Denounce Convention
The effect of our writing has is best articulated by those that receive it, our work, as a result, does not need a set objective. It achieves varying results depending on the recipient. This, our fourth newsletter, is aimed at highlighting all matters unagreementable. Whether or not you find contents of this issue abrasive, by virtue of making the material available for your enjoyment or endurance, we have achieved our goal.

Titled Denounce Convention, the December 2011 issue of ilwiw.com's newsletter features contributions that are intended to make readers uncomfortable and get them talking. In engaging in dialogue, with the primary aim of seeking understanding, we learn and grow our knowledge base. More so, we repel ignorance that breeds prejudice and intolerance.

This newsletter is neither pro this nor anti that; it is merely an online soapbox of an ideological revolution.

In this issue, we introduce social media links; at the end of each article is a logo that links to the author's facebook, twitter and/or ILWIW.com's account. Click on the ILWIW logo to read more of our work, tap the facebook sign to send us a friend request and select the twitter emblem to follow your favourite writers.

We are an online platform that showcases unpublished writers; essentially, we are Writer's Stage, Reader's Heaven and Publisher's Hunting Ground.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

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

Have a blissful festive season; be glad and rejoice. The January issue of the newsletter will be in your inbox on the 5th.
Personal Hygiene is of paramount importance when working with people. Brushing one’s teeth twice a day, using a deodorant and taking a bath at least once a day can contribute greatly towards making a positive impression of a person. Smell is the sharpest sense of them all and your scent or lack thereof is usually what will remain in people’s mind long after you have left their company.

I work for this woman that works with computers. She stays alone but the mess she makes is equivalent to that of 20 pre-school kids. Dishes everywhere, clothes in the corridor and even roll-on deodorants in kitchen cupboards. No wonder she is still single at the age of 28. No man will stand for a woman that cannot even make a bed she slept in. Spoilt brat, she is fortunate she went to school.

Every morning, I have to open windows of her stuffy bedroom and light scented candles to give it a pleasant smell while she drives away in her pitch black Mini Cooper, wearing Jenni Button striped pencil skirt, Jimmy Choo stilettos, carrying her dark brown crocodile ski Nine West handbag and smelling of DKNY’s Be Delicious. Her outfits are never complete without a pair of sunglasses. There is no designer she does not own.

She is the only woman I know that pushes 3 trolleys at Woolies mid-month January and pays cash for it. Carries 3 phones that only stop ringing when the batteries are flat. Pat as she is known in Joburg, Patisa to her mom. She built a big house with face brick for her in Mthatha, the only one with DStv in her street.

On Sundays, Patisa and I have dinner together. I am not quite certain if she does that out of the goodness of her heart or if she needs companionship and a break from speaking English the whole time to people that care very little for her wellbeing as opposed to what she has to offer.

Last Sunday, after having chicken and Rice with a glass of Rosé, I went to the Bathroom to touch on a few spots before going to sleep. Coming out, on my way to hang my tools, I come across her;

“Hey that looks like my facecloth, where did you find it?”

“Oh, this? I have been using it the whole weekend to scrub the toilet seat!”
He didn't even say thank you; I let these tears fall because it’s after 12 midnight and I am at the roadside and nobody will see them. My supposed friend on the other side waves a stash of R200 notes at me; she got it all. All that matters to her is a shag and cash, while to me it’s totally different. Sadness shoots in, I feel like I am gonna stop breathing as this pain is just too intense. I feel my heart beating on my throat, my soul is in hell! I Look around for somebody, but the next car just races past me.

Just as I am about to accept that this isn't my night, I see a spark of light from afar, could this be my moment? Could this be that which I had been wishing for? Suddenly, I lose the pretence not to care and forget the inevitable outcome of the obvious. As the spark becomes brighter, I relax my body, unwrap my arms from around my body and draw my feet apart to open my legs and strike a pose. Wipe a tear and fake a smile... As the light approaches, I start to wave in a desperately sexy manor; this could be it. The vehicle hoots and I still wave despite the fact that I am being noticed. My thoughts are just clouded with the thought "this could be it" that my logic ends wrapped up in that smoke. The vehicle stops and still I wave.

I get picked up and my mind and soul wave goodbye to my logic. Wave goodbye to my dignity, my pride, and all my other emotional priorities... I lose myself in the moment. He caresses my body like that soul mate I desire to have, he holds me tight as if to give me that warmth that I so long for every night as I stand by the roadside around 12 midnight. The pleasure in his eyes and moans and thrusts of his manhood inside me, oh how I wish they could come from that soul mate that I so long for...

I am dropped back 15 minutes later, same cold spot. I crouch seeking warmth, I cling onto my body seeking comfort, feet together and legs together seeking to retain that percentage of dignity that still remains in me. It’s after 12 midnight and here I still stand. I stand in this cold, with nothing but my mini-skirt and heels, bosom exposed to this freezing breeze, wondering if this could be the night, wishing it could be, pretending not to care and knowing exactly what the outcome is going to be. It’s around 12 midnight and here I still stand.

I so badly want to run away from here and never come back, but the moment I spot that spark of headlights from a distance, I always think "this could be it", and I stand there by the roadside and let loose in hope of meeting that lifetime companion that will see value beyond the lips between my hips, but most are just merely employers who will help me pay my bills and help me survive until the next night...
Right that instant, when he lost control of his vehicle and it rolled and bounced over rocks, the Black Bird took off the roof of her garage. Whenever it kicks the corrugated roofing making that cranky sound and violently flip its wings that leave a cold air beneath its wings. That chill that's reminiscent of the temperature at a morgue, lets her know a soul has just departed.

Posing as a personification of the pride of death, with its chest out and boastful yet silent chirps, it lands and takes what belongs to the afterlife. Behind, it leaves tears and wails of those tied to the departed. It transports from the living to the dead and makes no return deliveries. Wise words say a living dog is better than a dead lion. The dead know nothing, the living know one thing for certain; the Black Bird is watching them, thirsting for their souls. One day, they, too, shall succumb to quench its thirst.

They say his German luxury sedan's brakes failed, hence he lost control of it and drove over a cliff. It had just been a few days since it had gone for major service. At 45, his was a pre-mature death. One fitting to match his pre-mature birth, some argue. Though he hit the ground running and achieved much at an early age, he started a family very late; at the age of 35. Prior to that point, his life was riddled with failed relationships. Many a times he wished death upon himself, but it would not grant him his heart's desires. Only when life was worth living was his wish granted.
That song used to be a remembrance of you. How you would play it before you pinned me down on the bed, professing your love for me, swearing at me in accusations. Ironically the words of that song my dear “You know I could use someone like you”.

I now look at my body and imagination shows me the scars that used to be. USED to be my love. I have found joy in the very same song, the very exact words “You know I could use someone like you”. That someone isn’t you with me or me with you; that someone is a gentle man, a man who acknowledges my birth given sex appeal but finds comfort that my attraction he has earned and deserves. I will attack others so will he but the heart lives where the heart is happy. My heart is happy with him thus he is where it will live.

The someone is an expressive man, when he tells me he adores me, my love and admiration for William Shakespeare is bought to shame.

A strong man, physically, spiritually and mentally. A man who understands that life is not rosy but that is no reason to give up. A man who believes that God is the beginning and thee end. My physically strong man (blush) is able to pick me up, the voluptuous woman I am.

I stand in front of your grave to tell you this not cause I am bitter but because I have forgiven you. I blame you for holding me back; I had invested my most valuable with you. Never in my wildest dreams a thought of you killing the happy me persisting. The opportunities I missed in miscarriages, the blood I shed in your fists. I prayed to God you know for your death. You were to hurt too, like you hurt me. Fear like I feared your presence at night. You were to learn to beg like I begged you for forgiveness. Forgiveness for another man looking at me, forgiveness for my intelligence forgiveness for being me.

They laid you to rest on June the 19th, a year after you last put your hands on me and left me numb in my blood. I never reported you to the police because I feared you. Who knew your evil ways would soon end. You met another woman different from me but your ways still the same. She plotted your death and now I tell you at your grave I have forgiven you.

That song used to be a remembrance of you the sour grape taste of its sound. “You know I could use someone like you”.

I stand in front of your grave to tell you
Hush little baby don't you cry, mama's gonna buy you a rocking chair....and if that rocking chair is broke, mama's gonna sleep with the handy man and have it repaired. At age 12 Candy was accustomed to her life of a new uncle almost every second day. Mommy was a single mother raising 4....all differently fathered and that was not her fault. They never stayed those bastards, they were gone before the change of a dirty diaper....good riddens to bad trash, they belonged in the gutter right next to that diaper. She had seen it all, and heard even more...she had stood every corner, and dealt with all them crooner's. Candy was the only girl right after the 1st 2 and before the last 1 of 3 bullying boys. She watched but never admired, had high dreams of being a professional dancer.

At age 16 her reality had changed, mom was too old and she had to feed the new born baby. Brothers waiting to be served, like kings they enjoyed being waited upon. That was the only behavior the uncle's left them with, you give the orders and the woman duly supplies. Things became harder as mom fell ill and could no longer go out there.

She had to make a decision....it's either they starve to death waiting for her dance career to eventually kick start, or she makes things easy and take over the family business. They already had a broad and well paying clientele, with her being young and sharp business would continue with a bang. She opted for the latter, becoming the new madam to house of Madam Barbra! From uncle to bed friend relations were tied as she was made to conjugate....in between her thighs commodities were made, diseases were shared and her life forever changed. In between her thighs she created her dance of life, sometimes slow...sometimes fast many times just in a state of trans. She lived from bed to mouth, her dance a masterpiece....with many claiming to be kings in between her thighs. Her life was death and gloom, as all she saw was doom.....she hated what lied in between her thighs, as it was the creator of her dance to internal death.

Mother died brothers never satisfied, her routine became a bore and clientele found a new whore. 23 year old Candy was left with 3 babies and no daddies..just like mommy new commodity setters created in between her thighs. 2 girls and 1 boy, with her determined to serve them better realities. In between her thighs she realized that no amount exchanged will erase a memory entrenched if your parent is unwise. So on that day she decided to close shop on the family business, move out of the in-house family headquarters. In between her thighs lay nothing more than all the pain she endured, a pain she would never pass on to children of her own. Determined to give them better roles in life, with them at age 6,5 and baby boy at 2years.....she became a servant to a madam of different caliber. At night she hit her books, studied till she turned blue.

At age 26 she was a graduate through hard work and determination. Dreams had changed in between her thighs....dance came at too high a price, so social development was the new journey she took with all her might....looking specifically after girls that looked at enduring the same plight, she helped them fight by relaying the story that lead to the decade full journey that transpired in between her thighs.

This is a story of many a black girls, some end up dying due to fatal diseases shared in between their thighs. Luckily for Nandi Candy Ndzukwa the diseases the warmth of her thighs carried were curable with time, the only and biggest scar she carried was the one in between her lungs....due to what transpired in between her thighs. That is why she goes around motivating many other black girls, getting them to choose wisely what transpires in between their thighs.
Mind vs Heart

Dear Heart

Please stop being a stupid, naive bitch. You are not ready for love, not long ago you were down & out cause love left u broken and I had to do damage control. Whereas I told you from the start that she was a witch. Now please take time to heal. – From The Mind.

Dear mind:

Please mind your fucken business and you should start by deleting all memories of my old love from your system... Do what you know, calculations, plans, tricks and traps. Leave love to me you don’t know shit about feelings, all you care about is succes. Now ‘think’ about that. -

Dear heart...

If I had a penny for every tear that you caused me to shed I would be a billionaire, can you stop thinking with your heart! and start using your brain for once? How many times has love broken you? And every-time it leaves you broken, I have to fix you...well I’m tired of hearing these words and they nothing but lies “U broke my heart one too many times! But no matter what I will always love u and if u come back 2 me I will say yes! Pathetic grow up!

Going back to love , is like trying to read a blank sheet of paper ; Retarded, pointless, and a waste of time. The sooner you realise that the better.

P.s the next time you come back heartbroken, you know what I’d say to you???

SCREW YOU!

Kind regards

Mind!

Dear Mind

You should learn to let things go and move on that will help you keep a clear mind.

We all know you can be rational at time, but when you do things with your heart they more meaningful

and you get to learn a lot from love. And every-time love leaves you, you won’t find another... and really now it’s not the end of the world you should know this by now. Form all the times you, had to do damage control.

I love...love and I shouldn’t. But it keeps my heart beating, I should have said goodbye the moment I began to love, love...now it’s my life line, But my heart keeps telling me to stay while my head screams run, well this is to inform you that I’m going with my heart on this one. I’m moving on....ubomi buyaqubeka!

From the Loving Heart.

Dear mind,

How many Panados did you have last night? Or was that just another black out?
'Mind you' need to understand the difference between love & lust.

I don't care about her thighs or eyes, my friend its her HeArt that gives me love,

Yes I've been used,hurt & broken by a lot of small minds who can't control their flesh demands

But who's loss is that? Definitely not mine, because through out this hatred & lies,

I always manage to find love & give it my all,with every vein in my heart for every drop of blood

I pump to your slow system I do it with love! Is it true that you can only use 10% of your capacity? Shame,poor busy mind. Maybe in time you'll learn how to love.

From the ever sweet HeART

Dear Heart

When will you ever stop deceiving yourself? Or you get your kicks out of being an naïve idiot?

You need to wake up and smell the roses sweet heart, Love is overrated...

And you... my dear you are your own worse enemy. How far would you go to make every one around you happy even if it makes you want to die?

If you not careful you might just have a heart attack...or it will just stop, what then?

You see with me what you see is what you get,I tell it like it is...lying to you will be deceiving myself, there’ no way to describe how it feels to be broken only you know how.

Peace of mind is the most fabulous accessories, ever!

I do NOT sugar coat anything... I tell it like it is! If your poor little heart can't handle the truth

that's your problem not mine. And remember a heart can only take so much, every-time love leaves you it take a part of you with it away so...I would think before giving it my all next time

Its mostly the scars that people can't see that hurt the most, they also take the longest to heal.

Why do you allow this LOVE circle hurt you day after day? 3

Shame, poor delicate heart maybe in future you will learn..

How nice it is to make whatever choice, you want with out fear of consequence, guilt retaliation or judgement...

From your ever so faithful Mind!

Dear Mind,

I hope this time around you are not high on some cheap drugs to enhance your performance.

Tell me who died and made you the emperor of my castle? You make it your duty to judge every partner I like, where they work, study or live, their backgrounds or even their styles all along you forget that the greatest treasures are those invisible to the eye but found by the heart.
You only see and translate signals from eye right? Well I see beyond the eyes, for every Heart beat forms a piece of this puzzle called Love – a universal language, a global anthem. It is a link that unites races of all kinds, ‘mind u’ my friend need to realize, this is the Art of life, the Art that painters paint without brushes, writers write without pens because it is in the Heart, now that is love.

I am done hiding my feelings because of what you might ‘think’ of me, pretending to be friends while squashing real feelings inside, no more holding back the words - I am going to love, love with all my life because in the end even when I’m down & out I can still dance to the rhythm of my broken Art. That’s right, I’m the heart & I’m still pumping life into your body.

Indeed love hurts & love lies because love is blind but at all times I’ll always believe in love because there is always some madness in love. But there is also always some reason in madness. If not love, then what?

At some point my friend you and I will have to work hand in hand because in the end, those who use their minds follow their hearts.

Now think slow, smile fast & love hard.

Until next time.

Dear Heart

If you must know, I don’t need to intoxicate myself to be on a high. it comes naturally with people of my calibre, creativity and intellect, wont expect you to understand....as far as my performance is concern.

The only emperor here lives in you, alive, well and kicking or in your case” pumping”

Don't pretend you do not consider...Beauty, brains and talent heart! Cause you will be lying to yourself. And we both know the global language is wealth my friend....

Everything starts in the head, meaning mastering the Mind, body then soul. for you to start feeling you need to follow the sequence, what I’m telling you here heart is that the mind controls everything.

And you should know that here I decided for the both of us that this love, love thing is a waste of both of our time, you just need to feel that heart...LOVE... In my opinion you are a walking fart. Offensive to all of those around you and polluting the air for no reason other than to just piss people off. it's really more heartbreaking to realize that love hurt you because you gave it too much freedom to do all those hurtful things to you.

Yes you heart you ALLOWED it to happen, love has made you a weak HEART!

From the Master Mind!

Heart words by Anele Clekta Rusi
Mind words by Portia Podi Zantsi
*Phone rings*
Master Jigga's residence, hello!
King Langeni: May I speak to Master Jigga, please!?
Receptionist: With all due respect, could I ask who am I speaking to and what this call is in relation with?
King Langeni: *With a pleasant tone of voice* It's King Langeni from the Mountain Kingdom and it's personal matter.
*call transferred to Master Jigga*
Master Jigga: Hello my friend, what can I do for you? Has the kingdom run out of virgins? I don't have any reserved for you in my household!
King Langeni: Don't worry my friend, all your children do not make the cut, like their mothers; all I need is a loan!
Master Jigga: So you wanna marry again and keep up with me?
King Langeni: No my friend, I've heard the good news, you've managed to out-play me. Since you became master, 60% of the population is made up of your wives and children (lol)
Master Jigga: So how much are we talking here?
King Langeni: As much money as you use to feed your children daily, I'm talking ZAR2.4bn.
Master Jigga: Are you crazy?
King Langeni: Yes, I thought you knew that already!

Master Jigga: That means I have to steal from the nation and give you my last cent; this means that the little boy who doesn't know how to speak English properly should not find out
King Langeni: Who is that?
Master Jigga: Keep your voice down, he might call you tjatjarag! What do you need the money for?
King Langeni: Child maintenance
Master Jigga: I think you should come to the South to cut your foreskin; it's less painful and free. Plus you get a box of free condoms.
King Langeni: Thanks a lot that would have been much better if it came from someone who knew and practised what they preached!
Master Jigga: *laughing and adjusting his spectacles with middle finger* I'll make the transfer and mail you the terms and conditions of the loan!
King Langeni: Keep Pimping, bye!
In a frenzy, I pulled my 9mm parabellum pistol from underneath my seat and ran towards his car, holding it close to my chest. As thought it was a stethoscope measuring my heart rate, my heart beat frantically against this weapon that was manufactured for a single purpose. To kill!

Hoardds of onlookers cleared a way as I approached. Some taking their children away from what was soon to become a scene filled with blood. I had one thing in mind. I had no doubt I was justified in my actions. Once I reached the vehicle, I bit my lower lip, pointed my weapon at his head and fired twice. It silenced his violent screams. His sister thanked me with a kiss on the cheek. She told me she appreciated my bravery in affording her brother a dignified death.

Traffic backed up for about a kilometre, with most people out of their vehicles to get a good view. A scene of a collision between a German luxury sedan and a petrol truck. The BMW M3 pierced right through the belly of the truck and immediately caught fire. Wails from the driver sent shivers down everyone's spine. It was a scream straight out of a tormented soul. Hell's soundtrack. His door had crashed against the truck and it appeared his feet were trapped too. His screams were intermittent and varied in noise levels. He sounded like he was violently shouting a woman's name, while he struggled to release a seatbelt that had already caught fire. He was grilling. Smell of burning flesh filled the air like a cloud of gathering rain. "Auwww, shame. Sizani bo." some said. We all felt helpless. Then I resolved to end his misery. I fired two shots straight to his temple and his suffering ended.
The turn of the millennium heralded a new era in fashion. Underwear seized to be under wear but became the most prominent item of any outfit. G-strings and thongs filled our streets, malls offices and even churches. Even songs were written about them. They were literally in our faces.

Being a very conservative chap from Sekamaneng in Maseru, coming to Johannesburg to study presented plenty a culture shocks. Girls here found me rather “slow, innocent yet attractive.” Often I would find myself engaged in conversations that made me very uncomfortable. References were made to my Kangol hat, which I never left home without.

I stayed in the City Centre with my Uncle and would take a taxi to school in Auckland Park. One Monday morning I was sitting next to this girl that kept speaking English, on the phone. She sounded like she had a peg clipped on her nose:

“Yeah, gal we went out to the movies on Saturday and it was off the hinges. He was on some crazy tip, like I don’t do chick flicks. But you know me. Yeah, you know how I roll. I got him wrapped around the tip of my fingers”

In between her conversations she would rub her curves against me and gently caress her heels against my shin. I built a tent just from a thought of change of location. I was enjoying it, yet at the same time It made me uncomfortable. She kept fiddling with her phone and putting it back in her jacket. She would then fix her top so as to better reveal her D-cups, at the same time making pep talk with me. I was so nervous I could only give her one-worded answers. Her taking out the phone, looking at me and taking it back into her pockets gave me a feeling she wanted me to ask for her number. I could never get myself to do that. She was way too pretty, dressed in expensive clothes and smelled of expensive cum-cum. I could not afford her. I hadn’t even been to McDonald’s to even buy myself a Big Mac Medium meal that cost R19.99, at the time. Taking down her number would involve me taking out my Bosch 903 in public. Never! She had a Nokia with a fancy ringtone, Westlife’s Shape of my Heart.

“Short Left!”, she yelled.

The taxi stopped and stood up, leaning so her head does not hit against the roof. She was wearing low cut jeans with a white shirt untucked, exposing her G-string. Silky Black with red trimmings. Just above that stood a tattoo that read “pussylicious”

She would go on and on and the whole taxi was listening to her conversation and making comments about their disaproval of today’s youth and its worship of American culture. She used strange English words, I had never heard before.
Half of a Yellow Sun
Phumeza Olwam Sogoni

Africa celebrated the 28th anniversary of founding of the OAU on the 25th of May 2011 - a day now known as Africa Day. In 1963, 30 of the newly independent African states decided to chart a new way forward for what had been mostly seen as largely a dark, barbaric continent by much of the West. This was to be the dawn of a new era. One of its founding members was Nigeria. While Nigeria’s leaders where taking part in paving the way for an independent Africa - what was to be a bloody civil war was brooding in their own backyard. Biafra was the result, a breakaway state from Nigeria.

