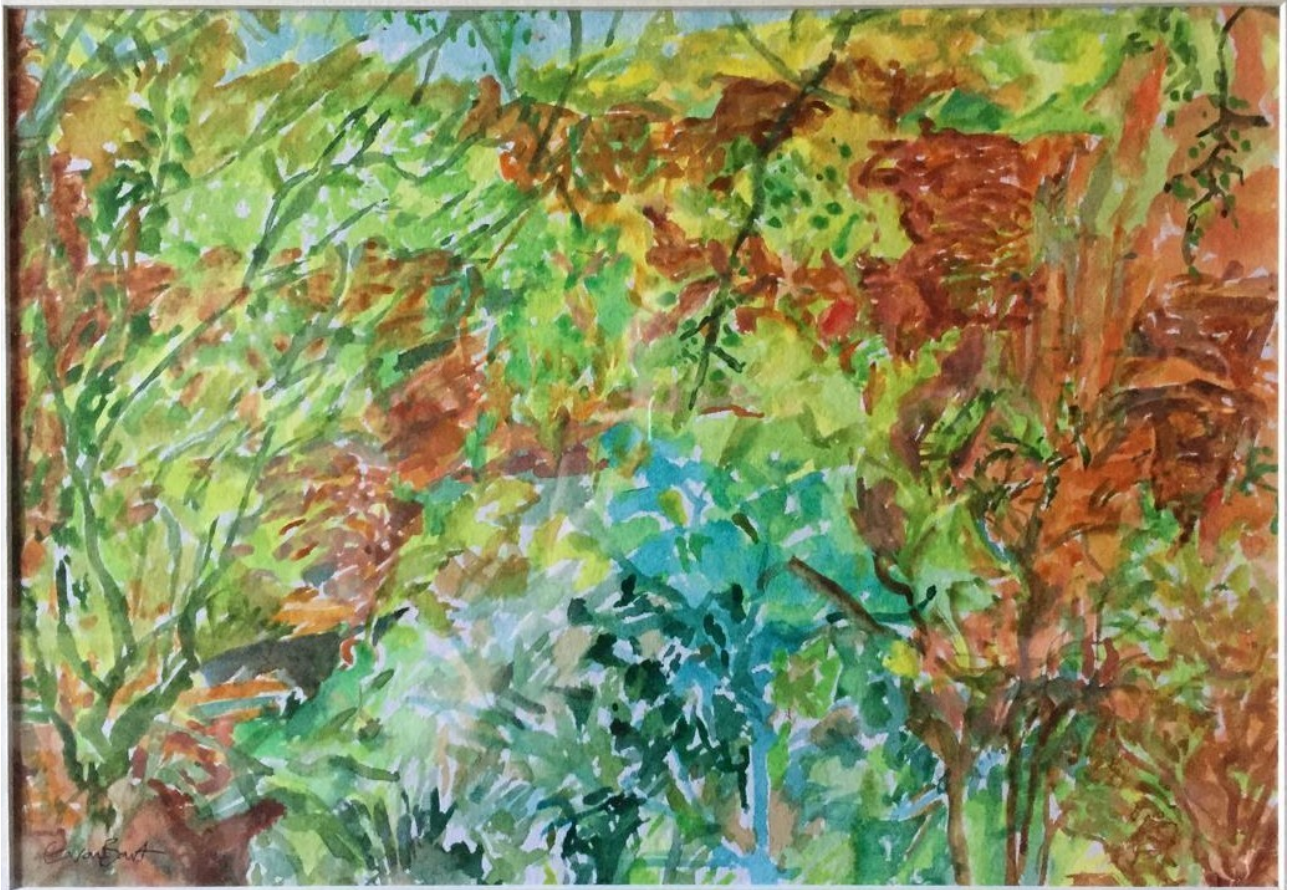


The Fountain of Memory



Creative writing by students in Distrik Groot Marico

Edited by Mnr. Etienne van Bart

This book is dedicated to my teachers
and my students.

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writers and of the Zen Olympiad
is hereby asserted.

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$$d = a \Delta \nabla$$

$$W = F \cdot w$$

$$\int \frac{7}{x} dx = 7 \ln |x| + C$$

$$d = \underline{V_0} + V_F$$

$$\frac{7x^{-1} + 1}{-4 + 1} \quad \frac{7x^0 (1)}{-4}$$

$$\int x^n = \frac{x^{n+1}}{n+1}$$

$$\frac{d}{dx} \left[\int_{x^3}^{x^2} \frac{x^{n+1}}{x^{n+1}} \cdot 2x - 3x^2 \frac{x^{n+1}}{n+1} \cdot \frac{du}{u} \right]$$

$$d = 27 + \underline{3 \text{ m/n}}$$

$$d = 15 \text{ m} \times 2 \text{ sec}$$

$\frac{d}{dx} e^{2x} = e^{2x} \cdot 2$
 $2e^{2x}$

ClC

$$(pOH + pH)^{b+1}$$

$$\int_2^{\infty} \frac{x^p}{x^{p+1}-1} dx = \int_2^{\infty} \left[\frac{1}{(x-1)^2} \right]^2 dx = \lim_{t \rightarrow \infty} \int_2^t \left(\frac{1}{(x-1)^2} \right)^2 dx$$

$$\int \frac{u^2+1}{2+1} = \int \frac{u'}{1} \cdot \frac{du}{5} \quad p \leq 1$$

$$\int \frac{s^{n-1}}{1} \cdot \frac{du}{s} = \frac{1}{s} \int \frac{s^{n-1}}{1} = \quad u = s^{n+1}$$

$$\int \frac{s^{n-1}}{s} du = \int \frac{1}{n-1} dx$$

$$\lim_{t \rightarrow \infty} n-1 = \frac{[t-1]}{0-1} = \frac{[2-1]}{0-1} = -1$$

$$\int_0^9 \int_4^5 \sin(x) dx = \int_0^9 \frac{1}{\sin(x)} \cdot \int \cos(x)$$

Editor's Introduction

Etienne van Bart Grade 12+7+5x
English Home Language: Creative Writing
The Zen Olympiad School of Creativity

Warm greetings to you, O listener, from the heart of a rainswept Cape winter upon a moment that lives on in writing, just as you and I do.

What metaphysical forces combine to forge a creative "Zeitgeist"? I ask myself as I reflect upon the miraculous learning experience that swept myself and the selves of students of English at a rural High School in the North-West, into another world. A world inside a classroom; a world of imagination superimposed upon the drab, spartan setting of a schoolroom, replete with those same lovely wooden desks that flap open, that I sat on as a pupil. Maybe it is therein - in stale aroma wafting of times past and to come in a shared space only too fleeting - that one finds the Fountain of Memory. What this Fountain is, is ever-new and wholly of the present moment, yet for this very trait I cannot orchestrate it: Providence and Grace, rather, give rise to the necessary conditions. All I can say conclusively is that I was there - there as an English student and there as an English teacher, when the alchemy of language happened.

This alchemy was broader, really, spanning the whole school experience that included sport, culture and social life - yet the spring of shared creativity was the unassumingly mystical classroom space.

You and your friends. The teacher's flashing eyes and floating hair. In a moment, it happens: you are a "Dead Poet," (to cite a popular old film on this theme) and have discovered how to Spell - I mean you have realised the magic of words!

Many are called, ~~but only a few~~ ^{and many} are able to answer ^{in "volumes"} ~~with all their~~ ^{being} in years to come - and the magic of ^{writing} words is ~~not~~ ^{natural} a simple path to follow. ^{Moreover} ~~Yet~~ as far as concerns this auspicious collection presented proudly here, a sparkling testimony of the spirit of young South Africans working and playing together, the important thing is that these students had the precious chance to step quietly into a proverbial confession box, and disclose the things closest to their hearts in that mystic, eternal moment I have called The Fountain of Memory. ✓

May your bright words and silences, my dear friends, Live on!

Mnr. Etienne van Bart

Poetry

Reflection

The truthful, the honest, the rude but real. a

The bane to many lives but the reason for mine. b

A person's outlook depends on how they feel a

For others, you may have crossed the line. b

For me, well my opinion doesn't matter c



If I had to choose between one or the other, I'd rather not be the latter c

We are inseparable like wood and twine. b

We are different but the same as we both keel. a

from the internal pain burrowing deeper into my spine b

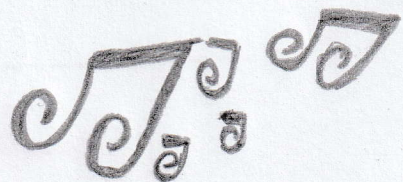
But at the end we are still different, aren't we my friend in teal a

by
Dawn Koshy

Thou voice



Such a lovely day to witness
I woke up with the birds singing
to the songs of the wackling party
Upon my window I gazed
Such wonderful melodies
At first I hesitated then came her
The Queen mother with her soothing voice
Shall I compare thou voice to
that of the birds
I do not think so
for you are best to the birds
you are gifted with a voice of an angel
Oh how peaceful and soul feeding
Your voice is
How wonderful it is to hear your
melodic masterpiece



by: P.K.P Moitshela

by Realebogile
Mokgosi

For him

~ I wrote you Name
In the Sky

- But the wind blew it away

~ I wrote you Name
In the Sand

- But the waves washed it Away

~ I Wrote you Name
In my heart

- And it decided to keep it

And forever It will stay

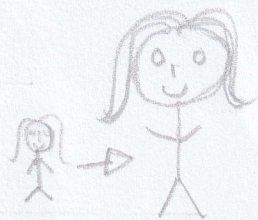
2 Sides of every story

Tlhaso Mangope

Oh, how life is so wonderful and great,
how the rich can take a step and make the ~~earth shake~~ earth-quake.
Beautiful ~~cars~~ women, flashy cars and all the money they can make.
It only takes one mind to make ~~change~~ the whole world change,
but how greedy the rich are, ^{for} all they do is take.

Oh how life is so unfair and cruel,
how the poor are miserable and doomed.
Rags for clothes, sharp glass underneath their naked feet,
for every step they take they suffer the fate they bear,
but how generous they are for those who suffer the same fate.

Who am I



Gone are the days to play;
the days to slack off

Gone are the days to be sad;

the days of bottling my emotions

the days of being scared

the days of having kakorrhaphicphobia

Why do I say this you ask;

time waits for no man

time waits for no creature

nor does it wait for nature

It is always said to think before
you act

but, beware that if you take long
to think

you take longer to act.

Sometimes you just need to
blossom like a butterfly blooming
from its cocoon not knowing what
awaits it on the other side

Live life to the fullest

for I go up and never go down;

I AM AGE

by P.K.P. Moitshela ♡

So Be It

If love means to be reminded of the stars
By gazing into someones eyes,
Just like stars you love gazing at them
Then so be it.

Listening to the tempo and melodic grace of their voice
As each breath unfolds a word like a D'engeb song
Entering tides of paralytic state.
Through sweet yams and predestined alignment

Getting distress as their signature scent dwindles
Writing as words struggle to stick to the page
YOU are the evolution to my being
As I acquire **LOVE** for you

If this is Love
Then So Be It

Lerato Mdwanhwa

Who Am I?

Am I the introvert I think I am,
Or am I just a misunderstood outcast?
I may follow a set of rules, like a programme
Though, some of my peers may be outclassed.

When I'm bored, I just listen to music
And at times, I travel to a new world
The melodies I hear are therapeutic
But, my parents' minds may be twirled.

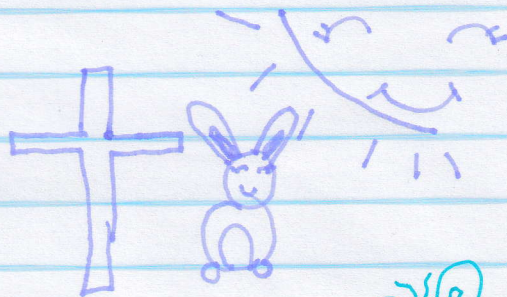
Am I the sum of my past and my fate
Or do I have the power to choose my own way?
Am I the product of love and hate,
Or can I create my own destiny each day?

Who am I, the question to seek and explore,
A journey to discover, forevermore.

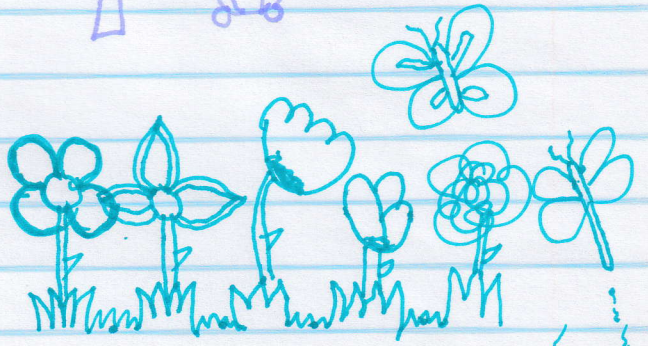
By Tshwebso O. Seleka ✍

All Things:

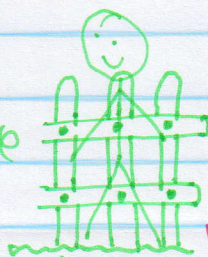
-All things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small
All things wise and wonderful
The Lord God made them all



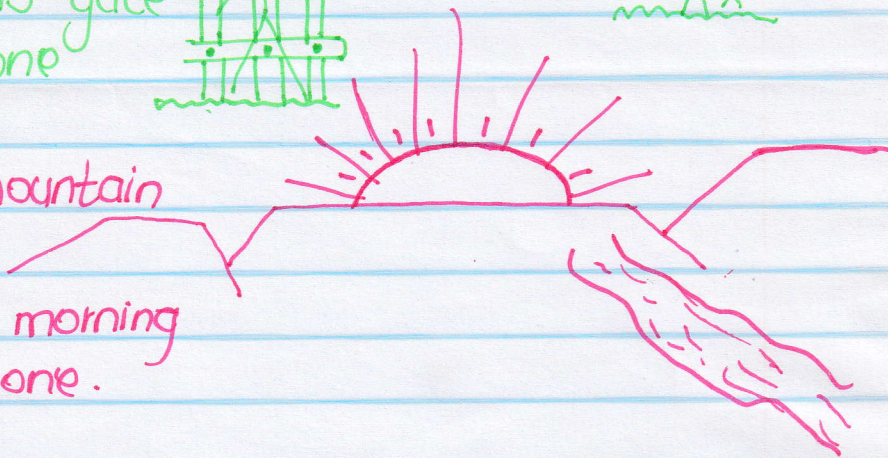
Each little flower that opens
Each little bird that sings
He made their glowing colours
he made their tiny wings



The rich man in his garden
the poor man at his gate
he made them everyone



The purple red end mountain
the river running by
the sunset and the morning
he made them everyone.



Oarabile Maggi

by Anonymous

African Gem ✨

I find It Amazing In How you

Still exhibit love even though you were hurt

So many times, beautiful black woman

I see the stars in your complexion and

in the moon of ^{your} eyes.

You more like an angel in a human disguise

As soon as I make it to heaven the first thing

I'd do is paint pictures of you in the skies.

You have such a beautiful mind and
immaculate natural skin.

All the diamonds in the world do not
compare to you, My African gem.

And everything about you is

magnificent and spectacular

No matter your complexion you

still exemplify the essence of Africa

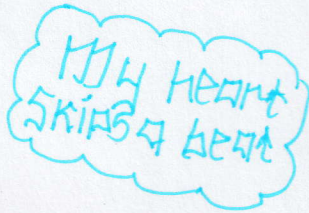
My African gem.

The beauty lies in his eyes

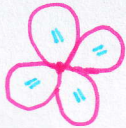
My african king
His eyes always have that bling.
Brown skin and brown eyes he
is truly one of the African
soil

The humanity that he
carries represents the
riches of Africa. His
words of conformnt flow
like the Nile river

His smile makes my
heart bloom like the
pink roses in summer.



∴ my heart
skips a beat!!



What I Wish You Knew

It's just a bad day
It's just a bad week
And then suddenly I become
Broken and weak

The pain is inside me
I keep it that way
Because exposing the truth
Will ruin everybody's day

I wish somebody knew how I felt
The amount of nights I spent painfully crying
The true reason for the marks on my body
And the countless thoughts I have about dying

I hide my emotions beneath my skin
I'll tell everyone that "I'm fine, don't worry"
I'm trying my best - I promise you that
But if I lose my battle, just know that I'm sorry

(Broken Butterfly) by Anonymous

The Beauty In Her

Oh how wonderful it is to see
the beauty that lays in thee
She shines so bright
& day is alight.

She feels the anxiety
When she fades away
She starts to fear
When the moon appears

She lays in bed hoping to fly
but the sadness remains in her eyes
Her ^{heart} ~~heart~~ is always aching
She kneels down & starts praying
to bring out the beauty in her
She begins Self-Introspection

By Anonymous

What love means to me

To love is to share life together
to build special plans just for two
to work side by side
and then smile with pride
as one by one, dreams all come true

To love is to help and encourage
with smile and sincere words of praise
to take time to share,
to listen and care
in tender and affectionate ways

To love is to have someone special
one on whom you can always depend
to be there through the years,
Sharing laughter and tears,
as a partner, a lover, a friend

To love is to make special memories
of moments you love to recall,
of all the good things
that sharing life brings.
Love is the greatest of all

I've learned the full meaning
of sharing and caring
and having all my dreams come true.
I've learned the full meaning
of ~~love~~ being in love
by being and loving with you

