

Oosie ink

2025



Die Redaksie



Juf. H. Botha



Elané Bronn



Larce Stols



Eliesmarie van Straaten



Alexi Swanepoel

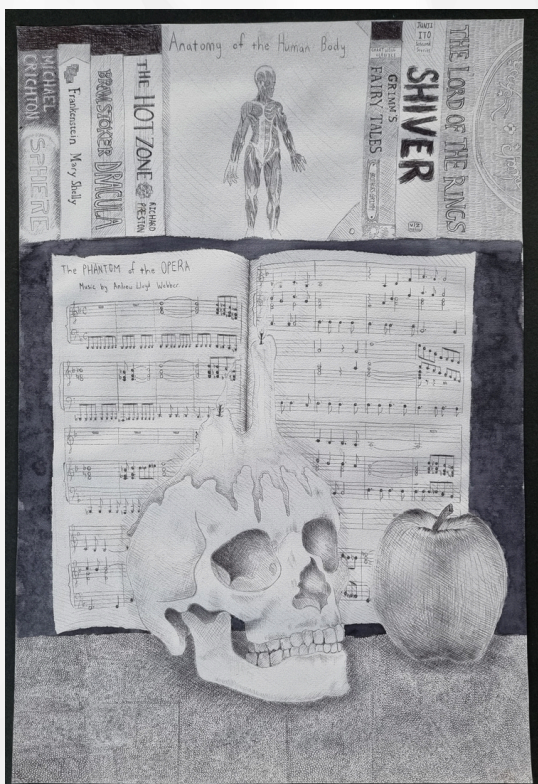
Visuele Kunste



Bonica du Toit



Johan van Niekerk



Katarina Mans



Michelle Schoeman



Miné van Rensburg



Bianca Carelsen



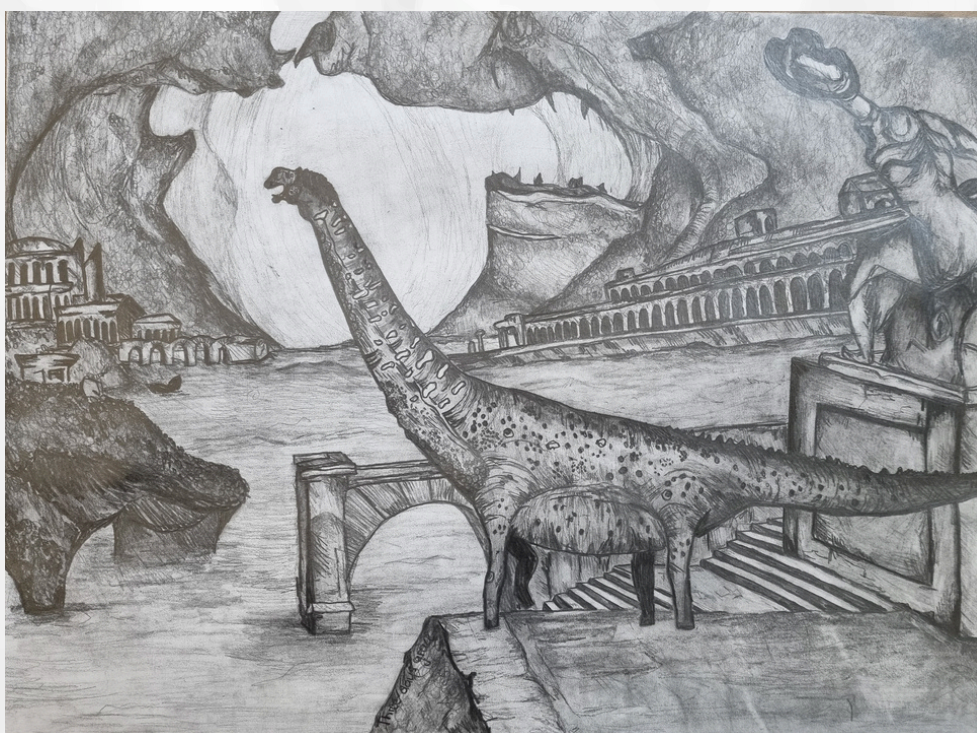
Lisa Marais



Carmen Meijers



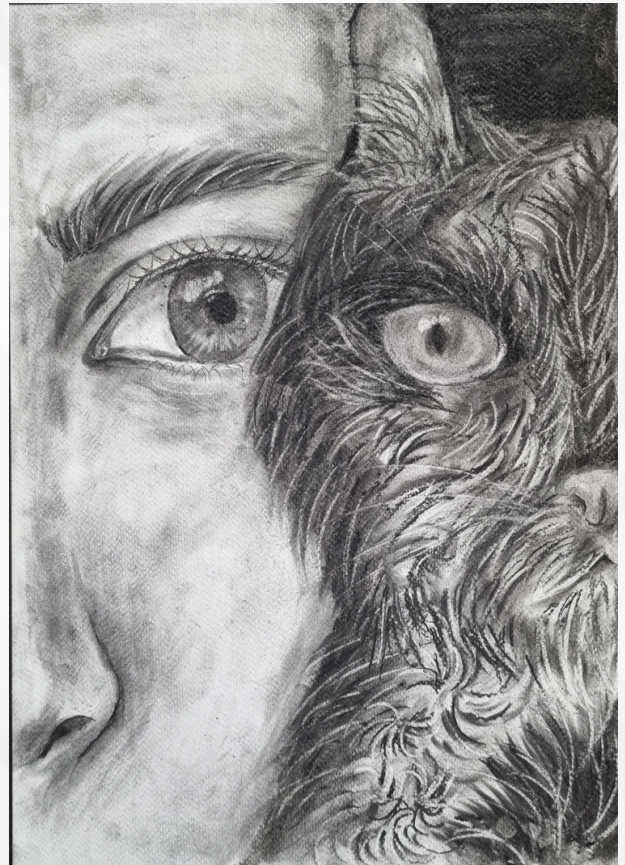
La Rocchelle du Bois



