



OOSIE INK '19

MEET THE TEAM

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The earth's message

I am round, but some say that I am flat. I have blue waves and green fields. I am the place that holds all life. I am Earth and I am in pain.

I have shared my sunny fields and dark woods with all that lives on me. I have given them hidden treasures, yet they always want more.

I send blue waves rocking gently that invite anyone to go and explore its hidden wonders. Brightly coloured coral and little fish populate the waters.

Unique animals live on every piece of land, each piece of land has its own natives, different from any other place.

But all I have given is being pulled away, leaving me sad and broken. My soil is running dry, but they are greedy and keep destroying all I have given.

My once rolling green fields are now broken and muddy. My beautiful blue waves are destroyed with neglect and plastic. My hidden treasures are now gone, but they still dig.

All my marvelous beauty is fading and I am left in pain. I cry storms and scream fire, but they yell back and continue to destroy me.

I push waves of water and shake their concrete monsters to the ground. I try and show them reason, but they use their metal machines and I am again left in pain.

Even with all my pain and the growing hole in my core, I still provide for them. Through the delirium of pain, I fell them lighten their blow and my heart fills with hope.

-Mia–Tatiana Harmse

The bookworm's adventures.

Liezel van der Walt 9G



Bang! A gunshot echoed loudly on the open plains of the desert. The Wild west. Melanie rode across these plains on her horse.

As she reached the nearby town she realised that even though it seemed like her adventure had just begun, it was time for her to start a new one. She had caught the bandit whose shouts and gunshots had terrorised the people, her work was done.

That night after being thanked by the people, Melanie went to bed. She was a little sad, knowing that would be gone tomorrow, but also excited at the prospect of a new adventure.

Upon waking the next morning, Melanie saw that she was in a jungle. The bugs around her were trying to nip at any exposed flesh. Melanie didn't quite know what was going to happen now, but she was excited.

As she walked through this forest, she saw the most beautiful plants. She was getting tired though, and wondered if she would find only shelter. As she got up, per chance, she saw smoke rising above the tree tops. A village.

Once she arrived at the village, hundreds of people stormed towards her. There were shouts of, "Another one is sick!" and, "Have you found a cure?" Melanie smiled, now she knew why she was there.

She thought back to when this all began, at her grandmas' house with a mysterious door, and thought. "I peeped through the keyhole and could not believe my eyes...a library. Tons of adventures just for me.

- Annabelle le Grange

The Darkness

It's slowly but steadily creeping in. Do you know what I'm talking about? Of course you don't. You don't know my story, so let me tell you.

Since I was little I could see things, things that nobody could explain or believe. The first time anything really happened was that one night...

I was about ten years old, when one night I felt something staring at me. But I thought nothing about it and went to sleep. A few minutes passed and I felt a finger pressing on my forehead, and whilst its finger was pushing on my forehead it felt like something was blowing on my face!

About three years later we moved to another house. I hated the atmosphere in that house. Every time I walked past a room, I saw black figures. It went on for a few months until December that same year. We got a new puppy just a few days before and my bed was too high for him to jump on. The night before we were going to depart for our holiday something rather eerie happened. My dog was crying because he couldn't get up on my bed. I opened my eyes and there stood someone covered with dirty white cloth. At first I thought it was my white cupboard, but when I came closer, the thing also came closer. Then I knew. I screamed for what seemed



like ten minutes. But then my father came running in my room and switched on the light. There was nobody. I slept in my parents' room.

The next morning, we departed and went on vacation. A few weeks later, we got a call (whilst we were on vacation) that our house was burning down. We immediately packed up and went home.

When we got home, we heard that the fire had started in my room, luckily all our animals weren't in the house, but most of all, luckily we weren't in there. But we rebuilt a brand new house and everything went well. Whilst the house was being rebuilt we stayed with my uncle.

I never stopped seeing these things. They just don't bother me anymore.

Now you know my story.

- Celine Viljoen

I guess I'll never know

Nobody truly knows, do they? About death, I mean. Who is this mysterious person, hiding in the shadow of the night? Is he really as awful as Mommy tells me he is? She said that he took Daddy when he was away in a fight. They call it war, I think

Where did Death take my dad? I bet it is a wonderful place, where chocolate is healthy and homework is banned. I think of the day when Death will take me to visit Daddy. I will be all grown up then, and strong, just like Mommy, because Death does not like crying little children. I will open my mailbox and it will be filled with letters, pink envelopes from my favourite Disney princesses and a handful from Mom, but the last would be a letter from Death with a request for a visit.

I would spend the whole day baking cookies for him and spend the night cleaning up. The very next morning when the sun smiles over the peak, I will put on my prettiest dress and curl my hair and wear my Sunday-sandals, just for him. Then I'll wait for the knock on the door.

When he knocks, I will open and greet him like a true lady and let him in. Mommy says that he wears a black cape and holds a scythe in his palm. I don't know what this means, I'm too young to understand, but it sounds hideous! No. I believe he will wear white, like the man they teach us of in Sunday school, and he wouldn't have to carry a dangerous weapon around.

We will have a tea party for two with a lot of biscuits to enjoy and stories to tell. He will tell me of all the people he visited and he will tell me of my dad. He will take my hand in his big one, bring his mouth close to my ear and whisper: "Daddy is waiting for you."

Will I ever truly know what Death is like? I could, but I wouldn't...not yet...



The place where I can be myself

Breathe in. Lightning flashes. Breathe out. They are chanting my name. I roll my shoulders to release some tension. Blinding spotlight.

Three...two...one

The audience erupts in a deafening roar when I set my foot on the stage, shoulders back, chin up and my signature smile plastered across my face. Fans have travelled far and wide to catch a glimpse of me in all my glory, to have their own ears witness the angelic sound of my voice as it waltzes to the rhythm of my guitar. I do not disappoint.

I find myself lost in the world that my parents handed to me on a silver platter- a world where I can never truly belong. Ever since I was just a babe, my parent had my life laid before me, promising fame that I never desired. My childhood was turned in for endless beauty pageants, singing lessons and ballet.

But every once in a while, there is a day that my tutors are unable to show. 'Tis the days that I find myself on the back of a horse, gliding over the mountain tops and into the valley below. 'Tis then that I sneak a delicious chocolate bar in my pocket to relish its sweetness melting on my tongue (much to Mother's dismay). I would roll on the grass like a little child and admire the picture that the clouds paint. I set my soul free to wander the places that my heart calls home, away from the life of pretending, the paper-people and the silly games where I am but a mere pawn.

I find myself in a world where being myself is good enough – where I belong.

- Kayla Haines

After Earth

Great claws of lightning ripped at the sky as the thunderous voice of the mighty god rumbled through the enchanted wood. Her mom's voice rang through her head.

Her feet were a blur as she sprinted over the mossy floor. The voice in her head yelled, "faster! Faster," as the predator from behind her increased his pace. She jumped over a smooth rock into an obsidian black cave. She easily took an arrow from her quiver and knocked it on her bow.

His footsteps slowly approached and before he went any further, she shot her arrow, claiming the beast's life. Relief washed over her.

Suddenly a nefarious voice whispered from behind her, "can you tell me your name, young lady?" "Nesryn Faliq", she replied, still gasping for air. An ice cold finger slowly touched her brow. Every limb in her body screamed at her to run, but she could not move her feet.



A handsome man appeared out of the darkness with a longsword pointed at the thing behind her. It moved so fast, she could not see it with her human eyes. In one swift movement he had killed the monster in front of her.

Her mother always warned her to be in their dowdy house when a storm erupted, but only now did she realise that those were indeed wise words.