Ambivalent

~~~~~

Am I alone in this?

Does my heart not carry that follower along with it?

those eyes, that smile you possess and that language you use,

that comes with the tears and thoughts my soul has recently produced

Ludicrous, my mind defines it, but it does not relate to the outcome of endorphins my consciousness

has bared in those moments my mind has never hoped to erase

FEAR, I do carry that fear that my heart will never be awoken to

THAT side of the devil that a soul cursed with a spell will never come to accept

It is exceptional that a piece of my heart follows your words...

Oh, your words and the play in which they play along with their master

who has branded strings into my sanity

my soul, by whatever tragedy is followed by my art, do reach out to him,

him who has engraved his identity to my heart



~ RethabileChantelle



by Anonymous

## Struggle and Pain ♡

Why does this way of life  
Create so much struggle and pain.  
When did this darkness begin,  
That I am caught within.

With no way to break away  
I can find no place to hide.  
Not trying to escape the pain  
Takes me deep inside

On and on, round and round,  
The turmoil of sorrow and hurt goes on.  
Unable to run away,  
One is consumed with pain.

Then from deep inside that tormented cry.  
'God please help me'  
Was the end of the slide  
The descent into darkness was broken,  
Revealing, there is no I.

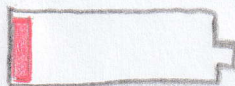


Love is candy  
There is nothing greater than true love  
Love is not crazy, ~~but it can make people~~  
But it can make people crazy  
Love is the foundation of all good things.  
Ubuntu has no conditions  
When the heart loves, energy flows  
Love is a positive force for good, always.  
Only love can cure an aching heart.  
It takes a village to grow a child  
Love begins in the womb  
<sup>they</sup> Your children need your presence  
more than <sup>the</sup> your presents  
Love <sup>the</sup> your family first.  
Love has no conditions. ♥  
When love reigns, life is good! ♥  
Love is a fire that warms the heart.  
If there's no love, nothing matters, but watch out  
It might be bitter and sweet at the same time.

By Reptile Thulo Key 2



# Anxiety



The beginning of this story,  
starts with an overwhelming worry.  
The constant feeling of something wrong  
gnaws and eats away at my insides, strong.  
It makes my stomach feel sick,  
and my poor heart almost skip a tick.

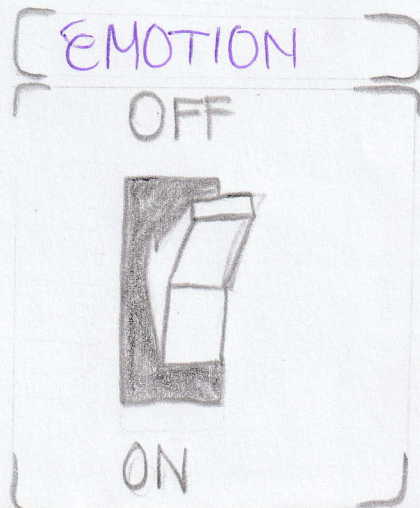
My body runs hot but somehow I'm cold,  
it's making me ache like I'm old.  
The Thud-up of my heart is off beat,  
making me uncomfortable in my seat.  
My eyes are teary, and my head falls heavy,  
then comes the blackouts which are always scary.

This feeling last for hours,  
draining me of all my powers.  
This happens any and everywhere,  
and most seem to be unaware.  
I have to get up and leave,  
so my heart can get relieved.



My tears leave trails, as my body shudders,  
which then triggers an embarrassing stutter.  
I want to live anxiety free,  
I just want the old me.

by Anonymous





# "Acceptance." Anonymous

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I used to not care if I was matching  
Or if I had the new technology  
I would dance like nobody was watching  
And I would talk with no apology  
My home was all I knew the world to be  
My life was my friend and my family  
The fields in Indy was all I could see  
The present was where I stayed happily

Now I understand the reality

People don't accept you for who you are  
They all tend to doubt your ability  
And who you were is a forgotten scar

Be the person you are and want to be.  
Go above and beyond society.



# Who Must I Become?

Who must I become, to face the world with ease,  
To conquer my fears and my doubts to appease,  
To chase my dreams and to reach my goals,  
To find my purpose and fulfill my roles.

I must become brave, to take the first step,  
To face the unknown, and never forget,  
That failure and setbacks are part of the game,  
And with each lesson learned, I'll rise again.

I must become wise, to seek knowledge and truth,  
To learn from my mistakes, and grow from my youth,  
To listen to others, and their stories to hear,  
To ~~open~~ <sup>open</sup> my mind, and let go of my fear.

I must become myself, to be true and authentic,  
To embrace my strengths, and my flaws without panic,  
To find my voice, and to speak from the heart,  
To be proud of who I am, and to never depart.

So who must I become? The answer is clear,  
I must become the best version of myself, without fear,  
To live a life full of purpose, passion and love,  
And to leave a legacy that's worth far above.

Anonymous



# Night - time

Clear sky in the night time  
Such happiness I feel in the night time  
I In the sky, your face is all I see  
And in my mind, it feels like only a dream.

When I first saw you  
I already knew  
There ~~is~~ was something inside of you  
Something I thought that I would never find  
Angel of mine.

The night I looked ~~at~~ at you.

I was so happy

Now here I am in heaven  
For you are mine and I <sup>am</sup> yours  
Forever.

I In the night - time.



# Getting over you

by Shottko Seabi

I was stupid  
I gave my heart  
to someone  
who didn't want it

now i'm stuck  
with someone  
who doesn't want me  
and me  
not wanting anyone else

## Just Friends

"we're just friends"

that's what we tell everyone  
but we both know  
we can't stay away from each other  
and the tension between us  
grows stronger every time we're apart.

"we're just friends"

I ask  
as you caress your hand on my cheek  
gently letting your hand slip into mine

"just friends"  
you said as you leaned in.



# The devil with rose colored glasses

they say  
in order to heal  
you must stay away from  
what hurt you.

but what if what broke me  
was also the only one  
to make my stomach fill with butterflies

what if i was being pulled in  
by a warm embrace  
that also dragged me down  
to a darker place

so tell me,  
how can i possibly heal  
while these memories haunt and taunt me?  
and remind me of all the good  
while ignoring the bad...



# Soulbound Symphony

In the aftermath of heartbreak's bitter tide, God and ancestors conspire, your soulmate to guide. Past the shadows, where pain did reside. A kindred spirit emerges, love as your guide.

Through the labyrinth of loss, a perfect match, An older soul, navigating life's intricate path. A touch of madness, in the dance of delight, Yet, in his eyes, you find your missing light.

He's the calm to your storm, a seamless blend, In the cosmic dance, destiny to transcend. An intertwining of lives, like branches entwined, His missing rib found, a love redefined.

In the tapestry of time, a story unfolds, Two souls united, as destiny molds. Kindred spirits, crazy and free, Forever intertwined, your soulmate and thee.



Escalante Lamola  
Grade 10 (Kty 2)

Oh sweetest love, thy beauty doth inspire  
My heart to sing a never-ending song  
Thou art the flame that sets my soul on  
fire  
And to thy tender touch I do belong

Thou art the sun that lights my darkest  
days  
The gentle breeze that brings me peace  
of mind  
The seed of hope that blooms in many  
ways  
And in thy arms true happiness I find

Oh, how I long to spend my days with  
thee  
To hold and cherish every moment  
Spent  
To love thee tenderly, eternally  
And make every single day a perfect  
event

May our love be as pure as morning  
dew  
And ever faithful, forever true.



# A day in the life

- by Etienne van Bart



Green and brown crashing waves  
begin the scene;

I'm sitting on my beachtowel wondering  
what does it all mean?

Jakes is beside me,  
making amusing chatter—  
but in the vividness of those waves  
I feel something shatter.  
And the bright things of the beach  
leave, impart, colours  
that no preparation can teach.

I get up, to play ball  
but soon give up, and return  
because I feel I've seen it all.

I am my mother, my father, and me;  
I feel I am the mystical Three.  
Then I feel most strange and queasy  
for what I see then  
is not at all easy:

I see all the days of my young life  
in one glimpse, a story of love and strife  
full of the imperfection  
of a divided, scattered attention.



I get up, and wander to the water  
to be alone.

I feel the wet sand,  
then turn back, return home  
to my friends -  
and here I find my trouble ends -  
together, in the shared Present  
of a life magnificent.

Together, on our magic towels  
with the girls by our side  
we're flying upon a magic ride  
through love and memory  
and the waves of joy's treasury  
in compassion, forgiveness and pleasantry  
and the redemption of the Present  
of life's sweet expectancy.

Oh, only enlightenment can compare  
to those revelations in the air!

And the whole time timeless  
my Jake had been there,  
sitting beside me  
like a faithful au pair!



As we slowly return to our bodies  
from the universal body  
whose space is the vast air  
we see the world before us  
like we see the life before us —  
marvellous and rare.

A golden brocade  
of undulating clouds  
hangs far out to sea  
where the distant bayland seems to reach  
endlessly.

The light begins to fade;  
we rouse ourselves and rise  
and amble back along the beach  
with the light of a fading dream  
still wonderfully in our eyes.



## Creative essays and narratives (2022)





# English Home Language Gr.10

## Task 5, based on your studies

### Creative Writing essay

#### 2023

Marks: 50; 1 hour 30 mins

Examiner: Etienne van Bart

#### \* Instructions and information:

- Write an essay on ONE of the topics provided in this paper. Depending on the topic your essay must be either a narrative, descriptive, discursive, argumentative, or reflective essay.
- Provide planning: mind-map/diagram/flow chart/key words, etc. Indicate all planning as such.
- Your essay should be between 300 and 400 words
- Pay special attention to:
  - \* Content
  - \* language and style
  - \* format & structure
- Indicate your chosen title/topic
- Write neatly
- Be yourself and have fun!





## A folktale at a fire side by Masego Kanyane

Sometimes the memories sneak out of my eyes and roll down my my cheeks, not because they are sad or sorrowful but because they are memories I know ✓  
I can never get to experience ever again.

"The king's magic drum", "Why the bat flies at night" and "The woman with two skins". All these folktales are just a few of the many that my late grandmother would tell to us while we all gathered around a fire. A family tradition that is now nothing but a distant memory. ✓

During school holidays, specifically during winter, I would pack my bags and head over to my grandmother's house to spend a few days, sometimes even a few <sup>weeks</sup> weeks. Her house would be packed with all her grandchildren, even ✓  
those she had not seen for over a year.

One of my favourite memories has to be waking up on the floor in a room filled with all my favourite cousins just minutes before we would start arguing about who was to take on which house chore. ✓





21:32



One folktale that stood out for me was one titled "Selekanda and the water god." It is about a girl named Selekanda who receives many gifts for her kindness, and other girls envy her and trick her into throwing all her bracelets and ornaments into a river; it is there she meets the River-Woman who gives her many fine jewels as a reward for her work. The other girls are jealous and one also attempts to ~~also~~ earn these fine jewels, <sup>but</sup> her laziness gets in the way. ✓

This particular folktale taught me a <sup>lesson</sup> lesson about laziness, greed and how "you reap what you sow." Maybe the story wasn't even that interesting, but there was just something about the way she told it, it was <sup>as</sup> if she had a way of captivating us. ✓

Today my dear grandmother is no more and I now realise how much I took all those precious moments with her for granted. She was indeed a talented storyteller and I will forever be thankful for the love of folktales which she instilled in me. ✓

Your folktale speech  
leaves me speech-less, except to whisper  
here are your jewels!

C P: 30  
L, S, E: 15  
S: 5



She always held her head high. Her boss, Mr Blake as they called him would take interest in her. That is what got her co-worker, Emily angry. She was always jealous of Olivia, that is why she was always spiteful towards her.

Final Lesedi Ramesega

### The remarkable story of Olivia Greene.

Olivia Greene was an amazing person and she always amazed her boss. She worked in a well known company that was filled with riches. It was very beneficial for her to work there because the pay was good. She only had a problem with two people, her pestering boss and her arrogant, rude co-worker. ✓

Olivia and her friends were always pushed around, but they'd never bow their heads down to them. She always held her head high. Her boss, Mr Blake as they called him, would take interest in her. That is what got her co-worker, Emily, angry. She was always jealous of Olivia, that is why she was always spiteful towards her. ✓



Blake ~~has~~<sup>had</sup> a soft spot for Olivia, but ~~is~~<sup>was</sup> cold towards the others. He always tried to get Olivia's attention but it was all in ~~vain~~<sup>vain</sup>. He'd always find a way to make Olivia be around him. This is what made Emily angrier. She'd try to impress Blake by doing everything in her power to humiliate Olivia at their work place. ✓

Blake offered a helping hand to Olivia regarding money for her to start her own business, which is her dream. Olivia gladly rejected the help with a hostile glare. She never liked Blake for his flirtatious ways, but she'd never disrespect him. She sometimes found him attractive, but would never admit it. ✓

Olivia always stood up against Emily when ever she tried to embarrass her friends. She vowed that she'd never kiss the ground that Emily walks on. She'd rather go out on a nightmarish date with Blake, in which might happen in hell. ✓

Emily once did something unbelievable. She framed Olivia, saying that she



79

stole her grandmother's golden bracelet. She said that in order for her to be forgiven, she wants her to beg on her knees. Olivia said she'd rather sell on the streets. She'd never degrade herself in front of a coniving, evil person. Blake found this amusing and cute. He fired Emily from his company for falsely accusing Olivia. ✓

53

In the end, Olivia finally achieved her dreams. She even ended up with the man she disliked her whole life, Blake. They were truly an incredible couple. Olivia was an ideal and outstanding character. She'd never disrespect without a reason and would always stand her ground. Olivia was indeed one of a kind. ✓

[Words: 400]

C: 26

L: 15

S: 5

A simple story, but well thought out, meaning it is actually not so simple. The use of dark humour (pathos) and irony to drive the story (i.e. "Olivia said she'd rather sell on the streets") ~~almost~~ makes fun of the drama and ~~markers~~ <sup>makes</sup> gives this "workplace fable" more interesting.

In a sense, the whole story is a satire, a rip-off or send-up of feel-good success stories.



by  
Ntebogang  
Gopane

# The remarkable story of ~~the~~... The gift of forgiveness

It may not be expressed as much, but there are things and people who have done things to the human's heart - things that create something in ~~you~~ the human heart, a thing that results <sup>in</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>offence</sup> offense. ✓

46 Many hearts carry deep or shallow offense but offense is the gateway to unforgiveness. Paying attention to offense leads to unforgiveness. ✓

94 "Tim got the credit for my hard work", a scared heart cries - not knowing that you could allow that offense to ✓ slide, because offense is not where the heart ✓ lands, but the gateway to unforgiveness and potentially resentment.

176 The hurt, the pain, the anger, the experience of it all done ~~to~~ to the heart can cause the heart pain that hurts more when it's all been pointless. Yes, the heart will experience pain and offense 30, but never let the pain be pointless - wasting time nurturing ✓ on how painful the heart feels, but to instead find purpose ✓ in the pain. For pain not to be pointless, the heart has to figure out ~~at~~ how to use ✓ it.



✓ Forgiveness is not about something that is <sup>theoretical</sup> theoretical - where people will frustrate your <sup>heart</sup> heart, <sup>who</sup> friends <sup>heart</sup> frame/d your <sup>heart</sup> heart, faked your heart, fought your heart, <sup>faulted</sup> faulted your heart; "mom and dad would still be together if you didn't..." ; a person <sup>scaring</sup> tells another heart. But then some people may ~~be~~ be there to face your heart, to direct you - if the heart is shut down, offense is easily picked up over the right things. Then again, people are meant to fail your heart (legitimately or illegitimately) and by doing so, the heart picks up offense. ✓

268

✓ Forgiveness is a gift - whether it is <sup>received</sup> received or given. It is a gift to the heart. It is a primary spiritual discipline of every single heart. The heart always knows forgiveness, but not how to forgive - the heart knows it as a principle but <sup>is</sup> not actually practical. If forgiveness is never cultivated, it's <sup>merely</sup> merely a concept. <sup>Forgiveness</sup> faith is <sup>duty</sup> duty, it takes work, it is messy, it is a constant mission for the heart. But many hearts believe it is a cute thing: "I've <sup>forgiven</sup> forgave him, I'm good." a fearful heart says.

343

361



But that pain that is buried down by  
lies of forgiveness ~~feasters~~ and  
grows into something else - An abuser  
never <sup>in it took</sup> was one when they were born, <sup>only</sup>  
the lack of knowledge in  
acknowledging <sup>the</sup> pain in their heart <sup>that</sup> led  
him to abuse. ✓

Forgiveness is extended to all but and  
is ~~needed~~ needs to be released to  
others. ✓

[Word count : 417]

C : 30

L : 15

S : 5

That which we carry  
in our hearts  
is featherweight  
when our hearts  
are in harmony.

Where the heart lands  
is everywhere when  
wherever I look  
I see with my heart  
the whole in each part.

As upon beach or river sands  
a child he or she stands  
United in a common rhythm -  
the heart's drums roll in unique time,  
the child laughs for joy  
and claps their hands!



Ajba Patel

## The remarkable story of my destiny...

Yay! It's finally here! I feel a frisson of fear descend my spine. The day every glittery girl in Patriot High School waits for. Today is the Patriot Cheerleading Try-outs, and I am one of those glittery girls that is shooting her shot, to get selected in the cheergroup. "I mean, I must make hay while the sun shines," I say to myself, as I get ready for my big day. I cake-on make-up, and tie my hair in a high ponytail. This pulls my hair, and gives me a headache, but I still do this, because this is what cheerleaders do.

I grab my pink schoolbag from my school desk, carry it on one shoulder, and off myself to school. I enter through the school's <sup>narrow</sup> corridor, and overhear girl's gossips as usual. I sense the excitement in their voices. I hear their giggles and whispers until I reach my classroom.

Now let me just tell you something about Patriot High School's Cheerleading Try-outs; we compete once for it, two minutes fifteen seconds, only. The high school turns into a modelling school on this day. The teachers become the



judges, the boys are the spectators, and the girls are the models. It is a fashion ~~runway~~ <sup>runway</sup>, where the girl with the perfect smile, style, charm, confidence and popularity gets selected. I suddenly hear footsteps coming towards the classroom. I know whose it is. The girl whose ~~is~~ normal walk is like a rampwalk. The girl who is as pretty as the picture in the Vogue magazine. The captain of the cheerleaders, the drop-dead gorgeous Izzy. ✓

She enters the space <sup>o</sup> with <sup>a</sup> bunch of her friends, or should I rather say followers? I mean you are never without a friend if you <sup>are</sup> a cheerleader, especially if you are Izzy Katchadorian. She sits in front of me, and her followers surround her, hyping her for the try-outs like an ~~at~~ array of ✓ cheerleaders. Coincidentally, ~~our~~ we make eye contact; I smile at her, she does not return a smile and gives me slit eyes, instead. She could be pleasing in appearance, but her mum surely did not even teach her that courtesy costs nothing. ✓

Finally the schoolbell rang. Soon we were backstage, preparing for our rampwalk. The fashion ~~at~~ ~~runway~~ was opened by the pretty Izzy. ✓



She moved down the ramp, with her back straight, core tight, shoulders down, swinging her hips and pausing every few steps to primp and pose. The smiles in the audience confirmed that she was going to be the captain of the cheerleaders, again. Many glittery girls rampwalked after her. I was next.

I took a deep breath, kept my head high, and my confidence the highest. I wore a pretty smile, kept a strong pace and swung my arms slightly. I think I gave my best.

Weeks passed, and the day finally arrived when our results were out. Our fate was written on a piece of paper, stuck on the notice board. I ran towards the notice board, pushed through the excited students. I erroneously stepped on a few student's shoes. My eyes searched through the list. My pupils moved up and down staring at the list, trying to find my name. Unfortunately I was not selected. I was extremely disappointed.

Unexpectedly, my mum forced me to attend the tennis trials the following week. I actually got selected. I



started to like tennis, I now play provincial-level sometimes. Sometimes Izzy and her friends come to cheer for me, at the tennis courts. We are ~~now~~ good friends<sup>now</sup>, and we surely have buried the hatchet. I have accepted myself. ✓

At last I learned that everybody is a genius, but if you judge a fish by its ability to climb a tree, it will live its whole life believing it is stupid.

Remember that every cloud has a silver lining. The moment you accept yourself, you grow. That is truly remarkable! ✓

(± 500 words)

You have a gift for storytelling! C: 30  
I liked how the story suddenly L: 15  
switches from present to past tense S: 5  
at some point - a pivotal point -  
it has a surprising effect.

I would change the title to,  
"The remarkable story of my self-acceptance",  
as destiny is a very profound concept and  
I'm not sure that the protagonist has quite  
figured that one out yet - if anyone has!



# Khanya Mogwera

final Draft (argumentative essay)

## Vaccination and Free will

How far are authorities willing to go to ensure the co-operation of the general public? Is it violation, or is it necessary? ✓

As vaccinations are created for the purpose of providing immunity against a specific disease or virus, they can be exceedingly beneficial, especially regarding this overwhelming outbreak of the Covid-19 virus. Vaccines are a logical approach to eliminating the pandemic, but at what cost? South-African companies have started to implement policies that required employees, as well as students at universities, to take mandatory vaccinations. This left South Africans wondering if authorities would take the same approach, which left people concerned and ~~hesitant~~ hesitant... ✓

In the Constitution of South Africa, (section 12: nr. 2) it states; "Everyone has the right to bodily and physical integrity which includes; the right (b) to security in control over their body and (c) not to be a subject to medical or scientific experiments ✓ 43



without their informed consent." According to the Constitution, citizens have the right to freedom of choice regarding their bodies. Besides the right, South Africans have expressed their <sup>concerns</sup> ~~concerns~~ regarding the safety of the vaccines seeing how it was produced in such a short period of time. Traditionally, vaccines take years to develop due to ~~it~~ <sup>them</sup> undergoing multiple trials of testing. ✓

I believe that people have the <sup>sense</sup> ~~right~~ to be worried about the unknown effects that this vaccine can have over a longer period of time, ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> forcing this decision on them only worsens the situation. Making vaccines mandatory is a decision that not only violates people's human rights but will build even greater resistance in the future if we continue to let decisions like these to follow through. ✓

The reasoning for implementing mandatory vaccines ~~are~~ <sup>is</sup> understandable. MTN is one of the companies that ~~obligates~~ <sup>adheres</sup> to these policies, and they state their ~~reason~~ reasoning is because it provides a safe workplace. Their implementation of the policy is their way of securing that their workplaces are guided by the 59



