

THICK MADAM

**I'M DIFFERENT IN MY OWN
WAY.**

A BOOK BY
MBALEZINHLE ZIKHALI

THICK MADAM

#01

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"Zamadwala Shabane! Stop day dreaming and give me the God damn answer!" Mrs Sondezi shouts. Not that I don't know the answer but I'm scared to answer.

"Uzophendula kanjn ecabangana namagwina, (how can she answer when she is busy day dreaming about fatkoeks)" Lunathi humiliates me in front of the class. The class buzz with laughter. This has been my life ever since I can remember. Being a plus size XXL woman is a disadvantage. People look at you as if you some sort of toilet or you stink. I'm a eighteen year old trapped in a twenty-five year old body.

"I'm sure her brain is big as her body size." Mrs Sondezi has always hated me and in a way that she couldn't hide the hate. The class continues to laugh reaping the little confidence that I have in me. My high school years have never been nice, not even once I've enjoyed my days at Bonela Secondary School. Atleast this is my last year in school and I'm thankful I won't be seeing any of them. I was saved by a buzzer, finally it's home time. I quickly tidy up my books shoving them inside my bag running out of the class before they bully me as usual.

From Bonela to Chesterville is one hell of a distance. My chest feels suffocated, my inner thighs are rubbing against each other making it painful for me to walk. If only I had Vaseline with me I would have applied it to make my Inner thighs more slippery. I forgot to ware my

tight, the sun is blazing hot burning my light caramel skin burning.

"Sdudla mafehlefehle, ngathi uyanuka nje." I'm used to those remarks. Whenever I pass someone, that person will definitely say something. A hooter honks making me to trip a little.

"Get in, I'm not taking no for an answer!" Zenzele shouts. He was doing matric last year and his doing his first year at DUT. Every girl was crushing on. He is quite a catch no lie. This is the second time his offering me a lift. I get in and the car shakes a little indicating a fat lady is about to brake someone's wheels.

The drive is silence as usual, he drops me home and drives off without saying a word. I'm saved from the rash I will be having inbetween my

thighs.

"Baba." I greet him and walk past him. My dad is the best parent I could ever ask for. He is always there for me whenever life decides to take a rocky ride.

"Ntombikayise, unjn kodwa? How was school?"

"School was fine baba." I shrugg my shoulders. There's nothing exciting about school. Sometimes I feel like quitting.

"You can go change and make food. I'm going to fetch your mother from work." I nod going to my room. We are not rich but we come from a stable home. My step-mother has been nothing but great to me. Her and my father got married

when I was ten years old. Ever since then I grew to appreciate her and love her like she is my birth mother. I have an older sister who works at Toyota. She doesn't earn much but she helps here and there whenever she can. One can never tell that we are not of the same father. She's two years older than me.

I have dated two guys in my life, I've been flashed, verbally abused and generally used as a replacement for masturbation. I've lost count of how often I've been ghosted – both before and after sex. I've been told as a fat girl, I should be grateful for attention.

I once had a lovely date when a man told me that he want make things official. He wanted me to meet his parents. He said he couldn't wait to showcase the world later on the guy was gone, he vanished.

Another guy dumped me because I was just "too big" for him. This was two weeks ago after I went on pill as he requested. He was living illegally in a council flat with all his clothes in one bag, smoked like a chimney and the sex was underwhelming, but my size was the problem?

I have struggled with my weight, eating body image my entire life. Growing up I was a bubbly child, full of life. Everything changed when I started high School. What I didn't realise is that my weight was a symptom not a disease as every one portrayed. I blame my weight for everything that goes wrong in my life. I believe I'm unloveable because I'm fat; I once believed the number on the scale determined my value as a human being. Little did I know that I was just purely lying to myself. I always think my

size prevents me from being allowed to participate in life. Surely no one wants to be burdened with a sight of a fat girl.

"Smells nice in here." That's my sister disturbs my trail of thoughts. She loves food more than I do but she doesn't get fat at all and I sometimes wonder how the hell does she manage to maintain her body figger.

"What did you bring me." I become joyful when I'm at home. These are the only people who appreciates the way that I am.

"That's all you know. What a sister I have." She walk past me clicking her tounge making me to laugh. Only my family knows how to put a smile on my face. My phone beeps indicating there's a message. I wipe my hands with a cloth,

swiping it and read through the message
***don't change for people. I love you the way
you are. I like your laugh, I like your smile, I like
your wobbly walk. Whenever I look at you, you
make my heart skip a beat. Call me crazy and I
admit. I am crazy inlove with you. Remember
you belong to me and only me alone. You will
never date another man while I'm still alive. Give
me 5 years, that's all I'm asking for and keep
that pussy safe for me. Love A.M***

"Ow wow another sms." For how long has she
been standing behind me. I heavily sigh putting
the phone down. "This is totally getting out of
hand. We need to report this."

"I've been getting these messages for about a
week now. It's like this person knows my every
move. I'm even shaken by this whole thing. I'm

still having issues regarding my weight!" I snap,
"I'm sorry I didn't mean to."

"You need to tell dad before things get out of hand. I don't want to lose the only sister I have. This person could be dangerous, what if he kidnaps you after school. Think about it."

My life is complicated, this is my first month in matric and already I'm having horrifying messages. I don't have any friends cause I'm sick of being judged.

Have a good night butter cup, but I enjoy seeing you in those short pink Micky mouse pjays

Another messages buzzes on my phone. I try calling the number but it doesn't exit. That's it I'm going to tell my father.

"Baba vuka!" imagine waking my parents up just because of the messages I've been getting on my phone.

"Yini!" He sound rather annoyed and that is not even my biggest worries right now. I just give him the phone and he reads through the messages.

"For how long have you been receiving these? My mum asks with so much rage. She's more upset that I am. I'm not even upset, I'm just afraid. Afraid of the person who has been haunting my life for a week.

"A week." I answer and I know I'm going to get a scolding for my life.

"A week Zamadwala and not even once you thought of telling us your parents! Get dressed right this minute." My mother roars, my father is quite.

We drive to the police station at night and to our surprise the number is untraceable. We have reached a dead end. What now!

ANATHI MYEZA

I keep looking at her pictures like I'm a mad man. She doesn't know me but I know her perfectly well. I know what she likes and what

she dislikes. Five years is a lot of years but unfortunately I was busted.

"This girl means a lot to you?" One of the inmates asks. I've been here for two years and I still have five years to serve. The life I'm living is not something that I'm proud of. Robbing banks has never been my choice. Me and books don't mix.

"More than you can imagine." I smile thinking about the things I'll do to her once I get out of here, Lord help me. Those two guys she tried dating, I made sure I made their lives a living hell. My brother makes sure that he keeps an eye on her and I also ordered him to make sure that he picks her up from school. I also have my men guiding her from afar and that's how I manage to know what she eats, doing school work or even bathing.

"Stay out of trouble." He says, how can I stay out of trouble, trouble is my name. I had to hustle from an early age. I had to take care of my two siblings and my mother. My father left us with basically nothing. He found himself a new family leaving my mother heart broken. I'm not scared of jail and crime.

It's a pity I got caught, a robbery gone wrong. With this money I managed to move my mother into her dream house and get her a dream car. She's not in support of what I do but hey indoda ibhekelela umndeni wayo (a man looks after his house hold).

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I wake up finding a text ***have a nice day butter cup. Next time don't involve the cops***. Now I find this creepy. I have prepare myself for school and it's a struggle. I'm very slow that's why I wake up an hour early than my usual time.

Today I'm definitely taking a taxi I can't myself to walk. Why did God punish me with this heavy weight.

This same car again, Zenzele is going to be a pain in the ass. I'm just two houses away from my house.

"Get in!" As usual he orders me. I'm lazy to walk a lift won't hurt. This man's is scary he has a scar below his right eye. I don't even know his last name and yet I'm in his bloody car. What if he decides to kidnap me and kill me for my fatness.

"Why are you this nice to me?" I find myself asking. No man in this world would do something nice for you and ask nothing in return.

"Cause I was ordered to." He continues to drive. His voice is a bit harsh and scary.

"By who?"

"Ask no questions hear no lies." He parks in front of the school gate. I take a good look at him before getting off the car.

"Tell that fucker to stay the hell away from me before I kill him!" I banged the door walking towards the school. I turn to look back and he

was looking at me.

I'm sick and tired of these fucken messages.
Who ever it is must leave me the hell alone!

***You look cute when you promise to kill me
butter cup***. I turn to look back and the car is
gone.

Is it him playing those mind games with me?

Physical Science is one of the subjects I love
thee most. The teacher is fun and he is the only
one who makes school a little bit fun for me.
I've been that student who always get straight
A's, even the bulliness doesn't take me down
anymore. Being bullied for six years in school
has made me a bit stronger. I wonder what this

day has in store for me.

THICK MADAM

#02

ANATHI MYEZA

"Anathi Myeza, have a visitor." The warden shouts for my name. I wonder who came to visit me today.

I push my body through those tight handcuffs. It's funny how they handcuff me outside my cell but they uncuff me when I'm inside my cell. What's the difference, ow this is the man.

"What do you want Genero?" Genero is one of the drug lords who's feared by many and

respected. Uphunyuka bemphethe.

"Your guys messed up and now the police are on my tail." He spit venom making me to look at him dumbly. How dumb can this man be, I'm in here im prison and he is out there and he has all the power to protect himself.

"That's not my problem. I'm in here and I don't know what goes on the outside world. Don't be a coward go face your demons and leave me out of it." I stood up and I turn to walk back to my cell.

"Your fat girl, what's her name again, Zamadwala. She's very nice and thick." He smirks making my blood boil. How the hell does he know ow about her unless one of my guys snitched on him.

"Try me!" I sneer through my greeted teeth, I need to sort him out once and for all. I can't have my baby butter cup live in fear.

***I want Genero dead With Immediate Effect
(AM)***

I toss my phone aside and lay on my back looking at her pictures. I loved her ever since she was still in primary school. She was very young back then and she knew nothing. Now that she's all grown up I want her all to myself.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"I was asked to give you a lift miss." He is trying to be so nice to convince me but I am not

buying it. He looks dangerous and I've been hearing these stories that coloureds are very dangerous. If I run now will I be able to make it across the road.

"No!" I reply with a stern voice making him boil in anger. This is the time I run for my life. Hope I will make it to the other side of the road. He angrily got out of the car and marched towards me. I backed up until I was leaning against the wall. He breathed down my neck. I felt his hot air passing through my face. I was terrified and scared. I always asked myself what will I do if I ever come across this situation. Why do we as woman are always being subjected to abuse. Is it because I'm fat?

"I said get in the fucken car." He roars in anger. I look around and there is no one in sight. I always

get left behind because I can't walk fast enough to catch up with others. No that they walk with me, but it's much safer to have people around.

"Leave her alone," a voice commands sending fearful vibrations to my body. The man let's go of my arm and looks at the man in front of his eyes.

He looks somuch like Zenzele but it's the younger version of him.

"And who are you?"

"Someone you don't want to mess with." He took out a gun and shot him repeatedly right in front of my eyes. I screamed shutting my eyes and closing my ears. "Stop making noise, get in the car!"

I grab my bag from the floor and quickly rush to his car. How can trust a stranger. I'm crying silently and shivering, why do bad things always happen to me? Is it because I'm this fat?

He drives the car smoothly as if nothing happened, as if he didn't shoot the man down. He killed someone for crying out loud!

"Never tell a soul on what just happened back there. Here take this," he hands me a silver beautiful bracelet. "The owner said you must wear it at all times. Make sure you DO NOT take this off at any cost." He roughly puts the bracelet around my wrists.

"Doesn't that person have a name?" I ask in fear, maybe asking him this question was out of the equation.

"Go home." He shush me out of the car. This drama is just too much for me. How will I cope after what just happened? How will I even cope in school? I'm struggling with my weight I can't stress about other things. Is my life in danger?

I just want want to be alone, I don't feel like eating anything, but with the mother that I have, I'm sure she will force me to be out of this room.

"Are you okay?" My mother's voice startles me making me to drop the glass that I had in my hand. My mind is afar.

"Ma!" I snap.

"Yey, don't you dare raise your voice at me. Do I make myself clear!" She warns, argh why is everyone warning me.

"I'm sorry."

"Is it about those text messages?" She asks in a concern voice. What do I say? Do I tell what happened earlier?

"Yes," I lie, not too sure whether to confine in her. If I tell her she will definitely go to the police. I was warned not to go to the police. This person is making my life so very much uncomfortable.

"Come here babe." She opens her arms for me. My step mother is the best. She raise me as her

own, she treats us fairly and she doesn't have a favouritesm. "Tell me if this continues."

I nod my head listening to her heartbeat. My own mother left me to go raise another mans children. Her own family comes first. I ended up giving up trying to have a relationship with my birth mother. I guess I never mattered to her.

ANATHI MYEZA

"She will be fine."

"Don't tell me that bull shit! I ordered you not to make any mess in front of her. I'm sure she's traumatized where ever she is." I'm livid, I'm mad. How can Sanele be this careless. Zenzele would have done a clean job.

"Hade ntwana." I hear him sigh meaning his annoyed.

"Take care of my woman." I say before I drop the phone. You see you need to have connections in order to survive jail. I may hate this place but it's bearable. I just can't wait for five years to be out and be with my Thick Madam Butter Cup.

"You like them thick don't you." Sticks disturbs my peaceful moment of thoughts. I don't know what she has that makes me go after her this much. I know being with her will bring so much danger but the heart wants what it wants.

"You wouldn't understand." I chuckle staring at her picture, she likes oily food.

"These women, obhamfoqo bantofontofo." He hugs himself making me to laugh. I wouldn't have asked for a better cell mate. Sticks has it all. His is arrested for drugs and arm robbery. Jobs are hard to find, times have changed. In order to have something, you hustle for it.

"Stop undressing my woman." I look at her picture for the last time before placing it under my mattress.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

Sleep well Mrs Myeza

These messages don't bug me anymore. It's been days after that incident, I still fear for my life, I always look over my shoulder whenever

I'm walking around. I still wear that bracelet even though I don't know what it does and who it belongs to.

I have a matric dance coming up but I'm not interested. Which dress would fit me? Which man would like to be my partner? I don't want to embarrass myself in front of those slay queens from school. I try to sleep but this mystery man is making my life upside down. There's only one thing I enjoy:- is being taken to school and being fetched, it's making life more easier.

Another test comes through, ***you writing Accounting tomorrow please study***

I kick my blanket sprinting off the bed remembering I didn't study.

"Shit," I curse to myself. How did I miss this one, that woman will sure feast on me if I fail.

I take my time to study until my brain felt tired. I'm satisfied and thanks to the mystery man.

I'm debating with myself whether to text him back since calls can't go through.

Thank you for reminding me I press send. I look at my phone anxiously tapping on my bed. "This is ridiculous," I yank the blankets covering my fat body feeling rather disappointed.

Anything for you mummy. Sweet dreams butter cup I squeal in excitement making my bed to make that squeaky sound. I don't even know this man for crying out loud!

ANATHI MYEZA

I look at the reply text not believing my eyes. She actually texted back. The joy in my heart is pumping in excitement. Is she warming up to

me?

For two months I've been texting her not even once she even bothered to reply. But today she made my day, infact she made my night.

I lick my lips gwaking at the 'thank you text'.

"Zama," I smile to myself, I never thought that this day will come.

"Udlisiwe Wena, you look ridiculous right now." Spikes is spoiling my mood with these crazy remarks. I wouldn't have asked for a better dliiso.

"Have you ever been inlove before?" I ask, Cleary he hasn't.

"Love is for sissy's. I'm a Zulu man I don't love. I fuck and leave a mark."

"So you impregnate every virgina you met.? If he says yes, I'm giving up on him.

"Yes, I don't believe in plastics. I want meat to meat, I want to feel that hot flesh pramer stove ntwana." He bites his match stick which he enjoys eating.

"You crazy," indeed he is. Who doesn't use condoms in nowadays!

THICK MADAM

#03

ANATHI MYEZA

"Do you have the right information for me?"
Genaro's son cannot be in town? If he is in town

that means my butter cup is in danger. "Fuck!" I groan in frustration, I punch the wall trying to take my frustrations out of my system and damn I think I broke my hand.

"Trouble in paradise?" Spikes is one hell of a nosy inmate. How did the hell I end up with him in one cell? Some other days I feel like I could just stich his mouth up.

"No..... yes. Eish Spikes can I think for a second!" I'm pacing up and down, I'm frustrated. I swear this mother fucker touches my woman he will follow his tymer!

"Hmmmmmm," he responds and lays on his bed with his knees up. How will I protect her when I'm inside here. I've never thought of escaping but today my thoughts are rumbling

with 'escape'. I heavily sigh sitting down my tiny hard bed thinking of a plan but I'm just numb, my mind is blank.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

When am I finishing school again, can someone please deal with Mrs Sondezi. That woman hates me back and fourth. I never get to enjoy her subject, she's always on my case making fun of me. Did I ask to be this big? No, certainly not! You know most people do not know that obesity is often associated with emotion issues, anxiety and depression. People like Mrs Sondezi make us big woman want to take our own lives, we think of committing suicide just to escape the remarks and the pain that the person is feeling inside. From size 32 to size 40 at the age of eighteen has killed me emotionally.

"You know Zamadwala being overweight is a precursor to obesity, like real obesity," she laughs shaking her head. "Tone down on the sugar, and oily shit that you always eat. You look.....I don't know. Even big Mama looks way too much better than you."

"Shuuuuu," Candice says shaking her head. The rest of the class laughs enjoying the moment. I'm hurt, my heart is bleeding. I look at Mrs Sondezi and she has that disgusting look on her face. I pack my belongings and just walk out of the class. I'm going home, I'm quitting school. I'd rather be at home with people who love and adore me than to be with people who always bash me for my oversize.

I walk out of the gate, I slid down on the pavement and burst into tears.

It hurts, it hurts that a woman who is old as my mother is dissing me this way, a woman old enough to be my mother is tearing me apart daily. How will I ever be happy if there are people who make fun of your weight. I didn't ask to be fat!

"Get up!" Zenzele helps me to stand up. I don't even know where he came from, I struggle to stand. It's easier to sit down but a struggle to stand up. "It's okay, I'm here." I let all the pain out of my chest. I hold on tight onto his t-shirt.

"Why do people hate me this much? Is it my fault that I'm fat? Why do they always belittle me?" I continue to sob on his chest, he doesn't say anything. He puts his hands around my shoulder and the other hand held onto my school bag. He helps me sit comfortably in the

front sit and gave me my school bag. He hops onto his side roaring the engine and drives off.

"Here," he takes out a stash of money and my eyes widen in shock.

"No I can't accept it, it's..... it's too much." I say, he doesn't talk much, he gets hold of my school and shoves the money inside. I know if I try to fight him I won't win this battle. He still refuses to tell me who is sending me all those messages.

"I wasn't asking you to take it. Now that you've calmed down tell me what happened, everything." He adjusts his chair leaning backwards waiting for me to talk. "I don't have all day, so talk."

His voice is scary and very commanding. I'm tired inside out emotionally.

"I just had a fight with my class teacher, nothing drastic." I say playing with the tip of my fingers. Thinking about this just makes my heart sink to a point of me thinking about taking my own life.

"Try again, I thought I told you I don't have time." He is still not looking at me, he is making me to be scared of him. I steal a glance at him.... He is leaning back with his eyes closed.

"My class teacher always makes fun of my weight in front of the class." I say, my tears betray me as they roll down my chubby cheeks.

"Her name."

"Mrs Sondezi." I answer. I just can't wait to finish high school. Since grade 8 I've never known peace. It's tears after tears.

"Cool, Sanele will pick you up tomorrow." I nod and step out of the car. I don't know why they take me to school, hope they will not want anything in return cause I have nothing to offer.

I find my father sitting under the mango tree reading his newspaper. Two months back his contract ended, he was a truck driver. If not for my mother who is a cleaner at a hospital, and for my sister who is a petrol attendant. I really don't know we would have survived. They don't earn much but it's worth living.

"Ntombikayise." My father greets. He always beams with joy when seeing my face. It's like he

is seeing me for the first time. And how I so hate the name he gave me.

"Baba ka Zamadwala." I'm trying to be strong but I'm failing. You know the pain of giving your parent that faint smile indicating you all is not well.

"Talk to your father, tell me what's wrong ndodakazi."

"I want to quit school baba. My teacher is making it hard for me to enjoy school. I hate each and every one of them, I hate school and I don't see myself going to varsity. I've been bullied enough. I don't think I can take any of the bulliness. I'm braking bit by bit, but I'm trying to be strong."

"Do you have any idea how beautiful you are? Yes you are thick but in a beautiful way. Pay no minds to those who make your life a living hell. I always tell you this, live for yourself and not for people. I will die anytime and leave you in this cruel world. I want you to be strong, hold you head up high in confidence and show them that Thick Madam rules this world. That's the smile I want to see on that cute face of yours. Now go eat." My father knows how to put a smile on my face.

I'm standing in front of a mirror looking at my disgusting body. I'm starting to have shalorfs on my tummy area. I need something that will remove the black sports underneath my armpits and inbetween my thighs. I read somewhere that Vaseline blue seal mixed with white Colgate is number one remedy. Since I have

pimples on my face I will apply it there too. Who know maybe this might work for me. I sigh sitting on the bed, it's high time I buy new underwear garments, the ones I have now are a bit tight. They become more tighter when I'm on my periods because of the pad. My phone beeps disturbing my trail of thoughts. Maybe it's those out insurance messages, they do know how to fill up my inboxes. Don't they know that I'm still in high school?

I'm sorry butter cup,

I look at the message and I assume he/she knows. How does he know about my life? How does he know about what I do? I find it creepy and scary but I'm kind of getting in the hand of things. But then again I remember, who would like to associate themselves with a pig like me. I'm debating whether to reply to the text or not.

"What if he is waiting for my reply?" I ask myself.

That has been my life ever since I could remember. I toss my phone aside after replying and remember that there is money in my school bag. I fish into my bag and come out with a huge stash of money. I count it patiently whilst still naked.

"No way!" I exclaim in horror. What will I do with R3000? What will I say to my parents? Okay, okay I got to think and play my cards right. I've never lied to my parents before, oh God please forgive me of what I'm about to do.

"Dade," shit my sister is back, I curse trying to hide the money but it was too late. "What the hell Zamadwala. Where did you get all of this money?" She locks my bedroom door and sits besides me. She counts the money and frowns

looking at me. "Don't even try feeding me with lies missy. Now talk!" As much as I love my sweet sister sometimes I become scared of her but I have know she will know how to help me.

I can't explain, but I just gave her my phone and she browses through my texts.

"No way, are you trying to tell me that you have a secret admirer?" She looks like she's fishing for gossip. What did I deserve to have a sister like her? In such a difficult time she is here celebrating.

"Sisi, I don't even know the guy. What if he is a ritualist or a rapist for that matter. Did you know Zenzele and Sanele Myeza are my minister's of transportation? I think maybe they are related to him."

"Ow my word, so the money..... who gave it to you?" Is she concerned or what? Being at school depresses me but whenever I'm with my family I forget about everything.

"Zenzele gave it to me," I showed her the bracelet. "I was advised to ware it at all times." She snatches my phone and types God knows what.

Trust me nigger I will crush your balls into pieces of you ever make my sister cry. Jail is my second home

"Know let's wait and see if will he reply. About the money....uzothi?"

"You take it and see what lie you come up with.

I will be saving a 1000 for myself." Besides there is no food in this house, I'm sure my mother will be pleased. I hope I'm not somehow speaking to a devil worshiper.

ANATHI MYEZA

I'm smiling like a ratched reading the text, which I presume it's her sister who sent it. For now I want to deal with this Mrs Sondezi that has been making my baby's life a living hell. I want to be her worst nightmare. She made my baby cry in a way It hurt me.

Make it look like a high jack gone wrong I toss my phone aside and exhale out loud. Another worry that has been bugging me, they say Nokuthula has a five year old daughter with me. Nokuthula is or shall I say was my high

school sweetheart, but she fucked up multiple times making my life a living hell. We drifted apart and I lost touch and interest. I basically feel nothing for her anymore. Later I met Zamadwala, my Thick Mama. That girl makes me insanely go mad even though she doesn't know me. I have so many questions running around in my mind. I tried tracking Nokuthula down but seems like the bitch disappeared into thin air. Nobody knows her whereabouts, she must have planned it all. I better find that bitch before I loose my mind. I have better things to worry about, than to worry about a woman who doesn't know what she wants in life.

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THICK MADAM

#04

HIGHWAY

"No please, don't kill me you can take the car and everything else. But please don't kill me." Mr Sondezi begs for her life.

"It's funny how you make fun of students not carrying about their emotional state. Treat your pupils fairly, if I ever hear that you have mistreated any pupil in school you will have me to deal with. I'm not a praying man, but Lord knows what will happen to Esipho. I'm sure you wouldn't want you children's blood to be on your hands." The man kicked her on the face making her to roll back in pain. He kicked her continuously on her stomach, the man enjoys the pleading cries and groans. "Next time I will not be this lenient with you." He turned to walk away leaving her feeling helpless on the side of the road. He drove off in full speed before someone notices him leaving trails of dust

behind.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

Thank God it's Friday, it's morning and I wish the day is already over. I am just not ready to face Mrs Sondezi. That woman knows how to make my life upside down. I'm standing two houses away as usual waiting for Sanele. I see my see my sister running towards me and I see the car approaching. What does she want now?

"Did I forget something?" I ask, if I remember correctly my lunch box is in my bag.

"No I also want to be taken to work." She catches her breath. The car parks in front of us and we get in. "Caltex garage in Mayville." She

says banging the door.

The drive was silent until my sister broke the ice. "so mjitha tell me, who is terrorising my little sister here?" That question got me off guard I didn't expect it.

Sanele looks at her in the rear mirror, "someone." He answers. I no longer ask them questions cause I always get a one word answer. I told myself that I guess I have to wait for that five years.

"Doesn't that someone have a name? Just take my sister out of misery and just tell her about the mystery guy." I know my sister can be pushy at times.

"Ask him he will tell you. See you in the

afternoon." I nod my small head and got out of the car. I push my thick legs inside the school premises.

"Did you have something to do with Mrs Sondezi high jacking." One of my classmates ask me. I'm taken back to what she just said. I'm confused and lost.

"What are you talking about?" I ask, I absolutely know nothing of what she's claiming.

"You hired people to beat up our teacher. How cruel can you be? Ain't you fat? Don't you stink?" She's poking my forehead and brushing my face.

"Makashawe iyadelela lenkuxa."

"I don't know what you are talking about!" I try to defend myself. Punches were thrown on my face. Everyone from my class was having a feast on my body. Some have sticks and some are kicking me with school shoes. God whatever wrong I have done please forgive me. Forgive me for being a plus size woman. Forgive me in everything I did wrong, if this is your will, who am I to fight you? After all I'm a nobody. My ears are buzzing from pain. I'm bloody, my cries are becoming shallow. If I die now I know I will rest in peace.

ANATHI MYEZA

"You will get me into trouble Stone." I'm begging this useless warden to sneak me out of here. I want to go see my queen in hospital and deal with the perpetrators once and for all. I see that

people have forgotten about Stone. I'm have a heart as cold as ice.

"Just this once, I will double the price." I tell him and I see a little smile creep on his face.

"Get ready!" He walks out. In here you better have money to make things happen for yourself. I pull out my track pants and hoodie. It's time I remind the world that Stone is still around.

"Stufuza," she's badly bitten. Her caramel skin is bruised. I swear those motherfuckers are going to pay. I Take her hand massaging it, "muntu I swear those fuckers are going to pay. No one messes with my butter cup while I'm still alive."

She squeezes my hand and she tries opening her eyes. I try pulling away from her tiny grip but she held on to my hand tighter.

She looks at me with those swollen eyes.

"Are you the mystery guy?" That's what she manages to utter. Out of all the things she thinks is about the mystery guy.

"Mystery guy, butter cup that's what you call me." I smile sitting beside her. I guess there's no need for me to run away since I'm busted. She's looking at me not breaking eye contact.

"You look handsome, you look more like Zenzele." She tells me and I snort at her statement. Most people say that.

"But you look more pretty." I caress on her chubby cheeks. "You know I have loved you since you were in primary school."

"I assume you old enough to be my father." Her voice is very low and I'm thinking maybe she is in pain.

"No that much."

"Kiss me." She sounds sleepy, "I said kiss me. I want to know if you're a real human." Her lips are cracked but that won't stop me from giving her one hell of a kiss. I smashed my lips onto hers, my woman still needs practice. Eventually she follows my lead, our heads are swaying sideways. Our tongues are buried deep in each other's throats. I pull back and damn she still wanted more.

"We have all the time ahead of us butter cup. Get well soon. I love you." I perk on her lips and walk out of the hospital feeling myself. I can't believe I kissed her. I touch my lips smiling to myself. "Damn." Now I look like a love sick puppy.

"Where to from here? You have an hour." Warden reminds me. With the little time that I have I can't do all the things I want to do. My brothers will sort the rest. I direct him to the destination which I thought is the best.

"I will be right back." I say hopping out of the car. Why knock when this bitch made my woman hospitalized. It's pretty late and I assume everyone is asleep. I brake the door carefully not to make any noise and walked inside. I scan

every room until I found. Her legs are wide open and she's not even wearing any underwear. I slap her thighs so hard making her to jump off the bed.

"S.....stone," she say is a shaky. Good she still remembers me. Now this is where the fun begins.

"You see I don't like bitches who terrorise what's mine. What you did to my wife will be worse than what I will do to you. You see that fat pig you always make fun of belongs to me. I've been quite for too long and I can't take it anymore." She tries to talk and I slap the thunder out of her making her mouth to bleed. I thought of my punkie being ganged up in school just because of her. Everything became black. It was punch after punch until I was satisfied.

"Next time if you try picking up on my woman think twice." I walk out leaving her on the floor. My chest feels lighter and I can't seem to get over that kiss.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"I wake up only to find myself in hospital and the events come back. I'm never going back to school ever again. The humiliation is enough now. I'm also human but people always have a way of backing me down. I try not to think too much into this.

The mystery man was here he kissed me. Was I dreaming? But I felt it, it was so real. How will I prove that the man that texts me all day was here.

"What are you thinking about?" My sister is here. Maybe if I tell she will think I'm going crazy.

"He was here, the mystery guy was here. He kissed me!" My voice comes out as a high. I can't believe it either.

"You lie." My sister smiles, why do I get the feeling that she is feeling excited about this.

"Strue God." I cross my fingers.

"Well I have this for you. Actually Sanele asked me to give it to you." She hands me a card written (get well soon. Your lips taste nice. Love AM). She smiles reading the message. "So the man was really here, wow?"

"Wow," that's all I managed to say. Wendy looks at me like she wants to say something. "Spit it out."

"Candice was found badly bruised at her home. She's not talking because of a broken jaw." She tells me, she deserves it. I couldn't care less as to what happens to her and the rest of them.

"Serves her right, she accused me of something I don't know of. Mxm infact they should have done worse. She broke the little self esteem that is left in me." I feel like screaming on top of my lungs but my throat hurts pretty bad.

"Don't be that bitter person."

"I'm not bitter, it's the pain they've put me

through. I just can't wait for school to be over. Maybe because around matured people will bring my confidence back. Do you know the trauma I go through everyday because of them and their crew. They make my life a living hell." I try to stop the tears out of me. It hurts that most people don't understand what I'm feeling inside.

THICK MADAM

#05

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

It's been days I've been discharged from the hospital. I've been delaying to go to school. What if they attack me again for the unknown? I don't want to go back to Bonela Secondary School, I've endured a lot of pain in that school. I'm debating with myself whether to go to school or not. Maybe I should just quit once and

for all just to save myself from pain.

"Zamadwala, Let's go!" My mother is literally shoving me back to school. I'm just glad that the bruises are toning down a bit. I grab my school bag and walk out of my room. I wonder how much I have missed.

Taking a taxi to school is not a problem, the problem starts when the taxi drops you at Eggumeni. The struggle of me going down the road like something is pulling me. I can't control my brakes and my body is starting to itch. Finally we arrive at school, I wonder where is my transport today when I need it the most!

"Principal!" trust me when I say my mother knows how to cause a scene.

"MaZama welcome." My principal Mr Moodley greets us.

"Nwe, nwe, nwe my foot! Is this how your run your school now Modley? Huh awungtshele something, what actions do you take when pupils are being bullied by their own class teacher?"

"MaZama can we kindly go to my office to talk this matter further more?" The principal urges but MaZama doesn't budge. Trust me when I say my mum is Brook Lesnar.

"No private session here, we solve this matter right here and right now! If you continue to condone this nonsense in this school, trust me you will have the FBI, SAPS invading this school. My child came here to learn not to be bullied by

Mrs Sondezi and other students. My daughter got bitten right here in the school premises by her fellow classmates. She was hospitalized for two full weeks and not even one of you came to check up on her. It's alright, it's okay God will intervene. I have said my piece. Wena go to the class!." I swept my feet flying to my classroom. So Candice looks like a burn hot potato. Miss goody too shoes is avoiding eye contact. This is peaceful, maybe I will get to enjoy the rest of the day in silence.

"I heard Mrs Sondezi resigned with immediate effect," I catch the whispers flying around from behind. Couldn't my day get any better, if I was a drunkard is would be swimming in alcohol as in right this minute.

I'm hoping Zenzele or Sanele will come to the rescue but it seems as if I will be taking my baby steps today. God please remind me, why am I not wearing a tight again today? Here comes my kiwiness which I try so hard to get rid of.

"Now I have to walk," luckily I have some cash with me. I receive a phone call from a landline and I assume it's those call centre people who always force insurance down your throats.

"I'm still a student I don't have money." I quickly say after answering before they sing the script that's probably right in front of their eyes.

"Sbanxa ndini! Come to town." My sister a little demon herself. Does she even know that I'm struggling to walk with all the sweat dripping down in-between my thighs. I'm sure my panties

are soaking wet.

ANATHI MYEZA

Being in prison is a true definition of a hell whole. I can't wait to serve that stupid sentence and get out of here. Five years is alot. How an she wait for someone she doesn't even know? A man that she saw once. A mystery man as she portrays. I like her calm aura, my mother will definitely love her.

"I'm never falling inlove. Look at what love is making you do." Spikes has a loose mouth he can talk for hours without none stop.

"One day you will find love my dear Spikes and once you do you will definitely know the feeling

I'm feeling right now." I'm always looking at Zamadwala's pictures. Whenever I'm angry I look at her picture and my heart eases.

"Not me," he says chewing his match stick. Yesterday we did tattoos and mines has my Queen's name written on my chest right close to my heart. Next time I want to get another tattoo picture of her chubby face. Ow those lips, that kiss made me feel something I've never felt in ages.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I'm tired, it's in the middle of the month and people are always up and down in town. So my sister called me for groceries, like really? Couldn't she wait for mum to help her.

"I'm hungry," I've never eaten even one slice of cabo the whole day. If she's trying to kill me she better do it fast before I loose my temper.

"Will pass by steers and buy burgers for everyone. No cooking today." She's busy loading God knows what in the trolley. I see Zenzele approaching us and that made me wonder how did he know that we are here. He didn't even search for us, he just came directly to us. I put my hands on my waste waiting for him to talk but nigger doesn't. He just stands right in front of us and fishes for something in his pocket and his hand came out with a huge stack of money.

"Add to your groceries." He dumps the money on my sister's hand and leaves us in disbelief.

"Is he crazy!" I ask, who throws money around like this.

"More food for us. Let me count." She starts counting the money. "Another R3000! This man is loaded I tell you. Yazini bring another trolley." I'm looking at my crazy sister who's enjoying the supply chain money.

"What will mu....."

"Leave mum to me." She whistles and continues to shop in a happy mood. If our mother doesn't kill us today I'm sure by month end I will be dead.

After ordering a bunch of burgers we requested

for a cab.

"Get in." He orders as usual. Doesn't Zenzele have a life? Doesn't he have a girlfriend? Was he watching us all this while? Now I'm starting to freak out.

"Were you following us?" My voice came out as a whisper.

Instead of answering me the guy decides to load the plastics in the car without saying a word. Rude rat!

He drives us home with Uthinga blabbing all the way. My sister has a wide mouth, sometimes I even wish she could just shut up for a minute. He parks in front of the gate and helps us offload the groceries out of the car with my mother standing in front of the veranda with her hands on her hips. I did say I will be dead today.

"I hope you have a good explanation for coming home this late." It's only 5:00 on the dot.

"There's no food in the house, we wanted to surprise you.... right Zama." My evil sister. Uthinga just threw me under the bus just like that and the devil is smiling.

"Continue to lie." She spit fire. Brook Lesnar is out on the leash today.

"Why did you just lie?" I ask.

"Don't worry about her I got this. Stick to the plan, it's a voucher we won for entertaining a competition." Woman decides to leave me in a pot hole. My mother will deal with me that I know for sure.

"I was ready to demolish those bodies."

MaZama says, atleast the lies paid off. I've never lied to my parents before and right now I feel like shit.

"When is the competition again?" My mum asks.

"You enter it every month. Today was our lucky day. God decided to bless us. I'm just grateful for all the food in this house. When was the last time we had a fridge full of meat?"

"I'm going to call it an early night." We watch our father sadly walking to his bedroom. I believe being a father comes with alot of responsibilities. I may not know the pain my

father is feeling right now since his unemployed. My father is a family man and he loves taking care of his family. With him being unemployed, he feels like a failure. And I can see that it stresses him out at times. I have faith in him that one day he will find a job.

I'm yet to face another day tomorrow. When am I finishing school again? I cover my oversize body with a blanket trying to sleep and my phone beeps. ***If I knew better I would say I'm dumped*** I smile like an idiot. I've been trying so hard to forget about the mystery man but damn he is all over my mind.

What is your name? I press send after sending him the message hoping maybe he will reply and to my surprise he replies.

Anathi Myeza, that's all you should know for know. If I tell you about the real me I know you will probably run for your life.

I miss you Mr cute face. I wanted to bad to retake what I just sent but it was already too late the message has been sent. I'm also trying not to think too about what he just said.

And I miss you too sexy chubby cheeks. Goodnight buttercup, you have school tomorrow. I love you. I smile reading the conversation. So his name is Anathi Myeza, I think I need to do some digging about this man. I held my phone tight onto my chest and thought to myself.

"Maybe if look him up on Facebook I will find him." I say logging in on my Facebook. I don't

have any pictures of myself. My profile picture is empty and there is no useful information on my account. I navigate my phone searching for his name and I find tons of Anathi Myeza.

"Which one of you?" I continue to scroll down until a picture captured my eyes.

"No way," I say. I click on the picture trying to zoom it and it was him. He was with Zenzele and Sanele. These guys look alike. It's like they are a photocopy of each one. His account only has one picture. I'm not sure if he still uses this account but I'm just going to send a friend request anyway. If he accepts he accepts and if he doesn't screw him.

ANATHI MYEZA

I can't go a day without not seeing her face. I

want to know her every move, who she talks to, where she goes. I have this positivity whenever I think about her. Will she be able to come into my world? Is she still too young? What if I brake her? But not every relationship is perfect. It surely does have its ups and downs. I still have a long way to go.

"Stone, you have a visitor!" Who would visit me at this time of the night. Unless if someone pulled a few strings to come through. I walk down with my hands cuffed.

"Bongiwe," she's one of my fuck buddies. I wonder what she is doing here. "Ubekwa yini la?" I'm just annoyed.

"I can't take care of you son anymore, he is two years old." she pushes a picture of a little boy. I

pick it up and have a good look at it. "I'm going back home and my fiancé won't take him with me." She says and I just chuck not believing my ears.

"So I have a two year old son and not even once you bothered to tell me? You know what I won't even ask you any questions at this point. Take him to my mother's house early thing tomorrow morning. What's his name?" I ask, he is a replica of me.

"Mpilwenhle," she answers. "Look I'm sorry I did things this way, but I was forced by your actions. The way you threw me out of your house after fucking me the whole night killed me. You degraded me and I felt like a prostitution."

"So tell me, the man you marrying is more

important than your own son? I rest my case, you see now why I treated you like a prostitute? It's because you behave like one Bongiwe. Make sure by 7:00 sharp on the dot my son is at home." I standing up taking the photo shoving it in my pocket and head back to my cell.

This bitch is really stupid. How can she hide my son away from me for two whole fucken years. I missed out on him and there is Nokuthula who just disappeared into thin air. I have two kids I know nothing of, life will surprise you.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

Morning came and I'm so exhausted. How I hate school, who ever came up with a plan for us to study will never see heaven. I have no text messages from Anathi. I sigh getting of the bed feeling a bit annoyed and heartbroken. I don't

know whether I'm falling inlove or what. What if he decides to up and leave like the rest of them? I can't stand another humiliation in my life, I've been embarrassed all my life. Who falls for their stalkers? I should be scared to death, but the girl seems to be happy. I better talk to him about splashing money like that I'm not his charity case.

I don't see the use of bathing, I bath and sweat at the same time. It's worse when I lotion my body, it's like I'm wiping my sweat using body lotion. Everything just becomes a mess. That's why I always use a fan to dry my body before I lotion and after I lotion it. Thank goodness I bought new under garments yesterday, my sister suggested G-strings because of my wide ass. I feel more comfortable, I need to thank her later for the fact that I judged her knowledge skills.

I assume my father is still asleep, MaZama is already gone, it's funny how she gave birth to Uthinga and I'm just a step child but she prefers to be called by my name since I'm her last born. Who ever gave my father this woman knew what they where doing.

"I hope it's not a boy that's making you smile like that." I thought my father was asleep but I guess I was wrong.

"Hay baba, if only you knew. I just want to thank you for bringing MaZama into my life. No woman will ever do this for their step children. The love I get from her is magical, making it a bonus I gained a true sister in Uthanga." I feel like crying cause these people are my pillow of strength.

"Ow ndodakazi, your mother is a very remarkable woman. I met her at my lowest and she made me the man I am today. Why do you think I held on to her? It's because of her pure heart and warmth." My father replies with a prideful face.

"So is this how you guys gossip about me whenever I'm not around?" When did she come back?

"Hai mama, I thought you were at work." I say, how I love this woman.

"It's my day off sweetie." She makes her way in. Shoot I forgot, So this means no cooking after school.

"You know I love you right," I peck on her cheeks making my mother to giggle like a love sick puppy. I admire this woman with everything in me. "Don't do what I wouldn't do." I shout walking out the door. Here goes my mood drop, I hate school!

THICK MADAM

#06

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

It's June holiday's and I wouldn't be happier. I'm doing a spring cleaning in my room and I'm tired as Kak. How does my mum do this? She manages to spring clean her room every week, this is mere tourtue. MaZama has been breathing down my neck for applying in varsity but I'm not ready for the real world. It looks like high school is better than those rich snobs kids from varsity.

"I hope by the end of this week you will be done with applications. Angimufuni umahlalela Mina." MaZama reminds me, I know if I don't do exactly what she says, all will brake loose.

"Yebo mah." I fake a smile trying to skip the conversation. If only I could just start my own business and be a thick business woman. Mrs Sondezi really indeed resign. I still get sly comments from other pupils but I don't take it to heart cause I know this is my life. I should have been a depressed soul but I'm living my trying to be strong.

"Good." She says, this woman is my pillar of strength. I know she is pushing me to do good for myself and for this family. I know my sister will help me.

I've been cooped up in this house ever since school closed. I don't have anything to do, but today I decided to go out and see the world. I will pass by my sister's work place and surprise her lunch.

I've been waiting for a taxi for almost an hour but nothing, are the taxi's on strike on something? I hear whistles coming from afar and I feel my knees getting weak. I see a group of boys walking towards my direction and my heart jumps in fear. All the what if's are running through my mind. What if they violate me? What if I get robbed? What if they bully me for my fatness? I have alot of 'what if's' that I cannot answer.

"Stufuza," a guy from across the street greets and I greet back. I want to run away so bad but

my thick legs are stuck.

"Mamazi," Ndalamo looks at me with those lust full eyes. Ndalamo is known as a pevert. With him right infront of my eyes makes me want to poop on myself.

"Fresh thick meat." Siya has always called me thick but his comments never bugged me cause he used to compliment me all the time. But today I'm seeing another side of him which I'm scared of him. "You cute but hilariously fat. How does your man take care of you? I didn't expect these sly comments from him.

I'm wearing a dress not long enough to cover my knees. Now I regret it, why didn't I wear pants?

All five of them came closer and I was in the centre. If I scream now maybe no one will hear me. I'm panicking and scared for my life. These are the reasons we face of being thick. People take advantage of you and the situation. Someone spanked my butt and I was even afraid to turn around. Tears roll down my cheeks, this is what I fear most. Being violated by a group of men is extreme horror that woman don't heal from. Why can't I be skinny like all the other girls. Why am I fat alone?

"They say fat people bamunandi." Siya licks my face and I feel disgusted. The street is empty and I'm sure people are peeping through their windows to see what is happening but they won't bother to come out and help.

"P.....please don't do this," my voice came out as

a whisper. What will my mum say? Will I ever recover from what is about to happen? Their hands are all over my body. I froze when Siya grabbed my one and only virgina. "Siya please, ngyakucela don't do this to me." He forcefully pulls up my dress, I just realise that I'm about to be raped.

"Fusegi vayani!" I tint my head up to find Zenzele and Sanele with two other guys standing beside us.

"Zakes maan you don't disturb a man when they are about to eat." Siya tells Zenzele. I carried my thick legs and ran to Sanele and stood behind them.

"A friendly warning, don't play with Stones treasure you will get burnt." Zenzele tells them.

"Stone as in Stone?" Ndalamo looks like his been hit by a truck more like terrified. I guess this 'Stone' is dangerous. I've heard of him but I've never seen him.

"Hade bro wam." They turned to walk away. I sigh I relief noticing that I've just got saved.

"Next time press here," Zenzele grabs my hand that has a bracelet on and shows me a red diamond. Now I'm confused.

"This is a red diamond, what does it do?" I'm still shaking from the horrific incident that was about to happen.

"Whenever you don't feel safe or you feel like

someone is following you, you press that button. We will not always be around you." Zenzele explains but still he doesn't tell me what it is for. What's the use of asking them questions, they always answer the opposite. I just nod understanding what I've just been told. My mood just died down I'm no longer going to town. I don't feel safe anymore.

"I'm just going to go home, I think it's safe." I say and turn to walk away but Sanele grabs my arm.

"We going home, enter the car!"

"Do you guys ever ask?" They are starting to annoy me seriously. Why command instead of asking. I just had a bad morning and they are making it worse. "I don't have to ask you twice.

" He pushes me gently towards the car, I sigh cause I have no energy in me. I'm emotionally tired. Even if I were to open a case, what will I say to the cops? Will the perpetrators be arrested for harassment? This is just messing up with me.

"Must I report this incidence to the cops? Last time I went to the police station I was advised to never in a million years set my got there.

"No, leave that to us." Sanele answers back.

I'm looking outside the window, we live in the same area but different extensions. Zenzele parks the car in front of this huge double story. What a house and I'm wondering what the hell am I doing here. If they are on a mission to finish what those boys started they might as

well do it now.

"Come," Zenzele is good at ordering people around. I wonder who is the oldest. We walk into the house finding a beautiful woman sitting on the couch knitting. I stand behind Zenzele and Sanele not to sure what to do next.

"MaMyeza," their mother stops knitting and looks at us under her glasses she's wearing. "This is Zamadwala Shabane. Zama this is your mother in-law." Zenzele introduce us. I felt my world spinning, my spinal cord felt paralyzed. I wish the ground could swallow me.

"Sawubona mah," I greet praying she responds. How the hell did I get here again? Just minutes ago I was this once centimetre of being sexually assaulted and now I'm meeting the in-

laws I know nothing about.

Instead of acknowledge my presence woman decides to keep quite, she took her bloody good time looking at me from head to toes making me very uncomfortable.

"Spin around," MaMyeza tells me. I cannot believe that this is happening right now. What is this woman trying to achieve? Her eyes are burning my skin making me to shift uncomfortably. I spin around slowly looking down feeling yet again violated. My rights are being crushed right now.

"Atleast Anathi has taste. I didn't cook..... the kitchen is there." She points out and continues to knit. What and embarrassment, this woman is rude. She doesn't even know me but yet she's already slaving me around. Can't I get a brake?

"Follow me," Sanele says poking my arm. I sigh feeling irritated and I follow him this huge gigantic kitchen. I feel small, when comparing my home to this house I'm in right now, I feel belittle.

"Everything is in there." He walks out leaving me stunned. What kind of people are they? I have a feeling that I just threw myself into the lion's den.

I'm annoyed and angry, I should slaving at home but I'm slaving emzini yabantu I don't even know. I feel stupid right now, I don't even know this God damn Anathi. I thank my mother for teaching me how to cook, if it wasn't for her I would have been a disappointing train smash. Atleast I'm done cooking, it's nothing drastic just phuthu and beef with a potato salad and

boiled broccoli. I'm tidying up the kitchen when I hear a noise of a child. He looks so much like the mystery man, the young man smiles and continues to run. At least I'm done I can now go home. I'm sweating and tired, my feet are aching. At home I get to sit and cook but here I have to bloody stand!

"You can dish up for us." This woman is getting on my case. She was knitting in the sitting room and now she's here annoying me.

I dish up for everyone including me, since I'm hungry. The table was silent and I am hella uncomfortable.

"You passed the test, welcome to my home," MaMyeza smiles warmly, I don't know whether she is pretending or what. "Now I know my son will never go hungry." She adds, her plate is

wiped clean and she even dished up some more for herself. I sigh in relief, at least the food was enjoyable.

"She sure can cook." Zenzele says standing up and picking the plate he was eating from and went to the kitchen.

"Meet your son Mpilwenhle." MaMyeza introduce us. I nod acknowledging the presence of the supposed 'son' I don't even know.

"Where is Anathi?" I ask, I've been asking him for the past weeks and he refuses to tell me. "It's very strange on how he knows so much about me. My likes and dislikes. My favourite colour, my favourite dish, my favourite clothing. If I knew better I would say he is a spy. I should be scared of him but I just feel warm around

him. The time he visited me at the hospital h....."
she cut me short before I could even continue.

"He visited you at the hospital.?" She seems shocked. "This boy wants to send me to my early grave." She closed her eyes taking a deep breath. "He will tell you everything when the time is right." Now I want to know what is the problem.

"Do you have any pictures of him?" I ask and she smiles standing up going to her bedroom coming back with an album. He looks cute and dangerous. He is the eldest and a troublesome child. I wish they could open up to me and tell me where he is. I've been dumped two times and I can't take another rejection.

"My husband left us with nothing when he

decided to be with the love of his life. Anathi had to step up and take care of us with his siblings. Life was not like this for us. We do know how it feels to sleep with an empty stomach. We do know how it feels to eat left overs from other people. My son's stood by me and wiped my tears." She further explains, atleast someone is warming up to me.

"His son how old is he?"

"Mpilwenhle is two years old. We didn't know about him until a few weeks back. His mother didn't even bother to tell the father that she was pregnant. She brought the child to us cause her 'supposed' husband told her that he can't marry her if she still leaves with her son."

"Wow, what a mother." I'm shocked, if a man

doesn't accept my kid he can surely forget about marrying me.

"But now he has a mother." She brushes my hand making me feel uncomfortable. What have I gotten myself into!

ANATHI MYEZA

"I hope MaMyeza didn't bully my butter cup." I know my mother if she doesn't like you she tells you straight to the face and she's not a pretender.

"She didn't, umshove ekishini. I like how your everyday crush woman is calm and damn she can cook." Sanele compliments and I give him that 'don't annoy me look. That woman is mine

and mine alone. She is young for me but she will eventually warm up to me. "OMaSiya noNdalamo were trying to trespass on your property." Sanele tells me and I feel my chest closing up. It hurts me that I'm here all locked up and she's out there in the world full of or perverts.

"Rough them up." I say standing up and grabbing the container that has food inside. I walk back to my cell finding Spikes talking to himself. He stops talking and looks at the container.

"Ntwana." He grabs the container and opens it, the aroma of a delicious smell fills up the cell cage I'm in. "Ngane this looks delicious." He goes and washes his hands. We don't have spoons guess we will be using our hands to dig in. The smell

of food made me forget that I was angry. I'm now smiling to myself enjoy this scrumptious meal that my brother bought for me.

"Shuuuuu," I say licking my lips. It's been long since I last ate such delicious food.

"Ay this person can cook." Spike says laying on his tiny single bed.

"That food was prepared by my one and only dliiso." Spikes sits straight up looking at me, I suppose he wants me to continue but I won't.

"I just ate someone's bekha mina ngedwa, I'm cursed." Spike can light up your mood. I pull my phone underneath my pillow. I want to hear her voice so bad but I'm not sure. I dial her numbers

and her phone rings and she finally picks up with a sleepy voice.

(CALL CONVO)

"Mthakathi hello," I shake my head smiling. Just because I called her at night she now thinks I'm a witch.

"Butter cup..... is this how you great you mysterious man." I say and I hear her breathing pattern changes. She must be shocked and I don't blame her.

"A..... Anathi," she's whispering my name so beautifully. I look at my member and I have an erection.

"Yea it's me. I just miss your voice and I miss you " I say.

"Wow," she's speechless. "I met your mother and your son." She tells me. I knew my mother will not rest until she meets the woman that stole my heart. I don't have a bond with my son and it hurts me. Atleast my brothers are there to assist with him. Butter cup meeting my son makes me happy.

"It pains me that I just knew him just weeks ago. I hope he didn't trouble you."

"He is an angel. Where are you? Why do you refuse to tell me about your whereabouts? Who waits for a person they don't even know for five

years?" Her voice is down, what if she gives up on me and decides to move on? If I tell her now will she accept me for who I am.

"If I tell you the truth you will probably hate me forever butter cup. I'm trying to protect you " I say trying to convince her.

"The truth shall set you free. Look I accepted your son and I'm sure whatever is going on I will accept it too." She's pushing me to open up to her. I sigh rubbing my face.

"I'm in jail butter cup, there you have it I'm in jail!" I half yell and there was silence on the phone. I drop the call and throw my phone aside, I close my eyes listening to the fast and the furious heart beat.

"Fuck!" I say punching the wall.

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THICK MADAM

#07

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

So I have been communicating with a jail bird, Mr orange uniform. I feel so stupid right now. How can I fall for this trap? So he is arrested?

"Wow, how stupid can you be Zama?" I say to myself. I'm angry with myself. I should be probably hating myself. What was he arrested for? How did he know me? There are a lot of questions I want to ask him, but for now it's better that I keep my distance. So his mother knows that her son is in jail and she just

pretends as if everything seems fine. How can people be this cruel? What if he planted cameras in my room since he knows my every moves? I search every corner of my room with somuch anger livid inside of me. I'm tired of searching and this sweat is giving me a hard time. I sit on top of the bed and thought to myself. It's time I make a wise decision, if I don't make that decision now I would be the most stupidest girl ever.

Stay away from me I press send and waited for a reply but he doesn't reply. Did I make the right decision? Do I love him? Does he loves me? If he does he will let me be and let me live my life to the fullest. I look at the dangers that have been following me around. Ever since that man came into my life I have not known peace. I always look over my shoulders thinking who is following me or who's going to

hurt me. It's time I start my life on a clean slate without criminals. I wonder what was he arrested for.

ANATHI MYEZA

Wow, this was expected but let me not push her. But what I know is that Thick Mama is mine. I am going to let her explore life, I will let her get heart broken from those skrrr skrrr boys. If only she knew I was protecting her from the cruel world she wouldn't be dumping me this easily. I sigh with a broken heart looking at the walls of Jericho.

"Trouble in paradise, I can see it in your eyes ntwana." Spikes decides to interrupt my thinking session.

"I told her everything and she dumped me." I tell him.

"Slima, why didn't you say you are in Iraq. You can't come down there are booms left right and center. So no more good food ntwana?" I look at him not believing he just said that.

"Spikes I got dumped and you are here thinking about food." I shake my head, whoever made Spikes to be my cell mate I will forever hate him.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

Holidays are over and it's back to school. The sun is blazing hot making my skin to shrink. I'm walking to school and damn I'm already tired

and sweating. I was hoping for the guys to pick me up but none of them came. Could it be Anathi instructed them not to pick me up anymore? My phone has been very quite lately. No text messages and I kinder miss that. Maybe it's now time I focus more on school and forget about everything else.

"Hey sweet mama, can I give you a lift to school?" A car parks besides me. A fine looking sexy man licks his lips making me to blush. I'm thinking about the distance I'm about to walk. A lift won't hurt.

"Please I'm already dieing." I enter the car making it bounce a little.

"Daman girl you just made my car move. You better loose some kilos if you wanna hang out

with me." He says taking off. That statement hit hard and my day has been ruined already.

I direct him to school and he parks outside the gate. "have you ever tried hlasela amafutha for everyone?" He asks with his eyes fixed on me.

"No," I answer feeling disappointed and ashamed of my weight. He doesn't even know me but he is already ambushing me about my weight.

"You should, you don't healthy and sexy. Since you my girl now you better loose some." He tells me reaping the little confidence that I have left in me.

This is verbal and direct in nature of abuse. Us people who are over weight are an easy target to vultures. We are often called names on daily basis, punched, ganged up on. It is imperative

that we address bullying in our schools and neighbourhoods and communities because every person has the right to feel safe and secure. There is only one person who made me feel comfortable in my body and that's the jail bird Anathi.

I get out of his car with my mood dropped. How can one person say this to another human being? I walk towards the school gate with glisters in my eyes not believing what just happened.

"Hey look I'm sorry. Give me your number I will make it up to you." He takes out his phone giving it to me. I was reluctant giving him my number's but I eventually did. "I will call you later." He squeezes my cheeks and drives off leaving me smiling. Maybe this is my night and shining armour.

I've been checking my phone the whole day but no messages, no miss calls. I don't even know the guys name. I don't even know nothing about him. How can I risk my life again like this! I walk inside the school premises. School will forever be the same, boring and those sly comments won't end anytime soon. Home time came pretty soon and I couldn't wait to be home. I get home finding my mother in the kitchen in a happy mood. If she's singing this loud this means she got some.

"MaZama, you seem to be in a happy mood." I say hugging her.

"Why wouldn't I be in happy mood when my husband....." She presses her lips together. What did I say..... this means my father gave her

well. Such awkwardness.

"Don't even go further," I laugh heading straight to my room. My phone beeps.

Meet me by the corner

I jump up and down in excitement. I know it's him, I quickly change into my floral dress at least my mother is home cooking. I'm just going to say I'm going to buy airtime.

"I'm off to the shops." I shout walking out the door. She won't even notice I am not there. She's in a happy mode. I walk down the streets and I see him standing outside the car leaning against the door.

"Hey," I greet him and he smiles. His smile is

cold and not genuine.

"Let's go for a ride." We scroll around the loxtion, I'm bored but I don't want to disappoint the guy. I'm not feeling him at all. He parks his car at some house.

"This is my humble home, let's go in." We walk inside of the house and it was spotless clean.

"Nice house," I say admiring it. One day I wish I can renovate my parents house and make it bigger.

"Juice?"

"Yes please." I make myself comfortable on the couch looking at the pictures on the wall. He come back with a can of Coke.

"Here," handing me a can. "Maybe it will burn all the fat who knows." He says shrugging his shoulders.

"Thank you." I take the can of Coke and put it aside. That statement cut deep. Why did I even agree to meet up with him.

He sits besides me and starts brushing my thighs.

"Can I kiss you?" I nod my head blushing. He slides closer next to me grabbing my neck and kisses me. His kiss is cold but I just wanted to enjoy the moment. When was the last time I kissed a man. Our kiss got heated. He is now on top of me brushing my body and cupping my breasts. "We won't have sex I just want to suck you." I agree because their won't be any object

entering my cookie. My clothes were flying across the room, I am now fully naked. He goes down to my cookie jar area and started fingering me. I my body tensed up a bit feeling uncomfortable. It kind of hurt cause I only had sex twice.

"Wait," I say trying to push him off but he was just too strong for me. I look at his half naked body and my heart raced up uncontrollably. As I am still fighting him I feel something cold trying to rubbing against my cookie jar. Reality kicked in I am about to be raped and there is no one to help me. No Zenzele, no Sanele. I don't even know the name of the man who is on top of me. How can I be this stupid to fall for a trap.

"Please stop." I try to close to thighs, with him inbetween it's impossible. I doubt he's wearing a glove. My mind travels back to what Zenzele once did. The man he once shot, all those

bullets that were emptied right in front of my eyes. I felt the energy to push the man that is on top of me.

"What the fuck you stupid bitch! Do you seriously think I will give you a lift for free. You have to pay me by sleeping with me. You have to let me fuck you. I'm doing you a favour, no one will want to fuck a big cow like you. You even smell, you stink of vomit. So don't make yourself special cause you are not. Now let me do this and take you home." He gets up from the floor and comes straight at me with those scary cold eyes. I think I made a decision I regret now. I curl on the couch trying to disembark away from him but I was just slow as a tortoise.

"Please don't do this." I'm fully naked and

sweating from fear. My whole body is covered with sweat. I hug my upper body squeezing myself tight. I rub my hands together trying to beg him not to anything to me. He is standing there with his cock peeping through his trunk. His pants is still tacked on just lowered a bit. I can't even cry, I'm afraid, I'm ashamed of the person I have become over night.

"Don't patronise me I know you want this as much as I do." He adds and starts running his hands on my back making me to shiver. I fight him off trying to brake free. I mistakenly pressed the red button on my bracelet and it started beeping non stop. The man stopped and looked at me searching for the sound. He scanned around and scoffed. The sound started beeping faster by the minute, the door burst open making me to scream. Two scary buff guys came in. "Who the fuck are you?"

"Get dressed." One of the guys tell me. I slowly stand picking my clothes on the floor and wore them. At this point I don't care who's looking at my naked body. I'm shivering and shattered. When did I become this Zama? "Go to the car and wait for us."

Again I'm being ordered by two women I don't even know but again I'm trusting them. There's something inside of me that is missing. Something inside of me tells me that I broke my missing puzzle. Anathi came into my life and brightened it regardless the circumstances. He is in jail yes but not even once he has done or say something that will kill me emotionally. I didn't even give him the time to explain himself. I'm sitting in the car wondering with my thoughts. For a 18 year old to face so much problems In life it hurts. I don't even hear these two guys entering the car.

I need to put my pride aside and do this. I need to face the world, I need to be strong I can't fall back now I've come too far.

"In which jail is Anathi at?" I ask and I see shock written on their faces.

"Aibo he told you?" One of the buff guys ask. His voice is deep and scary.

"Yes, can you take him to me it's important." I beg them. I don't even know why I want to see Anathi at this point. I'm not even making sense.

One clears their throat, "are you sure miss?" He asks.

"Yes, please." They turn the car around. The drive was not that long. So he was arrested in Westville prison. One of them went out of the car and spoke to one of the..... I assume it's one of the wardens. Their handshake was suspicious and indeed they were plotting something. He came back.

"We can go it, Mthongo will stay in the car." I nod getting out of the car and followed him behind. My feet were wobbly. What am I even doing here? My life is one complicated diary I cannot describe myself. I sat down in this empty room anxiously. I started sweating all over again.

ANATHI MYEZA

"Some thick mama is here to see you." Steven my friend tells me. He is also one of the

wardens who got my back in facility. I wonder who is this mama he is talking about. I follow him behind slowly not to sure whether to proceed or stop. I always have visitors but none of them made me feel like this. We pass the visiting area and I'm wondering where am I being taken to. Now this is getting suspicious. We continued to walk and luckily this time around I'm not chained I'm free. We reached a door that is in an very awkward area. It looks like no one comes this side. Steven opens the door for me and I see her. My heart's stops beating, maybe my mind is playing tricks on me. She's looking at me and I am looking right back at at her. We looked at each other in comfortable silence staring at each other's eyes. What is she doing here? Who brought her here?

"Butter cup," I manage to say. Her eyes immediately turn red and she starts to cry. She

throws herself in my arms letting it all out. I hugged her back still wondering what's happening. My blood is hot and damn she's making me horny.

"Shhhh it's okay." I brush her back trying to shush her down.

"You have an hour." Steven tells me. He walks out and locking the door leaving me with my Queen. I've always wanted to have her in my arms. At this point it feels like I'm dreaming. We hug for the longest time listening to our breaths and heart beats.

No one has said a word, she looks prettier in person. "So, what brings you here? I thought you wanted nothing to do with me." I ask her. She looks down and heavily sigh.

"I want my mysterious man back." She shoots

telling me straight to my face. Her tone and facial expression says it all. Now we are talking, my woman is not weak that has been confirmed.

THICK MADAM

#08

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"I don't even know why I'm here. I don't even know what lead me to this place. I just felt empty, my heart has this void I cannot explain. I somehow feel connected to you even though I don't even know you. This is my second time seeing you and I assume you've known me for the longest." I smile looking at him. We are sitting down comfortably on a sponge we found here. Atleast it's covered with plastic. Anathi is leaning against the wall with me sitting in-between his legs. My back is facing him and he has his arm around my waist.

"I knew you since you were in grade six. I remember clearly you were twelve and I was eighteen at that time. You're eighteen now and I'm now twenty-four. I know it's absurd that I keep track of record for everything. The first day I laid my eyes on you, I Knew right then that you are the one for me."

"So you have been watching me all along?" I ask. I'm glad I'm here with the stranger I'm falling inlove with.

"Yes, I enjoyed watching your cute innocent face. You didn't go a day without eating those squashed cakes.. what do you call them?"

"Broken cakes. Why are you here?" What a

dumb question I asked. Obviously he broke the law that is why he is here.

"Robbery gone wrong. I'm not proud of what I do, but it's something that puts food on the table. My mother is too old to be slaving for someone. Our father left us to go be with his other family that's where I had to step in and be a man. I dropped out of school since we were struggling alot." He stops and takes a deep breath. "That house was a one room shack. You see I was not like this growing up but the situation at hand forced me to change."

"Wow, there's so much going on." I say to him. I judged him before hearing the reason behind this orange uniform.

"I have two kids and I knew nothing about them.

They say my first daughter is five. Her mother disappeared into thin air and than there's Mpilwenhle who's living with my mother. My life is upside down and I carry alot of baggage." He tells me. I've never been this connected to any other man. I'm eighteen yes, I may still look young but what I know about myself is, I am way to very much matured for my age. Even if I face any situation at hand I do not lash out I control myself.

"What's that you want from me?" I ask, maybe he also wants to do a hit and run.

"A wife in you, a person to grow old with. A woman who will be a mother to my kids. And a woman that will be a daughter to my mother." He sounds sincere, should I trust him?

"I was almost violated today. The jerk almost raped me," I laugh shaking my head. "If it was not for this bracelet which I was technically forced to wear. I don't know what would have been with me." I honestly say, what would have happened if he succeeded into having his way with me?

"Trust no one but yourself butter cup. The only reason I let you go is, I wanted you to see the real world for what it is. Not all of us come with true intentions. I'm in jail yes but my intentions and love for you is pure like a new born baby. What I feel for you is real. I may make my mistakes and fuck up but I know I have a strong young woman by my side who will help me dust myself off and help me move on. I know that you are being bullied for your size, I know the struggles you facing. I hate it when you are being body shamed, but you know what.... I like

them thick, you make me go mad. With this body you have," he kept quite and ran his hands on my bare arms causing my blood to yearn for him. "I can't wait to fuck you, make you cry for Jesus to come save you. I want to paralyze you so bad." He caressed his hands on my punani making me to breathe out loud. His touches is making my body wring in excitement.

"You see this belongs to me and only me now. I hate sharing butter cup. I'm a very jealous type and I kill for what's mine and for what I love." He pushes his finger inside of me making me to moan. We are still sitting in the same position. "From today onwards know that this is my territory and I will try to protect you at all cost." He bits my ear lobe, he used his other hand to open my legs a bit wider with his other finger deep inside of me. I gave him full access, my body betrayed me. He rubbed my clit gently

whilst sucking my neck. Since I'm light skin I'm sure he is leaving a mark. His warm breathe is not helping either it's just making things worse. Fuck people, fuck the world. I am doing me, it's time I do something wilfully, something that I will not and never regret. I want him to fuck me right here and right now.

"Please.. please fuck me," I whimper in a soft cry. I want him so bad, I want him deep inside of me.

"Are you sure butter cup?" He asks.

"Yes," I'm positively sure about my decision. It's him that I want. He stands up taking off his orange two piece uniform and he is left in his trunk. His dick is pointing at my direction making me to swallow a hard dry lump. He is

pretty gifted down there.

He helps me stand and makes me sit on top of the table with my dress pulled up. He is standing in-between my legs squeezing my thighs.

"I like how firm your body is. I know five years is a lot but can you wait for me?" He asks pulling me closer to him. He is looking at me with those hungry eyes. That kiss makes my imagination run wild. Our tongues are tangled and twisted deep into each other's mouths. His thick soft wet pink lips are making wonders.... So this is how it feels to kiss someone who is attracted to you. He inserted his finger again moving it in and out of me slowly. I admit he knows his game. He pulls his trunk down freeing his cock. It is pumping hard as a rock. He held it gently and rubbed his dick against my clit. He gently inserted himself and pushed but

the pain is fucken damn hurting.

"Ouch," I say, he slaps my thighs making me to open them wider. His kiss is making me loose all the senses in me. He inserted again and this time around my virgina walls stretched accomodating his big thick cock. "Ahhhh," I whimper softly holding on tight onto his arms. I've never had sex on top of a table before. I guess there's always a first time for everything.

"I asked you a question butter cup, will you wait for me?" He asks again, he is still moving in and out of me very slowly in a circular motion. I moan loud making him to shut me up with a kiss. "Answer me when I ask you a question." He comes to me hard making the table to move making a squeaky sound who ever said vanilla sex is the best, I totally agree. He has his head

is buried on my neck sucking it for dear life.

"Ow," I fail to answer. My emotions are all over the place. What do I do with myself. He begins to move fast making the table to shake more. He held my legs holding them high opening my legs wider. He is deep inside of me. "Anathi," I call out for him, I dip my nails on his strong shoulders.

"Shit!" He curses moving faster and faster. Our moans were filling up the prison office. "Answer me woman!" He pumps me harder making me more weak.

"Yes," I say softly biting my lower lip trying to prevent the moans coming out of my mouth.

"I can't hear you." He is way too fast pumping me like there's no tomorrow. My legs are shaky.

"YES," I fail to control voice. His body tenses up groaning like an animal dripping of sweat. He shoots his loads inside of me.

"I love you." He whispers panting sending a hot funny sensation.

"I love you too." I say looking at his tiny red eyes. If this is the risk I'm taking for falling inlove with a jail bird than so be it!

I use his vest to wipe myself clean and he helps me to dress myself. My G-string is wet, there's no use wearing it. I wrap it neatly shoving it in my breasts.

"Come here," he pulls me into a tight warm hug making me to want more of him again. "Thank you, you really don't know how much this means to me." He spanks my butt making me to giggle. While lost in each other's eyes a loud bang collides making us to look in that direction. "What the fuck!" Anathi says.

