



Hostel Head Girl Report

By Khanya Mtyingizane

When the school year began, the Sholto McIntyre Hostel was happy to welcome the new Grade 8 hostelites. A week into the academic year, orientation week began. It was an exciting and nerve-wracking time for the new girls, but the reward was worth it: a social gathering with the Muir College hostel boys.

Our time together and all our plans were short-lived as we found ourselves in lockdown by the end of the first term. It soon became evident that a hoped for recovery was not possible.

Post-lockdown came and everything about the hostel as we knew it had changed. The hostel closed and I found myself the only matric in residence. Well into the month of June, I was joined by Siphokazi Madolo. The two of us were cared for by Mrs Peltason. We were her babies and she made us feel special.

Although everything was different, the hostel afforded me the opportunity to work and study hard which is probably why I was joined for the final exam period by three matrics: Aphwe Bantom, Thulisa Jam and Siphosethu Vena. We made the most of our time in the hostel. Our little flat is now at capacity. We have a little kitchen to ourselves and we are well catered for by Mrs Moss and her kitchen team.

I wish to extend a special thank you to Mrs Peltason who worked her way into our hearts with her delicious food and care. We appreciate the time and effort of Mrs Peltason in making the hostel a home away from home despite all the drawbacks of Covid 19.

I wish to extend my good wishes to the fellow matrics.

In my tenth year as hostel Superintendent, things went horribly wrong. After an excellent financial year in 2019, with profits coming from large touring groups, to Lockdown, Covid, and the eventual closing of the hostel in June, it has been a tough year.

We began the year looking forward to much fun. Khanya, as Senior Prefect rallied the girls and hosted a visit from Muir. There were high hopes for a return invitation from the Muir Hostel, but that was not to be.

While Covid has stolen much from us, it has had a greater and more far-reaching impact on our matrics. This was meant to be their crowning year, after all! On 3 June Khanya returned to the hostel and for a week was all alone. Then she was joined for a while by Siphokazi Madolo. During this time, they were catered for from my flat.

We were not able to offer the Day Boarder facility so ably run by Mrs Marianna Swanepoel. The rigorous protocols demanded for the safety of all made it impossible to accommodate the after-school service. The hostel dining room was used as a classroom for 12C and later when the platooning began, for 9G and 8G.

At the beginning of the 4th term, we were joined by three matrics. The idea was to move in over the Matric Examination period and make the most of the study facilities. We are yet to see whether or not they will reap the benefit, but we wish them every success.

At the beginning of Term 3, the hostel closed and the kitchen staff were sent home to await further instructions. The ever-reliable Mrs Moss was once again recalled to assist with supervision of safety protocols at the hostel classrooms. She tells me she is becoming multi-skilled now. She is assisting with invigilation for Grade 10

and 11. What would we do without her!

The kitchen staff are all back since Level 2 was announced. Each is working in a slightly altered capacity, waiting and hoping for a return to normality. A long-service gift from Mrs Stear and the SGB for twenty five years' service was awarded to Mrs N J Mqanga. Mrs E Landu has also served the hostel for a very long time. These ladies have really gone the distance!

There are always sad goodbyes, and this is one of those times. Mrs Jean Sandells, a much-loved Matron who has served the hostel faithfully for twenty three years, retired. She celebrated a milestone birthday in February and was looking forward to a trip to celebrate with family, but then – Covid struck and things changed. We were so sad to see Mrs Sandy go, but in these uncertain times, it is impossible to judge what will happen next year. We know that dear Mrs Sandells has recently undergone major surgery and that she is slowly on the mend. We wish her a happy retirement and a quick recovery.

During the time since closure of the hostel, Miss Sunette du Preez and I have formed the home guard, being the only two Department employees. Miss Tetani has occupied the flat behind the kitchen since January, and we hope to welcome her once again as a duty teacher once the course of our destiny at Sholto McIntyre Hostel takes a more promising course.

In closing, I wish to thank especially Mrs Kieran Stear who holds everything together. We all appreciate sincerely the interest she takes in the running of the hostel and in each and every individual under its roof.



By Mrs A. Peltason

Hostel

OUR 2020 HOSTEL GIRLS: Tashmeeq Allison, Simamkele Baart, Sipholuvo Dyani, Nthabiseng Jonga, Mihle Luke, Asa Makuluma, Hlumelo Mjikwa, Siya vuya Moyake, Khanya Mtyingizane, Simamele Mzileni, Lithemba Ngqamfana, Emihle Sangotsha, Sinathando Stock, Bathande Vezile,

Kwakho Vumazonke and Siphokazi Madolo. *We were later joined by Thulisa Jam, Aphwe Bantom and Siphosethu Vena.*

DUTY TEACHERS: Miss S du Preez, Miss N Tetani, Miss O Mxoli and Miss S Klaas.

MATRONS: Mrs L Moss, Mrs

J Sandells (now retired) and Mrs M Swanepoel, Day Boarder Manager.

KITCHEN AND CLEANING STAFF: Miss N J Mqanga, Mrs E Landu, Mrs B Ratsibe.

SUPERINTENDENT: Mrs A Peltason

PRINCIPAL: Mrs K Stear



House Executives

Elizabeth



Standing: S Vena (Play Director), T Rudman (Treasurer), Mr Weidemann
Seated: B Kilian (Senior House Captain), J Daba (Junior House Captain), J Kayser (Vice Captain)

Eleanor



Standing: A Mbola (Treasurer), Mrs L Stroebe, Z Meintjes (Sport Captain), L Maseti (Play Director)
Seated: Y Cuba (Junior House Captain), A Dennis (Senior House Captain), K Douse (Vice Captain)

Elton



Standing: K Mtyingizane, Mr B Jonas, T Mandla
Seated: S Mtyingizane, D Dollie, C Labercensie



Elton House Day

On Monday, 17 February, Elton held its annual House Day. We invited Mrs Quinette Goosen and Mrs Glenise Howard to address us at assembly.

Mrs Goosen shared the wonderful work that they do for the community through the Mula Community which has been running for 5 years.

The Mula Community exchanges food for children who recycle plastic. Mrs Goosen and her team reduce hunger among the needy, help keep the environment clean and teach the children to work rather than expect handouts.

We thank Mula for helping to create a #wonderfulworld. Elton also thanks everyone who helped us fundraise and who contributed to this great cause.





Senior Category

Kamvelihle Mgobo, Eleanor: "My Covid-19 Story"
 Nobuhle Moyo, Elizabeth: "A personal conversation between the mighty Corona virus and me."
 Azraa Rockman, Elton: "Listen"
 Lisakhanya Maseti, Eleanor: "Mirror, Mirror"
 Kay-Leigh Wilmot, Elton
 Fatima Mahouassa, Elizabeth: "What is love?"
 Thimna Tshayana, Elizabeth: "A voice"
 Candice Rossouw, Eleanor: "Finding happiness on the journey of life."



The Oratory Contest this year was by video presentation, and was beautifully adjudicated by Ms Tasneem Dolley, an Old Girl of the school. The entrants all rose to the occasion and embraced a new way of doing things. The winner of the Junior section this year was Rebecca Wilkinson, Elizabeth House, while the Senior section was won by Azraa Rockman of Elton House.

Azraa has earlier this year excelled in the National Speech Teachers' High School Challenge sponsored by SACEE, where she was placed second for her marvellous speech entitled "Dear Mr Educator..." She has, as have Thimna Tshayana and Alexandra Dennis, submitted a video entry to the National Public Speaking Competition.

The Inter-House Oratory Competition of 2020 saw a lovely balance of entries from the three houses. It was gratifying to see how many girls rose to the occasion despite the constraints of lockdown. There were four entries from Elizabeth House, three from Elton and four from Eleanor. It would have been pleasing to see more entries in the junior section, but both entries were of an exceptional standard so there are no losers here; nor were there in the senior section, where some very strong speakers emerged, showing off their skills and originality.

Covid 19 proved a popular topic, with candidates handling it in novel ways. The junior winner, Rebecca Wilkinson gave a well-thought out and captivating introduction, and Ms Dolley remarked that she loved the way Rebecca integrated her own personal experiences into her speech. She also remarked upon how much the little singing piece at the end enhanced her speech.

Senior winner, Azraa Rockman, used all the techniques in her arsenal. Ms Dolley congratulated her on holding the attention of her audience from beginning to end, and that she successfully painted a memorable picture in her listeners' minds. Azraa is a natural speaker with a real gift.

Close contenders for first place were Nobuhle Moyo of Elizabeth House, who was congratulated on her highly original speech, and Thimna Tshayana, also of Elizabeth House, who was acknowledged as a gifted and original public speaker. Both Nobuhle and Thimna scored over 90%.

All the speakers are to be congratulated on their performances. The adjudicator's comments are very helpful and positive. Riebeek gratefully thanks Ms Tasneem Dolley for the effort she has taken in producing such a comprehensive adjudication.

We thank Mrs Peltason for her organisation and Jordan Oldham for creating the video of the speeches.



Junior Category

Rebecca Wilkinson, Elizabeth
 Poshika Ramsamy, Elton



HOCKEY certificates to matrics who consistently attended practice sessions and matches for 3 years: Brazil Kilian, Tarryn Barry

TENNIS certificates to matrics who consistently attended practice sessions and matches for 3 years: Cameron Zeelie, Teneal Rudman, Meledy Jones

SWIMMING certificate: Kelly -Ann Maritz

COMPORTMENT

RE-AWARDS: Chaneal Labercensie, Azraa Rockman, Jordan Oldham

NEW AWARDS: Amber Du Plessis, Alexandra Dennis, Keely – Ann Maritz, Danita Prag

JOEY VAN ZYL CUP(a well groomed girl): Chaneal Labercensie

COMPORTMENT CUP: Azraa Rockman

SPECIAL AWARDS

HEAD PREFECT'S AWARD: Azraa Rockman

DEPUTY HEAD PREFECT'S AWARD: Chaneal Labercensie

HEAD OF HOSTEL: Khanya Mtyingizane

CHIEF LIBRARIAN'S AWARD: Robyn Minnaar

THERESA MOWATT FLOATING TROPHY (Head of SCA): Alexandra Dennis

SALLY POTGIETER CUP (for Creative Writing): Azraa Rockman

MARLENE PLUMSTEAD TROPHY (for Bilingualism: English Home Language and Afrikaans First Additional Language): Azraa Rockman

MARILYN WOODS TROPHY Excellence in Creative Writing: IsiXhosa Home Language): Khanya Mtyingizane

STEAR FLOATING TROPHY (Best Performance: English Home Language and isiXhosa Home Language): Sibahle Mtyingizane

