



NEWSLETTER

**ST. JOHN AND ST. MICHAEL'S GIRLS SECONDARY SCHOOLS
STRENGTHEN ACADEMIC BONDS THROUGH JOINT EDUCATIONAL
INTERACTION**



**READ FULL STORY
ON PAGE 3**

OUR UNFORGETTABLE SCHOOL PICNIC



12th April, 2025

By Hannah Nyirenda | Form 4 Student

April 12th will always remain a special and memorable day for all of us. The school management had thoughtfully organized a picnic, giving us a much-needed break from our usual academic routine. Excitement filled the air long before the trip began, as everyone looked forward to a day of adventure and relaxation by the lake.

We began our journey at around 9:00 a.m., boarding the

buses with high spirits. The ride itself felt like a celebration — music played loudly, students sang along, and laughter echoed throughout the buses. It was a joyful atmosphere that made the two — hour journey fly by. By 11:00 a.m., we had arrived at the lake, and the beautiful scenery immediately lifted our moods even higher.

Upon arrival, we were quickly briefed by the organizers. Each student was asked to take care of their belongings and follow the man who was in charge of the day's activities.

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ST. JOHN INTEGRAL EDUCATION CENTRE
LET THE CHILDREN COME TO ME

01/24

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KEY DATES

- 1**
1st May, 2025
Labour Day — Public Holiday
- 2**
4th May, 2025
Director's Talk
- 3**
12th May, 2025
MSCE Mangochi Diocese Mock Examinations Begin
- 4**
14th May, 2025
Kamuzu Day—Public Holiday
- 5**
17th May, 2025
Zomba Boys Catholic Secondary School Debate Club Visit
- 6**
24th May, 2025
St. John Girls' YCS Get together
- 7**
31st May, 2025
Visiting Day

ENROLL FOR EXCELLENCE AT ST. JOHN GIRLS' SECONDARY SCHOOL! ADVERTISEMENT

Are you looking for a well-rounded, disciplined, and academically strong environment for your daughter? St. John Girls' Secondary School 2025 Form One Entrance Examinations admission registration is still in progress. The Entrance Examinations will be held as follows in all its centers across Malawi:

Date: Saturday, 7th June 2025

Time: 09:00 AM

Venues:

- ⇒ **Blantyre:** James Chiona Catholic High School
Contact: Lawrence Khaorea (0999 614 683)
- ⇒ **Lilongwe:** St. Johns Catholic Primary School (Near Msamba Parish)
Contact: Arthur Kanyenge (0888 033 645)
- ⇒ **Dedza:** Dedza Catholic Primary School
Contact: Jacob Nembo (0995 887 803)
- ⇒ **Mangochi:** St. John Girls' Campus
Contact: Prophecy Kachingwe (0997 384 515)

Eligibility

- Must be a female student
- Should be in Standard 8 or have written the PSLCE

Requirements

- Recent passport-size photo
- Application fee of MK10,000
- Black pen | Pencil | Rubber | Ruler

Payment Details

- Deposit the application fee into the account below before 4th June 2025

National Bank of Malawi

- **Account Name:** St. John Girls' Secondary School
- **Account Number:** 784958
- **Account Type:** Current Account
- **Service Centre:** Mangochi

Examinable Subjects

1. English
2. Mathematics
3. General Science

Application Deadline

- Wednesday, 4th June 2025
- Registration Forms available at www.saintjohnmw.org

For inquiries

- **The Headteacher:** 0992 595 452 / 0993 683 249
- **Email:** info@saintjohnmw.org
- **Website:** www.saintjohnmw.org



ST. JOHN AND ST. MICHAEL’S GIRLS SECONDARY SCHOOLS STRENGTHEN ACADEMIC BONDS THROUGH JOINT EDUCATIONAL INTERACTION

By Favour Simwaka - Form 2 Student

19th April, 2025

On Saturday, 19th April 2025, a memorable educational exchange took place between St. John Girls’ Secondary School and St. Michael Girls’ Secondary School in Malindi, Mangochi. The event brought together Form Two students from both institutions for a full day of academic and social engagement as they intensify preparations for their Junior Certificate of Education (JCE) examinations scheduled for June this year.

The event, hosted in the spacious main hall of St. Michael Girls’ Secondary School, was designed with the goal of enhancing student learning, encouraging collaboration, and fostering inter-school relationships. Guided by their teachers, the Form Two students immersed themselves in various interactive and intellectually stimulating activities, all tailored to reinforce key concepts and exam readiness.

Among the most engaging parts of the day were the academic quizzes held across various subjects including English, Mathematics, Chichewa, Agriculture, and Computer Studies. These competitive but friendly quizzes not only tested the learners’ knowledge but also helped highlight areas where they could improve. Students were grouped in mixed-school teams, encouraging them to work collaboratively with peers from a different school — a dynamic that promoted teamwork, communication, and the sharing of diverse perspectives.

In addition to the quizzes, students participated in structured group discussions. These sessions gave learners the opportunity to explore subject content in greater depth, ask questions, and learn from each other’s study strategies. Teachers facilitated the discussions, offering guidance and feedback while also observing how students approached problem-solving and revision techniques.



GROUP DISCUSSIONS IN PROGRESS

**"COMING TOGETHER IS A BEGINNING;
KEEPING TOGETHER IS PROGRESS; WORKING
TOGETHER IS SUCCESS."**
— Henry Ford

Beyond the academic focus, the event also provided ample time for social interaction. Students shared meals, mingled during breaks, and engaged in light-hearted activities that created a warm, welcoming atmosphere. This social engagement helped to break down barriers, build friendships, and nurture mutual respect among the learners.

The benefits of the interaction were felt on multiple levels. For the students, the experience was both motivating and empowering. It reinforced the importance of working together, broadened their understanding of key subjects, and gave them a renewed sense of purpose as they head into their final weeks of exam preparation. Many students expressed how refreshing it was to engage with peers from a different school, noting that it sparked a spirit of healthy competition and personal reflection.

The schools themselves also gained from the event. Teachers from both institutions had the opportunity to observe different teaching approaches, share insights, and exchange ideas that could be applied in their classrooms. The collaboration laid the groundwork for potential future partnerships, including joint revision sessions, inter-school competitions, and teacher development workshops.

As both St. John and St. Michael Girls’ Secondary Schools move closer to the JCE examination period, the educational interaction stands as a strong example of how academic collaboration and shared experiences can significantly contribute to student success. The initiative has proven that through unity, resource sharing, and student-centered learning, schools can create meaningful experiences that go beyond the classroom and leave a lasting impact on the learners’ academic journey.

**"WHEN SCHOOLS UNITE, STUDENTS IGNITE — NOT ONLY
KNOWLEDGE BUT CONFIDENCE, CONNECTION, AND PURPOSE.
COLLABORATION TODAY BUILDS THE SUCCESS OF TOMORROW."**
— Anonymous

REV. FR. JOSEPH KIMU - DIRECTOR

Dear teachers, support staff, students, and cherished readers,

With profound gratitude to our Heavenly Father for His unwavering guidance and protection, I am delighted to welcome you to the sixth edition of St. John Girls' Secondary School Newsletter. As Scripture reminds us, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me" (Philippians 4:13), a truth that continues to anchor our institution through both calm and challenging waters.



The academic season has presented its unique blend of opportunities and trials. While we continue to navigate economic pressures and infrastructure challenges that test our operational capabilities, the Lord's faithfulness has remained our constant support. Through His divine providence, we have not only persevered but thrived as a community of faith and learning.

I must express my heartfelt appreciation to our exceptionally dedicated teaching and support staff. Your unwavering commitment to educational excellence, pastoral care, and holistic development of our students exemplifies the servant leadership that Christ calls us to. Your sacrifices, often unseen, form the bedrock upon which our institution's reputation stands.

