



iLikeWhatIWrite

Writer's Stage, Reader's Heaven, Publisher's Hunting Ground

Inside this issue:

<i>Two Sides of the Same</i>	2-3
<i>Her Pain</i>	4
<i>Burden of Womanhood</i>	4
<i>I Lost a Piece of My Soul</i>	5
<i>For Black Girls</i>	6-7
<i>Why the Hate, Ladies?</i>	8
<i>Carry Yourself Like a Queen</i>	8
<i>Weight On, Weight Off</i>	9
<i>Q&A with Taxi Driver Sipho</i>	10-11
<i>If You Don't Have These...</i>	12-13
<i>Neo_I</i>	14-15
<i>World of Our Own</i>	16
<i>The R2.5bn Phone Call</i>	16
<i>The Goodbye Shag</i>	17

Welcome to the first issue of the [I Like What I Write](#) newsletter. The website has been online for a little over four months and the response already surpassed all our expectations. Though this has been a long struggle that started in 2009, the website in its current form launched on the first of June and since then we have had over 3.5 million hits.

We are an online platform that showcases unpublished writing talent. Essentially, we are Writer's Stage, Reader's Heaven and Publisher's Hunting Ground! The idea of the website was born out of lack of op-

The First Word

portunities for aspiring writers like myself, hence I decided to start a facebook group that received very positive feedback from both fellow writers and readers. The success of the facebook group led me to include other writers with the same dreams and ambitions as mine.

[I Like What I Write](#) is inspired by Steve Biko's book, *I Write What I Like*, and that's exactly what we do. We weren't certain if we could use the title, due to copyrights infringements, so we settled on swapping the words around. We aim to improve the encourage the culture of



Nyakallo Lephoto

reading and the art of writing among all global citizens, particularly the technologically savvy youth! We use social platforms such facebook and twitter to reach the masses, but today we are adding another vehicle, in the form of this newsletter, to assist in getting our message across.

Mobile Compatibility



Everything looks better on big screen; even [I Like What I Write](#), but we are people on the move. To stay in touch with the current happenings, we have the world at our fingertips. Our cellphones have become an extension of our very selves; without them,

most of us can't function properly. [I Like What I Write](#) is available in the palm of your hands, regardless of what GPRS enabled phone you use. Scroll to the bottom of your screen and click on Mobile Version to navigate profound word with ease. Quick to load and

very light on data, our mobile version is the best way to stay in the loop with the underground writing scene while on the move. With characters that fit your screen without the inconvenience and irritation of scrolling from right to left, losing plot.

Two Sides of the Same Coin

Thabiso's story

A coin flipped and landed heads. So was a man made head of the family and so shall it remain until another coin flip, if ever. By virtue of being male that makes me head in my relationship. A claim that might be disputed by some since, due to retrenchment, I am financially dependent on my woman. I am forever embroiled in a battle to prove my worth, I thrive on being exceptional in all aspects of my relationship. I am working hard on being sensitive to her emotions, kind to her friends and constantly reaffirm her, often ending up in senseless arguments about minor issues. An implicit evidence of a power struggle.

She is, however, the only woman that has seen the true worth of my person and potential of my dreams. The only one to have supported the vision, like Nomzamo behind Rolihlahla. One thing is clear on my mind, I will make it big through the logistics company I am building. Point to Point Logistics offers timely transportation of office furniture, private personal possessions and airport shuttle services. Our vision is to keep on the fast lane of delivery, as your life is. A dream that will, surely, be a reality sooner rather than later.

Out of my ever-depreciating severance package funds, I just stepped out of a jewellery store with a small box in my pocket. With it, my word to love, cherish and hon-

our her as long as I exist. On my trip home, I rehearse the words, "Will you take my lonely heart and provide it with the warmth of a family home?"

Complement my character and be one with me.

Will you spend forever with me?

Through trials and tribulations, Joys and Jubilations.

Busisiwe Nhlapo, I love you!

Will you marry me?"

Busisiwe's story

All evidence in nature, religion and tradition point to one thing, man is leader. He is provider and protector. Women desperately cling to the ideal of Mr. Right. A direct consequence of exposure to Cinderella and Barbie. I have my Mr. Right and he is less than perfect when viewed from the "prince charming" spectacles. He is, however, complete for me. Ambitious intelligent and in touch with reality. He is a great cook and terrific between the sheets. In my 28 years of existence I never even dreamt of squirting and multiple orgasms. With him, that has turned into reality.

Challenges are a constant of life. The motor industry has been the hardest hit by the economic downturn and Thabiso's job was not spared. I am comforted by his positive mind frame regarding this matter. He does, of course, gets grumpy and moody but it never lasts.

Strange, how we spend the rest of our lives looking for the right person only to find we are the "not so right" person for them. A friend once said, an Eagle flies in the direction where the storm is coming from, with the knowledge that there is no storm

where a storm has been. Today I take the bull by its horns. We have been using protection religiously, therefore we have nothing to worry about. Today, I come clean. I need to stop feeling like I am living a lie. I owe it to myself, more so to him. When I get home I tell him. I am HIV positive....

His story continues....

A few blocks before home, I pop into a liquor store to purchase Red Sparkling wine. It is to be used as an accessory to the proposal and for celebration if I am successful or drown sorrows should she say No.

Her story continues....

The burden of all this is too heavy on my heart. I shiver with fear. I take the long way home. I am tempted to not to tell. What if I lose him? I can't stand the thought of him with another woman.

I am still not a 100% certain of how I acquired the disease. My first boyfriend and I had sexual intercourse on those without protection on those 2 occasions we, ever did. He has since passed on. He died from a car crash. The only other man I slept with, without the use of a condom, is the man I was engaged to married to, the father of my child. It was when I was pregnant that I found out of my status. The most earth shattering news I have ever heard. To further aggravate matters, the revelation coincided with the suicide death of my cousin, Thokozile. The one person I confided in and the only one that would have known, had she still been alive. All along she was silent

about her pain in the hands of an abusive husband.

