

## The sound of thunder

The first time I heard it, it came as a shock –  
 I'm actually surprised my heart didn't stop.  
 For this incredible 'bang' could be heard all around  
 And both of my eardrums started to pound.  
 But straight away, I knew what I'd heard –  
 It was that rocket powered, mechanical bird,  
 And this great machine was the highlight for me;  
 It was the machine we'd all come to see  
 The Lightning was this mighty bird's name;  
 It made other jets look as if they were tame,  
 Breaking the barrier with the greatest of ease;  
 Made most grown men go weak at the knees.  
 It put on for us an amazing display  
 And left the crowd talking for many a day.  
 And each time this beast is set into flight  
 It becomes a tribute to the two brothers Wright.  
 For without these two brothers who decided to try  
 To build a contraption they could use to fly,  
 We might never have even been able to wonder  
 About the Lightning and its Sound of Thunder.

*Jason Webber (Form III)*

## Silence

'You may begin!'

Those are the last three words that you'll hear  
 And for many those words can only bring fear –  
 From this point on there will be no more sound;  
 Exams have begun and it's felt all around.

As time passes by you become more aware –  
 It's like the silence gives you glasses to wear.  
 You start to see things you normally would not –  
 The ones who have studied, the ones who forgot,  
 The tension on their faces, the beads of sweat,  
 The looks in their eyes, the signs of regret,  
 But all you can do is get on with your own;  
 These tests need to be done, by all ... alone.

'Pens down please!'

Just like before, it's another three words,  
 But this time they're good, like the singing of birds.  
 It has taken six words to start and to stop  
 A two hour silence, and an exam clock.

*Jason Webber (Form III)*

## The artist

My mind like a river  
 running cold and discreet  
 gracefully flowing to the  
 mountain's feet.

But thrashing and foaming  
 and gushing around  
 consumed by the falls  
 it drops to the ground.

This pure white canvas  
 i strive to distort  
 ridding my abstract of  
 rational thought.

Out flows all i know  
 out spills all i think  
 talk through a pastel  
 and linger in ink.

Then ember-red rage  
 and blood-purple pain  
 find me in the dark  
 under graphite-grey rain.

But hostility clouds  
 will erode into jade  
 emotion prevails  
 and shadows will fade.

Then content but weary  
 I'll crawl into sleep  
 and now down a new mountain  
 my river will creep.

*Barry-Jay van Wyk (Form III)*



*J-W Yoo (Form V)*

## The outsider

As the end of my matric year approaches, I can't help but remember the first day Joachim joined our class. It is as though it was yesterday. After leaving an affluent private school in Kwa-Zulu Natal, Joachim walked into our class in Form II as the most frightened of all 'new boys', something quite common at our prestigious but rather intimidating institution. His reason for changing schools, as I learnt much later, resulted in his looking decidedly out of place amongst the brotherhood of Mrs Mrs Stanton's tutor group.

I never considered myself the popular, social whirlwind who joked with every exhalation and attracted female-attention with magnetic ease, but befriending Joachim a while after he had processed the initial, overwhelming impression of the best school in the world, felt very much like social suicide. He was European – tall, pale, spotty – and managed to look permanently 'influenced' (by sleep, the lack thereof, or some narcotic). I had many friends, some even great friends, so donating any time or attention to Joachim, was just that – a donation.

So what happened between then and this traffic jam on my way to the airport? Movies, compulsory attendance at school events, and trust. That about sums it up. I was surprised how many interests I could share with a born outcast. He had left his first high school because of the immense teasing, but he wasn't sensitive about the matter. This I realised, as we approached the turn-off, must have been why I pursued the most eccentric of all my friendships – the fact that Joachim's views, ideas, idiosyncrasies

and that darn obnoxiousness, were all set in stone.

The universe never ceases to amaze when it comes to placing someone on one's path. Beyond the superficial judgement, I found the most interesting and understanding person. During the last four years I could never manage to convince even the closest of my other friends of his credibility, so I never stopped trying to be the best friend, and apparently, only friend, that Joachim needed. Films, music, books, philosophy, religion, families, sports, even academic achievements – no two people could be more alike, yet appearances could make people think of us as enemies.