To our beloved students, your diligence and hard-working spirit have been nothing short of inspirational. The academic rigor and enthusiasm with which you approach your studies reflect a deep understanding of the value of education. Your consistent discipline and conduct have created an environment conducive to learning and spiritual growth. Please maintain this exemplary demeanor, as it prepares you not only for academic success but for virtuous leadership in society.

I wish to particularly commend our examination classes for their wonderful cooperation during the Easter holiday lessons. Your willingness to sacrifice leisure time for focused study demonstrates remarkable maturity and commitment to your future. This dedication will undoubtedly bear fruit in your upcoming examinations. It is our strongest desire that all 49 MSCE candidates this year should be selected to various public universities!!

Our partnership with parents continues to strengthen and flourish. I extend special gratitude to the parents who collaborated with us in hiring an external coaching team for our Form 4 students. This investment in addition to academic support reflects your understanding that education is truly a collaborative endeavor. Such initiatives greatly enhance our ability to prepare students for their final examinations and future academic pursuits.

As we look ahead to the remainder of the academic year, let us remain steadfast in our pursuit of excellence in all dimensions – spiritual, academic, social, and physical. May we continue to embody our school motto and values in all our endeavors: INTEGRAL EDUCATION FOR GIRLS!!!

I pray that the Almighty God continues to shower His blessings upon St. John Girls' Secondary School. May He grant wisdom to our teachers, diligence to our students, and unwavering support from our parents and wider community.

With gratitude and blessings,

The Director
St. John Girls Secondary School

OUR UNFORGETTABLE SCHOOL PICNIC

STORY FROM FRONT PAGE

As we settled in, the teachers reminded us to be on our best behavior, emphasizing that although we were away from school, we were still students and needed to represent our institution with discipline and respect.

“THE TRUE TEST OF A MAN’S CHARACTER IS WHAT HE DOES WHEN NO ONE IS WATCHING.”

— John Wooden

With that, the fun officially began. Some of us changed into swimwear, ready to jump into the water, while others helped prepare for the braai. The lake came alive with cheerful screams and splashes. Some students played in the shallow water like carefree children, while others swam with the grace and energy of fish. It was heartwarming to watch our classmates let loose, laugh, and enjoy themselves—it was truly a moment to forget all worries and just live in the present.

After hours of swimming, dancing, and games, it was time to eat. Lunch was served, and a variety of delicious foods and refreshing drinks were shared among everyone. The music continued to play, creating a lively, festival-like atmosphere. Everyone had more than enough to eat—so much so that some even left food on their plates! The energy was contagious, and although we had already done so much, the day felt like it had only just begun.

As the day went on, we attracted the attention of people from the surrounding area. Many were curious to know where we studied, impressed not only by our joyful presence but also by how well-behaved and respectful we were. Some even asked if we had a dance club at school, inspired by how confidently and joyfully we danced together. It was flattering to know that our unity and energy

left such a positive impression on those around us.

We owe this amazing experience to the efforts of our teachers, Madam Kananji and Mr. Mazengera, who took excellent care of us throughout the day. Their guidance, patience, and support ensured everything went smoothly. The community members praised us for our good behavior, which made us proud of the values our school has instilled in us.

Reflecting on the day, we feel incredibly thankful. Our heartfelt gratitude goes to the headteacher and the entire management team for making the trip possible. Most importantly, we sincerely thank our director for the continued support and for always thinking of our well-being and happiness. Without such thoughtful leadership, a day like this would not have been possible.

It was more than just a picnic—it was a day filled with laughter, bonding, discovery, and joy. A day we will always remember.

“THE TRUE MEASURE OF EDUCATION IS NOT JUST IN THE LESSONS TAUGHT WITHIN SCHOOL WALLS, BUT IN HOW STUDENTS CARRY THOSE VALUES OF RESPECT, RESPONSIBILITY, AND KINDNESS INTO EVERY ADVENTURE THEY EMBARK ON, SHAPING THEMSELVES AS THE RESPONSIBLE CITIZENS OF TOMORROW.”

— Anonymous



SOME CHANGED CLOTHES INTO SWIMWEAR

ST. JOHN INTEGRAL EDUCATION CENTRE
LET THE CHILDREN COME TO ME

05/24



IT'S TOO LATE

By Queen Ngwira - Form 3 Student

In 2009, I was the princess of my parents' world. I was their only child, and they cherished me deeply. My mother couldn't have any more children after I was born—she developed complications with her fallopian tubes and was later diagnosed with uterine cancer.

Back then, life was sweet. I enjoyed every moment with my parents and the comfort of their love and wealth. But everything changed on my 10th birthday. On our way to celebrate, we got into a terrible car accident. I was the only one who survived. My mother and father died on the spot.

After the burial, things were stable for a while. Then my uncle moved from Nkhatabay to Lilongwe with his family to live with me. At first, everything seemed fine, especially because my grandmother was around. But once she returned to Nkhatabay, things took a turn for the worse. I was treated like a servant. I was given heavy chores, and if I failed to complete them, I was slapped and denied food for days.

Thankfully, the gatekeeper noticed my suffering. One day, after secretly giving me his food, he said, "Lungie, I don't like seeing you like this. Your parents were good to me. I've decided to help you run away. Take this address and follow the map—I have a friend you can stay with for a while."

That evening, I left. I followed the directions and arrived at the house. When I knocked, a man opened the door.

You must be Lungie," he said.

"Yes, I am."

"Come in," he offered kindly.

But after two days, his attitude changed. One night, he said, "If you want help, you have to sleep

sleep with me." I refused and pleaded to work instead—maybe at night.

He asked, "Do you promise?"

"Yes, I promise," I replied. But I had no intention of staying.

Before nightfall, I ran away. I wandered the streets until a kind woman found me and took me to an orphanage. For the first time in a long time, I felt a little hope.

The orphanage was owned by an American man named Macdonald. He promised us that if we worked hard and scored 6 points on our national exams, we'd have a chance to study abroad. I took his words seriously, gave it my all, and I did it—I got the 6 points!

Today is the day I leave for America.

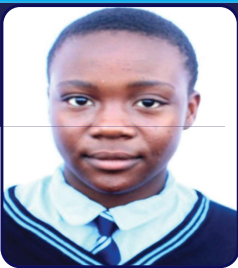
So, uncle and aunt... now you say "sorry"?

It's too late.

I have a plane to catch.

Goodbye.

**"BLOOD MAY TIE US,
BUT IT DOES NOT EXCUSE
CRUELTY. SOMETIMES,
STRANGERS CARRY MORE
COMPASSION THAN THOSE
WHO SHARE YOUR NAME."**



DANGERS OF EARLY MARRIAGE

By Favour Simwaka - Form 2 Student

I was only twelve years old when my sister was sold into marriage. On 13th February 2020, a suitor came to marry my sister, who was only fifteen. At the time, she was in Standard 8 and just two weeks away from writing her Primary School Leaving Certificate of Education (PSLCE) exams. She was called out of school by our older brother, Chisoni.

“Chisoni, where are we going? Why did you take me out of class?” my sister Chisomo asked.

Chisoni remained silent—he knew what was happening, but he couldn’t stop it.

When they reached home, the man who was meant to marry her stood up and hugged her.

Disgusted, she pulled away and said, “What kind of nonsense is this?”

“He is your husband,” our mother replied.

“Did I ever say I wanted to get married? I’m not something to be sold!” Chisomo shouted.

“If you don’t marry me, I’ll take back everything I gave your family—the gifts and the money,” the man warned.

“No! She is going with you. Her bags are already packed. Take her!” Father insisted.

“But Father—” Chisomo tried to speak. “Not another word. You are marrying him! Now go!” he interrupted.

Hopelessly, she got into Mr. Chimimba’s car—the man she was forced to marry. They were married the following week.

