Compliments of the not so New Year! We bring you our latest issue of the newsletter aimed at continuing the conversation on the website offline. We use these newsletters to also reach readers not on social media, but has access to e-mail. This is the gateway to our website and we believe by reading newsletters one would understand more what we are about and seek more on the website. By forwarding these newsletters you also help us on our recruitment drive.

For those that read for pleasure, we are that platform that gets you exploring fresh, unrestricted and unedited words from those that have no authority to answer to or affiliation to compromise objectivity. The absence of expectation that our writers operate under ensures free-spirited pieces of literature, free of rigidity and stagnation.

We are an online platform that showcases unpublished writers; essentially, we are Writer's Stage, Reader's Heaven and Publisher's Hunting Ground.

You’re more than welcome to join our community and contribute your works of writing and/or engage in discussions by commenting on each article. Click Here to Register your Profile.

By virtue of having an opinion, however vain or profound it may be perceived, you deserve to be heard. Here's a platform; Puck Politics, Spew Bile and Denounce Convention!

On page 22 is our plea for financial assistance as we need to upgrade our hosting package to a designated server to ensure that we never continue experiencing the cut offs we do on a daily basis due to overloading. Our traffic has far surpassed what our current hosting package can handle and we need to upgrade to a higher package which is beyond our means at the moment. Do partner with us and ensure we this ideal lives to fulfill its purpose, check page 23 for further details on how to be a donor.

Our mobile site is up again, and we hope you are using it to its full potential. It obviously makes reading from a handset much easier but we designed it such that the articles load much quicker and the interface easy to navigate. De provide feedback on any difficulties experienced. We accept positive feedback too.

We have the developed the Basic and Creative Writing Handbook, which we plan to sell to fund the hosting in future. In the meantime, while we get it to print, we still rely heavily on your generosity to keep us afloat until we are self-sufficient. Our newsletters are mainly targeted at those that read for pleasure, literary snobs that are ever seeking views that are neither mainstream nor recycled. We write for you because you have a longing to explore the underground writing scene.

This issue of the newsletter is entitled Thari; a SeSotho, SePedi and SeTswana word for baby sleep wrap. Long before there were leashes, parents carried their babies on their back while they went on with their daily business. It's the African way many of us were raised with, and we believe it helped the mother bond with the child.

Thari is about Pregnancy, Childbirth and Parenthood and in it we explore, in Poetry, Blog and Story Telling, issues that include near-fatal pregnancies, miscarriages, unwanted pregnancies and complexities of raising children as a single parent.

We appreciate the path through which we all entered this world, but acknowledge that it's not always as rosy, even though it's usually reflected as a beautiful experience. Each parent has a story to tell about the birth of the child, each story is unique; we'd like to hear yours too, mail it to info@ilikewhatilike.co.za.

Forward this newsletter to as many people as possible, help us build a network of readers and writers, let's reach out to the open-minded and give voice to those oppressed free spirits. We all know an avid reader and an aspiring writer, this is their platform and heaven. If you received this document forwarded by a friend and would like to receive future issues directly, send a blank e-mail to info@ilikewhatilike.co.za.

Refer us your reader and writer friends by e-mailing their addresses to the above-mentioned e-mail address. Let's encourage the culture of reading and cultivate the culture of writing; enjoy #Thari.

Follow me on twitter @NyakalloLephoto
Follow us on twitter @ILWWDotCom
February 2013 Site Stats

### Summary

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Reported period</th>
<th>Month Feb 2013</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First visit</td>
<td>01 Feb 2013 - 00:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last visit</td>
<td>12 Feb 2013 - 05:58</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Unique visitors

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of visits</th>
<th>Pages</th>
<th>Hits</th>
<th>Bandwidth</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1,331</td>
<td>3,579</td>
<td>10,619</td>
<td>28,532 MB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(2.68 visits/visitor)</td>
<td>(2.96 Pages/visit)</td>
<td>(24.42 Hits/visit)</td>
<td>(122.99 KB/visit)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Not viewed traffic:

Not viewed traffic includes traffic generated by robots, worms, or replies with special HTTP status codes.

### Day-wise Traffic

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Number of visits</th>
<th>Pages</th>
<th>Hits</th>
<th>Bandwidth</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>01 Feb 2013</td>
<td>284</td>
<td>1,020</td>
<td>6,188</td>
<td>27.40 MB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>02 Feb 2013</td>
<td>217</td>
<td>377</td>
<td>2,568</td>
<td>14.12 MB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>03 Feb 2013</td>
<td>192</td>
<td>587</td>
<td>4,465</td>
<td>22.58 MB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>04 Feb 2013</td>
<td>478</td>
<td>1,207</td>
<td>10,955</td>
<td>58.39 MB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05 Feb 2013</td>
<td>406</td>
<td>1,170</td>
<td>8,415</td>
<td>45.01 MB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>06 Feb 2013</td>
<td>325</td>
<td>767</td>
<td>7,681</td>
<td>37.89 MB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>07 Feb 2013</td>
<td>363</td>
<td>1,215</td>
<td>14,036</td>
<td>58.67 MB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>08 Feb 2013</td>
<td>315</td>
<td>755</td>
<td>6,154</td>
<td>31.30 MB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>09 Feb 2013</td>
<td>289</td>
<td>771</td>
<td>5,890</td>
<td>30.42 MB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 Feb 2013</td>
<td>302</td>
<td>1,006</td>
<td>10,589</td>
<td>52.52 MB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 Feb 2013</td>
<td>328</td>
<td>1,558</td>
<td>8,117</td>
<td>39.67 MB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 Feb 2013</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>186</td>
<td>2,374</td>
<td>11.91 MB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Average Traffic

<p>| | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Average</td>
<td>298</td>
<td>884</td>
<td>7,286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3,579</td>
<td>10,619</td>
<td>87,432</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>35.82 MB</td>
<td></td>
<td>429.88 MB</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Downloads (Top 10)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Downloads</th>
<th>Full list</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Countries

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Country</th>
<th>Pages</th>
<th>Hits</th>
<th>Bandwidth</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>South Africa</td>
<td>za</td>
<td>2,857</td>
<td>24,460</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>United States</td>
<td>us</td>
<td>2,632</td>
<td>13,313</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>China</td>
<td>cn</td>
<td>1,247</td>
<td>1,799</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great Britain</td>
<td>gb</td>
<td>1,076</td>
<td>28,424</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norway</td>
<td>no</td>
<td>768</td>
<td>9,419</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ukraine</td>
<td>ua</td>
<td>572</td>
<td>572</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>de</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>885</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Yesterday I Cried

Book read: Yesterday, I cried
Author: Iyanla Vanzant

This self-help book takes you on a journey with Rhonda throughout all her experiences in life from when she was a child 'til she reaches adulthood.

It is written in such a way that you also get sucked into her experiences, and it makes you also reflect on the lessons you learn, have learned and continue to learn from life. There are many lessons highlighted in this book such as letting go of the past, dealing with the loss of a loved one and loving yourself.

By looking at all the lessons highlighted in the book emphasis is made on celebrating all the lessons life has to offer a person through living and loving. Whether our experiences are negative or positive there is a lesson to be learnt and in some instances we keep making the same mistakes and through that there eventually comes a time where we realise what lesson we had to learn in that particular phase in life.

At whatever point you are in your life as you this book certain chapters will appeal to you. The chapters that stood out to me were chapter 9 and 10. In actual fact chapter 9 (Engaging in Self-Destructive Behaviour) had me in tears and made me realise why this book's title is called Yesterday, I cried. It is okay to cry as you let go of hurt and pain, its a cleansing process from deep within. An interesting read, had me in awe and reflecting about my life. Will definitely read it again as another lesson will stand out according to my life experience.

Follow me on twitter @Doof_Star_07

Justin Bonello's Ultimate Braai Master

When I received Justin Bonello's latest cookbook about a month or so ago I was extremely sceptical because I had no clue how one goes about reviewing a cookbook other than actually getting down and dirty with the book opened on one’s kitchen counter and playing around with the recipes. I also thought to myself that as much as I’m a huge fan of books in general I am not so into cookbooks. One of the reasons is that growing up on a farm, cooking ingredients were always easily accessible for the meals we normally made because they were so basic yet healthy and easy to prepare. The same cannot be said about most recipes found in these sophisticated cookbooks. They either look inimitable or one ingredient too foreign and thus difficult to find at one's local grocery store.

But that’s not the case with Bonello’s Ultimate Braai Master. It’s extremely different and even the drinks are too unique. Not to mention the recipes. You will learn that you can literally braai anything under the sun and because braaing is part of our culture as South Africans I would expect the book to do very well. Not only in terms of sales at the bookstores but also in changing the way we view road trips and camping.

