

**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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I write my feelings in many poems.
The poems never depict normality
or the Renowned school formality'
It's Never the usual preferred structure
To be truthful,
Just an emotional rapture.
My heart being
written down
My thoughts
finally been given a sound
A rhythm being played
that only I know'.
Every poem is unique
It has its own meaning
It can be encouraging
It can also just reflect
feelings of grieving.
I read a poem the other day
It lifted my heart,
It reflected my spirit
I felt I was drowning.

Stuck between two worlds,
Deep in mire
Deep in dirt
Never being alright
Never being okay
Always there might be something
to ruin the day'.
At the end of it all
There is light
There is something
For us to enjoy
If we Just only keep our eyes
on the MAKER.
And keep our evil thoughts
at
Bay.



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**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.

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Be still
by

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Part Two: *The hide-out?*

by

Ashley J Klein
(Eldorado Park, Gauteng)

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 hide-out, over the rocks and through the thickets of grass.

"The Dehaka is behind us, bra!" Tyron screamed as we made our way through the dumpsite. His thin voice blared in my ears as he overtook me and ran in front of me. I might have been the commander, but he was faster and leaner than I ever was. The wind carried us as we made our way back into the streets. Little did we know that the terror was not behind us but lay at the front gate of our homes as we saw my mother and Tyron's grandmother waiting for us.

"Grounded for a month? The lashing of my life," I thought. But nothing could have prepared us for what happened. We got to the gate and Tyron's grandmother grabbed him by the arm and took him in her arms. I saw the sadness in my mother's eyes but did not understand.

"He's gone, my child. Your father is gone," his grandmother said. That was the day my best friend's world fell apart and I stood there, puzzled, I embraced him and tried with all my might to hold the pieces of his world together.

A week later, I remember the street was filled to the brim. That's how it happened in my neighborhood; everyone would attend your funeral. Some to pay their respects and others to enjoy a free meal. No one ever judged them, the support was all anyone saw, but of course, there were those who whispered the truth behind closed doors.

Tyron stood at the gate; the heaviness of his heart was written all over his face. His eyes were bloodshot and puffy.

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He was the result of a failed marriage and the parent who had won custody no longer had breath in his lungs.

I vowed to myself that I would create a world where no one would have to endure the pain and anguish he suffered through. I made my way over to him and embraced him. "You may not understand this bra, but it is for you. It'll always be for you," I said. He did not know what I meant at the time, but the tears in his eyes were a sign that he understood, and so the dying embers of my best friend's joy became the spark that ignited within me a flame of stories that could never be extinguished. Stories that reminded him that life does not lose its meaning when we lose the one's we love, stories that made him the hero of his journey despite life's adversities.

Hi Angela

Many thanks for the latest magazine.

I have posted it and the previous ones on all our social sites. The magazine was well received especially on the UKZN LinkedIn site which is for Alumni and Students.

Regards

Desiree Govender

Alumni Relations

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WE DON'T CHOOSE THE 'FROM' BUT WE CAN CHOOSE THE 'TO'

by

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Hope was the only child from this contemporary family. Both parents were refined and met while they were still in High school. As the only daughter, she came at the right time. They lived in a big house, big yard, dogs, cars and life was virtuous. Her mother groomed her at a young age to be responsible. She attended great schools in town and had the privilege to use public transport. As a result, her mother gave her the money for taxi fare and spending money once a month. It was her duty to see to it that it lasted for a month. She used public transport from as early as Grade 3, at the age of eight years.

One day she forgot the taxi fare and discovered in the taxi on her way to school that she had no money. She cried and begged passengers to pay for her, but they all turned, a deaf ear. The driver asked her to disembark from his taxi. She cried all the way, walking back home. On her arrival at home, she called her mother to tell her what had happened. Her mother arrived from work and drove her to school. This was a lesson for Hope to be more careful about the taxi fare before leaving home.

Coming from a religious background, her mother was a Catechist and Hope attended classes at Church, three times a week. So, prayer was part of her daily life and unkindness was unknown to her. What the passengers did to her on the day of need confused her, but also taught her a lesson. At home she was taught to be kind and to pray at all times.