*Half of a Yellow Sun* explores the environment that led to this, the greed that fuels so many a wars, the ideals and promises that lead a people to break-away, and the pandemonium it all leaves behind. The story is told as a fictional narrative and that does not in any way take away from the ‘emotional truth’, which she describes as “a quality that exists not in the fiction that explains, but in the fiction that shows” that she seeks to achieve. The three main characters - Ugwu (a rural houseboy), Ollana (raised in a wealthy Igbo family), and Odenigbo (the ‘revolutionary’ lover) each bring to the novel a different perspective. Although it is a novel about the ravages of war, it is also a love story - one that endures and in the end conquers all. The author uses beautiful language to take you there, you are part of it, and when it all gets too emotionally taxing - there is comic relief in some the conversations between the characters (you have to have heard Nigerian speaking English to understand-o).

*Half of a Yellow Sun* is a brilliant second novel, a modern day classic. A must read for anyone who seeks to have a better understanding of the politics that continue to persist in Nigeria specifically, but African history in general.

The book won the Orange prize for fiction in 2007.
Harper Lee’s *To Kill a Mockingbird* is a Pulitzer Prize winning masterpiece. Having read it at least twenty times, I can fully understand why this is Lee’s only novel. I was introduced to this book not too soon after moving from a township school to an English medium formally “white school”, as such, it took me a few readings to pick up on Lee’s subtle observations on human character throughout the book.

Set against the backdrop of early 1930s Alabama, it tells the story of how siblings Scout and Jem’s summer holiday routine is disrupted by a series of sad events that see their father, Atticus Finch, defend an innocent black man.

Scout, our narrator, starts off by introducing us to a slow and predictable life in rather hot Maycomb. She and her brother, and later friend Dill, spend their afternoons often devising schemes to coax the town recluse, “Boo” Radley, to come out of his home.

Their lives are abruptly changed, when Tom Robinson, an African American man, is accused of raping Mayella Ewell, a young girl from an indigent family living on the outskirts of the small town. Their father, Atticus Finch, is appointed as Robinson’s defense attorney, making the family very unpopular in this small white community.

In a town that is obsessed with fearing what it doesn’t understand, one can’t help but fall in love with the aging Atticus, who endeavors to instill moral values in his young children, morals which are not always mirrored by the community they live in. The children grow to understand the courage it takes for Atticus to defend Robinson to his best abilities, something that does not sit well with the town folk.

Through the eyes of a young child, *To Kill a Mockingbird* deals directly but with sensitivity to the issue of racial prejudice. It explores how deep racial hatred can allow men to set aside their moral codes because of deep hate, but does it with such sensitivity that one only one man is disliked, the man that committed the crime. Although much too young to understand everything she sees, nothing goes unnoticed by Scout Finch.

Much of the storyline is said to mirror aspects of the author’s own life, having also been born in Alabama, with a father who was a liberal lawyer; while the trial mirrored the Scottsboro trial in which African-American men were accused of raping white women.

*To Kill a Mockingbird* is a well written book that takes you on a journey to a time when racial segregation made doing the right thing the hardest thing to do. Atticus Finch is a fictitious that will make you appreciate all the real life heroes that fought and continue to fight for non-racial, non-prejudicial societies. It remains one of my favourite books of all time, a practical guide to living one’s moral code.
For once and in a very long time I felt like a father, a very excited one nogal. My excitement, however, had nothing to do with fathering a child myself but had everything to do with coming up with a name for this column, African Kaffir.

I suspect this is one feeling most, if not all weekly writers or columnists, go through when launching their first columns. At least now I know it’s no such easy task, sort of.

I felt like a parent trying to come up with a name for his first-born child because the name had to be “out of this world” and controversial too. And it is no wonder parents, especially black parents (no racism or “black on black attack” intended) give their children names like ‘Dinkwetse, Dimakatso’, ‘Pogiso’, ‘Matlhomola’, ‘Mantwa’, etc.

So when editor, Nyakallo Lephoto, asked me to write a weekly column for the website – something I did not think twice about let alone hesitate in doing but jumped at the chance – I asked a friend who was with me at the time to come up with a name for the column. Like me, at first, he could not think of anything despite his being a very young and intelligent man. And it was not long after asking him that I came up with the name African Kaffir.

Shocked as many of you will be and even more likely to be offended to a certain extent by the K-word, my friend asked why I chose African Kaffir when there were plenty of names I could have come up with – names he failed to help me come upon with – and without much hesitation, I had something to say to my dearest friend.

I then told my dear friend that we black people have long and historically being known as kaffirs, a very derogatory name (to some) used to describe black people as less than humans and inferior to their apartheid rulers who were mostly white. Because of their disputed origin from the African continent, black people have since decided to call themselves and gotten used to being called Africans. This is despite having white people who believe their being born in the continent makes and entitle them to being Africans irrespective of their skin colour, something that a fellow blogger, Sentletse Diakanyo certainly does not agree with.

This is further confirmed by Dr. Mamphele Ramphele who wrote about racism in her book, Layings Hosts To Rest, that the “notions of white superiority and black inferiority have significantly shaped the mind-sets of both black and white South African”. Ramphele said that white people’s “superiority complex” is not a “problem peculiar to unconstructed racists” but that it has accorded them a “higher status” than us black people by virtue of their skin colour. She admitted that racism is not something that can be “shrug off like a bad cold” because it has been “branded deeply into [our] psyche”.

So in order to re-brand this racism I then decided to take Ramphele’s advice by first combining both my Africaness and Kaffirness and thereby acknowledging them by name but not with the intention of triggering any ‘defensive denial’ from my fellow black people or even some white who feel black enough but just as an “acknowledgment mutual hurt”.

My acknowledgement is also accompanied by an acceptance that yes, I am Black, African and proud of it and that even if you call me with the K-word, I will choose to take no offensive despite the long meaning associated with the word and instead feel proud. I mean why would I let just one of two words define me and taken me down?

But that’s just me, an African Kaffir.

I am on twitter @AkanyangM
Perhaps I should begin by wondering if this title is an admission on my part, since I myself am black. But I cannot but wonder.

To start, let's clarify what makes one a black person. There are basically two levels of blackness. The first is obviously racial classification. Which makes anyone of African descent a black person, whether they admit to it or not. Secondly, blackness can be described as a mental condition of enslavement. Enslavement? Well because if you believe everything other people tell you, without exercising your own thought, then you have a mental handicap.

As a race, black people all over the world despise who they are. Their skin pigmentation is viewed in negative terms, wishing for skin other than their own. And this phenomenon is clearly visible by ridiculous attempts by blacks to whiten themselves. Whitenment takes place at the physical level, where people will use anything promises a lighter complexion or straighter hair. So much that people become infected with toxins and poisons from the toxins found in these chemicals they use. So, in their eyes, beauty is defined by whiteness and nothing else.

Pointed noses, animal like eyes(green/blue), relaxed hair, clean shaven and the profound detestation of blackness.

The intellectual level is worse because you would expect people who are educated to know themselves better. But education seems to make black people more and more sorry that they are black. The first symptom of education in blacks is the denunciation of their culture and traditions. To them all of black culture represents barbarism, despite the fact it is the same black culture that made them who they are. A defining feature among educated blacks is their unanimous use of English as their medium of communication. Thanks to Bantu Education, many of them can't even speak English correctly, yet it is a status symbol. It sets them apart from ordinary folks. It is so stupid that even when it is blacks alone who are assembled, they will use English to communicate; despite their lack of command for the language.

The intellectual capacity of black people must be called into question. I mean, how else do you explain this de facto trend that anything brought by other races is acceptable to blacks. They will vehemently oppose anything and everything belonging to their past, yet readily accept what is given to them by other races without question!

Take religion for instance. Black people will readily kill you in defense of Christ as a God that represents all people, the ONLY true God. They refuse to acknowledge that their forefathers had a God and a system of belief. Christianity says black beliefs are pagan and so blacks denounce their beliefs as pagan. Without exception.

It is only in Black Africa where democracy is in such favour. Black people readily destroy their governments in favour of a system called democracy. Virtually all African states have done away with their traditional systems of government, despite the fact they do not understand what democracy is or means. If they understood what it was, there would no coups and dictatorships prevalent in Africa today. They have accepted a system non of whom has a clue how it is supposed to work. And they continue to kill one another in the name of democracy.

Is there still any black thought prevalent in the public discourse?

Black people, let's face it, you are stupid!
I believe in the existence of God like I believe in the existence of many entities I am only told of, such as Gravity and Speed-traps. That way you can call me Christian. I am, however, very disturbed by Christian practices that are against Bible Teachings. Herein, I refer to, inter alia, Infant Baptism, Confessionals, Popes and the recognition of the 25th of December as birth date of Jesus Christ.

I am led to believe that the word Christian means Christ-Like, being like Christ. Would you call the Pope, with his elaborate costumes reminiscent of Rock Stars, Christ-Like? Surely, Jesus Christ hung around the poor and dressed modestly. He did not need heavy security as he was indistinguishable from people in his vicinity. That is evident in that Judas Iscariot had to “kiss” him to identify him for his detractors' benefit.

The Word of God and Love are two best selling commodities in Church. Preachers seem to promote wealth creation above all else, prying on the gullible and ignorant to elevate themselves to celebrity status. The very thing Jesus Christ condemned in saying, “…it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom…” Lately, we are invited to church so Pastors can lay hands on us so we could get ‘financial blessings and breakthroughs’ but not before we have parted with our hard earned 10% and bought books and DVD's.

If it is a calling you would do it, even, for free. The Caller would reward you. Granted, heads of churches are not immune to paying bills and eating like the rest of us. Yet, excessive emphasis on the material leads us astray.

God destroyed the twin cities of Sodom and Gomorrah because of the infestation of Homosexuality, the extent of which had men breaking doors in an attempt to have sex with God's angels. Churches, however, go and conduct wedding ceremonies for Homosexuals. Worse, even, ordain Homosexuals and Women as Pastors.

We have all witnessed baptism ceremonies where infants are dragged, mostly screaming that kicking, to be immersed in the water, while the congregation sings, ‘... ha ba dumela le ba kolobetse ka lebitso la Ntate, le la Mora, le la Moea o halalelang...’ Pagan practice, indeed. Jesus Christ ordered, ‘seek their consent first’, roughly put. Infants do not consent to anything.

While on that, how does this Holy Trinity thing work? Is it a space god that sent his son, who also happens to be himself, on a suicide mission and then remained on earth as air? Or is it a case of matter existing in 3 states, liquid, solid and gas, like Water, Vapour and Ice?

Another Pagan celebration of a foreign god prevalent in church is Christmas, 25 December, as a birth date of Christ. The Bible makes no mention of the exact birth date of Jesus. We do know, however, that it would not be in December as that month falls in Winter in the Northern Hemisphere. The 3 wise men would not have seen the star in the evening and the Child Jesus would have frozen to death in a horse's sty.

I would like to still have more clarity on the relevance of Confessionals and speaking in tongues.

Clearly, it is church, more than any institution, that leads most to the bottomless pit. If such a place exists, at all
Cigarettes help you maintain your
mood and stop puffing on harmful substances.

I was getting dressed with my little girl and she
kept on starring at my butt and I asked what's up;
and she asked me how come my undies do not end
in the butt, I asked her what she meant and she pulled a
wedge with her undies and she said, your panties are not like aunties……needless to say I do
not own a g-string a thong, I am a full panty type off woman not full panty per-say but the
cuter version the boy cut panty. I looked at her and I thought when she is ready these are the
lessons I want to impart on her, before I leave this world:

Full panties: the lessons you find in a full panty
is support total support especially behind you;
you should never dress for fads or points but for
your own comfort; there are bums that where maid to be in g-strings and thongs or they might
even get away with letting their goodies hang
without cover; this bum is a very rare bum; a
bum of European descent if you may…as for a
generous African bum, it is not advisable. If
comfort is not what you are looking for and all
you want is sexiness. A string in between
mountains is hardly visible, thus diminishing
its effects; sexiness is not nudity or semi nudity,
cottage cheese is not sexy but with your genes
that might never be a problem but if by some
stroke of bad luck it is; you can go a long way
with the right colour and material: you could
catch a disease or two with that string shuffling
in between your southern regions, if for nothing
else do it for health reasons….stick to what
mama knows, full and cotton.

Cigarette: we all have our own addictions and I
have mine too and I pray you have not
developed one too and if you have I pray it is not
this one: your addiction shouldn’t be harmful to
the environment or those around you; by all
means let it be harmful to you and only you. We
all have the choice to poison our bodies with
whatever choice of poison; reduce your carbon
print by all means do not smoke, if you so
choose do smoke the holy herb. A cigarette after
sex feels refreshing, but so does water. A
cigarette reduces your stress levels…You are
grown learn to deal with it, damn it count to ten
and stop puffing on harmful substances.
Cigarettes help you maintain your

weight….ever heard of the gym? Yes I know it’s
a rare phenomenon but get on with it exercise! I
hope you love kissing as much as I do cause if
you do my angel, no one cares about kissing an
ashtray it is not appetising. Do not judge those
who smoke, I and probably you are doing worse
things in private or public to each one their own.
You just smell better that’s all, and trust me on
this that will take you a long way.

Erections: hahahahahahahaha and this my
angel has been a source of many a pleasure and
many a pain. This are beautiful when they are
working right, and erection is HARD in ordinary
circumstances facing up in extra ordinary
circumstances it be facing all sorts of directions,
direction is not an issue though the thing is it
should be HARD, it is not termed a bone just for
a name sake. It is as HARD as a bone. It is not
your duty or job to get this thing HARD, if this
thing desires you it will erect on its own all I am
saying is do not work too hard for it….and if it
does at any point ever feel like work then a
brother needs a happy pill (it is blue in colour)
and I trust Pfizer still manufactures them. It is
enough that you have brought cake to him but
my child do not dance for your own cake. They
come in all sizes and shapes, the size and the
shape do not matter as they all do the same
thing and you will end up with the same result if
you do not wrap it; a child or a disease; you will
carry your own wrapping even if you are told it is
not lady like, I pray I never have to buy you such
as I am hoping that you will wait until you can
buy your own from your own budget. And if for
some weird reason size matters to you, do not
buy your own from your own budget. And if for
some weird reason size matters to you, do not
believe what you are told the size of his feet or
fingers say fokol about the size of his bone; when
you do kiss and hold each other you will probably
be able to detect the size, this method is not
foolproof you could be off by a centimetre or
three, I strongly advice you let the size issue just
lie that is not a measure of a man…..and ohhhh
angel not all black man are hung like a Ray Jay.
I have so much more to say, but this is all I will
say for now for I am hoping by the time you are
of age, sex will be Blackberry application not
dangerous, sweat inducing body fluid exchange it
is now. Full panties are the shit, it was good
enough for your great grandmother damn it its
good enough for you; cigarettes are costly find a
free addiction, like mommy’s addiction; erections
should make you cry; even there are not yours to
cry over….I am out unfortunately I have to work
otherwise I would write you all day everyday.
Charity takes away man’s greatest motivation for survival; work. As soon as the poor realize they could use the rich’s guilt to extort money, they become lazy to work for a living. Eventually, they develop a sense of entitlement due to their circumstances.

Anyone that has been harassed by beggars at parking lots and busy intersection would concur. Every beggar knows that you stand a good chance of doubling your earnings if you beg with a child on your back. It is on the basis of this background that I propose that the right to parenthood should be reserved.

I propose piece of Legislation that is clear in its definition of a fit and proper parent.

The mentally disabled, once they have been certified so, should automatically lose their right to parenthood by means of a temporary sterilization, with further monitoring, as long as the condition persists.

The ‘rags-to-riches’ story is highly overrated. Only a small percentage of people born in stark poverty make it to the pinnacle of the economic pyramid. Most end up in the cycle that has been perpetuated for generations. Would you board an airplane that has 10% chance of making a safe landing? Of course not, unless you are on a suicide mission. Then, why would you take a similar risk with a life of a human being that may end up causing you to sleep in fear, behind high walls and alarms. It is true; a hungry man is an angry man and as long as there are people going to bed with empty stomachs we will not sleep easy at night.

The piece of Legislation that I propose relies heavily on affordability tests conducted on would-be parents; similar to those undergone before buying on credit.

Corruption is a secondary factor. Councilors could get away with murder if they take care of these basics.

The African continent is a nation of beggars and foreign aid further perpetuates slave mentality at the expense of our values and identity. Let us heed Sankomota’s call, it’s Now or Never.

“If You’re a Bad Cook, You Won’t Eat Your Own Food”

Ever wondered why public school teachers do not enroll their children to the schools they teach in or similar? Like all of us, they want superior education for the children, to give them a shot at better life. An explicit admission that they offer inferior quality education at government schools and they do not care, as will not suffer the repercussions.

What do you make of a Health Minister that is adamant that she has it all in order, in her department, yet when she falls ill she receives treatment in a private institution? She, obviously, advocated Beetroot and Garlic because she did not have to take it, herself. Surely she would not suggest to her closest relatives. It does not affect her personally, she does not care.

Should the councilors not reside in the same ward that they are elected to represent, so they can see the condition of roads when it rains and lack of youth development? Instead they all live in sub-urban areas. An explicit admission that service delivery in the townships and rural areas is inferior to that provided by the Apartheid government to its own kind. Why would you need bodyguards to protect you against people that elected you to represent them? If you are a bad cook, you would not eat you own food.
Open Letter to Shrien Dewani

Shrien, I am sure by now you know the whole world knows that you are alleged to being the mastermind behind the murder of your wife, Anni, on November 13 2010. Poor Anni. If only she knew when she thought she was coming to this beautiful country for honeymoon that she was going to be killed like a dog. Even dogs are not killed like that anymore. Or at least not where I come from.

You allegedly paid Zola Tongo R15 000, your driver at the time, to have your wife killed in Cape Town during your honeymoon. Tongo told the Western Cape High Court how you plotted the murder of your wife. He, however, was sentenced to 18 years' imprisonment - a sentence the African National Congress Women's League said was “lenient and undermines our nation's commitment to ensure that all those who perpetuate violence against women are removed from our society” - after pleading guilty to the murder of your wife, claiming that you had recruited him to find people to assist with a staged hijacking of Anni. Does this make you sick to your head?

You have since tried every stupid trick in the book to have the chance of your being extradited to South African thwarted. You even went out of

How do you live and feel knowing/hearing that your wife died the way she did? Do you feel anything at all? And if you do, would you not want to see justice being done irrespective of the state of your health? I mean the world over wants you to tell us exactly what you know, if you know anything at all. And if you know nothing, would you not want to take a stand before the world and swear before God and tell nothing but the truth that you don’t know a shit about what actually happened to your dear wife and or how it happened? We need you in the court room standing and denying that. Not your/through publicist! We all need some closure. Annie’s parents do need closure, and you owe them that much. If your parents do not need that closure of their now late daughter-in-laugh, blame them not us.
Often in most times, rather in most families, you find that conflicts are predominantly caused by other effective and countable aspects a parent failed to pick up on, now being a parent comes in unprecedented values, the hefty compromises and sacrifices that you as a parent must implicate!

Unfortunately to some parents, that is not a case. There's a basic difference between when a parent favors another child as compares to the other and a parent getting along or rather relating more simpler with the other, but as a parent, you're suppose to build a neutral bridge where both your children can cross in terms of how you relate to them than you relating with just one whilst you have two or more!

And please, I plead with you not to ever despise your sibling just because you think that parents favor him/her more than they do you, it is not their his/her fault, they did not choose for it to be that way, if it is a problem, it is beyond them, do not blame them for something you know very well cannot depict, let alone control.

I don't care what kind of a parent you are, but if your child or children say to you, “I just don't think you're a good parent” you need to be worried period! It is not the same as a friend saying that you're not a good friend or a colleague saying that you are not a good leader, or a Coach saying that you're not a good player, or even an Employer saying that you're not a good employee, this is completely different, this is your breed, this is your bloodline, this is your generation, how can they possibly say that to you as parents, let alone think it?

Do you know how much guards it takes for a child to say that to a parent? How much balls it takes to make such a statement? How much bravery you have to incur to utter such drifting statement? How much of a thick skin you need to have or develop to implode such?????

It would more contradicting if you still stay with your parents, and you're still fully dependant on them, they could easily stop paying your school fees, they could easily stop giving you pocket money, not to speak of an allowance, they could stop buying food for you, or even clothing you, they can even end up chasing you out of the house you think! But regardless of everything, you still need to be heard, what u have to say is important, And you have explosive reasons as to why you said what you said, then what does a reasonable parent do or say?????

Do they get defensive and tell you that you're unreasonable and ungrateful? Do they prompt to kick you out of the house and apply all those aspects that I've recently mentioned would occur/transpire? Or Do u ask yourself as to why your child would say such knowing very well that still depends on you on everything? That he/she still lives under your roof?
I utterly think that a reasonable parent would want to sit you down, make certain inquiries regarding what you said about them, and also wanting to find out if those allegations are definite or not! They can do that by asking their close relatives/siblings if they have, or people who’ve known them long enough and well enough to make legitimate and effective judgments about them!

Should they find out that they get the same results, be it feedback or answer in relation to what you initially accused them of, then they should simply swallow their pride, have a significant discussion with you, emphasize and apologize if needs be, and accept that perhaps there were things that they could and should have done differently as you’re their blood! We do not choose our family.

As a parent, your children are your investment, you need to pay the price for them, go all out, not necessarily kill yourself or even overload yourself, but don't just do enough for a child to get by, do not leave your children to their fate, your part is not only to pay for their academics, or buy them clothes and food! You need to have an emotional support system, you need to have that support base, they need to know and understand that they can depend and rely on you in every aspects of life!

The most important factor form mother to child is an emotional support, it relatively goes with spiritual and psychological support, this automatically converts to love, if you have these as a parent, you’re complete.