Now as he flies to Japan, and as I fly to Seattle in six month's time, we will have only emails to connect two very different dots across the universe. But, as the universe would have it, I'm the one who struggles to say goodbye this evening. In sharing the smallest amount of acceptance, Joachim flourished as the strong personality he's always been. I, on the other hand, took away more from our friendship than I knew could be given. He pulled me up during my worst battles, and now I cast a shadow of my own. I don't doubt he'll quickly find his place, even in the most foreign of Earth's corners. He should be proud though to know that I, his friend, am no longer afraid to be the outsider amongst any social circle. The outsider gains perspective, understanding, growth and can one day, hopefully, even become one of the Joachim's of the world.

*Charl van Rooyen (Form V)*



P Molver (Form V)

## The Gathering

And it came to pass in the days of Schroder the priest, that the tribe of the people dwelling in the hill country, east of the waters of Magnolia did gather together to gain wisdom in what is called, in the tongue of the land 'exams'. And the elders of the land, the wise men and maidens, the captains of 30, and 60, and 100, did walk between the gathering of the young men, doing what is called, in the tongue of the land 'invigilation'.

And behold, when the bells of the temple did sound, the young men in their garments of red and green, did open their scrolls. And their faces grew pale, and there was weeping and gnashing of teeth in the temple of wisdom and the young men of the tribe were afflicted. And the elders and maidens and captains of the tribe did march between their ranks and did rejoice in their suffering for behold, the young men of the land had been wayward.

And behold there was peace in the temple such as the elders of the land often prayed for.

May such peace long continue.

Amen

*Peter Grobler (Staff)*



K McEvoy

## Haiku

The leaves in the tree  
Swaying gently in the breeze  
Changing colour soon.

*Keill Gray (Form 1)*

A tree has fallen  
Shocking yet so majestic  
It destroys my heart.

*Freddie Boshoff (Form 1)*

Crashing and splashing  
Torturing the sandy beach  
The waves celebrate.

*Coenraad Erasmus (Form 1)*

Wings flap silently  
A beautiful butterfly  
Lands on a flower.

*Ben Rath (Form 1)*

The sun and the moon  
Light and dark sides of our lives  
How magnificent.

*Donovin Coles (Form 1)*



Thomas de Bruyn

## A South African's Regret

South Africa, I love you –  
A golden land of life,  
In rainbow displayed.  
But you tear us apart with ruthless guns  
Scarring the beauty  
For a past condemned,  
So that my friends seek  
Refuge on continents of ice  
And leave me here  
To see my country destroyed.  
I cry for you,  
The land I love,  
And will one day leave.

*Beyers de Vos (Form IV)*

## Africa

Africa is beautiful  
And when she is alive  
There is wonder everywhere.  
The sky is blue and the winds are fine  
And the dust dances across  
Great golden plains.  
But when Africa is dead  
Then a devastating hopelessness  
Descends over grey, fallen trees  
And empty waterholes.  
The land becomes dead and dark  
And the elephants lift high  
Their trunks and their  
Tears fall on the resting waste.

*Beyers de Vos (Form IV)*



## Raging fury

Last week was our chance to play Eldoraigue  
 A team that left others lying in pain;  
 A side known for using only the best,  
 A side with which many couldn't contest.  
 This was a team that would give Affies a go  
 And to even Grey Bloem a few things they would  
 show.  
 But I didn't care about what they had done –  
 What worried me was their number one.  
 Everyone was talking about Ollie the prop –  
 He was the guy that no one could stop.  
 He was as tall as a lock but had plenty more  
 weight;  
 Those who got in his way were left in a state.  
 But as the game progressed I knew it would come –  
 The time I would tackle that big number one.  
 That time arrived when we were caught in the  
 wrong  
 And I was left to face Ollie coming head-on.  
 A quick tap and go was what had occurred,  
 After which I was left with my memory blurred.  
 I had stopped the beast but it had taken two more  
 To get that big prop down onto the floor.  
 That day Eldoraigue walked away with a win  
 And our faces were left deprived of a grin.  
 But the next day at school we were known as the  
 three  
 Who managed to stop that raging fury.

