

# Kay Puttergill

Volume 5

Illustrator and Author



# About the Artist

Kay Puttergill is a multi-medium artist. Her works include watercolours, oils, acrylics, pen & ink, ceramics, and sculpture and mosaics. She has sold paintings in Britain, France, South Africa, Botswana, and America; and exhibited extensively in South Africa for 20 years.

Her life has largely revolved around matters artistic, having owned and taught at several ballet schools in the 60's, through architectural drawing and draughting, to adjudicating on exhibition panels and eisteddfods.

Apart from exhibiting and selling through the Watercolour Society of South Africa she was also occasionally on the national selection committee for their exhibitions and attained Associate status as a member.

She also taught art for several years in Grahamstown and Pretoria.

She was self taught until at the age of 56, when she enrolled at the art school of Pretoria Technikon in South Africa in 1998. She completed two years of study there.

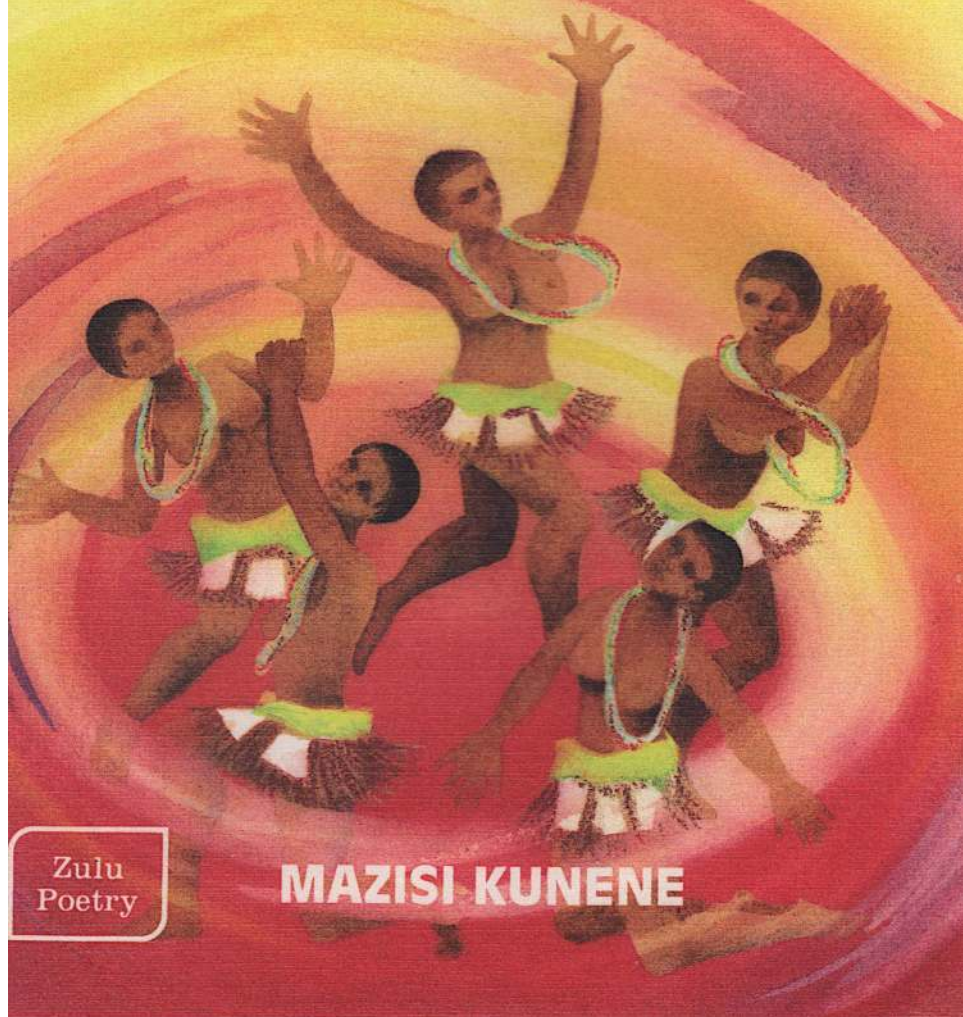
Today Kay lives in Barwell, Leicestershire in the United Kingdom and divides her time between her art, her garden and renovating her home.

# Illustration

# ***INDIDA***

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## ***yamancasakazi***



Cover Illustration for INDIDA

[1995, watercolour - Used for "INDIDA yamancasakazi" Shuter & Shooter Publishers]



# The Ebony Elephant



Cover Illustration for The Ebony Elephant by Daphne Oliver  
[1994, watercolour]



Page Illustration for The Ebony Elephant by Daphne Oliver  
[1994, pen and ink]





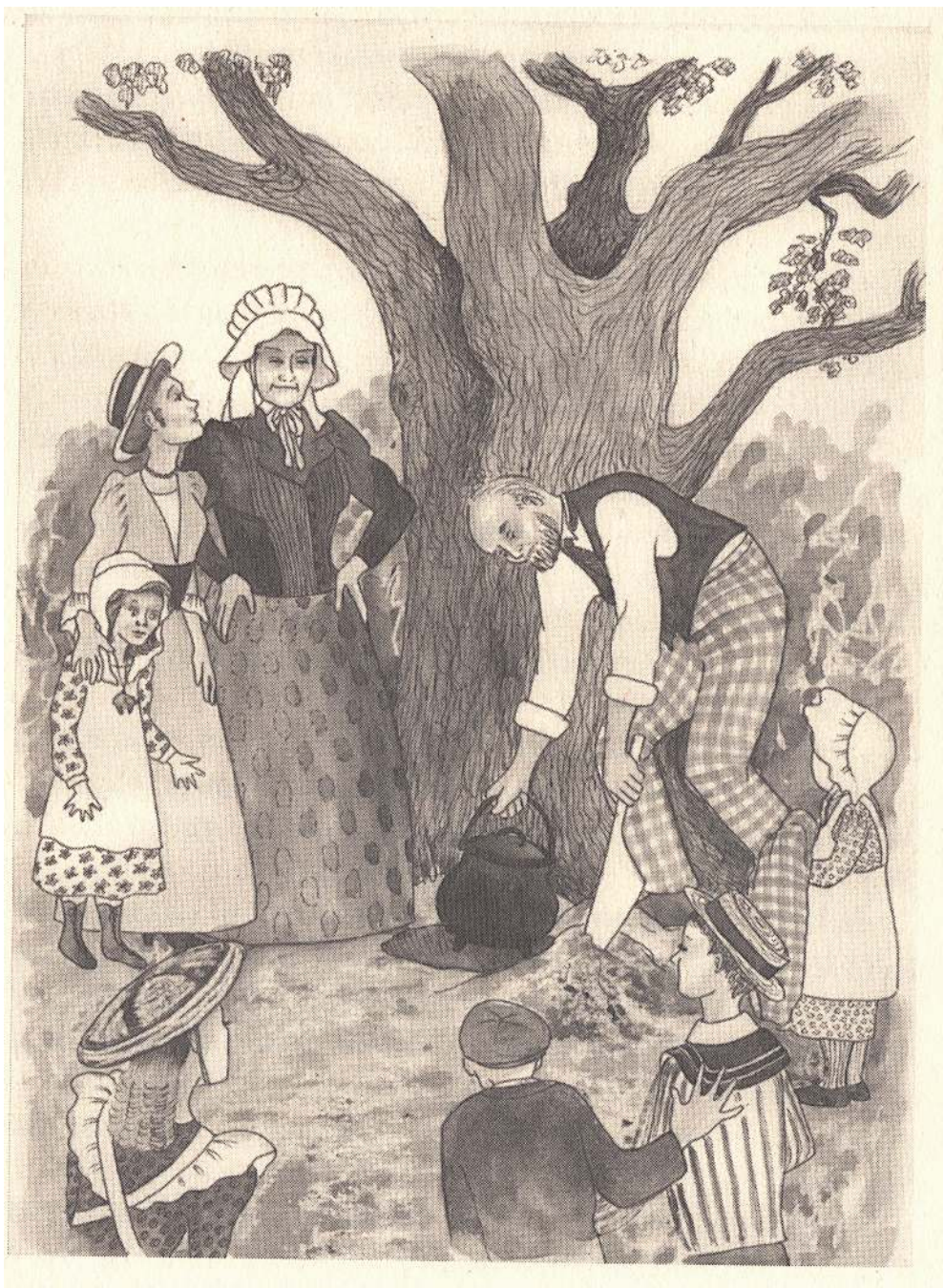
Page Illustration for The Ebony Elephant by Daphne Oliver  
[1994, pen and ink]





Page Illustration for The Ebony Elephant by Daphne Oliver  
[1994, pen and ink]





Page Illustration for The Ebony Elephant by Daphne Oliver  
[1994, pen and ink]

