



The Wargrave lads after their volleyball marathon.

From *The Eastbournian* 1990-91



Before the cross country, Wargrave limbers up: . . .

Cross country (*The Eastbournian* 1990-91)



The 'Bridge' between Wargrave and the Old Crosby House in the 1970s

The new extension, completed in 1991





Dormitory in the 1990s



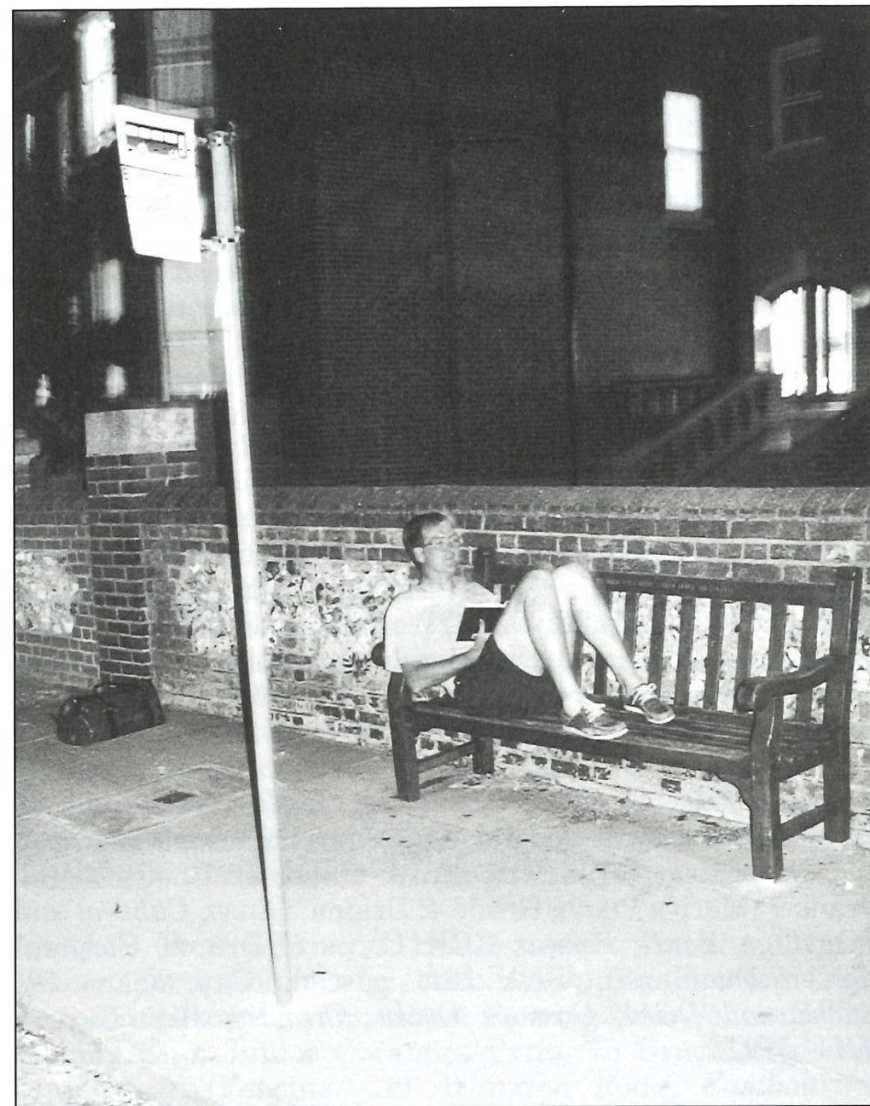
Wargrave Fourth Form enjoying a Pizza reward after their marathon for charity.

From *The Eastbournian* 1991-92



Master-in-charge Wargrave and rugby prepares his next lesson.

David Stewart, housemaster,
in relaxed mood



DAS has bag packed and awaits the bus before the end of year assembly.