I walk into the house to be greeted by the smell of herbs and spices. Thabiso is dressed only in a red apron embroidered, "The Best Cook." I stand wide eyed, jaw dropping and marvelling at this spectacle. He hands me a glass of sparkling red wine and says, "...it's on tonight!" I am flooding down-stairs.

His story continues....

I have kept the food simple yet tantalizing. Chicken strips soaked in lemon juice, fried in medium heat with olive oil, chilli, green pepper, garlic, tomatoes and parsley. To the parboiled rice, I added mixed veggies and thin slices of avocado. This should go down as an evening well spent, if all fails.

I lead her to the chair and start playing Il Divo while dishing. She giggles each time I turn my back on her. Now, I know what people say behind my back, "Nice ass!"

Her story continues....

I am not quite certain which view is the yummiest, that of the plate or him in that apron. For a second I forget my mission. I cannot afford to be derailed, lose focus yet can't help but savour the moment. Food is so great I am tempted to lick the plate clean. As I am sipping wine I feel something solid caress my lips. I take a pen out of my handbag to investigate. A round, shiny object rears its beautiful head.

His story continues....

Everytime she raises her glass I get nervous. Just now she chokes on the ring I slipped in her glass. Our conversation ranges from how we met to our dream of living in a mansion by the mountain side with a view of the lake, down below. She takes the ring out smiles and looks at with the look that says, "what's with the lame movie stunts, now?" I stay calm, go down on one knee and recite the words,

"Will you take my lonely heart and provide it with the warmth of a family home?"

Complement my character and be one with me.

Will you spend forever with me?

Through trials and tribulations, Joys and Jubilations.

Busisiwe Nhlapo, I love you!

Will you marry me?"

Her story

As he pose the question, I am busy preparing a speech of my own.

"Thabiso Motaung, there is nothing that would make me happier than being your wife. I have not told you all about myself, though. It is my wish that you are as honest as you can be about the matter I am about to tell you. No matter what you decide, always know that you will forever have a special place in my heart"

"Okay!"

"I am HIV positive, I found out in 2006, when I was pregnant with Khosi. I took Neviropen just before I gave birth and she was born

HIV negative...."

His story concludes....

My skin gets itchy as she utters those words. I felt like the little hair on my head was about to fall off. I ran out of saliva, my mouth suddenly went dry. Vision so f Criselda Kanda's CD she kept on the TV stand ran in my head. How could I have missed so obvious a clue?

I look at her ion the eye and smile. Grudgingly I say, "my offer still stands" she jumps out of the chair and hugs me. Confused, the reality of it all hasn't hit me. Me kiss. She leads me to the bedroom.

Her story concludes....

I need to be sure he means what he says. I quickly un dress him, stopping short of tearing all his clothes. He is barely reacting. We kiss frantically. The moment comes, he opens the drawer and says, "we are out of condoms!" Lights out, Robe di Kappa.

His story concludes....

"Baby, I am off to work!" she gives me a peck me on my cheek and leaves. I turn on talk radio. Politics as usual. I ponder on last night events. I attempt to answer challenging questions. The purpose of condom use, why do people feel safe with just a piece of latex between then and potential death? We use for a while, once things gets serious and we "trust" each other we forget about it. Then the relationship ends and we start all over again only to come the full circle.

"Til death do us part, I will love her. I shall stand by her as she has stood by me. It is not latex that advices my thinking nor the existence of any disease. I have found my soul mate and I vow to be by her side, forever.

- by *Felicia Mkhize*

Her Pain



At the brothel
where I lay
my head and
hide

my beat up
face, caressing
yet comparing
my bruises to
the pain that

sits on my arteries

thinking of my child I left in the
hands

of a man that came in my mouth
and told me to swallow it along
with my pride

to never call him my father, never
again!

never to think I could tell anyone!

So in this brothel I hear the voices
of these men

who have made me do it all

The number 1 star of their rush, If
only I could give them this thrush

and kiss the walls of heaven begging
for their demise!

I hear my mother..... I see her!

Once was an African queen with
royal feet

Once she walked with stallions of
pride

dripping and draping from the sides
of her hips, Once!

But once he kissed her! Once he
touched and that was

once too many-His fist bashed her

It deformed her spirit and sum-
moned her pain

from the pit of hell and when she
died

in the pool of her own blood, tears
streaming down

her eyes..... suffocated by the chil-

dren she has to leave be-
hind,

I died with her. I fol-
lowed her bones, dust to
dust into the intestines

of the world and he held
me so gently and close
saying my mother was
beautiful

and so was I... He
touched and touched,
grabbed and grabbed!

STOLE, INTRUDED!
Devoured!!!

Just like they have all tak-
en and devoured

There is no piece of me
left inside

The echo screams louder
than silence

emptiness prevails

loneliness is my only
friend!

- by *Lara*

The Burden of Womanhood



After being violently violated...

After having your womanhood
torn to shreds...

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

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

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

After all the fear of contracting life
ending diseases

After all the anger as you lose
yourself forcefully to another

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

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

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

You have to legitimize your pain

Legitimize the death of the wom-
an in you

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

Legitimize the violence on you as
if you asked for it

Legitimize your attire as if it was
an invite to it

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

Legitimize your fear as if brav-
ery would have prevented it

Legitimize your anger as if you
should be happy about it

You have to be strong for the
pain

Strong for the journey ahead
leading you to shame and blame

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

You have to be strong for being
a violated woman.

It is a real heavy burden this
womanhood.

- by *Blaq*

I Lost a Piece of My Soul



After 27 years of my life, I now know exactly how it feels to have something taken away from you. My heart is so HEAVY...

I have experienced a lot of pain when I lost my biological mother at the age of 12, that I dealt with because I knew she left me with her beautiful parents who try and give me all the things she could have. For that I'm eternally thankful, thank you...

