



LITERARY FESTIVAL 2024



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We are the Wild

We are the Wild



NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ALLIED ARTS

2024 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 to 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 2024 is sponsored by **Axcentium**.



NIAA Official Media Partner 2024



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The picture
alone, without
the written word,
leaves half the
story untold.

James Lafferty

**Congratulations to the
2024 National Institute
of Allied Arts Literary
Festival winners.**



LITERARY FESTIVAL 2024



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We are the Wild

2024 THEME

Jacqui Grierson | Literary Festival Director

This year's theme was "***We are the Wild***". This theme was intended to engender some wider-ranging ideas and creative content with the view of being more inclusive to different writing skills and generate awareness of different writing genres beyond the traditional fare of narrative and descriptive writing. As technical as that may sound – the goal was to encourage openness and a desire to explore beyond comfort zones and limitations.

Evolving the syllabus is a process that takes time and is achieved over time as well. This year we've made a start by:

- having a ***theme*** instead of set titles and thus opening the way to more varied creativity and interpretation; and
- introducing new genres in keeping with modern literary trends.

Last year we introduced Flash Fiction and Journalistic Writing as specific recognizable prose genres, and this year we continued to concentrate on those areas *as well as* narrative and descriptive writing with the hope that this would widen the options for our young writers. This goal includes the poetry section where we were encouraging our young



bards to venture away from the formal to explore the *informal* poetry genres.

“We are the Wild” is a theme that facilitated an encouraging response from our young writers and overall, our keenness for our entrants to explore different themes, topics, genres and styles was answered above and beyond.

The theme challenged them to venture beyond their own personal

experiences and by them following through, they have provided an extraordinary glimpse into a world of the possible and impossible, the real and the not real, the tangible and the could-be.

We thank every entrant to this year’s festival and we are supremely honoured to present the highlight pieces of the 2024 NIAA Literary Festival.

Enjoy!



2024

JUNIOR LITERARY AWARDS

GRADE 2 PROSE – Winner

Jayden Hundivenga

Murray MacDougal School

GRADE 3 PROSE – Winner

Christobel Magodo

Penhalanga Preparatory School

GRADE 4 PROSE – Winner

Brendon Gongga

Charleston Trust School

GRADE 5 PROSE – Winner

Tashinga Matizha

The Grange Christian

GRADE 5 POETRY – Winner

Aishi Naik

Hellenic Primary

TROPHY AWARD – BEST JUNIOR WRITER

Christopher Saunders

Springvale House



GRADE 6 PROSE – Winner

Ryan Mundende

Goldridge Primary

GRADE 6 POETRY – Winner

Christopher Saunders

Springvale House

GRADE 7 PROSE – Winner

Amara King

Whitestone

GRADE 7 POETRY – Winner

Sasha Magaah

Hippo Valley Estates Primary



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PICTURED: Literary 2024 - Junior Award Winners



*Best Junior Writer 2024
Christopher Saunders*



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2024

SENIOR LITERARY AWARDS

FORM 1 PROSE – Winner

Jemimah Durham

Peterhouse Girls

FORM 1 POETRY – Winner

Mitchelle Mupandaguta

Mountainview College

FORM 2 PROSE – Winner

Isaac Allot

Peterhouse Boys

FORM 2 POETRY – Winner

Kunashe Marima

Girls College

FORM 3 PROSE – Winner

Mudiwa Bhatasara

Arundel

FORM 3 POETRY – Winner

Bernice Chauruka

Watershed College

FORM 4 POETRY – Winner

Shivani Kala

Peterhouse Girls

FORM 6 POETRY – Winner

Makomborero Kandawasvika

Peterhouse Boys

TROPHY AWARD – BEST SENIOR WRITER

Jemimah Durham

Peterhouse Girls





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PICTURED: Literary 2024 - Senior Award Winners



**Best Senior Writer 2024
Jemimah Durham**





2024

JUNIOR LITERARY AWARDS

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21 Gr. 7 Prose - Amara King

23 Gr. 7 Poetry - Sasha Magaah



GRADE 2 PROSE - WINNER •

Jayden Hundivenga (Murray MacDougal School)

TITLE: "The Magic Shoes"

I was in the woods, I was going to my treehouse. On the way home, I saw Lungile sitting down. I ran to him. He gave me the magic shoes. The shoes are magical because they make me big or small and they make me fly. My mother, father, brother and my grandma like my magic shoes. I like my magic shoes. I would give Lungile my magic shoes. When the shoes make me big I can

see everywhere. When the shoes make me small, I can fit in the ant house. One day people were looking for me all over, but they could not find me. On the TV the news said a person is missing. That person is me. My mother, father, brother and grandma were looking for me. When I was big again, I was happy to be back home.



