Our history is preserved in the art of oral story telling; from one generation to the next, our people have passed age old wisdom as effortlessly as champion relay runners pass the baton to one another as the team edges closer to the finish line. Great as oral history is, sometimes stories get distorted with time. We therefore encourage one another to write and have our cultures, traditions and identity documented in text and preserve its indisputable accuracy.

The February 2012 issue of ilwiw.com's newsletter is called Tshianeo; a TshiVenda word for intriguing stories. All contributions in this issue are a story of a sort, either personal or about an event or observation. With Tshianeo, we celebrate our love for stories and the art of storytelling.

In this issue we also pay tribute to one of our contributors that passed away in December 2011, Daniel "Dante" Bello. We have two pages dedicated to the work he contributed to this website. We strongly urge you to get buy his Anthology of Poems from Amazon.com. We strongly believe it will help those he leaves behind while it quenches your thirst for profound word.

Another feature making a comeback this month is our agony aunt Dimamzo Squeeza. For all matters of the heart, get in touch with her anonymously on www.qooh.me/DimamzoSqueeza.

This is the sixth newsletter, we have had the Untitled One, Beauty is Me, Soul Ties, Denounce Convention and Mafube. If you liked what you read here and would like to receive previous issues, send an e-mail to info@ilikewhatiwrit.co.za. Read and forward to more reader and writer friends.

Nyakallo Lephoto
January 2012 Statistics

### Summary

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

### Dayly Statistics

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The woman sat on a lumpy couch one Sunday morning, staring out the window and drinking red wine from a stained glass. All she could imagine at this time was the past, because to her whatever was beyond that window had no future. Well at least to her.

Besides the window that she looked out from all the blinds in the house were drawn, leaving the house dark and dreary. This amused her, because she believed it matched her rather morose mood.

Her thoughts entertained her… She reamed around and began to envisage all the people that she could leave behind with no remorse.

Tamali came first and in her imagining Tamali was a piece of work. Tamali, a girl who considered herself highly opinionated, but whose mind was filled with the thoughts and opinions of others. She had no personality, argued anything with no cause and no reason. She had no personality and tended to be a loud vessel driven by the dreams of others.

Her basis of interaction was physical attractiveness and fame she knew nothing of anything yet hated everything. And in that she hid behind the tainted glasses of bipolar that wasn’t hers but stolen from a dream of a girl she longs to be.

A shallow body, waiting to be inhibited but before that time came she stole lives and criticized heart. The thought of Tamali angered the woman. She had to rid herself of Tamali… At least her mind of Tamali

***

The woman wandered around the room and noticed the rotting, festering sheeps flesh that she had discarded a week ago. The smell from the trash can didn’t bother her so much. The festering flesh reminded her of Mawande and he tortured her mind.

Mawande was supposed to hold her hand and together they would build empires from the ground to beyond the sun.

Little did she know that, Mawandes sou had festered and was a s rotten as a month old corpse. When she realised the dagger he had so artistically placed on her back, she saw how the garbage he had spewed everywhere had fallen on her eyelids and blinded her. The woman had become a blind pauper. Blind and wandering off a cliff.

The woman poured another glass of wine. Her falling off a cliff would not have been her first fall. She had fallen before. She had fallen for something so foreign to her. The feeling of this particular fall was confusing and exciting for her, because this type of fall she discovered demanded that she relinquish all control.

Her mind brought to her BBJ. BBJ who brought to her a confusing cacophony and kaleidoscope of sounds, feeling and colour to her already tan life. He (BBJ) brought an endless smile to her heart by just arriving at a venue. His scent would be the one that she sniffs out for in a crowded room.

She had never touched BBJ but she imagined that his skin to have the softest, most cashmere texture for any man alive. To her BBJ was god to be admired across the room and in her private thoughts under her covers.

She would imagine him as the slight buzzing phalic object massaged her inner thigh. She would take a deep breath and pretend to take him in ‘swallow him whole’. With her heart neat racing and one hand on her breast - she would summon his refreshing scent and imagine his cashmere skin pressed up against hers.

She dreamed of BBJ’s lips pressed up against hers and with the ruckus violence of thunder, her volcano would erupt - leaving her with guilt and shame engulfing her from within.
Her torn clothes exposed her nipples. Naked she was, in front of the world. Ashamed of her bare state, she couldn’t maintain eye-contact. She was clearly embarrassed to be seen in that state. Though she was a proportionally built woman with a firm body, she didn’t find her nudity sexy. Her cracked lips and battered skin told a story of treacherous roads she had travelled. Troubles of her bruising past had worn her out. She was so dehydrated, even her tongue was dry. A state that impaired her speech. She was thirsty and desperate for water. For the sake of her life, she needed a drink.

He too wore torn clothes that exposed his manhood but he walked like it didn’t bother him. So comfortable and confident he was with himself, he looked people straight in the eye when communicating. He paid so much attention he looked to be zooming into the pupils inside people’s eyes, as though he could see into their souls. He was attentive, yet the torn clothes he wore exposed his manhood. He walked like his nudity was sexy, but it couldn’t be any farther. His skin was silky smooth and his lips hydrated, for he carried a bottle of magic water. He kept taking sips off it as he listened to all who spoke to him. He never spoke much, but people enjoyed his company. All he had was that magic water that kept his skin glowing.

Stumbling upon her words and struggling to get her voice out, she asked for a sip of his magic water. With a smile, he duly obliged. Miraculously, her skin was instantly rehydrated. Her cracked lips moistened and her once dry skin glowed. Her tongue loosened up and speech returned. Her beauty shone and confidence returned. She was now comfortable to maintain eye-contact. Her torn clothes still exposed her nipples. Even though her beauty resembled the stars in the night sky, she was never comfortable. Though she was more beautiful than the orange and yellow rays of the rising sun, she was never fulfilled. Unlike him, her nudity bothered her. He asked her to stay with him, but she couldn’t for he wore the same torn clothes as her. She left him behind, in search of a cloth to cover her nudity. In spite of his repeated pleas to stay with him, she left and followed a man who wore silk robes.

The lady’s skin condition was fast deteriorating to levels worse than experienced before. She came to a realisation that she needed the magic water. She went back to the man with torn clothes and glowing skin and demanded the whole bottle. He told her he could only give her a sip, but even then she had to take off the silk robe she was wearing and promise to walk with him. She refused to take the robe off but begged him to have a sip. He wouldn’t budge. Told her she couldn’t have it both ways. It was either the sip that would rejuvenate her skin to glow like sunrays or the robe that hid her nudity from the world. She chose the robe.

Upon return to the man with silk robes, she told him of the man with torn clothes but had magic water that could help both of them with their conditions. For the man with silk robes, the magic water would renew his internal state. For her, it would rejuvenate her external state as it once did and restored her impeccable beauty. They had a Eureka moment. She went back to the man with magic water and smiled at him. He looked straight into her eyes and saw through her nervousness. She swayed her well crafted hips gently from side to side as she took off her silk robe exposing her cracked skin.

"A sip is all I need and I am all yours" Overwhelmed by temptation, he duly obliged. Instantly, she transformed into a beauty on witnessed in fairytales. She kissed him, but instead of experiencing Nirvana that lied on her lips, blood came out his mouth. A dagger had been stuck on his back, resulting in internal bleeding. He met his end, courtesy of a conspiracy between a man and a woman in search of his magic water. The bottle fell to the ground and disappeared into thin air. The magic water was his and could only be used by him on himself and whoever he chose to let have a sip.
Her mind rushed forward and backwards, trying to place even a little bit of sense into what he was telling her, but she only found herself with no words, righteous or unrighteous.

Zohra didn’t know what to feel. The part of her that wanted to stay mad at having being kidnapped and bundled like a rolled-up carpet in the back of a bumpy car found that it could not be mad when all this had been done for her safety but still, sheesh, couldn’t he have arranged it any other way?! And the other part of her... the part that had staged a prison-break from her brain and was wanted back dead or alive- leaped for joy at the prospect of spending an indefinite period close to Rashid.

So my father’s reputation and business are in danger, my life is in danger too and all I can think about is Rashid?!! Sheesh!

‘Ok, so what’s your plan?’ the question came out a lot more defensively than she had planned. He looked surprised. She guessed that he had expected her to put up more of a fight, maybe hurl a few choice insults his way and generally make a scene.

No way are you ever going to talk to me like a six-year old again, she thought defiantly.

‘Errr, it’s quite simple really, keep you here until I have established that it’s safe for you to be out.’

Zohra sighed. “That’s it? Keep me here? Doing what exactly? Where will I be sleeping? How do you know these invisible dangerous people won’t come and throttle me in my sleep here?”

Rashid scratched his chin. He hated this-this whole mess. Things were going along smoothly, business was good, Talik had begun trusting him more and more and then suddenly, one midnight visit and everything turned upside down. He had a pretty good idea where the boss was but he couldn’t be 100% sure. As things stood, it was talking three lawyers to keep Rashid himself from being hauled in by the police despite increasing pressure from no less than the head of the C.I.D herself and now, Zohra, the hellion bundle was here. Great.

“Well, plan number one is to get you somewhere where we can keep an eye on you and that has gone down successfully. As for what you will be doing, let’s not worry too much about that right now- you could sort of blend into the village lifestyle, you know. Become just another village girl doing her traditional womanly duties.”

Zohra’s eyebrows arched.

“I’m not going to slink around in a buibui all day long serving you coffee and telling you how wonderful you are if that’s what you’re thinking,” she warned.

Rashid gave her that puzzled look again, then burst out laughing.

“Zohra, if that’s the picture you have of my life then we really don’t know each other at all.”

We never have she thought.

Still smiling, he nodded towards the door, “I will take you to have breakfast then you can freshen up. Whether you want to serve me coffee and announce how wonderful I am is up to you.”

Zohra cringed at the mockery but felt pure amazement sweep over her. Rashid had laughed. He had a sense of humor! At what point in the last ten years had this happened?

They walked out of the room. The presence of three silent men at the entrance to the room reminded her of the danger she was in and she shivered. They took no notice of Zohra but instantly stationed themselves-two flanking Rashid’s right and left and one beside her. He fired off some orders to the one on his right and Zohra suddenly realized that with her father gone, Talik was in charge.

Isn’t this what he has wanted all along? She thought to herself.

If that was the case...well then, she was as good as dead already.

Visit www.princessprojectkenya.com for more
Johannesburg is the economic hub of Africa. Many are attracted to this City of Gold, with hope of realizing their dreams of a better life. From near and far, we have converged to make this the most populous city this side of Equator.

My first job was in Sandton, the richest square kilometre in Africa. I would take taxis from Noord, the MTN Taxi Rank. Row Number 2. In a return trip I would board from Sandton Library, just outside Sandton Square.

I remember a time I wasn’t feeling well and left work early. I waited at the robots in West Street. Along came a taxi that was slightly empty. Much to my delight, the last thing I needed was a packed, stuffy taxi when I already felt dizzy and nauseas. I took the third seat from the front and directly in front of me sat a very good-looking woman wearing a scarf with an Angolan flag. Out of curiosity I asked why lusophone African countries have combat weapons in their flags. Mozambique has an AK47 and Angola has a Panga. She did not speak very good English and I could not make out what she was trying to say. She would punctuate her sentences with a nervous laughter. I let her off the hook. All along the conversation the taxi driver kept taking a peek at her through his rear view mirror. He made a comment, in Zulu, that I should stop bothering the beautiful woman. She ignored him and continued to tell me that she is taking English classes at the Language Lab, in Braamfontein.

As we approached town and most passengers had gotten off the taxi, only Zephora and I were left, the taxi driver started making pep talk with her.

“I am like people from Africa, you know. hahahahaha Don’t be afraid to me. I am not Xenophobia.”

He would say and then burst out in laughter. He then proceeded to ask the lady out, telling her he loved her and would make her very happy. She was rather nervous and struggled even more to express herself in the Queen’s language. She kept saying “no.” I wanted to do something, he angered me greatly. The driver than started to become aggressive and drove the taxi out of its way to Noord. We were now headed towards Yeoville.

Zephora’s phone rang and she spoke in Portuguese. Once she was done, the driver asked her who she was talking to.

“My boyfriend” she said.

The village was ruled by Kings and Queens, where the sunrise was birthed and the sunset was engulfed by the gigantic mountains. The mountains, not the hills, I talk about. My sister Pinky came home very late one night and that was after mother went searching for her. Mother gazed out the kitchen window, her hands interlaced on top of her head. “Maybe we should go find her” my little brother said.

Grandmother warned us once about the old lady and the two kids who lived at the house on one end of our street, how spooky it looked at night. She believed it changed into something else after dusk. The house at the end of the street was built of mud. The scrap car had been parked against the mud house since 1980, the year I was born. We were told the scrap car moved only at night.

Pinky went to school with one of the kids from the mud house. One day the kid from the mud house showed up to school wearing the sleepy face and told her classmates that she flew on a broom to the cities the previous night with her grandmother to visit their relatives. Of course, no one believed her story.

That night, mother searched every shadow in the neighborhood and found Pinky at the corner of the mud house playing ‘the made up story rock game (maskitlana) by herself. Her eyes were fixed on the dusty ground, hands as dusty as the pieces of rocks she held. Pinky was shocked to see mother and how dark it was. Mother’s mind ceased momentarily when she heard muttered words behind her from the mud house. It was the old lady from the mud house muttering as she disappeared. Grandmother mentioned to us that everyone in the village knew about the fast 90 year old that ever lived and children flying with her on brooms.
How would you feel if your father walks out of your family?

More importantly how would you feel if you were later forced to spend your summer holidays with the same father who NOT only deserted your family but also turned your passion for playing piano into an indescribable hatred?

The Last Song is the story of Ronnie Miller and the summer that she spends with Steve (her secretly dying father) at Wrightsville Beach. For Steve, this is an opportunity to make up for his absence and give his children unconditional love however for a 17 year old rebellious Ronnie, this is "the worst time of her life". However during the visits, secrets are revealed, tears are shed and valuable life lessons are learned.

What started out as a simple summer visit turns out to be a life changing experience. This is a story about Forgiveness, Love, second chances and The Last song Between a Dying father and his 17 year old Daughter. The tale that unfolds is an unforgettable story of love on many levels- First love, Love between siblings and Love between parents and children that demonstrates that love can Break or make our hearts... And Heal them.

A MUST READ for people who are looking for Love, who are in Love, who are trying to reconnect with Lost Love and who believes in Love.

The Rwandan Genocide in 1994 did not only change the political state of the country but it also destroyed and took away lives of many of its citizens. Immaculee was a young girl when the Rwandan genocide took place. She tells a story of her childhood/teenage years, her relationship with her family and how the genocide destroyed her live simply because she belonged to a tribe known as the Tutsis who were the target of the genocide. Tutsis were victims of the genocide because the Hutu tribe felt they were more deserving to reside in the country then Tutsis.

Tutsi women were brutally raped, babies were killed, dead bodies lay on the streets like ants, the hatred that was present was indescribable. Immaculee’s family was killed and she was hidden by a Hutu priests with 8 other women in toilet, a space even 1 person is unable to live in. The only thing that kept her going was faith.

Faith is very central in this book and it is one of the main... Immaculee highlights the role faith played in her survival, how it was the only thing that kept her going and how it strengthened her relationship with God.

Besides the human brutality, the betrayal and the inhumanity humans displayed towards each other, Not only does this book brings you into Immaculee’s world but it also gives the reader an insight and understanding of the Rwanda culture and the how the genocide began. Embark on a journey that will change your view of faith. Truly this book is a must read.
Every weekday morning I would walk to the bus stop to buy newspaper. One day I happened to notice someone walking towards the bus stop; he was an angel that had just fallen from heaven.

Her walk.
The way she wore her shades.
The way she picked that dress she had on.
The way her shoes matched her outfit.
The way she held her handbag.
Everything about her was just magical.

As the bus came she walked towards it and I was just close by the bus; she greeted me with the most sweetest words I’ve heard and they were very simple... “Hi”. I felt my heart jump almost out of my mouth until the guy who sells the paper said “close your mouth before a fly goes in”. He laughed as he sold the next paper to the next customer.

As the bus pulled off, I looked and stirred as though it was taking my love away to a place I didn’t know. I looked at the clock and noted the time. The next morning I was there again.

Lo and behold!! There she came and I had sworn I would say something to her. For some reason I took ill. My mouth became dry. My head became flushed. My vocals were just not there. I couldn’t move. My lips were dry and I was very cold and it was smack in the middle of summer in the morning.

The funniest thing happened. Her greeting was longer today. She asked me how I was after saying Hi.

Days went by and I wasn’t going to the same news stand anymore. I then went to the movies and stood in the queue to buy a ticket. The lady in front of me turned and I couldn’t run, move, walk or talk. She asked me to keep her place and that she was coming back. This time I had no choice and I couldn’t take ill again, so I gathered my strength. She came back...

Today I stand here at the altar looking at you. There are so many words I can tell you and so many words I can say to tell you how much I love you. So many words I can say that will not even begin to express how I felt the day I knelt down and asked you to be my life partner, my wife and my friend for all times.

Today I pledge not my love but all of me to you. I dedicate my life to loving you. I will love you no matter what we may go through. I love you with a love that is beyond my comprehension. But what I want to really say is that I thank God for the lady at the bus stop on week day mornings. She is now my wife.
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Thoughts of You

When the first rays of a rising Sun climb above the Horizon to bring light on Earth, my mind is filled with thoughts of a Nubian Queen in all Her Majesty.

As the Ocean waves wash over sands bringing its jewels to land, I have thoughts of you wearing your hair like a crown graciously towering over your subjects.

As the first raindrops of Spring hit the ground bringing forth life to crops, I have thoughts of you dressed in all your splendour with your Bosom leading the way and your Heritage gracefully trailing.

As the Stars preciously fill the night sky in all their beauty, I have thoughts of you walking in unhurried strides with that "I Own This Place" attitude.

Your presence ricochets around Royal walkways of African Aristocracy. Your Self-Importance is embedded in the Hearts and Minds of all mere mortals you encounter.

As the Sun hides behind the hills and Day separates from Night, I have thoughts of you as the Queen of my Heart.

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Tell a Friend
I have, on numerous occasions, been called a feminist. Believe me; I have absolutely no reservations with the label provided the accusation can be sustained. "Accusation?" you ask. I am yet to meet a person of African descent who uses that ‘word’ with no malicious intent. Yes, I belong to the 2K generation however the only thing rainbow about my world is the fact that I use the same amenities as the rest of my counterparts. My dealings, except professionally, have always been with black folk. Has it been intentional? I will let you know once I get the answer to that.

In my 10 years of trying to entertain the social scene in Johannesburg very little seems to change if anything changes at all. The days are characterized by the hustle and bustle of city, people acting busy, the traffic because nobody advised the leaders of the regime that the American dream was actually a disease and in fact contagious. The nights are sweaty in between drink orders and last night’s odors, I found myself playing referee at the next table after we had settled our bill.

A late afternoon meeting evolved into a chill session with friends of a friend. It was a Friday night, my colleague/friend’s man met up with some of his buddies at the same restaurant we had met and before long tables were joined together, names exchanged, cell phones began to ring and before one could say ‘I am out’ we were corne into hosting fifteen odd people. Majority of them were male, I loved the eye candy until most claimed their gay statuses, what a waste I thought.