*Jason Webber (Form III)*

## Porcelain love

Like a porcelain plate  
 My heart falls  
 Fragilely  
 To the ground.

Like a tree in winter  
 My heart cracks  
 Reluctantly  
 In two.

Like hunted prey  
 My heart perishes  
 Slowly  
 Sliding into nothing.

Like confused dawn  
 My heart returns  
 Knowingly  
 To be broken again.

*Beyers de Vos (Form IV)*



H-K Lee (Form V)

## My grass is green

It is no secret that over the past few years many  
 South Africans have left our country in search of  
 greener pastures, lured by stronger currencies and  
 safer environments. Although many have found  
 their grass to be greener, they have also soon realised  
 that they have to mow it themselves.

Until recently, I did not pay this phenomenon  
 much thought, but I was forced into doing some  
 serious thinking when my father declared that he  
 was fed up with living in a constant state of high  
 security and that we were emigrating to Australia. It  
 seemed that my father's mind was made up and, no  
 matter how much we argued and fought our case,  
 he did not budge. Our predicament was aggravated  
 when my father was held at gunpoint while at the  
 bank the very next week. Our fates were sealed. It  
 seemed that we were to become Aussies and nothing  
 we said or did was going to change this fact.

Many of my friends were telling me that I was  
 being silly, even stupid; that the women in Australia  
 are of the highest quality and that it possesses some  
 of the best beaches in the world. I knew that I was  
 being stubborn, but no matter how many times I  
 was told that if I stayed I would be stuck here, or  
 that South Africa was going downhill and that it was  
 only a matter of time before we followed in many  
 other African countries' footsteps, I stood firm. It  
 was my turn to be stubborn.

My father finally relented slightly and said that we  
 would discuss this matter further, but he wanted to  
 know why I was so attached to this country. I told  
 him that when I wake up every morning, I want  
 to be in a place that I love, a place that may not be  
 perfect, but in my eyes I would rather have to lock  
 a few doors and be a little streetwise than turn my  
 back on my country of birth, the place that I love. I  
 am proudly African and more importantly, proudly  
 South African.

*Andrew van der Westhuizen (Form IV)*



K McEvoy

## And then, of course, there's the military solution

Joining the military is not something I have dreamed about. Of course, most teenagers' parents would want their children to grow up and become a doctor or an engineer and one day make more money than they did. That was my parents' dream for me, but I had other plans; I promised myself that I would never make a living by sitting behind a desk from seven in the morning till five in the afternoon.

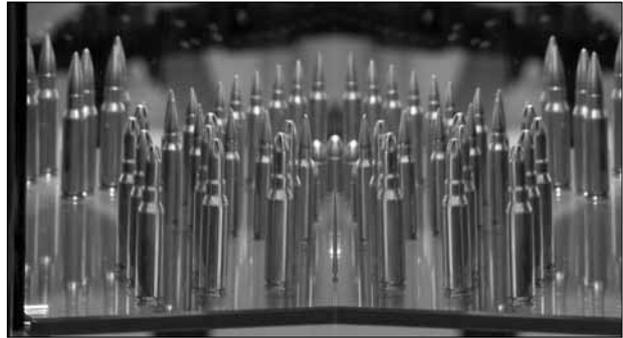
So far I have tried to live my life to the full as an extremist. Two years ago, I had need for an adrenalin rush, so instead of trying to apply to a university, I started applying to the military for a job that pays well and can keep my adrenalin rush going. The next step for me was to find something in the military that would satisfy me. After speaking to many ex-military men and women, I found something. I was addicted to it, and I had not even tried it yet. This new great passion is diving – deep sea diving.

For my seventeenth birthday I did diving courses and progressed to become an advanced diver. I loved every moment of it. When diving I felt as if I were going to die of ecstasy.

## You know when you are living in South Africa when ...

I was sleeping peacefully when suddenly my dream became mingled with the sound of a screeching alarm. I thought that it was just another false alarm thanks to our dog, which is a very common occurrence, but when I listened carefully I could hear other noises. The noises sounded like muffled banging sounds, which kept going like a rhythmic drum beat, and a man shouting. I am 'fortunate' enough to live in a kind of flat separate from the rest of the house. I even have my own alarm system but it wasn't my alarm that was making the terrible noise; it was the main house's alarm. I now had two choices: I could like in bed and hope that this terrible orchestra would die down so that I could go back to sleep, or I could turn off my alarm and peek out of my door to see what was happening. Option three: calling my parents and asking them what was happening, would have been the best plan of action, but as I live in South Africa, my phone had been stolen the previous week.