Her father was not always home, so Hope was close to her mother. In 2006, her parents got divorced and that was another cruel reality for her. Her mother and her had to move from a big house to a tiny flat which was affordable at that time. It was hard for her mother to make ends meet, since they were not getting support from the father. Hope decided to put more energy into sport and her studies, as the life was dull. With high rent, not enough food, struggling with taxi fare the tension grew, and the mother and daughter became silent most of the time. There was no place they could call home as bills for the rent and electricity were piling up in the flat.

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Her mother and father were always at loggerheads regarding her maintenance. Sometimes they exchanged bitter words, which resulted in them being worst enemies. Hope was in the middle of all the arguments, as most of them happened in her presence. Her father had married and had his new family. The mother on the other side was blaming everything on the father. Hope was sometimes expected to visit the new family and leave her mother alone in the tiny flat. The new family was living her dream life and she could see that her father was very pleased with his life. To her new family she was just an outcast who reminded her father of his bitter past and asking for any help from him always started a fight with her mother.

Hope received different awards at school as she was outstanding in her studies. The bitter life at so called 'home' was substituted by hard work at school. When life throws lemon at you, you must make lemonade, this is what Hope did. She passed her Grade 12 with flying colours in Mathematics and Physical Sciences.

She was accepted in many institutions but chose to do Maritime Studies in one of the universities, in town. There were challenges regarding the registration fees, books, taxi fare and clothes. But, as humble as Hope was she took one day at a time. As we all know university students wear branded clothes and have expensive gadgets, but it was not so with Hope. Her last blow with the father was when she needed to pay for the Visa as her sponsors got her an internship overseas, after three years of study. Her mother could not afford it, as the notice came very late. Her father refused to be part of this, as always, and this was another blow for Hope. Hope had no one to turn to, so she turned to what she knows 'Prayer'.

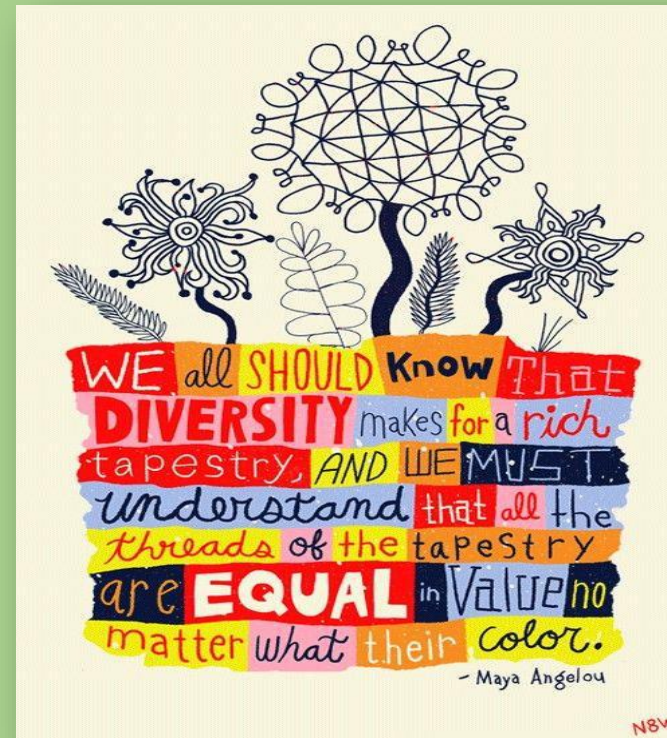
The following day she received an email stating that the Shell Company would pay for her Visa and all travelling expenses. Her prayers were answered. She is now fully qualified and travelling the world. She did not choose where she was coming from (bitter family) but chose where she was going with her life. Sometimes people we love do let us down, but it does not mean it is the end of our journey. Hope has her own apartment now, in Hillcrest, still close to her mother. If she had not chosen to be independent and be educated, her parents would still be fighting over her clothing, food, cosmetics, sanitary products and everything that has her name on it. Yes, we all have the power over the future, than the past. **What do you choose to be is your choice?**



Maya Angelou (A Phenomenal Woman)

These four poems,
"Phenomenal Woman,"
"Still I Rise,"
"Weekend Glory,"
and
"Our Grandmothers,"
are among the most remembered
and
acclaimed of Maya Angelou's poems.

