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26 Bangalore St. Ken

Kensington Women's Group Newsletter.



CHILD CARE CO-OP LTD
89 McCracken St
Kensington No 39.

EDITORIAL.

Dear readers,

Welcome to our Easter
newsletter edition.

We hope you enjoy the
collection of short stories,
poems etc that were
submitted.

I would like to take this
opportunity to thank all the
contributors.

The Kensington Women's Group
wish to extend to our readers
wishes for a very happy and
enjoyable Easter break!



Happy

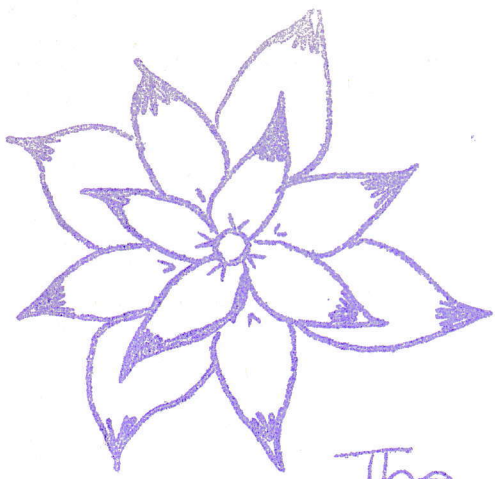
Easter

Karen

Tiny.

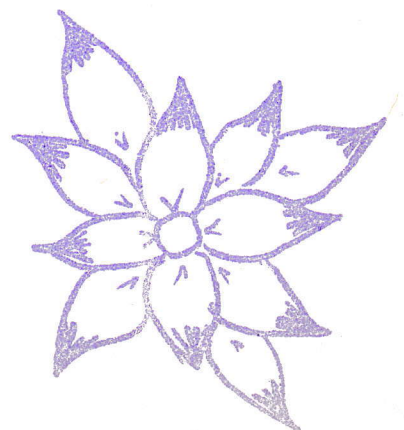
This is a story about my little dog it all began one day when a friend of mine came to visit me. She told me that a friend of her's had two little dogs she wanted to sell and did she know anyone who wanted them. So one day I decided to pay this lady friend of her's a visit when I arrived she showed me the 2 little dogs she had for sale. This was the first day that I set ~~my~~ eyes on Tiny as soon as I saw him I fell in love with him. When I bought Tiny home to live with me and my family he was only 6 weeks old. My kids straight away fell in love with him they couldn't resist him he is a beautiful little dog black and white with long hair. We all love Tiny very much he has brought a lot of happiness into our home.

By Edith Coffey.



The Ghetto

A new-born child gives a cry
Its mother sheds a tear,
Another helpless being
In a world that doesn't care,
No pretty baby blankets,
A thin, coarse rug, no more
No bassinette to sleep within
But a hard, cold, wooden floor.
No doctors practised touch
Just others who have shared such time
Yet don't know very much
The ghetto; such a dismal place
Where life is so unfair
Conveniently forgotten
In a world that doesn't care.





by Karen
Dodsley

Innocent!

Of what good could I be to you?

What profit could I bring?

I'm innocent, I swear it,
I've never done a thing.

Why are my brothers bleeding?

Why do their mothers cry?

Please tell me the reason
for the hatred in your eyes?

I see you bearing clubs and knives

Too late, your aim I see,

A baby seal with out defence.