I decided to go for option one and a half. I waited until the noise died down and only when I was



Jared Burchell

The following year my parents offered to buy me a car when I turned eighteen but I declined and asked for my skipper's licence. My reason was so that I would have as many qualifications as possible by the time I get to the navy. My parents were proud of my choices and wanted to reward me by paying for me to study after the Navy, but they both knew that they would struggle financially. That is when the Navy opened my eyes. The Navy is willing to pay for my studies in under-water film photography.

The Military is the best solution for me!

*Andrew McLuckie (Form V)*

sure that it was safe did I turn off my alarm, check with my door open only slightly that there weren't any obvious criminals and make a mad dash through the kitchen to the lounge where I saw my father on the phone to the police. I saw what had happened.

There was shattered safety glass strewn across the floor and a giant hole (fortunately only hand-sized but still pretty impressive) in one of our glass doors, and our Sentech modem was missing.

My father put down the phone and explained to me that these 'people' had jumped over our wall from the empty house next door. Even though the alarm was screeching, they persisted and managed to beat a hole in the glass which was almost as strong as bullet-proof glass, and then stole a modem that would be useless to anyone unless they signed up for a Sentech contract which included a free modem!

I then knew for certain that I was living in South Africa.

*Charles Killer (Form III)*



## Proudly South African

Some say I'm South African. I say I'm not just South African, I'm proudly South African. And that's Proudly with a capital P.

While we're busy writing down words with capital letters – I'd like to put a few more on paper: 'Unity is Strength.'

I am a sixteen year old boy. But not just any boy. I wasn't born expecting the world to do me any favours, but with a touch of 'can-do' attitude, a modest portion of 'elbow-grease' and a large inheritance from my father – I will change the world.

Nelson Mandela possess all these qualities. Using them he cast and fashioned and shaped South Africa into what it is today. I am thrilled to see our country stand as tall as it does at present.

For many years, Africans were denied freedom. During this oppression, I am sure that hatred flourished. Extreme racism was, for most, the order of the day, whilst the silent majority were working, secretly and ceaselessly, for the day when their long-suppressed anger could be spat into the white faces of their oppressors. Abraham Lincoln once said, 'Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves.' I am glad Mr Mandela modified this to: "Those who deny freedom to others, should live in tolerance and mutual respect, so as to see the errors of their ways."

In struggling for equality, we often see South Africa as the metaphorical 'half-empty glass'.

We search for all that is wrong, yet we have, under our noses, countless quirks that are typically South African and bring smiles to our faces.

To find all the things that force a grin to spread across my face, was not very difficult at all. I did not even have to look any further than my everyday experiences.

I so enjoy saying, 'Howzit!' to someone and getting, in reply, a great big smile and a 'Hola, mashak.' Where else in the world would you see three grown men pay for their 'teksi-ride', but before getting into the minibus, help push-start the vehicle? How many times have we experienced absolute happiness after seeing Mr Mandela works his 'Madiba Magic'?

Nowhere else have I seen a child's smile grow so wide when given 'ma sweetie'. And only in South Africa will one see a man point at this home and exclaim, 'Temples are never built in one day. But mine, this shack, was built in half a day.'

I think Thomas Jefferson put it best when he said, 'My God! How little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy.'

We are a nation of many races, a plethora of differing religions, a few genders and countless tongues. Some people say, 'Birds of a feather flock together.' I agree. We're all South Africans. Proudly.

*Antony Vervoort (Form IV)*



P Coni (Form V)



## Life is like a train ride

Life is like a train ride. We get on. We ride. We get off. We get back on and ride some more. There are accidents and there are delays. At certain stops there are surprises. Some of these will turn into great moments of joy, some will result in sorrow.

