



Chapter 1

My name is Thabo Ngwenya. I am twenty-five years old, I was born Phethezakhe Ngwenya

this Bird Scientist. I am the first born, I was raised by Sethokuhle, who was raised by Mandisa, my family's son is Butholezwe, we were born in MaNyoni's womb. My home was built in Nkuba in the main section of Mnondo under chief Madilozi, the bookkeeper is Dingane Dlamini. It is a good place for farming and farming, some of these mansions do not move. My father is a person that you really like, he is a person who does not like things that come out of the way.

My mother's house is in Sikhuni, it is steep when you come from Mnondo. This is where my uncle, Mdyyazi Nyoni, his wife, Sizakele Cele, and their two children, Cijani and Thembeke, live. I used to visit them more in the winter because there are a lot of jobs that are done at home, so I could spend the days that I want especially when I'm not studying anymore.

One day, in the afternoon when we were in the village, I had the thought of going to my uncle's house. It was good because we were out in the fields for a week.

"Dad, I was asking to visit my uncle and I'm going to stay together." I said in a low voice.

"You're dreaming, Thabo, of course I said I'd send you there within a week, take the potatoes to your auntie MaCele, it's good because you're ready to go." That you stay doesn't do Thabo, I don't want to talk." I was very happy to hear my mother allow me, even though she was suspicious of wanting to my long journey.

"Okay mom, I'll do it like that, don't load too much, you know how steep it is, I'll come when I hear it."

I answered looking at my mother.

"I will do so, wake up in the morning to walk before the sun is too hot, it must be hot after you have walked a long way, these days it is removing the husks from the trees."

"I'm going with Thabo, mother." It was Mandisa standing up and gathering the dishes.

"Prosper Mandisa, this is how you hear someone say they are on a trip, their feet are itching."

My mother shouted, Mandisa came out and cried outside.

"Wake me up, you know that sleep and I are best friends."

We laughed, until my father, who had been silent, intervened.

"We don't know why Thabo wanted to sleep so much, when I was still a boy I couldn't miss the sun while I was sleeping." After my father finished speaking, my mother answered before I opened my mouth.

"I didn't say you were brought up by your mother who begged you, don't compare yourself to Thabo." We were talking to each other and laughing at each other while roasting potatoes. We got up, each other going to his bedroom. It was late in the morning for me, I went to bed and talked about going to my uncle's house.

I told myself that I'll be happy because the main road is not easy to walk when a person walks alone.

I woke up when the chicken came down from the trees and got ready to go. When I finished preparing, I said goodbye, I went out to my uncle's house, I was carrying a bag of potatoes. I took a small path and walked until the sun started to shine.

I licked until I finished the houses, and I started cleaning in the middle of the village until I could no longer hear the roosters saying that the houses were far away from each other.

mostly. I was sweating profusely because that day the sun was not hot enough to bring fish out of the water. When I had walked a long way, I heard it telling me to rest, so I chose a tree that had good shade, sat under it and rested. After paying my respects I continued on my journey.

I was in the middle of the hill when I heard a small voice calling out behind me. I stopped and listened carefully but nothing was heard, so I continued on my journey

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a small voice kept shouting behind me, it stopped me from fear, I stopped and looked around the four corners of the world but I didn't see anything, I stood up a lot, shaking the dust to pass that place, the voice repeated again, then it was heard nearby, I shook like a reed in flowing water, and then I returned home and repeated I thought that I was in the middle of a long way from home, I was determined to continue the journey, when I was just walking, my mind was gone.

I walked for a long distance without hearing anything until I thought that maybe my ears were hearing something, the fear had subsided a little but the voice was still there.

it is in my mind. I then walked quietly with the intention of listening carefully to that voice. 'But my mind is playing tricks on me? But I heard the word mani! No, I'd rather continue on my journey hearing only lies!' I was talking to myself while eating a mango, and then I kicked stones for the shit I was doing.

When I left I forgot about the voice again, then it repeated three times in a row, it hit me and I was so scared that I felt my knees freeze!

I was about to fall to the ground, I heard the sound of a person running and then I started shaking like a person infected with Nhuluana's head, and I looked all over the place. Our mind thought of many scary things that our grandmother told us. I looked around, I got scared and fell to the ground when I saw that I was being followed by a beautiful girl, a firefighter herself. Her beauty was so beautiful that I closed my eyes and mind, I comforted myself by saying that maybe she was chewing wood. When he came to me, he greeted me with a clear voice, I heard that this was the voice I had been hearing, I lowered my denial and the fear disappeared and I answered, we had a pleasant conversation, he asked me where I was going and I told him,

"I know Nyoni's house, we can help each other if you want." The girl said

"Oh, you know? So what do you want from such a childlike stomach?" I threw the question away.

"I love Gusu and every time I want to get some fresh air I go there." His answer scared me, I stopped for a while and looked him in the eyes, but a fearless girl is so scary? I insisted and asked him his name

his answered me,

"I am Nomvelo, I am twenty years old, what about you?"

I opened my eyes and wondered why he told me his age.

"I am Thabo Ngwenya."

"It's good to know each other." It said in a clear voice. We continued our journey together, we were walking slowly talking to each other.

I had already seen the girl herself but fear had attacked me, until after we had walked a little distance I mustered up the courage and started to report my love to Nomvelo, then I was silent, my mind had left me.

I was overcome with love the first time I saw him. My heart turned white when I saw her smile. We continued our journey until we reached the point where we had to part ways,

we stopped and talked for a long time, I had forgotten that I was still waiting for me in the mountain ahead, after a while we said goodbye, we promised to see each other the next day, maybe he would find me waiting for him.

I left when my heart was playing with joy, and I walked smiling all the way, I didn't see the mountain anymore.

Chapter 2

I arrived late at my uncle's place, they welcomed me well, we greeted each other and it was nice. My uncle asked me why I came in so late? I explained to him that I was just visiting and did not come with bad news. They were happy and wet when they saw me, we had been together for a long time and it was not allowed for them to visit us alone. I presented what was still there and took it to my aunt, and they were walking around looking at the potatoes that I had brought back, even if they were just seeds, Ma Cele said that she would never keep them without hearing how they were.

I was slaughtered as a chicken. While we were having a conversation, even though I was thinking about the girl I met at the school, it was difficult for me to tell the story to my uncle because I didn't want to hold the conversation in my head and I was still holding on to the fact that it is not talked about in public.

When we finished eating, I was prepared where I was going to sleep.

I cried because of the dinos, and left my uncle and aunt who were waiting. I'm afraid to ask about Nomvelo because maybe they know him.

I slept soundly, and when it was dawn I fell asleep, and the image of Nomvelo came to my mind.

I woke up and stood on the wall, yes, there were girls with us, others

then I tried them and they refused, but none were like Nomvelo, the way I felt.

It scared me when I thought about his voice and it started happening to me.

My friends called me outside, I quickly got dressed, and we went to fetch water from the river. They were sitting comfortably, my uncle's children were not carrying a basket on their heads, they were tied to a cart. We turned around when the sun rose, they came and prepared lunch and it was delicious, I, as a family member, finished what was left from yesterday, the food was good. The time for me to see Nomvelo was as close as our engagement yesterday.

I washed and dressed and became beautiful, I didn't want to meet Nature covered in mud. I left my uncle's house as a person who still sees the place.

I started walking while I was still in the middle of the houses, when I entered the forest I firmly stepped on my foot, and by this time the mangoye had eaten it. When I got to the place we had agreed to meet, I got angry because he hadn't arrived yet, what a rush I was. I waited for a while, but he didn't say anything, I left when I was depressed and my heart was hurting, and I thought that he had caught me from a rock.

While I was walking, I saw him staring in front of me, I was happy like a calf seeing its mother, I ran to him until I hugged him,

We greeted each other and it was nice. We continued walking until we found a small tree that had a nice shade, we sat there and started talking.

Laughter could be heard, I don't think we were afraid that this person might disturb us. I was captivated by Nomvelo's beauty, I didn't think anything bad about her, and her second return made me start to trust her, and I saw myself engaged.

"I love you and the environment, I'm not pretending." I said kissing him on the chest.

"Don't try to deceive me, Thabo, you haven't left me, girlfriend, have you?"

"As I said to Nomvelo, they were all telling me.

I am grateful to you because you brought me together yesterday. I see myself in Jerusalem. I promise I will never let you down, I hope you won't let me down."

"You have kept your promise, because you are still a long way off.

There is something I want you to do for me, until I see what it is you are brave." We had a nice chat, we promised each other heaven on earth, and I wished I hadn't left the side home

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I said that the sun was rising and it was close to his mother. I asked him to go with us because I was afraid that he would end up being beaten by them when he appeared to come in late as a girl's child, but he was oblivious and seemed to be innocent. When he asked me if he was afraid to come home at night, I scolded myself again. We continued walking little by little like a couple, when we reached the place where we were separated yesterday we stopped for a while to say goodbye, he didn't want me to end up coming at night as a guest of my uncle.

"My love, it was nice to spend time with you today." I said as I handled him.

"I'm glad you came, I didn't expect you to come back. I thought you met me yesterday and said it's better to delay by throwing two because you guys are like that, most of you get caught up." Nomvelo smiled a little, her beauty confused my head, and I nodded.

"How can we make our meeting with Nature be all day long? I will stay with my uncle for a while, it would be a pleasure for me to see you again tomorrow."

"Okay, we can meet again tomorrow at the same time, meet here, if you can't find me anymore

here he is waiting for me under the tree where we were sitting, it is in the pleasant shade of this tree."

We broke up with Nomvelo even though it didn't agree. I stepped forward because the darkness was getting closer. I found my uncle in the barn corralling his flock, he asked me how I saw the place and I answered him with a smile, and he testified before I could say that I had a good day, I didn't inform him about Nomvelo, I was afraid that I was getting too fat while flying my bird. We had dinner, my heart was always with Nomvelo.

At night I was sleeping and I dreamed of a mansion that was beautiful and always looked like a big house, owned by people who pointed to the inside. In that village I saw Nomvelo sitting in front of the big house, holding his cheek like a dead man.

I approached him and wanted him to tell me what was wrong with him, but he didn't answer me. Just then I saw that we were talking to each other sitting under the tree where we used to live in the countryside, after a few minutes Nomvelo stood up as a repentant person, I remained sitting there until the whole day passed without turning around, my spirit was troubled and I started to need him, I screamed in the middle of the gut, but the voice could not come out, I tried to run, my feet refused as if they were tied . When I got tired, I went back to where we had been sitting last time with Nomvelo

I looked in front of me and saw him sitting on the ground crying again, I tried to hold him by the shoulders and got scared, then I grabbed the pillow and I woke up. There was the sound of cows running around outside my uncle's house since it was winter, and the others were sleeping outside.

I stretched myself and went outside with the intention of seeing what was happening. I went straight to the barn and threw the water away, and with tears in my eyes I believed that everything that was happening was a dream, but what bothered me was why I was dreaming scary things about Nomvelo, I comforted myself by saying that it is a mind that thinks for itself.

I decided that one day I would wake up and wander around the section looking for the mansion I had seen in my dream. I went back to the house and tried to sleep, but I couldn't sleep. I told them until I was scared by the roosters when it was dawn, they took me there and I slept until the sun came up, I was shocked when I was woken up by my cousin, they were scared why I didn't wake up.

"How does it wake up?" I said those when I just got into the game.

"We are awake, how do you wake up grandson? We are wondering where you are because we know you are a person who wakes up early even if you are not somewhere?" My uncle agreed and looked at me of the eyeballs.

"I slept well, uncle, but I woke up in the night because of the sound of cows that were already full in the house."

"Where is the cow, grandson? I was sleeping like I was dead because I didn't hear anything." I laughed at him saying that my uncle sleeps a lot, until MaCele testified that he heard a cow. We had breakfast, we could not work that day, we talked until the big day.

I took a bath, after that I came out as a person who needed my uncle's cow with the intention of needing the mansion I had dreamed of. I needed it until I got tired of the house there, and when it was time for me to meet Nomvelo, I went to the beach where we used to meet. When I just passed the villages and entered the village, I met these boys who came from the village, they opened their eyes to me when they saw me enter the village, it was as if they wanted to say something to me, I ignored them as I walked and entered the village.

I found him waiting for Nomvelo. We spent the whole day talking and promising each other heaven on earth.

Chapter 3

It was fun with my uncles, I didn't even remember going back, I wished I was watching my Nomvelo, I was telling Celiwe those girls because they said I was a football player. In the second week I was cutting wood in the village thinking of Nomvelo, the week was too late for us to see each other. When I looked up, I saw him walking in front of me carrying a stick of wood on his head. I stood and waited for him until he arrived. When he arrived, we greeted each other and it was nice.

"My trust, where are you going?" I asked him when it was time to give him a hand, and there was this piece of wood that he had already thrown down.

"I was hunting the calf, Thabo, today he came here, what happened?"

"Here in this wood that feels, I am happy that I visited what is there, now that I have seen it, my heart is at peace."

We stopped for a while, in my mind I was thinking about a dream, I was brave like a turtle when I wanted to ask him about his hometown. I lost my mind by gathering wood. After a few seconds, I looked into his eyes, I felt sorry for him, he was looking worried.

We left there and walked like lovers, telling our stories.

"Thabo, I love you, but you better go back."

"Are you chasing me away my love?"

"Hatshi, I don't want people to see me walking around, and they will make an evil parable about me. Do you know the people of this country, what will a mother say when she hears such a story? Is he the father?"

"My dear, where are you from? In the middle of the night a person can beg. He closed his face, I felt sorry for myself, but I wanted to know, he stopped and looked at me.

"We want to go to our side so soon! Jaheni but?"

"No, I was just asking, I want to know. And don't you want to be visited?" I asked as we stood looking at each other. He spoke with his eyes and I looked at him and regretted it.

"It's near us..." he said as he was telling me, there was a sound of people behind us, it sounded like a lot of people. We broke up right then and there before he told me, he didn't want people to see us together. Instead of going back home, I went to where we used to stay. 'Or the environment is not wise towards you and you are sitting among the relatives who are torturing you?' I spoke to myself because his refusal to show me around made me suspicious. Suddenly, I lost my passion for cutting, and I married a prostitute. I was gutted, I took it

the path that was opened by the cows, I thought it would bring me home quickly and I lost myself, when I was about to lose my foot, I could not see the way we were going. I walked for two hours wandering around together before I could go home. When I saw a tree with a nice shade, I went straight there and my feet were hurting. I sat down, I got up and walked with a rush because my feet were burning. I met Nkonjane, a shepherd boy in Dube, that's how I saw the way, I didn't say the way to get lost

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"Thabo, where did you die? Don't sit still grandson, let's touch the cow, your aunt doesn't want you to see the tea in the room." It was my uncle who met me at the entrance.

"Uncle, I don't think you know how much I love this place, especially the rocks and rocks, I sink and look at them."

I said those while milking these pills.

"We will ask for it when it is ripe, grandchild."

"And what about uncle?" I was so scared that I came back and braced myself.

"I'm not a child Thabo, I'm a man when he sees a girl it's cool."

"Ha-ha, girlfriend me? Are they here?"

"Hmm!" We walked and talked the whole way with my uncle, and he was very upset. My uncle used to show me some houses where there are beautiful girls

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those who are like this, the herd has not been shepherded. He knew that my father was a dignified and respectable man in our section even if he didn't know what to say but he was the man who spoke in the meeting and all the men bowed their heads because he is an educated man and my father just refused work. My uncle named all the houses, but he never named Nomvelo or his home. I kept quiet but I was proud of why my uncle told me about Nomvelo, and I thought again that there might be a lot that my uncle is aware of.

