

This document consists of two (2) parts:

Part A: English Half Thesis (Creative Work) **Part**
B: Portfolio (for a dual language thesis)

A TRIBUTE TO YOU

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of

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by

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ABSTRACT

My collection of short stories reflects my interest in narrative biblical fiction, allegorical stories about people and nature that resonate with our daily lives. I have been greatly influenced by writers such as Joel Matlou, Flannery O'Connor, Barry Gifford, Miriam Tladi and Leah Harris amongst others. I have also been captivated by fairy tales and folk tales, and also the work of isiXhosa writers such as S. E. K. Mqhayi, Madiponi Masenya, and Hulisani Ramantswana. I have discovered that I can borrow certain styles and forms of writing to enhance my own stories which are situated within 'local' contexts such as education, poverty, employment, the body, life and death.

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I

Something

I

She tries to remember a time when she could say she truly experienced happiness in her life. A time where there was normality. When was the last time that she really had a good laugh on something or anything for that matter? When was the last time that she felt joy, peace and love that was unconditional? She asks herself these questions. Not that she is complaining, or perhaps she is if she keeps on feeling the way that she is feeling. That deep sense of emptiness. She does not call it loneliness because with loneliness she can always find something to do. She can also find something that will keep her busy from thinking about her loneliness. But, this emptiness? How, when and where does she even begin to deal with something so deep, so shallow, that even a magnifying glass cannot see? How does she begin to make sense of it all? She can't touch it. She can't see it. Yet, it is there, somewhere, in there.

II

She knows that she should be grateful. That it could have been worse. That indeed, she should snap out of it. She also knows that the longer she nurses it, the longer it will manifest itself into thinking that "it" has found a home, a haven in her. Is it true that she will never find or experience peace in her life again? Is this her perception or did someone actually paint this hullabaloo in her? That she will search and search but never find joy again in her life? What crime did she commit to deserve such pain and suffering? She ponders this.

III

She knows and they know too, that for most of her life she had cared for the needs of others more than her own. That she had put herself in their shoes when none ever did the same for her, even when she needed them most. Correction, some did to a certain degree. Though whenever they did come to her aid, it most certainly would be made known to her that she should never forget that it was them who got her out of that situation.

IV

“The funniest thing,” she says, “is even strangers who do not know me from a bar of soap will cook something up about who they perceive I am, forgetting that the Almighty has given us all talents.” It is therefore not a wonder that she identifies so much with the Poet Maya Angelou’s *Phenomenal Woman* poem. She goes on to say that at times, people become self-appointed teachers carrying red pens to mark others. That the very same self-appointed, so-called soul buddies would be the ones who create obstacles and then turn around pretending to have a solution to the problem. Thus, creating a spider web that will ensure that she forever remain indebted to them.

V

Yet she never had double standards whatsoever, as far as they and their circumstances were concerned. In her quiet time, she always ponders about some of the characters found in the Bible, at times finding solace in identifying with their stories. Take, for example, Samson, who loved, trusted and married Delilah. Yet it was her, his wife, who gave him over to his enemies, the Philistines. Joseph was nearly killed by his brothers merely for having a gift of being able to interpret his dreams. Most importantly, for innocently sharing the vision that God had revealed to him about his future. So, the saying “jealousy makes you nasty” is so befitting to his elder brothers. Speaking of elder brothers, were it not for his father, the prodigal son would have suffered the same fate.

VI

For him, just looking in front of his nose and entertaining his so-called friends with his share of the inheritance and being the king of the jungle, almost resulted in him not only being penniless but homeless as well. For his brother conveniently, or perhaps rightfully so, wanted nothing to do with his brother. So, the saying that “blood is thicker than water”. To some it is just a cliché. Indeed, this thinning phenomenon is so common within our families and communities, one might think that we all belong to George Orwell’s *Animal Farm*. The ongoing plotting and planning and greed, the list is endless.

Reclaim Your Voice

I could hardly recognise her as we almost walked past each other yesterday at the mall. The pretty woman whom I once knew seemed to have vanished into an illusion of herself. There was something about her that I could not put my finger on. Even though we both were of the same age, for some reason she looked much older, thinner and frail. Her trill was gone. It was as if it has been snatched from right under her feet like an old rag carpet. She wore no makeup. Her clothes were plain and simple. A long, short-sleeved, grey dress and navy running shoes. Her trademark long and thin braiding was replaced by a short, greyish hairstyle. Under her arm was an old sling bag that seems to tell a tale of its life with its thin visible cracks. Yet, in all of this, she still exhumed the presence of the phenomenal woman that she was.

Walking in opposite directions in the crowded mall, I called out her name, “Glenda”. She looked around. I waved my hand. She smiled. We started walking towards each other. Without saying a word, we embraced each other for longer than a minute, like buddies who have suddenly come across a treasure hunt island. With tears in our eyes, she said “My suster Anette, hoe gaan dit, dis jare lank dat ons mekaar gesien het.” Still holding hands, I replied, “Onse Hemel Vader is goed my suster, dis al wat ek kan se.” My heart broke to see her spark gone, but who was I to judge her? After all, over the years I also had my own share of under the weather situations.

Thank goodness I had triumphed over them thriftfully by the grace of the Lord.

A Tribute to You

Aunt Lizzy is in deep thought, her eyes staring at the small table and chair adjacent to the veranda, she slowly turns as if to face her imaginary audience. As if in a soliloquy, fondly remembering her dear pet whom she had left in the care of her neighbour in Pretoria...

Dearest Ginger,

It was by chance that I heard of your passing. No one informed me. No one saw it necessary to do so. No one cared. But, why? I asked myself. So, I grieved; bitterly, silently, in my little corner. I am not upset anymore. I choose to remember you with fondness. You brought so much joy in my life. I trust that you have found a new home and friends in heaven. That you have met your own family that I did not know about. Do you remember all the fun we used to have? I recall how fast you ran, just like a sprinter. I remember fondly my excitement the first day I heard about you. It was on the adoption section of our local community residence paper. I recall rushing out of the house into the car, on route to the adoption centre.

I was a bit surprised upon arriving at the venue, as I had been there at some time to buy plants to plough into our courtyard garden. So, I inquired about the centre and I was gracefully ushered to the back, where the adoption was taking place.

I did not know what to expect, so I just entered. There were a few of you, all seeking for a loving, caring family to take one or two of you home. Of all the others, you stood out like a lily of the valley! Your eyes were so gentle, so loving. You must have had a fine, loving home as I could tell just by looking at you. You needed a home; I needed someone to care for and love. Just like you, I was recovering from the passing of a dear one.

So, you see, we needed each other.

I rushed off to the adoption officer, asking him to watch over you, in case someone snatched you right under my nose. The adoption process took about two to three weeks; they had to come and inspect our house, and follow all the other necessary procedures.

Finally, you were at home. I named you Ginger. You were such a special dog and a friend. Then after a year, I had to relocate to a new town. I left you in the care of our neighbour.

Whenever I enquired about your wellbeing, I was informed that you were doing just fine. Then one day, they told me that you had left forever. No one explained why.

You spread your wings wide, like a bird flying from its mother's nest. Flying, high up into the sky, never to be seen by its own again. Like a fallen apple from a branch of a tree. You now lie in peace between the grass and the soil.

Rest in Peace.

Mam' Judy's Tavern

The tavern owner, Mam Judy, proposed that a community meeting be called to address the issue of the monkey that was causing them sleepless nights, and that Njeke should also be present. "It is true what Mam Judy is saying, no maan, uNjeke must do away with his so-called pet" said sis May, a friend and neighbour of Mam Judy.

"We cannot live in fear like this just because Njeke has decided to have a zoo right on our doorsteps" said Mam Judy. "Sure, Mamzo I agree with you, this chap is out of order" said Bra B whilst drinking what remained of his 1818 whiskey.

He continued, "This chap must make a plan before I report him to, what's that place... the one for animals?" "SPCA," said Lovemore, the spaza shop owner. "Yes, that one" replied Bra B. "Gents, you know me, I love people and love animals, but no, my man magtig, daai momish van

'n monkey keeps die helle neighbourhood dogs barking."

"You know what," said Lovemore, "How about having the meeting right here at Mam Judy's place on Saturday, right after the soccer match at five o'clock?" "Ja, dai's nogal 'n goeie plan Lovemore" said Bra B. Everyone was afraid of the man with the monkey. Njeke stayed just a few blocks away from Sis May and Lovemore's houses. He seemed like a friendly person but, beyond that smile were the eyes of a strolling tiger. Just like those seen in The Vampires and Wolves Movie.

"Someone needs to inform Njeke of the meeting," said Sis May whilst staring at Lovemore.

"Ja sure Mamzo, I agree with you" said Bra B.

"Seconded," said Sis May. "Besides," she continued, "none of us know quite exactly where he keeps his monkey during the day. However, one thing that we are certain of is that, during the night he allows it to hop freely and regularly from one roof to another, making such a scary noise that even our dogs keep barking the whole night."

"You are so right Sis May," said Mam Judy, "not even men would dare come out in the middle of the night, even if the monkey was right on top of their house."

After the soccer match, standing up at the meeting to address the issue of the monkey in the presence of Njeke and the others, Lovemore (who was cheering his team throughout the match)

suddenly had a panic attack and started coughing uncontrollably. Mam Judy quickly got him a glass of water. He pulled himself together and announced that the meeting had been postponed until further notice

Come Over for Tea

I

She and a female student were standing outside my room, trying to figure out how to get through to the room next door to mine. There was something about her that made me assume that she was a staff member. I think it must have been her elegance and friendliness, so I opened my room and offered that they go through it, as it leads to the kitchen, which lead to the room that she wanted to show the student she was with. She was so grateful and kept on saying that I was a blessing and that someday I should pop by her office and have some tea. Well, to be honest, I did not really take her that seriously about the tea business. As for assisting her with going through my room, I also did not think much about it. I was just glad that I could be of assistance to both her and the student.

II

So, the student moved into the other room. It turned out that she was also a postgraduate student, and was on her final year of study. The two of us got along straight from the start. I asked her if she knew where or how to get to the nearest Methodist church in town. She tried describing where it was located; however, she also mentioned that she was not really certain whether that was the church I was referring to, nor did she know what the service times were. She did mention that there was a church situated right on campus that students attended.

III

So, I asked her whether she also attended the same church. She replied that she didn't, that she attended another church somewhere a bit far from the institution. That the church provided busses that transported students to and from church. She mentioned that the service was not the same as my church; however, she said I could visit and decide whether I liked it or not.

IV

So, that Sunday evening, we went to church and she was right, the service and the music were totally different to what I was used to. My church was situated in a church building; hers was

in what I presumed to be a huge auditorium. My church sang hymns and played the organ; her church sang praise and worship songs accompanied by a live band. My church sang like a school choir and did not do much dancing. Her church sang with lifted hands high up, and danced like they were at a music festival.

V

So, after attending the evening service, on our way home she asked me “How was the service?” So, I said, “You were right, it was nothing like my church”. I also said, “I guess it was okay”. I was not sure whether I was trying to convince her or myself by saying so. the next Sunday, she had other commitments and could not attend the morning service; however, she did remind me where to catch the bus and warned me to note clearly where it would pick me up after.

VI

So, that Sunday morning, I went alone. I got on the bus and noticed some familiar faces from the last time. I sat beside others this time and enjoyed the service more than last time. This time I also noticed that the morning service seemed to be more family oriented, and the evening service worship was the same as last week, louder than the morning service. That morning, I was amongst those who were welcomed as first-time visitors to the morning service.

VII

We were ushered to a room where we met with ushers who gave us information about the church. I signed my name to join a cell group where I would meet other members, where we would grow spiritually through reading of the scriptures, praise and worship and basically knowing each other more.

VIII

To my surprise, the very next Wednesday morning I received a call from a lady called Maud. She explained to me that she had been given my number by one of the ushers at church. That she should give me a lift to the cell group meeting, she had been asked to attend. I gave her my

address and we agreed on the pickup time. There was something familiar about her voice. Nonetheless, I could not pinpoint what exactly it was.

IX

She called me to say that she was outside my flat. As soon as we met, we both realised that we knew each other. She was the lady who had asked me to come over for tea. She confirmed that when she was asked to pick up a student at the residences, she wondered whether it was not the lady whom she had said was a blessing.

X

What started as a simple hello and helping out turned out to be a sisterly friendship that was to last for a long time. It turned out that at the cell, we were all meeting as new members for the first time. That the cell leader, who was also a school teacher, looked forward to having a group of eight women to worship and praise together at her home. Our ages ranged from 30 years to 50 years.

XI

We always looked forward to our cell meeting every Wednesday from 06:30 to 08:00; however, we would sometimes stay chatting till past 09:00 and also have tea and cake, as we often would bring something to mumble about after the cell meeting. Although some of us have moved out of town, we still keep in contact with one another. We have become more like sisters and know each other's families. The initial blessing and tea seem to have developed into many blessings and teas of sisterhood.

Doing Just Fine

Yesterday at the grocery stores, whilst choosing which cheese to buy, a gentle hand touched my left hand. When I turned, it was Themba, looking as charming as ever. He kissed me on the cheek and said, “How are you my sunshine?” With a smile, I replied “I’m doing just fine.” So I pretend to anyone wanting to know how I’ve been doing these days. I hide behind my sunglasses, shoes, bags and designer outfits. Not to mention my heavily packed make-up and huge, overly rehearsed smile.

II

Lyrics for Fragile Bodies

You budged in unwelcomed, charging like a cow with mad cow disease. With your sharp knife like a blade of a grass cater, you charged upon them.

You attacking her, you attacking them. Plunging one hole after the other into her fragile body – their fragile bodies. Help me understand because I don't.

She pleaded with you to stop. Thinking you will stop but, no you didn't you carried on. Blow after blow, punch after punch.

Their pleas fell on deaf ears you kept on charging. Like a choo -choo train travelling on high speed.

Damn you! For not listening to their plea, her plea. For taking a life you didn't create. For destroying lives in the process of destroying her, them...

Just the thought of it makes me sick. Just the thought of it reminds me of many a woman brutally murdered by their intimate abusive partners. Just the thought of it makes me hear the sound, beat, lyrics of a song by Brenda Fassie echoing from a place known only by you so far away...

“It was too late for Mama”

The Mating Season

Physical fights were a common thing within our neighbourhood kwaLanga township, Cape Town. Often, this would happen at night during weekends. However, there were a few incidences during the week as well, behind closed doors that were supposedly safe spaces especially for woman and children. I would see my dad going to Busiswa's house to find out about the screaming of the Busiswa's mother, and the pleading of the children for their father to stop fighting and yelling at their mother. and the yelling of their father. Busiswa's dad was a tall man with a huge belly, I could not imagine how my dad would stop him from beating his wife. I would lie awake in bed waiting for dad to come home soon. How I wished then, that he would just mind his own business and don't interfere with other people's affairs. He always came back safe and sound, with his mission achieved and completed without even having a scratch.

I wondered why my dad did not go and stop our dogs Bambisela and Stimela when they fought with the neighbour's dogs. I also wondered why Busisiwe's father did not stop the dogs from fighting in his yard. Our dogs, Pepire and Ralayo had a terrible fight in the middle of the night one day. None of us knew about it. In the morning one of our nearby neighbours told uMakhulu that, the fight took place at her home.

"It was because of the mating season," Makhulu said.

"What season?" Who is Season? We asked curiously and confused!

Makhulu did not answer, she just said; "It was the season and that's all you children need to know."

We stood there even more confused. "How could season do such a terrible thing to Bambisela and Stimela."

"But granny, why did season do this?" I asked!

"How should I know?" said granny looking me straight in the eye.

I stood up, went out the kitchen door to look for my kitten Lolo, hoping that we would figure out what exactly happened to Rony and Tiger.

Hymn 54

I remember vividly the day our teacher Mrs M. asked all the learners to leave the classroom and not to take our bags with. I was a standard three pupil at Moshesh Higher Primary school kwaLanga, Cape Town in 1976.

Our teacher told us that all the schools have been informed of a peaceful march that the learners must join, to go and deliver their grievances at the Langa Police station. As we stepped out of our classroom so did the other children in the entire school. The atmosphere was tense and it reflected on the teachers' faces. They pleaded with us to walk slowly and not to run. That, we should walk to the end of the street where we could meet with the other high school learners from Langa High School and all the learners from nearby schools.

My home was at Jungle Walk Street and so was my school. As we proceeded towards Langa High School we passed my home. I saw some of my neighbours standing outside, I also saw my mom and my granny too. Langa high school was situated between Jungle Walk Street and Washington Street. Walking towards Langa High, I could hear from a distance beautiful humming.

As we drew nearer the singing was loud and clear yet, sung with such dignity and velvety voices. We also joined the singing. Till this day, I have never forgotten how sweet that melody was. Never in my life had I heard anyone singing like that not even in church! It was my very first time to even learn of such a hymn. Several nearby schools by now had joined the peaceful march and we were all singing. Years later I discovered that the learners were singing “Uzuko Enyangweni”, hymn number 54 of the Methodist church which was composed by P.G. Mdebuka

Rushing to Red Cross

My arm could not move and I was in tremendous pain. The next thing that happened, daddy got a phone call from mom to come home so that I could be rushed to hospital. Daddy did not waste any time; he left the car that he was fixing at the workshop and came straight home. Unlike granny and mom, daddy did not scold at me, he just looked at my arm and said to mom, “let’s go to Red Cross Children’s Hospital.” So, we left.

I could not recall ever being at the children’s hospital before. Of course, I have seen it several times when we drove past it. There was just something extraordinary about Red Cross Hospital. It was huge and painted in white, and it had a huge sign of a red cross in front of the main building. Red Cross Children’s Hospital and Groote Schuur Hospital were the only huge hospitals that I knew of in Cape Town. However, I had never been inside either of them.

As we entered the hospital, we walked towards the emergency unit. I heard my mom talk to the nursing sister on duty, however, I paid no attention to their conversation as I was having my own painful conversation with my arm. I looked at the beautiful animal pictures on the walls attempting to take my mind from the pain, and from being a bit scared. My parents were asked to take me for x-rays so that the Doctor could see exactly what was wrong with my arm.

I can’t remember much about the lady in a khaki uniform who took my x-rays. “Mommy, her arm is broken, she would have to wear a cast.” I could not help overhearing that conversation and I wondered, “A cast and not a cement?”

Well, that is what we called a cast, “*Isamente*” in IsiXhosa. So, there I was, leaving Red Cross Children’s Hospital with a cast on my right arm. “How will I write tomorrow at school?” I asked myself.

*

“What happened to your arm? How did it happen? Where did it happen? Will you be able to write with your left hand?” These were the questions I was asked the next day at school. The list is endless. My teacher was very understanding more than my friends, and said, “You must

pay more attention during lessons in class so that you can catch up with the writing when the cast is taken off.”

*

It was not easy having a cast on, more so on my right arm. Dressing was an issue, especially with wearing my school uniform. Through that whole experience. I learned a new word, “Cast.”

Biltong

She was ushered into his office, anger written all over her face like a balloon full of water and about to bust. A tall middle-aged man stood behind his desk whilst talking on the portable landline he was holding. He could tell by the look in her red eyes that she had been crying, tears of anger boiling like a kettle. He also noticed her breathing; it was as if her heart might pop out of the skin of her chest.

She sat there, waiting impatiently tapping her feet on the floor as if counting a beat to the drum majorettes. Like a police dog sniffing for weed, her eyes examined the little office space. To the right of the office next to the window was a large photo of a man on a donkey cart full of metal scrap. On the table lay stacks of papers that needed to be filed.

The man hanged up the phone, looked at her with a smile and asked how he may be of assistance. However, she stared at him whilst chewing her brain for an answer. By then, her red eyes seemed to have been washed by the air that came from the air conditioner closer to where she was sited. Her balloon face had melted like ice cream. Sited, with arms folded, the man waited patiently to hear from her. Instead, all that he could hear was the dropping of a penny in the dead silence of the room.

Eventually, she broke the silence and said, “Mr Humphries, as you know, I always hang biltong on the line to dry, so that I can sell it at my shop. I have noticed that, some of the biltong is missing but the strange thing is that the pegs are still intact on the line. I have come to enquire whether you have any knowledge of the whereabouts of my biltong.”

After much listening, the man said, “You see my friend and my very dear neighbour, I am no longer the man I used to be.”

He continued, “As you know, I suffered from a heart condition and recently had a new heart transplant surgery. I am now a new man. I no longer engage in old scheming pursuits as I used to do whilst I had my old heart. Suddenly, everything in my life has become brand new.” The puzzled woman had nothing more to say even though she still suspected that her neighbour had something to do with her biltong suddenly growing legs.

“It would be a great idea for you to join my new club which is also named after my song ‘Body Healing’ in that way the visions that you see may help you to see deeper than the surface that you see. You might consider taking better care of your body than worrying about another body which, you too, have stolen from somewhere else.” Said the man. “What do you mean by that?”

She asked. He replied, “Biltong first belonged to an animal body, which breathed and thought just like you.” She sat there speechless not knowing what to say. She got up and left.

On route to Town

Some of the cars try to take a shortcut by trying to turn in the middle of the street where they are not supposed to turn. Suddenly, a golf car with two young occupants' dashes in full speed in the right lane. The driver sees the small white bakkie trying to make a U-turn from the left lane to the right lane where it is not supposed to do so.

From the taxi window next to where she is sited, Frances sees people, mainly students walking up and down the street. As if in a dialogue, the cars mimic the students in the two-way street. Her concentration is suddenly diverted by the ringing of her cell phone.

Private no. She answers, the music in the taxi is loud, she can barely hear.

"Hello."

"Good day, is that Mrs Florence Turner?"

"Yes. How can I help you?"

"My name is Rodney Williams."

"Mr Williams can you please speak up, I can't hear.

"I was referred to you by a colleague at your department. Is this the right time to speak?"

"Well I'm in a taxi right now and I can barely hear, the music is too loud." Suddenly, the gatjie next to her seat shouts out through the window "Mowbray *Kaap*, Mowbray *Kaap*." Then he bangs the door, yelling to the driver to stop for a pick-up.

"I tell you what," she says to Mr Williams. "I should be at my office by eleven o'clock, why don't we set up an appointment for one o'clock at the staff cafeteria?"

"Perfect. Thank you, Mrs Turner." Rodney drops the phone.

Florence is curious to know who this Rodney is, and why in particular is he so eager to meet her.

The two young man who are sitting behind Florence's seat, tells the gatjie to stop before the robots. The gatjie bangs the door again, this time summoning the driver to stop before the robots but the driver ignores the gatjie and stops across the street next to the bus stop where more than ten people are waiting for a bus.

“No, my broer this not right, now we must walk back.” Angrily so, say one of the other young man.

“Jammer my broer.” Said the gaatje with a smile.

Molly Sunflower

Two bar tables at each corner of the room. One has a porcelain red vase with three big, beautiful sunflower plants in the same vase. The Molly is sited on a chair on the far-right hand side next to the other bar table, which presumably leads to the restaurant upstairs. She has been waiting for more than half an hour and wonders whether she is at the correct venue. Looking a bit irritated, she searches the pockets of her brown leather handbag where she normally keeps the red small notebook in which she writes all her appointments. Tuesday, February 2013 at 09:35 is the appointment date written in the notebook.

There is no name written next to the appointment. She thought it best not to write the name just in case her husband saw it. Although, chances of her husband going through her stuff were as rare as him riding a bicycle. Still, she did not want to take a chance. Green tea was her favourite, however, at that moment a little boost of energy was what she needed most. After all she already saw red the night before when, she secretly scrolled through her husband's phone, doing the Jonny Walker in all the text messages whilst her husband was taking a shower.

She had already finished the cappuccino she ordered when the waiter walked towards her table.

“Are you now ready to order Ma'am?” the waiter asked her.

She took a moment pondering how to answer, whether to say that she was still waiting for her date or her appointment. Fumbling she replied “No, not yet, I am still waiting for ...”

Before she could even finish the sentence, the waiter assured her that he would come back when she was ready to order. By then, she was at wits end and deep in thought. It was all his fault, that she found herself sited at some fancy, out of town restaurant, all in the name of saving her marriage.

“After all that she had done for him, for them, for the family, this was how he thanked her?” By galivanting with some cheap floozy that he only met yesterday, when she had been married to him for thirty years?

She looked at her silver-plated watch and decided she was not going to waste any more of her time waiting for Godot.

She took out a R50.00 note from her purse and put it on the table for the waiter, slowly finding her way out towards the door, to the car park where she had left her car under the eyeful watch of a car guard.

Homeless in Particular

The fact that I am Homeless yet still smoke my *zol* and still own a dog; Tigers, puzzles them. The fact that I read a newspaper upside down, in particular, makes them to laugh. The fact that I use the same paper for my *zol* and for making a phone call makes them to laugh even more. I just wonder what do they know about being Homeless. They keep on digging and digging through my belongings searching for what I do not know.

“What do they know about being homeless?” I just thought to myself.

“How did you become homeless? Some ask out of curiosity.

Others, from Social Service probe with more questions. “Where did you go when you became homeless? Did you receive any help? Was there a time that you were not homeless? What about your family, did they know that you are homeless?”

“James, we will look into your issue and try to assist wherever we can.” I simply nod my head and wave my hand to bid them goodbye.

I sometimes wonder to myself, “Don’t they know that, telling the same old, same story is tiring; especially when they make empty promises which some of them cannot keep?”

The other day, during a soup kitchen initiative organised by the city of Tshwane to eradicate poverty among street dwellers, I overheard a conversation between the local councillor and a news reporter.

