

Looking For Love

1

We all want to experience love in any form we can get. Are we not allowed to love or to feel loved? What's the exception of others? Why can't we all love and be loved? But most importantly what is our purpose on earth? What are we meant to do, why do other people get love and others yearn for it? Why do people succeed when others don't? why are we not all equal if we are all born the same way? Why must we be different to others?

2

It's early in the year yet I feel like im doing nothing with my life, I applied to a private college, for the first time in four years since I finished my matric I can say "I'm getting everything that I want" but looks like my happiness is going to be short-lived, I don't want to jinx things but it feels exactly like it.

For the first time ever I'm scared of my thoughts, I have suicidal thoughts, it has happened before when I was still a kid, but now, I fear because I feel like I might actually do them. I have never been scared of death, we all going to die someday, when don't know when or where or how, but we are going to die

I'm more than ready to die, be it now, tomorrow, we all going to die, I'm not scared, but what scares me is that, I don't want to see tomorrow, why? I don't see the need to repeat the same pain different days of the week, pain knows no day or hour, it is exactly what it is, but it hurts more with each passing day.

I had one wish. go to school, further your studies and go as far away from home as possible.

Even after three years it's still my ultimate goal. Further my studies and never set foot home, or see everyone from my past, it was always simple, I thought I would pass my matric, be an astrophysicist and then, I'll be happy.

Funny how life turns out. I didn't pass my matric well

and I most definitely don't know what I want to be anymore. 2018 I upgraded my matric results. Like a failure like that my family labeled me as, I still didn't pass well. I used to say "I have never failed before, I won't start now" I must just accept things as they are because the only thing that I so desperately want, I can never get it. Okay! I am undecided and still don't know what exactly I want to study, or maybe I do but I know I can't because my family tells me that I should not study it because it doesn't have jobs and it won't take me anywhere and that I fail accounting. Be that as it may, it's something that I like and enjoy. I always found business studies intriguing, but my family will not allow it.

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Yet again, I found myself kneeling down, with a lit candle and tears streaming down my eyes asking od what I did wrong?

Whose sins am I being punished for because we know "re otlelwa bokgopo ba batswadi" but why must I be the one to bear the consequences of people who have never shown me love? Why can't one of their favorites be at the receiving end? I don't know how it feels like to be embraced by my father, I don't know how it feels like to hear my mother say she's loves me, I don't know how it feels like to hear my sisters say they proud me, to hear my friends say they have my back. I don't know either one of those, but I still have to be the one to bear all the wreath.

Maybe I truly am the black sheet

nobody wants me, no one cares for me, so why must they all bother with me. It feels like death is the only thing I have left, and like the rest of them all, even it doesn't want me, not even a visit to say "hey I heard you, I got you" nothing at all.

5

I want to try smoking weed, maybe it will help me cope with the things that I'm going through. I heard people say it can help, but then, as much as I try to do it, I can never bring myself to do it, when I think how my mother will be disappointed hurts me, as much as I try not to care, I can't help it. I care, probably why everything hurts.

I want to try drinking until I feel numb, but I can't do that, because deep down, it feels like I'm doing everything for all the wrong reasons. I don't want to rebel, or maybe the fact that I know they don't care is partly why I don't even try them.

I hurts because I care deeply but they don't. everyone that I know has something or done something for themselves since after matric

and then, me. A useless child who doesn't even know how to express her emotions. I don't have a child, I don't even have my n4 certificate because I failed accounting, I don't have a best friend nor a boyfriend because im worthy of nothing in this world. Sometimes I ask god what my purpose in life is because I literally have nothing to myself. The one time I get a proper school my father says I should not involve him, apparent we never tell him anything until it comes to asking him for money.

I shouldn't be surprised, if the guy could not buy me anything as simple as winter clothes what should I expect, besides, he says im not his child so I guess that's why he won't do thing for me. I just wish I could believe him when he says I'm not his child, but

I can't, it doesn't take a genius to see the similarities between us, even the simplest thing as being easily disgusted just points out, but maybe he has his mind set so I should just accept that he will never like me like his child, I'm always at the receiving end of his hash word, everything wrong done is my fault even when I'm not.

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I remember back in matric, I have been trying to apply to universities, UJ to be specific but every time I have go to the next page, the whole page goes blank, like I literally cannot pass the first page. I don't even know what I was going to apply for, but one thing is for sure, I want to study, and it's nowhere besides UJ. I know education is the only thing that will take me out of this God forsaken situation I'm iwhere I constantly have to prove that I'm worth more than I am, where I have to prove that I too can be something. So what better way to prove them wrong that to be educated, I might not have any medals to my name, but I was going to pass my matric and prove everyone wrong.

There was an intervention in school for all matriculates, all parents must avail themselves m

I told my parents, dad blatantly said no, he won't skip work because my school feels like they need them out of the blue, why can't they hold a meeting on Sundays like they usually do, but why is he shouting at me for? I didn't do anything at all. I'm merely just saying what I'm being told.

Mom said she will come. Parents started coming, I waited for my mom to come, I waited and waited until I had to go back to class, I tried sending her callbacks but she wouldn't respond to none of them. I finally gave up and went back to class.

Once everyone was seated, our Afrikaans and business teacher came, told everyone who was not here with their parents to leave the class, it was about eight of us, I had hope that maybe she's late, she's probably on her way, I was only trying to console myself. She didn't come.