They celebrate women with
a majesty that has inspired
and touched the hearts of millions.



"VIRAL HISTORIES – THINKING IN A PANDEMIC"

by

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"Viruses are good to think; but only for those who are willing to engage with the shock of the new" – so says Prof Dilip Menon, based at Wits University.

In a wide-ranging, highly informative and challenging essay, "Viral Histories – Thinking in a Pandemic", Prof Menon analyses the state of the world today astutely, pointing to the many diverse characteristics of the present times: being subject to surveillance and regulation, an internalisation of deference to governmentality, newer forms of sociality and politics that can even lead to death; and the need to grapple with the differential impact of the global lockdown, and the fundamental questions of human survival.

You are encouraged to read the full paper which is part of the "THESES ELEVEN online project: LIVING AND THINKING CRISIS [CRITICAL THEORY AND HISTORICAL SOCIOLOGY].

Prof Dilip Menon works on histories of the Global South and has recently co-edited "Capitalism's Global Histories" [Oxford, 2020].

Covert-19 from a Business Point of View

by

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2020 had been heralded as the year of Plenty. And, so it should have been. After a fantastic Black Friday at the end of November, to an even better Christmas and wonderful New Year with all the parties and holidays, we settled into business as usual in January. I was in the final year of my MBA and everyone went back to school. My days were always frenetic but I was used to it, doing it for years - Monday and Tuesday in Johannesburg, Wednesday and Thursday in Cape Town, Friday and Saturday in Durban, and Sundays on my farm. Except, one week of the month when I would be out of South Africa - overseas or into Africa where I work with women in business, helping them to grow sustainable businesses, in countries like Nigeria, Rwanda and as far north as Cote d'Ivoire, as well as close by, like Zimbabwe. My life was lived in and out of suitcases, airports and aeroplanes - then Covert-19 hit. Suddenly, we were given four days to get organised. I knew that I wanted to spend the time on my farm that I had owned for 35 years and had never spent much time there. I also knew that I would need space to move, so my flats in Durban, Cape Town and Johannesburg would not be where I wanted to be, for any length of time. The last flight I took from Johannesburg down to Durban was eerie as the usually full airports were empty, the plane was full of people coming back from overseas wearing masks and I had run and climbed on board at the last minute, sans mask, feeling very naked and squashed between two mask wearing people, returning from Italy and the UK. For the first time in 35 years, I got to sleep in the same bed for more than three days at a time!

It was almost as if everyone was going on holiday - I waved goodbye to my domestic worker who went home laden with groceries to last the three weeks of the lockdown and I schlepped off to my farm, looking forward to a super rest, with a pile of books to catch up on, and to write my dissertation. For as long as I can remember I had woken up at 4 a.m. and hit the ground running - so the first day I decided to sleep in, right until 5 am. I got up and went outside to do my usual morning meditation,

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had a leisurely breakfast, got dressed in casual clothes and sat down at my computer and that's when I felt like I had been hit by a sledgehammer, as our warehouse was full of stock that we could not sell, but had to pay for it, at the end of April. 'OMG what about the thousands of staff members who are going to be looking for their salaries at month end?'. No money coming in and all this going out and then the even bigger blow - I have to pay my creditors at the end of the month. How much money do we have? Panic set in. I quickly called a meeting of our directors and started asking some alarming questions - how big did you say our salary bill was? How much do we have to pay at month end? How much money do we have now? With some fancy footwork we could sort of pay the salary bill so long as the UIF paid out in time - if it did? But, the creditors were another story! The statements had started coming in and we were minus 5 weeks turnover, so paying them in full would be impossible. We also owned the Samsung stores in fancy shopping centres like Rosebank, Pavillion, Mall of Africa, Gateway and Sandton - how were we going to afford these rentals with no money coming in? Well, we could come up with numerous excuses to hold on rents and creditors, but salaries would have to be paid. We did some fancy footwork and managed to keep the wolf from the door - knowing that it was only a few weeks, and everything would be back to normal. Then, the President spoke and suddenly the grim reality hit home - this was not going to end now - it was going on indefinitely!! How would we survive, how would the business survive, how would we pay the staff who relied on us for their survival - there were no answers.

