



LITERARY FESTIVAL 2023

Deloitte.

Reimagine Your World



NATIONAL INSTITUTE
OF ALLIED ARTS

Reimagine Your World



2023 ANTHOLOGY

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This is the longest running of the four festivals run by the NIAA. This festival, which is open to students from Grade Two for Form Six and also adults, is designed to inspire candidates to create outstanding pieces of work in the genres of prose and poetry. Each year, the festival culminates in the award of prizes to the best performing students. The Literary Festival 2023 is sponsored by **Deloitte.**



A word after a word
after a word is power.

Margaret Atwood

**Congratulations to the 2023 National Institute of
Allied Arts Literary Festival winners.**



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**LITERARY
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2023**

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Re-imagine Your World

2023 THEME

By Tsitsi Muza | Literary Festival Committee

The aftermath of any global crisis such as a pandemic whilst challenging, gives us an opportunity to rebuild, renew and refocus our energies on new possibilities. It is with this in mind, that I came up with the 2023 Literary Festival syllabus.

In past years we have gradually moved from a prescriptive syllabus to a broader one. This was to encourage more creativity and to challenge our entrants to explore a wider range of genres, themes, styles, and topics. Technological advancements such as the advent of the internet, which has brought about social media platforms and

streaming services mean globalisation is already here, broadening our children's exposure and inducting them with what is becoming an increasingly 'global' culture. Therefore, it is a combination of everyday experiences as well as a 'global' perspective that we were looking to see more of in this year's entries. In addition, innovations such as Artificial Intelligence (AI), is a testament of how the evolution of technology necessarily translates to the evolution of our culture as a human race.

All the above factors have culminated into this year's theme:



'Reimagine Your World'. This theme was a call to all of our entrants to create something new and think outside the box, to contrast their current reality, to the imagined future, whilst expressing their ideals.

With the introduction of new genres of writing such as journalistic articles,

letter writing and flash fiction, we have seen our entrants not only embrace this year's theme, but showcase a broad platter of skills.

We are excited to present the highlight pieces of 2023 in this anthology and invite you to celebrate the talent of our future writers!



2023

JUNIOR LITERARY AWARDS

GRADE 2 PROSE – Winner

Renee Chimbavaira

Bishopslea Preparatory School

GRADE 3 PROSE – Winner

Dinelle Gwatura

Eaglesvale Junior School

GRADE 4 PROSE – Winner

Natalie Taylor

Hellenic Primary School

GRADE 5 PROSE – Winner

Biana Mhembere

Greathood Academy

GRADE 5 POETRY – Winner

Mohammad Shahzad

Whitestone School

GRADE 6 PROSE – Winner

Hannah Buyanga

Springvale House

GRADE 6 POETRY – Winner

Julia Saunders

Musangulo Home School

GRADE 7 PROSE – Winner

Makanakaishe Lusiyano

Bryden Country School

GRADE 7 POETRY – Winner

Kimberly Mudzatsi

Charleston Trust School

TROPHY AWARD – BEST JUNIOR WRITER

Natalie Taylor

Hellenic Primary School





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PICTURED: Literary 2023 - Junior Award Winners



Best Junior Writer 2023
Natalie Taylor



2023

SENIOR LITERARY AWARDS

FORM 1 PROSE – Winner

Busisiwe Ndlovu
Arundel School

FORM 1 POETRY – Winner

Tadiwanashe Buyanga
Girls College

FORM 2 PROSE – Winner

Camille Haskins
Falcon College

FORM 2 POETRY – Winner

Tarirai Guvaza
Arundel School

FORM 3 PROSE – Winner

Mathew Chimwara
Eaglesvale High School

FORM 3 POETRY – Winner

Batsirai Nyawo
Peterhouse

FORM 4 PROSE – Winner

Lily Flett
Southern Lights Trust

FORM 6 PROSE – Winner

Vongai Musarandega
Eaglesvale High School

FORM 6 POETRY – Winner

Chiedza Matsika
Peterhouse

TROPHY AWARD – BEST SENIOR WRITER

Mathew Chimwara
Eaglesvale High School





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PICTURED: Literary 2023 - Senior Award Winners*

**Pictured with the Juniors*



Best Senior Writer 2023
Mathew Chimwara



2023

JUNIOR LITERARY AWARDS

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23 Grade 7 Poetry - Kimberly Mudzatsi



GRADE 2 PROSE - WINNER •

Renee Chimbavaira (Bishopslea Preparatory School)

WRITING PROMPT: "Best Friends"

Once upon a time in Unicorn land there was a girl called Gabby and her best friend a pet unicorn called Lucy. One day they wanted to go to Dreamland to get some rainbow berries for rainbow berry pie but before they went to Dreamland Gabby's Mum said there is an ocean and when people fall in they never come out.

So be careful or else we will never see you again said Gabby's Dad.

Don't worry Mum. Don't worry Dad. Lucy can turn into anything so she can save me if I fall in, explained Gabby and off they went.

Let's split up so we can find the rainbow berries.

When Gabby got to the end of the forest she tripped on a rock and fell in the ocean.

Help! Help! Help!

Gabby is in trouble! Let me fly, shouted Lucy. So she flew to the bridge.

Hold on tight I am coming to save you Gabby. So Lucy flew higher and higher until she got all the way to the clouds.

Then she said the magic words can I please turn into a ribbon she asked nicely to herself and in one minute she turned into a ribbon. She fell lower and lower and lower and finally she softly landed on the bridge.



Renee Chimbavaira (Bishopslea Preparatory School) (continued)

Gabby give me your hand and I will
pull you up.

Then she said the magic words
again. Can I please be stronger and
in one minute she was strong
enough to lift Gabby up.

Thank you Lucy, she said with a big
hug.

Lets go back to finding the rainbow
berries, said Lucy.

They found the rainbow berries in a
tree. Lets shake the tree, said Lucy.

It was like raining rainbow berries.

Lets pick up all the rainbow berries
and put them in the basket. We
finished so lets go back home, said
Lucy. Hop on Gabby, said Lucy and
they both flew back home.

I love you, Lucy said.

I love you too, said Gabby. We are
best friends.



GRADE 3 PROSE - WINNER •

Dinelle Gwatura (Eaglesvale Junior School)

WRITING PROMPT: "My Hero"

A hero is a man who has done something brave or outstanding. My father will always be my hero.

On this horrific Saturday the wind was blowing from all directions birds were singing melodiously in their trees. Our family was happy to go on a day out at the park.