When we were about to finish the houses, I saw the ruins, it was a big house, the barn was visible this cow heard it.

"Where are the people in the village going, uncle, now that it's getting light?"

"Hmm! Grandson, the story of this house is very difficult, they want us to sit down, but the people who lived here are still alive, they just moved and built another house.

place." My uncle answered, I looked at him and saw that he was hiding something from me. "But why did they move and leave such a beautiful house? What are they getting involved in in the section?" I was there and I tried to remember the whole story.

"I'm happy but I don't know people's things? Why are you worried about the ruins? They were very good people, grandchild, and they started well

Are these guys the same?"

"Okay, uncle, I don't see how anyone can leave such a beautiful and big house and start building a new one in another place? Unless he is a miscreant, we have been banned from the division." That's me trying to get my uncle to tell me the whole story about the house we were talking about because I was thinking about my dream.

Then it came to mind that it might be the one the house is there.

"That's right, grandchild, you see those who left the house were not the owners of the house that built it, but it was other people who bought the house, why were they moved? We don't know, we were living well, there was nothing bad and they were people who lived like normal people. It was just in the section that we were scared of their departure because they didn't go anymore

they sold it, they just left and left everything standing."

The abscess was beginning to burst.

"Hmm! No, I can hear you, uncle." I just agreed that my mind was thinking a lot about that city, I was trying to combine this with nature even if it didn't agree.

What confused me was my uncle's speech, I could see that my uncle was hiding a lot from me even though it was difficult for me to ask him. We were silent for a while, I ate the bones of my mind.

"So, Thabo, you are so quiet, did you hear anything?" I shook my head, and shrugged my shoulders again

"Have you become a mute Thabo? Don't you forget what is wasted, isn't it wasted?"

"No, uncle, I was just asking."

"Is everything going well? Is it a matter of you seem to be thinking too much Thabo?" I kept quiet, I looked at my uncle until he touched the sputum that was not there.

"It's nothing, uncle, I'm just wondering what made a man leave such a beautiful house" I answered after about three minutes and looked down at me, fearing that my uncle would end up asking me a lot.

"Hey, grandchild, why do you want this house? Why do you think so much about it?" Ask each other questions, I didn't want to say

Which one should I answer first? He was celebrating me with the intention of making me undress all my thoughts.

"It's nothing, uncle." We finally left that one and bought others. He was telling me about his growing up, the day he met his aunt, sometimes I just laughed when I saw that he was milking these pills. We gathered all the cows, but my mind kept thinking about the village we had talked about, I told myself that I would give myself the sun and go there and see it well. After closing the cow, it was eaten as usual and we went to bed. "And who does this beautiful girl belong to?" That's me asking my cousins. They were both silent for a while without answering me as if they were scared,

"Where are you going, cousin?" Thembeke asked.

"In one of the ruins we passed by my uncle, it was a big house and the other houses were still standing" I answered, trying to explain to my friends what ruin I was asking.

"When you say the ruins on the side of the road where our people feed their cattle, it belongs to Dlamini" answered Thembeke.

"Where did Dlamini go to leave such a beautiful ruin?" I wanted to understand who that Dlamini is who owns the ruins.

"No one knows that cousin, we saw them moving and leaving the house as it is. It is clear that no one knows what they are being transported to. Others consider that they may have returned to their place since they were not from here."

Thembeke answered.

"Well, if he hasn't been here for a long time, how did he find a place to build here?" After all, it looks like this barn was just big." I continued to question myself, the thing that bothered me was the dream I had about Nomvelo.

"My cousin, I don't know well, which is the story again when we opened our eyes and found Dlamini living there, the cows were eating each other's wool." Thembeke was answering but the answer his always matched that of my uncle.

"Oh! I can hear you cousin, I heard my uncle saying that there are others who lived in the ruins and then moved, what were they moved to?"

"No, my cousin doesn't know me because they are unfamiliar people, I can lie," Thembeke answered.

"Okay, cousin, let's not talk about this waste of people," I said, trying to hide that the story was getting too long.

"And you, my cousin, shined in the light of knowing more about the ruins, why? Of course, among all these beautiful houses, you can ask about them and we will tell you, but you are rushing to ruin." Thembeke turned the question to me.

"It's nothing, cousin, I was just wondering what kind of person would move and leave such a big house and leave it in ruins, why didn't he sell it?" You know there are many questions that I ask myself, cousin," we continued to talk with my family, I told myself that tomorrow I will wake up in our place in Nomvelo and if I may meet him, I will ask him his last name. We ended the conversation and continued talking about other things because we were sitting outside under the white moon that was shining like day even though it was night. Sleep intervened, and we parted ways to where he slept. I got into my clothes, I needed a lot of sleep as I tossed and turned, until they came to a place where I fell asleep with my thoughts about Nomvelo.

Chapter 4

I slept until the sun rose, when I woke up others had already woken up a long time ago. I went straight to the crowd, and found MaCele. When I asked about my uncle, he said that he woke up from the wood. I wondered why my uncle didn't wake me up we all went.

"But uncle, why didn't I wake up and we all went to the wood? I'm here to help him with his work." I asked Ma Cele.

"You were dreaming Thabo so your uncle didn't want to confuse you." I agreed, Ma Cele was busy preparing breakfast over there and we were chatting.

"Today, I think that if I go out and talk during the day, it is possible for a person to find one girlfriend here, aunt." MaCele laughed until he dropped his knife, looked me in the eyes,

"But Thabo, why are you laughing at me so early in the morning, my grandson? There are only beautiful girls here and since it's a place you don't know, who will go?"

"The one who wanders around is fishing, auntie, I will wade around when I get water until I reach the river, who knows? I can get you a grandchild."

"Since your father is a man who loves himself, you must get him a good daughter-in-law who knows how to work and not the one who hides in the shadows and does nothing."

"But why don't you tell me where I can go to find a girlfriend that my father doesn't like, or that my uncle doesn't like?"

"I don't want to kill a dog and hide my grandson, there are no girls here, there is no one I can say I love. All the children in this section have not behaved well, I don't want to choose for you, but you just go out to the river when the sun has set, if there is any chance you will see him, come back and let me know and I will tell you how he is." MaCele continued, and I came to ask about Nomvelo, but I told myself not to memorize the night.

"Okay auntie, I will go out when the sun cools down and I will go to the river, the problem is that there is no boy I know here that I can go with, he can show me the place or I can ask Thembeke to go with me so that she can inform her friends, sometimes women don't talk to people they don't know. That's not what my aunt said

How should I dress when I go to the audience?" I continued to laugh at my aunt.

"And today, why did Thabo wake up talking so much about women? I thought you were kidding."

"No, I'm just kidding, auntie, I just wanted to talk, but it's better to ask, as a boy, I don't want to find myself stealing something from you, right? That's why I'm asking where I should play so that I can find a good person who respects me again." I said those while laughing as I went outside, leaving MaCele fiddling with his pots, he was still preparing food. When I left the house, I met my uncle coming in, in his hand he was hanging a sledgehammer that he had run.

"It's raining well, uncle, the stones are still peeling, but will we find those who will respect us and call us our angels?" It was me praising my uncle.

"Ha-ha-ha grandchild, it's hard to find a child there who has been brought up well, but if you need it, don't rush, we can find him." My uncle said with his teeth bared in laughter.

"But uncle, since you have never lived with a person, how can you tell if he is a respectful and trustworthy person?"

"No, I will tell you, grandchild, how you can find someone for your father who will respect you and your parents and treat him well, because some of the mothers who gave birth have rotten bowels. Do you find a girl's child talking to her father, and you said you would respect her?"

I nodded, I might have woken up the one who left me to go to the beach in the morning.

"Oh, uncle, don't wake me up and let's all go to the wood? You know very well that I am eager to know the place."

"I didn't want to confuse you, grandchild, I came to your house together to fetch the holka and I found you sleepy, but we will all leave tomorrow." While we were talking, Ma Cele said that he had placed the food dishes in front of us. We agreed that tomorrow we will wake up early to fetch my uncle's firewood, and we ate until our stomachs were full. The sun was lying here and it was high noon, it was my time to see Nomvelo.

I put on the sandals that my uncle had given me, I put on my uncle's small scarf and entered the road looking towards the sea, the only goal was Nomvelo.

I was wondering if Nomvelo is a person, what I was wondering is what I will do when I find out that he is not a person, I comforted myself by saying that it is an old religion that there are ghosts, I was just thinking that I was going to kill

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I poured myself into my stomach. I was just going through a lot of thoughts, some were telling me to go back and others were telling me to continue going to my Nomvelo. I was still walking like that and I was scared when I saw the shadow of a person in front of me, I stopped and looked closely and it scared me. My mind was confused as I stood, I felt my head getting heavy and it was telling me to sit down but I persevered. The shadow disappeared after a while, just then another old man walked with the dogs.

"We saw you, young man." The old man was making a sacrifice.

"Yes, father, how is it?" he looked me in the eye he is old.

"I'm fine, my boy. And who are you, who do you belong to? I have never seen your face here in the section."

"No, I'm the grandson of Mryatizi Nyoni, who was born to his sister who went to Mnondo." I thought it would be better to name myself after my hometown Mnondo Kwakise

it was known in many places because of its chief uMadilozi.

"Oh, how is Matshela's grandson? So what are you doing here in the middle of the day when the sun is so hot? Your cousin, I went with him in the morning as we need firewood."

"It's nothing, dad, I just went out to see the place for myself."

"No, it's fine, my boy, but you can come here by yourself and be careful not to stay far from these houses so that if something happens to you, satisfy the cries of the people." I agreed but I asked myself a lot of questions and I didn't get the answer, so he finally said goodbye to the old man.

"Okay, my boy, someone was resting at home. You came to greet your uncle." He said goodbye to the elder of the people, before he went anywhere I asked him and shouted.

"I will come to my uncle and say who is she?"

"Tell him you saw Dlamini or Seka Mpiyake." replied the old man, turning away. Thoughts were left in my head, I was wondering if Dlamini is the owner of the ruins or not, I was at a loss as to what to do. I told myself that it would be the first thing when I got home to ask my uncle, I sat down and rested since I was afraid to go further. I was sitting

I put my head between my knees. I was startled by the footsteps of a person who was walking in the direction of SekaMpiyakhe, I stood up, expecting that it might be him and I prayed at his feet. When I opened my eyes, I saw that Nomvelo was walking in oblivion, and I wondered why he was not afraid of the danger.

"Oh Thabo, is this you? What are you doing here at this time when we didn't even talk about seeing each other?"

"I was telling myself that I will meet you, I miss you so much Nomvelo, if I knew you I would come back and need you there," I said laughing.

We talked a lot and laughed like lovers, we agreed to go live in the shade we used to live in, I tried in every way to hide what I thought about him
Nomvelo.

We came under our tree and sat down, I was already very tired and my mind was not calm anymore but I didn't want Nomvelo to realize that I was accusing him of something.

"But my love, when will I know them around you so that I don't die of memory?" I removed it intending for him to tell me about his hometown.

"Oh Thabo, do you want to come home?" There he was staring at me with beautiful white eyes.

"I didn't come but I want to stay in touch."

"I understand, but don't worry about that, we have our own place where we meet when we want to see each other, so there's no need for you to bother knowing about us so that you don't get hit or bitten by dogs."

Nomvelo answered, closing the matter of me knowing about them.

"I am listening to Nomvelo but I wish there is something I know about you so that when I talk I can say that my brother proposed to me, where do you live."

"Then who are you going to talk to?" If I told you that I'm not a girl you can take, what would you say?"

"I'm just talking to people, it's not that that's a bad thing, no one can tell me to break up with you, no matter what they say about you, I won't break up with you because you're my girlfriend, not someone else's."

"I understand, but I think you are in too much of a hurry to get to know our village, why do you want to know about us so much?" I was saying that I would let you know when the time comes, but since you are in a hurry, we will all go today, you can see where we are." I could feel the fear.

"It's okay, but we're going to go before it's still light because I don't like going home late, my uncle might think I'm disrespecting him as I'm just a visitor."

"It's not a problem, today I have to leave home quickly and I have to come and cook." We continued talking to each other until the sun went down, the world became cool, we got up and entered a small path that Nomvelo said was going to throw us in their direction, I was the only one following.

We were still walking like that, when we saw someone in front of us. Nomvelo paused here because he said he didn't want people to see us together. While we were standing there, we heard the footsteps of that person who was approaching, Nomvelo immediately turned to look at me and told me to be careful not to let that person pass, if I pass by and follow him I will find him in front, once I lost myself in the crowd. I didn't see them cross paths or hear them open their mouths, I wondered why they didn't talk to each other. After that I got out of the crowd and entered the road following Nomvelo, I ran a lot but I couldn't catch up with him until I saw myself entering the houses and never seeing him in front of me. I stopped and looked around the whole place wondering where it had gone?

After a while I thought I should head to the river as the sun was just setting. I thought maybe it was a coincidence that I met him when he was fetching water. When I was about to go down there, I started to hear

The point is that there are many people. I told myself that if they ask me what I want, I will answer them that I want water to drink. When I arrived, I said as I had planned, they brought me water and I drank it, but they all gave me so many eyeballs.

Chapter 5

The sun had set, I was waiting for my Nomvelo. My heart ached when I saw all the people leaving the river, leaving me alone. I was patient, consoling myself that it wasn't dark yet. I stood up on the log I was sitting on and went down to the cabin and sat near where they were building.

The darkness started to get closer, I thought it was better to go back home. I walked five steps and stopped with the help of the survivors beside me. I got angry when I saw that it was Stimboko, Dube's smoker, my uncle's neighbor.

"It's sunk." It was me, who was taunting my uncle with a low voice and I was embarrassed, and here I entered in the dark as a guest.

"Thabo, why did you come in black?" I don't want to argue with my sister who has committed crimes." My uncle got up in a rage and my aunt MaCele intervened.

"Calm down Bird, Thabo has grown up. When did you see that girl who arrived just yesterday." The others were silent, but I was frightened by my uncle's outburst, and I took it to mean that he was only reprimanding me, he lowered his anger and stoked the fire until Ma Cele continued.

"We have passed away, my grandson, he came in last night and left safely where he came from."

"I'm dying aunt, where is the best way to go?"

You were right this morning that there is nothing here, I thought I would find a single mother for myself." MaCele, my uncle, laughed he finally laughed.

"What is a grandson? Both of you and your aunt are speaking the same language, but we don't hear anything anymore."

"I met this old man during the day, he asked me who I was and I told him. He then asked me to come and say hello to you and say that you are Dlamini Seka Mpiyake." I raised my head wanting to hear what my uncle would say, I had not found SekaMpiyakhe good.

"I understand, grandchild, Seka Mpiyake built over there when you say you are going to the ruins of the one you asked about the other day." I put it down, everyone in the house raised their heads and looked me in the eyes.

"Wow, grandchild, is everything going well until you deny it so much like a frightened person? What did Seka Mpiyake say to you." MaCele asked.

"Everything is fine, uncle, I just heard that the ruins of this one belong to Dlamini, and I was wondering why

Seka Mpiyake did not go to Dlamini, is he there, until he leaves it to be built?"

"Oh, what does the owner of the ruins say? He was Seka Mpiyakhe's brother, where did he get all that, grandson?" He scratched his head, and looked into my uncle's eyes. It was obvious that he was waiting for the answer with red eyes.

"But Dlamini, who owns the ruins, why did he come here?" I asked him another question.