As a child, if you have a misunderstanding or a conflict with your parent, I suggest you let it be known now or forever hold your peace, if you’re not happy with them about them about something, let it be known instantly, if it can be fixed “great’ if it cannot,

You’ve said your piece, you’ll be much more relieved that you’ve said what was disturbingly infiltrating you, you’ll be at peace with yourself, if you’re wrong you'll apologize.

As a child, I do not see a purpose to hold a grudge against your parents, keep quiet about it, and then you let mold into something that could be as explosive as a C4 bomb, you wait till you get a job and place to stay, you wait until you're completely independent (make sure that you won't ever need anything from them) and then you let them have it!

Chances are, your parents would be perplexed as they didn’t even know that you felt that way! You're practically not giving them a chance to make things better with you! By doing that, that means you’ve permanently cut yourself loose from, you’ve cut ties with them and you have no intentions of reconciling with them.

I'm speaking as a child, maybe when I'm a parent one day, I'll definitely make sure that i look at things from a parental perspective!
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Meet the Soul Gourmet Chef

Soul Gourmet Chef: Boitumelo Ngobeni

As I sat here today and thinking about what to write about!! And that Dettol advert came on!! And I was like "wait a min" how many of us actually was our hands before we touch food or anything for that matter???

Here are a few helpful health tips everyone should follow!

1: always wash your hands before handling any food. I know the hand is like a naughty child, u will find it digging into your nose without you knowing about it lol!!

2: always wash fruit and vegetables before using them!! You know that lady you buy from at the street on your way home? How many people does she give handshakes too!! LOL!!

Good hygiene practice is essential for everyone who handles food!!

Some of us won’t see the grass of the Durban July horse race!! If you will be staying like me!! And u have company over here is some you can prepare to make them feel happy for staying home!

I know you have potatoes that you don’t know what to do with them apart from making sloppy chips that look like Abduls take away. Your onion in the fridge is about to get wrinkles like Miss Daisy! And the frozen veggies that are now beyond frozen since you forgot them in the fridge! And you are tired of eating baked beans every morning lol!! But hey, with all these u can make a wonderful dish that will even wow your friends that never took you’re for a kitchen connoisseur!

Here is what we will need to create the master piece!

.5 medium potatoes, peeled and cut half.
.500g mince meat
.1 onion finely chopped
.Half teaspoon crushed garlic
.1 teaspoon steak n chops spice
.3 tomatoes diced
.250g frozen mix veg
.Baked beans
.2 egg yolks
.Milk 200ml

What we need to do now is wash our hands and our food items.

1: boil potatoes for about 15min!! Until cooked.

2: in a large pan fry the mince, and then add the onion and garlic. Cook for about 5 min then add your spice, diced tomatoes, frozen veggies and baked beans! Simmer (cook at low heat) for 20min

3: pre heat the oven @ 180c. Mash the potatoes and add milk and egg yolks. Add mince into a oven proof dish or pan! And then top the mince with mash; smooth the top then bake for 20min

Now then this master piece we call Cottage pie!!

And how complicated is that?? Huh??
This is just one of many recipes to come as we get to know each other!!
Good day every one! As it’s the beginning the month, I went out to do my groceries like everyone and the malls were packed as usual. As I was going about doing my thing minding my own, I saw an old lady packing honey into her trolley and I wondered like I always do when I see something interesting!! But the site of honey conjured up memories of an ordeal I had encountered with the worker bee lol!!

It was on sat morning when I and my friends discovered that there were bees where we normally chilled at our hide away. Khumo, Xolani, and the other guys I forgot their names! As curios as we were we went on to hunt for honey!! With little clothing on our bodies we marched forward burning cloth, buckets of water and reeds to chase the bees away with!! What was to follow taught me never to mess with a bee in my life!

First was me with the fire trying to smoke the bees out then followed the other guys with water and the reeds!

I don’t know why the bees got mad, ‘cause we only wanted our honey! At that tender age and chubby as I was running was a bit of a mission and I mean a bit of a mission if u know what I mean!!

The bees attacked in numbers. I and the boys ran in all directions like headless chickens!

What happened to my friends during the ambush I have no idea. Now picture this, chubby me running for dear life screaming at the top of my voice I ran into a busy main road in my hood and everyone and every car stood still and watched in dismay as this chubby man ran and screamed and his hands moving faster than flash Gordon trying to chase away the bees!

Moral of the story get honey from a shop it’s much convenient that way, pity I had to learn the hard way!!

How many of us have honey in our homes? I bet not even half of our country's house hold have!

Well honey is one of most precious food products in history! It has a lot of health benefits as well as a cooking product.

The three health benefits of honey related to the fact that

1. Honey is a great immunity system builder
2. Honey is nature’s energy booster
3. Honey is a great immunity system builder.

Honey is great for hangovers too! If you had more than your body can handle here is a remedy that you can try...

1tsp of honey...

Glass of orange juice and half a cup of plain yogurt mix all the ingredients together voila and you have a hangover remedy that taste good and is healthy at the same time!

I can spend an entire life time writing about the benefits of honey!! But do yourselves a huge favor and find out more about what honey can do for you as an individual...

Well I had to find out the hard way how not to hunt for honey!! Poor chubby me, but now that’s all in the past! Don’t wait to get stung by a bee to find out what its product can do for you!

Till next time I'm out!

Stay healthy and be blessed
Celebrities have the power to turn anything into gold and well if you are Beyonce, all that can be turned into multi platinum. After Beyonce’s pregnancy announcement at the MTV VMA’s (see Arresting the Stars at the MTV VMA’s), the entire world awaits the pregnancy range that Beyonce will be adorning.

Every maternity store will be competing to have their clothes on the beautiful Mrs Cater. Let’s take a look at celebrities that have made pregnancy look stylish.

Beyonce proved that she is and forever will be known as the girl with a love for all things revealing.

She was spotted rocking a white beach wear outfit that just screamed happy spring.

#Rushing to the stores to get that top.

I am soooo rocking it this summer at those late afternoon braais. You don’t have to be pregnant to rock it hao!

Halle Berry showed off her legs and both these looks. WeDoLove the Turban head gear she had on with the black dress. She opted for casual on both the looks and pulled it off very well.

I am convinced that Hollywood leading ladies attending a how to rock pregnancy seminar that most women didn’t attend. The first unwritten rule must have been show off those legs for the world to see, Kimora is wearing a stunning blue halter neck mini showing off her bump in a fabulous manner that only Kimora can pull off. She opted for a casual but stylish look with a pair of jeans and a floral top and a statement bag.
No other celebrity understands the beauty of pregnancy better than Heidi Klum. I swear every time Heidi Klum appears in the media she is pregnant. I am not complaining cause with every pregnancy comes a whole new maternity range from the delectable Heidi. Spotted with a loose top that shaped her expecting tummy, and a leopard print bag on a lazy Saturday afternoon. The figure hugging gown left little to the imagining and the 2nd unwritten rule in pregnancy is show off your tummy and don’t hide it, celebrate it! Model Gisele is considered to the one of the sexiest women in the world. His pregnancy didn’t stop her from revealing her multi-million dollar legs in the stunning halter neck evening gown. Please check out that huge bump, like have u ever seen anyone so comfortable with such a huge belly? She opted for a summer dress on a sunny day to the grocery store.

I truly think that Gwen Stefani is one of the women that paved the way to rocking your pregnancy in a sexy manner. The maxi floral print dress did enough to showcase her sexy bump while the leopard print and red lipstick at the Grammy’s left her looking like a million dollar. The fourth unwritten rule is, print definitely helps showcase your belly. Go for vertical lines as they are more flattering than horizontal.

When the word style comes up, I am convinced the name Jennifer Lopez appears at least ten times! Jennifer is known for her unapologetic approach to fashion and always takes risks, here blue straight line dress showed off her legs and proved that even in the last trimester she could still rock a heel. The white single shoulder flowy dress just made her glow even more than usual. We love the simplicity of the outfit and the third unwritten rule in pregnancy is..... let your baby bump be your ultimate accessory and let it be your focal point!
Affectionately known as the Queen of Bling, Ms Mbau is truly one of the most fashion forward celebrities in South Africa. She shocked many conservatives when she revealed her tummy in a Drum Magazine cover shoot. She did however rock her pregnancy with a whole lot of swag.

Nothing helps a pregnant woman better than a pair of leggings, this is the fifth unwritten rule in pregnancy. Not only are they a fashionable but they are super comfortable too. Christina paired it with a stunning “vertical” print top and a pair of wedges. Wedges yes wedges, another must have in a pregnant woman’s closet. They are more comfortable that heels and help with your posture. This is definitely one of my hot favourite and will one day rock it Val Milan style. WeDoLove the cover shot Christina did with Marie Claire magazine.

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

By Val

Pictures Courtesy of:
Jenniferlopez.blogspot.com
Galloimages.co.za
Realitymagazine.sheknows.com
Zimbo.com
Fooyoo.com
Thehollywoodgossip.com
Justjared.buzznet.com
Pregnant-celebrities.com
Celebsource.com

Get Featured on our next Issue

I Run a feature called Women in the Streets which aims to showcase fashion from women from all walks of life. If you or a friend are a fashionista and have a unique sense of style, e-mail me five photos of your style to v.kgotla@yahoo.com and we may feature you on our next issue.
“Everyone treats each other as equals at the Olympic Games. They learn more about you and how to figure you out in the field of play. You also get to fight your own demons; no sport psychologist can teach you how to behave on that stage,” she said.

By seeing sport greats “meditate and put on game face” to compete against her, Tsoanelo says she came back from the Olympics with a level of confidence many can only fake by having money. She continued to say her achievements had nothing to do with being lucky, knowing people in high places or belonging to the right political party. “I achieve because I believe in myself. Whatever it is you want, you won’t achieve if you do things for others. You do you! Some people don’t even realise when they are successful, because they are seeking re-affirmation from those around them.”

In her 51 national caps, Tsoanelo participated in the 2003 All Africa Games in Nigeria - where she got her first cap - the 2004 Athens Olympics, ‘06 Hockey World Cup and ‘07 Indoor Hockey Championships. Over and above her Hockey achievements, she competed in the senior Touch Rugby World Cup (1999) held in Australia at the age of 16. She said she felt robbed off the experience as she was way too young to properly comprehend the magnitude of the event.

Off the Hockey field, Tsoanelo is known as Urban Legend TP; Hockey coach, events management company owner and fiancée to Carol. The origins of her name remains as legendary as stories associated with her off-field antics, which she neither denied nor
confirmed. "Everyone has their own versions of stuff I am said to have gotten up to, off-field, and stories keep evolving," she said, before relating a story how one lady walked up to her in a club and asked what her real name was, just to confirm to a friend that there exists a real person called Tsoanelo Pholo behind the Urban Legend stories doing the rounds. Let's not put tabloids out of business by delving further into those.

Having been mentored by Hockey greats such as Lindsey Carlisle (Wright) and Ros Howell, Tsoanelo now coaches the sport of Hockey seven days a week and is in a process of starting TP28 Fast-Track Programme to bring the game to "the hood". Through her Adopt a Kid Programme, she has ambitions of availing herself and the network of Hockey legends to coach black kids and develop the game in townships and rural areas.

One event Tsoanelo wishes she was present at is when former teammate and friend Pietie Coetzee broke the record for the most number of goals scored by an individual in international matches. The two still keep in touch and, at times, travel around the country to coach kids.

Tsoanelo Pholo believes nothing is concrete; "One thing you have and will always have is yourself! Be true to yourself and respect yourself and what you do, otherwise no one else will believe in it." The St. Stithians Girls Hockey coach is a firm believer in the notion of ploughing back to the community and discourages tendencies of those that live debt-

Tsoanelo says she's thankful to her parents for making her feel like she never needed anyone, but them. She says she and her brother, Nepo, were spoilt with love and, in Carol - the woman she's engaged to - she found someone she can bring home to her mother.

Shortly after the 2004 Olympics, Tsoanelo "came out of the closet" and told her mother she was dating women. Her mother accepted her as she was, without judging. She and Carol have been together for 31 months and engaged for 18.

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

Here's how it went: turn over...
Word: Religion
- Tsoanelo's Response: Saviour

Success
- Hard Work

Sushi
- Bliss

Love
- Future

Somalia
- Need

Content
- Family

Pot Belly
- Lazy

Hot
- Carol

#winning
- Within You!

Riches
- People around you

Big Match Temperament
- Can't teach it

Connect with Tsoanelo Pholo on Social Media.

Everything looks better on big screen; even I Like What I Write, but we are people on the move. To stay in touch with the current happenings, we have the world at our fingertips.

Our cellphones have become an extension of our very selves; without them, most of us can't function properly. I Like What I Write is available in the palm of your hands, regardless of what GPRS enabled phone you use.

Scroll to the bottom of your screen and click on Mobile Version to navigate profound word with ease. Quick to load and very light on data, our mobile version is the best way to stay in the loop with the underground writing scene while on the move.

With characters that fit your screen without the inconvenience and irritation of scrolling from right to left, losing plot.
Regular Feature

Q: I hear there is a vaccine now for HIV, can you tell me how will it work?
A: Scientists are always working around the clock trying to develop a vaccine for HIV. This involves vaccine trials whose results must be reported. So a "promising result" in a vaccine trial does not mean that a vaccine has been found. So at the moment we're still waiting for the day a vaccine is developed...

Q: I'm HIV positive and just love and take care of my health; what are the things that one shouldn't eat? Consider I'm not on ARV's.
A: A healthy eating plan is important for everyone - regardless of HIV status. I'm an advocate of low GI eating plans. Three meals a day with three snacks in between. That is what I always advise.
For example: a bowl of oats for breakfast with 1 tsp sugar

Q: Is it possible to get HIV through oral sex?
A: The chances are minimal. HIV loves warm, open skin lesions...so you wouldn't give oral sex if you have cuts in your mouth. And similarly you wouldn't receive oral sex if you have a sexually transmitted infection or genital sores.

Q: Does weight gain affect a guy's performance in bed e.g inability to prolong ejaculation?
A: Yes it does. Being overweight comes with its own set of health problems - including high blood pressure, diabetes and heart disease. These conditions affect the vessels of the body including the vessels of the penis. Performance will be impaired.
From a psychological point of view - poor body image and stress about the weight gain will also lead to impaired performance. So the best thing to do - exercise 5 days a week and follow a low GI eating plan - to get back into shape and action!

Q: Can you get Aids if someone infected gives you head?
A: Firstly, you get or transmit HIV not AIDS. AIDS is a collection of diseases that afflict you when you have reached Stage 4 of illness, after being infected with HIV.
The risk of HIV transmission during oral sex is very small. The virus loves open skin and warm, moist places - so if you have cuts in your mouth or on your genitals, then you increase the risk of getting or transmitting the virus. And I don't know anyone who would give or receive oral sex with cuts in their mouth or on their genitals.

Q: When I got preg, I developed warts inside my vagina but went to the doctor he burnt them. What caused them to appear?
A: Genital warts are caused by HPV - the Human Papilloma Virus. This is the most common Sexually Transmitted Infection and most people are infected with HPV. Knowingly or unknowingly.
So you are infected with HPV. And as you might know, pregnancy decreases the immune system. That is why some women lose their nails, hair and even teeth. (I have lost a tooth with each pregnancy!)
And so some women with HPV have a flare-up of their warts during pregnancy. I am glad that they were cauterized - "burnt".

Q: About 3 weeks, back I had unprotected sex with 2 different women; very stupid of me, now this past week I have been experiencing severe back pain and fever. What I would like to know is there an STD that can be associated with those symptoms. Thank you!
A: Severe back pain and fever in males is associated with a complicated urinary tract infection.
Please contact your nearest healthcare worker as soon as possible and get examined and treated.
Thank you for acknowledging the carelessness of your actions. It has been 4 weeks since you had unprotected sex. Please make sure that you do an HIV test in 2 weeks’ time and that you repeat it after 6 weeks.
Q: I love your answers, you explain in such a way that even the man in the street can understand. One last question regarding serodiscordancy. At most, how long can it take 4th virus to "show" itself?

A: The tests that we commonly use to test for HIV look for antibodies. Your body produces antibodies after infection from any bug to alert the rest of the immune system that there's trouble.

HIV is a very clever virus. It sneaks into our bodies and maintains a low profile for 6 - 12 weeks. This is what is called the "window period". During this period any HIV antibody test that is performed will come back negative. So you test negative, but you are actually infected with the virus AND transmitting it, if you're having unprotected sex.

Seroconversion is the moment your body finally recognizes that HIV has gained entry. The body produces antibodies to alert the immune system and this is when an HIV antibody test will come out positive.

Seroconversion takes 6 - 12 weeks. That is why we urge people that test negative, to re-test after 12 weeks.

Q: Hi Doctor Sindi. My friend says a nurse told them that the HIV virus exits in men's pre-come. Are you at risk if you give a blow job and swallow HIV infected pre-cum? Doesn't the stuff go into your tummy and somehow find its way into your bloodstream??

A: If you're HIV-infected, all your bodily fluids contain the virus - but in varying concentrations. So pre-ejaculate will contain the virus.

Concerning oral sex and HIV transmission...HIV loves mucous membranes.

Mucous membranes are tissues that line body cavities or canals such as the throat, nose, mouth, urethra, rectum, and vagina. Any cut or gash along a mucous membrane gives HIV the opportunity to be transmitted.

If you're performing oral sex on an HIV-infected person, and you have cuts or gashes in your mouth, then your risk of getting HIV increases. The safest and best thing to do is to make flavoured condoms a fun but non-negotiable part of foreplay.

Q: Wow Dr. Sindi, this like an HIV workshop, empowering. Thank you for empowering us. Do you do HIV workshops?

A: Always a pleasure to help. That's my job!

I have a full-time 8 - 5 job and so I don't do HIV workshops. A great friend and colleague, Dr Marlin McKay, conducts HIV workshops. He's a brilliant doctor and HIV medicine is one of his passions. He's also gifted in being able to explain medical conditions in simple, easy-to-grasp terminology.

Please contact him on (011) 672 2129. His email address is marlin@iafrica.com.

Q: I'm HIV+ and my vagina sometimes itches, I've grown a little lump on the back of the neck in my right side; is there a possibility that the lump appeared because I'm positive? Everytime I have a rough day, de lump increases in size.

A: Vaginal itchiness can be caused by many things. Please visit your healthcare facility and get examined.

The lump that you're referring to sounds like a lymph node. Lymph nodes are "balls" that are part of your immune system. They are scattered all over your body and their job is to filter unwanted foreign particles from your body. Lymph nodes become enlarged in the face of a serious infection such as HIV, TB and cancer.

Please could you make sure that the next time your lymph node is enlarged, you go to a doctor for a full examination. If the lymph node is big enough, the doctor will refer you for FNA - fine needle aspiration. A needle is inserted into the lymph node and a teensy amount of tissue is sucked up. This is sent to the lab for investigation. We need to make sure that you don't have TB. Don't be afraid. Go and get checked as soon as possible.
Q: I lost my baby a day after doing caesarean section. I would like to know if it’s possible that he died because I’m HIV+, although the doctors said it was an emergency caesar because he couldn’t breathe and he was 980g; though he was 7 months, his left lung then failed while he was in an incubator.

A: I’m sorry to hear of your loss.

It sounds like your baby went into foetal distress - he couldn't breathe - and that is why you had to have an emergency Caesar. Babies born at 28 weeks (7 months) have a chance of survival. But as doctors it is difficult for us to predict which babies will make it and which ones will not. So when you deliver a baby before time you're taking a chance and hoping for the best.

Foetal distress is an obstetric problem - it is a problem commonly seen in pregnancy - regardless of HIV status.

Q: Dear Dr. Sindi

I recently had protected sex with my partner but the condom slipped off, he noticed it and he pulled it out. What are my chances of contracting HIV? Its been two weeks and I'm so stressed!

A: I assume that your partner's status is unknown to you. If he is positive, then you will have been exposed to his genital fluids, but for a very short time.

I suggest that you BOTH go for an HIV test now, and if negative re-test after 4 weeks.

In future, should you have another such incident, you need to take PEP - post-exposure prophylaxis. It is 2 ARV drugs taken within 72 hours of the unprotected sex. And they are taken for 28 days. These drugs are taken to decrease your chances of contracting the virus - but are only given to you if you test HIV-negative.

Q: Hi Dr. had yeast infection for 9months. Dr's prescribe the same things but only the rash&itching went away. the discharge&the odour r horrible. I'm worried it myt damage other organs.

A: It sounds like you have a classic case of bacterial vaginosis. It is a very common vaginal infection in women - whether they are sexually active or not.
Q: How do I take care of a 6 year old, who has been ve from birth. she is doing fine with the medication but i need to give her extra care to ensure that she stays healthy. i also want to include african potato and natural aloe juice. please advise
A: The 6-year old needs to have blood tests done. We need to know her CD4 count and if it is < 350, or she is stage 3 or 4, then she qualifies for ART.
If her CD4 count is > 350, and she is stage 1 or 2, then she will do perfectly well on Multivitamin syrup daily. She doesn't need African potato or aloe juice.
Good luck!

Q: Is having sex daily a problem when HIV Pos??
A: No, it is not.
The most important thing is for you to have protected sex - all the time. No compromise.

Q: Wow, I learn so much from this site. God richly Bless you Dr. Sindi. You are empowering us by educating us
A: Thank you

Q: Dr Sindi its Aza again, my urine has an orange colour is there a need to worry or should I increase my water intake? could my pills be causing it? I take: nevaripine*2, tdf-ffc, pregnavit & duphaston? Could sex (protected) hav caused an irritation?
A: Why are you on Duphaston?
And is the doctor that prescribed the Duphaston the same doctor that prescribed the antiretroviral therapy?
Please could you email me sindivanzyl@gmail.com
Thanks

Q: Hi Dr. Follow up on bleeding, she’s in hospital 4 excessive vaginal bleeding they took a sample frm womb 2 test 4 cancer,but I think she’s bleeding bcoz of the abortion she had in June.she says the dr. said its bcoz of her status. ??she tested 3wks back.
A: I am glad that she is in hospital and that a PAP smear has been done. A PAP smear is when a small scraping of the cervix is taken and sent to the laboratory for testing. The test is to exclude any precancerous or cancerous cells.
As I said, please check if the doctors have done a full blood count test. The statement that she’s bleeding because of her status is vague and could be misleading. So I am not going to comment on it.