NATALIE STEAR SENIOR DEBATING TROPHY: Lisakhanya Daniels

COMMUCATOR'S TROPHY: Thimna Tshayana

JUNIOR ORATORY CUP: Rebecca Wilkinson

SENIOR ORATORY CUP: (Half colours for Public Speaking): Azraa Rockman

(Half colours for Public Speaking): Alexandra Dennis

A-AGGREGATE AWARDS:

We wish to acknowledge the achievements of our 2019 Grade 12 learners. These ladies obtained A- aggregates:

Monique Balie, Meaghan Botha, Casey Els, Rayna Gajjar, Amy Higgins, Lerise Johnson, Aarifah Liberty, Zeenat Lukie, Liyabona Mgushelo



PREMIER AWARDS

JJ ABERTYN PRIZE (The top academic performer at the end of Grade 10 in 2019): Kiara Brink

BOKKIE HUMAN TROPHY (The top academic performer in Grade 11 in 2019): Teneal Rudman

LUCY ALBERTYN BURSARY (The top Grade 12 learner. This bursary is awarded, with conditions, for the duration of her studies) and was awarded in 2017 to: Martez Meyer

KATE WILMOT TRUST (Awarded to a Christian Leader studying further. She will receive her bursary in 2021): Alexandra Dennis

The Tamaryn McNicol SCHOOL SPIRIT CUP (Excluding a prefect and any first team player): Onesimo Sishuta

ROTARY CUP (Awarded to a girl whose endeavour best exemplifies the Rotary motto, service above self): Ganeeffa Sirkhotte

CATHY SIMPSON TROPHY (Unsolicited service to the school, excluding a prefect): Jordan Oldham

VIVIAN STRYDOM CUP (Contribution to Cultural Activities): Lisakhanya Daniels

PANAGIS TROPHY (Exceptional Contribution to a Cultural Activity at School): Alexandra Dennis

JOHN JOOSTE TROPHY (Exceptional Achievement): Samantha Seirfert

YOUNG TROPHY (Strength in Adversity): All teachers and learners who faced difficult challenges during the Covid-19 epidemic but showed resilience and dedication.

KATE WILMOT TRUST BURSARY: Alexandra Dennis

THE RIEBEEK COLLEGE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION BURSARY: Mahmoodah Sataar

Senior School Awards



Grade 8

Zoë CRAILL
 Jessé DE VOS
 Reutloue DUNYWA
 Aeryn FERREIRA
 Kate-Lynn FORBES
 Jihaad RAVAT
 Cristin RENSBURG
 Salmah SALIE
 Samantha SEIFERT
 Sarah-Leigh THOMPSON
 Kamvalethu XEGO



Grade 9

Chwayita HANABE
 Diya KHOOSAL
 Fatima MAHOUASSA
 Sarah MC FARLANE
 Nobuhle MOYO
 Amahle NTABENI
 Amy REED
 Candice ROSSOUW
 Jameelah SIRKHOTTE
 Alexandra SITOLE
 Kay-Leigh WILMOT



Grade 10

Kwakho BISSETT
 Kiara BRINK
 Lerisha DE KOCK
 Bernice DONKOR
 Inganathi MANTEWU
 Kamvelihle MGOBO
 Boiketlo MTAU
 Thandolwethu NTSHANYANA
 Hasti PANSURIYA
 Caitlin PETERS
 Chanté POTGIETER
 Leah RENSBURG
 Asavela SIKWEBU



Grade 11

Tarryn BARRY
 Alexandra DENNIS
 Chaneal LABERCENSIE
 Joanne MILLER
 Sibahle MTYINGIZANE
 Romesa MUHAMMAD
 Jordan OLDHAM
 Danita PRAG
 Azraa ROCKMAN
 Teneal RUDMAN
 Ganeefa SIRKHOTTE
 Cameron ZEELIE





Grade 4

Qaniah DOLLIE
Robyn EVERT
Qhamani FANI
Ronleigh GOEDA
Taegan JANTJIES
Phoebé KLASSEN
Iman LIBERTY
Danté MÜLLER
Kelly-Anne O'GRADY
Arianne PHILLIPS
Qhama TYALITI
Chanté VAN RENSBURG



Grade 5

Ra-Eesa ABRAHAMS
Mila GANJANA
Kendyhl GEORGE
Eutopia HISCOCK
Tazz-Lynn MARKOM
Nerisha RAMSAMY
Jaime ROBINSON
Zaara ROCKMAN
Taybah SALIE
Amkhitha STUURMAN



Grade 6

Corbin BOOYSEN
Yolisa CUBA
Jordan DABA
Callan ELIE
Kimi-Lara ERASMUS
Ganlin GOVENDER
Oamagetswe JACK
Lindokuhle MBANGA
Riddhi MISTRY
Tamarin RAMASAMMY-COOK
Ingilosi RUNE
Keeshia VAN DER BERGH



Grade 7

Buhlebenkosi APRIL
Tracey-Anne AUGUST
Tazmia BOSMAN
Leya BOSMAN
Dayna DENNIS
Celine DINIE
Angela MILES
Lana PETERS
Poshika RAMSAMY
Ashleigh SCHARNICK
Doné SEPTEMBER
Isenathi TOM
Rebecca WILKINSON





Junior School Awards

SWIMMING

The MILLER CUP for U11 Freestyle, The MCINTYRE TROPHY for 50m (55yds) Breast Stroke Girls U12, The JUNIOR SWIMMING CHAMPION CUP presented by Miss Jean Bartlett awarded to a promising swimmer in the junior school who displays dedication and passion for the sport: Gianna Langford

The DICK CHERRINGTON MEMORIAL TROPHY for U14 Freestyle swimming, The JUNIOR SWIMMING TROPHY awarded to a dedicated and well-rounded Grade 7 swimmer: Lauren Labercensie

The GILLMER TROPHY for 50m (55yds) Breast Stroke girls U14: Callan Elie

SPECIAL AWARDS

The JANETTE TROPHY for Junior Bilingualism: Kelly-Anne O'Grady

The DODD TROPHY for Senior Bilingualism: Ra-Eesa Abrahams

PREMIER AWARDS

PRIZES FOR FULL ATTENDANCE throughout the Primary School: Paige Barnes, Vicky Hoffman, Jasmine La Bercensie, Lindokuhle Mbanga, Kwakhanya Ngcingolo, Siyahluma Tyaliti, Lunathuxolo Tys

The MOLLY SELICK CUP awarded to an outstanding Prefect in Grade 7, The SHERYL MOORE TROPHY for Good Fellowship in Grade 7 (Voted for by the Grade 7 class), The HEAD PREFECT'S AWARD, Keeshia van der Berg

The DEPUTY HEAD PREFECT'S AWARD: Callan Elie

The SALMAH SALIE TROPHY given to a Grade 7 non-prefect who displays leadership qualities, is responsible, helpful, takes initiative and is respectful: Lindokuhle Mbanga



The JAYDE TROPHY is awarded to a Grade 7 girl who encompasses all the Fruit of the Spirit: Ingilosi Rune





The Grade 4s were asked to create art work that matched the title "Flowers for my mom". Laurel Runesu created this masterpiece



Ontwerp n plakkaat waar jy mense vra om na jou gunsteling skrywer te kom luister



Sateenah Salie



Ovayo Majikazana

The Riebeek 2020



winter tradition. We build a fort in the living room and play boardgames.

This winter was still nice but next year, for my birthday, I wish that it snows.

Die beste dag van my lewe
Deur Erin Evert

In Junie maand, 2018 het my ouers vir my gesê dat ek 'n hondjie kan kry. Ek kon enige hondjie kies en het op die internet gesoek. Ek het haar Taffy genoem omdat sy koper van kleur is en soos toffee lyk! Taffy is 'n Shar-Pei en vol rolletjies en te oulik. Toe ons haar eers kry was sy baie skaam, maar sy het gou-gou ontspan en in ons harte gekruip.

Sy slaap op haar maag en snork soos 'n varkie! Sy is sag, mak en dol oor drukkie. Sy is baie spesifiek oor wat sy wil eet en ons het al deur baie duur hondekos gegaan voor ons gevind het dat sy eintlik van Bobtail hou. Sy is baie lief daarvoor om vir stappies te gaan en sy laat my baie veilig voel.

Sy sit altyd op my plek op die bank. Haar hondjie familie is my broer se worshondjie en hulle is vreeslik lief vir mekaar en slaap dikwels in dieselfde bed. Taffy is bang vir my kat, maar sy is die beste hond in die wêreld en 'n groot deel van my dag. Ek het haar baie lief.

Die beste dag van my lewe
Deur Layla van Dalen

Die beste dag van my lewe was toe my baba sussie gebore was. Dit was 'n Maandag aand, 26 Augustus 2019. Ek was eers baie opgewonde, maar ook 'n bietjie skrikkerig oor hoe dinge sou verander nou dat 'n nuwe baba deel van my lewe gaan word en ek nie meer die enigste kind gaan wees nie.

Ek was die dag by my ouma en oupa. Ek kon nie wag om na skool my nuwe sussie te ontmoet nie. My ouma het gesê dat geen kinders by die hospital mag kuier nie, maar sy het vining 'n plan gemaak vir my om die hospital binne te kon gaan.

Toe ek my oë op haar lê, het my hart baie gelukkig gevoel. Sy was baie pragtig en ons het identies gelyk. Ek is baie lief vir haar en ons is baie gelukkig. My sussie se naam is Lily-Logan.



My TV
By Lily Botes

The TV likes to be the centre of attention. With many more channels than I can mention. I don't like watching documentaries at all Because they make my skin crawl. My favourite time to watch TV is on a Thursday night with my family.

Youth Day
By Esethu Bontsi

I can almost see it though I wasn't there. I can almost feel it the pain they had to go through even though I wasn't there.

We give thanks to you the youth of before. Because of you we have the power of choice.

The Weather
By Claire Walsh

Rain, rain don't go away. We need you. So, please just stay. Lightning strikes you're about begin. I love your feeling on my skin.

At night
By Tamia Seconds

When I go to bed I get really scared because there is a monster watching me. It is watching me through the window. In the morning the monster is gone, just as soon as the sun begins to shine through the clouds.

I told my mom about the monster in the window and she put an extra light in my room. We prayed together before I climbed into bed and I prayed that the monster would not come. But it did.

The next night my mother stayed with me after we said our prayers. We waited for the monster. Then finally it came to the window. My brave mother walked right up to the window to fight with the monster. But when she opened the curtain there was no monster just the big old tree.