Our Core team, which is our team of directors rallied - we had meetings almost every day working out how to pay our rentals, pay our creditors, pay our staff. All this, with zero money coming in, although some of our creditors gave us an extra 30 days to pay. Days turned to weeks and the weeks to months and still no sign of relief, on this horizon - it seemed surreal. No one was sick - we were all fine. We spoke to every single staff member every day via WhatsApp groups - they were all fine, but with all of us the novelty had worn off and we all needed to get back to work. But, we couldn't - we were still under lockdown.

Our hair got longer and looked unkempt, I had to take the gel off my nails using a scraper and messed up my fingers in the process, friends and work colleagues started to run out of money and food and came looking for advice and a handout. And, all the while we had these massive salary bills and creditors hanging over our heads, like the Sword of Damocles. And, still the lockdown continued. We were inundated with people stuck at home needing new TV's. We had them, but couldn't sell them. We had loyal customers, one in particular springs to mind. She has five children and her washing machine had broken on day one and with no domestic help she was at her wits end, but we couldn't help her. This was probably the most frustrating time of all. Then we heard the president was going to speak to the nation and we all sat and listened. He was taking us to level 4, we could sell online and we could only sell heaters, cell phones and some small cooking appliances. We had to rally round again and set up a system, which we did.

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We could have one third of our staff in store, to work today, one third at home to work tomorrow and a third team at home, ready to take over if one of the other teams got sick. The day that we could open again, the teams all went in really early and sanitised and cleaned every inch of every store, every box in the store and the warehouses, every toilet, kitchen and cash desk was scrubbed and sanitised. We had to have chairs at 2m intervals and allowed only so many customers in at a time, so that they could be served and sorted out as quickly as possible. It was like an avalanche - after weeks of being holed up at home, people flocked to the stores to buy TV's and washing machines which we couldn't sell. The heaters and some cooking appliances which we allowed to sell, sold like there was no tomorrow. Customers would fight with the salespeople demanding we sell them items we were not allowed to sell - the fridges and washing machines had red and white tape over them in big crosses, indicating that we were not allowed to sell them. We limped along like this, offering our landlords as much rent as we could afford and paying our creditors as much as we could afford and negotiating with them to be patient with us, until we could get back on our feet. Every day was a nightmare, but at least we were open. Then, in Mid-May online opened and BOOM overnight things took off and two weeks later, level 3 and Hallelujah we could sell everything in the store. It was as if the floodgates opened - everyone who had been thinking and dreaming about what they would like, flocked into the stores and we had to struggle with still only one third of the staff in the stores. The staff were stretched beyond anything they could have thought of, but they rallied round and worked as a well-oiled machine and managed to serve every customer, repair every broken fridge, washing machine, dishwasher and oven that had not been working, either long before or during lockdown. They had to complete everything that day, as the next day they would be off and the other team would come in.

Working in store was also difficult as some customers would refuse to wear masks, some would fight with the staff if their masks dropped below their noses, others yelled that our sanitiser wasn't strong enough (even though it was hospital strength), and many people would take out their pent up emotions on salespeople, repair men and delivery personnel who were all risking their lives, to provide a service to our customers. Coupled with this, we had the Eskom load shedding, water cuts and strikes preventing staff from coming to work. Every day was a challenge of juggling staff, deliveries, repairs with limited staff and suppliers, some of whom were not opened.