GRADE 3 PROSE - WINNER •

Christobel Magodo (Penhalanga Preparatory School)

TITLE: "My Pet turned into a Wild Animal"

I used to have a pet dog until it turned wild and ran away. Let me narrate what happened.

I had a pet dog named Snowy. Snowy was my best friend. We were inseparable. We would go everywhere together. Snowy was named Snowy because she is white in colour and active all the time. She was not scary or jealous. She was kind and cute. She did not scratch furniture or mess the house. One day my friends came to my house. I was playing with them not with Snowy. Snowy got jealous and bit my friends. I took Snowy and tied her outside. Snowy got mad but she could not free herself.

I got a pet cat and I named it Jane. I did not play with Snowy as much as I used to. I played with Jane more. Snowy got jealous and scratched Jane and I. She was so mad that she jumped over the fence. I tried to get her back but she bit me. I would see Snowy in the street I could not get Snowy because she would run away. I was disappointed that Snowy was gone and I could not get her back. She turned into an unruly wild animal which could no longer live with people.

Sometimes we have to let go of things we love best like I did with Snowy. I met her once I the street. She was now dirty and her white fur



was now brown. She was so untidy.
She was so wild and vicious. When I
tried to get her back she growled at
me and ran away. When I saw her she
was unkept and her fur was patched.
There was more bone than flesh on
her. Her eyes were red and watery.
She had fleas on her fur. I hardly
recognised Snowy. She seemed to
know me but she just walked away.

Snowy might be gone but never
forgotten.



GRADE 4 PROSE - WINNER •

Brendon Gongga (Charleston Trust School)

TITLE: "Delicious Monster"

In a beautiful and large village, there were villagers and a monster who lived in a dark, scary and slimey cave.

His torso was made of a lollipop stick, his head was a lollipop, his eyes were made of bubblegum, his mouth was made of bacon, his legs were made of candy canes and his hands were made of long shaped bread.

The villagers always wanted to go to the monster's cave and eat it but they did not have the courage to go to the cave and kill the monster then they take the body parts to eat as a snack but all they did not know is that the monster had the ability to grow back any body part that had been chopped off and it could not be killed.

One day the leader of the village built up the courage to go to the cave alone for the villagers to have something to eat and enjoy themselves for once since they always woke up early in the morning to plant, plough and water the fields with their own hands.

When the village chief got into the cave he suddenly heard a loud roar coming from the cave and ran back to the village and heard the roar all the way back at the village, all the villagers came out from the fields to see what was happening. They asked the chief what happened to him. The villagers went to the cave to fight the monster. They fought and fought and fought a hard fight. Then all of a sudden the monster said stop fighting!



They all got frightened and surprised that he could talk. Then all the villagers said we did not know you could talk because we have never seen a monster that can talk.

Since the monster could talk, the villagers decided to become friends with it. It gave them what they had come for which were bubblegum,

bacon, bread and candy canes. Then it told them its two abilities which were the ability to grown back any part that has been chopped off and the ability to never die.



GRADE 5 PROSE - WINNER •

Tashinga Matizha (The Grange Christian)

TITLE: "Grandma's Kitchen"

Grandma's kitchen is more than any ordinary kitchen. Her kitchen is a kitchen that hold many memories from my father's childhood up to this date.

Grandma's kitchen is a beautiful kitchen hut that is as precious as gold. This hut is found in the rural areas. Her kitchen is thatched with grass as a roof. Grandma's kitchen was built using farm bricks, poles and mud. Her floors are made using mud and are polished using cow dung. Grandma also uses paste from crushed green leaves. Grandma's walls are maintained using mud from ant hills. This practice keeps Grandma's kitchen spik and span.

