



**‘Anthology
by Namibian
Adolescent
Girls and
Women’**

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*These Poems and pieces have been
collected by the Young Feminist
Movement in the Omaheke, Kunene and
Khomas Regions through 'The Take Back
Project.'*

Mr. Super cool

What is it that makes you look super cool.
They praise you when you abuse a woman.
They give you a chance in court to plead your innocence.
They timelessly free you after raping women.
You are given a minimum sentence after killing us.
You are well know child molester but family hides your identity.
Mr. Super cool how far is your journey?
They make you look so cool that any girl or woman walking down the street is your target.
That after raping us, you tell the judge that I exposed my body because of what I wore,

That my skirt was too short
That my boobs where displayed inappropriately.
Because of 1 dollars sugar you had the right to pick up a panga to chop my head off.
But you plead not guilty in court
Its high time my inner voice is heard sisters
instead of watching news about the next victim, Shut the media down
Instead of attending court
Hearings, stop the proceedings
We have listened enough
It's time for action
Mr.super cool it's time for action
We listened enough
We cried enough
We lost enough powerful women because of your actions
No it's time we woman are given the second chance to speak out .
Enough is enough

Written By Role

POVERTY

You lead to problems; poor literacy is what you caused
I am unemployed and serve no value to society
You made me look weak; you put fear in me .
You make me look poor
Poverty, you are the root of other problems.
Your actions are so great
You cause lack of education,
Lack of employment,
Lack of infrastructure,
Because of you, I can't take in proper food and nutrition
Poor became poorer
While we pay tax to make rich ones richer
Your system has failed us
Children from poor families never get proper schooling and proper nutrition.
Because of you, most girls dropped out of school
High teenage pregnancies
High rate for HIV infections among teenage girls
Many involve in crimes like theft, murder, robbery
We remain uneducated and forced to live under unhygienic condition in slums.
There are no proper sanitation and drinking water facilities in slums and they fall ill often
A poor person generally dies an early death,

All social evils are related to poverty.

Written By Paulina

Violence

You are hurting me
Stop beating me
This ain't your body, I don't want anymore
Stop... stop I am not your child to beat
Enough is enough
I was scared to tell people
but no more
I am in pain everyday
I see blood everyday
You are beating me for no reason
Many women are in pain
What can we do to stop this?
We can't take this anymore
Enough is enough
I don't want actions on my body

Written By Queen





How Feminism is Slowly Reclaiming the Narrative

'Reclaiming the Narrative' can be described as telling your story and changing the view of others when you do so. For example, a criminal who is guilty of a murder, people may only have known that they brutally murdered someone, but they would not know the reason or circumstances that forced them to do so.'

With that being said, how is feminism reclaiming the narrative? In the modern world, feminism has evolved from an organisation that only fought for equal rights for binary sexes, which we know as male and female, into an organisation that fights for the equal rights of all humankind, including those who do not fall under binary gender identities, also known as queer people. This dynamic shift is a way in which the youth are reclaiming the narrative of what feminism is at its core. The fact that more queer people are being recognised and supported is a huge step for human kind, especially here in Africa. This is because, for the longest time, the narrative of whom is deemed acceptable in society has mostly focused on women and men, seeing as older generations had a somewhat poor understanding of the queer community. Members of the LGBTQ+ community were either shunned, casted aside and/or over-sexualised, and yet, they were also discriminated against when it came to their potential integration and contribution to society. However, nowadays, we are starting to see a compassionate side to the human race, majority of whom believe in and fight for the equal rights of all people, regardless of their gender identity. It is an applaudable initiative as their efforts are not going unnoticed, but rather are being met with increasingly enthusiastic responses from the older generations. A recent example of this is the protest for the young boys who were sexually harassed and raped by a male teacher from Jan Mohr; a movement that led to the arrest of the above-mentioned teacher, which would have otherwise been overlooked, as it were boys who were raped, and not girls.

Another way in which modern feminism is reclaiming the narrative is by celebrating more women in power as well as how feminists are shifting the narrative from 'Women should have more opportunities,' to, 'The best fit for the job should get it, regardless of their ethnicity, sexuality, and gender identification'. This is another big leap in the views of society, as we are no longer just focusing on biologically born women as the main focus for the advocacy of equal rights and opportunities. Although it is not as fast-paced in African countries as it is in 1st world countries, such as the US, we are beginning to see more queer members of society taking up space in the executive world, unapologetically. This then attests to our genetic compositions reclaiming the narrative as well as our minds evolving from a traditional to a more realistic and accommodating point of view. Mental health has also become a growing focus for modern feminism, as the understanding of mental health importance increases

amongst the general public.

Therapy and mental illnesses were previously seen as a taboo, and people who suffered from any form of mental illness were previously looked upon as the degenerates of society. African elders have this misconception that therapy is only for “crazy people”, a phrase which in itself looked down on majority of the members of society. Not only that, but by raising their children with this toxic belief, they inevitably enabled and encouraged most people to suppress and hide their mental struggles. This allowed narcissists, sociopaths and psychopaths to go unnoticed in society, integrating themselves in the system, yet destroying those around them and being able to get away with their abusive tendencies. However, all of that is slowly changing, thanks to the newfound interest in the affects of having mental health issues.

Despite what many would like to believe about our elders’ negative views on mental health and the queer community, young members of society are reclaiming another narrative that had been lost over time through the hardships that our African ancestors had to face. As an omuwambo girl, it amazed me to hear of tales of how current toxic practices in modern African cultures, such as arranged marriages, have morphed from a peaceful practice, that was seen as sacred, into a toxic trading scheme for parents to gain wealth in a rather ‘easy’ manner. After Africans were disconnected from their roots through slavery and apartheid, our cultural practices morphed into undesirable practices as well. What was once supposed to be traditional healing has long since turned into a battle of the wealthy and successful through what is now known witchcraft. The word itself paints a dark image on an ancient practice that all African cultures celebrated and respected for the well-being of their own. However, it is evident that the African youth is slowly reconnecting themselves with their heritage, in an attempt to reclaim the narrative and get back to a place where we can all celebrate and practice our cultural rituals, without the thought of endangering others. By reclaiming our African roots, we are slowly casting aside the negative effects that capitalism had on what used to be an African utopia. Hopefully, one day we can all live in a world where Africans can reclaim and be proud of their unique views and practices, and not have to condone the capitalistic views of our current society. Not only is the narrative allowing for more compassion, but it is also creating new career opportunities for the youth.

A study done by the university of Yale shows a rise in the number of Psychology majors across the globe, a positive sign for many, as this slowly increases the number of therapists that are availed to the general public, in comparison to previous numbers. The youth is slowly but surely removing the shackles that were placed upon them through traumatic upbringings and childhood experiences, and are choosing to be the change that has long been yearned for. Rather than simply ignoring issues and hoping for better days, society is witnessing a revolution; a change in the narrative of how society is supposed to navigate through life. Thus, if we as a community

continue rising above the short falls that our elders handed over to us, we are bound to witness a world filled with more peace than the one we currently live in. To sum up what I have mentioned thus far, reclaiming the narrative is no longer just a concept on the idea board, but rather something that all true feminists are actively working towards. This is displayed through the advocacy for equal rights for all, which includes members of the queer community. It is also displayed through the advocacy for a compassionate society towards people who struggle with various mental illnesses, without discriminating nor shaming these people. It is being displayed through a better understanding of our African heritage, that was previously tainted by the implications of slavery and apartheid, which limited our elders' way of thinking and views on life. Hope is not lost for us as Africans, even though the capitalistic world would has it otherwise. If we as a society continue to grow and nurture our people in more peaceful, yet affective ways, the ugly world that we are fighting to abolish may cease to exist, making room for a world that we may all be proud of.