And, then the day we had all been dreading came - the first person to test positive, our visual merchandiser who was the only person who visited all the Gauteng branches. She was not part of a team and had been to all the stores - panic set in - who had she been in contact with? All these people had to be quarantined for 14 days. The stores had to be "fogged" and left empty until a certificate was provided so that we could start trading again. Luckily, our UIF amount came through for the month that everyone was off, so this lightened our burden at month end and

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our suppliers had been as accommodating as they could and all the while we were paddling as fast as we possibly could, to ensure that everyone was paid in full by the end of May.

June came with its own challenges as more and more people had been in touch (literally) with people who had tested positive, so we had to go from three teams to two teams while keeping those who were vulnerable due to Diabetes, high blood pressure etc., at home. After paying for the stores to be fogged on a regular basis we ended up buying our own fogging machines and spent our days monitoring those who had tested positive and were still at home - all the while trying to keep our customers happy, their appliances repaired, new ones delivered safely and on time, and all staff masked and stores sanitised.

We experienced a lot of what we called "lockdown lunacy" where people would do crazy things - they would insist we bring the appliance into their house, but they wouldn't let the driver or labourers carry it in. They refused to sign the invoices as they didn't want to touch our pen or the piece of paper. The best was the lady who arrived at our Hyde Park store with a weeks' worth of washing for six people and insisted on being allowed to try out all the washing machines before she bought one!

Normally rational people would fly into a screaming temper tantrum at finding their toaster was out of warranty and couldn't be fixed free of charge. All this time we had to work with customers and staff who were all stressed beyond belief as this was something that no one could ever have imagined living through, on a daily basis.

Zoom meetings have become the order of the day and as a company we are working with people in all walks of life, trying to help wherever we can with upskilling domestic workers who have lost their jobs, rallying women in business and helping them to keep their companies going, working with Entrepreneurs to show them how to survive and thrive through Covert-19, and still the end is not in sight. We have no idea how long this will go on. All we can do is keep walking forward in the direction of our dreams and hoping against hope that this nightmare will end, as quickly as it started.

EDGEWOOD EXTRA TUITION PROGRAMME TUTORS IMPLEMENT TUTORING STRATEGIES DURING COVID-19

by

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EETP tutors producing study guides.

From Left, Mr. Philani Lloyd Shezi, Mr Sandile Mnyandu and Mr. Nqobani Mkhize.

Third and Fourth-year preservice teachers in the School of Education, University of KwaZulu-Natal serve as tutors in the Edgewood Extra Tuition Programme (EETP). This non-profit organisation for the last 15 years ran as an independent entity until 2020 when it was adopted by the Community Engagement Sector in the School of Education under the Academic Leader: Dr. James. The governance structure of the organisation comprises, the Director: Mr Laskey, the Coordinator: Dr Nzimande, the Head of School: Mr Shezi; Lecturers as Mentors and the preservice teachers as Tutors. Grades 10, 11 and 12 learners are tutored in the following subjects: Physical Sciences, Mathematics, Mathematical Literacy, Life Sciences, English Home Language, English First Additional Language, Business Studies, Economics, Accounting, and Geography.

The programme had an Orientation meeting with parents and learners at the beginning of the year. The on-site lessons which normally happen on a Sunday were suddenly stopped with the lock down demand. This meant that plans for continued teaching and the support to all the learners still had to be maintained, even though the issues of access to learners, suitable methods to teach the learners who did not have access to laptops or other devices were immediate challenges. After numerous virtual meetings, the EETP team decided that the tutors should work together to develop study guides for the grade 12 learners, continued with tutoring through virtual means using WhatsApp and phone calls, and learners were expected to submit activities for assessment. Mr. Philani Lloyd Shezi has expressed words of gratitude to everyone for the major role played in the continued tutoring of the learners.

