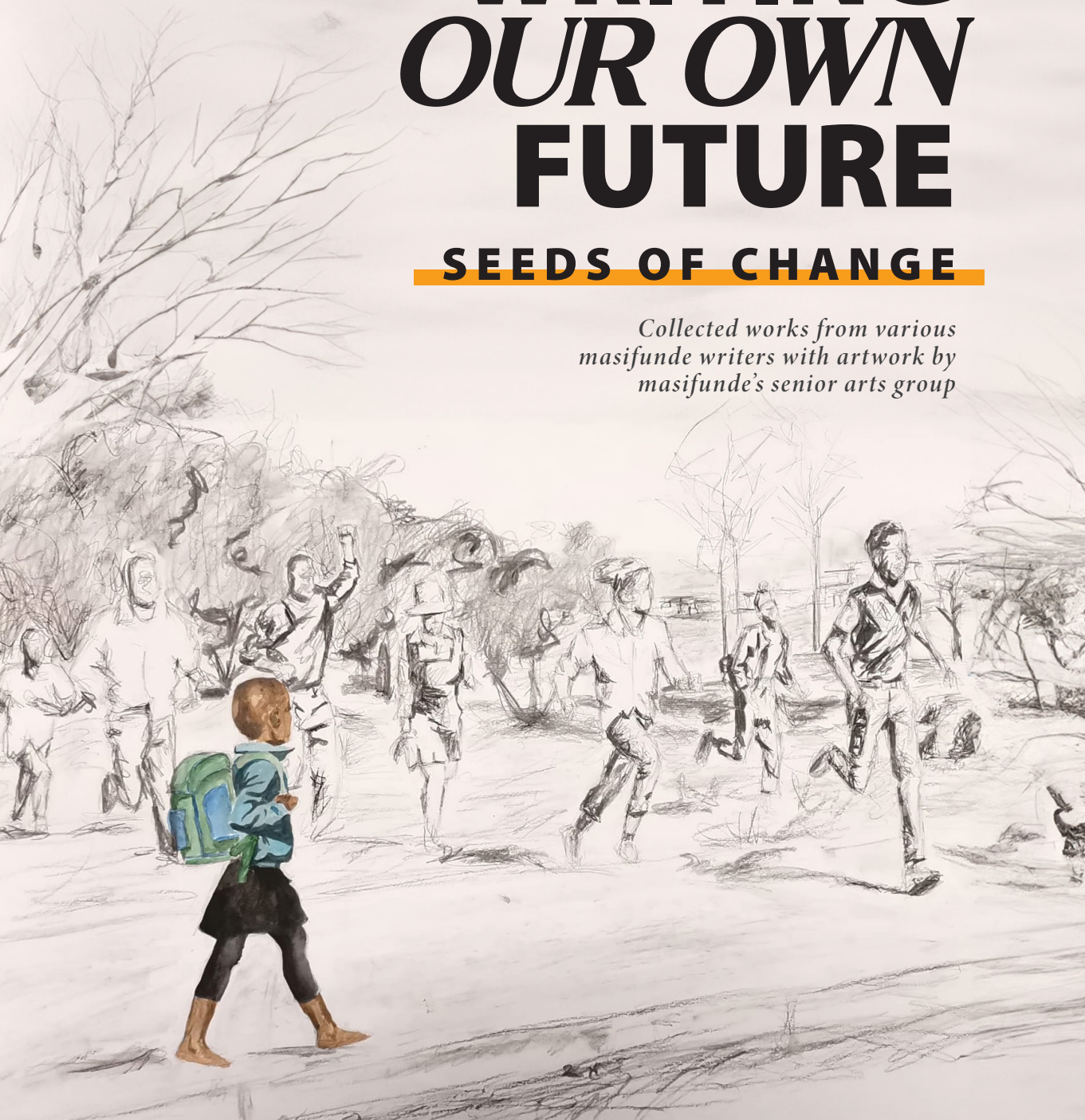


WRITING *OUR OWN* FUTURE

SEEDS OF CHANGE

*Collected works from various
masifunde writers with artwork by
masifunde's senior arts group*



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Sibulele Mayedwa

Introduction

Since 2004, masifunde has been on a mission to empower children and youth across Nelson Mandela Bay and the nation. We're all about giving more than 450 eager students in Walmer Township the tools they need to succeed, whether it's academic support, social guidance, life skills training, or a variety of extracurricular activities in arts. Our goal? To help every student reach their full potential.

Our big dream? A united society where education helps individuals create positive change in their own lives and communities. We do things a little differently with our "changemaker concept," which supports learners from age three to 35. We focus on their growth, talents, and what makes them unique.

We're big believers in peer education, too. We encourage our learners to share what they know through outreach events. That way, our programs have a real impact on the community, not just in Walmer Township but even beyond its borders.

As part of our Academic Support, we've got two school libraries, welcoming around 1800 students in each school to explore books and even enjoy events that make reading a real pleasure.

This year, we're thrilled to introduce "Writing Our Own Future: Seeds of Change." It's more than just writing—it's a platform for young voices to express their concerns, especially about things like climate change that might not get enough attention. Join us as young authors collaborate on creative stories that focus on climate change, showing its importance while also offering hope, innovation, and a call for unity. We invite you to dive into these different perspectives, which go beyond borders and generations, sparking an essential conversation for a future that's sustainable for all.

1. Her journey to MCA

There she was, accompanying her little sister to this masifunde Changemaker Academy that everyone has been talking about. She had been dying to finally see this building that changes people's lives. The building that holds a lot of opportunities. She had learnt a lot about the activities they do there. The positive impact it has in our community, but never has she heard about writing. Writing your way to life. As they stepped inside this very huge and very beautiful building she couldn't believe her eyes. I swear her eyes popped out immediately when she entered. Before she could even greet, she started analysing everything and everything there was just pure perfection. So, they got what they came for and she suddenly got interested because she had always loved reading novels, but she couldn't bring it to herself that she would one day write. She also came back to get the form and she was overwhelmed when she was invited to the workshop. Her excitement popped out of the window that same instant. She couldn't wait to see what this project that they would be working on.

The very first day at the workshop she met kids just like her, kids who also want to pursue their talent of writing. Kids who were also so excited as she was, but then kids are not only what she found there. She got to meet the world's best writer. Not only South Africa's favourite but worldwide. Who happened to be her facilitator. Now her head almost fell when she saw the books that he had already published. She couldn't help but also imagine herself doing the same too. She also met 2 more facilitators who also inspired her. Only then she saw how important and serious this is. The workshop took only a week, and they all had many stories to submit by the end of that week. By October their book was already out, and people showed much interest, love and dedication to their work. She cannot be thankful enough for the opportunity masifunde have her. This life changing experience. She's now a writer and an editor. Also inspiring more young people to take their step forward and so what they most desire. Writing.



Abulele Ndabani

2. Being a writer

I always thought being a writer requires a lot. A lot of talent, knowledge, and a lot of experience. I thought it's something that not everyone can be a writer. I thought it had its own people, but I was wrong. None of my thoughts were true. My problem started when I started thinking too much of it. Writing is all in your heart. All you must do is express how you feel about certain things. Write about what you see, about what you feel. It's as easy as reading. It's all in our mind. You think, you write. You see, you write. You feel, you express it in a book. Whether good or bad someone out there is willing to read. Someone out there is going through exactly what you are or had been through. Someone out there is waiting for your words to be inspired and wants to be better like you. Someone out there is looking for a partner to publish a book with. Someone out there is waiting for a partner to inspire to do more and acknowledge the fact that there's more to it than what meets the eye. That partner might be you. How about you just take that leap of faith and jump for the opportunity? You could inspire young kids to be like you. *Hey* little one takes your stand. Prove them wrong. Make your family proud. Write about them. Write about fairy tales, fiction, and animation. Write articles, biographies. There's quite a lot to list about writing. So, wouldn't you like to take part in that?



