Beauty is Me
The First Word

Within four months of existence we have managed to transcend borders and become a permanent feature on screens beyond the Pacific, Indian and Atlantic oceans. Until two weeks ago, South Africans made the majority of our readers. They are now placed fourth, after England, Norway and the US. This achievement coupled with our ambition to reach as much of the world’s reading public as possible has led us to registering a DotCom domain. Over and above the ilikewhatiwrite.co.za URL, you can now reach our site by entering www.ilwiw.com on your browser; it’s universal, shorter and you can’t misspell it.

This is our second Newsletter and it’s titled Beauty is Me. We all have our definition of what beauty is, and, in this newsletter, we attempt to explore each one in opinion, blog and poetry! From weight to skin tone to self-esteem, we depict beauty in words and pictures.

On the top left hand cor-
ner of your screen lies one of the most iconic images of my childhood; I just had to find place for it in this issue and challenge writers to contribute a piece of writing inspired by it. Mail your submissions to designerscripts@ilikewhatiwrite.co.za.

This is a newsletter of an online publication that showcases unrecognised writing talent and our target readership are the literary snobs. Discerning individuals that read for pleasure and forever looking for a combination of words to put them on an emotional rollercoaster ride; the kind that would rather do nothing but snuggle to a good book on the last Friday of the month. If you are one, enjoy Beauty is Me.

Nyakallo Lephoto
As far as I can remember I have never had any issues with my body or how I look, for that matter. In fact, body image problems have been kind of a foreign concept. Growing up in a culture where bigger is better, the sign of a happy wife is one who’s not skin and bones - where I come from, anyway. One who has curves in all the right places. I recall a countless number of times whenever I’d come home from varsity to visit, the first thing that my father usually commented on was how much weight I’d lost. But he’d never make any comment if (according to him anyway) I had put on a little bit.

My immediate reaction when I found out that I was pregnant was to terminate the pregnancy, because I didn't want anyone to find out about it. Besides the man was piling pressure on me. He didn't want his mother finding out about it. For a while, abortion seemed like the only option.

While I was pregnant, my body suddenly had a whole life of its own. I couldn’t control the swelling nor the mood swings. The person growing inside me kept pushing and pushing, wanting to be seen. Part of me didn't want people to know that I had allowed a man to get that close to me to even leave evidence behind. Kind of like tampered with the temple. Evidence, which was now fast becoming a whole other person. As much as I’d always embraced the view that what I do with my life is my own business, I finally found myself almost ashamed of what I’d gone and done. Going and getting myself knocked up, noggles. For a girl brought up in a relatively strict home there was no express rule that I wasn’t supposed to be fooling around with boys, you just didn’t.

There was an element of almost losing control of what was happening to my body. I started to worry about the impending possibility of stretch marks, road maps that would leave tracks of where my tummy had stretched up to. Half hoping that I’d inherited my mother’s good genes. She’s borne seven children but you could never tell! Praying fervently and hoping that these road maps wouldn’t be left anywhere on my body. At 22, looking hot was still top of the list!

Eating disorders should be called self-image distortions because they are fuelled by what our minds tell us. Our minds cheat us all the time and we let them. I had a close brush with one of these self-image distortions. My niece went through a bad bout of bulimia when were in high school. Growing up as a skinny girl, she thought her body would always stay that way. But then adolescence hit. And it hit hard. Her body started filling out, and really not in a bad way. Living with a bunch of girls in boarding school didn’t make it any easier either. With everybody counting every single kilojoule consumed, it was difficult for her not to join the wagon. Hell, I still wonder why I didn’t. The sickness went on for a while. She used to purge everywhere. Secretly, I was glad that it wasn’t me that was having these issues. Blocking it out wasn’t that hard either.

I figure that deep down somewhere even the most confident of women (myself included), longs to be loved just for who she is. Without the frills. Enter Mr Man, who provided temporary comfort when I needed it. Rushed intimacy behind closed doors, on the back seat of his small Volksie wagon sometimes. I needed to be touched, to be close to a man like that. I needed to feel like I was still attractive, that I was still beautiful.

Mr Man always used to call me when he had no one else to call. He’d been my first; I guess that made things different. We’d been together on and off for three years. I’d met him through one of my friends one summer night back in '97.

My then best friend took off with my date that night; I ended in the front seat with him, while my friend was busy doing my crush in the back seat. Basically that’s how we met. If I were superstitious I’d say it was fate. I refuse to believe that Lady Luck would knowingly deal me such a bad one. Over time we got to know each other - I knew his bullshit, he knew mine. This time around, I wasn’t going to start complicating things by falling in love with him and neither was he by falling in love with me. All we needed to do now was just get down to the business at hand. The itching for touch was fast becoming unbearable.

"I have to go home to my baby. Sometimes you seem to forget that I have a baby."

"No, you forget that you have a baby."

This was usually the point when I was jolted back to reality. Disgusted with myself for what I’d let myself do yet again. The only thing on my mind now was her. I had to go home to her. I didn’t want to be here, lying next to Mr Man. There was nothing connecting us to each other, really. I guess I thought that he’d fill this void in me. Only I was mistaken to think that someone else but me could take the emptiness away.

"Please take me home" usually meant the end of yet another meaningless episode.

Sexual encounters have certainly become much more pleasurable. I’m more at ease with my body, I guess. Or does it perhaps have anything to do with the fact I’m with a man who’s more in love with my mind than anything else? Or maybe it’s my newfound love affair with myself!

• by Nelisa Ngqulana

@Miss_Nelisa
Horse hair, fake hair, weaverine you can call me whatever you like but this is my hair. If you go into a shop and buy a can of coke, whose coke is it? I don’t know about you but I call it my coke. If I buy a pair of jeans, whose jeans are those? They are still my jeans. So the same rule applies when I buy a packet of hair, that’s my hair and I’ve got the receipt to prove it.

I have never had a judgemental bone in my body that’s why I find it so hard to deal with people whose whole skeletal system seem to be made out of judgemental bones. When it comes to hair the biggest and most brutal critics are people with dreadlocks and natural, “untouched” hair. They frown at us “weaverines” (as we are affectionately known in their circle). When I see more than three people with natural hair in one group I quickly run to the conclusion that they were brought together by hair and their friendship lies at the root of their hair. They are very conscious of hair and when I pass them by I just know I have given them a topic of discussion.

The topic of hair for them is a passion, they live for it. Anyone with processed or extended hair is less of a human to them, a sinner. They feel it threatens their very soul and existence. So they make it their mission in their very rare encounters with weaverines to always bring up the subject of hair and try to enlighten us on our poor choice of hairstyle. I have had my fair share of encounters with these characters and I must admit they used to intimidate me more than enlighten me. The latter being their primary intention. I still find myself loving my bought hair now more than ever.

Don’t get me wrong I still at times look at someone’s dreadlocks and think to myself how beautiful they look. I love dreadlocks and overall natural hair but I know that’s not for me. What these people with natural hair don’t understand is that not everybody is trying to make a political statement with their hair. There are many other means and ways of making a political statement and still look good at the same time. For them is through their hair, but not everybody looks good with natural hair. As women I believe we all like looking our best and maximising on our looks. If I had hair or the face for dreadlocks I would have them right now but unfortunately my hair is too brittle and I wouldn’t look good in dreadlocks.

I have always believed in what works and for me that means bought fake hair. This might not sit well with others but the most important thing at the moment is that it sits well with me. Those brothers who don’t like or want weaverines, fine we probably don’t want you too. Those sisters who have a problem with weaverines, fine keep your natural hair and we’ll keep our fabulous weaves.

- Mahlape

Mahlape Mohale
He Is

He is the first man my heart ever pounced when I saw him.
He is the first man I ever envision being with.
He is the first man I thought I would spend the rest of my life with.

He is the first man, I introduced to my parents.
He is the first man that never trusted me.
He is the first man I totally fell hard for.
He is the first man I experienced total disappointment with.

He is the first man that took my apple.
He is the first man I ever discussed kids with.
He is the first man who disowned me.
He is the first man I ran after.

He is the first man that ripped my heart apart.
He is the first man I learned to let go off.
He is the first man who was a child himself.
He is the first man who used me.
He is the first man who taught me that life goes on.

He is the first man who showed me how strong I am.
He is the first man I got to understand the hype of love songs with.
He is the first man I ever regretted being with.
He is the first man I ever wanted to show off to.

He is
He is
He is
He is
He is

He is the first man that held me once again.
He is the first man that put my heart together again.
He is the first man who ran back to my arms even when they were crossed.
He is the first man I kept in my heart.

He is the first man that showed me true love does prevail.
He is the first man I will ever love wholeheartedly.
He is the first man I will always love.
He is the first man I will cherish forever.

He is the first man who is my true love
He is the first man I want to spend the rest of my life with even after all the disappointment.
He is still the first man in my life.
He is the one I love, even after all these years…
Beauty put a spell on human nature; whether abstract or tangible, we are all charmed by it. Even the idea of beauty is beautiful. From the Queen of Sheba to Nefertiti to the legendary Tselane; every culture, civilisation and society has its symbols of beauty that personify the genial craft of the Creator. Creation, therefore, is good enough proof that the creator exists.