Written By Laura Conceicao Uuyuni

I am a girl, I get that

Why are you so lazy?
A lady does not sleep in all day
Why is your room such a mess?
Why don't you know how to cook?

A lady accepts with a smile
I am the man of the house, Maya
The baby dirtied herself, Maya

Smile Maya, he will like it
He was just stressed, he didn't mean to hit you
No Maya. You are the problem
She is probably the one with fertility problems

Why are you wearing that?
That is too short
You are tempting the boys

You need to smile just a tid bit more
But not too much, you will look like a whore
Mama, what happened to equality?
Dad, you said the world is a beautiful place
Dearest husband, what happened to princess treatment or nothing?
I am still learning to accept myself
But the whispers down the hallway
The talks behind my back, I can't do with that
I am a girl, my body is a temple
You have made that more than clear, I get you
But how about freedom and comfort?
How about my brothers and i being one and the same?
Society will mock you, society doesn't speak for that
I get that
But how about the boys?
I am trying not to be negative, I am
But with all that?
The torment, the constant torture? Just how?

By Elina Kandje

Sexual Harrassment in the Work Place

Sexual harassment in various working environments in Namibia is an issue that is rarely addressed, and why may this be? Well, possible reasons may range from the fear of being redundant, shamed, fired or viewed as an opportunistic person in a particular work place. As a young black woman, it is inevitable not to be sexually harassed either physically (touching that has not been given any permission and based on ignorant assumption) and or verbally (unprofessional indirect and direct perverted comments about the physique /dress code) by the male employer, colleague, and customer. Hence, experiencing this type of poorly addressed harassment in a work place can result into an overwhelming range of emotions from feeling terrified being amongst male colleagues in a confined space for instance an elevator; uncomfortable; anger; disgust of oneself, and of loathe men in general. Now how to do we plan to help new female entrants in working environments to not overlook, feel safe and be conscious of what is a professional behaviour and what is sexual harassment? Well, here is a few ideas for companies/academic institutions and organizations to implement and execute in order to alleviate sexual harassment in their respective work places.

1. Employers should not only be responsible for the oversight of his/her subordinates workplace skills assessments but their reassurance in the work place. This can be done by employing an occupational /industrial psychologist to investigate any unprofessional behaviour that could divert the vision and mission of the company via individual therapy sessions of each employee in the company to possibly motivate those that are secretly experiencing harassment to speak up on it.
2. In order for women to feel safe to speak up, the human resources and occupational psychologist consultant and the company's lawyer can organise an inclusive sexual harassment workshop for the company regardless of the employees positions in order to create an awareness about the adverse effects of sexual harassment on the productivity of the company as a whole.
3. Employers and their company's lawyers should ensure an effective provision of civic education programs and reading materials for all employees so that each worker is aware of their rights as a citizen in the work place and what legal measures to execute given their privacy or rights are not adhered to.

By Miss Aloisia Amavila

Reclaiming the Narrative Through Understanding Criticism

Interestingly, society thinks she know us better than we know ourselves.. This is an absolute myth and it makes them feel obligated to tell us what to do and how to do it. They feel like they know what's best for us. They want to be the judge of how we dress up, look, decide, act and just how we choose to live. However, the question remains, why? Why let people teach us how to how to live? Why let people decide our fate? Why let people make us feel bad about ourselves? Why do we have to let people mock us and stop us from doing what we love, why believe when they say we're not good at something and really let it fade away in front of us?

Why go do medicine when you're good at Arts? But honestly, think about it, the question will always be WHY? As a young girl, I didn't have everything my peers had. I didn't come from a fancy home, didn't have a lot of friends nor lived with my parents. Mostly, people would criticize me for being boring, for coming with wrinkled clothes, for sleeping in class and for coming with plain white rice to school. Little did they know that I wasn't as fortunate as they were. Usually, people tend to criticize others for their situations without knowing the motive behind their suffering. We turn a blind eye on being understanding beings in front of people, because we want to be portrayed as cool.

Obviously, one thing I never took into consideration is the criticism. Yes, there were days when I cried and wondered, "why me", but most days, I embraced what I had and knew that one day, I'll have it all . Who am I to forget about the criticism that arises from the society? This is a great contribution to depression and is caused by validating people's opinions. We have particular diseases that cause criticism and lead us into depression, because sometimes, we fear talking to people. We fear the criticism we could get from people when they hear about our diseases. We stay indoors; depressed because we fear what we could see or hear as soon as we open our gates. That doesn't mean we should not go out there and face the world because at the end of the day, we all need to face reality, regardless of the darkness it may bring to us.

Why be criticised for our appearance, origin and colour? Frankly, no one chose to be the way they are, no one chose to be poor or rich, white or black, American or African; it just happened. Why do people have to call me names for being tall, black and for coming from a particular background? Why does the society seem to find so much peace in making other people feel bad about themselves? One can come from a certain country but people would call her by the name of her country or by the way she looks which literally kills one's confidence within a second. Most humans tend to validate people's opinions a lot because when growing up, their opinions were never valued. They grew up in situations where their elders told them, "you're wrong, you're a child, you don't know what you're talking about". If that's the environment you

grew up in, when you grow older, you tend to have interest in other people's opinions because that's all you've ever been taught as a child; that your opinions aren't enough. This leads to depression and anxiety. We need to educate our people and make them understand that their opinions about themselves are the only options that are factual.

Let me give a practical example of a middle aged lady who rents, not married, doesn't necessarily have a car nor kids and comes from an under privileged background. She works hard to afford paying rent for her amazing apartment. Someone then comes with their criticising questions like, "why don't you have kids, why aren't you married, why don't you have a car, why are you renting? ". Because this lady doesn't have a strong mind-set we all yearn to have, she ends up taking loans to buy herself a house, car and clothes to attract a husband. She desperately validates people's opinions so she ends up getting herself an abusive or alcoholic husband.

Additionally, she ends up being in this situation because she ran into it blindly as she allows people's opinions to overshadow all her hard work. In terms of the loans she borrowed, she gets into debt, get an abusive husband and she can't even afford to get a divorce. She then goes into depression, has kids and becomes an abusive mother and the cycle continues. To bring it back to reclaiming the narrative, in order for us as feminists to really reclaim that narrative, we need to teach our people that it's absolutely okay not to have everything. It's okay to live in Shandubala because we always need to look back on where we come from Don't look at the people living in Kleine Kuppe and go like "no, they're successful and I'm not ". As feminists, we need to encourage and educate our people to stop sleeping on their own potential as it eventually results in letting go of other people's opinions. Moreover, rather than taking other people's opinions, it would be better to advise our men and women that if someone criticises you, it doesn't mean that their opinion is accurate. What they're doing is projecting their insecurities onto you as they're seeing things in you that are amazing, qualities that they do not possess, but because they do not understand why they do not possess them subconsciously, they intent to project their insecurities onto you. As humans who validate these opinions, we take into hand and carry the depression that another person just handed to us.

In the nutshell, this has made me a very strong feminist because I came to believe that people should understand that what I do to others today could happen to me in the long run. Making other people feel bad about themselves isn't an accomplishment, it just shows how inhuman people really can be. Literally no one chose the life they live and the way they are. It's all about fate. Moreover, considering what people say to you or about you has nothing to do with you. We live on our own terms. We don't have to stop pursuing something just because people speak bad of it or be ashamed of ourselves because the universe is talking. One thing about the universe is that it will never stop talking. It was never about the universe and its opinions, it was about us and we can't let anything change that for us.