highest standard of health and safety, and that <sup>it</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~was~~ informed decision to make Covid-19 vaccinations mandatory for their staff. For them, making it ~~mandate~~ compulsory ensures the health of the staff and supplies the employer with confidence reassurance that the staff-members' health ~~are~~ <sup>is</sup> also prioritised. ✓

With the ongoing workplace mandatory-vaccinations, The CGE (Commission of Gender Equality) expressed their concern toward companies that terminate <sup>just</sup> employees' contracts because they refuse to get vaccinated. The CGE has warned them that they'll <sup>(companies)</sup> be violating their human rights, which is also why I disagree with the action of making vaccinations compulsory. ✓

I conclude by saying that people have the right, the right to freedom of choice. In order for authorities to gain the trust of the general public (of South Africa) and prevent ~~n.~~ that we divide as a country, they need to take people's opinions and concerns <sup>to</sup> ~~in~~ account and adhere to their rights. We need to respect the rights of each other. ✓  
(Total words : 463)



# Nie Zulu

2020 Vision: How the global lockdown opened our eyes.

In the year 2020, something drastic struck the entire world, that is all the seven continents. It was a tough row to hoe. ✓  
It all happened unexpectedly. We were standing on one side of a massive river of uncertainty and hardship, and suddenly we were now seeing the other side of the river when the global lockdown was introduced. ✓ ✓

The lockdown opened the eyes of the human being to many things. People saw the unexpected in their lives for the first time in their life history. The world finally had a brief but bitter taste of the kind of isolation which lonely pensioners had suffered for years. The whole world felt the chill of social exclusion. ✓ ✓

Communities suffered boredom and irritation. Many wrestled with anxiety, <sup>loneliness</sup> loneliness and depressive moods. Talk about the economy! The economy was seriously not up for the challenge! Significant reduction in income, a rise in unemployment, and disruption in ~~transportation~~, transportation, service and manufacturing industries were seen. It opened the eyes of people, especially world leaders, to become innovative, something that was always neglected by our errant leaders. but the crisis showcased the importance of innovation, before and after their campaigns to presidency. ✓ ✓

The worst thing that the global lockdown showed to people was the fact that no matter how much time we think we had, we did not actually have that much time. Many realised that the world can become the enemy when you lose what you love. People realised that death was actually there ~~(there)~~ and that it could come at any time in life and that the loss of a loved one can never be undone. The



crisis took a huge toll on humanity! ✓

The global lockdown was partly good as it opened some people's eyes to brilliant talents they did not know they had, some even learned new skills, <sup>for</sup> example: <sup>sewing</sup> sewing of masks; manufacturing of sanitisers. During those moments humans were not the most fundamental optimists; whether that came from nature or nature, I cannot say but they realised that part of being optimistic or overcoming the tragedy, was keeping one's feet moving forward. There were many dark moments when humanity's faith was sorely tested, but that realisation caused them not to give up or to despair as that way <sup>lies</sup> ~~lays~~ defeat and death. ✓

[321 words]

A very fine discussion on the effects of the global lockdown, including both those of an existential as well as practical kind: The unexpected, and the reality of mortality, and keeping going, in the case of the former; and then effects on the economy and livelihoods in the latter's case.

C & P: 28  
L, S, E: 14  
S: 5  
C = 28  
L = 12  
S = 4  
44

It was also enjoyable to read your use of language itself: you have a writer's gift for good words and good turns of phrase, and figurative language. Keep it up!

Very informative!  
Well done!



50  
50

Showlo Seabi

04/05/2022

English HL: Creative writing

May 2022

Grade 10 D

key 6

50 marks

## Planning

set in the  
time before the world shut down

themes  
of hurt, grief  
& pain

The tear-jerking  
story of...

how  
cruel death  
is

when I lost  
my best friend.

## Final draft

In a time when everyone else thought  
the world was ending, turns out that  
mine had already ended...



02/02  
The person who first recognised Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> as a superstitious day was right, as I unfortunately experienced the accuracy of this statement first hand. ✓  
Allow me to take you back to that cursed day, when fate decided to  
44 stain my cheeks with tears.

It was a cold autumn day, I remember this vividly as I spent over an hour searching for my stockings.  
The sun peered brightly through the kitchen window as I drank my morning tea, I made it just the way I liked it, just the way she liked. ✓  
48

✓ The world feared for the future after the pandemic had been discovered, as did I, I feared for myself, my family, but I feared for her the most. She was so weak and frail, "will she survive?", I often wondered if she would.  
43

✓ Turns out God had already answered my question, I was just too blind to see it. If only I listened, if only I saw the signs, I could have done something, I could have saved her, but  
41 fate had other plans.



39

When a candle in a dark room is blown out, the once small bit of darkness consumes everything, that is how I felt, the darkness had consumed everything that the light once touched, my candle had been blown out. ✓

37

As the sun set on that dreaded day, I recieved news that would forever alter my life. She was gone, the light of my life was extinguished, she tangoed with death and did not survive the turn. ✓

57

The tears struggled to fall from my eyes - the pain, the anguish I felt could be compared to when Romeo lost his Juliet. She had left, the light gone from her eyes. Oh how I and my heart wept the day I lost my best friend, oh how much pain I felt the day I lost my Juliet.

[327 words]

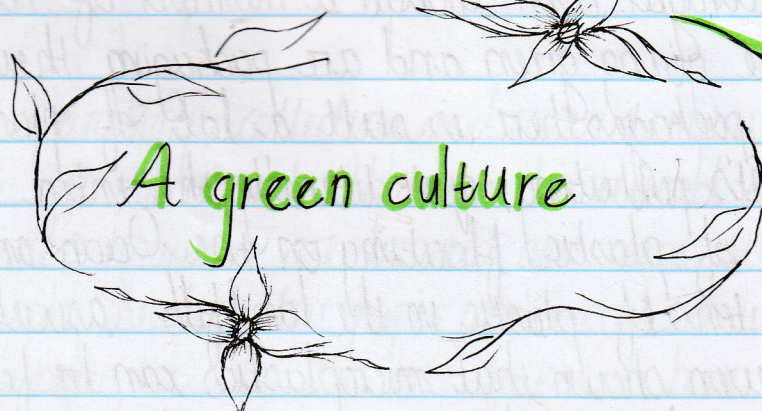
C: 30

L: 15

S: 5



by Anonymous



What is a green culture

Why is it better?

Imagine a world where the Environment was put first, where every decision is made with the environment in mind. ✓

The Earth would honestly be a much better place if we lived in a green culture, minimizing the use of the resources that we have here on Earth and instead using renewable resources. The majority of people today aren't living the green culture lifestyle, even though a lot of environmental issues have been brought to light by scientists. Our air is <sup>extremely</sup> polluted and a lot of people are getting sick from all the chemicals they're inhaling. Cases of people experiencing respiratory issues <sup>are</sup> ~~is~~ increasing at an alarming rate and the cause of this problem should be very obvious, it's all the carbon dioxide and all the <sup>exhaust</sup> fumes and methane from all the livestock from Animal farms, which have way too many cows, pigs, chickens etc. and that's because of the high demand for meat.

Other causes  
are cars, industry



One other thing that is a major problem is plastic; the use of plastic should be discouraged, well it should be a lot more discouraged. Even though a number of stores and companies are going green and are packaging their products in biodegradable packages there is still a lot of plastic being produced and it's polluting, quite literally the entire Earth; there is an island of plastic floating on the Ocean and there are hundreds of tons of plastic in the landfills as well; some studies have even shown that microplastics can be found in the soil of some places, and the water too. Plastics are made from non-renewable resources such as coal and oil, whereas biodegradable plastics are made from plants, which means they're not harming the environment even when thrown on the ground because they take a lot less time to breakdown and they're non-toxic. Use canvas bags instead. *haha!*

Growing your own food (if possible) is good for the environment and you too, you'll be eating greens that you're sure don't have pesticides or chemicals that could be potentially harmful in the long run. You'll be using natural fertilizer and pulling out weeds by hand.

Literally everyone could benefit from everyone on earth living the green culture lifestyle. The environment would be clean and people and animals would be healthy.

If you're going to be living the green culture lifestyle you should quite literally live by Reduce Reuse and Recycle. You should reduce the amount of waste we produce by Reusing a lot of things a lot of things that ~~are~~<sup>you</sup> don't have to throw away but could instead use it for something else.



Using Renewable resources is also one very good way to live a green culture lifestyle. So solar power for electricity... great we should use that, Wind turbines? Those are just as amazing and Countries all over the world should start using those. But imagine how clean and wonderful it would be to live in a world where ~~the~~ everything is Eco-friendly, it would honestly be a much better world because, pollution, global warming and lots of other things would no longer be a problem.

This space feels clean  
the air mountain fresh.

C: 30

L: 15

S: 5

The two legs of the present global economy, electricity and petrol, are both crumbling apart. So the sooner one invests in off-grid solutions, the sooner we can - yes, prepare ourselves - for the inevitable Green Culture where the Lions and lambs roam wild again.



# Khadija Riaz

## Pros and Cons of the Digital Age

This topic is very contraversial and there are numerous opinions and facts about the pros and cons of the Digital Age. The Digital Age has evolved at the speed of lightening and we have with it. It is a gargantuan part of us now. ✓

Let's take a few sneak-peaks at some of the advantages and disadvantages of the Digital Age.

I could write books about it, but I am not Shakespeare's daughter, so I can't do that - arrrg. Back to the point:

I believe that the Digital Age is at its peak in today's world.

Our lives evolve around digital technology and the greatest invention is undoubtedly the smartphones. Yes! A whole computer on the palm of my hand. ✓

Now let's stop beating around the bush, I am going to ✓ generalise my pros and cons of the Digital Age. Personally, the Digital Age has made many tasks so much easier, which is less time consuming and therefore more efficient. You can do more in a less time-periods, but this has made us extremely lethargic <sup>lazy</sup> and this affects <sup>effects</sup> our health directly. We can travel the whole world at one sport <sup>sport contest</sup>, make new friends by sitting on the couch - but not all that glitters is gold. All the above has made us unfit and unhealthy, socially and physically. I am so unfit that my grandmother could outrun me, thanks to technology. ✓

There is an Arabic saying that tough times makes tough people, tough people make



easy times, easy times make weak people and weak people make tough times. The Digital Revolution created the easiest of times which screams at us that we are weak people and so we shall find tough times for ourselves. Rumi, says "Too much of anything, is not good." We live in comfort and that eats away at our physical activities and wellbeing.

On the other hand again,

→ Another advantage is that we can connect with anyone, anywhere, at anytime - awesome! ~~But~~ I can talk to my aunt who is a thousand miles away from me, but I can't go outside and play with my friends. I'd rather scroll on TikTok. We are glued to our screens like ticks on a dog. We have become enslaved to the Digital Age.

Every coin has two sides, you can reflect and decide for yourselves if there are more Pros or Cons ~~of~~ <sup>to</sup> the Digital Age. Do you remember the last time you had a real face-to-face conversation with someone that wasn't work related? When last you played outside or read a book that wasn't electronic? We, as humans, tend to love anything that makes something easy for us, but if we love too much it becomes addiction, and anything that is addicting is dangerous.



While we could go on forever, I think that if we use the Digital facilities in a controlled manner, then it might just be perfect. Use the Digital Inventions only for tasks that can't be done without it and try and spend your free time doing physical activities and encourage others to do so too. ✓

Life is full of choices and you get to choose how much you want to use something as well as choosing how much you will let something use you. Make a wise choice! Best of luck! ✓

[310 words].

C : 28

L : 14

S : 5

=  $\frac{47}{50}$  lovely!



# Khanya Mogwera

1.1 Final draft : In order to heal, you need to feel. nice rewording!

## Free Reflective essay

I remember trying so hard to change. To bring about change in myself, change in my mood, to change who I was as a person because I was tired of feeling that way. I was tired of being her, the moody introvert that saw ~~darkness~~ <sup>the dullness</sup> in every rainbow..

I wore different clothes, changed my diet, changed my behaviour and everything about me. All because I just wanted to feel better...

So many things happened prior to these decisions, most of them I overlooked because I never wanted to face them. No one ever wants to face emotions, because we like it more when we don't feel intense feelings. ~~Don't we?~~ Unwanted feelings. But that is where I messed up. Instead, I neglected the fact that I also required to heal and healing only comes to those who allow themselves to feel. To feel the hurt, the disappointment, the sadness and anger. You cannot heal from something you don't allow yourself to feel.



Brilliant essay.

C: 28  
L: 14  
S: 5

48  
50

I was so focused on feeling better that I forget the journey it takes to get there because my eyes were always on the destination. To be better... I would constantly guilt-trip myself for all the mistakes I made, instead of learning from them.

Never have I had an epiphany so valuable, that it changed the way I saw my life and made me realize how many people chase a "better forever" instead of acknowledging that they need to heal in order to be happy. They need to let themselves heal from ~~there~~ their past events and ~~we~~ <sup>they</sup> need to stop carrying old feelings into new experiences. Life is a never-ending journey and it we should ~~except~~ <sup>accept</sup> and embrace the feelings and experiences because it is ~~a~~ part of ~~the~~ being human.

I ~~ned~~ needed to get better at feeling (bad) in order to make space for all the better feelings because in order to prepare for a favourable tomorrow, you need to ~~to~~ heal from a bad yesterday and be okay with it because it is ~~a~~ part of <sup>the</sup> human-experiences.

(302 words)



final draft (Diary entry)

2.6. 2022-10-17

I just had an ephip epiphany ...

So, I just had a meaningful moment just a few minutes ago that I think will transform the way I see things from now on. I genuinely can't believe that I never stumbled upon this realization before but.

So, I have been on an emotional roller coaster lately, mostly because of the multiple life-changes I'm facing. Usually, I would cope through it by talking to friend or crying about it (because I'm an emotional queen lol). But today was different.

I remember sitting perpendicular on my bed, with my head resting on the pillow against the wall, looking up at the ceiling. I was deep in thought about how hard I was trying to make myself feel better in the past few days and how it wasn't working. I was finding it hard to heal but then it hit me. "You cannot heal from something



you don't let yourself <sup>✓</sup> feel". This  
epiphany meant a lot because I  
remember always shoving down the  
emotions I felt. ✓

But I realized how important it is  
to go through things in order to  
move past <sup>✓</sup> be them.

(1245 words)

C: 13

L: 8

F: 4

Please always remember this epiphany.

=  $\frac{25}{25}$



# Oabile Gura

Final Draft

1a) The ancient village of Dithakwana

years and years ago in the village of Dithakwana was a king who was very wealthy and ~~event~~ owned lots of crops, gold, animals and land. The king had two handsome twins named Tau and Mangaliso. Tau and Mangaliso were taught the way of the Dithakwanas and everything they needed to know about their culture. The two boys had each <sup>had</sup> servants and was given the task to prepare them for the Thakwana initiation, which is a series of events and tests to see who was strong enough, brave enough and smart enough to take after their father. But huda, Mangaliso's servant is not pure of heart<sup>100</sup>. This is because he believes his father Benjamin is the king's brother should have been the rightful ruler of Dithakwana. And he believes that the king killed his father right before the Thakwana initiation.

So huda taught Mangaliso to be filled with hatred and told lies about his father, and even said to Mangaliso that he overheard the king talking about to his wife about ~~the~~ <sup>Tau</sup> being the next ruler of Dithakwana. Mangaliso was frustrated and wanted nothing to do with his family and he decided he will do anything in his power to become king. ✓

<sup>200</sup> Mangaliso then showed up to the royal family dinner dressed in the Umbenge, which was the traditional attire for war, with black paintings on the face to scare the enemy and show no fear. Mangaliso confronted the king and insulted him for being weak and killing his uncle. But the king got angry, before he could take another step, Mangaliso stabbed his heart with a smile on his father's face then cut the throat of his mother and left a note for his brother Tau challenging him for the throne. When Tau arrived, his heart was shattered and he <sup>100</sup> couldn't believe that his brother was the one who did this. Huda ran away from the village afterwards. Tau buried his parents all of the kind people who showed to support him. ✓

On the same night in Tau's bedroom, the spirits of his ancestors flown in his vision and told Tau to face his brother. Tau fought his brother and came out



victorious.

SP He ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> crowned king by his people, but he relinquished the throne, his wealth and the land to the people and turned the kingdom into a village to avoid conflicts for the future and every villager supported him and buried all their wealth under the village and this was how the great Dithakwana <sup>kingdom</sup> ~~kingdom~~ became a village.

C: 30  
L: 12 = 47  
S: 5      50

A very brilliant short story.  
Well done!



2

Aadila Tooma

Then I saw him.

It all began one rainy day in October, it was the day I decided to cut my long hair into a cute bob haircut. I was tired of maintaining long hair because it was forever getting stuck in places, it took long to dry, it broke many hairbands and it had a lot of heat damage. I felt fresh and new after the haircut and I could not wait for everyone to see. While on my way to work I see someone but I can't make out who it is. ✓

SP

The sun peeps from the clouds and obstructs my view as I try to get a glimpse of that person. I get that feeling ~~that~~ of familiarity as I sneakily creep up to him from behind. He looks like Des who I went to school with, also known as my highschool crush. He was indeed the man who I swore my heart to. My heart began racing and while walking, I tripped... that was a bad fall but before he could turn around I quickly rolled into the bushes. Disaster avoided almost smoothly. ✓

W

That felt like a save until I seen the state of myself, my hair? a mess, my clothes? dirty, and my heels? broken. I almost had a mental breakdown. But then a light bulb went on, this was my second chance to finally step up and be with Des. He seemed to have come to my company for some work. I quickly went home and changed. ✓



On the way back to work I kept thinking and hoping he was the person that our boss mentioned that would be coming to the meeting. The butterflies kicked in as soon as I got off the car. Thoughts ran through my mind if he remembered me or if he would like to go for coffee sometime. When I got to the meeting I realised I forgot my laptop in the car, luckily my bestfriend borrowed me hers. I plugged in the USB and began taking notes to occupy myself because Des was nowhere to be seen. ✓

My work was always the thing that got my mind over stressful issues. Now the room went silent as my boss walked in with a few people. I looked and looked and still no sign of him, after a few minutes we all heard a knock on the door. The secretary opened the door and Des, the dashing and dazzling man walked in. It was so schematic because time slowed down, music began playing and there was a tiny breeze. ✓

Our eyes locked into one another and then he called out my name and greeted me. I was in utter shock. After the meeting I was left speechless, and then he walked up to me and we had a good conversation and caught up from highschool. Des said that he would be staying for a while and asked me to be his tour guide. I immediately accepted and asked him to meet me at the coffee shop around the corner in an hour's time. P



I could feel the sparks of a romance story building. After finishing work I touched up my make-up and headed to the coffee shop. I was distracted making last minute phone calls and then I saw him. Des looked so calm, his body language made me feel safe and at ease. I've always liked him because this was how he made me feel, calm and relaxed. ✓

P  
W Before I could say anything he asked if I was okay, I was confused and asked why and that's when he told me that he seen me fall. I was embarrassed but I just laughed it off, it seemed like he cared and asked me again but this time he asked in a stern voice. Scared me waited no extra second and replied yes. Des looked at me very seriously and said that he lied and he actually came here for a different reason. ✓

W He came here because of me, he liked me since highschool and he was too shy to confess. I was in utter shock that, subconsciously said "me too". Then we both blushed and the sparks were there again. After a few months I seen him again, but this time, it was when I walked down the wedding aisle with my father next to me. I finally married the one who had my heart all these years. ✓✓

$$\begin{array}{r} C: 28 \\ L: 13 \\ S: 5 \end{array} = \frac{46}{50}$$

Stunning! ✓



# Othusitse Leteane

## The pros and cons of the Digital Age.

We live in an age where digital and technological advancements are a prominent increase. Technology has stamped itself into our daily everyday lives. People can talk, bank, get food and ~~exercise~~ <sup>exercise</sup> thanks to their accessibility to their phones. We cannot help it but be thankful for the advancements in technology; daily life has become a luxury thanks to some technological improvements that have taken place.

Companies such as Tesla, SpaceX, Apple and Neuro-link, aim to improve the tech world. People's lives have become easier, people can now order food and get it delivered to their front door, as easily as clicking on an app on their phones. Something goes for shopping, no need to go out and stand in long shopping lines. People don't have to drive their own cars for themselves anymore because car manufacturers have started making self-driving and self-aware sustainable cars, thanks to the advancements in AI technology. AI and robotic technology has also been prominent in the world of medical science; care-taking AI has been a great help in hospitals all over the world. Making money has also never been as easy as it is now, the world of crypto currency is at an all time high. Many billionaires and millionaires have been made thanks to digital investments in crypto currencies.

2:58  
1:13  
2:58 = 1:13 + 1:45

Excellent essay.



But as they say for every good side there's a bad side. Technology may be advancing for the greater good of humanity but not for the sustainable future of the planet we reside on. With the growth of technology and the digital framework of the world, comes ~~deforestation~~ <sup>deforestation</sup>, which has been at a high lately as businesses aim to build in different parts of the world. With that comes habitat destruction for most of the world's wildlife. Human development has ~~solely~~ become the <sup>sole</sup> reason for 80% of the world's <sup>of</sup> animal extinction in the world. Tech waste pollution (E-pollution) has become the fastest growing type of pollution in the world. As new technology (devices) is made old technology is ~~discarded~~ <sup>discarded</sup>, leading to growth in E-pollution. Another thing that the digital ~~world~~ Age has become known for is ~~hackers~~ <sup>hackers</sup>.