Abulele Ndabani

3. The mystery village

Long time ago in a very far, far away village, there stood a very small intimate village called Waves. It was a very clean village, and the people there loved it a lot. It was called Waves because the nearby river made waves like the beach. It was an unbelievable experience but as years flew by the villagers started to adjust to the situation and they now saw it as a normal thing. The kids loved playing around the very beautiful river, and they would stay there and watch as the dark blue waves danced and danced. Everyone loved seeing the mind-blowing view until this one day the waves stopped moving. The whole village suddenly went dark and for a minute there they all stood mute. The now afraid kids came running back from the river to their homes and one of them stepped on a used cracked bottle and hurt his right foot. He bled uncontrollably and screamed so loud that the people near the river all rushed outside to come see what had occurred.

They sprinted out of their houses and even though they couldn't see anything because it was still dark, they kept running following the scream of the young boy who was screaming on the top of his voice shouting 'HELP!' 'PLEASE HELP ME!' As the very concerned villagers kept running it suddenly started raining. It was not raining normal rainwater, but it was raining used plastic bags, old shoes, dirty clothes and a whole lot of empty bottles. Came streaming down dirtying all over the village. They continued running and ducking all that was dropping on top of their heads. Old *grannies* and *grandpa's* got knocked and fell down screaming 'oh *Nkulunkulu wam*' (oh my Lord) as the other fresh ones kept on running. The darkness disappeared within a blink of an eye and the whole village went bright once again. As that was happening others had already reached the boy that had now been quiet and tired from all the screaming. They took him home, and they all agreed on cleaning their small village. Weeks after the village was sparkling clean and back to its normal self and until this day nobody knew where all the dirt came from.



Abulele Ndabani

4. I thought I could stay

It was the 3rd of November 2019 the day of my birthday. I still remember it like it was yesterday. My day started off normally. I woke up to an empty bed as always it wasn't something new. He is an early bed. Never for a day did I ever wake up before him, it has never happened. So, I got off bed with a smile in my face with a mentality of being surprised at any moment now. I knew for sure that he is not at work, he's probably baking me a cake, decorating our kitchen and the dinning or he's out to get my beautiful dress for the evening after party. I did my morning routine, and I went downstairs and to my surprise everything was at its normal place. It was as clean as I had left it last night after supper, but I didn't let that discourage me. I still held my head up high and got my hopes up that he might be planning something new this year. Hours and hours flew by, and it was now afternoon. No happy birthday text, no phone call and his phone was off. I ended up sleeping on the couch waiting for him. I am a light sleeper so I heard him when he got home. I rose to my feet and the minute I laid my eyes on him, I saw that he was drunk. Before he could close the door a very young and good-looking lady also walked in holding hands with him.

What irritated me the most was the fact that she's even way prettier and good looking than me. I couldn't hold in my anger anymore. I jumped furiously in her, kicking her out of my house and slammed our sliding door very hard that it cracked in the middle, but I wasn't so bothered about that yet. Immediately when I turned to face him, I was met by a very hot slap from him. While trying to gain consciousness kicks and punches followed. I went down crying and screaming begging him to stop but he was having none of it. He stopped when it suited him and left me there bleeding on the floor. I couldn't believe it. My husband just assaulted me. The man who was supposed to be my protector hurt me. He left me there in my pool of blood and didn't even bother coming back. Who was I to forgive him and think it was a mistake? Who was I kidding? He went on and on. I became his punching bag, I became his stress reliever, but I never left. I thought he was going to change. I thought I could stay but I couldn't take it anymore. My body was tired. My eyes were dry. My voice was gone. I had enough!



Abulele Ndabani

5. Ubomi bam

Ezinzulwini zobomi bam, kuqhubeka ibali.
Ibali lomphefumlo, eliyinqayizivele kwaye linesibindi.
Ngawo wonke umoya, ndiyayamkela inyaniso yam,
Uhambo lokuzibona, kwasebutsheni bam.

Ndiyikhanvasi, epeyintwe ngemibala,
Umsebenzi wobugcisa oqhubekayo, oza kukhetha ngonaphakade.
Ukubetha ngakunye kobomi, yongeza ubunzulu nobabalo,
Ukwenza umfanekiso, ngokukodwa indawo yam.

Ndiligorha, ndinoburhalarhume.
Ukujongana nemingeni, ukulungisa konke okungalunganga.
Ngokomelela njengesikrweqe sam, ndimi ndedwa,
Ukuyoyisa imiqobo, andisayi kuwa.

Ndingumphuphi, ndinemibono engenakuguqulwa;
Iingcinga zinyuka, umoya wam ukhululekile.
Kwindawo yamathuba, ndifumana indlela yam,
Ukudala ihlabathi apho amaphupha abambe khona.

Ndingumfuni, osoloko efunwa,
Ngolwazi nobulumko, ndisikelelwe.
Ngeencwadi kunye namava, ndiyakhula,
Ukutyhila iimfihlelo, njengoko ndiqhubeka ndihlwayela.

Ndingumthandi, onentliziyo enyulu,
Ukwamkela imfesane, uthando oluhlala luhleli.
Ngobubele kunye novelwano, ndifumana uxolo lwam,
Ukusasaza uthando kunye novuyo, ungaze uyeke.

Ndingumphefumlo, odityaniswe noThixo,
Intlantsi yendalo iphela, edibene ngonaphakade.
Kwitapestry yobukho, ndifumana indawo yam,
Imbonakalo eyodwa yobabalo lukaThixo.

Ke, ndiyazonwabela, kuko konke endikuko,
Ukwamkela iziphene kunye namandla, njengelitye elinqabileyo.
Kuba kolu hambo lokuzibona,
Ndifumana ubuhle kunye nokubaluleka kwam.



Alime Jam Jam

6. A sunshine lady

Once upon a time, in the sky the sun was born. The sun was very lonely and she was so bright. Some of the people were complaining about the sun's heat. However, the sun was not controlling herself. The sun didn't know that she was giving energy, light and heat to people, that's why she is important.

Some of the people were thankful about the sun because she was helping them. For an example she was heating their water, generating electricity, to power their cars, to grow their gardens and to dry clothes.

Then she felt better about herself, because people were praising her.



Oyintanda Peter

7. A world in flames

In a world once pristine, where nature and harmony thrived
a silent storm awakened as humans strived
global warming a specter of fearsome might
unveiling its wrath, casting a shadow on our sight the sun's gentle rays once kissed
the earth's embrace
but now a relentless heat our lands do face
glaciers melt like teardrops, lost in oceans plight
as rising tides devour shores fading out of sight.

Creatures of the wild, from jungle to the deep.
Their homes now crumble as our negligence seeps
cries of desperation now echoes through the air
seeking solace amidst the chaos, a world unfair.

Let's kindle hopes flames ignite a change profound
for united we stand, earth's saviors crowned
with mindful steps let's mend this fragile bond
and heal the wounds inflicted, for a future beyond.

The path ahead is daunting, but we must endure
preserving nature's legacy, pure and secure
together we can rewrite this tale of woes.
Restoring harmony, as Earth's saviors we'll grow.



Blessing Nyatsanza

8. Becoming a changemaker

Once upon a time in a small coastal town named Seaview, the sun shone brightly. The ocean breeze carried the laughter of children playing on the sandy shores. Life was simple and serene, until an invisible threat began to unfold.

Seaview had always relied on the ocean for its livelihood. Fisherman sailed out each day, returning with plenty of fish. Tourists flocked to witness the beauty of the pristine beaches and coral reefs, but the world was changing and so was Seaview.

