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# Approaches to transferring South African culture-bound elements into German: Zazah Khuzwayo's Never Been At Home (2004)

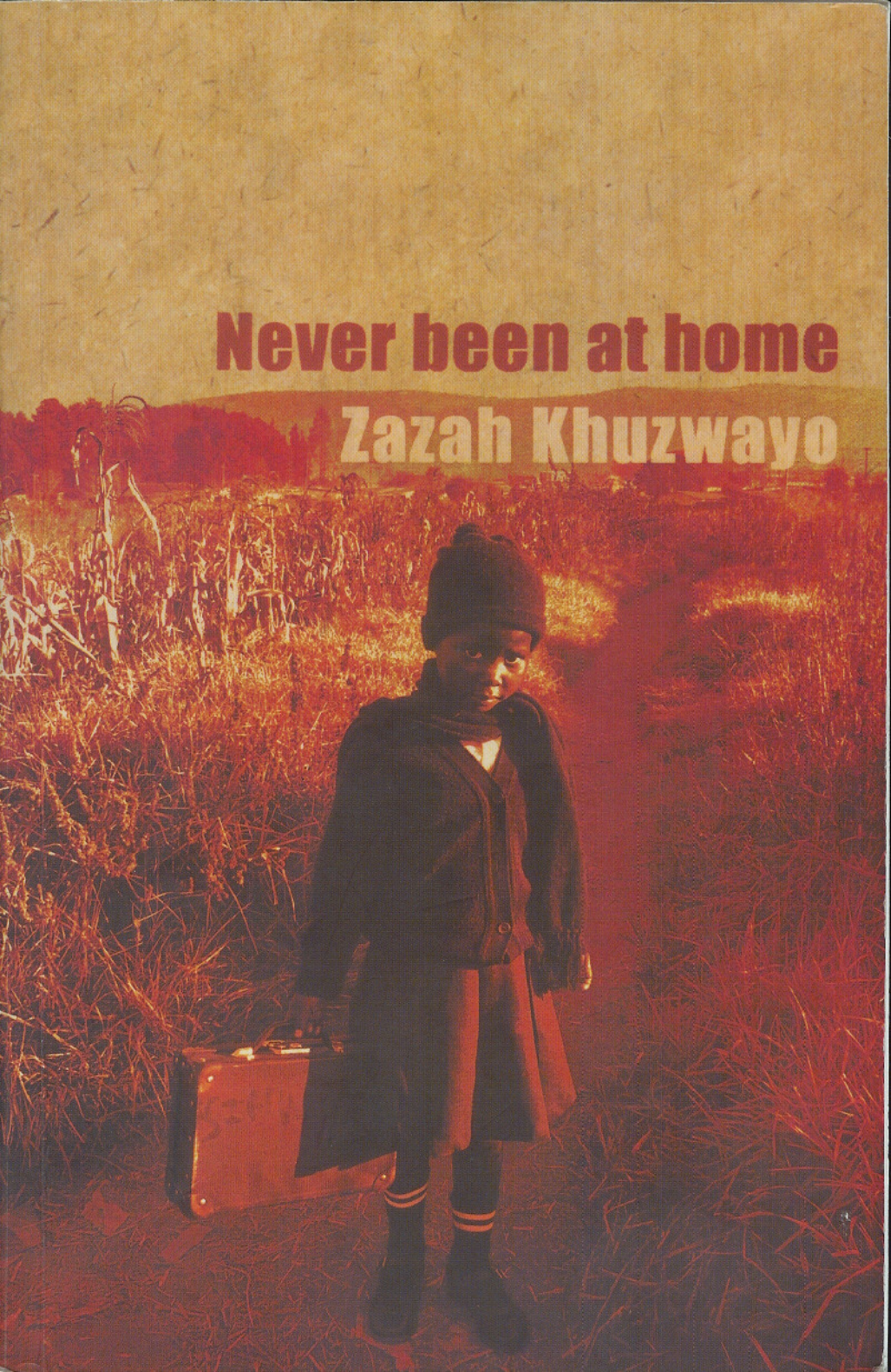
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**2007-02-22T13:21:41Z**
http://hdl.handle.net/10539/2094

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# Never been at home

Zazah Khuzwayo



# 1
# The warm tears of Umakoti

The sun was already up when I went to piss behind one of the huts. We lived in a rural village on the south coast of KwaZulu-Natal. The family home was built on a hill. It was a large home with several round huts with grass roofs, a four-roomed building, a yard, a kraal and a place for chickens and pigs. If you looked downhill you saw a river that teemed with fish … Everybody used to go there to fetch water, to do their washing or to bath. The cows, goats, pigs, donkeys, even the birds in the sky, used to go there. It was one of my favourite places in the village. There was not only a river but also hills, trees, and a big mountain.

