Soul Ties
Our third newsletter is titled Soul Ties and is aimed at exploring relationships in all its complexities. Though the concept of Soul Ties is but a spiritual component of relationships, it is highlighted for the purpose of this newsletter as we felt it’s one of the least discussed aspects of relationships.

We are an online platform that showcases unpublished writers; essentially, we are Writer’s Stage, Reader’s Heaven and Publisher’s Hunting Ground. All articles published in this newsletter were taken from our website that features eight new articles a day, seven days a week. You’re more than welcome to join our community and contribute your works of writing or engage in discussions by commenting on each article. Click Here to Register your Profile.

In this issue, we have grouped contributions for easy navigation and consistent reading. Blogs, Poetry, Fiction, Book Reviews and other Regular Features are colour coded so you can structure your reading to suit your interests.

Together with many other writers, we welcome Dr. Marlin McKay who will be answering all your personal medical questions anonymously; log on http://www.qooh.me/DoctorMcKay to make your medical enquiries without compromising your identity.

Another advisory feature is our resident astrologist, Augur Bode. Contact her will all matters horoscopes, such as dream interpretations, birth charts and romance compatibility: www.qooh.me.AugurBode.

Our resident Agony Aunt, Dimamzo, and HIV expert, Dr. Sindi, are also featured; make use of their services too by login on to the following URLs:

Dr. Sindi - www.qooh.me.DoctorSindi
Dimamzo - www.qooh.me.DimamzoSqueeza

We are hard at work recruiting more Advisory Services on matters you will find beneficial to your day to day life.

For consistency’s sake, we have resolved to send out newsletters on the fifth of every month. The December issue will be themed Puck Politics and contains all matters controversial.

We still strongly urge you to forward our newsletters to friends and grow the reading and writing community. If you received this newsletter from a friend and would like us to send our future issues send blanke email to designerscripts@ilikewhatiwrite.co.za

Nyakallo Lephoto
The Tainted Veil

He stood at her door, nervous.

“What are you doing Xolani?” he said to himself. He knew he was there for the right reasons but at the same time he was there for all the wrong reasons, he just had to see her again.

He rang the bell and could hear her footsteps approaching the door. He became even more nervous, he nearly turned around and ran off but that would have been stupid so he waited until she opened the door.

“Hey Xolani, how you doing?” she said with a smile. He stood there admiring how her dress outlining all the curves of her body. She looked amazing, she is so beautiful. He remembered he had to speak.

“Hey Mpho, I’m good how are you?” he managed to speak.

“I’m great thanks, please, come in.” she stood on the side so he can come in. Her apartment was very cozy, very chic like. She obviously loved her colours because the whole apartment was splashed with different colours and textures. You could see she wasn’t scared to take a risk when it came to furnishing and décor.

“Would you like a beer?” she offered walking towards the fridge, her ass looked so good in that dress it was unbelievable. He knew she didn’t do this on purpose; she really was just relaxing at home when he called and invited himself over. Even though she knew his situation, she didn’t act weird or anything; she was cool.

“Um, yes please, that would be great.” He answered.

She got two beers out of the fridge and went to sit next to him on the couch. Handed him the beer and watched him take one long sip. You could see she really enjoyed that. He was very amused by it, more excited actually because she looked so cute doing that.

“So? What brings you around this part of town?” she asked him.

“I just had business around here so I thought I should just pop in.” This was a lie.

“Oh okay, so? What can you tell me Mr. Nhlapo?” she said facing him with her one leg on the other, she seemed so flexible. He knew this was a big mistake and he started to panic a bit. She smelled so good and he kept looking at her lips as she drank from the beer bottle and little droplets fell on her pink lips. “Xolani!” she called out to him. “Are you okay? You seem a bit distracted, is there anything wrong at home?”

Friend me on facebook Neo Letsoela
Absolute Security

Tshepo...

It is exactly 8 months, to the day, since Phindi and I started dating when I was introduced to her by a colleague at a year-end function at work. I could not have predicted what possibilities the future held for us but look at us now, now. We are co-habiting and contemplating marriage. I am quite certain she is the woman I would want to wake up next to for the rest of my life. However, now is hardly the time. Financially I am not quiet there. I am not in a position to provide the type of security she will need. Women’s needs are infinite. The dining, the shoes, the furniture. At my current salary, I can hardly afford myself. Let alone a family. Wife and a kid or two. It is not that I am not committed, I just need more time, patience and support from her until I get that promotion. I can feel it knocking. I am of the right skin colour. I just need to make sure I am noticed by the right people. Be extra polite, attend more after-work functions stay behind and work late. All the sacrifices I need to make to climb this corporate ladder and get that big pay-check. If only Phindi would understand that and be on my side.

Phindi...

Since Tshepo and I moved in together, I feel like I am losing him. He has suddenly developed an obsession for work. It is all he talks about. The broken printer, afternoon drinks with the regional manager or his strained relations with “the office snitch” John. His phone rings even at 10pm and he would stay on it for about an hour discussing “Marketing Strategies”, “Potential areas of Growth” and “Changing consumer behaviours” The passion we had when we met has all vanished. The desire in his eyes has shifted to his laptop. These days we don’t last as long as we used to. His mind is forever preoccupied by some or other financial goal. My emotional needs have taken the back seat.

Each time I attempt to bring up the issues of trying for the baby he changes the subject. Fact is, a child to me is not as primary as having him. However I feel that if we have one he would have more time for me and the baby. He would have to make time to be with us, if he intends being a good father that he forever preaches of. We could bond knowing we share something so sacred. For as long as we carry on like this, I feel very vulnerable and insecure in this relationship. I feel like I will lose him to his job if not another woman. When he starts making more money, he may change. With extra cash, he may think he could afford younger and prettier women. At age 27 I sometimes feel like I am on my last stretch. The relationship I am in, now, should be the one that leads me to the aisle. So far, he hasn’t popped the question. I don’t feel absolutely secure in this relationship. What’s the wait? We already live together. What more do I need to do to prove to him that I am capable of being a good wife?

Tshepo...

What more do I need to do to prove to Phindi that I am committed to her but now is just not the right time? I don’t want to start something that I may not be able to sustain. Everything is expensive, these days. Starting from Lobola. They will be asking for thousands I haven’t saved for. Then the 80 guest exclusive white wedding ceremony at a lodge, somewhere secluded. Soon after, she will be demanding a child. Have you seen what the price of milk is? Not to mention the Pampers. And then there’s Daycare.

She is pesterling me on starting the family, yet she would not let me spend more time at work to ensure our financial security. Me coming home at 8pm the whole week is a necessary evil for us to get to where we want. Like a means to and end.
Gone Before Hello

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 windscreen 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.

It all ended with a steering wheel punch right through his groundless head.

All he could hear were, sounds of tyre screech, screams, and scorns, but his words refused to pair.

Words left unspoken, he couldn’t say his first hello...

He had no way to cry out loud, coz he was trapped in his mom’s womb...

His days to play were meant no more,

All that’s left is a mark of his hand on his mom’s belly,

A sign for both his hello and goodbye...

An improvised story by Nyakallo Lephoto, Tshepo Lephoto and Zibuse Makhubu.
Dear Izabelle,

Evil men made me kill. To you, I write this letter left-handed because my right hand is dripping with blood.

I need you to pass this message to my mother. Ask her to call the family lawyer and let my younger brother have all my possessions, except for the house and car. Those I give to you.

Please encourage Edward to finish school and empower himself with knowledge and wisdom. Tell my brother and mother I don't believe I will live to get much older.

Please ask Reverend Smith to pray for me. I think I might have reached the end of the road.

A strange little man walked up to me, a guy I have never seen before. A guy I ain't done nothing to, he then shot me on my chest.

My body is strapped in my army uniform, supposedly to reduce the bleeding. I don't think it's helping. With medical attention two hours away, I feel like I am hanging on a single thread. It's like there's sewer-filled pit, below me, waiting to swallow me. I already feel my soul slowly decaying. Evil men made me take innocent lives.

During Boot Camp, we had classes wherein we talked about fighting all day, every day. I must admit it seemed exciting, in a way. At time they must have overlooked to tell me something but I guess it's better that way.

In here we have fathers that give us instructions. When they say go, we ask no questions, we go. On their orders, innocent lives I took. Evil men have made me kill harmless people.

Day in and day out, I prayed for the day I would return home. On that day, I hoped to hold you in my arms, instead of this machine gun.

Together with my lifeless body, they will bring my diary home. An account of my experiences at the front line and the emotional turmoil that came with being away from you, my love. Life is for the living. Please find a way to love again. Allow me to go.

Goodbye Izabelle,

Morris

Continues on next page...
My one and only true love,
Morris

I pray that you receive this and read it with a loving sentiment.

The reality, the harsh reality I so don't want to swallow is facing me and demands my attention and digestion. Every hour I pray for your safety and that of your comrades alike. Every night I make a supplication, for God to end this...

It seems I'm forced to divulge what I kept from you for the past 5 months you've been away. Out of fear of creating anxiety, I withdrew from announcing that I'm carrying our first born child - I'm in my seventh month. The doctor says it's a boy. Raising a family and living our dreams now seems like a fantasy. Yet I dare not lose hope, you could still survive at least to see your offspring. Please hold on for at least two months longer.

Youthful vigour has dissipated as I see you right here before me yet an ocean away. Our hearts in union, yet apart. What you don't know is that every evening I set a table for two, pretending you are with me, not wanting to confront your absence. When I went out to the movies, I'd get two tickets and dinner reservations at our favourite, The Hub, were always for two. I thought keeping you with me wherever I went would keep me sane. I know there was always a spiritual connection, there still is.

The messages to your family and Reverend Smith will be relayed, although I just cannot let go of the thought of seeing you again, holding you once more.

Inserted are sonar pics of our little boy. I'm told he's healthy and I should just take it easy. If you receive this I hope the prospect of seeing him will invigorate you. If this is our last communication link in this lifetime I will tell him you were a hero.

Love, now and forever
Izabelle
Morris' words by Nyakallo Lephoto (mainly adapted from Jimi Hendrix’s Machine Gun and Bill Withers’ I Can't Write Left-Handed)
Izabelle's words by Sithandiwe Tshabalala (Her own creativity)

For the sake of all innocent lives lost, here’s hoping for peace in the Middle East, Iraq, Afghanistan and the whole of Africa.
Weep Not, Child

This is the shortest fiction by Ngugi I have read to date. The events that unfold in the life of Njoroge makes one wonder about the role of colonialism in the lives of many. Like any other child, Njoroge had big dreams about his future. He saw himself the saviour of not only his family, but the whole of Kenya.

Despite colonial times, he is oblivious to the realities of racism and oppression. To him life is a bliss. He has all he needs in the people around him. Like any other boy of his age, his father represents the all and be all of life. And he is a happy child.

Until the realities of colonial Kenya begin to unravel in his father's compound. First, his father is dismissed from work for merely participating in a workers strike. The strike itself sparks hatred and power plays between his father, Mr Jacobo and Mr Howlands. Mr Jacobo is a rich black man, only he wishes himself white. Mr Howlands is a German settler turned farmer turned District Officer. Both men have a score to settle with Njoroge's father, whatever the cost.

But Njoroge is best friends with Mwihaki, Mr Jacobo's daughter; and the two love each other very much. Boro, Njoroge's elder brother, joins the freedom army, the Mau Mau. Mr Jacobo has evicted Njoroge's family from his land. Mr Jacobo is responsible for the death of many high standing locals, because he is the chief. He is working to bring Ngotho, Njoroge's father, down. Mr Howlands is working to bring Ngotho down. Ngotho is a poor man who only has his family as his pride, and he is known as the best father in the village.

Njoroge has placed all his faith on education. To him, education is the solution to all his family’s problems. It is his solution to all of Kenya. He is prepared to study to highest possible level. His family continues to struggle raising funds for his schooling, something he is very grateful for. But just when he is about to complete his high school education, only a quarter away from completion, he is arrested on terrorism charges. The police pick him up at school to a detention centre; where he is tortured beyond belief. His mother and stepmother are also arrested. So is his father. All of them charged with the murder of Mr Jacobo.

What a tragedy. A child's dream shattered merely because adults have hatred towards each other. All because racism is the order of the day. All because Njoroge is poor. All because Mr Jacobo hates his father. Just because Mr Howlands hates his father. And because both Mr Jacobo and Mr Howlands want to humiliate his father. The result? His father dead, Mr Jacobo dead, Mr Howlands dead, Njoroge with an attempted suicide, Boro facing a death penalty.

This is a moving story of the horrible impact colonialism, racism and apartheid have had on the lives of many. While the story maybe based in Kenya, the experiences and events are common to all formerly colonised nations; both black and white.

- by Motho
Redeeming Love

This is the first Christian fiction book I have ever read. I love it. I finished it 2 weeks and couldn't put it down. Now and then I had goose bumps!

Anyway, it was definitely the best book I've read. It was easy to read, the story flowed very smoothly, suspenseful yet emotionally; it was very difficult to take my focus away from it. Parts of the book just tore me up inside I tried so hard not to cry (especially at the beginning and towards the end) but I finally had let to release the tears out. It ends with so much grief, redemption and joy.

A great fictional example about God's redeeming love and testimony about how when we are willing to be in God's will we can truly be His hands and feet here on earth and impact how others see the God who loves them, even before they know Him personally. It assures us that He knows the plans He has for us and how those plans can lead us into our destiny.

It is based on the story of Hosea (in the Bible) but set in California. Angel is a prostitute who has closed off everything but her body to the world. She is cold and unfeeling/unemotional but when Hosea sees her he know this is the woman God wants him to marry whether Hosea actually does or not.

For some people It can be less romantic in that it is also the story about a couple who must deal with a damaged past, and a damaged soul, and the pain and destruction that damage can still inflict. It is not the story of an easy love. For an example; Angel is a damaged young woman working a brothel and struggling with many horrors from her past, doesn't believe in God or that men are capable of loving women. She survives by keeping her hatred alive. And what she hates most are the men who use her, leaving her empty and dead inside. Then she meets Michael Hosea. Michael is a devout Christian who seeks his Father's heart in everything and obeys God's call to marry has Angel. He is 26 years old at and has led a pure life - never 'known' a woman in his life. Many will thinks absurd!

The long and the short: Angel is a young woman who was sold into prostitution as a child. Michael Hosea is a godly man sent into Angel's life to draw her into the Savior's redeeming love.