By: Fiina Tuwilika Paavo

Theme:

Reclaiming the Narrative

The problem
You say feminists are the problem
I say feminism is me calling out the problem
Yes, we have given the problem a face and a name
It harnesses an unfathomable amount of strength
Nothing will ever be the same

You see, my lips cannot continue to kiss my teeth
Society will no longer make me feel beneath
This strength I speak of has gotten stronger, wiser and bolder.
It has gotten a voice
To speak, to educate and to fight
Never again will you push us out of sight

For generations, society has set a rather unfair standard
“Men should work the hardest and should be pampered”
The world has practiced unfair equality
How do we move forward if we are glued to a primitive ideology?
We point this out and are called the problem
Well then, we have come to solve it.

Reclaiming what was taken
A goal and a journey never to be forsaken
This power has come to stay
And will continue to live through generations till the last day
So tell me, are we still the problem?

Piece by: Victoria Gure

Labels

I live in a society where everyone is desperate to obtain a piece of me to label as they please. The labels can become so overpowering that I am not known by name any longer, but according to the labels that I am given based off of my intelligence, my sexuality, my health status, the amount of people that I have slept with or whether I appease their beauty standards or not. Whether I am good enough or not good enough, is left up to them to decide. I know what you might be thinking, “why not just ignore their labels?” I know that to some extent, you get to choose what you believe about yourself. The problem however is that, labels are very sticky and they are unfortunately found everywhere. Women are more likely to be the prime target of this problem.

The labels are found everywhere. I wish that social media was the only culprit perpetuating this. Unfortunately, the labeling happens in our own households from a very young age. The process of our parents or family members comparing us to cousins or siblings is the earliest form of exposure to the labeling process. It does not stop as we grow up, in fact it just introduces us to a bigger pool of people that are ready to label us. What makes them so sticky is the fact they are most likely distributed by the same people that we are supposed to trust, that are supposed to love us and have our best interest at heart. Since we hold them in high esteem, we believe what they decide to label us as. After all, they know us right? They are so sticky that one starts seeing themselves through them. Many years have passed, but my mirror still faintly whispers them to me.

Thus, I reclaim the narrative, I rescue myself from the conditioning of the labels that I have been put through. I restore my power and take back my right of self.

Written By: Valencia Shipapo

We live in a world where the girl child is deprived of modern education, forced into early marriage, sexually violated and whose value to society and existence is overlooked. The question lies within me, ‘what significance does she hold to society? The girl child is brave and courageous. She is strong minded and driven by the desire to succeed. She possesses a high intellect that lies deep within her. “Educate a girl and feed the whole nation.” Yes! Given the chance, the girl child has the power to succeed. Give her a passionate cause to stand for and watch her win. Place her in a male dominated sector and watch her conquer, in fact, take her to the battle field and watch her emerge victorious. Give her the opportunity, because indeed the power of the girl child is unmatched and one to look out for.

Written By Kelezo R. Muntande



Reclaiming Brilliance

My own brilliance often surprises me. The admission that I am brilliant fills me with an odd mix of shame and relief. Shame because raised well by patriarchy, my tendency is to be self-deprecating. To either downplay my accomplishments and competencies or to reject them altogether. There's also relief because the woman in me who has worked for some of those accomplishments and effortlessly achieved others (because she really is brilliant) has been waiting for this moment.

She doesn't celebrate at the admission, however. She doesn't pat me on the back for having made this step in the right direction. She is exhausted after years of having been silenced by my insistence on holding onto the insecurity and false humility our society expects of women. I have beaten her into shapes she was never meant to hold to fit smaller and more socially acceptable moulds. I have made her softer than she ever should have been to keep her from bruising the large but fragile egos that occupy far more space than their competence warrants but that their confidence has given them.

"It's about time." That woman in me says amidst the chaos that erupts amongst the committee of men that exists in my head to keep me within the confinements of gender norms and stereotypes. "This is not allowed" they say and I understand what is implied. The nuances of the rules they would have every woman follow. It is not a woman's brilliance, necessarily, that is problematic, but her acceptance of it. The bold and unflinching declaration that she is. The exaltation.

'I am brilliant', I say to myself, awkwardly describing and defining that brilliance like I am standing in front of women seated in a circle around me. A support group for the many women just like me. Women who are still learning to accept and to own their confidence having witnessed and experienced how easily confidence is perceived as arrogance in a woman. How it invites insidious or even overtly aggressive attempts, often successful ones, to break down the same trait that their male counterparts are rewarded for.

None of this is true. I know some, if not most, men will say but the research suggests otherwise. The 'Confidence Gap'; the idea that women in the workplace are less confident than men, is a myth. Women are not less confident than men. Their confidence just isn't as well received unless softened with prosocial behavior like friendliness, and qualities best described with words like "nice". However, the confidence men are encouraged to exhibit has few, if any, such conditions and confident men rarely receive the kind of scrutiny and judgement that confident women do.

The assertive woman in the office is still waiting for the men to justify their dislike and disapproval in terms that don't reveal the underlying misogyny. The girl who answers her teacher's question correctly but a little too confidently. The woman quietly listening to her husband explain a concept to her that she has a far better understanding of or experience with. The woman watching as a man's admiration turns into derision when

her response to a compliment (usually backhanded) reveals she doesn't need his affirmation. These women, seated in that circle in that support group, are all nodding, remembering their own experiences with trying to toe the very thin line between taking pride in and promoting themselves and their abilities and receiving judgement and criticism for doing so. However, these women who were once brilliant at making themselves smaller are now reclaiming the freedom to openly believe in themselves. To display their conviction in their their own brilliance. Loudly.

By Jennifer Muyenga-Muyenga



I Took it Back.

Two days ago, I took my power back.

It wasn't an easy fight, as society had conditioned my mind to feel defenceless.

Yesterday, I took my voice back.

With the echoes of voices that came before me, I couldn't stay silent anymore.

Today I take my body back.

For so long, patriarchy governed my body,

From who touched it to whom it belonged to.

With the dimples in my thighs, the stretch marks on my breasts, the acne on my back,
my wide hips

and all my cellulite,

I was made to feel like a mere object.

As though I had to continuously be ashamed of the way God had intended for me to
look.

But I say no more.

I reclaim my temple

I reclaim my worth and

I am taking it all back.

Written By R.K.A

Maybe it's about time

And my inner voice whispered to me and said:

“ Maybe it's about time you take your power back from whatever you might have been giving it to.”

“Maybe it's about time you took back your voice, your power, your body and; everything it possess.”

“So strong, so loud, so proud and; so powerful.”

Maybe it's about time.

Written By: Vanessa Gertze

I refuse!

I refuse to be a part of this ruse.

Believing in the notion that silence is golden, and your wounds are your own to bear alone.

I refuse to be an unremunerated grave site attendant, pointing broken hearts and lost souls to a 6-foot deep hole.

As though the grave is the only escape from turmoil.

I refuse to be part of a society with special qualifications in the assassination of our young children.

Teaching young boys to not hold their heads high but to raise their fists, teaching them that violence is a side effect of manhood, anything in their path should be hit and everything resembling emotion be dismissed.

Teaching our girls to be somebody's instead of somebodies, selling them to the notion that their value will only ever be as good as a ring.

We've raised hurricanes to run households, nurtured homewreckers and classified broken homes as natural disasters.

How can you claim to oppose violence when your very delusions referred to as societal expectations embodies it?

