

CREATIVE WRITING

BACK TO BASICS

An Educational Revolution

Aart Bark

Creative Writing

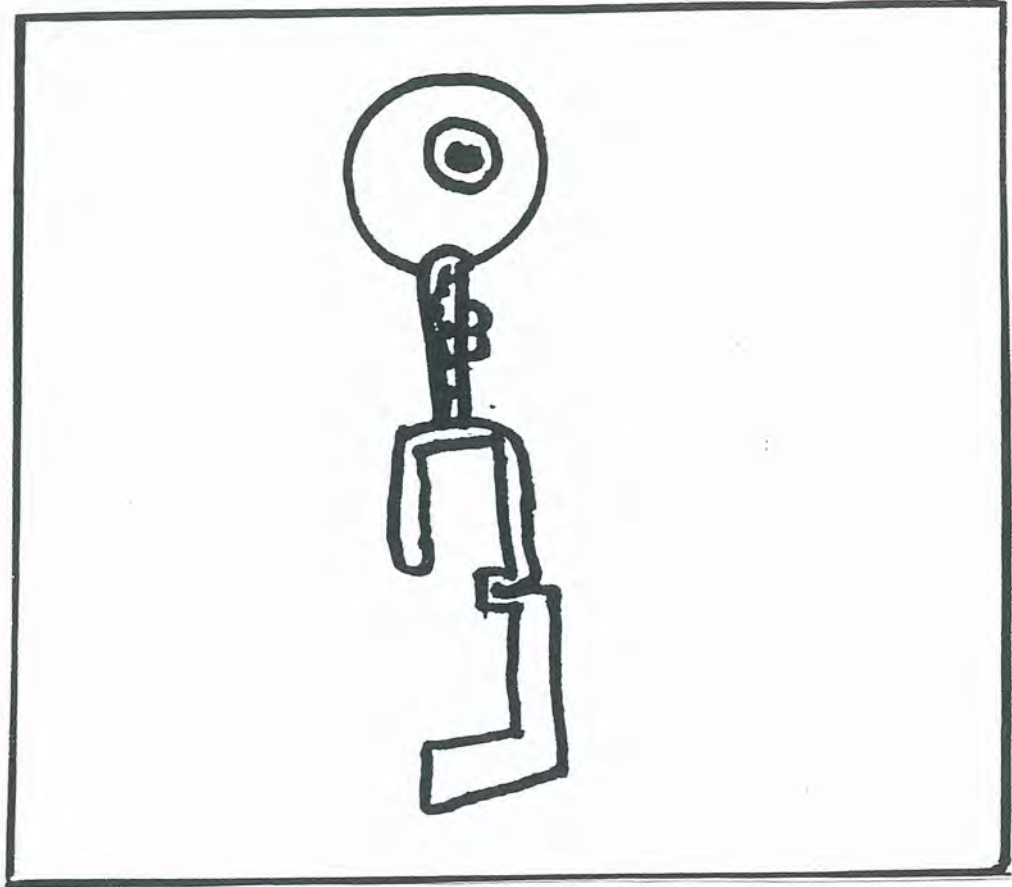
NATIONAL LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA

ISBN: 0 949384 66 6

©Aart Bark 2010



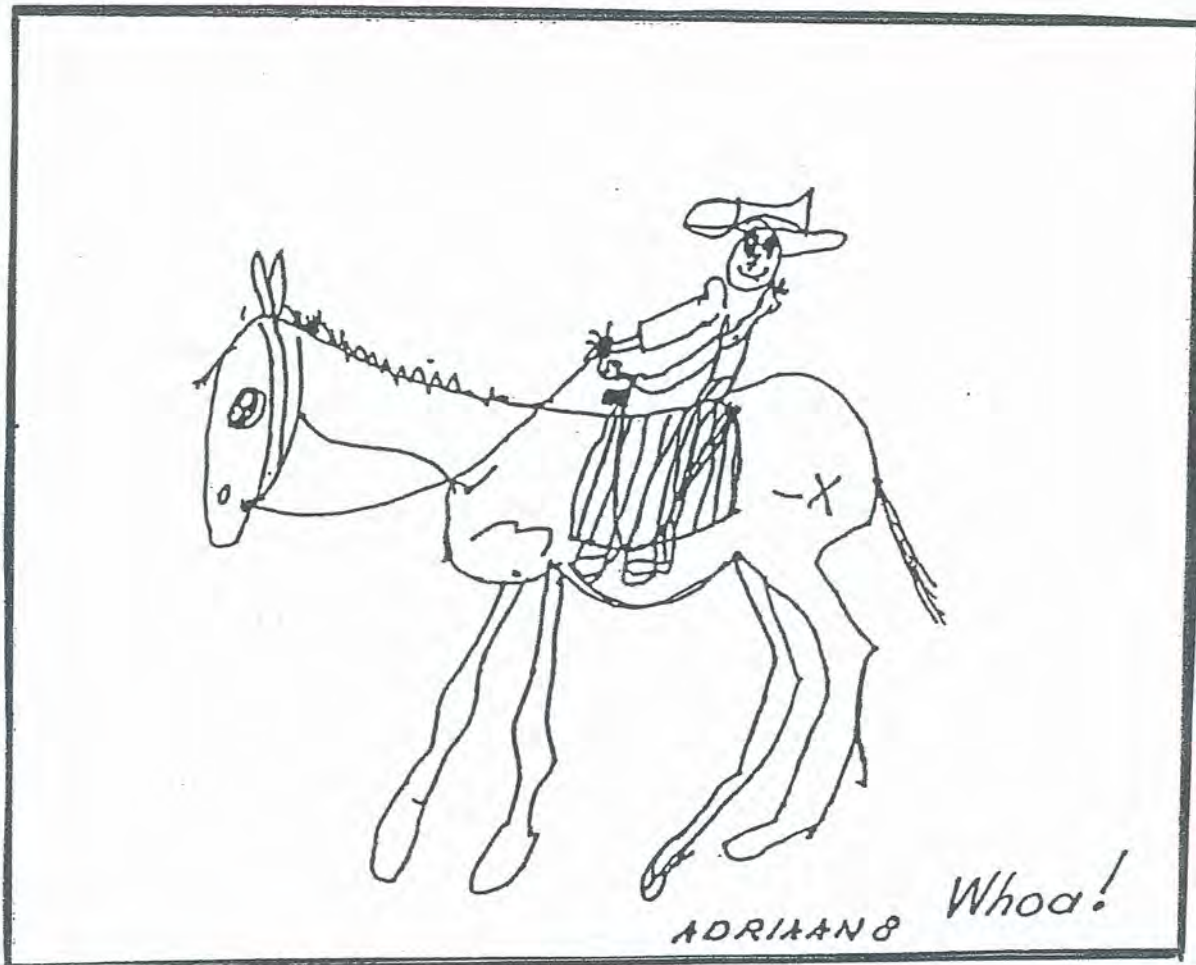
**A.Bark, The 3R's The Professional Way
Cattai NSW 2756**



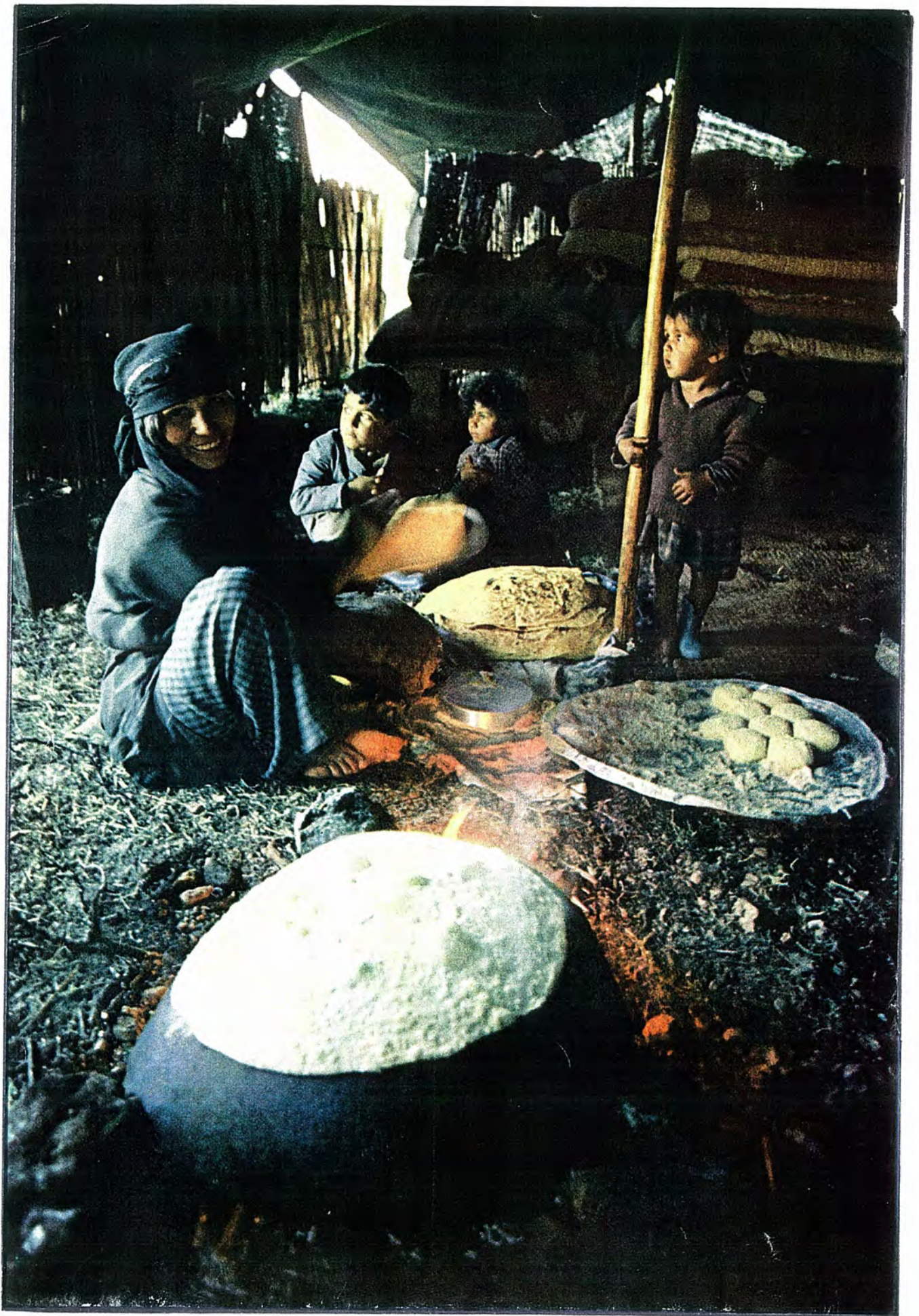
The key to learning:

INTEREST





**Schooling is compulsory.
However, you can take a
horse to the water, but you
can't make it drink.**



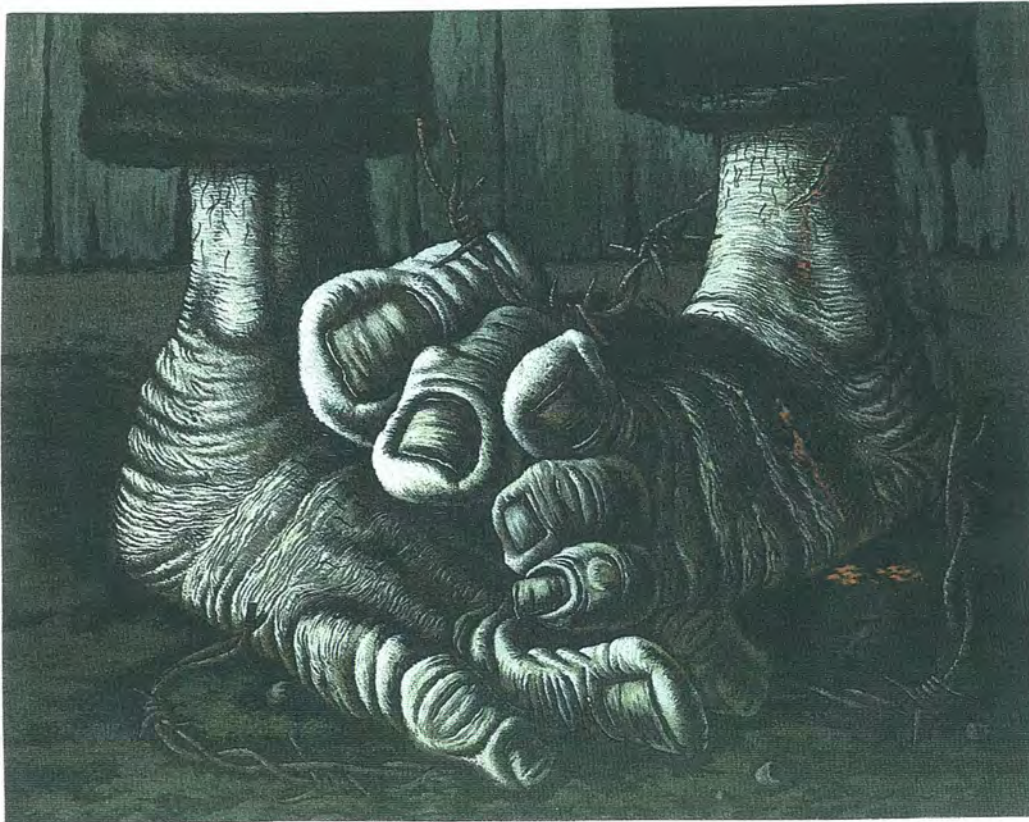
CREATIVE WRITING

Before writing **poetry and prose**, it is imperative to do special excersises that will **sharpen the 5 senses** because it is through these that the reader will evaluate what's written.

These exercises should be combined with lessons in **Professional Memory Training** in order to counteract the negative effects of relying on Internet. **Interest** and therefore **memory** may be greatly improved through **attention, concentration** (attention to detail), **observation** (conciuous concentration), **evocation** (the recall in the mind of any stimulus), **understanding, classification, association, revision** and **repetition**. Exercises in all books are based on this knowledge.

The **collection**, the **retention** and the **recollection** of **data**:

- Eyes only retain an image for half a second.
 - People may react to a sound 4 seconds after hearing it.
 - The **new experience** must be **processed** within 30 seconds, otherwise it goes **in** one eye(ear) and **out** the other!
1. Start with **beach** for instance and then let your thoughts drift so that the following words might come into your mind: sand, surf, swim, pool, hot, drink, spill, carpet, uncle, accident, ambulance,...



2. Impose your will by redirecting the flow of words when you come to a certain word, say carpet. With that word, you form another chain.

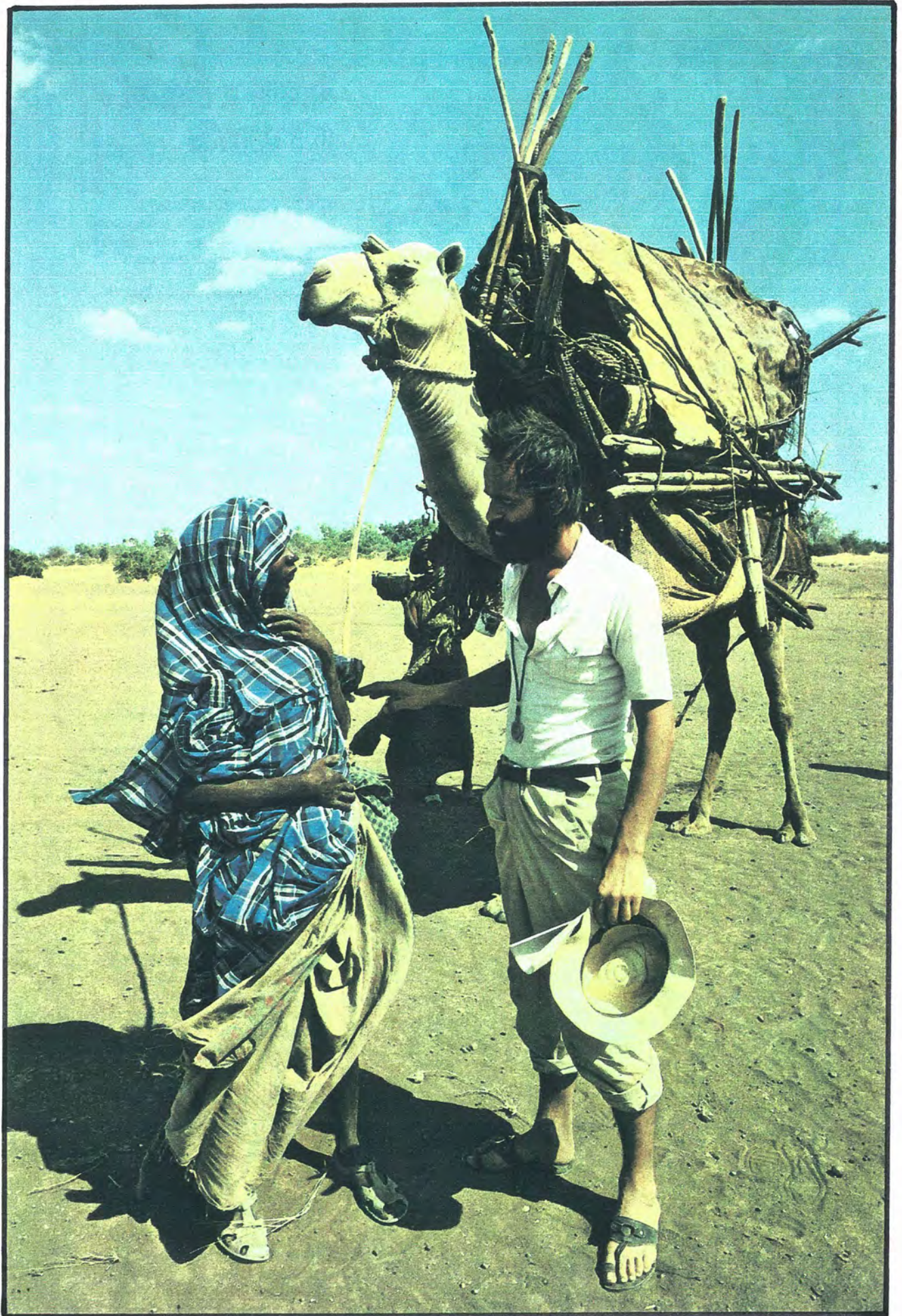
3. **Fifty Associations:** A written as well as an oral exercise.

Start with the “sparkword” **classroom**.

Do not think about the words you write down; instead, **return** to the sparkword **after each association**.

SEQUENCE		CLASS	PARTS	QUALITY
children	court	school	blackboard	quiet
teacher	net	pre-	walls	noisy
books	bins	school	windows	hollow
pens	papers	primary	door	lonely
pencils	wind	secondary	maps	hot
desks	cleaner	tertiary	curtains	cold
tables	broom			untidy
chalk	bucket			
bell	garden			
playground	taps			
lunch	reports			
playing	holiday			
trouble	term			
homework	stencils			
mat	notes			
line-up	bus			

**Think of nothing else but classroom for 1,2,3 min...
Give reasons why you got off the subject, if you did.**



4. Raindrops link up to form a stream leading to the sea. New ideas are best remembered when they are linked with familiar ones: As cold as, as light as, smells like, looks like, feels like, tastes like,...

The more links you establish, the longer the chain of chance to remember. It's like scoring points with a pinball machine.

Think of words from your spelling lists for instance and then let several **memory-pictures** spring up:

Picnic-bread-holiday-country-birds-trees

Chair-tired-room-table-T.V.-hair-cut

Awake-sleep-bed-clock-lunch-work.

5. As before, impose your will to redirect the upwelling of mental pictures when you come to a particular one.

Then continue the same exercise from there:

Picnic-bread-holiday-country-**birds**

Birds-feathers-early-morning-**fly**

Fly-airport-luggage-passport.

6. **Directed Associations:**

class: chair-furniture **partnership:** beach-ocean

similarity: rock-cliff **coexistence:** brush-paint

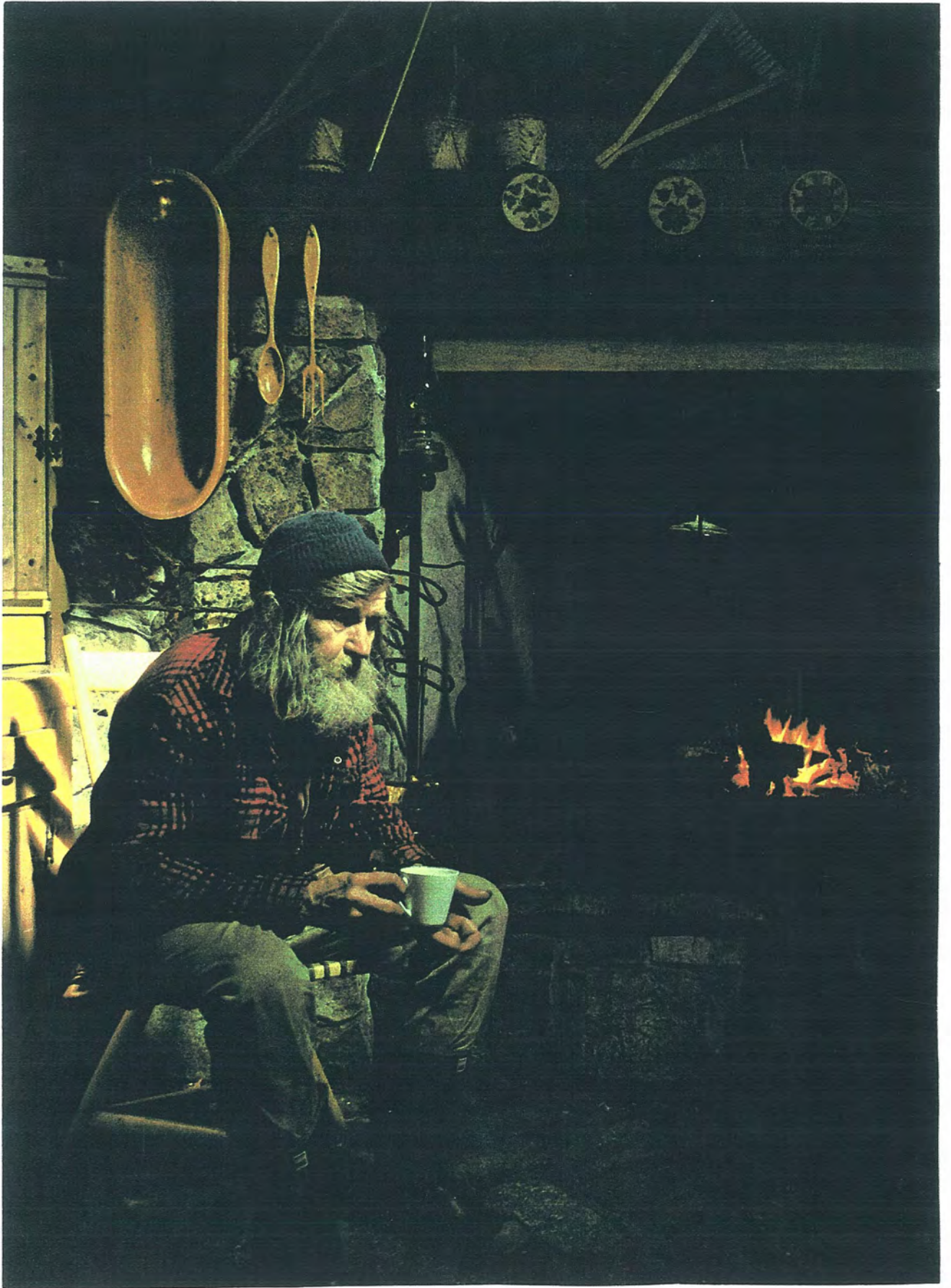
contrast: hot-cold **succession:** cloud-rain

quality: apple-crisp **affinity:** bread-cake

7. Use **Association** to link words with a similar spelling pattern.

Example for OA-words:

Boatswain **O**ak rowed his **bo**at full of **go**ats along the **co**ast while eating **ro**ast on **to**ast. Although he shouted "Whoa" despite his **ho**arse throat, one **go**at suddenly jumped overboard. Since water entered her **th**roat, she started to **blo**at to stay afloat.



Example for OW-words:

Peak hour traffic

Late show, I know, rainbow, sun low, glare and glow of distant snow. The row of traffic grows, grows slower and slower; not much faster than my mower, sowing seeds of anger! Blow-out! Trow my luck. No jack. Improvise. Frow, crowbar, towbar; blow it! Towtruck. Don't stow it, throw it!

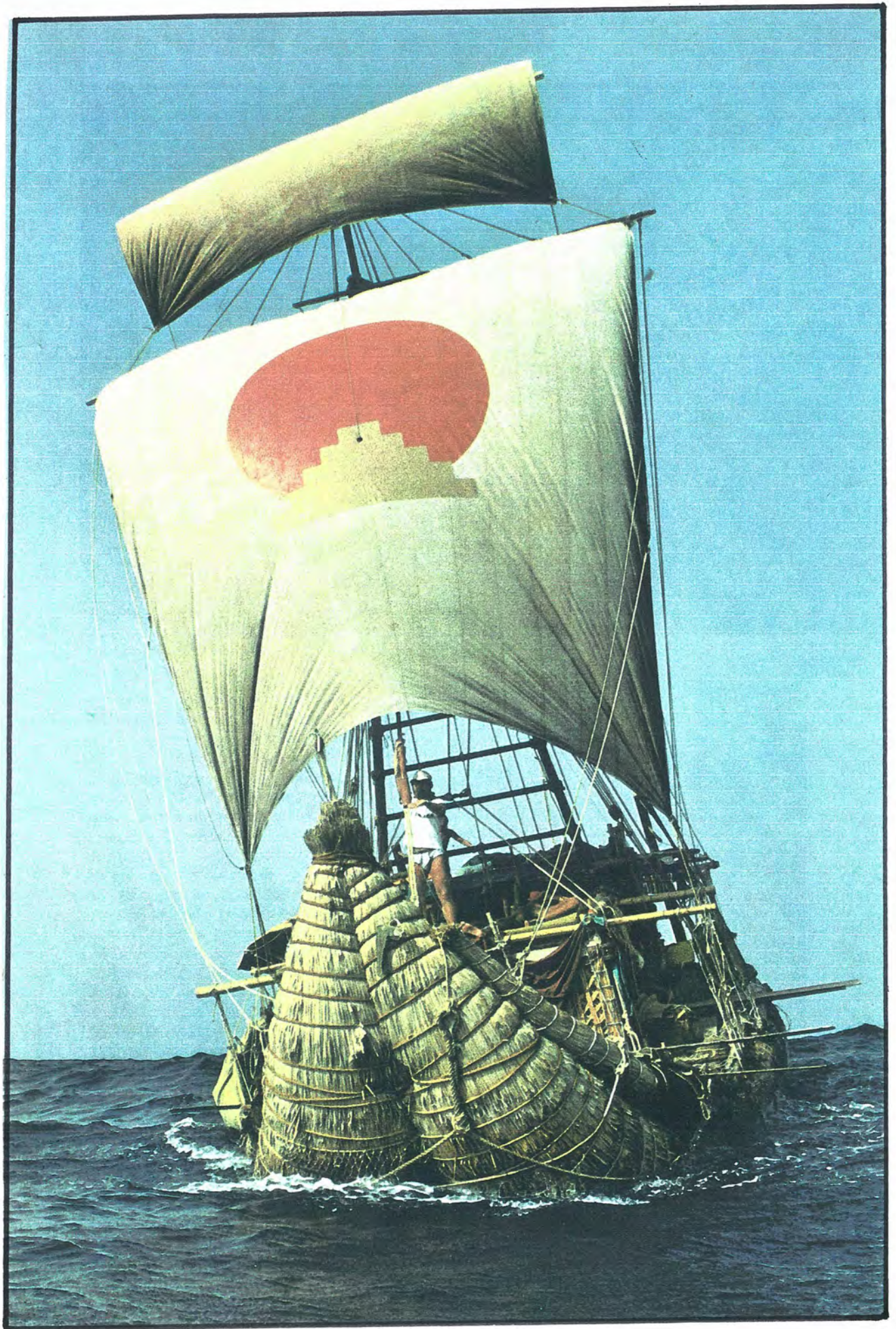
8. Deliberately choose 3 or 4 words from your spelling list that, according to your first impression, "don't go together". Create the link by using **imagination**: "What a man thinks is what he will be". The more imaginative, outrageous, exaggerated combinations are better remembered.

Note: The processing must be done **without variations**: explanations like "bla, bla, bla, or blo, blo, blo, because bli, bli, bli, therefore blu, blu, blu, are useless because of **interference**.

Since the brain cannot absorb pure data, processing consists of linking **new knowledge** with **existing knowledge (snowball effect)**.

Fifty % of the T.V. audience is not processing and consequently doesn't know anything about the various programs watched.





THE 5 SENSES

Through habit or reflex, **a keen eye** not only looks but sees, sees more.

An alert ear not only hears, but listens, listens to interpret.

A sensitive hand not only touches, but feels, feels subtle differences.

A good nose not only sniffs, but smells a bushfire.

A delicate tongue not only tastes the wine but the brand as well as the vintage.

Each of the 5 senses has to be properly developed in order to give reliable service; a certain string on a cello won't produce the right note without the right tension.

1. SIGHT:

- Story writing usually involves people. They may be judged by what they say, do, think, what other people think of them and by what they look like. Glancing at their faces is not enough to remember them by; for that, you will have to also study their features (appearance).

The study of **faces** and **features** should be done in stages. While concentrating on a particular stage, you will subconsciously take in the previous ones. Each study should be followed by detailed descriptions and comparisons.



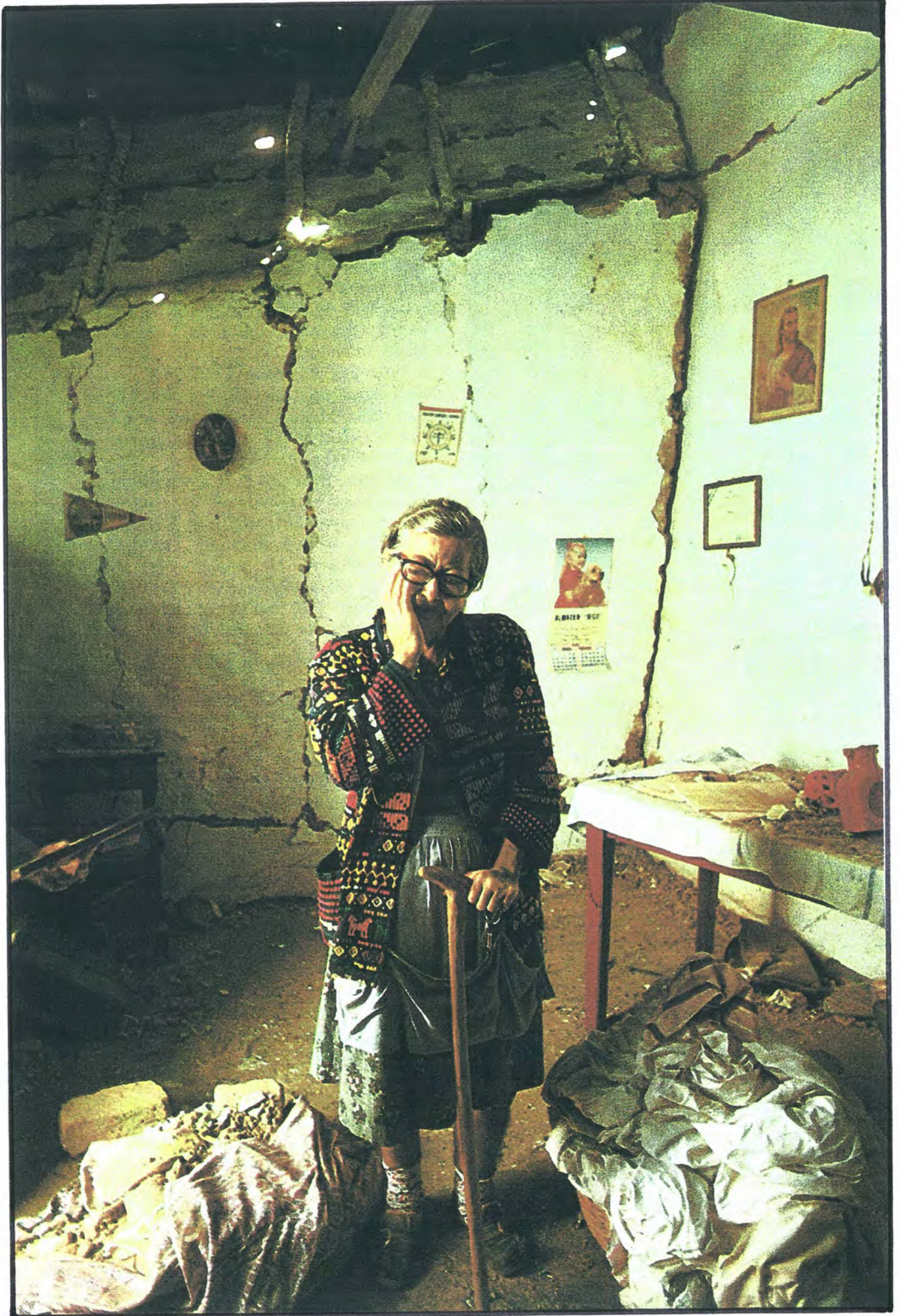
The 7 stages involve shapes of heads and faces, hair and ears, foreheads, eyes-eyebrows-eyelashes, noses-mouth-jaw, cheeks, necks.

Visualise each face you see from different angles.

To remember it even better, turn it into a mental caricature with exaggerated features.

Remember that the two sides of a face are not alike. Check! The right side is the public face, the left side is the private one.

- **Make a collage of 5 objects.** Look at them for 10 seconds, then say without looking which ones they are. Repeat the exercise with different objects. If successful in memorising them all, increase the number.
- **Count the number of times a particular letter occurs in the worldlist;** compare with other students. If there is a difference, count again, concentrating better.
- **Name 20 items** you can see from a certain location. Start by looking for items a great distance away. Repeat this exercise many times, each time with a reduced field of observation, without changing location and without naming items twice.
- **Contour drawing:** Take a simple object, put it right in front of you, put your pencil point somewhere near the top of the paper and start drawing the object without looking at the paper! Your eyes follow the contourline of the object, very, very slowly,



painstakingly, millimetre by millimetre, down, down, a bit to the left, down, down, a bit to the right, etc. Your pencil registers what the eyes observe. When you want to check your work, do so, but don't draw! At first you will, of course, not finish where you started, but eventually you will improve. If you can see (looking is not enough), you can make contour drawings. As Paul Klee said: "Drawing is no more than taking a line for a walk". You will notice that the line work produced this way has a 'sensitive' quality.

- **Gesture drawings:** Look at a figure in action (human or animal) and draw its structural lines in 4 seconds without lifting the pencil!
- **Catch a ball** with both hands, with one hand. Height, distance and speed should be varied.
- **Be aware of spelling.** Cultivate the habit of spotting spelling units: a great deal, the stream leads to the sea(ocean), committee meeting, with the greatest of ease, rhyme and rhythm. Egypt. Pyramid. Create-creature. The very awareness of the possibilities, the quick questioning, will cause you to consult a dictionary when in doubt.
- **This time,** ask someone to walk past you with a collage of various items. Try to see as many as you can, then name them.
- **On your way to school,** do the same type of exercise when passing a shopwindow.



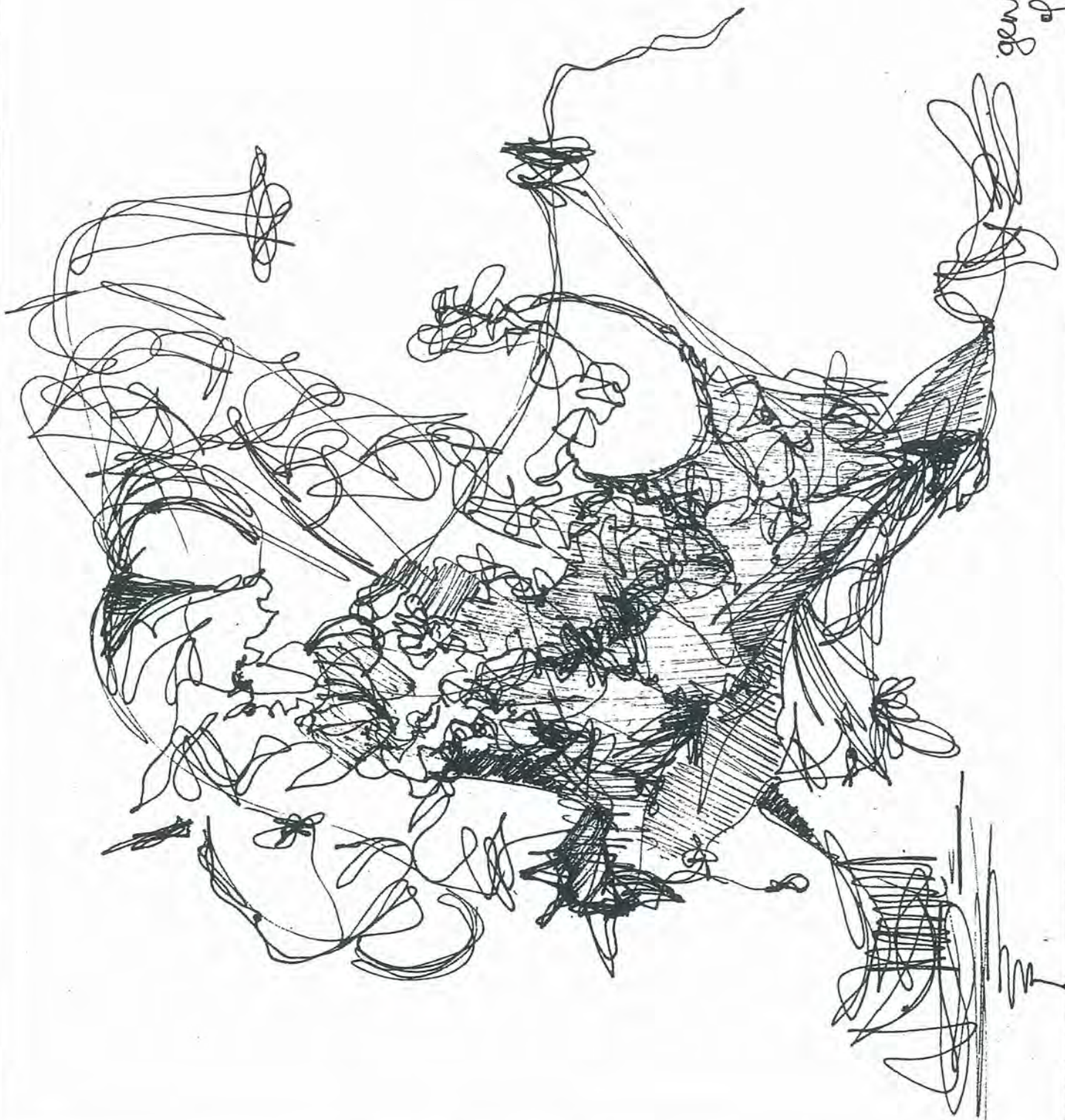
- **Sitting in a car, bus or train**, memorise as many details of house: colour and type of roof, the number of windows and doors, brick wall, weather board or fibro,...

SOUND:

- **Listen to different voices**, birdcalls, the buzz of insects, the chirr of crickets, the barking of dogs, the bellowing of cows, the neighing of horses, keys turning in locks, doors opening and closing, the noise of cars, motorbikes, buses, trains, planes,...
- **Experience silence.**
- **Listen to a succession of sound stimuli** going from strong to weak to silence.
- **Listen to a record.** Select a particular instrument and follow it right through.
- **Count** the number of times a ball bounces (eyes closed).
- **Listen to sentences** of increasing lengths when being dictated.
- **Repeat rhythm patterns** when they are being tapped. Do these exercises with the left hand, right hand and both hands.
- **Guess** the name of one of 5 or more known simple tunes when its rhythm is being clapped: happy birthday to you, baa baa blacksheep, twinkle, twinkle little star,...
- **Draw the melodic line of a tune.**
- **Identify voices** of other students.(eyes closed)



genyplection
of the ministrel



SMELL:

- Use a number of different products: bleach, pepper, types of cheese, honey, jam, turpentine, beeswax,...
- Test yourself after you have familiarised yourself with their distinct smells(eyes closed).

TASTE:

- While eating, concentrate on one ingredient amongst a number of others.
- With eyes closed; identify, sugar, lemon, pepper, salt, etc.

TOUCH:

- Use a great variety of surfaces to experience hard, soft, rough, smooth, sharp, wood, glass, marble, bark,...
- Cut 20 squares of 5 different materials.
Close your eyes and pick out the 4 squares of one particular material.

ALFRED THE GREAT

Alfred the Great was different. He hated the city smog, cars, high rise buildings and suffering people. He wanted to live in the fresh, clean country, but he could not afford it. Alfred bought a lottery ticket every week. One week he was lucky. He was holding the winning ticket worth \$200,000.

Alfred bought himself a little house in the country and an anti-pollution Rolls-Royce. He liked the roosters crowing every morning and the birds chirping all day long. Alfred had what he always wanted. Some days he talked to the raccoons, wombats and porcupines. The birds were whistling on his rooftop and rabbits sleeping on the grass. Alfred loved the animals and was glad to be there with them. However, one day he saw trees being brought down, bulldozers and foundations for skyscrapers. How would he escape all this? Yes,

that's what he would do, he'd go to sea.

Alfred bought a little yacht and sailed away where he was free. A terrible storm blew up and the yacht was swaying from side to side. The sea was angry. The boat turned over and poor Alfred was trying to swim ashore. The seas grew calm and the sun was shining and Alfred was washed onto the sands. When he awoke, he could see feet all around him. He trembled. The natives were friendly, however. They helped him up. They took him to their camp and gave him food.