- Annabelle Bester

There is so much I want to tell you.

Do you remember? Does your memory face with time, like a relic from the past, desperately in need of repair? Or do you dwell on the past, fearing what might happen if you let go? All of these questions I ask myself on a daily basis.

There is so much I want to tell you, so much I want to ask you. I cannot find the words, nor get over this feeling of abandonment in a world surrounded by people. The stench of regret follows me everywhere I go. Every time I wake, I see you. Every time I sleep, I dream of you. There is simply no escape. You haunt me, at every turn I take and every move I make.

But at last I hear your sweet voice calling out my name.

Can this be? Or is this just another waking nightmare? I hear it again echoing through my skull. The sound of your calling warms me and brings back a feeling that I have not experienced in a long time. Hope. It makes me think. Did you feel the same way? Did you grow tired of your bland black and white life?

You greet me and tell me that you want to speak, about past mistakes and working together to achieve new heights. The lengths I would go to in order to make this work is unfathomable. Your words release me from my self-inflicted desolation. I feel this rush of power that I have been yearning for. Like a river carving its path through a mountain, all we need is patience and time.

We sit in silence, but unlike the past, we sit together, and we are not alone.

- Wynand Meyer

The Courtroom

"Bang! ... Bang! ... Bang!" I held the ice cold pistol in my uncontrollably shivering hands. I felt as if the weight of the entire world was instantly lifted off my shoulders. The red and blue flashing lights blinded me as tears started streaming from my eyes.

Within 24 hours I was national breaking news. I spent a number of nights in the lonely cell of the police station for the duration of my trial. I was in shock. A picture of a helpless body, drowned in blood, replayed in my head. Yet, I was the one feeling helpless. As my final court date approached I felt extremely nervous. It would determine the rest of my life.



I was a victim of human trafficking and the man I shot was the trafficker. "It was not murder," I continuously tried to convince myself, "merely self-defense." I entered the grand courtroom, the seats filled with news-reporters and photographers waiting, just like me, to see how this horror story would end.

I was escorted to my seat by police officers. My hands were cuffed so tight it felt like fangs slicing into my flesh. The master of the supreme court entered. Clothed in authority he stood in front of the court. It felt like a lifetime, but finally I was given my chance in the hotseat.

I explained to the court what had happened and the actions were the result of self-defense. I pleaded not guilty. The judge took a moment to process my final statement as the courtroom fell silent. Awaiting his decision, the deafening silence was almost unbearable, anxiously awaiting the final ruling...

Finally I was free!

- Anoniem

My favorite photo

The day I turned eighteen, was the day I left home.

It was all I ever dreamt about. I wanted to move away from my controlling and overwhelming family. I wanted to go someplace where nobody knew who I was and that was where I wanted to start writing my own story.

The bus that took me away that day was black and white. It held both my excitement and the fears that I tried to drown out. It drove slowly and I remember wishing it could go faster.

A few days later, surrounded by the unknown, I took my first breath of freedom. It was sickly sweet and it filled me with a sense of power.

I unpacked my few belongings. I faintly recall seeing the photo my mother gave me before I left. It was the photo my dad had taken when I was four. My mother was failing miserably at teaching me how to play chess. I fell asleep listening to her reassuring heartbeat. It was my favorite photo. I placed the photo on my nightstand.

The call came a few days later. My father's resenting voice told me that my mother was extremely ill. I got onto the same black and white bus. The tears wouldn't stop falling.

As the sun crept over the horizon the next day, I ran into my mother's arms. She didn't hug me back. She just lay there: rigid and ice cold. I knew it was already too late.

I found myself longing back to when I was four.



Back to when I could fall asleep with my mother's heart's soft and steady heartbeat filling my ears.

Joyful pain fills me when I see that my mother has the same photo on her nightstand as I do on mine.

-Lemuelia Stavast

A friend who turned into an enemy

Friend... such a peculiar word. A word meaning loyalty, trust, ally... even companionship. Doesn't it bother the world that allies can be dishonest and betray? I mean to say: betrayal can only occur if it comes from a friend.

I had a friend once. Time: my fellow friend, my companion. I had an extraordinary life because of him. I found the love of my life, I found a career I utmost enjoyed, we had two gorgeous children. But my friend had been selfish. Friends demand attention too you know and he took up too much space in my mind.

I had been too afraid to lose him, my lifelong friend, that I lost track with my family, my job and my life. I was so occupied chasing my "friend", that when he finally stopped, I had run to faraway from what I really cared for. And now I lie here, old, frail and alone. My ally is gone; my companion has left me.

If only I had used him right. I might've moved more, cared more, felt more.

I missed my children's childhood, I hadn't been there for my wife in time of need, my career opportunity I enjoyed, so thoroughly blown away...

And my friend... well I suppose time runs out.

- Anoniem

The truth

I stared into the crib. The brown bug-like eyes stared blankly back at me. Fat little fingers grabbed the air. Her golden curls stood like a halo around her head, just like the little angel everyone thought she was. She was showered with kisses and attention while I merely had to stand back and accept the fact that I have been replaced by this baby sister.

The cold steel of the heavy .22 revolver reflected the cold feelings I had towards her. My finger fiddled with the trigger. One shot, and it would be over. It was time to end it all. For months I had tried to do the right thing; to love her, to care for her, to be the perfect big sister, but the only feelings I harboured were envious animosity and deadly disgust.



I didn't hear the door open. I didn't expect my mother's loud, terrified voice. That was when I spun around. The shot echoed loudly through the house...

I finally gathered the courage to visit her grave. The rain was light and refreshing, but I was drowning in feelings of sorrow and regret. I stared at the tombstone in front of me. My mind repeated the same thought over and over again. *Mother, I wish you knew the truth – that the bullet was not for you – it was meant for me.*

- Bibi Haasbroek

Die kaartjieverkoper

Die jong man, ou man van de Aar

Wanneer die ysige oggend aanbreek, wanneer die Noord-Kaap se son sy bloedige gedaante op die horison neerbring, wanneer die geroep van 'n Aardwolf iewers klink, dan, maar net dan, kom hy.

Sy hande is skurf en rougewerk. Sy hare is wit soos winter se wraak. Rookwalms sypel uit sy gekerfde houtpyp. Hy kyk uit oor die verlate treinspoor met sy vaalgrys oë, gevul met gedagtes en jare se ondervinding. Waar dink hy? Waaraan knaag sy eeue-oue geheue? Net hy en die spookagtige spoor sal weet.

Saligheid trek oor sy gesig, iets selde en kosbaar... Vir 'n skraal oomblik ontmoet ons oë, soos vriende wat herdenk. "Kom Katryn". Sy growwe en rasperige stem boor deur my. "Ja, Oupa" se ek huiwerig. My stem is hees van lank nie praat nie.

Hy lei ons na sy kantoor. Sy sterk hande vroetel met iets. Die sleutel. Hy sluit die deur oop. Die wel-bekende, warm reuk van vyf generasies slaan my asem weg. Buite hang daardie gevriesde woorde, "Kaartjies hier te koop," skarlakenrooi teen die roesbruin baksteen muur.

My oupa, ja, my oupa. Die kaartjieverkoper.

Die ou man, jong man van De Aar.

- Anoniem

Tyd

Eliza Meiring is 'n geheime agent vir die Britse Intelligensie Diens MI6, en al het sy al met die wreedste misdadigers te doen gehad, is haar grootste vyand...tyd. Sy besef dit terwyl sy aan haar nuutste missie werk. Sy moet 'n bom deaktiveer in een van Engeland se besigste strate. Die bom bevat genoeg kernenergie om 6000 mense graf toe te stuur, en gaan oor 25 minute ontplof.

