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# ALEXPRESS

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The AlexPress team welcomes submissions from all Alexans. Please feel free to submit articles, commentary, poetry, creative writing, reviews and recipes.

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# THE WORLD OF ANIME

SWAIDEN BEUKES 10 Z

Many people think of 'cartoons' when they hear the work anime. Many envision SpongeBob or Rick and Morty and immediately push it to the side, saying that it's going to be too childish for them.

That's why I'm here, to show everyone that the art of Japanese animation is indeed for everyone to enjoy, not just for children. That being said, here are 3 anime that might just peak your interest.

## HAIKYUU!!

Haikyuu is a volleyball anime and in my top 3 favorites. At first I was apprehensive to start this anime because let's be real, an anime about volleyball? However I was solely mistaken shortly after watching the first episode.

The anime follows a high-schooler named Hinata Shoyo, a very short teen dedicated to volleyball. He fights and overcomes obstacles, trying to keep up with the other skilled volleyball teams to fulfill his dream of going to the Spring Nationals with his teammates. Haikyuu is extremely funny and full of suspense. It shows that

even if you fail and pick yourself up and try harder, it tells you to never give up and to strive for your dreams. Over the 4 seasons, you grow to love every character, supporting them along the way.

## ATTACK ON TITAN

Attack On Titan is an action/gore anime. It was a total of 4 seasons that I somehow managed to binge in 3 days. Buckle up, because this one's rough.

Attack on Titan is set in a world where most of the human population has been wiped out by being eaten by titans, huge humanoid beings. The rest of the surviving population are now protected by 3 interconnected walls.

Eren Yeager is hell-bent on killing every single titan to have walked the earth after seeing his mother being brutally eaten by a titan that broke down one of the walls. Will our hero's finally save the human race? Or will they just keep watching their loved ones being decapitated? AOT is one of the best storylines out there. Every detail is thought

out carefully and is never overlooked. The writer is a pure genius.

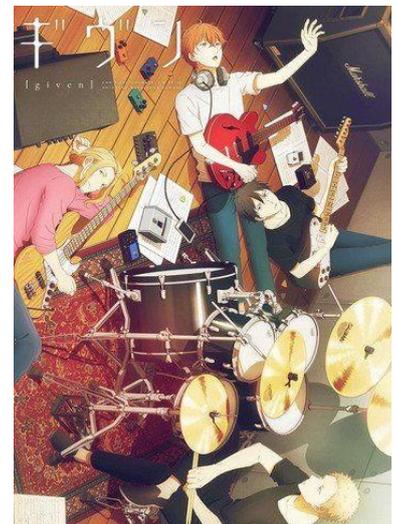
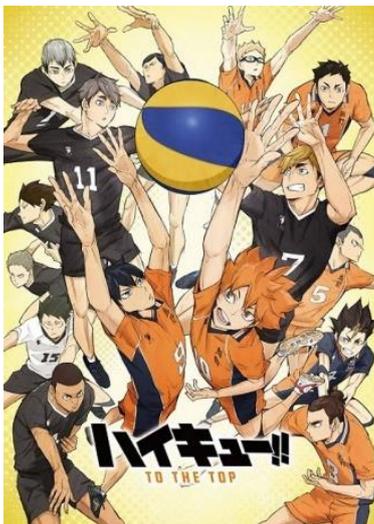
## GIVEN

Given is a music / romance anime that still tugs on my heart strings. This anime is devastatingly perfect in every way with amazing vocals.

Given is about Mafuyu Sato, who is trying to go through life with the death of his boyfriend still heavily weighing on his heart. He tries to let go of the past with music by learning to play a guitar and by joining an amateur boy band as their lead singer.

Will Mafuyu finally be able to let go of the past and let a new love blossom? Or will it just hold him back?

Given is a short anime with only 12 episodes and a movie, but is definitely one amazing show that is definitely worth the time to watch.



# AH, FRIENDSHIPS!

TARRYN NELL 12 S

“Friendship means familiar and liking of each other’s mind.”  
(Wikipedia)

Friendship can be a tricky thing. You’ve got a person or a group of people who, for some reason, you just click with. You can try to understand it, but, at the end of the day, you just belong with them. These are your friends.

Of course, you share interests with some people which helps you get along with and meet more people, but they are a select few, seemingly random, people who just fit with who and what you are. These are the people whom you will choose to associate with and spend a great deal of time on. For all the reasons you can try to find to see why you are compatible, the truth is that you just are. Your

energies match; it’s as simple as that, yet it isn’t that simple, is it?