With the digital framework of the world, digital ~~for~~ storage has become the norm and digital ~~security~~ <sup>security</sup> crises are at an all time high with hackers stealing people's digital information and using it to steal their money. Another problem that humanity might face is the risk of an AI take-over, with the increase in self-aware robots and AI, people may be at risks of robots taking over the world, ~~seeing~~ <sup>seeing</sup> as they think of themselves as <sup>superior</sup> ~~superior~~ to humans.

We can say that the digital age has become a benefit to humanity but the digital age itself comes with its own downsides.

Excellent essay.

C: 28 368 words  
L: 13  
S: 5 =  $\frac{46}{50}$



Ntebogang Gopane

⑧

It all started when he ~~disappeared~~ <sup>didn't pay</sup>

My life was perfect - a loving husband and a healthy baby girl. My husband and I had been very successful when it came ~~to~~ our business in the mining industry. We were co-owners and frankly ~~a~~ power couple ruling the industry. I'd handle the mining ~~and~~ and workers, when he'd handle the finances.

One day I was on my way to pick up my daughter, whom I'd left at my grandma mother's place for the day, but along the way I got a call from our suppliers talking about how ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup> company had not <sup>paid?</sup> ~~recieved~~ any income or installment ~~from~~ <sup>for</sup> the past few months - <sup>luckily</sup> I ~~was~~ able to negotiate an extra week to be able to pay what <sup>needed</sup> needs to be paid in, because at that point I needed answers from my husband and so I asked my mother to take care of the baby a little while longer ~~to~~ until I could handle some things.

I had planned to head back to the company, all <sup>the</sup> while trying to reach my husband, who was starting to worry me. Once I got to his office, I confronted him and adressed my concern ~~et~~ about where exactly our money was and why



①  
Our suppliers hadn't received the past few months' ~~instal~~ installments and all that gun of a gun could say was that he would handle everything in a few days. Initially I had to calm down and let him off the hook, but boy was I a fool! ✓

That evening, <sup>at the house</sup> my husband handed me an envelope that contained two passports (mine and my daughter's) and said that he planned a "get away" for us to <sup>go</sup> get to Botswana and that he'd later on meet us there once he had taken care of the "supplier" incident. I was ~~exc~~ excited and proud of the husband I had and had started packing for the vacation, as he had planned for us to leave ~~that~~ in the morning. ✓

key words: "Get away"...

Earliest of the morning our driver had come to transport us to Botswana as my husband had wanted. We said our good byes and had then left to start our journey. After 2 hours of ~~driving~~ sitting in the car, we decided to pull over for a quick gas and snack <sup>refill</sup> ~~refect~~. At the time, I had just gotten my daughter to sleep and didn't want to awake her and so I left to go do a quick shopping spree - water, ice, milk, you know, the essentials. Once I'd left the store, guns



were pointed at me and the driver kept ✓  
yelling "I'm sorry for betraying you madam" -  
I was wondering what was happening until  
one officer stepped closer to ~~me~~ <sup>do</sup> what  
looked like arresting me and explained,  
"✓ You are under arrest for murdering your  
husband and for <sup>money embezzlement under the name of</sup> fraud under your own ✓ your  
company. Anything you say or do will be  
used against you in the court of ~~at~~ law."

First of all my driver that I had just met  
today is talking about betrayal; then this  
officer is apparently "reading my rights"  
and talking about how I murdered  
my husband and embezzelled money?!  
On top of that my husband is dead,  
my daughter is all alone and all of this  
is being pinned on me?! ✓

"I need to make one phone call", I said to  
the officer. ✓

Phenomena / storytelling!

C: 30

L: 14

S: 5

$$= \frac{49}{50}$$



93  
100

Rad writing!

Goratileona Pilane

Grade 10 F Key 4

English Home Language

17 October 2022

Section A: Essay

It all started when...

It all started with a scream.

Planning

1. Katie was extremely happy as she wandered the dark streets of her small town, Cooperville.

- Listening to music.

2. Her music stopped playing and her phone jammed. She became frustrated and tossed it to the ground. It cracked.

3. Katie felt an eerie feeling and right after two gunshots followed, leaving a high pitched sound in her ears. She instantly regretted tossing the phone to the ground.

4. She picked up the phone and heard a blood curdling scream.

- Fight or flight.

5. Katie followed the sound and found the dead body of her classmate Stacy.

- A book with a strange symbol and a dagger. Stacy surrounded by glassine glasses and red candles.

6. A feminine voice whispered that the sacrifice was in vain and they will be punished. But they cannot fix it with the young and fresh blood of Katie's.

7. Two gunshots, into the air, a shiny dagger covered in blood, tears right through Katie's chest, and she falls to the ground, eyes closing slowly.

164  
49  
113  
62  
175



It all started with a scream...

Katie was extremely happy as she wandered the dark and creepy streets of her small town, Apple Valley. Loud music blasted into her ears through headphones, her eyes fixated on the bright screen of her cellphone and not where she was headed. The air smelled of damp soil and fresh leaves. Every step she took felt like a delicate on in the clouds.

Suddenly, the music stopped playing, and her phone stopped working. Her happiness was quickly replaced by frustration as she tapped listlessly on the jammed screen. Katie grew impatient and tossed the phone to the ground. It made an unsettling crackling sound when it made contact with the earth.

Katie had an eerie feeling. Now, her frustration was replaced by fear. Bang! Bang! She heard two gunshots which left a high-pitched sound in her ears. Swiftly, with panic and regret, she picked up her phone, begging for it to work. And then, a scream. Blood curdling. The last kind of sound you'd want to hear all alone, far away from home.

It was either fight or flight. The instinctive physiological response to a threatening situation. Any normal person would turn on their heel and flee. Not Katie. She followed the scream and what she discovered was beyond her imagination. Red candles lit, wine glasses all around. Three women in black capes, chanting in a language Katie didn't understand. In the



sp

center, laid the ~~lfters~~ lifeless body of her classmate, Stacy. ✓

sp

In a pool of her own blood, eyes and mouth wide open, she laid there. With a hole in her chest, and a shiny dagger, covered in blood, beside her. Her fingertips turning black. Katie's blood ran cold, her heart was torn between pounding and stopping. ✓

Katie heard one of the caped women whisper that the sacrifice was in vain. And that Stacy was not pure. "But worry not, fresh blood is nearby. It is pure. Take her!" When the women turned to face Katie, their faces went pale. It was as if they had seen a ghost. Katie held her breath, confused. ✓

Everything stopped. The women bowed before Katie and chanted in a whisper. The eldest picked up a spear and a crown, handed them to Katie. "You, the daughter of the Emerald Malkia, are crowned queen of the Malkia witches." ✓

"What?" [364 words]

C: 28

L: 14

S: 5

$$= \frac{47}{50}$$

excellent



Masego Kanyane  
Grade 10<sup>c</sup>

## Section A : Essay

### The Belief of ancestors in the <sup>21st</sup> 20th century.

For someone who comes from a spiritually gifted family, it has always been difficult for me to embrace it or feel proud about it. During school I would often hear my friends talk about how "crazy" it is and how we "worship dead people". ✓

A few months before my grandmother would pass away, I was sitting with her under her orange tree as she drank the tea I had just made her. Around her wrists were bangles - bright red and green; around her neck was also a necklace she never took off, all these were to show that she was a spiritually gifted person. I knew that if I had questions about our family's spiritual practices, she was the person to ask. ✓

I looked at her and I asked how come we don't believe in God like other <sup>families</sup> families do, my grandmother chuckled and went on to explain that we do believe in God, and that we just communicate with him differently; she saw how much interest I had and she went on further to explain. ✓



She <sup>told</sup> ~~tells~~ me that long before African countries were colonised, everyone in Africa believed in ancestors. It was only after the colonisations, ~~that~~ when Christian missionaries went all around the continent converting families into Christians that everything started changing. ✓

Many Africans started ~~losing~~ their way of life and the belief of ancestors began to be seen as "demonic". Today, only a small <sup>number</sup> ~~amount~~ of Africans still practice African Spirituality. ✓

After the talk I had with my grandmother, I could <sup>then</sup> ~~than~~ understand the context ✓ behind the <sup>whole</sup> ~~the~~ religion. I was no longer ashamed and I could embrace it more. ✓

Now, who ever makes a comment about how we worship dead people, I am able to confidently explain to them that we do not worship dead people, we just pay homage to our ancestors and understand that they live within our DNA ✓ because they are the closest connection we have to the ancestral realm and <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ great advocates <sup>of</sup> ~~to~~ our success. ✓

[330]

C: 28  
L: 12 = 45  
S: 5 = 50



# This Moment Matters by Mokgabo Mokotedi

Have you ever just looked around <sup>and</sup> thought "This moment right here, it is beautiful." Well, let me tell you something about my family... my mother's a teacher so poor me. I have to listen to speeches about education and "the importance of studying" for nearly 9 hours a day. I have two brothers and a sister. A sister who is a university student, one biopolar brother and a brother who just recently started a family. My father... well, the greatest human being ever, he owned a business, a successful transporting business I must add. See now my family has always been a close one and every year, on christmas day we do something together.

Now December 2020, things were a little different considering my brother started a family in January but on the 24th of December - Christmas eve, I was at home, minding my own business, when I hear our gates opening and loud music playing. As I ran towards the window, with wonder in my eyes, I <sup>saw</sup> a bright red car brighting our driveway and I <sup>immediately</sup> knew it was my brother. Excitement rushed through my body like goosebumps as I ran towards him and his family. "Missed me?" He asked.

Considering the fact that I <sup>hadn't</sup> seen him since January that year, I thought it was a rhetorical question. So there I am, in my



pyjamas at 4 o'clock in the afternoon as happy as I can be, when I look into the red GTI that my brother owns <sup>small</sup> when I see the cutest person I've ever seen! Her skin glowed as she was placed in a position where the sun hit her skin like a beautiful slap. Her hand was as small as a grain of sand. She smelled like honey. Styler is her name, my first niece - she was eleven months at the time. ✓

The day was 25 December 2020. My parents, my sister and I had already made plans to go to a game reserve before my brother and his family showed up so we went without them. When we came back we found my niece waiting for us at the kitchen doorstep. We went inside the house and both my brothers followed us in, we shared memories of past Christmases with laughs as loud as thunder and there... there it was... the moment. ✓

The moment I wish I had got on camera. The last time my whole family was complete and happy. A moment we were stress-free, happy and together. That moment mattered. ✓  
A moment where troubles, worries and beefs were forgotten. A moment where we were at our most peaceful moment. A moment I loved. A moment I wish I had forever. One moment.



## Final by Anonymous

### This moment matters

We should treasure every moment we have with our loved ones. Even the smallest ones, because one day when one of us are gone, those memories are all we have. ✓

In the beginning of the year something very devastating had happened in our family. I lost three very special people in my family. My cousin, her husband and their beautiful little girl who was only a year old. Not a day goes by that I don't think about them. They were the happiest ~~family~~ <sup>little family</sup> I have ever seen. They <sup>were</sup> coming home to visit us when they met up in an accident. The car caught on fire and they burned. ✓

Sometimes I think to myself, is this real? Are they really never coming back? Our ~~lives~~ lives go on without them, but nothing will be the same. Some days I have to don a mask and hide beneath its veneer. Everything happens for a reason, and I know that god knows why he took them so early. There's a quote that says "Death takes the body. God takes the soul. Our mind holds the memories. Our hearts keep the love. Our faith let's us know we will meet again." ✓



Some days the sadness leaves me and my smile will <sup>reappear</sup> ~~reappear~~. Some days I close my eyes because your memory is so clear. There are days where I look for you, with thoughts to share. ✓  
I have to hold back my tears when someone says your name. With the love in our hearts, you walk with us forever.

~~257~~ 257 words



Dear Botshelo,

Warm greetings to you! It has been a while since we last spoke. Life has swept me up like a whirlwind since then - has kept me very busy and creative, almost as if I had boarded an explorer's ship, and set sail for a new world.

The new world I set sail for, as it were, was a job at Hoërskool Zeerust, teaching English to the Grade 10's. It happened shortly after we last corresponded, and as if by luck or magic. I was in an unusually reckless state of mind, at the time - there was less or no illusion left to hold onto anymore, it seemed, and thus I felt daring and impulsive. Coupled with the difficulty of surviving in a poor farming community - Groot Marico. Thus did I drive out, one morning, and faster than usual, for Zeerust, C.V. in hand, to visit the town's various schools. By evening I had arranged an interview at HSZ for the following morning; by pure chance or fate, the Grade 10 English teacher had just resigned... By the next morning, after a perfect interview whose tone of humorous professionalism I have always since maintained with everyone, including the two characters, book-like, who interviewed me - the Principal and the head of maths - I was practically already hired, and began in earnest about a week later.



What happened after that is History, as the saying goes, and everything since then has felt like a story in a book, a book called "Charmed Life".

That life has become mythology, has become an old legend through which I merrily stroll, alive. The merry-go-round of pleasure and pain has been superseded by tranquil happiness and peace. I am living my full human potential. Like a retired American professor living in the Kalahari, as my uncle Egbert once said of that man, whose book he was reading, "He's just having a lot of fun."

I'm reliving my old golden high school days, an intensely creative time, and holistic time, but I'm doing so from a different perspective, having seen something in between, of the stormy seas of the world. Now I teach younger people about those seas, hinting at how they might be navigated, and it is just as well that I surfed them first myself, before I professed to know anything much, to youngsters, about them. My subject is English, but that-language - is essentially, I think, a doorway into the limitless, starry study of Cosmic Presence and Being.

In respect of which I have come, through the daily wilderness of a somewhat improvised stage performance in front of a youthful audience who are also participating actors, to appreciate the tangible magic of Oneness and, with it,



a surrender and recession of rigid, self-centred egotism. It has been enlightening, for example, to tangibly perceive that any individual, given an equitable and generous upbringing, can transcend the shoddy limitations of class, and conditioning, and appear before one as one's brother or sister, a cosmic presence, a piece of the divine. And then you start to recognise it everywhere, and to remember how things used to be when you were a young child, when the curtain of identity was so very transparent. At a multi racial, multi cultural South African high school, this realisation is liberating indeed.

It is just as well, too, that HSZ is a school steeped in tradition, roots, and even mythology. Perhaps the educators are actually wizards. The area is certainly bewitched, as is attested to by the tangible presence of ancestral spirits. Not only do bygone teachers still exert an influence in and outside the classroom, but on the picturesque hills overlooking the school, can be found the ruins of a very old Batswana settlement called Dithakwana, whose inhabitants probably collected their water from the Klein Marico River, which flows today below the modern town of Zeerust (Coetzee's Rest - a voortrekker farmer), and actually passes many horizons later, just above The piece



of earth in Roodepoort, Gauteng, where my father and his brothers grew up, and which I remember from childhood. I mention this linked detail because it was recently revealed to me, when I visited my dad in the Cape during the festive season, that his uncle, Jacques Nolte (his mother's brother), taught at HSZ in the 1950s, in order to support his growing family on their Marico farm at Kromelembog Dam.

I also learned that Oom Jacques' father, my father's grandfather, sent at least one of his children to study at HSZ in the very first or early days of the school's existence, the school being today just over 100 years old.

I was truly riveted by these revelations, as it indicates, in a profound way, my ancestral Marico belonging.

I certainly feel at home at the school, whose friendly "plaaslike" staff consider themselves "een groot familie", not least because more than half of this staff are "Oudleerlinge" - past learners of HSZ; such as the current headmaster, Meneer P.J. "Wessie" van Der Westhuizen, who has been a student of life at HSZ for 39 years and counting! Just today, on the athletics field (Hesseveld), Mr. Wessie informed me, moments before a young Tswana ~~man~~ ran a time of 11:00 secs in the 100m sprint, that his time, back in the day as a school sprinter, was... 11:00 seconds.



Well, there's an old transvaal story, that took place on my great grandfather's farm, that my father used to tell us.

One night a young couple with their children were travelling through the Marico veld in their ox wagon. It had recently become dark, and they were looking for a farm or place to put up for the night, when they saw a light from a farmhouse glimmering through the deepening dusk. - which happened to be my great grandfather's abode.

Presently, in making for the lighted house, which stood on a rise through the anonymous shadows, they came to a drif - which means a low place of crossing between the banks of a watercourse.

It was the rainy season, summer, and the little veld stream was flowing eagerly amongst the rocks and boulders of her bed. The sky was overcast and moody, but the rain had stopped a bit earlier in the day - that kind of rain that comes in waves.

Halfway across the drif, the wagon's wheels got lodged in the stones.

The couple, seeing that their children were asleep, decided to briefly go and introduce themselves, then come back for their children and belongings. But no sooner than they heading up the far bank, and their children suddenly woke up, wailing.



So, they turned back and fetched their kids along. Then traipsed up to the farmhouse on the hill, and made the acquaintance of my great grandfather and his family.

In the moments of their meeting, perhaps still standing out on the front stoep, it began raining heavily. Within moments, the precipitation was a torrential downpour—a flash flood. And there, down below, illuminated by the spectral lightning, which reveals another world, the river came flooding down the mountain, and took the ox wagon away with it.

**Botshelo** I have written you a long letter, much longer than this one, containing many adventures, a mythological history of life in Groot Marico since you departed here just more than three years ago. The letter is called "Bushman Letters: The adventures of Leeu Gamka and Botshelo, bushman and woman!" (Leeu Gamka is also a tiny village in the Eastern Cape, which we used to pass through as a family when we took the train to Cape Town. 'Leeu' is the Afrikaans word for Lion, and 'Gamka' is an archaic Khoi word, meaning the same thing.)

The letter is comprised of numerous booklets, which I ~~we~~ made by folding sheets of custom-size paper together,



having primed them first with coffee. To write, I used dipping ink, and a quill pen with a metal nib, although I initially made and used a rudimentary quill from a bird's feather. (I want to try again to make a neater feather-quill pen.). The last booklet is blank, left open for you to reply within. I innocently anticipate with excitement what your response there will be. Shall I courier the letter to your parent's address in Hamburg, or is there another address I should use?

Botshelo darling, I hope you are well and that life is continuing to blossom so abundantly for you.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Love,  
Etienne



## Creative essays and narratives (2023)



Dawn Koshy Gr 10 Key 4

## Topic 1: The fountain of memory

planning:

Par 1

The darkness drew closer, I try to (expand) close my eyes but it's pointless as it grabs me. I jump up to be found in an old Victorian era bed. Where am I? Why, who? I don't remember. I begin to explore the old architecture in hopes to answer my question.

Par 3

The sounds stop, now only the thrashing of water, I have a job but I can't do it. I lack responsibility.

I came for a purpose.

I cannot go through with it.

The walls must live, the floors

must sing. The dust must not be cleaned.

The walls will live within the flame,

the floors will sing the song of destruction

the dust will turn to ash. The matches

in my pocket will do this. But after

I leave my memory of this place

with a heart full of

The fountain of  
Memory

Par 2

This building is odd, and very dusty. The floor board creaks with every step as if they will shatter at any moment.

There are doors, many doors. I open but

astonished to see a wall of brick on the other side, but it is different from the

other walls, it is newer. Others lead to a blue motor drops and an arrow

that lead to fully furnished rooms. In the middle I see a fountain still

running. The sound caught my attention but it was not the sound of water. Curiosity gets hold of me and

I take a drink, the salty but sweet taste is familiar.



Final:

## The Fountain of Memory

I run and run even more, but there is no destination. Who am I running for? No, what am I running from. It is hopeless, the darkness draws closer as I stop running. I close my eyes but it still sees me even if it is not mutual. I remember my family, and the time we spent together with no care in the world. Their faces in my memory slowly turn into a blur, they are walking away from me. I reach out but I am too far. If only I could be there with her one more time. A tear flows in my eye and as I open them, I see ... planks?

Where am I? There is a mirror right in front of the Victorian era bed that is occupied by me. Who are you? Who is this tear for? I have many questions but no answers. I slowly get up. The floor boards are creaking with every step I take. The dust on the floor coats the soles of my feet. A door stands in my way and as I exit it I see halls and ~~door~~ doors. Many doors but no windows. Who built this place? The doors I open are like puzzle pieces to a maze, some lead to brick walls that seem newer than the building. Some lead to three meter drops into concrete pits or are they stone?

I seem to be a curious man. The sound of giggling can be heard along with the moans of sorrow. It leads me to the centre of the building, it was a clearing with grass on the ground and a ~~brushing~~ rushing fountain in



SP  
the middle. The water flows but I forgot what it reminded me of. Within the rushing water is not only the sound of water but of ... people? The sounds are familiar in a way. It leads me in and I take a sip while looking at a rainbow ~~cover~~ coloured liquid on the floor.

The sounds come to a halt. Now it is only the sound of thrashing water. I have a job but I cannot ~~fulfill~~ complete it. Now I know what the fountain reminded me of. The hair of my ~~bet~~ betrothed. My formerly betrothed. What does it matter now; it is only a memory. I want to kill it, I have to kill it, but it must remain. The walls must live on, the floors must sing, the doors should remain ever changing but the loop must end. The walls will live on in flames, the floors will sing the song of destruction and the doors will change into ashes and soot. The matches in my pocket will do. My memory of this place will burn with it. Or else I'll wake up again, in this wretched house.

