



Nalibali

It starts with a story...

Choosing books for children

Which books get children begging for more? Younger readers often choose a book because they like the illustration on the front cover! More experienced readers might choose a book on their favourite subject or by familiar author. So, how do you choose books for children? Here are some ideas:

- Ask your children's friends what they have enjoyed reading or ask other parents what their children are reading at the moment. Get to know your local librarians and ask them which authors children of a particular age usually enjoy.
- Books for babies and pre-schoolers should be in their home language where possible. Have a go at translating books that have very few words, which are not published in the language you need. Also try to find home language books for older children – nothing beats reading a story in your home language!
- Babies like brightly coloured pictures or photographs of objects or people with simple text. They love feeling the rhythms of language, and listening to repetition and rhyme.

- Wordless books are a great investment because you get the chance to tell a story in your own way to your children in any language you like. They then can create their own stories too.
- Choose some books that reflect things that will be familiar to your children – for example, books in which the homes look like your children's. Choose other books that provide new experiences, such as folktales or stories set in different places and cultures.
- For children who can already read, it's best to choose some books that they can read on their own; some books you can read together and some books (with more complex language and plots) that you can read to them.
- Picture books and novels about difficult things in children's lives – like the arrival of a new sibling, illness, parents' divorce or friendship challenges – can help them process their feelings and face their fears.
- Information books are not just for older children. Factual books stimulate curiosity and help children to learn about our world.

Find more information on choosing books for children at www.nalibali.org

Ukukhethela abantwana iincwadi

info@nalibali.org

Zeziphi iincwadi ezibenza abantwana bafune ukufunda nangakumbi? Kumaxesha amaninzi abafundi abancinci incwadi bayikhetha kuba bethanda imizobo yayo eseqweqweni! Abafundi abanamava bayikhetha ngenxa yokuthanda umxholo wayo okanye ngenxa yokwazi umbhali wayo. Ubakhethela njani abantwana iincwadi ke ngoku? Nazi ezinye zeengecibiso:

- Buza abahlobo babantwana bakho ukuba yeyiphi na incwadi yokufunda abayonwabelayo okanye ubuze abazali babo ukuba zeziphi na iincwadi abazifundayo. Yazana ngcono noosomathala beencwadi ze ubabuze ngababhali abathandwa ngabantwana abakwiminyaka ethile.
- Iincwadi zabasulula nezabo basalungiselela ukuqala isikolo kufuneka zibe ngolwimi lwabo, xa iimeko zivuma. Zama ukuziguqulela iincwadi ozifunayo ezinamagama ambalwa ezipapashwe ngeelwimi ezingezizo ezo uzifunayo. Zama ukufumana neencwadi zabantwana abadala ezibhalwe ngeelwimi zabo – akukho nto imnandi ngathi kukufunda ibali ngolwimi lwakho!
- Abafundi abaselula bathanda iincwadi ezinemibala okanye ezinemifanekiso yezinto okanye yabantu nezibhalwe ngendlela elula. Bayavana nokuva isingqisho solwimi kwanokumamela uphinda-phindo neevesi.
- Iincwadi ezingenamagama zilulutho kakhulu ngoba ufumana iithuba lokulibalisa ngendlela yakho nangaluphi na ulwimi ibali. Ngaloo ndlela abantwana batsho bakwazi nokwenza awabo amabali.

- Chonga iincwadi ezinento yokwenza nezinto ezichaphazela ubomi babantwana bakho – umzekelo, iincwadi ezinemifanekiso yezindlu ezifana nezakumawabo. Chonga nezinye iincwadi ezibanika amava amatsha, ezifana neencwadi zeentsomi okanye zeenkubeko ezahlukeneyo.
- Kubantwana abasele bekwazi ukufunda kungcono ukubakhethela iincwadi abanako ukuzifundela ngokwabo; ezinye zeencwadi ninokuzifunda kunye ze ezinye ubafundele ngokwakho (ingakumbi ezo zinolwimi oluntsokothileyo noyilo olunzima).
- Iincwadi ezinemifanekiso neenoveli ezimalunga neenzingo zabantwana – ezifana nokuzalwa komntwana omtsha, izigulo, ukuchithaka kwemitshato yabazali babo okanye imingeni yobuhlobo – zinokubanceda bamelane neendlela abaziva ngazo bakwazi nokumelana neenkxalabo abanazo.
- Iincwadi zolwazi azilungelanga abantwana abadala nje kuphela; iincwadi zamanqaku obomi zikhuthaza umxhino wokufuna ukwazi ze ngaloo ndlela zibancede bafunde ngelizwe lethu.

Fumana iinkcukacha ezingokuchonga iincwadi zabantwana kule webhusayithi www.nalibali.org

Stop!

If you aren't going to use this supplement, please give it to someone who will! Deliver it to a school, community centre, library or someone you know.



Yima!

Ukuba awuyisayi kulusebenzisa olu shicilelo, nceda ulunike omnye umntu oya kulusebenzisa! Lise esikolweni, kwiziko, labahlali, elayibhrari okanye kumntu omaziyo.

Help your child be a somebody
Nceda umntwana wakho abelulutho



Story stars



Asemahle Ndadane (15), Dunyiswa Jack (15), Sonwabise Sifo (15), Xabisa Maswana (14), Nandipha Tokwe (15) and Phumza Gijane (15) are the founders of the Sakumlandela Teen Reading Club in Khayelitsha. Every Tuesday, the five of them meet in a school classroom with 30 of their fellow teens to debate, sing and tell stories.

Why do you think reading clubs are important for the future of South Africa?

They build confidence, improve reading and are a free and fun space for learning.

What's your advice to other young people thinking about starting their own reading club?

Before you start, visit an existing reading club. Also, be ready for challenges! Always make sure you have your reading club plan; be organised; give other participants the opportunity to facilitate sessions; and ensure participants enjoy the reading club by creating fun activities!

If you were President of South Africa, how would you get more young people reading?

Firstly, you need to understand young people. You also need to tell them about your own reading experiences. We'd conduct motivational talks about reading and encourage young people to join reading clubs and become library members. We'd also encourage adults to read and tell stories to children. We would distribute storybooks and have mobile libraries and children-only libraries. There would be a system which allows for children to order or borrow books using their cell phones!

Where do you get your books?

From the school library.

So, what makes reading and reading clubs cool?

Well, reading is fun! It is also a way for us to understand one another. And, the club was created by us, and is a place where there are no assessments, just freedom of expression.



Illustration by Alzette Prins
Imifanekiso ngu-Alzette Prins

To read more about the Sakumlandela Teen Reading Club go to the Story Stars section on www.nalibali.org

If you know of a reading club, parent, caregiver or organisation working hard to root reading and writing into children's daily lives, tell us about them at www.nalibali.org/nominate-a-story-star and we could feature them here!

Imbalasane zamabali

U-Asemahle Ndadane (15), uDunyiswa Jack (15), uSonwabise Sifo (15), uXabisa Maswana (14), uNandipha Tokwe (15) noPhumza Gijane (15) ngabaseki beQela eliFundayo laBatsha laseSakumlandela, eKhayelitsha. Bahlanguana rhoqo ngooLwezibini kwigumbi lokufundela lesikolo kunye noontanga babo abangama-30 apho bathi babe neengxoxo-mpikiswano, bacule ze babalise namabali.