Friendships naturally come with challenges. People are complex. You need to work on yourself in order to maintain a healthy friendship. You may need to work on things, such as patience, listening and communicating better. You may come across some hurdles with these aspects somewhere along the way. You may have to change things or compromise, but you will learn so much along the way.

Besides the questions and challenges, there will – there SHOULD – be many positive experiences. A healthy friendship has a ratio which consists of many positive to few negative ones. Friends are the ones with

whom you can share your hopes and dreams, the ones from whom you can hear the most unique stories, the ones with whom you eat ice-cream as you discuss the latest heartbreaks and the ones with whom you create memories.

Friends: they’re the ones you care about unconditionally, a gift with the sender’s address asking for a small return on what it has given. No, friendship is not an investment; it is a letter system, posting intentions as letters. You may need to pay extra for the stamp, but, at the end of the day, they will always have been the letters themselves that matter most.

All in all, friendships make up an integral part of one’s life, a part that many may love dearly.

# INTERNALISED MISOGYNY

DILYN-MAE SAULS 10 O

Internalised misogyny is now a popular phrase which has catapulted its way from scientific studies to casual usage by today’s teens. This term has mutated itself as a way to counter the oppressive views of older generations, but the question still remains: What is internalised misogyny?

Also known as internalised sexism, it can be defined as the practice of women who subconsciously project sexist ideas or values onto other women or even themselves. These ideas range from becoming housewives, covering up or not becoming involved in discussions predominantly influenced by men.

This type of behaviour is incredibly dangerous to have in a time when the Feminist Movement has gained traction. Advocating equality between men and women while concealing outdated thoughts, such as women who wear less, own their sexuality or have not yet settled down are “wild cards” and “should respect themselves more”, is extremely counter-productive; one could even argue that that is why the Feminist Movement has remained dormant.

Prying mothers, nosy aunties and censorious grandmothers have been recognised as a universal interaction which women experience and has even been made into various memes on social media and also contributes

to internalised misogyny. We can all agree that, although it is funny, we have never stopped to think about why we all share the same experience.

Internalised misogyny is a learned behaviour and its teachings have been passed down through the generations. It is so deeply ingrained that it may take years to shed and continuous conscious effort to avoid. These beliefs, taught by adult women to impressionable young girls, may stunt their emotional development, resulting in anxiety disorders and low self-esteem. On the opposite end of the spectrum, young girls may develop narcissistic tendencies or sexist attitudes.

This contributes to an unspoken hierarchy which women have drawn up amongst themselves. Women have made themselves the subject of their own ridicule and judgement before others even have the chance to do so.

Misogyny manifests itself so unceremoniously in our everyday lives that we may have to squint to see it.

Internalised misogyny is cancerous and can rapidly

spread, but we as women can combat the heinous disease by staring the patriarchy firmly in the eye with our fists raised in power. Remember: Empowered women empower women.

# OUR RAINBOW OF BELIEFS

CARYS FREDERICKS 10 |

There are so many different beliefs and religions – Christianity, Buddhism, Islam, Hinduism and Judaism, just to name a few. Ever since I was young, I always had a love of crystals, and believed in karma and fate. Now that I'm older, I realise that that links up to spirituality. Whenever I talk about this topic, many people look at me with disbelief in their eyes and treat me as though I have rather lost my mind. The most common questions I receive are about how and why I believe in something so unrealistic.

My being a spiritual person makes me feel the most comfortable I've ever been, but also the most lonely and out of place. I believe that there is energy all around us and that we can control and protect our energy with many things, such as crystals and the power of our own minds. Each one of us has a spirit guide or guides – they come in many different forms – and try to reach us through angel numbers or even dreams. Some people even communicate with them through meditation. With

meditation and yoga, people can relieve many problems, but they can also be used to cleanse your aura.

Manifestation, in my opinion, is the most powerful tool. Every one of us has manifested before, in one way or another, without even realising it. The energy that's created around us affects us in many ways which is why it's so important to be discerning about the company we keep.

Now, as you read, I am a strong believer in the universe, but do I believe in God? "God" is someone different to many people and this is a hotly debated topic that often divides opinion, but my answer is no. I am a believer in a higher power, but I wouldn't like to classify myself as an atheist as I was never really fond of labels. However, it isn't all sunshine and rainbows. Sometimes, I wish that I could believe in God. It would definitely bring more comfort and ease to my mind.

One thing which people tend to forget is that spirituality and religion are two different things, so it is possible to believe in God

and be a spiritual person, despite the fact that some religions are against it. Therefore, we should respect others' boundaries.