"Hawemah," we look at each other and burst into laughter. The table just broke down. The door opens and the warden comes in.

"Wow, what happened in here?"

"Ask no questions, here no lies my brother."
Anathi responds looking at me. The warden lifts his hands up in surrender.

"Time is up, let's go back before Mdlalose notices." We hug each other for the last time and we go our separate ways. I walk out of prison with a funny walk.

"Hehehe ugrand sistera? Mthonga likes news. I don't know him but I can sense that he is a gossiper.

That man gave me good, my abdomen hurts which means he pumped right into that spot.

I went back home it was now in the afternoon. Coming back from prison I passed by the shops and did a little bit of shopping just so that my mother won't notice. I still have the money that Anathi gave me. I should be breaking down after what happened with that guy I don't even know. But I'm here blushing like a love sick

puppy. I just got laid in prison!

ANATHI MYEZA

I did it on purpose. I know she is not on any contraceptives and I'm one hundred percent sure that the morning after pill won't come across her mind. I'm not trying to ruin her future but I want something that will forever bind us together. Sometimes you got to make a selfish decision to protect what's yours.

"Manje ndoda falakahliyana itafula labelungu." Spikes is enjoying this. The way he is laughing his lungs out.

"Just like that. This is what I want, breaking every furniture in the house. You should have

seen her smile, her angelic laugh ntwana. I'm telling you my dliiso dliised me more." I can't help but to fall deeper for her. She now knows she belongs to me and only me alone.

"I think I should get myself a thick one. Heh ndoda you even glowing." Spikes tells me.

"Futsek!" He laughs shaking his head. I can't deal with this lunatic of a cell mate.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I want to text but I'm scared. I'm going through my WhatsApp contacts looking at people's profile pictures. I only have four contacts on my phone and it's frustrating. My heart stops when I looks at Anathi's number. So the dude has

WhatsApp. Are phones allowed in jail? I forgot to ask. I greet him and he greets back.

CHAT CONVO

"Aibo, are phones allowed in jail? " Curiosity killed a cat.

"Connections butter cup. How is my vanilla ice-cream ?"

I blush cause I know what his talking about.

"Sore, I think I need stiches "

"Put ice cubes you will be fine." Is he mad? How

can I put ice cubes in my virgina!

"Are you crazy?"

"Yes I am, I am crazy inlove with you butter cup ."
" No man has ever made me feel this way before. I hope I'm not signing my life away.

"I think I'm falling for you too ." And indeed I am falling hard and deep for him. I go offline after having that crazy talk with him. Even if he is in jail he knows how to put a smile on my face. I smiles thinking about the love making we made in prison. I have no regrets of what we did. If given a chance I could do it over and over again.

ZIPHO SHONGWE

"Your father is Shongwe. I don't know who filling who has been feeding you with this nonsense!" My mother breathes fire. I may be young but I know Shongwe the man she married is not my biological father. I'm different from my siblings. They are all dark and I'm light skinned. They are all skinny and I'm fat. I'm fifteen doing grade nine. The treatment I get from them is excruciating, I grew up in a toxic environment. I always wondered why am I different from everyone else. I'm treated like an outcast most of the times, I've been observing from a very young age. I grew up promising myself that one day when I'm old enough I shall seek for the truth.

"Do you even care about my feelings? Do you even care about how I feel? Does it make you happy knowing that I cry myself to sleep? You side with everyone in this house besides me.

I'm always wrong in front of your eyes, I'm never perfect no matter how hard I try for you to notice me. What ever abomination I have ever committed to you mother please forgive me." I wipe my tears, my heart is broken and hurt. I grab my school bag and walked out of the house. Maybe if I just die now it will bring me peace. I'm never treated like a child in that house. Shongwe told me to my yesterday straight to my face that he hates me and I'm finishing his food that he works hard for. I should go look for my father.

I've been always a chubby ever since I can remember. I've been called names and body shamed.

"Mafutha awuqhele." The group of girls pass me by teasing me as usual. If only my mother could see that I'm struggling and hurting deep inside. I'm asthmatic and I can't go a minute without

using my pump. I'm always wheezing and I have eczema at the back of my legs and around my neck. It becomes a struggle when I sweat because it's itches and have blisters.

I arrive at school thirty minutes later. Thankfully it's still assembly, I have no friends, I'm a loner and I love my life that way.

Being size 36 at fifteen is really traumatizing. I get bullied easily and I don't fight back cause I don't know how to. I just can't wait to finish school so I could just live my life and forget about my toxic mother!

THICK MADAM

#09

ZIPHO SHONGWE

Khono thwele Thina singathwele

Khono thwele Thina singathwele

Khono thwele Thina singathwele

The whole school is singing cheerfully clapping hands enjoying the moment. I have a brick on top of my head. I feel alienated and powerless. I'm being called fat and ugly, almost my entire life. Is 'fat' really the worst thing a human being can be? Is 'fat' worse than vindictive, shallow, cruel, vain or boring? I can't hold on any longer the torture is too much. The pain I'm feeling now is the pain I do not even wish upon my worst enemy. Us girls, we don't decide to just hate our bodies but these bullies teach us too. Everything is fuzzy and I'm running out of breath. If I remove the brick on my head they will be beat up for disobeying their rules. They say they rule the school, they make me run

around the school like a monkey. I didn't even get to eat my lunch.

"She just peed on herself." I hear one of the pupils say. I tried holding on but I was beyond pressed. I let it all out, "piggy's ewu sies." They walk away leaving me bursting into tears. This emotional state is killing me bit by bit. I throw the brick on the ground and ran as fast as I could. I'm not running I'm more like walking fast cause when I run, I run out of breath than start wheezing. I'm outside the gate not to sure which direction to take. Maybe if I end my life once and for all won't be a bad idea.

A taxi approaches in full speed, this is the only opportunity I have. I take all the strength in me throwing myself in front of the taxi. I feel my body Freeze and I feel like I'm about to have a fit. Everything is fuzzy and I feel my body getting lighter.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"Baba, are you sure you're okay?" My father has been off since yesterday. He has been having bad dreams and has been unable to sleep. It worries me cause he will be all alone during the day.

"I feel like sleeping." He says trying to stand up but he falls back down. His eyes roll back and he starts to shake vigorously. His saliva is dripping out on the side of his mouth.

"Baba, baba," I panic not knowing what to do. The first thing that came into my mind is my mother. I snatch my phone and dial her numbers and she is not picking up. I try for the

third time finally she picks up.

"MaZama ubaba uwile. He is not moving. I think he is dead! My father is dead mah. He is still shaking." I can't loose my father just like that, what will life be without him? What will I be without him?.

"Zamadwala! You not making any sense. You know what I'm coming, do not do anything." MaZama drops the call. I turn to look at my father who is still laying on the floor. I check to see if he's still breathing and relief wash over. He is still breathing which means he is alive.

An hour later my mother comes in more like flying and panting.

"How is he? What happened." She's touching

every part of his body.

"I was about to leave for school when he collapsed. I placed him on the couch so he could be comfortable." I can't brake down, my mother needs me. "I think we should take him to the hospital." I suggest and my mother agrees. Calling an ambulance will take forever and already we have lost an hour. I take my phone texting Sanele.

Hay I need your help. Can you please, please help me take my father to the hospital. I press send.

Coming. He replies, thank God he is available. Minutes later a text comes through. ***Open I'm outside.*** I open the door and he is not alone Zenzele came by. My mum is still

hovering and fussing over my dad. Atleast now his eyes and mouth are closed properly.

"Mama we need to take him to the hospital." I touch her shoulder. Her face is full of tears and that broke my heart a million pieces.

"He will be fine MaZama just be strong for him." I say.

She nods her head wiping her face using the back of her hand. Zenzele and Sanele stepped in and they carried my father to the car. I run to my room to quickly go change my school uniform. I need to inform Uthinga.

Father collapsed, we are taking him to the hospital at King Edward.

I step out of the house and lock the door since

everyone was already in the car waiting for me. Yesterday I was happy and today I'm sad. From Chesterville to King Edward..... it's not that far, it's still in the morning and I hope they just attend to him as quickly as possible.

ANATHI MYEZA

My buttercup didn't go to school today. Her father is sick, I wish I was there to comfort her. But glad she told one of my brothers to assist which means she is slowly getting in the hang of things. I can't seem to forget what happened yesterday, I still feel her warmth flesh and that strawberry smell. Damn that girl will be the death of me. Now that I have opened up to her and she knows what I do for a leaving feels like a huge burden has been lifted off my shoulders. What I like about her is she understands and

gives you time to explain yourself. For someone her age she's way too matured and strong. I would have also lashed out when someone I'm dating tells me they are in jail. I would probably run for my life, but yena she lashed out and came back for explanation.

I'm standing under the shower listening to the cold water calming my muscles. I'm working hard to keep my body in shape. I sense that someone is behind me.

"Ntwana watch out!" Spike screams in warning. But unfortunately it was too late the sharp object was already in me. I've been stabbed. I don't even know who stabbed me, why didn't he fight me like a man? Sirens buzz in warning making everyone to run out of the shower. I lose strength and power, I kneel down trying to

sustain my breathing but I'm failing to control myself.

"Ntwana don't die on me." I hear Spikes voice from afar. My eyes are becoming foggy and heavier. Everything becomes black.

Steven came in rushing and saw Anathi laying on Spike's thighs helplessly. Steven knew what just happened and there is no reason to ask.

"Did you touch the knife?" Steven asks Spikes and Spikes shakes his head no. A smile creeps on Steven's face. Steven took out a plastic bag pulling the knife out of Anathi making sure not to leave any traces of his finger prints. He hides the knife in his boots. Whenever he gets time he will ask the lab to take a look at it. He does suspect that someone was sent to kill Anathi.

And he will do whatever it takes to know who sent that inmate to kill his brother Anathi.

The paramedics came in rushing attending to the stabbed prisoner.

"The wound is too deep, they need to run an x-ray to check of any survive damages.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

We are still waiting for the doctors to inform us on what's going on. MaZama has been pacing up and down giving me a Hella headache. I see paramedics rushing in with a school kid who looks unconscious and badly injured sleeping peacefully on the stretch. Shame I'm sure she was knocked down by a car. They walk past us with this school girl and my heart beats rapidly.

My heart beat is not normal, this has never happened before.

"Are you okay." MaZama asks, I fake a smile not wanting to stress her any further. Maybe I'm just stressed that my father just fell ill without warning because yesterday all was well.

"Nkosiyethu Shabane," the doctor call out for my father's name and my mother rushes to the doctor.

"What happened? How is he doing? Is he awake? Can I see him?" My mother asks a hundred questions at a time. I can sense panic in her voice.

"They results came back and your husband

shows that he is a very healthy man Mrs Shabane. We are going to keep him overnight to conduct more test. He is awake you can see him." The doctor tells us, if they can't pick up anything than what is wrong with my father. We walk inside the ward scan around the hospital beds until we spotted him. He was thinking into thin space thinking. Maybe this thing of him for not providing for his family is stressing him alot.

"Baba kodwa nkosi yami. Kwenzenjani ngampela?" Worry cannot be missed on my mother's voice.

"I don't know MaZama, I just felt tired and my heart had a sharp pain." He proclaims and sighs sadly.

"Ow Nkosi Yami Jehovah." MaZama cries, she

can't afford to lose her husband. Not now not ever!

"I will be back." I tell my mother and she nods in agreement. I hate to see the state my father is in. How do I make him better? How do I take the pain away? I sit outside the benches trying to catch a breather. I wonder where's Zenzele and Sanele, we left them here. I scan my surroundings and I spot the warden I once saw the time I went to see Anathi yesterday in prison. It looks like they are having heated argument with Zenzele. I wonder what he is doing here. I look at the stretcher beside him, a prisoner? I ask myself. The nurses push the stretcher towards my direction. The injured man looks exactly like Anathi. My mind immediately work overtime, I connect the dots and it clicks. Zenzele!

"No, no this cannot be my Anathi." I say to myself. I rush to Zenzele who was frustrated. "Don't tell me it's him." I say in a low voice and he just looks at me with those 'im sorry eye's'.

"He declared war, he shall get war!" Sanele hisses. I always thought Sanele was the sweetest but I guess I was wrong.

"What happened?" I ask, it seems as if no one is bothered to tell me what's going on.

"He was stabbed." Zenzele answers me straight forwardly. My dad is sick and my boyfriend got stabbed. Can't my day be any better like any other human being. Why is my life so hard?

ANATHI MYEZA

My eyes flung open and my mind trails back to what happened earlier. My mind registers..... I'm in hospital.

"Mafavuke," Steven sits besides me. Our brother hood has gone tighter. I now take him as one of my brothers.

"Eish," I try to sit up but the pain is intense making me to flinch. Whoever stabbed me really did a number one. No matter how hard you try to stay out of trouble it always haunts you down.

"I sa...." the do flies open making Steven to stop talking and it was my brothers and my mother came along.

"You can't be increasing my BP all the time Anathi!" I haven't seen my mother in months. I missed her so bad. I stopped her from visiting me in prison. She should be resting but she is here shouting her lungs out.

"I will be outside Buda." Steven walks out, why didn't he take my mother with him?

"What happened?" Zenzele asks, as I was about to answer I see my woman biting her nails in fear. I stretch my hand so she could come.

"Buttercup," she is squeezing me into a tight hug forgetting that I'm inquired. "Ouch," I flinch because the pain is excruciating.

"What happened?" The concern in her voice couldn't be missed.

"I was in the shower and the next thing I'm being stabbed and I don't know what happened after." I say an honest truth. Who ever stabbed me..... is either my old time enemy or they were sent by someone.

"I'm sorry." Buttercup says giving me light side hug. I can't even hug her back with these chains cuffing my hands and feet.

Atleast the damage was not that deep. Just had a few stiches and I will heal in no time.

"I'm okay muntuza, trust me I've been way worse than this. So when I say I will be fine have faith in your man." I assure her.

"Okay." She sighs brushing my dreadlocks. I hate it when woman touch my hair but with her it's different.

"Where is Mpilwenhle?" I haven't seen him and I would love to see him. But not in this state I'm in.

"Day-care, I'm old I can't run around after him. He is just too much for me." My mother complains. "Atleast I no longer get bored I have someone to talk to." She smiles.

"Time's up." Steven reminds us. I wanted to spend the night in hospital so bad. I see disappointment in buttercups face.

"You can visit me anytime." I tell her, she blinks a multiple times trying to prevent the tears from falling. It saddens me that I brought her to my world and I am failing her. I've waited for so many years to be with her. Bidding farewell to your loved ones is not easy. Not after what happened to me and Buttercup yesterday. That day will always be rememberable to me.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

Why only bad things are happening to me. My father is admitted and Anathi was stabbed in prison. All these bad news tend to happen in the same day. If the doctors cannot find what is wrong with my father that means we have reached a dead end. My father looks weak and that is just putting a lot of strain in my mother's health. She has diabetes and I cannot allow her

stress like this.

"Your husband will be fine, he is a fighter." I brush her hand. Without this woman I wouldn't have know the purpose of living. Hell will brake loose the day she finds out that I'm dating a prisoner. But one thing they must understand is that a heart wants what it wants and no one is perfect. Everyone has their own flaws and I love him with all his baggage. I may not know what love is but I am ready to give it my all.

"I believe in God." She gives me a sympathetic look.

"We will pull through." I reassure her. Why does my life have to be this complicated! If I'm not bullied for my fatness, my father falls sick. The man I'm with gets stabbed. What a life I have, if

I was weak I would have committed suicide
along time ago.

THICK MADAM

#10

ANATHI MYEZA

It's been a week since I've been stabbed and I'm
patiently waiting for feedback from Steven.
Once I know who put me through this misery I
can't wait to make their lives hell. The fact that
he saw an opportunity to stab me without me
noticing them states that they surely had an
agenda. I sleep with one eye open just incase
they decide to finish me off.

"I heard we are going to be have a new cell
mate." Spikes brings me back to reality. I've
been cracking my head trying to figure out the

puzzle.

"What cell mate?" Spikes can sometimes have his own information.

"Awuzwanga, I heard Steven talking to one of the wardens. Apparently this dude killed a taxi driver." He snorts confidently after sharing the information with me.

"As long as if he is going to stay on his lane." I say, I have bigger issues to deal with. And right now I have to deal with that motherfucker that was trying to take my life.

"Hmmmm," he looks at me suspiciously. He knows me too well, if I don't dwell on something it simply means I have a lot on my plate.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

My father has been discharged from hospital and he is slowly recovering. My mother applied for a month's leave so she could take care of him. My father does still have those dreams and he refuses to talk about them.

"Namanje lutho?" I ask my mother hoping maybe my father has opened up as to what is tortring him. I wish I I could just make him talk.

"Nothing." She replies. I can sense that this is killing her slowly and I hate it when she stresses.

"Don't stress yourself kakhulu mah, when he feels like opening up to you he will eventually.

For now try to be the wife you've always been. I know it hurts, but maybe being close to him will also help." I suggest and she sighs thoughtfully.

"You can go relax I will take over and cook."
Uthinga tells MaZama. When she's stressed she gets busy and cleans without taking a brake. If we do not intervene she would definitely die of stress.

Whatever is stressing my father is also affecting us badly. I can't seem to concentrate at school, I haven't visited Anathi ever since he was stabbed but we talk over the phone always. Maybe if I visited him today my mind will cool off.

ZIPHO SHONGWE

I wish I just died the day I was knocked down by that stupid taxi. My mother knows that I've been hospitalized and not even once she thought of checking up on me. They called her and she didn't even bother to ask if I was okay.

Some people don't understand that being fat comes as a curse. Almost everything I do is related to being fat. Is being fat and chubby a crime? Always trying to remind a person of their personality leads in the creation of pessimist.

I go home everyday and look at myself in the mirror, I cry and think that I'm ugly. I always think of dying. And the worst thing is, the next day it happens all over again until you want to give up in life.

I remember this one time when a person I call a friend backstabbed me with the pupils that always make my life a living hell in school. She

called me to the toilet and said she has an emergency. As a good friend I rushed over to the toilets to check on my friend only to find out that she was with a group of girls. I still remember this like it was yesterday. My head was forcefully drowned in the toilet full of shit. That day I got to know how shit taste like. That day I got to know how it feels like to be suffocated. I still dream about them and when I do I struggle with sleep. My life has never been normal growing up. Imagine being body shamed at home and your mother does nothing about it. At school it's pretty much the same story. I am never going back to that house ever again. Maybe I'm better off in the streets. I made a decision to quite school. I have no future and my life is torn apart.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I finally decided to go see my man. I'm sure he is wondering why I neglected him, if only he knew how much problems I'm facing right now. Sanele brought me by since I requested to see Anathi. The fact that his family is welcoming and warm says alot about them. I always heard stories about monster in-laws but my mother in-law is an angel.

I just feel drained and tired, this is how I have been feeling for the past few days. Maybe I'm coming down with a flue.

I'm sitting and waiting for this man of mines wondering what if he doesn't show up.

"Stress is not good for the b....." he stops and looks at me with unapologetic eyes.

"What," I ask, I'm somehow feel annoyed by his presence.

"You look smoking hot muntuza." He tells me. He is a man of words and he knows how to make my world go around. He crotches in from of me giving me one hell of a kiss. Last time we kissed I enjoyed his kiss but now I'm feeling..... More like off. "You good? He asks, I think he felt or noticed that I'm just cold.

"You smell like a dead cockroach." I say, my saliva filled up my mouth making me hard to swallow.

"How does a dead cockroach smell buttercup?" Is he is still asking me such a stupid question.

"It smells like you!." I'm in the verge of crying because he is annoying the shit out of me.

"Come her," he helps me stand embracing me into a tight hug that made me vomit all of the fried chips I just ate. I even messed Anathi's shoes but he seems not to have any problem with it. I look up at him and he is staring at me with those sexy eyes. The way his eyes are so sexy they making me want to cry. "What's wrong muntuza?"

"Your eyes are making me cry." I say busting into tears making him die of laughter.

"Muntuza you sure know how to make my day. Let's get you cleaned up." He takes my hand and leads me to one of the taps. We got ourselves cleaned up. I just hate him and I do not even have a valid reason for hating him.

"I hate you!" I blurted it out. Now that I got that out of my chest I want him to hold me like I'm the only woman I earth.

"I wonder what I did that makes you hate me so much."

"Just hold me and don't breathe. Your breath smells like a cockroach." He smiles shaking his head embracing me closer to his broad chest. A moment of silence allowing me to listen to the rhythm of the heartbeats. I never knew being loved will make me feels this way, I never knew that love can make me do stupid weird things. For a moment I even forgot of the situation we are facing at home.

ANATHI MYEZA

I looks at my shoes and smile thinking of my queen. I'm a very observant person, if I knew better I would say she is pregnant. She switches like a disco light. She's happy, the next minute she's mad for no apparent reason. I could never get enough with my girl.

"Thick mama didn't bring us food today?" I'm tired of feeding Spike's. He is even gaining weight day by day.

"Who's mama is it? Mine right? Find yourself your madam and leave my woman alone." I tell him, I stare at her pictures which I pasted on the wall.

The gates opens making a rusty annoying sound. Gwabini the warden which I hate so much pushes a man into our cell making to trip

on the chains falling.

"I brought you fresh meat." Gwabini says unlocking the chains and walks out turning to lock the gates.

The man stands up clicking his tongue.

"You should ask your son, he belongs to another man." He Huffs dusting off his hands. Gwabini was livid like an explosion waiting to explode. "Ivaar ivaar." He lets out an evil laugh. Gwabini walks away with so much rage written all over his face.

"No trespassing." Spikes wants to lay out the rules. It's going to be weird to have another person in our cage. I see him looking at buttercup pictures.

"Don't even look at her." I say taking down her pictures. "If you ever, I mean ever look at my woman like that y....."

"Stone will kill for what's his." Spikes add and I just look at him with a bored expression. No one knows who Stone is.

"How can my sister date a man like stone?" The man says and I'm taken back by the word 'sister'.

"Sister, did you just say sister?" I want to know. I know for a fact that buttercup doesn't have a brother.

He sits down making himself comfortable.

Than starts to explain. "Ntombikayise and I share the same parents. I'm the eldest but we never met each other. My mother gave birth to me and she decided to go hide me from kwaNongoma keeping me away from my father. She later lied and said I passed on, cause my father moved on and dated another woman. I lived in slavery for years until later I found out that I have a little sister named Zamadwala. I started following her around but she never noticed me. My mother gave me up after months of giving birth to me. The lady who took me in told me everything before I killed her. She's happy living her life forgetting that she left me behind. What hurts me the most is my youngest sister Zipho tried committing suicide a week ago. I've been visiting her at the hospital from time to time unknowingly."

"So why are you here behind bars?" I ask.

"Because I killed someone, a taxi driver that made my sister lay in that hospital bed." He further explains.

"Wow so you are buttercup's brother?" I'm defeated. "I don't believe you." I say, a lot is going on in just a short period of time. I still have face her once she finds out that she is pregnant. And here is a man claiming to be my woman's brother.

He fiddles in his pocket and comes out with two pictures, this is indeed buttercup and another younger version of her. I look at the man and the resemblance is there it cannot be missed.

"I was here on a mission to find my sister's but with me acting impulsively landed me here. I don't want Zipho going back to that house. I

don't even know where to from here since I'm here behind bars." He bends his head shamefully.

"What are you called?" Spikes asks.

"Mnqobizitha Shabane." I can sense heartbreak in his voice. I'm grateful that my mother was there for us. Not even once she thought of abandoning us when times got tougher. I may be in jail but I would want all of my kids to grow up under my roof. But what if he is not what I think he is. I have a hard time trusting people. I need someone to do some digging on this guy.

Search Mnqobizitha Shabane, I want that information as soon as possible I press send. By the end of today I would definitely know who you are.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

After visiting Anathi from Westville Prison, Sanele drove me straight home. There's nothing more I need than just a warm bath to wash away that awful cockroach smell.

"Are you okay?" Uthinga sits on top of a toilet seat. Uthinga is a sister who helps me at my lowest. After confiding in her she didn't judge nor lash out on me. She asked me if am I sure of what I'm doing? She asked me if I love Anathi and much as he claims to love me? If so who is she to stand on someone's happiness. She advised me to be more careful and never ever let him walk over my head.

"I don't know. I went to see Anathi today and he smelled like a dead cockroach." I say and she laughs.

"How can your man smell like a dead cockroach. You've killed me mntase." She continues to laugh annoying the hell out of me.

"It's not funny!" I half shout with tears prickling in my eyes. My tears are gushing out and I don't even know why I'm crying.

"Gosh you so annoying, If I knew better I'd say hormones are doing a kwasa kwasa on you." Uthinga tells me standing up. "I'm off to see my man, I will be back late. Make sure you cover for me." She walks and leaves me thinking of the new me I don't even understand. I'm not an emotional person but lately I've been crying like

there's no tomorrow and sometimes it upsets me. It upsets me that I just cry for no reason and right now I'm upset that I'm about to cry for no apparent reason!

I get out of the bathtub and wrap a towel around my huge body. This is what I hate, to clean the bathroom after bathing. This is why I always prefer a shower over this white stupid basin!

I stand to look at myself in the mirror, looking at myself makes me so much emotional. I notice I'm starting to have stretch marks around my hips area. I'm disgusted by my body, I try so hard to be normal and act as if I'm fine but deep down I'm dying slowly. Being this huge brings so much of bad memories I've had in high school. Matric dance is coming up and I won't even bother myself to attend because no one will like to accompany this huge, fat, large girl

who doesn't even know her size. I feel like venting, I feel like killing someone. My mind drifted to Anathi, I want to tell him my piece of mind. I take my phone dialling his number hoping and praying it goes through but it takes me straight to voicemail.

"This can't be happening. Why is his phone switched off, where is he when I need him the most." I curl myself on my bed and burst into tears biting the pillow. What am I even crying for? I don't know myself either. But crying feels so good these days. Crying makes me feel better. Crying makes me feel like a baby wishing to be in Anathi's arms but then I remember he smells like dead cockroaches. That alone makes me cry even harder. What the hell is wrong with me!

THICK MADAM

#11

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I hate how this house smells, mum's cleaning detergents is making me nauseous.

"Are you sure you fine?" MaZama glares at me with a concern look. I've been like this for days I sometimes even skip school.

"I'm fine mah, let me rush to school before I become late." I grab an apple and walk out of the door. It's blazing hot making me to sweat. I'm tired and loosing strength, I sit down on the pavement trying to catch my breath. But everything just stuck up right on my throat. I gag trying pull out whatever shit that's making me this nauseous. But nothing comes out. My

eyes immediately become teary. Why do God hate me so much. A car pulls over next to me and I don't even bother to look up.

"Get in." That's Zenzele, this one is harsh and Sanele is a bit sweet but not that sweet. I force myself to stand up but I'm just powerless. I throw myself at the backseat making the car to move a little. "Ugrand?" This is the first time he as ever asked me.

"Yes, no. I don't know okay. I just want spicy chicken feet." I look outside the window. He drives to the near by tavern. "Add iyababa." I smile thinking of those mouth watering chilli food. Something about him screams Anathi one would swear they are twins.

Zenzele is not much of a talker, but he kept his word and came back with what I asked for. Now

my day will be filled with happy moments.

He drives me to school and thankfully I'm five minutes early which means I get to eat my food.

"Ay uyadla lomnatana. You will soon become a code 14." They tease me. Candice's crew always have something to say.

"Imbexembexe," another adds. It hurts to see another female body shaming us like this. There is no point in trying to please these bullies. I only do what I think is good for my mental health, which is ignoring them completely.

The number on that scale doesn't define me but yet there are some people who don't think twice before saying something about your looks, shaming you into feeling bad about your body. Sure sometimes their comments are well-meaning but doesn't make them less hurtful.

"Heavy weight baba." They turn to walk away laughing and taking high fives and I heavily sigh. I just can't wait to finish high school.

ZIPHO SHONGWE

"Is there anyone who would pick you up?"
Doctors have been really kind and supportive. The love I get from these strangers is magnificent. Even my own mother fails to cater for me this way.

"No," I say in a low voice. I'm hurt, and disappointed in my mother. Now that I know I do not belong to that family I am never setting my foot back there.

"I'm sure there is someone at home w...." I cut him short, whatever this doctor wants to say is pushing me to the limit.

"How many times must I tell you that I have no one, ABSOULTELY NO ONE! I might as well die than going back to that place. I guess I have overstayed in that hospital." I wipe the tears from the corner of my eyes. My heart is heavy and death is the only solution to my problems.

"I hear you, tell me what happened, why is it that you don't want to go back home? Talk to me I might just help." The doctor sits besides me, I've never opened up to anyone before. The only person I once talked to was a girl I once called my friend but she turned against me.

"Where do I even begin? I recently found out

that the family I thought was my family my whole life turns out they are not my family. I grew up under that house with a lot of emotional abuse. Even my own mother failed to protect me. Whenever I come crying to her she would say 'do you want your father to throw us out? Do you want to leave in the streets? Those are your siblings I'm sure they are just playing with you' that was her response. The emotional abuse went from better to worse and my mother would still say the same words. At school I get bullied for my size, and at home it's pretty much the same thing. I asked my mother about my identity but she denied everything but the man who I always thought was my father told me everything. I just wanted to end all the pain I'm feeling. My heart is aching and I can't take more of it. I wanted to take my life so bad but God failed me. Going back to that house will drive me into taking my own life. Nothing will ever take the pain I'm feeling now. My question

is who is my real father? And why was my mother hiding me from him?"

"As young as you are you've been through alot. Tell you what since the situation is like this, would you be comfortable leaving in a home until you find yourself?"

"As long as I have a roof under my head." I'm grateful, I prefer trusting strangers over my own mother. Maybe I'll get to be me, maybe I will be free. But I'm definitely not going back to that school.

ANATHI MYEZA

I'm looking at the information just sent to my phone. Zenzele sure took his own sweet time

but non the less I thank him for the information. So this Mngobizitha Shabane is truly buttercup's brother and he was here on his own agenda, to reunite with his sister's. Atleast my sauce is reliable, I trust my brother with every information he gives me.

"Mngobi, the girl you were talking about... I mean you youngest sister. What will happen to her when she gets discharged." I ask, I just have this power to be close to buttercup's family. I believe in helping them won't hurt.

"I don't know. I hardly slept thinking about her. What if she goes back to that house? I won't be able to forgive myself if something bad happens to her." He sighs heavily. Growing up it was a tough life for him. The pain of growing up being reminded that your mother is still out

there living their best life while they abandoned their own flesh and blood just for a man she only knew for months. Playing happy families with the step children but fail to notice the fruits of their own womb. He swore to make his mother pay at all cost. The trauma he has been through cannot be erased overnight. What hurts the most is that he was told that his father mourned for him, he lost himself in the process until he met the woman he married. Because his mother was jealous that Bab Shabane moved on, she tried by all means to seduce him and it work because Zamadwala came along, Zamadwala is the product of the stupid affair. And months later she dumped her at the door step. Things were tense between him and MaZama. But MaZama stayed and forgave him because of love. Tobi Zamadwala's mother later came back to cause havoc in the Shabane homestead and demanded a goodbye sex unfortunately nine months later Zipho was born.

Somehow MaZama found out that my father cheated again with Tobi but she forgave him. But none of them know of Zipho.

"I'll have my resources to keep an eye on her. At least know that she is safe." I suggest, seeing a man being broken like this reminds me the time my father walked out and never looked back. Even after begging him to stay, he walked out to be with the woman he loves.

"Thank you. Thank you." Mngobizitha kneels down and I stop him. I'm not some kind of God waiting to be worshipped. I help whenever another is in need. With me being locked up here makes things worse. I don't have all the resources, the only people I trust are my brothers, Mthonga and Spikes. I know with these people they got my back no matter what.

"No flop." Now I miss my buttercup. I'm sure she's at school, I will have to check up on her later on. If my suspicions are right..... I know we are glued for life. I admit it was a selfish decision. She has a future ahead of her, she needs to study and make a name for herself. I'm afraid that she will go to varsity and see fresh young boys her age while I'm locked up here not being able to cater and provide for her. With her having my ngcosi I know we are linked and there is no turning back.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"Did you brush your teeth? I can smell your breathe from here." Anathi is a true definition of a piglet. How an he call me knowing fully that he stinks?

"Buttercup I did brush my teeth." He says over the phone, whenever he opens his mouth everything smells awful. I can't deal with him right now. Whenever he is serious about brushing his teeth he should call me, not now while his spitting vomit.

I'm just glad it's home time and I can't wait to pass by Kwazinqane Tavern to buy those chicken feet and yababa.

I'm more happy that Sanele fetched me Zenzele is way too serious and it annoys me. He looks so much like that brother cockroach and I cannot stand him not even if I try.

"Can we please pass by the tavren." I smell those chicken feet from afar and I can't wait to devour them. My mouth is watery and I feel like

crying right now.

Sanele is more generous, he bought me more than enough. It will last me the whole of today.

"You enjoying them Neh." He has this disgusted look on his face and I couldn't care less. If only he knows the feeling I'm feeling right now he wouldn't be looking at me with that wrinkled face.

"You have no idea." I say closing my eyes enjoying every tiny bone I'm chewing. Damn who ever make these now their thing. The way I'm so enjoying this it's making me shed tears, tears of joy and happiness.

"Manje wakhala, is it too chilli?" Sanele asks in a concerned voice. We are still parked outside the

tavern and I don't even know what are we waiting for.

"I..... it's to nice." I say and my tears but voluntary came gushing out.

"Haibo, let me take you home. Ngeke ngimele mina lento." He roars the engine and drops me home.

ANATHI MYEZA

My phone vibrates, I swipe it and my woman pops up eating chicken feet while crying. I look at her admiring my Thick Mama. How did I score myself this beautiful woman? My suspicions have been confirmed.... My woman is pregnant. I half scream making the gents to

look at me in that questioning look.

"Ismoko?" The way Spike love news you would think he is a woman.

"Nothing, just a text from my woman." I smile even wider.

"What made you fall for my sister. You Stone the devil.... You can fall for any woman. Why her?" Mngqobi looks at me sharply.

"It's love, I loved her since she was still in primary. That girl captured my heart from the minute I laid my eyes on her. She's everything I ever wanted in a woman, her calmness, the warmth she has. She may be young but she has a mind of a 30 year old. Who wouldn't be with a

woman like her." I proudly smile.

"Who would have the thee mighty stone has a soft spot for my sister."

"Because she own this heart." I hit my chest closing my eyes thinking of our last encounter we had at the outside building.

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THICK MADAM

#12

ANATHI MYEZA

"So Mlindo sent his men to kill me?" Mlindo is my old time enemy. We used to be best friends in school until greed took over him. The reason

why I'm locked up all here it's because of him. We did a heist together. We split the 2million and got half half. Because I'm wise I buried the money somewhere before I could tell anyone about it. The police invaded my home and they found nothing. Weeks went by and we did another heist but unfortunately the cops were already tipped off. The smirk on his face proved it all. He betrayed me in the most cruellest way ever. Even him locking me here up he still wants to take control of my life. It's time I act people are walking all over my head.

"Who did he send?" I ask Steven, he has been a brother to me on the inside and I will reward him for his co-operation.

"Ilentwana uWonger." He replies unbotheredly. I will deal with that boy he will wish he never

messed with me.

"I want him to be thrown in the fresh meat cell." A fresh meat cell is where the inmates have a feast on you. They take turns into fucking you day and night. You basically become there sissy. So Mlindo ordered his brother to kill me.

"Consider it done." Steven stands up and smirks walking away whistling. I miss home, I miss my buttercup but she hates me. I didn't know pregnant woman could go this crazy. I sigh thinking of Wonga being reaped tonight. I want them to take turns until he wants to commit suicide. Mess with Stone and Stone will mess with you in the cruellest way ever.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"I am going to ask you for the very last time. Who made you pregnant?" MaZama has her hands on her waist waiting for an answer. How do I answer her question. Yesterday my sister dragged me to the clinic because of the weird sicknesses I have been having lately. Only to find out that I'm pregnant. I knew for a fact that I'm not on any contraceptives but mind should have worked. I should have thought about buying a morning after pill after returning from Westville Prison. But no Sdudla mafehlefehle was excited about being laid. Now look at the results. Brook Lesnar is going to kill me. My future is ruined by what, a man who is in jail. How do I even begin to tell me mother that the man that impregnated me is in prison.

"Mama I'm sorry." I squashed myself in a corner biting my nails.

"Zamadwala, don't I give you a mother's love that every child desires? What is it that I'm doing wrong? You only eighteen for God sake, what do you know about sex? What will i tell your father? Everyone will laugh and say I have failed you. Your sister Uthinga I'm sure she uses protection. Why didn't you atleast talk to her about whatever is going on with you? Am I a bad mother?" I've never seen my mother this hurt. What have I done. I just broke the trust we had between us.

"Cha mah, you are the best mother in the world and please don't doubt yourself. I... it was a moment of weakness. No amount of sorries will wipe away the shame I have caused you. Mama I'm sorry. I promise to study hard and become the fashion designer for thick woman. Mama please forgive me, ngyacela ma. What would I

be without you. You are the only mother I have in this world." I'm kneeling down in front of her. I've wronged my mother in the worst possible manner. I've degraded my father's name straight to the mud. I will forever hate myself.

"I don't know whether to shout, scream, cry or sleep. I'm beyond hurt my daughter. What's done is done." She stands up leaving me still kneeling down. My heart is sore and aching. What have I done? Was this worth it?

ZIPHO SHONGWE

My last day in hospital and my happiness is about to vanish. Tomorrow is another day for me. Meeting new people, new environment, new world. I've made up my mind I'm never going back to that place I use to call home. I've

accepted that my life will never be the same like any other kid. My life will always be this meaningless and shameful. If only I knew my biological father, who knows maybe he would have accepted for the way I am. The eczema on my face is getting pretty worse, the itchiness is intense. I have open cuts here and there. Do you know the pain of covering your body even in the 32 degrees Celsius, just because you are afraid of your own body.

The cellulite around my thigh area is making me to hate my body even more. I remember the day at school when they stripped me off my school uniform. I was only left only in my underwear. I was hurt and felt shameful. I don't know why people enjoy rejoicing on someone's misery. Why wish bad upon another fellow human being. Don't they also have feelings? I close my eyes inhaling the bad aroma of pills and injection. I

always cry myself to sleep. If only my mother was here. If only my mother loved me like she loves her step children. But I guess I was never enough for her.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

Later that afternoon my mother pushed and forced me that I take her to the man that made me pregnant. It's a bit far from my home and I can't keep up with the walking. I'm wheezing, frustratedly and tired. My mother is far from me walking like she's walking alone leaving me behind.

"Ma ngilinda." I say, and I immediately regret it. I should have kept my mouth shut.

"You should have told the man that got you pregnant to stop not me." She clicks her tongue and continues to walk faster. I try to keep up but I just can't. Everything is a mess, I'm fat and I can't even take a mere walk.

"Awusidedele sidlule nkulubexe." A guy pushes me aside making me to fall and I sprained my ankle in the process. I scream out loud because of the pain. They pushed me and they ran away leaving me in pain. Why do we live in such a cruel world with heartless people.

"That stunt won't work with me. Get up before I whoop your arse Zamadwala." MaZama shouts but later notices that I'm in pain. I look at my ankle and it was all red and swollen. She comes back rushing to me. "Yini kwenzenjani?"

"Some guys pushed me." I say in a shaky voice. Big girls don't cry but I can't keep the pain inside.

"What now." She looks around and there's no one. She tries picking me up but the girl is heavy and I can't stand up. I sit down on the pavement hoping and praying someone passes by. "Ikuphi kalomfana!"

"Three houses away." I respond.

"Surname?"

"Myeza ma." I say massaging my foot. Maybe this is sign, a sign that we were not suppose to go there in the first place. The humiliation....I'm not ready for it. I watch my mother walking away praying that she doesn't do something

sinister and stupid. Minutes later a car pulls over and surprisingly it was his mother.

"Makoti." She says rushing out of the car. Anathi's mother reminds me so much of MaZama. "What happened?" She asks crouching next to me.

"Some guys were walking past by and they pushed me." Now these years betray me. Both MaZama and MaMyeza help me to stand placing me at the back of the car. No question asked as she drive straight to the hospital. 'I'm not sick', I say to myself. MaMyeza is just throwing things out of proportion.

I'm being wheeled into the ward finding the doctor which I assume they know each other judging by the conversation. My mother and I

were quite not to sure whether to engage in the conversation.

"And who is this lovely woman." The male doctor asks looking at me with those lustful eyes making me to shift uncomfortably.

"My daughter-inlaw, Anathi." MaMyeza proudly says and she turns to looks at me.

"Ow wow, Anathi has grown. I'm proud of him." He says and I can sense the jealousy in his voice.

He later examines my foot and all is well. My foot will be good in a few days time. The swelling will go down and it has been confirmed I am three weeks pregnant. MaMyeza was rejoicing and my mother was not pleased at all.

I wish they could have this talk like civilised people. MaMyeza wheeled me out and suddenly I'm having panic attacks.

"What's wrong?" They asks in a unison. I can't even utter a word. I look on my left and I see a thick girl walking with crutches also having a panic attack. This is not normal. Every other patient in this hospital is fine and we both have the same problem at the same time. I look at her closely, this is the same girl that I once saw days back when my father was admitted. When I saw her the same thing happened. Maybe it's just coincidence.

"Feeling better?" MaMyeza asks rubbing my back, I nod my head and I notice that my mother is glued to the girl.

"Mah, masambe." I say but she was still stuck on the same spot.

Maybe she is having a moment to herself let me not disturb her.

"I'm hungry," I whisper feeling ashamed. I know my mother is penniless, I want those chicken feet so bad.

"Let's go." We all walk out and me being wheeled made me a bit emotional. I always cry, cry over stupid things!

ANATHI MYEZA

I heard that Wonga was their sissy last night. This is what you get for going after Stone. Mlindo did a huge mistake by going after me. I want to go after each and every thing that he

owns. Starting with that stupid tavern of his. I want it burnt down to ashes than after that house of his.... I also want it burnt. Sweetest revenge ever, going up against him while I'm inside here will have to make sure that buttercup's safety is always secured.

ZIPHO SHONGWE

I saw someone who looks exactly like my mother. Looking at her made me have those heart racing heartbeats beating abnormally. Was it her younger sister? But I know no one from my mother's side. Maybe I'm just being insane, even if I was insane everything in that girl screamed mum.

I follow the foot prints on the passage leading me outside the parking but there was no one. It

was empty which means they are gone. I can't even use these crutches with his huge concrete on my leg. But the old woman was looking at me like she..... I don't know. Maybe I'm hallucinating everything, people look alike everyday. I sigh turning my heel going back to the hospital hoping with one leg.

MLINDO MASONDO

Something is wrong and I can feel it. My brother has been quite, too quite for that matter. I decided to pass by the prison to see him but he refused to see me.

"He told me to tell you that Stone is in the haunt for you." The warden tells me and he walks away leaving me more confused. Who is this Stone that he is talking about. I've never come

across a man called Stone before. The only stone I know is the Stone that no one knows who is good in booming ATM's. Why would this Stone haunt me? I sigh leaving the hospital in disappointment, my own brother refused to see me. I only asked him to take Anathi out cause I know he still operates even if he is still inside prison. I'm not proud of what I did. But I needed extra cash, I was offered a million if I help the police to tame him and I agreed. Maybe he is better off inside but he still has it all. I hear that he is living comfortably on the inside like he owns prison. Five years is just a game, I have to make sure that he rots in jail. I have to think of a plan and fast.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

We are seated in this expensive restaurant

eating things we don't even know. I wish I could wail out loud for people to hear. I want chicken feet not these green leaves. They are having a deep conversation and I'm just miles away thinking about those chicken feet calling my name.

"I understand MaZama, Zamadwala is still young and I'm sure as a parent you want her to study and be successful in life. With the baby on the way it will pull her back but worry not I am here and my family is here. I will not let my son put your family to shame and walk scot free. Inhlawulo will take place month end and the rest will follow." MaMyeza shuts my mother up. The feisty Brook Lesnar is gone, she is being replaced by this sweet innocent mother.

"I'm just disappointed, I was hoping big for my

daughter. But what is done is done." She shrugs her shoulders. "Where is your son?" She asks a question I was hoping and praying she doesn't ask. I suddenly feel hot and suffocated.

"In Cape Town on business. When he comes back I will make sure he comes see you." She smiles and I just look down. I wasn't expecting that at all.

"He better be else hell will brake loose." They continue to talk like old buddies ordering everything that's on the menu and my heart is broken into pieces. Ow my chicken feet.

Later that day were having dinner, mum brought

some of the food from the restaurant and they seem to be enjoying.

"Atleast awungiphoxonga ngokuthanda umatapudaka. Atleast he comes from a well off family. They will be able to take care of the baby and you. I won't lie Ntombikayise I'm hurt my daughter. But what can we say. What happened has happened. The fact that they acknowledge their wrongs I'm grateful. That woman seems to know culture, what I'm pleading with you is to study for exams and focus on the future.

Having a child in a early age doesn't mean it's the end of the world. Pick yourself up and move on." My father advises me, he is not his usual self. The father I know would have whooped the shit out of me. I miss my father not the man that's in front of me.

"I agree with your father." MaZama adds I'm also not proud of falling pregnant in a young age. But rather learn from the mistake never to be repeated. No baby will stop me from having the life I've always dreamt of.

"I've been having dreams, dreams about a young girl I don't know. She is always crying asking for me to save her." He finally speaks up and the table goes silent. "I don't know what to do any more. It's haunting me every night, I'm having sleepless nights because of this dream." He heavily sighs.

"This explains the screams and cries. Thank you for finally opening up to me." MaZama sheds a tear looking at my father. The love this woman has for my father is unexplainable.

"I'm thinking of consulting someone. Maybe I might find the answers to problems that I have been facing." He says, my father has been through a lot. Basically us as a family we have been through a lot but we stand by each other through thick and thin.

THICK MADAM

#13

ANATHI MYEZA

"What happened?"

"He tried committing suicide." Steven updates me. Wonga will think twice next time before double crossing me. I think the punishment is enough, I will let him go but if he dares try to pull another stunt I won't hesitate to take his life just like that.

"Send him back to his old cell. Your sweets will be transferred." He nods and walks away. The sweet Anathi is gone. It's time I remind them who is the man behind this orange uniform. Now that I've dealt with Wonga, Mlindo is next. He won't know what hit him.

MLINDO MASONDO

For the past few days Wonga instructed and made it clear that he doesn't want me near him. I heard he is being tortured here on the inside. How will I help him when he doesn't even want to see the sight of me. It hurts that my only brother is rejecting me. What is really happening to him? Did Anathi find out that I sent Wonga to destroy him? I hate living in suspense. I have been getting these scary

messages, every message has a symbol of a stone. How did I even mess with this unknown stone?

I'm trying to put the pieces of the puzzles together but nothing makes sense. My phone rings making me more angry.

"What!" I answer coldly, if only this fucken person knows how much of a mess I'm in.

"Your tavern is burning." The line got disconnected. I'm pretty clear that I got the last line. My tavern is burning. My mind recollects the information and I felt my chest tighten. I drive straight to my tavern only to find flames and my workers are outside coughing uncontrollably.

"What happened?" I asks feeling somehow torn into two worlds.

"We found the gas leaking. We tried closing it and the matter got worse. The whole tavern exploded and two were badly injured." My worker explains, thank heavens no one is dead. Imagine paying for someone's burial just because they were working for you. This is a mess a big one for that matter.

"How can you guys leave a gas unattended? Don't I always remind you to always check before you leave if everything is in order!" I roar in anger, all my savings.... This was not in my budget. What do I do now?

IN PRISON

Wonga was curled up in a corner, he knew that his spirit has been killed emotionally. The pain of being an exchange, the pain of being something that you're not, the pain of smelling different semen's. This is not the life he wanted. He now remembers his mother word's 'likhona ilanga eliyisilima. I wash my hands off you, you are one troublesome child I wish I never had. The day you rot in jail will be the day I will have a peaceful night. Hamba juba bayokuchutha phambili.' these words were replaying over and over again making his body to shiver. If only he could turn back the hands of time and apologize to his beloved mother. But all seems to be too late.

"Come." A voice calls him outside his cell. He stands up and follows the warden slowly behind. The pain that he is feeling can't be compared

with anything. As old as he is.... right now he needs his mother, nothing like a mother's love cannot fix.

He is placed to his old cell. He didn't want to get his hopes for being back to his previous cell. He sighed trying to sit down but damn his behind is very sore.

"What am I doing here?" Wonga asks, his voice is hoarse and dry from all the crying and screaming.

"Consider yourself lucky," the warden says locking the gate. Was he suppose to be happy after all the trauma he has been through? Maybe he will get a brake, his body will now finally breathe. The shit that hurts the most is that his anus cannot hold his poop any longer. He always looks for something to block the

lickage from behind.

"Mama forgive me." He lays on his back listening to all the pain his body has been enduring for the past couple of days. Tears voluntary came out. He promised himself never to be in contact with his brother called Malindi Masondo.

ZIPHO SHONGWE

New place, new environment, new people. Atleast there are kids who live here maybe I won't be that offended if they bully me. As much as it hurts I would like to live my life one day, but where do I even begin to look for my father? Will he accept me as his own? Does he have other children? I've been asking myself alot of questions I don't have answers to.

Having a room to myself is kind of new. Sleeping with new clean blankets is all new to me, eating a meal with meat like everyone is all new to me. Maybe if my mother aborted me maybe everything would have been great, maybe I will living my life in heaven, maybe my skin would me flawless as a new born baby. I find myself smiling to my thoughts of stupidity.

"Whatever you thinking must be nice." A girl says standing by the door. "I'm Fezeka." She extends her hand for a hand shake and I gladly accept.

"Zipho Shongwe." I say,

"I like your big eyes." She tells me, that's the first time a person has ever complimented what I have. I feel somehow.... I don't maybe she is

also making fun of me.

"Ermmm....." I don't even know how to reply.

"I'm serious, apart from the skin condition you have. You are a beauty. You just need to embrace yourself and stop wearing a hundred of clothes. I still have a lot to teach you, Argh." She says sitting next to. I have a hard time trusting people, ever since my so called best friend betrayed me. Pink will forever be the one person I will forever hate no matter what. She showed me never to trust a person you call a friend.

"I don't know." I shrug my shoulders cause indeed I do not know.

"I don't like your negative energy. But it's okay stick with me and you shall live your life to the fullest." She is a bubbly soul but still cannot be trusted. I even fail to trust my own mother!

TOBI SHONGWE

Shabane was my ever first true love, I gave him my all, my love, my heart, my soul but I fucked up over and over again. With him moving on into finding a new love broke me. That's when I knew that the man I love has given up on me and on us. I cheated on Shabane with Shongwe over and over again. Shabane was not financially stable at that time but Shongwe bought me everything a woman desired. Falling pregnant with Mngqobizitha was a surprise and I hated him. I hated him because I fell pregnant for a man who wouldn't even be able buy a

mere diaper for his son. I told Shabane I was pregnant and he was over the moon. Months went by and I saw that there is basically no life in him. He was just stuck in one position not trying to turn his life around. So I later lied and said I miscarried and he believed me. He mourned for his living baby, the baby that was healthy and fine. I gave birth and I couldn't stand the sight of my own baby. I dumped him at kwaNongoma and never looked back. I didn't care what they do to him because that baby was holding my life back. Years later I missed Shabane, I missed him so bad that I went by his house and seduced him, demanding him to have sex with me. Which of cause we did, I knew that he still loved me as much as I still loved and still I still do love him. We made love full of emotions and excitement. But the man left his seed inside of me again. Months went by and I found out that I was pregnant. I avoided Shongwe at all cost until I have gave

birth to Zamadwala. I dumped her in front of the doorstep with a note stashed somewhere in her blanket. Zamadwala would visit me from time to time until I stopped her completely. I chose to live a better life for myself, I chose to be selfish and forget about my kids. There is no love in this marriage, Shongwe didn't even pay lobola for me. We went to home affairs and signed. That alone mad me mad because I wanted a wedding of my dreams, a wedding that he promised. I sacrificed alot for what, for being a step mother to his brats. He forced me to give up my own child so I could get the wedding my heart desires but it was all just a lie.

I was braking emotionally and I thought of Shabane, I remembered how he loved me genuinely, how he catered for me, how he appreciated me and treated me like a real queen. I begged him for a goodbye sex and

promised never to bother him again and Shabane agreed. I was torn between two worlds not knowing who the father of my baby is. Until I gave birth, that's where Shongwe saw that Zipho is not his daughter. Ever since then he has been cold for fifteen years. I never told Shabane that his son I declared dead is pretty much alive even though I never bothered to check up on him. He doesn't even know that Zipho was the product of an affair. If he gets to find out that I hid two of his kids.... I don't seriously know what would happen. I chose to live a flashy lifestyle but not even once I found myself happy. I somehow didn't care about Zipho and her well-being, it didn't bug me that she was being bullied right under my nose.

Now that she decided not to come back to the house she grew up in means she has had it with me and the emotional abuse she endured in this

house. I went to the hospital to check up on her and I was told she was discharged but wouldn't disclose where she now lives. Am I truly a bad mother? I drove all of my kids away just for the love of money.

"I want my food prepared when I get back!" Shongwe barks as he walked outside the house. This is the life I've been living all my life. I left the happiness life for an emotional drainer.

ZIPHO SHONGWE

Afternoon came and I'm still locked up in my room. I don't want to face the world, I don't want to step on anyone's toes. Maybe being alone in my room won't be as much draining as it was before. Now that I have a phone to play games with I'm grateful. Dr Mahlase has been nothing

but a great support system I could ask for. She has a son round about my age, the way she explains him I wouldn't even want to cross paths with him. Dr Mahlase says he is arrogant and rude. He thinks highly of himself. I wish I had that kind of power, that positivity about myself.

I have been surrounded by negative people all my life and it hurts.

"You going to sink into depression girl I'm telling you." Fezeka throws herself on top on the bed. In these past couple of hours I'm starting to enjoy her company.

"I'm just used to being alone." And it's an honest truth.

"Let's go for a walk, if you don't like it we will come back. " She tells me and I don't feel good about this at all. I look at her and she was already on her feet ready to leave.

"I don't have a choice do I?" I ask and she chuckles shaking her head.

"For the hours you've spent with me. You should know me by know that I'm a train smasher."

"For a 16 year old, you can definitely talk." I tell her. She talks way too much.

"Whatever just get dressed, appropriately not with these.... I don't even know what to call it." She digs in my bag and comes out with a pair of leggings and a t-shirt. "Ware this." She throws

my clothes for me to catch them. I am sure not winning this one be a long shot.

We scrolled a round the silent peaceful hood. For the first time I got to enjoy life, the peace energy. And I remind myself that it's just temporary.

I thought I'm the only on who has problems but with Fezeka opening up to me touched me alot. She made me wonder how many other kids grow up in abusive homes. Her mother gave her up when she was twelve than later heard that her mother got married to a white man. The woman that raised Fezeka which is her grandmother later died and she was sent to a Forster care. She was only fourteen at that time. Atleast for her she knows her father but he never really cared about her.

"That's about me." She really opened up to me, shared tears here and there but I could tell she is stronger than me.

When I got to share my side of the story I couldn't hold the tears of pain. I've been crying for years but today I'm crying because I assume I'm free from whatever bondage that was wrapped around me.

"Life sucks." I say wiping my tears. I wish us as children we could get to choose our own families but unfortunately it's not possible.

THICK MADAM

#14

BAB'SHABANE

"You have a son and a daughter out there. Your seed is out there and they need to be

introduced to the Shabane ancestral world. With them not at home they will suffer beyond recognition. The reason for your sickness it's because of the ancestors, they want you to reunite with your blood. Your son was never dead to begin with. Tobi has all the answers to your questions." The traditional healer says packing her incense and white candles. Bab'Shabane is beyond confused and hurt at the same time.

"A daughter? You mean he also has another child with Tobi? A child younger than Zamadwala? Unbelievable!" MaZama furiously say, this seems to be all a dream. "Do you know how badly I wanted kids with you." He hears her voice brake. Ever since she got married they tried so hard for a child together but their prayers were never answered. To hear that Shabane has other kids out there brakes her

even more.

"You two were never bound to have children together. But the God's tied your marriage before you were even born. Your purpose in this marriage is to unite the family and be there for your grandkids." The healer further explains.

"Here take this," she says handing him a two litre bottle of holy water, "use this water to bath and sprinkle some around your yard. Call upon your ancestors to bring your children home where they belong. All will be well."

MaZama and Bab'Shabane took their leave and went back home. Everything is just confusing but the healer was speaking in riddles.

"Angazi ngithini." MaZama finally speaks feeling hurt. "Do you see the cause of your unfaithfulness. Do you see that it's still causing

me pains after so many years."

"I'm sorry Mkami." Bab'Shabane tries to apologize but MaZama was beyond mad.

MALINDI MASONDO

This can't be happening, not my house too. What did I do to deserve this? Who did I wrong? My house is on flames. I'm standing outside the gate looking at my house crumbling down. My sweat, my hard work just went down the drain.

"Kanti soneni kubani." My mother cries, I have no words as to what is happening at this point. I can't even describe how I feel, the feeling is numb.

"Who could have done this?" I sit down on the side of the road feeling weak and defeated. My world just came to an end. My phone beeps indicating there's a message. Maybe my mind is playing tricks on me, maybe the smoke is making me blind. Things can't just go South. My last money in my account has been withdrawn.

"No, no, no, nooooo!" I scream my lungs out, I have 0.00 no cent no nothing.

"What now." My mother asks and I don't even know how to answer her.

"My money is gone all of it, maybe the bank made a mistake. I'm coming back." I say standing up. I'm rushing off to the bank maybe there is a better explanation for this. My money cannot just vanish.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I'm patiently waiting for Sanele with my chicken feet. If he does not come here within the next few minutes, I swear he will deal with the other me. The other me I don't even know. Good his here, I can smell them chicken feet from a distance.

"Sorry I'm late." He hands me the children feet and I just look at them.

"These are not the chicken feet I eat daily. These ones smell like shit! Do you really expect me to eat shit. First your brother smells like a cockroach and now you trying to feed me shit." I'm in the verge of crying. This cannot be

happening, I feel my life coming to an end right now. Why does my life has to be this completed.

"The tavern was burnt down yesterday. Where will I get those chicken feet you require." He half shout making me to burst into tears. Let me just got to school before I explode. I walk past him without saying any word.

I'm just five months away before I finish school. I've had it with the nasty comments and dissing. It's not easy to cut people who repeatedly put you down by shaming your body and looks. My first step to healing is to stand up for myself. I did alot of thinking yesterday, if I can't embrace my body than I'm a complete fool. Why satisfy the ones who put you down. From today onwards I'm The Thick Madam.

"Ey nkuxa we have accounting stop day dreaming," one of Candice's friends shout for the whole school to hear. Big girls don't cry, it hurts but I got to suck it in and deal with these people once and for all.

"Nkuxa.... I seem to like that name. Atleast I'm meaty and my man loves me the way I am. What about you, look at all of those bones. The way you so skinny it's not even funny. I think I should borrow you some of my thickness." I look at her smiling a devilish smile. I know she has no come back after this. I feel free, I feel like a new me. I'm lighter and more smiley. Whatever is changing my confidence I love it. It feels good standing up for myself, now the whole school is laughing at her. She must feel what I felt when they humiliated me infront of the whole school.

It's lunch time and I'm having my lunch peacefully. Sanele made his promise by bringing me pizza for lunch. I'm stuffing myself enjoying every bite when suddenly I feel an intense gaze on me.

"What do you want." I'm annoyed, if Candice is here to humiliate me she must think twice. With this face of hers I will mop the grounds with it.

"Can I sit?" Candice out of all people asking to sit next to me.

I look at her up and down not believing my eyes.

"I don't want trouble." I say.

"I come in peace." She says sitting comfortably next to me. "Look Zamadwala, I don't even know why I enjoy humiliating you like this

infront of everyone. Honest truth I hate it but the friends I'm with always push me into doing it. But that's not why I'm here, I just came to apologize from the depth of my heart. I hope that someday you will forgive me." With that said she stood up and I watched her as she walked away. She left an awful smell behind, her skirt is wet at the back. She can't seem to walk properly. I wonder what's wrong with her. I sigh thinking of her stupid apology. She must be stupid if she thinks I would forgive her for that lame apology. I do not trust her one bit. But If she comes in peace as she claims I will forgive her. I'm starting a new life with new people after all. All the negative energy I'm gladly leaving it behind.

ZIPHO SHONGWE

I'm standing outside the classroom not to sure where to go next. Being in a new school feels somehow weird. Fezeka is in grade ten, I will only get to see her during brake time. I'm looking for the English class and I kinder seem to be lost. I feel my chest closing up, I feel like I'm having a panic attack. I balance myself with a pole trying to control my breathing.

"Are you okay?" A female voice asks me. I'm bending down trying to bring myself back to life. "Here drink some water." She hands me a bottle. I try to stand and she gladly helps me.

"Thank you," I grab the bottle and gulp the water. I feel better, and than I remember I'm lost. "I'm new here, I was looking for an English class for grade nine." I tell her, I take a good look at her and our eyes lock. I remember her face from

somewhere. My mind trails deep and I immediately remember, I once saw her at the hospital.

"You look so much like someone I know. Hay I once saw you at the hospital!" She tells me and I just laugh at her statement. I'm normally afraid of people because they always judge and criticise my weight. But with her I feel somehow comfortable, way too comfortable that it scares me.

"You also look so much like my mother." I say and she laughs. The laugh is also exactly like my mother's.

"Looks like siyafanisana. I'm Zamadwala by the way."

"Zipho, you look beautiful." Indeed she is beautiful with that caramel skin of hers. She's almost my size difference is that I'm fatter than her.

"I'm inlove with your eyes. Come on let me show you to you class before you become late." I follow her behind looking at her closely. This is.... I can't even explain it. The walk, the talk, the voice, the laugh, her round face and chubby cheeks, those are exact my mother's features. If I had my mother's picture I would have shown her what I'm talking about.

"And we are here." She shows me.

"Thank God I'm not late," now the real deal strikes in. How will I enter with everyone inside and already seated?

"See you around." She turns to walk back leaving me frozen and confused. I slowly swift my feet heading inside the classroom and it suddenly becomes silent. My heart pounded causing me to have a blurry vision. Thank goodness there is an empty seat. I sit my thick ass down and take a deep breath holding my chest.

ANATHI MYEZA

Sanele passed by to visit me and he is complaining non stop.

"So you trying to tell me that my Thick Mama is ordering you are around." This is hilarious, imagine thee mighty Sanele.

"This is not funny, who cries when the don't get what they want. You made this mess come fix it." He's beyond annoyed and I don't even know how he feels. I don't know how it feels to be around a pregnant woman but I'm grateful that my brothers are there.

"Eight more months Buti bekezela." I say pressing my lips together. I see him sweat which means he doesn't like these news one bit.

"Story of my life." He turns to walk out leaving me in laughter. I just can't wait to be with my family. With the 2 million I buried I can't wait to start afresh. Have my own family.

I walk back to my cell with the chains clinging on my hands and ankles.

I see Day approaching and I just know he is here for an answer.

"Still stubborn I see." He stands in front of me with his hands buried deep inside his pockets.

"I prefer serving my sentence." I say, three more years to serve and I will be out. The offer is tempting but I can't risk my life like that.

"Think about your freedom, all of this.... I can make it go away within a blink of an eye." He walks past me. If I agree to work with him won't that jeopardize my sentence? I so badly want to be out of here and be with the people I love. Day wants me to continue to bomb ATM's whatever profit I make we will split it in half. What makes him think that I will trust him just like that. Malindi once betrayed me and I don't think

adding problems to the problems I already have will make all of this even harder.

MNQOBIZITHA SHONGWE

With the help of Anathi he managed to help me guide my sister from a distance. He has people who are on her watch 24/7. I want to reach out to her badly but I don't want to scare her. Zipho seems fragile compared to Zamadwala. I want to have a relationship with my siblings, but how will that happen when I'm stuck inside here. Will they ever accept me?

All my life I've never known peace, I've never been to school. I'm just a nobody, a man who doesn't even have a direction in life.

I want to change my life for the better and for the best.

ZIPHO SHONGWE

Bonela Secondary seems to be far more better than then my previous school. They didn't mind my condition, they treated me like I belong. It's like they accepted me for the way I am. My first day was magical.

"I'm happy for you." Fezeka tells me, we've been pretty close lately but I don't want to put her in my pocket. Pink showed me flames, flames I will never forget.

"I'm happy." I'm honestly beyond happy. For once I will get to focus on my studies. Maybe my marks Will even increase."

"Let's go home." She holds my hand, she acts like a big sister I always wish I had.

ANATHI MYEZA

I'm having second thoughts about Day's proposal. I can't be stuck up here for five years. A man's got to do selfish choices to be with his family. I hope I am not signing my life to the devil. Now that the boys were able to trace Nokuthula I really need to get my family in order. Bitch lives in some shack with my baby girl. Nokuthula would sometimes leave for day's, leaving my baby unattended. These are one of the reasons I'm making this choice, I don't have a choice but I hope it will be worth it.

MALINDI MASONDOO

This can't be happening, the devil is really testing me. How my money disappear without even a trace. My R80K gone just like that.

"Can't your systems trace where the money was withdrawn or transferred to. It doesn't make any sense that my money in my account would disappear just like that." My heart is smashed like a mash potato salad.

"As I have said earlier on sir. It doesn't show anything on our systems. We can't trace anything, we can see the money was withdrawn in Workshop Durban Central and nothing beyond that." The representative tells me. The devil is working over time to tarnish my name. First my tavern got burnt down, my house got burnt down and now my money went missing. There is a foul play, something doesn't add up.

When I put two together the puzzles are missing. Someone did this intentionally and they are after everything I got.

GAME OVER! I read the text over and over again. My suspicions have been confirmed, someone is out for my blood and probably revenge!

THICK MADAM

#15

ZIPHO SHONGWE

Couple of days have been refreshing for me. I'm stress free, happy, and lighter. I sleep with a happy heart. I didn't know it feels this good to be treated as a human being. For the first time in my life I got to experience things I've never felt before. I now show some of my skin with feeling drained that maybe someone will comment with the condition that I have.

"Do I miss my mother?" Not even by a long short!

ANATHI MYEZA

Zenzele managed to save my baby girl from that horrific shack. Looking at the pictures makes my body cringe. How can you leave your own child you gave birth to just for a dick and alcohol? I seriously do not understand some of the woman out there. She's so tiny for a five year old. It does show that the baby does go a day without eating.

"So where's the baby now?" I ask Zenzele.

"Hospital, MaMyeza wanted to make sure that she's fine before she takes her home." He

responds. I close my eyes and inhale sharply rubbing my face. I think it's time I make a decision, no need to hide under the bush.

Later that day I requested for Day to come see me. The things we do in life just to keep your family safe.

"Have you made up your mind?" He asks leaning against the steel bars playing with the keys in his hands.

"I have a request." I say, he tilts his head looking at me sharply and scoffs. "It has to be 50/50, I will be doing all the job and you will be sitting your ass down doing absolutely nothing."

"That means you on board. Fair enough want is

your request?"

"I want Spikes and Mngobizitha out too." If he cannot obey my request then he should consider this deal off.

"That's.... that's going to be a bit hard. I'll see what I can do. As for you, you will be out by the end of the week." He says and turns to walk away. Spikes and Mngobi have been very close for the last couple of days. Without Spikes craziness we wouldn't be this alive.

TOBI SHONGWE

"When was the last time you ever touched me? You do not make love to me anymore. Just a simple mistake you toss me aside forgetting

that I sacrificed alot for you. I turned my back on my own children just to please you."

"That shows how much of a stupid woman your are. Which man would have a wife that has you brains? No one sisiwe. Don't blame me for your selfish decisions. You wanted a good life now live with it and stop being a nuisance. If it's sex that you want go hire a male stripper!" Shongwe barks, I sink down on the floor just realising my past decisions. I let money fool me, I left a man that loved me dear for an arrogant busted that made me abounded my own flesh and blood.

"Ow Zipho," I cry imaging that my baby girl is really gone. I favoured this man's children over my own kid, Zipho needed me the most and what did I do? I threw her right into the devil's mouth without thinking twice.

As for the son.... I don't even know whether he is still alive or not. My mind quickly remembers that I still have the numbers of a woman I left him with. I dial the numbers and it rings unanswered, I try again and again until she picked up.

"Yini!" She answers, I assume the rudeness is still in her.

"Eh hay MaZondo I...it's me Tobi, Tobi Shongwe the woman who....."

"Ofcause I still remember you, the woman who abounded her own child for a man. Ufunani?"
She's a bit harsh making to swallow non-existing lumps.

"The boy I left there years back does he still live with you?" I'm hoping and praying that she says she does.

"No, I last saw him ten years ago after telling him about his biological parents. He went packing and I don't know where he is." She answers unbotheredly, my heart sinks.

"He didn't say anything?"

"Why sudden interest in that boy you left. What a mother's love you have. Anyway, I know your past is coming back to haunt you." She laughs throwing shades, "Poor thing, look here don't ever contact me ever again. You threw your son away now live with it!" She hangs up. I don't believe this! The nerve of this woman, I am ashamed of my past and indeed it has come

back to bite me. Now that the boy knows his identity he might be probably with his father. I didn't even name my son,. What kind of a mother am I?

ANATHI MYEZA

"Your cell mates will be released after two weeks." Day updates me.

"So you will make everything go away?" I want to be sure before I make any drastic decisions, I want to be sure about the choice I made.

"That's the game." Days leans back against the wall. "See you around buddy." He taps on my shoulder and turns to walk away leaving me in thoughts, I hope I will not regret this in the long

run.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

MaMyeza requested to see me as in yesterday. I have no idea but it sounded all urgent. Sanele fetched and his mood was a bit sour. I'm in the kitchen making tea as she requested. I don't want to come out as a rude girl who doesn't have morals. I'm pregnant and I don't like doing anything.

"Here," I place the tray full of ingredients and i sat down having a sip of my 100% mango juice.

"The reason why I called you here is because," she takes a deep breath and I see hurt in her eyes. "We found Anathi's daughter."

"What!" I choke on my juice. I knew how Anathi was stressed about a daughter he didn't know. But now that his daughter was found it's definitely God's doing. "When?"

"In the early hours of today. Zenzele did the search from shack to shack until she was found all alone, without food. You could see how...." Tears prickle, "the way she looks brakes my heart. She has no vitamins in her, she's.... she's." She covers her face with her hands. I place my juice on top of the table and shift myself towards her.

"It's okay," I rub her back trying to shush her down. I'm about to be a mother and for the these past couple of days, I've learnt to bond with my unborn baby. I've learnt to accept

Anathi's kids as my own. I've learnt to grow and be a better person for myself and my family. I know my parents are disappointed in me but I will prove to them that I will achieve my goals and dreams.