Morgan Wilkinson



Michelle Schoeman



Bonica du Toit



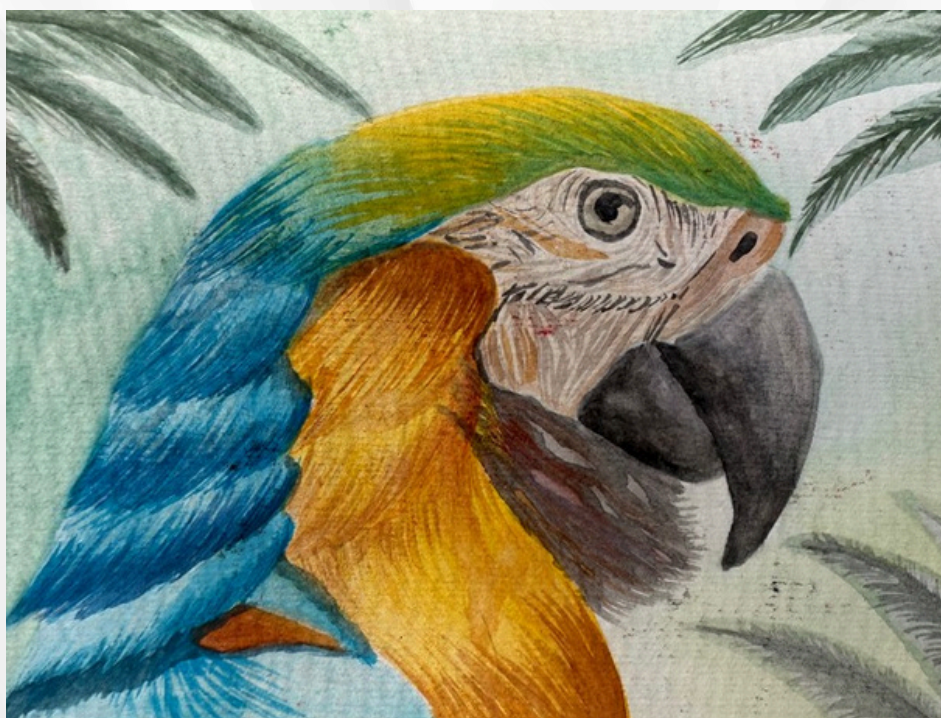
Lisa Marais



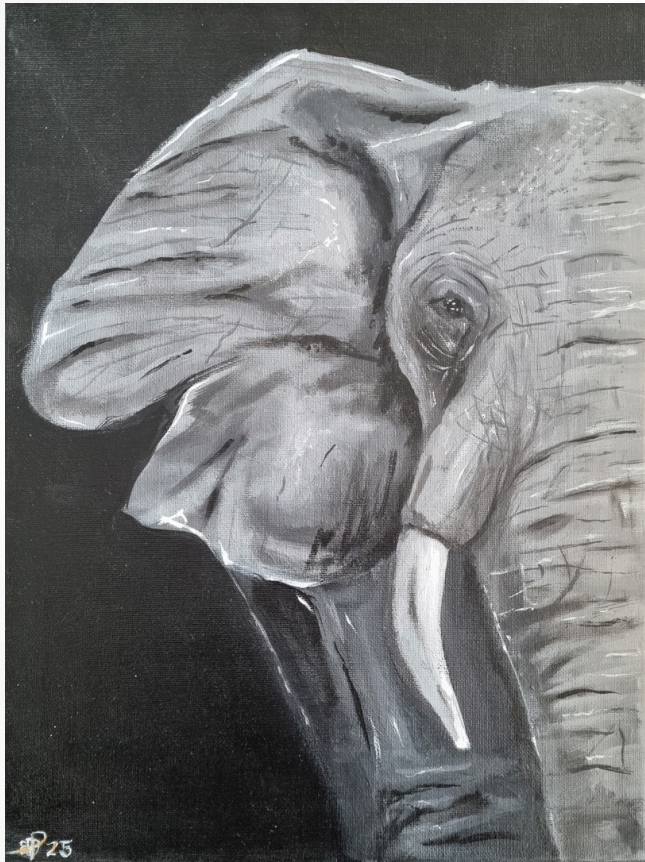
Jennifer Schuster



Ezara du Plessis



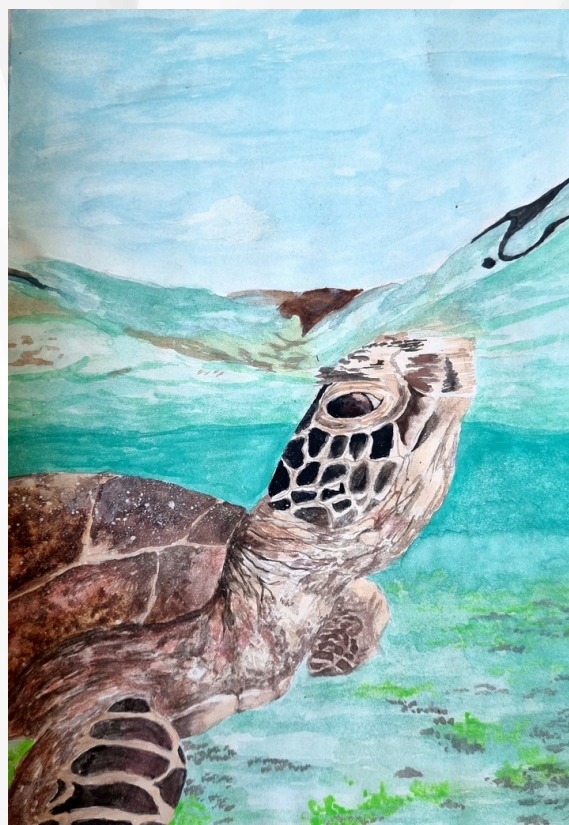
Nadia Bergh



Ezara du Plessis



Rencha Roshoff



Jennifer Schuster



Ri-Anne Ackron



Ri-Anne Ackron

Fotografie



Jayden Buys



Jewan Gouws



Luca Kruger



Zayn Steenkamp