Mhlaseli ongenandawo

by

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Mhlaseli ungumzondo kwabakwenu,
Mhlaseli ongumgqebhuli wamatshe kubagqihhi,
Mhlaseli ogalele kwanyakaza uBuka,
Mhlaseli onyakazis' inyama yasoGelweni
Kwanyamazela iBiyela Centre neSanlam,
Mhlasel' othole indawo kwadum' iNkandla,
Kwasokole iNkosi yaseMahlayizeni, zadum'
Izihosha ematshen' ezimpisi koVelangaye,
Kwanyamazel' uThiyaqwa emahlath' amnyama,
Hawu! Mhlaseli ongenanembeza,
Mhlaseli ofak' inxeba nakwesakaMthethwa
Kwashalaza abathethwa kwananela Omendu,
Mhlaseli ongabonwa nangeso, uyisinengiso,
Uyiphel' endlebeni ngisho kosopolitiki,
Uyimbelesela nakontanga uzibonisile,
Bathola namachaphezelo ozifozonke,
Wahlul' ukukhophoza okukamakoti egoyile,
Wagalela kweyasoGelweni kwanyamazela
UNgqondonkulu ePhayindane e-Ukzn,

Ekangqondebanzi yasoNgoye yadunguzela,
Kwasola uMhlathuze namagquma Ongoye
Kusokolwe ngawe sitha esingumasithela
Mhlaseli uvumbuke okwesiphethu kuManyosi,
Waba umkhonto ogwaze kwaphophoza
Uyembezi negazi eLenmed Hospital eThekwini,
NoDr Rooknooden angayifakaza eLenmed
Ongibheke nganoval' amaqaphelo ngashalaza,
Wash' unembeza, impela yikho ukufa kodumo,
Kufakazwe iLenmend Hospital ngavuma,
Kwafakazwa uHlawulani emazulwini,
Kwavunywa uMqashi ezinzulwini zezulu,
UDade Msomi wawusol' umgqakazo
Zawukhwacela umsila eziqwaqweni, zajabha,
Nguwe nje mhlaseli ongenazwelo,
Kanti uyodela nini sathane ongabonwa
Nangeso! Ogadla ephindelela eNingizimu,
Kucace bha! Umdali ulifulathele elaseMzansi,

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Nakhu befa okwezimpukane kwamhlaba,
Lokhu kufa kugwinya nsizwa nentombi,
Lokhu kufa kuhlafuna wena ntanga nomncane,
Akukhethi saguga naxhegu nandawo,
Akukhethi sicebi nempofana, kuyavithiza,
Lapha kimi ufike emphelandaba ngisasho,
Ufike la kushukwa khona izikhumba,
Wemhlaseli awunandawo ngisasho namanje.

Lo mzimba akuwona owokucashisa wena vobe,
Hamba uyoklabalasa esihogweni vobe ndini,
Ze ngiphile inguna, ngeke ngimbelwe nguwe
Lo mgodi nemigodi godi emagombe gombe,
Mhlaseli awunandawo ngivike ngoVitamin C,
Ngivike ngo-Immune System booster, khohlwa,
Ngavika ngo-Procydini olufakazwe uKhozi fm,
Ngavika ngo-Anti-biotics noMashu angafakaza,
Ngavika ngekhubalo-mgxotshelwa, hlehla!
IMpangeni neMelmoth bengayifakaza le ndaba,
Ngavika ngemikhul' imithi neShowe ingafakaza,
Ngavika ngechibi namafutha, uNyazi LweZulu
Lwama phuhle nobhoko lwaseZulwini kwacaca,
Baphika Omketshezi laketshe kwelipheZulu,
Bayiphikise yancama ikhoro nozalo layo,

ICOVID ndini ebisikhiqize izigidi zamancwane
Kodwa lizi zikhali zashabalala okwamazolo,
Khorona ndini eshe ubuhanguhangu yethuka
Impumulo macala onke, ladikibala ikhaya lakho,
Kwathelwa umgadli kaLemon noBicarbo udu,
Impela ziyayishuka le COVID esifana neBhodla,
Mhlaseli eyakho indawo ikwalasha.