# Mashilo and Mashilwane

Elize König

15

Level 2.X  
Reading Card

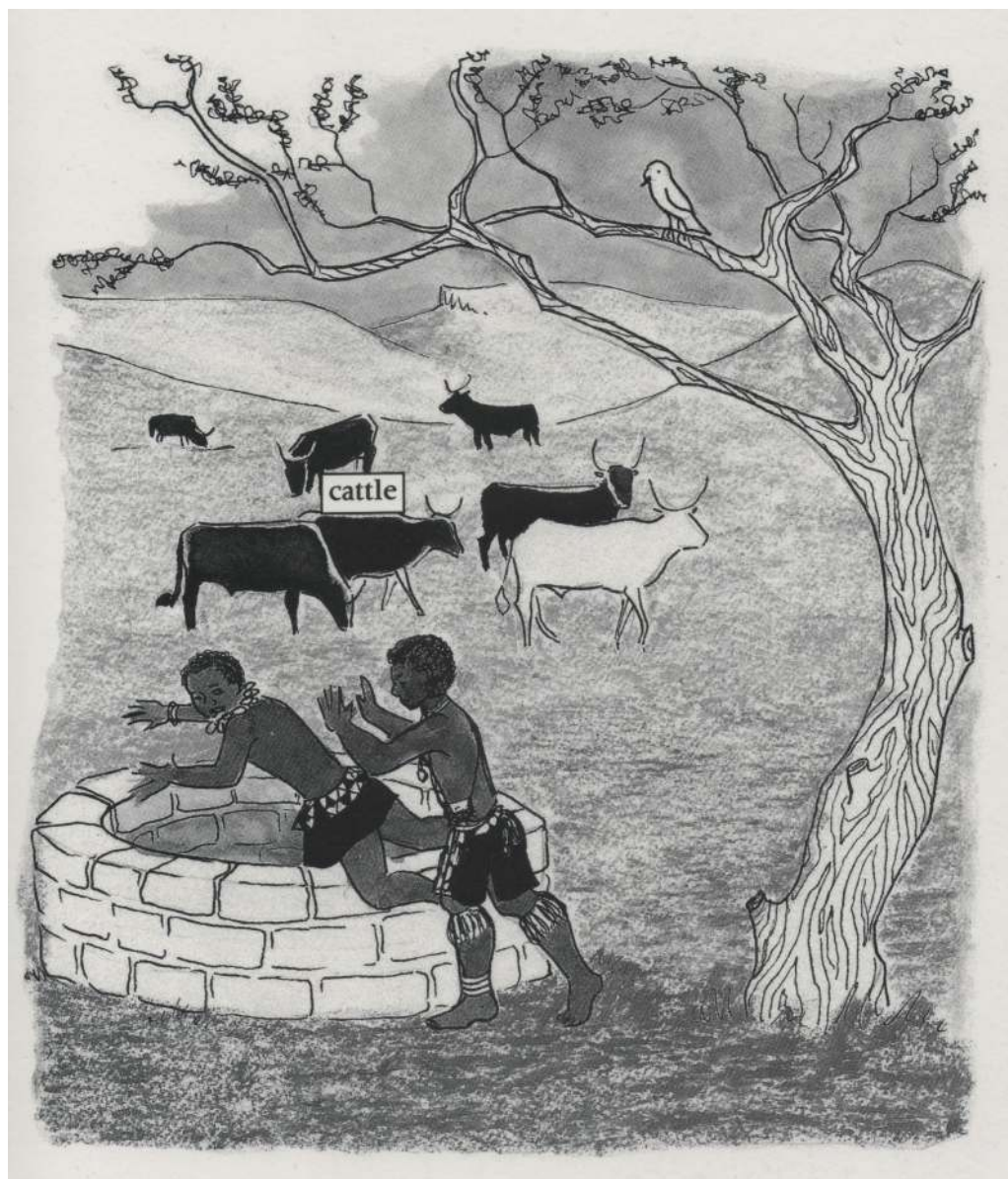


Illustrated by Kay Puttergill  
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Wordwise Reading Programme  
Level 2

Cover Illustration for Mashilo and Mashilwane by Elize König  
[1994, pen and ink, watercolour]





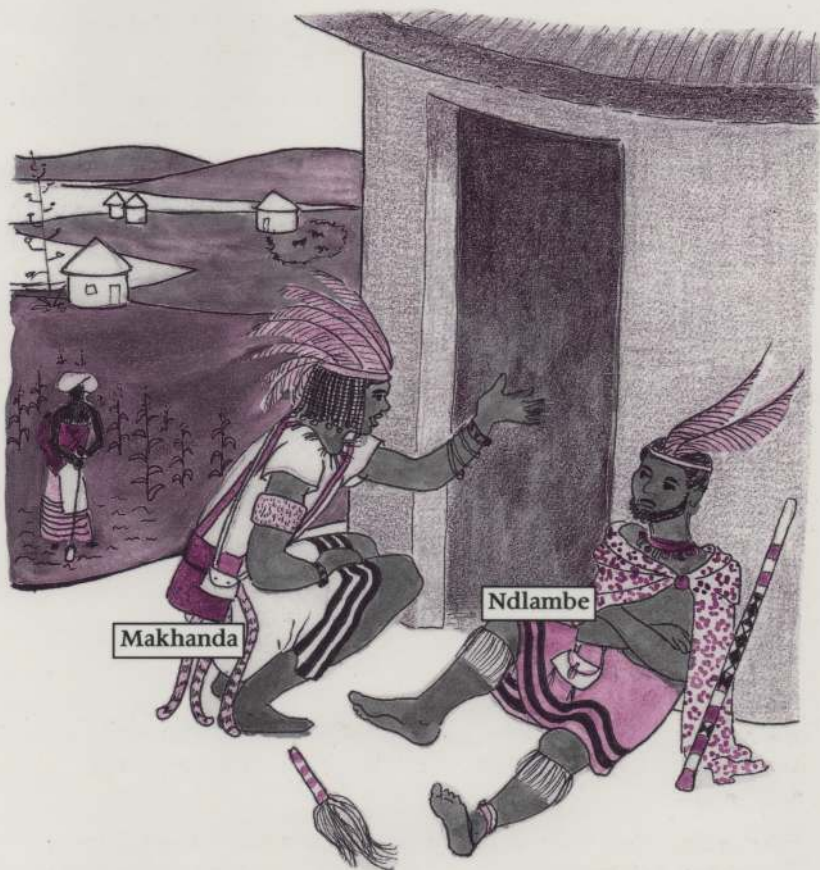
Page Illustration for Mashilo and Mashilwane by Elize Konig  
[1994, pen and ink]

# Makhanda the prophet

Barbara Hönck

9

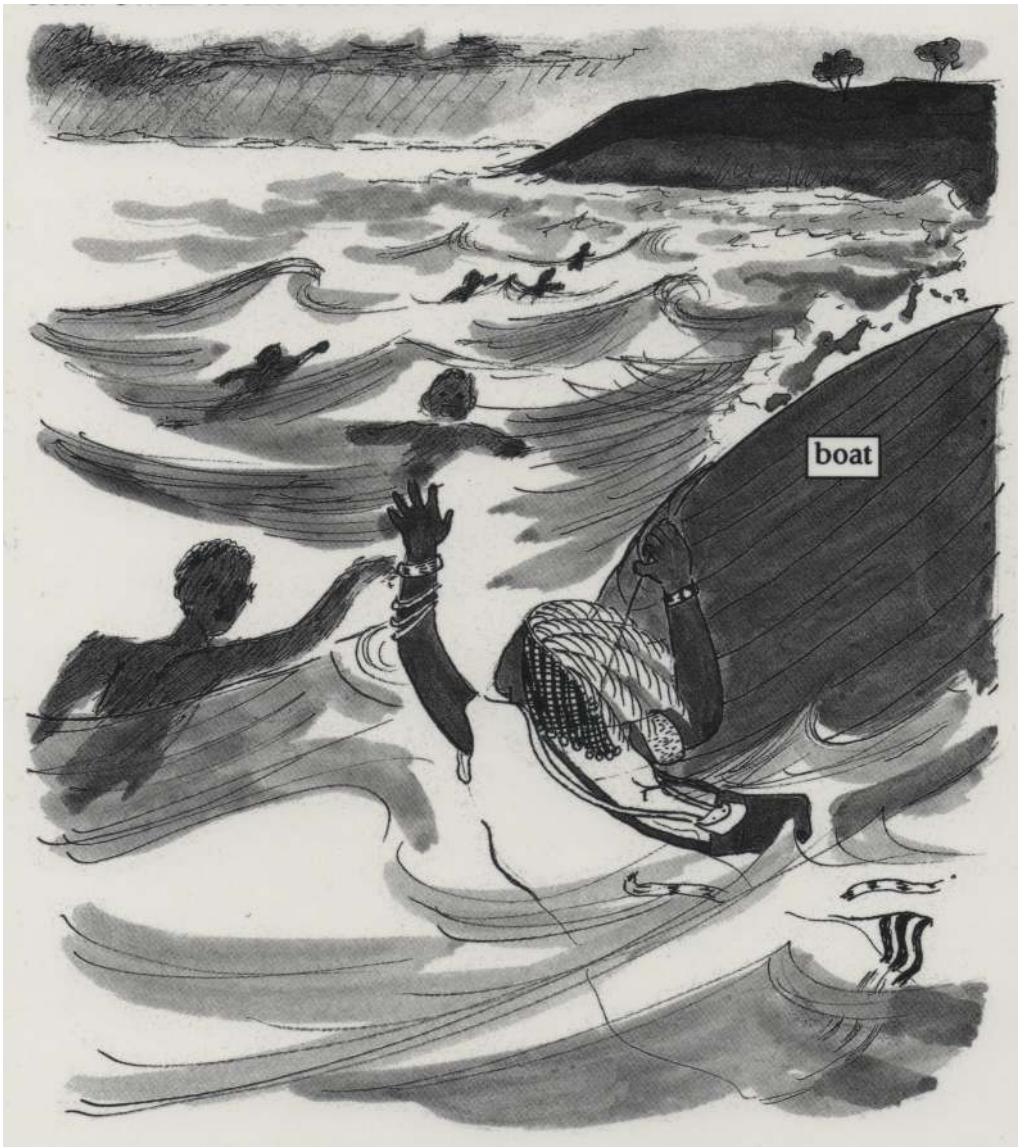
Level 2.X  
Reading Card



Illustrated by Kay Puttergill  
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Wordwise Reading Programme  
Level 2

Cover Illustration for Makhanda and the proper by Barbara Honck  
[1994, pen and ink, watercolour]

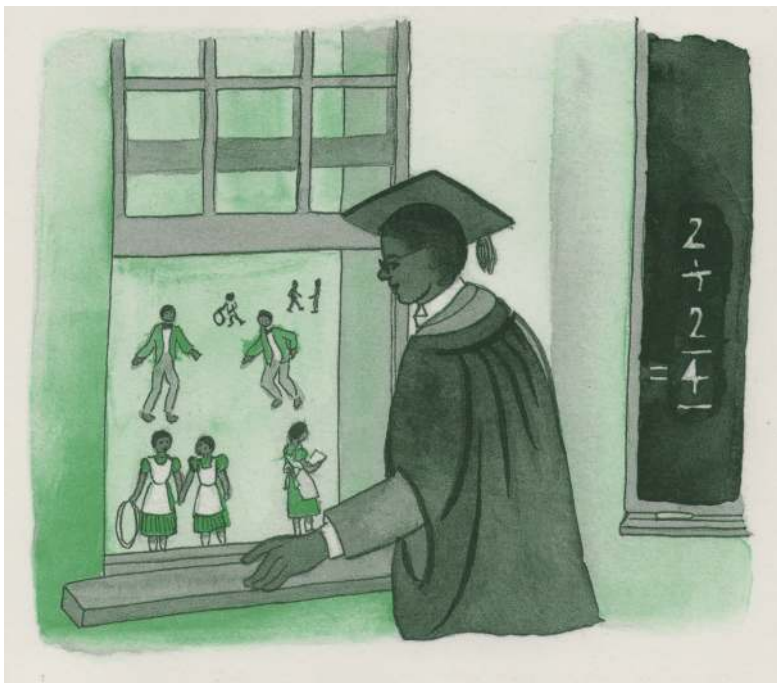


Page Illustration for Makhandia and the propher by Barbara Honck  
[1994, pen and ink]





Page Illustration for The Karoo by Eve Palmer  
[1994, pen and ink, watercolour]



Page Illustrations for *A Prayer for Africa* by Barbara Honck  
[1994, pen and ink, watercolour]

The man who wished he had fur  
like a cat

Kay Puttergill





Larry Long was the laziest man ever...

[2007, pen and ink - 21 x 30 cm]

## LARRY'S WISH

Larry Long was the laziest man ever. He did nothing. He lay on the couch all day long. He lived with his wife and their cat on a small farm near a small village. His wife Marge did the housework, prepared the meals, milked the cows, and fed the chickens. She worked in the garden and did all the other jobs that needed doing on the farm. Larry did nothing.

Larry didn't even feel guilty. He wasn't called Lazy Larry for nothing.