“You see, our government is doing all within its power to ensure that all people have access to water, housing and proper sanitation. It is our job as government to make sure that we take care of our people no matter the cost. So, our campaign is not just about people voting for us...no, not at all.” Said the Councillor.

At that point I asked bra Storm, “Ek se, wie is die outjie?”

“Nie my laatjie, hoe moet ek weet?”

“No maan, Ma Brrrr was reg, onse’s klaar met empty ‘Promises’.”

“So, ja...that’s the story my broer, free of charge from the horses’ mouth, me bra Joe.”

10h00 to 12h00

James had found a new home for himself under the trees of a park in Rosebank amongst other homeless people. Every Tuesday mornings from 10h00 to 12h00 there was a soup kitchen and a prayer session for all the homeless people living within the vicinity of the church.

It was at the church where his life slowly began to change. The church collected blankets and clothing every year which were donated to the Homeless people once or twice a year.

The Bible reading, sharing of the word of God and prayers steadily brought him nearer to healing and salvation. It was at that point that he also regained his dignity as a human being.

One day at the Bible Reading session, he stood up and asked the Reverend if he could say a word or two, to which the astonished Reverend agreed upon.

“Eh, good people I just want to thank the church for all the support that it has given me throughout these past two years.”

“At first, when I came here it was because of the soup and bread that we received every Tuesdays.”

“Most times I would leave right after eating and not stay for the prayer and Bible reading.”

“Eh, Reverend and all of you good people of the church, from the bottom of my heart I say thank you. Because of you, I am no longer a prodigal son, I have come back home to my father, the Almighty God.”

“Amen brother. Amen!” said the Reverend and Mama Doris of the Women’s Society, who always helped with the preparations of the meals.

“As of today, I commit my life to God right here at this church which fed me and clothed me. Amen.”

At that point Mama Doris led the newly found congregant with a Hymn, “What a friend we have in Jesus.” After the song the Reverend Mabuza closed with a prayer and everyone left.

James was delighted to see his loyal friend and dog, Tigers. He was sitting and waiting for James outside by the front door. He gave Tigers a chicken bone that he had kept especially for

him. James kept singing, “Take it to the Lord in Prayer” as they slowly walked back to the park.

III

Bean in The Basket

Together they embarked on a treasure hunt journey in pursuit of that one and only treasure that would fulfil their purpose in life.

They were selected amongst many to partake in this journey. With nothing but the clothes they were wearing and a rucksack each containing a bottle of water and a loaf of bread.

They took one step in front of the other through the steep and narrow way. Silently they went up the hills and down the valleys without saying a word to each other.

Guided only by the sun, moon and stars they walked, eventually reaching a place marked with a board called 'Crossroads'.

There, they found instructions telling them what to do. Companion A, was given a bean and asked to handle it with care and keep it safely in its basket. Companion B, was given a torch and a book full of instructions and asked to adhere by all of them.

They rested for a while eating their bread and quenched their thirst with water.

So, they continued with their extremely exhausting journey. This time, they reached a fourway stop and were uncertain of where to go.

Companion B, reached for his instructions book in dismay, he discovered that he had lost the book along the way.

Companion A, reached for the bean and was excited that the bean was still intact in its basket. Companion B decided to test whether the torch was working.

As Companion B lit the torch, the bean in the basket carried by companion A turned into a space ship, written in capital letters #ABC SPACE SHIP.

Both Companion A and B turned into aliens and were whisked away to ALIEN TREASURE HUNT ISLAND.

The Face

His table is facing the two-way street and the academic lecture halls opposite where he is sited. He is fascinated by the cafeteria meals board which has such a variety for one to choose from. The meals are written on three long-standing blackboards. These remind him of a time many years ago when he started his career as a teacher at a boys' school in the Northern Province in Kimberly.

The waitress has just brought his order. One blueberry muffin and a large cup of coffee without milk. The visitor continues to eat his muffin and drink the last drop of what was left of the coffee. As he looked up from his spectacles which seemed to be halfway between his nose and mouth, he saw a familiar face.

The face did not see him and walked straight to the counter to buy a large portion of fish and chips meal. The face looked around for an empty sit whilst waiting for the order. The face found a comfy leather chair next to a big round table with no occupants.

The face gets up to collect the order (fish only and leaves the chips behind) and goes straight to the visitor. The visitor and the face share a warm greeting. The face gives the visitor a plate of fish. The face reminds the visitor not to forget ukwenza ibhekile yombulelo.

The visitor wears a smile as he ponders deeply about his conversation with the face. The visitor and the face shake hand and part ways on a jolly note.

Flying Saucers

Do you still remember when Makhulu used to say that ‘life was not for the faint-hearted’? Those were the days when we used to dodge batons and bullets from police and soldiers in the townships, and not the flying saucers thrown by an angry aunt Lulu whilst fighting with uncle Lucky. I often wondered why she didn’t just leave him, why she stayed in such an abusive marriage? Do you remember when uMakhulu made us promise to marry a man who loved us just as uTamkhulu loved her? Tamkhulu had eyes only for Makhulu and always made her laugh. That is the kind of man I want to marry one day, I said to Makhulu. A man who will love his children and remain faithful to his wife. A husband who will buy me *izimuncumuncu* and serve them on a flying saucer.

Land of Nod...?

It is pitch black in the dining room; the lights had suddenly switched off. The only visible light that one can see is the one coming from the huge eyes of the animated pig on the wall.

It has been raining nonstop for exactly three days now. There is absolute silence in the house and one can hear vividly the sound of a crackling crow under the window, trying to clear its throat.

Raindrops as heavy as a block of ice falling on the roof. The cracking sound of a thunderstorm sends the young woman into a great panic. She jumps from the desk chair where she was sited and lands on the green three sitter couch immediately covering herself.

There is terrible howling coming from the dogs afar as they notice the farm props slowly beginning to move towards the huge tree next to the gate.

The dishes and plates are filled with excitement as they lay waiting for driver Mousey and his business partner who is affectionally known as Miss Cutlery.

The eggs arrive in style sited nicely in their twelve and six sitter busses. The entire Cattle Clan family has come together to celebrate the wedding of Mr Frying pan and Miss Fish oil.

The loud bang of the door startles Lulu and suddenly she is wide awake. The fire had long gone out and all that is left in the room is the cold chill coming from the open banging door.

Grandfather

A black and white picture lay on the floor. The room is very small. It is a kitchen. There is a double door fridge, a chair, a table covered with a plain grey table cloth. A woman is sitting on the chair next to the table. A tall elderly man with grey hair appears on the scene. He just stands and stares at the woman who is deep in thought. Then he says to her “my child, tell me what is bothering you so much?” She looks up to him, then with her head lowered down she says, Grandfather, I looked everywhere, I cannot find the key.

*

Suddenly, a colour picture hangs on the wall. The kitchen is bright. There is a single door bar fridge and a black three-legged pot on top of it. A table covered with a flowery table cloth. Two chairs on the sides of the table. Placed upon the table is an Aloe pot plant. Standing, looking at the woman is grandfather, smiling, talking to himself, “she has found the key.”

IV

G05m1505

“Good morning Sir. You are speaking to Qhudeni here, I wonder if you can help me. My son Solezwe Qhudeni has been accepted to study for a Bachelor of Science at the University for the year 2005. I would like to know whether he has been allocated student accommodation. The visitor enquired.

“Sir, could I please have your son’s student number.” Requested the Officer. The visitor asked if he could quickly browse through the acceptance letter so as to confirm the student number.

“Got it. It is g05m1505.” Is that correct?” asked the visitor. “Yes, indeed sir. Now let’s see residence... residence. Err, Sir, I see that we have also received his student accommodation application. Your son has been allocated to stay at Salisbury house. It is a male only residence for undergraduate students. It is one of our newly built residences. Two students share a room which consists of a partition that divides each person’s side of the room for privacy. Each room has two single beds, two single wardrobes, two study desks and a large window with blinds.

All the halls consist of four showers and four toilets per corridor. The residence also has a communal study and TV room. Our residences are managed by Hall and House Wardens who ensure that the residences are a ‘Home away from Home’ and are conducive for learning and holistic development of our students.

If you would like, your son is welcome to come for a campus tour so as to familiarise himself with the University. “Where would he be travelling from, would you like to book an appointment?” asked the Officer.

“We are based at Lusikisiki, however, this coming Friday we intend travelling to Knysna. Perhaps we could do the tour on Tuesday would that be fine?” asked Qhudeni.

“Tuesday at 11:00, would that time suit you Sir? If not, may you please suggest what time would be suitable within the university working hours.” Said the Officer whilst waiting for confirmation from the parent.

“11:00 is perfect thank you.” Said the Qhudeni with excitement, thinking that his wife Nomisile would be thrilled to hear the good news. “Very well sir, when you arrive at the University please come straight to the Student Bureau in Eden Grove and ask for James. Should you get lost, please ask the security guard at the boom gate next to the campus library to show you.” explained the Officer.

“Thank you for your time Sir, I am certain that my wife and son would be delighted to hear the good news.” said the parent.

“Thank you to you Sir, and we look forward to seeing you and your family on Tuesday. Have a good day.” The happy Officer dropped the phone and diarised the campus tour.

The name Solezwe

Qhudeni returned to his table. He searched for something from his briefcase. He seldom went anywhere without his briefcase hence his students at Nobuhle High School where he is the Principal, always called him Mr BFC. He took out a pen and an A4 hardcover book. He removed his spectacles and wiped them after which he wore them again.

As he was about to write something on his hardcover book, someone tapped him on his shoulder. He turned around and saw the person that he had been waiting for all this time; his son, Solezwe.

“Tyhini mfo wam, kwamnandi ukukubona,” delighted he said as they hugged each other.

It had only been three months since they parted yet, for them it seemed like ages ago.

“Let’s sit on the sofa by the corner.” Suggested the son. The brown leather sofa was decorated with two blueprints Madiba pillows.

Judging by his calm demeanour, Solezwe seemed to have settled in well at University. The visitor could not help but notice a change from within his son, although he could not pinpoint exactly what that change was.

The visitor inquired about how his son was settling in at Makhanda. Whether he had made new friends yet?

“Oh, ewe tata, Solezwe said excitedly. I met two friends, Mpho and James during the Orientation week. Mpho is from Cape Town and is studying Drama and Music, and James is from Welkom and is studying Journalism.”

Solezwe further informed his father that both his new found friends were passionate about amanqindi and ibhola yombhoxo as he was. Excitedly, he also mentioned that all three have joined the campus sports gym where they train every afternoon after lectures.

Qhudeni gave roaring laughter with a sense of relief, not paying attention to anyone who might be listening to his loud voice.

Umleqwa

The visitor and his son realised that they both have been chatting and neither of them ordered lunch, apart from the snack that the visitor had earlier on whilst waiting for his son.

The visitor lifted up his hand, signalling for the waiter to come to their table. Immediately, she comes around to their table asking, “are you ready to order now sir?” The visitor nods with a smile.

“My name is Nora and I will be serving your table, let me bring you the menu list.” She quickly fetched the menu and brought it to the two gentlemen.

“I think I know just the order that my son and I need, Umleqwa with samp and beans please, said the visitor.”

The son smiled and suggested that they tried this nice spinach and pap meal served with grilled fish. “It reminds me of mom’s spinach garden, you will definitely like it too.” He said.

“Wow, I am impressed son, you are indeed learning more than just books at varsity. So, does this mean that your mom and I will eat a meal prepared by you when you come home during vacation?”

The waitress stood waiting for father and son to order.

“May I please have grilled hake fish with lemon sauce, baked potato and spinach. I will settle on the grilled fish order.” Nodding his head for confirmation from his son. “Alright that will do, but please make sure that it is well done. Said the visitor to the waiter.”

“Please include a medium size Greek salad as well.” Confirmed the son.

“Dad I know you like uMleqwa however, I think that you should start cutting down on eating meat it’s not good for your health. Anyway, next time my friends and I will take you to Mangcobo’s Place eKasi where they sell nicely done Tshisanyama with samp and kidney beans.”

The son ordered Greek salad and fish. The visitor and his son continued chatting about home and varsity. That soon it will be vacation break and the whole clan would be home to celebrate the good news of the son’s success in the first semester at varsity. Something that maMpinga has been giving the visitor sleepless nights about. The visitor never argued about anything his

wife had to say concerning the son. He was the eldest and only son, as well as being iNtlabi yeKhaya. Something that the visitor was proud of. Meanwhile, the son was waiting for the perfect time to inform his dad that he had become a vegetarian.

“Any drinks whilst you waiting for the food sir?” The waiter asked the visitor.

“Ahh, yes, please. I will have a Castle Milk Stout, that is if you sell it, and my son will have eh.”

“What are you having, son?” asked the visitor.

“Oh, I’ll have Coke with ice please.” Replied the son.

“Coming right away, sir.” Says the waiter.

The visitor pats his son on the shoulder and says to him, “I can see that you have now become a grown man, who knows exactly what he wants. We are proud of you my son.”

The waitress brings the orders. The visitor attacks his plate with a spoon and the son indulges himself with fork and knife.

Ekasi Taxi Rank in a Sack

The traveller is unpacking the amazing livelihood of the taxi rank and the community whose lifestyle is built around the sustainability of the various services the rank provides. It is four o'clock in the morning. The taxi rank is very quiet and there isn't any sign of human movement. There is no sign of security personnel visibility, even the dogs that tend to loiter at the rank are still sleeping. All the eKasi business centre shops are still closed. The traveller is tempted to call it the stillness of the night before dawn.

Vvrruummm... Twi-twi! Pop-pop! Gradually, taxis seem to arrive to take their place in the queuing line. It is first come first serve. By the time passengers come to board the taxis, the drivers of these taxis would have been waiting for at least thirty minutes or to an hour depending on their arrival at the rank.

Slowly, slowly as the time passes tick-tock, tick-tock, so does the rank also start having some visible and tangible movement. People start queuing hopefully to be first in line. The weather also plays its role at the rank. Some mornings are very cold, some raining and at times the weather is very accommodating, not so cold nor that warm either.

Passengers start boarding the taxis according to the various destinations that they are headed to. By the time it strikes five o'clock, the atmosphere had changed drastically. Hawkers who have stalls at the rank have also started to arrive and unpacking their goods.

By 07:00 a.m. school children start arriving to queue and so do people who work in town or other locations. Students and workers alike have one common goal and that is to arrive on time at their destinations.

“Mowbray, Claremont, Wynberg kushota one. Come, yiza Mama silinde wena.” The driver will at times pretend to be leaving by raving the clutch plate or slowly moving the taxi forward.

“Hayi driver, I'm late. You said kushota one but we are still standing here, no ways I'm getting off.”

“You see Mama, you must also wake up early, it's not *i*-fault of the driver that you are late.” The gatjie or conductor would say to the unhappy customer.

Meanwhile, the taxi is far from being full. So, one sits and wait for six or more passengers to come before the taxi drives off.

On the other side, men and women with food stalls start unpacking their goods. Some had been there since 06:00a.m to catch the morning passengers and drivers who wanted to buy coffee. By 09:00 a.m. the rank is operating on full swing with hawkers everywhere.

“Five-rand airtime, Bompi two Rands, Simba chips apha!” from one taxi to other hawkers would be selling their goods and people always buy.

The traveller finds abo Mama who sell homemade food and those slaughtering and selling Imileqwa or chicken quite fascinating. The chicken business has been visible at the ranks for donkeys’ years, remembers the traveller.

One or two homeless persons have also become well-known regulars at the taxi rank, asking for money or for food. At times just minding their own business without talking to anyone. One or two or more cars mechanics are busy in their nearby car workshop.

The end of the month is the busiest time more so at the ATMs as people wait in long lines to draw money. There are those with ‘lucky fingers’ who also pretend to assist someone to draw money, meanwhile they would be helping themselves to the funds.

The noise is like a market place. Each taxi playing its own radio or CD. People shouting, laughing, braaiing Tshisanyama. There is never a dull moment after 06:00 a.m. at the rank. By 19:00 to 20:00 some taxis have already stopped operating and the drivers gone home. The private amaphela taxis might still be operating at a certain rate or amount.

As the evening unfolds, the traveller retires to his spaceship and diarise his lessons for the day. The rank is empty. The moon is shining. Kuzole nasebukhweni bezinja. The sack is full again.

Feasting

Aunt Zuziwe and her husband Sisa were coming home to the Eastern Cape kuTsolo, eNcembu after having been in exile in London since 1979. Zuziwe was amongst those students who were in the forefront of the 1976 schools uprising that took place across all schools in South Africa. As a result, many students were detained, some went into exile and those that remained were imprisoned or even suffered daily torture by the system and government of the day. As Tatomkhulu would tell us.

It would be the first time that uTamkhulu and Makhulu meet with was unmarried and very young when she left home at the age of 14 as Makhulu would tell us. We were all excited to meet them and looking forward to also meet our cousins, their twins Mpho and Nosipho.

“Tyip tyip tyip, said makhulu calling the roosters she intended to slaughter.” Meanwhile, uTamkhulu was busy giving instructions to uBhuti Zamane and Zilindile to slaughter inkab’ egusha emazinyo asibhozo, the sheep that he had been feeding extraordinarily since the day he heard that his children and grandchildren were coming home.

“What are these boys doing staying and watching while their grandmother is trying to catch the roosters? Makwedini nimele ntoni apho ningancedisi uMakhulu wenu ngeza tyiphu? Tyhini madoda, ezi ntwana zingenwe yintoni?” He said talking to himself.

The day that everyone looked forward to had arrived. Husband and wife with their children were home at last. The celebration was opened with umbulelo kwaBaphantsi. UMakhulu made sure that umqombhothi had already fermented and ready to be drunk for the official opening of the welcoming. The Friday before the celebration which took place on Saturday morning, both my aunts helped uMakhulu with baking loaves of homemade bread and ginger beer. On Saturday the village Masiphekisane Women’s society did the bulk of the work, cooking most of the food on the three-legged black pots. There was white samp, salads of all kinds, aunty Dudu’s dessert speciality of custard, jelly and trifle, all served with either ice-cream or custard.

At the kraal, young and old men were having their own feast by slaughtering inkabi yegusha enamazinyo asibhozo. The liver was given to the women to fry and there some pieces of meat that the young men helped with braai thereof. Even the four family dogs including Tokie were having their own feast.

UMakhulu had prepared her best rooster meal 'amanqina enkukhu' and called upon Mpho and Nosipho to be the first to pick amanqina when the twins looked at each other with tears telling mMakhulu that they did not eat chicken feet. Everyone just laughed!

“Halala halala, women ululating, ukuzala kukuzolula.” Everyone was feasting. UTamkhulu seated by the kraal with his son-in-law and introducing him to his clan and all the visitors that had come to rejoice with the family.

PORTFOLIO

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts in Creative Writing

of

Rhodes University

by

THOBEKA VERONICA NDLEBE-SEPTEMBER

INTRODUCTION

I have divided my Portfolio into four categories as follows:

1. Reflective Journals
2. Book Reviews
3. Poetics Essay
4. Writing in Community Report

I have also paid particular attention on how each category impacted on my work throughout the creative writing programme course work.

The approach which I have used has been that of collecting all my reflective journals and editing them into monthly categories that reflect my understanding of the work. I have explained in detail how the seminar readings touched me. I have also elaborated on how they have influenced my writing both in Isi-Xhosa and in English. For example, the readings on love by J.J.R. Jolobe had a great influence on how I wrote about love.

I have written all my reflective journals in a form that presents my full understanding of my writing from paying attention to every detail has enhanced my style and form of writing. For example, the Beckett Trilogy has influenced how I wrote about the story 'Something'. The readings about Self and Body, Writing the Body Seminar, have influenced me to write confidently about issues of the body.

The readings which were on the reading list, some of which I presented during the seminar sessions have indeed influenced my form and style of writing. Writers such as Flannery O'Connor, Joel Matlou, Barry Gifford and Mirriam Tladi among others, have indeed inspired my work. My writing journey has been more enhanced through the reading and preparation of reading material for each class seminar; thus, my short stories consists of building blocks of characters and settings or plots in the stories.

My book reviews have been narrowed mainly on anthologies that I read and those that I believed to have enhanced my style and form of writing. Although I have read across board on love, death, the body and on exploring desire as a theme, I have limited my portfolio readings to those that I presented in class during the seminar readings and producing of work to be read by my peers.

The work that I have presented in this Portfolio is my own work which has become building blocks in preparing this introduction.

My poetic essay was largely influenced by a combination of styles, form, narrations and critical discussions on papers written by various writers on poetics. At first writing the essay seemed to have been extremely challenging, more so in building an argument that flows freely from one subject to another. The idea behind the essay for me was to paint a picture of fragments of work that speak on different topics but have strong relations to each other. For example, being able to explore writing on feminism, black writers, bringing an external element or force into my writing such as nature, history and current situations.

MA CREATIVE WRITING REFLECTIVE JOURNALS

THE POLITICS AND POETICS OF PUNCTUATION

The seminar presentation on Monday, February 11, 2019 by Stacy on the Politics and Poetics of Punctuation was informative, engaging and creatively presented. My first reaction to the mention of the (PPP) phenomenon was that of stretching my brain trying to recall the grammatical terms and their use from a school perspective.

One can argue that punctuation adds colour to writing in the very same manner that spices add taste to food. Thus, as writers we find it necessary to incorporate all the different types and marks of punctuation in our writing so as to paint a picture to the reader. This exploration is also found in music writing, through the sounds, beats and notes that gives meaning to the expression of various genres.

The seminar presentation also brought to attention the various ways in which punctuation has been explored by writers to enhance their writing skills. That, as a craft, it needs ongoing development and daily practice. One of the points that caught my attention in this seminar is the issue of how writers are able to ‘use’ and ‘abuse’ punctuation in their writing. Cathy prepared a number of extract examples that illustrated writers’ styles of punctuation to this effect such as “Head, Heart” by Lydia Davis from her 2007 anthology *Varieties of Disturbance*. My assignment for this seminar “Lyrics for Nelly” was influenced by the musicality of writing in “Head, Heart”. For example, “cow, mad cow”, “fragile body, fragile bodies”, Blow after blow” “choo-choo train”, “The sound, the beat, the lyrics”. The Tittle “For Nelly” changed to “Lyrics for Nelly”. The corrections thereof were influenced by the seminar discussion and feedback of other writers in class.

The library session with Paul and Linda was very useful and informative more so within the context of Reading as Research. One of the key things mentioned by Paul was the limit to the number of books that one should take out. That, one should at least take one or two books per week. In so doing one would be able to explore work by other writers, draw and develop styles that will create a holistic approach and development to one’s own writing.

So, within the context of the seminar of Politics and Poetics of Punctuation this made perfect sense. For example, through reading *Livela Lincumile*, the manner in which Mzwandile Matiwane narrates personal family experiences such as poverty, how the circumstances at home affected his manhood and his prison life, adds colour, flavour and rhythm to his narration. All this, as suggested by Paul allows the reader to be observant and vigilant whilst reading by “keeping an open mind” as to how the story unfolds. In Matiwane’s work I also noticed his economical use of punctuation in the process of writing of other poems in this book. This caught my attention as I saw this in the light of evoking the reader’s attention in terms of exploring punctuation, for example, that there is no right or wrong in how many teaspoons of sugar one puts or does not in a cup of tea in order to satisfy your taste buds.

As pointed by Paul on point 7 of the Reading Research points one to ten, it is crucial to pay attention to what, why, when, how when reading so as to fully grasp and understand the concept of reading and research and how to apply it effectively in one’s work. This, I found benefitting more so, within the context of how writers communicate their voices through their writing and through how they use punctuation so as to describe the tone and mood of the story. For example, whilst reading ‘I lost a Poem’ in *Livela Lincumile* by Mzwandile Matiwane, I noticed his use of comas and full stop in expressing his feelings about the poem he lost. Furthermore, as a reader I noticed how he felt about the loss and the manner in which he engages and seize attention of the reader.

In conclusion and in line with point four, I went to the library and took out *Sailor & Lula* by Barry Gifford on Thursday and returned *Livela Lincumile* by Mzwandile Matiwane.

WRITING WITH AND AGAINST NARRATIVE CONVENTIONS

The seminar presentation on Monday, February 18, 2019 by Paul on Writing with and against narrative conventions introduced us to various forms of writing that challenge the conventional style of writing. The essence of the lesson was to read the following six extracts:

- The Writers Journey
- The Beautiful Ones are not yet Born □ The House of Hunger
- Lucky's Monologue from waiting for Godot
- Derrida and the Anus of the needle
- Sanitorium Under the Hourglass

The second task was to provide an overview of one's impressions, reflections and comments on each of them. What the readings do to me as a writer. Furthermore, to examine how these three components, for example, unravel my own writing currently, how I visualise or contemplate its expedition without necessarily conforming to an academic style of writing. How these readings might influence my own writing and journey.

There were two components of assignments that Paul gave out in this seminar that is, working with and working against narrative conventions. To rewrite the assignments into a short play or screenplay. To take an object out of the story and do something new. Most importantly to be experimental and look at a narrative from the Schulzian style of writing.

Writing against and with Narrative conventions

Assignment 1: Impressions/Reflection/Comments

□ **The Writer's Journey**

My impressions of The Hero's journey model are one that I find most impressive in terms of its ten stages of the diagram. I found that as a writer it gives me a step by step sequence for example on character introduction, storyline build-up and narrative development. However, my own writing does not always follow the ten steps of Schulzian model as they appear on the diagram. Killed by Anton Kruger is an example of the style of writing I apply when writing a script. In my assignment for the seminar,

I did not necessarily follow the steps in their entire sequence but followed my own style guided by the model.