Winter is here
By Lily Botes

I love winter. It is my favourite time of the year because we get a winter break and because my birthday is in winter. Usually I would have a birthday party with all of my friends and family. We couldn't do that this year because of the virus.

I did get to do some of my favourite things to do in winter; stay cosy indoors, drink tea and eat popcorn while watching a movie. I really love sleeping in during winter because my bed is so warm. Our family has a

Nature
By Zifa Spiers

The clouds are white, the skies are blue. You see me and I see you. The grass is green where we play - with sunshine and laughter every day.

I know now I should have appreciated it more. Before Corona and lockdown ruined it all.

Reading
By Busisiwe Mbhele

I like reading my book. it teaches me many things. Even how to cook!

Sometimes it gets boring - all that reading. Then I go out exploring!

Winter
By Claire Walsh

There are four seasons in a year. Autumn is gone and winter is here. My favourite season! Touching the cold mist might give you a blister. I knew that but not my sister.



Waterfall

By Tara-Leigh Nel

Waterfall
How beautiful you are
Flowing down the mountain
Like a cluster of little stars.
Your waves so beautiful,
Your splashes so cool.
Oh, waterfall how I love you,
You attract all with your beauty,
Waterfall how wonderful you are.

A Stormy Night

By Sarah Zeelie

Stormy night, stormy night
In my bed I'm wrapped so tight.
Stormy night, stormy night
It's so dark, I put on the light.
Creepy images are in my sight,
A monster under my bed!
I am brave
I won't get a fright,
I think it's time
To say goodnight.



Dreams

By Nerisha Ramsamy

Awake or asleep,
Alive or dead.

It all feels so real,
When it ends up I'm just in bed.

Some are scary
And are about creatures that are hairy.

Some are merry
And are about fairies.

At the end of the day,
They're just dreams anyway.

They are not true.
So I'll just go back to bed,
And dream up something new.

A World Full of Wonder

By Ra-eesa Abrahams

A world full of wonder
But
It's might as well dead.
Every second a tree is cut down
For paper instead.
Do they know they are cutting off
Our oxygen supply?
Is it all worth it **OR**
Is it all just a lie?
We are obsessed with making
Origami and paper maché
But what we're really doing

By Robyn Evert

In my bed tucked up tight,
On that stormy night.
I hear a sound,
I see a light,
It gets so bright.
And then I hear my dad,
And he say's
"Don't fear I am here".

Stars

By Qhama Tyaliti

They twinkle at night
And they shine so bright.
They don't come out in the day
Because they have nothing to say.
Stars shine so brightly,
And at night it's most likely,
They like to dance
And sometimes prance.
They are the light of the night.

By Jayleigh Sesar

This is where it starts,
Every night I close my eyes,
Thinking about the stars so bright,
How they twinkle in the sky
How they shine all the time,
They make pictures



Is killing ourselves
Every single day.
So is it all worth it
For paper or trees?
I think trees are better
Because they are green.
Leave this cutting down trees,
I say.
Trees are better in
Every single way.
We need our trees to survive
Otherwise, we might as well **DIE...**

Poem for all the girls doubting themselves

By Ra-eesa Abrahams

Don't fear my dear.
I don't talk like them
I don't walk like them
But I am for without a doubt a lady.
No matter if you walk like a boy
Or talk with a husky voice-
Stand up tall and walk the walk
Just like you talk the talk
For you are without a doubt
A lady.
Beautiful and strong
Is your middle name.
In fact that is who you are
And if you are ever doubting yourself
Take a look in the mirror.
What do you see?
You.

What do you stand for?
Unique and that is what you are.

In their constellations,
When I sleep
They say goodnight
Dancing in the light.

Rainbows

By Myrisca van Jaarsveld

What has seven colours
And it comes after the rain?
It shines bright in the sky
And after a while it fades away.
Don't be sad when it's gone,
As one day
The beautiful rainbow
Will light the sky again.

Ants

By Jaylin Mostert

Ants march very fast,
In a row
They carry heavy things,
As they go.
They're tiny creatures,
But very smart.
They march everywhere
And when they're hungry,
They appear out of nowhere.



Lockdown 2020 with "M O M"

By Zené Strydom

Lockdown! During the lockdown, I spent lots of time with my mom. She was my teacher, mom and friend. This was a good experience as my mom explained my school work nicely to me. She was stressed because of the amount of school work, but she prayed every time before we started and God helped us to cope. My dad had to work and he only got off on weekends. We spent time watching movies and playing Xbox games. I have no siblings at home so my mom became my best friend. My mom would pop out to buy some essentials, and I would be alone with my dog Snuggles. During those times I would get a break and could play Roblox. I had my birthday during lockdown on 23 April and it was different. My mom made it special for me. My parents bought me R300 Robux to play Roblox online. My mom made very nice food for us and my dad worked very hard to make up for the money my mom lost during lockdown. I became very close to my mom because we had lots of alone time together. Thank you MOM for making my lockdown special. I will always love my "M O M".



Ringling Silence *By Nicole Mitchell*

I walk into a room, kicking the wooden door closed. I hear the small click it makes as it shuts. Silence reclaims the dark room. Any light that was once present flickers out like a dying fire. I take a few steps toward the centre of the cold abyss. I make the choice to plop heavily onto the inky black carpet below.

Silence is ringing endlessly in my ears. It feels as though I'm floating in the void. By some weird logic I feel safe and warm. Darkness swallows me, yet it feels so comforting. I am alone.

Most people hate the idea -sitting all alone in the infinite abyss. I feel all the stress of social situations melt into nothing. Nobody can tell me what to do here. There are no clinging friends to make me anxious, just the void and I.

I wish I could sit here for all of eternity. All is quiet, I am safe. Nothing can hurt me in the void.

Covid-19 enters my life *By Sibabalwe Daniels*

2020 took an unexpected turn that no one saw coming. There was no more noise outside, it was as quiet as a library. What caused this you may ask? Well, there is only one six letter word I have for you, "Corona".

Remember when everyone was laughing and making jokes about the virus? Then when it hit South Africa - this was when people started being serious. All my year plans got flushed down the drain, being a junior prefect down the drain, being in the U13A hockey team wheeeee... down the drain. Everything just disappeared.

The coronavirus didn't take everything away, at least. I got to catch up on my favourite crime shows. Cleaning. Don't even mention the word cleaning! My mother made us clean seven hundred times a week. You think I'm over exaggerating? Well, maybe you should live with me for a week and see what I'm talking about.

I'm never doing home schooling again. I started to miss school. Well, maybe I missed my friends more, but I missed the teachers too. Home schooling and I are not friends at all. I have great appreciation and gratitude for everyone who helped throughout the crisis and I really wish that things would just go back to normal.

Lockdown blues *By Shae Spiers*

It was on a calm, normal day, when I heard about Covid-19 over the television. I felt very scared and thought that it was finally the end of the world. About a day or two, before school closed, we found out that we will have quarantine.

That was when everything started sinking in. I could not see my family or friends and I could not leave the house. It felt like I was hiding from the world. For many weeks there were no planes flying overhead, no buses or taxis hooting outside.

After a while I started going through depression. I felt as lonely as a single star in the dark sky. It was just too much for one young teenager to handle. I spent long days and nights in my bedroom. I avoided social media and I tried to avoid reality, I am just happy that I was surrounded by loving and caring family members.

Then one day, the sun smiled, and I felt better about life. There was less pollution, and everyone became closer with their family members. There was less hate and sadness, but more love and appreciation towards other people. The thought of that makes me feel much better about everything.

The awful virus *By Jordan Daba*

If travelling was our mother and human touch our father we have been orphaned.

We have forgotten the sun's touch because we don't go out much. We went from free lions running wild to lions caged, hostile.

"Sanitize!" we hear.
"Move, you're too near!" they yell.

Voices sound rough through the mask and the restrictions are so tough. Carefully, the world reopens again like chicks greeting mother hen. Even though this time is awful it makes us strong, caring and thoughtful.

Snake *By Nicole Mitchell*

It hisses, tastes the icy air snaps at our unprotected ankles and slithers into the lake.

We try to repel the snake. We frighten it with a mask. Snatch the head with plastic gloves and attempt to drown it.

A lot of us die trying. Some live to tell the tale. The snake evolves eventually becoming more dragon-like growling lowly at us.

Caged *By Kyra Grootboom*

Everything just stopped. Everybody lives in fear because they think the end is near.

Everywhere you go, you wear a mask. Everything you touch, you sanitize. Every day the same story dawn to dusk.

We can, at least, sit in the sun's embrace because now we have a little time to waste.

Imprisonment *By Keeshia van der Bergh*

I never thought that I would be put in jail. There are no bars, but I cannot even make bail. But I wasn't the only one trapped inside a house. Entire families were trapped.

The shadow man outside attacked the old and sick like a cat playing with a mouse. There was no going out.

Everyone closed their doors and played games inside but all I wanted to do was go outside once more.



Sing like the birds
By Haniyyah Nathie

Outside, it's bright and sunny
the birds sing and fly.
The trees blow and flow in the wind.
The buildings stand straight as rulers.

Inside, it's dark and suffocating.
The children are grumpy and sad.
The day they thought would be good
turned bad and now their happiness
hangs in the air just above their
heads.

In my heart, I wish we could laugh
and play in the sun
like the birds fly and sing in the wind.

The nature in me
By Paige Barnes

The roof tans under the hot sun.
The trees make way for the wind
to carry the birds and leave a
wonderful tune.

It is warm inside
like someone lit a crackling fire
that will never burn out.
It is the sound of people talking
that keeps the joy flowing.
I feel happy when I hear familiar
voices.
The memories keep on coming
like a never-ending river.

How I feel
By Verowsha Walton

Outside is strange
but I love how the garden looks.
Neat and clean.
Colourful and lovely.

Inside it is dark and quiet
like an empty forest.
It is shadowy and creepy in here.
No one dares to enter.

I want to go outside

and touch the new things that are
growing.
I missed a lot.

Your warmth
By Tamarin Ramasammy-Cook

The sky is a pale blue
and everyone sings and dances
outside.
Everyone that is, except you.

You seem happier inside
even if it's only by an inch.
I know what you went through
and I won't take a mile
when all you have to give is an inch.

Deep in my heart
I can see that you're trying.
You're becoming more confident
and your warmth is intensifying.

Wakker bly om weg te bly
Deur Keeshia Van Der Bergh

Dit is 'n nuwe jaar en almal is
opgewonde, want die wakker bly om
weg te bly kom gou-gou. Dit is op 20
Februarie 2020 en die datum is naby!
Kinders maak danse om die skool te
wys en pak hulle klere vir die aand.

