

What in God's name ...

(11 September 2001)

I blinked and missed it
Fortunately I could watch 21,000 replays instead of all my favourite TV shows
from every angle except inside the cockpit.

The fat politicians are using as many big words as possible,
(oh my God, Jim ... is he allowed to say that on air?)
and the upper class is renting out small backyard rooms for half price;
thank God for humanity.

The redneck white trash hillbillies are crying:
'Go in there, grab the bastard and execute him on public television.'
The African American niggers are laying down their 9 mil's for machine guns,
while the Native American Indians are crowding around the community black-
and-white TV to find out what the hell is going on.

Star-spangled bloodlust in the voice of the most powerful nation on earth
suddenly 'united' blindly in a thirst for revenge
makes the world ache for war.
'I mean, come on, it's been 50 years since we all had a good massacre.'

Rich white capitalist businessmen are sending their sons to the army,
while on the other side of the world proud mothers and fathers show off
photographs of their honourable, brave and extremely dead sons.
The Suicide Club look after the young wives and children who want to be just
like their fathers, in God's name.

Images of the aftermath flash behind
a smooth treble voice singing 'God bless America'.
I find the remote and return to my life.

Jaco van der Merwe (Form V)

So you love me

YOUR LOVE POURS ON ME like a soft drizzle on a winter's
morning. It flows over me like a cool mountain
stream. And yet your love drowns me and makes me
grasp for air, for freedom.

'Let me take the car. It'll look good!'

I plead, I beg, but your love has a hold on me.

'And she'll be at the concert!'

Still your love prevails. How can you think that you pro-
tect me? This is my life. I know what I want and what is
good for me. I want to go out and experience life.

'I'll drive safely and I won't drink.'

Why can you not let me go? I am old enough now. Wise
enough. I am seventeen, Mom.

'I know I don't have a licence but I drive better than
most people. Even you! What are the chances of someone
driving into me?'

Your love binds me like a ball and chain. A ball and
chain made of soft goose-feathers and it easily gives way. I
want to get loose. Break away. Why do you hate me so
much? Why can you not be like, like other moms who leave
their kids to do what they want?

'Why are you always so damn prudent?'

Careful this, careful that. Careful, careful, careful! I am

careful. You just do not know me, Mother.

'Reckless, Reckless! I am not like other teenagers. I
think before I do!'

Your love ties me up. Not with rope but with silk. Soft
to touch. Still, I cannot move. You think you are so wise! I
have a mind too, you know. You make me so cross!

'Leave it, Mom. I will be in my room for the rest of my
life! I never want to speak to you again!'

Why are you like this, Mom? You say you care for me,
but you never let me do anything. You say it is for my own
good, yet I never have any fun. You say you love me, but you
don't...

My friends' moms are not like you. They go where they
want. Do what THEY want.

You are always 'helping me right.'

You are always 'protecting me from harm.'

You always know better.

Yet, for all this, I am thankful. For like the piano knows
its song and the sky its stars, so you know me. Like the
lioness protects her cub, so you protect me.

And like the mother loves her child, so you love me.

Gordon Botha (Form IV)

Breakfast in Atteridgeville

I WOKE UP FROM MY DEEP SLEEP to the sound of the living room door slamming closed. The whole house was silent. Everybody was asleep. I got up from my bed to freshen up. When I was done I went outside to watch the sunrise. It was six o'clock in the morning and the streets of Atteridgeville were silent apart from the sound of the neighbours' chickens clucking and stray dogs barking.

The smell of chimney smoke filled my lungs and set my heart on fire. Oh, but the pollution was disgusting, like a sea of smoke over the township. My grandmother's house was on a hill so I could see most of the small houses. Small ribbons of smoke rose from almost every chimney and at that moment I felt extremely alive and drunk with excitement. The memories of childhood friends and the games we used to play were fresh in my mind.

I went inside and the smell of hot chocolate excited me. My grandmother handed me a mug and I sat on a squeaky bench in my grandmother's huge kitchen. 'Good morning,' she said in an old yet cheerful voice. We sat in silence for a while. The living room door opened with a loud squeak that broke the silence. This was followed by a loud bang and muffled conversation which became clearer as my brother and cousin drew closer to the kitchen.

They were back from buying my favourite breakfast – a delicacy known as . These look like doughnuts without a hole and could be eaten either sweet or savoury.

I grabbed one with my left hand while the other pushed an empty mug away. I pressed a hole into the leg-wingya and filled it with sugar. The open bag filled the room with a strong smell which made my mouth water. I held it gently with my fingertips and took a large bite 'Mmmm, delicious,' I mumbled with a full mouth.

Pule Kotu-Rammopo (Form IV)

Real cruelty

Cruelty comes
not from the man who wields his whip or cane,
not from the rapist,
not from the bully roaming the playground.
It is far more subtle,
less violent.
It comes from those you love.

Alastair Mehl (Form V)

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Millennium

THE BLUE CANDLES had been drowned in their glass holders by the beating rain. Our shelter, previously thought to be waterproof, was raining on us like the dark clouds above. We could have gone into the caravan to stay dry, but we chose not to. Instead, we sat outside, eating our wet food and chatting merrily to our wet relatives. Even though a brisk breeze was blowing away our bodily heat, we were content in our collapsible plastic chairs.

If one had put one's mind to it, one would probably have seen the majestic outlines of the Drakensberg escarpment through the looming clouds. We had come to celebrate a

thousand years with the mountains, even though most of these years had gone by without us. We had come to the mountains whose life had not only spanned a thousand years, but also a thousand millennia. We celebrated with the jagged peaks that have been towering

over the luscious green valleys since time began. We celebrated with the streams that spread their fingers of nourishment through the valleys and down the cliffs to form thundering waterfalls. We celebrated with the tiny plants that grow only here and nowhere else in the entire universe. We even celebrated with the eagles, soaring silently through sunny skies, circling high above their unsuspecting prey.

It was raining on the big night. The people in the neighbouring caravan watched DSTV.

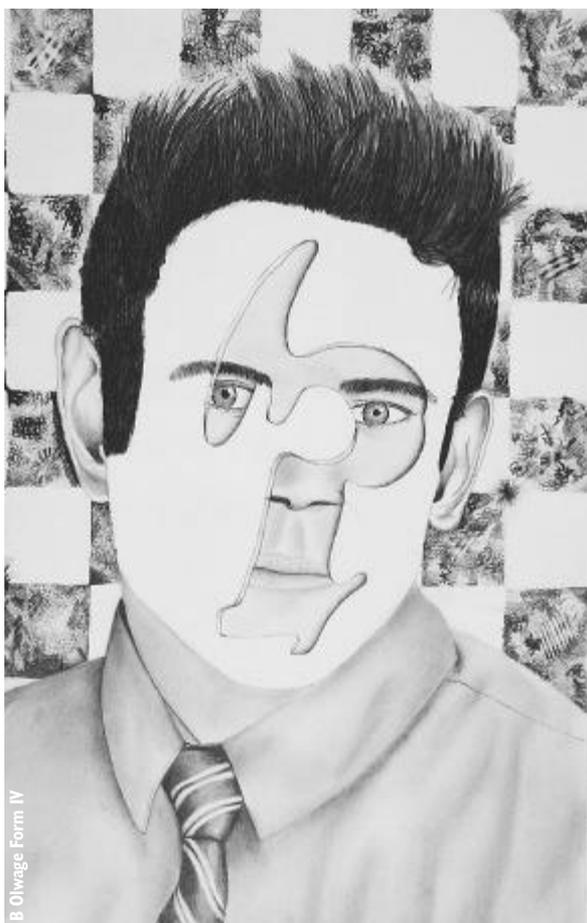
Alex Ringelmann (Form IV)

The sacrifice

I have seen the mountain's face;
his eyes are full of hate,
for he has had to give up a piece
of his immortal splendour
to the pathetic mortals
so that they can prosper.
In his eyes mortals
are nothing more than
insignificant parasites.
Zeus commanded his sacrifice.
Without his sacrifice
the Huguenot tunnel would not exist
and we would not have our shortcut.

