

WritingThreeSixty
Journal of Research and Creative Texts



Volume 8 Issue 1
Africa in Perspective: Contemporary Issues in Arts and Humanities



UNIVERSITY *of the*
WESTERN CAPE

Letter from the Editor

Dear Readers,

I present to you the first issue of Volume 8 of *WritingThreeSixty* on the theme: ***Africa in Perspective: Contemporary Issues in Arts and Humanities***. This marks a significant milestone in our collective efforts to continue this graduate journal and invite authors from far and wide to captivate us with their academic and creative voices.

WritingThreeSixty aims to foster interdisciplinary research and creative explorations, with publications ranging from poetry and short stories to art and photo essays, alongside ‘traditional’ research essays. We are committed to publishing high-quality, peer-reviewed articles that contribute significantly to the existing body of knowledge.

This issue showcases scholarly contributions, together with poems and short fiction. In this issue, we present 15 poems from different scholars and a short story that reflect African perspectives with a focus on contemporary issues in Arts and Humanities.

As this may be my last issue as the Editor-in-Chief, I extend my profound gratitude to the Editorial Team and our reviewers who have worked tirelessly to ensure the successful publication of this issue. Their expertise and commitment have been invaluable. A very special thanks to the Creative Content Manager for her overwhelming support. I also extend my profound appreciation to the authors for their valuable contributions to the success of this issue, thank you for your submissions.

We are hopeful that *WritingThreeSixty* will continue to be a leading forum for scholarly exchange among postgraduate scholars in Africa and beyond. We invite you to engage with the content of this issue and look forward to your continued support.

Sincerely,

Editor-in-Chief

Peter Oyewole Makinde

About the journal

WritingThreeSixty is a bi-annual, interdisciplinary journal for research essays and creative works. First launched in 2014 as an initiative of the English department at the University of the Western Cape (UWC), *WritingThreeSixty* now forms part of the broader community within the Arts Faculty and Humanities at UWC. This journal maintains the standard of peer review and wishes to provide a platform to develop a culture of publishing among postgraduate and emerging student researchers, as well as established creative artists within UWC and South Africa at large. *WritingThreeSixty* also forms part of co-curricular graduate culture at UWC that affords students the opportunity to develop professional skills through the voluntary leadership and service positions created through the journal. These positions include the management of the journal and its team, editorial outputs, as well as our digital marketing efforts that are presented through social media and our online website.

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Poetry

Echoes of War, Whispers of Peace - Micheal Kwasi Ackumey

The cannons roar, the skies turn gray,
As tears of sorrow flood the land,
Yet hope still flickers in the fray,
A gentle touch, a guiding hand.

The wounded cry, the nations bleed,
While hatred fuels the flames anew,
But love can plant a lasting seed,
Where peace and kindness once outgrew.

So lay your weapons, break the chains,
Let hearts embrace, let wounds be healed,
For mercy's voice still soft remains,
Where swords are dropped and peace revealed.

A World of Love, Not Hate - Micheal Kwasi Ackumey

Oh rulers, let your hearts be wise,
And see the tears in children's eyes.
The bombs you drop, the wars you wage,
Have filled the world with fear and rage.

Yet mercy speaks in voices low,
A river soft, yet strong in flow.
Extend your hands, let hatred cease,
And sign your names in scrolls of peace.

For history writes of kings who fail,
Whose hearts were cold, whose greed prevailed.
But those who choose to love and give,
Shall build a world where all can live.

Lead with Light, Not Fire - Micheal Kwasi Ackumey

Oh leaders, high upon your thrones,
Do not cast hearts to dust and stones.
The world now pleads for hands so kind,
To heal the wounds of humankind.

Your power shapes the earth's embrace,
So carve it not with war's disgrace.
Let justice walk where greed once stood,
And trade the steel for brotherhood.

No more should children weep in pain,
Or nations burn for selfish gain.
For peace is built when love takes flight,
So lead with hope and not with might.