Op die aand is die hele laerskool
daar. Die leerders, onderwysers en
ouers is almal daar. Dit is by ons
skool. Ons dans, sing en speel 'n
verskeidenheid speletjies. Indien jou
groep die meeste geld insamel kry
die groep die kand om met die
priefekte te sit.

Die wakker bly om weg te bly
gebeurtenis leer ons om met mekaar
te werk en ons ontmoet ook
verskillende mense. Om met mense
te werk is nie altyd lekker nie, maar
met die wakker bly om weg te bly leer
ons meer van ander leerders en
maak vriende. Dit is Waarom hierdie
geleentheid een van die hoogste punte
van ons eerste kwartaal van ons

laaste jaar by junior skool is.

Hopelik sien jy nou Waarom wakker
bly so lekker is. Probeer om dit te
doen, want dit is regtig die beste tyd!

Die inperking van 2020
Deur Ciara Jantjies

Op Donderdag 26 Maart 2020 het
ons President Cyril Ramaphosa 'n
nasionale inperking verklaar.

Ons kon nêrens gaan nie. Op 'n
stadium kon babas en klein kinders
niedorp toe gaan nie. In die aand
het die polisie rond gery om te sien
dat almal in hul huise was. Ons kon
nie gaan stap nie e nook nie na
maaitjies gaan nie. As ons na winkels
gaan moet ons sons hande
sanitise en ons moet
maskers dra.

Daar was verskillende tye
wat ons in die huis moes
gewees het en daar was
ook verskillende dinge wat
ons as 'n familie saam
gedoen het. Die eerste week van die
inperking was baie pret. Ons
het geverf, koeke gebak en
nog baie meer. In die tyd
was daar nie skool nie. Maar
ons het huiswerk gekry. Die
huiswerk was so baie maar
dit het my besig gehou.

Die was vir my die slegte jaar wat ek
al ooit gehad het. Ons as die
graad sewe klas van 2020,
kon nie alles in ons laaste
junior jaar doen nie want
hierdie jaar was opgemors!

Live life, because when you stop and look around, you see a wonderful world. – Maat Morrison



Ghost Town

By Poshika Ramsamy

Every morning and night I pray,
That this hollow emptiness will go
away.
An empty heart is just another city,
Left barren, hopeless and full of lies.

All that resides are phantoms.
There lays a void that cannot be
filled,
For in essence it will always remain
full.

Now it's just an empty place,
That I alone cannot face.

They vanished in a puff of smoke,
Now I know why my heart broke.

My heart is a ghost town,
A real cemetery to walk down.

The Exterminators

By Rebecca Wilkinson

For years we have been on the run.
Our homes are no longer safe. We
used to thrive in our civilisation, until
the Exterminators arrived. The lives
we once knew would change forever.

We lived peaceful lives here on
Earth, we took care of our families
and cared for our neighbours. At
first we were quite accepting of this
alien species. They had a similar
lifestyle to us: they took what they

needed, when they needed it and
treated us and nature with respect.
They were very appreciative of our
hospitality. We lived and worked
together as one community. Sadly,
good things come to an end, and as
quickly as they came their behaviour
changed. They grew greedier in their
search for power and started building
their own civilisation. We were no
longer equal.

We called them the Exterminators,
for obvious reasons. Exterminators
destroyed pests and used us to their
advantage. Unfortunately, we did not
realise their true intentions until it
was too late. These aliens had their
own agenda. They destroyed our
homes where we once lived; stole
our children; imprisoned us and
slaughtered us. We were enraged,
believe me we tried to fight back, but
to our dismay we were outnumbered
and outsmarted. We then resulted to
running. We have been hiding ever
since. The Exterminators have been
here for as long as I can remember.
Extinctions always follow in their
wake, but in recent years they have
tried even harder to decimate our
population. Over time we have
grown accustomed to their callous
ways and we had to adapt in order to
survive. We have found hideouts,
bunkers, and travelled to the most
remote corners of the Earth, but their
destructive ways are far-reaching.
Every day they find new ways to
reach us; capture us and kill us.

They found joy in our suffering and

amusement in slaughtering our
brothers and sisters. We were no
longer on the top of the food chain;
there was a new sadistic species to
fear. They kept us in isolation, tortured
us and devoured all food
sources. The Exterminators made us
pay for their own destructive ways.

We have finally found a way to fight
back, with the help of the Earth itself.
We have found a way to use their
greed against them, and we will
slowly rid ourselves of this plague.
They consume to excess and now
find themselves paying the price.
Exterminators are now trapped as
we once were. We sneer at them as
they rot in their prisons of grandeur
all as the decaying virus consumes
their population. They live in fear
everyday knowing that they are not
safe, they are unable to protect their
families, and their food supplies are
dwindling... they are finally experiencing
the torture they had forced
upon our everyday lives. What does
it feel like to be the endangered species?
You are now the one's that
must cower in fear from an invisible,
unstoppable enemy.

For years we had been on the run.
Our homes are now safe. We can
thrive in our civilisation once again,
as the 'exterminators' face their demise.
The lives they once knew
would change forever.

The animal kingdom will reign again.



Rose

By Tadiwa Moyo

She, a rose
A red rose
Fragrant rose
Prickly-thorn rose
Inside her leaves are
Insecurities
And
Fears

Of the rose
That once you climb up
To her beautiful flowers
You damage the rose
And she will
fall apart
Be blown by wind
To the ground

She would rather
Let you bleed
Using her thorns
cut deep between you
Than let you
Tear her apart

Using love

But now

Love has become
Immune to her thorns

Maats

Deur Salmah Salie

Só het ons beste maats geword.

Ek en my beste maat het eers 'n
paar jaar na ons ontmoet het, besef
dat ons beste maats was. 2010!
Die jaar toe ek my beste maat
ontmoet het.

Ek en my beste maat het na
dieselfde kleuterskool en laerskool
skool gegaan. Ek het nooit regtig
met haar gepraat nie, want ek was
baie skaam. In graad 3 was ons in
dieselfde klas en ons het langs
mekaar gesit. Eendag was ons met
Wiskunde besig toe ons juffrou die
klas 'n vraag gevra en niemand die

antwoord geken het nie behalwe die
twee van ons. Daardie dag het ons
so spesiaal gevoel, want ons het die
antwoord reggekry en ons juffrou het
vir ons lekkers gegee. Daardie
pouse en elke dag daarna het ons
saam gespeel. Nog steeds het ons
nie besef ons is beste maats nie.

Graad 4 het ek by Riebeek begin
skool gaan. Ek was 'n bietjie
hartseer, want ek het haar nie
gesien nie, maar gelukkig was sy
net laat. In graad 4,5,6,7 en 8 was
ons in dieselfde klas en ons het
langs mekaar gesit, want ons vanne
kom na mekaar in alfabetiese orde.
Oor die jare het ons mekaar goed
geleer ken en besef dat ons baie
van dieselfde dinge hou.

'n Vriendin, volgens die
woordeboek, is 'n vroulike vriend,
maar sy is meer as net dit, sy is
soos my suster.

En só het ons beste maats geword.



My Angel
By_Nobuhle Moyo

My angel is with me
I still struggle to sleep
I feel the creep
Was hoping this was just another
nightmare
As I wanted to prove that I care
You made me the apple of your eye
But now the branches are dying
And the leaves are drying
I love that people live like they won't
die
You remained beautiful your whole
life
A legend in your own life
A legend
AND
If heaven needed an angel
they chose right
I love you Angel Irene
Your apple pie,
Sneija

Leaving
By Candice Rossouw

The soulless drudge of time weighs
on me
as I wait for the hours to pass.

You didn't come back.
I didn't think you would.

My heart is laced with love and hate.
I feel an instinct need to protect you
like a lioness ready to pounce at
prey
to protect her vulnerable cub.

Anxiously, I search for an escape
to awaken me
from the horrific nightmares
formulating in the corners of my
mind.

I fumble in the darkness of the murky
room
desperately clinging onto the last trail
of reality.
Loud ringing blares through my
thoughts.

I stumble across the room,
relieved to feel a sense of reality
surfacing to sober me.

My hand hovers over the phone.
I mutter to myself to soothe the rapid
racing of my heart
as I pick up the phone.

"I am sorry for your loss", she says.

That's all I hear as I fall to my knees
and my heart opens its doors
to the potent pain
that has been written in my stars.

Glass houses
By Candice Rossouw

The divide between us is
overbearing.
We're like mime artists
trying to overcome a non-existent
wall.
Separated by the labels imposed
upon us,
we're like forbidden teenagers in

love.

Our connection is deeper than words
can comprehend.
We're like pieces to the puzzle,
so different yet needed
to complete the bigger picture.

Will our unity speak volumes enough
to melt hardened hearts?
Or
Will we crumble under the
compounding pressure to conform?

The shadow of my reflection
By Candice Rossouw

Her eyes shoot daggers into my
heart.
I can see trails of sincerity in those
hazel brown eyes.
Eyes that have never been exposed
to the dangers known to man.

I can see her playing in the spring
fields on a summer day.
Making mud pies
in the hopes of finding a guinea pig
willing to try them.

Her carefree spirit and earnest smile
becomes something I long for.
Her untainted spirit in the murky
world
like light at the end of the tunnel.

I remember her.
She is a faint memory etched in my
mind.
A shadow of myself.



I see
trees of green, red roses,
too, I see them bloom, for me
and you and I think to myself what
a wonderful world. I see skies of blue, and
clouds of white, the bright blessed day,
the dark sacred night and I think to myself
what a wonderful world. The colors of the
rainbow, so pretty in the sky, are also on the
faces of people going by. I see friends shaking
hands, sayin', 'How do you do?' They're really
sayin', 'I love you.' I hear babies cryin'. I watch
them grow. They'll learn much more
than I'll ever know and I think to
myself what a wonderful world.
Yes I think to myself what a
wonderful world.