□ **The Beautiful Ones are not born yet**

The use of objects in this writing by Ayi Kwei Armah is very impressive. However, I had to read the story again to make sense of the wood as a character. When writing my third assignment I recalled Paul's suggestion on being experimental and try to put more images to my writing. As I was writing I found the piece quite hilarious with its animal characters and imaginary scenes.

□ **House of Hunger**

The use of vulgar language in House of Hunger expresses stones that are left unturned in Dambudzo Marachera's confrontational style of writing. It is not necessarily the approach I would use however, in line with my poem Lyrics for Nelly, I would like to explore an expression of anger/frustration/confrontation that does not distort my writing or the meaning thereof.

□ **Lucky's Monologue- Waiting for Godot**

I am not sure or do not know how to make sense of the message behind Lucky's Monologue by Samuel Becket. Nor am I able to unpack its journey. I find it confusing and hard to fathom.

□ **Derrida and the anus of the needle – We need New Names**

The author here NoViolet Bulawayo is very creative in her use of her words. She replaces the sharp point of the needle with the anus of the needle. In this context of her life journey and challenges her use of a metaphor 'anus' is justified as it is associated with her painful experiences. I would like experimenting on this form of writing in my own writing.

ON DESIRE

Mishka's seminar presentation on *Desire* was indeed thought-provoking and one of those that I could relate to on a personal level. The different readings that she handed out to read in class assisted in understanding the concept of desire in line with everyday life.

Cherry Wine, by Hozier (lyrics)

This song at first glance it read like a wonderful love story of two people very much in love. Upon playing the song on tape and listening on it more than once, it told a different story. I discovered that on the surface, the song seemed to have dual meaning, however, discovered that the song was actually about abuse. Listening and reading between the lines, compelled me to think deeply about the message in it and to pay more attention to the soothing lyrics.

In this context I can argue that at times the melody of a song tends to be soothing, thus, as a listener, it was important to pay particular attention to the lyrics of a song in order to fully understand the concept and message within a song.

I picked up certain phrases which suggested that the song was about an abusive relationship between two people who supposedly loved each other. I use the word 'supposedly' because in a truly loving relationship, abuse of either partner should be none existent.

The first stanza:

Her eyes and words are so icy, like rum on fire: to me this image that is painted in these lyrics suggest that the lover is cold and far from being loving and caring.

I noticed the fact that it was easy at times to pay less attention to the lyrics and mis the point about what the song is about more so in a song titled *Cherry Wine*, which is suggestive of romance.

.....

Gone

Love is a difficult thing to explain, this is what I understand about the poem by Emily Dickson.

“I had Been Hungry so, I found that hunger was a way of persons outside windows that entering takes away”.

As I read this poem, what stood out to me was how hunger and love seemed to be intertwined. That both are aspects that I cannot ignore as a writer and as a woman. That, yearning and in pursuit of love are things that I want because I lack them but can easily lose interest thereof.

.....

Call me by your name by Andre Aciman

In Andre Aciman, I noticed the importance of a song in telling a story of love and nostalgia.

“But the strains of the doleful song stirred such powerful nostalgia for lost loves and for things lost over the course of one’s life and for lives, like my grandfather’s, that had come long before mine that I was suddenly taken back to a poor, disconsolate universe of simple folk like Mafalda’s ancestors”

My understanding of this anthology is that desire comes with complications. That, time and intensity are factors that are inherent in our longing of the past that might have been significant in our love life.

*“She always wept because slept alone,
Now she sleeps among the dead”*

The fundamental lesson that I picked up from the writer here, was how intrusion of external parties on two people who love each other could bring about tension which ultimately lead to violence.

Furthermore, that here are things that are embedded in our memories of which some of those we desire to have. Yet, we cannot rely on our memories at all times as they might not be consistent or reliable.

“I can hear from a distance of years now, still think I’m hearing voices of two young men singing these words in Neapolitan...”

The above extract is an example of how memory loses moments, and how our thinking keeps changing.

.....

The seminar on Desire has inspired me to examine my own desires not only about the concept of love but also about loss, logging and what I want to achieve in my writing, in my personal life. One thing that I am certain of is that, since 2013 my desire has been to pursue the MA in Creative Writing programme. Fast-forward, it is a desire that is embedded deep in my roots and humbled to be part of.

In relation to the readings that we had on Monday 18th March 2019 with Paul, the anthology by Rose Lemberg '*Seven Losses of na Re*' hit home to me as I could relate to a certain degree to what the author has written about. For me, it raised a question on identity, of who am I? As a human being in my own capacity. Who am I as a woman, in a world that put women in boxes?

The anthology of the *Tiger and the Tortoise* by Igbo, which I read in class resonate with my concerns as mentioned above, and bears significance to my life and my own desires, as suggested by this week's seminar.

"The Music then stopped abruptly, and Tortoise emerged from his hole. To tiger he said, since you did not invite me to work for you, I had to invite myself. If I have not enough strength to work with my hoe, I have enough strength to distract the workers with my harp. I hope that from now on you will not forget the needs of any of your fellow animal".

SELF AND BODY

The presentation by Kerry Hammerton on Self and Body and the continuation thereof with class readings and discussions was indeed very well organised, informative and interesting.

For me, looking at the individual; person and the body, brought to light the link of relating what I read in relation to my body, in relation to myself as a human being occupying space or spaces and also in relation to myself as a black woman, a daughter, a mother, a sister and in particular a widow. For example, in both Nina Cassian's poem 'Self Portrait' and Ricardo Aleixo's prose 'My Man', I hear a voice of two people deeply hurt yet, what I learn is that in writing I can express myself without necessarily portraying my anger. That, both in verbal and written communication I can put emphasis on my pain or suffering without lashing out in whatever form of communication I am using.

In stanza three of Self Portrait, Cassian asks a question 'Disowned by the family which I came, who am I? For me, this resonates with me as a black widow and a few others who find themselves widowed and 'Disowned' with no identity. This poem reminds me of a poem I wrote in isiXhosa. In so doing expressing the circumstances, desire, physical of self and body of a black widow.

I like how Aleixo begins his writing by saying "I am whatever you think a black man is". For me, that statement carries with it the 'self' of a man who knows that he has been downtrodden yet, still carries himself with dignity. A voice that says, it doesn't matter what you think of me what matters is what I think of myself. In my readings in relation to this lesson of Self and Body, I came across the book Muriel At Metropolitan by Miriam Tlali. I found chapter 14 'Resign' befitting to the prose 'My Man'. When she writes about the time of being employed at Metropolitan as the only black woman at her place of employment, she paints a picture to the reader of what led to her writing a resignation letter, "They picked on me because it was natural for them to do so. In the Republic of South Africa, the colour of your skin alone condemns you to a position of eternal servitude from which you can never escape". This statement resonated with me from a black widow perspective, thus, in 'Resign' I learned that a writer can be explicit at times upon driving a point home.

The poem, marital song 2 by Antjie Krog, I remember in class how I related to it from a biblical perspective even though the title and some stanzas indicate that it is a romantic poem. I was thrilled when Kerry confirmed the biblical perspective by saying the poem was the Lord's Prayer. This poem with dual contexts reminded me of one my English poems that I wrote to

my late husband but realised that I was also writing the poem to God. During this presentation, I discovered various other forms of writing prose and prose poetry. This reminded me of what my mother used to tell us about cooking, she would say “when you cook, you must love the people you are cooking for, and you must love the food that you are cooking”. The material Kerry handed out in the presentation is what I can call a recipe book for writing of poetry and prose.

WRITING THE BODY SEMINAR

The seminar on Writing the Body presented Stacy Hardy was for me an underlining of an indepth understanding of the body as a whole. More so, just a week after the seminar on Self and Body by Kerry Hammerton. What impressed me most was how the seminar reading was articulate in describing the body in relation to how a writer in particular, sees the body. That, writing about the body is not just limited to the outer appearance but also in the inner appearance.

Furthermore, when writing about the body, I learned the importance and relevance of being able to explore the written texts concerning the body. I realised that at the most, I found it more comfortable to distance myself when writing on the subject of body. That, somehow, I attach this fear that, what would others think in relation to my writing and my body. I found it much easier to read about the sexual texts, after reading the class material issued by Stacy for us.

For example, I tried to incorporate and follow certain forms within my own writing such as the excerpt from *Dictee* by Theresa Hak Hyung Cha (1951-1982) “she would gather the strength in her shoulders and remain in this position”. Writing about pain of colonised bodies of Korean women and pointing out all the body parts in humans that we seldom think of, relate to or acknowledge the existence there off.

I could relate to Stacy’s writing about the body more so as a human being trying to write about my body. However, my writing has largely been for my eyes only. I have since gathered the strength to write about my own illness with depression and severe trauma. I have also learned, my lack of understanding my illness and not knowing exactly what is wrong with me, has been a journey of self-discovery. That in most times “you celebrate nothingness” as pointed out by Sony Lab’ou Tansi from the excerpt “the undersigned Cardiac Case”.

I have also noticed the various forms in which other writers wrote when referring to body parts. For example, Okara (1964p47) wrote “Keeping your thoughts in your inside alone will not do.” Throughout the book he made reference to imagery when emphasising an issue of importance.

I also found the seminar to be a safe platform to learn to write about sex and sexuality. Thus, I was very impressed by those fellow students who took the chance to do so. Whilst listening to one learner, I wished I could have written about the subject too. I intend to use the opportunity of being a MACW student to unleash my strength of writing about the body.

BECKETT AND MONOLOGUES

Every week's seminar presentation was full of Aha moments that I found to be most interesting as in the case of the seminar on Beckett and Monologues by Paul Mason. What made this seminar, in particular, to be so interesting, was that it touched on an inner dialogue which existed in each and every one of us. That, which I referred to as "In conversation with myself". At times we engage in this dialogue more than others and on a daily basis.

The focus of this seminar was on writing monologues based on the material and exercises that we all did in class. I will mention the readings that I liked by commenting on what appealed to me most and how it influenced the writing of my assignment.

The Beckett Trilogy of a man in a bottle talking to himself is the one that stood out most for me. I liked his use of punctuation and the structure of his writing. How upon referring to himself he made use of the word "I" throughout the text. The rhythm of the text was almost with a largo tone and very consistent. I could almost hear him speak from inside the bottle. Beckett narrated a story that seemed not to make sense yet it did more so to him. I learned that in such writings in order to make sense of what a writer is saying, one ought to pay more attention to the storyline and conversation the narrator is having with self.

What appealed to me most was the realisation that there was a way of communicating to one's inwardness. To reach out to self without the fear of thinking that "I" am not myself. To realise that perhaps, to have an intense dialogue with oneself at times could be beneficial to one's health.

This form of writing I could also apply in my own writing by creating space for the characters in my stories to have a dialogue with their inner selves. The movie shown by Paul at the beginning of the seminar; "With nail and I", was also a perfect example of a monologue and of a character that is obsessed with life and death.

The first time I had of Becketts' writing was through his stage play 'Waiting for Godot', who was waited upon but never arrived. It reminded me of a story that my granny would tell us at bedtime of a man who walked to town and kept on walking and walking but never arrived.

INK OF THE CRAFTED PEN

You see, writing for me is like a tree connected to bodies such as roots, stem, branches and leaves. There are different types of trees that you can find on mother earth. Some trees bear fruits such as apples, peaches and oranges. Yet, others like the Jacaranda tree don't bear any fruit at all, however, they provide shade and mesmerise you with their beauty more so in summer. The same can be said about our bodies.

Our bodies come in different shapes and sizes and have a common denominator that is known as the blood that flows in each person. Just as the tree cannot survive without water, we too cannot survive without the pumping of blood into our bodies, nor can we survive without water. In fact, all living creatures on earth rely on each other for the sustainability of their existence. Plants and animals rely on humans to nature, feed and water them; humans rely on nature for growth and good health.

Growing up as a child, I still remember that at the backyard of my home we had a huge Plum tree which not only provided shade, but also produced the sweetest and juicy plums. It was on this very same tree that my siblings and I learned how to climb a tree. Under this tree, every Saturday mornings my granny supervised me and my sister on how to hand wash our school uniforms, whilst my brother polished all our school shoes.

Next to this tree, my dad built a shack that was big enough to keep all our forty to fifty chickens. As children, it was our duty to feed and provide the chickens with water before going to school. There were times when we experienced the wrath of the roosters and wished that the cat or the dogs would come to our rescue but in vain. Our two dogs' kennels were also next to the chickens' shack. As for our ginger cat, home was anywhere, inside or outside the house.

Thus far, I have illustrated the connections of our bodies to that of a tree. In this context, the Plum Tree played a significant role in educating us then as children, from a young age about the different bodies and roles of a tree. For me, the underlying factor is that my body is a physicality's and writing has been influenced by nature. Just like the ink of the crafted pen which has been carved from the fine wood of the plum tree. Our bodies have a common denominator which is the blood that runs through the veins of all people. This blood forms the *ink* that keeps our bodies *alive* and the crafted pen is the vessel by which the pen is able to function properly in writing. Thus, without the ink the pen loses its function of writing and becomes an ornament.

My own understanding of the body and writing has been greatly enhanced through the MACW (Creative Writing programme) at Rhodes University. All bodies are prone to changes and illness. Just like the tree is prone to the four seasons of the year. At times these changes materialise due to age or prolonged sickness. For me, I embraced my body and illness from the perspective of a tree in winter, autumn, spring and summer.

You see, I have battled with mental illness for fifteen years and throughout this journey I had been given different diagnosis ranging from severe trauma to clinical imbalance and so, my medication fluctuated based on the various diagnosis. Just like a tree, I journeyed from one season to another.

I never questioned these diagnosis as I indeed had been exposed to different traumatic incidences which, I think resembled the dry brown leaves of a tree during winter season. I also had consultations from one private psychiatric clinic to another. However, the turning point in my life that broke the camel's back was when I no longer could afford private clinics and resorted to public hospitals. The prognosis became my aha moment. Throughout my dry leaves' seasons, I found healing in my piano and cello playing that seemed to have just the correct dose of medication that I required, spiritual healing.

Mental illness is just one of the many different types of illnesses that stick like a plague in our societies. A silent killer that knows no age, race, culture or identity. As writers, some of us find solace through expressing the underlying factors of self-discovery whose purpose is to have faith and bring hope through our work.

In 1996, Alan Finlay conducted an exclusive interview with Philip Zhuwao, a Zimbabwean writer born in 1971 and died in 1997 in Harare. He was an ordinary man with an extra ordinary gift of writing, a disability, a story to share as he suffered from short-sightedness. Yet, he did not allow his disability to deter or limit his writing. He used his ability to visualise images as a tool to master his craft of writing (Finlay, 1).

This imaginary concept is also alluded to, by Amina Cain, when describing the phenomenon of 'slowness' in literature. Through paying particular attention to the body and mind, Cain makes reference to the link between space, meditation and writing. That, through imagination she is able to conceptualise the *form, setting, character, narrative voice and language* of the story (Cain, 31).

As in the case of Zhuwao, the images in his head helped him to write about those things that he was unable to see in real life. (Finlay,2). Zhuwao's writing was projected on the 'self'. Meaning that, he wrote about unsettling family challenges of being evicted from several tobacco farms. About his own pain as a child growing up in an unstable and poor environment. This is reiterated by his description of his place of birth "I was born on a commercial farm ... in a little mud hut with a thatched roof" (Finlay,1). Zhuwao is unapologetic about his selfcentred writing. Thus, through the *self* he acquired the tools of writing from his own perspective and personal experiences. The word *self*, is suggestive of the fact that Zhuwao is also a character among other characters in the story. This projection of *self* in writing, is what Cain refers to as the body being in the film or in a book. The experience might be painful, yet it may also bring relief. (Cain, p30).

The phenomenon of using images tends to be common amongst some people in various fields of the arts. I remember a time in my life as a young student being given the opportunity to study my undergrad degree in Scotland. The first few months I cried every day and found it difficult to adjust to my new environment. Then, one day I received a call from my music teacher who was also a dear friend of our family. He told me that, my mother had asked him to have a word with me regarding my home sickness. One of the fundamental issues that he raised, was that I must keep on playing the piano and find comfort and happiness in doing so.

It wasn't long after our conversation that I suddenly found myself having imaginations whilst playing the piano and the cello. I suddenly learned that I was able to follow the visions that I created of home in my mind and created the most beautiful music that not only made me happy but, other people also resonated with my music when I played. I soon found myself being a backing vocalist for a reggae band that sang Bob Marley songs. I was also approached to join a jazz band as a pianist, I agreed on condition that we only played the standard tunes that I had composed which had a South African swing. I was the only female in the four-piece band. Till this day, I will never forget our first performance that took place at the Royal Bistro Bar at Newcastle Upon Tyne.

Antonio Machado, contends that the use of images in lyric poetry is imperative. That, there are various factors which one ought to be cautious of, that may impact negatively to a poet. These he attributes as being the insecurities a poet might have in relation to his capabilities and creativity of the power within. Machado, in describing a poet uses imagery of an overflowing fountain, with an enabling spirit to transform the world around himself (Machado,161).

This *self*, is also alluded to by poets Lesego Rampolokeng and Ike Mboneni Muila in their interview conducted by Robert Berold in 1999. These performance poets gained fulfilment through self-acknowledgement of their craft (Berold,1).

“Muila, “*If I created this isicamtho with the audience in mind, to worry how they’re going to follow my stuff, it will be like killing myself*”. (Berold,.6)

I resonate with the comment made by Muila in that, whenever I played my music my main focus was never based on a particular audience in mind. For example, I played different genres of music and took music as a major subject. However, whenever I had images whilst playing, I followed where the music was taking me, being guided by the images in my mind. Therefore, I could never say I am playing for a particular audience with my own compositions. Of course, my compositions were influenced by my background as a black South African both classically and in Jazz music.

To have one’s feet grounded in *self* is perhaps key for the sustainability of the poets’ work and of their sanity. One could argue that, this *self-grounding* may have a positive impact in transcending the limitations imposed by society upon the poets. For example, Rampolekeng, argues that his work does not necessarily depend on the masses as he has created his own innermost audience. Perhaps this could be attributed to the fact that he is considered as the king of tsotsitaal dub and fact that his work is original (Berold,8).

The point made by Rampolekeng of appreciating and celebrating himself through his performances is an interesting one. One that also resonates with Zhuwao. Upon being asked by Finlay whether his poetry was *a betrayal of the oral tradition*? (Finlay,4), Zhuwao responded that his writing, was centred on himself only. Furthermore, that his pain and suffering were his point of departure which influenced how he wrote (Finlay,4). However, he does make reference to the fact that his writing was greatly influenced by writers such as Dambudzo, Celine among others. (Finlay, 4).

This self-fulfilment phenomenon is something that Muila takes to heart, as he elaborates on his love for isicamtho. Muila is convinced that isicamtho as a language will withstand the winds of change in South Africa (Berold,7). One common fact that I found in all three poets, Zhuwao, Rampolekeng and Muila, is that their love for their craft was not designed as a tool to impress or seek audience appreciation. Rather, it was about them as poets finding self-fulfilment through their work.

I was very impressed by MACW guest lecturer, Cwayita Ngamlana's statement during the first seminar week of the creative writing programme, "who am I as a none breaking rule person?". She shared how through the MACW programme she was able to discover that she could break rules. She discovered that she had to focus on what appeals to her...being a feminist writer. She went on to say that, "one must forget about what's holding you back but, be honest about who you are. To stay true to who you are and what you want to write and don't fake it by imitating someone else". To find yourself, your voice and stand your ground about your identity regardless of whatever society says or thinks of you. This statement is truly profound, one that resonates with Zhuwao, that he never lived according to society or family's expectation of him (Finlay, 3).

Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, states that she has resigned herself to not being apologetic about femininity, but rather expects that *all her femaleness be respected* (Adichie, 39). According to Adichie (43), gender and class are of diverse qualities. For example, the analogy she makes is that, the status of a man remains the same regardless of whether he is rich or poor. However, not all writers have the liberty to be expressive about their work without being pigeon holed by society. Within this context, Zhuwao raises an interesting issue on how men who write poetry are often viewed with suspicion and labelled as queer in black African society as was the case with him in Zimbabwe. That, being a black poet may present certain challenges subjecting one to insult or humiliation. (Finlay,3).

"Today we live in a vastly different world. The person more qualified to lead is not the physically stronger person. It is the more intelligent, the more knowledgeable, the more creative, more innovative. And there are no hormones for those attributes. A man is as likely as a woman to be intelligent, innovative, creative. We have evolved. But our ideas of gender have not evolved very much". (Adichie,18).

Perhaps, one may argue that, *The Unusual*: a manifesto by Cristina Rivera Garza bears testimony to this effect. The #MeToo movement by women globally brought to light the social ills associated with gender disparities. Furthermore, the uproar caused through the exclusive publishing of women writers, attest to the uneven power relations that are embedded in society and of men's perceptions regarding women. So, the argument presented by both Garza and Adichie, is about the materiality of our bodies. The unusual challenging the skewed usual. Challenging the breaking down of perceptions that seek to undermine and destroy our bodies.

That seek to create a total shutdown of creative spaces which seek to enhance critical and innovative destinies. Thus, to be usual is to be 'I', to be 'You' and to be 'We'. (Garza, (24).

In her book titled 'We Should All Be Feminists', Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie (Adichie, 2014p) urges society to change the manner in which it raises its sons and daughters so as to build a world that embraces each other and thus find true happiness as a lifestyle.

According to Gazza (64), writing as a craft is controlled by uneven distribution of power amongst men and women. Not only are women viewed as the inferior gender but also as beings lacking common sense. A perception which she perceives to be "as old as fairy tales themselves". Yet, this perception is not only limited to fairy tales, but exists also in poetry and in music. For example, the lyrics in Maskandi by Mfaz'Omnyama is a story of a man who upon being rejected by *a young woman* he proposed to, takes offence by singing "woman you insult me, you say I am lazy, but look at my cows, I have done well".

The man that is referred to by Mfaz'Omnyama seemingly is oblivious of the fact that his song is an insult to the young woman. His patriotic nature and chauvinism, blinds him of the fact that his cows might be insignificant to the young woman who is not in need of him nor his cows. In this case this man is not cognisant of the fact that, the *young woman* he is proposing to is not Cinderella in a fairy tale waiting for prince charming to whisk her away. This is what Garza refers to as the 'usual' of 'men in power'

"They may be able to go on with their lives as usual, because the usual does not trigger rage or anxiety, sentiments of powerlessness or the desire to radically alter the state of affairs".

Nyezwa also bears reference to the issue of "ukuzithutha" or "self-refencing" by the poets, a practice which is also embedded within the culture of people of the same clan so as to avoid intermarriages. The point of reference that ought to be noted here is that, although this notion of culture preservation was of essence in days gone by, it appears to have lost its value in the face of gender-based violence. Women and children are not safe even in the hands of those that are family and friends more so in South Africa, which has been ranked as the capital country of rape by the World Health Organisation (WHO).

South African poets have evolved with the times in experimenting with language since the 1960s. According to Kelwyn Sole, the 1980s shook South African poetry to an unprecedented level which sought to align itself more with the anti-apartheid movement. An urgency for solidarity literature emerged giving rise to writers such as Njabulo Ndebele and Albie Sachs

amongst others. This era gave birth to a new breed of poets such as Jeremy Cronin, Ingrid de Kok, Donald Parenzee, Rampolokeng, Karen Press and Ari Sitas (Sole, (24).

Rampolokeng attest to the fact that he was greatly influenced by the poet Ingoapele during the 1970s', more so by the poets' poem "Africa my beginning" which Rampolokeng "recited without batting an eyelid" (Berold, 2). Sole alludes to the fact that one can see hints of the influence of Spanish-American in the poetry of Mxolisi Nyezwa and Seitlamo Motsapi.

Writer and Poet, Mangalio Buzani (MACW), often says that if you pay particular attention to the sound of the word you will be able to hear its musicality. Thus, a simple way of describing it to a reader would be an example of Mirriam Makeba's famously known Click Song, called 'Igqira lendlela ngu qongqothwane'. Can you hear the beat; is that why they call it the 'click song'? Self-fulfilment, is a phenomenon that can be attributed as a tool that has been able to sustain the existence of poetry in South Africa.

Writer, Mxolisi Nyezwa (MACW), uses poetry writing to deal with personal challenges. His understanding of writing is based on his life experiences growing up in the township of New Brighton in Port Elizabeth. He expresses that, he has fears of what cannot be controlled due to have been confined to being controlled throughout his life. That, "it is crucial how you as a writer, as a person, define yourself". Furthermore, he reiterates the importance of "how other people fit in your life". Nyezwa makes reference to music as a healer or having the power to heal the ills of society, specifically 'Intwaso' divine healing. Somtana (64) refers 'Intwaso' as 'Igqira' to IsiXhosa speaking people; which is a calling from the ancestors.

According to Nyezwa (2015 p1), Maskandi Music plays a crucial role in embracing and narrating the stories of rural and urban communities. In its simplicity, it has unprecedentedly created a platform which not only entertains but also educates society through poetry and music. That, the role of the vernacular language plays a very crucial role in the crafting of the music that Maskandi Musicians create. Nyezwa poses a question of whether Maskandi artist are cognisant of the fact that their music plays a crucial role in isiXhosa modern poetry.