The Silent Cry of the Earth - Micheal Kwasi Ackumey

The rivers dark, the forests weep,
The air is thick with death's embrace.
As war and greed their poison seep,
Yet hope still shines with quiet grace.

The children dream of peaceful days,
Beyond the smoke, beyond the pain.
Yet leaders march in reckless ways,
And lives are lost like drops of rain.

But if the world can dare to change,
And hearts can learn to heal and feel,
Then peace won't seem so far or strange,
And love will shape a world more real.

Raise the Flags of Peace - Micheal Kwasi Ackumey

Oh mighty ones, with wealth untold,
Do not let hearts grow harsh and cold.
A throne means naught if pain prevails,
And voices rise in tearful tales.

The earth still bleeds, the skies still cry,
While warships sail and young men die.
Yet peace is not a dream too far,
If love can heal each battle scar.

So wave no flags of war and might,
But raise the ones of hope and light.
Let kindness rule, let hatred cease,
And shape a world of lasting peace.

The Blues Were Inviting - Katlego Nkoana

Taunted by the fate of misery in company
A kind of slow poison that festers by the hue
meandering every vein till lips run blue
Perhaps the fleeting vigour in saddened individuals is the last pump of red before the blue
Perhaps the sadness is a fallacy I misconstrue
The blues were inviting,
And my wavering flicker beams at the thought that my desolate blue could be in your consulate that
outweighs the hue
The blues were inviting and so were
You.

Tick-Tock-Boom! - Katlego Nkoana

tick—tock—tick—tock,

A gentle reminder

That time is but a meander,

Flowing by the second

Eddies by the minute

Tides by the hour

Our bodies are ventriloquists to our passions

Giving form to the abstract.

Time is but a companion,

Tick-tock, tick-tock,

The clock on the wall is but a tower guard

We are, held captive by these abstract bars in form of hours

Sentenced by the minutes

Policed by the seconds

The clock on the wall is but a tower guard

The hands of time nudging

at us to move at an accelerated pace

Tick-tock-tick-tock

The tides are rising just as their expectations

Dreams that haven't materialised are in the sanctions of time

The outcome is a crime

Time is thieving!

Time is but a paradox!

Time is a fleeting fortune the stocks are plummeting!

TICK-TICK-BOOM!

The moments I hadn't listened to my intuition are called to the stand

The moments I stood idle plea the fifth

The moments I took pleasure as leisure are found guilty

The input is a crime

TICK-TICK-BOOM!

I am my Shadow - Katlego Nkoana

The incandescent glow
Descends on me with a flick,
It covers me with its vastness
The darkness takes form
I lift my hand,
It traces the wall
I sit, grounded with despair,
It ascends the ceiling
The darkness mocks me
For all my body can do is sit on this chair.
Perhaps the darkness is an extension of what my soul longs to do?
The darkness illuminates me.

Accountability - Katlego Nkoana

Everyone wants to be bejewelled
With the shine stones of victimhood
The glimmer so blinding
absolving anyone to see
the dim of the truth
Leaning into the luminous sun
Forgetting it's simmer
Till tipping point

Cracks and Crevices - Katlego Nkoana

You wear nonchalance like a smile
Glance at my afflictions from a mile
Feeling, more or less inclined
Distance abstains you from the guilt
So I sit afar as I wilt

Feeling more or less the same
Reeling through the pain
I've hedged less than gain
And you've been feeding on my innocence
Disguised it as your petulance

And there he goes
Leaving me with those
Cracks and crevices
And there he goes
Leaving me with those cracks and crevices

I'm in the tomb of my sadness and I just won't go
I thought in three days my heart in might would resurrect
But there he goes

Scars of Silence - Festus Moses Onipede

In the corners where shadows dwell,
Whispers of pain are lost,
Broken voices, fractured shells,
Injustice's bitter cost.

A woman's cry, a silent tear,
Hidden beneath the night,
Gender's war, a bloodstained sphere,
Where wrongs are shunned from sight.