My mom was in the kitchen lighting the fire. She was a very beautiful woman, with a light skin, long shiny black hair and a warm smile. But she did not often smile. She was very unhappy and always busy. The whole family called her Makoti …

My father lived far away in a township on the north coast, where he was working as a policeman. He was very tall, dark and had a handsome face, but he was very fat and ate like a pig. He would demand food at any time. He had a black belt in karate and drove a white car, an old Volvo manual. The people in the village respected him. Everybody that came to

visit my family said I looked like my father. This made me feel proud, because my father was educated, and he had a house in the township and everybody saluted him and called him *sayitsheni* which means 'sergeant'. I wanted to grow up and be like him. I wanted to live in the township and have my own car. I was very proud of my father.

He used to come home at the end of every month. Sometimes he came on special occasions, bringing his mother, my granny, a box of assorted cakes, sweets, fruits and a two-litre bottle of squash. My granny was very dark. She had long grey hair and was always very neatly turned out. She was a good member of the Roman Catholic Church.

The whole family went to church every Sunday. This was very boring for me. We had to travel a long way uphill on foot. On the way we passed a river and drank some water. Then, when we got to church, we washed the dust and mud from our feet. The church service started with hardly a smile on the shrinking face of the old priest. He made everybody pray on their knees for hours. I never believed that the priest was holy, but I kept it all inside. He repeated the same things every Sunday. To me he didn't look like a pleasant person. I used to think of him as a ghost that lived in the church.

After church we went home and had lunch. Then my mother would play with my sister, Thembi, and me. My mother always looked unhappy, except when she played with us. My sister was six years older than me. She was already in primary school. I was between four and five years old and couldn't wait to go to school, but I was still too young. I was able to count to ten though, and could draw in the sand.

Our family name was Khuzwayo. The Khuzwayo family was very proud and they were the most educated people in the village. The family consisted of my granny, her three daughters and two sons. Her husband had died. One of her



sons was my father; the other, the eldest, stayed across the road from my granny's home with his wife and four kids. Two of her daughters were happily married to rich and educated husbands. The other daughter was not married. She was a teacher and she was studying by night to complete her Bachelor of Arts degree. My mother was not educated and her mother was a *sangoma,* a traditional doctor and psychic. One morning, as I entered my mother's room, she was crying. 'Mummy, why are you crying and why are your eyes blue?'

'Zazah, you won't understand.'

'Please tell me.' I also wanted to cry.

She told me how my father beat her. She accused him of seeing other women and not considering her his own wife. She said she had slept outside that night. Everything was too difficult for me, a four-year-old, to understand.

When my sister came back from school my mother told her she was leaving: 'I'm sick and tired of this life.'

'Are you leaving us, mummy?' my sister asked.

'No, I will never leave you with these witches. I will come and fetch you.'

My sister started crying and I cried too, but I thought my father was a good man. Why did my mother want to leave him? How was she going to look after us when she didn't have a job?

My mother started telling us stories about the past: 'You know Thembi and Zazah, my first and second sons both died at birth because of this family and your father beating me up all the time. The Khuzwayo family does not like me because I'm not educated.'

'Mummy, why do people say that my father deserted you?'

'He left me when I was six months pregnant. He said you were not his child and he went to Jo'burg. But then, when you came out, you were the picture of him. He came back

when you were three years old. Zazah, I had to go out and work as a maid with you on my back, because your grandmother wouldn't look after you. They blamed me for not having a son that would bear your father's name. They called me a witch. They also said I had no education and that I knew nothing about money. They convinced your father to give all his money to his mother, not to me. His sisters still want him to have a second educated wife. And I must be silent while they treat me like dirt. He is always right and I am always wrong. His mother and his sisters and brothers come first in his life.'

'What about us? We are his daughters.'