Aledecia Molaudzi calls that source of life is God. At age three, she says she asked her mother why human beings exist and what the purpose of life is; her inquisitive mind led her to a path of revelations as she learnt about God and later had her first spiritual experience at age four. During a church service, as the congregation sang a popular chorus Re Ya o Boka Morena, Aldecia "came into contact with God"; a surreal experience not easily expressed by words, but she knew she had tapped into the spiritual realm and her life was never the same. Since that pivotal moment, her life revolved around possibilities and protection God offers regardless of one's situation.

Her earliest memory of beauty was observing her mother’s sense of style and how meticulous she was in applying blush and mascara that Aldecia would mimic her every evening before she went to bed. On etiquette, she related a story of how she once came across a girl she was on class with, while in town with her mother, and she just said 'hi' to the girl without paying much attention to her and her mother gave her a detailed lecture on how she must always smile and maintain eye contact when greeting others.

Upon Matriculation, Aldecia studied BS in Microbiology at the University of Limpopo, Turfloop Campus; a course of study that required her to ditch her glamorous self for a plain white lab coat. She and I shared laughs as she spoke of how lab assistants would give her grief for
her make-up landing in test tubes, while she applied it instead of concentrating on experiments at hand.

One might fall into deception of thinking Aldecia's life is a fairytale ride. "Far from it", she says! "I was a sad child and grew bitter as I grew older until after I graduated. I was discriminated a lot, even by members of my own family, for being the only skinny dark-skinned person among us. The word ugly popped up a lot in my childhood, but I refused to let that label who I am. On an odd occasion, I would get people calling me a dark beauty and that would help hold my head up high."

When she saw Peggy-Sue Khumalo crowned Miss SA, in 1996, Aldecia got an aha! moment and knew she wanted to become a beauty. She says she faced a stumbling block when the only reason she wasn't crowned Miss University of Limpopo 2005 was because of her lack of height and she was crowned 2nd Princess, but she wasn't deterred in her pursuit of greatness as she went on to do modelling and acting jobs until she started her own modelling and casting agency at the age of 21. Sethabi sa Borwa, commonly known as 2SAB Productions, does casting for Generations and has worked with Nando's, MTN, Coca-Cola, Eskom among a long list of established companies. She did MTN tv ad, Nando's tv ad, KFC TV advert to name a few. Being featured on HHP ft NaetoC Boogie Down music video, Slikour Phumelayini, DJ Fisherman ft DJ Tira and Big Nuz Happy Song, P-Squared and Theo Kgosinkwe.

It was not easy to start her own company since she has started it without a cent.

Beauty
- Love it; it's almost everything.

Men
- Confused

Hot
- is the future; you need to be it!

Success
- Journey

ZAR
- Money

Vampire
- Not growing old

Religion
- Doctrine

Truth
- Jesus Christ

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To conclude our conversation Aldecia and I played a Rapid Fire Drill; I came up with a word and she had to say the first thing that came to mind.

Word: Sushi
Aldecia's response - Don't like it!
Beauty of a Woman

It's amazing how you can be so fragile yet so strong...
How you can always be there for me even when you are not feeling well yourself...
How you can care so much for me and be so protective like I have in your life since forever...
how you are always making yourself look good for me (even though I think you are the most gorgeous woman I've ever met).
Your smile eases whatever pain I could ever go through...your touch gives me Goosebumps...your kiss leaves my lips with a feeling of ecstasy. I relish everything that is YOU! I love women in all their glory...
but this one is just for you MY INCREDIBLE WOMAN! I LOVE U REA!!

by Dipsy-Lelo
Facebook: Dipolelo Dipsy-Lelo Matsepane

I Give Up, I Give In

I give up
I give in
I give up
I give in
Tell me why should I let you in
Truly why should I let you win
My heart is beating faintly
As your love consumes me completely
Boldly you draw me closer
Wait! Tell me what do I see yonder (deep sigh)
As thy soul touches the pen
That writes a trilogy in my heart
My thoughts and might need to play this part
Coz this is an explosion of love that is waiting to happen
I give in
I give up
I give in
I give up
But tell me should i
Coz truly I LOVE you that I can’t deny (yeah I said it)

So peace calm this loud silence
That beats deeply in my heart
Calm this firing finesse that you’ve set alight
For my eyes can no longer hide with great pretence
Oh! What the hell I give up
Wait I give in
Oh oh please stop it.. I made up my mind
L.L..L.. finally... i give in
Suddenly shaking as I hold your hand
Fear and relief hit me all at once
With great confusion. I give up to give in

by Mandiwe Shorty Ndaliso
Facebook: Mandiwe Shorty Ndaliso
More Than Ever

I need you more than ever but, together is a never...
Whatever we look forward to just keeps getting further....
And further, away from the pleasure of your presence so
I had to write this letter and I hope you feel better knowing
I’m taking a step back. I don’t wanna be responsible for any of your setbacks.
I wanna see you live the dreams that we shared and please be aware that I still do care.
The perfect pair is what we once were, now we

Emotional scars you left me had me needing tranquilisers to fall asleep as I could not come to terms with how the one I love so much could hurt me so much.

With your flaws, I loved you unconditionally. But as I am you couldn’t accept me. By virtue of being human, we are imperfect but as lovers we have to make a decision to embrace ourselves as we are.

In the midst of what I went through, as a result of our breakup, my love for you never wavered. I need you to know I still dream our dreams and hope that one day we will get to live them together.

It’s the memories of us what we planned together that I find hard to let go of. Thoughts of what we once were remain fresh on my mind.

How my love for you was never reciprocated, you left me and made me feel unworthy. Wounds of your rejection are still as fresh as though they were inflicted right this second.

Memories of Us

Emotional scars you left me had me needing tranquilisers to fall asleep as I could not come to terms with how the one I love so much could hurt me so much.

In the midst of what I went through, as a result of our breakup, my love for you never wavered. I need you to know I still dream our dreams and hope that one day we will get to live them together.

Get a personalised poem such as this one written especially for your loved one. Contact: designerscripts@ilikewhatiwrite.co.za
The Passion of a Black Sister to be Beautiful

As I tap my head with my hand harder and harder. Something came to me, “why do I suffer?”

Am I willing to trade my weave for a more natural look, a more natural look that will cost me something like R40? Wait a minute did I call money something? Let me rephrase that, a more natural hairstyle that will cost me R40, instead of R400 or even R600. *sigh*

Typing and tapping at the same time, trying to get my nail to the inner part of the itch.

Painful!

I look around the office every woman except the white ones, of course, (mxm) every single woman has some or other form of a weave. But it ain’t yours, that ain’t your hair!

Honestly we look more beautiful in our own weaves, short ones, longs one, wavy one, all colours even Red (Geez Rihanna), scary one (eyes wide open), new ones ….. (returned 30 minutes later to finish writing), old ones, scary ones (did I repeat that?)

But the bottom line is, we have our weave. But come to think of it, black women love weaves like our lives depended on it. (still scratching and tapping)

Pila-Pila who started weaves? Who was the first woman to get a weave, Tina Turner, Prince (oh he is actually a man, but nonetheless, he got some weird looking hair).

Can we talk about who started weave? I wanna know who came up with this addictive drug. If Khanyi Mbau can spend five days without a weave I think she will die (withdrawal syndromes) ..

Ok that’s enough. Let’s talk about something else.

• by Lesego Ramokone Sannie Mlangeni

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designerscripts@ilikewhatiwrite.co.za
This Morning I Had a Problem

With great reluctance, this morning, I answered a call of my alarm, kicked the sheets and wiped my eyes. While waiting for the Kettle to boil, I logged onto Facebook. Still nothing from Thabo, since I slept at his place for the first time, 3 days ago. I have left him 6 voicemails, inboxed him 4 times and SMS’d him twice. Still I am tempted try one more time.

With great enthusiasm, this morning, I took the front seat. The prospect of counting change seemed more appealing than the cramped back seat. This guy had a sticker that read, “If only people were as afraid of AIDS as they are of the back seat, this world would be a better place.” Spot on. Still. As though to further spite me on my insistence on a more comfortable seat, he rolled his window all the way down. My weave did not like it. I could have been fooled into thinking my handbag contained all survival tools. Everything was in there, except a hairbrush. Temptation to ask him to roll it up slightly overwhelmed me. Though, not as much as my fingers were itching. I logged onto Facebook, again. Still nothing from Thabo.

With great aggression, this morning, my stomach was growling. Dikuku tsa Mme-Martha coupled with what passes as Cappuccino at the office vending machine silenced the lions. R3 poorer, I logged in. This time to my workstation. adjusted the headsets and waited.

The calm before the storm.

This morning I had a problem.

*Phone rings*

Me: Welcome to Purple Bank, my name is Gugu. How may I assist?

Caller: Hello, Can I speak to someone please?

Me: Sir, you are speaking to someone. How may I assist you?

Caller: Can I speak to your Supervisor? What’s his name?

Me: Most certainly, Sir. May I find out who I am speaking to, while I check if she is in a position to come to the phone?

Caller: My name is Steve. Who is your Supervisor? What’s his name?

Me: Her name is Samantha, Steve.

Steve: What’s Samantha’s Surname?

Me: Mokoena!

Steve: And who does she report to?

Me: She reports to Shirley.

Steve: Can I speak to someone, please? Who does Shirley report to?

Me: Steve, would you kindly hold the line while I see which of the managers would be in a position to assist you?

*I hand over the headsets to Simon Chalmers, our delivery guy*

Problem solved.

Can you guess what the problem was?

-by Felicia Mkhize

I Love Felicia Mkhize
To All My Beautiful Women

Let praises be sung unto the woman who walks stretched miles, works stretched hours to find happiness for her children in the form of some kind of remuneration.