Grandma has a metal stove that she

uses to cook. Above her metal stove she has a wooden pole that stretches from one side to another. This pole is used to dry meat and cure maize for seed to plant in the next rainy season. In her kitchen she has shelves used for storing plates, cups and other utensils. These shelves are built using mud and bricks.

Grandma's kitchen is divided into two sitting areas. On one side of the kitchen there is a bench where men sit. Women sit on animal skin. The animal skin is kept behind the door along with other reed mats for sitting on.

Delicious food is prepared in this kitchen. Even if she does not have a oven, she always finds a way to bake



cakes and pies for the family. Every time after eating, the family would gather in her kitchen to talk to each other. The children always gather around the warm fire that is as warm as a hot summer's day. Grandma would tell us stories about back then. My aunts would sleep in the warm kitchen every night.

This kitchen united the family. The kitchen has a beautiful window that shows us the outside view of the cattle. Grandma is so passionate about road runner chickens that she made the chickens to lay their eggs in the kitchen. This makes her kitchen a safe place to keep eggs.

Grandma's kitchen is full of memories. Memories that we have created every

time we visited her. This kitchen gives me insight about the memories that my father and his siblings had as they grew up. All these memories are centred around a simple but well treasured kitchen.

To me, grandma's kitchen is not a building but an epitome of memories of joy and love.



GRADE 5 POETRY - WINNER •

Aishi Naik (Hellenic Primary)

TITLE: "We Are The Wild"

Deep in the African wild bush lies
A wild mass of land, home to many a surprise
Overgrown plants and tangled trees
Thrashing around in the dry breeze

Lurking in the unknown, animals go about their day
They jump and run and play
The lazy lion snores loudly
The colourful coucal sings proudly

The hippo swims in a water hole
The giraffe stands tall like a pole
The mischievous monkey steals some loot
The enormous elephant eats some fruit

As the golden sun begins to set
The darker the colours all get
Away the beautiful, musical birds fly
The exhausted zebra sleeps nearby



In the dark stars shimmer and shine
This wild bush is truly divine
The glowing moon is beaming white
The wild bush settles down for the night

Towards the dawn the wild bush awakes
The animals join in the noise it makes
Fiery colours emerge from the sun's rays
As the wild, African bush begins a new day



GRADE 6 PROSE - WINNER •

Ryan Mundende (Goldridge Primary)

TITLE: "The Midnight Supermarket"

It was a dark and stormy night, and I found myself driving down a deserted road, searching for a place to escape the heavy rain. That's when I saw it – a small eerie supermarket with flickering lights, urging me to come inside.

As I entered, a creepy bell rang out and I felt a chill run down my spine. The aisles were dimly lit, with only a few flickering lights to guide me through the treacherous terrain. The air was thick with the stench of rotten food and something sinister.

I wandered through the aisles, my heart racing with every step, the shelves seemed to stretch forever each one revealing a new terror. I saw rows of spices with strange

symbols, jars of sauces with un-identifiable ingredients and bins overflowing with nuts and dried fruits that seemed to stare at me like cold dead eyes.

As I turned a corner, I noticed the cashier, an elderly man with a twisted grin, standing behind the checkout counter. He looked up from his book and leered at me, "Welcome young one," he croaked, "What brings you to our market tonight....to your doom!"

I tried to run, but my feet felt heavy, as if rooted to the spot. The cashier cackled, his eyes glinting me with malevolence. "We are open all night, every night.... waiting for victims like you." As the hours trickled by I was



trapped in a living nightmare. The light flickered and dimmed, the shadows seemed to move and twist and the air grew colder and more oppressive. I was at the mercy of the sinister supermarket and its unholy cashier.

Finally as the first light of dawn shone from the sky, I managed to break free

from the spell and stumbled towards the exit. But as I reached the door, the cashier called out, his voice like a knife in my ear, "Don't forget your complimentary gift of eternal terror!" And with that he handed me a small bag of freshly baked croissants shaped like tiny coffins. I fled into the dawn, but the horror of that midnight supermarket stayed with me forever.



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GRADE 6 POETRY - WINNER & BEST JUNIOR WRITER
TROPHY WINNER • Christopher Saunders (Springvale House)

TITLE: "The Rampaging Fire?"