Nxa uzibheka uyibhoza kwabakini na?
Uyinkunzi edl' ezinye le, hhayi lapha kithi,
Leli godi longena wena, lunqabile uNyazi
Lushaye phansi kwashunquthuli, ngena wena,
Khorona! ngibheke ungibhekise ngihlomile,
Khorona! Ungubani? Ngingubani? Singobani?
Empeleni ungalenzani uBuka nxa selumi la?
COVID ungayenzani iMpangeni nxa ikubuka
Ngawayizolo nawasemandulo amehlo?
Vele ngeke ulunge, ivume induku iyakunetha,
Uyivumile eka-Eucalyptus oil, wazishalazisa,
Yaqhuma eyompentshisi ka-Effer Flu C,
Empeleni zikunethe nxa zonke lezi bhaxu,
Leli sosha lisaloliwe licije okomkhonto,
Nalo lelo sosha libukhali okommese wotsotsi,
Lempi oyilwayo ngek' ulunge, vuma ikwehlule,

Uziphose kocijile umkhonto kaVitamin C,
Wazihloma kwenkulu inayithi kaZinc,
Bheka manje usumanxebanxeba, ngeke ulunge,
Zibheke umabokoboko, awujimile, jima!
Ungazonyonyoba sakunyelela la,
Khorona! Elakho ikhaya alikho la, lisesihogweni,
Mhlaseli ndini, awunandawo lapha,
Hamba kakhulu ungabheki emumva.

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Yolanda 'Nola' Naraina
(University of KwaZulu-Natal; Edgewood Campus)
220001886@stu.ukzn.ac.za

I am bold
For being reserved when I want to speak
Robs me of a character filled with sparks
To illuminate and electrify, to speak

A belief, so strong, unwaveringly steady
Only for you.
Belief in a possibility, unknown by thee
Goals and successes, plenty

Bold, I am
When faced by your messages
Yet to face your eyes and smile,
With curly hair, oh my oh my

Yet bold I am not
To confess something
Bearing deep down in my heart
Daring I am not.

-Nola

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ADVERTISEMENTS

ATTENTION TO SCIENCE DISCIPLINE STUDENTS:

The Science and Technology Education Cluster, as other clusters are engaged in online teaching and learning. As staff we have shared the challenges, opportunities, comments/suggestions with regard to this.

We ask Science discipline students to please share their challenges, opportunities, comments/suggestions.

If you are interested in doing this you may WhatsApp your response to 0735114558 (with your name or anonymous)

Or e-mail jamesa1@ukzn.ac.za and cc Kolobe@ukzn.ac.za

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



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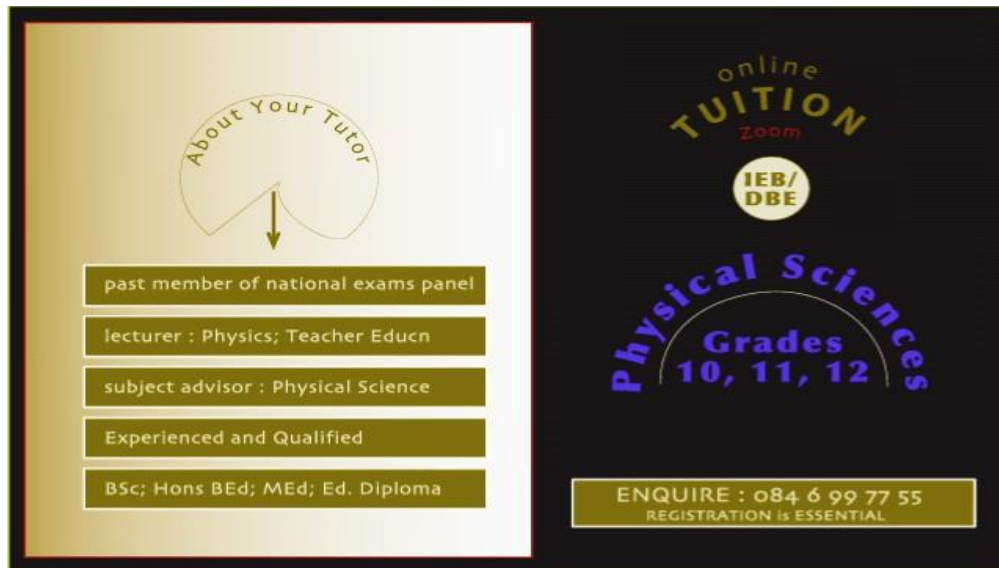
PLEASE VOTE AS MANY TIMES AS YOU CAN