As the years passed the towns' people noticed subtle shifts in their environment. The once vibrant coral reefs began to pale, the fish population lessened, and strange weather disrupted their lives. The elders whispered a phenomenon known as Global warming, a term that had slowly been mentioned in their conversation.

Blessing a young and curious boy, who couldn't bear to see his beloved people suffer. He spent hours in the library reading books and articles about global warming. Determined to make a difference he gathered his friends and formed the changemakers. A group determined to raise awareness about the impact of global warming. The changemakers organized beach cleanups, planted trees and held educational sessions for the towns' people. Blessing believed that if they worked together. They could lessen the effects of global warming and protect their precious homes. Their enthusiasm was contagious and soon others joined the cause.

As time went on the challenges became more daunting. The rising Sea level began to overtake the coastline. Threatening to swallow Seaview whole. Storms grew fiercer tearing apart homes and infrastructure. Undeterred by these setbacks. Blessing and the changemakers sought out experts to devise a plan. They learned about renewable sustainable practices. Exploring ways to reduce carbon emission. They spearheaded projects to install solar panels, promote recycling and adopt eco-friendly practices in business and home.

Their efforts slowly bore fruit. The towns' people began to witness positive change that resulted from their collective actions. The reefs started to recover teaming with colorful marine once more. New fishing practices were implemented ensuring the long-term sustainability of the ocean. Word of Seaview's transforming spread far and wide. Inspiring neighbouring towns and communities to follow suit.

People of the world started to realize that the fate of their homes was connected to the health of the planet. The movement grew and governments began to take notice implementing policies to global warming.

Years later Blessing stood on the now thriving beach of Seaview. He marveled at the progress him and the changemakers had made. He started the changemakers academy initiative, to make sure that people like him would continue to prosper long after he had passed away.



Blessing Nyatsanza

9. Being a comedian is my dream

Once upon a time, there was a boy called Qhawe. He lived in a village called Tzaneen in Venda, with his mother. Almost everyone knew this boy was full of humor. He loved to make jokes on everyone, but some of the people didn't like his jokes. They were taking his jokes too serious, but they didn't tell him that they would laugh.

His dream was to be a world class Comedian, but his mother didn't agree on that. Instead of supporting him she wanted him to be a pilot. They were always arguing about that. Then one day Qhawe wanted to prove himself to his mother. He hosted a comedy show, then he invited his mother. His mother didn't respond on his invite. He was so disappointed that his own mother didn't come to his first show. His show was very successful, and his mother was proud when she heard the beautiful news. Then she accepted his dream.



Oyintando Dyakala

10. Dear late grandma

I honestly don't know where to start, a lot has happened but first and foremost we all miss you a lot. *Granny* do you know that I now live in P. E? Okay okay you knew, I mean you are my guardian angel, right? Even if you ain't but you are my guardian angel's assistant, well if that exists. Okay *granny* listen, I miss you and I hope that I love you. *Granny* you left too soon; we all still needed you. Not that we don't need you anymore we still do, don't get me wrong. *Granny* on a serious note a lot has happened ever since you went to the heavenly home, and I know you see it all. You try with everything in your power to protect us in these heavenly things. *Ungadinwa Non-kosi sikhona siyabona futhi siyabonga*. Thank you for loving, protecting and mostly raising us. *Isikhala sakho siyewakala ntomb' endala*. Continue resting in peace and always remember that we love you.

Your Grand daughter

Neliswa



Neliswa Ndabani

11. Dear mayor

My name is Sinekamva Veli age 15, I stay in Walmer Location. I and my friends come with the concerns we have about the teenagers and Youth. We have a problem that include alcohol, drugs amongst the youth.

We beg if you can help us with the things that will help the youth activities. Some Youth play soccer we gave thanks because we have a soccer field, but we need more stuff to help the youth.

We are grateful for masifunde, they also help school kids with education, but we feel it is not enough. There is also no play station in our Township and there is a lot of ‘*mapharas*’ and we don’t feel safe because they walk freely. We plead to you to rebuild our police station because it is not safe for us to go to 9th avenue at night and also in an emergency, we should have airtime to call the police.

We plead to you Mr. Mayor to help us.



Sinekamva Veli

12. Ibala

Kwenye yeelali zaseGcuwa kwakukho umntwana oyintombazana ogama linguZimkhitha. Lo mntwana wayehlukile kwabanye abantwana apha elalini. UZimkhitha waneminyaka eli15. Lo mntwana wayefunda ibakala lesi9 kwisikolo esiphesheya kwentaba iZanadu.

Abantu abaninzi babemhleba lo mntwana kwaye babembiza ngamagama. Hayi ndingekanixeleli ngootitshala bakhe ababemfundisa babesithi, “uqalekisiwe” kwaye bemfanisa nazo zonke izilwanyana ezikhoyo emhlabeni. Uthini ngabazali bakhe abamzayayo ukuba bona bathini? Lo mntwana wayethandwa ngumam’ akhe kwaye wayesithi xa ethetha naye, “uyinzwakazi esuka kuThixo.” Ngelishwa utat’ akhe wayengafuni nokumbona wayesithi uqalekisiwe kwaye wayengafuni niks emdibanisa naye.

Yabenza balugcwabevu ngumsindo abahlali belali le nto baza babiza umhlangano befuna ukuthetha ngalo mntwana. Izimvo ngezimvo zavezwa baze bavumelana abantu baselalini ukuba uZimkhitha nosapho lwakhe mabahambe bayibethe ibencinci ukuya apho kungenje. Bacula abantu beqondele ngqo kuloZimkhitha benyusa imilenze betoyitoya.

“Asibafuni!” “Hayi hayi!” “Mabaphume!” “Hayi hayi!”

UZimkhitha nomam’ akhe bava ingxolo esuka phandle bakroba. Babona abantu belali begcwele phandle. Wabuza uma kaZimkhitha, “kwenzeka ntoni?” Waphendula uMamCirha owayethe gabhu kwizinto zabantu uma kaZimkhitha wasidubula apha isijwili sesikhalo.

Kwanyazeleka ukuba uZimkhitha nomam’ akhe baye kuhlala eTinarha apho bahlala kakuhle gqithi. Abantu abaninzi apho wayehlala khona babemthanda uZimkhitha bade bampha igama elithi Nodoli ngoba babembuka bemxabisile. UZimkhitha wayenabahlobo abaninzi apho wayehlala khona. Wangenela kumcimbi woonobuhle owayebanjelwe esikolweni sakhe waze waphumelela emagqabini. Abantu babevuyisana naye uZimkhitha. Kwakumnandi abantu bemphathele nezipho ezintle bemncoma bemtyibela kumandi kunjeyaa!

Sinesipho Blaauw

13. Iballi likaMaRhadebe

Yayiyimin' enkulu kubantu baseThamara eQonce abantu babehombile okungathi kuphum' inkwenkwe esuthwini kwaye bonwabile. Yayinguloo welewele, hayi ke andithethi ngoomama ababethwel' oothekwane okungathi bazobek' iimbiza zesixhosa.

Kwakukho lo mama owayeyintakampuku okungathi ukhangel' itorho ogama ling-uMaRhadebe. He wethu ndikuxelele mna wayengaphoswa yimbiz' aseziko kanti uMaRhadebe lo wayengumququzeleli walo mcimbi umkhulu wakwaNtu, he wethu kwakungekho mntu owayengaginyi apha wonke umntu wayenento yakhe ebandayo. Kwafika ixesha lokuba uMaRhadebe ahlebele abantu belali okokuba lo mcimbi umn-gaka ngowantoni, uthe sephakamile uMaRhadebe awu! Yagaleleka intombi yasema-Cirheni madoda iziqhubel' amatakane kwaye inengoma eyiculayo ethi, *“ngumama lo ondizalayo ngumama lo ondizalayo...”* Bamangaliseka abantu xa bebona uMamCirha engena kuba kaloku khange bamlindele okokuba naye uzobe elapho kwaye wayengamenywanga.