Q: Hi,
My girlfriend of six months has been on my case about condom use; she reckons sex is more pleasurable "skin to skin". How true is that?
A: It is all in the mind.
The vaginal canal has minimal sensation and sexual pleasure is derived from direct clitoral stimulation. If the vaginal canal had sensation, then women would die during childbirth.
I would be wary of a sexual partner that makes such statements.

Q: Hi its (vl7000 cd349) now 14 weeks pg. I get really bad headaches every other day which feel like migraines since I started taking nevaripine twice, I feel fine after taking the pills but could it be causing the headaches or is it just pregnancy? Name is Aza
A: Hi Aza, headaches are common in early pregnancy and also when taking ART - antiretroviral therapy.
Hang in there and remember that you may only take 2 Panado 3 times a day for your headaches. Nothing else because you are pregnant.
A: Firstly, I always encourage couples to test together. You will both be counselled properly so that even if one tests positive and the other tests negative, it is understood that one negative test does not mean that you're HIV-negative.

Secondly, you cannot afford to be scared, depressed, in a rush, or secretive about testing. That doesn't make sense to me. The reason we encourage people to test is so that they can seek medical care and make all the necessary lifestyle changes. Knowing your status can only be a GOOD thing.

The standard test that we offer at healthcare facilities takes 20 minutes to show a result. This is the rapid ELISA test. In the public sector, two positive rapid ELISA tests = HIV positive. In the private sector, one positive rapid ELISA test and one positive laboratory ELISA test = HIV positive.

The PCR - Polymerase Chain Reaction - test is reserved for use in babies under 18 months of age.

All good medical doctors will follow the standard HIV testing algorithm as above. So if your ELISA tests are negative, then you will have to wait 6 weeks and repeat the test.

Q: Hi Dr. Sindi is excessive viginal bleeding a symptom of being HIV+? how about bleeng of gums have anything to do with being HIV+?
A: No.

You need to go to a healthcare facility and have a test that we call a full blood count - FBC - done. You also need a proper examination by a doctor or a nurse, so that the cause of your bleeding can be found.

Q: Hi Dr. Sindi I see u talking abt condoms on question of oral sex. So it is nt safe if my BF perfoms oral sex on me, he is negative & I'm +ve.
A: The risk of transmitting or acquiring HIV via oral sex is quite low. The risk is increased if either partner has a sexually transmitted infection. STIs cause open lesions in the genital area. The risk is also increased if either partner has open sores in their mouth or bleeding gums.

So if you and your partner don't have any of the above, then he can perform oral sex on you.

Q: I'm a health professional recently diagnosed with hiv.I am not coping with this situation at all
A: It is not always easy to accept the situation. You need to go for proper post-test counselling.

Please email me: sindivanzyl@gmail.com so that I can refer you to a professional and confidential service.

Q: Is it safe to have oral sex wit ur +ve partner? How do u disclose to ur new partner??
A: Yes it is. I recommend that you use flavoured condoms.

Disclosure is not always easy. But it needs to be done. Broach the subject of HIV in general discussion and gauge the reaction. That will guide how and when you disclose. The important thing is to always practise safe sex. That's non-negotiable.

Q: Hi, Dr. had yeast infection for 9months. Dr's prescribe the same things but only the rash & itching went away, the discharge & the odour r horrible. I'm worried it myt damage other organs..
A: It sounds like you have a classic case of bacterial vaginosis. It is a very common vaginal infection in women - whether they are sexually active or not.

You are going to need antibiotics - what we call syndromic management to clear the infection. Once the infection is cleared, I would also like you to do a PAP smear as a routine check.

You obviously have to change doctors and be seen somewhere else. I suggest you go to your nearest public sector clinic. The nurses are very good with the management of vaginal discharge. Let me know how it goes.
Q: Hi Dr Sindi, I heard that ARVs will no longer be taken from CD4 < 350 but back to < 200. Is it true?
A: That is not true.
The Deputy President made an announcement and memos were issued by the National Department of Health.
The threshold for accessing ART in South Africa for adults is CD4 < 350.

Q: Hi Dr Sindi. What is stage 4? Is it reversible?
A: Staging is assessing a patient physically, looking for certain characteristic signs and symptoms and then categorizing the patient. The World Health Organization has a staging protocol for adults and for children. So whenever I examine a patient, their presenting symptoms help me to stage them and take a course of action.
Just to illustrate:
Stage 1 - asymptomatic or swollen lymph nodes
Stage 2 - oral thrush
Stage 3 - TB of the lungs
Stage 4 - Kaposi sarcoma
I've given one example from each stage, but there are many others. Adults are also staged differently from children.
As a person gets better, the stage will improve as their symptoms improve. So yes, stages are reversible.

Q: How do I take care of a 6 year old, who has been ve from birth. she is doing fine with the medication but i need to give her extra care to ensure that she stays healthy. i also want to include african potato and natural aloe juice. please advise
A: The 6-year-old needs to have blood tests done. We need to know her CD4 count and if it is < 350, or she is stage 3 or 4, then she qualifies for ART.
If her CD4 count is > 350, and she is stage 1 or 2, then she will do perfectly well on Multivitamin syrup daily. She doesn't need African potato or aloe juice.
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My definition of HIV is Hope is Victory and you can ask me anything HIV related anonymously on this link:
www.Qooh.me/DoctorSindi

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

Regards,
Dr. Sindisiwe van Zyl
There’s a thin line between arrogance and confidence. 
You have to hear this. 
It is not a boastful sound of my blowing my own trumpet. 
I have something profound to say. 
Something that a child born of a drug-addicted prostitute mother in the slums of Mumbai, India, will relate to.

I am not selling it in a DVD or a book, like it is in churches. 
It is free. 
I Like What I Write 
And you need to hear it.

I am not exalting myself. 
I just carry a message. 
A message that even a Zimbabwean that walked 3000km and crossed crocodile infested Limpopo river on an empty stomach just to be an economic slave in Johannesburg and be called a Kwerekwere will appreciate.

Forget about me. 
Just listen to my words. 
Words that send ripple effect around the world and are worthy of a trillion comments and 8 billion ‘likes’ 
Every soul needs to hear this. 
It will not be televised. 
These are the words that each single mother that was tricked into conceiving with the promise of marriage only for the guy to flee his responsibilities will find relevant.

I have something to say and you need to hear it. 
It drove me to start this group and run this website. 
It is burdens me to see the masses blind to the workings of the system 
Ignorant to the mark of the beast, 666. 
You probably unknowingly bow to it, worship it.

I share my knowledge at no cost 
For the sake of that child born in Haiti, today, with its mother not knowing what she will feed it as her breasts have run out of milk due to malnutrition.

I have a story to tell. 
Not because I am smart. 
But because this story brings life to those who hear it. 
A story that will bring a smile to the face of that child that’s begging for bread because his parents died of AIDS and no relative is willing to raise because he was left no financial inheritance.

Deception shall prevail no more. 
Eyes will be opened. 
You need to hear this 
It is not a story wherein a knight in shining armour rescues the princess and they both ride to the sunset where they live happily ever after. 
This is a new story. 
A real story.

I will not keep quiet. 
Not because I like the sound of my own voice. 
But because I am a social commentator. 
I refuse to shut up. 
For the sake of that little girl that did not start school this year because her body was chopped so her parts could be used in muti. 
RIP Masego Kgomo.

These are healing words. 
Not that I have special powers. 
But because these words have a purpose to serve. 
A purpose to bring comfort to that 4 and half month pregnant girl whose boyfriend is pestering to have an abortion while he gallivant with strange women to please his unquenchable lust for forbidden fruit.

These words you need to hear. 
I am talking to you. 
Where you are is where you should be. 
It is not by default. 
You could have been born into sex slavery in the cockroach-infested slumflats of Cambodia. 
But you are here. 
You are you 
You needed to hear that.
Revenge Tastes Sweet When Served Cold

Mandiwe Shorty Ndalo

A taste of bitterness tastes sweeter when it's served cold
as cold as one's braveness becomes a statement of anger
Anger towards the glory this love gave you with memories
Memories of great defeat to the bondage you've kept strong close to your heart
And yet in the process you got hurt
Bitterness served cold brings tears to my eyes
To know at this point am willing to put you through this pain
That I now feel joyous rewards flooding through me forgetting that
Thy love still flows through me like a river that never runs dry
Thus with countless mountains I have tried to deny thy love
To mount himself in my veins as I learn to know what love is
My soul then cries out to a past last seen when your arms were rapped around me
Rapped to make me sense the very weary heart
that thought me how to love

Love with the hope to not feeling love such as this again
For my hand to never long another touch such as thine
Or feel your lovely warm embrace which always follows with a passionate kiss
Oh such love is the kind that you can't afford to loose
But they greed made that possible to my eyes to see
For my loving heart to meet the very doom I have dread to obtain...
Heart ache why has thine found me when my life is filled with bliss
Blissful enough to make me catch my last breath
Every moment when I catch a glimpse of your loving face
Oh peaceful fate why escape me in a time when I thought I had it all
As that moment approached, Lord knows I turned into a being that anger pain and

Anguish consumed my very existence
To conform me to bitter animosity
Brought by my passionate rage

Of not feeling you close to me
Of not knowing when will that day be
When you can finally say my name
With great tenderness as that flame

Of emotions gives way to the feeling at hand
A feeling of knowing that this time is love
That finally that moment of truth as arrived
But your actions say other wise

Thus my rationality at that point became
A thing of the past as I made my thoughts known that too can play the game
Of you and I playing out who gets hurt first

Oh Hell! Bitterness taste bitter sweet when you know
You still want that person back in a heart beat
But pride and heart ache keeps pushing you back
Back to a place where sadness seem to be a constant reminder
That his love will no longer abide in my heart for eternity
It was on a fateful day when the African sky wore a veil.

The once beautiful moon went pale.
The stars that embraced us at night had turned their face.
Mother Earth went numb with pain

For the children she bore returned to early from whence they came.

It was on this day I saw society crumbling

Then I held the cold hand of Nkosi Johnson’s spirit
And took a trip around the earth.
I showed him what had happened to humanity.

How they fell one by one, millions and millions to HIV.

Those who are still breathing are just statistics

More numbers for government to stock up on ARVs
And increasing pharmaceutical profit margins.
I told this ghost of how casual sex was the in thing
Intercourse after one date required no protecting

How we hang our rationality and discard common sense for a cheap thrill

How men are dogs and women are bitches
How a measure of a man is how long he can maintain an erection
And the measure of a woman is much she can swallow
Like a rock I stood by you,
I loved you to death,
held you in my arms
to ease your pain
as the world seemed not to
be a best place for you,

I believed in you
when no One else did,
would make stupid jokes
just to cheer you up
when sadness coiled around you like a
poisonous snake,
at my lowest I still gave
you my all,
yet your cold heart
walked away from me...

left me confused and shutered,
when you left it feld like a bad dream,
I kept on hoping someone
would wake me up,
I cried!

I kept telling myself
you were just playing a silly joke on me,
that you would Turn back
and smile at me,
that you would hold me
in your arms and tell me
"its gonna be ok!"
but days went by...

I cried,
nights got cold,
I would spent my days
looking out the window,
hoping you would walk back,
I cried!

I lived my life by the window,
I prayed you would come back, come back
to me,
days went by,
then suddenly it hit me,
you are not coming back,
so then you walk back,
why?
why now!

Fuck! you...
you made me cry!

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
blank email to
designerscripts@ilikewhatiwrite.co.za
Stay Black Darkie

Soul Child

Stay black, darkie

Soil-red, soil brown children you were born

Kings and Queens

Pearls of wisdom bestowed upon your Afrikan throne

As ammunition to confront constructed elements suffocating you identity

Your blackness resonates the strength and might of your Africanness

Heredity laced your individuality in blackness

A conglomeration of identities blends in one African

Resources and forces joined hands to whitewash servitude and subjugation

Restoring freedom and dignity to your blackness

Keep in mind Darkie, the reign of the black throne is yours

When the supremacy of your skin is revealed

Frightened by the beauty and authority of your skin

The self appointed defined you in derogatory terms,

United forces to force you to abandon yourself

Berated at you to disown your blackness

You embraced foreign elements culminating to your demise

They caused you to despise the beauty of your black garment

You tip-toed around your blackness

Embarrassing the only one who made you black

Remember Darkie, freedom lies in your blackness
Who Told YOU Skinny Ain’t Pretty?
Lebohang Mpholo

Tip toes out of a bath with nothing on but just water still dripping down her back, a glass of orange juice cold and sweet down her throat dripping on to her sexy petite breast, hips move to the sound of something pleasing to the ear and heart,
One leg on the couch, lotion on, skinny S.B jeans rocks on, taken still by the breath taking sound of his deep, soul filled lyrics... a sexy size 6 top on that reveals her back and leaves her smiling at the sight of natural perfection, heels on, lipgloss on, she walk out..... out to rock the world, hips tiny, stomach flet, with long legs she walk on, like an African princess she gracefully takes her every step, hair down her back, he smiles at her, she smiles back and walks on feeling good in her tiny little ass...

Right to Remain Silent
Relex

Some believe silence to be...unsociable
Questioning on how one can enjoy something so evasive
Well, I've always Rele found it to embody the very pinnacle of intimacy
It allows one's own thoughts to abound & to contemplate life's important things
It teases & provokes but never assumes at times could easily drive you mad while on the other hand lifts you above your sorrows
I've made silence a preference simply because it is so quiet yet so loud for in it you speak what cannot be heard & it of cause seethes with reason & intent
Um talkin’ bout the pure unadulterated kind that comes so very rarely but is all the better for it
The kind that makes every thought seem ten times clearer & yet somehow less corporeal
The kind that's enveloping like a comfortable blanket & nurturing like an old friend
Not the feigned pseudo-silence that so often pervades our lives
Next to God's soothing & assuring voice silence is definitely a most beautiful sound Shhh...
Fear poetry in the hands of commissioned court composers.

As the Scribes did to Jesus
They use their poetrylike witchcraft
To spread verses that oppose us,
We Poets who are true to the craft.

Composers of a long lullaby
For young minds to kiss consciousness goodbye
So that to their minds true poetry don't get by
Only the cacophonic sounds so high
It shuts out the euphonic sounds of true poetry
That flows like leaves of an African tree
Whose rattle sounds sets us free
From going on sleeping spree.

Never will they wake from their slumber
For a court composer in a form of a Deejay
Was told to play everyday
A specific same number
Come what may
In so many times no one can number,
So they can be dumber and number.
‘Hey Deejay give us more,
Not poetry but inebriety.
I'm done living with piety;
Against my sobriety
I want to wage a war
So I can be at peace with being a whore
Through your beat I always win this war.
Deejay just give us more.’

Wage a war against sobriety
To be at peace with inebriety?!

They take us for morons
when they use paradoxes
And oxymorons
To keep our minds in small boxes.
While the Deejay was spinning the discs, turning the tables and waging war
Between immature vaginas and busty dicks
Our noses were buried deep
Not in crack and cocaine we're no crack heads
But in crates of books cracking our heads
Sucking our elders’ craftsman advices
Arming ourselves with poetic devices
Learning how to use apostrophes
And how to apply litotes's philosophies:
‘The container for the contained
And the contained for the container’,
So we think not outside the box
For to a conscious soul the box doesn't even exist.

Paul the Apostle to whom the Mosaic Law was too prosaic said,
‘In the last days they shall shun the truth;
They shall gather false prophets,
He meant False Poets,
Composers of repetitive onomatopoeias and jiggy jingles
Just to have their ears tingly.

Metaphorically and metaphysically
They conceive conceits of deceit.
With their memorised mixed metaphors
They mesmerise weak minds of meek mankind
Whose meekness made them not to inherit the earth,
But to forfeit their mirth.

By their fruits the Pharisees’ filth was to be fathomed.
By their rhymes of no reason
Other than to commit crimes of treason
In the land of poetry
You’ll know their bigotry.
Keep an educated eye on their metaphors They are but conceits of deceit.

Helen Gardner said,
'A conceit is a comparison whose ingenuity
Is more striking than its justness;
A comparison becomes a conceit
When we are made to concede likeness
While being strongly conscious of unlikeness'
I smell a rat in this.
Actually, I smell a cat.
Yes. I smell a fat cat.
A fat cat who pays the salary of these cats
Who through disambiguation are Extravagantly
gallivanting forward to aggravate the might and vigour of their anthropologically vagabonding souls.

With my educated eye
I caught them with their pants down
Their pens down dancing on rose colored
Writing pads
That are but viganal bloodstained pads
Ejaculating ink that stinks
Inks that stink a stench of stale similes
Stashed in steel boxes kept down in the basement
Of a tempered-with history
Of their baseless debasement that made similes absolutely obsolete,
For nothing compares anymore.

Kept in their upper rooms are extended metaphors,
personifications and epic similes
With which they personify shit
so shit can wear what you and I wear.
They dress up their verbs and adjectives in elaborate costumes
and punctuate the air around them with fumes and perfumes
Meant to make us tolerate
the smell of the personified shit.
With epic similes in their tongues they Utter long, meaningless, seamless, soulless speeches
With which the clowns will later leave their audiences in stitches.

Court composers who oppose us!
In my mind I see myself giving them twenty stitches.
Twenty stitches so there'll be no stitch in time to save nine lives of the fat cats.

A stitch in time saves nine???

Metaphors confuse me sometimes.
So I pray not to forget that
Poetry in the hands of court composers is meant to confuse our souls.
Beyond a Woman's Anger

Lebohang Mpholo

There is forgiveness beyond that overwhelming river of tears, beyond the thundering soul tearing words there is peace, in a heart blood stained love flows eternally...

with shaky hands and a pale face she overlooks your faults and digs for a reason to forgive! beyond a woman's anger there's hope, with trembling hands she she puts together the broken parts, eyes burning with anger, eyes blinded by tears she would hold you closer to her heart of love!

when all is done and said love shall lead the way...
I don't give a fuck, U know why?!! Because I can't...
Because even if I wanted to my spine couldn't hold the weight of another man...
Spineless as they've come lending my back for their troubles...
Selling me dreams that only exist in the evanescence of a champagne bubble...
Sweet talking me with chocolate coated drops of pure bullshit, like they don't know that I've tried to escape my misery by eating away at chocolate bar...
Shit...
So I don't give a fuck...
I don't give a fuck I just don't give a fuck, I don't give a fuck cause a fuck's seldom given back, put my dreams on a shelf so he could occupy my rack and role in the sack, packed out of paradise just to move into a shack?!!
Fuck it, I'm too grown for that...
I don't give a fuck cause I've moved past the point of moving my lips so you can have Ur way, no strings attached yet I'm hung up like a puppet on stage...
I can't get on my feet when all I'm ever doing is getting laid so no...
No, I don't give a fuck. Not how I used to when fucking U was a medium to communicate my love adoration and care...
When gazes were cast by love and my eyes would just stare...
I don't give a fuck, but I love U anyway. And if I could I would bottle a quarter of a fuck for U just so U could remember what its like to have it be yours, and U can simply visualize the music I'd made whenever U’d strum my chords...
God damn...
U used to have it all...
U used to have all of it, U used to have it all.
The Middle Finger
Felicia Mkhize

Raise it up
To the bitch that ran and bought the same dress as yours and wore it to work the next day

Up yours
Raise it up
To the white bitch that gives you a crocodile smile and clings tightly to her handbag

In his face
Raise it up
To the motherfucker that steals the parking spot you have been stalking

What they gon’ do
Raise it up
To the bitch that steals your trolley when out shopping

Kaboom!
Raise it up
To the motherfucker that cuts you in traffic

Vent it out
Raise it up
To the bitch in front of you pushing two trolleys yet paying with stamps and her credit card keeps rejecting

Scream
Raise it up
To that model-looking beauty that keeps checking your man out

Say it loud
Fuck You!
Raise it Up
The middle finger
I was trapped in my own kitchen
I stood in the passage, dazzled
For a second I couldn't think
Was hypnotised by those eyes

Beautiful rounded charcoal eyes
Gentleness and tenderness seeping through
Then it struck me
You were trapped

Our difference in size glared at me
Your tiny body made me feel like a giant
I saw your fear as mine disappeared
I grabbed a tin, threw it at you

Not sure what I meant to accomplish
You scurried to the sink trying to climb onto the curtain
Squeaky sounds emitting from your direction
I panicked could see you looking for a way out
Sensibly opening the window, you found your way out
For once I was thankful you got away

Still need to have my sanity checked though
I used to believe that Archbishop was a God servant,
Via him God was speakin,
Untill I reached the point of reason,
and that rubbish is now in the past season.

That's why I tell them about 2nd comin of Christ and get paid.
With biblical scriptures I cut through their emotions like a blade.
As of yet, people need someone to believe in,

For the truth still hides behind their red/white robes
Even guns and stones,
Can't raise the awareness,
all they do is hide behind Devil excuse.