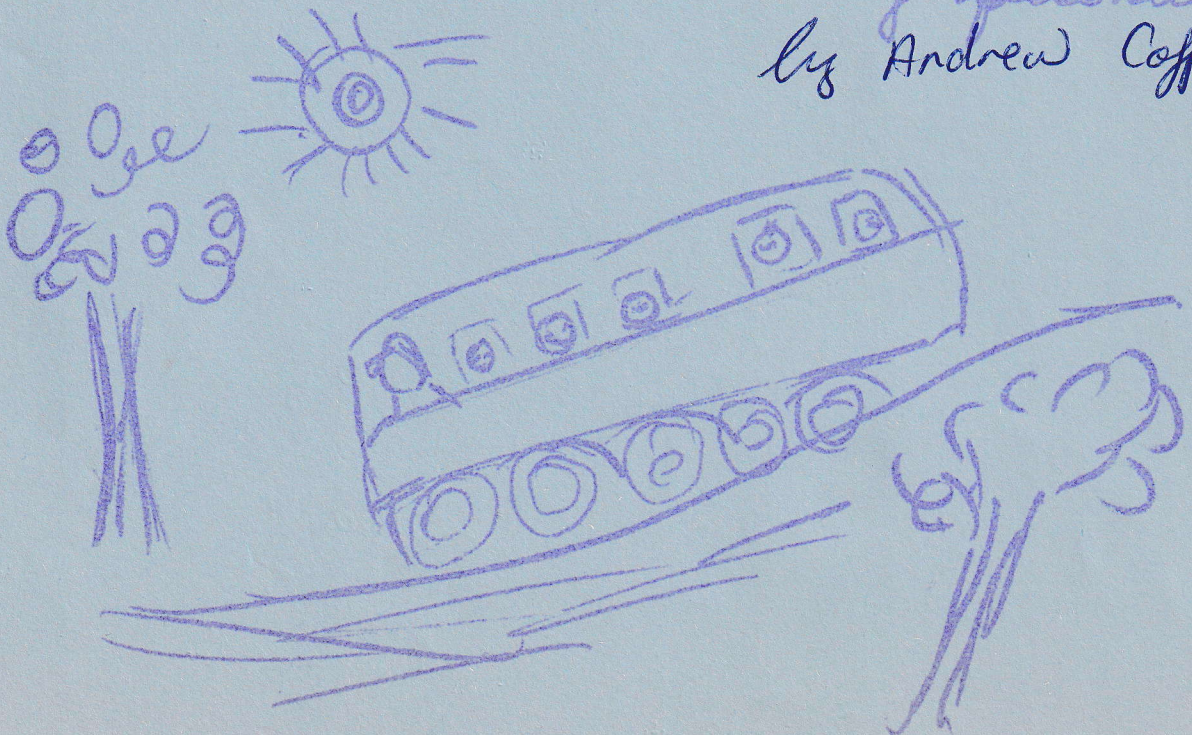
The knives are meant for me!

(out of Dolly)

Swan Hill Camp.

Tuesday morning I went to school at 7:30 am when I got there they were putting all the luggage into the bus. We then got on the bus and waved to our mum's and Dads and took off. We were on our way to a camp at Swan Hill, we stopped on the way at Kerang to have our lunch. Then after we had our lunch we went to the camp ~~at~~ ~~we~~ at Swan Hill we got there at 5 o'clock. When we got to the camp we had tea then after tea we had dessert. We played table tennis after tea I beat the kid I was playing with. I played a cricket match with ~~my friends~~ ~~my friends~~

by Andrew Coffey



ACT NOW

MARCH AND RALLY

SUNDAY APRIL 15th

JOIN THE MARCH

ONE TO START AT TREASURY GARDENS
AT 1 P.M.

GREET THEM AT CITY SQUARE

COME TO BOURKE STREET HALL

AT 3 P.M TO SUPPORT THE MARCH

Our Planet is the only home
we've got.

We have so little time left.



Kensingtons Womens Group Child Care Co-op

The centre has four staff providing care and pre-school educational activities for children two years until five or Preps for before or after school care. Our names are Jenny, child care worker, working in the mornings. Andrea, child care worker, working full time and Carol, child care worker, working in the afternoons. Vicki, co-ordinator, works full time.

Child care this year is off to a good start with all our places being full. Our only vacancies are for before and afterschool preps.

With the equipment grant from last year, the children are now enjoying the new indoor and outdoor toys.

This term we are working with a fortnight color theme providing pasting and painting activities for the children.

We have been enjoying our Friday outings in the Health Centre bus and so far have visited the Airport, Moomba festival, swimming pool at Ascot Vale and beaches at Williamstown and St Kilda. We usually have a picnic in a park on the way back to the Centre.

Andrea and Carol will be attending a Six Week course at Footscray College, which covers many topics to do with child care.

Voluntary work is needed to cover rostered days off and at the working bee on Sat
of April 9.30am

See You Then

GOOD BYE MY PEOPLE GOOD BYE.

A MODERN DAY HORROR STORY.

A GHOST WANDERED OVER THE DESERATED COUNTRY SIDE, ALWAYS SEEKING, ALWAYS SEEKING, MOVING ACROSS THE LAND LAMENTING,

" WHERE HAVE THEY ALL GONE, NOT A BIRD OR EVEN A FLOWER LEFT."

