



DRAMA FESTIVAL

By Daryl Langat

Months of hard work, sweat and sleepless nights have paid off for Strathmore's Film Club at the Nairobi Region Drama and Film Festival. These were the results for the Regionals:

The Primary section produced a documentary, titled 'Safe Havens'. Presented by Hakeem Areri, it secured 2nd position and will now proceed to Nationals. The Junior Secondary School did not fall behind. Another documentary, this time titled 'The Iron Ladies' was submitted. Yuri Troniak interviewed female athletes in Kenya. It shouldn't be surprising that his efforts earned him 1st place and a spot in the Nationals.

In the Secondary Section, creativity thrived; even between Biology and Mathematics Pre-Cats. A podcast exploring the effects of vaping hosted by Adrian Muraige earned 2nd place and will also be screened at the Nationals in Nakuru. A documentary titled 'The Future of Work' delved into the effects of technology on Work in the modern world. George Gunga (F2A), its author, was inspired by a yearning to understand careers today. He unapologetically asked questions nobody today dared verbalize – Will I be replaced by Artificial Intelligence? It placed 7th in the Regionals but earned a special recognition as the film that best captured the Festival's theme.

Clearly, the Film club's valiant efforts have transformed into results we can all smile at. Kudos to Strathmore's own creatives for their stellar work: All the best at the Nationals!



In This Edition:

- [Drama Festivals](#)
- [Charity Visit](#)
- [Sports Day](#)
- [Rugby](#)



CHARITY VISIT By Daryl Langat

We arrived at St. Charles Lwanga at about 9 am, to warm greetings. There were only a few smiles. But that was normal. Expected. Instead I sought beyond the superficial. What lay beneath the skin? The teenage urge to always seem nonchalant? They were appreciative. I saw it in the way they shook my hand. Like we were long lost friends. Like we had always known each other. They seemed happy. But how?

After a brief welcoming speech by one of the school's teachers, we were given a tour by the students. All of them. They happily took us around the place they had called home for most of their lives. The dormitories, the cow they had named, the classes, the old chapel, the new chapel. My guide was one of the school's captains. He explained the parts of the school with such enthusiasm that the school came to life. I wasn't just a 'visitor' or a 'guest' as they called us. In that moment I became a member of the school, roaming the corridors and playing sports with them, as the rest of them would. They clearly loved the school.

We were led to the school's chapel where we were introduced to the rest of the school's teachers. They were admittedly few, but I was taken by the amiability with which they addressed the students. They would say jokes, or make past references to events in the school, as siblings. Beneath that was a very real respect for them, I could see, but they were also friendly.

An hour to talk and get to know the students of the school came next. Six Strathmore Students and six students from St. Charles Lwanga were put in one group. I personally expected dreadful silence. Dreadful silence lay only in the breaks between conversation when we ran out of things to say. We had very different experiences of 'high school' nobody cared how it was different. Instead, we simply expressed ourselves. There were no looks of disgust or words of hate hurled at us. Why did I even expect this? No, the group of students we were put together with smiled and laughed as they talked about their lives to people they had never seen before. It was a magical moment. I got to learn about the school's intricate details. Those I could not learn by simply touring the school. The Maasai people of the school had a designated dormitory. Michael, the student I was seated next to, said they like it that way. They practised their culture there. Some of them said they like Physics and hated Biology. Others said they like Biology but hated Chemistry. They were just like us. They had always been just like us. Why had I not seen that?

The hour was over. At that point, I wanted another hour. I still had so many questions. We headed back to the chapel for a debate. The motion: This house supports boarding schools over Day schools. Natural, Strathmore defended Day schools while St. Charles, a boarding school, supported the motion. It was a heated debate, being rooted in each student's personal beliefs. However, Strathmore came narrowly on top.

Lunch followed, when we sat in circles, eating with students from the school. There was hearty laughter and friendly conversation with each bite of food I took.

In the afternoon, there was a session for entertainment. They had prepared dances for us. Traditional Maasai dances. There was a pianist, playing modern songs that were pleasant to the ear. Every time one of their own did something on the dirt stage in front of us, the other students clapped and cheered, and we would join in the cheering too. Among the last of the dances was a man that looked like he was in his late twenties, with a tall stature and a light beard. He had a song he had made himself. They were going to dance to it. His own song!

Lastly, there were speeches. The President of the school, a female student, came first "It may not seem like a lot to you, but it means the world to us." She went on to explain how 'Brother Director' had rescued some of the Maasai students from harsh life, and most of them could not afford to pay school fees. That was all I could think about as we waved them goodbye and drove home. The school that 'Brother Director' had built was one filled with love, community and everlasting memories. Even to us, the 'guests', that had spent only but a day there. We left hoping that at least one of them would succeed in life. Not just, to break the shackles poverty had bound them with, but simply to become a positively contributing member of society.