The fire climbs, flames licking tall,
Roasting, crackling,
Full of rage.
Howling, chittering animals run.
Away from the furnace hot as the sun.
Trees crash,
Animals die,
What a devastating sight.
As Mother Nature exerts her power,
In the most worst, horrible hour
Smoke rising,
Engulfing lungs,
Houses alight; burning bright.
People scatter, running, screaming.
Death is near;
They are filled with fear,
The sky was clear,
But now filled with fumes,
Scary night,
Filled with fright, disaster, fight,
No more struggle,
All is calm,
Everything is dead,
Fire is gone.



GRADE 7 PROSE - WINNER •

Amara King (Whitestone)

TITLE: "A Visit to the Forests"

Deep down in the grey forests of Alaska, lies a mysterious creature. It flashes its teeth, sharp as knives.

No one had ever dared to venture down to the Alaskan forests, but that was about to change today....

It was a freezing winter morning, I was sitting by a cozy fire, drinking my favourite drink; hot cocoa. I live alone with my husky Snowflake. I have had her for three years. She's my best friend. Snowflake goes everywhere with me.

That night she was sleeping by my feet. The temperatures were as low as -12°C that night. I woke up to Snowflake scratching at the front door.

I froze in fear.

A shiver travelled down my spine.

I heard a sharp howl right by my cabin, I crept over to the window.

There was a flash of grey, black and white, a pack of wolves! A pair of green eyes fixed intently on me. Then it disappeared. Snowflake was eager to get out. There was a crack in the window, and snowflake made a run for it. She jumped through the window!

I put on my boots and jacket and I tried to keep up with her, but I couldn't. I saw her disappear into the forest. No one had ever gone into it, but that didn't stop me.



Amara King (Whitestone) (continued)

My heart beat faster as I heard growls. I turned around to see a black wolf with the same green eyes. I remembered seeing this wolf three years ago, when I rescued Snowflake from my doorstep.

The wolf didn't hurt me. It knew me. At that moment I realised Snowflake was a wolf. She came from behind

the black wolf and licked me. I walked home with Snowflake.

The pack also followed me. From that point on Snowflake hunted with her family during the night and in the day her pack stayed in the heated cabin. Now I no longer have one dog (I mean wolf) but eight!



GRADE 7 POETRY - WINNER •

Sasha Magaah (Hippo Valley Estates Primary)

TITLE: "Jungle Beat "

In the heart of the jungle, where the
Ancient trees preside,
A rhythm beats, that will never subside.
A symphony of sounds,
A cacophony of delight,
A jungle beat, that's been playing
Through the night.

The rustling leaves, a gently hush,
The chirping birds, a joyful rush.
The beating hearts, a pulsing thrill,
A jungle beat, that echoes still.

The creatures of the wild, they move to the beat,
Their footsteps echoing, their voices repeat,
The birds take to the skies, their songs a joyful throng.
As the jungle beat begins to enthrall.

In the jungle's embrace, where trees and creatures thrive.
A call to adventure, a call to explore,
In the jungle's heart, where the wild things roar.



2024

SENIOR LITERARY AWARDS

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28 F1 Poetry - Michelle Mupandaguta

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33 F3 Prose - Mudiwa Bhatasara

35 F3 Poetry - Bernice Chauruka

37 F4 Poetry - Shivani Kala

38 F6 Prose - Makomborero Kandawasvika



FORM 1 PROSE - WINNER & BEST SENIOR WRITER
TROPHY WINNER • Jemimah Durham (Peterhouse Girls)

TITLE: "How the Aardvark Got a Long Nose"

The hoot of an owl filled the still air. The dusk was gathering on the western horizon, a rainbow of pale hues. All the nocturnal animals were awakening from the days sleep to begin a midnight hunt. The hedgehog crept out of its burrow into the open air, where the sandy grass danced in the gentle breeze. The owl swooped down into the undergrowth, shrieking in triumph when he flew back to his baobab. The night was coming alive!

A few stars were scattered over the sky which was slowly darkening and the moon rose from behind the mountain. Its bright light filled the opening of one untouched burrow where a creature lay sleeping. A twitch of the nose, a blink of its eye, but still it did not awake. It lay

motionless, sprawled across the sandy ground.

Finally the creature's body clock's alarm went off, awakening it with a start. Its legs moved stiffly as it rose to its feet. Eyes blinking, ears twitching, it wandered stiffly out of its burrow. But what a queer creature it was! Its nose was that of a pig's and its ears, as long as a rabbit's. The creature's tail was thick and strong, just like that of a kangaroo.