Jayden Buys



Luca Kruger



Charmone Rudolph



Juan du Toit



Charmone Rudolph



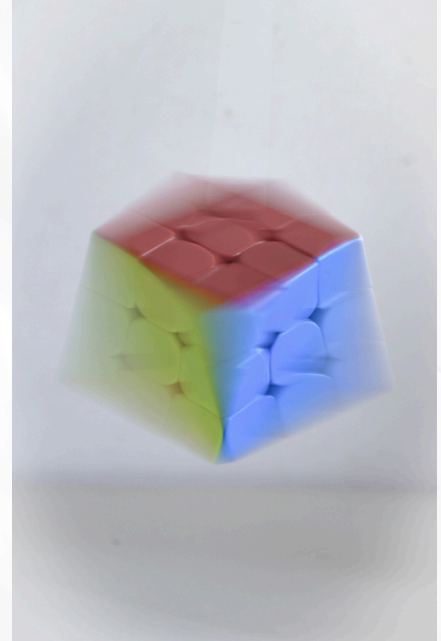
Zayn Steenkamp



Jewan Gouws



Luca Kruger



Jewan Gouws



Juan du Toit



Luca Kruger



Gedigte

Empty space

There is an empty chair in class
Empty space in my heart
An empty space
There is an empty parking at school
Empty space in my texts
An empty space

-Simoné Riekert

None shatters thee...