"It's hard, how do I make that child feel better? She looks traumatized, unhealthy. It's hard." MaMyeza adds.

"Where's the child?" I ask, I want to see the child for myself. You know these old people sometimes intend to exaggerate at times.

"In hospital, the doctor said she's very dehydrated, lack alot of vitamin. You know the doctors English, I'm very old to be listening to them biting their tounge." She laughs and I join in. I guess I'll have to step in. The fact that she

informed me means she wants me to do something about the situation.

"We will go see her tomorrow and ask the doctor about the English that's confusing you. Where's Mpilwenhle?" I ask looking around. That rascal never keeps quite. He is always running around like a headless chicken.

"I can't keep up with that one. He now attends day care." She wipes her tears smiling. The fact that this woman attitude and values reminds me so much of my beloved mother MaZama.

Decided to cook dinner for them before I head back home. Mpilo was brought back by Sanele around 1:30 and I was done with cooking. This child never talks but has the energy to run around the house.

"Mpilo stop running around the house!" Did he listen? No, the dude continued to play hide and seek by himself.

"Mama," a tiny voice calls me from behind. I turn around only to find Mpilo looking at me with a smile plastered on his face. He just called me mama, as in mother.

"Did you just call me mama?" Why am I even asking a two year old. Which answer will I get? Sometimes I can be plainly be stupid. He just screams and continues to run around shouting mama, mama, mama. I guess he found a word toy.

IN PRISON

Wonga is laying on his sponge facing the wall with his eyes open, with his mind playing the events of the past few days. He still can't believe the pain he went through the punishment he got for helping his brother. If only he knew that Anathi is NOT to be messed with he wouldn't have even try attempting this stupid plan. But what has happened has happened there is no turning back. Life has to move on, he has to heal and makes sure that he doesn't cross paths with Anathi at all cost.

TOBI SHONGWE

I've been sitting here for the past couple of hours not minding the cold tiles. My mind is shut, my heart is heavy. If I were to look for my kids where will I even begin? Why did I make

selfish choices in the past? Every mother put their children's first and what did I choose? 'a rich arrogant diçk'. What did I gain?

I've been miserable, unhappy and I'm slowly losing myself. How did I get here?

"There's no food in the house!" The youngest daughter of the devil is back. It's funny how I let my own daughter go to bed with an empty stomach. I took a decision that from now onwards I will be treating these brats the same way I use to treat my own flesh and blood.

"I'm not your slave, tell your father to hire a maid to cook for you!" I say coldly without care.

"Whatever." She slams the door leaving me still snuggled on the floor. It's time I become a

mother that I never was, a mother I failed to be years back. How do I even go about looking for my son? I don't even know how he looks like, I didn't even name him. I sigh sadly, I'm sure my parents are disappointed in me wherever they are. I grew up in a warm loving home with both parents. But I turned my back on my own children.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

The day has finally come for me to go see Anathi's daughter in hospital. I'm standing beside the bed looking at this tiny fragile body. A body that looks like it's about to brake. I can literally see her ribs, the stomach is way too flat and it's scary. I don't blame MaMyeza for being this traumatized.

"Hello Nana." The girl just looks at me, she looks frightened and scared. "Don't be afraid, I'm going to be your best friend. My name is Zama what is your name?"

"Girl" she says in a shallow tiny voice. The voice is barely coming out.

"Girl?" I ask in confusion and surprisingly she slowly moves her head agreeing. Who names their child with such a meaningless names.

I sigh pulling the chair sitting next to her. This is not healthy at all. Some parents are disappointments, my own womb carrier is a disappointment. I wonder how they sleep at night knowing fully that they don't take care of their kids.

I spent a few minutes with her and later I decided to pass by the doctor who traumatized MaMyeza's mind with English. I want to know how bad is the damage.

"Her body lack nutrients and vitamins. As you can see her toenails and finger nails are an odd colour. The white of her eyes are not white. Her urine is isn't is pale straw colour. All of this could lead to health problems. These can include digestion problems, skin disorders, or effective growth. She will be kept here until she fully recovers, luckily no organs where damaged." The doctor explains leaving me dumbfounded.

"Wow, I'm.... Speechless." And indeed I am. I don't even know what to say at this point. It hurts so bad that a mother could be this

careless to a child who depends on them.

"Girl will be fine. But I suggest she doesn't go back wherever she comes from. It will set her back and her body can totally shut down meaning she could die."

I thought about the name for a while. The 'Girl' I don't even understand. This name will bring bad memories to her. She's just staring into thick space blinking slowly like a tortoise. "I prefer her to be called by the name of Ndimuphiwe." God gave me a gift, a gift that I will have to cherish and love at all cost. I'm more than happy to be a eighteen year old mum with two kids, and about to have three. We spent a few minutes at the hospital before we took our leave. Now I can't wait to ravish those chicken feet. Thank God Sanele is with me.

TOBI SHONGWE

I mopped and cried until I had no tears left in me. I decided to go to the hospital in search of Zipho. Maybe they will get to tell me where she moved to. Maybe I will get to be a mother I failed to be.

"We cannot disclose that information. And she begged me not to tell anyone about her whereabouts. She's happy where she is, just take my word for it." The doctor tells me. I'm deeply hurt, this is how rejection feels. I walk out of the hospital like a wet cardboard carton heading to a taxi rank. I tilt my head looking across the streets and my heart pumps looking at a female who looks exactly like Zipho.

"No it can't be," I say to myself. She's all grown to be this beautiful young lady. Ow Jehovah

what have I done to my kids? Looks like the step mother is doing the better job than I do. She walks past me without even noticing me. The pain I'm feeling now cannot be explained.

"Mama I promise. I love you too." I hear her say, she looks happy and all grown. She calls another woman mother instead of me. I was suppose to be putting that smile on her face. The pain of being unrecognised. I watch her walking away eating chicken feet until she was out of sight.

"God please give me strength to help me find myself again."

1 WEEK LATER

INSERT SPONSORED BY ONE OF THE READERS

UNDER THE READERS PACKAGE.

THICK MADAM

#16

ANATHI MYEZA

1 WEEK LATER

This feels like a dream, a dream I never thought I would overcome. Finally I'm out and about, my life has been untied. But first I got to see buttercup, this surprise I have in store for her.... I can't wait to share it with her. I'm parked outside the school gate leaning against the car waiting for her. Shame my poor this is dragging her feet in this heat. Those hips are getting wider by the day. She walks towards me looking down minding her own business. Surely she doesn't

notice that it's me.

"My chicken feet plea...." She pauses looking at me in shock. "An....Anathi. Is this really you, like you, you?" She slightly slaps me and gasp in shock holding her chest.

"It's me buttercup." I pull her close giving her one hell of a hug and the mood spoiler decides to mess my clothes. "Muntuza," I can't even be angry at her. It's not her doing but my son is doing a number one on her.

"Did you bath?" She covers her nose. She vomits on me and now she says I didn't bath. What a welcome back.

"Let's go." I say taking off my t-shirt that was

covered with vomit. I need a long warm shower maybe I will smell different to her.

“when were you released? Why didn’t you say anything? Ow my goodness it feels like a dream come true. Hope I’m not dreaming cause if I am I’m never waking up from my slumber.

“You not dreaming.” I look at her clapping her hands like a five year old. Woman are creature you will never understand.

"Haibo mihlola, you now walk around naked? Anathi Myeza you want to kill me!" My mother yells from the kitchen. This is what I missed about home. Coming back from prison almost gave my mother a heart attack. She was not ready to see me, the pain I saw in her eyes proved that she was hurt deeply. She was never in support of what we do but the guy had to

hustle so we could have a normal living. I want my kids to have a life I never had, a life full of life, a life where you get to experience your parents love. I know I come with a lot of baggage's and I need a strong woman by my side. With This Madam here that swept my feet away.

"MaMyeza, I love you too," I walk past her going to my bedroom leaving her shouting her lungs out. I just smile remembering that as old as I am she could give me one hell of a hiding.

I hit the shower with my tensed body relaxing it. Damn it feels good to be home, I'm enjoying every bit of it. The door cracks open and she enters banging it behind her.

"Ismoko?" I ask with a frown and I notice she has glossy eyes. "Muntuza, what's wrong?" I

step out of the shower raping myself with a towel attending to her forgetting I was washing the smell of vomit.

"Sa..Sanele." she wails out loud making me confused. What did Sanele do?

"What did he do?" I finally gather the strength to ask.

"My chicken feet, he forgot them!" She half shouts throwing herself on the bed laying on the side sniffing. I quickly pull my pants out wearing them. Sanele has to explain what's going on. I walk out of the room with her still laying on the bed sniffing.

"Bafo," I call out for him.

"Now that you back deal with your woman. I forgot her chicken feet and now she's mad at me." He whistles walking out. Now this explains, guess I will have to go buy those chicken. Hope I won't be stepping on her toes.

"She will be fine. It's just the hormones. Wena nje just make sure that you will always be there for her, and buy her whatever she wants until she gives birth. Looks like her hormones will make her crazy.

I just look at my mum confused. I thought pregnancy was easy waters but I guess I misjudged the whole situation.

I drive around the hood admiring it. Seeing people I grew up with, feels kind of awkward. When was the last time I saw there ugly faces. I

shake my head going to buy those chicken feet.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

Anathi woke me up, I don't even know when I fell asleep. Sanele broke my heart and made me angry. And he does not have any remorse for that. I will never forgive him for this.

"Here," he helps me sit and hands me a takeaway. The aroma fills my nostrils making me to smile like a mad woman forgetting I was angry earlier on. I grab the takeaway with no questions asked and started digging in. The sauces just makes it more delicious. I'm moaning enjoying every bit of it.

"What?" I ask him, he is staring at me with those

sexy eyes. "Why didn't you tell me that you were coming out?" Again I ask.

"There's something called a surprise but missy here ruined everything." He hops on the bed and comfortably and sits next to me. He kisses my cheek, for a change he doesn't have that cockroach smell.

"I'm sorry," I smile getting close to him. "I missed you." I say and I honestly did and now that his here I want him close to me.

"I missed you to buttercup. Let me show you how much I missed you." He grabs the takeaway from my hands placing it on the dressing table and got on top of me. He kisses me so hungrily not minding the chilli sauce in my mouth. The kiss got heated and I got myself

yearning for him more. Exchanging tongues in a twisted turn makes my mind imagine wild. His hands are squeezing every part of my body and this feels so good. "Should I stop?" I shake my head no because I want him so bad.

He undresses while kissing me until I was completely naked. He caresses on my clit rubbing it. I let out slit moan enjoy the pleasure of being finger fucked.

"Damn you so wet, I love them thick," he goes down giving me one hell of a muffing. I didn't know being muffed would feel this extremely heavenly.

"Ohhh heavens," I grabs his dreadlocks. That tongue going up and down is making me to loose my senses. He comes back up smashing his lips into mines tasting myself.

His black thick member is already up pointing

north popping veins. That mushroom head being slammed against my clit countless times, the feeling is unexplainable. He opens my legs wider pushing his cock inside of my wet pussy.

"Look at me," he orders looking right straight into my eyes. I bite my lower lip looking back at him. "Fuck," he groans moving slowly inside of me in circles. vanilla sex is the best. He is on top of me with my thick legs wide open. Thank God no kiwi backing me down. Colgate and blue Seal Vaseline is a number one remedy, not all those expensive creams that ended up having effects on your skin.

He is slamming so hard and slowly making me to bite the sheets.

"Owwww," I scratch his arms loosing myself. This is just too good and it feels so right.

"Muntuza," he groans, he is good at maintaining eye contact and I'm failing dismally.

"HmMMM," I don't know whether to scream or cry, the feeling was like the chicken feet I was eating. The pace quickens having no mercy on me. He has his hand pressed on my neck chocking me. My legs are shaking flying in the air. The sounds of our body clapping, the smell of sex, the man who is on top of me fucking me for dear life.

"Shit," he groans moving faster and faster and later released all of his cum inside of me, panting and collapsed on top of me. "I love you buttercup," he whispers in my ears holding me tight. That's where I belong right here and there is no turning back.

AT PRISON

"No Anathi no food. Sdudla won't feed us anymore." Spikes complains to Mngqobi who just looked at him crazy. "Yini don't look at me like that. Xoki ndini usuke umamfuza la," Spikes clicks his tounge annoyed.

"I wonder how Anathi managed to be in the same cell as you for two years." Mngqobi states looking at Spike who was cleaning his teeth with a toothpick.

"He has a crush on me," Spikes blurt out making Mngqobi to laugh.

"Uhlanya ngampela Wena." Mngqobi lays on his

sponge thinking about his sister's. He can't wait to meet them. Even though he has nothing but he has a brother's love. With Anathi watching over Zipho makes him at ease.

TOBI SHONGWE

I've been a walking zombie after the dilemma that happened. That was my daughter Zamadwala, whenever I think of this my heart hurts to a point I struggle to breathe. I hope Shabane still lives in that neighbourhood. I need to fix my life once and for all.

ANATHI MYEZA

"you done?" After that steamy season she took a bath. She nods her head looking around.

"Yea I'm done." We walk out passing my mother who was watching news in the dinning room.

"Usuyahamba njalo?"

"I will see you tomorrow, I'm writing so I need to study." My queen lies, I know she's not writing any test tomorrow.

"Ubhale Kahle ngane Yami." My mother says shifting her head back to the TV screen.

We walk out hand in hand feeling complete.

"About Ndimuphiwe, you haven't said anything about her." The courage of her giving my baby this unique name makes my heart skips a beat.

"Thinking about it.... It just, I can't even explain it. I'm thankful for having you into my life. I guess waiting was worth it."

"I understand, I will be visiting her tomorrow after school. I'm sure she's asking herself why haven't I come today to check up on her."

"She will be fine babe." I assure her. The fact that she became a mother to my child never had makes me be inlove with her even more. Ndimu is recovering slowly I can't for partner in crime to be born.

THICK MADAM

#17

ZIPHO SHONGWE

I got to learn how to accept and appreciate my thick body. With the help of Fezeka and Mrs Mahlase, they've accompanied me to the hospital. I don't know why I didn't think of this in the first place. I guess my mind was too busy occupying nonsense.

"You will apply this ointment twice a day. Don't bath with soap, drop a spoon of aqueous cream into your water and bath with it. Don't use powder soap when washing your clothes. Just use the green sunlight bar. And try wearing less clothes, let your skin breathe. All of this will go away but it will take time." Mrs Mahlase tells me. It's funny how she accompanied me to the hospital but she's now becoming my nurse.

"I will follow the instructions." I tell her. Maybe all of this will go away in due time. My neck is

covered with eczema, my armpits, my back, my legs. It's horrible if you ask me. One would swear I'm bewitched.

"And I will make sure she follows each and every instruction." Fezeka adds, I guess she is proving herself to me. Day by day she surprises me with a new character of hers. I would say she's bipolar maybe I'm wrong.

"You girls can go now," Mrs Mahlase hands us R200 for us to buy lunch. We walk out of the hospital happily looking at this huge amount of money. My own mother never gave me money before. I used to steal it whenever I got a chance. She never bothered to make me lunch for me to carry to school. I would steal bread and eat it as it is no Rama, no polony. Whenever I think about this my heart sinks.

"Let's go to that Kasi what, what. They sell nice food there." Fezeka suggests. We lock hands and walk down the road singing and making noise. I never knew I could be this noisy. Not to mention craziness.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I'm standing waiting patiently for my order. Kasi Food's sells the nicest foods ever. I look at.... what's her name again? Zipho. She's different from the last time I saw her. I hardly see at school. Seeing this other bubbly side of her makes me wonder if will I ever be this crazy since I'm about to be a mother, no scratch that since I'm already a mother. I have huge responsibility just at the age of eighteen.

"Zipho!" I call out for her waving my hands in the air for her to notice me.

"Sisi," she says excitedly squeezing me tight making me to feel something. Something warm, love. I hug he back closing my eyes. "You look beautiful." She says braking the hug.

"Ayusuka, you look beautiful," indeed she is.

"Are you guys twins?" Fezeka asks in confusion making us both laugh.

"We actually kind of get that alot. We are not even related." I say making Fezeka more confused. I don't know why people claim we are twins. I mean we do have that resemblance but people are now exaggerating the whole thing.

"I'm tired," Zipho complains wheezing a bit. I guess she went over board with her happiness. This what happens to me when I just to live a little.

"Did you bring your pump?" Fezeka asks and I guess she's asthmatic.

"I forgot it,"

"Dammit Zee." Fezeka starts panaciking and I quickly remember my mother's teaching. 'always carry fresh milk with you my daughter. You know you have breathing problems when you walk long distance. Milk will always calm you down'.

I stepped away from them without them

noticing to quickly buy fresh milk for her.

"Here drink this, it will calm you down." I hand it to her, within splits seconds she gulps it down and burps out loud. "Feeling any better?" I ask her.

"Thank you. I don't know how it slipped my mind forgetting my pumping" she says sitting down.

"Don't make it a habit, before you live the house make sure you check if you have it with you." I half scold her and damn I felt like a heroin.

"I heard you loud and clear." She tells me.

My order came and damn my heart beamed in joy. Chicken feet will always be the best for me.

"So when are you taking this thing out?" Fezeka points at my leg.

"The concrete you mean," I smile biting those tiny bones. "Month end." I reply, it doesn't bother me, it actually hurts that I'm about to be separated to something that has been with me almost a month. Call me mad, call me crazy, but I can't seem to help it.

"Muntuza," Anathi sits next to me. I thought I told him to wait for me in the car. "Zipho and her friend." He acknowledges them.

"How do you know my name?" She sounds scared. I would also be afraid if someone knew my name and I didn't.

"Your brother in-law," he shoots back with a straight face. I look at him and indeed he looks serious.

"Don't mind him, his mad." I intervene. I don't know what did I do to deserve a man like this!

"WeAnathi ufunani futhi lana, I thought I told you to stay in the car!" His sight is irritating the shit out of me.

"You were gone for too long," "let's go home." Which home? My home is in The Shabane household not kwaMyeza.

"Still having time with the girls." And indeed I was, for a change I'm around young teens not grannies.

"Atleast go somewhere safe." He tells me. Even if I try to argue with him I won't win this case. I sigh feeling mad and frustrated.

"Where's the safe 'place'? Emphasizing the word place annoyingly folding my arms. If he's suggesting for us to go by his house than he got to be dreaming.

"I think we should go home," Zipho says pulling Fezeka's hand but Anathi stopped them.

"Don't go on my account, infact we are going home." He helps me stand without any debate, grabbing the food we bought on the table leaving us behind to follow him.

"Your boyfriend is a bully," Fezeka sulks.

"Butisa mxm," Zipho clicks her tongue folding her arms making me to laugh. Such drama queens. We have no other options but to follow him outside.

He parks outside his home making me to roll my eyes in annoyance. I'm sure his mother will be asking me to cook left, right and centre. I'm not a moody person but ever since I got pregnant I've been a bit cranky lately.

"Yoh what a house," Fezeka says looking all astonished with her mouth wide open.

"We'll come home," Anathi welcomes them. Did the dude just say home? Which home? Who's home?

We all walk inside finding MaMyeza watching news channel as usual and I'm mad as hell and I don't even know for what. She looks at us confused with her eyebrows up.

"You have a twin?" She stands up and walk towards us in slow motion. Heh this magriza is wasting my time, I want to eat my chicken feet without any disturbance. "Jehovah!"

"We are not twins mah, we are not even related." I say sitting down opening my takeaway.

"Anathi can I have a word with you ." MaMyeza pulls Anathi by full force taking him outside.

"I think you guys are related, it's just that you

don't know." Fezeka says sitting comfortably next to me. What if we are truly related? If we are than how?

ANATHI MYEZA

"Before you say anything yes they are related." I just tell her with no questions asked cause I know for a fact this is the main reason she called me here out for.

"How? I thought Uthinga, that crazy girl is her sibling." She has her hands on her waste.

"Uthinga is her step sister, MaZama is Zamadwala's step mother. According to their knowledge Zamadwala is the only daughter to Bab'Shabane Kanti cha. He has two more kids

he doesn't know about."

"How?" Woman and gossip.

"This is how it happened...." Narrating the whole situation to the old lady making sure she understands every detail. "That's how it happened."

"So the son is in jail? But you do know that you have to inform the family about this. Poor girls don't even know that they are siblings. This is bad, really bad."

MALINDI MASONDOO

I heard that Anathi is out and about. I was the

one who pimped him. What if he is out for revenge? Worstly I ordered my brother to go take him out. What if he knows that I was behind everything? The things we do for money, I turned my back on my one true best friend who always had my back. Right now I'm packing going back to KZN, there is nothing left for me here. Everything vanished, all that I had has gone crumbling down within a blink of an eye. Maybe it's karma as they would say.

"Are you sure about this decision you making?" My mother asks stepping inside of the shack we built after that explosion. Life has really humbled me, if only I was a good friend to the best friend I had maybe I would swimming in money. Now that his back I'm sure he will be dusting his life back on track. My bank balance only has R5000 only. Where will this money take me, I have a mother to take care of. Starting

your life from scratch is no child's play. I sigh sadly thinking of all the sacrifices Anathi once made for me. I have to do something about my change of character.

"Yes mother I'm sure." I say looking at her and I immediately see pain. No mother wants to see their own children suffer. With Wonga in jail and with me being away I know she will have a hard time pulling through.

"Okay, let me leave you to what you were doing." She walks out leaving me to think deep. I pull out for a pen and paper and started drafting pouring my heart out. When it gets dark I will go deliver it.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"But if they say you guys are twins maybe you are truly related." Uthinga says, I decided to tell my parents about this whole situation. My mother was quite and you could tell that she was not okay.

"Mah," I call out for her and she blinks in tears. I wish I didn't say what I've just said. "I'm sorry ma, I didn't mean to upset you." Now I fell bad about this.

"It's not you, your father has two kids out there he doesn't know about. Tobi really finished my family. Excuse me." She stands up leaving me and Uthinga confused.

"Baba, what did mother mean when she says

Tobi finished this family?"

"Your mother is right. I have a son who is older than you and a daughter who is possibly younger than you." He sighs sadly. "I didn't mean to hurt your mother, I swear on my parents grave. Your....Tobi came here in two occasions and...." He covers his face and burst into tears. I've never seen my father this broken. The love that they share with MaZama is enormous. Without MaZama this family will be absolutely nothing.

"It's okay dad we all make mistakes. Nobody's perfect, we all have our imperfections and we learn from them." I say rubbing his back.

"Baba can I buy you a Juba? I know it will calm your nerves down." Uthinga can be crazy for no

reason. I'm glad she managed to put a smile on our father's face. To even think that I have siblings out there hurts me alot. And the fact that my parents consulted and didn't let us know hurts alot. Communication is the best key.

ANATHI MYEZA

I decided to lay low for now, no heist no dodgy dealings. Since the case disappeared I want to look as clean in front of the law cause I know that they are tailing me. After sending buttercup at her home and dropping off the girls at the shelter I drove straight to the hospital to check on Ndimuphiwe. I love this name and I'm sure there's a meaning behind it.

Finding Ndimu with other kids trying to walk made my heart pump in joy. Ever since I saw her she's always tired sleeping and energy less.

Looking at this sight gives me peace of hope.

"Ndimu," she turns around and smiles shyly. She looks exactly like her mother but my daughter is quite. To even think that, that bitch doesn't even care that the baby is not around. She never cared about Ndimu's well-being. I crotch in front of her and held her tiny hands.

"Zama." That's the first word she utters, guess she got attached these couple of days. Who wouldn't love that humble soul, whenever I think about her I become....

"She's getting better day by day. Just a few more steps with her miss here will be good to go." The doctor brings me back to life. I stand up picking Ndimu in my arms and turn to look at her. "She's a fighter." She smiles and I just look

at her

"Where's doctor Mvelase?" He is the only doctor who takes care of Ndimu.

"He is on leave, I'm just filling in for today." She replies.

"Ow okay." I ease up a bit. I don't trust anyone or anything. With the cops marking every move I make totally gets on my nerves.

"Zama," I look at her and she has glossy eyes.

"She's been calling out for Zama the whole day."

"Her mother couldn't make it." I say placing

Ndimu on the bed. "Zama will come visit you tomorrow, and guess what she will bring you that huge teddy bear you asked for." I brush her bold head.

"Yes," she says softly in excitement. I want to have full custody of my baby girl and introduce them to the ancestors. I lost so much with me not being near them. I want to be there every step of the way. My family means a lot and I will put them first no matter what. You see Zama, I waited for so long to be with her. Now that she is finally with me I'm am never letting go of that girl. She is mine and mine alone and I'm glad she never judged me of my past mistakes.

After spending time with Ndimu I drove straight home. Tomorrow is another day for me. I need to find a way to put that money I hid into good

use. Start up something new, right now we don't have business under my surname. I think being in the taxi industry will do. I'll just purchase two Quantum's, register them and ask my brothers to drive them. I hope Day won't push me into doing these heist's everyday. I want to be done with that life. I open my the door and I notice a note on the floor, I pick it up and open it.

DEAR ANATHI

THICK MADAM

#18

ANATHI MYEZA

DEAR ANATHI

I humbly greet you, I feel so stupid right now. As I'm about to write this letter I feel like a sissy, I

look like a guy who has just been dumped by there true love.

I realize you hate me now and you don't want to have anything to do with me or our friendship anymore. I accept that and I blame it all on me. But before I go away for good there are some things I really need to say. I'm not going to go away bitter or mad, I'm just going to let it go and cherish the friendship that we once had.

You have gone through so much because of me and everything else I have left out. I will never forget you. I truly needed someone like you around during the time I met you. I was going through alot of emotional trauma and so were you, during that period of time and being around a friend like you made me forget all the bad stuff. I never met anyone like you before, I had never really met a friend who was sweet as you were. It's crazy I know but you were the best

any friends could ever ask for.

It doesn't really make a lot of sense when I think back on everything. I guess I didn't know how to handle things back then. It was a bad timing for me and after I sent you away i didn't know how to deal with everything and I took out alot of negative emotion on you which was wrong of me. It's not your fault to feel the way you feeling about me right this minute. All I ended up doing in the end was just complicating everything and loosing a dear friend.

I'm sorry.

I'm admitting to my wrong doing, it may not mean anything to you but it means a lot to me for you to know this. I know I can't do anything for you to change your mind about me and I

don't expect you to, but atleast you know how I really feel after everything I put you through. And I feel much better for letting it out.

I wish nothing but the best for you. I hope you find someone who gets you and respects you and treats you with respect that you deserve. I really hope you find out what is it that you really want. I wish things didn't have to be this way.

I admit I miss you and I our friendship that I ruined for my own selfish reasons. I will never find a friend like you, a person who stood by me when I had nothing, a friend who stood by me when I was a nobody. I don't know where I'm going, but what I know is even if I die I will peacefully knowing that I've cleared my heart out.

From - MALINDI MASONDO

I sigh folding the letter, he was once a true friend but things happened. Greed will make you even sell your own child. I'm thankful I do not have that heart. I sit down thinking thoughtfully about his apology. I'm very disappointed in him no lies, but I guess I have to let bygones be bygones.

And another thing the issue I have to inform buttercup's family about Mngobi and Zipho. How do I even approach this matter, where do I even begin? They will definitely know that I was in jail and I'm an excon. I guess I will have to talk to buttercup first, she understands me better.

IN PRISON

Mngobi has curled himself in a corner rocking himself back and forth thinking about his life,

the struggles he went through while his parents are still very much alive haunts him. He will not put blame in his father cause he never knew about his existence, and as for his mother. God knows what he will do when he crosses paths with her.

The steal gates sling wide open making Mnqobi to tilt his head up.

"Don't tell me you broke the law so quick, can't you stay out of trouble just for once? Are you even allowed to be here? I forget at times that you are the mighty Stone." He looks at Anathi who looks unbothered about what Mnqobi just said, making himself comfortable next to him.

"I don't know what to tell your family, I don't even know where to begin." Anathi says looking at the walls of Jericho.

"Let me guess, they don't know you are an excon." Mngqobi shoot smiling looking at him.

"Eish, let's just drop that. Where is Spikes?"

"That one, he is out there busy saying you have a crush on him." Mngqobi tells Anathi.

"What the fuck, is Spikes out of his mind!"
Anathi feels defeated, but then he remembers that Spikes will always be spikes.

Spikes walks in singing minding is own business.

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Zawa zawela le

Zawa indonga zejerico

Zawa zawela leǎŸŽ¶

Spikes stops singing when his eyes lands on Anathi.

"My everyday crush," his says grinning like a mad man.

"Futsek Spikes!" Anathi clicks his tounge.

"Miss me already. I knew you can't live without me." Spikes tells Anathi while caressing on his cheek making Anathi to yank his hands off.

"What did I tell you." Mnqobi burst into laughter looking at Spike annoying Anathi.

"I swear I'm going to kill you!"

"Phola mdoko, ntwana hambani." The real Spikes comes out making Mnqobi to look at him astonishingly. Ever since Anathi was released Spikes has been behaving strangely and going mad. Now this other side of him really surprises him.

"Sure, sure. Entlek buka in two weeks time you guys are going to out and about. Had to sign a deal with the devil to free you." Anathi tells them.

"What!" They say in a unison. This was unexpected for Anathi to sign his life for their freedom.

"What's the catch?" Mngqobi asks feeling concerned.

"If I do a heist for him once in a while." Anathi knows that this life he chose, he was done with it. It was a life in the past, a life he didn't want to look back to. But now that things are like this he has no choice to play by the rules.

There was a moment of silence as the guys were still trying to process the information.

"I die where you die." Spikes says looking at Anathi.

"Sionke," Mngqobi adds, no questions asked.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I'm looking forward into seeing Zipho and her crazy friend. Yesterday, my day was going well until Anathi crashed my space. That guy cannot let me breathe just for once. Now that his out of prison, he always makes sure to make my life a living hell. The hooter honks and I just know it's him. I grab my school bag and walk out.

"Bye ma, bye dad!" I shout walking out of the door. There he is parked outside the gate looking all handsome, I'm sure he smells horrible.

"Muntu," I greet him taking a front seat making the car to bounce a little.

"I love it when you make my car bounce like

this." He squeezes my thigh smiling like a puppet annoying me.

I just look at him running out of words to say, this man really knows how to irritate the shit out of me. I'm looking at him as his driving and I notice that something is bothering him.

"Are you okay?" I find the courage to ask him.

He sighs deeply making me anxious, "we need to talk, but not now while your going to school. We will talk in the afternoon." He tells me, I guess I will have to wait for that afternoon and I just hope and pray it's not something major.

"Cheat on me and you will die a slow painful death." I say stepping out of the car leaving him all smiles. Who smiles when they are about to

die. I walk into the school premises to check on Zipho. My mood just lights up whenever I see her. Uthinga went to her boyfriend's house and left me all alone.

"Hay watch where you going!" We collide with some girl making me to almost trip and fall.

"Jeez I didn't see you. No need to push me!" I rant back, she's the one who collided on me but she has the guts to push me.

"Aunty Zama, watch your tone when talking to the queen of this school, or else I will shrink you into two slices" She says out loud. Now everyone is looking at us. She sure wants to make me a laughing stock but I will not let my guard down. It's time I stand up from these bullies.

"Okay miss queen," I smile and I know just of a perfect plan that will make her vanish in front of my eyes. "If I were you I would put my brains into good use, make your brain useful and stop harassing us. Being fat is not a curse, in fact I love being fat. Lalelake and listen carefully....if I were you I would mind my books. For how long have you been failing. You have the guts to call me Aunty, who's the aunty between you and me? I think it's you, waiting for the school to have couches." I hear gasps here and there. She touched the wrong button. The new me is definitely not to be messed with. I turn to walk away smiling feeling confident, we have to stand up to these bullies once and for all!

"You handled that situation very good back there." Zipho takes a high five from me. "It feels like I'm the one who actually stood up to them." She further says, school was great other than that bully who wanted to kill my spirit. I'm standing outside the gate waiting for the annoying Anathi with his horrible smell.

"Finally he decides to show up." I say getting in the car.

"Zipho and her friend get in!" Anathi shoots, these guys think ordering people around is fun.

"It's fine we wil...." Zipho is being cut short, she shouldn't have said that.

"Don't make me repeat myself." He roars and I

see the girls being frightened getting in the car.

"We need to talk, actually I have something to tell you but I don't know how you guys going to react to this whole situation." He says taking a deep breath. He is driving very slowly making me anxious.

"What is it?" I ask him.

"I'm just going to go straight to the point. You guys are blood sister's." He points out at Zipho than me. My frown gets twisted looking at him waiting for him to further explain. I want to hear more about this hilarious joke of his. "You also have an older brother." He exhales loud and deeply.

The silence feels the air making it hard for me to breathe. My mind drifts back to the conversation I once had with my parents. They did state I do have two unknown siblings. Wait so if this is true h....

"How do you know all of this?" I ask, Zipho is sitting quietly at the backseat.

"Your brother told me everything." Anathi replies.

"I want to see him," I shift my gaze to him and he notices that I'm serious. This is just confusing, this means my father cheated on MaZama. But with who.... Zipho looks so much like someone I know. "We're are your parents Zipho?" I ask her.

"I was raised by my father which I recently

found out that he is my step father. I don't know my real father and even if I want to know him, were do i start searching for him? I don't even know where to begin." She answers.

"And your mother?"

"That one, she never cared about me. All she ever cared about is her step children. I was just a burden to her, so after I tried taking my own life I was hospitalized and after that I decided never to return back. I'm pretty sure she's very happy that I'm not around." She says sharing a tear drop.

We arrive in prison and the nerves start to kick in. What if he is not my brother? If he is, will he accept me the way I am? How did he end up in prison?

We are sitting waiting patiently for him and I think the person we waiting won't come anytime soon.

"Are you...." We hear chains ruffling we all turn to look at that direction. This can't be happening, did my father just die and reborn cause I'm certainly sure that I left him at home. Zipho was biting her nails in fear, I understand her situation and I don't blame her. What if I'm not even related to her?

"Sanibona." He greets, his voice.... He sounds exactly like my father.

"Wow, I don't even know what to say. Are we really related?" I ask him and he nods his head. His eyes fill up with tears.

"Finally I get to meet my blood family." He says rubbing the tears off his eyes.

"But how? Mina I don't understand." And indeed I'm confused.

He shakes his head and begins to tell us every detail of where the issue started. How he was abandoned by our very own mother the same way she abandoned me. At least Zipho got to stay with her even though the experience was rough growing up.

"How did you find out about Zipho?" I ask.

"After the information I got I started stalking Tobi and that is how I found out about Zipho. Ever since then I swore that I will make that

woman pay for making my life hell." He clench his jaws in anger, so I have an older brother and a younger sister. Life will amaze you.

"But I did tell you guys that you're related but no one believed me as usual." I even forgot that Fezeka also came along.

"What a mother we have." Zipho says, she was too quiet for this whole situation. "My life has been hell under that roof. My own mother never cared about how I feel, she never cared about my own emotions. Only to find out that she never cared for all the children she birthed."

"She left me at my father's door step with a note and she would fetch me from time to time to visit her. I last saw her when I was ten. She left me at my father's house and never looked

back." I say.

"I was just a few months old. And she never looked back." Mngqobi says. I believe parents are suppose to be our shield not enemies. But who am I fooling, some parents prefer loosing their own blood just because of the life they choose. My mother is MaZama and no one will ever separate me from that woman!

THICK MADAM

#19

MALINDI MASONDO

God I never knew my life would go back to square one, I never thought I would find myself living in the gutters again. Being back here brings alot of memories. Memories of me my mother and my brother starving, fighting for a

better life. I screwed everything for myself and I have no one to blame other than myself. I hope Anathi forgives me where ever he is. Whenever I think of him my heart sinks, I need to forget about the past and move on.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I feel ashamed of what I just said. After visiting Mngobi from the hospital Anathi took me straight home. MaZama looks worn out, I shouldn't have said what i said. Now I feel like I'm braking my family apart.

"MaZama I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...." She just stands up leaving us seated. Worstly I brought Zipho. What have I done, I sink down in shame and burst into tears. I never meant for all of this to happen!

"It's okay," Bab'Shabane rubs my back softly trying to calm me down. The pain I'm feeling now is beyond any pain I've ever felt.

"Muntuza, please stop crying. Think about the soul you carrying." Anathi reminds me. He doesn't understand what I'm feeling right now.

"I hurt her Anathi, I hurt my own mother. I didn't mean to." I say wiping the stream of tears.

"I think we should go." Zipho stands up and my father stops her.

"Sit down, I will go talk to my wife." He stands up and follows mother to her bedroom.

"Babe please, I don't want you falling sick. Stop crying."

I sigh thinking what will I be without my mum. The person who has been by my side since day one and this is how I brake her heart!

BAB'SHABANE

"Mkami, Sometimes, there are simply no words that can adequately express the depth of a person's feelings that are plagued by regret, guilt, and sadness for a wrong done. This is my predicament now for hurting you so badly when you trusted me so.

I want to tell you I'm sorry a thousand times, but I know my apology can't undo what has been

done or ease the pain in your heart. Cheating on you is certainly an unforgivable mistake. I totally deserve all the anger and resentment from you for what I have put you through.

However, it also pains me to see you suffering as a result of my misbehavior. Guilt burns in my heart thinking of all the hurt that you must have felt because of my recklessness. Each time that I think of you, I get angry with myself because I can imagine all the bitter tears you must have shed when you learned of my indiscretion.

I'm feeling like this because there is still love for you glowing in my heart. Otherwise, I wouldn't have cared one bit and moved on. But I don't want this relationship to end. I still care deeply about you and love you with all my heart. I truly want you to be happy again with me still being a

part of your life.

Well, a mistake is a mistake. I know I don't have the right to ask anything from you when I have foolishly betrayed your trust in me. But if you can find it in your heart to forgive me and give me another opportunity to prove to you how much I love you, I will be very, very relieved indeed. For that would mean I still have the chance to love and cherish you as you deserve, and a chance to make your future a happier one with more laughter and fewer tears.

Lastly, I just want to say that I have faith in my love for you. I have faith that we will overcome the odds and make our relationship and marriage even better than before. Give me another chance and I have faith that, one day, we will look back at this and be glad that we

didn't walk away from each other. I know an apology now will do little to heal the pain. I know it's useless to say sorry when the mistake is unforgivable. But neither do I want to remain silent as if I don't care one bit about what I have done and the bitterness it brought you.

Not many can live with the idea of being cheated upon. Few can put the past behind them and revive a troubled relationship. Not many can find happiness with a partner who has betrayed their trust. I understand that perfectly. The wound in your heart requires time to heal and it is only right that I allow you the space to do so.

This marriage of ours is now at a crossroads, but I know that the decision of where we go from here is not mine to make. I relinquished

that right when I cheated on you. If you feel that you can no longer love me the way you used to, I will accept your decision, although it will be with a ton of regret and sadness. Because deep in my heart, I still love you and wish fervently for a chance for our relationship to bloom once again.

But to me, what matters is your happiness and well-being. If you can no longer feel love, trust, and security in our relationship and wish to walk away, I won't stop you. Once again, I'm truly sorry for what I have done. Whatever you decide, all I want is just for you to be happy and for the pain in your heart to go away. And hopefully, it will, one day, very soon." Bab'Shabane apologizes sincerely from the dept of his heart. He broke his marriage for a woman who didn't value his live at all.

"I'm staying because I'm afraid of not seeing my children every day.

When you believe that you are attached for eternity with another soul, you need to respect the vows taken at the altar and not cheat on the person you made those vows with. But if your partner can't or won't remain faithful, should you just walk away? After he cheats, that may seem easy to do. It's easy to scribble that down in your journal when it's not you whose marriage is on the verge. But in the real world, it's bone-shattering and soul-wrenching to lose that one person who promised to be with you in health and sickness, till his last breath because of infidelity." MaZama says taking a deep breath.

"It hurts that I love you this much, it hurts that there are kids involved, it hurts that I have to put the past behind us and move on as if nothing

happened. But the kids will be a constant reminder that my husband once cheated with his first love. Not once but twice. Make time to go see your son in prison." MaZama tells Bab'Shabane who was stuck as a super glue. Yes his wife is broken but she still thinks about him even in painful memories.

"I will tomorrow." He responds and MaZama nods her head looking outside the window with a heavy heart. Marriage has never been easy, it always has it's up and downs. The love she has for this man can't be compared to anything.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"Mum will be fine," Uthinga snuggles herself next to me. Anathi and Zipho are long gone. I don't even know how to feel at this point.

"I hurt her Uthinga, you should have seen her face. How will I ever forgive myself. How will I ever move on from this? Mum has been nothing but a great mother to me. I don't wish to have another mother beside her." I say with a broken heart.

"Yes she's hurt but she will come around. She is not angry at you, but she's angry with our father. Wena nje just focus on the positive side. So we have an older brother? That means no jolling, no sneaking around, no late night. Fuck our lives are doomed." She covers herself with a pillow groaning making me to smile.

"You should have seen him. He looks so much like father." I tell her and she pays attention.

"His walk, that voice, his seriousness.

Everything screams dad. You that woman named Tobi.... Only God will deal with her."

"Awu brother Mnqobi. This sounds fun. But don't think too much about your mot.... I mean Tobi." She says biting her tounge. I wonder what goes on this girls mind but I love her.

ANATHI MYEZA

"So what's the plan?" Zenzele asks, Day wants me to check the route of the Security Vans.

"A bomb is a good way to open the van's door. Rest will follow after we have checked the cost." I say. "As you know most of our income will be coming from heists. If you need a quick

way to get easy money, you can always resort to petty thievery; robbing drug stores, mugging citizens, etc. However, the most lucrative way to make a profit at the beginning of GTA V is stealing from security vans. They often carry at least millions. After this than I'm done with this life." And indeed I will be done for good. I have a family to think of.

"We should start a business." Sanele cheeps in, but his idea is a good one. "Probably own two taxi's for now, I don't know. But school is not for me." He says shrugging his shoulders. Only Zenzele is who seems to be focused in school. And I hope he doesn't drop out.

"Yea taxi's will do. I'm starting to hate school. I even hate the course I'm doing." I was just hoping and praying Zenzele becomes better

than us, here is thinking of dropping out.

"Zenzele." I call out for me and he just stares at me without blinking.

"I've made up my mind." He walks out leaving me dumbfounded. What happened to MaMyeza's kids for hating school this much!

TOBI SHONGWE

"You will stay in that bathroom until you come back to your senses. No slut treats my kids like piece of trash. If that's how you treated your kids don't think you will ever treat my kids in that manner. I own you with that cold thing in-between your legs." Shongwe clicks his tounge making Tobi sob painfully. How can she walk

out of this devil. Everyday is an emotional brake down for her.

"I'm sorry." She says banging the door. How the hell did Shongwe find out that we was planning on escaping?

"To late." She hears his feet shuffling walking away. She sighed sinking down in the floor. She once had a nice life now everything had turned against her. How can she fix her life? She wants her kids back, how will she even go about looking for the son she gave up. Zipho, ow her poor Zipho must be having sleepiness nights where ever she is. For the first time in fifteen years she wonders if her child has eaten. Is she going to school? Where she is? Is she not being bullied where ever she is?

"Baba I need strength." She says softly in a low sob. Shongwe has been making her life a living hell emotionally. How will she move on from this!

BAB'SHABANE

"Kids have no sin, they were just bought into this cruel world. They didn't asked to be born." MaZama tells Bab'Shabane who was looking down in shame. As much as he is happy that he finally found his kids but his wife is unhappy and he understands.

"Mk...." He was cut short.

"What if the love of your life decides to come back and claim what's hers? You two have kids

after all." A question that got Bab'Shabane off guard. Is he truly over Tobi? He kept quiet for a while. "See what I mean, which means whenever she comes back you will leave me and play happy families with her. I will just make things easier for you. I will pack my bags and go so you could go out there and look for a woman who left you when you needed her the most. A woman who left you for another man. A woman who lied to you continuously without shame. A woman who doesn't think about anyone other than herself. Go find her maybe she will make you happy this time around." She turns to walk away leaving him thinking high.

Meanwhile MaZama took her handbag and walked out. When you are subjected to unkind behaviour from a person you love and respect, it breaks your heart and makes you feel awful. You feel engulfed in a blanket of bitterness and

pain which blocks you from seeing any light of happiness.

Such a bad experience drains you of all the positive energy and at times you might feel like you will never recover from it. But, you need closure. You need to accept what happened, get a grip on your negative thoughts and work on recovering by letting go of the pain.

When you are hurt, a lot of negative emotions like sadness, disbelief, and anger take over you. You feel anger toward the person who hurt you as well as on yourself for letting them do this to you.

She kept on walking not knowing where she is going with her blurry vision. She's trying so hard to be strong but it just hurts. It's at night and the streets are full of drunkards roaming around. It hurts so bad that the man she has been with all

these years is still inlove with another woman. The man she thought she knew over the past years is not the man she thought she knew. So all these years she meant absolutely nothing to him. All those sacrifices she made didn't prove the love she had for him.

"I now understand the pain of other women who are suffering from a marriage they sacrificed their all of them. It hurts, it hurts so bad that the man I love is still inlove with another." She sits on the side of the road and continues to cry, crying all of the pain out.

A car drives by passing her in full speed, she tilts her head and looks at the commotion happening infront of her. Gunshots blazing around being exchanged. She tried to escape by not being noticed but it was already too late.

THICK MADAM

#20

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"Did you hear that?" I got startled by the noise outside, people screaming and some crying. Gunshots blazing around.

"Hope no one is dead." Uthinga says peeping through the window. "Come see." I get my thick body off the bed.

"Maybe someone is shot." I say, "what if they dead?" I ask in fear. No one likes to bury their loved ones. I don't imagining myself burying MaZama or anyone of my family members.

My rings and it's Anathi.

"Tell your father to meet me by the gate now!"
He drop the call leaving me confused. I know the man that I'm dating he means business. I have no other choice but to obey. I knock on my father's door and let myself in. His sitting on his bed crying.

"Baba, Anathi ask you to meet him by the gate. Are you okay?" I'm even afraid of the response.

"I will be fine." He fakes a smile and walks out leaving me behind. No sign of MaZama and that hurts, I don't see my life without this woman.

When you are a mother, you are never really alone in your thoughts. A mother always has to think twice, once for herself and once for her child. My mother's love has always been a sustaining force for our family, and one of my greatest joys is seeing her integrity, her

compassion. Having children just puts the whole world into perspective. Everything else just disappears, To describe my mother would be to write about a hurricane in its perfect power. Or the climbing, falling colours of a rainbow. Being a mama can be tough, but always remember in the eyes of your child, no one does it better than you.

BAB'SHABANE

I'm numb, cold, lost. I feel like my world is crumbling down. There she was lying helplessly on the ground in the pool of blood. Her chest was covered in blood. She was not moving nor breathing. Why did I not answer her as soon as she asked me that question. The blood has dried out. Paramedics took their own sweet time. Everything is fuzzy and confusing. Arriving

in the hospital I was already dead. It's been hours waiting for the doctors to fill us in with feedback. I never knew almost loosing someone you love feels like this. My world revolves around this woman.

"Nomthandazo Shabane," finally the doctor calls out and we stand up more like rushing forward.

"She's my wife," my voice came out as a whisper. Is she okay?

"We've managed to remove the three bullets off her chest, she was lucky. Another bullet missed her heart by an inch. She is heavily sedated for now, but in due time she will be fine rest assured."

"Can I see her? I ask, even though I won't say anything but looking at her face will ease my heart.

"Follow me," He turns to walk away leaving and I follow behind leaving Anathi seated.

All those complicated machines made my body cringe in pain. A cold wave passes through my stomach making it knots. I feel my intestines move. I let Tobi play me over and over again, I let her brake me continuously and this woman right her was my rock from the start.

"What the hell was I thinking?" If you're putting on a song-and-dance in an elaborate attempt to impress your partner, you might be dating the wrong person.

Your partner should love you as you are. Does it feel like they are trying to mold you into an

entirely different person? If so, it might be time to let them go.

They always go off on tangents about their day at work, but never seem interested in yours.

They always suggest where they'd like to go, but never seem to care what you think. If your partner does a whole lot of speaking (but never listens), you might want to find someone not so self-centered to share your life with." He takes a deep breath trying to prevent the tears from falling.

"If your partner has no hobbies or interests outside of your relationship, you might be dating the wrong person.

Who would want to date a person who isn't passionate about anything? Tread carefully if your partner has zero life goals, because

relationships with a person lacking ambition are anything but fulfilling. And that brings us to... what I'm trying to say is I no longer love Tobi with the heart that loves you. Tobi broke me again and again without any remorse. Please come back to me sthandwa Sami. What will our kids be without you. I love you and only you." He says squeezing her hands softly.

I walk out of the ward with mixed emotions. What will I tell her kids?

Anathi drives me back home and it's in the middle of the night. I'm angry at myself, I'm angry at how I handled things earlier. I find these two still wide awake.

"Baba!" Uthinga runs towards me and Zama was stuck on the same spot with her eyes wide open. I guess the bloody me got her off guard.

"What happened," Uthinga inspects me to see if am I hurt anywhere.

"I'm fine my daughter, I just need to bath and sleep." I say. I don't know what to say to them. Will they hate me if they know the truth.

"Where's mum?" Zama finally managed to talk, her question made me loose balance forgetting my own step. "Are you okay?" She frowns looking at me.

"Just tired." I just want to leave their faces before they ask further questions.

"Wait since your are not hurt, who's blood is that?" Zama asks, she's the persistent one.

I turn to look at Anathi who was standing by the

door. I'm defeated and ashamed of the answer I'm about to say.

"Y....your mother was shot." I say closing my eyes, without warning my tears drop out. I'm even afraid to open them. It's silent, silent that I'm even uncomfortable.

"M...MaZama is dead?" Zama asks sliding down on the tiles.

She lets out a loud painful sob making Bab'Shabane come back to life.

"No, no she's not dead. She was shot, but luckily she survived all to God's grace." I try to convince her.

"Buttercup, please don't do this." Anathi

crouches in front of her.

Anathi was just driving past by when he saw a familiar face being shot for no reason. When he went closer to verify his assumptions and indeed it was MaZama. Buttercup is pregnant and he doesn't want anything stressing her. Seeing MaZama in that state that he saw her in made him think about the woman he loves. But all in all he is grateful that she didn't die.

"It hurts Anathi, it hurts." She continues to cry on Anathi's chest. This is beyond any pain!

"I know babe, I know. Everything happens for a reason sweetheart." He pulls her up. "Where's your bedroom. You need to sleep." He commands, Zama sighs sharply and walks slowly towards her bedroom. "Please try and get some sleep, I'll check up on you later. Or

rather bring you those chicken feet." He tries to soften her surprisingly she nods in excitement making Anathi to shake his head smiling and walked out.

Zama finally went to bed after the back and forth of her blaming herself for what has happened to their mother. Bab'Shabane was too hurt, too hurt thinking about the pain his wife must be feeling. MaZama is one of 'thee' respective, loving, forgiving soul you have come across. He warmth in her just makes her more beautiful than she is. He failed to answer a simple question, a simple question that doesn't need any thinking. He thought maybe he was still stuck up in the past, holding back to love MaZama fully. He thought loving MaZama

would bring back all the pain Tobi made him go through, but he was wrong. In this woman all of the signs were there, this woman loved him regardless anything. When he met MaZama he had nothing on his name, he was too broken but the woman in MaZama fixed him and became a man he is today. Their affair with Tobi continued bring souls into this earth until the day Tobi decided to leave him broken for good.

Bab'Shabane now regrets of not loving his only wife fully who is now fighting for her life in hospital. His selfishness landed his wife in hospital. Uthinga is a strong girl, but for Zama, she's too connected to MaZama. The love she has for that woman sometimes scars me at times. The bond that they share sometimes makes me wonder how will Zama cope if MaZama doesn't pull through. He sighs deeply sinking into thinking. He once had a perfect life

and marriage, even though they did not have it all. They were just a family living on budget. He is grateful that his kids accepted the situation as it is. Looking at Zipho brought back all the pain. His kids so much like him, one would swear they were duplicates. He wondered how his son landed in jail, how was life growing up for him? Why did Tobi lie all these years? He has so many questions and there's only one person who could answer that question and that is Tobi. Thinking of her just makes his stomach turn, for the first time in years he feels hatred towards her. For the first time in years his heart feels nothing for her. Now the main worry is would MaZama accept his baggage's once again after all the pain he has caused her? He decides to get some sleep tomorrow is another day to go check on his wife.

Bab'Shabane's mind was wondering around having mixed emotions. He was standing afar from his wife's bed looking at her upper body covered up in bondages. He pulls his legs towards her bed with a heavy chest, he pulls a chair and sits down holding her hand and shuts his eyes preventing the tears from falling.

"I regret everything but I don't regret having you in my life, I don't regret you being my wife. You are a light in my darkness, I never appreciated you, you made me be more than I thought I could ever be. You were always there for me through thick and thin. I love you MaZama and with that I can even swear on my mother's grave. Because of you I knew how it felt to be loved. I will never forget how you touched my life and made me a part of you. You accepted Zama as your own. The kids miss you, every

hour without you in that house makes me mad. I miss your delicious cookie, I miss how you moan my name whenever I'm deep inside of you." He smiles thinking of fucking her on the hospital bed. "Never doubt my love for you, I love you more than life itself." He kisses her dry lips and walks out wiping his tears. It hurts so bad.

ANATHI MYEZA

In the middle of the I went digging, digging for the money I hid two years ago and surprisingly it was still there. We decided to be in the taxi industry, papers and offices are not for us Myeza men. More reason for me to drop out in school.

"So all these years you, no 'we' had so much

money and we knew nothing about it." Sanele talks too much, him and spikes are the definitions of devils.

"I had my reasons, and these are one of the reasons." I tell them. I'm grateful that my brothers never misuse money carelessly. They are very responsible and open minded.

"You will need to register your taxi business for R175 through the CIPC. Taxi drivers are required to have a valid driver's license and a professional driving permit. The PDP allows to transport members of the public. You can also join organisations like SANTACO." Zenzele surprises me with his knowledge. He keeps on surprising me bit by bit. "The next important certificate to have is a route license, according to Student Brands, The taxi association will

upload the driver and vehicle details on a database, which will then in turn show if the route is profitable or not. If there are too many taxis on the same route, then the likelihood of the driver making a profit will be reduced." He continues to add leaving me dumbfounded.

"Wow, I'm wow...." I'm speechless, never in a million years I knew Zenzele knew about the taxi industry!

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

Have you ever lost someone you love and wanted one more conversation, one more chance to make up for the time when you thought they would be here forever? If so, then you know you can go your whole life collecting days, and none will outweigh the one you wish

you had back. That's me, I wish I was given a chance to say goodbye if God decided to take my one and only pride of joy and happiness. Can't he see that I have suffered enough! Hours with my mother in that hospital bed brakes me slowly but surely.

A mother's love is unlike any other and our one-of-a-kind relationships can never be compared. A mother's love is unconditional and only grows stronger over a lifetime.

"There is nothing as powerful as mother's love, and nothing as healing as a child's soul." –
Happiness is seeing your mother smile."
Uthinga jolts back my mind. I wish I could see her but I'm forbidden!

"I miss her Uthinga, no one understands how I

feel. I feel bad as it is, I should have kept quiet, I should have died with this secret. Now look at how things have turned out." I say staring at a blank screen.

"It's not your fault. The truth was already known." She says, but still it doesn't make it any better! "Becoming a mom for the first time is something all mothers cherish for the rest of their lives. So much love and admiration is poured into a new baby and new moms appreciate all of the affection. What I'm saying is you need to think about the human being that's inside of you. Stress is not good for the baby, I'll go make breakfast." Uthinga leaves me sitting still. I couldn't sleep, I didn't sleep. How do I sleep knowing that my mother is half dead in hospital because of me!

2 WEEKS LATER.

THICK MADAM

#21

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

2 WEEKS LATER

MNQOBIZITHA

Finally I'm out, finally I will get to be with my family. Being behind those walls is no child's play. I wonder what's in store for me. I have nothing on me besides the clothes I'm wearing now. No ID, no money, no clothes, no matric certificate, no nothing. I don't even know where

I'm going, but where ever the way leads me I shall follow.

There's nothing more important like reuniting with my family. Will my father accept me? Will her wife accept me?

Anathi kept his word and came to fetch us. Spikes is busy blabbing nonsense non stop. Whoever can keep up with this guy is a cartoonist.

"Ya ntwana, automatic machine baba," he compliments Anathi's car. Indeed it's a real not any toy.

"Iyavuma lentshizi," I agree. We drive pass huge buildings and I don't even know where we are being taken to. Minutes later we are parked outside a long building. "Is this where you work?" What am I even asking. This doesn't

even look like a work place.

"Your new home." Anathi says stepping out of the car. I look at Spikes and he just shrugged his shoulders stepping out of the car also. I follow behind still confused. If he says our new home does he mean this whole building belongs to us?

"Heh," Spikes whistles looking at the tall building covered with nothing but glass. I've been in Durban for a couple of months but I've never seen something like this. "Bakhona yini ogqonqa la? I heard that their pussies are sweet as watermelon." Spikes let out a naughty grin.

"I've never tasted a sweet watermelon." I say, that fruit is just plain.

"I don't understand men who eat watermelon," Anathi adds.

"You wouldn't understand." Spikes defends himself. We walk inside this gigantic building, the fresh air is breath taking. I wonder how much it costs.

"How much does this building cost?" I ask and he ignores my question, I can't leave all alone in this huge building. Anathi should consider having tenants to have money on the side. I should talk to him about this. He is seriously wasting money on unnecessary things!

"Home sweet home." He opens the door, Spikes and I were still standing outside admiring the

place. A girl walks pass by wearing skimpy clothes.

"Damn, I want to tap that ass," Spikes says licking his lips. I don't see myself dating anytime soon. The woman I thought was for me was never into me. Guess she was tired of my poor ass and found someone better. I loved that girl with everything in me, I made her my first priority, I hustled for her. But in the end she left me. Guess it was not meant to be. After the break up I knew there was nothing left for me in kwaNongoma. I packed my rags and left to be in search of my family.

"How many more baby Mama's do you want?" I ask, Spike's seems to forget that he has kids all over there world.

"One more, ndoda I only have girls, I now want a male child someone that will represent me. Someone who will follow in my foot steps. I want a version of me." He says and for some reason I find it admiring. I know he is crazy but Spikes can make you fall inlove with crazy ideas.

"Nisho Maseniqede ukujola." Anathi leaves us and we follow behind.

"This place is enormous, how much did you buy this flat for?" I find myself asking again.

"I'm just renting a room. I paid upfront for full six months until you guys get back on your feet. And please don't pay me anything." Anathi tells us. I feel so stupid right now, to think Anathi owns the whole building. Next time I will just keep my thoughts to myself!

BAB'SHABANE

"Doctor please, we cannot switch of the machine's. That's my wife right there. My son in-law is paying this hospital thousands of rands and you fail to help my wife!" Ever since MaZama have been admitted life has not been pleasant. They are distance towards each other, they hardly spend time together. Everything is just falling apart.

"It's beyond our control, she is practically dead. We've done all we could she is not responding to anything. Just free her, she will be in a better place." The doctor tells me, I don't see myself burying my wife, never I refuse!

"Do you have a wife?" I ask him.

"Y..yes" he answers looking confused.

"Would you let her die right in front of your eyes?" I ask.

"If it means freeing her from the pain I would."
He answers honestly. I can't, I can't. What will I tell my kids? For the past two weeks life has not been the same. Tobi, ow that woman will definitely not see heaven. I sink down letting out a heavy sigh. This is the hardest decision I've ever taken. If it means freeing her from all this pain I've caused than so be it.

"Please sign the consent forms. Read the terms and the conditions before signing." I nod my

head and start reading with a heavy heart. This was never suppose to happen to my wife. After reading I sign on the dotted line with a heavy heart. I've just signed my wife's life away. I will kill all of my kids and kill myself after.

TOBI

Shongwe has been gone for over two weeks. He left me in the bathroom making sure that he locks it. I have no strength left in me. If I die now I pray that my soul will be accepted on the unknown earth. I pray that God forgives me for all the bad I have done. I never believed in God but hear I am kneeling down asking for forgiveness.

"Lord Jesus,

You opened the eyes of the blind,
healed the sick,
forgave the sinful woman,
and after Peter's denial confirmed him in your
love.

Listen to my prayer:

forgive all my sins,

renew your love in my heart,

help me to live in perfect unity

with my fellow Christians

that I may proclaim your saving power

to all the world. Lord Jesus,

You chose to be called the friend of sinners.

By your saving death and resurrection

free me from my sins.

May your peace take root in my heart

and bring forth a harvest of love, holiness, and truth. Lord, remember me in your kingdom."

Holy Spirit, fountain of love,

I call on you with trust:

Purify my heart,

and help me to walk as a child of the light."

In a world with endless possibilities, we are confronted with decisions every day. Some of them are toughies, while others are no-brainers. But one thing is for sure: it is impossible to make the right decision every time. And that's okay. It's not about being perfect. It's about growing. Making decisions tends to become harder the older we get. But struggling with decisions and regretting the outcome later is not a new digital phenomenon. It has always been a part of us. It's a human trait that comes with our ability to reflect ourselves, our actions,

and our thinking.

Shongwe opened my eyes, he made me see something worthy of myself. If I make it out here... chances are 0% , I'll be in search of my kids. I want to mend the broken relationship.

ANATHI MYEZA

"I just want to pick the pieces of my life before I make any decisions." Mngqobi tells us.

"Same here," Spikes add.

"So we are doing this?" I ask.

"As much as I don't like the idea I have no

choice but to be a man. Reason why I'm in is because of me wanting to have a better future for myself. I don't want to be a burden to anyone." Mngobi responds.

"I have alot of kids, having five kids can be traumatizing. I'm thinking of using a plastic glove now. I'm off flesh to flesh. Clearly my sperms are strong." I didn't know that Spikes had alot of children. I only thought that maybe he had two or three. That reminds me of my brothers. They now have to stop working for Senzangakhona. That man is cruel and has no heart. Once my taxi's are up and running Zenzele and Sanele will do all the management in the taxi industry while I focus on other businesses.

"To one heist, there's no turning back." Anathi

lifts his glass full of scotch.

"To one heist." They all said as a unison.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I've been having abnormal pains for the past few days. They come and go, sometimes I would notice the blood spot on my panty liner and pay no mind to it. Something in me said I have to sneak and go see my mother today. Part of me misses her so bad.

I wish I never heard what I heard. I wish I stayed behind, I wish I could block my ears from hearing all what I don't want to hear. MaZama can't die on me, she can't die God.

"Baba," all this while I was standing by the door listening to what the doctor has just told my father. Life is so unfair.

"Zama, you not suppose to be hear." He says in a husky voice. He has been crying ever since my mother was admitted. He has lost alot of weight, he hardly eat nor sleep. Within two weeks he has aged so badly.

"I heard everything," I say, he looks at me with his eyes popped out. The pain on his face worsens the situation.

"I'm sorry," he looks down and let's out a painful sob.

"How do I move on from this?" I Sit my thick ass

next to my father who is a crying mess. I need my pillar of strength back, I need my motivator back. God can't do this to me. He cannot take my source of happiness just like that!

Later that day a final decision has been made. A decision that will leave us scared for life. A decision that will brake the family apart.

"Shall we," the doctor tells us.

"Are you ending my mother's life now?" I asked incredulously. Ignoring me, he said that after seeing MaZama, we might want to instruct the doctors to stop treating her; after all, there was no hope of a recovery. At best she would be

able to breathe for herself, but little more.

We were taken to the room where MaZama lay. Nothing prepared me for what I saw. She lay on her back, her head to one side, and her bright brown eyes staring sightless ahead of her. She had had a tracheotomy because she could not breathe for herself. A thin spindly arm, white as milk, lay outside the sheet. She was being fed intravenously through a line in the back of her hand; there was a catheter and another line from her stomach. A wave of anger and pity engulfed me. In just two weeks my mother has lost much weight.

"The time has come." The doctor reminds us. I'm hurt, devastated. Emotions taking place. Uthinga trying so hard to be strong but this case everything is unbelievably numb.

"Can I say my last respect." Uthinga begs, I press my eyes together trying so hard not let my tears drop.

"Mama your life was short lived. What will I be without you. What will our home be without you. Where to from here? Your memory will forever give me strength and even though you are gone forever I want you to know that I love you still and miss you. Mom, even in death you blessed so much because we came to know what a lovely and wonderful woman you were by the friends who condoled with us. All of us miss you." She takes a deep breath calming herself down. "Look over us, cater for us even on the other side of the world. Continue to love us...." She stops and cries, I couldn't hold it in. It hurts, it hurts so much. We watched the doctors as they switched the machine's, we watched

MaZama taking her last breath. This will forever be hurt. Just like that my mother is gone.

"Zama you bleeding." Uthinga slightly pushes me outside the room, I'm too broken to even notice. Right then the pains strike in.

"Ahhhh," I hold my abdomen, the blood is flowing like a water fall. "It hurts," I say letting out an excruciating scream.

"Doctor please....please help my sister she's pregnant!" Uthinga screams. That's the last I hear, the next thing I know I'm slipping down on the floor with my blurry vision.

UTHINGA SHABANE

I lost my mother I can't loose my sister. I can't loose the people close to my heart. It hurts that my mother is no more, now my sister wants to die right infront of my eyes, never!

"Zamadwala Shabane," I stand up in full speed like a hurricane waiting anxiously for the news.

"Yes, yes talk." I say impatiently.

"Your sister had a miscarriage, I'm sorry." He tells us. Not this, we cannot afford for another pain in our family. What atrocity did we commit? Who did we kill to deserve such pain.

"Ow God," I sink down covering my face with my hands. This was not suppose to happen! I informed Anathi and luckily he was close by. He

came with two other guys I don't know.

"Due to a lot of stress the foetus couldn't hold on any longer. But, by the grace of God the other twin survived." He further explains making me to tilt my head looking at him.

"Twin?" Anathi and I ask in a unison. I'm astonished so as he.

"If the twin dies in the first trimester, there are increased risks to the surviving foetus, including a higher rate of cerebral palsy. When a twin dies after the embryonic period of gestation, the water within the twin's tissues, the amniotic fluid, and the placental tissue may be reabsorbed.

Early miscarriage is almost always down to

problems with the embryo not developing as it should, and is therefore not preventable, or caused by anything the mum has done.

"Will the other twin die? I don't understand."
Anathi.

"No. Occasionally, mums who have had a very early ultrasound scan will be told they have experienced 'vanishing twin syndrome' further along in their pregnancy. This occurs when women have been scanned before 10 weeks and two heartbeats have been detected. At the mum's next scan, most usually the 10 week dating scan, only one baby will be seen, the other having been reabsorbed by mum's body." The doctor further explains.

"It was confirmed that there was only one heart

beat but there might be a problem even though they didn't specify what kind of problem. What will happen now?" Anathi is stronger than I thought.

"Losing a twin at whatever stage of pregnancy, or for whatever reason, will obviously be a very difficult time for you and your partner, and one where you will need lots of support and information. Organisations such as Twins and multiple births association have helplines you can call them." He hands out a business card.

"Many maternity units may have specialist midwives in multiple pregnancies and bereavement who can support families with the loss of a twin in the womb."

"Isn't there a cure for this?"

"Uncomplicated vanishing twin syndrome requires no special medical care. If a foetus papyraceus remains, the pregnancy should be followed closely with serial ultrasonographic evaluation of the live foetus."

"You keep on referring to this syndrome. What is vanishing twin syndrome?" I ask looking all confused. My father is still sitting quietly staring into thin space.

"Vanishing twin syndrome refers to a condition that can take place during early or later pregnancy. Vanishing twin syndrome is a type of miscarriage. When more than one embryo appears to be developing in your uterus, you might be told that you're carrying twins – or in some cases, triplets or more.

Later in the pregnancy, though, one of the

embryos or fetuses may no longer be detected. The baby that doesn't develop fully is called the vanishing twin. Now that mothers can view their developing babies from very early in pregnancy, this condition is diagnosed more often. After the developing twin disappears, its fetal tissue is absorbed by the surviving baby and its mother."

"Wow," I'm speechless so is Anathi. Everything doesn't make sense at all.

"A vanishing twin can cause feelings of confusion, anxiety, and grief for people who have been told they're carrying multiple pregnancies. That's why I suggested association helplines she will need it. She lost her mother and her child in one day." The doctor turns to walk back to where MaZama is layed.

"This is one fucked up situation!" Anathi say's taking a deep breath sharply.

THICK MADAM

#22

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I can't loose two people at once, why has God forsaken me. After what happened yesterday I've been shutting everyone out. I don't want to be with anyone at this moment. What's the point of living when I've lost two people in my life. What will my life be. I wipe the tears dripping down my face. I'm emotionally exhausted, energy less and tired. I'm hurt and angry at myself. If only I kept my mouth shut things wouldn't turn out this way.

"My behaviour is inexplicable because well, I can't explain any of it. All I have done is just so stupid.

I haven't been focusing on what is more important and that most important part is you mum. Because you are always working your butt off out there for me and my sister.

I really appreciate how hard you work for our family to have a roof to live under, food, and a blanket. Many people don't have that and know I am now realizing the stupid and ungrateful daughter I have been.

I also now realize how you want everything to be perfect for me and I just value everything I have. I took this as a joke but it's not. Your really gone and you left me!

I'm so stupid and I don't know how to make it up to you." I whale out loud letting all the pain out, It hurts so bad.

"Shhhhhh, it's okay she heard you mtase."

Uthinga holds me tight letting me sob onto her chest. A sharp pain strikes again in my abdomen area. I flinch curling myself painfully.

"Yini!" Uthinga asks in panic.

"I can't loose another baby.... Please he....help me. I can't let my baby die please." I say making Uthinga run out like a headless chicken to go call out for a doctor.

"Lay still and tell me where the sharp pain is."

The doctor tells me, I'm grinding my teeth together trying not to scream. I point out at my abdomen letting out an excruciating scream.

"Hold her still." The doctor instructs Uthinga. I'm being injected with something on my left arm. I feel myself getting weaker and weaker and

everything just became fuzzy making me to shut my eyes. I felt at piece, felt lighter like a new person.

I hear baby cries, I follow the echoing noise. The cries stop and I hear giggles, giggles of a sweet tiny voice. A baby girl passes by wearing pink, she looks so much like Ndimuphiwe. I find myself smiling admiring this little beautiful soul right infront of my eyes.

"Kayise," an elderly woman comes towards me. "Look at you, so grown up." She caresses on my cheek.

"MaShabane, gogo!" I throw myself in her arms.

"I don't have much time, come." I follow her

behind. She looks ten times younger. I don't even know where I am, how did I even get here?

"Gogo where am I? I find myself asking." This place looks so peaceful, I could leave her forever." I say and she turns to look at me.

"Be careful what you wish for." She continues to walk leaving me confused.

"Mama," the tiny voice calls out for me. I look down and I see an angel.

"Meet you daughter." Says MaShabane, I crouch down holding her tiny hands. She just giggles and continues to run.