As much as you agree to disagree with my opinions,
I have every right to complain about the Government that I didn't vote for
So I stand tall brainwashing my Kids,
telling them "when they march, stay home kids....don't let them delude you again"
it will be a pain to me watchin you weepin again

Love and Death

What time the mighty moon was gathering light
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about she roll'd her lustrous eyes;
When, turning round a cassia, full In view Death, walking all alone beneath a yew, And talking to herself, first met her sight:
'You must be gone, ' said Death, ' these walks are mine.'
Love wept and spread her sheeny vans for flight;
Yet ere she parted said, 'This hour Is thine: Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree Stands In the sun and shadows all beneath,
So In the light of great eternity Life eminent creates the shade of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall, But I shall reign for ever over all.
Selling Hearts for Souls

Mok3listic

An immortal sadness, an eternal loneliness
Pretentious happiness and painted smiles
A life forcefully lived
And a journey made up of mosaic tiles

A penny for your thoughts
And 2 more Rands for your heart
You’re my rose without thorns
Yet still I suffer at your touch

Manipulate me with your charms
Promise to come back to my arms
And yet another lie it had to stay

I’d rather be your fool then a fool to loneliness
Even if it means dancing to a rhythm less tune
Stupid I remain for your controlling ways
Funny how scent lingers with me right through noon

Shouting a Silent Lie

Matthews Tebakang

When you have something to say and you don’t,
When you think of something worth doing and you don’t,
When you have a vision but don’t let others see it,
And when you withhold any good from those who deserve it,
You are shouting a silent lie.

When you see a gap and you don’t fill it,
When you see a need and you don’t meet it,
When you hate corruption but yet eat its fruit,
When you condemn immorality but yet enjoy its benefit,
All these mean you are shouting a silent lie.

Remember silence gives a voiceless support.
The voice of a problem which is kept in silence is called exaggeration. So, let us all stop shouting a silent lie.
Q: I'm born on the 16 Oct and I live with a guy whose birth date is Jan 10, but I am in love with a guy whose born date is 03 June. Which one will I be spending the rest of my life with? Is there a future with the man I am living with?

A: As a Libra female, you're loving, caring and forever willing to adapt and adjust in relationships. This trait gives your relationships a definite strength. Libras are represented by a scale, you are constantly seeking balance in your life, as a result you become indecisive.

Your current partner is a Capricorn. This combination is uneasy. Capricorn men are grounded, stubborn and primitive. They are highly dependable, and self disciplined. They may appear aloof and detached but deep inside they are warm, loving and protective of their loved ones. They provide stability in a relationship. But your needs are dissimilar, maintaining a relationship requires a lot of effort on both sides.

A Gemini man (3rd of June), is fun to be around. Flirty and intelligent. They have vast interests that may result in unfinished projects. In relationships, their approach is casual. This may cause problems for a Libra female as the relationship takes time to advance from the superficial stage to form a deeper connection. This is an almost perfect match. Libras and Geminis signs share the same element: Air. There will be natural attraction. You will flirt and enjoy social gatherings. But a Gemini may fail to provide the intimacy you long for.

You may want to try this relationship audit:
What's missing in your connection with yourself and current partner?
Are you giving your best to your partner?
What steps can you take to improve your relationship?
List the pros and cons of your relationship

I hope the audit will provide you with the much needed insight. And assist you in taking a decision that will make you happy. Wishing you the best of luck!

Q: My love interest is a cusp sign (Leo and Virgo) and I'm a Gemini. What's our compatibility? Could this relationship work and last?

A: This is an interesting combination.

Sun signs are general, your venus and mars placements can determine the longevity of the relationship!

Q: I'm a Gemini engaged to a Sagittarian man. Are we going to make it for the long haul?

A: Congratulations on your Engagement!

Its a yes! Geminis and Sagittarians are compatible. Its an almost perfect match, your temperaments are similar. You're both passionate beings with a short attention span. Be sure to divert this energy into your relationship and everything should be ok.

Wishing you a happy marriage!
Q: Female: 1981/Feb/03, male:1979/March/01 will it work out?

A: The Female is an Aquarius and The Male is a Pisces. Air and Water. With this combination, both of You will struggle and may need to make compromises to stabilize the relationship. You have different needs and desires.

Please note that a whole birth needs to be calculated for an in depth analysis.

A: I'm getting to know this man whose a cancer 15 Aug I'm a taurus what is our compatibility like?!!

Hi Anonymous

Your Man is not a cancer but a Leo judging by the date you've given me.

Leo is a fire sign and a Taurus is an earth sign. Your temperaments are dissimilar. Earth puts out fire, this combination requires effort in order to work.

Keep in mind that both his and your natal charts have to be considered.

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

Dreamt of Us
Designer Scripts

I dreamt of you and I on a cruise to Jamaica. Sandals and Capri pants sipping on drinks with umbrellas. Marimba band playing soft Reggae music in the background, we were in a territory away from modern day slavery. No alarms to answer to, we were doing to life what it was meant for. Living.

I dreamt of you and I on a cruise to Jamaica. Dancing without caring who is watching. Living boundless, in an open sea with neither politics nor religion. Last night, I had a dream about you and I. We were together and nothing else mattered. All the single women parading around the pool were invisible before my eyes. All I cared for was a smile on your face and the feel of your lips touching mine.

Last night, I had a dream about you and I. We literally sailed towards the sunset. Hand in hand we savoured the moment as the sun painted its yellow and orange rays against the pale gray sky. We gazed towards the horizon as the sun went to rest at a place where the sky meets waters.

Last night, I had a dream about you and I. We knew ours was not the Titan-ic for our ship was to sail through many tempests and survive them all. No iceberg was to sink our ship.

I dreamt of you and I on a cruise to Jamaica and back.

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Did Bess Roux Buy Mogale Family’s Forgiveness?

Akanyang Merementsi

Since news broke that Blue Bulls rugby player Bees Roux will no longer serve his jail time for killing a 38-year-old Tshwane Metro police officer, Ntshimane Johannes Mogale, but will only have to pay the deceased’s family about R750 000 in compensation – I got worried. Literally.

I really got worried and wondered whether Roux deliberately agreed to paying Mogale’s family the said amount of money because:

He is white (excuse my racist tendencies), or

He has got so much money to thrown around even if it means agreeing to having killed someone and then getting away murder, or

Like in many other similar criminal matters, the police have abused the “plea bargaining agreement” regulation to getting him to (partly) confess to what had happened that night, or

Indeed what our entire justice system did this week is working against the poor.

And if I am going to be accused of or seen as being racist for calling Roux white, then so be it. I mean, there are many people who say worse things when they are drunk [some Darren something] or even when they are sober [some Malema-types].

In August 27 last year, according to claims appearing on http://www.beesroux.co.za/ and last accessed on 11 September 2011, Roux apparently “became part of the South African statistics accounting for individuals, like you and me, who have fallen prey in various incidents to law despising legal servants”. The web site claimed that Roux’s “enjoyable evening degenerated into a nightmare when corrupt activities once again claimed a new victim in Bees – activities which still remain unmasked and have yet to be placed at the door of the true offenders for reckoning”. Shockingly, the web site failed to state whether or not Roux was drunk as has been alleged at the time of the incident but was quick to come to his “I’m innocent” defence which does not really help the issue at all nor does it take away the fact that he killed a human being: a father, husband, brother, uncle, family man, something some people don’t consider that much important, I think.

The writer (or whoever wrote that nonsense) should probably have written that Roux’s “drunkard and enjoyable evening degenerated into a nightmare when he, God knows what the hell he was thinking at that time he decided to drive home despite having taken more than one beer and acted the way he did when he was stopped by the cops”. That would probably have been better, I think. It would appear to me that whoever wrote this on the web site was blaming Mogale, the cop who allegedly got into a
fight with Roux. This is because the writer of his claim states clearly that what had happened that night was as a result of some kind of “corrupt activities” by Mogale which, as we now know, had remained “unmasked” until Friday, 9 September 2011. Frankly, it is not clear, to me at least, what the writer of this claim means that: “The media communicate these occurrences to us on a daily basis, however, the flood of corruption progresses unabated”.

Is the writer implying that Mogale was one of the corrupt cops who have asked motorists and drivers to give him some kind of money after he had caught them (motorists) having broken the laws of the road? And can the same writer say with great certainty that indeed Mogale, given the tone of the message of the web site, acted in an inappropriate manner (corruptly I mean) towards Roux? On the same breath, can the writer prove this “corrupt activities” as having been committed by Mogale at the time of his being killed by Roux?

And the fact that the writer of the web site appealed to members of the public (probably Roux’s ruby fans, and mostly white) for donations to Roux’s “astronomical legal fees” to prove his “innocence [in Court as he somehow managed to last week] by setting alleged distorted facts into perspective amount to hundreds of thousands” is quite suspicious, for me at least. But anyway there’s nothing wrong in making such an appeal. Is there? And I personally suspect that the surplus which was apparently going to be “donated to charity organisations” – as claimed by the web site – is the same surplus used by Roux (and with whoever he’s in this) as a form of compensation to Mogale’s family.

According to Sunday Independent newspaper Roux had admitted to repeatedly hitting Mogale on the head with his elbow and then punching and throwing him to the ground in August last year. This after Mogale had pulled him off the road somewhere in Pretoria for suspected drunk driving in the early hours of the morning. Roux, according to the report, also admitted to having had a few drinks at a nearby restaurant, and said the deceased did not arrest him but [Mogale] took a bottle of whisky out of the his car and gave it to two of his colleagues in their car. Mogale then got into the driver’s seat of Roux’s car and aggressively demanded the PIN number of his bank card before driving with him to an unknown destination. According to Roux it was clear to him that Mogale was about to conduct a criminal act. He decided to attack Mogale because he feared for his life, so Roux tells us. Personally, I do not believe his part.

I guess that’s a strategy any other person would have used merely because there were no witnesses in the car to attest to or deny these claims that indeed Mogale had asked for Roux’s bank card and the pin code. And funny that it was only after killing Mogale (probably the few drinks he had before that accident had something to do with his uncontrolled behaviour?) that Roux realised that he “should have stopped any further assault on the deceased when he landed on the road outside the car”. Well, I guess he did not stop as he would have liked to because he was “in a state of agitation and turmoil as a result of the incident, the likes of which I’d never experienced before”. Whatever Roux.

That Roux would just moer and donner the poor Mogale in self-defence which he admits “exceeded the boundaries of private defence and”, claiming he “had no intention to murder the deceased, assaulted him” – he however, continued to “negligently” fail to “foresee my actions might cause his death” which they did. And for that you get to pay the deceased’s family R750 000 once-off? That he had no prior history of violence and that he was some kind of a “gentle giant” should not have had any bearing on his sentencing, I think. This is because not only were his actions murderous, dangerous and evil but that they were done with the intention – negligently or not – to cause bodily harm and kill a human being. I am not sure whether or not
attorney Rudi Krause's comments that “forgiveness was asked for and given” during a long and emotional meeting with Mogale’s family meant the monetary forgiveness of a once-off payment of R750 000.

Like Roux’s spokesperson James Adams said, I too, do not believe the attack had anything to do with racism but I suspect the get-away compensation to the family has everything to do with racism. The family spokesman Richard Taukgobong apparently said the family was satisfied that the plea bargain agreement had resulted in justice for all although money would never bring his brother back. What “justice for all” Richard? Are you nuts? Or Richards means that a family breadwinner’s life has been taken away “negligently” as admitted by the perpetrator and paid for by monetary “forgiveness” that was asked for and given”? Oh please Richard .... And that the family accepted Roux’s “version of the events that night” yet denying that Mogale had been corrupt is beyond me.

I agree with one Facebooker who said that: “The rule [of compensation] remains an insult for the value we say we add to human life”. Another columnist said that: “we have become so complacent that there are people involved in serious machination of what happens... We ought to be marching somewhere to demonstrate our disgust at the decision. This is how the [Rupert] Murdoch’s family was brought down”. Another Facebooker who somewhat seemed to have thought the compensation was good said that: “Let’s say the guy goes and sits in jail for murder and given 15 years. We would have him qualify for parole after 5 years depending on his behaviour. At the same time the victims [being the kids and wife] would be suffering and struggling to make ends meet. Bad as it may sound, the money gives them [Mogale’s family] an opportunity to study and have a strong chance of making something of their lives depending on how the elders manage the funds going forward”. Aren’t we settling for less if that’s what we would accept of or from our criminals? Is a black man’s life that cheap for just about R750 000 once-off?

Others, on the other hand, said on Facebook that the family should have pursued the case via a civil claim as that way it would have gotten more money than they now have received or will receive from Roux. But that would not bring the poor Mogale back mos? Nor would that compensation from Roux bring the poor man back to life.

Assuming the first two reasons given above on why Roux was made to make that payment to Mogale’s family do not stand – I would therefore gladly appreciate if the last two reasons are closely looked into as I suspect they played a major role in this sorry-saga. So if it is not that the cops are not failing us as a society with its “plea bargaining agreement” with criminals, this could mean that the same justice system is failing the very same community it is meant to protect from criminals like Roux. Or could it be that my take on this case is as exactly explained by Gill Moodie that: “because this is South Africa it will become charged with racial sensitivities: the police officer was black while Roux is the quintessential rugby -playing Afrikaner: a 120kg giant from the far-flung Northern Cape”. But whatever it is, I think Roux bought his forgiveness and that’s not how it works.

That Vusumuzi Ntloko had helped himself to Roux’s credit card after he picked it up at the scene of R8 000 probably served him well although that, too, comes with jail term price. And I wonder, too, if Roux will be able to forgive Ntloko – and probably further compensate him too – for blowing his credit card amper to the limit?

I mean the guy’s got money to buy his murdereress out. Doesn’t he?
If we as a country would be able to establish a Chinese sweat shop that manufactures blacks, who would be able gain a wealth status from that? Would it be the ANC and government or the Chinese?

More than 50 decades ago, around 1910, whites formed what we now call South Africa. South Africa would then be an organizational structure that would administer all that dwells with in it in accordance and rule of the minority.

With the minority status in mind whites knew that in order for them to have their right of way the majority had to be excluded from the administration of South Africa.

So they classified everyone and made sure that non-whites would not be able to take part in all democratic processes in the land.

Today in the Republic of South Africa you have the system reversed. The ANC now needs everyone to be non-white, black, so that they can benefit from all the support that they need. In the ANC’s abuse of power quest the ANC now needs everyone, coloured/Indian/Chinese, to be black. If they can have all ethnic groups classified as blacks, then more votes and support they are likely to get.

Imagine the Psychological effect it would leave on Indians if they would not be classified as blacks, chances are indeed that they would distort away from the ANC. The same fate can be experienced when it comes to coloured’s that are also known as black.

During the Apartheid years Indians and coloured were seen as second, glorified assistants, to those in control of the administration, whites.

Today in the Republic of South Africa Indians and coloured are seen as second to those in control of the administration, blacks.

For the mere fact that these two ethnic groups, Indians and coloured, are playing a similar role during both era’s of rule, black and white rule, one should logically detect that there’s something wrong.

How can these two groups be in a similar position while we know that post and pre 1994 were two very big contradictions. It’s not just the ANC that benefits from the classification or votes, the Indians and coloured are benefiting extensively as well through our many policies, BEE/Affirmative action/employment equity.

During white rule, whites were the dictators and judicators of who can be South African. Indians were denied the liberty to be official citizens of this country until one Gandhi tabled a brilliant plan; that of Indians to assist whites in their program to gain control of blacks and their lands during the wars in Natal.

The globally great Gandhi’s plan was that the Indians would be the ones who would take care of the injured and starving white soldiers and generals while at war in the BUNDUS against the Zulus. So not only did whites have the “de luxe” of armor, they now had first aid as well, topped off with spiced nutritional care.

Whites could not resist this presentation, generous offer, from Gandhi and negotiations were concluded with Indians being finally granted South African citizenship at the cost of the many blacks, Zulus, who fell in the bush at the hands of the white bullet.

Coloured played a similar role. Whereas the Indians assisted at war, coloured’s did so at the workplace. Martin Luther King’s “house niggers” were represented by coloured’s here in South Africa where the coloured would watch and report every black persons wrong move, being at liberty to give out instructions for the white man, get all the left over’s and old clothes.

Today the coloured is still playing the role of the “house nigger”. In Cape Town every senior position is either in the white or coloured’s position, you as the black still come far behind the colored. If it’s not the colored then it will certainly be the Indian that will be recommended ahead of the black.

We should do away with the current abuse and treachery of ethnic classifications. With all this history and present events we as blacks should now be clear on our position: that there can only be one black, and that’s black. None in-between, similar or close to. If it’s not black then it will be labeled Indian, Coloured, or White.
How important was Julius Malema in SA politics? Was he really a champion of the poor? Has he done anything for the youth of SA?

Allow me to argue a different point about Julius Malema. While Malema himself was enjoying bling at the expense of the poor, no one can argue that he alone brought important matters to fore. None of the leaders are/were willing to talk about poverty, economic freedom, nationalisation and the like in public. He is the only person of influence who has dared to do so, and in so doing has touched a nerve of capital, hence his suspension today. When he started speaking about poverty, nationalisation in our life time and the land question; white capital got unsettled and it did all in its power to ensure he is dealt with. Remember where his troubles started? It only after he started speaking about these things that plans were put in place to oust him. What is most shameful in my view is the position taken by the ANC, for he was advancing an important mandate; in my view. In his absence, who do you think will champion these things? He was so important in the eyes of white capital that anything he said they took it literally. Today nationalisation on the agenda because of him. Now if that is not important, then I don’t know what is. Without Malema, please tell me who or how you are going to deal with these things because the ANC has so far shown it is not willing to engage or address them.

If memory serves me well, his troubles started when: he fired a white journalist from ANCYL media briefing, raised nationalisation, said land should be taken from whites without compensation, said he supports Mugabe, said Botswana was undemocratic, said Thabo Mbeki was the best leader the ANC has produced, said the African agenda died when Thabo Mbeki left office and refused to apologise for these statements! Pardon my ignorance, but no one in SA politics has dared talk about these things publicly except Julius Malema. Today there is a commission looking into nationalisation, business is drafting an alternative policy to nationalisation, farmers today want to discuss land because they are afraid of what he proposed, the media was not happy because he said what he felt and thought without regard to public image, etc etc. I need someone to please tell me that Malema was not important to SA politics? That he was useless? I may not like his tactics, heck I don't like him, but you can't take away the truth.
that he has changed the face of SA politics for good. Let’s be 
objective please in our pronouncements. As 
things stand, I dare say 
Julius Malema is more of a leader than Jacob 
Zuma. Anyone who 
disagrees let’s debate this matter, but let’s 
please do so based on 
fact and not myth. 
So a quick analysis of his fate points to a young 
man challenging a 
system, a system which has been fully 
embraced by the crop of 
leadership that are at the helm of South Africa. 
His challenges and 
daring remarks brought to light how brutal a 
system of capital is, and 
how intolerable it is to dissent. 
The tragedy out of all this is the ANC. For it 
has failed to show 
leadership when it mattered. The ANC has 
always claimed to be champion 
of the poor, but as matters have panned out, are 
you still convinced 
that the ANC acts in the interests of all the 
citizens of this 
country? Or is it a case of some are more 
important than others? 

Today I dare say Julius Malema is more of a 
leader than Jacob Zuma 
will ever be. The cat has been let out of the bag, 
South Africa knows 
what Julius Malema is about. Can you say the 
same about president 
Jacob Zuma?

Dance with me; let the inner 
spirits erupt into song and lose 
yourself in the rhythm of the 
beat of my heart. 
Be one with me, grow young 
with me and let the contagious 
smile that decorate your face be 
a permanent feature on your 
face!

Keep your heart warm for from the core thereof 
flows the truth that sustains life as we know it!

It not only pumps blood that keeps flesh alive, 
but when kept warm, that heart is more homely 
to a spirit than any house can accommodate a 
body.

I had hit rock bottom when you laid eyes one me, 
but you saw beyond my current circumstance; in 
me you believed even when I had lost hope in 
myself.

Kept me going, and inspired me to keep awake 
and give it once more push. 
The best thing about having fallen is that from 
there, you can only go up. For you I have fallen 
and up I am getting with your hand firmly in 
mine!

O mong too ka monwana; hara kgarebe tsohle 
tseo ke ileng ka akgela mahlo ho tsona ke wena 
a nkgapileng pelo.

O ntsherehantse wa mphetola tseketsheke, 
kannete ke fahlilwe mahlo ebile ha ke sa bona 
bottle ho ba bang.

Ha ke meharo, ke ipatlela a le mong feela 
mosadi, mme ho wena ke itholetse ena; ngwetsi 
yaa kgolokweng, seilatsatsi sa botle ba tshomong. 
Ke leboha batswadi ho ntlisetsa wena fatsheng 
lena. Kannete o mpho yaka, boikarabelo bo 
honna ho o etsa mosadi ya ikgathile hari basadi 
kaofela!

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His religious name is Jetsun Ngawang Lobzang Yeshe Tensin Gyatso, meaning Holy Lord, Gentle Glory, Eloquent, Compassionate, Learned Defender of the Earth, Ocean of Wisdom.

Born in 6 July 1935 in Qinghai, China, he grew up in a 1000-room palace surrounded by monks and immersely tortured in the studies of Philosophy, Medicine and Metaphysics.

Ran away from his home country, Tibet and seek refuge in neighbouring New Dehli, India in 1950 and has been in exile ever since. A 1989 Nobel Peace Prize winner. He abjures all forms of violence and considers even hunger strikes and economic sanctions illegitimate means of political protest.

His friend, Robert Thurman, a Professor of Indo-Tibetan Studies at Columbia University said, “The Dalai Lama is the first leader of Tibet to become a world leader, even without a political base-just on his moral force."

In his March 10 2009 the Dalai Lama delivered one of the harshest speeches known in history as he said, "The Chinese Communist Party had transformed Tibet into a "hell on earth" and that the Chinese authorities regarded Tibetans as "criminals deserving to be put to death!"

Ladies and gentleman, I present to you a man who's mere mention of his humble name, make a monstrous country like China tremble with fear. He is none other than the Buddhist spiritual leader of Tibet, the 14th Dalai Lama.

So, having introduced this small man with such a big heart without saying anything about nuclear weapons behind his name, what makes him a threat? If I could start from the beginning, I will have to write a whole new book and foolishly duplicate what has been already written in the Dalai Lama's autobiography. To be sweet and short, it all begins in China. From the early 1300s Tibet, which geographically part of China has always enjoyed political autonomy and the Dalai Lamas have always been its spiritual and political leaders. Tibet did try to rise against the Chinese government in 1950 in a futile attempt to be independent but Tibetans were brutally crushed by their formidable opponent. This led to the now Dalai Lama fleeing to India and has been in exile ever since.