Wophuka umoya kaMaRhadebe akubona uMamCirha ezama ukumosha umcimbi wakhe omkhulu olu hlobo kwaye omhle kangaka, nto nje waphoxwa uMaRhadebe nguMamCirha yasuka yathi la ntombi, “kha wuthethe wethu MaRhadebe simamele thetha,” waqhubekeka uMaRhadebe ecacisela ilali okokuba lo mcimbi umkhulu kangaka ngowokwazisa malunga ne*Projekthi* ekhoyo yokuncedisana Notshintsho Lwemozulu (CLIMATE CHANGE) ukutsho. Wathi xa ezama ukucacisa okokuba izokuhamba njani le *Projekthi* awu! Yatsho la ntombi emva yathi, “sivile *maan* MaRhadebe sifun' ezibandayo thina yintoni *daan*,” wamthi krwaqu ngawesikhova uMaRhadebe yabe intliziyo yakhe iziingceba zebhotile ngaphakathi. Abanye abantu babekonwabele ukubona uMamCirha abanye bedakumbile kuba beyazi ukuba uMamCirha apho akho uyabhoxa. Wanaba ke uMaRhadebe ecacisa okokuba le *Projekthi* izohamba njani.



Libuke Pita

14. Ihlathi elijike lalikhaya

Ihlathi elishinyeneyo, ihlathi elingenazilwanyana. Ihlathi elidume ngobuhle. Imithi eluhlaza edume ngokulunga. Mhlaba otyebileyo odume ngokuchuma. Ihlathi elingenabugqi. Umzi oNtsundu uzijul' ijacu ngeli hlathi ngoba liqulethe amayeza anyangayo. Ladalwa elo hlathi. Iintlanga ngeentlanga zazoyamanisa kudala neli hlathi. Yindawo entle equlethe italente ngetalente, ephantsi kwedolophu iGqeberha, uyawubava besithi yiWALMER.



Lufezo Jumba



Sibulele Mayedwa

15. Why do I have to?

Why do I have to be the strongest one?
Why me?
Why do I have to lose what I worked for so hard?
Why me?
Why can't I not be like them?
Why me?
Can I be bold and unique?
Yes, me,
Can I be brave and do much?
Yes, me,
Again why do I have to?
Yes, me because I won't die.
I die by saying,
Saying by people.
People by jealousy.
Jealousy by evil.
Evil by devil.
So, yes me.



Mikhulu Robile



Aphiwe Cetywayo

16. Indlu emnyama engenasibane

Kukho le ndlu ingaziwa ngumntu kodwa yaziwa yile ntombazana incinci. Le ndlu andiyazi nawe awuyazi kodwa isoloko imnyama ayinaso tu isibane. Ndathi xa ndibuza le ntombazana okokuba uhlala njani kwindlu emnyama olu hlobo? Nto nje le ntombi yasuke yandijonga zange indiphendule kodwa ibe ibukeka ilusizi ebusweni inazo neenyembezi. Kha wundixelele kanye kanye yayingubani le ntombazana? Ndikuxelele mna? YayinguLibuke ufaf’ olude intombi ethi nokuba iyanyathela iwucenge umhlaba, Heyi! Mandikuxelele ngaye *maan* ingathi ububhideka xa ndimchaza. NdinguLibuke Pita ndihlala eGqeberha nosapho lwam ndikhuliswa ngumhakhulu notat’ omkhulu wam Owu! Ndingabalibali oomakazi bam, he wethu makhe ndinihlebele ukuba ndingene njani kule ndlu imnyama kwaye ndikuxelele into? Akukho nomnye kumalungu osapho lwam oyaziyo ngale ndlu ndim ndedwa jwi oyaziyo. Ndandingulo mntwana wonwabileyo ungenazingxaki kodwa emva kokuba umama wam wandishiyayo wayokutshona kwelaseKapa nesithandwa sakhe zange ndiphinde ndibe lolwa sana belukade lonwabile. Ubomi bam bajika ndazibona ndikule ndlu ingenakukhanya. Ubomi bajika bayincindi yekhala. Ndandilila umhla nezolo ndisithi umama wam uyandizonda akandithandi, akafuni nanye into emdibanisa nam. Imbangela yokuba nditsho, umama wam zange andiculele ngemini yokuzalwa kwam ngomnyaka ka2021 noka2022 ndikuxelele mna ndandisithi xa ndimjonga ndibenenzondo kuba kaloku wayengafowuni andibuze okokuba ndinjani na okanye ndiqhuba njani na esikolweni. Mva nje ndingulo mntwana umoshayo xa ethanda, uhleli esiva kabuhlungu kwaye ndingulo uquqa ebuyelela koonontlalontle. Ndathi xa ndimbhalela umyalezo ndimxelela ngendlela endiziva ngayo ngento ayenzayo waphendula wathi, “zibonele ke okokuba uza kuthini,” ngelo xesha mna ndandilinde umntu ozocela uxolo, kodwa emveni koko ndakhetha ukuzixolela mna buqu ndingazihluphi ngaye ngoba naye akazihluphi ngam. Yiyo lo nto ndazibona ndikule ndlu imnyama ingenasibane, ndililolo ndingenabani ndigodola ndingcungcutheka ziintlungu ndisoyika, kodwa ndifun’ ukuthi kumntu ngamnye okokuba nokuba kunganzima kangakanani nokuba kungakho umntu okuvisa kabuhlungu mxolele sumbamba ngentliziyo nokuba wayekwenze ntoni na kodwa mxolele. Xa umbamba ngentliziyo umisa obakho ubomi obakhe bube buqhubeka, mxolele umnikezele kuThixo ajongane naye kulapho eza kufumana isohlwayo sakhe naye ave kabuhlungu nawe ububuvile, wena gqithisa umxolele ukuze nawe ukwazi ukuqhubeka nempilo yakho. Ungazibambi ngento engenamsebenzi uThixo ekhona.



Libuke Pita

17. IsiXhosa sakwaNtu

Wena mxhosa uyintsika yekhaya.
Wena mXhosa uyazingca ngobunguwe bakho.
Uyayazi imvela phi yakho.
Uyayazi imigaqo nemithetho yakwaXhosa.
Uyawazi amasiko nezithethe akwaXhosa.
Uyalilandela isiko lakowenu.
UngumXhosa ohlonela isiko lakowabo.
Uyithathela inqalelo imiqondiso ethunyelwa ngookhokho bakho.
Uyakwazi ukubaluleka kwentsuka phi yakho.
Wena mXhosa unebhongo neqhaya ngawe.

Ungumlisela nomthinjana wesizwe sakwaXhosa.
Uyinzala kaPhalo isizukulwana sikaLucangwana,
UmXhosa othetha isiXhosa ngokuqika.
UmXhosa ozijul’ ijacu ngobuXhosa bakhe.
AmaXhosa amahle xa evathe izinxibo zakwaNtu.
UmXhosa ongoyiki ngokoyikiswa.
Uzimela ngenkqayi elangeni.
UmXhosa onqishayo yakuvuma ingoma,
Uxhentsa kuhlasimle umhlaba.
NgumXhosa ke lowo.
UmXhosa onesimilo ngoba isimilo sisidanga sakwaXhosa.
NDINGUMXHOSA!