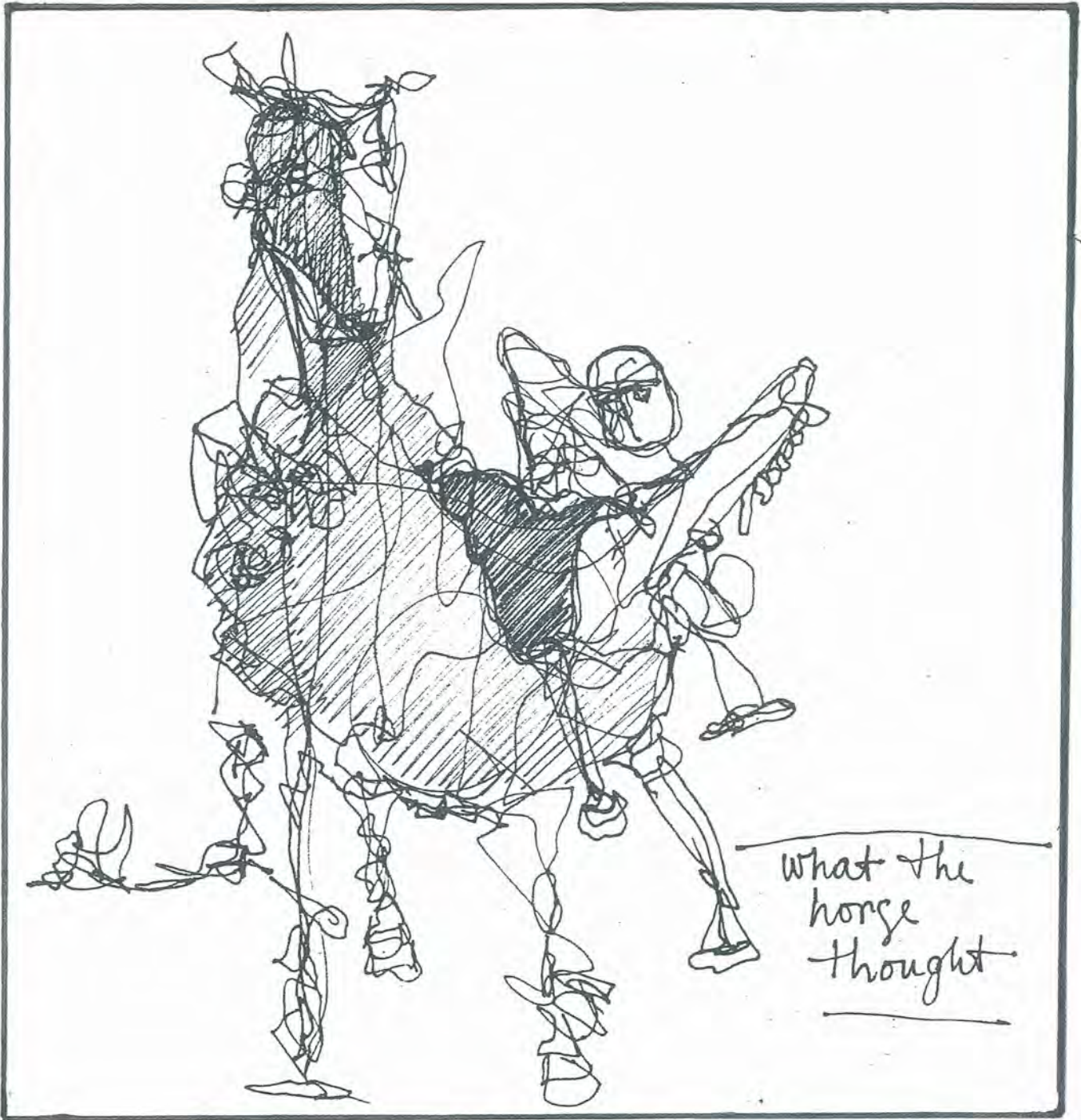
One native was dying. Alfred knew how to cure the man's illness. The natives asked Alfred to stay with them. Alfred was happy. He had what he wanted: freedom, clean air, peace and no skyscrapers.

ROBERT DeSTEFANO, Form 3 White

STORM

*Everything was ominously quiet.
The sea rolled in an oily swell.
The little town sat below the huge cloud bank.
All is silence,
Deadly silence.
The devil's forks flash through the sky.
Thunder roars, winds shriek.
The little town quivers and slides into the sea.
All is silence,
Shocked silence.*

CHRIS TINDALL, 3rd Form Maroon

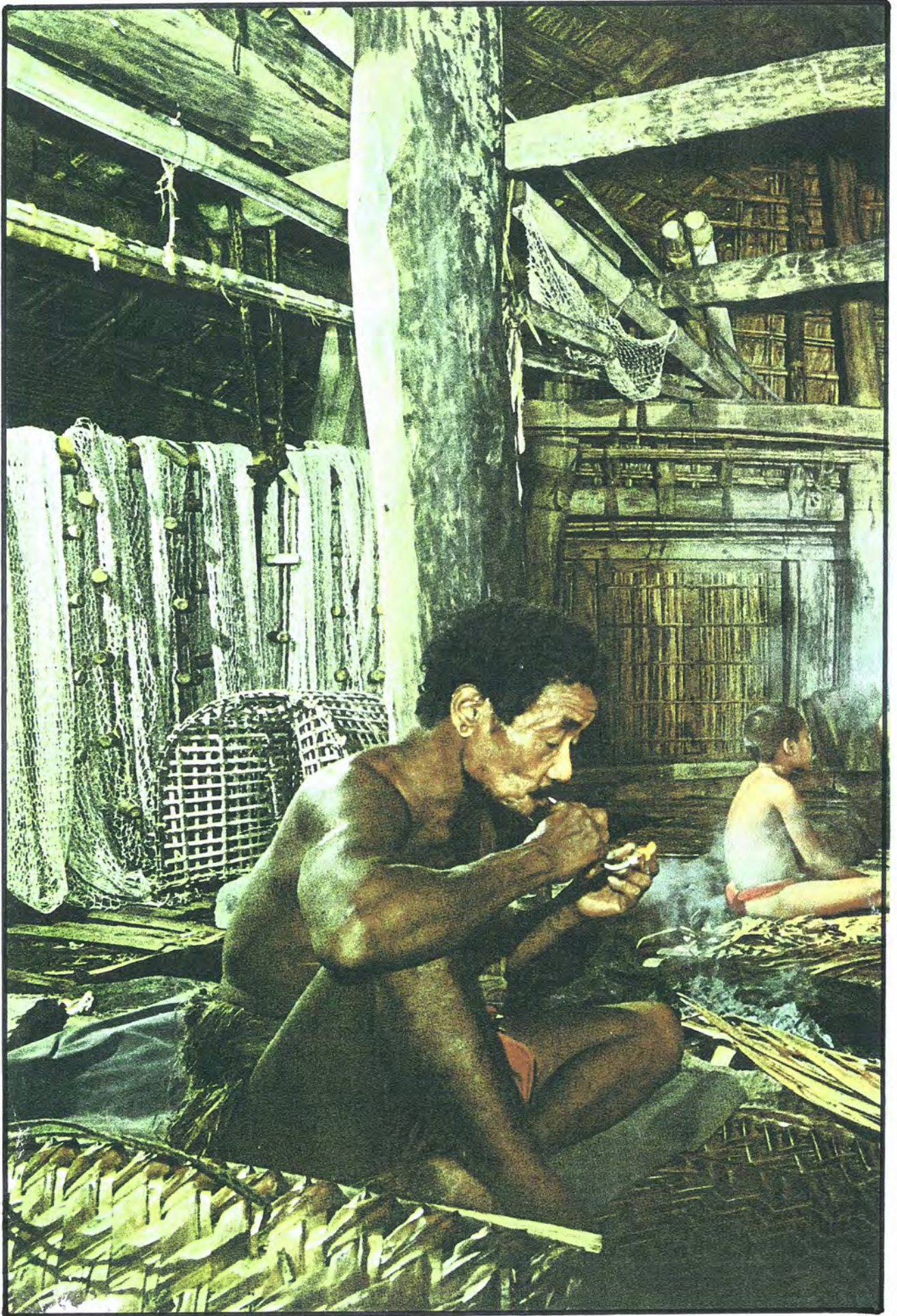


What the
horse
thought

The five senses.

- Sound:** Thundering down the tarmac,
Her roar reaching for the sky.
Then silence.
- Sight:** Overhead her lights, red and green,
Sparkle with success.
Second later her exhaust fumes.
- Touch:** Blow on the hot wind.
- Taste:** Settle on my tongue – oily, distinct.
She's gone, and once again.
- Smell:** The pungent gorse on the hill
Reminds me I am alone.





OBSERVATION:

- Conscious concentration starts with a mental command:
Remember that!
- Verbal rehearsal improves **recall**.
It is important to relate what you perceive. Keep talking to yourself. At the time of recall, one thing will lead to another as in a chain reaction.
- Always store some particular experience in the **belief** that, one day, you will be called upon to give an accurate account of it.

UNDERSTANDING:

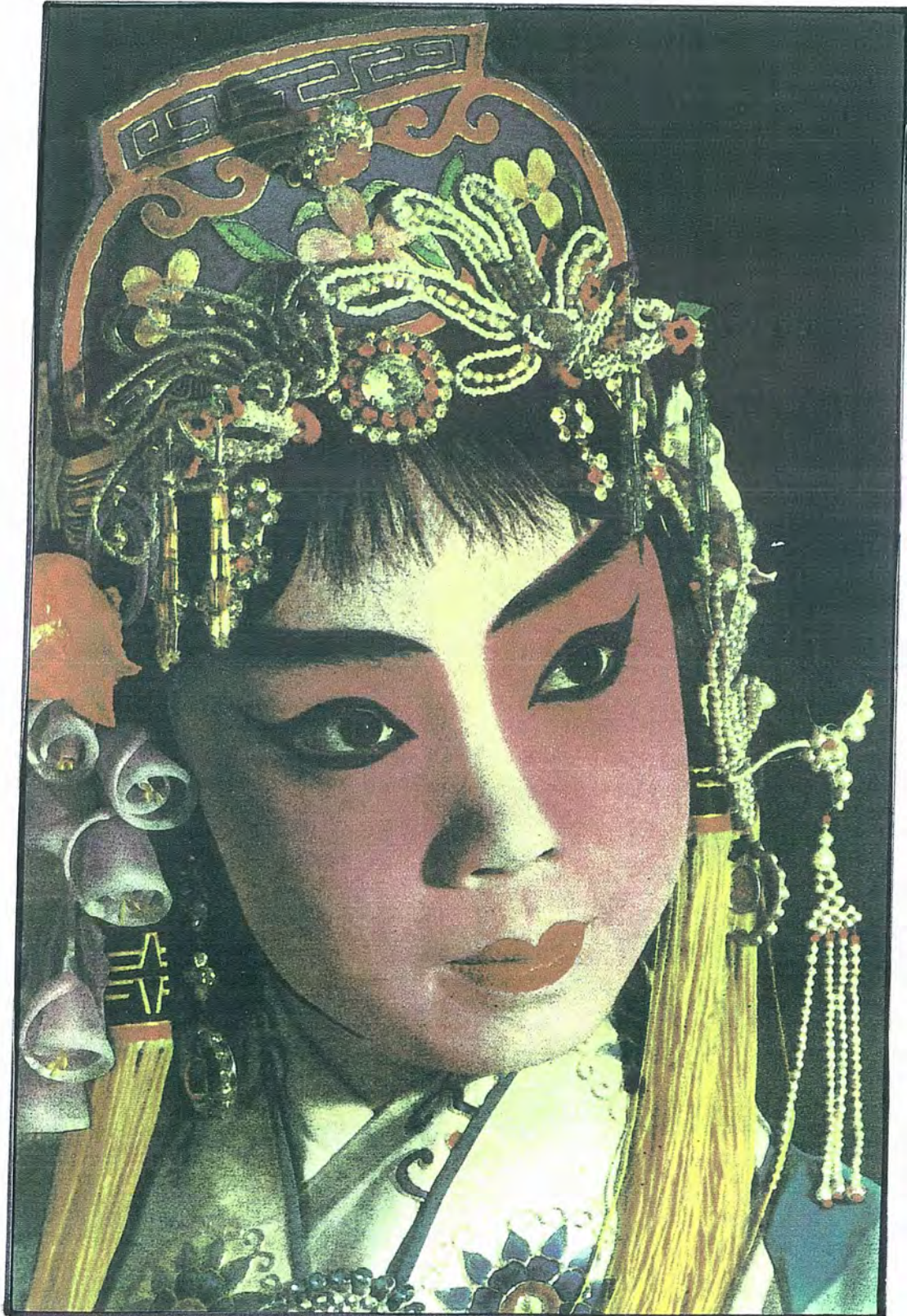
- A thing understood is better remembered. Select one item from your wordlist. Find out as much as you possibly can about your selection. Consult an encyclopaedia, but also raise and answer questions yourself.

EVOCATION: (the recall in the mind of any stimulus)

- Visualise a particular story. Dismiss it. Recall it again. Notice the smallest detail. Talk to yourself. Say where everything is, string the facts together. Talk about colours, see the surf, listen to the surf, see the rock, touch it, feel it, taste the hot cross buns, smell the salt of the sunny seaside.
- Review the events of the day before going to sleep. Describe them in detail.
- Think ahead! Close your eyes and concentrate on the things you have to do the following day. Go through them step by step and in every detail. If you want to overhaul your bike, visualise it and then take it apart bit by bit, see the tools you will need, put the bike together again. If you need a new tyre, watch yourself taking the

old one off, throwing it away, going to the shop, counting the change. Hear yourself say “Thanks”, etc.

- Visualise a simple object, say a face. Take it apart, clearly seeing the parts. Then put it together again. Repeat this procedure several times.

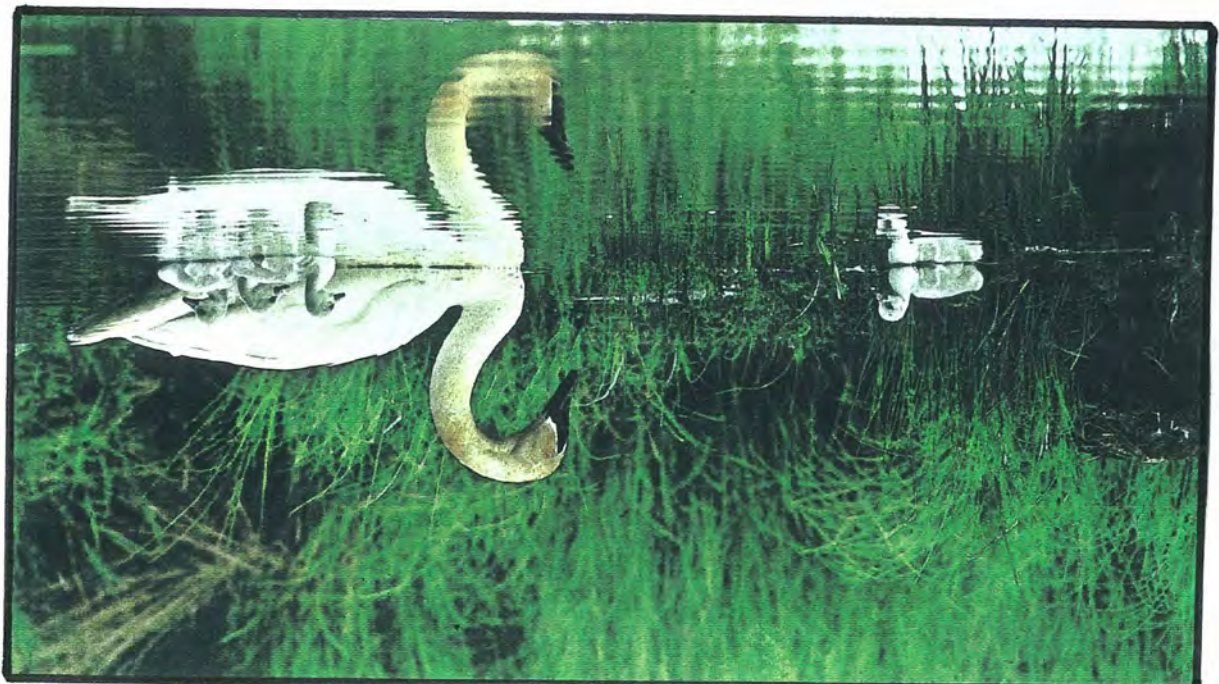


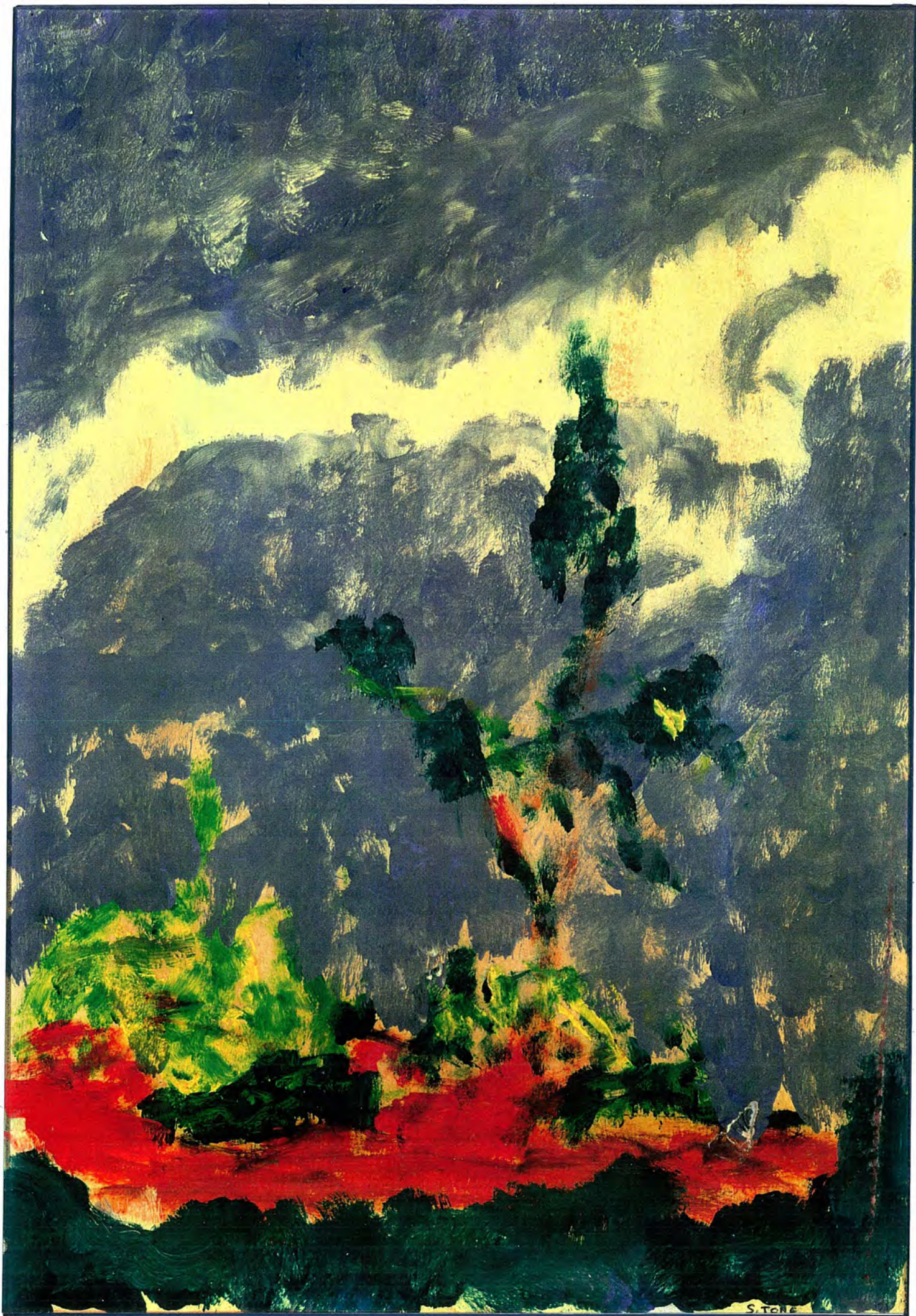
POETRY

- Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds.
- Poetry is a brief vision of ecstasy, gone- but caught forever.
- Frozen, as in ice, years past that moment lingers still-silent, yet alive, the moment lives for ever more.

READING

- **Surfing**
Surfing in the morning
Surfing through the day
Let the waves roll higher
Let the waves roll higher
Let the waves roll higher
Sweep us far away.
- **The Wendigo** (Ogden Nash)
- **The circus** (C.J.Dennis)
- **Carnival of animals** (Slessor)
- **Under milkwood** (Dylan Thomas)





FORM

Dylan Thomas portrait (sight or sound)

- Did you ever see an otter?
Silvery-sided, fish-fanged, fierce-faced, mottled.
 - Did you ever hear a sonar-beeper?
Echo-sounding, bottom-pounding, ear-flattening,
ping-ponging.
- Alliteration:** words with the same initial letter.

Ezra pound couplets

- The apparition of these faces in the crowd; petals on
a wet, black bough.

Form poem

A B A B
4 3 4 3
words

Industry: smoke. soot. smell. choke.
flash. orange. black.
steel. iron. coal. coke.
truck. rails. track.

Haiku: 5 – 7 – 5 syllables

A good bye
Five long months ago,
One summery November,
Togetherness lost.

Syllable poem: 1 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 1

Write one for **soap bubble**



Diction

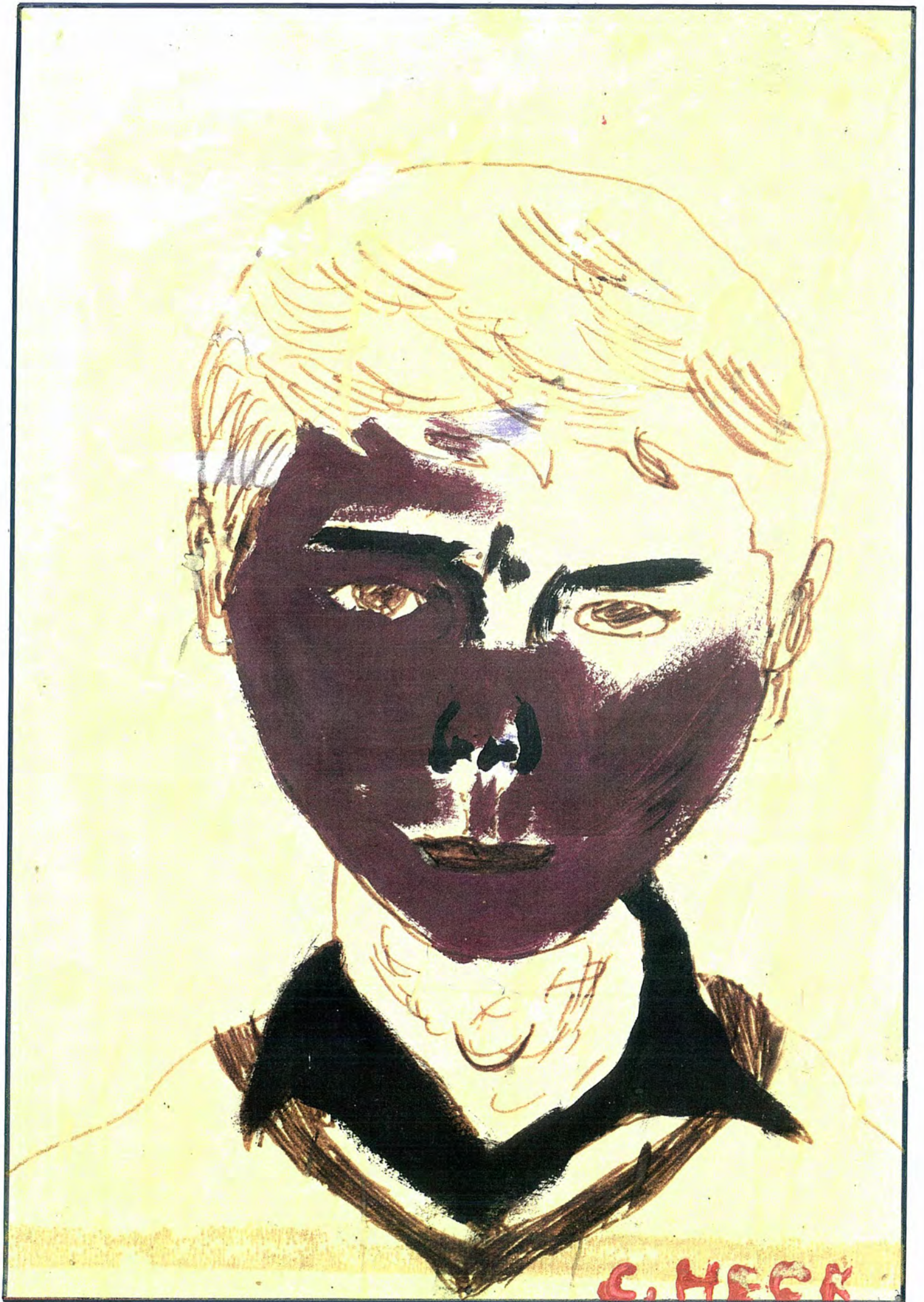
- The weight of meaning in poetry: The difference between the right word and almost the right word is like the difference between lightning and a lightning bug.
- The business of a word in prose is primarily to state; in poetry not only to state but also, and sometimes primarily, to suggest.

Imagery: Mental picture of an idea; appropriate, concise, original.

- A cat wove itself in and out of the railings...
- The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window panes.
- The velvet hum of bees.
- The flags flapped like...
- He looked with sharp blue eyes like...
- As bitter as...

The difference between description and imagery.

- **Jetsound:** 1. The jet makes a thunderous noise.
2. The jet engine roars like a rocket leaving the launching pad.
- **Soap bubble:** 1. The soap bubble is round and contains various colours.
2. The soap bubble looks like a technicolour plastic sausage.



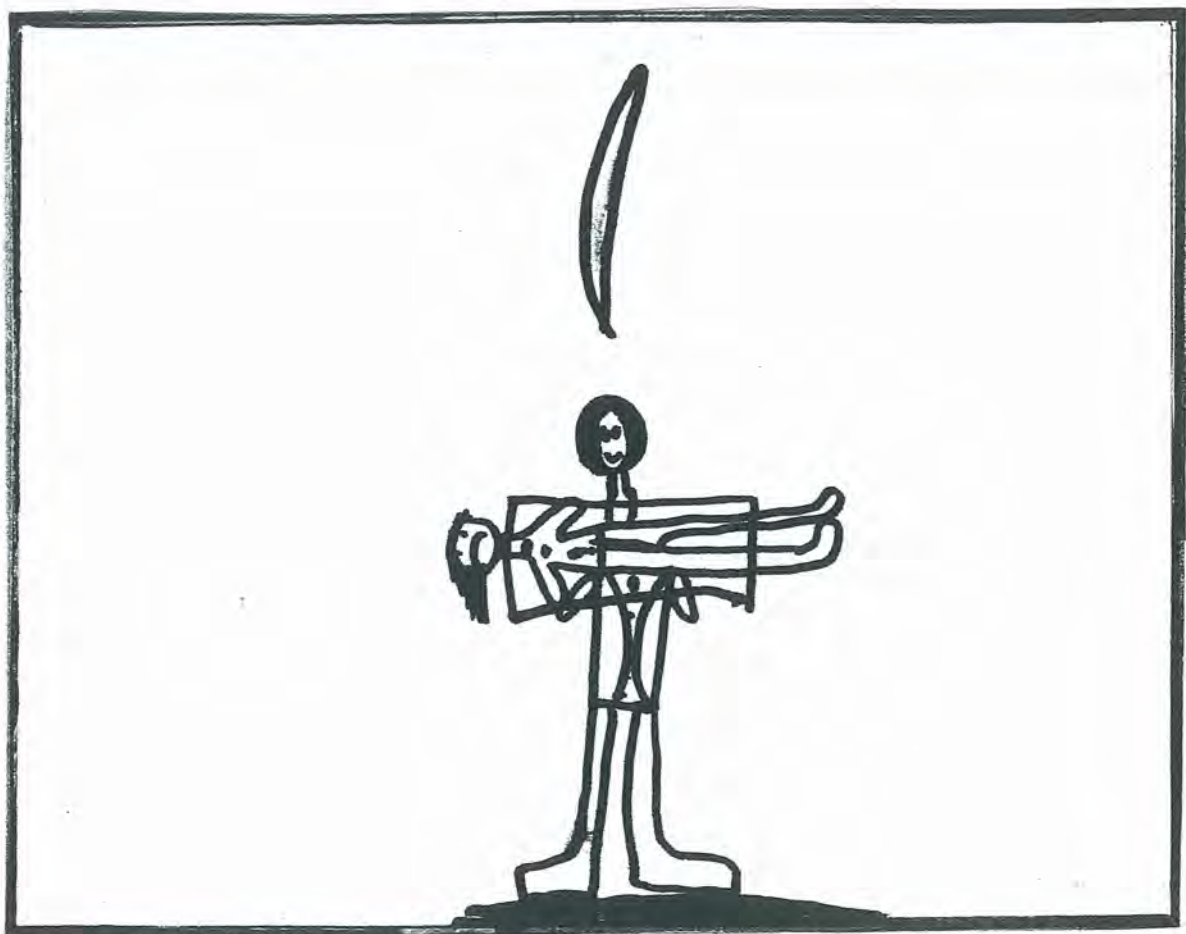
C. HEER

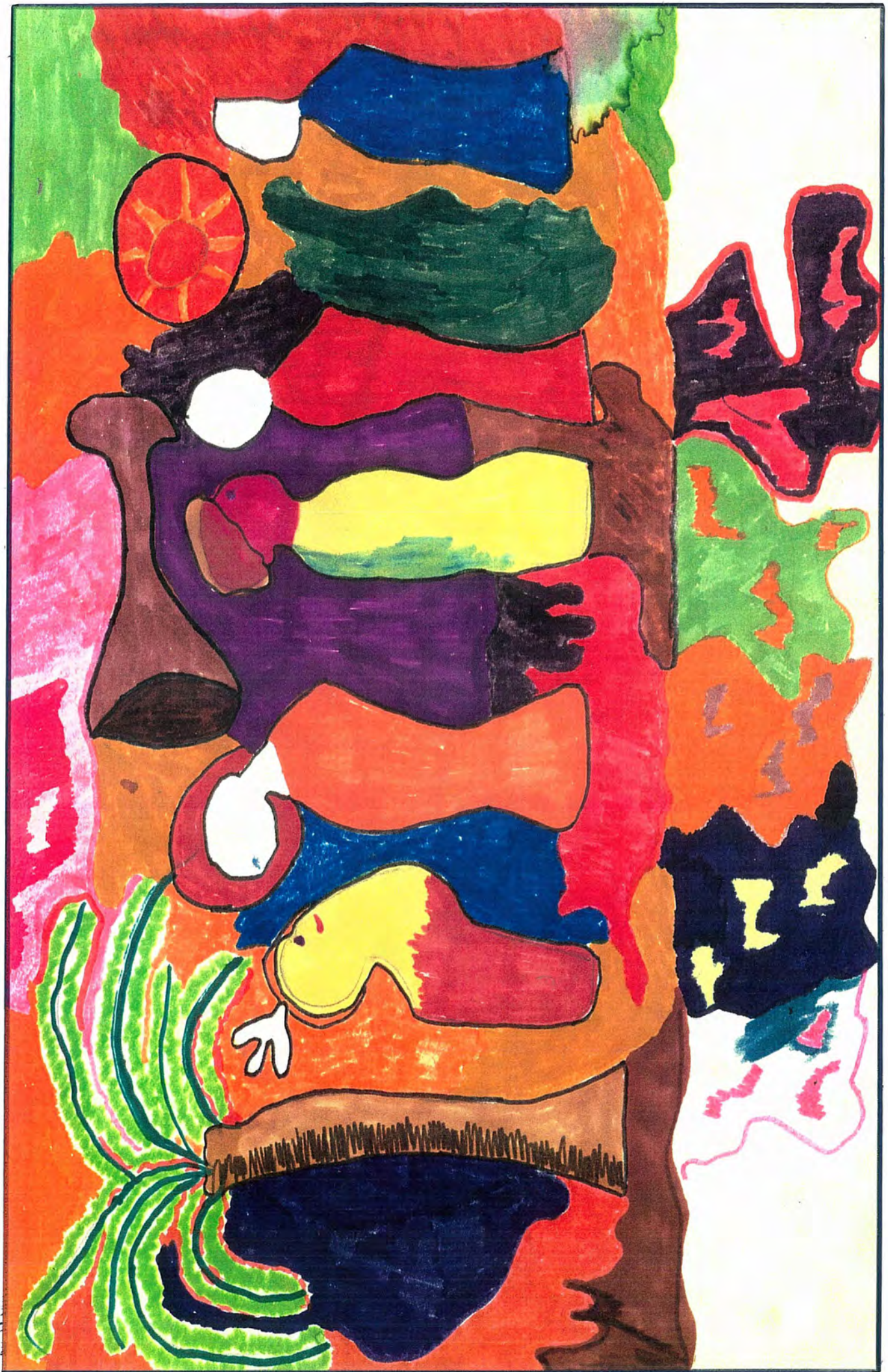
Feelings:

Express these feelings by concrete illustration without using the words quoted: 1.impatience 2.anxiety 3.shyness 4.timidity 5.**caution** 6.curiosity 7.satisfaction 8.eagerness 9.contempt 10.indifference 11.panic 12.intimidation 13.boldness 14.loneliness 15.awe 16.joy.

Example: caution

He hesitated on the kerb for a while. Then he peered anxiously up and down the street, and when he saw the coast was clear, he gathered himself up and ran across, scarcely daring to take breath again until he reached the other side in safety.





Dylan Thomas

School girl.

- Did you ever see a school-girl?
Short-skirted, boy-chasing, gum-chewing,
Growing.

- Did you ever hear a school-girl?
Loud-talking, back-chatting. Girlish-giggling,
Noisy.

Ezra Pound Couplets.

Football crowd:

Win – waving wheat to a gentle breeze.

Lose – ominous rumbles from a thunder storm.

Form Poem

Mother and child:

Hush now, never fear

Together, not alone

We are safe here

Seed that's sown.

Syllable poem Flower

Bud

Gently opening

Colour slowly revealing

Bursting full bright profusion

Natures wonder no way concealing

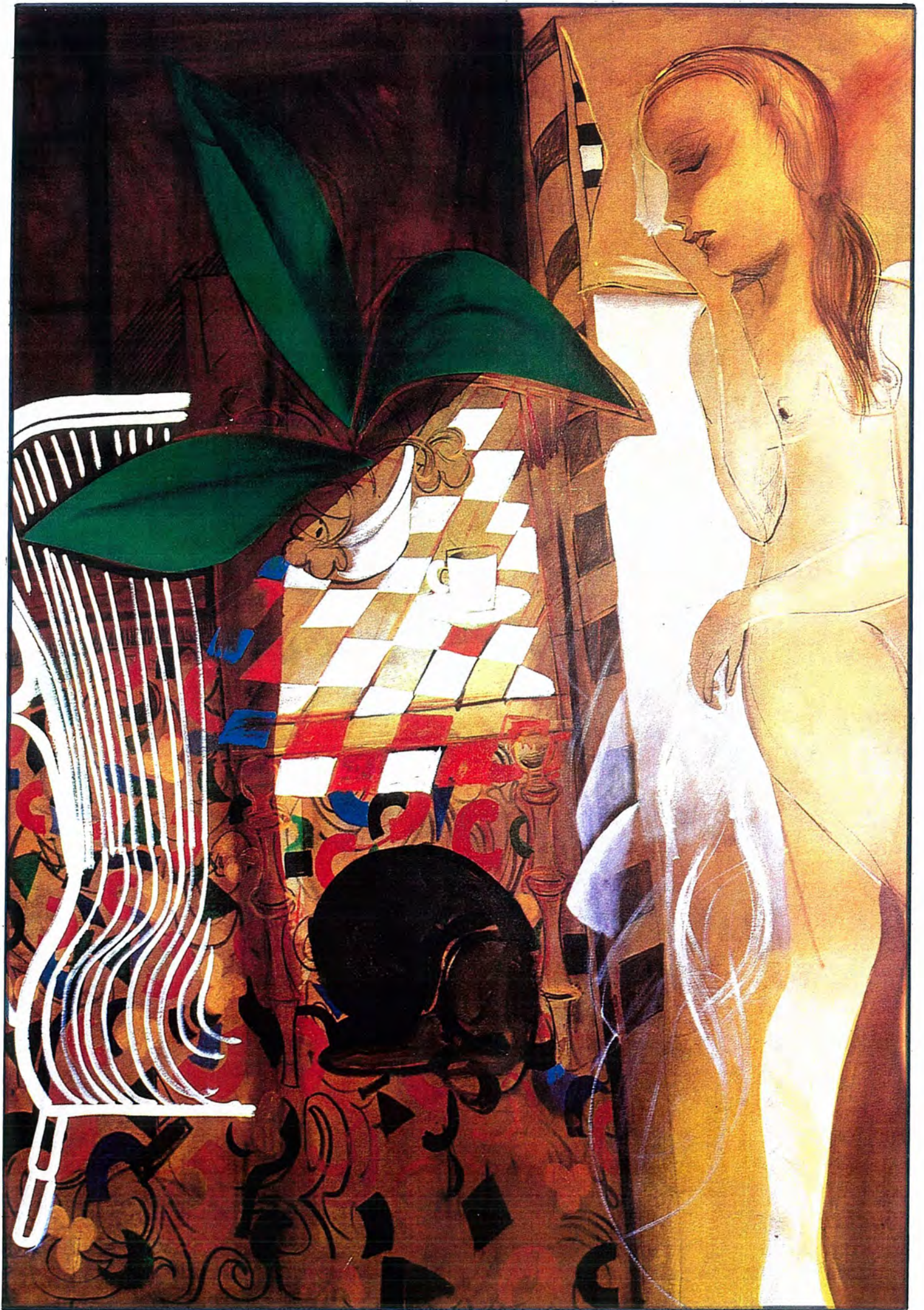
Drooping slightly – only edges

Colour fading, ebbing

Browning now

Dying.





Dylan Thomas Portrait.

- Did you ever see a pumpkin?

Halloween-hollowed, empty-eyed-erie
frizzle-fired with wax.

- Did you ever hear a steam train?

Shugga-chugging-shuttling, screeching, sighing to a stop.

Ezra Pound Couplet

Faces in a schoolroom.

Blank canvasses waiting for paint.

Form poem – Winter

Frost, fires, soup, bed,

Grey, cold, blue.

Sun gone, nose red,

Sneeze ach-oo!

Haiku – Dylan Thomas

Tongue tip twisterer

Alliterating artist

Eloquently rich.

Syllable poem – Morning

Dawn

Rainbow

Paintbox sky

Brush away night

Stretch to meet the day

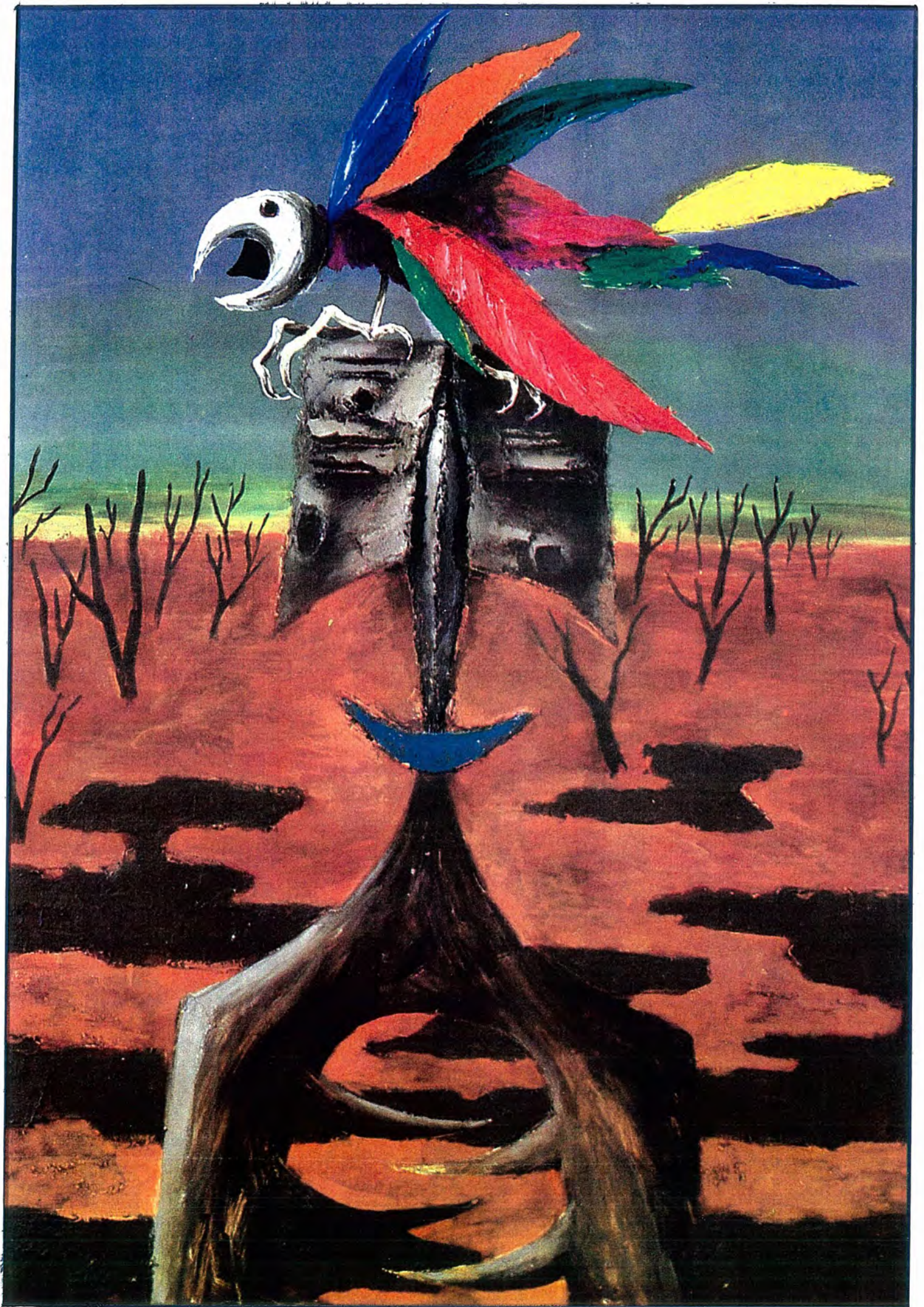
Holding it close

Joyously

Fearing

Dusk.





Collect examples yourself

Images: The feel of mud between your toes.
The movement of running kangaroo
The sound of a chainsaw cutting down a tree
The taste of an avocado
The sight of moonlight on water.

Imagination: Looking at the colours of an oily puddle is observation, but seeing a picture in them is imagination.