I also felt pain when I lost my first true love. I can still remember when he left me, said I had disappointed him. I was still at varsity at the time so I had my studies to look forward to and I knew I still had a long way to go before I could actually find 'THE ONE'. The pain also went away.

Another kind of pain I also dealt with and am trying to make peace with everyday was the discovery of my younger brother's disability. See with him, he's of perfect structure, beautiful masculine young boy. He is just slow with everything he does. He is now 17 years but still has baby talk. He cannot speak clearly but who am I to say he's not perfect. I find him all so perfect; I don't think I can ever ask for a better brother

than him. I love you, you are perfect to me.

I have also felt pain in my chest when I looked at my niece during her father's burial. I knew how lonely she felt, realizing that she now lost both her parents and needed all the support she could get. This was also not a big deal knowing that my family is there for all the support she needs. So I cried that day but I know all will fall into place.

I've had a lot of physical pain swell first I can remember was when I was in standard one (which is now known as grade three). I woke up one day and could not walk, had swollen feet. Think went a month without schooling. It hurt so much I started thinking my hands could not work too. But with all the medication and attention from my family I knew I would be healed.

I've had a lot of sickness in my life, but with all that I still knew it will all go away. The most painful was the one that left scars on my legs. Even that I know I can live with, as hard as it is. I believe the scars on us just mark the journey of our life. I will learn to embrace them as time goes by.

I can also remember the time at varsity when one of the students stole my book while I went to the bathroom. 'Twas painful because I spent a lot of money for, R600 and my dad worked very hard. I was also devastated when I had to leave school without finishing my studies, all because of financial difficulties. This left me feeling like I was not provided for, not properly planned for. One of the reasons I don't want to bring a life here and not be able to provide for the child. (Story for another day)

Recently I had my belongings stolen from me. I had a bag which contained what seemed like my whole life in it. Right now I don't know where to start...feels like I'm watching my life go on right in front of me. This is emotionally draining, not knowing if you are going or coming. People keep telling me that all will be well, but will it? I don't know if this is emotional pain or has it hit psychologically. I feel like there's no point of return.

Just yesterday I felt like screaming, crying my heart out, but I'm so drained even crying is an effort and my energy levels have dropped. So I just hide away in my sleep. All I do is lay on my bed, close my eyes...this is the only time I feel like nothing matters.

Thanks to all the support I've been getting, especially to the one person that always keeps me sane (No need to mention names).

If I ever stolen from you, even though I know some of you will never get to read this note of mine...I am truly sorry. Let's just call this a lesson learned, that took a piece of my soul with it.

- by *Nkgala*

For Black Girls



After watching *For Colored Girls*, my friend & I sat and were in deep thought. We were hurt, angry and confused. We had so many questions. We were trying to make sense of everything that we saw in the movie. How much we relate to all the women in it, either as one of them, or we knew someone close to us going or went through similar issues. Touched so much, even more worried because there were a whole lot more other issues that we face everyday and that have become part of us.

We are raped, and how a man finds satisfaction from having sex with a crying woman is a subject for another day. We are beaten up by the men whom we love, or at least make us believe they love us. We have to raise our kids by ourselves, because somehow we are all choosing the wrong potential fathers! At times we are faced with decisions of abortion. Our kids are using drugs, if we are not using too. We go to work and still have to work twice more than everybody else to be recognized,

let alone be given a promotion. We can't drive a beautiful car without gossip spreading about the sugar-daddies we slept with to get it! We can't decide to divorce the man who stopped loving us the minute we exchanged vows, because the church and our parents wouldn't be able to handle it. We can't marry and decide not to have kids, your husband's manhood will be bruised, and your in-laws will be knocking on your door every weekend for a meeting to solve this problem! We marry men that won't support their families. He's working, getting paid, but nobody knows where his salary is going. We marry or date cheating men, and have to live knowing that, if we are not HIV+ already, it is somehow bound to be our death sentence sooner or later, because he paid lobola for me he can't...no, wait...he wont wear a condom!

We couldn't find the answers to why all these painful things are happening to us. However, like most issues that we don't have

solutions for, this one also had to come down to race. Yes maybe, because we are black, wrong skin color choice!

But these things happen to white gals too!

White girls get raped. Their men cheat, yes they do! There are single-white parents. I have never seen kids that are into drugs more than white kids! White girls get beaten too. Their men are drunks, don't support, etc. But then why does it seem so different? Why do they always look like they are handling their business better than us? Why does it look lighter on them than it is on us? Listen, my reasons may be wrong, but in our conversation with my friend I realized that there are a few things that white people do that we might learn from.

A few months ago my white colleague (let's call her Betty) came to work crying. Her friend (we'll call her Sarah) worried sick, went & made coffee for her, hugged her, gave her tissues & walked away. A few minutes later, Sarah came back asked how Betty was doing, and said: "Do you wanna talk about it?" They sat together in a corner discussing whatever was wrong, made more coffee, cried together, hugged, and Sarah left. I still don't know why Betty was crying. But I know that her surname has changed on the mailing list, and she is divorced but I still don't know why. I can just try and add it all up because I

think I am smart and can figure out but I don't know for sure.

Betty & Sarah's story is different from how I was brought up, from what I and my girls do, from what the society has taught us. If I were Betty (yes, black Betty), coming in the office crying, my friend will first send an sms/call one of our friends, tell them I am crying, :”uSipho choma! Uqalile ke futhi! Ngisayombuza ukuthi usenzi ke manje, ngizokfownela later.” For argument's sake, let's say she's right; Thami has started his stunts again... She'd come to me and maybe hug, if I am lucky. Demand to know what happened. Her eyes already judging me, or showing that she already knows why I am crying! She would certainly tell me what to do, and how I should have handled the situation.