This is a perfect story of how God can use us to redeem His lambs from the dungeon of hell and how the institution of marriage can restore and mend the broken.

- by Sibusiso Bonga
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Curtains for BlackBerry

In less than 17 years, one of the 21st century's greatest innovations have taken hold of our lives and had us wondering how life was before cellphones. In the early days, you just had to have one to be deemed cool. Later, we became brand-conscious and Nokia was the way; from the legendary 5110 to the then versatile 3310, chic was redefined. Samsung took much of the market share when it introduced the flip-phone fad spearheaded by its flagship D500 model. That ate up much of the Nokia market. Smartphones pushed Nokia further into a corner. RIM's BlackBerry, Apple's iPhone and Android handsets offered more options for users. The Smartphone market is a brutal battlefield that's unforgiving to those not open to change. Meeting unpredictable customer demands is like shooting a moving target and since very few organisations possess the sniper skill that Harvey Lee-Oswald is said to have been blessed with, inability to foresee future trends can be fatal as Nokia has come to realise.

The Canada-based RIM changed how business is conducted when it brought it smartphones into the market; but over and above being a business tool, a BlackBerry became status symbol. A short-lived event as more affordable models entered the market and they too became as common as the 3310. With features that differentiate it from closest competitors, BlackBerry got hold of the market and saw its value soar and climax at US$72bn. Low battery life, entrance of Android and iPhone ate away the market share until RIM saw its value drop to the current US$12bn. Its share price has fallen 60% in 2011 alone.

Those that own it swear by it, but the truth is the is more wrong with BlackBerry that there is right. Besides the fact that we can’t recall how life was before the blinking red light invaded our lives, former Nokia users wish for an era when we would play Snake and Bantumi the whole day and still charge our phones once a week. Though ease of use, the availability of social media platforms at the tip of one’s fingers and e-mails on-the-go makes BlackBerry attractive, that doesn’t make it invincible.

My view is that RIM is hanging on a single threat as much as Nokia has its back against the wall. Research in Motion’s competitive edge is BIS; personally, I am keeping a BlackBerry because I can’t justify paying more than R60 per month for data. However, I do feel we have reached the end of the road. The recent data blackout that saw parts of Europe, Africa and the Middle East cut off their BlackBerry Internet Service and not being able to access the Instant Messaging facility and social media platforms had users' knickers in knots. That in itself may not see people leaving BlackBerry, but it's slowly slipping into the doldrums because of unreliability issues and lawsuits that may follow as a result of the blackout.

As to whether one can prove beyond reasonable doubt that the black-out lost them business is neither here nor there; the PR blow that the cut off has dealt RIM may be irreversible.

Soon, someone will see value in introducing internet service to rival BIS and RIM’s competitive edge will disappear. There’s WhatsApp to counter BBM for non-BlackBerry users, but there’s nothing to compete with BIS, for now. Nationwide Airline had an engine fall off one of its planes during take-off. The airline was grounded for a month and could not survive the damage caused by the incident. The October 2011 Blackout may well deal a similar blow to BlackBerry's RIM.

- by Nyakallo Lepholo
Why You Had a #BlackBerryBlackOut

As many as 70 million Blackberry Mamas and Papas out there spent their uncomfortable blackberryless three days without any BBMs [Blackberry Messenger]. Nokia Papas and Mamas were enjoying ourselves, tweeting and Facebooking such that I almost heard my right-hand thumb saying "ouch". Not having you lot Blackberriers on the social network Facebook and Twitter somewhat felt like something was missing. Serious. It felt like one was in a classroom whereby you could tell if the naughtiest pupil in that class was absent or that s/he was sick and could therefore not come to school.

Even better, if felt so quiet without you lot just like it did on the political front when ANCYL President Julius Malema was admitted in hospital for a flu-like illness. Malema's admission, I suspect, must have had something to do with Desmond Tutu's anger, saying he would pray for the downfall of the ruling government – a mother-body ruling ANC to Malema's league. But as much I did not have you around for these few days [and maybe a few days to come] because of your skarsness – I can't say with certainty, however, that I miss you lot that much. Or maybe I do. But just a little.

Reports early this week that your Blackberries gave you guys problems were not good news at all. This was worsened by the number of users that had been affected around the world. On Wednesday, 12 October 2011, The Daily Beast web site reported that within its third day of disruptions Blackberry had even spread to other parts of the world, including North America.

Wall Street Journal had on Wednesday quoted a RIM's nameless spokeswoman saying the disruption was "caused by a core switch failure within RIM's infrastructure" and that its backup "did not function as previously tested". The disruption affected Blackberry users in Europe, the Middle East, America and African. There are also reports, according the web site, that Japan, the US and Canada had also been affected by these disruptions.

This has since resulted in many of you failing not only to access the internet, email but that you also could not access the famous BBMs. That RIM executives said little did not help the matter. Instead it left many blackberry users upset and angry, with some even threatening to revert to their Nokias, with some having already reverted to using their desktop computers and or laptops.

According to WSJ the damage regarding Blackberry’s “reliability spread” resulted in other cellphone carriers like United Arab’s Emirates Telecommunications Corp and Emirates Integrated Telecommunications Co. saying they would compensate their Blackberry customers for service interruption across Europe and other parts of the world including the Middle East. Other cellphone network operators had indicated to WSJ that they had “began offering customers compensation, raising the possibility that those carriers could look to RIM to repay the, eventually”.

South African cellphone operator had during these three days apologised to its customers for the disruptions. On Thursday [13 October 2011] Business Day newspaper reported that Virgin Mobile said it would reimburse its Blackberry users with a R50.00 airtime. It was, however, not clear whether other operators like Cell C, MTN and Vodaphone would do the same.

The newspaper reported National Consumer Commissioner Mmamodupi Mohlala said that through the new National Consumer Act consumers (Blackberry users) could seek recourse from their cellphone providers. Mohlala reportedly said section 55, 56 and 61 of the Act gave consumers protection on the quality of goods, and liability for damage cause by goods. She said everyone who was involved in the value chain could be held liable in terms of section 61 of the act. Consumers who had bought their Blackberry handsets after April 2011 could return them and demand another brand with an equal value, or a refund, because the service promised was not delivered. At the time only one complain had been received by Mohlala's office, according to Business Day.

WSJ said while many European customers had been frustrated by the disruption, they, however, “hadn’t yet decided to look for a new smartphone provider [like iPhone]”. It said while Appel’s iPhone and smartphones had “made big inroads in consumers and corporate markets, Blackberry still [enjoyed] a
loyal following among executives, who prize its security and easy-to-type keyboard”.

**Link to Occupy Wall Street?**

At the time of writing there were, at least, three assumptions on why you lot Blackberriers had experienced #blackberryblackout. The first assumption was by @CNBC_TechAtWork which said on Twitter on Tuesday that the disruption may have had something to do with the new launch of iPhone. “Blackberry outage days before the launch of the new iPhone? Mmm... I smell a well paced saboteur”. The second is by @wikileaks, also asking on Tuesday: “Has Blackberry been disabled by intelligence to stop Occupy Wall St spreading to EU, MENA. Recall statement post London riots about BBM”. The third assumption, although related to the second one, is however mine which you lot may think is ridiculous, if not impossible.

Having thought twice about this before I put it down as I now have, I could not help but wonder whether Blackberry disruptions is related to the United States’ Occupy Wall Street campaign. Put differently, there is likelihood and possibility that US intelligence authorities have/had something to do with the #blackberryblackout. This is so that its users would be hindered from using the likes of text messaging services [BBM] and the internet to access social networks like Facebook and Twitter because they are suspected to being used to galvanized and communicate with outsiders and strengthen Occupy Wall Street campaign.

Remember what happened in Libya and many other countries what these social networks were suspect of? Well, if you do not remember... Many of people were suspected of using the social networks to communicate and strengthen their gatherings. Even Twitter has been threatened several times with law suites to reveal/hand over direct messages of people suspected to being behind the riots.

International Business Times (IBT) web site had in February 2011 reported that there were fears that “dissidents in Bahrain, Libya and Iran are not only following the footsteps of their counterparts in Egypt and Tunisia by taking a pro-democracy stand, but [that they] have also chosen the same tools to mobilise the revolution – (the) internet”. Besides aiding protests, IBT noted that the “internet and social media have also emerged as information outlet for the worldwide media and people across the globe”.

Because of this and as noted by CNN on 22 February 2011, the government of Libya then shut down the internet – a similar decision taken by Egypt at the time when it experienced protests. This censorship was seen as government’s attempt shut down access to the internet, including access to Facebook and Twitter, because they were apparently “heavily used by some of the people who helped organise the anti-Mubarak protests which toppled his government after 18 days on the streets”.

My suspicion is further confirmed – sort of – by Media Badger website when it reported on March 10, 2011 the effect of social technology in societal change. Media Badger research had found that social technologies (text messaging) were the “most often used to coordinate social change activities” which had also “proven to be the most popular and what we classify as a Tactical Tool” because text messages were “used quickly and in rapid changing context”.

According to Media Badger Facebook and Orkut, classified as SocNets, were used to “establish groups and set an event, but [were] poorly adapted being mobile”. Twitter, on the other hand classified as Microblogs, was found to be more “strategic”. As Virtual Navigator blogger noted on 20 February 2011, social media is a “double-edged sword” that is “content to shut down the internet, as was done in Egypt, but (that) dictatorial regimes have no problem using it for their own purposes as well.”

“It’s just as easy for government agents to spy on the discussions and messages going out and pin point who is in charge of opposition movements and stifle them right to the sources”, noted Virtual Navigator web blogger. As a result I have a strong belief that indeed Blackberry disruptions may have been as a result of the US intelligence interference so that its text messaging service which is often used to “coordinate social change activities” – tempered with deliberately because it is seen as a “challenge to national security” – is not used by organisers of Occupy Wall Street.

- by Akanyang Merementsi

@AkanyangM
Let Me Drive You

If you give me the steering wheel, I will melt your heart over and over. I will restore you to your virgin state and induce emotional amnesia. Wipe your heart clean of past hurt and paint it with bright colours reminiscent of our bright future together.

If you give me the steering wheel, I will live to keep you smiling. Willingly, I will open my heart for you to see there's no place for any other but you. Without fear or doubt, I will make you my first priority.

If you give me the steering wheel, I will drive you to a place of comfort and security. One where you don't need to keep looking over your shoulder for fear your best friend might snatch your man. I'm that kinda guy that believes in buying once. Once I have you, I won't even have a peek of a menu for I already have what I want and what I want is what I have. What I have is You.

If you give me the steering wheel, I will drive you to a place where Yesterday's sorrows are balanced out by the joys Today brings. Let me drive you for I promise never to be reckless. I will hold your fragile heart the right way up to keep it from breaking. I will drive you gently, lest you bruise.

If you give me the steering wheel, I will carefully navigate the treacherous terrain just to bring your soul to a place of rest. A place where sleep comes easy and it never overstays its welcome. Let me drive you to the comfort of my Love.

Get a personalised poem such as this one written especially for your loved one. Contact:

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078 383 3396
What I Want From You

Often we eloquently communicate what we do not want, yet are at a loss of words when we are required to say what it is we want. I Want You and I want to tell you what it is I want from you.

I can only ask of you what I can give back. Reciprocity. Like for like, in an exchange of joyful hearts. Often we give back once we have no use for others’ hearts anymore. Once I have yours, I will treasure it for it’s the only one you have. I will want it, even when I have it. I want You and I want to tell you what it is I want from you.

I want Companionship. A very loaded term; I’m told even cats provide that. I want to be that man you go home to, to lie on whose chest and wrap your arms around his body. What I want from you is to let me listen beat of your heart.

I Want You and I wanna tell you what it is I want from you. I will multiply smiles on your face every morning and night. I guarantee you daily laughter. What I want from you is for you to surrender your body for both our pleasure.

I want to take from you what I can't get from anywhere else and I will give you what I can’t give anyone else. What I want from you is to tie my soul to yours until the end of time.

I want you and I want to tell you what it is I want from you. I want to lie down and watch the stars with you, while sharing stolen kisses. All I ask of you is to surrender your time.

I want to exist in absolute harmony with you, Together Forever. What I want from you is your heart. I want you, all of you and only you.

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Soul Ties

Humans are tripartite beings; we are Body, Mind and Spirit. An overwhelming majority of us understand only two of these aspects, Body and Mind. An unfortunate phenomenon as we are souls with bodies and not bodies with souls. The essence of our existence is spiritual. We are spiritual beings and our existence begins and ends there. We are energy in the ever-expanding universe, hence our core being cannot be destroyed; even beyond the grave we live.

Everything is created thrice; first in the spiritual realm, then in our minds and eventually manifested in the physical. Regardless of beliefs you subscribe to, you would acknowledge the notion Thoughts Become Things. Equally, what we say with our mouths, we breathe life to that very thing; totally oblivious to the fact that even before we conceptualised it in the intellect, it lived first in our spirits.

Water is essential for life; without it, the carnal realm as we know it would amount to nought yet why is gold more valuable than water? Water is freely available, hence it's value is undermined by its easy access. Improve your self-worth, be ass rare as gold; keep your legs crossed.

All human activity centres around spirituality; sex is no exception. In its true sense, sex is a form of worship. The fact that at least one of the partners is on their knees during the act is proof of the spiritual nature of sex. Truth is, when engaging in a sexual act, we take a piece of each others' spirit that we cannot replace; we are tied to all our past and present sexual partners' souls, wherever we go. We become a part of their spiritual being and they ours. Since our true selves is spirit, we become our sexual partners and they become us.

During sex our spirits communicate, hence sounds of moans are different with every experience; even with the same person. It's a never-ending conversation. One whose beginning our intellect doesn't fully comprehend. It's more like praying in tongues, as Christians among us may attest. Even they, however, will agree that when two or more are gathered the ultimate spirit is there. What they agree on, so it is. What they bind, it is bound even in the spiritual realm. Be wary of whom you bread with. As you would carefully read a binding contract, meticulously examine all covenants you enter into. We bind our souls, even long before the physical deed. Our word is bond; with our tongues, we tie our souls to spiritual slavery. And you thought flirting was harmless.

Deep within a promiscuous being, lies inner turmoil that's slowly eating away the fabric of their soul. A virgin's spirit and that of a village bicycle are polar opposites. Promiscuous covenants weigh heavy on a heart and leave the owner broken and battered! It's not just the person you're sleeping with that you're being tied to, you're tied to spirits of all those they have slept with too.

