



THE GRADE 11 DECLAMATION SHOWCASE

The Weight of Words

BIAN MACABIOG &
ELISE FLORES



PHOTOS TAKEN BY MIA ASUNCION

Themes of family and unseen struggle surfaced in *A Call for Mom and Dad* (Karlsten) and *The Battle You Don't See* (Jada). Despair of *Judas* (Charles) offered a spiritual reckoning, while *I'm Still a Kid* (Denise) and *I'm Just a Kid* (Gab) reminded listeners of the complexity behind youthful innocence. *No Pardon for Me* (Kevin) and *Please! Not Hell!* (AJ) carried the weight of remorse and existential dread, while *Be My True Friend* (Neon) and *I'm Not Just a Child* (Maro) spoke to the longing for connection and recognition.



Ms. Eyzell's closing words were more than praise. They were affirmation. That this generation, often underestimated, is capable of profound reflection. That their voices, when given space, do not falter—they rise. In the end, the Grade 11 Declamation Day wasn't just a showcase of skills, but a testament to the power of expression and the uniqueness each person brings to the stage.

At exactly 1:30 PM, the room shifted—not in sound, but in spirit. The Grade 11 declamation activity began not as a performance, but as a collective unveiling.

A chorus of young minds daring to confront shadows that often go unnamed. The audience were the Grade 12 students and a panel of attentive mentors watched not with judgment, but with reverence. Sir John, Ms. Eyzell, and Ms. Gee didn't just evaluate; they bore witness.

The pieces were as varied as the emotions they carried. *Let Down* (Iggy) and *When Reality Strikes* (JA) explored disillusionment and the sting of awakening. *I Killed Her* (Hannah) and *Almost* (Shantelle) confronted guilt and near-loss with haunting honesty. *Vengeance is Not Ours, It's God's* (Mia) and *Am I to be Blamed* (Yukari, Andre) wrestled with justice and self-accountability.



Closing the emotional spectrum were *Bad Girl* (Gabby), *Middle Child* (Vincent), and *Waiting* (Jasmine)—each one a quiet echo of identity, tension, and resilience. A short break offered breath, but the emotion never left the room. It lingered in the corners, in the eyes of those who had just spoken, and in the quiet nods of those who understood.