Kutheni nicinga ukuba amaqela afundayo abalulekile kwikamva loMzantsi Afrika?

Amaqela afundayo akha ukuzithemba, aphucula izinga lokufunda, akhululekile kwaye ayindawo yokufunda ngokonwaba.

Ungabacebisa uthini abanye abatsha abafuna ukusungula awabo amaqela afundayo?

Ngaphambi kokuba uqalise elakho, ndwendwela iqela elifundayo esele likhona. Kufuneka uyilindele ke imingeni! Qiniseka ukuba unesicwangciso seqela lakho elifundayo; yiba ngumntu oqoqoshekileyo; nika abanye abathathi-nxaxheba ithuba lokuqhuba iiseshini ezithile; kwaye kufuneka uqinisekise ukuba abathathi-nxaxheba bayakonwabela ukuba kwiqela elifundayo ngokuthi nenze izinto ezonwabisayo!

Ukuba ubunguMongameli woMzantsi Afrika, ubungenza njani ukukhuthaza abantu ukuba bafunde?

Okokuqala, kufuneka ubazi ngcono abantu abatsha. Kufuneka ubaxebele ngamava akho okuba ngumfundi weencwadi. Bendinokwenza iintetho zenkuthazo malunga nokufunda iincwadi ze ndikhuthaze abantu abatsha ukuba babe yinxalenye yamaqela afundayo okanye babe ngamalungu ethala leencwadi. Bendinokukhuthaza nabantu abadala ukuba bafundele abantwana babo bababalisele

namabali. Bendinokunikisa ngeencwadi zamabali ndibe namathala eencwadi ajikelezayo namathala eencwadi alungiselelwe abantwana kuphela. Bendinokusungula nendlela yokuba abantwana bakwazi uku-odola okanye ukuboleka iincwadi besebenzisa iiselula zabo!

Uzifumana phi iincwadi zakho?

Kwithala leencwadi lesikolo.

Yintoni eyenza amaqela afundayo abe yindawo ekhululekileyo?

Ukufunda kumnandi! Kukwayindlela yethu yokwazana ngcono. Kwaye ke eli qela lifundayo lasungulwa sithi, yindawo apho singavanywa bani kuyo, yindawo nje yethu yokuvakalisa izimvo zethu.

Ukufunda banzi ngeQela eliFundayo laBatsha laseSakumlandela yiya kwicandelo leeMbalasane zamaBali kule webhusayithi www.nalibali.org

Ukuba kukho iqela elifundayo olaziyo, umzali, umnakekeli okanye umbutho osebenza nzima ukumilisela iingcambu zokufunda nokubhala kubomi babantwana bemihla-ngemihla, sixelele kule webhusayithi www.nalibali.org/nominate-a-story-star sisenokubonisa imisebenzi yabo apha!

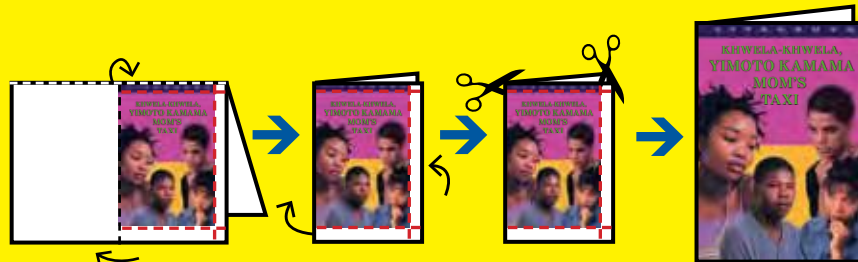


Shelley Christians

The Sakumlandela Teen Reading Club

Create your own mini-book Zenzele eyakho incwadana encinane

1. Take out pages 3 to 6 of this supplement.
 2. Fold it in half along the black dotted line.
 3. Fold it in half again.
 4. Cut along the red dotted lines.
1. Thabatha amaphepha ama-3 ukuya kwisi-6 kweli hlelo.
 2. Wasonge esiphakathini kumgca wamachaphaza amnyama.
 3. Phinda uwasonge esiphakathini kwakhona.
 4. Sika kwimigca yamachaphaza abomvu.



Get story active!

After you and your children have read *Little and big* on page 8, try out some of these ideas.

If you have 10 minutes...

- Look at the pictures closely with your children. Can they find the little and big things in each picture?
- Look at the pictures again. With your child, tell the story that is depicted in the pictures. Encourage your child to give names to the characters. Talk about what the goats are doing in each scene. Ask "What would you do if some goats came along and disturbed you? What would you say to them?"

If you have 30 minutes...

- Staple a few blank pages together and let your children create their own books about the concepts 'little' and 'big'. Let the children draw their own pictures. Help younger children finish their books by writing the words they tell you for each picture. Let older children write what they want to. Encourage them to read their books to each other and you!

- Say this poem with your children and create your own actions to go with the words:

Flowers grow like this,
Trees grow like this;
I grow
Just like that!



Illustrated by Vian Oelofsen
Imifanekiso ngu-Vian Oelofsen

Yenza ibali linike umdla!

Emva kokuba wena nabantwana bakho nifunde ibali elithi *Encinci Nenkulu* kwiphepha lesi-8, zama ezinye zezi ngcebiso.

Ukuba unemizuzu eli-10...

- Qwalaselani imifanekiso nabantwana bakho. Ingaba banako ukubona izinto ezincinci nezinkulu kumfanekiso ngamnye?
- Phindani nijonge imifanekiso. Chazani okuthethwa yimifanekiso leyo. Khuthaza abantwana bakho babanike amagama abalinganiswa abasemifanekisweni. Thethani ngezinto ezenziwa yibhokhwe kumboniso ngamnye. Babuze umbuzo othi "Ningathini xa iibhokhwe zinokuza kuniphazamisa apha? Ningathini kuzo?"

Ukuba unemizuzu engama-30...

- Dibanisa amaphepha ambalwa angenanto ngesiqhoboshi-maphepha ze uyalele abantwana bakho ukuba benze ezabo iincwadi ngomxholo webali elithi 'Encinci Nenkulu'. Bavumele bazobe eyabo imifanekiso. Vumela abantwana abadala babhale abafuna ukukubhala. Bakhuthaze bafundelane amabali wabo, nawe bakufundele!
- Yenza lo mbongo nabantwana bakho nenze neentshukumo ezihambelana namazwi awo:
lityatyambo zikhula ngolu hlobo,
Imithi ikhula ngolu hlobo;
Nam ndiyakhula
Kanye ngolu hlobo!

Meet the Nal'ibali characters

Neo

Neo is 8 years old. He lives with his mom, dad, gogo and little sister, Mbali. His best friend is Bella. He speaks isiZulu and isiXhosa and some English too. Neo likes to explore and to try out

new things. He also loves playing soccer and reading books. His favourite books are adventure stories, especially ones about pirates! In fact, just last night he dreamt he was a pirate from one of his favourite adventure stories – and he was eating his favourite snack too: ice cream!