One evening, the man said, “I need food.”

“You didn’t leave me with any money to buy food,” Chisomo replied.

“I’m not talking about food. I need you—in bed. Now!” he demanded.

“No, please! I’m still a child. I can’t do that!” she cried.

“If you don’t, I’ll tell your father,” he threatened.

“Go ahead. Maybe he’ll finally see how crazy you are,” she retorted.

He then grabbed a cooking stick, beat her, and forced himself on her.

Two weeks later, she was pregnant—and disabled. Her arm and leg became paralyzed.

Still, the man continued to beat and abuse her.

When it was time to give birth, he calmly took her to the hospital. She gave birth to a baby boy.

One morning, while cleaning the bedroom, Chisomo found disturbing photos of young girls, signed documents of child trafficking, and a folded letter. It read: “If you’re reading this, you’re next. Run away. The man you call your husband is a killer. He marries young girls, gets them pregnant, kills them, and sells their babies.”

“I might be next,” she whispered in fear. As she tried to escape, the man caught her.

“You saw the pictures, didn’t you? Now you know what’s coming,” he sneered.

He pulled out a knife to stab her. She struggled and cried, “Please, leave me!”

In the struggle, she grabbed the knife and cut off his finger before running to the living room, where she found a phone. She called our uncle Chuma, a police officer.

“Uncle! Please come quickly! My husband is a murderer. He tried to kill me!” she cried.

“Stay strong and defend yourself. I’m on my way,” he said.

Just then, the man stabbed Chisomo in the arm from behind. She screamed. He tied her to a chair and tried to silence her.

“THE TRUTH WASN’T JUST HORRIFYING — IT WAS FATAL. AND THE MOMENT SHE READ THAT LETTER, SHE KNEW: ESCAPE WASN’T A CHOICE, IT WAS SURVIVAL.”

DANGERS OF EARLY MARRIAGE

STORY FROM PAGE 7

As he aimed a gun at her, Uncle Chuma and a team of officers burst into the room.

“Put the gun down—now!” my uncle shouted.

The man froze, then fired and shot one of the officers. He was immediately arrested.

Later, Uncle Chuma took Chisomo home and confronted our parents.

“How could you let your child marry a monster like that? If you ever do this again, you’ll be arrested. When she recovers, she must go back to school.”

“We understand,” our parents said quietly.

“We’re sorry, my child. We made a terrible mistake,” they apologized.

“I forgive you,” Chisomo replied.

“EARLY MARRIAGE ENDS CHILDHOOD, DISRUPTS EDUCATION, LIMITS OPPORTUNITIES, INCREASES THE RISK OF DOMESTIC VIOLENCE, AND PUTS GIRLS AT GREATER RISK OF DYING IN CHILDBIRTH.”

— United Nations Population Fund (UNFPA)



LIFE IS A JOURNEY
By Promise M'dala - Form 3 Student

HOne morning, I woke up, said goodbye to my parents and siblings, and left for school as usual. But when I returned home, I found my siblings sitting outside, looking worried. Our parents weren’t home yet.

We waited for a while, hoping they would arrive soon. Then, someone from our village came with devastating news—our parents had died in a car accident on their way back from town.

From that moment on, everything changed. As the eldest, I had to step up and take care of my siblings. I became the only source of hope and support in the absence of our parents. Life became incredibly difficult, but I never gave up.

Despite the challenges, I stayed focused on my education. I worked hard every day, determined to build a better future for myself and my family. Eventually, I completed my studies and became a surgical doctor. With that

achievement, I was able to support and educate my siblings.

Never give up in life. We may face many hardships, but always remember to trust in God and work hard. Stay focused on your dreams—no matter how hard the journey gets, you can achieve them.

“WHEN THE WORLD SHATTERED, I DIDN’T HAVE TIME TO MOURN. I BECAME THE ROOF OVER MY SIBLINGS’ HEADS, EVEN WHILE STANDING IN THE RAIN MYSELF.”



CLIMATE CHANGE IN MALAWI

By Martha Tambulasi - Form 1 Student

Malawi is one of the most vulnerable countries to climate change, and this has significantly impacted agricultural production, which is the backbone of the country's economy. The effects of climate change in Malawi are evident in various forms, such as erratic rainfall patterns, floods, droughts, and prolonged dry spells.

Small-scale farmers, who provide more than half of the world's food supply and 70% of the food in many developing countries, are already experiencing the adverse effects of climate change.

ActionAid International Malawi has worked with smallholder women farmers in Malawi for several years. They have shared that the seasons they have relied on for generations no longer follow predictable patterns, and they need assistance to adapt.

"We are living in poverty because we depend on reliable rains for food, and this has not been the case. This poverty is now causing women to engage in extramarital affairs as a way to find money for food. This puts them at risk of contracting HIV and other STIs."



LIFE IN KOREA

By Gabriella Matola - Form 3 Student

Many people think that South Korea is all about K-pop, specifically BTS, but there's much more to Korea than just that. Beneath the surface, the country has much to offer.

Let's start with their food. Koreans, like people in any other country, enjoy a variety of foods. However, what makes Korean food unique is the abundance of spices that help burn fat, which is why many Koreans have a slim physique. One of Korea's best cities, Daegu, is known for its noodle dishes, and people there eat with chopsticks.

Korea is also home to interesting places, such as the cinema in Seoul. People flock there to watch the latest movies or dramas. Koreans are excellent actors, as seen with Song Kong, who starred as Gu Won in the K-drama My Dream.

The country is rich in culture, tradition, and holidays. Some notable celebrations include the Golden Dragon Festival, Christmas, and K-pop Day.

K-pop is a genre of music produced in Korea, with songs sung by both groups and solo artists. Notable solo artists include Jay Park, who sang "Nic Nasty," and IU, who performed "Love Always Wins." As for the best K-pop boy band, BTS stands out. The group consists of seven members, and their fanbase is called "ARMY," written in a unique way to represent all seven members.

Korea is truly special, a place filled with love, peace, and friendship. Life in Korea is one-of-a-kind. Let's go and see for ourself!





THE DARKEST HOUR

By Chipiliro Jaffu - Teacher

Mable could not believe her eyes when she saw him. Yes, it was really him, Christopher, the man who had put her through agony twenty years ago. Hot tears trickled from her eyes. This was the man who had deflowered her and as if it wasn't enough, sowed a seed in her womb and rejected it. At this point in time, Christopher's world had crumbled that he could not believe his audio-visual senses. He stood there motionless with his mouth agape facing the 'bastard' who had impregnated his only precious daughter.

"Can someone tell me what is going on here?" Chrissy enquired. "Daddy, please talk to me. Do, you people, know each other? Say something, daddy!"

Christopher did not even know how he could start telling his daughter that the 'bastard' who was responsible for her pregnancy happened to be her brother.

"Mommy, what is going on? Do you, two, know each other? What's going on?! Please tell us!!" on the other hand, David also produced a series of questions.

"He happens to be your father!" Mable finally dropped the bombshell.

"What?!" So, you mean Chrissy here is my sister? Mommy, I thought you said that my father died so many years ago? Why did you have to lie to me, Mummy, why?!" shockingly, David enquired her.

"Yes, my son, I said that your father died because this man here turned my life into a total nightmare. You see, he impregnated me and denied the responsibility of the pregnancy. I had to face the harsh realities of life because of this Evil man! In fact, he is Satan's first descendant!"

"Oh! My God! So, you mean this is my dad? Father, why did you have to be so cruel to my mother? Why?! Now, have you seen what your selfishness has caused?! I have impregnated your only daughter, who happens to be my sister!! Why dad, why?!" cried David while he grabbed Chris' shirt.

"Oooh! Daddy, so you had a child before me? So, David is my brother? You mean am pregnant for my brother? Oooh! NO! Chrissy collapsed...