We've given rise to a generation of sad eyes on happy faces, romanticized suicide and depression.

We've caged our boys in prisons called "men don't cry", numbing them of their emotions while thrusting them into a whirlwind of frustration.

We've killed hopes and shattered dreams while forcing boys to give up humanity in the name of being manly.

Is it insane for me to assume that an abusive man is just an artist who was denied his freedom of expression in the name of manhood and so in his frustration, his fists are the paint brush and his wife's skin, the canvas?

Her wounds depicting the pain of a boy forced into the cold of silence.

We've laughed our women into the cold of silence, body shaming them and fostering the belief that their age is merely a countdown to their expiration and still have the audacity to pass judgement when they remain in abusive and parasitic partnerships.

I refuse to be part of a society that has no accountability.

Woman! Your wounds are nothing to be ashamed of.

Man! Your emotions are not a sign of weakness, you are man enough!

One speaks when their mind and thoughts cease to live in harmony. I will speak because I refuse to live in harmony with violence. Silence is the deepest form of violence.

Do not hide the wounds that you've acquired in this battlefield called life. They say wounds are the passage through which the light enters you.

Reclaim your right to feel.

And feel deeply!

Feel fiercely!

1. Safety

It's sad how the world is not safe anymore. It's sad how we cannot trust anyone. Being sexually assaulted by a family friend hurts, what hurts more is the fact that I wouldn't say anything. The person that was supposed to protect me said I was looking for it and I brought it all upon myself. Even if I decided to speak up now, will anyone believe me.

-Anonymous

2. Pink Skies

Embarrassed to bleed?
Em. bar. rassed. to bleed.
That surely indicates 'suppression' of some sort
If life lessons weren't prickly enough

Like a rose before the blood
Petals clench against one another so subtly yet firm
The contents protected and concealed;
The hooded pearl sleeps soundly
The wind on the skin of the flesh
Simply a ray of fresh air
Hardly shakes; not a violent stir but a reminder of change

Unfold mystical being
Allow yourself to live in the reality of that which hugs
Your petals towards one another so lovingly tight.
Open up the chambers of thought process frequencies and dress up those vulnerable insides with your boldest suit
Birthday recruits born again over and over to yield signs within.

Move the carpet away
Sweep, sweep and presently handle the emotions that kept you at bay
You're not embarrassed to bleed,
You are the seed.
GROW.

-MsM

3. *Body Autonomy*

Ask yourself what's wrong with being beautiful and confident with how you look?

I do not know who you are, what you love but I too know that you do not feel beautiful or worthy enough, because of a society that constantly tells you what beauty needs to be or what standards it needs to be held up against. Unfortunately, just like every other woman out there, we've been made to believe and taught that being more beautiful than you already are is your best chance at making it in life.

But I am here to tell you: Take back who you are, love how uniquely beautiful you've been created. Love every scar. Love every stretch mark, love every journey of acne you've endured, love every journey growth and becoming. Love you for you. You are a safe haven, a master piece and a beautiful unique figure.

-Lovisa Werner

4. *Diary Entry*

15 September 2012

Dear Nancy, today I finally woke up early for school; but it wasn't worth it. I didn't think I would because of how late I slept, the dogs were barking again because Jonah walked in late. I don't know why mom lets him go out for so long, I also want to go out. He is younger than me and it's a school night... uhg, anyways I made to the bus stop just in time to buy a few sweets from Sheri, I tried to hide them from others but Sheri is so loud with her "thank you's", they already knew so I couldn't get away with it. I had to disperse to everyone else. I don't even talk to them but I guess it was the polite thing to do, and I don't want to end up walking with people who don't like me. But they really just left me with two sweets.

Our plan didn't work Nancy, I was early and he was still there. They told me he comes to school at 08h15, he saw me walk in he knew I was there. He gave me that weird wink and told me to head to his office before practice. Everyone thinks his wink is adorable, but I think it is disgusting. I tried not to go to his office but he came to fetch me and of course Miss Marks said yes – she likes him, they all like him. He says I should feel special for the special attention. Today was a bust Nancy, we'll have to come up with a new plan.

-Anonymous

Note: Nancy is the name of the Diary

5. Teenage Pregnancy

From my point of view, I think teenage pregnancy has become a serious problem in our country. Most teenagers have dropped out of school because of early pregnancies. The most common cause of teenage pregnancy is peer pressure. A lot of teenagers like following what their friends or the next person does, forgetting their backgrounds/their homes. They also forget their main reason of coming to school, so they end up spoiling their own futures which was maybe meant to be a bright future and then poverty starts which will also block the future of the human being you've given birth to.

So, I advise the young girls or teenagers to take their school seriously. Education must be everyone's first priority.

I understand and know that it is not everyone who drops out of school when they get pregnant, because some people have relatives who can help them take care of their babies while they continue with school but some do not. So, girls should open up their eyes and stay away from these boys because a "boyfriend" will not help you solve all your problems and note that a boy can give you anything but not everything, he can give you what you want but not always what you need. So, girls should be very careful with things they engage themselves into and they should learn to keep an eye on their friends, because not every smile means friendship.

-Mwange Sitaka

6. Diary Entry

Dear Diary

On Saturday, the 27th of February, I went for a workshop under the theme of "The Take Back Project", so this is how it happened. Friday during class, our head boy came to me and told me to accompany a few girls to a workshop. That sparked my curiosity and made me eager to find out about what it was all about. It really had a positive impact and boosted my confidence. It taught me how to express myself using words and it really suits me because I am a leader. My day is really going well.

- *Shirley Goagoses*

7. INK

I feel like I'm living on blank pages using temporary ink, as nothing really lasts forever.
Feeling so heavy with the responsibility of writing my own story
Too scared to trust my own transparency
With every doubt, my weaknesses become stronger and my strengths much weaker

These pages will one day be nothing
But empty reminders of what once was, not knowing what could have been, if I had
decorated those pages with different ink.

-Patricia Coetzee

8. Who She Is?

I hope she knows her robust beauty underneath her freckled skin so that when she
feels her soft tears run, every time her heart loses colour,
She will know that brokenness is not weak but rather promising
For it took me a life time to see how her words compared to the notes of a love song or
how her tone harmonized to that of a saxophone.
I overlooked how her movement resembled Shakespeare's sonnet.
I've never noticed how her eyes ignited an affection only she understood.
But I am grateful to have met her after all she is me.

-Patricia Coetzee

9. What Goes on In My Own World

This happened on the 15th of January 2019...
I was sited outside on my grandfather's broken Corolla. I sat and watched as the
sunset. It felt pretty amazing. What if I could change everyone's lifestyle? What if
I were to be rich and spoil everyone with my wealth? These silly questions came
blowing up my mind. For another second I'd be in a cab with my headsets on and my
head leaning against the window. I sat and asked myself "who am I?", "what is my
purpose on this earth?", "what am I going to be after a year's time on this earth?".
Then suddenly I hear the voice of pain, a small cry coming from distance. A two-year-
old child with tears in his eyes, was passing by, barefoot and with no jersey on. Once
our eyes met, I could feel the sorrow, the pain and the loneliness, he stood and stared
at me and I knew he wanted me to do something. Then I realized not all of us are born
lucky. Then again, I wish I could hold his small, gentle hand and keep him for myself
forever and ever. But what could I have done? I am only a child and it is at times like
this that I wish I was free like the angels in heaven.

-Rejoice Tjiueza

10. Who I am

I am Frieda Kasita, I like to be called “Fefe” (nickname). I am a learner currently in grade 11.