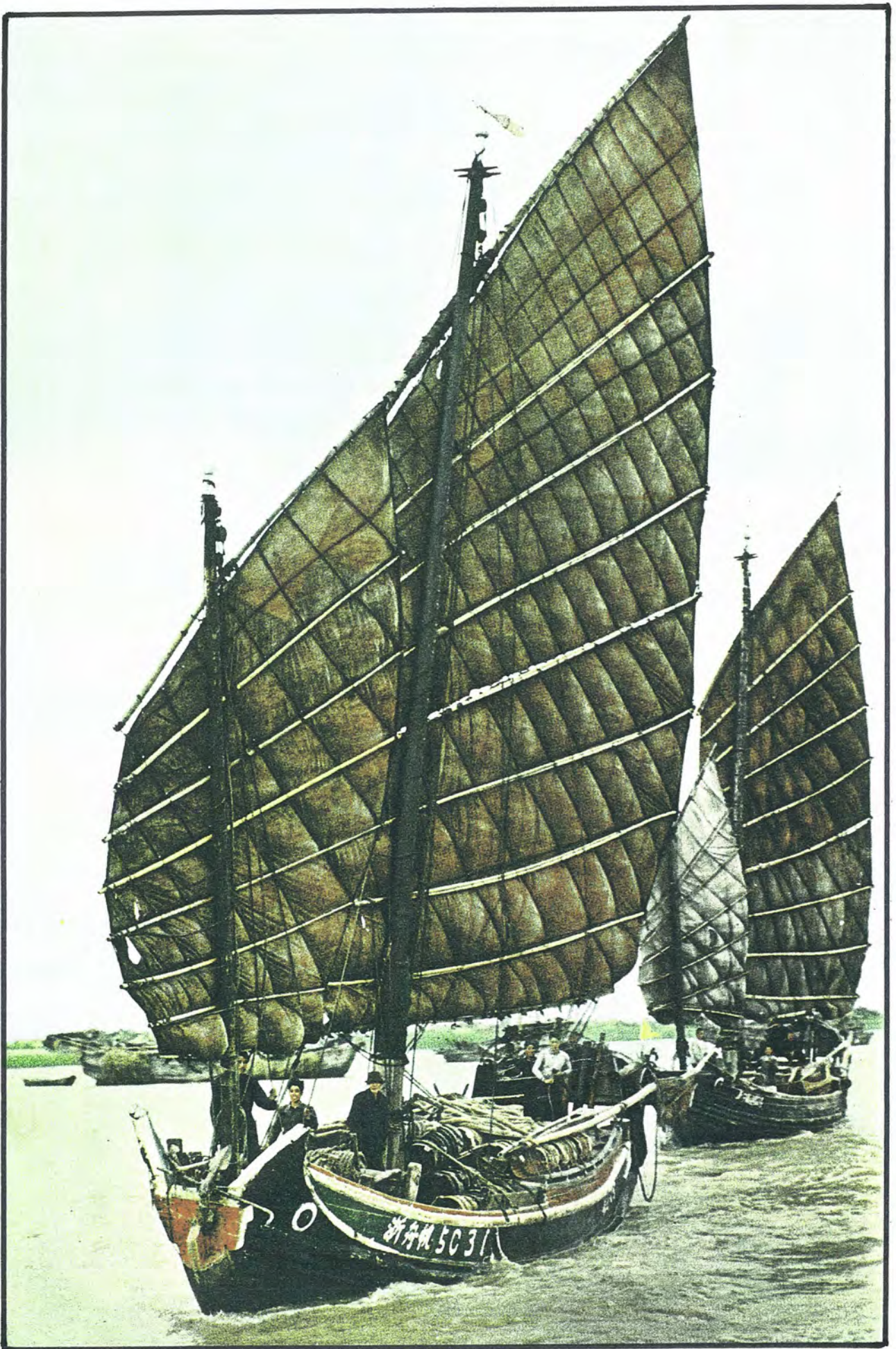
Motif: Often in fairy tales, a sentence is repeated over and over again.

- 1.Red Riding Hood meets various people.
They all say, "It's good to see you out again, so soon after your terrible ordeal with that nasty wolf."
- 2.She hadn't gone far when...

Exaggeration:A horse on a man's back is better remembered than the normal situation.

Movement: A pink car tearing around the corner on one screeching tyre attracts more attention than a stationary black one.

Other Subject Material: Combining art, prose and poetry.



No cheese sandwich for the winning witch

Spellingwords in action: the brain cannot absorb pure data; it has to be seen through the spectacles of an idea (Edward de Bono).

Sixty seventy-year-old wild and wicked, toothless witches were half-way their seventh broomstick race which badly disrupted the traffic in Ipswich. Seventeen were booked for speeding, and sixteen fell off when they had trouble breathing. The sixth, who had won one race before, got the taste to win one more. Unfortunately, she didn't see the glider spider on the pillion of a motorbike rider spinning a web that got wider and wider in order to wrap it around instead of beside her.



Nicolas can read his books to an adult each night

The books are usually changed on Wednesdays however, sometimes they aren't changed until later in the week. He can bring them in more frequently if he wants to.

Homework goes home? on Monday and is returned on Friday.

Spelling lists are separate to the homework sheet.

Spelling words should be copied out once each night into a homework book.

We recommend using the look cover SAY write check method.

≠ SEE

"HABIT IS FAILURE!"
TELLING ≠ TEACHING!

Library days are Monday.

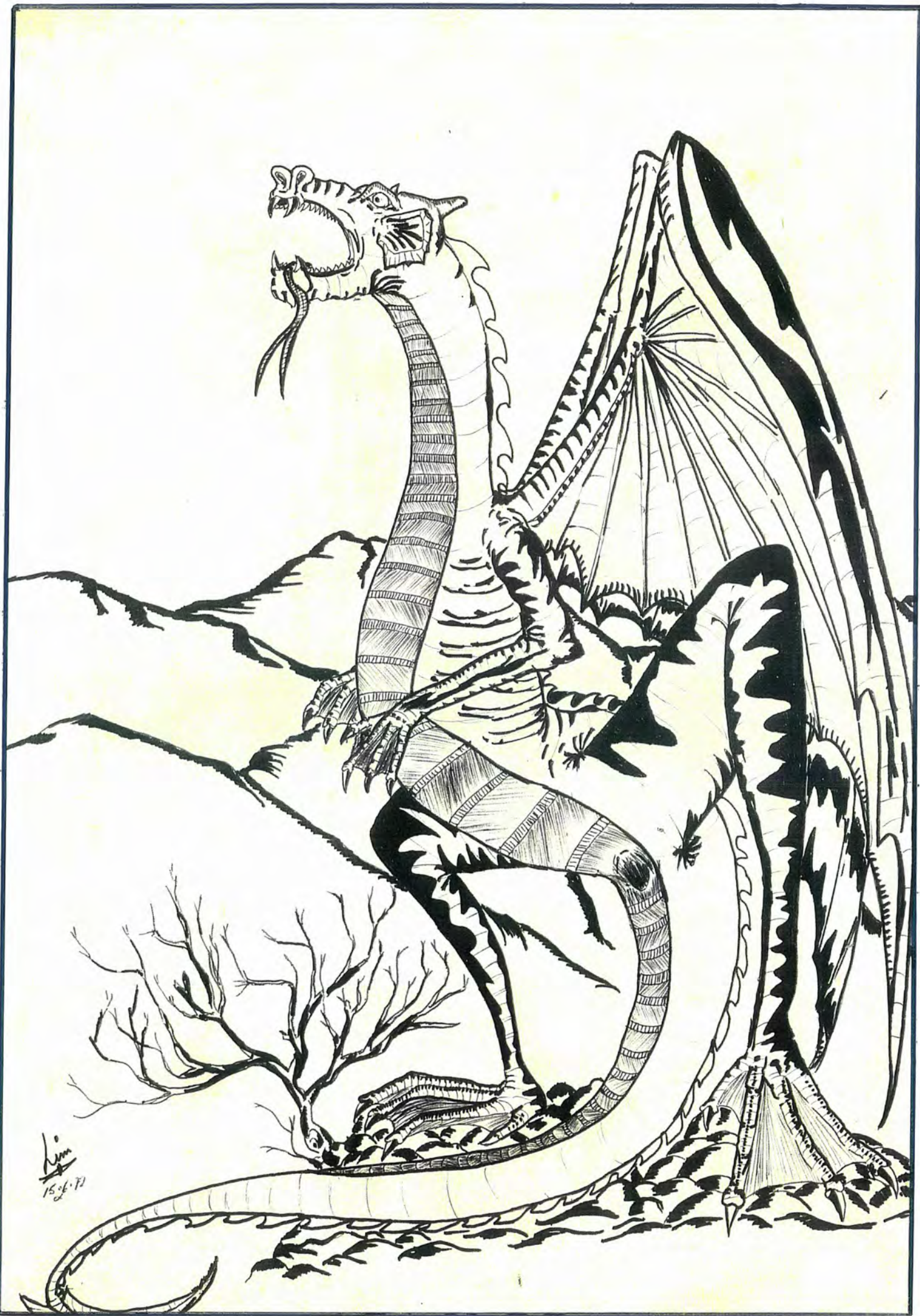
Sports days are Friday

Fitness sessions are held 3 times a week.

Nicolas' news day is Tuesday. He will need to follow the Talking and listening outline for news.

His mathematics sign in and password are: www.mathletics.com.au

Sign In - Username : NS3109
password : lost69



CODE NAMES

The **wordfamilies** in **phonic approach** come under **15 code names**

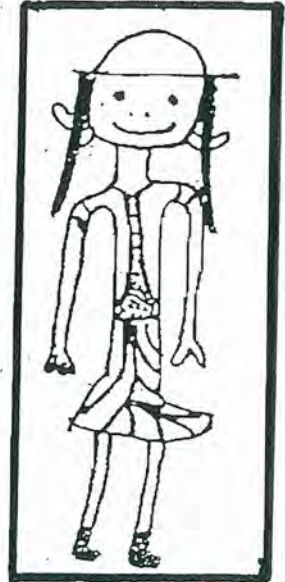
each of which contains one particular **vowel phoneme**.

To facilitate memorising the order of the codenames, they have been subdivided into **6 groups**, thus forming the nicknames of the **vowel children**

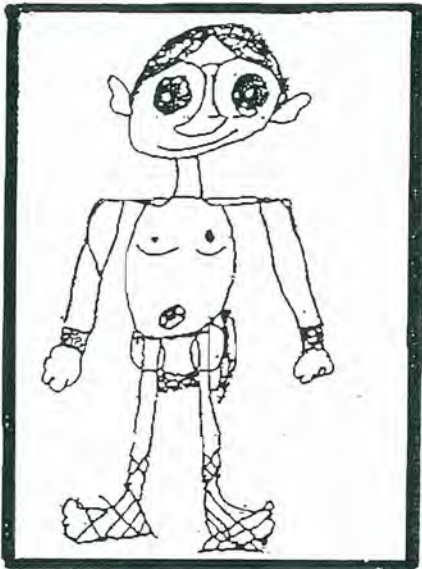


John Mouson

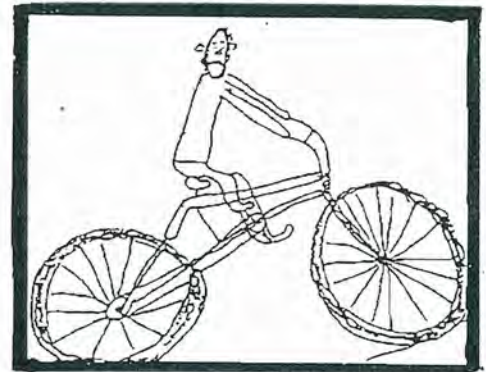
1. SUN TAN TOM



2. SKINNY PENNY



3. PALE PETER



4. TINY TONY



5. BOY SCOUT PAUL



6. SMART GIRL SUE



SUN	TAN	TOM	SKINNY	PENNY
PALE	PETER	TINY	TONY	BOY
SCOUT	PAUL	SMART	GIRL	SUE



Task-based Exercises

- Copying a wordlist 5 times with a test on Friday to see **how many wrong** is a compulsory chore and not very conducive to learning.
- **In this course**, spellinglist words are sorted in no less than 8 different ways.

Manipulating cards is less abstract than reading alone. Furthermore, since there is automatically a **deliberate attempt to look for certain features**, it involves **attention and concentration**, which is attention to details. In taking pictures of people, one must make sure that arms, legs and heads are included.

- The words are written on thin board(250 gram) and then cut out. The 4.5x1.3 cm cards should be stored in a numbered matchbox for future use. By combining boxes or part-boxes, an unlimited number of stories may be written, thus satisfying the needs of the most erudite students.





T. Mousa

Model Exercise 1.

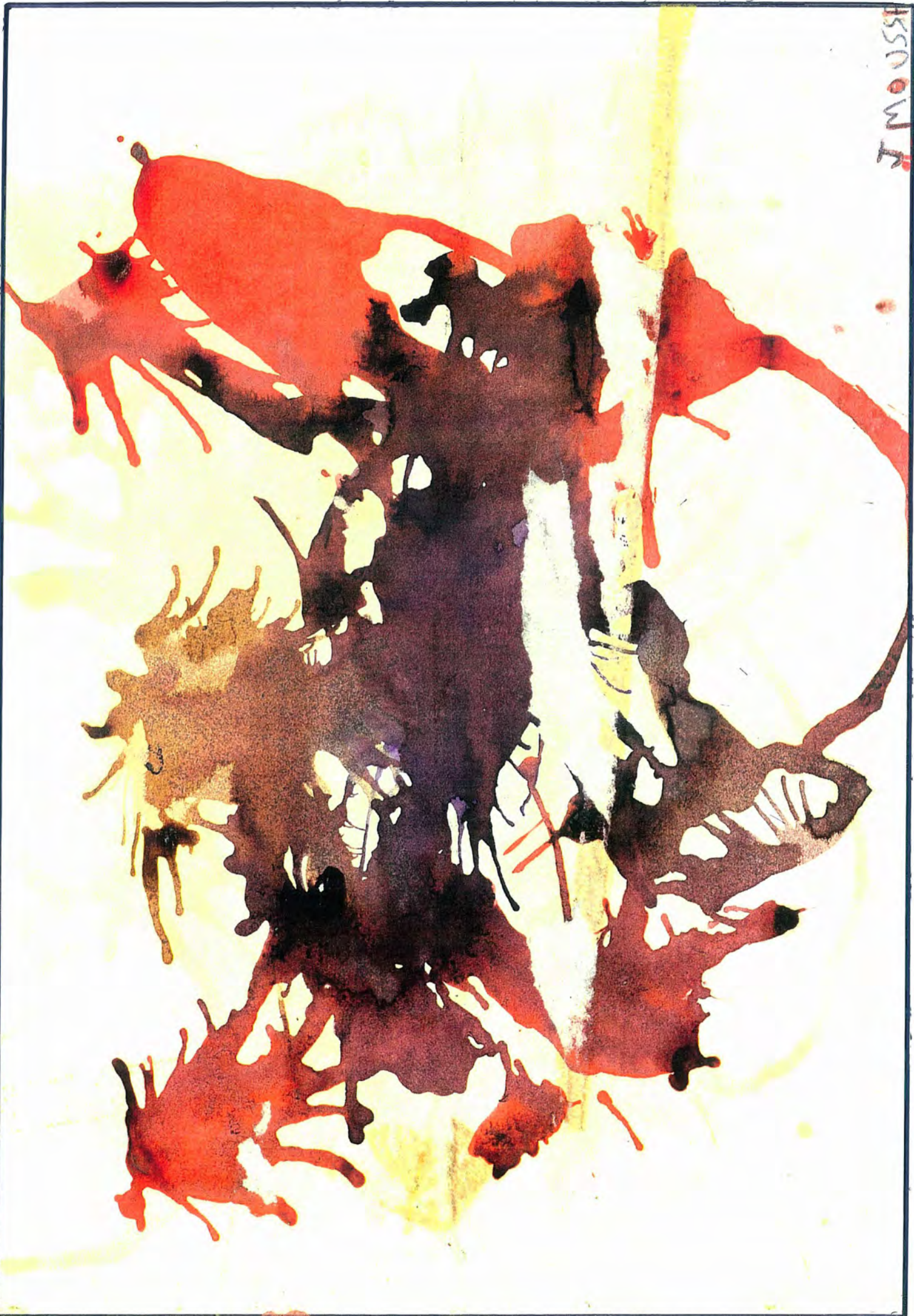
Box 11	brush	hot	bread	cream	brass
	chair	along	brave	beach	laughter
	hanging	cliff	awake	cloud	after
	apple	swift	again	about	rafter
	rock	picnic	creek	brown	
	clock	begin	clean	class	

1. Sorting according to the sound of the stressed beat (syllable).

Use an A3-size copy of the sorting board shown.

SUN	TAN	TOM	SKINNY	PENNY
brush	hanging apple	rock clock hot along	cliff swift picnic begin	chair bread again
PALE	PETER	TINY	TONY	BOY
brave awake	creek clean cream beach			
SCOUT	PAUL	SMART	GIRL	SUE
cloud about brown		class brass laughter after rafter		

J. MOUSSA



2. Sorting according to the number of beats(syllables).



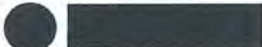
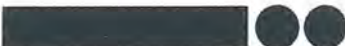


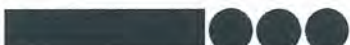

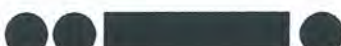



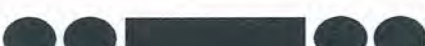


1 beat: brush, chair, rock, clock, hot, cliff, swift, bread, brave, creek, clean, cream, beach, cloud, brown, class, brass.

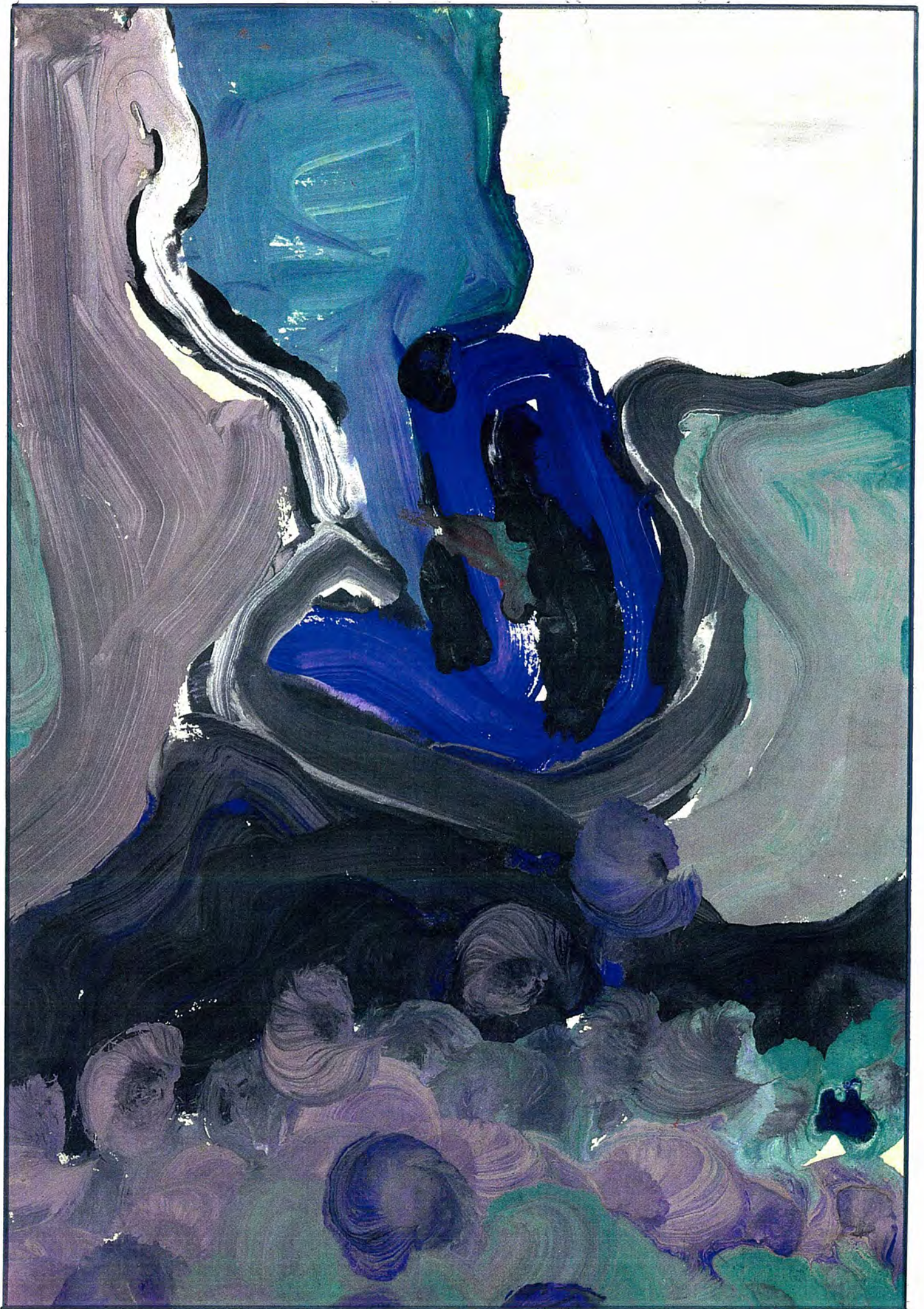
2 beats: hanging, apple, along, picnic, begin, awake, again, about, laughter, after, rafter.

3. Sorting according to rhythm pattern.

A special type of Morse-code is used here:

One stroke indicates the stressed beat; the dots indicate the other beats. **Examples:**

	bark
	rubber
	relax
	crockery
	contribute
	recommend
	agriculture
	monotonous
	tonsillitis
	Apocalypse
	rationalising
	uncomfortable
	satisfactory
	multiplication
	parallelogram



Rhythm patterns for model exercise 1:

■ ● hanging, apple, picnic, laughter, after
rafter.

● ■ along, begin, awake, again, about.

4. Sorting according to alphabetical order:

about	beach	chair	hanging
after	begin	class	hot
again	brass	clean	laughter
along	brave	cliff	picnic
apple	bread	clock	rafter
awake	brown	cloud	rock
	brush	cream	swift
		creek	check:
			28 words

5. Sorting to a particular quality.

The bird-watching method: Fostering the habit of making a **deliberate attempt** to look for certain features.

Quiet words: (meaning and/or sound)

Brown, bread, again, brave, hanging, along, begin.

The consonants **b, d, g, v, ng** are weak compared to their counterparts **p, t, k, f, nk**.

Noisy words: creek, class, beach, clock, cliff, apple.

Slow words: chair, brush, awake.

Jay Pake



Quick words: swift.

Short sounds: Miss Swift sat on a loose rock to have lunch at one o'clock, but her picnic bread fell off the cliff into the deep creek instead.

Long sounds: The dark brown clouds were hanging low over the dark brown bathers on long chairs or in the clean, creamed sand of the beach.

6. The five senses:

Sight: class, creek, cloud, clean, clock, picnic, hanging, chair, brown, swift, apple, rock, cliff, bread.

Sound: beach, class, creek, clock.

Smell: beach, apple.

Touch: apple, chair, creek, cliff, rock, clock, bread.

Taste: apple, bread, cream.

7. The words in action.

Imagery:

- The cliff, like a hot loaf of **brown bread** standing on its end, was swallowed by the hungry faces in the **creamy clouds**(alliteration: bold letters).
- The clean, **twinkle-coated creek** snaked around the cliff past the class of pinickers.

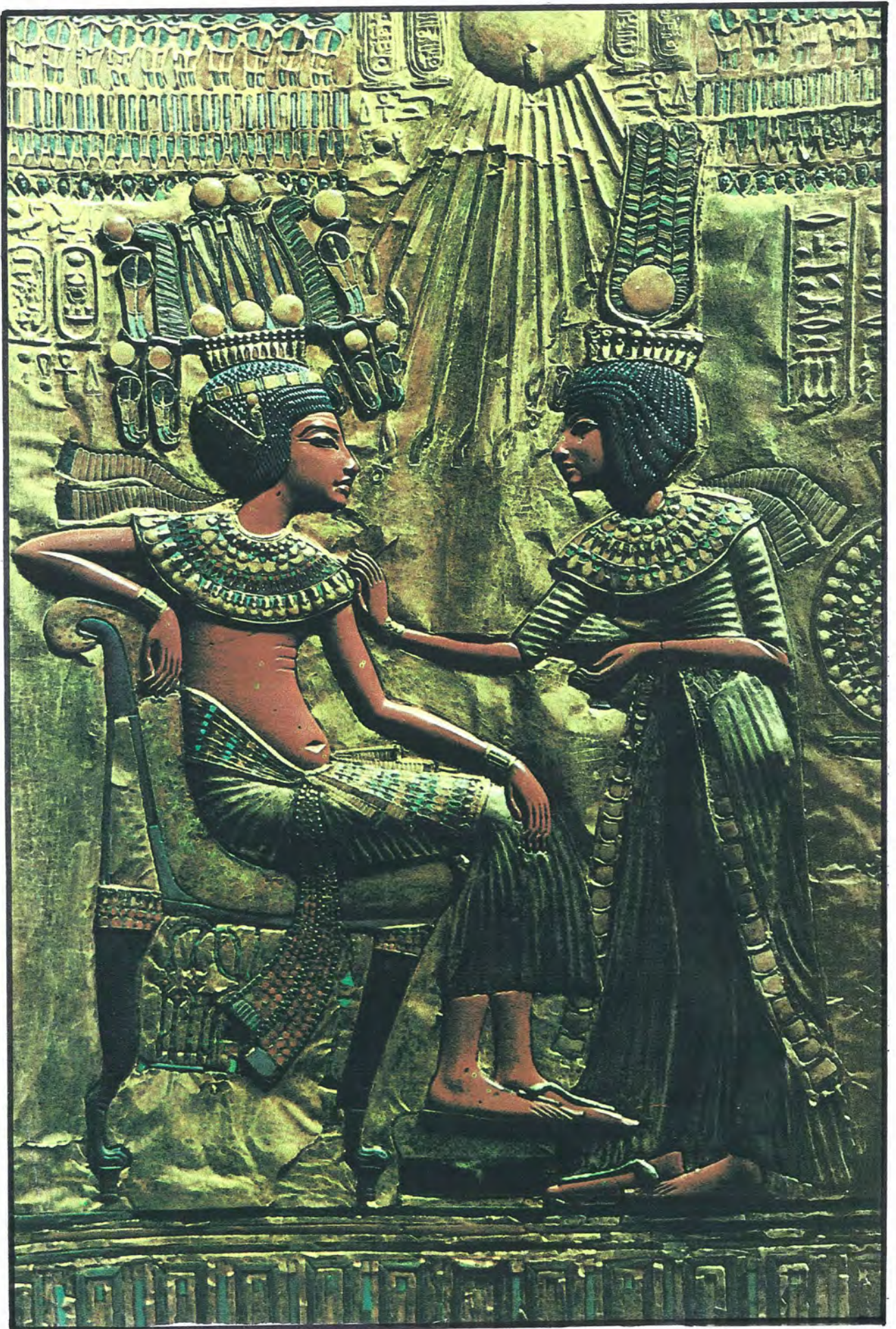
Imagination:

Beach: Sandy area along the coastline; a cream coloured cake with hundreds **and thousands**.

Dylan Thomas portrait:

Did you ever see a thundercloud?

Puffy-eyed, multi-faced, towering cauliflower.



Ezra Pound couplet:

Bluebottle beach with Beauty Bay bathers: hot plate with burnt bangers and onions.

The Form Poem: Picnic at Hanging Rock

Clouds, class, clean-cut cliff.

Creek, cream, crunch

Brown bread, brushwood, beachhead, sniff,

Salt, applepie, lunch.

The syllable poem: Picnic

beach;

swift, clean

clouds brushing

brown rocks hanging

along the creek bed.

Picnickers with

hot, brown bread

and zinc-

cream.

Haiku: (5-7-5 beats)

Regular as clocks,

the waves are beating the beach,

hollowing out rocks.



Collage by Martin Jones, 3M



Words on Stage

8. Sorting according to function

By considering the story to be a play, the words are now placed on the **Prompt Board**, an A3 copy on light board of the A4 page shown.

This **activity** avoids the difficulty connected with a compulsory title and a blank page.

Telling students to make the story interesting by using descriptive words completely ignores the preliminary exercises mentioned before.

Exercise 1: “The black and white picture”

- A word like **brush** may either be placed under **objects** or **action**.
- **Indicators** are placed in the same column as the words they are likely to describe.
- **Miscellaneous** words may be placed in the last column.

Exercise 2: “The picture in colour”

- By looking at the groups of words now on the **Prompt Board**, students will immediately see where the story takes place.
- **Indicators** are now combined with the words in the top section.

Hot could relate to the **weather**.

Brown could describe the **bread**.

Clean could describe the **beach**.

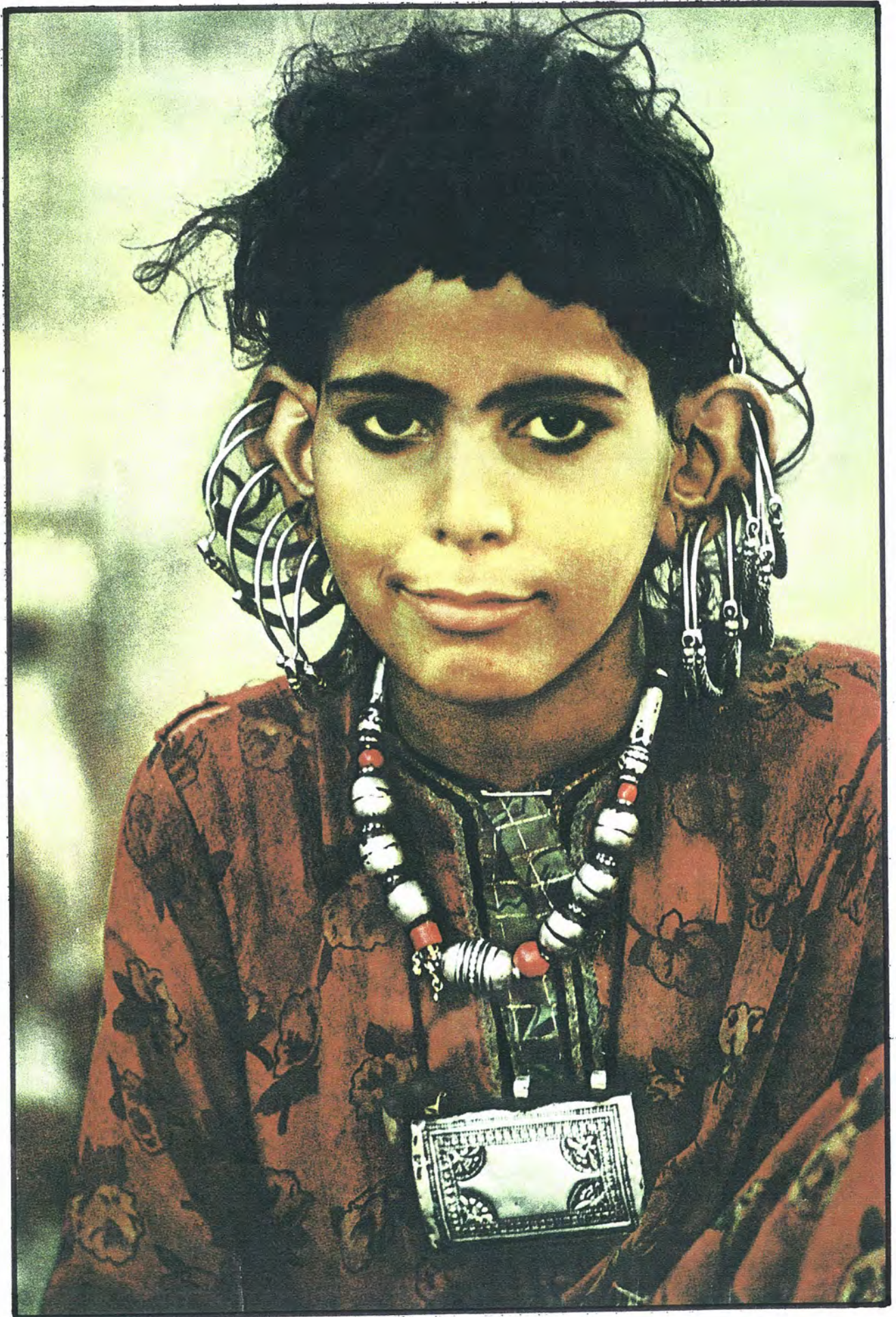
Brave could describe one or more students in the **class**.

Brass could go with **clock**.



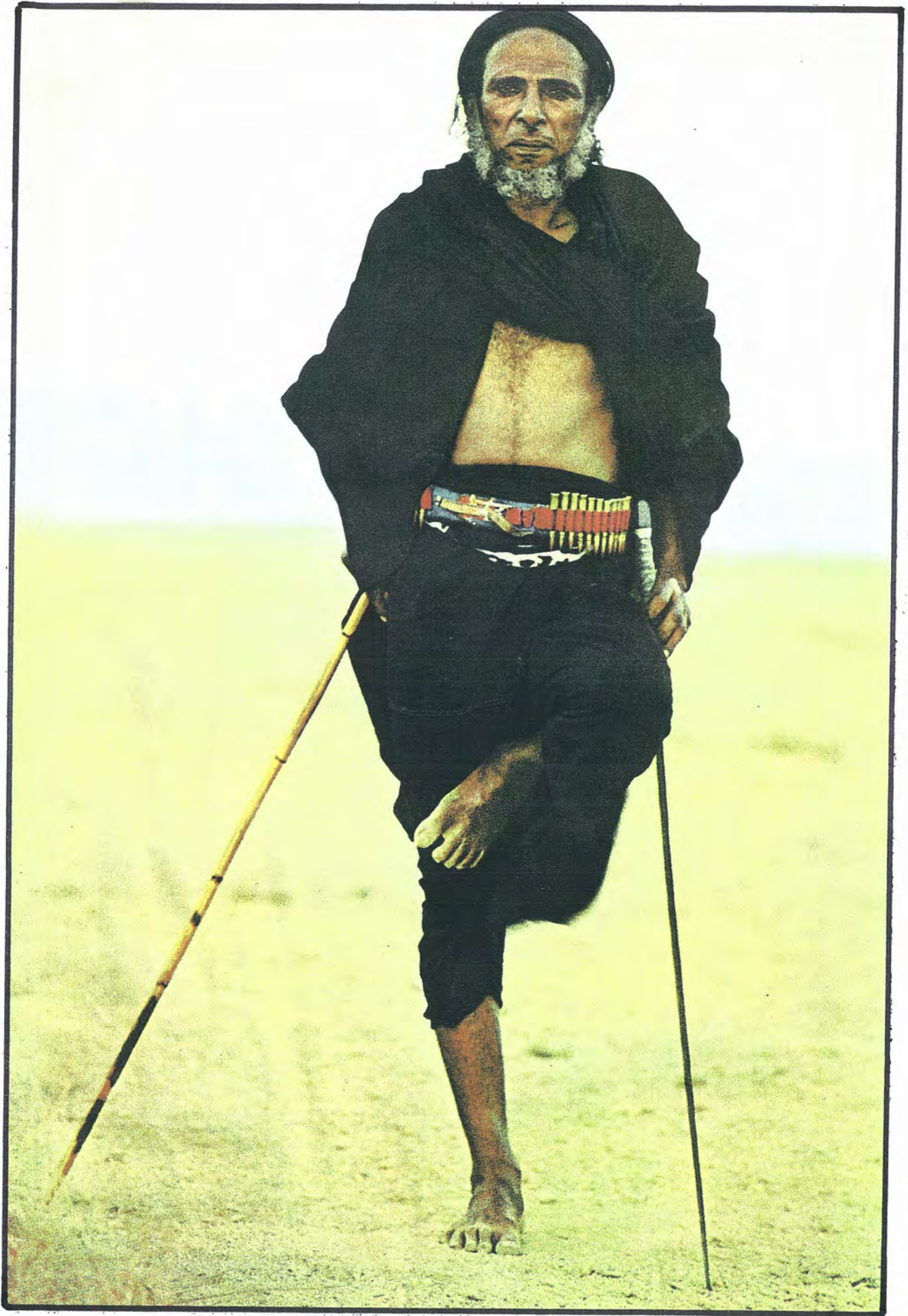
Prompt Board

ACTORS		PROPERTIES			DIRECTIONS
people	animals	setting	objects	others	action
M	A	K	E	U	P
INDICATORS					



Prompt Board

ACTORS		PROPERTIES			DIRECTIONS
people	animals	setting	objects	others	action
class		rock cliff beach cloud creek	chair apple clock picnic bread cream rafter		brush hanging begin laughter
awake brave		clean hot	brass brown		after again about swift along
M	A	K	E	U	P
INDICATORS					



- At this stage, the words themselves give a fair indication of what the story could be like.
- A word that doesn't seem to fit anywhere can always be used as a name (**Ralph Rafter**).

Exercise 3: The Conflict Triangle.

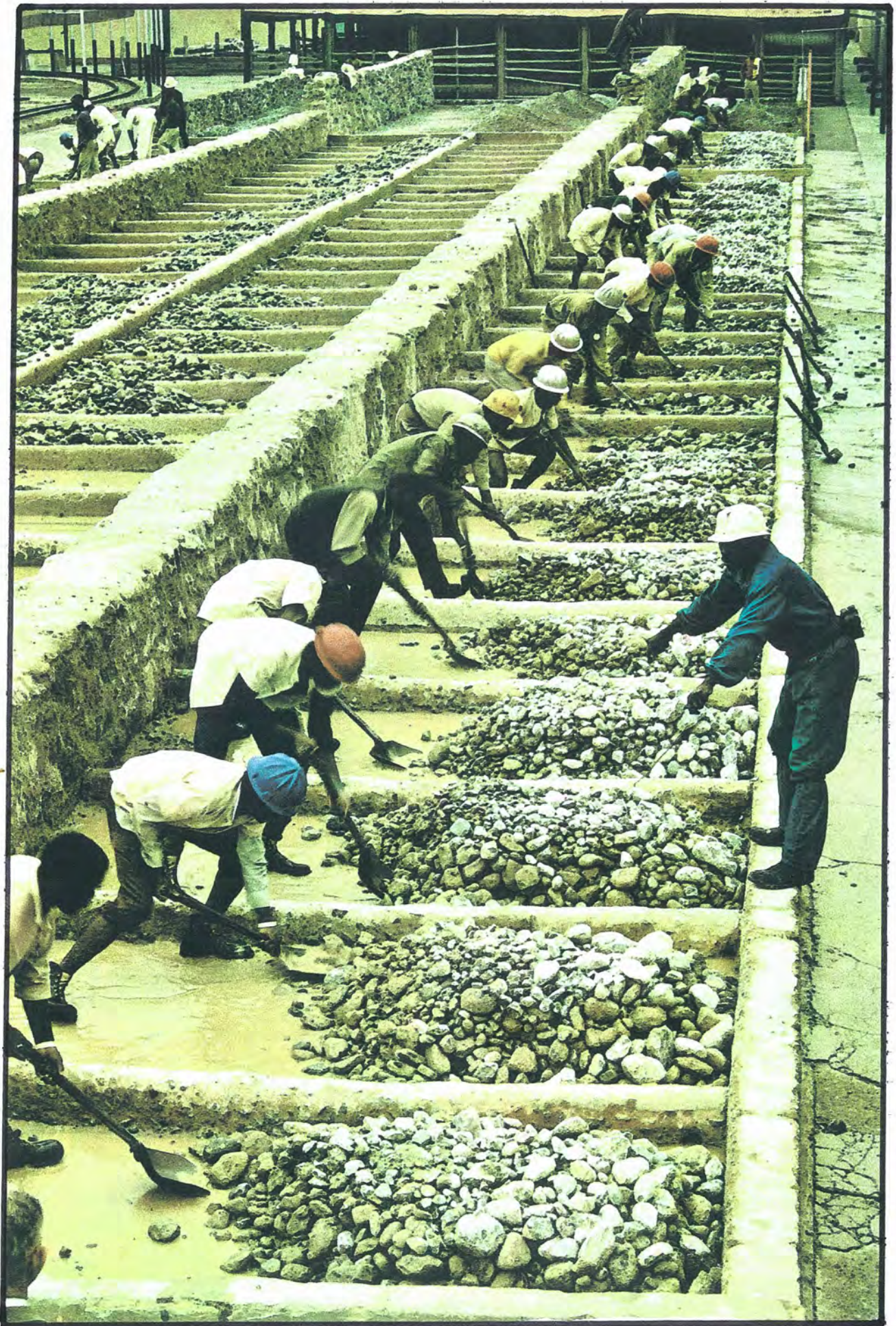
- A simple story consists of 3 parts: the **introduction**, the **middle**(the preparation for the outcome), the **outcome**.
- Every story describes some sort of **conflict**. Here, climbing to the top of the cliff, could create a hazardous situation to overcome.
- Before putting the wordcards in a column on the table(desk), students must **visualise** the possible sequence of events.

Exercise 4: The rough draft.

- By combining the **key words** and the students' own **link words**, students now have enough ammunition to start writing.
- As soon as the **key words** have been used, they are put aside.

Class Picnic at Hanging Rock.

Good Friday. Ralph Rafter and a few other **brave** boys of **about** the same age want to go to the top of a **cliff** called Olimbos. They leave the other children behind, guzzling their slices of fresh **brown bread** with **apple jam** and fresh **cream** as they go. The air is filled with laughter. It is getting **hot**. At a fork in the path, they take the left track, winding their way up all the time, going **along** one **after** another. Deep down, the **creek** snakes to the **beach**. The bottle brush bushes **begin** to **brush** against the children **again** and again as if to **clean** them before falling asleep; it seems hard to stay **awake**. They reach the top and sit down in **chairs** cut into the **rock**, next to a brass **clock** without hands. Then the **clouds** move in, **swiftly**. When they have gone, the clock and the children have gone too.



THE WRONG DOOR.

Guy Guilty sat as **straight** as a Christmas candle on the leather **couch** in the waiting room of Bondi pavilion.

He was **nervous**, a bit like a mother **expecting** her first child.

The manager had died a week earlier and since Guy wanted to fill the vacancy, he wondered **whether** he would be considered **popular enough** by the multicultural municipal committee who had to shift **their** way **through** the **whole** range of his **unsmear**ed credentials.

After a fair while, he felt **annoyed** and **invisible**, so he **decided** to act.

He **knocked** hard on a door that seemed more important looking than any of the others.

Nobody **answered**. He knocked again, **except** this time even harder than before.