While my mother was talking, she was interrupted by a cousin who often visited her. She was a daughter of my father's brother. She said: 'Mamncane, I heard my mother and Tia (my unmarried aunt) talk about a child that your husband has from another woman. They say he must marry this woman because she is educated. Don't say that I told you. My mother will kill me.' There was silence in the room for few minutes. I saw a lizard on the wall staring at us and laughing at my mother's eyes that were full of tears.

'Did they say it's a boy or girl and who is the mother?'

'It's a boy named Mandla, but I forget the name of the mother. They say it must be kept secret from you, because you will kill the baby as both your boys died at birth and you can't have any more sons.'

My mother went into the kitchen to prepare lunch for the whole family. I could see the sorrow and pain in her eyes, although I still regarded my father as an honourable man. I didn't see anything wrong with what he did. He was doing what a man should do. I was too young to distinguish between right and wrong. After lunch my mother left for her family home 40 km away.



That evening I was lying on my stomach next to the fire while my auntie was preparing supper and everybody was in the kitchen. It was winter and the kitchen was warm as there was a fire in the middle of the room.

My grandmother started talking: 'Makoti didn't even ask for permission to sleep over at her family.'

'She must be missing her lovers,' my auntie answered.

'She forgets that we paid eleven cows for her to respect her husband, the whole family and even the dog that barks on these premises. I can understand why Mtholephi (that's my father) always beats her. She doesn't listen.'

It was the next morning. The herd boy was leading the cows to the pastures and a cock was crowing loudly. I went to piss behind the house; at the same time I looked out from the hill to see if my mom was coming back. I was missing her a lot. I realised how much I loved her. For the first time I felt lost. The place that I loved, that I thought of as home was no longer home to me. I stared at the trees. Two small sparrows were playing and their mom came and played with them. I started chasing the birds. Why didn't they allow me to play with them?

My sister called and I ran to her. At least I felt safe beside her. She loved housework more than schoolwork. We went to the kitchen to have breakfast. It was weekend. Everybody was going to the river to wash clothes. The river was a meeting place for the women of the village. I loved the river, but I refused to go as I was waiting for my mom to come back home.

Everybody went to the river except my grandmother and my auntie. They were complaining that if Makoti didn't come back, who was going to take her place? My mother was good at cooking, brewing beer and cleaning. I overheard from their conversations that there was going to be a party over the weekend. I was surprised that they needed her. So she was not as useless as they always claimed.

That winter afternoon I watched the sun go down. My mom did not come back and I turned round to go back inside the house. Without her everybody was a stranger except my sister. My auntie was dishing up chicken curry and rice. My grandmother asked me and my sister to step outside. Inside the kitchen was my grandmother, my auntie and her four kids. They were all having supper except me and my sister.

'Thembi, why aren't they giving us food?'

'If they don't like our mother, do you think they will like us? Zazah, don't start crying. No one will feel sorry for you. Our mother is going to come back, so stop asking so many questions. You are too young to understand everything.'

From that time I started getting answers. In my imagination I saw my mother's face that was always unhappy. Sometimes her eyes were shining with tears. She never allowed those tears to come out. She would pray with bitterness as if she was shouting, asking God to make things better in her marriage. And I asked myself why God didn't answer her, because she was a wonderful mother and a good wife. I started praying to God to bring my mother back.

That evening we had leftovers from the plates. We could only smell the chicken from the gravy. My sister had to do the dishes. Leftovers were better than nothing. I fell asleep hoping to see my mother come home.

Another day dawned. I was talking to my sister that morning about how cruel our family was not to give us food. I would tell my father what they did.

'Zazah, he won't believe you.'

'But he always buys food for us. He is our father.'

'Zazah, he always brings cakes, sweets, fruits and money for his mother, but never for us, never for our mother. He doesn't even know or ask us what we like.' So I kept quiet, knowing it was true what she said. Our grandmother would



give us cake or something when she was in a good mood; maybe once a week. Every evening she would have tea, bread and cake before she went to sleep. She would eat some sweets and refuse to tell us fairytales. 'What kind of a grandmother is she?' I thought to myself. I'd always thought that sweet things were for kids, but things were different here.

After breakfast I went to my usual place where I could sit on the hill and watch for my mother's return. I thought about how beautiful she was and the fairness of her skin; she was bright as the winter sun, with long shiny black hair and a warm smile. She could fit in well in a coloured community. I remembered her telling us that her father hadn't allowed her to go to school and he refused to let her work for white people or Indians. He strongly believed that she was going to sleep with them because she was very light in complexion and had long hair. He preferred to sell her for eleven cows, *ilobola*, with nothing in her hand except her heart that was too soft.