"She's in a better place. Her name is Nonjabulo because she's at piece and happy. The little mate you caring there is Njabulo, who is going to bring happiness in your life. Stop blaming yourself for things you had no control of. This is your father's indefinitely to face not you. You still young, God gave you your own family for a reason. In due time you will know. Go now Zipho needs you." They disappear, I have so many questions to ask but.....

"Zamadwala, can you hear me?" A voice from afar calls me. I slowly open my eyes scanning my surroundings and notice that I'm in the hospital bed. Where was I? Was I dreaming? Everyone is looking at me like I just woke up from the dead.

"Uphi ugogo?" I look around and see nothing.

My mind comes back, I was dreaming.

"The injection was meant to ease the pain not to knock you off for hours." The doctor says. Anathi is looking me with an unexplainable expression. My mind drift to Zipho my heart races up.

"Please check on Zipho." I tell Anathi, with no questions asked they walk out. Mngqobi was the first to walk out followed by the guy I don't know. Anathi kissed my forehead and walked out without saying a word.

BAB'SHABANE

My wife's body is being taken to the morgue today and there have been delays. She looks

peaceful like she was never shot.

"Doctor!" One of the nurses shout. She came out running from my wife's ward. "Doctor!" The nurse continues to shout. What the hell is happening? They have been delaying to send my wife's corpse to the morgue, this is totally unacceptable!

"You know what I'm going in!" I hiss to myself, "I just lost my wife and they don't want to release her body!" I say to myself. I swift my legs to go look at my wife for the very last time. The atmosphere feels different, warm which is unusual. Just hours ago it was cold as ice. Her bed is empty, I feel my chest rise up tightening unable to breathe. Did they just send my wife's body to the morgue without me being notified. The bed is neatly made like there was no one. I

wanted to see her for the very last time, I want to scoop her in my arms for the very last time.

"Baba," an angelic voice calls for me from behind. That's my wife's voice, I slowly make a turn to find her seated in a wheelchair. I freeze looking at her. I can tell the difference between a ghost and a human, right now I'm looking at my wife, the woman that I hurt, the woman I broke.

"MaZama," I call out for her softly, it can't be. "How? When? What happened?" I ask her and she just gives me a faint smile.

"Death happens differently for each person. Some are awake and talking until the very end. Other's may be unconscious or shift in-between of awareness. The end we used to determine

life showed no form of life on the woman. Your wife what's called the Lazarus phenomenon, described as delayed return of spontaneous circulation basically, when a person who's suffered a cardiac arrest comes back to life after you've stopped performing CPR. At this point your wife was living both the living and the dead. That is why there was no sign of her living. But by God's grace she came back." The doctor explains and I'm just dumbfounded, confused.

"What do you mean?" I ask, I don't even know what he just said.

"Short term it's known as cardiac arrest known as heart attack." He further explains in a simpler understanding term for me to understand.

"Excuse me I have another patients to attend to." He inspects MaZama one more time before

walking out.

That is my wife right there. The woman I continued to hurt not once, not twice but continuously. I find myself kneeling down right before her asking for forgiveness.

"MaZama I know that I was the one who destroyed everything beautiful that we built. I also want to be the one to make everything like it was before, if that's possible. I have no excuses for my actions.

I know that things have not been working out for us lately, and a major part of it has been caused by my cheating. Now that I know how wrong I was to hurt you, I will never do it again. I can promise you this.

Next time I am going to discuss everything going on in my mind so that we can communicate in a better way. This way, things

never have to go this far again.”

"I forgive you Baba I need to see my kids"
MaZama says softly.

"I will bring Zama and Uthinga." Bab'Shabane
says with a beaming happy face.

"All of them. I'm tired I want to sleep." She says
closing her eyes slowly. I almost lost the
woman who owns my heart, the woman loves
me regardless. It's time I love her fully and
openly. I've held back for far too long afraid of
being hurt again but God gave me an angel
within. Wait did she just was she wants to see
all my kids, as in like all of them?

ANATHI MYEZA

"NO, NO, NO, Zipho don't do this please I just found you I can't loose you." Mngqobi says holding Zipho's helpless body.

"I found this." Anathi says giving Mngqobi the letter she wrote before she drank two bottle of pills. Fezeka was crying uncontrollably. She can't loose a friend when she just found one.

"We need to go to the hospital!" Mngqobi shouts holding back his tears. His sister has been through alot growing up she doesn't need this, not when he just found her. This is one of the reasons that will make him brake the law. He swore to take care of his sister's no matter what. He lost out alot when growing. He wants that bond so bad, he wants to have a family very bad.

Carry her is a struggle itself, Zipho is very heavy but that wasn't their worry. Their main concern was arriving in hospital in time.

"Drive ndoda!" Mngqobi shouts in frustration. The white foam is coming out of her mouth choking on her own saliva.

"I'm fucken driving," Anathi shoots back driving in high speed.

"Her pulse is not beating." Mngqobi's voice came out in panic.

"How can you check her pulse on her forehead." Spikes asks shaking his head. "Playing doctor Phil." He adds, Mngqobi gave him that 'don't annoy me look,' "what don't look at me like that

you checked the wrong pulse." He snorts. Mngobi clicks his tongue feeling annoyed. The drive seemed to be long, he can't lose his younger sister. She's only 15 for crying out loud!

"Overdose symptoms may include slow breathing and heart rate, severe drowsiness, muscle weakness, cold and clammy skin, and fainting. She is out of danger we managed to drain all the overdose out of her system. She is still unconscious."

"She won't die right?" Mngobi asks.

"You brought her right in time, she is in safe hands." They all breathe in relief. This would

have killed Zama and probably would have lost another twin.

Mnqobi notices Bab'Shabane walking past by whistling with his hands buried deep inside his pockets. He looks at him astonishingly, why does he seem so happy after loosing his wife?

"The old man looks happy after loosing his wife. Zithini? I think you guys should admit him, he is totally loosing it." Spike's sometimes cannot keep his mouth shut.

Anathi rushes after him, he is confused as hell. Bab'Shabane just walked right past them without even seeing them.

"Bab'Shabane," Anathi calls out for him,"

"Mfana kaMyeza," Bab'Shabane extends his hand for a hand shake and he gladly accept it. He looks different. This morning his world was crumbling down. He was torn apart and now he is happy. "You came to see my daughter?"

"No, Zipho tried committing suicide. Luckily we got there in time." The look on Bab'Shabane's face is blank.

"Not this, just when I thought everything is going back to normal this happens. My wife came back to life the God's remembered me. Why is my life falling apart?" He says, and I'm taken back by what he just said.

"MaZama is alive?" I ask, maybe I didn't hear right. Maybe my ears are playing tricks on me. He nods his head confirming what I've just

asked. So this explains the sudden change of mood.

"How is she?" He asks.

"The doctor said she will be fine, but for now she is heavily sedated. She wrote a letter." I take it out of my pocket giving it to him. He grabs the letter off my hands and reads.

"Ow heavens," not when he just found her.

"Take me to her." He says.

The atmosphere is dead silent not knowing how to acknowledge each other.

"I will be outside." Mngqobi says and turns to leave.

"Don't go s...son." He pulls Mngqobi into a hug. For the first time Mngqobi gets to feel his father's hug. He has waited for years to feel his father's embrace. This, this will be the moment he will never forget. "Let's go see your sister." They all walk in and there she was laying on the hospital bed with a oxygen mask on and a drip inserted on her hand.

"I'll be outside." Anathi says pulling Spikes out. "We just giving them privacy. I'll go check up on my buttercup."

Spikes was standing firm afar looking at the Shabane family holding hands praying. He so wish that one day he becomes a better father to his kids. He thought about the life he was living. His father disowned him due to his reckless

behaviour. His mother gave up trying into changing him to be a better man. Right now he wants to correct his wrongs and cater for all of his kids. He swore that after the heist they are about to pull, he will take his life up to another level. A better life for his kids. He now wants to live for his kids. Relationship wise.... He is not going to haunt for a relationship. He will wait for God to bless him with one. His done with meat to meat and free pussies!

ANATHI MYEZA

"Muntuza," I call out for her softly. She was fast asleep snoring like a tractor with her mouth slightly open. "Buttercup," I call out for her again, she snores even louder. I love her with her snoring tractor. I place my hand on her stomach imaging how will it be like to feel my baby

kicking. I was about to have twins but God decided other wise. But I'm grateful for the one that is left. I'm a father of three well four with the one that miscarried. Ndimu is adjusting pretty well around us but still shy. Mpilwenhle is hard work labour but I'm grateful to have my own seed, I'm building an empire for my kids. I sit and watch her as she's asleep.

"I love you, and I promise to cater and protect you at all cost. You mean so much to me and I don't see myself living without you. Month end is too far, I've decided to see your people next weekend." I kiss her forehead and walk out leaving her mumbling only God knows what.

THICK MADAM

#23

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"Zipho why though, to an extent of taking your own life?" I was very disappointed when I heard that Zipho tried taking her own life few days ago. Why is everything going left for the Shabane's?

"The main factor is that you are well and healthy. I'm very disappointed in your mother about her doings. Why would she hide my own daughter away from me? I'm highly disappointed in her." My father says.

Zipho was discharged after two days of being hospitalized. MaZama recently got discharged, she is recovering steady but surely.

"After what happened to your mother I thought maybe I was the cause of it. I didn't want to be a burden and an intruder." She says playing with her finger tips. MaZama noticed and felt heart

broken. "I didn't want to be the cause of the pain, which I already caused. I don't want you to be separated because of me. Maybe I am not destined for any happiness, maybe I'm only destined for bad things. Please forgive me, I will go back to where I come from." She says wiping her tears. I tilt my head looking at Mngqobi who was sharing a tear drop with his head bent down.

"It's not you it's us, you came while our family was already broken. Your presence didn't affect us as a family, meaning we knew long ago that Shabane has some other kids out there. I admit at first I was hurt yes but it is what it is life has to move on with you guys in the picture. We have to adjust to our new family. I'm not the best but I'll try to be the best. As you can see, your father and I have been making ends meet for Zama and Uthinga." She takes a deep breath

trying to get her strength back. "I can't make you children love your new stepparent, but my experts share how a little positive encouragement can go a long way. Just as with a new friend, work colleague, or neighbour, you can't expect a deep bond to develop between your child and the new stepparent overnight. You can, however, take proactive steps to help your child adjust to the new situation and encourage them to give the new stepparent a chance. What I'm trying to say is I will make mistakes as a parent and I'm a very strict person who doesn't tolerate nonsense. Don't be fooled by this wheelchair induku yona ngiyayithela." She turns to look at Bab'Shabane with a warm smile. The spark is still there, MaZama is still weak but better than the other days.

"I heard a good friend of mine, Mhlongo, once

reveal what kids really want most from their dads. They don't care what kind of job you have, or how many awards or accolades you've garnered in your industry, or what kind of degree you have. What they want most is your time. They want to be with you. They want your attention, your ear, your opinion, your focus —they just want to be around their dad. They need dad time and they want you around as much as possible. I will try to be the best father. I've already lost alot time without you guys and I'm hell bent to make it up to you." He turns to look at his wife, the look is different. The eyes that Bab'Shabane is looking at MaZama with explains alot of emotions. Those eyes, that look is full of love and affection something that was missing on him. "I thank you for being the best wife any man could ever wish for. You loved my child like your own since day one. The day I told you I had a child, surprisingly, it didn't seem to phase you one bit. I thought it was just a matter

of time- not because of anything you did but my own insecurities. I'd been let down in the past too many times to count so I'm sure you noticed my 12 foot walls for me and the 24 foot ones for her.

I kept you away for awhile and when you finally did meet her, I remember... you were so gentle. She was so unsure at first and you were okay with that. Just as with most people though it wasn't long before she adored you. Honestly, it felt too good to be true. The greatest fear I had was that you two wouldn't get along and right before my eyes you two were hitting it off like I'd never imagined. My heart could never be fuller than when I see the love there is between the two of you. Of course, it hasn't been all sunshine and roses. I'm sure there have been times that you've been made to feel less than, sometimes even by me. I wasn't all that sure

how to handle it sometimes. For that, I'm deeply sorry. Figuring out how to blend together as a family has had its ups and downs, but you've never faltered and every bit of it has been worth it with you by our side. I love you MaZama more than life itself."

"I believe everyone is now happy now that we have let out what's been bothering us. Mngqobi you don't have anything to say?" MaZama asks looking directly at Mngqobi.

He clears his throat first trying to swallow the hard lump that has been stuck up on his throat all this while, "Thank you for welcoming me, I'm happy that I finally found my family after the struggles I've endured. The pain I've been through, the hardship I faced....all because of a woman who gave birth to me." He choked trying

to hold back his tears. "That woman denied me an opportunity to have a family, she denied me an opportunity to have a mother's love, she denied me an opportunity to have that relationship with my father. I...." He stopped talking and thought about all the pain he has been through growing up. The pain of seeing your age mates going to school and you are stuck in a one shack room shack with no way forward. Working in people's yard just to make a living. The pain of knowing that he went through all that pain because of his mother brakes him alot. MaZama noticed how broken he was but trying so hard to be a man. In her house every child is baby to her until someone becomes someone's wife or husband.

"Come here," she fought the tears back tilting her head up. She opened her weak arms to embrace the broken Mnqobi.

Mnqobi stood up and knelt in front of her. And for the first time in life he cries this painfully hard. "Shhhhhh it's okay. Let it all out my boy, let all the pain out I'm here for you." Mnqobi held on to MaZama so tightly that she flinched a bit due to the chest pains.

"Crying actually makes you feel better right away, because it's your body's method of releasing stress. But if you've gone months or years without crying, it can be hard to remember how to start. Going to a quiet place, freeing yourself from distractions, and letting yourself deeply feel emotions will put you in the right state of mind. We all struggle and experience failure. All of us. No matter how good someone looks on the outside, how perfect their life appears, they carry around their own self-doubts, their secrets or pain. Your therapist struggles, your pastor struggles. But struggle does not mean we are a failure. Even

failing at something does not mean we are a failure. **THOUGH YOU STUMBLE OR FALL, YOU ARE NOT A FAILURE. PICK YOURSELF BACK UP MNQOBI! I believe in you.**"

"I've never been this emotional." Mngqobi says sitting next to MaZama's wheelchair.

"Crying doesn't make you weak. Crying actually makes you feel better." She tells him.

Bab'Shabane looked at MaZama those sparkling eyes wondering how life would have been without this beautiful strong woman beside him. It's time he does right by his wife.

TOBI SHONGWE

Shongwe came back yesterday reeking of

alcohol. I've never hated my body as much as I hate it right now. After being locked up in a bathroom for two full weeks. I'm in pain, my whole body is aching I've lost so much weight in a short space of time. I hate this man with every fibre in me after what he did to me yesterday left me wounded. What he did yesterday left a scare that will forever be there. The bedroom door cracks open, I'm still sleeping due to the amount of pain I'm feeling.

"You still sleeping?" He asks sitting beside me. He yanks the blankets off me. "Vuka! This is not a hotel." He barks clicking his tongue and walks out of the room. I silently cry trying to be strong. I slowly shift my aching body off the bed to have a warm relaxing bath.

I have to clean cook after everything this man has done to me. It's late and I'm sure he will be here in no time. Those brats are making my life a living hell but I won't act because I want leave without anyone nothing. A car roars outside indicating he has arrived. I sigh trying to excercise my breathing patterns. His here to also make my life a living hell. I shut my eyes pretending to be asleep. I feel the bed dip and I just know his at it again. I'm being roughly pulled with no mercy.

"Please stop, I'm still in pain." I beg for him not to hurt me any further but it fell into deaf ears. My clothes are being roughly pulled out more like being teared.

"I can't fuck your loose virgina, you know very

well that you dish up for the whole community." He barks, what's the use of fighting him? After all I'm weak. He gets off the bed and pulls my legs roughly opening them wide. He unbuckles his belt unzipping his trousers and his dick sprung free. He flips me over making me to lay on my stomach. Without warning he shoved himself in my arse and starts grunting enjoy himself. My muscles adjust to accommodate his dick. Every stroke comes with a painful tare up. Every corner hurts, he pounds and pounds until he releases his cum. I'm silently crying, no amount of words would explain the wrath I'm feeling under the hands of this man. I smell like shit and the sheet is full of shit.

"Clean yourself up!" He spat on my face and turns to leave. I'm left there laying like a useless worthless dog.

"Father please forgive me, I know I have sinned." I cry thinking maybe this is the punishment for abounding my kids.

ANATHI MYEZA

"Why the rush? Let her finish her exam first than you take it to the next level." My mother advises me. She doesn't understand that I can't live without this woman.

"Ma please, butter cup is my life. I want to make her mine legally with everyone witnessing it." I say.

"You do know that you have to contact you family from your father's side. A family that you last saw decades ago?"

"I will do the rest, if they don't want....the wedding will continue with or without their help." I hate my father's side with passion. At least my mother's side they still keep in contact and they visit each other from time to time. They were there when my mother had nothing and they are still there when my mother reclaimed her life.

"I don't want those people in my house."

"Can't we ask your brother Mbuyiseni?" I ask trying my luck.

"Traditionally it has to be your uncle's from your father's side." She clicks her tongue. I will have to contact Malume Mbuyiseni tomorrow

morning. I can't have the useless Myeza's parading in my mother's house!

THICK MADAM

#24

ANATHI MYEZA

I consulted for Malum'Mbuyiseni for an urgent meeting. I cannot have the Myeza's parading in my mother's house. The house that I built with my own hard earn criminic money. I've been busy preparing for the negotiations and everything has been set. I just want people to represent me. I haven't even told butter cup about my plans. I've been too busy to even spend time with her. Two days without seeing her feels like a year of a lifetime. I'm loosing myself and I want to claim what's mine's. What I love is once the dowry has been paid out she will be living with me in my mother's house.

"Manje awusho, unonophele kangakanani umakoti? You know the Biyela men from your mother's side only love thick women. No Biyela man dates someone who is meatless."

Malum'Mbuyiseni is as carefree as a child. Everything to seems turns out a joke.

"Ahhh Malume you should see that thick mama," Anathi says beaming in excitement. Zama brings out the best in him and it has been confirmed, his stone cold ice heart is madly inlove with her deeply than expected.

"Yabonake wena, you to took after your uncle's without any doubts." Malum'Mbuyiseni. The MaMyeza's house is full of the Biyela's. His mother's family had been the best in good and in bad times. They stick to one another no

matter what. They are a huge family that is full of fun and drama at the same times.

"Please don't inject Anathi with your cheating ways baba." Mbuyiseni's wife projects making Anathi to laugh. So the uncle still cheats and gets caught in the end. This guy never learns, he doesn't see himself dating another woman other than Butter Cup. He had waited for far too long to be in her arms and in-between her legs.

"Mkami I love how that dress hugs that sexy body of yours." Mbuyiseni makes his wife to blush.

"You still have it in you?" Anathi asks admiring their strong love. A love that had hiccups, a love that took a break a couple of time because of Mbuyiseni's cheating. But they still came out

strong.

"Love your wife, only your wife mshana. I don't want to lie to you, cheating is fun but at the end you face the consequences. Treat you wife different from us, show us that you as a man you can resist temptation. If you want to cheat, rather treat your wife like a side chick. Give her stolen moments, fuck her everywhere. Fuck her while she's cooking, fuck her whilst doing laundry. Give her stolen kisses with kids around. Spank her butt unexpectedly. Grab that cookie cake and play with that beans. I tell you, your love will grow. If you love her dearly cherish her and never let her slip out of your hands."

Mbuyiseni advises Anathi who was deep in thought. For some reason for a cheating person that his uncle is, right now he is making sense at all cost. He will definitely use this advise, his belongs Zama and only her.

"I hear you Malume." They continue to chat setting the date for the negotiations. Now what's left is to send a letter to Bab'Shabane....but it wouldn't be a bad thing if he just surprised him. Doing things differently won't do any harm right?

"I'm proud of you ngane kadadewethu. Don't disappoint us." My aunt says. I love the bond we share with my family from my mother's side. I know Zama will be welcomed with warm hands.

"Our grandchild getting married. I wouldn't be any more happier. Now I can rest in peace peacefully. That girl....she has a good loving heart, she's the one who will keep this family together. Stay out of trouble Anathi ngane ka Mthandeni." She says. His grandmother is blind

but knows when a person has a pure heart. She doesn't need to meet them physically, she has that spiritual side of her.

Anathi bent his head down and sighed. He knows that they do not take their grandmother's warning lightly. Surely something was going to happen during this heist. He swore that this will be the last time, he has kids to take care of, and a woman that he loves soon to be wife.

"Hlukana nemikhuba Anathi ow Nkosi Yami.
Ubugebengu ngeke bukubuyisele ngalutho.
Shiya phansi lempilo Anathi. EY futhi!"

Anathi knew better not to respond, part of him feels guilty of what his about to do, and some part of him wants to do this one more time.

Later that day the cows were delivered kaMyeza. The uncles decided to do it the old traditional way. Six cows, Anathi managed to buy them in cash with the 2 million he buried. Handing the Shabane's 80k will do he thought to himself. And besides butter cup is worth more than this more especially since she's carrying his Precious cago. Amalobolo mixed with inhlawulo. Having a little Myeza on the way brings so much in him. He will get to experience the pregnancy with the woman he loves.

"So you really doing this?" Mnotho says sitting besides me grabbing a can of Castle Lite from the cooler box.

"Yeap," I say taking a sip of my beer.

"Congratulations." We fall into comfortable silence. Mnotho is in grade 10 making him 16. He likes to act like a grown up. Him and Zenzele are cut out from the same cloth.

"What do you know, you should be focusing on school." I say and he just looks at me with this bored expression. "What?" I ask cause I want to know.

"School is not for me, but no one will understand what's in my head." He says looking down and that shocks me a little. I thought it's in the Myeza blood to hate school.

"Tell me more." I'm interested in what he is about to tell me.

"I love money mina buti. If given an opportunity to be in business I would quit school and never look back." He tells me, so I was wrong when I thought the Myeza had this problem of men hating school. It's actually from my mother's side!

"Trust me I know what you're talking about. I've been there....the road that you talking about has been a struggle for me. I'm after money and nothing else."

"Really," he shifts his whole gaze one me fully.

"I remember this one time when my mother accompanied me to school by force. Was literally whipped all the way to school. I would

jump the school fences to go make cash cause books were just not for me not even by a long shot." I take a sip of my beer.

"I thought I was the one who had weird problem. I'm glad I'm not the only one." We laugh.

My phone beeps and it's a message from butter cup.

YOU PROMISED ME MY CHICKEN FEET! I read the text from her over and over again trying g to make sense of this mess. When did I promise to bring those feet for her?

I have no option to go but them, I just hope and pray that I find it open.

TOBI SHONGWE

Shongwe has never laid his hands on me, but

today he has the decency to beat me up to a pulp like this.

"Look at what you made me do! If you didn't open your legs for that man we wouldn't be here! I will never forgive for what you did. You degraded me as a man. I seek comfort in other woman. You killed my spirit as a man." He spits venom clicking his tongue. I was young, stupid and naive back then. Yes, I admit I was wrong doing what I did. I played with two hearts that loved me dearly. If only I stayed with Shabane....maybe we would have been happy who knows. I wonder how he's doing now? Is he still married?

There is no escape from this hell hole. When he leaves in the morning he makes sure that the house is locked and he sets the alarm system. I'm hurt that he sleeps around because of the past, and indeed the past is coming back to haunt me. I crawl towards him and hug his

legs.

"I'm sorry Shongwe, pl....please forgive me." For some reason Shongwe still had the hearts for this woman. He wishes he could speak to someone but he doesn't like to hang his dirty laundry for everyone to know. He bottled his anger up all these years not having a word to her on what's troubling him. "I could do anything to prove and show you how sorry I am. Please, it hurts to know we are at this point because of me. It hurts to see this monster I created. I just want my old husband back. Ngyakucela baba." She sobs feeling double the pain from her aching body. If only she could correct her mistakes from the past but what's done cannot be undone!

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I'm pacing up and down waiting for Anathi to bring my beloved chicken feet. I don't get it why he didn't bring them earlier this morning when I asked him to. I hear the engine roar outside, I sprint outside the door and find him steady in his car. He's wearing a vest showing off those strong arms. His dreadlocks neatly twisted. I can't believe my vagina just did that, I'm wet AF by just looking at him.

I get my thick ass inside the car and drool over my man. What did I ever do to deserve a man like this, a man who is handsome as him.

"Stop drooling." I didn't notice I was drooling. I felt my clit throb wanting him to inside of me already.

"Huh," I'm miles away, at this point I don't even

care about those chicken feet. I want this machine more than anything. My hand did the unthinkable, it trailed over his sweat pants massaging his soft sleeping machine. No words exchanged I feel his machine getting thicker and thicker.

"When did you become this naughty?" He asks with a stupid silly grin on his face, if only he knew how sick I am down there because of hunger he wouldn't be asking me of this nonsense! He gets of the car without warning making my hand drop to the seat where he was sitting. I feel my tears pilling up hurting. He walks around the car coming to my side and opened the door. "Come here," he extends his hand and I gladly accept it. He helps me step out of the car and these stupid tears decided to betray me.

"Manje wakhala," he wipes the tear drop off my face. He is damn wasting my time! I harshly pull him towards me giving him one hell of a kiss. Our tounge meet twirling one another. I'm already aroused, I grab his hand making him to touch my soaking wet cookie.

"Just fuck me." I whisper in-between the kisses, he deepens the kiss rubbing my clit vigorously. I gently bite his lower lip, the pleasure I'm feeling cannot be compared to anything I'm feeling right now. Anathi is already turned on with his dick poking me. He brakes the kisses and steps back breathing heavily.

"Damn you woman." He still has his finger stuck inside of me. He opens the door of the backseat. "Get in." Ask no questions, I threw my thick body in making the car to bounce a little

as usual. "Lay down and open your legs wide for me." I lay down untying my robe here I am with nothing underneath. Everything is exposed, he fiddles with my folds opening my legs wider.

"Anathi Myeza can you just get it over and done with!" I half shout and quickly remember that we are inside the car people might hear and see us. But that is the least of my worries. I need him more than anything. He takes off his sweat pants and gets on to of me. Atleast he remembered to close the door behind him.

"Here I come butter cup." He smashed his lips onto mines whilst rubbing his member against my clit. The throb is on another level of happiness. He gently pushes it in making me to gasp for air and starts thrusting in and out of me. I move beneath him grabbing his dread

locks. Me Zama making love with the man I love in a car, in the busy streets of Chesterville.

"Fuck!" He groans, his whole weight is onto of me. He lifts his upper body and places his hand on my neck with my one leg on his shoulder with another leg place on a seat. The strokes are getting deeper and deeper making me to moan loud more like screaming. With his hand choking me, I felt my world collapsing. This man is gifted down there, I'm holding on tight on to his waist sinking my nails deep into his skin. He grunts and cursing under his breath moving faster, the car is definitely moving but I pay no mind to it. The more he pumps me harder and faster the more the car moves. The windows are foggy because of our breathes. Minutes later he releases all of his juices in me and collapse on top of me panting.

"Damn you woman." He French kiss me and

bites my lower lip. Now that's what I call a steamy session even though it didn't even last long but I'm satisfied.

"The car!" He jumps off me feeling the car moving, "stop the car." I punch him on his shoulder.

"WTF!" Guess he was still drunk from our intimate session. He crawls onto the driver's seat to start the engine. "That was close." He manages to control the car and parking it in a level place. Luckily the car was moving slowly so no damage was done.

"Yeah," I say. Now I remember that he bought me my chicken feet.

"I can't believe you made me do that."

"I was hungry." I shrug my shoulders and continue to eat my scrumpscious chicken feet.

"We should do this more often." He crawls back to the backseat and sits next to me planting wet kisses on my neck.

"To make the car move?" I shift my gaze to him and we burst out of laughter. "No thanks."

"I love the naughty side of you. I think I should get you pregnant every year." He trails his hands on my thighs. His member is already up and I don't mind myself being satisfied. This time around I want to do the leading. The car definitely smells of sex. I place my takeaway

aside, flip my thick body to be on top of him.

"I want to fuck you till your dick gets numb." I shove his dick in my cookie and start twerking ontop of him. This is what I want, him crying my name out loud!

THICK MADAM

#25

ANATHI MYEZA

"Anathi Vuka Maan! Gogo is calling you." My aunt yanks the blankets off my tired body. Does this woman know how tired I am? After yesterday's encounter I drove straight back home. I was paralyzed from my waist down, I can't believe Butter Cup did me like that. If this is how her hormones are going to react than

she shall consider herself pregnant every year. I slowly swift myself off the bed with my back aching. Damn this Thick Mama did a number one on me. I walk barefoot to the bathroom to go rinse my face. I got no time to brush my teeth, every part of my body is tired. Everyone is quietly seated and that got me wondering, why am I here?

"Gogo," I sit next to her with my eyes half closed.

My granny is a lovely soul, a good hearted human being that has a big heart. My mother takes after her. Whatever meeting that's being held it must be serious.

"Anathi mzikulu," my grandmother is very old, this woman has no teeth but the way she chews meat surprise me at times. I could say her gums are teeth itself. "Before I departure from this world I need to have a word with makoti."

Her request cannot be disputed. Whatever it is must be very important.

"Yebo gogo." I bow down my head in respect, hearing my grandmother speaking like this.... like she's leaving us to be on the other side doesn't sit well with me. 'sighs' I want this woman to live long, I want her to be there on my wedding day. Even though she can't see but her presence would mean a lot!

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"When?" I ask with a big frown on my face.

"Today." The line goes dead. Did this man just drop a call on me? I swear I will deal with Anathi. He can't just drop a bombshell on me and

expect me to jump. I won't stand his ordering as if I'm his puppet.

"And?" This is another one who annoys me to the core. Uthinga makes me crazy for no reason. I just click my tounge and walk past her. Silly her she laughs and I don't see nothing to laugh about. Now I have to bath and prepare myself to go to my in-laws. Why is this guy doing me like this? Mxm you know what.... I will deal with him and I know just how.

I enjoy taking cold shower these days, it just makes me relax and forget about everything for a while. I look at my reflection on the mirror and damn my breasts have gone pretty big. I turn around to take a peek of my back looking at my shelves on the sides. I've grown to love my body, I love my Thick flat ass, but it's confusing me....it seems it has grown a little bit bigger compared to the last time.

I took my time searching through my wardrobe looking for an item to wear until I came across a short white dress that hugs my huge body perfectly. For a change I'm rocking myself in block heels, these are the only shoes that I can be able to walk in. I look at myself one last time feeling satisfied. I'm sure Uthinga won't kill me for using her make up and besides it's unnoticeable.

Handbag check, Sunglasses check, Perfume check, I don't even know why I need it. Flip flops check just in case these heels decide to make my life a living hell.

"Someone is here for you." Uthinga informs me looking at me with her eyes popped out. "Y....a.... wow."

"Close your mouth." I say grabbing my bag

walking out shaking my flat ass. I feel like a million dollar, those block heels echoing across the dining room got everyone's attention.

"Ntombikayise," I guess my father is astonished by this new me. The look on his face says it all.

"Wentombo, ukhinda uya emzini?" MaZama claps once causing my heart to beat fast. "You look way too sexy to be seen by your in-laws in this dress. Anyway be back before 8 p.m. I'm still the mother and you are still a child." She turns to look at the television. This woman sure knows how to make someone's heart pang in fear. I sigh controlling my breathing.

"I'll come back early ma." I say and she nods her head with her eyes fixed on the television. I should get out of here before she changes her

mind. Never underestimate this woman she changes like a weather. I drag my legs outside feeling the sun burning my skin. The minute his eyes landed on me his jaws dropped. He stepped out of the car meeting me half and gave me one hell of a bone crushing hug.

"You look...." He bites his lower lip making my knees weak. This guy has that effect on me that I cannot explain. Everything that he does lately just turns me on. Just because my mind has been working overtime lately....I picture his perfect thick long black dick. My hand grabs his cock unexpectedly.

"I want you." I find myself saying. Why on earth would my mouth slip like that.

"You still want me after what you did to me

yesterday?" He looks at me with his one eyebrows up. I didn't do anything yesterday other than enjoying what belongs to me.

"You know what, let's go." I push him aside and catwalk to the car with my ass bouncing up and down singing 'fusegi, gowani'. "That's how you seduce a man." I say to myself stepping inside the car closing the do.

Minutes later Anathi steps inside the car with his eyes half open. Okay so his member is up? I have a perfect plan to kill him for ordering me around!

Seems like everyone is here, I'm even scared to do anything inside the Myeza premises. What if

I fall and hurt my ankle again? It's still a bit sore. These aunts and uncles are making me feel uncomfortable, the way they are looking at me like....I don't even know how to explain it. I was told to sit next to gogo more like kneeling in front of her. She had her hand locked in mine.

"A life for a life." She smiles making me feel uncomfortable. What the hell does she mean? I look at Anathi but the dude was looking down. "Makoti, bese kubhaliwe encwadini yabangcwele. It was said that this will be the first and your last child you carrying. A life for a life. I accept." She closed her eyes and kisses the back of my hand. "Blessed." She lets go of my hand. I'm still lost on what she meant when she said 'a life for a life'. That's how grannies are always speaking in riddles.

"Take me to Anathi's bedroom. I would like to sleep there." Gogo requests. Without questions asked she was taken to Anathi's bedroom. So much for a quickie!

TOBI SHONGWE

Shongwe took me to the hospital for medical check ups. I have blood clots in certain parts of my body and bleeding heavily. Last night I had blackouts after blackouts. Everything is fuzzy and hurting.

"We will have to keep her for observation just to make sure that she's okay. No broken bones which is something good. You will be fine Mrs Shongwe I will make sure of it. But what I will suggest marriage counselling. I am not an expert when it comes to marriages but I do see

a marriage that needs to be fixed." The doctor tells us nibbling down what ever his jotting.

I'm in pain to respond to anything. Shongwe is looking at me with those pitiful eye's.

"I....I consider speaking to someone." That got me off guard. Shongwe my husband hates therapist with everything in him. Why will he accept help from a stranger? Wait, is he considering on working on our marriage?

"Perfect! I will book an appointment for you and I will get back to you with the details." The doctor tells us. My husband seeking help from a professional? I thank God for answering my prayers at last. Who knows maybe we will get back to normal.

MNQOBI SHABANE

"Go out of that door, rethink what you've just said and come back to me when your senses have come back." MaZama spits venom. I've been avoiding her for the past couple of days. I don't even know what to say to her, what do I even call her? Uthinga and Zama are sharing a room. Zipho still leaves at the orphanage - reason being they are still waiting for some paperwork to be processed. She is moving into the house.

I can't believe that this woman just chased me out because I just said Mrs Shabane, unbelievable! What do I call her? That's why I've been avoiding her at all cost.

I'm standing outside scratching the back of my head in disbelief. I cannot believe that I've been

just chased outside of the house just like that!

"Buti." Uthinga is having the best time of her life laughing at me. She has the ugliest laugh ever. You know when a witch laughs...that's how Uthinga's laugh sound in my eardrums. "She just wants you to address her accordingly. I'm not going to tell you, you figure it out on your own." She continues to laughs and leave me hanging.

I think deeply within me and then it clicks. How will I even call her.... I've never called anyone like that before! I sigh getting my courage back to life, if this doesn't work than I don't know. I walk back to the sitting room where she was seated, what I've noticed about this woman is that there's nothing that she likes other than watching the television. Nigerian movies are the

movies she likes most, she laughs and talks to herself.

"M...ma," my voice barely came out and she bluntly ignored me. How hilarious. Did she just ignore purposely? "Ma!" My voice came out a bit harder. Now I'm having her full attention.

"Yes," she looks at me and I feel intimidated. This woman is really killing me. When is my father when I need him the most!. "Are you going to talk or you just going to stand there like a frozen chicken." She's mean my inner self says. "First of all sit down! Ungangimeli."

I let my ass sink in the couches taking a deep breath. I don't know where my father vanished too.

I clear my throat because of fear, "ma, I would like dad to accompany me to home affairs. As you know I do not have an ID." I look down feeling embarrassed, how can a full grown man like me don't have an identity document!

"HmMMM, I will tell him when he comes back relax." She assures me. "I'm your mother and you cannot change that. Start getting used to it, ow stop hiding yourself away from me." She shifts her gaze back to the television. I nod my head like she could see me. How can I be this stupid! I slowly stand up wanting to get out of her sight before I get some grilling.

"WeMnqobi awungenzela itiye!" Oh God what did I do to deserve this! Just as I thought I was running away from her.

ZIPHO SHONGWE

"How do you feel about that?" Fezeka asks me about me going to live in my father's house.

"Part of me is happy and part of me is sad that I'm leaving you behind. You welcomed me with warm hands and treated me like a sister. I cannot abounded you like this. I feel like I'm betraying you." I'm hurting that I'm being separated from her. I'm happy that I finally found my father, but Fezeka is my better half.

"Just be thankful that you have a step mother like MaZama. Not all women will welcome their step kids with warm hands. Wena nje be grateful that you have been given a second chance in life to have a loving family. As for me my day is coming, me and you will continue to

be sister's. I'm sure MaZama won't mind it if I do sleep over on the weekends." She tells me. She can lie all she wants, right now she's deeply hurt and that hurts me even more.

"I love you." I blurt out, indeed I do love her. I found a sister in her.

"I love you too sis. But seriously be with your family, God reunited you as a family for a reason. Don't let that slip through your fingers." I agree with her, this is my chance to make my life worth living.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

This family is full of vibe and energy. Everyone is having that certain percent in there hands

and I'm hear drinking 100% fruit juice. I'm craving for KFC hot wings, I hope Anathi will come back with them wherever he went to. I didn't even tell him I'm indeed of hot wings. Good there's Zenzele I'm pretty sure he gave them to him just incase he comes back late. I meet him half way with all the excitement in me.

"So where are my hot wings?" I ask him and he frowns looking at me, Sanele approach us whistling with his hands buried in his pocket. "Buti my wings." I stretch my hand and he stood there looking like I'm sort of crazy. This better be no what I'm thinking.

"What wings?" He asks still confused.

"Didn't you tell Anathi that you will bring my wings cause he has to stay behind." I'm sure Anathi gave him. Selfish man, he wants to eat what belongs to me!

I see Anathi walking towards us more like dragging himself half asleep. Didn't this man get enough sleep, not that I care. I just want what belongs to me that's all.

"What's up?" he has the nerve to ask me what's up!

"The wings are up!" I half shout clicking my tounge and walk away leaving them more confused.

"And than?" Anathi asks pointing at the furious Zama.

"You promised her wings and you fail to deliver." Zenzele snorts shaking his head.

"I never promised her any wings." Anathi replies.

"Anathi isn't obvious that she wants you to go by her wings." Sanele says laughing. Zama can be manipulating, is it him or is this pregnancy changing her bit by bit. He leave his brothers still laughing at him to go look for the angry dragon. He searches for her all over the house until he find her in Mpilwenhle's room sitting on the bed.

"Butter cup," he say closing the door behind him. She stands up like a quick lightning locking the door.

She pushes him against the wall giving him one hell of a crazy kiss making him dizzy. His body is still tired from all the fucking they did in the car. She grabs his dick and he just knew that she wants to be fully fucked. She pushes his trunk pants down and his cock sprung free. She gently massages it until it was fully erected. Anathi was high as hell with his blood rushing all over making him weak. Zama helps herself by pulling her dress up while kissing him deeply. She stops and steps back, with no words exchanged she pulls her G-string down and bends over giving Anathi the full view of her behind.

"Buttercup." He whispers softly massaging his dick against her velvet. He positioned himself and slides it in and starts pumping spanking her butt. Quickies and stolen moments are the best especially when you are doing it with someone

you love dearly!

(SHORT)

THICK MADAM

#26

ANATHI MYEZA

Buttercup will kill me before my time because of sex. How can one love sex this much? I need to see a doctor before anything happens to my poor dick.

"Heh mshana, usheshile ukukhala. Most women love sex when pregnant. What I will advise you on is to buy those pills that makes your stick stand up until Jesus comes back. Look at you,"

Malume'Mbuyiseni looks at Anathi who was half dead on the bed. As old as he is he knows what youngsters get up to.

"Malume this is not laughing matter, not one bit." He groans covering himself with a pillow, his phone chimes making him more annoyed. He glared at the screen and sees Buttercup's name flashing on the screen. Malum'Mbuyiseni laughs his lungs out imagining the trauma of Anathi's dick must be going through. He could live like this his entire life with his wife. But the age was catching up with them. The energy that these youngster have seems to fading away out of their system.

His phone stops ringing and he sighs in relief. Minutes later his phone beeps, he swipes it and stumbles upon a disturbing video. Buttercup has her legs wide open playing with her clit moaning enjoying self servicing herself. He has

never seen a woman playing with their nuna, now this had him where Zama wanted him. She wants him yearning for her every where he goes.

"Fuck," he locks his phone forgetting Malum'Mbuyiseni is still in his room. Instead Zama is going to kill me." Anathi inhales sharply, Malume stood up and Anathi notices a boner on his uncle.

"What? My wife is right next room."

Malum'Mbuyiseni walks out whistling in search of his wife. He finds her busy in the chicken making breakfast. First things he notices she is not wearing any undergarments. That sight made his image run wide, now he can't wait to be in-between his wife.

"Mkami," he pulls her hand and she looks at him confused. "I can't find my trousers." Malume

whines making his wife to smile. She definitely knows that this man is up to one of his tricks.

"Follow me," she walk infront of him swaying her hips left right.

"Thixo!" Malume exclaims in excitement, it's now time to get down to business. They went inside to one of the rooms that they are using for the time being. "Hmmm," Malume is already half naked ready to get down to business. He grabbed her cookie jar making her to giggle like a five year old. He lifted her dress up and played with her clit.

"Baba," his wife exclaims breathing heavily. There's nothing that he enjoys other than being in-between his wife's legs. He pushes her gently on top of the bed and he strips naked getting in-

between her legs. He made her lay on her side lifting her one leg up looking at her thick folds. He got closer shoving himself in and begins to move slowly in circles. Watching porn for the past few days came in handy. He will use his experience with his wife.

"MaBiyela," Malume'Mbuyiseni cries of the excitement his dick is feeling. The warmth of her cookie is making his blood electricated. So this is how Anathi feels when his is inside his woman. Damn he will forever watch porn.

Anathi was trying to catch some sleep in his room when he suddenly heard moans and groans.

"Will I ever sleep?" He cries feeling annoyed.

The moans got heavier and louder, "ay, ay, fuck!" He drags his feet feeling frustrated. All he

ever wanted was to rest!

He find everyone chilled outside, the Biyela men sure do love beer.

"I thought you said you were going to rest."
Zenzele looks at him suspiciously.

"How can I sleep when your uncle is fucking his wife across the room!" He is beyond pissed, how can his uncle do him like this.

"Atleast the kids are not around." Ndimu was very clingy towards Zama and she didn't want to let go. Butter cup had no choice but to take her along. I guess she feels much more safer around her. Mpilo being Mpilo he decided to tag along.

TOBI SHONGWE

"Healing starts with you, Let go of the grudge and focus on the positive. You do know that no body's perfect, we all make mistakes and we learn from them. But the first process to healing is to heal yourself first. Open your heart and accept your sins. Think of a healing techniques that stimulates your body's natural healing ability to manage symptoms. Provide a sense of calm and relaxation and improve sense of well-being. Remember, when you forgive you heal and when you let go you grow. God never sends you into a situation alone, God goes before you. Whatever situation you facing now be confident that you will come out stronger." Tobi looks at Shongwe who was shamefully looking down. Now he knows that communication is the best key. "Before we close this chapter, do you guys have anything to

say to one another?" Therapy really do help broken marriages.

Tobi turned to look at Shongwe who still had his head bowed down. She regained her strength to let her voice out, her body is still hurting from the beatings that she got previously.

"There's no amount of sorries will undo what I did. I caused you great pain, a pain that will never heal. I don't even know why I did what I did. I regret it till today, I'm saying this from the depth of my heart I'm sorry." Tobi sighs feeling better after taking off what has been stuck up her chest. Shongwe looked at her sadly thinking of the decision he just made. Yes he does admit, he still has the hearts for her and he just prays that everything works out for them in the future.

"I'm not a smooth talk nor romantic either but I

know this one thing. I still love you and I pray that one day heals us and our marriage. You are a good woman Tobi that I can vouch. Holding each other's hands through every obstacle will mend the broken marriage. I will start by forgiving myself for having this hate towards you. Once I've healed I will work on our marriage. You have kids that you need to look out for. You're a mother and I'm happy to say I won't stand in your way for wanting to have a relationship with your kids." Shongwe let's it all out. He had cried alot for a couple of days. He just hope and prays that he doesn't regret his decision.

"I will give you both different task, task that will always keep your mind busy. I want to give you something that you will put your heart into it.

That will be all for today. I will come back again tomorrow morning for the tasks that I've just

mentioned. But before I go can we pray?" They held hands and bowed their heads in respect.

"Dear God, at every moment of our existence you are present to us. Help us to be present to one another so that our presences may be a strength that heals the sounds of time, and give hope that is for all persons. Touch the people around us, keep them safe and happy. Give them love compassion and care. Bless them all with good care. Bless them all with good health, peace in mind and kindness in their heart. In the name of the son and the Holy spirit, Amen."

ANATHI MYEZA

"Here comes the porn star madoda," Sanele teases Malum'Mbuyiseni who looked sexually aroused.

"I should watch porn all the time, it comes in handy." Malum'Mbuyiseni smiles excitedly thinking of the cum that was dripping out of his wife's vagina. He will surely come up with new tricks everytime they make love.

"Sex is the last thing on my mind." Anathi whines making the guys to laugh.

"More is still yet to come." They laugh more. Only Malum'Mbuyiseni knows the pain Anathi is going through. His wife was a sex addict during pregnancy. As much as he use to enjoy it....it used to drain him. Until a friend of his introduced him to supplements that boost your sex appetite. He never got tired and his wife was always satisfied. "Take me to the nearest chemist tomorrow and I shall show you. I may

not remember the name of the supplements but I sure do remember the container."

"Manje Malum'Mbuyiseni you were literally raped?" Sanele enjoys making fun of him. He is the easiest target of them all. He is not uptight like the serious uncles who are always serious about life.

The laughter in the yard made the neighbours wonder what is the occasion. Anathi was over the moon to finally step up and be a family man with the woman he longed loved since primary. With his brothers on the side they can conquer the world.

"You wouldn't understand you still young. Make someone pregnant and you shall understand." Sanele kept quiet for a bit and thought of the possible child that is on the way. He is not even

sure if it's his or not!

"Yea," his mood changed, after all the evidence he gathered, he found out that his girl was cheating on him with a guy across the streets. He would be happy if the baby is his but will be broken if not. Guess everyone has their own way of growing.

THICK MADAM

#27

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"Mpilo Maan!" I swear this child is making me go crazy. He keeps on bumping his head around every corner. I swear I will end up buying a helmet for him. "Ndimu!" That's another problem, she eats for hours, it takes her an hour

for her to chew one portion of spoon in her mouth. I swear these kids are devils themselves. "Finish your food."

"Leave the kids alone and go to school." My father is really spoiling these kids. Of only he knew how much work they are he wouldn't be saying this.

"You know what let me leave before I go crazy." I grab my school bag and wait for Anathi outside the gate.. Okay so the dude decided to bring Zenzele.

"Oho so your brother is running away from me?" Zenzele just looks at me like I'm crazy and that got me more mad, a mad black thick woman for that matter.

"Wenzen manje?" He asks looking at me to further to explain. I will not explain myself to him. Who the hell does he think he is!

"You know what tell that stupid brother of yours that I will kill him till he takes his last breath. His just a useless cockroach maan!" I step out of the car making sure that I bang the door. My emotions are high, I'm hurt and heartbroken. I was looking forward to seeing his face. My day has been ruined already!

ANATHI MYEZA

"Heh?" Buttercup is seriously loosing it. Why would she have an outburst like that, I have stupid brother's who literally laugh at everything.

The whole 'Anathi Stone Myeza' is being controlled by a woman. My ancestors are surely doing a ritual for my dick. How can one have me by my balls, I need to consult abaphansi.

"Your woman is crazy, moving forward you will be her transporter Mr cockroach," Zenzele emphasizes the word and the line goes dead. So he decides to drop the call on me. I shake my head in disbelief of how my life is turning out.

"Trouble in paradise?" Why would Sanele ask me this stupid question? Since he is suppressing his laugh I'm sure sister Zenzele couldn't wait to share the news with the whole family bloody traitors!

"I don't have the energy," I walk past him and

him heading straight to my room. I really need those damn pills! My life has been turned upside down just because of sex!

ZIPHO SHONGWE

Everything has been finalised I am finally going home. I have mixed emotions about this, what if MaZama doesn't like me, after all I'm a product of an affair. I wonder if my mother ever thinks of me wherever she is. Does she ever miss me? Did she ever love me? I doubt she failed to love my siblings before me.

"This is it," Fezeka stands by the door looking all sad. Part of me wants to live in this shelter and another part of me wants to leave and go be with my family, a family I've been yearning for. Hope I won't regret this.

"This is it." I respond feeling emotional, Fezeka brought my self esteem back, she made me believe in myself, she made me believe that thick women are the best. I'm beginning to live my body they way it is. The Aqueous cream seems to be helping alot but I still have a long way to go.

"Atleast I will get to visit." Atleast we are allowed to visit each other every weekend." I thought Fezeka was going to turn out and be something negative and mean but it turns out I was wrong. I guess my previous relationship with my friend affected me for real. I don't trust easily but with Fezeka she warmed up to my heart and stole it.

"Come here," we stayed in each other's arms

giving each other a brief hug and pulled back. "I will miss you."

"Me too." I exhale out loud thinking of my new home, new environment, new people. I pull my heavy bags to the car loading them. This is it, I breathe in and out. I turned to look back to what I use to call home, a shelter for people who are homeless. I look at Fezeka who had her hands on her face and I just knew she's crying. I don't want to cry but she's forcing me too. She turns to walk away, I step inside the car and it takes off.

"Spikes is my name." I've never said a word ever since I entered the car. I've been crying ever since we left the shelter. I don't even want to make any conversations. "Please don't cry you look ugly." Okay his way too forward, but he just

made me laugh.

"Who looks beautiful when crying?" I ask him, I've never looked at him closely. I've saw him once or twice the time I was in the hospital.

"Me of cause it's me, I even have that sexy cry. You still a kid you wouldn't understand." I just smile and looked at his eyes in the rear mirror. He has sleepy eyes, like he just smoked weed.

"Don't look an adult in the eye." Did he really just say that?

"What the hell." I couldn't contain myself and I forget that I was just crying just a few minutes ago. This guy is something else.

"Kanti kuthiwani?" He smiles revealing his

dimples and damn nigger is cute. I remember having my first crush in high school and the guy was like, "you are not my type, if I compare you with my type you would hate your body. Do us both a favour and stop crushing on me. No man will ever love you, keep that in mind." All thanks to a person I use to call a friend. I would never forget Pinkie, that girl put me through alot. Maybe my ex crush Qiniso was right, who man will ever like a girl like me.

"Usharp?" I just nod my head not wanting to talk any further.

Minutes later he drives through the yard and everyone was already outside. Even the chickens are here to welcome me. I didn't go to school today, I just wanted to take my time packing my belongings. I assume Zama is in school or maybe she doesn't want to welcome me home. Part of me feels sad but I brush that

feeling off. What if she's busy inside?

"Sanibonani." I greet feeling anxious.

"Welcome home," MaZama welcomes me, the warmness in her just made me melt unexpectedly. This is not how step mother's normally welcome their step children. But with this woman it's a total opposite.

She is still using a wheelchair and better than the last time I saw her. She just needs to gain her weight back.

"I'm glad to be home." I respond, Spikes man and Mnqobi were busy offloading my bags.

The welcome is warm, I won't lie and say I don't feel appreciated. This woman went all out for

me, she actually went all out for me and that I appreciate.

"Tomorrow is school don't forget that." She tells me, now the topic is about me refusing to go to school today. If only she knew the nerves I had she wouldn't be saying this.

"Now I know that in this house there is no day off." I say and they laugh.

"I'm just happy that you here with us." Uthinga welcomes me with warm hands. I wonder what the Shabane's have in store for me.

SANELE MYEZA

The happiness of knowing and thinking that you are about to be someone's father... later

becomes the pain of knowing that you are not the father.

"Are you sure of what you saying?"

"Even if you were the father how will you manage to support a baby? You are not even working! You just have no direction in life. You are just a drop out, not even a varsity drop out but a high school drop out. You do not even have a mere certificate under your name and you are here vomiting nonsense claiming a child that's not even yours. Maybe you shoot blanks who knows. Now if you do not mind get out of my father's house and never set you stinky ass in my father's yard."

"Busisiwe..." he paused looking at her not believing what he just heard. He stood there

looking at her emotionless. He walked out and never looked back with a heavy heart. He thought in eight months time he would be a father but he was wrong. He got into his brother's car and drove off thinking of what just happened. He drove around the hood to clear his mind until he saw a lady by the side of the road looking stranded. He pulled over and got out of the car.

"Sistera," he greets her and the first thing he notices is her body, she's his type, the kind of thick dark beauty. It's funny how Busisiwe was the complete opposite. "Can I help?"

She stopped walking and looked at him.

"I'll be fine," she continues to highk not minding him.

"It's not safe for a woman t...."

"Buti I'm late for school, I have to submit my assignment before 1 o'clock so please." Sanele looked at his wrist watch and checked the time.

"You do know if I give a lift you would be early right? I would be saving you time. Come let's go, I'll take you to school."

"As you've said it's not safe." She says.

"So you'd rather be late? Come on let me do this one favour for a pretty stranger." He smiles showing off his upside down T silver tooth. The girl was reluctant at first but eventually gave in. He opened the door for her making sure she's comfortable. He walked around the car and

jogged in the drivers seat and drove off.

"Igama ubani?"

"Nomanyanga," she answers looking outside the window.

"Huh, you mean Nomalanga?" He asks, what kind of a name is Nomanyanga?

"Cha buti Nomanyanga," she sounds irritated, she gets annoyed when people judge her name without a reason.

"What does it mean?"

"Moonlight, I shine bright at night under the

moon because of the colour of my skin. That's why my mother said Nomanyanga." She explains and that got Sanele smiling. Indeed she is brightens under the darkness.

The drive was not long, as promised he dropped her at the school gate.

"I saved you 30 minutes woman. Thank you for keeping me in company."

"Thanks for the ride buti," she opens the door but it's locked. She sighed and turned to look at him. "Now open the door." She's even commanding, his type indeed.

He pulled his phone out of the pocket and handed it to her.

"Don't even think of giving me a number plate,

my mother is a witch." He adjust his seat waiting for her to type in her digits. She looked at his phone, she looked at this man who had his eyes closed. She typed her digits and handed him back his phone.

"Open the door." She sounds annoyed making him to smile. He looked at her for a minute and eventually forgot that he was driving around with a broken heart. He finally unlocked the door and watched her as she walked towards the institution.

CALL ME WHEN YOU DONE. DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT RUNNING AWAY, MY MOTHER IS A WITCH!

He clicks on send and smiles putting his phone aside and drives off. Nomanyanga arrives inside the school premises. She can't believe

that she made it this far without anyone's help. Her life has been rocky ever since her mother passed on. He father.... She doesn't even want to talk about him, he let her suffer while his swimming in wealth. She sighs looking at the messages, for some reason this stranger has really captured her eyes. Reading this message really got her day exciting. She puts her phone in he bag pack and walked towards her class.

Sanele was sitting anxiously outside the gate. He has been here for the past hour, Nomanyanga is not picking up her phone, she is not replying to his text messages. What if she ditched him cause there's no way that she walked out of this gate. He sighed feeling disappointed and roars the engine. As he was

about to drive off he see her walking out with two guys laughing and chatting. Part of him got jealous making him step out of the car and walked towards them clenching his jaws. He wraps his arm around her waist and greets them.

"I thought you were long gone." He looks at her, why is he so drawn to someone who he just met this morning?

"Ow my day has been busy. These are my friends Khaya and Akhona."

"You don't say that your man is a hunk?" Akhona compliments.

"Watch your tounge," they laugh leaving Sanele

confused as hell. Nomanyanga wanted to dispute the comment Akhona made but her mouth didn't let her. "See you on Monday babes." Akhona and Khaya turn to walk away holding hands.

"I don't want any men around you." He lets go of her waist burying his hands in his pockets.

"I don't even know you." She shakes her head and turns to walk away but he pulls her back and turn to face him.

"You are mine and mine alone." He bends closer to her face looking directly into her eyes. "You are my Moonlight not our Moonlight." He kisses the tip of her nose and steps backs. "You can breathe now."

"You so rude," she playfully pushes his shoulder.

"That's because my mother is a witch." He says and Nomanyanga laughs loud attracting a few eyes.

They walk to the car still laughing.

"You will definitely kill me with laughter." She says stepping inside the car. She wondered how is she so comfortable around this man, she's an introvert, a woman who prefers to be alone. With this man crowding her place she doesn't mind at all.

"Did I tell you, you look beautiful today?" He starts the engine and slowly drives.

"No, but I know." She teases him grinning. That tiny round face made him blush. A woman who captured his heart within few hours heart after a heart brake.

"You so full of yourself."

"Look at yourself and look carefully. Now tell me who is more full of themselves. You hijacked me on the high way, you came to my school to kidnap me. So now tell me, who is full of themselves?" Sanele pressed on the brakes forcefully and cracks into laughter.

"So now I'm full of myself?" He continues to laugh.

"I wonder what happens to that head of yours."

"Trust me if I tell you, you would faint. Don't read my mind it's very complicated." He makes her laugh with that angelic voice....

"So you have male friends." For some reason he is jealous.

"Gay males friends yes. I prefer them than women." He looks at her and wondered what she meant. But there's always another day.

THICK MADAM

#28

MALINDI MASONDO

Life is a game but it's not fair, I gambled with

my own life by turning my back on my best friend. Life here has been terrible, sometimes I would go to bed with an empty stomach. Every night I would go behind the backdoors of Nando's to pick up on the leftovers. There's this girl that works there. She would wait for me to have her lunch or she would leave it under the benches. I don't even know her name, but she's light skinned. I try by all means to look neat and clean. Atleast I have clothes but something old. I try to call my mum every now and than to assure that I am okay. I don't want her worrying about me. She's already stressing about my brother in jail. Sighs! I'm standing patiently behind the building where they throw the leftovers, I'm sure she forgot to leave a lunchbox for me today. I heavily sigh feeling disappointed, I'm sure she forgot.

It's very funny how I met her.

When I came here I had no place to stay, I knew no one and I basically had nothing. With the little money that I had I bought a two room wood shack. Just to have a roof over my head. One night I was out on the streets as a guy to hustle when I saw a girl being mugged right in front of my eyes. Luckily they did not hurt her, I got a few stabs here and there. I fought the two guys until they gave up and ran away without succeeding with their mission.

She walked me to my wood shack, cleaned me up and gave me painkillers. Each day she would bring me lunch just to say thank you. One day I was out hunting for food when I accidentally bumped into her. She was carrying a tray full of meat and was about to throw it away when I asked her to give it to me. Ever since then she continued sneaking food out for me without anyone noticing.

This girl speaks her mind and doesn't give down easily. That's what I like/love.... I don't even know what I feel towards her. I look at her scanning around and I'm sure she's looking for me. She's late today I wonder what kept her. I push my legs towards her direction and I see relief wash over her when her eyes landed on me.

"I thought I will find you gone. Sorry to keep you waiting, it's very busy inside. I'm sure this meat will last you the whole day." She hands me a heavy paper bag.

"Once I get a job I will thank you for gratitude that you showed towards me. You showed me humanity." I say looking straight to her eyes.

"No need, I'm doing this from the goodness of

my heart. You once helped me, who knows maybe I would have died." She tells me and that reminds me.

"I don't know your name miss."

"Sp....." An intercom disturbs "we have ran out of wings!"

"Shit I have to go, look I'll come later to your house, yah house." She rushes off. Again I didn't get her name!

ZIPHO SHONGWE

"WeZiphozenkosi," I hear MaZama's voice calling me, my body is still disoriented due to

the new environment. This is what happens, when I change environments. My body takes time to adjust, I always sleep, become tired and lazy. It's going to be a long week until my body adjust to this new environment. Sigh! I roll off the bed rubbing my eyes.

"Mah," I shout back walking towards the dinning room. She's hear sipping her cup of coffee watching Nigerian movies. I swear this woman is obsessed!

"Make your father and brother breakfast. They have somewhere to be." She continues to glare at the TV. So early in the morning, it's barely even five o'clock.

Fried eggs and roasted tomatoes will do. I suck in cooking, this is the only thing I can make

proudly in the kitchen.

"Ntombifuthi," my father greets me settling down to have his breakfast. First I was called Ziphozenkosi and now I'm Ntombifuthi. I'm just Zipho nothing else.

"Sawubona baba." I greet back, it's an awkward moment. I don't even know what to say to him, I'm saved by Mnqobi.

"Zipho," I nod acknowledging his presence. Now I need to get out of here.

"Mina noMnqobi are going to home affairs. He needs to take my surname, I suggest you also come along. I want all my kids to have my surname and I think it will be best if you also

change your surname. Well that's if you are willing to. And later on once I raise enough money I would like to do a little ceremony for welcoming you two."

"I'd love that, let me go freshen up." I've been waiting for this opportunity to come I just didn't know how to approach the matter. Now hearing this really makes my heart pump in joy. Lord knows how to make my day!

ANATHI MYEZA

"Washa two, Buttercup you won't see this coming. How does its work?"

"Viagra, you'll take the drug thirty minutes and four hours before you plan to have sex. The

medication helps you get and erection up for four hours after you've taken a dose. You only take it once a day, and it helps to boost a man's ego." The pharmacist explains, I feel my ego being boosted already. I just hope it doesn't paralyze me, it's going to be a long full nine months.

"Does it have any side effects?" I find myself asking. What if my dick contains a drop, or rather harm my unborn child.

"Viagra can cause mild or serious side effects such as headache, mild and temporary vision changes, such as a blue tinge in your vision, blurred vision and sensitivity to light.

But most of these side effects may go away within a few days or a couple of weeks. But be sure that you take the dosage that we have

prescribed for you, don't go overboard you will regret it." Washa khekhe it's time I play with what's mine.

"I also need one for tonight." Malum'Mbuyiseni can really crack the ice unexpectedly. His sex drive is always high. I just look at him and the nigga is damn serious.

"Ay malume, like really." I'm honestly defeated by this old man. What kind of a man is he?

"You know I'm never too old for this game and you know it." Wow just wow. When did my uncle become this naughty.

"For a grandpa you don't want to grow up."

"I've just turned 49, see I'm not that old." He taps on my shoulder squeezing it. What did I do to deserve a family like this!

"I believe everything is set for tomorrow. We are coming back with her, umakoti owethu." Aunt Jabulile has been singing praises congratulating Anathi. It's been long since something this ecstatic has happened. Tomorrow is the day Zama will be welcomed to the Myeza's.

"My main concern is, the boy is a Myeza and we are Biyela's. Won't that affect their marriage in a long run?" A question that grabs everyone's attention.

"Mbuyiseni uzoshweleza emsamu. If the Myeza's want to partake in this journey. They will have to appease the ancestors with a cow in order for them to enter this yard. Where were they when this family needed them? All is well nothing will go wrong. As I have said A Life For A Life." Whatever gogo spits leaves everyone confused.

"Life, life yona leyo mah." Jabulile asks and the house erupts with laughter.

"I also don't know," they continue to laugh. Biyela is one of a family that never turns backs on one another no matter what. They all have their moments, they do argue and fight but at the end of the day they hold each other's hands till the end.

SANELE MYEZA

"I'm Sanele Myeza just today who recently got dumped for being unemployed. The child I thought was mine turns out it's not mine. I have 2 older brother's who are a headache. That's it about me. There's nothing interesting other than my mother being a witch."

Nomanyanga laughs, "you like witches I see, I'm also a witch you know." She looks at and awaits for a response but the guy does something else.

"Yes finally my mother will have someone she will fly with at night." Nomanyanga couldn't hold her laughter any longer. The cuteness in this man is unexplainable. But the craziness is on

another level.

"So after the news you got yesterday how do you feel?"

"Honestly I don't care, I just pray that the baby is not mine. I'm not saying it in a bad way but I don't want anything that binds me to her. She left me so I'm good. I'm not a begging type but I can beg you anytime cause my mother is a witch." He continues to dig in his food without care. His is so carefree around the beautiful stranger.

"You can never be serious no matter how serious the matter is?" She looks at him and wondered how would a lady treat such a handsome man in that manner? She wouldn't mind having a baby with him and beside that

baby would be a beautiful little creature. She snaps out of her thoughts when Sanele waved his hand in front of his face.

"Hello....why are you starting at me like that? Do I eat too much?" He asks.

"Erm....what, no. I was just thinking." She smiles nervously realising that she's been busted.

"Eat your food it's getting cold." He reminds her. She looked at her plate and thought about her step father at home who is probably hungry. And again the issue with her weight, most guys don't like it when woman eat alot. She pushed the plate aside and shook her head no.

"I ate in school so I'm good for now." She lies,

she can't bring herself to tell a stranger about her feelings and the situation at home!

"Relax, I love them thick, feel free to eat whatever you like in front of me." She smiles nervously not wanting to embarrass herself.

For some reason this guy right here in front of her eyes has a way of melting her heart in just a couple of hours they met. She wondered how it's like to kiss his pink wet lips, they even look soft. Imagine black and white....will they ever make a cute couple?

"I think you have a serious crush on me." Sanele snaps his fingers right before her face.

"Who? Me? What no! Dream on." She digs in on her fried chips that were now smilingly cold.

"You look cute when astonished." He compliments making her to blush to an extent of making her cheeks turning red. She's way too dark for her cheeks to turn red, but one can tell when she is flushed.

"I should get home, I'm sure my father must be worried sick about me." She closed her takeaway putting it back in the plastic. "I don't like to put his health at risk."

"Okay, let me finish up here and I'll drop you off," Sanele chows big bites of his burger to finish quick so he could take her home.

"I had a very nice time with you, I even forgot

that I was dumped hours ago."

"I did enjoy spending time with you too. You kind of funny in a mad way." She says making him to laugh.

"Funny in a mad way, you make me mad." He looks at her blushing looking down. "I need to order chicken feet for my crazy pregnant sister in-law. Why are pregnant women crazy?" I stands up to go place an order.

"That was quick,"

"No queue, we can go. I will just drop these and I'll drive you home." He takes her hand. At first she was reluctant but eventually gave in. She is not comfortable with the house she lives in.

Just a two room house sponsored by government. It's very old and the walls are starting to crack. That is why she doesn't socials with people alot because they are always quick to judge. They park outside a fallen fence.

Moment of silence passed without them sharing a word. "I guess I'll see you around." She says avoiding eye contact.

"From now onwards I will be taking you to school and we do not have to debate about this. My word is final Sisi." He caresses on her chubby cheeks. "Your neighbours are peeping through the window. I'm sure they are bewitching me."

"You and witches," they laugh for a long time

and falls back to comfortable silence. "I have to go I'm sure my father must be worried sick." She says already stepping out of the car.

Sanele got out and did the unexpected. He grabbed her waist tightly and gave her a warm passionate kiss making her weak. Nomanyanga failed to hold herself, it's been long since she last gave someone a kiss. They both pull back and stared at each other.

"I should get going before mama Jack kills me. Please don't go crazy when you become pregnant for me." He spanks her butt making Nomanyanga to jump a bit.

"You know what just leave." She Huffs and turns to walk away.

"Awu chicken dust yam madoda." Sanele says to himself smiling admiring that thick mama.

He watched her as she walked into the house.

He sighed reversed and drove off to

Zamadwala's to drop off her chicken feet.

I'M OUTSIDE

He sends a text to her and minutes later Zama comes out wearing a gown. He smiles looking at her and she doesn't smile back. Now he knows why Anathi is always on his toes when it comes to his woman.

"I bought you these," he hands her a takeaway full of chicken feet.

She smiles grabbing them, "tell Anathi it's over."

She turns to walk away leaving Sanele in stitches. 'YOU HAVE BEEN DUMPED'

He clicks on send. His mind drifts back to the woman he gave a lift to on the highway. Those thick curves, that black smooth tone skin. That woman is beautiful, whoever said black people are ugly....they will never see heaven. At this point he could do anything just to see that chubby cute face. He past by KFC and bought street wise two for her and add with a box of wings. He does know that women and wings are cut from the same cloth.

"What are you Nomanyanga? Why are doing this to me?" He speaks to himself. Whatever his heart is playing, he surely loves it.

He drove straight to her home and called for her to come outside.

Minutes later Nomanyanga came out of the

house sneaking.

"Sanele I don't appreciate this! My father will kill me if he sees me here with you!" She rants in fear. She has never bought a man around her house.

"I can't control what I feel for you Moonlight. I don't know what love is but what I know is.... what I feel for you it's not fake. If it's love than I'd be more than happy to love a woman like you. I love them thick and chubby. I know I've just met you a couple of hours ago, but please allow this stranger to love this stranger that's standing right in front of his eyes." Now that he has said his peace he feels lighter.

THICK MADAM

#29

NEGOTIATION DAY

It's 3am in the morning and everyone was up and in the Myeza house running around like headless chickens preparing for the journey. Zamadwala's house is just around the corner, the Biyela's are the people who keep tradition in check. They want to make sure that by the time they arrive it's still dark.

"You doing this?" Zenzele asks Anathi who was half asleep. The way Anathi sleeps these days you would swear that he is the one who is pregnant. He eats alot, gets agitated very quickly.

"How will I deal with that woman?" He sighs

and the fact that he has been dumped just makes things awkward for him. Was she serious or was she pulling his leg?

"You will cross that bridge when it arrives. Be happy that you finally have the girl you've been longing for ever since she was in primary." They laugh, "on a serious note cherish her and love her regardless." Zenzele taps on his shoulder and turns to leave.

"This woman is going to be the death of me." He groans covering himself with a pillow.

No one wanted to be left behind. A quantum has been hired. Fifteen people just for the

negotiations that's a bit extreme. The five cows were behind in a truck that they also hired.

They arrive at the Shabane's and luckily the lights were on. They were parked outside the gate waiting for the next step to begin.

"Atleast makoti akalali ilanga lize lingene ezingeni." Malum'Mbuyiseni cracks a joke and they laugh. The nerves kick in making Anathi sick.

"Open the door!" He shouts, jumping from sit to sit until he reached the door and it slides open. Anathi did the unexpected when he started to vomit yesterday's meat. Sanele gave him a bottle of water to rinse his mouth.

"Unetwetwe," gogo MaBiyela says and they

crack of laughter. The uncles get out of the quantum and started shouting outside the gate. It's still dark and the morning coldness is not making things easier for them.