Lufezo Jumba

18. Kudala ndinyamezele

Silence in the court, you may speak:

Ndihambile khangе ndiyazi ukuba ndawude ndifike apha. Ndimthandile, ndimtshatile, ndimondlile, ndimnike nabantwana, kanti yena ufuna ntoni? Undicelile ebalalini bam ukuba anditshate. Yiminyaka nje emibini sendineengongoma. Abantwana bam bayibonile intlungu ebendikuyo, bendixelela ukuba mandihambe kodwa ngenxa yokuba ndandimthanda ndinethemba lokuba uza kuyiyeka le nto ebeyenza kuthi. Bandibuzile abahlobo bam ukuba kwenzeka ntoni kum ndathi, ‘hayi ndingqubeke eludongeni’ babuza abantwana bona, ndathi, “hayi bebesilwa bonzakalisana.” Kwabakho ixesha apho ndicinga into abantwana bam bebeyithethile kum yokuba mandihambe kule ndlu kodwa andenza nto. Sibuyile esi sidenge ndisitshatileyo sivela ekunxileni. Nje ngokumvulela umnyango wandivala ngeyona mpama ishushu, banqanda abantwana bam waze *wabagqaya* ngalo bhotile ebeyiphethe esithi akanabo abantwana abanye ngabo. Wathi ukuba usijongile akusoze kubekho ndlela zokuhamba, ukuba sizamile ukuhamba uza kusibulala.

Uthe mandimnike ukutya kwakhe, ndamnika oko kutya kwakhe wathi akakufuni oko kutya mandiphinde ndipheke ufuna ukubona ukuba andikugalelanga nto eza kumbulala. Ndamphendula ngelithi, “kudala ndimnyamezele ndifuna ukuhamba nabantwana bam ndiye ekhaya kwaye...” ndingekagqibi nokuthetha wathi, “akukho ndawo uya kuyo apha uzokuhlala nam, thina sizokohlulwa kukufa.” Ndathi, “ndiyahamba nabantwana bam ngoku.” Wandibetha ngenqindi, wandidibanisa nodonga, ndandingxola ndicela uncedo bendiva oomakhelwane kodwa babezixelele ukuba abasoze bahoye. Ndabe nam ndizixelele ngoku ukuba soze ndimyeke. Uthe akuwa phantsi ndamkrwitsha kanobom. Bathi abantwana bam mandimyeke ndiza kubanjwa. Ndathi, “kuyo yonke into ayenzileyo kuthi kuyafuneka afe.” *Your honour* ndisibulele isidenge somntu, umyeni wam utata wabantwana bam. *Your honour* ndamkrwitsha waphelela ngumphefumlo. Andimfihli undibulele nam andifanga kodwa ndife ngaphakathi, yenzekile into ebendiyifuna yaxola intliziyo yam, yaxola mhlawumbi neyakhe ngubani owaziyo? Ndithatheni ke, ndibambeni. Ndithatheni ndivaleleni. Ndithatheni ndim ndinguyelo. Bantwana bam ze niyazi ukuba umama wenu uyanithanda. Uze ubagcine abantwana bam mama ndizobuya ndizokubakhulisa abantwana bam, ndicela nindixolele ngokunganimameli bantwana bam.



Sinekamva Veli

19. Limanathi

I will never forget the day I asked God to give a partner who understands me inside and out even when I am not feeling myself, when I am numb, excited, sick, and God gave me you.

It was the 3rd of August 2013 in the dusty streets of Walmer, windy as it is you came along, cute big cheeks, my munchie. I wish one day I would buy the one thing you’ve desired your whole life (owning a salon and not necessarily work there just owning it I know would mean the world to you). I wish one day I would show you the space you have or the impact you have in my life. You came to my rescue since I almost drowned, also as my safe keeper.

Also, one of my best decision adviser and motivator, but sometimes I do get annoyed with you because you are always in my case pointing out my mistakes. In many words I would describe you as a never giving up girl. I like the fact that even when I tell you stop singing you can’t you’ll be continuing.



Asiphile Sakelisi

17. IsiXhosa sakwaNtu

I've been moving around.
Looking for a perfect space,
But I guess I will never find it.
I've been through the most.

Even got lost like a child at a train station.
Every night I knew I would cry.
I thought it was all a lie.
My past haunted and haunted me.

Every time I have time,
I think about it all.
I always give but I never get.
A part of me was taken.

My soul was kidnapped.
I am trapped in this haunted room.
I've tried venting but the way it hurts.
I can't even finish my story.

I am loosing my rhythm of breathing.
My fear is loosing myself but I think it's too late,
Cause I've already lost me!
I've been wearing big shoes.

I'm drowning in oceans deeper than Pacific.
I'm a dead woman walking.
Every time I scream no one hears.
A smile on my face is what I survive with.

When it hurts I just smiled and moved,
Room to room like an imaginary wedding,
Waiting for a groom.
I MOVED ROOM TO ROOM.



Lukholo Pita

21. Ndiyinzwakazi emanz' andonga

Ndiyinzwakazi emanz' andonga.
Intombazana enamadolo amhlophe.
Ndingumakad' ebona, umakad' egugutha,
Intombi engoyiki ngokoyikiswa.

Ndiyintombi egqamileyo ngokosiba.
Intombazana encinci ebaziyo ubunzima,
Balo mhlaba umagada ahlabayo.
Amayelenqe omhlaba andihlangabezile.

Ubunzima ndibuvile, indlela enameva ndiyihambile.
Ndinyuke iintaba ngeentaba.
Ndizibonile izinto, ndizivile iintetha,
Ndizimamele izingqi ndiludanisile utshaba.

Ndiyiswele inkxaso yosapho, ndiwile endleleni,
Ndiphakamile ndazivuthulula.
Ngobainja yinja ngokuzikhotha amanxeba ayo.
Ndithe ndakuhlala phantsi ndabona ntaba yimbi eme yodwa.

Mehlo am afuna ukubona, umphefumlo wam ugcobile.
Ntaba leyo equlethe impumelelo yethu.
Uthi wakufika enkcocheyini yempumelelo ubone ubuhle bodwa.
INDUKU ENTLE INGAWULWA EZIZWENI.



Lufezo Jumba

22. Seeds of change

Bantundini beli lizwe i*Earth*, uMhlaba ngesiXhosa. Bantundini bathandekayo ndiza kuni ngokuzithemba, ukuzithoba kwakunye nenyano. Ndiza kuni ndizokucela nindiboleke iindlebe, kukho into esehleleyo kweli lizwe lethu likhulu kunjalo nje isehlele sonke maqabane. Sithi sakufumanisa into esehleleyo saphuma nezisombululo. Le nto isehleleyo bantu bakuthi lutshintsho lwemo yezulu. Utshintsho lwemo yezulu lubangelwa zizinto ezitshiswa luluntu kunye nezinye iinkampani ezibangela umoya ube mdaka. Esinye isizathu kukuthi xa silahla amaphepha kunye neeplastiki phantsi, aye ahambe aye emanzini aphilise izilwanyana kabuhlungu. Obo bumdaka butshintsha amanzi ethu abe mdaka asenze singabi nawo amanzi okusela, sithi xa siwasela asigulise.

Masincede nto zakuthi sibhadle ezingqondweni.

Bantu bakuthi inde le nto kodwa ndiye ndamfutshane, masiwayeni la magqabi otshintsho nto zakuthi sizeni notshintsho.



Sinekamva Veli

23. Selfless me

I hate the fact that with every friendship I get I become blinded, sometimes I don't think about myself but I do worry about the outcomes it will have on me. I also make myself the emotions nurse of the friendship, I am in nobody even notices me when I am not myself and they don't care how will it feel on me when one say No then to me it automatically means I have to say No too but sometimes I do want to do the certain. I am supposed to say No too, bit by bit I regret my choice when I start to think of it alone but because of the nature I think of others. When it comes the time you decide to cross me I might be mad or not depend on who it comes from.