Praises be unto the woman who breaks shackles with her laugh, whilst her pain deteriorates inside.

Praises be unto the woman who heals wounds with her touch, so magical, so pure like when she speaks i love you.

Praises be unto that woman who nurtures a child not of her own flesh, but does it with the same love she gave unto her first born son.

Praises be unto that woman who loves, who loves from within the depths of her heart, who loves whole heartedly.

Praises be unto you.

Despite your imperfection, you are a beauty.

Praises be unto you.

You and I

We held each other's hands and slipped precious bands in each other's fingers. The two became one and together we embarked on a journey many started but could not finish. Two hearts beating in unison, our worlds met and gave birth to two beauties. Jewels of our love. In a holy way, God answered our prayers.

Before God, I made a promise to love you 'til death do us apart. Ke entse tumellanle mmopi, mme nkeke ka honohela dikano.

Our journey hasn't been easy but it's been worth every blood sweat and tears. All this because I knew I would one day have to account before God for how you turned out.

I cherish your essence and respect your honour. Forever I will defend your integrity. My love for will never cease, regardless of circumstance for, through experience, I have learned that love is a verb. And I will act it out. My love for you Today is a continuation of my love for you Yesterday and a prelude of my love for you Tomorrow and forever more.

I Like What I Write

@ilwiw

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**Portrait of You**

Ever since I knew my words could paint pictures, I have been painting a portrait of you. A woman whose beauty birds of the sky sing love songs for. Serenading Ballads that melt hearts of stone and make even the bitter and bruised wanna fall in love. Love songs so beautiful, yet these love songs worship your beauty knowing very well they are not as beautiful as you.

My words have been painting a portrait of a heart so warm, men go to battle just to be close to it. A heart so warm, a nation unites around it. A heart so warm, I long to come as close as a hug. A heart so warm it’s overflowing with love.

Your gentleness is sometimes mistaken for a weakness, yet it is this very touch that heals emotional wounds.

Ever since I knew my words could paint pictures, I have been painting a portrait of you. A portrait so elaborate and colourful, yet missing a face. Fortunate is this paper and ink, for they will see the indescribable beauty of your face.

As I walk, calabash balanced on my head, baby on my back...I walk... I feel the earth reverberates under my feet... I walk with a purpose...being one with earth yet above it... I walk...swaying my hips...

My long legs making me infirmidible...yet I walk with a purpose...

Like a Gazelle I walk...my Black frame with an hour figure...making everything n everyone turn...the Kemetian Queen walking the earth...the African soil... I move n walk with a purpose...the earth respecting me n I respecting it...

The grass bows in unison with the trees...giving a salute to the Kemetian Queen walking n swaying her hips side to side...

The wind blows...echoing my sentiments...

The walk of a Woman with a Purpose...

In the horizon...she can see the wild animals gazing nearby...one with nature...she walks with a purpose...

Who is she???

- by Prophetic Sybil Divine

**African Woman**

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Who is she???
Women in the Streets Presents the Bootylicious Princess

Annida first discovered her love of clothes or fashion in mid high school. Programmes such as Gossip Girl and Project Runway helped shape her fashion sense. They taught her to focus on how to wear clothes rather than who she was wearing. Looking good is of great importance to this young fashionista who feels that looking just okay is not good enough for her.

This sexy, confident, playful and sassy individual says her style defines who she really is. She credits Kim Kardashian as her style icon because of their similar body types. Kim Kardashian helped kick away Annida’s insecurities with her apple body type, like Kim Anidda has beautiful curvaceous hips.

We take a look into the life of this young little fashionista from Kroonstad. She is an aspiring media personality who is an IT student by day, who dreams of making it big in this country and becoming a household name. She is the leading lady on one of Mzansi’s up and coming rapper Mix’s song “Falling up”.

The South African Fashion scene is moving along the right path. It is responding to the media, making the availability of the latest trends accessible. It has improved in so many ways and has allowed South Africans to put their touch to it, says Miss Nidah.

Her favourite stores are Jay Jay’s, Forever New and Aldo. All stores signify her diversity and it allows her to feel like a wonder woman when she puts them on. Jay Jay’s portrays her playful and funky side while Forever New and Aldo reflect her sophisticated side.
Her classic piece of garment that has stood by her through the test of time is her Gold neckpiece from Mr. Price. She loves it and says it goes with almost all her daily wear. She feels incomplete without her collector’s item.

Annida’s favourite trend of the season is the “Leopard Print”. She finds it hot and says it’s about how you work and own up to make it about you.

Here are the 5 fashion items she would take with to the afterlife.

My Bow tie purses from Aldo and Forever New
My Aldo jeggings
My Jaal black and gold heels
My Fashion TV blazer
My Mr Price Gold Neckpiece

*FLICKS MY INDIAN WEAVE, TAKES OUT MY HANDCUFFS, PUTS MY AVIATOR SUNGLASSES ON AND HEADS ON*

Pictures courtesy of Annida Raletoana

Follow Annida on twitter as @Nidah_Bri92

By Val

Follow me on twitter @missvaly or like my face-book page Val Milan.

Please e-mail v.kgotla@yahoo.com if you want to be featured on Women in the Streets
Hope is Victory

The warmth of your smile,
The beauty in your eyes,
The nose that stood firmly on your face,
The lips that uttered my name in a way that I'd never heard sound so sweeter.

I pictured you with your eyes closed lying next to me,
I pictured waking up on a summer’s morning with the rays of the sun on your face,

Emotions unintoxicated by deceit and pain,
A heart so pregnant with love,
All I wanted was just to be the one loved by you,

I stood far off and looked in sheer amazement,
I stood breathlessly amazed by your beauty, your gracious nature,
You turned your face towards me and smiled,
I felt the cold from outside flowing to my stomach
Down to my toes freezing all my being

The much awaited SMS hit my handheld and got me looking forward to 16:30. I'm always clock-watching but today has motivation to it, it's the last Friday of the month and that signals debauchery.

My Girls by my side, cash in my purse, we paint the town red. Modern day woman, I'm firmly in control of my destiny. Choice has liberated me. I do, if I want to, what I want to, when I want. Single and willing to mingle, I got that latex just in case. Let's!

We hit the spot; liquor flows, eye candy galore. Eyes lock. I want, it wants; I will, it will; we do. We cut through traffic, motorised gates and finally door locks; fabric trail through corridor en-route the bedroom. It was magic!

As sun-rays climb over concrete jungle, peeking through my window, it cues his exit. "I'll call you," he says. I know he won't. I really don't care, until I open my purse looking for a cigarette to find my supply of latex still intact. All 3-pack of it. We must have used his supply, right?!

My name is Dr. Sindi van Zyl and I am a medical doctor with a passion for HIV education and related matters.

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

Your Face

The beauty in your eyes,
The nose that stood firmly on your face,
The lips that uttered my name in a way that I’d never heard sound so sweeter.

I pictured you with your eyes closed lying next to me,
I pictured waking up on a summer’s morning with the rays of the sun on your face,

Never was there so much peace, comfort and joy emanating from the thought of you,
So much innocence,
So much purity,
A love so pure uncontaminated,

Emotions unintoxicated by deceit and pain,
A heart so pregnant with love,
All I wanted was just to be the one loved by you,
Your face, next to mine, every morning, for the rest of my life.

• by Zibuze

Zibuze Lemmy Kunene
Last night you and your best friend had a fight.
You decide not to talk to her the next day.
She smiles at you. You grind your teeth at her.
She tells her friends nice things about you.
You spread bad rumours about her.
She tries to come and talk to you. But you push her aside.
She thinks you are a great friend. You think she is a terrible friend.
She writes nice notes to you, telling you about the best times you shared together.
You write about all the bad times you can remember experiencing together.
Deep down you know she's sorry. But all you have is hate.

The next day you find a note. It reads:

Dear friend
I tried to tell you yesterday, but you didn't let me speak, I tried to tell you good things, but you were afraid to hear them.
I tried to smile at you, to take away the hate.
But now it's time to tell you, even though it's a bit late. That I am dying.
I have a bad condition and it is getting worse.
I'm sorry to have to tell you that I won't be able to see you today. I wrote this to you today in the hospital.
My time is up.
I'm sorry I should have told you sooner.
I'm really sorry about our argument, you are such a great friend.
I promise I shall watch over you,
Lots of love
YOUR FRIEND

You run to the hospital to tell her you are sorry, but only her mum is left.
Her hand clapsed over her face.
And she was crying. Down on her knees she prays, for her daughter to come back.
You are too late.
You wish you told her sorry sooner and got to say goodbye.
All friends have their ups and downs, and sometimes you need to say sorry...
Don't wait for the other person to do it first.
Because you never know what could happen.
I am Dimamzo Squeeza; resident Agony Aunt. I am here to attend to all matters of the Heart. Ask me anything anonymously www.qooh.me/
DimamzoSqueeza

You wish you told her sorry sooner and got to say goodbye.
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DimamzoSqueeza
Hello

On Saturday, I had a life changing moment. It was a positive change. I wanted a way to commemorate the day. I thought about getting a tattoo. If only I could find a tattoo parlour downtown Joburg. In the end I decided on what we always make a girl feel extra special, decided to do my hair.