The night was jovial, the conversations interesting and the drinks were coming in numbers. I, like most Jo‘burg dwellers I know, had not taken time off in ages. My social life was almost non-existent, which explains the following confession.

We had not meet in a club so it was not wrong of me to have my hopes high on the possibility of a relationship by the end of the night right? After all I chose to believe I was single and it’s not like they were strangers at least not to all of us. Mind you I knew none of them.

Then the bill came...it would be an understatement to say our beautiful night come to a halt, abruptly. Those interesting conversation’s slowly turned sour as some people tried to ignore their dues. What started off as a night of pure bliss ended with the receipt on my table, a pen on one hand, I was using my debit card as a ruler and remember screaming, “Who had 9 Black Labels? Can I have your R225 please? There is no woman here who is prepared to pay your way comrades!”

Off the record, I am a Womanist.

Wow, I've known you for so many years and its funny how long I've also known this saying "words can make a nation" or however the saying goes. They say, say a kind word to a child and build that child a future. I believe in brutal honesty, straight talk doesn’t break any friendship right? Well, wrong!

I learned this the hardest way ever imagined. Growing up I was an introvert but as life got to me I broke that wall in me and freed my soul. Only to realize my feelings are hurting people I love the most.

Most of the time I really mean what I say...and I’ve had so many friendships with my personality I love it. But how can the ONE person I know and love so much not understand me? The thing is, my tone is the same whether I’m joking or not. I try so hard to build with my words but I don’t want to lie. I make see good in my words but it did not work where I want it to.

I feel like such a monster especially because you where always there when I needed you. I couldn’t believe when you told me I never listen to you, I always bring you down. I act perfect. I was shuttered, where was I when all this happened. What did I do? How could someone that was always there be overlooked. Was I being selfish?

Of all the things I did and said I’m truly sorry. Why would I want to destroy a beautiful soul, you are the most precious being to ever worked into my life. I love you so much and would never hurt you.

Maybe I should learn how to keep quite more often. My words have never broke me so much. It feels like a mission impossible to even breathe. All of this because of unkind WORDS...*next time you speak, be sure that’s what you want to say*
I was in a vast, thrilled multitude listening to the old, old voice. "The Supreme Being sent Tladi, the God of Thunder and Lightning, with six other gods and one goddess to subdue and settle the earth for people. With lightning He cleaved the silence and the void, splitting the rocks, freeing the water and fire trapped within them so that it could flow and cover the whole earth. On retreating to form the oceans, the waters left behind them mountains and valleys, forests and rivers. And out of them came the crawling creatures.

"The goddess was O'Esi, the Goddess of Wisdom and Prudence, ruler of the first house of Tladi. All the spirits were given tasks, but when the male spirits held their meetings they did not include O'Esi. They said she was a woman and not serious about their work. What they did not know was that with her powers she could control the potent forces that now roamed the face of the earth.

"When the plans of the male spirits failed because of these forces they went back to the Supreme Being to ask for advice. The Supreme Being asked them where O'Esi was and they told him what they had done. Then the Supreme Being told them to go back and ask for O'Esi's forgiveness and to give her whatever she asked for. They relented and when O'Esi asked that they give her the same initiation that was kept for men, they initiated her into the secret knowledge and their plans succeeded."

The old, old voice trembled to a stop. There it rose again. "That is how women also became healers, sages and rulers in the days of peace, progress and prosperity. Until another lawless man, in an age of confusion, usurped the throne from Ka-Talanta, a priestess of Mphatlalatsane, the morning star. Then the potent forces of immoderation where let loose again. Our decline soon followed, and strangers with strange customs became our overlords. The forgetting began and we have been forgetting ever since."

The ancient voice now took on a timbre that it had lacked during the lamentations. "The balance must be restored," it declared. "Pono! Restore us! Restore the eternal cycle! Restore the Ancestral Way! Show us the way back to the stars!"

"Through the womb of a woman all people pass," Pono responded, "so it is a woman who knows the person best suited for leadership."

Dear Journal

Some things have a way of simply falling into each other as though they were meant to be like how water eases its way through the cracks of life just to settle in that perfectly curved spot. This morning I found myself piecing together puzzles of my smile as I found sanity in the chaos of noise; somehow the absence silence gathered noise into strangely beautiful music.

I could never make sense of this strange feeling I get when I could find comfort in disorder, where I would get lost in the loudness of disorganized sound and my heart would ease up as my soul danced, as though Mozart himself had crafted this symphony. The feeling had me in deep ponder until such a point where it dawned on me that with all these sounds flooding my mind, I forgot to think about my misfortune and instead piece together the music of this unforgiving yet mystic city.

One day is, well, one day I will stray from this place and find root on ground where I will stand and shout, and actually be heard not only will I hear myself but also be heard by those that will look beyond my stained and torn, skin and clothes and see me as one of them.

I love this city and its music but a world awaits and I’ve got music of my own to craft. I’m not limited to these undiscovered streets of Jozi, this is not my home.

#Journal of a street kid
Pen on paper is paint on canvass, only music communicates more fluently to our soul than words translating into pictures. Life as seen through a camera lens has meaning only when it’s how we see it that’s amplified as opposed to what’s being viewed. Frame of reference puts context to the story an image is telling; the bias of a camera lens is no less subjective than a writer’s perception. A story worth looking at, nonetheless.

Stories told in words can easily be forgotten, but images are permanently tattooed in memories. History is as effectively relayed in pictures as it is told in oral narratives and documented in literature. Operating a camera lens to capture the essence of a scene is as much of an art as making a paintbrush dance on canvass to produce a masterpiece or letting a pen take a stroll on paper to produce rhythm our souls will dance to.

As is the case with any art photography has been used as a tool for exploitation. My spirit sank years ago when I saw a photograph of a dying child stalked by a vulture, seemingly positioned to make her its meal. Kevin Carter’s image of a Sudanese girl that had collapsed on her way to a feeding centre never fails to evoke deep emotion and trigger tears from any human being with a well functioning heart. Sold to the New York Times, the photograph first appeared on March 26, 1993, and in 1994 it won the Pulitzer Prize for Feature Photography. When quizzed of the fate of the little girl, Carter said he didn’t know what happened to her as he had to rush out of the scene. He says he could not help the girl because it was against the journalists’ code of conduct to interfere; his job was just to take the photograph and tell the world of the realities of famine in Sudan. By looking at the picture, it’s very hard to imagine a happy ending for the poor girl.

The St. Petersburg Times in Florida said this of Carter: "The man adjusting his lens to take just the right frame of her suffering, might just as well be a predator, another vulture on the scene."

After 911, the US took a decision not to show any dead bodies in its media. The few photographs and videos that got out did so because they were "leaked" on the internet, but the same courtesy was not afforded the victims of natural disasters in Haiti, famine and war in Africa. Such images make a mockery of our tribulations and devalues an African’s life.

The internet and media in general perpetuates white images. Try and google the phrase "cute babies" and you will be confronted with a collage of white babies. Does this mean there exists no cute babies of any race? Then google the word "rapists", white faces still, but there you have black faces too! To say the internet associates rape with blackness would be inaccurate as google still produces more white faces than black when searching the word. My point is, there’s few black images associated with positive concepts, events and actions.

There are two moral stances to look at Kevin Carter’s actions when he took that haunting photo; that he was doing his job and it required of him to divorce his emotions from the situation and remain objective. His job was to tell the world of the sufferings of the Sudanese people and it was images such as the one in question that got western nations to provide aid to the affected. The second moral view is that, as a human being, Kevin Carter should have done the noble thing and chase the bird away, then took the child to a place of safety where she could possibly be resuscitated.

Why he didn’t choose the latter, we will never as he committed suicide in 1994, at the age of 33. Below is an excerpt from his suicide note:

"I am depressed ... without phone ... money for rent ... money for child support ... money for debts ... money!!! ... I am haunted by the vivid memories of killings and corpses and anger and pain ... of starving or wounded children, of trigger-happy madmen, often police, of killer executioners..."
I'm not really one who likes to delve into sad issues or things that evoke negative emotions in any way. I even hide any negative mood I might be in because I don't want it to have an effect on the next person. The reality of life though is that you can't escape some situations. Certain things have an impact one cannot avoid or ignore because of the power they have on your perspective and sense of compassion. Even an image that you only saw for a second, can be framed in your mind for a lifetime. Just like I was affected by South African photographer, the late Kevin Carter's Pulitzer Prize-winning 1993 photograph of Sudanese child who had collapsed from starvation and dehydration and was about to be feasted on by a vulture. In parts of his suicide letter, Kevin mentioned that he was depressed and haunted by images of starving and injured children.

Recently in Eritrea, Somalia and Ethiopia, history seems to be repeating itself. In those 3 countries, they've had poor rain for the past 3 years. People are trying to migrate to Kenya on foot but they die in the deserts from heat, dehydration and hunger. That photograph reminded me that there are people going through far worse than we complain about. We complain about the taste of things we eat, but fortunately we have lots of options to choose from. There are people out there who are so poor, they can't even afford that option. So imagine how guilty I feel when I see people filling up a glass with water, yet they'll only drink half and throw it out into the drain. There's a baby who's dying for a sip of water and the mother doesn't even have the energy or nutrition to breast feed because she's starving too. In this global village we live in, some will ask how can things get so bad while the world watches and I say they happen the same way we have poor next door neighbors that we ignore and don't bother to help in some way. It all starts with people's attitude in the community and grows to a worldwide extent where nations will not help a country they have nothing to exploit from. What does it say about us when we expect people to beg for help when we already see how they suffer? Are we vultures too? What are we? Because if we don't have humanity, we cannot possibly be human.

The following day I was back there, drawing their houses and their children. What did they expect me to do, I had a dream to employ people, to be self fulfilled but no monies for rent. THEY CAN REMOVE ME ALL THEY LIKE.
Afa lea ntseba mara? Ge nkabe e seke ya ba taba tje tja go tsena dikolo makgoweng le yona theknoloji ya sebjale bjale ya bona bo facebook le tjona tje le reng ke bo twitter....kea le botja le mo ditorong tja lena ke be nka se be gona. Nna ena ke dio ba ke le lekgarebjana la Mopedi la go dula mo gaLimpopo eupya le bao ba lego ditoropokgolong le dinagamabapi ba sa tlo ntseba!

I know some people shut out the moment they go through the first sentence and they don’t hear a thing mara hear me out, saka story sona se sa tlo go makatja.... Go le nyetlela sona lehono gona nka se ke ka dira bjale, o gopole wena motho wesho gore ya ka le ya gago e sa thoma taba gase e be ya fihla kgole.

You know the first time you meet a person and they leave a lasting impression on you? I know that feeling and I can imagine the mixed emotions I’m arousing right now, nke o dio nttheletja wesho, mohlomongwe o tla kwa gore ke lebile kae. Go ratharath a gona ke go tseba kudu bjale ka moswa wa go shomela yunyione. Sa ka ke go bibietja lejatji kamoka gomme ka dio re AMANDLA ka tseba gore ya borotho le ya ngwana ya diPampers ke tla e hwetja ka pankeng goba ka tjona di ‘notify me’.

Oh, Did I mention? I live with my parents—at the age of 26—with a 1 year old daughter and no mention of the father. I know what you thinking already...another shag-preg-n-go’s. You might just be right mara ka ge ke go boditje hle waka gore nako ya rena e sa tlo ba gona re swana le monna wa mosione le manyanyatha a gage. What I’m say ing is that the truth to that matter is yet to be revealed.

So me telling you all this about living with my parents and being a single is because most of you might understand the challenges that come with being a ‘stay-with-parents-single-mother’ are endless. There’s economic ones, romantic ones, social ones, the petty ones and the hectic ones ...the list is endless. Imagine working 8 to 5 and having a baby-sitter that knocks off when you arrive from work. When and how do you meet people, let alone go on dates? Easy right?

Did I mention I live with two males and that my mother only comes home on Fridays and she leaves on Sundays? Easy right? How about you go out on Saturdays?

Did I mention that I get very little time with my daughter during the week cos I travel a lot and sometimes I get home and her eyes are barely open. Rea tseba gore sek-gowa se boletje sake: ‘the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world’, I definitely don’t want that lady that spends the whole day with her to rule her world-no offence- she does an okay job.

The part about me being from a very strict Christian family so dating is not really a word they want to hear from my mouth right now...my daughter is still young despite her being 1 year and 3 months. How old or how young is too young for a single mother to start dating?? Gape re tla ba ra dio tjofala re sa emetje bana gore ba be ‘old enough’. Nna ena mara ga ke nyake go hwetja ke eme corner or ke checkiwa ke bo brother while my daughter is doing the same thing. Can’t even bear the thought!

Eish, forgot to mention, I got a pot on the stove and it’s boiling! Re tla bolela gape nna le wena ka go solela tjona gabotse...Ske wa fela pelo akere!

Blog
Growing Up
Chantel Mazibuko

As I grow old, relationships are making more sense than they were when I was younger. I think it’s from knowing that I can live without them. It is also the fact that I can’t have a healthy relationship with anyone if I don’t have it with myself. If I can’t hug myself and rock myself to sleep, be comfortable with it, then I will always run after anyone who is unfortunate enough to declare liking me. Sometimes I get so interested in the person that I am, that I lose track of time. I am such a handful that I can’t keep my eyes away from myself. Believe me. It comes with growing up!

That is why now, when a guy tells me he likes me, I look at him with disbelief, that is he really prepared to love me more than I do? Unlike in the past, I used to smile and feel like I won a competition. A guy who is interested in me will be lucky now coz I have my own life. Unlike in the past when I have been a fan to soccer, screamed at boxing games and faked to like wrestling. Anyone who is in the relationship with me now won’t be shouted at, because from my past, I have learnt that it’s only a mother who has that right. I will cook for him because I want to and because I can, not because that’s the one way ticket to a wedding day. I won’t leave more than one missed call on his phone, and if he does call, I won’t ask why he never picked up when I called. As long as he has a legal job and happy and content with it, I won’t push him to be what I want him to be. It’s none of my business. I won’t pretend to love his mother; if I do, then it will be genuine. If he has kids, I won’t put pressure on myself trying to like his them. It will come naturally if it does come, if it doesn’t, well... *shrugs*. I will still go out with my friends for drinks every Thursday. My friends won’t have a say in my relationship! But I will lose him if he doesn’t respect them.

If he cheats on me and I find out, I will leave. I won’t ask why, like in the past. The reasons are not really for me. If he tells me he needs space or wants to leave, I certainly won’t beg. I will let him have his way and not hate him for it. If he beats me up, because I love myself too much, I won’t let him do it again, just in case he breaks another valuable asset!

If you think this is not right then be rest assured, you have some serious growing up to do. I am also matured enough not to care about what you think of me. As I mature, I am made aware that being in a relationship is not the reason God created me. Not to be, doesn’t mean I am not complete. If he can handle knowing that I can live without him, that there was life before and after him, then...we can rock up the “Grown-ups Boat”

Life Through Sea Sand
Joy-Map

Waking up to my usual routine. Sitting outside looking over the ocean, I can’t help but thank you Daddy for the calmness and blessings you have brought into my life.

The sea is so calm today even when the weather is not as great as one would have hoped. You know what, that’s alright. We learn to take the bad with the good. Just like life, as much as some things may not go according to plans. We still re-Joyce for the little we have.

What this morning taught me is that the time may not look perfect, but something somewhere in your life is perfect. God is not surprised by where you are, learn to embrace it.

Over night the sea brought back the sand to the shore. This process will go on and on like a cycle. Things are taken away from you, yet on the opportune time things are returned to you. Life lesson from the creator Himself, nothing lasts forever. The sand that is today will be no more tomorrow.

I’m comforted in knowing that my life is not in my hands and I have learned not to fight on its up’s and down’s, after all it keeps on getting better and bringing wisdom.

Today it will be me and tomorrow it will be you. Let’s share in each others happiness, sadness and life. Life was meant to be lived, he knows the plans he has for each and everyone of us.

Forgive and forget, was the words I recently heard from a faithful woman.

If the sea continued to rage against the sand, would the sand say I’m leaving and never come back? Of course not, they are co-dependent on each other. One doesn’t just give up; because it knows that its time will come to be on the spotlight. Just like God in our lives, whether we acknowledge him or not, He is there waiting on us and leading us.

Deeply humbled by the beauty of life and its everyday Joy. Once you have started seeing the beauty of life, ugliness starts disappearing.

If you start looking at life with Joy, sadness starts disappearing.

You cannot have heaven and hell together, you can have only one.

It is your choice. Both exists, but we have to focus on one. Find some Joy in what ever situation you are in, it will not last and it does get better and sweeter.

With the new day comes new strengths and thoughts. Joy cometh in the morning.
I’ve always kept my feelings bottled in
That’s why am
I have always made sure I didn’t reveal what’s inside
For my mind will always tell me this is something I should hide

Coz when it came to the matters of loving someone
I wouldn’t be the one to own or win
I guess maybe it was that I LOVED taking too much control
Instead of letting someone in and give it my all

But then came a time when I finally gave in to someone
I definitely thought that he was the one
And yet he went and tore my heart apart
Thinking I’ll accept and play my part

But I couldn’t let that happen
I couldn’t let him get another chance to do it again
Coz Lord knows I can only let my heart take that much
Knowing that this pain will be worth the fuss

So! Someone tell me is this ice ever going to melt
For with time this ice its turning into stone
An object that can only be moved when
Someone truly does his best to cultivate

Whatever emotions I have left
That spark of passion that I keep stored away
Coz till to this moment and this day
I have yet to find a man who owns my heart
A man who I will forever call the one
But still...that is why I am still called “The Ice Queen”

A book is what I am
Open the pages and learn
Just what I am made of
Secrets deep and hard

Take a swig from my glass
Quench your throat
Take in some more
Of this sadness within

Roll with laughter
As I laugh at myself
Twisted as it may seem
Even the crazy
Deserve a following

Share my love and loves
However multiple they be
Each one is real and
Perfect in its own way

Each page holds a promise
The next page won’t be like the last
This book
Is not finished yet
I lay awake,
Picturing myself drenched in my own coppery smelling blood.
drenched like I had never been drenched before.

The blood, was steadily spreading,
Pooling under me as I lay there...

THINKING,

Trying so hard not to feel.

As I laid there I had these flashes,

Like a flashback reel in a movie,
as the actor or actress recalls a far away thought, dream as it
happens in slow motion and usually with that hazy cloudy feel
to add to the surrealness of it.

It shattered me,

It broke me to pieces.

I was forced to succumb to a myriad of emotions, none too
clear.

I knew that I would never be the same again.