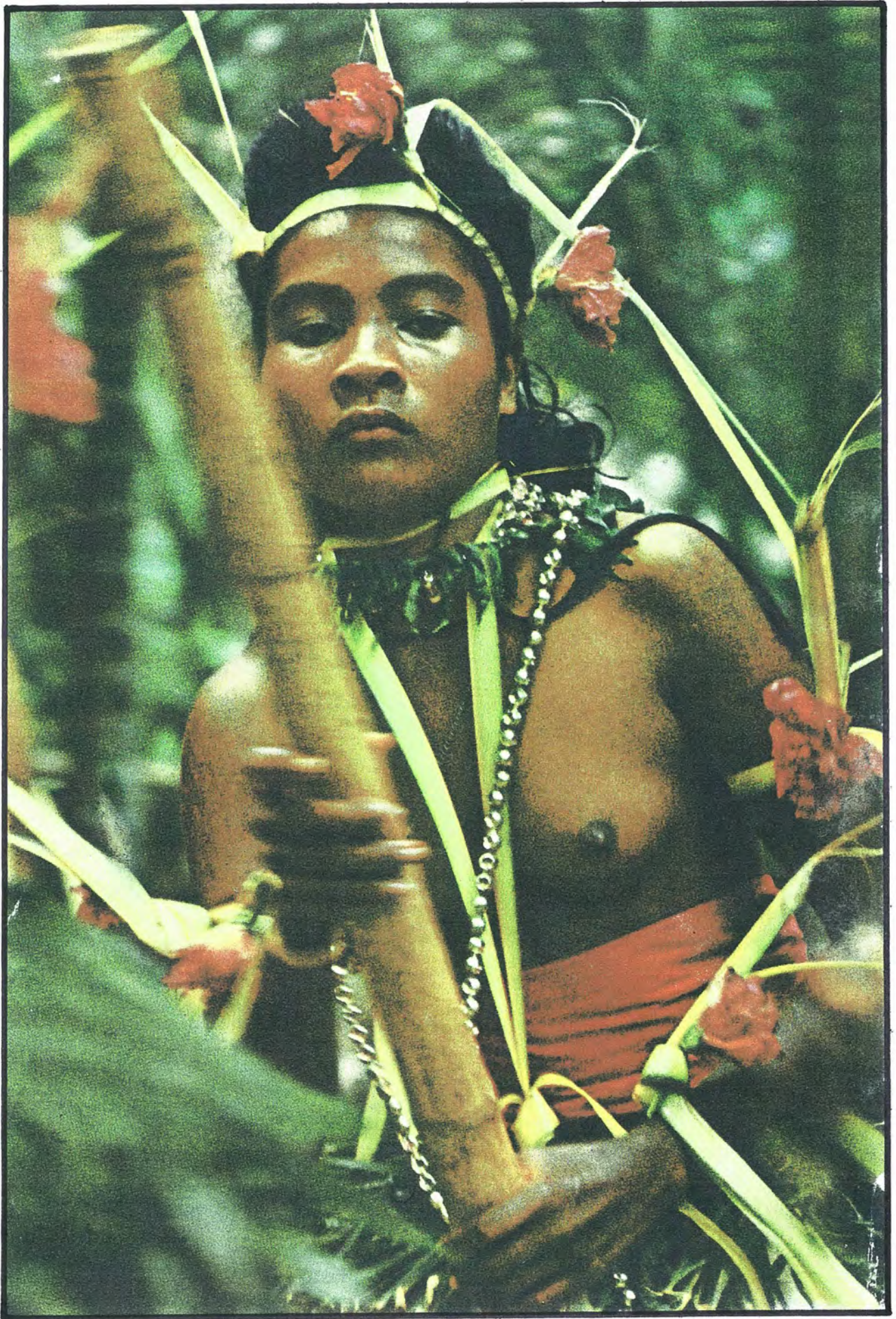
Since it was obvious that his aggressive knock was still not **heard**, he angrily opened it, only to find that he was outside.

knocked
unanswered
expecting
straight
couch
nervous
enough
except
invisible
annoyed
decided
guilty
smear
pavilions
popular
through
whether
whole
heard
their ✓

annoyed
answered
couch
decided
enough
except
expecting
guilty
heard
invisible
knocked
nervous
pavilions
popular
smear
straight
their
through
whether
whole

✓ knocked
✓ answered
✓ expecting
✓ straight
✓ couch
✓ nervous
✓ enough
✓ except
✓ invisible
✓ annoyed
✓ decided
✓ guilty
✓ smear
✓ pavilions
✓ popular
✓ through
✓ whether
✓ whole
✓ heard
✓ their

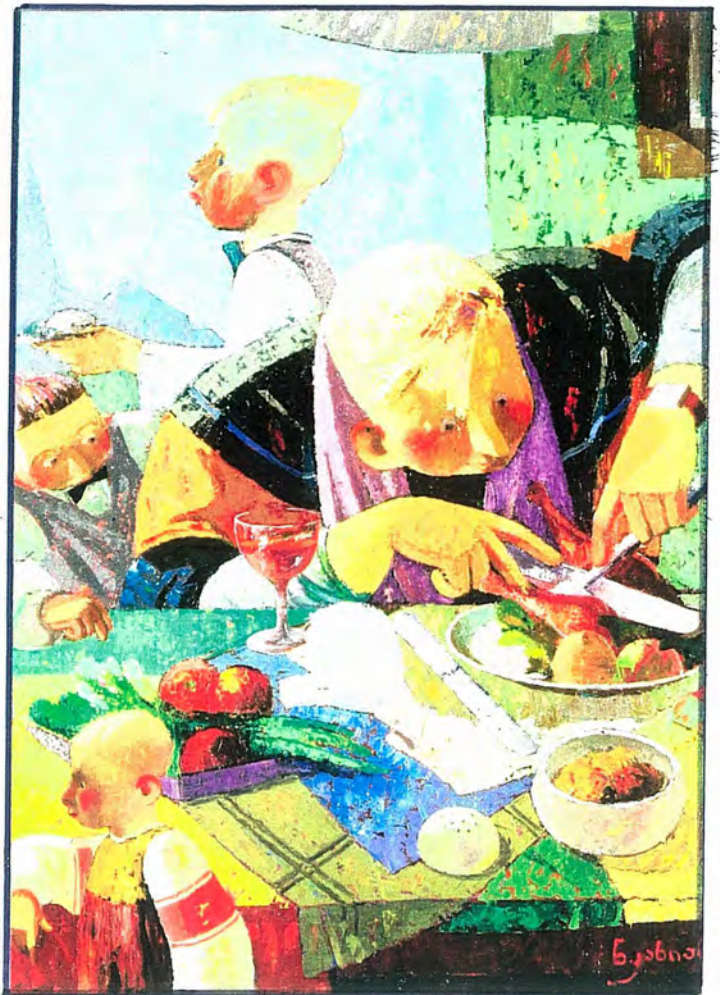
knocked X
answered
expecting
straight
couch
nervous
enough
except
invisible
annoyed
~~knocked~~
guilty
smear
pavilions
popular
through
whether
whole
heard
their
take note
care please



Model Exercise 2

Box 132	reprehensible reconnoitre proprietary reprieve putrefy riveter revelation resuscitate predelection soliloquy separable silhouetted reminiscence reverie quiescent rendezvous	saleable presumptuous reciprocity scarlatina pseudonym saphires sarsaparilla sceptic requital scarefied recurrence proficiency scintillating practioner rebellious unpronounceable	sanguinary psychology rarefy simultaneous pre-eminent risible presbytery privileges sanctity predicament rhapsody specify scheduled profession pretentious sacrilege
--------------------	---	---	---





1. Sorting according to the sound of the stressed beat (syllable).

SUN	TAN	TOM	SKINNY	PENNY
recurrence resuscitate presumptuous	saphires rhapsody sanctity sanguinary sacrilege	reciprocity psychology	scintillating privileges sarsaparilla soliloquy reminiscence predicament riveter proficiency practioner risible requital	pretentious rebellious predelection reprehensible silhouetted quiescent reverie profession sceptic separable specify scheduled pre-eminent rarefy scarefied presbytery
PALE	PETER	TINY	TONY	BOY
simultaneous saleable revelation	reprieve scarlatina	proprietary		reconnoitre
SCOUT	PAUL	SMART	GIRL	SUE
unpro- nounceable				putrefy rendezvous pseudonym



2. Sorting according to the number of beats (syllables).

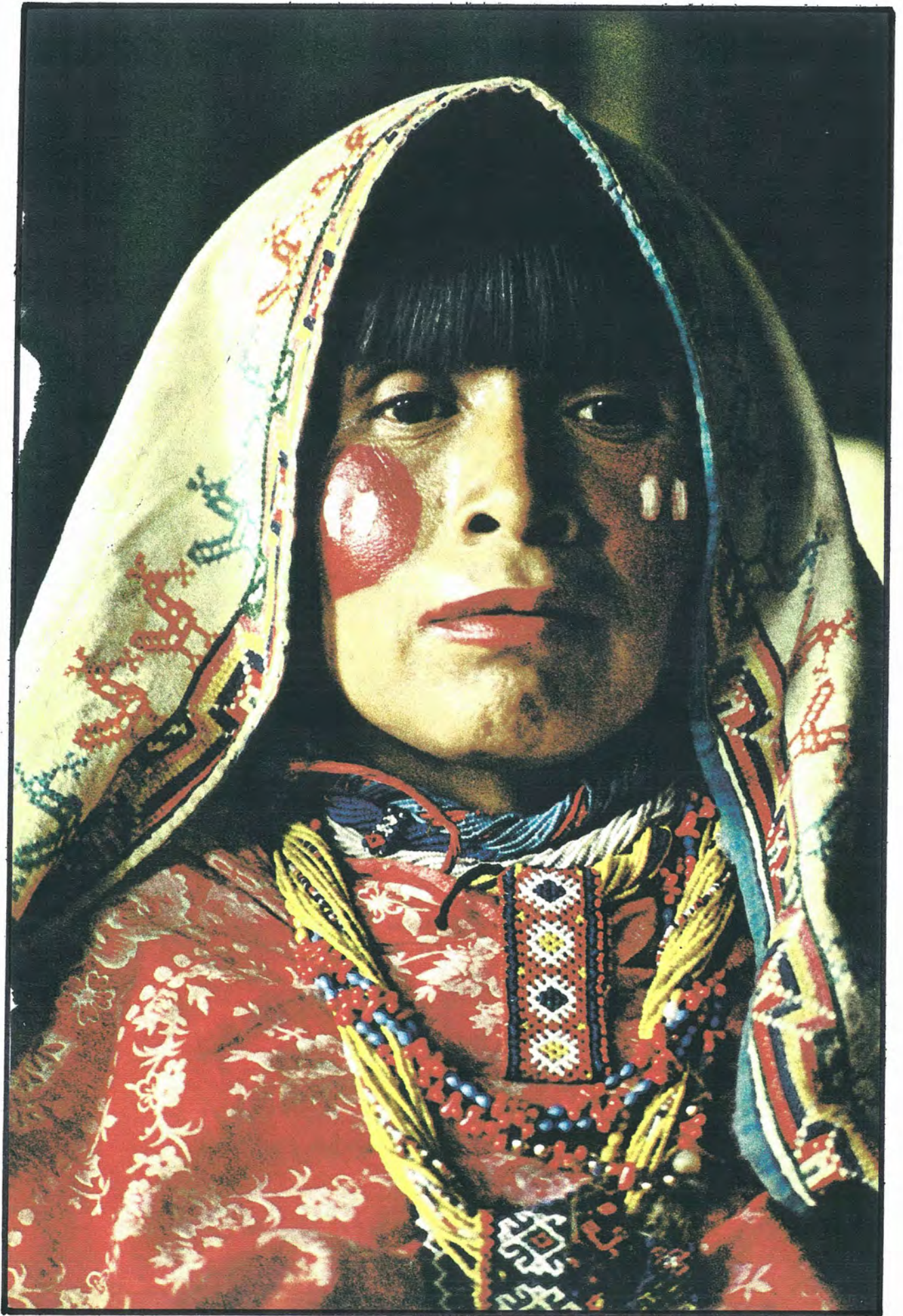
2 beats: sceptic, schedule, sapphire, reprieve.

3 beats: rendezvous, quiescent, recurrence, specific, rarefy, transient, profession, putrefy, pseudonym, requital, sacrilege, saleable, scarify, sanctity, scintillate, risible, presbytery, reverie, privilege, rhapsody, riveter.

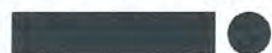
4 beats: rebellious, sanguinary, silhouetted, separable, reconnoitre, preferable, practitioner, proficiency, predelection, psychology, resuscitate, predicament, reminiscence, receptacle, scarlatina, pre-eminent, soliloquy, presumptuous, pronounceable, pretentious.

5 beats: sarsaparilla, temporarily, simultaneous, reciprocity, proprietary, temporarily.





3. Sorting according to rhythm pattern.



sceptic, schedule, sapphire



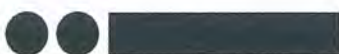
reprieve



rarefy, pseudonym, scarify,
saleable, risible, privilege,
rhapsody, sanctity, putrefy,
reverie, transient, scintillate,
sacrilege, presbytery, riveter



specific, requital, profession,
recurrence, quiescent



rendezvous



sanguinary, separable, preferable



proficiency, psychology,
predicament, pre-eminent,
presumptuous, soliloquy,
receptacle, pretentious,
pronounceable, resuscitate,
practitioner, rebellious



scarlatina, reminiscence,
reconnoitre, predelection,
silhouetted



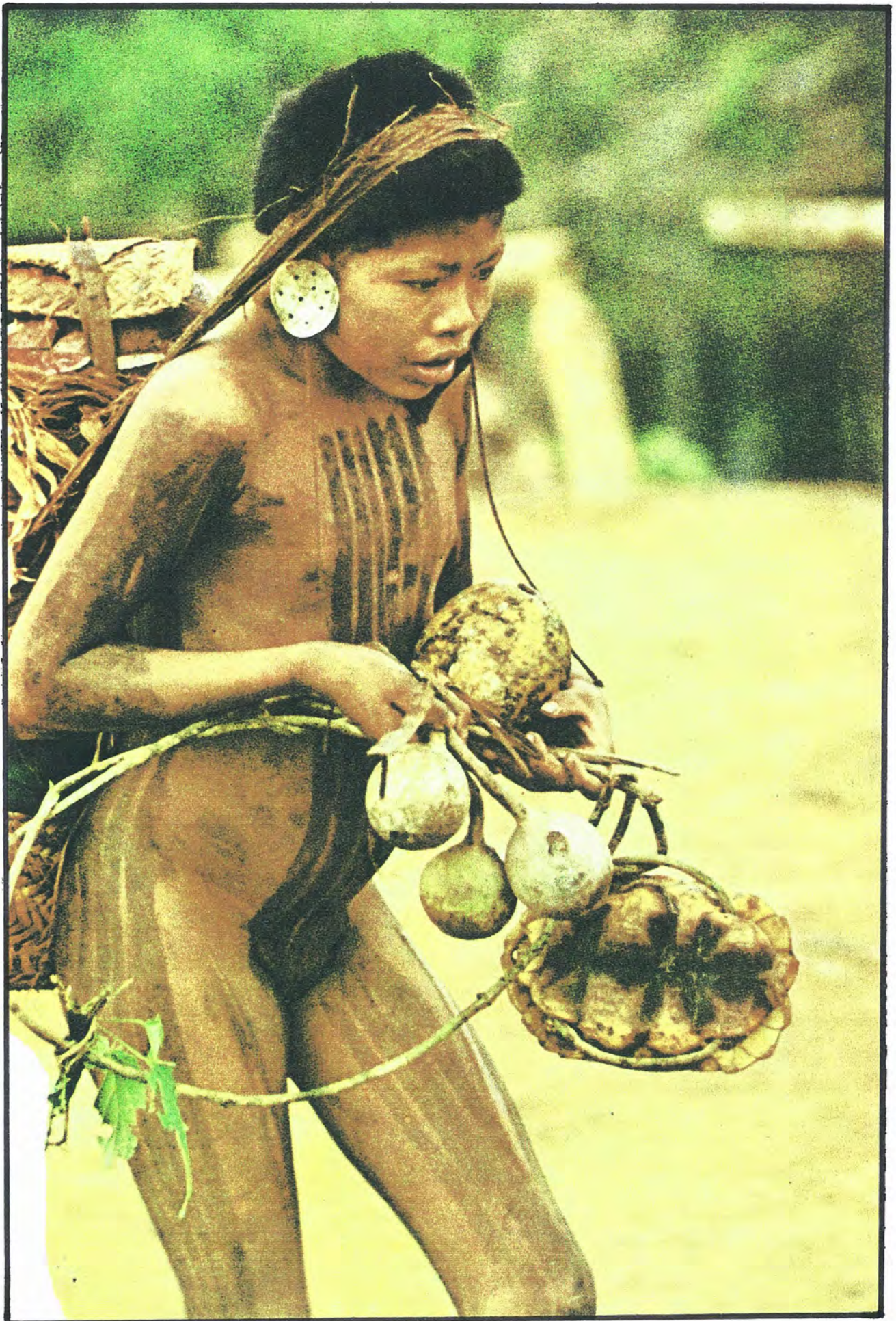
proprietary



reciprocity, simultaneous,
temporarily



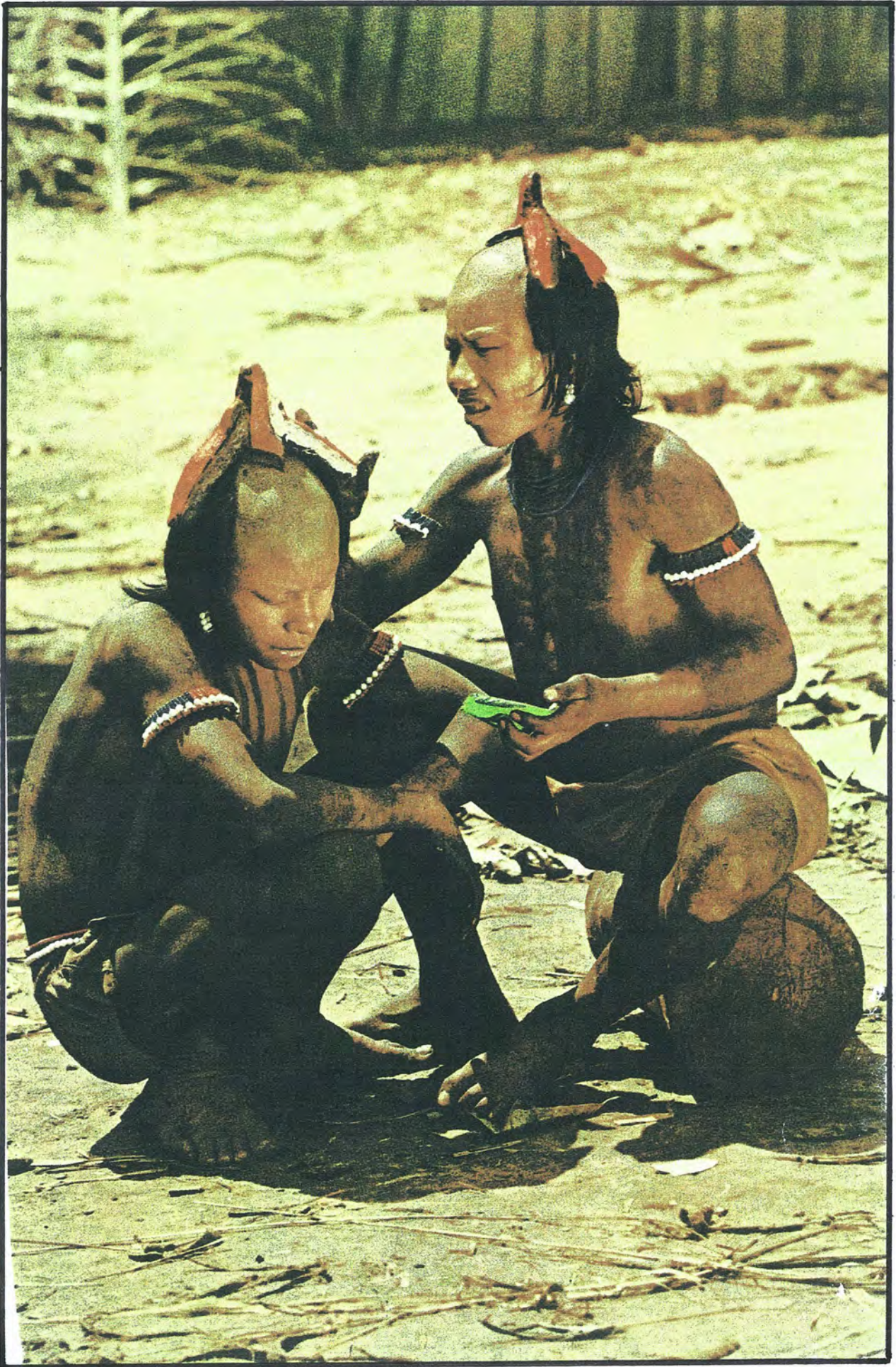
sarsaparilla



Fathër Walter was a **pretentious** and **rebellious** priest whose **scintillating** eyes were like **sapphires** emitting a **rhapsody** in blue when faithfals came to the **presbytery** to ask his advice. However, his **predilection** towards his favourite denomination was often considered **reprehensible**. Despite the advantage of a **reciprocity** of neighbourly **privileges**, Father Walter became obsessed with an enormous **sarsaparilla**, the prickly climbers of which had grown over the fence and **silhouetted** themselves against his white-washed holy wall. He considered it **sacrilege**.

So, one day, very early in the morning as a matter of fact, he went out to **reconnoitre** his chances to **reprieve** the **sanctity** of his presbytery. If he would cut it off low enough, it would be **quiescent** for quite a number of years to come and thereby **rarefy** its **recurrence**; once cut, it would be difficult to **resuscitate** it. The **soliloquy** of his **reverie** prompted the **reminiscence** of two **simultaneous predicaments** the year before. The previous tenant was a **presumptuous, sanguinary riveter** who carried out his **profession** with great **proficiency**, but he was a **sceptic** as far as religion was concerned. Apart from the problem with the sarsaparilla, the man would never throw his easily **separable** garbage into the two appropriate **receptacles**. The empty beer cans were heaped in a corner together with leftover dinners that would quickly **putrefy** in summer.

Since the presbytery was of course not **saleable**, he envisaged a **rendezvous** with the doctor next door with the **specific** intent to raise the issue of the offending sarsaparilla. No doubt he would need a bit of **psychology**. He arranged an appointment with the receptionist and arrived at the **scheduled** time. Dr Giovanni Boccaccio was a **pre-eminent practioner** who thought that the **pseudonym** of just DOC was preferable to his real name because it was **unpronounceable** for most people and consequently invariably ended up in **risible** situations. Pre-empted by the riveter as well as by the discovery of the priests early morning reconnaissance outing, he had already prepared his **requital** that would be supplemented by a pseudo **proprietary** drug, a non-alcoholic drink prepared from... the roots of the sarsaparilla. As soon as the priest entered, Doc's face darkened as if greatly alarmed by reading something like the conflicts between good and evil, and of the end of the world as written in the Apocalypse, the **Revelation** of Saint John the Divine. "Don't say anything, I've already diagnosed an acute communicable disease," he said. "What is it?" the priest asked. "**Scarlatina!**" the doctor replied. "Oh my God!" The priest shrieked. Doctor Giovanni **scarified** Father Walter's arm for supposed inoculation, handed him the bottle of medicine and gave him strict orders to stay in the presbytery for at least six weeks without having any contact with friends, maids, or people of his preferred denomination.

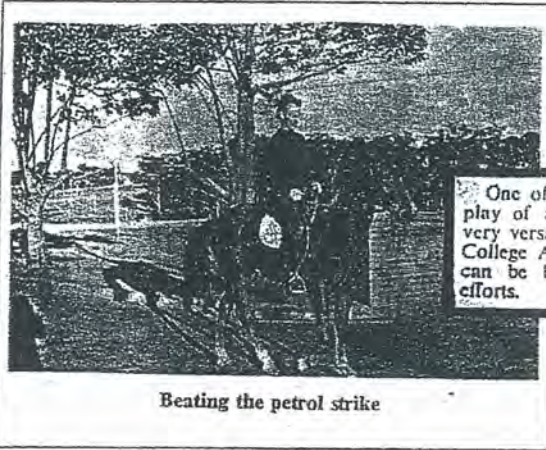


**Psychology is a Science, Teaching is an Art.
Sciences never generate arts directly out of
themselves; an intermediary, inventive mind
must make the application by use of its
originality. (William James)**

It's therefore absolutely useless to just issue "How to do" – sheets, a modern trend that is the result of incompetence and shallow thinking.

It needs much more to teach Art and Creative Writing. Those who only watch T.V., listen to commercial radios, participate in Trivial Pursuit Games, fill their stomachs, express likes and dislikes or give gut-inspired opinions, have no hope in hell; they are like people who turn the tap of an empty water tank.

You can only grow crops when you plant seeds. You can only receive when you have given. If you have nothing to give but stars and stamps, you'd be better off working for the Department of Social Security.



Beating the petrol strike

The Art Exhibition

One of the highlights of the Exhibition was the display of art work by the boys themselves. Under the very versatile and capable direction of Mr A. Bark, the College Art Master, these boys showed just what talent can be brought to light by encouragement in their efforts.

C. DAVEY, Fathers' Association

The author arriving at Oakhill College, Castle Hill.

THIS IS WHAT INSPIRED STUDENTS CAN PRODUCE WITHOUT SILLY PROGRAMS FOR THE SO-CALLED GIFTED AND TALENTED:

HAUNTED ORCHARD

Many a legend has been told about the haunted orchard but now I am here to see it for myself.

The sky is changing to a ghostly green, dotted with disfigured clouds. In the orchard all is still and quiet. But then, abruptly, the trees lurch upward from the ground and, before my frightened eyes, begin to battle and strangle each other. I spy two trees with distorted limbs interlocked and viciously scraping and tearing off one another's bark. The ground is wet with the blood of the trees.

The battle continues.

Suddenly, in a burst of silver moonbeams, the trees freeze. Slipping back into the soil, they wait until the moon is shadowed by ghostly clouds before they come alive again.

A. YEN, Form JA

Literary Section/Art

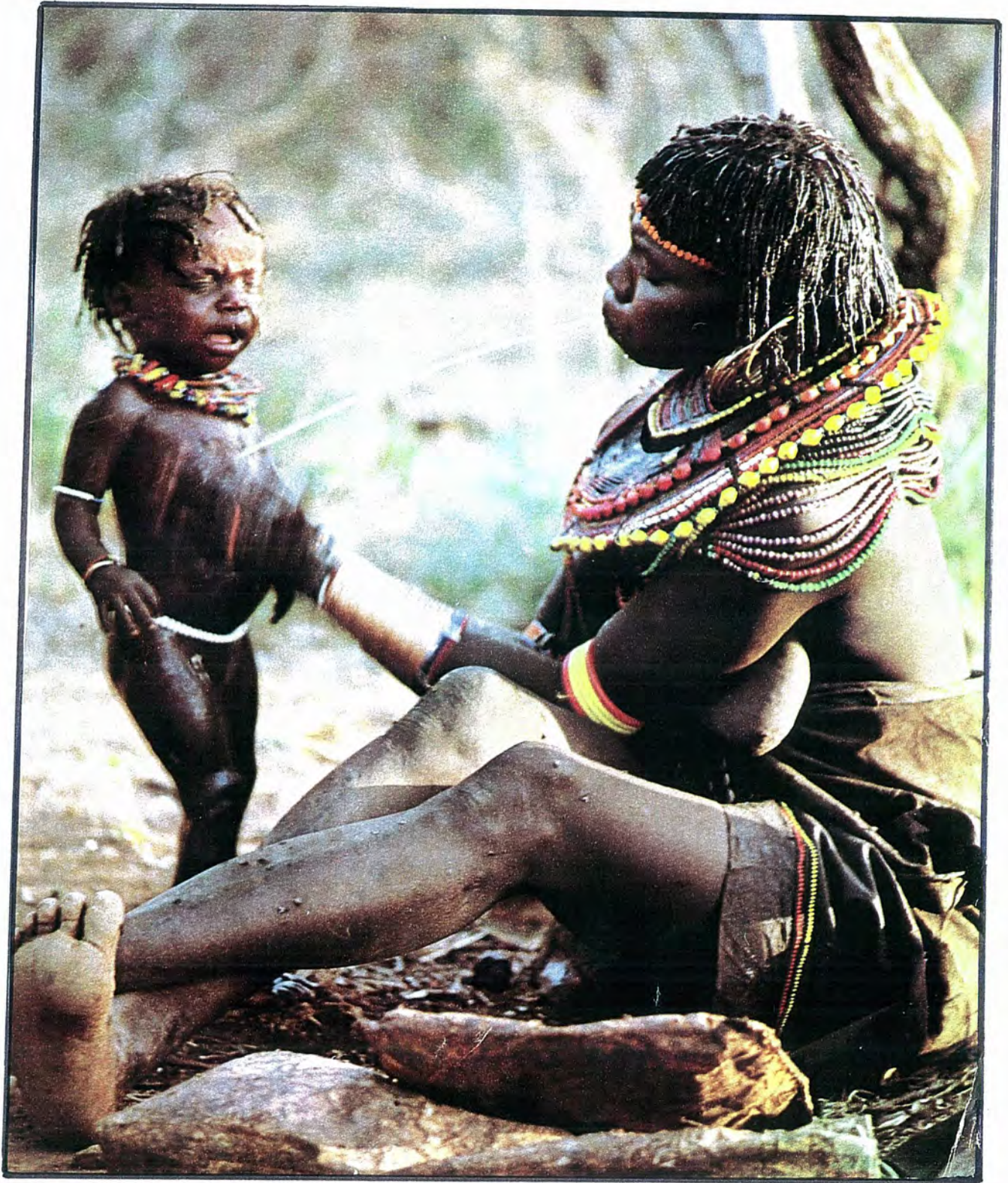
THE THUNDERSTORM

The cold shivery wind blows across the desolate land. The grey sky, laden with clumps of dull clouds, covers the countryside like a blanket of terror.

The rustling of leaves followed by a clap of thunder. A bolt of lightning strikes like the devil's fork across the sky and the clatter of rain and hail brings the storm to its raging climax.

Boom! The clouds clash in mighty fury while the devastating lightning crackles across the grasslands. The rain comes in all its merciless river of destruction. Finally the winds abate to a child's breath, the rain to a sprinkle, and the sun's glowing rays cut their way through the dismal sky to bake the soil once more.

K. BIBLE, Form 2 Credit



Sensory Awareness

The following illustrated creations were the result of spending time to do the exercises mentioned before.

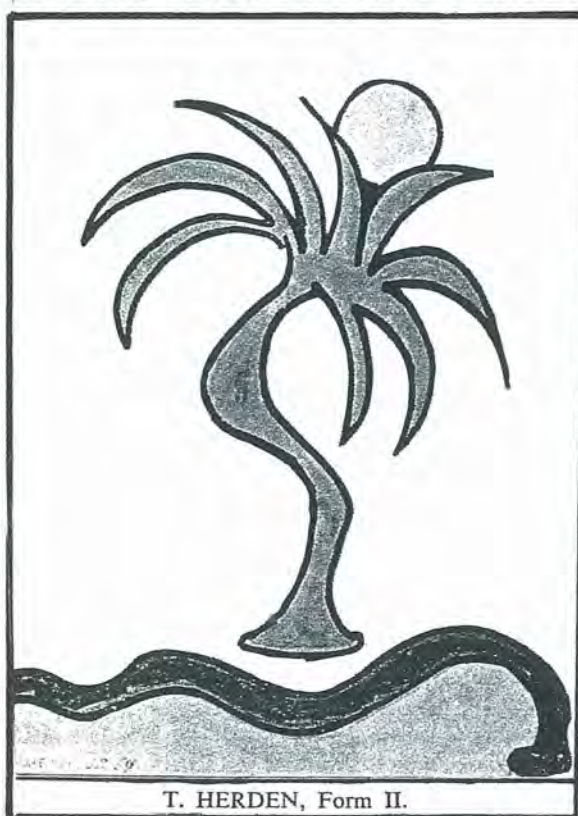
The fact that I taught art as well, helped to cause students not only to look, **but to see.**

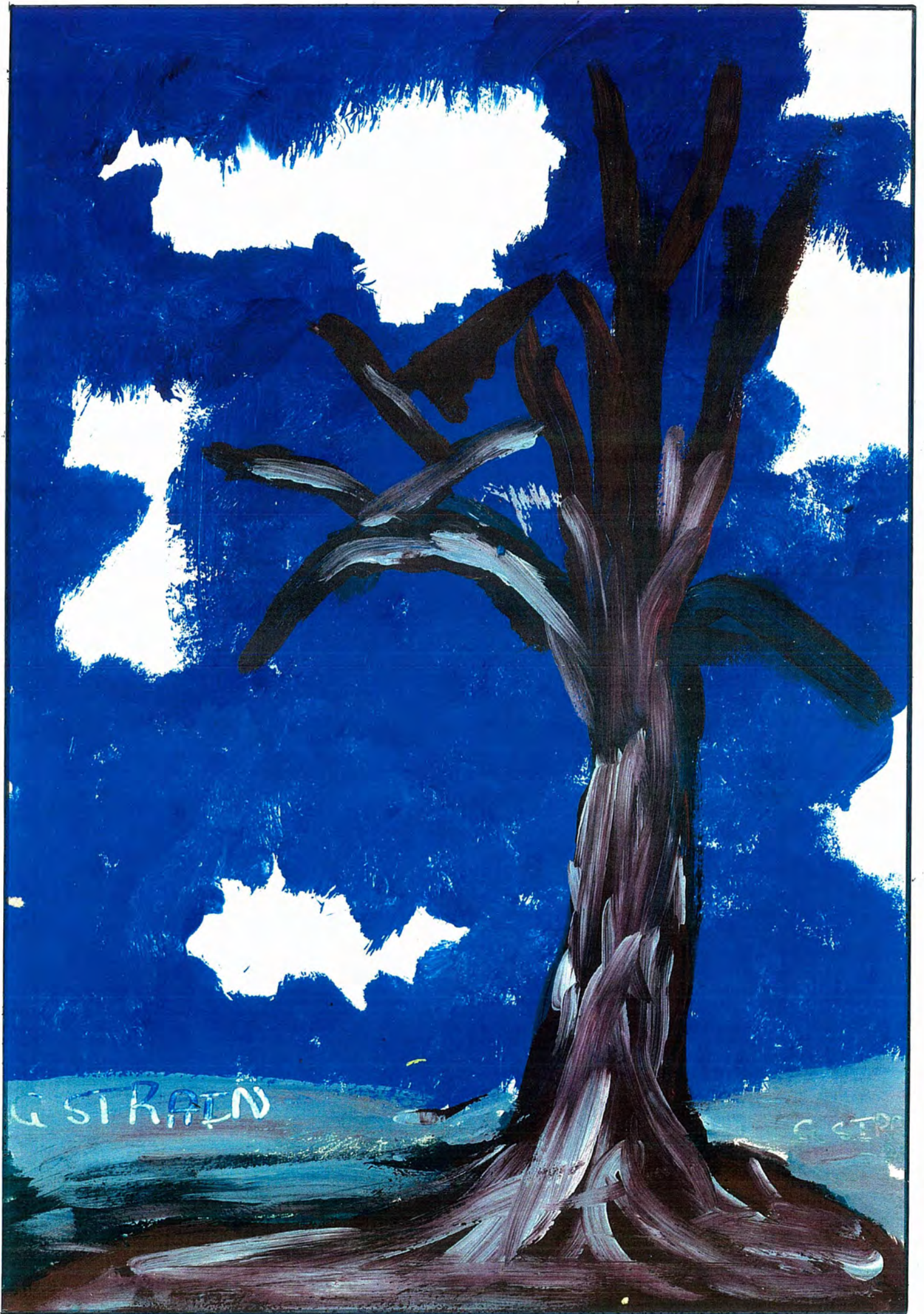
For weeks on end, they would sit in the garden to observe and draw the various trees around them. After that, they were asked to create their own tree. With enthusiastic encouragement, all students showed work that only uninhibited free spirits can come up with.

Both **prose and poetry** were either the result of animated discussions or selected visual stimuli (reproductions of famous paintings) selected by the students themselves.

In order to prime latent creativity, numerous striking pictures are scattered throughout this book. It should instantly replace the authoritarian habit of presenting students with a compulsory-usually boring-title and a blank page.

Adult students either used these powerful pictures or 30 to 50 randomly selected words written on cards that fitted in a matchbox.





MY LITTLE BOAT

Alone in a boat
 Being tossed and turned.
 The great fury of the wind
 And the monstrous waves
 They're all against me.
 Except my little boat.
 My little boat
 So sturdy and strong
 Will keep me from the dangers ahead.
 My sails have carried me
 Far from home
 And will take me back
 Again I know.

JEFFREY SMITH, Form 2 Gold

POEM

I GAZE
 AT THE
 DESERTED MOON
 SINKING
 BENEATH MY FEET—
 Into REALITY,
 AND TURN AROUND
 AS THE SUN RISES
 TRIUMPHANTLY
 STRETCHING UPWARD
 OUT OF THE LAKE.

LEIGH WILLIAMS, Form 1 Maroon



Sandstone Sculpture, CHRIS ORGAN

RUGGED MACHINES

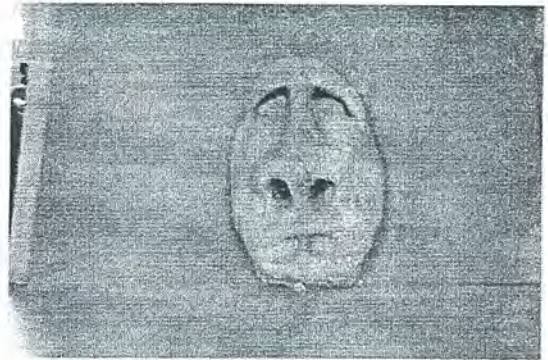
Coming round the corner doing ninety-eight
 These machines are testing each other
 Who will win the race.
 Burning round the corner, burning down the straight,
 Clanky checks the speed he's doing, a little too late!

The blue light flashing on and off,
 The siren screams aloud,
 The mini comes to stop,
 Now gathers round the crowd.

Out comes the book and pencil.
 For if you speed today,
 A ticket you will get my friend,
 The piper you must pay.

And pay he did our speedy nong,
 When to the judge he went along.
 No more he'll burn the straights so long,
 His licence is by now long gone.

ROBERT TAKACS, Form 2 White



Clay Mask, STEPHEN RYMILLS

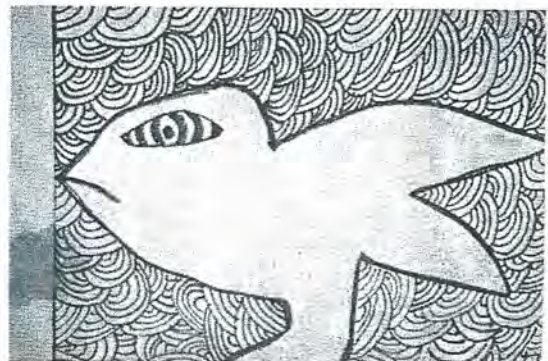
THE DANCER

I lay in bed, fast asleep, when suddenly I saw a swirling sea of colours and a stampede of drums.

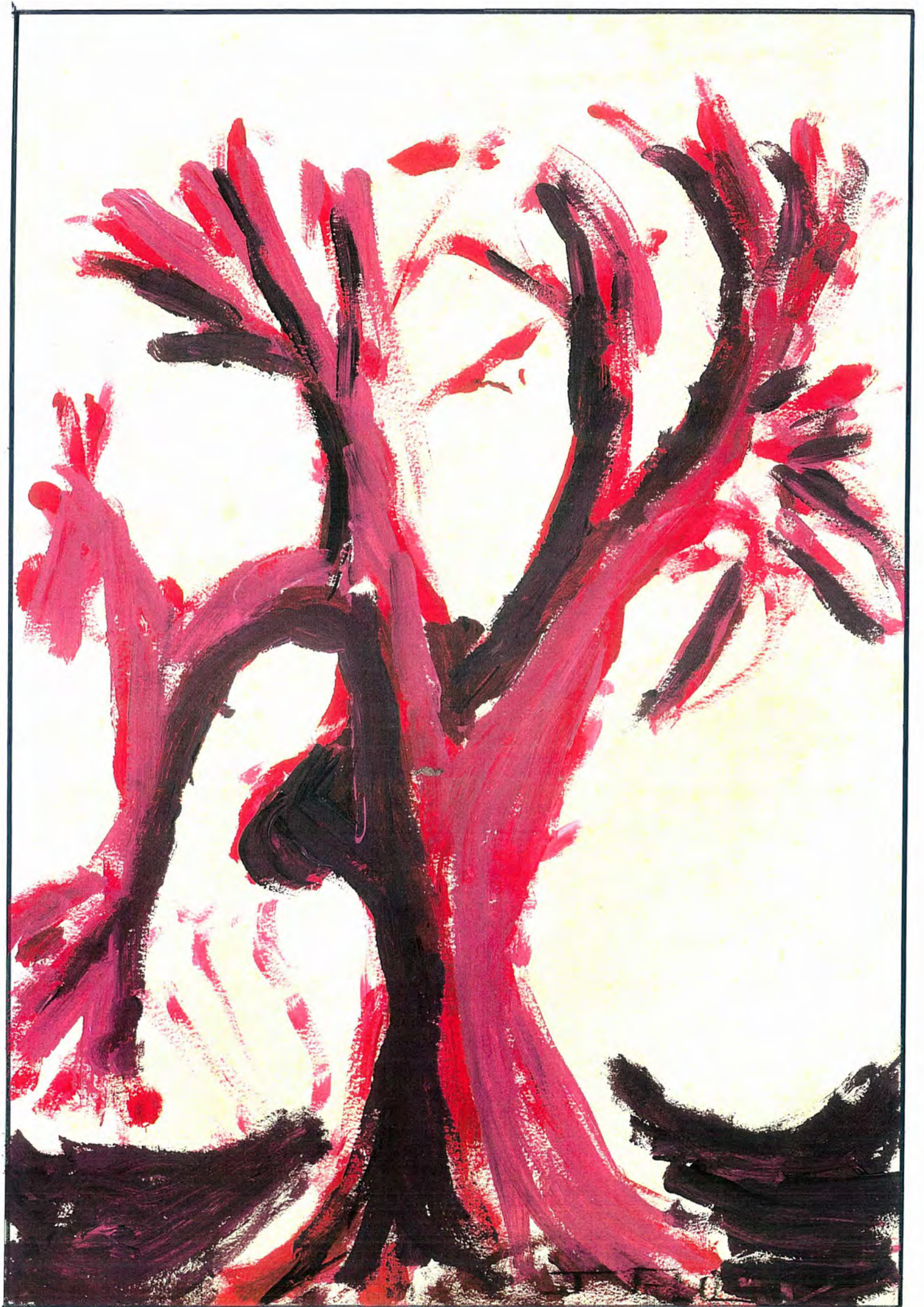
Out of nowhere appeared a dancer whose garment seemed to be made of the sun itself. She beckoned me to dance with her, and as if in an hypnotic trance, I obeyed. The dance got faster and faster; the drums louder and louder, the light was intense. I felt like fainting, but I couldn't stop in amongst the tempest of colours, sound and light.

Suddenly I heard a coq crow and everything went blank. I woke up, dizzy and exhausted.

JOHN SHIELDS, Form 1 Gold



Design, MARK KENNEDY



WORKAWORLD

Desks slam, books are out;
Pages rustle, rulers crack,
Pens drop, boys talk—louder . . .
The teacher steps in.
"SILENCE"

Saws scream as they cut the wood,
Torches blow as they cut the metal,
Boilers hiss as they let off steam,
Five o'clock, the whistle goes.
"SILENCE"

Money rattles, cash registers ring,
Babies cry, microphones bellow,
Cars roar, shop doors rattle
The people leave.
"SILENCE"

TONY WEEKS.

HORSE

A chestnut figure gliding by,
Adding colour to a dim, bare sky.
His hoofbeats sounding like a legion of drums,
Over the velvet grass he runs.
With a fiery glare he scans his path,
Narrowly missing a deep, muddy bath.

ALLAN KASHMER.

POEM ON NOISE

Hustle, bustle of the street,
Pitter patter of the feet;
Running water, flowing fast,
Chirping birds from trees I've passed
Noise is all around, just listen and you'll hear.
Tearing paper, screwing paper,
Hammering of nails;
Slamming desks, banging seats,
Stamping feet for fun;
Noise is all around, just
Listen and you'll hear.
Planes are roaring,
Planes are soaring;
Going to the moon;
Guns are shooting,
Owls are hooting,
Waiting for their doom.
But wait! What's this? I hear
No noise. Space! Heaven!