Dibana nabeNal' ibali

Neo

UNeo uneminyaka esi-8 ubudala. Uhlala nomama wakhe, notata wakhe, noGogo kwakunye nosisi wakhe omncinci uMbali. Umhlobo wakhe omkhulu nguBella. Uthetha isiXhosa nesiZulu kwakunye nesiNgesi esingabhekele phi. UNeo uyakuthanda ukuziqhelanisa kwakunye nokuzama

izinto angaqhelananga nazo. Uyathanda ukudlala ibhola ekhatywayo nokufunda iincwadi. Iincwadi azithandayo zezamabali wamadela-kufa, ingakumbi awabaphangi baselwandle! Kangangokuba izolo uphuphe engomnye wabaphangi kwamanye wamabali odelo-ngozi awathandayo – esitya namashwamshwam akhe: i-ayisi khrimu!



In your next Nal'ibali supplement:

- Tips on how to tell a story
- Ideas for how to use your Nal'ibali supplements at your reading club
- Mini-book, *Father Snail*
- Part 1 of the story, *The Truth Tree*

Have you joined the Nal'ibali network yet?

Sign up with the Nal'ibali network to show your support for using the power of stories to inspire children to want to read and write. Simply go to www.nalibali.org and register with us – it's that easy.

Which is your favourite part of the supplement? Tell us on Twitter using the hashtag #nalibali
Loluphi olona papasho uluthandileyo? Sixelele kuTwitter ngokusebenzisa i-hashtag #nalibali

Kwihlelo elilandelayo leNal'ibali:

- lingcebiso ngokubalisa amabali
- lingcebiso ngokusebenzisa upapasho lwakho lweNal'ibali kwiqela lakho elifundayo
- Incwadana encinane ethi *Utata uNyekevu*
- Icandelo 1 lebali elithi *Umthi Wenyaniso*

Ngaba sowuyinxalenye yothungelwano lweNal' ibali?

Yiba yinxalenye yothungelwano lweNal' ibali ukunika inkxaso yakho yokusebenzisa amandla wamabali ukukhuthaza abantwana bafune ukufunda nokubhala. Ndwendwela le webhusayithi www.nalibali.org ze ubhalise – kulula nje ngolo hlobo.



Carole Bloch & Vian Oelofsen

Encinci **Nenkulu**



Little and **big**

1

8

Little smile, **big** smile.



Uncumo olu**ncinci**, uncumo olu**khulu**.

2

7

Little hat, **big** hat.



Umnqwazi om**ncinci**, umnqwazi om**khulu**.

FOLD

Little book, **big** book.



Incwadi encinci, incwadi e**nkulu**.

3

9

Little goat, **big** goat.



Ibhokhwe encinci, ibhokhwe e**nkulu**.

FOLD

4

5

Little hands, **big** hands.



Izandla ezincinci, izandla e**nkulu**.

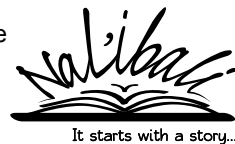
4



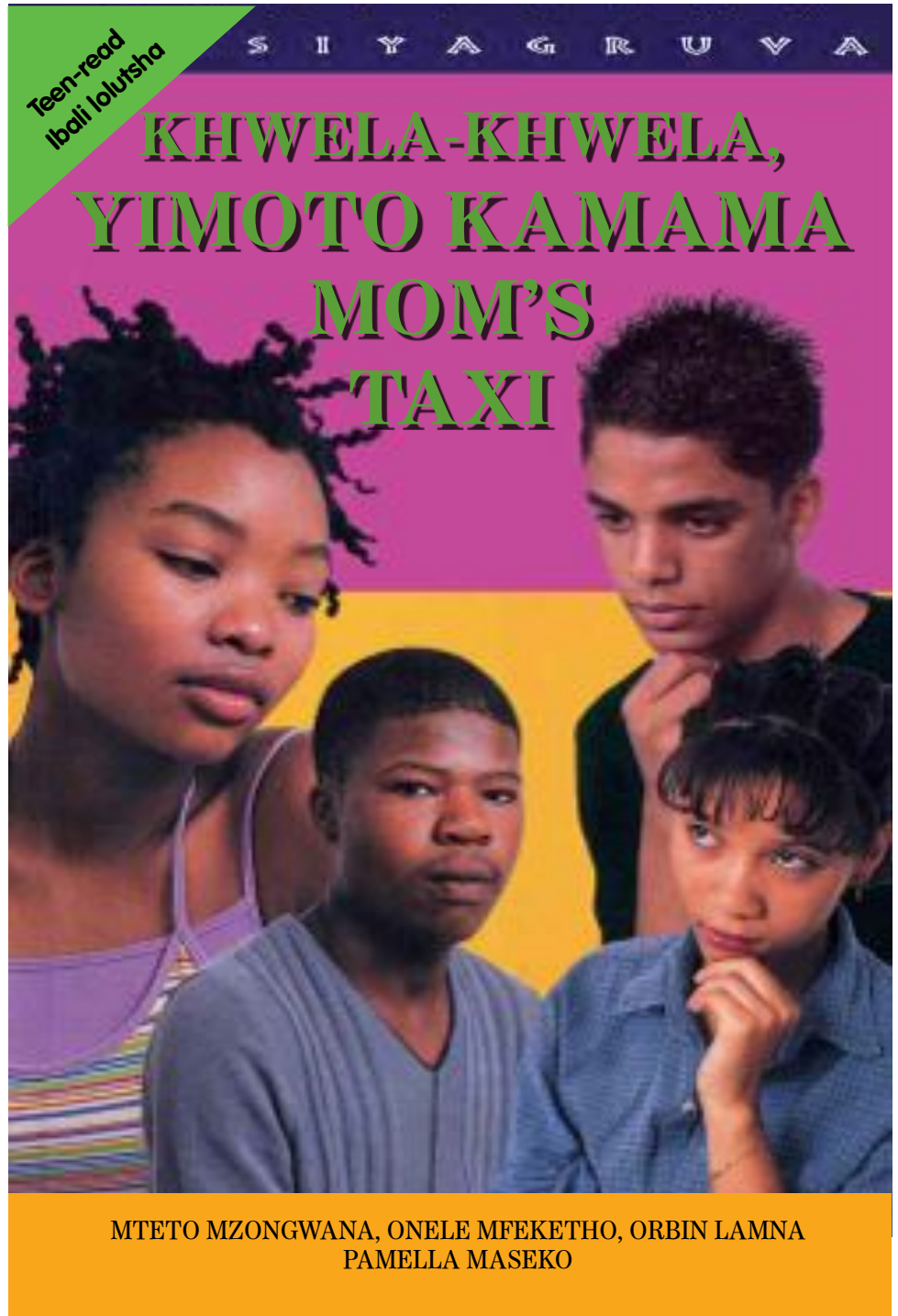
Read the original novel, *Mom's Taxi* published by New Africa Books and available in bookstores. New Africa Books publishes books for young readers in all eleven official South African languages. To find out more about New Africa Books titles email info@newafricabooks.co.za

Ukufunda uqobo lwenoveli ethi *Khwela-Khwela Yimoto Kamama* epapashwe ngabakwaNew Africa Books iyafumaneka kwiivenkile zeencwadi. AbakwaNew Africa Books bapapasha iincwadi zabantwana ngazo zonke iilwimi ezilishumi elinanye zoMzantsi Afrika ezisemthethweni. Ukufumana banzi ngeencwadi zabakwaNew Africa Books sibhalele kule meyile info@newafricabooks.co.za

Nal'ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment initiative to get people in South Africa – children and adults – passionate about telling and reading stories. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org.