I was attracted the sister was real she never acted
Sensuality was never her priority
We dealt with the actual fact not fantasy

If u where wise u should see that this is written in the past
tense
Meaning things have but presently she fails to see reality
Now I ask any sister with a positive plan if u looking for a
wise man well here I stand

Back to the story I could not break away from her
She got imp into a curl like native her with gel
But what the hell

I’m at her place ring the bell
Her momma welcomes me with a smile in her face
As I walk in my confident is in place
Boooom she thrown a plate at me
Booom she throws a plate at me
Now presently I think I need surgery
Doubting Me
Nicky Le Arrr

Doubting me, It’s On You
Do I want revenge really?
If I did, why does my heart hurt?
Thinking, thinking analyzing it
Fuck I say I don’t need this shit

You don’t deserve someone as great as me
I’m wonderful stunning intelligent and free
I do what I want...I’m not dependant on you
I might live abnormally but to me I’m true

No pretentious faking shit I put up with
I live like I want because I’m no twit..
Say it like it is make my own choices
Yes and sometimes I listen to the voices

In my head coz they’re just a part of me
We have calming chats that’s the key..
To freedom to be who and what I am
Without judgment or giving a damn

Oh how careless and clumsy are you?
Is that all you see, shit happens, that’s true
Stop thinking your life is free of all error
So perfect and upstanding never a terror

Now who am I to be judging you?
I will never to my beliefs ever be untrue
I stick to my principles, patriotic and devoted
My morals and standards never interrogated

Lordz of Tomorrow
Lelo Morgan

Young and restless, we stick to the regime of flies, seasonal. We come in swarms of mass destruction in the hottest fashion; we ride the waves of stature, singing the praises of the future. Longing for the sweet taste of the sky. Looking for those that aren’t seen but known are there. We exist in a form of celibate manifestations. We pray for the super goals of the peripheral gadgets of their influential minds. Checking the reality of our existence in the mirror as though affirming the dream shunned upon our eyes.

Dime a dozen or is it now dozen a diamond heard n seen in the paparazzi...

Can this be the simplicity of tomorrow, could it be the complexity of the past...

Or the being of the present. Can we be the archeologists of yester year and the archetypes of today. The servants of the system, slaving away on the rims of the current, living the life of the past and organising the passage of the dark tomorrows.

If more be the norm then why not less???

Can we be the engulfment of the success of our past Lordz. We are the Lordz of tomorrow, the Lordz of significance, the masters of the mental chasm, currently dark but never ending...

Our legacy stains the minds of the pessimist, our realms encompass the optimism of the tomorrow we dare to gamble. Are we the Lordz of the flies that will falter or are we the Lordz of tomorrow...

he evolution of a stagnant past...

Forward this mail to all your reader/writer/blogger/poet friends
The critics say that epics have died out
With Agamemnon and the goat-nursed gods
I’ll not believe it.
Elizabeth Barret Browning, Aurora Leigh

Great masters of old,
You’d be amazed by twenty-first century machinery
‘tho’ you invented time travel
That modern science has yet to match with its metal wizardry
I find myself spirited away by words
That are ages old

Your thoughts are entwined
With mine
I dwell in an ancient past
That never was
I walked down to the store

With Hamlet on my mind

And I could swear that for a moment
Achilles was by my side,
His animated shield
Telling an enthralling tale

"There are no pacts between lions and men." - Achilles

My peace of mind
Captured in past delusions of happiness that maybe never was
What ravages of spirit

Created these monstrosities, broken and undone by unkempt rules
And those of unidentifiable blotches of nostalgia solidifying in claustrophobic patterns across these walls
On days like these – I need my peace of mind

This lurid seashell empty of the life that once was
Undrowning, undying – just slowly withering away with the ebbing of the darkened sea
As dirt encrusted feet walk across millions of pebbles of decomposed rocks.
His peace of mind
I need my peace of mind.

Spanning over uncharted territory
Looking over the deeps at pioneers beaten by forgotten hopes and dreams
Begrudgingly bolted down by uninvited responsibility
Without enough heart or courage to escape
Peace of Mind.

The arc shaped piece of simplicity
Sails across the clear skies and impregnates tomorrow
With maybe’s not realised today

She produces a perfect ten pounds worth of utter bliss
And it seems for those ebullient moments of satisfaction
That all of it was worth it

It arrives.
Peace of mind
There’s a gush in me
That makes me wanna gulp
Raising my waves
Leaving me wet and high
So wet that I slip - my fingers
Deep in the sea of pleasure

I dig deep for treasures to find
Rubies, pearls and diamonds
Though these commodities I find
I’m urged to dig…. Deeper….. Further….. Faster…
Heart throbbing, thumping, pumping
Humping, grinding, wanting,
The opposite reaction is a massive; sensitive, tickly, fragile,
calming, Firming, fiercely, stupendous, wave
Pacing, racing, escaping,
The uncontrollable, passion driven, undeniable
Earthshaking, time stopping, rejuvenating
Wave….

The wave swallows the shark,
A massacre of ancient, disintegrating, redundant
Lifeless emotions in me

The wave settles in me, I sigh
Eyes roll in, knees tuck in, and toes coil in
A serene; light, tropical, blue, breeze soothingly blows

I have never reached that peak
I wanna stay on it....
I subliminally choose to stay on it...
And yet again, as I come to this cum-clusion
There’s a gush in me...

Mr. Fanatic
Born to a black mother
Died of a white farmer
...
Mr. Fantastic
Reliable fanatic
Born of a gun
Troubled by the sugar cane farmland
Stretched by the white man
Sutured by the country he so loved

Mr. Fanatic
Relentless black maniac
Mechanic of disorder
Betrayed by his father
Revenged on his master

Relentless fanatic
Boycotted his own past
Misdirected in his life path
Took up a gun
And a rundown tractor
Hector!
He screamed.

Mr. Fanatic
Angry at the wrong man
Met at the centre of the field
Drew once and fired
Blew the man’s brain up
Left a note on his lap:

Here lies Mr. Fantastic Fanatic
Born of my mother
Died for my stolen land
I killed a white man
And he killed me back
Reminiscing

I clutched an empty cup with both hands to my chest
slumped back on the pillow to get a perfect view
and twas then I stole a moments' rest

You caught me staring and I could sense the uneasiness when
we crossed eyes
Pardon me, it’s just that I can see myself hidden in your eyes

Time slows and the world comes into focus with dazzling clarity

I returned to long gone days
Still, as all those days ago a little flicker burns for you

My love is so Intense that it grows with you without defense

Babe
Could I have let myself believe that you’re that which the All Mighty had in store for me
That plan He wrought long ago...

Slowly Slipping Away

Mandiwe Ndaliso

Slowly I’m fading away in this moment
I’m hoping you’ll find my heart beat
As I sink in this pool of love
I need a speck of will to survive

This mountain keeps holding me back
I can’t help but wish that this lake
Will find its stream of comfort
From the words that flow through my heart

As my veins bleed for what it has forgotten
My arms long to hold what they have given
With warmth they seek to find
The only love that is true and kind

Slowly, slowly as my heart beat fades
Only your ears can hear the leads
This sound seem to share
That is, a language that only you and I can hear

So please tell me you can feel the vibration
As I move in motion
To finally catch your attention
For me to transfer my passion

That I have kept hidden for so long
A feeling that is so strong
I cannot deny the pleasure this gives me
There is no doubt that this is meant to be

So flow through me like a fountain
Move me like an avalanche
To a height that cannot be moved
To an Everest that no one can claim
Cold winter morning
Woken up by the violent wind chants
I peak in my mom’s bedroom and it feels as if I have opened a mortuary’s fridge A mountain of blankets on her bed, which have just been pushed to the side
She shivers, and shakes from what I thought was the cold
She trembles so hard as if she’d been electrocuted
With no words synchronizing with my lips and with sleep still possessing my eyes I try to make sense of her facial expressions within the morn’s dawn
Watery saliva escaping her mouth unnoticed
I use the back of my hand to wipe it off from her
The same way she’d wipe my tears over a scratched knee
Her cries have gone silent, it’s a sign that he has been weeping for long The kind that makes your lungs heavy, shoulders decline
Knees numbly knock, giving in to all the years she’s spent cleaning after us
She slowly catches her distant breath and lets out what comes out as a silent whisper “your dad was here, but he has left”
“i ended up chasing a mirage; charming, blurry image that I knew as him” “He was too slippery for my fingers grasp”
My tears fell down my face and not for my father But for a woman who felt so root-ly detached from the norm she knew Tears rolled down for a woman who has always under all circumstances given selflessly Tears streamed down for I had no comforting words for her
It reminds me of the day I lost my one eyed gold and green doll
When I had looked universally for it, when I accused Fifi for being a thief When no other doll could amount to Blinky
Weeks later I found Blinky in my old shoe box – I guess I forgot that I had left her There since there was thunder that morning when I went to school
And I dint want her to be scared...
My dad never took strolls with my mom
My dad was never chased
He simply WALKED
The notable signs where there
Work consumption, tediousness, and aging anatomy
Too many words became heavy for a conversation to hold
Black and white dialogue like my grandma’s TV

Every chat with him made me feel the need for subtitles!
His sense of humor left with my memories of the inner warm nights, With the rich aroma of dumpling and bean soup in the air.
The day he’d magically pull coins from my ears
The day we’d play his LP’s while whistling through our smiles
A huge wave knocks my face!
A sudden whack from reality
I NEVER KNEW MY FATHER
Where do all these ideas and metaphors of him protrude from?
Are these cries of a little sperm longing for a cock-tank to own?
Has all the avoidance of the issue piled up to form this nightmare?
I recognize that I am in a dream and dreaming within it
My mother’s squeals represent my mental isolation camp
That got a relief to hear about a father raping his own
That got grief when hearing of what Fifi’s dad got her on all memorable occasions Or even at random...
*writers pause*
Is this even about a father I never knew?
Or does it originate from the irritation of people just walking?!
Is it attached to the void left afterwards??
What inspired this brilliant piece of writing? *blowing my own horn on full blast poetic amplifiers*
*writer stops thinking to proceed*
I can identify with the feeling of people walking, No justification – in fact none needed
People will walk all over you; walk you to dark places unknown
Walk you to a draining state of exhaustion. Walk away with the humanity In you, if you let them
People will leave you to walk in sadness, walk, walk, walk
It is up to you to walk in the light that only your soul can emit...
These Feet are made for Walking

Her pain filled eyes
Look despondently
At his anger filled face
She hears him taking deep breaths
Filled with fury,
She can foresee the beating
She can feel his wrath
Even before it has descended upon her body
She knows the agony all too well...

Violence has become her daily bread,
The underlying spirit of her existence,
An evil spirit that she could neither control
Nor escape,
A spirit that devoured her soul
And spat out a shell of self-pity
Violence was infused in the air she breathed,
In the food she ate,
In the bed in which she slept...
Her life was in more danger
Within the walls of her home
Than in the unshielded wild,
And every night she went to bed drenched
In her own tears,

Praying that she would not wake in the morning
But to her dismay, every morning as the sun rose
So did she
As the sun rose she awoke to the despair
The pity, anger and regret that was her life
She awoke with partially blinded eyes,

She awoke with a broken body and a broken spirit
But on one blessed morning she awoke

With a strength that was not her own
With courage that she had long since misplaced,
That morning
She awoke with defiance in every muscle of her body,
And even though pain was reflected in her eyes

Love pulsed in her heart,
For the first time in her life she felt love
For herself,
And on that day she was not willing
To let him take that from her
So as he stood there,
Taking in his deep breaths filled with fury

She prayed while walking towards the door
And walk she did
She walked and walked,
Walked until she could walk no more
Walked until fear surrounded her no more

Walked until her faith was restored
Walked until she saw beauty being revived
Walked until she saw the world coming alive
Walked until sense fully returned to her senses
She walked until she was whole again
She walked and walked
For hers were feet made for walking
Arguably the best MC that ever lived, Biggie Smalls, didn't live to see his 25th birthday; his lyrical rival, Tupac, left us all his poetic genius having lived just three months past his 25th birthday. Jimi Hendrix produced, from his guitar, body of work as legendary as the Excalibur during a seven year career, before he bizarrely departed just two months short of his 28th birthday.

By default, Youth is Freedom; it is also Revolutionary by Nature and Genius by Design. Cage it or clip its wings and watch it rebel against you; set it free, inform it of the potential that lies on its wings and watch it soar like an Eagle in the direction storm is coming from; with knowledge that there's no storm where the storm has been.

Every seven years of our lives, we go through major transformations. We start school at age seven and enter Adolescence seven years later. We become adults at age 21 and marriage becomes a major factor if we haven't entered into one by age 28. Chances are, we will experience mid-life crisis by age 35.

According to the laws of the country, one is considered youth when aged between 16 and 35. At the sweet age of 16, therefore, one comes of age.

To every rule there's an exception, Mosa Moeketsi is one such. When her peers had just entered adolescence, she had already completed her high school at the age of 15 and joined her mother's construction company to, as she puts it, "revive it!"

Her mother had just left employment at Rand Water to concentrate on business on a full-time basis when Mosa joined the company and quickly secured her first project in water reticulation. I had to google this, but it involves installation of pipelines.

Mosa says her background in speech and debates instilled persuasive skills that she continues to employ throughout her business career.

After spending a year with her mother's company, she went on to start her own Gardening and Landscaping company and took a step closer to realising her childhood dream of becoming a horticulturist. It took a few humour-filled exchange of pleasantries for her to drill it into my vocabulary that the word horticulture is pronounced with a silent letter H.

"I failed dismally and realised, at age 16, that I wasn't made for gardening the same way my maternal grandmother was," she said.

Shortly after finishing her A-levels at the British International College, she "fell in love with dirt" and that's how her company, Tshimo ya Tlhago Construction, was born. To raise capital, she sold three wardrobes worth of clothing and got her first project in the Vaal to reconstruct dilapidated and poorly built RDP houses.

She was not even eligible to cast a vote when she was required to manage 35 employees; mostly men between the ages of 30 and 60. A teenage Mosa Moeketsi had to endure heat from the least expected source when it was ironically the women in her employ that found it hard to respect her authority; though she had expected them to
be more supportive and understanding of the duties that come with her role and position.

The bickering and gossiping threatened to break down company morale and she had to put her foot down to save the project and the future of her infant company. To achieve that, Mosa split her teams up based on the synergy that existed among various personalities and the rebellion was quelled.

While executing her second project in Braamfischer, all her company’s tools were stolen and Tshimo Ya Tlhago Construction came down crashing. She says she had to work ten times harder to get it back to where it once was. The breakthrough came when she secured a contract to train soldiers in Burundi in brick-making; the project got her company much needed publicity and soon she was flooded with projects. Tshimo Ya Tlhago had bounced back higher.

At the age of 22, Mosa Moeketsi is the youngest construction company owner and currently employs staff of 16 highly skilled and experienced individuals. She has people in her company that have been in the construction industry for over 27 years. She says she is very particular on delivering quality that she never uses her age, gender or race as an excuse for producing substandard work.

She was raised by a single mother who retired as an inventory manager at Rand Water and holds a University degree.

Mosa Moeketsi is single, but she would like to start a family by the age of 25 and says a man that wants to pursue a future with her must make his intentions clear from the very start as she does not believe in dating.

She says she likes a man that can co-ordinate an outfit and make it look like he applies both thought and feeling into what he wears.

On a more girlie note, Mosa prefers her nails clipped short; she cares for them by buffing and applying nail polish regularly. For her skin, she drinks a lot of water and uses Vaseline Petroleum jelly to lock in moisture and keep it glowing. She admits to having a shoe fetish and has lost count of a number of pairs she owns. Miss Moeketsi has no beef with weaves, but says their itch is not her style and she prefers an Afro or just having her hair cut short. To her, beauty is more about comfort than aesthetics or sending a political statement.

With regard to the proposed policy of Nationalisation of Mines, she’s of the opinion that it’s a relevant suggestion that just needs to be more realistically implemented as opposed to the currently indicated idea. To elaborate on her views, Mosa mentioned the book Mind of a Fox, authored by one of her mentors Clem Sunter, a said it could come in handy in the execution of plans of those that advocate the righting the imbalances of the past.

On the matter of Labour Brokers, she concedes that it is a commonly used service in the construction industry and acknowledges it has potential of being exploitative in nature. Though she didn’t call for a complete ban on Labour Brokers, Mosa Moeketsi condemned the practice of turning labourers into jack of all trades as opposed to producing a more specialised and highly-skilled workforce.

To conclude our interview, Mosa Moeketsi and I played a Rapid Fire Drill; I came up with a word and she had to say the first thing that came to her mind when she heard the word. Here’s how it went:

Word: Success
- Mosa's response: Happiness
- Hot
- Mosa
- Apple
- Bottoms
- Sushi
- Maki
- Religion
- God is You
- Family
- Big and Support
- Snake
- Cold
- Education
- Essential
- Door
- Opportunity
- Girlie -
- Barbie

Mosa Moeketsi is on twitter; follow her @MosaMoeketsi

words and some pictures by Nyakallo Lephotso

Regular
This issue is dedicated to all those fashion faux pas that we-as well as celebrities-commit on a daily bases. My fashion column’s main purpose is to get you out of those faux pas. If you still carry on with these fashion crimes, my handcuffs will be on you faster than you can say fashion. Here we go...

This is one of the most common mistake that we make. Naomi Campell has lost so much hair due to her never-ending weaves. The issue I am addressing with the weave dibacle is not necessarily her loss of hair; even though that, in itself, is a total humiliation. Buying a cheap shiny weave/bonding is a total no no. The thing that annoys me the most is that you can find a good weave at a very affordable price if you go to the right store. You don't have to go for Indian or Brazilian to look good. While we are on the subject of hair, please stop trying to imitate Rihanna or Nicky Minaj who have stylist at hand 24/7. You Must Never!

I have no idea why women still don't know the different bras that are available in this damn age. Nothing makes me cringe more than a visible bra strap. Every chain store has strapless bras; criss cross ones, all kinds so please invest in proper ones. The see-through straps don't help much as they draw unnecessary attention to your bust area and I know for a fact that there are the perfect strapless bras for every single breast size. You Must Never!

Accessories are a great way to enhance an outfit; however, when you decide to wear long earrings, you cannot wear them with a necklace. You need to allow one signature piece to stand out. You Must Neverwear huge earrings and a necklace. That is a major fashion crime. Always allow your outfit to breath. This picture was for a photo shoot, not for walking around in a mall.

You Must Never buy cheap high heels! They will leave you embarrassed for days. LOL, this reminds me of a certain young lady I know who bought cheap heels and could not even walk up a steep in them. Heels are an investment so the next time you are out shopping, remember this. You Must Never!

I am a huge fan of leggings; however, you cannot walk around with torn up leggings and expect people to take you seriously. I am all for being expressive but you need to be careful of the message you are putting across in your dress sense. You must never allow your clothes to give out a wrong impression of you.
Women - and this applies to even skinny girls - suffer from the same problem. We all want to be slimmer than we actually are. This has resulted in some of us buying clothes that are a size too small. This not only reveals your actual size but it just looks wrong and is a fashion and emotional crime to the offender more than to anyone. You Must Never.

The Croc shoe invasion is as annoying as someone who walks around with slippers all day. I do not understand why anyone can walk around with those huge hideous shoes on. Someone recently told me that she uses them when she showers because she stays at rest, after this it made sense but for the love of God, please stop walking around with those shoes, unless you are 60 or have a foot problem. You Must Never!

Leopard Print might be in, but make sure that you remain a human being wearing a leopard print and that you do not turn into a leopard. This applies to all fashion trends, always wear the look, You Must Never allow the trend to own you.

The biggest and last fashion crime for the day is.... Please stop wearing Fake. Not only are you hurting the fashion industry, but also making a fool of yourself. It is ok to love Louis Vuitton, but remember the workmanship that went into creating it the next time you buy it at the robots. You Must Never!