Sy moet uitvind waar die bom is. Sy is tans in een van die wêreld se vinnigste voertuie. Sy is in die straat waar die bom is. Toe sy uit die voertuig klim sien sy



honderde gesigte om haar. Opgewonde, laggend en onbesorgd. Niemand weet dat hul lewens in groot gevaar is nie. Daar is 15 minute oor.

Sy het 'n kernenergie-meter in haar hand. Wanneer sy naby die bom is sal die meter haar waarsku. Sy is by 'n markplein. Haar meter begin stadig biep geluide maak. Sy kyk om haar om te sien of sy dalk iets ongewoon kan opmerk. Niks. Nee, mense! Sy loop tussen die mense op die markplein. Sy begin hardloop, 4 minute oor.

Onder bome, agter bankies, in 'n restaurant. Twee minute oor. Toe sien sy 'n agterdogtige man. Hy het 'n horlosie in sy hand. Hy is gespanne. Sy loop vining tot by hom. Gryp sy rugsak. 30 sekondes oor. Hy gryp sy geweer. Hy skiet, mense skree. Eliza probeer die geweer kry. Te laat. 'n Verdowende knalgeluid.

Donkerte...

- Anne- Karine de Koning

Die meisie

Hy was haar held. Die man wat nog altyd die diepste spore in haar hart sou trap.

Sy sou vir hom wag, elke middag voor 5 by die tuin-hekkie. Haar ore, haar hele menswees ingestel op sy voetstappe. Haar oë soekend na hom en die beloftes wat sy teenwoordigheid sou bring.

Sy soene het inmekaar gevloei en die koue herfs wind het fyn sandkorrels oor sy voetstappe begin waai. Die tekens het begin wys dat haar geliefde held dalk voete van klei het.

Sy het vir hom gewag by die tuinkekkies net voor 5...6...7...? Sy voetstappe was stil. Haar soekende oë het gebrand van die trane wat oor haar wange spoel. Sy het weggedraai van die geroeste hekkie, na die donker huis gesluip. Hy het nie gekom nie.

Die winter het in haar hart kom lê. Haar soekende oë het moeg en uitgedroog na die grys sypaadjie gestaar en sy het geweet, geweet sy voetspore het uit haar hart, haar lewe verdwyn die dag toe hy die bier bo haar gekies het.

Sy draai die jas stywer om haar gebroke liggaam, draai na die donker huis, roep vir oulaas woordeloos sy naam...

Pappa! - Anoniem

Neongeel help-my-sterk-lyk-hempie

My hart klop vinniger en vinniger. Die jaloesie wat my doodmaak. Jou donker neutbruin, sjokolade oë, steel my hart. Daar staan hy, hy dra sy neongeel maak-my-sterk-lyk-hempie. Wat nie eers nodig is nie.



Met al die kersies wat om ons staan. Die een Arbei wat sy sagte hand vat. Weereens vaak en jaloers. Sy gemmerbruin hare waai, met die musiek wat kliphard agter hom speel. Hy los die Arbei se hand en stap stadiger en stadiger na my toe.

Ek glimlag. My wange raak bloedrooi. Hier staan hy, die geroomde koek, met spiere net waar jy kyk. Hy het my hart gesteel. Hy vat my hand en vra my of ek wil dans, ek knik net my kop, ek is verstom. Ek kry niks uit nie.

Net na die musiek gee hy 'n piksoentjie op my wang. Weereens raak ek bloedrooi. Teen die einde van die aand, vra hy my of ek met hom sal kys. Ek sê toe vir hom ja.

Nou wonder ek oor die Arbei wat sy hand vasgehou het.

- Sonika Smit

Die Matriekseun

"Sy is wakker, kom kyk!" Ek lê in die ambulans en maak my oë oop en ek sien...

Ek en my blonde vriendin stap vanaf die seepglade oranje trappe, ons kyk na die matriekseuns wat regop staan soos bloedrooi kersies op n *black forest* koek. Ek voel my blinkgevyfde skoene sit vas, asof kougom dit vasbyt en nie laat los. Ek wou nog keer, maar ek was te laat en val in die rooi sandagtige modder.

'n Sagte hand streel oor my wang, dit voel soos 'n geroomde baba linkerboud. Ek vat een diep asem en dit ruik asof 'n blikkie spuitgoed onder my neus loop. My been pyn soos erg soos hoe dit voel om die laaste happie koek te eet. Ek hoor iemand lag en al wat deur my kop gaan is dat hy n regte vark, ek lê hier in pyn en dood en hy sal vir my staan en lag, regtig?

Ek voel hoe 'n paar lekker arms my optel en ek is soos 'n veertjie in die wind. Dit gaan my verstand te bowe om te dink dat 'n matriekseun my in sy arms het, ek klou styf aan sy gespierde lyf soos heuning aan 'n koek.

Ek voel ek lê nou op n sagte kussing alhoewel, dit voel of ek op n wolk rond dryf. "Eina" skreeu ek, my been het sulke massiewe pyn maar binne twee sekondes voel ek weer 'n geroomde hand oor my been wat als regmaak. "Sy is wakker!" skreeu die matriekseun. Ek lê in die ambulaans en maak my oë oop en ek sien potblou oë in my oë staar.

- Elnique M

Sewende hemel

Vandag is weer een van daai dae.

Jy weet, een van daai dae wanneer jy wens jy was iewers op 'n eksotiese eiland soos Mauritius of Hawaii. Ek kan myself al klaar sien - in 'n bikini op 'n spierwit strand, met 'n groot sonhoed op my kop, uitgestrek op my handoek, terwyl 'n bruingebrande "hunk" yskoue drankies vir my aandra...



Ek sug. Wie probeer ek flous? Die kans dat jy my ooit in 'n bikini sal sien, is ongeveer zilch. In die plek van palmbome en warmgebakte sand, sit ek op een van die klipharde stoele in die personeelkamer terwyl dit buite sous.

“Nog ’n prettige dag in Pretoria,” dink ek.

Meneer Gert – die skoolhoof wat al deur sy hare groei - brom alweer oor die lengte van die skoolmeisies se rompies en die afskuwelike sterte wat jong mans deesdae agter hulle koppe dra, meer bekend as die sogenaamde “mohawks”. Ek moet myself weerhou om ’n driewiel te spin wanneer hy ons onderwysers vra om voorkomsinspeksie te hou.

Langs my sit my goeie vriendin, juffrou Bianca Larson, besig skaamteloos te WhatsApp. Ek stamp haar in die ribbes, maar sy waai net haar hand asof ek ’n lastige vlieg is. “Met wie praat jy?” vra ek saggies terwyl ek oor haar skouer probeer loer. Sy rol net haar oë, wys die skerm waarop meneer Dreyer se naam verskyn vinnig na my kant toe, en tik dan weer verder.

Aan die oorkant van die vertrek sien ek ook hoe hy vooroor sit, seker besig om met Bianca te praat. Ek wonder watter skaking van groen ek vir ’n portretstudie sou gebruik, indien ek die jaloesiemonster wat nou besig is om diep in my binneste te knaag, nou moes skilder.

Dis my geheim. Ek is smoorverlief op meneer Dreyer. Ek bedoel, wie sal nou nie wees nie? Met sy potblou oë, bruin hare en spiere wat selfs vir Hulk tweekeer sal laat dink, is ek nie eens verbaas dat al die meisies en selfs die son, maan en sterre voor sy voete neerval nie. Dit is juis die probleem. Die feit dat hy enige vrou wat sy hart begeer kan kry, laat my hart tot in my voete sak, want hoekom sal dit enigsins ek wees?