In this regard, Zhuwao argues that, within the African culture, shamans often used oral poetry as a mediating medium. Yet, black society does not respect black poets. He attributes this to the fact that poetry is not viewed in the same light as other professional jobs such as, being a clerk or a doctor. Rich, (64) refers to poetry as the art of the griot which summons back spiritual sources, thus it is performed both through dance and music.

It is common practice to celebrate or honour artist when they have died than while they are alive. Rampolokeng strongly argues against this practice (Berold, 7). For example, Dambudzo (24) noted that Sinyavsky was forced into exile where he probably died, and stripped of his status as writer. Yet, Zhuwao noted that Dambudzo was ostracised by society for being a fascist writer (Finlay, 3). As alluded to in the above statement, one could argue that both Zhuwao and Dambudzo suffered the same fate of being ostracised by society whilst alive, only to be hailed as great poets after death. Both died young, both died poor, both were cheated from a fulfilled life, by the very same masses who now hail their craft in their absence.

The question is, to what value is it to the artist, to hail him only upon his death? Is he able to look back with a smile that, finally his country pats his back and congratulate his successes? To whose benefit is this, his or the hypocritical societies? I concur with Rampolokeng, when he states that, as an artist, he wants to be honoured whilst still alive so that he can rest in peace one day.

More and more writers are keen at exploring issues pertaining to social reality in their own terms of understanding which is unconventional lyric (Sole,24). In a country such as South Africa which has eleven official languages, often there is emphasises on the importance of writers writing in a language that one is comfortable in. For example, Rampolokeng's rapping was influenced by his home language and in particular by watching how his grandmother used language to express herself. The music in the rattling of her tongue created a poetic rhythm that was original in style and unprecedented to the listeners (Finlay,4). Thus, the emergence of this new style of writing is likely to create excitement to both writers and readers. Another example is that of breaking barriers of inferiority complex in languages by transcending beyond limits academically and socially. There are other writers that have taken into writing in their own style such as Nathan Transtraal and Ronelda Kamfer who both speak and write in the Kaapse Afrikaans. The most important issue is that all these writers were able to set a trend and create new paths, but most importantly to allow their voices to be heard. Thus, Kamfer's writings in Kaapse Afrikaans has since been written in three collections which have been translated into Dutch.

There has been a lot of debate over the years on African literature and the identity of the African writer. Thus, Taiye Selasi in her book "Stop Pigeonholing African Writers" sought to address some key issues in this regard such as artistic freedom, it appears that a paradigm shift is needed so as to be able to reach a consensus that would be favourable to all as to what constitutes an

African writer. For example, Dambudzo whom Zhuwao considers to be the greatest literary writer in Africa (Finlay, 14), states that, he does not classify literature according to race, language or nation. But, rather see it as an unmatched and unequalled entity of its own. (64)

Many debates have unravelled in the processes of trying to define “Who is an African writer? What should the African writer write? And, for whom is the African writer writing?” As pointed out by writers Mengiste and Chandra, the issue of concern is based on three words ‘insufficiently, talented, African’. These words boil down to ‘insufficiently talented and insufficiently African’ (Selasi,48). Therefore, it is argued that, the criticism of the African writer by critics lies not in the talent but on the identity as an African writer.

Mengiste is justified in saying that African writers do not need a panel to define who they are. They belong to the African diaspora but their writings are not limited to it. So, is it not an insult to question them of who they are and where they belong, or whom they right for? Is there perhaps a panel that knows these writers better than themselves? Selasi argues that there is a debate as to whether diaspora arts should be considered as ‘anthropology’. That, both African and Indian writers are under scrutiny when it comes to their craft.

Ironically, this is the same argument that is presented by Gaza in relation to the scrutiny raised for publishing female writers only for a year. Yet, no one ever questioned the lime light that men have enjoyed for over decades of writing. This is what one would refer to as the “PhD” (pull her down) syndrome. More like the David and Goliath perspective.

In conclusion, the discourse amongst African writers mentioned by Selasi also poses concerns regarding unity amongst African writers on crucial issues regarding the debate on Pigeonholing of African Writers. Thus, a consensus ought to be reached by African writers themselves as to how they define themselves and how they define their work. However, this is a matter that ought to be address by all stakeholder including African novelist, western publishers and global readers.

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READING AND WRITING IN COMMUNITY REFLECTIVE JOURNAL

OAKDENE READING IN COMMUNITY WORKSHOP

I requested to do a Reading and Writing in Community Workshop at Oakdene Residence on the Women's Day celebration day of 9th August 2019. I then approached the Oakdene House Warden and the House Committee Member responsible for events to seek permission to conduct the workshop on Women's Day. They both liked the idea and gave me permission to go ahead with my plan. One of the students assisted by making a poster which was posted on WhatsApp for everyone's attention.

On the Sunday of the 9th, we all gathered together having lunch which was prepared by the male students. Chairs and tables were laid out. Some sat on chairs and some on the lawn. After lunch we all gathered together by the tables and chairs as it was time for me to do the reading. I had chosen to read one of my own writings "The Nasty Cashier" and "The Widow" by JoAnn Bekker. I choose these two writings specifically because they were in line with this year's theme of "Celebrating All Women" regardless of their status in society. Thus, looking at ordinary women who make a difference in their families and society, and looking at women in leadership who make a difference through empowering other women and society in general.

My audience loved my readings and asked questions regarding the title, some wanted to know what inspired me to study Creative Writing, and others laughed at the void and plastic smile of the teller. These readings shared some of the underlying factors that most women experience or perhaps endure on a daily basis such as prejudice, violence, racism, cultural and economic status. Ms Bekker wrote about a widow who began mourning her husband whilst in prison, thus, she never shared a tear at his funeral.

Ms Ndlebe-September wrote of the prejudice shown by the teller who disrespected a woman for not having sufficient funds, thus embarrassing the woman in front of other customers. This unprecedented reading session led to a whole conversation about the performing arts in general.

I however, realised that reading short stories were better suited than reading long stories for the community reading session. Shorter stories seemed to capture the attention of the listeners and kept the momentum going. The concentration span on long stories seem to be a challenge at times for the listeners depending on how captivating the story was to the listeners.

OAKDENE HOUSE FREE WRITING IN COMMUNITY WORKSHOP

This free writing workshop took place at Oakdene House for Postgraduate Students. It was conducted as a follow up to the initial reading in community workshop held at this residence. It was conducted in one of the flats and three participants volunteered to participate. As the facilitator I provided the pens and paper so as to alleviate the challenge of participants not having writing material. Thus, one participant was impressed and commented that the provision of the stationary shows that the session was well planned.

As a point of departure, I explained to the participants that the writing exercise will be three minutes. That, I shall give them prompts which they will follow in their writing. I gave them three prompts as follows:

- Today I woke up thinking.....
- I wish.....
- Write about your favourite TV programme

I stated that there was no right or wrong in writing, that freewriting was about keeping the pen going and not necessarily being stuck in thinking about the topic or theme. Basically, that freewriting was a style of writing that enhances one's writing and it was meant to be fun and exciting. Furthermore, after sharing with them all the above information we then embarked on the three-minute exercise.

Once the three-minute writing was over, the participants were given an opportunity to discuss and read each other's work. The participants were very enthusiastic and all shared what they had written. They all read each other's work. Which is shared below.

1. Today I woke up thinking of myself in my body. The thought of a single unit, only me lay in bed with the sun at my feet. I wondered how the curtains would move if I opened a window to let the warm early spring in. Then I smelt the Jasmin next to me that I had picked the day before. I got a message from my mom
2. Today I woke up thinking "I feel rested!" It is so quiet today- quiet and peaceful – I am excited for the day – I hear birds chipping and I feel the warmth of the sun through the windows – I am happy and full of energy – I am looking forward to playing
3. I wish that the world would become kinder, more empathetic, and more in tune with nature. That all people would accept each other as they are, and practise tolerance and understanding. I wish for peace and the alleviating of pain and suffering.

What I liked most about the workshop was the fact that all three participants were very eager to participate. They commented on how the workshop had inspired them to cope with the loads of work that lied ahead during the vac. One participant commented that this style of writing reminded her of her English School Teacher who unlike other teachers used this form of writing in teaching language to his students.

BOOK REVIEWS

1. Life at Home and other stories by Joel Matlou

Reading Joel Matlou's book *Life at Home* was very interesting as it weaved together experiences of past historical farm events within the South African context. The book was published in 1991 by COSAS (Congress of South African Writers), however, some of the stories were published by *staffrider*. Joel has written only seven captivating chapters in the book yet it is so full of life. In the story he is the protagonist and the storyline are centred mainly around him, however, his family members and other characters play a vital role in this thought-provoking narrative. He weaves together a subject matter about farm life which is similar to that of memories recounted by P T Mtuzze's book, *Alitshoni Lingaphumi*. Both writers reflect on memories as boys growing up on farms. Also, this book was written at an era of great political oppression in South Africa. Thus, one may argue that it was written on the eve of a democratic South Africa.

The stories in this book takes the reader on a journey about the Joel as a child named Medupe whose name made him popular amongst farmers because of its simplicity. The book also paints a picture about his family and other characters in the story, his hard-working parents and also his siblings. The book also gives an account of what it meant to be a farm boy and a farm girl, the type of life that they led which is illustrated through the various drawings in the book. There are a number of reasons for Joel writing this book, one of those could be the relationship between the farmers who employed his parents, the relationship between the farmers and Joel's family and what was considered to be 'doing good' from the farmers perspective and 'exploitation' from Joel's parents.

The book is also a story of hope for a better life, of escape from the reality that unless they start planning to escape from just being farm boys and farm girls their future would be a very bleak one.

Thus, it is a book about succeeding against all odds through taking calculated risks. I also like the simplicity of the book. It is written in plain English, which makes it accessible to read even to anyone whose first language is not English but would like to read about such stories. Although the book seems to focus on challenges and the oppression that farm workers faced during those days, there is also humour in how Joel presents other incidences such as naming his dog 'Oubas' and the needle planted in his head and life in general at the farm.

2. Asleep Awake Asleep by Jo-Ann Bekker

I like how the author begins the story 'The Dolphins left a chocolate in the fridge' with a spirit that immediately grasp the attention of the reader. Without doubt, one realises that the writer is embarking on a journey that she wants the reader to journey with as it is discovered from the onset that the dolphin referred to is her son. This book by Jo-Ann Bekker was published by Modjaji Books in 2019.

The voice of the narrator as she draws the reader in zooming in and out of the story. How the author builds cohesion in narrating about herself, her son and her family life in general. She uses precise words in describing the ins and outs of their lives. Yet, grasping the reader's attention on various issues of injustice which somehow creates restlessness that inspires the writer to sound like a whistle-blower unto deaf ears. are somehow intertwined with the surroundings that the family is unable to get themselves out off.

The story continues to capture and bring thought-provoking issues throughout the storyline thus, enabling the reader to journey with her through the hundred and thirty-eight stories. JoAnne does this with great passion in each subject matter that she deals with. From the onset she makes it easy for the reader to know who the protagonist in the story is. The protagonist is not apologetic about sharing thought-provoking issues about the economic issues that are so blatant in South Africa about the 'haves and have nots.' Yet, she brings humour on page eight of her book by journeying with the reader to a cubicle full of fairy tales' mysteries.

I find most of her short stories to be equally captivating, for example, the use of language through the description in Starlings, Profile and mostly Alphabetically that I personally am intrigued with. In her stories I seem to hear my own voice of writing about people and nature, thus I find her work extremely inspiring.

Olu Xwebhu Luqulathe Amacandelo Amabini:

ICANDELO A: Isiqingatha seThisisi (umsebenzi wobugcisa)

ICANDELO B: Ipotifoliyo

UMALALEVEVA NAMANYE AMABALI

Lo msebenzi ungeniswa ngenjongo yokuhlangabezana

neemfuno zesidanga

seMaster of Arts

kubuGcisa bokuBhala

Ngu-

Thobeka Veronica Ndlebe-September

eYunivesithi iRhodes

EyoKwindla 2020

Isishwankathelo

Le thisisi iqulathe ingqokelela yamabalana, amanye abuntsomirha. Kwiincwadi endizifundileyo endingabalula ababhali uS.E.K. Mqhayi, uP. T. Mtuze, uWellington Moya, uGcina Mhlophe abandichukumiseleyo ngeendlela ababhala ngazo, kwaye babe nefuthe elikhuulu. Elo futhe ayikokulinganisa kuphela kodwa lifuthe lokusetyenziswa kolwimi kwanokuzama ukuvelela iinkalo ababengazange bazivelele. Malunga nolwimi, le thisisi izama ukuveza indlela ulwimi olusetyenziswa ngayo kule mihla, kusetyenziswa amagama emboleko. Xa kubhalwa, kuvame ukuba loo magama akekeliswe xa engalandeli imigaqo yokubhalwa kwesiXhosa. Uwakekelisa njani ke la magama xa uthetha?

La mabalana aqwalasela intlalo yoluntu ngokubanzi ngakumbi unxunguphalo ngokomphefumlo, ingqesho, imfundo, inkolo, uthando, njalo-njalo. Akwaqalasila nempilo yabahlolokazi ekuhlaleni. Maxa-wambi, la mabali abhalwe ngokusebenzisa isakhono sokubhala iintsomi. Oko kukuthi kukho ukuthungelana neentsomi nango ingezontsomi. Imisebenzi yooP.T. Mtuze, uWellington Moya, uGcina Mhlophe, noS.A Dazela ibe nempembelelo kula mabalana.

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I

UMalaleveva NoNtakumba

Ngaminazana ithile, phantsi komthi woMnga, yadanduluka ingcongconi uMalalevava isithi kuNtakumba, "...andikufuni apha Ntakumbandini, mna nosapho lwam siphetheke kakubi kangokuba side sanikwa negama elithi sizii-Tsetse Fly ngenxa yakho lo!"

"Sihlala sizingelwa ngawo onke amaxesha kuba bambi bathi abalali sithi, kwaye saziwa njengabamfifithi begazi. Ngako oko ndithi kuwe deda mhlangala endaweni yenywagi."

Watsho ngesiqhazolo sentsini uNtakumba, phantse womiwa nangamathe. Waphendula esithi "Uyabona Malaleveva, esekhona uSanti ukhoko wethu, ogcwalise yonke indawo kweli khaya, akukho apha siya khona thina silusapho looNtakumba. Uya kubona ukuba mawuthini na, kuba likhaya lethu nathi eli; kwaye wena ungumafikizolo apha! Uza manqaphanqapha apha ngakumbi ngehlobo, awunantloni ukufika sowuzenza inkunzi komncinci nakomdala?"

Ngalo lonke elo xesha ethetha uNtakumba, uMalaleveva umthe ntsho ngamehlo angagungqiyo ethule ethe tu. Ngelingeni untankumba utakatake kabini kathathu wawakala esithi, "...ubona nje Malaleveva sihlobo sam, wena uchitha nje ixesha lakho ngayo yonke le mbhudede uyitshoyo."

"Thina singooNtakumba sitya kuphela iindwendwe ukwenzela zingahlali thuba lide. Zithi zikrwempa ngapha zizidwica, zibe zikhwaza umntwana azokuzonwaya emqolo. Asibahluphi abantu balapha. Ucinga ukuba ngoobani ke ababalulekileyo kukho thina, kukho nina?"

Uvakale esitsho uNtakumba, *ta'.. ta'.. .. ta'..ta'* wayokusithela, eshoya uMalaleveva epupuzela ejikeleza ndawonye kubonakala ukuba amkhubekisile la mazwi kaNtakumba.

Umfazi KaNtakumba

“Tyhini bafondini, isigezo esi asipheli kule micocovithi yeengcongconi.” Uvakele esitsho uNtakumba ngelixa esondela emzini wakhe etakataka ngokungatghi ufakelwe izipringi.

Kuthe kanti uNontakumba ukuvile oku kushwanshwatha komyeni wakhe. Kwangoko ube sel’ embuza ukuba kutheni ethetha yedwa nje? Ukhe wadukisa uNtakumba esenza ngathi akamvanga uNontakumba. Phofu uye wabuya wakhumbula ukuba uyamazi umkakhe, iya kuphela imini esabuzana nalaa mbuzo umnye.

“Hayi mfazi, ndicatshukiswa ngulo Malalevevandini osuka ngaphaya kwakhe azokundixelela imfitshimfitshi kwangentseni. Andazi nokuba ucinga ukuba ndiyintlambo yokufela izinambuzane na.”

Uphendule ebudinwarha kucacile ukuba ayimphathanga kakuhle incoko ebenayo kwakunye noMalaleveva. UNontakumba usuke wabaza iindlebe kucaca mhlophe ukuba ungxamele ukuyiva le nto ibangele umyeni wakhe uNtakumba abe lugcwabevu ngumsindo.

“Ubonanje mfazi andazi nokokuba ndiyibeke njani le nto ayithethileyo uMalaleveva.” Uhambise esitsho uNtakumba sele erhawuzela intloko ngomlenze wasekunene.

“Iyo! Ndaza ndakuva zwindini!” Uvakele esitsho uNontakumba.”

“Ee mfazi, uMalaleveva lo uthi akasifuni thina booNtakumba apha.” Uhambise esitsho uNtakumba,

“Hayi suka! Tyhini! Xa engubani yena ukuba angathetha loo nto? Ndiyathemba umgqogqe iindlebe ezi zashushu.” Uphendule sele eqhwaba izandla, abesele ezibeka esinqeni uNontakumba.

“Hayi wena mfazi, andikhange ndibe samsa kude, ndimxelele ezinkonkqeni ukuba akho apho siya khona thina, kuba kaloku nathi likhaya lethu eli. Singama-Afrika sonke eAfrika. Kwaye akho kwa-nto ixoxisayo ngaloo nto.”

“Nantso ke myenam, umbhadlisile. Xa engubani yena ade akuxelele loo mfitshimfitshi?”

“Lumka! Lumka! Khawuphathele utatakho imaga yentwana yegazi, gxebe ‘amarhwewu’ usese nam undikhelela.” Utshilo uNontakumba.

‘Amarhwewu’ la, ayethandwa kakhulu kweli khaya, ngakumbi nguNtakumba kuba kaloku ubengafani namanye amadoda, uZimasile noZibula abamelwane bakhe, bona babesoloko bezintyintya ngamanz’ abomvu namhlophe.

Kangangokuba esi sibini saside saba ngamalungu icawa iRhabula kuba awekholwa kanye kukumfifitha kulo cawa. Nto-leyo amakhosikazi abo ebeyithakazelela kakhulu kuba kaloku yatsho yaphela nento yokokuba abayeni babo babizwe njengooNosimokolo booMahlaleshushu.

Ukhuphe isigarethi epokothweni yehempe uNtakumba sel' ekhangela nomatshisi ebhatyini, kucaca ukuba ingxoxo yakhe noMalaleveva imnyusele ngeswekile.

Uphuma Silwe Womfazi

UNtakumba ebesazi kakuhle ukuba umfazi wakhe lo akanantloko, kangangokokuba nalapha ekuhlaleni ebesaziwa njengoPhumasilwe womfazi. Nto-leyo ebesithi akumngxolisa ngayo owakwakhe, suk' aphenhule uNontakumba ezithethelela.

“Jong’ apha myenam, andithi unditshate usazi ukuba andithunywa ndingayi.”

Enyanisweni uNtakumba yenye yezinto awathi waziqaphela kumfazi wakhe. Nto-leyo awayeyazi mhlophe okokuba ibibangelwa kukuba uNontakumba lo, into yokuphakamisa amakhwapha wayifunda kowabo. Kaloku yayinguye yedwa qwaba intakumba eyiyintombi, kanaanjalo eligqibelo phakathi kwabafana beentakumba ezine kowabo.

Inkosikazi KaMalaleveva

UMalaleveva wafika kwakhe unkosikazi ehleli intlanganiso namanye amakhosikazi omzi wakwaMalaleveva. Wabulisa nje uMalaleveva wabe sele eyokutshona ekhitshini apho athe walayita iketile khon' ukuze azenzele impunga.

Umfo lo, wayekholwa kakhulu yimpunga. Ikofu yona wayeyiphunga kusasa kuphela. Wayengahluphi ngokumana ethumana nabantu, ibide ibe nguye ozigqatsa phambili ngokwenzela abantu into ephungwayo.

Aba ndaba zabantu bamakhosikazi babehleli behleba uMalaleveva beziphaka zishushu besithi, "Hayi noko, akuthethwa le into, indoda ibe iququzelela ukwenza iti abe yena umfazi ehleli daxa engayanga kukha zimbotyi."

Ebeye athi ke yena unkosikazi waseMaveveni "Zeziphi ezi mbotyi ekufuneka ndiyozikha? Niyakuthanda ukungena iinto zabantu nibe nixakwe zezenu."

Namhlanje uMalaleveva wasuka wawagibisela ngamanzi abandayo endaweni yeti amakhosikazi ebehleli nomkakhe uVeva.

'Bajonga jonga aba bafazi sele bethetha nangamehlo ingulowo emangalisiwe yile jagi yamanzi anomkhenkce kunye neegilasi phezu kwetafile. Namhlanje, bafike kwanja zothu' umlilo, wokugityselwa ngevazi yamanzi abanda ceke. Nto-leyo ebangele ukuba naloo ntlanganiso iphele ngokukhulu ukungxama.

"Eshe, ubhuti sekutheni eza kusitenda ngamanzi abandayo ngokungathi siphethwe nguBhabha noLayiza?" Utshilo uNokhephu sele efang' iintshiya.

Ukhawuleze waphendula unkosikazi kaMalaleveva, sele kucaca ukuba intomb' endala ayitshayi ngaloo nqawa yokokuba umyeni wayo azokudelelwa kumzi wakhe ngaba bafazana babanakwabo.

"Ngoobani ke ngoku abo Bhabha noLayiza uthetha ngabo?"

"Tyhini! Ukhona umntu ongabaziyo uBhabha noLayiza? Sukuzenza uzincinci apha!" Utshilo uNokhephu.

Atsho ngesiqhazolo sentsini ephoxayo loo makhosikazi kubonakala ukuba iyawanyumbaza le mpendulo kaNokhephu.

UVeva wayevutha ngumsindo sesi sigezo singaka sala makhosikazi. Waye sel' enazo neendawana zokumana eqhwanyaqhwayaza oku kwesibane sombane xa siza kucima. Kodwa wazixelela ukuba akasoze abanike elo thuba lokuba bonwabe kuba ekhubekile.

UMalaleveva Nomkakhe

Zathi zakuhamba iindwendwe zenkosikazi, uMalaleveva wayiphalaza imbilini yakhe ngencoko ebenayo noNtakumba engazange ihambe ngohlobo ebeqikelela ngalo.

“Ubona nje nkosikazi, mazi yakokowethu, ndiyile kwaNtakumba malunga nalo mcimbi wokusoloko sicwikilwa zezi ntakumba ubusuku nemini.” Ndimxelele ukuba andifuni kwanto ethi Ntakumba apha.” Uhambise esitsho uMalaleveva.

“Iyhoo! Usebenzile Veva sithandwa sam, sakutsho siphumle kukusoloko sizikrwela sizonwaya.”

“Ngelishwa, mazi yakowethu, uNtakumba undiphendule esithi akukho apho baya khona bona bengooNtakumba, kwaye abathandisi bani ngaloo nto.”

“Ubona nje sithandwa sam, le ndima yomhlaba inzima, ingathi kusekude ebhakubha, unjanjoku ixake nePalamente le yembala.” Uphendule esitsho unkosikazi kaMalaleveva.

KwaSanti

Kusemva kwesidlo sangokuhlwa, abakwaBhangqo, uNosidima umkakhe kwakunye neendwendwe zabo, utishala uMpinga nowakwakhe uNonesi balungiselela ukulala.

Akubanga kudala zicinyiwe izibane kwelo gumbi leendwendwe, ooNtakumba nabo batsho bafumana into esiwa phantsi kwempumlo. Yaba nguloo dulukubhentsu yomcwikilo weendwendwe kuloo matrasi mtsha.

UNtakumba nosapho lwakhe baba nenyweba yokuthi iingubo abalala kuzo zithathwe zibekwe kuloo matrasi mtsha apho iindwendwe zazilungiselelwe khona.

Eneneni akukho bani owayenokufumana ububuthongo, nkqu nakuloo mashiti esilika ayenuka isiqholo i*Stay-Soft* sakwamlungu. Kwakungekho nandize-ndize obenokudlalwa zezo ndwendwe kuloo mandlalo ngenxa yaloo mtswikilondini naloo mfimfitho.

Kwasa zihleli iindwendwe, sezigqibe kwelokuba zicel' indlela zigoduke. OoNtakumba bona, babekobude ubuthongo ngenxa yokuzityela itheko ngephezolo, ezo ziso sele ingathi zibholana ezigqam-gqamana.

Phantse wonke umhlali welokishi yakwaSanti wayesazi ukuba indawo abakhe kuyo imizi yabo igcwele ziintakumba. Noko kunjalo, yayingekho enye indawo ababenokuthi bakhe kuyo ngaphandle kwalo mhlaba wakwaSanti.

Ezi Tsetse Fly

“Ubona nje ndidikwe finishi zezi tsetse *fly*.” Uvakele esitsho uNkosikazi Oubaas ephazanyiswa ngooMalaleveva abaphuma bengena kwikhithi lakhe.

Ilanga litshisa kakhulu. U-Oubaas usesitalini samahashe, uwanika amanzi okusele.

“Iyhoo, yaqala inkathazo madoda.” Utshilo uNkosikazi kaMalaleveva akuva uNkosikazi Oubaas eshawutisa ngeetsetse *fly*.