SPORTS DAY

By Keith Gichoya

A day to define the good from the great, the beyond normal from the normal, the best among the rest. For some their last, for others their first. Who would leave their names permanently written in history, who would emerge the king among men, and who would be left lamenting, claiming that next year would be theirs? This years Sports Day had all that and more in store for us.

From the get go, all teams, Chui,Ndovu,Nyati and Simba were up and running, trying to claim what they believe is deservedly theirs, top spot. All teams fought tooth and nail right to the end as no one would want to go home heads down, disappointed in the results. However, one team in particular hit the road running, that is Chui. They hit the road running, showing just from the relays why they ultimately deserve their name, “ The Leopards”. Dominating, tactful and swift, they towered over all the other teams with a commanding lead of 28 points between them and the 2nd placed team, Ndovu. A true comeback they did make as they resurfaced from being near rock-bottomed (3rd place) last year to victory. As much as most were against it, at the end of the day, they all had to give credit where it was due. What a win!

However, not all was rosy for the rest of the teams. Ndovu put in a spirited fight and came second, Simba once again, though hopes held high and their pride and ego insurmountable, were left to heap the humble pie as once again they were shown dust by all the other teams and hit the last position for the second year running.

All in all, this year’s sports day was a blast. Twists and turns, highs and lows but fun at the end of it all was the outcome of the Sports Day. Let’s hope next years is as exciting and exhilarating as this year’s.





MASHUJAA SCHOOLS 8TH EDITION

By Keith Gichoya

“Outspeak. Outthink. Outwin”. The motto of the tournament clearly defines the ambitions of all the debaters. All and sundry were ready, equipped with their ammunitions of speech and preparation. But who would emerge the best of them all? And most importantly, would the school’s name once again be held high?

Once again, the debaters met and even exceeded all the expectations. In the senior category, Enock Maina and Sean Shundi who were representing Team Kenya at the debate championship were able to reach the Main Cup Semi-Finals, flawless during the run-in. Jaden Kiragu, who was representing another Team Kenya Team also managed to score high, reaching the Gold Cup semi-finals. Two Strathmore teams also managed to reached the Bronze Cup semi-finals, which included “Mean Girls” (yes, this was really their team name)Charles Otieno, Mark Ndegwa and Mark Wachira, and also Strathmore Team D, which included Leo Ndegwa, Nathan Njenga, Raphael Ori-na and Keith Gichoya. All in all, many other teams broke into numerous semi-finals from the Senior Category but all in all, they did the school proud.

In the Junior Category, there was some stiff competition. However, one team from Strathmore stood above the rest. That is Strathmore Team K, comprising of Jaden Kyalo, Amari Simba, John Mburu, Adrian Muchiri, with 3 out of 4 points, they were able to reach the Plate Cup semi-finals. In the knockout stages, they thwarted all their opponents to claim the crown of the Plate Cup Champions!

For the speaker awards, we were proud to have three students be among the best top 30 speakers. That included Enock Maina who emerged 13th, Matthew Otieno, who was the 16th best speaker (and finally earning his first medal) and Sean Shundi, who placed 24th. On the other hand, in the Junior Category, we had Damian Fernandez who emerged the 28th best speaker in this category,

At the end of the day, all the students gave their all and kept to the school’s high-level standard to being nothing short of the best. Let us hope that they will strive even more to lift the glory of the school as they have done once again.



THE BANDIT’S SEASON *By Michael Kariuki*

The 2025 Bandit’s season was a whirlwind. It had its high moments as well as its lows. Those boys really went through thick and thin times. The Bandit’s began their sub county’s season with a BANG! Their first game was against Lang’ata School. The Bandits defeated Lang’ata Boys 56-0. This game was a true testament to the adage “HARD WORK PAYS”. The Bandits mercilessly destroyed them leaving no room for them to breathe or even a lifeline for them to hold on. The next game was against Dagorreti School. This game, however, was stellar opposites with their first game. This game ended with the Bandits’ losing 43-0 to Dagorreti School Filled with determination and zeal the Bandits’ shaped up and fixed their mistakes ready to defeat whoever was to stand in their way. Highway school was the school that was unfortunate to be on the receiving end of the newly prepared Bandits. The Bandits buttered them 47-0 once again not allowing them to have any goal at all. At long last, the Bandits had made it to the quarter finals of the Sub county’s games. The bandits were to play Patch (Nairobi School). Sadly, the Bandits were once again caught flat footed and lost 47-0 to Patch returning home with almost half of their team either in pain or in an ambulance. Nevertheless, the Bandit’s still had one more game left against St Marys School. Unwilling to leave the tournament without a win, the Bandits demolished St Mary’s to such a point that even I am unable to remember the scores. All in, the bandits put their best foot forward and I believe that next year will be more fruitful than this year. Still the Bandits’ season is not over, they still have PRESCOT CUP, which I believe is theirs to win and no one else. GOOD LUCK BANDITS