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Why I Would Marry a White Woman

We all watch the Bold and the Beautiful on TV; these women are quite interesting characters. They are persuasive, caring, loving, understanding and supportive. However, they are the only people who believe that Rome was built in one day or overnight.

White people are very successful and major role players in South Africa’s economy. In my own opinion this country would be as poor as Zimbabwe if white people did not invade this country. They brought us sparkling taste in how things are done or should be done in this country.

Nothing would be more pleasurable waking up next to a blonde hair trophy wife or girlfriend. Blue eyes; an imaginary creation I get when I talk about this woman drives me crazy. They are the sexiest people you will find around this planet but not all of them are as desirable as I say.

I would marry a white woman because she is sexy and intelligent. We gonna have good kids who will get distinctions at school. She is going to persuade me to get more educated and be a good career so that we become rich. They appear to be educated, supportive and understanding because 80% of white married people are fairly rich and living quite good lives somewhere in their farms in the bush somewhere.

I would marry a white woman because most of them are very excellent in bed. They are not afraid to wear sexy (skimpy) outfits in public we all see them in malls and shopping centers everywhere. She would kiss me on every event, anytime anywhere I want to kiss her. When I take her out, she will dress for every occasion; just imagine when we go out to swim in public pools damn I can’t stop imagining and thinking about it. Wow, did I mention sex in public? Now you do get an idea of what I am talking about?

Marrying a white woman means you get her at a bargain no lobola or lobola negotiations. You get an educated beauty, if she loves you too, no need to fight with the ugly and nasty uncle you just do things in a civilised manner. The most boring about them is that you need to be rich to maintain them. They go shopping several times a week and they buy healthy and expensive food. The best part about them is that they don’t dress to impress; no expensive clothing. I almost forgot about good goodilicious honeymoon.

If anyhow we manage to divorce we can still be friends and go out for drinks how civilised is that no tokoloshe or traditional doctors who will strike you with a lightning. Who cares her dad would have taught me a few tricks on how to be rich and so forth plus i will have had experienced the true inner prt of white culture.

- by TIMo
Condom Wrapper

Hadn’t seen him in days so you can imagine how freaking excitable I was...physically and otherwise.... We walk into his bedroom I see a wrapper on the bar fridge brownish and shiny I know it too well, it is opened, I hadn’t been here in days so I know that ish is not supposed to be there at least not opened anyway; besides my man can hold himself down so well behaved he wouldn’t pull a Tiger on me...my heart starts fighting with my mind, I shake it off in a second and I take off my shoes and I hop into bed my thought was I don’t want no frills no funny businesses I just want him, the wrapper just wont go away I look again, I cant wish it away and I calmly ask: “and...an opened condom in your room?” He looks at me and he looks at the wrapper...he is too calm and my heart is doing 50 somersaults per second I am annoyed...I am scared He icily says: “you haven’t been by in days what was I supposed to do, sleep on my own, damn it its too cold!” I blink back the tears I smile, I look at him this freaking stranger masquerading as the love of my life, I cannot look at him in the eyes I am so ashamed.

This is not my doing why am I feeling like crap his voice invades my thoughts “baby at least I was safe” it is so unexpected it is so cruel it feels like being bent over and in the middle of a nice beautiful session he whips it out and shoves it in the chocolate box ... that ish tears one apart literally, that is just so anal. I swear I am bleeding. some orifice has just cracked open I am torn...

I compose myself, I have heard of such situation, dogs stray I can handle this damn it I can handle me....I stared at him for what felt like forever and a day....and I smiled, pulled my shoulders back held my head high pulled the bed covers off and got off the bed (I felt so faint) I just wouldn’t let it show though...silently put on my shoes, picked up the car keys...I had violent thoughts, I had creepy thoughts.... Just as I was about to walk out he hands me the ‘condom wrapper’ what the hell....alas it is a noodles spice beef flavour to be specific....exhale, breath, don’t cry...I walk back to the bed with my tail between my legs am munching on crow. He asks “what have I done that makes you think I would do that? Not only to you but to myself?”..... Houston we have a problem! Do I hear trust issues...eish?

I could not put together an intelligent answer, infact I still cant, I am only human right or is there more to the warped perception of what was....

- by Coskin
Good Riddance: Let Them Go

It is about time that you stopped being in that loveless relationship you’ve constantly tolerated for such a long time simply because you’re scared of being out of sight with love. You should also remember one thing, “Do not tolerate what you would love to change” Revoke those artificial perceptions about a union that is unlikely to be of a beneficial and a productive one in your course. You’ve lost your soul in it and yet you still choose to stay because you’ve simply succumbed to an impression that you’ve got nothing to lose in the present one and will probably have nothing to give henceforth. Guess what? You’ve got one more thing to lose! Maybe losing your partner won’t be a loss after all, it might just be one of the greatest victories of your life. I know people who take initiatives in their lives, ones that do not settle for anything less than “the fortress of love” itself, ones who make choices of being happy, ones whose happiness doesn’t necessarily depend on their circumstances.

Love is too beautiful to be compromised, you need to enjoy it to its fullest conviction along with the person that you’ve initially decided to share your life with. You do not owe your partner anything, whatever it is that he/she might have done for you, he/she did it out of will. You do not have to be with them because you feel you owe it to them. A relationship should be one of the greatest sources of joy, it should be informative, it should be beneficial, it should be cherished in order not to perish. Before getting into a relationship, you need to have your expectancy, you need to give as equally as you’re offered, it needs to be reciprocal. (Leave the tendency of taking without giving)

It needs to be given time to grow on its own, it should be motivated and meditated over, a relationship is no drama, it needs not to be rehearsed, it needs to develop naturally, it requires patience in order for it to groom.

If you’re not getting any of these factors that I’ve just mentioned, then I’m afraid you’re settling, you’re scared of going out of your own cocoon to spread your wings, and that means you’ll forever be limited and your potentials will be caged as well, you’ll never know you’re utmost capabilities as an individual. Even if it means being alone for some time, so be it. Love is like any other ailment, when it perishes, it needs to be given time as a cure to heal. Lose that partner if he/she’s not worth it. We all know that the depths of our relationship are different, some have given so much, they have invested so much in it they even believe their lives depend on it, they have committed everything they had to it that they even feel there’s nothing more to look forward to. “Do not be in a relationship for all the wrong reasons” because you’re actually losing more than you realize, you’ll even end up losing yourself in the process, you’ll have no belonging as you’ll have no place in it. You will suffocate in your own sorrows.

Be in a relationship because you want to be in it, not because you have to.

- by Maximillian
I was having a moment; a restless and frustrated moment. One of my girlfriends came to my rescue with the suggestion that my problem is I need some romance in my life. What she proposed as romance was a novel entitled “Slave to Sensation”. Spare me from girlfriends bearing romance novels. I’m a cynic.

They started us early on the deception of romance. They insidiously fed us a female fantasy built on lies and happy ever after fairy tales. Why didn’t we have pragmatic, feminist literature teachers to show us the error of the romantic dream?

I remember being a starry-eyed school girl in love with heroes like Charlotte Bronte’s Mr Rochester with his incomparably manly demeanour, sitting astride a big black horse. Ah, the symbolism! Or Heathcliff; I longed to be carried off by Emily Bronte’s Heathcliff, the bad boy of the Bronte novels; a dark brooding lost soul; impossibly handsome, haunted, passionate, and intense. And, who can forget Rhett Butler, the irresistibly charismatic and charming rogue.

That was when we were first introduced. What did they turn into? Heathcliff became a miserable abusive drunk. Mr Rochester turned out to be lying adulterer with bigamist ambitions and Rhett Butler proved an egotistical philandering slaver. It always ends in disappointment; but the pursuit of that romantic illusion continues.

The early teens were Mills and Boon addiction; where each story is the same. They hate each other in the beginning. They love each other in the end. We never fell in love with the overbearing arrogant Alpha-minor men who, later, passed through our lives. It doesn’t happen like that. Our innocence gets lost. Real life makes you cynical. Sylvia Plath is real. Barbara Cartland is myth.

I remember the old song ‘it’s raining men’. We girls used to dance around singing with joy. And then, there was the grief and disappointment of betrayal we felt the first time we saw the video and realized that it wasn’t raining men at all; it was actually raining speedo clad nancy-boys in trench coats doing perfect ballerina pirouettes.

So now I have “Slave to Sensation” the story of a woman of icy character with dark honey toned skin and “hair that curls so wildly that she is forced to pull it into a severe plait every morning”. Obvious imagery – this chick is suppressing or concealing a passion to which, no doubt, she will later give full vent. She encounters “the most dangerous man she’s ever seen”. What makes him so dangerous? He is Alpha; “pure lean muscle and tensile strength”.

See what I mean? Who has tensile strength? Is that any way to describe a human being? Oh, and
“her first impression of him is as something wild, barely leashed”. So, he’s also passion repressed and will later give vent, and I suspect that it will take two hundred long, tedious, questionably written pages of thin, repetitive storyline before full vent is eventually given. I don’t think I can stand it.

The blurb on the back of the book describes our protagonist as “a woman who will sacrifice everything for a taste of darkest temptation”.

That’s the story? Yep, that’s it, a sexually repressed ice maiden who meets a dangerous, barely leashed man with tensile strength who leads her into darkest temptation. It just makes me impatient. Besides, it’s ridiculous. Do people get led you into things like ‘a taste of darkest temptation’? Actually, if they’re talking about the name of a chocolate bar, I was led there last week. It was Belgian chocolate. It was delicious.

Half way into the first chapter of “Slave to Sensation” and I’m aggravated. This sort of book creates and then feeds aggravation. There are elements of such incomparable silliness. The heroine has a bottom that is ‘a heart shaped enticement’, for heavens sake’. Who describes a woman’s bottom? Is that the semi-literary parallel of tensile strength? Anyway, no one’s bottom is like that. Bums are peachy, or pear shaped or big. That’s bums.

And then, to all of our incredulity, it is revealed that this man isn’t even a man. Men, our author seems to have realised on her walk through life, cannot be romantic heroes any more. Men are flawed. Men are Mr Rochesters, Heathcliffs, and Rhett Butlers. So, now we need something above men and our author has come up with a thing called ‘a changeling’. He is half man, half beast; the ultimate Alpha.

Our male protagonist morphs between man and panther which I’m sure, accounts for all that tensile strength. And to add insult to intelligence he is a metro-sexual half man half beast. He wears cologne, designer gear and drives a sports car. I’ll bet when he’s panther he pees on the carpet, leaves fur on the sofa, and chews the toes off her Jimmy Choos. I am thoroughly unconvinced. I can’t read on.

Restlessness and frustration are restored. I’m in need of psychic regeneration and truth; something befitting my mood. I’m reaching for Sylvia Plath. She’s full of poetic madness, depression, perversity; and other stuff that a person can believe in.

- by Tselane Tambo
Follow me on twitter @Tselane
Poor nice wealthy man started seeing this young woman more often. He was still not suspecting that this woman could be the evil minimum wage class. There came a time when one day after a romantic dinner this evil young woman took out a knife out of her bag, put it across his throat and pushed him into a designer shoe store and ordered him to pay for very expensive pairs of shoes. There was nothing that he could do but do exactly what he had been ordered to do. She was so discreet that everyone in the shoe store believed that he was happy to pay for them. This woman would take out different weapons at different times to threaten this man into buying her expensive things. This man was being abused. He didn’t know how to get out. The evil young woman would continue to coerce this man into buying her bigger and more expensive things, from luxurious cars to fancy beach houses. The nice wealthy man was dying inside. It was so painful for him to spend his money on this evil young woman. All he ever wanted was to make all that money and just spend it on himself and no one else.

The once happy, nice wealthy man was now living with all this abuse. He couldn’t share his woes with anybody because no one would understand the pain he was going through. Eventually he married this evil woman because he was forced into it, with a machete this time. He found it better to live with this evil woman than lose his life. He lived miserably ever after. The money that should have stayed in the bank to embellish his bank account was spent by this evil woman and he forever resented her for it.

Every man dating a gold digger knows he’s dating one. But every person who calls women in relationships for financial gain gold diggers thinks that this man is a victim. For every gold digger there has to be a gold mine. One can’t exist without the other. If a man stays in this relationship for years then it means there is something that he’s getting from that relationship. So he’s definitely not a victim. Society has painted a picture of this man and it’s a wrong, misleading picture. Here is our perceived story of this man; this gold mine.

Once upon a time there was a man, a nice man who lived alone in a mansion on the hill. His was a happy life because he could buy anything he desired with his wealth. What more could a man with that kind of wealth desire? Love? Yes he wanted that too but there was only one type of woman for him. The only woman who was suitable for him was wealthy and held a high powered job like him and had her own mansion on the hill too. The kind of woman who desired nothing she couldn’t get herself because this nice wealthy man would really hate to spend his money on her. It would really balance things out if he just made his money and nobody else spent it but him. He really didn’t like sharing his money.

Then one day he met a beautiful young woman. This woman was evil because she made the minimum wage. When this nice rich man met her he had no idea that she fell in the minimum wage class. If he knew that about her he would have never asked for her number, let alone end up in a relationship with her. This young woman was so smart. She knew that this man was rich yet he had no clue that she wasn’t wealthy. When the nice wealthy man showed interest in her she should have come clean and told him that she makes a minimum wage but she was so evil, she kept him in the dark. That’s how evil she was. Wealthy men are so vulnerable. She should have known better.
I met this guy at around 1am ish at a club of sorts on Friday the 25th Sep 2009. My 2 colleagues turned friends and I had decided to go out for the 1st time since I started working with them (4 months ago) just to bond outside work. We did a popular news (place where you can easily buy bread) which to our horror played a lot rave at a blinding and deafening volume, we quickly made an exit to where we'd find something more up our alley.

The place was nice and the music...very agreeable as one might have figured out, we are black chicks who enjoy the odd rave at a minimal...not as our idea of fun thank you very much...so this club/ restaurant/ rendezvous/ whatever you call it is a black establishment with yuppies and a few 40 or 50 year old men who refuse to believe that they are no longer young and attractive.

The music, the drinks, t'was awesome yet for some reason, we weren't attracting a fantastic caliber of men....my brilliant idea.."the smokers are always the hot and interesting ones, lets go outside" so off we go....within seconds of being outside, we had a plethora of men awaiting their time with us..."I'm a Genius" I thought to myself...so that’s when I met this guy I shall call Waxy.....

