do a series of stretches. (Stretching is particularly relaxing.)

Begin with the end in mind. Think of the advantages good marks will hold for you next year. Begin all challenges with optimism rather than doubt.

Put first things first. Plan thoroughly. Remember: "All successful people have the habit of doing the things failures don't like to do. They don't like doing them either neces-

sarily, but their disliking is subordinated to the strength of their purpose." said Albert E. Gray.

Think Win-Win. This is the belief that we can all be successful. There is place at the top for all of us. Thinking Win-Win will fill you with positive feelings, will become who you are, and will fill you with confidence and light. However, thinking Win-Lose will cloud your judgment and fill you with negativity.

Don't allow yourself to feel overwhelmed! Stay calm, and indulge yourself in positivity and hopeful declarations, even when things seem bleak. Remember that the enemy's biggest tool against you is to break you down spiritually and emotionally!

Put all in. Grit your teeth and hang on. Sean Covey says in his book, *The 7 habits of highly effective teenagers*, that we are naïve when "we think that we can secure a good job and a promising future if we haven't paid the price to develop a strong mind, ... In fact, unless you want to be flipping burgers and living with your parents when you're thirty years old, you'd better start paying the price now." Keep in mind: "If you can simply learn to think well, you will have plenty of career and education options to choose from."

Lastly: rely on God for strength, guidance and wisdom. Seek His heart for you and never fear becoming more dependant on Him - that is ultimately the best place to be! Good luck! Have fun! GOD BLESS!

THE JOURNEY

This is the story written by Anke Barnard, a Grade 10 student, that was published in *English Alive*. For more details, see the back page.

I frown and blink at the sharp morning sun peeping through the bus window. I stifle a yawn and look at the large window clouded up with frosty mist. I take my polar fleece blanket and rub it against the cold surface. I press my face against the moist glass peep-hole and gaze at the sun-kissed tree tops and lakes, glistening in the early sunlight. "We're getting closer, Mr Brownie. We'll soon be having lamingtons and tea with Grandma." I stroke Mr Brownie's fur softly, and my eyes shift to his left ear, where the scorched remains stare back at me. "I miss them very much, Mr Brownie. It doesn't seem possible, now does it?" My mind flashes back to that fateful night. I was crying - so frightened - the heavy smoke swallowing me into the hungry jaws of hell. I could not breathe - my lungs screaming for oxygen and my head clogged with dark stench. Then Daddy came - he came for me and Mr Brownie. He roughly covered us in his thick, brown jacket and started running. And then it was over. He ran to the front lawn and dropped me on the cool grass. Relief swept over me and my coughing subsided, but before I could understand what was happening, Daddy ran back into the blazing furnace - for Mummy. And that was the last that I ever saw of them. My last memory.

I wipe the tears off my wet face. "Don't cry Mr Brownie. Everything will turn out just fine - you'll see." The bus jerks to a halt. I can vaguely spell out the letters on the faded, rusty sign: 'Crystal Valley'. "We have arrived, Mr Brownie. I can see Granny's truck." I climb out of the bus, clutching Mr Brownie tightly under one arm and carrying a small rucksack in the other. The marigolds on the sidewalk smile pleasantly at the sun. They glow with the promise of a blissful day. But out of nowhere, a bolt from the blue, a bypassing wheelbarrow wickedly tramples on the fragile beauty. "Simon!" I look up. Granny! I fling myself into her arms and she embraces me tightly. The familiar fragrance of her perfume brings back fond memories. After holding me for a while, she lets go. Her face displays sad concern. "Let's get into the truck, darling." We are hobbling along a crooked, dusty road, back to the farmhouse. "Do you remember the old nanny goat, Tibby? She delivered a beautiful, healthy kid this morning. I can't wait to show you. And then, of course, your favourite ginger cookies are waiting for you on the kitchen table. Miss Muffet also..." "You know what, Mr Brownie? We are going to be just fine - you'll see."