Yes, I believe in chakras, the opening of the third eye, tarot cards, angel numbers and, personally speaking, I view a spiritual awakening as a beautiful gift, but all of this doesn't make me any less of a person. I think that every single religion and belief is beautiful and I will always admire those who embrace theirs.

I could go on about this topic and probably write a book, but weighing up both sides of the argument, there is no doubt in my mind that everybody and their belief or religion should be respected and heard. A difference in beliefs shouldn't cause conflict nor tear us apart, but should rather bring us all together in a positive, respectful manner and then we will be truly educated about each other.

I hope that someday society will understand that we'll never all be the same and that it's important to start being kind, understanding and respectful to our world and the people around us.



# CHAPTER 1: RECRUIT

JOSEPH LIU 10 Z

23 September 2010 was the day which everything changed. The fate of the universe turned upside down. In downtown Manhattan of New York City, infestation spread. Pathogens of the undead rose everywhere in the city.

A man stood on the top of the Empire State building. He could balance with only one foot and not fall. Thunder roared and forked lightning flashed and lashed out. Traffic was as usual, with pedestrians walking along the pavement.

An ear-shattering, piercing scream rang throughout the area as a hideous figure leapt onto one of the pedestrians. The head was ripped off as more zombies emerged. Sirens screamed and civilians ran away from the scene of horror. The pile of dead bodies rose as almost fifty zombies started to patrol the area around the Empire State building.

The man descended slowly to the ground. The zombies all gathered underneath him. He stood in mid-air, just three metres above the zombies and they growled. The man's hands shone as energy was sucked into his hands and the air pressure changed. He then pushed his palm outwards and a blinding flash of light covered everything for a moment. The zombies burnt up and steam rose high into the sky.

Another man walked out of a dark alleyway and the two men stood and stared at each other for a moment, nodded their heads and vanished. High, high up in the sky, just above the clouds, they reappeared. Silently, they walked side by side until they reached the edge of a bank of thunderstorm clouds.

"How was your training, Connor?" the second man asked. "I expected to excel you. Unfortunately, rushing doesn't,

but we're even and on the same level now," Connor, the first man, replied. "Donavin, is the threat back again?"

"Yes, I am afraid it is. The balance of the Heavens and Demons has grown unstable," Donavin expanded. "I have waited for you to return to take the action. Our armies have remained stationary in the meantime."

"Let's return to the Heavens," Connor stated.

"No," Donavin said, "We've set up a covert ops base in the Amazons to perform secret missions."

"Everyone is there, right?" Connor enquired.

"Yes, the Elemental Lords and an army of half a million are there," Donavin replied.

Then, they vanished off into the wilderness. The threat of a zombie apocalypse was ready to overwhelm the world.

# FIELD OF FLOWERS

ELSJE OOSTHUIZEN 10 S

In all the fields of sunflowers, I only seem to notice your eyes, your eyes being reflected off the sun blessing mine. Your golden locks form fine lines, outlining the grass and your dress gives the wind a slight rhythm.

But as soon as I notice you, you disappear. You disappear into the flowers, making them turn to you because you are creating the radiant beams. Your eye catches my scar, my scar created by evil, the same one that landed me up here.

As soon as you notice it, it is actually as though you like it,

admiring it with your violet, purple eyes, the eyes indicating sadness, sadness such as I have never seen before, sadness that is real.

When I approach you, you indicated with your hands to stay away, far away. Your lips move, but only silent screams exit. I take two steps closer, holding my hands in front of myself, showing I come in peace, but you turn around and run. I don't care to follow because the fields swallow your beauty.

As I turn around, I make my way back to the military camp

disguised as a rehabilitation centre. I realise I have been here for about a week and the only friend I have made is the mystery girl in the fields, the girl who stole my heart, without a key, without me knowing her, without her knowing me.

I don't know her name, history or story, but it's as though your eyes told me everything I needed to know. The fact that you're like a flower that only blooms once a year is not what makes me so attracted to you; it is as though I can relate on so many levels to a stranger without words.

# A PLACE WHICH FEELS LIKE HOME

RILEY MEYER 10 T

The bright yellow door never failed to grasp my attention. Our bookstore was finally up and running. I rushed in just to be hit with a wave of warmth, contrasting the bitterness of the rain that was sobbing over the city. The smell of freshly made coffee, free to regulars and the people who buy three or more books, filled the whole store. The scent of the new books that were just unpacked mixed with the alluring aroma of gingerbread candles littered around the store. Those were always your favourite.

I manoeuvre my way through customers, sending kind smiles, and the many rows of shelves

that never seemed to give me the feeling of claustrophobia. Strangely enough, when you placed your hand on the railing of the black spiral staircase, you wouldn't lose the feeling of warmth gathered from your visit, almost as though it knew how much it was needed.