Back in the years, Christopher was the talk of the campus at Chinkhudzi Secondary School. He captured the eyes of most girls to the extent that some were worshiping him. His American stature accompanied by his broad shoulders, mixed with the chocolate- brown velvet skin, bright vanilla eyes and white teeth, caused many girls to salivate for him. He stood out among the most handsome boys on the campus. However, Christopher did not even pay attention to what these ladies had to offer, he had his eyes on one girl, Mable. Yes, she was the one who had captured his full attention.

He started making his tactical moves towards Mable and later petals of love blossomed between them...they could not spend a day apart. Rumors had it that they had oftentimes crossed the school boundaries and play a sacred game played by adults in the forest that was just near the school.

**"THE SINS OF THE
FATHER ARE OFTEN
VISITED UPON THE
CHILDREN, NOT BY FATE,
BUT BY SILENCE."**

— Anonymous

Days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months. Later, it was discovered that Mable was in a family way. She became so confused especially due to the fact that she was the only daughter and the only hope for Mr. and Mrs. Phiri. She pondered on what to do with the situation and later on, she arranged to meet the person who had sowed the seed in her womb so that he had to be aware of the situation at hand. So, she notified him that they should meet behind one of the classroom blocks after knocking off.

"Chris, I called you here because I want to tell you something," she tried to utter a statement whilst dropping her face.

STORY CONTINUED TO PAGE 11

THE DARKEST HOUR

STORY FROM PAGE 10

"Come on, babe, tell me, don't be shy. You know, you are my everything."

"I have missed my period, Chris, I think you know what I mean" she said as tears ran down her tender cheeks.

"No, babe, I don't understand, what are you trying to say?"
 "Chris, am pregnant!" she dropped the bomb.

"What?! And who do you think had put that thing in your stomach?!"

"It's you, Chris! Have you forgotten so soon what we have been doing in the bush?!She screamed amidst tears.

"NO! I can't be the one responsible, look for someone else who is responsible for that thing, not meee! He shouted while pushing her away.

"Chris, please! Don't do this to me, pleaseeeee! Listen to me!"

***"YOU MAY NOT CONTROL
 ALL THE EVENTS THAT
 HAPPEN TO YOU, BUT YOU
 CAN DECIDE NOT TO BE
 REDUCED BY THEM."***

— Maya Angelou

"Stop calling my name, OKAY?! And please, get this into your head. You and I never met before!! in fact, we DO NOT know each other!"

Christopher walked away while hissing and mumbling some unmentionable ridicules. Mable was left on the scene, crying bitterly. She knew for sure that her future had been doomed.

Two days later, she was called to the head teacher's office and she was told that she had been expelled from school as pregnancy was an offense that attracted dismissal as a penalty. Hot tears ran down her cheeks as she went to the hostel to pack her belongings. She left the school campus and went home. When she got home the situation got even much worse because her parents disowned her.

They threw her out of the house and told her to go and stay with the one who had made her pregnant. She became so frustrated as well so desperate since she did not know what she could do or where she could go.

After two hours of weeping, she finally, decided to do something about the situation. After all, crying would not solve her problems. She decided to try to beg her aunt, who used to live in a certain town, that if she could least, allow her stay with her. She went to the neighbour and asked if she could use their ground phone. She called her aunt and explained every thing that had happened to her, that her parents had kicked her out of their house and asked her if she could go and stay with her. Her aunt accepted her. She packed her belongings and went to town to stay with her aunt in the town. Her aunt loved her and treated like her own daughter. She supported her in so many ways until the baby was born. She gave birth to a baby boy whom she named David.

Later on, her aunt encouraged her to go back to school. She enrolled her in a Community Day Secondary school that was just nearby and even hired a maid who was taking care of the baby. At school she worked hard that she passed her Malawi School Certificate of Education Examinations with flying colors. Her aunt was so proud of her. She was later enrolled into the University to study Economics. She graduated with a credit and secured a well-paying job in one of the commercial banks. David grew up into a handsome boy and he was a brilliant child at school.

On the other hand, after denying the responsibility of Mable's pregnancy, Chris had continued with his education. He passed his final national examinations and got selected into the University to study electrical engineering. He graduated with a credit and worked as a manager in one of the well-known mobile companies. He had totally forgotten about Mable and in as far as he was concerned, she had not even existed in his life. He later, got married to the most beautiful lady and the couple was blessed with a baby girl whom they named Chrissy. However, Chris' wife developed complications while she was giving birth that the doctor recommended that her womb had to be removed.

Chrissy was dearly loved especially by her father since she was the only daughter. She was very brilliant at school that

STORY CONTINUED TO PAGE 12

THE DARKEST HOUR

STORY FROM PAGE 11

after attaining her secondary school education, she got selected into one of the best Universities in the country.

David grew up into a young, handsome man. He had then been enrolled in the University and he was in third year studying pure science. One day, while he was in the cafeteria, he encountered a beautiful lady. His heart skipped upon seeing her. He instantly fell in love with her that he started to strategize plans to get to know her better and later on, win her heart. He later, through a friend, learnt that her name was Chrissy Banda. She had just joined the university and she was studying economics. She was the only daughter of one of the well-known engineers in the country.

David could not get her off his mind, he could even dream holding her, hugging and even kissing her. He continued looking for chances to talk to her, until one day he spotted her sitting all alone in the library. He gathered some courage and approached her.

"Hie, my name is David Phiri. How are you doing?" "I'm fine. Am Chrissy Banda," she replied. Soon they became familiar with each other and later they became friends. Later on, their friendship matured into a relationship.

The two became love birds that they were the talk of the campus. Chrissy, on the other hand was her Daddy's girl. Her father loved her so much that back home he treated her like a princess. David loved and adored Chrissy so much as well. However, something unusual was happening between them, Chrissy one day told David that he mostly reminded her of her father.

"A MAN WHO HAS BEEN THE INDISPUTABLE FAVORITE OF HIS MOTHER KEEPS FOR LIFE THE FEELING OF A CONQUEROR."
— Sigmund Freud

"Sweetheart, do you know that you remind me of my Dad?" she asked him one day.

"How, honey?" he wondered.

"You see, the way you do things, the way you laugh, the way you talk, the tone of your voice and even the texture of your hair resembles that of my father. But don't worry, you will get to know him someday. Am sure he will like you because am his princess that he can't wait to know the love of my life."

"Alright, I am so glad to hear that. In fact, am your everything which includes that am your Daddy as well. Much as you are his princess, you are my queen. I cant wait to meet the man who brought an angel into this world." He kissed her on the forehead and hugged her tightly. She felt his warmth as well as the sound of his heart murmuring her name.

As the semester ended, the lovebirds said goodbye to each other and went to their respective homes. They promised each other that they would keep in touch. Whilst at home, Chrissy discovered that she had developed an unusual fever. She consulted the clinic and was tested for malaria. The result came out negative. Since the clinician suspected that it was just sepsis, she was given some antibiotics as well as some painkillers and she went home. The situation did not improve despite taking the medications. She was sick, especially in the morning hours. She became so pale that later, her mother noticed her change in complexion. She became suspicious. One evening she went into her daughter's bedroom to asked her and confirm if her suspicions were right.

"My dear daughter, you know am your mother and I love you so much. What I want to ask you here, please be honest with me. Please tell me the truth and nothing but the truth. Have you had your monthly periods this month?"

"Not yet but I know I will have them soon, mother. Why are you asking?"

"It's just that I have noted some changes in you since you came back from school. Are you sure you are okay?"

"Yes, mommy, I am hundred percent fine."

Just as she said that, nausea struck her that she ran to the bathroom to vomit.

At this point in time, her mother's suspicions were proved right that she waited for her to come back and asked her, "Who got you pregnant?!"