The book is based on Bonello’s Ultimate Braai Master Reality TV show which airs on SABC 3 now and then. And because of that, one also gets to see all the contestants from one of the seasons. In the book, people from all different backgrounds, races and communities come together around South African fires in different settings and provinces. What's most fascinating is that you don’t only get to learn how to braai different foods, you also get a chance to view all different gorgeous places in South Africa and which type of food each place is well known for. Or at least that's the impression I got. From the Namibian border to Mzoli’s Tshisa Nyama in Cape Town Bonello does not only take you around these places but he also shows you clearly what you can make yourself and eat or drink while you’re travelling/camping around.

One of the recipes I loved was his “Orange River Yaka” which he describes as his version of Yucca, a drink which contains vodka, lemons and lime. Anyone can make his recipes because the ingredients are very easily accessible and there is everything for everyone. While the book has got more than enough recipes to try out for non-vegetarians, vegetarians will definitely love “Bashed herb & roasted potato salad”, “village feast samp & beans” and of course the homemade drinks. Published by Penguin Justin Bonello's Ultimate Braai Master will cost you about R200. Totally worth it!

Follow me on twitter @MrSkota
August the 16th will always be remembered as Marikana Massacre Day in South Africa. This is due to bloody deaths which occurred on that day in 2012 with the members of the South African Police Service brutally gunning down more than 30 mineworkers and injuring 70 or more. These mineworkers were participating on a peaceful gathering outside the small town of Marikana. And they only had 1 grievance, and that is wage increase. The outrageous killings could have been avoided had all the parties concerned taken some sort of responsibility and attended to the laborers’ desperate cries sooner.

A lot has been published on mining conditions and communities ever since the day. One of the books which have recently hit our bookstores is “Marikana: A view from the mountain and a case to answer”. It’s a little book – almost pocket size material- which has been described as the first attempt to understand the gruesome killings which took place on the 16th of August in 2012. A lot of people have criticized the publishing of this book saying it is still way too early to write a comprehensive account on Marikana. But its writers have made it quite clear that this book does not; in any way, attempt to explain what happened from the perspective of all stakeholders involved. And I honestly, truly and absolutely agree with the approach. It’s quite refreshing and necessary.

While the media painted this shocking picture of violent, inhumane, thuggish mineworkers (during the march), the book on the other side takes a different view. Through a series of interviews with the mineworkers and AMCU representatives, the book tries to tell their pain and their story as they watched it unfold right in front of their eyes. A lot of people died and quite a lot got injured, and the injured ones live to tell the tale in a very poignant way. Their pain bleeds through the pages and at times you might just put the book away because the sadness in their voices is so unbearable. And a huge chunk of the book is filled and packed with their accounts.

As much as the book is one-sided and completely biased, after reading it one will realize that it is extremely poignant if not painful and thus necessary. The unrest that’s still ongoing in the mining industry has led to broken homes, with some losing their breadwinners and loved ones and with some breadwinners losing their only hope to survive. Their jobs. They look up to the Marikana Commission of enquiry and it’s outcomes for some sort of comfort. But their pain will never go away anytime soon irrespective of what the outcomes will be. And the voices in the book are a true testimony to that.

Marikana: A view from the mountain and a case to answer is R96.00 and it is published by Jacana.

Follow me on twitter @MrSkota
Government Communications and Information System (GCIS) in Limpopo sends you the compliments of the not so New Year! Here’s wishing that all your plans will come to fruition this year 2013.

There are 21 centres in the five districts of Limpopo. The centres offers a variety of government services and can create the much needed convenience when it comes to people accessing services during the festive season. The following centres will be operating during the holiday seasons. The centres are spread like this: If you are in Waterberg, You have Mabatlane in Valwater, Babirwa, and Mapela all in Mogalakwena. In Vhembe you have Mtititi, Makuya, Musekwa, Madimbo, in Mopani there’s Bulamahlo, Lesedia, Relela, Makhuva, Selwane, Maruleng, In Sekhukhune use Mapodile, Kgautjwane, Leboeng, Fetakgomo/Atok and in Capricorn please use Eldorado, F.S Mothudi and Botlokwa Thusong service centres.

You are encouraged to use the centres for your communal activities, your wedding and other celebrations. In some of this centres there’s still office space for community and other projects and businesses.

“The pulse of communication excellence in government”

For more info go to : www.gcis.gov.za, www.thusong.gov.za and follow the programme champion @Nna_Mphuti on twitter or Mmaphuti Mathatho on fb, for gallery and daily activities at the centres search for any of them on FB. You can also call us at 015 291 4689
Writer’s Stage
Reader’s Heaven
Publisher’s Hunting Ground

Log on to:
www.ilwiw.com
Sound of tyre screech is followed by a big bang. Registration plate flies in the opposite direction of a tyre. A cloud of dust forms as blood is splashed on a windshield that's already fragmented into a million and one pieces. An overwhelming smell of rubber fills the scene. She was 26, he was unborn.

The father is at a retail store picking some maternity clothing and some baby items. His phone rings, holding his breath for a sign of life, he picks up his phone. Slowly but surely tears start flooding his eyes.

It’s a silent Cry, only a grieving dad can hear.
It’s hard to face this reality.
The painful reality of the death of his first born son crashed upon him like a load.
It bears down on him like a sledge hammer on his head.

But no sign of life did he see,
He never made a sound.
His cry I never found.
I went him back.
Just to hold, and touch him.
To smell his hair, and look at his eyes.
I guess God had other plans for you.
So I couldn't tell u goodbye.
You were gone before hello.
He hangs up.

He then contemplates his life without his pillar of strength, love of his life, the son half-had and gone before he even held him in his arms. He leans against a wall and slowly crushes to the floor. His life as he knows is over. He can't picture the next day. Tears just flood his face but no sound. He contemplates ending his own.

A memory of her smiling and at her happiest. He could hear her laughter, he could smell her perfume, he could just reach out and touch her. He saw his unborn son playing and at his happiest. He couldn't give up now. So let the tears run their marathon, he broke down and just wept. They showed him his son laying helplessly cold and silent. He picked him up and held him tightly against his chest as though he would breathe but no life. "Sir, would you like to see her now or later when you are stronger?" was the question from the coroner to which he replied "now please."

The rest of her lies on the belly of the beast. Her body scattered a million pieces, her soul reaches its destination. Knock on the door interrupts 2pac's Hit 'em Up. Her favourite Jam. Knock followed by a doorbell. "Who the fuck is this?" Door slightly opens, for the person inside to take a peek.

"Password!"
"Sir please, you gotta let me in. It's cold out here."
"No password, no entry"
She hangs out a buffalo bill, a R100 note.
"I know it's not much but it's all I have. You gotta let me in."
He grabs it and inspects it with a magnifying glass. Opens the door and lets her in. As she walks in, he hands it back to her. It wasn't the bill he was looking for, but the password in it. The mark of the beast. She walks into a place of tormented souls. A place with clouds of hungry lions that cry tears that fall down like blood rain, permanently staining those below. It's an eternally condemned place that knows no peace.

Words left unspoken, he couldn't say his 1st hello...
He had no way to cry out loud, coz he was trapped in his mom’s womb...

A sign for both his hello and goodbye...

An improvised story by Nyakallo Lephotso, Tshepo Lephotso and Zibuse Makhubu.
I Survived Pre-Eclampsia

"You were laughing and your eyes rolled back... Then I knew something was wrong," said my Nursing Sister Mom; ironically, that’s how she saved my life. I had a busy job, that required I travelled throughout South Africa. I was in the office at 7 am everyday, and left no later than 7pm. My twins had just turned a year old, while their older brother had just started primary school.

My life was, if anything, beyond hectic. And I was pregnant, again. But I just didn’t take a moment to listen to my body, so I just ploughed on. The father of my children was unemployed, poor man. I raised my suspicions to him and watched his eyes nearly popping out of their sockets. "You’re just putting on a little weight, I don’t think you’re pregnant. Maybe you should start doing some roadwork," he nervously commented.

And I convinced myself that he was right, so I bought some Herbex and started the process of "hlaselaring ama-futha".

Then one afternoon, my mother came to visit and she was suddenly tense. "You have to see a doctor, you are not well." At that point, in medical terms, my kidneys were failing, and I can’t remember what else was packing up. In lay man’s terms, I was "5 to" suffering a stroke, then a heart attack, then inevitably death. I was taken for a scan to check on the baby, and they confirmed that I was 26 weeks pregnant; 26 weeks of no care, and Herbex. Because the amniotic fluid was dark (because my blood pressure was high) they could not confirm if my baby had legs.

My partner and mom were already at the hospital, and my little sister had driven from Jo’burg to babysit the kids; everyone looked concerned, and I was just cracking jokes, and hoping for a healthy baby - with or without legs. What I didn’t know was that my mom was called aside by the doctor to ask her whose life should be saved between the baby and I. She told the doctor that she should save mine as I had 3 kids at home who needed me. I remember crying uncontrollably when my mom told me this 8 months later on my birthday, only then did I realise how much danger I was in.