INal'ibali liphulo lelizwe lokufundela ulonwabo lokwenza abantu eMzantsi Afrika – abantwana nabantu abadala – bakuthakazelele ukubalisa nokufunda amabali. Ukuze ufumane inkcazelo ebanzi, ndwendwela ku www.nalibali.org.



Chapter 1

Brunette crosses the footbridge at Mowbray station, having been dropped by a taxi. She joins all the people going home from work. She walks along the pavement, window shopping, on this busy Friday afternoon on the Main Road. Suddenly a police van stops in the driveway of the Mowbray police station. Two police officers jump out, go to the back of the van and open up. Two teenage girls climb out of the back of the van. These girls look wild and no more than 12 or 13 years old.

One of the girls sees Brunette. She recognizes her. She screams at Brunette, ‘Hey, you coconut! Go and tell them *ekasie* I am arrested for shoplifting.’

The policeman says, ‘Never mind that! In you go!’ and he takes her arm.

‘*Hayi suka wena!*’ says the girl as she shrugs his hands off. The policeman opens the door, shaking his head, and they go into the charge office.

Brunette thinks to herself, ‘How can this kid call me “coconut” when she needs my help? If I don’t tell them, how will her people in the township know what’s happened to her?’

She is still thinking this when she sees Shelley waving at her out of her mom’s car. She picks up her togbag, greets Shelley and her mother, hops into the backseat, and slumps into silence.

Shelley wonders about Brunette. She usually starts all the conversations in the car, but today is different. She’s not saying a word and is as quiet as a mouse there in the back.

Shelley’s mother has also noticed that there’s something wrong, there’s tension in the car. Brunette is definitely not her usual self. Shelley’s mother looks in the rearview mirror. She decides to ask her.

‘What’s the problem, Brunette? What’s happened? Is something bothering you?’

‘*Ja*, you’re making me nervous, Brunette, I can feel it. Is there something on the go?’ Shelley asks.

Brunette decides to tell Shelley and Shelley’s mother what’s on her mind. It’s hard for her to explain what happened, but she tries.

‘You know what I’m worried about? Young township girls. They think that because they go to township schools, they’ve got no future. They call those

of us who go to schools in the suburbs “coconuts” or “Oreos”.’

Shelley looks completely bewildered.

‘I don’t understand,’ she eventually says.

‘Honest, Shelley,’ says Brunette, irritated, ‘sometimes I wonder which planet you’re on. It means *black* on the outside and *white* on the inside. You know, like, coconuts...Oreos...?’

Shelley jumps to the wrong conclusion.

‘But what’s that got to do with us? Why take it out on us? You haven’t said a word since Mowbray. Sitting there with your lips glued with Bostik.’

Shelley’s mother interrupts her.

‘Shelley, that’s not fair.’

‘No, I know, I’m sorry,’ says Brunette, ‘I am still just... I don’t know... blown away by it. I can’t explain. It happened so quickly. Everything was fine, and then suddenly this hits me in the face. The thing is, the problem’s been there for a long time. Maybe I’ve just been ignoring it. But, Shelley, you mustn’t jump to conclusions. You’re being insensitive.’

‘You two are always ganging up against me,’ Shelley complains.

‘*That’s* not fair.’

‘But, Shelley darling, you mustn’t put words in other people’s mouths. You must listen to what they’re saying.’

‘But Brunette’s my friend, Ma. She can’t just sit there and not tell me what’s bugging her. I’m her sister,’ Shelley explains tearfully.

‘Okay, girls. We’re here. Let’s stop it. We’ll talk about this at home over the weekend. You’re coming for the weekend, aren’t you Brunette?’

‘Yes, thanks, Mrs Gordon.’

The car turns into Ralph Road, off the Main Road in Claremont. They swing into the old OK Bazaars parking space. Shelley kisses her mother on the cheek automatically and the two girls get out of the car. They walk across to Stadium on Main, neither saying anything to the other until they reach the entrance.

Chapter 2

The studio feels very vibey, everyone’s in a good mood. The girls are all beautiful in their leotards and bodysuits. Same with the guys in their tight slacks

and sleeveless vests. When they say hello to Shelley, the others manage to use both of her nicknames.

‘Hi, Percy! What’s the news?’

‘Come on, Bisshy, tell all,’ says Samantha, who always likes to tease Shelley as a *mamghobozi a mgosi* who gossips about everything. Everyone laughs.

‘What’s so funny? Am I some kind of a joke or something?’ Shelley asks, confused.

‘Oh no, Percy, there’s nothing funny... except...your happy mood! As soon as you and Brunette came in, we could see you two weren’t on speaks.’

‘Okay, girls, tell us what happened. You never come into this studi with that kind of expression on your faces,’ Zadie says.

‘Exactly! So, giver with the gossip,’ Samantha repeats.

‘I am *not* a gossip. Must I tell you something I don’t know?’ Shelley complains. For a second she thinks she’ll also complain about the nicknames she got when someone discovered there was an English poet called Percy Bysshe Shelley. But she decides this is not the right moment.

Just then Raymondo comes in from the dressing room and calls everyone to the centre of the studio.

‘Today,’ he says, ‘I’m going to go on with ethnic dance, so that we can prepare for a new season of Dancesport.’

Thabiso is already busy practising some traditional rhythms on the bongo drums. They form two rows, everyone drops straight into a dancing mood, the sound of the drums gets louder.

They’re now moving together, sometimes changing places, Raymondo clapping hands to Thabiso’s drumbeat. They move to the right, to the left, to the centre, forwards and backwards.

Thabs is rolling out a really nice beat, with some great touches. Raymondo joins the dancing.

‘Come on, Thabiso, keep it moving!’ he calls.

Thabiso plays the drums like a maestro. For two solid hours the music and dancing keep the group happy and busy. Eventually the day’s session comes to an end. There’s a lot of talk.

‘*Eish!* Did you see Raymondo moving, hey?’ laughs Regan.

‘*Swaai lat dit waai!*’

‘He was remembering the days of this youth, that’s what it was,’ says Zadie.

‘What’s the bet he used to go from nightclub to nightclub, hey?’ suggests Rashaad, as he towels down, ‘All for the love of dancing.’

Then the talk drifts away from Raymondo and back to the topic of conversation before the practice started.

‘Come on, Brunette, you were going to tell us what’s on the go between you and Shelley,’ Regan says, demanding an explanation.

So Brunette tells them the story of the two girls at the police station. They decide then and there to hold a short discussion. Mncedisi calls Raymondo from the dressing room. The group sits on the carpet on the floor. Rashaad is the first to speak.

‘You know what, my friends? I think we’ve got a huge task in front of us. I think we shouldn’t look at the problem of township teenagers as if they’re the only ones with negative attitudes. Both sides have the same problems.’

People nod agreement as Rashaad continues talking.

‘The model C types also behave differently. They went to the white schools because their parents could afford it. In a way they’re also the lost generation – the ones from the middle class. They smoke, they take drugs, and they pretend they’re so cool, because they are spoilt little brats.’

Regan agrees with Rashaad.

‘*Ja*, the way they talk, *mos*, you think they’re white, and, like, educated, but it’s just that they are ... what’s the word?... assimilated, *ne?* They’ve become part of the white set-up. But, sometimes, hey, it’s really funny when they mess up and suddenly forget their cool American accents.’

