

# Oosie ink

# 2025



# Die Redaksie



Juf.H.Botha



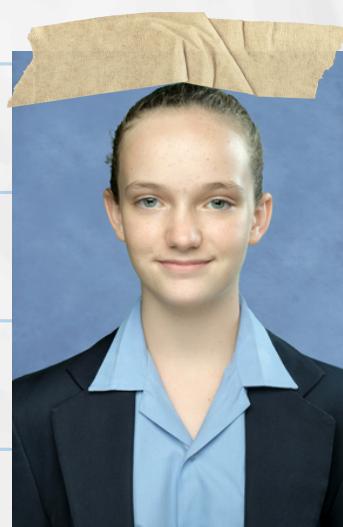
Elané Bronn



Larce Stols



Eliesmarie van Straaten



Alexi Swanepoel

# Visuele Kunste



Bonica du Toit



Katarina Mans



Johan van Niekerk



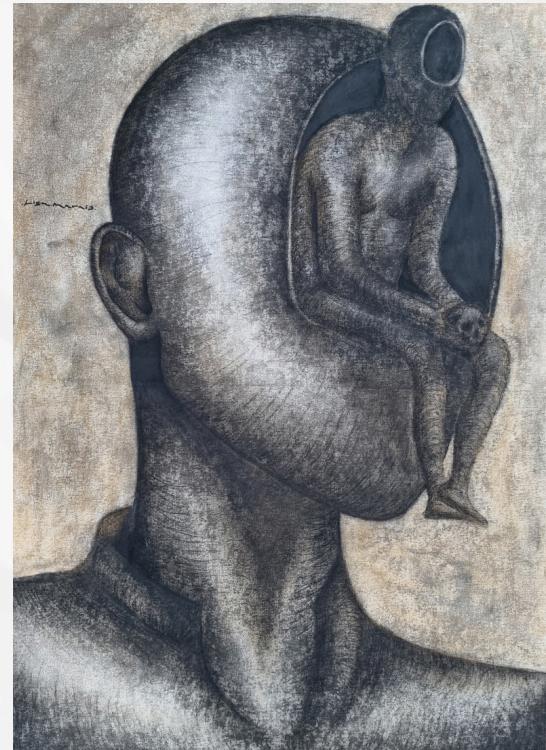
Michelle Schoeman



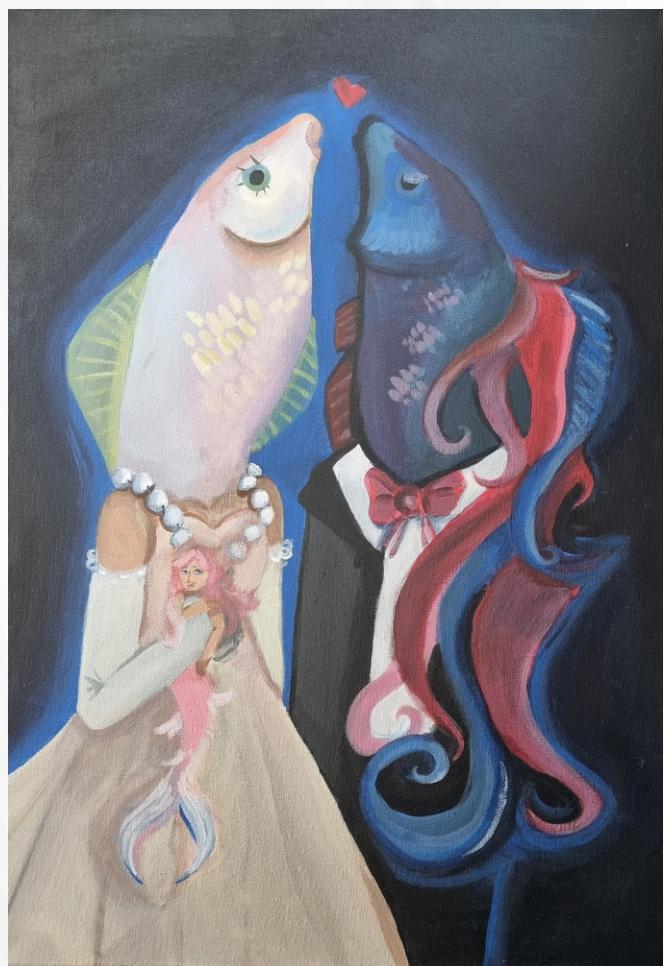
## Miné van Rensburg



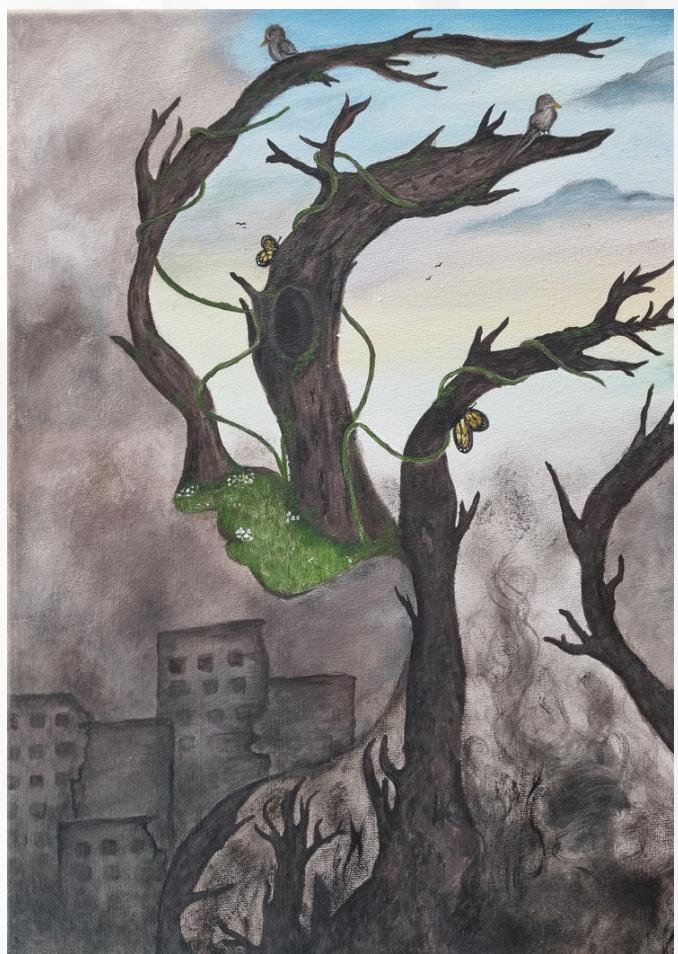
Bianca Carelsen



Lisa Marais



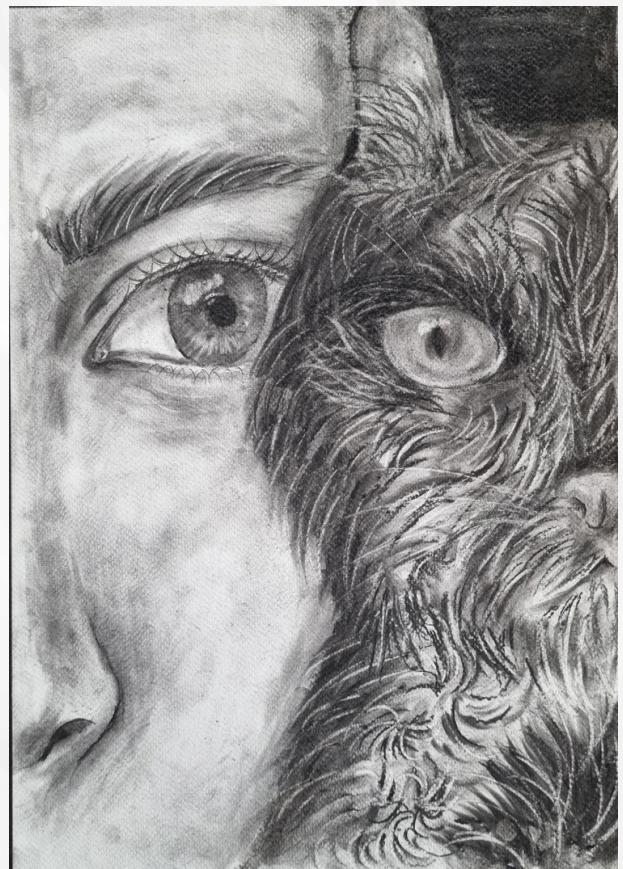
Carmen Meijers