"AbakaShabane abakaDwala kaPhingoshe
kaSphasph'esihle

Kalinda mkhonto uMkhont'usandulo Nolinda
oCabaja kaMgoji

Ozebelibomva wen'Owabatshazwa

Yinyoka yathi wazewamuhle

WeShabane AmaSom'amahle

Sikhulekile ekhaya,"

Malum'Mbuyiseni kept on praising the clan names until the light we bright on around the whole house.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

"Zamadwala Maan Vika!" MaZama shouts yanking off the blankets off her body. "Why didn't you tell us that your people are coming today! Does your mind work?" MaZama shouts making Zama to jump off the bed landing painfully on the floor.

"Mah." She sounds shocked, the sleepiness vanished within a blink of an eye. "Anathi didn't tell me anything."

"This is not how things are done. I swear I will kill that boy akangazi Kahle. NguMaZama kayione angisiyo insangumina angibhenwa." That was evident that MaZama is beyond pissed. If only she knew that Zama was confused as she is.

"I swear mama, he didn't tell me anything!" Zama is in the verge of crying. What's the use of crying cause these people are already here shouting their lungs out.

Mnqobi and Bab'Shabane were sited quietly in the dinning room area. Luckily this house is always cleaned before everyone goes to their respective lala land.

"I guess we mixed up the dates." Bab'Shabane says looking down rubbing his forehead in frustration. On their side nothing has been prepared. "What will these people eat?" He asks.

"I'm sure they have a logic explanation for this. I may not know much but this is not how things

are done. Anathi should have sent a letter informing us." Mngqobi hisses.

"They are here now there's no turning back. The least that we could do is to make this a success."

MaZama and the girls joined them, the girls were still wearing pyjamas and yawning.

"Brush yourl's teeth's and start with the cooking." MaZama tells the girls and they followed each other since they are using the same room.

OUTSIDE THE GATE

"Sikhulekile ekhaya, looks like they are ignoring us on purpose." Malum'Mbuyiseni adds keeping

Anathi on his toes.

"Nangu umfana eza." Aunt Jabulile beams in joy, she's one of the most joyful aunts in the family. Mngobi opens the gate and allowed them in. They followed him inside the house.

Malum'Mbuyiseni and the two uncles were to represent Anathi.

Anathi and the rest of the family were left outside eating scones.

"I'm so proud of this boy." Aunt Jabulile says emotionally.

Back inside the house

"Our son saw a thick beautiful rose amongst roses in your beautiful garden and he is here to

pick what belongs to him."

Silence fill the room and they know they have to present a vula mlomo in order for the process to begin.

Once inside the Shabane's, the wife's team of uncles or dad won't utter a word until your team pays Imvula-mlomo, the direct translation being "the mouth opener". This is a down payment for having all her uncles halt whatever they were doing to negotiate lobola for their niece.

Malum'Ayanda presented R200 on the table and Zamadwala's father cleared his throat.

"Why are you here?" He asked them with a serious tone making the uncles to shiver a bit. This man in front of them is very serious for the negotiations.

"Ow yes," now Malum'Mbuyiseni has the power to speak, "as I was saying our son saw a thick beautiful rose amongst roses in your beautiful garden and he is here to pick what belongs to him." He feels proud after repeating what he just said. Who wouldn't be proud with this beautiful thing, kids joining families together.

"I have three beautiful girls." Bab'Shabane responds proudly smiling. He never knew that his baby girl would be taken away from him this quick, he never knew that his baby girl is about to build someone's house, be a mother and face all the marriage tributes and tribulations. Zama is only 18 turning 19 next year 22 June. This is too much for him to process, the more he thinks about it the more his heart skips in fear.

"Mnqobi go call your sisters for me." Mnqobi

stood up to go call for the girls. They all knelt down with shawl covering their heads and it's hard to tell which one is which since two of them are thick. Uthinga is just a medium sexy size with a body to die for.

"Now I'm confused." Malum'Mbuyiseni says making the others laugh.

"Choose your son's rose, the one you saw in my garden." Bab'Shabane's proudly says with a smirk on his face. The three uncles are confused as hell.

"This is harder than I thought." Malum'Ayanda projects.

They finally picked their bride after the uncles discussed amongst themselves. Unfortunately

they picked the wrong bride.

"You know how tradition works, you pick the wrong bride you pay the price. It's either we pour 10kg sugar on you or you pay a fine."

"I will pay," Malum'Mbuyiseni says in a quick speed.

Zamadwala uncovered herself and spoke, "Sugar will do." She says through her greeted teeth. The men look at each other amused and shocked.

"The bride Ntombikayise has spoken. By the way that is my last born that you picked. My pride and joy, my Ntombifuthi. And the yellow bone there is my sunflower Ntombizodwa."

"Can you rethink your decision makoti. We are old forks my daughter."

"If you could get me chicken feet than I'll forgive you." Zama says.

Malum'Mbuyiseni took out his phone and dialled Anathi.

"Get me chicken feet right this minute!" He dropped the call and looked at Zama who was smiling like a retracted.

"Blackmail." They laugh and continued with the day.

The yard was full of ululation and laughter. Anathi and Zama were sited on the traditional mat looking at the drunk uncles and aunts doing a Zulu.

"And you decided to do things your way." Zama says looking at Anathi. "I thought I dumped you."

"Even if you dump me I know you don't mean it. I just couldn't wait for month end, it seemed to far." He says.

"What did I do to deserve a man like you?"

"You deserve my dick." They shyly laugh looking down trying not to attract eye's.

"I like it when you blush." Zamadwala pinches Anathi's hand a little. She paused and looked at him for a little bit, "I'm horny." She bites her lower lip.

"Mabeshane, Myeza ancestors please come to my rescue." Zamadwala laughs her lungs out. The shawl over her shoulders and that duke on her head suits her perfectly. She looked like an African Goddess Queen. Anathi stood up and smiled looking at his thick mama.

"May I take this opportunity to thank you all for gathering here in such notice." They all turn to look at Anathi who was on his feet. "I don't even know where to begin but I guess I'll speak from the heart." He knelt down in front of from who was still sited on the mat. "When I look into my heart, I see only you. If you can look into your heart and only see me, then we should spend the rest of our lives together. I promise you, no one will work harder to make you happy or cherish you more than me. When I think about you, I know that no one else will ever hold my

heart the way you do." He paused and took a deep breath. "With the love invested in me, can you please make me the happiest man on earth and be my beautiful thick wife?"

"Ow my God," she cries softly caught in the moment. This was unexpected and never expected it in the first place. "Yes," she proclaims in a soft voice.

"Louder muntuza."

"Yes! I will marry you." Her voice came out a bit louder making both families dance in excitement. To new beginnings, to new life changes!

THICK MADAM

#30

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

It's been six full month's with me living as a married woman. They say once the lobola has been paid out for you, you are practically a wife and you are bound to live with your in-laws. I do visit my family from time to time even though I miss them very much.

I would lie when I say I have a monster in-law. That woman is as sweet as honey, she welcomed me with warm hands and treated me like her own daughter she gave birth to. The Biyela's are a full bunch of crazy human beings. I've never met a family that is this much open and loving. I even love the chickens running around the yard. 'Laughs' thinking about the time Malum'Mbuyiseni was dancing kwasa kwasa. That man is old but damn he is hyper as

a teenager. And then there's Aunt Jabulile, a woman who is always free spirited doesn't fear anything other than God. Gogo Biyela has been very sick lately. She's too old and can't even stand up on her own. She no longer talks or move, it's alot because we have bonded alot for the past couple of months. 'Sighs' thinking about her just depresses me alot.

My bump is huge and I've gained alot, I once had a flat ass but now I'm known as a pregnant mapakisha. Pregnancy is treating me well, a girl living la-goodlife, my life is just peaceful and I love it.

Today is my day for check ups and I so very much hate hospitals. They have this bad odd smell I cannot explain.

"My favourite couple," the doctor greets us. I

just have no time to be here, I want to go home and eat my beloved cucumber. Last month we did a scan and found out we are having a little baby girl. I sometimes wonder how would have felt when I carried my both babies.

"Ndoda," the do a secret handshake that annoys me to the core.

"Mxm," I look across the room feeling annoyed. Anathi sometimes doesn't understand that I don't want to be here!

"Okay," they laugh looking at me. "You may lay on the bed mam." I do as I was told without any dispute. I don't understand why I have to see this ugly doctors face who looks like a frog every day!

He spreads the cold gel on my stomach as usual. Whenever I hear that heartbeat my heart just melts in a way of wanting me to cry.

"There's your little princess there." He stops and frowns looking at the screen. "The heartbeat of the baby is not normal." He says and my heart skips a beat.

He gives me a paper towel to wipe my stomach. "Does it happens that you sometimes feels discomfort on your abdomen area?"

"Yes, but once in a while." I tell him, "what does that mean?" I can't afford to loose my baby not when she is a whole human being.

The doctor sighs and looks at me for sometime and I just knew right there that all is not well.

"Being overweight during pregnancy can cause complications for you and your baby. The more overweight you are, the more likely you are to have pregnancy complications. But there are things you can do before and during pregnancy to help you have a healthy baby.

Being overweight is based on your pre-pregnancy body mass index also called BMI.

"Will I loose my baby?" I ask in a shaky voice.

"No, because I will make sure of that. I will organise a dietitian for you.

From now onwards you must eat a healthy diet. You will work with your health care provider or a registered dietitian to maintain a healthy diet and avoid excessive weight gain. Keep in mind that during pregnancy, you'll need more folic acid, protein, calcium, iron and other essential

nutrients.

Be physically active. Consult health care provider about safe ways to stay physically active during your pregnancy, such as walking, swimming or doing low-impact aerobics."

"This is alot to take in?" Anathi tells the doctor.

"So what happens now?" They feel defeated but yet they want to be strong for their unborn baby.

"I'm even surprised that your bump is showing woman who are overweight may never show during pregnancy. There are so many variables taken into consideration when you are pregnant, especially you starting weight and how much you gain during the pregnancy. What I can say is it's a good sign that you are showing. I will

book an appointment for you and you will take it from there."

The doctor jots down whatever he is saying. So my baby is okay I just need to work on my weight, be more active. "So doctor tell me....does sex also counts as an exercise?" They look at me like I've just said a sin. "What?" I shrug my shoulders and they burst into laughter.

"Pregnant women and sex." Anathi shakes his head holding on tight to my hand sending some burning sensation, making me to squeeze my thighs tight. Now I'm horny!

TOBI SHONGWE

"When our bodies fail us, it can be an opportunity to engage more fully with life.

We become whole again because each of us entered life whole, free of judgement, negative thought patterns, and ego. Our life circumstances and choices condition our suffering. We can unpack them and return to wholeness.

Wholeness comes from integrating your whole life, mind, spirit and body.

Integrating your whole life means making healing the intention of your every choice how you treat your body, yourself, and others.

In the spirit, wholeness comes from reverence for the essential impulse to live and to be, which we share with all living beings.

Spirituality is the mind-set of moving through life as a compassionate witness. It is the process of accepting whatever shows up with

neutrality, love, kindness, and curiosity. It is the process of becoming aware of what comes up with difficult feelings, judgement, anxiety, fear, anger, jealousy, shame, guilt, and asking what it comes to teach."

"Am I safe to say I feel lighter compared to the last couple of days?" Shongwe says.

"Only you and your heart can tell you that. What do you feel?" Their therapist ask.

"I feel whole again, happy free." He smiles looking at his wife. For the last six months their love and marriage has grown. They've grown to love each other more, they've grown to appreciate each other. Most importantly communication is the best key.

"And wena Tobi, tell us what's in your heart?"

"I'm happy, inlove like a high school kid. What's left is to reach out to my kids." She sighs thinking where will she start, where would she reach out for them?"

"Just take one step at a time. Everything has it's own time, it's own process. You will be a mother to your kids again. Just believe in yourself before believing in others.

The genuine apology is simply, I was not the parent you deserved growing up, and I'm so, so sorry you had experience everything you experienced. Likewise, don't dilute your apology by explaining how proud you are of who you've become. take the opportunity to model humility to your child. Go and explain what your mistake

was and ask for your child's forgiveness. You may begin healing wounds you didn't even know your relationship had. All will be well."

MNQOBI SHABANE

"You will have to complete the forms such as DHA 24/LRB known as notice of birth

DHA 288/A, Affidavit giving reasons for late registration birth.

DHA 288

Biometrics, ID-size photo and fingerprints of the person to be registered

Fingerprints of parent/s. Since you are a first time register this is the process that we need to follow."

"Sisi, I don't even know what forms you talking about, where can I get them? How much do the cost?" Mngobi asks feeling defeated. He has been in and out of home affairs with no actual assistance. No one is willing to help him since his case is complicated. For a 30 year to not have even a mere birth certificate is such a disgrace. At this point he has given up.

"No you do not pay for it and I Duduzile will assist with all of that. But what I assure you, you will receive your identity document at the end of this month. Don't stress." She smiles warmly looking at him in the eye's. She is so eager to help this man even she doesn't know him.

"I've been in and out of this place for the past six months. I've been told to come here each

and every month just to sit on these cold benches, that's not fair at all my sister."

Duduzile thought for a while and wondered if won't she put her work in jeopardy just for a stranger. She sighed not too sure about the decision she's about to take. "I will help you." She says softly, follow me to the office. Mngqobi quietly follows her to the office and made himself comfortable on the chair. "Look I will help you speed the process. If only I knew that you have been coming to our offices trust me I would have helped you a long time ago." Without any further waste she helped him to signed the forms.

"How can I repay you for the kindness you've just showed me?"

"Don't be like that, I'm just doing this from the goodness of my heart. Let's wait for month end to come, cross fingers that this pulls through cause we jumped alot of processes." She smiles piling up the papers that had fingerprints.

"Go out with me on a date to eat chicken dust."
He smiles teasing her.

She shakes her head laughing at him. There is something about his voice that made her calm.
"A date? Who eats children dust on a date?"
They both laugh imagine the silliness.

"Once again thank you." He stands up and straitens his jeans. His brackets and buffy body structure made her clit throb. So these kind of men who have this body structure still exist, she thought they only existed in high school her

inner self spoke.

"Erm yea sure she snapped out of the thoughts admiring this handsome creature right in front of her eyes. No matter how hard she tries to pull herself together she couldn't.

Mnqobi got closer - too close that his nose was rubbing against her nose exchanging breath. He bent a little and held her chin with his index finger giving her a warm smooch making her to grab on to him very tight. Their tongues danced to the rhythm of the blood rushing through their veins. He pulls back looks at her and she still had her eyes closed breathing heavily.

"You beautiful," he caresses on her cheeks making her to open her eyes.

"Eish thanks." She steps back from him and chucks coming closer holding her waist.

"What time do you knock off?" He asked her, that sweet voice made her barely breathe.

"A....at four," she holds her breathe unable to breathe. When was the last time she ever felt like this. Even her boyfriend isn't this good looking.

He kissed her lips one more time and walked out without saying a word.

SANELE MYEZA

"You cheated," Sanele screams running after Nomanyanga, she had that funny run that turned him on. The penguin walk but to

Nomanyanga it's a run. A run of a tortoise in a penguin style.

He spanks her butt and she gasps, knowing how crazy her man she was now used to this side of him.

"I did not!" She proclaims still running away from him. "I'm never playing hot-scotch with you ever again!" She laughs shaking her head. This man right in front of her eyes came into her life and turn her world into a mini heaven.

Something she thought she never got to experience. Her father has recovered all thanks to Anathi who took it upon him to interfere. He even went back to work. With her father being sick was a set back for her.

"Come here," he pulled her closer to him. "My favourite song." He turns up the volume on TV

and starts to dance. He pulls his Thick mama close to him and they dance moving left and right.

He looks at her in the eye's and knew right than that this woman is his and no one else. He loves it when she wears a short apron/iphinifa revealing her thick smooth thighs.

ǎŸŽ We ah sip the Henny for the day baby

Bad man, we no stray baby

Oops I done fell for your way baby

I know girl but, everyone falls...

And I know from the first time, the first time

I seen your love, you got me baby

Even though girl I know that I will fall for you

You got to know that everyone falls

Oops I done fell so deep baby

Oops I want you for me baby

Oops I want you for me baby

Oops I done fell so deep 'cause...

Everyone falls in love sometimes

I don't know 'bout you but it ain't a crime

Neefi let me love you, love you, love you for long
time baby

Neefi let me touch you, neefi let me love you 'til
the morning, oh

Mmm, ah, mmm, ah, mmm, neefi let me love
you

Mmm, ah, mmm, ah, mmm, neefi let me touch
you

Mmm, ah, mmm, ah, mmm, neefi let me love
you

Mmm, ah, mmm, ah, mmm, neefi let me touch
youđŸŽ¶

"Damn I love you woman." He kisses her squeezing her butt.

"And I love you too." She blushes looking at him. The song continues to play and they continue to dance enjoying the moment.

A carefree person is someone without any worries. It doesn't mean that they are irresponsible, just that they don't have anything to worry about.

They let go any toxic habits or people in their life almost immediately. Carefree people strive for constant happiness and pure bliss. They think the past is the past for a reason, and that's where they make it stay. Any unwanted stress that enters their life they quickly runaway from. They don't have any should have, could have, or would haves in their life. They always

try to stay focused on the now. That is Sanele's personality, he has let go of Busisiwe the past has been buried.

"We should clean up before the pregnant Dragon comes back." Sanele says and they laugh. Nomanyanga has not set her eyes on Zamadwala but she knows that woman is dearly loved by the Myeza's and highly respected. That's what Nomanyanga loves about this family, they look out for one another.

They quickly washed the dishes and tidied up real quick. They hear an engine roar outside and they quickly sneak out of the house before Zamadwala sees them.

"Once she goes in we run for our lives." He whispers causing her to laugh, Zama turned to look where the laugh is coming at. "Oh boy run!"

Sanele runs out the gate leaving her behind with her penguin tortoise run. "Woman." He laughs to himself feeling like a love sick puppy!

THICK MADAM

#31

MALINDI MASONDO

For the past six months life has really humbled me, it changed me to be a better man. Of course with the right woman on your side. Sphesihle Duma has been nothing but an angel sent. What I don't like about her is that when she is with her friends she drinks alot to a point she forgets her name. That drains me at times and I don't even know how to handle her. I need

to prepare myself for work, it's not an ideal job but it's something that keeps me to survive and be able send money back at home to my mother. Being a plumber was not an option for me but Sphehlehle pulled a few strings and spoke to her brother on my behalf. R8,000 a month is more than enough for me. It's a pity the contract is ending at the end of the month and I am thinking of going back home. I'm still considering it and I think it's the best option. I'd rather not have anything than to let my mother starve. That woman has showed me love at my lowest. I need to stop dwelling on the past and focus on the future.

"Sphehlehle Vika," I shake her and she's totally out, she had too much to drink yesterday. I love her yes, but if she continues to live her life in Flying Fish than she must consider us as good as dead. I sigh getting off the bed to have a

bath in the small basin and that reminds me I need to buy bigger one. I can't fit in this one.

I finish bathing and prepare to go to work, my shack wood smell like brewery. I look at her snoring on the bed and sigh. If only she knew how much I love her she wouldn't be this kind of a woman I don't want her to be.

I miss my friend, I miss the man I betrayed, a man I use to call a friend. I don't want to have any other friends but him alone. I will do no matter what to have Anathi as my friend again!

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"Muntu!" Anathi has ditched me with his dick. MaMyeza has gone to Eshowe to look after

Gogo Biyela. Things are not looking good at that side and I'm scared. "Anathi Myeza!" I'm standing beside the door naked waiting for him to come out of the bathroom. I just need one round, the door unlocks and he comes out dripping water on his body. Those muscles, that tattoo, ow heaven the dick print. Why did he leave his dreads messy, he knows how much I love them this dirty. My man is Hella sexy.

"Muntuza," he smiles widely modelling towards me and my mind is stuck on his big cock. He is already turned on. I love how he is always hard and ready to fuck me till Jesus comes back. Who would ever get enough of this dick. "Turn around." He orders and damn today he is in charge and I like it, meaning more organisms for me. I turn my pregnant self around holding the dressing table balancing myself opening my legs wide. "I love this sight." He rubs his hands

against my already wet cookie jar playing with slowly. We got no time for four-plays, I just want to get down to business.

"Put it in already," his rubbing his dick against my clit slapping his dick against my virgina. The slippery made it easier for him to fill my canal with his huge cock. My wall grinded on his dick making him to move in circles cause me to grab the dressing table. "Yes!" I moan in pleasure. I play with his balls underneath squeezing them slightly.

"Mama," the pace quickens up with him pumping me from behind singing praises. "Shit," he spans my butt grabbing and opening it wide to have a full view of it.

"Gi....give it to me." I say and the nigger moves

faster and faster moaning. "Deeper baby." He stops moving fast and starts slamming me so hard, I'm sure my baby girl is eating her father's sperms. The slamming has got me into another level of craziness. The dressing table kept on moving slowly on the slippery tiles. Sex with this man is always on another level I even fail to express. How does one make you feel like this? Make a woman feel this good.

"Shit," he gives me a hard slam making me to push the dressing table against the wall and the mirror scatter on the floor into pieces. Instead of pulling out he pulls my upper body up with him still intact inside of me. He pushes me against the bed and makes me keel at the edge corner of the bed. I kneel as instructed and bend over letting it all out. "What do you want?" He asks playing with my clit, his dick is pumping inside of me.

"Slam me, fuck me hard" I whimper softly, I shake my ass still playing with his balls, the slams are making me crazy. Without warning he slams hard and damn I just like it hard and rough. "Ow heavens," I grabbed the sheets pressing my lips together trying so hard not to scream. "Anathi!" He moves fast with his sweat dripping on my ass. He give me a one hard slam making my toes curl and releases his juices inside of me.

We both panting catching our breathes. He slowly pulls out and spanks me once again. "Don't move." He walks butt naked to the bathroom and came back with a towel. He wipes me clean, I'm dead tired. There's nothing I need more than sleep before my kids come back from school. I wonder if will I make it? I'm still waiting for my matric results hoping that I made it. I'm taking a brake from school this

year but will definitely return next year. My mother was not pleased but I have my reasons. I close my eyes trying to catch a nap and I fall into a deep slumber. I know Anathi won't be here when I wake up.

ANATHI MYEZA

I look at peacefully sleeping not believing that she is finally mine and mine alone. All those years that I've wasted stalking her, sabotaging her dates. I chuck not believing the lengths I went to into getting what's mine. This woman is my sanity and I don't see my kids being raised by another woman.

I clean the mess we both created and the words I've once said came flooding in my head. 'we will break each and every furniture just because of the good sex'. Last week we broke my

mother's chair, and we had to replace it without her noticing.

I scan around the room just to be sure if it's successfully clean and I'm impressed. I don't want any sharp objects laying around I have kids.

Today we put our final plan in motion. It's been the longest six months and the police were still on my tail marking every move of mine. I had to lay low to confuse them. By next month our taxi's will be parading on the streets of Chesterville. We bought four for now. Zenzele will be driving one along with Mngobi, Spikes and Sanele. I know with these four taxi's will bring in alot of money and that will help me renovate my mum's house. I'm just waiting for permit for my taxi's to be on the road.

I call Sanele, "Nikuphi?" I ask, tomorrow is the

big day. A day that will change our live forever.

"Flathini noSphikes," I drop the call. Sanele has changed lately, he is....I cannot even describe the way his mood is lately. My crazy brother is inlove, if his happy that's all that matters. I drive straight to the flat finding the boys playing cards.

"Zikhiphani?" They ignore me and continue to play cards.

"Anathi I need your car and some few bucks."
Mnqobi demands my money and car in a cocky straight face. What the hell. "Shesha kuyaphuthuma."

"Nawe uyasho it belongs to me." I say.

"I know but I want to use them." He seriously says. These guys don't know me that well they seriously take me for granted. Who demands someone's belongings. I have no other option but to give him. I wonder where he is going to. He counts the money and smiles.

"R1,500 not bad," he grabs the car keys from my hand and walks out feeling himself.

"I think he found himself a stripper, the way he has been today scares me to death!" Spikes sneers glued on his phone screen. Anathi makes himself comfortable on the champ-chair folding his long-sleeve. "Entlek tell me something here.....how well do you now that this plan will work?"

"They say trust your instincts. We will pull this off." I reply, I've been feeling off lately, my spirit is down....like something bad is about to happen. We've come this far and we can't back down now. This will be my last heist I have babies that I need to take care of, a crazy pregnant woman.

"So why is your face like that?" Spike points out on my face.

"Like what?" I ask hoping he will say something serious.

"Like you have a crush on me!"

"WTF!" Anathi jumps of the champ-chair to

strangle Spikes. Spikes noticed Anathi rushing to him and he ran from his dear life. "I swear I'm going to kill you!" He shouts.

Spikes was in stitches enjoying the grumpy Anathi. He used to tease him a lot in prison when they became friends, best friends for that matter.

A true brother with the same bloodline as you might not care about your life; But a friend or some friends might care. That is the type of person you can count as a brother. The old saying that friends are like family is very true, because your closest friends are those that have been there for you through everything. ... They know you better than your own family, and they will always be completely honest with you.

There are few people in your life who you'll ever love as much as you love your best friend. No

matter where you go or how far apart you are, you'll have a connection that you'll never share with anyone else. ... Friendship is a beautiful thing to share with someone you care about. That Spike's and Anathi's friendship, they both found a brother in one another. They both were betrayed by people whom they called best friends.

MNQOBI SHABANE

I'm parked outside patiently waiting for Duduzile. That girl..... I can't even explain her. Those thick lips, big eye's, whenever I think of it I find myself smiling. I step out of the car meeting her half way.

"Weee ay cha Buti usunesicefe ngeke phela. Don't you get tired of seeing us?" One of the

girl's asks looking at Mngqobi. Mngqobi paid no mind to her, he walked right past her squeezing Duduzile with a hug.

"Lady bug, are you ready?" He asks her, even if she wanted to dispute this man's standing right in front of her eyes has a magnetic voice.

"Y....yes," she whispers and thought of the events that happened earlier today at the office.

"Let's go." Mngqobi holds her hand and carries her bag on another. He opened the door for her giving her handbag. He walks around the car and hops inside and drives off.

"Never look down on other people." One of the workers say clapping her hands once in

disbelief. The man that they always laugh at for sitting at home affairs for hours waiting to be attended at, today he is asking one of their colleague on a date.

"Life will humble you shame." They went their separate ways.

On the road no one was saying a word. Both of them were not sure what to say to each other until Duduzile broke the awkward silence.

"So....where are you taking me?" She asks nervously making Mngqobi to chuck.

"Patience lady bug," he smiles looking at her. There was something about this girl that he can't put his finger on.

"Lady bug huh?" She looked at him and wondered how a man like him could go for a woman like her. The big boobs she has with a flat ass and pimples all over her face. That alone brought sadness to her heart. She has always had low self-esteem growing up and she has never been in a serious relationship. Every man she gets will smash and pass and she was used to that life and it didn't bother her anymore cause she had told herself that no man will love a shapeless woman like her. She doesn't even know to call the man she has in her life right now.

"You are my lady bug not ours. I'd appreciate you if you dump your boyfriend." He tells her in a serious tone.

"Haibo," she says softly, "are you serious?" She

asks.

"Dead serious, you are my woman now." He answers back making her to wonder if it's real than she doesn't want to wake up from this dream. A man that claims you without saying the three magic word's.

"I won't lie and say I love you, I'm just going to be open upfront with you. I like you and I want you in my life. I don't have a fancy life but the rest you will know along the way once we get to know each other more. I don't want to overwhelm you with my baggage, I don't want to chase you away. So lady bug will you dump that stupid man of yours."

She looked at him in disbelief, and has totally ran out of words. Even if she were to dump him what will she say? "Shall I do it for you?"

She shook her head no, for some reason she is obeying to his commands, she is literally stuck with a man she just meet recently.

I THINK IT'S GOOD IF WE GO OUR SEPARATE WAY'S. She presses on send and waits for a respond. She doesn't even know why she dumped the guy and beside he didn't love her anyway.

A text comes through and she reads it with a huge frown. Mixed emotions, hurt, sadness but than again what did she think. A tear escapes her eyes failing to hold them back. Mngqobi snatched the phone from her hands and read the text message. ***I NEVER LOVED YOU ANYWAY. I WAS JUST ENJOYING THE FREE PUSSY SUPPLIE. WHO WOULD LOVE A WOMAN LIKE YOU, I WAS JUST DOING YOU A FAVOUR BY STICKING AROUND.***

"Tell him you have me and I'm not going anytime soon." He squeezes her thigh. "Now that he is out of the way delete everything that has to do with him. I'm here now lady bug your Knight And Shinning Amor."

She smiles through her tears still feeling the pain from the text she received. Atleast she now knows he was never hers and he is definitely not worth her tears!

THICK MADAM

#32

ANATHI MYEZA

HEIST

"This is it?" I ask the gents who were awfully quite. It's 8 am in the morning and we are parked on the side of the highway road waiting

for the van to pass by. The nerves start to kick realising that we are about to do this.

"It's coming this way." Spikes inform us looking at the detector that was beeping profusely indicating that they are near by.

"In positions," I say and the guys are ready with their guns. We all wear our masks to be unnoticeable. Mnqobi slowly sneaked out of the car and laid in front of it waiting. The van approached and Mnqobi was already out waiting to taking it down. The van slowly passed their vehicle that was standing beside of the road. Mnqobi aimed for the back tire and fires the back tire twice making the car in Transit spiral out of control loosing balance. The car rolled over repeatedly making the petrol to leak from petrol tank.

"Are they dead?" Spikes asks with his all eye's out.

"Stop asking stupid questions and get out of the fucken damn car!" We snatched the bags from the backseat and run towards the leaking van. Anathi placed a bomb on the on the door of the vehicle, they ran back to their car and counted minutes....the door burst open leaving trails of smoke with some money flying around. Without any word being exchanged they went back to the vehicle and started packing stashes of money.

"Let's go!" Spikes screams in fear, without waiting for them to respond he pulls the heavy bag to their car a waited for the rest.

"Let's go," Anathi tells Mnqobi, they both drag the heavy bags to the vehicle. "Shit I dropped my phone." Anathi says searching himself, "if I leave this phone behind we will be busted." He drops the bag and runs back to the vehicle to search for his phone until he finds it. A gunshot was fired followed by another.

"No!" Spikes screams covering his face. Anathi looked at himself and noticed that he has been shot twice on the chest. He struggled to walk losing his energy and balance. Mnqobi noticed that Anathi was about to go down, he quickly stepped out of the car. Mnqobi pulled Anathi up dragging him towards the car. Another gunshot was fired and Mnqobi was shot on the arm. The bullet made him have a dislocated shoulder, he groans in pain pressing his lips together suppressing his screams. Spikes got out of the car with fear taking over him. He runs

to help pick up Anathi who was loosing his strength bit by bit. Spikes placed Anathi on the ground and dragged him with his upper body.

"Shit," he curses under his breath. The sirens where on high, the sounds were coming close and judging by the sound they are near by. Mngobi was holding his painful arm looking at Spikes struggling with Anathi. He wish he could help but he is in alot of unbearable pain. Finally Spikes managed to toss the half asleep Anathi.

"Don't close your eyes," Mngobi slightly slaps him. "Drive!"

"The car won't fucken start!" He screams. The car window scattered making them to go down ducking, "they are shooting at us!" Spikes screams, "I can't die and leave my kids." He

sweats unable to breathe thinking of his five kids. He calms himself down and the engine roars. Mngobi pulled out for his gun aiming for the security guard who was hiding behind the transit vehicle. It will be hard aiming for his head, Mngobi looked at the leaking petrol tank and fired a one shot making the transit vehicle to explode. He groans in pain closing his eyes sucking all of the pain in. Spikes drives off leaving the trail of dust behind. He looks on the rear mirror and saw a car following them behind.

"This is one fuck up shit, they are right behind us!"

"Remember... remember the plan, follow the plan." Mngobi says in a low voice. "Anathi don't close your eyes on me," he slightly shake him. Anathi weakly raised his thumbs up with his

eyes closed unable to say a word. He coughed out blood and groans.

"B....butt.... buttercup." He closes his eyes shut.

"No, no, no Anathi don't do this to us, my sister. Anathi wake up." The unconscious Anathi does not respond making Mngqobi panic. If Anathi dies in his arms how will he look his sister in the eye telling her of the even that took place? How will she handle the pain? She's too young to be in this pain. She should be out there enjoying her youth but she is someone's wife and a mother. "Spikes drive faster!" Mngqobi bangs the chair making Spikes to startle loosing balance of the steering wheel.

"I'm trying okay!" He presses on the accelerator driving off in high speed with the cops still on

their tales. Spikes takes a short left driving through the bushy bumpy road. Mnqobi was putting pressure on Anathi's wounds. They park on the deserted area offloading the bags full of stash. Sanele and Zenzele were already waiting for them, with no questions asked they carried their unconscious brother to another vehicle while Spikes was dragging the bags full of money. After Anathi being placed comfortably in the car Zenzele and Sanele helped Spikes with the bags and loaded all three of the bags in the boot. Zenzele took out a litre of gasoline sprinkling the car destroying the evidence. He lit the matches and threw it directly at the car and it immediately caught fire. They all got in the car and drove off taking another route looking for a place to hide.

BACK AT THE SCENE

In splits seconds journalist were buzzing around with cameras recording the live news. The radio stations were informed to spread the word across just incase someone spots a VW red polo, it had no number plate.

"The bombing of a cash-in-transit van on the Highway Durban, suspects scrambling for money strewn all over the road after the explosion. According to South African Police Service (SAPS) spokesperson Colonel Mafiki Langa, a group of suspects in at least one car had targeted the vehicle

Anyone found in possession of the stolen cash might also face criminal charges.

Police have launched a manhunt for an armed gang which allegedly shot at and bombed a cash-in-transit vehicle in Durban, KwaZulu-Natal.

According to national police spokesperson

Colonel Mafiki Langa states an unknown number of suspects shot the vehicle from behind. It was allegedly bombed and the suspects fled the scene with an undisclosed amount of cash. I'm Noxolo Dube reporting to you live."

"Fuck!" Mafiki Langa curses under her breath. The man that were driving the vehicle are all dead. The burnt got burnt whilst they were still inside the car and there is no evidence.

"Whoever was here planned this very, very well." Day one of the police officers say. Deep down he knows that the boys didn't disappoint him and the fact that they burnt the cash-in-transit vehicle makes the job more easier. Now what's left is for them to destroy the car. A notification come through.

***They escaped, the vehicle has been burnt.
Send the search party in a helicopter***

Colonel Mafiki Langa was kicking the tires of the police van in frustration. "Fuck! How did they get away. You are all bloody useless!" She spits fire and drives off leaving Day in stitches.

"My town, my rules sweet lemon." He says to himself proudly and watch the forensic force doing their job.

UNKNOWN LOCATION

Zenzele puts pressure on the gunshot wounds after pulling the bullets out of Anathi's chest. Blood kept on coming out of a hole, he put a lot

of pressure on it. Anathi was loosing alot of blood and it did not look good at all. Zenzele pressed his knee and really lean on the wound hard he then sealed the wound with some type of plastic to keep air from being sucked into the wound. This helps prevent the development of a collapsed lung. If the patient begins complaining of worsening shortness of breath after sealing the wound, remove the seal.

Gunshot wounds to the abdomen and chest will bleed more quickly once the legs are elevated. At this point they do not have any equipment with them. A life in Anathi not showing stresses them alot, they tried all they could until they gave up trying. While they were still seated lost in thoughts they heard a helicopter flying past by. Their hearts pounded in fear as they listened to the noise flying across and they breathe out of relief.

Don't move from where you are. They are on a hunt for you. A doctor is on her way, don't contact me I'll contact you Zenzele reads the text and sighs passing it over to Sanele.

"This is one fucked up shit." Sanele says burying his face on his hands.

"Guess we will stay here till this mess dies down." Spikes says bandaging Mngqobi's dislocated shoulder. Minutes later the doctor arrives to the shacks and attended to the half dead Anathi. She managed to stop the bleeding and treated the wounds.

"He will be fine." She says looking at his handsome creature that's sleeping. She wondered how can one cute man like this danger his life?

She turned to look at Mngqobi who was holding his arm tightly. She made him stand. While standing she grabbed the wrist of his injured arm. She pulled his arm forward and straight, in front her. This is meant to guide the ball of his arm bone back to the shoulder socket. The shoulder popped back in making Mngqobi scream a little because of a stinging sensation. When the shoulder was back in place, she placed his arm in the sling.

"You will be fine, my work here is done." The doctor says picking up her tool box and walked out with her mind still stuck on the unconscious Anathi.

"Hope he wakes up, I can't have my sister committing suicide." Mngqobi says. How can he

be alright when he is not even breathing!

BACK AT THE SCENE

"We found traces of blood, this will be used in the lab to check if we won't find any incriminating evidence." Once of the forensic guys tell Day the police officer.

"Very well than we will here from you."

Day turns around to make contact. If that turns out to be Anathi's blood it will be a one fucked up shit situation. He took out his phone and made contact to one of his reliable source.

THICK MADAM

#33

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

It's 00:00 and Anathi is not yet back. I feel inlove with him knowing what kind of work he does, I fell inlove with a man who was behind bars in a orange uniform. I'm looking at their plan that was stashed in the safe, probably he was hiding it away from me. I want him to quit and focus on the taxi industry. But he promised me that this is the last time and he is no longer going back there. I trust him and I pray he is safe wherever he is. I can't contact him, this is one fucked up situation! But I love this man of mine regardless the life his living.

MaMyeza is not yet back and I'm all alone with the kids. If Anathi ever gets his dick injured I swear I will slaughter him alive. I can't have a man with no dick!

UNKNOWN LOCATION

Anathi was finally breathing slowly but surely making the guys more relaxed and relieved.

They were all out fast asleep when they heard the helicopter flying across again for the second time in one day. They heard that the police are on the hunt looking for them. But the question is do they even know the suspects? If so are their families safe? It's in the wee hours in the morning when the guys decided to go back. How will they succeed in this roadblock with stashes of money in the car.

"I will go home to check if Maka Mpilo is safe. I'm sure she's worried." Sanele suggest.

"I thinks that's a good idea. Look after them and make sure every family is safe. Secure guards from a distance if possible. You leave the

money behind since there's a road block."

Zenzele adds with a heavy heart. He is the type of man that does not express his feelings no matter how bad the damage is.

Sanele started preparing for his journey trying by all means to look decent and non-suspicious.

SANELE MYEZA

Leaving my brothers behind was not part of the plan. Plan that will possible loose our lives. I'm driving on the highway looking at the damage we've caused. The road has been cleaned with stains of blood here and there. I let out a heavy sigh praying that no one notices or see that I did something illegal. I drive through the traffic with my heart pounding fast, I can't even swallow my own saliva due to the shock. I've been told to step aside, damn these fucken

cops!

"Your driver's licence."

I hand it out with asking any questions. I'm trying so bad to not look nervous. Why did I offer this stupid plan again.

"Please step out of the vehicle." I do as told. They search my car in every corner. What if there was a bag that sneaked its way in in the car? Stupid thought!

"We apologize, we are searching each and every car. There was a heist that happened on the highway."

I grab my driver's licence from him and step into my vehicle.

"I heard about it. Those people are long gone don't you think. Have you tried airports, hotels,

buses, airplanes? No you haven't but, you are harassing innocent people!" I tell the cops and they just look at me dumbfounded. I've just tricked them and because they are stupid they will be tricked.

I drive through my neighbourhood with relief knowing that I'm home safe. I bought fresh cucumber and chicken feet for Maka Mpilo. That girl and her pregnancy. My brother goes through the most worst hormones ever! I park my vehicle stepping out of it smelling the fresh breeze of my hometown. The yard looks pretty clean, the aroma in the house.... It's morning, instead of her making breakfast I'm sure she's cooking up a storm and calls it breakfast. I don't see myself being a father anytime soon. I swift my legs towards the door and Mpilo comes out running bumping into me. This child and running, one day he will hurt himself. He stops

tilting his head up looking at me. The photocopy of my brother flashes right in front of my eyes. My heart scatters into pieces thinking of my brother and the state I left him in. Seeing Mpilo just made me weak in a grouchy way. What will I even say to his wife. Sighs! I drag my tired body into the house and find it spotless. My brother chose well.

I find her with Ndimu busy giggle for only God knows what.

"Lady's," I greet them not looking at Maka Mpilo. I know she will ask a lot of questions that I won't be able to answer.

"Is he okay?" She asks in a shaky voice. If she's asking me this, does this means she knows?

I look at dumbfounded not know how to answer her.

"His fine." I lie. She places the wooden spoon on the table and looks at me.

"His fine you say," she chucks making me to bite my lower lip in fear.

I nod my head vigorously avoiding eye contact.

"Yes," that came out as a whisper. I just want to run away from this kitchen. I cannot bare all of these questions.

"Okay Mr Myeza." She take her phone from the counter and hands it to me. "Call him and put him on loud speaker." She says and I look at her in shock. This....this I did not expect. "Don't look at me like that, call him and tell him to come back home." She continues to do what she was

doing.

"Maka Mpilo."

"Do you have something to tell me?"

"Ubafo, A.... Anathi has been shot." I tell her and I see no emotions. I've open up a can of worms, now I will have to explain why and how he was shot!

She heavily sighs closing her eyes, thank God the kids are not here to see this vulnerable side of her.

"Take me to him." She wipes her hands taking out the apron. This woman can't be serious. She probably thinks he is in hospital. How do I tell her?

"Ehhh Maka Mpilo, w....we didn't send him to the hospi...hospital." I'm trying to cook up the lies.

"Okay, take me to him that's all I ask." She says switching off the stove and closing all pots. I look at her as she walks down the passage.

"Jehova, how does Anathi deal with this one. Mina I can't deal." I rub my face in frustration. Minutes later she comes back with three bags, does she think my brother is on vacation!

"I'll pass by and leave my kids at mum's." She walks past me with her big belly. "Mpilo! Ndimu! Let's go!" The kids come running following her behind.

"God be with me," I say a little pray before we head out.

After dropping the kids out at her mum's we passed by the mall to buy a few things for the road. It's just a 30 minutes drive but....ay woman are one creatures you will never understand.

"I'll be waiting outside," I tell her. I don't want to run around the store like a headless chicken.

She walks inside Pick N Pay, I stand by the entrance looking at men's clothing until she came back with a trolley full of food.

We slowly walk to the parking lot when I suddenly here a familiar voice. That is my Moonlight's voice, I turn around in full speed and....

"Damn she looks sexy in that boyfriend jeans." I say to myself. Her cleavage is making my blood rush. Now my member is up. "Fuck," I curse out loud.

Moonlight looks at me with disapproving and disappointment eye's and I know what that means. Jealously doesn't suit her, but she looks cute when jealous.

"Wait here I'm coming. Don't move," I instruct Zama who's stuffing herself with Doritos sweet chilli chips. I walk towards my woman with a huge smile on my face.

I grab her waist pulling her towards me.

"You know very well that I don't like you wearing this Jean without my presence." I smooch her.

She pulls back waiting to murder me, "As if you

care. Why didn't you tell me you spending time with your baby mama?" Her noise flares and damn I just wish I could just fuck her right here right now.

"Come," I pull her hand. "Maka Mpilo....this is my woman, my Moonlight. Moonlight this is my brothers wife Zamadwala." I introduce them and I see my woman blush. Woman and there drama. "Let me take these," I pack the plastics in the boot leaving them in awkward positions.

"So how do you know this crazy man?" Zama burst the bubble making Moonlight to laugh. Ow so now I'm crazy. "You know what you will tell me all about this this weekend. I'm going to a spa for a treat care to join me?"

"I'd love to," my Moonlight answers shyly. They

swapped numbers and they talked like they've known each other for a very long time. Now that they know each other I'm happy.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I don't want to act out of character. After what Sanele told me my heart just went from 100 to 0 instantly. I don't want to install fear and cause myself stress. Me, myself and I chose to fall inlove with a man who was still hiding behind his orange uniform. I feel inlove with Anathi knowing very well what kind of work he is into, what he does for a living. I'm grateful that he told me upfront about his supposed other life and never hid anything from me. But still I opened up my heart for him and I chose to love him regardless anything. He told me about this heist and promised me it was the last on. Sighs!

I trust his word's after this he is not going back to the old life. I just pray that he is not badly injured.

We arrive in some shack and immediately wonder how bad is the damage. If he's beyond hurt I swear I'm going to injure him twice.

We step out of the car and I can see that Sanele is unsettled and I decide to brake the ice to him.

"Relax, your brother told me everything." I tell him and I see his eyes widen in shock. He didn't expect this. He thought I would probably have an outburst about the whole situation, but no I will deal with him in my own way.

"Ow," that's all he managed to say still looking unsettled. We walk towards an old shack that is even starting to fall off. How on earth did they sleep here? I sigh feeling mixed emotions, I

don't need to brake now I need to be strong for my husband.

"Gents," Sanele greet everyone and the boys go mute. I pay no mind to then, the only thing I want to see now is my Anathi. I pause when I notice that my brother is also involved.

"Buti Mngqobi...." I go mute when I notice his injured arm. What have these men gotten themselves into!

"You know it's not safe for you to be here." He tells me looking angry.

"I know but Anathi needs me." I look at him sleeping peacefully, relief washes over me when I notice that he is breathing. "Buti Sanele,

can you please get food from the car."

"Now you talking." Spikes and food. I let my body down and sit next to Anathi.

"Anathi, it's me Zama your buttercup." I say softly hoping he will fling his eyes opened and fuck me senselessly. "Baby vuka or else I'm going to murder you for being shot." I say looking at his eyes blinking slowly.

Looking at this man takes me back when I was being bullied at school for my thickness. But he was there for me even though he was my stalker.

"Remember when you were still stalking me, sabotaging every man I tried dating. Sending me weird text messages. Remember the first time I visited you in jail what happened?" I chuck smiling remembering the event that took

place. The table we broke just because of sex. "Remember how I fell pregnant?" Tears drop realising that I don't see myself being in love and married to another man.

A cold hand squeezes my knee cap softly. "Baby can you here me?" He squeezes my knee cap again. If these men where not in sight I would have been bouncing on his dick right now.

"B...buttercup," he calls out for my name softly and my heart just melts. I'm sure he hasn't eaten anything and I remember that I bought Amahewu for him since he cannot eat sold food. I struggle standing up to go peep through the plastics looking for Amahewu. I pull out for a straw and I just hope he eats.

I make him sleep on the side so that I could feed him. His is groaning painfully and that pierces right through my heart. I make him sip

the through the straw until he was half way through the 1litre.

"Maka Mpilo it's not safe for you to be here." Zenzele tells me and I ignore him. I know it's not safe but right now my husband needs me.

"I know....but he needs me." I tell him and he just looks at me blankly. If he is thinking of chasing me away he has another thing coming!

"Thanks for the food," everyone falls back into comfortable silence. A knock comes through the door and Sanele opens since he was standing. A beautiful slim woman walks in carrying a plastic full of food and I assume it's someone they works with.

"Doketela," Spikes acknowledges her presence. I just roll my eyes giving Anathi my full attention.

"Hey guys, I brought you for." She says.

"Did Day send you?" Zenzele asks, now I want to talk why she's here.

"No, I just came by to drop food for you guys and to check if my patient is okay."

"His wife is here," Zenzele and his seriousness. I wonder if does he have a girlfriend.

"Ow," that's all she managed to say. I have my whole back turned facing her. So she is here for my husband. This bitch!

"If you don't mind can we have privacy as a family?" I ask with my back still turned.

"Erm....sure, yea." She drops the food on the table and turns to leave. I sigh feeling annoyed and I'm getting a negative vibe from her.

"You guys need to move. If she can pop up just like that.... You told me that it's not safe. Kanti where is the safe house that Anathi always talked about?"

"He told you?" Zenzele asks with his all eyes out.

"Everything," I answer back. "Now what's the plan?"

"The safe house is still around somewhere in a deserted area." Sanele answers.

The doctor was outside listening to their conversation. She slowly turned to walk away and mistakenly kicked a tin.

"What's that? Zama asks suspiciously. Sanele rushed out to go look but found no one just trails of dust meaning someone was ease dropping.

"There's no one." He says stepping inside the shack.

"You guys need to move, whoever that was now know that you guys have a safe house. I will go back home and be with the kids and you will

have to get out of here as in right now." I tell them. They wait no time and they start gathering their stuff not leaving anything behind. Since there is one car I will request to go back home and let the guys to go look for a place to hide. What have I gotten myself into!

THICK MADAM

#34

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

For the past three weeks life without Anathi was like hell. The pain of not knowing where he is, whether he is okay or not? Has he eaten? Who's taking care of him? The brothers do call from time to time but that's never enough. I don't want to sound like a nagging type of type. I don't even leave the house due to security purposes. Mpilo and Ndimu no longer take Manzini transport, they both have drivers that

send them to school. I don't do groceries, I right whatever I need a send the guard that is always right under my nose and sometimes it annoys me. I'm watching the news and they are not letting this go, they are even rewarding a million for ever who comes forward.

I've been unsettled for the past few days. I'm restless, like something bad is going to happen. Maybe it's just me entering the seventh month stage of pregnancy. So I always thought to myself, but than again my thoughts are stupid.

I can't even be happy for my own matric results. I out did myself. I didn't expect such distinctions but than again who am I? Anathi's Thick Madam.

There is this man that's has been a pain in the neck looking for Anathi. I'm sure he will come here today looking for him. I no longer attend to

him cause he bores me to death!

"Maka Mpilo the man is here again," says Mthonga. He is funny and very ugly.

I sigh feeling annoyed, "let him in." I say shifting my gaze to the television. I'm so focused on the news. Ever since that heist I've been a news fan.

Mthonga comes back with the man looking spooked.

"Sistera I don't mean to be a nuisance. I know I betrayed Anathi but the information I have for him is a matter of life and death. If there is a way for you to contact him pl...." The dinning room door burst open and the guys come in with my man behind them walking in a walking stick.

I don't believe my eyes right now, after a whole full month and 1 week without sex felt like torture. I would survive by fingering myself but it was never enough. I want him deep inside of me. I want to scream his name, I want to scratch his back but I'm angry with him for almost making me a widow before I even gave birth.

"Anathi," I stand up letting the plate slip scattering on the floor into pieces.

"Buttercup," he opens his arms for me to come to him. I push my pregnant self towards him and I just sob tears of happiness. I love this man with everything in me. "I'm hear now it's okay, shhhh."

"You have no idea how worried sick I was." I feel

like punching him right on the face. "I feel like punching you right now."

I step back looking at him from head to toes. "You know what let me go sleep before I loose my temper!"

ANATHI MYEZA

I look at her ass and instantly get hard. I love this woman, I can't go a day without thinking about her. You know when women blab about their soulmates,- I'm that man who will blab about their soulmate in the future.

"Ndoda," Sanele brings me back to life. My eyes were glued on my buttercup. I wish I had the strength to fuck her senselessly. I know it's my dick that's making her this grumpy. I feel so

violated right now. I chuck thinking of her waking me up at night demanding sex. I never knew pregnant women love sex this much until I did my own research.

"What!" I lash out on Sanele who just disturbed my thoughts I have on buttercup's ass.

"Yini? Just three weeks without getting laid you already salivating on your wife like that. Focus!"

I look at him annoyed Spikes is already opening and closing all post.

"Get out of the chicken!" I shout at him but the dude decides to dish for himself. I click my tounge cause clearly he will do the opposite. Someone clears their throat and we all turn to look where that noise is coming from. My face

frowns looking at a man I once called a friend. I wonder what he wants here.

"You can give us a moment." I tell my brothers.

"Please stay, I'm just here to pass the message. Anathi I know you won't believe someone who once betrayed you in the most cruellest way. Someone you trusted turned their backs on you just because of money. Hurting your feelings was never intended. From time to time, it is only human nature to screw up. Our actions generally have a tendency to hurt the ones we adore the most, our friends. But truth is, you cannot avoid hurting the people you care most about, but what you can avoid, is making mistakes while trying to apologize to them. I want you to know that I am truly sorry for all I've done. I value our friendship way too much to go

around doing stupid stuff to you, so I promise to make everything up to you as long as you let me. I would even a bullet for you even if I have to, to save a person I once called my best friend." He paused and looks at me in apologetic eye's. "T....the man you kill is not Genaro but his twin Genero." He tells me and I go mute. How the hell does he know this?

"I don't know what you talking about?" I defend myself. Never trust someone who once tried to bring you down.

"He came to me asking me information about you and your whereabouts. He has been tailing you without success. The man that came to see you in prison is Genero but not Genaro." He tells me. My mind Swifts back trying to memorize the face.

"Shit!" I kick the couch remembering that Genaro has a tattoo Scorpion on his left eye. That Genero guy had a Scorpion on his right eye. "How did I miss something that was right in front of my eyes?" I sink down on the couch thinking of him out for my blood and revenge. "Where did he find you?" I ask Malindi.

"I went away for a while to start my life afresh. I guess he was following me around cause he knows every information about my life. I just came to warn you. I don't want him seeing me with you cause I know he will come for you. I beg to take my leave." He walks to the door and turns to look at me. "I'm sorry Anathi, if it's possible can I have my friend back?" He walked out of the door leaving me numb. From one problem to another.

"So the person I killed was the twin?" Zenzele asks himself unsure of what he just heard. Now they will have to look over their shoulders where ever they go. "Awusho do you believe him or is he trying to pull on of his stunts?"

"I believe him. He may betrayed me but right now he is telling the truth." I chip in.

"Has Day contacted any of you. We need to split this money and we can't do it without him?" Sanele says still glued on the same spot. I guess he is avoiding this matter by all cost.

"He said he will contact us once this mess has died down." Zenzele answers, now they have to beef up security for their families. If they knew

that this life will endanger.

GENERO GENERAL

Revenge is never pretty, but then again, it isn't supposed to be. You can get revenge on anyone passively by ignoring them and pretending you aren't bothered, and this is usually the best option since it's also the one most likely to help you move on from the experience. On the other hand, you can get revenge more directly by taking legal action (if warranted), undermining their efforts to embarrass you, or pulling an embarrassing but otherwise harmless prank on them. Carefully consider if revenge is the best course of action before proceeding; if it is, then use caution and keep your wits about you.

"Anathi won't see me coming, I will come for

someone he least expected." I look at the picture on top of my table, I've tried so bad to ignore the fact that my brother was killed in broad daylight. Paying revenge using this person will brake him into pieces. The best revenge ever. They say revenge are not the best but this will be the best for me.

I look at my chipping phone debating whether to pick or not.

"Jefa lo tenemos, (boss we got him)". Says the man over the phone.

"tráelo a mí ileso, (bring him to me unharmed). I drop my phone playing with the picture in circles thinking of my next move. Minutes later the door flies open with Degrada dragging Anathi's friend.

"nos calificó y le dijo todo, (he rated on us and told him everything)".

"Una vez que un soplón, siempre un soplón, (Once a snitch always a snitch), I stand up from my chair giving him one hell of a punch braking his jaw. "tratando de usarme para que tu amigo vuelva al proceso, movimiento en falso, chico, (trying to use me to get your friend back in the process wrong move boy)." I kick him so hard making sure that I brake all the rib bones. I hate backstabbers. "entregar el mensaje y arrojarlo fuera de la puerta, (deliver the message and dump him outside the gate). I spat on him and turned to walk away. I will be moving on to plan b. I glare at the picture and felt my rage of hate pilling up. I took out my pocket knife and stabbed the picture multiple times.

ANATHI MYEZA

"Anathi!" Zenzele shouts from the dinning room. I was about to sleep when he called my name like a barking dog.

"Yini!" I have no strength in me, my body is still in pain. I use crutches for balance but it's not bad. I wiggle myself slowly until I reach to where he was. My blood froze looking at the lifeless body sleeping on the floor. "How did....what happened?" I ask still in shock.

"A car dropped him off the gate. It had no number plate and the man was wearing a black hat."

I bend down feeling his pulse and luckily he is still breathing but his pulse is faint.

"My question is why did he beat him? I'm sure it's Genaro sending out a message to me." I say.

"It's him and he hit him out for blood. Maybe Malindi didn't give him the information that he wanted." Zenzele crouches down and started searching for him. "Busted!" He found a device attached on Malindi's t-shirt. He rushed off to the kitchen sinking it down to the kitchen sink pipe.

"I've never been this confused in my entire life." I say sitting down on the chair. If my mother was here she would have had a heart attack. How do I solve this? Clearly my family is not safe. I have a pregnant crazy wife that needs me 24/7. "Ow God," I curse looking at Zenzele who was dragging the body to the outside building two room bedroom. Where will we get

a doctor at this time of the night.

"We need to get him a doctor as in now. He can't go to the hospital, what if they finish him them there?" Zenzele has a point. I'm sure Genaro is trying to prove himself.

"Please don't call that doctor that was flirting with me the other day. I hate her." I say, she is not even my type. Woman who are forward to me are a total turn off.

"Definitely not, what now?"

"We can't strike, we don't even know what he wants or where his hiding. Guess we will have to wait for him to wake up and tell us what really happened. If he decided to fuck me up

again....I won't hesitate to pull the trigger."

"Who are you killing this time?" Buttercup asks through her greeted teeth. When did she wake up cause was snoring like a tractor minutes ago.

"Sanele he stole my money." Zenzele lies and she just looks at us unmoved.

I sigh knowing that lying to her is no use. "Babe do you remember the man that Zenzele shot in front of you." She covers herself with the fluffy gown she's wearing cringing onto it. She nodded her head slowly. "It turns out that we killed the twin not the man we thought we knew. And now he is out for revenge." I exhale waiting to be burnt with boiling water.

"Where is the man?" She asks calmly and it shocks me.

"We do....don't know babe." I answer truthfully.

"So you are telling me that the man who is seeking for revenge is out and about to attack us anytime and you are here sitting comfortably. Angithi you decided to live this life! Grow some balls and search for him. Call the search party even if you have to. I have kids Anathi God dammit!" She clicks her tongue and turns to walk away leaving us in disbelief.

"She's right we can't sit and do nothing. We have to be a one step ahead of them." Zenzele tells me. I hate it that my family is in danger because me and the life that I chose!

AT THE LAB

Since blood evidence associated with a crime can provide information that may solve the case, it is essential to correctly document, collect, and preserve this type of evidence. Improperly handled blood evidence can weaken or destroy a potential source of facts in a case. Properly collected and preserved blood evidence can establish a strong link between an individual and a criminal act. Blood evidence or the lack of blood evidence can also be used to bolster or contradict a witness statement or any statements that the suspect may make. Blood evidence can also point the investigator in the direction he or she needs to go to solve the case. If blood evidence is documented, collected, and stored suitably, it can be presented to a judge or jury several years from

the time of the criminal act. Perhaps the most powerful application of blood evidence is the ability to absolutely eliminate a person as a potential suspect in a crime.

"Any progress, that thing has been loading for fucken hours!" Lenient Mafiki Langa bangs the table in frustration.

"It's still loading." One of the doctors say looking at the computer screen that was stuck on 80%.

"You are the crime scene investigator for crying out loud, you should know the crime lab's capabilities, the methods of blood collection and preservation preferred by the crime lab, the investigative information relevant to the forensic scientist, and the type of reference

samples required by the crime lab. This information may change periodically as technology changes, lab policies change, lab personnel change, or lab administrations change! Can't you speed the process?" Lenient Mafiki Langa is frustrated.

"I'm afraid no, we follow the process. If you are not happy with our working equipment why not look for an advance lab!" The doctor shoots back.

"Now way! The results are out." One of the doctors exclaims in shock. The all gather around the table and look of the screen.

"What the fuck! This can't be! Lenient Mafiki Langa puts her hands on her head.

#35

DAY MITCHELL

"There's your money. Say a word to a soul and you will never see your family again. Am I understood?" The detective handling the case nods his head. I don't know how he became a police in the first place. This man is a chicken, a chicken he goat for that matter! "If I go down, I will go down with you. Trust me on that one." I walk out whistling playing with the keys on my hand. Minus one trouble now what's left is for me to be a millionaire. I thought about quitting this job, but than why quit if it's making you a millionaire.

"One day is one day Mr Mitchell." One of the detective's say walking past me. I'm in a very

good mood to be ruined by people who fight for a position that pays not more than R18000 on their pay checks. If only they could see my bank balance on the secret account. They will totally die of stroke.

AT THE LAB

"How accurate is this?" Lenient Mafiki Langa asks looking at the doctor who was glued on the screen with his palms sweating.

His chest closed and suddenly felt hot, "100% accurate," he answers still glued on his screen looking at a name of a dead man.

"How can this be. A man who died years ago cannot....you know what give me those results.

Your lab is useless. I don't even know why our station chose your lab for our services!." She barks packing the papers that were printed out by the doctor.

"You are free you leave and never return. I'm sick and tired of you ordering ways. If that's how you treat people I'm afraid it's going to be your down fall. If your station wants to pull out no one is holding a gun to your head. Do whatever pleases you. Go bark somewhere else not here in my lab, after all it's useless." He shift his gaze to the system deleting every information he stored. "Now that your work is deleted on my system nothing binds us together. Make sure you draft that contract before I sue that useless station of yours."

Lenient Mafiki Langa tried opening her mouth to

say something but words failed her. She slowly turned to walk away feeling her legs wobbly. She is used to bossing everyone around and they obey. No one has ever back chattered at her. Luckily there is no one in here to witness what just conspired.

MALINDI MASONDO

I have my eyes wide open and I'm in an unfamiliar place. My whole body is aching I can't move, speak nor do anything. I'm just a vegetable, I'm sure I'm paying for my sins. If this is the price to pay for hurting my friend than so be it. But what worries me is the picture on top of that table. No matter how hard I want to voice out my voice, my throat won't let me. The pain I'm feeling is beyond pain I've ever felt before.

"He's awake," says a man with an unfamiliar voice with a deep accent. I hope Genaro didn't kidnap me. "I'm going to tickle your toes using this pen that I have in my hand. If you feel anything blink once, if you do not feel anything blink twice." I just look at him confused. He caresses the pen gently under my feet and I blink once in excitement. That means I'm not paralyzed. I even wiggled my toes to make it extra.

"Just three broken ribs and a broken jaw. But you will be alright don't worry." The man which I assume is the doctor turns to look at someone. "I will loose my job if you continue with your ways. Luckily the surgery was a success. I will take my leave now I am no longer needed here."

"Expect you payment later today." That is

Anathi's voice, my heart starts to beat uncontrollably. What if he is here to finish me off? What if he thinks I betrayed him again? I cannot even talk for crying out loud!

I hear foot steps coming closer and closer making me to inhale a sharp painful breathe. He grabs a chair and sits besides me and looks straight into my eyes.

"I don't know what's happening but what I know is it's not good. I have questions for you and you are the only person who could answer them. I'm glad that you are awake and alive. Get better and go to your mother." He stands up, "your phone has been making a nuisance of noise. Sphehile has been calling non-stop. I think you should send them a message." As he was still telling my phone rings again and he frowns looking at me. "I'm sure this is not a male calling you." He picks it up and yerrrr my woman

is yelling on the other side.

"Woman calm down!, Listen your man needs you....yes.... Jesus. Just sentd your location I will ask a driver to pick you up!" He disconnects the call. "You woman is crazy, I wonder how you cope." He Huffs and walks out. I sigh in relief knowing that he is the one that saved me. I wonder how did I end up here. Fuck the picture, I forgot to tell him!

SPHESIHLE DUMA

"You've dated this guy for two months and you already to up and leave to go be with him?"

"Yes Zinhle, no man has ever tolerated my drinking ways. No man has ever stayed that long with me. Six months is the longest

relationship I've ever had. Dating a man like Malindi has made me realise the purpose in life. It's time I make an effort to change my life. Who knows maybe one day I will someone's wife."

"Wow, I don't believe you. So you are leaving me your best friend who has had your back since childhood just for a dick. A dick that you met six months ago. Really Sphesihle." Zinhle can be a nagging at times. But being around her is draining.

"Yes Zinhle I would choose him over and over again. And besides you have it all in life and what do I have? Nothing. You drive an expensive car, renovated your mother's house, you wear expensive cloths. Name one thing that you have done for me or that I have that comes from you heart?" She looks at me dumbfounded,

"exactly nothing, you were so hell bent and good in buying me alcohol after alcohol. You would make me miss my interviews just to go drink. A friend does not wish bad upon another friend. You never wished me good, you loved it when I beg from you, you love it when I have nothing! Right now I choose me and my happiness and that happiness comes from a man that I've met six months ago. Goodbye Zinhle." I wheel my suitcase out heading to the door.

"You new fake relationship will come crumbling down! Mark my words and you will come back begging me." She clicks her tongue and walks out furious. The old Sphesihle Duma is gone, I'm a born again. I hope it's not too late to fix my mistakes and focus on my life and a man that God gave me. I want to prove everyone wrong that I can and will be someone someday. Starting by deleting all the friends from the past.

I will have to buy a new sim card along the way.
Sighs!

"I'm looking for Sphehile Duma," says a man who looks scary with a big scar under his eye.

"T.... that's m....me," I shiver looking at him. I hope I'm not selling myself to the devil.

"I was instructed to pick you up." He gets hold of bags not giving me an opportunity to respond.

"God be with me," I say a little pray before getting into the car.

The drive wasn't that long. Just an hour and a half. Finally we approach I assume the neighbourhood, this places is township/loxtion.

I don't even know what to call it.

"And we are here miss." We park outside a probably a five room house which looks simple yet elegant and an outside two room mini house.... I assume if there's such. I chuck to myself thinking of how ridiculous I am sounding right now. I step out of the car and looked around the neighborhood. I'm used to busy streets full of skhonane's wanna be. It's a very quite and a nice neighbourhood. "This side miss," the man calls me.

He walks me to a house and my legs become wobbly instantly, my sight becomes blurry. My heart becomes heavy, my Malindi. I rush towards his side and he is fast asleep.

"What happened?" I turn to look at the man who brought me here.

"It's better if you here that from him miss," the scary man tells me and turns to leave.

"Mthonga," another voice greets, so the scary man's name is Mthonga. Footsteps approach and a strong feminine hit my nose airway. Damn this man smells nice .

"Mthetheni you have finally arrived." Says a handsome man with dreadlocks neatly braided, walking with crutches. I try removing my eyes but damn his cute. "My wife would kill you if she catches you looking at me in that way." My mind comes back and I blink away in embarrassment. Instead of salving over my man I'm staring at strangers, gosh what is wrong with me!

"I'm not Mthetheni!" I say trying to redeem my voice from the embarrassment I've just endured.

He smiles damn he's smile.... I shift my gaze to my lifeless mans body. "What happened to MY MAN?" I emphasise the MY MAN part.

"Robbery," he answers and I don't believe him. But I will let it slide or I will just ask my man personally once his away. "Make yourself comfortable, he will need you." He turns to leave, "later this afternoon I will be moving you to a flat with my brother's." He leaves me astonished, who orders people around. I'm not his puppet, I'm sure his wife is a walking zombie who obeys what hubby says all the time. If he orders me like that I will show him flames.

"Hmmm," a moan coming from the side of the bed.

"Babe," I exclaim in excitement rushing towards the bed giving him a hug and he groans in agony making me to stop. I yank the blankets off him and got the shock of my life. His entire body is covered in bondage, coming here I only saw a neck supporter and a swollen face. "What happened," I ask in a shaky voice.

"HmMMM," he continues to groan. "M...."

"Amanzi?" I ask and he shook his head slowly and said no.

"Mpi" he says through his greeted teeth. I'm confused as hell, what is he trying to say. Maybe he is hungry.

"Are you hungry?" Again he shook his head no in frustration. Now I'm the frustrated one cause I can't seem to know what he wants.

"Mpilo," he finally says.

"Ow babe I'm good." I guess he is asking how I'm doing. Shame my poor thing, no matter how sick he is, he always finds a way to find how I'm doing. Surprisingly he shook his head no again!

"M....Mpilo," he paused, "dan....danger." He places his hand against his jaws and flinched. I try putting two and two together and it finally clicks.

"Mpilo danger?" He nods his head slowly and points his hand at the doors direction. Now I'm

more confused. "You want to go look for him?" He presses his eyes together and inhales a sharp breathe pain.

"Mpilo danger father." His voice came out a bit husky. I pause trying to make sense all of this. I sigh not knowing what to do.

"Ow wait, let me go call the dread man that was here. Maybe he will understand you cause I'm confused as hell." He nods his head vigorously in agreement. I guess this is what he wanted. I walk out of the room stepping outside and scan around hoping to spot him around the yard, but nun. I have no other option but to go to the big house that I was avoiding. *Sighs*!

The moans coming out of this house is very wild. Seems like the man is groaning louder than the woman, I hear glass breaking. I slowly

turn to walk away but than again I thought of the word *Mpilo Danger Father*. I knock continuously until the dread man opens the door with him half naked. I swallow my dry saliva looking at the well built body, those packs, that dripping body. I clear my throat and regain my subconscious.

"Malindi...." I take a deep breath. "He just told me Mpilo danger father. I don't even know if it makes sense. Do you perhaps know what he means?" I asks and he thinks for a while.

"Mpilo danger father," he said those words repeatedly and his eyes widen in shock. "Shit! Babe." He runs inside the house I guess he knows what it means. I walk back to the house finding Malindi fast asleep. I have nothing to do, I guess should just bathe him and clean all the

dried blood off his body.

AT SCHOOL

"Your father asked me to pick you up." A man says in a Spanish accent, Mpilo being a child he hopped in the car excitedly seeing how big it is. Ndimu was hiding behind a tree all frozen and scared, she has even messed herself. Seeing all those white scary men with scary scars and scary eyes made her blood shiver. She is too young to understand but she knows that this all means run for your life. She watched the car as they drove off and she wailed out loud.

"Mpilo!" She screamed painfully holding her chest watching her brother being taken. She was thoroughly advised that they must not talk to strangers, accept gifts from people that they

don't know. They must be together at all times and they must not, for once loose sight of one another. Mpilo was too young to understand but Ndimu knew very well what her mother Maka Mpilo meant.

Minutes later Anathi parks his cars and the boys get out. They all rush towards Ndimu who was sobbing painfully. The minute she saw her father she ran as fast as she could and threw herself in her father's arms smelling poop.

"It's okay baby, I will find your brother." He says in a painful voice with a lump stuck on his throat.

"Fuck!" Sanele curses kicking the tires. "Intwana yami." He squarts down holding his head and sniffs. No one said a word, the emotions were

too high.

"This can't be happening. If anything happens to my son I swear I will...." Anathi stops talking when his phone beeps. "Noooo!!!!" He screams holding his phone looking at the picture that just made him lose sight and fall into unconsciousness.

THICK MADAM

#36

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"This can't be happening no not my child." She shakes her head passing up and down not believing what just happened. "I told you not to wait for him to attack, I told you to go and about to look for him. Now look my baby is missing!" She turns to look at them, the more she looks at

them the more the hate develops. "What kind of a day care that leaves kids unattended. I'm sure they had access in a way." She paused, tears filled her eyes, pain strikes in. "Not my Mpilwenhle," she sobs, Anathi was still heartbroken from a picture he saw. A picture that will forever haunt him. "I want my son, I want my son." She repeated those words over and over again still in-denial that her two year old Mpilo is missing.