As soon as she leaves my office, she's going straight to update her other friend! By the time I leave work, I'd almost be certain the whole building, the neighborhood, everybody knows what Thami has done to me, and how stupid I am for not leaving him! So I walk around feeling sorry for myself, not trusting anyone who asks how I am. They must have been told that I am not okay, that I am stupid, that I let these things happen to me.

The difference between how the black Sarah handles her friend's pain to how the white Sarah does, made me aware that, blacks embrace pain. Somebody's tears make juicy gossip. We make each other feel like we are the ones to blame for the pain that we are going through. We push. We fight that each of us carries the baggage, and

when it gets heavy, and, when we see that it gets heavier, we get more excited. It gives us more to talk about. No wonder a girl who is raped finds the need to keep quiet. She rather deals with the pain of being hurt repeatedly, than telling a neighbor, because, Ma Rose will make her the cause, the reason, for her pain. And as if that's not enough, Ma Rose will definitely make new friends from telling the story in her own version of course.

We are no different from any other race. But black girls will always be in so much pain. We will always suffer more. We will always carry the pain, the betrayal, the burden, of things that has nothing to do with us! We were taught to care about what other people think of us. If it's not our friends judging us, it's the society, our parents. My mother telling me to hold on to a loveless marriage because she can't face her neighbors. The in-laws asking when am I gonna get pregnant because that's what they expect from the bride. The church worried about me going to parties at night because that means I am not a Christian enough. My neighbors worried about how many men I have slept with, because I can't drive a car with my salary. My relative worried about when I am going to finally fall pregnant and keep the baby because at my age when all my peers have two or more, there is no way I haven't fallen pregnant!

Girls, I still don't know why bad things happen to us. I am confused as you are about our men. I don't know still, why our tradition and culture is so against us. I don't know why we feel that what happens to us has anything to do with who we are. I don't know why we take other people's baggage, carry it, bring it to our houses and live with it...I know though, that we certainly make it worse. We rub the salt in it.

Black gal, today, I need you to do one favor for me. Please. When all has been said about you. When you can feel that whilst you try to put your head up high, they are watching you and giving you those disgusting pity looks. When you see the looks in their eyes, like you are already facing judgment day. When you hear anything that's against what and how you are feeling.... Black chick, please, be white about it! I want you to remember that it is not your fault. You did nothing wrong. You didn't rape yourself! You didn't leave, he did! That's your car, you bought it! You are divorcing, because you know you deserve better and you are the best! You are raising your kids alone, but at least you are, he needs some raising and seriously you can't raise him, too. Go partying, it's your right. Have a drink, you deserve it. Pray about it. And move on...don't embrace pain, don't talk about it too much that it eventually becomes part of you. And when you are out having a drink with your friends... smile and say “I am okay.” And the nice thing is, you'll be meaning it!

- by *Chantel Mazibuko*

Why the Hate, Ladies?



“Hu mati ha ke mo rate ngwana oo tlhe” and the statement is usually followed by some stupid reason why you don’t like that person. That they are dating your ex, they think they are all that, they are too loud, they think highly of themselves, they have money and think that makes them superior to others, they had beef with one of your friends and somehow you have managed to involve yourself in that equation. I don’t get it, I don’t get the hostility that seems to flow so easily amongst our fellow sisters.

I mean do you just wake up one day and decide that you are going to hate on every single lady that seems to be doing better than you

or have more going for themselves than you. And it’s always the most stupid of reasons that people give you and they somehow think that it makes sense or justifies their childish behaviour. So what if she dresses better than you, has a man who treats her better than yours treats you, is it really her fault that your ex, who was a player with you seems to be settled and committed with her.

Hatred is such a toxic emotion to carry, especially towards someone, who chances are, does not even know that you exist and you spending all this precious energy, hating them. Like your hatred carries special powers to put them down and stop them from living their life and succeeding.

Its all pretty petty to me, this unnecessary rivalry between ladies and competing with each other, scheming and gossiping to pull each other down. Why don’t you do you? Forget that Dineo has everything that you wish you had....how about getting off your behind and pushing to attain your dreams and stop hating on the people that have. And

yes, so what if Pinky used her golden vjayjay to land that executive job? She used hers didn’t she? Why are you bothered, do it the right way then and show her how it is done and stop wasting your time, telling everyone who is willing to listen that she slept her way to the top.

Ha basadi, is it expecting too much that we love and embrace each other. That we celebrate each others’ achievements and that we learn from each other instead of spending all this valued time, making nasty remarks about our fellow sisters who are doing them despite the talk.

Talking won’t change anything, it certainly won’t give the lady you are discuss a moral lecture, so just appreciate, if they are going at it the wrong way (according to you), turn the other way and do it in a way that is acceptable for you.

Learn to love each other ladies...

- by **Rethabile**

Carry Yourself Like a Queen



Carry yourself like a Queen

You will definitely get a king

A person who searches from

within

To find that you are that very one thing

That most men always miss

When their trying to lend that first kiss

Carry yourself like a queen

And see what this world will bring
To your wondering mid that if he is what you’re looking for

Or that what you see is greater and more

For you know not what meets the eye

So take a leap of faith before saying good-bye

Than end up regretting the only chance

To have made your mark face to face

Well with that said my dear

Please listen up and ad hear

What your heart tells you to do

For the power lies in you

For that men to treat you like a queen

Take that step and make it happen

So carry yourself like a queen

Greater things will happen

In finding out that you are that one thing

To that person you’re hoping to call king

- by **Shorty**

Weight On, Weight Off—Personal Journey



This topic is probably the most talked about with modern women around the world: Weight. For me personally, it is probably the one thing that has consumed my world for most of the years I've been alive. I remember distinctly the first day that I realized that I was a little plumper than the other kids at school, and more importantly, that that was an issue.