By Val

check me out on facebook and twitter.
I am not an addict
I just have a habit
You call it a drug
I call it izol yam yeswati
You can say whatever you like
Judge all you want
Diya kuqelela sana
Iya mphambanisa lento
Indi shaya khona lapho
Izol yam yeswati
Dala mina ngi bhema
Kodwa cha, not even in my wet dreams
Have I ever imagined spliffing iswati
The first time ngi hlangana
Ne zol yam eswati
O boy it looked so fine
I've heared people describe it
Saying “you can tell by just looking at it”
They said something about its colour
Believe you me, they warned me as well
That it tasted different
One puff and you hooked
And there it was
Izol yam ye swati
I couldn’t believe it
Just by seeing it
My world changed
Nge nga hlangana
With my inner self
E, yena Ngwana Moruti ka seko
Ka iphumana ke le hodimo dimo
Hloohong ya thaba Mautse
Eka ke haufi le Mmopi
Yena Jehova Jire ka sebele
Ena khomu ya fatshe e etsa dimaka ele ruri
I could search the whole world over
And this I know is true

I will never find a better zol
Than izol yam yeswati
Izol yam yeswati
How well I understand thee
I care not what the critics say
It matters not how I and thee met
I’ve been stung by izol yam yeswati
O! zol yam yeswati
How excellent is thy name in my world
For thou have connected me with my true self
I am no longer a fake portrait
I am now original
In all aspects of the word
All its all thanks to you
Izol yam yeswati
As trees in autumn shed their leaves
When the first bird cries out to the dawn
While the rose spills its scent on the lawn
I see myself traveling along the infinite line
I have reached that point
I have been warned of
I am falling and damn I am so high
Izol yam ye swati
I sure do like the stuff
It keeps me on a high note
There’s nothing I fear now
For I can hear now the
The changing of tears to joy
My heart’s resolved
My mind is made up
You are my last
I would never try
Another kind of a zol again
For you satisfy my soul just enough
I admit that you make me talk to myself at times
I find myself laughing all the time
Ngwana ya sa lleng…

Lesika wa ha Dipholo

Re ne re sa tsebe hore ka hara fuba sa hae ho ruthutha difefo
Hoba madi a hae a ne a tswela ka hare
Mqeaba a hae a qhitsetsa ka hare
Phelo ba hae bo kgaotswe ka lehare
Ke ho dula a nahana ka tshupa e meharo
O ne a sa kunute le batho
Empa a kunuta le mengolo
E ngotsweng majweng a mabitleng ka thhaku tse kgolo
ROBALA KA KGOTSO MOSIA MOTUBATSI
MOTHO WA HA MANTSHA THEBE DI OME
O ne a dula a lla
Empa a kgapha tsa hae di fella ka mahlong
A bina
Empa a tjhele lentswe
A bua
Empa leme la hae le maname mahalapeng
A pheta ditshomo tse hlokang mathetho
A phokola difela tse hlokang morethetho
E ne e le letsatsi
Empa re sa bone mahlasedi a lona
Hoba a ne a patuwe ke maru a sibathetseng
E ne e le ngwana
Empa a sitwa ho lla
Ke ka hoo
A shwetseng tharing

feedback

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designerscripts@ilikewhatiwrite.co.za

Umdlalo onjani ongena Ndodo

Slashfire

Umdlalo ongenandondo
Umdlalo ongena nzuko umdlalo?
Vula umqondo umdlalo onjani ongenandondo
ohlukumzayo
oshiya izingane zikhala
umdlalo onjani okulethela inhlupheko nokuhlukumzeka
Kwenzeka kanjan ukuthi ugcine
Uthelela intombi yakho ngenxa yobusoka bakho
Ucansi awul’thandi uyya uzbiza ngenkunzi malanga
Ushiya izingane zabantu zikhathelenkuvela ukuthi uhubeka uhlukumzwa
umdlalo onjani lo odala izintandane nenhlupheko
Umdlalo onjani onendondo ongeke wayichoma phezulu uziqhenye ngayo?
Yebo uyabukwa yizwe
Umdlalo onjani ongeke ongeke usakuvumela ukuthi uhambe uqhenye utelebhele uhubwe omaMbhele wena usele
Ulibele umdlalo ongenandondo
Umdlalo onjani oncisha usana ubisi lwebele umhlaba ulimlele
Wena ntombi amakhulu amabili namashumi amane abaluleke ngalendlela yokuthi usungaze uzilethele ukufa ukubhekile
Okuzoshiya ubuntombi buqaqekile umqhoyiso ulahlekile
Wena umdlalo wakho lo uykugugisa
Empeleni lomdlalo uyakubhubhisa
Ingculazi ngiyibekile iyona ndondo
Umdlalo onjani ongenandondo?
Inzuzo yesikhashana
ayilungile
Ucansi luthatha imizuzwana
Kuthanda ukuba buhlungwana ukubona owethu bemosha ikusasa labo ngomdlalo ongenandondo
Bakwethu ngiyabuza umdlalo onjani ongenandondo?
Uzitshele ukuthi udlala umdlalo empeleni umdlalo odla na ngawe
umdlalo onjani ongenandondo?
It was nothing I have experienced with you before and I saw a different side of you that I had never seen before. A lot was said and implied. I tried hard to place my past behind when I approached you about that matter. It was specific and not accusatory. We both apologised and tried to put it behind us.

I thought I was ok but I've realised that I'm not. It's not what happened but what you said that tore my heart apart and now I walk around with an ok face but the heart is gushing pain. I try to make sense of it but I can't.

I keep replaying the whole conversation but nothing makes sense and I struggle to come to terms with it. The pain grows colder each time and the heart reels more and more. I don't know how to get through this *crying*.

I wipe my tears and try and be strong cause I need a clear head *heart grows colder*.

I walk around laughing while the pain jumps up and down inside of me inside my chest. The heart is bleeding, my hands are shaking, my eyes are blurry, my mind is confused, I am confused. I am hurt and in pain. (I know I keep repeating the same thing over and over again in my mind).

I hope to get over this hurt.
I hope to get over the pain.
I try to write but the p...

Letting go of bad experiences is not easy at all, No matter how evident it is that thinking abt some things only brings pain to you. I recently read a book which explained that labelling something 'problem' simply means that you dwelling on that situation mentally without taking action and by that doing you unconsciously making it part of your sense of self. The ownership of the 'problem' becomes a problem when you wanna let go cos it will feel like you have to loose part of Self.

Our addictive clinging to situations is caused by the way we value things, so as unbearable as pain might be, at some point we need to scrutinize the cause of it and somehow get to know what we learned and rather focus on the lesson and not... the pain. We obviously grow, mentally and spiritually and only people who are close to us can push us that far, otherwise we won't grow. The wise man once said "there is beauty in everything but not everybody can see that", and another said 'the beauty of life is in its ugliness. I've been thru pain in my life and only after a long time I looked back and appreciate the growth as it was very very evident. (though it took a lot of series messages, but I finally accepted and thanked God).

The interesting thing bout pain is that the physical is much easier to tolerate and bear cause it's outside. Emotional pain is the hardest to deal with. The loss of a loved one, the pain of betrayal, the pain of loss and even disappointment. That is the kind of pain that cuts deepest and takes longest to heal.
I killed my father not literally – mind you I’m no murderer. Well my anger and wishful thinking must have had a hand, as for year I wished that he would die and maybe, just maybe, I would be better off. My father passed away on 6 October 2007, not really sure of the time but I’m sure that he is gone – dead! I’ve hated him for so long - till now (well a part of me still hates him). I have so much hatred and anger lingering inside of me because of that man, but now that he is gone...

That man owes me so much, not money - that’s way too material for my liking. He owes me because he didn’t play his fatherly role; he played no role in my life, whatsoever. He died not knowing the simplest things about me or my life, simple things that make me laugh or smile, things like my favorite kind of music, my favorite color, fears, ambitions and dreams. He knew nothing, nothing at all and that saddens me. I felt no sense of security from him, no trust, no father-daughter bond and no love at all. I felt that he didn’t care about me and didn’t love me. At times, I would doubt that he is my father and just when I’ve gathered enough courage to ask my mother to tell me who my real father is, I would look in the mirror and there he was staring at me.

They are so many things left unsaid and done. Promises left unfulfilled and the hope of him changing and being a father to me. It makes me sad and tears me apart. I’ve wished for so long that he would die, as I felt better off without him. But now... how I so wish he were still alive, to hug, kiss and to tell me that I mean the world to him. How I wish I’d hear him tell me that I am beautiful all the things a father should tell his daughter. Well then again I guess I will never ever get the chance to hear him say all of those things. I know that no amounts of “if only” will bring him back, though I still wish he played the fatherly role as he should have; a role that every father should play in a child’s life. I wish he knew my dreams and ambitions. I wish he knew how much I hated him and how much his distancing himself from me was hurting me, so that he could correct all of that needed to be.

Wonderful things were said about him at his funeral – ya well, I guess you cannot badmouth the dead. His friend and colleague came up front and told everyone how a good man he was; “There were so many expectations from him” his friend went on, as he told mourners what a strong icon we have all lost. And yes, it is true. They is so much that was expected of him, especially from his children, I believe; all seven of them (possibly more). He was so irresponsible, making and leaving children all over the show. Not willing to take responsibility for his actions.

My father was a real actor and, for his performances, I believe that he deserved an Oscar. He played father to children that were not his own - a father I never had. On the day of his funeral one of his friends mentioned that he was a mentor – a mentor I never had. And was also called a pillar of strength – that same pillar I yearned and longed for while still growing up and still do to this day. Everyone who came forward painted a really beautiful, colorful and bright picture of him. I doubt and know that my picture could be anything like as mine wouldn’t have all those colors, my picture would bear pain, sorrow and complete sadness endured in the years. It was also said that everything he touched turned into gold; bruise is the word that should have been used.

That bustard would beat the living hell out of my mother all night, wake up the following morning wearing his favorite suit, Bible in hand, and off he would go to church. A man of God, people must have thought when they saw him; he was far from that, more like the devils best friend. And no, not everything he touched turned into gold, because everything he touched bruised, I’m left with the emotional scars and mom still bears physical scars on her face and parts of her body.

Those who knew his evil side will tell you that he was a lying and cheating bastard who didn’t care about his children. His was flippin’ cold-hearted, evil, spineless womanizing, abusive man who didn’t appreciate what he had and took everything he had for granted.

He is not worthy my airtime anymore, he is dead and I can’t kill a dead man, it’s just impossible; even though at times I wish him to life so that I could kill him with my bare hands. I can’t believe a dead man could cause so much trouble.

Ja! To all you bitches that call yourselves my aunts, it is fine; help yourselves to all his assets – it’s not like he had any children after all, right?

No love lost most say. But in this case there is...
Story of a Back Man

Moketsi Moshana

Not so long out of the conversation I was having with an associate; he uttered the words: “... story of a black man…” And for that particular time the words were appropriate for what we were on about but being the person I am long after he was gone; days and most probably weeks those words kept coming back to my mind and every time they do I would dwell on them. I kept asking myself if this story exists and if so who wrote it and what brought the author(s) to a place where they felt a need to document our story.

I will try and be more detailed or at least cover most thoughts in my head when I share with you some of the facts and findings related to this story as compared to the little injustice I did in another piece I penned. I actually discovered that the authors of this story are black which was a huge relief to me considering that you would be reading memoirs and autobiographies of black people which I written by white people which I don’t mind but my question has always been; “What happened to black writers?” because I believe they are as capable or is it that they miss such chances if not uninterested. Let me make it clear that I write not as a professional or an experienced person but I just try to share with myself and others what my mind goes through sometimes. My other discovery was that there’s a lot of background associated with this story and that gave me hope because I knew that I will learn a lot and enrich myself with wisdom discovered off this story. Well it wasn’t long before I learnt that this is not one of those Fairytale kinda stories but one filled with sadness; poverty; frustration and anger. The story I was so eager to deeply bury myself in and enjoy finding my history and its riches quickly became an obituary of parents that died and left their in-fant child to be brought up by people with no love let alone interest to look after or raise a child; we can’t even talk about them. This story opened my eyes to the society that had dreams yet never fulfilled them; abuse that was so familiar it became part of us; lack that defined who we are and fathers that did not have it in them to lead their households except come home to change and go back to their drinking sprees and the makhwaphenis. I ended up in this thought because even the subject we were talking about was and is related to our lack and how much we have to hassle to make ends meet. This story was not at all a story of hope instead one that opened my eyes to; the FAILERS of my forefathers who left me nothing to positive to learn. As a young man that recently got married I did not marry because of the beautiful marriage life that was modelled before me and though I took a step of faith I’m determined that my children will have it better. Not my father nor anyone before him sat with me before they die to teach me about marriage life; being a responsible husband and a father to my not yet conceived children yet my current generation and the society I live in expects me to do it right. Surprising enough the same people that expect me to do it right are the ones that have always been telling me how hard or difficult marriage is yet they expect me to do it right and not divorce; fortunately I’m yet to find any other beauty besides that of being married. The story of a black man showed me millions of kids that don’t have fathers; battered women; abused and molested children; intolerant and angry people; child headed households and trust me this is not about what the government hasn’t done BUT about our forefathers that were too selfish to live a legacy; forefathers that worshipped alcohol and sex with everything that look like a woman and nothing like the wife they married and dumped at home. Yes some of them didn’t have most of the opportunities we have today but has it ever occurred to you that some were plain lazy to think and use what’s in their disposal? There are other issues that I did not highlight for your reading and I know if you can pick on the story you are most likely to find much more than I discovered.

What then has this story taught me? I have a responsibility to love my sister the way my father did not; build a suitable and friendly environment for my wife and yet to be conceived children; protect and provide for them and leave for them a legacy that will be known by the third generation after I’m gone. It has taught me to overlook my ego and have mentors or pillars I can refer to for when the sky looks darker and I can’t interpret the weather; to live selflessly and love unconditionally. This story taught me there’s hope and I can dream and bring those dreams into reality. When I see a couple that celebrate their 50th anniversary and their children that turned out good I’m hopeful that all is not lost yet I know that most males have a responsibility to love and care for the women in their lives because they might be coming from those abuse families and we need to teach them better and gain their trust. I’m reminded of a female friend who said to me; “...it’s not that we don’t want to submit to you or bare you children but we are afraid and not sure if you will assume your role and responsibility as a husband and a father...” and I understood exactly what she meant and it had nothing to do with her demanding her constitutional rights. As young men we need to rewrite the kind of story we would want the future generation to associate with; and trust me it’s not that hard to achieve and the story of a black man is also not all-hope-lost but there’s hope.
Two Pictures on the Wall
Anele C-Lekta Rusi

The is a picture on the wall, I’m not sure how old is it, it’s a picture of a man holding a long gun & they say you were such a great soldier even though you never went to WAR. The is another picture on the wall of a man in a soccer kit carrying a soccer ball & they say you were such a good soccer player even though you never scored a single goal. I am just not sure of what you did for a living, may be a soldier who loved a soccer field more than a battle field.

I have a picture in my memory of a tall, dark, grey haired man playing hide and seek with me, I’m just not sure if it’s the man in the wall picture holding the gun or the one carrying the ball, I’m just not sure but he was playing hide and seek with me until it was his turn to hide & I’m still seeking him. They say he went to Durban or Jo’burg, I’m just not sure.

They say my voice is like his, my walks are his walks, my naughty smile, sleepy big eyes are exactly his, I’m just not sure if my obsession with girls half my age & my scary uncontrollable anger is also his, I’m not sure if the gun in the picture is the same gun you used to shoot my mother, they say she died protecting me, I’m not sure why because I would have loved to go up there with her, so she left behind a son & husband who never knew each other.

Every time I visit her graveside, I can’t help but to wonder why did she stay with you for such a long time. Was it because the two of you had a child or was it a matter of ‘until death do us apart’? Too many questions on my mind but I’ll never get answers because death does not answer to life.

They say you were in a car accident & you lost your leg, I’m just not sure if it’s the right or left leg. I heard you were in hospital, very sick with I’m not sure weather TB or HIV, I’m not sure if you still remember my face or even my name but I hope you still know that next week will be the 10thanniversary of the day you took her away from me & left me here with two pictures on the wall.

I’m not sure if you can play soccer, hold a gun or even play hide & seek anymore. I heard that you are sleeping in your death bed waiting for your last day, I dare you not to die before I find you because I just want to find out: are you the one carrying the soccer ball or the one holding the gun?

I can’t play a soccer ball & I’m too scared of guns but I have these memories in my mind, you don’t owe me much, God gave me angels to guide & give me love, you don’t even have to tell me why or how, what keeps me awake at night are the two pictures on the wall & in order for me to finally move on, I just need to confirm: are you the one carrying the soccer ball or the one holding the gun?

The Fridge
Ululate

There you were like a refrigerator always present, so reliable I had you when I needed you and even when I didn’t.

You saved me from the misery of canned food and off milk but you’ve subjected me to left overs from last night when your family was here and pizza that I couldn’t throw out cause I felt someone less fortunate than I would go without...

The comforts of marriage...

Of waking up to you and opening you up with a kiss like I did the fridge even when I’d already known there wasn’t anything there for me anymore.

It’s not that I want another husband, its really been a luxury that’s cost me more than cold nights lending my body to you for pleasure, to ease the tensions to silence the screams of tardy children wanting more from me because there was nothing in the fridge for them, and I, the willing magician would huff and puff and blow hot air until you gave in and for once acted like their dad...

But fridges aren’t meant to embrace children and rock them to sleep, even now still they’re off at college and it is only you and I and you are cold still. Its clear...

I want to be without you, and yes I know it means I’ll live on tinned food biscuits and cereal with off milk but I need the silence...

I need to hear myself breathe again...

To escape the buzz of your presence and at last, unplug this dependency on your idle presence and cold affections. I need to cool off. I need you to divorce me without resent, to leave in me a vacant space I’ll walk past every morning and habitually reach out, I need you to love us enough to deny me the luxury you are, I only want you, I never did need you.
I recently had an argument with a very opinionated friend of mine. It wasn’t a heavy topic. In fact most people would have understood it to be trivial but to us people who like going gung-ho about absolutely nothing it ended up being a big deal. What we were discussing is not important but what this friend used as his closing line; ‘whatever floats your boat’. I’ve heard that idiom being used so many times before and I use it quite regularly myself. We were not agreeing at all and had he not beat me to it I am sure I would have been the one who used it to conclude our argument.

It occurred to me how powerful that idiom actually is. If I think about it, it says I should do everything in my power to keep my boat afloat. It doesn’t say I should take any known methods to keep it afloat. It says do whatever you want and can to keep your boat afloat, it doesn’t matter if other people believe in your method of keeping it afloat, afterall, it is your boat and how you keep it afloat is totally up to you.

There are a lot of people who seem to be overly concerned about how other people keep their boats afloat. They perceive their own boat-floating methods to be supreme. These methods have worked for them for years so they swear by them. When somebody comes along to share their stories of how they keep their boat afloat they are usually ridiculed and scorned. Why is it important to other people that you use their method as opposed to your own?

You might have already guessed it. This is not about boats but a good analogy for describing how important it is to make your own decisions and believing in your own truth, making sure that you are always true to yourself. I want you to do some introspection today. What are you about? What are your values? What are your principles and what positive beliefs do you hold? We all believe in something that works. Does it bother you when other people’s truth is totally different from yours? Why does it bother you so much when other people do not believe in what you believe in? Why is it important that they do?

I have my own beliefs and opinions; my truth. Are these beliefs and opinions superior to everybody else’s? Absolutely not! They are just the offspring of my mental being, therefore really important to ME. It doesn’t concern me when somebody has a differing truth. They could even believe that planet earth is flat, as long as that belief serves them for their greater good. Their different beliefs and opinions do not threaten the growth and credibility of my own opinions and beliefs.