When we are born and first board the train, we meet people who we think will be with us for the entire journey. These people are our parents. Sadly, this is far from the truth. Our parents are with us only for as long as we need them. They have a journey of their own to complete. There are others who board the train and who eventually become very important to us. These people are our brothers, sisters and friends.

Some people will come across many upsets, tears and losses on their journey. Others will linger on to offer a helping hand to anyone in need. Some people on the train will leave an everlasting impression when they get off. Some will get on and get off the train so quickly that they will scarcely leave a sign that they ever crossed one's path.

We will sometimes be upset that some passengers whom we love, will choose to sit in another compartment and leave us to travel on our own. We may not even be able to sit next to them because that seat will already have been taken. Never the less we must strive to make the best of our journey, no matter what.

We must remember that at any moment during our journey any one of our travel companions can have a weak moment and be in need of our help. We too may hesitate, even fail to help, but hopefully we can count on someone being there to be supportive and understanding.

The bigger mystery of our journey is that we do not know when our last stop will come. Neither do we know when our travel companions will make their last stop - not even those sitting on the seats next to us. I know that I will be sad to make my final stop. I am sure of it. My separation from all those friends which I made during my train ride will be painful. Leaving all those I am close to will be a sad parting. But then again, I am certain that one day I will get to the main station, there to meet up with everyone else. They will all be carrying their baggage, most of which they did not have when they first got onto this train.

I will be glad to see them again. I will also be glad to have contributed to their baggage and to have enriched their lives, just as much as they will have contributed to my baggage and enriched my life.

We're all on this train ride together. Above all, we should all strive to make the ride as pleasant and as memorable as we can, right up until we each reach the final stop, and leave the train for the last time.

*Jarryd Wood (Form IV)*

## Behind those blue eyes

It was an ordinary May morning. The sun was shining and the wind was blowing. I came home from school as usual. All of a sudden my mother burst into tears. I ran towards her and asked what was the matter. She told me. I could feel my heart beating in my throat, my stomach turned and a river of tears poured from my eyes like a waterfall. My grandfather, Parky, had had a stroke.

I was young at the time, twelve or so. It was emotionally difficult for me. My mother left that evening on a flight to Belgium to assess the damage. The June holidays were at hand, so my sister and I would join my mother and grandparents soon.

The June holidays soon came and we were off. The first time I saw Parky in his new state I noticed his hollow cheeks and his now lifeless blue eyes. It took him some time to register who I was. At that moment I knew that my life had changed forever. Before this stroke of bad luck befell my family, we had been happy and Parky was the life of the party, and Mr Fix-it. He would climb onto the roof and clean the gutter – all this at the ripe old age of seventy-eight. We would go on safari and see who could spot the highest number of animals, and at night we would gaze up at the stars. Life then was like a dream.

Parky now is a different person. His body is frail. He sleeps for about nineteen hours a day and walks a lot more slowly. His mind has changed. He is no longer the life of the party. He will sleep with his head suspended in the air at a restaurant table. He can no longer take a joke. He can no longer distinguish between right and wrong. It is as if there is another soul within him metamorphosing him into a different person.

I know that it is impossible to change the past and I can not change him to his former self. There are still the few moments when the old Parky will emerge, only for a moment, with a little joke or funny comment. There are the moments when I wonder how life might have been, and I wonder what is going on behind those blue eyes. Sometimes Parky's silence makes me wonder, or hope, that he will jump up and say, "Got you!"

*Jean-Eduard Smeets (Form V)*

## Apartheid

Although she is dead  
 She still lurks  
 In the dusty corner,  
 With the old tennis racquets  
 That we dare not look at,  
 Under the carpet you bought  
 In Sunnyside ... when it was still  
 'Safe'.  
 We like to say we conquered her.  
 Sounds nice, don't you think?  
 Yes, she sits,  
 Licks her wounds.  
 She's bleeding to death,  
 Slowly,  
 And we are covered by her  
 Soft velvety blood,  
 Welcoming it,  
 Like the farmers welcome rain,  
 Drenched by it.  
 But hush!  
 Tell no one.  
 We conquered it, remember?  
 Didn't we?