I was a keen sports child in my early days. I participated in most sports and I was actually good at them. Up until Grade 7 I was fit and happy and nothing phased me when it came to my body image. When I started high school that's when my hormones kicked in and my shape changed. Being a strong swimmer I was always requested to participate in swimming galas, which I was keen on – I wanted to be the first black South African Olympian (and was that good might I add). All until one specific incident: For some reason at this gala, I couldn't bring myself to remove my towel and take that long walk – exposed to all the spectators on the side – to that starting block. That was the beginning of a long and continuing battle with weight.

As I got older sports seemed less

important to me. I did it because we had to, even though I had all the potential in the world. And this started showing – on my hips, my thighs, my arms and everywhere else you can imagine. Next thing I was avoiding mirrors and photographs at all costs and dreaded the trip home from boarding school because of all the expected comments. (“Yhu, awutyebe! Bakutyisa ntoni kwesa sikolo sakho?” Or “Yhu, izidlele zifana nezikatakhe”)¹. My parents looking at me differently every time I came home didn't help me either. They also kept holding these “interventions” for me which just made me feel less good about myself.

Varsity life started and even though I was forever yo-yoing in my weight I felt like I was still generally big. I didn't want to be big. I was social and outgoing, but inside I was suffering from what felt like a chronic self-consciousness. Then, it just clicked one day. I had a boardroom session in my head. All the different Lilitha's came together and devised a plan for THE transformation. Lilitha 2.0. I was ready, and I would do whatever it took. Plenty semi-starvation and sweat drops later I shed

25kg. Jennifer Hudson has expressed how her mind had to catch up to what her body looked like when she lost all her weight. In my case, the way people looked at me is what assisted that catch up process. I would've continued with the intense dieting and exercise until I was as thin as a piece of paper if some people didn't approach me to tell me that they thought I should stop.

I'm an Oprah lover. I watch all the episodes. Anybody who didn't know me well enough would have thought that I have a problem (Actually, many that did know me well enough thought I had a problem). As an expert from all the Oprah I've watched I could've have diagnosed myself with an eating disorder. I do not have an eating disorder². I never did. (And no – this is not your disorder-esque denial). This is just something that I healthily obsess about. I have a metabolism that works against me and I have to be mentally in check in order to keep off my weight and keep happy and healthy.

Like I say to people now, I am happy the way I look now. I gained weight after the weight loss – but I look and feel regular. There is always work to be done and there will never be a time where work does not need to be done. It's a lifestyle. It's forever. Keeping fully aware and enlightened and enjoying the journey is all I can do for myself. It has been my greatest struggle, and will always be my greatest journey.

¹ "Wow, you're so fat. What are they feeding you at that school?" or "Your chubby cheeks look like your father's"

² Part 2 of the “Weight on, Weight off” trilogy will focus on eating disorders.

- by *Miss Lilitha*

Q&A with Taxi Driver Siphho



About Siphho

Q: What your full name as it appears on your ID?

Siphho Philimon Magnificent Radebe

Q: And your age?

40 years of age

Q: What are your earliest happiest childhood moments?

Is when I go to the Zoo with my Grandfather (His soul can rest in Peace)

Q: How far did you go with school (Highest grade passed)?

I didn't go to school trips because of finance problems (Highest pass is standard 4, I don't know how to change it to the grades)

Q: What is one thing you are most passionate about?

Ranking, also to fix gizas

Q: What do you have the least interest in (one thing that gets your mind to switch off when you hear others talking about)

Metro Police

Q: How would you describe your personal style and which stores do you buy your clothes from?

I love expensive label and leather. I buy inside Jo'burg, Small Street.

Q: If you were to be stuck on an island for three months, which

three people would you like to be with?

Is my girlfriend Minkie (she is white person). Also Julius Malema and Steve Hofmeyr for entertainment.

Q: Do you think your twitter persona has helped the image taxi drivers have or has it perpetuated the same stereotypes?

Too much! People can see now that we can be nice people also. What is "Perpetuated"?

Q: Are you really Zulu, because your Zulu not quite good compared to your Sesotho?

Good question... It show me you and my true follower.

Q: What's your response on allegations that taxi drivers don't bath and the name uMageza?

We bath, is only people who drive long distance who don't bath because is far from home. I hate that name!



Siphho on Relationships

Q: What are your views on relationships that do not have titles or properly defined?

I don't understand question

Q: What is a woman's worth, in your opinion?

Woman is best thing to happen for men. They can help to cook and to run family

Q: What can men do more to show appreciation for women?

Buy them present, maybe weave. Also they must not beat them like Chris Brown. And most important they must respect and love women.

Q: What are your intentions with Minkie?

Is to marry her when I finish saving money.

Q: Do you think her family will accept you?

Only her Grandmother love me. Because she can't see I'm black person. She is blind!

Q: What attracts you to Minkie and what do you think attracts her to you?

She is not loving me for money. What attract her to me is that I am taxi driver but humble person.

Q: Do you believe in unconditional love; the together forever kinda love?

If you date white woman it can happen. If is black women is going to be problem if you get broke. But is not all of them who is like that.

Q: Many women would like to know how tall you are...

I think under 1 and haf Miter, I have not really measure.

Q: What are your thoughts on weaves?

I can't understand why you want to wear hair of other person, but if is not going to fall like wig, is fine.

Q: What's your preference in women between skinny v/s plus size women?

They all end up to be plus sized bhut wam, so is better to cut big story short and take big one.



Inside Sipho's Mind

Q: What did you dream of becoming when growing up as a child?

I wanted to own taxi or to be politician or BEE person.

Q: To call yourself successful, what do you have to achieve?

To appear inside Top Shayela

Q: What annoys you most about passengers?

People who don't speak up when they want to get off.

Q: What do you enjoy most about being a taxi driver?

One of our benefits is for driving inside yellow lane, so we get where we are going soon than other drivers.

Q: Do you consider yourself as funny as half of twitter thinks?

I know how to be funny but I was surprise by twitter response.

Q: What are your views on sex at one's workplace?