Asiphile Sakelisi

24. Alcohol

ALCOHOL is a very dangerous substance which is used by the youth and elderly people. MANY people find drinking alcohol a good thing.

I SAY IT'S NOT, WHY DO I SAY SO?

THERE are parents out there who are crying because they lost their CHILDREN TO ALCOHOL, THERE are CHILDREN OUT there who don't have parents because of ALCOHOL, WIVES are crying for their HUSBAND who spend almost their whole SALARIES on ALCOHOL.

Families fall apart because of you ALCOHOL.

I SAY ALCOHOL was not made to make families fall apart.

ALCOHOL was made for people to have fun, but it's just that some people tend to go overboard and when things go wrong they blame ALCOHOL.



Olwethu Sakelisi

25. The beauty of a land...

It's a sunny day, it's Wednesday, people are going to work, some are wearing gowns (*oonondaba*) gossiping about what had happened yesterday. The grass is green, the trees are big, birds are flying, helicopters making sounds, people with small businesses making money to survive. Breathing fresh air from the beautiful plants and trees, it's a busy Township. Trying to better our future and Township, we believe in a better vision as young teens, we share a saying, "*ubomi ngumzamo zivuthulule ungesabi*," because we live in a distracting generation whereby if you are not self-aware you will get lost along the way. I believe we've read stories about people who are followers, who don't know their selves, who easily get influenced and manipulated, we all know those kinds of stories do not end well but we try to do better to aware young people. We want everyone to have a better vision of themselves.



Lukholo Pita

26. The mad woman Sesona

Sesona was one of the happiest kids in our street. Her parents loved and took extreme care of her. They made sure she had everything she needed, she was like an egg. Her mother suffered from bipolar, a mental health condition that causes extreme mood swings that include emotional highs, but she knew nothing about it until her mother committed suicide when she was only 8 years old. Her father started to spend a lot of time at work and Sesona felt abandoned. Her father later on took her away to live with her super strict aunt and her aunt's husband. When Sesona reached the age of 16 she started having concentrating troubles, feeling weak, sweating, trembling and feeling nervous.

Her aunt noticed the sudden change in her and took her to the hospital where she was diagnosed with bipolar. Her aunt's husband took advantage of the situation and sexually abused her and when she told her aunt she didn't believe her. Sesona told her father took her back home, they lived together. When it was time for her to *varsity* in *Jo'burg* her father didn't like the idea but since it's his daughter he supported her. Sesona arrived in *varsity*, got under a lot of pressure, and kept on forgetting to take her bipolar treatment. She then started to have her episodes, being moody and constantly forgetting her roommates.

Her roommates didn't take it seriously as they just thought she was just stressed. It escalated to a mental illness. She now lives in the dirty streets of Hillbrow in the city of gold (*Jo'burg*) and she is now a hobo, a mad woman.



Neliswa Ndabani

27. Things that are hard to believe

It was 9 pm my brother Vusi and I brushed our teeth and got ready for bed. Our mother came to kiss us goodnight and she switched off the lights. With a blink of an eye it was morning. We woke up in a jungle, we were both terrified and confused, we tried finding our way home by going through the jungle, it had big green trees and giant plants. On our way we saw a big cave door and we went inside. Inside we saw big red eyes blinking up and down, we could not see what the creature was because it was dark inside the cave. The creature started speaking to us and it spoke in English, we could not hear what it was trying to say because we were both shocked, amazed and terrified so we ran out. Everything in this jungle is a mystery. With a blink of an eye we were both back in bed, we did not know how to feel. Was it a dream? Was it real? We were left with unanswered questions.



Oyedwa Peter

28. Tides of adversity

Once upon a time in the small village of Walmer situated along the banks of a river the villagers were now facing a new challenge of unpredictable flooding. It started with occasional heavy rains that swelled the river waters. Soon the floods became more frequent and severe, the villagers grew anxious as their home's fields were destroyed by the rising tides. They sought solutions, holding meetings and consulting wise elders, but no remedy was found.

In the village lived a young man whose name was Lucky. Inspired by his grandmother's ancient tales, he embarked on a journey to seek the advice of the river guardians. Rumored to hold the key to the river's precarious nature. Guided by an old map and his determination he journeyed into the surrounding forest. Until he stumbled upon a hidden grove. Standing tall in the grove big trees. As Lucky was walking in the grove, a soothing voice emerged from the wind. It was the voice of the river guardian. "Young one," the voice whispered, the forest holds many secrets that can only be understood by those who respect it, to understand its power you must work in harmony with its currents.

With this new found knowledge Lucky returned to the village, to pass on the knowledge. Inspired by his passion the villagers rallied together. They worked tirelessly, planting trees and reinforcing the river banks. They formed committees to monitor rainfall patterns and devised early warning systems to prepare for imminent floods. Years passed and the village became a shining example of harmony with nature. Floods no longer posed a threat but became moments of unity where the community banded together to protect their homes and lands. Lucky now a wise elder started the Masifunde Corporation to pass on the knowledge he learned from the River Guardians. So the village thrived a testament to the power of determination, knowledge and the spirit of never giving up to the tides of adversity.



Blessing Nyatsanza

29. Ukudandatheka ngokwasemphefumleni

Kwakungentsasa yangoMvulo kumnyaka ka2022 ndandilungiselela ukuya kwinkampu kaMasifunde. Ndavuka ngale mini ndonwabile kwaye ndingxamise. Kwangena umyalezo kunomyayi kamakazi osuka kutata ondizalayo, wathi emva kokuba efunde lo myalezo umakazi waxakwa ukuba makathini nto nje wasuka wagwantya iinyembezi. Ndambuza ukuba kwenzeka ntoni? Zange andiphendule wasuka wandijonga ntsho ndathi emva kokuba ndigqibile ukulungisa iimpahla zam ndijongise emnyango. Wathi umakazi, "kha wuhlale phantsi sikhe sithethe," ndandimangalisekile xa wayendibiza kwaye ndinokubhideka okuthile ndizibuza ukuba ingaba ikhona na ingxaki? Kodwa ndaye ndahlala phantsi.

Umakazi wandichazela okokuba usishiyile ke umnakwethu ezinzulwini zobusuku ngephezolo. Ndathi khamnqa ndanxunguphala ndayiva intliziyo yam ukuba isukile esihlalweni. Ndawuva umphefumlo wam ukuba udandathekile nyhani kodwa ndanyamezela. Umhakhulu wandikhuthaza ngelithi, "sana lwam abanye abantwana bazokuthetha ngesi siganeko sehlele umnakwenu, wena uz' uthule uthi cwaka ungathethi kwaye ungahlomli nto." Ndasidubula apha esikrakra sona isikhalo njengofelweyo kodwa ndazixelela okokuba ndiyaya kwinkampu andijiki nto.

Zange ndilufumane ulonwabo enkampini ngohlobo endandifuna ngalo. Ndan-disithi xa ndijonga abanye abantwana ndibabone bonwabile benemincili ndibe mna ndigcuma umoya wam uphantsi. Kwafuneka ukuba nam ndenze ingathi ndonwabile kodwa ndibe ndisazi mhlophe okokuba owam umphefumlo udandathekile ibe awuxolanga. Kwanyanzeleka okokuba ndihambe kwangethuba enkampini kuba kwakufuneka ndiyokubeka umnta katata kwikhaya lakhe lokugqibela. Ndafumanisa into yokuba akagulanga umnta katata am nto nje ugwintiwe, ubulewe ngenxa yendlela anxiba ngayo kanti lo mntu ambuleleyo naye emva kokuba simfihlile umntase zange ahlale naye wawunabela uqaqaqa kwiveki elandela leyo yesingcwabo. Eyona nto ingandiphathi kakuhle kukuba umphefumlo wam awuvumi kuxola ndihleli nje ndidandathekile ngenxa yokushiya kwam ngumnta sekhaya.