P. WOODHALL, Form IIA.

LORD OF THE SKY

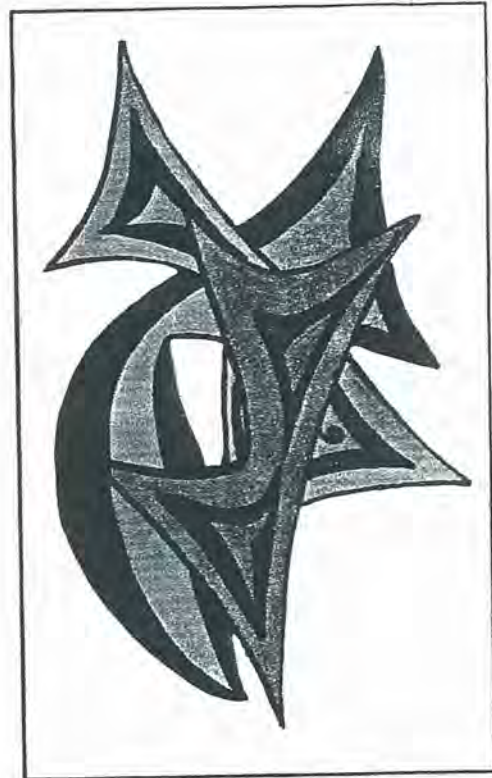
The lord of spirits his gold face glistening
Each day rose to attend his world.
With fellow spirits all a-listening
His conclusive orders of the day were unfurled.
Thus days commenced with a warmth at dawn
Unleashed from this father of the sky
Who once awakened from his dark rest at morn
Spread his wings and began to fly.
With height he gained his strength did grow
Enlivening vast creatures and lands he ruled
And so awoke the world below
Continuing survival, their resources pooled.
When the towering apex of his flight was reached
His radiant love was at its great
Thus to all those who beseeched
Prosperity and wealth, was their fate.
As he wearied on his routine tour
Of his kingdoms and creatures a-low
His reserve of strength and flame grandeur
Slowly died, till it ceased to flow.

"The lord's at rest", his world acclaimed,
With his might our work is done
Now we ourselves must pause quite lamed
Till our master's strength is won.

At times the master was ill at mind
His head and heart drowned deep in sorrow
Then days of warmth his world was fined
As comrades' tears showered till the morrow.
Other days his mighty anger flared
And bolts of fiery flame were thrown
The lord of fire, has nigh power spared
When creatures offend the celestial throne.

Thus is the lord's kingdom grand
Whose boundaries lie, where only he does know
Ruled by his generous yet potent hand
Unified in survival and without a foe.

R. GANGEMI, Form V.



R. MASSEY, Form III.

AT SEVENTEEN . . .

They tell me that to love so young
is something that just cannot be done
They tell me that my love's not sure
and not to look for any more
They tell me that our relationship
is nothing but a quick friendship
They tell me that my love's not real
but do they know just how I feel?
I'll tell them what love means to me
and even then they'll disagree
I'll tell them that love's based on trust
that only sin is based on lust
I'll tell them that in our love we find
compassion, joy, and peace of mind
I'll tell them that love makes us free
and puts us in God's company.

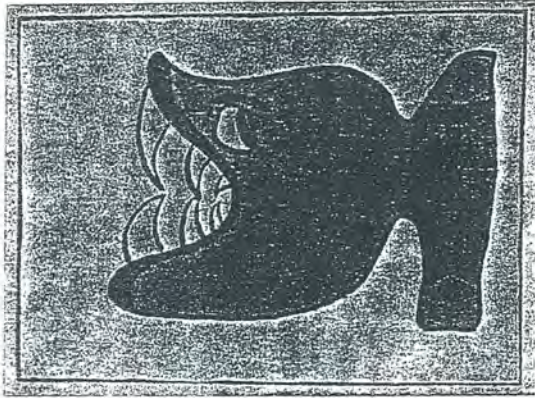


LIFE

The time has come to speak of many things; of happiness, of sadness; and of "hello" and "goodbye". I've been happy and I've been sad and I've already said "hello"; and so now it is time to say "goodbye". Old friendships will dissolve and new ones will form, as time takes its toll upon our lives.

Memories will linger on for years, but soon they too, will say "goodbye", and then, all will be gone, eroded by time. And then when I'm old and wise, maybe I'll think to myself and jog my memory about this place again, and smile, as I die.

CHRIS DOWD, Form VI



T. MEZGER
6th Grade

SWIM

*Swim on hot days,
Swim, swim, swim.
Swim on cold days,
Swim, swim, swim.
Swim near sharks—
Swam, swam, swam.*

RON ROBINSON, Form 3A

THE BUNYIP

*By the light of the moon on the coldest night,
The bunyip comes out into sight,
He screeches and howls after men in flight,
For the fun of seeing the dumbest in flight.*

C. HORVATH, Form I Gold

THE TREE

*I climbed a tree, it was old,
Wrinkled up, but still of gold.
Every branch a hand to me
Lots of fingers and nails of green.
A branch or two I climbed up more,
I reached the top and wished for more
But that was all the tree could grow.*

LACHLAN McDONALD, Form I Gold

VALLEY MIST

Sheep huddled around the trunks of knotted ghost-gums attempting to escape from the early morning heat. Bright green spurs radiating from brown hills glistening with glittering golden sun. An impenetrable haze fills the valleys and outer highlands. I am uncomfortable with the heat. My clothes cling to me. Trees line the watercourse which snakes down the valley and clouds lay strewn across the pale sky.

E. GRIFFITH, Form 3A

FINANCE

*Buy,
Buy, gain.
Buy, gain, loan.
Buy, gain, loan, lease.
Buy, gain, loan, lease, lose.
Lose, bankrupt, poor.
Steal, run, hide.
Found, caught—
Gaol.*

T. HOULCROFT, Form 3A



S. GRAY
Form I Gold

MICE

*I think mice
are rather nice.
Their tails are long,
their faces small,
they haven't any chins at all.
Their ears are pink,
their teeth are white,
they run about
the house at night.
But I think mice
are rather nice.*

S. MURPHY, Form I Maroon



Ink Drawing, ROBERT MUDGE



RICHARD LIM. 14.

CASTLE HILL OAKHILL COLLEGE 1973



J. GEE
Form 2 Credit

THE HORSE

*There it is! There it is!
Racing through the fields of grass,
Gallop, gallop, ever so fast,
Over the fence and on to the pass,
Across the road and over the hill,
Till it comes to the old stone mill.
There it wheels, covered in foam,
Not even a pause but gallops for home.*

R. CALABRESE, Form 1 Gold

TO LIVE AGAIN

*The raindrop gently falling down,
to meet its comrades on the ground.
They hurry off to join the crowd,
to tumble over boulders scoured.*

*That raindrop flows just on and on,
supporting fish and plants in ponds;
To deep dark rivers still it flows,
ferrying cargoes as it goes.*

*Yet still on and on it flows,
takes the seeds that plants have sown;
Takes the sand to fill the deeps,
makes the beds but never sleeps.*

*Rising in some future age,
I'll saturate the winds that rage
And on some distant Spanish plain
become a drop of rain again.*

T. McLOUGHLIN, Form 3A

THE BIG NOISE

*Rattle, rattle in the streets;
Cranes and drills buzz out loud;
Chirping birds in the park;
Pitter-patter of the feet.*

*Garbage men they come around;
Banging tins and laughing loud;
Slamming doors and banging seats;
Just listen to the rowdy noise.*

*But when the men they go to war,
and different screaming, shouting,
laughing, banging, booming sounds are heard,
It's hell compared to:*

*Rattle, rattle in the streets.
Cranes and drills buzz out aloud.
Chirping birds in the park.
Pitter-patter of the feet.*

K. McGRATH, Form I Maroon

LIGHT

*The sun creeps up over a cloudy day
and shows his rays over the land
and slowly but surely rises from rest.*

*He rises higher and higher yet
and brighter and brighter his light becomes
and slowly but surely he rises through the day.*

*Come noon, he's at his peak
and down from the heaven his fire he shows us
and slowly but surely he descends through the day.*

*Come at dusk, he's quieter now
and through the cloudy night to stay
and quickly and surely he goes to rest.*

P. WOODHALL, Form 3A



J. FLOYD
Form 1 Gold

GRAVEYARD

*I am a car in a metal graveyard
I will be lifted up and melted
What will I be?*

*I might be a plane or a ship
Or a key
A tug or a tank
Or a pipe in the ground
Or I might be left
And never be found
And rust
And wither away.*

HAROLD HACKMAN, Form 2 Maroon

LAND, SEA AND SURF

*Seagulls wheeling majestically over the golden sands,
Winging their way over the sparkling sea;
A thing of beauty, a thing of nature.*

*The sea out beyond the breakers, calm and clear,
Sparkling in the light, like a diamond in the night;
A thing of beauty, a thing of nature.*

*The waves crashing against the rocks,
Crashing against the ships in the dock,
Refreshing to the ear;
A thing of beauty, a thing of nature.*

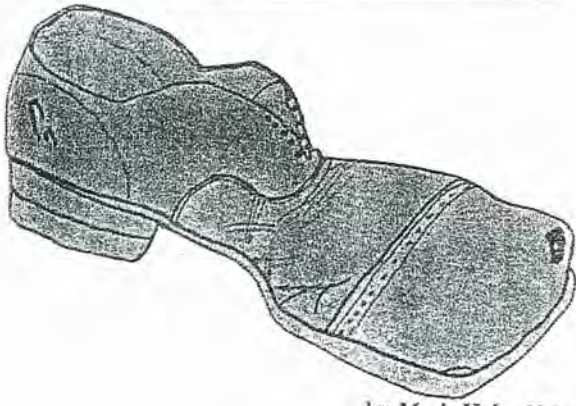
GERARD MILHAM, Form 2 White



OAK HILL

CASTLE HILL

P. Tottendell
2M 71



by Mark Hale, 1M

SHOE

*My shoe is shaped like a racing car,
Without any wheels or a bumper bar;
The foothole is just like a cockpit,
Even though you can't see over the top bit.
Each day the engine hops inside,
With five-toe power to make it stride.*

D. ROONEY, Form 1 Maroon



Ink Drawing, RICHARD LIM

A FLYING SAUCER

"Whoosh"! There it went again. It was a brightly-lit flying saucer racing across the eerie night sky. Or at least I thought it was. I rubbed my hands across my disbelieving eyes thinking it would disappear. It didn't. I had a flash camera. Should I take a picture? Maybe I would be famous. Yes, I would. I focussed the camera and click! I snapped a picture.

I was so excited I raced for home. In my rush I tripped and fell. The camera was smashed to pieces in a puddle. Now I never would be famous.

M. LAWRIE, Form 1 Gold

THE SEA

*The sea rises in splendour,
Foaming crests atop the dark power of the ocean,
Accelerating, devouring, and crashing on the shore,
Then quietly dying on the darkened sand.*

GERALD DAVIS, 3rd Form Maroon

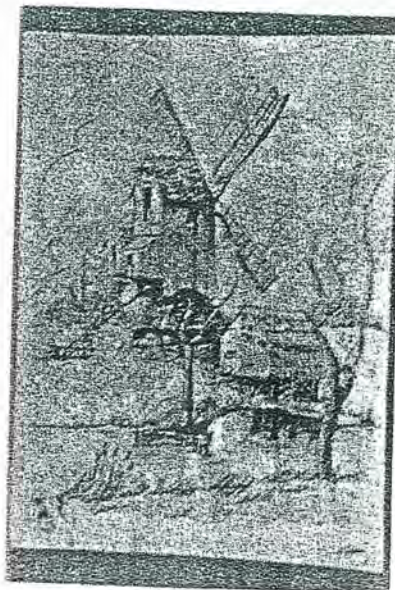
SMOKE

*Out of a factory's chimney
Rises an eddying column of smoke;
The wispy, wavering smoke
Curls and writhes and turns as if in agony,
Finally it fades and disappears
Into the atmosphere.*

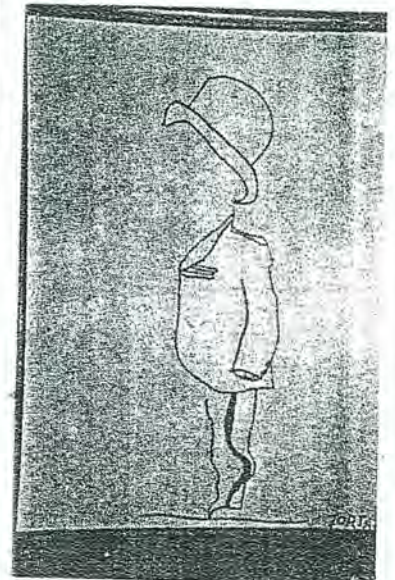
JAMES PAUL, Form 2 Maroon



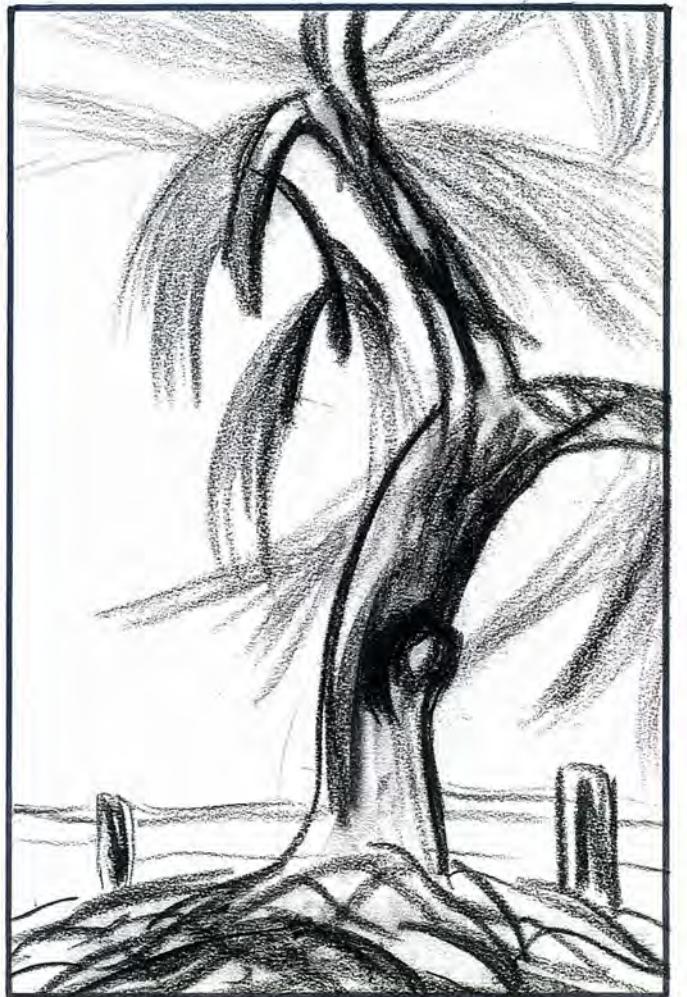
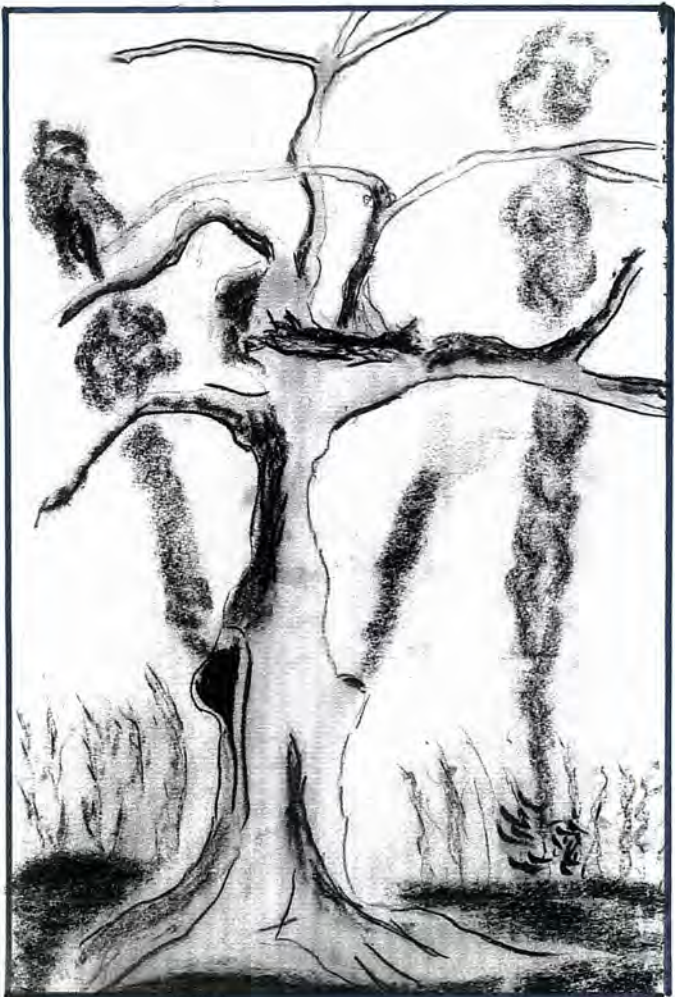
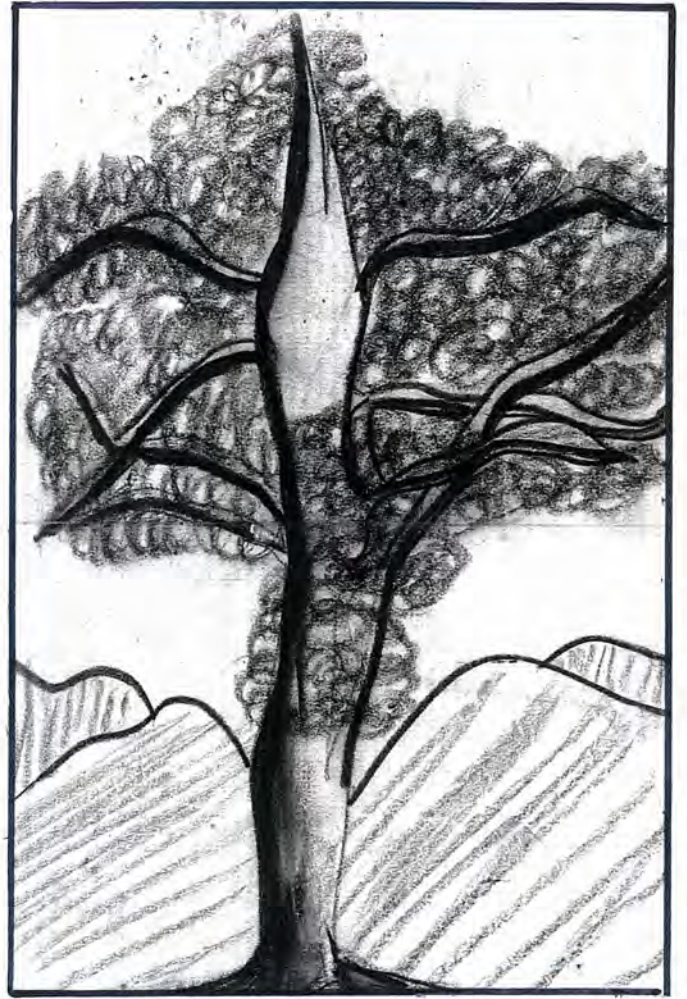
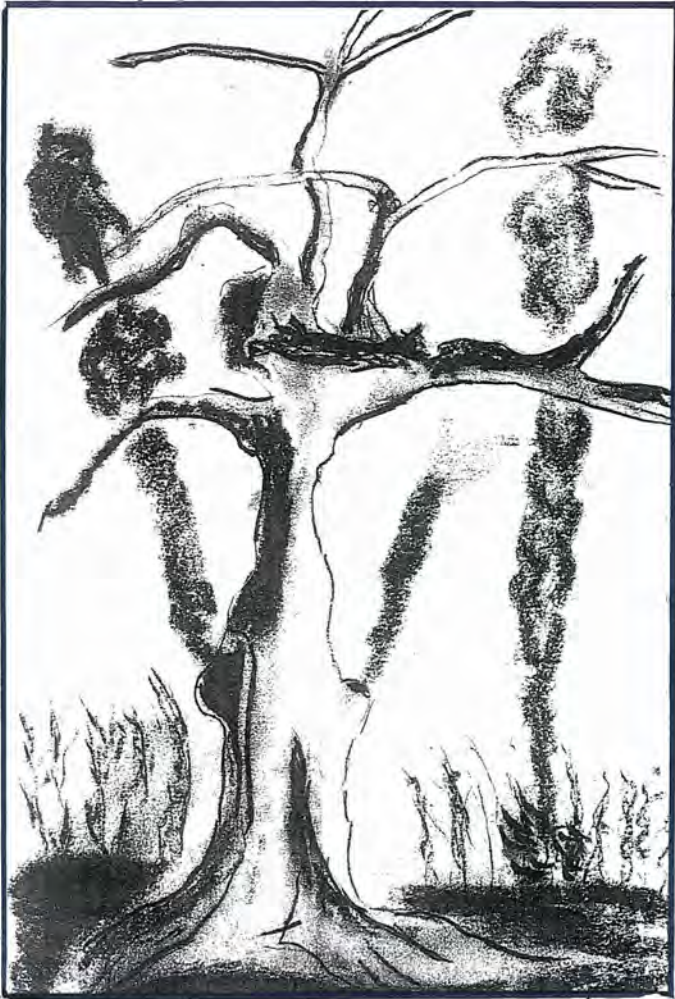
Contour Drawing, LYLE DAVIS

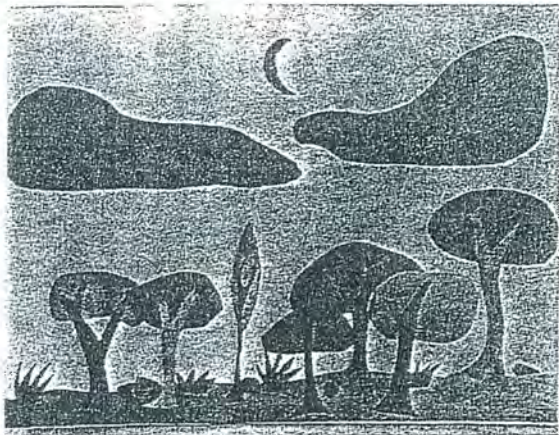


Pen Drawing, MARCUS WALSH



Man is not complete, GLEN TORTA





Collage by Brad Orrock, 2W



Collage by Raymond Seeto, 1M

THE ANT

*The ant, he wishes little harm
To those who don't disturb his calm,
Busily scurrying to and fro,
Gathering food which home will go
To the family.*

L. PALL, Form 1 Maroon



Collage by Robert Mudge, 2M

When



Collage by Michael Grein, 1G

LONESOME BRIDGE

(Based on a painting by Vincent van Gogh)

A little bay was its only friend. Robert walked over it every day. He'd sit and watch the water flow. The bridge was made of old gray wood and old brown bricks underneath. Fresh green grass lay near the water and old brown up the top. Cypress trees to give it shade and an old house behind it. He'd throw pebbles in and watch the water vibrate and the water hens pecking at the weeds. The bridge was a lonely one. And so was Robert.

ROBERT DeSTEFANO, Form 3 White

only

the

best

DEATH

*The night is silent,
But so is death.
The sky is dark,
But so is death.*

*The moon is ghostly,
And so is death.
The air is eerie.
And so is death.*

*But what in this life
Is not like death?
Life is not eternal,
But death is.*

ANTHONY SWANN, Form 3 Maroon



Collage by Manfred Spitzer, 3G

will

do

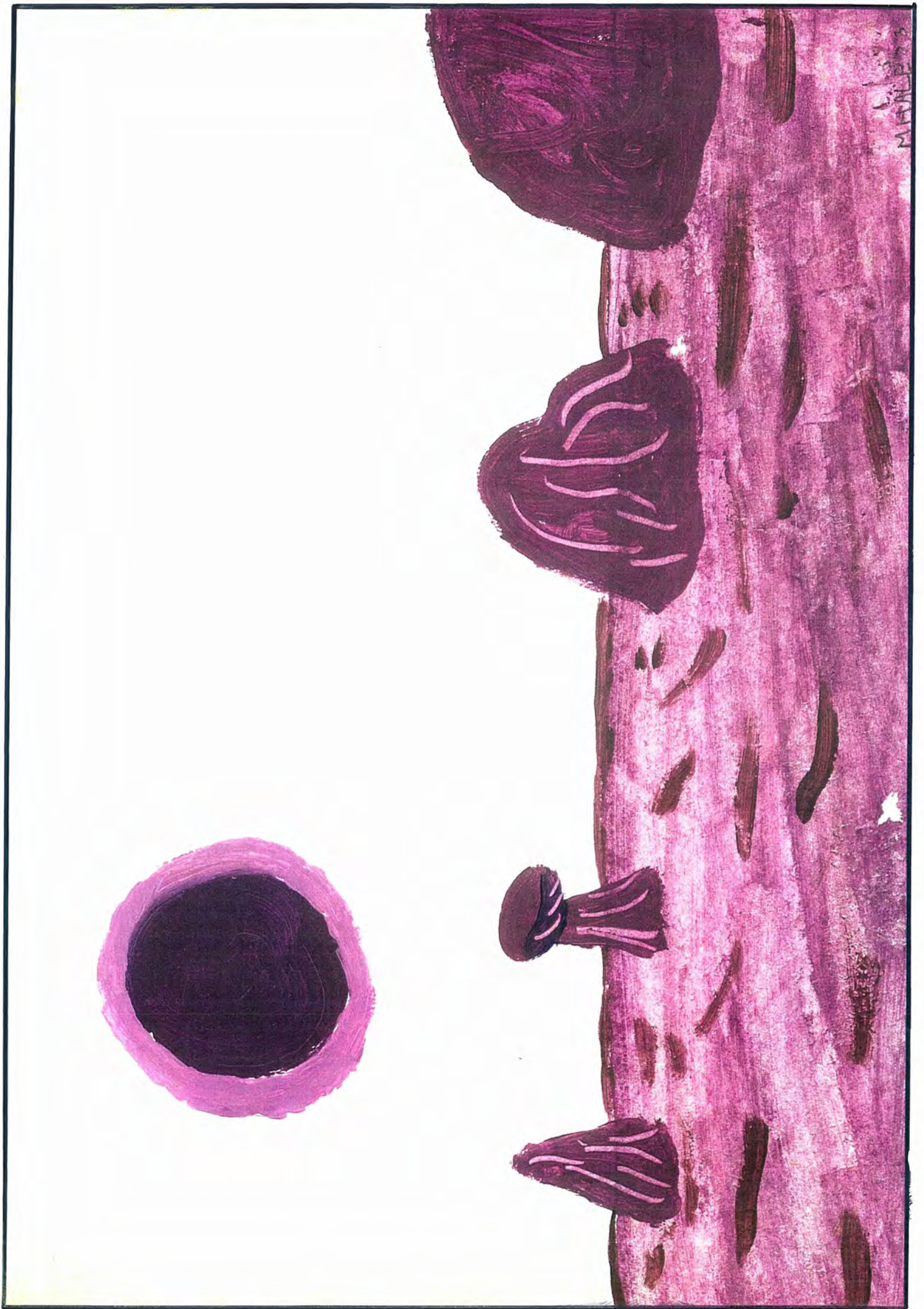
POEM

*The silence of the wind dried up the town.
The slow walk of the lonely horse,
The old woman,
The old man, tired,
Everything still.*

*The wind blew fast.
The old tree that was dry lived again to move,
The old woman became frightened,
The old man began to run,
And the lonely horse as never before
The sky went black,
The town went black
From the dust the wind had blown.*

*The sky went blue,
The tree went green,
The horse stopped,
The old man and lady walked together.*

GEORGE LEBNON, Form 2 White



Stop doing the homework, overzealous parents warned



Homework time ... the Della Marta girls are allowed to study without too much intervention from their mother, Merrion, who says, "I see all this pushing, pushing."

Photo: *Kate Geraghty*

Adele Horin and Anna Patty
September 23, 2006

AS EXAM season looms, parents risk damaging their children and robbing their self-esteem by rewriting their essays or trying to do their study for them, education experts have warned.

Some Sydney schools are sending notes home to warn parents off their children's homework, and at least one high school is requiring students to complete assignments in class time, to ensure they are doing their own work.

Parents who rewrite the history essay, polish the English assignment, and say "We got a good mark for science," are in danger of undermining their children's confidence and causing long-term psychological problems, child psychologists warn.

"Unless the children are geniuses, their work is hardly ever going to be as good as an educated parent's, and so they grow up feeling whatever they produce is never going to hit the mark," said Beverley Thirkell, an educational psychologist on the northern beaches.

In a highly competitive world, the rise of the overinvolved "parachute" parent who rescues their children from difficulties is receiving widespread attention in Australia, Britain and the US.

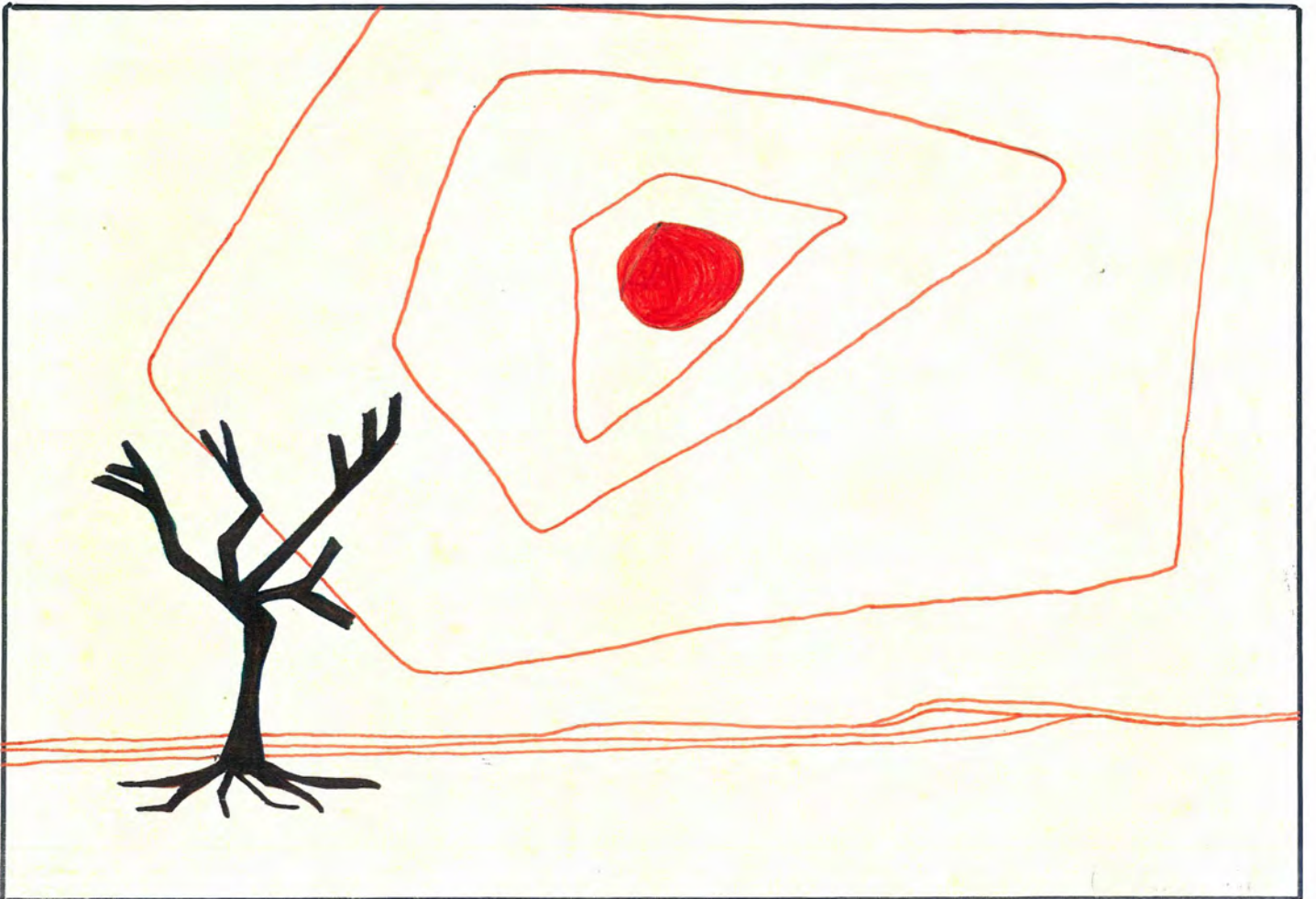
"The message parents send when they do the work for their kids is, 'You can't do it well enough, I'll do it for you,' " said Elbie Van Coller, a school counsellor on the North Shore. "It's producing some very anxious children."

Psychologists say they are seeing many troubled young people from middle-class homes who feel they can never be "good enough".

In *The Price of Privilege*, a new book just out in the US, the psychologist Madeline Levine claims children from affluent middle-class homes are three times more likely than other children to suffer depression and anxiety in later life.

Parents are increasingly worried about their children's future and exert, however subtly, pressure to excel, she says. The more scared the parents, the more controlling they become. Many end up giving more than a helping hand in homework to ensure their child's mark is high enough. "While demands for outstanding academic or extracurricular performance are very high, expectations about family responsibilities are amazingly low," Dr Levine said. "This kind of imbalance in expectations results in kids who regularly expect others to 'take up the slack', rather than learning how to prioritise tasks or how to manage time."

A spokesman for the NSW Department of Education said some schools reinforced their home study policy with formal advice to parents, discouraging them from doing their children's homework.



"Parental support is encouraged, but substituting a parent's work for that of their child's is not," he said.

Parents overinvesting in children's academic achievements can lead to major conflict at home, said Matt Sanders, a professor of clinical psychology at the University of Queensland, and the director of the Parenting and Family Support Centre.

"Our kids' academic record is their own, not their parents'," he said. "It's dangerous if kids get false feedback about the quality of their work when the parents have contributed, say, 30 per cent. The kids can believe they're achieving at a much higher level but often deep down they're struggling."

In the short-term, the ends will seem to justify the means, the British psychotherapist Elizabeth Meakins wrote in *The Independent*. "Parental egos will bathe in the glory ... But sooner or later, for some youngsters, the darker side to this blurred achievement will show itself."

Years down the track, she sees "educationally over-controlled" children suffering chronic self-doubt, and a sense that they will "one day be found out".

Dr Thirkell said there was a fine line between being an interested, supportive parent and an over-controlling one. "Some of my work is trying to help parents back off," he said. "But it's not simple. I also see the fallout from kids who are struggling, floundering, with no one there to support them, where school work is not a priority."

Schools are culpable for putting pressure on parents to get involved, according to one school principal, Bob Heath. They set too much homework, and work that is too difficult. Mr Heath's school, Eastern Fleurieu, on Adelaide's fringe, has a "no homework" policy for years 5 to 9. The research shows little educational benefit of homework, he says. "But homework is a significant contributor to conflict in a lot of homes; children are either banished to their rooms with homework they struggle to do; or parents help them. Help is a good thing but when parents take over the homework it achieves nothing for the child."

Alfie Kohn, the author of a new book, *The Homework Myth: Why Our Kids Get Too Much of a Bad Thing*, says American children spend 50 per cent more time on homework than in 1981. Yet research shows in high school the benefits start to decline after two hours a night, while there is little benefit in primary school.

Professor Sanders says parents can help by giving tips and clues, not answers, and by developing research skills.

Ms Van Coller said parents could help a child to use the internet sensibly, get appropriate books from the library and advise "you have too many pictures and not enough words" - but not write the extra paragraphs.

A spokeswoman for the Federation of P&C Associations, Sharon-Roni Canty, said she knew of isolated cases where schools had expressed concern about the level of homework parents were doing for their children.

Cheryl McBride, president of the Public School Principals Forum, said: "If the child has no idea how to do a problem and the parent feels that they have to complete each question for them, they should write a note in the homework saying the child could not do the problem and leave it to the teacher to go over it with them the next day."

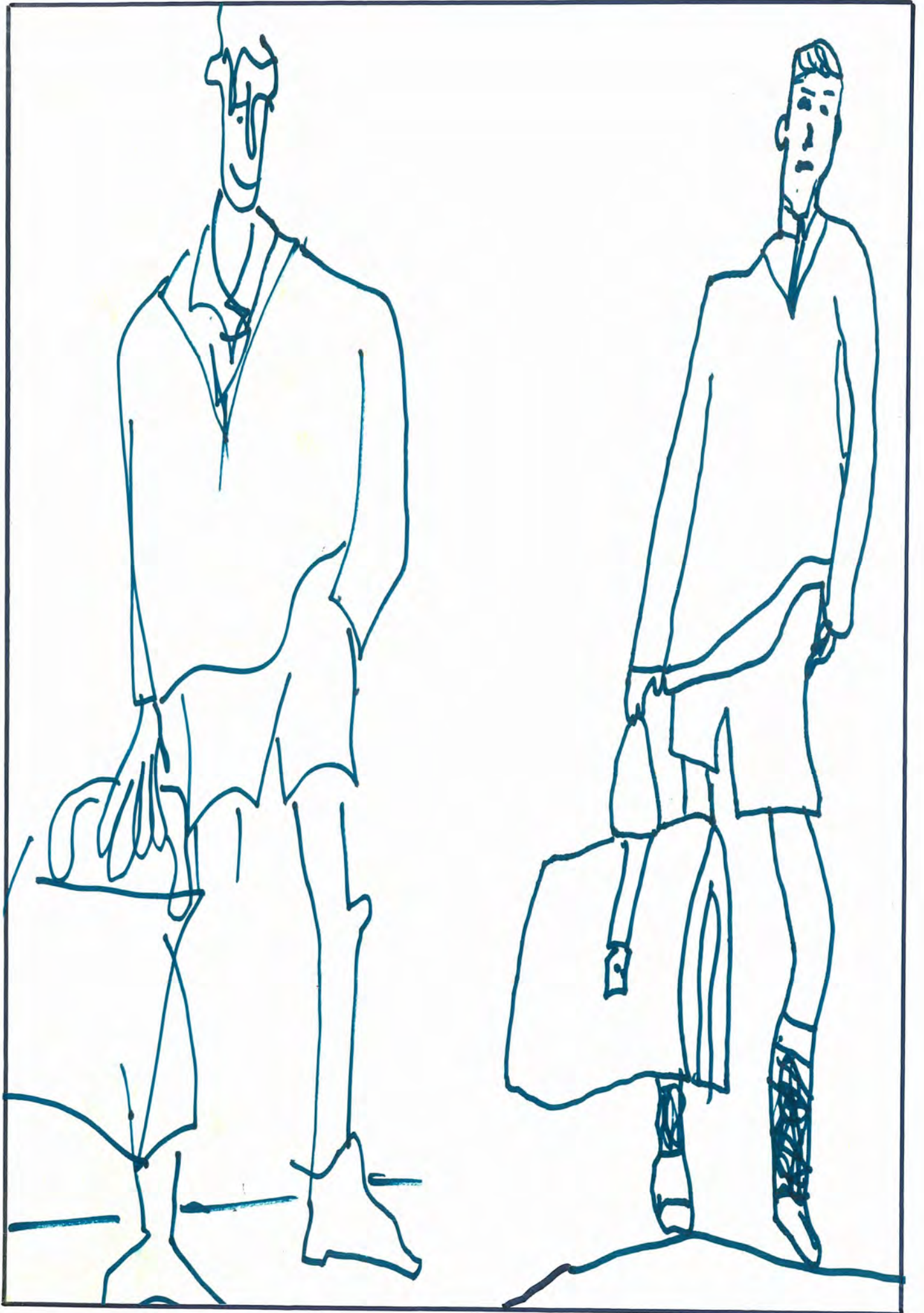
Merrion Della Marta, a pharmacist and mother of three daughters from Clovelly, says she has resisted societal pressures to get too involved in homework.

"When my oldest daughter was born, she was tested for Down syndrome. When we got the results that she was not affected, we decided it didn't matter what this child achieved; it was a blessing. I see all this pushing, pushing instead of letting children be happy and enjoy themselves. I just thought 'no'."

Lauren, 16, is in a selective school, Emily, 14, won a scholarship to a private school, and Isobel, 11, is at the local primary. All are in the top half of their classes so "I never worry too much about their homework. If Isobel is stressed about it, I tell her, 'It's not compulsory in primary school.'"

At Mr Heath's "no homework" school, tasks are completed in class time, and children determine if they want to do extra at home. Begun as a trial three years ago, the policy has had no detrimental effect on the school's high academic achievements, he says.

"Our view is that these kids have time to kick a ball, do the dishes, and read a book. And parental support for this is exceptionally high."



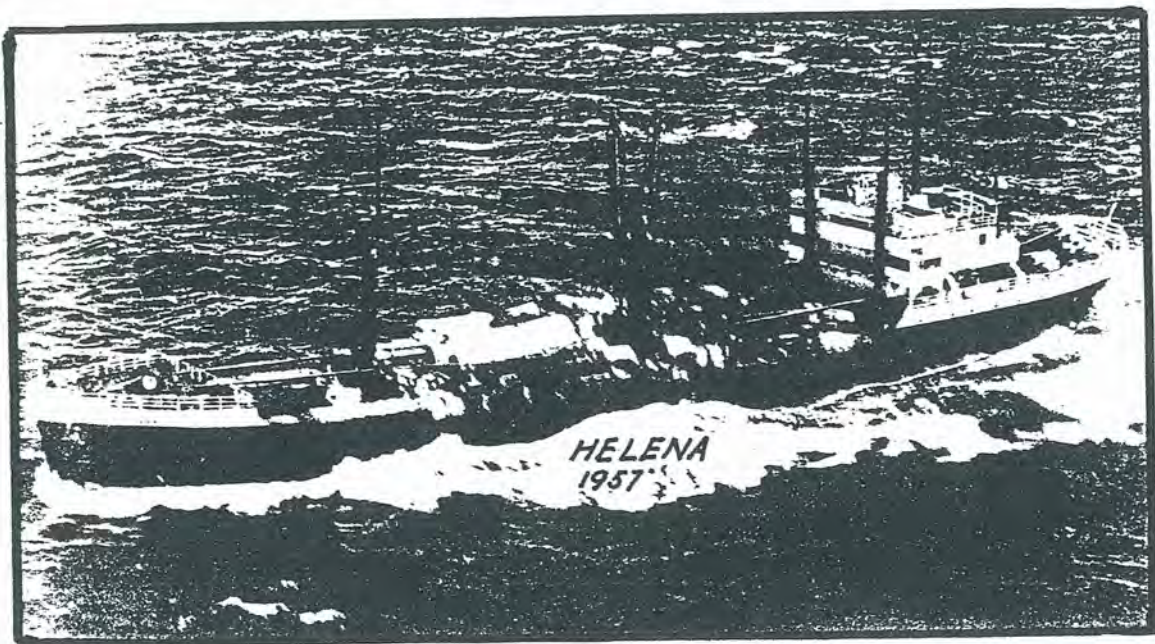
A DISCRIPTION WITH TWO VARIATIONS

Our teacher is a Dutchman. Average Height. Lean. Dressed in black cord pants. A gold watch slipping under a black long sleeved skivvy. Gold ring on a long slender finger of a hand that rarely stays still. Blue eyes sparkle with interest at everything around him.