I sat there for hours alone. All I wanted was to see my mother coming back home. My cousins and my sister were at school. Everybody was like a stranger to me. My granny's house was like a cave. Nothing was the same without my mom. If my sister was not around I was going to run away. I sat there behind the house watching the people going their ways up and down.

Then suddenly I saw two figures coming downhill very slowly. One of them was my mom. I leapt up like a locust and ran up the hill like a mad dog. My heart was full of joy. I jumped into my mother's arms and held her and started to cry: 'Mummy, you are not going leave me again, *Hhe*!' She kept silent and held me tighter.

My mother was with her elder sister. I believed she had come to negotiate with my grandmother. We walked towards

my grandmother's house. There she was, with a woman with a gravel face.

'Gogo, my mother is back!'

'Oh, *Nkulunkulu ngiyabonga,* thank God! Who was going to do all the work for the party?'

My mother and her sister entered the house and sat on the floor.

'Makoti, are you doing as you please in this house?'

'What do you mean, Ma?'

'First you went to your family without getting permission from me or your husband. Which means that we wasted all those cows that we paid for you.'

'But Ma, your son beats me all the time and you don't say a thing about it. He doesn't give me any money for my children.'

'Look at you, I am still talking and I didn't say that I am finished. You lost your two sons because you didn't listen and you made the ancestors very angry. If you want to have a son to carry on this family's name you must start to obey and respect even these premises when you walk on them. We have enough cows to pay lobola for another wife. You remember, Makoti, you went to look for a job without getting permission. You got a job and you started thinking you were a man.'

'Ma, what was I supposed to do? Watch my daughters die of starvation?'

'Makoti, you can't keep quiet, *washa nendlu, Hhe.* I want to finish.'

'Ma, I won't keep quiet. Your son went to Jo'burg leaving me when I was six months pregnant. He said my second daughter was not his. And you didn't even help me. You couldn't even look after my child while I was at work. Now I am sick and tired of this family. You never think of me as a human being. Why? Is it because I don't have a mother and my father is a sick man? Please tell me. Why?'



My mother burst into tears and she was shaking. Her sister was telling her to take it easy. 'Marriage is a difficult business,' she said. 'You must learn to overcome all situations with patience and perseverance.'

'No, Thoko,' she told her sister. 'I am taking my children and leaving for good. I will go and look for a job.'

'Makoti, you don't want to bring shame on yourself by failing to keep your marriage,' said my grandmother.

'Okay, then I will have to move to the township with my husband.'

'You want these kids to be nothing but bitches, to know nothing about their culture.'

'Why do you say that, Ma?'

'Because in the township they are going to shit inside the house. They won't fetch water from the river. They won't know how to get wood from the bush, how to make a fire, and then they will be worse than you in handling their marriages.'

The gravel-faced woman nodded, showing her teeth in her gaping mouth.

My grandmother went on: 'Maybe they won't even get married. Who wants a woman that cannot clean a house? You know, Makoti, if I were you I would obey. Your first two sons died at birth because you made the ancestors very angry with your stubbornness.'

'Yes, Ma, and nobody came to see me in hospital. They had to burn my sons. I don't know their graves because of you. You all are like animals. And now you are busy turning your son to be exactly like you. I have a husband working as a policeman but he gives all his money to his mother and he spends the rest with the bitches in the township. What will you say to him? He is a man. So he has all the right to do whatever he likes, even if his own family has to suffer for it?'

'Makoti, that boy must give me everything. You don't have to be jealous. I raised him myself. Whatever happened in my marriage, I stayed and I persevered. And now I am reaping the fruits of that. You are a disgrace. I never argued with my in-laws. The world is going to laugh at you.'

There was silence in the room. Then my mom started talking. 'I am going to tell him that I am leaving for good.'

*'Hhayi bo,* Makoti. I am warning you!'

Suddenly a car hooted at the top of the hill. I was hoping it was my father's car. I thought he would sort things out as he was a policeman.

'Mummy, I am going to Daddy.' I ran up the hill to meet my father, who was tall and fat as a giant. He held my hand and walked to the house with me.