The question became like an atomic bomb to her that she stammered amidst sobs.

"I am not pregnant, Mummy! It's...it's...it's... just something that I ate!"

STORY CONTINUED TO PAGE 13

THE DARKEST HOUR

STORY FROM PAGE 12

"My friend, you can't fool me! I am an adult! You present all the symptoms of pregnancy! Tell me! Who is responsible? Oooh! So instead of you going there for school, you were busy exploring the unexplorables inside the pairs of trousers of men? Tell me, who is responsible for that pregnant? Before I slap you!"



"It's ... It's... It's David!"

"And who is David?!"

"My boyfriend at school!" she answered amidst tears.

Upon hearing the noise coming from her daughter's bedroom, Chris went to find out what was going on.

"What is happening here? Why are you shouting and why is my princess crying?" he asked his wife.

"Ask your stupid daughter, she will tell you what she has done!!" she stormed out of the room, hissing, leaving Chrissy and her father.

"What is wrong, my princess?" he asked her gently.

"I am so sorry, Dad. I ... I ...I... am...pre...g... na...nt!"

"Whaaaattttt?! By who? How come? Tell me who is responsible? Right now! Do it!"



"It's Da...Da..vi...d!"

"Who is he? Tell me who is that bastard? Where is he from?!"

"He is from Kabula. He is my boyfriend at school!" she said while sobbing.

"Oooh! So, you were busy undressing yourself for boys instead of going there for school?"

"Am so sorry Daddy but David loves me and I love him!"

"Shut up! What do you know about love, for Christ' sake,

you are just eighteen and you are here telling me about love, bla! bla! bla! keep quiet, you stupid girl! You should take me to that bastard that had put that thing in your stomach, first thing tomorrow morning!! Do you hear me? I will deal with that Bastard that has deflowered my precious daughter! I said, first thing tomorrow morning, get prepared, we are going to Kabula to see that stupid idiot so -called David!!OKAY?!"

"Yes Daddy, we will..."

She did not sleep that night, she kept on turning from side to side. When the morning came, she got prepared and so was her father. Later on, they were on the road driving to Kabula. It was about a five-hour drive from their city. Chris kept shouting throughout the way. He was so angry that he could not wait to deal with the 'fool' who had impregnated her daughter.

Chrissy directed him to David's home since in one of their romantic chats back in the school, he had given her a map to his home.

Upon reaching there, Chris stormed out of the car while shouting and started banging the door in front of the house, "Where is that bastard?! Come out, you idiot! You can't impregnate my daughter just like that! Come out and face me!"

David opened the door. He was surprised to see Chrissy and her father. He asked, "What's going on here?"

"David, am pregnant for you!" she said while weeping profusely.

"YOUR CHILDREN ARE NOT YOUR CHILDREN. THEY ARE THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF LIFE'S LONGING FOR ITSELF. THEY COME THROUGH YOU BUT NOT FROM YOU, AND THOUGH THEY ARE WITH YOU, YET THEY BELONG NOT TO YOU."

— Kahlil Gibran

STORY CONTINUED TO PAGE 14

ST. JOHN INTEGRAL EDUCATION CENTRE
LET THE CHILDREN COME TO ME

THE DARKEST HOUR

STORY FROM PAGE 13

"Whaat?! How? We only did it once!" David retorted in shock.

"Yes, my friend, you impregnated my daughter! You stupid idiot, how can you do that to my only daughter? Why?! he said whilst grabbing David's neck.

It was during lunch time and David's mother, Mable was home preparing lunch. She heard the noises outside her house. So, she decided to go out to see what happening.

"What is the matter?" Mable asked as she came to the scene. She got the shock of her life when she saw the person who was trying to fight her son. Her stomach rumbled and the saliva in her mouth dried up when she saw him. Tears started running down her cheeks. On the other hand, Chris' shouts and screams died in the mid-air when he saw the mother of the 'bastard' who was responsible for her daughter's pregnant. He was so startled that he immediately started sweating profusely. His mouth became so dry and he started shaking. He dropped his face and it was a minute of silence for both of them.

"What are you doing here, you FOOL!! Do you want to kill my son for me? After rejecting him and now you want to kill him? Leave my son alone and get out of my compound, you ANIMAL!!!" She pushed him off David.

It was that during that moment that the truth was known that during his secondary school days, Chris had impregnated a girl and denied its responsibility. David happened to be the product of that act. It was a very shocking moment, especially to Chrissy upon discovering that he had been impregnated by her brother. She fainted and was rushed to the hospital.

Chris' wife was shocked upon hearing the news that the one responsible for her daughter's pregnancy happened to be Chris' son whom he had rejected about twenty years back. She collapsed and she was taken to the hospital where she was pronounced dead upon arrival. It was really the darkest hour for Chris.

**"NO MATTER HOW DEEPLY YOU
BURY THE TRUTH, IT WILL ALWAYS
FIND ITS WAY TO THE SURFACE.
WHAT'S HIDDEN IN THE DARK
EVENTUALLY COMES TO LIGHT—AND
WHEN IT DOES, THE COST MAY BE
UNBEARABLE."**

— Anonymous



HOLD YOUR HORSE

By Keisha Kasalisa
Form 4 Student

It has reached the climax,
And I dare not sleep
For if I make a small slip,
The whole bread will be rotten.

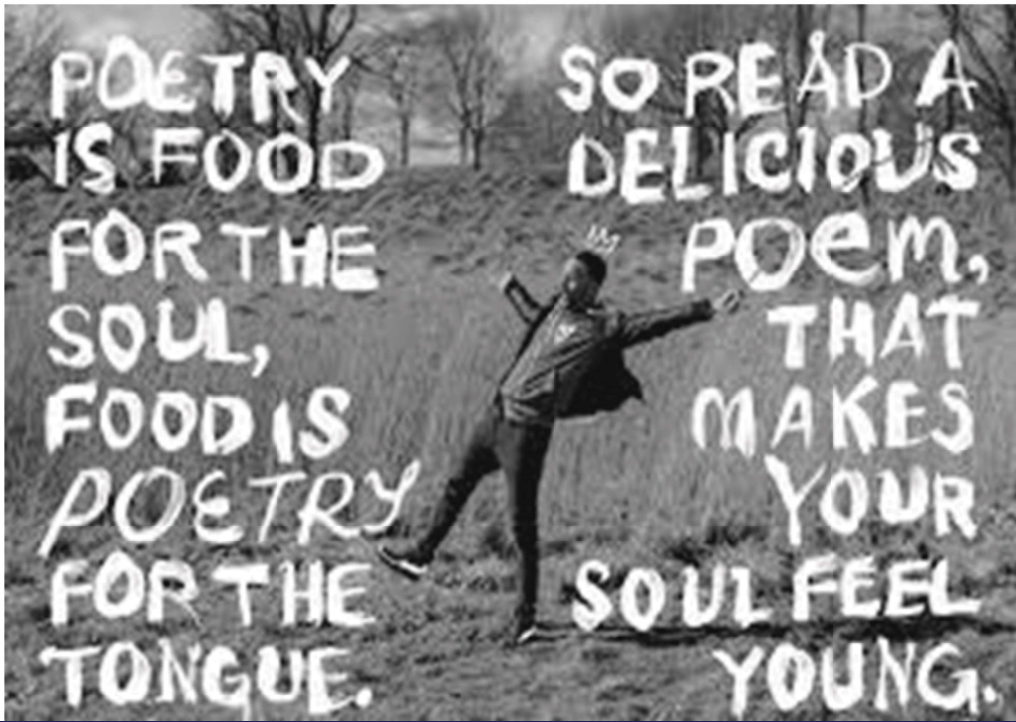
This world is full of
Strings and blings,
But I tell you, hold your horse,
If you want to succeed.