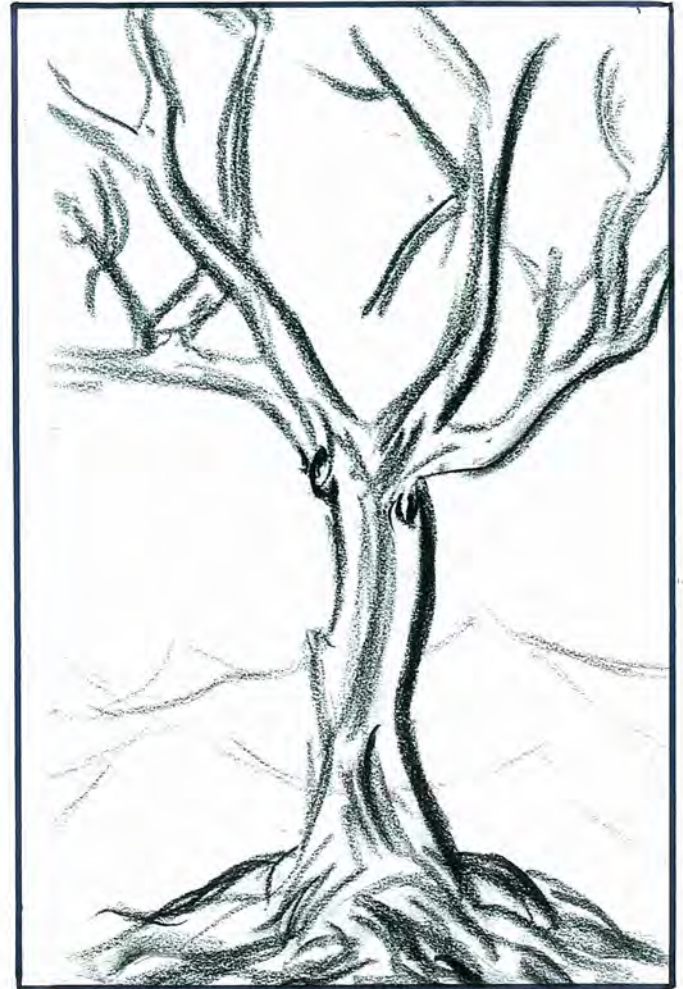
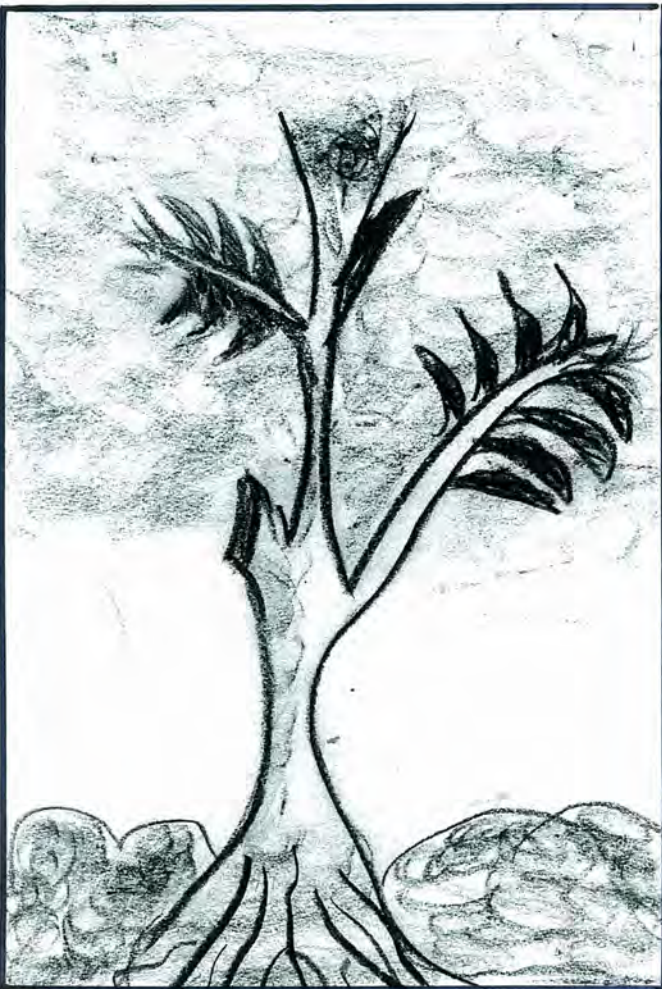
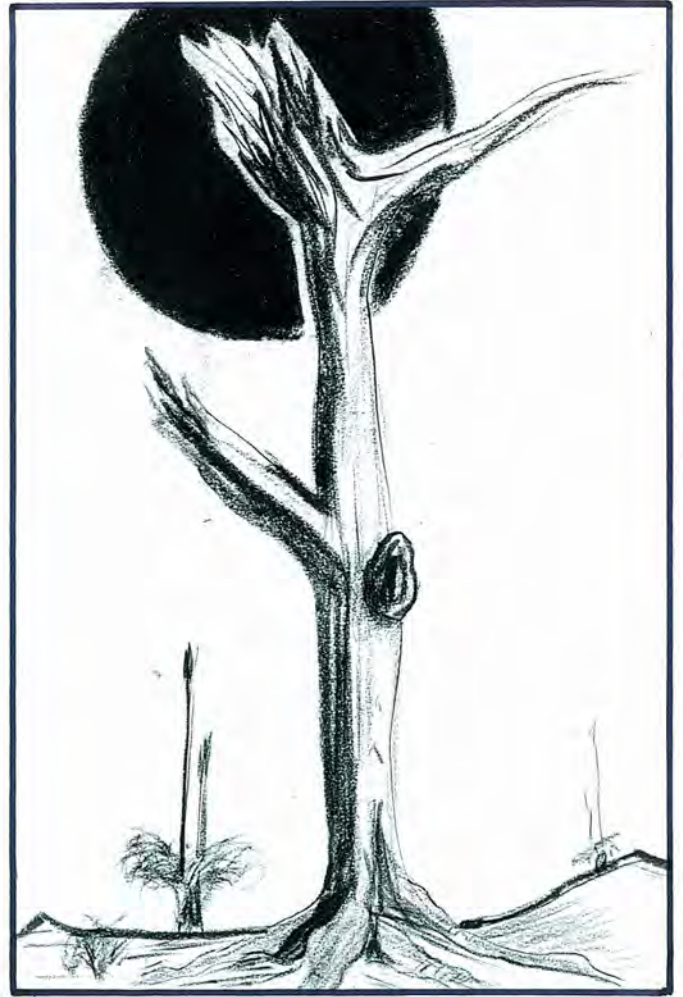
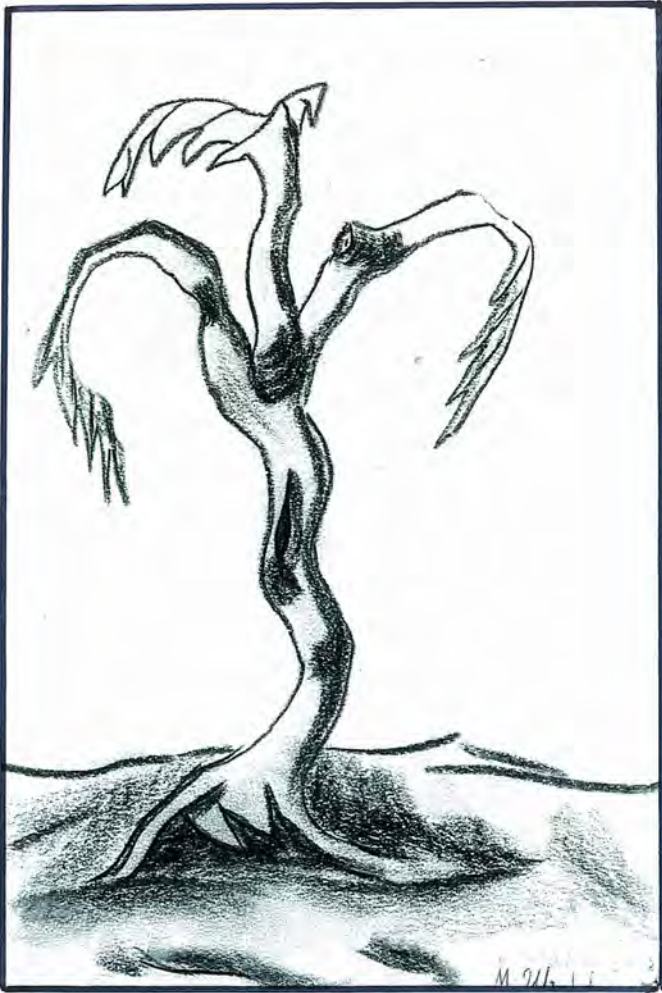
Like a panther. Sleek. Dressed in black. Grey beard sheltering under a greying head of hair. Darting blue eyes that miss nothing. He moves with feline agility, continually in motion. A quick vibrant smile, an exuberant personality and a mind that is never still.

He has a contagious fascination for life, which is equally as fascinating to watch. A vibrant man who is rarely still. His quick agile mind misses nothing as he prowls and pounces, cat-like, around the room.

Susan Parkes.



Destination and purpose



DESCRIPTION AND TWO VARIATIONS
(by Berrie Price)

AART BARK

A tall middle aged man with grey hair and beard stands before me.

He is dressed in Black.

The pale blue eyes guard his thoughts as the blunt fingered hands move across the blackboard assembling information and my attention.

o o 0 0 o o

A tall middle aged rectangular man in comfortable black jersey and trousers stands guardedly before me.

There is a definite defiance about him and his choice of blunted greeting is challenging.

He is not so much a participator of life but an interpreter.

The pale blue eyes defend his emotions behind the grey hair and beard and the practical snub fingered hands move restlessly, assembling information to twist the brain to alternative thought.

o o 0 0 o o

A man of all seasons is the Black Knight. Picture, if you will a cannon revolving on a pivot and shooting in all directions. This is the range of his maddening hop on the chessboard of ideas and word warfare.

His moves are deceptive and puzzling and he has the ability to fork two or more units from the hub position in which he carefully places himself.

He is the instigator of thought,

The interpreter of play

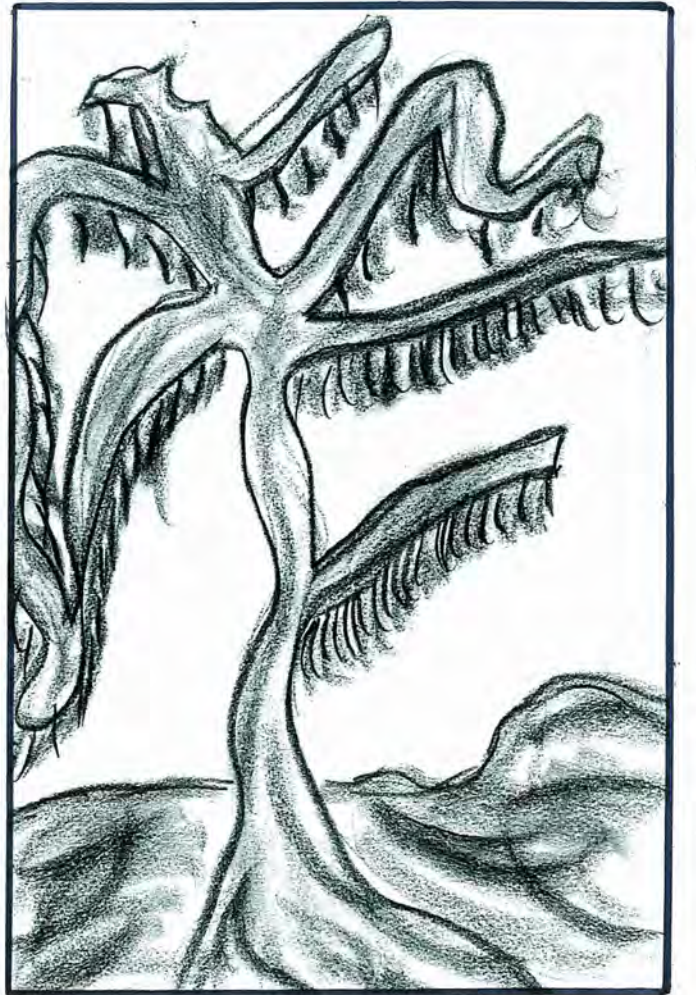
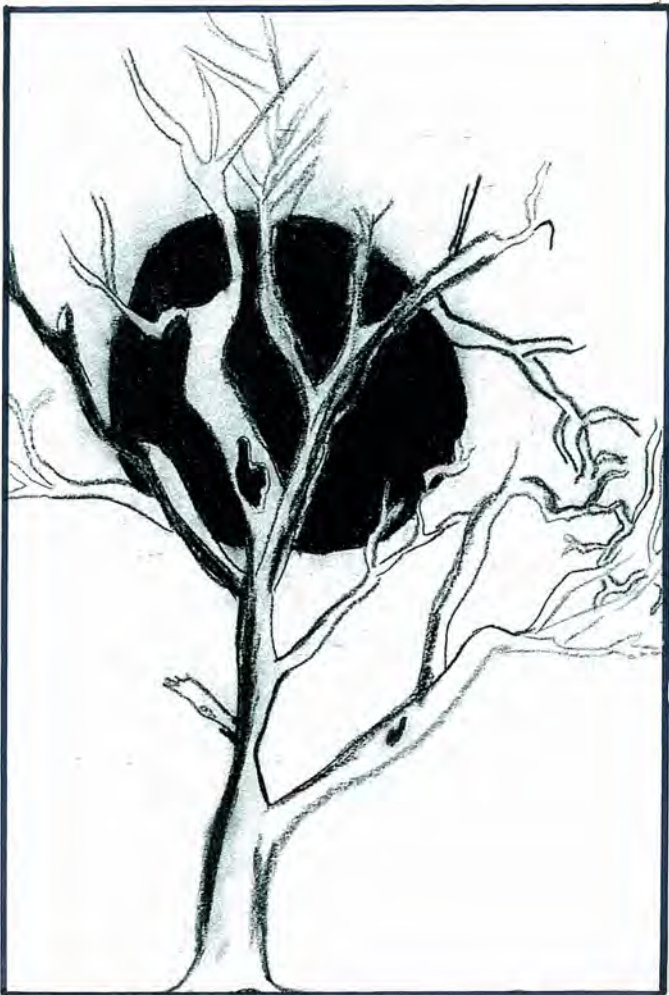
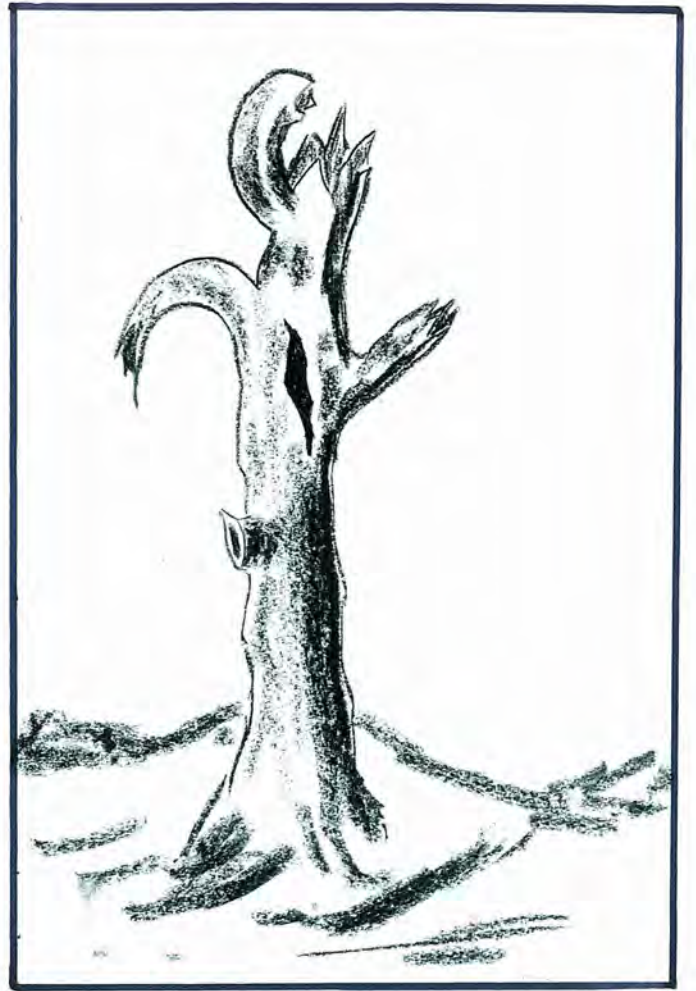
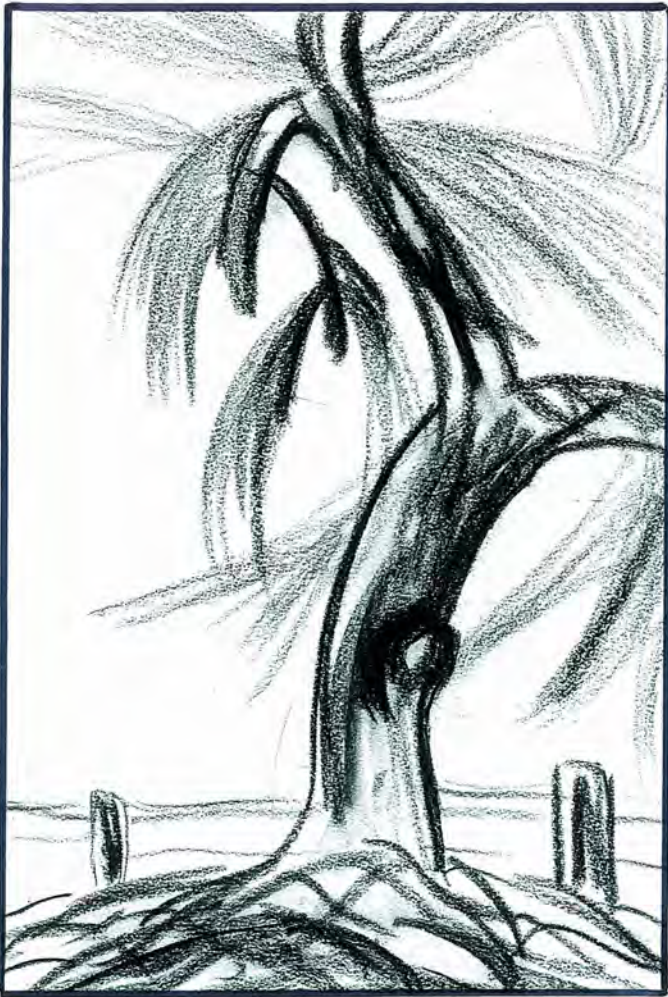
The manipulator of position,

His medium is words.

His motions slip into the anonymity of his appearance behind the pale blue eyes, grey unkempt hair and beard, and one is only aware of the words, the restless cryptic jiggling of lateral quick expression.

I lift a hand to make a move, but a blunt finger stays . . . me.

The Black Knight has me in check and I must think again.



DESCRIPTION AND TWO VARIATIONS

— Aart Bark

by Carolyn Harris

Tall he stands and restless in a school room devoid of children. He talks, he gesticulates to me and I understand his words and his somehow impersonal blue eyes.

o o 0 0 o o

Not really tall, but dressed in black he seems that way as he stands before me pacing, stretching, never still in a school room still echoing with children's voices. He talks seeking words, gesticulates with restless hands. A new world opens to me and yet is closed before his thoughtful, sometimes games playing silence.

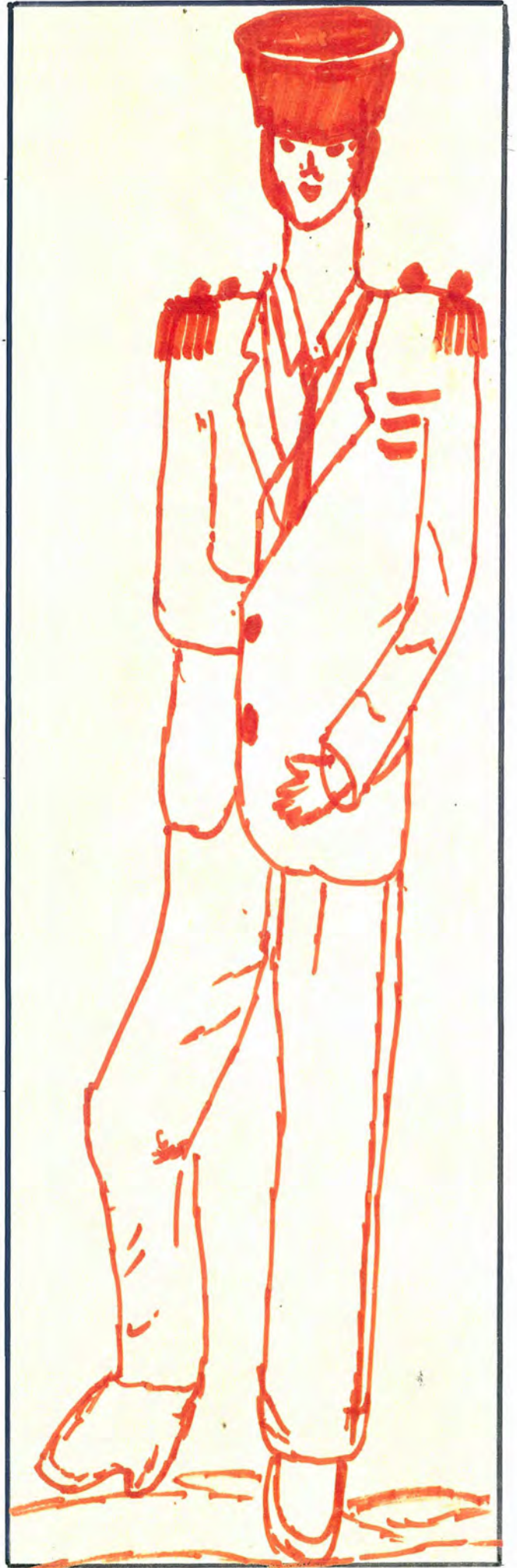
o o 0 0 o o

Of medium height is my teacher, dressed in black jeans and knitted black jumper with the patched shoulders and elbows. His grey hair and beard muzzily emphasising his sharp cold climate eyes.

The school room is empty now of children's endless questions and sighs. He talks, seeking words as a miner might his gold, his restless hands now open palms out, now laced thumb ends point to point.

The world changes shape, colour, form and new horizons are revealed, and yet, he is silent—this multi-lingual, quinquagenarian Dutchman waiting for my own Australian awareness to burst forth — waiting.





The deal (box 38)

by Susan Parkes

Captain Jim Stanley lounged against the leather cushions in his railway carriage and gazed through the sheltering curtains at the reflections displayed before him of the dry, endless distant hills. Once again, he cursed the wretched stroke that had already caused him to lose control of his left arm and had forced his untimely discharge from his beloved army. As a measure of respect for the courage shown in his twenty-five years of service, the full contingent had been on display as he rode from his post for the last time.

Captain Stanley didn't feel brave, however, as his hand went up to the discharge papers and the letter in his breast pocket. The content of the message to his daughter had been brief and to the point. It was beneath his dignity to indulge in self pity. He had simply stated that his time with the army had come to an end; there was no point in saying more. Indeed, without the army, there was no more. This was the final chapter of his life. Nothingness stretched before him.

He carried his daughter's letter with him now. Sarah had arranged passage on the eastern bound train and had insisted he use the enclosed ticket. It mattered little to her that he rarely replied to her friendly letters filled with sunshine. The sun had left his life a long time ago.

Suddenly it all came flooding in again. No matter how hard he tried to forget the past, the years kept rolling back.

Again, he was the young lieutenant assigned to protect the wagon-train, and to deliver it safely across the hills. Mary, his English Rose, was with him. She had been a factory girl. They got married a week after they had met. Now,



with their infant daughter Sarah, they were on the way to his new post out west.

One night, Mary and several of the other women on kitchen duty foolishly wandered out into the warm summer evening, beyond the circle of the wagon-train. The following morning, Jim discovered their butchered bodies. His Mary's golden hair was gone, her diamond ring hacked savagely from her finger. Dark red blood on pale yellow clothing. A lone Indian feather lay in the dust beside her.

The memory still made his stomach swell, choking the air from his lungs. His daughter had been brought up by distant relatives. He hadn't seen her since. But the letters kept coming over the years.

Now, as the train chugged to a halt at the station, Captain Stanley swung his useless arm before him and climbed down the carriage steps onto the wooden platform. Suddenly, he was seized by a moment of panic. "Suppose it was pity that made her send for him. That was beyond the last thing he could stand." Desperately, he turned to go back up the steps, when a soft voice called him. "Father, father, there's someone I'd like you to meet."

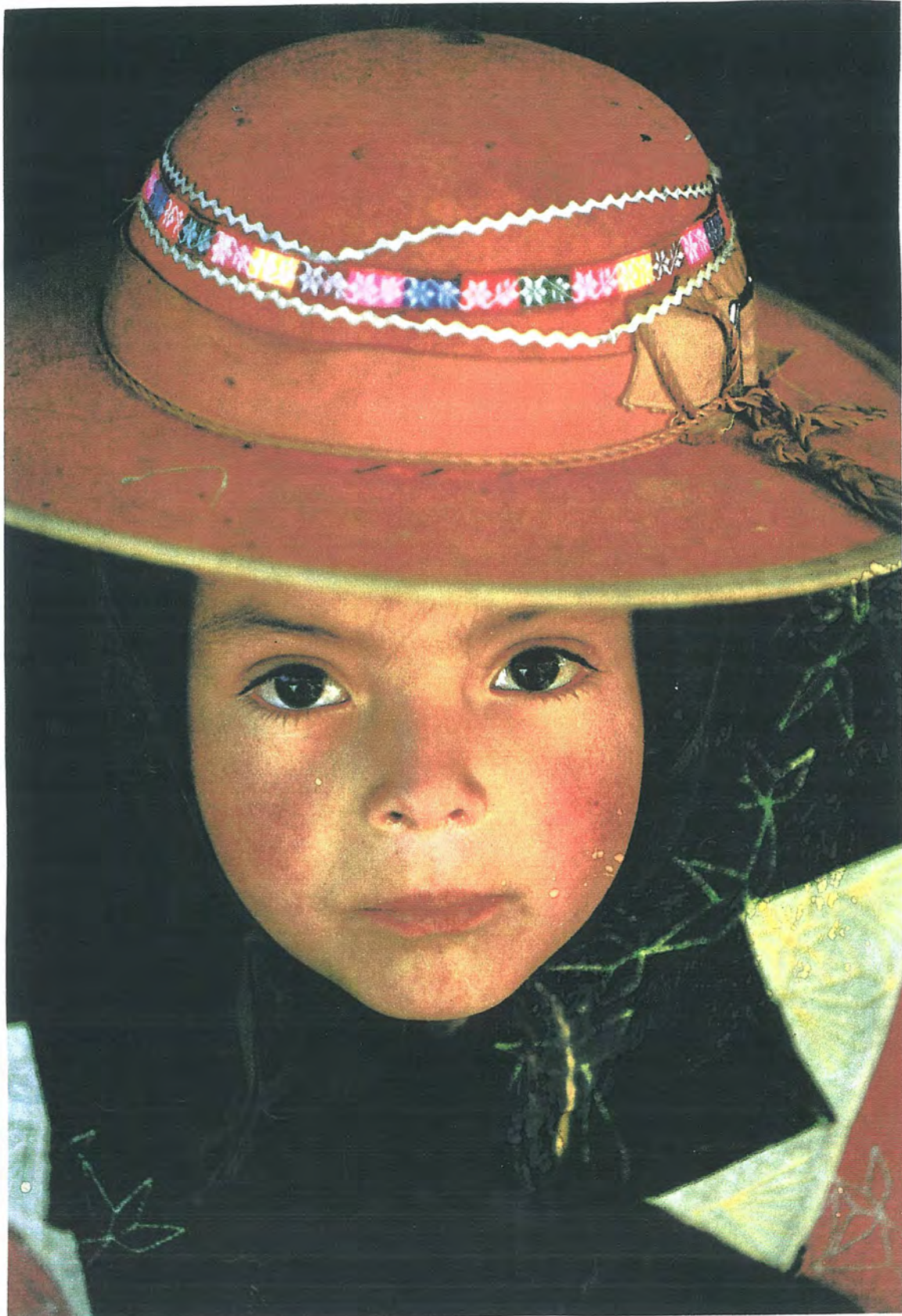
The captain faced a tall, slim woman with loosely held dark hair. "So, this was Sarah. Not what he had expected, but he was glad."

Then from behind her mother's skirts peered a cherub with long, golden hair, wearing a pale yellow dress. An impish smile danced on the corner of her mouth.

"Father, this is Mary-Anne, your granddaughter." The old man stared at the child in amazement. Of course he knew there had been a baby, but nothing could prepare him for this... The sun beat warmly on his back as Jim reached

down to take the small, perfect hand in his own. Mary-Anne fixed her determined blue eyes on the stranger. "Are you going to be my grandpa?" "All right, young lady, I'll be your grandpa if you'll be my Mary."

"It's a deal grandpa."



Eli's Home

Old Eli's eyesight was poor. Arthritis played havoc with his fingers making dressing difficult. The brown shirt he wore, was invariably unevenly buttoned allowing an off-white flannel vest to show through. Most days were spent sitting in the old wooden armchair padded with a couple of pillows to protect bony arthritic hips. His large hands had been used to hard work, the only work for blacks in this town. Sad, heavily lined eyes below a cap of woolly grey hair bore witness to the harshness of Eli's life, as well as the determination and inner strength he still possessed. The cream woollen cardigan he wore to keep the cold from his shoulders had been a present from his daughter three years ago. Nice to be remembered.

The shanty house with its pale yellow wooden doors and window frames and drab brown walls, was no better or worse than his neighbours. Eli didn't have much to do with people these days. The cats were his friends. Five sleek white cats and a pale ginger tabby spent most of their day playing on the thin green tartan rug covering the old paint-flaked iron bed in front of the open window.

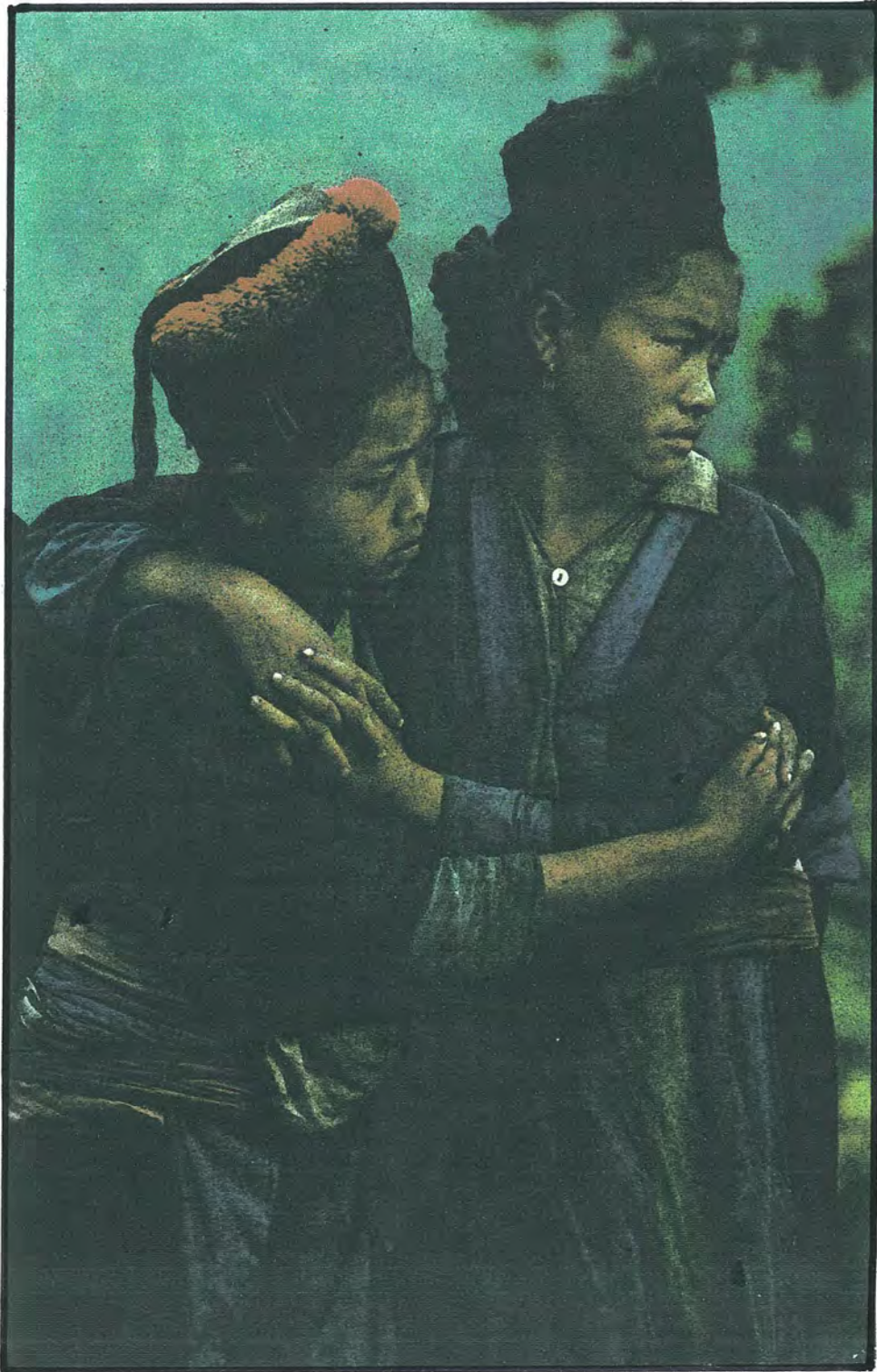
Eli kept all his treasures under the bed in a cardboard Cream of Chicken Soup box, within easy reach. Years of saved coupons, smaller boxes with memories from long ago and a bottle of cheap grog for medicinal purposes.

Eli glanced out of the open window as a battered white Cadillac rolled to a stop in the barren dusty compound. Ah, he thought. That would be the ghetto dentist with his new set of teeth.



Emotions. Impatience

Scribbling quickly, cutting letter formation,
She scratched irritably along the line –
Then crossed it out. Started again –
Scrawled it out, threw the pen down and stared at the floor
frowning.





LONELINESS

The washing done, the ironing too,
Time to relax, but with whom?
An empty bed, cold comfort.
Kids are fine, they have each other.
Can't talk to them of unpaid bills,
Of fears and dreads, more solo years.
Musn't show that all's not right.
Keep busy, that's the way.
God, why is it worse at night?



MEELA by Susan Parkes

Meela was a contented, heavy set Haitian woman with dark laughing eyes. She wore her hair tightly pulled back. Around the crown of her large straw hat, she had tied a bright red bandana. Her clean, simple yellow patterned dress with its wide scooped neck and short sleeves showed off the bareness of her brown arms. The strong, flat hands holding the great tub-shaped cane basket on her ample lap were those of a worker.

In the basket lay four greyish-white rolls, the remains of her lunch. A piece of clean hession used to wrap the outside of the basket, was now draped over it and across her lap.

Meela sat squarely, her brown, sandalled feet planted firmly on the dusty ground before her.

Meela was a woman used to making do.



The Legend of Assinia

Assinia was a beautiful girl who possessed much wealth. Unfortunately, the more Assinia received and the greater her beauty became, the more outlandish her demands. Nothing was ever enough. The bathwater was too cold. Food and clothing never to her liking. Jewels not polished highly enough to compliment her shining black hair. Assinia's beauty was, truly, only skin deep. She was not a joy to know.

One day, whilst walking down the deserted path through a thick grove of birch trees, Assinia bumped into an ancient woman dressed in black.

"Get out of my way," she screamed at the stooped, slow-moving figure before her. "You are old and stupid."

A smile creased the transparent parchment face and a soft gentle voice replied, "You are young and have much to learn before you, too, grow old."

Assinia was incensed. "How dare you speak to me, you ugly decrepit hag," she raged. "Old people are useless. They should all be dead. I never want to grow old. I wish I could stay young and beautiful like I am now, forever."

The crone thought for a moment, then nodded and handed Assinia the flowers she'd picked from the side of the path. The girl took the two pink roses and half a dozen daisies from the outstretched hand. But her fingers refused to close around their stems or hold them to her chest.

Smokey brown eyes peered from under lids of crêpe paper. The soft voice was haunting in its finality.

"You shall have your wish, my child. Never to grow old. You shall remain as you are at this moment. As these

flowers have stopped growing, so you too, are stopped in time. To be in this world but not of it. For to stop growing old is to stop living. You shall roam this land for all time, angry and alone. Ageless and lifeless.”

And so it was that Assinia was forced to wander endlessly, her long black hair falling like a cloak over a simple black dress. White face masked by perpetual anger. Rage filled eyes reflecting a heart that would never know peace. So before you vent your hostility on those who don't deserve it, think of Assinia and remember, it's always safer to smile at a stranger.



Toraloo the rainbow serpent.

Long ago in the sacred Dream-time, there was a sadness amongst the tribe Wadnjina. All their fresh clear water had been stolen. Their land was dry and dusty.

The coloured serpent, Toraloo watched the sadness of his friends the Wadnjina with a heavy heart. One day, just at sunset, Moluck the frog hopped past Toraloo. Moluck bragged of how she knew the secret of where the Wadnjina water was. Toraloo asked Moluck to tell her secret, but she only laughed and hopped away.

Angry at the frog, Toraloo began to chase her. Where Toraloo slithered his huge body after the gigantic frog, a deep ditch was left in the sand. All through the night the serpent chased the frog.

Tiring of the chase. Moluck jumped high in the air to escape the serpent. His coloured body arched, Toraloo leapt after the frog and seized her in his strong jaws. From Moluck poured all the stolen water. This was her secret, she had drunk all the Wadnjina water. The water rained down from the sky filling all the deep ditches that criss-crossed the land.

The Wadnjina were happy and sang songs to the rainbow serpent Toraloo as he showed his colours across the sky.



Myth – How the moon came

The Paper Bark Bowl gleamed silver white in the starlight for thousands of years.

It was used to catch the cold rays of the distant stars to hold them until the time of planting when the cold white glow was emptied into the earth to generate life into the growing plants.

Jimah was married to Tomez for many years and their union was barren until one day, he stole the bowl and emptied it over his wife's stomach believing it would do for them as it did for the plants.

In due course twins were born to the couple and they rejoiced, but the land lay barren and people starved.

One day the Medicine man Konja came to Jimah and accused him of emptying the bowl and causing the people to starve.

As punishment Jimah, his wife Tomez and their babes were turned out of the tribe and Konja whirled the Bowl high into the night sky where it hangs today catching the beams of the stars and sending them to Earth blessing all plants and creatures, unobtainable for the use of just one.

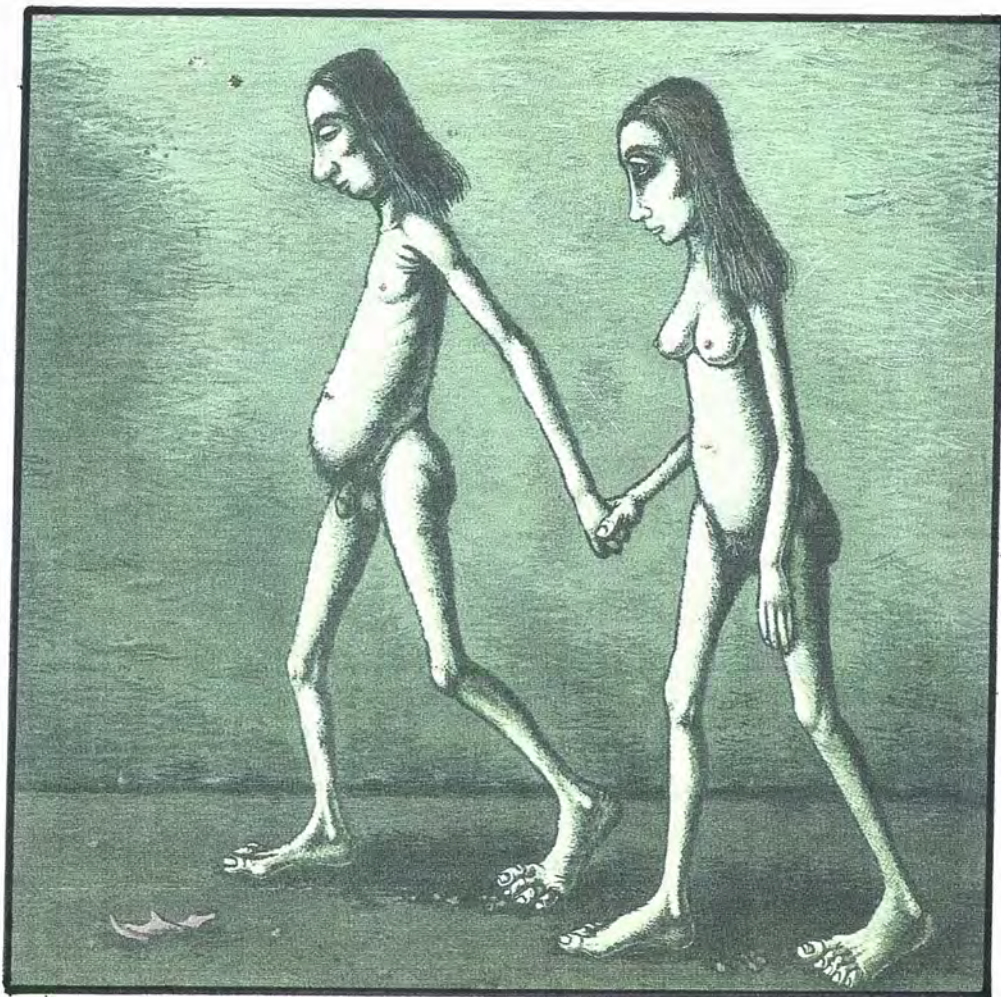


CONNIE L. by Dorothy Charnley.

Throughout the race confusion reigned.
Connie sits, stooped her frame.
Excitement done. What was it?
Connie, do you know who won?
'Well, no,' she says.
Eyes unseeing looking everywhere, yet nowhere.
The sweep is yours, dear Connie L.
Her water tinkles warm on the carpet.
She smiles, 'Goodo!' says she.