Her story, etched in muted screams,
A nightmare cloaked as dreams,
Each bruise a verse, each scar a rhyme,
In time's relentless streams.

She fights, she falls, she rises still,
Against the iron will,
Of those who seek to bend her soul,
To silence, to control.

Yet in her breath, a flame alights,
A beacon in the dark,
Against the storms of shattered rights,
She's but a humble spark.

Her words, a river fierce and wild,
Break free from chains of old,
To write a justice, undefiled,
In ink that never's cold.

For in her voice, the world might see,
The peace that truth can bring,
And in her words, the world might be,
A place where justice sings.

Ashes of the Olive Tree - Festus Moses Onipede

Where once the olive branches swayed,
In winds of peace and song,
Now echoes of the past have frayed,
In a land where rights go wrong.

From South Africa's sunlit skies,
To Palestine's darkened ground,
The blood of martyrs never dries,
In silence, none is found.

Genocide, a beast unleashed,
Feeding on broken dreams,
Its hunger, never to be ceased,
In a world split at the seams.

Across the lands, a crimson tide,
Washes away the cries,
Of those who fought, of those who died,
With no more strength to rise.

But in the ash of burned-down homes,
And fields where tears are sown,
The seeds of peace, in quiet loams,
Are scattered, hope re-grown.

Their roots are strong, their branches high,
They reach for skies of blue,
In every tear, a war-torn sigh,
A prayer for the new.

So write, oh world, in blood and ink,
The tale of those who fought,
For peace is closer than we think,
If justice is our thought.

In every word, a candle's light,
In every line, a plea,
To turn the darkness into bright,
To set the captive free.

Stomp the Yard - Violet Makomborero

No longer shall you make hollow spaces
like snow angels within your mattress of your bed.
Get up! Get out!
Stomp the yard! – the whole nine yards
Leave no inch unclaimed.
The world needs you.

How to Start a Revolution - Violet Makomborero

Seven days a week, endless nine to five, 3sixtyfive.

Time and time again, the cycle repeats,
in the system of oppression, where the few feast
Your back becomes the bridge for the elites.

The machine called Oppression churns,
grinding the mortar

Of your dreams,

You are burnt out.

But I say,

Get Angry

Get Courage

Get Hard and Get Loud

Enough is enough!

Let's start a revolution.

First, create a circumference with petrol

Oil around the constitution,

Then set it on fire.

Invite the public, and ensure,

the Matriarchs lead

Start a riot, raid and pollute!

Storm the capital.

Search endlessly, leave no stone unturned

Do not falter Do not wretch

At what you find (the truth is oftentimes hard to stomach)

A revolution is never easy!

Once you have found the man

Lead him like a sheep to slaughter,

Place him directly in the centre
Strip him down
Sheave his skin, unfold the wolf within
(understand Comrades the wolf is a trickster with many different faces, and skins)
Like an onion unravel him
De-mask that mask,
then un-mask the other mask,
the mask of those masks, like a Russian doll in disguise.
Unpack the layers, one by one,
Until finally what remains is plain in sight:
The truth.
Three blind mice with a single megaphone remain
Do not listen to them!

Look at them
Take hard, long glances
Remember the truth,
name and shame
Put the picture in a frame,
accept, and expose the truth
Shout from the mountains, the streets
The Cell-blocks, the rooftops,
And proclaim,
“This is how you start a revolution:
break free from the chains of inferiority and let truth be the only solution.”

1984: The starving Artist - Violet Makomborero

there is a fasting of truth, a starving of words
a parched parchment in the throat of the pages
there is a grumbling of hunger in
boney writers
refusing to fatten on fable, gossip or false promises
they no longer lick their fingers with the thoughts of delusions

but
sleep evaded, always wake at exactly 3 a.m.
bothered, disturbingly bothered
by their dreams that cannot be explained
scorers and magicians cannot grasp, the
depth
of their longing, the urgency to speak
of things even the wise cannot comprehend.

there is a beckoning, an unction
bushes of fire burns earnestly within the heart
something...
something-
something will not let go.
this anger is insatiable
wrath cannot be expressed through simple actions or words,
but fervently, furiously, violently
in other tongues

ink abounds, but who will go for us?

are You hungry? Then write.