Like Picture inside Sowetan? Just dont put it inside video

Q: Judging by recent developments where men even claim for maintenance from their baby mamas - even being financially dependent on them - do you think men have become weaker or women have become stronger?

I think womens of today know how to make money for themselves, but there is others who are still gold digas

Q: What are your views on younger men dating older women?

Age is nothing but for the number. If you love another person is not matter how many years they have .I have 40 years old and Minkie have 45 years old.

Q: Who has been one most inspirational woman in your life?

Like role model? Is my employer Bra Solly. He tell me if I work very hard, one day I will own taxi like him.

Q: Who is your favourite politician and why?

Is Julius Malema and Nelson Mandela. They stand up to something they believe at.

Q: Who should be our next president and why?

Next president must be woman. Maybe Zuma can choose between his wives. I don't care who it can be, as long as is woman

Which PSL team do you support

Is Orlando Pirates and Kaizer Chiefs



Rapid Fire Drill

Say one word that comes to mind when you hear the word:

- Nonhle
- Bus
- Minnie
- Hush
- Hush
- Minnie
- Vandal
- DJ Sbu T-Shirt
- Stundee
- What?
- Carvela
- UsedToBe
- Sushi
- Tinfish
- Religion
- Mbhorro
- Education
- Woodwork
- Family
- Minkie
- Success
- Bra Solly
- Life
- God
- Beauty
- Nicki Minaj

Follow @TaxiDriverSipho on twitter

By **Nyakallo Lephoto**

If You Don't Have These...

A page in the style guide...

I doubt there is anyone under the sun who has never, at some point in their lives, worn these sneakers. Converse is a gateway to urban culture and if you thought it was only restricted to that guy at the corner of your street... trrrrrr you are so wrong. Now please run to your nearest retail store and invest in one of these.



If you don't have a pair of skinnies in another color besides black and blue, like really now, which planet are you from? By the way, please don't go for those whose colour fades in two days. Invest in a proper pair of jeans and don't be afraid to play around with them. They are a girl's best friend; they will be with you on those confused dinner dates where you do not know what to wear and on those laid back lunch dates with the girls.



If you don't have a biker jacket, please just shoot yourself now and spare us the torture. This is the best thing to a woman's closet. This goes with just about anything; evening dresses, summer dresses, shorts and jeans. It is the Ü in über that u need to jazz up any outfit; bedazzle it whichever way you want, rock it like a Rock Star!



If you do not have any faded denim; be it jeans, shirt or jacket... My handcuffs are on their way to arrest you right NOW! This is one of those things that never go out of fashion and that shall forever remain stylish.



If you don't have an outfit that leaves a mark when you turn around, please bedazzle. Tear out a button; just do something that will leave people in awe when you turn around. They will never look at you in your face but give them something to talk about when you walk away. Check out the back of that black dress.



If you do not have lady like skirts, please just get it already. Some things are just standard. ~~OB! OB!~~



If you do not have any printed leggings, please run to Forever New, Foschini or at least Mr. Price immediately!



If you do not have any khaki pants, what do you wear besides jeans, come on already.



If you do not have any shoes that have their own personality, please just consider yourself a fashion criminal who just needs nothing but my handcuffs to take you to the style jail.



Finally, if you do not have a blazer please, I urge you to call you Life Insurance now and just die!



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



- by Val

Follow me on twitter as @missvaly or like our page on facebook Val Milan

Neo_I

The stupendous Keanu Reeves introduced us to Mr. Anderson, famously known as Neo, a computer programmer by day and hacker by night. This double life, which many may perceive as adventurous and satisfying, fails to insatiate Neo. He is driven by a hunger for an alternative to his current reality; his current reality is missing something. It feels like he is missing a number to a safe combination and without this number he just cannot unlock his life. In his first encounter with Trinity, the infamous female hacker, she reveals to Neo how to go about finding this number, she says to him, 'I know why you are here Neo, I know what you have been doing, I know why you hardly sleep, why you live alone and why night after night you sit at your computer. You are looking for him, I know because I was once looking for the same thing and when he found me he told me I was not really looking for him, I was looking for an answer. It is the question that drives us Neo. It is the question that brought you here. You know the question just as I did. The answer is out there, it is looking for you and it will find you, if you want it to.' And because of this encounter and these words, Neo starts a journey that will lead him to his missing number, lead him to the alternative reality he so desperately seeks.

I do not consider myself as destined to save the world, nor can I kick ass as Neo does, but I too like him, reached a point where I questioned my reality, I too felt a hunger for an alternative to my current reality. For reasons I could not fathom my life as it was did not make sense anymore. Inexplicably, what I had lived by; all my beliefs, values, principles seemed distant and unknown and I could not recognize the physical being that hosted me. I am a bit incredulous about being stuck in a pod where the machines control your life and use you as their energy supply, but I also felt a degree of lack of control with regards to my life, my beliefs, my values and principles I held. I realized that my life was made of beliefs and values I had unconsciously learned and/or force fed, and I had been indoctrinated to fit into society from birth, therefore this life was not my own, it seemed foreign and thus the need for an alternative reality. This discovery was to me as falling down the rabbit hole was to Alice, it lead me to endless hours of questioning every thread that held me together. I questioned my reasons for being religious, my choice of career, my behavior, my reactions, the need for love, my sense of style, the blueness of the sky and greenness of the grass, I am sure you see the picture I am trying to paint here, I basically questioned everything.