I had a hairstyle in mind. I wanted to get cornrows. My feel good, very safe, Ben and Betty plaits. Walking around Joburg, looking for someone to do my hair. Every street corner has a group of ladies sitting in groups with placards full of hairstyles they specialize in. With my cap in my face, and I am walking around with a bounce in my step and don't mess with me attitude. All you hear is "Hoza sisi, hozobona, Cheap, cheap". I am looking for a very friendly face to do my hair.

I decided to walk around for a few more blocks, I am becoming very unease, I've been walking around for a while and I haven't found her. I decide maybe I should just go back home. Go to one of the hair salons that side. Oh what a waste of time. For people promoting their trade they sure are not a friendly bunch. Back to the train station for me. Hoping I get home in time before the salons close.

Halfway to the station, at the most chaotic corner in Joburg, With a cap in my face, I see this huge smile and a hand beckoning me. I stop and stare. I am drawn to her. She has the most beautiful dark complexion and Tina Turner like hair. I go nearer, she says "Hozobona (Come see)".

We negotiate prices and finally settle on one. We walk a few meters from her spot in the corner and went through some shop, up the stairs to some shady place. Tens and tens of women doing their hair. Staring at you as you come in. This is a lucrative business. I settle on a chair next to the basin and she talks to some other woman and walks to me and tells me that woman is going to do my hair. OK, nodding my head and she walks out. I hope this woman is friendly. She comes up to me and puts a towel around my shoulders

As she is busy washing my hair, she somehow convinces me to do another hairstyle. Reluctantly I agree.

She convinced me to try a weave. OMG, never in a million years did I see myself with weave on. I can feel my ancestors disapproving with every second that passes by. I sat imagining all types of scenarios of the weave. As she is busy plaiting it on, deep down I wanna stop her, I try and say something but nothing comes out. My kinky beautiful African hair, what am I doing to you. Am I ashamed of you. Why am I covering you with this plastic, flowing straight hair? Am I ashamed of your curliness?

Our relationship has been a turbulent one. I have been so frustrated with you a lot of times in the past years. I took you off so many times, sporting the chiskop look cause I thought it would always be easier to manage but somehow I always go back to you, my first love. Remember that time, I put relaxer on you because I was trying to impress a boy. Did he stay, No! but you came back to me. Sometimes life frustrates me and I take it out on you. I am always trying to find ways and
solutions that will suit us both. Always plaighting you. I think plaighting suits us both. I have you in control and you grow in the process. Haai but this weave thing, I feel its suffocating you. I love it when its just you but you so hard to manage. Don't worry I will free you sooner than you think.

An hour later, walking out of the salon, there I was with side fringe and above the shoulder length hair. Complete contrast to my natural hair that grows straight up. I looked around and I looked like every other woman walking on the street. Plastic hair has taken over. I tried walking with the confidence of someone who just had they hair done. I could not! I feel fake. I swiftly took out my cap from my bag and on my head it went. Oh, sigh of relief. Self-esteem coming back.

Finally get home, my friends are chuffed about my hairstyle, they loving it. Sent my sisters pics of the new fake me, they love it. Oh my, what's wrong with me. I cant see what this people see. I convince myself I am going to try it for a few more days.

Well its been three days now. I hate and like it a teeny smalanyana bit, at the same time. Since these mornings are chilly. Its keeping me warm in the morning but at the same time very itchy. I look at the mirror and I can't recognize the person staring back at me. Oh wow, wonder how some people live with this thing. Its uncomfortable to wear, very itchy and hot.

People tend to think Hair makes the person, the reception and look I get from strangers its a totally different to when I am sporting my Afro. People are Euro-centric. I am much more accepted with this fake horse tail in my head, I get more attention from the men. My one friend is so happy I am not sporting the "dirty hair". How sad is that? People are happy that I am sporting a European Hairstyle instead of my own African locks.

I am going to keep it for the time being. Giving it the benefit of the doubt, hopefully I can fall in love with it as much as other people are loving it. Sunday is the deadline, if I can't see it through the rose coloured sunglasses, I am proudly going back to my first love. I am showing off that Afro of mine. Whether you like it on not. Its proudly me.

India Arie says in her song "I am not my hair"

Good hair means curls and waves, Bad hair means you look like a slave

At the turn of the century, Its time for us to redefine who we be

You can shave it off, Like a South African beauty

Or get in on lock, Like Bob Marley

You can rock it straight, Like Oprah Winfrey

If its not what's on your head, Its what's underneath and say HEY....

I am not my hair, definitely not right now but I feel more myself when I spot my Afro, The confidence and self esteem I have is beyond, Its my pride, my crown. I don't diss weaves all I am saying is Hey, its not for this African woman :)

Signed Off
Funeka

@MissFuneka
Funeka Sobopha
Dear Ken

I feel neglected by you, of late. You really know how to make a "$m@ feel like one. So you know, I met someone by the name of "Can" and he has shown me that I CAN.

Resentful,
Barbie

Dear Barbie,

I am taken aback by your accusations. Ever since I met you all I ever wanted to do was keep you smiling. Make it such a permanent feature until you get dimples.

All I wanna do is keep you happy. Have you on a natural high such that you inspire those around you.

All I wanna do is keep you content. Have you so fulfilled you never have to complain.

All I wanna do is keep you secure. Give you confidence in me such that you never doubt my commitment.

All I wanna do is love you.
You are a self-disciplined, Self-respecting, Self-preserving, In-your-own-skin comfortable woman.
You can be anyone you want.

Could I ask you to openly appreciate my strengths and secretly accept my flaws?
Could I ask you to stay with me?

Eternally Yours,
Ken

Ken

You good with words, smooth operator for sure. But I'm sure I've heard it all before.

I feel like a caged bird in this relationship, its as though you've chained my one foot, with the cage door wide open. But I can't go far...

Your Ex,
Barbie

Dear Barbie

If my words can't change your flawed perception of me, may you allow my actions to prove my worth?
May you allow me to sing for you, like a bird?
Please let me make you breakfast in bed.
May you let me make you breakfast at the end of a long day?
Please let me be the one to listen to you complain about non-cooperative colleagues.
Let me clip your toe-nails off.
Would you allow me to run you a hot bath, while you sip on Dry Red and listen to Maxwell and Sade?
You know I am that man that buys a box of chocolate and roses with no special occasion to celebrate.

Barbie, allow me to watch stars with you, while we lie down in our garden.
Would you play in the rain with me while singing “Mankokosane Pula Ea Na?”
Let's grow you together.
Let's lose ourselves in each other.
Let's fall in love.

Romeontically Yours,
Ken

Barbie: Sebabatso Monageng.
E-mail to My Mother

To: mapril@webmail.co.za
CC:
Subject: Mom

Mama my friend, I send you this email as a letter will take too long to reach you. A phone call I foresee I might dry out of the correct words to explain.

Mama I have finally met someone, the most ideal of humans for me. We met at the most unexpected of places, the park on a random Sunday afternoon. I was wondering thoughtless as you know I do, when I was blinded by a generally well described male descriptive conversation of this being.

Mama my friend I have met someone.

She, she is the most perfect of creations a man would illustrate. How a man would probably lust over her physical appearance I withdraw my approaching hands in wonder and admiration how a woman’s body could be so shaped. I can faultlessly describe her when her back is against the sun, her silhouette. She is slightly shorter than I, brown eyes, short brown hair and her skin tone golden syrup best describes. Her hips and buttocks vaguely prelude capturing her ability to bear kids. And her breasts are a little bigger than mine as you know I am not largely blessed in that department. They firmly standout pointed in opposite directions as though they lead the way.

I never knew how soft a woman’s touch skin is until I met her. Touching her, feeling her, smelling her. There is so much to be discovered, a history of joyful pain, science of explosions, mountains of geography-her art.

Mama, I had no better methods of telling you hence this email. I don’t know how Dad will respond but you have taught me that it is okay “controversial” as long as I am happy and live in maintenance of God’s love. I am happy mama, she makes me happy.

We plan on having children so you and Dad will still be grandparents one day. Marriage is in the pipeline but I intend on bringing her home first, I hope Dad won’t feel uncomfortable.

Mama, I write with great extent of openness to you as you have been my best of friend growing up. We spoke about everything back then, the hurt a failed relationship seemed to bring yet my reluctance to let it show; my ability to steadily heal and my eagerness to try again not letting the past rule but being conscious of the present.

I did not go looking for her mom, she found me. I have found love Mama, her name is my forever even though ideally she is to be my sister from another and not my life partner.

Mama my friend I have found love in the same make as I.

With love
Your daughter.

by Apple Ann April

I Like What I Write
@ilwiw
For as long as I can remember even growing up, people embraced light/fair skin; it was celebrated and adored by many, when a baby was born after the sex had been established one of the questions asked that followed would be “o motsho kapa o mosweu? (Meaning is the baby light or dark skinned) and if you answered the latter the smiles will seemingly drop, with that I slowly learned that a light complexion was preferred by most.

If you don’t know me or what I look like, I am light in complexion due to genetics from both of my parents, my mother is also light in complexion and my dad was a shade darker so if you consider all that I was bound to have a “fair” complexion or not because my oldest brother is dark skinned. The funny thing about skin tone is that when people are busy dissecting how you look like as well as what makes you beautiful and desirable by world standards they don’t put too much emphasis on genetics that is why many people were scorned for how they look like as well as what makes you beautiful and desirable by world standards they don’t put too much emphasis on genetics that is why many people were scorned for how they look like, as though they had a hand in deciding what they want to look like. When people met me for the first time I remember they used to remark “Wow, she is so beautiful with her light skin” and then there would be nicknames that came with this tag, amongst others I was called “morwa” meaning coloured person, “sebetsa” meaning beautiful person, “tshehlana” meaning yellow bone in today’s hip hop terms, I soon got used to them and somewhat identified with them.