’n Gevoel van teleurstelling neem oor wanneer ek sien hoe Bianca langs my hemelsbreed vir haar selfoonskerm glimlag. Bianca wat ly aan bek-en-klouseer val beslis meer in meneer Dreyer se smaak.

Skielik vang my oog die beweging rondom my. Ek was so in gedagte dat ek nie eers meneer Gert gehoor het toe hy sê dat ons mag verdaag nie. Dan stop ek skielik in my spore, want meneer Dreyer staan voor my, in my geestesoog sien ek hoe Bianca skelm glimlag. Ek besef dan dat hierdie haar plan was, sy peel Cupido vir my en meneer Dreyer. Ek kan nie anders as om “Ja” te sê wanneer hy my vra om later ’n koffie saam met hom te gaan drink nie. Ek hoop werklik hierdie kan tot iets meer lei.

Ek is dalk nie iewers op ’n eksotiese eiland nie, maar tog voel dit vir my asof ek in die sewende hemel is.

- Suné Loubser

Net een asemteug



Ek hyg na asem. My natgeswete, warm gesig voel taai, en ek moet kort-kort die vlieë wegjaag om voor my te kan sien. Dis nou al die tweede dag wat ek stoksielalleen in 'n bedompige woud ronddwaal. Dis nou deel van n "oorlewingskursus" en met 'n week se kosvoorraad moet ek na 'n ander persoon soek, waarna ons dan saam moet ontsnap.

Skielik voel ek hoe ek met 'n vaart tuimel, gesig eerste val ek plat in warm modder en my seer voel so plat soos n pannekoek. Ek probeer gewalg om die stowwerige taai modder uit my mond te kry. Skielik is dit alles vergete, want voor my is 'n lowergroen vallei, met 'n borrelende, bruisende waterval wat by die skruwe rotse aftuimel. Kleurryke voëls fladder rond en 'n skerp, vrolike gekwetter vul my ore. Die reuk van nat grond, gemeng met die soet reuk van helderkleurige klosse blomme, wil-wil my oorweldig

Ek stap tot by die water en buk af om te drink, maar ek verloor my balans en val in. Koel water spoel oor my kop, maar die water is vlak en my vel maak hard kennis met skerp, growwe rotse. Ek ruk effens, maar die verligting om sulke skoon, koue water by my keel te laat afgly, is te groot vir my om aan die pyn te steur. Druppend klim ek uit. Ek haal 'n soet-suur lemoen uit my rugsak en suig tevrede daaraan. Net een asemteug van die vars, koel lug en my wêreld is weer reg.

- Aneë van Eeden

My last breath

The stench of death hung thickly in the air, bodies were strewn carelessly all over the ground and the haunting screams of dying soldiers filled my head, bouncing off my eardrums and into my skull.

I lay motionless in an open field while chaos spread like a wildfire around me. I could hear the panicked voices of soldiers shouting orders at each other and I could smell their fear when they ran past me. If only they knew that it was useless, the enemy was invincible and they would all die, like me.

The excruciating pain in my stomach was a constant reminder of where the bullet had pierced my skin moments ago. It had felt like ten thousand lightning bolts hitting me all at once, knocking my feet out from under me and stealing my breath. The pain had dulled now and was more bearable, but I knew that I was bleeding out.

Blood trickled down my side and I could feel tears sliding down my face, but I felt peaceful. I felt my last breath leave my body as I opened my eyes to see this world one last time.

- Klara Venter

Endless



I look back at my broken-down ship as I float into this endless space where there is an endless night.

I feel afraid just thinking about it. I am floating in a place that had no end or beginning. My oxygen is low and getting close to zero.

I then look up and for some reason I don't feel fear, only peace. It's as if the stars are there to calm me. It feels as if they are alive.

I saw my mom caring for me and my dad working, as usual. I promised myself that I would never spend my life working like "Pa". But now, I am no different in the end. Now my mind is like this deep, dark space I find myself in, thoughts going through my head endlessly.

I start to breathe the same air twice as the oxygen gets even lower.

Home wasn't that different compared to this black space. I have always been alone. I never had time for anything except working, eating and sleeping. I didn't see the people around me. I have always had an empty, dark space inside my heart.

I don't need time anymore. I can go in peace. In this deep, dark space time is not needed, because it is endless.

- Stephen Louwrens

Date Night

The restaurant was humming with activity as we sat at a dinner table. The man opposite of me made a joke and I threw a smile his way. Tonight I decided it was time to take him out.

We've been seeing each other for two weeks now. He wasn't a bad person – he'd make sure I got what I wanted, warmed me on cold evenings and had the manners of a gentleman. Charming. That's how I summed him up. Although, I knew his secret...

But tonight was important...

Anticipation began eating me from the inside out as I watched the clock. It was almost time. The creature within me was slowly awakening.

Suddenly, a hand rested on top of mine and my heart skipped a beat. He stared at me, concerned, but I reassured him that I was fine. After dinner, I suggested a walk and he happily obliged.

It took little effort to lure him into the shadows and show him what darkness really looked like. I let my monster take control and my vision clouded red. He never saw it coming. Through lifeless he watched me walk away.

I told you: tonight, I'd take him out.

- Charné Möller



The Lighthouse

Looking out over the ocean she saw nothing but waves crashing into boulders. She was waiting for someone to come and get her.

“I don’t know how I met you, or at least I think I don’t know,” she thought aloud. “Did I really meet you or was it just a dream? Why don’t I remember your name? Why don’t I remember you?”

She did know him. She knew him so well because they were actually married. She was waiting inside the lighthouse for him, but she doesn’t know who she was waiting for.

Short-term memory loss had left her with only a few memories. She remembered that she was supposed to wait for him. Little did she know that he had passed on, a long time ago. He was nothing but a lost memory.

Walking around the lighthouse, she discovered a tiny box. Inside that box were photos of them. Pictures of the first time they met up until the day he had died.

Suddenly it all came rushing back. All the horrible memories, all at once, like a train crashing into another. She finally remembered him, and now she wished she hadn’t.

- Chantelle Botha

A new ending with the same beginning

If someone breathes their last breath in space, but there’s no one around to hear it, does it make a sound? I guess I’ll be the first and last to know.

It’s all a bit blurry and I can’t remember exactly how I got here; but I guess predicting the future doesn’t come from knowing the past.

I lost sight of Earth a few minutes ago. Then again that could just be the cold and the no-air-situation playing tricks on me. My breathing is heavy and my suit struggles with the fast movements of my chest. I’ve never had a panic attack, but this seems pretty close to one.

Have you ever been so cold that you felt hot? My hands were trembling and even through all the cold, the sweat managed to drip into my eyes. It burns... But somehow not as much as knowing that I’m the only survivor of what had just happened. Being a survivor isn’t as victorious as I thought it looked on television. Then again, it doesn’t really count as surviving... I’m just not dead yet.

At least I’ll rest easily knowing a great life will end and begin with a sight as beautiful as this.

- Johalise Stoltz

Die boodskap

“Bzzt, bzzt, bzzzt, bzzzzzzzt.”



“Gaan jy dit nie antwoord nie?” vra my boesemvriendin, Julia.

“Nee, ek sal later kyk wie dit is, vir nou wil ek net my koffie geniet,” antwoord ek terwyl ek my koffie stadig drink en my foon blatant ignoreer.

