

School of Education
Community Engagement

..... Presents

CREATIVE NETWORK
MAGAZINE

About This Volume

Students and Staff from ALL universities and members of the general public were invited to:
'Write about their current experiences in a creative way - a story, lyrics, poem, drawing etc...
including how learning can take place during this time".

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Lighting Hope, Empowering Lives!!

**University of KWAZULU-NATAL CROWNED 2020
Enactus South Africa National Champions**



1

Congratulations are in order to the University of KwaZulu-Natal Enactus team who have been crowned champions in the 2020 Enactus South Africa National Competition. The team is beyond proud that despite the hard time of the Covid-19 pandemic, they were able to work tirelessly and do extra work to bring it home. The team was not discouraged by the Covid-19 pandemic, instead they created a web-based application called Smart Grow, which provides reliable essentials goods to households to prevent congested stores and flatten the curve. By doing so the team was one of the global winners of the Ford Covid-19 College Challenge. **Winning is fun** but winning is not the point, **wanting to win** is the point, **not giving up** is the point, **never being satisfied** with what you have done and **wanting more** is the point.

The EnactusUKZN team will be representing South Africa at the 2020 Enactus World Cup, in September 2020. The team congratulates the 2020 leadership potential winner, Miss Luyanda Sokhela, University of KwaZulu-Natal Head of Research & Development. The team sends words of gratitude to the organisation's President, Mr Muhle Ndwane who has been leading by example and pushing the team to be a better vision of itself. His words were "I'm living a testimony I've been preaching to my members that if you believe it you can definitely make it". Year 2020 has been a year of great achievements for the University of KwaZulu-Natal Enactus team. Words that we note, "A champion is someone who does not settle for that day's practice, that day's competition, that day's performance, they always striving to be better they don't live in the past." The EnactusUKZN team is putting extra work in, in preparing for the 2020 Enactus World Cup. EnactusUKZN really deserved to be crowned champions and with such endeavours they are certain to achieve more. Many more congratulations to the University of KwaZulu-Natal Enactus Champions. Congratulations for the huge respected Award.



2

**INTERESTED IN
SUBMITTING A CREATIVE
PIECE**

Submit your piece to any team member by e-mail or WhatsApp by Wednesday of every week.

**SUBMIT - PERMISSION IS
GRANTED TO THE EDITORS
TO PUBLISH MY CREATIVE
WORK IN THE MAGAZINE.**



Remember When
by
Roxanne Andrews
(University of KwaZulu-Natal; Edgewood Campus)

Remember when
Life was so simple
Life was so easy.
You were footloose
You were carefree
You didn't care about anything.

Remember when
days were so similar
All you did was walk around
Barefoot!
Singing songs!
laughing and playing
under the smiling safe sun'

Remember when
You loved adventures
Always wanting to discover
Everything was so interesting
Even the sparkling green leaves
were so stunning!



Remember when
You never frowned
You didn't care what you wore
Who were your real friends!
All you felt was love for one another.

Mhlawumbe Ukuba Besilazi Iphutha Lethu Ngabe Sesashweleza!!

by

Nokulunga 'Zoleka' Ngcungama
(University of KwaZulu-Natal; Edgewood Campus)

Vulani izindlebe nilalele ukubhonga kwethu Madoda.
Vulani izindlebe nilalele izinhliziyi ezophaya ezilinyazwe yini Madoda.
Vulani izindlebe nipholise amanxeba nezilonda ezidalwe yini.
Zifa ngamvunye akusona isikhathi sokukhetha iphela emasini lesi.
Ukuthi akekho oke wakhala ngesandla sakho akusho ukuthi thula ugoqe izandla!!!!
Bangakhi abaphendulwe ibhola ubhekile wathi "ezababili azingenwa".
Bangakhi obabonile behlukunyezwa wathi "ezomndeni azingenwa".
Bangakhi omama nezingane ezifile phambi kwakho ngoba uthena " akudokwe eligayelwe wena".
Niyothula kuze kube nini sinidinga?
Isono sethu ukuzalelwa kulemizimba, ephenduke inyamazane kwabesilisa abangenasimilo nanembeza, abafuna ukondla izinkanuko zabo ngemizimba yethu.
Isono sethu kube ukulwela ozakwethu abafe ngezandla zamadoda angenanembeza...sibe sesiphenduka izisulu ke nathi!!!
Noma ses'khihla esikanandi sishweleza kunhlanga zimuka nomoya.
Igazi elingaka eselichithekile!! Anideli yini kanti!!?
Sesaphilela ovalweni thina!!
Isono ukuba ngowesifazane eNingizimu Afrika!!?
Siphenduke izinyamazane, sizingelwa imihla namalanga!
Nasibulalisa okwezilwane senzeni kanti!!!!? →