Sphesihle was sitting by the couch near the door not knowing what to do. If only she knew what her boyfriend meant, if only she calculated fast enough to crack her head. All of this wouldn't have happened. She shed a few tears when she heard that Mpilo is just a baby. Mngobi was broken seeing his sister like that. He wished he could take all the pain she's feeling right now. Zama has become a replica of MaZama. Her warming heart, he maturity,

how she handles herself and the situation at hand. Raising you husband's child is no child's play.

Mnqobi hugged his sister tightly making sure that she cries all the pain out. "We will find him, that I promise you." He shushed her. Zama may not have given birth to these kids but the love she has for them is remarkable. For a eighteen year old she grew up fast. Guess it's in her nature.

Ndimu was fast asleep after the struggle she had hard time falling asleep. The nightmares were too much for her. All the scary pictures flashing right before her eyes worsen things. The past life is not yet fully swept away from her memories, but Zama is trying all she could to make her a normal little bubbly girl. Her quietness sometimes get to Zama, Ndimu has endured alot for a five year old. She was in a

process of healing now this happens. An overdose of allergex knocked her off and now her body has eased off and relaxed.

"I'll be in the kitchen," Spikes tells everyone, they all turn to look at him unbelievably. "Yini I need strength, ntwana Yami would have wanted me to eat before I go on a hunt for him." He shrugged his shoulders, "entlek yazini let me dish for you all." He goes to the kitchen, even in hard times Spikes knows how to put that little faint smile on people's faces.

"I wonder where you got that one from." Sanele says shaking his head. "This one needs prayers. No man behaves like this." Minutes later Spikes comes with a tray full of plates and serves everyone one. "Who does that container ice-cream belong to?" Sanele asks with a slight

frown on his face.

"Mines of cause," he answers as he digged in freely. "What?" He asks them with his mouth full of food.

Everyone sighed, giving up on him.

"2 litre container ice-cream," Mngqobi chucks in disbelief, but what do they expect. Spikes has always been different always.

It's been hours without them filling there stomachs. Now that they have eaten they have gathered their heads trying to wrap up this whole issue.

"They might won the battle but I will win the war." She turns to look at the guys with so much rage and anger. "Find my son and make

sure you do. And once you do find him make sure you kill each and every one of them including their rats." She turns to walk away leaving the guys with their hearts pounding.

"I don't like this new Zama." Says Sanele looking at his brother Anathi in pitiful eye's.

"If it's war that they want, they shall get." Anathi stands up limping following his wife to the bedroom.

TOBI SHONGWE

Today is the day I will be seeking for my kids. I don't even know where to begin, how to react to the situation. I'm standing outside the Shabane household with my palms sweating. I hope they

allow me in.

"You can do this," her husband Shongwe reminds her. She knocks on the door and no one opened until they gave up trying.

"Guess today wasn't our lucky day." She says sounding disappointed. As they were about to leave a car parks right in front of them and Zipho was the first to come out of the car laughing looking all chubby and happy. Tobi's heart torn into pieces not knowing what to do. This is the child that she once failed. How did she find her father? Tobi watched Zipho as she offloaded the shopping bags out of the boot. Without glancing back Zipho carries the shopping bags and walks straight inside the house looks like they were out for shopping. Tobi watched her daughter as she walked

around the car singing, feeling happy, as a mother she has never seen or experienced this kind of Zipho.

"It's okay," Shongwe tells his wife. For the past months they have been trying so hard to fix their marriage and it worked like magic. Who would have thought that one day they will be head over hills inlove with one another.

She nods her head sadly not knowing how to act nor say. This is the hardest time of in her life.

Bab'Shabane and MaZama both step out of the car. A second hand Avanza that was bought by Anathi thanking them for the daughter they gave birth to. It's not much but it's an appreciation. He would have bought something more and better, with the police on his tail he

optioned for something simple and affordable. Bab'Shabane frowned looking at Tobi and her husband at their door step. MaZama squeezes her husband's hand and smiled looking at him.

"I wonder what they want," he tells his wife who always has his back at all times. "How can I help you?" He asked looking at Tobi with an unexplainable emotion. Tobi cleared her throat and seemingly it has dried out of fear.

"I....I wa....-"

MaZama chips in trying to save the awkward moment. "Baba, can we all go in first then we could talk." She advises him.

"And what do I get in return?" He looks at her

seductively making MaZama to giggle like a high school girl who just feel inlove.

"Awukahle," she smiles warmly. The beauty in this woman cannot be compared to anything. The warmness in her is beyond everything. "Can we all get in the house." They all follow.

Zipho was busy in her room fitting her new clothes. For the first time in life she has got to experience something she never thought existed. She's humming excitedly feeling nothing but happiness on the inside. With the monthly allowance of R1,500 that she gets from her sisters makes her life like a walk in the park.

"Ntombizodwa!" MaZama shouts from the dining room.

"Ma!" She responds still humming.

"Did you bath?" She asks and she has totally forgotten. She Bath's three times a day due to the eczema on her whole body. Thanks to the new ointment that she's using, it has played the part. The only things that is left is the blemishes.

"Eish mah do I have to?" She whines.

"Nukundini hamba!" Zipho runs to the bathroom grabbing her toiletry bag making MaZama to smile adoring the crazy Zipho.

She sighs remembering that she has guest, a woman guest that once almost broke her family apart!

Tobi was clinging onto her bag with her heart pounding messlesly uncontrollably. Her mind was still stuck on Zipho onto how did she find out about her own father? Minutes later Mngqobi walks in looking all depressed and tired. They haven't slept a wink trying to cook up a plan for bring Mpilo back and hopefully alive. He stopped on his tracks looking at Tobi and Shongwe who were sitting comfortably on the couch. He greeted respectively and called out for his mother.

"MaZama! Ma!" He shouts. He knows very well who are these people but he will pay no mind to them. The main priority now is his nephew, his sister's son.

"Yini kwenzenjn!" She puts her hands on her waist looking at him waiting for an explanation.

"Where were you? You didn't sleep home last night and never bothered to call why? Usudla idakamizwa?" She gets hold of the broom giving him one thunder and he ducks using his arms, and the broom landed painfully on his hands.

"Ashu mah, it wasn't intentional. Mpilo is missing." He says and MaZama stops almost giving him another thunder.

"What did you just say?"

"Mpilo was kidnapped yesterday mah. We didn't sleep looking for him. I don't know, we all confused and Zama is not taking it well." His eyes becomes bloody red shot. Mpilo has that effect of just being lovable without saying a word. His naughtiness makes him even adorable. He is just a Anathi duplicate.

MaZama notices the tear drops on Mnqobi's eyes and that's where she saw that all of this is not just a game of her lessening the strokes of thunder on him.

"Ow thixo! No, not my grandson." She sinks down on the couch with her hands on her head finding it hard to believe. This can't be happening, not to her daughter. "Take me to my daughter." She gets hold of her cell phone and walks out the car to wait for Mnqobi.

"Mkami, let me come with you." Bab'Shabane tells his confused wife.

Tobi was still glued on the couch not believing her eyes. The son she gave away and never looked back is all grown. He doesn't know her, he didn't even look at her. Ofcourse how can he remember a mother that he has never set his

eyes on, a woman that chose money over her own kids!

"I guess we will come back some other time." Shongwe tells Bab'Shabane. Shongwe gets hold of Tobi's hand pulling her towards him. Everything just played like a Film right before them. "Let's go." Tobi just became a walking zombie in splits seconds. The questions were unanswered, how did Zipho and Mngqobi find their father?

The drive back home was filled sobs and sniffs.

"I failed my own children, I failed them." She wipes her tears. "What kind of a mother am I? All three of them....I'm such a disappointment to the womanhood." She sighs with her dry throat. "How do I solve this? Tell me baba how did they even find their father?" She looks outside the

window staring at the trees leaning her head against the window.

GENARO GENERAL

"¿Podrías callarte!" (will you fucken shut up!) Genaro roars at Mpilo. For two days he has been here. Confusion, fear has taken over. Even he is feed but the trauma of being slapped and thrown aside like some trash leaving physical marks on his tiny body. His soul has lost hope, the hope of his mother finding him.

"el es solo un niño jefe," (he is just a child boss) says Degadra feeling sorry for Mpilo was sobbing painfully wanting Maka Mpilo. The hiccups were terrible to a point that he is reaching his breaking point.

"llévalo al sótano, y asegúrate de que sufra (take him to the basement, and make sure he suffers.) Genaro continues to puff his cigar like it's nobody's business.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"Ow Nana," with Zama seeing her mother brought so much hope of finding her son alive and well.

"It's hurts mama," she cries on her mother's embrace. No mother would wish bad upon their own child. "Wh....what if his dead mama? What if my son is being abandoned in some dodgy area?" She cries hysterically.

"Let God intervene my daughter, I know it hurts but keeping Mpilo in our prayers wi"....

"Where is that God when I need him thee most? Where is he when my son needs him thee most? There is no God! Which God allows a two year old to go through such trauma? Which God puts my son at risk, handing him to men I do not know in a silver platter!" She had an outburst breaking down.

"Zamadwala this not how I taught you!" MaZama shouts and takes a deep breath calming herself down. "Where is the young strong woman I raised? Where is the vibrant woman I raised, the one that never gives up easily. If you give up Mpilo will also give up wherever he is fighting for his life. I need you to stay strong, Ndimu needs her mother, that

unborn baby needs you. Pull yourself together and be a woman not a girl. I know it hurts babe, A strong woman faces challenges, Smile a lot, talk to strangers, Risk-taking, trust, and serendipity are key ingredients of joy. Without risk, nothing new ever happens. Without trust, fear creeps in. Without serendipity, there are no surprises. Now I want my daughter back, the fearless one. You have the mental capacity to revive from this my baby."

"Thank you," Zama held on tight to her mother replying the words over and over again. She pulled herself together and remembered that Ndimu is also struggling with her demons and she needs a mother's love right now. "How can I be this selfish?" She asks herself. "Ndimu," she starts searching for her all over the house until she found her on the outside bedroom with

Sphesihle curled on the bed sleeping peacefully. She is grateful that this woman is here even though she doesn't know her.

"Sorry to wake you up, can you help me in the kitchen we have guests." She says, Sphesihle smiled warmly. At first she thought maybe the pregnant woman hates her but no she's just going through alot. She slipped off the bed slowly making sure not to wake up the reckless Ndimu who has been struggling with sleep.

"How are you coping?" Sphesihle finally asks while chopping the vegetables.

Sighs!

"Honestly, it's hard and I'm braking bit by bit. I

haven't slept a wink, how can I sleep not knowing where my son is? Whether he's eaten or not, whether he's dead or alive." She closes her eyes and presses her lips together.

Sphesihle was torn, she doesn't have a child but she can definitely feel and see the pain she's going through.

"I'm sorry. You can go lie down, I will finish up here." She tells her.

"Thank you," she places everything on top of the kitchen counter and grabs a bottle of water.

"Just shout if you need anything. I will be in my room."

What a lot of pain this family is going through, she wouldn't wish it upon her worst enemy.

Says Sphesihle to her inner self.

THICK MADAM

#37

SPIKES ZULU

"Magriza you son asked me to pick you up, he had an errand to run. Infact he is in an important meeting."

"I don't believe you." The old woman takes her phone out and calls her son. But the phone rang unanswered. She sighed disconnecting the call and looked at Spikes. "Fine load all those groceries into my car."

"As you wish your majesty." He bows dramatically loading the plastics into the car. "Action in motion," he says to himself. He

watched the old woman getting her wrinkle self into the car. He shook his head thinking his plan, a plan that he planned alone without anyone knowing. He took out a syringe out of his pocket and injected her making her fall immediately into deep sleep.

"Next time do no trust strangers." He whistles checking out for the coast of anyone saw him. He got into the car and drove off.

Along the way he took out his phone and made a phone call.

"The package has been delivered." He says dropping the call. He looks at the rear mirror and the woman was still knocked out heavily. He drove through the shacks and parks outside. He got out of the car and walked inside of the house. "Go get your package in the car. Make

sure no one sees you." He sits on the chair.

Mboza nods his head walking out of his shack and comes back carrying a woman in his hands.

"All night right?" He asks looking at straight into the eyes.

"All night." I say, "she won't hear anything or feel anything. She is heavily sedated. Make sure you enjoy to a point to becoming two minute noodles." He stands to leave. "Make sure you don't leave your traces in her. Give her those pills when she wakes up, she shall want more of you."

"Playing safe is my game." They fist bump. Now what's left is for the video to be taken live in all platforms. This will teach Genaro never to mess

with what's not his. The wife was a good target. If he doesn't release Mpilo his kids will follow.

"Where have you been? I have been looking for you all over!" Zenzele shouts at him.

"Yey- yey, keep your emotions to yourself. I went to eat out infact I took myself out on a date alone." He walks right past him.

"What was I thinking vele." Spikes and Mpilo same WhatsApp group.

GENARO GENERAL

He was at the basement looking at the lifeless Mpilo who has popped on himself. He crouched down shaking him slightly and there is no sign of life in him. A smile crept on his face. Dagrada came in budging holding his phone with his eyes all out.

"¿Qué es?, (What is it?) He asks standing up looking at him attentively.

"creo que deberías ver esto, (I think you should see this)." Dagrada hands him his phone and reads through the text.

"es una pena que su hijo este muerto, (Shame it's a pity that his son is already dead)." He lets out a evil laugh.

"sigue haciendo clic en siguiente y verás algo, (Keep on clicking next and you will see something)." He grabs the phone and started clicking on next.

Bring Mpilo back safe and unharmed or else he clicked on next. His six months grandson had a boom wrapped around his tiny body. No sign of the mother. And that got him wondering where the hell could she be. He clicked on next and saw a video of his beloved wife having sex with an unknown man. She was fast asleep meaning she was being raped, looks like she was drugged and now the devil is feasting on her. He watched the video with his heart closing bit by beat.

Do something stupid, your family in the farm will die a picture comes through. His entire

family is being captured and left in a dodgy place surrounded by pit bulls.

"¡No, no, recupera a ese maldito niño monstruo!
¡Mi esposa! ¡Mi nieto! ¡Toda mi familia! ¿Con qué me quedaré, eh?, (No, no, take back that bloody monster child back! My wife! My grandson! My whole family! What will I be left with huh?)" He kicked an empty bucket and started pacing up and down. How did they find his family? "¿Cómo encontraron a mi familia? Ahora que este mocoso está muerto ... ¿significa esto que perderé a toda mi familia?, (How did they find my family. Now that this brat is dead....does this mean I will loose my whole family?)" He sits down feeling defeated not believing that he took them as fools. No wonder they have been quite ever since he held the boy captive.

"Llévate el cuerpo a casa. Si matan a mi familia, ¿puedo al menos tener sus cuerpos y enterrarlos?"

, " (Take the body back home. If they kill my family may I atleast have their bodies and bury them)." Dagrada looks at the defeated Genaro. His consciousness wouldn't let this little boy suffer and he is tired of being Genaro's lap dog. The day he finds out the he was betrayed by one of his trusted men. He won't hesitate to kill him in broad daylight with his family watching.

"Como deseas jefe," (As you wish boss)," Dagrada picks up Mpilo was lifeless. He took time nursing the wound and bathing him wrapping him with a big gown. The little champ is gone just like that. He wipe his tear laying Mpilo gently onto the backseat.

MNQOBI SHABANE

"Lady bug; how have you been?" He asks pulling her close to him.

"I'm okay and you?" She blushes looking down.

"Did I tell you that you beautiful."

"Everyday, I missed you." She whines looking at her handsome man.

"I've missed you more. I bought you these." He says handing her a bunch of roses. "Just to say thank for making me being recognised as a South African citizen. Now I can look for jobs peacefully."

"HmMMM my favourite red roses; I love them. Thank you." She smiled looking at him wondering what did God do to give her a loving man like this, a man that is not afraid to hold her hand in public. A man that's jealous of her being looked by other men. This is all new to her. "I'm glad you got assisted." She tells him.

"And it's all thanks to my lady bug." He looks at his wrist watch, "I have to dash babe." He kisses her oily forehead full of pimples.

"How's your sister holding up?" She asked in a concerned voice.

"No sign of finding Mpilo and it hurts. Everyone is just heart broken, my sister is not taking this

very well plus she's pregnant." He sighs looking depressed feeling like a weak brother.

"I'll keep you in my prayers." She tells him, "have faith babe; you find Mpilo alive." He nods his head.

"I'll see you tomorrow, don't forget your overnight bag. You will be sleeping at my home. I'm sure my mother will be thrilled to see you." He cups her cheeks and kisses her temple before she could respond to anything.

"You not even asking me!" She's in shock, she has never met any in-laws before.

"But I love you," he steps in the car roaring the engine." Close your mouth, I don't want any flies

eating from where I'm eating." She widens her eyes in shock and scan her surroundings but likely there's no one. She watched the car as it drove off until it was out of her sight. She sighed and walked back to work.

"What a man I have." She says through her greeted teeth.

TOBI SHONGWE

"What if something is wrong baba? What if Zama is out there hurt and needs help? Who was that Mpilo-you know what let...."

"Tobi just calm down. I'm sure it's someone who is close to them, someone they value alot." Shongwe responds. "Now come to bed and

sleep, tomorrow is still another day.

"But ba.....,-"

"No buts, come to bed. I need my dessert woman."

Tobi laughs forgetting her troubles for a moment, "than go by it." She continues to laugh getting in bed. Shongwe got onto of her getting in-between her legs.....

SPIKES ZULU

He has been singing annoying the shit out of everyone. Checking his phone constantly.

He risked his life saving Mpilo, but if it means

loosing his life to save Mpilo than so be it. He has to use his last savings to pay the guy that works for Genaro and it stung deep in the pocket. The door bell rang and Sanele went to open.

"Jesus!" He dropped down picking up Mpilo. "Mpilo!" The guys came rushing and paused looking at the crying Sanele. The all knew what that mean, the young Mpilo is no more. Spikes anger lingered more and piled up, he was suppose to bring him home safe and sound. Now he has to take the punishment to another level. If it means killing them all then so be it!

"No, no not my Mpilo." Her tears became dry, her throat choked on her own saliva. She gently took Mpilo from Sanele's hand and hugged him very tight sinking. "Babe, it's me your mother.

Wake up, don't leave me. What will I be without you. Who would run around this house like a mad kitchen? Who will be forcing me to play soccer with them? Do you really expect me to eat broccoli and chicken feet alone?" Zama sobs with a aching heart, her son's body was badly bruised, his face was swollen.

"Maka Mpilo," Anathi calls out for her but she hears nun. All this feels like a dream to her. How will she move on from this?

"Let me hold my son for the very last time. Let me spend this little moment with him. Please let me be!" She snaps, she caresses her hand on his tiny face with tears dropping off. "I know you can hear me baby. If I had to give myself to save you, trust me I would within a blink of an eye." She chucks rocking herself back and forth

with Mpilo still tangled in her arms. "Remember the first time I met you? You just smiled at me and called me mama. That warmed my heart and I immediately fell inlove with you. You and Ndimu are my pride and joy. God I beg you, I beg you to not let me suffer this emotionally. Haven't I suffered enough already. Let me be, let me be happy just for once!" She wipes her tears. "My boy come back to mama, your hurting mama. I will buy you a Spiderman cake an...."

"HmMMM," she stops and looks at him. At first she was in-denial, she looks at him closely and she starts to whale out loud.

Spikes on the other hand was busy making contacts.

"Good that she'she wide is awake. Give her

those tablets she will be more active and beside she's yours for the whole night." He drops the call and makes another phone call.

"Kill them all including the that baby," he disconnects the call.

"Who are you killing?" Zenzele startles Spikes.

"Ay don't sneak up on me like that. Anyway I'm killing the abductors family as Maka Mpilo advised moss."

"What!" Zenzele asks in total shock. What a mess but he is a God Saint.

"How did you find him?" He asks.

"Paid his goons for the information with a few bucks which left me in bankruptcy. Watch the show and learn." He whistles and goes back to the others.

"What the hell!" He shouts putting his hand on his mouth not believing.

THICK MADAM

#38

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

It's been two full month's with Mpilo being hospitalized. The trauma is still there and he is always disgruntled. Memories of him being beaten are still there haunting him. He is no longer the bubbly Mpilo. He just turned three and life has not been the same ever again.

Zama is heavily pregnant and could go to labour anytime soon. She has gone big and forever sleeping. With what Mpilo is going through is seriously taking a huge effect toll on her. But she always thanks her mother for the emotional support she gets.

She has been getting these slight pains on her lower body abdomen.

"Muntuza; can you atleast eat this maize porridge." Anathi begs, he has been worried about his butter cup. No one has been the same after that scandal. "Mpilo is coming home today." He says trying to soften her and the trick worked like magic.

"I want broccoli and chicken feet," she smiles faintly. He sighs knowing that he is about to be ordered around but hey there is nothing that he

can't do for his Thick Mama. He took his time boiling the broccoli and pre-heating the chicken feet.

"I swear I'm never making my woman pregnant ever again!" He says to himself in the chicken. Being bossed around is no fun- being told how to do it, how to present it- how it should smell- how it should taste like. But he wouldn't trade anything for this woman that filled his heart. He places everything neatly on a tray. "Here you go muntuza." He places the tray next to her.

"Ahhh now this looks like it was made in the Italian restaurant." She dips in. "Join me." She says, this is what Anathi hates. Now his forced to eat these trees and feet.

"Mpilo is coming back baby." He tells her and

she stops eating.

"Do you don't want to eat with me?" She asks him with teary eyes.

"No-no-no babe not in that way. Look I...." She cries out loud.

"So you hate what I eat! Just tell me!"

"I'm joking babe, let's eat." He says and she smiles through her tears. Emotional blackmail has always been her sweet revenge. Even the boys can't keep with her anymore. Spikes is the one that is always around because of the free meals. Anathi doesn't mind his presence, without Spikes they all would have been dead by now. Spikes has a way of communicating

with Zama that anyone cannot understand. Even Mpilo enjoys Spikes company more than anything. The greatest uncle ever. "Spikes is coming." He looks at his phone.

"Okay, tell him to bring my favourite."

"Your favourite?" He asks with his eyebrows up. "What favourite? I thought I made your favourite."

"Ijuba, Haaa it's so nice babe. You should taste it."

"You drink iJuba?!" He asks looking furious. How can Spikes be this careless by giving his pregnant wife alcohol! Minutes later Spikes parks outside, his mouth is always ready to

whistle as always. But this time around he amazes himself with a song he has never sung before. He is even doing hilarious steps. Anathi held his hands on his waist in disbelief, he almost forgot Spikes is more like Mpilo. He sometimes wonders how he behaves in front of his kids!

Somebody told me about it
When I was still a little boy
He said to me, crime does not pay
He said to me, education is the key, yeah
As a little boy I thought I know
What I was doin', yeah man
But today, here I am in jail
I'm a prisoner
I am a prisoner

I am a prisoner
I looked all around me
But to see nothing
But four gray walls staring at me
The policeman said to me, son
They won't build no schools anymore
All they'll build will be prison, prison
They won't build no schools anymore
All they'll build will be prison, prison
They won't build no schools anymore
All they'll build will be prison, prison
'Cause today, yeah

This is the song that they always sang in prison.
Lucky Dube Prisoner, this song will be sang
when wherever the prisoners are in a shower

enjoying water. Anathi does not like this song one bit.

"What the hell are you singing. In fact I don't want to know. Why are you feeding my unborn baby iJuba out of all things?" Anathi's asks softly.

"Oho this, Mthakathi told me that it's healthy for unborn babies. In fact you will thank me because your child will come out fully human with adult teeth." Spikes answers unbotheredly heading straight to the kitchen to dish for himself as always.

Anathi follows him behind.

"Rather buy her something else, non-alcoholic beverages will do not iJuba. I don't want my

baby coming out drunk. And stop trusting every witch you come across."

"You are a very useless father wena Anathi. Instead of thanking me that I'm growing your baby inside you woman's stomach you are hear confessing your feelings to me. I'm straight ntwana hade." He taps on his shoulders and continues to fry bacon on the side.

MaBiyela hasn't yet been back. Things seems not to be getting better but it's getting worse day by day. It surprises everyone that gogo once said "a life for a life. I'm waiting for that day to come." She said those words a couple of weeks back in her sleep. Everyone was shocked cause gogo does not talk anymore. Even till

today no one knows what it meant.

Anathi and Zama decided not to tell MaBiyela, adding more strain to her will make them look as selfish. Rather let her focus on one thing, which is her mother's health.

Anathi decided to be around today so could watch Spikes attentively. He doesn't trust him one bit; with this iJuba smelling around the house makes him nauseous.

Crazy friends don't care what others think. Most importantly, they pay no mind to the opinions of others. They feel comfortable and happy with themselves, and if other people want to talk about them, so be it. They'll continue to dance

like no one's watching, and march to the beat of their own drum. Spikes have proven himself time and time again that he is a one true definition of a friend. Anathi trusts Spikes with his life but not with this Juba lingering around the kitchen.

"Ntwana; so tell me- have you ever been chip tuned?" Spikes asks Anathi.

"Huh?" He looks at him confused. "Me chip tuned?" He asks even more confused.

"As in modified ntwana, Kanti no English on you." Spikes eats for two people infact he eats with demons.

Anathi sighed feeling defeated- he calmed

himself down. "Spikes, only cars are being modified not people."

Spikes turns to look at Anathi with a slight frown. "Kanjn? You modified your wife; look now she's pregnant."

"Lord please come save your soul."

"Amen I receive. I have been receiving since I was pushed out of my mother's vir...." He paused and looks at Anathi with his eyes out. "Shit! Are you ready to see a reaped virgina. Imagine that head. Jehova wezulu nomhlaba will it ever be the same again? Tlof tlof gone, buy a teddy bear njayami."

"You always spit nonsense." Anathi takes a

good look at Spikes, "I wonder how you managed to impregnate five women because....wow" Anathi stands up finding Zamadwala fast asleep with plates on top of her stomach. He smiled taking a few snaps of her asleep. "Shame my poor thing." He clears the room and pulls her gently making her to sleep in a comfortable position. "Damn you heavy." He kissed her lips and went back to Spikes.

ZENZELE MYEZA

The quietes of them all. Not quite by choice but the self-esteem in him won't let him come out. Ever since his brothers taxi are operating he has been keeping his mind busy not thinking too much into the issue his facing.

"Zenzele stop day dreaming, you up next." The rank manger tells him. In his life; has never been happy. The last time he was genuinely happy was the time he was still in a relationship with his woman. A woman who use to understand him, a woman who didn't care about his condition or sickness:- if that's what it's called. That was five years ago. Burying the woman he loved took a part of him. Ever since than he hasn't been in a stable relationship. Infact they don't even last because he is not man enough. Where will he get a woman like the love of his life, a woman that will understand him?

"Coming!" He answers annoyed heading to his Quantum. A black BMW was parked across the street with a couple arguing in. He sits quietly and watches from a distance. 'Drama and woman' he thought to himself. A man get's out

of the car ready to murder. He goes around to the passengers side and grabs a heavily pregnant woman out and pushes her painfully on the ground. Zenzele couldn't take any of it, it was fine while they were stills arguing. Putting a hand on a woman who is pregnant.... That's bullshit! He crosses the road and pushed the man aside with people watching without help. Without any word being said he pulled the woman up. He turned to the man and gave him one hell of a punch.

"Real men don't beat women!" He clicks his tounge. "You good." He asks the lady to was clinging onto her handbag.

"Y...yes thank you." She wipes the tears off her face.

"Come let me take you home." He holds her hand and leads her to his taxi making her sit comfortably in the front seat.

"Thanks you again." She tells him.

"Smoko asikho," he looks at her giving him directions to her house and his heart skips a beat. His eyes goes down looking at her thighs. Now this is what his type looks like. After five years of being single he has never looked at another woman. Now this is the real Code 14 for him. Real deal for that matter!

SANELE MYEZA

Going shopping with woman is a serious offences. My feet hurt, imagine walking with a

penguin around town.

"I'm tired," I whine like the pregnant dragon Zama who always cries for everything and everyone.

"One last store." She says.

"Hell no woman! Tell you what, I will give you my card an...."

"I don't need no card. I just want my man to accompany me for shopping. I promise this will be the last store I take you to." Nomanyanga kneels down attracting eye's praying to God that I say yes.

"Say yes my man!" Ow hell no they thinking she's proposing. Some already taking videos.

How I wish she was proposing, she looks sexy when she's begging.

"Ncrrrrr, baby you should promise someday."
Another man says telling his girlfriend.

"How I love this, my kind of type." A pervert looks at my woman with hungry eye's and that sight made me annoyed as hell.

"Yes- yes," I agree smiling looking at my black beauty who just sighed in relief. Whistles and claps everywhere, if only they knew I'm begin begged for shopping!

"Now help me stand," she says struggling to stand up.

"Woman who did you get down on your knees with?" I ask with my hands my waist like she always does when mad at me.

"My heart did," my heart immediately melts. I help her get up and gave her one hell of a kiss.

"You making me loose my senses and it's not good for my health." I say and she just laughs at me, a laugh that I will fight for to always see on that beautiful face of hers. "I never thought I'll ever love someone the way I love you, it scares me at times."

"Love is a beautiful thing like your Moonlight. Embrace it my life Ô I shall love you thy end."

"Shakespeare Wami madoda," they laugh and

continue to shop. Sanele noticed someone familiar from afar and notices it's Busisiwe she coming towards there direction.

"Sanele," Busisiwe calls out for Sanele who bluntly ignores her.

Moonlight put two together immediately and calmed down trusting that her man will handle the situation.

"Sanele I'm sorry. Life has not been the same without you. I miss you, us, what we had...." She pauses "I know that I once said this is not your child, but in an actual fact it's your child. I'm due in no time and you can do blood tests if that will put your heart at ease."

Nomanyanga has had enough of Busisiwe's speech, she hates being desrespected, "Listen here and listen very good. Sanele has a wife and

that wife is me. If that baby you carrying is his he will support it like any father would. I won't tolerate bullshit cause trust me you won't stand it. Call him when the baby is born. If you ever pull a stunt like this trust me you will have the she devil of me to deal with." She turns to look at me. "Get in the car." She orders and damn in just turned on right now. Man this woman if full of surprises. I hop in the car as told leaving Busisiwe like a wet chicken with her mouth wide open. I wonder what happened to her cause she was beautiful the last time I saw her. Life Neh!

"I love the fire in you, you should have seen yourself." I look at my boner and the woman is driving concentrating on the road.

"If you ever thinking of going back to her just

because the baby is yours trust me Sanele I will cut your balls into pieces and shove them down your throat." She warns with her noise flared, what is on my mind right now is me fucking her.

My phone chimes and it's Spikes, I wonder what nonsense he is about to vomit.

"Yah," I answer.

"Mama Jack one, two, three. Push labour! Labour! I repeat labour!" The call disconnects.

"Push labour? What push? I swear this guy needs to be admitted to a specialist hospital."

"Ow shit!" Nomanyanga says pressing on the accelerator. "Zama in in labour!" Now my mind registers useful information. I watch my woman as she flies from lane to lane. This one has hidden agendas. We park outside and we find

them all sweating.

"Are you guys also giving birth?" I asked, my heart pumps in joy knowing that Thick Mama is nying them.

"Where is her bag and the antenatal Clinic Card?" Nomanyanga asks and we all look at her dumbfounded. "You know what don't answer me." She goes straight to Zamadwala's room and minutes later she comes back holding a white book and an overnight bag.

"Is she allowed to camp at the hospital. Phela I want tell my ntwana some funny stories from bubble gum. I eat too much of cheppies.

"No, stay behind with Mpilo." Anathi's says

pulling Zama towards the car.

"But the baby needs his uncle." Spikes insisted.

"Hehe weZama oe did you know that strawberries have more vitamin c than oranges?

Did you know only female mosquitoes bite human's? Did you know that a whale's beat like this bumbhum nyenyenyenyeye, bumbhum nyenyenyenyeye? Did you...."

They all turn to look at him, "SHUT UP!" They say in a unison.

"Depriving me the pleasures of being an uncle."

He walks away leaving Sanele and Nomanyanga in stiches.

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THICK MADAM

#39

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"For obese women their labour takes longer than women of normal weight. It can be harder to monitor the foteus during labour. For these reasons, obesity during pregnancy increases the likelihood of having a caesarean birth." The doctor tells them.

"For thirteen hours!" Anathi has lost all hope. He has been here by her side for thirteen painful hours of labour. "You only good at putting your fingers inside her virgina. Please do something, can't you see she in a lot of pain. The epirdural you gave her is not even working!" He snaps. He feels useless to a point he is starting to doubt himself as a man.

"Dr Mdlaliso MaShabane needs a C-section right this minute. All is not looking good." One of the doctors say scribbling down. Zama was loosing her strength slowly. She's emotional and physical tired, giving up was an option right now there's nothing she can do. Everything lies in God's hands.

The operation room was being prepared she was wheeled to the room. The caesarean took not more thirty minutes and the baby was out.... But the problem was the baby was not crying.

"Why is she not crying?" Anathi asks in a concerned voice. A voice full of pain. He can't loose his baby not like this. He glanced at Zama who was knocked out and being stitched.

"It's a boy Mr Myeza," one of the doctors say

busy with the non-crying baby.

"Heart rate is increasing, blood pressure, and muscle tone will continue to drop, and he will die unless he is promptly resuscitated! There is also the risk of brain damage if not enough oxygen reaches the brain." The doctor's attended to a new born baby performing CPR. If a new-born baby is not breathing, or has very poor breathing, they must be resuscitated immediately to be brought back to life.

"Push straight down on his chest 1½ inches at a rate of 100 to 120 compressions per minute. Once again, let the chest recoil between compressions." The doctor orders the nurse who had their big hands on that tiny chest.

After forty five minutes of stressing and sweating, a tiny cry filled up the room making

everyone clap in succeeding.

Anathi shed tears of joy and happiness. He is not a crying person; but this right here made him shed a few tears.

"The doctor said we having a girl," he finally says.

"It does happen that the scan picks up false information. As you can see you are having a handsome baby boy."

ZENZELE MYEZA

"So you live here?" He asks looking at her.

"Yes, thank you so much for helping me." She

says ready to step out of the quantum.

"I will see you later this afternoon." He says handing her a few notes. "Give me your phone." The girl looks at him awe. She has never met a guy who doesn't ask.

"I...I don't have money. Please don't hurt me." She says ready to cry. The door is locked and doesn't even know where to press.

"Why would I kill the mother of my unborn baby. Give me your numbers, I will call you when I'm done." He takes out his phone giving her the phone to punch her numbers.

She takes the phone slowly and punches her phone numbers in fear praying for her unborn baby not to be harmed.

"Good I will see you this afternoon." He unlocks the doors and she quickly gets out running to the house. A duckling run he says to himself smiling shaking his head and drove off. He may have closed the walls of the love department but this woman is doing wonders to his heart.

The appointment was starting to be a mistake, a mistake not knowing if it can be fixed. He is looking at the doctor blabbing a foreign language to him. Now he regrets coming here.

"Are having issues with ejaculating during foreplay or can't seem to sustain sex for longer than 30 seconds, your performance is considered medically normal. There is no official definition of how long intercourse is

supposed to last for so if you and your partner are happy, there's nothing to worry about.

"So I have a problem?" He asked with a slight frown on his face.

"You don't need a stopwatch to decide whether you have a problem with premature ejaculation. If you're reaching orgasm before you really want to, that's premature enough. In general, try to become more aware of your body and how you respond during sex, from initial excitement, through the "plateau" when you're fully aroused, to the time you reach orgasm. Take deep breaths; this helps interrupt your stress response and forces you to relax. Also, try to be active with your whole body during sex -- using full-body caresses and non-genital touching -- instead of fixating on your penis.

"What now?" He sighs feeling murdered.

"I will give you a list on things you need to do and how to do it. It will help you in the long run trust me, if this doesn't not help than there are always other options. I prefer if we start with the natural one." The doctor says taking out the pamphlet and gave it to Zenzele.

Zenzele eyes widen in shock after reading what is expected of him to do.

***Masturbation. Having sex alone about two to four hours before the big event helps some men have a stronger, longer-lasting erection the second time around.

The stop-and-start technique. While you're experimenting by yourself or having sex with

your partner, take a little break just as you're about to reach your "point of no return" and climax. Try to relax for about 20 or 30 seconds, and then start again.

The squeeze method. This is like the stop-and-start method, but when you take a break, try squeezing the tip or middle of your penis with your thumb and index finger for several seconds. Stop squeezing, wait about 30 seconds, then continue lovemaking as before. This helps many men delay their orgasms.

The lower position. Many men find it easier to prolong lovemaking with the woman on top, because you don't have to support your weight and you can relax more. This position can also reduce sensitivity in some men. If you haven't tried it, experiment and see if it helps you.

Anesthetic creams. Applied to the tip of the penis about 30 minutes before sex, these creams can make the penis less sensitive and

delay ejaculation. Be sure to wash the cream off before sex because some studies have shown anesthetic creams may cause loss of erection or vaginal numbness.***

He reads through the pamphlet and sighs. Maybe coming here was just a waste of time, a time costing him to masturbate! Now he has to foreplay himself. What a life he has.

BIYELA HOMESTEAD

Zamadwala gave birth and gogo lost her life. Tears of happiness and sadness. This is what gogo meant when she said 'a life for a life'. She sacrificed herself for Njabulo to survive so Zama can bare more children in the future. Zamadwala's womb was only blessed with the twins she carried, since gogo was a spiritual

person she appeased the ancestors with her own life.

The atmosphere was sour, people are in pain and hurt. Loosing someone close to your heart has never been easy. The yard is buzzing with people, they came to pay their respects to the respected family in the village

Have you ever wondered what to say to a person who has just lost a loved one? You can be assured that whether the person is grieving her sister or another family member, they in a tremendous amount of emotional pain. It's not easy to find words of comfort for his or her loss, is it? But the fact remains that you should say something to offer your sympathy and show your support to the person.

What you say doesn't have to be long. It's often better if you keep the words short and focus

more on the way you say them.

Even a brief statement letting them know you are thinking of them during their time of grief can be comforting when they are deeply mourning. Sometimes just a few words and a hug or hand squeeze can be the most effective thing you can do.

"There are no words to tell you how sorry I am. Please know that you are in our thoughts and prayers. I am so sad to hear about your loss. If you feel like talking, please don't hesitate to call me." One of the neighbours say. Gogo was a people's person and she was loved by many.

"Gogo Margret brought so much joy to everyone around her. She will be missed by many."
Another adds.

"My favourite memory of your grandmother was that time we made ice cream in her back yard and she gave us one hell of a hiding. She was truly a wonderful woman. I am so sorry for your loss. I will always remember gogo and how much she loved you and the rest of your family. I wish I could take away your pain. Just know that I am thinking about you and praying for comfort for you and your family.

If there is anything I can do to help, please let me know."

They all fall into an awkward silence until MaMyeza broke the ice with her heart aching.

"Makoti gave birth today to a baby boy. And on this side my mother was taking her last breath." She says painfully. She is happy that her grandson has arrived and also hurt that she lost

someone close to her heart.

"Awu bantu, that's good news. Indeed God takes and gives. Look on the bright side, we lost a diamond of a grandmother and gained another family member in one day same time. Free you mother's spirit so she could rest in peace. Kwasekubhaliwe naseZulwini bantabami. You can never questions God intensions." A neighbour says trying to comfort the broken hearts.

ANATHI MYEZA

I was crying tears of joy and now I'm hear crying tears of pain and shock. How can my grandmother leave me, us like this? How can she leave without seeing her great-great grandson. They were all sitting silently without

anyone saying a word. Even Spikes the loudest didn't know how to describe the pain his feeling. The last time he saw gogo was the day she blessed him and performed a cleansing for him to remove all the bad luck from prison. A knock disturb their thoughts. Sanele goes to open and gets the shock of his life. Three men and a woman stand outside the door with furious faces.

"IkwaMyeza la?" One uncle asks.

"Yebo," Sanele answers waiting for them to talk.

"You don't respect, first one of the Myeza's impregnate our daughter and now you let us stand in the sun." He barks at Sanele who looks at him confused.

"Ow sorry, you can come in." He steps aside opening the door wide open. They all come in and make themselves comfortable on the couches.

"Bakhona abadala?" The uncle asks directly to Sanele.

"No," he sighs. "How can we help you?" He asks in a voice full of manners.

"We are here because one of you made our daughter pregnant."

"Doesn't that daughter have a name?" Zenzele directs the question back to them.

The uncle chucks "no manners I see. Busisiwe."

"Weee Jehovah. I have serious issues to deal with. This is definitely a waste of time and energy. Let me tell you something, tell that little brat of yours to tell you who is the father of that child she's carrying. If it's mines I will take fully responsible into taking care of the baby and if it's not mines than it's not mines."

"Yaze yaluhlaza ingane. Is this the way to talk to elders? Where are your manners boy?"

"You should ask that daughter of yours ukuithi where are her manners because she told me straight to my face that I'm not the father because I'm poor. Now that I'm rich the baby is

suddenly mines. Sasimudla sibabili. I wasn't alone, I will appreciate it if you take your stinky ass of my mother's couch and leave this house. Once you go outside that gate make sure that you will never set foot inside this compound ever again." Sanele hisses in anger.

"Ey noBusisiwe behamba beqoma nje." The uncle clicks his tounge furiously storming out of the house.

"This girl is starting to be a nuisance once and for all. If I don't sort this mess out she will be a pain in the arse." Sanele tells his brothers.

"What happens to her billionaire boyfriend?" Anathi asks.

"I don't know futhi I don't care. Now I regret not using protection with her. She is one of the people I will forever regret in my life!"

"Don't make hasty decision. Wait for her to give birth and secretly do a DNA to satisfy yourself. If it's not yours than it's not yours. No one is going to shove the baby which is not yours down your throat. If it's yours than you will take full responsibility into take care of the child not the mother. She's useless a dead frog, don't let this haliot distract you. You have a diamond right in your heart." Anathi gives Sanele a brotherly advice.

"I hear you Buti. Moonlight is my all, I don't think I will ever function without her." He smiles thinking about her. His thoughts were distributed by his phone.

My water just broke. I need to go to the hospital.

Sanele reads the text over and over again.

"And now?"

"This donkey just told me that her water broke. What must I do? Am I a doctor or nurse?" He huffs.

"Inagne ayinacala. Take Zenzele with you so...."

"I have plans." Zenzele says already on his feet.

"I'll take Spikes." Sanele says.

"Call me if there's any trouble. Cause clearly this girl doesn't know what she wants in life. Ay nani Sanele nihamba nishela." Anathi barks, he is mad for loosing his grandmother, mad at the world that he alone is going through alot and no one is noticing that. He is mad that he almost lost his two sons. Life in this world is unexpected. It's true when they say life is a game but it's not fair. He looks at his devastated brother as much as it hurts he has to own up to his reckless behaviour. Ever since their mother went to Eshowe to look after their grandmother, he became a parent to his brothers but they have each other's back no matter what. "Spikes try not to say anything and embarrass yourself."

"I don't have time I'm mourning or moaning. Mxm what's the difference? It's taste the same."

Now I have to practice my crying for magriza. Kanti doesn't Jesus get full? He is forever eating us, aysuka." Spikes stands up following Sanele outside leaving Anathi biting his nails.

THICK MADAM

#40

SANELE MYEZA

"Ay no niyaloya Kini. Why did she give birth to Njabulo the reload?" Spikes gawks at the little baby boy who has just been born couple of hours ago. "Mthakathi omncane,"

He puts his hands on his waist dramatically looking at Sanele who was staring at the baby questionably.

"It's my, my baby blood. I almost denied my

child the rights of having a father, I almost turned my back on my seed." The sniffs trying not to cry. He pressed his eyes together preventing the tears from coming out.

"Hade ntwana," Spikes looks at Sanele with those wretched eye's. Sanele was heart-rending, contented at the same time. The emotions were enraptured, emotions of joy and happiness.

"I'm truly a father," his voice came out as a whisper. That tiny adorable hand holding on tight onto his father's finger not letting go. "Ndoda let go of my hand." He says in a chuck.

"Brook Lesnar," Spikes laughs remembering how grateful he is to be a father. It's a pity that baby number five doesn't want anything to do with him. One way or another he will give-up

trying. Sotho girls are very stubborn, 'so he thought.'

"I need to go talk to his mother," Sanele walks out of the NICU where

babies get around-the-clock care from a team of experts. Of course he knows that his son is in safe hands, because most of these babies go to the NICU within 24 hours of birth. He finds Busisiwe staring into thin space zoned out with her mind wondering around. She notices him and smiles widely trying to sit straight up.

"Did you see him? How cute is he?" She proudly smiles making him to smile remembering his son's warm hand holding on tight onto his finger.

"He is adorable;- " he paused and looked at her and sighed sitting down. "Why?" That's all he managed to say waiting for an explanation.

She shrugged her shoulders playing with the tip of her fingers.

"I...I didn't know," she tilts her head and looks at him. "I am an imperfect being, but this does not justify the mistakes that I have made to you. I understand that even if I say sorry, it will not change anything. However, I will keep my promise that I will change because I want to become a better person for you."

Sanele looked at her blabbing pouring her heart out - very late. "Busisiwe, you know I once loved you." The flashbacks of her telling him how broke he is, he is not much of a man. How will he take care of the baby when he can't even buy

himself a mere DH jacket? What will she do with a man who does not have a matric certificate?

"Do you still remember all those hurtful words you once said to me?" Of course she remembers them like it was yesterday.

"That day you bruised my ego as a man,- and I thank you for doing that. Cause if not I wouldn't have met the woman I'm with now." He smiles thinking of the crazy moments they share.

"Sanele I'm so...."

"I'm not done. You said your piece that day, can I say my piece today?" He looks at her intently. "One day you're going to remember me and how much I loved you... then you're going to hate yourself for letting me go.... You cannot protect yourself from sadness without protecting yourself from happiness. Tears

come from the heart and not from the brain. To have felt too much is to end in feeling nothing. People keep telling me that life goes on, but to me that's the saddest part. You see moving on from you was very easy....easy as a how you chased me out of your house that day. I was in a cumbersome relationship but I ignored all those signs. You fired me repeatedly but I forgave you easily. Do you want to know why?"

"Yes," her voice barely came out.

"When someone wrongs you somehow, you might feel certain you'll never be able to get over it. Even after your immediate anger passes, you might continue to dwell on the betrayal instead of letting it fade into memory.

Forgiveness might seem challenging, in part because it's often misunderstood. Forgiveness

may also allow you to let go of unhealthy anger. I'm what is called peacemaker man but unfortunately you failed to notice all that. I forgave and moved on, you no longer exist in my heart....but I will be there with my child through thick and thin. I will not do a DNA test, I saw his tiny torso and indeed he is a Myeza." He proudly says.

Busisiwe looked into his eyes trying to search for the Sanele that she thought she knew, but clearly she was lying to herself. So he has moved on and his happy, now this got her wondering; did he ever love her? Did she ever mean something to him?

"Did you ever love me? Did I even mean anything to you?" She finally finds the courage to ask.

"Honestly, I thought I did. Until I found the person who showed me what love really is." He truthfully answers what's within his heart. Now that he has coughed out what has been stuffed in his chest he fills lighter. Now he can finally move on free.

"As much as it hurts, I thank you for your honesty." He nods his head. His phone rings, a wide priceless smile crept on his face like butter being spread on bread. That alone explains everything.

"Muntuza.....my queen listen....say what?....you wouldn't dare...." He turns to look a Busisiwe who was looking right back at him with an unexplainable look. He lowered his phone pressing it against his chest.

"I'll be in touch." He says placing his phone on his ear. She watched him as he walked off smiling and laughing. Something she failed to do. Seeing him this glowing hurts to the core.... Just like that he is gone and never looking back.
Sighs

"Wow," she exclaims painfully with a aching heart.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

Motherhood; the pains that comes with it. I didn't expect my mom instincts to kick in. I've never been a baby person, and honestly, I'm still not. But with my boy, it's so different. I love everything about him, and I feel like it's coming naturally. I'm so happy to see him. I'm also surprised by how little the sound of his

cries/screams bother me....or is it anxiety of being a first time mum? I never think about how unpleasant the actual sound is. I only just think about how good and strong his lungs are and how much I love his little voice.

"I'm starting to loose you to that champ I see."

"Jealously doesn't suit you my person." He perks on my dry lips, he takes baby Njabulo from my hands. I see Mpilo has gone back to his old self which makes me happy. Being here in hospital for a few days has really made me miss my family more. I miss my mum, Uthinga and her runny mouth.

"Mpilo!" Did he stop?- Noooo, he continued to run flying his toy airplane.

"Buuuu," I guess that's how the airplane sounds.

"Ndimu!" Here's another one trying to feed Njabulo a slice of pizza. I'm even sure that she has been eating this slice for the past two hours. That's Ndimu for you, someone who chews till Jesus comes back.

"This is what I go through all day, everyday."

"I wonder if will I ever cope." Sighs, "being a mother needs a full time job. With me going back to school next year I don't know whether I'll manage."

"We will make it work babe don't stress yourself. You know most of the important things in the

world have been accomplished by people who have kept on trying when there seemed to be no hope at all. Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy. I want to be that husband, a husband that is always there even when not needed on necessary things. Promise me you'll always remember: You're braver than you believe, and stronger than you seem, and smarter than you think." He looks at his her admiring the woman in front of his eyes. As much as she's young his inlove with her maturity.

"Thank you," she inhales a sharp breathe. "How are the preparations going?"

"All set for tomorrow. I will have to drive down tomorrow morning."

"Don't be silly, go later today. You are needed there. You have to be there when the casket arrives. I have the girls with me remember. Moonlight and Lady Bug will be around looking after the house and the kids till you come back."

"Thanks babe, I was stressed. Now you've set me free." He punched the bridge of her nose making her to blush. So it tends out that the baby is truly Sanele's."

"That's....wow. i don't know what to say. How does he feel about this? How did Nomanyanga take it?" The concern couldn't be missed. This is the same girl that broke Sanele not so long ago, Jesus Christ!

"We haven't talked, so for now I don't know. But what I now is I love you muntuza."

"I love you too my personal human being."

"Vav you tshuu," Mpilo grins looking at Zama making her to laugh.

SANELE MYEZA

"How do you feel? Are you happy?"

"Honestly I don't know. I'm happy that I have a baby boy...."

"But?"

"I wish she was not the mother," he sighs. He doesn't hate her anymore but he can see drama from afar.

"Hay look at me, as much as it hurts that she will here you cannot undo what has been done. Out of that relationship you came out with something beautiful. It's important to talk to her about your expectations of yourself and one another as parents. Be open and honest about your goals, and from there negotiate a realistic plan that will make you both happy. Your relationship with me is also a top priority. You can't just put it on the back burner and expect to return to it in 20 years. Whether you have a date night each week, and you have to baby sit just because she has plans. Trust me I will sue

your balls. It's vital to keep the flame burning between the two of us. It's not only important for our relationship, but in the long run, if you're happy together, it's good for your child."

"Wow," he smiled admiring his advisory. "I appreciate you taking the time to speak with me. Thank you so much for loving me. I want to be with you forever, you make me feel so special and even sometimes I cry because of the joy that having known you produce on me. Thank you and I love you babe. When I met you I felt something beautiful inside me, but I was afraid that you would not feel the same." He genuinely says. Thee whole Sanele is crazy inlove.

"Matters of the heart my love." His phone rings. He groans picking it up.

"Bafo," with an dramatic eye roll.

"We're leaving in a few. Tell Noma she will be at home with the kids with the help of Duduzile."

The line goes dead.

"Just like that," Nomanyanga shakes her head defeated. "You guys are something else, I thought Zama was just hallucinating....guess she was right all along. No one knows yourl how she does. You know it's funny how she describes your people's personality accordingly."

"Nxa bloody gossipers." He roars the engine side eyeing her dramatically in fire.

What would have Nomanyanga be now if she hadn't met Sanele a couple of months ago. This

man brought light, happiness and love to her something she never been dipped into. A man who is not afraid to embrace that cellulite, the stretch marks, the flappy stomach. She smiles admiring him.

"You know my father enjoys your lies." They laugh.

"Am I that bad?"

"Very bad muntu wami. He always says you taking him for a ride telling him all those fairy-tale stories." She snorts, "I love that old guy."

Sanele takes her hand squeezing it.

"He made a promise you your mother, and as a father he is fulfilling that promise. Love him,

appreciate him. Blood doesn't mean anything, him being your step-father doesn't make him fatherless. That old man raised you from the day you were born."

"Yah neh," a sad sigh follows. If only she could bring her mother back from the six feet underground world, but than God has a way of doing things no matter how much it hurts.

"I love you mamaki."

"I love you to papaki."

MNQOBI SHABANE

"Dudzile, if you do not come out of that house I

will personally drag you." It has not been five minutes Dudu went inside the house to pack her overnight bag. Of course these men always do last minute things. After thirty minutes Dudu comes back holding her bag looking all upset.

"Why is your face like this?"

Sighs, loading her bag in the boot. "Nothing," she responds but Mngqobi is certainly unsatisfied.

One intensive look will make her spill all the beans. "My step mother said you will leave me like any other man does," tears veil.

"You know what, I think it's time you move out. Let's go." Just like that - the issue has been sorted. "You know what, go pack everything that

belongs to you. Come!" He pulls her by hand marching to the house furiously. Hasty decision are not the best, this woman means a lot to him.

"Ufunani la nondindwa. You believe this man will love a frog like you? Look at your face, those pimples. That ironing board, igubhu zamabele. You no different from a lollipop." Her step-mother yells. The hate she has for her is visible. "You just shapeless and unattractive a thing I even hate to be around. A dog even looks better than you!" She hisses.

"Good than, she will be out of your sight. Babe go pack your bags I will wait for you here." Mngqobi orders, she wasted no time, with that blurry vision she loaded all of her belongings leaving nothing. Her father never sided with her no matter what. She was forever wrong in their

eyes and the other two daughters are always perfect. Her wardrobe is wiped clean, all her beddings packed, not forgetting her mother's belongings.

"This is it," with a tone filled with pain and sadness. She looks at her mother with so much rage and anger, "you have never been a mother to me and I long accepted that. I don't hate you but I always wished that my mother was alive. I don't wish you bad - I pray that someday you will see me worth in me as your daughter. Bye father, I hope you will be happy with the cursed child around." Her father continue smoking cigarettes without care. They wheeled the suitcase and Mngqobi carried the two plastic bags.

"You good?"

She shook her head no with tears pilling up in her eyes. The pain is too much that it broke her even more. She never understood why her father has never been a father to her. Don't go changing, trying to please me. You never let me down before and I don't imagine you're too familiar, And I don't see you anymore. I would not leave you in times of trouble. We never could have come this far

I took the good times, I'll take the bad times
I'll take you just the way you are.

She laughs through her tears, "Just the way you are by Billy Jones. Were you singing or telling me?"

"A bit of both," they laugh. But it's the truth. I love you just the way you are. Isishwapha Sami (that's my flat ass) madoda." He whistles taking

a good look at her. "I love my lollipop." He pulls her closer to his chest.

"I love you too."

"Now let's go,"

They drove off.

THICK MADAM

#41

FUNERAL DAY

No one is ever prepared to bury their loved ones, no one is ever prepared for hurt.

It's a scrutinizing thing you know, losing a loved

one. You will catch yourself now and then picking up the phone to call her and quickly realize you can't. When you've got a headache, heartache, or have just had a bad day and you need your grandmother.

The hardest part wasn't losing her, it's learning to live without her and constantly trying to fill this inevitable void.

You have this empty space in your soul and like the ocean, at times it can be calm, clear, and peaceful. Other times it's this murky, raging swell that is bound to break and take you down with it. It doesn't though, and the reason is because somehow, you've learned to keep swimming.

Truth be told. No one heals after losing someone they love dearly.

"You good?" Mngqobi whispered to Anathi's ear.

He is here for the emotional support, the neighbours are her for support. Margaret was indeed loved by many. Mnqobi has only know her for a few months but the little time he spent with her were ecstatic.

"Magriza," Spike sadly puts his right hand his chest. - "Go baptize every inmate in Jesus land. Wash them the bad spirits off. please don't turn you back on me and gi...." Everyone turns turns to look at him in murderous eyes. "Yini," Spikes looks at them questionably.

"Shhhh!" Someone amongst the woman at church warns him. Mpilo and Spikes same combination, the more you warn them the more they push into it. He did love gogo, he felt that genuine love. He felt connected to her. But the Last words still ring in his head, he can't make

the sense of it. There's something that he can't put a finger into. Whenever he is with the Biyela's he feels at home, alive lighter. He felt apart like he belonged.

FLASH BACKS

"You are finally home. I have been waiting for you as long as I can remember. It is really you." Gogo touches his face. She may not see but she was able to connect with the souls, she was able to see beyond what a normal person could see. Loosing eyesight was the by the ancestors, they gave her a gift that passes on from generation to generation. A gift that help lives, she always make intuitions regarding the future, sometimes good and sometimes bad, and most of the time they are likely to be proven true. She knew about Spikes from the

time he was made and birthed. Meeting Anathi was the work of the ancestors.

"Huh," clearly confused. "Ay magriza you need sanitary hospital old age home."

"You are just like your father." Gogo tells him making him more confused.

"That one," he chucks. "That nigger disowned me."

"Soon it shall unfold."

*****END OF FLASH BACKS*****

There's one thing that everyone doesn't know

about Spikes. he is a very good singer, he has that voice that makes you clit throb for attention in the wrong place and time. It's sweet and melodic.

"Praise us with a song," the pastor says standing in the podium with the Bible on his hands.

The! umoya oyingcwele
Phezu kwabantwana bakho
Vus' owakho umsebenzi
Libatshazw' elakh' igama lakho
Vus' owakho umsebenzi
Libatshazw' elakh' igama lakho
The! umoya oyingcwele
Phezu kwabantwana bakho

Vus' owakho umsebenzi
Libatshazw' elakh' igama lakho
Vus' owakho umsebenzi
Libatshazw' elakh' igama lakho
Amen amen, amen amen
The! umoya oyingcwele
Phezu kwabantwana bakho
Amen amen, amen amen

Everyone one was astonished, so the talking
Tom can do something useful with his mouth.
Dancing to the tune forgetting for a moment
that it's a funeral. A song that brought joy and
comfort in hearts of grieving family.

Romans 14:8

"For if we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die,

we die to the Lord. So then, whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's." The pastor preaches, "You know you will never get over it or move on, instead you will continue trying to learn how live with it. Just a little emptier than before. Just as you think you have reached the point where you are not upset every day, you will all get a little reminder of her. Maybe in the butterflies or flowers, maybe a song you hear on the radio. Maybe the necklace she gave you before she passed away."

They were now all at the graveyard watching the casket

A burial vault encloses a coffin on all four sides, the top, and the bottom. Modern burial vaults are lowered into the grave, and the coffin

lowered into the vault. ... With a burial liner, the coffin is lowered directly onto the earth. The burial liner is then lowered over the coffin.

Just like that the Queen was laid to rest.

After the burial people went their separate ways and some were left behind assisting with the cleaning.

"Who's this?" A girl walks towards them. Anathi looked at her and the girl looked familiar. She's carrying food on the tray, it's obvious she is here to serve them.

"Sanibonani," she bowed her head in respect and served them. Anathi was reluctant cause they have already eaten and besides he doesn't eat food that was not prepared by someone else other than the people close to him.

"Ngyabonga mina," he respectively say, "gents I'm just going to check on my woman. She is being discharged today." He says standing up already dialling her numbers.

The girl looks at him and thought how would have it been if she had stayed with him? She decided to make her way to him. She stands behind him and waits for him to finish.

"Hayi muntuza, I love you my bigger snacks. Kiss my kids for me." He blows the kiss through the phone. She clears her throat startling Anathi. "God you gave me a fright. Can I help you?"

"Erm don't tell me you can't recognise me anymore." She draws circles using her toes.

"I don't, look I have to go."

"It's me Hleziphi," she shyly says making Anathi to chuck. Nice try but he is NOT interested but his expression hid all the annoyance. "Can I give you a hug....just for condolences."

He narrows his eyebrows and clears his throat, "I'm sorry I don't do hugs, but a handshake will do." Disappointment written all over her face. They were each other's first, they promised each other heaven and earth.

"Ow," she nods her head in disappointment. "My deepest condolences." She looks at him in the eyes. Damn he looks good with that neat dreadlocks on his head. That trimmed beard and tattoos on his left arm.

"Thanks," they stand in awakening silence. "I have to go back." He walks away without waiting for her to respond. He goes back to the rondavel finding the guys chatting.

"And the food, you didn't eat?" They were served and none of them touched their food.

Malum'Mbuyiseni pulled Anathi down making him kneel giving one hell of a pinch on his ears. "The girl that served us, her grandmother mother is a witch. DO NOT eat anything coming from that house. And Wena do you want to lose your wife? She killed her husband hoping she will get money, but the husband was clever enough and changed his will. Anathi don't let hunger make you fall into a trap!"

"Ashu my.... I'm not even there." He stands up rubbing his ears. "She followed me and wanted to give me a hug but I declined it. I offered a handshake."

"Slima ndini, I know she is your ex. Follow me." The boys follow Malum'Mbuyiseni. "Here wash you hands, never let that skank near you. Now that she saw you, she will go all out to get you. Tomorrow morning we are to kwaNdoda, ngidinga ukuqiniswa." They all look at each other with there eyes all out.

"Nami Malume?" Spikes asks with a frown on his face. "Phela I want my baby mama msuthu back."

"Yes nawe,"

"Mamello Meme, here I come for you sugar bun."

"I feel sorry for your baby mama,"

The family was sitting together looking at the family Pho album.

"Ay, ay, ay! Who is this version of me."

Shockingly this person looks like the younger version of Spikes. "How did myself enter the picture. Anathi you see now your ex committed an abomination. Witches don't sleep, I'm being witchcraft."

"Spikes where are you from?" One of the aunts asks clearly the confusion has made everyone confused and lost.

"Empangeni, KwesakaMthethwa." He proudly answers.

"HmMMM, something is not right I can feel it. It's just that I can't put my finger on it."

"Umama umabani?"

"MaMchunu, yini am I in court?"

Malum'Mbuyiseni shifts uncomfortably gazing his eyes around.

"Zikhetheko Mchunu..." That came out as a whisper, no this cannot be happening. The long lost son, the son he has been looking for, for years! He looked at Spikes with glister eyes, God works in mysterious ways.

A funeral day has turned out to be a reuniting afternoon. But where will Malum'Mbuyiseni start.

No wonder all the resemblance, the running mouth, the shape of the head. All of it it's there!

THICK MADAM

#42

BIYELA HOMESTEAD

"Yes I do. We were not dating but fucking around. Sex with no strings attached can be really fun, but it also got really complicated. I never looked for a relationship in her, I was that

kind of a naughty boy who will smash and pass. Unfortunately your mother was always available for me to release....fast-forward, one night we were drunk and we had sex without protection, I always made sure I played safe. We continued having fun till months later I noticed that her stomach is bloated, I asked her and she denied. I heard rumours that she is pregnant with my child, I confronted her about the rumours. She told me straight up that I will not get my child because I was never inlove with her. I tried all I could but unfortunately she ran away and never looked back. That boy you are looking at in the picture is me when I was young. What I'm trying to say is y....you are my son, my seed that I have been looking for, for years."

"No-no-no, there must be some kind of mistake. My father is Nqindi Zulu. Imagine me being your son. Ahhh witchcraft works overtime." He

laughs clearly whatever Malum'Mbuyiseni told him didn't take him to believe his word.

"Call her, "that's all he managed to say. "Call your mother and ask her." With a pleading voice.

"Madala stubbornness doesn't suit you. We are dealing with double standards here." He takes out his phone and dials his mother.

"Yini ufunani? I don't have money to bail you out." The woman over the phone hisses dramatically. Why is she fighting? She doesn't even know what is the reason for this phone call.

"You still Kevin Hart I see, tell me something here....do you know a man called Mbuyiseni

Biyela?" Silence, breathing.

"W....why? I mean who told you? How do you know him?" Panic on her voice cannot be missed.

"Just answer me. Is Mbuyiseni Biyela my father or not?" Eye roll looking at Malum'Mbuyiseni. Surely this madala is mistaking him with someone else.

"I don't know what you talking about." She defensively say, "you get lost and come back with nonsense!"

Malum'Mbuyiseni snatches the phone from Spikes ear.

"Dodo," a name that they used to call each other

with whenever they were hungry for each other.

"Why do the cruellest while I'm still alive. You've just buried me, you gave my son to another man while his father is still alive."

Silence.... "Answer me dammit!" He roars.

"Hay - hay Simba don't brake my eardrums phone." Spikes shoot some daggers to Malum'Mbuyiseni.

"Dodo why!" Sniffs.

"Yo....you played me! You slept with me continuously knowing very well how I felt about you. I loved you Mbuyiseni but not even once you saw me worthy to be your girlfriend!"

"So you admit that I have a son?" A lump dries up his throat choking.

"Yes! There you have it. That stupid idiot of a child is your son! You can take him he is useless anyway!" The call disconnected leaving Spikes standing on his feet.

"No AmaZulu and heaven will strike you. Ay no never I don't believe. I know she's lying that one my friend." He smiles.

"Unfortunately not," Anathi tells him.

"Thula wena ndoda yomthakathi. How did I get here again?" He held his hands on his waist and looked at them one by one. As much as he wants to dispute the information he just

received....the man in front of his eyes is truly him.

"D....do you also have something on your totoloji?" He points at Malum'Mbuyiseni using his head. He chuckles shaking in disbelief. How did his mother give birth to the exact Mbuyiseni part two? He asked himself looking at his son.

"Every male in this household has that dark hard spot."

"Shooooo miloyi." He claps his hands once and sits down quietly pressing his knees together with his hand in-between his thighs. So he is no Zulu man after all but a Biyela.

"What a day." It's shocking just how everything has unfolded. Seems like family is growing

every second.

"So I have eight grandchildren in total? I'm truly aging and it's a blessing." Malum'Mbuyiseni beams in joy. "Your kids have to be raised in a Biyela tradition way and be introduced to the ancestors so they can be protected."

"Protected from what?" A fast quick question slips out of Spikes mouth.

"We always have enemies. You still yet to know. We shall discuss the rest tomorrow, goodnight everyone. Masambe Mkami." His wife was sitting there quietly. Malum'Mbuyiseni once briefed his wife about his past life and the possibility of him having a child out there. Unfortunately they do not have kids of there own, they were never blessed with one.

In the wee hours of the morning they boys prepared for their journey. It's four am in the morning and Malum'Mbuyiseni was hell bent into taking them into this place after what he saw yesterday. He will never let witches be around his family.

"Manje Malume ain't we zilingi?"

"Huh?" Everyone is confused. Zenzele is driving through the scary darkest forests concentrating on the bumpy road.

"Ain't we moaning hau!" Spikes gets very agitated when he is asked to repeat a sentence

twice.

"Nxi, slima lento. Bafo shut up, please don't feed our ears nonsense early in the morning."

Silence filled the car as they drive through the bushes, a shiny figure passes right in front of the car, Zenzele pressed on the brakes so hard causing the tears and cracks in the hoses.

"The brakes are completely unresponsive!—" Zenzele shouts with his heart pounding. "Shit - shit!" He bangs the steering wheel in frustration trying to control the car. He lost balance controlling the steering wheel. Everything spiral out of control with blackout taking over. With black foggy sight Zenzele continued keeping his foot on the loose brake to prevent the car from rolling. He held the brake pedal down ensuring that he is at a complete stop and preventing the

car from rolling backwards.

Hearts pounding, fear striking. Zenzele managed to stop the car on the gravel road.

"The car is leaking." Spikes takes out his phone, "fuck no network!" The windows are dusty and they are unable to see the outside.

A strong wind passes by with scary echoing noise. "What was that." He whispers holding on tight to Anathi's arm.

The car slowly moved being pushed by the strong wind, there's nothing much that Zenzele could do other than praying. The wind became stronger and stronger.

"If I die today, please God take care of my kids and wife," Anathi prays softly within himself. A force of inertia made the car to flip over rolling

down off the cliff repeatedly.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"MPILO," he just bumped his head on the wall and the little devil just laughs and continues to run.

The stiches have no mercy. The pains are unbearable, I can't walk. Sitting takes a lot of work, standing up needs alot of strength. Doctors advised me that I could feel back to normal after 3-6 months. My body will take time to heal. The sensations I'm feeling are similar to menstrual cramps. I was advised to sleep on my left side since it gives me optimal blood flow accordingly.

"Njabulo! Awe mah," Nomanyanga barges in

carrying my baby. "He is not breathing, his cold."
She hands me the baby and sinks down on the
floor.

I take a good long look at Njabulo who was
peacefully sleeping. I place my hands on his tiny
chest and his heart beat rate is beating
abnormally.

"What happened?" I don't want to lash out
without getting the full information. My mother
always told me never to act impulsive to the
situation at hand.

"He sneezed and when I checked him he wasn't
breathing. He is very cold Zama. We should
send him to the hospital." Nomanyanga places
her hands on her head with tear gushing out in
her face.

"Can you get me my phone." She rushes to the other side of the dressing table crawling. "Here," I take the phone from her and dialled Anathi it takes me straight to voicemail.

"How is that possible that all of their numbers are not going through?" On the inside I'm panicking, but on the outside I'm showing the positive safe side. I glance at my baby not knowing what to do. His mouth twitches and blinks rapidly. A tiny voice takes me out of my misery, 'make him drink this whenever he is having an episode. If something bad is about to happen he will be the first to react.' Before gogo passed on, she made some herbs for my baby to drink whenever he is having an episode. I asked her what she meant by episode. The response was, 'don't worry he took after me. The only difference is, he will never be blind like me.' till today I'm still left with unanswered

questions.

"I've been trying and none of their phones go through," Duduzile adds.

Zama quickly drags herself out of her trail of thoughts. She remembers, she remembers - she slowly pulls herself to the kitchen leaving the girls in panic mode.

"Something is not right." Zama says to herself in the kitchen going all through the cardboard boxes looking for the 'special' medicine'. "Got it," she rushes back to her bedroom.

Zama picked her baby up and placed him gently onto her lap. She was advised that a tiny drop will help him regain back to his normal self. Minutes later his heartbeat races back to normal and sneezed continuously.

"Can someone please try MaMyeza." Zama suggest. Nomanyanga dials her numbers and luckily she picks up.

"Hello," Nomanyanga's heart pounded as MaMyeza picked her phone on the other line. She threw her phone to Zama in fear. She has never set her eyes on MaMyeza. The fear of not knowing your future in-laws....

"Ma I have been trying the boys all morning and there phones are not going through. Are they any by chance around?" Praying and hoping that she says yes, but disappointment washes over.

