

When it is Friday I become very happy but when it is Sunday I become very frustrated because I know that there are some children and teachers I dread to see. I fear that if I keep coming I will end up saying something very terrible and then I will get de-badged. Mrs. D. Chetty make me sometimes feel as if I am of no use in this world and I just wish I could go away where no one will ever find me. The way she speaks to us as learners she speaks as if she is talking to someone who is 29 years old. She sometimes gives us advice but sometimes she insults us, she might not insult me sometimes but when she talks or should I say insults other children I feel sorry for them. I know that they can be mischievous sometimes but they don't deserve to be treated like that. Our class can be naughty sometimes but other teachers like Ms. R.Y. Reddy and Mr. E.T. Mposi don't treat us like that. They do not call us Barbarians and filthy impertinent brats. They talk to us in a correct manner and they are always calm when talking to us. When Mr. Sallie or Madam Reddy or Mr. Mposi is around she will never use those awful words.

The children in our class can be very racist. Just because a person is from Kenya they don't want us to associate with them or even help them. Like the Indian girl in (sic) our class she calls the boys in the class awful names (the black boys). The Muslim girls in our class don't want us to touch any of their things and if we use anything that is theirs, they will not want to use it anymore they want to throw it away. It is as if we carry some kind of disease that will kill them.

When the teacher is in the class some children go from bad to good and others go from bad to worse. When Mr. Sallie, Mr. Mposi or Mr Du Plessis is in class they become very quiet but when Madam Omar, Madam Mafhalaa and Madam Chetty are in the class they misbehave. What surprises me is why they are quiet when Madam Reddy is in the class because Mam. Reddy doesn't hit like all the other male teachers. That kind of behaviour doesn't impress me. I don't say that I don't talk in class but I don't irritate teachers. It becomes worse when the teacher is out of the class, the class become a mad house.

During breaks I don't know what to do anymore the monitors don't listen to me but when I mention Mam Reddy's name they will go to their duty immediately. I don't know what to say anymore because some Indian monitors think that I am only talking/ reprimanding them because they are Indian/ Muslim but it is not because of that I also tell the Black monitors.

As the Head Girl of 2006 I accept everyone the way they are who am I to judge them because when they judge me I won't like it. The Deputy Head Girl is my partner and she is Muslim and I like having her around and when we do our duty together it is very nice. She teaches me Urdu and Hindu songs and she also teaches me her language. I can now say you're a very big liar. I also teach her Zulu and it is very fun to learn new things. The only thing that bothers me is that when she eats biani and everything she seems ashamed to eat in front of me but what I realised is that the food they eat tastes delicious and it's very interesting. So I learned never to judge a book by its cover.

When a black teacher like Mam Mafhala teaches I enjoy her subjects but what bothers me is that we do the same work as the grade 4's, 5's and 6's and that is the same with madam Omar. I know it's not my place to be saying it but I have to. I also know that I don't have the experience that they have. When Black teachers teach and a black student doesn't understand he/she will ask the Black teacher in Zulu or Sotho when the learner doesn't understand English, but when an Indian teacher teaches the learner will never ask in Zulu or any other language but in English. The same goes for the White teacher. The other thing is that with Madam Naidoo in Arts and Culture when the worksheet said we need to perform a ritual or dance we would practice and then when we're ready we would perform in front of the class but with Mam Mafhala we only practiced for one day and she gave us marks while we're practising. She gave us many worksheets about different dances and rituals but we've never even done that as yet. She says to us we are going to practice but when it's time to practice she doesn't want she gives us tons of notes in our Arts and Culture books but with Mam Naidoo we would do

whatever the worksheet or textbook says we must do, but what can we do because she will just start complaining and she will walk out.

The thing I love about Mam Reddy and Mr. Mposi whatever I tell them they won't go and tell other teachers. I know we have Learner Counsellors but our counsellors spread rumours about our problems so whenever I have a problem I take it up with a teacher. Mam Reddy also taught me to accept whatever I have and not to go begging for more. She also taught me to accept people whether they are clever or not and for that I thank her and I also thank my mom for bringing me to Crown Reef.