Mhlawumbe ukuba besilazi iphutha lethu thina ngabe sesashweleza!!
Mhlawumbe ukuba besazi ukuthi soneni kangaka ngabe sesashweleza!!
Kazi niyothula kuze kube nini izimbali zesizwe zibulalwa zingaqhakazile.
Madoda khuzanani!!!
Madoda sekwanele!!!!!!!

3

5



"Eyes watching, hands reaching, words said."

by
Alex James

(University of Witwatersrand)



- These pieces depict what a womxn has to go through on a day to day basis, when stepping out into public. As the horrifying tensions around Gender Based Violence continue to come to light, it is important that we stand firm in unison with our nation's womxn in protesting and abolishing GBV. Doing research and educating myself on GBV, the many vile and unjust acts against womxn left me feeling wretched and provoked. An important page I observed that assisted in shedding light, was @catcallsfnyc, depicting the many disgusting things said to womxn as they go about their lives. It is essential that we hold ourselves as well as one another accountable and treat the worlds' womxn with utmost respect and decency.
- Researching to create these pieces has influenced me to do more introspection on how I have been complicit in some of these acts, how I can further better my understanding of the situation and do better as a whole. It is important to assess past actions, learn from them and implement changes to do better. I hope everyone is able to introspect to see how they were complicit in certain situations, and how they can learn and do better for the future.



Jennifer Sheokarah (University of KwaZulu-Natal; Edgewood Campus)

5

Exhaustion is seeping;
Negative thoughts come creeping.
I just need some time away;
I just need some rest today;
I just need a wish; I need just one.
Optimism – I have none!

Covid-19 took much from me
(I mean, academically).

I am not one for stagnation;
It has caused much frustration.
I would have been in Norway now.
I blame the virus – it didn't allow!

Planned to achieve multitudinous things,
But 2020 left me with dark eye rings.
I used to feel invincible; always one to leap.
Now I get into bed; always one to weep.
I am no longer in control.
Consequences of the virus – devouring my soul!

I understand I am healthy and alive.
I understand I should be grateful to survive.
However, this is not fair to anyone.
When will this be all done?
I feel backed into a corner.
I feel
reduced – I am a mourner!

Then I was awarded a doctoral scholarship;
All thanks to recognised workmanship.
I was reminded: I am a Sheokarah.
I wiped my tears;
"Baby girl, put on your tiara!"

This I ought mention:
The scholarship – part of my redemption.

Times of feeling torn
Are finally gone!
Reassurance – what is truly 'airborne'.

Thank you, UKZN.
I have hope again!

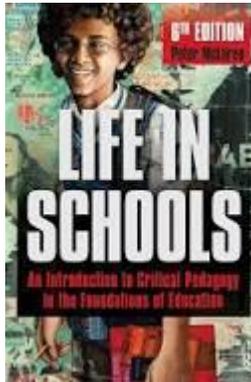
*'Redemption' by Jennifer Sheokarah
(PhD student, Edgewood Campus)*

FLATTEN THE CURVE of mis-information – Peter McLaren

by

Dr. Betty Govinden
(University of KwaZulu-Natal)

6



Peter McLaren, working in the Freirean mode, and a leading architect Of Critical Pedagogy, is an old name among us, educational thinkers and practitioners.

His recent work in POST-TRUTH - where post-truth relates to the appeals to emotion rather than objective facts - has many important lessons for us generally, and especially during this time of the COVID-19 pandemic.