*Tyron Hopf (Form III)*

## Gentleness

When winter come,  
 When rain turns to snow,  
 High in the clouds  
 A flake starts to grow.  
 And as this flake floats  
 Down onto the ground,  
 It moves through the air  
 Without making a sound.  
 And after it's made  
 Its gentle descent,  
 It touches the dirt  
 Or maybe cement.  
 And as morning dawns  
 And the sun warms the  
 land,  
 This flake starts to melt  
 And enriches the sand.

*Jason Webber (Form III)*



Mike Turner

## Childhood is measured out by sounds, smells ... and sights.

As I wake up, the copper-red sun peeks over the melted rock on the edge of the distant horizon. The warm wind blows, as the dancing trees bend to the birds' songs outside my window. I long to join the birds on their insect hunt, but there are more important adult matters to deal with. Today is my first day of school.

After getting dressed and equipped, Mum gives me a reassuring hug that creases my starched uniform. She wraps me up with her love, to protect me.

Khaki-kitted hunters, my brother and I, set off on our three block journey to school. His big hand engulfs mine, warming my soul and drawing out my icy fears. I feel like a bird in a cage while I walk. My heavy shoes and bag hold me captive.

The rainy summers have nourished the greenest of grass, which the winter will envy. The air smells of earthworms seeking the fresh air on the surface of the damp soil. The wind urges me on, while blinding me with my shaggy hair. The journey is long, like my brother's strides.

Once in the school, my brother leads me through a maze of corridors and classrooms to mine. Laughter and joy bounce off the brick walls around us, mocking me and my mask.

I am alone suddenly. In a room full of boys. I choke back the waterfall that my eyes try to release. A familiar face jumps in front of me and my tears are held back by a friend's happiness and smiles. The teacher is kind and makes us laugh. I sit at a polka dotted desk and begin finger-printing. I paint the last pitter-patter of rain I hear outside. The clouds are giving life to the grass as they spill their last nourishment.

At break, we enter the playground. A painted rainbow is stretched across the sky. It is made up of the colours of my finger-painting mixed with dreams. I take off my shoes. The grass grows green between my toes. I look around. The world has a rhythm. It comes from my heart and connects me to all living things.

I live in the world of my dreams, where every sound, smell and sight is beautiful. I realise that this is where I am meant to be.

*Domenico Griessel (Form V)*



## From behind the fence

A storm broke soon after leaving the school grounds, in a way that only African storms can break. The dusty smell before the heavy drops drum down on the minibus roof intensifies a mood that I know only as Africa at its most vibrant. The turbulent sounds and colours speak of answered prayers and praises sung. Violent, unforgiving and nourishing. After forty minutes of cramped seats, leaking roof and typical meaningless high school boy banter, we arrived at the rural clinic. The clouds had rolled back and the rejuvenated sunlight glistened more gently over the afternoon.

Like Africa receiving rain, I expected it to be overwhelming. It was my first outing with the school's social outreach group and I knew that my inexperience would count against my already weary emotional responses.

As I walked along the bright and noisy corridors, my expectations suddenly counted for nothing. The excited and affectionate greetings were enough to mock all my naïve preconceptions. In sixty shiny pairs of eyes I could not find anything but ecstatic elation. This immediate reaction destroyed any composure I vowed to keep, being the typically privileged, supposedly ignorant white male that I was. And before I could ask myself how these little children were the ones so happy to see us, a flood of understanding surged over me. An understanding that came only from being there in that nursery, seeing the smiles, being tugged in all directions and being asked a dozen times, "Pick me up on your shoulders."

The afternoon was spent in dense interaction – playing, in their eyes, but for me every form

of exchange was a lesson learnt and practised simultaneously. The most energetic four-year-old called Refilwe danced her way around the yard, singing. The star of her very own musical, like radiance in a faded dress, she captured the essence of these amazing children and I was mesmerized. The overpowering message each little face translated by being utterly jubilant, was that I was the one being helped this afternoon.

As educating as their presence was, I could not grasp the bliss that Refilwe and the children embodied. If they were aware of their reality then this wasn't something I was meant to understand. There I stood amongst the discarded of the doomed and I was the one being treated with enormous affection. Secretly I cried with guilt for taking away so much, after giving little more than physical touch.