None shatters thee, As thou shatterest thyself.
For what controls thy mind,
Controls thy reality.

. Thus, defining that,
One's emotions,
One's spirit,
One's sanity,
Can only be sculpted truly,
By those who identify,
That thou hast the ability,
To present thyself in humanity,
And they are: thee, thyself, and thine.

For true sincerity is isolated,
in the eyes of thy life,
And so for those who define themselves,
Greater than any other,
Thus only and inevitably,
Shatter thyself, As none shatters thee.

-Juvan van Wyk

If I were to speak in stars

If I were to speak in stars and skies
You'd be the moonlight in my eyes
Not quite the sun – but close enough
A warmth that lingers soft yet tough
I'd call you calm when I mean dear,
and smile too long when you are near.
So if you catch a glance that stays
It's just my heart in quiet praise.

• -Gabby-Lee Zinserling

Tears

Even when you cry
I know you always try.
Even when every piece of you wants to run
With a smile you look up to the sun.
Even with a tear in your eye
You never wish to die.
Even it's new
I always look up to you.
As deep as I can go
You always say no.
Even when it's black and blue
I think of you.

-Lizelle Goslett

The starry night

She steps onto the porch, The night, oh night,
A torch in her hand. It glimmers so bright-
I long to see her, Like her eyes
Though I cannot be with her. Beneath a starry sky.

The way she laughs,
And still she stays,
Despite the shameless things
I've done before.
We should walk-
A walk into the distance,
Just you and me,
Until the end of time.

I feel the air brush my skin.
When we embrace,
Your heartbeat is my song.
As we lie upon the grass
Your presence beside me,
I know, I am home.

-Juandre' Kroukamp

Us again one day?

I know it's been long
But what if we belong
What if I tell you
That I miss you
And you say you do too
I miss our love
Because for me that was enough
All those sleepless nights
Because of all the fights
I miss it all
That's why I would fall
You were my first love
and our relationship was tough
And we've both been through enough
I would want to love you again
But without any pain
I know we're meant for each other
Because we always find one another
For us I would fight
Until its right
Us as lover's
We use to cover each other
Do you think we can love again
Without any burning pain

-Anonymous

The boy I dream of

There is a boy in my class whose name starts with a "J",
He doesn't say much but he looks my way,
Brown eyes like dusk, quiet and deep,
Catching my glance when I'm trying to sleep.

He sits just close enough to feel like a dream,
I want to silently scream,
His hair falls gently, a soft, careless mess,
and each look he gives me make me feel like less.

I wonder if he knows how loud he can be,
Without saying a word, just by watching me,
His gaze lingers long, and I try not to blush,
But something inside me starts to rush.

Does he feel it too, this secret spark?
Or am I just a name he watches in the dark?
When our eyes meet, the world feels new,
I quite enjoy the view.

-Catryn Coetzee



Love?

Love is dangerous
But it is also very famous
My love life
Was supposed to be me, as his wife.
Now my heart is broken
Because of all the broken tokens
All those lies
Made the time fly
It's been a week now
And heart is still not found
I was in love with you
But you didn't let me through
All the affection
Wasn't enough for your attention
To get your attention
Was it useless to mention
All this love was fake

With all this loneliness
There is no friendliness
I'm trying to find
What's on my mind.

-Anonymous

Unseen scars

I'm lost in this constant stare
It's like I need air
It's just a game, right?
But my lungs feel so tight.

I have this inner battle
Why is it so fatal?
All of the stars
Remind me of my scars.

Pain doesn't scream, it hums like a song
Soft in the silence, but aching long
This pain isn't sharp it is haunting and slow
It clings in places you never know.