China still has its grip on Tibet and it has vowed not to loosen its noozle around Tibet's neck. It's a stalemate, but the struggle continues.

China sees the Dalai Lama as a rebellious separatist who is a threat to their national security. In 19 February 2010 the Dalai Lama met with the President of USA at the White House. The spokesperson for China's Foreign Ministry sent this message to Obama, "We are opposed to foreign leaders meeting the Dalai Lama in any format!" However this fell on deaf ears as the meeting went on anyway. Since then China/USA international relations have soured.

We need to applaude Obama because he never allowed himself to be bullied and intimidate. He stood his ground and did the honourable thing. Can it be possible, that the
South African government, under Jacob Zuma, might have found themselves faced with similar threats? Also given the fact that China is the closest SA's trade partner?

Is it possible that SA bowed down to pressure and decided sacrifice the lamb of God in the altar of economic trade?

Let's take a closer look at the Dalai Lama's visa issue. Was this supposed to be a problem in de first place? Still today, no one has ever had the decency to tell the SA citizens why the Dalai Lama's visa was not issued. According to our Government the visa was not refused, nor was it approved! So what are they implying by their indecision? The government is busy passing the buck, sending enquirers and enquiries from pillar to post. The New Age newspaper and SABC organised a business breakfast in Sandton with Jacob Zuma and one of the questions asked was whether the visa will be granted or not. Jacob Zuma simply said, "How would I know?" Isn't it embarrassing that the Head of State doesn't even have a clue about a matter concerning the person of such calibre as the Dalai Lama. The Minister of Home Affairs Nkosazana Zuma vehemently denied that the issuing of the Dalai Lama's visa is her department's responsibility but laid the blame on the Dept. of International Relations and Co-operation (Dirco).

Dirco said it was about to approve the visa but the Dalai Lama withdrew the request, but they later retracted their statement. Now who's fooling who? Another factor which in my opinion played a role in the visa not being issued is the 10-member ANC delegation that visited China earlier this month to "strengthen ruling party to party ties of Brics (Brazil, Russia, India, China and South Africa) members. Gwede Mantashe and Deputy Minister of Economic Affairs, Enoch Gondongwana are amongst them.

The Dalai Lama's was scheduled for the 6th October. This coincided with the ANC delegation's visit where it is said several trade deals were going to be signed.

Is it possible, that allowing the Dalai Lama access to SA would upset China and affect trade relations?

In conclusion, as a SA citizen one thing is clear that the SA government has a banana spine! Yes, I said it! Its reluctance to issue a visa to the Dalai Lama is a clear indication that China is calling the shots and SA doesn't want to upset this trade giant. Secondly, I feel that Home Affairs should do their job as the visa issue falls within their jurisdiction. The fact that it is the Dalai Lama visiting doesn't make it Dirco's responsibility. The Dalai Lama was only coming to attend his friend's birthday for God's sake. What's so hard about that?

Whilst we as citizens are still recovering from the frustration and the anger, the IFP and COPE are taking the SA government to the Cape High Court to declare the Government non-issuance of the visa unlawful and unconstitutional. The Human Rights Watch has said, "if SA refused the Dalai Lama's visa it would be to please China and would be a denial of its struggle for democracy."

The Minister of Human Settlements Tokyo Sexwale said that "the issue has damaged the country's reputation both at home and abroad." Will these words, and a billion others fall on deaf, arrogant and ignorant ears?

I guess China's Kung-Fu habits die hard, verstaan my china, and yes, in the political field of play SA, as an international politics novice, will always earn themselves a shibobo!
God Exists, but He is a Man-Made Invention

Nyakallo Lephoto

2. God is a Man-Made Invention.

This is usually a debate that would take place between two people with contrasting religious/spiritual views, yet these are both my opinions. I guess that explains the complexity of a human mind!

I have already made an assertion that Man is Spirit. By this I am not saying it is a Universal Truth; I’m just struggling to find credible arguments to the contrary.

An overwhelming majority of mankind believe in the existence of God - or some or other divinity depending on what you choose to call it - but very few can prove beyond any reasonable doubt the existence of that superpower. Belief, in its definition, is the acceptance that something exists, even without proof. My arguments may not be the gospel truth, universal facts or legally acceptable evidence, but I believe it comes very close and I will demonstrate it.

Let me begin by making a distinction between Fact and Truth. Fact is universally accepted phenomenon that can be scientifically proven, while Truth is a generally accepted theory that applies to sectors of society that believe it. The Sun rises in the East and sets in the West, that’s a Fact; it can be scientifically proven and is universally accepted. Immaculate conception, therefore, is Truth since no one can prove without a shadow of doubt that Jesus Christ was born of a virgin mother; but many believe it. Fact is universal while Truth is relative. My arguments below seek to land on fertile ground in the middle of all this assertion.

I can come up with about five arguments to prove God exists, but let’s stick to three for the purpose of this writing.

The first reason I will give to prove God’s existence is that every entity is measured and valued against the finest and purest of
its kind. All Gold is measured and valued against the finest ounce of Gold that exists, so are all diamonds measured and valued against the purest. Mankind is, therefore, judged against the perfect and infallible manifestation of human beings; we call that superhuman being God or the divinity. (For simplicity, I shall refer to the divinity and God interchangeably; I am not suggesting they are synonymous, but for the purpose of this writing let’s ignore semantics).

The second reason I will put forward to prove God’s existence, is that all entities in motion were set in motion by an entity that was in motion itself. Before time and any entity was in motion, there existed one entity that set the first object in motion; that entity itself was in both static and motion state. We call this originator of motion God.

Thirdly, creation is all we need to prove the creator’s existence. The device you are using to read this was created by someone. You may not sense that person with any of your five senses, but you know (s)he exists. All nature around us was, therefore, crafted by someone. We call that creator God.

Let me proceed to say, "God is a Man-Made Invention." I did mention I will be making seemingly contradicting arguments, but are they?!

Because man is fallible, we are forever seeking assistance from an infallible being that is biased in our favour. It is in our nature to believe there should exist someone that made us and is looking after and fighting battles for us. We call this all caring, all providing being God.

Ever wondered why God is the opposite of Peter De Villiers; when the Springboks play bad the coach gets blamed, but when they win it’s the players that get all the praise?! When we achieve things in our lives, God receives credit (Glory and Praise), but when do bad (sin) it’s because we are bad people and deserve punishment and eternal condemnation in the bottomless pit with ever-raging fire!

Humans are creatures of hope; suicide is a result of those that have lost all hope. You too would wish death upon yourself if tomorrow did not promise a better situation than your current struggles. Hope is, therefore, that one thing that keeps us going; Hope is the best thing God provides. “Hang in there while I take my time to come to your rescue! In the meantime, go to a place of worship make financial contributions so as to quicken my response time.”

If man were perfect, God would be irrelevant. If we could heal ourselves when ill, fulfil ourselves when feeling empty, comfort ourselves through trouble and feed ourselves when starving, we would not believe in God. God, as a result, is a creation of our minds in defence to harsh realities of life. In fact the whole life experience is a product of our thought processes; all five senses conspire to give perception of existence as we know it; life. Since we are souls with bodies, energies having a bodily experience, we eternally exist in our minds and all that’s around us is simulation of reality. Mind is God.
One of my friends recently went to visit in Kimberley which is in the Northern Cape, a place where the majority of the population is coloured. Of course a large percentage of them being light skinned and she introduced me to the term, "yellow bone", which apparently describes a person who is light in complexion. She tells me that being a yellow bone is the in thing these days and her statement is backed up by the recent trend I've observed on facebook, where ladies post pictures and refer to themselves as yellow bones. Not only that, these bones are quite a hit with the men it seems. I guess you could be cross eyed with a huge nose, as long as you are light skinned, you are deemed as beautiful.

It didn't come as a surprise to me to learn through a study conducted recently that, 35% of those interviewed in the study in Pretoria admitted to having bleached their skin. With a 77% prevalence in Lagos, Nigeria in 2002. So long before Mshoza exposed herself as being totally misinformed by saying that she was bleaching her skin to look like Michael Jackson, obviously missing the fact that unlike her, Mr Jackson had a skin condition called vitiligo and they bleached his skin in an attempt to give him more uniform colour. (I still think Michael Jackson had a bad case of body dysmorphia. It would appear that long before we even became aware of this trend, people have been resorting to bleaching their skin, to appear more attractive to those around them. More women than men being reported to have bleached their skin or considering it.

To bring some light to the issue, Wikipedia defines skin bleaching also known as skin whitening or skin lightening as, "the practice of using chemical substances in an attempt to lighten skin tone or provide an even skin complexion by lessening the concentration of melanin." Melanin is responsible for protecting the skin against damage and the more melanin a person has, the darker their skin is. Hence so many of us, darker people rarely use sun protection lotions and get away with it.

So why do people feel they need this transformation? To be seen as beautiful is the first answer that you usually get. Light skinned people are often seen as more beautiful, attractive, desirable than their darker counterparts. Mass media has also contributed to this perception by portraying lightness as a symbol of what is desirable and beautiful. Now we find people who think that in order to cope with social norms or to fit in, they need to be light skinned.

That can't be all there is to it though, these people surely suffer from some inferiority complex that makes them think, their value or place in society is based on the colour of their skin. Self esteem and perception issues, and you can be as light as an albino and still not be happy. These are issues that should be addressed, not fed pills and cosmetic products. Being comfortable in your own skin is something that should come from within, when you have that, you happy no matter what shade your skin is.

Besides these procedures are not only costly but 69% of those who bleach their skin are reported to have at least one complication. Negative effects among others include, skin discoloration, being more susceptible to sun damage, skin cancer, eczema etc. Correct me if I am wrong but none of these effects shout "beauty" to me.

It's a matter of personal choice but one should consider the complications as well and weigh them against just being content with who you are and the shade that your skin is. I may not be a yellow bone but I wouldn't consider bleaching my skin because I am not oblivious to the fact that my beauty is rooted in something deeper than my skin colour. I have never,ived within boundaries or been dictated to by societal norms, so I wouldn't alter myself to be accepted. I am unique because of the way that I am, the dark skin included. Yellow bone may be popular now, but black will always be a force to reckon with. It will always be beautiful.
Where does the trend of calling your friends ‘bitch’ come from? Wherever it came from I think reality television shows also played a role. These shows always make bad behaviour look good and we, the ordinary people who watch it end up adopting some of the things we see in these shows into our lives. There are a lot of bad trends that have been introduced by television reality shows that cause people to sell their kidneys to buy the latest iPad. Most of us may not be influenced to that degree but there are still some bad habits we pick up like the loose usage of some bad words like ‘bitch’.

Call me ‘bitch’ and die! I can’t accept another woman calling me ‘bitch’. You can only get away with calling me that in my absence. I grew up in an era when that word was used to describe a woman with questionable morals. Fast forward to 2011, not only your enemies call you ‘bitch’ but your friends too! I can’t accept that because I never want to have to wonder if it’s being used positively or negatively.

Although ‘bitch’ is the word I have the biggest problem with when it comes to it being used positively when in fact it’s very negative, there are many other words too that still don’t sit well with me. There was a time a long ago when I ran into somebody I hadn’t seen in a long time. I really thought he looked great and I told him so. He thanked me and then said “whoa! Well you look ‘stupid’ girl!” At that point I didn’t know whether to get upset or burst into tears but in the end I decided the smart thing to do would be to channel the life coach in me by taking a deep breath and calmly expressing how offended I was. He laughed so hard and decided to school me on the new use of slang that I was clearly oblivious to. That’s the first time I found out that looking ‘stupid’ is a good thing. It meant I looked good, pretty or beautiful. ‘Sick’ and ‘stupid’ can be used interchangeably as I later found out. Who would have thought that ‘sick’ and ‘stupid’ could be synonyms?

Here’s what I have a problem with. How will I know if it’s being used in its literal sense? Someone might say I look stupid or sick and mean exactly that. I am not having it. If you want to say I look good say exactly that so we don’t have to deal with the awkwardness and embarrassment of trying to read between the lines. If you want to call me ‘bitch’ you better do it the old-school way and call me that behind my back. I am not going to have you call me ‘bitch’ in my face and be ok with it. I am a woman. I like being one. So if you want to show me just how close of friends we are call me a woman but if you want to make me feel extra special call me lady, if you really want to honour me call me by name.
Between Me and Guard

Boitshelo Mvulane

Sunday morning: grudgingly I reveal my head from the warmth of my blankets, to expose it to those early sunshine rays, and reluctantly I emerge from my make-believe darkness.

My my, tis the day of the Lord - no waking up before the cock in order to, as the Drastic Revolutionary would say, "toil on ancestral soil at minimum wage in order to enrich the nemesis while our offspring are raised by the streets and the television".

As routine would have it though, I crawl out of bed and begin transforming this slob into a lady, for church.

I skillfully put on make-up - not so much that I might be suspected a harlot. Proudly, I put on my yellow, new dress - and triple check that it hides my knees - lest a fellow brother-in-Christ exclaim, "Seduction!"

All set, it's time for my weekly dose of antidepressant. Time to be with God and of course, Guard.

Now Guard, is a man, a woman, a devout Christian Supreme with toppings. Hollier, of course, than thou.

"Sister," greets Guard, as I hastily head for the church door, barely three minutes late, "we missed you last week, where were you?"

I just smile, because God knows where I was.

"Oh but before you go in," continues Guard, "is it you I saw killing a half burnt cigarette the other day?"

Although I'm blushing and silent, I wanna say, "My God, loves me not because I'm perfect - He's the one I tell about my weaknesses."

But Guard waits for no answer before shooting, "oh I heard you're dating Brother Jack. Didn't you know he's got three children?"

At this point I snap at Guard, "yes and Jesus tells me He's proud of how much and how many I love, as He has loved me. Isn't that among the greatest commandments, Dear?"

Before he responds, I quickly and quietly walk into church and as they cheerfully sing, I'm reminded that I came because of God, and nobody else. This is not, after all, between me and Guard.
I can't hate you fully because I don't know you but I can hate the image you give me.

The next episode of So What is a great insult to brother leader, Gaddafi. An image of Kenny Kunene dressed like Gaddafi, two women in skimpy outfits by his side with plastic AKs and him pouring champagne on them is...(can't find the word). This party is supposedly celebrating Gaddafi. Kunene on this episode likens himself to the general. WHAT? What gives you the right?

Here's what brother leader did for Africa:

1. Libya put in $300 million to buy the first communication satellite for Africa.
2. He reawakened the dream of a united Africa. When other arab states were running to the Mediterraen Union, Libya stuck with the AU.
3. Libya and other four countries covered 15% of the AU’s budget.
4. He has bought Mali two security planes.
5. Aside from South Africa, countries like Sudan, Congo, Mali, Niger, Chad and Mauritania have gotten help from Libya in times of trouble.

This is a shortlist of the things Gaddafi has done for Africa.

Kenny Kunene? What has he done for us except mock us? He has no right to compare himself to Gaddafi. The man was a visionary, a humanitarian and a defender of Africa. Kunene is a sushi king, a god of bling bling, fancy cars, whorish woman, expensive clothes and an attitude (so what).

I have never watched his show and I don't plan to. I have never liked him. I am disappointed in etv for giving it airtime. It's nothing personal but fuck Kunene.

I have great respect for brother leader and none for Kunene. The next episode of So What feels like he is spitting on the grave of Gaddafi.

What gives him the right!?
Two weeks ago, early on a Saturday morning, I experienced a scene of road rage which, I believe, might have led to a horrific car accident which claimed at least one life. I didn’t see the actual accident happen because it happened a minute or so before I arrived at the scene. But the individual who was involved in the road rage and the reckless driving I had witnessed a few minutes earlier is alleged to have been the cause of this accident, according to one of the eye witnesses.

But that is not the point of this article. It is, as they say, the story behind the story, which has led to this article. Besides the gruesome scene which I found upon arriving at the scene, it is what was happening inside one of the cars that caught my attention. The two occupants trapped inside the vehicle were an old woman and man who I assumed to be a couple, probably married for many years. The old man was motionless, and judging by this, we all suspected that he was already dead. The old lady, thankfully, was showing signs of life even though she was at a great discomfort. In an effort to rescue them, we tried opening both the driver’s door and the passenger’s to no avail. All that we could do was to wait for the emergency people to come and do what they were trained to do.

What I then saw will remain with me for a long time to come. Even though she could hardly move a muscle of her body, the old lady reached out her hand and started stroking that of her husband. Although her lips were not moving, I imagined her to be saying, “don’t worry liefie, it will be alright”.

I related the story to some of my friends later that evening and said to them that this is how probably an epic love-story spanning over 40 years had come to an end. It ended with the old woman clutching her husband’s hand as they were trapped inside a car, with her reassuring his lifeless body that everything was going to be alright.

On Monday morning when I arrived at work and repeated the story to some of my colleagues and managers, I was told that the old man I had seen and tried to rescue was in fact a new client of ours with whom our company had just embarked on a new project. His wife, I was told, was still in a critical condition.

This story took me back a few years, when I was involved in something similar. Early one Wednesday morning in April of 2005 while still sleeping in my university residence, I received a call from one of my elder sisters, Fulu. In between her sobs, she managed to pass through the message that our 4 month old niece, my elder brother’s daughter, had passed away due to pneumonia. I wasn’t even aware that she was not well.

As in most cases involving the death of a young baby, I expected the burial to be soon afterwards. I then called my father to find out what the arrangements were. He hinted that it would most likely be on Friday, 2 days later, and that someone would be coming to pick me up at res.

I then called a close friend of mine, Quintin, to inform him of the developments and that I would not be attending the Friday church service. The service I was referring to was of the Christian Action Fellowship (CAF), a Christian student organization at Wits. As part our activities, we held 2 weekly services on Fridays and Sundays, and I know that this is still the practice; it has been for many years now.

Anyway, at the untimely death of my niece, I happened to be the acting president and vice president of the organization because the then president was away that particular week on family responsibilities. Quintin happened to be the Secretary of the organization, and by default, would be the acting president in the absence of both the president and his vice.

Because Quintin and I were close friends, he wanted to travel with us to Venda, where the funeral was going to be held. After deliberating on this issue, we both thought it best that he stayed behind to take care of organizational issues while I and the president were away. We often joke of how
that decision was probably a life saving one because of what was to happen after the burial. Rinae Faith Matsila, my beautiful little niece was laid to rest in the early evening of Friday the 8th April 2005.

A few hours after laying to rest the remains of my niece, friends and relatives who had come to the funeral to pass their condolences, gave us words of comfort and soon started making their way to their own homes.

Because of the nature of the work my father is in, we often find ourselves in a situation where at any given time, we have 2 homes. One, would be what is called a “Mission House”, a house which is home to the pastor of a church, and the other would obviously be our own home, where my siblings and I all grew up in.

I had a Civil Engineering test coming up the following week and my dad had other urgent commitments, so we held a little debate as to whether we should also make our way to the Mission House which was 250km away from our Venda home. The rationale behind driving to the other home was that it would half my journey back to Wits the following day and also bring my dad closer to his other engagements which awaited him the following day.

The decision was ultimately made; we would be driving back to Potties that same night. Fulu, Vhuhwavho, my twin sister, Kone (little brother), and Lufuno jnr. (my nephew, Rinae’s brother) were all going to travel with my dad and I. Hugs and goodbyes were exchanged between us and the rest of the family who were going to stay behind; and then off we went.

Kone, in some rare moments when he talks about the journey that night, tells of how he specifically remembers how he and Vhuhwavho shared an ice cream that Funo, then just 4 years old, couldn’t finish. What I personally remember about that night was how, for the first time in years, Vhuhwavho and I had a decent conversation without strangling each other where we planned and finalized the details of our 21st birthday party, which was a mere 3 weeks away.

Seated in the front seat of our family car, with my dad behind the wheel and the rest of the gang in the back seat, I took a nap. A few hours later, I woke up in hospital shouting and hurling all sorts of insults at the nurses (those who know me well would probably agree that this is out of character for me. Maybe an ex girlfriend or two might say this is very much in character. I guess you guys will only find out at my funeral. I’m glad I won’t be there).

Anyway, to my surprise, a family friend who is also a medical doctor came to me during my tirade against the nurses and calmed me down. He explained what had happened and broke the news: my twin-sister, Vhuhwavho, had died on the scene due to a head injury sustained in the accident. I will not tell you how that felt, because to this day, 6 years down the line, I still don’t know how it feels.

A few minutes later, two very kind and warm nurses came to take me for medical tests. I asked one of them a favour. I asked if she could reach into my pocket and call a friend of mine, Quintin, and tell him what had happened. She did and unfortunately the call couldn’t go through. I then asked her to call a second friend, Thapedi, which she did and was fortunately able to speak with him and convey the message. Thapedi will correct me if I’m wrong, but memory tells me that the nurses placed the phone on my ear and I mumbled something to him.

After I had regained full consciousness and all the medical tests done, I woke up from my bed and started looking for my family. I found the entire family surrounding my dad’s bed. It appears the rest of the family that had stayed behind at Venda had somehow made their way to the hospital. Apparently dad had only been worried about me, and not Vhuhwavho, even though she was visibly not with the rest of the family at his bedside. Logic told him that since I was in the front seat, I was the one closest to danger than Vhuhwavho who had been sitting directly behind me.

Relieved that I was alright, Papa was then told that actually, one of the twins, Vhuhwavho, had not survived the crash. The look on his face will haunt me for years.

He cried bitterly. And we all cried with him. Life after that night, would never be the same again.

(Please read the continuation of this story on the website: click below)
Why I Think Kenny Kunene is Better than Patrice Motsepe

Tebello Dreamer

Last week we saw the premiere of 'controversial' businessman and self-proclaimed 'King of Sushi' Kenny Kunene's reality show "So What". Social networks went crazy as everyone from every little corner of South Africa wanted to voice their opinion on what they thought of it and what they think of the man himself.