Fears

By Siyamthanda Mbanga

Everyone has different fears
Fears that give them bad dreams
Fears that make their hearts pound
Like a racing Timpani
Their hearts beating loud
Isolating every other sound
Then suddenly
A scream belches
Bringing back all sounds
Forcing the brain to realize the situation
And react to the circumstance
Freeze, run, hide
These words echo in my mind like words shouted on the edge of a cliff
Fears may be different for everyone
But we all react to them the same way
We all get the same feeling when faced with them
So why...
Why do we cast away people's fears just because they're not as "serious" as the "normal standard" fear that society claims them to be?
All that matters is that
Fears are fears
And they should all be taken seriously

Validity

By Siyamthanda Mbanga

She searches for validation
Shifting all her concentration
To her phone
Clicking on social media apps
Refreshing the site like crazy
Thinking maybe
One more person liked her photo
Looking at herself in the mirror
She stares at herself blankly
Hoping she'll see things clearer
Once those likes come nearer
But Deep down she knows her self worth
She knows she's beautiful
But those likes give her comfort
Those comments allow her to finally breathe out the air that's been trapped inside her
Once those likes finally come
She looks at herself in the mirror again and smiles
She walks away feeling validated, confident and pretty
Even though she was created a resemblance of beauty.

Love from beyond the grave

By Lerisha De Kock

Never before have I felt a love like this
A love so pure it fills
with cleanliness
It radiates all across the smile you gave me

A smile you can no longer wear

But your presence will always be

known within me
Because when I think about you and the memories we share
My heart beats a little happier
As if in remembrance of you

I loved the person you were but I adore the person you left behind
The person that makes me smile when you embrace me in your ecstatic nature

The spirit that makes me cry tears of joy when I think about your loving heart

You were always there to brighten up my day
But even though I can't feel you physically
I can tell that you're still with me
I carry you in my heart and I know that you'll be with me through everything that I do

Thank you for loving me in your own special way

Acapella hearts

By Kwakho Bissett

Make their hearts acapella,
No strings attached to let soft skins make sweet melodies
and hard nails to break her elastics,
no drums to mimic their heartbeats
then call their in-sync beating fate,
no flutes to blow wind making their souls feel lighter
to tune whispers making them seem right for her.

For I think their hearts have been played with enough
Their hearts have gone through many genres and audiences
It's time to make their hearts acapella
And let music be made in ways of another.

Euphoria

By Sibabalwe September

I miss sitting on the grass underneath a tree
with my HB pencil in my one hand, my sketchpad on my lap.
The leaves falling around me
Butterflies floating all around me rejoicing in the gentle and golden rays of the setting sun,
My headphones over my ears playing my favourite tunes.
With no disturbances
Just me.

In my own world.
Just adding some shade to the wings of the butterfly
I sketch with my lead treading on the sheet, gentle,
too scared to bruise its beauty that I know it for.
If only I could go back to that day just for a couple of hours

The Riebeek 2020



just to escape from my current reality.
I miss having the sun's rays on my brown skin during a car ride the open road with the breeze gently hitting my skin.
My brown eyes hidden away behind my eyelids
I miss entangling my fingers between my curly strands of hair.
I miss this intoxicating illusion, a dream that I hope will reappear
My world feels incomplete, incompetent and empty
One day these days will be back
Until then I can only create imagery with moments I had.

Our Way of Life

By Oyisa Ralo

We lose ourselves in the trees among the ever-changing leaves.

We weep beneath the wild sky as stars tell stories of ancient times.

The flowers grow towards our light the river calls our names at night.

We could not live ordinary lives with the mystery of the universe hidden in our eye

Loss

By Siyamthanda Mbanga

It takes a while for me to accept
And understand
A loss
First comes that bitter feeling of Disbelief
Saying that it can't be so because you were just with me seconds ago

A feeling of regret
Starts to sink in as I reminisce about our time together
Thinking that I should have appreciated your presence more
I try so hard to ignore the feeling of acceptance
Cause then I'd have to think of A future without you
I cannot replace you
When others had failed me
You were there
To bring me joy and escape my problems momentarily
I'll probably try to find a temporary replacement
I can't live with this hole in my heart shaped as you
Instead of crying
I write this poem for you
I hope whoever finds you receives the joy you brought to me
Fair well



Fallen

By Romesa
Muhammad

Help me.
For I have fallen
into this trench
that I have dug too
deep.

I stood too close to the
edge,
and I

f
e
l
l
And now,

No matter how hard
I try . . .
I cannot seem
to climb my way out.

Upon reflection: COVID-19
By Azraa Rockman

with a bated breath
the World waits
for the first embrace to be shared
as a sign that the War has been won,
that love can reign once more,
and that 'distance' is no longer a
synonym for 'kindness'

with a fading pulse
the World still hopes
for a holiday away from Now
where not even a smile,
no trace of a "how are the wife and
kids?"
is shared by passers-by
out of fear that disease will be carried
through stopping to love thy
neighbour

the scent of 'hospital' has replaced
that of 'home'
in an attempt to sanitise the air we
breathe
and cleanse our thoughts from
conceptions of
longing for a hand to hold
as safety is maintained best
behind closed doors,
behind a mask

still, our World waits for us
as we too wait for Her to recover
She sheds a final tear
and prays for our forgiveness
for although we had harmed Her first
guilt still racks Her
for allowing the wrath She had
unleashed
to harm us, pitiful humans

and with that

Her final breath laces an apology
and a silent request for one in return

Are you there, mother?
By Romesa Muhammad

I am scared, mother.
I am terrified.
Will you embrace me, mother?
Will you hold my hand?

I miss the old days, mother.
When everything was simple and
clear.
But now I have grown up, mother.
I have seen the world.

Will you sit beside me, mother?
You no longer do that, you know.

You no longer think I need you
But I do.
Now more than ever.

I miss the ease we had once shared:
The comfort, the smiles.
Now all we have are
Bitter-tense moments
Filled with weary sighs.

I miss you, mother.
I miss what we never really had.
I hurt, mother.
I hurt for the time we'll never again
have.

Time Walker
By Jessica Crail

Eleven days ago, I was approached
by a woman who called herself "The
Time Walker". Time walking was a
forbidden trade, or should I say, line
of work. She said that she would give
me a plutonium tetrahydride fuel
capsule. They were a coveted fuel
source for hyperdrives of older
spacecrafts. I asked her what it was
that she wanted me to do in return. All
she said was this, "Only non-time
walkers can enter the past and alter
it." I asked her to give me some time
to think. I inevitably decided to accept
the offer.

I was to enter the time rip, which the
walker created, and find an
Egerbardonian with a Jupiter crystal
around her neck. When I found her, I
was to kill her on the spot and crush
the crystal. I had until sunset to do so.

08:15, read my watch as I stood
before the rip. There was still time to
back out, but I jumped right into the
rip instead. I jumped into a time that
was merely months ago. The exact
date, 20 June 2732. It was the end of
the civil war between Egerbard and
Bardona. The Egerbardonians were
easily spotted due to their purple skin
and black hair. The difficult part of
finding my target was coming in a 9-
kilometre range of the crystal so that
my equipment could pick up its
specific radiation signature. Once in
range, the radiation signature itself
was easily detected.

I travelled over half of the Egerbard
planet until I caught a small reading of
radiation. Now it was a case of
following the trail, through an
abandoned trap field. Trap fields were

used during the uncivil wars. They
contain false ground that leads to
spike pits, explosive demonfruit trees
and quicksand pits that look like the
rest of the ground around them. It
was a minefield with no map. Fun. I
had no intention of dying in the past. I
picked up a few pebbles every now
and again to try and trip anything that
might harm me. I kept throwing
pebbles in front of me as I went
along. As Murphy should have it, I got
out without even setting off one trap.
Where's the fun in that?

I tracked the signature to a small farm
where only a few crops grew and a
single little house stood. I looked at
my watch, 18:22. I was running out of
time. I had only until sunset and that
was only a few minutes away. I
sprinted around the house. Around
the back of the house I saw a woman
lying dead on the ground. She was
the Egerbardonian with the crystal still
around her neck. I took the crystal
from her lifeless body and crushed it
with a nearby rock. A blood-stained
rock...

Untitled
by Azraa Rockman

We had once met in a dream, and
thereafter, never again. At the far end
of the river dividing present and past,
there she stood.

*Bright eyes mirrored a pair that had
slightly lost its shine. In her uniform,
she may have been any other
student. With the oversized blazer
and long skirt—a look most Grade 4
moms took as a fashion statement—
she would have definitely made it out
to be just another one of the young
faces that swam in and out of my
vision while roaming the corridors.
But I knew those cheeks, the chubby
remnants of "Just one more piece of
cake, please", and the round lips that
often curled up into a smile
throughout most of the family photo
albums.*

*I stood for a moment, transfixed by
the sight ahead of me. Until, in the
dead quiet of the empty space
surrounding us, her eyes found mine.
The sound of silence impossibly went
up a notch.
Neither of us moved for a moment.
We merely took an instant to
understand whom we were each
faced with. Then she allowed herself*

Grade 12 Writing

Goodbye

By Azraa Rockman

When dust falls
find me later
in Van Gogh's
Starry Night

or in his suicide letter
paint my eyes
closed

write my lips
shut
take my breaths

count to ten
and I will be gone
gone



a natural disaster

By Romesa
Muhammad

she loves the rain

that pours with no
restraint.she loves the sea
that can never betamed.
she loves the thunder
that cannot be silenced.

she loves the lightening

that would not ever be
confined.she embraces the
chaosbecause she,
herself
is a mess -
a beautiful *natural*
disaster.

a smile, and I too, allowed one in
return.

She recognises me.

Relief flooded me at the thought.

"You know who I am?" she asked,
her voice slightly mature for her age.
I could tell she knew the answer even
before she had asked the question.
But I nodded anyways.

"You know who I am?" I asked in
return.

She too must have picked up that I
already knew the answer beforehand.
Still, she mirrored me with a nod.

Our eyes drank in each other's
presence in the blurry grey chasm
surrounding us. Her eyes danced
everywhere, from my blazer to my
badges, and even to my black skirt
and shoes. Her smile exposed her
dimples. Her face displayed her awe.
Then her eyes met mine once more,
as I felt her small hand take hold of
three of my fingers.

And only then, had I noticed the tears
that accompanied her smile.

"Did we make it?"

I felt her finger trace the braiding at
my blazer sleeve.

"Did we really make it?"

But my eyes opened before I could
offer a reply. I could not prevent the
stray tear from escaping them. My
chest filled with an ache I had never
known before. And suddenly, I
understood the words hidden behind
the girl's eyes.

She was proud of me. She was proud
of what she had seen. Although, little
did she know that she would grow up
to see that person every day of her
life.

Little did she know that she would
grow into her oversized blazer, and
that the little worker bee she would
grow to be would gain her stripes, not
once, but twice. Little did she know
that her long skirt would be traded in
for one of black in due time, that her
new school shoes would be *heard*
before they were seen. Little did she
know that her chubby cheeks would
still remain, that she would still grow
to be insecure about them, but that
she was learning to embrace them
day by day.

Little did that Grade 4 girl know that
she would make her parents so
proud, and that all that loved her
would be proud, too.