After some more discussion Thabiso makes a suggestion.

‘Okay, guys, we can’t run away from this problem. It affects us all. So, what about us tackling it through some kind of community programme?’

‘What do you mean, Thabs?’

‘Well, we can go out to different communities, and do some dance with them. We can act as a bridge for crossover culture and dance.’

Everybody in the Siyagruva group likes that idea, and they come up with a whole lot of ideas.

‘We could get the kids in the area to come along to the community hall,’ says Mncedisi.

‘And don’t forget the Cape Flats – the problem’s the same there,’ Regan reminds them.

‘We need transport to take us around,’ Zaide suggests.

They decide they’ll think about it, and then come to a second meeting on Monday at five o’clock sharp. The discussion ends on a high note. It’s now half past five. The day has come to an end as the Siyagruva dancers start disappearing into the sunset.

Mncedisi has only a minute’s walk to get home to the tiny servant’s-quarters room where he stays with his mother,

Rashaad will take a taxi to Harfield Village where he stays with his aunt and uncle.

Thabiso and Raymondo are the last to leave, because Raymondo gives Thabiso a lift home to Khayelitsha. Mncedisi always waits to help get Thabiso into Raymondo’s car and to fold the wheelchair into the boot.

Zaide and Regan walk to Claremont station.

Sam, Shelley and Brunette are due to be picked by Shelley’s mom. She’ll drop Samantha off at her father’s office, and then head for home in Gardens, where Brunette will be spending the weekend with Shelley.

The taxi rank, the Kentucky Fried Chicken and the Station Café are all full on a Friday afternoon. While the three girls watch the evening buzz, Shelley’s mother arrives and the girls jump into the car. They disappear into the jam-packed traffic.

Chapter 3

There’s someone missing at the Siyagruva Scene today. Samantha hasn’t arrived. Why isn’t she here? Has something happened to her? Everyone in the group is wondering, but nobody knows. She didn’t phone to tell them she wouldn’t be coming. They all know they must phone and say if they’re not coming or if they’ll be late.

Like her white counterpart Shelley, Samantha always makes sure her cellphone is right next to her ear. She spends her life on the phone, saying something to someone, somewhere – except, of course, while lessons are actually going on at school, and during dance classes.

So, why hasn’t she phoned? Where is she?

Just at that moment, who rushes into the studio? Samantha, full of apologies about being late.

As the group sees her, they babble away with relief, and give her a hug. Now they’re happy again. Sam has arrived.

‘Where’ve you been?’

‘What happened to you?’

‘Are you okay?’

The questions come thick and fast. Everyone wants to know the news.

‘Come on, calm down, guys,’ Brunette pleads.

‘I’m fine. Just relax, guys,’ Samantha say, smiling pleasantly. ‘I’m okay. I haven’t been hurt, except by something that happened at home. And, hey, sorry I didn’t phone.’

‘So what’s happened at home? What’s the matter?’

‘It’s all got to do with my little brother Ntobeko. He told us...’

I came back from school, hungry as usual. Mama’s car wasn’t in the driveway, so I didn’t bother knocking. I walked around the house for a while, because I didn’t know what to do. I was jumping up and down, to try to see inside, and then I noticed the bathroom window was open. I first threw my bag in, and then I got the dustbin to help me climb over *iz’labs* to get inside. They were a bit high up, so I was struggling to get up. My one leg was over when I heard cars screeching. Two Pinewatch men came rushing towards me. I panicked, I just stayed there, one leg in and the other out. One guy took out his gun and pointed at me. The other one jumped to pull my stiff body away from the wall. He put me on the ground face-down, and put his knee on my back. He searched me all over. After he finished, he put my hands together and put *amahanbooi* one. He picked me up roughly, and my pants felt warm. I knew what had happened.

‘*Hei, jy, wat maak jy? Is jy nou besig om te steel? Jy’s ’n klein skelm, nè!*’

I just looked at them, and the tears came. They were pulling me to the car. The one still had his gun on me.

‘*Nou sal die poppe dans!*’ one of the men said.

Two more Pinewatch cars came screeching to a stop. Four more guys jumped out. I thought they were going to beat me. I was relieved when the

neighbours came, but then I didn't understand when they yelled, 'He's the one! That's him, the little scoundrel! I saw him trying to steal something!'

'But I didn't do anything! I was just hungry, and I wanted to get in the house,' I tried to explain.

Before I could say any more, I heard another vice shouting. Really loud.

'What are you doing to my son? *Nimenzani umntwan'am?*'

It was Mama. Then I thought to myself, '*Nóú sal die poppe dans!*'

'He's 12 years old, for heaven's sake! What is he doing in handcuffs? How dare you? And why the hell are you pointing your gun at him?'

'Is this your boy, ma'am?'

'Are you deaf or something? Let him go this minute! Or I'll sue you!'

And *you* – what are you people looking at? Why are you just standing there? Why aren't you helping him? I thought we were supposed to be neighbours.'

By now one of the men had taken off *amahanbooi*, and so I ran to Mama and she kissed my wrists better.

The Siyagruva dancers listen to Samantha as she tells them what happened. Their eyes widen, as they listen intently.

Shelley is furious.

'Does this kind of thing still happen? I can't believe it! Who do these people think they are? What happened to the new South Africa? What's the point of being free if you can't live where you want to?'

Now everyone has to try to calm Shelley down, as well as Samantha.

'If you're black and living in a so-called white suburb like Pinelands,' explains Samantha, 'you're always going to be treated with suspicion.'

'I know what you mean, Sam,' says Rashaad, 'but it's not like that everywhere – some places, people get on with one another just fine.'

'Well, I don't know so much about that,' says Regan.

Before things get too heated, Raymondo suggests that they call it a day.

Isahluko 1

UBrunette wohlika eteksini akugqiba anqumle isiporo setreyini ngebhulorho yabantu abahamba ngeenyawo esesitishini eMowbray. Uhamba nabo bonke abo bantu basingise emakhayeni abo, bevela emsebenzini. Uhamba epavumenteni, ahambe ekroba ezivenkileni ngefestyle. Use *Main Road* emva kwemini ngoLwesihlanu- ixesha elixakekileyo evekini. Kuthi ngequbuliso kumise imoto yamapolisa endleleni engena esikhululweni samapolisa eMowbray. Kuphuma amapolisa amabini engxamise, aye ngemva emotweni, afike avule. Kuphuma amantombazanana amabini aselula. La mantombazanana akhangeleka ndlongo-ndlongo, kodwa akagqithanga kwiminyaka eli-12 okanye kweli-13 ubudala.

Omnnye wala mantombazana uthi xa ebheka athi ntle ngoBrunette. Uyamazazi. Uyakhawza athukise athi, 'Heyi, *cononut!* Hamba uye kubaxelela ekasi ukuba ndibanjelwe ukuba evenkileni.'

'Ungazihluphi ngaloo nto wena ntombazana! Ngena wena!' kutsho ipolisa, libe sele libamba ngengalo enye yaloo mantombazana.

'Hayi, suka wena, ndiyeke mna,' itsho le ntombazana njengokuba izixhuzula. Ipolisa livula umnyango, linikine intloko njengokuba bengena etshajofisi.