“Is jy nou al oor Markus? Daai was ‘n slegte *break up*.” Vra Julia met opgetrekte wenkbroue. “Ja, ek dink so,” sê ek met soveel onsekerheid dat ek selfs nie seker is of ek dit wel bedoel nie.

Later die aand sit ek in die sitkamer en kyk TV. Dis eers toe ek onthou dat iemand vir my ‘n boodskap gestuur het. Dis ‘n onbekende nommer, besef ek.

“Hallo, wie is hierdie?”, tik ek in en stuur dit. Die vraag het duidelik geen effek nie, want ek kry net ‘n kortaf antwoord van “Niemand,” terug nie. “Jy moet oppas vir wat jy sê, Caro, mense luister af. Bly liewer stil,” kom nog ‘n boodskap deur. “Wie is j y en hoe ken jy my naam?” Hoe ken die persoon my naam, en waarvan praat hulle? Ek kry geen antwoord terug nie. Ek besluit om dit te los.

“Doef!” Wat was dit? Ek staan op om te gaan kyk en skrik myself yskoud toe ek agterkom iemand staan agter my. Die laaste ding wat ek onthou, is ‘n donkerte wat oor my vou en ‘n bekende gesig.

Ek voel iets koud teen my gesig en besef dis water. Ek sukkel om my oë oop te kry en toe ek dit uiteindelik regkry, besef ek met ‘n naar gevoel dat ek aan ‘n stoel vasgebind is.

“Markus?” My stem klink skor in my eie ore. “Wat doen jy?” Ek weet nie of die gevoel in my binneste is van angs of kwaad nie, maar dit trek tot ‘n knop in my maag. Hy antwoord my nie en my hartklop versnel toe hy my net met ‘n angswekkende gesigsuitdrukking aanstaar.

Die laaste ding wat ek onthou, is ‘n kloppende gevoel in my voorkop, en ‘n donkerte wat oor my vou soos ‘n swaar wolkomers.

- Shantelle Vermaak

Agter tralies

Dit raak al hoe minder. Ek sukkel om dit te kry. In, uit, in, uit, in en weer uit...

My asem laat my in die steek. Ek kyk op en dis leeg, alles is leeg. Ek staan op en my bene wiebel. Ek kyk om my en alles is swart en wit. Geen kleur nie... Dis ‘n vreemde plek met ‘n vreemde gevoel, ‘n plek waar ek nog nooit was nie en ‘n gevoel wat ek nog nooit gevoel het nie. Die manier waarop ek asemhaal is net anders. My oog vang iets wat lyk soos tralies. Tronktralies. Ek begin naderstap.

Ek vou my hande om die gladde, ronde tralies. Dis so hard soos klip, onbreekbaar. Ek staar by die pale uit en al wat ek kan sien is niks. ‘n Kleur wat ek nie kan beskryf nie. Nie wit nie, nie swart nie, net leeg. Ek draai weer terug en ek besef toe vir ‘n oomblik ek is stoksielalleen. Ek trek my asem in en skreeu so hard as wat ek kan,



maar al wat terugkom, is die eggo van my stem. Ek skreeu vir 'n tweede keer, maar alles weergalm. Ek gaan staan in 'n hoekie wat so eensaam lyk soos ek.

Net wanneer ek daaraan dink om verveeld te raak, word ek weer bang. Ek is alleen in 'n vreemde plek met niemand naby my nie. Die vrees raak net meer, meer en nog meer. Hoe meer ek in hierdie plek is, hoe meer verstaan ek wat aangaan. Ek sukkel met die konsep van hoekom hierdie dinge met my gebeur. Die lugdruk raak sterker en ek raak net swakker. Ek het glad nie gedagtes nie, en ek probeer uitwerk wat aangaan hier, wat aangaan met my. Dan besef ek, ek is vasgevang in my eue gedagtes en ek weet nie hoe om daar uit te kom nie.

- Bronwyn Hudson

Die Boodskap

Die klaskamer is tjoepstil en met 'n "ting" vul my foon die vertrek en breek die stilte. Versigtig haal ek my foon uit en lees my boodskap. "Ek kom jou haal."

My lyf word yskoud en my hart gaan sit in my skoene. 'n Knop vorm in my keel en dit word moeilik om asem te haal. Wat kan dit beteken? Die boodskap speel heeldag oor-en-oor in my gedagtes en my maag draai elke keer as ek daaraan dink. Met die boodskap steeds in my gedagtes, val my oë toe en my gedagtes dryf droomland toe.

"Ting" skrik ek wakker met die vrees dat dit dieselfde boodskap is. Twyfelend tel ek my foon op en lees stadig die boodskap. "Ek is naby."

Vrees spoel soos 'n golf oor my en my hart word onrustig, ek weet iets is fout. Niemand gaan my glo as ek hulle sê nie, hulle almal gaan sê dis net 'n poetsbakker. Heeldag met die vrees in my hart is ek versigtig en op die uitkyk vir iets verdag.

Niks... die hele week is daar niks verdag nie en geen boodskap nie! Ek giggel by myself en begin dink dit was toe net 'n poetsbakker, en ek het dit ernstig opgeneem!

My onrus verdwyn en my lyf voel kalm. "Ting"... Dit kan nie wees nie. Ek tel my foon op en stadig lees ek: "Ek is hier."

Trane vul my oë en my bene begin hardloop. Met die hardloop voel ek koue metaal teen my bene druk en bande wat skreeu. Ek voel hoe die aarde my nadertrek, my middel word een met die teer en my kop rus saggies op die pad.

My oë val toe en ek voel hoe koue hande my wonde behandel. My ore word gevul met 'n geraas en rooi ligte wat flikker druk my oë.

"Ting"... Alles word stil en daar is 'n kalmte oor my, ek voel veilig. In die helder wit lig staan hy daar met sy hand uitgesteek. Sy stem vul my ore soos musieknote, hy vat my hand en sê, "Ek het vir jou gese ek kom jou haal."

Sy warm lyf omring myne en ek weet ek is nou eintlik by die huis.

- Channele van Heerden



Mother, I wish you knew...

My heart was pounding against my chest, crushing every bone as it wanted to be ripped out. My eyes were wide open like the heavens. I couldn't believe it and I wouldn't accept it.

My whole childhood was thrown away like an unwanted, old-fashioned tape. With the words out of my Disney hero's mouth. My whole world came crashing onto me like the 9/11 Twin Towers. Memories ran down my cheek as I could not hold it in anymore. My heart was longing for the part my brain knew was gone.

Mickey Mouse told me that you cut your hair as soon as you found out. Tangled said that you were there night and day praying for her. Moana proclaimed you worked two jobs to pay for chemo. Mother, even Elsa said you never stopped loving her. I wish you knew I still existed.

I cried like a baby at dawn longing for you, Mother. Longing for your care and love. My heart was bruised as I knew you forgot about me. I knew my sister was on her deathbed but it broke my heart like glass that was shattered on the ground.

Now both of you are gone and my whole life collapsed as I have no purpose anymore. Not a single human left to care for me as you should have done, Mother. Both your flowers died in the garden of life and I am lost just like Nemo.

- Chloe Geldenhuys

'n Bondeltjie vrees op 'n skoot vol liefde

Mammie? Pappa? Waar is julle? Ek het julle nodig...

Die lewe het my onverwags gevang. My gepootjie en toe in die diepkant gegooi... Alles het so goed gegaan, my hele lewe lank was alles vir my maklik, toe moes ek grootword. Dit gaan maar moeilik, jong. Die lewe draai jou soos 'n rondomtalie, om-en-om-en-om. Hartseer kom val soms voor jou voete soos 'n sondaar wat gered wil word en al wat jy kan doen, is om dit op te tel en op jou skouers te dra tot by die volgende paar voete...