Jean Janse van Rensburg (Form IV)





That which I am

the city that is my mind
 unravels in alleys, some of them blind
 and binding, but that's the thrill of finding
 a streetlight that lights up
 what I try to hide
 and confides with myself
 a stored up almost unimaginable wealth
 of thoughts, that are somehow
 contained within
 the constantly expanding boundaries
 of my brain, through all the pain
 and rage and love and joy
 there is the smiling face of a little boy
 running free past the liquor store
 not even sparing a thought
 for cravings except bliss
 hidden in so many seething fists
 of seemingly inevitable future
 of revenge and emotions
 that do nothing to extend
 that which I am

Jaco van der Merwe (Form V)

Into the concrete

THE FEELING OF EMPTINESS is gone. The cracked concrete surface has lain fallow during the off season, leaves blown to and fro over the rough surface the only movement. The guardians no longer stand, one at either end, hunched and forgotten. The season has come and the basketball court is alive again.

I stand, gripping the ball; the clothes on my back, a second skin, soaked with sweat. My feet burn, the ball feels rough in my hands and I smell the rubbery stench. I have only seven seconds.

I am moving now, the defenders between me and the basket shifting slowly, stiffly, like marionettes, to and fro, to and fro. I dribble the ball, hearing it thud with monotonous regularity into the concrete, and pass the first two defenders with ridiculous ease. Two seconds remain.

I jump and time slows down. I feel the air whispering past me. My muscles are aching as, with a tremendous last effort, I feel the ball leave my fingers. My ears strain for the thud and clang of the chains to declare my victory.

Then with a rush, time catches up again and I am falling, my head meeting the unyielding concrete. A heavy black mist envelopes me and all I know is that I have missed the shot. All that effort for nothing, absolutely nothing. Wracked with humiliation, I lift my head, open my eyes and am sure that nothing worse could possibly happen. And then the ball drops onto my head and smashes it into the concrete a second time.

Herman van Rooyen (Form IV)



Perpetual light

My life is shrouded
by darkness;
loneliness is my
only companion
and I wear desolation like a cloak.

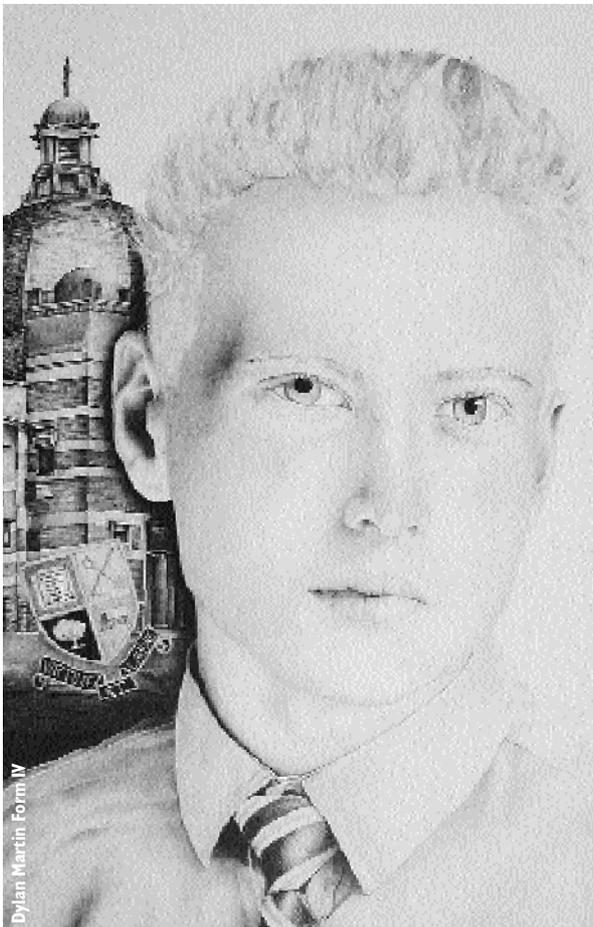
Death draws closer
at the thought of my dark past;
pain is my only way to live,
and I am blind to light.

But if you are that bright light,
shine on.
Blind me with your radiance,
for I have eyes for no other.

Jean Janse van Rensburg (Form IV)

are you a dream?

a gleam in eyes that fade,
in fact,
could you be the very definition of effortless pain?
who are you?
the way you're tearing my thoughts apart,
an unknowing observer would swear
you've known forever the exact locations
of the plugs and cables of my heart.



Dylan Martin Form IV



Yusi Mdhuli Form IV

but then why am I discovering you
in soft breathing and urges to scream,
why am I finding you to be
the most beautiful thing I've ever seen,
and why will I never believe
that things are what they seem?
my only explanation is still a question:
are you a dream?

Jaco van der Merwe (Form V)

Insignificant ignorance

I do not know what tomorrow holds,
or whether yesterday has any significance.
I do not know whether there is a God,
or a demon-lord to oppose Him.
I do not know the tongues of men,
or the emotions behind their words.
I do not know whether you love me,
or whether I make you happy.
But I do know that I love you —
and that makes everything I do not know
insignificant.

Jean Janse van Rensburg (Form IV)

Burnt toast

MY FAMILY SITS AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE and eats, silent and machine-like in their actions. The familiar smells of fresh coffee and burnt toast waft into my nostrils and send me spiralling back to the events of the day before.

I push the door with all my strength. It opens reluctantly, still not repaired. He is sitting, still and silent, in front of the television, which is blaring comic sound effects and flashing brainwashing pictures of cartoon characters. I am upset; he did not show up for movies last night; all of us are annoyed with him.

I notice something strange. Tiny white pills cover the floor surrounding his armchair, like grains of sand. I look at him again, more carefully this time. His head leans over to the one side and his right arm hangs limply over the side of his chair. I step carefully around the chair and examine his face. It is frozen into an expression of pain and terror; his eyes bulge out of their sockets. His face is a startling white colour and his lips an eerie blue. An empty pill bottle lies on the floor in front of him.

It is a sickening sight. I cannot move or talk or breathe or scream or run. Then, through the smell of pills and stale air, comes the smell of his last meal – old coffee and burnt toast.

Sheldon Trinder (Form IV)

Morpheus after the rain

IT WAS A GREY DAY, but it was a day of profound beauty. The sun appeared for the first time at about sunset, and suddenly the greyness left the earth and everything was covered in a fantastically soft and warm light that seemed almost magical. The colours of every single object seemed to come out in a surreal manner. Every bush and plant radiated warmth, and as I looked at our garden, the troubles and stress of the day melted away.

By some rare chance, the tree on the other side of our street received the last shaft of direct sunlight just as its surroundings faded to a monotone. For a few minutes, it seemed lifted out of its banality by God into prodigious new beauty and engraved itself forever in my mind.

That evening, I was restless as I lay on my bed. Practising the piano had stimulated my mind into a state of activity and agitation. As I wondered how I would relax and get some sleep that night, the clouds outside my window caught my eye. It was a dark and gloomy night, and the storm clouds on the horizon seemed quite uninteresting at first glance, but the lightning immediately caught my attention. The sky was being lit up dozens of times every minute by the random flashing, and the previously featureless clouds gained form and beauty by being highlighted and modelled by light from every direction. Every few seconds there was a flash bright enough to illuminate my entire room in a searing white light, branding a perfect, crisp snapshot of my room into my eyes.