[words: 462]

A beautiful, haunting piece of poetry.

C: 29 30  
L: 13 14  
S: 5



25 April 2023Gr 10 B

III

Tshweiso SelekaTopic: ✕ The story of...Introduction:

- \* Story takes place in Africa mainly South Africa
- \* Consists of Zulu Characters
- \* Set in the older Times

- \* Characters are Zwelithini, Vukani, Tsambo, Cetshwayo and Sime
- \* King Cetshwayo, Father of Vukani dies in the story of a disease that is now known as Cancer

The story of Vukani III

- \* Tsambo, the healer, treats King Cetshwayo but his attempts are unsuccessful and the King dies.
- \* His funeral is held days after his death and soon-to-be King Vukani is very sad about the incident.

- \* Vukani now has to fill his father's shoes and take on as King of Imbembu, the great kingdom.
- \* Vukani now performs the sacred ritual and has to kill two male lions which may kill him first.
- \* He plans and strategises his plan. He executes it on the battle field.
- \* He kills both lions successfully.
- \* He is crowned as king of the great kingdom.



2/2

34  
 + 81  
 + 82 = 622  
 + 46  
 2107  
 - 94  
 + 201  
 + 31

## The Story of Vukani III

Many years ~~years~~ ago, there lived a great kingdom hidden in Bushveld in ~~the~~ KwaZulu-Natal near the great Tugela River. The Kingdom was rich with wild animals, large amounts of fish and fresh vegetation rich with highly fertile soil which could sustain the entire kingdom for eons. Many knew the kingdom as the Mfanta Kingdom but the residents called their home, Imbennu, which meant seed.

The Kingdom of Imbennu was populous. Tribes from <sup>the</sup> Cape, the Karoo as well as residents from Mapungubwe visited and traded valuable resources like gold, ivory as well as rare beads ~~with~~ with people of Imbennu. At the top of the monarchy, ruled the Great King of Imbennu, King Cetshwayo, with his sons, Zvelithini, Sizwe and Vukani III. The king taught his kids everything he knew on how to survive. He taught them how to hold an assegai (spear), ~~how~~ how to defeat an enemy within a short period of time, and most importantly, how to survive nature when alone. Prince Vukani was the king's favourite as they worked well together. The prince was heir to throne. As soon as the king passed on, he would have to take over the entire kingdom and handle operations like resolving public conflicts, amending civil laws, control the trade union and colonise small villages to expand the kingdom. Vukani was a little soft when it came to the expansion part.

As time passed, the King got ill. He was attended on by a traditional healer. Tsambo, the healer, assessed the king's body thoroughly. He ~~then~~ threw his tokens onto the floor to ask the ancestors for guidance on healing the king and protecting him from further harm. As Tsambo completed the ~~his~~ diagnosis, he came to a <sup>conclusion</sup> ~~conclusion~~ that the king had the sickness of Gods — It is known as cancer in the modern world. The King was frightened, as there was no cure for the disease and it usually resulted in death. Vukani fell to his knees as he was informed



of the tragic news.

After two weeks of being diagnosed, the king passed on. The whole Kingdom as well as the King's fellow associates gathered at the Sacred Umgababa cemetery where all the Mfonba Royals were buried. As days after the funeral passed by, it was time for ~~king~~ soon-to-be King Vukani III's coronation. Before the coronation of the newly crowned king, there was a traditional ritual the king had to perform. The ritual involved the king hunting down two Male Lions with just an assegai and a royal blade which he'd use to cut the throats of both Lions.

The time had come, the royal family gathered around to watch the king-to-be take down two male lions in the Great Bushveld of Imbweni. The King slowly entered the veld, his heart beating, palms were sweaty, his knees weak and arms heavy. ~~He~~ he is nervous as a single mistake would result in his death by a lion's ruthless bite on his neck. On the surface he looked calm and ready. He spotted the lions sleeping next to a baobab tree which were quite rare in the Natal. He took a stone, he threw it towards ~~the~~ a nearby stream leading to the Ingola ~~river~~ river. His plan had worked; one of the lions ~~ran~~ towards the sound of an ~~rising~~ ~~sound~~ object hitting water. The other lion layed dead. He ran towards, took his assegai, slit its neck before it could reach, that was an easy target. Now, he had to hunt down the other lion. He walked westward of where the lion had ran. He climbed over a tree and waited for the lion to return. After minutes went on, the lion had returned. It chose to lay underneath ~~the~~ a tree with no clue that Vukani was right above him holding the royal blade. After a few moments of carefully planning how to finish the job, the time had come. Vukani slowly stood up and jumped off the tree onto the lions ~~neck~~ back, ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> cut its throat and ran back to form a distance



between him and the lion, the lion slowly died. At last, Vnkani had completed the traditional ritual<sup>279</sup>

He and the royal family returned to the kingdom to prepare for his coronation. After being crowned as King of Imbenn, he prepared his plan to make Imbenn a Great Kingdom.<sup>30</sup>

64  
+82

[622 words]

+103

+94

+279

+30

[652 words]

C: 27

L: 13

S: 5

A very well-written, well-developed  
and intriguing story.



45  
50

Maabedi Chweneyagae

key 5

1/10 B

Creative Writing

main theme: the fountain of memory  
or the pitstop of thoughts. some might say through  
outs ones life. it is an essential part in helping you  
find out who you are by telling you about your past.

characters

setting: forest of life

- 1) Zara (zebra) who adopted  
wayne (wolf)

The story of  
The fountain  
of memory

→ introduction

- 2) wayne (wolf)

abandoned child and

left by the great fountain  
of Timbuk, the fountain of  
memory

on a cold winters night  
as zara was walking  
to her herd in the field, she  
heard a noise of a young cub.  
... wanted to leave the cub,  
but couldn't... went then to  
the head of the zebras.

- 3) head of zebra's

- 4) Waynes mother

- 5)

After finding out what happened, wayne

set out to find his parents

middel: the herd of  
zebras held a counsel

meeting and they decided

that zara could raise the

cub as her own. As wayne

grew older, he had

nightmares about where

he came from. He asked

zara where she found

him and where he came from.

Zara took wayne to the

great fountain of Timbuk to

help him get the answers

he desperately needed. Upon

drinking, he fell into a deep

sleep, and was flooded with

so many memories, and

uncovered a truth which

changed his life forever.



## The fountain of Memory

127

On a cold winters night as Zara was seated by the Great fountain of Timbuk, she was taking in the beauty in winters dark and cold views. <sup>100</sup> She particularly loved this river because it was also known as the fountain of memory, which had the power to tell you about your past and to help you to find out who you are. Just as she was about to leave, she heard the crying of a baby wolf cub and came to a <sup>50</sup> frightening standstill. She knew that that meant one of two things, there were wolves around or there was a baby who was left behind by his pack. Despite being alone she followed that cry and was shocked when she reached the source of the noise.

She saw what she had least expected, a baby wolf cub in a basket of pure gold and the finest velvet pillow. She looked at the cub, rocked him and put him back to sleep. She wanted to leave the cub in case someone would come back looking for him but she could not stomach the thought of leaving him in such a place where there was nothing ~~but~~ but cold and darkness. <sup>70</sup> She did what she felt was right in her heart and took the cub to the Head of the Zebra's and asked what was never asked before. "Greetings, I come here today to ask ~~to raise~~ permission to raise this cub as my own." The counsel <sup>120</sup> standing next to the Head were shocked to say the least. "You cannot raise a predator in our herd." one exclaimed. "Its unheard of!" another shouted. But the head who was known for his <sup>150</sup> compassion, fair judgement and kindness saw that Zara was



trying to do good and raise a child who had<sup>170</sup> no fault and<sup>180</sup> deserved to be treated with love and care.

"I will allow it." He said firmly but not forcefully. "But sir what will happen when he gets older and he tries to kill her, you and everyone for that matter." Zara stood still and waited for the Head of Zebras to say something. "Nothing of that sort will happen. I trust that Zara is able and more than willing to ensure that our lives will not be in danger when it comes to this cub." Zara was overfilled with joy, she took both the basket and the cub and headed home. Upon walking home, she had many questions. Why was he left alone, where did he come from and why was he in a gold basket.

Days turned into weeks, weeks turned into months and before Zara knew it, three years went by. She had decided to name the ~~is~~ now young wolf Wayne, but mostly because that was the name on the basket that she saw. One day in the middle of the night Wayne started having<sup>er</sup> a nightmare. It didn't really make sense but, he saw fire everywhere, wolves fighting amongst themselves and a figure approached him and ran away with him and put him near a wide bed of water. He ~~set~~ woke up immediately frightened and drenched in sweat, but fell asleep soon enough. After a few weeks of continuously having the exact same nightmare he decided to ask Zara the question that had been burning in his mind and heart since the nightmares began.



"ma" he said. "do you know where I come from... why I'm here... do you know who I am?" the question was asked so painfully it was like a stab straight to the heart. Zora responded and said, "my dearest boy, I think it's time you knew the truth". Zora led Wayne deep into the forest and said, "I knew this day would come but never had I known it would come so soon. I cannot answer any of your questions because I simply don't have the answers." "Then where are you taking me?" Wayne asked. Zora always knew that the fountain of Timbuk had great powers but she never really saw this power being displayed. "I'm taking you to where I found you, the Great fountain of Timbuk. You will find all the answers there."

Upon reaching the fountain, Zora instructed Wayne to drink from the fountain. Wayne obeyed and shortly after he fell to the ground unconscious. Zora felt bad but all she could do was watch. Wayne was talking but it wasn't audible. As he drifted to what felt like sleep to him, he saw everything from his nightmare but a little bit more detailed. He saw that someone tried to kill him in his basket and that he was mere seconds away from dying and the figure carried him again. but now he could see who it was, it was a female wolf with a crown on her head, and she ran with him to the fountain of Timbuk and ran away shortly after.



## moabedi keys.

Upon waking up he told zara that would be back soon, he kissed her and ran deep into the woods. Truth be told he didn't know where he was going to find the woman who brought him here, she could have the answers. He arrived at his destination sooner than he imagined and saw a pack of wolves and saw a glimpse of resemblance in one of them. He approached slowly and carefully to her and said "Excuse me mam!" she turned around and to say that she was shocked was an understatement. "Wayne?" she asked. "Yes" Wayne answered "how do you know my name?". "You are my son" she answered crying. "I didn't think you would come looking for us."

she led him to a private area and explained to him that on the night she took him to the fountain. The Dark Knights, his father's brother came and tried to kill him, her and his father. because he wanted to be king of the wolves. and she gave him up to save him. "where is dad?" Wayne asked. "He died, your uncle killed him." with a stutter in her voice. But because you are alive, you are now king of the wolves

Exceptionally well-told and well written story, Moabedi! Mainly you just need to work on spelling and punctuation.

C: 28

L: 12

S: 5



# Rethabile Mooketsi

299

E: 25

L: 12

S: 4

Final: The story of a none-forgettable (petrifying) day

[Gunshot]; "Chantelle!"

Not more than two days after October as my maternal <sup>grandmother</sup> ~~had~~ had sent me to purchase food at a nearby store, did I encounter a petrifying yet educational moment.

I had decided to take my four-wheeled bike as transportation to the food-complex. It had been a windy yet ~~stuffy~~ <sup>cloudy day,</sup> which led me to take possession of my black raincoat in case of any potential droplets. With a smile, I greeted <sup>anyone</sup> ~~anyone~~ who came my way as usual, riding at about twenty kilometres per hour. <sup>At a distance of</sup> Upon (what I estimate to be) twenty minutes from the complex, did I spot an all-black-attired creepy man, sitting on an ancient bench next to a thorn bush; in addition to this, he had seemed to be hiding what no-one could figure out as his hands never found their ways out of his pockets. It did not bug me <sup>so</sup> as much, so I went on with my journey and secured my bike immediately, upon arriving <sup>at</sup> my destination.

I constantly gazed at what seemed to be around me, as I wandered around each store that caught my eye. Time had basically flown-by by the time I impatiently waited in a queue, to pay for what I had been instructed to bring. What I predict to be the following ten minutes from the present time, was what you could define as a hellhole. Before I knew it, I was surrounded by radios of constant screaming. We had been held ~~held~~ <sup>seen</sup> hostage by a wanted embezzler. I had only ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup> hostages in scenes of screens and recalled that they all ended up dead. Bearing this thought in mind, my heart began to pound at an alarming rate. <sup>11</sup> The police, ~~for~~ I imagine, must have heard about the incident and rapidly arrived, as I had heard sirens from every corner. <sup>12</sup> [Gunshot]; "Chantelle!" I heard my grandmother exclaim (from outside). The man had been shot dead. <sup>When they removed</sup> Upon removing his steel-mask, <sup>scene</sup> I recognised him as the creepy man I had seen, earlier <sup>on</sup>. The ~~scene~~ deflated, and I ran into the hands of my loved ones.

Death is not all glorified as shown in movies; it is a much harder phenomenon. Upon being petrified, I learned that death comes for everyone, and that <sup>no-one</sup> ~~no-one~~ has <sup>ever</sup> ~~never~~ been able to escape it, nor will anyone ~~ever~~ <sup>ever</sup> with. I am not trying to be prophetically catastrophic, or something, in my passing exposition; It is what I define as my articulation of truth.



## The fountain of memory

by Tlthago Mangope

Boom! the enchanted rock exploded. An explosion that every living thing could see. Some would compare it to the likes of the Hiroshima explosion. "Jack! Jack! wake up; please open your eyes and see how the sun gazes upon you," said ~~Jack~~ Marcus. By that time ~~Marcus~~ Jack had been knocked out by the explosion <sup>for about an hour.</sup> This was no ordinary rock explosion, no, no, no; it caused the whole world to forget. They lost memory of everything, except of course breathing, walking and talking.

This was all because of two wild adventurers who were brothers, Jack and Marcus; this is their story. "Jack! Jack! wake up; please open your eyes and see how the sun gazes upon you." Jack started ~~started~~ fighting against his eyelids, and forced them to open. "What, what happened?", asked Jack. "We messed up man, the rock exploded and knocked us both out," replied Marcus. "So the old man was right after all," said Jack. There was an old man who lived in the mountains near where the rock was hidden. He had already warned them about the rock and its mythical powers, and how it could erase the memories of everyone and everything if they ever tried to take it or even the slightest touch would cause destruction. They both quickly ran to a nearby town to see if anything had happened to the people. What they found was heart-stopping. Nobody, absolutely nobody knew who they were or what they did even thirty minutes ~~ago~~ before the explosion. They knew they had to go seek help from the old man. Moments later they arrived at his house; the old man was unaffected by the explosion. Not even he knew why. "You were right!", shouted Marcus. The old man showed no surprise with his facial expressions. "Oh, I trust me I know, I warned you, but you stubborn people would not listen. Now look what you have caused," replied the old man.

"What do we do now?", asked Jack desperately. The old man pointed







41  
50

Hairstad Zeerust

ENG HL Creative Writing Essay

25 ~~June~~ April 2023

Leagilwe Rantswele 10<sup>E</sup>

Planning:

Philippians four verse six says, "You need not to worry about anything rather pray about everything without forgetting to thank Him for His answers." ~~This is one of the most hardest things to express so I'll put it into simpler terms. Once you open it, whatever is making you doubt fades making space for experience, like a mother washing and dressing up her child for school. The warmth and caring like a never ending sleep night's rest.~~

This is the story of... I rather put this in the end. He went through ~~the~~ <sup>many</sup> troubles like a zinc house on fire to ensure you were born. He knows <sup>what you desire most and your own</sup> ~~what your name and~~ <sup>purpose</sup> ~~life~~ since then, and has kept watch over you till now. It was never a mistake, even how people tell you, that you came in the world. When the year started I ~~remembered~~ <sup>discovered</sup> His word on how ~~he will~~ <sup>he has promised</sup> guide and care for you till eternity.

You might think <sup>you are</sup> ~~you're~~ lost ~~no hope, no light~~ <sup>without hope</sup> and why you ever existed. The remedy for this cure can't be found in the hospital <sup>at carrying up home growing</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>remembering</sup> His word. You see what He has promised you like I did. You'll never feel lost ever; things like having friends, being popular and having basic needs are merely things to Him. What he promised you is that you have all the <sup>world's wealth</sup> ~~wealth~~ in the world, you just have to ~~say~~ <sup>say</sup> and believe it is already in you.

I am <sup>will not</sup> sorry to say you ~~won't~~ <sup>will not</sup> have it if you continue ~~to disobey~~ <sup>breaking the</sup> ~~or~~ <sup>laws.</sup> ~~your purpose.~~ <sup>know</sup> ~~the word...~~ <sup>know</sup> ~~use~~ <sup>He is</sup> ~~there to~~ <sup>whisper his guidance and sacrificed his son for you and me. You are that important, you are cared and loved for more than you do yourself for all this... think about it!</sup>

420

411

407

403



## The Story of...

Philippians 4:6 says, "You need not ~~be~~ worry about anything; instead pray about everything without forgetting to thank Him for His answers. I will put it in simpler terms, it's like a mother washing and dressing her child ~~to~~ <sup>before</sup> school. Worth of ~~a~~ <sup>an</sup> everlasting peaceful ~~sleep~~ night's rest. ✓

This is the story of... I'd rather say at the end. He went through many troubles like an atomic bomb on fire to ensure you were born. He knows your desires and striving purpose ever since then, and has watched till now. It was never a mistake <sup>despite what some</sup> ~~even~~ how people <sup>may say</sup> tell you, that you came in the world. I discovered His Word <sup>about</sup> ~~ex~~ how he has promised ~~that~~ <sup>and will</sup> take care of you till eternal time.

You might think you are lost without hope and why you ever existed. The remedy for this ~~cure~~ cannot be found in hospitals or coming at home but knowing His Word. You will never feel lost ever; things like having friends, being popular and having basic needs are mere things to Him. What <sup>God</sup> he promised is that you have the world's wealth, you just have to say and believe you already have it. ✓

I am sorry to say you will not have it if you continue to break the laws. Doing it without having the knowledge also breaks it, <sup>so</sup> ~~you~~ know the Word. Smoking, cheating, stealing and adultery <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ what is wrong. Yet He is there to whisper His guidance and sacrificed His son for you and me! You are cared for and loved more than you do <sup>for</sup> yourself... think about it.

Knowing there is someone ~~who~~ who has never slept, looking out for you, that is how important you are. He has plans suited for your interests and abilities. You continue to rebel yet His light, that he should be using for himself, is on you. "A man who works for his family firsthand has His blessings." He loves that you take care of others rather than Him. ~~He will~~ Well, that takes the final saying...  
6



The least we can do is tell our closest <sup>ones</sup> and others about Him. I tend not to do this but I hope this is read to you so you know what you have, not to be lost, in Him. He will never leave you unlike the lost breaths of the dearest. This is a story about God's love.

[397 words]

C: 25

L: 11

S: 34



# Peloentle Moitshela

42  
50

final

how

were.

The story of a King Tlou and his brothers saved by the prince

Once upon a time there lived a lad, called Kgigiso. Kgigiso was the last born and only son of King Alfred Tlou and Queen Layla Tlou of the barokeng tribe. The king and Queen had three children altogether, their first born child was a gorgeous lady, the second born was also a lady and Kgigiso was the last born who spent most of his time with his father.

One day the king called his son, Kgigiso and told him a story about how he was crowned king. He told Kgigiso that he almost paid a soldiers price, this being because of his elder brother battling him for the throne. Kgigiso was thrilled to hear the whole story; He then asked "So what happened to your brother." The king replied "well, he ran away after my father told him to stop bothering me as crowning him king was not a good idea for he was adopted."

Later that day Kgigiso went to the mountain top to clear his mind. While he was looking at the peaceful village and the lovely inhabitants of the village, he said, "I am lucky I don't have to wonder around fighting for the throne with someone because I am the only son." "I would not bare the pain of disrespecting my father and forefathers." He added.

As Kgigiso was on his way back home, he saw a two legged creature going inside a dark, weird looking cave. Kgigiso was curious about what the creature was, but he was too afraid to take a peek. Father, father shouted Kgigiso while he was running as fast as a



cheerful, down the hill towards his father. "Son, you look like you have just seen a monster, what is the matter?", asked the king with a smile on his face. "Well, I just did", replied Kagiso.

Kagiso told his father everything, the king laughed but he later realised that Kagiso was not bluffing and started to get worried. Both the king and Kagiso did not sleep thinking about what the creature could be. The next morning, they went to hunt for the creature. As they approached the cave they noticed smoke coming from the back of the cave, it was the creature preparing breakfast.

"What are you?" asked the king and Kagiso at the same time. He replied by saying "I am King Tai's elder brother, I mean adopted elder brother." Kagiso and his father were confused, but "how?" they asked. "Well, I did not actually run away because father said he would kill himself. The night that father threatened me, I went to the throne and found his crown. "Then what happened", they asked. "I wore the crown and said that Afred would never be king as long as I am alive, right after saying that, I saw myself transform into what I am".

After the whole explanation, King Tai and Kagiso believed the creature. "If you are my brother, then what tribe were you born in?", asked the king. The creature replied, "I am Aubrey Tai born in the Bafokeng tribe!" "It is you, oh brother how I missed you so much", said the king. "I missed you too little brother and I am truly sorry for how I acted, I hope you find it in your



heart to forgive me.", the creature said. "All is forgiven, I am just glad that I found you alive.", replied the king. Afterwards, the creature was hit by a bright light and was turned back to his normal self. The three of them then went to the palace and lived happily ever after with the rest of the royal family.