Injection after injection. Drip after drip. Tablet after tablet. Hell, they even had Professors from Tuks and Medunsa coming to see me. I was even the subject of an oral exam for one medical student. Fun and games. After some hours, an emergency Caesarean Section was performed. I remember asking the anaesthetist to put me under general anaesthetic. She looked at me with sad eyes and said "I’m afraid if I put you under, you might never wake up." I was still cheerful, and I giggled just before then when they asked me if I wanted to get sterilised.

Who would say no? I would have been crazy not to say no. When my daughter was born, the first thing I looked for was legs. Both were there, with feet too! Like any normal child. I don’t remember much about what happened thereafter, just the warm feeling in my heart. I didn’t even notice how small she was; she weighed 1.3 kg and she was just perfect. Her lungs were already formed so she didn’t need an incubator, just had a touch of jaundice.

Yes, she was just perfect. I spent 32 days in hospital, getting medication around the clock while kanga-roo-ing my little girl so that she could grow. We had the best care and medication available in the country, and every day my health improved. After a week and a half I was able to go to neo-natal ICU to feed my baby without swelling up. We were moved to a private room where I could move around a bit more. I finally had a visit from my other children, whom I had not seen for almost 3 weeks. They all had the “Mommy when are you coming home” look in their eyes. When my baby weighed 1.7 kg, we were discharged; just 2 days before Christmas Day. And that was probably the best Christmas ever. My daughter turned 6 in November - she’s healthy and has never been back to hospital ever again.

I’m still on hypertension medication, and I will have to take a tablet everyday for the rest of my life. Its a small price to pay, if you ask me. I think I survived because I didn’t know how bad it was. Sometimes, ignorance is bliss.

Follow me on twitter @MizAnne157
When I Entered Into Motherhood

Growing up in a little township of Mahwelereng in the Limpopo province of South Africa, I used to play mantlwane (house) with my cousins. My grandparents’ house was quite large, with a driveway and an orchard at the back; orchard that turned out to be incubator of many a fantasy. Always when playing house back in the orchard, I’d choose to be the Mother. I never thought this dream will ever come to pass, therefore each day we played I gave my all in my duties as a mother.

On this particular Tuesday morning, I was in a township called Namakgale when I felt weird; my body was just not well but experiencing no significant pain. Even the smell of scented candles by the bedside somehow changed. Fortunately, I was on study leave which gave me an opportunity to put on my khaki skirt with a black tank top and went and consulted a doctor on my way to the library.

Walking down the road to the doctor I had entertained a lot of thoughts, but none came close to what would be my diagnosis.

The doctor's room was an almost luxurious lounge with beige leather couches, I was still marvelling at spectacular arrangement of furniture when the assistant called, "next patient please!” I stood up steadily with thoughts racing.

Consulting room carried that signature hospital smell; the crispy white sheet and a stout man with a broad smile welcomed me, “Hi, I am Dr. Aphane, how can I help you?” I explained to him that my lower abdominal felt strange, didn’t feel like food and anything around me smelt “funny”. He asked me to lie on the bed and draw back my tank exposing my abdomen. As I was rolling my tank top, he was putting on latex gloves while dragging a machine that resembled a little ancient computer. He then applied a cold transparent gel on my naked tummy before running some device on my stomach in a circular motion as though he were using the device to apply the gel on my skin; it felt ticklish, but I was more bothered by my mind imagining all types of diseases that he might confirm. I felt my heart literally beating on my throat. With a broad smile, bigger than the one he welcomed me, with he said, while taking off his cloves, "Yippee, you are pregnant!"

As the baby was growing in me, I waiting for a bulge none came. I am big-boned, so I guess I had plenty room to accommodate it. The first kick was great; I had to work in a village called Selwane and I always looked forward to driving there because of the privilege of seeing elephants walking around; it happened as I was driving back from work one evening. I felt bubbles in my stomach; somewhat ticklish, I paid attention and it happened again; a moment to cherish.

As months went by, kicks got stronger, and the only food I wanted to eat was a Mango. Sometimes, in the middle of the night I would be sleeping to be woken up by a strong heartbeat in my tummy. On nights like that, I'd drink a glass of water as I listen to the heartbeat.

Throughout the entire gestation period, I never had any morning illness or anything uncomfortable.

At the beginning of the festive season in 2005, I went home to my parents house for holidays. My sisters elated and needing confirmation of the claimed pregnancy dragged me to a nearby medical doctor for an ultra sound scan. At that time, I knew what that computer-looking machine was called. As I did before, I laid on my back rolled my shirt and together we learned it was a boy and due within two weeks. We all had broad smiles as we hit the shops picking newborn clothes for a boy; all shades of blue and yellow. We wanted to be safe, in case the machine was wrong.

Coincidentally, it was also on a Tuesday morning when, after an uncomfortable but pain-free night, I felt a gush of warm liquid roll my thighs; I knew that my water had broke. I cleaned up and started reading while waiting upon the torture that my fellow females promised instead my water broke with no pain whatsoever. Since I was home alone, I called my sister who sent my brother to take me to a local hospital.

Still, I couldn’t have imagined what was to follow. I had booked a bed for childbirth a week prior, so the nurse, a bubbly lady in navy blue uniform, took vital signs and told me, “you are dilating but since there's no pain yet, you might still have a long way.” I took my book to the ward and continued reading a book called You Can Heal Your Life by Louis Hay.

Already in labour clothes, I was with other women that had just arrived. Another nurse, a man this time, came to my bed with some form of patches and placed them on my stomach then asked me to lie back as he monitored my unborn child's movement. Still the reality of it all hadn't sunk in.
I began feeling uncomfortable sitting down, so I went pacing around the corridor; still in a state of no pain. I arrived at the hospital at 12h30, and nothing had happened by 17h29. I then went back to bed and slept on my left side as instructed by the nurses. At this point, every position sitting or sleeping was uncomfortable, therefore I stood and felt a burning sensation like the pressure to pee around my lower abdomen. I proceeded to the nurse's bay and told them I wanted to pee. They took me to the delivery room, a room dimly lit, with a strange looking bed; the bed a bit high with a lot of stainless steel containers and everything in this room was dressed in green; still I experienced no pain. As I tried to sit, I felt like I was sitting on top of something so I called upon the nurses; after an examination they told me the baby had arrived. The female nurse I saw earlier called two others then helped on the funny looking bed and switched one a huge light one that looked like those used in operating theatres. One nurse inserted a hand to check the baby and the last of my water was released. I was briefly coached on the pushing and after two pushes at exactly 18h55, Tuesday the 24th of January 2006, I gave birth to a healthy beautiful baby. The nurse grabbed him with the umbilical cord intact and asked me if the baby were a boy or a girl. I pulled myself up a bit looked at baby and it was a boy. He had shiny black hair covering his tiny head; limbs as long as my fingers, both hands clenched and his feet drawn to his chest. Suddenly, he gave an echoing cry that confirmed he was alive; at birth, Tumisho weighed in at a healthy 3.1kg. My heart began racing as the fantasy finally came to pass, I was a Mother.

Follow me on twitter @Nna_Mmaphuti

It would be unfair of me to expect certain things from an individual that is unable to provide them.

Expecting a piece of dry ground to yield an ocean of water is just as good as expecting the sea to be dry land, it can’t happen

Being hard on a 3 month old and expecting them to be able run outside and get you the mail is the same as wishing a 10 month old that has just discovered the art of walking/crawling to sit still, it will remain a dream

Having an impression that a thorn will not prick you is the same mentality that you would have if you would want to believe that stroking a wild animal’s mane turns the animal into a cute and cuddly friend, wake up!

I prefer a father as opposed to a funder because the funder remembers the cost of my tuition fees while the father remembers the path I travel to get my qualification

A father waits for you at the finish line, a funder will do an internet transfer so you can get a spot on the school bus to the race

A father could not care less if you have changed your extra-mural from swimming to wrestling...money is not a problem for him after all

A funder couldn’t care less if you have changed your extra-mural from swimming to wrestling...money is not a problem for him after all

A father will look at the long-term impact that you’re varying sporting choice will have, stick to the one you love the most and master it, even if the coach seems to be too hard on you

The funder doesn’t have time to listen to you, haven’t I spent enough money on you already? What does it matter whether I was there or not?

A father, not a funder, will care about my well-being enough to advise me on health and hygiene because he knows that even though I’m a beneficiary on his medical-aid I will still feel the pain

I would rather not have a funder than have a man that spends more time worrying about the worldly matters and forgets to make time to find out what’s on my mind

I prefer a father as opposed to a funder because I know to my father I’m not just another acquisition or investment he’s waiting to see mature so he can finally reap the rewards

I’m in no way in the market for someone who will always be absent in my attendance register while he makes sure there are sufficient funds in my student achiever account

I prefer a father to a funder, I believe every child could use one...
In truth I have absolutely no idea to where to start, my journey to parenthood has been a rather colourful one! In 2007 I found I was pregnant, I was 9 weeks into our journey when I first met them for the 1st time, they were 2 little dots inside me!