We often seek credibility where it might not even be that important to us. If somebody shares their story about their reality it is not important that it resonates with me. I need to understand that it is merely the sharing of ideas and experiences. I don’t even have to go out of my way to discredit that opinion for it doesn’t take away from own.

Do what it takes to protect your views and share them with those who would love to listen. The passion you have for your beliefs should be a perfect indicator of how other people feel about their own beliefs. Do not impose your views on others. It’s not important that others believe in your opinions, views or beliefs. What is important is that they are true to you. Now what relevance is it to you that they follow yours? An opinion or belief that is carved with the intention of acquiring followers is not strong for it seeks approval. Truth doesn’t need followers. It is true for it exists within you. Truth doesn’t shrink or dissipate in the face of adversity. It remains constant and true. So keep believing in what’s true to you without trying to discredit others’ truth. You should do whatever floats your boat as long as it doesn’t seek to sink mine!
As a writer of fiction, I make it a point that I:
- DO NOT write for people (people read what I write - which are two different things altogether)
- DO NOT write how people see things
- DO NOT write about how things must be seen generally
- DO NOT write to incite people’s emotions. I write to incite MINE. But if my writing invokes emotion, the reader is free to indulge in those emotions, which would mean I would have written a good piece.

But I DO write:
- to SHOWCASE how I see certain things
- to reveal to you the way I FEEL about those things
- to highlight WHAT makes me feel that way about those same things
- to EXPLAIN how things should happen or occur.

The story is my creative space, where I can do just about anything I want. My story can subtract longevity; defy all laws of gravity and quantum physics. The gist is the same. The story is mine, and I can tell it the way I want it told. After all, IT IS MY STORY.

I tell my story from MY POINT OF VIEW; because that is the view I WANT the story to be told. If the story seems to favour one side and negate the other, it’s because that is HOW I have chosen to tell the story...after all, IT IS MY STORY.

If I want to make a pig fly, I will do so. And I will explain how it came to have those feathers. No one can come up to me and say, “But Mbonisi, you have a pig that flies, is blue and speaks four languages in your story. That’s impossible!” No one can tell me THAT, because the story is mine, not theirs, and I can do anything I want on the story. IT IS MY STORY.

If I want a man to be shot 100 times and not die, I will gladly do so. The story is mine after all; I can DO with it anything that I WANT and see fit. If my character speaks in a certain manner, it is because that is HOW I want the character to speak! If I make a 12 year old child speak wisely like an old man, then so SHALL it be! The point is that the story is mine. If someone says to me, “That child cannot speak like that, that sentence sounds too wise for her.” I will ask them WHY NOT? Why should the child not speak like that? If you want her to speak like a 12 year old, you can do that in your story; in my story, she can speak like an 80 year old wise man if I want the child to speak like that! There is no stopping me. IT IS MY STORY!

And yes, it might sound self-centered but that is how writing is (according to me, and rightly so). You write what you feel, NOT what people feel. If you do that, then you lose the plot. I simply write for myself, and people READ how I feel about the things I have written about. It is NOT the other way around!

And I appreciate the people who understand the way I write. And I appreciate those who do not. I DO NOT write for people to understand my writing, but rather I write to understand MYSELF more. I would never stop writing, even if there was no one to read my works. My writing is never done for the people around me. It is about me, the writer, and that writer can write ABOUT the people around him. These are two different things; to write about people, and to write for the people. But it is always good that when I write, people end up understanding me also, when they read my works. Because in the course of conjuring that piece of poetry, or prose, I do dissect myself, lay myself bare on that guillotine table, pen on rustling paper, and then scratch away at every nook of my emotion and character.

Finally, I write because I want to share my feelings in a creative space. If I write FOR the people and negate my feelings, then that story ceases to be mine. It becomes the people’s story. And that is NOT why I write in the first place. The way I SEE things is how I WRITE them, not the way people WANT to see things. The stories and poems might not look like it, but at the end of the day they are all about me, me, ME...!
Each piece of writing needs structure; having an idea of what you are trying to achieve and how you intend to present your case or tell your story is key to reaching your audience. It is important to always begin with the most important information first and trickle down with each point of less interest. Think of this as an upside down pyramid. Broad at the top and thinning out towards the base. Always ascertain that the central them of your story and a point of highest interest is mentioned first. Follow that up with a lesser point of interest that still takes precedence above the rest until you get to a point where all points have been exhausted in order of important.

For this exercise we will write an essay with the title *Windows in the Social Media Era*. The simplest most basic way to write this essay would be over five paragraphs as we are doing below. The first paragraph would be our introduction, the second, third and fourth paragraphs make up the body and each entail a different aspect of our essay. That is to say we will put forward three arguments to support our case; each individual argument will be in its own paragraph. The fifth paragraph will be the conclusion of the matter.

In introducing the topic, the best place to start is by defining key terms of the title. I prefer to use three definitions; the dictionary definition, the everyday language definition and the definition I will be using for the purpose of the topic in question. It is key that you mention a specific brand of the dictionary that you sourced your definition from.

Here's how the first paragraph will look:

According to the Fontana Dictionary of Modern Thoughts a window is a transparent or translucent opening in a wall or door that allows the passage of light and, if not closed or sealed, air and sound. Informally, a window can be described as an opportunity, gap or a break. For the purpose of this article Windows will refer to a series of operation systems produced by Microsoft corporation. An operating system (OS) is a set of programs that manage computer hardware resources and provide common services for application software.

*in an event where a definition contains a key word or a phrase that requires more clarity, do provide definition thereof.

The second, third and fourth paragraphs will make up the middle of the essay and each will look at a component of an argument. Once you have built the skeleton of your essay, the meat will bleed out of your pen/keyboard. For example, you can begin, in the second paragraph, by elaborating on the early dominance of a Windows operating system. What amount of the market share it commanded, the reasons for it and that has changed over the years. This will be a mixture of factual evidence and personal opinion. Finding a balance between research and personal opinion makes your essay come across that much richer. It suggest you are well read, but also possess analytical skills and are very perceptive of your surroundings.

The third paragraph could be dedicated to entrance of competition, how much of the Windows market share they took and what you attribute that to. The emergence of open source alternatives may be a major point of discussion here.

The fourth paragraph would have to deal with social media and how it has opened doors for other vendors to market their products and what implications this has on the previous held monopoly by Windows. Proceed to discuss the future prospects of both Windows and various social media.

To conclude your essay, summarise your points and state equivocally what your views are, based on the research you made, regarding the state, relevance and future prospects of Windows in the Social Media era.
Every story is divided into three sections; the beginning, the middle and the conclusion. Most novelists prefer to make the beginning about character introduction. This is where we meet the characters, know about their background, habits, how they look and what they do. This could happen in the first three chapters or the first three thousand words.

The middle is where the “action” tales place; the betrayal, lies, heartbreak, joy, etc. It’s your writing’s battlefield; characters meet, they like/hate each other, settle old scores, someone may die or be born. The events here build up to a climax; the biggest drama of the story. The trick is to write such that the reader cannot possibly guess what the big confrontation would be about or at least it would turn out.

This is quite tricky because the reader might think they know what might happen next, and the only reason they will read that is to “see” it happen. If, in an attempt not to be predictable, you decide things won’t pan out as set out the reader might experience an anti-climax. We’ve all heard of a friend that’s read a book and was disappointed that the two main characters didn’t come face to face to settle their score once and for all. It may well have been because the writer thought it was too obvious a conclusion.

How a book ends is subject of many debates. Some writers drag the book for this very reason, because they may end up being judged solely on the basis of their books end. A piece of writing may mimic real life or sometimes be an escape from it. Real life stories hardly conclude on a happy note, hence happy endings are frowned upon in some quarters, Hollywood and fairy tales haven’t made us many favours in this regard either. In my view, there’s nothing inherently flawed with happy endings. In fact, some stories cannot have a more fitting end than a happy one. Reading is a mental exercise; try and engage your reader’s mind right ’til the end. How the story concludes may be immaterial eventually, as long as they feel they could not predict it or, if they did foresee the ending, knew it could not have happened any other way.

To ensure this, as a writer you need to do research. Read as many books of the genre you choose to wrote and engage readers too. Bear in mind that no reader wants to read one book with two different titles. Make your writing different from the rest. Make it your own, here and there try out new things that sets you apart from everyone else. Writing is art, be creative without boundaries.

Every piece of writing must answer six important questions:
1. Who
2. What
3. Where
4. How
5. Why
6. So What
Q: Hi doc I'm 37 have a ear infection went to hospital they gave me the nessecary medication for 5 days en said it will be fine but 5 days is passed en I can't hear a thing in the right ear shud I be worried en go back
A: Yes, you should be concerned if there has not been any significant improvement. It could be a wax plug, an abscess or the infection just has not cleared up yet. Please go back.

Q: Hi doc I took and overdose of insulin , I get this terrible stomach, is it the side effects , and everytime I take me insulin my stomach start painin,what should I do
A: Abdominal pain after injecting with some types of Insulin can be a side-effect. If this is the case, the Insulin may need to be changed. Please see your Dr about this.

Q: Hi Doc, compliments for the new season, please tell me what I can use for my daughter when flying in an aero-plane, she has terrible pain, tried drinking liquid from a straw, eating biltong even chewing gum. It there any other remedy , please?
A: Hi, compliments to you too. Have you had your daughter checked out by your GP or an ENT? I would rather look for and treat the problem, rather than trying to alleviating the symptoms. This can usually be solved by a nasal spray and anti-histamine.

Q: Doc i have a sharp pain in my anus when i am extreting, especially on my period, its a very sharp pain and i have to pause a bit then continue after it subsides, it hurts Doc , whats is it likely and gynae or GP??
A: Start with your GP, you may need a DRE (digital rectal examination) to determine the problem.

Q: Hi Dr, is there any vitamin and advice you would recommend and give to me that would boost my 7 year olds immune system? I'm worried because in the last month she's caught a lot of virus'. Thanks
A: Hi there, just on apoint of clarity, was your child diagnosed with true viral infections or was it not an allergic type condition (rhinitis)? If you really want a vitamin supple-

ment, something like Creche guard may help.

Q: Hi I am 43. And had 2 back operation discetomany of number 4 and 5 I still have back pain my doc say I have muscles
Spasm. Please help I can\'t handle the pain any more and I am sick of drinking pain killers what can I do
To the muscles spasm.
A: The best modality of treatment for Back spasm is a combination of Physiotherapy, anti-inflammatories and muscle relaxants. I suggest you consult a physio asap.

Q: Hi Doc. I'm a 42 year old with dark spots on my cheecks and forehead wich appeaed during pregnancy. Will something like regim A work for me?
A: It may work. Otherwise, consult a dermatologist who can perform laser therapy.

Q: Hi doc. After my dads death i got prescribed oxza-epam(purata 15mg). I am addicted to it now. I get the worst withdrawals when i dont take it. Ive tried going cold turkey but it didnt work. Any suggestion? Please help
A: The best way to overcome this dependence is to WEAN yourself off the drug. This is done by slowly tapering the dose down over a period of weeks. Do not stop suddenly.

Q: Hi Dr. Is it a must to go for a checkup after having a baby if u never had a six weeks checkup.
A: It is very important for baby to have its 6 week check-up. This can be done at the clinic or by your GP

Q: I tramped on coal while braaing. Flora clinic trauma unit told me to keep it bandaged until the blister pops & using a silver sumthing ointmnt however its been 7days and I cnt tramp on this foot. Can I pop it now?
A: No, we never advise popping blisters. If you are concerned, see your GP or go back to Flora.

Q: Hi Doc, Happy New Year. I have another ring worm on my scalp, I have completed the medication and used the shampoo. My hair is still short and washed everyday. I am really very concerned, what is happening to me?

A: If the initial diagnosis of Ringworm was correct, then the problem is the medication: was it the correct medication, and in the right dose. Since you do not mention the treatment prescribed, I cannot comment on that. My advice is that you revisit your GP or see a dermatologist.

Q: Hi Doctor :)...when it gets really cold I get small bumps on my skin...everywhere. They itch a little, and have nothing inside. They go away when I get warm, but they're uncomfortable. Please and thank you. Be blessed

A: Sounds like you have a condition called Cold Urticaria, caused by exposure to cold stimulus. The treatment involves staying warm, and the use of Anti-histamines.

Q: Can a skin allergy/eczema (from some jewellery) be linked to the yeast in bread? I was able to wear my watch for the first time in ages when I went on a no-bread diet for a while.

A: Yes, absolutely... you've just proven that! :)

Q: Hi Doc. What are most common causes (other than possible Cancer) for low iron high white blood cells. No fever.

A: Not many causes, but I would be concerned about chronic inflammation/infection.

Q: Hi Doctor. What is the most common cause of mouth ulcers? I'm HIV neg and first had them even before my first kiss. I'm assuming its a vitamin deficiency?

A: There are a few causes: Vitamin B12 def, folate, Iron and even Vit C. It has also been associated with emotional stress and smoking.

Q: Hi Doc. My BMI is 36. My height is 1.57. My weight is 90. I'm 22 years old. Being trying to lose weight 4 a year. Unfortunately I'm in P.E so I can't come see u. Please help. Duromine didn't agree with my body.

A: You don't mention what else you have been trying: exercise, eating plan, lifestyle changes...you don't need medication to conquer your weight problem.

Q: I'm about to turn 30 & ready to lose my virginity. I don't want to contract any STI's or get pregnant. I have bought non-flavoured Durex condoms & lube. The guy & I will test together before it happens. Should I consult my GP or gynae?

A: You can see your GP. I also suggest an additional method of contraception, like the Pill.

Q: Hi Dr. I was treated for abdominal TB 4 9 months. Underwent myectomy op that didn't happen because when opened my bowels were "frozen" & there was old blood around there. What is frozen abdomen & what's the cause? Is it treatable. Cud it mean I still have TB?

A: Very interesting question: you have Intestinal TB, and one of the complications of this is a Frozen/Plastic abdomen, where the you have multiple adhesions (stuck together) between loops of bowel and the abdominal wall. Your TB was fully treated, so this is an end-result of the TB disease. Unfortunately, treatment options are limited.

Q: I have a friend that has marks on her arms and upper chest, they look like ring worms but are not. She doesn't know what causes it or triggers it to start swelling sometimes. They look like ring worms and they get like a flaky skin when it dries up. What is this?

A: Obviously seeing this rash or a picture will help with the diagnosis, but it sounds like Psoriasis. Please see your GP or a Dermatologist for confirmation and management.

Q: Hi Doc, my 1 Month old still has some yellow in his eyes and his gums is this normal?

A: I hope you had it checked out because we don't want the jaundice to persist beyond the first 2 weeks.
Q: Hi Dr. Marlin
A friend had a stroke 3 wks ago and was adm to gvt hospital. She is discharged BUT was told she is in renal failure, her liver is bleeding. Also that doing a scan is waste of time. If they sent her home that sounds like they can’t treat her?
A: Yes, that is usually the case, but would also depend on the age of the patient and how “bad” the liver and kidneys are, and of course how severe the stroke was.

Q: Hi Dr McKay, I am a 26 year old female and scared of catching chicken pox as I never had them when I was little. I was exposed twice when I was 11 and 13, as two of my close friends had them. Is it possible to be immune without ever having had CP?
A: Very unlikely, you are probably just fortunate.

Q: hi doc, my 4 week old son has a red puffy cheek after being outside (not directly in the sun). Is this sunburn and if so how do we manage it?
A: This does not sound like Sunburn (especially the puffiness), and may be an allergy or inflammation. I trust you had it sorted out by your GP

Q: Hi Doc. I trust you are well. You put me on Glucophage (500mg). I have stopped taking it for about 9 months now. I was wondering if I may go back onto it. Also, greatly appreciate if you could advise if it is safe to stay on it for longer than 1 year.
A: Yes, Glucophage is safe for chronic use

Q: Morning doc. I have been on triphasil from May but now my clinic can only supply me with trigestrel, is it the same? I am scared that it might cause me to gain weight. I did not gain any weight while on triphasil.
A: Apparently Trigestril is the new generic for Triphasil, so technically the side effect profile should be the same. However, this is not always the case, and you may experience something new.

Q: Hi Doc. My 3yr old son had chicken pox and its left ugly marks everywhere especially on his face. Is there anything I can use to lighten them been using tissue oil but it doesn’t seem to be helping.
A: Yes, the scarification from healed Chicken Pox can be quite unsightly. I recommend something like Regim A, a cosmetic preparation (a little expensive) but works quite well.

Q: Hi Doc, abwt 3weeks ago I had a very itchy rash on my legs & arms. It has since gone away but the itchyness hasn’t. Its very, very itchy in such a way that I scratch myself until I feel like I’m going 2 bleed. Please help me!
A: I know it’s a bit late, but I hope you consulted your GP or a Dermatologist for a DIAGNOSIS, and then treated with a course of antihistamines and/or corticosteroids

Q: Hi, please explain to me what Scarlet Fever is? My daughter (7) was just diagnosed with it. I have researched it and it doesn’t seem serious, however, the doctor made it seem like it was. Please tell me what it is and what I shud be careful of?
A: Scarlet Fever is a bacterial infection, affecting the skin (rash) and throat. You are quite correct, it is contagious but not serious.

Q: hi Dr, if u r diabetic can u be a kidney donor?
A: The main organ that is damaged by Diabetes is the kidney, so the answer is NO.

Q: Hi Doc. My friend is in hospital with a viral infection. Her blood platelets keep dropping below 50000 the dr is doing test but still can’t find cause. What can be wrong with her.
A: Causes of a low platelet count count are grouped into 3:
1. platelets getting trapped in the spleen (not very common)
2. decreased production of platelets (bone marrow dis-
eases, viral infections, cancer drugs)
3. increased breakdown of platelets (pregnancy, ITP, certain medications, severe bacterial infections)

As you can see, there are a whole host of things to exclude in order to try and find the actual cause, but it could be related to the viral illness.

Q: Hi doc, wrt the moody hubby, he has none of the symptoms you mentioned below besides being irritable and easily upset. Do you still think he could be depressed?
A: It sounds like he more stressed out than depressed at this point. He may benefit from a very mild 'anxiolytic' drug to calm him down. Speak to your GP about this because you will need a prescription.

Q: Thank you so much Doc for your answer on aczema. Will it ever go away as she is still 2yrs & what aggravates it?
A: There is good chance that she will outgrow it. There are many trigger factor that can cause a flare-up, including certain foods. So always keep the skin well moisturised and look out for possible triggers.

Q: Hi doc,is it normal to feel extremely hungry and sometimes dizzy,before I get my Menstrual cycle?Also weak at the same time which makes me very tired
A: There is good chance that she will outgrow it. There are many trigger factor that can cause a flare-up, including certain foods. So always keep the skin well moisturised and look out for possible triggers.

Q: Hi Doc thanks for the answer but if the mans cancer was already ST 4 is it possible for her to still conceive. Its about stomach and prostate cancer.
A: Her ability to conceive has only got to do with delivery of an adequate amount of good quality spermatozoa. No matter how ill the man may be, if he is able to get an erection, and if he has sufficient strength to perform sexual intercourse, then it is possible. However, if he is terminal and bedridden and extremely weak (you have not given me any indication as to his actual physical condition), then obviously this scenario becomes increasingly more unlikely.