1995 with housemaster David Stewart



Hugo Southwell



James Evans

TOP SHELF

Wargrave Magazine Winter Term

1998

TOP SHELF'S SCIENCE FICTION SAGA

The red-robed Royal Guard's hand flashed beneath his robe, and reappeared seconds later with a large Imperial-Issue blaster. Before the attacking trio could get near the small repulsor vehicle carrying the Emperor's favorite dignitary, the Guardsman opened fire. He was quick and efficient. Seconds later, it was over. The bodies of the three would-be assassins were strewn around the small atrium. The Guard turned, and continued walking next to the repulsor vehicle; a skilled and ruthless warrior.

Star Wars
ROYAL GUARD:-
A tale of the red-robed
warriors of the Emperor.

*Episode One in an unfolding
Wargrave magazine exclusive
serial written by the intrepid year
nine intergalactic wanderer, Chris
Lynas*

Commander Grodin Thrun swallowed nervously as the huge doors in front of him slowly ground open. The two Imperial Royal Guards stepped soundlessly aside to allow him passage through. He stepped into a huge hall, with four arches to either side of him, and a Royal Guard standing in front of each. He remembered the events leading up to his arrival at this large stone building.

As a teenager, he had signed up for the Stormtrooper Academy on Carida, a world full of the New Order's most ardent supporters. He himself was a loyal supporter. In fact, he was more than a loyal supporter. He was willing to become an Imperial Stormtrooper and lay down his life for his Emperor's New Order. Not long after enlisting, he had met an older man, someone who was only a few short weeks away from finishing his training and had already shown himself to be one of the best recruits in his training squad. Thrun had thought he was good, but had never dreamed about what would happen not long after. One day, a few days before Thrun's friend was to graduate, Thrun and his fellow trainee were cleaning out a section of the Academy Barracks as chores, when suddenly the doors slid open. A red-

cloaked Imperial Royal Guard stepped through, accompanied on either side by two crack Stormtroopers. The Royal Guard simply motioned to Thrun's companion, and said "Come". Thrun

watched as his friend dutifully followed the little entourage out of the room. He ran to the window, in time to see his friend being led up the ramp of an unmarked *Lambda*-Class shuttle.

The ramp hissed up, and the shuttle lifted and blasted into space. Thrun sadly watched the shuttle fade away into the distance, and was just why he had to be taken away, when he suddenly got it. Royal Guards! His friend must have been deemed skilled enough to serve as a personal

bodyguard of the Emperor! From that day on he had promised himself that he would attempt to reach that level of skill. He graduated with high honors, and took part in many campaigns. He was promoted again and again, until he reached the rank of Commander. It was not long after, that he got his first sense that someone was watching him. He could feel a *pressure* on his mind, almost permanently. He wasn't convinced until, a few days later, he was patrolling the main square in Coruscant's most populated area with a few companions, when suddenly, out of nowhere, a group of muggers armed with blaster pistols leapt out of the shadows, to confront him and his squad mates. He yelled a warning, but before he or the others could react, blaster bolts started flying everywhere, and the others were down within seconds. A shot to Thrun's right hand forced him to drop his blaster rifle. But his combat versatility allowed him to grab his holstered blaster pistol with his left hand. He had just finished drawing the weapon, when he noticed that the other blasters had stopped firing. He turned, just in time to see the last assailant drop to his knees, clutching his throat. Thrun re-holstered his blaster pistol and made off for the nearest patrol base. Not long after, he was walking his assigned beat when a brown-shawled young woman suddenly stepped in front of him. She was holding a large gun of some sort,

and she motioned him into a side alley. When they were alone, she pulled back the cowl covering her head and said, "The Emperor has deemed you worthy."

Come to this address at 08:00 Co-ordinated Galactic time." That was apparently all she had to say. The next day, he had followed her orders, and went to the address she had given him. He found himself in front of a public turbolift shaft leading straight down into the depths of the city. Once inside, he saw the same woman who had cornered him the night before. He made to draw his blaster, determined to find out what in the name of the Sith was going on, but the woman raised her hand, and he felt a strong urge *not to draw his blaster*. The woman smiled slightly and said, "Welcome, Trooper Tr-844," she said using his call sign. The woman pressed a button, and the turbolift car dropped swiftly downwards...