McLaren, with his revolutionary critical pedagogy, bemoans the mis-information that is being circulated, and calls for the formation of a counter-public sphere, with universities taking the lead, in developing an alternative philosophy of praxis, where education is interconnected with knowledge and politics.

Peter McLaren is a Distinguished Professor of Critical Studies in the US, and Co-Director of the Paulo Freire Democratic Project. His books include *Critical Pedagogy and Predatory Culture: Oppositional Politics in a Postmodern Era* [1994], and *Che Guevara, Paulo Freire and the Pedagogy of Revolution* [2000]. He has worked with Abahlali baseMjondolo in Durban.

Tutoring saved my life

by

Dikgang Mofokeng- BEd student, tutor and call centre operator

(Faculty of Education; University of Free State)

7

It really is a story of 3 lessons to be learnt.

"When are you finishing your studies again?" That is probably the most dreaded question among the student populace, when going home and visiting their extended families during recess, and much as it stems from love among our family members, it is equally a thorn that may keep pricking at you if you aren't graduating in "record-time". Especially, if you are like Dikgang (first in line to graduate with a university degree in your family and just failed one of your majors for the semester).

It was at that time when my academic advisor explained it down to me how I would have an extra year added to my academic record that I felt defeated, in fact I shed a few tears that day and that's the start of how I became an A_STEP (Academic Student Excellence Program) tutor at the University of the Free State. With the free time I would have on my hands, due to only having 3 modules the following year, I needed to find a way to fill up my time in Bloemfontein, to avoid going crazy.

I recalled a discussion I had with my friends about being a tutor to which I convinced two of them to explore the idea, but ended up being the only one who applied. I was hired in November 2017 for the following year to tutor a second year Teaching Practice module. Since then I have tutored 5 other modules and was nominated for best tutor (being part of the top 5) in the faculty, for the 2019 tutor awards.

It is when you get those random appreciation emails or the "I score 80% on the assignment, thanks" texts that it all proves to be worth it. Tutoring helped me to rediscover a purpose for my existence. I have had the pleasure to interact with different lecturers (working with some on projects aside from their modules) helping mould the direction of their modules, brainstorming ideas on how best to present those modules and even being thrown in the deep end of having to conduct some impromptu sessions because they had an emergency.

The random anxiety attacks and stressful moments that had me bed-ridden for a week on medication are nothing in comparison to the joy of knowing that in the extra year I am in University, I am pouring my all into making sure someone else's transition, is better. It really is one of the motivations that keeps me going every day and I would not trade it for anything in this world. I tell this story to draw on 3 elements which I believe are important for students amidst this pandemic. Information, regrouping and reflection. You are going to have to be intentional.

Hi!

Did you know that Creative Network Magazine has an international South-South cooperation with a Brazilian magazine?

"The magazine is called Revista Futuro do Pretérito and they would like to invite you to write us a letter about your personal experience facing Covid-19 in South Africa. They can't wait for your answer!"

Follow and/or contact them on social media

Email: revista.futuro.preterito@gmail.com

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CRUEL OR NOT, SURVIVE
by
Anonymous

Life does not give you a map to navigate the world, it just expects you to figure out the survival skills. That is my story of my life. Born with a silver spoon in my life, I was sure that everything will turn out fine in life. Everything was taken care of by my loving dad. From food, clothing, transportation and education. We used to wear fancy clothes and eat nicely every day. Every day we had money at school to buy sweets and chips. We were always followed by many friends because my dad will fetch us after school. His van was big and accommodated all the neighbours' children.

At home life was about Mathematics, being asked silly questions like, 'If there were twelve eggs in the fridge and your mother cooked four how many are left? Sometimes dad will trick us by saying, 'he bought three crates of Coca-Cola, how many bottles of coke are there? It was fun and everyone had to contribute to problem solving scenarios. In 1978, a dark cloud came to change the beautiful life I know, my dad died of Diabetes, leaving behind my mom, two sisters and three brothers.