One day he lay on the couch, as usual, watching television, and his wife scolded him for not taking his coffee mug through to the kitchen. He always just left it lying on the floor beside him. "Who does he think I am - his servant?" thought his wife in annoyance.

Larry stretched and stroked the cat.

He said, "Look at this cat! Just because she has fur she gets petted and fussed. She can laze around all day long and nobody minds. Nobody scolds her. She has all the food she needs. She doesn't have to work or do anything. Oh, I wish, wish, WISH I had fur like a cat!"

Suddenly, a bright red spark shot out of the tin box, which was on a shelf in the corner of the room. It was so fierce that it shot the lid right off the box with a loud ping.

"Now look what you've done, by repeating 'wish' three times you released your spell" wailed Marge, as she looked at the box, which was decorated with strange writings and stars and weird colours "You've just used one the two wishes that Aunt Jemima gave us as a wedding present years ago. Those were kept for emergency use only. You are so stupid sometimes".

"Well, that was my wish," said Larry. "You still have your spell, so why are you moaning?"

He felt a bit itchy and started to rub his arms and his neck.

"Gosh, Marge, the spell is working. Look I'm growing soft fur all over".

His wife snorted. "Really Larry, you are going to look quite ridiculous. I don't suppose you propose to lick yourself clean all over like a cat either, or hadn't you thought about that?"

Stealing a sly peak out of the corner of her eyes, she was amazed at how quickly her husband was changing his appearance. But she said nothing and continued to vacuum the carpet.

Larry ignored her last remark because in truth he hadn't actually considered how he was going to keep clean. But then he hadn't actually expected his wish to be granted. After all it was just one of those remarks that people might make. He had forgotten all about the wishes Aunt Jemima had given them.

"Well" said Larry, "I don't think I need these anymore". And he threw his clothes onto the floor.

His wife snatched them up and glared at him. "At least that will cut down on some of the washing and ironing anyway".

"I think I'll have a short rest here before I go and get petted by the children in the park. I will be treated with the kindness I feel I deserve" said Larry, and lay back in the same spot he'd been a short while before.

His wife angrily pulled the cushion out from beneath his head.

"Oh for goodness sake get-out, Larry". Marge muttered, "I can't clean properly with you lying around all day".

"Alright" said Larry, feeling rather hurt by her attitude. He took a quick glance in the mirror as he left the room, and smiled in anticipation.



"Well" said Larry, "I don't think I need these anymore".

[2007, pen and ink - 21 x 30 cm]



## CONSTERNATION IN THE PARK

He skipped and danced along in happiness, feeling that his life was about to change into something really wonderful. In through the park gates he skipped and on towards the children's playground.

Instead of the reaction he expected, he was astonished to hear the children scream and cry for their mothers. The mothers snatched up their children and fled from the park as quickly as possible.

As they left, he heard words like “Monster” “Freak” “Horrible” “Scary” whip through the air after them.

Larry couldn't understand it. He thought he was cute, even though he didn't have cats' ears, tail, or nose. He had fur, and as far as Lazy Larry was concerned, fur was all you needed to deserve some tender love and affection.

He wandered dismayed back to the street. He became aware of curtains twitching and people watching him. A real cat even arched its back and hissed at him, its eyes round, wild and scared. All its hair stood out in spikes.

Larry felt like kicking it, but he didn't. In his heart he really was a very kind man.



He wandered dismayed back to the street.

[2007, pen and ink - 21 x 30 cm]

He wandered back into the park and walked slowly and sadly along the path. He spied an old lady sitting on a bench with a packet of sandwiches on her lap. She was about to eat one, when Larry sat down and leaned towards her. He purred "Do you perhaps have a spare sandwich for me? I'm very hungry".

She turned her head and looked at him. Then with a shriek she leapt up and fainted onto the grass. Larry neatly caught her sandwich. He decided that it shouldn't be wasted, and promptly began to eat it.

He felt bad about the old lady, but there was nothing he could really do.

She would recover consciousness sooner or later. He decided that when she did, she was unlikely to feel like eating her sandwiches, so he polished off the remainder. He licked his lips and wiped away the last smears of peanut butter with his tongue.





He felt bad about the old lady...

[2007, pen and ink - 21 x 30 cm]

He sat there in the sun, wondering what he should do next, when it was decided for him. He heard a shrill police whistle and lots of shouting.

"There he is!"

A mob of people was rushing along behind a policeman, who was trying to look important, but was actually quite nervous. He did not know what type of monster he was being led to or what to expect.

As soon as Larry caught sight of the crowd he knew it was time to leave.

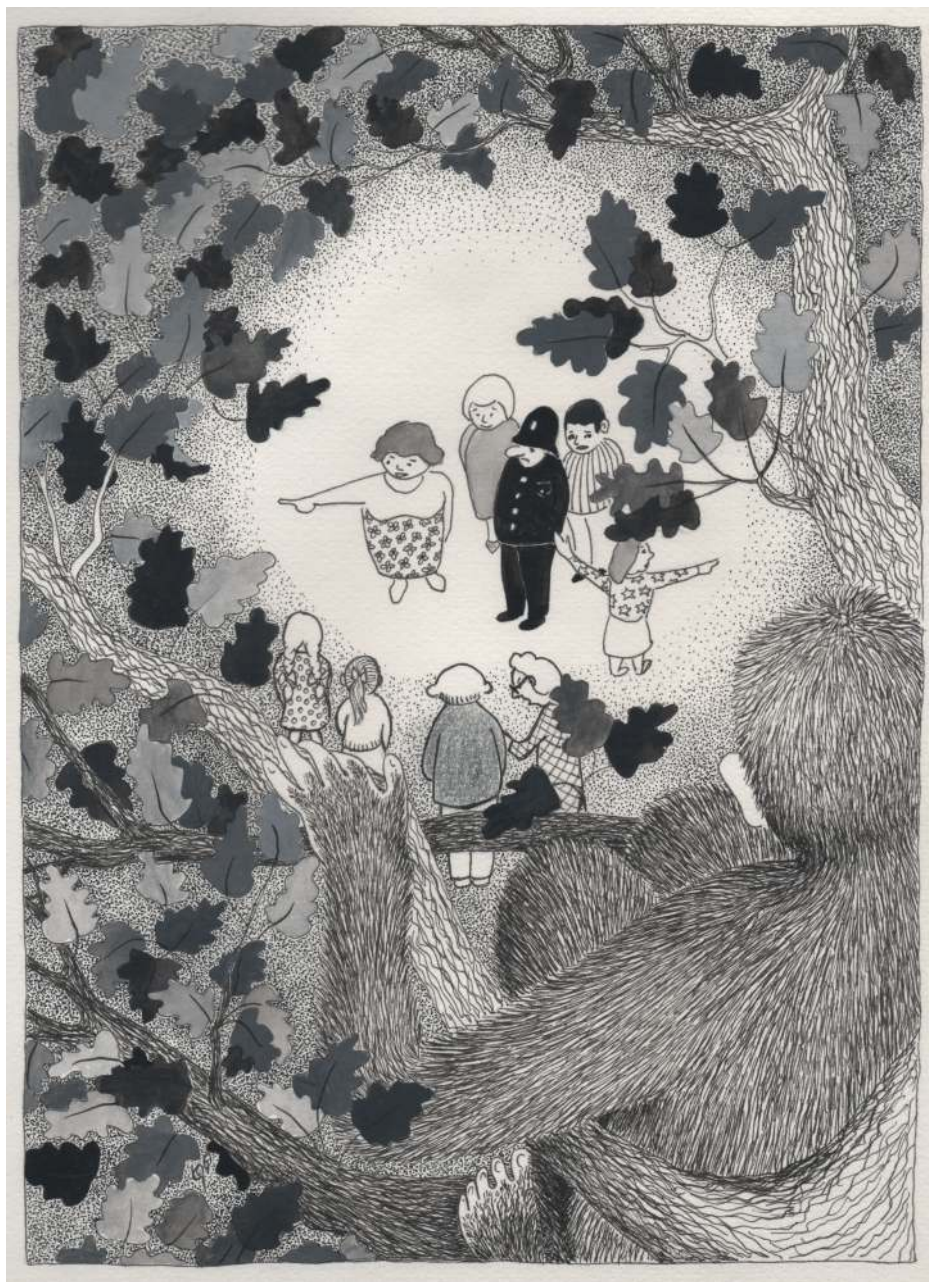
He ran as fast as he could across the grass until he was out of sight and then quickly climbed up a leafy oak tree. It had a slight hollow where its branches met on the main trunk. He squeezed into the hollow. He considered that he would have been wise if he had included in his wish, that he would also be made smaller. For all its convenience, the tree was a very uncomfortable hiding place. Larry had to curl up like a ball in order to fit in the small hollow. The policeman and his followers arrived beneath him, and stood there, looking in all directions.

"He came this way", stated a rather stout lady in a floral skirt.

"No, he went that way", replied the young woman, tapping on the policeman's chest urgently.

"I think we should divide up into pairs and go in different directions," suggested a balding old man, whose wife kept telling him not to interfere.

"We can shout when we've found him."



The tree was a very uncomfortable hiding place...

[2007, pen and ink - 21 x 30 cm]



After lots of other suggestions and arguments, the people gradually dispersed. Eventually Larry could sense that the park had grown quieter. He peered through the leaves. No one was around. He gave himself another five minutes to make sure and then decided to run for home.

Ooh, he was stiff. How he ached. Grown men, like Larry, don't usually climb trees. He slipped out of the tree and landed on the ground with a loud thump.

"That will make a few bruises," he thought to himself.

Picking himself up, he started to run home. He had just about reached the park gates when he saw a group of people waiting for him. It was the Television News Reporters with their cameras. Larry did a quick about turn and ran in the opposite direction. He knew there was another exit at the top end of the park, which led to the local zoo. He sped along as fast as he could. The Television crew hadn't spotted him but he knew it would be only a matter of time. Somebody might sound the alert. So, as he ran, he dodged behind shrubs and trees, just in case there was anybody along the path.

### CAPTURE IN THE ZOO

Sweating profusely, he made it to the zoo gate, and slipped in.

"Which way to go?" he wondered.

As it was lunchtime, there weren't that many people around, so maybe he would be able to get out. Oh, how complicated things had become. If only he hadn't made that stupid wish.

He saw a sign that read 'EXIT' so he followed the direction in which it pointed. But just then, he heard the sound of children's voices. They were arguing over who had got a chocolate ice cream, and who had got a strawberry one.

"Stop your arguing," said the father, "You are lucky to have ice cream at all. Lots of children never get ice cream"

"Well dear, you should have known better than to get two different types," said their mother.

Further argument was avoided because at that moment they rounded the corner and saw Larry. They promptly dropped their ice creams in astonishment. So in the end neither got the chocolate one, nor the strawberry one.



They promptly dropped their ice creams in astonishment...

[2007, pen and ink - 21 x 30 cm]

Larry rushed back along the path the way he'd just come. Soon he found himself in the chimpanzee and monkey area. There was a large pit, with a wall around it. Looking over the low wall Larry could see a moat, and then an island. On the island were a few forlorn looking trees, from which hung ropes. Tied onto some of the ropes were old car tyres. A large gorilla was sitting on a rock in the sunshine. He was trying to clean his ears with a small stick. Every so often he picked his nose.