He sat next to us....me to be precise...and listened in on our conversation and offered me a drink...well and my friend...looked at him...he was quite a looker...and a gentleman...Chivalry... hello! We spent the rest of our time there together with him showering me with compliments & the promise of a brighter tomorrow...."smitten" urgh..."I'm in love" ok maybe not, I'm not that naive...so as the morning progresses, he tells me some shocking news about him having a child and another on the way...."give me darkness"...I become a lil depressed and the future plans I had for both of us fade away as quickly as they came...He tells me that he's broken up with the 1st baby mama *cardiac arrest* ( there is more than 1 baby mama?) and the awaiting arrival mama...well...things aren’t pretty at the moment...ok...so for the sake of having attention, I continue entertaining him....

Surprise surprise it turns out we live in the same estate but different complexes...so we go home together and end up at his place *he tricked me* but to his shock and horror, I slept fully clothed and wouldn’t give in to his demands . Next morning, he pulls a stunt again I refuse and ask to be taken home which he does and the party moves to my place. He prepared us breakfast and we passed on the sofas and 6 hours later we parted with a promise of tomorrow....which he kept. *smile* Sun evening he came and brought us pizza and we watched some DVD & he did the most annoying thing one can do while watching my favourite selection..."Pass out"...He asked to stay over and I let him on grounds that he would behave which he did so very well...*impressed*...I think...."I could actually sleep with him now"... lol... but I don't. We part on Mon morning as we each prepare to go to our weekly 8 hour donation sessions....I think about him the whole day and see us working out what with the close proximity and all and wonder whether I'm on his mind....By 6pm, it was storming and the weather was going crazy, I dropped him an SMS which read "Hey, howz the thunder and lightning in your part of town?" which is code for "don't you want to come over?"...his response..."Yoh...I'm mopping the floor" and that was the last I heard from him...... until that Sat at 1.30 am....
I remember being a starry-eyed school girl in love with heroes like Charlotte Bronte's Mr Rochester...

So as I stated...I did not hear from this guy for about a week and the next time he calls me is Sat at 1.30 am. *the nerve!* After having such a wide experience with men, one sort of has an idea how things might UNFOLD in the long run...After concluding my 8 hours worth last Friday, I said to my friends "this guy might actually call with the hopes of me being made a weekend special" and that’s exactly what happened...only that he called at the most ungodly hour under the sun...what am I a BOOTY CALL? not like he even got any the last time...my word whatever gave him the idea that he doesn’t need to call throughout the week and when he finally does in the am, I will be completely thrilled...? but that’s exactly what he thought...check out this conversation;

I had passed out on the sofa after sipping on a few Martinis and Vodka n lime with a friend and was woken by an incoming text message...I rose like someone that just might have missed the bus..in my mind, I knew it was him...it was a voicemail..I listened... "Hi, this is Waxy...please call me" I checked out the time....in utter shock....I’d already predicted this...but the reality is still unreal...if that makes any sense...

I open the covers and get into bed..a few min later, he calls again ...I ignore the call and finally give in, if I’m to have any sleep, I need to take this.

Me: Hello *with thee sleepy tone*
Waxy: Hi, how are you?
Me: I’m ok thanks and you? (like you give a rat’s ass)
Waxy: I’m ok, what are you up to?
Me: Sleeping...?
Waxy: Ohh..I’m from Pretoria and am on my way back home...I thought you’d be out and about considering that we met around this time...
Me: Oh no, not tonight...*get to the point*
Waxy: So, do you mind if I come see you for a few min?
Me: *thinking how nice it would be to have some company yet remembering that this is the cow that never called* At this time?, no thanks, I’m asleep...
Waxy: *sounding all smug* Are you sure?
Me: Yeah...
Waxy: Ok then, I’d like to come sleep over...
Me: *unbelievable* Are you serious? First of all, you have poor follow through, I don’t hear from you for the week and the next time you call me is at 1am and you want to SLEEP OVA...? *Fangs drawn out*
Waxy: *so calmly like he’d expected my response and then rehearsed an answer* I was thinking about you the entire week and thought of calling but didn’t want to get attached to you hence my silence.

Me: *OOH HELL TO THE NO* Really...*sarcastic laugh* and you thought that by calling me at this time...what would happen?
Waxy: Well, you don’t have to say yes...*gettin a lil annoyed that things aren’t going his way*
Me: I already said no,

Waxy: Well I wanted to check whether you are sure...*cockiness*
Me: Yeah
Waxy: Ok then, sharp
Me: Sharp..have a good night, Hang up!!!
I smile to myself and give me a Hi 5, I pushed away that plate...I will not knowingly be someone’s am call, no one....

The truth is I’m really not feeling him....Period.
Waxy...reloaded....

I dunno if its something I've said or maybe not said that keeps encouraging this guy to keep calling back...but he did...AGAIN and no prizes for guessing what day of the week that was...Yep...it was a Saturday...8:30 am (an improvement from the last time) but what remains unchanged is that he's filed me under the "WEEKEND SPECIAL" folder.....my goodness...! What have I done to deserve this?
The very brief chat went something along these lines...(*I was asleep as one would be after a night filled with partying and doing that of which we do not speak*)

Me: *Zzzz.*..Hello..?
Waxy: Hey...*sounding very refreshed.*
Me: Hi.. *still in shock*?
Waxy: Are you still sleeping?
Me: *Duh*..wish I would have said that but all I said was Yeah...
Waxy: Are you home, am thinking of popping in to see you...
Me: *jaw on the floor and thinkin..you gadda be kidding me ..* No, I'm in Joburg..
Waxy: ooh...*in disbelief* I thought you'd be home...Ok then..
Me: Ok ..cool...Hang up.

What an ego booster this guy is for me, honestly..if he can’t see that I don’t give a rat’s ass about him now, he never will or will choose to ignore the not so hidden message until he gets what he wants..*lol*...He clearly had this idea of me being this single and maybe desperate being who can be ignored during the week yet recharged on the weekend....it’s not worked for him before I don’t know why he keeps doing the same thing yet expecting a different outcome...now isn’t that the definition of INSANITY?

Waxy......killed...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! This guy really is a piece of work......
This morning I woke up to a text message *we call it an sms in South Africa* that was sent at ten past twelve this morning sent from the one and only..asking if I was asleep...*hello* I clearly was coz I saw it way after 12 but still, the nerve to keep calling at these hours....How about Wed at 11 am, Tues at 2pm or even Mon 6pm..guess those aren’t available to him....
So about an hour ago, I sent him the following message..
*Hi, considering that you and I don’t communicate during normal hours, I’m making a plea that you get rid of my number coz I don’t appreciate being called at these unGodly hrs.*

No response to that award winning finale but only time will tell...*afterall he is a champion at acting like nothing is wrong*....really hope that’s the end of this chapter...I must say, I will miss him ....he gave me some meat for my blog....whatever shall I do without him....?

It’s been a few weeks and I have not heard from him...IT WORKED!

By Optimistic Observer
I so much want to hurt you right now. Really do you think doing this is funny? You gave them exactly what they wanted. For you to be a jerk! To be exactly what they are! Only they are undercover, you were just too perfect or were you. Maybe just maybe you had more flaws than I was willing to see. All I know is that they longed to be in your position, they longed to be loved by me, they longed to be praised from this honey sweet mouth, held against this soft smooth body. The moment you messed up and realized you still have feelings for your past it was like you gave them heaven, you gave them one more chance to win my affection. One more chance to prove they are worthy to be loved by someone like me. Are they really worthy?

Yes I’m confident because they’ve claim to be chasing the same thing for years what wouldn’t make me conceited? The thing is it isn’t really me they were chasing maybe it wasn’t really me you were chasing too. Maybe you were like them maybe you were chasing the illusion of me! She has a body, a brain, no that’s all delusion. Too much perfection in one person... Too much perfection for men in one person... that can’t be, they become resentful, sanctimonious, and envious even.... If they can’t have this no man can have it.

It’s like a kid with a toy he never plays with somebody else comes along and plays with it and wham – I want my toy back.

Novelty has this habit of wearing off though. Why do you think even though I constantly talk about these guys that claim to love me so much I am never with them I’ve never considered dating them. I’ve never considered sleeping with them? What about them makes them so unappealing in that aspect, they are so inviting and the purest gentlemen I’ve met?? I tell you why, because to them I’m a fantasy I’m a reminder of what they can’t have. As long as I’m the social free butterfly – I’m attractive but not attractive enough to give up your current situation and take a chance with me huh?

So where do I categorize you seeing you no longer worthy of me? You could get in their boat I guess seeing that you’d probably fuck me if you got the opportunity but you can’t because you had what they didn’t. You got far didn’t you, how does it make you feel knowing you almost had it all? Knowing that I almost threw myself at you with no caution! Knowing that if it weren’t for my ex and a woman’s sixth sense I would have had my heart on my sleeve allowing you to take and step on it just like you want.

What went through your head? What were you thinking? Maybe you went in over your head? Didn’t think you’d fall for someone like me as quickly did you? Thought I’d be an easy way to pass time while you made up your mind? Then I charmed you beyond compare in a no time there was actually emotion wasn’t there? Oh believe me I have that affect – it’s the delusion I am. Don’t forget I’m the illusion all of them want. I’m the perfection am I not; did you not call me that once? Now I’m of no worth to be in the same sentence with the word. Or what, did she replace me? Or did she really?

What scared you? The fact that I’m the unknown, some men revel in the excitement I bring and when they realize like you did, that they’re falling for a phoenix, they run back to the normal life knowing no matter what happens to me, I’ll always rise from the ashes. I’m too strong, too me, I value my opinion I stand up for who I am and I’m sternly patriotic to the woman inside me and that to some men is too intimidating. Well maybe inside I’m normal too, but meeting weaklings such as you has made me beyond tough because it’s easier to deal with what they know than a diamond in the rough.

Will you be able to handle me? I’m like you on so many levels. I study you, want to know what makes you tick, what ticks you off, what turns you on....what exactly do I do to make you mine forever.

Yes I’m the delusion that was actually you.

- by Nicky le Arr
"I knew a boy who became a man by circumstances. Lost in translation- he was quick to say he only knew how to hurt. With blunt, frank words- seeking solace in nothing so as to need nothing. He slept facing walls, touching only flesh. Craving only fleeting pleasure. A man-boy unable to articulate his dreams. Afraid of what it meant to be a father. How to raise a boy into a man clouded his eyes"

I know Sam. He grew up on the outskirts of some shantytown worn and torn by the elements. He yearned for the slick of city women who devoured him whole. He tried to fit in but slowly lost his mind with each whore he turned to for easy love

I’ve been with Thabang. He is too cynical. With every woman he meets his mother; he takes it all out on them and leaves them after they promise to stay

I know Jonathan who could have been anything he wanted if only he wanted something. He only ever feels nothing. Spends his nights surrounded by doting faces, brilliance pouring out from him in the form of light. He only ever knew himself through his father’s bitter eyes

I once touched Keabetswe who lived like a bum trying to forget his too blue blood. He bummed cigarettes off those who made their rounds on the darkest nights, hooked up blunts in malls and slept alone covered only with his black skin on the brightest days

I’ve seen Khotso in bars hoping to lose his broken heart at the bottom of every glass. He always vows ‘not again’, but he falls too easily for hard women

I’ve held Andrew in the middle of the night while he swore nothing was sweeter than black. Trying to find self-affirmation through skin colour all he ever did was confuse himself

I know Sam, Thabang, Jonathan, Keabetswe, Khotso and Andrew and they know me. I’m the dream they had in the middle of days. I’m the flesh they roamed without end, with nothing to offer but sullied souls and lacking smiles. I’m the tomorrow they yearn for while drinking alone in the morning. I’m the poison they reached out for when they thought they’d gone beyond living. I see them and they see me and I hold in me a vision of the men they could be.

- by Neiloe
Why I Prefer a Father and Not a Funder

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 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...

- by Partiqla
Relationships, Friendships and Family Ties never come in one-size-fits-all; by virtue of being unique originals - as human beings - we have each established distinct relations with those around us. It is, therefore, important to communicate our thoughts and emotions in a heart-felt and as emotionally moving manner as possible.

At Designer Scripts, we firmly believe that the best gift you can give a loved one is one that no one can give them and you can't give to anyone else either.

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Intelligence is the ability to learn something new and apply the knowledge to arrive at a solution; profoundly put, intelligence is the ability to communicate what others are thinking better than they can say it themselves. When I had words for toys, Josiase Maroba must have had figures to play with; not necessarily the feminine variety that most men like to play with, but the parabolas, hyperbolas and all sorts of curves that require one to solve for $x$. He is an actuary by profession and even he had to take a deep breath when I asked for a definition of his vocation.

"Actuarial Science is a broad profession, but what we mainly do is determine the financial impact of risk and uncertainty," he said. "It's a finance-related profession and most of us work for insurance companies and predict various eventualities in long- and short-term insurance." Long-term insurance deals mainly with death, while short-term insurance involves car accidents, theft and fire among other things.

To simplify the concept of actuarial work, Josiase differentiated between two types of actuaries found in the insurance sector. Pricing Actuaries look in the past and analyse patterns to try and predict how many claims there would be in the future; by so doing, they determine what the cost of each policy taken would be. Reserving Actuaries, on the other hand, ensure that an insurance company stays solvent. Should a company go bust, they are second after the CEO to take slack for it.

Alexander Forbes is the biggest employer of actuaries in the country and they work mainly with pension funds. Josiase Maroba, however, works for Discovery, a company started in 1992 by another actuary called Adrian Gore. He was 27 at the time, Josiase's current age.

Upon learning Josiase was involved in Healthcare, I took an opportunity to ask him why medical costs were so exorbitant and how they are structured. "Firstly there is a lot of cross-subsidisation that happens," he said. "Younger people pay more to medical aid schemes than they use as they are generally healthy. Older people, on the other hand need more medical attention and take out more than they pay in. It is, however, discriminatory to make others pay more and some less solely based on their age." This is due to a requirement by law that people on the same health plan pay the same amount even if some are healthier than others. So medical Aid is expensive for the young and healthy, but cheap for the old and unhealthy."
The second reason Josiase gave for high medical costs is Misuse of Medical Aid; "People do not realise funds in medical aid are theirs. Each time a person feels a little pain they run and consults a specialist. It may be wise to have legislation that obliges patients to consult a General Practitioner first, and only then get referred to a specialist; but because people are willing to pay, they demand choice."