Well done!

C: 26

L: 13

S: 4



Anonymous

## The story of a wishing teapot

Long time ago there was a teapot that had the power to grant any wish to the person who found it. There was a young prince who wanted to have the ~~wish~~ wishing teapot. One day the prince found a map to ~~start~~ that leads to ~~know~~ where ~~about~~ the teapot's location so he started the journey to find the wishing teapot.

Meanwhile, the prince was looking at the map while following the path that ~~lead~~ leads to the teapot. Then the prince ~~stopped~~ and realized that there are three ~~trials~~ trials that he must ~~past~~ pass to get ~~the~~ the wishing teapot. He was shocked that the trials he is about to face ~~are~~ will be so hard to pass. But he told himself that it will be ~~a~~ worth it at the end.

The prince continued his journey and he came across the first ~~trial~~ trial. There ~~was~~ ~~was~~ a person ~~who~~ that was about to ask the prince ~~the~~ a question. The person said that if he answers the question correctly he will continue his journey but if it's wrong, he won't continue ~~to~~ the journey. The prince agreed and the person asked "what ~~is~~ came first, the chicken or the egg?" The prince ~~said~~ answered saying that the egg came first and it was correct.

As soon as the prince continued with the journey, ~~when~~ ~~the~~ ~~person~~ as the prince arrived to the next trial he saw there was an ~~person~~ <sup>old</sup> man who needed help to carry a bag ~~to~~ of harvested oranges to his house. The prince was thinking to continue the journey without helping the old man. But the prince ~~thought~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ felt that it is the right thing to help the old man. ~~He~~ He helped the old man carry all the bags and the old man ~~thanked~~ thanked the prince. The ~~old~~ old man told the prince that he ~~passed~~ <sup>passed</sup> and the prince did not know it was a trial.



The old man told the prince there is a shortcut leading to the teapot's location, and the prince was so happy. The prince thanked the old man and continued to his journey. The prince made it to the final trial and saw the ~~G~~ guard who was protecting the teapot. The Guard told the prince that is he worthy to ~~to~~ to touch the wishing teapot. ~~or~~ The ~~prince~~ Guard told the prince if you can hold the teapot, you are worth but if you are not worthy and holding the teapot, you will be turned to stone.

The prince was so scared but at the same time he knew that he came so far for the teapot. ~~and~~ The <sup>prince</sup> saw the teapot and ~~touch~~ he touched the teapot and nothing happened to the prince. The guard saw that the prince was worthy. The prince was so ~~ext~~ excited and he was ready to make the wish. The guard told the prince you must hold the teapot while trying to make a wish.

The prince wished for luck to be on his side all the time. The prince wish came true and he became the luckiest prince in the whole world at the end.

Very lovely, imaginative story!  
I feel like this could be made  
into a book or a play or movie.

C: 26

L: 11

S: 3



## Final Draft

A story of a lady who was helpful to everyone

There was once a old lady who was very helpful and she was loved. This old lady was named Mmamotena Florence Letseka (Molokhane). This lady was a people's person. She lived in a small village, called Pella near Madikwe. This old lady lived with his ~~her~~ husband who was named Sotucks Tanki Letseka.

Mmamotena's husband was very strict and he didn't like ~~it~~ how Mmamotena was so helpful to people and people don't do anyther for her.

Mmamotena was very helpful especicilly to school kids. She would offer them afternoon classes. She would take her last cents and buy some of the kids some stationery instead of buying groceries. She would fight with her husband and tell him the right time will come and all the good things will happen to them.

This other day one of Mmamotena's afternoon students broke their bicycle and she went and bought them a new one. As weeks went by the bank started calling Mmamotena and Sotucks, they told them they haven't been ~~either~~ paying the house and they are giving them a month to pay. Sotucks was very mad because Mmamotena used all the money they have been saving for the house. On the students

Sotucks started to complain ~~even~~ even more because the kids that Mmamotena was helping with the school work



SP didn't even pay her. She started coming home late around 7pm - 8pm. The fridge was empty the carboad didn't have food anymore; they started going to bed with a empty stomach. They only drank water. Sotucks would always shout at her telling her that she knows very well if it wasn't for his disabilities he would have gotten a job that would have brought a income in the house.

MT There was 3 days left for them to move out because they had no money for them to pay for the house they lived in. They made peace with the fact that the P will be moving out from the house the have been living in for over 20+ years, the memories they were leaving behind.

6 The day they were ready to leave they heard a knock on the door and MmaMoteng went to the door and opened it with her head looking down and said "Yes, we are leaving today" She thought it was the people from the bank. The man answered "No Mrs Lewetse I don't work at the bank

Very nice story, Bonolo! C:26  
(I read the last part in the L:10  
rough draft.) S:3



40

50

Lerotic mduantwa key 5

English Home Language

The sunlight of romance

Conclusion:

My view on it  
How I feel about it  
My share/piece of  
romance in love.

Intro

The first question you have  
to ask yourself is: What  
is romance? It doesn't  
necessarily always have  
to be based on  
intimate relationships.  
It is the ability  
to express your love,  
gratitude and feelings  
to a person, whether  
it's in words or  
actions.

The Sunlight  
of  
Romance

Body:

1. Examples on romance  
How movies portray romance  
And how it actually is.
2. The link between romance  
and love to a person.
3. People who can't express it.  
How they might feel, act or  
say.
4. How our day to day life  
has romance without us  
noticing. Link in affection.



Lerato Molwantwa

## Topic: The sunlight of romance

The first question a person or yourself have to ask is... What is romance. It's not always necessarily about based on intimate relationships. I feel that it is the ability to express your love, gratitude and feelings towards a person in your life. Whether it is through words or actions.

sp  
6  
p  
Romance is always closely associated to love because I mean it is related to it. The words Romantic Relationship give you insight on that sentence above, that you just read. Examples of romance may be the sight of seeing your parents kiss as they don't notice that you are around. The ~~sweet~~ words that come out of someone's mouth when they tell you how they feel. Most times it's cheesy and hard to understand but it's just that.

Movies don't always tell you what is and the truth. They sugar-coat and make you wonder. I love romantic movies but I have my doubts. They don't portray the feeling and emotion behind romance. The excitement and tingling sensation you feel at that moment. There is a link between romance and love. It wouldn't make sense to express romantic feelings and actions to someone you didn't love. I somehow feel that love is an essential key to unlocking romance.



I think this is enough <sup>of</sup> ~~about~~ "schooling" you about romance. I'll tell you about the sunlight of romance. I love myself a good romantic movie. But feeling it yourself is nothing compared to it. Have you ever loved romantically. It's awesome. The feeling you get when you see the person you love. The ache you get when you can't seem to express what you feel. Romance is when you make time for a person and show them love. Our day to day life has romance without us noticing. That little love your parents give you or the hug your friend <sup>gives</sup> ~~gives~~ you are some examples.

I've had my fair share of Romance but of course I'm "too young to understand" and have yet to experience but it's become a part of ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> in ways unimaginable in a single thought. Romance is a great thing or maybe I'm just a hopeless romantic.

[Words: 357]

Good!

C: 26

L: 11

S: 3



Wemao Tehogofateso

## The story of Annie

Annie is a 10 year-old girl who has spent her whole life in foster-care homes. She is a bright, tough and smart girl who has spent her life looking for her biological parents. She has half of a necklace which she has been told that it was given to her by her parents. She believes that she has lived a hard-knock life. ✓

Annie visits a restaurant every Friday night hoping that her parents would one day be back for her because apparently that's where Annie's parents loved dining at. Without any luck the owner of the restaurant tells Annie that there were no signs of her parents and gives her cannolis to take home. Even though Annie gets the same response every Friday night, she never gives up, she just sticks up her chin and says, "The sun will shine tomorrow." ✓

On her way back home, Annie bumps into this fine gentleman, Mr William Stacks, who saves Annie from almost getting hit by a car. Mr Stacks is a billionaire who is running for Mayor. He says to



Annie, "Watch where you're going little girl, you could've gotten hurt." Annie just smiles and runs along to get home. Mr Stacks' manager, Guy, finds out that someone took a video of Mr Stacks when he was saving Annie. The video instantly makes Mr Stacks' ratings rating go higher than it has ever been before. ✓

Guy then suggests that Mr Stacks find Annie and help her with financial needs. Finding out that Annie is a foster kid, Guy tells Mr Stacks and they go get her from her foster care. They offer her a ton of things and Annie isn't stupid so she asks, "What's the catch?" Mr Stacks realises that Annie is smart and tells her that people saw the video of him saving her and it made his ratings go up. ✓

Annie jokes around and says "I bet you'd be president if I moved in with you." Guy agrees and sees it as an opportunity & for Mr Stacks to become Mayor. Mr Stacks agrees because he urges to be Mayor even though he can't stand children. ✓



Mr Stacks does everything for Annie whilst his ratings go up and then one night, Annie overhears Mr Stacks and Guy talking about how things have been going great since she's arrived. She realises that Mr Stacks only cared about being Mayor and not her. She decided to pack up her bags and leave at night when everyone is sleeping so that they don't hear her leave.

When the sun came out, Mr Stacks was excited to wake Annie up and immediately became sad when he found out that Annie has left him. Mr Stacks realised how much he cared about Annie and how she filled in the void he had in his heart. He goes out to look for Annie and finds her under the bridge. The Media rushes to go to the bridge to find out what was happening. Annie refuses to go with Mr Stacks and to prove that he cares for her, he drops out of the Mayor campaign and legally adopts Annie.

An interesting story, and you write very well.

C: 26

L: 12

Be careful though with mixing

S: 4

tenses. <sup>If</sup> you establish the narrative in the Present tense, you need to apply that tense consistently (In par 6 & 7 you lapse into the past tense...)



# Esaleona Lamola

## The story of Jena

Would you rather be rich with nobody to truly love you or be poor but surrounded by people who love you even in the darkest of days? This is what Jena's life was like. It all started when her mother fell in love but was left alone to take care of four kids all by herself. Jena's mother, Rachel was blessed with four beautiful children, her 16 year old son Mattia, 25 year old Jena, 18 year old Chantel and 17 year old Arabella. I'm Jena and this is my story.

It was morning and I woke up to loud sirens from outside. I rushed out and met the eyes of my little brother while getting arrested. I let out a loud scream, waking up my family. They all came rushing out to see what all the noise was about, just to see Mattia in the back of a police car disappearing from their sight by the second. Jena's mom was heartbroken, crying in her palms after I told her Mattia was charged with murder. Mom was devastated which left me to take care of the family. Mattia was always finding friends in dodgy people since our father left, so it wasn't a surprise when he was ~~arrested~~ arrested, but it was a dreaded fear I always had. My father was happily married and wanted nothing to do with us which I learnt to live with but I know it was very hard for my younger siblings to digest the truth.

I watched my boss leave happily with his wife in his arms going to their beautiful mansion after denying me the raise I so nicely asked. I always envied the rich and hoped one day I magically become rich, little did I know my dream was going to come true.



My boyfriend of two years asked me to come live with him and I excitedly agreed forgetting how I was supposed to be taking care of my family. Getting to his house I froze, taking in all the beauty. I asked him why I've never been to his house and he shrugged me off. I had promised my sisters I would send them money every month and they will be taken care of.

The first week in the house was great but a month in and barely even saw Ivan. He left early in the mornings and came home late at night. Whenever I complained he bought me gifts and took me on getaways. I felt like he asked me to move in with him was to keep me a prisoner and make I don't leave him, and since he asked me to quit my job and I naively agreed I felt like he got what he wanted.

The truth has a way of coming out and it always does. I thought Ivan loved me and was working hard to provide for me but was I wrong. In the beginning of my relationship my mother told me Ivan was dodgy but I assured her that he was not and I admit love really is blind. I woke up one day to a loud thud and rushed downstairs and to my surprise Ivan was there but he was not alone. He was with my father.

I removed the shock on my face and asked my father what was doing there and he returned the question with a confused look on his face but I didn't respond. The next thing he said made my stomach drop as he added that he came to visit his son. I heard a chuckle which made me shut my mouth which was wide open. I turned to look at Ivan who gave me the most shocking news of my life.



I was sat down on the couch replaying what had happened in my head. Ivan never loved me and I was just a pawn in his game. He left me with nothing but a broken heart filled with anger. He wanted to break apart my family. He turned my brother into a criminal who sold drugs. He made my father believe we abandoned him and separated me from my family and made sure they didn't receive a single cent. All I could think about was my mother who probably thought that everyone around her was going to leave her at some point and all I could do was blame myself.



Melvin Boikanyo  
25 April 2023

44  
50

10C

## Plotting: Mind Map

She gives birth on the same day her aunt passed away. Reserved by govt

The story of the Young child

Theresa and Floods Marriage

Theresa gets abused

She gets pregnant

Abuse hurts her child

Still birth Rumour

Long ago in the hars winters of the South African climate the young child was born

His mom met his dad while she was simple hitch hiking and got to know his dad a little more and decides to go on a date

Maj. Floyd and Miss Theresa stayed in contact

The passing of her great aunt

The prophecy about the child



## The story of the Young child

18 years ago, on a cold and misty Monday afternoon Miss Theresa had gotten a call that one of her relatives <sup>had</sup> fallen sick, it was her great aunt Nkgomotsego. She gasped for breath as tears flooded her eyes and without any second thoughts she left the police academy where she was in training. On her way to Kuruman where her great aunt lives she got a <sup>type</sup> ~~tire~~ burst 100km from town, it was dark, cold and misty and she had no knowledge <sup>about</sup> ~~on~~ how to change a tire.

With the fear of the never-ending darkness and nothing <sup>at</sup> ~~less~~ the only motivation she had was her death-bed aunt. After countless hours of hitch-hiking she finally got a lift from a man dressed in military <sup>attire</sup> ~~cloire~~. Miss Theresa told the man about everything and the man showed nothing but kindness. The man and Miss Theresa had open conversation; when they reached Kuruman the man introduced himself as Maj. Floyd and <sup>they</sup> ~~^~~ exchanged contact numbers.

Miss Theresa stayed to help her aunt get back in good health and Maj. Floyd stayed in contact exchanging hours of texts and calls everyday. On the 23rd of April the very same year, just a week after Miss Theresa came to Kuruman, she ~~had~~ <sup>heard</sup> a soft shout ~~for~~ her name; as it was not a big house she could hear it; she quickly ran to where the sound came from which was her aunt's room; her aunt looked her deep in her eyes, took her hand



and She said to Miss Theresa. "The sun rises from west and sets in east; in my dream I saw you birth a lion who carries the sunrise from ~~east~~ North to South." And simply closed her eyes paying a soldier's debt. Miss Theresa cried all day everyday and couldn't interpret the words of her aunt as they all sounded like gibberish. After the funeral Maj. Mayd proposed ~~the~~ to Miss Theresa and she accepted<sup>ed</sup> not knowing what she got herself <sup>268</sup> into.

She suffered any form of abuse there is in the books within a year of marriage. She got pregnant and the abuse would never stop from her alcoholic husband.

The doctors allegedly said she has to opt for abortion or she will give birth to a still child which just means a dead baby and if she carried on with it she would never <sup>conceive</sup> conceive again.

Weeks went by and on her way to the doctor for her abortion ~~appointment~~ appointment she gave a lift to a mysterious hitch hiker during the early hours of the day. The hitch hiker said nothing the whole way, but <sup>the mysterious traveller</sup> when she arrived at the destination ~~she~~ repeated Miss Theresa's aunt's final words, word for word and closed off ~~with~~ saying, "Keep the child, the doctors no nothing."

She decided to give birth even if it was a still-birth, but everyone was surprised to see the child kicking and screaming.

She decided to call him Melvin, which means reserved by God, and more prophecies about the child were told to her mother. The child was born on the 23rd of April. ✓

...to be continued

*Melvin*

(432) world's



$$\begin{array}{r} 44 \\ \hline 50 \end{array}$$

Lebangan Mooket-si 10<sup>B</sup>

Mind map

The story of...

Miles Morales was (a) caught  
up with 70% of school work,  
20% of his chores, and 10% of  
his hobby. He was always busy and he could  
not start with his dream of life but he  
started with is dream.

Rising action  
pure  
A gigantic black and  
white radio active  
creature ~~is~~ ~~it~~  
~~it~~ cannot be.

~~The story of a boy who could not start~~

to draw with his whole heart and always want  
ed to show his talent to the world and become  
one of the greatest artists in the world like his  
heroes or his inspirations, Gaux, Vexx and ZHC, but  
he could not start.

Miles leamed up with Ang and with the power of two kids they fought the Black Adam but the Black Adam was too powerful.

# Introduction

There was a fifteen year old boy, who loved



Final Draft

(324 words)

## The story of a boy who could not start

~~Then~~ Back in 2022, there was a Fifteen year old boy, Miles Morales, who loved to draw with his whole heart and <sup>has</sup> always wanted to show his talent to the world and become <sup>one</sup> of the greatest artists in the world like his heroes, Gwax, Vexx, and ZHC; but he could not start with his dream. He once <sup>had time</sup> ~~tried~~ but then Loadshedding ruined everything for him.

Miles Morales was too caught up with 70 percent of school work, 20 percent of his chores, and 10 percent of his hobby. He was always busy and he could not start with his dream of life but he started with his dream of the dream world.

One night after Miles doing the dishes, he went to his room and found out that he had free hours before bed time and he saw it as an opportunity to start with his artwork but just when he was about to sketch, Miles fell asleep on his canvas and had a lucid dream. "Hello? Why is it ~~pitch black~~ empty in here?" ~~asked~~ Miles asked. Then he realised that ~~it~~ it is a dream and he can control everything. He started off by customising every corner of the ~~art~~ artwork and he was really enjoying it until he saw ~~now~~ "A gigantic pure black and white ~~meatball~~ radio active creature. "Wow". ~~Gasped Miles~~. "Am I dreaming? Yes I am." said Miles. He then drew a new character with ~~his~~ <sup>mind</sup> superpowers to help him. ~~He~~ The creature introduced himself as the Black Adam and that he turns every colour to black and white and the Earth is next. As Miles was about to attack, his mom woke him up and Miles was so mad, but as he was about to pack the canvas, he saw a massive colourful artwork with Aang, the Black Adam and himself in a fight. It was the coolest thing he saw in his life and Miles slept ~~now~~ smiling. But he wished he had more time to finish his dream.

(324 words)



Final Draft <sup>PS</sup> ~~OF~~ Anonymous

## The Story of Freewill

Freewill, what a beautiful and powerful word just filled with so much meaning, but the question is what exactly is Freewill? Many people describe it as the ability to think and choose, <sup>which</sup> pretty much 'sums' it up quite nicely. In this essay we will ~~endure~~ <sup>delve</sup> deeper into the topic of Freewill and exactly what it is, how it came to be, and why it is so important. <sup>68</sup> ✓

Now there are a lot of beliefs as to where and how we, the people of this earth, acquired the ability to think and choose. Some choose to believe that we as humans, from the dawn of our <sup>existence</sup> grew <sup>mentally</sup> and intellectually over time and acquired the ability to think and choose (Freewill). I will be talking about the subject from a Christian point of view. <sup>135</sup> ✓

So in the beginning, when Lord Christ created everything to be perfect he created Adam and Eve, and in this time of creation evil was introduced. In this period of evil being introduced Lord Christ gave man the ability to think and choose (or Freewill) and man chose evil. This doesn't <sup>really</sup> relate with you much <sup>which</sup> is why I <sup>will write</sup> ~~wrote~~ the Case Study below to help with that. <sup>205</sup>

MT There <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ a <sup>woman</sup> by the name of Jessica Stone. She is Forty-eight years old and lives in an old apartment working minimum wage <sup>while</sup> ~~and~~ her sister, Monica Stone, lives in a huge house with luxury cars and owns a



multi-million dollar Fashion line. They both lived under the same roof but one sister got to live her dream life while the other suffers, but why? This is because of the choices they made in the past that impacted their future.

While Jessica snuck out to party, Monica worked on designs; while Jessica was out dating sketch boys, Monica was at her desk studying for exams and as a result their choices shaped and impacted their futures. The lesson here is that the choices you choose to make with the freewill given to you right now will have a huge impact <sup>on</sup> your future.

In conclusion I'd like you to know that it's not about the creation of freewill and where it comes from, it's about what you do with this ability to think and choose.

[383 Words]

A well-written discussion!

C: 25

L: 10

S: 4



### Planning: Step 3

by Anonymous

#### 1.2 Blessed lighting

It was in 2012 whereby families were separated from their loved ones. They were separated in a manner of which a plane 828 had disappeared for 8 years. The 828 airplane disappeared into the blessed lighting which everyone did not know until research was conducted about where had they been for 8 years. ✓

sp  
6  
p  
The plane boarded on the 11<sup>th</sup> of April 2012 from the airport of Hawaii and was supposed to land on the 12<sup>th</sup> of April 2012 at the Los Angeles airport. Things took a turn on the air back. There was a huge storm up ahead. Suddenly the plane was being chased by lightning. The pilot tried all his best to fly the passengers safely. The plane flew into the blessed lighting and there was only one person ✓ who saw and felt the scene happen.

It was a boy named Cal. He had a female twin named Alex who did not board the same plane with Cal, her father and Aunt. Alex, her mother and grandparents were already at Los Angeles airport waiting for them, unfortunately they came back after 8 years. The 828 plane came back on the 11<sup>th</sup> of April 2020. Some came back to finding no one home as their loved ones had passed away, moved out or went to prison because they could not survive without them. ✓