The gorilla yawned showing rather frightening fangs. It stretched, and then scratched itself thoroughly under its long arms. It looked vacantly up and at Larry. Suddenly its eyes ceased to have that bored, vacant look, and instead registered surprise. With a whoop of recognition, it began to display overtures of friendship.

A small crowd of people arrived, and Larry contemplated for a moment jumping over the barrier and joining his new 'friend', but commonsense prevailed. He realised that the moment the gorilla smelt that he was not, after all, another of its kind, he would make short work of him. It would probably be a horrible way to die!

The Zoo Keeper arrived along with the ice-cream kids from the other direction.

Larry was surrounded. He knew it was hopeless to flee. The Zoo Keeper had a large net with him. In expert fashion, he whirled it over his head.

The net draped itself over Larry before he could do anything. He was caught.

In no time at all, the Television reporters were all there. With them were some other official looking people. Some of those were dressed in white coats and wore spectacles. They had a very definite scientific sort of look to them.

Larry realised that he had no chance of escaping, so he sat down on the ground with his knees bent up and his arms circling them. He rested his head on his knees. The net was surprisingly heavy. He was too unhappy to even feel frightened.

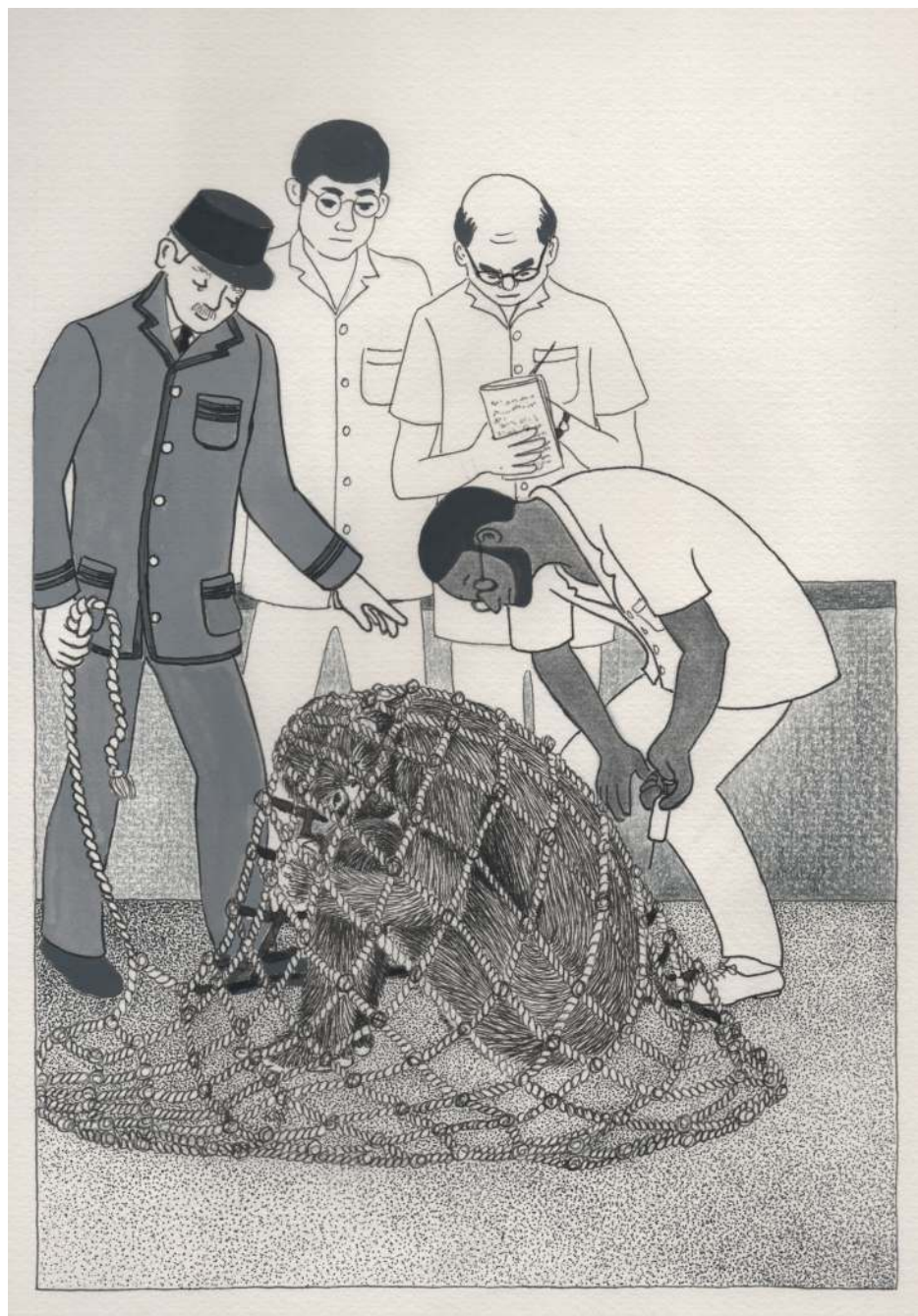
The television cameras whirled as they filmed him. The reporters started to ask questions like "Have you got a name?"

"Where do you come from?"

"Can you speak?"

They were all shouting at once, and that made Larry confused. He was about to say something, when he decided that it would be better to pretend he didn't speak. If he ever made it home again this horrible experience would become a thing of the past. If he spoke, then the whole world would know about the wishing spell and that wouldn't do at all. For one thing, in this day and age,





He was caught...

[2007, pen and ink - 21 x 30 cm]

people didn't really believe in spells. They thought they were only things one read about in children's books, and they didn't really exist.

"Why!" he thought, "I might even find myself locked up in a home for mad people!"

He decided to play along with them all for the meantime, and make his escape when it was more likely to be successful. Now definitely wasn't that time. So he just grunted.

"HE GRUNTED!" yelled one of the excited reporters.

The men in white coats carefully made a note of the fact on their notepads.

Another reporter poked him, hoping to get a reaction. Larry obliged, by turning on him with a snarl.

"Be careful, he might get violent if you make him angry" warned a woman reporter.

"Right, that's enough," said a scientist. "We are going to take him to the Laboratory for Human Sciences now. We will keep the Press informed as to developments."

"How do you know he is human and not animal?" asked a reporter.

"Well, we don't yet," replied the scientist. "For all we know, it might be the 'Missing Link'. We will have to do certain tests to see what we can discover. This is quite a remarkable thing that has happened in our little town. When we have more facts, we can then tell everybody what we have found. It is possible that the name of our town will be on the lips of everyone in the world."

As Larry listened he became more and more alarmed. He must escape somehow.

"They might do something terrible like open up my head to look at my brain, - or anything!" he thought.

He wondered when the Television would broadcast this event, and what his wife would say, and think. How embarrassing this would be for her.

He didn't notice that a scientist had come up quietly behind him. Suddenly the man plunged an injection needle into his bottom. Larry let out a yell of pain.

"That sounded almost human," said the scientist.

"What did you do?" asked a reporter.

"I just gave him a sedative, so that he'll get drowsy and fall asleep. Then we can put him in the ambulance, and take him off to the laboratory."

"How long do you expect him to sleep?"

"Oh, maybe for an hour or so. It will give us time to secure him safely"

Larry was able to hear this conversation, although the last sentence sounded like it was being said down a long echoing tunnel. It alarmed him, and he wanted to run, but his legs were numb and he couldn't stand up. He slumped on the ground, and darkness descended on his mind.

### A LUCKY ESCAPE

When Larry regained consciousness, he found himself strapped to an operating table.

Three scientists were hovering around. One had just taken a sample of his blood, and recorded his temperature. Another forced his mouth open putting a spatula in so that his tongue could be held out of the way, while his teeth were examined.

The scientist doing this suddenly exclaimed, "Look at this. This creature has fillings in his teeth. He must have visited a dentist somewhere. Why have no reports ever come through? Who do you think worked on his teeth? How very strange."

"Yes, and I've just discovered something else strange," added another, "His eyes are blue. Most animals have brown, green or yellow. Seldom blue. This makes me think that we have here something that is definitely more human than animal."

"You're right," said the third, "because I notice that not only does he have humanoid nails to his hands and feet, but also they are trimmed. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he doesn't speak some form of intelligible language"

"Well, tomorrow we will find out, when we do the brain scan and other tests. However it is too late tonight to do such things. We have a big, and exciting day ahead of us tomorrow. We should get home now and get a good night's rest so that we will be fresh in the morning."

"I thoroughly agree with you," said the second scientist. "We can't afford to be so tired tomorrow that we make mistakes. Let's put a blanket over him so that he doesn't get cold, even though he has all that fur. We will leave him strapped up, in case he does any damage to anything. I think we should also leave lights on, so that he doesn't get scared when he wakes."

"Good thinking," said the third scientist.

With that the trio left Larry, and went off to drive home to tell their families about the day's events.



As Larry lay there he also thought about the day's events. How undignified all the prodding and poking and investigating had been. How he hated it all. How he wished he were going home now too. He MUST get home. He must try to leave NOW in fact. He could not still be there in the morning.

So, he tried to move his arms and body. The straps were fairly tight, but not tight enough to stop his circulation. He could move his arms ever so slightly. Perhaps if he pulled in his stomach really tight, it would give just enough room to move one arm out from the confines of the strap.

He tried. Yes, it was almost there. Just a little bit more.

Phew! He couldn't hold his stomach in for that long, because he'd also had to exhale all his breath to get the maximum space needed.

As he took a breath, his stomach ballooned out again, his arm squeezed tightly between the strap and his body, but it also stretched the strap a little. With the next effort he was able to wrest his arm free. Once that was achieved, to get the other arm out was as easy as winking! Now he could undo the strap completely, and sit up. What a relief!

Larry groaned as he sat up. He was aching from head to toe. He wondered how long he had been there. He could see it was dark through the windows. Lights were twinkling in the distance. He leaned forward stiffly, undid the straps around his legs, and then swung round sideways so that his legs dangled over the edge of the operating table.

With a push from his hands he dropped to the floor. It was cold under his bare feet.

He walked across to the door, and it opened to his touch. He was relieved that it wasn't locked. Mind you there was no reason for it to be locked. Nobody had expected him to get loose.

He went down the passage, and saw that there were many doors. Which way was OUT? Ah! A lift! Good. He pressed the button and the lift arrived, and its door swept silently sideways. He entered and pressed the button that read GROUND. When the lift stopped, and the door opened once more, he saw that he was in the reception area. The doors to freedom were just ahead. As he expected, these were locked. Now what?

As he was mulling over what to do, he heard footsteps approaching. Just in time he ducked behind the reception desk. The person was whistling something that was supposed to be "Roll out the Barrel", but was hopelessly out of tune. The happy whistler was a guard going over to the front door. Larry heard the jangling of many keys, and then one being inserted into the lock, and turned. He could feel a waft of cool air, and the guard went outside.