The third reason he attributed to high medical costs is abuse: "Usually when patients use medical aid, they’re charged more than when they pay cash. Unfortunately, patients do not make use of the open market and shop around for lower medical costs or at least try and negotiate a lower price."

The ultimate reason Josiase gave for exorbitant medical aid prices was, "Price is determined by cost; medical aid companies can manage their costs effectively by, for example, paying CEO’s less!"

With regard to how one knows if they have it in them to become an actuary, Josiase said one has to be in love with Mathematics and be good at explaining complex calculations and translating them to a few key concepts to assist Senior Management to make decisions that will be profitable for the company. "The job is finance-related, hence one has to bear in mind that they will be desk-bound," he said. "Also you will be responsible for money moving around, but never physically see it; if you prefer seeing results of your labour, perhaps Architecture or Engineering is your field." Josiase Maroba says he was first introduced to the actuarial science profession while in Grade 10 by an actuary that had visited his school as part of career guidance.

He admits the lady was not convincing in explaining what actuarial science entailed and it was only when a senior student by the name of Mike Dianda encouraged him to pursue that field, courtesy of high impressive Maths marks, that Josiase took interest. He obtained a Higher Grade distinction in Mathematics in Matric and enrolled for Bsc Actuarial Science at the University of the Witwatersrand. Josiase’s first year was financed through an NSFAS loan and he only received a full bursary during his second year.

University life was a struggle for Josiase as he could not secure a place at the residences and had to share a commune with fellow students. His less fortunate background did not make matters any easier. Among many memories he would rather leave in the past was when he had cooked his last piece of chicken and went into the bedroom for a while only to return to the kitchen to find only boiling water in the pot, chicken gone! He had bread for supper, that night. So bad was the theft situation at the commune that he had to watch his laundry dry, for fear of not finding it where he had hung them.

He was raised by a manual labourer single father from the age of four in the Free State former Bantustan district of Qwa-Qwa. Josiase related a story of how his father, who was a pensioner by the time Josiase was in High School, would struggle to pay R350 a year for school fees. "At the end of each year, my dad would ask for loans from neighbours just so my report would be released."

Apart from his father - who is now in his eighties and lives in Pretoria - Josiase is the youngest of three children and has two sisters (Lebo and Khutsang) he adores, one of whom sacrificed her own education just
for Josiase to complete his qualification. Lebo quit college and volunteered at a police station and when she received some form of remuneration, she used it to settle the remainder of the fees that the NSFAS loan Josiase held did not cover; that allowed him to register for his second year and thus gave him the opportunity to obtain a bursary from the South African Actuaries Development Programme that saw him through his qualification.

For fun, Josiase Maroba enjoys Go-Kart Racing at the Randburg Raceway and stand-up comedy at Parker’s Comedy and Jive in Monte Casino. He is also a big fan of sight-seeing in various locations around the country. This staunch Orlando Pirates fan has taken interest in golf, as it has become somewhat of a professional prerequisite.

As far as the future is concerned he said, “Being an actuary is not enough for me, I feel the need to make a bigger difference in the world and money for myself along the way! Currently I help people make money and they give me a small share.”

Mr. Maroba has been married since April 2010 and says he and his Botswana born wife, Thandi, are setting up two businesses; one in fashion and the other in food. "I love food and my wife loves fashion," he said in explaining decision for these specific sectors.

To conclude our interview, Josiase Maroba and I played a Rapid Fire Drill. I came up with a word and Josiase had to say the first thing that came to his mind when he heard the word. Here’s how it went:

Religion - Essential

Education - Critical

Success - Achieving your purpose

Purpose - Difficult to find

Family - Happiness

Sushi - Never

Ambition - Main Drive

Opulence - Definite No-No

Mentorship - Incredibly essential

Debt - Keeping people poor since nineteen-kgale!

Connect with Josiase

- by Nyakallo Lephoto

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@JosiaseMaroba

Josiase Maroba
The Journey of Growth

Writing is a passion of mine. It has been for years. It’s the way I share my innermost thoughts and opinions. It’s never easy sharing your private thoughts because you run the risk of being held accountable for what you write about. Of course I should be held accountable for what I write about but accountability carries a lot weight that might be very heavy at times. Then as if that’s not enough there’s also responsibility. Responsibility to the people you write to and the most importantly a responsibility to yourself.

I have a responsibility to myself to always write about what truly resonates with me no matter how nice or brutal. That’s called remaining true to one’s self and it’s never easy because that means you have to know who you are and what you are about. Who am I? Um...er...I don’t know. It doesn’t shame me one bit that I don’t know who I am. Truth is I never want to be figured out for fear that it will stagnate me. All I know is that a myriad of subjects interest me and I would love to write about topics that interest me at one point or another.

The minute I feel I know myself completely will be the moment I’m ready to die. We are all here on this earth on a fact finding mission of our true selves so we can die some ascended masters. So nobody can say they know themselves through and through and there’s no fun in being all figured out. The person that I am today is not the person I will be in future. The subjects I write about today might not be the subjects I would like to write about tomorrow. That’s called growth and that’s what I am about.

Growth is never comfortable, it bends you out of shape but the next shape you assume is always a step closer to enlightenment. So what I write about will be trivial at times, light-hearted at other times and other times very serious and mind-boggling. I am not at all one dimensional and this will be clearly reflected in my articles.

The opportunity that I LIKE WHAT I WRITE offers is really brilliant and the minds behind this initiative should really be commended for their fresh outlook. Let’s enjoy this. Some days we will I agree, some other days we will disagree and on others we will agree to disagree. We will learn lessons the easy way and sometimes the hard way, either way we will grow and that’s where life is.

Mahlape Mohale

To become a contributor e-mail designerscripts@ilikewhatiwrit. co.za
Q: Can an HIV person take dieting supplements?
A: I strongly discourage a dieting regime that involves supplements. The easiest and most sustainable way of losing weight is to follow a low GI eating plan and to exercise. Weight loss of 1kg per week is ideal and healthier.

Q: Is there any other way that one can get herpes other than sexually? I know the answer but the idea that my wife cheated freaks me out.
A: Yes there is. There are 2 types of herpes - one causes mostly cold sores and the other genital sores. Both are highly contagious and easily passed via skin-to-skin contact. Truth be told - most of us are infected with herpes. A simple social act like sharing your lip balm can spread the herpes virus.

Q: I have a niece who is HIV+ and is currently on TB treatment. Can she start ARV treatment or should she wait until she has completed the TB treatment?
A: HIV/TB co-infected patients are started on ARVs 2 weeks AFTER starting TB treatment. In South Africa, a CD4 count < 350

Q: Can someone use vaginal cream to get preg?
A: I have never heard of any vaginal cream that assists with pregnancy.

Q: How many times should a normal person have sex in a week or a day?
A: There is no such thing as the number of times a ‘normal person should have sex in a day or a week’. We are all different. The most important thing is for mutual consent between you and your partner, and obviously practising safe sex.

Q: Thanks Dr.
I have a CD4 and got my meds today; they put me on nevaripine 200mg and TDF/FTC is that ok? Will start my meds tomorrow. The Atripla was not included
A: That’s perfect. I give Nevirapine to pregnant clients who are less than 14 weeks pregnant.
The MOST important things about Nevirapine:
1. You take ONE tablet daily for 2 weeks. Please look out for any rashes - however mild. If you develop a rash, you must go to your nearest PUBLIC healthcare facility or send me a message.
2. On day 14, you MUST go for a check up and a blood test called ALT. That same day your GP must make
sure that you have no rashes or jaundice. If you’re fine, you will then start taking the Nevirapine TWICE day.

3. Nevirapine is a brilliant ARV antiretroviral for pregnant women, but it also has one side-effect - preceded by a mild rash that you must look out for. So make sure to watch for any rashes however mild.

4. Nevirapine - like all your ARVs - must be taken timeously. So with your tablets I suggest you take your Truvada - 2-in-1 combination of TDF and FTC - and your one tablet of Nevirapine at 8am. And then after 2 weeks, take the Truvada and Nevirapine at 8am and then Nevirapine evening dose at 8pm. It is crucial that you stick to these times.

Remember that ARVs can be taken even if you haven’t eaten. After 12 weeks, your GP should repeat your viral load and if you’ve been taking your tablets correctly you will be virally suppressed. Do keep me updated.

Thanks.

Q: I’m pregnant and GP wants to put me on Atripla but the atripla website states it shouldn’t be taken during pregnancy as it can cause birth defects. He is removing Aluvia which is safe for the baby, why? CD4 349 & vl 7000

A: Atripla is a 3-in-1 combination of antiretroviral drugs. The drug that is not recommended in early pregnancy is Efavirenz. After 14 weeks, Efavirenz can be taken by a pregnant mother. Why? The neural tube has already closed by that stage, and so the risks of damage to the foetus are minimal.

The nicest thing about Atripla is that it is a once-daily dose. You take one tablet at night at the same time.

Ask your GP to give you AZT tablets - one taken twice daily - at the same time morning and night. Once you’ve passed 14 weeks gestation you can safely start Atripla and stop AZT. That’s what I would do. Good luck!

Q: I’m 11 weeks pregnant and my CD4 count is 349 vl 7000. My GP was going to put me on PMTCT at 16 weeks before we knew of my CD4 count. Can I still hold off taking treatment till 16 weeks, just don’t want to introduce strong drugs at this critical growth stage?

A: In the public sector we give AZT from 14 weeks gestation.

We start ART - lifelong therapy at any time, depending on the mother’s CD4 count. The aim of the treatment - be it AZT or lifelong ART - is to suppress the ability of the virus of replicating. Remember that the higher your viral load - the HIV copies in your blood - the higher your chances of transmitting the virus to your baby.

My recommendation: start lifelong therapy as soon as you can. The regimen that is safe in pregnancy that is used in private is 3TC, TDF and Aluvia. Go for it! It’s worth it!

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. Sindi
When Getting Hurt is the Only Out of Hurt

When getting hurt is the only way out of hurt!!

When staying in it hurts but even worse the hurt when u leave it!!

I've always thought I was immune to it!
Had all the answers when asked!! ‘Til I had to put it into practice!!

What's this, you might ask! This is breaking up with the one you thought your world stood still in their absence. The one whose presence made daylight bright and longer than the summer!!

What the heart desires always conflicts with the sensible thing to do. Love is such a traitor, maar we all need it. With time all will fall into place and it will be right in front of your face. When getting hurt is the only way out of hurt!!

You know it in your heart that there’s that one woman/man out of the collection that you have; whom you can’t stand to go a day without thinking about, no matter how bad they treat you!! Even when they ignore you! Even when they don't return a simple SMS to say thank you!!

You feel used! And the more that happens the more u hurt is the more you fall, the more you fall in love. How contradicting can this be! How ironic can this be!! Because when getting out of hurt, hurts more than staying in hurt!

I'm out of this hurt! Now it hurts more and I can't stand the pain!

- by Boitumelo Ngobeni
The sound of your voice on the line
The tone of your goodbye
The depth of your sigh
The dagger in my hand that turned on me and to my heart

The blood that gushed flooding to the floor
The empty bloodless heart that remained in my chest
Knees went weak to the joints
The dead heart that beat so hard in my chest

The sweating wet palms on a cold day
Her voice echoed in my ears
He sighs of disappointment lingered in my ears
My mind could not comprehend how I could recover from this

The tale of a broken heart tells of how a broken promise had the heart bleeding and a lover hurt.
It could all be told in one sentence but the pain could not be expressed enough.
The heart bleeds on...

- by Zibuze
Jezebel, The Demigod

Body so ultra-peri like a mid-summer’s day in Venda
But heart so über chilli like a mid-winter’s night in QwaQwa.
Like a demigod, I worshipped you
I wished you long life for my own benefit
In you I created a human god
Served and praised you

Your smile revives life like first spring rains in Durban
Yet your words bring death like late autumn frost in Lesotho.
Like a demigod, you dominated me
Changed my lifestyle and alienated my friends
I did things your way
Lost my identity and lived under your shadow

Your heart is full of traps
It ensnares honourable men like a spider trapping insects in its cobweb
Like a demigod, you controlled me
Of myself I gave freely
The promise of Love and my body for your pleasure
I was at your service

Your bed is a soul cemetery
Whoever shares it with you never sleeps again at night.
Like a demigod, you mocked me
Made me feel worthless
Took my innocence away and infected me
Jezebel, the demigod
Killer of good men!

- by Puo Pha
English is a poor language, my love. What I say in 183 words in my language, I can can capture 15 English words.

Hantle-ntle ke batla ho thatholoha ka puo eo ke e nyantseng letsweleng, ke bue ka botle ba hao bo etsang di Rosa di be le leufa. Ke bua ka wena lerato la pelo yaka, kgarebe e nkagapileng maikutlo. Ka wena ke ikotla sefuba, le ha o ka se phetla o tla bona hore ha ho sebaka sa emong pelong yaka kantle ho wena.

If I had to translate that into English, all I would say is you are the most beautiful woman I have ever laid my eyes on. I stumble upon my words when I have to speak of how you are an embodiment of all things chic.

Ere ke tlohele ho itoma maleme ka leleme la George ke bue ditaba ka lena la Moshoeshoe, leo ke lorang le ka lona ha ke robetse. Sejathapi ho nale moo se fihlang se nqaka teng, ebe ha ke sa hailamisa ditaba hantle ka mananeo setho-sehlo. Nkadime tsebe thope ke o phuthullele mabine-bine a pelo yaka. Le ha mohala o lla, ha nka bona bitso la hao feela pelo e otlha haholo seka moropa wa pitseng tse kgolo. Empa ha nka utlwa ntswe la hao, maikutlo a ya kokobela. O tla fuma na tse ke bua le wena ke sebile ke ngotse bitso la hao le seboko saka ke di kopantsitse hobane eo ke thato yaka. Ka dikgomo, ke batla ho o hapa o be Lekgolokwe.

Your being captures the essence of my ideals. The dictionary in my head has your face next to the phrase "A Keeper". For you are not just a gallery item that's just good to look at, but you are a curved and well-crafted valuable worthy of all care a man mete out.

Ke ya hlapanya mosotho wa kgale ha a ne are jana se setle ha se jele, o ne a sa nahane hore le ka mohla o le mong peo e tshwanang le wena e ka tswalwa.

Wisdom once dictated that the Beautiful Ones are not Born yet, but that was before your birth. Things have changed. Yet English is still a poor language, my love.