He may have looked queer but he did know where he was headed. Nose to the ground, he trotted a short way to where a baobab towered above a sea of anthills. Grunting with pleasure, the creature squeezed his nose into the small



Jemimah Durham (Peterhouse Girls) (continued)

opening that led to his meal. His pig-like snout snuffled around but seemed too short to capture the meal that awaited its death at the bottom of the opening. With a slight struggle, he tugged his nose out and moved on to the next anthill. This process was repeated for quite a while until only one anthill was left.

While the queer creature had been snuffling around, another of its kind had appeared, though smaller this time and with a longer snout. Without difficulty, it ate a meal and was gone in a flash. The first creature grunted its laughter, boasting of its short nose.

Wandering off again, he stuck his nose into the last hill. His short snout

was still too short but this was his last chance. Sticking it in further, he snuffled again. Finally he got the meal he had awaited. He ate and ate until his belly was full. With a sigh of contentment, he tugged his nose.

It didn't budge. He tugged again, with all this strength, but it still wouldn't move. Tugging again and again, he became frantic. His short stubby nose was stuck fast and help was nowhere to be found. He couldn't cry but I'll tell that if he could, he would be swimming in a pool of tears.

The sun began to rise and the creature was still stuck fast. A pair of long twiggy arms curled around this panicked body and with a huge



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tug, whisked him out of the hole.
The creature howled in agony and
his short stubby nose was now
stretched and awfully sore. He had
been saved but he had also learned
a lesson; pride comes before a fall!



FORM 1 POETRY - WINNER •

Mitchelle Mupandaguta (Mountainview College)

TITLE: "Unbridled Spirits"

We are the wild, untamed and free.
Our spirits soaring, like birds in the sea.
We roam the earth, with hearts full of cheer.
We are the wild, unbridled,
And untamed without a fear.

We dance under the stars,
With feet bare and bright,
Our laughter echoing through the silent night.
We chase the sunsets with hearts full of delight.
We are the wild with our souls on fire.

We are the dreamers, the rebels and the brave.
We break the rules and forge our own way.
We are the wildflowers that bloom during drought.
We are the wild, our beauty is fierce,
Like a wild and free attack.

We are the wild and will not be tamed.
Our hearts beating strong like a drum in the game.
We are the free spirits that roam and play.
We are the wild, our wilderness is our strength,
Each and every single day.



FORM 2 PROSE - WINNER •

Isaac Allot (Peterhouse Boys)

TITLE: "The Cleansing Violence"

The screams of the beserkers raked my ears as we charged toward the dwarves. Axes ready, swords drawn and visors down the dwarves bravely waited for the impending ferocity of brutal hand-to-hand combat. Their archers fired seemingly endless rounds of arrows into our approaching horde of bare chested maniacs. The arrows did nothing to stem our approach. Closer, closer, closer. I was in the first wave of men that hit the dwarves seemingly impenetrable shield wall. Grunts of exertion and pain now joined the chorus of noise.

Shoving with all my might, I thrust my sword under shield. I drew it back, satisfied by the blood upon it. The wind bit into my skin as I felt the constricting pressure of the men

pushing against me and the wall. Grunting with exertion, I broke through. Lashing out with my axe at the tightly packed, stocky men. A short sword was thrust toward me. I moved to the side. Pressing my body against another dwarf. Turning back to the now exposed owner of the blade, I sunk my blades deep into his chest, through mail and leather. The wash of a blood frenzy took me with both hands. More beserkers pushed through the wall into the now panicking dwarves.

Lives were lost on both sides as the first stages of the battle ensued. Lifeless bodies hacked open and bleeding were trampled under the feet of men and armoured feet of dwarves. Our axes smote the dwarves and rendered their armour



Isaac Allot (Peterhouse Boys) (continued)

TITLE: "The Cleansing Violence"

useless in such close quarter combat. The armour did nothing but slow them down. Our horde of men quickly dispatched with the wall, moving to fight the larger force awaiting. The screams of dying, the smell of the dead and the blood on the snow. It drove me crazy.