La Rocchelle du Bois



Morgan Wilkinson

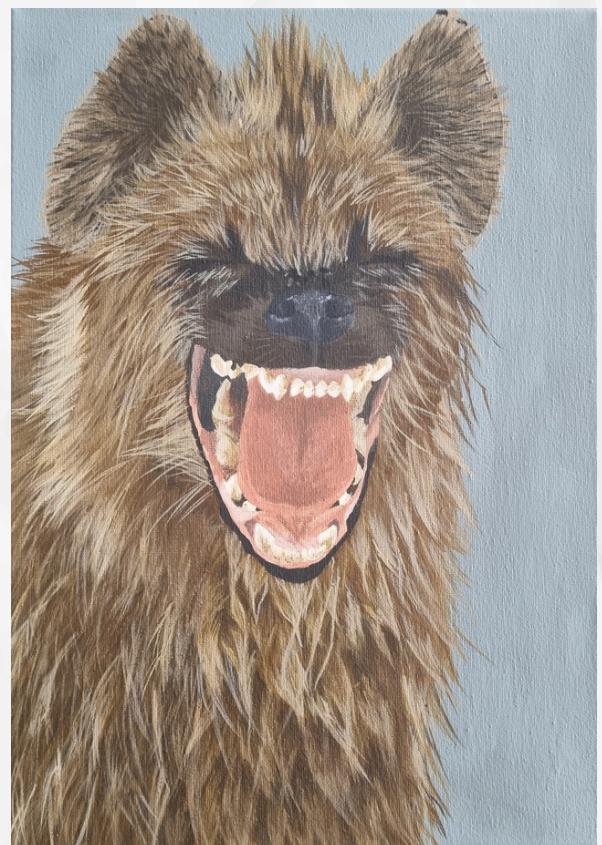


Michelle Schoeman

Bonica du Toit



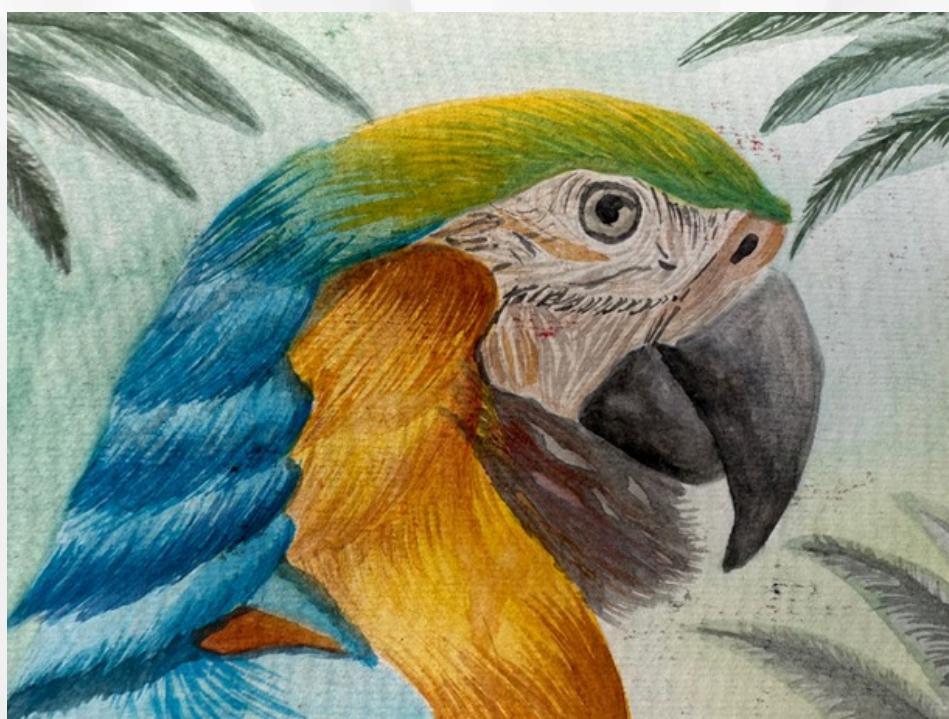
Lisa Marais



Jennifer Schuster



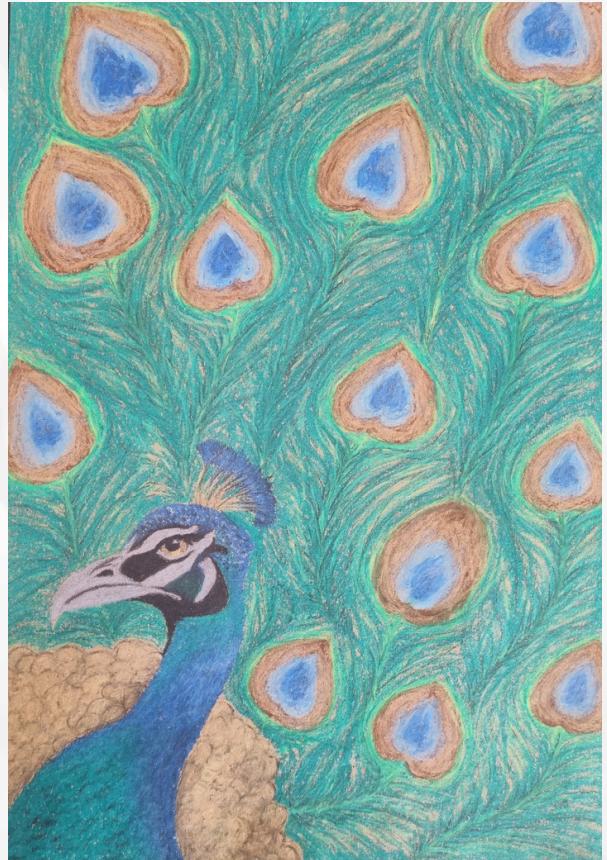
Ezara du Plessis



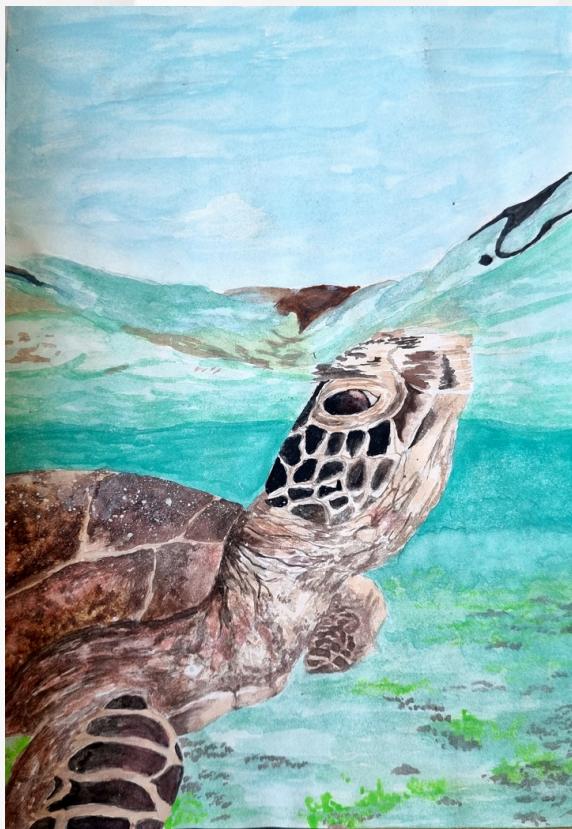
Nadia Bergh



Ezara du Plessis



Rencha Roshoff



Jennifer Schuster



Ri-Anne Ackron



Ri-Anne Ackron

# Fotografie



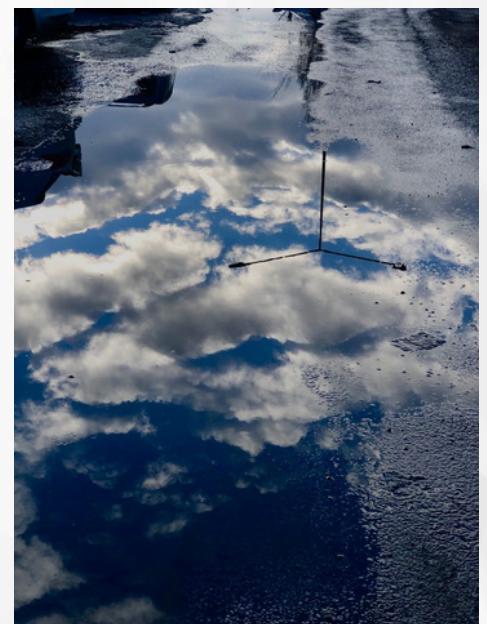
Jayden Buys



Jewan Gouws



Luca Kruger