Short story

Mother Earth - Tiffany Dumas

The residents of Bloom-Ville Town called it “Gaia’s Garden”, though no one in the town had any recollection of who Gaia was. The garden was located right behind the white picket fence, in the middle of town, fenced with the rusted gate made of something that looked like it might have been perfect steel and diamonds a very long time ago. The fence somehow seemed godly, as if it depicted something that was ancient in origin. The blush roses and the white tulips were always in bloom, scattered across the waterlogged soil. They were always perfect; no season could touch them. They stretched across the veranda, giving life to what could be dead. The flowers were beautiful, perfect – but something about them seemed ancient. Strange. Asleep. Yet awake – alive. Ready, waiting.

No one watered these flowers. No one turned the soil, no pruning, no tending to. Yet the flowers stood tall, vibrant, disconcertingly alive – ancient, but somehow sleeping at its core, beneath the ground.

Old Mrs. Bloom was the first to notice the shift. She lived in the house across the flower sanctuary and always sat on the porch, reading old Stephen King novels. White hair and a freckled face, clear blue eyes that pierced right through to your soul when she looked at you. No one could lie to Mrs. Bloom and face that gaze of transparent ocean blue; she had been married to her old, senile husband – who had a predisposition for trickery and deceit, much too long. They never had any children – Mrs. Bloom’s reproductive organs would not permit them to do so. Endometriosis, the doctor said. The lesions were like cancer in a way; they sucked away at your will to live while simultaneously begging you to stay alive – to endure. To survive. It’s that survival instinct everyone keeps talking about; the one old man Darwin wrote about. You know, the one where you have to keep fighting no matter how hard it gets, or how much pain you have to endure. Because we all have to get to the other side: for at the other side of pain we shall be rewarded. That’s what the grown-ups always said, and we obeyed. One day, she swore that the flowers had turned their gaze upon her, as if they were watching. “You’re reading too much

Stephen King, dear”, said her husband of fifty-six years. “The horror must be making you senile”. He cackled loudly with his toothless grin. Her heart sunk slightly in horror as she turned her head back in repose and shifted her focus back to her book. “I know what I saw”, she said under her breath as her husband wheeled his way back inside the house. Those were the last words she ever muttered to herself.

But when Old Mrs. Bloom disappeared two days later, the whole town started talking. She hadn’t left a note of any kind – no warning, no signs of distress. All that was left of her was the fear she unknowingly left behind, and the people who would continue looking for her, and much to their dismay – never find her.

Gregory was walking his dog on the sidewalk when it started to bark, running across the street towards Gaia’s garden. It was then that he spotted the wild tendrils in its sinister threadlike structure wrapped around what looked like an arm protruding from the wet soil, flexing and curling with their serpentine bodies like a shadow in motion – probing, hungry, relentless. The lifeless body, blindly reaching for the surface, eyes alarmingly open through death had appeared to have gazed upon something it should never have seen. The body belonged to Old Mrs. Bloom. Then the tendrils began to spread. At first, a few flower petals could be seen scattered on the sidewalk, creating a banquet beautiful enough to stop and admire. But then, one morning after mass, Father Clive observed the hordes of tendrils spreading across the church steps. He swore to God that he could see them move, hear them whisper “mother”. The tendrils along with the petals led straight to the dais, and as he followed them, he prayed under his breath.

