

1. Sixth Official Colour Supplement (A golden hue)

The Editorial Team:

Editor in Chief:	Mr. Walter Dash
Editor:	Mr. David Webb
Head it her:	Miss Jane Rosser
Head hitter:	Mr. Wyn Oliver
Head butter:	Mr. Jay Extence
Head waiter:	Mr. John Morgans
Eddie:	Ted E

2. Fings ain't what they used to be (A dark brown)

As we come to the end of another school year and our numbers dwindle, the Colour Supplement sinks to the occasion once again. It is almost time for the last of the Summer Wine (who will be Foggy, Compo or Clegg?) We are down down to very few, a vintage brew or is it last week's stew. Oh dear, I fear that beer makes me act queer (as in peculiar - Old Peculier)....

3. A short poem entitled "Wynne's Energy in the Graig Schoolyard". (A multi-coloured mix)

The Tannoy tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herd has the usual bus chase on
The teacher homeward drives his weary way
And leaves the Graig to Charlie and to Jason

Now fades the glimmering car-park fluorescent lights
And all the stones in solemn stillness lie
Save where a Graig pupil does delight
In trying to throw one in his classmate's eye

But from that yonder multi-paned staffroom
A moping teacher to the head complains
About Year 10 - unmitigated gloom
Causing blood pressure and other little pains

Beneath that rugged ERC, the college pride
There heaved the turf in many a smould'ring scrum
And future internationals took a slide
With Wynne Oliver's right boot up their

The wheezy-call of schoolboy Swansea Jacks
Year 9 girls twitt'ring from the touch-line's view
Admiring the long-legged Llanelli backs
And the broad-beamed forwards grim-faced hue

For there no more the epic match shall play
'Cept in the memory of a priveleged band
Who witnessed many a fine display
When Llanelli Grammar Schoolboys ruled the land

H. Burgess

Oft did opponents to their scrummage yield
And artful backs deployed the ball with skill
They ran the opposition off the field
The lads from the school under the hill

But raw ambitions mocked that useful toil
As from origin at once obscure
There came the "aliens" our life to spoil
The CCTA encamped outside our door

Their pomp and heraldry we're powerless to crop
And all that class refurbishment was theirs
And 'tis rumoured e'er their course will stop
That Doc will teach his music on the stairs

But you, ye Proud, impute not to us the grief
If Memory now alone our trophies hold
Listen to Wynne, to Tony and to Keith
Expound those feats and faults in tales of old

For those proud cups and ornamented shields
That came so often to the proud glass case
Won on many a sporting field
Are lost to view, save in the mem'ry's place

No longer will appeals be hopef'ly made
For reports to be completed on the hour
But wait, here comes the uncompleted grades
For 1994's Year 10 P.E. "shower"

So, one by one, the players leave the stage
Some to different pastures, sweeter bait
Some threatened by the redundancy age
All subject to the controlling hand of fate

4. Have you heard.....? (Quietly blue)

Mr. Patten has apologised again. He doesn't know who to - or what for - but he felt he should, because he couldn't think of anyone he hadn't offended.

It is recommended that sex education should be taught to boys and girls separately. Otherwise the girls get a headache and the boys are unsympathetic.

The Government also plans to merge sex education and the C.S.A. This should deter any male from becoming a father.

In the Dominican Republic the women wear grass skirts. Jay has packed his weedkiller.

CCTA lecturers have to sit a special intelligence test. The first question is "Why do you wish to join the CCTA?

Due to legal action in the States the acronym for Standard Assessment Tasks can no longer be used. Instead the Government have adopted the name Standard Intelligent Tests (SITS) for General Intellect Pupils (GIPS). Certain children classified as Social Assessment Pupils (SAPS) will not be required to take these tests and will follow Separate Option Courses (SOCS) instead. At the end of Year 11 pupils will be issued with Subject Uptake Certificates of Knowledge (SUCKS) for each topic.

In short, pupils cannot sit SATS, but GIPS will sit SITS whilst SAPS sit SOCS, then it's all SUCKS.

5. Goodbye,

to all those who will not grace these corridors again:

In retirement:-

Tony, may your sums always add up;
Meyrich, may your golf balls always fly true;
Pat, may your words never be cross.

Those who move to other fields:-

Geoff, may good luck be yours;
Helen, may Coedcae be "tres bon";
Caroline, may your needles always be sharp;
Jay, may your bananas never split;
Meirion, may your depressions always be filled;

Congratulations Sara, may your movements be always exciting in exotic places like Sri Lanka, Maldives and Yealmpton (Pontiliw will never be the same).

6. and finally

To each and every one of us, may we have the holiday we deserve. May kindness and pleasure be ours, and may God watch over us.