My aunt from my dad’s side on the other hand wasn’t my biggest fan, (she was dark in complexion) she hated me and she spared no punches every opportunity she got she would belittle me, ridicule me, scorn me and even go as far as shoving me out of the way. Amongst my cousins I was the fairest of them all…lol a bit of dry humour there to lighten the mood, anyway let’s move on. I remember her once saying to me I disgust her because I think I am so beautiful because of the way that I look, and I used to think to myself I don’t walk around talking about how gorgeous I am, I don’t even think about it. My mother once said to me the worst thing you could ever do as a woman “ke ho nka botle ba hao o bo borwala hloong” simply put it means walking around thinking and behaving like you are the most beautiful thing to walk the planet earth, it not only clouds your thinking but it will become an obsession you can’t control, then I didn’t fully understand what she meant but now I do. I took those words to heart and even engraved them.

Ok let me get to the point of this article, I googled what it meant to be fair skin or light in complexion and this is what the Urban dictionary had to say: “a person not necessarily African or biracial, whose complexion is lighter than black and darker than white. Light skin is not to be confused with a person that has fair skin” if it so your “dream” to have light or fair complexion according to some websites there are things you can do to get the desired results namely: “drink lots of water, hydration is really the key to have a fair and healthy looking skin. The more water you drink the more hydrated your cells are they will not end up all wrinkled and aging. The dark complexion is primarily the result of melanin content in your body; studies have proved that the presence of melanin rises as the body heat increases. A daily application of the mixture of sandalwood and rose water cools your skin, as well as bring a fair glow to you” I must say though if you compare this to bleaching your skin with harsh illegal chemicals to make it lighter this is not too hectic. Skin lighteners are still there but they don’t cause as much harm as the “snow white” cream during apartheid times.

Apparantly if you are lighter you also have the added advantage of men wanting to marry you “fair complexion is a dream and achievement to everyone. In the marriage market the first preference will be to those with fair skin, so then why should you stay away from this perfect appearance” I can safely conclude that fair skin is big business and I know there are dark skinned people that can tell me of the injustices of being dark skinned and also give me a blow by blow account of the added advantages that come with being light, how easy life is when you are light and that
you make friends easily, meaning your personality doesn’t count for much to be likeable, it all boils down to your skin tone. Life is basically a beach if you have less or no melanin at all. Well that is a topic for another day what I wanted to talk about is why doesn’t anyone ever talk about the flaws of having light skin, the stress that comes with not having enough pigmentation to protect you from the harmful rays of the sun? The monetary cost of being light skinned.

For months we had to deal with an irritated baby that cried her lungs out because of this skin condition and just like me, it wasn’t her fault her genetics were to blame, we were given a long list of do’s and don’ts by the pediatrician on how to keep this light skinned baby happy, she wasn’t to use any baby products so special costly soap, creams and medications were to be bought, she can’t ever eat chocolate or she swells up like a balloon, she shouldn’t be kissed, exposed to the sun for long periods, come in contact with dust and we must wash her clothes with hypo allergic soap so that her fair skin is not irritated. Good luck with explaining to grandparents why they can’t kiss the baby, touch her face or not rub a thick layer of Vaseline/aqueous cream on her to keep her warm during the harsh winter months, because she is sensitive. the response you get is how you are acting white what kind of nonsense is that, they raised us and nothing happened so what is this cock and bull story we are feeding them? I didn’t blame them they didn’t know what eczema was and neither did we before Reitumetse’s birth. To top it all she had to avoid certain foods, so from this you can tell it wasn’t easy raising this light skinned baby the eczema has subsided now but just like me she remains allergic to most things that are normal to most dark skinned people.

Light skin is not what it’s cracked up to be, I also want to wake up in the morning and just live, touch my skin without worrying if there is any dirt on my hands that will cause breakouts. I want to wash my face with plain water and apply Vaseline but I can’t because my skin will be irritated and form red pimples. Not only that fair skin people tend to look like raisins when they age, and light skin is prone to freckles and they constantly have to prove if they are black enough but despite all this light skinned people have managed to make some darker skinned people question themselves as well as the standards that define them. Black doesn’t crack that’s for sure. Whatever skin you were born into you have to make peace with it because there will always be something you wish you could change about it. For me this light complexion has come with restrictions, costly ones at that, that always make you think of the side effects that will come with reckless behaviour so you are always on caution mode hardly ever care free. With that said I still love my skin it forms part of who I am.

– by Allo Love

@AlloLove
Sperm Banks; Impregnating Unhappy Homes

Infertility.

Infertility has many a times served as the spark or rather reason for the end to many fables (Happy Marriages), The disappointment in finding out that you may never be able to bear offspring of your own, is a feeling that is exclusive to the many impoverished individuals worldwide, though the dark shadow that covers people living with the knowledge that they may never pass the family name on to a child composed partly of their own DNA, seems to affect individuals of the male species to an amplified or rather dilapidated extent. I say this because it is not secret and it is not limited to African cultures, belief or customs but has become a universal tradition that every man who is enabled to impregnate a woman subconsciously desires to have a son who in many cases will be the bearer of the family name and will be expected to pass it the name further on, you catch my drift?

My point is, I can only but begin to imagine the magnitude of the sorrow, self hate and pity an infertile male has to process every second of his slightly altered or rather dilapidated life. Though however insensitive this may seem to you as my reader (Mpho Loves You!), I personally feel that entertaining or rather empathizing with the victims of infertility is as useful as a horse with 2 prosthetic hind legs and false teeth. (Ha-ha, Random I Know). The most progressive step to be taken and a possible solution or indirect consolation to many men who deal with infertility is where that's where "Sperm Banks" come into play.

Sperm banks have evolved so much so that women and men are enabled to select the physical attributes which they wish their "Test-tube Baby" to possess, to me this is the closest any infertile couple can get to create a child of their desire. But then it raises a question of scientific methods to curing or aiding infertile males to be able to "do the deed" and actually "score the goal". Well frankly put and note: (This is my opinion) Scientific methods are time consuming, a game of probability and most importantly they are not very forgiving on your pocket, wallet, mattress, bra or where-ever it is you keep your money, Adding to this, when I look at the 'scientific route', it's all too inhuman and 'too scientific' (If I may say so) for my liking, it brings no comfort to me when I paint the picture in my head of a syringe (of extraordinary length) penetrating my family tools (Testicles are extremely sensitive and fragile BTW!).

So why torture yourself by paying for a ticket to end up nauseated on the roller-coaster ride called experimentation hosted by the ever changing theme park that goes by the name "Science", when you could have an alternative which comes with an increased chance or rather certainty that the process will be successful?

Yes, yes. I expect a brow raising reaction when reading the title of this article, some of you may even have a little chuckle at the title. It's understood. But it's ironic how this article with a slightly humorous title deals with a rather serious issue.
She Is, Truly

You can spot her a mile away,
Not because she’s wearing the latest outfit in fashion,
But you can see her from afar,
True beauty that stands out,
She is truly an African woman.
She doesn’t need mascara or blush,
She doesn’t go for manicures and pedicures,
Not because she doesn’t love herself or care about herself,
But because she is truly an African woman.
A woman who doesn’t need to be artificial to stand out,
A woman who doesn’t need fake hair to be noticed,
She is truly an African woman,
A woman who can live in Yeoville and still slaughter a cow for her ancestors,
A woman who holds a Phd but still speaks her mother tongue,
A woman who is CEO of a company but still puts on an apron to cook for her husband,
She is truly an African woman.
A woman not misled by the media,
A woman who still embraces her hips, curves and voluptuous body – with the big ass and all,
She knows that being curvy is not a curse but a gift,
A gift only an African woman can possess,
She knows she could have natural hair and still be beautiful,
She is truly an African woman.
A woman who doesn’t need to buy a female magazine to know what she wants from life,
She knows what she wants and goes out to get it,
No matter how far she gets in life,
Her culture and tradition are still a part of her,
She knows that she can be successful and still respect herself,
She is truly an African woman.

She doesn’t need to show cleavage,
To wear a skimpy outfit to get a man’s attention,
A man must penetrate her mind to get anywhere with her,
She is truly an African woman,
A woman of true beauty,
A woman of spirit,
A woman who nurtures her soul,
A woman who allows her beauty within to shine through,
A woman in love with herself,
A woman who doesn’t need to alter herself to be accepted,
A woman who doesn’t disregard her values to fit in,
She is comfortable in her own skin,
She loves being African,
She is truly an African woman,
And nothing makes her happier than being an African.

by Rethabile
@Rethacious
True Friends

They are such a blessing,
They make life seems so much easier.
They see the tears before they even roll from your eyes
They are always there to listen even when you don’t know that you need to talk
Somehow sharing with them makes the load lighter
They are the type of people that you can be yourself around
They accept you even with the flaws that seem to make up a large part of who you are.
They are heaven sent
Treasures that I hold dear
Memories created with them that I carry in
They are the shoulders that bear what has nothing to do with them
Make you smile when nothing in the world seems right.
They are my friends
The gifts that God has borrowed me to share my life with
Even when we don’t always do right by each other,
I know for sure that I wouldn’t want life any other way
I value them for who they are
I value them for who I am with them
I value them because I love them
I value them because I feel loved around them
I value them for I know they always have my back
And I value them for I always have their backs
My only prayer is that God keeps them
That He protects them and our friendship
And that He allows them to be a part of my life forever
I love you all dear friends.

