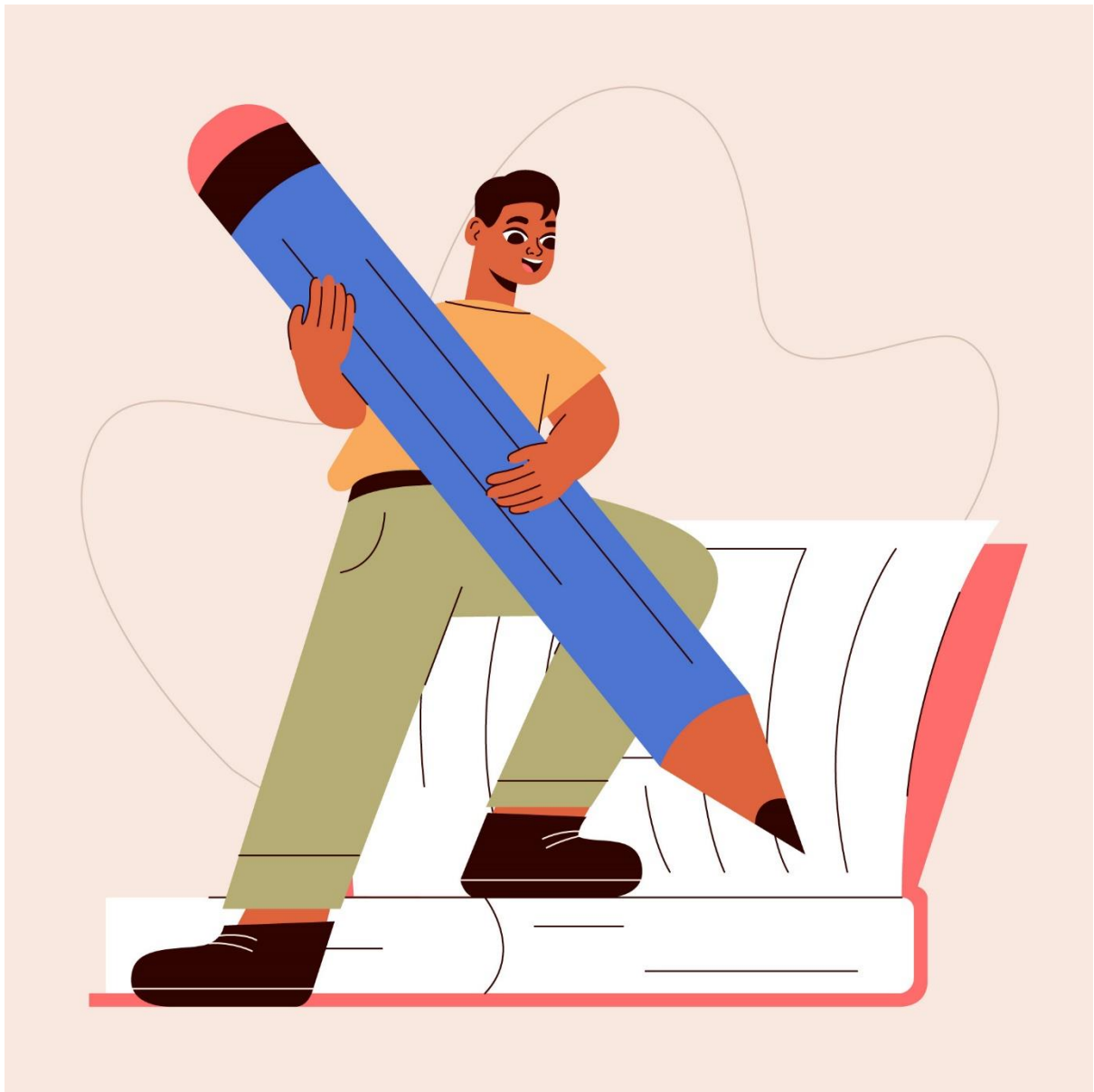


Legae Academy – Creative Writing Club

Vol. 1



A Thunderstorm in Gaborone

By Kayla Matshediso 4

Before we knew it

Darkness had engulfed the sky

Vengefully it hissed

Promising havoc

Mischief

Destruction

So much rain, so much thunder, so much wind

Swirling whirling

Swirling whirling

Like a plague of blind locusts

Tossing up everything in sight

Like a madman

Chasing nothing

Shrieks

Filled with

Terror

Fear

Unease

Had echoed

Chaos had ensued

Unexpected

Like a snake in the grass

With a diabolical scheme

Up in scales

Evoking utter anguish

Suffering

And torment

The vile storm had only gotten

Stronger

Quicker

Smarter

But was quickly defeated

By a

Glowing bundle of joy

The sun

Stubbornly, it made its retreat

Drip, drop

Drip, drop

All the chaos

All the mischief

All the destruction

Ceased to exist

Like a fantasy

Beyond our reach

A Dark Night

By Neema Kamau 1D

Large, strong winds blowing through the city
Huge, dark clouds making the day gloomy
Sirens blaring, loud in my ear
My vision blurred by the tears filling my eyes

Blue, red, blue, red, blocked by the
Piercing screams of terror
Panic is spreading, fear is pouring out in town
Horror movie played out for all to watch
You could almost hear the muffled screams
Make out the creepy *help me from a distance*

Then it rains, not surprising
These scenarios tend to end like this
You could smell the bloodiness in the clouds
Gust of wind blowing away shattered pieces of glass
Everything is red, blood covered on every surface
The scene scaring me, I'll always remember the
Chunks of meat laying on the ground

Tainted blades scattered all around
A motive of selfishness and bitterness
But the thunder had to strike, eventually
Trauma that would last for a lifetime
Life's not easy, it never was
Now she we gone, gone forever
Hidden under saggy mud
Leaving everyone in storm alone
In darkness forever and ever

The Sun in Botswana

By Kebareng Mangoye

As it rises, it brings joy and happiness,
Blocks the storms and floods,
Protects the plants from pests,
Covers the shivering like a protective shawl.

The sun in Botswana
How could we live without you?

Without it, there is no life,