Larry cautiously peered around the desk...

[2007, pen and ink - 21 x 30 cm]



In no time at all he was soaked through...

[2007, pen and ink - 21 x 30 cm]



Larry heard him coughing loudly as he geared himself towards lighting up a cigarette. Stupid man, Larry thought, coughing even before he lights up. He'll cough a lot more before he's much older if he keeps on smoking like that.

Larry cautiously peered around the desk, and saw the man walk out into the night, and gaze up at the stars.

"It's now or never," Larry whispered to himself.

As silently as a shadow, he slipped across the distance to the door. As he passed through it, the man threw his half smoked cigarette onto the ground and squashed it beneath his foot.

Before he had turned to walk back inside, Larry had already become just another of the dark shapes that loomed in the darkness.

As swiftly as he could, Larry dodged from shadow to shadow in the moonlight.

## HOME AT LAST

He headed off towards home. HOME! What a wonderful word that was. He said it out loud, "HOME." Oh, yes! It sounded wonderful too.

He could hardly contain his excitement at the thought of getting home and seeing Marge. He longed for a nice hot cup of tea, and a bath. He stopped. Bath? Uh-oh, he had forgotten for a moment about his pitiful condition.

As realisation hit him, his walk became laboured, and his head hung down heavily, reflecting the state of his heart. How on earth was he ever going to get out of the mess he had got himself into?

"Ah well, I must just get home to safety and then think about it. There is no sense in trying to solve the seemingly unsolvable right now," he said to himself. So he continued on until he came to the little lane that led to their modest, but homely farmhouse.

Unfortunately, just then, it clouded over and large spots of rain fell from the sky. In no time at all he was soaked through. His sodden fur was heavy and he knew that if he didn't look cute to others before, he definitely wouldn't now.

His wet fur slowed him down somewhat, but he struggled on. Unfortunately the lane was just a dirt road. Now it was a muddy, puddle mess.



He was standing on the doorstep as naked as the day he had been born.  
[2007, pen and ink - 21 x 30 cm]

Ah, home! He rushed to the door but it was locked. He hammered on it. His wife opened it a small crack.

"Marge, please let me in, I'm so cold and wet, and I'm dying for a cup of hot tea".

Marge looked him up and down disapprovingly.

She answered, "Huh, after spending the whole day cleaning this house, do you think I will let you in when you are so wet and muddy - well you can think again! Go and sleep in the barn. When you are dry, then you can come into this house".

Larry knew that once his wife had made her mind up about something, there was no point in arguing. He dejectedly dragged himself over to the barn.

There was no light in the barn and he kept bumping into things as he looked for a place to lie down.

He had a very bad night's sleep. Straw is not soft like hay. It poked into him. Rats and mice visited him and left fleas with him. Larry scratched and scratched all night long. By morning he realised just how incredibly stupid he had been. He also realized how lucky he had been before, to have such a long-suffering wife.

What an easy life he'd had before he made his wish.

He saw with fresh eyes what a selfish, lazy, ungrateful character he was. He vowed he would be different if only he had another chance.

Perhaps his wife would give him that chance by reversing his spell by using the wish she was saving. It was asking a lot of her, but she probably wouldn't like to have such a hairy husband around all the time, so she might just do it.

On the other hand she might banish him from her life and their home forever.

The thought gave him Goosebumps and a terrible headache.

As dawn pushed golden slivers of light under the barn door, Larry got up and went out. He went to the door and knocked.

His wife glared through the door at him.

"Marge, please let me in. Please," he begged "If you feel anything for me at all, won't you use your spell to reverse mine, so that I can be the man I used to be?".

"I'm not sure I want the man you used to be, so I'll think about it."

She slammed the door shut, right in front of his silly and sulky face.

Larry knocked again.

This time as his wife opened it a crack, he said, "Marge, I realize what a rotten, lazy husband I've been. I know how unfair I've been to you. I apologise and I promise you that I resolve to change. From now on, I shall do all the work on the farm and in the garden. You can relax more. I will even bring you flowers and treat you with the respect you deserve. I love you, and I need you".



While he was saying all this, he suddenly became aware that all his cat hair had disappeared. He was standing on the doorstep as naked as the day he had been born. The only difference was that he was covered with bright pink fleabites, blue bumps and bruises.

He did look a funny sight.

His wife quickly hauled him inside before the neighbours could see.

"Oh, Marge," he said, "Thank you. Thank you so much for using your spell. I know how much it meant to you, but I'll try and make up for it." He gave her a big kiss.

"Alright, alright" she said, and pushed him towards the stairs. "Now you go and have a hot bath and put on some clothes, while I make us a pot of tea".

As soon as he had gone up the stairs, she ran to the telephone and dialled Aunt Jemima's number. She told her aunt all that had happened. Aunt Jemima was laughing and laughing. In fact, they both were laughing.

Then Marge asked, "Aunt Jemima, I looked into the tin box, before I phoned you. My wishing spell was lying there all pale and fuzzy, very quiet and content. I didn't use it on Larry, as I saw it wasn't necessary. What happened?"

"Oh" laughed Jemima. "I knew what Larry was like and that he would probably do something stupid like this, so I put a time limit on the effectiveness of his spell. Your one is a regular spell, and the effects of it will last forever, so be very careful how you use it."

Every so often after that, Larry would see his wife smile or giggle, and he would ask her what amused her.

She would shake her head and say, "Oh, I'm just remembering something."

She never ever told him.

It was her secret.

The End

# EASY EXERCISES WITHOUT THE BURN

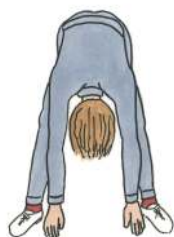


Kay Puttergill

## AVERY YOUNG



1. REACH AS HIGH AS POSSIBLE -  
THINK OF TRYING TO TOUCH THE CEILING



2. TOUCH THE FLOOR -  
KNEES STRAIGHT!



3. STRETCH ARMS SIDEWAYS -  
THINK OF TOUCHING THE WALLS



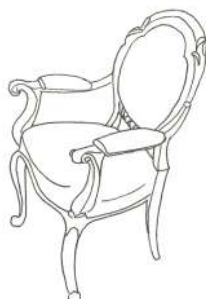
REPEAT TWICE

IVY

GRAY



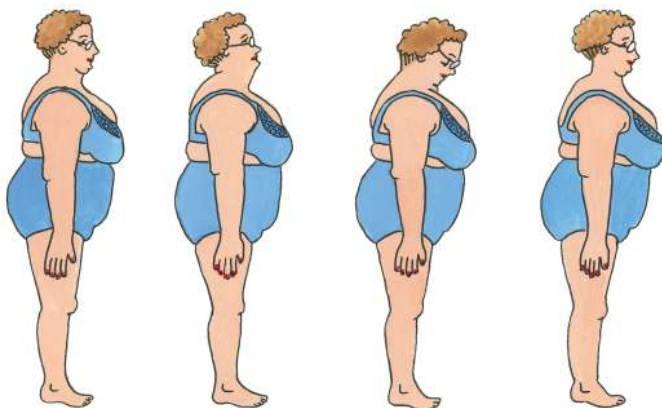
1. STAND STRAIGHT -  
ARMS BY YOUR SIDES