• by Rethabile

Unathi Guest House is the ideal place to experience the beach without feeling crowded. Book your holiday now to avoid disappointment
enquiries@unathiguesthouse.co.za 032 943 1039
What is Beauty

Is it the way your body curves resembles coca-cola bottle or is it the petiteness of your structure? I stumbled upon an article that describes beauty as everything. What does that mean? Is there a definition that states it is everything and that got me thinking about defining beauty. I do not understand this obsession with our generation. If you ask me, it’s very artificial and illustrated by make-up, short skirts, lean legs, flat stomachs, weaves and fake nails. So is beauty an enhancement of some sort?

I am one who does not subscribe to the norm of nails, hair and skimpy clothing. At times, I am often called old fashioned because of my lack of subscription to the norm. I still do not understand why make-up is a must-have in your purse and a weave a necessity. I look at a lady that I can compare myself to, since we have similar body types and I try to see her without make-up, weave, nails, three pairs of stockings, bodes and padded bra...

I think people would only focus on her ass and in Africa that is quite abundant. It doesn’t make sense to cover up yourself so that people can see you. I have an aunt who will not even walk out the house without her purse (for make-up) and a combed weave. Isn’t that a form of deception?

The lady who wears the three pairs of stockings is none other than Beyonce Knowles, without make-up, she looks like the normal albino girl on the street. You get people like Robyn “Rihanna” Fenty who look more like the average Zulu girl from Natal than the Zulu girl who is born in Natal but migrated to Jozi. Make-up in any form is a facade that has become socially accepted and a norm. This is the known and accepted form of misrepresentation.

Is this the future of self acceptance?

- by Lelo Morgan

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R330
Hello Dimamzo,

After my boyfriend and I broke up, I started chatting with this guy on a social network platform. We later exchanged numbers.

He has since been calling me everyday and saying very romantic things. He has a very sexy voice that I always look forward to hearing. Though I enjoy all the attention I have been getting, I don't think I want a relationship with him.

How do I tell him that and still have him call me everyday with that sexy voice and continue saying romantic things to me?

Anonymous,
Polokoane

Dear Anonymous,

If you are not ready for a relationship, sweetie, then you need to be honest with this man. Tell him where you come from with your previous boyfriend, maybe he will understand. Ask him if you guys can maybe take things slowly…..

But you need to be extremely careful of ppl you meet in social networks! Some of them are not what they seem, unfortunately.

Dimamazo

Dear Dimamzo

My boyfriend and I have been dating for a year and half. I love him so much.

Recently, when I was using his laptop for my assignments, I found myself reading his mails as he forgot to log off from his e-mail account.

He has been chatting a lot with this Vivian lady from Natal. We are both based in Joburg. Though him and Vivian have never met, according to their conversations, I think he might be in love with her.

Please Dimamzo help, how do I confront him with this? And does it count as cheating?

Destraught,
Jo’burg

Destraught,

Unfortunately, I have to be harsh with you….. You invaded his privacy and every1 is entitled to their privacy!!! Because of that element, you have no grounds for confrontation coz as soon as you start asking him about it, you'll have to expose your snooping in his e-mails and he won't trust you with his stuff again. You went thru his e-mails, knowing it's wrong, and I guess you found what u were looking for, now you need to swallow your own pill and live with it!!!

You love him and you haven’t mentioned having problems with him, right??!! Hold on to that love and don’t go looking for trouble! This Vivian thing might just be that, a “thing”…are you willing to lose him, based on that?? Whatever you do, don't give him reason to fall into this Vivian’s arms just because you can’t control your insecurities!!!

Dimamzo

Dear Dimamzo,

I am 25 year old guy dating a 30 year old woman. The problem is that she always insist I carry her handbag in public. This is quite embarrassing I don't know how to get her to stop it. I need your help.

Embarrassed,
Pretoria

Dear Embarrassed,

If you don’t tell her sooner, you might spend the rest of your life doing uncomfortable chores for her! Unfortunately, this has nothing to do with age, but a lot to do with voicing your feelings in a relationship!

You must find a way to let her know that you are uncomfortable with carrying her bag, without antagonizing her or your relationship. Be nice but firm about it. Women look beautiful carrying their own handbags, maybe she should realize that…..

Dimamzo

I am Dimamzo Squeeza; resident Agony Aunt. I am here to attend to all matters of the Heart. Ask me anything anonymously www.qooh.me/DimamzoSqueeza
Dear Doctor Sindi,

How is it that one partner could be HIV+ and the other not be infected, when they have been practising unsafe sex for a long time?

Regards,
A
Hello A

This is what we call serodiscordancy - one partner is HIV-positive and the other is HIV-negative.

There are a few factors when considering HIV transmission:

- Gender: females are more likely to be infected after one unprotected sexual encounter with an infected person than males are. This is a physiological fact. Semen is deposited into the female's body. There is a wider area of mucous membranes - which the virus loves. Add the fact that it takes about 72 hours for the semen to 'work its way out'...and you can see why women are more vulnerable to infection.

- Presence of sexually transmitted infections: HIV loves STIs and STIs love HIV. So if either partner has an STI with open ulcers, your risk of getting or transmitting the virus is higher; regardless of gender.

- Viral load of infected partner: the lower the number of HIV copies in your blood, the lower the chances are of you infecting your partner.

My message is simple: if a couple is serodiscordant, they need to practise safe sex. The HIV-negative partner must also ensure that he/she tests for HIV every 6 months.

Regards,
Dr. Sindi

Hello Dr. Sindi,

I'm 27 and have had blisters on my penis since I was a teenager may this be because I'm uncircumcised?

P

It is difficult to ascertain what you mean without examining your penis, but judging from the long-term period of your condition you could have warts. I suggest you go to your nearest GP and get examined there.

Regards,
Dr. Sindi

Dear Anon,

Please go to your nearest healthcare facility, explain when and how the abortion was done and that you have a smelly discharge. After an abortion, many women have a "scraping" done - dilatation and curettage. You haven't given me enough details, but please do go to your nearest facility for a check-up.

Regards,
Dr. Sindi

Dear Anonymous,

Yes it is. Yeast infections or thrush, are caused by the overgrowth of candida albicans, either in your mouth or vagina. Your body has flora that live in your mouth and vagina and maintain a delicate balance. Once there is an imbalance - due to various reasons - then you can get a yeast infection.

Causes of yeast infections include low immunity, diabetes, hormonal changes, antibiotic use, overzealous washing of the vagina, use of vaginal douches or sprays, wearing non-cotton underwear and even using foam bath.

Regards,
Dr. Sindi

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

So everyone had been talking about Zahara, and I could not help but be curious who the person creating so much hype was and what he/she was all about. I then took it upon myself to discover this new talent that everyone around South Africa had been raving about. After all, South Africans have the tendency to be gripped by hype and I merely thought this was one of those moments. I searched Zahara on Youtube, and there she was, an Afrocentric, black conscious looking woman posed with her guitar. The video was the famous single, Loliwe.

As soon as I pressed the play button, I was immediately blown away by the powerful voice and moving lyrics of the song. Furthermore, I was moved by how the song was fused beautifully into an Africa sacred tune, Phezulu eNkosini, which transmitted a deep meaning about longing for home. “Great song and powerful singer”, I thought. Now it was time to take this exploration a step further by buying the full album. I was lucky to find the album, given the fact that most music outlets reported the album sold out. When I put the cd into my cd player, I was immediately welcomed by an upbeat, acoustic guitar dominated song entitled Destiny. Very rich and sincere in its lyrical content, Zahara uses this track to tell us what it took for her to realize her dream. Destiny is one of those songs that can easily be likened to the styles of famous acoustic songs such India Arie’s Video and Colbie Callat’s Falling for you, hence her influence. Umthwalo digs into the spiritual aspect of Zahara that she has often highlighted as the core of her being. It is a beautiful ballad in which she calls out for divine intervention in her quest for survival. The ballad is succeeded by the radio single, Loliwe, which speaks beautifully about holding on to the hope of being home. Many artists have written about being home, but Zahara applied divine intelligence to the song, likening home to heaven, which she does through sampling Phezulu eNkosini. A brilliantly written song, Loliwe has challenged most South African fans to appreciate true musicianship.

Zahara then goes upbeat and traditional with Xabendingena mama. Here she sings about the important role that a mother plays in any child’s life. Even with a profound message embedded in the song, it is written and performed such that one can easily dance to it. Ndiza, my personal favourite, is beautifully rested upon sounds of just guitar and piano. I think what makes this song particularly beautiful is how well she has entangled the melody into the beautiful lyrics. Here she sings about purifying the heart before time passes by. Every artist has one song that they love to keep pure, even though DJ’s may prefer to make a dance version of, and Lengoma is one of those songs. I think after listening to the acoustic version, even if I never hear the dance version again, I’m satisfied.