"We don't know, the grandson said he found a better place and moved there, he left the house and sold it but" My uncle coughed and that was the end of the story. There was silence for a long time until Thembeke got up and collected the spoons. After a while they said goodbye to my uncles and they went to bed and I stayed with my family, it was a good opportunity to ask Thembeke.

"And Thembeke, are you the second brother of Seka Mpiyake? Uncle in this matter that he cut on the way, don't you know what he wanted to talk about?"

"I am surprised Thabo, we have never asked much about this ruin, all we know is that it belongs only to Dlamini."

"Am I asking too much? I'm going to keep quiet until I finally discover many stories." My family and I talked a lot, and at night we parted and went to bed.

A week passed and I was not in a good mood. Nomvelo was no longer seen, he no longer came to our place. I splashed in the river but nothing, it was difficult for me to ask people.

What worried me the most was that this dream didn't come anymore. The second week passed, there was no sign of Nomvelo, my friends said that when they asked me if I was being eaten, I was still taking medication. They got together like they always do, one night I fell asleep at Bhuka's, I was tired that night, I dreamed that Nomvelo came out from their side and came to me. I stood at the small gate as if I was waiting for him, he was singing a song to himself in a beautiful voice, I could see the angel himself and I swore

that I will not abandon him. "Thabo, Thabo, wake up grandson, we're going to catch firewood, don't you always say you want to know the place." It was my uncle who was shouting at me outside, I woke up in shock and my dream disappeared. I fished my pants and followed my uncle to the barn, we tied the ox and went straight to the shore.

"Uncle, you didn't finish Dlamini's story that day, you were prevented by a cough, what could it be?"

"Oh Thabo, are you still there? I say it passed

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and you asked so much about Dlamini's wife, are you related to him?"

"It's nothing, uncle, I'm always bothered by the way the beautiful one is ruined, but what kind of person can leave like that, and not just take something else and go with it?"

"Mzukulu, how many times have you heard that? I said that the owner of the house did not leave it but sold it and went to build in another country. We do not know what the second movers are doing. Some say that they were harassed because sometimes they woke up sleeping outside the house and did not know when they were kicked out of the house, but no one is sure about that."

"Oh, uncle, those were just old things, but what is happening now? Maybe people are only talking since no one knows what they were removed from here in the section." We were just talking while eating mango until we got into the middle of it, my hair started to get tangled and I was scared.

"But uncle, when you enter this village alone, aren't you afraid like this?"

"Grandson, we grew up here, we used to enter this country like this and in our time there were not so many roads. I know I understand it, I don't laugh here anymore."

"No, I won't get used to it, I thought I would tell my uncle, I once went down to the river saying that I would find a girlfriend but I didn't see anything. And what is your place like in Mankazana?"

"Ha-ha-ha, you even made me laugh, grandson, and what kind of girlfriend do you need? Do you remember that I will tell you how to recognize a good and respectful girl?"

"Yes, I remember uncle. It's good because there are two of us today, I tell you, how does a girl know that she is honest and respectful?"

"You can see the grandson here in the section that many people don't know. They say that if you go down to the river and ask for water to drink, there is one person who will give you water, and if you say hello, there are those who will keep quiet but others will agree."

"But that's just what my uncle did when I came, I came and said hello and many people agreed, I asked for water and was driven to the well."

"You are doing well, grandchild, if you are able to go back and take care of everything that will be done with the chicks you found in the river,

it will be difficult if you find out from older people because some will be afraid of their mothers." We continued on our journey, until we met Seka Mpiyake, my uncle greeted him, "I'm fine Bird, how are you children? Uhle said it's better to wake up today." It's Seka Mpiyake

he agreed.

"Yes, until they end, it is very difficult for Dlamini." My uncle stopped the cart, SekaMpiyakhe drove while facing me,

"Did your grandson tell you that we once met right here on the coast?"

"He told me, but he didn't say that he met on the beach, hey guys!"

"You can trust the boys, maybe they are already engaged, after all, boys these days are not trusted and they don't drink, you only hear accusations." I laughed a little, SekaMpiyakhe said goodbye and we moved on.

"Thabo, this gut is scary, you can't do it alone."

"Sorry, uncle, I was only moving my foot, it's because I don't like walking between houses in a section I don't know, and they'll end up pointing at me and not being noticed by their chickens."

"It's okay, grandchild, but don't like to go to the countryside alone, because you don't know where to go, you'll end up where you can't go. To whom will you cry alone in the desert?" When my uncle asked that, I thought that SekaMpiyakhe said the same thing. We collected firewood, after that we returned home.

When we got home, Ma Cele greeted us with a mountain of alcohol that was made from goat's bones, the broth was water

kaBubi.

"Uncle!" I called out to my uncle who was bright that the mind is not there, he got scared and said,

"What is Thabo? I was still praying inside." MaCele even laughed saying,

"What happened and you were so quiet at home, father? You seem to be thinking a lot, Bird."

"It's nothing bad, I just thought of something."

"Wow, weren't you praying?"

"MaCele, you are asking too much."

"Hmm! But the way you are quiet scares my father.

Did something bad happen? Tell us, grandson, how did it go in the village, what did your uncle do?"

"I don't know anything and I didn't see anything bad in the stomach.

Maybe my uncle is troubled by the fact that I met this Seka

Mpiyake in the coast."

"Ah! What was Grandson doing in the countryside?" MaCele asked.

"I used to stretch my foot, auntie, I can't get lost and I won't be scared when I'm old and I wasn't far away."

"Don't go to the village alone again, grandchild, you can get lost, what will we explain to your mother? Do not involve us in the crimes of our people."

I apologized to MaCele so that we could continue with our discussion.

I delayed coming back to us, I told myself that I will come back the day I found out the truth, the story of Nomvelo did not give me sleep, my body slowly went down, I really loved the child, I needed him but I couldn't find him in those days, I consoled myself that they had seen each other and will see each other again.

Then one day in the middle of the day I was lying on the mat, I dreamed that I saw Nomvelo standing behind me, just then he opened the cups of his mouth and spoke.

"Thabo, please come to where we meet." I tried to raise my head and felt depressed.

"Where can I see you again?"

"You heard me, Thabo. I have the answer you need, you came back to where we used to meet, then you left without saying goodbye that day, I waited and waited until it got dark."

"Wow, didn't you tell me that I couldn't see anymore, I needed you so much but I missed you" When I finished saying that, Nomvelo disappeared and I woke up.

Chapter 6

The dream consumed me for three days, until I decided that I needed Nomvelo. It was Thursday afternoon, when I left home and followed my dream.

I was worrying a lot about Nomvelo asking myself many questions, what confused me the most was why I had never heard anyone talking about him. I was still wondering like that, I felt my heart beating high due to fear, I stopped and looked back and he returned home but I reasserted myself and continued, I ended up talking to myself,

"If Nomvelo is a ghost, I will only see him today." I kept talking and walking slowly. When I was walking I heard the voice of a person who was singing very sweetly and it was the same as that of Nomvelo that I had heard in my dream singing. I stopped for a moment, the fear was hitting me hard and I wanted to ask for something on my feet, I heard a voice coming near me, it was clear to me that the person there was talking to me, but then Nomvelo started singing. When he came to me I was very scared but I was strong like a man.

"How are you, Thabo?" Nomvelo was greeting him.

"Yes, how is the environment?" I replied, standing a bit away from him, I wanted to show that he is a human being.

"I'm fine, it's today's issue, why don't you want to come near me? What do you think of me Thabo?" asked Nomvelo

"It's nothing that I'm thinking about, I'm just wondering where did you disappear to that day after all I needed you until I got tired?"

"Wow, is that what makes you stare at me so much, Thabo? Is there anything else on your mind, because today you are scared, am I scaring you?"

"You're not scaring me Normvelo, I'm just asking, didn't we agree that you were going to show me around and disappear. I ended up walking and I couldn't see anymore,"

"Okay Thabo, let's go and sit under our tree for a while before we go there because the sun is about to set." I got closer but the fear continued to fill my chest.

"Tell me why the elder and the one you met didn't greet each other?" I asked as we sat down.

"Wow, are you there? Today, just come and attack me with questions, you didn't mean to see me." It was evident in Nomvelo's eyes that he was no longer in control of the matter so I should continue to ask him.

"I'm sorry, my love, I didn't know that you didn't like that story." I replied humbly, and he lowered his anger
Nomvelo

"But I said that I don't want to be seen as a man, the people here lie."

"Oh my God, he said he was leaving here and he said it taste?"

"No, I didn't tell Thabo because I was in a hurry to get home."

"Aren't you in a rush today? After all, I still want to see your side."

"Do you want us to go now? I was saying that we will all go as if to sleep so that they don't see you coming in. You should sleep next to us and leave tomorrow morning."

"That's good news when it comes to you, I've been waiting for this day to see your house for a long time, maybe today I'll sleep and be kissed." Nomvelo laughed out loud.

He told his mother that the sun was starting to get dark and we got up, he paid for her and we headed towards them, we were walking along a small path that was between the trees that were tightly closed, we walked until I felt tired and finally I asked.

"Nomvelo, every day when you meet me, you walk so far?"

"Hatshi, today I'm going to this place, so I'll use the slowest way so we can get home after dark, I don't want them to see you."

Nomvelo replied that he had already paid.

"Oh yes! I was still scared and wondering when we will arrive."

It was so dark that I couldn't see where we were going since I was on my way to Mnondo.

"But since it's so dark, what can you do if I turn you into a ghost?" Where are you going to run?" Nomvelo asked looking at me, I was struck with fear.

"Aah! Don't even leave me here, I know you at home, I'll go straight there. It's a matter of how you can make a fool of the environment?" I tried to answer, but it was dark in my eyes and I could no longer see nothing.

"I'm showing you where you're going when you're here." I waved until he laughed, he continued to pay, and I followed him like a cow being pulled by the nose. When we had gone a long way, we started entering people's houses, it was visible from the fire, those that were burning outside, we entered a big house, when I looked at that house it was exactly like the one I always dreamed of. I blinked and thought I was dreaming, but then I felt a pain that explained that I was not dreaming. We entered the big house,

"This is my room Thabo, don't you always ask me where it is from our side." Nomvelo spoke

"Oh, now it was so quiet as if there was no one here at home, who lives here?" I asked in surprise,

"Ha-ha-ha do you want to know who I live with? Or are you just asking and want to hear what I have to say?"

"Yes, I want to know, because I thought I could hear the dogs in your neighborhood barking when we entered, but nothing happened." When I was brave enough, I was willing to die to live.

"I'm afraid to tell you because you'll end up running away at night and you'll get lost, like you said your cousin is Nyoni, SekaThembeka?"

"Yes, he is the one who visited me these days

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is it a matter of asking my uncle who he is?"

"Umalumako knows me, after all, he and my father got along very well, my father said that he and Nyoni got along since they were still studying," he replied when he moved to live in Nomvelo.

"Oh, uncle, do you know each other?" But he never once said your name."

"He'll never tell you about me because he doesn't know that I'm alive, he doesn't know that I'm a person who died a long time ago, but please, when you come to your uncle, don't say that you've talked to me about this matter, or he'll drive you back to you at night." Nomvelo was in tears when he spoke, and I was very confused.

"So why does he know you as a mortal? Where is your father, maybe he told me better since you always keep saying that you don't want to reveal the whole story of your uncle and how it's going?" I asked when fear hit me but it was no longer silent as it was said that my uncle has knowledge about Nomvelo, and I wanted to hear the whole story.

"Umalumak Nyoni and Seka Mpiyakhe are the only ones who can tell you that my father and I were friends, I was still young but I saw it, my parents told me something before they died. When I was younger, we didn't ask him for Saudi Arabia, my parents said he had a bad heart." Nomvelo was in tears when he finished saying that, and I felt sorry for him and brought him close to me and wiped him.

"Are you saying that Seka Mpiyake's uncle was your younger brother and had a hand in the death of your parents?" I thought about it after comforting him, trying to understand the whole issue. Nomvelo was silent for a while, lowered his chin and continued.

"Hatshi Thabo, I don't want to talk too much, you'll see why I'm telling you a lie, you can come to your own home."

He asked if the old Dlamini SekaNomvelo was transported what's in the section?" When Nomvelo answered, it was clear to me that the story contained by him was great.

"Okay, I don't think you want to tell me, in this other ruin that I saw, my uncle said it belonged to Dlamini. Could it be the house that belonged to you, after all, it was a beautiful house?" Nomvelo raised his head slightly and laughed at me,

"Don't you see where we are now?" He asked while laughing at me.

"I don't see anything with Nature and where are we?"

"That's where we live here, I didn't want to show you because I'm afraid you'll run away from me when you find out that I live in the ruins,"
When he finished saying that, my hair tied up, and I was shocked. I no longer believed that Nomvelo was a real person, so I looked everywhere.

"Then why do you live here in the ruins? Why did you come from where your parents moved to live here and why is there not one person who knows you in this section that you live here?"

"It was uninhabitable because there was nothing left, so I decided to come here. What makes me secretive is that I don't want your younger brother and uncle to know that I'm alive, they might come back at night and attack me."

"You've been through a lot Nomvelo, I didn't know that Uncle Nyoni and Seka Mpiyake had such bad hearts!" We talked with Nomvelo until we fell asleep. I tried to sleep but I was unable to sleep because of the fear that was taking over me.

They used to take me and I was woken up by Nomvelo in the morning telling me to leave so that people wouldn't see me coming out of the ruins in the morning. I woke up and took the path that led me to my uncle's house, luckily I found someone who was already awake, I went to my room and they were sleeping. I slept until the sun came into the house, and I was shocked when my uncle woke me up.

"Wow, is Thabo there? Well, yesterday we went to bed without you, and now I ask you to close your eyes so that I can be sure that nothing has happened to you."

"I'm here, uncle, nothing happened to me, it's just that I found friends and we talked until late at night."

"It's okay, grandchild, if there's nothing to do, go to sleep and we'll talk. You can wake up as you look tired." my uncle answered, turning his back, I tried to sleep but I fell asleep and ended up waking up. I went to the church,

it was this uncle and his wife talking to each other as they finished drinking water. I greeted them and we started talking together, and after a while I left.

"Yesterday I went out for a walk during the day, I found some friends, and when we were talking about women, they talked about a woman called Nomvelo. I don't know if she knows?"

"Who?" asked my uncle like someone who was scared.

"Nomvelo is said to be no longer here in the division. They said he was as beautiful as the sunrise."

"Yes, he was a beautiful grandson, but what's the point of talking about him? After all, there is no more in this category and you will never die and see that person." My uncle said and glared at me.

"Where did you go?" While he is still alive, I will go and look for him where he lives, and I will rest and not hear him we were taken."

"But Thabo, why don't you bother yourself so much with someone you don't know, grandchild? It is better to try to look for those who are present in the section and not the one who does not know whether he is alive or dead."

"Hahaha, I'm kidding uncle, I don't know him, I don't know, who was he born to?" I asked where my eyes were

we looked at my aunt, I wanted her to answer.

"Nomvelo was Dlamini's uncle, who was your great uncle's friend." The aunt answered.

"Wow Dlamini is the one we met back then?" I asked looking at my uncle

"Not this one but his brother, he was called Seka Nomvelo, he is the owner of the ruins of this one we always talk about." This was MaCele's answer.

We were just talking and my uncle kept quiet about what you are doing in the house.

While we were talking, he got startled and left us while we were talking, I was suspicious of his standing up because it was as if something was eating him. After he left, I continued to ask MaCele questions.

"Wow, did my uncle get along with Dlamini Seka Nomvelo? Why doesn't he like to talk about it?"