That, was the beginning of another twist in life which was new to us. At that time as the first born I was eleven years old and the last born was three months. I am not sure what really happens, but we were told that our new dad will be my father 's younger brother. My mother opposed that proposal, as a result all the wealth was taken by my uncle, even the house we stayed in. We knew it was his home but then he had bought his two houses around the area and we were also born at my grandparent's home. So, this makes it our home, also. My dad as the first born was left at my grandparents 'home'. After my mother rejected uncle, he came for my dad 's clothes, my grandparents 'home', car and was also able to collect his pension fund. My father's relatives came to take us away from my mother as they said she was too young, and they were giving her permission to be married again. Being a young bride in the family of traditional men, my mom was powerless, mind you in the 1970s women had no voice.

My mom was a qualified staff nurse, but my dad didn't want her to work. We are now dependent on my uncle for everything, from food to the school fees. We were now eating bread without butter or viennas, no drinking milk or juice and we hardly eat fruit. The battle between my uncle and mom about the house continued.

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We were now seeing less and less of our uncle. There was not enough food for us, fortunately my mom had a talent in sewing and knitting. We had to go door to door to sell things to survive, while mom was looking for a job. We were now eating porridge or bread with avocado with sugary water after school. The lifestyle we had was no longer a reality. In July, the same year that my dad died, we were excluded from school because of the school fees. We stayed at home for two full months, while my mom was trying to raise school fees for me and my two siblings.

Life was cruel for us, mom got the job in the hospital. She had to work night shifts and day shifts and we were seeing less and less of her. We were looking after each other when mom was at work and she did her best to provide. I completed my high school and I wanted to be a nurse like my mom, unfortunately that was not so. I had to get a job so that I can have money to go to the College. It took me a year to have money for registration and I was accepted in the College, where it had a boarding school. I had to work from Friday afternoon till Sunday after 3 pm, then go back to the College. I did not mind. Mom provided my cosmetics, clothes, uniform and, I paid for my studies. In the first year I started College, there was a strike where the students did not want the rector who was there at that time. So, the College was closed for the whole year. Another downfall in life, another disappointment.

I went back to my KFC job so as to raise money for the following year. I was beginning to come to terms that life does not give you a map, but you must keep on hustling until you become somebody. The following year I went back to the same College, I studied hard and my results were good. I completed my Diploma and went to look for a job. Again, life was unfair. I looked for a school next to my home with no luck. A friend of mine from the College said teachers are needed by her home town, I went there and got the post.

Life in the rural area was new to me, but I had to adjust so that I support at home. At school I was the only teacher who was qualified at the age of twenty-two. Most of the teachers were from the neighbouring community. I was an outcast and again life was cruel as I was mistreated in every way. I resigned and decided to go to the South Coast to teach. I enrolled for further education but life again seemed to be cruel. There were fights amongst political parties in the area and killing of people started. I feared for my life and left the school. I came back home; my mom was worried about me but I was very optimistic. >>>>>

My luck changed when I got a job near home. I helped my mom with everything needed at home. I enrolled at the university and that is when my passion for learning erupted, as I was near everything I needed to study successfully. My grandparents, my parents were all educated, I guess I was owing them to also be educated. I remember my mother said it is enough now when I received my first degree, she further said people say when you study for a longer time, you become insane. I totally disagree with that statement.

Another blow took place in 2005, when I lost my mom to cancer. She has been my role model, survived all the difficulties life offers and came out strong. I am still standing even though I am also diagnosed with Diabetes. If it wasn't the challenges, I went through I don't think I would have survived. Cruel or not I am surviving!

Tutors and their role in the Numeric Programme

The Community Engagement Sector, School of Education has a partnership with Numeric. Numeric runs high-impact after-school Mathematics programmes for primary school learners in Gauteng, Western Cape, and KwaZulu-Natal. Numeric's mission is to help young South Africans excel in Mathematics and to work with well-equipped and passionate preservice teachers. They currently partner with 45 primary schools in low-income areas, reach over 2400 learners annually and have worked with over 11,500, since inception. The programmes are staffed by coaches who are themselves training to be teachers. Mr Luvuyo Notshokovu leads the Numeric team in Durban and Ms Kristen Thompson is the Chief Executive Officer, based in Cape town.