Libuke Pita

30. Year 2050

“5, 4, 3, 2, 1 wake up!” Said my robot alarm yelling waking me up for school. My name is Naomi Peter I am 22/2 years old I live with my mother Oyedwa Peter in the beautiful streets of Walmer. Sometimes I sit and think how lucky I am because in my mother’s generation they did not have robots doing chores for them in the house.

Every home in Walmer had at least one robot boy but if you were rich like the peeps next door you had more than two robot boys. “Daydreaming again?” asked my mom giggling. “Unfortunately, you cannot go to school today because there is not enough sun to power our electricity,” said mom. Today was the fourth day of not going to school, “yey” because we were having rainy days every day, we did not have sun to pour our solar panels. We have been eating robot food prepared food and washing with cold water all week, imagine. Today my mom decided to take me out for breakfast since we were both tired of eating robot food. Robot boy prepared my cold bath and picked out an outfit for me, I did not really have a choice on what to wear my robot boy does. We went out and rode my mother’s electrical Jaguar, luckily the batteries were full because we have not been going out for a while. “There is no other peaceful place like Walmer now, I hope it stays like this,” said my mom looking out the car window with teary eyes. “Have you been in Paris?” I asked giggling.



Oyedwa Peter



Ambesiwe Johnson

31. Ziyaphela iimvumi zasekhaya

Litshabalele ilizwe loMzantsi Afrika kwezomculo.
Zibulalana zodwa iimvumi.
Thethani zithethi, bhalani zimbongi.
Siyaphela isizwe soMzantsi Afrika kwezomculo.

Babhala bephithizelisa iminwe kumasebe ezonxibelelwano bexoka.
Ngumona ovela phi lo kuma-Afrika?
Yhini na ukubulalana kweemvumi zasekhaya okungathi azinazazela.
Ukungcola okungaka nikubone phi?

Amagqala omculo adanile.
Iimvumi zangomso zityhafile.
Yhini na ubulalana nodwa ngenxa yemali eyimpande yesono.
Xa ubulala omnye umntu iphi ingqondo yakho?

Siphi isazela sakho?
Wena mbulali uligagu elitshabalalisa ikamva langomso.



Lufezo Jumba

32. Zozibini Thunzi

Wena nkwenkwezi yoMzantsi Afrika.
Intomb' echul' ukunyathela.
Inzwakazi emanz' andonga enamashiya amahle.
UZozibini owenze imbali kuMzantsi Afrika jikelele.

Intombi engabuyanga nemand' esikhova.
UmXhosakazi obuye nayo imbasa yasenza sazingca ngayo.
Inzwakazi evuselele oontanga bayo.
Isizukulwana esizayo siya kuzingca ngawe.

UZozibini osenze sazibona sinokufikelela nathi.
Sinebhongo neqhayiya ngawe ntomb' endala.
Sizijul' ijacu ngokuzayamanisa nawe.
Ntinga ntakadini unqandwe ziinkwenkwezi.



Lufezo Jumba

33. We are not safe

Our safety is your priority including you.
We are not safe as women, children even men.
Our lives are at risk.
WHY NOT WALK AT NIGHT?
WHY DO WE HAVE TO SUFFER?
I believe that a peaceful night walk would kill 99.9 %
Of our personal problems.
We live on a run.

I wish the sun doesn't set.
Our things are not toys to play.
Our voices are not supposed to scream for help,
But to scream for good results and happiness.
Our hearts and minds are not supposed,
To think of safety but to think of a better future.
Our tears are supposed to be for good news,
But it all goes the opposite direction.

It is too much; the pain is too much I can't bare it.
Losing a loved one because of the cruelty,
Of people with evil hearts who tend to forget,
The exact reason of being on Earth.
Who wants to better their future,
By terminating others dreams and souls.
Snatching away someone's life,
DO YOU THINK THAT WILL MAKE YOURS BETTER?

DO YOU THINK IT WILL MAKE YOU RICH?
TAKE BACK THE TIME?
Try to put yourself in those broken hearts,
The pain of losing one family member or a friend.
Leaving and leaving their dreams behind,
Our leaders, our changemakers.
It tears me apart; we live once upon a time lifestyle.
It could have been better if it was a dream,
But unfortunately it's not.
WE LIVE A NIGHTMARE.



Lukholo Pita

34. What happened to the dam? (You should've listened)

In a very peaceful village of Congo called Daikani, there was a clean dam and a very dirty, angry river that flowed so fast called Dondooloker. The villagers preferred using the dam water as the river was dirty and had lots of told stories, myths to be specific. The maidens of the village liked to hangout, chat and laugh near the dam while the gents would be stick fighting at the opposite direction. Daikani was such a fun village to live in and everyone got along with each other and everyone in Congo wished to live there.

One day the children of the village learnt about climate change and the first thing that popped in their minds was their beloved dam that reduced each day. They later suggested to the community that they must start cleaning and purifying the river before it was too late but because of the terrifying myths the villagers didn't even think twice but shut down the idea. The children became extremely disappointed and discouraged because they thought that their idea was brilliant which was true. Days turned into weeks and weeks into months and the dam was completely dry and the villagers had no water. They ended up buying water from the supermarkets that were many kilometers away. Those who didn't have money to buy water waited for the water truck from the municipality that came only once a week.



Neliswa Ndabani

35. U Mandilakhe notshintsho lwemozulu

Ngaminazana ithile kwilali encinane ephakathi kwamasimi aluhlaza eyayibizwa ngokuthi kuseCemi, Kwakuhlala inkwenkwana igama layo linguMandilakhe. U Mandilakhe wayesoloko enomdla kwindalo kwaye wayechitha ixesha lakhe elininzi ehlala emahlathini, nasemadlelweni ajikeleza ilali yakhe. Noko ke njengoko iminyaka yayihamba uMandilakhe waqalisa ukubona utshintsho kwindawo awayeyithanda.

Impembelelo yokutshintsha kwemozulu yayisele iqalile ukuyiphatha kakubi le lali. Ihlobo laligqats' ubhobhoyi ngokungenalusini, imbalela ishiya amasimi eyinkqantosi nemilambo yome khonkqo. Ubusika babanzima ngakumbi, kukho izaqhwithi ezin-galindelekanga kunye nekhephu eliqatha. Indawo eyayifudula ingenangxaki kangako kwimo yezulu yaqalisa ukuxhwaleka yaye abahlali baloo lali batsala nzima kakhulu.

U Mandilakhe ekubeni wayeyinkwenkwe enomdla endalweni nezimiseleyo ngobomi wagqiba kwelokuba athabathele izinto ezandleni zakhe. Waqalisa ukuphanda ngotshintsho lwemozulu, efunda iincwadi namanqaku nokuthetha neengcali kulo mmandla wayekuwo. Wafunda ngokubaluleka kokunciphisa ukukhutshwa kwekhaboni, ukugcinwa kwemithombo yobutyebi, nokukhusela indalo esingqongileyo.

U Mandilakhe ebekhuthazwa lulwazi lakhe olutsha kwaye waqalisa ukusasaza ulwazi olutsha kraca phakathi kwabemi bakowabo. Wayeququzelela iindibano zocweyo kunye nenkcazo-ntetho kwimiba yotshintsho lwemozulu. Wayebafundisa ngefuthe lezenzo zabo kwimozulu. Wayebakhuthazela ukuba balandele iindlela ezizinzileyo ezifana nokusebenzisa imithombo yamandla ahlaziyekayo, ukutyala imithi kunye nokugcina amanzi.