“Ndiyithetha ke le nto izol’ oku, kuMalaleveva, ndisithi masihambe endlwini yomfazi kaOubaas, sizihlalele esitalini samahashe okanye ebuhlanti beehagu.”

“Imini inye yile yanamhlanje, asoze ndilawulwe ziitsetse *fly*’ emzini wam mna, tyhini yhini na le!”

Watsho evula ikhabhathi ekhangela iDoom yezinambuzane ezibhabhayo uNkosikazi Oubaas.”

Uthe akungayiboni wakhwazela phezulu, “Meri, Meri!” Usabele uMeri, “Medem.”

“Iphi iDoom Meri?”

“Iphelile Medem.”

“Kwaza kwathini ungandixeleli, ngoku ndiza kuzithini ezi tsetse *fly*’?” Akakhange aphendule uMeri, usuke waya ngasekhabhathini wayivula wakhupha isibulali iTarget.”

“Zzzzz Zzzzzz Zzzzz. Bzzzz” Watsho uNkosikazi kaMalaleveva ebhabhela ngakuNkosikazi Oubaas obenxibe ilokhwe etyheli ekuthiwa nguVez’ umqolo ukubizwa kwayo.

Wafika wathi ngcu, wamfifitha kanobom loo mqolo uphandle.

Yekake uMeri, nanko sele ethsuthsuza loo mqolo ezama ukususa loo tsetse *fly*.

“Nyan, Nyan Meri! Ungathini ukundiflita, jonga ngoku ndinuka iTarget.”

Enikina intloko uMeri. “Hayi Medem, bendiflita le tsetse *fly*’ jonga nangoku inxilile.”

UMalaleveva Nondwendwe

Ukhalile umqhagi njengesiqhelo uxelela wonke umntu osaleleyo ukuba kusile. Wavuka kwangoko uMalaleveva wasingisa ekhitshini eyokuzenzela ikofu engenalubisi. Wasese esenzela nomkakhe obesalele ikomityi yeti enobisi, waza wayibeka kwitafilana eyayilapho ecaleni kwebhedi.

Uthabathe ibhanka ebisecaleni kothango uMalaleveva waza waya kuhlala ngasebuhlanti bemfuyo yakhe. Nto-leyo ebengaqhelanga kuyenza kuba kaloku wayekuthanda kakhulu ukuphungela ezingubeni.

Uthe esaphunga njalo, weva ilizwi lisithi, “Malaleveva, Malaleveva”, kwangoko walaqaza ejonga ukuba lisuka phi elo lizwi, kodwa akazange abone mntu. Ufane wanikina intloko esonwaya ezo nwele zakhe ebezisele zibuxuba.

“NdinguSanti, uKhoko wooNtakumba.” Litshilo ilizwi.

Wasuka wangangcazela uMalaleveva ecinga ukuba akazange ayive nasemdudweni le ayivayo intetha. Noko kunjalo wathula wathi-tu cwaka, akathetha-nto.

Liphindile ilizwi lisithi, “Malaleveva, Malaleveva.”

“Ndikubonile utshutshisa isizukulwana sakwaNtakumba, usigxotha nakanjalo kumhlaba waso. Mhlaba lowo esabashiyela wona thina Manyange booNtakumba. Mhla nezolo ungcungcuthekisa uNtakumba kwakunye nosapho lwakhe, kuba engavumi ukuqweqwediswa nguwe namahlakani akho.”

Kwesi sithuba, uMalaleveva uxhume wema ngeenyawo sele ephandlwa yiloo santi ingene emehlweni akhe. Sele kuchithakala naloo kofu yakhe ebesayiphunga. Uvalo lona lwalusithi ndo-ndo-ndo esifubeni engazi nokokuba makathini na.

Uthe esafuna ukuziphendulela uMalaleveva sefefi luloyiko, suka uSanti wenza isitshingitshane somoya, nesathi sazibhijela kuMalaleveva. Waasuka wema nkqo oku kwepali yogesi uvalo lona luquqa lubuyelela oku kwamanzi olwandle.

Wahambisa uSanti esithi, “Akunalo tu kwaphela igunya lokuthabatha umhlaba wakwaSanti. Xa ubagxotha ooNtakumba uthi mabaye phi na, bona neentsapho zabo? Andithi ixesha eli lonke nisoloko ningekho kwaSanti, nisemizini yenu kumahlaha?” Wanqwala ngentloko uMalaleveva evuma oko kuthethwa nguSanti.

“Uyabona ke, ukususela namhlanje uze uchule ukunyathela, ungaze ube uphinde udlalele ngakwisizukulwana sam ooNtakumba, kungenjalo uya kuyazi into ehlafunwa ngooSanti xa ubanyathela ekonsini. Ndiyathemba sivene.”

Emva koko kwathi cwaka tu zole. Naloo kofu wayeyiphunga uMalaleveva yayisele ibanda ceke.

UMaleveva

Uvakele ebuza uNkosikazi kaMalaleveva “Eshe Veva myenam, kutheni usuke wampatshampatsha okungathi ubone isiporho?” Waasuka wadukisela uMalaleveva okungathi akawuvanga loo mbuzo. Ubilise iketile ezenzela enye imagana yekofu, waba sel’ ethatha namagwinya amabini ewabeka phezu kwetafile. Usese wachopha esitulweni ecaleni kwetafile leyo.

UNkosikazi wakhe ebesa zamisa imbiza yepapa yabantwana. “Hayi Nkosikazi, wena uthetha nje kub’ into ungayazi.”

“Uthini na ngoku?” Uvakele ekhuza, ebuza uNkosikazi. “Nkosikazi, andenelanga ukusibona koko bendithetha naso ubuqu.”

“Owu hayi kanene wena Veva ndilibele okokuba uliqhula. Sivuka nje wena sele unentsomi zasebusuku emini. Ulumke ke, ungaphumi iimpondo.” Etsho ehlekela phezulu uNkosikazi kaMalaleveva.

“Ubona nje Nkosikazi andiqhuli. Ndithe ndisahleli ngasebuhlanti suka ndeva ilizwi lindibiza ngegama. Ekuqaleni ndibe nendawo yokungahoyi, ndicinga ukuba ndiyaphazama. Kodwa lithe lakuqinisela ilizwi ukundibiza sele lisithi linguKhoko wooNtakumba, ndaqonda kwangoko ukuba iliwa libheke umoya.”

Emangalisiwe umkakhe naye sel’ eqonda mhlophe ngoku ukuba uVeva lo akaqhuli. Uvale loo mbiza ebeyizamisa yepapa waza wachopha kwisitulo ebesinganeno kukaMalaleveva. “Hayi mandoyiswe” eqwaba izandla.

Uye waqhubeka uMalaleveva emchazela ngako konke okwenzekileyo uNkosikazi wakhe.

“Hayi inene, ndaza ndakuva zwindini. Yinto eza kuthiwani le ngoku Veva myenam? Sele esonga ingalo ezibeka esifubeni.

“Ubonanje Nkosikazi nam ndisamatshekile. Uzuqonde andiyazi nokokuba ithiwani into enje madoda, kuba kaloku andizange ndasiva esi simanga nditsho nakwiintsomi zikaNoquku.”

“Kuya kunyanzeleka okokuba wenze unakonako wokufumana isisombululo sale nto kwamsinyane, unjanjoku akungekhe ukwazi ukuyisombulula ngokunokwakho.” Ivakele isitsho iNkosikazi yaseMavaveni kumyeni waso.

Wathi tu, uMalaleveva akabinanto ayithethayo. Kwakucace mhlophe ukuba limyile, akanamagama. “Yinto aza kuyiqala ngaphi ukuyithetha kuhlanga lwakwaMalaleveva le? Khona ngubani oza kukholelwa kwimfitshimfitshi yesiporho sakwaSanti esithethayo?”

Eneneni, yintsumantsumane yakwa mkhozi le abejongene nayo. Kwaye isisombululo sinye kukuba enze njengoko ebeyalelwe. Wazikisa njalo ukucinga uMalaleveva.

Intlanganiso YooMalaleveva

Akazange abe salibazisa uMalaleveva, wayalela unyana wakhe uSilumko okokuba ahambise isazisi seleta echaza ngentlanganiso engxamisekileyo yabo bonke ooMalaleveva eya kuthi ibanjelwe phaya eMithini.

“Makwedini, thathani la maphetshana niwase kwimizi yonke yakwaMalaleveva.” Utshilo uMalaleveva koonyana bakhe nabathe bacela ootshomi babo babancedise.

“Isaziso! Isaziso! Sentlanganiso eMithini niyamenywa nonke bahlali!”

Bathi bekhwaza njalo, babe behambisa loo maphetshana kwananjalo, emizini nakubantu abasezitalatweni. Yathi ibetha intsimbi yeshumi elinambini sabe sele siseMithini isizwe sooMalaleveva.

OoMalaleveva baphuma ngobuninzi babo bezokuzivela ukuba yintlanganiso etheni le ingxamiseke olo hlobo.

“Sizwe sakwaMalaleveva, mandinibulele ngokuthi nakubizwa niphuthume nize kusabela oko kudla umzi.”

Wayivula njalo intlanganiso uMalaleveva. “Ngamafutshane ndingalibazisanga. Sele kulithuba ngoku sizwe sooMalaleveva sishukuxa le nyewe yethu nooNtakumba malunga ngalo mcimbi womhlaba, kwaSanti. Ngelishwa nangebhadi, iNkundla igqibe kwelokokuba umhlaba wakwaSanti ubuyiselwe kubanikazi babo ooNtakumba.”

Uphakeme xa kulapho uSibonda uZibondiwe sele engqina oko kuthethiweyo, ngelithi “Esi sigqibo sithetha ukuthi, udushe noxhwithaxhwithano ngomhlaba wakwaSanti maluphele luthi nya!”

“*Zzzzzz Zzzzzz.*” Bahumzela njalo ooMalaleveva, bambi bechasene ngesi sigqibo belugcwabevu ngumsindo. Bambi sele bekhalaza besithi baza kumfimfitha bani bona xa kucaca ukuba ooNtakumba banelungelo lokucwikila badle ubuncwane obufumaneka kwaSanti kuquka iibhedi, amashiti kunye neengubo!

Undwendwe LukaNtakumba

UNtakumba nobehleli ezitshayela umdiza phandle ecaleni kothango, waabona ngokufika kukaMalaleveva kwakhe, phofu emangele kukuphinda ambone kwakhe oko bohluhana ngala mhla babehleli bexoxa phantsi komthi.

Kwangoko uNtakumba ukhwaze amakhwenkwe efuna aze nebhanka khonukuze achophe uMalaleveva.

“Molweni kwaNtakumba.” Ubulisile wenjenjalo uMalaleveva sele ebuza nempilo.

“Sibulisile nathi uSanti usasigcinile. Kungaba nisihambele ngantoni kweli khaya ngensteni kangaka?” Ubuzile uNtakumba.

“Hayi, sithi masize kubonisana ngesaa sigqibo iNkundla eqgibe ngaso malunga noSanti.”

“Ohh, qhuba simamele.”

“Njengoko nisazi okokuba iNkundla ePhakamileyo igqibe ekubeni sibe nokuxhamla xa sisonke thina booMalaleveva kwakunye nani booNtakumba koko kusiwa phantsi kweempumlo. Ekumfimfitheni nasekucwikileni abo balele ezibhedini nasezingubeni, ukanti nabo basoloko bekhanyisa izibane zabo bengayivalanga iminyango yabo.”

Wenjenjalo ukuthetha uMalaleveva ngokuzama ukukwakha ubudlelwane phakathi kwakhe kwakunye noNtakumba. Eqonda mhlophe ukuba wayivusa ihagu izilalele elangeni mhla wayegxotha ooNtakumba esithi akabafuni kwakhe.

Ixesha Lixeshile

“Yinile, nalala kusile phandlapha?” Watsho uNontakumba sele kucaca okokuba intokazi le idikwe yeyokosa. Kaloku kuthe nje okokuba umqhagi ukhale waba yena sele ephakama emondlalweni eyokubilisa amanzi empunga yakusasa ekhitshini khon’ ukuze baphunge yena noNtakumba, aze alungiselele ukuxova isonka samanzi. Kaloku namhlanje yimini enkulu kooNtakumba yokubhiyozela uSanti.

Oonyana babo abathathu babehlala kurontabile wabo kwalapha edyaridini. Kaloku uNtakumba uyise wabo wayenomhlaba omkhulu phantse kubo bonke abantu apha elalini.

“Hayi inene ndizakuyicela ivuthiwe le yalowam umzi, xa bonke belibele kukurhona ngelilixa isizwe sonke sibhiyozela iziphumo zeNkundla ephakamileyo!” Uvakele esitsho uNontakumba.

“Nkosikazi, uyaluthanda uchuku, yintoni le nto wahlala uprikana nabantwana okungathi bazi prayima stovu?” Ukhalime esitsho ngelizwi eliphantsi uNtakumba. Phofu ezitshayela umdiza wakhe. Uvakele sel’ esithi ukuba ibingenguwo lo mdiza awutshayayo ngeba sele kudaloo waba sendimangeni yasebhofolo.

“Sith’ aba mama.” Uvakele esitsho unyana omkhulu uVelile sel’ elandelwa nguSapho kwakunye noLwandile.

“Oh, ndiyabona. UVelile, besele ndiba nizokunyangwa ekhay’ apha xa nilala ‘de kuphume ilanga.”

“Kuzoba nje, kube nje, xa sithandaza.

Kuzoba nje kube nje, xa sithandaza.

Xa sithandaza. Xa sithandaza. Xasithandaza.”

Yavumela phezulu intokazi xa usapho lwayo luhlangene kwelo khitshi lukwavuyisana noNtakumba okhokela isizwe ngokungagungqiyo.

Umbhiyozo Efama

Kuhleliwe kwivaranda yangaphambili, nguMalaleveva, kwakunye nomkakhe, bexoxa. Esi sibini sasilizwe ngamawele entombi zabo uZoe kwakunye noZazi. Yintseni yangoMgqibelo, emva nje kwecala ibethile instimbi yesithandathu. AbakwaMalaleveva abakhange babufumane buthongo buhlayo ngenxa yokulungiselela umbhiyozo wooMalaleveva kwakunye nooNtakumba.

UZoe noZazi bebesele begqibile ukuhlamba besele benxibile, belungiselela ukutya ipapa kamilimili ze bandule bancedise unina ekubhakeni izikontsi nokwenza isiselo sejinja ethandwa kakhulu ekhay' apha.

UMalaleveva waya kukhawulela iqela lombutho lakwaMaleveva edolophini, ebazisa kwakhe efama. Kaloku akukho nto ebeyiswele umfo lo, kangangokuba babede bamqhule oozakwabo bathi, nguSuswana sibomvana.

Wonke ubani weza ephethe into yokongeza koko kwakusele kukhona apho kuloo mbhiyozo. Kwakungumlisela nomthinjana. Amadoda esenza inyama eyosiweyo, abafazi bona bepheka oni nooni.

Abantwana babedlala koojingi, kukhatywa neebhola. Bambi bakhetha ukudada edamini elalikufutshane apho.

“Usebenzile mfo wakwaMalaleveva ukusiphathela uxolo kwisizwe sethu. Kwaye ukususela ngoku, indima yakho ekubumbeni isizwe iya kubhalwa nakwiincwadi zobugcisa.” Watsho usihlalo weBhodi yombutho wezopolitiko.

“Ndibulela inkxaso enithe nandinika yona kobu bude bendlela nto zakuthi.” Watsho esithi itheko malifane nelinye itheko, bonke bakhulule iibhatyi kwanefasikoti zabo kwatywa konwatywa, kwamnandi.

Uxolelwano

Zavakala iindaba zokuxolelana phakathi kwesizwe sooNtakumba kunye neso sakwaMalaleveva. Bambi babengakholelwa besithi “Hayi yintsuma-ntsumane yenstomi emini leyo.” Ukanti abanye babesithi “Sukaa, lulwimi etywaleni olo.”

Kaloku akukho bani obengayazi imbali yokuphatheka gadalala kooNtakumba kwaSanti ngabakwaMalaleveva. Nto leyo eyayibangela ukuba esi sibini sijongane ngamehlo esikhova.

Nangona uMalaleveva engazanga wayithi thsuphe nakubani na into yesiporho, phantse wonke ubani wayenesikrokro sokuba inkulu into ebangele uMalaleveva abe kanti utshintsha indlela acinga ngayo kwanendlela ababonayo ngayo ooNtakumba njengabamfifithi beemfanelo zomhlaba wabo ooMalaleveva.

“Hhe bafondini, niyasikholelwa esi simanga soxolelwaniso kweenkunzi ezimbini ebezifudula zijongene ngezikhondo zamehlo?”

“Jonga Bra, thina asikhathalele ziphumo zenkundla ebikade isitya amatyum sibe thina sizwe sooNtakumba sibhekiswa ngapha nangapha ngenxa yooMafikizolo abangooMalaleveva. Inye qwaba into esiyifunayo, kukuzonwaya nathi emhlabeni wooKhoko.” Utshilo uBhekabambhentsele sel’ erhabula kuloo bhekile yomqobhothi ububekwe phambi kwakhe.

“Ee, bantakwethu inye nje into endizokuyithetha mna, yeyokokuba liphelile ixesha lokuba sibe sidlala upuca. Phofu puca lowo ungasadlalwa nangubanina kule mihla mile...millenam, khawutsho mninawe yintoni kanene?”

“Hayi bhuti uya kuthini ukusihlaza phakanti kwabantu. Zinkosi, ubhuti uzama ukuthi millennium.” Tyhini, kwatsho kwasa, ephendula ubhuti ngokuzingca ukuba uNtakumba eze nalo eli gama.”

Kwahlaliwa kuncokolwa ngoxolo yinxenye yooNtakumba kwakunye nooMalaleveva. Enyanisweni kona babekho abo babengakuthakazeleli oku kuxolelana nolu manyano, ngezizathu zabo ke phofu abathi bazigcina kwezo zifuba. Kazi luxolelwano lokwenyani na olu?

II

Entle Kangaka

Igama lam ndingu Nobomvu ifani yam ndingu Meva. Ndiyintombi yamazibulu kwintombi ezine zalapha ekhaya apha. Eligama ndaliphiwa ngumakhulu wam, kuba mhlana ndizalwa izidlele zam zazibomvu oku kuka Nwelezela. Ngoko ke ndikhula ndizithanda kakhulu impahla ezibomvu.

Xa undibamba funeka uchule ukwenza njalo kuba umzimba wam uhonjiswe ngezacholo zameva ahlabayo. Umakhulu uthi ndimhle ngaphakathi nangaphandle. Yiyo lonto nanamhlanje ndisabizwa njengevazi yekhaya.

Minazana ithile ndathi ndisasela amanzi amyoli ombethe wakusasa, suka kwathi gqi uZim-zim omkhulu ndisadlala nabanye abantwana, wandinchothula ngeezozandla zakhe zikhulu. Ndaakhamisa ndifuna ukukhala, ndaazama ndizama ndimemeze suka latshona ngokutshona ilizwi lam ndaminxeka.

Uvalo lona lalubetha kakhulu kwaye lumana luquqa lubuyelela ngamandla ukusiphakamisa isifuba sam. Suka Ndabhubha bhubhiyane kukoyika, wabe yena uZim-zim endirhuqa, kwakungekho nethemba lokokuba ndingavuswa nditsho nangula Mprofethi wasetivini wavusa umfana sele ekhefuzela kukoyika. Waaqhubekeka uZim-zim waqhubeke ehambela phezulu ngokungxama. Wayegxanya engeva nasandi sangxolo soxolo.

Uthe uZim-zim wakufika kumlambokazi omkhulu, wamemeza ngelizwi elikhulu eshwantshwatha into endingayiviyo. Suka Ngesiqhuphe kwavela inkondekazi yexhegwazana lezimu lincumile. Labuza kuZim-zim ‘uyithathaphi entle kangaka intyatyambo?’

Inkosazana

KungoLwesihlanu ndibuya edolophini. Ndisindwa ziplastiki. Ndidinwe oku kweMbongolo imingxi endleleni. Ndithe ndisacinga, simangandini, gqi ne Mbongolo isitya ingca de kufuphi nesango apho ndihlala khona.

Ndingenile esangweni ndicinga ukuba kanene kusafuneka ndinyuke izitepu. Ndithe ndisezingcingweni njalo, suka ndakwanqiswa kukubona abantu bonwabile, kubengwa inyama kwananjalo. Ndiye ndakhumbhula okokuba yimpela nyanga, kuxhelw' exhukwane. Ndaziva selendisithi 'kwaku madoda, okokuba bendazile ngendizithengele noba ngamaphiko enkukhu amabini egameni lokurolisa.'

Ndibuye ndakhumbula okokuba bekungazi kulunga ukuba bendiwathengile loo maphiko. Kaloku umalume wayedla ngokuthi yena akawatyi amaphiko enkukhu kuba inkukhu iziqhwetha ngawo.

Ndithe ndisezezingcingeni njalo, suka akhalaza amagxa no mqolo esithi, "Hayibo sidiniwe thina kukusindwa"! Ndayiqonda kwangoko ukuba, njeba ndilibele yeyokosa sele ku five to, ukuba iNkosazana izibone sele inxibe isihlangu esinye, ze iinqwelo zamahashe zijike zibe ziimpuku, ze yona iNkosazana ijike ibe nguNomadlavazana.

UNokati Nevaskom Yamanzi

MBharha! Saatsho isithonga sokubetheka kukaNokati emnyangweni wasekhithshini. Utake kwangoko uMakazi kweso situlo ebehleli kuso, sele khwaza, “Linda, Linda kuqhubeka ntoni?”

ULinda uphendule sele esezi tshikini oku komntu ongafuni kubuzwa nto. “NguNokati Makazi.”

“Utheni uNokati”

“Uchithe amanzi ebesevaskomini phezu kwebhedi.”

UNokati weenza umtsi wombane ukuya kuphuma ngomnyango wase franti sele emanzi tixi sele enazo neendawo zokutyibilika. Waatsho ngo “nyawu, nyawu” osuka emazanzi esuswini, kucaca okokuba ubetheke kabuhlungu.

“Tyhini uLinda, ivaskom yonke enamanzi phezu kwe bhedi, ikhona iflori? Xa iyintoni ebangele ukuba uhlambele kwikamire kabhuti no sisi?” “Akubhadlanga mos.” Uvakela ekhuza, ezibuza ekwaziphendula uMaki

ULinda usuke wamthi ntsho ngamehlo anetshiki. Ndaweni yokokuba amphendule, usuke wabhizi ekhama ezoo ngubo naloo mashiti ayemanzi. Imiqamelelo yona yazibona sele iphantsi. UMakazi wema bhunxe ezolele impendulo. Tu impendulo uLinda wasuka wazityela amacwaka, esenza le ayenzayo, ukufaka iingubo evaskomini.

Njengokuba uMakazi wayerhawuzelelwa ngamakhwapha ubuso bukhazimla ngumsido. Umbilo ungeva tshefu. Wayibambha lo mpama yakhe kufuphi nesinqe sakhe. “Hayi inene. Le! Yokukangahoywa. Ndakuyicela ivuthiwe, ndifung’ uMama.”

Waanyoshoza ephuma, ezixolisa ngelo, ngoba abakwa sisi wakhe abantwana abaqeqeshwa ngokubethwa.

Ukubhomboloza KukaLinda

ULinda wavakala ethetha yedwa sel' esithi “ndindikwe nyani nguMaki, ude ahambe nini, kuba nale mvuselelo ebeze kuyo kudala yaphelayo.”

Kwakusele kuphele iiveki ezimbini oko wafikayo uMaki kungacaci nokuba uzimisele ukugoduka nini na. Wayengasathethi nto tu ngokugoduka. Nto leyo eyamangaza nkqu nabazali bakaLinda.

UMaki wayesebenzise ikamire kaLinda. Wasuka wapholelwa ngamalanga bubuntofontofo bebhedi kaLinda nokumehlisa emonyusa, ukumthuma ngapha nangapha. Iphela imini yangeCawa uMaki esacela ukwenzelwa iti. Xa kulapho, uLinda ugqwashule, “...andazi uMaki uhamba nini apha ekhaya,” uvakele ebhomboloza eshwantshwatha into engavakaliyo. Sive ngoshixishixi wezihlangu ukuba uya ngakhona ekhitshini edikwe enjalo. Besele kucace nasesidengeni ngoku ukuba uMaki uyolelwe yila Mana yamaSirayeli yawagqwetha enza ithole legolide entlango.

Kuthe kwakuphela umbane kwacaca uMaki akasonwabanga ngoku. Uthe umama kaLinda evula umlomo, wabe uMaki ecela indlela.

Abatyeleli

Akukho nto idika nje ngokokuba, nithi nisazihlelele nodwa nilusapho, nisazonwaya ngokunjalo, suke kuthi gqi-qhaphu isizalwane okanye isihlobo sifike size kucoba ezaso iintwala kowenu. Lube undwendwe olo ke phofu lungakhange lusazise ukuba lusendleleni. Uvakele esitsho uToto xa ebona kumisa ibhasi yakwaTranslux phambi kwendlu yakokwabo isothula uDabs.

“Thiza wam, yinto esiza kuyithini le kadadobawo, osoloko ecinga ukuba yindlu yabatyeleli ikhaya lethu?” utshilo.

“Toto, khawuze kaloku sana lwam uzokuphathisa udabawo.” Yindlela le ebembiza ngayo uDabs uThomas.