Paradoxically, these rather jarring bursts of light had a

strangely soothing and calming effect on me. I fell into such deep relaxation that I felt hypnotised by the lightning. The thunder changed from booming and grumbling to a rich, sonorous baritone voice that reassured me. The bush outside stopped flailing in the wind and seemed to dance gently. I remembered a book on hypnotism which said one should tire the conscious into submission with one's pendulum. I thought of my conscious as a man who was holding a horse – my subconscious – by its reins. The two men came along and beat and kicked the man and the startled horse ran away. It was my last thought before my mind eased into sleep.

Paul Eccles (Form IV)



Dumped

AS I TURNED I felt my body moving backwards and the water falling away from beneath me. I felt the strength of that colossal wave overpower my limp body as I bounced around like a yo-yo on the finger of a giant. I was caught in the fury of Mother Nature.

I felt the skin on my nose and cheek being ripped away like old paint as I hit the rough, sandy bottom. I flipped, still holding onto my costume so as not to lose it, and carried on flipping until I was too dizzy to be able to count to ten. I felt like clothes in a washing machine waiting to be hung out to dry. Mother Nature was doing her washing now and I urged her to stop. I went frantic. My chest and throat were calling for air and my body knew that it had better reach that light soon or else it would definitely be going towards one later. I tried everything. I swam left, I swam right, but I could not find the exit. My energy ran out from all the struggling and I lay there in the deep darkness of the ocean, hoping, praying. My prayers were answered and I was somehow spat out towards the sky.

I broke the surface, taking in air selfishly. Never had so little time seemed so long. As I swam back to shore, after regaining enough energy to do so, I said to myself, 'That's the last for today, but it was definitely the best.'

Keagan Georgiou (Form IV)

'Dumped' was published in ENGLISH ALIVE 2001, along with three works which were featured in THE PRETORIAN 2000: 'Members only' by Sheldon Trinder, 'Drowned' and 'Love poem of a dumped jock' by Jaco van der Merwe.

In desolation

After the joy and happiness,
the laughter and smiles,
everyone leaves.

The room is quiet.
Empty.

The chairs remain pulled out.
The box remains open.
The shimmering lights are left on.
Day in, day out,
Shadows in the sun creep across the floor.
Everything is still,
calm,
silent,
patient,
waiting
for your return.

Alastair Mehl (Form V)



Light rain

Have you ever noticed
Light rain fall on water
On a sunny day
And seen all the little discs,
Ripples gleaming in the sun,
Dilate
As if breaking out,
A stretching perfect coil,
Free?
Oh little rings,
How I try to emulate you.
I envy
your glee.

Alastair Mehl (Form V)

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Look down, and do whatever they say

I'LL NEVER FORGET ENTERING OUR HOUSE on 21 June 1998, What happened that night is branded into my soul like a tattoo on my arm, impossible to remove. If only my family and I had been prepared for, or at least knew what was about to happen ...

I'll never forget answering the telephone. An English-speaking woman wanted to speak to my mother. Then, suddenly, the nightmare began. A man was standing in front of me with a stocking pulled over his head, saying to me, 'Get down on the ground, now!' At that moment the shock was so great that it felt as if my heart had stopped beating.

All of a sudden I had to endure the impact of a revolver's butt pounding into my ribs. Another blow to my head made me collapse to the floor. The only thing on my mind was the thought of death creeping closer, like a lion stalking its prey.

As I was being dragged down the full twenty metre length of the passage, I heard a voice which normally comforts me saying, 'Markus, look down and do whatever they say.' Then, I saw my mother, my flesh, my blood being kicked full-on in the face by some low life skunk.

We had to lie face down in the passage while the four men emptied out our safe. Nobody said a word. The only sound that we could hear was the sound of my younger sister crying. The tears were streaming down her cheeks.

Suddenly one of the men put his freezing hands around my neck and said, 'Get up now.' I only did this to make it easier for them to tie me up. Even though my hands were bound with only a short length of rope, it felt as if handcuffs were cutting into my wrists.

By this time all six of us were so shocked that we did whatever they told us to do. After a horrifying fifteen minutes of lying in the passage (which felt like a lifetime on the ice-cold tiled floor) they forced us into my sister's room, telling us to lie down or else we would be shot.

They shut the bedroom door. We could hear them running down the passage. Just the thought that I couldn't do anything (even though I am normally the man-of-the-house when daddy's not there) was driving me insane. At that time nobody in the family was anybody.

The sound of their footsteps in the passage is what I remember of the incident every time I think about what happened that night. It is still carved into my soul.

Markus van Niekerk (Form IV)



Arthur Hall

Over the edge

AS I CLIMBED THE LADDER, the world beneath me seemed to shrink. My legs turned to jelly and my heart beat heavily within my chest. ‘Am I crazy?’ I wondered. As I reached the top, relief flooded my being. The ascent was over. But that had been the easy part. I peered over the edge, my heart stopped and my body went limp. Below ant-like people were scurrying around and little toy cars rode the streets.

From way up here the world took on a different perspective. The water gleamed a clear crystal blue, emphasising the height from which I was about to plunge. Then a sudden surge of adrenalin took my body and threw it over the edge. The deafening wind drowned all other noises. My body stiffened just before impact and then, needle-like I pierced the water.

The next thing I knew, I was two metres under water with bubbles blurring around me in a swirl of confusion. I broke the surface, relieved to find all my limbs still intact and a surge of triumph overwhelmed me. I had conquered the ultimate jump – the ten metre!

Frank Flint (Form IV)

Painted toenails

THE BASSLINE PENETRATED my skin and created tremors within my bones. My limbs moved as if they were attached to strings that were controlled by some great puppeteer. Sweat poured from my forehead into my burning eyes, and from time to time I had to wipe my brow with my sleeve. My entire body shook from side to side, as though the puppeteer were wrestling with the strings and subsequently cutting them one by one. The music reached a crescendo. The near darkness was punctuated by thin and colourful beams of bright light. I could

feel the bodies around me moving almost in unison.

I felt a sweaty hand on my shoulder, ‘Dave, let’s go outside and cool down!’ shouted my friend. After a brief conversation we began our journey across the dance floor filled with frantic activity and frantic hormones. We eventually emerged from the stew of bodies. As I approached the exit, the flood of the outside artificial light almost blinded me. I blinked a few times, and again wiped my sweaty brow.

I opened my eyes and focused on ten beautifully painted toenails. They sparkled and twinkled like ten small and delicate oceans in which had been placed all the stars of the heavens. Intrigued by them my eyes continued on a voyage upwards, to discover two bronzed and shapely legs. Her skirt was just above her knees, and the material clung to her skin like a desperate, marine-blue admirer. Her exposed stomach was impressive and toned as if it belonged in Monaco or Mauritius. It was pure gold, apart from the ring of silver in the centre. Her shirt was black and complemented her outfit. It lay like a sultan over its treasures.

Her face was framed by layered blonde hair, which glowed like a halo in the light. It was a true blonde and hung like a curtain over the window of beauty. Her lips were as smooth as ice, but not as cold; they were alive with youthfulness – accustomed to exciting conversation and tender kisses. They were a warm red and in complete contrast with her deep blue eyes – penetrating eyes which looked through me. As she walked towards me I did not hear anything, nor did I see my friend walking into a crowd of activity. I caught a hint of her discreet perfume. Our eyes never once deviated from each other’s paths of vision, and miraculously, through all the chaos, we each managed a shy smile. The world had come to a halt for me. She looked me in the eyes, and I looked back at her. Our immature and fragile acquaintance had begun.

David Smith (Form IV)

Saving Grace

I WAS YOUNG then on that fateful summer day when my life felt insignificant and I realised what a small part of the greater scheme of things I actually played. At the age of ten years, knowing nothing of life and death, realisation came.

A few days into the school holidays, I decided to climb the roof, the dauntingly high roof. Black and dull, it seemed an exciting yet dangerous feat. At the top I was the King of all, and everyone below was less important than I was. I was the ruler of all. But with that very thought it happened. At my moment of glory, I slipped.