Mmele, Pelo le Moya, ke o rata le ha o topotse molomo o kwatile.

- Nyakalo Lephoto
I once loved a guy. Met him as a student. He wore this brown Powerhouse T-Shirt and a pair of RT jeans ten times in five days. The black pair of All Stars he wore weren't black anymore. The worn out Carvela his cousin handed down to him irritated the heck out of me, but I loved him. We had rice and pilchards on Sundays and eggs with bread on any other day. All that we downed with Lemon and Lime Super 7 cordial. Once in a while we would treat ourselves with orange flavoured Wild Island. A luxury equivalent to caviar, for us. In spite of all this, we were happy for we had each other. We always spoke of how we only had to endure those hardships for three years. During the third year, his parents couldn't afford registration fee so I sacrificed mine so he could register and graduate. It was for the benefit of the both of us. He was my man. We were to get married. It made sense. I dropped out without my parents' knowledge.

I once loved a girl. Met her through a friend and immediately clicked. She liked Cricket just liked me. She got me into debt because I used my credit card to buy her all sorts of shoes. I got her a contract phone and paid for her studies. I loved her so much, I stopped hanging around my friends and even started speaking her language. I never did anything without informing her and sometimes I would even ask for her permission to go out.

I once loved a guy. Opened up to him and sacrificed my dreams for him. Supported his vision and stood behind him. He also got behind me, sometimes, but I had to be on my knees for that. I never complained. It takes small sacrifices to make big headways. Women with pretty smiles are popular, but men prefer women who sleep with their feet behind their ears. Young, naive and trusting, I believed every word he said. The most beautiful woman he ever laid his eyes on, he used to tell me. We were to build a family and he told me he had already spoken with his uncles to approach my family asking for my hand in marriage.

I once loved a girl. Adored and gave her everything she asked for. I loved her unconditionally and whole-heartedly. Shared my dreams with her and reaffirmed her. Kissed her every morning and never stopped telling her how much I loved her. I put a diamond on her finger and saved money to give her a wedding of her dreams.
I once loved a guy, until he got a cushy job at a top firm. He got a nice snazzy car and a cozy townhouse. Of course, he lost the Carvelas and All Stars. I once loved a guy, until he changed his number and told me he wasn’t the father of our daughter.

I once loved a girl, until she told me never to call her anymore. She told me I wasn’t as good in bed as her ex was, that’s why she continued to sleep with him throughout our relationship.

I once loved a guy, until he left me for a skinny woman and made me feel unpretty. I once loved a girl, until he broke my heart.

I once loved a girl, until she left me for a rich guy and made me feel inadequate. I once loved a girl until she broke my heart.

I once loved a guy, until I was so broken-hearted I needed tranquilisers to fall asleep. So broken-hearted I was, I slept a week non-stop without taking a bath. I once cried over a guy, until my pillow was soaking wet with my tears. I had suicidal thoughts and I couldn’t get myself to smile. I had chest pains and my neck and shoulders we forever stiff. I was so broken-hearted; I could feel my heart beating just below my throat. I hated him as much as I had hope he would return and apologise for his actions. I hated him for abandoning his own flesh and blood, yet each time I looked at her I was reminded of the love we once shared. I hated him for reneging on his promise of loving me unconditionally, yet I was still in love the dream of a future with him. I once loved a guy that made me hate all men.

I once loved a girl, until I was so depressed I couldn’t eat the whole week. I was so depressed I had nightmares of how she held betrayed me. I couldn’t believe how one person could be so selfish. I once loved a woman that made me hate all women.

I once loved a guy, I stalked him. I knew his every move. Where he was meeting her and what they were doing. It killed me so much inside, I wanted to tell him how much I hated him. I once loved a guy so much, finding out he was having a baby and planning to get married to this model-looking skinny bitch landed me in hospital for a week.

I once loved a girl, my whole system shut down. I hated money and everyone who had it. I blamed God for my misfortune and I was shattered when I found out she was pregnant and getting married.

I once loved a guy, until I realised I needed to love myself more.

I once loved a girl, until I decided to move on.

I once love myself, until I met a guy that’s been hurt by a girl. I met a guy that drank too a lot to ease his pain.

I moved on until I met a girl that’s been hurt by a guy. I met a girl but she took comfort in food, to ease her pain.

I loved myself so much I wanted him for me, but he wouldn’t open up to love.

I moved on so much I wanted her to like me and stop being afraid.

I love myself so much I liked this guy but I couldn’t open up to be hurt again.

I moved on so much I loved this girl, but I was never gonna let myself go through heartbreak again.

I loved myself so much I wanted him to be the first to open up.

I moved on so much I wanted her to show I can trust her.

I loved myself so much I always believed he would get me to love him and then leave me for someone slender.

I moved on so much I always believed she would get me to love her and the leave me for someone with more money.

I loved myself so much I found out his ex left him for my ex.

I moved on so much I found out her ex left her for my ex.

• by Nyakallo Lephoto

I Like What I Write
@ilwiwdotcom
Scars

In some or other level we are all bruised.

Physical scars that may have been inflicted years ago but the pain they bring is so severe as though they were still fresh.

Scars of rejection.

Emotional torments of broken promises inflicted by those we love left us empty and bitter.

Scars suffered in silence.

Physical and emotional wounds that you can tell no one about for fear of judgement.

In some or other level we are all crying inside

Unhealed scars.

Get a personalised poem such as this one written especially for your loved one. Contact:

designerscripts@ilikewhatiwrite.co.za

078 383 3396
Just Because...

Just because there are breakups and heartache, who says we can't write love stories, anymore? Stories that bring butterflies in old men's tummies. Tales that make mature troubled women sing love songs.

Just because there is debt and cheating, who says we cannot cuddle and laugh at lame jokes, while in each other's arms? Have vain conversations that have us giggling illogically until we dose off to sleep.

Just because there is emotional abuse, who says we should not speak of gentleman that buys flowers and chocolate without any occasion to celebrate. The type that write anonymous love notes to his partner. A good listener that reaffirms his woman and makes her feel like a soul mate.

Just because there is so much fear in the world, who says we cannot love, anymore? Unconditionally lose ourselves in the rain, sing in the shower and just live freely.

Just because there is so much phony and crookery in the world, who says we cannot be ourselves? Genuine. True and Sincere. Let us begin by Loving ourselves. Fill ourselves with Joy. Then Love others.

Click Here to Vote for us at the SA Blog Awards
There is no doubt that human beings are complex; so complex that if you had to study the behaviour of two siblings from the same household raised under the same circumstances, it is guaranteed in your findings you will notice how much their personalities differ. In some cases they may even be complete opposites.

This aroused my curiosity. Sure we are all unique, but this did not explain much at least to me anyway.

I went on a quest to uncover the mystery surrounding human behaviour. In the process I familiarised myself with astrology. That was my aha moment!

Which led me to the conclusion: personality = Environment + upbringing + astrology.

When we are born, the planetary positions influence our birth charts and personalities. There are 12 signs in the zodiac, the first being Aries and last is Pisces. The sun signs are the general part of astrology (horoscopes); each and everyone of us has almost all the signs in their birth charts.

The signs are divided into elements, Water - Cancer, Scorpio, Pisces
Earth - Virgo, Taurus, Capricorn
Fire - Aries, Leo, Sagittarius
Air - Libra, Gemini,
and Quality: Cardinal, Fixed and Mutable.

Astrology goes on to explain the Rule of Attraction. Projection. A man with Venus in Aries will be attracted to a feisty, tomboyish, bold, blunt women. A woman with Mars in Aquarius will be attracted to intelligent, and detached men who are emotionally strong.

Learning about astrology can help you understand yourself and people in general better.

If you too, would like to feed your curiosity, or would like to relate better with your friends, colleagues, children, parents, partner and even to understand your boss.

Please submit the dates of birth, where possible the time, and the place of birth too.

Looking forward to hear from you!

Send your requests for romance compatibility on this link www.qooh.me.AugurBode; state clearly which star sign belongs to a man and which to a woman.

To read more of my articles visit my page www.ilwiw.com/Alternative-Lifestyle
Romance Compatibility: Gemini Woman, Virgo Man

Gemini woman- Virgo man
Earth meets Air

Both signs are mutable and ruled by mercury (planet of communication). Though for each sign, the planet serves different purposes. Mercury in Gemini rules their communication and for Virgo it rules their way thinking. She will talk, he will listen. She will discuss ideas, he will analyse.

A Gemini woman is freedom loving, highly intelligent and enjoys variety. The Gemini sign is represented by twins, Geminis have multiple personalities. She will go from cheery to depressed then philosophical and restless. When bored, she may walk away from a relationship to find something more fascinating.

A Virgo man loves routine, order, tidiness and control. The Virgo is represented by a female virgin. Your Virgo men seeks purity and truthfulness. The virgo man makes a reliable and solid as a rock partner. He is stable and practical. Most of the time, he lives in denial because he lives in his head. He is a deep thinker.

Relationship

The Gemini will bring the much needed excitement in the life of the virgin. In return the Virgo will provide stability and order in the Gemini’s life. the twin does have a scattered mind. This is an ideal man, who will work to make sure there is no chaos. He will not smother the freedom lover, the virgin likes his space. Both signs can be loyal when in love.

The downside

This match can be exciting or a complete nightmare! It really can go either way, depending on individuals. The Virgo man will not appreciate the Gemini’s eating from hand to mouth and not taking interest in saving for a rainy day. The Gemini will feel the virgin is a bore with his premeditated tendencies and slowness to reach decisions. Gemini’s need constant stimulation and the Virgo needs security and familiarity.

Please note: The whole charts need to be calculated for better analysis.

Relationships require effort and sufficient love to work. All the best!

Please share with us all your Gemini Woman, Virgo an stories. Make all enquiries on www.qooh.me.AugurBode

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Romance Compatibility: Aries Woman, Virgo Man

Aries Woman - Virgo Man

Aries
Element: Fire
Quality: Cardinal
Ruler: Mars

Leo
Element: Fire
Quality: Fixed
Ruler: Sun

Aries Man, Leo Woman compatibility

When fire meets fire sparks are sure to fly. This is an almost perfect match; their similarities give them a common ground.

Both love adventure, they are fascinated by the fear of the unknown. The Leo will love the Aries courage and aggressive nature.

The Aries will love the kindness and charm of the Leo woman. They are very honest with each other, from the very beginning.

Aries the first sign of the zodiac, often referred to as the babies the zodiac. Like a baby, the ram may only be aware of his needs earning himself the title of being selfish. When in love, he is loyal foolishly, generous, possessive and protective. The Aries man is kind-hearted. The Leo sign is ruled by the Sun; Leos are warm, loyal, charismatic and caring. Represented by the Lion, Leos tend to have a lot of pride. The Leo female has an exaggerated sense of self importance.

Both signs are egotistical, they want to control and they enjoy attention from the opposite sex. The Aries man is ambitious and may tend to chase his dreams neglecting the Leos emotional needs, which may leave the Lion resentful. The Leo woman possessiveness is overwhelming for the freedom loving ram, because he won’t interfere much in the life of the lion.

When they both learn to compromise, they will each play their roles to a hilt. the Aries will be the Lions knight in shining armor, standing by her side against all odds. In return, the Leo will be faithful and devoted. They are spontaneous and romantic. They will be best friends too. This is a good match, both signs can learn a great deal from each other. Working together they will conquer the world.

Please share your Aries/Leo stories. Enquiries are also welcome.

Send your requests for Dream Interpretations on this link www.qooh.me.AugurBode; state clearly which star sign belongs to a man and which to a woman.

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Romance Compatibility: Cancer Man, Libra Woman

Cancer Man:
Element: Water
Quality: Cardinal
Ruler: Moon
slogan: I feel, therefore I am

Libra Woman:
element: Air
Quality: Cardinal
Ruler: Venus

Cancer - Libra compatibility

At the beginning of this relationship, things will be very pleasant; with time, the dissimilarities will start creating a rift that would not be easy to mend. Libras are harmonious and cheerful people, whereas Cancerians are moody and emotional. Fulfilling each other’s needs may be difficult as they differ greatly. When a Cancer man completely dedicates himself in a relationship and expresses his emotions physically without being bogged down by fear, he can prove to be a great lover because he can instill a sense of peace in the mind of the Libra woman. They both enjoy the physical relationship, because she infuses immense amount of tenderness, which helps him to relax and experience a lot of joy through it.

A Libra woman is spendthrift, whereas the Cancer is money oriented. The Libra woman enjoys social gatherings and the Cancer man is a traditionalist, a homebody and private. The intellectual Libra will find it difficult to understand the moody Cancerian.

The latter will find the former too detached for that cramps emotional security. They have different temperaments and attitude towards life, which leaves a question mark as far as their compatibility is concerned. The Libra is expressive with matters of the heart and the Cancer is the opposite.

Their style of loving is very different, constant communication may be the only way to keep the relationship going. Considering that the Cancer’ mars and Venus are placed on one of the Air signs or the Libra’s mars is placed on a water sign.

This is probably one of the worst matches, but with effort, and love anything is possible!!!!

Send your requests for Birth Charts on this link www.qooh.me.AugurBode.

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@AugurBode
Love Affair

I've found I love "old love" that feels like "new love" every time I see my love
I love laughter and tears shared because somehow good times shared last longer and
sorrow doesn't
I love it when you paint my toe nails

I love love gives light and warmth to a dark and cold world
I'm into that love that make my toes curl

I love to love deep and steady like calm oceans
Feeling the love like I got high off some potion

It grows continually, reigning over the weeds that grew from the seed of doubt once planted
With love, my wishes are granted

That beautiful, real love
That shy smile and constant giggles love
That innocent love

Love that feels like the first day of spring
Or the warmth on the coldest winter night
Love for all seasons

Love for no particular reasons but except it's beautiful to feel/be loved

Love like a jazz song - on point
Love like a hit song - nice joint

Love that knows tragedy
Thus Love that appreciates

by Kay 'Brown
My Heart Skips a Beat

My heart skips a beat
Whenever you and I meet
My heart skips a beat
To a melody that is felt all the way to my feet

My heart skips a beat
I can’t help but admit defeat
That all I want to do
Is to be with you

Oh my heart skips a beat
To a melody that has no sound
My heart seeks to meet
With the pleasures that are scarcely found

From a soul that knows what they want
To a being that will surely complement
Everything about me in such away
That love gives meaning on how I live every day

So better know that once your heart skips a beat
It will be from a person that makes you feel the heat
A person that allows you to become
Coz with you he knows he has found a home
A place of love and comfort
That is called your heart, my heat skips a beat.