From what I've observed it's pretty obvious that people hate the guy. One of the comments I read on Facebook read:"Kenny is a criminal who shows off his wealth. Motsepe is a self made billionaire but he doesn't show off like that." There were many other comments that had Kenny and Motsepe in the same sentence- why, I don't know. I don't want to jump onto Kenny's defense but, I think one of the worst mistakes that people have made is to look at the bling side of his life and not take time to read into his story on how he got to where he is. The media has also contributed to the negative perceptions that people have because they constantly sell us the bling side of his life. Think about it; the guy is more famous for sushi and girls but we are hardly told about how he started his business, the ZAR EMPIRE. I think that's unfair. What's worse than that is the comparison people make between him and Motsepe.

Ok, let me get to the point of this article. I personally find Kenny's story more inspirational than Motsepe's rise to wealth story. Why? Kenny worked hard to get to where he is; from jail to selling Gayton Mckenzie's book to becoming his agent to selling fish in the streets to becoming partner in a mining consultancy business to establishing ZAR.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to say Motsepe didn't work hard for his wealth but we all know that he is a beneficiary of BEE. From being a lawyer to partner at law firms Bowman Gilfillan and Witman Chingwaramusee to being Non-Executive Director of Absa Group and Sanlam to founding African Rainbow Minerals which changed to ARMgold after merging with Harmony Gold Mining Ltd, in 2002 when it was listed on the JSE Security Exchange. Motsepe is also the founder of African Rainbow Minerals Platinum (Proprietary) Limited and ARM Consortium Limited which later equally split ownership with Anglo American Platinum Corp Ltd; all these are BEE DEALS.

According to Wikipedia, such success is called oligarchy. Many people have complained that the country's 1994 transformation from apartheid to democracy has benefited only the elite few. The criticism stems from laws that require substantial black ownership in certain industries, including mining. A handful of politically connected individuals have grown enormously wealthy as a result. One of Motsepe's sisters, Bridgette Radebe, who's married to justice minister Jeffrey Radebe, heads a mining company and is said to be among the wealthiest black women in the country.

Kenny's story inspires young people who aren't politically connected and would like to be rich one day. That's why I say I have more respect for him. Look beyond all the bling, sushi and naked models and you'll see that the guy is a DREAMER who works hard to get what he wants.
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.

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We will begin with two techniques:

1. Caller/Response
2. Setting up a punchline

1. Caller/Response is a technique of evoking an emotion without explicitly ordering it; hence when I want you to laugh, I would crack a joke then have you laugh instead of explicitly instructing you to laugh.

   e.g. I normally read pieces of writing where writers would say, "she was beautiful, and he was strong!"

   That does nothing to a reader's imagination. It's like watching a naked man. A mind would rather you leave a bit to the imagination. For example, describe features of the most good looking person you know.

   E.g., "He towered over all of us, his walk was unhurried; you could swear he owned the ground he walks over. His perfume brought back memories of fresh baked muffins my grandmother used to make each Sunday morning. I lusted after him; I just wanted a nibble of his firm body!"

   The above text talks to emotions, it refers to smells we are all familiar with. Pretty much, instead of you just saying, "a handsome walked through the door and I wanted to have sex with him", you can invoke that feeling in a reader. Make the reader want to jump this guy! Let the reader act all this in their mind; it becomes a personal experience.

2 Setting up a punchline.

There are a few ways to do this. I will demonstrate one today and as and when you master it, a few variants will come to you.

I prefer to start my stories in the middle and merge the end and the beginning as the story progresses.

Eg. I would start with a character saying, "I know what they are saying behind your back. I didn't say you are short and fat, they did; I'm just brave enough to tell it to your face!"

This text immediately grabs a reader's attention. No one in their right mind would put that piece down after it has raised so many unanswered questions. They would want to know who is speaking, to who, why are they being rude, and who are all these people that say all these things behind the other person's back. Intrigue at its best.

That stuff that keeps you glued to your seats to see what Gokou would do to Vegita! Very few producers match that hook that Dragonball Z has.

The next point is learning how to set up a cliffhanger ending.

Once you have grabbed the reader's attention with your first two paragraphs that can ten lines each, you can afford to get off topic. That serves to create anxiety. It has readers saying, I don't want to hear about Ace and Khethiwe; show me what Dlomo will do when he finds Senzo and Jason in his bed. It's that feeling you would get if I were to end this piece right here. It would be like premature ejaculation.

Once you have created interest in a subject, get off that topic and either move to the past or the present - the beginning or the end of your story -. In our example, you might give us a glimpse of who this guy is and not who the person that's being rude to him is, but then again who said he was a guy. He could be a dog. Your story could be about
conversation between a Rottweiler and a German shepherd; one thinking it's better than the other. You can do that; it's your story and your characters. Don't let anything limit you.

Once we know a bit about the other guy, a reader's mind will be convinced you are about to describe the one that's being rude to him. But you will be ruining your story if you fell into the temptation of revealing too much too soon. Talk about something totally irrelevant. The Matrix had the Oracle and that French guy that spoke in riddles. Have characters that do the same, truth is the less sense they make the better. Just torture your reader's mind. Have them thinking, "WTF is happening here?" Play around with famous quotes, tell that joke you heard some time ago and didn't have the opportunity to tell it to anyone.

Timing is important, you don't want to go on forever until the reader loses interest in your story. I honestly don't know at what point a reader would lose interest because you took too long to get to the point. Even now, I can't tell if I still have you attention. I guess practice makes perfect. The more of these you write and actually get people to get to the end of your story then you know you are doing something right. Truth us, I know you got my point but I just want to lengthen this piece so you can keep wondering why am I not telling you how to set up a punchline already.

Once you have taken the reader to the edge, there will be nothing else left but to combine the beginning and the end to deliver the end. That maximises your chances of giving a reader mental orgasm. In the example above, we have this guy that is talking to a mean friend. The friend keeps telling him he is not good enough; short, fat and a loser because no woman is interested in him. The friend tells him he will die a virgin. This has you thinking what kind of a friend is that, hence your mind keeps telling you to read on because soon the identity of this friend will be revealed. That's why it's important to leave the revelation of this friend to very last line, because once the reader knows who that friend is, they will switch off. That's the reason a lot of people never get to finish novels; it gets predictable after a while. But what if I told you this guy's friend's name is Rorri M. Mirror spelt back to front?!

To test yourself, I need you to write a three paragraph piece that exercises these techniques. Begin with a catchy opening - that starts the story in the middle and get the reader asking questions - then on your second paragraph deviate from the story and talk about something totally unrelated and then combine the end and the beginning to deliver a punchline.

E-mail me: nyakallo.lephoto@gmail.com

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Review a Book

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Smell is the sharpest sense; long after you're gone they'll remember how you made them feel by how you carried yourself. Your scent - or lack thereof - will leave a lasting impression on everyone you are meeting for the first time. Human interaction is not just about sounds and sights; words and stares. We were blessed with five senses. Touch, smell, taste, sight and hearing. Though we tend to place emphasis on sight, hearing and touch, smell and taste are probably the most influential in terms of opinion making. A passive sense smell is, as we neither consciously nor pro-actively seek what smells to sense and what not; quite the opposite with a sense of taste. Sight might suggest what food is likely to be edible and which not. Smell has no agent; it dives nose first.

The second lesson of Writing Mysteries will explore two more techniques that get readers intellectually involved; Writing in 3 Dimensions and Using Open Endings.

1. Writing in 3D

By Writing in 3 Dimensions, I mean lifting the text off the proverbial paper, screen in this case. I intend to paint pictures in your mind whenever I write, so it is visions of events I relate you see instead of letters of the alphabets, black ink on white sheet. For the mind of the reader to serve as canvas lusting for colourful strokes of your lexical prowess, you need to first mentally live the experience you wish to convey to your reader. If you don't experience the effects of the turbulence of the sea on the Titanic just before it collided with an iceberg, neither will your reader. If you have a vague idea of what you want to tell the reader, they too will have a vague idea of what you are trying to say. Pay attention to detail; instead of telling me the food was delicious, paint a portrait of delicious food on my mind and have me drooling by just going through the text before my eyes. Food was not just delicious, neither was it prepared with love, but she chopped half an onion so fine it was not detected in my palate as I indulged in the dish she had meticulously prepared, but the aroma of the rosemary and basil herbs were unmistakeable and brought back memories of my grandmother's cooking which she passed on to my mother. Potatoes in the stew were tender and almost melted as I nibbled away. Her beef was prepared a tad rare, yet it sliced off easily even with a table knife; I did not require a Japanese steak knife to saw it apart, lest I dismantled the plate too. The point here is to set the scene such that the reader can almost feel like they are a part of the experience.

2. Open Ends

Open ends are stuff of legend if you can execute well. Like that Mutabaruka's poem that continues in your mind, ending your piece of writing with a putting shot that has a reader thinking is as ideal as diamond tied to platinum on a bride's finger. Having a quirky sense of humour is an advantage here; however if you were not born with it - like me - you can always fake it until it becomes second nature. It's a tricky situation that can be give rise to awkward moments when not well delivered; like that question you have always asked yourself why supermarkets advertise their meat as R9.99/kg when they know they have Zulu customers. If I said something that has you asking, “What's that supposed to mean?” I actually meant the less offensive of the two things you had in mind. Otherwise, you can LMAO all you want; it's a free country, unless you are skinny. In which case you can just leave the A out of the equation, before turning an already awkward moment even more tense.

When Adam had an opportunity to get a partner from God, he requested a perfect one, in his opinion. A woman that cooks, respects, prays, looks good, dresses well, talks less and listens more.

"That will cost you an arm and a leg," God said.

Adam then asked, "What can I get for a rib?"
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Out of love:
I’ve been in a relationship with my boyfriend for 5 years. We have been on and off. He loves me; I know he does but, I don’t think I love him as much as he loves me. I wanna break up with him, but it’s gonna tear him apart. What do I do?
Confused!

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 MoSotho 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 know how to approach her father. He is Xhosa what should I do and say? 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.

Jozi 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 boyfriend and I broke up six months ago; actually we didn’t break up as such he left da town and stopped calling me. I tried to call him sometimes but his phone put me on voicemail, I thought he has found someone and moved on, now I have this new boyfriend and not happy to be with him at all. One day, I found him with a girl. I thought I was over with him, but I still have feelings for him. Two weeks ago my x-boyfriend called and told he missed me and he was sorry for not calling all along. I thought I was over him, but I still love him too, now I am thinking of dumping my current boyfriend because I love ma x-boyfriend more, what can I do?
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
Dimamzo how are doing, my problem is tha I was in love with this lady and trusted her with everythng. tTen she went out with friends to a social gathering. All I have seen were pics with men and I knew very well that her friend hate me to death. She tried to explain and I got to find out her friend tried to trade her for drinks. Don’t knw whether 2 trust her anymore..

Tortured soul, GP

Dear Tortured Soul GP

Trust is essential in a relationship and both parties have to work together to gain it. U need to make her understand that respecting herself and your relationship is important, at all times, whether you are around or not. Make her aware that friends that trade each other for drinks are not real friends! U are not saying she must leave her friends, but teach her the importance of respecting herself and ur relationship. Whether her friends like u or not, has got nothing to do with the love the two of you share!

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](http://www.qooh.me/DimamzoSqueeza)

To read more of my articles visit my page [www.ilwiw.com/Alternative-Lifestyle](http://www.ilwiw.com/Alternative-Lifestyle)

Regards,

Dimamzo
Hello my friend,
I finally got settled at my new place. It's a cottage inside a private residence, a walking distance from work. Life is finally looking up, choma. I’m sending you this inbox from my new BlackBerry 9300. You also need to get one, Nokia is so 19 what what.

Anyway, I also bought a double bed and a big screen TV. The only thing missing are couches, but James said he’ll make a plan and pay cash for it as it will make his wife suspicious if he takes them on his credit card.

My friend I also got myself adult DVD's and a new toy. This one has two heads for double satisfaction. An absolute necessity for a woman in her early thirties, like me. The main reason I'm inboxing you is to let you know of the orgasmic fun I had last night.

I had just locked the door and was lying on top of the bed with my back and had my legs apart, with my toy between my thighs. I was enjoying these vibrations when I heard a gate slam. That scared me as I also heard two male voices. I was gripped by fear and just tossed my toy on the side of the bed. Such anti-climax. It felt like a man had just ejaculated as I was getting heated up. My heart beat faster as I heard the voices grew louder and heading towards the direction of my kitchen door. Eventually, there was a bit of silence followed by a knock at the door.

"Who's there?" I asked with a nervous sounding voice.
"It's me Bob, from the House. I’m with my friend Mike. Was just wondering if my mom didn’t leave the house keys with you."
"No, I wasn't even aware she wasn't home."
I heard the voices mumer something I couldn't make out, before Bob spoke again.
"Aunty Becks, we were wondering if you would let us in. It’s kinda cold out here."
That's what he calls me, choma. Aunty Becks, instead of just plain Rebecca. How cool is that?!

Bob is a first year student at Varsity, he must be 19 or so and is very Hot Dark Chocolate. Defined chest, firm bum and broad shoulders. Oh, so yummy.

So, I wrapped myself with my gown and put on leggings then let them in. A chilly breeze preceded them. They would have frozen to death, out there.
"So, where are you guys from this time of the night?"
"Places, aunty Becks." responds Bob followed by a giggle from both of them. They struggle to maintain eye-contact but take little peeks at me every now and them. All three of us sat on the bed and watched a romantic comedy. In between giggles, Mike's phone kept ringing. He would answer it and go out to talk in the bathroom. Bob kept looking on the side of the bed. I had an idea of what he was seeing an kept hoping he wouldn't make out what it really was. All the while trying to distract him with petty questions about school. He just gave one word ed answers. Just as the movie concluded and Mike was still talking on a phone, Bob picked up my dildo and asked "Is this yours, aunty Becks?"
"No, it's Winnie Mandela's. Duh, who else can it belong to?"
"Is it really fun?"
"Not quite like the real thing"
I opened my legs a bit as I answered and looked at him straight in the eye. I could see him getting a bit uncomfortable. So I asked him if he knew how to satisfy a woman. I wished I hadn't asked that. The boy broke it down for me. I was amazed by his knowledge of oral sex and foreplay. I wanted him to do those things he was saying to me. But there was Mike to worry about and Bob's mother could also arrive anytime. The temptation overwhelmed me, though. Quite frankly I didn't mind Mike. I just wanted my pussy to be chowed by this fresh young blood. I grabbed his hand and placed it on my thighs and said, "I think you're all talk but no action"
He tried to protest and called me aunty Becks.
"Shhh, just for tonight, you can call me Becky. I'm ready to go to bed, wanna undress me?"
He started with my leggings. He knelt down and grabbed them with his teeth together with my toes. With his hands he grabbed my waist and helped them slide down. On its way down, he groped the inside of my thighs. My body shook like I had just been electrocuted. He then untied my gown and headed for my navel. Feeling his tongue on my belly button sent shockwaves to the lips between my hips. I was fast getting soaking wet. He didn't look at all in a hurry, I wanted him hard and deep in me. He reached out to his pocket and took out some mint. He went down on me, my chom. The sensation the mint made against my delicate labia and erect clit is unexplainable.

One moment he would be rubbing his tongue vigorously against my clit the next he was blowing cold air over my then mint-flavoured pussy. While I was on that cold air sensation, he would blow hot air. That would send my hormones racing, I tried in vain to keep myself from screaming. I just couldn't contain my voice. I was wet, my pussy was jumpy. All it wanted was hard, long, black dick. I begged
him to fuck me. Grabbed his bald head and asked him to put his dick inside me. He slowly shook it and said, “it’s too early Becky”

He then started rubbing his index finger against my clit. It had now tripled in size and felt like it would explode. At the same time he was licking my hard dilated nipples. He gently ran his teeth over them. It made me crazy, I didn't know what sounds I was making, I didn't want him to stop yet at the same time I wanted his dick deep in me. My legs were wide apart, I swear I could touch one side of the wall with one and the other side with another.

“Becks, have you got condoms?”

I couldn’t speak, I just pointed at the drawer. Quickly, he fetched them before I cooled down.

Quickly, he fetched them before I cooled down. I was excited he was finally gonna fuck me. He picked me up and pinned me against the wall. Stuck between a wall and his rock hard dick, he entered and filled me up.

“Ahhhh!” This boy had dick so large, I felt as if it was on my throat. My choma, you know I have seen dicks in all their varieties but this one was something else. It reached places untapped before. Just the spots I wish James’ married dick did.

Up against the wall he banged me.

“Bob-Bob-Bob” was all I kept saying. He was deep, hard, fast and rough. That boy fucked my brains out. I held on to his rock had arms, with my legs around his waist. As he was thrusting me he kept squeezing my bum and made me feel like a Monster Ho. I didn’t mind, I was having the best sex of my life. I was so wet some of my juices were rolling down my anus.

We then changed positions, I got on all fours and he came from behind. I felt all of it in me. The feeling was just oh-so-heavenly. I felt 16 again. He was thrusting with deep strokes and started breathing heavily when Mike unceremoniously entered. I grabbed his pants and unzipped them, took the belt out and pulled out one long dick; knee length. My friend you must never take these kids for granted. They’ll surprise you. I began giving Mike a blowjob as Bob continued fucking me from behind. There was so much friction, the whole room smelt of sex. Once I had blown Mike to my satisfaction, I laid on the bed with my back and he entered from a missionary position. He went on about his business at a quick rate. He must have been warmed up by the sounds I was making when Bob was banging me hard. He was just a horny kid, not quite as skilled as Bob was. I loved the size of his dick though.

Bob must have gotten a bit jealous as his friend Mike was busy inside me, because he started rubbing his dick against my thighs. Mike and I then rolled, so we laid on our side. Bob joined us in bed and began rubbing his dick against my bum.

I directed his dick into my ass. I was then sandwiched between two large, hard dicks. They both had their arms around me. Mike around my waist grabbing my bums, while Bob was squeezing boobs. They both thrust hard. I was screaming like a little bitch. Mike came first, he must have emptied the whole bottle of inkomasi into that condom. With each cum shot, he made coughing sounds. Bob behind me made subtle sounds, but I could hear him go, "Beckyyyyy!", as he held me tighter and tighter. We slept in that sandwich position until the morning, when we opened the windows to release the smell of that sexfest.

Privacy is a rumour when you're a student. I shared a room with a guy from Rustenburg and he used to know where all the parties were. Knew the right chicks too. Papiki wore the latest branded clothes and had the coolest phone, at the time. I still remember he was the first to have the Nokia 3310 in our commune. He seemed to get everything right, except his academics. Of course, only those that were close to him saw beyond Papiki’s outer charm. To the rest, he was just a cool guy with a quirky sense of humour. A magnetic character that attracted the hottest honeys like a magnet clinging on to steal. This chick magnet had a silver tongue and had women eating out of his palm. He lived out my wet dreams. Each weekend, I had to make space for him because he would be bring home a new woman in his bed.
Papiki's success with women bruised my ego because I went the first two years of varsity life without shagging. I swear my right bicep was getting stronger than my left. My blankets we also getting a white highlight. In my mind, I screwed all the chicks Papiki slept with.

He used to say, "Thibos, students are easy to sleep with". I found it hard to believe, for however hard I tried to get their attention all they saw in me was a friend. None was interested in sharing a bed with me. None would open their thighs for me to enter. At times, I thought it had something to do with my RT jeans. I thought, perhaps if I wore Levi's jeans I would wave my stick like Moses and their thighs would part like the Red Sea.

Papiki was that maverick. The type of a guy that got chicks giggling by just laughing. They just wanted to give it up to him; some even begging for it. Down on their knees they would willingly go, giving head and taking it from behind. His wish was their command. However he wanted it, he got it. No matter how hard I tried to emulate his tricks, I could never have the same success with women as he did. I only succeeded in turning myself into a fool. I hated him as much as I liked him. He was a hard boy to be friends with. Chicks that ignored me came wet for him.

I once stalked a woman, a woman Papiki never brought to our room. One with booty like butter-loaves shaped bums. The sight of her waist moving and hitting against his crotch hardened my dick to all time levels. I pumped it with my hand and I felt the greatest sensation ever, I my breath, as I swear I was beginning to make sounds louder than those she was making. I was majorly horny and I wanted wet pussy as much as she wanted hard dick. While I was taking a deep breath for my dick to soften up, I heard her go: "aaaaah" I knew Papiki had thrown it inside. He began breathing heavily and his bed rocked and the headboard hit against the wall with each stroke. With that familiar rhythmic movement, his tired mattresses also creaked as he thrust her. He went deeper and faster and I watched her grip him with her legs around his waist, exposing her furry movements with his left thumb. He rubbed her pussy like he was shining his favourite pair of itali shoes. She seemed to enjoy it greatly as she kept calling him all petnames imaginable. Each time I heard her voice my dick got harder. It got so hard I was at the verge of popping and spraypainting the wall a shade of cream white.

I looked away to let things subside and gather my breath, as I swear I was beginning to make sounds louder than those she was making. I was majorly horny and I wanted wet pussy as much as she wanted hard dick. While I was taking a deep breath for my dick to soften up, I heard her go: "aaaaah" I knew Papiki had thrown it inside. He began breathing heavily and his bed rocked and the headboard hit against the wall with each stroke. With that familiar rhythmic movement, his tired mattresses also creaked as he thrust her. He went deeper and faster and I watched her grip him with her legs around his waist, exposing her furry movements with his left thumb. He rubbed her pussy like he was shining his favourite pair of itali shoes. She seemed to enjoy it greatly as she kept calling him all petnames imaginable. Each time I heard her voice my dick got harder. It got so hard I was at the verge of popping and spraypainting the wall a shade of cream white.