Rushing toward a group of dwarves tightly bundled, using spears to keep their assailants at bay, I swung my axe, batting aside a spear. Swinging wildly at the bearer. I felt his bones give way to the crushing power of the blow. I smiled with satisfaction as his entrails and cartilage spewed beneath my now moving feet. A sudden pain shot through my shoulder, rendering my left arm useless for the time being. I simply took my axe in one hand; continuing

my indefatigable assault on the group. I dispatched three more in a similar manner to the first before others overran the group. The battle was nearly won. Our brutality, combined with numerical advantage, had thwarted the small dwarvish army.

I turned and howled with triumph as the last dwarf in the valley was vanquished. A chorus of howls answered mine. Covered in blood and grinning foolishly, we started to dispatch with the wounded. A horn sounded, quieting the valley of death. I looked in confusion for the source of the noise. Dwarves appeared on the ridge, thousands. I gulped, raising my axe. Ready to make a final stand.



FORM 2 POETRY - WINNER •
Kunashe Marima (Girls College)

TITLE: "Emotions of the Untamed"

We are the wild, untamed and free
Roaming through fields of possibility
In our hearts, the rivers do flow,
A burning passion that continues to grow.

We are the winds that whisper at dusk,
Whirling through forests, spreading our mush.
A melody, carried by the breeze,
Creating a symphony among the trees.

We are the flames that dance with delight,
Crackling, flickering, igniting the night.
Our spirits soar, fierce and bright, guiding
Lost souls, guiding them light.

We are the thunder that rumbles on high,
Shaking the Earth with our battle cry.
With every strike, we shatter the ground,
Leaving behind a message profound.

We are the ocean, vast and untamed, an
Eternal beauty from which life was named.
Salted tears mingling with the waves,
Enveloped by depths, we find solace in caves.



Kunashe Marima (Girls College) (continued)

TITLE: "Emotions of the Untamed "

In our eyes burn the fire of the wild.
In our souls, untamed, free from denial.
For we are the one who will endure,
The wild ones, steadfast and pure.

So let us run with the wolves at night,
Embrace the moon's enchanting light.
Let us be the wild, untamed and free,
For in our hearts lies true beauty to see.



FORM 3 PROSE - WINNER •

Mudiwa Bhatasara (Arundel)

TITLE: "Wild Within Walls"

Many believe the wild to be found in the dense jungle of the Amazon or the parched land of the isolated deserts in Africa. There is no need to look so far, for the wild within walls is much more bizarre.

Situated on cleared land, stripped of mother nature's children and caged within cemented walls, lie the deadliest and wildest creatures of them all, teenagers. Stripped of their freedom to roam, these creatures have developed the instincts essential for survival under the rule of their alpha, the principal. With a mane of silver coloured hair, he sneaks up with the stealth of a young cub, tripping over his feet in attempts to mark his territory and condemn any offenders with the harshest discipline known to man, detention.

Although he may roar across the corridors and show his claws all becomes useless in the face of the teenagers.

Hyena-like giggles erupt from the sacred land of the girl's bathroom, a place, legend says the nature of wildness originated from. This space inhabits numerous species of the teenage girl. A common one is the nerd, a timid, but rather cunning critter. She believes brains overpower beauty, which is quite evident in the neutral or mismatched garments she wears. This, however, makes it a challenging for her to mate during the prom season. The popular girls, a rare breed indeed. They feed greedily on the humiliation of others and have a ravenous appetite for social media followings. Their



Mudiwa Bhatasara (Arundel) (continued)

hues of brilliant blues and glass-like skin, make anyone of them eligible for the title of Queen of this educational jungle.

The air stings with sweat, as the dominant male teenagers engage in a ceremonial right of passage on a lime patch of grass. This passage, known as soccer, is a tradition and failure to pass results in outcast from the pack. A lone wolf has no where to go for the hostile computer geeks do not play nice with new comers. The volume of the watering hole depletes as the cheetahs lick the water into emptiness, parched from their vigorous tennis and basketball playing. These athletes have speed and co-ordination that is absolutely outmatched, flowing their biceps in

an attempt to jumpstart the mating season.

The owl recognised as the librarian turns her head one hundred and eighty degrees to shush the chattering monkeys and parrots that mock her. The drowsy koalas nap in the lengthy periods of every lesson, nonchalant to the tedious pranks of the cunning fox, the class clown.