A glance, a breath and I'm breaking in two
But I smile, he hasn't a clue,
It sits in my chest like a name never said
A weight made of words that spin in my head

I have this need
Or silent plea
Just for love to find me
But this is just a start, it stings like a bee

This pain and need is unbearable
I wish I was more durable

-Catryn Coetzee

The feeling of being forgotten

It's not loud or violent
But like the silent whimper of a dying star,
Your presence, but not memorable
You don't make people laugh or smile
All you can do is stare

You stare at what you had
What you loved
What you wanted
But when you speak it's like an angry cry,
An angry cry that gets swallowed by the ocean
The ocean you are drowning in

No one acknowledges the fact that you're there
No one notices the pain
And when you silently slip away
People turn on you
You get blamed

But you use that attention to keep yourself alive
You use it to stay memorable
Even if it means you've become the bad guy.

You silent whimper of anger
Turn into your weapon of anguish
And still, you get forgotten.

-Elanè Brönn



Mirror, mirror on the wall

The same stare.
The same hair.
I see it everywhere.

When I cry she feels the same.
She sees the pain.
She comforts.
She cares.
I see her everywhere.

Sometimes she is pretty.
Sometimes I despise her.
Sometimes I wonder if anyone likes her.

I love her, I do
But my pain is still true
We share the same stare
We share the same hair
We go together everywhere

I love myself, I really do
But sometimes I don't know if my own reflection is true.

-Elanè Brönn

You!

You make me feel alive,
And not like the others who make me feel dead inside
You light up my soul
Even if it's over a call
You my light
And fight
You may be far
But all I need is a car.
I don't know how long this is gonna last,
But I don't want to think about our past.
You're mine
And in my eyes you shine
I miss you
And I hope you do too
I'm scared of the things that happened in the past years.
It's one of my biggest fears
But I know you won't hurt me
Because you're the one who set me free
You saved my life
And did it without a knife
You're the one for me and you'll always be

-Anonymous

The little girl

I don't see the little girl anymore
And I don't know what for
I thought it was just a little fold
But it turned into mold
I just want to be her again
And then I won't have any pain
What if love never changed me
Then I won't of still been free
That time of love
Was tough
If I was still at home
No one would have had to moan
I thought you said forever
Now it's what-ever
Everybody thought I would stay the same
But now I want my fame!

-Lee-anie du Toit



Ek is jammer

Ek is jammer dat ek my tranes verruil vir 'n glimlag,
wat jy nooit weer sal kan sien nie
Ek is jammer ek praat nie meer
Ek mis die dae van lag langs jou,
Die dae van hoekom is so te sê verby,
Maar ons liefde sal vir ewig bly.
Ek mis jou geselskap op Saterdag en Sondag
Oggende na kerk

Maar 'n leeftyd sonder jou sal ek nooit kan uithou
Ek's jammer ek verbeel myself alweer!
Sit hier teen jou grafsteen,
maar ons liefde hou aan leef
So hou 'n plek vir my daar bo
my leeftyd lê nog voor my
So hou daai plek vir my daar bo!
Ek sal jou gou weer vas hou

-Madelain Reichert

Hier is ek alweer

Liewe Heer, hier is ek alweer
Ek klop weer aan U se deur, ek ek wil net
weer huis toe kom
Waar ek op U kan vertrou, want ek wil U
vertel hoe lief ek U het
Ek sal altyd aan U se woorde vas hou
So Here hier is ek alweer hier op my knieë

Ek lê my hartseer voor U neer
Dis waar ek u kan vind hier op my knie
Here hier is ek alweer voor U se deur
Ek wil in U se arms in val en net daar bly
Dankie Liewe Jesus vir my lewe.

-Madelain Reichert

Short Stories



Eclipsed Hearts

Written by: Ludette Jansen

In the heart of a sprawling city, where dreams clashed and merged like rivers converging into the sea, lived Elena, a violinist whose music could stir even the stoniest of hearts. Her performances were celebrated for their beauty and emotional depth, but behind the radiant smile she wore on stage lay an unspoken loneliness that no melody could soothe. Elena's life was a delicate balance of vibrant music and the quiet ache of solitude.

Despite her success, Elena's days were spent in a quiet routine, her interactions often limited to rehearsals and performances. She loved her art fiercely, but the more she immersed herself in it, the more she felt a gaping void, a feeling of incompleteness that her music could not address.

One autumn evening, at a grand charity gala, Elena played with passion that transcended the confines of the concert hall. The audience was mesmerised by her performance, but it was a solitary figure among them who was most profoundly affected. Daniel, a writer renowned for his introspective and evocative novels, was present that night. His life, too, was marked by an unshakable solitude despite the acclaim his words had garnered. He had always felt a disconnect between his internal world and the external one, and the performance of this extraordinary violinist resonated deeply with him.