Gregory was a forty-year-old retired veteran who now dedicated his life to books and understood that the writing process required a level of commitment and determination to the craft that would make ordinary people gasp for air. He also understood that you were required to have certain nerves of steel accompanied by a moderate amount of ghosts that would never leave you. It was the night before yesterday when he’d decided that he needed to experience the death of nature in order to make his story come to life. The following night, Gregory made his way to Gaia’s Garden. Flashlight in hand and accompanied by a shotgun, he wandered with wearied determination across the ancient garden. His dog had gone missing, and he swore he had seen

him wandering towards the ancient looking iron gates just this morning. Those iron gates always made him think of faeries for some reason. Not the pretty, tiny winged, enchanting kinds of faeries who wore little Tinker-bell dresses and made dreams come true – but the wicked kind, the kinds who stole and kidnapped lovers, who prided themselves in trickery and mischief, the kind who appeared beautiful, but hid themselves among nature’s elements in order to deceive people and cause chaos. He wandered alone down the line of iron gates, walking steadily along the tendrils and bushes of flowers, he realized how ominous this all felt. He felt like he was being watched by something greater and bigger than he was. Something old. It was reminiscent of a graveyard, but somehow more colourful, and watchful. It was an eerie feeling, but he could not explain it: it felt as if he had been called to the Earth.

When he failed to find his dog, he returned home, eyes wide and trembling in fear and knowing. When his wife reported him missing the next day, the town went searching for him. He was found buried in Gaia’s Garden on June, 25, tendrils around his neck. “They’re growing”, said Mrs Palmer, the town’s nosey old gossip who could not keep her nose out from underneath other people’s armpits. “And they’re taking”, she sighed.

Now the flowers began to creep past the old iron gate, stretching toward Bloom-Ville as if they were gaunt shaped fingers stretching, reaching out to take back what was theirs. The people of the town locked their doors and shut their windows tight. But every morning, the tendrils, flowers; tulips, roses, carnations, drew closer to the outskirts of town – beyond the threshold of what was considered their habitation for so long. They extended their reach towards the porches as they snaked themselves around door-knobs and intruded the front yards of the town’s inhabitants where they bloomed in places that had only ever been debris and unfertile soil. The tendrils slithered along the ground in a sentient, purposeful way, twisting, inching closer to the surface like slick, pulsing veins, relishing the air for prey – its shadow determined to choke out whatever light there was left above the ground.

The Old flower garden was Alive, but not in the way that you thought it would be – the carnations bled a thick, inky sap that dripped into the tousled roots below the earth, nourishing the earth with something rotten. Vines coiled around the surface of the earth like fingers grasping

and winding themselves around tussled trellises like barbed wire awaiting thoughtless flesh. It is in this very place that a sickeningly sweet scent began to clog the air enough for the residents of Bloom-Ville to choke on. The petals of flowers begin to twitch and writhe as if in response to a beckoning Mother. The heat was oppressive, but they never wilted - and somewhere among the coiling vines, an archaic whisper rustles through the leaves like the wind – but no wind stirs them. In the midst of all this, the sun casts an eerie glow, turning the lilies a spectral white, while the daisies transform themselves into a bruised shade of insipid yellow – while beneath the flowers, the soil grows soft – soft enough to receive life. And death.

The inhabitants of Bloom-Ville no longer spoke about the people who went missing anymore. They only waited. Waited until the next flowers would bloom and spread their invasion. But the inhabitants of Bloom-Ville knew; once the flowers bloomed for you, its tendrils seeps through the soil of your being – and takes you.

Somewhere in the natural night, past the murmuring shrubberies, the whispering leaves and the sinister creak of the old iron gates swinging shut in the cold wind, something ancient was sleeping but beginning to stir beneath the rocky, Motherly earth. And although the earth was sleeping amongst the murmurs of the elements, you could hear something else – the organic, yet alien and sinister liveliness of the tendrils encroaching the dead of night, awaiting the end and the beginning – the beginning of something new.

List of contributors

Katlego Nkoana (Poetry) – 4332138@myuwc.ac.za

My journey as a poet began with phonology. Hearing words with the same consonant sound in consecutive order for the first time in my pre-teen years piqued my interest and I had to investigate. I found it was called alliteration, and I kept stringing any word with the same consonant my petulant mind could produce – with no concern of whether the words made sense together. As the years passed while growing up in Pretoria, my concern for finding semantics in alliteration was cultivated by my English teachers (particularly Mr. Gule). I found the resources I needed from his English lessons to turn my passion of alliteration and expand it into poetry. I owe my interest in literature to my mother, Nancy. Every single book she bought me over the years adds up to where I am now linguistically. I am currently completing a BA degree at UWC, and I hope that my love for words will open more pathways that will lead to publishing a poetry collection someday. I hope one day I will be proficient in my writing just as Nondwe Mpuma and Lethokuhle Msimang are.