Reaching the top of the stairs, I immediately spotted you, sitting at the bay window, reading. You peeked over your book, your glasses sliding down your nose as you do so, sending me a smile, the one I so easily fell in love with. Passing between the tables and couches scattered across the floor of the store, I grabbed a blanket that wasn't

being used and continued walking towards you.

On the table, a hot chocolate sat next to a drink creating a water ring on the table. Leave it to you to have a cold drink on a day like this. The book I had been busy with was placed next to you, almost as though it was reserving a place, the place which I was to fill.

I sat next to you, dismissing the flirtatious grin you sent over, glancing around the store with awe and pride – our creation. In that moment with you by my side, I knew. This was home.

# NEW YORK

RILEY MEYER 10 T

I've always loved our strolls through the city, the stars glistening above us on a canvas of midnight blue, the thick sweater and coffee in my hand providing heat that had been lost during our walk. I called you crazy for getting an iced drink on such a cold evening; you just looked at me with that notoriously cheeky grin that never seemed to leave your face. I remember the sound of your laugh as you heard my stomach growling when we passed a hot-dog stand. If only I were able to bottle up the sound and listen to it whenever I am sad. That would really help right now.

We continued waling, passing by stores with blinding lights practically screaming at us to enter them. One store, however,

did not have the striking eye-catcher – the bookstore, our bookstore. We didn't enter, much to my dismay. We didn't have the time, you said. Nevertheless, I followed you, the icy weather biting at our exposed skin, creating a red tint to paint itself on our faces. My eyes squinted from both the cold breeze and the lights which just seemed to become brighter the more we walked.

You abruptly stopped walking, causing me to look around, clueless. We weren't at any special place. I diverted my attention from the loud billboards to you. You were already looking at me, so I took the time to admire you.

Your blue eyes complemented the blush that either had arisen owing to the weather or because our hands were then intertwined. The yellow sweater clung to just the right places and, in my moment of admiration, I realised that being with you there was better than any paracosm imaginable. Of course, you had a broad, cheeky grin on your face that slowly began to make its way onto mine.

Here I sit, on the floor in our bookstore, in your yellow sweater and a diamond ring placed on my left hand, my yellow, no longer with me. I sit replaying the last walk we had together and what you said never leaving my ears, "I wanted to propose to you at the same place where I first knew that I loved you."

# MY DAY HAS STARTED

VICTORIUS ULI 10 O

I open my eyes, get up from my bed and prepare for my prayer to God. I kneel down and fold my arms on the bed. I pray that the day goes well and I begin to think of what should not happen and say it as a conclusion in my prayer. My day has started.

I take a shower and wear my office suit. I head out for work, weary of the circumstances at my job. I still have to go there as it is my only option if I want to provide for myself. As I reach the gates of the building, I spot some of my co-workers having a smoke. I look at them and they look at me. We both know what the other is thinking. They head over to me with cunning smirks on their faces. They begin to insult what I have worn for work today. They both peer at me with their disdainful eyes. I read them and know what they say, but I ask them to leave me alone.

I head off into the building with their irritating giggles echoing from behind me. I pretend not to care even though I really do feel

desolate about this every day. I settle at my desk with my papers and prepare for my presentation with the CEO as this might be my only chance to be promoted.

Mr. Jim calls me up and I know that this is the big moment I have been waiting for. I present him with my collected information and I feel very ecstatic about it as I believe that this is a really good offer, but the look on his face says otherwise. He gives me a dead stare and I look at him with a nonplussed face. I cannot read his eyes. He then says, "Shane, I'm sorry, but this presentation is complete nonsense. I expected more from you as this was your last opportunity to improve yourself."

I do not pay too much attention to his words for I hear the stealthy, silent whispers of my peers. I hear their taunts and can feel their contempt upon me, as we all know what is going to happen, and then he says it, "You're fired." I feel so devastated that I say, "Okay, Sir," and I leave, but I

know that I want to give him such a bitter reply. In fact, I feel pity for myself. I lose my job and do I really say, "Okay, Sir"? How foolish of me. We both know that that company needs me.

He just takes my ideas as he is a formidable and pompous man. I am frustrated, so I pack my desk and leave with all the name-calling and nasty grins at my back. I have tears in my eyes as I get into a taxi. I plead with the driver to go faster, so I can get home and fall onto my bed. He finally gives in, but as soon as we move faster, the truck from the left lane seems to lose its direction and hits us indirectly.