Before we left the house we heard a loud sound from the kitchen. Within seconds the room was covered in flames. Screams and cries from my siblings were heard. We could not find the door to escape because of the smoke.

My father managed to get into the room and carried us out of the fire one by one. He laid us outside. He wrapped us in wet blankets. We screamed because of fear. My father was brave, strong and unselfish on that day. He took hours to put the fire completely under control. He had burns, soot and scratches all over his body. He did all this in order to save us.

My father always puts his family first. He makes sacrifices for our family and our neighbours. I love my hero.



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GRADE 4 PROSE - WINNER & BEST JUNIOR WRITER TROPHY

WINNER • Natalie Taylor (Hellenic Primary School)

WRITING PROMPT: *Re-write your favourite classic fairy - tale.*

Once upon a time there were three squirrels, Milly, Tim and Chelsey, and they lived in the land of Nuts. They loved going on adventures together and of course eating nuts. One day Milly, the youngest squirrel, was looking for some acorns when she looked across the stream and saw dozens of nuts and acorns on the soft, green grass. Milly got her friends Tim and Chelsey, and the three squirrels decided they would go to the other side of the stream to find some nice crunchy nuts.

Chelsey was scared, but Milly said she would go first. Milly was crossing the bridge when it made a dreadful creaking sound. Suddenly someone said, "Who's that, scuttling over my bridge?" Up came a frog, and the

frog was huge! He let out a giant belch and Milly nearly leapt out of her skin. Milly clung to the bridge as she looked down at the terrifying green, slimy frog down below. Before he had a chance to say anything, she shouted out that her bigger, fatter friend was coming along soon, and with her heart racing she scuttled over to the other side to eat a crunchy walnut.

Chelsey saw Milly sitting on the other side surrounded by nuts and delicious nibblers and decided she just had to get across too. She tiptoes across the bridge but nearly fell off the bridge when the giant frog leapt out of the water. In a deep croak the frog asked where she was going? She squeaked out that she going to



see her friend Milly on the other side, but big fat Tim was still coming and that he could eat him instead! Then she raced off to the other side to enjoy a tasty acorn in peace.

Tim was not actually fat, he just had a big bushy tail. He saw his friends gobbling up their nuts and danced across the bridge, dipping his tail in the stream. Suddenly the frog jumped up onto the bridge.

"How are you doing today?" asked Tim. "At last, someone will have a conversation with me!" cried the frog, "I've been waiting all day for a friend to come along!" Tim told Chelsey and Milly not to worry, frogs don't eat squirrels! They all had a great day splashing around in the stream with their new friend, Fred the frog, and eating the tastiest nuts ever found.



GRADE 5 PROSE - WINNER •

Biana Mhembe (Greathood Academy)

WRITING PROMPT: "An imaginary planet"

Among eight planets we know about there exists another planet called Alanta. Alanta is no ordinary planet, it is a planet of Gods and Goddesses. An enchanting world that sparkles with wonder and possibilities. It is a place where imaginations and dreams come true.

Alanta is full of colours shifting and swirling. Alanta has not one but three moons and three suns, each radiantly glowing, casting a magical impression over everything. Alanta is extraordinary, it has exotic flowers that blossom across the forest floor.

In Alanta they are floating islands. The valleys are filled with rivers that sparkle and enchanted waterfalls that flow with bright pink liquid.

Alanta does not have ordinary air but people and animals breathe in a blue mist that smells of roses. If wishes were horses I would love to live on Alanta.

Alanta is extraordinary if I lived on Alanta I would be very happy. Imagine waking up to the soft glow of the gold sun, eating fresh fruit and soft mushrooms everyday. Imagine sleeping to the lullaby of a melodious tune from the forest.

On this most extraordinary planet lives a type of inhabitants called lantos. Every lantos is blissful everyday. A lantos is similar to a human because they have brains, lantos are playful, curious and intelligent creatures with unique



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powers and abilities. Lantos are friendly welcoming creatures who believe in the power of friendship

who believe in the power of friendship and the strength of unity.



GRADE 5 POETRY - WINNER •

Mohammad Shahzad (Whitestone School)

WRITING PROMPT: "The World with a Paradox"

Up is down.
Down is up.
Left is right
Right is left
Black is white
White is black
North is South
South is North.

My world is a paradox
That nobody can understand but I
For my world is paradox
A paradox nobody can understand but I
For I created this world
The world with a paradox.



GRADE 6 PROSE - WINNER •

Hannah Buyanga (Springvale House)

WRITING PROMPT: "Fifth Season"

A brand new different type of season has been discovered by the central part of the Earth. This unexpected season is named lavish. Lavish is a word that means luxurious or grand. The main reason for this season to be called lavish is that people all around Africa have detected that it is snowing which is pleasing to most people who live in the region.

In lavish, the start of the season is a fully moderate season. As soon as you begin entering the middle of the season, everything takes a wild turn. Citizens who live near the coast, see that the oceans are frozen, with an immensely thick layer of ice. Therefore, we all need to collect as many edible sea creatures to eat as we can. We also need to harvest

countless crops. The night-time is very misty, with the moon appearing blurry.

At sunset, the view is breathtaking. The gleaming stars show up earlier than usual, creating a beautiful image of the view. In the morning all the greenery in nature turns blue. The plants don't freeze! Unique icicles settle down under your roof. Scientists have a resolution as to why plants turn blue.

The blue pigment on the plants is a new material meant to be a protective layer for the plants not to die, but we still do not know if it is suitable to eat. New plants are being developed that suit the cold weather. These plants can only be developed in freezing



Hannah Buyanga (Springvale House) (continued)

cold temperatures like this. An average temperature ranges from minus seventeen degrees Celsius to four degrees Celsius. Antarctica has a new record for the coldest temperature ever recorded in history with a hostile temperature of minus eighty four degrees Celsius! Antarctica still acts normal except there are stronger winds and cooler temperatures.

The time for our four other seasons is no longer three months. It has changed to two months with lavish being four months! Others are sad because their favourite season is shorter than expected. Lavish ranges from July to October in Africa. Many animal species hibernate a second time. This new brilliant season is favoured by millions. More facts are expected to come from many different people.



GRADE 6 POETRY - WINNER •

Julia Saunders (Musangulo Home School)

WRITING PROMPT: "What if?"

What if ants were big
And elephants were small?
What if a pig was the biggest of them all?

What if cows had stripes
And zebras gave milk?
What if worms wove cotton instead of silk?