Be calm,
And you will see how
Spick and span it is.
This game requires no harm,
But hard work.

Hard work, it requires,
For the falling action
To be admired.
I tell you, hold your horse,
If you want to succeed.

**“THERE ARE NO SECRETS TO
SUCCESS. IT IS THE RESULT OF
PREPARATION, HARD WORK, AND
LEARNING FROM FAILURE.”**

— COLIN POWELL



IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION

By Ethel Laja
Form 1 Student

Education! Education!
It's the priority of everyone.
It is the beginning of doing good in life.
Money means nothing if you are not educated.
You could be traveling from Ghana to the UK,
Riding in transport created by others
Flying in a car called an aeroplane
Like it's just another public bus.

Education! Education!
Without it, you suffer like a slave.
You may think the solution to your problems
Is getting married
But you end up a punchbag,
Tied to the living,
Making friends with the dead.

Education! Education!
What a journey
From being punished in school
To one day employing your own servants!
From being suspended
To firing your own workers.
What a funny twist life can take!

Education! Education!
Without it, you're treated like trash.
You get hired to build mansions and villas,
While others live in luxury.
Instead of inflating yourself like a balloon,
You're the one pumping others
Helping them buy cars and houses,
While your own dreams
Are nowhere to be seen.

**“IF YOU THINK EDUCATION IS
EXPENSIVE, TRY IGNORANCE.”**

— Andy McIntyre



WE ARE ALL SISTERS

By Pemphero Kauza

Form 1 Student

We are all sisters.

Let's help and love one another.
Remember — discrimination is not allowed.
Don't let any of us be troubled.
Instead, let's lift each other up
And find happiness together at this school.
We are all sisters.

We are all sisters.

Don't love someone just because she has many
things.

Love your friend as you love yourself.
Love her through the highs and the lows.
Support one another in reaching your goals.
We are all sisters.

We are all sisters.

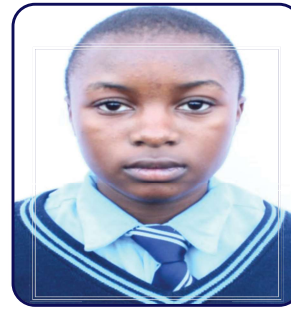
Let's respect each other
And also respect our teachers and parents.
Then, God will bless your education.
Be a good example to those around you.
Be smart — it adds to your beauty.
Focus on your studies, not on foolish things.
We are all sisters.

We are all sisters.

Plan for your future.
Concentrate in class and work hard
To achieve your dreams.
We are here to learn, not to play.
Make your parents, teachers, and everyone
proud.
We are all sisters.

**"ALONE, WE CAN DO SO
LITTLE; TOGETHER, WE CAN
DO SO MUCH."**

— Helen Keller



DON'T TRUST ANYONE

By Mphatso Ching'ani

Form 1 Student

Friends stab you in the back.
Boyfriends stab you in the heart.
But best friends say they
Do not carry knives.

Friends want you for what you have,
But some don't.
Boyfriends take you for granted,
But some don't.
Best friends always realize
Their wrongdoings,
And say sorry before dawn.

Friends know how to fake love,
And you never even know.
Boyfriends don't like you chilling
With other boys,
But they chill with other girls.
Best friends are not bossy
And care for you through
The highs and the hills.

Friends will always leave you
With nothing — while some won't.
Boyfriends will always leave you
With nothing but an ending
And some won't.
But best friends will never leave you,
Even in the highs and the lows.



**"A GOOD FRIEND WILL
ALWAYS STAB YOU IN THE
FRONT."**

— Oscar Wilde



MY LIFE WAS A MESS

By Thandiwe Gondwe
Form 3 Student

It was not easy.
My childhood was a mess.
My father was no father at all.
His big hand landed on my face,
As he pleaded.

I was a noisy radio,
Disturbing his sleep.
Memories too bitter to be erased,
Yet I kept them all to myself.

My silence did not save me.
Maybe I should have cried louder.
Someone, somewhere, could have heard me.
The memories keep returning.
My life was a mess.



MY NAME

By Grace Mangani
Form 3 Student

When you say my name
That's me.
Be careful how you say my name.

When you say my name
That's me.
Be careful what you say about my name.

When you say my name
That's me.
Be careful what you write about my name.

When you say my name,
Be careful.
It's me you're talking about
When you say my name.



EDUCATION

By Patience Thonje
Form 2 Student

Education is needed by everyone.
But education also needs us
So that we can succeed
In our lives.

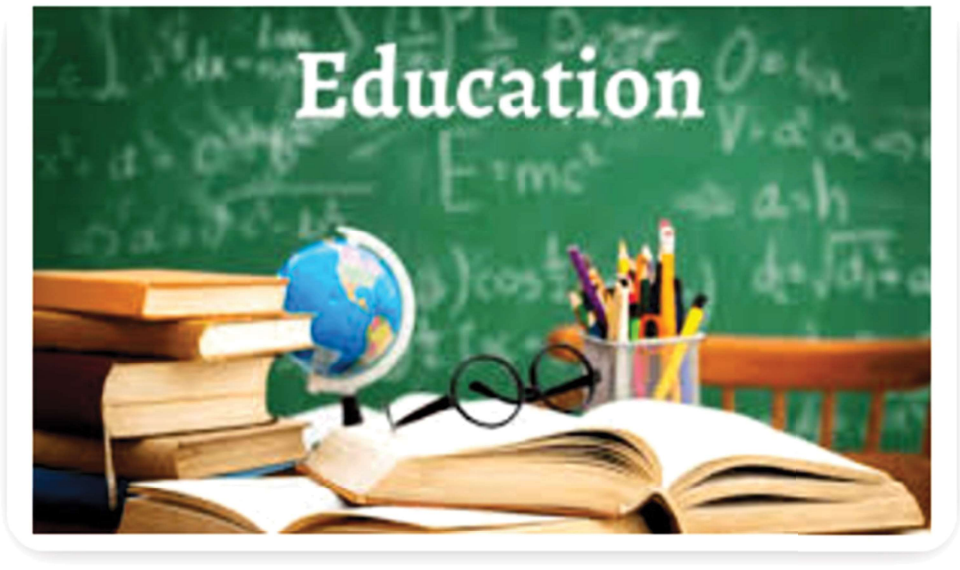
Just as people need love from God,
Life without education is hard.
Life without education is difficult.
That's why people say,
"Education is the key to success."

Yes, it is the key to success
But it takes courage.
It takes hard work.
There is no sweet without sweat.
Life becomes easier with education.

Education is everywhere.
Learn, man in the field.
Learn, woman in the kitchen.
Learn, young boy on the soccer field.
Learn, young girl at the market.

There is no discrimination in education.
It is for everyone
The old and the young,
The poor and the rich,
Africans and Europeans.
Indeed, "Education is the key to success!"

**"EDUCATION IS NOT PREPARATION
FOR LIFE; EDUCATION IS LIFE
ITSELF."**





EDUCATION BRINGS SUCCESS

By Praise Gondwe
Form 1 Student

Education brings success.
For a person to succeed in life,
She or he needs to be educated.
But how can a person be educated?

By learning at school.
At school, we study many subjects
Biology, English, Physics,
Agriculture, and more.

How do these subjects help us?
English helps us communicate
With our neighboring countries.
Agriculture teaches us to farm
To know the season, time, and month
To harvest crops from the garden.
Education brings success.



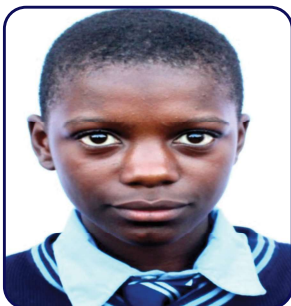
A SNAKE IN THE GLASS

By Chifundo Banda
Form 1 Student

She is a friend of mine,
But only when
Money is talking to me.
When I walk through the jungle,
Or when the desert follows me,
That's when she changes
Turns into a lizard.