Immediately the car makes a sputtering sound, but when I open my eyes, I am still on my knees, in my bedroom, with my hands folded. It seems to have been a delusion of all the things that could go amiss today. I thank the Lord for my life and what I have. I end my prayer and my day has started.

# I'MPERFECTION

MAKHOSAZANE MZAMO 10 I

Azania was a perfectionist. She knew when and how she wanted things to be done. She knew exactly how many brush strokes to use to tame her type-four hair without causing any breakage. She knew that white and a light shade of pink were the colours that complemented her chocolate brown skin perfectly. She wanted her pink plaid skirt to be exactly nine fingers above her knees and the white tube top she was wearing should only expose five

centimetres of her stomach. The white socks she had on should cover twenty-nine centimetres of her legs. Her pink Converse sneakers must be a size bigger for comfort. The pink ribbon on her head should be precisely eight centimetres from where her hairline begins.

Azania finally stepped back to stare at her reflection in the mirror. She was quite pleased with herself. As she continued to

inspect herself in the full-length mirror, she noticed a small white spot next to her belly-button. How didn't she see this before? It looked like someone applied a very strong acid to her brown skin, removing all the melanin on that spot. She soon recognised that white spot as she had read an article on it before. "No, no, no!" she cried, panic evident in her voice, "this can't be happening to me!"

# THE BEAST

KEIRA LEMINI 10 N

Three hundred years ago, there was a beast who went by the name Ulysses. He was no ordinary beast for he appeared as a human. His beauty and handsomeness drew anyone near him. He would bestow terror on those who came in his path: mothers, children, fathers and the elders. Ulysses felt pleasure and joy from taking the innocent lives of those who roamed in the icy forest. He was straight from Hell.

It was until one day when a woman had been hiking up the mountain that Ulysses had spent his time regaining strength. Just as Ulysses was about to unleash a painful death upon the woman, she turned around and he was amazed. In all his years of hiding amongst the shadows, Ulysses had never seen anyone more beautiful.

The woman's name was Kathrine Spokes, a young woman with a single mother and two younger siblings she had to take care of. Ulysses felt himself being drawn to her, but he tried so hard to deny it and just to end her life, but he couldn't.

For days, he'd watch her hike and see how she would draw fairies and animals in a little journal. Ulysses had found himself curious and he wanted to know this beautiful woman, so one day he approached her. "What's a pretty lady like you doing in the cold so late in the evening?"

"I didn't know that anyone was around. I enjoy coming here. The sunsets look so beautiful up here," she said in the most beautiful voice Ulysses had heard. And so their friendship began. We all know what happens next: they fell in love. Ulysses hated himself for becoming weak and letting a mere mortal have such an effect on him, yet every day they'd meet at the top of the mountain and talk for hours. Ulysses hadn't killed anyone in months for Katherine's innocence and kindness had rubbed off on him and he no longer wanted to take innocent lives. He now longed to be as good and pure as she was. He told her about his past pursuits, but she chose to forgive him for his love had consumed her and she could not imagine letting it go. The Devil had

watched his noble warrior falling for the woman and had hoped it was all a show, so Ulysses could bring her immense pain, but soon the Devil figured out that this was not a show or master plan, but real. His top warrior had failed and has fallen into the trap of love and virtue.

"Ulysses, you have deceived me. How dare you go against your word?! I condemn you to an eternity apart and you'll never see one another again!" the Devil's voice boomed through the forest. He cast an explosion of snow and wind upon Ulysses. As the fog of the snow began to fade, a tree was formed in the shape of Ulysses. The Devil had turned him into a tree.

Katherine stood over her lover's body that now was a tall, dark and decaying tree. She cried out in pain, cursing the Devil for what he had done. "HOW COULD YOU?!" she asked, facing the dark, shadowy figure before her. "I have something in store for you too," the Devil murmured.

## CALLING ALL CREATIVE WRITERS!

**Do you have a story bubbling inside yourself, just dying to burst out?**

**Share it with us. AlexPress is always looking for talented writers to submit their original and entertaining writing.**

# TO THE ONE I NEVER GOT TO CALL MY OWN

CHARNE JOUBERT 11 E

The pink early morning sky looked like a painting, with the silhouette of the two birds I saw flying across it. The sun was still hidden, but slowly crept out, just enough to make the sky blush. The sun reminds me of you and not in the bright, friendly way, but in the burning, deadly way. I was your moon, dependent on you to shine, to live, to exist.

I wish you were here to watch me glow amongst my stars. I do not need you anymore. I truly thought I did. I thought that without you,

my existence would mean nothing; I was wrong. It was you who needed me, to keep you in check, in balance. You threw what you could not handle at me and burned holes into my smooth surface.