- by Mandiwe Shorty Ndalisso
What is it about love that keeps us returning?
Even when we are not done nursing our recent wounds,
When the lump in your throat hasn’t even swelled down
When the cold front in your heart hasn’t even cleared
When you still mourn over the could have been

What is it about love that makes us smile?
Even beyond measurable doubts,
We serve ourselves a dish of amnesia just because love is suddenly all around us...

What is it about it?
That makes you dress up, wear perfume even to bed
Out of the yellow you make sure that your phone
Is never off, you have airtime and you call four times a day
And still leaves you like you still wanna go on

My heart is constipated with feelings so familiar but yet scary,
I even find myself going back for seconds,
Every time that we link up, those feelings seem to loosen up,
Making me feel light and leave me glowing

The shades of the sun in your eyes,
The ever so irritating but cute laughter
The way you sleep, even when you take most of the bed

Your...... This..... That.... And everything else...
Now that the bowels in my heart have become more regular
Splashing as it hits the fan, sticky and stinky
I still wonder...
What is it about love that keeps us coming back for more???

- by The Original Fake
Lonely, Lost and Empty

Traced by thoughts of fear and solitude
Not knowing who to turn to
Not knowing who to share all your inner secrets
Never known and never identified
Never been able to identify yourself
Where do you go and who do you talk to?
When do you learn to gain self-identity?
And inner acceptance
Asking yourself if you are in the right planet
Disowned by the principles of nature
It feels like you are the species of your own here on earth
That has never existed and not anticipated into existence
Then why am I here? You have asked so many times
Who created me if not the Almighty, the creator of all?
Was I created to be a disgrace or a blessing?

What is the purpose for my existence?
Lost, lost, lost, lost and not found
Alone, sinking and drowning in the depth of thoughts
Questions about whether life is worth living
Floods of tears in your eyes
Heart and mind denying the existence of The true you
Spirit and soul longing for liberty and recognition

- by Buyie Mthembu
She Whispers His Name

His humour filled words
was all she ever thought
off through her eventful days,
she'd take time out
in between just to look at this
this pic of him,
he had his hands on his face,
it seemed to be connecting
directly to her inner being,
this One evening,
the evening that almost
changed everything,
she sat there with her eyes
glued on his words,
then a smile followed,
she knew too well what her
heart has
been tryin to tell her all this
months,
she suddenly felt every
part of her longing
body respond to the warm
feeling,
she slowly ran her
fingers on His lips,
then His face,
she feels his presence,
she feels his lips touches hers
and her hands sweat,
knees jelly,
phone drops of her hand,
she gaves in to him as
he touches her face,
looks into her eyes,
and His body close to hers,
holds her waist,
his lips on her neck...
her soft mourn turn louder as he goes
even deeper!
she whispers his name,
he holds her tighter,
her mourns even louder
she explodes!!
he holds her still,
she melts in His arms...

- by Lebohang Mpholo
And I would have probably taken after the beauty you resembled
I’m sorry for the damage he caused
I’m sorry for the nights we both stayed up and cried endlessly
I’m sorry for the night he kicked us out on the street
It was even raining and you had no shoes on, your size 4 feet walked nine miles on end, reaching no destination
I even remember the day I lost you the day it was going to be the last day I was ever going to be curled up peacefully in her warm womb
I loved you, I still do. I understand you did everything you could to save me but it got too much for you and now I’m just another lost chance at life.
I pray you find heaven on earth one day
But what I want to is, would you have loved me if I had stayed a lil’ longer, my mother?

- by Noma

I Like What I Write
@ilwiwdotcom
Written Today to be Read Yesterday

Written Today to be read Yesterday
How I wish I knew, Yesterday, what I do Today
I would have written you this letter.
A letter written to Today to be read Yesterday

Dear Lover,
You are forever on my mind and eternally in my heart.
You touched and made me believe in Love, again.

You are Warm and Loving, Real and True
Freely you gave to me and selflessly sacrificed for me.

You are the one I loved. The one I would marry.

Walked into my life and left a permanent mark.

As Yesterday separated from Today and you separated from me, my eyes opened.

If I knew Yesterday what I do Today, I would have wished Yesterday not to separate from Today,
as you and I should have never separated.

Regards
Your Ex.

Get a personalised poem such as this one written especially for your loved one. Contact:

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078 383 3396
Rain Down

Rain down...
And cleanse Earth off her whoredom.
Restore broken souls to virgin state and mend our promiscuous ways.
Rain down...
And heal our enduring emotional wounds.
Wash away our scars and bear us anew.
Rain down...
And permit our land to feed us.
Let there be plenty for all and let us see poverty only in museums.
Rain down...
And renew us.
Wash us clean and give us new beginnings.
Rain down...
And teach men to love.
Let our women respect and honour their bodies.
Rain down...
And rid us of crime.
Grow us men that resent rape and are willing to defend women with their lives.
Rain down...
And let each know their role.
Let women support men’s vision and let men be more ambitious.
Rain down...
And wash the blood off our bodies.
Cleanse us and bear us anew.

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Phantom of My Heart

RE: TO GET THE HELL AWAY FROM ME
Dear PHANTOM (ghost of my past life)

I am writing this note, to instruct you to leave me the hell alone. Yes I acknowledge that I loved you exceedingly, And that we went from beginning to end, You & I
Saw one another grow as artist, shared the lime light together Expressed those words of songs that were poetic

But now! I’ve had enough of you lingering in my present life.

What we had is gone dead and buried, we both in better places now
New panorama, now I demand you to let me be....
It was painful getting over your death,
I thought I would never be myself again.
Has been a struggled finding happiness again, after a few dead ends All thanks to you hindering my spirit...bothering me

If you loved me at all, you would leave me alone

I lost a future because of you, the fear of finding out it was no different... scared me
Became an issue of embracing change, I became paranoid started seeing you PHANTOM everywhere I went...it was as if I’m losing my mind.
Got trapped in memory lane....

Stop it you doing it again....I’m the one

writing this note not you, I’m on to you

Subject of this matter is GET THE HELL AWAY FROM ME!

(Past meets the Present)
RE: I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU
Dear Phantom

If the notion you had was to ruin me, man I have news for you
You no long matter here, the hold you had over me has gone astray

I started living my life again, feeling alive and exploring contentment Optimism, confidents, control and feeling secure, has always been me. Glad to inform you, I AM ON MY OWN!

This is a complete new me, someone you know zilch about.
Have reconnected with my mojo (my strength of character) to live
And it’s real, alive and kicking, it has prepared me to live again

Found myself enjoying life with the living...
Laughing, smiling, delighting OMW ecstasy!
Just fulfils me...
Told you I was on to you, feels good to be in control
I now, take pleasure in being expressive...
No more fearing you.
Hindering my spirit...bothering me
Holding me back from adoring...
This young black & beautiful belle
Have being liberated, mind body and soul
Everything enhanced, observable and appreciated more

Phantom I don’t feel you No more...

In this place, I am @ I live for today
And there’s a big sign written in bold letters saying

NO DEAD SPIRIT ALLOWED!

(Only the living, the enchanted souls)

Dear Phantom ( I’m not free of you)

WHY CAN’T MY HEART LET GO OF you???

My heart won’t let go of you, but my head has
After all is been said and done...all you’ve done to me
And through these years, I think of you still and
my heart won’t let go of you

I miss you, my mind misses you, my body yearns for yours, and my soul cries for you still. It doesn’t
matter how far apart we are, or when last we’ve seen each other The foundation of our love still reside in me
My head tried well to hide it, that my heart sometimes believes it
A huge part of me hates the fact that I am still in love with you

And the thought of me telling you, I never wanted to see or hear of you again Still gets to me. or I don’t

know if it’s the fact that I never heard from you since That day I told you...we’re done
That kills me more. Truth be told my heart won’t let go of you...

Am I angry at myself for loving you motionless?
Or is it the fact that you never thought of me since,
The assumption of whether or not I meant something to you as you did to me Puzzles me, I sometimes wish I could be a fly into your four walls and find out,

maybe then my heart will see that I never mattered that you forgot about me already
That I was never a significant part of you...as you made me believed I was. That what we share is long forgotten, will make my heart forget about you I have no idea which one hurts more

Between the pain I went through while with you or this twinge of living without you I never thought we would end, that we could separate and disconnect ... didn’t know we had it in us

Why can’t my heart let go of you??

- by Prtia Zantsi
and then. It was as if God had heard my prayers when I heard they would be sleeping over. I vowed to pretend to be sleepwalking and get into bed with him. The sleeping arrangements were such that the girl, who was introduced as Dinny, would share a bed with me and Jabu would be in the guest bedroom, while my mom would be sleeping with their mom.

Realising this, I decided to be more polite to Dinny and showed her around the house. She had a perfume that neither smelt feminine nor masculine. It was just attractive and made me want to walk closer to her, but at the same time had to convince myself that I hated her. The more I tried to enforce my hatred for her the more I was drawn to her. Her mannerisms were just magnetic. How she flicked those dreads back and stuck them behind her ears. How she moved her lips gave me that feeling I cannot explain when she said Nthabi. My name has never sounded that sexy before, worse it was from a girl I hated at first sight and whose brother I was eyeing.

Once we were in bed, I locked the door, played Anthony Hamilton and whipped out the previous night's leftover whiskey. We drank from the bottle, as I was already comfortable with her.

As liquor began to take its toll, conversation soon became about how badly men treated us in the past, but we still live in hope that we will one day meet the right one.

Right then my mind was wondering of the things I would do to her brother who was sleeping next door, but I knew I was in no state to do anything. I thought I could always blame it on alcohol, the morning after, but decided against it. Soon after the bottle was...
finished, I got into my nightie and prepared to get into bed. As I was tucking in, I couldn't keep my eyes off Dinny's body. Firm C-cup breasts, a size 34 figure and a pear-shaped ass. She looked like a handcrafted work of art. Her silhouette stuck against the wall like a pinup poster as I switched off the lights and left the side lamps on. Her presence illuminated the darkly lit room and my heart beat fast as she slowly approached the bed.

"Sweet Dreams, hun!" she said.

What an anticlimax that was, as the lights went off.

Throughout the night I hoped she would accidentally touch or roll onto me, but she was well-behaved. She didn't make a single sound nor move. Smelt good too. I just wanted to have my arms around her, but was afraid to. In an act of desperation, I turned away from her and intentionally let my foot touch hers. My heart raced as I realised what I just did. I was expecting her to kick me so hard I fell out of bed. She surprised me when she didn't. She slowly rubbed my foot against hers and moved closer to me. I felt my hair slightly move, exposing my ears and a warm tongue ran behind it.

My heart almost came to a standstill when she whispered, "I hope you don't mind this."

I couldn't grasp my breath and get my words out, but I reach for her face and caressed her cheeks in approval. She didn't need a second invitation and licked away. Moved lower and started working on my neck. As I turned around, our lips locked and we smooched away. I couldn't keep my hands away from her Coca-Cola bottle figure. She felt soft and delicate in my hands, I moved closer to her until my breasts were up against hers. I stuck my leg between hers and felt the warmth contained in there. Through that deep kiss, I felt my pussy getting wetter and wetter. Even more so when it hit against hers. With my right hand I kept fondling her left breast until it her tit got rock hard. Her breathing went heavier as her tongue rolled deeper against mine. She began making sounds and I knew we were feeling each other, as I had also began moaning. Once my mouth was detached from hers, I started nibbling at her one tit while rubbing another with my hand. She was running her fingers through my hair and I could feel her muscles stiffening, as she gripped my head tighter.

I helped her take her panties off and slipped my finger between her legs. In a Yellow Pages movement, I alternately ran my index and middle fingers against her clit. Bit by bit my fingers were getting immersed into a sea of natural juices. I stuck my middle finger inside her and bent it to caress the front wall of her punani. I felt that area becoming larger, as she was getting wetter. The grooves dilated and I felt the entire surface area of her G-Spot literally triple in size. Through her dilations she held me tighter and firmer. Softly, I heard her say "Nthabi, Don't Stop. Nthabi, Yes!"

I knew she was close. She tightened her thighs and screamed. Her body stiffened and she shook like she had been electrocuted. She pressed her pussy against my fingers and thrust hard and fast, as I rubbed her punani. "Aaaah!" she arrived. We cuddled and slept with our arms around each other and didn't wanna let go in the morning. To wake her up, I licked ice cubes off her body and woke up to get to the church service.

- by Eros
A fabric trail in the corridor
en route to the bedroom
Supper left unfinished
He:
Nibbles my earlobes
Kisses my lips
Bites my neck
Sucks my nipples
Caresses my navel
Gropes the inside of my thighs
Licks the back of my knees
Sucks my toes

Goes up
With his finger,
He:
Rubs my clit
Followed by his tongue
He sucks, he licks
He blows, hot and cold

He pauses
Calm before the storm

Latex
Ribbed and studded
Strawberry flavour
Built to endure extreme temperature
Made to survive harsh friction

Slightly lubricated for comfort
Perfect fit for heads of most sizes
My baby’s included
Wide open, I am
Very deep, he enters
Severely rough, he thrusts
Soaking wet, I get
Extremely tight, I grip him

Room dimly lit by the window side
Our silhouettes reflected on the wall
Sounds of headboards thumping against the wall
I hear:
Roaring thunder
Flushing meadows
Rolling stones,
Rocking
Wet?

Your nipples hard?

Now, will all the guys please stand up?
- by Eros
The Heart

It may be that still in your memory lingers
A child's artless prattle, with love in its tone,
The sweet pressure felt of a baby's soft fingers,
White, clinging and dimpled,
entwined with your own.
Nor darkness, nor slumber, effaces the token
That Sorrow, unbidden, once came as your guest,
That voice has been hushed into silence unbroken,
Those hands now are folded in infinite rest.
Your steps may be slow, and your locks may be hoary,
Approaching the end of your pilgrimage here;
And yet, the recital of one little story,
Like rain in the desert, will freshen and cheer.
No matter what treasures, from April to August,
What favors of fortune have come at your call,
The head may forget, but the heart will remember
That Love is the jewel outshining them all!...