What if giraffes were short
And tortoises were tall?
What if geckoes couldn't climb up the wall?

What if cheetahs were slow
And chameleons were fast?
What if paper straws actually did last!

What if birds only walked
And snakes could fly?
You would see them wriggling in the sky,

Things change all the time,
But I am glad that world is mine!



GRADE 7 PROSE - WINNER •

Makanakaishe Lusiyo (Bryden Country School)

WRITING PROMPT: "The Haunted House"

Charlotte (my friend) and I stared up at the old, double story house. We looked at each other and gulped. I had told her it wasn't a good idea to try and prove to everyone at school that we weren't cowards, because... we were. But here we were standing face to face to the unearthly building. I took a deep breath and sighed heavily. Suddenly, the door creaked open. Charlotte stepped through and led the way as I followed closely behind.

It was pitch black. A faint scent of rotting flesh filled our nostrils. A few rodents ran over our feet making us squeal. "Charlotte, it is not too late to turn back. We don't have to take up this dumb dare," I reminded her but she was so determined she would

not listen. She walked further down into the unholy house. The wooden floor boards whined with every step. Charlotte felt the wall as she went. "If only I could... aha!" she said as she lit up a candle. "Now we can see!" After a few steps we heard crunching beneath our feet which sent shivers down my spine. We shone the candle light at our feet only to find that we had stood on bones... human bones!

We walked down a long passageway and found ourselves at the foot of a staircase. Up we went. The air got dustier the higher up we went. The creak of the stairs echoed endlessly. Once we reached the top we glanced at each other and held each other's hands. We walked through an open



door. The door shut behind us, making me jump.

We were in a large dim room... a bookcase? I was surprised we hadn't had any jump scares yet. Without thinking, Charlotte leant against the bookcase and it spun like those in detective movies. On the other side was a huge, hairy, hideous, demonic beast with wolf-like features. But it was asleep! We stared at it in disgust. Before I could stop her, Charlotte poked the creature's arm and it immediately awoke and it let out a loud screech that made the hairs on the back of my neck stand. It howled at the full moon before looking back at us. It breathed heavily as if it had just run a marathon. Its eyes blood shot red. Drool dripped

from its foaming mouth. We froze in horror. A wave of fear washed over me. I felt weak at the knees.

Charlotte was the first to react. She pulled and we were on the run. The monster chased us, its hot breath hitting our backs. We ran as fast as our legs would carry us. We ran down the stairs and down the main floor. Charlotte slipped and slid into a corner. Tears built up in my eyes and one by one they slowly rolled down my cheeks. I proceeded to the door and tried that handle. It didn't open. It seemed to be locked.

I turned around to face the creature. It was now less than a metre away. I accepted defeat and closed my eyes, my back against the door, as I waited



Makanakaishe Lusiyano (Bryden Country School) (continued)

for the creature to eat me whole. It clawed at me and my life flashed right before my eyes when, blood splashed onto my shirt and the air was suddenly filled with the smell of fresh blood. I looked up and saw a knife stuck through the creature's core before the creature's body fell with a feeble, lifeless thump. I was relieved to see my best friend standing there, a satisfied smile

on her face. She kicked the door open and we ran out the dreadful building.

As soon as we got out we pulled each other into a bear hug. Afterwards we turned to face the building. "We are never going back in there ever again!" I said. Charlotte agreed. We turned our backs to the dwelling and walked home.



GRADE 7 POETRY - WINNER •

Kimberly Mudzatsi (Charleston Trust School)

WRITING PROMPT: "Yes we can"

Re-imagine a world without pain
Where fighting isn't our daily bread
And where love isn't only shared but spread
Oh how happy that world would be

What if we could paint our world red or sky blue?
Or build a world where nature is in our favour
Oh how I wish that world would be true
Where we shine brighter than the sun, with so much fun

Can we make a world that our people can live in?
Where we can open our eyes to see the bright sun shine
Or spend our days on waters and in clear skies
And go to sleep without being traumatized by a fight

So sad how the sounds of sorrow are heard daily
And pain and death are spread rapidly
But I believe that the world could be different
even if it won't be this instant

So lets create a world where girls can bloom freely
And where boys can sing sweetly
And where we are all amused
By the sweet breeze and how its being used.



2023

SENIOR LITERARY AWARDS

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FORM 1 PROSE - WINNER •
Busisiwe Ndlovu (Arundel School)

WRITING PROMPT: "An appetite for a new world"

The appetiser is served on a silver platter. One bite in and you already feeling yourself fighting for your life as a world of flavor is opened before your eyes. Your growing appetite blinds you from the slow acting poison now flowing through your blood. Can you control your gluttony or will your gluttony control you?

The days dawned with birds singing and flowers dancing in the breeze as a girl in her youth named Zoe enjoyed her days on Earth. She had always been fond of nature ever since she was a small toddler. The evergreen grass and leaves, the colourful flowers and the lively animals always brought her peace and comfort.

Zoe had a mini garden in the backyard of her home which her parents put her in charge of. She grew all kinds of flora that includes flowers, shrubs, cacti and even a few berry bushes. Once the berries ripened, she would pluck them out and share them among her lovely family and friends who would enjoy them and delight at their sweetness as if it mimicked that of the one that grew them.

As the days went by she began to hear her friends and some people from the crowds that surround her chatter more frequently about social media and digital world. She did not bother herself with such things as she enjoyed the natural environment



Busisiwe Ndlovu (Arundel School) (continued)

so much. But as the days went by, the conversation only grew in frequency till she could not bear to be silent as her friends laughed along together.

The very night of the realisation, she sat behind her laptop and stared as a foreboding dread began to lurk in her room. Turning on the computer did not feel as simple as it normally was. It felt like she was signing a contract written in an illegible language with no interpreter to assist. Then at last, it was on and she began her investigations.

Seconds turned to minutes turned to hours as she was lost in her so called 'investigation' of the digital world. Before she knew it was midnight. The realisation hit her like an arrow

to its target yet there was still an underlying yearning for more. Her hunger to understand this new world only grew as her night was restless, used up by thinking of what more she could find.

More days of boundless proclaimed 'investigation' went by and Zoe began to change. She was rarely seen off a screen and just as rarely interacted with. Her relatives became more distant from her. She barely spoke with the friends she originally wanted to get closer to and her garden began to wither.