Mr Njabulo Dlamini, a tutor in the programme is majoring in FET Biological Sciences and Physical Sciences. He states, "I do not have a fear for Mathematics like many other students, hence the combination of double science majors. I believe Mathematics is crucial for understanding Science better, especially Physical Sciences as these have a weak classification. I had to remove the mentality that Mathematics is a hard subject to learners and make it as fun as possible. Learners were thrilled about the approach I used as learnt from the organization". He was elected as an Assistant Manager for the Numeric Coach Training in December 2019. He trained new coaches, shared his experiences and also helped with the administration of the training and worked closely with the wonderful Program Managers. He was recently awarded the Star Coach for the Clermont Cluster that he taught in.

He is also currently Campus Secretary, EnactusUKZN Edgewood Campus and Laboratory Demonstrator for Natural and Biological Sciences modules and still maintains a good academic standing, and he gives thanks to the organization for giving tips on managing work and academics. This year will be his first time in UKZN Students' Excellence Awards because of the lessons he learnt on time management from Numeric. I have had less commitments in the past, but could not qualify to be recognised to be in the awards even though I had good grades. Joining Numeric increased my commitments and excellence at the same time.

Miss Phumelele Nyathikazi is currently completing her Bachelor of Education, University of KwaZulu-Natal (Edgewood Campus), majoring in Life Sciences and Mathematics. She stated, "Majoring in Mathematics has afforded me the opportunity to work for a company called Numeric. Before Numeric I never thought or imagined that integrating fun and Mathematics would actually work for the learners and most importantly boost their marks which in turn boosts them academically and

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also, their confidence is uplifted tremendously". She is proud of herself because in 2017 when she started her degree her mandate was "Build the girl child's confidence when working with Mathematics". She stated that learners and especially the girl children where she was placed in the Primary School, grew in the subject and weren't afraid to attempt mathematics problems because she instilled in them to "dream the impossible, possible".

Mr Sifundo Lubhelwana is an aspiring teacher majoring in Mathematics and Accounting, Further Education and Training phase. He stated, "I completed Grade 12 in a school that had no Accounting teacher for three years. Some of us had no basic knowledge at all with the subject. Because of the fear of failing grade 12; I managed to ask from other schools to attend weekend classes and afternoon classes. They agreed. From there I had to share the little knowledge I got from those classes to my fellow grade 12 in my class". He stated that this is what inspired him to be an educator, since he enjoyed helping his classmates.

He had applied for the Numeric programme because he was interested in what it was all about, and he also wanted to further tutor as he did when he was in Grade 12. He had noticed that with the learners the problem is not Mathematics and its "difficulty" but it is the mentality that they have towards the subject. He had to change how learners see this "giant" to seeing it as an ant. He stated, "In future I would like to see such programmes that focus on the basics, because nowadays we pay attention to the finish-line, which is grade 12, but the damage has already been done with the gaps, during the previous grades. If such programmes would be successful and be nationwide, there would be less need for Mathematical Literacy, instead have Mathematics, Technical Mathematics and advanced Mathematics. If the likes of Japan and Korea can do it, so shall we as South Africa".

The hide-out? (Part One)

by

Ashleigh J Klein
(Eldorado Park, Gauteng)

10

I remember the sound of the bamboo calling us; whispers in the wind, silently pleading for us to visit. The sun was slowly falling towards its setting, the sky a bright orange floor and the clouds like the dust left behind by a careless sweeper. "Come on, Tyron," I yelled, "we haven't got all day." He was only a year younger than I, but we both knew who was the commander of the team. I carried a few of the cardboard boxes and he carried everything else. "I am coming, bra." He responded, "these things are heavy."

Extension one wasn't the best place to grow up in, but nothing could have stopped a ten-year-old boy -with the imagination of the Gods who created him- to find adventure in the mundane. Our path was straight, save for a small hill that we had to get over to get to the dump site. It was as easy as counting, but everything is an obstacle when you're an adventurer. The stench of the dump site was awful, but our destination was worth the journey. Nothing would have stood in our way. Not the stench, not snakes or even the druggies who lounged on a dumped sofa. We were adventures, and we were fearless.