Drained, fulfilled, I climbed into the minibus to make the immeasurable journey back to my reality. Like some well-intended torture, all the faces I had grown love in the space of two hours lined up at the end of the playground. From behind the fence they smiled and waved. We drove off. Again there was contentment in the diminishing, sparkling eyes for which I could not find a reason or source. The difference in situation, faith or perhaps the status that put them there, was the barrier of my understanding. It did not prevent them however, from enveloping my split emotions or separating us as different because of blood infected.

Refilwe would be dancing, I imagined, as the rain resumed, now falling grey and soft.

*Charl van Rooyen (Form V)*



Mike Turner

## Gedagtes oor Vriendskap

### My Vriende

Al is daar net sewe,  
is my vriende my lewe.  
Telkens help hulle my  
sonder om iets daaruit te kry.  
Ons staan altyd saam,  
om te help sal ons altyd 'n plan beraam.  
Vir Pieter, Johan en selfs Poen  
sal ek enigiets doen;  
Want vriendskap het waarde  
wat onaantasbaar is ...

*H. Snyders (Vorm III)*

### My vriend

Hy is my wapen in die oorlog  
My lig in die donker  
My vliegkaartjie na geluk!

*N van Wyk (Vorm III)*

### Jy was ...

Jy was my vyand,  
nou is jy my vriend.  
Ons was deur ras geskei,  
nou is ons saam, grys, swart en wit bymekaar.  
Jy was my onderdrukker,  
nou is jy my naaste broer.  
Jy was al my pyn,  
nou die salf op my wonde, my geneesmiddel.  
Jy was my gesin se vrees,  
nou is jy ons troos.  
Jy, eers my vyand –  
is nou my vriend, my vennoot.

*M Clowes (Vorm III)*

### 'n Vriend is ...

'n Vriend is 'n deken in die winter,  
'n Vriend is 'n boom in die somer ...  
'n Vriend loop saam met jou deur jou donker  
probleme  
En gooi groot lugborrels geluk uit oor jou.

*A Mabeta, Vorm III*

### My beste vriend

My beste vriend sorg vir my  
my beste vriend beskerm my  
my beste vriend is lief vir my  
my beste vriend is ... Hy!

*T Mmushi (Vorm III)*

### Vriendskap

My vriende laat my nooit in die steek  
Selfs al moet hulle 'n been vir my breek  
Hulle is altyd daar vir my,  
En loop nooit by my verby.

Hulle weet wat ek wil sê,  
al weet ek self nie wat ek wil hê.  
Hulle weet ook hoe ek voel  
sonder dat ek dit bedoel.

Saam met hulle kan ek lag,  
Dit gee my sommer nuwe krag.  
Ja, saam het ons baie pret,  
Ek met die vriende wat ek het B

My vriende wil ek nooit verloor,  
Dit wil ek hê moet hulle hoor.

*D Brand (Vorm III)*

### Vriendskap

Saam lag, saam huil  
En goeie stories uitruil  
Goeie musiek luister  
Diep geheime fluister  
E-pos boodskappe  
Stoute grappe  
Vriendskap vir ewig  
Solied en stewig

*J Webber (Vorm III)*



V van Niekerk (Form V)

## Die gras anderkant die draad is nie altyd so groen nie!

Hoekom is 'n mens nooit tevrede nie? Selfs sover dit jou eie land aangaan, is dit vir baie mense deesdae 'beter' anderkant die draad, of sal ons liewers sê, 'oorkant die see'. Maar wat is die volle waarheid? Is dit regtig beter daar anderkant?

Kom ons gaan eers Kanada toe. Daar hoef hulle nie vir lokale telefoonoproepe te betaal nie, maar die temperatuur daal tot onder die  $-20^{\circ}\text{C}$  gedurende die winter. Ons koudste is maar selde meer as  $-4^{\circ}\text{C}$ .

Hoekom sal iemand Sjina toe wil gaan? Hulle het 'n bevolking van oor die miljard mense. Hoe word iemand ooit herken? Daar word gesê dat hulle honde en katte eet. Ek weet ons eet rou vleis in die vorm van biltong, maar honde is 'n bietjie erg, of hoe?!