As I gained speed, sliding down the corrugated iron slant, the fall seemed imminent. Death would come quickly if I reached the edge. A three and a half metre fall onto solid concrete head first. I could taste the blood rushing to my head as I slid. Thoughts screamed through my mind. My life flashed before my eyes, and my sight became blurred.

But, out of nowhere a rod of life appeared. The sewer air pipe emerged in my path. The cold, stinking pipe which had meant nothing to me in days gone by, now shone with a heavenly light. It was my saviour, I threw my hands out in desperate anxiety to try and save myself; but it passed. In the wink of an eyelid my hopes were shattered. All I had left to save my life were my feet. I locked my ankles into place as my head hit the gutter and threw my legs around the pipe. The pain hit me like a heavy, rugged rock falling on my foot; but my plan had worked. With a jolt, I stopped.

My journey down the slanted rooftop will remain in my mind for eternity, even though it lasted only a few moments. That day, I faced death. I never wish to do it again.

Greg Thomas (Form II)

Symphony in Words

Allegro

SILENCE. Not a single vibration echoed in the perfect stillness. But then, hardly noticeable, a minute pianissimo rolled on my eardrums, a whisper of nature's breath glided through me. A tinkle of sweat slowly dripped down my cheek and formed an exquisite duet, a

clarinet and a triangle together in delicate beauty. A double bass, barely audible, seeped out of the rock and a true, stable note of a trumpet sounded as my foot came to rest safely on the next grip. My hand slid down to my chalk bag and immediately a warm cello emerged, as if assuring me that everything was going to be all right. A lone bird drifted past me and a flute echoed on the cliffs. The slow, steady movement of my arms seemed to conduct the wonderful sounds. My spirits hit their highest note and I was completely content, surrounded by a sublime ensemble called climbing.

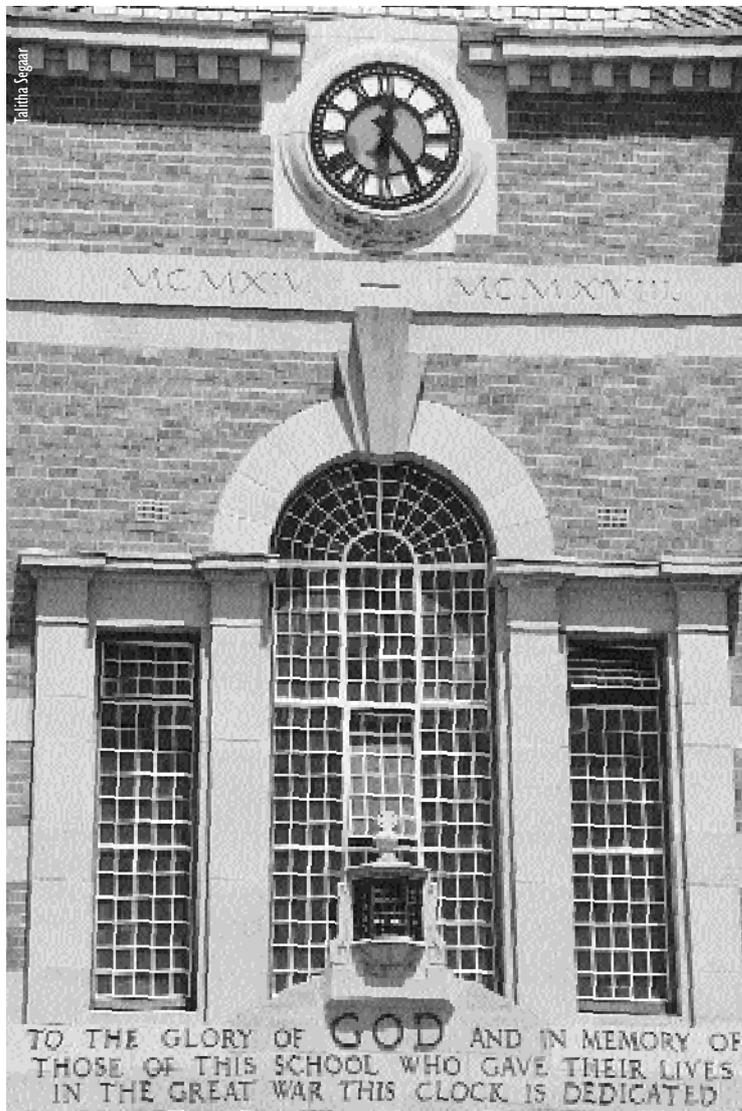
Adagio

A solid trombone rang out as I climbed onto a ledge and

when I turned around, a golden horn dazzled me with beauty and splendour. An incredible oboe flowed from my smile and wove intricate melodies between me and the sun, enhancing my wonder and joy. A piano rippled in the lake and a bass clarinet poured from the majestic mountains on the horizon. I listened in awe to the beautiful world for quite some time but then a threatening tuba began to creep across the sky – night was approaching and I still had a long way to climb. I turned from the music and began to climb once again but ever present was the dark tuba, lurking behind me, foreboding bad times to come.

Allegro Agitato

When I had climbed quite a way, a bassoon suddenly rumbled a fortissimo as a torrent of wind crescendoed. My mind became agitated, my thoughts wavered and a shrill piccolo



Your love pours on me like a soft drizzle on a mountain stream. And yet your love drowns me. 'I'll take the car. It'll look good!' I plead, I beg, 'at the concert!' Still your love prevails. How I live my life. I know what I want and what is good for me. 'I'll drive safely and I won't drink.' Why can you not let me be seventeen, Mom. 'I know I don't have a licence. What are the chances of someone driving into me with a ball and chain made of soft goose-feathers and taking me away. Why do you hate me so much? Why can't you let kids do what they want? 'Why are you always so careful, careful, careful! I am careful. You do. I am not like other teenagers. I think before I do. I am like silk. Soft to touch. Still, I cannot move. You know. You make me so cross! 'Leave it, Mom I want to speak to you again!' Why are you like this? You never let me do anything. You say it is for

Jozua Loots

John Illsley

John Illsley

Steve Cilliers

Jozua Loots

winter's morning. It flows over me like a cool
e and makes me grasp for air, for freedom. 'Let
but your love has a hold on me. 'And she'll be
can you think that you protect me? This is my
e. I want to go out and experience life. 'I'll drive
me go? I am old enough now. Wise enough. I am
but I drive better than most people. Even you!
e?' Your love binds me like a ball and chain. A
d it easily gives way. I want to get loose. Break
you not be like, like other moms who leave their
is so damn prudent?' Careful this, careful that.
o just not know me, Mother. 'Reckless, Reckless!
o!' Your love ties me up. Not with a rope, but with
think you are so wise! I have a rope a top, you
will be in my room for the rest of my life. I never
e this, Mom? You say you care for me, but you
r my own good, yet I never have any fun.

Jozna Louts

Jozna Louts

- Top left: The Inter-House Athletics Competition held on the rugby fields while the track is being rehabilitated.
- Centre far left: Massed bands playing in the late afternoon at the Centenary Pipe Band Gathering.
- Below far left: The newly constructed water polo pool.
- Top centre: Captain Corcoran (Dylan Martin) leading his able seaman in song.
- Below centre: Sandile Mabaso doing his Pavarotti imitation at the 'Hundred Years of Note'.
- Top right: Massed choirs and orchestras perform the finale of the Four Schools' Concert.
- Above: Matric Dance 2001 — classical archways greeted matrics and their lovely partners to the school.
- Left: Ludwig Taschner cultivated the Pretoria Boys High Centenary rose.