A snake in the glass.

She is a friend of mine,
But only when
I'm living in a land of honey and milk.
When things turn sour,
She disappears
Evaporates like mist.
A snake in the glass.



FORSAKEN LOVE

By Matamando Mchiela
Form 1 Student

Mother used to say,
"My child, my love for you is
Wider than the Himalayas,
Priceless like the Mandalasi,
And taller than the Burj Khalifa."

But why do I feel
Impotent like a pauper,
Unloved like a wild animal,
Abused like a slave,
And microscopic — like bacteria?

My brothers once told me,
"We will forever love you,
Till the end of the earth."

But now,
I feel so neglected,
So deeply forsaken.
I feel like
A thoeppshelopits lost in the flock.



I AM DYING INSIDE

By Matamando Mchiela
Form 1 Student

Please — save me from him.
I'm dying slowly.
I'm dying inside.
The pain is eating me alive.

I am dying inside,
But I can't tell anyone.
He'll kill me.
He might kill you too.
I don't want to die — not now.

I am dying inside.
He beats me every day.
I've become his punching bag.
I married a monster
A monster in an angel's cloth.



EVAN MATEWERE

Future Medical Doctor

My name is **Evan Matewere**. I am 13 years old and a Form 2 student at St. John Girls’ Secondary School.

When I grow up, I would like to become a **Medical Doctor**. I want to help people who are suffering so that the number of deaths in my area can be reduced.

I am working hard in all my subjects and improving my grades so I can achieve my dream of becoming a doctor one day.



ETHEL MBEYA

Future Judge

My name is **Ethel Mbeya**. I am 13 years old and a Form 2 student at St. John Girls’ Secondary School.

Everyone aspires to become someone in the future, and I am no different. I dream of becoming a **Judge** so I can handle cases in the Supreme Court of Malawi and possibly abroad.

I believe that anything is possible. With hard work and dedication to my studies, I know I can achieve my dream because education is the key to success.

WE MUST ACCEPT FINITE DISAPPOINTMENT, BUT NEVER LOSE INFINITE HOPE. HOPE IS THAT THING INSIDE US THAT INSISTS, DESPITE ALL EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY, THAT SOMETHING BETTER AWAITS US IF WE HAVE THE COURAGE TO REACH FOR IT, TO WORK FOR IT, AND TO FIGHT FOR IT.
— MARTIN LUTHER KING JR



PATIENCE NYIRENDA

Future Designer & Bank Accountant

My name is **Patience Nyirenda**. I am 15 years old and in Form 3 at St. John Girls’ Secondary School.

My dream is to achieve two things at once—I want to become both a **Designer** and a **Bank Accountant**. I hope to contribute to restoring Malawi’s values and help my parents with any challenges they face.

I believe that with God’s guidance, I will fulfill my dreams and achieve the goals I’ve held onto for so long.



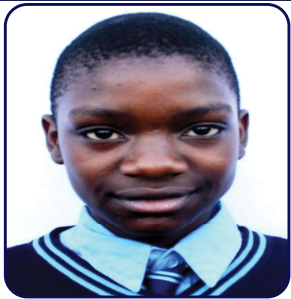
FISKAN CHISASULA

Future Doctor

My name is **Fiskan Chisasula**. I am 15 years old and a Form 3 student at St. John Girls’ Secondary School.

My dream is to become a **Doctor** so I can save many lives. My hope is to pass the MSCE with flying colors and be selected to a public university for further studies.

I know that with hard work and God by my side, my dream of becoming a doctor will come true.



TEISHA NAMAONA

Future Medical Doctor

My name is **Teisha Namaona**. I am 13 years old and in Form 1 at St. John Girls' Secondary School.

I dream of becoming a **Medical Doctor** so I can help people living in rural areas of Malawi who face many health challenges.

I believe I will succeed as long as I continue working hard in everything I do. I want my dream to come true one day.



TEMWA KASONDA

Future Doctor

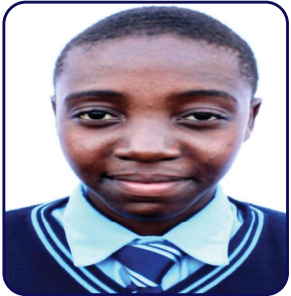
My name is **Temwa Kasonda**. I am 13 years old and a Form 1 student at St. John Girls' Secondary School.

My dream is to become a **Doctor** after completing my education so I can help and save the lives of those who are sick.

Working hard is the only way to make my dream a reality, and I will continue praying to God for guidance throughout my journey.

"SO MANY OF OUR DREAMS AT FIRST SEEM IMPOSSIBLE, THEN THEY SEEM IMPROBABLE, AND THEN, WHEN WE SUMMON THE WILL, THEY SOON BECOME INEVITABLE."

- CHRISTOPHER REEVE



FAITH NYONGANI

Future Bank Manager

My name is **Faith Nyongani**. I am 15 years old and in Form 1 at St. John Girls' Secondary School.

My dream is to become a **Bank Banager**. This has been my dream for a long time, and I still hold on to it today.

I am putting effort into all my work to make sure that one day, my dream becomes a reality.



JOYCE SILUNGWE

Future Doctor

My name is **Joyce Silungwe**. I am 13 years old and a Form 1 student at St. John Girls' Secondary School.

In the future, I would like to become a **Pilot** so I can travel to many different places around the world.

I believe that if I continue to work hard, I will achieve my dream and make my parents proud.



THE QUIETEST PEOPLE ONLINE OFTEN SEEM THE MOST GROUNDED IN REAL LIFE

BY SAMUEL MPANDO | TEACHER

While many are busy curating highlight reels, there's a certain group of people who opt out entirely—or at least keep a very low profile.

No constant status updates, no selfie dumps, no cryptic story posts. Just... silence.

People have come to admire these private types. There's a quiet confidence in not needing to broadcast every move. And more often than not, those who steer clear of social media aren't antisocial—they simply operate by a different set of values.

Here are seven personality traits we consistently notice in those who choose privacy over performance:

1. They are deeply introspective

Those people who stay private in the digital world often engage in deeper self-reflection. They don't spend hours agonizing over the perfect angle for a photo or the wittiest caption.

Instead, they turn inward, taking the time to understand their own thoughts, feelings, and motivations.

This becomes especially helpful when they're working through personal challenges—processing emotions without external pressures.

Some have even shared that their phones are more gateways to mindfulness apps and journaling than to social media feeds. They've discovered how deeply they can connect with themselves when not constantly chasing likes or comments.

That's the beauty of introspection: it lets them learn who they truly are, what drives them, and how they want to exist in the world—without needing others' applause.

"THERE'S ZERO CORRELATION BETWEEN BEING THE BEST TALKER AND HAVING THE BEST IDEAS."

– Susan Cain

2. They are protective of their time

Time is precious, and those who keep a low profile online know it well. Their days aren't consumed by endless scrolling or heated online debates.

They'd rather spend an hour reading, having real conversations, or simply enjoying a moment of peace. Removing social media often means removing a major source of distraction.

Social media can lead to mental fatigue and cognitive overload. So, it's no surprise that people who choose privacy avoid a great deal of that stress.

These people not scrambling to keep up with TikTok trends. They're using their time for what fulfills them—whether it's nurturing a hobby or investing in offline relationships.

IN A SOCIETY THAT THRIVES ON SHARING, PRESENCE IS A QUIET ACT OF REBELLION—AND ONE THAT ENHANCES LIFE IN EVERY WAY.

– Sherry Turkle

3. They value genuine relationships

Many of them have felt the sting of disconnection when a friend posts constantly but rarely checks in. It makes them question whether they're part of their lives or just their audience.