“Zishiye apho esangweni Dabs ndiyeza ndisekwindlu yangasese.” Ephosisa uToto kuba wayeme ecaleni kwehoki etshaya nogxa wakhe uTimboy.

Uthe-nje sel’ engena emnyango wabe sel’ ekhala ngeemyawo ezidumbileyo uDabs ngenxa yokuhlala ebhasini. Wabe sele ezilahlela kuloo khawutshi intofontofo yase-lounge. Akubangakudala, uToto wabe sele eyokuthatha iibhegi ezo.

Ungenile uToto sel’ ekhalaza. “Dabs kutheni zisinda kangaka ezi bhegi zakho ngokungathi uzokuhlala unyaka wonke aph’ ekhaya.”

“Tyhini, uthi kutheni? Khon’ ukuba ndizohlala unyaka wonke ifuna wena loo nto?”

“Ndiyabuza nje Dabs.” Esitsho ehleka uToto.

“Usuke wathini uDabs ingathi unomsindo nje?” Ubuzile uTimboy.

“Uyamazi nawe uDabs unjani Timboy sani, ngakumbi xa ezekwi-fed up leave endingaziyo okokuba ucinga iTayma ne oulady bona abanazo ezabo iingxaki.”

“Thozama sana lwam, khawenzele uDabs ikofu, usele undipha kwesi sonka sombhako ndize naso, nani nizisikele.”

“Lowo umke kwakusasa noMeza besiya ejopini kwaGasela. Ndiza kwenzela Dabs.” Uphendule uToto encwase ukufumana kulo mphako womleqwa nesonka sombhako aze naso uDabs.”

Baye bancedisana noTimboy, omnye esenza ikofu, nomnye esika isonka. Basese bezisikela kuloo mleqwa uqhotsiweyo. UToto wakusa ukutya kuDabs ngetreyi.

“Undincedile sanalam, utshilo uDabs sel’ esitya engqengqe ngecala.”

“Ubonanje Timboy, andiqondi ukuba i-oulady liyayazi ukuba uDabs ulapha.”

“Kanjani? Utheth’ ukuba uDabs usuke weza engaxelanga?”

“Ewe, yinto yakhe leyo uDabs. Masenze sihambe singekashiywa nguJoe.”

UToto wayaleza kuDabs ukuba basemkile, wasese etshixa umnyango wasemva baphuma kongaphambili.

Zigqats' uBhobhoyi

“Ubona nje myeni wam apha kulo mhlaba umagad’ ahlabaya eneneni akukho ukuphumla. Uthi usajonge le kube kusithi gqi leya.” Uhambise esitsho umfazi waseMabheleni uNobandla xa bebehleli emandlalweni kwigumbi labo lokulala. “Pewu! Iyawa yintoni na ngoku nkosikazi ozanayo phakathi emandlalweni?”

“Bendiba siza kukhe sonwayane imihlana, kanti wena usafuna ukuthetha umwembebele wento?” Utshilo uBhele ebudanarha kuba kaloku yena ebenenjongo ezizezinye nezingenakwenza nancoko. Uvakele uNomthunzi esithi, “Wayenyanisile uMakhulu, alitshoni lingenandaba. Eneneni andazi nokokuba konakele phi na kwiSizwe sakowethu.” “Iyawa yintoni ngoku Nobandla, ude uxhalabe zizinto ezikude lee kunawe?” “Hayi Bhele myenam, uya kuqonda phofu ukuba kubangasa, kubangahlwa ngumbhodamo, phantsi phezulu.”

“Khawude uphum’ egusheni ndizokuva kakuhle Nobandla.” “Mihla le Bhele, dithi ndaku cofa unomathotholo ezona ndaba ziphambili kukubulawa kwabantu ababhinqileyo ngamadoda abo, okanye zizihange ezikhohlakeleyo abadibana nazo ekuhlaleni. Kwelinye icala ngabazali aba bulala abantwana babo.”

“Liyinyani elo nkosikazi. Namlo, andazi okokuba kuqhubeka ntoni kwiSizwe sakuthi, kuba ulwaphulo mthetho lungxamele ukuqabela ilitye likaPhungela ngenkqu.”

“Uthi usajonge leyo Nkosi elungileyo, uve okokuba nako-nako kuhlaselwa abemi bangaphandle ngabemi besizwe sethu. Hayi ke, andisathethi ngabezo Politiko, hayi mtwakwethu iyileyo ilala ngeli, ivuke neliya. Ndingazi ke nokokuba mandise eyiphi kumantyi kanye xa kulapho, kuba kaloku apha ekuhambheni ndifunde into yokokuba, akungeze uzithembe ncam ezopolitiko. Zizithembiso zemisebenzi, zizithembiso zezindlu, zizithembiso zokulwa nodlame. Hayi torho, zizithembiso ngapha nangapha, kodwa dololo iziqhamo.”

“Eshe, kutheni usuke wathula ngokungathi ufak’ ekeyakho intlanganiso myenam?” Udanduluke esitsho uNobandla emathidala ngulo cwaka womyeni wakhe. “Hayi nkosikazi torho, kaloku bendisamamele kuwe mfazi wakuthi ndingafuni ukukuqhawula okukwe mpukane egaxeleka *etini*. Nam ndiyavuma, sisiSizwe sidinga elo Hlathi ngawo lo mzuzu, alamaqhwa nala manyundululu esizwe sakowethu esisele singu ndabamlonyeni kwiintlanga nezizwe emhlabeni jikelele.”

“Yitsho uphinda myenam, sidinga elo hlathi elabonakala livutha umlilo ongapheliyo kanye eliya lomkhonzi uMosisi. Sidinga elo hlathi ekombiwa kulo uMathunga wokuphilisa la

manxeba-nxeba asibangela unxunguphalo noku xineka kwemiphefumlo yethu. Sidinga loo mijelo okuhlamba la manyundululu amasikizi athelwe nqa naziiMbongolo zona zilulamileyo, zithozamileyo zizingcayo ngobuMbongolo bazo.”

Wathi esathetha njalo uNobandla suka weva ngorhooooo, rhooooo, wokurhona kukaBhele sele ekobunzulu ubuthongo, engakhange waba safumana neloo thuba lokonwaywa kwaloo mihlana.

Umolokazana uNowethu

Kwakusele kuyiminyaka engamashumi mathathu uNosiseko, udadeboSajini watshatayo nomyeni wakhe uMtololo. Kaloku esi sibini sahlanganiswa nguSajini ngenkqu mhla wayeye kuphuthuma udade wabo lo kwisikhululo sikaloliwe eKapa.

Kwathi ke kuba inqwelo kaSajini yayisesegaraji iyokulungiswa, waza ke umfomkhulu wacela isihlobo sakhe sasenkozweni uMfundisi uRhasimeni ukuba amncede ngokumsa edolophini kwisikhululo sikaloliwe baye kuphuthuma udade wabo.

“Ee hayi ndikuvile sihlobo sam, masitsho sihamba, kuba ixesha lixhatshwe zizinja, kungenzeka ukuba udade wenu sekudala ekulindile.” Batsho ke bekhwela emotweni besingise edolophini apho. Eneneni, bathi besehla ngezitepisi ukuya apho wayemise khona uloliwe wabe sel’ ekade ebalindile udade boSajini.

Yaba luvuyo nochulumanco ukuhlangani kwabazalanayo, bebehleli bengumtya nethunga kakade. “Iyhu bhuti, yhini ukundifaka emaxhaleni. Bendisele ndizibuza ukuba yinto endiza kuyithini le yokokuba ndiyokukhwela iteksi nalo mthwalo unzima kangaka.” Wancuma ngolo ncumo luka blankethi uSajini sel’ esithi “ungabisakhathazeka wena nomdade naku sele sikhona, ntonje ndiye ndonakalelwa yimoto nangoku sithetha nje isegaraji.”

Ngalo loonke eli lixa umntu nodade wabo besabukana, uMfundisi uRhasimeni ubaze iindlebe umamele, nezandla zisepokothweni. Uvakale sel’ esithi uMalaleveva, “Ee dade, sisihlobo sam esikhulu esi uMfundisi uRhasimeni okhaya lakhe likuKomani, Ezibeleni. Ngokwentlalo ulapha eNyanga eMission phantsi kwebandla lakhe iAll Ages church.” UMfundisi ube sele khupha ezozandla besele kade zifudumele wabe sele ebulisa ebambha ngazo zozibini.

UMfundisi lo, waye elufafa olude lomfana ochul’ ukunyathela, omazinyo ayemhlophe qhwa, ekhatshwa loloncumo luhlaziya umphefumlo Yaba ngumnqa ke lo, kudadeka Sajini, kaloku indlela akwasuka wafana ngayo umfundisi kunye nomyeni wakhe yaba nge mangalisayo. Noko kunjalo akazange athethento ngalonto. Wabulisa exhawula umfundisi ngezandla zozibini. Yathathwa ke loo mithwalo yeesutikheyisi ezimbini yafakwa emotweni, batshona khona endleleni eyayisingise emzini wesibini kaSajini apho ebeye achithe khona iiholide zikaCanzibe kwakunye nosapho lwakhe.

Hayi ke uvuyo olwaba lapho kwelo khaya kubukwa usisomncinci okwangu dabawo wabantwana kaSajini. Wavuya kakhulu unkosikazi kaSajini ukubona isikwiza sakhe sibukeka ngcono kunakulo nyaka upheleleyo. Kaloku uMyeni wodadeboSajini, wasuka wathatha umfazi wesibini nto leyo intombi yakwaSajini eyamkhubekisayo kuba ngalo lonke ilixa emzini

babehleli bemnukuneza ngobudlolo bakhe, nto leyo eyayisele izindaba zempunga kwelo khaya.

Ngaminazana ithile wagqiba kwelokuba udikwe yeyokosa, akasokuze anyamezele ukwenziwa intlekisa.

Wapakisha okukokwakhe sele ejongise umbombho kwam Khuluwa wakhe eKapa. UMyeni wakhe akazange ahlopheke kuyaphi kaloku kwane zonkomo zekhazi waakhupha zantlanu kuphela akazange abuye nezinye.

Kwathi kanti ukonakala kwenye kukulunga kwenye. Ngenye imini uSajini noMfundisi besahleli bencokola, wazibika uMfundisi esithi, “Mhlobam, ubonanje ndiphandliwe ngudade wenu, eneneni ndaphandlwa kwa ngolwa suku endandiqala ukumbona. Uzuqonde ndinomqweno wokuphinda ndimbone. Umqweno wam kukumcela abe yinkosikazi yam. Asoze ndidlale ngaye tu ndiyakuthembisa.”

Tyhini! Yaba ziindaba ezimnandi ezo kuSajini. Ngenene zonke izinto zokucelwa kwentombi nokulotyolwa zenzeka ngephanyazo. Hayi ke andisathethi ngaloo mtshato owamisa izikolo ngentsimbi yeshumi elinanye.

Mhla ngeCawa sele uduli lusisa uMtshakazi emzini walo, uMtshakazi wazifihla kwigumbi elincinci ecela kule yabantwana. Yaba zinyembezi zovuyo ezo, ezazohluke kwaphela kwesasijwili sikrakra esavakala mhlana umyeni wakhe wathabatha isithembu.

Ekugqibeleni kuthe kanti uThixo ujongile. Kumzi omtsha waathiywa igama lokokuba nguNowethu “kuba kaloku umthandazo wethu kweli khaya lakwa Rhasmeni ufezekisiwe ngobukho bakho kweli khaya.” Waatsho udadobawo kaMfundisi, selehlabela ingoma esithi

“Umakoti ngowethu. Siyavuma!

“Uzosihlambel’ asiphekele. Siyavuma!

“Sithi yelele, yelele. Siyavuma!

Halala, nguwo nguwo ngumtshato!

Esi sibini sabatshati, sasigcwele luthando oku kobisi luchithakal’ esityeni.

Impixano Yangaphakathi

Ebhencabhenca amathambo uDyoki uhambise esithi, ngokokubona kwakhe ukho lo dyakalashi ubaleke noncumo lukaNqikilitye waza wayokulwambela phantsi kwelityekazi elikhulu endleleni esingise eMaclear. Akazange asikholelwe esi simanga uNqikilitye watsho ehleka kaloku kuye le ithethwa nguAsindimndenzeni. Yayifana nqwa nentsom' ebaliswa emini. Nto leyo awayengafuni tu ukuba yinxalenye yayo njengoko wayengazimisela ukuphum'impondo emini yena.

UDyoki ubize abakhwetha bakhe kuquka nomkakhe ukuba makhe baze nganeno kuloo ndlu kuvunyiselwa kuyo, bombele baxhentse khon' ukuze itutu elingudyakalashi liqikaqikeke kuloo mqolomba likulo de libuyisele uncumo lukaNqikilitye kuye.

Kwaculwa ke kusombelwa kuyiloo nto kodwa nkqi, udyakalashi ukucela. Waqala ke uNqikilitye ukuzibuz' ukuba xa wayezokufuna ntoni na apho kwaAsindimndenzeni. Sel' esitsho ngoku ecinga amazwi omnakwabo ongumshumayeli omkhulu weebhatyi ezibomvu xa wayefudula esithi "...akukho nto igqitha ukunika idolu ukutya kwalo."

Ekubeni ke sel' ehlawule uNqikilitye loo mali yemvumisa kwa naleyo yokunyangwa, wanikwa ichiza amakafefe ngalo phambilini kokuba alale ngokuhlwa kwangaloo mini. Ekwathenjiswa ukuba kothi kusisa lube uncumo lwakhe luhleli phezu kwesituphu lumlindile. Ngenene, wenza njengoko wayeyalelwe uNqikilitye.

Ngobo busuku, uNozesazi umka Nqikilitye wayefuthekile emana ngokuthi "inene ndakuyicela ivuthiwe ke le, yiva ukuba ndikuxelela." Ngentsasa yemini elandelayo, wavuka ngensteni ngethemba lokufumana uncumo lwakhe emnyango. Suka ndaweni yoko wabona owona mbono ebengawulindelanga lowo wehagu emnyama thsu ifunxa amanz'amdaka nemichamo ezitshembeni zakusasa. UNozesazi yena wasuka wabambelela izandla esinqeni esithi "nantso ke, ndiyithetha ke le nto."

Ngelokuncama, uNqikilitye wabhenela kwaGrirha apho wachazelwa ukuba uhlutshwa sisifo seendlathe nezithe zaphazamisa inkangeleko yobuso bakhe. Wanikwa amayeza nomyalelo ongqingqwa wokuwasebenzisa. Lwatsho lwaphela uxinzelelo. Wonwaba umfo kananisti.

Intsika Yekhaya

Ngelinye ilanga, ngoMvulo ezintsukwini, waqhawuka ujingi abantwana besadlala. Latshona ilanga emini, yabetha okokugqhibela intliziyo yema, ngxi! Yaba iyanduluka njalo indoda enkulu isiya kuphumla kwilizwe lokulinda, mhla yabhubha indoda yomzi umyeni kaNofezile.

Savakala isijwili esikrakra somfazana sisuka emazantsi. Sanga sinyukela ngentla isibekeko sakhe umfazana engavumi ukuthuthuzeleka. Bothuka abantwana bekhaya, basitsho nabo esofelweyo befelwe nje, bakwaziswa ngoyise obashiyileyo. Bakhala kukhutshiswaba ngezijwili bengathuthuzeleki neentliziyo sezimana zithatha zibeka ngumothuko.

Kwafikwa ngokufikwa ngabamelwane ababeze kusabela ngesizekabani sezijwili ezo. Kwaphakama inkondekazi yommelwane sele isithi, “Kulo mzi itshoba lilal’ umbethe bantu bakuthi, umnininzi akasekho emhlabeni.” Zagilana izihlobo ukuza kusabela, nokuza kuthi “Tutwini, akuhlanga lungehliyo, kunje kwiintlanga zonke.”

Zabhakwa izonka zemithandazo, zalungiswa neeketile zeti kwakunye neekomityi zempunga. Kwaphunywa kungenwa ngoomama bokuhlala nabashumayeli belizwi. Yaba ncikana loo ndlu kuloo nginginya yabantu kwanyanzeleka kubekwe intente ngaphambili nezitulo ngokunjalo ukukhawulelana nemithandazo yemihla ngemihla.

Zaxhalaba iinstana zekhaya, zakubona ukunxunguphala kukanozala wazo uNofezile. Yafika imini enkulu, yongamele. Yokubekwa kwendod’ enkulu kwikhaya layo lokugqibela. Kwikhaya lamanyange nobawomkhulu. Yaphumla ngoxolo ithe zole cwaka.

Intswelangqesho

Makhe ndikuhlebele into obungayazi. Mna pha kwam unkosikazi ebese engandibonele nto, athi naxa ethetha nam andiheshe naphambi kwabantu. Asikuko nokokuba bendihleli ndisonge izandla kuba noko bezikhona itikana ezingenayo.

Nangaphandle kwalo nto mininzi imisetyenzana yekhaya ebendiyenza ngokunokwam ukukhawulelana naye kodwa yonke loo nto ebengayiboneli ntweni kuba kaloku inguye umntu ophangelayo kwela khaya.

Andisathethi ngabahlobo bam, ebengathethi ngambeko tu, naxa beze kundikhangela, kuba kaloku bendingakwazi nokuhlala nabo kwam sincokole njengamanye amadoda.

Bekuye kube mnandi ngezo mini xa ndithe ndabizwa ukuba ndiyokupeyinta umzi othile kuba bendifumana imali ethe xhaxhe noko. Hayi ke nam nditsho ndithenge neebhotile zam ezimbini zebhiya ndisele ze umamekhaya aqhotse inyama yehagu kuhlekwe sibe ‘ngootshom tshom masigonane.’

UNomonde

Iimpukane zashiyeka zizenzela kuloo dinala yasebusuku esuke yashiywa phezu kwetafile ngabanikazi bayo. Ubusuku babubuhle oku komtshakazi emi phambi komfundisi elinde umyeni ongade afike. Nabahlebi sele beginye naloo malwimi abo made, amazwi ome oku komqwayito uxhonyw' ecingweni. Andisathethi ke khona ngabo bebesatshaya, imisi yabhidwa yindlela eya ezimpumlweni suka yaphuma ngeendlebe. Izigweqe zajiyeke nangakumbi, amabatha aziipali. Hhe wethu, ndithi kuwe uNomonde eseyintwanazana nje engekafikisi nokufikisa, isifuba siseplati oku kwetreyi, iinwele zakhe zisemnyama thsu, zintle njengezo zikaNwelezelanga.

Kusekhaya Apha

UMongezi lizibulo likaMazibula kwakunye noQhudeni. Unyana lo, ufunde wayityekeza imfundo yobuNjineli kwenye yeeYunivesithi eziphambili eKapa, ndililibe nje igama layo. Kaloku ezi Yunivesiti ziyasibhida thina bantu ababefudula bephelele kwesa satifiketi sebanga lesibhozo. Phofu ke, nangona kunjalo ndiyazingca ngaso, kuba ndiyitishalakazi nje namhlanje kungenxa yokuphumelela ibanga lesibhozo. Nto leyo eye yakhokelela kwisakhono sokubhala amabalana.

Into yokunqongophala kwemisebenzi iye yamphatha kakubi kakhulu kuba kaloku wayehleli ethembisa unina noyise ukuba woyiphucula intlalo yekhaya akuphangela. Kungoku nje, ubesele ephozisa ingqondo ngomculo kuloo bhangalo yakhe inebhedhi nesitulo kuphela. Uvakele sel' ekhwaza ngomsindo.

“Ekse, ngubani lo ucime lo mbane?” “Ndimamele apha!” Umntu akasakwazi nokuzonwaya oku kokwabo. Umbombozele sel' esiya ngasekhithini njalo uMongezi.

“Maki, ngubani ocime lo mbane?”

“Uyabuza okanye uyathetha?” Utshilo uMaki.

“No, Maki ndenz' uba ndimamele apha, so ucima njani umbane?”

“Ungakhe ulinge uzokundibuza loo mfitshimfitshi Mongezi, siyavana?” Khona, hlobo luni olu lomculo uwudlalayo, akusaziva ukuba uyasingxolela?” Uvakele eshawutisela uMaki phambi kwaloo thivi ebeyibukele kudlala u-*Skeem Saam*.

“Utsho kanjani ngoku Maki? YiGqom le ndiyidlalayo kwaye akhonikisi ewrongo nayo.” Watsho sele enyusa loo mbane uwileyo esiya kuphuma ngomnyango esiya kugqibezela loo vasi ebeyenza.

“Ubona nje ndidikiwe sesi sigezo sikaMongezi nale ngxolo yakhe. Ucinga ukuba kuphi apha le nto ekhalisa le nto athi ngumculo ongxola ngolu hlobo. Ndihlala ndisitsho ukuba uSisi noBhuti bangoonkala yiyo le nto nabantwana aba bekekela ukungamameli oku.”

Enyanisweni, akukho nto imbi ayenzileyo uMongezi ngokuzidlalela umculo wakhe. Oyena mntu unengcwangu ikwanguMaki lo. Kaloku zithi zakumfikela iileta zamatyala aqale yena abe nguNomeva kangangokuba ungade uthi uzalwa kwaMqoluphandle ngokugqwashula oku.

UMaki, iJwarhakazi

UMaki wayenguntongo wakulomama. Wayeyintokazi eyayintle ngenene, engunomdakazana omhle gqitha waseMaJwarheni. Iinwele ezi zinde kwaye zibomvu krwe ngebala, ngenxa yokuzitshintsha umbala yokulandela ifeshoni. Andisathethi ke ngamazinyo akhe, amhlophe qhwa emahle ngathi ngawemboleko. Uncumo lwakhe lwalubalekisa nkqu nabani oze exwaye impazamo. Ebesaziwa kakhulu apha ekuhlaleni njengo‘Lady’ gama elo awalithiywa nguMakhulu ngenxa yomfaneleko nokuzithanda kwakhe uMaki.

Lamhlala ke elo gama ukusuka ebuncikaneni de kwaba sekukhuleni. Wayethandeka kakhulu, andisathethi ke khona ngamasoka ayemana egaxeleka kuye. Bambi bebesithi besazimisele ukucela uthando, suka bathi bakufika phambi kwakhe bashwanshwathe into engavakaliyo, baphethe sele bezonwaya intloko becela nendlela ngokunjalo.

Ngelishwa okanye masithi ngethamsanqa, uMaki akazange watshata nangona intokazi yayizele yaphul’ uluthi. Umtshato, kukuphela kwento awayengayixabisanga. Maxawambi womva ezingomba isifuba.

“Uyabona mna, ndiyivazi yalapha ekhaya. Asinako kaloku ukusuka sitshate sonke, ngekhe tu ke khona, never ngqo ngejaji.”

Enye into uMaki ebeyithanda kunene ziiitshomi kwakunye neenyembezi zikaVitoliya ngakumbi ezi bazibiza ukuba yi1818. Kaloku umzala wakulomama usis’ Nzwaki, wayene Thaveni yomhlaba. Yayiyihokwana engacacanga kuyaphi ngokwenkangeleko ngaphandle, kodwa ubusithi xa ungena ngaphakathi ubone ukuba ungene kwayiwayo.

I-Thaveni le, ibisaziwa ngumntu wonke njengebizwa ukuba kukwaMalahleni. Amazinki la angaphakathi, ebehonjiswe ngee-records zomculo wombhaqanga. Yayinala swag yeKasi style, ithandwa nditsho nangosaziwayo basekuhlani ngenxa ye vibe eyayilapho. Ndibala ntonina, ngumculo otshoyo, ezibandayo ezingapheliyo, ubutshomi, ukuxabana okuthize ngamanye amaxesha ngakumbi xa uVitolia lo sele ephuzwe wada wagqithiswa ngabo bangamqhelanga nabo bamqhelileyo ke phofu.

Eyona nto yayisimanga yeyokuba iThaveni le yayiligumbi elinye, into etheth’ ukuba, ibhedi yokulala ibikwalapha, ikhitshana elincinci nalo ngokunjalo, ze esiphakathini ibe yitafile kwakunye nesofa ende kunye nezitulo ezingqonge iitafile ezintandathu. Yonke loo ndlela ibingahluphi bani nkqu mna lo. Kaloku mna noMaki besingumtya nethunga. Inye qha into ebesohluka ngayo thina sobabini yeyokuba mna bendihamba inkonzo rhoqo ngecawe, ukanti yena eyakhe inkonzo ibiyi-*Corner Lounge*.

Iimini Ezimnandi

ULunga ngunyana kaMfundisi uAlbert Ntsika onguMqwathi ngesiduko. Unina kaLunga uNowethu yintombi yakwaSangweni, uMandlangisa ngesiduko. ULunga lo uzalelwe wakhulela kwilokishi yaseZibeleni kuKomani apho athe wafunda khona onke amabanga akhe aphantsi naphezulu esikolo. UNomasonto yena uzalelwe eNgqushwa kodwa ngenxa yokokuba abazali bakhe babephangela eRhawutini kwanyanzeleka ukuba yena nomntakwabo bayokuhlala noninakhulu kwidolophu yaseKapa. Ngoko ke, bonke ubomi bakhe ubuchithe ehlala ekwafunda kwilokishi ebizwa ngokokuba kuse Makhaya. Uthe akupasa imatriki yakhe, wanethamsanqa lokufumana ibhasari yokufundela ubugqirha eRhawutini.