I hate you.

I love you.

I do not need you. I do miss the passion you kept spewing out at everything around you and the small smiles I could catch and

capture. Even if it was just a moment, I got to keep it sealed. I wonder if I cross your mind or if I am merely a distant memory. I should not think of you, but I do. I give in to reminiscing about our conversations. Clearly, I was a fool to think I could ever have any of our dreams come true. Look what you did. You created a hopeless, broken-hearted romantic.

To the one I never got to call my own, I do not need to anymore. I have myself.

## MOTHER

MAKHOSAZANE MZAMO 10 I

Mother held on to me,  
Refusing to let go.  
The fear on her face  
Brought darkness to my heart.

They separated us with force  
And put us in the ship.  
I could see her face,  
Her chains.

Mother tried to get out of the chains

Whom she shared with sick,  
groaning men.  
Mother cried out my name with worry,  
Frantically looking for her child in the crowd.

They heard her, they unchained her  
And brought her up deck.  
Mother screamed,  
Begging them to let her go.

All I heard was the sound of whips  
Hitting on skin  
And Mother's excruciating screams.  
Then, there was silence...

I could no longer hear  
Mother's screams nor cries.  
My heart sank to my stomach.  
Mother was dead.

## MOTHERLY LOVE

JOSEPH LIU 10 Z

The one who works all day  
The one who cooks, washes and cleans  
At no pay, no reward and no break  
Working for 365 days a year  
On Christmas and New Year  
It is:

Your mother, gave birth to you,  
brought you up, raised and taught you,  
The one who helps the family,  
Seeking for no return,  
Working for only the best for you and the family.

A person approached a wise man  
He told the person to serve the one you see barefoot  
At home the man saw his mother,  
Wrapped in a blanket, no sandals on,  
Inviting her son back into the house with warm love.

# MOTHER

CHARNE JOUBERT 11 E

I keep trying to fill pages with words, to make sure they make sense. Like a puzzle, they're all supposed to fit.

I cannot write that well and I have pieces missing.

I have always had pieces missing.

My mom told me that I would find them, but she was the one who had taken them in the first place.

My brain now a little unstable  
Not normal.

I hated her for leaving me.

Then for giving me what she too could not understand.

How are you meant to stay committed to a man when you do not know who you are?

Poor woman

Poor woman

Poor woman

I would hear them say.

She was not poor or weak, just confused. She had so many things to do and started with everyone, but herself.

I try not to shed a tear as I write this because she has been the only one to love me, understand me and be there for me, regardless of my flaws.

The best part is, I know she always will.

Do not worry yourself with me, she says. How can I not, mommy? You are my everything and with what I was given, those missing pieces, you were right that I would find them again.

I have found them in you.

# SOCIETY'S "PRETTY"

SISIPHO NEKU 9 Z

"Small waist, pretty face"  
"She's better when she's shorter  
Or when she's timid"  
She can't have a voice or a song.  
Each day, getting stares and judgement  
So insecure, so alone  
All so she can become society's "pretty".

"Wear this, do that. Hide your scars;  
Nobody wants to see that."  
"Why are you weeping? Does it look as though we care?"  
These voices echo inside her mind,  
Piercing through her soul.  
She starves, wears things that don't make her comfortable.  
She cries, but nobody is there to wipe her tears.  
She wears a mask to hide away her pain  
Just so she can become society's "pretty".

"You're too dark, you're too tall."

"You're not thick enough, you're not strong enough."  
"Why are you here? You don't belong here.  
This isn't your place."  
She breaks down, not able to carry on.  
She can't pick up the broken pieces. She scars herself  
All so she can become society's "pretty".

She is a girl who tried to become society's "pretty",  
A girl knew nothing about being pretty,  
Whereas she didn't recognise the beautiful goddess in the mirror,  
The magnificent phoenix that shines wherever she goes.  
Yes, you are beautiful.  
You are unique.  
You don't need to be a certain weight, a certain race  
Or a certain sexuality.  
You are beautiful; you are perfect in my eyes.

For how long will we push our own sisters down?  
For how long will we hurt them, scar them, kill them?  
She is gorgeous just the way she is.

I speak for the voiceless, the ones in hiding.  
I speak for the girl who fights different battles,  
Every day silently.  
I speak for the little girl who gets teased for her dark complexion.  
I speak for the young woman who isn't accepted  
Because she isn't straight.  
I speak for every single female who is too afraid to speak up.  
You are the person that you think you are.  
You are a queen.  
You are beautiful and you have broken the concept of Society's "pretty".