THE TIRED GHOST SETTLED DOWN, UPON WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE CROSS SITE AT MACEDON. LOOKED OVER THE DEVASTATION, THAT MEN IN HIGH PLACES HAD UNLEASHED UPON THE WORLD, NOW STARK DEAD TREES LIKE FADED GLORIES OF THEMSELVES, KILLED BY THE BLAST OR RADIATION FROM THE NUCLEAR MEGA-BOMBS, STOOD LIKE ACCUSING FINGERS. ALL THE COLOUR OF THE WORLD WAS GONE, WHAT WAS STANDING, A HIDEOUS MOCKERY OF THE FORMER GREENESS OF THE COUNTRY. THE COLOUR OF THE EARTH HAD DISAPPEARED MUCH COLDER NOW, EVEN MAKING A FORGOTTEN GHOST SHIVER FROM THE ICY BLASTS OF THE WIND.

THE GHOST SIGHED SOFTLY, THINKING HOW A COUSIN ALWAYS TOLD HER "KIT YOU'RE ALWAYS SIGHING, YOU HAD THAT HABIT SINCE YOU WAS A CHILD" Olga and HER FAMILY DEAD, ALL THE COUSINS AND OTHER KINFOLK BLOWN AWAY. IT WAS HARD FOR KIT TO REMEMBER THE HORRIBLE EVENTS OF THAT TERRIBLE ENDING OF HER ~~WORLD~~ WORLD. REMEMBERING THE HAPPINESS, WHICH THE OTHER WOMEN AND HER HAD SET OUT FROM A NEIGHBOURHOOD HOUSE, IN AN INNER SUBURB OF MELBOURNE, TO HANGING ROCK PARK. THE WOMEN WERE WALKING, LAUGHING AND TALKING AS THEY CLIMBED THE ROCK.

P.T.O

WHEN THEY WERE CAUGHT IN A NUCLEAR BLAST OF WIND, TOSS
OVER LIKE DRY LEAVES. WAKING UP, KIT, JAMMED BETWEEN TWO
ROCKS, "Oh God, Oh God", THE OTHER WOMEN WERE TWISTED BURN
LOGS. "Oh the ache of it to remember", THE SLOW STRAVING TO DEATH,
TO WEAR EVEN TO CRAWL TO WATER, THEN THE PAIN OF THE VOTIMING
RACKING THE BOBY TO IT'S VERY SOUL, CAME NEXT THE SHITS, THEN
THE RADIATION SORES APPEARED, LIKE LEPOROUS BLOTCHES
SPREADING ACROSS THE SKIN,

Oh, NOT TO REMBERED ANYMORE THE DREAMTIME OF
FADING AWAY TO DEATH. TO HAVE TO AWAKEN AS A GHOST, THE
ONLY ESSENCE OF LOST HUMANITY TO LAHENT BITTERLY OVER
THE LOST BEAUTY OF A PLANET, DESTROYED BY GOVERNMENTS
STOCK-PILING NUCLEAR WEAPONS IN THE FOOLISH HOPE IF WE
HAVE THEM, THE OTHER GOVERNMENTS WOULD'NT USE THEM.

MY PAST IS
A CANCELLED CHEQUE
PAID IN FULL
BUT REMEMBERED
OH, SO, REMEMBERED.

Kit (THE GHOST OF TIMES DEPARTED)

SUPERMAN III

(Doesn't anybody live happily-ever-after-anymore?!)

I really thought this movie excellent; when you consider that a Superman who can do supernatural things or feats like flying, x-ray vision, heat vision etc, hence no such human really exists, because Superman is a hypothetical figure, bridging the gap between reality and the celestial being or existence (except divinity) and this film's portrayal was very sincere if not genuine.

Actor Christopher Reeve appears as Superman who's alias as a reporter Clark Kent, working for the "Daily Planet". Clark's neurotic boss is called Perry White and his closest friends are fellow reporters Lois Lane and younger reporter Jimmy Olsen, who is very fond of Clark.

The story begins in an employment agency where a middle-aged "couldn't-care-less" coloured man called Auguste Gorman is promptly informed that he is no longer eligible for unemployment benefits because of his bad employment record. Somewhat perplexed of his situation he finds an employment position advertised on a packet of matches he borrowed from an other coloured man who is also waiting for unemployment benefits. The position is for a computer programme operator. Auguste Gorman is accepted for the position and he is very good at his work. However he is frustrated about the wages. He is determined to swindle more and once when he is