Kwathi ngelinye ilanga uNomasono wamenywa ngummelwane wakhe uNozipho, ukuba amkhaphe baye emgyweni eMandalay kude kufuphi nelokishi yaseMakhaya. Bathe xa bese sangweni bangena sele behlabela ingoma bekwaphethe nekasi yonke yebranti ebomvu njengesipho sokugida. Bamkelwa ngezandla ezishushu eMaqwathini, sele kuvuyelwa nale kasi ingenayo ngabo bebezokuzimasa nto leyo etheth' ukuba kuseza kuba mnandi ekhay' apha. Hayi ke esi sibini saba sezimbekweni kuncokolwa kuculwa kwananjalo kuyilo nto.

Bambi befuna nokwazi banzi ngetshomi leyo ikhaphe uNozipho. Kaloku intombi le yayintle ifuz' unina uMandlangisa. Kuthe kusenjalo suka kwee-gqi nkwenkwana ithile yabhekisa kuNomasono isithi "Uxolo sisi, utamnci uZithulele uthi mandinibizele phaya ngakula Quantum imhlophe imi phaya." Uphendule uNomasono sel' esithi, "Kulungile boy boy mxelele ukuba siyeza makalinde nje okomzuzwana."

Yabaleka ke inkwenkwana yenza njengoko ibithunyiwe. Bathe kanye xa besondela kwimoto leyo, suka uNomasono wahlangana nesihlobo sakhe esisenyongweni uLunga awayekhula naso elalini. Bathathana besongana bevuyela ukubonana emva kweminyaka sele bagqibela ukubonana. Yaba njalo nentswahla yabo yanga bahlabela ingoma ngangendlela ebabehlekela phezulu ngayo.

Babuzana impilo bethetha nangezinto ngezinto ebabegqibelene kudala ukudlana indlebe ngazo. Sele bekhumbula nezo mini zemidaniso yaselalini kwakunye nabafana neentokazi ababencuma kunye nabo ngezo mini. Andisathethi ngemibholoro kwaneminye imidlalo ababeye bazimele emakhaya besiya kuzonwabisa nezihlobo zabo.

Kuthe kanti uLunga ngunyana apha kulomzi njengoko bekukwaMqwathi. Wayezixelele uLunga okokuba lithuba lakhe eli lokokuba aqinisekise okokuba akasayi kuphinda aphulukane naye uNomasono. Phofu ke, sele ade athethe ezingomb'isifuba ngo Nomasono,

kwakungazange kwakho nto iqhubekayo Phakathi kwabo ngaphandle nje kwentlantsi eyayingathi ingajika ibe luthando.

Ngaphandle koko uNomasonto wayesaze ngobuso mhlana befudukela ukuya kwanina lume, kwaye uLunga wayemdadlana noko ngeminyakana. Kwakungasekho nto imi phambi kwabo ngoku, bathathana bephuzana ngathi kudala beyiqhuba le zozo. Banikana inambha zeselula zabo khon'unukuze bakwazi ukufowunelana bacwangcise elinye ixesha loku bonana.

UNozipho uvakele esithi “Mhlobam, kunyanisiwe xa kusithiwa, inyawo ziyabhatala impundu azibhatali.” Esitsho ehleka ejonge itshomi yakhe. Kuphendule uLunga engekaphenduli uNomasonto esithi, “Nomdade, kwaku madoda tshotshubekho, uyabona loo ngumfazi wakuthi akakho omnye.” Utsho ejonge kuNomasonto owayetsho ngoncumo ngathi ukhwele ibhasi ebheka ebhaziya. Ngalo lonke elixesha utamnci uthule ngokungathi selelibele nale ebebizela yona oNozipho nomhlobo wakhe. Phofu ebengena kungathuli xa uLunga no Nomasonto basuke bangathi zii lekese ze *lucky* pakethi.

Uta-Small

Ndithe ndisehlika kwitekisi esuka eMagxaki, indimisela ngaserhangeni ebheka endlwini, suka ndabizwa nguNonkqubela esithi “Heyi mntase ndilinde, sukubasawela wethu mfazi. Ndindinwe! Kukuncedisa uSkwiza wam ukugutyula la ndlu yakhe isisibhazalala axakwa nakukuyicoca. Ndidinwe nje ihala ke kuba akasoze andinike nditsho neR2 kuloo mali yakhe yebhongo, Ndlela le aligqolo ngayo sheyim umfazi kaBhuti, akasoze akunike esandleni imali kodwa xa umkhaphile eyokwenza igrosali hayi sana ungayibetha trolley yakho ibe yintaba, akasoze akhalaze. Nam ke ndifane ndimnyamezele kuba kaloku nam ndiyawadinga la maqithiqithi awaphosayo. Nangona ungasoze uyibambe sandleni imali yakhe, ndiyamthanda ke khona kuba akafihli makhuba kulinywa, hay’ akoyiki kwaye soze umve ethetha ngnto yokukha ukutya ukuse emlonyeni, kuye icephe licephe qha ke!

Uze sel’ ehambela phezulu uNonkqubela, nam sendifane ndema ndicinga ukuba mhlawumbi kukho into afuna ukuyibuza malunga nokuphuma kukaSkwiza emgalelweni ngoMgqibelo. Ufike wema sel’ ekhefuzela oku komntu ogqiba kubaleka umdyarho. Hayi ke nam ndafana ndema ndilindele oku kokuba aphefumle. Ngalo lonke eli xesha bendicinga ukuba kukho nto ebhadlileyo aza kundixelela yona. Tyhini thiza lo mfazi, ukuba andixelele ngolwimi lokugxothwa kukaTa-Mzi yilaa ntokazi yakhe uLiso ahlalisana nayo. Uta-Mzi nguTat’ omncinci wethu, sonke simbiza Small kuba enciphile ngomzimba nto leyo ayithanda gqitha kuba imenza azive elithsotsho, kangangokuba xa umjongile ungathi unama-40 eminyaka kanti unama-60 eminyaka. Nalapha ekuhlaleni wonke ubani umbiza Ta-Small. Wofika ke umfo kaBawo esitsho ngolukaBhulankethe uncumo, kwanezo zangotshe zakhe zokuhamba ezamenza waphumelela uMr Eastern Cape ngomnyaka ngowama-2000. Nto leyo eyamenza athi naxa bejemile abahlobo bakhe, umve sel’ esithi “Ek se my laatjie, daar is net een Small.” atsho ezikhomba ngesandla esifubeni. “Ek is altyd mnca my laatjie, die cherries ook se ek is van die one, make no mistake my man.”

Hayi sana wayehlala njalo engungqa phambili, ubungafunga uthi ufumene ithuba lokudlala umlinganiswa uJames Bond, u007 ngenkqu. Uta-Small ebewuthanda kwaye ewuhloniphe kakhulu umsebenzi wakhe wokuba yinqununu eJoza High School. Kaloku nale yokuba yinqununu yayimenzela elinye nje elilodwa iwonga, nto leyo ayithanda kunene. Uta-Small wayetshate nentombi yaseMatshaweni uManci uMavis, owathi ke bakutshata eso sibhazalala somtshato wathiywa igama lomzi lokokuba nguNobuntu. Eneneni ulifanele igama lakhe kuba uManci unobuntu kumntu wonke ngakumbi kuthi bantu bomzi wakhe. uNobuntu ngumphathi kwisibhedlele saseDorah, msebenzi lowo awawuqeqeshelwa kwizibhedlela zaseNewcastle.

Balizwe ngabantwana ababini uThemba kwakunye noThembakazi. Xa ubona umfananyana ohamba ngamacala kodwa emenyezelisa izihlangu kwezi zitalato zasemagxaki, uze wazi ukuba nguTa-Small lowo. Ungambulisa ken awe, uthi eita daar Ta-Small.

III

Umakhulu uMaMkwena

Ndikhumbula ngaloo mhla ndifikelwa yifowuni esuka kumama esithi mandikhawuleze ndize ekhaya. Kwakukusasa kwizithuba zentsimbi yesibhozo. Ndikhumbula umnqwazi wam ungaqini cam, ndikrokra ukuba ukho undonakele kwaye mkhulu. Kaloku umama wayeyazi indlela esa sithandana ngayo mna nawe makhulu wam. Kwaye naye wonke ubani apha kusapho ebengayithandabuzi lo nto. Zonke iimfundiso zokukhula mna kunye nodade nabanakwethu sazifundiswa nguwe. Mna nawe besizitshomi. Umthandazo u‘Bawo Wethu Osemazulwini’ sawufundiswa nguwe.

Ubusithi nje sakuqgiba ukutya, sele nezitya zihlanjiwe, usibizele sonke thina bantwana kwigumbi lokulala siyokuthandaza. Besiye sandule ukungena ezingubeni silindele ngamxhel’ omnye ukuva iinstomi phambi kokuba silale. Wawuye usibalisele ngo ‘Nwelezelanga’ okanye ‘Ngamabhere amathathu afika ukutya kwabo kutyiwe’ okanye, ‘Ngendoda eyayisingise edolophini kodwa ingade ifike oko ihamba’. Besiye silale yoyi sele sithe rhonantini kumama nakutata ababelala kwelabo igumbi. Ndizikhumbula kakuhle ezo mini makhulu wam. Indlu yethu yayincinci kakhulu ibizwa ukuba ligobhoza lematshisi. Amagumbi ethu okulala ayemabini kuphela, elabazali nelethu, mna odede bam ababini kunye nawe makhulu. Umntakwethu omncinci wayeselusana elala ekhothini kwikamire kamama notata, ukanti umntakwethu oza emva kwam yena elala ekhawutshini kwigumbi lokuhlala.

Usakhumbula ngeza mini wawudla ngokundithuma ukuba ndiyokuthengela iyeza lakho kumzana owawukufuphi nathi? Eli yayilihlebo lethu sobabini, kuba wawungafuni ukuba kubekho mntu waziyo ngeli yeza ngakumbi utata. Lo mzana wawusebumelwaneni nto leyo etheth’ ukuba ihlebo elo belinokubhaqeka nanini na. Kodwa ke ngenxa yokuba olu shishino yayiyeyona ndlela yokunyanga izigulana zabo, ikwa yindlela yokwenza ingeniso nokuphuhlisa ishishini labo, akuzange kubekho namnye umntu owayithi vuthu loo nyewe kutata nomama. Ndadidla ngokuya phaya ngentsimbi yesithandathu phambi kwesidlo sangokuhlwa. Andisakhumbuli ukuba wena ubulisebenzisa nini na eli yeza, kodwa into endiqiniseke ngayo lalikhwimbodlelana emfutshane.

Kwathi kusenjalo, kwakhona izixholoxholo zodushe apha ekuhlaleni apho kwaphuma umyalelo othi zonke izirhoxo kwakunye namaholo neebhara ezithengisa amanzi amhlophe nabomvu mazivalwe. Unobangela yayikukuba ezi nyembezi zekumkanikazi zazisetyenziswa ngabacinezeli ukuchithachitha ubume nentlalo yesidima soluntu. Zavala ngenene ezo zirhoxo, kwathi ezo zifunyenwe zisamthengisa kwakunye nalowo ufunyenwe enaye ohlwaywe kanobom. Nawe wagqiba kwelokuba endaweni yokusebenzisa imbodlela encikane, kungcono

ndiyokukuthengela eli yeza ngejagi yamasi. Kulapho ke yaqala khona inkathazo. Tyhini, ndaqaphela eli vumba linuka kamnandana lisuka kule jagi endleleni esingise endlwini. Ndazibhaqa sele ndiman' ukuginy' ingwiqi maxawambi.

Ndanqonda ukuba nam makhe ndathi laqa kweli yeza lakho makhulu, oku kokuba ndive nje incasa. Ah, ndiwavale mba amehlo kuhlasimla nomzimba ngenxa yale ncasa, kodwa iimvakalelo ezalandela oko kuhlasimla, zenza ukuba ndibe nomnqweno wokuphinda ndathi laqa nakwityeli elizayo.

Njengesiqhelo ndiphindile ndayo kuthenga, laqa! Ndaphinda ndatsho ngelinye ithamo elithe xaxe. Laqa... laqa...rhabu! Ahhh!

“Hayibo, kutheni ngoku besiya belicutha ngokulicutha eli yeza?” Ndikhumbula kakuhle, undibuza ngamehlo akrokrayo.

Iyo! Ndaqonda mhlophe ukuba ndibhaqiwe ngaloo mini. Ndafana ndazenza ovumelana nawe ndisithi, ndiluva ulwimi olu luman' ukuba ngathi luyashwabana xa ndizama ukuthetha “Makhulu andimqondi la mhlekazi, ingathi *umejarisha wrongo* kuba egalela ejagini.” Kumhla wayeka ukundithuma kuloo mzi. Andisakhumbuli ke ukuba kwenzeka ntoni ngalo mini, inye nje into endiyikhumbulayo, ziimpahla endandizinxibile ngosuku olulandelayo, zazingekho mgqubagqubane kuphela, zaziratarata zikrazukile. Ndandiyotywe makhulu?

Bekusithi xa kuphel' inyanga uphe bonke abazukulwana bakho iirandi ezintlanu zemali, okokuba bathenge loo nto bayifunayo. Yayiba ndim kuphela umzukulwana omnika amashumi amabini eerandi. Baakhalaza bancama odade nomntakwethu kuba wawudla ngokuthi kubo mna ndimdala kunabo yiyo lo nto ubundinika imali ethe chatha kuneyabo. Sonke sasisele sisazi ukuba ngemini yepeyi, yimini apho besisitya *ifish and chips* yaseFlakeni kuba yayiyeyona imnandi.

Ndikhumbula xa sasisiya esikolweni, utamkhulu umalume katata wayedla ngokusisa ngemoto aphinde asilande. Kodwa ngenye imini wamcela okokuba ukususela ngaloo mini wena uzokumana ukusilanda kuba kwakungekudanga kakhulu nasekhaya. Sikhulile singabantwana kwaye usithanda sonke kodwa uthando lwakho kum lwalugqithisile. Ukuthetha ulwimi lweSibhulu ndakufundiswa nguwe nomama. Kuqala ndandinganiva phofu sonke singabantwana singaqondi okokuba nithini, ngoko ke sisithi “Umama no makhulu bayathanda ukuthetha *uvrityi vrityi*.” Sasilubiza njalo olo lwimi kuba singalwazi. Kodwa ndithe ndakuqala ibanga lesithathu apho yonke into esikolweni ibifundiswa ngo “*Vrityi Vrityi*” ndaqala

ndamqonda kakhuhle okokuba ngubani unobangela wokokuba nimazi kwaye nimthethe. Maxa wambi apha ekumthetheni nanidla ngokuthetha izinto ebeningafuni okokuba sizive, ngamany'amazwi benithetha ekhusini. Kwelinye icala kungenxa yokokuba benikhe naphangela ezifama naba nilufunda apho olo lwimi.

Ndingatsho ndithi yandanceda into yokokuba umama akwazi ukuthetha *uvrityi vurityi* kuba okokuba wayengakwazi ngendafumana isitampu esibomvu sikaphumaphele kwidolophu yase Kapa apho ndazalelwa khona. Kaloku mna nomama sasiye kwiOfisi yakwa Ndabazabantu apho bekusenziwa isazisi. Umhlekezazi webhulu ekwathiwa masiye kuye asincede, wandibuza okokuba bendihlelele ntoni de ndigqithe iminyaka elishumi elinesithandathu ndingenayo iDompasi.

Ngelishwa lam nelakhe, ndandisenoPoqo omninzi entlokweni yam ngenxa yezixholoxholo ezazisenzeka ngalo maxesha, ndamphendula ndisithi “As you say, it is a dompas, why must I carry a dom (stupid pas)? Iyoo makhulu kwathi kanti ndinyathele inyoka emsileni, waphakama esithi uyakwisidlo *selunch* ukubuya kwakhe uzakundinika uphumaphele ndiye eTranskei. Ndamphendula ngetshiki ndisithi mna ndizalelwe eKapa hayi eTranskei. Ngelo xesha umama yena waye *vurityivurityiza* ecenga lo meneer ukuba angandigxothi. U-*meneer* lowo akazange alistho nelimdaka waphuma ngomsindo ebomvu esishiya kuloo *ofisi* mna nomama.

Yada yadlula nenstimbi yesibini sihleli apho kuba kaloku yayingekho indlela yokokuba ndinga bhala imviwo zebanga leshumi ndingenaso isaziso. Ngelingeni wabuya sel' etyikitya loo maphepha, kodwa azange avume ukuba afake igama lam lesiXhosa kwisazisi elo. Ndayibona ngaloo mini indima yokukwazi ukuthetha *uvrityi vurityi*.

IV

IPOFOLIYO

Lo msebenzi ungeniswa ngenjongo yokuhlangabezana

neemfuno zesidanga

seMaster of Arts

kubuGcisa bokuBhala

Ngu-

Thobeka Veronica Ndlebe-September

eYunivesithi iRhodes

Iijenali ZobuGcisa BokuBhala

Ufundo lwemibongo ngoLwesithathu odlulileyo, luye lwaqwalasela uncwadi lwababhali apho ndingaphawula uS.E.K. Mqhayi, R.M. Tshaka, G. Soya Mama, St J.P. Yako, L.T. Manyase kwakunye noNompumelelo Buzani. Yonke le mibhalo ibinika umdla kakhulu. Kubekho nombongo oye wandidlwengul' umxhelo, lo wombhali uJ.J.R. Jolobe. Apha kulo mbongo umbhali uthetha ngamazinyo, ewabonga ukubaluleka kwawo.

Ndithanda indlela andinika umfanekiso ngqondweni ngokuthi andizobele ngamazinyo nangokubaluleka kwawo. Lo mbongo mfutshane, nangona kunjalo uyagalela oku kwemvula isina ngamandla. Ndiphawule indlela umbhali athe wathetha ngomzimba nathe waba kanti uza kubeka umnwe kumazinyo. Apha umbhali undifundisa, ekwandibonisa isakhono sokutyebisa indlela yokubhala ngomzimba nokugxininisa kwibakala elithile kumzimba lowo. Apha undicingise indlela endithe komnye wemibhalo yesingesi ndathetha ngomthi kanti eyona nto ebendigqale kuyo ngumzimba kwakunye nokubaluleka kwamalungu athile apha emzimbeni.

Umzekelo xa esithi, “Ziimpondwana zendlovu”, apha ubonisa ukubaluleka kwawo amazinyo ngokuthi awafanise neempondo zendlovu. Siya kukhumbhula kaloku ukuba iimpondo zendlovu bubuhle bazo, ngelishwa ezi mpondo zizingelwa ngabophulimthetho abanyolukele iipokotho zemali zazo bengazinzanga iindlovu ngokuthi batyeshela amalungelo azo. Lo mxholo ndigqiba ukuwukhankanya ubonisa iindlela ngeendlela endinokuthi ndinabe ngazo ngokubhala ngeempondo zendlovu phantsi kwesihloko samazinyo. Ndihambe naye umbhali xa esithi yimela yeezirhovu. Kaloku amazinyo akwayindlela yokuzikhusela, nto leyo esiyibona nkqu nakwizilwanyana zazizama ukuzikhusela kuluntu nakwezinye izilwanyana. Umzekelo, izinja ziyaluma ukanti iikati ziyakrwempa njalunjalo.

Ndiyayithanda imfundiso yakhe umbhali, apha kum njengombhali wale mihla, ngakumbi xa endizobela indlela amazinyo ebeye ahlanjwe ngayo mandulo. Umzekelo uthi, “Kusulwa siwakhuhle, Sandule siwakhuhle”. Kule mihla sihlamba ngesicoci i-*Colgate* ukanti kudala kwakusetyenziswa umsizi. Esi sakhono sokuthetha ngezinto zamandulo ndisifumanisa sibalulekile ekufundiseni ngakumbi ulutsha ngentlalo nange Mpilo yabantu nto leyo endiqonda okokuba ibalulekile ngakumbi kwisizwe sakwantu ukuze siyazi imvelaphi yethu siluluntu oluntsundu. Lo mbongo uye wandikhokelela ekubeni ndicinge nzulu ngesi sihloko samazinyo.

Speiks tshomi andidlali xa ndisithi “Ukuba ndandazile” ngendingazanga ndawakhupha amazinyo amu.

Ababhali BesiXhosa: UNontsizi Mgqwetho Namanye Amanina

Kwisifundo sesiXhosa esingembali ngababhali basetyhini nesiye sagxininisa kumama uNontsizi Mgqwetho, ndiye ndafunda lukhulu. Ndithe xa ndiphanda nzulu ngomama uNontsizi Mgqwetho nangemibongo yakhe ndafumanisa ukuba, umbongo wakhe wokuqala washicilelwa ngumzi ‘Umteteleli wa Bantu ngowama-23 Okthobha1920 phantsi kwesihloko esithi “Imbongi uChizama.” Ndingatsho ukuba umama ube ngumhlahlindlela ehlahlela abanye ababhali basetyhini balo maxesa kwakunye nabale mihla.

Umbongo kamama uNontsizi othi ‘*Ukuba Umntu Akakwazi! Ukuyongamela Eyake-Indlu! Angatinina Ukupata Isizwe Sika Tixo?*’ Ndiphawula ukuba ngezantsi kwalo mbhalo kukho isihloko esithi (*Eyokuqala ka Timoti 3:5*). Ndiqaphele indlela athe umama uNontsizi wawasebenzisa ngayo amagama esingesi kwimihobe yakhe, amagama afana no ‘*usityudeni, basop nobranti*’. Umbuzo wam ngulowo uthi xa la magama ayesetyenziswa mandulo kungani ke ngoko umntu owasebenzisayo kwilixa langoku suke kube ngathi unetyala lehagu okanye wenze esona sakhe sasikhulu isono?

Andithi mayibe nguvula zibhuqe, kugityiselwe nje amagama esingesi kulwimi lwesiXhosa koko ndithi kubhalo lobugcisa kubalulekile ukuzama ukugcina kanye le ndlela abalinganiswa bebali okanye umxholo lowo bathetha ngayo. Ukuba loo mlinganiswa kulo ploti akuyo usebenzisa *usityudeni*, kungani ke ukuba kungaveli oko kwindlela ekubhalwa ngayo suka kutshintshwe kusetyenziswe ‘umfundi?’ Oko kubangela ukunganyaniseki kumbhali ngokuthi atshintshe indlela abathetha ngayo abalinganiswa. Oku andikuboni kubulala ulwimi, endaweno yoko kuyalutyebisa kuba ngoku endaweni yegama elinye kuphela elithi umfundi, ubani unokukhetha *usityudeni*.

Imishinari zaba nefuthe elikhulu kwindima yokufundiswa kubhalo lwesiXhosa.

Ndiyalingqina elo kuba naku sifunda sibhala ngazo zonke iilwimi esinamandla okuzithetha, ukuzifunda nokuzibhala. Noko kunjalo, kumeleze siqaphele ukuba zazikho nezinye iindlela ezazisetyenziswa zokubhala mandulo njengokuzoba ngakumbi kwisizwe samaSesiqhakancu.

Ndibe nomdla kakhulu yintetho kaNkosazana Siyasanga Mwanda xa ebethetha kumsitho wababhali eqononondisa ukuba ulwazi belusakudluliswa ziinkonde neenkondekazi ngeentsomi amabali kunye neengoma. Ndiyamngqinela kuba uMakhulu wam wayevamise ukusibalisela amabali ekhaya sisakhula, rhoqo ngokuhlwa xa siza kulala.

Ndandikhwanqiswa kukuba uMakhulu wayengafundanga kodwa wayewazi onke amaculo ecawa ngentloko. Eyona ntsomi endandiyithanda yayingoJohn, owavuka esiya edolophini.

Wahamba wahamba uJohn, wahlangana nomthi omde wahamba wahamba uJohn, Wawel' umlambo, wahamba wahamba uJohn. Ndandiye ndibuze, Makhulu ufika nini uJohn edolophini? Suka umakhulu athi 'wahamba wahamba uJohn.' Bendiye ndibiwe bubuthongo esahamba uJohn.

Ngoko ke imihobe kamama uNontsizi kunye nomama uMinazana Dana, Lulu Nqubane, Vatiswa Nondumiso Hlwatika igxinisiswe kwindima yendlela ebebeye abantu abantsundu kudala kwelaseMzantsi Afrika bathi bagcine ulwazi lwabo, izithethe, inkcubeko namasiko ngakumbi ulwimi lwabo, luphila ngembali neentsomi.

Liyinyani elokuba kumaxa amaninzi, nasesikolweni bendisoloko ndifunda ngababhali abangootata abafana nooJ.J.R. Jolobe, S.E.K Mqhayi, Es'kia Mphahlele, W.K Tamsanqa, nabaninzi endingabakhankanyanga. Kubabhali basetyhini endithe ndafunda ngabo bambi ndada ndaya nakumaqonga abo, ndingabalula umama uSindiwe Magona, Gcina Mhlophe, Nadine Gordimer, Kholeka Sigenu, Nomonde Mgumane-Qotela, nabanye. Ndifunde lukhulu kwesi sifundo ngababhali jikelele bezwe lethu kwaye nam ndakhuthazeka njengombhali osakhasayo nosanqwenela ukufunda kangangoko kubabhali abasele bengaphambili ngakumbi aba basetyhini.