AVANTI GARDE

-Jana Vosloo



Jy is tussen vriende. Een van die nuutste treffers begin speel. Dit het 'n aansteeklike ritme, jy kan maklik met dit saamsing, daarop dans en dit net geniet. Dit laat jou selfs vir 'n paar minute beter voel oor jouself. Dit is die tipe musiek wat by jou ore inkom en dadelik weer uitgaan. Daar is niks verkeerd daarmee nie, maar as dit al musiek is wat ons generasie kan hanteer en geniet, dan wil ek protesteer. Daar is meer aan musiek as net 'n lekker ritme en 'n paar soetsappige woordjies wat rym. Die musiek wat ek van praat, is musiek met diepte. Musiek wat jou die skoonheid en die boosheid van die lewe kan wys. Musiek wat teen onreg kan kritiseer en wat jou leer om nie die pyn van die lewe te gaan nie, maar deur dit. Dit is hierdie musiek wat 'n verskil kan maak. Soos Bono eenkeer gesê het: "Pop music often tells you everything is OK, while rock music tells you that it's not OK, but you can change it." Hier is 'n voorbeeld (ek is seker julle sal aan nog baie kan dink) van liedere wat geskryf is as protes teen oorlog, diskriminasie, armoede en die samelewing.

Dear Mr. President,
Come take a walk with me.
Let's pretend we're just two people and
you're not better than me.
I'd like to ask you some questions if we can speak
honestly. How do you sleep while the rest of us cry?
How do you dream when a mother has no chance to
say goodbye?
How do you walk with your head held high?
Can you even look me in the eye
and tell me why? Let me tell you 'bout hard work
Minimum wage with a baby on the way
Let me tell you 'bout hard work
Rebuilding your house after the bombs took them
away
Let me tell you 'bout hard work
Building a bed out of a cardboard box
Let me tell you 'bout hard work

- Top 10 according to charts:**
1. I Wanna Go- Britney Spears
 2. Last Friday Night (T.G.I.F)- Katy Perry
 3. Moves Like Jagger- Maroon 5 Ft Christina Aguilera
 4. Super Bass – Nicki Minaj
 5. Pumped Up Kicks – Foster The People
 6. Tonight Tonight – Hot Chelle Rae
 7. Good Life – One Republic
 8. Give Me Everything- Pitbull Ft Ne-Yo, Afrojack and Nayer.
 9. Someone Like You – Adele
 10. Cheers (Drink to That) – Rihanna

- Upcoming Shows:**
- Perfect Score: 25 September- 3 October
 - Symphonic Rocks: 1-7 October
 - A Crazy Little Thing Called Love: 7 October
 - Coldplay: 5 -8 October
 - That 80's Show: 21-22 October
 - Kings of Leon: 26- 29 October
 - aKing: 27 November

- Recommended Bands:**
- American Hi – Fi
 - A Change of Pace
 - Dope
 - Korn
 - Mumford and Sons
 - Avenged Sevenfold
 - Foto na Dans
 - The White Stripes
 - Mayday Parade
 - Dans Dans Lisa
 - Red



BLISTERS FOR BREAD

-Heather Kirkby

There is a very high likelihood that on the morning of 28 August 2011, most of you were cosseted within the warm confines of your beds. This may have been far preferable to awakening in the cold semi-darkness in order to arrive at Green Point Cricket Club by 8:30 am. Nonetheless, in essence, this was what the entire aim of the walk was, giving up our own comfort for the sake of some unknown other.