Jy kan altyd Vanatua toe gaan, maar daar sal jy van die 105 amptelike tale moet leer B en hier het ons net 11! Die Solomon-Eilande is glo 'n baie lekker plek om te bly, maar hulle het nog nie eers TV nie. Is Meksiko vir jou 'n aantreklike plek? Dan moet jy net in ag neem dat hulle die hoogste emigrasiesyfers in die wêreld het. Wat sou die rede wees dat mense dan so graag wil trek! Is dit nie 'n bietjie suspisiesus nie. Colombië? Miskien kom jy terug as 'n kokaienverslaafde.

Dalk kan jy Chile toe gaan, maar jy kan verlore raak in die Atacama Woestyn – die droogste plek in die wêreld. Hier het ons darem gereeld reën. Jy kan altyd Engeland toe gaan, 'n lekker plek sê almal, maar daar reën dit weer die hele dag en nag, weke aanmekaar.

## Tsunamii!

Voorverlede jaar was ek saam met 20 ander leerders op toer in Indonesië. Ons het die meeste van die tyd op die strand deurgebring. Kersdag het ons soos gewoonlik gedoen wat ons elke ander dag gedoen het ... ons het op die strand gelê en bak in die son. Dit was 'n perfekte dag. Die son het op die kristalhelder water geskyn. Die strand was spierwit. 'n Perfekte dag.

Ewe skielik het die see ver teruggetrek ... so ver dat jy die klein vissies op die strand kon sien bewe. Ons het opgestaan en teruggeloop hotel toe. Party van die mense het dieper ingehardloop na die see se kant toe, verbaas oor die terugtrekkende see.

Toe, asof van baie ver af, het ons 'n gedreun gehoor. Toe ek omkyk, het ek iets gesien wat ek nooit sal vergeet nie. 'n Muur water het van die horison af op die strand afgepyl. Ek was gelukkig al ver weg van die strand af. Ek het ook sommer op die dak van die naaste bus geklim. Die wal water het nader gekom teen 'n verbysterende spoed. Orals het ek mense hoor skree. Palmbome, sambrele, motors is weggevee voor die geweld van die watermassa.

'n Man het my gehoor. Hy was op 'n huis se dak en het my opgetrek Toe ek omkyk, sien ek net water



Gareth Barclay

As jy Iran oorweeg, weet net dat daar 109 oortredings is waarvoor jy die doodstraf kan kry! Daar sal jy dalk nie te lank oorleef nie. Die Vatikaan is 'n moontlikheid, maar dan mag jy nie trou nie en moet jy Latyn leer.

Daarom vra ek, hoekom sal enigiemand 'n pragtige land soos Suid-Afrika wil verlaat? Ons het 'n land wat groei en ontwikkel. Ons sosiale samestelling en etniese vermenging is uiters uniek. So, as jy na die rugby kyk met die Afrika-son bokant jou, braaivleis en biltong eet en 'n yskoue bier in die hand vashou, dink mooi en lank of die gras regtig so groen anderkant die draad is.

*Kyle Theys (Vorm V)*

om my. Ek kon kinders hoor huil. Daar was mense wat soos vinke in bome gehang het, en ander wat aan planke vasgehou en in die water rondgedryf het.

Langs ons het 'n huis inmekaar gesak. Mense het deur die dak geval en verdrink.

Die volgende dag het ek gesien hoedat 'n trok deur die vlak water ry en na ons toe aankom waar ons nog op die dak gesit het. Almal van ons wat oor was, het op die trok geklim. Rondom my was daar baie lyke wat in die water gedryf het. Ek het gesien hoedat die polisie lyke in rye pak.

By die groot saal waar ons aangekom het, was daar baie historiese mense wat na hulle familieledes gesoek het. Ander mense het in hoekies gesit en saggies gehuil. Party het net met groot oë in die niet gestaar. Die gekreun van die beseerdes het die saal gevul. Ek sal dit nooit vergeet nie.

'n Paar dae later het die Suid-Afrikaanse Leër hulp gestuur en ons kom red uit die situasie. Ek was nog nooit so bly om weer by die huis te kom nie.

*R Negri (Vorm V)*