As Elena's bow gracefully danced over the strings, Daniel was not just listening; he was feeling each note, each pause, as though it were a reflection of his own heartache. He saw beyond the technical brilliance to the soul that poured into every moment. When the performance ended, he found himself compelled to approach her.

In the dimly lit backstage area, Elena was alone, her vibrant aura dimmed by fatigue and contemplation. Daniel approached hesitantly, unsure of how to bridge the gap between their worlds.

"Your music," he began, his voice gentle yet filled with earnest admiration, "it's extraordinary. It reaches places that words can't."

Elena looked up, her eyes searching his face for sincerity. "Thank you," she replied softly. "I've always believed that music speaks where words fail."

Their conversation that night was like a meeting of kindred spirits. They shared stories of their lives—Daniel's struggles with crafting characters that felt true and Elena's quest to convey emotions that felt too vast for her instrument. They both revealed vulnerabilities they rarely shared with anyone else. For the first time in a long while, Elena felt a flicker of connection, a sense that someone truly understood the depths of her soul.

As weeks turned into months, their relationship deepened. Daniel became a familiar face in the audience at Elena's performances, his presence a source of comfort and encouragement. Elena, in turn, offered Daniel insights into his writing that breathed new life into his stories. Their friendship blossomed into something profoundly beautiful, a partnership of understanding and inspiration.

One winter evening, as snowflakes danced in the air and the city streets were hushed under a blanket of white, Daniel and Elena took a walk through a park. The trees were draped in sparkling frost, and the world seemed to be holding its breath. They reached a frozen pond, its surface reflecting the soft glow of the streetlights. The moment was serene, yet filled with a palpable energy.



Daniel turned to Elena, his eyes reflecting both the soft light of the park and the depth of his feelings.

You know, Elena," he began, his voice steady but filled with emotion, "I've always searched for something in my writing, a truth that I could never quite capture. But meeting you has given me a glimpse of what I was searching for."

Elena's heart quickened. She had come to realise how much Daniel meant to her, how their connection had transformed her sense of loneliness into a profound sense of belonging. "What do you see?" she asked, her voice barely a whisper.

Daniel took a deep breath and took her hand in his. "I see someone who has helped me find the missing pieces of my own story. And I see a future that I want to share with you."

Elena's eyes glistened with tears as she squeezed his hand. "I've felt the same," she admitted, her voice trembling with the weight of her emotions. "You've shown me that it's possible to find someone who understands the spaces between my notes, the silence I've always felt."

Daniel pulled a small velvet box from his coat pocket, opening it to reveal a delicate ring, its design as intricate as their shared journey. "Elena, will you marry me? Will you join me in writing a new chapter, one that's filled with love and understanding?"

Elena's heart soared. She had never imagined that a chance meeting could lead to such a profound connection, and now, faced with the prospect of a shared future, she felt a deep, overwhelming joy.

"Yes, Daniel. A thousand times, yes." Their embrace was warm and filled with the promise of a future together. As they stood by the pond, the snow gently falling around them, they felt as if the world had conspired to create this perfect moment.

Months later, Elena and Daniel's wedding was a celebration of their journey. The ceremony was held in a charming, old library with high wooden shelves and soft, golden light filtering through stained glass windows. Elena walked down the aisle to a melody she had composed just for this occasion, a beautiful piece that captured the essence of their love story.

Daniel's eyes never left her, his heart full of the profound love they had cultivated together. Their vows were heartfelt promises of continued love and support, a testament to the bond that had transformed their lives. As they sealed their vows with a kiss, a standing ovation of friends and family echoed through the library, celebrating not just their union, but the beautiful journey they had taken to get there.

Their love, once eclipsed by solitude, had emerged into a brilliant light, illuminating their lives in ways they had never imagined. Together, Elena and Daniel embarked on a new chapter, one that was filled with mutual understanding, unwavering support, and a shared passion for life.

As they looked back on their story, from their first meeting to the promise of forever, they knew that their love was a melody that would continue to resonate, a testament to the power of connection and the beauty of finding one's soulmate. Their hearts, now fully intertwined, danced to a rhythm of joy and harmony that would last a lifetime.

The end

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Sonder julle sou die uitgawe nie
moontlik wees nie!