*Next instalment to follow in
the next issue.....*



What is it?



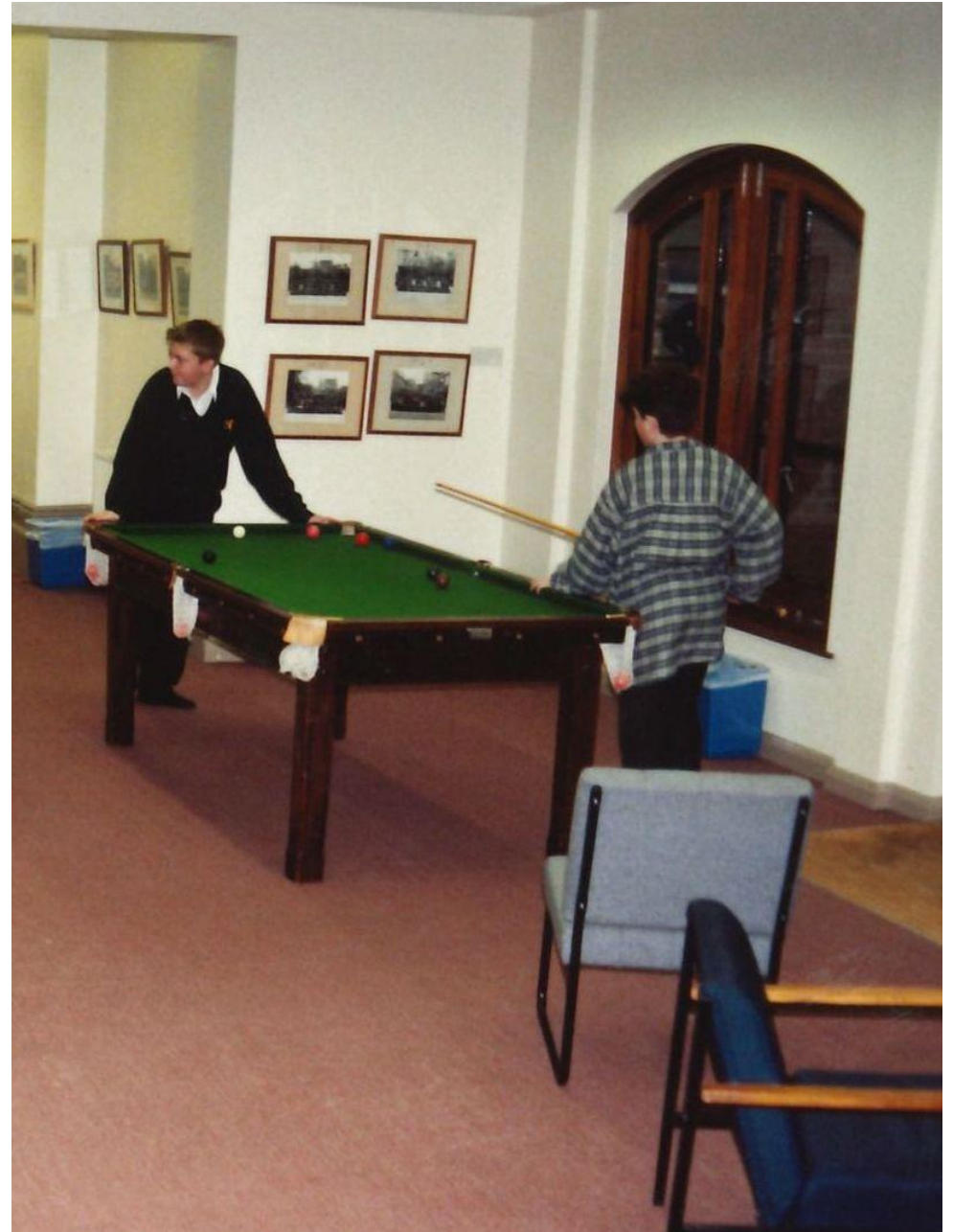
1998 with housemaster David Stewart





This year's Wargrave leavers demonstrate that the fire escape is in good working order

Leavers 1999



Wargrave common room