I could not understand why my life and all I had based it on was all of a sudden withering away, and why this foundation could not withstand the wind. However, enlightenment of why I had to go through this period of questioning came to me after reading this paragraph from Paulo Coelho's book, *Veronika decides to die*. His simple words untangled this complex phase for me, he says '...have you have wondered why the keys on a keyboard are arranged the way they are i.e. why is it called

the QWERTY keyboard? The obvious reason is that it is called the QWERTY keyboard because that is how the order of the letters on the first row of keys is arranged, but the real reason is actually to oblige typist to type slower. When the first keyboards were invented the keys were arranged in alphabetic order but this meant people could type really fast and this lead to the keys getting stuck and the keyboards would become dysfunctional. Remington, the biggest keyboard manufacturers at that time, invented the QWERTY keyboards to slow down typist and therefore ensuring the keyboards lasted longer. But because they were the biggest manufacturers that meant that more people were forced to learn that particular system, and more companies started to make those keyboards, until it became the only available model. They set precedent and it has not been revised as these are the same kind of keyboards we use today.'

The keyboard, alas-the bloody keyboard- why for crying out loud had I not questioned its arrangement in my many sessions with it? I had unconsciously assumed that the arrangement was for me to type faster. It was shocking to find out that it was actually to slow my typing down. I felt like one of the plugged people in the Matrix who carried on with their lives; making plans, getting into relationships, starting families; oblivious of what was really going on, what was really going on is the bloody arrangement of the keyboard was made to slow my typing down. The Qwerty story reaffirmed that my questioning phase was indeed need-

ed, what other things had I failed to question, what other beliefs, values, principles and other parts that combined to engine my life had I held on to assuming they were good for me when in reality they were holding me back, like the bloody keyboard that was arranged to slow my typing down. With that, the need for an alternative reality was justified, a reality where every facet that made up my life was oiled by conscious decision and removed of any rusty unconscious assumptions.

Neo is given two choices, either he takes the blue pill and he goes back to believing whatever he wants to believe or he takes the red pill and he stays in wonderland and he will be shown how deep the “rabbit hole” goes. I too, figuratively chose the red pill; I chose to create an alternative reality for myself. Noted, my choosing the red pill was not quite as dramatic as Neo’s; I never got covered by some silver substance, nor did I find myself in a pod plugged to a machine nor did I have tones of wires stuck to my body used to nurse me back to health. No, my experience was not quite as dramatic, but it proved to be nonetheless excruciatingly painful. In order to create this new reality I had to go through the process of having to evaluate every aspect of my life, having to go through the gravel to dig back up the buried past and try establish where some of my patterns and beliefs came from, having to lose friends because without the common beliefs our friendship was deemed not valuable, the process of having to redefine my life, the process of having to leave what I had known for so long in search of a new reality, that process proved to be excruciatingly painful.

So after this long process, which I called my spring cleaning, I had divided my life into two piles. One pile was all the beliefs, values that could stay because I discerned that

they were for my good, my enhancement. The other pile consisted of all things that had to go which I had kept them even though all they did was take up space. And like any experienced hoarder knows, it is excruciatingly painful to let go of anything no matter how useless the thing might be and the biggest hoarder I know is my brain, goodness can it hold on to useless things. My brain is still holding onto that memory of that boy in primary school teasing me about my big toes and because of that I am still conscious over my toes, talk about hoarding. I think Neo had it easy, all he had to do was fight Agent Smith plus he could just download some programme to have all the super powers he needed and in addition he had the great Morpheus to guide him. I on the other hand, had to face the huge task of convincing my brain to let go, to stop hoarding, and make space for the new things I was trying to teach it. But Ms. Brain knowing she is in charge and she sits as captain of my life (that arrogant, old school, I know it all and do not like being corrected kind of captain) was not trying to hear any of this, so I had to continuously plead with her to change coordinates because we were now headed for a new destination, the destination being the new reality I was creating for myself. It is basically telling the brain the same thing over and over and over and over until it finally gets it. For instance my brain would say, “you did a B. com in accounting, you studied so long, you can’t change your mind now and pursue writing instead.” And I have to tell it, “yes I can, I am perfectly capable of being a writer and the B.com degree means nothing if I am not passionate about it.” These conversations can go back and

forth for a long while.

But these conversations would be my long life battle, which is the only way I can recondition my brain so that my life can be based on what I chose to base it upon. Is the fight, the struggle, the pain worth it? ‘Yes!!’ would be the answer from Neo if you directed that question to him and not just any yes, but that kind of I am all knowing, all powerful, I am the one kind of a yes. He will say this with great conviction because in the end to Agent Smith’s great embarrassment, Neo defeats his nemesis and goes on to live in his new reality. He lives in the alternative reality he was desperately searching for, a meaningful reality one he had consciously looked for and consciously decided it was best for him, he had freed himself from the control of the machines and had full reign over how he wanted his life to turn out. Granted, Neo’s struggles to get to this point spun over an estimated two hours, but he finally found his reality. Although, I have decided to create a new reality as well, I have no illusions about the struggles I will face trying to achieve this. But like Neo, the greatest satisfaction comes from knowing that I consciously continue to shape my reality, and that I have the control over every facet of my life, dead and buried are the days were my beliefs, values and principles are anything but what I choose to have them be.

- by *Linda Kaoma*

World of Our Own



Instead of letting our two worlds collide to form one,
 Why don't we let them deeply penetrate and thrusting
 To form another world, a world of endlessness and nothingness
 Where yellow shades define everything, butterflies cruise under the full moon;
 A world of long strolls, warm sand tickling beneath our feet

A world where sunshine brings monotonous rain drops

That makes you wanna lie in bed and listen to them the whole morning

A world where blue roses and sunflowers bring back

The day when I first inhaled your scent

A world of ice creams, songs and cloud shapes

We'll have 3 worlds to live in
 Bringing in progression, resurrection and a succession of oneness

Where two souls do not compete, complete but rather complement one another

Where one without the other is ridiculously pointless

For even if we part

You'll still have your world and I'll have mine

But both leaving behind a world we've given birth to,
 Nurtured, watered, fed with unending love

And laughter at the simplicity within this complex situation

Let's have a head on collision.

- by *The Original Fake*

The R2.5bn Phone Call

Phone rings

Master Jigga's residence, hello!