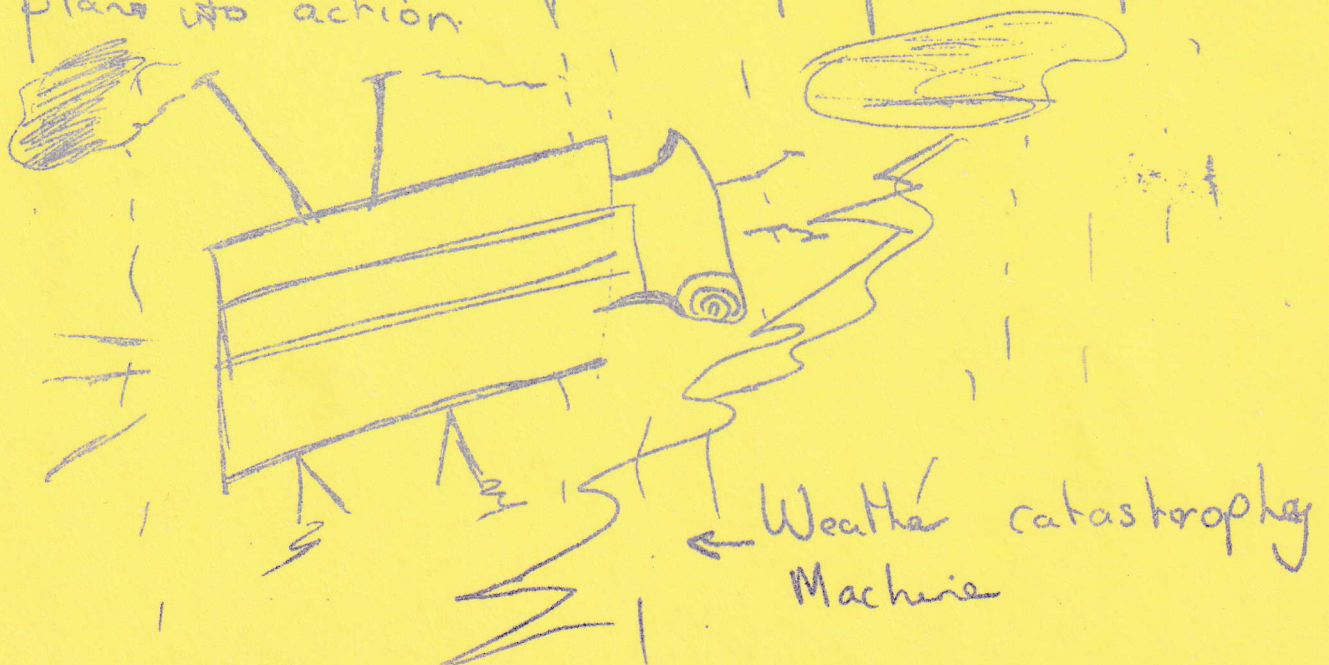
Superman

III

done he adjusts the computer machines to issue more money to his paypacket. This fraud after a while is discovered. His immediate bosses decide to charge Auguste and he is reported to the head of the Company, Folkan.

\$7200 \$72000  Gorman

The head of the Company is handsome, middle-aged Folkan. He summons Auguste to his home. Folkan is a robust man, really wealthy, powerful and ambitious. He is ruthlessly determined to expand his empire. He is convinced that only Superman stands in the way of his evil plans. Folkan confides to Auguste his evil plans to control the coffee industry in Columbia. Folkan believes that Auguste can construct and manipulate a machine to cause a weather catastrophe in Columbia. Auguste meekly accepts an agreement and, together with Folkan's evil sister and sexy female companion prepare to put the plans into action.



Meanwhile Clark Kent and Jimmy Olsen take the bus to Smallville where Clark grew up as a boy. Clark intends to go to a high school reunion hoping to meet his childhood sweetheart, Lana.

Along the way they confront a disaster as a chemical plant of power energy explodes so destructively that the fire-men are struggling to extinguish the flames. Changing into Superman, Clark helps to rescue

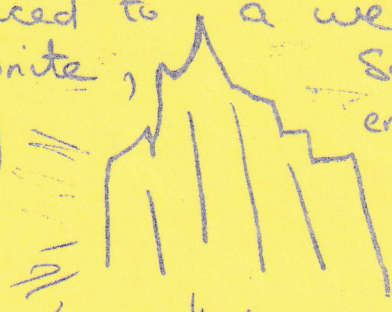


SUPERMAN

III

most of the workers and uses his powers by turning the water from a near-by lake into a thin ice sheet and then transfers it to smother the fire. He is successful but Jimmy Olsen is badly injured as he was taking photos. Jimmy is carried to an ambulance and he is taken back to metropolis. Clark continues on his way to Smallville.