Lengoma resonates the power of music to heal, and that’s exactly what Lengoma seeks to achieve. Throughout the album, Zahara speaks a beautiful message about hope and holding on to dreams. She’s the appropriate person to do that, given that she sold double platinum in just over a month. This album is truly genuine and can easily be enjoyed by fans of such musicians such as India Arie, Colbie Callat, Tu Nokwe and Simphiwe Dana. Although the engineering could be better at bringing out the true essence out of the music, this is Robbie Malinga’s best ever known production. He and Mojalefa Thebe have established themselves as reputable producers. When I first heard that Zahara was signed to TS Records, I was a bit sceptical simply because Zahara deserves to be a formidable musician of our lifetime. This industry has seen too many a brilliant artists come and go. TS Records have a very important role to ensure that this gem continues shines.
**Zahara: Another Shooting Star**

During midsummer nights with the sky bright as Jozi lights, an amazing thing happens. When all stars remain silent and motionless, there's always that one that dances and shoots across the sky. In that short moment, I always have to admit that a divine force exists.

Zahara has been like a shooting star. When most of the time the only thing I hear is a bunch of mini Waynes, HHP sound-alikes, bubble-gum rap and Hlokoloza, I finally heard something beautiful and warm.

I have to admit; I'm a sucker for black sisters with heavenly voices, creative minds, an Afrocentric look and armed with a guitar. She reminds me of Lauryn Hill (before the drugs), Jill Scott (with Words & Sounds), India Arie (with her Acoustic Soul) and Simphiwe Dana, just to mention a few.

As much as she moves me (and 100 000 others), I have one problem. Her career took off too fast and I can't help but wonder if it'll maintain the momentum.

You know what happens to a shooting star after a while? When you see one, track it. Sooner or later it fades away.

- by Sibushi

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**How Social Media Helped and Hurt Zahara**

I must admit, the first time I heard about Zahara was on Facebook, just like hundreds of thousands of other people. So I'm not as trendy or 'with it' anymore- and hence I become aware of popular music about 10 minutes after the world has caught on. I finally heard her sound, and saw her first class video on TV, but whatever it is I heard, as 'pretty' as the sound was, I knew that my opinion was bound to have been a bit on the cynical side, given that every second status update was about her.

Zahara is the prodigy of musically challenged Marketing GENIUS, DJ Sbu, who has sold ice to Eskimos and made a killing out of it. Pretty girl, cute melodies, great styling, shallow lyrics masquerading as deep, and a great buzz on Twitter and Facebook saw the young lass reach double platinum status in mere days. I heard her full album via a pirated copy owned by a relative of mine, and no doubt the taxi drivers playing it in the taxis to show off their trendiness also played the pirated versions... which made me realise that such was the rush to learn everything about Zahara's music, that PIRATES were also hurriedly profiting from this hype.

This obviously will interfere with the real profit margins of this new star- if calling her that is not even a bit premature. I'm not doubting that she can sing, but I doubt her originality, and I'm skeptical if under normal circumstances the monotonous album of Zahara would have been as successful. There's nothing 'normal' about this make belief world of social networks, and the superficial way that anything new and trendy gets attention might be the very thing that hinders subsequent albums from Zahara being overlooked.

- by Joyful

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[Image: Zabara: Another Shooting Star]

[Profile: I Like What I Write]

[Image: I Like What I Write]
**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

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**My Heritage**

I don’t need one day in a year to observe it. Neither do I need to dress in traditional regalia to demonstrate my identity. My heritage follows me wherever I go. Pear-shaped elaborate African bottom is my Pride and your Joy.  

Bumper to Bumper, my hips sway from side to side. Curves that even Schumacher won’t rush when approaching. They tempt into fornication even my head of state regardless of his state of head.  

Like horse and trailer, my nation-feeding bosom leads the way followed by my pap-fed African pride. In my unhurried strides, you would swear I own the ground I walk on.  

My Kanga covers my earth coloured skin. Skin the same colour as the soil from which I came.

With a love song in my bosom and pride beside me, my heritage follows me.

*by Felicia Mkhize*  
[Facebook](https://www.facebook.com/LoveFeliciaMkhize)
For my Black Girls who are More than Just Skin Colour

I am a black girl who is afraid of dark skin. Absurd I know but this is my truth. I'm a black girl who has lost the courage to call herself an african because in truth I was bred European, adoring of light skin and long silky hair and big eyes with lashes that could sweep any man off his feet. Yes, its true and I know you've met many girls like me too. Girls who peroxide their hair and bleech their skin, girls who go on diets and try to be less because in a place far from the maroon soil we tread in our Jimmi Choos and Mark Jacobs, less is more and because we'd rather be there than here we have taken it upon our beaten and broken backs and called it our truth. We have carried these words, like our mothers have carried us, in the pits of our bellies.

As a little girl my sister and I would tie skirts around our heads, pretend these skirts were our hair and we'd parade about feeling and seeing beauty. As we grew up we'd get our hair braided long and the older we got the longer the extensions. When I was 17 my friends and I would obsess about complexion, wearing sun screens and constantly comparing ourselves by the fairness of our skin. A year ago I wanted to leave the love of my life because he is dark skinned and I would bare dark skinned babies if we were to bare child together... These are the extents of my fear for black, these are the truths I bring to you when I say I am afraid of black. But I didn't come up with all this all on my own... Somebody along the way, must have told me that black, something that I am, is something to be afraid of. Somebody somewhere must have said course hair, big behinds and dark skin are something to fear. And I believed them. I didn't know they were talking about me, about my mother my sister my friend my father my brother my lover my child... I believed them.

Here I am, before the very thing that they brought to my four fathers, the very thing they said was of worth, I hold this mirror like Shaka must have... Perplexed and in awe. In that very moment I have seen in myself many generations before me and many more to come. In this piece of glass that holds a reflection of me, is a black girl... She has a wide pebble like nose, thick course hair, short lashes and big full lips. She doesn't fit the measurements of pretty, symmetrically that is, by European standards. All these features are pan african, yet to my eyes they are not black. Black describes a colour, I am more than that. I am beautiful.

- by Ululate

@MarleyzBooBarbi
Dear Diary

I have so much to tell you. I think it will drive me crazy if I don’t let out. Relationships... Decisions. I love sharing my feelings with you, Diary. You always listen to what I have to say and you never judge me. You would have made the perfect boyfriend. The only problem is, you don’t have a dick. If you had one, we’d be dating right now. In fact I’d be naked straddling you right now, if you had a dick. LOL. On a serious note, I need to tell you something.

This morning I woke with a huge smile. He was on my mind. Just the thing is I don’t know which he it is. I am so confused lately. Dale’s controlled my thoughts for a while now but Jared’s not far behind. What’s wrong with me? The person I should be thinking about really is Kyle. He’s the caring one; the one that doesn’t seem like he is forced to talk to me. He actually gives a damn; he texts and enquires about my life and health and just me in general.

All Dale cares about is his material status at this moment and how it can increase in future; Jared on the other hand is too busy chatting up everything wearing a skirt to notice how I feel about him.

Why is it that I have to care about the stupid one the most? The challenge of trying to be with him and hinting and putting so much of myself out there is starting to push him away. He explains what he is looking for in a relationship and I think, “how perfectly it matches what I want”. I want to be appreciated adored not treated like some beautiful object that gets shown off at parties and get-togethers...

With Dale that never happened, I never got to meet his friends, I felt ugly after a while. He broke down my self-esteem. I thought I won’t get back to how much I thought of myself. What did he think of me not introducing me to his friends? What did they hear, or what did they think of me? I wasn’t worthy, I thought.

Whereas Kyle... My word, he is the sweetest guy with the sweetest smile and the purest heart. Why can’t my heart just say yes to this man? I have issues, unfinished business.

Do I tell Jared exactly how I feel about him, handle the rejection? And just move on? What if the rejection adds to the baggage? I mean I might’ve told Dale exactly what I think of his most recent proposal - that’s a new story to tell you - but the way he treated me in the past has caused some baggage and being rejected again will and can only make it worse.

And then I have to think of poor Kyle; will he stand idly by and pick up pieces of my heart broken by yet another man? He already had to do this when he met me and Dale had broken my heart. I think I am the worst person in the world right now, but then again I am the most confused person. Has anybody else gone through something like this? I wonder constantly, maybe it could be genetic but my mom’s never had feelings for more than one guy.

Regards,

atherine

Dear Diary

I have so much to tell you. I love sharing my feelings with you; you always listen and you never judge me. I think I'll dump Catherine. She's such a slut! How long do I have to pretend I can put up with her shit? She's always thinking of those assholes. But she's like all other women. They are all the same. I hate women and I might be gay. The other day I imagined having sex with a guy. Honestly, I enjoyed the thought. LOL. But that's our
secret, Diary. I trust you! In fact, you'd make a perfect partner for me. The only problem is, you don't have a dick. If you had one, I'd be naked, straddling you, right now. LOL

Regards,

Kyle

Dear Diary.

Oh man where does one begin? Today I had one of those epic days where everything seemed to go my way. Remember that hoochie I told you about the other day? The one I met at "The Watering Hole". Lisa? Yeah, met her again today at her cousin's house. To cut long story short, I snatched her digits and called her when I got to my crib. We hooked up, shagged and I took her back to her place. Talk about wham, bam, thank you ma'am!

Eish. Diary, I'm in a bit of a fix... I just can't stop thinking about Catherine. I mean look, I had Lisa today, I mean the woman is practically double-jointed but alas, she's not Kate.

Please tell me what to do. Running after all this woman is no fun anymore. I've hid myself behind this "player bravado" for far too long now... Don't you think? Diary? Sigh

Jared

Dear Diary.