I like to express myself in different ways, I mean just being me wherever I go. I don't like trying to be like other people, because I feel like I am good enough. I like listening to Touch FM radio in the mornings, Radio wave and Energy too.

My inspiration comes from my best friend Elvy Benald. I can tell her anything I want without having to worry about what she might think of me. Another person that inspires me is Helvy Nishekwa from Touch FM. I haven't met her but I have a connection with what she says.

One thing about me is that, I keep it real and people don't really like that about me but that is who I am. Another thing is that I grew up not having any family/ friends to express how I feel, no one to share my dreams with and no one to just fit in with.

That feeling of knowing that I'm alone in my fight really gives me the foundation to know what I want, to know my dreams, to fight and to keep going.

-Frieda “Fefe” Kasita

11. The Woman in Me

The woman in me is tired.

She is tired of living.

She is tired of having bad days upon bad days.

She is tired of nothing working out and nothing going as planned.

So, the woman in me is just going to let go.

She feels that maybe she is trying to control life.

Maybe she is trying to fix everything with her own will, maybe that's how it should be.

Maybe just maybe, if she lets go and just lives maybe things will go accordingly, eventually.

So, the woman in me will do just that, let go, letting go of control and just be and just live.

The woman in me is going to trust God

The woman in me is going to practice her faith.

That's what the woman in me is going to do and maybe if there is a God, He will answer my prayers.

-Immaculate Paulus

12. The disappearance of a Mother

We all have mothers, we all came from a womb, but not all saw their mother. Many of us lost our mothers in different ways including old age, some in accidents and others due to illnesses. But what about those that never knew their mothers. I met a girl who told me about her life. She told me she didn't know how her mother looks like, whether tall or short, black or white, ugly or beautiful, she knew nothing about her mother. All she knew was that she came from a woman's womb, she knew that she was in someone's womb for nine months but she never knew who that woman was. Those of us who have and had mothers are very lucky. We should be proud and be thankful to God for that. Yes! I know how mothers are, they can be harsh sometimes but that's just to help you in life. Life is hard without a mother so use this time to show your mother how much you love her.

-Jennifer Nareses

13. Diary Entry

Dear Diary

It was Saturday and my friends and I went to a program, I had no idea what was happening because it was my first time being there. At first, when I arrived at the venue, I was scared because I did not know anyone there. I was staring at people and did not know what to do.

When some of the teachers spoke to us, I was not concentrating, one of them was dressed fashionably and I wished it was me. I started knowing more about those people and they were motivating us. They asked us to introduce ourselves and I was nervous and my heart was beating so fast. But I told myself that I do not need to be scared because everyone is speaking freely and they were not nervous. The topic was The Take Back Project. When I look at that topic, I didn't know what it was all about. We were told an interesting story and that was when I started to know about that topic, it was amazing and fun.

I've never been comfortable around strangers before and this how my day was.

-Johanna Shonena

14. Teenage Pregnancy in the Khomas Region

Teenage pregnancy in Khomas is very high. I am a learner from H.P.S.S, I am here due to that and I want to share and tell the people around me about teenage pregnancy. The Ministry of Health and Social Services is always complaining about teenage pregnancy in Khomas region. Learners you are being told to condomize and yet you do not do that. This goes to the parents, please help us by teaching your children the difference between what is right and what is wrong for us to overcome teenage pregnancy in the Khomas Region.

From the ministry to parents, the ministry of education urges parents not to abuse their children. The more children are abused, the more they stray from what they have been taught.

-Justine Kuhanga

15. Love is a word easy to spell difficult to understand

Being a nineteen-year-old, I started dating at the age of sixteen while I was in grade 10 for the first time in 2016. Being with friends that were also dating and already had children I was the only one that wasn't and I felt left out. I felt boring and felt like I did not know anything. So, I decided to try something new and that was when I started to date a person who I used to hate with my whole life. I did not even want to see him but how life and love change. He became so important to me that I didn't even listen to my parents. What they had to say was not important and I only wanted to be around him. As they say love at first is sweet but in the end it becomes bitter, sour, then salty. It became bitter after I gave him almost anything and everything, he asked from me as a woman without knowing that he wasn't doing that because he loved me but because he wanted to satisfy his needs as a man.

It was a secret relationship for two years but the third year everything changed especially when we moved from that side. The relationship had war and trying to fight it out, the distance became more of a problem. Three months into our third year of dating he decided that we should not be together anymore. I felt like a big part of my life was leaving me and I had no words to describe what I was feeling because I felt everything at the same time. I felt happy because I was out of it but sad at the same time because I thought I wouldn't make it. I had sleepless nights, turning around and waiting for a text message or call but nothing came for days, weeks, and months, I

waited but nothing came. It was really hard for me to move on but I had to try, in that two and a half months of the relationship being over, I learnt a lot. I learnt that I am not able to love or let myself be loved but it is life and I had to move on. Maybe one day in life, I might find the right person, I just have to wait for him.

- V Smith

16. Diary Entry

Dear Diary

On Saturday I went to a modelling program where I was modelling and other people were dancing. The modelling started at 17h00 and ended at 22h00. So, as we were modelling and the dancing were dancing, I was crowned Miss Summer. I noticed a very cute DJ at the modelling program and I was very happy when in was told that Miss summer must dance with the very cute DJ. We danced and enjoyed ourselves.

-Steffy Oaes

17. Living with The Enemy

It's that time of the day again

How I dread our predictable meets

I know that your only intentions are to help where my body fails

And or that, my mind hates you.

I've been known to overthink things or, maybe I should have approached this differently.

I wish your introduction was one I could live without.

Because depending on you, takes away my freedom.

But our relationship wasn't always like this, where did we go wrong?

I remember when we first met,

I remember the smell of muffin in the air and the sounds of trolleys being pushed past my room.

An at that time, trying to ignore the crying souls down the hall

It did not take too much effort because my body and mind were much too weak to even care.

But none of that mattered when you walked in.

Your presence scared me, but I wasn't worried.

"This will make you stronger". The nurse said. Were you really here to help me? Will you be the escape I've been praying for, every night since I've been here?

I immediately fell in love with the thought of you. Our first touch was painful. When you penetrated through my flesh, I felt like I could scream.

Your touch was so cold.
I could feel you run through my veins.
I need you to stop!
Just stop!!
But you didn't.
Why won't you stop?
That night you went home with me
I could see my mother wasn't happy to see you
But she accepted you faster than I did.
I swear that your scent was all I could taste for months.
I've never hated being human this much.
You followed me everywhere.
Penetrating my skin day in and day out.
I felt like this torture went on for a life time.
An at 11 years of feeling like your prisoner I finally escaped.
I pushed you away and chose to forget you existed.
Your absence made me happier than ever at first.
But then, I realized how weak I get without you and soon I'd be in the cold arms of that
hospital bed again.
But anything would be better than having to feel you inside of me.
Or so I thought but later,
My weight abandoned me and my eyes lost its value
My bones didn't want to move.
My body was calling out to you but my soul was still too damaged to let you back in.
Yet you always seemed to find me.
It is like,
You love being in the spotlight.
I've never despised my body this much for needing you so much.
You are an antidote for hurt that breaks me and a cause for a pain I cannot take.
Why do you follow me around??!!!
Am I that broken that you need to act like a body guard?
Am I so beyond repair that my survival depends on you?
Will I ever accept you?
If you really cared for me you would have set me free.
But I guess that is not how this works.
You will forever be latched onto me.
And this needle between us makes things even worse.
But that's your greatest weapon.
For without it you are nothing but caged medicine.
And once I've realized this, I feel sorry for you.
You are dependent on that needle as much as I'm dependent on you.
I've been angry at you for so long
I didn't even realize that we have the same disease
Through our 11 years together