'Baba, my mom wants to leave and go to her family. Are you going to come with us?'

My father kept quiet and I did the same. As I was walking downhill holding his hand, I saw in my imagination a happy family sitting at a table having supper: my father, my sister, my mother with a newborn baby boy and me. We are all happy in my father's house. How I wished that dream could come true.

When we entered the house everything felt bitter inside. I fetched the small bench that was only for my father to sit on. I went to lean against my mother who was sitting on the floor, as in Zulu tradition a woman should sit on the floor on a special mat made from grass and cotton.

'Mtholephi, it's good that you came, we need you a lot,' said my grandmother.

The gravel-faced woman nodded as usual. She irritated me like hell. She didn't have a husband; all she could do was stick her nose in every family's business.

My grandmother said, 'Mtholephi, we have a problem.



You have come at the right time. I don't even know how to say it to you.'

My mother started talking: 'BabakaThembi, I am leaving you and this hell that you have put me through. Enough is enough.'

'Ma, what has happened to MaHlengwa? Why does she want to leave?'

'I will explain to you, BabakaThembi,' my mother continued. 'These past two days I was not here. I went home, because I am tired of you and your family. It looks as if I'm married to your family and not to you. I also heard that you have a child from another woman. You kept it secret from me, thinking I am stupid.'

The gravel-faced woman said 'Makoti, let your mother-in-law speak. Nobody thinks you are stupid. Mtholephi is a man and he can marry ten women if he likes. At least the other women gave him boys – you have only girls.'

'Oh, so it is not just one woman? Now I don't understand.' My mom kept quiet and waited. Then she said, 'How can I keep quiet when there are so many things hidden from me? I didn't know that such good Catholics have so many secrets. So please tell me everything I don't know about.'

'Please, Sis, keep quiet.'

There were tears in my mom's eyes.

My grandmother said: 'Mtholephi, this woman of yours does as she pleases, as you can see. She cannot even keep quiet and let us talk. She went home without my permission. She also wants to go and live in the township with you. But what really makes me angry is that she says that you give me money and nothing to her. Just tell her how hard I worked to send you to school so that you can be what you are today.'

The gravel-faced woman joined the conversation. 'Who is going to bear Mtholephi's name if she can't have a boy? All

she does is complain. Makoti, you came here to look after this family, not to tell them what to do. I think *ungukhanda limtshel'okwakhe*. You don't argue with your in-laws and your husband is your king. You have to bear with him in all situations.'

My mother started to cry. 'You are doing all this because I don't have a mother. Ma, please stop thinking that I am unfaithful to your son, because I am not. When I met Mtholephi I was a virgin. Everybody knows that. I am unlike your young daughter who had four kids before marriage and those kids have two different fathers.'

My mother was talking about my auntie Tia, the one who was studying for a Bachelor of Arts degree. She was a tall lady with big eyes; fat, and a lovely smile; but her heart was not so lovely, although she was a very good teacher and a music conductor at school. She used to be a nurse but was fired for falling pregnant without being married. Once she had a fight with my mother, so they didn't like each other. My aunt started the fight. My mother was very strong, so she didn't stand a chance.

After all this conversation in the kitchen my father came up with a solution: after the party that coming weekend we would be moving with him to the township. I was very happy that we were going to be a family again, staying far away from all the troubles that caused my mother to leave us. I couldn't believe that my dream was coming true.

That weekend there was *itiye*. *Itiye* is a cultural ceremony for ancestors. People came from different parts of the village to sing, drink Zulu beer, dance and eat. They did all sorts of things to be happy and a cow was slaughtered. The women wore dresses as colourful as a rainbow. Everybody took turns to dance according to their age groups. The teenage girls showed their legs and breasts, topless with colourful beads round their necks, arms and waists. Their bums showed when



they swung up their legs. The cow-skin drum thumped and the older women wore beautiful headdresses to show they were married. The men went to the kraal where they slaughtered the cow. They braaied the parts of the meat that only men can eat. They joined the crowd afterwards to watch the women doing their best. The guys started fighting with sticks to show who was strongest. The winners were cheered and the losers were jeered by the crowd. My sister was one of the best dancers in the village!

My father promised to come and fetch us at the end of the month. My grandmother was very unhappy about my mother's decision to move to the township. I was very happy, as I didn't like housework, especially not fetching water and collecting firewood.