Q: Hi Doc, my husband is a healthy 38 year old who has been very moody lately. Is there anything I can give him to 'lighten' his mood?
A: Unfortunately the answer is not so simple...moodiness is usually part of a broader spectrum of conditions like Depression and Anxiety. So the next question would be: does he have other features suggestive of Depression (feeling down, loss of interest in favourite things, not sleeping, loss of appetite, irritable, easily upset, fatigue, demotivated, guilty, memory loss, etc)? If this is the case then he would benefit from Counseling and even perhaps a mild anti-depressant. Remember, it's no use just treating the symptom (moodiness) without treating the condition (depression) and finding out the cause (stress? conflict? etc)

Q: HI DOC PLEASE CAN YOU TELL ME IF I CAN USE DUROMINE.
BMI: 44.6, HEIGHT: 1.57, WEIGHT: 110 KG , WAIST: 97CM
I AM AT THE GYM BUT NEED SOMETHING TO SUPPRESS MY APPETITE
A: I assume that you are female? You have a very serious weight problem (called Morbid Obesity), and I assume that you do know that need to lose between 42-49kg. You need a comprehensive weight management plan/solution, not just gym and Duromine, and you need to be guided in the right direction. Please contact my rooms on 0116722129, so that we can help you. PS There is nothing wrong with a good appetite, as long as you are eating the right foods in the right proportion and portion size!

Q: Im 33yrs old, I weigh 80kg, I tried all diets. Can I use Duromine; can I get it over the counter or do I need a script.
A: Giving me your age and weight does not help me at all! We need to work out your BMI, so I need your height and weight, and then your waist circumference as well. And then after I have calculated all that, I will tell you that Du-
romine is a bad idea!

Q: Hi Doc. My granny has been diagnosed with "bakers cyst" behind her knee. Is this life threatening. They are only able 2 drain it in the new year. Can she still go on holiday or does she need 2 rest? What causes this? Thank you.

A: Baker’s cyst is caused by a build up of fluid in the sacs/bursae behind the knee. It is not life-threatening, and she can still go on holiday.

Q: Hi Doc - my daughter (6yrs) suffers from allergies, which is under control - however she has these dark marks under eyes, could it be an iron deficiency? And if so what must I give her? Thanks for this service, it’s a blessing to us.

A: Thank you for the kind feedback. Given your daughter’s background, the dark marks are most likely related to the Chronic Sinustis and nasal congestion, and not iron deficiency.

Q: hi doc, im 31 YRS old, i often get a pain in my left arm and left thumb, i am a smoker, can you explain what this pain could be, i also get dizzy now and then , have marks on my body and my veins are standing out?

A: Your symptoms warrant a thorough medical check up. Your pain in your arm could be originating in your neck.

Q: Hi Dr, my mom has high blood & on chronic meds (Vediblock).GP put her on 2nd dose (Enap),but has bn experiencing severe cramps since on the Enap,sumtymys her legs pull stiff.Wat can she take for this & is this a common s/effect of it?

A: Is she on plain Enap or is it Enap Co. The latter contains a diuretic (water tablet) which may cause cramps. Please confirm and mention to the Dr, or try some bananas

Q: Hi Doc Mckay - I am 47yrs old and have always had a mole in my face { beauty mark} I have noticed hair growing out of it now. Except for cosmetic reasons is there reason to remove it.

A: Things that one should be concerned about: A= asymmetry, B=border irregular, C= change in Colour, D= change in Diameter. Or put another way, if it gets bigger, darker, irregular, bleeds or is painful, get it checked out

Q: Hi Doc

Please tell me if it is possible for us (humans) to develop an alcohol dependency over years of using these hand washes with a high alcohol content??

A: Not possible, unless one is drinking the handwash.......

Q: Hi Doc - My eye has been red/pinkish -looks infected no puss though for a week now,. I am using OCTIN for the last 3days and no difference. It only itches once or twice a day and then not much ,no other symptoms. What can the problem be?

A: It could be an allergic conjunctivitis, or a viral haemorrhagic conjunctivitis (pink eye). Treatment depends on the correct diagnosis, so please see your GP

Q: I am a 38 year old male and I pass water at least 3 times every night and have consulted a GP regarding this. No UTI was found and he prescribed antibiotics but the urination still persists. Please advise, thanks.

A: You probably have an outflow problem, a problem with flow of urine from the bladder, into the urethra. Your GP has to refer you to a urologist for further assessment.

Q: I'm a 42 year old female and have a trush infection, I am not sexually active. How does one contract thrush as I have never had it before, thanks.

A: Thrush does not imply sexually transmitted, and there are many many causes: antibiotics, diet and nutrition. The primary is usually imbalance: We all have millions of bacteria living in our body at all times. Some are considered good bacteria while others are considered bad and can cause a wide variety of health conditions.

In a healthy body, the good bacteria keep the bad bacte-
ria in check so there is a nice even balance. When someone develops Candida overgrowth the balance has become upset and the bad bacteria have taken control. Something has gone wrong and allowed the Candida organisms to flourish and grow rampant.

Q: Hey Doc...what can a lung test show that an x-ray can’t?
A: A lung function test, as the name implies, tells us about the functioning of the lungs, whereas a Chest Xray tells you how the lungs look, and these 2 investigations complement each other to help make a diagnosis. A lung function test is used mostly for the diagnosis of Asthma and COPD (Emphysema).

Q: Hey Doc ;), everyday when I wake up I feel dizzy. It happens even when I sit up after resting my head for a few minutes. Its been going on for ± last 6months. Last time I gave blood I fainted. Worrying?
A: It sounds like you have Benign Postural Hypotension (low blood pressure, aggravated by change in posture). Have your BP checked to confirm.

Q: Hi Doc. my friend went 4 a HIV test @Doc in Eldo’sext5 yesterday. the Doc says he nt satisfied with what the result he give him a form2 go2LenMed hospital.on the form he ticked in the block where its says test again4 AB?
A: It sounds like your friend had a Rapid HIV test with the doctor which was negative, and the doctor is now sending your friend for an HIV Elisa Antibody test for confirmation. Please let me know if this was indeed the case and what the outcome was.

Q: Hi Doc, my 16yr old nephew has german measles since past Wednesday. Him & my 16 year son spent 4 days together b4 that.

. Is it likely that my son wud also get german measles & what is the treatment for it?
A: Rubella (German Measles) is infectious from a few days before onset of the rash, so it quite likely that your son was exposed. He therefore is at risk of contracting Rubella, and this can happen anytime from 2 to 3 weeks after exposure (incubation period). Rubella is a mild self-limiting disease, and the treatment is largely symptomatic and supportive.

Q: Hi doc is it possible for a guy to have prostate cancer and stomach cancer and still do the deed. The result of the deed being that the person would be expecting(pregnant).
A: Yes it is possible! Unlikely if the patient is Stage 1V (Terminal), but always possible

Q: Gud day Doc pls help re there any over the counter creams 4 aczema? My baby she has since birth but the Dr who was treating her moved 2 another place & its quite far. He ll prescribe Advantan&Epi-max which worked but i cant get withot a script. Tnx
A: Unfortunately, the steroid creams are your mainstay of treatment and they are only available on prescription.

Q: Hey Doc....i have been havin breathin difficulties for months now nd lately i hav dizzy spells,my eyes gets itchy and red nd stuffy nose what cud it be coz the tests iv done came back negative?
A: What "tests"? Sounds like you have Allergic Rhinoconjunctivitis

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
My cousin has developed an obsession over immune boosters; how effective are they in combating the disease?

The only drugs that I know of that effectively suppress the virus' ability to replicate - make copies of itself - are antiretrovirals. These copies are what we call the viral load, and are an indicator of how well a patient is taking their treatment. The aim is to have the viral load as low as possible at ALL times.

Unfortunately, due to various reasons, there is an obsession with the CD4 count. This count is indicative of the strength of your immune system. The CD4 count also provides an entry point into the public sector ARV programme. So if your CD4 count is less than or equal to 350, you are eligible for ART - antiretroviral therapy.

CD4 count varies slightly on a day-to-day basis. If you're happy it goes up and if you're sad it goes down. If you're HIV-positive and taking so-called immune boosters that you believe are going to raise your CD4 count, and prevent you from being eligible for ART, then I can expect your CD4 count to go up. BUT the virus is still making millions of copies of itself on a daily basis. That process can only be suppressed by ART.

It saddens me that "immune boosters" are being marketed aggressively in our country, and primarily to the unsuspecting masses. The truth is that many people struggle with the idea of being HIV-positive and then having to take ART for the rest of their lives. So anything that promises a different route will always be appealing. "Immune boosters" have not been reviewed by the Medicines Control Council of South Africa. So I would never endorse a substance whose effect and side-effects have not been scrutinized.

I do however have every-day experience with patients who start taking "immune boosters" with ART, without telling me. The blood results always come back messed up. The liver blood results are not good and the viral load has always shot up. And that is how I am able to confront a patient and get the truth out of them.

"Immune boosters" have NO documented benefit for HIV-positive patients. However, we all have free will. If a patient chooses to continue to take them, I always document this in their file, and hope for the best.

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
Q: My boyfriend and I broke up after 6 months. The break-up caused a lot of heartache. Now we are back together but I can't seem to forgive him for what he did. It's not so much mistrust as it is hatred I feel for him.

A: Sweetie, the worst thing you can do to yourself is get back with someone you hate!!! It's not gonna work out unless you truly let go of the anger and hurt. It will cause both of you terrible heartache. My advice would be to give yourself sometime until you can forgive before getting back together. Good luck!

Q: I was dating dis ada guy, I'm really inluv wit him bt we neva broke up n we dnt col each ada nor c!So do I do?

A: Seems to me like what you guys have is fling (on and off relationship). If it is working for both of you, then don’t change anything. Sometimes the worst thing we can do in a relationship is ask for too much too soon. Just continue with your life and if it’s meant to be, it will be. Good luck!

Q: can too much masturbating cause a heart attack?

A: Phew! Your question is a bit out of my league coz I'm not a Sexologist. But, research says NO, it doesn't. Masturbation is a form of sex and sex is generally good for the mind, body and heart. The only negative side effect of Too much Masturbation is that you might tend not to respond to other ppl’s touch or orgasm as much! Hope this helps!!!

Q: My bf is always reminding me of our religion differences and that will breakup even though we love each other so much. Am I wasting my time or should i go with the flow?

A: If religion is that important to him and his family, then I’m afraid this will NOT end well for you. What worries me the most is the fact that he seems willing to let you go because of this religion and he doesn’t sound willing to defy it. If the flow works for you, go with it, DON'T invest in him until he INVEST IN YOU! Good luck sweetie!!
a little giggle a little smile, well, for a while but a smile
a little giggle a little smile, well, for a while but a smile
doesn’t mean I’m happy.
a little giggle a little smile a little laugh because I love to
laugh but it
doesn’t mean I am finding what I am laughing about funny.
I’ll say "yes" and "okay", I’ll say "absolutely but that-
doesn’t mean I totally agree.
a little giggle a little smile but that doesn’t mean I’m happy
because deep down in me lives a little me who is filled yet
with an abundance of melancholy—a girl who only wants to
be happy.
go back in time and ask daddy not to leave me I-
want to go back in time and tell mummy and daddy what
was happening to me when they did not consider what it
would do to me if they part ways and daddy-
daddy went and left without me I-
want to go back in time and tell him what it did to me when
he shut the door before me and alone in tears he left me
and mummy came to me and hugged me and cry with me
she did as she said to me “it will be okay, we’ll do just fine”
and “just fine” was not what I wanted to be because all I
wanted was to be happy.
I smile for a while a -
little giggle yes I-
love to laugh but that doesn’t mean I’m happy.
I humble myself to the greater power-
kneel down and bow down and everyday I pray- oh but for
a genuinely happy me.
I giggle a little I smile for a while but that- that doesn’t
mean I’m happy.
go back in time I-
want to go back in time and ask daddy to attend my ve-
ladictory I-
want to go back in time and tell mummy and daddy what
got me so miserly.
oh no, none of them treated me terribly,
honestly, in fact their treatment towards me was satisfacto-
ry but happy? -I’m not happy.
go back in time and talk to me instead of shouting at me I
want to go back in time and suggest to mummy and daddy
ways to alternatively address me. I want to go back in time
and beg them not to treat me like an egg .
I am Not Happy
Lynneo
teach me how to cook, how
to be domesticated I’d love to be that. go back in time
and persist I CAN do that!
I smile but it doesn’t mean I’m happy.
I laugh but it doesn’t mean it’s funny .
I can dance all night when deep down I’m miserly.
I appear to be jovial and bubbly when deep down in me
lives a little me living in melancholy.
go back in time and tell mummy I’m not on drugs I-
want to go back in time and tell mummy and daddy what
they did to me. or maybe it’s not what they did but what
it did to me what they didn’t for me. I want to explain the
pain I am all alone going through.
I’m not angry I’m just not happy and that’s just me.
I’m not intoxicated I’m devastated maybe-
maybe these are some of the things I should have eluci-
dated when I tried explaining why I’m so damn frustrat-
ed.
go back in time and ask daddy to give me a hug I-
want to go back in time and ask mummy to lower her
expectations of me-
I want to ask mummy and daddy to expect also the
"imperfect" of me.
I smile but it doesn’t mean I’m happy like-
I’m emo but it doesn’t mean I’m evil like-
I laugh but it mean it’s funny like-
I’m a cutter but it won’t make me a murderer like-
these are some of the things they should understand
about me.
I dance all night and I’m bubbly- but like-
deep down in me lives a little me living in melancholy.
go back in time -I
want to gack in time and toughen up -
stand up and speak out and not always depend on mummy
and daddy because now look what that did to me
because I had emotions bottled up in me .
money may make me wealthy- not happy.
jokes are funny and I giggle a little and smile for a while,
and laugh I do because I love to laugh but that doesn’t
mean I’m happy.
I appear to be bubbly but happy?
it doesn’t mean I’m happy.
go back in time - I
want to go back in time and tell mummy and daddy why
I’m not happy.
As I watched Her Pained

Portia Zantsi

As, I watched he Pained

The pain is inflexibe, the wounds are so shallow.

In her eyes i see sorrow....

She tries hard to conceal her twinge, yet its still visible to me.

Buried herself with him....misses him stil.

He's shadow she sees in her imagination,its insane.

I...agonize abwt her every so often,

wish she could comprehend

while he still lives on in memories...

In realism & in dreams he still gone lifeless & obscured.

She is pained...

I am pained, but she hides it so well,for the sake of her off-spring.

Her brood has grown...

Now its okay to fall apart.

We can share the wrench of lost in mutual.

Collectively we sturdy & we can bury the pain.

Ashes to Ashes

M'Kid

I Can’t Breathe, Suffocated By My Own Tears

I Guess I Never Took Time To Grieve

Now I’m Kneeling, Tears Falling, Putting Roses At Your Grave

When The Day Of Darkness, Sure Came To Dawn

Some People Just Thought I Was Brave

Some Said In A State Of Shock

Or Even, Look At This Cold Heartless Bastard

The Moment They Put You Into The Cold Lifeless Ground

I Never Shared A Drop

Without Time To Notice, I Stepped Into A Realm Unknown

Looked At Myself And Said, Look At This Innocent Lost Kid

Ran Away From Reality, For Nobody Even Cared

Life Without You, Was One Of My Deep Darkest Fears

It’s Like My Mind Just Drifted,

Faded Into A Time Of Space,

When I Was Staring At Your Beautiful Brownish Face, Smiling And Laughing

But As They Say: “Times Do Change”

Now I’m Staring At Death In Thee Eyes

ace To Face, This Is Something That I Just Can’t Face

I Mean, Do You Ever Get Prepared For Such

In Depression I Lost My Mind

Now As I Make My Way Back To Reality, My Heart Just Chose To Depart

I Just Wish That Time Could Just Rush,

So I Could Also Hit The Ground

Ashes To Ashes, This Ain’t No Death Wish,

Life And Time On This Earth Is Just Too Hush

So I Choose To Say Hello!!! To My Last Breath
A pain unbearable

A pain seeded in my heart by the one I love...ironic isn't it? The very person who's supposed to shelter me from pain is the very root of my pain

A pain so consistent and stagnant

A pain so dark...I'm unable to see the light even through the powerful rays of the sun

A pain so deep it numbs me to a point where I feel devoid of all feeling and emotion...A pain none can feel but me

A pain I'd never wish on my worst enemy

A pain that has constructed a world with only me as its inhabitant

A pain alone I feel as I'm barricated by a flood of memories...memories that leave me in more pain than before

A pain I cannot express because even as I try to cry tears fail me

A pain personified that has merged with my soul...the parasite busy eating at my soul

A pain clawing at me like a possessed beast

A pain that has turned my heart into a host

A pain far too complex to comprehend

Empty promises and lies that have woven a web of deceit

Sweet nothings that have turned into bitter words intended to hurt

Yes...it's a pain alone I feel

A burden that has weakened me

A pain that has left me feeling like an inferior shell of my former self

A pain that has me feeling displaced and vulnerable

A pain that has stripped my soul bare...that's a pain I alone feel...a pain to my heart unkind.

The End

Rethabile

He had been missing for days on end,
She had given up trying to find him,
She was getting used to not having him around,
Then one day he called her to open the gate,
She jumped from the couch, excited like a school girl
Unable to hide her joy

A huge smile formed on her dry lips.
He walked in,
Straight to the room,
Packed his stuff and put an envelope on the bedside.
It was the divorce papers,
He was leaving for good; she could keep the house and all they acquired together,

All he asked for, was that he be allowed to visit his children,
He walked out
This time she knew that it was for good.
After my drought, he then dropped on my forehead like a raindrop...

She is a young lady that sits outside on her beach overlooking her balcony, legs crossed, hands folded on her lap. Allow me to paint a picture of a portrait so real...

The corners of her lips so cracked, she can't open her mouth to speak. Insides of her palms dried out, all that's left are vague paths of what used to be the life lines on her palms. What used to be her black skin, has turned into parched pieces of the unknown. Feet that walk on money face cracked heels. Back arched from carrying black municipality bags of heartache and pain. Call her bagLady, with the invisible bags.

She awaits like a half dead maize crop, days on end. For a rain to touch her lips with its hands. For a rain to come and make amends.

But then he came and dropped on my forehead like a raindrop. Turned my sadness into happily ever after. Turned my pain into joy and turned my drought into greener pastures.

I want to thank you, because if it wasn't for you, falling on my forehead like a raindrop, I would've lived life thinking that maybe sitting on my balcony, trying to figure which rain dance would call the rain fast enough to save me, was right. Instead my rain came in the form of a beautiful human being. Marloe Monaiza

I pledge a vow not to disappoint you. But I'm only human, if I do disappoint, it ain't my intention...