The bamboo reeds stood high above our heads, it loomed before us like the barren walls of a castle. It was the middle of autumn and the reeds were brown. We went through our man-made tunnel and ended up in the middle of the bamboo trees. There were already cardboard boxes on the floor to protect us from splinters as we sat there every reading comics my mother bought. We often found a few of Tyron's father's magazines. We didn't know what they were, but enjoyed staring at half-naked images of ladies leaning against cars. After reading we opened our bag and enjoyed the snacks that Tyron had packed in. I couldn't do the same because my mother might have killed me had she known where we were.

Our hideout in the bamboo served as more than just a hiding spot. It was our place of refuge, a place to explore the lengths and depths of our imagination. It was our biggest resource. It was the same place we found material to build kites.

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I remember my first kite swaying in the air, the twine tightly wrapped around my fingers.

Our hideout in the bamboo served as more than just a hiding spot. It was our place of refuge, a place to explore the lengths and depths of our imagination. It was our biggest resource. It was the same place we found material to build kites. I remember my first kite swaying in the air, the twine tightly wrapped around my fingers. The wind had gotten too strong and the twine cut my fingers. "Leave it, bra. Your hands are bleeding," he screamed.

I held on, but the battle was lost. The wind proved to be stronger than the hope and upper body strength of a ten-year-old boy. The twine snapped and my kite flailed in the sky. My very first creation was lost. My face was stained with blood as I tried to wipe away the tears. I learned then, that letting go was as important as holding on. But a few tears could easily be wiped away.

It was 16:55 and the deafening sound of the Islamic azan was the only reminder that it was time to leave. What better way to get home than a foot race? We packed up as if something was coming, we peered out of the bamboo like a wounded deer still hunted by its predator. "Run!" I yelled and we both bolted out of the entrance of our hideout, over the rocks and through the thickets of grass.

(To be continued)

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CREATIVE WRITING ENSEMBLE

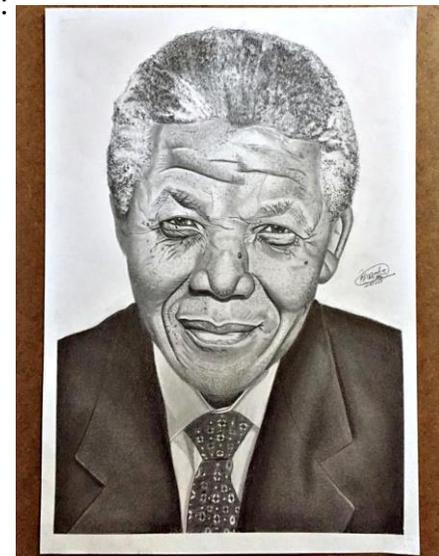
Students interested in creative writing ensemble are invited to be on a database for a group called Creative Writing Ensemble.

Send your name, cell number and the genre that you work with to Dr Bheki Mthembu: Mthembua@ukzn.ac.za and cc Dr Angela James: jamesa1@ukzn.ac.za

I am Kwanele Memela, a 4th year MBChB student at the University of KwaZulu-Natal. I am an independent artist. I can be contacted as follows:

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IMPORTANT NOTICES TO ALL AUTHORS

NOTICE 1

Dear Authors

Thank you so much to everyone who submitted their great creative piece(s) which were published in Volumes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and to those whose pieces are in the current publication, we are grateful for your amazing work.

Creative pieces in any language are welcome.

Kindly please note that we **ONLY** publish **8-10** “creative pieces” each week.

If your piece is not in the current publication, it will be published the following week.

Kind regards,
Creative Network Magazine Team

NOTICE 2

Dear Authors

Whenever you submit your creative piece to Dr. James, we kindly and warmly request you to please also send the following note with your submission:

I (Full name and Surname) hereby grant permission for the Creative Network Magazine to publish my submission (creative piece).