Ek onthou toe ek nog klein was, en dinge het vir my moeilik geraak, het ek op my pa se skoot gaan klim en daar in 'n klein bondeltjie gerol totdat als weer beter was. Ek sou ure met my bang lyfie aan hom vasklou en vir hom vra om dinge vir my beter te maak. "Dit sal oukei wees, sussie. Ek belowe," was sy woorde altyd gewees.

Maar nou is ek groot met skerp boudbene. Nou moet ek maar self my eensaamheid verdra. "Ek kom uit 'n gebroke huis, jy weet. My ma gee nie meer om vir my nie... en, en, en, en." Die verskoning is soos verledeweek se ou brood: OUD!

Hoe ouer 'n mens word, hoe moeiliker word jou struikelblokke, en hoe stadiger kom die goeie tye. Ek voel soms so emosioneel uitgeput. Wiskunde voor en Wiskunde agter. Probleme met vriende en my huis is soms 'n slagtingsveld. Soms net vir sommer so, onskuldige bloedvergiëting. Ag, ek wens ek kon soos kleintyd op my pa se skoot gaan klim...



Dit is nou finaal. Vanaand gaan ek op my pa se skoot gaan klim met my bang lyfie, opsoek na antwoorde op my vrae.

“Jy weet, Sussie, jy hoef nie so bang te wees nie. As God vir jou is, wie kan teen jou wees?”

- Lorize Welgemoed

Iemand soos jy

Jy met die safari-styl hare, en die wilde kyk in jou oë. Jy is die perfekte sprokie waar wonderwerke gebeur. Ek waardeer jou rustigheid en jou hart van goud. Suid-Afrika, ek is lief vir jou!

Jou safari – ‘n droom! ‘n Plek waar ek elke dag wil wees, ‘n plek met stilte en samesyn – of dit nou met familie of net saam met die natuur is, maar nooit voel ek alleen tussen niks en nêrens daar erens in Suid-Afrika nie.

Die plaas waar ek grootgeword het en geleer het van mielies plant en oes, braai en baljaai, hoenders vang, trekker ry en nog vele meer. Dankie vir die less, Suid-Afrika.

‘n Kamp saam met jou is beter as enigiets in die wêreld vir my, jy is sonder twyfel die appel van my oog! Ek sal nooit vergeet van al die wonderlike herinneringe saam nie – die laatnagte om die vuur op kamp-matrassies onder die sterre, die vreeslike vroeë oggende waar jy mossies hoor wat tjirp-tjirp in die agtergrond en ‘n koppie in die hand waar ons om die vuur van gisteraand sit en gesels.

Ek sal nóóit vergeet van die asemrowende sonopkoms en sonsak nie. En laaste, maar nie die minste nie – die bewondering wat ek elke keer ervaar as ons op ‘n rit gaan om na die wil te gaan kyk. Jy is werklik ‘n wonderwerk!

Jy is ‘n land van waarde – baie minerale. So mooi! Dis hartseer dat daar mense is wat jou nie waardeer nie. Jou wonderwerke bly nogsteeds onvergeetlik. As ‘n trotse Suid-Afrikaner kan ek sê – Suid – Afrika, ek is lief vir jou!

- Megan Schoeman

Die finale boodskap

Dit het als begin met ‘n simpel boodskap op almal se fone. Dat almal in die detensieklas se fone terselfdertyd vibreer, was buitengewoon.

Natuurlik was die eerste ou wat die boodskap oopmaak Markus, die Eerstes se kaptein. Die reëls geld mos nie vir iemand soos hy nie. Vir my hele hoërskool loopbaan het ek nooit verwag om die vreeslose Markus so swak en emosioneel te sien nie.

Hy het opgestaan, my in die oë gekyk en op my afgestorm. Ek het nog nooit soveel negatiewe emosies van een mens af ontvang nie. Net voor die massiewe ou my amper uit die aarde uit stamp, ruk iemand my uit die pad uit.



“Markus!” skree die juffrou, “Kry vir jou ‘n sitplek! Julle kan in die in ‘n ander klas uitsorteer!” Markus draai stadig om en staar weereens direk na my. Sy blougroen oë het verdwyn agter die haat waarmee hy oorloop. Markus knak sy nek, gryp ‘n skêr van die juffrou se tafel af en sê aanvallend vir my deur geknersde tande: “Dis als jou skuld. Dit... is... als... jou... skuld!” Terwyl hy op my af kom haak sy voet aan een van die leerders se tasse en hy val direk op die skêr.

Almal in die klas staan gevries, onseker wat om te doen. Die juffrou beweeg stadig nader aan die bewustelose ou op die vloer. “Kan iemand asseblief net ‘n ambulans bel?” vra sy. Op die vloer trek Markus se flikkerende foon my aandag. Ek tel dit op en sien op die skerm is ‘n horlosie, en onder dit geskryf: “Jou tyd gaan uithardloop.”

“Moenie op julle fone gaan nie!” skree ‘n meisie agter my en gryp Markus se foon uit my hand uit. “Wat ook al nou gebeur het is veroorsaak deur daai boodskap.”

“Wil jy hê hy moet uitbloei?” vra die juffrou en gryp na haar foon. Skielik verdwyn die kleur uit haar oë en sy mompel haar laaste woorde: “Dit is als jou skuld...”

- Armand Pelser

Die plan van my dood

Party mense sê jy lewe net eenkeer. Wel, dis nie waar nie, want jy lewe elke dag. Jy gaan wel net eenkeer dood. Net soos ek, volgens daardie mooi dokter by die nuwe, moderne hospitaal. Baie mense het my al gevra of ek bang is vir die dood; nee, nie regtig nie, het ek geantwoord met die kalmte van ‘n veer wat in die wind waai.

Daarna het hulle my vreemd aangekyk en my familie sterkte toegewens. Hoekom, verstaan ek nooit nie. Ek gaan mos tussen die hemel en die hel moet kies, nie hulle nie. Ek weet ek gaan doodgaan, en my tyd is nader as wat baie sou hoop, maar al die mense om my lyk soveel meer dood as ek. Dit het my aan die plan laat dink om vir die dooies om my te wys hoe om regtig te lewe.

Die plan gaan moeilik wees volgens my broer, maar dis haalbaar volgens my. Pa en Ma bestaan al vir jare lank nie meer nie, so as ek ‘n dag of twee van die skool afwegbly, is dit geen probleem nie. Al die tannies en ooms wil natuurlik hê ek moet my lewe by die kerk deurbring, net lang rokke dra en dood lyk. Geen partytjies bywoon en net Bybel lees. Ek dink nie hulle verstaan nie, as ek dood is kan hulle almal mos vir my in die hemel gaan Bybel lees. Behalwe as ek nou die hel kies, natuurlik.

Daarom het ek my lysie. Dis my lewenslysie wat party dae groei en ander dae krimp wanneer ek my rooipen vat en die woorde doodkrap wat voltooi is.

Op pad skool toe gewaar ek skielik my naam op Beeld se hoofopskrif teen die lampitaal toe weet ek my plan het gewerk. Daar op die rooi en swart plakkaat is die eenvoudige woorde; ek was hier. Die plan voor my dood het gewerk.



Party sê my dood is naby, maar dis nog ver. 'n Jaar het die mooi dokter gesê, kan ek die dooies wys hoe om te lewe.

- Leané van Zyl

Legkaartliefde

- Zimri Stavast

Met die eerste-oogopslag het ek geweet jy is die een. Die een wat my legkaart kan voltooi. Jy was daai laaste deel wat my legkaart 'n meesterstuk kon maak.