"Did we make it?"

Her echo still played on in my mind.
I dried my face on the back of my

hand. A watery smile painted slow
strokes across my lips. But I knew
that my tears, like hers, carried no
sadness.

Because in the end, I was happy.
And surely... Surely, that was
enough.

"Yes, Azraa... We made it."

Re: Education

by Azraa Rockman

Dear Mister Educator

I write this letter, wondering what will
become of my education. Seeing that
your restricting hand had been so
willing to murder my creativity, surely
it is *you* who should be curbed, and
not me and my mind.

We are both aware that my final
year had begun with a warning: *do
not exceed the word count*. However,
regardless of the fact that I had
already deemed your request as too
expectant of me, this was not the
only barrier the system of education
had built as to keep me from
breaking the mould and leaning
towards *extraordinary*. Too often, I
had heard, '*Prepared speech, 3
minutes tops!*' and even the
occasional '*Provide an answer based
only on the source provided.*' Being
faced with these at every turn, I
stumbled through my matric year,
blinded by the restrictions that the
System had placed upon me.

However, once the deliberate
footsteps of Final Examinations
began rounding the corner, I had
consciously decided to disregard the
shackles on my mind – I had opted
for freedom. Knowing that the ink in
my pen was ever flowing, naturally, I
allowed it to escape in torrents of
ingenuity. Imagined worlds had
become a refuge from my own, while
I hid behind the new realities I had
created. Green pastures brought life
to a world that no one else knew
existed. People and faces had
become my closest friends, a
fragment of what my imagination had
been allowed to consider.

Kingdoms had erected themselves
within my mind, had come to life by
my ink, by my hand... but were soon
crushed by the instructions that were
placed upon me. Because you,
Mister Educator, only wanted a story
belonging to a writer who would

simply follow the instructions. And so,
you took my dream in a closed fist
and you thwarted my kingdom out of
existence. Red ink mercilessly
intersected with blue, robbing my
story of its conclusion. To you, I had
submitted an incomplete creative
piece and had marked it as such. But
it was you who was not willing to read
to the end of my essay.

789 words.

And the limit was 450.

The remainder had been scrapped
because I had come committed, and
creativity was my crime.

Mister Educator, is it yet clear to
you that if this is the trial that every
South African child has to face, the
near future will certainly not behold
us as the next generation of poets?
Dead poetry will instead be dished
out and plated before us, as tasteless
syllables that we will be expected
ingest and regurgitate whole based
on the opinion of a Miss or Mister
Someone Else.

But the writing is on the wall, is it
not?

Surely *one* Grade 12 student in a
sea of many has no right to demand
any answers from the bigwigs of the
education sector. For surely, I was
not born with a mind of my own.
Surely, I was not allowed to break
boundaries. The idea was only
loaned to us as students with
potential, and then retracted before
we could put it to practical use.
While I had once been blinded by the
grandeur of my own imagined worlds,
never once I thought that those very
worlds would frighten – threaten –
those unwilling to explore them.
Gone are the days where my brain
could manifest infinite possibilities.
Now I know that eternity is in fact
nothing—not when 450 words is all
you gave to describe it.

If I had the power to, I would have
gladly fought for my creativity.
However, I find no use in fighting for
what had never been mine..

Once I may have stumbled, blinded
by the System's beliefs. Now I am
nothing more than another carrier of
the rules set in place. My story was
stolen from me. Now I am nothing, Mr
Educator.

My education has failed me as
much as you have.

Yours sincerely
The Student You Failed For the Word
Count She Had Exceeded

Lost

By Jessica Crail

I'm not found,

Nor wrongfully owned,
But lost.Lost in this world of
fakes and liars.Stuck in this place
where people are not
people,
But empty, soullessshells.
And what I thought
was once mine,
Was never mine to

own.

I'm drifting...



Writing about Learning under Lockdown

During lockdown, Riebeek encouraged our learners to take part in various competitions and to write about their experiences during lockdown as these would be important records of historic times. On 19 May, we encouraged our learners to submit writing about their lockdown experiences for possible inclusion in the Learning under Lockdown Book Project, as encouraged and edited by Professor Jonathan Jansen. The work of Jessica Craill, Grade 12, and Tania Smith, Grade 9, were selected for inclusion in the book available at CNA and other outlets.

Tania Smith:

Learning under lockdown was a bit of both, difficult and easy.

Firstly I loved having my own personal space but seeking help was a bit difficult, sometimes my sisters would be busy with their own work and I couldn't contact my teachers because I'd sometimes study at night

I struggled catching up and what I enjoyed was learning on my own without being rushed as I'm a learner dealing with anxiety and panic attacks would occur due to being under pressure but my family have been very supportive during this tough time.

I'm happy with the way I've handled things these past two months, I bought myself my own personal notebook where I wrote down all the things I had to do and gave myself at least a week to finish a certain topic in my schoolwork

My school started online learning and formed a whatsapp group for each subject.

I was fortunate enough having parents who would buy me data whenever it runs out or we'd sometimes use a Wi-Fi router which was available for everyone who needed it in my household. My aunt even lend me her laptop that I could use for school purposes, I couldn't thank her enough for this wonderful gesture.

I struggled with keeping contact with my classmates as some would be busy but whenever the President or Minister of Basic Education had to make a speech, we'd make sure we inform each other.

What I missed about regular school was the changing of classes during the day, seeing your favourite teacher and the Student Christian Association sessions every Thursday during first break.

I often spend less time on my schoolwork during the week but make sure on weekends I spend at least an hour and a half on each subject.

Online learning was a new experience for me and self-studying isn't usually my thing but this lockdown unlocked my hidden traits and made my relationship GOD much stronger than before. Having to wake up early to do your chores then do your schoolwork I sometimes struggled keeping a balance.

My advice for anyone struggling to keep with their schoolwork, what you have done up until now has been your best effort. Giving up isn't the solution.

Remember to spread love and don't forget to encourage each other

Jessica Craill

We all knew that Covid-19 would change our lives. However, I don't think that we quite understood the implications of what was to come. As of 18 March 2020, I was under "enforced holiday". This meant that we, as learners, would have to learn at home until the March holiday started. This was only for a couple of days, and seemed to me as pointless because the 19th would have been our senior school gala and the 20th would have been our school's matric farewell. And of course, I, as a matric, had only two things on my mind; how am I going to cope with the workload, and am I ever going to get to wear my farewell dress?

Once the March holiday had come to an end, it was back to work. At first, it was overwhelming. The majority of my teachers had sent an enormous amount of work within the first two days of official learning under lockdown. It was difficult to process everything without having a due date for any of the work. You see, that's how I work. Give me a due date and I'll do the work in order of soonest due date.

Being me, I did what I do best... ORGANISE! It may have taken a whole weekend, but I managed to make myself weekly planners and broke my work down into manageable chunks. Come to think of it, those first two weeks could have gone a whole lot worse if I hadn't done any organising or planning. And after 9 weeks of being safe, but stuck at home, I have managed to keep up to date with my work.

Learning under lockdown has been an interesting experience. E-learning took a little bit of getting used to. At first, e-learning too was a bit overwhelming because of all the class group chats and D6 alerts, but I knew that I was not alone and that I



could overcome this. By the end of week three, I found myself loving the whole distance learning concept. Being an introvert with an acute form of social anxiety, I generally prefer being away from large crowds, and distance learning accommodates this. I have also come to the conclusion that South Africa doesn't have enough distance learning opportunities.

Overall, I've enjoyed learning under lockdown. I do believe that being a competent and diligent learner and as I mentioned before, being an

introvert, probably made the whole situation easier. I did find some topics in Maths, Science and Accounting a little difficult, but in the end, I worked hard to understand the work, and now I do. I didn't let the household distractions get in my way of doing work, even when the distraction is my dad on conference calls all day in the room next to me.

So, I love sloths, and these wise words kept me going through the tougher times during lockdown, "If you ever feel stupid, just remember that baby sloths sometimes grab

their own arms thinking that they are tree branches."

Here is my two cents: If we ever have to go into lockdown again, for any reason, you need to get your priorities straight. Organise and plan out your work. If you have a plan, stick to it. If you stick to your plan until the end, you should be golden. And you should then pretty much know what you need help with when you go back to school. Not only that, but it will also make the transition from distance learning to contact learning a whole lot easier.

Miss Mxoli - Our Published Poet

Miss Mxoli presented on a professional development seminar to the staff on Cultural Sensitivity on 14 January. Miss Mxoli shared this poem (one of her published poems) as part of the staff seminar:

Mother tongue

Sometimes when I speak isiXhosa
I skip and glitch
like a badly scratched record
and I feel my mother flinch.
She never says a word
just closes her eyes for a second
and I can hear her think
'What is so great about this future
I have sacrificed myself for
if she cannot speak to me?'
And I don't.
In the car my father only plays
isiXhosa talk radio
and I never touch the dial
I know without being told
that I am not allowed to speak Eng-
lish in his car
and so, I do not say much.
In the kitchen my mother and I stand
hip to hip

I chop and chat while she stirs and
flinches
before hesitantly handing me a bro-
ken plate of English
apologizing.
The heat in her cheeks does not
come from her stew.
It is birthed from the coil of embar-
rassment in her belly.
And I hate it
I hate how it infiltrates this moment
that is only ours
in our kitchen.
But I do not say anything.
Lately, my parents softly and painful-
ly remind me
that I am not white
As if fearing one day I might forget
what blackness means.
I want to tell them I know.
I want to tell them I won't.



I want to tell them about the pain
of quiet erasure.
The white cleanse of tongue
until I cannot recognise my own
mother in it.
But I don't.
I don't say much anymore

Sarah Gopal: Allan Gray Entrepreneurship Challenge winner trip and a published article on pollution

Sara was a winner in the Allan Gray Entrepreneurship Challenge and went to Silicon Valley, San Francisco from 5 - 17 December 2019. The itinerary was packed and she took every possible opportunity to make the trip as fruitful as possible. She wrote, "Among other attractions, we visited the Intel Museum, Facebook and Apple as well as Google where we received gift bags with branded merchandise and had lunch with vice president, John Solomon, a fellow South African. We met many inspiring and innovative entrepreneurs. Some of the highlights of the trip was experiencing the virtual reality lab at Stanford University, attending the Teen Tech Global Summit and visiting NASA Ames Research Centre. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs du Plessis for introducing me to the Allan Gray Entrepreneurship Challenge."

Sara won the Wildlife and Environment Society of South Africa Young Reporter for the Environment 1518 age category with her written piece entitled "Pollution: A matter of life and death". She will represent South Africa at the international conference.