"Yes, they got along very well since they were young. Know what you're asking something I once asked him but he woke up angry. When Seka Nomvelo moved, he didn't want to talk about that matter, he said it was bad for him, I used to bother myself about it

grandson, but I left it as it is because I see that asking questions is like slapping a rock."

"Maybe something happened that hurt him." We continued to talk about MaCele.

When the sun rose, I said goodbye saying that I was still in the wind. I went out praying for them as if I was going to the ruins of Dlamini. When I looked down, I was attracted to my uncle's footsteps looking towards the ruins of Dlamini. I watched it step until it went right into the ruins.

I hid behind a tree looking at Dlamini, I was shocked when I saw my uncle standing in the middle of the ruins but it was as if he was hiding himself, I lay down like a snake so that they wouldn't see me.

Chapter 7

It was Saturday morning, I woke up and the wood was cold, I fetched water twice, and the third time I went to my family. After breakfast, I thought it would be better to visit Nomvelo, and I said to my uncle that I was still hating him so I wouldn't pay attention to the bad. Then I realized that he didn't even trust me anymore.

I walked along a small path, still afraid of people's eyes.

The person I no longer trusted was Seka Mpiyakhe's uncle, they spat until the sun went down without seeing each other.

I had the good fortune of the Swazis and I found Nomvelo gathering firewood in the forest near his home.

"It is impossible for me to endure without seeing you and my nature." I held her, she hugged me, our hearts beat and I kissed her on the chest.

"We saw Thabo, he went and stabbed like Noah's dove, why did we fight? I thought I scared you."

"Yes, I was honestly shocked because my uncle is a good-hearted person, and I'm counting on him. Seka Mpiyake will not think bad of him. I have many questions that need an answer, so I came here to explain everything that is happening. Let me start here, why did you choose me?"

"Let's sit down and tell you everything about how I came to know."
I was afraid, I braced myself since I was in front
of a young woman.

"Do you still remember telling me that you are visiting your in-laws?
What made me talk to you was when I realized that you don't
know me, I don't know because I know many people here and I tell
them that I don't want them to see me yet, but by meeting you I
might realize that you are the person who will help me to show
myself to the people and accept me."

"Why do you want me to reveal it? Were you not afraid that I would
come and talk about you to my uncle, because you are
beautiful?"

"I knew you would never say anything because you don't know me
and you don't know where I live, so why were you talking
about me?"

"I was just asking about a beautiful girl like you."

"They would never tell you anything about your uncle, he would
say that you are crazy and he would tell you that I am a ghost
and go away and don't come here again. You would never know
who your uncle is a friend of a man. I will never forget
what they did when they were younger and those who will never
believe when they see me alive, they think we all went to hell."

"Nomvelo is always walking along the iguma, he has not separated the backbone of my ribs today, and what are the uncles of Seka Mpiyake doing so much and they were saying why are they doing that after all it is said that your uncle and your father were friends. Seka Mpiyake, I am not speaking because he is your father's brother, this is your blood. So what are they doing?" Nomvelo spat, before continuing.

"My father Dlamini and SekaMpiyakhe are brothers and they understood each other very well like other people. They started a business together, that's where things went wrong, your uncle's money was spent on alcohol, which your uncle eats. Over the years, Nyoni entered the business with Seka Mpiyakhe. My father was still building a house and buying his livestock with the money he got from the business. There was jealousy, because Nyoni and SekaMpiyakhe were chasing two impalas and a drunk woman. Our business died that year, but my father had finished building the house, which is now in ruins. When we were still living in this place, it was a place of pilgrimage, where my father was respected in the section. When the business collapsed, my younger brother told Nyoni that my father should give them part of the inheritance since my father had already built it.

One day, Nyoni came to the grandmother's house just after sunset, they came and threatened my father, saying that he should dig, and the two fought until the oath was taken. In the second week, sleep started

hooting owls at home. The cattle began to die in an inexorable way, and the workers fled. My father's name started to be dirty after the death of Lindelani, his younger brother, he smelled of witchcraft, that's when he thought it was better to move here in the section, and he sold the house. That's why we're moving so we're going to live where my father had found a place to build."

"So how did it go since you moved and they stayed here? Are they following or are they sending people?"

"When we got to that stage, my father built a big house, he was respected in that place, and the honest people said that walking gives birth to a chief. We lived in that place for years, we don't know from whom our grandparents heard that we moved to that section, because my father told us not to tell anyone where we were moving to. Then one day in the middle of the night, I was woken up by nature, I went out in the dark and released myself from. When I was in the village, I saw that the whole village was lit up and all the houses were set on fire. I saw Nyoni and the little ones standing at the main gate of the village carrying lambs. I got down on my knees and hid in the fence, when the villagers said that the fire was big, it got bigger and burned everything. The little bird's father was at his feet.

My mind left me in those minutes, I wandered wildly until I fell into another house, and it was a house

of an old woman who is a month old, she is the same old woman who told me to repent here. That is what I ordered from you

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We said that you are the only person who will help me reveal the evil that is being done to Nyoni."

"No, this is a difficult matter. So, uncle, I ask him, what should I say to such a heavy-handed person? This aunt, I don't see that she knows this. It's a difficult thing that will scare the whole class."

I was at a loss for words, I didn't think that such an incident could be made by the uncle of Seka Mpiyake.

"Then after a month, there was a shortage and they came back and sold everything that was left. They share livestock, that's why Nyoni has a herd of cows, my father's cows. All of the SekaMpiakhe only prospered with the strength of my father. They did all this without knowing that I was alive and that I could because I was always hiding from the old woman. When I come back here, I want them to punish me for their actions, but I know that exposing myself will cause a lot of noise or they will end up catching me at night and finish off with me. When you come to your uncle, tell him that you saw me and hear what he will say. You can see him panicking as he knew that he knew something, but I know that when he says it, he will run to the little ones we tell him." I agreed

head, the sun had gone down. When we parted with Nomvelo, I was forced to drink, he had given me a heavy drink. As much as I loved him, I thought it was better to do as he wished.

The day went on, until I got a job as a bricklayer for MaNkala, Dube's wife. My mother had already visited my uncle's house, and she was happy to see that I was holding my own. He said that's what it means to be a man. My uncle was interested in you because I was walking on the beach. Nomvelo's story, it was a small story, I had to eat the bones of my mind before I woke it up.

Lo Nomvelo I told him to give me time. One day when I came to smoke Dube's bricks, I thought of waking it up.

"Uncle, I met another child and he said he was Nomvelo Dlamini, do you know him?"

"What is Thabo saying? Where did you see that person you are talking about?" My uncle shouted, and the hen who was sipping alcohol under his arm was scared.

"I met him near the ruins of Dlamini, which is no longer inhabited. She is a beautiful person, that's why I can't keep quiet because I won't marry a beautiful girl like that." They were all silent in the house and looked at each other like people who were scared.

"Hey, grandchild, I don't feel good, wasn't Nomvelo just talking about him a few days ago, that they moved?"

MaCele asked, it was obvious that he was in the dark.

"Wow, the mother is half there to visit her father, as they often move." answered Thembeke looking at her mother. My uncle was silent as he held his head and it was clear that he was thinking about Nyoni.

"Oh! Don't be right there Thembeke, after all those who go there is not a single one who will ever trample here. It could be him, who knows?" Uncle, he refused in silence until I waved at him.

"What does the grandson say? I'm not here, I'm thinking a lot, did you say you saw Nomvelo? That can't happen! Where does Nomvelo come from in this country as they leave his family? Maybe it's just someone playing with your mind, grandchild. Forget about the one who lied to you. You can see a person in the mouth and come back and ask us, when you are a girl you talk, we will show you who is lying." My uncle was worried, I might have seen for myself that something was wrong, his anger was to cover his conscience. We left it at Nomvelo's, we talked about bricks until it was time to go to bed, and we all parted ways. In the middle of the night, my uncle entered my house,

I was very shocked when he entered and he would always ask about Nomvelo.

"Of course the child is here? But how did you survive here? If he survives, who will he return to and where will he live?" That's my uncle, he was talking while standing on the floor, telling himself that I was sleeping.

"What is it, uncle?" I asked myself as if I hadn't heard. My uncle did not answer me and left. I was left locking the door, I was still afraid. I tried to sleep after he left but I couldn't sleep, I asked myself many questions that why my uncle has such a bad heart that he would burn people in the house and then live as if nothing had happened in the past. There were many questions in my head.

'But what will my uncle do if he is content to come to my house at night like this? How will my aunt take this when she hears it? How will my friends look at me? But no, my uncle pretended to be the one who did not cry, my heart is no longer silent when it is like this because it is difficult to remain silent about such a big issue. Nomvelo is right, he was already sent to me that's why I always dream of him. So what is it that makes me not talk about him and have the courage to see him in my heart even though I suspected that he is no one? Is there anything else

What I don't know that my parents didn't hide? After all, I was always listening to my grandmother saying that people who have dreams like mine are old people, so am I one of these ancestors?' I told them until I fell asleep. I woke up first and lit the fire, I saw my uncle walking by the fence and I sat on his heels. I knew that he and Seka Mpiyake were talking loudly.

"Good for home!" my uncle was praying at Seka Mpiyake. SekaMpiyakhe came out wearing trousers.

"Man, you can see me coming in this early in the morning, it's like we're getting water in the house here."

SekaMpiyakhe was shocked, when my uncle told him the story.

"Dlamini Lawe, you know that my grandson does not know Nomvelo, where do you think he got that name from?" I even thought that there was a child who just played with him and gave him a bad name, but whose brother is that?" My uncle was driving, I was close and sat behind Seka Mpiyake's house, I was afraid of what I would do if the dogs saw me.

"This bird is difficult, we have to track it down as soon as possible, we have to find out if that child is still alive?" But how did you survive here?" He asked SekaMpiyakhe.

"I have to start following my grandson where he goes to see the truth for myself. What do you think Dlamini?"

"You see, you've been working, man, when we find him, we'll have to get rid of your grandson." They talked about half of the salary, all I had to do was open Nomvelo's mind. I stood up from where I was lying, and went back to my knees. It was up to me how to protect Nomvelo.

Chapter 8

It was early in the morning, I ran very fast from Dlamini to my uncle's house, and I found that there was no one at my uncle's house.

I went to the exhibition where I was sleeping with the intention of breaking the bones of my mind, but my uncle was still there, I was shocked to see him entering the exhibition, then I thought that maybe he saw me in Dlamini.

"We saw my grandson," my uncle greeted him.

"Yes uncle, how are you?"

"I'm fine, how did you sleep yesterday grandchild after the talk we had here?"

"I fell asleep, uncle, they took me to sleep when I just got dressed." I said I pulled out the chalky green ones!

"Good, I thought you were worried."

"I didn't worry at all, you were just worried yesterday, is everything going well?"

Did I say something bad, uncle?"

"It's nothing grandchild, it's because you scared me with the child you were talking about. It's Mntaka Dlamini from Nomvelo, I'm wondering who he's coming back from here did they move?"

"I don't know anything about the people here, that's why I came and asked. I wanted him to help me if he wasn't good enough to play with him for a while, but since they moved away, the person I met yesterday was just someone who played with me and told me lies."

"That's right, grandchild, he was playing with you, but you need that child, or let's go all afternoon and collect the cow. Show me where it met so that I can see him and I can tell you what kind of child he is."

"That's a good idea uncle, we'll all go, it's possible we'll meet her and after all, she's a beautiful person, I don't want to find myself in the mud because of her beauty."

"Okay, grandchild, I'll leave you to rest for a while. I'll wake up the sun so that it cools down and we gather my herd." He said that while turning his back on my uncle. I was left wondering what his purpose was, I said I would go with him on the cow but I had already planned to show him the place I was not going. I was left trying to sleep, unable to get back to sleep with the questions in my head.

When the sun got dark before I got up, we got ready to collect my uncle's cattle.

We left by a small road looking east towards the ruins of Dlamini. When we were near the ruins of Dlamini, I started walking and looking around, saying that maybe I would see Nomvelo, when we passed Dlamini, I looked at my uncle who was very quiet and said,

"I met him here, uncle, he was walking here and we ordered," I was pointing to where the houses were so that it would be as if someone was coming and needed kindling fire.

"Hmm! Whose grandson does that child belong to? That it could be the bird that built it up here? But what is he doing here when the sun is setting?" My uncle was asking himself.

"I don't know, uncle, is that Vundla an older child?"

"The child must have grown up, but he was not white when he was growing up, what can I say after all, people are the same or did you not see this grandchild well?"

"I will show you his face, he will not tell me when we see him."

"Okay grandchild, let's keep going, I just wanted to make sure that you don't get involved with the gangs of this section, and get yourself some food for yourself." That's what my uncle said

we continue to need a cow. We walked in silence for a few minutes, until I left.

"Uncle, are Dlamini who moved and Seka Mpiyake relatives?"

"Why are you asking that Thabo?"

"I am asking because they are both Dlamini. I am asking if they are brothers and uncles. I am sorry if I am asking badly."

"You boy, your question makes me suspicious, why are you curious about the ruins of Dlamini? What did you hear about it?" Then my uncle had changed.

"It's nothing, uncle, it's just that I wish I could find the ruins of this one, maybe I could be a respected man."

"Ha-ha-ha grandchild even made me laugh! And you're just asking while you're there? I was thinking hard and wondering if anyone heard about the ruins."

"But how was their relationship? Does he ever visit the one who moved or did he go like Noah's dove?"

"Hey, Thabo! Why did you attack me with so many questions? Why are you asking so much, grandchild? I don't want to hear your story anymore. I will fire you again

In my house, go back to Mnondo, it's better here because here you can earn pennies by breaking bricks."

"I'm sorry, uncle, for crossing the line, I didn't mean to prolong it. I no longer ask about things I don't know." All the questions I asked were answered, and everything Nomvelo said was clear to me.

We found a cow, we returned home and I regretted asking my uncle about it because it was a conversation between us. We entered the house as the sun was setting, after closing the cow we entered the barn, we found the food ready, MaCele had cooked something that made MaCele salivate.

"How's it going, dad?" It was greeting MaCele.

"We have sunk, how can it sink?" My uncle agreed, looking down.

"No, we're going to say it, but Thembeke's brother, why do you look like you're not feeling well? Is there something wrong with you? What is the grandson doing in your uncle's house? After all, every time he goes away, he comes back unclean." I was about to answer when my uncle stopped me.

"No, it's nothing, don't worry, Ma Cele."

"Okay dad, how did it go, grandchild?" I hope that by now you know a lot about the place and you can go anywhere alone."

"Ha-ha-ha, aunty, there are many places I don't know, I can get lost and they need me on the radio."

"No, relax, grandchild, since we are from here, you will know later." Ma Cele was just chatting while we climbed the mountain of alcohol. My uncle ate in a hurry, and when he finished eating, he said goodbye saying that he was falling asleep, after my uncle left, Ma Cele looked me in the eye and said,

"And grandson, tell me well, what is your uncle doing in the village?"

"I'm not doing anything to him uncle, I don't know if there's anything I haven't said to him, it's good."

"What is it that you said that could make him be like this?"

"We don't know, aunt, it's just a guess,"

"Okay grandchild, no, I'm going to bed, she'll stay and talk to you and your family." MaCele spoke as he stood up.

We stayed talking with my family until midnight, we said goodbye to each other as we went to our bedroom.

I went in and wrapped myself in a dress. In the middle of the night, I had a scary dream. I dreamed that Nomvelo was crying and coming back towards me saying that I should intercede for him from the people who want his life, and when I looked behind him I saw two men sitting on his heels, carrying a bundle of hedla. I tried to meet him, I lost my speed

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my knees froze until I saw myself bursting into tears because those men kept getting closer to him.