Jou lag en stem het my heimlik laat glimlag. My gedagtes was soos 'n warrelwind oor jou. Ek moes jou aandag trek. Wat 'n lang stryd om met jou geselskap aan te knoop. 'n Gesprek het kort na lank gevolg na 'n kuier, so het ons mekaar se spoke leer ken. Ons het die geraamtes uit ons kaste gegrawe en dit saam lewendig gemaak.

Dit was eers met die gevoel van hartseer as ek moet vertrek en die tone-krul-lekker drukkies wat my bekommernisse laat verdwyn het. Dit was toe eers dat ek besef het ek was kop onderstebo, dolverlief op jou. Jy het my hart gesteel en dit het deel van joune geraak, so het ons 'n legkaart van liefde gevorm.

Dit het goed gegaan vir 'n ruk. Ons het saam gesokkie in die soet somersonstrale. Rondgheerloop met roomys in ons hande en helder rooi-oranje blare onder ons voete. Alles het geloop soos tyd, tot daardie dag. Daardie dag het ek besef liefde vul mens met wanhoop en pyn. Daardie dag het ek genoeg tranes gestort om sewe oseane te vul. Daardie dag het jy my legkaart van liefde in miljoene stukke gebreek.

Dit was 'n koue wintersaand. Jy het sagte, warm woorde in haar oor gefluister en haar styf teen jou gedruk. Die sterre het vir my gelag, maar die maan het verstaan, want die maan se maat het in miljoene klein stukkie gebreek en sterre gevorm.

Die onvergeetlikste deel van daardie aand was verbasend nie die trotse glimlag op jou gesig toe jy my sien nie. dit was die uitdrukkinglose oë wat my agterna gestaar het.

Dit was toe, waar ek besef het jou en my legkaart van liefde was vol soet suur herinneringe en jy gaan dit net soveel soos ek mis.





Ek wil koffie op die
Kombuisvloer drink
in die middernag
met beskuit in
kleinpiering-
bordjies en 'n boek
van romans en
drama lees terwyl ek
elke karakter 'n
naam geemet my en
jou As die
hoofkarakters.

Cathy Myburgh

My donkerte

Ek kan nie meer onthou waar ons reis
begin het nie
Ek onthou nie meer – die kleur
Van enige iets
Of die vonk wat ons laat kliek het nie

Ek onthou nie meer die paaie
Van ons reis
Ek meet nie meer die afstand
Tel slegs die vuil onderklere op en sit
dit terug
In my soetkys

Ek dop jou aanvaardings toetse 3 keer
Dit volg my aanhoudend in sirkels –
daaglik

En in die proses soek ek my eie
dimensies
3 keer daaglik elke dag

My vriendelike en lojale self
Het my gekelder
Ek is nie meer 'n held
Het my hoogverraad myself verniel

Ek het obsessie en wantroue
Gevoed en groot gemaak
En soos Godzilla
In my stede toegelaat.
My demone grynslag padlangs
En verskyn in elke straat wat ek kies
Doof die pyn in my, daaglik

Jou obsessie is nou die oorsaak
Van my konstante depresie
Ek dwaal in die gedagtes van die dood
En voed my siel met koue brood

Ek het my kop op jou skoot laat lê
En toegelaat dat jy my sewe lokke val
Jy verblind my
Ek klou nou aan die pilare van hoop
wat jy my gee

Ek is 'n lafaard. Self gekweek
Stuk verstrengel aan my eie plasenta
Wat my siel se kamers vul met koue
lood

Daar is geen omdraai meer
My pyl is reeds in die laaste lug
En soek na God se troos
En ryk uit na 'n koue nag.

André Henrico

Hansie en Grietjie

Hansie en Grietjie sit op die stoep.
Hansie eet 'n reuse koek.



Grietjie vra wat is fout.
Hansie sê die koek is sout.

Grietjie sê eet dit weer.
Hansie sê dit het geen geur.
Grietjie gryp dit soos 'n leer.

Hansie kyk hoe die kinders blaf.
Vir elke een het sy 'n graf.
Met arends oë hou sy hulle dop.
Want, heksie weet hul tyd is op.

Minute na die laaste hap.
Het Hansie en Grietjie omgekap.

- Ian van Wyk

Succession of life

Oh, field of scorn...
Hard to imagine life would again rise
From your pitch black eyes
Still your beauty was respawn

The weeds that tarnished your soft soil
Instantly cremated by subjective fire
Leaving no stain of what you were
prior
Even in death your remanence
shouldn't spoil.

Mind like earth made to nourish

Spouting up carnations bright and loyal
Dusk lights would crown you loyal
To others your deeds are what would
flourish

But after ignition the winds were done
being still

And babble birds fled with haste
As their homes were being erased
My memories of your submerged in
embers, left to distil

-Wayne Derksen

Ek was harteloos
altyd gevoelloos
ek was blind
baie kere stom

maar jou gebroke hart
en leë-beloftes
met toe-oop oë
en betekelose woorde

het my fundament
maak afbreek

Ek het total en al
hard vir jou
geval

- Cathy Myburgh -



'n Duisend jaar
het ek gewag
vir iemand soos jy
Die seisoen het aanhou
draai
terwyl jy nie van my
bewus was nie
maar die tyd het gekom
dat jy van my weet
en die tyd het gekom
dat ek van jou moet
vergeet
- Cathy Myburgh-

Die golwe het jou onkant gevang
Met jou sandkastele op mekaar geplak
Dis besig hier in Stilbaai
Kom,
Kom ons hardloop weg van al die
skote in die Cape flats
Dis kinders wat nie weet van
Vaderrolle en veiligheid nie
Die bloed versmoor die dorre blare in
Athlone straat
Ek wil jou al die kleure van Tafelberg
wys,
Met Robbeneiland wat vir vrede roep
Daar op Seinheuwel het ek gewag
Kom,
Kom ons verdwyn tussen die weelde
van Clifton

Hierdie mense weet duidelik nie wat is
swaarkry nie

Die lewe in die Kaap is onvoorspelbaar
Die cops jag die skollies tjoekie toe –
want hulle vereer misdaad
Kom,
Kom ek gaan wys jou Houtbaai
Waar n visserman sy rob sardientjies
voer
Sonder hom is die man leeg

Bewegings word vasgevang in
wynplaaswingerde
In die kalmte van jou aanwesigheid
kon ek my kranse oorsteek
Dis magic se ek vir myself
Kom,
Kom ek wil die lewe van Stellenbosch
verken
Totdat die moreson my wintersoggend
asem kom oorneem
En ons laat vergeet van gister

Ek is warm welkom geheet in Koelbaai
Met brilpikkewyne wat doelloos
ronddryf
Dis soos n ander kultuur hierso
Kom,
Kom ons gaan verwyder Mitchell Plain
se probleme
En vul Vaderskap in die young ones se
harte in
Ons skep n nuwe plek en plant n beter
vooruitsig in Distrik 6.



Dian Van Zyl

Moonlight Shine

A galaxy lurks beyond her door.
She doesn't know how to express.
So she allows the moon to be her
dress.

The long cold night gets stolen
by the warm rising of the sun.
The moon fades and her tears are
done.

Each day passes and her sorrows
grows.
The moon wanes.
Reminding her of her pains.

Come away with me
across the far of galaxy
you will never be alone again.

With these words she was off.
She left her sorrow
For a better tomorrow.

My heart is keeping secrets from my
thoughts

My heart locked up a poem.
My mind is in a maze.
The words aren't free to roam
to set my heart ablaze.