# NO LONGER HEAVEN

CASEY MCLEAN 12 R

At first, I would yell and my voice would be lost  
among the trees.  
I would only hear the sweet song of the birds and  
I would feel the cool, brisk breeze blowing upon  
my face.  
It was peaceful; it was Heaven on Earth.

But

Now, when I yell, it echoes back to me  
ten times louder than before.  
It does not get lost in the trees since there are  
none anymore.  
Instead, there are large concrete tombstones  
marking the  
graves of the trees.  
There is no longer a sweet melody from the birds;  
they are all gone.  
Now, there is only the sound of chaos  
and destruction.  
I can no longer feel a cool breeze.  
It is now hot and thick with smoke.  
It is no longer Heaven, but  
Hell.

# NIGHT

PALESA MOKOETLA 11 I

I never thought for a  
Second that the night  
Is the only time when  
I could escape  
Where everything just stops  
And I could finally breathe  
Where I could put my  
Thoughts, feelings and my emotions  
To rest  
Where I think about nothing  
And just listen to the silence

# SMILE

TSITSI MUTAMBANENGWE 9 J

She hides her true self,  
So no one can see who she is,  
A broken girl with a heart that no longer feels.  
She covers all her scars,  
So no one saw who she was,  
Trying to be okay,  
Careful of what to say,  
So no one sees the hurt and pain  
She lives with every day.  
They see her "smile",  
But never focus on her eyes,  
The burden that they carry,  
Her soul that yearns and cries.  
So she puts a fake smile,  
Hidden is a broken soul,  
But no one will ever know  
A person who is dead inside,  
But she will never show,  
So she remains silent and smiles  
And every day's the same,  
Moving in a daze  
As she withers away.

# HOPE

ANOVUYO MAGONGO 11 S

Look at you still living  
You've survived it all  
Though life has dragged you to and fro  
You're still standing tall

Hope might not have saved you  
But it has held your hand  
To walk the path, to save yourself  
And have you feeling grand

So this is a reminder  
Reason to stay alive  
And even though you may fall apart  
Make it a habit to thrive

**Poetry is the language which moves our souls. Submit  
your insightful poems and we would love to publish them  
for everyone to enjoy.**

# THE GHOST

**TSITSI MUTAMBANENGWE 9 J**

The ghost that wonders aimlessly  
 That no one truly sees,  
 Watching as the world goes by  
 No point of her to be  
 All her hope washed away  
 By her rain of tears.  
 She wears a mask of indifference,  
 Hiding away her cries of help,  
 Eating away every bit of her humanity,  
 Wiping away her sanity,  
 Leaving a body without a spirit,  
 A voice yet no one can hear it  
 Alone in a world filled with people  
 A ghost that wonders aimlessly.

# YOUR SMILE

**RILEY MEYER 10 T**

1.  
 It's crazy how a person you've never met  
 is the only one who is able to put you at ease.
2.  
 I hope you treat me  
 as if I were worth the wait.
3.  
 I will always love the moon more than you  
 because she showed me how to be:  
 beautiful alone in the dark.
4.  
 Your smile is my favourite.  
 I just wish I were the cause.
5.  
 Writing is my way of pulling the trigger.

# PLOT TWIST

**NICOLA DEVINE 10 N**

I miss you every single day,  
 On my Insta story I have no words to say,  
 Maybe it's because I can't believe it's true:  
 All the love and hardships we've battled through.

You were the glue of the family,  
 But now we've come undone.  
 You have passed away. Now look  
 At what we've become.  
 The betrayal from my mother's side –  
 They don't even feel guilty –  
 My subconscious just wants to hide.

And the bitter truth is that deep down inside  
 My wrath, anger and hurt want to subside.  
 My parents taught me to forgive and forget,  
 But how can I forgive when they haven't apologised  
 yet?

Oh, Grandma, why did you betray us so?  
 Was it Alzheimer's, the trickery of your own blood  
 Or you favoured a son more than you wished to  
 show?

You gave him the plot, the house and all its  
 treasures inside,  
 But he doesn't even appreciate it that  
 his arrogance and greediness have become his  
 bride.

Right now, I have changed my mind.  
 This poem isn't about missing you;  
 It's about how you've been so blind,  
 Giving the rotten piece of family a great fortune,  
 Sending his ego sky-rocketing to the moon.



# WHO YOU STILL ARE TO ME

TSITSI MUTAMBANENGWE 9 J

At first you were perfect and the best to be around,  
But everybody warned me the truth will soon be found.

They told me all your stories that sounded nothing like you.  
They told me all the secrets, but I refused.