Somewhere beyond the horizon there is a cool and dry place,
where the wind blows softly and the flowers bloom,
the mist lies thick over a bed of souls,
the crickets creek and the doors do not squeak.
Oh this cool and dry place,
Not a single spot on a beautiful mind,
Not a single scar on spotless skin,
Not a word of hate from an untainted mouth.
Where is this cool and dry place?
Rest for my soul.
Where is this cool and dry place?
Just a little piece of mind.
Where is this cool and dry place?
It seems I cannot find.
A flood is coming, a storm not so shy,
Ravishing the mind till its bitter bitter end,
Beating the body until you cannot fend,
Yes a storm is coming,
Because here there is nothing cool and here there is nothing dry,
These beads are images of my soul
My happiness you see in these beads
My sadness you see in these beads

Hand crafted chains and bracelets
Tell a tale actually real stories
The combined subtle colors form projections of my moods

Heartbroken
The beads mend the heart
With these beads I find freedom to express

Every unique touch massages my fingertips
This small pointy pliers bends small strings that attach
These beads are silent but tell many stories

I’m in my room high many stories in this riveting flat
The flat combined stones I could have used to strangle him
The one I hate yet with these beads I find peace

These above thoughts I write while chatting with my sister
She seats in her room
with her beads kilometres away from me
Yet I connect What she is thinking
As I paint her thoughts as words of poetry

Poetry
Wandering at the Washington Square Park
On Frenchmen street,
I spotted the footprints,
I heard the tiptoeing sound,
I felt the distant instant heat from her sunburned shoulders.
She looked troubled,
She looked deprived from her loss,
Wiped her tears off with her tan visor
Symbolizing “Fleur de lis”;
The drip of salty water left the flakes smeared down her rosy cheeks.

The lost dog flyers had been passed around,
Mounted on every electric pole,
Left the black & white stain down every street,
This flyer had been read like the local newspaper!
Fed every soul in the hood.

The poor woman-the hopeful mourner,
Rain drops against a cloak of darkness
cappuccino and ice cream
a man and a woman
the confident and the nervous
the learned and the illiterate
the charming and the shy
opposites in their own right

Now with the meeting of our lips
world's merge into one
our tongues twisting to a rhyming tune
teasing, delicious nibbles
leaning once more into your embrace

Thankful to receive such pleasure
hoping when night fades
morning will not bring back our differences
for now I let go, as you tell me I'm beautiful

Him
Rain drops of hope in the midst of my heart
cappuccino and ice cream
Silent it is in the midst of the night
a whizzing sound of breath is all I can hear
sitting beside me is a beautiful woman
whispering to my ears music to my heart
Paints a picture with his tongue
My body his canvas
My moans his paint, his pastels, his ink, his chalk his charcoal...

Moving meticulously with the pitch of my voice, the depths of my groans - from one colour to another, from one texture to the next.

Oh how perfectly perfect is his timing, knowing when to finish off with the Hardness, darkness, commanding hue of His charcoal as he moves slowly, deeply inside of me. Slow, deep are his strokes driving me into a pool of colours more diverse than those of the rainbow....

Deeper, swiftly he continues in motions to paint something über the understanding of any human mind...

Building pace these colours come together into a beauty beyond those of an African sunset...

Harder, harder even more demanding than the colours of a storm- oh but a storm it is.
Yes...yes...yes...oh..y..es!!! Complete-ed.
S-oh perfect is this picture.
ME his canvas, his colour.
HE, his brushes, his strokes.
WE, our portrait.

For Dan

If it happens, when it happens, it should only last for a few minutes.
If it goes haywire, when it goes haywire, it should only last for seconds.
If I feel like a bitch, when I feel like a bitch, it should not affect you.
If you are a bastard when you want vengeance, you should think of the consequences.
If it happens when anger overtakes, I should pause and remember I’m bigger than this.
If you are apathetic, when you are being selfish, remember it can be contagious.
If I feel belligerent when you don't give a fuck, we should hold onto the good times.
We both know we rock.
I know you better. You know me best
I'm going forth. You being the driver. Myself on the passenger seat.
Are the keys in your ignition?

If I let you have your way with me, would you ditch your corporate persona and let the naughty girl in you take over?
Would you dominate me and let me experience the Pleasure-Loving Devilette in you?
If I stood up hard for you, would you open up wide for me?
Would you let the Rodeo-Loving Cowgirl in you ride me like a wild Stallion and not stop until I speak in tongues?
If I whipped it out, would you deep-throat my vanilla-flavoured lollipop 'til it pops?
Will you desert your shy tendencies and let the fun-giving Monster Ho in you take over?
Will you let the Pleasure-Loving Devilette in you to the highest point of excitement?
Will you make cum?
If my animal instincts took over, will you turn your back, go on all fours and let the dog in me enter you hard, deep and fast?
I will Carry on 'til your Toes Curl.
I will Ride 'til your Moans get Louder.
I will Bang you 'til you Grip the Sheets and Wrinkle them.
I will Bump you 'til you Scream my Name.
I will Bonk you 'til you feel Shivers down your Spine.
I will Screw you 'til you shake like you have been electrocuted.
I will f*ck you 'til you cum over and over and over.
Oh my friend have you no shame, devouring cubs like that?! You do know this is jealousy speaking here, choma. I so wish I were there with you. That Bob boy sounds like a dish, nka mo otl a kuku a tagwe, choma. Wa nkitse nna.

So, Arthur invited me to his get-together braai last week. I decided to ask Pabi to tag along with me, as I wasn’t sure what type of crowd would be in attendance. You know how women can be at times, choma, like you are doing flashing your BlackBerry what at me like Paris Hilton flashing her punani for cameras.

Tshepo came to fetch us with his father’s Grand Voyager. Pabi and I sat in the seat behind the driver’s, despite Tshepo asking Pabi to sit on the front passenger seat. We opened bottles of Vawter on our way to Arthur’s place. There’s just something about Janet Jackson’s songs that makes me wanna open my thighs for a hard long dick, my friend. Worse when alcohol is beginning to take it’s toll.

When we got to Arthur’s place we found him braaing, but there wasn’t as many people as we had anticipated. Apparently, many of his friends had attended a wedding in town. There were 3 other guys there, two with their girlfriend and another helping Arthur to braai the meat. That was great because it meant more booze for all of us and guaranteed dick for me in Arthur. I really didn’t care for much.

I sat on a camp chair, just outside the sliding the door facing the braai stand. Choma, I had front row seats of Arthur’s tight ass.

I was wearing my polka-dot summer dress with a straw hat. My dress exposed my DD bosom and down south I went commando. As the deep house tracks were taking me away to a land I have never been to, Vawter took my hormones where I wanted it to go. Arthur kept taking sips of his Heineken while he bumped his head to the beat of his recorded megamix. I wish he would look my way but he was busy engaged in conversation about whether Black Coffee was a better DJ than Kent. Boys!

His friend, whose name I never got, kept checking me out but I pretended not to notice him. Each time he looked my way, I took a sip of my drink and looked the other way. I know my thighs were killing him, as I was sitted with one leg over the other. What we call a ‘four’, mgani!

When Arthur finally paid me attention, asking me to get a plate for the meat, I pulled a Basic Instinct on him. I slowly pulled my legs apart, flashing my pussy at him, stood up and walked to the kitchen. I could see him drooling all over that clean-shaven, beetle-shaped tswana kuku of mine.

After meals, it was already dark and most of us were tipsy. The two couples drove away and only Tshepo, Pabi, Arthur, myself and that dude whose name I never got. Each one cuddled their motho on the couches, the dude was all alone and kept drinking while ogling at us. At the time, Arthur’s tongue was licking the back of my ears.

Tshepo and Pabi were also at it. It was clear they liked each other, from the afternoon, as they followed each other everywhere. I couldn’t see them, but I heard the sounds they were making. "oooh, ahhh, ohh-shhhit."

Arthur had his hand up my skirt and was fondling my already wet pussy. The volume of my moaning kept ascending with each rub against my clit. His hands were firm, yet his touches were delicate. As he was busy with my pussy, I was slowly unbuckling his belt and undoing his fly. I reached inside those tight polyamide/spandex boxer shorts and out came that black anaconda. I quickly got into positon to kiss its head and insert it into my mouth. I blew him, paying attention mostly to the tip of his head and I heard him scream "ooohhhh - shhhhhhh!" I went down to his balls and I felt them roar like the king of the jungle. I kept licking his shaft from top to bottom. Each time taking a peek at that single dude whose name I never got. He pretended to be sleeping but I could see he had a hard on, as it was protruding through his tight pants. He had built a tent, my friend. As I was sucking his dick, I kept looking at Arthur’s facial expressions. They changed from time to time. One moment he would be biting his lower lip, the next he would be breathing heavily and the other holding the couch tight and shaking his head like he was been tortured with electricity. I could feel his toes curling and muscles cramping. I knew he was close to nirvana. In a blink of an eye, he popped.
Cum shots came out as though it were water lanched from a spraygun. All over my face, breast and dress. He spraypainted me cream white. He laid there, on a couch, exhausted like he had just ran a marathon. As I gathered my handbag and walking towards the bathroom, I heard Pabi say "Aaaaahhhhh!" I knew that was the sound of Tshepo burying his bone inside her cookie.

I quickly freshened up and prepared myself for serious bonking. As I came out the bathroom door, I came across the dude without a name. He had his hands in his pocket. Choma, I swear he was fiddling his dick and about to jerk off in the bathroom.

When I got back in the sitting room, I was greeted by Pabi's screaming.
"Tshepoooo! Tshepoooo, Harder! Tshepoooo, Harder! Faster!"
That soundtrack was just too much, I instantly wanted hard dick. I wished I could join them. Tshepo was sitted, she was squatting over and riding him like a cowgirl on a wild horse. Arthur had passed out, I tried in vain to wake him up. I was so disappointed thought of bonking the other dude. At this stage he had gone to the other bedroom.

I went to Arthur’s main bedroom, got into his King-sized bed and attempted to finish the job myself. I just couldn’t concentrate, due to the sounds Pabi was making. It made me lust after Tshepo.

After they were done, they came into the bedroom with Arthur in their arms and threw him onto the bed. I was disgusted. Didn’t even want to look in his direction. Pabi and Tshepo took out a blow up bed and prepared to sleep. Once they had settled, she made that sound again. 
"Aaaaah!"
Binnekant!
I just couldn’t deal. Arthur was lying there stone-cold. He wasn’t moving, just breathing softly. My pussy was soaking wet and it wanted dick asap. I gave the mutherfucker a mother of all BJ’s and he repays me by passing, depriving me of that joystick. Tshepo kept banging Pabi’s head against the side of the bed. I wished I could just get Pabi out there and open up wide for Tshepo to screw me ’til I screamed his name.

I went to the bathroom to relieve myself, guess who I bumped into? The dude whose name I never got. I grabbed him and we kissed. His dick was already hard and I too was wet. He picked me up and pinned me against the wall, with my legs over his shoulders. His rock hard chest rubbing against my calves as he thrust harder and deeper. At this point I wish I had asked for his name because I wanted to let him know how much I appreciate him fucking me after Arthur had let me down. He stood up hard for me and I opened up wide. He thrust deep and I screamed hard. I felt him, feeling him deep inside me. I wished for him not to stop. The screams in the bedroom had stopped. They were then listening to me. I screamed hard, I wished Arthur would come out of sleep and see me getting fucked by his buddy. The man knew his story, as he pulled my hair, pinned me down the on the floor and dominated me. He thrust so hard and deep, I feared he would dislocate my womb. I felt like an absolute whore being fucked by someone whose name I didn’t even know. The pleasure made it all worth it. He turned me around and had me on my knees. From behind, he reached even deeper. I held on to the foot of the toilet seat. My mind was miles off earth. The excitement, elation and ecstasy of it all is beyond description. Orgasm, the highest point of excitement. My toes curled, my eyes crossed, I bit my tongue. Faster, harder, deeper. I heard rolling stones, thunder strikes. I went, I came!
My life is a miracle: so I was told by my mother when growing up. When I reflect on all of my journeys so far on earth I can attest to this reality.

Life is beautiful, I was born beautiful, and my surname Bello is my testament to this fact. Born in the Lion Mountain and Peninsula of Freetown, Sierra Leone, my life speaks sage and omen of this amazing tropical country with rich history, eclectic music and the sound of the wind from the Atlantic Ocean is forever soothing; the voices of our forefathers echo in the sands of time on the pages of the West African history.

I was born into polygamy, but my mother never practiced it, that’s the irony of it. I and my sisters were raised in a liberal set-up; my mother is late now, but one thing I’m grateful for is, she gave me the best education ever. My mother was a hustler - like every Krio woman, she hassled her dream into reality, but love was never friend - so se ended being divorced. The beautiful thing about my mom is that she loved herself and replicated that in the amazing love she showered upon me and my sisters when growing till she passed away.

I’ve been to many places and time in my life, I love West Africa and Afrika is my sanctity. South Afrika is my beloved, though I have a shared heritage in Nigeria as well; I can proudly say I am an Afrikan. My loins are tied to South Afrika because my son Malakai is a South African and this brings me solace whenever I get to think in that direction.

I love words, I can smell them from a distance - some call me wordsmith, some say I am a poet while others say I am writer. I embrace all of these media to my enhancement - the reality is that my soul is lit up whenever I see or hear words being read out; happiness from yonder filter my soul with pleasure.

I owe a lot to South Africa and her love for me is unequivocal; in her bosom I have been able to publish two anthologies: - Colors of My Life & The Portrait. What more can I say than thank you… My books are available on amazon.com/ uk or Kalahari.net – Grab yourself a copy and thank me later...

As I indulge into this medium; my focus is to uplift your mind into poetic bliss and feed your spirit with articles that will build, allow you to indulge into higher heights. I’m poetically inspired and that’s my affiliation.

Music is sanctuary from highlife music to afro-beat, afro-pop, soul, blues, rhythm & blues, rock, metal, classic, jazz, and on and on. I have ears for them and a special place in my heart for these elements and anything artist and creative as long as it sounds good.

I am quintessential, indulge in the cosmopolitan and metropolitan lifestyle; simplicity is my thing and I am more of an observer than talker, but my words speak louder than my voice. Political discourse is my game – Afrika I can talk about all day and night without getting tired – I am son of the soil, passionate about anything and everything Africa and I have this yoke upon me as a calling to educate my fellow Afrikans about Afrika.

Books make me happy – I love reading – I am addicted to reading – I read and will always read...

I hope the universe will fill my ink with words to saturate your soul and lift your spirit to greatness.

I’m Dante
Last night he raised his hands on her and apologized, yesterday he screamed at her, calling her names 'cos she made error in preparing his food. Today he abuses her 'cos she now accepts it as a cross she has to bear.

She wails in her pain and in loneliness, hiding the scars under her designer sunglasses, she wore full body clothes to conceal the wounds on her body,

It aches, it hurts but she keeps quiet inside out. Pretending that everything is alright and that he will change, someday that started with hours, weeks, days, months, and years but everyday it gets worse.

She is loyal and faithful but he raises his hands to her one too many times,

Her self-esteem is battered and tattered, her pride as the glory of a man is taken away from her, the beauty that serenades the soul of her once beautiful mind and body is locked up by him and the keys thrown away to the unknown.

She is trapped and toggled in a triangle of, "I love him and he will change someday". She is strapped in moral sentiment with the idea that "We've gone through a lot and I have spent half a decade of my life with him and I can't give that all up now". She is tied up in the facade that "the devil you know is better than the one you don't".

She gets all flaccid, soft by his tears when he apologizes 'cos his sinewy body is wrapped around her and she opens up herself again to more torture. She hates and blames herself that she is the cause of his tantrums and tries to be selfless.

Sacrificing all in order to make him happy but it all ends up in scars of emotions, physical pain, psychological trauma, depression and tears.

He blames it on the alcohol; he makes feeble excuses for his actions. He does not take responsibility 'cos his ego claims ' I am a man', 'I am an African', 'My culture is utmost', 'women don't have a voice' and she still succumbs through thick and thin until beaten in to a stupor. And now she is hospitalized 'cos her soul, body and mind can't take it anymore.

I raise my voice from the poetic pulse in my head, with tongues of fire,

In rage I write these potent words. Pungent, powerful, intense and deep as the ink in my pen ascribes to the vibes in my head, saying;

Woman, you are a life giver,
You are phenomenal and powerful,
Never stand for a man that will raise his hands to you,
Never tolerate a man that will not celebrate you,
Never open up for a man that will not bring out the best in you,
Never love a man that will make you an option,
Never give in to a man that will not nurture, cherish and respect the royalty in you,
Never allow a man to physically, psychologically, financially and emotionally abuse you,
Never entertain a man that is intimidated by your intelligence and success,
Never allow a man to look or put you down in any way or manner,
Never and never again be put in a box where you are not free to speak your mind or be heard, explore and live your life full.
Never be with a man that is competing with you,
Never succumb to the of fear by a man,
Never again 'cos its one experience too many.

As I elapse into my thoughts, the virginity of soul is broken wide open in celebrating women and it’s my desire that in the future, women will have a voice, they will be celebrated, appreciated, loved and respected by the brotherhood.

It's my incessant cry to see the emancipation of women to live their purpose in life,

It's my heartfelt desire to see women living life without holding bars or hiding within the four walls of a man's home, without being empowered to be independent and taking responsibility for their lives.

It's my dream to see the emancipation of every woman in all facets of life living her dream and being loved.
We reach an audience mainly made up of females aged between the ages of 18 and 42, living in urban areas and have post-matric qualifications. Make use of our already existing database and business network to market your products and increase your bottom line and build your brand image.

Advertise in our Monthly Newsletter

designerscripts@ilikewhatiwritetc.co.za
Q: Hi Dr Sindi
A: Thank for response to my question and encouragement, remember when I said the last time a had sex was a year nd half ago, I just tested nd I tested HIV - * very releaved*
Well done for getting tested! :-)  

Q: Woo doc I like this blog I will ask as many question l find
Glad you like it. :-)  

Q: Hi Doc,
I have a 4yr old that loves food and I often run out of ideas for breakfast not knowing what is healthy and what isn't. are kellogs healthy for him? Any suggestions? Thank you!
A: Dry cereal is not a problem for children. You can alternate these cereals with oats or mielie-meal porridge.
Add sliced fruit and yoghurt to the breakfast as well. On other days you could give a boiled egg and slices of toast.
The important thing is for your child to eat 3 main meals a day with snacks in between. Try and go for low fat foods and minimize processed and junk foods. The healthy eating habits you instil now will help your child in the future.
There is a great book called 'Toddler Sense' by Ann Richardson or visit www.toddlersense.co.za

Q: Im pregnant and im taking alluvia and lamzid will i deliver an hiv negative baby
A: Congratulations on your pregnancy!
The HIV status of your baby will be dependent on a few factors:
- your taking of ART antiretroviral treatment during pregnancy: the higher your viral load, the higher the risk of HIV transmission to the baby
- when you start taking ART in pregnancy: the later you start, the higher the risk of HIV transmission to the baby
- your infant-feeding choice: breastfeeding has a higher risk of HIV transmission to the baby, especially if you do not exclusively breastfeed for 6 months
This is the reason why the national PMTCT - Prevention-of-Mother-to-Child-Transmission programme is SO important, and why we want every single pregnant woman in SA to know her HIV status. So that we can give her the correct advice, medication and try by all means to ensure that her baby is born HIV-free.
So I’m glad to note that you’re on ART - Lamzid (2-in-1) and Aluvia. You haven’t mentioned your infant feeding choice. Whatever you choose, please ensure that you feed exclusively for 6 months. So baby can’t get anything but breast OR formula for 6 months. The only meds baby can take should be from your healthcare professional.
Baby will be tested for HIV at 6 weeks (PCR test). If negative then the HIV test will be repeated 6 weeks after the last breastfeed if mum is breastfeeding and finally at 18 months.