The words are in my heart.
Yet I don't know what to say.
My pen can't form the art
like the poem from yesterday.

Even if I knew,
I would not be able to say.
The words are getting few
and kept a mile away.

Or maybe I'm too afraid
to let the words come out.
Maybe I should be straight
and say the words aloud.

My heart locked up a poem
and threw away the key.

- n Some things should stay hidden
t and never be let free.
e
| Bobbie De JagerJoanelda Pretorius
l
e
Growing



A seed is a place where life begins.

In a seed there is no place for sins.

If placed in dirt it will grow.

Well, if you give it some water flow.

Then the tree will bear you fruit,

This is after it has found its root.

Up and up the leaves will go.

Like Jack the bean stalk and fe fi fo.

Finally the executioner comes around.

Cuts my tree to the ground.

So you can have paper to read my poem.

About my tree and how it had grown.

A million stars

A million stars in the sky

one shines brighter I can't deny.

A love so precious, a love so true

a love that comes from me to you.

The angels sing when you are near

within your arms, I have nothing to fear.

You always know just what to say

just talking to you makes my day.

I love you honey with all my heart

together forever and never to part.

Jessica Jacobs

Endure

I'm not suicidal

Not completely

I meet and greet

All discreetly

But man am I angry

For no reason at all

Just furious

Just wanna let everyone fall

I'll even push them

Out of my sight

Out of my life

Out of my life

I just want to hit something

Scream and never stop

Cause destruction and chaos

Until I'm at the top.

Anger boiling inside

I want to laugh at the thought

Insanity overwhelming me

Wanting something willing to be fought

But they all scatter

I want someone worthy

A challenger



Strong enough to endure my fury

Luané Snyman

Hello

What to say,

should I stay.

I walk behind you, up and down
corridors.

Wishing we can play,
the game people call: 'a conversation'.

What do I say,
to get your attention.

Your presence is like a home cooked
meal to me.

On a cold night it makes me feel warm
inside.

Still every time you glance in my
direction,
our eyes don't make a connection.

When I see that smile of yours,
I feel a tempestuous force.

Inside of me to speak, even whisper.
Oh how I wish I can say 'Hello',
but inside I am not mellow.

Your strong personality,
Your sparkling eyes,
Your sparkling sense of humour,
Is better than Oprah Winfrey's show of
reality.

You speak no evil

You care for those in need.

Or so I heard.

How would I know,
if I don't speak or greet.

Oh how I urge for that,

'Hello'

Coming from you.

Karel Albrecht

I'm sorry

To lose you

was to lose myself

for you are my reason
for living

from your helpless beginning

I took care of you –

So you could leave me
and go on breadwinning.

If only you had listened
to all that I preached.

you away from me

And from now to forever
a parent to no-one I'll be.

H.B



My dad

I miss you more than you think
You just went away in one blink

I could not even say goodbye
But I try

To keep the tears inside
Do not be angry I tried

But still forever you went away
And can I just say

That you should not be worried, I am
not mad
For after all you are my Dad

Zandrie Louw

saying it doesn't hurt

even though it really stings

What had happened

to our once wonderful land

humanity has tried what only God can
do

we broke everything to the point of
dust and sand

Breaking down what God had given

and saying that we are not afraid

but meanwhile only ruining

what was already perfectly made

-Luanè Snyman 10B

Promised Land

Classic playing cards

and rusted chains

dry land with no air

no soul remains

Yet we're all still here

dying quietly as told

having no one to hold

Here in this deserted land

we strive for something more

for the promise from God we so adore

Where is the green grass?

and the milk and honey?

all we care about is ourselves

and useless things we call money

Praising what is not there

looking up towards the wrong things

Long Live

It took me a long time to see

How selfish the human race can be

But once I've realized this is true

I've realized there is kindness to

And through the kindness

There is love

And through the love

Someone up above

And that someone whom is the Lord

Who's love we could not afford

Until that one faithful day

That day that he chose to lay

His life upon a wooden cross

Few mourning his faithful loss

He looked life and death in the face

Still he saved the human race

Forgiving every single wrong



Angels singing every praising song
May those who are selfish
Have a heart to change
For this choice would be essentially
smart
And long live the Almighty King
Of whom the angels always sing
Deirdre Barnard

The Dust – JD Viljoen

Dust dust turn to ash... kneeling now
resetting later
Drip Drip it bleeds to death...
The blade struck but it hit nothing
Killing Killing I took upon myself
Pain fading away ...
The bells ring and judgment is upon
you
Run run little one for you cannot hide
from the dust around you
This is where we have a mad time

War - Strati Caraburas

Blood and bullets on the ground
Screams of pain fill the air
Bomb shells everywhere around
The only joy in the air

Is that we won the war
And the only sadness
Is our family and friends we have lost
Tears flow like rain on their funeral
day.

Fly Free - Nandus Pieterse

You are like a bird, you fly free
While I have a chain, and it is me to
blame
I want to hold onto my past
Although I should let go
You should enjoy it while you fly
I would rather hold on to my past and
die.

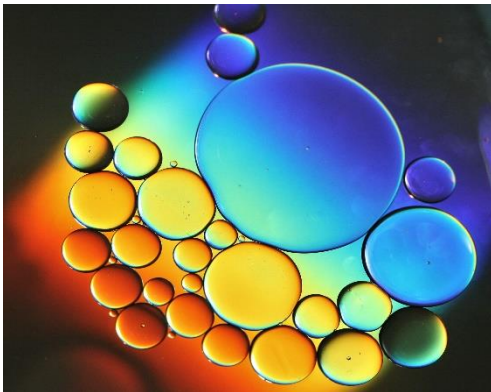
Sad Black Boy – Sfiso Mabena

There once was a black boy named
Thato
Who lived in a town called Soweto
This boy was really really sad
Because he never never met his dad
So he climbed up the hill
With all his might and will
Just to jump
And forget about this dump.

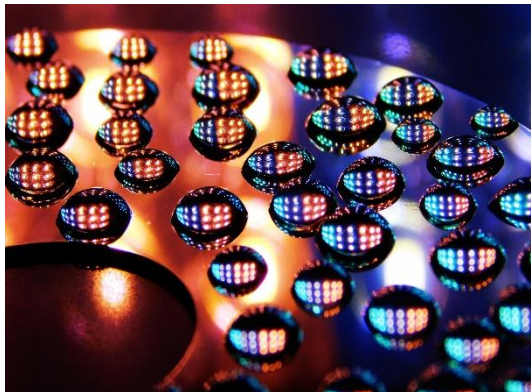




~Mia vd Walt



~Keith Homan



~JT Koetsee



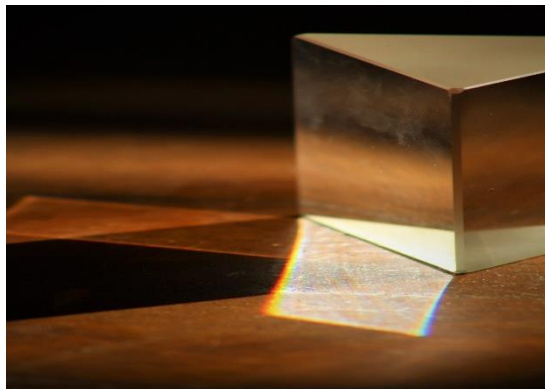
~Waldo vd Walt



~Mirca-Lee Oosthuizen



~Caromien Koelman



~Cara Strydom



Kuns



Zonique van Heerden



Monya Meyer



Kayla Haines



Antoine Hanekom



Ruan Klopper