"No ngane yami. They left in the wee hours of the morning to go do some danger voodoo

ritual. Kodwa noMbuyiseni...."MaMyeza continues to shout over the phone. Whenever she shouts she doesn't stop. What's the use of telling her that baby Njabulo is not okay. There's no point onto listening to her ranting, Zama disconnects the call and sighs feeling defeated. The girls look at her waiting for her to explain.

"They are not at home, they left with Malum'Mbuyiseni only God knows where."

"So how does it happen that all of their phone go straight to voicemail? Something is not right."

"I don't know," she shrugged her shoulders looking at her son who was now peacefully asleep and warm. She shakes her head feeling confused, Njabulo was cold as ice minutes ago

and now he is warm. Something is definitely off!

ZIPHO SHABANE

Every morning I'm being tortured, I no longer enjoy mornings. I feel like running away whenever it's five in the morning. MaZama sure knows how to kill me by making me to run around the yard five times every morning and in the evenings. She did explain the reasons of her making to exercise and that I will forever thank her. She has a way of telling me how to eat, not what to eat by not hurting my feelings. What I love about her is she sits down with me and explains everything. Since I'm asthmatic I'm not allowed to eat certain parts of food. And her reasons were valid.

"How will I ever cope without magwinya and

fried chips?" I whine, I enjoy being a cry baby cause I know the outcomes....I will be getting all the spoiling in the world.

"You have to maintain your health my baby. You can eat your magwinya and fried chips once in a while. But what's important now is you eating a high protein diet rich in vegetables and fruits. Do strength trainings at least 2 days a week. Monitor your body composition once a week and adjust your diet and / or exercise efforts accordingly. Extra weight increases the risk of having asthma and having more severe, difficult to control asthma."

"I didn't even know I had asthma when growing up. I didn't have the symptoms, will it ever go away. I struggle alot when I have to walk looong distance." Having conversations with this

woman makes me want to spill the beans about my crush.

"Asthma symptoms that start in childhood can disappear later in life. Sometimes, however, a child's asthma goes away temporarily, only to return a few years later. But other children with asthma – particularly those with severe asthma – never outgrow it." And that got me wondering, will the sinus ever go away?

"Warm up adequately. Warm up for a minimum of 20 minutes by walking or jogging at a very easy pace....the more you work out the more you fight this." How I love this woman.

"Eish mah,"

"HmMMM," boy this woman is making me to

blab absolutely nonsense.

"So there is this guy in school....," She tilts her head in fast mode and looks at me in a shocked expression.

"What about him?" She tries to be calm, but I will not rest until I cough out what's in my chest.

"I kind of like him." I say blushing. "He is very cute."

"Has he said anything to you?" I shook my head no in embarrassment. "So you have a crush?" Again I'm shaking my head in embarrassment. "It's okay no need to be embarrassed about it. I'm grateful that you saw it fit to share this deep secret with me. But as a mother I will give you

an honest motherly advised.

Our world has devalued the art of waiting. We want our heart's desire now. And for teenage girls eager to fall in love, that eagerness can get the best of them. They may chase the boys they like instead of waiting for the right boys to chase them – and then wonder why their relationships are empty, short, and shallow. You were made to chase your dreams, not boys. You are so talented, and you were made for a purpose. You are smart, energetic, and equipped to change the world with your God-given gifts. Rather than make a boy the centre of your universe, keep God at the centre. Listen to His call and pursue the passions He plants in your heart. The right boy will show up at the right time. God will make sure of that. You don't need a boyfriend to make your life great. You build a great life for yourself by cultivating strong relationships with family and friends,

developing your potential, and living out your God-given purpose."

"Wow, I've never seen it in that way." I honestly say. See why I love this woman, she always makes me see beyond.

"I'm grateful for having you in my life."

" I'm grateful that you are here. I thank God for giving me such intelligent, respectful kids. It's fine you can take the day off today. No exercising." She gets off my bed and I squeal in excitement. That means more sleepiness for me, plus it's a weekend.

THICK MADAM

#43

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

Something deep down inside of me kept on pushing me to pray and pray hard. I look at the digital clock on the wall and it's 0:00 on the dot. My heart pounded even hard making me to flinch because of pain. My mother always told me, 'if there's that tiny voice that's pushing you into praying mode. Listen to that voice baby and pray hard, connect with your God and he shall answer'. I knelt down not minding the pain I'm feeling at this point.

"Dear Lord, I pray that my husband's faith in you and your goodness continues to increase every day. If he has doubts, help dispel them and show him the truth of your promises and your love. Help my husband cling to the truth of your word and your presence in his life. Thank You that You will never leave us nor forsake us and to be gracious to us all the days of our lives. Father, protect my husband in all the ways he

walks; watch over his coming and going (Ps. 121:8) guiding him away from any harmful situations.

That I would bless my husband in all that I do (Proverbs 18:22). The man who finds a wife finds a good thing; she is a blessing to him from the Lord. 31. That he will honor God in his giving, his spending, and his saving (Proverbs 3:9a). Cover him ow Lord, under your shelter. LORD, I thank You for my husband. Thank You for creating him in Your image, designing him for greatness and strength. God, please give my husband the joy of knowing true wisdom and following good counsel. May these words of my mouth and this meditation of my heart be pleasing in your sight, LORD, my Rock and my Redeemer. In Jesus name Amen."

ANATHI MYEZA

My eyes flung open, it's still dark and I don't see the other guys. What the hell happened here.

I hear shuffling and sniffs, I'm dizzy yet again I can't bring it upon myself if my family is alive or dead. We've just found Spikes, we can't loose him to evil forces.

"Ouch, god dammit!" That's my uncle's voice. A little bit of relief washes over me. Now my question is where are the rest of them. It's very dark, I can't see a thing.

"Malume," I call out for him, a torch flickers trice and I follow the light. "Malum'Mbuyiseni," he is blooded, I grab the touch from his hand and scan his body, surprisingly he is not hurt just a bit disoriented.

" HmMMM," another groan from somewhere catches my attention. "I think I'm in dark heaven, ow bawo thixo please forgive my sins and me.

Dear Lord,

Help me to relax about insignificant details, beginning tomorrow at 7:41:23 a.m. EST.

Help me to consider people's feelings, even if most of them are hypersensitive. Help me to take responsibility for the consequences of my actions,

even though they're usually not my fault. Help me to not try to run everything - but, if you need some help, please feel free to ask me.

Help me to be more laid back, and help me to do it exactly right.

Help me to take things more seriously, especially laughter, parties, and dancing. Give me patience, and I mean right now!

Help me not be a perfectionist.

Help me to finish everything I steal. Help me to keep my mind on one thing ... oh, look, a bird ... at a time. Help me to do only what I can, and trust you for the rest. And would you mind putting that in writing? Keep me open to others' ideas, misguided though they may be. Help me follow established procedures. Hey, wait ... this is wrong ... I'm saying it all wrong. Father...."

"Shut up will you," I help him sit. Again Spikes is blooded but does not even have a single scratch. My mind trails back to Sanele, Zenzele and Mngobi. Now who amongst them is hurt. The car rolled down the cliff dumping us at the side of the river. Looks like we slipped out of the car the time it was rolling. I'm afraid to call out for the other guys, what if....I don't want to think the worst of it.

"Bafo," a faint voice from afar calls. Anathi moves from Spikes following the voice but he tripped and fell. He got up and dusted himself picking up the torch.

"Shit!" The torch is dead, and he can't see a damn thing. Think! Think! Think! "Hey listen, grab any object near you and hit whatever that's hit-able. I will come to you." Shuffling and cracking of branches, a sound of a metal and Anathi follows until he reached his destination. He knows his brother's scent, "Zenzele," he helps him stand. "Are you hurt? You wet."

"No I'm good, just smelling blood." Now two left. They hold hands as they wobbled their way back to where Anathi left Malum'Mbuyiseni and Spikes. "Sanele and Mnqobi, I don't even know

where to find them."

"We are here," Sanele answers.

"How did you find us in this dark?" Anathi asks.

"We followed Spikes voice." He says.

"Mxm witchcraft," Spikes mumbled. "Entlek how are we going to get out of here?"

"We walk, since everyone is okay and no one is hurt."

"Lord here we come as we walk in the aisle of Israel." Malum'Mbuyiseni says. They all hold hands taking it one step at a time. An ice cold

wind passes by making them to shiver.

"What was that?" Spikes grabs on to Malum'Mbuyiseni's hand.

"Ay ndoda, ay ndoda, deal with you your own demons I will deal with my own."

Malum'Mbuyiseni pushes off his hand but Spikes held on tighter.

"I refuse, you said you are my father angithi. Now protect me like David protecting Maria and Jesus."

"What did I do to deserve a mad son like this?"

"Blame your sperm not me. Your sperm

separated hitting Zikhethelo's womb and Wala I was born." He proudly says.

"Looks like you gave birth yourself Malum'Mbuyiseni." They crack out of laughter. "What was that?" A dog barks.

"A dog," Zenzele huffs, the mighty 'Stone' Anathi is afraid of dogs.

"Shhh," they all pause holding on tight to one another. "This is not a dog but dogs coming to our direction." Footsteps a person running catches their attention. "Anathi," the dude is long gone, unbelievable!

"Guys, ruuun!!!" Zenzele shout, the barking is getting closer and closer. They follow Anathi's

direction hoping and praying that they don't lose one another deep in the woods!

MALINDI MASONDO

"Look I will go down to KZN, it's been two days and the guys are missing." He tells Sphesihle already packing his belongings.

"When will you be back?" She asks feeling uneasy.

"I don't know baby, I'm scared as you are. When you get time please check on Zama and the kids." He advises her. He will be taking one of the Myeza taxi's. He doesn't know Eshowe that well but he is hell bent into finding his friend no matter what it's at stake.

"I will," she sighs. Knowing Malindi, once his mind is made up on something it doesn't change. And there is no use talking to him out of it. "Please drive safe and call me." They kiss briefly like they are sharing their last kiss.

"Can't you go in the morning, it's only 01:00am." She whines.

"Unfortunately I have to go now baby. I promise to be back." He says picking up his bag.

"Please be safe."

"I promise to be safe for you and our little cub," he brushes her stomach. He kissed her one more time and walks out saying a little prayer.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I feel lonely, I need my mother. I need her hugs and her telling me that everything will be okay. Njabulo has been restless like I am. I wish everything is okay but deep down I know something is wrong. I so badly want my mother right now but what will I tell her. We just found Mngqobi, he can't leave us just like that.

Hearing my mother's voice now will ease the pain I'm feeling in my heart. Her phone rings a couple of times and she finally picks up in a sleepy voice.

"Don't tell me you are now a witch." MaZama says over the line making Zama to smile. This is all she needed her mother's weird love.

Sighs, "I can't sleep, mama I'm not okay." She brakes down, "they are not yet back. And no one knows where they are. It's been two days mama without them being in contact with any of us. It hurts not to know where they are, or even fine wherever they are." She bursts into tears.

"I'm coming," MaZama disconnects the call.

MAZAMA SHABANE

"Baba wake up!" Bab'Shabane wakes up jumping off the bed landing painfully on the ground. She laughs looking at her confused husband.

"Yini MaZama," he sounds annoyed standing up getting back to bed.

"My daughter needs me. Take me to her." She says packing a few clothes for herself. If her daughter needs her, she would even fly in the middle of the night to comfort them. Luckily she leaves down the street.

"Huh, isn't Ntombizodwa and Ntombifuthi in their bedroom?"

"Cha baba, Ntombikayise needs me." She says. "I'm all set." Bab'Shabane is still confused. Why would Zama need her mother in the wee hours of the morning?

"What happened? Is she okay?" Now his mind is working over time.

"Her husband and the brothers have been missing for two days. No one seems to know where they are. Including Mnqobi." Bab'Shabane stands up in full speed dressing up. "I'll go wake up the girls to come lock the door."

Minutes later they were all set to go. Unathi and Zipho decided to tag along after they heard what's going on. Arriving at the Myeza house the lights were still very much on and bright. The gate wasn't locked, so they let themselves in. They all step out of the car heading to the house. Bab'Shabane knocks on the door and Duduzile is the one to open.

"Sanibona," shock has taken over. She wasn't ready to face her in-laws so early in the wee hours of the morning. She unlocks the burglar and they all come in.

"How are you my daughter," she asks the blushing Dudu.

"I'm good mah, Zama is in her bedroom." She says running away. As much as MaZama is the sweetest mother in-law but there is this side of her that just demands respect without her saying anything. She welcomed her with warm hands and not even once she judged her. She is very bad in the kitchen but MaZama takes all her time in the world to teach her. From bad to better she has become. Even Mngqobi is impressed but he loves her regardless and beyond.

MaZama follows Duduzile shortly, she enters her daughter's bedroom.

The minute Zama saw her mother she threw herself in her mother's arms and sobbed on her chest.

"It's okay baby, mummy is here."

AT THE BUSH

The boy's ran until they reached the main road, but the main road is empty and it's still dark.

"I cannot believe you left us and ran for your life." Spikes says panting catching his breath.

"Please don't start with me," he says sitting down. "I'm tired and hungry. Doesn't this place get any daylight?" Anathi asks.

"I was about to ask the same thing. We've been here for hours but there is no light." There

stomachs rumble in hunger. "I can't take this anymore. We've been walking and walking. My feet are numb. I can't take this anymore."

"Something is off," Zenzele says also sitting down. "The time we fell off the cliff it was almost morning, the sun was about to come out. When we woke up it's still much very dark, like it's at night. What if we slept throughout the day and woke up at night."

"Think about it, yazi Zenzele could be right. All of this doesn't make sense one bit." Sanele adds.

"Now my question is what happened. We don't even have our cell phones with us. We are in deep fucked up shit!" Spikes says kicking the air in frustration. All of this was not suppose to

happen.

"I'm just going to rest my eyes a little. I'm too tired." Mngqobi says closing his eyes.

"Atleast it's a bit warmer here....maybe we could catch some sleep." They all agree to one thing as they laid on the side of the road. Their eyes got heavier and heavier until sleepiness took over. Their bodies were very much exhausted. Fatigue can cause a vast range of other physical, mental and emotional symptoms including: chronic tiredness or sleepiness. headache. dizziness.

Sleep deprivation leaves your brain exhausted, so it can't perform its duties as well. You may also find it more difficult to concentrate or learn new things. The signals your body sends may also be delayed, decreasing your coordination

and increasing your risk for accidents.

Malum'Mbuyiseni is the oldest of them all and his really strained and tired. A car from a distance approached there direction. The lights brighten as the saw six blooded bodies laying on the ground looking all worn out. Three men got out of the car checking there pulse one by one.

"We finally found them. Carry them to the car."

One of the man say as they picked them up.

"Hurry up before we run out of time!" Three of the unknown men got into the car and the drove off in full speed.

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THICK MADAM

#44

AT THE BUSH

Two men were preparing for ukugcaba (cutting). Razor's and black Muti was placed on a metal tray. The practice is considered a form of "protective" medicine, classically used to strengthen your family against the effects of witchcraft and bad spirits.

"Mgazi, Sobethu, Menziwa, Mvundlane
esoKhabeni, Njiyezi kaXhoko,
Mgaz'omponjwana, Dinane wamakhosi,
Ziyankomo, Masiphula kaMamba, Ntshangase,
Ndabezitha." Even though they are Myeza on
paper but when it comes to the ancestral world
they are Biyela's.

The Biyela ancestors, are known as a forefather, fore-elder or a forebear, is a parent or (recursively) the parent of an antecedent (a

grandparent, great-grandparent, great-great-grandparent and so forth).... Two individuals have a genetic relationship if one is the ancestor of the other or if they share a common ancestor. To the Biyela's the parent of an antecedent which is the grandmother.

One of the men was sitting quietly looking at the whole process taking place. He doesn't know what lead him to this place in the first place. It's like something was taking control over him. The steering wheel was hard as a rock stuck into on direction. His body froze like his was being hypnotized. Now looking at his friends and brothers being cut on the hands and arms looks shit scary. For some reason he trusted these two unknown men.

"All done," one of the men say feeling satisfied

that they finally got hold of them. It was the most two horrible days of their lives. But than he couldn't do much because everything was already planned by the underground gang.

"Will they be alright?" The young man asks wondering if didn't he betray his friend for the second time and sold him to the devil.

"They will be fine no need to panic. You are his friend for a reason." The man says placing his clay pots emsamu with the burning incense. The man wearing red and white iBhayi with charms around his wrists.

We Thonga lam

We Thonga lam

We Thonga lam

We Thonga lam ngihawukele

Nami angizenzanga ngenziwa

Ngabalele hawukele Thonga lam

We Thonga lam ngihawukele

The man call upon the Biyela ancestors.

"What happened?" Malindi finally asked.

"Evil forces, nawe udinga ukuqiniswa since you work in the taxi industry. People are always out for blood especially if you are making money. Come yiza." Malindi slowly make his way towards the man who already has razor blade on his hands.

Malindi sat down on a bench half naked and began cutting him.

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"You need to eat something Sisi, I'm sure Malindi will contact us once he finds them." Sphesihle assures Zama who looked like a walking zombie. In just a couple of space she lost weight due to stress.

"I want my Anathi back, can you bring him back to me?" Sphesihle sighs feeling defeated. She is also not okay. Her man promised to be in contact with her every chance he got, but ever since he went to Eshowe he has been unavailable.

"Your kids need you, they need space to grow. They need someone to take an interest in them, and in who they are slowly becoming. They need your affection, and your goodwill. Your

kids miss you Sisi, your husband will come back home. Let's pray safe and sound. If his hurt kill him." The laugh briefly. "But on a serious not, please don't abound your children they also need you."

"You right my kids need me," sighs, "where are they?" She scans her surroundings. "I feel like a bad mother," tears pile up in her eyes.

"You are an amazing mother. You love those kids of yours HARD. You would do anything for them. You give them the world. You have a huge heart that's wide open—and you're giving them all the love they need, day in and day out. Keep that in mind and don't ever doubt yourself thick mama."

"Thank you, I guess I needed that. " She says

looking at herself in the mirror and she notices that she has dark patches beneath her eyes. Now that she has the strength to fight this pandemic she prays that her husband is safe, maybe she is worrying over someone who is probably having the time of his life partying.

MAZAMA SHABANE

"Izilingo Jesu," Bab'Shabane cries looking at his wife who is walking around the house naked. She is here to make breakfast for her husband. He always saw youngster spanking womens butt and he thought he should just experiment. He spanked MaZama's and he instantly get hard.

"Baba," she gasp in shock looking at her husband who was looking at her with hungry

eye's. "Are you okay?"

"I'm hungry," he says looking right into her eyes.

"Don't worry, brake fast will be done in no time."
She says turning around to stir.

He waited for her to be done following her around like a lost sick puppy. "Here," she places the plate full of English breakfast on top of the table. "Now let me go get dressed. I'm sure my daughter is running mad without me being in site." She says and Bab'Shabane pulls her gently towards.

"I'm hungry for you not for breakfast." He touches her tiny breasts with his other hand fiddling with her bums. "I want you Mkami," yesterday he watched porn and saw a style he

would like to try. He pulls her head smashing his lips onto her. The kiss got intense and heated. His hands were caressing all over her body until his hands dived down to her nuna. He used his feet to separate her legs and successfully did. He plays with her folds opening them until he reached her clit and started playing with it.

"Ow baba," MaZama cries softly grabbing her husband's shoulders throwing her head back. "Ohhh," she presses her lips together. Warm liquid gushed out spreading on Bab'Shabane's hand.

"Turn around," he ordered her. MaZama slowly turned around wondering why. He gently bent her over lifting her arse up straightening her legs. He pulls down his pants letting his cock

pop out and sprung in freelance. He stroked his dick as the way he saw it. He then massaged her nuna gently with it and shoved it in gently making her to gasp closing her eyes holding on tight to the stove. Bab'Shabane than began to move slowly grunting in excitement.

"Eheni baba, kumamndi lokhu," she screams enjoying the pleasures of being pumped from behind. The screams and moans were feeling up the kitchen. Quickies are the best with your wife. Minutes later he releases his juices inside of her panting. The door is wide open but the fun took over. "I feel like a high school kid." She blushes looking at her husband who was admiring the beauty of his wife.

"Have I ever told you how much I love you? He say wiping her nuna with a kitchen cloth.

"All day, everyday." She says. "You need to throw this away."

"No, it belongs to me. I like how my cum smells on you virgina." He says, Bab'Shabane shows love to his wife by meeting her needs and serving her. He does the small things in the day to day life.... In order for MaZama wife to see that her husband does love her she needs to understand how her husband thinks.

He sits down on the table and begins to dive in.

"Baba! Go wash your hands." MaZama half shouts.

"I love how you taste." He licks his fingers one by one. MaZama looks at her husband in

disbelief.

"What happened to my husband, first I'm being ordered to make you breakfast half naked and now this," she claps her hands once and she walks away shaking her head. Bab'Shabane looks at her behind and groans following her to the bedroom wanting some of that sweet cake.

AT THE BUSH

"Witches don't sleep, I be dey die. Jesus here I come, cover me."

"Spikes can you shut up for a minute."
Malum'Mbuyiseni warns Spikes who was ranting all day.

"Be careful of who you trend with. Trust one another because the worst is still yet to come and you will need one another. Play far away from that girl Hleziphi. She would be your down fall. No charm shall prosper whenever she tries using it. Njabulo needs to accept his gift, it was passed on to him by your grandmother. Your enemies are yet to show themselves. You may take your leave." They all stand up.

After being told how they were found passed out by the side of the road shocks them. It's surprising how they do not remember the events took place, the last thing they remember is them being pushed by a strong wind down the cliff. The rest is history. Magwaza did explain that all was the work of Hleziphi and her grandmother. The plan was for Anathi to run back to Hleziphi, but because the Biyela ancestors are strong they failed.

"What a day, actually I should say what a year. So we have been in the bush for two days." Sanele says all shocked.

"How come we do not remember?" Spikes.

"Didn't you hear what Magwaza said. Hleziphi and her grandmother are the cause of this!" Anathi hisses in anger. There's nothing more he wants other than being in his wife's arms. Surely she is worried sick wherever she is. Hope she will understand once he gets to explain himself.

The quantum parks at the Biyela homestead and MaMyeza came out of the house with a belt in her hand ready to ravish them but stops on her tracks when she see the blooded son's.

"Jehova nksoi," she runs to go hugs her children one by one giving Malum'Mbuyiseni one hell of a fist on the arm. "I am killing you today." She turns to look at her son's. "What happened? Makoti has been calling non-stop worried sick!" She half yells at them.

They trail the story from the beginning to the end. By the time they were finished the aunts were already wet by their tears.

"But how?"

"We also don't know. We thank Malindi for coming to the rescue. If he didn't come I don't know what would have been of us." Anathi adds, but there's nothing more that he wants other than his own thick mama.

Later that day as tired as they were they prepared their journey back to Durban. Luckily Malindi was still in a good state to drive through. By the time they arrived it was almost midnight.

"I don't know how many times I have warned butter cup to deem the lights from the yard." Anathi chuckles stepping out of the taxi. "Home sweet home." He says walking to the house. The door is locked, he goes around the house to go look for the spare key and luckily he found it. He unlocks the door and stop on his tracks when he found his thick mama sitting on the couch snoring like a tractor as always. He smiled getting closer to her. If he wasn't this weak he would have tried by his all means to

pick her up, but she can't sleep on the couch. He scans her body thoroughly and his heart breaks looking at his woman who was once big, maybe it's because of her giving birth. He sigh feeling bad taking all of his strength to pick up his code 14 .

"Damn you heavy." He says farting still walking towards their bedroom. He gently places her on the bed and covers her with a blanket. Now he can rest with his woman next to him.

ZENZELE MYEZA

It's been a week without seeing her pregnant girlfriend. He took a shower for a good 30 minutes and wore fresh clothes. Without telling his brothers he drove out of the yard with the taxi straight to his girlfriends house.

He knocked on her window twice and she opens.

"What are you doing here?" She frowns looking at him.

"You've been crying." He whispers not wanting to wake the folks up.

"Yes, no. You lies. You never called." She cries, do all pregnant woman cry over nothing. That got him wondering.

"Ain't you going to let me in," she opens the window wider letting him in. "The things we do for love. Take off that gown and come to bed, I want to hold you." He says patting on the space next to him.

"That space is too small for me." She wipes her tears smiling. He smiled back, and for the first time in five years he got to feel a genuine love. He fell in love with a woman who is pregnant with someone else's child.

She slowly took off her gown and got into bed making it bounce a little.

"I hope the door is locked. I don't want to be burnt with boiling water." She giggles covering her body. The shyness is still there you could tell. She is still not comfortable showing her body, but this man of hers is something else!

"It's locked."

"Have I ever told you how beautiful you look.

Don't hide your body from me. I love it the way it is. You being thick is what attracted me. I have this thing for thick women and trust me they are the best. I love your curves, and the thickness of your body.

The fullness of your breasts, smoothness of your thighs

And that perfect nicely round booty, my oh my. You are cuddly and warm, when your wrapped in my arms. Gosh I wish I could just fuck you right now." He kisses her shoulder.

"Now you making me cry all over again."

"But it's the truth, I want you to be free around me. Be happy, don't be ashamed of my body. When I say I love you just the way you are....trust me I mean every word of it."

THICK MADAM

#45

ZENZELE MYEZA

"Zenzele wake up," Simthandile wiggles herself from the tight grip. Her heart pounded as she heard footsteps passing by. Surely her mother is going to ask her about the Quantum parked outside. Last time she lied and her lies paid off. Will she believe her this time around? Tears filled her eyes as fear strikes in. Her mother doesn't take nonsense. "Baby wake up." She sniffs, Zenzele sits straight up yawning.

"What time is it?" He asked, the way his body was tired he still wanted more sleep. He noticed her reddish eyes and sighed. "Do pregnant women have tears all the time?" She smiled through her tears pouting folding her arms.

"You look cute." He also pouted looking at her making her to laugh covering her mouth.

"My mother s awake, she will kill me." She whispers.

"Come here," he opens his arms embracing her with a tight hug. "I love you." He whispered holding her tight. She burst into tears making Zenzele to chuck. "Woman are strange creatures. Why are you crying?" He looks at her.

"Because you are making me to cry." She wipes her tears. "I have to get ready.... It's my appointment today, clinics tend to be full." She slowly gets off the bed."

"WeSimthandile, what did I tell you the last

time?"

She sighed playing with her fingers, "no child of yours will be suffocated by people. But babe it's just a clinic, no harm is done."

"Still I don't trust those male nurses. I'm taking you to my family doctor. Get ready I will take you." She shrugged her shoulders and watched her as she walked her duckling walk out of the room.

"Jesus, am I inlove or what?" He smiled looking at the picture hanged on the wall. He decided to do the bed and tidy up the room while she's forever bathing. He scanned through her wardrobe and picked one of the maternity dresses he bought for her. A smile creped on his face imaging her thick ass with dimples. He

bent down looking at his crouch.

"Fuck!" He whispered to himself, the bedroom door opened. Simthandile stopped on her tracks when she noticed how neat her room is.

"Thank you," she smiled feeling emotional. No man has ever treated her like a queen. All of this is definitely new to her.

"Please don't cry, get dressed I don't want you to be late." He says sitting on top of the bed.

"Simthandile! that taxi driver I do not want his taxi parked outside my yard. He needs to start paying rent!" Her mother bangs the kitchen door walking out.

"Is she going to work?" He laughs.

"Yes," she tries bending down to lotion her legs but her huge stomach is blocking every way.

"Can you please help me, I'm fat I can't do anything of my own! I'm ugly and...." sniffs.

"Hay - hay - whoever said you are ugly tell them uyadakwa. I love a woman with meat on her bones, not just meatnyana but meatiness. Let me help you." He helped her to get dressed.

"Will pass by at home to get a car, this taxi should be at the road by 7."

"So we are going to you house?" She sounded shocked. She does know that the man she's

dating have brothers left right and centre but haven't seen any of them.

"Yes," they are already there. He drives through the gate and Spikes the devil is outside.

"Yes, yes, yes," he whistles. "Sanele! Anathi! Mngqobi! Please may the God's save my soul from what I'm seeing. Zenzele upackagile."

Zenzele shakes his head looking at him. How are they related to talking tom.

"Let's go." Zenzele tell Simthandile who was now afraid to get out of the taxi. Zenzele sighed looking at his brothers lined up outside looking at him in awe eyes whispering amongst themselves. He opened the door for Simthandile and helps her out.

"You scored bafo, you scored." Spikes punches the air in excitement.

"I need the car keys."

"You slept emptiness. I hope you full." Spikes wiggled his eyes.

"Hau bafo ain't you going to introduce us." Anathi says putting him on the spot light.

"Give me the damn keys." He hisses looking at his annoying brother's.

"Ahaha it's doesn't work like that. Sisi you will find the rest of them inside the house." Sanele

tells Simthandile.

"My appointment," she looks at Zenzele.

"Worry not dear, you will not miss your appointment. Follow me." Spikes starts singing pulling the poor Simthandile towards the.

"Dumi, yes mah, follow me diamond,
Dumi, yes mah, follow me diamond,
Dumi, yes mah, follow me diamond,
Dumi, yes mah, follow me diamond,"

"Ay Spikes shut up maan! This is not a circus."
Zama shouts from the chicken.

"I brought you extra meat, the real deal baba.
The real makoya." He smiles proudly looking at

Simthandile who was looking down feeling embarrassment. She never new they have lunatics in this house.

Zama comes from kitchen and frowns looking at the lady next to Spikes.

"Sanibona," Zama greets politely as she looked at Spike real confused.

"Ay cha, bafo scored. Zenzele scored. You see here we are carrying a soccer team. Siphethe oTeko Modise, I...."

"Spikes I heard you."

"Look thick Mama yo....." Zama shot an intensive look at him and he melted immediately. "Your romance won't make me

shut up." He walks out leaving Zama in stitches.

"Don't mind that one. He is just a lunatic of this household. My name is Zamadwala." She extends her hand for a handshake. So this is the Zama that he always blab about. She is really pretty but looks very young.

"Simthandile," she gladly accepts the handshake. "I was suppose to go to the clinic for my check up but...." She sniffs, okay she's about to cry.

"They will take you don't worry about that. How far are you?"

"7 months. I'm already tired, I feel like giving birth already."

"I thought you nine months, you look....wow,"

"Huge right, I know." She sits down but the struggles that come with it. She exhales out loud finally managing to make herself comfortable. There's nothing much to do around the house for Zama since the girls are still around but will going back to their homes today since MaMyeza is coming back later today.

"So how did you meet Zenzele?" she asks sitting next to her.

"It's a long sad story." She laughs trying not to cry. "Don't mind me I'm always emotional." She says already wiping her tears. "Zenzele....we

actually meet when my ex boyfriend was beating me up at the taxi rank." She says.

"As in hitting you," Zama sounds shocked.

"He was abusive as always. It started all rosy and smooth filled with love and happiness. Later after discovering I was pregnant that's where the abuse started." She wipes her tears. "The fantasy was short-lived, It started with an argument about my behaviour at the store – he accused me of flirting with other men in his presence – and. I tried to calm him down and reason with him, until at one point I was on the floor next to the bed and he was jumping on top of me, punching me with a closed fist. I managed to get away and lock myself in the bathroom. He left. When he came back, we never talked about it. We acted like nothing

happened and just continued our trip, driving up the coast. And then it happened again, two nights later, in a different occasion. What started as an incident I don't even remember – perhaps I was too friendly to a waiter – ended in a beating. The first time he beat me while pregnant, he seemed to specifically go for the stomach. He kicked me over and over in the abdomen. I went to the doctor the next day, made up a story about how I'd fallen and I was worried about the baby. They checked me with a sonogram and assured me everything looked fine, but even then I couldn't believe them. For months, I thought the beating had been so bad, something had to be wrong with the baby. The beatings went on and on and I was there sucking all of the pain in." She sighed, she has never told anyone about this even her own mother! "The day he beat me up at a taxi rank was when I said I wanted ice - cream and he really got mad saying I'm looking for other men.

That's where Zenzele saved me from that monster. I thought he was going to make my life a living hell, it's like he vanished into thin air."

"I don't even know is what to say," Zama was way too shocked to even utter a word. How can you be abused the man who claims to love you? "So the baby is not Zenzele?"

"He may not be the father biologically but he is the father I want for my daughter."

"Wow, no wonder his been so happy for the past few months. Zenzele is a person who doesn't care about phones and relationships. But lately yoh!" Zama exclaims folding her arms to her chest.

"Wonders shall never end. So brother Zenzele is inlove," Nomanyanga says standing behind them with her hands on her hips.

"Who is inlove?" Duduzile came in running holding a plate full of food.

"Yoh onondaba." They laugh continuing to chat and getting to know each other.

ANATHI MYEZA

"Are you sure that this is the responsibility that you want to take? I don't want you raising someone else child and later comes back to claim his child.

You do know even if you aren't the biological parent of the child, your influence is huge. You have the potential of being a bigger role-model and a bigger helper for the child than the actual parent. Meaning, than the one who is absent most of the time, or just isn't up to the task. The child will instinctively turn to you if you have higher qualities as an individual or display more empathy. Sometimes, the only thing that's needed is emotional availability. Biological or not – in that context, it doesn't matter. I'm not trying to discourage you but rather making you to see the light. We may not choose who we fall inlove with. The heart wants what it wants." Anathi advised Zenzele who was awfully quite.

"Are you up for any challenges?" Sanele asks.

"I am up for anything, I've told my heart this is

the woman I want after five years of losing someone close to my heart. Someone who understands me. And Simthandile is exactly that, she knows my problems, the issues I'm facing and she accepted me the way I am. Even went an extra mile into helping me without being embarrassed. I didn't deliberately position myself in the role of the father figure. Not on the first time, and neither on the second. I'm already a father, your kids are my kids. It's probably an inevitable part of choosing a single mother as a partner and then acting in a relatively reasonable way. In contrast to the actual father of the child."

"If that's what you want than I support you my brother." Anathi taps on his shoulder.

"Thank you, that really means alot." He says.

What would he be without these men he call brothers. They may be a nuisance but they are the best brother's any person could ever wish for.

DAY MITCHELL

"I just came to tell you that information. Please do not mention my name.." The security guard whispers and sneaks out my office leaving me in thinking mode. Now this detective is seriously getting on my last nerves.

The security guard wouldn't lie to me, he knows the consequences if I ever find out that his lying. Now I will have to clean this mess up again. I thought the blood had dried out. But clearly I was fooling myself. Now I have to make contact to my reliable people who will wash the blood stains away.

Later that day, Day was already on the field waiting for one of his guys to assist him. If he leaves this unattended he is also going down with them. He couldn't wait another day to think of a plan. A car approaches with the lights deemed. He sighs stepping out of his vehicle that has no number plate in it. For a cop he is pretty much a crook.

"Are you alone?" The man asks scanning his surroundings.

"Sure, can you just do this quick so we could get it over and down with." Day tells the man. The man nods taking out the equipment out of his

boot and did his magic. Hiding evidence is one of the hardest parts he has to do. He has to make sure that they are no trails left behind. Blood is notoriously hard to clean. I watch as he sprayed different detergents making me to choke of the strong smell.

He poured a small amount of hydrogen peroxide 3% directly onto the stain and left it for about fifteen minutes. The peroxide will break down the blood stain, enabling you to clean it up with a... what the hell is this machine his using? He repeated with the peroxide until all traces of blood were removed. I'm satisfied with outcome, the results are top notch.

"I knew I could count on you." I say handing him his payment. "Say a word to anyone about this and you will loose each and every family of yours. Hope I made myself clear."

"As long as I live." He packed his belongings.
"By morning all of this would have dried up.
They will not find even a tiny drop." He adds and
I'm most certainly satisfied.

"Someone is coming, take the other route by the
bushes." We got into our cars and drove off.

"That was close, Anathi - Anathi my man. Looks
like these mother fucker's cannot let this case
be. But I will make sure that whoever chimes in
they loose every evidence." A lot is about to
happen I can feel it in my bones!

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THICK MADAM

#46

SPIKES ZULU

"Mamello, please give me one last chance." I've been begging Mamello for the past three months. "Love is a partnership and it always takes two to tango. It always takes two people for love. Fighting for love equals two people working together on overcoming their differences and solving all the issues together. It's two people taking responsibility for their roles in the relationship. Tell me what to do I will fix it."

"There's nothing to fix what's already broken Sphamandla. Before you try to fix a broken relationship, you must first know what's going wrong as a couple. Here's where you should start,- fix yourself Spha. Know what you want in life, I'm not looking down on you but I'm rather

assisting you to claim your life and know what you want. You are the most murderous cheater I've ever come across. You are self-centred and only think about you satisfying yourself. I've been broken to many times and right now it can't be fixed. You will see your baby whenever you want. I will not hold that against you." He blinks away in tears, not that his being rejected, but being rejected by the woman he really loved and pretty much still love.
Deep sigh

"Okay Mamello," he nods his head vigorously in defeat. "It's okay I'll stay far away from you. Guess the only thing that connects us is the baby. Sharp." He turns to walk away heartbroken.

when you're reeling from the finale of a romantic relationship that you didn't want to end, your emotional and bodily reactions are a tangle: You're still in love and want to reconcile,

but you're also angry and confused; simultaneously, you're jonesing for a "fix" of the person who has abruptly left your life, and you might go to dramatic, even embarrassing, lengths to get it, even though part of you knows better. Spikes did all he could to fight for what he wanted to have with his baby mama. When your heart is broken, it can feel like the end of the world. No amount of pain has ever felt so agonizing or concentrated. It's like a giant hole was pummelled into your chest, with no hope of repair.

He kept walking around the park kicking stones deep in thoughts. He bumped into a soft sponge making the packet of chips scatter on the ground. He looked at her in the eyes for a moment and his heart skipped a beat.

"Askies Buti," she says in a soft tone voice moving out of the way. Spikes stood there lost

in her eyes. This chubby chicken...he blinks a couple of times. He open his mouth trying to say something but words failed him.

"Can you give me a hug," the girl frowns looking at him. She turned to look back thinking maybe the man is talking to someone behind her but surprisingly no he is talking to her. "Please I need it, I've just been dumped." He softly says. The girl looked at him with puppy eyes.

"Ncrrrrr come here," she opens her arms for him and he gladly throws himself in her arms. It feels warms, she smells strawberry good. Her skin is soft like a fluffy sponge or a teddy bear. He pulled her close, way too close comforting himself. Blood rush, hugging, it seems - is universally comforting. It makes us feel good. And it turns out that hugging is proven to make

us healthier and happier. At this moment this is what Spikes need. Something that will comfort him and make him feel appreciated and loved.

"Thank you," he steps back feeling a bit better.

"Wanna talk about it?" The girl asks. Those big eye's along with those natural long eyelashes.

He nods his head, they sat down on the grass under the tree looking at the beautiful lake.

"What happened." She takes out another packet of chips from her bag.

"I just wanted to fix things with my baby mama but...." Sighs, "things didn't go according to plan. She told me straight upfront that she doesn't want to be with me any longer."

"But why? I'm sure there is a reason behind her dumping you." She says throwing chips in her mouth.

"I've been a fuck boy for the past couple years, I have five baby girls with different baby mama's. I wanted to settle down with her you know have more kids. But I guess we don't always get what we want." He shrugged his shoulders.

"I see, so in other words she doesn't trust you right."

"You can say that." He says looking at the birds flying.

"Do you want my free advice, start learning yourself. Like who you are, what you like and

what you don't like. Discover yourself bra.

It's easy to find someone to tell you what you want to hear, but your true ally is one who tells you what you need to learn. When you know who you are, you can be wise about your goals, your dreams, your standards, your convictions. Knowing who you are allows you to live your life with purpose and meaning. The number one reason people give up so fast is because they tend to look at how far they still have to go instead of how far they have come. But it's a series of small wins that can give us the most significant success." She throws another set of chips in her mouth.

"Wow, that's alot to take in." For a moment he kept quite trying to process all of this information. No person has ever shared such wise information. "You now you just feed my mind." He chucks, "thank you. You know you

made me see the light of my life. Imagine me Sphamandla the Spikes living a dream like Somizi."

The lady burst into laughter making him to join.

"You crazy."

"So I have been told. So what's your name?" He asks her.

"Blessing."

"That's a guy's name moss."

"Blame my parents dude. Maybe I Had a nqantiza growing up who knows." They laugh their lungs out.

"Let me see," he says licking his lips. "I'm a very good judge in that department."

"Pervert, you need to be baptized." She kneels down putting her heads on his head. "Please baptize your son in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

"What a short prayer. I don't even feel baptized at all. Repeat again, I want you to touch me like those fake pastors. Romance me if possible." He smirked looking at her.

"God I give up on you. Where did they find you." She sits her this ass back down feeling defeated.

"I was birthed in hospital. I wonder how did my mother scream when giving birth to me." He thinks for a while. "Maybe she was like woah, ahh mamayo, iyoo pererepe." He shakes his head laughing.

"Let me love and leave you." Blessing was beyond in stiches. She has never met a crazy man like this. She looks at him for a moment, he is cute not lies. That neat treamed beard. That neatly cut fade looks very good on him. And those wet lips that he keeps sucking.

"Why are you looking at me like that." He asks with a slight frown on his face.

"Because you cute." She blurted without care.

"Thank you sugar plum." He kept quite for a while. "Do you know a song that goes like this,

Sugar pie, honey bunch

You know that I love you

I can't help myself

I love you and nobody else

In and out my life

You come and you go

Leaving just your picture behind

And I kissed it a thousand times

When you snap your finger or wink your eye

I come a-running to you

I'm tied to your apron strings

And there's nothing that I can do

I can't help myself

No, I can't help myself

Sugar pie, honey bunch
I'm weaker than a man should be
I can't help myself
I'm a fool in love, you see
Want to tell you I don't love you
Tell you that we're through
And I've tried
But ev'ry time I see your face
I get all choked up inside
When I call your name
Girl, it starts the flame
(Burning in my heart
Tearing it all apart)
No matter how I try

"Wow, you have a pretty nice voice," that left her

astonished. "Chris Brown madoda." She laughs looking at him. She has never heard a male voice that sings so....she cannot even explain it.

"Thanks, it's getting late. I think we should get going." He says standing up. He extends his hand to help her stand. "You almost pulled me back down."

"You will get back up then." She picked her pack bending over. She piggybacked her bag and turned around colliding with Spikes. They froze for a moment lost in each other's eyes. Spikes bends over a little bringing his lips onto hers.

When they pressed against another set of lips, it just feels good....so good that it deepend.

A first kiss feels like you are frozen in a moment in time. It's as if you can feel and hear the other person's heart beating. It's a bridge of

energy being shared between two people. Their lips touched softly as they feeled each other out. Their lips were slightly parted, they continued kissing. Spikes kept his hands active while kissing her. He cupped her face, stroked his hair, and caress her neck. Minutes later they pulled back and smiled looking at her.

"You good?" He asks, she still had her eyes closed. "Sugar pie open your eyes." She slowly open her drunk eyes.

"You just molested my mouth."

"With the sweetness that comes with it, I can molest it everyday." He licks his lips. "It's getting dark, come let me take you home." He takes her hand.

"And why should I trust you?" She asks.

"Why wouldn't you trust your man."

"Just because we kissed doesn't mean you my man." She says sternly.

"Ow yes dear I am." He says in a serious tone.
He pulled her hand walking towards the car.

"Before you think I own a car, this is not my car, it's a family car. Now get your ass in " he orders.
She's now wondering where did the crazy man go.

"Haibo! Are you thieving me?"

"I will thief and thieve you." He opened the door and gently pushed her in.

"Please protect me my provider." She says a little prayer and Spikes just looks at her. "Yini angithi I'm praying to my savoury to save me from you."

"Why not talk to Adam. Do you know I have connections." He wiggled his eyebrows and smiled like a retched making Blessings crack into laughter.

ZENZELE MYEZA

"What do you want? Must I carry you? Do you want ice-cream?" He paces up and down the room looking at the crying Simthandile. She

was due the previous month but the baby decided to stay longer in her mother's womb.

"She is in labour." Her mother says in panic. Luckily her bag had always been packed for any emergencies. Without anymore waste Zenzele helped her up as she flinched screaming her lungs out.

"I want to go to the toilet." She says through her greeted teeth holding on tight to Zenzele.

"No - no that's the baby. Don't let her go to the toilet." Her mother warns the poor Zenzele who looked spooked.

"Come let's go to the hospital." She slowly took baby steps pressing her knees together. Warm

liquid gushed down her legs, she paused looking in-between her legs.

"I....I feel like pus....pushing." she screams pushing bending over.

"Babe.... atleast try." He pleads.

She shook her head no, "I can't....I can't hold it any longer. The baby is coming." She separated her legs and pushed while standing. She took all the strength in her to push the baby out.

"Let me go get the towel." Her mother ran to her bedroom to go fetch the towel and comes back handing it to Zenzele.

"Is...is that the baby's head." He been peeping from beneath making sure that the baby doesn't fall. "Holy shit!" He looked as the virgina stretched accommodating the baby's head. She continued to push hard and the shoulders pop out. Zenzele stretched his shaky hands with the towel ready to catch the baby. She gave a final last hard push and the baby drops onto Zenzele's hands.

"God bless you," her mother prays even afraid to come closer looking at all the blood on the floor. Zenzele looked at the tiny creature on his hands as he wiped the blood off the baby's body. Minutes later a tiny cry fills up the rooms and Simthandile cries tears of joy.

"You did it, I'm so proud of you." Zenzele tells her. The role of a man during pregnancy is to be

present, to support, to understand, to be patient, and to have sympathy for the woman carrying his child. The role of a man during pregnancy is to provide emotional, physical and financial support to the woman carrying his child.

Zenzele was there from the beginning. To it feels good that he is no someone's father. He may not be the father by blood but he loves this little girl with everything in him.

"Do you have a name?" He asks, he still has her in his arms gently holding her waiting for the ambulance to arrive.

"I thought you would name her," she says softly.

"Elonathemba," he smiles.

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THICK MADAM

#47

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

Being a mother is a full time job. With the size of my body it makes it hard for me to run around chasing these kids. Speaking of running around Mpilo knocked himself weeks back. He was admitted at the hospital for two days with the doctors ensuring if there are any severe injuries to the head. Luckily they were none, he just had a cut on his forehead that needed to be stitched. Did the member stop running around? No he still continues like it's nobody's business.

And then there's Ndimu the Angel, this one is totally changing bit by bit. I don't know whether she's still used to the environment she used to live in or what. That alone hurts me cause that

means she is still not herself around me. If I were to talk to her where do I even start? Why is she not comfortable around me? What's bothering her? She's attending daycare maybe the problem is there.

"Ndimuphiwe, is there anything that you want to tell mummy?" I'm really concerned about her well-being.

She shakes her head no and starts to shake. That's invisible my baby is not okay. "You know you can tell mummy anything right?" She shakes her head in agreement.

"Now tell me why are you crying? Did someone hurt you?"

She looks around the house and buries her face on her tiny hands. What the hell is wrong with Ndimu!

"Hay baby look at me. Tell mummy what's

wrong. Remember I'm your best friend right."

She cries until she had hiccups with mucus coming out.

"Malume Secure," that's the security guard. Did he perhaps take her lunch box, I've heard rumours of uncles eating babies lunchboxes.

"Did he take your lunch?" I ask with a slight frown. Ndimu is not working with me here.

"Ungithinte intofontofo." She says softly pressing her legs together. My mind trails fast I don't need to ask anymore further questions. I make her lay on the bed opening her tiny legs wide. I do know to spot the difference. I use to search myself everytime. My heart eases up when I see that everything is still tacked. Anathi

walks in and stops on his tracks when he sees me peeping through Ndimu's private part. I dress her up and make her sit.

"Okay - that was awkward. Does she have a rash again. I thought the doctor said it was just for the time being." He sits next to Ndimu who was looking down playing with her fingers. The rash thingy now got me thinking. Was is just a normal rash or....she doesn't look-ow shit!

"Ndimu I want you tell me how it happened okay." She nods her head. "Tell mummy baby so that she can help you."

"Uthatha ugwayi wakhe bese engithinta ngawo kwintofontofo." Son of a gun, that means he rubs his dick against my daughter's virgina.

"Wow, make me understand. Was my daughter molested in any way?" Anathi asked already standing on his feet looking furious and murderous.

"Yeap, but the grace of God he didn't penetrate her." She blinks away in tears. "How many times has he done this to you baby?" Her voice barely came out.

She counts her fingers and stops at 4. So all this while my daughter is going through so much. "Why didn't you tell mama?" Hoping she'll answer me.

"Uthena umalume uzongibulala mangisho ekhaya bese ebulala noMpilo singatholwa muntu." They attend the same crèche. I don't want my kids being separated from each other.

I got bullied alot in school. I don't want them facing the trial I've faced. Now hearing this breaks my heart. I wonder how many other kids has this....I don't even want to think about it.

"This is some fucked up shit.!" Anathi paces up and down.

I don't want to become the woman I'm not but people change you for the worst. "Make him suffer, make him beg for his life." No emotions what so ever. My kids come first. If it means killing than so be it!

ANATHI MYEZA

"Tell me something do you have a daughter?" I ask the security guard tied up on the chair

already messed himself. A big guy like him who hurt defenceless kids. After what Zama said I drove straight to the school and dragged him out of the gate with everyone looking and I couldn't care less. My emotions are every high, I'm hurt. I can't imagine the trauma my baby girl is facing. Zama did tell me a week ago that Ndimu is not herself and she's worried but I ignored her. If only I took action at that time we wouldn't be here. No parent wants to see their children grow up in fear, anger or neglect. But no one is born knowing how to care for children. Sometimes we make mistakes that hurt them. But this was not a mistake but something that was done purposely and in aim.

When your child is in school, the school is responsible for keeping them safe from harm and abuse. The school should create a safe learning environment, identify pupils who are suffering or at risk of harm and take suitable

action. The school also needs to train staff in child protection. I will definitely sue that damn school, all of this shit happened under their watch!

"Yes," he is already sobbing, I haven't done anything to him yet. When Thick mama said he must suffer I will definitely make him suffer!

"Why?" I want to hear his response, I want to hear his lies.

"I'm sor....sorry." I don't care and his not answering me. Since he failed punishment enrolls.

"Spikes," he has a nail and a hammer on his hand ready to drill. When Spikes is mad no one

can stop him until he does what he wants. After hearing what happened to Ndimu he told me I'm not in this alone.

Spikes places the nail on his foot ready to nail it.

"Okay, okay someone paid me to do it! I swear."
Now he's singing.

"Who?" Spikes asks in that authoritative voice.

"He....he said his name is Genaro. He paid me a huge some of money. He wanted me to molest her than kill her. I couldn't do it. Please don't kill me I'm sorry." He begs, so the bloody dog is out and about again. So he is using the weapon of abusing my kids.

"Chop his dick off and send it to him! Next time

if you ever, I mean ever think of penetrating any kid consider your daughter being molested in front of you." I say walking out of the abandoned building. So Genaro didn't get the message the last time. Pity him he still thinks that his family is dead little did he know that we are not monsters. His family is residing in Gauteng and happy far away from that monster. We provide them with everything, he was an abusive monster who had no balls. He may love his family but he was stupid to abuse his wife.

GENARO

"¿Se folló ese coñito?" (Did he fuck that little pussy?)

"Las cámaras estaban apagadas jefa, (The

cameras were off boss)" his side man answered.

"Espero que no lo arruines como lo hizo Dagrada," (I hope you not screwing up like Dagrada did.)

"Nunca te traicionaré como esa jefa," (I'll never betray you like that boss.)

A security guard walks in carrying a tiny box and placed on top of his table.

"Una entrega para ylu jefa," (A delivery for you boss.)

Genaro pulls another puff of his cigar placing it on the ashtray. He unwrapped the box and a penis falls off. There was a letter attached to it.

"sabemos de la segunda familia que más ama. Esta vez sentirán nuestra ira," (we know about your second family you love the most. This time around they will feel our wrath.) He stood up as his heart pounded.

"Llama a mi maldita familia!" (Call my damn family!) He roared ordering his men but unfortunately the phone was engaged.

"¡mierda! ¡mierda! mierda, (shit! shit! shit.)

This is all a nightmare to him. He failed to protect his first family and with this one he made sure that they were safe. But he was surely fooling himself. A message alerted on his phone. He grabbed it from the top of the table and there was a video. A video of his granddaughter that he thought she died months ago. His family, they look happy. They are all

happy. A message comes through.

WE ARE NOT MONSTERS AFTERALL!

He held his chest with his heart beating abnormally. They played him! They took him for a ride! All this while he was mourning people who were very much alive and healthy.

"¿Qué crees que hará papá cuando nos encuentre? (What do you think papa will do when he finds us?)

"Espero que no lo haga, ese hombre es abusivo. Me alegro de que estos hombres nos hayan salvado de ese monstruo al que llamo padre. Odio a ese hombre con pasión. Siempre dormía con un ojo abierto. No le confiaba a Lola." (I hope he doesn't, that man is abusive. I'm just glad that these men saved us from that monster I call a father. I hate that man with

passion. I always slept with my one eye open. I didn't trust him with Lola.)

His eldest daughter says not knowing that the house that they live in has a camera.

"A veces desearía no haberlo conocido nunca ... ¿cuándo fue la última vez que dormí tranquilamente sin tener miedo? Ese hombre realmente me hizo pasar por mucho. Espero que su otra esposa también esté sufriendo." (Sometimes I wish I never met him....when was the last time I slept peacefully without being scared. That man really put me through alot. I hope his other wife is also suffering.)

The mother says with her heart filled with so much rage. "Ya basta de ese monstruo. Déjame prepararme para una cita y vivir un poco. Ese hombre es tan guapo." (Enough about that monster let me prepare myself for a date and

live a little. That man is so handsome).

Genaro paused the video shutting his eyes in pain. This is how his family thought about him. No wonder they were never happy and comfortable around him.

"la ubicación es imposible de rastrear," (the location is untraceable). One of his goons say.

THE ABOUNDED HOUSE

The security guard was loosing alot of blood.

When blood loss nears 30 to 40 percent of total blood volume, his body will had a traumatic reaction. His blood pressure is dropping down even further, and his heart rate is further increasing. He is showing signs of obvious

confusion or disorientation. His breathing is becoming more rapid and shallow.

"Vuka mgodoyi." Spikes kicks him hard on the stomach. The man groans painfully. He drags him up helping him to stand.

"Pl....please don't kill me. I'm so....sorry." he sniffs trying to be strong.

"I will dump you at the hospital." He pushes him in the car and clicks his tounge listening to the man screaming in agony. "Yay! Yay! Shut up. Did you cry like this when you were in-between my daughter's legs! Don't annoy me tuu." He bangs the door closing it and drives off.

ZENZELE MYEZA

Baby-sitting is the best. It's overwhelming emotions when the child is born. Looking at her mother's virgina stretch like that really kills me on the inside. So this is what woman go through when the baby is being birthed. It's a pity her stupid father doesn't want anything to do with Elona. Even his family demanded a DNA test saying the baby is not his.

How can I not love this soul that's looking at me with these peaceful eyes. I like it when I have the baby latch, swaddling the baby after feeding, and sitting next to her mother whenever she's breastfeeding. Today is a daughter and father time. She may not understand now but she will definitely understand later.

"With great power comes great responsibility," he say looking at Elona who was playing with

her pacifier. She has bathed, looks clean and
ands smells fresh. "Let's go baby girl." He picks
her up while she bubbles her mouth with saliva
everywhere. "You are so heavy for a three
month old baby. What does you mother feed
you? Isitambu and namasi." He chucks thinking
about the time he fed the baby cury and rice
when she was just a week old. Luckily there
was no harm done. They are wearing matching
outfits white t-shirt with a Mickey Mouse on the
front with blue navy jeans. "Let's surprise
mommy at work and bring he lunch, what do
you say?" Baby Elon answers talking all the
baby talk, clapping her hands.

"Yes, I'm working as a charm" he straps her on
her baby-car-seat and drives out smiling. Now
he is guaranteed that he wants his baby of his
own his seed.

Arriving at her mother's work place people were

up and down as always and it was already her lunch time. She recently got a job as a journalist, something that she studied and passionate about. Everyone was admiring the handsomeness in this man, the walk, the broad chest. How did Simthandile get a man as him? He walks past the reception without greeting heading straight to her office and knocked.

"Come in," she says softly. He smiles opening the door and there she was, the woman who owns his heart sitting on the desk working. "Ow my goodness," she stands up rushing to them. "This is a nice surprise."

She tried taking Elona from Zenzele but baby girl held on to Zenzele for dear life.

"Leave my daughter alone." He says and she smiles admiring the man who has been with her

since day one. A man who embraces her body without shame. A man who loves her beyond everything. She will forever be thankful.

"I need to be pregnant again, soon." They laugh.
"Thank you."

"For what?" He asks.

"For loving us, for loving my daughter as your own. Thank you for proudly hanging our huge family portrait in your Quantum." She laugh, "it's crazy but I love it. Thank you for making us yours.

Maybe you don't think it's a big deal, but I want you to know it means the world. You came into my life and brightened it, you are my light and happiness. Where would I be without you, it's

funny how you know what's best for her and I don't. It's funny how you notice that she is running out of diapers and milk and I don't. I will forever appreciate you in my life. God brought you to my life for a purpose and for that I will forever be grateful." She tells Zenzele who was looking at her with emotional eyes. He never knew that there will be someone out there who will love him with the two minute noodle problem his facing.

"I love you too," he whispered leaning over kissing her.

THICK MADAM

#48

MNQOBI

That rush of oxytocin is involved in the physical

part of sex. It can also boost emotions like love, affection, and euphoria. Mngqobi is always on love mode whenever he is. Duduzile is always on his mind and heart, he is forever smiling, forever horny. He is looking at his woman sitting on top of the kitchen counter eating carrots. She so badly wants to loose weight, who knows maybe she might be shapeful, her thoughts. He loves her the way she is, shapeless or not, she holds that key to his heart.

"What?" She asks looking at him in that confused look.

"You do know that I love you right?"

"I do," she chews slowly looking at him. Let not be the moment that will crush her. Let not this be the moment that this man is leaving her. "Are

you dumping me?" She swallows hard, she is used to people leaving her anyway. If he leaves her....how will she survive from this. This man showed her the world and happiness. But still have issues of liking her body. How will she embrace her body when other people are always ready to make nasty comments about it.

"Come here," he pats on the couch next to him. She gets off the kitchen counter slowly with wobbly legs. She sits down next to him and looks at him directly. "First and foremost, the strings that you are wearing. Where did you get that from?"

She looks down, "my step mother gave it to me."

"Go on, I'm listening." He. Folds his arms and

crosses his legs waiting for her to continue.

"She gave it to me while I was still in high school. She told me it's for preventing black luck from harming me."

"I see, what about your other siblings?" He asks.

"They don't have one."

"I see, take that shit off. First things first, you see that string doesn't come from a good heart. You might have pimples yes but yours have a story to tell. Secondly no one likes you besides my family. Have you ever wondered why is that?" Her heart broke into a million pieces. A man she loves just hurt her beyond recognition. Him telling her straight to the face with no

emotions. Maybe he also dislikes her, maybe he was pretending all along.

"No," she whispers sounding broken.

"She doesn't want any good coming from your side. She loathes you to a point that she wishes you nothing but bad. Take that thing off and you will see your life flourishing."

She looks at him for a while without saying any words.

"How sure are you about this?"

"I know witchcraft when I see one babe girl. Last thing I don't want you loosing any weight, you are amazing for me just the way you are. Consider Your Inner Goddess.... Think Inside

Out....

Give Your Mind a Workout....

Tell Your Critics To Shut Up....

Healthy Comes In All Sizes.... You are healthy in your all way. Be kind to your body as it is right now. Don't put yourself on a diet, unless your doctor has advised it. Learn to listen to your body and eat a comfortable amount. Don't deny yourself food or beat yourself up about how much you eat. If you are a lollipop than you are my lollipop. That flat ass, I love it the way it is. Those big boobs with stretch marks are fore me to love and see. I don't care if they saggy, so you say. Your body is your source of power and strength. Focusing on your imperfections can only make you less focused and motivated to do things that really matter. So, instead of obsessing over insignificant flaws, you should aim to accept yourself for whom you truly are. By embracing your body shape, your embrace

all of it."

She cried silently, for the first time in ages she dates a man who is loving her willingly. A man who loves her beyond her flaws and imperfections. A man who doesn't see nothing wrong about her shapeless body.

"Duduzile when I say I love you I mean it. It something that comes from the depth of my heart. I want to have kids with you, build a home with you. Your humbleness, respect and beauty drawn me to you. You may not see yourself but I do. Now give you man that kiss." He kissed her through her tears. He stopped kissing her and wiped the tears using his thumbs. He paused looking at her and his eyes lit up in joy. He stood up grabbing her hand leading her to the toilet. Ever since she left home months ago, she

never bothered stepping foot on her father's compound, she even stopped sending them money. What's the use cause they never appreciated her effort anyway. Mngobi took a scissors and cut out the red and black string tied on her waist. A cold breeze left her body making her to shiver a bit. He took out matches from the cardboard and burnt the string until it became ashes.

"I feel....I don't know like something just left my body." She says scanning herself.

"I'm glad it did baby girl. Your man is hungry." He whines making her to smile.

"I'll go dish up for you," she tells him walking past. She dished up for him and served him phuthu and beef, his most favourite. Thanks to

MaZama the cooking lessons came in handy.

SANELE

"Ay mfazi, can you be quick." He shouts for Nomanyanga to finish up dressing. Today he is going shopping for his baby boy and he couldn't be more excited. The arrangements are on and off, with Busisiwe slowly turning into a bitter baby mama. For three months he hasn't seen his son he didn't even send any money for his formula and diapers. But this woman talked some sense into him. She advised him to never punish the baby for his mother's sins. Obviously she is going to hold that card of telling me that he doesn't want any step mother for her son as if I'm supposed to stay single for the rest of my life!

Minutes later she comes out of her room

wearing a short dress revealing her thick legs. She has grown to love her body the way it is, with the help of her man of course. His mouth stuck open looking at her.

"Baby close your mouth," she tells him giggling. He blinked multiple times looking at her and damn this woman right here is on fire.

"Woah," he ran out of words to compliment her. Now he wants her near him, he doesn't trust any man around his woman.

"Let's go, bye baba." Her father smiles looking at Nomanyanga who looks so much like her mother. For the fact that she finally found someone who loves her to the fullest makes him happy. He stood by the door waving his hand, he got back in and closed the door.

Whoever said shopping with a woman is fun, they are totally insane. But than again I think that women have a much higher appreciation of intangible reality. Women seem to have a much stronger and more discriminating sense of smell. They know the names for and talk about minute differences in colour. They want matching dishware, nice towels, and a feeling of cleanliness. Therefore, I think that women have a much higher appreciation of intangible beauty. I'm a man, I just choose whatever I like to choose. We ended up buying food stuffs for the baby. Going to Busisiwe's house has always been a drag for me lately. Honestly I don't understand why most women go bitter when we go our separate ways. She left me I don't know why she's being bitter.

"Mkhwenyana," how I wish I could just backslap her mother. These people are really annoying me. I'm with my woman all the way who was awfully quite. I don't blame her at all these people are nuts! We sit on the couches and the lady of the hour comes carrying my baby looking all dirty. He even lost weight.

"When was the last time did my baby have a bath?" I ask her and she just keeps quite chewing her gum and sits down putting my baby on the floor. My baby crawls happily to my Moonlight and that alone makes my heart skips a beat.

"Dadadada," he puts his hands up in the air instructing Moonlight to pick him up.

"Nccrrr, my baby." She picks him up not minding the dirty him and plants kiss all over his face. Now his doing what he likes to do the most, shoving his hand into people's mouth! "Guess what I bought you." She speaks in a baby tone and I admired that scene. I wish I could play it in slow motion. She tilts her head and looks at Busisiwe who had her eyes gazed on my woman.

"Can you bath him,"

"Can't you have a child of your own? Don't come her and dictate your stupid rules in my house!" She hisses.

My woman shakes her head in defeat, "don't use your baby to fight your battles. If you are actually putting your child's best interest at heart, you will unlikely make emotional

decisions. Always always keep in mind that every decision you make now can have a long term effect on the child.

Unforgiveness is something you don't want to harbour for too long because it will cloud your judgement, and it will cause us to do things that we aren't proud of. Forgive your heart for living money over your baby daddy. Forgive your heart that you chose money over your own happiness! Remove that bitterness and resentment from your heart." She clicks her tongue.

"Baby you can wait in the car," I tell her. She nods her head and peeps through the plastics and takes out a purity. Guess she will be feeding him in the car.

"Busisiwe, I've been very lenient with you all this while thinking that maybe you will change. You

making my child suffer in your expense of bitterness and jealousy. Stop holding on to past emotions about a situation you had control over cause you are having a hard time moving beyond those feelings. You very bitter and it's not even funny. What hurts me the most is you are using my son a weapon in all of this and he is suffering. I will never leave my woman I live so dearly for someone who chose money over me. If you continue this way I will be forced to report you for child abuse. And trust me you will never see my baby ever again." He stands up leaving her mother and Busisiwe astonished. From now onwards he will do things his way!"

"Sanele.... I," I stop her before she can even proceed.

"I've been punished long enough. Now it's time

for me to be a bitter baby daddy. I'm taking him with me." I say standing up. I'm done playing nice, this stupid file will know me today.

"You can't do that!" She has some balls to shout at me.

"Watch me honey watch me."

"Mkhwenyana, that's not how things are done. Can't you resolve this matter like adults?" Look at the piglet mother. When her daughter was vomiting nonsense right in front of my face she kept quite. Now that I'm acting up she wants to play nice. It's doesn't work like that!

"Ow now you know that, I pity you." I walk out of the house looking as mad as hell!.

ANATHI

"Spikes chopped his dick off,"

"That's not enough. The trauma her he put my daughter through I..." He smashed his lips against her shutting her up. Luckily she responds and grabs him for dear life. The love hormone is there which can arouse making her to relax. It can also lead to an increase in dopamine, a neurotransmitter linked to feelings of love and desire. She loves this man too much that it's scares her at times. She grabs his crouch that is already hard as a rock. Ever since she gave birth they have never had sex. But now it's long over due, baby Njabulo is six months old. Surely she has healed on her abdomen.

"You sure," he asks and she nods her head grinning like a five year old baby. With no time wasted, clothes flying all over the place and they are now naked.

Today she wants to take control of everything, she pushes him on top of the bed and gets on top of him. She slid his cock on her wet slippery pussy and starts to bouncing up and down even though it can be tiring playing with her breasts full of milk. She takes a break and slide down to his knees. Bend down and giving him a blowjob, and that alone turns him on pretty bad.

"Shit, mama." He groans shutting his eyes enjoying the pleasures for a moment. When was the last time he ever felt like this. She stops and looks at him straight in the eyes and goes back up to go ride him again.

"Muntuzaaaaa," he spansks her behind. She leaned onto him, grabbing his hands and

pushing them behind his head. She held his hands as she rode him harder and faster.

"Ba....babyyy," she cries while Anathi pumps from underneath as he shoots all of his seed inside of her. She collapsed on top of him catching her breath.

"Damn what did I do to deserve this." He panting out of breath.

"It's the love I have for you." She says moving on top of him. "Buy me morning after pills."

"I won't forget baby. Thank you." He smiles as he dozed off to lala land.

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THICK MADAM

#49

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I'm grateful that he kept his word the bought the emergency pill. Hope I'm not pregnant, I can't afford to have another baby at this moment. I have alot on my plate already. Having three kids is no child's play, I will forever thank God for giving me my stalker, a man like Anathi to be my husband. I wouldn't have asked for a better man. His just more than a man, the love I have for him can't be compared to anything.

I've been thinking lately I want to start a business infact I want to start a brand for thick women called THICK MADAM. I have found the perfect business idea, and now I'm ready to take the next step. There is more to starting a

business than just registering it with the state.

After the research I did....the truth is that clothing brands become successful in part because they're created by people who are passionate about clothing. But, a clothing brand needs more than just an exquisite apparel design to create a lasting business. I'm passionate about this, I love to design and looking sexy. But what I've noticed is that us thick woman tend to have trouble finding clothes in stores. Most of us end up purchasing our clothes online and sometimes it's costly.

"So muntuza yayenza leshandisi?" He has been hell bent into supporting my idea. He has been pushing me into this idea I proposed.

"I'm doing it baby," I'm ready to shine, I'm ready to be a business woman, I'm ready to wipe

those tears on thick woman who think they are unloved.

"All the way mami." He smiles brightly. Damn my man is cute and that's making me to think naughty.

"All the way papi."

MNQOBI SHABANE

"My tea Mngqobi!" I swear this woman and tea....she was bewitched. An hour ago she was drinking it, she now wants another cup! Zipho must come back from school I can't be making tea for woman. Duduzile and mum are the same!

"Again?" I look at her and woman is glued on the TV watching Nigerian movies. How I wish I could just switch off the television right now.

"You still here!" She throws the remote my direction and I duck running to the kitchen. I can't stand this Van Damme, never! "I'm counting."

"It's coming," I respond. I'm pretty sure that later on she will be asking for another cup. I quickly gather the ingredients before she comes grill me. She likes it hot, hotter and hottest. I chuck thinking of how my life has just turned out. Just yesterday I was a nobody and today I'm here trying to find myself. I serve the woman I call mother. The woman accepted me when the world was against me. I came her with nothing but now I have a family, friends which I call

brothers and a woman I cherish dearly. I place the tray neatly beside her and she smiles.

"Ain't I the best teacher." She grins and I just chuck.

"Ow stop it woman."

"Whatever. Let me drink this tea. I have an appointment to go to." She hymns.

"Appointment? Are you sick?" She looks perfectly fine and healthy.

"Ow no son, my daughter in-law is taking me out."

"Daughter in-law? Dudu didn't tell me anything."
I say and she laughs.

"Why would she tell you anything. This is
between us girls. Wena keep yourself out of it."

"I think I'm loosing my girlfriend to you." He says
walking away.

This woman brought so much peace into my
life. The fact that she welcomed us with warm
hands says alot about her. The house is still
small for us. Zipho and Uthinga still share a
room and I'm using Zama's bedroom. It's just a
three bedroom normal house including the
kitchen and dining room area. I want to surprise
her with something she never thought would
ever happen. I want her to leave large and big.
Being a taxi driver for the Myeza's is just
temporary. The fact that they don't care how

much I cash out everyday makes my job more easier. I'm saving some and with my salary which is not much I save half of it. Being on the road all day can be tiring at times. I also want to own a taxi some day. But I still have a long way to go. I pull the box underneath my bed and count the money in it. R80.000 is not bad. I need to have R150.000 in total. At the end of this year she will be crying tears of joy. I smile proudly thinking of something I'm about to do. And beside I was told upfront that this is where my kids will grow up. This is where my home and house is. This is where my wife and kids will live. I didn't mind. I was beyond the moon that my father notices me in his life.