Little did I know these two dots would become more prominent in my life. Yes, guess you thinking, she’s pregnant, how can she NOT know that having kids will radically change her life? Well, you see back then I was 19 years old, a babe in many people’s eyes!

Most of my pregnancy was painted with a lot of external stress, judgment calls from the masses, from the family, even from myself. Physically you are so insecure about your body, not only because you’re pregnant, but in truth at that age, not much makes sense.

Moments of happiness which stand out, has to be when I felt them move, its in those moment I realized my role in all of this, how keeping myself healthy would ultimately benefit them.

You would swear it was a zoo inside me whenever they kicked! Everyone trying to get their point across and oh boy did they!!

In my 7th month of pregnancy, my boys thought themselves too impatient to live inside my belly, and so my water broke! I went into labour on Friday the 9th of November and eventually gave birth on the 11th.

To be honest I just braved it out, was unsure about everything around me except that I was a mother, when they numbed my back in order to cut me open, all I could think of was seeing them!

As I lay down, the doctor began moving the scalpel, I watched the clock and my 1st child cried his way into my life at 22h35 weighing 1.41kg and 15 cm tall, yes I looked at the watch in the theatre, you kind of DON’T want to forget such!

While I was taking in the sight of my 1st son, I hear the doctor telling me, the other one is kicking and wants to take get! (I’m told he made those swimming motions inside my belly). At 22h37, weighing in at 1.40kg, and 17cm tall, he was helped into my world and took his first breath and joined his brother.

I started to feel my stomach (that really was not supposed to happen), after that I remember was an oxygen mask being put on me and me counting to ten, needless to say I never got to ten. I woke as I was being rolled to my room!
Hours later, I would be told, I almost died giving birth, the pain I felt in my stomach was the medication somehow wearing off and as the doctor put it, I lost a couple of litres of blood. (That was explain my new found "complexion" for a couple of days following the birth) Seemingly loss of too much blood, can make one pale!

It goes without saying that my life changed forever. I lost a lot of who I thought I was, but gained so much of who I truly am through being a mother.

Being an only child, I must say one of the greatest lessons I've learned from motherhood has to be selflessness. Its like I had a purpose again, my life was defined again.

Parenthood has kept me sane, shockingly enough, I say this because I get to learn a lot.

We fool ourselves into believing we are solely here to teach our children, when in actual fact they too have a few lessons for us, but we are too "grown up" to see them.

The lessons are in the way my sons never hold a grudge against me or each other, we'll have our disagreements, but two minutes later, its forgotten, life keeps moving on.

Its in the way, they laugh wholeheartedly, cry tearfully and are not masters of their anger, every single emotion is real, untapped, unhearsed. The older we get, the more we try to control everything, including ourselves sometimes so much so that we don't even feel anymore.

Its in the way, no matter how hard they fall down, they'll actually smile through their tears and continue with their mission, called playing! How many of us, have given up after having fell down, been knocked down by life's challenges!

No matter how hard it gets, when I say hard, I say being a young, single, professional mother, I remember how far us 3 have come and just keep pushing, I don't believe anyone is every actually prepared for parenthood or motherhood, don't lie! Read all you want, nothing prepares you for the child that is yours.

Even in parenthood, it is our children who teach us how to be parents, pay attention.

Follow me on twitter @mamaroala
My father served in the army. Major Summers. He lead the 5th platoon during the war on the Angolan boarder. Most of his men died. These were very young South African men who left their families behind. My father came back from the war alive. Was it unfortunate or fortunate that he got shot through his left leg? He kept fighting till the medevacs came to remove him.

Even today, if you should see his legs bare, you’d see where the bullet entered and where it exited. My mother says my father was a crazy man when he returned from the boarder. But it was temporary, he regained his full composure within months. Sometimes I’d ask him about what happened there at Angola. He’d just shake his head and continue reading his newspaper.

I guess what his eyes had seen, left a permanent wound in his heart. I am my father’s only son. I have always looked up to him, ever since I can remember. But as we grow, we learn about our parent’s mistakes. My father made some mistakes and there was a period when I hated him for those mistakes. These mistakes left us with a poor living. I made sure he knew I hated him.

Today I'm grown. I am married to beautiful woman and father to a beautiful girl. I too make mistakes, the same mistakes my father made. Looking back, I realize my father loved us regardless, and as a man, tried his best, as I am doing today. Today I regret all the bad things I said about my father. I do love him.

When I think of my father, the Angolan war and the war he fought at home, I realize he must have felt alone and misunderstood. Like that song by The Temptations:

'We don't have to see eye to eye
...or face to face...
I'm not asking for miracles
...no saving grace...
and I don't need another heart
...to have and hold...
all I want is a friend I can talk to
...Soul to Soul.'

It's been a while since my last letter, I'm sorry about that. But it doesn't mean I think of you less, Mama. I'm sure you know that. I was just too preoccupied with many things lately, and every time I do find the time to write, I really can't think of anything to say... where I won't be whining.

It's really been very difficult lately, Mama. Trying to make both ends meet, trying so hard to prove myself, trying to maintain sanity... trying to show that I am still in control. Thus far, I'm still alive, thanks heavens.

My brother is fine Mama and Dad is getting old, your sister and brothers are hanging in there as well, your last born is actually doing great, he is a grown young man and we still keep your pictures in the frames displayed in the bedroom.

A lot has happened actually that I would like to fill you in on about, but some of the drama is so painful that I wish that you were around to tell me that everything will be ok, and to advise me on few but many points in life, for some reason I believe that if you were around, life would have been different somehow.

Anyway, that will be all for now, Mama. Do not want to burden you with my whining. So, I'll stop before I get to start that. Take care of yourself, Mama. I really, really miss you. I hope to see you soon, Mama.

I love you
M.
Send us your childbirth and motherhood stories to info@ilikehatiwrite.co.za
Q: Dr I'm in a longlife treatment bf do I stop de neviri-pine ât 6wks / when I get de result ?
A: You stop the Nevirapine syrup at six weeks.

Q: Dr can I get Bactrim at the Gp Dr / buy it in the Chemistry? Can I also do de baby's test at the doctor?
A: Your GP can write a prescription for the Bactrim and you can get it at the chemist. Yes you can do baby's HIV PCR via a GP. You will get a letter and the test will be done at the nearest pathology lab.

Q: Hi doc I'm giving my baby Nvp she is 4 weeks old now she develops rash I have tried bathing her with Epizone A the rush doesn't go.
A: Rash on babies could be anything. Please take her to your doctor or clinic for a check-up. Rather safe than sorry!

Q: Dr why some clinics don't know that if mommy is breastfeeding & on treatment, afta the 6 weeks results came back NEG, they are not supposed to give neviripine? I refused to take neviripine only tuk BACTRIM
A: I really don't know why this happens. All the clinics have the guidelines onsite. And it is stated clearly that breastfeeding babies of mothers on lifelong treatment only take Nevirapine for six weeks only. I'm glad that you took the Bactrim and left the Nevirapine.

Q: Dr am afraid to tell my partner dat am pos, but since i found out i make sure dat we hav protected s*x,we hav 2mnth old baby he is pcr neg
A: Disclosure is not easy but you have to find a way of doing it.

Q: Doc you dnt sleep plz get same rest ...frm now ill be ur doctor. Thanx for ur time nd keep up with the good work.
A: :-)

Q: Dr I tried switching to eff cos m back at varsity.I live wit ma son n fulltym helper.His PCR ws - @ 6weeks,he's nw 2mnths.The prblm is dat he dsnt lyk de bottle n he refused it until I got bck.I've bin brstfdn de whole weekend.M scared dat we mixedfed
A: It's really really important that you stick to one method of feeding. As you know, mixed feeding increases the risk of HIV transmission from you to baby. Is your baby on Nevirapine syrup?

Q: doc am on lifelong trmt my son is almost 6mos am ebf him bt of recent he doesnt seem to get enuf milk wat can i do
A: Continue with the exclusive breastfeeding. Your baby is going to start solids soon and formula, if you decide to switch to formula after six months.

Q: Hi Dr, I'm exclusively bottle feeding. My sons 6weeks pcr cane out Neg. Now he has doubled his birth weight at 14weeks. He's 7.2kgs and seems not to be satisfied with milk anymore. Can I give him solids at 4months? Is he overweight for 14weeks?
A: No solids before six months please my dear. Your baby will be fine on formula until he is six months old. Please email me - [email protected] and tell me why you think your baby is not satisfied with formula.

Q: Hi Dr, i am hiv positive and i am taking aluvia plus lamzin and my doctor replaced lamzin with tyricten, my first dose with tyricten landed me in hospital because i had severe muscle pains and the entire body was burning. is this a side effect?
A: It very well could have been a side-effect. How are you feeling now? And have you continued with the treatment?

Q: Morning doc I'm giving my 3 weeks baby NVP I'm scared of of taking her for 6 weeks testing I have dicided on breasfeeding what if she gets sick
A: Please don't be scared. You're breast feeding and hopefully you're doing so exclusively. You're giving the Nevirapine syrup daily. That's all you can do. So don't be scared and please make sure that you take baby for her six weeks HIV PCR test.