UBrunette uzihlelele yedwa, uyacinga, 'Kutheni esithi ndiyicoconut kodwa abe efuna ukuba ndimncede? Ukuba andibachazeli elokishini, baza kwazi njani ngento emhleleyo?'

Uyacinga ngale nto ngexesha ebona uShelley ephakamisa isandla esemotweni kamama wakhe. Uthatha ibhegi yakhe, abulise uShelley nomama kaShelley, angene emotweni kwisitulo sangemva, akugqiba athule athi cwaka, kube sisizungu kuloo moto.

UShelley kuyamothusa oku kuthula kukaBrunette. Kaloku nguyey oqhele ukuqala incoko emotweni, kodwa namhlanje akunjalo. Uvale phezulu, uthule ngathi akakho apho.

Nomama kaShelley uhle waqaphela ukuba ngathi ikho into engatshongo khona, kuthuleke ngendlela emangalisayo, wonke umntu uzibambile. UBrunette asinguye laa Brunette bamaziyo, akatyhilekanga namhlanje. Umama kaShelley ujonge esipilini, abone uBrunette ngemva. Ugqiba kwelokuba amthethise.

'Ikhona into engalunganga Brunette? Kwenzeke ntoni? Kukho into kukhathazayo?'

'Yha, Brunette, uyadoyikisa mna ngoku, kanti yintoni ngawe?' kubuza uShelley.

UBrunette ugqiba kwelokuba abaxelele into emhluphayo. Kunzima ukuba ayicacise kakuhle into eyehlileyo, kodwa uyazama, abachazele.

'Uyazi into endihluphayo? Kukho la mantombazana aziintanga zam elokishini. Acinga ukuba kuba wona ehamba isikolo elokishini akanakamva, acinga ukuba akukho nto intle emabayilindele ebomini. Uyazi ukuba bathini xa besibiza thina sihamba isikolo *etown*, bathi sizii-*coconuts* okanye bathi

siziibhiskithi ii-*Oreos*.’

UShelley udidekile.

Ekugqibeleni ude azincame atsho, ‘Hayi bo andiyiqondi le nto uyithethayo, andikuva kakuhle.’

‘Eyi Shelley,’ kutsho uBrunette ebukruquka, ‘ngamanye amaxesha ndikhe ndizibuze ukuba wena usuka kweyiphi *iplanet*. Xa besithi uyicoconut okanye uyi-*Oreo* bathetha ukuba *umnyama* ngaphandle, kwaye *umhlophe* ngaphakathi. Uyafumana? Njenge*coconuts* nee*Oreos*...?’

Yena uShelley ucinga into engayanga nokuya kule ithethwa nguBrunette.

‘Ke ngoku loo nto inanto yokwenzani nathi? Kutheni ukhuphela umsindo wakho kuthi? Akukhange uthethe nakanye oko ukhwele eMowbray. Uhleli apho, uhlele umlomo, uwuvale mba ngathi ufakwe i*Bostik*.’

Umama kaShelley uyanqanda.

‘Hayi bo Shelley, ayilunganga le nto uyenzayo.’

‘Hayi akukho nto, ndicela uxolo,’ kutsho uBrunette. ‘Nam, hayi andazi... *I’m still blown away by it*. Andazi nokuba ndingayicacisa njani. Yonke le nto yenzeke ngokukhawuleza. Yonke into ibihamba kakuhle, suka ndagagana nale nto. Uyazi yintoni? Le ngxaki kudala ikhona. Mhlawumbi mna bendisenza ngathi andiyiboni. Wena Shelley akufanelanga ukuba ucinge izinto ezingabhekiselanga kule nto. Awunakuthanda ukuba abantu bathethe kuwe ngale ndlela uthetha ngayo kum.’

‘Wena nomama niyathanda ukudibana ngam, niyathanda ukundipakanyela ngolu hlobo,’ ukhalaza atsho. ‘Ayimnandanga loo nto.’

‘Shelley mntwan’ am, awunakubathethela abanye abantu, ingakumbi ukuba awazi ukuba bafuna ukuthini. Kuqala kufuneka umamele, uve ukuba ufuna ukuthini na umntu.’

‘Mama, uBrunette yitshomi yam. Akanako kaloku ukusuka ahlale phaya, avale umlomo, angandixeleli ukuba kuqhubeka ntoni na. Uyafana nokuba ngudadewethu,’ watsho uShelley sele entlimpinika ngoku.

‘Hayi ke, bantwana bam, sifikile ngoku. Masiphezeni. Siza kuqhuba sithethe ngale nto ekhaya ngempelaveki. Andithi uza kuyichitha nathi impelaveki yakho Brunette?’

‘Ewe, *Mrs Gordon*. Enkozi, ndiyabulela.’

Imoto iyajika e*Main Road* ingene e*Ralph Road* e*Claremont*. Bayajikela baye kumisa kulaa ndawo yokukwa iimoto ikufutshane nalapho kwakukwa-OK Bazaars. UShelley uqabula umama wakhe esidleleni njengesiqhelo, aphume la mantombazana emotweni. Ayahamba aye kungena e*Stadium-on-Main*, akukho nomnye othetha nomnye de aye kungena esangweni.

Isahluko 2

Kuyaxokozela eholweni abadanisela kulo, wonke umntu wonwabile.

Amantombazana ayabukeka kwizinxibo zawo zomdaniso. Nabafana, betsho ngezo

bhulukhwe zithe nca, zizutiweyo, nevesti ezingenamikhono.

Xa bebulisa uShelley, kukho abawasebenzisa omabini amagama kaShelley aziziqhulo.

‘*Hi Percy!* Zithini iindaba?’

‘Khawutsho Bisshy, uthini umgosi?’ kutsho uSamantha othanda ukunxwala uShelley, athi nguMamgobhozi ogobhoza ngento yonke. Bonke abalapho bayayihleka le nto.

‘Kanti, yintoni ehlekisayo? Sixeleleni nathi size kuhleka,’ kutsho uShelley ebubhideka.

‘Hayi Percy, akukho nto ihlekisayo ngaphandle kokuba sibona indlela le nowabe ngayo! Nithe nje nakungena noBrunette sazibonela singaxelelwanga ukuba nina nobabini anithethisani.’

‘Niza kusixelela ke ukuba kwenzeka ntoni. Niyazi ukuba awungeni eholweni uqumbile,’ kutsho uZadie.

‘Nangoku! So, yiza nawo umgosi,’ uphina atsho uSamantha.

‘AndingoMamgobhozi. Nifuna ndinixelele into endingayaziyo?’ kukhalaza uShelley. Ukhe okomzuzwana acinge ukuba angakhalaza nangala magama wawanikwa emva kokuba kwabakho umntu ofumanisa ukuba kwakukho imbongi yeNgesi eyayibizwa ngokuba nguPercy Bysshe Shelley.

Kuthi kanye kusenjalo kungene uRaymondo evela egumbini abanxibela kulo, aze abizele wonke umntu esizikithini seholo.

‘Namhlanje siza kuqhuba nomdaniso, gxebe, umxhentso wethu wesiNtu, ukwenzela ukuba sizilungiselele kakuhle kwixesha elizayo le*Dancesport*,’ usixelele njalo.

UThabiso yena sele kudala ebetha amagubu, ekhupha khona isingqi sesiNtu. Benza imiqolo emibini, kuthi kungekudala abe wonke umntu ezinikele emdanisweni. Ingxolo yamagubu iya isiba phezulu.