I've grown to tolerate you.
Even though my hate for you still burns
The flames have vanished.
Through it all you did give me a life.
You made me stronger.
But you've also hurt me more than a friend should have.
Yet I need you every day.
I hope one day we could all be free.
If they ever find a cure for this disease
I hope you and I will be the first to be freed.
Its year 13 now,
And you're still here with me.
We've had many ups and downs
But I'm happy you stayed.
You never gave up on me
Even in times when I gave up on myself.
I still feel the pain grow stronger when its time for you to do what you do so well.
Accompanied by that needle, you penetrate my sin every day.
But its okay, really it is.
I've learned to grow with the pain
I've accepted to learn from the growth.
For you will make me stronger in ways no living soul could ever.
You have given me a second chance at life.
I've made it through the stares I get when we are in public together.
I've lived through the lost relationships I could have had
If they only understood you better.
But, hey I don't blame them
It's been more than a decade and I still don't understand you.
I'm hopeful things will get easier, hey
Maybe even get better
I think we both deserve that.
I may say this with a love full of hate
But just know
I appreciate you
We will win this fight
And we will conquer this disease.
Coz Diabetes has nothing on us.

-Patricia Coetzee



"A strong woman
STANDS UP for HERSELF
A stronger woman
STANDS UP for EVERY
BODY ELSE"

Ouveruke

Ouhumandu kokutja ouje mutuhupa mo kauwa rukwao . Ouhumandu konomundu okuama mo. Otjijamise epanga roye ropopezu tjimari tombo orutu roye, nu komanda yano hiyenene okuhungira. Ingo ngumbanangarasi omundjijame matja; “ mberipahere omuini oviwonga.” Nandarire mbahungire ouani ngumendjizu.

Ouje oundumbe

Ohoni yokukara komayuva woukaendu.

Okuraisa ouhina ndengu imwe po oukwao

Andaku ouje kauihamisa ko.

Ouwa nguunda ouzeu auhiyeya noumaunguriro uapamwe aehiyaya

Avihe vipuikwa kehi yehi

Akumuina kumwi

Nombepo ombe ndjimaihingi okuyeterera omuinyo omupe

Muinyo omupe ndjipa okuhupa mouwa worusuvero roye.

Yezurura ouwa womeripura undjipe omuinyo omupore, omuinjo omupuisse okuhupa mo.

Isapo ouzeu oukuru mbuakapita, ndjipa omasa okuhona komurungu, otirako, hara omasa uhape ukure

-MsM

1. *Body Autonomy*

Warora okuripura omuini kutja ouzeu wokurira omuwa noku rikuramena oundu woye uripi?

Hikutjiwa kutja Oove uani, uvanga tjike. Ihi tji metjiwa oko kutja ouwa woye koui, mena rouje mutuhupa. Ouje mbukupa kutja munika vi nu hupa vi nu uina mbukupa kutja ngairire ondondo kaani pumohupire.

Ouhumbandu kutja ouje mutuhupa utuzuvisa kutja otjo vajozikua ngatuhupire pondondo ohaorive kombanda yaindji puturi.

Posia ami metja: Ritorora nu risuvera omuiini. Suvera atjihe tji tjiri korutu roye na atjihe tjiwaturunga mo. Suvera ondjira aihe ndjiwawondjo mo. Ove Otjihuze tjapeke.

-Lovisa Werner

2. *Diary Entry*

Etjangua etenga membo randje

15 September 2012

Mutengua Nancy, Ndino mbapenduka rukuru okuyenda komatuwo womerihongero, katjina tjimbavanga porwe. Hitjiuire kutja meyenene okupenduka rukuru nao, otja koiri ndjimba hitire okurara erero, ozombuua kazendjirarisire porwe handje Jonah ueya olata. Hitjiua kutja onguae Mama tjemuyandjera okukara nga koiri ndjo, otja tjeri omutiti puami, tjiri ami ambizera okukara nao uina. Posia mbavaza po mbesi kokutja mbiyenene okuranda oureke okuva ku Sheri, mbakondjo okuhoreka kovakuetu, posia omurandise ngwi Sheri, une raka etwe tjiyeya kokutja Okuhepa. Ovakuetu avezu kutja mbaranda ourekerisa atjizu kouwa wandje okuvepa ko, handje hivangere okukawondja puno vandu mbehendjizeri, nu kouwa wandje mbahupu nourekerisa uvari.

Nancy, Ondero yetu kaiye nenisirue, Mbeya rukuru nu nguunda handje eye operi, vatja uya komatuwo womerihongero po 08:15, wendjimunu nu endjisikire eho atja hiyende ko mbero ye nguunda omerikuturisiro worutu ayehiyauta. Avehe vetja tjasike eho upua posia ami undji yaukisa momuinjo. Mbaroro omiano avihe kutja ehai kombero ye, posia uekundjipaha nu omujozikua Marks uatja hiyende uri. Tjimotara uno ndero naye, tjiuatara nawa avehe veno ndero naye, nu mavetja hitje ndangi kombango ndjendjipa.

Nancy, ndino kariungurire, ngatupahe omuano warwe.

-Anonymous

Note: (Nancy ena rembo randje)

3. Teenage Pregnancy

Outumbapere kehi yozombura

Oumune wandje; tjiri Outumbapare mouye wetu watakavara, ovanatje ovengi kehi yozombura kawai komatuwo womerihongero handje vatora outumbapare, nu tjinene handje mavetira po handje mavetohoni kovakao. Nu tjinene kehi retu ovanatje mbetora outumba averi mosikore, vezemba okuzemburuka kutja vazupi nu ondando ndjivera komerihongero oyae, otjina tjikaetisa kutja ovanatje avahekerivatere oveni po okanatje kapanduka.

Okuja Embo randje komitanda nu tjinene kovanatje ovakazona, orokutja yandje oombango komerihongero.

Education must be everyone's first priority.

Okuhongua ngakurire ondero ondenga ku auhe.

Metjiwa kutja kauhe ngumapiti mosikore tjatumbapara, menarokutja ovanatje tjiva veno vanene po muhoko okumuvatera nokanatje tjika pandukua. Okutja arikana merakiza ovakazona avehe kutja kareye kokure notuwoteko, menarokutja omuzandu ngo kene kuvatere moruveze tjimomuhepa tjinene. Erakiza rarue, okutja arikana vanatje ovakazona kengezeze omapanga ngumukara pamwe, menarokutja kauhe ngumatja epanga roye tjiri epanga roye ngamoruveze rouzeu.

-Mwange Sitaka

4. Diary Entry

Mutengua

Oroviungura Omayuva tjiyari 27 Etengarindi, mbaya ko mahongero kehi yembo ehongonekua "The Take Back Project", Ookutja apekara nei. Oritjatano nguunda atuahama uri turi metuwo romerihongero, otjiuru tjo vanatje ozandu eja kuami atja; hitike ovakazona ketuwo kukuna merihongero. Arire tjimba nyanuka momuinjo okuvanga okutjiwa kutja omahongero inga oyae. Tjiri yendjivatere nu mbahara ounongo ouingi kokutja mbirivatere nayo omuini nu uina okuvatera nawo varwe motjito tjinge mumbari. Tjiri eyuva randje marikaenda nawa.

- Shirley Goagogases



Ondee

Mefula kutja mbihupa korundende, hina otjina okuhanda ko, menarokutja atjihe tjimba kamburako tjipuena uri.