I looked all over the place and didn't see a single person to whom I could ask for help, I crawled on my knees trying to help him even though I didn't carry anything, after a while I felt I got the strength, I shouted.

I was so scared that I woke up and jumped because I screamed at the top of my lungs, I looked all over the house and didn't see anything. I ignored it for a while and realized that it was a dream and I went back to my sleep, and then I slept well and swore that I was wondering about my dream that it's a sink.

I was touched by the anointing and went out to throw water in the barns. When I was in the barn, I saw the shadow of a man behind the barn. I tried to burp after

of the barn but I didn't see anything. I went back to the house shaking with fear, I didn't fall asleep again and then I wondered about the dream of the shadow I had just seen. Just then, while I was looking, I heard the footsteps of someone who was coming back towards my door, and I was overcome with fear. I sneakily put on a pair of pants, pulled out my walking stick, and told myself that if it's my uncles today they've gone bad, I stood behind the door and waited for that person.

They were so quiet that I thought I didn't hear well. While I was standing like that, I heard someone knocking at the door, I stopped for a while, and the knocking was repeated

"Who are you?" I asked as I stood next to the door, I was like a reed in flowing water. The person was silent and did not answer, and after a while he started to collect again.

"Who are you?" When I asked, I blushed.

"It's me," answered the woman's voice. That scared me a lot since it was pitch black outside.

"Who are you?"

"Nomvelo, please open it for me!"

"Nomvelo? What are you doing here at this time?"

"I've run away, please open the door for me and I'll explain everything to you when I'm in the house." After he said that, I opened the small door to see if it was really him.

"How is Nomvelo, what's going on?"

"Open the door and let me in and I'll tell you when I'm inside how it's going and what brought me here like this."

"Okay, come in." I brought him into the house, then I went outside, I looked everywhere to see if there was anyone walking with Nomvelo. I did not see anyone, or hear survivors. I returned to the house confused, and sat aside home.

"Tell me, he joined me overnight, how is it going?"

I know you don't miss me." I asked holding his hand.

"As I told you, your brother-in-law and the younger brother heard that I was there and they will try all possible ways to find me and get rid of me in order to cover their crimes."

"So how did you get here like this?"

"When I was not sleeping, I saw a person carrying a lamp walking and lighting it as if he needed something. I was silent

where I have been sitting, luckily we have not reached the room where I sleep."

"Oh, but in the middle of the night, who could that be? Do you think that Seka Mpiyake's uncle thought they needed you to know if you really exist or not? But what does my uncle do? this?"

"I saw him well, he was young and he was walking alone, I was not afraid to continue sleeping so I said it is better to come here to you so that we can discuss how we can express this issue,"

"It is difficult for me to take action, how will my uncle look at me if I bring up this issue? Look at my parents, what can I say to them? What about my aunt's relatives?"

I shared the questions with Nomvelo, and I was thinking of getting myself out of the whole mess as soon as possible. When I finished asking him questions, I thought about my dream.

"Oh but Thabo! Do you even want to throw me away like a coward when I trust you so much? Who are you from, or did your brother-in-law wake you up? Trust me Thabo."

"He didn't scare me but I think what will happen to me after revealing this issue, people

What will all those close to me think of me? And I didn't get it from my uncle."

"But your uncle did it, why do you feel so sorry for him? If only my parents were still alive, if I wasn't a cow eating alone, look at me sleeping with my eyes open like a rabbit, life is difficult for me, seeing you gave me hope that I will be satisfied to reveal the evil of the young Bird, in the end I can live in peace like everyone else." I felt sorry for Nomvelo and felt my heart ache.

"I understand and I know the life you are living is difficult, it is sad to see people who make a cigar like this and live comfortably and feed themselves as if nothing has ever happened here. You are living a hard life, but it is difficult for me what to do because I respect my uncle and I don't want to argue with him, he is my mother's brother."

"Okay, I hear you Thabo, I'm sorry to include you in my stories, I have to be strong and find the strength to understand them, to expose them in front of everyone for what they are doing." He was crying so hard, I wiped his tears and felt sorry for him.

I was silent for a while asking myself questions but it was difficult to come up with an answer.

"I want to help you but I don't know where to start.

I am afraid of quarreling with the family, because not all of them will thank me if I expose my uncle's evil, many will blame me."

"I understand Thabo, it's better if someone goes back to the old woman's house where I lived, that's the only thing that can help me all this."

"But as I heard you say it's steep, you've never gone that far to take people's elderly grandmother? Will he agree to walk all the way to this side?"

"I'm going to go, I'd better go out now so that the sun will rise and I'll be gone tomorrow." He said those standing up.

"Now aren't you afraid to walk alone at night? Why don't you go out in the morning?"

"I'm not afraid, and of course, who would cry if I were to be seen badly on the way, after all, I thought you were compassionate, it's clear to me that it's not my concern, you think about yourself by not arguing with your relatives because of me, but I don't blame you."

"It's not that I don't care about you, it's just that I was thinking, but since you've made a decision, I can't stop you from that."

"Alright, good night, I'm leaving" He opened the door and went out, I stood up and stood at the door, I watched him being swallowed by the black wolf.

Chapter 9

Ncwabakazi, I was staying at my uncle's house, life was starting to melt and I was making a living by sweeping bricks for people. I had already learned how to build, and here was Ma Ngwenya's elder, people were admiring it endlessly, saying that it was built by a person with fingers, but I was starting to build by myself.

In Mnondo, I used to help my father when he got a construction job. I had already bought sugar for my mother with the money I got from Dube.

It was a Sunday morning, I woke up before the sun came up because my heart was aching for Nomvelo. I was burning a horn, and while I was on the way, I was taken by nature, I ran to hide behind the den and freed myself. As soon as I put on my pants, I heard the women talking as they went down to the river.

"Naka Sibonele, and what does Nyoni eat?" It's Dlodlo's wife MaNkiwane, who built a house in front of the house. He was called by his surname. He was talking to Zwide's cows, about their neighbors.

"Ma Nkomo, in this matter here the cutters say that Nyoni had a hand in moving Dlamini, Nomvelo's father."

"I was surprised at Dlamini's move leaving such a house."

"Let's leave it at that, but Seka Mpiyake and Nyoni know something about Dlamini's move, we will ask for it when it is cooked, until the pot is opened and we can see what is being cooked, because it is enough to move Seka Nomvelo and they will be spitting."

I sneezed behind a bush, they got scared and put their canes down and left. I continued to worry about Nomvelo.

I agreed with what my mother always said that my uncle was hiding a lot, and there was this herd of cows that didn't care how he got it. I told myself that the boil would burst without being lit. Nomvelo lived like an animal but his parents were still alive

and when they had built, I continued to burn my bricks, and at noon I returned home. I was lucky and I got excited and ate, then I went to our Nomvelo place because I missed him.

I got to where we used to meet, it was very quiet!

I waited for a few minutes thinking that he was going to move but nothing happened, I finally believed that there was no truth, it was difficult then, I wondered if he would come back and repent? I wondered as I stood, until I wished I knew where he was and picked him up and helped him tell his story so that he could live well like everyone else.

It climbed until it bowed to the sun while I was standing by the tree, my heart continued to hurt until I decided it was better to go home.

Before I could go anywhere, I saw a shoe that said it belonged to my uncle stepping behind me.

'Of course my uncle followed me to come here? That they have started following me? It has happened that Nomvelo had just arrived and saw my uncle and was afraid to reveal himself.' It was a question and answer for me, it scared me because I didn't trust my uncle anymore.

I continued to caress his foot, and when it came forward it disappeared, and I continued to tickle it. I walked for some distance without seeing a foot until I heard someone shouting behind me, when I raised my head I saw my uncle walking.

"Oh my grandson, where are you from?"

"I was moving my foot, uncle, where did it go because I didn't see it on the road?"

"My grandson was out of another tree that I have been needing for a long time, I want to water the tree so that it does not become a stump." He said showing me a piece of paper with a root in it.

"Whose tree is that uncle? But why didn't you call me and we all go so that I can know things?"

"I need you and I saw your foot just came out, I was walking and looking and thinking maybe I will see you in front of me and we all go, as a man you must have known these things Thabo."

"I, uncle, want to take care of my mother and daughter-in-law."

"Ha-ha-ha even made me laugh grandpa! Your little girl that you always talked about disappeared like water."

"Yes, I have never seen him, but today I want to pass by the river when I gather the cow, it is possible that I will see him and ask him his name."

"That's good, grandchild, if you don't know them, tell us to help you, then I can ask the Seka Mpiyake to help you, I trust him in that."

"Oh, but uncle, don't even ask me for help, I'm content to speak for myself." I saw my uncle disappointed, I gave up on fishing. We continued on our journey, I didn't trust him at all.

Nomvelo's disappearance made me think hard.

One day I fell to my stomach and needed him, I said

while I was walking, I saw his foot after all I knew, I might have touched it. I walked for three hours, in some places it was no longer visible, because it was trampled by cows. I could not help myself until I moved to another abandoned house, but it smelled of fire. When I was praying, my eyes fell on Nomvelo who was sitting in the shade, and I could tell that MaZwide was the old woman who had taken care of her.

"Father and mother, wherever he is, please help me to reveal the evil of my younger brother and the people I trusted to help me have all turned against me. Why did my parents abandon me? Why did you leave me alone in such a difficult life?" He was talking while Nomvelo was sitting down, tears were coming down, I felt sorry for him and I threw up and cried.

"Don't cry with Nature, I will fall from the good and the bad. The truth will come out one day, they are left in the yard like a goat's horn on the knees of uncles, remember that the horn is not hidden in the sheath. I woke up before I needed you until I met your foot in the middle of the stomach, what did you need in such a scary place?" I said that and held him by the shoulders, he lifted him up and said,

"I love you Thabo, here it's better if your uncle and aunt don't know, I went to the ruins of my village to get my bag

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I walked quietly so that no one would see me." We were very happy, the sun was still high, we spent two hours in total, until I said goodbye when the sun was cool, where he was, he was safe in the ruins of his village.

As soon as I came out, I saw an old woman coming in carrying a wooden stick. Like a person who was skimming the story, I went back and disappeared behind the curtain of chicken.

"My child, why are you crying so much? Your eyes are visible." The old woman said while wiping Nomvelo's tears.

"Life is difficult for me, grandma, the person I thought would help me expose the evil of the younger generation to all people he is on his knees."

"Oh, what is that being done, my child? But how did you go on the road since it is so far in your country? Did you find the dress?"

"I went well grandma, I didn't care about what will happen to me, I only felt pain when I found out that there is no one here, you are the only one who is my hope in this whole matter."

"You didn't see it, but you're the little one over there?"

"Grandpa, I didn't see him like you said, grandma."

"So who is the one who says that his knees are hard and who is he from? How much do you trust him that he hasn't told anyone about you?" I immediately felt that Nomvelo didn't trust me, and that we were all going to die, he buried it.

"It was Nyoni's grandson who told me to him, he is the only one who knows everything about me and he is the only one I told him like you said grandma."

"Oh, my child, he is the right person here! He is the person who will help you, you have to come back soon and beg him, you will find him and change your mind."

"But grandma is afraid of Thabo, that's why I came back here, I'm asking you to be the one to prove me in everything because I'm alone and people won't trust me."

"I understand you, my child, but trust me when I tell you that you will find him and we will change your mind, you have to go back because you can spend some time here and you will find him and we will go back to them and then it will be difficult for him to come back again."

"Thank you grandma, I will always do it, but please prepare for me something that will give me the strength to be able to withstand everything because I think that is something that will be difficult."

They entered the house, I went back and forth until I hid it, and when I left there, I ran all the way, I arrived at my uncle's in the middle of the night and I was tired! I found that they were sleeping, my food was left in the basket, I ate and slept until sunrise.

There was one week left for Ncwabakwazi to end, I thought it was better to come in a different way which revealed evil uncle's. We got up from my uncle's wood, we stopped near the ruins of Dlamini, and my uncle left.

"Seka Mpiyake says he saw someone here at night, if you look Thabo, can someone live here?" Where does he get the courage to stay in the ruins?"

"No uncle! What kind of person was that?"

"He says we haven't shown him who it was, but he says it was a man. I wonder if there are ghosts here."

"No, uncle, ghosts are old things that don't exist anymore, half of them were people who were just walking around. What was that person doing?"

"He says he saw him coming out, but we didn't see what he was doing. After all, after you said that you met Nomvelo, I reported to SekaMpiyakhe, he is always on the lookout, he wants to show if his brother has repented, that's why he even saw someone at night."

"So that person's brother has not gone, but his brother can come back and stay here without saying anything to him, let alone letting him know that he is there? Unless they don't understand each other."

"They didn't get along with his brother, but he won't be able to come back here without mentioning that he is still there and without telling even one person."

"We don't know, uncle, it was difficult between the two of them, but he would have told you, as I heard that it was a tongue-in-cheek thing".

"He and I were good friends, but the way he was proud, he wouldn't tell me even if he was there, he is a person who thinks he is better than others. And I don't see him as someone who will come back here, the way he is going, he will not repent."

"Oh, but uncle, people change, these things come and go and they don't go well, then he remembers back, but what will he say when he comes back?" My uncle's actions made me very suspicious.

"Maybe the sun will fall to the ground and the chickens will do it, and Seka Nomvelo will turn here?" I closed mine, because I didn't want him to be the one asking a lot of questions, he would end up waking up angry like that day.

I continued to study the tactics of how to present the story.

I missed Nomvelo day and night, there was no cell phone to contact him. My uncle had changed, I could see he was wondering when I was coming back to us, my question about Dlamini lang Nomvelo was what kind of sleep he had, his body was going down, you can't say that his house is cooked with the broth of another meat.

They continued one day after another, and on the 11th of Mpendula, I still remember that day, it was in the middle of the night while I was sleeping in Bhuka's house, and I was startled by someone who was hiding. I told myself that if it's my uncle, I won't open it.

"Who?" I asked

"It's me, please open." I opened it feeling as if it was Nomvelo, once it was him.

"We saw Thabo, how are you?" He greeted after entering.

"I'm fine, how are you? You looked so tired, where did you come from? I'm not saying stay MaZwide, I'll get you myself. Who came back in the middle of the night like this?"

"Then when I arrived I didn't go to my home in the ruins, I said I'd better go check if he's there because I heard that he's coming back to you on a drunken day, so I thought I came here to tell him to come back and help me." We talked a lot, after that he said goodbye.

"Thank you Thabo, I don't live anymore, I sleep in the ruins, my grandmother said not to sleep here. I am thinking of submitting this matter to the chief so that it will be easier for me, the chief can be the one to call the uncles and it will be better."

"That's a good idea, but we all need to leave in the morning if you leave at night like this, now you can go to sleep or sleep here and you will wake up and leave in the morning."

"Thank you Thabo, but I will sleep in the ruins, if you can wake up in the morning, pick me up so that we can all go to the village."

"That's right, be careful, you're too young to see it."

I accompanied him and left him when we arrived at his home.

Chapter 10

The next day I woke up jumping, scared of the sun shining but luckily for the Swazis it hadn't risen too much. It was Wednesday when Thembeke and Cijani were at school, MaCele got up from the meeting, and I went out to the ruins of Dlamini. While I was walking, I saw my uncle's foot pointing towards Seka Mpiyake, Nomvelo's younger brother, I followed it until it entered there, and I continued to the ruins of Nomvelo's home.