Zoe's world began to shake in the blind spot of her eyes, created by the alluring now enclosed in. Her ears too deafened to hear the laughs of



malice coming from behind the screen. Her nose unable to smell the smoke of the fire burning her values to ash. Her taste buds deprived from tasting the poison in what the new world is feeding her. Numb to the heat of the flames burning her real world.

The rabbit hole of addiction is deeper than it seems. If you manage to control your gluttony and you come across the same alluring scent but stronger, will you be able to resist the urges to dive in the hole it is coming from or will you yearn the taste of your new found world?



FORM 1 POETRY - WINNER •

Tadiwanashe Buyanga (Girls College)

WRITING PROMPT: "My ideal world"

Reimagine your world so bright so new,
A place filled with wonder, where dreams, come true.
Where the sun always shines and the skies are so blue.
And the world is a canvas for you to pursue.

Reimagine your world with colours so bold,
Where stories are written and adventures unfold.
Where the mountains are high and valleys are low,
And the rivers run deep, with a straight flow.

Reimagine your world with love all around,
Where kindness and compassion are always found.
Where people come together to lend a helping hand,
And everyone's voice heard across the land.

Reimagine your world with hope in your heart,
Where tomorrow is bright, right from the start.
Where anything's possible if you just believe,
And your dreams can take flight and you can achieve.



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So close your eyes, and let your mind soar
And reimagine your world, like never before.
For the power is yours to create and to see,
a world that's filled with endless possibility.



FORM 2 PROSE - WINNER •
Camille Haskins (Falcon College)

WRITING PROMPT: "The Inbetween"

The light breeze flew past my ear, whistling. Amber sunrays shone against my face. Warmth, freedom, heaven. Those are the words I'd use to describe this unimaginable scenery. The scent of lavender swished passed my nose. My bare feet sunk into the soft earth, surrounded by miles of green fields splattered with chunks of light purple.

Before the pit in my stomach grew deep enough for me to realise why I was here all alone, I could only think how much I wanted stay here, forever and ever. To have this feeling of no worries in the world to go on for eternity. To walk through this endless beauty.

Although this fantasy did not last long. The sky grew dark and the air

turned cold, sending shivers through the entire body. Clouds swarmed through the sky, racing to cover every inch of light and warmth the sun let out. Instead of the wind whistling calmly, it howled ferociously, arguing with the roaring thunder.

My feet sunk deeper and deeper into the now thick, muddy ground, pulling me further down. My lungs tightened as my chest was being sucked through the cream like liquid. I can't breathe. I can't breathe! I can't...

My eyes flicked open and I gasped for air.

"It was just a dream, Rylee. Don't worry." I heard my half conscious



mind tell me. But if it was just a dream, why can I not still breathe? Why is my chest still closed?

Panic overtook me and although my body wouldn't let me speak or move a muscle, I begged from the inside that I would be allowed to have at least one more breathe.

My vision still blurred I could see faint red lights flashing toward me. Tar, I think too. Chunks of shattered glass lay scattered on the ice cold, rough ground all around me. In the reflection of the broken rear-view mirror, blood pooled beside me, and just like the glass had shattered, so had any anticipation that all would be okay. Are these my last moments before the stillness of my heart

indicates my time of death? I hope I end up in that lavender field.

"I need a doctor over here!"

"Here, here! What happened?"

"Thirteen year old, Rylee Kincaid, car crash on the highway. Only one still alive, showing signs of collapsed lungs. Take her into surgery now!"

I could hear them, faintly. I didn't know if I wanted to though. A guilty part of me wanted it to be over. To go back into the field and stand there forever. Have the warmth from the sun, the tickling feeling of my hair blowing in the wind. I was in pain and I didn't want to be in it anymore.

"She is in surgery right now, the doctors are doing everything they can."



Camille Haskins (Falcon College) (continued)

"Please, please. You have to save her!" Aunt Jenna begged.

I could hear her cries, but for some reason, it didn't make me try harder to stay alive. I was done fighting.

"We did everything we could ma'am. It wouldn't have made a difference if you found her earlier. She is in a coma and we don't have a definite answer of when she'll wake up. I am so sorry." The doctor said sympathetically.

But I just didn't know that yet.

A familiar feeling crawled through me. The warmth, freedom, heavenly feeling. Was this it?

"Heaven I guess." I said aloud.

"No not exactly."

A strange voice spoke with sadness and sympathy. I jumped, startled.

"You are in," the voice hesitated. "the 'inbetween'."

I felt my heart thud rapidly against my ribcage as if it was trying to escape. There is no one here. I am alone, deserted in the middle of nowhere. Who is speaking to me?

"You are alive in the real world, but barely." The real world? Where am I, if not in the real world? My voice shaking, I managed to say, "What?"

"Something must have happened to you in reality. An accident, sickness perhaps."



As much as I didn't want to believe it, my gut told me to, although I couldn't remember anything.

I was like a newly born baby entering the world with no memories.

"While you're here, let me show you around." the voice said, only the slight bit more cheerful. I chuckled, looking out at the acres of plain empty fields, when I felt a force shove me forward. I caught myself on the ground with my hands. Rock?

My fingers clenched into a moist, dirty rock, covered by a blanket of lime coloured moss. I set my gaze up astonished by the view ahead of me. Fresh, clear water showered on top

of me. I inhaled the sweet scent of rain, calming my nerves. The sound of the water pouring thunderously down, along with the bird hymns filled my ears. Small streams of water manoeuvred its way through the boulder like rocks. How is this possible?

"Imagination." Whispered the voice, like it was right next to me, also mesmerized by the scenery, "Close your eyes and just think. Just imagine."

I squinted my eyes closed and let my thoughts race through my mind. Now it didn't feel as forced as I felt my body swiftly lean forward and to stop myself from crashing down, I pulled my leg forward to balance my weight. Impossible!



Camille Haskins (Falcon College) (continued)

A white fluffy blanket spread around the edges of my foot. Trees made of sage coloured cloud sprouted from the ground, towering over me. The light streaked through the gaps in the canopy, making my vision misty green. Unbelievable!

"Again!" the voice shouted. I squeezed my eyes closed and imagined. Dinosaurs roamed the open land and dodo birds soared through the clear blue sky, screeching at one another.

A massive shadow towered over me, stiffening my body of fright. Relief came over me when I saw two baby mammoths teasing each other and playing, like they have no worries in the world. Like how I feel now.

I clenched my eyes shut, over and over again, teleporting from world to world. It made me feel somewhat powerful. I went from spending my day touring the underwaters with huge yet peaceful blue whales, to lying in a meadow of sunflowers at night, staring at fire flies buzz through the darkness, wrapped in a cloak of freshly grown cotton.