2. RAISE SHOULDERS TO THE EARS -  
AND DOWN AGAIN

REPEAT 4 TIMES



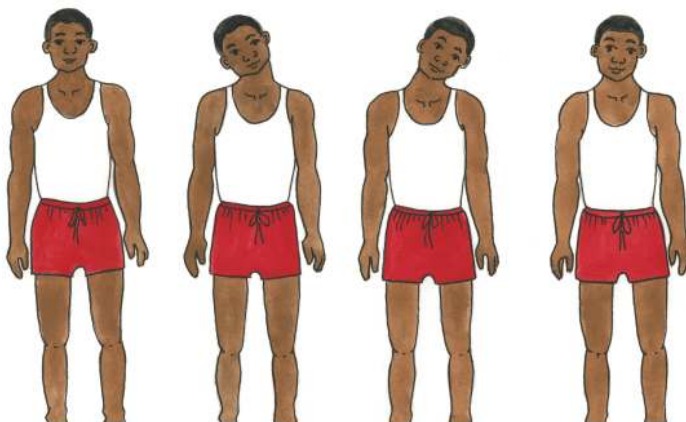


1. STAND STRAIGHT   2. RAISE HEAD   3. LOWER HEAD   4. ORIGINAL POSITION

REPEAT 4 TIMES

**MARTIE VAN TONDER**

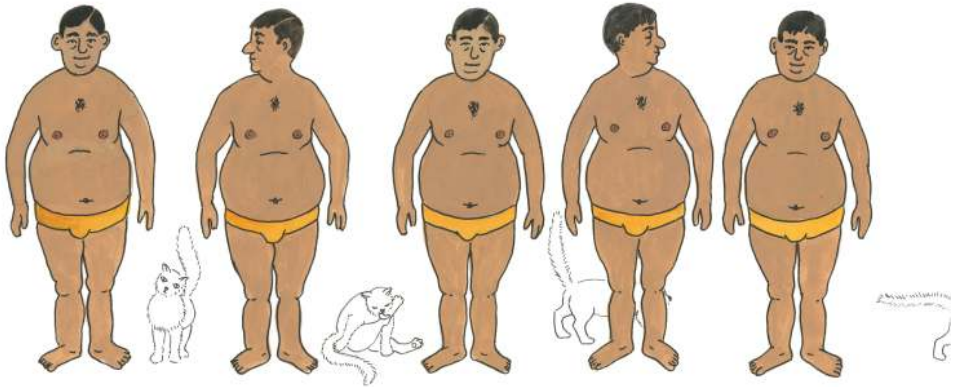
**AMAN BROWN**



1. STAND STRAIGHT   2. TILT HEAD RIGHT   3. TILT HEAD LEFT   4. ORIGINAL POSITION

REPEAT 4 TIMES

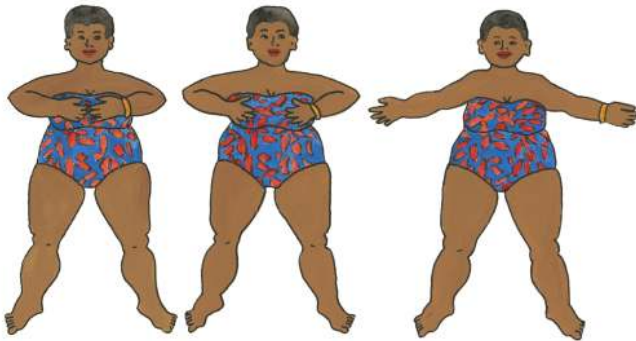
## JAY NAIDOO



1. STAND STRAIGHT
2. TURN HEAD RIGHT
3. FACE FORWARD
4. TURN HEAD LEFT
5. FACE FORWARD

REPEAT 4 TIMES

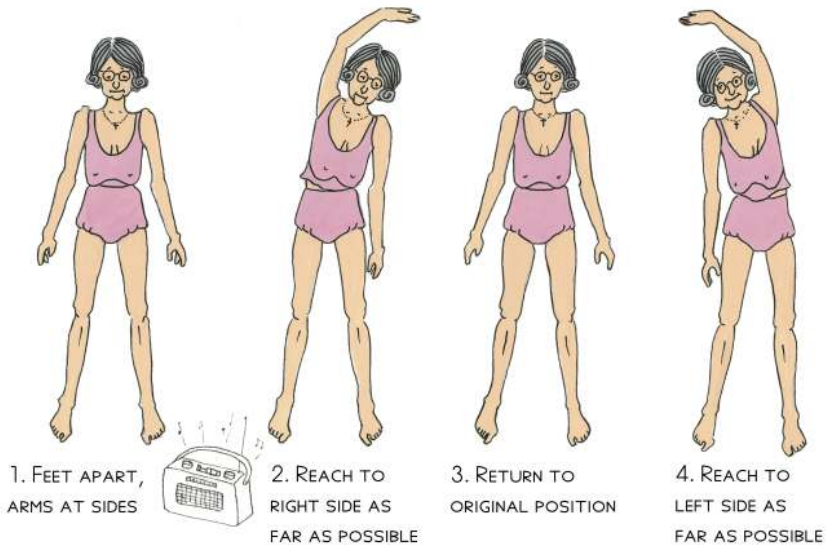
## PUMLA NDLOMO



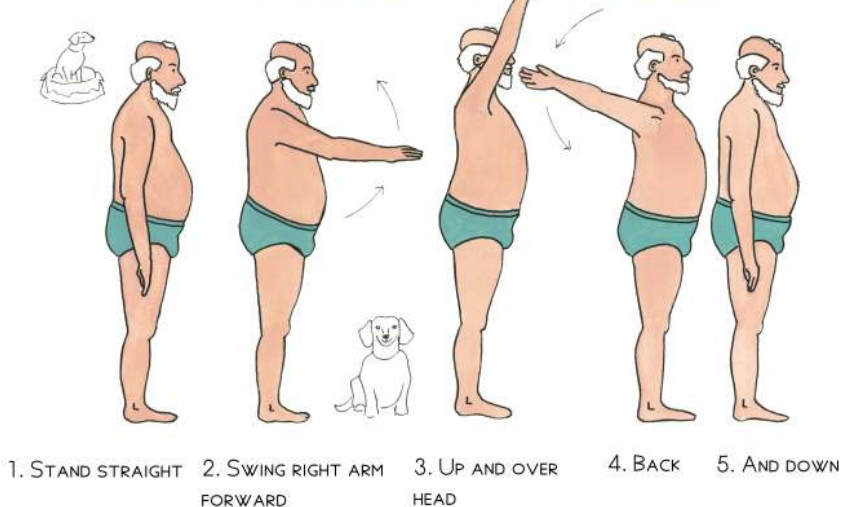
1. RAISE ARMS IN FRONT OF CHEST
2. PULL SHOULDERS BACK
3. RETURN TO ORIGINAL POSITION
4. SWING ARMS BACK AS FAR AS POSSIBLE
5. RETURN TO ORIGINAL POSITION

REPEAT 4 TIMES

## "DANCING QUEEN"



## WILLIAM H. WALKER

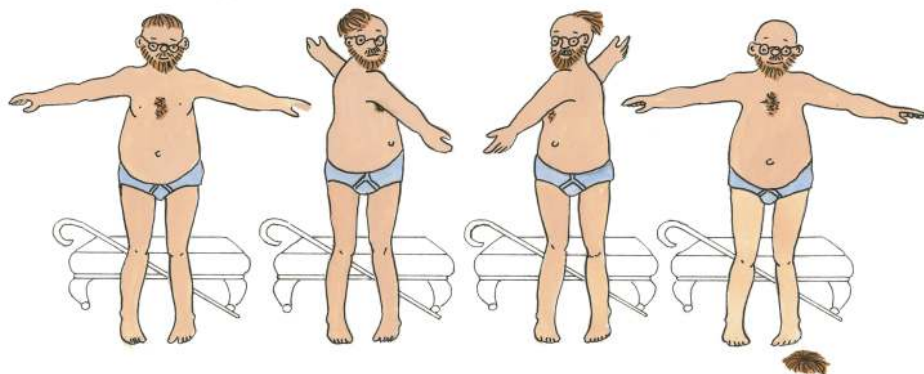


REPEAT 4 TIMES IN BOTH DIRECTIONS  
WITH BOTH ARMS





## MAJ. ROMAN PARKER-TOPP



1. RAISE ARMS TO SIDES
2. SWING ARMS LEFT
3. SWING ARMS RIGHT
4. FINISH IN FRONT

## GRACE TURNER



1. LIE ON BACK AND REPEAT EXERCISE 4  
TIMES ON ALTERNATE SIDES



2. HOLD RIGHT LEG AGAINST CHEST



4. PULL RIGHT KNEE OPEN TO THE RIGHT  
SIDE AND RETURN TO START POSITION

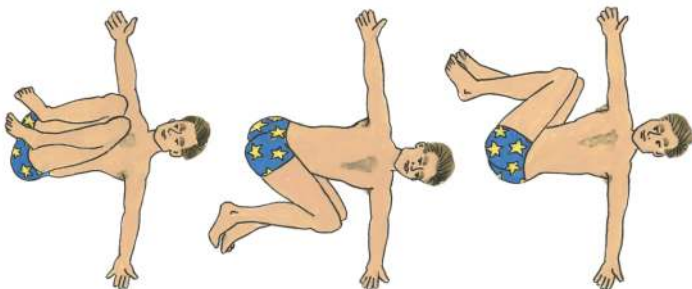


3. USING HANDS, PULL LEGS AS STRAIGHT  
AS POSSIBLE AND THEN LOWER LEG AGAIN



4. PULL RIGHT KNEE UP AND ACROSS  
LEFT LEG AS FAR AS POSSIBLE

## MAX NEUMANN



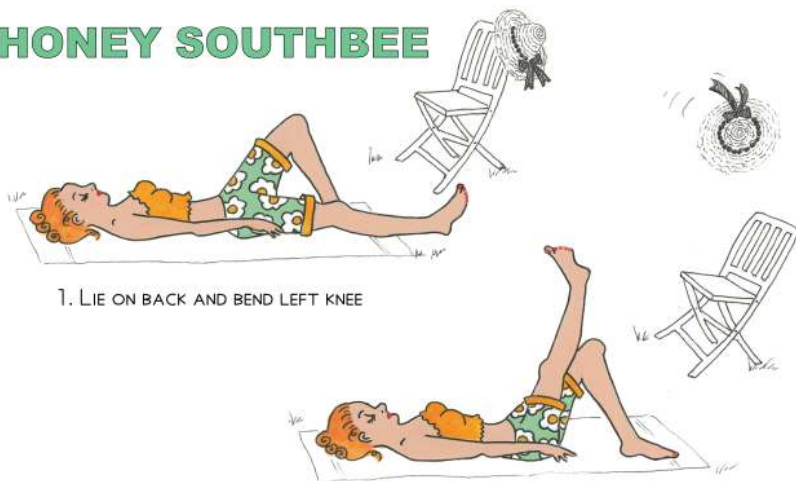
1. LIE ON BACK WITH LEGS  
FOLDED ONTO CHEST

2. ROLL TO LEFT  
KEEP SHOULDERS AND ARMS  
ON THE FLOOR

3. ROLL TO RIGHT  
KEEP SHOULDERS AND ARMS  
ON THE FLOOR

REPEAT 4 TIMES ON EACH SIDE

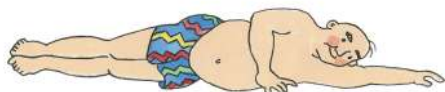
## HONEY SOUTHBEE



1. LIE ON BACK AND BEND LEFT KNEE

2. KICK RIGHT LEG AS HIGH AS POSSIBLE

3. AFTER 4 KICKS REPEAT WITH OTHER LEG



1A. LIE ON SIDE

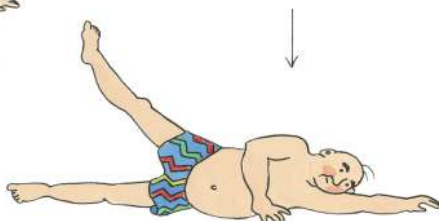


1B. RAISE AND LOWER LEG SIDEWAYS 4 TIMES. ON 4TH LEG RAISE, HOLD FOR 4 COUNTS BEFORE LOWERING

## MERVYN TUBB



2A. LIE ON SIDE AND TURN LEG TO FACE UPWARD AS YOU RAISE IT



2B. RAISE AND LOWER LEG 4 TIMES AND HOLD FOR 4 COUNTS ON FINAL LEG RAISE



1. LIE ON BACK, ARMS OPEN

REPEAT 4 TIMES ON EACH SIDE

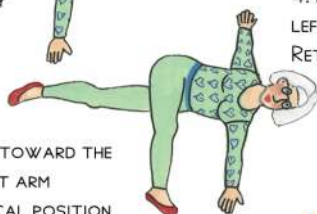
2. RAISE RIGHT LEG VERTICALLY



4. RAISE LEFT LEG AND SWING LEFT LEG OVER TO THE RIGHT SIDE. RETURN LEG TO THE VERTICAL POSITION AND LOWER LEG.



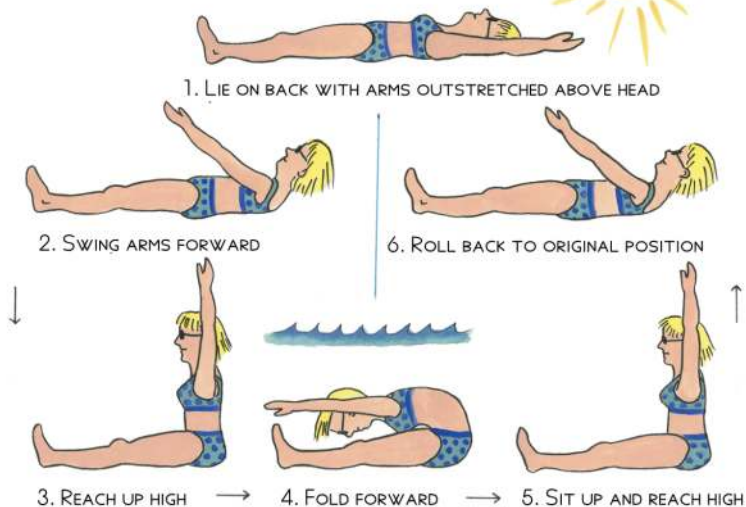
3. SWING RIGHT LEG OVER TOWARD THE LEFT PARALLEL TO THE LEFT ARM RETURN LEG TO THE VERTICAL POSITION AND LOWER TO THE ORIGINAL POSITION