Imizamo kaMandilakhe ayizange ibonakale ncam ngokukhawuleza. Abadala bale lali ngokuye ixesha lihamba baluqonda uthando nokuzinikela kwakhe baza bam-misela njengonokuzakuzaku welali yotshintsho lwemozulu. Ngolu xanduva lutsha uMandilakhe wasebenza ngokuzimisela ukuphumeza amanyathelo alungele ukuphilisana kwendalo elalini. Wasebenzisana nama fama asekuhlaleni ukwazisa iindlela zokulima eziluncedo nezinciphisa ukusetyenziswa kwezibulali-zinambuzane eziyingozi kunye nokukhuthaza impilo yomhlaba. Waququzelela iitrektara zokususa inkunkuma yeplastiki kumlambo okufuphi, eqinisekisa ukukhuselwa kwayo kunye nokusinda kwezinto eziphilayo zasemanzini.

U Mandilakhe uqwalasele inkqubo yokurisayikilisha, ekhuthaza abantu belali ukuba bohlule inkunkuma yabo baze baphinde basebenzise izinto ezinokusebenza kwakhona xa kunokwenzeka. Njengoko ixesha lalihamba, imigudu kaMandilakhe yaqalisa ukuvelisa isiqhamo. Le lali yaqalisa ukubona utshintsho oluhle. Amasimi aba luhlaza ngakumbi, nemilambo iqukuqela amanzi acwenge njengekristale kwakhona. Abahlali bamkela iindlela ezizinzileyo zokwenza izinto, kwaye ilali yaba ngumzekelo oqaqambileyo wokukhathelela indalo.

Ibali likaMandilakhe lanwenwela nangaphaya kwelali yakowabo. Ibali lakhe lalikhuthaza uluntu olungabamelwane ukuba luthathe inyathelo ngokuchasene nokutshintsha kwemozulu. Waba ngumqondisi wethemba nokomelela, ebonisa ukuba inkwenkwana nje edelelekileyo ingeza nomahluko omkhulu xa ijamelene nobunzima. Kwiminyaka kamva njengoko uMandilakhe wayejonga ngasemva kuhambo lwakhe, wafumanisa ukuba uthando lwakhe ngendalo luye lwaguquka lwaba ngumsebenzi wobomi bakhe bonke. Waqhubeka ekhuthaza ukuqatshelwa kwemozulu notshintsho lwayo ukanti ehamba kwiindawo ezahlukeneyo zehlabathi, esabelana ngamava akhe, kwaye ekhuthaza ngalo lonke ixesha.



Alime Jam Jam

36. What do I worry about?

There are a lot of things that have been worrying me lately, but for now I will only focus on 3. **Firstly**, I am an overthinker. To overthink everything in a way that I end up feeling hurt about it. Sometimes somehow it leaves me feeling depressed. The way I overthink even the smallest things people say or do gets me thinking all about it later. Someone can crack a joke about something whether good or bad and we would laugh and all but when I am alone, I start to think about it all over again and as always, I end up having negative thoughts about it. I guess it's a habit of always finding the worst in everything.

Secondly, I have a very low self-esteem. I undermine myself a lot. I always think bad about myself, and I care a lot about other people's opinions. I worry a lot about their negative comments, and I take each and everything they say too serious, and I end up hurting myself. Like for instance I have a wardrobe full of clothes that I don't wear because of how I see myself and how will other people see it. I don't like myself I always compare myself with other people. I want to talk, walk, laugh, look like them. That's how bad I hate being me.

Thirdly, I like to keep everything to myself. I don't vent to other people; I would rather keep everything to myself. I keep all my problems to myself because I believe I don't want to burden people with my problems. I prefer sitting alone crying or hurting myself in order to calm down. I believe pain makes calm and I start to focus more on it rather than thinking. It feels good to be honest and I personally think there's nothing wrong with it.



Abulele Ndabani

37. Imfundo

Le nto iyimfundo ikusa kude. Le nto iyimfundo iyayikhaba imiqobo yotshaba. Le nto iyimfundo iyamhlamba umntu. Iyayisusa ikati eziko. Wena mfundo uyayidelela imiqobo yotshaba. Imfundo iyawavula amasango. Yamkela nabani na ayikhethi bala. Usisisele senyathi kwabanqwenela ukufikelela kuwe. Usisitshixo sobom kwabafikileyo kuwe. Uyamakha umntu. Bonke bafuna ukufika kuwe

kodwa bambalwa abafikayo. Bonke bayazidla ngawe. Wonke umntu ulangazelela wena. Inde indlela eya empumelelweni. Uhamba udibana nezikhukhula zemvula nemimoya. Uthi wakufika enkcocheyini yempumelelo ubone ubuhle bodwa.



Lufezo Jumba

38. Dear Municipal Manager

I would love to tell you that you are not doing well in our city.
Our schools, roads are falling apart.

We have no classes and lack of teachers. In a class we have about 50 students and that
make the teacher's job even harder.
Our toilets are a mess.

We need more textbooks and more stationary.
We need extra uniform for children who can't afford their uniform.



Abulele Ndabani

39. A personal habit I would like to change

Procrastination is one of the habits I badly want to quit. Almost everyone procrastinates at one point it's quite normal to do so. It is considered to be part of human nature.

For those who may not know what procrastination is, it's to delay something until a later time despite knowing that there will be negative consequences. This can also lead you to feelings of anxiety, guilt and laziness, in other words it can affect the way we feel about ourselves.

Last year 2022 when I was in grade 9, I was an extreme procrastinator and that had a negative effect on my academics. First term last year when I was soon going to write exams I told myself that I will study at a particular day and time. When that day came, I postponed my study time to the next day, I kept on doing that regularly until the day before the exam.

That day I had severe stress because I was under pressure I only had little time to study. After I wrote the exam I quickly went to the toilet and cried for how badly I wrote the exam paper. I had anxiety that there is 90 % possibility that I might fail. When I received my report for that term, I failed. I kept my report to myself I didn't give my parents.

The following terms, term 2 and term 3 I kept procrastinating, read page turning novels instead of studying my school work. Always studied the day before. I hated myself for doing that wishing I could quit doing it because every time I would finish writing an exam paper, I felt disappointed at myself.

Term 3, a week after I got my report my mom realised that I kept making excuses and confronted me. She yelled at me told me that she and my dad have a right to see my report because they are my parents.



Akhela Dumke

40. A friend that moved away

Our friendship began on the 4th of February 2022. She was the realest friend I've ever had, not saying the others were fake or something but *yena* she was the one. She made me feel safe and free around her. She was that type of a friend who is open and made me be open and confident around her. We used to talk about everything and anything. We were each other's safe place. She is only 8 days older than me but you'd swear she's 8 years older than me. She never wanted to see me sad, crying, and grumpy or I have a bad mood. She loved seeing me happy and smiling.

I remember when I was told she had moved away we were supposed to be going to this other school trip. We had already planned a lot of things that we were going to do, but 2 days before the trip I was told she had moved away. I felt so hurt to the point that I even cried and on the day of the trip, I didn't enjoy anything instead I had imaginations of the things we said we would do. Tadi is the name of my friend that moved away.



Neliswa Ndabani

Seeds of Change: Stories from Young Voices in Walmer Township

Discover a world of transformation and resilience as young authors from Walmer Township in Gqeberha share their powerful stories in “Seeds of Change.” In this collaborative anthology by masifunde learner development, these talented teens use poetry, short stories, and life writing to unveil the profound impact of climate change, crime & violence, substance abuse and other social ills on their lives and community. With a variety of writing styles, they candidly express their experiences, hopes, and innovative solutions, proving that their voices are seeds of change. Join these emerging authors as they sow the seeds of hope, demonstrating that, even in the face of adversity, they have the power to inspire a brighter, more sustainable future.

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