Q: Hi Doc
A: I’m hiv+ my. Husband is -ve, I’m currently on ARV’s. Is there a way we can get pregnant such tht he is not infect- ed with hiv?
A serodiscordant couple - where one partner is positive and one partner is negative - can conceive naturally or they can use artificial insemination - if they can afford it.
The most important thing is that we want to keep the negative partner negative. I shall focus on the HIV-positive partner - regardless of gender.

1. Ideally, the positive partner must be on ART - antiretroviral therapy 3 drugs taken to suppress the virus’s ability to replicate - make copies of itself. We want the positive partner to have a high CD4 count and a low viral load - the number of HIV copies in the blood. This is because the lower your viral load, the lower the chances of transmitting HIV.

2. The positive partner must have no sexually transmitted infections. HIV loves open skin and ulcers in the genital system. Once again, STIs increase your risk of transmitting HIV.

3. The couple must have extensive counselling. The negative partner must understand that if the natural conception route is chosen, there is a small chance of being infected.
If the natural conception method is chosen, the couple would have "timed intercourse". This is when the couple would have unprotected sex only on the days that the female partner is ovulating, and use condoms with every other sexual encounter.

If artificial insemination is chosen, the couple would have to consult a fertility specialist well-versed with HIV. I can recommend Prof Mervyn Jacobs. He runs Vitalab. Google it for their contact details.

Q: how can i help my child to gain some weight, she is on arv’s, 6 yrs, weight 25 kg, but she is very thin.
A: If your daughter is eating 3 main meals a day with two snacks in between, then you have nothing to worry about. Make sure that she’s also taking a multivitamin daily and that you de-worm her every 6 months (Zentel syrup is available over-the-counter).

If her thin frame is a change from what she was previously, then you will have to get her examined by a healthcare professional. This is to exclude any underlying illnesses.

Q: Didnt get yo reply but its 522, iv neva dan a pap smear bfo thnx
A: Okay please make sure that the doctor that examines you also does a PAP smear. All HIV-positive women should have a PAP smear done yearly.

Q: Hi Doc,
At what stage of HIV does a person start to be mentally unstable? Forget people, talks alone etc
A: What you are describing is what we call AIDS-related dementia. This usually occurs when the CD4 count drops below 100.

It’s also important for me to point out that other HIV-related illnesses could present with the same symptoms, so a proper examination by a healthcare professional is necessary. If it is indeed AIDS-related dementia, then ART antiretroviral therapy is the way that we treat this condition. Patients respond well to ART and their mental condition does improve.

Q: Hi Doc, How tru is that when you bath an HIV+ person with bare hands is risky? She is on ARV’s and currently she is vomoting is on nappies bcoz of the runny tummy. I am not sure what the stage of the HIV is. She also has sores in the mouth
A: HIV is found in all bodily fluids but in varying concentrations. Blood and genital fluids contain a high amount of the virus. Bathing an HIV positive person only becomes a problem when you run the risk of direct contact with blood or genital fluids. Especially if you have any cuts or lesions on your hands.

Speaking from experience my advice would be as follows: wear gloves for cleaning up vomit, changing nappies or bandages, for nursing sores in the mouth or genital area.

I would only wear gloves to bathe the person if there is a risk of HIV transmission as I have outlined above.

Q: have 2 small painless sores on the pubic area spots of blood are coming out not having sex now but did have sex a couple of times with condoms last year and when i was young with boys, was diagnosed with Chlamydia
A: Genital lesions have to be seen to be diagnosed properly so I would suggest you go to your nearest healthcare facility and have yourself examined properly.

Do let me know how it goes.

Q: My husby and I are both +, how can I get him to tell his family cause he tested pos on 08 but lied about it, he went for a test though he knew that he infected me now want him to tell hs fam, coz mine knows how do I do dat?
A: Disclosure of one’s status is not an easy thing to do. You were comfortable enough to tell your family. Your husband is not ready.

I want you to ask yourself WHY you want him to tell his family? The most important other he has told is you - and that’s all that matters.

If you’re both up for it, I recommend couples counselling.

Q: Hi Doctor , I’m a 39yr old positive(Syrs) female and on
ARV’s I keep getting genital warts although I haven’t been sexually active for the past 3 yrs. I use Wartex to remove them but they keep on coming back. What to do

A: Genital warts (condylomata acuminata) are caused by HPV - human papilloma virus - sub-types 6 and 11. The virus is easily spread skin-to-skin during sexual acts. Once infected, you’re infected for life.

What you’ve described is typical of genital warts. They are generally recurrent especially in immunocompromised patients. The only time I would worry about the warts is if they’ve become unsightly, infected or are blocking your vaginal canal. If they are bothering you then I recommend that you visit your GP and get them looked at. You can get them cauterized - ‘burnt’ - with podophyllin.

Please DO make sure that you do a PAP smear. HPV sub-types 16 and 18 are associated with cervical cancer.

Q: Hi where do you give classes on HIV?
A: I work for the Anova Health Institute. www.anovahealth.co.za

Part of my work involves training and mentoring nurse clinicians on HIV and the management of HIV positive patients.

These nurse clinicians are from the public sector clinics that Anova supports.

Q: Excellent service you provide - Makorokoto
Q: Thank you

Q: Hi doc
I’m HIV+ & on ARV what are the chances of transmitting HIV to my partner if he performs oral sex on me?

A: The risks of transmitting or acquiring HIV during oral sex are quite low. If you’re on ART antiretroviral treatment and virally suppressed, then the risk is even lower. The risks become higher in the presence of STIs - sexually transmitted infections, open sores or lesions in the mouth or genital area and bleeding gums.

A safe and fun way for you to enjoy oral is sex is with flavoured condoms.

For females, you can cut the condom open and make a dental dam as shown below. Dental dams cover the clitoris and the entrance to the vagina.

http://std.about.com/od/oralsex/bip/make-a-dentaldam

Q: Hi Doc
Been looking after a family friend whose been + for 3yrs. Recently she went for her blood tests and was told that CD4 count is >500 & viral load undetectable. The doctor is considering moving her to 1ARV pill a day. What does this mean?

A: Your family friend is blessed to have a caring person like you in her life.

The results are fantastic. This is what every doctor wants to see in a patient that is on ART antiretroviral treatment.

The CD4 cells - the most important cells in the immune system - have gone up and the viral load - the number of HIV copies in the blood - is undetectable. This means that your family friend is taking her treatment very well and the virus is under control. She is still HIV positive but the virus is not making many copies of itself.

There is a new drug on the market which contains three drugs in one. It is taken once a day - evenings only and is really convenient. Tell your family friend I am proud of her! :-)
will do an FNA - fine needle aspiration. This involves taking a small amount of tissue from the lymph node and sending it to the lab for investigations. TB has to be excluded.

Q: May God richly bless u fr bringing a positive dfrnce in pples lives, iv had a priviledge of sitin fr yo lessons n enjoyd evry sec of it, u’r a blessin sindz, n.. stay blessd!
A: Thank you very much! :-

Q: at what age is it suitable to tell your chid (born ve) that they are positive and how do I do it
A: Disclosing to a child is not easy but it has to be done. Before I continue, the CH Baragwanath Hospital has a fantastic paediatric HIV unit. They have a great team of doctors and counsellors so if you ever need to talk to anyone call Bara 011 933 8000 and ask for Harriet Shezi clinic.

Disclosure is important. Firstly, the child needs to be mature enough to know that HIV status is not something you chat about carelessly. You’ve seen how toddlers and young kids are - not a care in the world and they’re real chatterboxes! You want the child to be able to understand HOW they were infected, to know that it is NOT a death sentence and that with treatment they can live a long fulfilling life. The child also needs to know about the stigma that still exists around HIV - so he or she would have to understand selective disclosure. Lastly, the child needs to understand universal precautions – our fancy term for safety around blood and bodily fluids. He or she would need to know not to touch other people’s blood, etc and vice versa.

I think most 9 year olds are mature enough to handle such information so I would disclose at that age. Keep in mind that kids mature differently. So you will be guided by your assessment of your child’s emotional maturity. Good luck and remember that you can always call Harriet Shezi for assistance.

Q: Hi Doctor. I am gay. I am contemplating sex with my childhood heart throb. He is HIV positive. Will condoms and no oral sex be enough? If he gives me oral and I don’t, is that still safe? If I kiss him and he has no sores in his mouth is it safe?
A: Firstly, I am glad that he has disclosed his status to you. It’s always nice to be able to make an informed decision.

Condoms - if used correctly and consistently - are the most effective way of preventing HIV transmission. And the nice thing about flavoured condoms is that they can be used for oral sex. Kissing is safe. The chances of transmitting the virus through kissing are very small. But yes it is good to be prudent and avoid kissing if either partner has oral ulcers or lesions.

Q: Brilliant website Mrs! My 1st time on it! U are truly a blessing.
Palesa
A: Thank you! :-)

Q: Hi I recently had an abortion,recently I have been havn a lot of discharge during sex, went 2 my GP and she gave me Cifloc,Cyclidox,Metazol - said it was just normal discharg, had a pap smear n waiting for results, should I b worried?
A: The body takes about 6 weeks to recover fully from an abortion. So you can expect to have mild vaginal discharge. Your GP treated you correctly. She gave you what we term 'syndromic management' and I am glad that she did a PAP smear.

So you can relax. Please also make sure that once your menstruation returns you get onto a reliable contraceptive.

Q: Have a cold, developed cold sore on the lips,can feel lymph node on right side of my chin its a lil painful but not visible should I be worried?
A: It is common to develop a cold sore - herpes labialis - when you have a cold. Lymph nodes develop in response to infection. You have what I assume is a sub-mandibular (below the jaw) lymph node. It is nothing to worry about and should go down once your cold has resolved.

If the lymph node continues to grow, then you will have to see your GP for a proper assessment.

Q: A note to say: Thank you so much Sindi. "Uri mwana
wevhu zve chokwadi". That's Shona (a Zimbabwean language) for "You are truly a child of the soil". I may have erred on the spelling though :) 

A: Thank you for your message. It has touched my heart because I am half-Shona and I speak the language fluently. "Uri mwana wedu zve chokwadi"

I am glad you appreciate the website. :-(

Q: Gay man, monogamous, unprotected sex. Had an infection, thought it was chlamydia. GP said twas urinary infection passed on during sex, prescribed an antibiotic to take once. Now I get occasional itch in urethra. When I pee, feel like the pee is scratching the itch.

You need to get a second opinion. Are you in Gauteng - Joburg or Pretoria?

If yes, I would like you to be seen at the clinic at Chris Hani Baragwanath Hospital. Check it out at www.health4men.co.za.

I have got a feeling that you have been misdiagnosed. The clinician at this clinic is well-versed with STIs and ailments that affect gay men.

Q: Hi Doc, is there a gay friendly doctor you can recommend for us? we have both been seeing our family GPs and they literally go red when we start talking gay sex issues. so we are seriously considering getting another doc who is at ease with homosexuality.

I understand your dilemma.

Please go to www.health4men.co.za

There is a very nice clinic in Soweto at Chris Hani Baragwanath Hospital. It is a very male-friendly environment - catering for all men - gay, straight, bisexual, and so on. I have worked at this clinic before and I wouldn't recommend any other place.

Let me know how it goes. sindivanzyl@gmail.com

Q: Hi Doctor I slept with two women in 2010 last year I learnt that they are HIV+ but I have tested 3 times but I still find myself negative. Why I'm negative or that mean I'm HIV+ but ayikabonakali

A: I'm going to assume that you had unprotected sex with these women.

There are a few factors when considering HIV transmission:

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

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

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

I hope that this helps. If you still have further queries please email me sindivanzyl@gmail.com.

As far as testing goes, you test initially 6 weeks after exposure to the virus. Then again after another 6 weeks. Please do another HIV test this year. And if it is negative, then you're negative.

Q: Hi Doc I tested + in April 2011 my CD4 count was 500, I went for a routine count in Nov 2011 it went up to 900 could it be the A-Z multivites that I am taking because I am not on ART's?

A: It's not often that I am reluctant to answer a question but this is one of those times.

I am going to direct you to www.thebody.com
http://www.thebody.com/content/art6110.html

They have written a brilliant article on HIV and CD4 count that I would like you to read through. If you still have queries email me sindivanzyl@gmail.com

The reason I am not going to answer your question is because I would not want to send the wrong message
concerning the rise in your CD4 count and multivitamins. I hope that you understand.

Q: Hi Doc
I\'m HIV+ & my lymph nodes on the neck hv been swollen 4quite some time now, on & off. My other worry is tht I have been having a stretchy throat, feels like soomething is stuck in my throat bt after a few days it goes away & comes back again.

A: You need to see your doctor. If your lymph nodes are more than 1cm in diameter then your doctor will send you for FNA fine-needle aspiration. A small amount of tissue will be taken from a node and sent to the laboratory for investigations. We need to make sure that you do not have TB or any other infection.

Ask your doctor to assess your throat as well. We need to make sure that you do not have thrush in your throat or a growth.

Do keep me posted sindivanzyl@gmail.com

Q: I have a clear discharge that is jelly like
A: A clear jelly-like vaginal discharge is normal. During your monthly cycle your vaginal discharge changes in consistency depending on where you are in your cycle.

This clear jelly-like "stretchy" discharge occurs mid-cycle during ovulation.

Q: i hv warts is it posible that am hiv too, n which strong antibiotic can i take n must i get prescription.
A: The only way to determine if you are HIV-positive of not is for you to get tested.

You have not specified where the warts are so I am going to assume that they are genital warts. These are caused by a virus - the Human Papilloma Virus HPV. This virus is a sexually transmitted infection and is very very common. Not everyone with HPV develops genital warts by the way. Viruses are forever so we manage the symptoms.

You need to be seen by a healthcare professional if you do indeed have genital warts. They will know what to do, depending on the severity. If you are female, I would also like you to have a PAP smear done.

Q: You\'re doing marvellous work that most doctors wouldn\'t dream of. The info you share not only helps one individual bt a I wud like 2 thunk a nation. Stay blessed sis wami!
A: Thank you for those kind words :-)

Q: Hi Doc, any good gynie you can recommend? Not happy with my current gynie and I would also prefer a doc who has experience in VBAC
You haven\'t told me if you are in Johannesburg or Pretoria.
A: I live in Johannesburg, but my favourite obstetrician/gynaecologist is Dr Jack Biko at Femina Clinic in Pretoria. He is a brilliant clinician and I know that he would be very willing to explore the option of VBAC (vaginal birth after Caesarean section).

www.drjbiko.co.za pleae visit his website, call his rooms and make an appointment to see him.

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
Broken Heart 3:16 and the 10 Statements

For Moho so loved the girl, that he gave his only begotten Heart, that she so ever believeth in love should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Yet it seems I brought tears and lament.

The road less travels is paved with intentions unknown and I who once walked this journey with you in hand remember your hand. Although apart, art and heart depart to start evoking days gone in replays of remember the time sung by a young Janet Jackson, innocence was the dance and we cripples waltzing to rhythms not yet invented. Yes t’was the dance before it became about the people. But now statements fill this echoic tomb that once housed us the delightfully deaf to the sound of should haves, could have and ever afters.

3. The feeling I get when I see you in my dreams is full of joy. ‘Cause even though I can’t see, have, hear you in reality. It feels good to know I can in my dreams.

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The reality of learning that one cannot catch oxygen with their lungs and that that which is taken in must be taken out. The brutal yet humbling lesson of learning that man kills that which he loves most made love nothing but a ghost of a feeling I was had but would forever try in vain to catch. See when I was young the water told me if I try I could hold it forever in my hands, the wind told me if I tried I could hug it for eternity. The sun told me I could put it into my pocket and will never be cold, all with stories but none more true than:

2. I cry, but not because I need you back, Not because I want you but because I finally realize I’m learning how to let you go.

The most amazing feeling is not relief; it comes in realizing that we cannot control the only things we wish to. And tears became the salty water that now quenches my dry heart and broken soul. So the second statement made me realize that...

4. The worst part about falling out of love, is wondering if you’ll ever open up that far again... just have to know... do you ever miss me, do I ever just randomly enter your mind.

And the pain now comes in realizing that life is for the living. What hurts more now is not the leaving but realizing that the one once loved no longer bears the burden of thoughts plagued by you. They used to calling moving on but the intelligent have always called it life. They all can’t wait to fall in-love but forget that falling hurts and comes with its bruises. So once that bruise forms a gaping wound they start to fear the fall, they start to fear love and some even start to stand in love without realizing love in any position requires one to lie down. Remembering becomes painful when even the future has memories.

All I remember now is that

5. Someone asked me what the happiest day of my life was, as I closed my eyes and felt a tear slide down my
face I thought back to the day where you first told me you loved me.

At that point I had a very inflated idea of myself and it had never occurred to me that you had said that before and you would say it again, this time I would not be the person hearing it. The receiver would be one that I deem unworthy, even if he or she was a perfect reincarnation of Christ. I start reimagining the willing as mannequins whose job was filling spaces you had left. Together doesn’t seem so together when you’re alone in a crowd.

6. When you are alone, just look at the spaces between your fingers remember that in those spaces. You can see my fingers locked with forever.

The truth is in those spaces now lies air, oxygen and fragment of matter lacking molecules. You try to fill those empty spaces with the hands of another but get bothered when you realize they don’t fit, either their too long or too short. Too smooth or too rough, even the hands of Buda seem to be too imperfect as they do not resemble the hands you once handled. It is all because you’ve heard what they say about fingers and the prints they leave, the uniqueness they represent. We try to scrub of the memories but...

7. There’s this place in me where your fingerprints still rest, your kisses still linger, and your whispers softly echo. It’s the place where a part of you will forever be a part of me.

There’s even a place in my mind where nobody else’s memories dare interfere.

There’s a place with a shrine reserved for your worship, where god is jealous for in that segment of thought I praise you.

There’s a place where my heart learnt to be synchronized to yours and at time tears randomly roll down my face when cry.

Now that place lies vacant a room that not even my inner child can trod in for it is now reserved as a national monument for forever.

But then because this is the world and because you no longer have to physically be there I noticed that.

8. I was finally getting over you and actually believing I didn’t need you. I was finally accepting a life without you. Then you smiled at me and ruined it all.

And when it fall it all falls down. Sometimes I feel as if I should run...and run I do.

9. I still run, I still swing open the door, I still think, you’ll be there like before. Doesn’t everybody out there know to never come around? Some things a heart won’t listen to, I’m still holding out for you.

Nobody said you should ever stop for the angels say that what is meant to be will be and if he or she loves you the world and the universe alike will help them find their way back. But the angels also say that pride is men’s gravest sin.

10. Somewhere there’s someone who dreams of your smile, and finds in your presence that life is worthwhile. So when you’re lonely remember it’s true: somebody somewhere is thinking of you.

Lesson learnt represented that each love embarked should add to the greatest love and these statement should never be applied to one person. For with good intentions comes the fall of man, and man will always fall in love. What the arrogant won’t tell you is that no matter how quick or long in duration one is afforded one great love in their lifetime and even the attempt to contempt or replace it will not change what was once felt...

Everybody knows where to find their greatest smile and flourishing heart...to all the hearts I have ever touched, yet dropped. Even Jesus came and left...let it be known it is believed that when men and women are in doubt of loves existence they say For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whomsoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3:16

But in my reality, where I have been thought of as the doer of all bad and the devils very own... let it be known,

For Moho so loved the girl, that he gave his only begotten Heart, that she so ever believeth in love should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Broken Heart 3:16
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