POLLUTION:

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

By Sarah Gopal

I live in Uitenhage, a town situated in the Eastern Cape in South Africa. Like many other communities around the world, pollution and illegal dumping are major issues in my community. Coupled with the lack of basic infrastructure and municipal intervention the problem seems to be going from bad to worse.

In January 2020, I read a newspaper article about four children between the ages of 3 and 11 who died after consuming a toxic substance at an illegal dumping site in a township called Motherwell in the Eastern Cape. A fifth child, a 7 year old boy, was also affected and presented with similar symptoms. He was successfully treated at a local hospital. It is believed that they ingested tainted chips and cheese that were found amongst the rubble and waste. The illegal dump site is about 100m from the children's home.

The Constitution of the Republic of South Africa, 1996 - Chapter 2: Bill of Rights regarding the environment states that everyone has the right:

1. to an environment that is not harmful to their health or well-being
2. to have the environment protected for the benefit of present and future generations, through reasonable legislative and other measures that:
 - i) prevent pollution and ecological degradation;
 - ii) promote conservation; and
 - iii) secure ecological sustainable development and use of natural resources while promoting justifiable economic and social development.

Their senseless deaths are a direct result of poor waste management as the municipality does not provide adequate services like refuse collection and bins or plastic bags for proper waste disposal. This tragedy was unconstitutional and preventable and their blood is on our hands. As shocking as their deaths were, sadly, it was not enough to bring about any permanent change. It's been six months since the tragedy occurred, but nothing has been done to ensure that it does not happen again.

I spent an afternoon in the centre of town. Recyclable materials like plastic bottles and packets as well as cardboard boxes and tin cans can be seen blocking stormwater drains. These items will ultimately end up in our waterways, like rivers, making

them unsafe for swimming and threatening wildlife.

Open fields and vacant land are covered with discarded rubbish and includes broken furniture and car parts, construction rubble, medical waste and general household waste products. Dumped materials attract more dumping. The effects on the surrounding environment are widespread.

Firstly, aesthetically, it is a horrible eyesore that can decrease property value and reduce tourism and community revenue. Secondly, natural runoff of water during heavy rain is impeded, causing the build up of water potentially causing flash flooding and damage to property. Thirdly, plants, wildlife and marine life are at risk. Harmful chemicals and toxins can poison and kill plants, destroying the food source of local animals. Animals that ingest dumped waste can suffer severe health complications or even death.

Food waste that is disposed in landfills and dump sites are detrimental to the environment. When food rots it produces a potent greenhouse gas, methane, that has 21 times the global warming potential as carbon dioxide.

The effects of global warming are profound and long lasting. It includes increase in temperatures, extreme weather events, rise in sea level owing to melting ice, ocean acidification due to raised CO2 levels and migration of animals in search of more comfortable temperatures.

Decomposing food scraps are also a potential source of organic leachates that can contaminate surface and ground water. Diseases like cholera, dysentery and leptospirosis are known to be spread through contaminated water. This can lead to community epidemics and cripple an already overburdened healthcare system.

Despite worldwide campaigns, pollution and its far-reaching consequences remain a problem, particularly in underdeveloped countries. Many impoverished communities need to be adequately educated and given incentives in order to motivate them to adhere to the reuse, reduce and recycle

campaigns. Individuals who are passionate about this cause need support in order to address these issues.

The Uitenhage Recycling Mula Swop-Shop Project was founded in 2015 by ex teacher, Quinette Goosen. Her innovative Mula Project was awarded PETCO's coveted Public Campaign of the Year in 2018. The Mula Recycling Exchange Project focuses on two important challenges facing our community: saving the environment and alleviating poverty. Community members bring recyclable items like plastic containers and bottles and cardboard boxes to the swap shop. The items are weighed and exchanged for "mula" which can then be used to buy groceries like food, toiletries, stationery, toys and clothes. In 2019, the Mula Project removed 41 000 kg of plastic and 11 000 kg of cardboard from the community and brought considerable relief to thousands of people in impoverished communities.

South Africa faces many socio-economic challenges like extreme poverty and inequality, unemployment, high crime rates, substance abuse and corruption. Environmental conservation and pollution are not prioritised despite several pieces of legislation in the Constitution of the Republic of South Africa.

The threat of hefty fines has not curtailed the problem of pollution and illegal dumping. The police, health, environmental and sanitation departments must work hand in hand in order to achieve the Agenda 2030 Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs) that was adopted by all United Nations Member States in 2015.

Integrated cooperation among authorities and community groups is crucial to achieve the desired results of SDGs particularly:

- Goal 3: Good health and well-being
- Goal 6: Clean water and sanitation
- Goal 13: Climate action
- Goal 14: Life below water
- Goal 15: Life on Land

Environmental campaigns are worth nothing if we are unable to execute them and for that we need government intervention and community cooperation and support. Drastic steps must be implemented before it's too late and we reach the point of no return.

References Supplied





Happy 143rd Birthday, Riebeek!

Old Girls & Founder's Day Flashbacks

Founder's Day 2020 was scheduled to take place in May, but fate would lead to us cancelling the event with a promise to try for a bumper Founder's Day in 2021 featuring the reunion groups of 2020 and 2021.

Instead of Founder's Day, virtual events took place in early May to celebrate the school's birthday. Our choir learners prepared a rousing rendition of Happy Birthday in isiXhosa, English and Afrikaans and recorded the school song for a video. Videos of Founder's Days through the years were compiled and photographs of the school and birthday wishes were shared on our social media platforms.

The reunion groups of 2020 included:

Class of 1950 - 70 year reunion

Terry van Vuuren Hattingh, former SGB member and Old Girl, was co-ordinating for her mother and friend to attend from the Class of 1950. She wrote, "Joyce Frost van Vuuren will be at Founders Day this year. She is one of two surviving of the Class of 1950. The other is Maureen Oosthuizen Elderman." What made the 2020 reunion date even more special was that while Mrs Hattingh's mom matriculated 70 years ago and her daughter, Jodi Hattingh Bowles celebrated her 10th reunion in 2020, while Mrs Hattingh celebrated her 43 year reunion.



Class of 1960 at their 50 year reunion: *Enduring and Endearing Friendship*

Back: Daphne Cuyler, Estelle van Rensburg, Sheila Els, Carol Dodd, Delicia Taylor, Faith Stumke, Eunice Neetling, Merle Meyer, Denise Patterson, Jenny Harrison, Roma Brockett

Middle: Eunice Jansen, Kathy Smit, Wendy Wright, Ilona Ferreira, Wendy Littlefold, Shirley McClelland

Front: Pam Cockcroft, Hickey Simpson and Hoay Brockett



Class of 1960 - 60 year reunion

Carol Dodd Rudman, former teacher and Old Girl, heads up a keen reunion group of faithful Old Girls who stay in contact. Mrs Carol Dodd Rudman is an Old Girl (in the nicest possible YOUNG way), a past teacher of Riebeek, a past parent of Riebeek learners and the oldest sister of our headmistress.

Mrs Rudman in her days of schooling at Riebeek College played First Team and EP B Tennis and Hockey. Her sister, Mrs Woods, describes her as a spirited young lady at that time and Mrs Rudman led the Uitenhage drum majorettes. If you wanted to see a lot more of our guest speaker, the wonderful exhibit in the foyer on Founder's Day included a revealing photo where the drum majorettes showed off their gracious legs fully. The then Mrs Dodd would have been a contender at our annual Miss Riebeek for the Miss Legs title. Her matric year co-incided with it being the last year of Riebeek being in the Church Street Building. You have to

wonder what the class of the 1960 got up to that the school needed to relocate once they left!

Class of 1970 - 50 year reunion

Helen Lloyd Talocchino was eagerly co-ordinating this group, with assistance from Linda Gillmer Stephens, who wrote, "I was Riebeek's first deputy head girl. My cousin Jenny Gillmer de Reuck was head girl and we shared the Good Fellowship Cup. Jenny lives in Perth Australia and is a Professor Emeritus of Comparative English Literature at Murdoch University. She also ran a Children's Theatre of great repute for 25 years in Perth. At their 40th reunion they realised, "The consensus among those who had made the 25th reunion and the 40th reunion was that we connected better. No-one needed to prove anything to anyone. Far more important was our health, our retirement plans and our grandchildren!"



Class of 1970 at their 40 year reunion: *Together Again after Forty Years*

Back: Linda Maarhoft Benz, Avril Schmolke Lourens, Margaret McEwan Drennan, Meryl Bean Duncan, Sharon Lowe, Priscilla Hiscock Evert, Eileen Swanepoel Bekker, Helen Lloyd Talocchino, Leslie Ingram Beckett

Front: Gayle Dowlman Weidemann, Carol Mchattie Snyman, Lilian Ranger Baker, Linda Lou Stephens, Estelle van Niekerk Stanley, Louise Siebert Stoutjesdyk and Gail van der Muller Paterson.



Class of 1980 - 40 year reunion

The class had not formally made contact to plan the reunion, but we are hopeful they will make contact for 2021. Linda Wheaton was Head Girl and Sonja van Wyngaardt Kapp, mom of Loren (Class of 2010) had previously been involved in co-ordinating reunions. Mrs Kapp wrote about their 30 year reunion: "It does not matter if you have not seen someone in many years... the fact that you attended the same school, got into trouble from the same teachers, shared the forbidden lunch during class - all form a very special bond amongst people. The girls from the Class of 1980 who attended Founder's Day in 2010 from afar included Linda Wheaton (Headgirl) who came all the way from London, Vanessa Griffin Bader from Kansas, Desiree Wallace from Sedgfield, Gisela Schloesser Robbertse from London, Sophia Hübsch from Johannesburg and Ursula Bennette Eichhoff from Grahamstown."

Class of 1990 – 30 year reunion

This class has many vibrant members, including Joanne Lategan Marais, Alison Johnson (a Grade 5 teacher at Riebeek) and Bonita Schlemmer Benyon. Head Girl of this year is our regular Founder's Day guest, the much loved Cathy Simpson. Also from this class is a former Founder's Day Guest Speaker, Bernadette McGuire, at the 25 year reunion in 2015. It is always loud and fun when this group gathers catch up with each other and there is much laughter and people saying: "Who remembers when..?" and then everyone bursts out in laughter.