The passengers from the plane were under observation at the airport. They ran countless and multiple tests on them and nothing was wrong with them. The only odd thing was that, they were still the same age, had the same clothes. It was tough for them to be accepted back into the city because they were considered as aliens. Reason being, they could feel when one of them were in danger or needs help. They were having visions meaning their subconscious mind showed them everything they need to know about the person in trouble. The blessed lighting gave them this power as a blessing and a curse. ✓



After months of research done by Cal and his family, many discoveries were unfolded. They found out where they had been all these years. They were in the blessed lighting, where time was nothing and it was just a white space filled with nothing but them and the plane. Another discovery made was that so long they are still on earth, the world was ending. unless a sacrifice was made. ✓

Cal took the initiative to be the one sacrificed. After Cal saying that his left hand started to glow a blue light, the colour the blessed lighting was when it chased the 828 Plane, Cal had a divine and genuine feeling about going to the airport. Cal went to the 828 plane and when he got there the door opened itself. Cal got into the plane and the earth cracked up, the plane sunk into the lava and left a glowing blue mark. The world was not going to end anymore and they lived happily ever after with Cal as their guardian angel. ✓

A brilliant story!  
Well done.

C: 28

L: 10

S: 4

$$\begin{array}{r} = 42 \\ \hline 50 \end{array}$$



# Dawn Koshy

## 1.6 ⑦ The Rainmakers: A calm before a silent storm

The sky is grey with the rumors of a great storm. The seas are dark and bottomless, but the surface is calm. Above the seas lays another, a sea of red and gold, a sea of brazen glory and pride, ready to rain hellfire on the islands that lay in the Empire's path. Hundreds of individual ships line the horizon, and in the centre of the sea lies the heart, the capital infamous capital, Hatl. They have no land to call theirs, but the seas of the entire world is their home and their ally<sup>136</sup>. The Island of Lua is their next prey, a land full of greenery and fresh water, something the Empire knows very little of. But before invasion, a 'treaty' must be posed, a chance of peace but in favour of its ~~own~~ creators.

"Your Majesty, the fleet is ready, but the terms must first be met. Do you wish to talk to him?" There is no worry on the Empress face, as she knows how faithful her subjects are. She nods and the General, ~~but~~ Sheeves, motions to let their ally in.

"Serro, son of Hlaviik. You have proven to me and the general that you have forgotten the past, You slayed your former comrades in Imperial Glory. So, why remind me why we need your services." "I'm thankful for your mercy, your Majesty. When I was the leader of the 'wicked Rebellion', I was seen as your best foe. But now that our goals align, I see the Path Forward. Lua is the first step to advancement. Their 'magic' might prove useful to the cause." "You betrayed your former comrades, it seems you got that from your late father, so nothing will stop you from doing that again. Sheeves, take go with him and take a battalion<sup>169</sup>."



50 A gentle rain has started to pour and the waves have begun breaking. "Sero Sero, let me give you a lesson. Do you know why its better to conquer in the Rain?", the General says with a smile growing on his scary face as he looks at his ~~sot~~ twenty soldiers on board the ship docking with him, "It stops the blood from staining our armour!". As they come out, they are greeted by the ~~peo~~ inhabitants and they hand over the treaty, getting ready for the moment they reject it. The gentle rain has becoming a howling thunderstorm. As their ambition grows, the chief raises his hand towards the sea. Sero ~~looks~~ <sup>sees</sup> at the back of Sheers' head, as the General ushers, "Where ... where are the ships?" The soldiers turn aswell and the the barrel of a flintlock grazes the General's head as Sero ~~spea~~ answers "Taking a dive ... Long Live the Empire!". The Sands are washed by the rain and the ~~so~~ the only <sup>visible</sup> bodies of the Imperials are filled with arrows. Sero looks up and ushers to the spirits looking down on him, "The blood is on my hands and the chains around my neck. So that your hand may be clean." The Empire has ~~fall~~ sunken and only one civilian ship remains.

[words: 495]

C: 28

L: 13

S: 4

=  $\frac{45}{50}$



# Grootkloof

- by Etienne van Bant



Thlogi, Akanyang and I  
arrived early morning, timeously, at Djembe.  
We, with Dominic, were going to Grootkloof.  
Akanyang, who had recently become my  
new housekeeper, could join us because  
I'd asked Oom Coenie, Santa's brother,  
to feed and play with Leila and Bele.  
Dominic's soon-to-be-officially wife,  
Louise, had decided not to join as she  
had pressing matters to attend to.  
We enjoyed a leisurely coffee with  
Jolene on her stoep, then Louise lifted  
us with our bags, to Up the Creek, from  
where our meander began.

Our pilgrimage, as I named it then, in  
juxtaposition to an earlier name for  
an earlier hike, - expedition - wherein  
Thlogi discovered an unprecedented  
rock painting in Marico - our  
Pilgrimage thus began along the  
lusty banks of Mmadikwêna.

Crossing the river, pulsing, with care  
and concentration. Up over A bult,  
or koppie-ridge, and the beginnings  
of Grootkloof, which tapers finally,  
just there, into the "creek", came into



view. We proceeded merrily along our usual kloof ridge, feasting on the sumptuous Stamvrug fruit, berry-shaped, red-skinned, with a milky pink chewy flesh, very sweet, and very sour.

These grow upon a shrubby tree once known as Magalie's Montanum.

Our progress was fit, our rests leisurely. By deep afternoon, having traavailed the carved edifices of the Blessed Realm, wherein the water glowed so clearly, and everything grew so lushly, we entered the Cathedral of Grootkloof, our intended spot for night One, wherein Thogi, during the time of the Expedition, had inadvertently discovered a rock painting, drawing a charcoal buck nearby before noticing it unexpectedly.

The painting is composed upon the lower reaches of one side of a glorious archway formed by the brief narrowing-and even touching- of the two kloof walls at this point, forming a grand passage of entrance into the Cathedral - a passage ~~which~~ at night, with the moonlight lighting



gently the water and rock, you can feel the ships setting sail. The painting, which is perhaps  $1\frac{1}{2}$  meters in width, extends to the edge of the vertical archway wall; on the other end, the scene begins with a mantis-like head and torso square on; to its left, a buck, much like Thlogi's drawing; to its 'left', a figure, human, running animatedly; next to it, another human, running, holding out a raised bow and arrow; and next to him - or really, dashing away before him, an Ostrich. Passing through the archway, which is a portal, we enter the Cathedral, which opens dramatically as a paradisaal dream-space, with the kloof walls widening out. The right hand wall in fact does a sweeping curve to accomodate a tall waterfall, whose aquatic current spouts from an adjoining side kloof, an 'upstairs' kloof which is smaller, and wherein we once walked with Tienie without guessing what lay below.

A deep, timeless pool catches the water of this waterfall, once it has



first landed at the base of a semi-cone of water-lashed rockwall.

The left-hand kloof wall, meanwhile, opens then meanders parallel to the kloof stream, offering as it does overhanging curved strata that give, together with smooth slate banks below, a cosy place of shelter.

Below the slate banks runs the stream; across the stream, almost in the water, grows a great gnarled Rockfig (rotsfyboom); it grows along a wider, soily bank of lush undergrowth beneath the far ~~back~~ kloof wall, which turns back from the curve behind the falling water and meanders parallel to the stream.

The kloof walls soon converge again, creating the other entrance, or portal, to the cathedral, whose walls are peppered with acrobatic trees and lush foliage.

A deep little pool results from this convergence of rock; there is a small beach of pebble and sand leading up to it; its water is usually a deep blue, and that water makes you whole again. Beyond the pool the walls become a tangling tunnel whose passage is guarded by a guardian python, who



swells in and around the stream there. Beyond this passage the walls open up again, and the stream bed of water, pebbles, rocks and boulders, upon which I once saw, with Tienie, a large painted "X", opens and widens once again.

The early evening fire was just starting to make coals for braaing on, when raindrops began to unexpectedly fall. We had not even noticed the clouds coming, as if they had appeared "out of the blue". I hoped it was a passing squall; but within moments it was truly pouring, and we were hunkered up under the rock overhang on our smooth slate beds, watching the fire disappearing into sodden ash. The thunder boomed overhead; it was a proper storm now. The thunder boomed, reverberating through the kloof's labyrinth, and I got the impression that we were right in the middle of the show. It did not begin hailing, luckily. But, as the moments passed, the rain continued to grow in intensity, harder and harder, like an Olympic sprinter who continues to accelerate when all the other competitors have reached their limits.



The water was gushing off the sides of the overhang, and already, as if without transition, it was gloomy dusk - or as if without measurable duration. I was shifting my belongings away from spraying drops, while a trickle was encroaching along the wall behind me. I glanced at Dominic and the boys, who were a few meters away, cradling a flickering candle illuminating water droplets leaking from the rock roof above them.

I glanced at the waterfall, across the stream and the rain-pixelated ether, slightly to the right of being directly opposite us on the far kloof wall, with its pool, and foliage, and the kloof stream, in between. Illuminated by the frequent flashes of lightning, it appeared to me to be getting fatter.

I did not like that at all. I got up and picked my way to the others. I told Dominic what I had seen. But before I had even finished talking, there was a roaring sound of something crash-landing, and out of the corner of my eye I saw a breaking wave of white water, huge and unreal, breaking forth into the cathedral. And something in us too, ~~in~~



in that moment, broke loose.  
I turned to Dominic. It was now or never.  
We instantly decided to leave our  
possessions, as if letting go of our earthly  
ties. Presumably the entrance to the  
place was now a raging torrent. All  
low ground was surely fatal. We had  
to go up.

With my little Nokia's phone-light I led  
the way along the kloof wall in the  
direction of the entrance, looking for  
possible escapes. The first option - not  
really of escape, for the kloof wall was  
very high, but perhaps of refuge - was  
a Rotsfy tree growing upon a chest-high  
instep in the wall, with a narrow in-wall  
around it and an overhang above it.  
The next pocket, almost next door to it,  
was a slightly deeper indent in the  
wall, with a step also. I ushered my  
friends in here. But there was no  
overhang, and the step did not take  
us very high at all, so I went myself  
to check the next option, also a  
pocket. Bewilderingly - for I had never  
seen it before, - I perceived a dark  
underground entrance to some sort  
of cave network. Good, but if the water  
caught us inside? No, I decided  
rather not. [The following day, I was to



Find that this "entrance" had once more become a mere wall adjoining the archway wall of rock paintings).

I returned to my friends and led them back to the Rotsfy. We climbed the step, then the tree which, though not very big, took us a good couple of meters into the air. And there, nestled in her delicate branches, with wet clothes and legs of jelly shaking from shock and cold, we watched the fearsome spectacle of the flood below.

In fact, I did not so much watch, but rather half-glance at, now and then, when I could bear it, the Amazonian waves of the burst waterfall lit up, spreading concentrically from the base, lit up in flashes of soporific lightning, while all around the cathedral shook with unearthly reverberations.

And in that holy moment, in that wilderness of pleasure and pain, was a nakedness of feeling I will always cherish. But of course, at the time, I was actually saying my prayers: "please let me live. I still want children. And to make art..." Yet, if this is indeed my time, our day, well, at least it is extraordinary in the greatest way."

I was scared that Heaven and Hell would



continue to break loose; that not only the waterfall, but the whole kloof, would come down in a despair of rising water, until we would have no choice but to let go and say goodbye. Yet, within the fluidity of that space and time, I felt, or willed it so, that I was strangely high up, raised, in that tree upon a high kloof wall, looking out, like an early man, upon an Otherworld.

After some time being perched in that tree, perhaps an hour, we felt a quietness coming to our hearts, discernable even in that raging otherworld, and we noticed the first stars coming out.



## Literary and poetry essays



# Caged bird

The poem Caged Bird was written by Maya Angelou, an African American author, poet, singer and actress, she is often described as one of the greatest literary minds of the past <sup>century</sup> century. She is also a well-known civil rights activist, ~~who~~ <sup>one</sup> who has faced a lot of <sup>oppression</sup> oppression and hardships in her life, which <sup>is</sup> is why a lot of her work has racial undertones, including Caged Bird. Great intro!

In the first stanza we are introduced to the free bird who is completely and utterly free and happy. It does not have a care in the world, we see this by the use of the phrase "leaps on the back of the wind". We are also given the impression that the free bird is free to do whatever <sup>it</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~they~~ please, with no restrictions whatsoever, we are shown this by the use of the verbs "leaps, floats and dips". The bird is so free in fact that it even "dares to claim the sky." Because it can. Yes!

In the second stanza we are introduced to the caged bird, this



## Essay Continued

is quite ironic as the title of the poem is Caged Bird but we are introduced to the free bird first. I believe that this is another way in which Angelou shows us how fate has taken a preference to the free bird instead of the caged one, and this also shows a contrast between the two birds' lives and how the free bird <sup>(seems so often to)</sup> will always win in the game of life. The use of the ~~verbs~~ words "stalks, narrow cage, bars of rage" show that the caged bird is isolated, and the words "wings are clipped" & "feet are tied" show that the bird is bound and he did not bind himself, this is a metaphor to show how the white supremacist society oppressed the African Americans.

\* Keeping in mind that many white Americans actually opposed racialism.

In the third stanza we are shown how hopeful the caged bird is that one day someone will come save him and he will be set free. We also see how the caged bird knows that there is something better out there.

fourth

In the ~~third~~ stanza there is



## Essay Continued 2

use of personification with the phrase "sighing trees", the trees sigh because <sup>even</sup> they enjoy the free bird's freedom as they are <sup>not</sup> tied to the ground and aren't as free as him. The use of the phrase "fat worms" indicate that the free bird has more opportunities than the caged bird, because the worms are waiting for him. (and are meaty and full)

## Question 2

- 2.1 "Burning bright"
- 2.2 he is asking who could've created something so fearful as the tiger.
- 2.3 The statement "seize the fire", fire is not something that can be held/seized
- 2.4 The poet is comparing the strength of the anvil to the person who dared to create the tiger, the are
- 2.5 personification.

2.5 That in creation there will always be fierce & timid, good & evil and that the creator will always create in such a manner and we also wonders if the creator could truly create something so fierce and something so ~~timid~~ as well.

Yes, exactly. He is amazed by creation's contrasts!

(10)



# Essay Continued 3

In the fifth stanza, words from the third stanza are repeated <sup>✓</sup> just to emphasize <sup>✓</sup> how miserable <sup>✓</sup> the caged bird is, the words "shadow shouts" are a use of <sup>alliteration</sup> <sup>✓</sup> and the phrase "shadow shouts on a nightmare scream" show that the caged bird's life is <sup>more</sup> <sup>pitiable</sup> and <sup>adverse</sup> <sup>to</sup> a nightmare. The words "stands on the grave of dreams" show that ~~the final stanza~~ to hope for freedom is futile. <sup>✓</sup>

In the final stanza we are shown that even though the caged bird's chances of being free are <sup>few</sup>, he still <sup>continues</sup> to sing <sup>and</sup> hope <sup>that</sup> one day someone will hear his tune and set him <sup>free</sup>.

C=6  
I find that the best essays are those that leave me with very [472 words] <sup>Exceeded word count!</sup> little to comment on.

I don't know who taught you to write literary essays, or if you were just very inspired by the poem, but this is a model literary (and poetry) essay.

Congratulations and thank you for this effort. C:6  
Please keep honing your talent as a writer!! <sup>pts: 4</sup>  
Sho sho! = (10)



40  
40

Khadija Riaz

12 September 2022.

Grade 10, Key 6

Romeo and Juliet.

Question 1 : Essay

Romeo and Juliet is a spell bounding story of two star-crossed lovers whose light stops shining when fate extinguishes their glow of love. ✓

This masterpiece is filled with various mixed emotions and reactions of all the characters that lead to the tragic ending ✓ of this story. "Never will there be a story of more woe / Than this of Juliet and her Romeo." ✓ this is to be discussed henceforth.

Romeo is a young, hot-tempered and witty ✓ lad, who is in midst of his youth and all that comes with it. Romeo is the only heir to the Montague family and Juliet to the Capulet family, who are sworn ✓ enemies, breeding in pure hatred for each other. ✓

Romeo is a complex character whose actions are only <sup>largely</sup> based on impulsive ✓ reactions with no concern for the consequences ✓ which is a leading factor for the horrendous ending.

At first, Romeo is lovesick ✓ with a fair maiden, Rosaline, that tatters his heart and does not return his love.

Fate twists and Romeo and Juliet fall deeply in love at first ✓ sight, when Romeo secretly attended an event ✓ held ✓ by the Capulets. Prior to this Romeo had a premonition that something ✓ bad was to happen, nevertheless he still attended the event. By pure coincidence, Tybalt - cousin and kinsman to Juliet -



0/0/2  
a character who is immensely engrossed in the feud between the two families - discovers that Romeo intruded but could do nothing at the moment. ✓  
This love-at-first-sight was the first impulsive actions from Romeo and Juliet. ✓

Later on, Romeo climbs over the Capulet's Orchard Walls with uncontrollable passion and desire and without fear of risking his own life, to meet Juliet - this is the famous balcony scene. ✓  
Soon Romeo and Juliet marry secretly, compelled by love, at the hands of Friar Lawrence. Friar Lawrence is also guilty of committing human <sup>yes</sup> folly but understands the feelings of the younglings. Despite helping Romeo and Juliet the Friar warns Romeo: "wisely and slow: they stumble who run fast." Getting married was another hasty decision to undertake, and leads to an obnoxious event. ✓

Now in Act 3, Scene 1, comes the climatic climax turmoil wherein Tybalt challenges Romeo (who Tybalt has increased hatred for since the event and mysteriously more possessive for Juliet) to a duel. Since Romeo has married Juliet, he dismisses the challenge but Mercutio - Romeo's hot-headed friend - gets slain by Tybalt while Romeo tried peacemaking. Romeo tried loving the Capulets since he now married Juliet, but Tybalt went too far. ✓  
Romeo says "O sweet Juliet / Thy beauty hath made me effeminate / And in my temper soften'd valour's steel". This is when Romeo realises that his not fighting Tybalt was the reason for Mercutio's death and Romeo becomes filled with rage for vengeance and slays Tybalt. This was another impulsive reaction by our lamentable lead. Romeo felt that his love clouded his manliness and felt angry for stepping back. <sup>his pure love clouded his passion?</sup> Romeo could have stayed calm and the story would have had another ending but Romeo acted on impulsion and rage. ✓



Ah, you wrote so well this time...! Economically, touching on the important things — and doing so in high literary style — Bravo! = (25)

C: 15  
SL: 10

Romeo is banished from Verona to Mantua after killing Tybalt. Juliet is devastated by this news and she blackmails the Friar emotionally into devising a plan for her to be with Romeo. Everyone under the influence of love, desperate for peace. Friar tells Juliet to fake her death and Romeo will be summoned to get her from the Capulet Monument — but this does not go as planned and Romeo assumes Juliet is really dead. The fruit of patience is sweet but no-one tried it!

Depressed as hell, Romeo bribes an <sup>poor</sup> apothecary with money to sell him poison. Once Romeo reaches the graveyard he bumps into County Paris. County Paris also has affections for Juliet and intended marrying her, seeing Romeo by her grave angers him and they both fight. Romeo having lost his world to death <sup>impulsively</sup> advises Paris to leave him alone but Paris advances and dies at the hands of Romeo. Thereafter devastated, <sup>engulfed with grief and sorrow, and guilt,</sup> Romeo drinks the poison and dies next to Juliet, just then Juliet awakes and having found the love of her life dead — makes a quick and ridiculous decision — and stabs herself with Romeo's dagger. Upon investigation Friar Lawrence confesses the whole story in front of the Prince, Saddened with grief as to what occurred.

The Prince passes the judgement that the Capulets and Montagues should live in harmony as their feud has cost many lives and reconciliation takes place. The Prince says "Never will there be a story of more woe / Than this of Juliet and her Romeo" and that's how this tragedy ends!



Book: Hamlet

AUTHOR: William Shakespeare

REVIEWER: Amogelang Gabanagosi

DATE: October 2022

RATING: ★★★★★

### Hamlet.

This is the story of how a ghost haunted the living with tragic ~~q~~ consequences. A vengeful story of a brother's murder.

The story begins with an encounter of young Hamlet, the prince of Denmark and his father's ghost. The ghost tells Hamlet how his brother Claudius murdered him. Not long after his funeral, he married his widowed wife Getrude. The ghost presses Hamlet to seek revenge on the man who stole his throne and wife. Hamlet vowed to do so.

154 Meanwhile Claudius and Getrude worry about the prince's erratic behaviour; they employ a pair of his friends to watch over him. While Hamlet came up with an idea to test his uncle's guilt. He confronted his mother, while in the bedchamber was Polonius (lord chamberlain). He stabbed through the fabric and killed him, thinking he was the king. Hamlet was immediately banned to England.

Hamlet returned to Denmark when pirates attacked his ship. Learte (Polonius son) wanted to avenge his father's death. The king poisoned his blade, so that when he



For

spills blood, Hamlet dies. Assurance sake, he poisoned the goblet, when Hamlet wins the first or second match he will drink from it. ✓

Hamlet declines to drink from the king's proffered goblet. Getrude took the wine, drank it and swiftly died. Polonius harmed Hamlet. He then killed Polonius. He took ~~the~~ the poisoned blade and stabbed Claudius, he then forced him to drink the poisoned wine. ✓  
Hamlet also died after achieving his revenge. ✓

Hamlet is arguably Shakespeare's best play, it was one of the best in his era and it will psychologically still haunt you long after the last scene ends. Like his other famous play, Romeo and Juliet, the Hero dies. ✓

reference : google

C : 10

L : 6

F : 4

=  $\frac{20}{25}$



Dawn Koshy Gr10B

75  
85  
160  
59  
219

76  
80

## Section A

### Question 1 : Poetry Essay (The Road Not Taken - Robert Frost)

The Road Not Taken is a poem that visualises the situation of making a choice in one's life. These options are presented simply in form of two roads in the poem. These 'roads' are differentiated by the poet as one less travelled by and one more popular road. This one less travelled by symbolises the poet's own unique path that he made the choice of following, but the feeling of regret still lingers in his mind.<sup>79</sup>