Q: Dr Sindi I want to do a course on Hiv Counselling and testing,I have a nursing certificate already.were can I do the training.pliz help
A: Go to www.hivsa.com and contact them for more information

Q: Dr m de1 who said I had to breastfeed wen I got bck frm work bcos my bby ddnt wnt de bottle.I cnt reach my email acc dats y I cnt email u.My worry is dat de nanny said she gave her sum of de formula though she ws cryin.M so scared.shes 7mnths n PCR ws -
A: Please don't be scared. You and the helper must continue giving the formula and the other food as well. Your baby will adjust.

Q: Dr. Sindi you are my inspiration since I visited this site of yours, throughout my pregnancy, I have heard pipo saying their babies are NEG, I am so overwhelmed by reading encouraging stories, so is my 9 weeks baby NEG:

A: That's awesome news! :

Q: Tnx DOC, bt at clinic they say I mst gv the bby twice a day, ilvitrim.warrd coz already gv the bby twice a day 4 2days

A: You give Ilvitrim once a day. From today onwards please give it once a day.

Q: Why do infants born from infected moms receive nevarapills

A: We give the Nevirapine as post-exposure prophylaxis. In the event that baby gets exposed to the virus during labour, delivery or through breastfeeding, the Nevirapine syrup is already on board to hopefully prevent established HIV infection.

Q: Doc thanx for ur time. General Q. What does nvp do. Im talking about the one given to children

A: We give the Nevirapine as post-exposure prophylaxis. In the event that baby gets exposed to the virus during labour, delivery or through breastfeeding, the Nevirapine syrup is already on board to hopefully prevent established HIV infection.

Q: Can I still go for C-section even though my viral load is 132?

A: What have you and your gynae decided?

Q: Im 38 wks and my viral load is less than 40can i breastfeed?

A: The decision to breastfeed is yours to make. The conditions are that you must breastfeed exclusively for six months. This means that baby must get nothing but breast milk (and any meds from the doctor or clinic) for those six months. No water, no food, no over-the-counter baby remedies, just breast milk for six months. If you can do that then by all means breast feed.

Q: Sory about sp pyridoxine to avoid shap pains. And who suppose to take them thks!

A: Everyone that is taking Isoniazid should also be taking Pyridoxine.

Q: I jus wanted to know if my nunu cn see me doc:)..hz 2 weeks now

A: Everything is still blurred but baby can make out large shapes and follow movement.

Q: Hey doc am + on lifelong treatment breastfeeding & am startin a nw job on wednesday and my boy wil b turnin 5mnths old..wil b startin him on formula..am worried..plz advive.thnk u

A: Email me - [email protected]

Q: Dr I got a job n tried changing frm ebf to eff but my bby dsnt wnt a bottle.My nanny used de bottle lid bt said she cried so much I hd to brstfeed wen I got home cos she ws hungry.wat cn I do?

A: Email me - [email protected]

Q: afta how many days can a baby see doc?

A: At anytime especially if you’re worried about something. In the public sector all babies go for a three day check-up at the clinic. Baby is seen by a nurse who checks that everything is fine with mum and baby. Why do you ask?

Q: I just took my 1st dose of the TB prevention (isoniazid, pyradoxine & multivitamin) I feel a chest pain. Is this normal?

A: I don’t think that the chest pain is linked to your taking of Isoniazid. If it persists then I suggest you see your doctor or visit your nearest clinic.

Complex.

My definition of HIV is Hope is Victory and you can ask me anything HIV related anonymously on this link: www.Qooh.me/DoctorSindi

To read more of my articles visit my page www.ilwiw.com/hope-is-victory

Regards,
Dr. Sindisiwe van Zyl

@SindiVanZyl
You came, and you gave me life, life in abundant. 
You revived me, you gave me hope back, she gave my life a meaning again.

You taught me how to live, after everything... 
You taught me not to worry, and to leave the rest to God

It was thru you, that I got to see the world in a different perspective, 
In a perspective that was soo beautiful and soo meaningful and soo worthy of life to live again.

You revived my heart and made me be able to love again....
You came, and sadly you went away

But I celebrate your life 
You brought me life, life in abundant

Death was so wicked to steal you away from me... 
But today I think of you and what you have made me achieve,

What change you brought into my life 
The truth’s you have revealed before my eyes....

Weird as it may sound, I think I knew you were not here to stay for long 
You are in the safe hands of Heaven, where no evil can touch you...

For you are too much of an angel to be polluted by this world. 
God saw you, and he loved you and he wanted you amongst his best,

Amongst his angels that are clothed in white

Amongst the unstained.....
you were the chosen
I have made peace with your parting, thou it still hurt...

I thank God every day, that I came to know you,
That I was chosen to be your mother....

What an honour and a privilege it had been, and still is.
Wherever you are, Just so you know....

You have touched my life and turned it around in a way that no one could ever do....
You were and you always will be the best.....

And I’ll forever cherish our moments,
Our baths, our good morning smiles

We came a long way... but you were soo strong, and you made me strong as well.

I drew my courage from you.
And my promise to you, is to continue to be soo strong.

I will always love you my Pontsana.

Signed...
Mommy.

Follow me on twitter @MarutlaKekana
Motherhood

It is said that when you become a mother a lot of things changes.

Shameful that only women are the one’s who are more affected by the whole ordeal.

When you become a mother your life changes, whether you like it or not.

Your figure changes and your thinking changes as well.

"You no longer wanna do things with me."

Well I’m sorry that I would not stay out late every night, because I have a baby back at home.

The more we tried to unite the more u wanted to prove that you’re always right.

I lost you, yes it was the worst lost coz I did not anticipate it-Clearly u did.

While I was working on building our so called plans u were busy building ur own plans.

It’s so much harder to be trying to focus on saving on something.

when one party has decided that they will break it any way.

Motherhood changes who u are inside and if it made me the person I am today.

I gladly accept the terms and condition,

I have no choice moes.

You change your life to accommodate someone in it and they turn around and says.

Thank you but I have found a better deal, or better yet u are the last person to know about it.

My role with you I played it well and good.

I’m finding it very hard to dismiss claims that good girls always comes out last.

What I Learned

I never understood pure joy until I conceived you.
I never understood true blessings until I bore you.
I never knew true love until I first laid eyes on you.
I never really knew patience until I spent many sleepless nights because of you.
I never knew true anger until someone / something threatened you.
I never felt helplessness until the day I couldn't attend that important recital.
I never understood frustration until you were a teen.
I never felt such pride until you finished school.
I never understood wearing your heart on your sleeve until I let you go.

But when I did let you go, I felt the joy all over again because of everything I’d learned because of you.

Follow me on twitter @LeratoLeeSedibe

If He Had A Chance

I was prepared to love him unconditionally
I have never touched him
He could have inherited true characteristics of a man from me
Love
Care
Tender that is undying
Was he crying for when he was dying
sobs I was not even listening
He was screaming
All by himself
All he asked for was a chance to live
All i wanted was to feel his breathe
Feel his moist sweats bathing my skin
His skin against my skin
He was sweet
He was innocent
All he deserved was chance to live
You Are, Mother

You are
Forever on my Mind
Eternally in my Heart
Touched me and made me believe in Love
Brought me into life and left a permanent mark

You are
Warm and Loving
Real and True
Freely you gave to me
Selflessly you sacrificed for me

You are
Honourable and Gracious
Adorable and Precious
Opened my eyes to the beauty of life
Opened my mind to the opportunities life presents

You are
Unpretentious and Genuine
Relentless and Steadfast
Persevered with me
Endure for me

You are
You
The one I Love

Mother

Follow me on twitter @MkhizeFelicia

Eight Most Popular articles on www.ilwiw.com
#8 Why I Would Marry a White Woman http://bit.ly/ts7gA5 by TI Mo

#7 An Open Letter to Shrien Dewani http://bit.ly/s4RPdr by @AkanyangM

#6 Why I Think Kenny Kunene is Better than Patrice Motsepe http://bit.ly/qdWETr by @Tebello_Dreamer

#5 Aldecia Molaudzi - A Beautiful Soul http://bit.ly/n5j9U2 about @AldeciaM0laudzi

#4 QnA with @TaxiDriverSipho http://bit.ly/umAbQg

#3 For Black Girls http://www.ilikewhatiwrite.co.za/life-experiences/for-black-girls by Chantel Mazibuko

#2 For Colored Girls http://bit.ly/rUu5lU by @mokebe

#1 Two Sides of the Same Coin http://bit.ly/mUPuLC by @MkhizeFelicia

Felicia Mkhize
Words of a Dying Mother

I died more than she did that day...
The day she was raped and brutally murdered
The day she was set alight in the effort of hiding the evidence
That day when she fell into a tub full of water, only a week after she had learnt to walk
The same day when I was called to come and ID him since he had conveniently ‘drowned’ at a camp
It was the year she was due to complete her degree...would have made me proud for raising her.
The day I had knelt and prayed, asking God to keep her safe
The one time he had devoted himself to a Christian life, did he know it was the wrong type where he would be tortured and murdered?
A ritual killing where only another woman's child can be used as the sacrificial lamb?