I even spent a week in an unthinkable place, talking to the creatures that inhabited the area and taking sunset strolls on the lilypads with the jacarandas, gazing out at the perfectly still water that created a reflection of the warm, ombre sky.

As I was leaving the world of my kingdom in the sky, a familiar voice spoke, "It is time now."



An irritated feeling grew over me as I asked what he meant.

"You have to go back to reality now." I had forgotten all about that.

Forgotten how I even ended up here and what my life really was. Should I feel guilty for not wanting to know and not wanting to go back?

Reading my mind, the voice spoke again. "I found out what happened to you." His voice sympathetic again. "You were in a car accident with your parents on the way back from your camping trip. It was a hit and run, Fortunately, your aunt found you. Right now, she is sitting by your hospital bed while you're in –." he stopped. "A coma."

A hot tear rolled down my cheek, when I thought of the only possible thing that could've happened to my parents.

Reading my mind once again, the voice replied, "I'm sorry."

I breathed in shakily, "Why did you have to do that to me?" my voice cracked as I started to cry. Tears streamed through the creases on my face. "I was happy. You ruined it, you ruined everything!"

I felt that same feeling of my heart trying to break through my ribcage, beating rapidly. My cheeks turned blood face and my face felt like a boiling kettle.



Camille Haskins (Falcon College) (continued)

"It is time to back." He said.

"I will not go back! There is nothing left for me, no family, no nothing!" I screamed coldly.

Blocking out the persuasive, barborative words of the mysterious voice and ignoring the fact that I just referred to my aunt Jenna as nothing, a welcoming bright light caught my eye.

"Don't do it!" I heard the voice say, irritated.

I pushed the guilt of leaving Aunt Jenna behind without saying goodbye out of my mind, as I sprinted toward the light, trying to think of all the good things that will be on the other side. I mean, it's heaven right?

Darkness, despair, disbelief, those are the words I'd use to describe this moment. As my thoughts turned into nothing. I heard the sound of a long beep and the faint sobs of aunt Jenna. As I let out a sigh, my heart beat one last time.



FORM 2 POETRY - WINNER •

Tarirai Guvaza (Arundel School)

WRITING PROMPT: "Reimagine"

Re-imagine your world, oh what a thought.
To take what is and turn it into what ought.
To be true, to be better, to be grand.
To shape the world with our own hand.

Start with the sky, so vast and wide.
Let the clouds dance and the birds glide.
Paint it with colours, bright and bold.
Make it canvas for stories untold.

The trees, oh the trees, let them grow tall.
Their leaves rustling with a gentle call.
A home for the birds and squirrels too.
A wonderland for the likes of me and you.

The oceans, so vast, so deep, so blue.
A place of mystery, so much to pursue.
Let the whales sing and dolphins play.
a world of wonder, that's where we'll stay.



Tarirai Guvaza (Arundel School) (continued)

The cities bustling with life and sound.
Let them be a place where dreams are found.
Cleaner air, friendlier streets, a sense of community.
A world of possibilities, that's where we'll be.

Reimagine your world, let your mind soar.
To a place where there's always more.
A world of beauty, a world of peace.
A world where love and kindness never cease.

Reimagine a place.
Where equality takes the lead race.
Where justice prevails.
And no one ever fails.

Imagine a place.
Where happiness is a human race.
Where smiles light up the sky.
And laughter never dies.



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So let us dream, let us create.
A world where all can live and thrive.
A world where we all can survive.

Reimagine the world.
Let it take flight.
Let your heart guide you towards what's right.
For a better world, for you and me.
A world where we all can be free.



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FORM 3 PROSE - WINNER & BEST SENIOR WRITER TROPHY
WINNER • Mathew Chimwara (Eaglesvale High School)

WRITING PROMPT: "Archives of the common beast"

Trees loomed over behind it, setting the stage for such an epic event. It was in the shadows cast by the trees, with the sun as its backlight, spotlighting its whimpering victim, with a small patch of sunlight in the altogether cool green darkness that was the forest. The bear cub, vexed and agitated, froze where it was as the sticky red paws of the fox leapt towards it for the next, a final blow. Just as the first claw grazed the cub's fur, a thunderous bash on the fox's head, from the side, set off a foul ringing inside its head. The assailant came forth from the darkness with enraged eyes, fixed on the fox, then, with an emergent suddenness, on the cub. Receding into the trees, the dark brown mass carried its wounded offspring to safety, far from the plunderous scum.

Disoriented the fox arose minutes later staggeringly making its way to its cave, merely by instinct, as any other sort of logic and reasoning had been knocked out by the stunning blow. Upon arrival, it fell to the ground with a flop, unsettling the dust, as it entered a deep sleep. It was a glorious specimen of beast. Its deep vermilion fur glimmered in the moonlight penetrating the cave late into the night. Like a carefully put together piece of art, with each stroke as significant as the other, the fox had white hind and front paws, as well as a stroke of white as well, at the very tip of its puffy tail. As of now, its white front paws were tinged crimson with blood, a state in which they were in so frequently that it began to stain them, robbing them



of their pure white sheen; left with dull reddish splotches. Sharply outlined were the ears, with the black that edged them, contrasting the vivid orange-red of the fur.

At dawn, as the sun greeted the horizon, these ears twitched, then pricked up as if autonomous and completely detached from the body that was stretched out on the cave's dusty, rock floor. Now up an active leaning back and forth to stretch, the fox lifted its muzzle, throwing open its mouth to reveal enormous razor sharp fangs, far from white, but magnificent nonetheless. The tools of mass destruction that, together with its claws, had struck the final casket nail of so many of the animals that dared even make their presence

known to it. So often did his deadly arsenal dig into the flesh of innocent, unsuspecting animals, that if this fox had a name, its name would be "Red Paw", whose mitts forever told tales of his exploits, with the paint of their agony coloured on his fur, and their tormented shrieks etched in his teeth. This shall be his name henceforth, for a more befitting name has never existed for an animal, and never may.