The themes of regret and acceptance is a strong part of this poem and the latter is shown to be the final result of the poet's decision, but the title at first glance caters to the former school of thought. But upon further scrutiny, I found that it actually emphasises the theme of acceptance.<sup>59</sup> As seen in lines 19 and 20, "I took the one less travelled by - And that has made all the difference." This road is only less travelled because it co-exists with the other.<sup>85</sup>

Acceptance can only be achieved if one has already grieved and felt regret. "The Road Not Taken" is a great way to title a poem by symbolizing the inner themes of the literature. Life is choices and choices must be made with balance and contrast in mind. Only then can we take the Road less travelled by.<sup>59</sup>

01  
05

$$\frac{C:6}{L:4} = \frac{10}{10}$$

[Words : 219]



Question 1Section A

The Road Not Taken is a perfect masterpiece created by the poet, Robert Frost. In the poem, the poet experiences a wide variety of emotions and internal challenges. The "two roads" symbolize paths the reader is planning on following. These paths may be experiences like, a new job opportunity or a business venture, but the poet faces a challenge where he has to decide which path to follow.<sup>68</sup> ✓

If he decides to follow one path, then there would be no return, and he proves this as he says, "... sorry I could not travel both." At first, he studies the attributes or the qualities of each journey, but each of them have a unique quality. This toughens <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ decision. ~~After~~ This is a perfect example of what many humans face in their daily lives. There will always be a point where a huge wall blocks your path, then you begin to feel <sup>that your life is</sup> stagnant, sometimes it helps to take a break and contemplate your next move.<sup>97</sup> ✓

Finally, the poet chooses a path, fortunately, he is comfortable with his decision. He then says, "I shall be telling this with a sigh," this proves that even though the <sup>mental</sup> ~~mentally~~ journey it took to make this final decision was a challenge, he is "reluctantly" ~~conform~~ comfortable with his decision. In life, not every choice is best the best, but it is up to you to use every attribute of that decision, and turn it into its best form.<sup>6</sup> ✓

$$\begin{matrix} C:5 \\ L:4 \end{matrix} = \frac{9}{10}$$

[241 words]



Dawn Koshiy Gr 10 B

Paper 2: Literature

## Section A

### Question 1

- 1.1. This poem from Shakespeare has the main theme ✓ stated within the first line. He compares his beloved to a fair summer day. In the first ~~Octet~~ <sup>Octet</sup> he states the reasons why he loves summer ✓ and consequently this "person", but he also 3 describes that ✓ even summer is imperfect. In the final Sestet he says that because summer is imperfect, ✓ he cannot compare this person to it because they are, in his eyes, ✓ flawless. This creates a contrast between the two sections of this poem.
- 1.2. The poem flows very naturally and smoothly due to the use of a rhymescheme. Alongside with his excellent use of adjectives and descriptors, it paints an ✓ image in the mind of the reader. 2 This almost forces the reader into a "trans hallucinative-type state" almost like what a mystical ✓ spell would do.
- 1.3. As stated previously, the rhyming is used wonderfully to make the scenes in the poem come to life. It also adds to a ✓ rhythm not unlike that of an actual song. The ~~rhym~~ rhymescheme remains consistent ✓ throughout the sonnet keeping the rhythm, but in the 3 final couplet the ~~rhymescheme~~ rhymescheme is changed to bring a sense of completion to the poem, like the ending to a song.

(8)

### Question 2

Wole Soyinka is a well established poet and most well known for his perfect use of the English dialect. In his poem called "Telephone Conversation", Wole Soyinka <sup>tells the story in which he</sup> tries to rent out an apartment in



the UK. At the time of the actual conversation, the UK and Europe in general were still "afraid" of people from African descent. Soyinka knew this and still tried to rent an apartment even though he knew that it was not going to be easy. ✓

Soyinka was hesitant to mention his ethnicity to the woman who he was talking to over the phone who at first was completely oblivious to his skin colour, presumably due to his excellent use of language. When he finally decides to "self-confess", he is met with an unexpected reply, "How dark". The woman's words are capitalised to show the shock and worry in her voice.

Then Soyinka realised that there was no way out of his situation, so he begins to make light of it with some humor.

In jest, he describes his skintone as "West African Sepia", trying not to answer the question directly. This is met with confusion from the woman over the phone, she does not know what that means. This shows that even a native English speaker cannot reach a particular foreigner's level of language. Europeans used to look down upon Africans but this poem shows us that they were not superior to them even in their own native tongue.

Excellent

$$C: 6 \\ L \{ S: 3 = 9$$

[words: 247]

### Question 3

31. Poets constantly take risks in their writing. Hidden meaning and themes found between the lines of their writing. This is a risk because it is not a given that people may understand or see the truth in their poems, if this is the case then the poem would seem mediocre at best by the people who read it. And as regards his performance?



Question 1Section A

1.1. In the first quatrain, the poet compares his beloved to a summer's day, which is warm, bright and fun, and is a day which most people would enjoy. ~~He~~ He also <sup>says</sup> complains <sup>and third</sup> that the ~~same~~ summer season is too short. In the second quatrain he explains that his beloved's beauty is eternal and shall not fade. Moving on to the couplet. He <sup>3</sup> expresses the idea that no matter how much time passes, his love for the beloved as well as the beloved's beauty will ~~as~~ always exist, the poet basically summarizes the whole poem in two lines. *re-read the question.*

1.2. As the reader reads the poem, a motion picture or idea is created in their minds and it enables them to imagine what is <sup>2</sup> happening in the poem. The couplet ~~then~~ then paints a detailed, intricate ~~the~~ picture summarized <sup>✓</sup> though ~~give~~ giving off much detail about the poem in our minds.

1.3. The poet uses a constant rhyme scheme through the poem which creates <sup>✓</sup> rhythm and shapes the poem into a song. He also makes use of an iambic <sup>✓</sup> pentameter which adds more rhythm to what is already a rhythmic song. There ~~is~~ also a number of parts <sup>3</sup> of speech <sup>✓</sup> used in the poem.

(8)

Question 2

<sup>6</sup> This poem is quite interesting because it reflects ~~on~~ <sup>of</sup> misconceptions and ~~so~~ false notions about black people, black cultures and rumours about the "Dark Continent." (Referring to the poem) ~~In~~ In the beginning, the conversation between the poet and the English lady started off calm and social, they both discussed the



features of the premises and answers were shared. As the poem foreshadows the possible outcomes of revealing his complexion 'physically', he chooses to "confess" about the colour of his skin. The tone of the whole conversation takes a turn. The lady then starts questioning the poet about his colour ~~with~~ without considering the poet's feelings ~~on~~ the history of his race. ✓

Europeans have ~~also~~ always had false beliefs about the African continent. Africans were thought to be barbaric, ~~and~~ unruly and cannibalistic. The Europeans, <sup>have</sup> feared the continent since its first discovery. Therefore, all those false beliefs have entered the lady's mind which shapes the way she responds to the innocent man on the other side of the line. The poet tries to explain or defend his complexion but he is still shocked by the lady's response. ✓

Towards the end of the poem, the poet ~~parat~~ humours the lady's false dichotomy. The word self-confession is a bit ironic, how can a person confess about the colour of their skin? I feel like the false beliefs about the African continent <sup>have</sup> ~~has~~ shaped the minds of foreign countries into thinking negatively about black people and it has had a negative effect on society. ✓✓

Excellent

Question 3

C: 6

L+S: 3 = 9

[245 words]

3.1. As mentioned in line-19 of the poem, the poet is a super-realist. Existential risks are part of what ~~he~~ <sup>✓</sup> he does, as he takes risks, which could result in his death, he is rewarded, with ~~success~~ <sup>✓</sup> success. 2



22  
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Egallronp Lamola

Grade 10E (Key 2)

mind map?

Final draft - 4

Roméo and Juliet is an amazing love story but there are some moments of weakness that cause the young couple's fate of happiness to change into destruction. Roméo and Juliet were warned to love moderately, not too fast or too slow, but they put their all into their love and rushed things which resulted in their despair.

SP  
6 One of the impulsive acts of the young lovers was to get married even at such a young age and between feuding families, because they believed it was true love. Some other instances were after the wedding when Roméo decided to avenge his loved one, Mercutio's death by killing Tybalt, who happened to be Juliet's relative. This impulsive act led to the banishment of Roméo and departure from his new wife Juliet, which left both of them heartbroken. It seems Roméo is not the only one with a hasty mind, because Juliet has also had her share of impulsiveness, which include persuading Friar Lawrence to help her conduct a plan to keep her from the arranged marriage to the noble Paris. Juliet decided to fake her own death to keep from marrying Paris given the possible dangers, because of her passion, love and loyalty to Roméo. Another one of Roméo's hasty decision making was when he heard that his precious Juliet had passed on and left the world, and he bought poison so that he could lay with her in death. When Roméo went to see for himself that Juliet was no more, he encountered Paris, who tried to keep Roméo away, because he had heard of his evil doings, but Roméo's passion which was uncontained and uncontrolled led to him killing Paris so he could see his dead wife on the grave. What Roméo did not know was that Juliet was still alive so he went on to drink the poison and die next to his love.



Juliet was awoken from her temporary death expecting to see her own prince charming, Romeo, waiting for her but was met with an unmoving Romeo laying down covered in blood. Friar Lawrence came to the grave and saw the scene and tried to convince Juliet to leave with him before anyone else could see them. Juliet was too passionate about her love for Romeo and made the same hasty decision as him to stay in the grave and die next to him. She took a dagger which was on Romeo and stabbed herself to her real death.

These scenes are examples of why love should not be rushed, and why we should keep our emotion in control because they can overcome our thoughts and cause us to make mistakes. Romeo and Juliet were rushing everything in their relationship and their emotions were clouding their thoughts and judgement. They were too lost in their 'love' they made irrational decisions and caused unnecessary death and grief.

(380 words)

C: 14

L: 8

Bravo, Esa!

= 22  
25



# Tshwetso Seleka - Romeo & Juliet essay (below)

- 5.10. ~~"Wisha-wisha"~~ "wisha-wisha-wisha-wisha" ✓ 1
- 5.11. Me, ~~with the help of~~ ~~Hector~~ ; to help escape Kitty, preventing ~~her~~ <sup>the</sup> procedure from taking place, which would save ~~Larissa~~ Larissa. ✓ 2
- 5.12. The Orphan Warden ✓ 1
- 5.13. She is disgusted and ashamed. She is also ~~angry~~. ✓ 1
- 5.14. Ettie birth was/is illegal because Mistress and Xavier aren't fake-makes so she was forced to discard her. ✓ 2
- 5.15. Xavier and Ettie are dummies, Mistress and Nicolas are Mangerions; they both (the couples) plan/planned on running away together. ✓ 1
- 5.16. She was abused ✓ as she grew up in Section O so she found ~~a~~ a way to hide her emotions. ✓ 1
- 5.17. She learnt that Larissa's procedure wouldn't go on without Nicolas being found ✓ so she runs away without Nicolas hoping he is found so that the Guardian of Justice & Peace reapproves the procedure ✓ and Larissa is saved. She left Nicolas to save her sister whom she loves. If she had not met ~~there~~ <sup>(to escape)</sup> the plan would have continued. ✓ 3

22  
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## Question 6

## Section C

- 6.1. Romeo and Juliet is a ✓ heartfelt tragedy in which two star-crossed lovers ~~are~~ as well as some relatives and friends lose their lives ~~to a~~ because of a long rivalry between two big families in the city of ~~the~~ Verona, the Capulets and the Montagues. If it were not for the families' animosity, perhaps fate might have



1 Taken an alternative route. ✓

2 The couple's reaction to their love was impulsive and the majority of decisions ~~where~~ they made had a fatal ending. An example of their fatal ~~impuls~~ impulsive decisions was as they ~~dec~~ decided to get married after a day's worth of knowing each other. From that moment, things went south and little did they know that their marriage ~~to~~ would have a deadly <sup>ending</sup> ~~ending~~. This proves that impatience is very bad. It is important to contemplate every decision ~~you~~ make. ✓

SP The influence of certain parties like Friar Lawrence and Juliet's Nurse also affect the route which the lovers' fate would take. In the story, Friar Lawrence devises a plan where Juliet will fake a death and Romeo will sneak in Verona and ~~so~~ awaken Juliet from her tomb/grave and run away with her. Unfortunately, plans don't connect, Friar John fails to deliver a letter to Romeo to inform him about the plan and he later receives the wrong news that Juliet has passed ~~on~~. ✓

2 Romeo decides to buy a deadly poison and visits Juliet's tomb. There, he meets Paris, they fight, he kills him. Another life lost because of ~~the~~ the love of the lovers. Romeo drinks the poison and dies then Friar Lawrence ~~dis~~ discovers Juliet during her awakening, as well as the corpses, Romeo's and Paris'. He tries to run away with her but she rejects the offer. After the Friar flees, she kills herself, and hasty decision ~~is~~ due to impatience. ✓



In conclusion, if the couple had been patient about their love and the ~~an~~ course of their relationship, their decision would have been better and fate would have taken a positive turn, less people would have died and, who knows, they would have been married happily. Fortunately, the family families will be united but at what cost? <sup>too</sup> ✓

[354 words]

C: 13

L: 8 =  $\frac{21}{25}$



# Dawn Koshy - Essay on "The Mark" (below)

- 4.8 They want to find a cure for Larissa's condition. ✓ 1
- 4.9.1 The Mark is a set of number which is generated ✓ by the Machine and embedded into a person's spine which describes their fate. 1
- 4.9.2 Having no mark means that the Machine will record that person as deceased. This allows people to move freely without being tracked as well. Their fates are completely up to them now. ✓ 2
- 4.10. Kitty ✓ volunteers because she wants revenge on the Mangerian Government for what ~~the~~ they did to her parents (they were executed by the Government). ✓ 2
- 4.11 Similie ✓ 1
- 4.12. The bird was actually talking about Ettie, but because they could not see her they concluded that the teller was telling about Kitty. This Irony changes the course of the story and we as readers know what the other characters do not. ✓✓ 2
- 4.13 She was a newborn infant when a teller told the Orphan Warden the prophecy. This stopped the warden from disposing of Mistress's child but rather raising her at the orphanage. ✓ 2
- 4.14 Jaffe wants Ettie ✓ to go with ~~her~~ her to Savage City. 1
- 4.15 Handler Xavier and Mistress. ✓ 2

## Question 5

very good

(24)

### 5.3. The Mark: Ugly but True.

The Mark is a novel by Edyth Bulbring which touches on our own earthly obstruction through the setting of a burnt world and a society teetering on the edge of a political revolution. The Mark does not stray from describing its world as it is, pitiful. This is emphasised throughout the novel with the use of not so ~~glamorous~~ glamorous english that describes the slums and the reality



Question 5: Continuation.

5p of ~~living~~<sup>Surviving</sup> In the post-conflict world.<sup>75</sup> The streets of slum city may not be beautiful but the story in which they play is a sight to behold.<sup>91</sup> ✓

5p What use is a fast car if no one can drive it? The Mark is driven by the lead Juliet Seven, an orphan Is Section O who plays "the game" to make money in her freetime outside of cludge school. Ettie (Juliet) is like many others her age, she ~~dislike~~ dislikes the idea of being controlled by an inanimate Machine and ~~Govera~~ Corrupt Government who ~~control~~ sees her every move. Her goal is to leave slum city and remove her mark so that she will be untracable. Ettie has a lot of character development throughout the novel, but she always stays focused on her goal.<sup>106</sup> ✓

She cannot manage to do this on her own so she gets help from Kitty and Handler Xavier who play the game with her. The side characters are developed in a very believable way and play an arguably bigger role than Ettie. In the world of The Mark, nothing comes for free and everybody tries to save their<sup>own</sup> skin before saving others.<sup>66</sup> When reading this novel, you feel ~~po~~ part of the world and when the characters go through development, you feel empathy for what they must go through. This is not just a story, it is a reflection of the future, maybe even the present. The novel does not shy away from reality, both ~~in~~<sup>of</sup> their world and ours.<sup>122</sup> ✓

[words: 325]

Very nice, though I feel more could have been said about themes, secondary characters, and narrative technique.

C: 14

L3S: 9

=  $\frac{23}{23}$ 

But... maybe that's asking for too much... well done!



Option 2: (final) Dawn Koshy

A holy man, tempted by the fruits of emotion

Romeo and Juliet, a staple name when it comes to English literature. The characters of this play is, for me, the part which stands out the most. In particular, the character of Friar Lawrence and his spiritual dilemma. The Friar is played out to be a holy man of God and a source of spiritual and relative wisdom. He is a wall, providing an environment for the tired to rest their worries.

This is especially the fact with Romeo, his student and spiritual heir. Although they seem to not be related, the fact still remains that Romeo sees him like a father

sp

The Friar plays a big role in the acts of this play and thus a major role in both the lives of Romeo and Juliet, and this is where the problem arises. In the beginning scenes of the play, we are introduced to Friar Lawrence who seems to know, and dislike, <sup>Romeo's</sup> ~~his~~ obsession with Rosaline. Here we can see how close these two characters really are, as Romeo speaks to Friar Lawrence in a different manner to how anybody else would speak to a priest. When the topic of Juliet comes along, instead of advising him to stay away from all these women, he goes on with Romeo's plan to wed the two youthful lovers. As a man of God, Friar Lawrence does not subscribe to the act of conflict and thus is happy to find an opportunity to end that great Verona Conflict. His intentions were pure, but his motivations in some situations is a sign that the Friar is in a constant change of flow between selflessness and selfishness.



6

On the same night that the lovers are wedded, Romeo slew his w, now wife, Juliet's cousin, Tybalt. This act leads to him being banished from Verona by the prince.

This news of banishment finds Romeo via the words of Friar Lawrence, and it does not sit find him well. A devastated Romeo is brought to his knees, thinking all is over and that

sp

there is nothing worse than to be banished from his love's side. The Friar, knowing how lucky Romeo is, speaks some well-needed sense into our protagonist and tells him how much worse <sup>this</sup> ~~this~~ situation could have been. He advises him to speak with Juliet one last time and to wait in Mantua until things have died down. ✓

His plan would have worked if Paris, the Prince's relative, was not arranged to marry fair Juliet due to her supposed heartbreak <sup>caused</sup> ~~due to~~ Tybalt's "untimely" death.

When Juliet came to the Friar once more for his help, he didn't tell her to live with it until the time came, he wished for Romeo's happiness and told her to drink a sleeping elixir and to wait for Romeo's arrival at her tomb.

Because of this haste, which funny enough the Friar himself told ~~him~~ Romeo to be patient, in which this plan was forged, many things went horribly wrong ending in the death of Romeo. And due to the cowardice that sprouted from his self-realisation of his unlawful actions, Juliet's life was also lost. ~~Both Selfless and Selfish~~

Friar Lawrence achieved his ultimate goal <sup>Selfless</sup> goal but also lost his ~~son~~ due to his selfishness ~~behaviour~~. ✓

C: 14

[ words: 447 ]

L: 9

=  $\frac{23}{25}$ 

Outstanding, my son!



## Section C

### Question 6

Dawn Koshy

6.1. How Romeo and Juliet changed fate for... for the worse

Romeo and Juliet is a drama which holds many themes throughout its verses and one such theme and lesson is that of impulsive decision making which can turn fate for the worse.<sup>33</sup> Time and time again, fate seems to be on the side of the protagonists. In this Drama, but much like real people, emotions can take hold prisoner of one's rationality and force people to make favourable situations a ~~def~~ horrible one for those involved.<sup>75</sup> Romeo is seen to be stricken by guilt and Juliet is a slave to her desperation and in the end, their childish behaviour causes their deaths.<sup>101</sup>

Sp  
Guilt is a product of a lack of self confidence and when one is in a vulnerable state of childish fantasy, emotions can take control. When Tybalt slew Mercutio, a close friend to Romeo, Romeo ~~feels~~ <sup>felt</sup> a sense of guilt flow over him. For something which is not his fault and a situation that can help Romeo's current problems, he lets guilt determine his actions. His guilt turns into red vengeance and he takes the life of Tybalt forever altering the course of both his and his wife's life.<sup>54</sup> Even this foul circumstance is only the first of many more to come.<sup>102</sup>

Fate is Romeo's friend and he is cast away from Verona. Desperation ~~seizes~~ <sup>seizes</sup> Juliet's sense and she is quick to go and ask for a solution from the Friar, and a solution she finds, one the type that puts you to sleep.<sup>11</sup>



Once again, guilt strikes Romeo from all the way in Mantua, and before waiting ~~from~~ for a word from the Friar, he ~~he~~ make the impulsive decision to ~~see~~ die next to the, very alive, Juliet in her tomb at Verona. Fate was with him, but he lacked patience. Only a few moments after he drinks his deadly "cordial", Juliet awakens from her slumber. Once more her <sup>guilt</sup> ~~desperation~~ and childish desperation grabs hold of her and takes her life. Romeo's guilt passed on to his wife and ~~his~~ their lack of patience ruined their fates and cut their lives short. It can be argued that it was for the best, but the lesson still remains. Take five more minutes to make your decisions, it might save your life! <sup>116</sup> <sup>165</sup> ✓

[words: 368]

Brilliant

C: 14

L: 9

$$= \frac{23}{25}$$



# The Tsamma Pool

To remember, in the context of The Fountain of Memory, is to "see", that is, to perceive and to recognise revelation as it appears in and of the moment - the implication being that to remember, in this sense, is to have one's attention firmly in the Present, where Life meets Life.

The secret magic "formula" to this sublime attunement may be expressed in the following magic spell:

"I feel unconditionally."

Notwithstanding that, in the chaotic jungle of the Dharma of true suchness, love is the answer when to remember is to forget, and to forget is to remember.

"What were we just talking about, dude!?"

Then I remembered

what I wanted to add:

but it's flowing into something new, again, for consciousness is all-inclusive.

Be unconditional, that's all. Feel.

The Tsamma Pool is real, after all:

I'd read about it when small,

in a short story by H.C. Bosman, I swear I could recall - but couldn't find it - untill, one cerulean day I found

"A tale writ in water" and remembered

"The remembering pool" within it, only like a true Bosman story and like Life, it was new again.