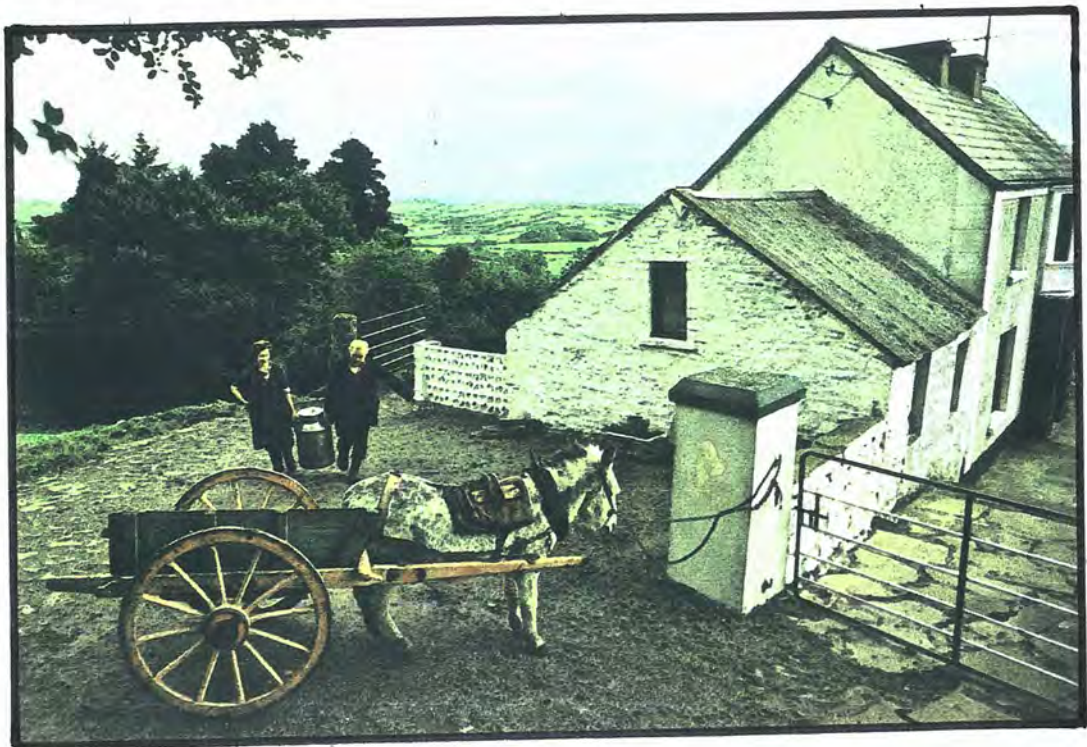


**Examples of Creative
Writing
by
Professional
Authors**

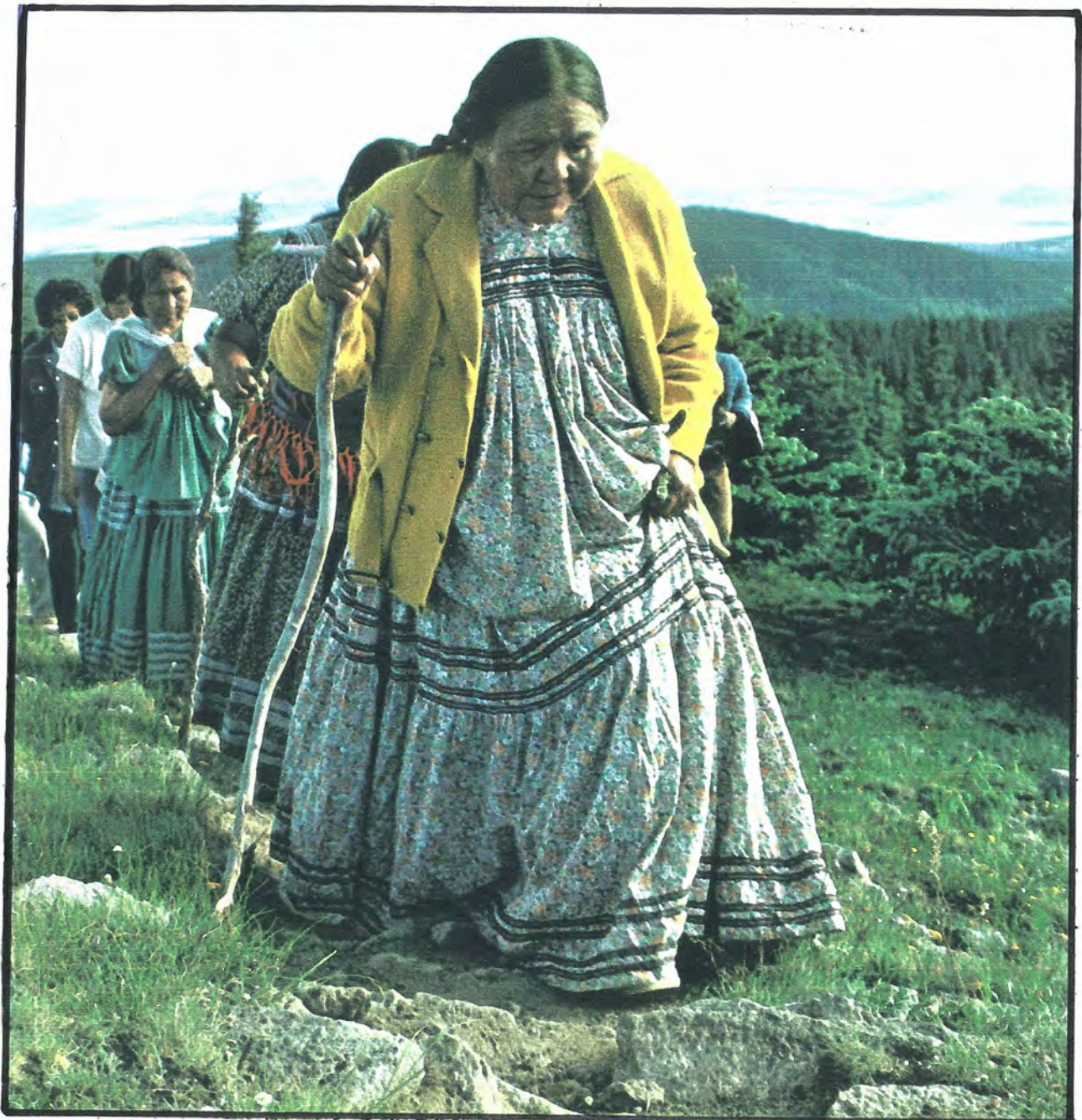


Phillippa Gregory

- Wideacre hall faces due south, and the sun shines all day on the yellow stone until it is warm and powdery to the touch.
- The sun travels from gable end to gable end so the front of the house is never in shadow.
- When I was a small child, collecting petals in the rose garden or loitering at the back of the house in the stable yard, it seemed that Wideacre was the very centre of the world with the sun defining our boundaries in the east at dawn, until it sank over our hills in the west in the red and pink evening.
- The great arch it traced in the sky over Wideacre seemed to me a suitable boundary for our vertical influence.



- Behind the sun was God and the angels: beneath it, and far more significantly, ruled the squire, my father.
- The horse was walking down the great avenue of beech and oak that leads to the house.
- The dappled shadows of the trees lay across the springing grass and the rutted mud tracks.



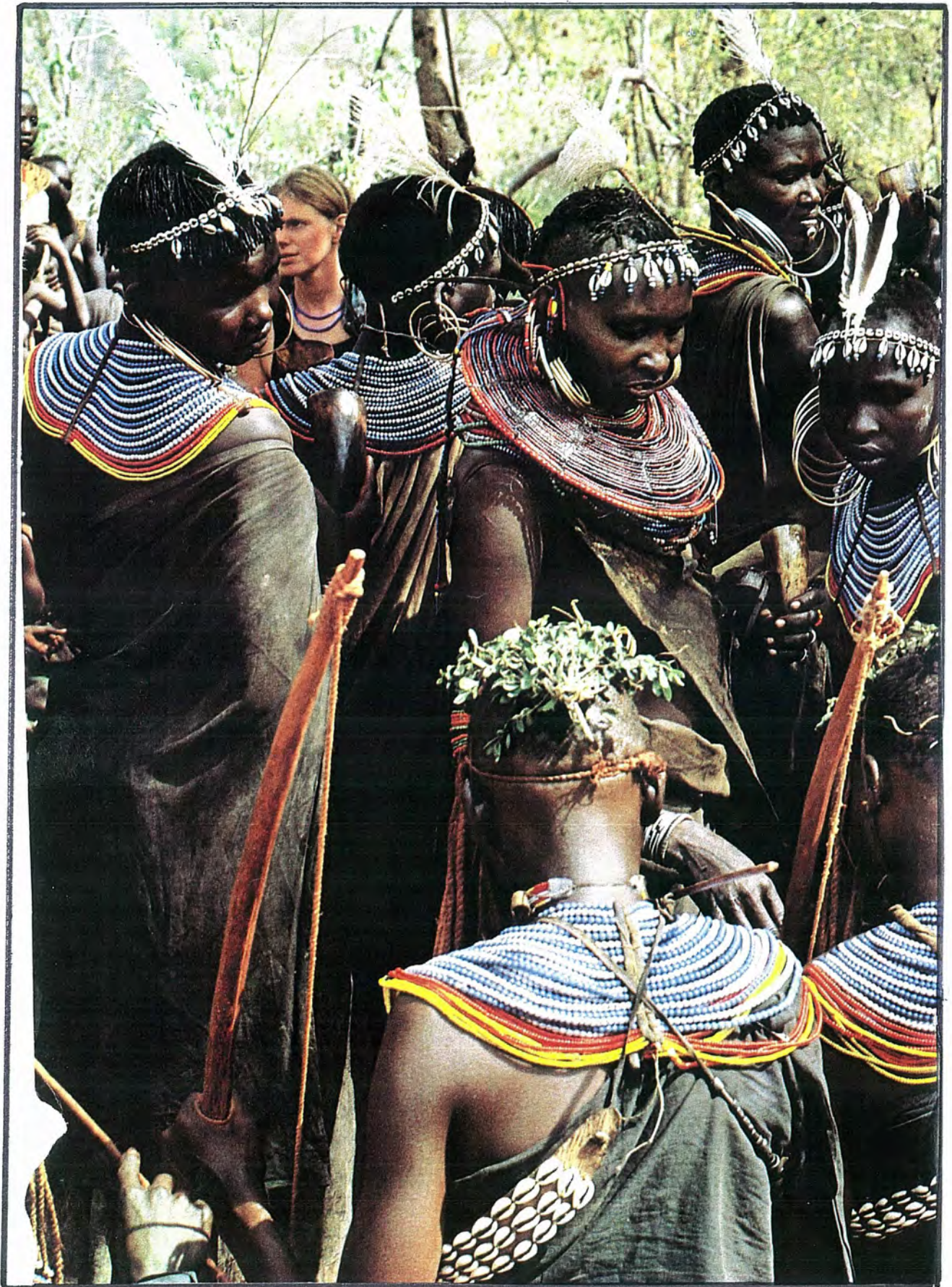
- The smell, the dark, damp smell of rain-wet earth filled the arch of the trees like bird song
- A ditch runs alongside the drive its yellowstones and white sand rinsed clean by the trickle of water.
- “Like to try a trot?” He asked.
- At once the giant strides altered and all around me the trees lurched and jiggled as the horizon moved in great sickening leaps.
- I bobbed like a cork in a spring-flood river, sliding painfully to one side, and than, deriliously correcting.
- On our left, the woods were thinning, and the steep bank dropped away, so I could see through the trees to the fields beyond, already brightening with the spring growth.
- In one, a hare, large as a hound puppy, stood on its hind legs to watch us go by; its black-tipped ears pointed to hear the thud of the hoofs and the tingle of the bit.

- In the next field, a line of women, drab against the deep black of the ploughed field, bent double over the furrows, picking, picking, picking, like sparrows on the broad back of a black cow, clearing the earth of flints before sowing.
- A woman erupted from the open back boor of the lodge house and scuttled through a scatter of hens to swing open a tall iron gate.
- To our right lay the dozen cottages of acre village, whitewashed and snug.

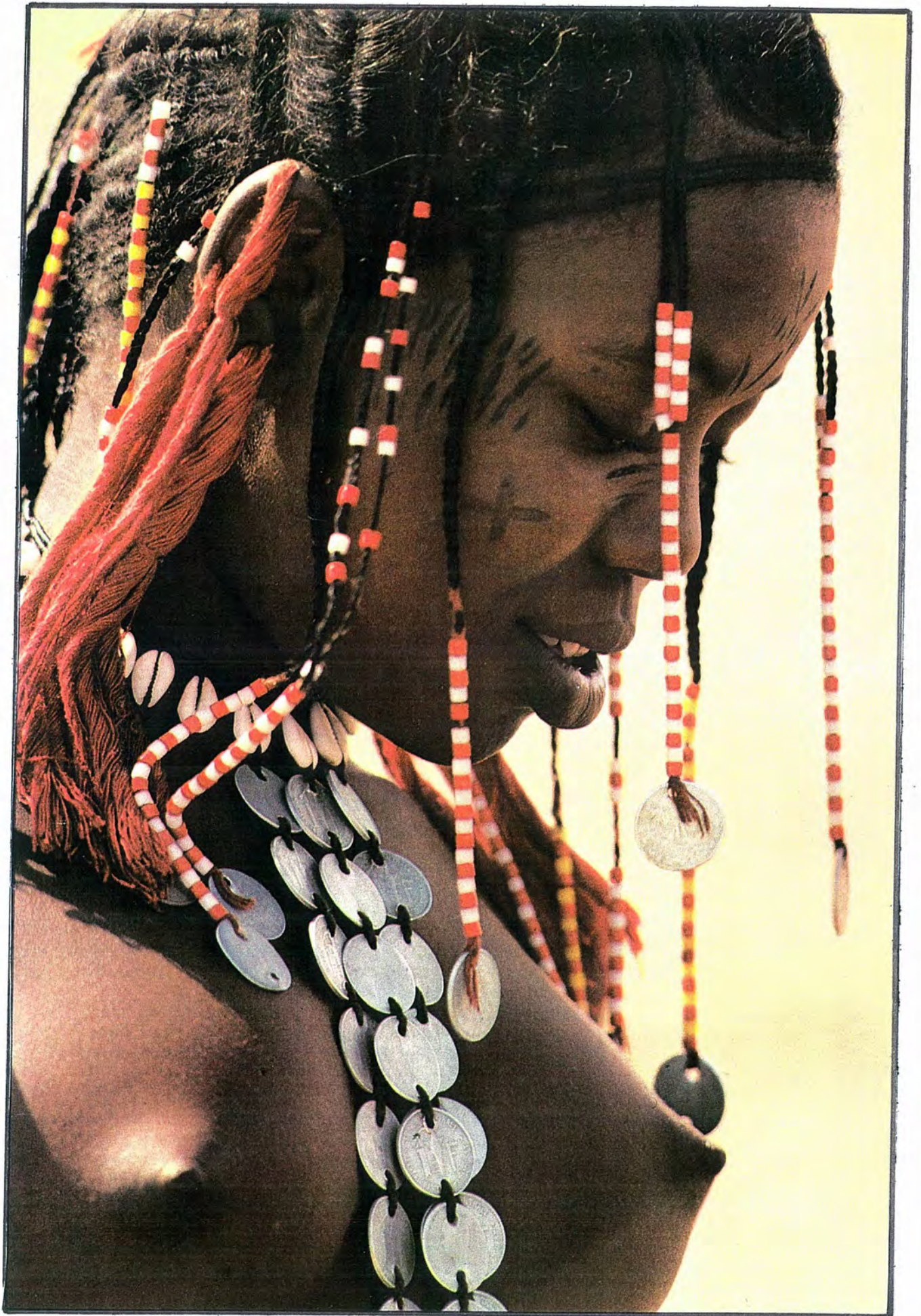


Catherine Aird

- The doctor's 'we' included his own assistant, Burns, a **taciturn** man who rarely spoke, but who would have gone through the dead man's clothes with the **meticulousness** of an old-fashioned nanny.
- Horace was nearer sixty than sixteen but saw no more need to **amplify** what he said than did a **rebellious** teenager.
- Had he known it, the dialogue he then **embarked upon** with his wife strongly resembled that between many a parent and their adolescent child.
- "Where are you going then, Horace?" she asked, **casting an eye** on the direction of a saucepan on the cooking stove. (**Visualise!**)
- "Out", he **rasped**.
"Where?"
"Nowhere."
"When will you be back?"
"Don't know."
- He was as subconsciously aware of the state of the tide as a farmer was aware of the weather and a motorist of other vehicles on the road.



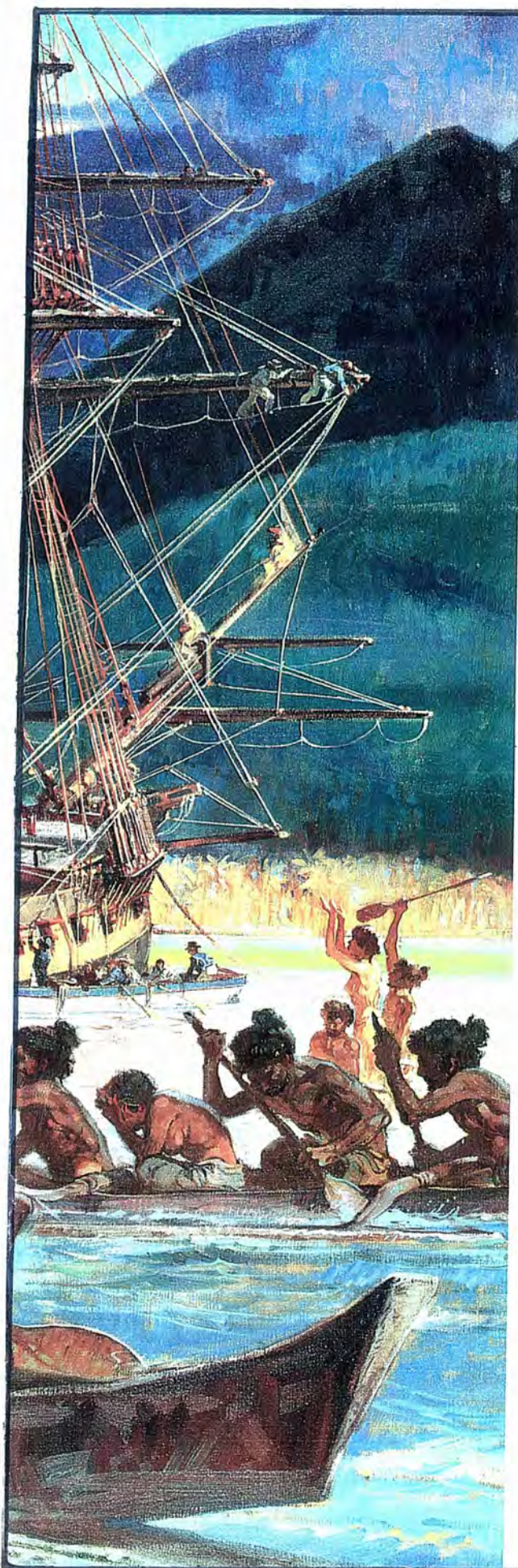
- “Naturally,” **murmured** Sloan pacifically.
- He collected **sundry** information in the same way that some men collected postage stamps.
- She rested her hands on the vacuum cleaner in the same way as a gardener rested on his spade.
- He was a **tall** man with a **thin elongated** face and high cheekbones.
- From **appearance** he might have descended directly from marauding Viking stock.
- Farebrother set off at a **cracking pace** along the rocky seashore.
- Constable Ridgeford stepped more cautiously after him, **slipping and sliding** as he tried to pick his way over the difficult terrain.
(**Visualise!**)
- Farebrother **slackened** his pace only once.
- It was while she was walking back along the path on the riverbank and rounding the **bend that matched the curve of the river** that the boathouse **came into view**.
- Miss Collins gave a **hortatory** cough.
- The whole day **stretched before her** like a clean page.
- Sloan kept his tone even, but with effort.



- With a nicely judged **spurt of effort**, he moved with the last of the tide before he turned distinctly up-river and into fresh water.
- He seldom came in the winter and never in the spring and autumn when the **grand alliance** of wind and water almost always flooded the whole bank and part of the churchyard.
- He rowed steadily up-river for **purposes of his own**.
- He didn't **stop in his progress** until he rounded the last bend before Billing Bridge.
- When he got back indoors, his wifw asked him where he'd been
 "Nowhere," he said.
 "Did you see anyone?"
 "No one better than myself," he said **obscurely**.
 "What have you been doing then?"
 "Nothing." All of which was-in its own way- perfectly true.
- "He's is not overweight either, Doctor," he said aloud. That was something to be noted too, these days. Would historians of the future call this the Age of Copulence?
- "That would help," said Sloan **warmly**.
- "Ah," said Sloan **non-committaly**.



- There's never any good worrying on an empty stomach, that I do know.
- Fenella **obediently** took a sip of coffee (Visualise!)
- "That's as may be," said Mrs Turvey **enigmatically**.
- She **jerked** her shoulder in a **compounded** of anxiety and irritation.
- "I know," Fenella assured her **hastily**.
- Mrs Turvey sniffed.
- The daily woman **swept** the coffee cup and saucer into the bowl of hot, soapy water with a **practised hand**.
- Fenella had rung George at Berebury Grammar School where he taught physics, as the boys were beginning to **file** into morning assembly.
- The daily woman **swilled** the water round the sink with **vigour**.
- "Wait for me Miss." Mrs Turvey **snatched** at a towel with wet, dripping hands. (Visualise!)
- There was a sort of **ecclesiastical dimness** about the inside of the tower.



Tragic sequel to
Bounty mutiny

Wreck of H.M.S. *Pandora*

Found on
Australia's
Great Barrier Reef

By LUIS MARDEN

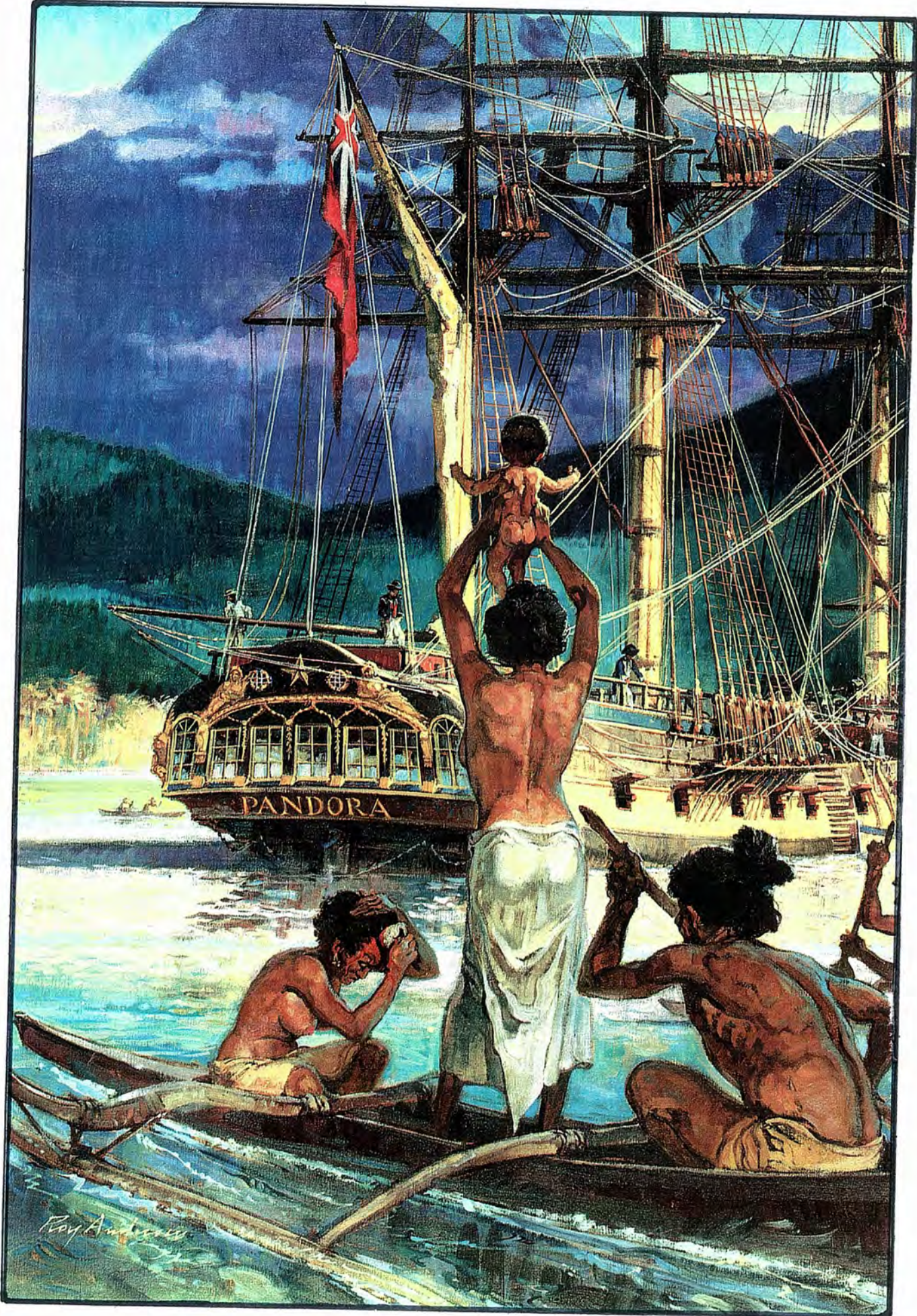
FORMER CHIEF, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC FOREIGN STAFF

From a prison box on the stern of a British man-of-war at Tahiti, 14 Bounty crewmen look their last on wives and children. Peggy, consort of George Stewart, holds aloft their daughter Charlotte, while her companion gashes her scalp in grief. Sailing home to Britain, H.M.S. Pandora struck Australia's Great Barrier Reef and sank with the loss of 35 men, four of them mutineers, two still in irons.

Author Luis Marden—who found the remains of the Bounty in 1957—dived with Australian archaeologists to study Pandora's remains.

Ann Cleeves

- The sun was **filtered** through a **grey haze** of thin cloud.
- It **seemed** to George that the town was always in **shadow**.
- That was how he remembered it, a series of grey houses and small, **shuttered shops** where he would be taken by his aunts who would purchase small items and exchange **petronising pleasantries** with the shopkeepers.
- The cattle market which had seemed an immense and exciting place in childhood **was passed in a flash** without notice.
- Molly manoeuvred past the parked cars in High Street, then the **road climbed steeply** again past the church.
- He could **drag** no image of them from his memory.
- Past the church, the road **forked**.
- The by-pass **led through** banks of gorse and the **twisted stems** of trees **misshaped** by the wind.
- It ended in a barn and a footpath.
- The stone pillars **marked** the entrance.



Roy Anderson

- The house was hidden from the road by a **fold in the land** and a garden full of trees.
- It was like an **oasis** in the bleak, uncultivated **sweep of the hill**.
- The pillars were worn by age and the wind and covered in moss and lichen.
- The **footpath flattened**, crossed the face of the hill before reaching the summit and led into the next valley, but above them, the hill became more sheer.
- There were buttresses and shady slopes and crevices where there were still grass and birch saplings.
- Halfway up the cliff, in a narrow fold in the rock, was the peregrine eyrie.
- With the naked eye they could only see the white stain of dropping and an **indistinct grey shade** which might have been the female.
- Perhaps he was only interested in the falcons and **she was deluding herself** that he liked her.
- He lived on a small Council Estate **on the low, damp ground** near the river.

Magellan

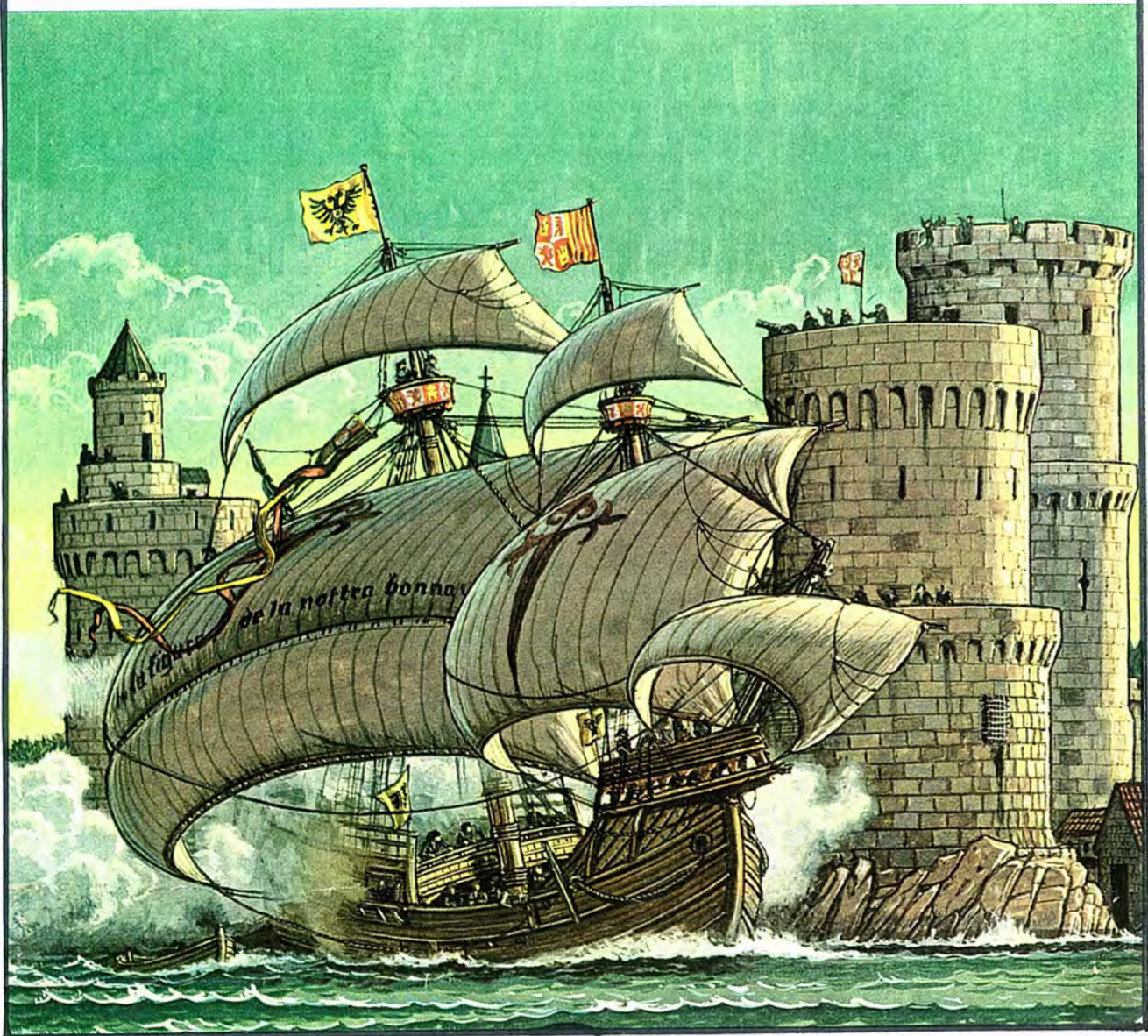
A VOYAGE INTO THE UNKNOWN
CHANGED MAN'S UNDERSTANDING
OF HIS WORLD

By ALAN VILLIERS

Photographs by BRUCE DALE

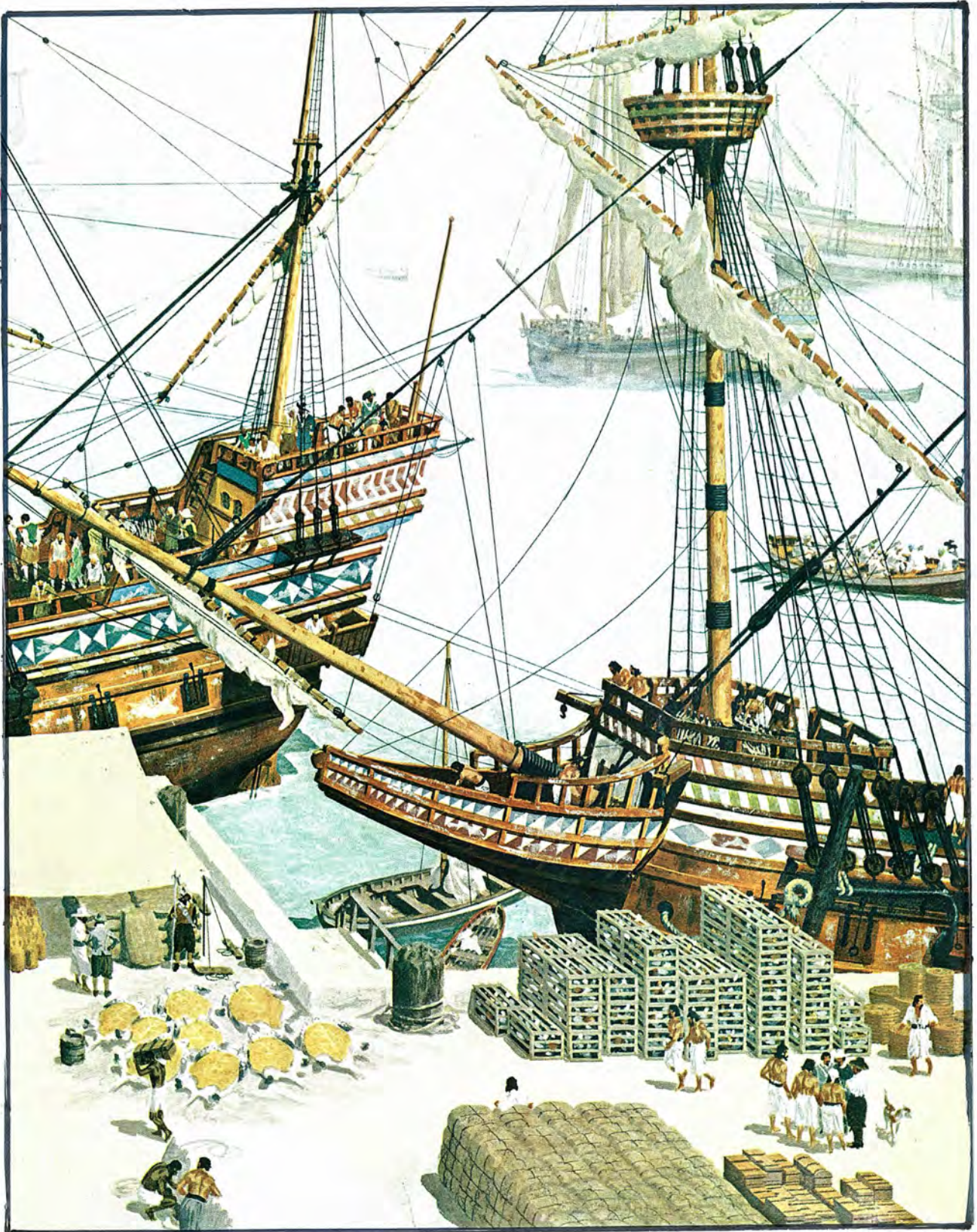
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER

721



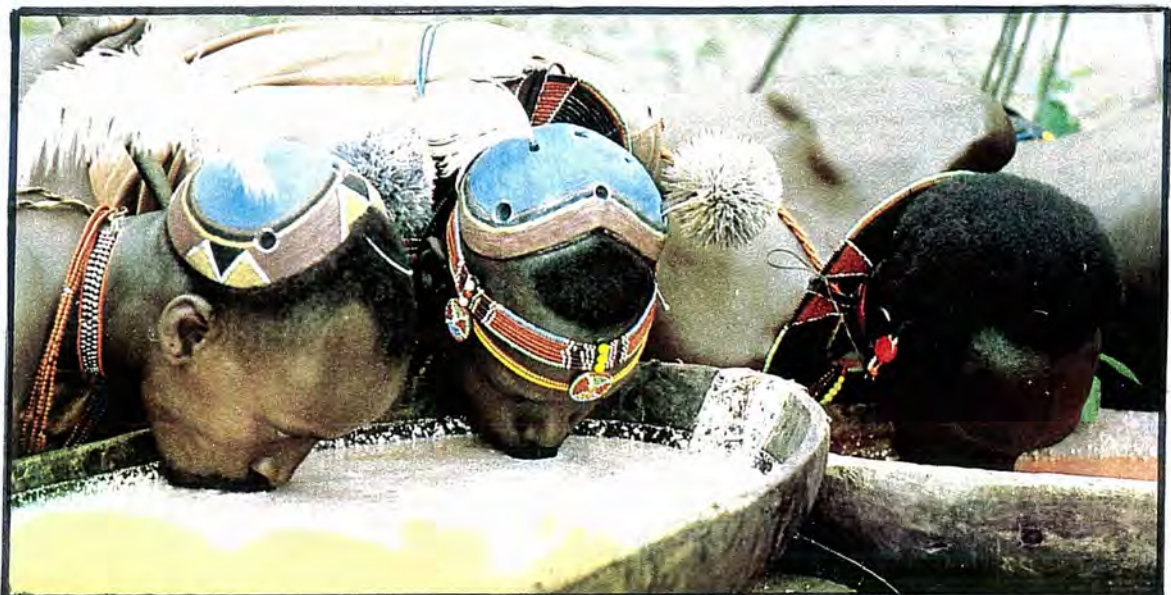
- In winter, the river flooded the opposite bank so that line of **pollarded** willows stood in water.
- Though the houses had never been flooded it **smelled of the river**, and the walls were **damp to the touch**.
- There was a smell of polish, vegetable and fried food so familiar that it smelled only of home.
- **A snake of cars** was winding down the hill towards the town.
- The birds were **circling about** the cliff making **high pitched hekking**.
- He was grateful that in this confusion of birds and weeping women, he had found someone who could explain what was going on.





Josephine Bell

- A low, late gibbous moon **appeared above** the trees.
- **It's pale light** shone on the dark figure of a man.
- The mist still **hung** a few feet from the ground.
- “Stop that or out you go, **ankle and all!**”
- **A chorus of indignation assailed** her.
- It was a moderate-sized village with an ancient centre **set about its** twelfth-century church.
- Large, **gabled** houses with **generous** drives and **ample** gardens.
- She was growing more and more **depressed** by the **endless rows of red brick boxes** and their **neat council-mown** grass verges.
- Netherbury was about as romantic as a self-help multiple food store.





Margery Allingham

- The view from the window, half obscured by the leaves of an enormous oak, led the eye down the steep green hillside where a white road **meandered away** and **lost itself** among the fields which stretched as far as the horizon.
- The door opened immediately **to admit** old Doctor Cobden.
- He was a large, **benign** old gentleman with closely cropped white hair and immense white eyebrows. He was dressed in an unconventional rough tweed suit **fitting snugly** to **his rotund form**.
- He **advanced** across the room, hand outstretched, **exuding a faint aroma** of iodoform as he came.(smell!)
- Doctor Cobden took out a pair of pince-nez and rubbed them **contemplatively** with an immense white handkerchief.
- The old man's **mottled** face **took on** a slight deeper tone of red.



Elizabeth Ferrars

- As a child, he had **relished** Scott intensely.
- However, when the crowd in the departure lounge began to move, **surging** slowly into the **belly** of a great jumbo jet, his spirits began to rise.
- He had always found waiting difficult but action was a **restorative**.
- Once the plane had **penetrated** the cloud cover...
- Then there came a meal **of sorts**.
- All the same, as the hours slowly passed, as daylight **succeeded** darkness, then daylight came again, he dozed **occasionally**, rousing himself **at intervals** to eat some food.
- Andrew stood up, yawning, stretching the joints that had **stiffened** during the night or day or whatever it had been, **plucked** his hand luggage and overcoat from the locker over his head and joined the **throng** making its way towards the exit.
- Tony always looked younger than he was because of the way his curly hair **sprang up** from his forehead, the candour of his clear blue eyes, the friendly curve of his mouth and the healthy tan of his skin.

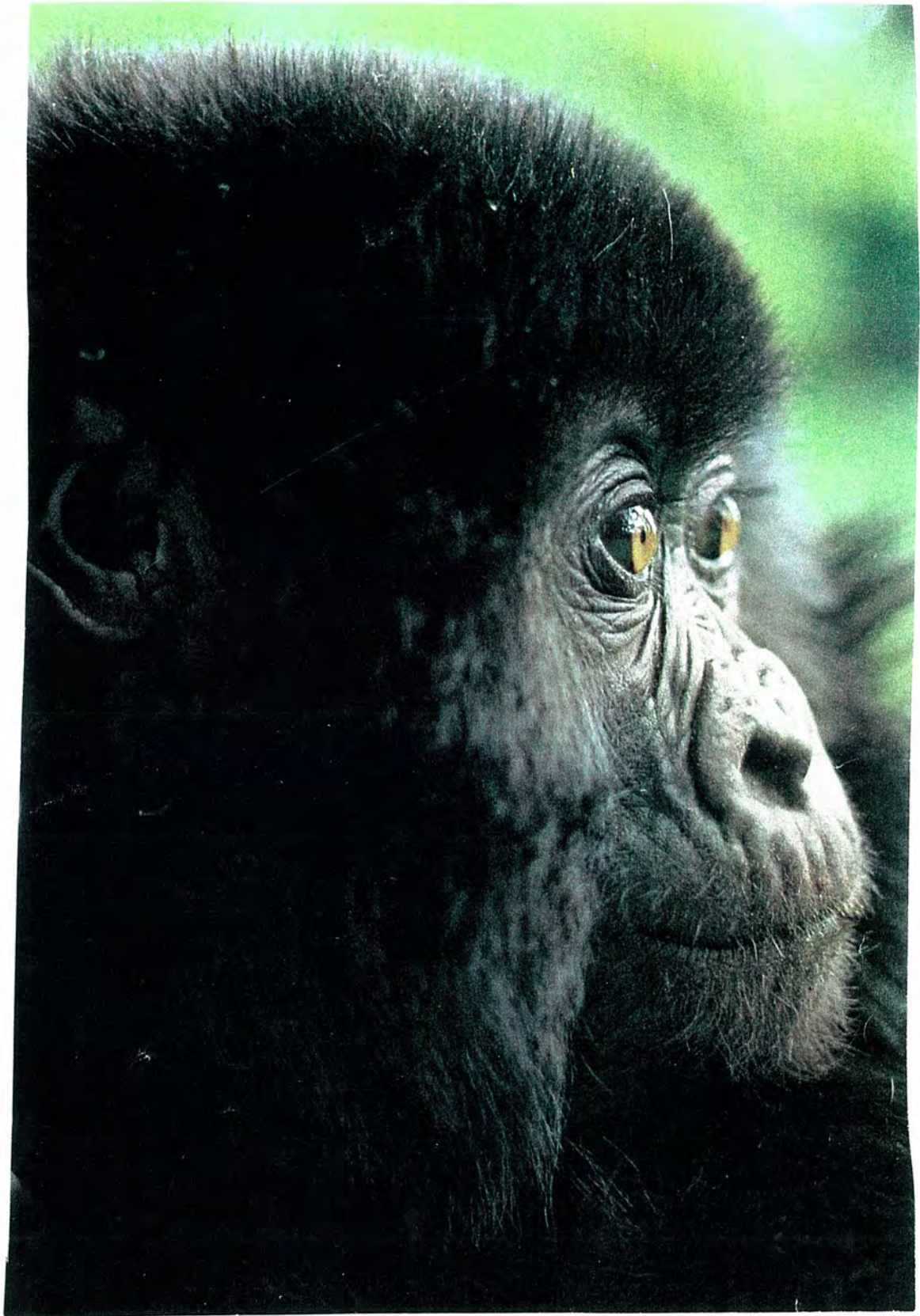


- He was about six foot tall, **wide shouldered** and strongly built.
- This morning, he was wearing shorts, a dark blue, open necked shirt and sandals on his bare feet.
- **Emerging** from the crowd of people who were waiting behind a barrier to meet friends and relatives who had arrived on the plane, he **gripped** Andrew's hand and shook it **vigorously**.
- Then, while Andrew was still **blinking** in the sunlight, Tony picked up his luggage with the **effortlessness** of youth.
- The way that Tony **snapped** his jaws **shut** after he had said it, showed that he did not intend to continue on the subject.
- He was usually a light sleeper, **subject to dreams**, but now, he was **engulfed** in a **dark nothingness** and when he woke he had no sense of how many hours had passed.
- He knew that **Australians had a way of letting their voices lift slightly at the end of a sentences and that that sometimes gave the sentence the sound almost of being a question.**



A. Borelli
04

- She started and turned.
- She was about twenty-five, he thought, small, slender and fine-boned, with a pointed little face with delicate features, which would have been very pretty if her grey eyes had not been almost too large.
- Her hair was straight and fair and tied in a pony-tail with a scarlet ribbon.
- She was wearing a short, straight dress of red and white flowered cotton, and scarlet sandals.
- The air-conditioner was **whirring**.
- Wistaria climbing up the supports of the verandah in a dense green curtain.
- It was not only that he was very tall and very thin, with a mop of yellow curls, a pale face with a long, pointed chin, a long, sharp nose and singularly bright blue eyes that had a nervous, almost frightened gleam in them, but was dressed in rags.
- The sea was calm, with the **small breakers** along its edge **sending** only a light **frill** of foam up the beach.