I died deep down inside, felt numb, felt cold, felt lost, felt dead
I died deep within my breast, the same that had brought life but now is dead
I rock and try and make sense of all that has been with no consolation I give up hope
I'm dead, though not visible I cease to be, no matter who may try to resuscitate my life
I'm dead and cannot live knowing that my child has suffered and there was not a single thing I could do to save her, not a single thing I could do to bring him back!

I'm dead, let me be! Do speak words of relief to feel relieved for comforting me but please!, do not expect me to live again
I cannot be alive for if I be alive then my seed also be!

I cannot agree to life and yet have failed to preserve that of my child
I refuse to agree with you, there was no purpose, there is no purpose and there's no mysterious way about it
I refuse to listen to words of comfort and how we will one day be reunited, I choose to be with him now
Therefore I'm dead, though my shell may remain, yet my soul has went its place and surely won't return

Hence I say let me be, leave me be, with her is where I would like to be and where I am
It feels better here, though his face I do not see and with him I'm not united, yet the comfort of this strange place, the corner in which I am hidden feels so much more comfortable

I am dead, leave me be, let me be, I shall return
I'll heal again
I shall be back
Be back with her

I am dead, leave me be, let me be...
Partner With Us

Our growth has been our biggest challenge. Due to the web hosting package we were on, it meant the traffic on our website was too overwhelming for the amount of memory we were allocated. As a result we were required to upgrade to higher web hosting package which meant a higher fee over and above other internet costs. By making a financial contribution you can help this initiative keep the website up and running at all times and have us edging nearer to our goals of reaching a global audience. Your pledge could be in a form of monthly contributions or a once-off deposit as and when you can.

Deposit Directly to our Hosts

Bank: FNB
Acc No.: 62168504770
Branch Code: 221425
Account Holder: Greycell CC
Branch Name: Hayfields
Account Type: Current Account
Reference: www.likewhatiwrite.co.za

Please Note: Cash Deposits at the bank will attract a service fee of R15 per transaction. However, bank transfers via internet banking will not have this additional fee.
I Want to Partner with ILWIW

For the Amount: R__________
Monthly Quarterly Annually (Place X)

Personal Details
Title: _________ First Names: _______________________________ Surname: _________________________
Telephone: ____________________
Cellphone: _____________________________
E-mail: ____________________________

Select Payment Method
Debit Order Credit Card Direct Deposit International Credit Card (Place X)

Please Indicate Partnership Classification:
New Upgrade Downgrade (Place X)

Debit Orders and Credit Cards
Account Holder's Name: _______________________________________
Account Number: _________________________ CVC (3 DIGIT NUMBER AT BACK OF CARD): ________
Bank: ___________________ Branch: ___________________ Branch Code: ________________
Start Month: ________________/________ (e.g. May/2012)
Day of Month: 1st 15th 25th (Place X)
If you wish your debit order to run for a specific period of time only, please indicate date of termination
_________/_________/_______ (Date/Month/Year)
The Authority of this debit order may be cancelled by giving Designer Scripts 30 (thirty) days’ notice in writing, sent via e-mail. Please notify us immediately if any of your details should change.

Signature of Account Holder: ____________________________

Direct Deposits (Tear out and present at a bank)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bank</th>
<th>Standard Bank</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Branch</td>
<td>Phuthaditjhaba</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Code</td>
<td>040327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Account Name</td>
<td>Designer Scripts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Account Number</td>
<td>300032471</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reference</td>
<td>ILWIW.COM</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Date: ________________________ Amount: R____________________ Signature: ________________________

Please e-mail all deposit/proofs of payment slips to us info@ilikewhatiwrite.co.za
Embarrassed to be seen there, she can't maintain eye-contact. Her friend helps her navigate the long corridors with loud bangs of footsteps that ricochet off the tiled floor. Her heart beats harder as she advances closer to the door. She's never been there before. During the past two years, her friend made these trips three times. Even the admin staff knows her. Anything her friend has done three times she can do at least once, she thinks.

Hers is a womb torn apart. With her bare hands she slashed it. Behind choice she hid, yet she opted not for free choice when she could exercise with it. Now in shame she hangs her head, her heart engulfed by a feeling of condemnation. Guilt eats through her soul, she's convinced for her there's no redemption. Her womb she turned into a tomb. "All things appear difficult at first", her friend assures her.

Standing beside a woman accused of adultery and sentenced to death by stoning, He said, "he with no sin cast the first stone". Then a large stone descended from the sky, at high speed, and crashed over the woman. He then looked up in the sky with a disappointed expression and shouted, "Dad, I'm trying to make a point here".

It's said Blackberries are like DStv. Once you own one, you wonder how you survived your whole life without them. Almost as if once you go black, you can't go back. Life has moments that set a precedence on future behaviour and expectations. For many, sex without condom is one.

Women are known to worship their new men that they even alienate their best friends when times are good. During happy days, to his every request her response is positive. "Baby those things give me rash. Besides, I wanna taste you. There's always the pill."

"Okay, love."

The morning after, a trip to the clinic exposes her to a reality she never conceptualised. Nurses address her with judgement and treat her as though she were dripping with filth. Already stripped to her bare necessities by her thong-dropping antics, her spirit is poked as she is denied birth control unless she takes an HIV test. Fast running out of time and options, she heads to a pharmacy. Cash in hand, no questions asked. The same product she got for remedy was the same product her friend uses for prevention. Same pill for before and the morning after. Eureka, she thought!

Birth control is an integral part of family planning, but, since it's a policy of general application, it has numerous unintended consequences. A very effective tool for managing conception and ensuring a desirable age gap between children has become a widely exploited mechanism for profit at the expense of careless youth.

Easily available over the counter and administered without medical supervision, these abrasive capsules of destruction wreak havoc when handled by street wisdom. Knowledge that it works just as well before and after the deed deceives the pleasure-loving into thinking it's be all and end all, until its shortcomings prevail.

Only change, taxes and death are guaranteed. Everything else is subject to unreliability.

In the event of conception, termination is an option. If abortion were a stock it would be highly priced; for it's a commodity in great demand. Desperate and vulnerable, many young women relieve their wombs of unwanted products of their forbidden liaisons when what they trusted to guard the world's entrance door has failed. Awkward, self-condemning and shameful, at first, but a road that leads to habit as potent as smoking. With consistent weaning, it becomes an act one's conscience is numb to. A shocking confrontation of making sense of the wisdom in using abortion as a means of birth control.

follow me on twitter @NyakalloLephot
Careless Affection

Serenity: beautiful innocent face. Alive in her dreams, quiet. Tiny hands curled up around her tiny eyes...sleeping. Away. Her mother watching. Admiring. Hoping. Melting at the site of her peacefulness, reciprocity...for she too escapes to her happy place. Composed. As she kisses and caresses her little one, she prays for the child's adversities to be minimal when she grows, prays for strength and endurance in her pursuit to be a good mother. Wondering what goes on in the little one's mind, what kind of dreams she dreams, what kind of individual she'll be; playing with the buttons of her little jersey, lost in her plans and prayers. Still. No emotions are more personified, no emotions are more real.

About 3 minutes later the child reawakens and, in a concoction of impulsive spasms, springs from her mother's lap to the corner of the back seat of the car. She transforms like a possessed priest in a horror movie, screaming and shouting violently, playfully. Beautiful still, but innocent no more. Reciprocity: her twin's – the mother – complementary kisses and hisses, her groans and moans, fondling and fighting seem to fuel the uncanny young beast. Of course, the offspring fights back viciously, playfully. Innocuousness bound in the size of its body, after all, what damage can two year old fists or nails do? Perhaps a chant only the two of them understands, perhaps filial in its most twisted form, perhaps business from which I am exempt and shouldn't even been writing about. "Some kind of affection between mother and child," I sigh.

It is neither the mother's empty English cautions that bother me the most, nor her conviction on giving instructions insuitingly unreal for a 2 year old baby. It is her lack of foresight. What seed is she planting in the child? Spare the rod and spoil the child? What of the repercussions then?

It retorts, the beast, every 5 minutes, with superlative tantrums, slapping and biting, scratching and pushing, spitting and crying. Yes, if anything, it cries. Its lips mumble and scream blasphemy, failed not by its intentions to thwart, break and bully but by its youth, its inability to construct proper sentences.

Reciprocity no more! Instead, it's breeder staggers from pillar to post, jumping from hoop to hoop yearning, listening, trying to understand, thirsty for its young's satisfaction, for its young's anger to diminish ("...but baby if I give you this medicine it will spill it", "...mommy's not gonna play with you if you don't give her her phone back"), but failure comes as no surprise: it's an infant. It knows not how to live except to breathe, eat and sleep and to LEARN.