I found him just awake but wrapped in a blanket, behind the curtain,

"Thabo, how are you today?"

"Yes, how is the environment? How are you sleeping?"

"I slept very well, when you come in the sun has risen, didn't you see the people?"

"Hatshi, I made sure that no one saw me.

I'm just here to warn you that my uncle is very young and I have no doubt that they are hunting you. If there is anything we can do, let's do it now because I know they won't rest until they get the truth."

"Oh Thabo, you are right, but what about what you said to me? So what do you think we can do about this because if I go alone, no one will listen to me?"

"I think we picked them up now as they were still young. We can stay here, we don't know what will happen, my uncle is afraid of him and I don't trust him anymore."

"But we can go alone, it will be bad and he will do what we agreed yesterday, report it to Chief Mabhena, it is possible to help us."

"That's a good idea, we'd better go now before the sun gets too hot."

When we finished agreeing, we went out.

The sun was in the morning, we entered an old road that was not used by people, Nomvelo was determined. We hurriedly prayed there at Mabhena since we were changing. After praying Mabhena's wife came out. When we were sitting down, he greeted us with raised eyebrows, it was clear that he didn't know us, just then a man with such a big face came out of the house,

"These people want you, father, but I don't know them."

It moved Mabhena's wife towards Mabhena who had just left the house. Mabhena looked at us as if he was comparing us, he spoke while sitting on the ground looking at Nomvelo.

"But what do I see? What is the environment being put here? Where is Dlamini and your mother? You are coming back from such a long day! I can see you in the same way as your father. Whose is this boy who is going with him?" Mabhena seemed surprised until his wife asked.

"Dad, where is this Dlamini brother? I have been put off."

"You don't know Dlamini SekaNomvelo anymore? The owner is ruined this one is beautiful, and you don't see the one from Naka Sizwe anymore?"

"Oh Nomvelo! I can see, you have grown up a lot, my child, when you were little, how are your parents?" When NakaSizwe finished asking, I saw tears falling from Nomvelo.

"How is it? I'm sorry to speak, I know you don't know me but I'm the grandson of Bird Alert. I came to Nomvelo here because we want your help, father, there is no one else we can go to." Mabhena looked at me and answered.

"How are you my children?"

"Nomvelo sees him crying like this, his parents have all died but in their death, uncle Nyoni and the younger SekaMpiyakhe are affected, that's why we are here, we want your help as a chief because Nomvelo is like this and his life is in danger."

"Oh, children, what a big story? Can you tell me my child how it went and when your parents died? And why do you say that Nyoni and SekaMpiakhe are affected?" Mabhena was sitting comfortably, it seems that he wants to understand. Nomvelo wiped away a tear with his hand, and then removed the matter. When he finished explaining, Mabhena's eyes were red, Naka Sizwe wiped away the last tear, they could see that Nomvelo was lying in pain. As a man standing up, Mabhena immediately sent the children to Mghimji to heal him, soon the children came back following the Mghimji, it was a black man that Mghimji was afraid of. When he arrived, he was sent by Mabhena to call Nomvelo's uncle's family and his uncle Nyoni's family. As soon as food was prepared and we were brought into the house, Mabhena told us not to leave the house, he will call us.

After a while the Runner had joined them. After all, Mabhena as a chief was highly respected. We were looking out the window, they seemed to be very scared, then the Mabhena committee was called to discuss the cases, it was the old men and the old women and the fathers and mothers of the young people. He seemed to be a man of brains. Mabhena and the positions where the adults were

only but he was arguing. After greeting each other, he left Banners.

"I know you are surprised, men, when you see the Runner fetching your family, I am the one who called you, in this matter I want to discuss, I will start with you Bird." Mabhena stopped for a while and drank the water that was in front of him. My uncle had taken out the eyeballs of so many people. Mabhena continued.

"Bird, I've heard people say that this is your grandson who lives with you, I don't know if it's true as I don't see him here." My uncle was very shocked, and he answered with a wave, we don't know what he was thinking.

"Yes, he is there, but I don't know where he is. The last time I saw him was yesterday at dinner. I haven't seen him today because I woke up at Seka Mpiyake in the morning." We kept looking out the window, we didn't want anything to go over.

"Since your grandson is not there, where is he going to live in this Bird?" My uncle withered like a winter's blanket,

"I understand, sir, but as an older boy, it is difficult for me to follow him. I was thinking that he went out as it was still daylight, he usually goes out and comes back after the sun sets, have you heard anything, my lord?"

"What did you say, Nyoni, I called you to ask about Dlamini from Nomvelo, when did you kill him?" I know you, Nyoni, he was your best friend and Seka Mpiyake's brother always, another thing that makes me ask this is his abandoned ruins in my place."

"I, Seka Nomvelo, saw him when he moved here."

He replied looking down at my uncle.

"Oh, I thought they were friends, okay then." Mabhena grabbed a cup of water and drank it, continuing to look at Seka Mpiyake.

"Dlamini, have you ever been to your brother's house? And what did he hate and leave without remembering, because he was a loving man."

"I will come sometime, my lord

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the problem is very steep and expensive."

"Oh, that's good, then why hasn't he ever visited?"

What did you argue about?"

"My brother is not what he used to be, he is cruel like a snake that bites a person and will never eat him, I can see all that because he is my mother's brother, that's why he doesn't visit here anymore

it is an evil spirit." Nomvelo said, as he wanted to go outside angrily but I stopped him.

"Okay, sir, I hear you, but what made me call you here is that I have a story that is not the same as what you are talking about about Dlamini and his move." They raised their heads at the same time in great fear, none of them spoke until Mabhena continued.

"This is Dlamini's daughter here, she came walking alone when I asked about her parents and she burst into tears. After a while he replied that he was involved in the death of his parents, is that true?" Seka Mpiyakhe's uncle denied being a prostitute, and Seka Mpiyakhe even said that he would not kill his own son. Mabhena shouted at Nomvelo. We went out one after the other from Nomvelo. They were shocked, their eyes turned like blood clots then and there, my uncle turned his eyes to me but I didn't care.

"Noni, is this your grandson who you said you stopped yesterday?" Mabhena asked.

"Yes he is." He answered looking down at my uncle, as if his head was heavy.

"We can tell you the whole story with Mvelo, don't be afraid of anything, you are the leader here, explain the whole truth as it is." The chief police had been called by many people, and other citizens had been called to discuss the issue. When Nomvelo got up, I saw Seka Mpiyake's uncle shivering as if they were cold.

When Nomvelo opened his mouth, tears started to fall, and while he was trying to wipe them away, the old woman started pouring, before we could sit down, we heard her say,

"Excuse me the great Mabhena, Mbuduma, Mntungwa, Somlokothwa, Dlangamandla, Isiphuthumani who was sent by other men, please put two before my baby starts," said the old woman naming Mabhena with her words, the people looked at her in surprise.

"Speak what you want to say, grandma, but she was too short because there is no time, she finds us in the middle of telling a story."

Mabhena answered.

"Thank you, I know Nomvelo who is in front of you and I know his case better than he does, I would be happy if you would allow me to explain everything that is happening."

Mabhena raised his head to the old woman and asked,

"Who are you, child, and where do you come from?"

"I am MaZwide, a well-known month in the Mahloka section where the family of the child you see here moved." The old woman continued standing forward, and when she finished speaking, I saw SekaMpiyakhe and my uncle looking at each other.

The old woman continued,

"I knew Dlamini before he reached the stage, and one day in the middle of the night I heard about a child asking me for a place to hide, and when I asked how it was going, he replied that his parents had been burned in the house when Nyoni was still young. He survived because he had gone out to throw water at the door, I accepted him and hid him and we all stayed together." We lowered the old woman's denial, the people were quiet as if they had been struck by the sound of the microphone, everyone was holding their ground when they heard that, the old woman continued,

"It didn't end there, and after a month they both came and left, they sold everything that was left and all Dlamini's cows and took some heifers for themselves."

When the old woman finished speaking she sat down, Mabhena spoke looking at my uncle.

"But men, why did you make such a painful cigar?" Uncle and Seka Mpiyake were silent, and Mabhena asked,

"Men, I ask why you are doing such cruelty to your brother?"

"We are sorry father, it was greed that entered our hearts." I felt pain as I heard my uncle admitting their guilt, Ma Cele took control of the ceremony, while Seka Mpiyake was looking down as if

there is no.

"Thank you, old lady, for the work you did to protect Nomvelo."

"Hatshi, don't bother about thanking me. I was helping the child, because I wouldn't throw him away when I saw that he was sad."

"The law must take action against the killers."

Mabhena continued to spit out anger. Some admired the bad spirit of the uncles, others said they just saw it.

Nomvelo was crying bitterly, I felt that I hated him from the bottom of my heart, my uncle, people were already full and called for the festival.

Chapter 11

It was a very long day, people were left stunned by the actions of my uncle and Seka Mpiyake, what a trust they had in the section! When it got dark, the police came and arrested Seka Mpiyake's uncle, and then they dispersed people.

"Thabo, I thought you were just here on a visit until I needed a job for you to get some cents and you are a trapper. But for the sake of the girl, have you ever arrested your uncle? Your relatives are about to grow up without a father because of what you did." My aunt left when we entered the house. On the way, we kept quiet, or was MaCele afraid of people's eyes?

"I'm sorry aunty, I didn't mean to hurt you with this, it was difficult for me to keep quiet after hearing such a story, I tried with all my might not to get involved but it finally became clear to me that this child was already sent to me to help him.

Forgive me, aunt, but it is said that the one who made it was not cried, why did my uncle do this?"

"When you say that the perpetrator did not cry, you are explaining that you are not sorry
What about what you did Thabo? Seeing is a definite thing that your friends grew up without their father? Right here in prison, I will be visited by someone to see him

can i Your mother will come and tell her what to say when she comes to you? I did it once by hatching a snake!"

"Aunt, I didn't know it would end up here. It's good because you already know the man who took you. I will come and tell my mother."

"When are you coming back to you?" I don't think you've done what you asked for, I don't want you here anymore Thabo, take what's yours and leave." Ma Cele spoke pointing to the door, he was no longer laughing at the person, O Thembeka they were already rich.

"I was thinking that I will be leaving next week, I want to finish burning the bricks, since this kind of issue has happened, it would be good if my mother hears about me rather than her hearing about me."

Ma Cele finally started crying, I left and locked myself in the exhibition, feeling sorry for myself. I was thinking of Nomvelo who had gone with the Zwides to their side even though it was being stolen. There was no other place he had gone to, Ma Dube, his aunt had looked at him with the evil eye when we were together. It was clear to everyone that the friendship between my uncle and Mpiyake was a bad one. The livestock they used to feed on are not the ones they work for, blood was shed for it to exist.

I thought about Thembeka lo Cijana about the life she was living after her father was gone. I dismissed that thought and went back

remembering my Nomvelo, I consoled myself by saying that the perpetrators must be punished.

Two weeks have passed since the incident of my uncle and Seka Mpiyake. It was a two-way story. It was said that their case will be heard next year, full evidence is still needed. The law enforcers said that an investigation will be carried out until the chief of the place where Dlamini moved to is needed.

Mabhena, on the other hand, said that Nomvelo should stay with the younger Ma Dube since the grandmother Ma Zwide had returned to the village his.

It was difficult for me, I was no longer given food by MaCele.

I used to say that when I entered the house he would get up and his children would shut themselves in the house, even though Thembeke wanted to talk to me but they were not satisfied with their mother who scolded them badly.

It was Saturday, I woke up just before the sun rose to catch the road to my home before it got too hot, on those days the sun's rays were still shining. Thembeke stole and took me out the gate. We parted in the barn and I was eating mango, he loved my cousin, I left him crying so hard that I felt sorry for him but I told myself that I would repent if I told my parents

I stand by my uncle's arrest. I remembered Nomvelo before I left Sikhuni, maybe I thought more than I saw him.

I turned aside and prayed to Seka Mpiyake. They had just lit a fire, Nomvelo was kneading flour,

"Nomvelo, wipe your hands and give my son-in-law a seat."

Ma Dube, Seka Mpiyakhe's wife, said, I was shocked to hear that Nomvelo was fine after arresting her stepfather.

Nomvelo hurriedly washed his hands, half dead with laughter.

"Ma'am, little Thabo, how long have I been a son-in-law?"

"I wasn't born yesterday."

Ma Dube replied, moving his hand.

"We saw you Thabo." I was greeted by MaDube.

"Yes, how is it? I was about to pass by and say goodbye to Nomvelo, I'm still going to our place. I'm running away from the hot sun these days."

"Oh, are you coming back to say you are not repentant Thabo? can you leave your uncle who has just been arrested?" Ma Dube asked him.

"No, I'm from here, I'm just saying that I visited my mother, I've been here for a long time. I promise, I repent, I'm in a hurry to tell my mother before we hear my uncle's story about the cutters because they will tell him something that is not true."

"That's right and it's a good idea for your mother to feel sorry for you because when she hears from others, she will end up thinking that you are the one who tied up her brother and you know nothing, you see, if I wasn't there that day, I would never have accepted that my husband did such a big deal but I was there and I felt good, his face showed that he knew That's why I quickly put it in my mind," MaDube continued.

"I wish that this aunt would have taken this matter as you do, but I can see that she is very wrong. She thinks that I am the one who did all this."

"Relax, I will talk to him without bothering you, this is not your fault, it will happen whether you are there or not.

The elders say that what is in this horn is not hidden in the sheath, that's why it came out, we must accept it and move on with life," answered Ma Dube, it was obvious that what he was saying came from his heart.

"Thank you, it is my wish that Ma Cele forgive me in his heart, I will visit my uncle and tell him

"I'm in jail, I'm sorry." I couldn't control myself and started crying.

"Don't play with your tears Thabo, it's not your fault but you did a good thing, of course the one who did it should not cry, I don't know that they were friends with Nomvelo's father and I just don't see anything that could have been disputed up to this stage," replied Ma Dube comforting me

"No, I don't live anymore, the story never ends until it sinks, we take this and that." I just finished saying that
Ma Dube looked at Nomvelo and said,

"And the environment let's get my son-in-law out of the way."

We all went out but Ma Dube turned to the door. You could have ordered that SekaMpiyakhe be tied up because he was very close to Ma Dube. I continued with Nomvelo, being with him brought only happiness to me, and when we parted, he looked at me with tearful eyes and said,

"They are happy that they have seen each other before and will see each other again

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"I will always be disciplined spiritually, please don't forget me, I will never forget you." I brought him close to me and held him with both hands on his waist,

"Namvelo, I will never forget you even though I will always be with you, I am grateful to Ma Dube who accepted you with both hands as if he could stay with you forever."

"Thank you Thabo, you came to see the others in this group, I hope you will repent. You can repent and you have disappointed me. I'm just happy because of you."

They went down to Nomvelo alone, I approached and wiped them with my hand.

"I love you MaDlamini, trust me when I say that you are the only one in my life, I am not deceiving you because I want you to be the mother of my children."

It was difficult for us to separate, I left him standing there staring at me.

I stepped on what I could hear, and when the sun came to my mother, I ran towards us, I found my father in the barn locking up the cow, and I greeted him.

"See you dad." He raised his head and got scared when he saw me, he picked me up and jumped, after that he said,

"I was so happy, my son, I was going to get you if you help me build. How are you?"

"I'm fine, father, it's nice for my uncle to say that I'm gone."

"I can see that these cheeks have come out, they are treating you well." My father drove, and we talked as we entered the house. He asked how I was doing with bricks and I told him that Sikhuni trusted me, my father was very happy, it was his wish that I do manual work.