Zayn Steenkamp



Jayden Buys



Luca Kruger

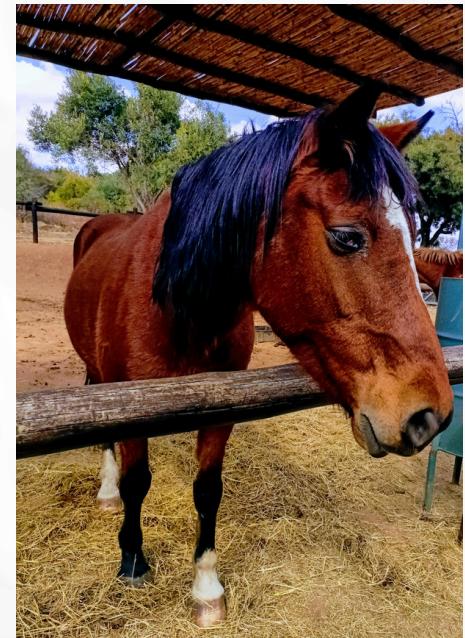


Charmone Rudolph





Juan du Toit



Charmone Rudolph



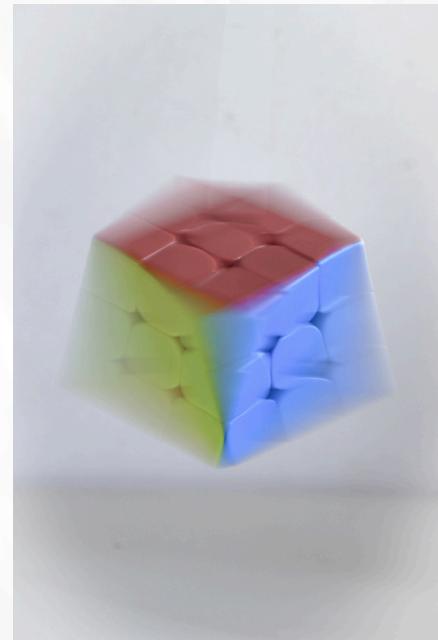
Zayn Steenkamp



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

-Simone 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 Zinslerling

### 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 scares

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 achingly 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.

-Elanë 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.

-Elanë 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 type 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 tranen verruil vir n glimlag,  
wat jy nooit meer sal kan sien nie  
Ek is jammer ek praat nie meer  
Ek mis die dae van lag langs jou,  
Die dae van hoe kom is so te sê verby,  
Maar ons liefde sal vir ewig bly.  
Ek mis jou geselskap op Saterdae en Sondae  
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

Hier is ek alweer

-Madelein Reichert

Lieve 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 le my hartseer voor U neer  
Dis waar ek u kan vind hier op my knee  
Here hier is ek alweer voor U se deur  
EK wil in U se arms in val en net daar bly  
Dankie Lieve Jesus vir my lewe.

-Madelein 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

Baie dankie aan Juf.M.Koelman,  
Juf.M. Martins, Juf.C.Luddick en  
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Sonder julle sou die uitgawe nie  
moontlik wees nie!