When I got home, I found her back already, she came back early. I tried greeting her but she didn't speak to me, I ask my younger sister what was wrong and she said she's mad because the house is not clean. The fuck? Okay

Amo is comes home early every day, why didn't she clean? But then “she's a child she's not supposed to do anything” their words not mine, at twelve she's a child, by the time I was twelve I was expected to clean the house, cook because my sister came back late from school, but no one remembers that, 'apparently' I was cheeky and my older sister did everything herself.

first of all, by five I have to have the pots ready, because by seven we have to eat, why would I wait for someone who comes back late to do everything when I'm capable? But I'm the black sheep of the family, I can never be right, I'm always in the wrong, I've accepted that, made peace that I'll never be right in their eyes.

I only hope that God would have made my life easy by answering all my prayers instead of making me suffer on top of everything else.

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When I asked her if she's okay, and she kept quiet, Amo went and talked to her, guess what? She answered, I knew right then and there that she's mad at me, for what? Because the house is dirty, because of last night's dishes? Because there's no food on the stove?

First of all, we made it clear that Amo should wash dishes as she 'a child' their words, I cook and clean, I clean every day when j come back from school, if it's dirty it's not my fault because when they get back from work they always find the house clean, maybe not their 'standard clean' but I do clean it to the best of my ability.

I went to her, I asked why she's mad at me, because I didn't do anything, her resound was.

"o busy o batla gore kete ko skolong sagao Mara o palla ko kolomaka ntlo yaka" (you busy asking me to come to your school but you can't even keep my house clean)

"Mara mama, wabona kona ke bowa" (mom I only just got back)

I tried to contain my tears

I wasn't going to cry, I refuse to.

She ignored me, she continued making her tea, absolutely ignoring me, I got angry, that's how it usually goes, it's crazy how I'm still not used to it, it always goes down like this.

"why osatla intervention?" (why didn't you come for the intervention) I asked

"ketleleng ong tella?" (why would I come when you disrespect me)

I know myself, no matter how hurt I am, I will never say anything hurtful to anyone, so the best thing to do, is to leave, and that's what I did, I walked out the door to calm myself.

That's what I do when I'm angry, I need time on my own to calm myself, I cry to prevent myself from doing things unimaginable.

9

When I got to school the next day, we got chased out of the class because our parents didn't come to the intervention, I missed two weeks of class, I basically went to school to just seat outside the whole day.

When I got home I told them what happened, they didn't care, I told them that if I failed, they shouldn't blame me because the whole thing could have been prevented, but like always, my cries fell to death ears. I remember telling them that once I'm done with my matric, I will leave the place and never come back, I won't even miss them, not even today will you hear me say "I miss my mom, I won't even dare with my father" I can't even utter those words to anyone.

That particular year, I started dating this one guy in my neighborhood. He... he made me feel special in a way, I can safely say

he was my first love and probably the last, but the sad reality is, I am worth nothing. I believe he truly loved me, still do probably, but he hurt me, hurt me so much I can even get over it even know. It's been over three years since he hurt me, we fought, broke up, got back together, fought again, it was a never ending cycle. I tried to move on a couple of times but I always found myself texting him and fixing things, probably because he was the first person to hug me, tell me he loves me, that he's proud of me and that he will always have my back,

10It was a bit toxic in a way, as hard as we fought, we couldn't deny how hard our feelings were, or should I say, how hard I fell for him the more we fought,

He started asking for sex, I couldn't do it, that was the root of our fights, still is.

He wanted to know why couldn't do it with him, besides being scared

my virginity is something that I can safely say, I managed to keep, it's something that I have that belongs to me, when all my friends are out graduating and making babies, this is the only thing I feel proud of, I thought I will start having sex this year after I turn 21. But the thought is not appeasing, I feel like it's stupid for me to rush into having sex when I can't even do something as simple as go to school, or even get my job.

It might not make sense but it's the one thing that I'm proud of myself for, plus, I haven't even found anyone that I'm sexually attracted to.

I still haven't told him the real reason why, but I hope one day I get the strength to look him in the eye and tell him why.

-destiny(phora)

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I want to start a 'mediating' company, mediate between the people and big businesses and small businesses and big ones, everywhere I go I see a business opportunity, I tried telling my sisters about my ideas, for the first time when I try to open up, they don't take me serious, they always complain that im secretive, that I don't share anything with them, but the only time I tried opening up they shoot me down. They say I have too

many ideas, they don't believe in neither one of them, making me doubt myself. They say I shouldn't study business management because it will take me nowhere, it has no jobs, well...that's the thing, I don't want no basic salary every month or work for anyone, I want to work for myself, bark orders not take them. I have serious problem with being told what to do.

Then they say, "how will you own a business without knowledge of accounting because you fail it all the time" thing is, I am willing to learn

the school that I was attending last year had too many strikes and all my classes were schedules Saturdays, besides that, when the corvid pandemic stroked, last year march, we were only two weeks a few weeks in, when we went back to school on august, we started with exams, with each two weeks apart, I attended classes once a week, on Saturday, from 12-14:00 meaning we barely even had enough time to prepared for exams, I had hoped that I would attend all my lessons and extra ones specifically for accounting, but since everything is against me, we couldn't even attend school, and yet they expected us to pass a six months module in just two months of which I had only four classes until I was done with all my exams.

When the results came, I failed accounting, with 25% everyone I knew failed it, why won't we? I'm not trying to make excuses but they promised us free study materials for tvet students and yet none got it. This world is fucked.