"Oh, Thabo, where did you catch my boy when we were so busy?" My mother was talking about her surprise.

"I saw him standing in the pens when I closed the cow, I didn't see which hole he came out of."

"See you mom."

I came closer and shook his hand.

"But Thabo, my son, left like Noah's dove. We missed you night and day, how is work, but here I am, after all, I saw you sending me sugar." I laughed a little and came back and answered.

"Then I'm running, mom, I know how to build, people like my work a lot and some don't want me to come back here for a long time."

"But with which hands are you building Thabo?" My mother said and we laughed a lot. Truly, there is no better place than home. I was bitten by a chicken, and I slept in red that night.

I warmed the house, I got up before the sun rose, I helped fetch water and gather firewood. Then after drinking tea, my mother called me while my father was sitting, my family was washing the dishes.

"Thabo, what are you eating, my child, did you say your uncle is alive?"

"They are fine, mother." I looked down, it was difficult how to start it.

"Hey, boy, your mother asked you, and you looked down, what are you doing?" Why can't you just say you're not happy, then you didn't do anything wrong to your uncle?" My father intervened.

"No, father, leave the child alone, something may not have happened to him like this, after all, he says they are fine," said the mother.

"The story is there, but I don't know how to start it, mother."

"Wow, it's as if you're just coming with this bad news and tell us how it's going? Stop if you're talking about the story and tell us what's going on but don't tell me you've left

you have made me pregnant, I can kill you Thabo." He shouted father.

"Dad..." I tried to speak, but I was speechless.

"Speak, you're not a farmer, Thabo." My father shouted.

"Oh but Thabo's and what happened to you? The child is even unable to tell his story because of you who keep stopping him. Let him speak his story and let us hear that what do you want to tell us." It fell to my mother. The father and I argued for a long time, bad words were thrown at each other and then the father stood up.

"Speak to me Thabo, how is it going?"

I got up and went to the church, I poured water first, and my father came back after my mother begged him. I couldn't get rid of them until the night we said goodbye to each other at bedtime. I spent the day wondering how to tell my parents. I was afraid that my mother would say that I had betrayed her brother. I stayed at our place for a week and then returned to my uncle's house without telling my mother about my uncle's arrest. What made me come back was Nomvelo, to finish my job of burning bricks. I left and ordered Nkonjane to stay and collect wood. When I arrived, my aunt was not happy at all.

Two days after I arrived at my uncle's, Ma Dube, Seka Mpiyake's wife, arrived.

"How do you wake up Ma Dube?"

"We are waking up, MaCele, how are the children?"

"We are living, we see living alone, or when is father coming back after all we are not used to this" He answered disappointed
Ma Cele.

"Yes, don't talk about that, wife, it's a difficult matter. Are they going to come out?" Ma Dube asked.

"They will come out and why will they keep them? Utsukuthi Magistrate will listen to the things that the child says? All they have to do is forgive them."

"Hey Naka Thembeke, do you want them to tell more lies again? What will they say when the truth comes out again one day? I think it's better if they plead guilty to their crime, then it is possible to sympathize with them and give them a lesser sentence."

It was MaDube who was surprised by MaCele's speech.

"What do you say? What did they agree to? Do you have any proof that they are doing that honestly, but I heard that Nomvelo is there and we live in your house. Suhle, you abandoned your wife, you fell in love with a false child before the end of this month, what kind of wife are you? You want your children

they grew up not knowing their father died in prison?" it was loud
Ma Cele has changed the word.

"Oh, but Naka Thembeke, what do you say about Nomvelo who saw his
parents being burned in the house at night and there was nothing he
could do? These people are better and will grow up knowing that bad things do
not end well. I will not abandon Nomvelo, he is the same
of my child."

"If you want your wife to die in prison, do so. I, Nyoni, will stand by him in
everything he says. I don't want to see Thabo's brother and sister here,
despite keeping him as good as my children, he is stabbing us in the back,
thank you brother Ngwenya! You have repented like this because of
your Nature."

"Do you feel it, but what are you saying? Don't even hate the child because
of your wife's filth. What I want is that if they do this honestly, they
should be punished, this is cruelty after all. If Seka Mpiyake has the courage
to do something like this to his brother, what can he do if he doesn't want me
anymore?" Ma Dube asked as he stood.

"You know Ma Dube, I didn't know you had such a weak heart! If he were me,
Nomvelo would return to where he has been living all along."

They ended up throwing words at each other. I got up and collected my bag, and then headed in our direction, telling myself that I would only tell my mother. I returned without seeing Nomvelo in such a way that I was no longer angry with it.

Chapter 12

My parents were surprised to see that I had repented, so I closed by saying that I gave my bricks to Dube. It was difficult for me to explain my uncle's arrest. The next day, I was sitting with my mother in the crowd and I wanted to tell her about my uncle's arrest, when my father, who had woken up, came to his place. When he entered he was silent for a while, I continued to fight to explain about my uncle's case since they were still in the dark,

"Mama, do you know that Dlamini has moved?" I spoke up the sleeve of my pants.

"I didn't even hear that, when did you move?" So what happened to this beautiful house?" While we were talking to each other, my father intervened,

"Where is the Dlamini you are talking about?"

"He is Nyoni's great friend in Sikhuni, he was very rich and always had a big and beautiful house. I'm surprised when you moved," my mother said as she looked over the smoke from the fireplace.

"Yes, it is said that you moved a long time ago, mother, here it is lunxiwa."

"Oh, some people are brave, but can anyone leave such a beautiful house? It is said that he moved

I hope your mother-in-law knows, as they were just spitting this language."

"No one knows because after he moved, he did not trample on Sikhuni again."

"Is it a story? What did he quarrel with his brother? After all, his brother's thing was to kiss the nose every now and then."

"Uncle wasn't with us?" I asked while still scratching my forehead.

"He ended up learning, being taught by SekaMpiyakhe. When Nyoni was still alive, his relationship with Dlamini went down."

"The story is there. Dlamini and his wife went to herd the ducks and their death affects Seka Mpiyake's uncle." I swallowed when I saw my mother's panic.

"What is Thabo saying? Are you saying that our brother is involved in the murder? How are you affected since he is said to have moved?" My mother was saying, and my father was staring at me with such wide eyes that it was clear that he was waiting for a lot.

"It's a difficult story and I don't think you'll believe what I'm telling you."

"Don't make us your children, Thabo, don't talk to me, stop talking about it, and what are you hiding? How are you affected? Is that the cousin of Dlamini's death?" My father shouted
I was shocked.

"It is said that there was an argument between Dlamini and Seka Mpiyakhe until my uncle intervened, they attacked Dlamini until he was defeated, his wealth was stolen from him, and he chose to move and the matter did not end there, they said that they followed him even when we moved and burned him in his house and his family, that was their demise."

"You, Thabo, what do you say to me? Is our brother a murderer? So who did you hear all of this and why do you say that they all lie in the house?" My mother asked as she carried the intestines in her hands.

"When I left here to go to my uncle's house, I met this Nomvelo in the middle of the gut, he was the one who separated my ribs. He says that he escaped death because at that time his family's house was in the sand, and he begged at his feet." My mother didn't even blink, my father intervened.

"I don't trust all of this, you Thabo are just playing with your Nomvelo, my father-in-law won't even kill a fly!"

"I will never play with something like this, father, but why do I hate my uncle? If she wants to be there on the day of my uncle's trial, she should prepare, I will be there and I am needed."

"What are you needed to do?" He says that he is our brother have you already been arrested?" He was always holding his mother's cheek who is always on the move.

"I am one of the witnesses as someone who knows the whole matter and was there when all this happened,"

"I can't hear you Thabo, are you the one who tied up our brother?"

"The matter should have come up, mother, didn't she always say that what is in the horn is not hidden in the sheath? But I didn't stop arresting my uncle, he was arrested for his actions, I only helped an innocent soul. Nomvelo was sent to me and it was said that he would be rescued by me, I was called by him when I was going to my uncle's house, the dreams I had about him scared me the most."

"I'm just fine, Thabo abandoned me and I don't hear him anymore, what was he sent to you for?" What do you know about dreams?" My mother woke up angry.

"I always dreamed of Nomvelo, sometimes I said I could dream of him and see him, but then he was seen by me alone and I thought he was a ghost, because of the courage I followed him until I found the issue we are talking about, what made him see me alone he told my uncle when he was young."

"I told you it was going to come here, Birds, do you see it?" My father asked, I was very shocked when I wondered if they knew about my uncle's case? I glanced at my mother, I did the same with my father and they all looked away and it became clear to me that they were hiding something from me. The mother did not answer, they continued to exclaim uncle's lie.

It became popular, and many people went out with it. I held them tight while helping the elders. Christmas was approaching and they were happy because it is a very important day for them. On our side, we slaughtered a goat, and it was delicious that day. My father noticed that something was bothering me that was not related to my uncle's imprisonment.

One day, I came to chase the weeds in the fields, and I heard this mother talking. I just sat behind the house.

"Naka Thabo says that your child did not get pregnant over there."

"Pregnant?"

He asked and my mother was surprised.

"Yes, she is pregnant with the second child, Thabo has grown up, his peers have left, I am still counting his peers, but who is Nyathi's boy called?"

"Mazino, father."

"I don't think his wife gave birth last month. He is under Thabo."

"We don't always know, Father, MaCele used to tell me until I visited. When Thabo sees a girlfriend, he must report it to us without doing anything out of the way." While I was sitting like that I was startled by Mandisa saying,

"Thabo, why are you staying here? Are you still a girl?"

"Where did you see it?"

"When you're a girl, show it to me first."

"I'm going to scold you, get up and pour me some water for the bath."

"Take a wife and stop bothering me."

As soon as I got up this Mandisa, my brother just laughed!

He started the year well, it was good because December was full of heaven. The beautiful people began to admire the abundance. They let each other go for a month, and reaped the benefits of the people.

The month of June came and it is always a month to talk of the case of the uncles.

It was Monday morning, and the constellations that were scattered in the sky woke up. We got ready quickly, after that we tied the smokers to the cart and went up the hill to go to the court. My mother was very worried about her brother, my father was in charge of comforting him, he was crying for my relatives and MaCele. They were about to start to see each other in court from detention uncle's. When we were about to go to court, I left and looked at my mother, at that time my father was the one who was reprimanding the smokers.

"Mom, do you remember last year when I told you about my uncle? I heard my father say that he told you that it will come here, did he know about my uncle's case?"

"Oh, you're still there Thabo? Don't let that bother you, my child, we will talk about your uncle's case."

My father kept on whistling as if we were being helped, and I almost closed my mouth like it was sewn shut.

"But Ma Cele how is he with his wife's arrest?"

Thabo, but he made us my child, I don't want to be an enemy to him and your loved ones." My mother spoke after we had been silent for a long time. The sun had already risen and the constellations had risen from there.

"When a person commits a crime, he should be punished no matter how close you are to him, Ma Cele should be happy that the murderer who is my uncle has been arrested." I answered looking away.

"We don't know, Thabo, we'll see each other in court, or are you going to blame me for not seeing this since the Ward was arrested?"

"He won't blame you, mother, since last year, why didn't he come back to inform you about my uncle's arrest, and he is to blame." We were just talking as we entered the court, it was already full of people since many people's cases were being heard each day. I was surprised to see the people who lived with my uncle in Sikhuni, they were coming back in large numbers, some were coming back using a wheelbarrow, others were always coming back in carts and the officials were coming back in cars to the village of chief Mabhena. It was clear to me that Dlamini was very popular with people. MaCele had arrived a long time ago
these are mine

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the way he hated it, it was clear that he didn't want me around him. MaDube was still at Nomvelo, it was easy to read their harmony. We got closer and closer they didn't see us, Ma Cele said that when she closed her eyes she said that she was so embarrassed when she changed her place that to my mother's surprise, Thembeke was told such an insult when she tried to greet us. Nomvelo jumped on me until I felt pain in my shoulders, he removed and said,

"Thabo, I didn't expect you to come back, but it's been a whole year. I was wondering if I would be here in court today without you, God is strong." My heart became white, I smiled as I answered,

"It's dark and red. You can't go alone with nature, I'm here to help you in everything." While we were holding hands, we were scared by my mother who was asking,

"And who is this Thabo you are holding hands with, is it the in-laws?"

"Ha-ha-ha, but mother, after all, this is Nomvelo." I was embarrassed, but while we were talking, we heard that the time had come for the trial of my uncle and Dlamini, and we entered the court one after the other like cattle.

in the barn. We huddled together like sacks of dirt in the court, we sat in silence because it was an unfamiliar place, a man dressed in black entered, with an unfamiliar face, I saw all the people bowing their heads and I did so since it was the first time I was in the court, I didn't know anything. After we did that we sat down again, there were still uncles with their hands and feet tied, they were released when they were put in the boxes. I felt sorry for my uncle, but when I thought about Nomvelo's life, all sympathy disappeared.

The case came in at twelve o'clock, they testified who were going to testify, I testified what I heard. The case involved the uncles of Seka Mpiyake with the evidence presented. There was an uproar in the court.

People began to make noise saying that they want to hear the uncle of Seka Mpiyake admitting their guilt. The Magistrate reprimanded and there was silence, then my uncle's lawyer stood up, as a person who had his own cattle and was able to need a lawyer,

"Excuse me, sir, I'm just standing up to represent one of the suspects in our front, Nyoni."

"Speak." The Magistrate agreed.

"Nyoni will not do this kind of dirty work, you know the people who live with him, he is a man among men and he is a person who loves his family, so his presence here means that he was poured out with the flesh that he did not eat." The lawyer paused as if he was waiting for an answer from the people, until another mother opened up by saying,

"That's the truth." After his mother spoke, the discussion started again, and there were arguments here and there, since others did not believe everything that was happening.

"May I speak, sir?" said SekaMpiyakhe, we all stared at him.

"Speak."

"We have all heard Nyoni's lawyer, saying that we are anointing Nyoni with meat that he did not eat, but I would like to present my evidence, this Nyoni is from a long time ago, he was a friend of my brother Dlamini. When we all started drinking alcohol, we became each other's bullies until today, so we did everything together even if we started to disagree because of this case." Seka Mpiyake took a deep breath until the Magistrate spoke, saying,

"Stay on the subject, sir, we haven't been here all day." Everyone was quiet, it was clear that they wanted to hear the whole matter, Seka Mpiyake swallowed his saliva, while I

I didn't blink anymore because I was afraid that Bhuka would take the news for granted.

"The crime was committed by all of Nyoni, I admit we were jealous and ended up doing what we were doing but when two years passed, we started to worry about our actions. I tried to talk to the Bird saying that we were testifying to the law, he refused and dug down. But the truth is that I admit the guilt and we all did this bird even if it is said that I am drowning in mud that I did not touch." He started making noise, MaCele was shouting calling SekaMpiyakhe a witch, while my uncle could only be seen shaking his head. It was clear that there were no more forests

which is hidden.

"Okay, thanks for making our job easier for us."

The Magistrate looked at my uncle and continued,

"Warn the bird, this opportunity is yours, you can explain with your own mouth, we will hear from you and the law will make a decision."

"Thank you, my lord, I will not say much about this issue, but what I can say is that the perpetrator is here beside me, I was not there when all this happened, he is just putting me in because he does not want to punish himself," the people heard and were very surprised.

"What do you say to me Bird? Do you deny the crime?" The Magistrate asked.

"I don't deny the crime and I don't admit it, sir, but what I'm saying is that I wasn't there when all this happened," I asked Nomvelo, and he bowed his head.