Revered as he was however, hailed as a hunter of worthy recognition, his stature, albeit impressive for a fox, was meagre compared to the hulks that dragged themselves boastfully through the forest. These beasts laid claim over even the majestic reindeer and they bounded through the thicket as the apex predators they were,



Mathew Chimwara (Eaglesvale High School) (continued)

silently claiming every inch of it. The wolves, the bears; in his pride, he hated them all. In all of this however, he knew his place and was satisfied. However, bringing that bear cub to the precipice of death, was an experience he oddly savoured. Red paw revelled pathetically in the superiority he felt in the superiority he felt in those few moments, and the dull zing in his head served as a bittersweet reminder. It was a foolish decision, acted upon on a whim, and it cost him, but the satisfaction of it overshadowed every pang of pain that now came in every other hour from his recently pummelled head. Memory of the experience fogged however; all carried away like dust in the wind, just like the axe to the tree, it was not a fox's role to remember, but the thrill it lived on.

Red Paw was hungry now: a condition he understood well, much to the dismay of any animal that would wish to keep its life. His stomach tightened and turned loose, coming up against itself in internal conflict, ultimately leaving him the victim. He could bear the tumultuous churn no longer. As foxes usually do, he could have eaten any of the miscellaneous berries and fruits, whose mesmerising colours graduated from the deepest violet to the brightest yellow, tempting even those animals that could eat no such food. Littered all over the forest, they laid, ready for the picking, but what he craved, constantly, was flesh: Red Paw crawled lightly among the trees, with the only sound being that of grass blades crumpling at his every step. Highlighted by soft orange



morning sun, the multicoloured fruits lined his path within stout bushes at the feet of the colossal trees. Paying no heed to them, Red Paw knew what he wanted. On the other side of the wood, where the grass lost its green hue, turning golden from exposure to the harsh sun, his keen eyes spotted a burrow as they lit up, bright and piercing; marked by the intent to kill. Ears slicked back, his body lowered deep into the grass, giving him the cover he needed, almost completely imperceptible. A few minutes in, a small grey-streaked white rabbit appeared with eyes zipping back and forth frantically in an anxious attempt to ensure the safety of the surroundings. Just then, the fox pounced upon it, sparing no second, leaping from its hiding

place, and digging into the tiny being, with both claws and teeth, impaling as mouth and paws turned crimson. In its dying moments, the creature squirmed and squealed. Its heart rate increased, beating like a metronome at high tempo, as if the beat of Red Paws murderous song. An ominous sound, blown into the air, slowly dying, and fading out along with all the life once in the rabbit; with this, it drew its last breath. Red Paw buried his teeth into its warm flesh, reducing it to nothing in a matter of seconds.

Now trotting to the stream mindlessly, although hunger satiated, the fox felt a vague emptiness within the chambers of its chest. The shots of adrenaline receded, along with the



Mathew Chimwara (Eaglesvale High School) (continued)

chaotic frenzy that had filled his eyes during his ruthless massacre of the innocent victim. Constantly he felt this. Outside of hunting, eating and sleeping, Red Paw's life was vacant. A deep-seated ambition of his being to fill this emptiness. Slaving under a master that would never set him free, he only ever felt whole momentarily. Paying no attention to this feeling whatsoever, paws shuffled forward in a determined daze, nonetheless.

The water rustled past the rocks, forming miniature rapids enviously emulating the crashing waves of the magnificent rivers it fed into. Finally, Red Paw stood sturdily by the stream lowering his head, he lapped up gallons of water, his tongue contorting with invisible swiftness to form a

reliable cup. Quenched, the fox looked into the pool of water his reflection shifting in the gently rushing current. In his gaze, for a millisecond, as the blood from his paws and mouth gathered in the stream, he saw his image, dancing with the water, perfectly overlayed on a pool of pale, diluted blood. The fox's heart skipped a beat, with the waters cleansing him of the remnants of his vile escapade, carrying them to an unknown end. He considered the pain of his victim as the life had been so violently grabbed from it. For once, he recognised the existence of more than just himself. Pain struck him once again, loud as a church bell's music, banging against the walls of his skull.



Pictures and motions unearthed themselves from the grave of the past, playing in his mind against his will. They lurched forth from the recesses of his mind, evoked by what seemed pure happenstance. It was his brother. They were scavenging together under a pale yellow, sunset sky. What had first been gathering, had turned into a hunt, as per Red Paw's insistent demand. They were going to kill something instead, according to him. Red Paw's brother objected, it was unnecessary; cruelty that could be gone without. To this defiance, he received a slash across the face, splitting his skin, open, scarring him. This was the first stain on Red Paw's cotton-white paws, and although invisible upon his face, a storm arose from within, lamenting

what he had done to his brother, but buried inside, deep, by callous inclinations. His brother fled, much to Red Paw's seemingly nonchalant response, immediately seizing a rock rabbit with more ease than he expected, as his brother ran. The fox's agonising vision floated away. Red Paw had barely remembered having such an experience in the first place. Resultantly, beneath all the belligerence that rested in his shallow psyche, hope sprang through like a rose in a field of stones and boulders. He hoped that his brother, wherever he may have been, had never folded, but kept far from Red Paw's sort of existence. With this, the last of the sharp pangs of pain came down on the fox like a boulder on a dry, aged skull,



Mathew Chimwara (Eaglesvale High School) (continued)

sounding the bell's final toll.
Vultures swept across its body
that very afternoon, greedily
leaving nothing but bones.

**A re-imagination of my world:
with people in the form of animals**

The fox in the story is a depiction of man. It is meant to portray the animalistic nature of humans, as they yield to such things as lust, chasing senseless, and empty pleasure, effectively hurting themselves and those around them.



FORM 3 POETRY - WINNER •

Batsirai Nyawo (Peterhouse)

WRITING PROMPT: *"The Realm of Secrets"*

In a world uncharted, where shadows dance,
A reality of oddities, given a chance,
The sky a canvas of swirling hues,
and the grass a carpet of vibrant blues.

Creatures of the night, with laughter abound,
Their twisted grins a sight to confound,
The trees, they whisper secrets untold,
With leaves of silver and bark of gold

A river of dreams, where nightmares swim,
Its waters dark and its surface grim,
Yet in this chaos, a spark of light,
A beacon of hope, in the endless night.

The sun a jester, with a fiery crown
And the moon, a queen, in a starry gown
Together they dance in cosmic waltz
As the world below in madness exalts



Batsirai Nyawo (Peterhouse) (continued)

In your world of mysteries and events untold,
Here is my world they thrive and unfold,
No need to be worried or ever so scared,
For nothing in my world has ever known death

So come, dear traveller, and join the fray
In the new world, where darkness holds sway,
Embrace the madness, the humour, the fun
For in this realm, a new life begun.