We watch with the corners of our eyes, embarrassed, sparingly sorry, and shocked but not surprised – we know all about this stereotype. Seeing this saga, I reflexively texted my sister, confused and possibly overly theatrical, "Nothing irritates me more than a Xhosa woman who tries to reason or negotiate with a child that can't even speak properly...be worse akhumshe xa ethetha naye." Her response had "maybe you should wait till you have kids of your own before making judgments about how other people raise their kids" written all over it, but was so diplomatically scribed that I couldn't really stand my 'grounds.' I was alone on this one, forced to listen, forced to judge, forced to suffer, and forced to write.

The thing is, it is really difficult to confront someone about raising their kids, especially when there are no signs of any abuse involved. But on the same hand, it is equally difficult to sit and do nothing. I was chatting on some social network when one of the users posted "I think all mothers should be made to take a test to see if they will qualify as parents, a parents certification test." This was in response to comments made by another user about how spoilt he is and how his mother just sits there and does nothing, obviously a phenomenon more endemic in the white community. Sometimes what we see outside our windows with these "today parents" compounds even further to the negative connotation of the Y Generation that seems to taint everything youth related. Children have become their parents' toys, where no sense of direction is provided to the child. Sometimes the parents are abrasive fashion mongers who only got kids because there was pressure on them to do so—or because suddenly they could afford them, some are just dumb and would've probably flunked a parent certification test – if you can, imagine a situation where a child has burns on their hands because the mother couldn't be firm enough to tell the child NOT to touch the stove.

Now, is that fair? Do I really have to have a kid of my own before I can have those sentiments and beliefs? Isn't it thoughts that inadvertently grow into beliefs that grow into ideas that grow into actions? Notwithstanding that some people really had it bad, and would fight the devil himself rather than see their children experience the same childhood as they did...but sometimes I think, "If I were to be Adolf Hitler for one day....?"
Walking out of the filthy house I realised my eyes were swelling when the tears started stinging. My lip was bleeding and ribs were on fire. I was angry. I stopped crying. I had been raped for the second time in my life before my 16th birthday.

At 15 I was raped by a family friend. He was in his mid-30s. On the night of the rape I had a bit of flu and my head was heavy. He asked me to help him take boxes into his flat. When we were inside he got me Coke from the kitchen and asked me to stay for a bit. I didn’t feel like I was in any danger because this man knew my parents but I remember after drinking the Coke I started to feel sleepy and eventually my body was numb. When he raped me he had a condom on. I said no repeatedly but for some reason I couldn’t move — I felt paralysed. He kept telling me to stop acting childish and just enjoy it. I couldn’t breathe. I passed out after that.

The next morning he pretended like nothing had happened while he drove me back to the flat. I sat in the bathtub scrubbing for hours. I wanted to get rid of his smell, which lingered in my nostrils, it didn’t go away. After days of living in agony, anger and embarrassment I decided to tell my parents. It was the hardest thing to do as he was a respected member of the community. My family decided it was best to speak to the local magistrate for advice on how to handle the matter since the rape had happened out of town. It was then that the magistrate told the family that the case had no merit as he had used a condom and it was days after it had happened, the evidence was gone. He advised that the families meet to discuss the matter and settle it without involving the law, which was clearly not on my side.

When the families met I was not involved in the discussions. I later discovered that he had told our families that the sex was consensual. He proceeded to offer to pay for damages as it is in our custom when a man has “deflowered” a girl. The matter was never discussed again. I spent months with nightmares, questions: Was I too friendly towards him? Why couldn’t I move? Why couldn’t I fight? I should have screamed. I felt dirty, ashamed and when I would see him on the road with his friends he would just laugh. I thought he was telling his friends and laughing about it. It was hell.

After a couple of months I ran away from home to live with friends. My friends were doing all sorts of drugs at their house and I tried them too. In one year I had snorted cocaine, tripped on LSD and ecstasy, drooled from mandrax and smoked weed on a daily basis, I drank a lot too. I liked taking drugs, they made me forget but only for a while so I just stayed high. I met a number of shady characters including drug lords who I conveniently befriended to get free drugs. Being a friend to gangsters who were wanted by the police was tricky because naturally we were associated with them. I had unlimited access to drugs as some of the guys who sold the drugs moved into the same house with us on condition they could sell drugs from the house, giving us drugs in return.

One night we were smoking weed at a nearby shop when one of the town’s well-known gangsters came over to us. A month earlier, he, together with his friends, was accused of raping and murdering a girl, gouging her eyes out and disposing her body in the sugarcane fields. The police were looking for them. When he came over to us that night he was looking at me with menacing eyes. Dressed in brown Dickies pants, a belt that was hanging loose from his waist, a white “spottie” and brown Chuck Taylors, he asked to smoke with us. I remember looking at his dirty fingernails as he took a drag of the weed. He was silent, exhaling big clouds of smoke all the while looking at me. After he finished smoking he told my friends to leave me behind as he wanted to talk to me. They hesitated because they knew his reputation but he screamed at them to go — I could see the fear in their eyes as they sheepishly walked away. “If you call the police, I will find you and kill you. Now go!” and with that they walked away.

I was sitting down when he started kicking me in the ribs telling me to get up so we can go to his house. “Your problem is that you think you are too pretty, I want to take you to my house to fuck you so you can get over yourself,” he said while he continued to kick me. As I ran out of breath, I got up. He wasn’t stopping with the kicking. I walked a couple of steps and suddenly stopped, thinking “I cannot be walking to my slaughterhouse without a fight”. It was late at night and the streets had gone silent. He slapped me across the face repeatedly. When I tried to cover my face with my hands he kicked and slapped me till I removed my hands.

A lone guy walked passed us and I thought it was my chance to escape so I started screaming, asking him to help me. My “kidnaper” forcefully put my head under his arm and said “oh baby, you see what happens when you drink a lot? You start talking nonsense” he then looked at the guy and apologised on my “drunken” behalf. The guy carried on walking. When he turned the corner, he beat me up until I was on the floor. “Try that again and you will not see tomorrow, I will fuckin kill you.” On the way to the house, I would occasionally sit down in protest or refuse to walk, which was followed by a flood of fists on my face and feet to my stomach and chest.
Walking into the house his friend had his bedroom door open which he quickly closed when his eyes met mine, he pretended that he didn't see me. I had hoped that he would talk some sense into his friend but alas. I was shoved into the bedroom as he locked the door. I remember hoping throughout the night that his friend would come to help me while I screamed my lungs out but he never came. He raped me repeatedly while beating me up for screaming. I cannot tell how long it went on for but when he finally started snoring I got up and looked for the key, which was tucked under his pillow. Walking out of the filthly house I realised that my eyes were starting to swell when tears started coming out and my eyes were stinging. My lip was bleeding and ribs were on fire. I was angry. I stopped crying. I had been raped, for the second time in my life before my 16th birthday. This time by a gangster who then proceeded to beat me up afterwards screaming “you probably infected me with Aids, bitch!” I found out a few months later that he was the one who infected me with HIV.

Having to sit at the police station waiting for the crisis worker was excruciating. With every police man who came in I had to answer about why I was there, not because they were taking the statement but because they were just curious. By the time the crisis worker arrived, I could tell by her expression when she looked at me that my face was a mess. The crisis room was filled with stuffed animals, a small table, a small pink bed and colourful water paintings that looked drawn by the hand of a child. The crisis worker had a gentle smile and she hugged me a lot. I told her my story as she took my statement down.

I was taken to a district surgeon who kept marking my examination sheet incessantly. He said I had bruises all over my body. My body was in extreme pain. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess. The crisis room was filled with mess.

Pressured with me bringing police to our doorstep. In the afternoon the famous gang car pulled up and it was my rapist’s friends, he wasn’t there. The police had gone to his house as soon as they dropped me off. He had managed to run away but had told his friends to find me. His friends told me that they had come to warn me to withdraw the case. If I didn’t withdraw it, whether he was arrested or not, I would never make it to court they said. The next morning when I went to withdraw the case I was met with horrendous insults from the police. They told me the reason I am withdrawing the case is probably because I enjoyed it, that I wanted to have sex and wasted their time by reporting it. They all ganged up and insulted me. The case was eventually withdrawn.

I struggled for years with telling people that I had been raped twice. I could imagine them saying: “How could it happen twice? Didn’t you know any better the second time? People can be very judgmental. Many years later I finally got the help I needed through counselling and talking about it to other women. Some of my healing also came from volunteering at a crisis centre for abused women. I dedicated my time to helping other women because I knew the fear they had, I could empathise with them. I still feel that it might happen to me again. In this society, I have no guarantee that it will not.

Fezisa Mdibi is a freelance writer and poet who has written for several publications including Drum. She is busy with her first documentary, which is about her journey with HIV which she contracted over a decade ago. She is also one of the directors for a clothing label called Designs of Nuru.

Twitter: @fezisa

Burden of Womanhood

After being violently violated...

After having your womanhood torn to shreds...