Wealth is Creating Assets. Don't let them fool you; you can't have love and rice. I'm a simple dude that just craves sushi, once in a while. I wish people would stop being such hypocrites. We all envy the good things in life. Do you know of anyone that can turn down a BMW M3, if they were offered one? Mine I didn't get on a silver platter. I paid in the hardest currency of them all; Blood, Sweat and Tears. The same way I got it, is exactly the same way I will maintain it. Sleepless nights and long hours.

Somehow, I wish women would be more understanding. All these good things I have I work hard for, so Kate will not want. She had unlimited access to my platinum card. That ironing machine that speaks the language everyone understands. With it she got Jimmy Choos like they were Converse All Stars, but still complained that she didn't feel secure. How much more secure can one be, other than drinking from a well whose water never runs out? The reason I work so long is so she can be happy. Have a decent roof over her head and always have the finest clothes money can buy. Some people can really be ungrateful.

Love by itself has failed to sustain me. Love by itself wasn't enough for Patience. I gave her all my heart, but she still left me for a married man. Lack of wealth robbed me of my self-worth and made me feel inadequate. With love, I couldn't secure Patience's Heart. Money still can't keep a permanent smile on Kate's face... ahem

Dale

"the bling is blinding but even that cannot outshine the sun, if she's that sunshine then he must not see her with that dark cloud hanging over his head but surely he feels the warmth her love brings..." – The Oracle with a side to Dale

This is an improvised piece by

Nicola Le Roux (Catherine/Kate)
Ashley Summers (Kyle)
Tshepo Lepona Siboto (Jared)
Nyakallo Lephoto (Dale)
Kay Brown (The Oracle)

We hope to continue and finish it one day
You’re Mine

Him:
The sparkle in your eyes tells a story of a happy soul and content spirit. Free of worries in the surroundings. You are mine…

Her:
Your eyes must have been looking at someone else, for mine are filled with tears of your back turning against me.

Him:
Your eyes may fool me but the sincerity of your broad smile never lies. Deception fled your lips since I walked into your heart. You are mine…

Her:
i cannot blink as I stare at u, flashbacks of promises made, moments created, I would have not loved fully had i known it wouldn’t last

Him:
My word has never been anything but my honour. A double edge sword so sharp it separates fear from doubt. For once spoken it’s as good as done. My heart yearns for the most beautiful woman I ever set my eyes on. You, You are mine…

Her:
You swore to love me beyond the honey-coated moon, now the stars u promised me camouflage with the grey skies I collected thru all the nights your side of the bed turned to ice, I guess forever was never ours to hold.

Him:
Never lose heart, my love. For the dull gray sky you see is canvass for the beautiful morning colours that will reflect on it, as the sun rises, heralding our promised future. Without you, I have no confidence and my life isn’t Confy. You are mine…

Her:
Comfort in Sadness you say, I think I need a heart amnesia for a heart never forgets, tears have been my best friend, there for me all those cold nights, I wanna believe again and trust that your words will seal the ducts in my eyes and cause my heart to smile.

Him:
Let my words of reassurance open the arteries of your heart. Let it be warm blood again that pumps through your veins. Let it be the same warm blood that pumped and made you jump me with your legs around my waist, ready to open up. For you don't carry an ice bag in your bosom, your heart is just as nostalgic as mine; both reminiscing on days vibrating with smiles and with silly giggles. Once again, we can recapture those care-free moments. Those moments we walked hand in hand licking R3 ice cream and appreciating all things money can’t buy. You are still mine…

Her:
Oh what a sweet tongue you possess, it has a way of sweetening the lies as they leave those bitter-sweet lips I have once kissed. I want us to be together but alone I am yet to deal with the poison of your love, the love that has brought me close to death and me asking for more, I want to feed on that korobela from out of your hand, I would die for your love… You’re Mine!

Him: Nyakallo Lephoto

Her: The Original Fake

Him: Nyakallo Lephoto
## Separate and Unequal

Yesterday is an active factor in the present and our actions today will influence future events. If commonsense is as universal as it should be, my making the above statement would have been of academic importance. Sadly that isn’t the case. The oxymoron that is our past and heritage needs to be accurately preserved, without any distortions.

As a child, I thought as a child and played accordingly. Once I grew up, I ceased all things childish. This is a plea to forge ahead and act in the interest of nation-building.

Regardless of any definition and justification you may have heard of the song, “Dubul’ibhunu” means only one thing. It is a song that has its origins in our liberation struggle. A statement against the Supremist Apartheid Regime and a chant to spur masses to get behind The Revolution. Though the economic struggle is not over, arm-struggle is. A fact we need to be forever conscious of.

The singing of struggle songs out of nostalgia may be harmless. However, we should not downplay the mass hysteria effect music has on us when performed live in public. My view is, though, is that a total ban is too extreme an action. Though a direct link between struggle songs and hate crimes has not been established, the perception thereof is not healthy for nation building.

Such chants invoke fear in its subjects. Fear translates into irrational behaviour. That, mixed with the fact that when oppressive laws were changed they did not do so with hatred in people’s hearts, is a recipe for disaster.

Our country is still polarized along racial lines. We are engulfed by a battle over limited resources. A proposed solution, towards racial harmony, would be to directly the problem, through neither decoy nor facades.

- by Puo Pha Lenong

## Self Imprisonment

Thought I was imprisoned. Thought the officer, the judge, the system, had it in for me. Thought the law was against my thoughts, my views, my standing. Thought I was being betrayed. Being dealt with treacherously. Thought the prison bonds, the walls, the wet-and-dry smell of the prison hole were unjustified, were out to get me.

I step back,
I reflect,

I accept.
That I’m the instigator, of a self-hate crime
I gave me into bondage.
I smothered me with false notions
Unintentionally swallowed a lethal potion.
It’s in my blood, my mind, my entire system.
Torn, tattered, shattered.
Need protection from self.

- by Gold
Even in Matric Thando wasn't popular with boys. So much such she didn't even attend her Matric Dance, despite having bought a dress and hired a Limousine to transport her. She just could not stand the embarrassment of arriving in extravagant splendour yet without a date. None of the boys in her class showed interest in her. They were attracted to a girl called Mamie. She had curves in all the right places, a C-cup bosom and pear-shaped bottom. In the eyes of everyone, Mamie personified beauty. Boys wanted to be with her, while girls wanted to be her. Obsession that sparked a great turmoil between Thando and her inner self. She bought the same clothes as Mamie and even copied her hairstyles, but couldn't look as good as she did. Thando liked Mamie as much as she hated her. She lacked the former relationship with herself, but had plenty of the latter.

Like many of her peers, Thando never considered her own looks in isolation. It was always relative to Mamie's. Whenever Mamie would come to school with her hair out of place, which was rarely ever, Thando would immediately feel prettier. It was as if Mamie's beauty took hers away and when Mamie wasn't looking great, the beauty was transferred back to Thando. She always saw herself through the eyes that placed value on Mamie's beauty.

In pursuit of a body like Mamie's, Thando changed her eating and sleeping habits, bought products to alter her appetite and even got clothing garments that flattered the shape of her body. To achieve what seemed to come naturally to Mamie, Thando battered her body, strained her mind and numbed her emotions.

Remove the log in your eye before you tell me about the speck in mine. Heavy is the heart burdened by worries of the past. 2B or not 2B is a choice between two pencils.

Mamie was a girl with a well-built body. A yellow bone with meat to hold on to. Far from thin and not fat at all. Many fuller-figured women wished to shed a few kilos to get to her size, while skinny women wish they would put on weight. Thando was one such skinny woman. She did all she could to gain weight. Munched on chocolate the whole day, hoping she would grow hips, and even going to bed straight after a greasy meal. Her bedside drawer and handbag carried all sorts of appetite-boosters. Still she could not attain her desired results. She
would get herself into awkward conversations with her plus sized friends by asking them how they gained weight.

Images of beauty perpetuated through mainstream media have left many a woman feeling undesirable and unpretty. A woman's beauty is often valued by how coherent her bum is to J-Lo's or Beyonce's. Sad misconceptions that have killed many beautiful souls. This is not to be mistaken for an attempt to condone the concept of inner beauty.

Noone is born with an innate ability to transcend through physical appearances and discover desirable traits hidden deep beneath the skin. Hence the call for Beauty Pageants to live up to their names and let the entrants parade just once on the stage before a winner is chosen. Beauty is indeed skin deep, who said beauty needs brains to validate it? Beauty doesn't come in just one package. There are varieties of watalotigot in the beauty spectrum. Beyonce's looks take nothing away from Alek Wek's. I know what you're thinking. Let's have that conversation when we together with how God loves us all, shall we? We'll even throw in one about how precious Gabourey Sidibe really is.

Thando grew up being called names like "Mantsatsarapane", "Popeye's girlfriend, Olive" and "Matchstick". As a teenager she envied her curvy peers, who were called "Pakistan" by admiring males. The issue with black men always wanting women with big bums and curves bruised her and made her resent her genes. She felt unblack and unpretty.

Women derive most of their self-worth based on how their beauty is perceived, in their respective societies. The volatile nature of beauty is bulk of the reason even the most attractive of people have insecurities concerning their looks. For you don't know how you got it, you may never know how to retrieve it, should it depart. It comes not in one package and accepted everywhere, yet it's not necessarily a universally recognised medium of exchange for admiration.

- by Nyakollo Lephoto

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