I had been having trouble with blisters before even becoming cognisant of the walk. Ironically, it was this that occasioned my need to go and purchase a new pair of trainers, where I chanced upon the forms. I am the kind of person who is drawn in by the aesthetics of things, the buoyant red letters on the entry sheets were no exception. I was hooked. In a world where everyone is always rushing to arrive at their next destination, without giving pause to consider the activity at hand, the idea of a teenage girl walking for exercise is a strange notion. Thus, it has been a bit of a struggle to convince people that I am in earnest when I say that I walk for exercise. Nonetheless, I was pleasantly surprised when my friends agreed to go along. We walked the 10 km section with a swelling mass of charitable souls. Blisters for Bread is organised by the Peninsula School Feeding Program and has been going since 1968. An entry of R30 feeds 16 children for a day. Their motto is "You Can't Teach a Hungry Child." I'm not sure that any of us fully comprehend what it means to be truly hungry, but I think that we all know the awful gnawing feeling before break that impedes our ability to focus on the task at hand. It was a humbling experience to know that I was helping others for whom that is a daily reality. There was a general atmosphere of goodwill amongst the throngs and the walk along the promenade was lovely. Thanks to my new takkies, there were no blisters for me, but with 16 thousand entrants, there was definitely plenty of bread.

PLIGHT OF THE POLAR BEAR

-Raphaela Böhmer

The polar bear has always been the symbol of the great white North Pole. Now, however, these fine creatures have also become the symbol of a not-so-fine phenomena. Global warming. You have all seen that desperate but splendid polar bear clinging onto a thin sheet of ice. This has in fact become their reality.

Despite the fact that the polar bear is not officially endangered, its future is very uncertain. For starters, these creatures live in the Arctic, where global warming is taking it toll and is most visible. These bears are slowly losing their habitat, the epicentre of the environmental crisis. The ice is literally melting at a far too rapid rate. This is decreasing the amount of land for all Arctic animals - foxes, wolves, for example. Polar bears drown while hunting, as there is no ice to rest on, leading them to a slow and painful death. When coming across a polar bear, it is said to be quite the experience. A huge, splendid beauty that strikes both awe and fear in one. Over the past few years, polar bears



strike mostly fear, though. There has been an increase in violent attacks and deaths on humans. Have these animals become increasingly aggressive and vicious? Yes. Polar bears are hungry, scared and more paranoid. This is a result of a smaller habitat. They have started viewing humans as a threat. Polar bears are becoming increasingly aggressive towards each other. Smaller land means smaller territories. This results in territorial invasions. There is also less prey and polar bears fight it out.

But this is just one of the world's fine creatures being affected. The black rhino, giant panda, red panda, tiger, gorillas etc. are also proof that global warming is not going away. This is not their fault, though. It is due to human flaws. We need to fix our ways before they can fix themselves. So the next time you leave the light on, think of that polar bear. The next time you leave your cellphone charger plugged in, think of that tiger. The next time you harm the environment,

just think that, someday, it could be you at risk of extinction.

Keeping it Classic



FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD
THOMAS HARDY

-Heather Kirkby

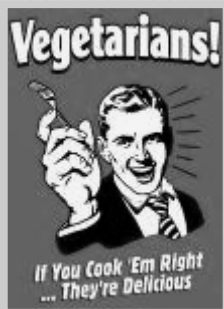
'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray; Along the cool sequester'd vale of life, They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.' -Thomas Gray "What a strange title", were my first thoughts as I regarded the creased spine of this novel where it sat nestled among the other scorned classics on the dusty shelf of a second hand book store. Nonetheless, I had read "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" a few months before, thus Thomas Hardy's name bore significance for me, so I bought it for the grand total of R20.

"Far from the Madding Crowd" means a quiet and rural place. Thomas Hardy was born in 1840 in Dorset, a rural county of England. Far from the Madding Crowd was his fourth novel and it was this book that made him a well-known author.

The story follows Gabriel Oak, a well-to-do sheep farmer who is going up in the world, but loses everything when his sheep fall to their death over a cliff. His tale is interwoven with Bathsheba's - a rather vain and selfish young beauty - as he vies for her attentions against those of the debonair Sergeant Troy and reputable middle-aged Mr Boldwood.

Thomas Hardy made a study of human nature and the pastoral class hierarchy. Another theme of great interest to him was that of immortalising the transient period when the rustic lifestyle was under threat from increasing industrialization.

The story, with its stunning imagery and fascinating insight into the human spirit, breathed life into a period that until that point had only been portrayed in the factual context of the History class.