Festus Moses Onipede (Poetry) – onipedefestusmos@gmail.com

Festus Moses Onipede is a budding scholar and a PhD student of English Language at University of Lagos, Nigeria. He has contributed to national and international poetry anthologies. As a scholar, he has contributed to various national and international conferences and journals. He is a member of West Africa Systemic Functional Linguistics Interest Group (WASFLIG).

Violet Makomborero (Poetry) – 4377523@myuwc.ac.za

Violet is an emerging writer from Johannesburg, currently based in Cape Town. Her debut collection titled, *Depressive Times like this requires furious dancing* draws inspiration from William Shakespeare's sonnet 29, *When in Disgrace with God and Man's eyes*, expressing the crippling effects of depression and alienation that possess one's self state of stagnation and tumultuous anguish. However, this collection urges readers to transmute these feelings of negativity into courage and positivity. Through her writing, she aims to advocate for the transformative power of creative expression and physical movement, encouraging readers to 'dance furiously' against the odds, oppression and depression, ultimately to find strength and purpose in resistance and self-expression.

Tiffany Dumas (Short Story) – 4319049@myuwc.ac.za

Tiffany Dumas is a South African writer and third year Bachelor of Arts student majoring in Psychology, English and Language and Communication Studies at the University of the Western Cape. Her writing is greatly inspired by the work of Carl Jung, memory and the grotesque corners of the human mind, which draws upon her academic interest in mental health and a love for poetic prose and storytelling that is rooted in the feminine aspects of nature, identity and the unseen bonds between humanity, myth, and how personal collective interpretation of myths and history echo throughout the natural world. *Mother Earth* is a part of her collection of short stories that are inspired by horror that are both grounded and spiritual – where memory meets horror and myth, and the Earth becomes a character in its own right.

Micheal Kwasi Ackumey (Poetry) – ackumey45@gmail.com

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Editorial Board

Peter Oyewole Makinde – Editor-in-Chief

Peter Oyewole Makinde is a researcher who is passionate about teaching and writing. He has just concluded his doctoral studies in Applied Linguistics from the Department of Linguistics at the University of the Western Cape with his thesis' focus on multisemiotic discourse analysis of the representation of medicines in Nigeria. His areas of specialization, among others, include Applied Linguistics, General Linguistics, Social Semiotics Stylistics studies, Social Semiotics, Multimodal Discourse Analysis and Systemic Functional Linguistics (SFL). He obtained his undergraduate and postgraduate degrees from Nnamdi Azikiwe University, Awka, with a specialization in English Language and Literature. Peter Makinde is also a Lecturer in the Department of Linguistics at Nnamdi Azikiwe University, Awka, and has served in various capacities as a member of many committees within and outside the University. He is also the Founder of Nigeria Systemic Functional Linguistics Interest Group (NiSFLIG); Co-Founder of West Africa Systemic Functional Linguistics Interest Group (WASFLIG) and a member of many professional associations. He has several publications in recognized international and local journals and has participated in over 23 conferences, webinars, and seminar series at local and international levels. He is currently the Editor-in-Chief of the *WritingThreeSixty* Journal

Mubashirah Carrollisen – Social Media Manager and Secretary

Mubashirah is a creative writer who takes a keen interest in reading and visual arts. She is a Master's Candidate in Linguistics with a strong passion for the intersection of language and communication within business and organizational contexts. Mubashirah completed a triple major BA degree in Anthropology, Psychology, and Linguistics. She then completed her Honours degree in Linguistics, where she delved into the fascinating world of brand identities within virtual linguistic landscapes. Building upon this foundation, her Master's thesis explores the multimodal representation of a conglomerate's brand identity, contrasting their mission statements with public knowledge of boycotts and protest materials related to current humanitarian crises. She has also made significant contributions to the academic community as an administrative member of several book publications under the leadership of the Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Humanities. She occupies her time with freelance blog writing for NGOs and

enjoys ghost writing biographies. Mubashirah is currently serving as the Social Media Manager and Secretary of the *WritingThreeSixty* Journal.