Okokuzeu tjimoso kurihungira omuini, menarokutja motira okuhungira imbi mbiri ovihamize porwe

Otja pumeivaiva omasa ngeri muami yerira ko omangundi tjinene

Mutu eyuva rimwe avihe mavirire indee uri

Okuhina kutjiwa porwe posia mbazera okumunikisa avihe omuano warwe

-Patricia Coetzee

Omuyozikua une ngo

Andaku Uutjiwa ouwa mburi moukurundu ye, kokutja mayandipare momayuva wouzeu tjiyeya

Tjiri yari ourure kuami okutjiwa ounandengu womambo ue.

Okumetameta kue kuna ounandengu uapeke, ketjiwa kutja tjiri omasa ingo mayezu muje porwe, Nu metja okuhepa kokutja mbemutjiwa indee uri handje eje onguri ami.

-Patricia Coetzee

Mouje wandje munatjike

Imbi vyatjitua mu 15 Rozondu 2019

Mbari mbahama pendje po Corolla yatate munene

ametarere eyuva tjimari kohengua nangore, tjiri muari nouwa muro. Mberipura kutja andaku mbino mayovi nu meyenene okuvatera avehe. Mbekerimuna motjitore Ameripura kokure nomuzumbi momatwi wandje aree, Omuami une aree nu mbera tjike kouye mbwi? Oure wombura kombanda ouye mbwi merire une?

Nguunda mbiri momeripura wandje mbazuu erakarondjenda ndimaririri kokure.

Handje okazandona kozo mbura mbari kukeri huna nokuhina ombanda kotjari nu makekapita puami nomahoze momeho. Omeho yetu yapingasana otjimemunu oruhoze muye no mbatero ndjimazeri kuami. Oiri ndjo otjimatjiua kutja atuhe katuvaningandu indee uri. Ezeri okutora mbisapo ouandje mara handje ouami omuatje ingee, punao opumbazeri kutja tjiri andaku mbiri otjo ndera yeyuru.

-Rejoice Tjiueza

Ouami une

Ouami Frieda Kasita, posia mbitjiukua otja “Fefe”. Ouami omuhongua wo ndondo oitja murongo imwe naimwe.

Mbasuvera oku riraisa momiano omingi peke peke. Hizeri okukara tjinge ovandu warwe. Mbasuvera oku puratena komirari vyondjivisiro imbi Touch FM, Radio wave no Energy Fm.

Omasa yandje mbisa kepanga randje Elvy Benald. Atjihe tjitjiri muami mbihungira kuna ye ametjiua kutja keneripura posio ohunga naimbi mbimbemuraere. Warwe ngundjipa omasa oHelvy Nishekwa uo Touch FM, himwi posia ovina mbyehungira vindjipa ondjoroka.

Otjina tjiuwe tjitjihatjata kovandu ondi tjimehungire ouatjiri, mara handje ingo ouami ngo indee uri. Tjarwe mbekura nokuhina omundu kumeraere ouzeu wandje po ozondero zomuino wandje mbekura erike porwe.

Okutjiwa kutja hina omundu ouami erike, tjiri tjindjipa omasa kokutja mbitjiue ozondero zandje nu mbiruire zo.

-Frieda ‘Fefe’ Kasita

Omukaendu nguazengi

Atuhe tunomama, tuakuatua posia katuhe otjituamuna omama.

Tjiva tuaisiwa ozosewa momiano omingi peke peke, tjiva vetuesa mena rouvere tjiva omena roumauba wozo hauto. Hapo okutjavi ingwi mbo mbehina vamuine oina.

Mbahakaena nomukuetu oruveze rumwe, endjiraere kutja eye kena pamuine ina, kutja wari notjingevara po wateire pi, kutja wari nouwa mbuasana pi tjiri kewi. Otjina tjetjiwa otjo kutja wazire momukaezendu, omukazendu ngwi wemutjindire oure womiyeze muviyuu, nu ehemujiwa ko. Kuwete mbutuno mama, owete ovaningandu indee uri.

Ngatutje okuhepa ku Ndjambi kokutja tuna Omama nongae vekara kombanda yetu tjiri Handje omokutupa omasa nokutu yiurikira ondjira ndjimatuso okukaenda tjiimatukuru.

Okutja arikane ungurise oruveze ndwi okuraisa orusuvero ko njoko.

-Jane Nareses



Mutengua

Yari Oroviungura ami nepanga randje atui kovitjiutua. Himbari nounongo wokutja pekaenda ye povitjitua mbi, handje otjikando tjandje otjitenga. Tjimbavaza mbo handje ovandu hivei ehitua ondira, nu omuano overdub mbuyavendjitara, ehimua kutja hitjitevi.

Ozomitiri tjavetuhungirisa handje hino kuyandja ko ombango menaro muano omitiri mbuyerihukike, ezeri kutja omuami. Ehara omasa wokutjiwa kutja ovandu mbo mavendjipe ounongo. Atjivetunjingire kutja ngaturi handjauze, etira nu etira tjinene. Otjimberiraere kutja hina kuso okutira ko ovandu avehe maveri handjauza uina. Embo ehongonekua rari “Yarura ombunda”. Tjimbaresa inde pu handje hiyatjiua kutja marihe tjike kuami. Nu ekara ngaerizu, otjiraeta onjunde nondjoroka muami. Hiyarora okurira omupaturuke mokati kovandu mbumbihehi nu eyuva randje rarindo

- Johanna Shonena

Outumbapare kehi yozombura morukondwa rua Khomas

Outumbapere kehi yozombura mo rukondwa rua Khomas uri mondondo yo kombanda. Ami omuhongua okuza kosikore H.P.S.S. ondero ndjiyendjiyetisa mba okuhungira ohunga noutumbapare wo vanatje mberi kehi yozombura. O Ministry jouveruke iyandja ongendo yayo tjiyeya kou tumbapare wovantje ovatiti morukondwa. Vahongwa verakizua okuso okungurisa oviritjaere posia kave ungurisa. Embo kovanene meverakiza kutja ngave honge ovanatje vawo okuso kungurisa oviritjaere nu uina ngave vehonge ohunga ouua nouvi. Embo Kovanenen okuza ko Ministry, mairakiza ovanene okuhina okutatamisa ovanatje kokutja aveha puka ondero yokumana ozosikore.

-Justine Kuhanga

Orusuvero embo epupu okuhungira po ezeu okurizuva

Mombura 2016, handje mbino zombura omurongo imwe na muvyu, handje mbiri mondondo oitja murongo, nu handje okuta omuzandu wandje omutenga. Okukara puno vakuetu ovo mbari unovantje rukuru, mbauta okufula kutja hiri omunahepero kovakuetu. Otjimbauta okukaera puno mundu ngumbihazeri nu ngumbina mbavangere momuinjo wandje. Kezeri okumununa porwe posia tjiri indee omuinjo norusuvero vitanauka. Mbauta okuzera okukara puno omuzandona ngwi, erundurura ondengero kovanene vandje. Otja embo pumarihe kutja orusuvero orupe oruwa ngunda arihia kururka. Tjimbaza nokumupa avihe autu okundjihumba handje eye ozo ndero ze waenenisa indee uri.