John Illsley



Arthur Hall

of fear pierced my heart. My body's kettledrum started to pound faster and faster and its resounding thumps beat on my chest. The harsh, rasping sound of my breath slowly joined in, my flailing arms seemed to conduct the dissonant percussion. Cymbals crashed periodically as my feet slipped on the rock while the lone cello from my chalk bag tried in vain to combat the terrible cacophony but everything around me was collapsing into turmoil and confusion. A thin violin added momentary comfort as I laid my hand on a tiny grip but soon my ears became strained and I was forced to find another handhold. Strings scurried below the rasping percussion as my legs scraped against the rock. The suspense and fear became unbearable.

A blaring trumpet screamed as I slipped from the rock. The cymbals clashed and crashed. The tuba groaned above me and the winds were howling. My body swivelled around and my arms conducted the world into a deafening dissonance ending in an almighty blast from the cold, cruel trumpet.

Daniel Prozesky (Form IV)

The road to paradise

THE ROAD TO PARADISE IS THE N2. That is, if you are a bodyboarder in search of waves in South Africa. This stretch of tarmac winds its way up and down the rainbow nation, through scorching semi-desert, polluted cities and ramshackle poverty. It occasionally snakes coastward to wave-rich surfing havens.

So, with the green demon van loaded to the brim, we left our isolated inland town in search of the holy road. Accompanied by a crazy Frenchman, a senseless punker and an anti-social surf-mutt, I felt more than prepared for the trip ahead. In the back, the punker was sleeping off the previous night of sin. I tried to drive while the Frenchman shrieked randomly to the tunes of Tupac. The stage was set for a divine if not bizarre, surf-quest.

For years I have dreamed of J-Bay, its winding, sandy beaches and impossibly long, tubing rights. I have pictured myself countless times on any one of those screaming walls pasted neatly on numerous magazine pages. Now, I hoped, the dream would become a reality. The problem was that I shared that dream with a few others – a few thousand others. On entering J-Bay my fears were confirmed. Only once we had passed the main road was it possible to orientate ourselves.

Living in the green demon for the next few days I was witness to the many faces of Jeffreys Bay. Now all we needed were waves. But the rocky point of dreams held out on us. Not even the awesome sunsets that caused the sky to explode in an array of colours, could settle our hunger for surf. The punker and I started chirping each other about who had the foulest body odour, or who snored the most and, had it not been for the Game-Boy stored under the seat of the demon, I think I would have gone crazy. We decided to leave the following day and found a parking lot for the night.

In the morning we made our way to the beach. There was not even a hint of swell. After various explicit words were traded off in English and some newly acquired French, we decided to waste our last day in Jeffreys Bay. Later, with the van packed with enough polony and rolls to last us a week, we took to the road once more. 'Just one last look!' the punker shouted out of a mouth stuffed pink with polony. The Frenchman mumbled in his limited Afrikaans, something that rhymed with mousse. I swung a hard right towards the beach.

At first we thought the head high sets were an illusion, brought on by frustration and a bad diet. After the next one came in we didn't need any more convincing. Suited up and running frantically towards the water, I couldn't believe it was all happening. After my first wave, I was filled with holy reverence. Some things just defy description, and a good wave at the world's best right is one of them.

Devon Light (Form IV)

Through the dreaded gate

THE SKY WAS DEEP BLUE with not a cloud in sight. The sun was beating down on the cricket pitch; there were seven overs to go, forty runs to win and a wicket in hand. A hint of uneasiness was in the air; both teams were playing their last game of the season and it was vital to end on a winning note. I was nervously sitting in the shade on a rusty-green metallic stand waiting for my turn to bat. It had been an eternity since I last faced a ball in a cricket game and I was unsportingly hoping that one of my teammates would be bowled, caught, struck by lightning – anything as long as I could have my moment in the sun. As the bowler let fly another vicious delivery, I looked up and saw a leg stump catapult out of the ground.

Finally my chance had come, my turn to single-handedly win the game and engrave my performance in the memory of every living being watching the game. I strode to the pitch, a cloud of anxiety surrounding me, my hands sweating furiously. My unfortunate teammate said something as he passed by. I heard nothing, engrossed as I was in a torrent of imaginings. I stepped up to the wicket, made my mark in line with the middle stump, raked away the sand debris in the crease and wiped the beads of sweat from my brow. I then settled into my stance, took a look around the field before turning my head to stare down the pitch to where the bowler had begun his run-up.

He started slowly and then came at me, faster and faster. He released the missile-like ball. I watched the cherry-red orb with its white and brown seam race towards me. I stepped forward, took a huge swing and felt a rush of air around me. I saw the ball go through the dreaded gate, the last few inches before it crashed into my middle stump with a deafening crack. Up popped the bails like champagne corks, and there lay the broken middle stump in the long green grass.

George Mathew (Form IV)

World That Cries

I saw nothing but debris
and a nation mourning.
I felt a sense of unsafety
and a terrible loss of life.

The WTC was crumbling
A gigantic structure falling
to ground-zero
Many families now have only memories.

And the sight
of a broken nation
Struggling to recover

Sean Shiels (Form II)

The widow

I see you, woman –
the thin patchwork wrinkles under your dark eyes,
the dry tears,
the pain that is like an invisible sheath over your face, the
poverty of your simple house.

I see your joys, woman –
the hopes of your children,
the love of your people,
your happiness in giving,
your love of this country.

I see you woman,
who stand at the back of the queue in the Department of
Home Affairs –
your frustration,
your ignorance;
I see that you are here to get a death certificate for your
late husband.

David Smith (Form IV)

Grootword is nie maklik nie

ANDERS AS WAT MENSE SOU DINK, is grootword nie altyd maklik nie. Eerstens moet ons altyd probeer om by die mode aan te pas ... die mode wat elke flippen maand verander! Ons moet altyd probeer inpas, probeer 'cool' wees. Vir sommiges van ons word dit vreeslik belangrik om te rook, selfs dwelms te gebruik. Dis nie altyd maklik om nee te sê vir al die dwelms as jou vriende dit gebruik nie en jou 'chicken' noem as jy nie mans genoeg is om te probeer nie.

En dan die hormone! Wanneer jy hare op snaakse plekke kry en jou stem diep word; wanneer meisies nie meer 'jiggie' is nie en ewe skielik heel skaflik begin lyk dis dan wanneer die swaarkry begin. Nou moet jy jousef skielik gedra voor die teenoorgestelde geslag. Jou mond word skielik styf en droog as jy in 'n meisie se geselskap kom; jou bene word lam en jy stotter wanneer jy probeer praat. Snags lê jy in jou bed en dink net aan een ding ...

Jy begin ook om 'nee' te sê vir jou ouers ... en dit veroorsaak heelwat bakleiery in die huis. Na 'n ruk wil jy nie eers meer met jou ouers praat nie. Hulle verstaan tog niks nie. Jy voel alleen en kwaad. Al waarvoor ouers nou goed is, is om jou rond te ry, sakgeld te gee en jou maag vol te hou.

Die eerste keer wat jy dronk word, voel jy soos 'n ware man. Vir die eerste keer suip jy net om dronk te word en omdat jy nie mag nie, om te rebelleer. Na 'n ruk vind jy uit dat alkohol vir lekker kuier en lekker voel is; dit smaak interessant en maak jou tong los voor die meisies.

Die moeilikste van alles, is dat jy groot besluite moet begin neem. Wat gaan jy eendag met jou lewe doen? Wie is jy regtig? Om dit alles uit te vind, verg baie energie ... Wie het gesê dis maklik om groot te word?

G Liebenberg (Vorm III)

yes, but is it art yes, but is it art
yes, byes, but is it art yes, but is
it art yes, but is it art yes, but is
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Jozua Loots

Vroegoggend op die strand

DIS NOG DONKER wanneer my wekker skril in my ore gil. Ek gryp my kamera, verkyker, driepoot, die lot. 'n Ysige briesie sny soos 'n vlymskerp lem deur my baadjie wanneer ek met my fiets teen die bult af snel.