The FLIP d/7/ Side of the coin Vegetarianism



-Carleen Newton

"Because one species is more clever than another, does it give it the right to imprison or torture the less clever species? Does one exceptionally clever individual have a right to exploit the less clever individuals of his own species? To say that he does is to say with the Fascists that the strong have a right to abuse and exploit the weak - might is right, and the strong and ruthless shall inherit the earth." -Richard Ryder

"So why are you a vegetarian?" It's a question I get asked each time someone finds out my dietary choice. It is also a question with many answers. You see, the reasons for being a vegetarian are endless.

A concern for the environment is one of the main reasons why people turn to vegetarianism. By being vegetarian, you help conserve water, fossil fuel and soil. You also help save forests which are being destroyed to create land on which livestock can be raised. Another good reason to cut meat out of your diet is for your health. Meat is high in cholesterol and increases the risk of heart disease. It has been found that animal products are one of the causes of the following diseases; osteoporosis, kidney stones, gallstones, diabetes, arthritis and gum disease. By not eating meat,

you also decrease your chance of getting worms and other parasites in your system. Animals are pumped full of veterinary drugs including antibiotics and growth hormones. This means that when consuming meat you are also consuming the drugs the animal was injected with or ate, which has a long term negative effect on your health. By cutting out the meat, you're increasing the longevity of your life. You'll also find you have more energy and just generally feel healthier. Being vegetarian also means you save money. It's simple, vegetarian food costs less than meat-based products. So if you cannot imagine giving up your McDonalds burger, why not save some cash by having a meat free Monday? By cutting out meat once a week you can help save the environment and save a little bit of cash, which you can use on your next shopping spree. Lastly, but probably the number one reason people stop eating our furry friends, would be due to ethics. It's simple really. I love animals and have no desire to kill them or cause them harm. Therefore, why should I eat animals? Vegetarians are against the unnecessary violence which animals undergo for human preferences. There is a vegetable-based substitute for every meat product. So think of it this way. Why aren't you a vegetarian? "Animals are my friends... and I don't eat my friends" – George Bernard Shaw.

-Janet Clift

It's been a staple food of culture throughout the centuries, finding its way into our homes, fires and plates. Who can forget the smells of smoke mixed with delicious meat wafting into our nostrils on a lazy Sunday afternoon, or that amazing feeling of sinking our teeth into a well-cooked steak?

For many of us, a huge part of our childhood has been braaiing, with rolls, steaks and open fires, while our parents would socialise over a beer or two and us kids would either swim or enjoy the endless summer, dreading the beginning of winter. We did not mind the sun beating on our backs, because we had everything needed when it came to good cuisine.

But apart from the great memories that come with braaiing, meat is pretty good for us too. Not only do we get a fantastic jaw workout when chewing on a tough piece of meat, but it provides an excellent source of protein, which is not only that stuff they talk about in Biol-

ogy, but it also contains the amino acids your body needs to keep functioning.

If you do not eat enough protein, your muscles, bones, skin, hair, blood, organs and glands will not function as well as they should.

Which is bad for your health, in case you don't know that your organs are important for survival.

Meat also has unsaturated fats, like Omega-3, which helps with cholesterol and blood pressure. Not to mention all the different vitamins meat has, promoting healthy nerves and muscles. It also helps keeping your heart healthy, so next time your friend complains about a broken heart, throw out the post-breakup chocolates and why not give her a healthy dose of meat instead? Much more effective for getting better.

What's not to love? Not only is it delicious and tasty, but it is good for you in the right doses.

So go ahead and eat that meat! Chomp down and enjoy that feeling of delicious food in whatever form you like; be it steak, chicken, sausage, pork, bacon or biltong.





THE SPOTLIGHT

You have heard their names over the intercom and in assembly, so the purpose of this page is to inform you about these Larrie superstars. Vicky-Lea Thomas and Catherine Fok-Seang have had the pleasure of interviewing Anke Barnard, Mandolene Hermanus, Talitha Slabbert and Di-Andi Fontini.