I closed my eyes, pretended I was blind.  
I was too scared of what I'd find,  
But not short after I began to see the cracks  
Hidden behind your façade, but I ignored the facts.

I pretended I was blind until I stopped seeing,  
Permanently believing you were the person I first met.

People warned me, but I had your back,  
Not knowing that you were killing me, hurting me  
and stabbing me in mine.

I still believed that you were not the rumours; I  
refused to see the light  
That you weren't the person I thought you were.  
I still close my eyes and pretend that I'm blind. I  
still see you perfect.

I still see you as the best to be around as if the  
truth hasn't been found  
And all the bad things about you fall to the  
ground.

I guess I'm kind of crazy to ignore the red flags,  
But aren't we all crazy, chaining our own hands  
And throwing the keys to our freedom  
Because we're scared or can't rise?

# DEAR BLACK CHILD

SISIPHO NEKU 9 Z

Walk proud, be proud.  
Smile as the sun praises the melanin that runs  
In your skin.

Touch your hair, fix your crown,  
Embrace your skin, embrace your origin.

Together with the soil beneath your delicate feet,  
Your skin defines the ground.  
The world is a tough place for you and me.  
You are more than the colour of your skin  
Or what people perceive you to be.

YOU MATTER  
YOU ARE JOY  
YOU ARE STRENGTH

You are the product of the sun's rays.  
Your culture, your roots, are a part of you.

From the beads on your ankles to the curls in your  
hair,  
You are beautiful.  
You are worthy of love and affection.  
Your dreams matter.  
Your aspirations matter.  
Grow, black child.  
Find yourself.

The shine of your skin,  
The smile you wear across your face,  
Your eyes, tell a story of a thousand words.  
Your cheeks give colour to your beautiful face.

ALL OF YOU MATTERS  
YOU ARE IMPORTANT  
YOU ARE THE FUTURE

So, dear black child,  
DON'T GIVE UP.

Perseverance is not a long race; it  
is many short races one after the  
other.

Walter Elliot

# SWAY'S WAY

SWAIDEN BEUKES 10 Z

The time is here folks! It is a new year, so new recipes from yours truly. I have three recipes which I'm excited to share that I guarantee will make your stomach rumble.

## CHOCOLATE GANACHE

You can do many things with chocolate ganache. At room temperature, it becomes a perfect frosting for baked goods; when chilled, the consistency becomes perfect for fillings and glazes; lastly, if frozen, it becomes mouldable, perfect for making truffles.

Ingredients:

- 250ml full cream
- 2 big slabs of milk chocolate

Instructions:

Put all the full cream into a saucepan.  
Place the saucepan over medium heat and wait for a simmer. (WARNING: Keep a close eye on the full cream. The minute it starts to boil, it will rise over the rim and spill everywhere!)  
When it starts to foam at the sides and simmer, take the pan off the heat immediately.  
Break all the chocolate into pieces, put into the sauce and wait 3 minutes.  
Once the 3 minutes are up, Mix! Mix! Mix!

Stop mixing when the ganache becomes dark and creamy. Refrigerate and use as you please.



## VANILLA MERINGUE COOKIES

These are pillowy goodness in bite sized pieces. This recipe is deadly to anyone who wants to eat healthily, but we all deserve a perfect cheat-day snack.

Ingredients:

- 3 egg whites
- 1 ½ tsp vanilla extract
- ¼ tsp cream of tartar
- A pinch of salt
- 2 / 3 cups sugar

Instructions:

Preheat oven to 250°.

Place egg whites in a small bowl and let them stand at room temperature for 30 minutes. Add vanilla, cream of tartar and salt to egg whites.

Beat and Mix! Mix! Mix! until foamy.  
Gradually, add 1 tablespoons of sugar at a time until sugar is dissolved. (Note: using an electric mixer works best.)  
Continue beating until stiff glossy peaks form.  
Cut a small hole in the tip of a pastry bag or in a corner of a food-safe plastic bag.  
Transfer meringue into bag and pipe little cookies onto some parchment paper / well-greased pan.  
Bake for 40 - 45 minutes (firm to touch).  
Turn off oven and leave meringues in oven 1 hour (leave oven door closed or else they will crack).

Remove from the oven to cool completely on baking sheets. Remove meringues from paper and store in an airtight container at room temperature. Enjoy your sweat cheat-day snack.



**DO YOU HAVE A FAVOURITE, EASY-TO-MAKE RECIPE THAT IS FAIL-PROOF? SHARING IS CARING. WE'D LOVE TO PUBLISH IT.**