FORM 4 PROSE - WINNER •

Lily Flett (Southern Lights Trust)

WRITING PROMPT: “Eyes of Blinding sights”

My room is drained of light causing one's mind to close in and drain of excitement and willpower to do anything. I enjoy playing with light's threads that cross through my window and fall to the floor, tapestries of gold, sometimes sparkling with hints of all colours. Screaming honking cars, with their brakes screeching, and kitchen timers set off to attack my ears like stinging poisoned arrows might to an innocent animal repose.

Though today I do not weave with the magic threads of light. I lie on my umber tweed floor, with both my palms faces planted against the wood floor. Mini tickles from the wood shoot little shivers up and down my column of vertebrae, having me shake slightly in my whole body. I see the micro fibres of the wood like

multiple strands of fate, with empty space in between the many bundles, all connecting together in one way or another to each other. Memories of when I was younger come back to me while staring into this live micro feed. Remembering falling in rabbit holes, feet getting stuck between rocks, gutters, roots and grass runner cords. Stubbing, smashing, breaking, banging, occurring all because I was caught by captivating abnormalities of this world I see, feel and touch.

Sitting beside me is the open banana gram packet I was given from my close neighbour, Quaich, for my twentieth birthday. He said the best way to start a new chapter is with one word you create, made up or real doesn't matter, just that it's there signifies



Lily Flett (Southern Lights Trust) (continued)

you, right now, in this present moment. I said he sounds like my grandma trying to simplify one of our deep talks in one unforgettable phrase. He came back with, I'm your age, Socrates! And we babbled together until the very end of our tea with chocolate cake.

When he left, after an awkward 'not sure if we should hug' moment at the door and opting to handshake like businessmen, I saw a glow to him I had not before when he knocked on my old English door, with flower patterned glass, in the middle of that day. I waved to him as he walked down my concrete pathway, he waved back with a closed lip smile. After I shut my door and collapsed to the floor. My hands to my ears in

anguish, my teeth crunching and cracking together. A ringing in my ears reverberating through my head. I have had these sudden attacks on my body for the last months, but today my body was close to throwing in the towel for this sight.

Fiddling with the square pieces, sifting them between my fingers. I trace the engraving of each letter in my hand, slowly seeing the story behind each letter's curve, straight and bend. The backstage vision of what is, what was, how it sounded then to now, why it sounded what it did and does, and all in between those century long gaps of thought and ideas for these linguistic tools appear to me as clear as fresh water from a spring well.



Banana grams guzzles my whole afternoon away, and digests it while it sleeps into the night. In the process of banana grams, my stomach rumbles its complaints echoing them through its whole empty cave, demanding its gold to be restored, like Smaug from the Hobbit. Though in my case, my gold is a chicken wrap covered in purple beetroot hummus, basil, crisp, crisp water lettuce, a freshly fried halloumi that squeaks when you bite your teeth into it.

I slide my hands through the banana gram, witness each letter's story one last time then proceed to stand up, head out of my room to the hall. A long ancient, Persian rug my mother has loved since picking it out, on one of the holidays to some exotic

paradise in a flea market drapes over the hallway's tweed floor. We (meaning my mum) have accentuated the importance that its structure and form be untouched (meaning she has not washed it completely since it arrived in our mingy house!) not to say I do not love the poor rug, I do deep down. But confessing that would mean accepting that it is three weeks into living with us with no wash and that is ridiculously unsanitary!

At the end of the carpeted hall is a quaint vintage coat hanger that depicts vines or overgrown flora in its smooth curves and form of leaves. I grab my red beanie and yellow Paddington rain jacket, and head out to satisfy my one burning craving of a chicken wrap.



Lily Flett (Southern Lights Trust) (continued)

The weather this late afternoon is as it has been all day, moody and clouded with puffed grey cheeks, that have now exhaled their breath as water upon our small town cove in between two folded rocky mountains. Putting on my knee high gumboots, I hear the patting footsteps of the rain on the pavement. I smell the rebirth of the air as it takes a sip of rain to hydrate itself in the brittle, dry winter. The clouds thicken as more come to join the dance to convey the atmosphere's relief and celebration for this refreshing treat. Traversing through the streets is silent and calming, not over stimulating and as sweaty as usual, another welcomed refresher for the day. I spot my target and it is as red as a trubadors cloth.

Nandos red glowing sign is instantly recognisable. I am drawn to their spicy chicken smells, like a fish is to a thick worm. Ground roots, leaves, flowers, all combining together to sculpt the warm spices wafting through the air for all passers to drink in. The doors are wide open and greeting behind the counter is an African woman with a traditional vibrant headdress. The headdress...

I dive entirely too quickly into the sight of the woman's headdress.

I see people dancing around a wildfire, raptured in the accomplishments of themselves and their community. Woman clucking and singing melodies of pride for their home and the life they live. Men's feet beating the



ground in time with the woman and children singing, this fully sounds their unity and ties to one another.

Still standing there, frozen like a deer facing headlights, I get a small sensation of threads through my socks. Small roots fixing me still, meandering through the gaps between the concrete below and latching onto the ground as soon as it's found. I break out of the trance, shaking my head to let go of the intense and intimate past of such 'simple' accessory. I'm ready to go inside when... a root appears curving over my foot. A thick tree root conjures into existence, constricting its thin branch arms around my heel. I move my foot back to get over the arch, but it moves with my foot, breaking

the shiny concrete slope of the Nando's restaurant. I move my foot yet again, but the root moves with me and flops fully onto my foot, strengthening its grasp on my leg. I'm panicking now.

The root constricts itself around my foot tighter the more I struggle out of its grasp. Many roots climb to the surface, following the suit of their humongous leader. These little roots creep up my leg and cover over my whole body cradling me like a mother would a new-born baby. I'm hyperventilating continuously as this ground absorbs my entire self. The smaller roots stick to my face and weave over my eyelashes and face. The roots keep multiplying and run over me, layering a cocoon. I feel a



Lily Flett (Southern Lights Trust) (continued)

shuddering pull downward. Noises of crumbling concrete shoot to my ears and I feel my feet being crushed, pulsating with pain of the pressure of being the tip of an arrow penetrating the hard shell of concrete. My cocoon and I sink deeper into the earth, brown soil and tiny rocks fall through the microscopic gaps between the intertwined roots. The red lights of Nandos glow above, until there is another source of light draping over my eyes, shushing me into a new species of sleep I have never visited.