"We don't play here and we have never played, tell me, father, do you admit the crime or deny it?" The Magistrate raised his voice,

"I don't admit it and I don't deny it, my lord, what I want is to be released and raise my children, but can I be accused of a crime I don't know about?" My uncle could not hear what he was saying.

"Don't waste time, all the evidence says that it was there in the case. He explains that all of them are presenting this testimony do they hate you?" After the Magistrate asked, my uncle's lawyer intervened,

"I'm sorry, sir, Nyoni is right, his friend did all this with a heavy heart, he doesn't want to leave his friend out, so if you have to judge them, Nyoni should give him a small sentence because he doesn't admit his guilt." Nomvelo couldn't control himself and stood up crying, and explained the whole truth, causing my tears to flow, people

they finally became silent.

"The story came out of the yard like a goat's knee. I do not see these witnesses

they hate Warning Bird." The Magistrate continued. I saw my uncle's lawyer run out, and he came back and continued.

"We have a request, sir."

"Don't waste my time, Nyoni knows full well that his hands are full of blood just like his friend's, this what they are trying to do is like pouring water on a duck's back."

When he finished speaking, he presented the sentence that coincided with the two of them. She cried and I felt sorry for my aunt, because the man was sentenced to life in prison. MaDube was silent, my heart ached when I saw them being dragged to a dark house by the police, I consoled myself by saying that the perpetrator should not cry, the victim should cry. This is how Dlamini's uncles died and they were condemned for their work, which they did in secret. In fact, what is in this horn is not hidden in the sheath.

Chapter 13

Everyone came out holding the subordinate in the court through the uncle of Seka Mpiyake, MaCele's mind changed and he came back alone to us crying bitterly.

"Naka Thembeke, how are the children?" it was greeting my mother

"How are we doing?" He wiped a tear with his elbow, his eyes were red like blood clots, his head was in a vein.

"We are living, she said, until our brother made you a girl by leaving you in a vacuum, and how did the world become, my Lord?"

"It is difficult for Thabo, but there is nothing we can do since the Magistrate there has given them an unlimited sentence, so we have to get used to living alone with my children, even if it is never going to be easy."

"Then it will never be easy for Naka Thembeke, but it has to be done be strong girl to raise children, after all this is like being abandoned by someone, but will we see our brother again? We will always support Naka Thembeke because the fact that Seka Thembeke is a murderer does not wash away the relationship between me and him, he is still my family."

"That he will come out again? I don't see my aunt, unless he behaves well in prison so that he can be sentenced to more years as the magistrate has said. It means that from today a person has to blaze a trail to go to prison." His answer touched my aunt, the pain was visible in her eyes, but there was nothing we could do, the law took its place.

"Actually, it will take time for me to believe that Seka Thembeke killed people, I didn't know my brother could do something like this! Even if Thabo was telling me, I didn't believe all this, but what did they think it would end with?" I was silent as if my mouth was closed, only Nomvelo was in my head. I left them talking and went to the carriage that was driven by Ma Dube lo Nomvelo, Ma Dube was not even worried about the arrest of Seka Mpiyakhe, when I arrived he removed it and said,

"Thabo is the messenger of the Lord, I wonder if Nomvelo did not see you, what did he conclude?" I laughed and looked down, shouting loudly.

"I just thank Ma Zwide who was able to order Nomvelo from me to be free, other people are messengers of the Lord.

When I met Nomvelo, I didn't know that he was living in so many flames, because of his hiding, I thought he was a ghost, but because of the things that were happening in my life, I became brave, that's what it is today." We talked a lot until I saw my mother shouting, I asked Nomvelo to show her that mothers and fathers are together because when we arrived at the court I had not explained in detail about him.

"Thabo, how long have we been waiting for you here?" My mother was shocked when she saw me carrying Nomvelo

"No, mother, I was still talking to others, I explained to you at the beginning about Nomvelo, but we did not discuss where we are going and we are wanted in court, this is him!" I spoke pointing at Nomvelo with my head, and Nomvelo was staring at me.

"How are you my child?" greeted my mother looking at me to Nomvelo.

"Yes, mother, how are you?" He agreed in his beautiful little voice. My father raised his head and looked at him,

"We are alive, that's it, my child. We are meeting at the court in a bad situation, if we had been there we would have sat and talked a lot. I am sorry for what my brother did

on your local phone. I was shocked to hear that he was so cruel," my mother continued, and then my father intervened.

"Thabo's mother is right my child, what your in-laws did to your parents is really bad, we sympathize with you for all the pain you have gone through,"

"Thank you very much, I thank Thabo again for his help. If they killed me, those people would never believe me in everything." Nomvelo said bowing his head, I was looking down because I didn't want to be asked more about him.

"It's okay, my child." My mother said with a kiss, then my eyes were fixed on my father who kept looking at me
Nomvelo. They talked until they said goodbye.

The sun was in the middle of the day, people had started to eat mangoes and went back to their homes in the same way they had been told. I drove Nomvelo and left him in his car. MaDube immediately removed us,

"They even matched each other, my friends, as if they were twins, as if God could shower grace on you." My Nomvelo burst out laughing until I laughed and said,

"It went well, mother, Sikhuni, I hope that we will see each other again, not long ago." Ma Dube nodded, Nomvelo withered when he saw me turn my back.

We ate mango until we got home with the sun bowing down

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I, as an active person, may have needed a cow.

I locked them all, entering the house I was met in the evening,

"How did it sink?" I spoke while washing my hands.

"We are drowning, how is Thabo drowning?" Did you come back in a hurry as if you had saved your cattle?" My father said pulling a chair built.

"I was lucky and I met other boys who instructed me, that's why I decided." As I was eating there, there was silence in the house for a while, my mother was muttering, and my father was sewing his shoe. I said no, and she said she would tell me " Mama after my uncle's case was heard that my father had killed us that day."

He was silent looking at my father and mother, and my father was silent like a person who does not speak, until I was shocked and thought that maybe those are my parents

they are involved in my uncle's case, my father removed it after a few minutes,

"Thabo tell me more about Nomvelo." I coughed, then looked at my father and said,

"There is nothing else I can say about Nomvelo baba except that he is the one whose parents were killed by Seka Mpiyake's uncle." It was difficult to talk much about Nomvelo, my mother intervened.

"He shines as a respectful and loving child. You can't say that we have gone through all these things. If he agreed, I would have picked him up to stay with us." I wrote with my finger on the floor and then answered.

"Yes, mother, she respects both of us, there is already something I have been saying I would tell her about her, but I still needed a way to tell her, as she has already started asking me to come and tell her."

"Oh yes! Tell us the whole story, Thabo, and we will listen."
My father said as he approached the fire.

"I met him on my way to my father's uncle." It was difficult to continue as I looked down again.

"Oh, this is the issue you want to present that you only met him? So where did you meet him?" My father continued to bombard me with questions.

"I met him on the way to my uncle's house, we started talking until we got to know each other."

"How did he tell you about your uncle's story? After all, someone will never just tell you such a story that they don't know, my child?" It was my father, my mother had closed hers as if nothing happened.

"I met him, we talked and agreed to meet again the next day to discuss more. From that day we met every day and sometimes I dreamed of him." When I finished saying that, the father and mother looked at each other, I wondered if I had said something bad that caused them to look at each other badly.

"So where did he stay all the time without being seen by anyone?"

"He lived secretly in the ruins of his father's village, he says he was waiting for me to help him, as he was instructed by the moon."

"Wow, but you saw her well when we talked?"

"Yes, father, I saw him as good and not a bad thing, even though I thought he was a ghost, because I was the only one who saw him, and I always said that when I asked my relatives, they told me that they were people who moved away a long time ago."

"It's good because you didn't tell that story to your uncle, they would have been crushed if we heard that." When the father finished saying this, the mother looked at him and said,

"Does that mean that something has changed again?"

"I told you, my wife, that it will sleep for a little while and wake up again when he grows up."

He and his uncle have quarreled."

I was confused when they were both talking. I looked at my father, and when I opened my mouth, my mother stopped me.

"I'm glad it's time for you to know this as you've grown up, and you're making your own decisions." I raised my head and cried to my mother in shock, it sounded like it was a big issue that she wanted to take away from me,

"You had the gift of dreaming since you were young, and you always saw things that other people could not see, and for that reason we took you to MaZwide for a long month. He treated it at that time but he told us that it will change when you grow up." Fear struck me as I wondered if Ma Zwide they were talking about, was he the one who lived in Nomvelo after his parents died.

"And Ma Zwide just sent Nomvelo to me because he didn't know?" I spoke as if I was thinking, my mother quickly asked,

"What is Thabo saying? Where is Ma Zwide from?" My father suddenly stopped sewing and looked at me when he had finished.

"MaZwide is the one month old old woman who lived in Nomvelo after her parents died. It was Ma Zwide who said that Nomvelo needed me to help the world.

And Ma Zwide was there when my uncle's case was brought before the chief. I didn't know that I could know that way."

"Don't be afraid, my child, we knew that but we were waiting for you to come here and tell you well about your gift. Now you can make a decision for yourself because seeing Nomvelo it's clear that you weren't acting." My father said as he got up to fetch water from the barrel.

"Then it used to bother me a lot, wondering why Nomvelo is seen by me alone and I dream of him every day, and I used to say that if I dream of him, I will see him like what I dreamed of him." I answered, but inside I was bragging like a turtle. We talked a lot while sitting in the crowd, and I understood everything they were saying.

Chapter 14

A day passed, and months began. I was living with my uncles, my father and mother were the ones who said I should not live there and help Ma Cele with the work, that made me happy because I was living next to my lover Nomvelo, our love was burning like angels themselves. It was Thursday and Ma Cele asked me to accompany him to the prison the next day to see my uncle, he had never left since the day my uncle was sentenced.

I tried to refuse because I was afraid to go see each other with my uncle because I was the one who exposed their corruption in the yard, he refused Ma Cele's pleas until I agreed. It went down on the 4th and woke up on the 5th, we headed towards Bulawayo where my uncle used to cook. We have arrived in Bulawayo and we were told that my uncles are from Khami which is a prison in the west of Bulawayo. We caught the rest, and when we got down we took the one we dropped in Khami, I was the first to go to prison, the fear killed me. I felt sorry for the prisoners, they were dressed in white, that day I dug a hole and spat on the ground and said that in my life I will never sin again, we were taken to the maximum which is a place of imprisonment for serious criminals, including murderers and rapists, they are always watched with so many microphones.

After telling the prison guards who we were looking for, my uncle was called. I felt sad when I saw him the way he was, he was as dark as a potter's helper, his bones were as clear as if he was a sick person, Aunt MaCele couldn't control her tears and they fell like water from heaven.

After the aunt regained her strength she greeted,

"Is that you?"

"Yimi Na Thembeka, how are you?" He said this with his head bowed down like a person praying, his body was full of cold houses because the cold that was there was grinding the man's teeth. I wove and opened my mouth,

"Uncle, I'm sorry for your arrest, but it was not what I could do, Nomvelo was living a hard life, crying day and night without a cure." I wiped a tear with the sleeve of my shirt. My uncle raised his head towards me and said,

"Thabo, don't apologize, you played a big role, I wonder what we would do if it happened to my children, what would they be?" Thank you Thabo, you are a man without discrimination and you were not able to protect my corruption even though I am your brother-in-law, he made me SekaMpiyakhe by driving me to drink, this is how he is pika in Khwekhwe."

He bowed his head to the ground and my uncle shed a tear, we were silent, he woke him up and continued,

"The question I ask myself Thabo is why Nomvelo chose to tell you all this? How did you know that you are my grandson, are you older, Thabo?"

I laughed a little when my uncle finished asking. Ma Cele intervened saying,

"It took me a while to believe that he was a murderer, I thought they were lying to you as far as I know, in fact I didn't think he would do something like this!

I hated Thabo with all my heart until I kicked him out of my house, after the Magistrate's comments I believed everything, he actually left me without a single bird, although I feel sorry for him, but he deserves a place." He failed to answer my uncle who was crying loudly, the prison guard

he shouted saying that time is enough

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we broke up with him and he was crying uncle.

The sun was in the afternoon, it was very cold that day, most of the prisoners did not wear sweaters, I felt the pain of the prison until I felt like I was one of the prisoners. I felt sorry for my uncle because

he did not know when he would be released as he was sentenced to life in prison. When we left Khami in prison, Ma Cele removed,

"No matter how happy you are, Thabo, don't wish it away."

"Yes, aunt, I will never, I trusted my uncle, I don't know what he got into."

"There is nothing else but the greed of dirty friends, your uncle was very good and he and Dlamini were each other's enemies, we don't know from which side the devil Seka Mpiyake came from." We talked until the driver came and took us and dropped us in the center of Bulawayo city. From there we caught a bus that dropped us at Sikhuni. The sun had set since it was a steep climb from Bulawayo to Sikhuni.

We found Thembeke already in Bhuka's land. Me

I was only thinking about my Nomvelo.

They went on fighting for a day, and I was a man among men willing to bribe Nomvelo. After I sent Ma Cele to my parents to tell them that I wanted to pay a ransom for Nomvelo, it was a great joy for them because those who saw him believed him. He was very respectful even in Sikhuni and was very lovable, he knew the old and the young. Then on Sunday morning, my parents were still at Sikhuni

they brought the issue of Nomvelo's appearance, a suitor was sent to Malaba, and they welcomed him to Dlamini. It was good news for me to find Nomvelo. A day later, he was taken to his uncle's place, a big feast was held to welcome him, chief Mabhena and grandmother Ma Zwide were there that day, the meat was cooked in the broth of one because my father drove two of the shebo's cattle. The people were gathered and the chief stood up

Mabena said,

"What Ngwenya's boy did is very good, he was able to fight for Nomvelo, there are few boys who have a heart like his, he was able to sacrifice his uncle. That's why I'm giving him the ruins of Dlamini, if he wants he can live there but if he doesn't want he can do whatever he wants with this house."

People nodded their heads, and I was still silent, and it was left for me to hold the ice with joy. MaDube was waiting for the end. My mother and father seemed to give birth to a hero this time. It was a lot of fun, after the event we were taken by Mabhena's car to our destination in Mnondo. On our first day of marriage, we slept at our place in Mnondo in the middle of the mansion I had built by sweeping bricks for people in Sikhuni. When we were asleep, I said,

"I can't believe that I died today and you are mine for the rest of my life, you were given to me by the invisible King, I don't want to be separated from you any day." Nomvelo looked at me and spoke in his soft voice,

"Ngenya, I didn't know that mine would end like this! I threw myself and felt like life was not worth me, you showed me your humanity by punishing your uncle. I and this one will be separated by death." He looked at me with white eyes, I felt like a man among my men, I answered after a while.

"The Dlamini's thank Ma Zwibe because he was the one who saw that he would get help from me. By ordering you here, you will immediately find a happy home, I will fulfill all your wishes, I will make you the queen of the world." As soon as I finished speaking, Nomvelo was crying for joy. I felt like I was in heaven. That's how we started the journey of life together with Nomvelo. He was very loved by my parents. Honestly, my trip to my uncle changed my life, it made me stronger and braver to face this situation. The king blessed us with twins, a boy and a girl, the girl was named Duduzile by the mother who would always comfort us as a family, and the boy the father called Duduzani. Life was good that my mother didn't want to see

Nomvelo is disappointed. Since there is no house that does not smoke, he said that if he was seen without watering Nomvelo then I did not see him, he would take his mother to sleep with him in the exhibition of girls. In the morning it was Nomvelo who woke up in my room. I loved him and he loved me. The day I first saw Nomvelo for real, I didn't know that he was the one who would become my friend.