Bernadette Epie Munge – Copy Editor (I)

Epie Bernadette Munge is a Cameroonian and permanent resident in South Africa. She is an eager academic writer, coach, and experienced coordinator for the Faculty of Arts and Humanities at UWC. She is currently a PhD candidate in the Sociology department at the University of the Western Cape. Her thesis is focused on understanding the impact of domestic violence on young adults, especially tertiary students, in Cape Town. She holds a Bachelor of Arts Master's degree in Sociology and a Bachelor of Arts Honours degree in Developmental studies and a Bachelor of Arts degree in Anthropology and Sociology. She also has a diploma in Educational Psychology. She is a part-time reviewer at *New Africa Centre, Cape Town* and she is working in collaboration with the *Gem Hub Kigali, Rwanda*. She enjoys baking and making natural juice in her free time. Epie Bernadette Munge is currently the copy editor of the *WritingThreeSixty* Journal.

Nthabiseng Rose Ntjamanka – Copy Editor (II)

Driven by an unyielding passion for knowledge, Nthabiseng Ntjamanka is a fervent researcher with a commitment to excellence. She is currently pursuing her PhD in the Faculty of Arts and Humanities at the University of the Western Cape. Her thesis delves into the complex and multifaceted nature of language in Africa, specifically focusing on Lesotho and South Africa's legal systems to disclose if justice is really served. Her scholarly predilections are but are not limited to sociolinguistics, pragmatics, and forensic linguistics. Nthabiseng obtained her undergraduate and postgraduate degrees from the National University of Lesotho. Currently, she is a graduate lecturing assistant in the Department of Linguistics at UWC, a co-supervisor of Honours students in the same department, and an assistant copy editor for the *WritingThreeSixty* Journal.

Qanita Bassier – Academic Content Manager

Qanita Bassier is an academic researcher at the University of the Western Cape in the Department of Linguistics. She was an Associate Lecturer in Critical Media Studies for the

Honours postgraduate students programme at UWC in 2022. She held various academic positions at the UWC when she began her studies in 2002 by serving as a Tutor, Associate Lecturer, and Postgraduate Writing Coach. Her educational background is diverse as she holds a BA Degree in Theology, with a focus on Islam and Comparative Religion, an Honours degree in Foreign Languages and Linguistics, where she specialized in Arabic and Linguistics, and earned a Master's Degree in Linguistics from UWC in 2020. Her master's focused on media representations and her current PhD research focuses on critical media studies based on multimodal critical discourse analysis. Her interests include the ethical use of AI within higher education institutions. Her professional background involves achievements in other fields of study and work such as tax law, public relations, professional business writing courses and a leadership course she completed in 2022 at UWC called SLIP. Her strong work ethic shines through her performance outputs and testimonials from her current and previous employers and peers. Qanita is currently the academic content manager for the *WritingThreeSixty* Journal.

Tatum Davis – Creative Content Manager

Tatum Davis holds a Ph.D. in English from the English department of the University of the Western Cape. Her tenure started in 2021, and her research interests include romantic love and loving the child, with an emphasis on the novel form. Tatum is a NIHSS scholar and a member of the global African Feminist Initiative. She has experience publishing creatively and academically and is currently working on a collection of love poems. Tatum enjoys reading Elizabethan and Japanese poetry and is inspired by the remarkable lyricism she finds in these two forms. Tatum is driven by a passion for research and the moments of calm she finds writing and thinking creatively. Tatum is also a tutor in the English department and is currently the creative content manager of *WritingThreeSixty*.