At the reunion Clark meets Lana who is very attractive and still somewhat attracted to Clark. Clark too is very much attracted to Lana. Lana is now divorced and has a young boy. During his short stay at Smallville their ~~friendship~~ friendship flourishes though intermittently there are deliberate interruptions from a jealous male friend of Lana's. Lana though she likes Clark she is more inclined for the attention of Superman. Smallville decide to honour Superman for his heroic deeds. Unsuspectedly Auguste Gorman under orders from Folkan present to unsuspecting Superman a form of Kryptonite which alone can destroy Superman. Reduced to a weakling from the effects of Kryptonite, Superman is struggling very deeply and physically and emotionally and goes into temporary seclusion. During this period Folkan's female companion enticed Clark Superman through deceiving friendship, to Folkan's headquarters.



DREAM LOVER.

Ah! the rich life. My purse is overflowing with cash, I'm being driven to where-ever I want to go, by my chauffeur, in my Silver Ghost Rolls Royce. Of course the Rolls is equipped with a bar and a telephone. I jet-set from London to Paris, Rome, New York, Monte Carlo, in fact where-ever I fancy. When I speak people scurry around me to do my will. Now I am at home in my mansion and my maid is running the bath for me. I get into the scented bubble bath and my maid helps me to wash my hair and scrub my back. Then she helps me to dress for my date tonight, and exclaims at my beauty and glamour. Of course, she is extremely jealous of my sex appeal, but says nothing about that, being the well trained maid that she is. Whilst I'm putting the finishing touches to my toilet the front door chimes ring. It's my lover, come to collect me for our date. I run to the head of the stairs, stop, take a breath and then float down the stairs to my lover. My PERFECT handsome lover. He looks at me with THAT look in his eyes and I know from that look that he eats, drinks, sleeps and thinks ONLY of me. I've got

him well trained haven't I?

Now we're in the Silver Ghost on our way to the most exclusive nightclub in the country. When we arrive the Stunkies gather round us to see how helpfull they can all be. Of course we get the best table in the house. We watch the floor show and then trip the light fantastic ourselves. When we've had enough dancing we drive down to the seaside and stroll along the beach. Then we make perfect, wonderful love right there on the sand. My lover looks meaningfully into my eyes and tells me he would rather die than live without. What a perfect life. Suddenly the perfection is shattered, my lover has elbowed me in the ribs. I open my eyes and look at him but instead my husband is bending over me saying 'Didn't you hear the alarm, hurry up and get up or you'll be late for work.'



Amelia Meldrum

YOUR STARS with TERESA

Aries

A happy week ahead you should interest yourself in creative activities

Taurus

Good news about money. Lots of opportunities ahead. Should use more of your talents

Gemini

The week ahead looks bright you may have to work hard but the results are rewarding

Cancer

Lots of opportunities ahead of you

Find time to

relax. Domestic work call for attention.

Leo

You have lots of energy. Find time to decorate your home

Virgo

Happy times at home you have creative artistic talents

STARS

Libra

Meetings with friends and relatives brings a sparkle to your life. Be careful of your money

Scorpio

There are lots of opportunities good results Romance is in the air

Sagittarius

Life is not full Money could slip through your fingers Try a gamble No's 2 3

Capricorn

Lots of surprises in store. But go slow. Lucky colour blue

Aquarius

You'll meet new people. Projects are taking. So look for a new job Lucky No's 6 4

Pisces

You will be very popular you work too hard Romance is highlighted

Henry.

I am going to tell you a fantastic story about an imaginary friend of my son. It all began one day when my son decided to go to the beach. It was a glorious day, the sun was shining, the sky was lovely and blue. When he arrived at the beach, he picked out the ideal spot then he started to unpack all his gear. Such as sun glasses, sun lotion and towel he also bought his lunch and something to drink. He then spread his rug out on the sand and started to sun bake. He wasn't there very long when he happened to look up, he couldn't believe his eyes he saw a shark on his. It all sounds unreal but it was true it was really there sking on the water, the shark called my son over. My son was really dumb-founded he didn't know what to do, he thought he would take the chance so ^{he} went over to see what he wanted. Hello there my name is Henry said the shark.

Henry.

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what's yours, my name is Keith said my
son, Would you believe it they became
the best of friends after that. The most
amazing thing about this story is
Henry became a skiing champion,
against all sharks. By Edith Coffey.

~~not~~

him

~~not~~

home
^



ANZAC DAY

25-4-84



The Scarlet poppy burns again,
 The tender grasses wave
 The bitter almond sheds it's leaves,
 On many an alais grave.

Fear not for them nor wish them back,
 Life cannot harm them so.
 The Kiss of death has touched
 Each lip, and stroke each icy brow.

Yet on this day when first they
 died turned back the troubled
 years

Pause awhile give them
 again our tears.