One night we were in the kitchen. My mother was cooking and I was on the mat next to the fire as usual when my granny said: 'Makoti, you must not send this child to school. She will waste my son's money. She is lazy, always lying next to the fire. She is even too lazy to talk.'

'Please, Ma, she is still young. Give her a chance.'

'Makoti, I wonder if you ever listen to anything I say. You forget that I am the one who paid lobola for you and I know what is best for you.'

'You were doing it for your son, not for me. Ma, you know I respect you, but you take advantage of me at times.'

It was the beginning of spring. Everybody was checking how much seed they had. If they did not have enough, they'd have to buy or ask friends if they had some to spare. In those days people helped each other. Those with an oversupply would share with their neighbours, but the Khuzwayo family was very proud.

I remember a poor man who used to go from house to house begging for food. He had no family and his clothes

were torn and dirty. He used to come and ask food. My aunt and granny always told him to go away, because he stank. Only my mother would give him something to eat.

I asked my mother why she was always helping poor people. She told me this tale: There was a rich woman who had everything she wanted. One day she made a request: she wanted to see God. She called the servants to clean up the place. The house had to be absolutely perfect. But one servant was ill, so he failed to clean as the madam requested. She fired him. He pleaded that he had children, but she didn't understand.

The next day the rich woman was all dressed up like a queen. Everything she wanted she could get. Suddenly a man appeared at the gate. He was clean and shining and you couldn't look into his eyes. He looked poor; he had no shoes and a very long beard. The woman rushed to the gate to tell him to go away. She said she was tired of feeding the poor who couldn't help themselves.

Later a tall handsome guy appeared at the gate wearing a tuxedo and carrying a walking stick made of gold. His limousine was parked outside. The woman rushed to open the gate for him and let him in. The servants threw flowers on his way to the house and everybody bowed before him. When the man left the house he took a book out of his briefcase with the title inscribed on the cover: *Devil's servants*. The devil said to the woman: 'The man you chased away was God and now I can have you for myself.'

'Zazah, that is the end of the story.' I did not question my mother any further.

My grandmother used to make the family pray for hours. Some would even fall asleep and she would wake them up. The worst part was that everyone had to kneel. I was wondering why our grandmother never told us stories or read to us from



the Bible. But I loved her. She was the only grandmother I had.

Time was moving on and the days were passing. The weekend my father was supposed to come he didn't show up. That Sunday I didn't go to church, because I didn't have anything to wear. The dress I had was too small and my shoes did not fit me. My mother was complaining that her husband was working, yet she never had a cent from him to buy anything for us. The clothes we had she had bought while she was working as a maid, but the family stopped her because a woman was not allowed to work.

The Monday morning my mom asked my grandmother for some money so that she could buy clothes for my sister and me. My grandmother refused.

Then my mom told me to get dressed. 'We are going to your father in the township. I am tired of him lying to me.'

My grandmother didn't like the idea, but she couldn't stop my mother once her mind was set on something. We had to ask directions on the way.

The houses in the township were all the same: four-roomed, built with red bricks. They were not far apart like in the rural areas. There were hills as well and a small river not far from our house.

When we arrived at my father's house there was nobody there. The woman next door was very unfriendly so we went to the neighbours on the other side. These people were friendly and the woman explained to my mother that she must report my father if he didn't support his children. As a policeman he had to stay within the law. They were very nice people.

Then a cute boy arrived, a little older than me, and said: 'My mother sent me to tell you that the house is open and you can come.'

We went into my father's house for the first time. To our surprise there was a woman preparing food. My mother

greeted her. The woman started shouting: 'Who allowed you to come in with your children, and who are you?'

'Mtholephi didn't tell you that he had a wife and children on the farm?'

The woman stood with her mouth wide open, amazed. She was about twenty-five. She said: 'I didn't know, but I think I'm going to leave you with the keys. If you go, please leave them next door. That is where I get them every day.'

Then she left in a hurry, looking shy, scared and surprised.

The house was okay, with a kitchen, a lounge, two bedrooms and a bathroom and it was fully furnished. We made ourselves at home. While we were having lunch there was a knock on the door. A fat woman stood there as if she was looking for trouble.

*'Sanibona,* I'm looking for the father of this house. I'm fetching my bed sheet. Anyway, who are you? Are you the new maid in this house?'