Die strand is nog leeg en koud, net die branders knars teen die stokou skeepswrak 'n entjie van die rotse af. Ek gooi my fiets neer, vat al my gereedskap en klim die duin uit. Die sand knaag onder my voete en die skulpskerfies kielie my voetsole. Wanneer ek bo kom, stel ek my driepoot stewig in die sand op.

Die seesoutreuk hang met die geur van vreemde speserye in die lug. Die lens is opgestel en ek wag ...

Dit begin soos 'n rooierige skynsel op die horison. Die rooi-pienk skakerings verkleur die waterpoeletjies tussen die rotse. Op die strand spoel wit skuim oor oranje-rooi sandpatrone.

Dan steek hy sy blink kop agter die golwe uit. Ek spring op, my vinger op die kamera se skakelaar. Die goue, amber strale van die son skitter op die water. Stadig rys die bal al hoër en hoër ... todat dit net-net bokant die swart horisonstreep hang – 'n 'deurskyndruppel vuur' (soos die digter gesê het).

'Kliek' - die perfekte foto!

Jozua Loots (Vorm III)

Die Rooftog

'Onse Vader,
wat in die hemel is,
laat U naam geheilig word;
laat U koninkryk kom;
laat U wil geskied;
soos in die hemel, so ook op die aarde,' fluister die gemeente asof hulle in 'n droomtoestand is.

Die aarde soos die hemel?

Die woorde vloei deur my gedagtes, eggo deur my hele wese terwyl ons in die winkelsentrum rondloop. Ek word koud by die gedagte dat die aarde soos die hemel moet wees.

Die deurdringende reuk van motorrook kruip deur my neus en brand vas in my longe. My tong spring om die peperment wat ek nonchalant in my mond druk. Die winkelsentrum se ligte raak verlore in die grys mistigheid van die nag.

'Brendon, jou telefoon lui, antwoord die ding!.'

Brendon staar vir 'n oomblik na die selfoon. Dan antwoord hy.

'Haai, Ma, ons is hier.'

Sy woorde word skielik onderbreek deur die gekrap van 'n hees stem. 'n Growwe hand kry my leerkraag beet en trek my terug asof ek 'n hond aan 'n ketting is.

Ek probeer om my balans te hou. Dan voel ek 'n skerp voorwerp hard teen my rug steek. Ek probeer my mond oopmaak, maar my lippe is droog, so asof ek so pas 'n marathon gehardloop het. Die vrees word 'n kankeragtige klont in my keel wat my asem afsluit. Ek kyk na Brendon. Hy het ook 'n silwer mes teen sy keel.

'Gee my jou baadjie! Gee my jou foon! Gee my alles wat jy het!'

Hy vat alles by my en druk die harde voorwerp dieper in my rug in, so al asof hy wil sê dat hy steeds in beheer is. Brendon is net so hulpeloos. Ons is nou ook slagoffers. Hy stoot ons by die deur uit, in die donker steeg af.

'en vergewe ons ons sondes
soos ons dié vergewe wat ons seermaak ...'

Ryan Wiesner (Vorm IV)

Vandag

Vandag het ek die dood oorwin en 'n held geword.

Vandag het ek van 'n struikelblok 'n geleentheid gemaak.

Vandag het ek haar liefde verower.

Vandag het ek haar lojaliteit beleef.

Vandag het ek geleer hoe om te lewe.

Vandag het ek 'n leeftyd in 'n dag belewe.

Vandag het ek gelewe asof ek môre sou sterwe.

Vandag kan ek maar sterf -
want vandag het sy gesê
sy is lief vir my!

Jean Janse van Rensburg (Vorm IV)



Dis 'n wêreld om oor te lag en te huil

DIE GESEGDE DAT AS JY HUIL, jy alleen huil, en as jy lag, die wêreld saam met jou lag, is duidelik deur iemand geformuleer wat nie in ons alledaagse wêreld gewoon het nie. Dit is wonderlik waar en opbouend en motiverend as daarna gekyk word deur 'n idealistiese oogpunt.

Kyk 'n mens eger na hierdie stelling vanuit 'n meer realistiese hoek, sal jy onmiddellik agterkom dat die persoon wat hierdie soetsappigheid uitgedink het, geensins aan die mensdom waarin ons van dag tot dag lewe, gedink het nie. In die werklike lewe sal die hele wêreld eerder vir jou lag wanneer jy huil en dink dat jy van lotjie getik is as jy lag!

Dis om van depressief te raak. Ons wêreld gee ons baie meer rede om te huil as wat dit ons lagspiere prikkel. Veronderstel jou emosies verteenwoordig 'n rugbywedstryd. Span A se name is Simpatie, Troos, Liefde en Ondersteuning. Span B bestaan uit Jaloesie, Naywer, Gewelddadigheid, Haat en ander soortgelyke trawante.

Die skeidsregter in bogenoemde wedstryd is gewone Gesonde Verstand. Teen die aanslag van Span B se ondermynende taktiek, het die skeidregter nie veel kans nie. As ons na die aantal verkragtings, moorde, bedrieërye en agterbakse gekonkel kyk, is dit duidelik dat lang trane ons voorland is. Die enigste sneesdoekie om ons trane mee af te vee en ons neusies mee te snuit in hierdie onregverdige wedstryd, is ons Sin vir Humor. Of humor spesifiek aangewend word of spontaan gebeur, dit verseker dat 'n moedelose samelewing weer hulle sokkies optrek en vorentoe gaan op die lewenspad.

Ek is van mening dat die lewensuitkyk wat ons as inwoners van hierdie wêreld het, perfek opgesom word deur 'n Kaapstadse visserman. Dié brandarm, dog jolige kêrel het na 'n besoek aan sy bankbestuurder die volgende te sê gehad: 'Ek is tog so lief vir my bank! In dié sware tye het hulle my weer op my voete geplaas. Hulle het my so pas van my fiets onteien!'

Voorwaar, dit IS 'n wêreld om oor te lag en te huil.

Pieter Marais (Vorm V)

Dit is my plek

MY PLEK BESTAAN al vandat ek gebore is en sal by my bly tot ek die dag doodgaan. Dit sal saam met my sterwe. My hele lewe word in my plek gestoor, terwyl ek terselfdertyd vanuit my plek lewe.

Net ek alleen kan my plek betree. Ander kan by my kom hoor wat daar aangaan, maar hulle kan nie self daar insien nie. My plek gaan oral saam met my en ek kan enige tyd by my eie plek ingaan sonder dat iemand anders dit agterkom.

As ek inspirasie nodig het, is my plek die naaste en die beste plek om op te soek. Daar is geen tekort aan verbeelding nie. My plek is vol oorspronklike idees en planne. In my plek kan ek probleme oplos, sodat ek die wêreld om my beter kan verstaan.

Sonder foto's en dagboekinskrywings word my herinneringe hier gebêre, waar niemand dit kan steel of afloer nie. Dit is 'n veilige stoorplek vir die gedagtes wat ek wil bewaar: my eerste soen, die matriekafskeid, kreeftrek in Hermanus en die dag toe my hond my lewe gered het. Daar kan ek ook my planne vir die toekoms deeglik uitdink.

Voordat ek besluite neem, moet ek eers na my plek toe gaan en vir 'n paar oomblikke in stilte daar wegkruip. Daar kan ek goed en kwaad teen mekaar opweeg. In hierdie plek van my kan woeste storms losbars terwyl ek wik en weeg. In hierdie plek ontplof soms 'n oorlog as ek teen versoekings moet veg. Dan moet ek die stryd aanknoop om die verlokking te weerstaan en die regte besluite te neem.

Soos alle ander plekke, moet my plek ook skoongehou word, en net ek kan dit doen. Om te keer dat allerhande euwels inkom, moet ek alles deeglik sif voordat ek dit in my plek toelaat. Ek wil geen geweld, wellus of vuil taal in my plek toelaat nie; dus moet ek sulke dinge vermy.