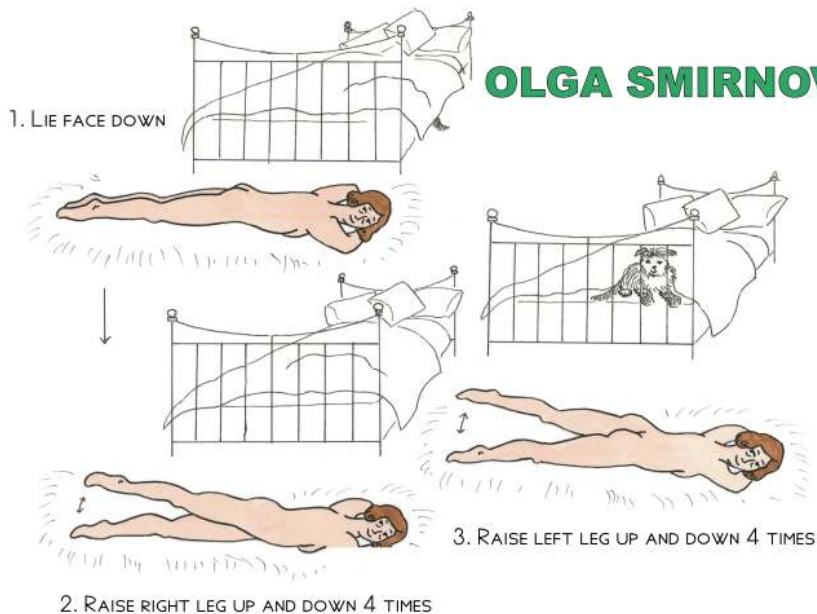
## MAE MOORE



# DOTTY PEEBLES



# OLGA SMIRNOV



**DR. ERIC**



**FAUSTUS**

1. LIE FACE DOWN WITH HANDS NEXT TO CHEST



2. PUSH UP ON HANDS AND KNEEL



5. FLEX BACK DOWNWARD AND RETURN TO ORIGINAL POSITION



3. SIT ONTO HEELS AND STRETCH SPINE FOR 4 COUNTS



4. ARCH BACK UPWARDS

REPEAT 4 TIMES

**LINA XU**

1. FEET TOGETHER, KNEES BENT



USE HANDS TO OPEN AND CLOSE KNEES

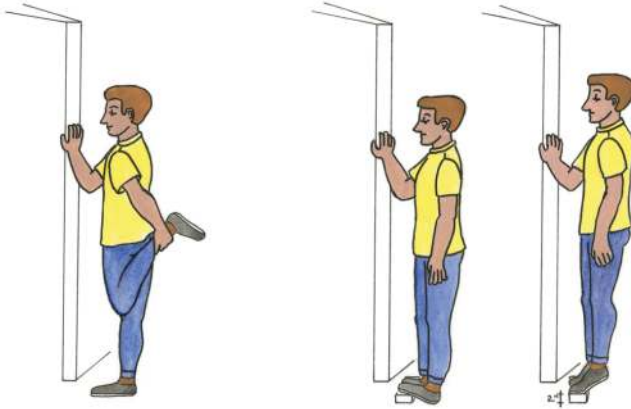


2. SIT WITH BACK AGAINST WALL OR COUCH. OPEN LEGS, GENTLY LEAN FORWARD 4 TIMES



3. BEND OVER RIGHT THIGH. BOUNCE GENTLY REPEAT ON THE LEFT SIDE.

## MILES LONG



1. HOLD ANKLE AND LIFT HEEL TO TOUCH BUTTOCK. HOLD FOR 10 COUNTS AND REPEAT WITH THE OTHER LEG.

2. STAND WITH TOES ON A 2" PLANK OF WOOD. HEELS ON THE GROUND. RISE ON TOES USING THIGHS TO PULL UP.

## ANONG KASEM



1. STAND IN FRONT OF A STABLE SUPPORT

2. SQUAT AS LOW AS COMFORTABLE.

REPEAT 4 TIMES.



1. STAND WITH ARMS HELD OUT TO  
SIDES



2. RAISE ONE FOOT AND BALANCE FOR  
10 COUNTS

REPEAT ON OTHER FOOT.

**SOPHIE HOPKINS**



# Queenie

Kay Puttergill

There was one cow in the farmyard that was exceptionally beautiful. She had gently curved horns that pointed up to the sky, and were exactly the same length, and a glossy black coat that in winter looked like soft, rich velvet, and in summer like the moon shining on rippling water. She also had large dark eyes fringed with long curling lashes, and udders that were positively HUGE.

The other cows in farmer Patrice's herd were all brown, and had horns that were different sizes, and pointed in different directions, some up, some down, and some were curved and some were straight. They were all very envious about the black cow's udders, especially when farmer Patrice would comment that she was the best milk -producing cow he had ever had. They didn't know of course, that the black cow secretly found the udders to be an awful nuisance. They were always banging against her legs, and that hurt. However she said nothing.

The other cows were so impressed by her looks that they made her Queen of the herd. Her friends knew her as Queenie.

Queenie was always allowed to choose the best grazing spot, and if it was hot, she could make use of the shade of the tree that was in the field. She was given the first position at the feeding trough in winter, and all the other cows mooed "Good morning Queenie" before greeting each other. In fact Queenie was so spoilt that all the attention she was getting quite went to her head. She failed to realize that except for her beauty, she was still just another cow like the others. She began to think that perhaps she should be Queen of more than just that little farmyard of cows. She should extend her boundaries.

One morning early, when the dew was still on the grass, and the sun had not yet shown itself over the rooftops of the neighbouring farms, Queenie slipped away from the other cows, and not moo-ing a moo to anyone, she faced the gate. She took a deep breath, and after a moment's hesitation, started to trot, and then run towards the gate, her udders swinging wildly from side to side. When she reached the gate she launched herself into the air, and sailed over it.

A few of the other cows had woken up, and had watched Queenie's preparations, and were quite astonished when they saw her take her leap of freedom. Bess stopped chewing the cud, and said to Mavis "Goodness gracious! Did you see that?"

Mavis's eyes were round as she replied "I certainly did" "WOW!" exclaimed another cow, named Gloria. "Lucky she didn't catch those udders on the gate" grinned Bella, who had always felt that maybe SHE should have been made Queen rather. "I wonder where she has gone," remarked Tansy.

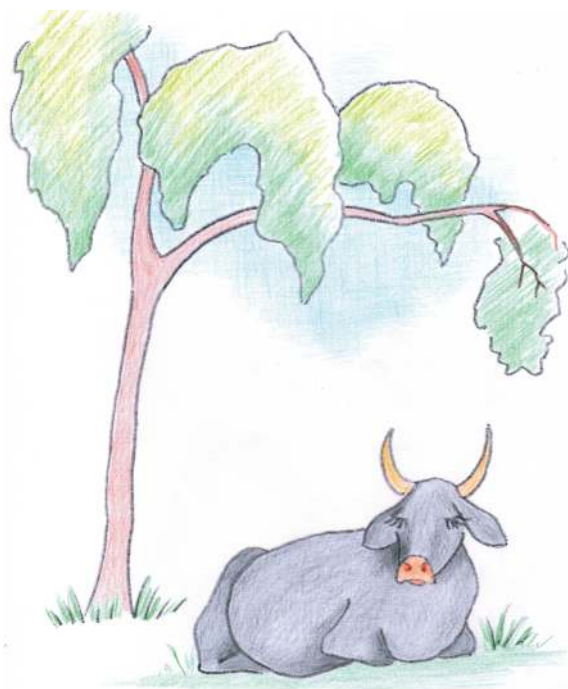
Well, Queenie had gone left, up the hill, and onto the road towards the village of the Nine Mills. She was enjoying being in different surroundings. The sun was now warm on her back, and the birds were twittering as they looked for worms, or pulled seeds off the grasses. A few butterflies danced dizzily in front of her nose, making her sneeze. She stopped occasionally to sample a few daisies, and clover. Ah! Clover! There was none left in her old field. It had all been eaten long ago. She not only liked the taste of it, but it was deliciously fragrant too, and of course very pretty to look at.



She heard a strange noise. It sounded a bit like Patrice's tractor, but not quite. A car suddenly rounded the corner behind her, and swerved to miss her, and then sped on its way, honking its horn. She got a terrible fright. She had never seen a car before. She started to run, and her udders banged against her legs. She had left before milking time and so they were very full and heavy. "Ouch!" she muttered, but continued to run.

Marie had been to the hardware shop in the large town several miles away, to buy large boards of plywood, which she had fastened on to the roof of her car. The ropes had come loose, so she had stopped to tighten them before the boards flew off as she drove along. She was busy tying them, when she heard a sound like a stampede of animals. She looked up and saw this wild-eyed snorting creature rushing down the road towards her. She didn't even notice the udders in her panic. She thought it had to be a BULL that was charging her, and she leapt into her car and slammed the door shut, until the animal had passed.

Queenie was now out of breath. She had NEVER run as far nor for so long before, and was really rather unfit. She stopped, and the sides of her body heaved, as she gulped a great lungful of air, and another, and another.



There was a broken fence nearby leading to a meadow of lush green grass, and a small stream. She gratefully walked down to the water and drank and drank. Then she went over to the large oak tree and lay down in the shade. She was too exhausted and still a little shaken by her experiences with the cars, to eat just yet. She felt she must just recover a bit first.

An hour must have passed before an irritating little fly woke her from a rather troubled sleep. She heaved herself to her feet. She felt rather stiff. She was not used to running, or jumping gates for that matter. She stretched as well as a cow might stretch, and then began to graze.



After a while she felt much better, and began to think again about the purpose of this whole adventure. She knew that she could not stay in the meadow no matter how nice it was. She had to get along to meet other farm animals, so that she could let them know that she was their Queen. So she went back to where the fence was broken, and paused for a moment, as she saw a black and white woodpecker perched on the post. Queenie asked in her nicest, softest voice if the woodpecker knew whether there were any farms up the road. The woodpecker flashed his scarlet patch on the back of his head, and nodded. He was very good at nodding as he had plenty of practice when he pecked holes in the trunks of trees. “Yes” he replied, “There is one not far along the road that way”, and he pointed with his wing, in the same direction that Queenie had been going. So once more she set off on her journey.