Bonke ngoku babetha ngesingqi esinye, bemane betshintshiselana ngeendawo eqongeni. URaymondo yena uqhweba izandla ukunceda ukuba babethe ngesingqi esinye, uThabiso yeno akawabeth’ amagubu uyawangomba. Bonke baya ngasekunene, babuye baye ngasekhohlo, babuyele esizikithini segumbi, baphinde baye ngaphambili, babuye ngemva.

UThabiso yingcungcu emagubini, abadanisi bayasiva ngaphakathi isingqi esivela kuye. URaymondo uyangenelela naye axhentse.

‘Qhuba njalo Thabiso!’ ukhwaza atsho, emkhuthaza. Ziphela nqunqe iiyure ezimbini kudlalwa umculo nomdaniso. Wonke umntu wonwabile, kuyadaniswa. Ekugqibeleni umsebenzi wosuku ude wafikelela esiphelweni.

Kumnandi, wonke umntu uthethela phezulu.

‘*Eish!* Nimbonile uRaymondo xa eshukuma?’ uRegan utsho ehleka. ‘*Swaai lat dit waar*; hayi uyahamba suka!’

‘Ebekhumbula ngeentsuku zakhe, ubungamboni wena?’, wongeza atsho

uZadie.

‘Umbona ngala ndlela ebedanisa ngayo ukuba ngexesha lakhe ebezihamba iiclubs, anitsho nina?’ kubuza uRashaad phofu engalindelanga mpendulo, njengokuba ezosula umbilo. ‘Konke oku phofu ekwenza kuba ethanda umdaniso.’

Incoko iphinda imke kuRaymondo ibuyele kwinto ebekuthethwa ngayo phambi kokuba uqalise umdaniso.

‘Kaloku Brunette ubuza kusixelela ukuba kwenzeka ntoni na phakathi kwakho noShelley,’ utshilo uRegan elindele impendulo.

UBrunette uyaqalisa abalise ibali lalawa mantombazana adibene nawo emapoliseni. Emva kokuba ebaxelele bagqiba kanye ngelo xesha ukuba babe nengxoxo emfutshane. UMncedisi uyahamba aye kubiza uRaymondo yena obesegumbini lokutshintsha. Bonke bahlala phantsi bathi nqwadalala. URashaad ngowokuqala ukuthetha.

‘Niyazi yintoni zitshomi zam? Ndingcinga ukuba mminzi umsebenzi osimeleyo phambi kwethu. Andiboni kufanelekile ukuba siyithathe le ngxaki njengengxaki yabantwana baselokishini ngokungathi ngabo bodwa abajongela abanye phantsi. Nabanye kwelinye icala babajongela phantsi.’

Abantu banqwala iintloko, bebonisa ukuba bayavumelana noRashaad njengokuba eqhuba ethetha.

‘Naba bahamba isikolo koo*Model C* nabo baziphethe ngohlobo olulodwa. Baye kwezi zikolo zabelungu kuba abazali babo benako ukubhatala imali efunwayo kuzo. Nabo ndingathi bayilost generation. Ndithetha kanye ngaba banabazali abanezinto. Bayatshaya, basebenzisa iidrugs – iziyobisi- benze ngathi bona bangcono kunabo bonke abanye abantu kuba *they are spoilt like little brats*- baphethwe okwamaqanda.’

URegan uvumelana noRashaad.

‘Ja, nendlela abathetha ngayo, mos, ngathi ngabelungu, ngathi bafunde kakhulu, kodwa qha ba-..., lithini kanene eli gama, ba-*assimilated* sibali, bathathe zonke izimbo zabelungu, ngabelungu ngendlele engaphaya kwabelungu. Kodwa ndikhe ndibahleke xa bebhuda, balibale oku kuluthetha kwabo ngeempumlo ngathi ngamaMelika.’

Emva kwengxoxo eshushu, uThabiso uvela necebo.

‘*Okay guys*, into eyinyani yeyokuba asikwazi ukuyibaleka le ngxaki. Iyasichaphazela sonke. Kunganjani xa sizama ukuyilwa ngokuthi sibe nenkqubo esiyiqhuba ezilokishini- ebantwini?’

‘Uthetha ukuthini Thabs?’

‘Singaya kwiindawo ngeendawo zoluntu, sifundise khona umdaniso. Singalikhonkco phakathi kwazi ndawo zimbini ngokuthi sifundise umdaniso nezinye izinto ezingenkubeko.’

Lonke iqela lakwaSiyagruva liyawuthanda lo umbono, baze ngabanye ngabanye beze nezimvo ezahlukileyo ngokunxulumene nalo mbono.

‘Singaya kuthetha nabantwana kwezo ndawo, sibacele ukuba beze eholweni

loluntu beze kudanisa,’ kutsho uMncedisi.

‘Ningazilibali ii*Cape Flats* – le ngxaki ikhona naphaya,’ uyabakhumbuza uRegan.

‘Kufuneka sibe nemoto eza kusihambisa xa siya kwezi ndawo,’ uvakala esitsho uZadie.

Bagqibe ukuba le into bakhe bahambe baye kuyicingisisa, ze beze namacebo kwintlanganiso yesibini eya kuba ngoMvulo olandelayo ngentsimbi yesihlanu entloko. Intlanganiso iphela kumnandi. Ngoku ixesha licala emva kwentsimbi yesihlanu malanga. Imini iphelile. Abadanisi bakwaSiyagruva baqala nabo ukusithela nokusithela kwelanga.

UMncedisi unomzuzu omnye kuphela ukuba aye kufika kwigunjana lakhe ahlala kulo nomama wakhe apho eClaremont.

URashaad yena uza kuthatha iteksi aye eHarfield apho ahlala khona noninalume.

UThabiso noRaymondo ngabokugqibela ukuphuma apho kuba uRaymondo upha uThabiso ilifti eya eKhayelitsha ekhayeni lakhe. Qho uMncedisi uyalinda ancede uThabiso ukuba angene emotweni kaRaymondo, asonge newheelchair ayifake emva ebhutini yemoto.

UZadie noRegan bona bahamba ngeenyawo baye esitishini eClaremont. USam noShelley noBrunette bona baza kulandwa ngumama kaShelley. USamantha uza kohliswa e-ofisini katata wakhe, ze baye kuloShelley eGardens apho wayeza kuyichitha khona impelaveki yakhe uBrunette kunye noShelley. Erenkini yeeteki, kwaKentucky Fried Chicken naseStation Café kuyanyakazela ngabantu emva kwemini ngoLwesihlanu. La mantombazana mathathu asabukele lo mbhodamo ukufika kukamama kaShelley. Bangena emotweni, kuthi kungekudala nabo basithele kweso sinyakanyaka sezithuthi.

Isahluko 3

Ukhona umntu ongekho kubadanisi bakwaSiyagruva namhlanje. USamantha akakafiki. Kutheni ukuze abe akakabikho? Ingaba ikhona into emehleleyo? Kazi kwenzeka ntoni? Akukho mntu waziyo. Akakhange afowune athi akazi kuza. Sonke siyazi ukuba kufanele ukuba sifowune sitsho xa singazi kuza, okanye xa singazi kufika ngexesha.