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Before long, I saw his body shaking, he gripped her tightly and said, "Paleeeeesa!" I knew he was majorly horny and I wanted wet pussy as much as she wanted hard dick. While I was taking a deep breath for my dick to soften up, I heard her go: "aaaaah" I knew Papiki had thrown it inside. He began breathing heavily and his bed rocked and the headboard hit against the wall with each stroke. With that familiar rhythmic movement, his tired mattresses also creaked as he thrust her. He went deeper and faster and I watched her grip him with her legs around his waist, exposing her furry movements with his left thumb. He rubbed her pussy like he was shining his favourite pair of itali shoes. She seemed to enjoy it greatly as she kept calling him all petnames imaginable. Each time I heard her voice my dick got harder. It got so hard I was at the verge of popping and spraypainting the wall a shade of cream white.

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Before long, I saw his body shaking, he gripped her tightly and said, "Paleeeeesa!" I knew he had arrived.

At the same time, I popped and sprayed and gave the wall and extra coat of cream white. The biggest cum shot I ever hit!
A man stepped on to a soapbox and started speaking to the public

"I pray to a higher god, I’m not calling yours a fraud, maybe just a lesser god, I pray to a higher god, she can be found hidden in the deepest parts of my hard drive, front loader and I pod. Some call her jazz, others call him boombap but I read somewhere that she prefers that we call her hip hop. You ask of the importance of breath? Well have you heard the sounds of flutes, trumpets and saxophones? Have you ever been lied to by little violins and guitars named Pinocchio played by musicians named jeppedo? Well I’ve heard long nosed harps hum “I JUST WANNA BE REAL, BOY”

I hear pianos hold the keys to doors of places within you that you never knew existed. I’ve seen feet tap to rhythms that the owner persistently resisted. See yours is a jealous god, mine embraces all forms of her being, change, progression, non-conformity, the bending of broken rules are the basis of her existence, they all form part of her being. Sticks and stones may break your bones but words will never harm me, unless they are sharpened and aimed at the heart to attack you like an army. Drum sticks and flows, melodic poems, these sounds will always calm me.

You say you god works in mysterious ways, well it’s a little funny that you are never personally responsible for all your hard work and achievements but are personally responsible and liable for your misfortunes and failures. I’m smarter than that, see I pray to the god that the winning team prays to in a competition. The god responsible for all my right decisions lets all just curse the devil for our misfortunes, burden him with the guilt of our wrong doings and failures. It’s never man’s fault you see because we can do no wrong. (My apologies there, I got carried away and forgot to add the occasional rhyme between the lines!)

I pray to a god that rejoices at the sound of her name, even if it’s out of context it makes no difference to her and she is the furthest form being vein. But Mr God fearing, crescent moon carrying, star of David, Mr cross bearing, mention his name outside the premises of your worshipping grounds or crowds then that’s blasphemy and you should stop swearing, and you should stop wearing short skirts that show off the architecture of this temple he built. If the fairest of his creations were to walk your way draped in the finest silk, leaving in the air a sweet scent of frankincense, I dare you to give in to Ur carnal instincts, do not keep ur head still, instead let it tilt unapologetically in her direction.

Ignore Ur teachings and adopted doctrines of this world. Let the bliss of being in the presence of such beauty wash away and suppress any feelings guilt. Sunflowers and lilies don’t not call us pervers for staring, ogling and burying our noses in their petals, and they too were created by this god of urs. I pray to a god that gave u the anthem for Ur cause, a selfless god who welcomes repetition and interruption so feel free to rewind and pause. I pray to a higher god………"

Unamused and unmoved by his form of off-beat evangelism slash edutainment I stood front row of the growing crowd beside the pavement, calm and patient I awaited a momentary pause and said “u imbecile, I should wash ur mouth with soap. I pray to the god that created this so called god that u pray to amen”
Q: Hi,
please help me decide on this colloid cyst. Do I drain it every month or do I cut it out and which is better? Been for all the tests and they all fine but not enough info has been given to me on the decision on whether to cut it out or drain it everytime.
A: Go for the surgical option

Q: I'm diabetic. But hate going for check ups as you doctors belittle us, as if having diabetes isn't bad enough. I'm eating right I take my meds, but my levels stay on 14 or higher. So what can be wrong?
A: The only reason we Doctors give Diabetics a hard time is because Diabetes is one the most serious chronic illnesses with devastating consequences. The reasons for uncontrolled Diabetes could be: lack of exercise, incorrect dose of oral medications, not switched over to Insulin, inadequate Insulin dosage. So see whichever may apply to you and go and see your GP IMMEDIATELY!! You have to get your glucose levels down to 8!!

Q: Hi Doc,
I have had a sore throat for over a month now. I've been on a course of Augmentin now completed and still seem to have a problem. I use Andolex throat spray but that is only temporary relief. Could it be reflux?
A: Yes it could well be Acid Reflux. It could also be Chronic Rhinosinusitis with a post nasal drip, so please see your GP or an ENT to confirm the correct diagnosis. And NO antibiotics!!

Q: Dr. Marlin, I have started exercise training; but why am so hungry all the time?
A: This would depend on your level/intensity of exercise, your caloric intake, level of fitness, so your options are to slow down a bit, or else see a fitness instructor or a dietician. But don't stop exercising!
Q: I am throwing up and have dizzy spells at night for the past two weeks and I am losing weight?
A: Any unexplained weight loss should be taken seriously... One of the possibilities could be Diabetes, so please visit your GP for a good check up to find the cause.

Q: What is the best way to treat a cough caused by post nasal drip?
A: You need to treat the drip: inhaled nasal corticosteroid (nasal spray) and an antihistamine. You should also ask your GP to exclude acid reflux. NB Do not use cough mixtures!

Q: Hi Doc, I'm a 29 year old woman with pollicistic ovaries, painful abdominal pains, nausea & I get very wet & sweat a lot. What can I do worse I haven't seen my periods in 2 years could dis b menopause???
A: Your symptoms are all due to the PCOS; it's unlikely to be Menopause given your age. Please speak to your Gynae/GP about putting you on medication to control your symptoms.

Q: If my wife's urine smells in the morning very strong can it mean she pregnant, as last month she had missed 3 days yasmin contraception but took it as soon as we remembered but starting on the new day not the day missed.
A: Urine smell cannot determine pregnancy. It may signify infection. I suggest you visit your GP and do a urine dipstix and pregnancy test

Q: Is there any relationship between diabetes, erectile dysfunction and heart problems.
A: Yes definitely. All 3 conditions are VASCULAR conditions, i.e. they all affect the circulation, so when you have Diabetes or Heart Disease, the circulation (blood supply) to the penis is affected and compromised, which in turn affects the ability to get and maintain an erection, resulting in erectile dysfunction.

Q: Hi Doctor,
I just wanted to say thank you for being there for all of us, you truly are a special man in so many ways. Continue doing your good work. God will richly bless you.
A: Hi, thank you so much for your kind words of encouragement. God bless.
Q: Hi Dr. Is it possible to fall pregnant when I’ve had my “tubes tied”?  
A: Sterilisation (Tying of tubes) is regarded as ‘permanent’ sterilisation, so if done correctly, will not result in pregnancy.

Q: Hi Doc,  
I have reflux which causes occasional heart burn and a permanent lump in my throat. I have also vomited but I’m not sure if this is caused by the reflux. How should I treat this?  
A: Before we consider treatment, we need to confirm the diagnosis. So you need to see your GP for assessment. If he is fairly sure that it is Reflux and there are no other problems, he may want to put you on a trial of PPI therapy (Losec or Nexium, etc) together with the appropriate lifestyle and dietary changes. This should sort it out.

Q: Hey Dr,  
Hope you are well! Dr I’m diabetic and I find it so difficult to drink my medication with water with out hurling…. Can I substitute the water with tea and juice?  
A: That should not be a problem, as long as it’s sugar-free.

Q: AWESOME work Doc! You are such an inspiration & blessing to our community! God’s richest blessings on you & your family! THANK YOU!!!  
A: Thank you very much:)  
Q: My 7 year is diagnosed with ADD by the school teacher and ritilin is prescribed Where do I go to get a medical diagnosis?  
A: I am very concerned about Teachers making a diagnosis of ADD without consultation. The diagnosis and management of ADD is a multi-team approach, including Educators. Please see your GP who first needs to do a thorough physical assessment (including ENT) and then must refer you to a Paediatric Neurologist or a Developmental Paediatrician

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Q: Hi Doc, my friend is a bodybuilder, he weighs about 120kg he has been advised to take caffeine tablets everytime when he gets tired to keep him awake at work, he takes about 300g of tablets, 3 to 4 times a week. Is this safe? Thanks
A: I assume you mean 300mg rather than 300 grams? An intake of 300 mg per day is regarded as "moderate", and above 400-500mg as dangerous. So technically speaking, this is a safe dose, but I would be concerned about the long term side-effects (especially tolerance) of the caffeine intake. I would rather focus on reasons why he gets tired at work.

Q: I have a burning feeling in my thumb and pain in my wrist. I also sometimes can not hold items with my thumb and it shocks and burns.
A: You have symptoms suggestive of a NEUROPATHY (pinched nerve). This could be happening in your cervical spine (neck) or Carpal tunnel (wrist). You need to see your GP who may have refer you to a neurologist or Orthopaedic specialist for confirmation and management.

Q: Dr McKay,
I have the same problem as the lady that was sterilised. I’ve been to a gynae and according to him its normal and there is nothing they can do but give advice how or u should opt for a hysterectomy.
A: As you can see, this is a difficult problem to get around. Just remember that a hysterectomy should always be as your last resort, and it should always be done for the right indications.

Q: My husband has "skin tags" in his neck, under his arm and some on his eyelids.
What would be the best way to treat them?
The ones in the neck get sensitive at times especially when he wear a collar and tie.
A: The best way to remove these skin tags is by simply snipping them and/or using Cryotherapy (freezing them with liquid nitrogen). If your GP is familiar with this technique then he can help you, alternatively get in touch with a Dermatologist.
Q: Hi Doc,
Everytime I drink red wine my heart pumps fast and I experience sleepless nights; does this mean that am allergic to red wine?
Thanks
A: It could be an allergic reaction yes. Does this happen only with red wine or with other alcoholic beverages as well? Is it dose-related (quantity)? Is there any anxiety component? These are things that one would need to know or exclude to be certain. Dr Marlin's advice: avoid red wine altogether, irrespective of the cause!

Q: Where can I get the abortion pill?
A: This is only available through an Abortion clinic.

Q: I have been told to use Avamys nasal spray by my GP. Is it okay to substitute Avamys with Nasonex or should I continue with Avamys?
A: Any specific reason that you want to swap? They are both very good products, Avamys works well if you have hayfever of the eyes as well

Q: 19 year old sis abused age 6-9. Abuser HIV+ now v ill. Sis dx 2010 on ARV's 1yr. WCC keep dropping now 285. Good nutrition&abstinent compliant w meds. mastoiditis in chilhood partially deaf getting bad headaches. Pls advise re WCC+headaches. Thx
A: I'm so sorry to hear this, so sad. do you mean CD4 or WCC? Also I need to know the Viral Load as well to make sure she is well-suppressed, and also what treatment regimen she is using. Please get me the info so I can help.

Q: My 17 year old son suffers with heartburn (too frequently for my liking). Gaviscon and Rennies have become standard grocery items. As a baby he had a lactose intolerance. Should we be concerned
A: Yes, you should be concerned. Heartburn is a symptom, so we need to find the cause and make a diagnosis and then start appropriate treatment, either once-off or maintenance. What he is using presently is only for symptomatic relief.

Q: Vaginal itching; no discharge, but occasionally there is appearance of discharge resembling cottage cheese. Thought it could be as a result of bad underwear so - changed to cotton undies and always powder myself at night. plz help...
A: This is Vaginal Candidiasis (commonly known as Thrush). There are many non-medical causes of Thrush (please Google), which you need to isolate and correct. Thrush can also be a sign of a compromised immune system, low resistance and even Diabetes, so you may just want to have it checked out by your Gynae or GP. It is very easy to treat with medication.

Q: Doc, hubby's nose has been bleeding for 2 days with a few mins break in between? 40 y o and hands been swollen too. What's wrong??
A: The first thing that I would be very concerned about is high Blood Pressure, so please get to your GP first thing this morning for a check up.

Q: My 3 year old has a mucasy nose and eyes (her eyes are glued shut when she wakes up) also has a cough. GP and he prescribed drops called Sofradex and made the white of her eyes bloody red. What is you recommendation or should I get a second opinion?
A: It sounds like your child has a condition called Rhinoconjunctivitis, and needs appropriate treatment. Please see a Dr who is competent with dealing with kids and allergies, or else get a referral to an ENT.

Q: I Just gave birth to a fish!!! What do I do????
A: Sorry, I am a Doctor of Medicine, not a Prophet:)
Q: Hi Doc.
I had a lump in my breast examined. I was
told its a fibroadenoma about the size of a R5.
However It pains quite often. The is an option
to have it removed but I don't want to undergo
unnecessary surgical procedures. What would
you advise?
A: In this case where the lump is a
fibroadenoma, the decision to have surgery lies
mostly with you i.e if you feel for instance that
the lump is too big and disfigures your breast,
or, as in this case where the lump is painful
and impacts your quality of life, you can decide
that you want the lump removed. But, if you
feel the pain is bearable and you can live with
it, don't have surgery.

Q: Hey Doc,
Recently, the lid of my car's boot fell on my
head which left me feeling dizzy and nauseas
four a few hours. It's been a few days now and
I'm still a bit sensitive to the touch! I don't feel
any bumps though. Should I worry that its
still hurts?
A: Hi there. Persistent pain over the site of the
injury for a few days is normal, as long as you
are not getting a very bad progressively
worsening headache. The pain should resolve
completely after 5 to 7 days.

Q: I am 34 years old female, and whether I
shave or not around my genitals, I itch badly,
but it is not internal, only externally. I at
times even scratch myself open. The itching is
on my vagina and on the inside of my thighs.
What could be the problem
A: You have a Dermatitis, which is aggravated
by the shaving... either from the blade or
ingrowing hairs. I recommend a steroid
ointment like Dermovate (only available on
prescription from your GP) for five days.

Q: Hi doc,
I am a 49 your old female and since yesterday
I have this constant twitch in my left arm in
the biceps area. What can it be?
A: It could well just be a harmless temporary
twitch which may resolve on its own. Or it
could be a muscle or nerve problem. Give it a
day or 2 and if it hasn't stopped then see your
GP who may have to refer you to a neurologist.

Q: Doctor, thank u on your response to my
mum. Will the meds just assist with the pain
or take it away?
A: That depends on the reason for the pain
(remember I asked about Diabetes?)... If you
treat the cause and use the meds for the
pain then she should get tremendous relief.
It may not take the pain away permanently
though.

Q: I have severe pain in my right hip. I can
not. Sleep on the hip and sometimes I can
not get up from a sitting position. It also feel
like it is numb. Could this be the cause of a
fall I had about four years ago. I fell with all
my weight on both my knees.
A: You need to have this checked out. A
doctor needs to have a look and then he will
order xrays of the back and pelvis and this
will give us an idea of exactly what's going
on. Please don't delay your suffering, go and
have it seen to.

Q: Is there a way that you can regulate bowl
movements when suffering from IBS???
A: Yes... DIET is very important (google IBS
and click on the links for suggested diet and
foods to avoid). Also, if your main problem is
constipation, you can use something like
Movicol sachets to regulate it.

Q: Hi Doc,
I'm 51 years old and for the past year I've
been picking up weight, I eat healthily, I
have even Tried starving myself I feel
terrible and cannot handle the weight gain
as I've never been fat. I have tried several
diets, please Help.
A: Unexplained weight gain should be
checked out, as something like
Hypothyroidism (underactive thyroid) could
cause it. Also bear in mind that starving is
not a way to lose weight. Are you exercising
as well? So please see your GP for an
assessment and then we can take it from
there.
Q: Hey doc, can you please give the name of antibiotics used for PND?
A: I assume you mean Post nasal drip/discharge? THERE IS NO PLACE FOR THE USE OF ANTIBIOTICS FOR THE TREATMENT OF PND! (Repeat 3 times)

Q: Hi doc, I've been having infection that just don't seem to go away and its smells; what can I use, because I've been trying all different things and it doesn't help.
A: Have you tried seeing your GP or Gynae for a DIAGNOSIS? Once you know what you have, you know what treatment will work!

Q: Good-day, could you give me advice on supplement support? I am 42 years of age, female, about 7 KGs overweight. I take Caltrate and Zinplex Mineral Suplement. What additional support should I be taking, at my age and into future. [dont have any chronic illnesses]
A: Don't focus too much on supplements. For now focus on getting to goal weight. Low calorie eating plan, and exercise. And just choose ONE good multivitamin, like Centrum or Multibionta

Q: Hi doc, my sitting heart rate after my op 3 days ago is between 47 to 51 bpm. Is it normal or is it to do with one's fitness levels? Thanx
A: What was your resting pulse before the op? If it's still the same then there's no problem

Q: Hi Doc, been to the GP who diagnosed bad bronchitis, prescribed Ranclav 375, Sinumax with Codeine but I also have a ulcer. After taking meda I had a runny tummy, vomiting and funny feeling in my tummy. Is the meds too strong for me? Also allergic to aspirin!
A: No, the meds are not too strong, in fact, if your condition truly required an antibiotic, you should have been put on at least 1000mg of Ranclav 3 times a day. Secondly, there is no aspirin in any of the meds you were put on. What you are in fact experiencing is simply side effects of both medications, which are known to cause "gastrointestinal disturbances". (By the way, I really don't see why you were put on Sinumax if you had Bronchitis #justsaying)

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.ilwiw.com/Doctor-Marlin-Says

Regards,
Dr. Marlin McKay
The past is an active factor in the present. We are where we are today largely due to choices and circumstances of the past. It is generally regarded very relevant the proverb that says, “To know where you are going, you should never forget where you come from.” Forget not, lest history repeats itself. If you don't know the wisdom of ages, seek it and remain not in the dark a second longer.

Above Love and Submission, Honesty and Communication are said to be the most important ingredients that make up a successful relationship, and ultimately a prosperous marriage. Without these pillars relationships fail, we are meant to believe. Lies are hard work. It is burdening to remember all the lies you have told and even harder to keep track of what you said and to whom. Cliché and cheesy as it may sound, honesty may very well be the best policy.

"It doesn't matter, it's all in the past." 
"Well, I wanna know nonetheless."
"You don't get it, do you? What happened, happened. Ain't no use digging in the past. There's nothing to benefit us there, let's concentrate on the now and work on building a better future for us and the kids."
"How can we do that if we are not entirely clear on what once was?"
"Do you want this or not?"
"It's not a matter of either or, it's just of principle. I'm asking because I want to know. You avoiding to answer suggests you have something to hide."
"I don't. I just don't see the relevance of the discussion."
"All I want is a number..."
"...and then what? Would it change anything if you perceive it too high?"
"I don't know."

That common phenomenon that I have no name for, the one you get once you see a person in a different light. Like how your perception of a person changes once you know their level of education or a car they drive. That feeling you get after meeting someone, both putting your best feet forward and slowly dragging your dirt in only to find your dirty foot is worse than theirs or vice versa. It's that feeling you get when you realise you are a Mac among PC's, or worse a PC among Macs.

If some are required to come out of closets, it's only logical to have closets completely empty and devoid of skeletons and related matter. Out with it, names and numbers.

An old friend once said when a man gave you a number, you must divide it by three and the one given by a woman is to be multiplied by three to get to the correct one. The issue is that these numbers are general averages, we often look for extraordinary traits in those we court. We can appreciate that extraordinary people do extraordinary things.
As couples, shouldn't we be naked in front of each other? We usually are, anyway, albeit just physically. Even then there are still insecurities and imperfections we would rather not advertise willy-nilly. Men are territorial by nature, we don't want to share. Women just want to feel loved. Exclusivity is only secondary, security is primary to women. To men, exclusivity is primary. Hence a high regard and demand for virginity.

If honesty is key and the truth shall set you free, then why not honestly tell your man how many men you've slept with?

Men take pride in their bride; very few of us willingly take village bicycles home. Any groom's worst nightmare is proudly watching his bride walking the aisle in front of 250 guests, 50 of whom being men that have slept with his soon to be wife.

Even though women outnumber men by a ratio of 7:1, no woman should be without a man. The lack of availability of men make it impossible for most women to have men exclusively theirs for life. For a woman to have slept with an average of 35 men defeats the purpose. That is, however, besides the point. Honesty and Truth is on my write track. Truth may just be a tad over-rated. Perhaps, the notion of grace before truth may just be the way to go. Some stuff is best left as is, truth or not. As long as we admit that hypocrisy is a necessary evil in attaining harmony. For us to hold honesty in such high regard and preach it as a universal solution to challenges faced in relationships yet choose what may be disclosed is two-faced. That, in itself, is dishonesty. Quite frankly bordering on lies.

Since we now know there are no strangers in sex, why do women still frown upon the idea of disclosing to their partners the true number of men they slept with? Perhaps, women have mastered the art of tip-toeing around men's ego the same way men should learn to tread gently around PMS. As far as orgasms are concerned, many an ego would be bruised if women were to be brutally honest about sexual pleasure and satisfaction. Verbal confrontations can be equally avoided by giving dishonest answers to ovary-acted questions. A man's ego is easily deceived by anything that says what it wants to hear. Tell a man he's the best and biggest you've ever had, even though chickens last longer than his 'nicknack' tickles you, then he walk tall like he owns the ground beneath his soles. Rather tell a man he rocks your world, than tell him he is at the bottom of your food chain. In insisting to know the true number and identity of his woman's past sexual partners, a man has to ascertain he can handle the truth. Just now, he happens to be at the back of a passenger train as opposed to being the driver of sedan with passengers that can be "counted on one hand". Dishonesty then proves to be just as important in maintaining a relationship, as love is.
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