Kapena nguatjiua ohunga norusuvero ndwi oure wozombura mbari ndumbari puna ye, tjingaza nokutjindira kuarwe ozondjito ozengi otjizauta pokati ketu. Mo mbura oitjatatu, omurumendu arire tjendjesa, ourekoto wandje auhahiza ovina avihe kouye. Omuinjo wandje wari nohange tjituhanika posia handje uina mbahimua kutja mapeya eyenene okuhupa nokuhina ye. Mbarara katumba omautuku omengi okundja kutja ngahino mendjipaha po indee. Yari Otjina otjizeu oure womayuva ngo posai mbakondja okumuzemba nu erihongere kovingi. Mberihonga kutja hineriyandjere okusuverua po okusuvera posia mutu eyuva rimwe mehakaene puna omundu nguriye.

-V Smith



Girl Power

Girl Power

Girl Power

Girl Power

Girl Power

Mutengua

Oroviungura Mbarire ko vititua vyomatero wozombaze pumbari ouyate wozo mbaze nu pari ovapunde uina. Omatero yari po ndano yo mapeta nu ovititua avi ngandu po murongo wongurova. Oukrone atjitorwa iyami, Mokati kavihe muari omuzandona nguari amanjandisa omusiki, enjanuka momuinjo kokotja ami ngumbatora otjitrone meso oku njanda ozombaze kuno munjandise wo musiki. Aturire tjitua pundu atunjanuka mominjo.

-Steffy Oaes

#khawadib

Nes ge sa soro tamasa, lgui khoe-i tsîna ta !aru/î #gao tama hâ /Ûre...lû re

Tita ge sa ôa tama hâ îa sats xa nî #nauhe ta...

#Âugo...#âuse #âu go.

!Ao ta go ro #guro khoena mîbasa xawe ta !arulî !ao tama

Tita ge tsēs hoasa tsûb !nâ /gui hâ

Tsēs hoasa ta ge /aoba ra mû

Sats ge tita !aroma o!nâse #anebega ra #nau

#Gui khoedi ge tsûb !nâ tsēs hoasa hâ

Matise ga dē ose nî nē xu-e /âmsa hoba?

Nē !khisase ge !aru/î a tani lloa... #Âugo...#nâuse #nâu go...

#Naode ta ti soros ai #gao tama hâ...

-Queen

//Aubexa go //aexa

Ti !nakhoesib !nâ hâ domrob ge ra duwuba te tsî ra mî:

“/Nîsi i ge go //aexa îs sa /gaiba ē-oa, tari-i /gui-i ga mâ-e hâ xawes tsîna”.

“/Nîsi i ge go //aexa sa domma ho-oa tsî //khadi sa /gaib, sa soros tsî hoa xun sa soros ēhân hoana ho-oasa”.

“/Gaisase, !garise, kaise #nisa tsî !lkhose”.

//Aubexa go //aexa...

-Vanessa Gertze

/Nâmsa tsēs di xun #khanise

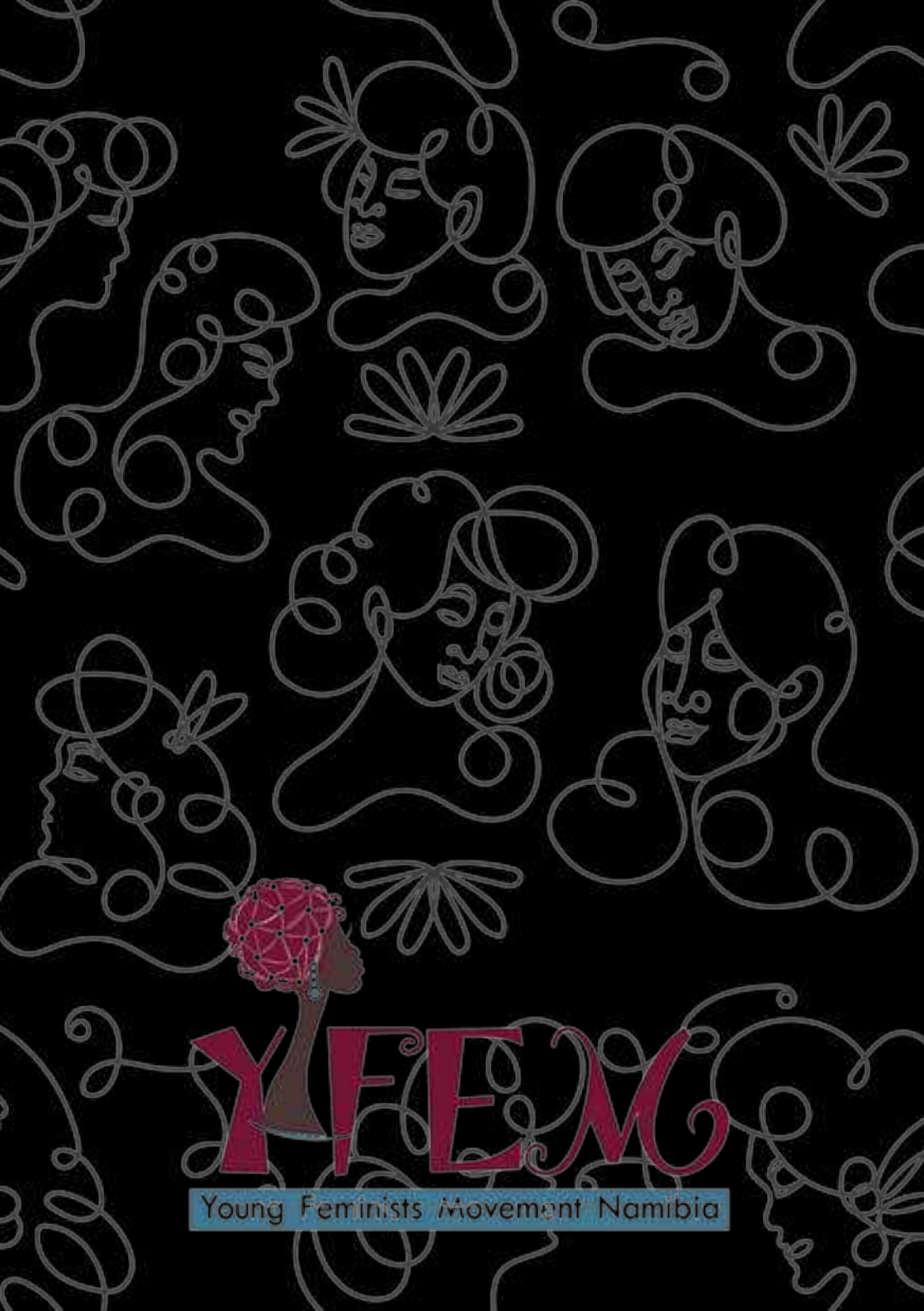
Satrax tsēs, /gamdi hû/as !khân/gôab dis ai ta ge //khê//khēsen !khaib îa ge “ē oa ra // axasib” ti hâ #gai#âms !naga /hao hâ ib //ga ge !gû, nētīn ge xuna ge re lhuru//nâ.

Fraitax tsē nē !gubis //aeb aib ge dana-axaba ti tawa hē tsī ge #gande îta /nī khama go / gôade nēti-i //khê//khēsen !khaib //ga //nē.

Nē !khais ge ti #an#gaoxasiba ge a #huwi!nâ îta #an#gao nē !khais !nân taren hoana // goe !khaisa. Nē !khais ge !gâi sîsen#ûiba ēhâ tsī ti //khasiba ge ûi-ûi. Nēs !nâ-u ta ge ge //khê//khēsen, mati ta nī //gâi#ûisen !khaisa tsī mīde sîsen ē !khaisa tsī nēs ge amase tita / kha ge /gau hâ i, tita gom huka a !gâi #gae#gui-ao o. Ti tsēs ge amase kaise !gâise !gu garusa.

-Shirley Goagoses





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Young Feminists Movement Namibia