My plek is klein en kan nie gesien word nie. Ek dra hierdie kosbare plek in my kop rond. Ander noem dit my gees, my siel of verstand ... maar ek noem dit my plek.

André Cilliers (Vorm V)

My family sits at the breakfast table and eats, savoring familiar smells of fresh coffee and burnt toast. I push the door back to the events of the day before. I push the door, still not repaired. He is sitting, still and silent, surrounded by comic sound effects and flashing brainwashing. He did not show up for movies last night; all of it is so strange. Tiny white pills cover the floor surrounding him. I look at him again, more carefully this time. His head hangs limply over the side of his chair. I step closer. It is frozen into an expression of pain and terror, his face a startling white colour and his lips an eerie blue. I stand in front of him. It is a sickening sight. I cannot move. Through the smell of pills and stale air, comes the smell of toast. Sheldon Trinder (Form IV) Morpheus after a dream of profound beauty. The sun appeared for the first time in a greyness left the earth and everything was covered in a light that seemed almost magical. The colours of everything were in a different manner. Every bush and plant radiate

ilent and machine-like in their actions. The
vaft into my nostrils and send me spiralling
or with all my strength. It opens reluctantly,
t, in front of the television, which is blaring
ictures of cartoon characters. I am upset; he
are annoyed with him. I notice something
nding his armchair, like grains of sand. I look
d leans over to the one side and his right arm
refully around the chair and examine his face.
or; his eyes bulge out of their sockets. His face is
ue. An empty pill bottle lies on the floor in
ve or talk or breathe or scream or run. Then,
he smell of his last meal - old coffee and burnt
r the rain. It WAS A GREY DAY, but it was a day
rst time at about sunset, and suddenly the
ed in a fantastically soft and warm light
ry single object seemed to come out in a surre-
d warmth, and as I looked at our far-

Die Pruik

AS 'N MENS DIE WOORD 'uitvinding' hoor, dink die meeste van ons aan groot idees soos motors, televisies, rekenaars en selfs die internet.

Vir my is dit anders. Ek dink aan al die manne wat geen hare het nie. Dan dink ek aan die blink idee wat iemand eenkeer in die verre verlede gehad het : die pruik - kunsmatige hare aanmekaar vasgewerk wat op jou kop gedra word om die min of geen hare weg te steek! Brilliant!

Nou kan al die ou vrygeselle sonder hare wat nog 'n vrou wil beïndruk, uitgaan sonder skaamte en bewonder word vir hulle dik boskasies.

Elke aand as hulle uitgaan, kan hulle verskillende style dra, ook 'n ander kleur as gister. Hulle hoef ook nooit weer na 'n haarkapper toe te gaan nie. As een van die pruike vuil raak, sit hulle dit maar net in die wasmasjien ... en as een oud raak, koop hulle maar net weer 'n nuwe een.

Die pruik is seker een van die bedagsaamste uitvindings van alle tye.

Geoffrey Chapman (Vorm III)



My Karretjie

Soos ek hier in my karretjie ry
gaan ons by soveel interessante plekke verby.
Ek voel hoe die wind deur my hare waai,
want ons ry vinnig om 'n baie skerp draai.

Ek hou daarvan om langs die see te stop,
dan hou ons die water baie fyn dop
en kyk versigtig of ons walvisse en dolfyne kan sien,
terwyl die karretjie rus na sy duisend myl maal tien.

My karretjie laat my nooit in die steek
en die enjin het nog glad nie gebreek;
my karretjie is getrou en lojaal
en vir my sommer baie spesiaal.

Lieb van Jaarsveld (Vorm II)

My Droommotor

My motor is die kleur van room
en bestaan op die oomblik net in my droom.

Die plan is om hard te werk
om so my droomwerklikheid te versterk.

Net die beste sal aan my eise voldoen,
al moet ek die verkoopsman oopmond soen!

My motor is net al te pragtig.
Hy is blitsvinnig en opdraandkragtig.

Die ergste is, hoe meer jy versnel,
hoe nader kom jy aan die hel.

My vriendekring sal sekerlik vergroot,
al moet hulle af en toe die motortjie stoot.

Al is die brandstofpryse nou baie duur,
gee die motortjie my myle se plesier.

Los my nou in my fantasieboom
sodat ek verder van my motor kan droom.

Greg Forrest (Vorm II)

Vorm III gedigte na aanleiding van die Verhaal van die Verlore Seun
I

Ek wil opstaan

Ek wil opstaan
Ek wil teruggaan
Ek wil ophou bewe

Ek wil weer normaal lewe
Weg van die rotte
En die donker vuil grotte ...

Hiervoor is ek moeg, moeg, moeg
maar,
is ek mans genoeg?

Ek was te haastig, te vinnig om te gaan,
en nou –
nou slaap ek buite
onder die maan.

Dis nou tyd:
Ek sal opstaan

Ek sal huis toe gaan.

Ryan Burns (Vorm III)

II

Nog steeds 'n kind

My klere is nat en vuil
Al wat ek wil doen is huil ...
Hier sit ek in die winterwind -
na alles ...
nog steeds net 'n kind.

Ek vra net 'n bietjie brood
daarsonder voel ek moeg en
half dood.
Mense sê ek is 'n dief -
het iemand my nog lief?

Ek verlang so na Pa en Ma,
om weer skoon, warm klere te dra.
Ek is te moeg om te gaan slaap
onder die yskoue maan.
Dis nou tyd:
Ek wil nou huis toe gaan ...
Ek sal opstaan

A. Melck (Vorm III)

III

Pa

Pa, ek wil jou sien
ek wil jou omhels
en vir jou sê ek is lief vir jou ...

Pa,
ek weet jy is ook lief vir my
so lief
dat ek in die môre kan opstaan
en weet
jy is lief vir my

Ek is gelukkigste man in die wêreld
met 'n pa
soos
jy.

Kush Padia (Vorm III)

IV

Die vlieë is orals

Die vlieë is orals
op my bene
arms
Ek is vuil
siek
en naer in my siel
Ek is honger

maar kan net varkkos eet.
Ek is dors
maar om my is daar net dik, dik

modder
Wat is ek?
Wie is ek?

Is ek ook 'n vark?

A. Berndt (Vorm III)

Ter herinnering aan die Anglo-Boere-oorlog

I

Die graf

DIT REËN. Dit reën ook in sy hart. Daar is niemand
by hom nie. Al sou dit nie gereën het nie, sou daar
in elk geval niemand gekom het nie. Die onewe
grond waarop hy staan, verraai die plek waar die kis onder
die grond lê, 'n klein, kort kissie. Al wat hy hoor, is die ges-
pat van die water op die modder om hom.

Die weer dreun. Die man val vooroor en sy trane meng
met die water op die graf, die graf van sy seun.

Dit was 'n glorieryke oorlog; 'n regverdige oorlog teen
oppressie en tirannie, 'n oorlog vir vryheid en onafhank-
likheid. Ons het God op ons skouers gedra, geglo Hy is aan
ons kant. Ons kon eers nie wag om te gaan veg nie ... en
toe kon ons nie wag om weer huis toe te kom nie.

Nou, na maande in ballingskap, is alles in ruïnes. Die
huise is afgebrand, die vrouens en kinders weggevat. Al wat
hier voor hom lê, is leë verlatenheid. Sy vrou is dood in die
krygsgevangenekamp; sy seun, siek en swak is in sy arms dood.

Hy staan op en vee sy gesig af. Dit reën nog, net sagter.
Hy wonder of die Engelse families nie ook graftes van hulle
eie het nie. Kan hy sy lewe teen die van 'n Engelse kind
opweeg? Dis soos 'n som wat regverdig is ... maar tog maak
die uitslag geen sin nie.

Hy stap weg, die grys mistigheid in.
Alleen.