Peter Alding

- The van, **swaying quickly**, overtook a saloon car halfway up the hill.
- They reached the **brow of the hill** and began the gentle descent.
- The road made a sharp right turn half a mile on and then ran straight up to the brow of a small rise.
- His square face was marked with vicious lines.
- The lorry, medium-sized and obviously nearly new, was parked end on to the **tumbledown** post-and-rail fencing.
- The track **curled round** out of sight of the road, then **stopped abruptly** against a wall of **rioting** brambles, bracken, weed grass and sapling growth.
- To the West was a typical **patch-work** of green countryside, partly in sunshine now, which contained fields of every shade and size and several small villages.
- To the South was Fortrow and beyond the sea, somewhat hazy so that horizon and sky **melted inconclusively** into each other.

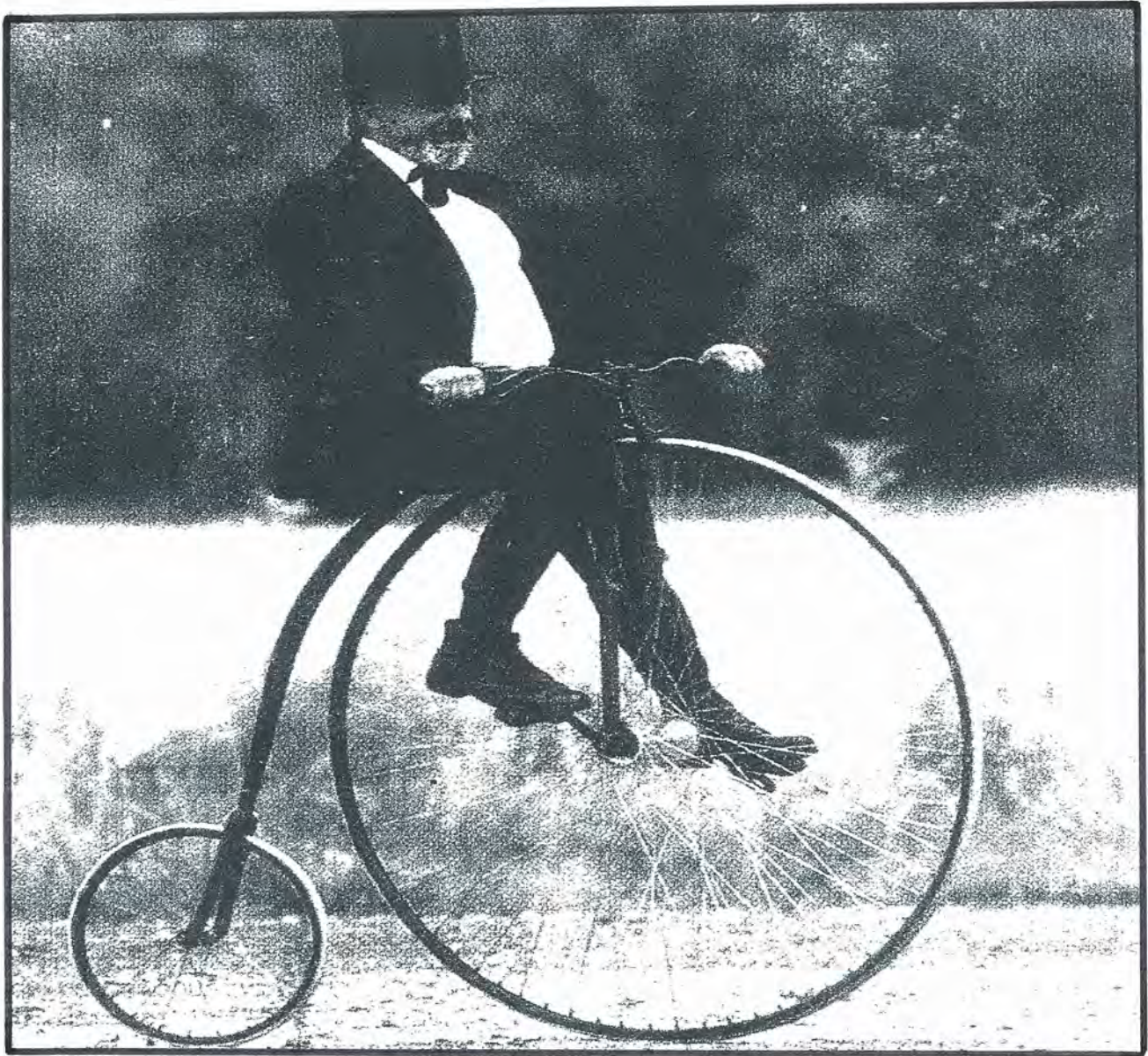


Kate Grenville

- In the room where William Thornhill grew up, in the last decades of the eighteenth century, no one could move an elbow without hitting the wall or the table or a sister or a brother.
- Light **struggled** in through small panes of **cracked glass**, and the soot from the smoking fireplace **veiled** the walls.
- Where they lived, down close to the river, the alleyways were no more than a stride across and **dimmed** even on the brightest day by the buildings **packed in** hugger-mugger.
- As the weeks passed, Mr Middleton grew gaunt, his eyes set in dark rings.
- A little nagging cough **began to keep him company**.

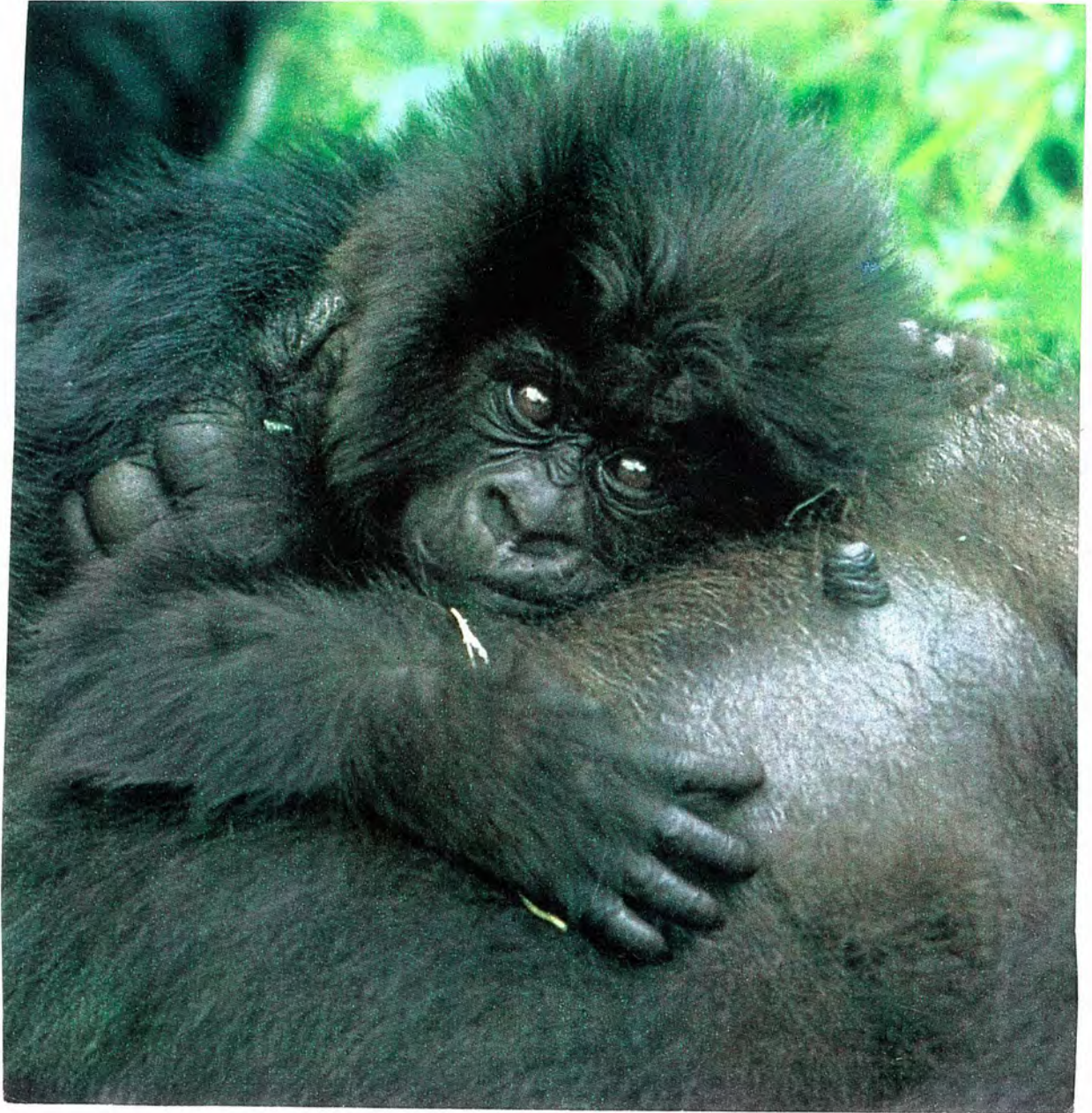






Alliteration

Her hair was a confection of white-blond curls, like a cloud of cotton candy.



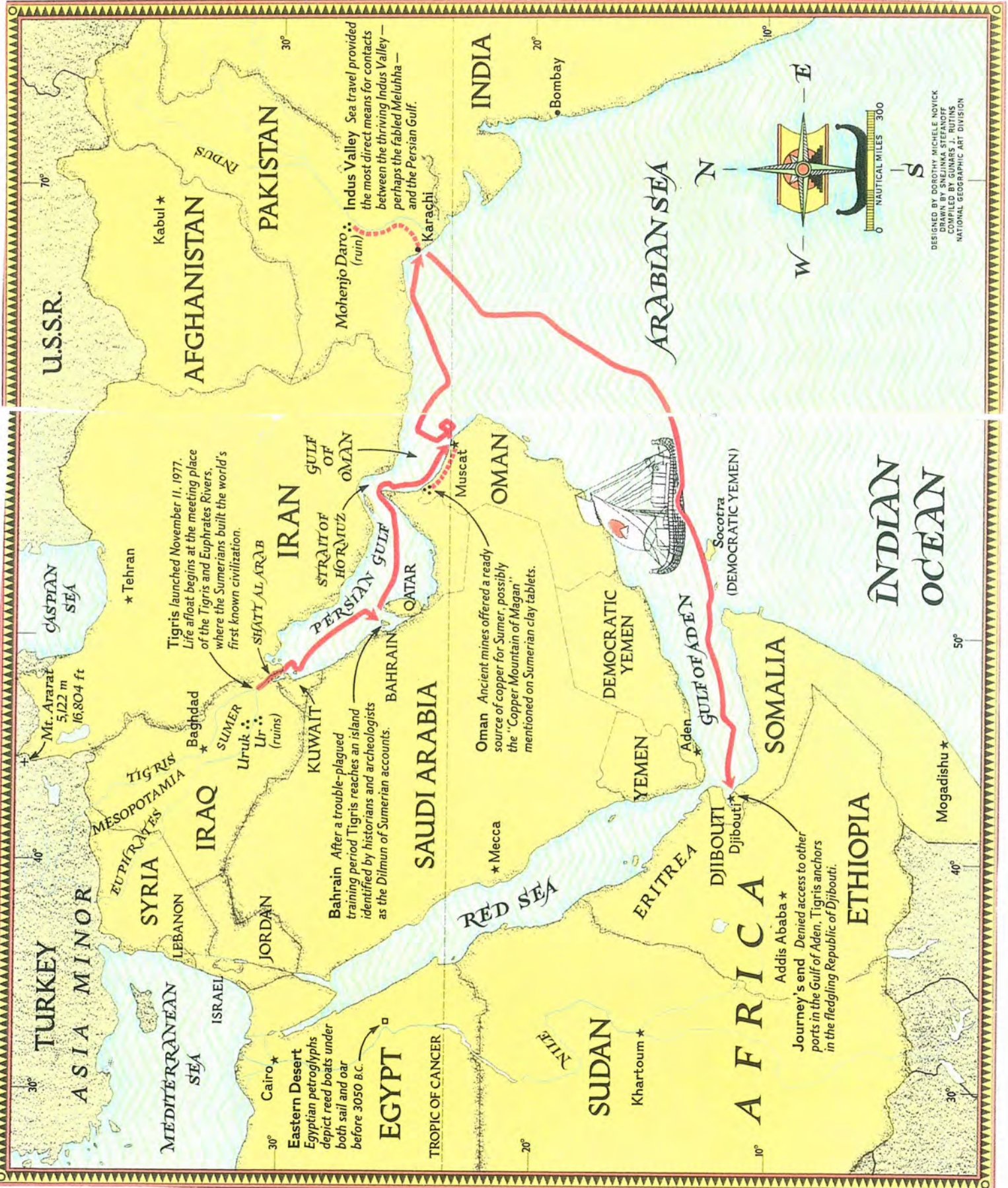
Sue Grafton

- With lies, it's best to skip across the surface like a dragonfly.
- Cecilia pulled her lips together like a drawstring purse.
- The mattress was as turgid as a trough of mud.
- He saw the world in terms of all black or all white with not a lot in between.

Elizabeth Ferrars

- The **dismal congeries** of shops at the **turbulent** intersection of...
- Joel Campbell took note of none of these features of the journey **upon which he was embarking.**





U.S.S.R.

AFGHANISTAN

PAKISTAN

INDIA

ARABIAN SEA

INDIAN OCEAN

TURKEY

ASIA MINOR

MEDITERRANEAN SEA

IRAQ

JORDAN

EGYPT

TROPIC OF CANCER

SUDAN

ERITREA

AFRICA

ETHIOPIA

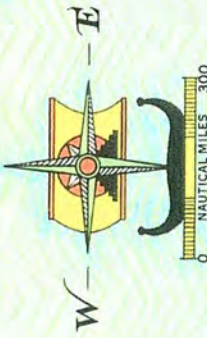
Tigris launched November 11, 1977. Life afloat begins at the meeting place of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers, where the Sumerians built the world's first known civilization.

Bahrain After a trouble-plagued training period Tigris reaches an island identified by historians and archeologists as the Dilmun of Sumerian accounts.

Oman Ancient mines offered a ready source of copper for Sumer, possibly the "Copper Mountain of Magan" mentioned on Sumerian clay tablets.

Indus Valley Sea travel provided the most direct means for contacts between the thriving Indus Valley — perhaps the fabled Meluhha — and the Persian Gulf.

Journey's end Denied access to other ports in the Gulf of Aden, Tigris anchors in the fledgling Republic of Djibouti.



DESIGNED BY DOROTHY MICHELE NOVICK
DRAWN BY SNEJKA STEFANOFF
COMPILED BY GUNNAR J. RUTINS
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC ART DIVISION

Tehran

Baghdad

Ur (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

MESESOPOTAMIA

SYRIA

LEBANON

ISRAEL

CAIRO

Eastern Desert

Egyptian petroglyphs depict reed boats under both sail and oar before 3050 B.C.

Ur (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Uruk (ruins)

Erle Stanley Gardner

- Things which seem frightfully important at the time have a habit of fading into insignificance.
- They loom large at first, then melt into the distance, becoming so tiny that they finally disappear altogether.
- Events are like telephone poles, streaming back from the observation platform of a speeding train.





Introductions

Mercury and the Woodman (Aesop)

1. One day, a woodman was felling trees by the river. Suddenly his axe hit a knot in a tree trunk and flew from his hands into the water. The woodman was standing on the bank of the river, lamenting his loss, when the god Mercury appeared before him.

2. The pedlar of Swaffham.

Legend has it that hundreds of years ago, in the village of Swaffham, in the County of Norfolk in England, there lived a pedlar who was plagued by a certain dream.

3. Lazy Jack

Once upon a time, there was a boy called Jack who lived with his widowed mother on a dreary common, in the rain-swept countryside. The mother earned a poor living by spinning, but Jack was lazy and earned nothing. At last his mother lost all patience with the boy and told him that if he did not find some work, she would turn him out of the house.

Motif: Repetitive line throughout the story.

“You stupid boy,” said his mother.

“You should have put the penny in your pocket.”

“You’re right,” agreed Jack. “That is what I shall do next time.”

4. **The green children**

One bright sunny day, some good people from the village of St Marry’s in Suffolk, found two children wandering and crying near a wolf pit. The children, a girl and a younger boy, were like normal humans in shape, but their skin and hair were green.

5. **The Fisherman and his Soul**(Oscar Wilde)

Every evening, the young fisherman went out upon the sea and threw the nets into the water.

When the wind blew from the land, he caught nothing, or but little at best, for it was a bitter and **black-winged wind**, and rough waves rose up **to meet it**. But when the wind blew to the shore, the fish came in from the deep and swam into the meshes of his nets, and he took them to the market-place and sold them.

6. **The Fisherman and the Rich Moor**

Once long ago, on the shores of the blue Mediterranean Sea, **there lived** a kindly Spanish fisherman. This man was not poor, he made good catches of fine fish and he took care of his money. He lived in a comfortable house.

However, the fisherman knew that not everyone was as fortunate and sensible as he was so, every feastday, he would go into the streets and look for a poor man. Then he would invite the man home to eat a fine meal and to sit one day in warmth and comfort.





- In order to improve the writing skills of students, all work handed in is discussed in a special lesson.
- If a topic is suggested, it is imperative that it be tossed around first. Each student will contribute something.
- The following topic became a roaring success: **An empty bottle talking to a drunk!**

Précis

- Like the ends of a seesaw, **plot** and **character** are inseparable.
- In **interpretive fiction**, the character end is up because the emphasis is not on actions done by people but **on people doing actions**.
- Interpretive fiction offers an unparalleled opportunity to observe human nature in all its complexity and multiplicity. We are able to observe them in situations that are always significant. We can view their inner life, because the author can tell us exactly what the character thinks or feels. In real life, we can only guess at those inner thoughts and feelings from a person's external behaviour which may be designed to conceal what is going on inside.



- By knowing fictional characters, we can also understand people in real life better than we otherwise could.
- Characters are either presented directly or indirectly. The author shows us the character in action; we **infer** what they are like, what they think, say and do.
- In **escape fiction** characters are good or bad.
If he is bad, he must be daring, handsome and gallant.
If he defies the law, he must be a gentleman with the soft heart.
- Readers of escape fiction will identify themselves with the character; they would like to be the same or imagine themselves to be that way.
- A story will be successful only if it is dramatised. To be convincing, characters must be consistent, motivated and lifelike.



Guided Language

In order to increase students' vocabulary and their language skills, let them first **fluently** read a well written story.

1. Ask them to recall it in their own words.
2. Write down one or more **keywords** (**stepping stones**) from each sentence.
3. Students should then **reconstruct** the story as accurately as possible.

Professional Memory Training

To be able to do this well, they must vividly **visualise** the sequence of events.

In the following example

-The Pedlar of Swaffham-they must virtually become the Pedlar themselves and literally follow him in his footsteps, think what he thinks, say what he says.



The Pedlar of Swaffham

Legend has it that hundreds of years ago, in the village of Swaffham, in the county of Norfolk in England, there lived a pedlar who was plagued by a certain dream.

The dream was always the same. In his sleep a voice came to him and said that if he stood on London Bridge, he would hear joyful news.

At first the pedlar took no notice. For him to go to London would not be easy. He would have to walk there, and sleep in barns or under hedges, along the way.

The dreams persisted. The voice was so insistent that the pedlar became upset and worried. He dreaded going upstairs to bed. At last he said to his wife, "It is no use. I shall have to go to London and stand on London Bridge or I shall know no peace for the rest of my life."

He packed a few belongings, some food, a little money and walked the long road to London.

In those days London Bridge was a bustling place with houses and shops on either side. For several days the pedlar stood on the bridge, first in one spot and then another, but no one spoke to him and no one gave him joyful news.

"I was a fool to come," he told himself, but still he waited.

Finally, when he had nothing but a crust of bread in his pocket and knew that he must depart for Norfolk within the hour, a shopkeeper stepped from his shop and came and spoke to him.

"Satisfy my curiosity," said the shopkeeper. "I have seen you here for several days past. You do not beg, you do not pick pockets, you are not selling anything. Why are you standing here?"

The pedlar replied honestly that he had dreamed that if he stood on London Bridge he would hear joyful news.

At that the shopkeeper burst out laughing.

"You do not want to take notice of foolish dreams," he said. "Why, I keep having this dream that if I go to Swaffham, in Norfolk – a place I know nothing of – and ask for the pedlar's house and go into the orchard at the back and dig under a great oak tree, then I shall find a hoard of treasure. What nonsense! Why, I am sure that if I took any notice of that dream, I should make a long journey to Swaffham and when I got there, find nothing. You be off home, my friend, and take no notice of dreams."

At once the pedlar hurried home to Swaffham. He went into the orchard at the back of his house and dug under the great oak tree. He found a chest of treasure and was wealthy for the rest of his life.

Being a God-fearing man, the pedlar gave some of the money for the repair of the local church and inside it he had a statue raised of himself with his pack on his back and his dog at his heels, walking towards London Bridge, where he had indeed heard such joyful news.

The Stepping Stones

Introduction:

- Legend has it, village of, county of, in, there lived, plagued.
- The dream. In his sleep, stood, joyful.
- At first, for him, easy.
- He would, walk, sleep, hedges.
- The dreams. The voice, upset.
- He dreaded, bed. At last, he said.
- I shall, stand, Bridge, no peace.
- He packed, food, money, walked.

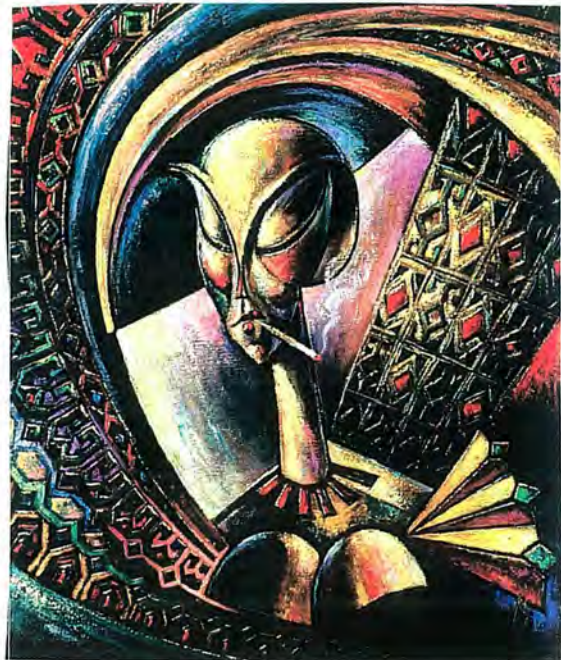
Middle part

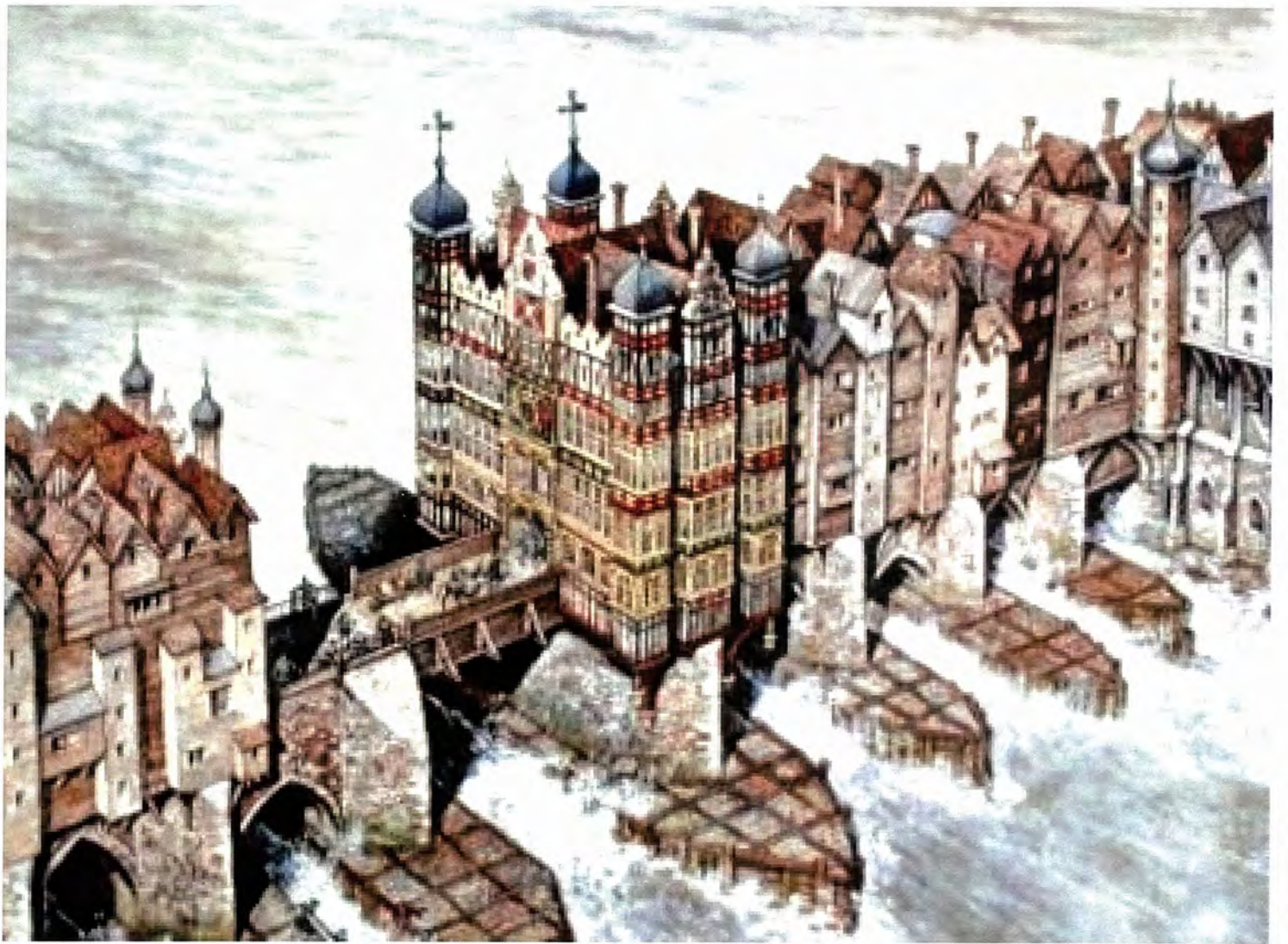
- In those days, bustling, houses and shops.
- For several days, bridge, first, then, but, spoke, joyful news.
- I was, he told, but still.
- Finally, nothing but, bread, pocket, he knew, must, within, shopkeeper, came, spoke.

- Satisfy. I have seen you. You do not, pick, selling. Why.
- The pedlar, honestly, dreamt, stood, he would.
- At that, burst. You do not want.
- I keep, dream, Swaffham, a place, and ask, and go, orchard, and dig, treasure.
- What nonsense. I am sure, notice, long journey, when, nothing.
- You be off, no notice.

Outcome

- At once, hurried. He went, and dug, oak tree.
- He found, wealthy, the rest of.
- Being, the pedlar gave, some, repair, and inside, statue, pack, dog, heels, walking, where, joyful news.





COGITO ERGO SUM

Life is survival from the moment of arrival to the hole in the ground, for life is earthbound.
Bones that burn to ashes for the urn.

Life is a golden handshake between gods and demons: without odds no evens,
without black no white, without day no night, without unjust no just. Dust to dust.

Life is as incomprehensible as a beehive. Life is a trick to stay alive.
Life is dark in the underworld where the worm works, light in the upperworld where
temptation lurks, the fight of the fittest, the biggest against the smallest,

The Ten Commandments made by man, an ape imitating Tarzan.
Life is a lifeless god selling answers for gold; unanswerable questions by young and old.
They shalt not. How come he has what I haven't got?

Ponder not, wonder not, compare not, judge not. Life is a mystery, future present and history.
Do well and rejoice, listen to the inner voice.

Life is the call of the mocking bird, the rational and the surd, the song of the nightingale,
the trumpet of the elephant, the fountain of the whale, the tic-toc of the clock,
running water shaping rock, the rat in the roof, the kookaburra's laugh aloof,
Cannibals cooking people in pots, cannonballs firing shots, an enemy that rots away.

Whenever you pray, someone will prey.

The wind in the willow by the window of the widow; so above, so below.
Life is an arm raising the alarm, a mesmerising moon while the sky is calm,
A staring star, a fancy car, a candle in the dark, a stark naked shark,

A frillneck standing still, a leopard's jump to kill, an eager stallion, a mating bull,
Kids singing "Baa, Baa, black sheep, three bags full, " a waving hand of a
friend off to a distant land, a teardrop, a booking cop.

Life is the pain of a hammer hitting thumb, the strain of someone deaf and dumb,
A head on a shoulder, falling in love on a boulder. Life is a concert from Mozart to Máténitsa
and Mara, the pounding pulse of the bass in Sezoni with Sandra, Lou and Tony.

Life is the taste of ice cream in a dream, fresh fish from the stream, roast on toast.
Life is the smell of the sea, the leaves of a tree, sour milk and sweat, a mushroom farm, a dying pet.

Life is hope, dope, the noose of a rope, doing sums while waiting for a train that never comes, a
rocky road with ups and downs, a circus with clowns, a journey in the deserted desert seeing
an oasis that isn't there, a dog chasing an illusion that's not a rabbit nor a hare.

Life is the green grass on the other side, the bridegroom and his bride,

Excessively dressed people, bells from the steeple, a courtroom filled with sorrow, not today,
but perhaps tomorrow. Life is the draw of the straw, the claw of the law.

Life is meeting similar souls in a universe moving to black holes,

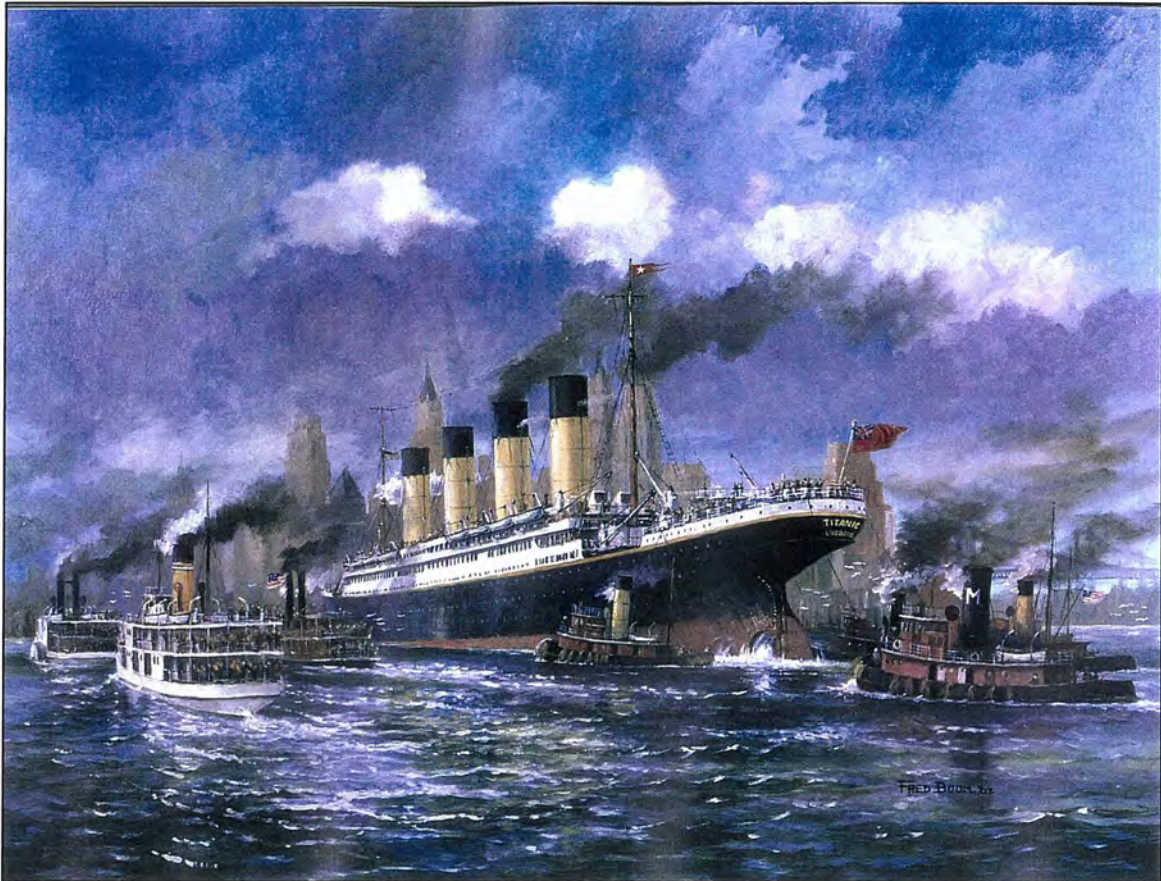
Comets scorching all that was beautiful.

Aart

DIALOGUE :

- A: Excuse me!
- B: Yes?
- A: Can I have an elephant please?
- B: Pardon?
- A: An elephant. Can I have an elephant please? I've got a bag to put it in. Look!
- B: But you can't put an elephant in that bag!
- A: Why not?
- B: Because elephants are big, and your bag is small.
- A: Well, can I have a small elephant, then?
- B: No, you can't. I haven't got a small elephant. I don't have any elephants. I've only got what you can see here. Cats, dogs, rabbits...
- A: I don't like cats and I don't like dogs, and I really don't like rabbits. I know! What about a goat? Can I have a goat? Goats aren't very big.
- B: They're too big for your bag. And anyway, I haven't got any goats.
- A: Yes you have! You've got a goat in your garden.
- B: But that's my goat. You can't have it. It's not for sale.
- A: Oh.
- B: I've got a suggestion. What about a mouse? Mice are nice, and they're small.
- A: Mice are stupid. My brother's got a mouse. It's really stupid! And he's got a fish. Fish are ugly. I don't want a mouse and I don't want a fish. Or a cat, or a dog and especially not a rabbit!
- B: Now listen, you!
- A: I'll tell you what. I'll have a kangaroo. That's a good idea, isn't it!
- B: I said listen! Where's your mother?
- A: She's at home, having a rest. She's got a headache.
- B: Well, where's your father, then?
- A: He's in the restaurant behind your shop, having lunch. He doesn't like having lunch at home. He says I talk too much.
- B: Oh, really?

Maureen Lavinia Bark



2012
TITANIC
One Hundred Years
A Head-On Collision

A. Bark



Author: A Bark
Sydney AUSTRALIA

2012 TITANIC
One Hundred Years

©2002 A. Bark

ISBN: 0 949384 73 9

READING: CREATIVE CURE

LITERACY: THE ABILITY TO READ AND WRITE
THE ABILITY TO USE LANGUAGE PROFICIENTLY.

READING is learnt by READING.

READING WITHOUT FLUENCY IS NOT READING

PROSODIC READING

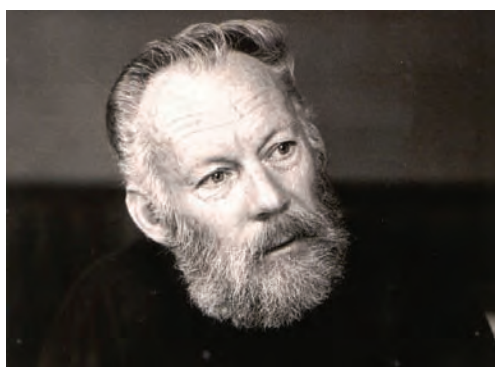
FLUENCY in reading is trainable and improves overall reading skills.

THE SIMPLEST METHOD IS ALWAYS THE BEST: MODELLING and MEMORY READING.

1. Depending on the student's word span, the teacher reads a phrase or a whole sentence with **theatrical enthusiasm**.

The material in the books that make up the foundation literacy series eminently lends itself to this sort of treatment because of its readability and its coherence; after all, **exaggeration, rhyme, rhythm and visualisation** are the most powerful tools used in professional memory training.

2. The student imitates the teacher (echo reading) from memory, with or without peripheral or incidental reading from the corner of the eye so to speak.
A whole class can read in chorus (Choral reading). Apart from giving students the opportunity to legitimately exercise their vocal cords, it is more beneficial than allowing them to engage in fruitless small talk.
3. A whole paragraph, a whole passage or a whole page may be treated this way, always aiming at **increasing the word span**.
4. The student should only be asked to read it by himself when he can **fluently imitate** what was read to him. No nagging, no "sounding out".
5. In case the student still baulks at a particular word, the teacher must act as a prompter; no more, no less.
6. **Practice makes perfect**: Remarkable results may be obtained by **breaking through the "sound barrier"**. For that to happen, the student must read the rhymes without hearing the words; up to 1400 words per minute.
7. Two stand-by methods may be helpful:
 - ◆ Neurological impress method based on the learning-to-ride-a-bike principle. The teacher begins by reading slightly ahead and louder than the student; he "drags" him along, but he must know when to let go altogether or to change to "shadowing" the student for a while.
 - ◆ The chopstick method: In this case, the chopstick "drags" the student along. Since it is not human, the chopstick can exercise power **without causing resentment** because it would be silly to argue with a chopstick. When it stops, the student **knows** that he has misread a word, (a, the, for, from, house, horse, hopping, hoping, offend, etc.) in most cases the result of "skim reading", because some weak-willed teachers don't want to "discourage" the student; **play now, pay later**.



Author's Background

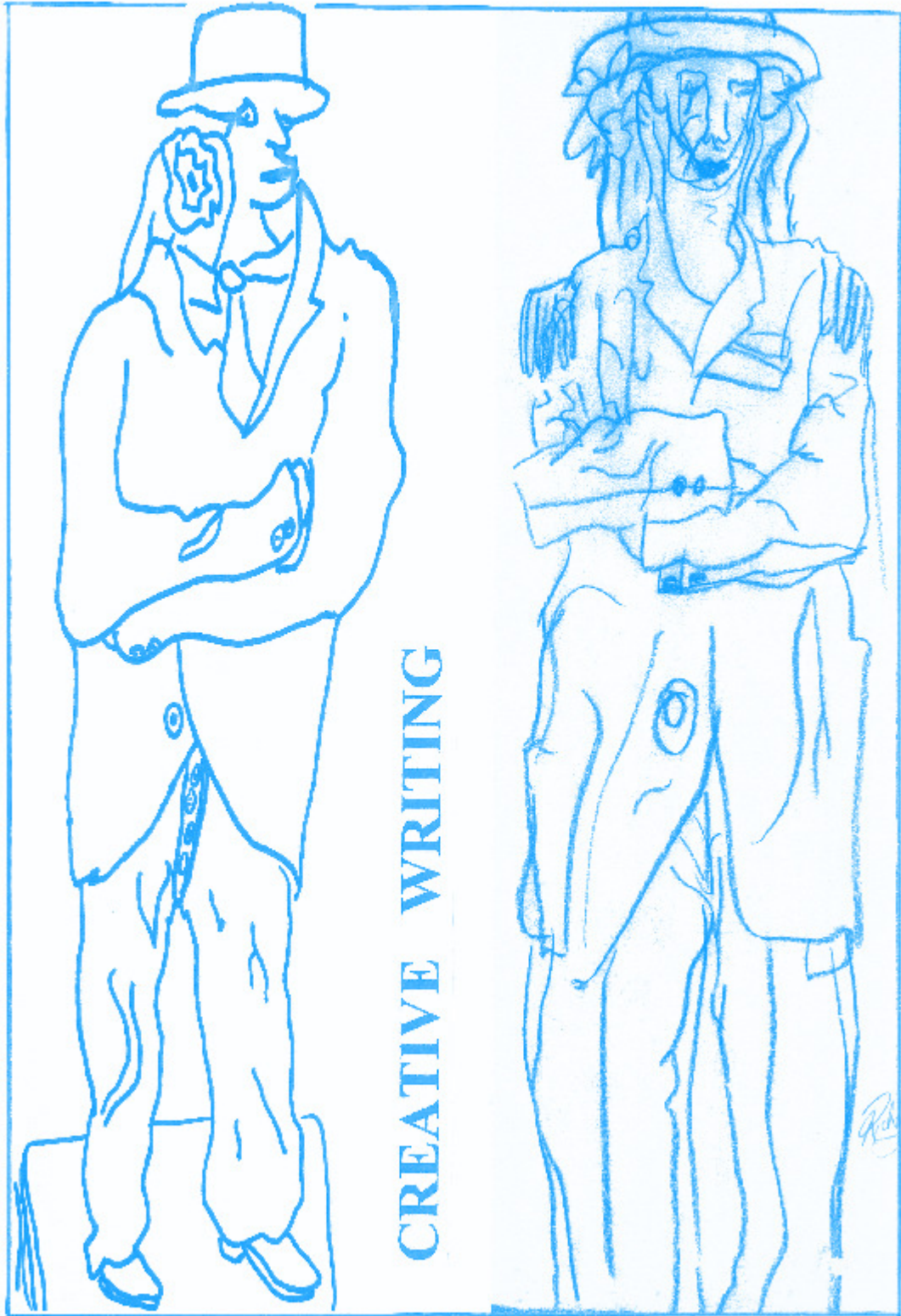
Born 20.12.1928

- | | | |
|------------|---|-----------------------------|
| 1. | <u>H.S.C. (HOLLAND)</u> | 1947 |
| | 4 Unit Maths, Mechanics, Technical Drawing
Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Political Economy
History, Geography, Dutch, English. French
German, Art, P.E. | |
| 2. | Certificate of Ability, Nautical College | Holland. 1949 |
| 3. | Diploma 3rd. Mate, Sea Going Trade | Holland 1951 |
| 4. | Diploma 2nd. Mate, Sea Going Trade | Holland 1954 |
| 5. | Spanish Commercial Correspondence | Holland 1954 |
| 6. | French Commercial Correspondence | Holland 1958 |
| 7. | English Commercial Correspondence | Holland 1961 |
| 8. | Language Studies: Friesian, Italian, B.A. French | |
| 9. | High School Teacher: English & French | Holland 2 yrs |
| 10. | High School Teacher | Australia 14 yrs |
| | <u>De La Salle, Ashfield</u> | |
| | Latin, French & English. | |
| | <u>St. Dominic's, Kingswood</u> | |
| | Creative Writing, English, Subject Master Technical Drawing | |
| | <u>Patrician Brothers, Granville</u> | |
| | Creative Writing, Mathematics, Subject Master Music | |
| | <u>Oakhill College, Castle Hill</u> | |
| | Creative Writing, Mathematics, Subject Master Technical
Drawing, French & Art | |
| 11. | Insurance & Real Estate Agent (Finance) | |
| 12. | Owner Builder (Rammed Earth) | |
| 13. | Hawkesbury Adult Education | Creative Writing, Spanish. |
| 14. | Professional Musician | Accordion, Flamenco Guitar. |
| 15. | Author of Textbooks | English & Mathematics |
| 16. | Private Tutor since 1976: | K-12 |
| 17. | Soccer Coach | |

THE 3RS

THE PROFESSIONAL WAY

A. BARK, CATTAL. N.S.W. 2756



National Library of Australia
ISBN 0 949384 66 6