'No, I'm the mother of this house.'

'What? Do you know that I have a son from this man?'

'And do you know that I am married to him?'

'Well, he wants to marry me as well and they told me things about you.'

'Who told you things about me?'

'Your sisters-in-law told me if I bring my son to this house you will kill him, because you are a witch and your mother was a sangoma. Of course I have a son with him and you are an uneducated witch.'

'You know, I'm not the aggressive type, but I think you must get out of my husband's house. Come back when he marries you, not now.'

'This is Mtholephi's house, not yours.'

'Aha, we shall see.' My mother slapped her and pushed her out of the house. Then she started swearing at my mother,



telling her to come outside. My mother came out with a bush-knife. The woman realised it was time to disappear before something happened. I noticed that she ran to the next door neighbour's house and I told my mother.

'Don't worry, my baby, she won't come back here. I promise you. Okay?'

We continued with our lunch. It was a long and confusing day for me and I was trying to figure out what kind of a father I had and wondering whether he was going to bring another woman home. My mind was really troubled, and I had no answers.

A big police truck arrived at about four in the afternoon. When my father got out, the woman next door called him. I ran to him and he asked me, 'How did your mother get here?' I told him the whole story.

'Your mother is really crazy. Who gave her permission to come here? Shit. Zazah, go to your mother.'

He went into the neighbour's house for about twenty minutes and then came home.

'MaHlengwa, who said you must come here?'

'I need money to buy clothes for the children. These clothes they are wearing I stole from your sister's daughter and I have to return them when I get back home.'

She was standing there next to him, staring at his red eyes. He was breathing heavily and sweating with anger. 'MaHlengwa, you have not told me what you are doing here.'

'BabakaThembi, don't you know I came here because I need money and the children have nothing to wear when they go to church? What do you want me to do? Go and report to the court that you don't want to support your kids?' My father's expression was changing from bad to worse. He called her into the bedroom. After a while she came out looking very angry.

'What do you want me to do with this ten rand? Tell me

what I can buy with this. Tomorrow I am going to report you to your station commander. Now I know everything. You cannot fool me any more. Mrs Zumu told me what to do when you fail to support your children. You have the cheek to tell me to go back to your mother at this time because you want all your bitches to come and sleep in this house. Well, *sala kahle.'* And my mother pulled me, showing me we had to leave.

My father followed us outside and shouted: 'Fuck off or I will kill you and your bitch. This is my house.'

Those words from my father were very strange to my ears, they were unbelievable. Did he have to say things like that outside the house with everybody listening? I asked my mom: 'Mummy, why is Daddy angry with us and why is he swearing?'

'Zazah, because he doesn't like giving us money.'

'Mummy, it's late, where are we going to sleep?'

'We will wait for the bus, don't you worry.'

It was around seven in the evening. We waited at the bus stop for one and a half hours. Then a woman from the house below the bus stop came and told us there was no transport at night. Her name was Mrs Mthethwa.and she invited us to sleep in her house and made us supper. She and her husband had a daughter, Fundiswa, who was one year older than me and we got along very well. We had lots of things to talk about. I had another good reason for us to move to the township!

How I wished my family could be as happy as Mrs Zumu's and Mrs Mthethwa's families. I had great faith that everything was going to be alright but I was scared. I had seen so much swearing and fighting that day.

My mother woke me up that next morning to tell me that we had to get ready to leave. While we were on our way to the station commander, we met a man called Mr Nkomo. We



didn't know it was the man from next door to my father's house, as we had only met his wife. He was a policeman. He was nicer than his wife and he showed us the way to the police station. When he heard the things that my mother reported, Mr Nkomo was surprised that my father was not looking after us. That afternoon we went back to the rural areas. My mother had to borrow money from Mrs Mthethwa.

This was the first time that I thought that maybe my father was evil. Maybe he really was bad to my mom. That must be the reason why my mother was always unhappy. But I also loved him very much and I really believed in him. I saw him as my protector, my guide, my role model and my supporter. I needed his love.

I believed my father learned a real lesson when my mother reported the case. The station commander gave my father a warning that if my mom came to complain again, further steps would be taken. My father came to fetch us that week-end and took us to the township. The next day we all went shopping. Only my sister had to go back, because she had to go to school. And I really was proud of my mother for what she did. During that time my mother was happy and I was really happy.