- by Maleho

When life burns to ashes that hold but an ember.
A fast-fading spark of their olden-time glow,
The head may forget, but the heart will remember,
The deeper delights of the days long ago.
A mother’s devotion, unfailing, unbounded,
Her loving caresses, her smiles and her tears;
A sister’s affection no plummet hath sounded,
No tempest hath ruffled in all the long years.
Another--a vision of beauty and splendor
That Time and her shadows can never eclipse,
Comes back in the gloaming, with eyes soft and tender,
And thrills you again with the touch of her lips.
The world is enchanted, a wonderful palace,
Dream-built and celestial, inviting repose,
You drink the rich draught of a nectar-brimmed chalice,
And life is as fragrant and sweet as the rose.
Bread and Lover

I'm not here. Nor am I there. Conflict seems more orderly. Peace would mean surrender. Death. Misery is done with my company. The blood stained shirt, my only reminder. Like everything else, I'll sort it out later. Right now, I gotta go.

It was an opening, an invitation and therefore an expectation. A promise waiting to be broken. A known death before life. An unnecessary proof to a half hearted masquerade. The insult was misdirected and the salt rendered sweet. Because, well, I had to go.

When I said yes, it was not you I was letting in. The black coffee I didn't want but had because you offered. I was releasing me... Into the thousands of moments I let pass while a decision hung in the air. Brown or white bread. Tick tock. The decision hung on the wing of a second thought. A wrong guess infected the turns. Should I make the bed? Chances are...

Wait! This butter is low fat I can't... I need to remember what I was trying to say before my words were the products of you thoughts... You what ifs... You hopes and you dreams... You burned the toast I gotta go.

My hunger is molded to accomodate a need. I want your love like... Like breakfast on the go. Please sweep the breadcrumbs from where my feet used to be at. I don't want traces or trails. All you must remember is my healthy smile.

• by Asia

@NthAsia
When Butterflies turn into Cramps

An eluding feeling filled with uncertainty and disbelief, your system can’t quite differentiate the two, they are two similar feelings yet so different at the same time, how do i differentiate one from another??

BUTTERFLIES are warm fuzzy feelings followed by feelings of ecstasy, euphoria and excitement, the effects are sure to bring a goofy smile on your face and make your heart flutter. Each time the feeling hits your heart beats faster you would even think it skips beats, it’s like a warm hug you receive from a loved one sure to heal any achy heart and reassure you of their love.

CRAMPS on the other hand start off as butterflies, but soon change into intense, uncomfortable feeling sure to make you miserable and feeling grumpy. When in this state you can’t help but feel sick, your whole reality is altered and the feeling is sure to leave a sour taste in your mouth. As you start to feel numb because of the effects it even feels like palpitations, the rhythm of your heart chances as though you being chased by a wild animal, you now feel desperate and unsure of what else is to come.

BUTTERFLIES are what we all wish we could have all the time, a feeling that puts a smile on your face because your heart is filled with joy and the happiness just reflect on your face, everything else around you is peachy and all is well with your soul. You don’t even know what to compare the feeling to a slab of creamy chocolate, the feeling of summer rain against your skin, the sight of your loved one or their warm loving kisses.

Sadly we are plagued by cramps, our hearts are filled with pain and sorrow from the everyday heartache, disappointments and broken promises. The pain has become so intense that you’ve grown accustomed to it, it’s become like a second skin to you its effects have left you numb, derailed, confused, angry and bitter. In time you start to mistake these cramps for butterflies that what your reality has become but the pain will hit from time to time and remind you that the sweetness is now sourness.. You will then know how shattering it is WHEN BUTTERFLIES TURN INTO CRAMPS....

by Allo Love

@AlloLove

Click Here to Vote for us at the SA Blog Awards
Q: Hi Doctor McKay,
How bad is this new super bug, and what are the symptoms?
A: This new 'superbug is called the New Delhi metallo-b-lactamase 1 (NDM-1), and it’s called a superbug because it is resistant to virtually all known antibiotics, and this is what makes it so dangerous. The bug targets people with existing conditions and weakened immune systems.

Q: Hi Doc I’m 31 been sterilized now for 5 years, but everytime I’m on my period it is thick clots coming out and it lasts 7 days... Is this normal??
A: This is not normal, and has nothing to do with the sterilization. Please see your GP or Gynae asap for an assessment: you have abnormal pelvic bleeding.

Q: Good day Doc, my daughter is 11 years old and still wet the bed. Is this normal; is there anything I can use? She also have like a hair loss or something. I took her to a dermatologist who said her iron level is low.
A: Nocturnal enuresis (bedwetting) is not normal and you should have it checked out. There are treatments available, provided you have first excluded any disease or problems of the urinary tract. Concerning the hair loss, if it is due to Iron deficiency anaemia, then iron supplements should rectify the problem. PS Please watch 3Talk with Noeleen on Monday afternoon - it will be an excellent show on Baldness and hair loss!

Q: Hi doc, I’m in situation where I need to find out whether to cut this colloid cyst out or drain it every month. went for drainage about two weeks ago but this lump is back. What should I do, what doctor do I need to go see? How serious is this?
A: You can have a subtotal thyroidectomy done (removal of the cyst and part of the Thyroid gland. See your GP and get him to refer you to a good competent surgeon who can perform this successfully. Not a serious condition.

Q: Remedy for eczema?
A: There are no effective over-the-counter remedies for eczema. The approach involves treatment and prevention of flare-ups. The best treatment is potent steroid ointments and creams, so you have to see your GP or Dermatologist for assessment and prescription.
Doctor Marlin

Q: Sweaty palms... dripping sweaty palms. Very frustrating. What can I do?

A: You should first have it checked out to exclude any systemic diseases which could cause this. If all normal, then you have Hyperhidrosis, which can be treated with topicals (rubbing medication onto the hands), something like Drichlor. More serious cases may need surgery.

Q: Hi Doc, I’m 23 and have been on the 3 month injection (depo). I’m leaving for the States in 3 weeks and I’m gonna be gone for a year. My Q - Would you perhaps know if the same contraceptive is offered that side and if not what would you recommend I do?

A: It should be available in the USA, but it would be much better for you to switch to the oral contraceptive, such as Yasmin.

Q: Hi doctor,

Please give me your views on circumcision. My son is 5 years old and I’ve been receiving so many conflicting opinions on the procedure.

A: There is now overwhelming scientific evidence about the benefits of male circumcision, especially with regard to its protective effect against HIV. There are also hygienic benefits.

Q: Hi doc,

I’m 37 year old, female; I sometimes get pains on the left side of my head that goes down in my left eye it get sometimes so heavy that I can't lift my head what can it be?

A: This could be anything from a Migraine to a Tension Type Headache. Please do not ignore it or just look for relief from painkillers. Make arrangements to see your GP to confirm the diagnosis.

I am a GP and Regular Medical Expert on 3Talk with Noeleen. You can ask me anything you like anonymously at

http://www.qooh.me/doctormckay

To read more of my articles visit my page www.ilww.com/Doctor-Marlin-Says

@MarlinMcKay
Dear Dimamzo,

I'm a Guy in late thirties, my problem is my Girlfriend, she doesn’t reach an orgasm we change all sexual position and I just can’t her come. Please advice.

Mandla in Mpumalanga.

Dear Mandla

Chances are: you are looking in the wrong places! Don’t worry, it’s a common mistake. Women don’t orgasm all the time!! Ask her how she wants you to touch her. For a successful sex life, couples need to communicate. Encourage her to be open about sex, for both your sakes! Make her feel special and beautiful about it.

Dimamzo

Hey Dimamzo

I recently broke up wit my bf, in aug, the thing is I still love him even after all da pain he caused me. He was da sweetest man I’ve met in a while, he then became emotionally abusive nd obsessive.

He now wants us to rekindle nd start ova, I’m seriously considering it, even thou all my friends r warning me against it.

Shouldn’t I give him a second chance? I still love him wit every piece of my broken heart

Broken-Hearted

Dear Brokern-Hearted

Listen to me and listen good: A LEOPARD NEVER CHANGES ITS SPOT!!! It may put different color paint on his body, but when rain comes, it will wash off and his true colors will show once again!! This is very true, especially on Abusive men/people because they possess deep psychological issues that no one can help with, unless they seek professional help! Yes u love him, but don’t you love yourself more??!! Shouldn’t you care and love yourself more than him??!! What if next time you end up in ICU? Would he still be “da sweetest man” for you??!! Think about it.

Dimamzo

Out of love:

I’ve bin in a relatnshp wit ma bf 4 Syrz, we have bin on n off he loves me,i knw he does bt i dnt tink i luv hm as much as he luvs me.i wanna break up wit hm bt its gonna tear hm appart.*wat do i do?...

Confusd!

Confused,

As hard as it may seem, you HAVE to break up with him! You don’t love him the way anymore and it will not be fair for you to string him along and use him when you know very well that you don’t feel the relationship anymore. Imagine how you would feel if someone didn’t love you anymore but they continued stringing...
you along. He deserves a better life and you need a new start.

Dimamzo

Advice About Lobola:

I’m a jozi boy but sotho who is going out with a xhosa woman and I’m not so much into culture or let me say grew or brought the sotho way I was brought up the western way...coconut lol but I live with my woman she is older than me and its been a while we together I wanna marry now so I don’t how to approach her father he is xhosa what should I do and say and the other thing she was married before with two kids... How do I go forward and getting her married and the lobola what would be the figure that’s normal... Advice... From a cultural view...i know how much was her previous lobola.

Josi boy

Sweetie, the Lobola negotiations have got nothing to do with you!! The only role you play is going to your parents or elders and informing them that you wanna marry, and they should then take it from there. They are the ones that go and meet her parents and negotiate on your behalf with her parents. They act as the middleman for you, so you have nothing to worry about!! Go home, and talk to your elders. Good luck!!

Dimamzo

Don’t like what’s happening to me:

my boyfrnd n i breakup six months ago actualy we ddnt breakeup as such he left da town n stop callin mi, i tryd 2 col hm sumtyms bt his pone put mi on voicemail, i thought he has found sumone n i movedon, nw i have this new boyfrnd, m nt hapy 2 wth him at ol, sumday i found him wth a grl i thought m ova with him bt i stil have fillings 4 hm, 2 wiks ago ma x-boyfrnd cold n told he mc mi n he is sory 4 nt coling, i think i was ova wth hm bt i stil luv him 2, nw m thinking of dumping ma boyfrnd coz i luv ma x-boyfrnd more than ma new one, what can i do m confused

Fez-Fez

Fez!

My take on your issue is that both these guys are messing you around! None of them seem to show any appreciation for you and your love. I would really suggest you take a break from both of them and start a new life, with someone that will love and appreciate you for the wonderful woman you are!!

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

To read more of my articles visit my page www.ilwiw.com/Alternative-Lifestyle

Regards,

Dimamzo
Cheese is what one had to say, as a child, whenever the camera flashed. Many a childhood photos are clad in cheesy grins. Cheese sometimes means the same as Dough. Warm it up and watch it melt while stretching to put that proverbial bread on your table. Cheese is that dairy product that has the lactose intolerant cursing like Salem dwellers. Having it turns the green planet on it's axis and carries it around the galaxy. When not on your plate, it's on your mind. When on your mind, it's bound to fall into your pocket.

Cheese is the essence of a cheeseburger. It's what defines and completes the dish; the integral ingredient. Like the axle on a vehicle, it's what turns it; provides flavour, aroma and taste. Cheeseburger is cheese. The latter exists in isolation, but never the former.

Each compound has a pivotal element that makes it what it is. Jury is still out as to what the most important element of water is; whether it's Oxygen or any of the two Hydrogen molecules. One sometimes wonder if the two Hydrogen molecules have the same relationship De Klerk and Mbeki had as Deputies to Mandela.

Some things you can't separate from others; like Kasie Sunday Kos without Chicken and Rice and the Seven Colours that complete it, you can't have cheeseburger without cheese. It's a Buy One Dog and Get One Flea sale, unless you want to play in the rain and not get wet.

Having grown up in the cassette era, one appreciates the concept of going through one track before getting to the next. Random Access and Instant Gratification has turned us into boiled spats, throwing our toys out the cot whenever we don't have things our way. Blame in on CD's (both kinds) and Microwave Ovens. Wanting This and Skipping That, but Demanding It All Now is today's biggest hit played by DJ Selfish.

"Me, Me, Me, then I, I, I before Myself!"

We've all heard it, all too often.

Nauseatingly monotonous.

Popular, nonetheless.

Creation is good enough reason to prove the Creator's existence. There exists an entity that is the quintessence of all entities. Unlike all creation before us, that entity is flawless and altogether pure. For we live in a world engulfed by imperfections, it's only mature of us to make peace with what's around us; most perfectly ourselves. Reciprocity dictates we may not demand what we cannot or are not willing to give in return.
Relationships seem shallower each time those in them talk about their expectations. Vanity appears to have taken precedence. Each time I hear a woman say how much she loves her man, I know roles have turned and we are all doomed to fail in this zero sum game that's supposed to lead us to a happy life ever after. It's not a woman's place to love a man, let alone more than he loves her. Men are to love and provide and women to submit and nurture. This is but a side shot. Engage me later on this.

My Write Track is on picking and choosing what works and what doesn't work for individuals in relationships. Another anomaly; individuals in relationships. When a man loves, he would love his subject of affection together with her kids. He can't have cheeseburger without cheese, but has to spend time with her as well as her kids. The argument above assumes a relationship has been established and formally labelled as such; hence the timing of the introduction need be carefully considered. This to avoid introducing a million and one "uncles" to a child while trying to see which frog will turn into Prince Harry. That also goes to a woman in love with a man, but doesn't want to be bothered by his kids.

When in a relationship with a man, a woman is to submit unconditionally. She can’t have cheeseburger without cheese, by just respecting his bedroom prowess, but look down on his pocket. A trend exists with women that just want a man to give them attention and boost their self-esteem, but offer nothing in return. The guy is kept living in hope of happier days, but in truth all he's good for is making the woman feel attractive. Of course, she knows what he wants from her, but she’s just interested in cheeseburger without cheese.

If you've been seeing each other for more than three months and probably sleeping together, you deserve to know what the label of your association is. Insist on a name. There's no cheeseburger without cheese. Define what 'taking things slow' means when you're taking from me.

We've become experts at going nowhere fast. Starting this without finishing that. These are people's lives we're dealing with. Blame yourself for lying to yourself, but it bruises society when your lies start tainting the naive. It's all or nothing. You can’t have cheeseburger without cheese.

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