King Langeni: May I speak to Master Jigga, please!?

Receptionist: With all due respect, could I ask who am I speaking to and what this call is in relation with?

King Langeni: *With a pleasant tone of voice* It's King Langeni from the Mountain Kingdom and it's personal matter.

call transferred to Master Jigga

Master Jigga: Hello my friend, what can I do for you? Has the kingdom run out of virgins? I don't have any reserved for you in my household!

King Langeni: Don't worry my friend, all your children do not make the cut, like their mothers; all I need is a loan!

Master Jigga: So you wanna marry again and keep up with me?

King Langeni: No my friend, I've heard the good news, you've managed to out-play me. Since you became master, 60% of the population is made up of your wives and children (lol)

Master Jigga: So how much are we talking here?

King Langeni: As much money as you use to feed your children daily, I'm talking ZAR2.4bn.

Master Jigga: Are you crazy?

King Langeni: Yes, I thought you knew that already!

Master Jigga: That means I have to steal from the nation and give you my last cent; this means that the little boy who doesn't know how to speak English properly should not find out

King Langeni: Who is that?

Master Jigga: Keep your voice down, he might call you tjatjarag! What do you need the money for?

King Langeni: Child maintenance

Master Jigga: I think you should come to the South to cut your foreskin; it's less painful and free. Plus you get a box of free condoms.

King Langeni: Thanks a lot that would have been much better if it came from someone who knew and practised what they preached!

Master Jigga: *laughing and adjusting his spectacles with middle finger* I'll make the transfer and mail you the terms and conditions of the loan!

King Langeni: Keep Pimping, bye!

- *T.I.Mo*

The Goodbye Shag



Net Worth is calculated by subtracting what one owes from what one owns. Owning and keeping assets that appreciate in value can increase Net Worth as much as reducing debt does.

Since we all take nothing out of this world, experiences usually prove more valuable than tangible possessions. Bucket lists are popular for this reason; where you have been and what you have done forever remains with you.

Goodbyes are one of life's hardest experiences. There's more sorrow in parting than there is sweetness. For some weird reason, the last bite seems to be the most gratifying. The selfless may willingly share their food, for as long as they still have a bit of it, but having to part with one's last piece is an act that makes even the most giving of souls to cringe.

A smoker taking their last smoke, in preparation to quit thereafter, is most likely to cherish that moment. The drags are concentrated and all energies channeled towards the pleasure nicotine provides. A quitter's mentality is that the last one has to be the most enjoyable.

As much as we are indebted to some or other past, we equally own a part of it. Regardless of where we find ourselves in life, there's a blast from the past we can lay claim to. Whether or not it has been marked is irrelevant; when you own something it's yours. Equally, that applies to our debts. Whether it is better to owe a stranger or a friend depends on what's the worst a stranger can do to you.

Friends make the best enemies; there's just some borders you do not want to step over.

There's always a sense of entitlement with regard to the one that got away; a cat and mouse relationship, similar to that of debtor and creditor.

The last thing one would give a partner about to be incarcerated is a good shag. Like a smoker about to quit, a great deal of emphasis would be placed on deriving pleasure. Equally, those about to get hitched are likely to look back with sweet sorrow in their goodbye efforts. As though one would be forbidden from having any other kind of meat, for they have selected a specific one as their favourite, just before the cut-off time they might just indulge in all kinds of meat they will miss.

We all have that someone that we know we can jump into the sack with, regardless of who they or we are with. We just own them; often because of the strong sexual connection we have. Then there are those that owe us; those that got away. Those we should have had, but didn't. Those we ever wonder "What could have been?" Equally, that's the case with our partners. It's highly likely that there's someone out there that owns your partner; someone that can just walk in, in the midst

of your joy, and have things their way. Then there's probably that someone whom your partner owes, or is owed by; the one that has their way paved already.

Approaching a point of no return comes with temptations Lot's wife couldn't resist. The urge to look back and indulge one last time, before crossing over, is overwhelming.

A trip from Singleville to the Holy City of Matrimony is a raging inferno of burning bridges; one to be traveled without looking back, lest one is led into temptation. The Last Shag with the one that got away often seems like the perfect send-off, and may very well be, but do smokers automatically quit after that gratifying smoke they vowed would be their last?

Humans are slave to habit; what we begin in dribs and drabs eventually becomes a vast ocean we can't tell where it begins or ends. I never seek to enforce morality, I do know marriage begins way before the wedding day. My Write Track is to establish what significance the Goodbye Shag has and whether we should make peace with it.

A blast from the past may fail to forever hold their silence, perhaps a total stranger is then a perfect candidate. No emotional connection, no history, no broken promise of a future together.

As both genders march towards equality, more liberal sexual tendencies emerge. Marriage, though many debate its relevance, is still a desirable institution, but once one knows what lies ahead isn't particularly as great as what remains behind, last goodbyes are likely to be filled with pleasure.

- *Nyakallo Lephoto*



www.ilikewhatiwrite.co.za

facebook: I Like What I Write

twitter: @ilwiw

About Us

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

The writers featured are available to join any mainstream media organization at any time an opportunity presents itself. No questions asked. [I Like What I Write](#) is but a vehicle to promote ambitious writers seeking a stage to exhibit their work. We are thus a hunting ground for media recruiters and a nirvana for readers looking to explore the underground writing scene.



ilikewhatiwrite

Writer's Stage, Reader's Heaven, Publisher's Hunting Ground



Tell Your Friends About Us

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

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

readers in a debate.

We already have a partnership with a Kenyan publication (www.princessprojectkenya.com), and the majority of our site visitors are based in Great Britain. Invite your friends to join this online encyclopedia of written word and connect with some of the brightest minds.

Everyone is welcome to participate on [I Like](#)

[What I Write](#); it is not up to me on anyone else to decide who can write and who cannot! Articles that are published on the site are neither censored nor edited; they are the original views of individual writers.

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