After having your self confidence and pride stamped on the ground with every forced thrust against your body

After every unimaginable touch as he does himself proud on your property....

After all the pain of envisioning your dreams flushed right in front of your eyes

After all the fear of contracting life ending diseases

After all the anger as you lose yourself forcefully to another

After the threat of death with a knife held up to your neck

After every curse by yourself as blame for not being any wiser

After every curse by him as he throws around orders acting as your owner

You have to legitimize your pain

Legitimize the death of the woman in you

Legitimize the death of the little girl child in you....

Legitimize the violence on you as if you asked for it

Legitimize your attire as if it was an invite to it

Legitimize your whereabouts as if there were road signs warning you about it

Legitimize your fear as if bravery would have prevented it

Legitimize your anger as if you should be happy about it

You have to be strong for the pain

Strong for the journey ahead leading you to shame and blame

Strong for the hurt and anger still to come as you will be questioned and prosecuted for being raped

You have to be strong for being a violated woman.

It is a real heavy burden this womanhood
I'm writing this with a heart full of love, I'm writing this to all my exes. All my exes are good people. I once had the pleasure of calling each one of them "my man", not because I owned them but because at that point we had something in common; our love for each other. With that love came experiences, each one different but each one special. Each ex of mine has taught me something valuable and for that I’m thankful of. Of course, there was hurt along the way but that’s beside the point. All my exes are good people.

I know now, hadn’t I ever met ex1 I wouldn’t have known how to handle ex4, hadn’t I been with ex5 ex6 wouldn’t have stood a chance with me, it was because of ex2 I understood ex6, both ex3 and ex4 made me c ex7 for who he was and all those experiences have a lasting positive impact in my life. All I can do is hope that wherever they are and whatever they r doing they’ll say they r better people because li was once in their lives.

To all the lucky ladies in my exes' lives, please treat them well and handle them with care because they are good people... they made me a perfect woman for my next..

Follow me on twitter @Hlapzen

When I was in high school, Valentine's Day was a money spinner for the school. They sold roses, cards and ribbons and then they would charge a fee if you wanted your dedication to be broadcast via intercom. Then there was also a raffle where you could win a basket of flowers and chocolates. But, the best was the voting for Mr. & Miss Valentine which would be announced at the Valentine's Ball, which you had to buy tickets for attendance, even though this was where you attend school.

People have opposing views about the 14th of February. Others celebrate it, others don't. V. Day is a day to celebrate love, but no one can celebrate any event alone, so if the theme is love, who else should you be with if not your lover? Guys love intimacy, but we are just not as sentimental about it as women. You do find a woman who will say "Valentine's Day means nothing to me" to her man and when he doesn't get her anything, she'll be mad at him, all because she saw what her friends got from their boyfriends. Even though she got nothing for him. To us, V. Day is really not a big deal and if we choose not to celebrate it, there is no big secret reason. We're just not into it. We never complain about gifts and make a fuss or expect anything, even if we do give.

The last time I celebrated Valentine's Day, I bought her 2 gifts. One was a book she had been hinting, thinking I wasn't aware. To be creative, I went and also got her a handbag, I wrapped the book and put it in the bag and I must have scored about a 1000 points that day. I didn't expect anything back, but seeing her give me a huge thankful smile, was all that mattered. A relationship consists of two partners who should view each other as equals, but it seems like ladies make V. Day a guy problem and as much we accommodate how ladies feel about the day, our views on it are rarely considered. We will go out of our way to play along and make V. Day special, but our unpredictable queens will say "Valentine's should be everyday of the year". Babe, If I bought you chocolate, roses, wine, prepared a candle light dinner setting and a bedroom full of rose petals, you would say I'm boring. So let's just appreciate each other's efforts on a day that does not happen to be a birthday or anniversary. Valentine's Day is not about proving your love or validating your relationship, It's about universally celebrating love and paying tribute to romance and affection. Whether we agree on the day or not, it shouldn't be a big deal.

Follow me on twitter @LeratoFiniza
Dearest Loveliest……

I hope this finds you at your best. My sunsets have been the worst; mountains and rivers set us apart, yet you are the closest to my heart. This year’s storms have been bad and have claimed much of what we had. The warmth you left has since evaporated. Kids grow older in your absence and your face seems to fade from their minds as they question less about your existence/absence...

How long ‘til your recurrence? I remain in wonder ‘til this day.

Days have gone by and the mail box still runs cold, I hope my letters are getting to you. I look forward to receiving your replies even though my pleas seems to have fallen on deaf ears. Since then, distant memories have become part of my best thoughts, like the time when you gave birth to our eldest, the smell that came from the kitchen during Easter Sundays, the glint of hope in your eyes when all seemed glum, the sunny blue skies filled with scattered clouds that remind me of the walks we took in our rose garden.

With fine Grains of sands still stuck in between our toes, our love is still apparent at the rest of my eye lids, our pillow talks, intimate whispers of sweet nothings, watching you fall asleep from stroking the back of your neck, midnight pit pat the found us cuddled up in each other arms, waking up to sounds of birds humming to our love and the itch we felt after making love on the fertile lawn under the glittering skies... Our marriage was the tranquility of a lovely sunset!

But now, my solitude complements me and becomes all I can depend on during my saddest hours. Pulse turns faint, gently I place my head on the covers that once reeked of your perfume, and my pain’s at rest. The hissing wind blows the candle-flame and hinders with the stillness of the rooms reflections. Memories, like the time you slid off your clothing to reveal your golden skin. I close my eyes, squeeze, as my toes curl up at the thought, mercy me, all that brought me joy is now the temple of my anguish.

When morning comes, I awake only to see the smiles of our little ones. They curse the sound of the chimes that took you away. Ancient tales told to them with little twists of lies, I try to protect their young innocence that is hunted by looming years of age. Their futures wave back at them with much obliqueness and uncertainty. Their hope now lies not in my hands, but in those of fate. Read this and pity the children, our children that you conceived before the hands of time, the children that are now mothered and nurtured by hands hardened by hurt and disappointment.

I would’ve loved you a lot more had I known that I’d have to do without you for so long, but now you are so far gone, unknown to us, Ngazengali zonda Irhawuti. I still remember the days when my tears started falling, your departure was so surreal, I fell asleep and hoped I’d still see you in the morning. No words can soothe nor fill this void that I feel.

The little routine we had of your home coming was our hope for your return, and that too has been eroded along with the red roses we planted in your remembrance. Pitted by neighbours that were your biggest foes, they prey on me as though I were a dying animal. Their Whispers of discouragement pulls me further away from belief and my weakness suffers at their clemency.

Concealed by vulnerability my desperation for affection hangs at the tip of my collar, it’s a long walk to the end... or perhaps I’m walking the end. I’ve accepted and will carry this agony to the grave with me. Once known to be a warrior amongst legions I’m now reduced to a lonely pained wreck and it’s all because of a foreign feeling called LOVE... Sincerest, still I wait, ‘til then...
About Us

**I Like What I Write** is a platform for unpublished writers to showcase their talent; essentially we are Writer’s Stage, Reader’s Heaven and Publisher’s Hunting Ground. Each of the writers on this website has individual motivation for contributing. Each of the articles is original view of the individual writers. We do not edit the articles; just proofread them for typos, grammar, and spelling errors.

The writers featured are available to join any mainstream media organization at any time and opportunity presents itself. No questions asked.

**I Like What I Write** is but a vehicle to promote ambitious writers seeking a stage to exhibit their work. We are thus a Hunting Ground for media recruiters and a Nirvana for readers looking to explore the underground writing scene.

This is an online soapbox. No restrictions are placed on what views individual writers post as they are responsible for their own opinions. There are no guarantees that images placed on this platform are owned by whoever placed them. If you own rights to any of the images posted and do not wish to see them published on **I Like What I Write**, please contact us and we will remove them.

By virtue of having an opinion, you deserve to be heard. Here’s your platform. Denounce Convention. Spew Bile. Our door is open for new writers. If you feel you have writing talent fit to rival mainstream media, submit your work to designerscripts@ilikewhatiwrite.co.za.

Let us build a network of readers and writers; forward this newsletter to your reader and writer friends. 'Like' our Facebook page (**I Like What I Write**), follow us on twitter (@ILWIWDotCom) and subscribe to our newsletter by sending a blank mail to info@ilikewhatiwrite.co.za.

This is a free platform to exchange ideas and grow our knowledge. Comment on the articles posted on the website and engage writers and fellow readers in a debate.

This is our 11th newsletter; log on to [http://www.ilikewhatiwrite.co.za/newsletters/tmpl](http://www.ilikewhatiwrite.co.za/newsletters/tmpl) to download all previous newsletters. If you like what you read in this issue and cannot! Articles that are published on the site are neither censored not edited; they are the original views of individual writers.

We are a daily publication, featuring eight articles a day, seven days a week! We have featured 12 articles selected by our fans. Feel free to log on to [www.ilikewhatiwrite.co.za](http://www.ilikewhatiwrite.co.za) to read more online.