Class of 1980: The Dancing Queens

Back: Barbara Banks Eckley, Sophia Hübsch, Linda Pottas Deyzel, Sandra Vaghi, Gisela Robbertse, Charmain Ballan Green, Vanessa Eastwood Slabbert

Front: Marcia Kearns Pretorius, Arlene Wilkinson Wulfsohn, Linda Wheaton, Sonja van Wyngaardt Kapp, Ursula Bennette Eichhoff, Vanessa Griffin Bader and Desiree Wallace



Class of 1990 at the 10 year reunion of 2010: Sports, discos and friends

Back: Joanne Lategan Marais, Rosalind Maritz Scott, Bonita Schlemmer Benyon, Ronché Carthew Saayman, Claire Townsend Grime, Jenny van Wyk Smith, Bernadette Maguire Cook

Middle: Shanelle Muller Mitchell, Alison Johnson, Charmaine Camons, Cathy Simpson (Headgirl), **Front:** Carol Heathcote Reyneke and Chera-Lee Oliver



Class of 1995 - 25 year reunion

Lisa Stevens Tarr was again enthusiastically co-ordinating the festive troopers for the reunion.

Class of 1995 at the 20 year reunion of 2015:

Back row: Charlene Saayman Bayman, Odette Phillips, Sherelee Badenhorst Wicks, Nazlie Sirkhotte Luyt, Kathryn Donald Seaborn, Alison Ryan 2nd row: Chetna Doolabh, Heena Ratangee Raga, Nadia Badaroon Liberty, Lisa Stevens Tarr, Samantha Reynolds, Claudine Kok Badenhorst Front row: Delia Maritz Dakin, Lyndall Adams Williams, Colleen Louw Basson, Sarah Edwards Ross





Class of 2000 - 20 year reunion

Pauline Cairney, Nina Esselaar, a teacher at Collegiate Junior School, Danelle Bhana Coetzee, Sara Ferraz Oakes and Tamaryn McDonald du Preez are members of this eccentric class of achievers. Rumour has it much mirth had been created on various Whatsapp groups as this class recalled their school antics.

Class of 2000 in 2010: *Once described as the noisiest, naughtiest bunch*

Back: Pauline Cairney, Michelle Killian Swift, Laurynne Meyer, Cindy Louise Du Plessis, Terri Pautz, Lee-Anne Gertenbach, Samantha Wells Krain, Roché George Goliath, Chantel van Uden van Wyk, Nina Esselaar, Kelly Hemmingway Blignaut

Middle: Catherine O'Reilly, Lynne Bartle Gouws, Jackie Le Roux, Donnay Wililams, Danelle Bhana Coetzee, Timoreta Grey

Front: Samantha Winterbattain and Sara Ferraz Oakes

Class of 2005 in 2015: Back row: Vedika Prag Maharaj, Rene' Doubell Parker. Megan Radue Schultz, Mandy Beaumont, Nicole Kruger Louw

3rd row: Darshana Kooverjee, Chantelle Clohessy, Chelse Hayward, Phila Lukuzo, Linda Mkaza

2nd row: Lulelwa Nxayeka, Asanda Futa, Jayde Coetzee van Zyl, Cassandra Pottas Grobler, Lee-Ann Rudman Heath, Stacey Simons, Phiwokuhle Melwa, Cynthia Pilcher

Front row: Kwakhanya Mguba, Zimkita Kula, Mandilakhe Magugu, Fatima Timol, Amanda Mbatyoti Mandla, Vuyokazi Majola, Jennifer Popple Strydom, Sharne' Knoetze Woods, Nicole Smith Mohamed

Class of 2005 - 15 year reunion

Sharne Knoetze Woods, Head Girl of the Class of 2005 and a former organiser of the Founder's Day celebrations, was arranging the reunion while expecting her second child. We had no doubt her marketing skills and exuberant nature would have had the whole class well organised for a fantastic Founder's Day.





Class of 2010 - 10 year reunion

Shannon Barry Campbell, Head Girl of the Class of 2010, was invited by Mrs Stear to be the guest speaker.



Play Director, Department, writing the English, ABSA and General Knowledge Olympiads, part of the Varsity College Quiz Team, RCL and First Aid Level 1. She believes, "Don't ask yourself what the world needs, ask yourself what makes you come alive. And then do that. Because what the world needs are people who come alive" (Howard Thurman). Her fondest moments include performing at Prefect's Camp, assemblies and singing happy birthday to Mrs Myburg in different languages. Her advice is to work hard, stay focused, be determined, laugh, make memories and friends and dream big. She thinks that the best thing about Africa is the people. She would like to study Medicine or Biological Sciences at Stellenbosch or Pretoria."



Her matric profile read, "**Shannon Barry (Shanza, Goofy, Shannyboo)** is unorthodox, hippy and empathic. Her greatest achievements include being Headgirl, Head of Magazine, Choir member, 2nd Princess in Miss Riebeek, Department, Drama Club, Dance Committee and Head of RCL. Shannon's fondest school memories include Dr Boucher's "hoofdogter" mentality lesson, break times with Cherise Bridger and all the pranks she played on her friends. Shannon's biggest inspiration has been Mrs Peltason who has made her believe in herself and her capabilities. Shannon's advice is to choose friends wisely and always stick to what you believe in. To her, ubuntu means giving without expecting anything in return, loving selflessly, caring generously and forgiving wholeheartedly. Shannon plans on studying LLB and B Com Law, specialising in Criminology and buying a big orange bus, painting flowers on it and (with the help of her friends) taking a group of homeless people to the beach."



Deputy Head Girl, Nongamso Mensah-Forbea's profile read, "**Nangamso Mensah-Forbea (Soso, Gummy)** is positive, driven,

studious, forgiving, and graceful. Her list of achievements include Deputy Headgirl, Head of Drama, receiving an award at Prizegiving every year, Cultural Board, Dance Committee, Magazine Committee, Choir Committee, Elton House





2010 REVIEWED

In an article entitled Banging our Drums, Shannon Barry and Lauren Woodburn described the activities of 2010 and reading it in 2020 it is clear that we have had a very different year! 2010 was an exciting year with the Soccer World Cup and an excitement in the air; while 2020 has been a world wide epidemic that has caused anxiety and fear. What is true of both years though is that Riebeek has made the most of the year and continues to develop connectivity and unity.

Desmond Tutu describes ubuntu as being the very essence of being human: "A person is a person through other persons." The ubuntu community of Riebeek is 133 years old this year and it is the 20th anniversary of being the first school in the country to vote to open its doors to all races. Thus, 2010 was an extremely exciting year and even more so because the World Cup co-incided with our celebrations. We have



Mrs Bowles in 2010



Miss Mxoli in 2010

so much to be proud of here at Riebeek as we have truly embraced the World Cup spirit and all that ubuntu represents. The philosophy of Ubuntu says "I am human because I belong. I participate, I share". At, Riebeek we are generous. We are hospitable. We are friendly, compassionate and caring. We share what we have and we share in the celebrations of others and our community.

Our senior school choir participated in the National ATKV Applous Choir Competition in Bloemfontein last year and won all the awards for which they could qualify. The victory Xhosa song "2010" can be regularly heard in our corridors and featured on television. This song was especially composed for Riebeek by the acclaimed Mr Nzo, grandfather of Zoleka Mtila, a matric learner at our school. The song is an engaging, catchy tune that celebrates South Africa as the hosting country for the Soccer World Cup. It encompasses the hustle and bustle of the World Cup.

The Junior Stay-Awake to Stay-Away Marathon is an annual education

adventure for the Grade 4 to Grade 7 learners. The décor in the hall resembled a soccer field and all the activities were World Cup spirit events: "The Spectator Collage", "Spectacular Soccer Search", "Soccer Challenge" and the "Soccer Style Karaoke". What ubuntu to see the learners boycotting sleep to stay awake in soccer style.

A Fun Soccer Day was held on 4th June. Flags and vuvuzelas were everywhere. Supporters lined the sidelines dressed in their team colours, with encouraging songs and cries.

Ubuntu is evident on the field and on the sidelines at this fun filled soccer day and at our match against Argentina where "Waka Waka" was sung.

Riebeek is proud of our country and our heritage.

Therefore, for Human Rights Day, we hosted "Human Delights Day". The learners dressed up in bright colours to express our right to delight in the camaraderie and fun of this truly unique South African spirit. For Cultural Civvies Day, we all dressed up in the different traditional clothes of the different cultures of South Africa.

The annual drama production, On the Road Again, featured a celebration of South Africa as we prepared for the 2010 Soccer World Cup. We formed a large South African flag with all 160 cast members in our finale and singing a local adaptation of "This land is my land". This is quite profound as it is what the Soccer World Cup was about. It is about the people behind the name, South Africa, and behind the colours of the flag. It is so important to be surrounded by a community of people who believe in you, support you, and want the best for you;

people who stand and cheer when you walk across the stage of life.

Riebeek adopted an anti-bullying campaign. The Riebeek girls are very involved in cultural activities and sports in which they work together in strong teams. They are also often willing to give up time during their holidays for

magazine and drama workshops so that they can produce the best possible product. When we work together we become connected and what we do affects the whole world. When we do well, it spreads out; it is for the whole of humanity.

The teachers of Riebeek are extremely dedicated and passionate about what they do and are always willing to go the extra mile for the learners. They are loved and appreciated by the learners of the school. The most important thing we can do in the country is look at life for our youth, to pay attention, to listen, and then to be

compelled to act. The teachers of Riebeek surround and support each child in the school so that when they walk across "their stage" the teachers will be there cheering, clapping, and calling out, "That's OUR child!" A person with ubuntu is open and available to others, affirming of others, does not feel threatened that others are able and good, for she has a proper self assurance that comes from knowing that he or she belongs in a greater whole and is diminished when others are diminished or humiliated, when others are tortured and oppressed, or treated as if they were less than who they are. We have learnt to say sawubona – we see you. You are in our vision. We acknowledge you. The learners and teachers appreciate and acknowledge the different contributions that people make to our school, which make, it so amazing.

There is much negativity around but, at Riebeek, we strive to be positive. The good behaviour and manners of Riebeek girls is often praised by people of the community. Our school, our community and our country is alive with possibility and we must all embrace ubuntu so that those possibilities can become a reality.

The World Cup allowed people to come together, giving us a common cause and a reason to smile and celebrate. The World Cup was about every person in South Africa and we feel that Riebeek College contributed. It was everyone's individual responsibility to get excited, overjoyed and soccer crazy. We had the power to make the rest of the world feel that for five weeks, South Africa was home. Just like Riebeek is home to its learners and the home of soccer inspired stars. We don't need a reason to celebrate, we celebrate all the time. At Riebeek we have realized that there is no value in being negative and so we believe "Do what you can, with what you have, where you are" (Theodore Roosevelt).