English Alive is a published anthology of exceptional and outstanding English essays and poems written by high school students.

1. Please tell us more about this essay that was published in *English Alive*.

For an English assessment, we had to write a descriptive essay. I think we had four topics to choose from, and I decided to choose the visual stimulus option — a little boy sleeping on a bench.

2. What was your inspiration for this topic?

I was in the mood to write about something a bit deeper than the norm and this particular picture flooded me with ideas.

3. When did you find out that your essay was to be published in *English Alive* and how did you feel?

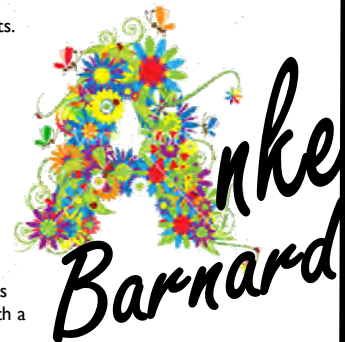
When I was called on stage on the first day of school after the June holidays. I was a bit confused, but very excited — I have always dreamed of having my work published.

4. Please tell us about the evening where you got the chance to read your essay aloud.

The launch of the book took place in Cape Town. A very inspiring guest speaker gave us some motivation to follow careers as writers. After this, I had to read my essay to the crowd — it was quite mortifying. After refreshments, we returned home with a copy of this year's edition of *English Alive*.

5. Do you wet your toothbrush after you put on toothpaste or before?

Before



Anke
Barnard

1. When did you start competing at national level?

Op 14/15 in graad 8.

2. Tell me about your recent sport achievements.

Ek is Boland in netbal en atletiek, Weskaap in atletiek en Nasionaal in atletiek.

3. Are you going on tour?

Jip, ons vlieg die 1ste Oktober Limpopo toe en ons kom terug op die agste.

4. Describe the feeling you get when you end in first place.

I feel excited and happy, but for me it's not about being first. It's about doing better than my personal best.

5. Do you wet your toothbrush after you put on toothpaste or before?

Ek sit tandepaste aan, maak die borsel en tandepaste nat en dan borsel ek. Doen almal dit nie so nie?



Mandolene
Hermanus

1. So, please tell us Talitha, when did you do your grade 8 piano exam and how long was the exam itself?

I played in May this year and I guess it took about 30-45 minutes, I'm not exactly sure.

2. How many pieces did you have and how long did it take you to prepare?

I played three pieces, including a sonata, which is like three mini pieces. I took a year to prepare for them.

3. How did you feel when you received your results?

Pretty good and satisfied and all until everyone started sort of consoling me and assuring me that it 'doesn't matter, it's still good, etc...'

4. When did you start playing the piano?

When I was six, I think.

5. So food for thought; do you put water on your toothbrush before or after the toothpaste?

Sometimes one, sometimes the other and sometimes neither.



Talitha
Slabbert

1. When did you start competing on a national level?

Ek swem al vanaf graad 5 en doen lewensredding vanaf graad 6. Nasionale vlak vir albei vanaf graad 7.

2. Tell us about your recent national achievements.

I hate this question... I don't like telling people my achievements... I've been Victrix Laudorum SA in Life Saving for three years in a row in the pool section.

3. Are you going on tour?

Yes, I am going on tour now at the end of this week to Durban for the Commonwealth Games Royal Life Saving. I have been training hard and I hope it goes well.

4. Describe the feeling you get when you end in first place.

I hate this question as well! Uhm, I don't come first a lot. But if I do, I can't explain it, but I'm thankful.. en ek is baie meer bly vir die mense wat tweede en derde gekom het... sê altyd eers vir hulle "well done".. en dan glimlag ek... lag vir myself omdat ek glimlag en dan sê ek dankie...

5. Do you wet your toothbrush after you put on toothpaste or before?

I do both... Before the time to clean my brush from the dust and things, and afterwards to wet the toothpaste.



Di-Andi
Fontini