K. Tee (Vorm III)

II

Die Soldaat

DIE WEERMAGTROK kom met skreeuende remme
tot stilstand. Die jongman spring van die voertuig af
met 'n bruin rugsak oor sy skouers en wuif met een
songebrande hand die bestuurder toe voordat hy vinnig in
die plaaspaadjie af draf na die ou plaashuis in die verte.

Weerligstrale skryf hiërogliewe teen die donkerblou
hemel. Die wind ruk parmantig aan die sifdeur van die kom-
bus. Dis hier waar hy sy ma wil verras waar sy soos gewoon-
lik voor die stoof staan met haar bont voorskoot aan. Hy
steek vas in die deur, want daar staan 'n vreemde, jong vrou
met haar rug na hom toe voor die wasbak.

Sy trek haar asem vinnig in van skok toe sy hom gewaar,

maar dadelik verander die vraagtekens in haar oë na uitroepetekens as sy hom herken. Met een tree is sy by hom en omhels hom.

Hy kan dit nie glo nie. Dit is sy klein sustertjie wat nou 'n mooi jong vrou is. Hulle huil en lag tegelyk totdat sy hom by die kombuistafel laat sit en hom die hartseer verhaal vertel.

Sy ma, wat al die jare niks van hom gehoor het nie, is een stormagtige nag van 'n gebroke hart oorlede. Sy swak pa het haar gou gevog.

Die volgende oggend staan die twee voor die twee grafte. Die eerste strale van die oggendson blink op die dounat gras om hulle. Die dankbaarheid oorweldig hom. Hulle wat hier begrawe lê, het deur hulle gebede gesorg dat hy veilig tuis is. Hy is gespaar om weer sy voete op sy geboortegrond te sit; die rooibruin grond wat hy gaan omskep in landerye vir sy nageslag.

B. Viljoen (Vorm III)



J de Wet (Form IV)

Schule ohne Mädchen

NACH DREI MONATEN SCHULERFAHRUNG in Deutschland, freue ich mich wieder zurück zu sein in Boys High, denn hier brauche ich nicht jeden Morgen überlegen was ich zur Schule anziehen soll; ich greife bloß zur Schuluniform. Statt Turnhalle-Disziplin, kann ich wieder im Freien herum rennen und schwimmen. Doch, die größte Erleichterung: ich bin die Mädchen los! Ich brauche mir nicht mehr ihr unsinniges Quatschen und Kichern anzuhören und kann mich endlich wieder auf mein Studium konzentrieren. Ohne Mädchen in der Schule, kann ich tun und sagen was ich will. Ich brauche nicht zweimal zu überlegen was die Mädchen wohl dazu meinen würden. Nur ein Problem hab' ich doch jetzt: was mach' ich bloß zum Matrikantz?

André Cilliers (Form V)

Der Angler am Meer

Hier stehe ich, ganz allein
und schaue übers Meer.

Die Sonne ist grad aufgegangen —
ich seh' den hellen Kern:

Rot wie Blut; jedoch helle
steigt sie in den Himmelraum.

Das Wasser unten, dunkelblau —
die Wellen schwarz mit weissem Schaum.

Wasser, Wasser weit und breit
und tief unten, große Fische;
doch, die Angel bleibt stets leer —
'drum ist Anglers Leben schwer.

Herman van Rooyen (Form IV)

Sonnenaufgang auf der Wildfarm

NACH LANGER WANDERUNG, bin ich endlich mal wieder heimgekehrt zur Wildfarm, wo ich mich erholen kann. In alle Herrgotts Frühe bin ich heute aufgestanden und sitze jetzt hoch oben in meinem beliebten Baum, sodass ich den Sonnenaufgang mit erleben kann.

Tief im Tal, liegt das graue Feld in Tau gehüllt. Sehr langsam und bescheiden erscheint die Sonne am Horizont. Allmählich werden ihre Strahlen heller und in weiter Ferne sehe ich zwei große Elefanten, die noch ganz still und schläfrig um sich schauen, scheu vor den immer greller werdenden Sonnenstrahlen. Allmählich erwacht die Natur. Es tagt um mich hin — die Sonne ist aufgegangen!

Christian Engelbrecht (Form IV)

Wasserball

WASSERBALL IST EIN FASZINIERENDER SPORT. Es ist nicht so eintönig wie Schwimmen und ist viel aufregender als Fußball.

Wasserball ist sehr beliebt in den europäischen Ländern und man wetteifert sogar bei den Olympischen Spielen um die Meisterschaft.

An einem heißen Tag, ist ein Wasserballspiel sehr erfrischend. Eine Mannschaft besteht aus sieben Spielern und jeder Spieler hat eine ganz besondere Funktion. Wenn zwei Mannschaften im Wasser sind, ist es schwierig sie von einander zu unterscheiden, deswegen tragen sie andersfarbige Schwimmkappen.

Ich mag Wasserball und glaube, es ist der beste Sport, den es gibt auf der Welt.

Michal Wronski (Form II)

Le premier bonheur du jour

Le premier bonheur de mon jour est chaque matin quand je me réveille et je vois le soleil blanc qui brille joyeusement dans ma chambre, et j'écoute les oiseaux qui chantent dans les arbres.

Le premier chagrin du jour est quand je vais à la cuisine pour dire «Bonjour» à mon chien mais je ne le vois pas, parce qu'il ne m'attend plus.
Il est mort.

Le dernier bonheur du jour est quand je finis mes devoirs. C'est déjà très tard, mais je suis heureux. Je vais être très triste quand je réalise que je dois aller à l'école le lendemain. Et cette réalisation est le dernier chagrin du jour.

Aiden East (Form IV)

L'Aigle

L'aigle est le roi du ciel
Il plane sur le vent
Il plane au dessus de son royaume
Il cherche sa proie.

Sur la terre, un rat mange
la graine de blé
malgré le danger au-dessus.

L'aigle regarde le rat

et il prépare son attaque.
Avec grande habileté, il prend
le rat. L'aigle rentre à son nid.

L'aigle reste sur la montagne
il surveille son royaume magnifique.

David Steyn (Form IV)

L'éléphant

Il sort de la brousse
très silencieusement
Mais soudainement ...
Il pousse un arbre
Avec une puissante force l'arbre tombe.

C'est le modèle de sagesse

Une mémoire d'éléphant est très bonne
Il se rappelle beaucoup de jours:
Les jours malheureux
Les jours merveilleux
L'arrivée de l'homme blanc
La saison où il ne pleuvait pas

Les innombrables réminiscences
toutes réservées entre deux oreilles battantes
Son royaume sera toujours l'Afrique.

David Smith (Form IV)



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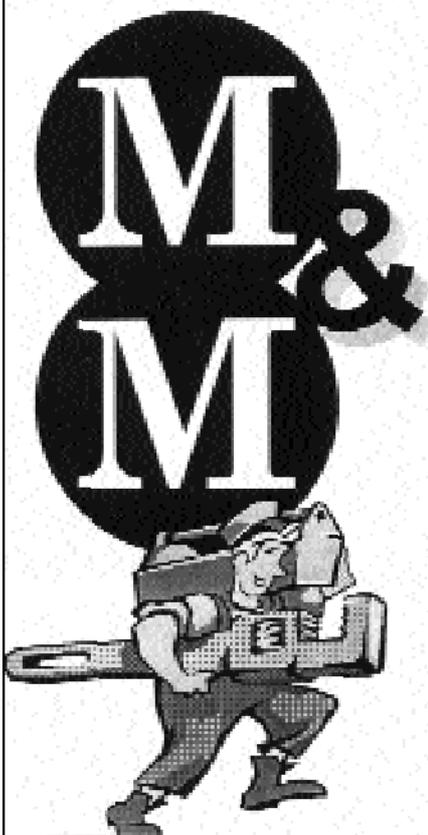
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