They may spar and fight to show off their might, but this biodiversity of wild critters look forward to the end of day where they can go home and play. When you wonder what animal you like best, do not take it like a test and look for a jungle. The wild is me and the wild is you, but especially at school, we are the wild.



FORM 3 POETRY - WINNER •

Bernice Chauruka (Watershed College)

TITLE: "Beasts Rampage Within"

Underneath the pale stricken moon
Down where the valleys brew new
Vile Beasts
Uncanny Myths
Run! Run! Run!
The moonlight screams
The darkness corns
Run! Run! Run!
The creatures grow weary
The hearts grow worry
For layers underneath
For layers untold
Reveal the walls that hide the truth
They creep closer
Luring you out
Run! it's coming for you
It watches you closely
Your lungs scream
You're out of luck
It is calling you out, it knows you're alone
Hopeless it knows



Bernice Chauruka (Watershed College) (continued)

Run! Run! Run!
It wants your soul
It craves your youth
It knows your salty tears it knows your cries
It watches you ease up waiting for you to slip up
Slowly and surely it knows you will falter
A trap set up for you, it waits
Claws ready fangs out
It waits
One, you're sweating blood
Two, you're losing air
Three, you're body crashes
Four, its got you now
It swallows you whole as you gasp for air
You try to scream but it won't let go
It's claws nails in
It's fangs dig deep
You're its prey tonight
You're its prize
It tears you apart As you drown within



FORM 4 POETRY - WINNER •

Shivani Kala (Peterhouse Girls)

TITLE: "Our Destructive World"

We observe no peace, chaos we find,
The true nature of mankind.
Where clashes between man arise,
He crushes his foe where the battle lies.

The land is parched and dull at sight,
The air carries echoes of a reckless fight.
The once-golden sky, now rugged and torn,
By screams that pierce the sky, forlorn.

Where bullets whizz and canons roar,
From mortal remains, pools of blood pour.
The ceaseless carnage and prolonged reign of terror,
Has left a horrid curse of mayhem forever.

Wild it is, death's morbid call we find,
A savage frenzy, where humanity's lost and blind.



FORM 6 POETRY - WINNER •

Makomborero Kandawasvika (Peterhouse Boys)

TITLE: "The Untamed"

Yo, we the wild ones, sparks in the dark, unseen, unfound
But when the beat drops, we rise up, unbound.
I'm the student in the back, they all call me trouble,
But I'm just trying to hustle while they burst my bubble.

Teacher's pet peeve, she got a penchant for the ridicule,
Marks on my papers, sharp as a guillotine tool.
She mocks my name, my game, says I'm a lost cause,
But behind the walls, I'm the one without a pause.

We are the wild, the untamed, the free,
In the classroom jungle, we're the Kings, don't you see?
They label us trouble, but we break the mold,
In our own rhyme, our stories yet untold.

I'm the underdog, they underestimate my grind,
But when the mics in my hand, ha, I redefine the rhyme.
I know they see a failure, I see a lesson learned,
Every stumble, every fumble, I'm just trying to be humble.

Teachers. Words sting like a swarm of bees,
But I turn their whispers into melodies.
Don't they know I'm the kid with the afro-beats?



They say I'm lost, I say I'm just finding my voice,
IN the chaos, I'm the calm, my own kind of choice.

We are the wild, the untamed, the free
In the classroom jungle, we're the Kings, don't you see?
They label us trouble, but we break the mold,
In our own rhyme, our stories yet untold

So 'Teach', keep your words, your scornful glances,
I'll take my chances, dive into these chances.
I'm not defined by your red ink and your funny sneers,
I'll be remembered for my triumphs, not my fears.

Ha, I'm the wild one, the rebel with the pain,
Turning that pain into power, again and again.
In this game of life, I'll make my own rules,
Writing my legacy with these words, probably these jewels.

We are the wild, the untamed, the free
In the classroom jungle, we're the Kings, don't you see?
They label us trouble, but we break the mold,
In our own rhyme, our stories yet untold



Makomborero Kandawasvika (Peterhouse Boys) (continued)

So here's to the ones that don't fit in, the ones they can't tame,
We rise above, fueling the fire, igniting the flame,
In this wild world, we're the ones who dare,
To dream beyond boundaries, to rise up and declare:

We are the wild!

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GET IN TOUCH

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