Those who embrace privacy tend to be intentional about relationships. Their circles may be small, but their friendships are genuine and deeply rooted.

Instead of collecting online acquaintances, they nurture a few close, meaningful connections. They make time for real conversations—phone calls, lunch dates, and shared moments—not just likes and comments.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

THE QUIETEST PEOPLE ONLINE OFTEN SEEM THE MOST GROUNDED IN REAL LIFE

STORY FROM PAGE 21

4. **They are calm and level-headed**

The digital world thrives on drama. One viral issue after another can spark intense reactions and arguments.

But many private individuals sidestep the chaos. While others debate in comment threads, they step back and observe. They choose presence over participation.

This distance often leads to a more balanced emotional state. Without constant exposure to online turmoil, they can respond calmly and think clearly. This composure extends into their daily lives, helping them make better decisions and avoid snap judgments.

In a space that rewards impulsivity, staying quiet often cultivates a calmer mind.

5. **We are self-reliant**

A trait often overlooked in private individuals is self-sufficiency. They don't depend on likes or comments to validate their paths.

When they change careers, try something new, or chase personal goals, they trust their own judgment. That doesn't mean they never seek advice—but they aren't ruled by public opinion.

An overreliance on social media for self-esteem can lead to anxiety and self-doubt. Those who avoid that cycle develop stronger internal compasses. They learn, fail, adjust, and grow—without needing a standing ovation.

This self-reliance boosts not only confidence but also resilience in facing life's challenges.

6. **They respect boundaries**

Many of these people became more private after realizing how easily personal details can spread online.

For example, someone once shared a family vacation photo, only to be bombarded with questions about their plans and personal lives. It felt invasive.

That moment became a turning point: "No more."

Choosing not to share publicly means reclaiming control. They decide who gets access to their personal lives. They set boundaries that protect what matters most.

These limits aren't about shutting people out—they're about honoring themselves and their loved ones. In a world of oversharing, this kind of boundary-setting can significantly protect emotional well-being.

6. **They appreciate living in the present**

There's something sacred about experiencing a moment without the urge to post it.

Private individuals often choose to savor events for what they are—a sunset, a celebration, a peaceful walk. No filters. No captions. Just the moment.

This mindfulness leads to stronger emotional health and deeper connections. When they aren't scrambling to document everything, they immerse themselves fully in life. It nurtures gratitude, awareness, and fulfillment.

In a society that thrives on sharing, presence is a quiet act of rebellion—and one that enhances life in every way.

FINAL THOUGHTS

- ⇒ Sometimes, we wonder how much simpler life might be if more of them embraced privacy and let go of the pressure to perform.
- ⇒ Sharing online isn't inherently wrong, but it does come at a cost—our time, our attention, and sometimes our self-worth.
- ⇒ Those who opt out aren't out of touch. They may be the most in touch—with themselves, their values, and the people who truly matter.
- ⇒ By embracing quiet strength, self-trust, and meaningful relationships, we all stand to learn something valuable. Whether you're a frequent poster or a quiet observer, it's worth reflecting on what we share—and what we might gain by sharing a little less.
- ⇒ If the quiet path resonates with you, maybe it's time to lean into it.
- ⇒ Signing off.

MR. CLEMENT CHIGALAGALA - HEADTEACHER



Warm greetings from St. John Girls Secondary School Headteacher's office,

It is with heartfelt appreciation to God that we have made it thus far in the term. In the second term, we saw a lot of our students achieve success in various fields and activities and we hope to see all of our students thrive in diverse fields as we begin the third term.

First and foremost, I would want to encourage all students to take their studies seriously and work hard to achieve outstanding results in the exams scheduled for this term.

To the examination courses, this month signals the start of the most significant and critical exercise: EXTERNAL MOCK Examinations. Let me also encourage you to take this exercise seriously and convince yourself that you are going to succeed. *Remember, whatever you think with conviction becomes your reality.*

To the parents and guardians, we extend our heartfelt gratitude for your support, collaboration, and devotion last term in ensuring that your child's education is always well taken care of. It is our hope and conviction that when students return from their Easter break, they will comply to the school rules and regulations and concentrate on their studies.

A heartfelt thank you to all teaching and non-teaching staff for your unrelenting efforts in carrying out your tasks. Your tireless work and commitment demonstrate that you are truly called to serve in this profession.

To all students, please remember that this term is the most significant for every one of you because it marks the start of another important chapter in your academic path, so strive for the best outcomes in everything.

I wish you all the best as you settle into campus and prepare for the term's various undertakings.

The Headteacher
St. John Girls Secondary School

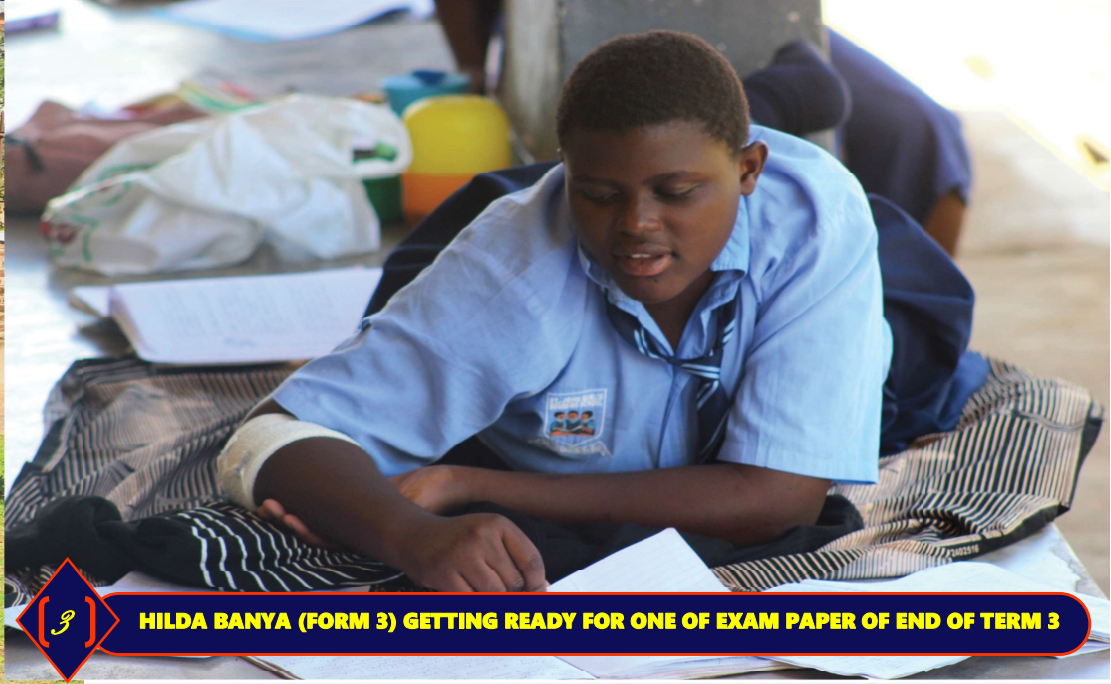


2025 FORM ONE ETRANCE REGISTRATION STILL IN PROGRESS



1

MR. CHUNGA (FORMER TEACHER) VISITED ST. JOHN AND POSED FOR A GROUP PHOTO WITH SOME OF FORM 2 STUDENTS



2

MSCE CLASS OF 2024 DURING THE GRADUATION PARTY

3

HILDA BANYA (FORM 3) GETTING READY FOR ONE OF EXAM PAPER OF END OF TERM 3



4

FORM ONE STUDENTS WHO LIKES TAKING PHOTOS USING SCHOOL HD CAMERA

ST. JOHN GIRLS' SECONDARY SCHOOL
INTEGRAL EDUCATION FOR GIRLS

24/24

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