Njengomhlobo wakhe omhlophe uShelley, uSamantha naye ebesoloko eqinisekisa ukuba iselfowuni yakhe ihlala ecaleni kwakhe. Ibisoloko isendlebeni, ngokungathi incanyathiselwe. Ebesoloko eneendaba, enomntu wokuzigqithisela kuye. Belilinye ixesha ibicinywa ngalo-esikolweni nangexesha leklasi yomdaniso.

Kutheni ke kube akakafowuni? Makube uphi? Kanye ngela xesha sisazibuza sizophendula, dyulukudu uSamantha, engena egibiselekile, sele engxengxeza kakade ngokufika emva kwexesha eklasini.

Kuthe nje ukuba bonke abantu bambone, zathi gingxi izibilini, abantu bevuyiswa bubukho bakhe.

‘Ubuphi na wena, usibeka exhaleni nje?’

‘Kwenzeke ntoni?’

‘Ingaba yonke into ilungile?’

Yayifika iphokokile loo mibuzo, ingenazimpendulo. Wonke umntu wayefuna ukwazi iindaba.

‘Hayi bo, yehlisani umoya, yintoni ngani?’ kutsho uBrunette.

‘Akukho nto ikhoyo, pholani nina,’ kutsho uSamantha, encumile. ‘Andinanto ndenzeke yona, andenzakalanga, ngaphandle nje kwento eyenzeke ekhaya. *And, hey, ndiyaxolisa ngokungafowuni.*’

‘Kwenzeke ntoni ke ekhaya?’

‘Yinto enokwenza nomninawa wam, uNtobeko. Usibalisele wenjenje...’

Ndibuye esikolweni ndilambile, njengesiqhelo. Imoto kamama ibingekho eyadini, nto leyo ibithetha ukuba akakho endlwini. Ngoko ke ndiye ndazixelela ukuba andizi kuzihlupha ngokunkqonkaqoza. Ndiye ndahamba-hamba ndijikeleza indlu kuba bendinegenanto yokwenza. Bendimane ndixhuma, nditsiba-tsiba kuba ndifuna ukubona ngaphakathi endlwini, ndaza ndaqaphela ukuba ifestile yasebhafrum ayivalwanga. Ndiye ke ndathatha isingxobo sam sesikolo ndasigibisela ngaphakathi, ndaza ndathatha umgqomo wenkunkuma ndawayamisa eludongeni lweyadi kuba bendifuna ukukhwela kuwo ndize ndikwazi ukutsibela ngaphakathi eyadini yasekhaya. Ndisokole ukuqabela emgqomeni kodwa ekugqibeleni ndade ndawuqabelisa omnye umlenze wam. Kuthe kanye ngelo xesha ndeva amavili emoto etshitshiliza, eza kuma kanye kufutshane nam. Kuze ngakum izixhiliphoti zamadoda amabini akwaPinewatch. Ndithe ndakuwabona, lwandiphatha uvalo, kodwa ndavele ndahlala ngaloo ndlela, omnye umlenze ungaphakathi, omnye ungaphandle. Omnye kula madoda ukhuphe umpu wakhe, wandikhomba ngawo. Omnye wanditsibela, wandothula kolo donga. Wandilahlela phantsi, ndalala ngesisu phantsi, wandicinezala ngedolo apha emqolo. Uye wandisetsha yonke indawo. Ukugqiba kwakhe uye wandikhonkxa inzandla ngamahandbhoyi. Undiphakamise apho kukubi. Ndive ibhulukhwe yam ishushu, ndayazi into eyehlileyo.

‘Heyi wena, *wat maak jyi? Is jy besig om te steel?* Selandini! Yintoni oyibileyo apha? Usisikelem, ’n klein skelm ne!’

Ndivele ndabajonga nke, zazehlela iinyembezi. Bandityhalele ngasemotweni yabo. Omnye lo usandikhombile ngompu wakhe.

‘Uyabona, namhlanje uza kuyazi into endibhinqa ngayo! *Die poppe sal dans!*’ utshilo omnye wala madoda.

Kuthe kusenjalo kwafika ezinye iimoto ezimbini zakwaPinewatch

ngesantyakazi esiphezulu, nazo zatshitshiliza ukumisa. Nalapha kuphume izigantsontso zamadoda amabini. Bendicinga ukuba aza kundibetha. Kuthe xibilili ndakubona abamelwane bephuma, suka ndabhideka ndakubeva bekhwaza bethukisa besithi, ‘Nguye lowo, eli bhedengu lomntwana, *little scoundrel!* Ndimbonile, kukho into ebezama ukuyiba!’

‘Akhange ndibe nto nje, qha mna bendilambile yaye bendifuna ukungena ngaphakathi endlwini... ekhaya,’ ndazama ukucacisa.

Phambi kokuba ndikhuphe elinye ilizwi, ndive elinye ilizwi linkenteza.

‘Nimenzani umntwan’ am, he, nimenzani?’

Kwathi kanti ngumama. Ndazicingela ndathi, ‘Hayi ke, niza kumazi into abhinqa ngayo owam umama! *Nou sal die poppe dans!*’

‘Ngumntwana lo, uneminyaka elishumi elinesibini qha! Amahandbhoyi enza ntoni ezandleni zakhe, nimkhonkxele ntoni? Khona, kwenzeka njani ukuba nimkhombe ngompu umntwana?’

‘Ngumntwana wakho lo nkosikazi?’

‘Akuva, usisithulu? Mkhulule ngoku! Okanye ndakukubambisa uthi nca phantsi! Nina nijonge ntoni apho? Kutheni nimi bhunxe, nibukele ningenzi nto nje? Kutheni ningamncedi umntan’ am. Bendicinga ukuba singabamelwane.’

Ngeli xesha omnye wabo wayesele ewakhulule amahandbhoyi, ndabaleka ngqe ukuya kumama waze wandanga, wancamisa izihlahla abebizikhonkxile, zatsho zangcono ukuba buhlungu.

Abadanisi bakwaSiyagruva bammamele uSamantha njengokuba ebalisa into eyenzekileyo. Bamthe ntsho ngamehlo, bamamele ngenyameko.

UShelly uyavutha ngumsindo.

‘Isenzeka le nto? Andiyikholelwa konke! Aba bacinga ukuba bangoobani bona? Iphelele phi ngoku i*New South Africa*, ngabula bona? Kunceda ntoni ukukhululeka ukuba akunakuhlala apho ufuna ukuhlala khona?’

Ngoku wonke umntu kufanele azame ukuthoba umoya uShelly, ngokunjalo noSamantha lo ngoku inguye umntu ekufanele ukuba uthotywa umoya.

‘Ukuba umnyama, uhlala kwindawo ebisaya kuhlala abantu abamhlophe ngaphambili, njengePinelands,’ kucacisa uSamantha, ‘uza kusoloko ukrokreleka, abantu bekutyhola ngezinto ngezinto.’

‘Ndiyayiqonda le nto uyithethayo Sam,’ kutsho uRashaad, ‘kodwa akunjalo kuzo zonke iindawo – kwezinye iindawo abantu baqhubeka nobomi babo.’

‘Hayi, andiyazi mna loo nto,’ atsho uRegan.

Phambi kokuba izinto zingakwazi ukulawuleka, uRaymondo ucebisa ukuba bayiqukumbele imini, bagoduke.