ReShape: A GLOBAL CALL FOR INNOVATION

ReShape is Enel's ambitious new global call-out for start-ups, SMEs, solvers and other energy entrepreneurs to work together with them to transform innovation into future solutions through a series of Challenges. For anyone interested in finding out more information and/or applying, please click [HERE](https://startup.enel.com/en/join/reshape-global-call.html).

<https://startup.enel.com/en/join/reshape-global-call.html>

Submission deadline: Wednesday, 30th September.



Advertisement for Amy Moodley's online tuition services. The ad features a central graphic with 'About Your Tutor' and an arrow pointing to a list of qualifications and experience. To the right, it advertises 'online TUITION Zoom' for 'MATHEMATICS Grades 10, 11, 12' and 'Physical Sciences Grades 10, 11, 12'. Both are IEB/DBE accredited. Contact information includes 'ENQUIRE : 084 6 99 77 55' and 'REGISTRATION is ESSENTIAL'.

About Your Tutor

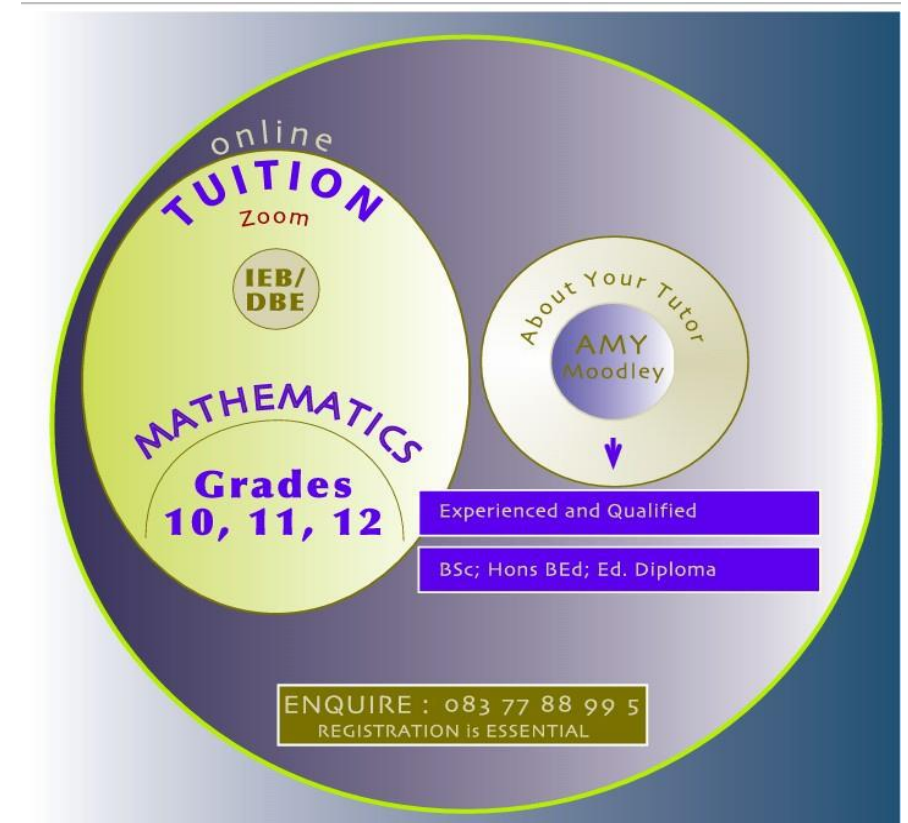
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- subject advisor : Physical Science
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- BSc; Hons BEd; MEd; Ed. Diploma

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Grades
10, 11, 12

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REGISTRATION is ESSENTIAL

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 - 18 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).