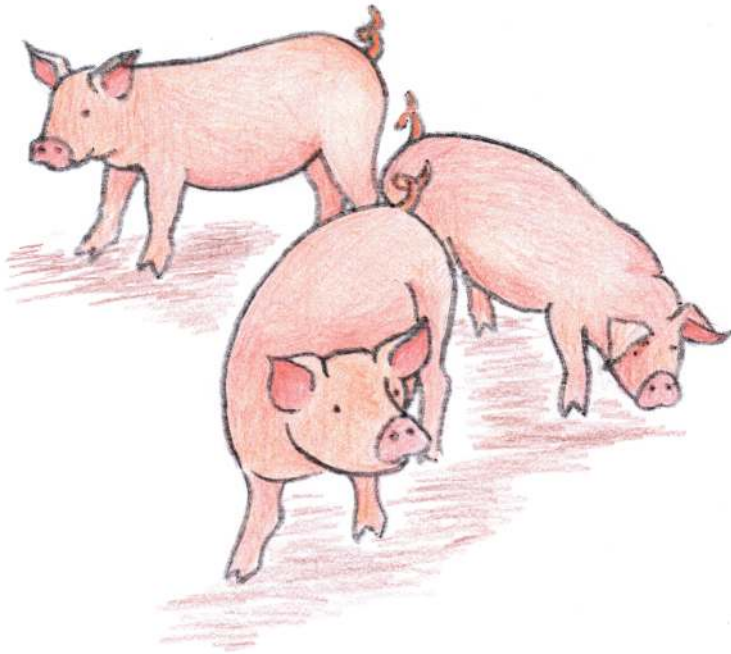


The woodpecker had not been wrong, as it wasn't far that she had gone before she heard animal noises, and smelt animal smells. Both types of which were unfamiliar to her.

She turned in at the farmyard gate, and jumped over the low stonewall into a pigsty. “Well!” she thought, “These have to be animals, because they walk on four legs, but what strange creatures they are!”

Although she was somewhat dismayed at the grubbiness of the pigs, and the fact that they stank, and snorted and grunted, she tried to appear friendly, and moo-ed “Hullo”

The pigs clustered around her, most curious, and poked at her with their snouts in a very rude manner. The little piglets kept sucking on her teats, and milk started to spray everywhere, and the piglets squealed with delight and rolled around giggling and slurping on the milk. Queenie was beginning to feel a little bit dirty herself. She decided she really would rather not have this bunch as her loyal subjects, and as quickly as she could she jumped back out of the sty, and continued up the road.



At least her udders felt a bit more comfortable now that they had less milk in them.

So far this mission of hers was not going to plan. She hoped that at the next farm, things would be a little better. It wasn't long before she found out whether this was to be so or not.

It was just after midday, and the sun was right overhead. The bees were lazily buzzing amongst the flowers, gathering pollen to take back to their hives, and the grass smelt sweet and fresh. Her spirits began to lift.

There was a paddock just ahead, and she made out a beautiful young animal that was pure grace. It had long slender legs that seemed far too fragile to take the weight of its body, and it had long hair flowing over its neck and a tail that had long hair right from the top, and not just at the tip, like she had. The creature would every so often flick its tail, and swish it from side to side. “What a WONDERFUL thing to have” thought Queenie, “One could use it to frighten off those wretched flies that are always bothering one” (which of course is exactly what a horse uses it for, but she didn’t know that)

The foal saw her, and came trotting over to the gate. Queenie tried to muster up a smile. Cows don’t usually smile, and so the outcome was far from perfect. In fact it made her look quite horrible. She was about to say “Hullo,” when the young horse turned on the spot, and whinnying loudly to its parents, who were in the far corner of the paddock, it raced towards them. They stopped nibbling at one another’s necks, and listened to what their baby had to say about the strange horse over by the gate.

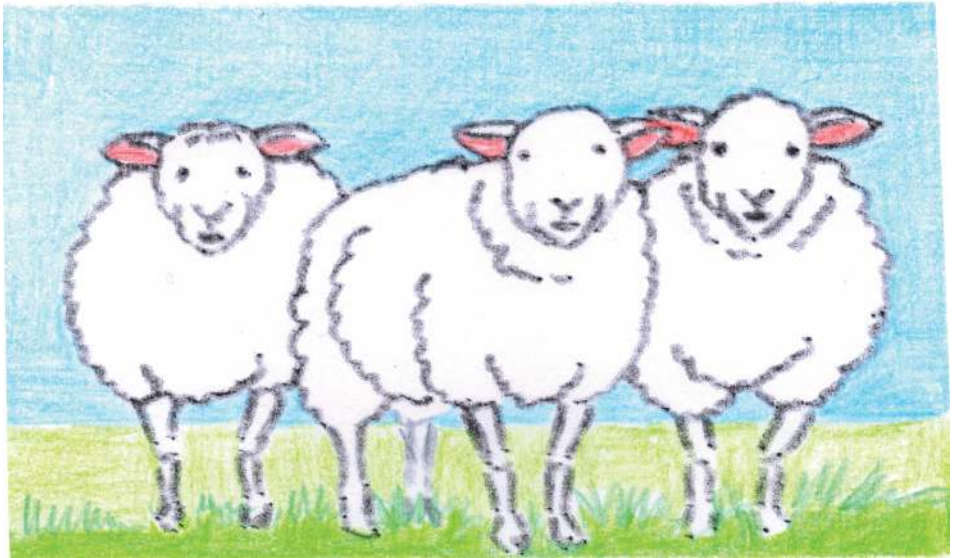
Both horses galloped full tilt to the gate, and as they got there neighed “Don’t you dare pull faces at our Charlie”, and swung their back legs up at Queenie, in an effort to kick her. She backed away. The hooves just missed her. So violent was the reaction of the two parents, that Queenie didn’t even try to explain, but moved as fast as she could away from that place, leaving the two horses trying to explain the difference between a horse and a cow to their young foal.

By now, Queenie was wondering whether she should perhaps abandon the idea of visiting other farms, but before she could turn about a bee settled on her nose, humming a honey song. It tickled. And Queenie felt a big sneeze coming on. She tried to stop it, but “Ah- ah- tishooo-oooo!” she sneezed. The bee was tossed up into the air, crying “Bless you, and bless me too!” “I’m so sorry” apologised Queenie, “but you tickled my nose when you sat on it. “Well then, it is my fault entirely” replied the bee,

“Forgive me” “Oh, Think nothing of it” said Queenie, and added “Is there perhaps another farm close by?” “Certainly. Go up the road a bit, and the road forks. Take the right fork, and it is not far from there. You can’t miss it” As Queenie, uttered her thanks, the bee rose on his silvery wings, and flew off.

The conversation with the bee had lifted Queenie’s mood, and so she took the directions the bee had given with eagerness to her trot.

She soon spied the farm, and jumped over the fence that was supposed to keep the animals inside their field. Again she found that the creatures were different to those she had known back home. These were not cows. These wore white woolly coats, and inspected her with strange yellow eyes.



One of the creatures said to the others, “Look at this stranger, she is not wearing any wool!” Another answered, “Disgusting. She is quite na-na-naked” (It sounded like he had a stutter). The other sheep, (for that is what they were) all chorused, “BARE-BARE-BA-A-A-ARE!” How strange, thought Queenie, they all stutter. She didn’t dwell on the matter, though, as suddenly she was conscious of the fact, that they were quite right. She was bare. Well, that is to say, that she was not wearing any wool. She felt so embarrassed that she couldn’t stay another minute, and left as quickly as she could, the same way as she had arrived.



Miserably, she hastened down the lane, and on her right she spied the farmer's house. Outside, blowing in the breeze hung a line full of washing. Queenie mad a rush at a sheet that was hanging there, and lowering her horns, hooked it off the line. It fell over and across her back, hiding her nakedness. She wasn't sure that the effect was what it was supposed to be, but never the less, she continued on her way.

By now she had no idea, which way home was? She had completely lost her way.

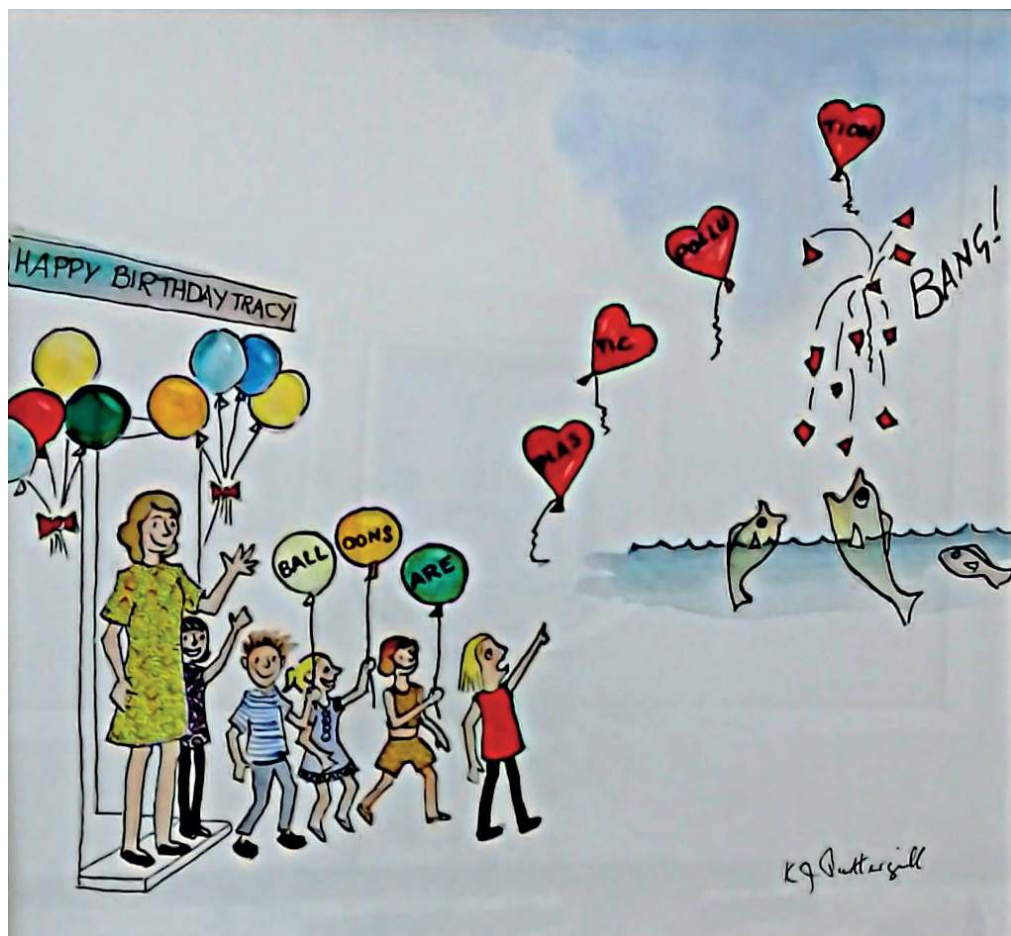
"Wait a minute" she said to herself, "I'm sure that tree is familiar! Yes. I think I can smell home" She continued on.



"There she is" shouted the farmer to his son, and they came up to her. Had she been a human she would have fallen on their necks in relief. The farmer removed the sheet after they had both laughed at her and photographed her on their mobiles. Queenie did her best to smile, but it sort of ruined the picture.

"Come on Queenie" and they led her back into where all the other cows were. The other cows were thrilled to see her. (Absence makes the heart grow fonder is an old saying) They crowded around her and begged her to tell them of her adventures.

"I'd rather not" said Queenie shyly. She wandered over to a corner and stood there quietly. She decided that from now on she would try to be just one cow in the herd.



## Balloons are Plastic Pollution

[2022, pen and ink, watercolour - 35 x 35 cm]



Étude de l'innocence  
[2022, oil - 92 x 70 cm]