No green pastures or grown food,
But with it we have strength to carry on,
Though it is bright and hot,
Like a small dot in the sky,
Though it may bring drought and famine.
It is what plants need to make food.

The sun in Botswana
How could be without you?

You hug us with your rays in summer,
Bring us sickness and cold in the windy winter,
And dry up the leaves in autumn.

The sun in Botswana
How could we live without you?

You give us sunburn if we stand too long beside you,
You fry us like bacon when we are right under you,
We breathe in hot dry air when we don't wear masks.

The sun in Botswana
How cruel could you be?

Are you a star or a circle? I really cannot see.

What shape do you take when you are so bright,

Drying up water and making it evaporate?

The sun in Botswana

Why do you share so much?

Cherry

By Michelle Dzirimi 2D

I raise my cherry lollie up into the sky
Aligned with its twin the moon
Today they look alike

Though she has to say a quick goodbye
Because the bullies of the sky
Are rising in high
One, two, three
One, two, three, four
One, two, three, four, five
One, two, three, four, five, six
One to the thousandth in our nightmares
Multiplying like gems

The stars sparkle but they give no hope
Stuck in the mud by their will
They've tagged each other to be still

The trees jerk their arms up ready for a fight
But they're all useless too
Stuck in their roots
There are of no use

The wind shoves the clouds forward
It runs past the weeds, past the sea, past me
No arms, no legs, no boxing gloves on
Because it has no hands
No spine to keep it brave

No friends to keep it safe
So it pushes everyone in danger's way

My cherry lollie has fallen into dismay
I just watch the bullies get in her way
No plastic shawl to keep her warm
No warmth to remind her of home
Her home lost forever by the wind

But only to be drenched in the sweat of her enemies
Drops of water fall like bullets
Bouncing off her head, it's shaken
She slips out of my hand
Like a lightening bolt she drops
Cracks on her head
Millions of cracks

She's a million pieces

A million pieces of rubies shattered to the floor
A million drops of red splattered to the floor
No brains just white powder
But it's fine since she's already dead