SANELE MYEZA

"You are under arr...." Cops parading in my

mother's house. This is some kind of a sick joke!
You gotta be kidding me.

"Woah, awune muntu womthetho. What did my brother do?" Spikes asks. I know very well what this is for. Little did they know that I opened a protection order against them.

"He will answer that at the station asambe." He pushes me roughly.

"Do you have a warrant of arresting me? You are not even telling me what I'm being arrested for. I know my rights,"

"You know your right when you kidnap your child?" One of the cops asks and I smiled looking at him.

"Before you talk shit to me. Early today that thing I call baby mama denies me an opportunity to have a relationship with my son. Secondly, I filed for a restraining order against her reason being she doesn't take care I'm my child. She is punishing me for her own sins she committed, so I moved on with my life and I'm happy." He takes out his phone in his pocket and scrolls through his pictures. "Look at this and tell me what you see." The cops look at each other speechless. "Ow another thing you can arrest me. I have a recording of her blabbing nonsense. And I'll make sure that I sue your bloody station."

"Ehhh mnumzane, can we talk about this. I mean settle everything here and now." The nerve of this cop.

"No arrest me, angithi ubuyiskhondla khondla uzongibopha without doing any investigations. Now do it, I give you the right." He brings his hands forward ready to be arrested.

"Look man we are sorry for the inconvenience. We didn't know that it's was something that personal with your baby mama. Hearing that you kidnapped the baby and with you threatening her with a gun. Even that old lady vouched for her daughter."

"That's the thing you don't think. You don't take time hearing two sides of the stores, but I don't blame you because corruption is all you know but yet you are working for the law. Please leave my mother's house." The cops took their leave.

"I curse the day I laid my eyes on that stupid woman. So she thinks pulling this stunt will get back at me. She has another thing coming. I'm Sanele Myeza no one messes with me."

"Don't do something stupid back." Spikes warns him.

"Trust me, I will teach her a lesson she will never forget!."

MAZAMA SHABANE

"I never knew massages could be this nice. How did I miss this?" She says enjoying being softly touched. "I smell good. I should bring Bab'Shabane here."

"Don't please, your husband is very traditional mah." Duduzile says.

"My husband is very traditional. Hehehe good luck with Mngqobi. Don't say I didn't warn you." They laugh enjoying the applied pressure to the muscles, tendons, ligaments and fascia.

"This is so relaxing. I swear I'm spoiling myself every month."

"I enjoy it too. Girls outing." MaZama is a mother-in-law who doesn't take shit at the same time she's the sweetest. Who wouldn't praise and spoil a woman like her?

A mother-in-law who likes you will defend you against her own child if she knows you are in

the right. She will stand up for you to others as a good person and mother, even if she secretly thinks some of your child-rearing techniques are way too crunchy.

That's MaZama, she wants nothing to make Duduzile cry, she's being treated like a vase that will brake anytime soon. It looks like God keeps on blessing her and she is still yet to be blessed in heaven and on earth.

SANELE MYEZA

I'm still mad, I'm still livid by that stunt Busisiwe pulled. I'm done dancing to her tune. It's time she dances to my tune. I didn't want to do this but she kept on pushing until I reached my limit. When I'm mad I don't think properly, I act without thinking. And right now I'm not thinking. Moonlight has begged me a couple of times I've

had it.

"I'm sorry boy, but your mother gave me no choice." I say to my inner self. After the cops invading my mother's house I drove straight to a place that will help me find peace.

"Are you sure about this,? I mean are sure you want to do this?" She asks leaning back. There's nothing more I would like to right not other than this. I believe it will be the best option, the best option for me and for my son. I want my woman to be free not worrying about the baby mama drama who have no direction in life. When my son grows up, I hope he will understand why I did what I did.

MAZAMA SHABANE

"I had a wonderful time. Thank you, yazi I feel lighter. I feel like a brand new person, like a new born." She smiles looking at her new clothes that were bought her daughter-in-law of cause.

"Hau ma it's nothing." She softly says chopping the onions.

"Ay cha I'm truly blessed. This day was indeed special for me. With this make-up and shaped nails on my hand I'm not doing anything for a very long time." She sits down like a drama queen crossing her legs. She sips on her non alcoholic champagne watching her most favourite.

"At last you are back. I almost sent a search

party." Mngqobi say entering the kitchen admiring his woman busy chopping.

"Instead of helping you standing there like a love lost sick puppy. I won't be cooking for the rest of the week. I am marinated, see my nails."

"Babe what did you do to my mother?" Mngqobi asks in a chuck, the drama this woman has.

"I didn't do anything." She smiles looking at her man.

"Don't make babes in my kitchen!" Her mother shouts making them to laugh. What a day to end the night. Embracing imperfection will help you feel mentally healthier and set a healthy example for your kids. MaZama is amazing at

being able to unconditionally love her children. Being a mother to your child is by far one of the most, if not the most, impactful relationship. Understand that mothering a child is a lifelong commitment to nurturing, teaching, caring for, guiding, loving and supporting another person's growth through the lifespan. When MaZama puts you in her heart you go in too deep. She loves without doubt.

"Ay ma, you embarrassing me."

"Than don't make babies finish and klaar. Refill please!" She lifts her glass up

"Atleast it's not tea." Mngqobi whispers excitedly.

"Ay futhi cela itiyee!" She shouts, he stops on his

tracks shutting his eyes. Guess he celebrated way too early. This woman is unpredictable!

"What did I do to deserve a mother who dating tea." He whines.

"And what did I do to deserve a son who can't make a simple tea. Gods of our land I begoo...."

Mnqobi just looks at the woman who is not looking at him and wondered how did he find himself a mother this loving and crazy. A woman who can kick arse when you are wrong. He will forever be thankful.

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Guys I apologize but there won't be any insert tomorrow. I'm having a very terrible toothache.

THICK MADAM

#50

SANELE MYEZA

"All set," documents signed. Honest truth the process can be between 6 and 18 months from start to finish. I couldn't wait that long, I wanted Moonlight to legally adopt my son as her own, so the whole process took us three months. With the evidence I provided they did see that my son is not well taken care of. Those cameras came in handy. She will no longer see her son. I did say when I'm fed-up and mad I don't think I just act. This will teach her that next time she mustn't take kindness for granted.

"I'm glad," I look at Moonlight who was clinging onto her bag. I know my son will be in safe hands with Moonlight even if I were to die now. "You good?" I ask my stiff woman who hasn't been comfortable all this while.

She clears her throat and looks at me, "you do know I'm against what you just did. You do know that he needs his mother right?" I sigh, we talked about this and it's too late to back down now. My decision is final and she just accept it as it is.

"I know and I understand your fear. You do know that a mother's physical and emotional presence provides babies with two things: protection from stress and emotional regulation. My son needs many things from his mom that

are pretty obvious – unconditional love, time spent together, to be taught various life skills, and the grace to make mistakes. But there are other things they need that we often fail to see. Busisiwe is not the kind of woman I would like to raise my child. She's toxic, she doesn't think. But with you it's different. I want my son to grow under your care, and I know for a fact that you will never mislead him in any way." I say squeezing her hand. She lets out a slow blow and relaxes. She will be fine. There's no need for her to stress.

Later that day they drove straight to Busisiwe's home along with the National Adoption Agency. To my surprise my baby is outside crying his lungs out. I step out of the vehicle running

towards him. He stops crying and giggles when he sees me.

"Dadadada," that's the only name he blabs out of his mouth. He stinks terribly, his diaper is full. Sand all over his face. I turn to walk back when we hear moans coming out of the house. We look at each other and in shock.

"Don't tell me she locked my son outside of the house just to prostitute herself." I hiss, Nomanyanga steps out of the car and grabs my son from my hands. He eyes fill up with tears and I see pain all over her face. "Take him to the car." She nods her head without any dispute and slowly turns to walk away. I knock roughly on the door couple of times, we hear shuffles probably they are dressing or something. She opens the door and looks at me with a shocked

expression. A man comes out and throws R50 at her face.

"You didn't satisfy me that much." He walks out without turning back.

"I....Sanele I can explain. It's not what it looks like." I look at the semen dripping down her thighs shaking my head in disbelief. No condoms. I wonder how did I survive the diseases she contracts from these men.

"I came to give you this." I hand her the letter with disgust written all over my face.

"You can't take my child away from his mother!"

"Yes he can. With everything we just saw. Now we are more fully convinced that you not fit to be a mother. From all the evidence we have, you are actually being stripped of the tile called mother." The woman from the agency replies with a serious tone that alone had my heart do a kwasa kwasa in victory. "Sign here" they hand in her papers for her to sign and stupid her just signs without reading. Atleast she had a copy of the document, she will read in her own time when her mind comes back from camping.

"Thank you," we all turn to walk away leaving her still statues by the door. I hop inside my car finding my son but naked eating biscuits.

"I had no choice," Moonlight says and I understand. I would have probably done the same.

TOBI SHONGWE

Family Meetings are events that can help set long-term goals, ensure transparency, define roles, and help connect family members across generations so they understand the responsibility. When children are treated like important members of the family whose ideas are appreciated, they feel capable of helping to resolve an issue. They feel good about themselves, and their relationship with you can be strengthened. He therapist advise her of cause. She is all here preparing for the meeting day that she called out à fees days ago. She has been dragging her feet, there's no use delaying time. Time is money and it's flying. The more she wastes time the more time flies. She wasn't the best mother but she is willing to rectify her mistakes she did in the past.

"You got this Mkami," Shongwe reprimands her. The full support she's getting from him makes her ease a little bit.

"I'm sacred. What if they don't want anything to do with me? After everything I did to them....I doubt that...."

"Don't say that. You don't know how they feel. Don't judge them without having any actual fact on how they feel. What if they don't resent you as you think? Don't take judgement upon yourself,

Forgiveness is defined as letting go of past grudges or lingering anger against a person or persons. When you are mad at someone but you then accept their apology and are no longer mad. Don't pull back now you have come too

far."

"Hope they forgive me. Tomorrow is just around the corner."

"They will forgive in due course babe don't worry. Don't strain yourself with so much stress. It's very unhealthy for you." She sighs having mixed emotions. What kind of a mother was she before? A mother who didn't care about her kids. She is feeling guilty and trying to reconcile, but it's often yields poor results. Results of her being afraid of being rejected. Bad moms leave their kids and never look bad for selfish reasons. They don't care, they don't miss them, and they don't make choices in the best interest of their kids. She said to her inner self, right now she is a bad mother and that is a fact that cannot be changed!

SANELE MYEZA

My son Mlando has bathed, and looks clean. He is peacefully sleeping on my bed and I can't stop staring at him. This is the photocopy of in fact we see a little Njabulo in him. I'm planning of having more kids in the future. My mother's house will definitely look like a day-care. After Moonlight nursed my son in tender care, I drove her straight home. Without the help of this woman I don't know what I would have turned out.

My mother is busy removing all the dangerous objects. Mlando pulls everything that he sees that's in front of his eyes, with baby Elona starting to walk everything is a mess. My mother looks more excited more than me. Just months ago this house was way too quiet....but

now it's spiralling out of control. The noise, the cries, the shit. I can't stand it, it's just hours and already I'm exhausted. What will I even do at night!

"Ma... will you sleep with Mlando?" Hoping she agrees. My back hurts from running around the crawling baby. These little creatures don't crawl but they are running with their knees.

"Ow son, you are a father now. You will sleep with Mlando the Reload." Great just great. Now my son is called the reload all thanks to Spikes and his big mouth!

"My son is not a reload ma." I look at and woman doesn't even bother looking at me. Guess I'll have to suck it up and sleep with the champ here.

MNQOBI SHABANE

Running away from home just because his mother can't lift a finger.... totally depressing. She can't cook, clean, make tea. How will she bathe herself.

"This is all your fault," I tell Duduzile who's dying because of laughter. I've never seen her laugh this hard.

"I'm sorry, just that....she's being dramatic in a sweet way. I wish my step-mother had that kind of attitude towards me." And indeed sadness is in her eyes. "Very funny, even my father has that hate I don't even know where it comes from."

"Why don't you reconnect with your mother's

family. Maybe they need you it's just that they don't know where to find you."

"Last time I checked they were in Grey town, but that was then and I was still young."

"We will find them don't worry," he perks on her lips. "Look at those pimples fading away bit by bit." He caresses on her almost Smoot face.

"All thanks to you."

"Now what will I get in reward?" He says licking his lips.

"I cooked your favourite." She grins.

"Ow not today my lady bug, I want to be buried deep inside of you. I want to feel that warm flesh. Come here." He pulls her towards him smashing his lips onto hers in slow motion taking off one another's clothes. "I'm so hungry for you," he says panting breaking off the kiss. They are already naked gazing at each other in hunger.

Dudu prefers a reverse cowgirl position. A style where she has to face Mngqobi's feet. They are sitting on top of the couch, Mngqobi slides down a bit giving her full access of his penis. She turns around and slowly slides it in and starts grinding on it.

His penis is drawn to her vagina by gravity. Dudu is in control the depth of penetration making sure the cervix is right up against his penis during ejaculation. His moaning and bounces from the underneath.

"Babe...." He grinds on his teeth enjoying the pleasures his feeling. She stops moving, her muscles were stiff and needed a change of style. He makes her kneel down with his penis pumping for more service. She knelt down, Kneeling with her back to her man, then bend forward and rested her hands and elbows on the floor. It helps to clasp your hands together for balance. He then gently lifts and holds your legs while he enters you from the rear. He penetrates her into deep not minding the dreams. Damn she's taste so damn good he tells his inner self.

"Ow Shi....shittttt!" She cries loud. He rocks on hard and fast with his sweat dripping on there flat ass. He pumps hard penetration and releases all of his cum inside of her. If she doesn't get pregnant today....

He slowly puts her down still panting catching his breath.

"Are you trying to kill me woman?" He smiles looking at her.

"I was planning to, but you killed me instead."
He admires this woman right in front of his eyes.
"What? Why are you looking at me like that?"
She asks giggling trying to stand up.

"I'm admiring what's mine's. I'm enjoying what God gave me." He says making her to laugh.

"You stupid," she finally stands and heads to the bathroom to clean herself. She decided to take a quick shower so she can prepare food for her man.

After bathing they decided to go eat out. Mississippi Fish and Chips will do. Enjoying ones company, sharing the love for each other is the pursuit of happiness.

"Here's your order," the waitress gently placed the two plates on top of the table looking directly at Mngobi but Mngobi was not paying much attention to her.

"Mngobi," she calls out for him.

Mngobi shift his gazes looking at her with a straight face making her to swallow non-existing saliva.

"That's all we need for now." He shifts he gaze back to his woman who was looking as Hella confused. The waitress walked away feeling

much disappointed.

"And then?"

"An ex from the past. The one I told you about."

"Tell her you taken. You are mine and mine alone Buti. And I swear I would kill anyone who tries to snatch you away from me." Mngqobi laughs out loud attracting eye's.

"My gangster love madoda." He throws a piece fish in his mouth.

"I'm serious, if you dare think of cheating on me....you will see another side of me, a hidden side I don't like showing. I may be nice but trust

me I can be mad and when I'm mad I'm uncontrollable."

"Just like the sun that lights up my life. I'll never look at another woman the way I look at you." He holds her had squeezing it. This is his girl of his dreams, his African beauty Queen. The only one that brings that smile on his face, he has never seen a smile so bright. The only woman who makes his heart go ting-a-ling-a-ling.

THICK MADAM

#51

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

I wonder what we are summoned for so early in the morning. My mother is NOT the type of

person who holds family meetings. She looks tense, uncomfortable. I can tell that something is definitely wrong. My dad looks down or shall I say more like stressed. The atmosphere is totally bizarre. The noise of these kids are making me more nervous. They are running around the house care free. With Njabulo taking baby steps everything is just a mess. I don't know how many times Mpilo bumped his head today, I swear this child will be admitted to the psychiatric hospital one day.

"Mama is everything alright," she nods her head vigorously avoiding eye contact.

"Is someone abusing you? Cause if they do I swear I will make them pay." Mngqobi adds, the bond that they share is amazing.

MaZama sharply closes her eyes shutting them

tight. She exhales out loud and fake a smile.

"Everything is fine my children." She tells them, but they are not convinced. Something is definitely not right here. A knock on the door takes everyone to the edge. All eyes are glued on the door wondering who's knocking so early in the morning disturbing the family meeting that is about to commence.

"Come in," MaZama shouts softly.

"Tharin," Mpilo mimicked MaZama's voice. He talks way too much but doesn't make sense in his gibirish baby talk. Atleast baby Njabulo understands him always.

The door slowly opens, expensive cologne filled up our nostrils. My eyes widen in shock, the last

time I saw this woman was....ages ago. What the hell is she doing her? What the hell does she want? Ow hell no!

"Ma," I look at MaZama who had her head slightly bent with Mpilo playing with her long eye lashes.

"Sanibona," she greets sitting down looking glamorous and expensive. MaZama and Bab'Shabane agree softly, while Zipho, Mngqobi and me look at this woman in a blank expression on our faces.

"I will give you space. I'll take the kids with me."
MaZama says attempting to stand up.

"N....no please stay," Tobi says.

"Mah what's going on?" Trust Mqobi he is very impatient just like his father.

"I know in life we tend to make and do bad decisions not knowing the outcomes of our choices.

The Bible says; You, Lord, are forgiving and good, abounding in love to all who call to you. And when you stand praying, if you hold anything against anyone, forgive them, so that your Father in heaven may forgive you your sins. Blessed is the one whose transgressions are forgiven, whose sins are covered. Just listen firstly and you will ask questions later."

MaZama leans back after that long speech shushing baby Njabulo.

"Erm my....ow God," she covers her face with her

neatly manicured nails.

"You can do this," her husband squeezes her shoulder gently. Support system my foot in my father's house!

"I don't even know where to begin, what to say and how to say it. Before I became a mom, I had this nifty little equation cemented in my mind when I was first a first mom." She chucks through her fake tears and I'm just to death. I wish I home with my man turning upside. We sometimes justify this by saying that an apology will lessen the child's respect for us. But just the opposite is true. The sad truth is that most of us feel uncomfortable apologizing, especially to our children. We think we're always supposed to be "right" with our kids. We worry that our child will use our admission against us.

And apologizing often brings up feelings of shame if we were forced to apologize as children."

"WeMazama, who is this woman? Why am I here again?" Mnqobi.

MaZama cleared her throat looking at Mnqobi who was showing no emotions what so ever. A cold chill went down her spine. "I...it's your mother." She presses her lips together. Mqobi smiles shaking his head.

"Ain't you my mother?"

"I am, well the thing is. This woman here is the woman who gave bath to you. All of you." She's hurting. I can't let the devil tear this family apart

after everything we've been through.

"Didn't you give birth to me? The only mother I know is you. This must be some kind of a sick joke." He hisses slid sitting on the couch. MaZama had no come back, Mnqobi just pushed her right at the corner leaving her speechless. How will she answer this. Mnqobi knows very well that MaZama didn't give birth to him.

"Mnqobi," that came out as a whisper. MaZama is beyond hurt, she has grown to love, nourish the kids as hers. Now years later the mother comes to claim back the kids she did so much for them. Tears dropped out of her eyes. Mnqobi stood up rushing towards her sitting beside. He pulled her closed comforting her as she cried painfully.

"You are the only mother I know and the only woman who catered for me when I had no one. You might have not given birth to me, but you accepted me with warm hands full of love. If you hurting I'm hurting, I'm your first and I'm not going anywhere. This is my home, if I were to leave this house than I'm taking you with me. I don't like to see you hurting." He wipes her tears gently with his thumbs kissing her forehead.

"Thank you," she muttered looking at her husband shyly. Atleast she now knows that Mngobi accepts her as his mother. The bond she has created with these kids is magnificent.

I scanned my eyes around and noticed the fire and ice in Tobi woman. I smirked rejoicfully knowing that damn she's feeling the pain she

cost us years back

"Mah, I need to go do my homework." Zipho, I'm pretty sure that she doesn't want to be in the same space as the woman who birthed us.

"Momwekhi," trust Mpilo, he's so good in mimicking people's voice.

"Yes my boy homework." I say smiling.

"Can we get to the situation at hand." My father reminds us making me to roll my eyes. There's nothing more I need other than to be in my husband's arms! "Ungaqhubeka Tobi." The annoyance can not be missed from my father's voice.

Tobi clears her throat, surely this woman is not

her....wait what is here for again?

"I hate myself for what I did. There is no excuse to what I did. I'm sorry I'm not the perfect mum. I want to apologize to you from the depths of my soul for how my actions became so totally out of control, resulting in tremendous hurt to you my children. I was making horrible choices and heading down a path of selfish self-destruction that ultimately cost me everyone and everything I had in my life. I let money take my soul not realising the damage it's causing. I sometimes hate myself for the doings I did. I want to express my feelings so bad but I don't even know where to begin. I'm hurt that I hurt you. I'm hurt that I neglected you when you needed me the most. Sometimes I wish I could rewind my past and erase all those painful memories but I can't. I will you accept a monster mother like me." She was already a

crying mess and I'm not touched one bit, I'm not moved by her tears. I don't know whether it's hatred I have towards her or what.

"Than how can you justify the way you treated me under your watch? You made me suffer for your sins I know non of. You know I'm finding it very hard to even believe that you are the woman who gave birth to me. Atleast Buti Mngqobi and sis Zama grew up without you and they don't need you. I mean sis Zama is already married leaving happily. Buti Mngqobi might be married too anytime soon." We see Tobi's eyes widen in shock. I think I'm getting in the hang of automatically rolling my eyes and Anathi hates that to the core.

"Yo...you married?"

"Yes she's happily married. You neglected me when I needed you the most. I was are frequently targeted for abuse at school, I was there punching bag for no reason. I was being called names for no reason, I never wronged anyone but everyone and everything hated me for how I am. Not even once have you ever asked me how am I doing. I had eczema all over my body but you never bothered!" Zipho furiously wipe her tears falling off her face. "No one wanted to associate themselves with a girl looking scary, I looked like a monster! Do you know....know the pain I've been feeling growing up. No because you have always been selfish!" Zipho statement cut through deep, I can relate how she feels. I've been there and indeed it wasn't an easy road. "But I'm okay now, I've healed and moved on from my past. That past has been long buried with the help of MaZama, a woman I'm proud to call mother. She may not given birth to me but she showed me a

mother's love I've been longing for, for a very long time." Zipho was truly hurting. Maybe venting will help her pull through and finally move on. And as for me I have nothing to say to that woman. My mother is MaZama and no one else.

"I don't have anything to say. The woman I know as my mother is MaZama no one else." I shrug my shoulders looking at Mnqobi.

"I don't even want to know why she abandoned me, why she gave me away for people to abuse me. I don't know how it feels like to be in school. So I just want to know anything about her." He also shrugged his shoulders standing. "I'm going to my sister's house." And just like that he walks out without care.

"He will come around," I don't know who MaZama is fooling. Mngobi is stubborn as a rock. He is my brother and I just know him from the back of his head without his saying a word.

Tobi daughter feeling defeated, I'm also defeated myself, I mean where was she all along when we needed her the most? This woman can go jump of the cliff for all I care. Even if I were to welcome her back it wouldn't make any difference.

"Will they ever forgive me?" The nerve of this woman asking.

"Forgiveness is about letting go of the anger and your desire for revenge. Realize that you are powerless to forgive unless you have God's strength. God does not ask you to do something without giving you His strength and

power to do it. That's a verse from the Bible I always teach them."

"Again I apologize, it was never my intention to hurt you." She stands up and turns to leave crying her balls out, Aysuka!

Spikes later fetched me and Mpilo was over the moon jumping up and down the car. My mind is far away, my emotions are not okay. If I accept this woman will she ever play the motherly role she denied us when growing up. Arriving at home everyone was seated quietly in the dinning room area and it looked tense. I'm coming from a tense meeting hoping after hours I will relax with my man and get some klof klof. I step into the house and all eyes were

on me. Baby Njabulo suddenly collapse on the floor and starts to shake vigorously. This has never happened before. I panic picking my baby up rushing to the kitchen. Shit his traditional medicine is starting to run out. Anathi has to contact that man gogo referred us too.

Apparently they have the same calling and he will know what Njabulo needs. I make him gulp down the bitter medicine and he goes back to his normal self minutes later. Relief washes over as everyone was crowding us in the kitchen wanting to make sure that my son is okay.

"Is he okay?" Anathi asks calmly but something is so off about him, but I will deal with that later.

"Yea his good," the busy bee man wants to step down and start destroying everything that he

can reach. Kids! "He ran out of his traditional medication." Anathi nods his head slightly. I turn to walk back to the dining room and I stop on my tracks seeing an unfamiliar place. She stands up and extends for a hand shake but something inside of me told me not to accept, this handshake doesn't come from the goodness of their heart. I look at her straight into her eyes without blinking and she shy's away.

"You are?" I ask folding my arms, she smiles coldly.

"I'm Anathi's ex, Hleziphi." She beams in joy and I just chuck bitterly.

"Okay than ex make yourself at home," I slowly turn to walk away. And Anathi follows me from

behind to our bedroom.

"Babe I didn't know she would come. I swear nothing is going between me and her. She just asked for a place to sleep cause she had no where to go." He further explains but I just keep quite and stare ant him. I want to do something that will make him never to disrespect me like this ever again!

"Okay, babe I understand." I fake a warm smile perking on his lips. My mind trails to an idea that will make him go mad. I take a nice warm relaxing bath trying to calm myself down. Wearing something that's much revealing will piss him off that I know. I want to show my back, my thighs. Plus the gym really helped me alot from the bay fat. I dress up spraying thee most expensive perfume he bought for me. I'm

no fan of make up, but this I want him to pee on himself. I want him to beg for me not to go. I want him to see that he is taking me for a fool. I mean who allows their ex to sleep over. Moron is up and down my kitchen cooking! I take off my ring placing it on the table counter checking myself one last time. I felt so confident, this look will make his balls burst in pain.

I walk out feeling myself everyone looks at me shocked. Spikes whilst.

"Don't wait up for me, I'll see you guys tomorrow." I turn to walk but Anathi stops me.

"Where are you going dressed like that?" He asks and I smile looking at him.

"To sleep over at my ex's house and probably

cook dinner. I'm sure he won't mind me sleeping over." I look at MaMyeza and she has a widest smile on her face. I walk out without waiting for him to respond any further.

"Zama! Zama!" I ignore him, my Uber is here. I need to seriously get drunk and I hope Nomanyanga has some wine with her. What a perfect plan of hurting his feelings the same way he hurt mines. I'm hurting but I don't want to show.

THICK MADAM

#52

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"I'm sorry to say this, but your husband is a jerk. How can he do this to you?"

"It's hurts Nomanyanga, you should have seen that devil humming enjoying being up and down the kitchen. Probably he still loves her. If he does than can he let me be." I've been crying non-stop. It hurts that he didn't consider my feelings. His whole ex sleeping over! It's just too much for me.

"Spikes took the kids to MaZama."
Nomanyanga informs me. I don't trust that skank and I don't want her any near my kids. After Njabulo having that episode I am convinced that she's bad news.

"Thank you."

"Anytime, ground rules must be lined out. How would he feel if you had to go sleep over at your ex's place." I'm just drain and tired. Being

around Nomanyanga is refreshing. Sanele and Spikes know where I am and I told them not to say a word to that stupid half husband boyfriend of mine.

"Can we just get drunk. Like I really need to get drunk."

ANATHI MYEZA

What have I done? How stupid can I be. I won't blame my decision on witchcraft, it's a decision I took thinking maybe I'm helping someone who was stranded. She called me and told me that she was looking for a job and unfortunately she got mugged. She's a woman and I wanted to assist not knowing it will cost my woman to make such a hasty decision. I'm pacing up and down, she left all of her accessories. Her

earrings, engagement ring and the bracelet I once gave her while I was still in jail. Including her cell phone, what the fuck have I done.

My bedroom opens, ow Lord may the heaven forgive me.

"Hay, I came to check if you doing okay after what happened. Look I didn't mean to cause trouble between you and your wife." The devil is seriously testing me!

"Ow is it, why blab your fuckery mouth that you are my ex girlfriend! Yes you are my ex and nothing else. I think it's better if you leave." I say and her eyes widen in shock.

"At this time? Where will I go?"

"Do I look lie I care! My wife is missing and it's all because of your fucken attitude! That woman owns my heart!" I feel like dying. Zama can't leave me, I refuse to believe that.

"Please," she slowly takes off her gown. Ow the Lord the devil is really testing me. She really thinks those saggy hips will turn me on, she has another thing coming. "I know you still love me, I know you still want this." She takes my hands placing it on her flat boobs. I quickly remove feeling like I could vomit.

"How desperate can you be? It's funny how I'm not turned on right now. You were once my type but not anymore. You see that woman there," I point out the framed picture on the wall. "That woman holds the key to my heart, that woman....I love her with everything in me. I don't

see myself surviving without her. I survived without you cause you didn't mean alot to me. Now get out of my wife's room." I point at the door and bitch grabs me so hard making me to loose my balance falling on top of the bed kissing me aggressively. The door opens and bangs forcefully, I pushed Fezile off me and my woman is standing there smiling.

"Don't stop on my account. I'm just here for the condoms. Nigger was about to fuck me."

"Baby, were did we stop." I swear this devil is testing me.

"Hleziphi will you shut the fuck up!" I roar making her to jump a bit.

"You can do it anywhere but not in my bedroom." She walks out, my heart is pounding profusely.

I look at the devil still sleeping on my bed smirking in excitement. I've been patient with her for far too long. I March towards her strangling her hard.

"You wanted me, now you have me. I'm not the same sweet Anathi you use to make a fool back then. Asks my wife what in made of and she will tell you." He continues to press on her neck hard. He lifts her up like a pieces of shit and threw her against the wall.

"Ahhhh," she screams very loud in agony.

"You said you want me, this is the new me!" He

roared pulling her by her hair.

"A....Anathi," Hleziphi calls out for him but he hears non of it. Once Stone comes out it's hard to put him back. "Okay I'll leave please don't kill me."

A painful slap landed across her face braking her nose bleeding messlesly.

"No, angithi I'm yours and you are mines. Let's get married honey." He drags her by her pulling some of her box braids out. "Now that my woman left me you will play the wifely role." He picked her up slapping her hard against the wall.

"ANATHI STOP!" Zama calls out for him, he hears non-stop in anger. He is beyond pissed, and no amount of words would stop him.

"She said I'm hers, I'm showing gratitude, don't disturb me. You thought helping you was going to make me forget about the woman I love huh!" He takes one step closer to her and notices a broken bone. "Shit!" The anger decreases.

Zama stood there dumbfounded looking at the monster in front of her eyes. Anathi turns to look at Zama breathing heavily. "If you EVER think of leaving me, just know that I will kill you, kill our kids and kill myself at the end."

"Don't make me sick wena. You invited her over to my HOUSE without informing me! How do you think I feel right now? Do you still love her? Is that it!" Anathi sinks down regretting his actions. If it wasn't for him he wouldn't have helped Hleziphi. Clearly her mission was to break them apart. "You expect me to smile and

be happy being introduced to an ex who will be spending the night at my HOUSE!" Anathi notices that she is tipsy, obviously she was drinking and he pushed her to it.

"I'm sorry butter cup....I didn't think." And indeed he regrets. He is highly disappointed in himself.

"That's the problem, YOU DON'T THINK! Anathi I'm not even 20 and you already making my life miserable." She takes a deep breath. "You know what I think it's better if I leave." She walks out and his heart pumps in fear. What if she leaves him for another man who will treat her better. She is right, she is still young and already she has been through alot. He knows very well that her childhood was tough and traumatic. He looked at the bloody Hleziphi who wasn't breathing nor moving. He bent down checking

for her pulse and there was none. He takes out his phone making a phone call.

"Come to my room," he drops the call. Minutes later Spikes walks in whistling.

"Eh baba, damn you fucked her pretty bad. Is she still alive?"

"I don't know and frankly I don't care. Help me dump her by the river."

They began wrapping her with black plastic bins with cello tape supporting it. "Let's wash off the blood first," Anathi suggest. They cleaned the room leaving it spotless. With everyone asleep it will be easier for them to drag the body out. They quietly sneaked out of the house with the lights off not knowing that they are leaving

trails of blood behind. They tossed the body inside the boot driving to the nearest river.

"I say we should burn the car."

"You mad, I can't burn my car!" Anathi hisses.

"Than how will you explain the blood in the car. This witch will torment us, her witch mother will not leave this hanging." Spikes tells him and he thinks for a second. "Let's burn the car, Sanele is on his way." Anathi looks at Spikes who had all this figured out. Spikes took out 5 litre of gasoline. Without wasting anymore time he started sprinkling the car all over. "I feel like one of the witches right now." He chucks lightning the matches throwing it. The car caught flames, as they were about to turn and walk away. The car exploded making Anathi and Spikes being

pushed hard by the flames flying landing painfully on the ground. "Fuck," he groans holding his burning chest. "How did Vin Diesel survive this shit. Did anyone get that on tape!"

"Shut up please," Anathi begs looking at his broken leg. "This fucken shit hurts." He groans even louder suppressing on his leg that was bleeding profusely. Minutes later Sanele comes out of the car looking all pissed.

"You do know if you didn't allow that witch into our house we wouldn't be here. This is all your fault. I don't even know how you think at times. I wouldn't blame Zama is she decides to leave your stupid arse!" He clicks his tounge roughly picking him up, dragging him and shoving him in the car.

"Bafo you should have seen, Vin Diesel was in action baba. Fast and the furious. I should interrupt and corruption the street zoom camera to get that video. I need to show it to my girlfriend." Spikes smiles proudly feeling himself. "I'm the man of the hour." He hits his chest. Sanele looked at him questioning his state of mind, but than again there's nothing to worry about Like father like son!

TOBI SHONGWE

My own kids hate me that much. I'm sure that woman was happy to the fullest, being rejected by your own blood hurts alot. Now imagine being rejected by the kids you carried them for nine months in your womb! That woman cannot enjoy the fruits of another woman. She can't take her kids away from her. She wasn't the

best mother, yes she knows that and she fully agrees. But that doesn't give that woman a right to take my happiness, make me suffer!

"Whatever you thinking get it out of that skull. I won't have you go all bitter on the woman who raised your kids when you couldn't. Dick and money was far more important to you right! Please don't bore me. I've come too far to slack back just because of your bitterness!" He clicks his tongue yanking off the blankets getting off the bed.

"Where are you going!" She asks more like snapping.

"Somewhere, where I could have a peaceful sleep. I don't even know what bad you thinking. Ever since we came back from the Shabane's

you've been acting strange. If you thinking of doing and abomination consider yourself homeless." He walks out leaving her in shock.

Truth be told she doesn't want to accept the fact that her children are leaving large and happy without her. It hurts to know that they loathe her to the fullest and they are not even hiding it. The pain of not knowing that you will never have a relationship with your kids cut deep to a point of wanting to destroy everything.

She knelt down praying to God to answer her prayers, maybe he will intervene, maybe he will answer her cries.

"Dear God please forgive me for my sins. Heal my heart, make me a better person. Help me release all this unnecessary anger in me.

If anybody can have God's love, I'm going to have it. If anybody can be free, I'm going to be

free. If anybody can be happy, I'm going to be happy. If anyone can have peace, it's going to be me. If anybody can be used by God, I can be used by God. If anyone can get over their broken past, I will. Amen."

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

After being called by Sanele informing me that Anathi has being hospitalized made me weak. I don't know how to feel, part of me is totally mad and I want to deal with him accordingly....But another part of me just wants me to hold him to and never let go.

"What do you seriously want form me Anathi Myeza?" I'm tired, drained and angry at the same time. This is all his mess. If he didn't allow that ex of his we wouldn't be in this mess!

He sighs taking my hand. His leg has concrete
luckily he will be able to walk again. Just that
the bone will take time to heal. "Muntuza," he
takes a deep breath. "I know I'm a sucker for
love, I made you cry.... something I've always
told myself that I will never do. I broke your
heart and it hurts me to know that I'm the cause
of it. I'm sorry muntuza, I'll be a better man for
you and our kids." He looks sincere but I will still
punish him.

That reminds me.... "Where is she?"

"Dead." He looks outside the window. I know
better not to ask any further questions. I felt my
body feeling cold, my spinal cold shivered like
breaking. Where is her body? What happened?

"Okay," I whisper not too sure whether to talk any further. I sink down on the hospital chair thinking.

"I'm sorry butter cup." He squeezes my hand. I'm sorry I failed you. But do know that you are the only woman who hold the key to my heart no one else. I love you more than life itself. I'm truly sorry muntuza." I nod my head in agreement. I forgive him, I forgive him because I love him. Because I cannot imagine myself without him. I can't love another man the way I love him.

"I forgive you." I finally say looking at him. My happiness, my love.

"Now give your man some sugar." Who wouldn't jump for that opportunity by kissing her man.

He is mine and mine alone.

"I hate sharing, if you ever I mean ever cheat on me trust me, I won't be this nice next time. I will kill you a slow painful death. And that's not a threat it's a fact baba." I tell him and the stupid man of mines laugh to the core making me to join in. When was the last time I ever saw this handsome smile. I lean over to kiss him and damn my clit is dripping. Someone clear their throat only to find the doctor looking at us with murderous eye.

"This is not a hotel." She tells us. I just raise my eyebrows looking at her at immediately got annoyed.

"Just because you assisted MY MAN in those heavy rainy days doesn't mean you own him. I

can take your life within a blink of an eye. So don't test me!" I turn to look at Anathi who was smiling like a cartoonist.

"Damn you look sexy when mad. Now I wish I could just fuck you right now." The lady doctor is still here fuming in anger. She Huffs walking out and I couldn't care less! I have bigger issues to deal with.

THICK MADAM

#53

ANATHI MYEZA

"FUCK!" I toss my phone aside, not believing what Day just told me. How can I be this reckless and stupid at the same time!

"Really Anathi Myeza!" Sanele barks banging the

table aggressively. "There's no use crying over spooked milk, guess she's even following you from the dead."

"You need to go to KZN before everything spiral out of control. I sense that she's going to be an angry spirit. I thought we were past this, but I guess I was wrong." Zama stands up to leave the guys thinking deep. Anathi is at the corner feeling the pain. That look on Zama's face doesn't sit well with him. He doesn't know whether it's disappointment or anger.

"I have alot of anger in me to even think of the consequences. I'm sorry." Something's will always keeps popping up even if they are buried.

"Maka Mpilo is right, we need Malum'Mbuyiseni eish Bab'Mbuyiseni. I can't believe that crazy old

man is my father." Moment of silence thinking hard. "Manje Day confused me here, what he meant when he said 'they' can't Keep cleaning up your mess. Who is they? They is who? So grand sharp they are mixit, like mix veg." Spikes gets everyone's attention. He can talk for the whole nation, this one never runs out of spewing rubbish out of his mouth.

"Now that you've mentioned it....maybe it's another cop from the inside."

"I doubt Zenzele, Day works with only himself cause he only trust himself. So I can guarantee that it's not someone from the inside." Anathi thinks hard and something clicks. Malindi has been avoiding him these past few days. What is the possible reason behind the avoidance? Why is he avoiding him in the first place? "No man,

something doesn't add up. I think Malindi and Day might have a hand in it."

"I wouldn't be surprised if he supplied your arse."

"Spikes if you don't have anything better to say, rather shut that mouth of yours." Sanele clicks his tongue in annoyance. "What did I do to deserve a brother like you?"

"You deserve to be filtered with cum." He smiles proudly from ear to ear. He felt like a real man after blurting out the nonsense.

"I forgive that mouth of yours, fire in the name of Jesus Christ!" Sanele shakes his head defeatedly. A mad person in the family can

always lift that spirit up, and sometimes annoying to the core. What will they do without Spikes. This man knows how to brighten up the mood even in darkest moments.

MNQOBI SHABANE

"Lady bug, wake up," after that steamy session we had the whole night she has been out completely. Where was she all my life vele, a woman who loved me when I had nothing. She's been acting weird lately. Today she's sick, tomorrow she's good. Her health changes like wheather and that worries me alot. "Babe vuka," I whisper in her ear and woman is freaken hot. Now I'm concerned, is she okay? I Shake her gently in panic.

"Hmmm," she groans, she is sweating and her

face is swollen. She looks....

"Jesus!" What the hell happened to her face.

"My face hurts," she softly says. Whatever that is on her face looks bad, like it hurts.

I scan through her face and my heart races up. This is witchcraft working over night.

"You know what I'm taking you to the hospital!"
Whatever it is please protect my Dudu for me.

SANELE MYEZA

Life takes an unexpected turn. The whole Busisiwe is now a real gabhadiya prostitute madoda. Once was the woman I loved but I

thank God for saving my heart.

My son will grow up some day he will ask me where is his birth mother? How will I answer that question? Will he ever ask for her? As much as it hurts that she once broke my heart....I have moved on and yes I am happy where I am but watching the mother of my son throwing her life away just like that.

Sighs- she now has her 'special' corner. She now has certain clients. I wish I could help but the damage has been done already. She chose this life for herself knowing fully that she has a son.

MNQOBI SHABANE

Driving to the hospital felt like I was driving for years. I've been waiting here for the past thirty minutes. Pacing up and down is making me

dizzy, I'm making myself dizzy. Ow finally the doctor remembers me.

"How is she?" Her face was swollen, her body was red like something or someone was scratching her. How will I explain this to her people. Her aunt has been calling non-stop. I don't want to see this man's smile. But he is smiling like there's nothing wrong.

"Ow she's fine, she just had an irritation and allergic reaction causing itchy skin. Allergic contact dermatitis occurs when the skin comes into direct contact with an allergen.

The result of the skin allergy is a red, itchy rash that can include small blisters or bumps. The rash arises whenever the skin comes into contact with the allergen, a substance that the immune system attacks. Often, there is a time

delay between exposure to the allergen and when the rash occurs.

"Okay what the hell did you just tell me. Can you put that in simplest terms for me to understand. Right now I heard non." Is he fuckery kidding me right now, does he not know that I did not go to school!

"My apologies, Hives during pregnancy represent an allergic reaction to food, insect bites, medicine, chemicals, etc. With the increase in hormones and changes that happen in your body, it is possible that you become more sensitive to pathogens and experience hives while pregnant. Meaning your woman is pregnant and she eat something that she was allergic to. It's nothing serious it will die down by tomorrow." My ears buzz after hearing the

word pregnancy. Pregnancy and hormones, Jehova is it what I think it is?

"Are you saying she's pregnant?" I'm making him to repeat, I want to hear it from the horse's mouth. He can't tell me half of the information! He must vomit all of it.

"She is two weeks pregnant. Congratulations sir," he leaves me smiling like a stupidity. It has been confirmed I'm a man, I'm going to be a father! "My mother needs to hear this!" I dial her number and she answers breathing heavily, aha I'm disturbing something.

"Sorry to distribute your morning glory I have more exciting news. I'm going to be a father! Dudu is pregnant." I say dropping the phone. "You can now continue with your morning

glory," I say to myself chucking in excitement. I follow the doctor shortly feeling myself as if I'm the father of the year already. My poor thing is sleeping, her face has died down. Looks like she has been treated.

"Lady bug," I take her hand kissing the back of it. "I'm going to be a first-time father soon and feel pretty confident that I'm up to taking care of the baby already. I know I sound absurd but I'm happy muntuza Wami. You've just made me the happiest man but what can I do to make things easier for you in those first few weeks? I will have to start googling and booking appointments. Are the doctors able to reveal the gender of the baby? You know-...."

"Baby can you keep quite, I'm trying to sleep." Ow good she's awake maybe she will take me

out of my misery.

"Is he kicking?" I place my hand on her stomach.

"Baby when will your stomach be bloated?" I frown looking at her cracking into laughter. I love how her melodic voice comes out.

"Hau babe I'm curious."

"First of all I'm only two weeks babe. It's not even a babe, it's just a tiny little clot. Maybe once I turn four or five we can be able to see the gender of the baby." She brushes my neatly cut hair. This is her new habit and I hate it very much!

ZENZELE MYEZA

I can't keep up with this child. It's like, she's being possessed by a demon or something.

"Zezezeze," that's all she knows how to scream my name. She's wobbling around the house destroying everything. How does Simthandile cope when I'm not around? I wonder if Anathi is okay after the scandal that happened yesterday. I'm sure Maka Mpilo is demolishing his balls again.

"Yah Neh," I say looking at the toys scattered all over. Simthandile had a story to catch in the wee hours of the morning and I'm baby sitting.

"Elona stop it." The devil just giggles, that's it I'm done with running around in circles like Mr Bean. "Zezezeze," she screams burning my ear drums. How will I survive from this. I have no other option but to piggyback her using a towel.

Minutes later Elona fell asleep on my back and damn it hurts. I feel like I was carrying a hippo.

The house looks clean and spotless. Hope she won't wake up and destroy again. It's just after five and Simthandile is about to come back from work. I just want to cook her something special even though I know I'm bad in pots. But pasta is the easiest you can make.

I'm done cooking and I've set the table, I just want to lay down a bit. I'm tired and exhausted. How do women take care of the household and kids at the same time and yet to satisfy our needs at the end. It's true when they say women are remarkable. I'm trying to nap and the little rascal has woken up playing with my eyes. At least she bathe what's left is for her to eat dinner.

"Elona!" That's Simthandile, I sigh in relief knowing that she's back and safe. Her work is

very demanding and I understand. It's something that she's passion about.

"Wow," I say dramatically making her to laugh.

"Hey babe," she perks on my lips and tries to take Elona who was sitting on top of my chest uninvitedly.

"Zezezeze," she refuses, ow boy this is going to be a long night! "Babe take the baby," I whine trying to seek some attention from her.

"Guess you two still need to bond." Just like that she walks away leaving me with the grinning Elona showing me her two front teeth. Who wouldn't melt seeing this little wide smile an a cute chubby face. I wonder if will I be able

to have kids on my own.

MALINDI MASONDO

Anathi is becoming very careless with his traces. I had to sneak inside the yard at night and clean the blood traces, making sure not to leave any incriminating behind. I had to kill a dog a place it where Anathi's blood was. With the help of Day, even though he was tired of cleaning our mess up. I did say I will earn friends my trust and my friend back. Even if it means taking a bullet for him than so be it.

"You should tell him," Sphesihle says breastfeeding my baby girl Nhlosehle.

"I don't want to put stress on him." I honestly

say, he will think I'm desperately seeking for my friend back. Which is very much true....I want to get on his good books again.

"I hear you, but don't strain yourself alot."
Sphehile has been a great support system ever since I met her. What would have my life turned out if never met her. "Let me go bath that rascal of yours."

"Don't call my daughter a rascal Wena rascal,"

"Says one of the rascals." She tells me and we laugh.

"Thank you for being part of my sorrowful life, thank you for loving me when I had nothing."
With the money I'm earning, I managed to buy

mother a four room bedroom house. It's nothing much compared to what we use to live in. "You are just one remarkable woman."

"And you changed me for the better. Remember of how much of a drunkard I use to be?"

"Don't remind, you were a flying fish."

"Ay leave my daughter-in-law alone Wena." My mother back slaps my head. She doesn't even know where the conversation started!

"Mah!" The devil laughs walking away. I swear I'm going to fucken paralyze her! My phone chimes loudly, I exhale out loud and answer.

"It was you wasn't it?" He says over the phone.
"Is it?" He asks again. No use over lying cause
he seems as if he now knows.

"Yes....yes it was me." The pain in my voice
knowing I'm the cause of all this. Of our
friendship to sink, I did everything out of greed
not knowing the consequences of loosing what
was a blessing infront of my eyes.

"Why?"

"It's something that came from the goodness of
my heart." And indeed it was and still is.

A moment of silence over the phone, I don't
know what to expect. All I need is my best
friend back.

"Thank you Gazi." The call disconnects. Gazi? Does this mean that I have been forgiven? The name Gazi means alot to Anathi. Gazi is someone who is close to him, not just close but very close. A smile crept on my face having a huge relief. Anathi will always be a brother to me no matter what the circumstances are. I know I fucked up but man I'm happy to have him back!

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1 YEAR LATER

THICK MADAM

#54

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

A lot has happened within just one year. I'm getting married, it's every girl's dream to have a white wedding. A traditional wedding was the best I could ever imagine. I'm pregnant and my husband is still yet to know. Just still keeping it a secret. I decided that school or tertiary whatever they call it is certainly a no go area for me. I'm all about money baby.

I'm a proud business woman, I knew that it's something that had it in me. Fashion has always been my thing. Now owning a Thick Madam store with the help of my man of course. My brand has been registered and I can't wait to fly high and swim in money. Everything has been set for the big day tomorrow. The Shabane's have been running around like headless chickens preparing everything. I'm honoured to have a family like them and I wouldn't be more happier into

marrying in homestead like the Myeza's. Those people welcomed me with warm hands and showed me what love is. Now looking at everyone genuinely happy for me makes me emotional.

"Mntase, I finally got hold of thee Precious Zikhali. Even though she's expensive but damn that woman has a voice." Uthinga my eldest sister sits besides me showing the e-mail. I was not up for this but they talked me into it. No lies that woman can sing.

"So she agreed into collaborating with Spikes," I chuck thinking of Spikes, I wonder how much will he embarrass us. I'm honoured that she agreed into singing with Spikes on my wedding day.

"Yeap sdudla sasethekwni." That's what I'm being called wherever I go and I don't mind at all. I've grown to love my thick body more than anything.

"That's me," I smile looking at her. She also finally found love after a couple of heartaches. Zipho on the another hand is serious about school. My baby sister is doing matric and she's very much focused.

"The dresses have arrived, you should see the bridesmaids dresses, they are a eish mntase Khaya." Zipho squeals in excitement. The happiness in her face makes me melt. She really has a beautiful skin now, Aqueous cream is doing wonders on her. She neatly places the dresses on top of my bed and my heart races in fear. I'm finally tying the not with the man of my

dreams. I never thought that someone out there is inlove with this thick mama.

"Thank you guys, I wouldn't have done this without your help." And indeed I wouldn't have done it without the help of these beautiful girls.

"We a sister's." Uthinga seems to be more excited about the wedding. I don't know whether it's because she is a matron of honour or what. I have five brides maid and one matron.

"This is going to be the hugest wedding in the history." We have alot of family members and some I do not even know. MaZama's family is also here making sure everything is all set. And as for my mother's family, after they were informed about my wedding they didn't budge and I don't care, MaZama is my mother in the

end.

ZENZELE MYEZA

I'm pacing up and down nervously. I watch her as she pours a tiny drop of pee on the white stick. I've given up and lost all hope, I now know that I will never have a seed of my own.

"Whatever the results are, just know that you will forever be mine. I love you more than life itself, you doing a great job as a father to Elona." Simthandile is trying so hard to ease me down. I look at her and think of my possible future on how it will turn out.

"I know, I love you too." I tell her. This woman right here is my rock and I swear never to let her

slip through my fingers.

They look at each other a couple of minutes sharing their love through their eyes.

Simthandile finally breaks the eye contact and turns to look at the white stick that was placed on top of the sink. "Let's see." She picks it up and frowns looking at it. That's it! I shouldn't have allowed her into taking the stupid bloody test in the first place! Now I feel like a less of a man.

"This is just ridiculous. We shouldn't have-...."

"WE PREGNANT!" She screams throwing her hands in the air jumping up and down like Elona jumping for sweets.

"Huh?" I look at her crazy self, clearly I'm lost. Maybe I didn't hear her correctly."Maka Elonathemba,"

"Baby I am pregnant. We are having a mini you." She caresses on her flat tummy. My heart raises in full speed. My eyes become watery, God has finally answered my prayers. "Thank you." I squeeze her into a tight hug. "My mother needs to hear this." She would be ecstatic that I know. She has been worried sick about me thinking maybe I'm shooting blanks. Imagine Sanele is expecting his second son. The knock on the door disturbs our moment of happiness. I'm over joyed and over the moon.

"I'll go get the door," I tell her, damn this woman just made my day. I open the door only to find the people who denied the paternity of Elona

claiming that she is not a Mlotshwa. I wonder what they doing in my woman's house. I step aside letting them in and the woman abuser is behind them.

"Dada," Elona pulls my pants, she gained alot and she's double her size. Picking her up is a complete struggle. I no longer go to the gym, Elona here is the good machine for me. I smile picking her up taking all of my strength.

"You hungry," she just woke up from her day nap.

"Dayo," she whines,

"Not today princess mother is home, no can do my love." I say walking past them heading to the

kitchen finding Simthandile already making her a mashed potato. "The Mlotshwa's are here, you can attend to them I will finish up here." I say clicking my tongue. They really annoy me. Just months back I bought Elona with a goat as tradition instructs to be a Myeza. Her birth certificate has a Myeza surname on it. The following week I sent my people to her homestead to pay the bride price for Simthandile. We all live in one house, MaMyeza's instructions. No son of hers will get married and have a house outside this yard. The house was extended and still about to be extended since the family is growing. Ever since Nomanyanga and Simthandile moved in rightfully MaMyeza has been the boss of the house, waking up at her own time no longer cooks or clean. She lives her life like a queen and she's enjoying it to the fullest. The Myeza house is now know as Ezidudleni.

"I don't want any drama. I know ma will handle them." Trust MaMyeza with her drama!

"She's already there drinking her tea and scones dramatically. Babe just go before she pulls out a sjambok on them." I spank her butt making her to gasp in shock looking at the grinning Elona.

"Okay, I'm doing this for you and-...."

"Makoti Sim," MaMyeza calls out for her. Simthandile laughs, this is how they are being addressed by their own dramatic mother in-law! Nomanyanga is Makoti Nom and Zama is no longer Maka Mpilo but Makoti Zam. Simthandile walks to the dining room finding the Mlotshwa's

sitting on the couches.

"Sanibona," she greets them sitting next to MaMyeza who's eating her scones dramatically. Zenzele chucks looking at his mother who suddenly changed within a blink of an eye. They now have a Beyoncé mother who doesn't want to grow old. Who wears a two piece attire, stockings and heels. Mind you that woman is not going anywhere, she's just dressed to kill for being at home watching TV all day.

Elona crawls down Zenzele's legs marching to MaMyeza's cup of tea. Elona and tea is like bread and butter.

"Nangoke!" MaMyeza cries but she was too late. The girl is already here waiting to be served. MaMyeza side eyes Elona and Elona does the same making everyone in the room to laugh

except for the so cold sperm donor.

"Ewu kunzima ntombi endlala." MaMlotshwa says looking at the replica of his son. Her heart shattered into pieces thinking of the day they chased away Simthandile like a dog demanding a DNA.

"This so what I go through everyday." MaMyeza responds serving Elona who was already sitting down with her legs spread waiting for tea to be placed between her legs along with the scones of cause.

"What time are you living?" MaMyeza asks looking at Simthandile.

"Later today. I'm ready if that's what you

indicating."

"Hmmm," MaMyeza pulls a long dramatic sip and Elona follows.

"Ma please don't teach my daughter grandmother ways of drinking tea." Zenzele begs MaMyeza who looked at him bellow her glasses.

"The men are outside slaughtering a cow." She clicks her tongue and turns to look the the people who came uninvited in her house! "How can I help you?" Her face immediately changes into a serious mode. One would think she is bipolar.

The Mlotshwa's look at one another not knowing whether to talk or run for their lives.

"As you can see," she points around her big extended house, "we have a wedding that is taking place tomorrow and we are very busy." She fixes her glasses.

The man clears his throat, "I'm hear for my daughter." He points at Elona who was smashing scones on the door mixing it with tea.

"Which daughter are you talking about?" MaMyeza has that scary part of her, one minute she can be sweet and the next minute she can be a devil if she wants.

"That's not what he meant. What he meant is we are here to correct our wrongs." His mother's says holding back her breath praying not to be bitten off.

Mpilo comes in running bumping his head on the couch and continues to run. Elona takes time standing up following Mpilo behind.

"Yoyoyo," she screams making MaMyeza to close her ears and shutting her eyes.

"I swear my eardrum is broken." She says.

"How is your eardrum broken ma?" Zenzele asks holding his laugh.

"You wouldn't understand it's lady's thing." She says fixing her brand new floral dress. Zenzele stands in disbelief looking at his mother smiling. He kisses Simthandile on the cheeks and walks out to the rest of the men outside. The yard is a busy bee preparing for the big day tomorrow.

"You were still explaining." Simthandile is cleaning the mess that Elona made.

"We are not here to fight but to beg you. We do know what we did was....I can't even explain it."

"Make me understand." MaMyeza shoot dangerous daggers at her.

"The thing is, my son told me that Simthandile was living with another man and he suspected that the baby was not his." She further explains.

MaMyeza claps her hands once not believing her ears. "Mihlohla! Did you know that my son saved my DAUGHTER-IN-LAW the time this so called son of yours was beating her into a pulp? Did you know that Simthandile was his

punching bag?" The room suddenly becomes quite. "As pregnant as she was she was being beaten every day until my son intervened and for him saw a worthwhile wife in her."

"Hau that I didn't know." The mother looks down in embarrassment not believing what she just heard.

"Ow yes your son was very abusive to her and I thank God for bringing me a daughter-in-law like her. It's true when they say another man's trash is another man's treasure."

"I know I was wrong, I thought I was fixing her not knowing I was abusing her. Simthandile please forgive me. I want to have a relationship with my daughter, I want her to take my surname." The man explains just realising that

he just lost a real diamond while chasing stones.

"I have no say, you will have to have a word with her father. I cannot assist you in that department." Simthandile lifts her hands in the air for surrender. She doesn't want to associate herself with these people who treated her that bad.

"Can we set another date for the appointment so we talk a way forward. We do understand that the child grew up in this house. But as a Mlotshwa there are tradition that needs to be followed of welcoming the baby."

"Which you failed to do in the past. That baby you see running around is a Myeza. My son adopted her legally and appeased the ancestors

by buying her with a goat. Everything was done traditionally for her. I don't know which way forward you are referring to." MaMyeza speaks.

The woman sighs feeling defeated, she failed her son, she failed her only grand-daughter. If only she was a true mother to her son all of this wouldn't have happened. Things are just completed and they seem to un-complicate it. "Kwanzima, it's all my doings. I blame myself for everything." The woman's eyes come glistery.

"I hear you, but unfortunately there's nothing I can do at this point. The only person who could make you have access to Elona is her father, the man that just walked out."

ANATHI MYEZA

"You doing this?" Zenzele asks me sitting beside me. The girls are gone to the Shabane household as they are bridesmaids. Sphesihle is attending to the kids, I don't know how she manages but take care of six babies. She has a good hand in that department. I'm looking at her running around dressing up Mpilo who is knocking himself every corner. She will be leaving later on to join the girl's.

"I'm a man of my words. This is what I want." There's nothing more that will make me happy than to finally have that woman called thick mama as my wife. Not that she's not but....what I'm trying to say is it's every woman's dream to have a white wedding with the man of your dreams. The relationship with Malindi has been strong ever since the Hleziphi saga. That girl put me through hell. She was starting to ghost

on me, having wet dreams about her. I had to be cleansed and wash away the bad spirits cause yerrrr I known no peace.

"Take care of my sister." Mngqobi says. He came along with Nqobizitha. I wonder what's with the Zitha's in the end. This guy is here with us, shouldn't he be home running up and down or maybe he is trying to dodge a bullet. I'm sure he is running away from MaZama.

"She's my everything." Without her I'm nothing.

"Take my advice and you shall never go wrong." Malum'Mbuyiseni winks at me. My uncle has a dirty mind of his own. Can't wait to devour my red velvet. A whole month without my woman feels like suicide and worstly I'm not allowed to see her till the big day tomorrow. I look at my

people singing African traditional songs making my heart skip a beat. Tomorrow I'm tying a knot with the woman of my dreams.

"There's no turning back after this. Can't wait for yourl's big day." I tell my brother's. All of them are engaged just waiting for the traditional weddings. How happy is the Myeza homestead. My mind swifts back when my own father walk out on us and never looked back. Today I made it this far without him, without the Myeza family. Eight taxi's and I still want more. My hard work has been paid off.

"Where's Spikes? It's so quite without him around." I ask.

"That one, running around chasing after MaMyeza's chickens. How can you play hide

and seek with animals?" Sanele chucks sipping his beer.

"Are chicken animals?" Anathi asks holding his laugh.

Everyone shrugged their shoulders as they laughed to the statement. What a way of schooling so late at night!

THICK MADAM

#55

ZAMADWALA SHABANE

"Is everyone ready?" I ask my mother who looks exhausted. Shame my poor thing, she has been working her butt off to make sure that everything is alright.

"All set mntanami." She looks at me like there's something bothering her.

"Are you okay mother?"

"Tobi is here with her people." She tells me and I can see how shattered she is. "She would like to have a word with you before you walk down the isle."

I didn't and I don't want any drama on my big day. Everything has been going very smooth without any drama. "Did she say what she wants? These people didn't come to my traditional wedding. Why are they here today?" Honestly I'm annoyed and hurt any the same time.

"She didn't tell me anything, but you can find out from her what she wants exactly. Maybe she has all the answers you might need." MaZama has a way of softening up. One minute I'm mad and the next I'm melting.

"You can call her in." I say. "But first before you go call her, can you walk me down the aisle along with my father?" She gasps in shock holding her chest. Her eyes filled with tears making me emotional right now.

"Jehova, who would ever say no to a such heart warming request. I'd love to!" She exclaims in happiness. This woman deserves it all. Months back Buti Mngobi sent my mother and father away on a two months vacation in Nigeria just to unwind. Plus my mother loves Nigeria so much that she didn't want to come back. The

day she was told that she is going to Nigeria she had a blackout not believing the news. It was an expensive trip but worth it. When they came back they found their house turned upside down. I still remember my mother's face when she broke down crying seeing her dream home right in front of the eyes. The plan was to distract them so that they do not notice that we were planning something for them. The taxi business is booming. Uthinga now works with me and she handles everything smoothly. It took us months to have the design that we want for my wedding dress. I'm honoured to say I made my own wedding dress. It was sweat after sweat, tears after tears almost giving up, but at the end I pulled everything off.

I look at my bridesmaids dresses and they were all gorges. All dressed up in black and gold one shoulder short dress, little puffy princessy and white all Stars. Decided to go flat since we will

be standing most of the time. I decided to go for a sleeveless mermaid dress. The top part is filled with nothing but diamonds with my bouquet I can't even explain-....that has a bunch of red roses. My look is complete and my wedding really damaged our pockets real bad. I'm still smiling to myself thinking of the moment-.... My wedding day. My man, klof klof. Ow how bad I've been yearning for it. Someone clears their throat standing by the door.

"May I come in?" Tobi asks, I so badly want to role my eyes but though against it.

"Yea sure," I pull out a chair for her. I don't want her sitting on my bed, what if she leaves something behind or bad luck to be precise!

She looks around the room clinging onto her

handbag, "this house looks amazing." She says,

"Mnqobi's hard work." I reply honestly. It's my brothers hard work and sweat.

Her face looks hurt and I wouldn't care if she's hurting. "And your father is now a taxi owner? I saw two taxi's personalized Shabane outside." The nerve of this woman who carried me for nine months!

"One belongs to father, Mnqobi bought it for him and one belongs to Himself." She nods her head. If she fishes for news I will kindly dish it out on a silver platter no matter how much it hurts.

She sighs and shifts her gaze on me. "Are you

sure about this?"

"Sure about what?"

"About you marrying that man, isn't he old for you?" Ow she's her to judge, how dare she!

"I love him and he makes my happy. I am sure that I want to be his!" I snap mistakenly, "sorry -.... It's just that you are here asking me all that but you never bothered or shall I rather say you FAILED to come to my traditional wedding the time I invited you. Not that I expected you to come anyway."

"I'm sorry I didn't make it. One of Shongwe's child got really sick."

"Ow really, so they are much more important than you own kids? Why am I surprised by you actions, it's something that's in you right? Mnqobi is getting married and I doubt he will ever invite you after not coming to my wedding." I shrug my shoulders not believing her response. So the only thing that has ever mattered to her is her so cold husband's brats!

"I didn't mean it like that. Look....."

"It's okay I understand what you meant. Ow trust me I seriously do understand. Please can you just not ruin my day for me." I beg, my bedroom door forcefully closes and it's Nqobizitha. "Nqobi," he just stands there looking at me with puppy eyes. My brothers son is so adorable. Mnqobi barges in already dressed up and he looks good in that tuxedo

suit.

"Masambe ndoda," he pulls Nqobi who had no intentions of leaving. He picks him up and walks out of the room not even acknowledging the woman who is woman my room.

"I should get going," she stands up and walks out with glassy eyes. I sigh in relief, I just don't want to be near that woman's sight.

I'm all dressed and ready for my day. The nerves are starting to kick in. They yard is buzzing with people I know and some I do not even know. But what I know is my wedding will be full of taxi driver's. I step out of the house with my kids following me behind, Ndimu doesn't want to leave my sight. And as for Njabulo and Mpilo they prefer to be with real

men. I wonder what they think they are. We only hired black Land Rovers, my favourite car at all times. See what I mean when I meant we went way into deep into our pockets. I feel like the president's daughter right now. People are singing and ululating in joy. It makes me a lot of joy to see my family this happy.

" Langilaya loluthando Mina

Zinto zimanukwenzeka

Langiwelisimifula nemihosha

Zinto zimanukwenzeka

Ndimbane, oh yeah, Mpangela, Dali wami,

Myeza, oh yeah Sthandwa Sami

Mzukupwaze, oh yeah, Msani, Dali wami,

Ndimbane, oh yeah sthandwa sami

Langilaya loluthando Mina

Zinto zimanukwenzeka

Langiwelisimifula nemihosha

Zinto zimanukwenzeka

The song alone says alot, alot to say that it's my big day. I'm becoming someone's wife. I grew up very fast and became a mother in a very young age. The cars are hooting swaying side to side.

"You good Ntombikayise?" My father asks looking all happy. It makes me happy to see him this happy. Am I good? Of cause I am. I'm getting married to the man that owns my heart.

"I'm good baba,"

"I'm so proud of you." He tells me squeezing my hand. "I can see that he is taking good care of you and that makes me happy." And indeed he looks genuinely happy for me.

"Remember of what I taught you about taking care of your husband. You are a mother now and your mind works triple than before. You now have to think for your own husband, you think for your kids, and most importantly, think for yourself. You may face challenges in the long run, DO NOT share for the whole world to hear. Never go to bed angry at your husband and never show your kids that life is taking the unexpected turn between you two. Stand your ground and never let him walk over your head. Oh and lastly make sure you feed him well and trust me, he will never look outside for anything." MaZama tells me, I feel embarrassed

at the moment. How can my mother share such sensitive information in front of my father!

"I hear you mother, I promise to follow your check list at all times." I have been following it and I don't regret myself.

"Good," she smiles and looks outside the window. We arrive at the venue, we decided to get married at Botanical Gardens. We are now parked outside the gate. Everything looks amazing, I feel so emotional right now. Imagine crying for a simple yet exquisite decor. I wonder if will I cry when I set my eyes on Anathi. Anathi my mystery man, a man that stalked me since my childhood day's. A man that sent me text messages day and night without fail. A man that sabotaged every guy I try to date. I smile thinking of the day he spilled the beans on how he

will go on blackmailing every man that comes my way.

We jump out of the car and reality kicks in, I'm about to walk down the aisle. Both my parents are standing beside me and my little pumpkins are leading the way. Imagine having six toddlers walking in front of you praying that they don't destroy anything. I look around and I see faces I've never set my eyes on. I ran through the crowd and my mother, Tobi is there amongst the people I don't know. Maybe they are family from her husband's side or her side. Who knows, and quite frankly I do not give a bhoncas! They can go jump off the cliff for all I care.

My bridesmaids are the first to go in along with their grooms on their side. Everyone wanted to have their partner beside them and we let them be. Atleast everyone is happy.

A song starts to paly and Spikes is singing with

Previous beside him. These two can definitely sing no lie. I wonder when did they practice cause damn they sound like Beyoncé and Ed-Shereen right now. We approach and everyone was instructed to stand up. Damn am I Queen or what? Ow how I wish they could just bow down and say 'All Hail To The Of Anathi'.

ANATHI MYEZA

Garden wedding, I chuck thinking of how much of a bully my wife has been throughout the whole wedding planning. I'm standing at the alter waiting for my thick mama to come to me. I can't wait to see her in that white wedding gown. I'm anxious, nervous. What if she doesn't show up after the ups and downs we've encountered ever since we met. She's one strong remarkable woman. I don't regret

following her around like a lost love sick puppy. I don't regret having people guiding her 24/7. The first time I laid my eyes on her I knew right then that this is the woman for me. The song slowly begins and damn she looks beautiful, all her curves are out. Her stomach looks bloated -.... Is she pregnant? I brush that thought off and proudly look at my beloved woman who makes my heart skips a beat everytime I see her. They walk slowly towards me with her both parents beside her. I didn't even notice the crèche that's right in front of my eyes.

"All rise, the Queen of her own castle has arrived." The pastor announces. I see everyone standing up smiling from ear to ear, snapping pictures and taking videos.

TuFace African Queen will be sang be Precious

Zikhali and Spikes. Once my Queen stands by the entrance they began. Here she comes, she is finally here the girl of my dreams. I chose this song because it represents the woman I'm with, the woman I love whole heartedly, the woman who will forever be in my heart.

Yeah, yeah, you are my african queen, ooh lord, ooh lord

Just like the sun, lights up the earth, you light up my life

The only one, I've ever seen with a smile so bright

And just yesterday, you came around my way

And changed my whole scenery with your astonishing beauty

Ah, you coulda make a brother sing,

You ordinary thing, a supernatural being

I know you are just brighter than the moon
Brighter than the star, I love you just the way
you are

And you are my African Queen, the girl of my
dreams.

You take me where I've never been

You make my heart go ting-a-ling-a-ling, oh ahh

You are my African Queen, the girl of my
dreams

And you remind me of a thing

And that is the African beauty yahhh

Yahh oooo you are my african queen, oh lord,
oo lord hmm

Out of a million you stand as one

The outstanding one

I look into your eyes, girl what I see is paradise

Yeah you captivated my soul, now everyday I

want you more o o oo

How can I deny this feeling I'm feeling inside

Ey oh no one can never take your place

Can never take your space,

Thats a fact I cannot erase

And you, you are the one that makes me smile

Make me float like a boat upon the Nile.

The lyrics spoke on behalf of me, my heart, my whole body and soul belongs to this woman standing right in front of my eyes

"Take care of my precious jewel, if not consider yourself dead." Bab'Shabane warns me giving in a handshake. Handing his beautiful daughter over to me

"She will be taken care of." I assure him. And it's

indeed the truth.

"Take care of one another," MaZama tells us in a shaky voice. I nod my head in agreement. They hold each other's hand and join everyone who was standing welcoming the bride. We turn to face the pastor as he informs everyone to have a sit.

"We made it." I say caressing on her tummy. She giggles sending shivers of sensation to my body. It has been confirmed we are pregnant again!

"We made it." She responds emotionally. How I so love this this Thick Madam. The woman that came into my life and brightened it to the best.

THE END