Ukubhala Usebenzisa Ulwimi Ngokungathi Uyathetha... (Ngokungathi Uthetha intetho engenantsingiselo uzama ukukhangela eyona ntsingiselo)

Isihloko ‘*Writing as a way of talking simply.... (and incoherently) to find clarity*’; ebesifundiswa nguNyezwa sindenze ndakwazi ukukheth’ iphel’ emasini. Njengombhali, ndifumanise into yokokuba apha ekubhaleni amabali nemibongo, kwakunye neminye imibhalo yezobugcisa, akukho miqathango elawula umbhali ukuba alibhale njani ibali lakhe. Ngamanye amazwi, umbhali uselungelweni lokubhala loo nto ayivayo kuye nalo nto imqhubela okokuba abhale ngayo.

Ndifunde ukuba akukho ndlela iyiyo nengeyiyo ekubhaleni, koko kuya ngokomoya wombhali. Igqirha ngalinye linendlela yalo elixhentsa ngayo entlombeni liqhutywa ngokulawulwa ngumoya nokukhawulelana kwalo nesandi kunye nesingqi sengoma. Kwanjaqo, umfundisi uyayimisa inkonzo xa ikwayala ivuma ngokuzekelisa ityhafisa umoya oyingwele wentshumayelo yakhe. Bobabini aba bantu umfundisi negqirha sube beqhutywa bubugeza bemimoya, okanye impambano ephilisayo.

Nalapha ekubhaleni umhlohli uthi “*the more fragmented, mad, insane the more you become better in writing.*” Umzekelo, ababhali abafana noLesego Rampolokeng, Vonani Bila kunye noDambudzo Marechero abayibhityisi intetho yabo xa bethetha ngezopolitiko. Kwincwadana ‘*The House of Hunger*’ uDambudzo uthetha elubala ngezopolitiko esithi, “*Even the praises of ‘Blackness’ had a sour note in them. One felt live coals hissing in a sea of paranoia. Gloomy nights stitched by needles of existentialism. Black despair lit up by suicidal vision*”.

Apha sibona umbhali oziva engenakuthula ngesimo selizwekazi lakhe eliphantsi kwemeko yentlupheko nendlala. Usizobela umfanekiso ngqondweni ngokutyeshela amagama aqhelekileyo nangokuthi agxininisa intetho yakhe ngamanye amagama imetaphors ngelasemzini. Ndifunde okokuba xa ndibhala, akunyanzelekanga okokuba into endiyibhalayo mayibe nesihlahla okanye mayingqale ngqo kwinto endithetha ngayo. Akudingeki okokuba mayibe nesiqalo, nesinqe kwakunye nesiphelo. Umzekelo, xa ndibhala ngentsomi bendiye ndiqale ngokuthi ‘kwathi kaloku ngantsomi’ ndandule ke ukubalisa. Umnumzana uNyezwa usifundise okokuba iyawunciphisa, ikwawubityisa umbhalo lo nto nangona yayisebenza mandulo kufuneka sizame iindlela ezikhawulela ubhalo lwamandulo nolo lwakalokunje.

Ndisithande kakhulu isifundo ebesinge ‘*influence*’ ngakumbi imizekelo echongiweyo ye-R&B yooStevie Wonder kunye noSmoky Robinson. Ngamanye amaxa asizoyamisi okanye sizibekela kude nemibhalo yethu ngesingesi ‘*we distance ourselves*’ from our writing. Le

ntetha akayikhuthazi umfo kaNyezwa nam ndiyamgqinela, masibe kufutshane kwesikubhalayo ukuze sibe nako ukunyaniseka kangangoko.

Imibongo Ngezothando

Enye yezinto endizifumene ziluncedo kukuba umbhali uhlohlwa ngoncwadi. Kugxininiswa kakhulu ukuba xa ungumbhali kwazi okubhaliweyo nokuba yimibongo okanye iprozi. Ndifumana ifuthe kwimibongo nakwiprozi. Imibongo endiyifundayo inganalo ifuthe kwiprozi endiyibhalayo ukanti neprozi ngokunjalo. Umzekelo ibalana elithi ‘Entle Kangaka’ beliefuthelwe yile mibongo mibini ilandelayo. Noko kunjalo, le mibongo ingezantsi ndiyifundileyo ayivelisanga amabali kuphela koko iphemebelele ekubeni nam ndivelise kwa imibongo.

Ndithe ndakuba ndiqwalasele umbongo wombhali uMqhayi othi ‘*Umfo endimthandayo*’ kunye nombongo wombhali uG. Soya Mama, ndazifumana ndinefuthe lokubhala eyam imibongo ngezothando. Ndikwathande nendlela aba babhali bathe bandizobela ngayo umfanekiso ngqondweni okhokelele okokuba ndicinge nzulu xa ndibhala ndikwazoba le mibongo mithathu.

Ngoko ke, ndithe xa ndibhala umbongo othi ‘*Umfo Endimthandayo*’ ndazizobela imifanekiso ngqonweni yemibuzo ngokwenjenje:

- Ziintoni iimpawu ezindakhayo mna kulo mfo ndimthandayo?
- Mfundiso zini endinokuzikhankanya apha kuye?
- Ngaba ukholo lwakhe kuSomandla, lunayo indima kuthando lwam ngakuye?
- Ngaba uyazazi izithethe namasiko akubo?
- Ngaba uluxabisile uluntu okanye uzixabise yena siqu?
- Ngaba unayo na imbeko nentlonipho kubazali, unkosikazi, nosapho lwakhe?
- Ngaba inkangeleko yakhe iyandivuyisa, ngamanye amazwi undilisekile na?

Ndiyazi ukuba kwaXhosa ubuhle bendoda ziinkomo zayo. Noko kunjalo, iinkomo zizodwa azanelanga. Umfo endimthandayo engenazo ezi mpawu kuquka nezo ndizibhale kumbongo wam, ndingaba nditheth’ ulwimi etywaleni xa ndisithi ndiyamthanda.

Ndiye ke, ndanomfanekiso ngqondweni nefuthe elindibangele ukuba iingcinga zam zigxininise kwinto ezimbini:

- Siyintoni isizathu sokokuba ndingamthandi lo mfo?

- Xa ndimzoba ngokomfanekiso ngqondweni, ziziphi izinto umfundi anokuziqwalasela ngalo mfo?

Ndiye ke ngoko ndabhala ngomfo endingamthandiyo, ndiquka uluvo lwam ngaye, ngokuthi ndigxininise kwimeko zasekuhlaleni ngokubanzi. Ndiye ndazoba umfanekiso ngqondweni ngokuxhatyazwa nokuhlukubezwa kwa-basetyhini nakunye nabantwana ngabantu besilisa. Amaxa amaninzi obubuxelegu, nalentlonti, benziwa ngumntu osisihlobo kumaxhobo lawo. Ububi bakhe umfo endingamthandiyo bufihlakele. Yilento athi umbhali u G. Soya Mama (;24) xa ethetha ngaye;

Umntu Endingamthandiyo

Andimthand'umntu onje,

Umntu othetha ngezabanye,

Ongazang'athethe ngezakhe.

Xa ndiqukumbela, ndingangqina ndithi ndifunde iindindi neentlobo zokubhalwa kwemibongo yesiXhosa. Ethe, yakhokelela okokuba ndinike ingqwalasela yobunzulu bothando, nakubabhali bayo imibongo yesintu. UMqhayi undinike ifuthe lokokuba ndiqinisekise kwaye ndigxininise ngomfo endimthandayo xa ndibhala umbongo. Umzekelo, umbhalo wakhe unesingqi nesandi sengoma esingathandabuzekiyo. Kulo mbhalo, uMqhayi undizobele umfanekiso ngqondweni yomntu oxhentsayo, obongayo, nakwanjalo ekwa phethwe yinkenqe yezothando kulowo amthandayo.

Ufundo lwemibongo ngezothando, lube nefuthe kakhulu ekuqondisiseni indlela endinokuthi ndibhale ngayo xa ndibhala ngezothando. Ngoko, ndithe ndakuba ndibhala eyam imibongo ndacinganzulu ngesakhono sokubhala ngezothando. Ndingatsho ndithi ndiphawule ukuba kuyo yonke le mibongo kukho iimfundiso ngeentlobo ntlobo zothando ezifumaneka jikelele kuluntu ngokubanzi.

Maxawambi ezi mfundiso ziyakha maxawambi ziya chitha. Kwanajalo ziquka lonke udidi lwababantu, umzekelo amadoda, amakhosikazi kwakunye nabantwana abangamantombazana nabangamakhwenkwe.

Okulandelayo, *Iinkunzi Ezimbini*, gokubhalwe nguHlumela Motlhabane indibonise uhlobo lokubhalwa okuthiwa lubhalo ngezabasetyhini. Apha ndiphawule okokuqala amagama abizwa ngawo la makhosikai mabini, uNolasti kwakunye noNolimithi. La magama, ngeemini zakudala

ayethatyathwa njengamagama afanekileyo koomolokazana kwaye abantu bawo bezingca ngawo. Kumaxesha esiphila kuwo namhlanje, la magama abukwa njengesinyeliso kumakhosikazi ngenxa yentsingiselo yawo esengela phantsi amakhosikazi.

Ukuzama ukubaleka ezi zenyeliso, ndibone kungcono ukulandela ekhondweni likaRustum Siyongwana kwincwadi yakhe ethu *Ubulumko Bezinja* apho asebenzisa abalinganiswa abazizilwanyana lo gama exusha imiba eyenzeka eluntwini. Ndibe nabo ke abalingniswa abafana nooMalaleveva, Ntakumba njalo-njalo.

SisekuHlumela Motlhabane njalo, apha umbhali ubethelela iintente zakhe kanye apho ndinomdla wokujonga intsingiselo yamagama oomakoti amandulo kwakunye namagama oomakoti bala maxesha. Ndifunde ukuba nam kwakunye nabanye ababhali bale mihla, kufuneka sibaze iindlebe xa sibhala sikwathiya abalinganiswa koko sikubhalayo.

La magama akwaquka nokuphathwa gadala kwabafazi, ekuqa ukutshutshiseka nokutshutshisana kwabafazi abakwisithembu. Ndiyawuthanda lo mbhalo kuba uphicotha iimeko ezahlukeneyo ekuhlaleni kumadoda nakumabhinqa. Lo mbhalo ukwabonisa indlela abanye abantu abasezikhundleni aboyika ngayo ukubabazwa kwezinto abazenza ekukhusini, kuquka nokuphatha gadalala kwabantwana namakhosikazi emizini yabo njengoSibonda lo. Umbhali ukwabonisa indlela endinokuthi ndibhale ngokuzimela kwanokulwela amalungelo abo badidekileyo yimpathombi ebahlelayo ngakumbi kumakhosikazi axhomekeke kubayeni babo kanaanjalo nabo bangaxhomekekanga kubo.

Apha sizotyelwa indlela yokuswela ingqesho enefuthe ngayo kwiSizwe ngokubanzi, okubangela amakhosikazi abelixhoba lokuhlukunyezwa kuba exhomekekile. Kule yanamhlanje impilo ndithanda amadoda athe amanyana phantsi kophahla oluthi ‘Nothi egameni lethu’ ukuxhatyazwa kwamabhinqa nabantwana. Umbongo othi “Thyini uyathandwa!” utsho ngqo ngaphakathi entliziyweni.

Kaloku wonke ubani uyafuna ukuthandwa ekwafuna nokuxelelwa okokuba “Thyini Uyathandwa”. Kum lo mbongo uqulathe indlela ngeendlela oluboniswa ngalo uthando. Umzekelo, oluthando lungaba kanti lujolise kutywala oluhlonitshwa njenge nyembezi zika Vitoliya, lunako kanaanjalo ukujoliswa kuthando lwabantu ababini abathandanayo njengendoda nomfazi, okanye abantu ababini abathandanayo abanesini esinye.

Umbhali ukwandibonisa nomfanekiso wento ethandwa nguwonkewonke efana nomdiza okanye ucantsi. Yomibini le mizekeliso iyathandwa ngabanikazi bayo. Ndithande indlela

umbhali abalisa ngayo apho kukho incoko yabantu ababini, ze kuphinde kubekho ingcaciso okanye umbhali ayenza phakathi kwakhe kwakunye nomfundi. Ndithanda nangakumbi umfanekiso ngqondweni andizobela wona njengamfundi. Ibali lakhe alihambi lodwa koko nathibantu siyalilandela ngokungathi singaphakithi ebalini.

Ibali elithi “Inkwenkwe Iyafana Nenyeye” lombhali uW.N. Mbovane, ndifumanise ukuba lifana ncakasane nendlela endithi ndibhale ngayo inxenye yamabali endiwabhalayo. Ndithe xa ndifunda kwangathi umbhali uza kuthi “Kwathi kaloku ngantsomi. Intsasa yayizole kamnandi kuphephezela umoya omyoli”, ze atyatyadule abalise ngale nkwenkwe isihloko sayo sithi “Inkwenkwe Iyafana Nenyeye. Ndithanda indlela umbhali abonisa ngayo isakhono sokubhala ngombandela onemfundiso nontsokothileyo, awenze ibe ngumbhalo onika umdla kubafundi.

Uhlalutyo Lweencwadi

Njengoko ndibhala ngeelwimi ezimbini, isiXhosa nesiNgesi, apha ndiza kuphawula kuphela iincwadi ezine endithe ndaba nomdla wokuzihlalutya.

Eyokuqala incwadi ngokubhalwe nguE.L. Xametsata “Ntliziyo Ungumkhohlisi.” Eyesibini incwadi ngokubhalwe nguW.B. Rubusana “Zemk’ iinkomo Magqwalandini” eyesithathu incwadi ngokubhalwe nguR.L. Peteni “Kwazidenge, eyesine ngokubhalwe nguP.T. Mtuze, Alitshoni Lingaphumi.”

Ngoko ndivumeleni ndiphawule ndenjenje, eyona nto ndiyiphawulileyo ngawo amabali la, yindlela athe abhalwa ngayo. Umzekelo incwadi “uKwazidenge” kum indibonise isakhono ezazibhalwa ngayo iintsomi zasemabalini ngakumbi ezo zinxulumene nemilo yamakhwenkwe elali. Ngokunjalo kuquka ukulandelelana kokubhalwa kwesahluko ngokungathi yingoma ehleli emxhelweni ngokubetha kolwimi nangesandi. Ezinye izahluko ndizifumanise zityatyadule kakhulu naxa ndithelekisa ezi ncwadi zingezantsi.

Ndivuyile xa ndifunda kwananjalo ndibona indlela umbhali uW.B. Rubusana ebhale ngokohlobo nam endithe ndaba ndibhale ngalo ibali likaMalaleveva noNtakumba. Umzekelo, sifumanisa isihloko esingumkhombandlela webali njengesi “Umsitho Wamaxhosa” ze kulandeliswe ngezihlokwana eziqala ezinye iingcaciso eziphangaleleyo ezifana nezi “Ukufilisha, Ukukhlolela, Umsitho.” Njalo-njalo. Zonke ezi zahlukwana zinamabalana azo ezijoliswe kusingaye womxholo ongoMsitho WamaXhosa.

Apha ekubhaleni, ndiqaphele ukuba ndiyaluthanda ufundo oluquka ukubhalwa kweleta, umzekelo masithi uNozala ubhalela unyana wakhe osemangelweni. Yiyokanye le ndlela endivamise ukubhala ngayo esiNgesini, nendithe ndanochulumanco xa ndifunda isahluko sesi3, esithi “Ntab’ ezikude Ngamasithela” ngokubhalwe nguE. L. Xhameshata.

Lilonke liyinyani elithi “Ukuze ube ngumbhali, funda ngabanye ababhali, ngakumbi indlela abathi babhale ngayo.” La mazwi sisonka semihla ngemihla esinebhotolo esisoloko sisinikwa ngootishala bonke bezifundo zeMA kubuGcisa bokuBhala.

Alitshoni Lingaphumi ngokubhalwa nguP. T. Mtuze

Le ncwadi yenye yeencwadi endibenomdla kakhulu ukuyihlalutya nendingayibalulayo kuluhlu lweencwadi ezithe zabhalwa nguMbhali uP T Mtuze. Le ncwadi ishicelelwe ngomyaka we1986. Isalathiso sale ncwadi siquka izahlukwana ezilishumi elinesibhozo athetha ngeendidi ezahlukeneyo ngokwentlalo yoluntu ngakumbi abantu abantsundu kwilizwekazi uMzantsi Afrika. Nto leyo endithe ndafunda lukhulu kuyo ngeembali zamandulo apho inxenye yazo singazinto ngazo.

Zonke ezi zahlukwana ziqulathe iimfundiso ezakhayo nangona isekelwe kubalinganiswa kwakunye namabali athe aqwetywa ukwenzela ukuba umfundi abe nomdla ngako oko unobalisa azimise khona intente zakhe. Apha kwesi sigaba ndiqaphele indlela umbhali athe wabhala xa ebhala ngabalinganiswa. Ndlela leyo enika umdla kwindlela endinokuyisebenzisa ekutyebiseni ukubhala ngomlinganiswa ngamnye ebalini.

Ndiqaphela ukuba ezi zahlukwana azinde kuyaphi, noko kunjalo intsingiselo efumaneka kuwo yephangaleleyo. Ndikwaqaphele nokokuba izihloko zala mabali azimlahlekisi umfundi, ziqonda ngqo apho ithole lifele khona. Umzekelo isifundo esithi, *UMdlalo Wamakhwenkwe* lusizobela umfanekiso ngqondweni ngendlela athi amakhwenkwe aba nehloombe ngayo xa kusiyiwa emidlaleni xa ekhalisa iimpempe zawo esithi Pr-r-pr-r-r-r! naxa ekhalisa imilozi esithi Vityo-o! Vii-tyo-vi-tyo-o!

Akukho mathandabuzo nakumfundi ongazange awabone amakhwenkwe emdlalweni. Enye into endithe ndayiqaphela kulo mbhalo kukuba onke la mabali aqulathwe aze ajoliselwa kumlinganiswa omnye, nangona bekhona abanye abalinganiswa abadlala indima yabo kwalapha ezahlukweni. Ezi zahluko zibhekisele kwintlalo yoluntu ngakumbi uluntu olusezifama.

Ezi zahlukwana ziqondisele ekukhankanyeni nendima ethe yadlalwa lualucalulo olwaluphenjelelwa zezepolitiki nobandlululo olwaluvamile ngakumbi ezifama ngexesha lengcinezelo. Apha andizami ukuphengulula oko umbhali sele ekutshilo, koko ndibonisa ezam izimvo ngendlela umbhali athe wasizobela ngayo umfanekiso ngqondweni kula mabali.

Kwananjalo, ndithanda indlela athi asihlekise ngayo nakubeni abantu abantsundu bebephantsi kwengcinezelo ngelo xesha. Umzekelo, usizobela umfanekiso ngqondweni wegusha ebiweyo ethi ithiywe igama lokokuba nguShoti khon' ukuze wonke ubani angamthatheli ngqalelo uShoti lo de kudule ukuba lo Shoti yigusha ebiweyo.

Aphinde asihlekise ngokufefa amanzi ebantwaneni ukubhida umkhondo wokokuba inyama yagqityelwa nini kwelo khaya. Kwakhona, kuyachukumisa kakhulu ukufunda ngomfuduko yabantu besiba apho bangaziyo khona, beshiya ngasemva amadlaka ookhoko.

Apha umbhali usibonisa esinye isakhono sakhe njengombhali xa athi aphozise amaxeba emfuduso ngokubhala umbungo wembongi 'uNyokonyibhoxo.'

Umbuzo ngowokuba, kazi ebeya kuthini umbhali xa isizukulwana sikaRharhabe sisafudukiselwa eMetele nakule mihla? Umbhali uMtuze ubhalile ngokubanzi ngolwimi lwakwantu de kuwo lo mnyaka wama-2019 wawongwa ngesidanga sobugqirhalwazsokumnik' imbeko ngenxa yemisebenzi yakhe ekuphuhliseni ulwimi lwesiXhosa.

Ngoko ke njengombhali, ndibone sibalulekile isakhono andifundise sona sokukwazi ukubhala nangayiphi na imeko entlalweni yoluntu, ngendlela ebonisa isakhono sam kwiindlela ezahlukahlukeneyo ngeziganeko zamandulo kwanezo zakutsha nje. Ndifunde ngobuncwane bokuhlekisa, nokokuba into ayihlekisi.

Ucweyo Lofundo Lwamabali

NgoMgqibelo womhla wamashumi anesibini kwinyanga kaJulayi, 2019, ndiye ndanocweyo lofundo lwemisebenzi endithe ndayibhala. Olu fundo bendiluqhubela kwiholo apho inxenye yabafundi abenza izidanga zabo zokuqala kwakunye nabo babizwa ngokuba zii-*Post Graduates* beYunivesithi iRhodes batyela khona.

Ndikhethe amabalana amathathu ndijolise kule nyanga yesikhumbuzo ngoBawo uMandela.

- Oyena Mfo Ndimthandayo
- Umyeni kaNofezile
- Entle Kangaka

Eneneni ndithe ndisakuba ndigqibile ufundo olo, bahlomla abasebenzi. Utata wokuqala uphawule ngendima edlalwe nguBawo U Mandela kwisizwe esintsundu ekulweni ucalucalulo, nangona ngoku iinkokheli ziwusengela phantsi loo msebenzi ngokungafezekisi iimfanelo zabantu.

Kananjalo ufundo lwesibini “uMyeni kaNofezile.” Ufundo Lwesithathu “Entle Kangaka” asikhangela sikwazi ukuwushukuxa njengoko ixesha belisele limkile. Ndiye ndabulela kakhulu ngexesha abathe bandinika lona. Kwananjalo, alisabangakho ixesha lokwenza ucweyo lokubhala.

Kwelam icala bendothuswe linani elincinci elithe lakwazi ukubakho kucweyo. Noko kunjalo ndiye ndaqhubeka nofundo olo. Kwintlangano ebendithe ndanayo kunye nomhlohli wam uManga Buzani, uthe inani belingenamsebenzi ngendiqhubekekile ngocweyo lokubhala. Ndithembise ukuba ndakuphinda ndilandelise ngalo ngakumbi sele luqhube kakuhle ucweyo lofundo lwamabali.

Ingxelo Ngengxelo Yomhlalutyi Wala mabali

Apha kwesi isigaba, iinjongo zam zezo zibhekisele ekuvakaliseni izimvo zam ngokunxulumene nokufundwa kwethisisi le ngumhlalutyi wamabali endithe ndawabhala.

Ndiphawule okokuba umhlalutyi ukhankanye okokuba umbhalo uvulwa ngengxoxo phakati kwezinzambuzana ezimbini, uMalaleveva kwakunye noNtakumba nathe xa ewuqwalasela nzulu lo mbalo wafumanisa ukuba asiyontsomi le nanjengoko isishwankathelo sisitsho. Le ngxoxo phakathi koMalaleveva noNtakumba abadlali abaphambili ingoopopayi.

Ndivuyile ngeso siqinisekiso nathe wasibiza okokuba yi-*animation flash fiction*. Nangona kunjalo, umhlalutyi ubalule ekwahlaba amadlala kwimiba endithe andayiphuhlisa ngokuqgibeleleyo, nethe wagxininisa okokuba ndiwuqaphele xa ndibhala.

Ndiye ndayiphawula le miba ndaza ndenza unakonako wokuyiphuhlisa imibhalo yam njengoko kukhankanyiweyo ngumhlalutyi. Umzekelo, ndithe ndawalungisa kutsha onke amabali ngokunxulumene nendima yesiqalo, isiqu, kwanesiphelo sebali.

Ndikwazamile ukuzobela umfundi umfanekiso ngqondweni wendawo apho umzekelo, ingxoxo kaMalaleveva noNtakumba ibisenzeka khona. Kwananjalo ndikwanabisela umfundi ngoSanti nendima yakhe kulo mbhalo.

Ndiwathandle kakhulu amazwi enkuthazo asuka kumhlalutyi ngayo limibhalo ngezinambuzane. Ngakumbi leyo yokugxininisa kwizinto ekufuneka ndigxininise kuzo khonukuze umbhalo wam ubenokuphuhliseka.

Amabali alandelayo phantsi kwesigaba sesibini, ngalawo aqulathe amabalana amafutshane njengo, Unokati neVasikom yamanzi njalonjalo. Nalapha kwelibalana, ndiyendabeka intente zam apho umhlalutyi agxininise khona, ekubeni umxholo webali lam ndiwubeke ekuqaleni hayi esiqwini. Ndiyendenza njalo nakwamanye amabali alandelayo.

Oku kugxininisa kohlobo lokubhala, ndiye ndaba ndisebenzisa iTeliki (Italic) kumagama angengawo awolwimi lwesiXhosa

Uqokumbelo

Ngokufuthelwa ngababhali ngababhali abafana noMqhayi, Mtuze, Wellington Moya, Gcina Mhlophe, Nontsizi Mgqwetho, Minazana Dana, nabanye ndivelise le thisisi nale potifoliyo. Uwonke lo msebenzi, nangona ujonge impilo yoluntu, ukwasisixhobo sokukhulisa ababhali basetyhini. Asiyomfihlo ukuba inani lababhali abangamadoda liphezulu le xa kuthelekiswa nenani lababhali baasetyhini. Ngalo msebenzi, ndinomqweno wokuba nenekazi lithile lawuthi liwufunde nalo likhuthazeke, lithabathe usiba, liqhubeke, landise apho ndisilele khona, ngethemba lokuba nalo lakukhuthaza abanye lide linyuke inani lababhali basetyhini. Umqweno ayikokunyuka kwenani kuphela koko ikwakukunyuka kwenqanaba lomsebenzi obhalwe ngamanina. Mzi wakuthi, xhwithani ke, nisikelane ukuze sakhane sikhulise unwadi lwethu.