Explanatory note from author

I'm a dormant volcano, here in the ground yet not participating much. I would like to be exploding my lava, releasing my folded limbs from this cage, and marking my soul to this past world. My journey was just beginning but now it can only stand still, a fruit tree with no prospect and amelioration to fruit at all. I grow my roots here, eyes closed and resolved. I'm here in the soil, a deadly place, from start to end of all my breaths. After all, I did venture to satisfy my one true craving, a chicken wrap lather in purple beetroot humus, fresh basil from my garden, and salted halloumi that squeaks when you bite into it.



FORM 6 PROSE - WINNER •

Vongai Musarandega (Eaglesvale High School)

WRITING PROMPT: *"Spring time sinuses"*

The sun smiled brightly over the grassy Glasgow mountains, warming the frozen ground with its countenance. Young goats leapt and frolicked along the hills, grazing on tall blades of green grass and the brightly blossoming wildflowers. The birds chirped a happy tune, contently basking in the warm sun. Ever promiscuous, the bees traipsed from one lover to the next, charming every one with fleeting interests. Like a symphony tying together the dawning of springtime, a racquetous sneeze disturbed the still air.

I rested my head on the cool surface of my desk, begging the powers that be to rescue me from my misery, to no avail. Another screech ripped its way through my throat eliciting giggles from my classmates.

I scrunched my eyes closed, to shield myself from Mr Bigsby's stern glare. As it turned out, I did not need my sight to feel the scalding heat of his penetrating gaze.

"Perhaps you ought to take your illness outside," he boomed, his tone leaving no room for discussion. Ignoring the sniggers of my dim-witted classmates, I gathered my wits about me, and with as much pride and confidence as I could muster, stood. Steady breaths in and out of my lungs kept the sneezing at bay, for a short while. With out notice, my lips emitted a series of heinous screams. Bouts of laughter erupted from my classmates, and pierced through the remaining shards of my dignity. Mortified, I scurried out of



Vongai Musarandega (Eaglesvale High School) (continued)

the class and into the welcoming arms of the quaint bathroom.

Bloodshot eyes stared at me across the mirror, hovering over tear-stained cheeks. My red nose, clogged, inflamed and leaking began tingling once more. I groaned and shut my eyes before a series of loud, unceremonious screeches escaped my lips. My eyes peeled open, early enough to spot a girl shuffle as far from me as possible, unbridled disgust marring her features.

Self-consciously, I patted the long, blonde tresses of hair that, having been jostled and tussled out of a tight ponytail, stuck to my sweaty forehead. Huffing a frustrated breath,

I tugged a roll of paper towels and dabbed them across my damp forehead. A muffled cry of vexation escaped my lips, and I tossed the used paper towels in the bin. There was no redeeming my haggard appearance. It occurred to me, whilst blowing my nose, that I was dreading my return to Mr Briggsby's classroom. Once my nose was clean as a whistle, I stepped out into the warm spring air, pregnant with the sweet fragrance of roses.

I made my way towards a wooded arbour bench, inconveniently located within a field of roses. On either side of the arbour, vines adorned with small purple blooms snaked around stark white panels of wood. Sense hydrangea bushes behind the bench



grew tall and imposing, shielding the bench from prying eyes. Tentatively, I sat on the bench and rested my heavy head on one side of the arbour. A sneeze clawed its way out of me, slamming my head against the hard wood. Desperate to escape its sad existence, my eyes closed of their own accord.

In a spark of vehement poison, I cured the spring time and its attention craving flowers, that with revolting lewdness, flaunted the soft curves of their bright petals. I wished the soft grass would flatten, melt and large into concrete pavements. If only the trees, tall and imposing would shed their leaves, coil and twist together to form ground skyscrapers, with glistening glass walls. I wished that

the buzz of the bees would be replaced by the mechanical whirr of drones, and the dusty, winding paths forged around the mountains and through valleys be cemented by black and sticky tar.

Stuck in a daydreaming trance, I dreamt of clean air, free from the clutches of pollen. I dreamt of long walks in the park, rolling in the grass with my siblings. I dreamt of flower-free weddings, brightened and ornamented by the enduring love of the wedded couple, and bubbling joy of the celebrating families. I dreamt of long Easter afternoons sipping tea on white wooden tables and crawling into bushes to find chocolatey goodness hidden in pastel and gold orbs.



Vongai Musarandega (Eaglesvale High School) (continued)

A dandelion fluttered in the wind, reminding me of my unfortunate calamity. Wistfully, I stared at the hydrangeas behind me, wishing I could immerse my nose in their overwhelming scent, but not daring to. My eyes skimmed over mother nature's glorious creations, planted in this enchanted garden. I took in greedily every petal, every leaf, every stalk and blade, longing to touch them. I longed to hold these blooms, to wear springs gifts to the world like a crown on my head. Alas, I could not, for my sinuses held on to a life-long grudge against pollen.

How I longed to be a part of the bees buzzing from one flower to the next, drinking from their sweet nectar, and basking in the silky softness of their

petals. If only I were a butterfly prancing and frolicking over the bright petals, whose colour would compliment my own shiny wings. I would even trade places with my grandmother's mule, that, after a long day's work, lain amongst the flowers, tearing them from their stalks and feasting on their delicate sweetness.

Alas, I was a girl with a sensitive nose, and a mild allergy to pollen. Spring would always be the bane of my existence. Trapped within the brick walls of my home, I was doomed to watch, with my forehead rested on glass panels, as my siblings rolled around in the grass, and wish I could be one of them.



The shrill bell snapped me out of my
wistful thinking. Sneezing once more,
for good measure, I stood from the

arbour and headed towards my next
lesson, Botany.



FORM 6 POETRY - WINNER •

Chiedza Matsika (Peterhouse)

WRITING PROMPT: "My Utopia"

In my world reimagined, skies are pink and gold,
And the sun sets in a symphony at light,
Mountains rise up like ancient stories told,
And the stars dance in the heavens at night.

And the stars dance in the heavens at night.
As the moon casts a spell upon the land,
And the stars dance in the heaven at night,
Guiding me with their celestial hand.

As the moon casts a spell upon the land,
Flowers bloom in a riot of colour and scent,
Guiding me with their celestial hand,
As I wonder through this new world, content.

Flowers bloom in a riot of colour and scent,
And the air is perfumed with sweet perfume,
As I wander through this new world, content,
With every step, I feel my heart resume.



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And the air is scented with sweet perfume,
Mountains rise up like ancient stories told,
With every step, I feel my heart resume
In my world re-imagined, skies are pink and gold.



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