

Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Season 3 Episode 201

Everyone was panicking about the weather. It was cloudy and looked as if it was about to rain. It is not nice to bury a loved one in such weather. The day reminded me of the day we buried my father. The scars were still very fresh in my heart. Spending couple of days at home helping with funeral arrangements wasn't nice. Some people looked at me as if I was the one who pulled the trigger. I also got irritated by cops calling me every 4 seconds to ask me stupid questions. I felt like God was punishing me for some sins I committed in the past. My mom was very supportive. Makoma was one of those moms who only showed their love for their kids in tough times. The day she heard about what happened at Marcus' house she hit

the accelerator and came to Pretoria. She didn't want me out of her sight. Even when cops interviewed me she wanted to be there. She wiped my tears whenever they flowed. The first 3 days after that tragic and heart-rending night it was very difficult for me to sleep at night. Whenever I tried to close my eyes I saw blood or just the colour red. The other day I was walking in town with my mom and saw a group of COSATU members, I almost fainted because they reminded me of blood. Even Vodacom TV ads gave me a fright. My mom spent two days in Pretoria taking care of Marcus at hospital. He was in one of the best hospitals in South Africa but she was there 24/7 for the 2 days she was in Pretoria. She took me along because she didn't want me to be alone. Seeing Marcus still alive strengthened my belief that God is indeed still very powerful. Many people question His power until they bump into a difficult situation. On that awful night, I fainted during the first 2

bullets that hit Marcus. I learned afterwards that 5 bullet were pumped into his body. He was still in critical but stable condition but my mom told me he would survive because he is a strong man. He was the 50 Cent of South Africa.

Whenever I asked what Marcus meant by his final words before he was shot my mom would just go "I wish I knew my baby. I have no idea". She didn't even show any emotions. I felt like she was hiding something very big from me. Maybe he meant he was my biological family friend. I stopped asking my mom question and prayed for Marcus' recovery.

I was impressed by the turnout at Maite's funeral. There were so many people from different places. Cars with GP registration number dominated the car population there. It was quite clear Maite was very popular in Gauteng, especially to the male specie. I overheard one guy saying "the way she was so nice in the bedroom I think I will get a hard on

by just looking at her casket. I still think of her when I do it with my wife. She is the reason I come". Looking at his face I could tell the guy was really hurt. It was the first time I laid my eyes on him. Maite left a huge impression on the guy's cock. Who gets excited from looking at the coffin thou lol? I so wished Maite left her pussy for me in her Will. Just imagine guys complimenting your vjayjay posthumously. I would be the happiest ghost ever. I'd be that ghost that only haunts single people. I spotted Never-die next to the gate and greeted him. It was great of him to come pay his last respects for someone who cheated on him many times. He gave me a hug and told me to be strong. I went "you are the one who should be strong". When I said that I felt his cock growing on my belly. I guess he didn't understand what I meant when I said he must be strong. You know a guy is Tsonga when he is wearing jeans but the cock print on his jeans is very visible. I threw my

eyes around and counted more than 10 guys who I met thru Maite. Her vjayjay was like a social network, it connected many guys. I proceeded to the house to check up on Maite's aunt and other relatives. I respect our culture but why is it always women are locked in some dark room when there is a funeral? How come we never have men sitting on the mattress? I think it's another form of sexism. Same way with how widows are expected to wear green/blue and black clothes while widowers wear whatever they want. But hey, who am I to question culture? When I got to the house there was a huge argument about Maite's Mini Cooper. Maite's aunt wanted to sell it but other family members wanted it for themselves. It's a norm in black families, ugly fights break in the family when someone dies. Even the aunt you never had a relationship with will be fighting for the things you left behind.

When they saw me they all went quiet. One

drunk looking uncle went “you are not welcome here you bloody witchcraft. You turned our good girl into a straatmate when you met her in Pretoria. You are the reason she is dead. Now I will never ever see my cousin’s daughter. We will find a very strong sangoma to deal with you and your witch mom”. I am still to see a death in my hood where the family members don’t black witchcraft. Some go as far as spending the entire life cover benefit on sangomas and prophets just to know who killed their family member. I wanted to tell that drunken uncle to go to hell but I could not because of some old lady in that room. I didn’t want the poor old lady die of heart attack because of my fertile insults. I decided to leave the room to avoid saying negative things. I went to sit inside the marquee like other people. My mom chose not to come to the funeral because she was beefing with Maite’s aunt. Women and beefs are like biltong and boers. What surprised me was how

overdressed the female mourners were. I think some girls went shopping specially for Maite's funeral service. When you are a hoe, home wrecker and man-snatcher women will come to your funeral to celebrate and to make sure you are indeed dead. I overheard some lady going "I am glad she was shot. Imagine if she got sick and died. All of us would be worried by now because she slept with our husbands. I will never feel safe until I see her casket going underground. I don't trust this hoe, she might pull a Qxabhashe on us and come back from the dead. Imagine if she wakes up and offers all male people here blow jobs to thank them for coming to her funeral. I don't trust this hoe". I turned around and gave the lady a snaaks looks. She went "are you also her victim? She once took my husband's full salary and spent it on clothes. I can't pretend I am not happy. I am happy she fell like All White. If you know where they gonna have After Tears party please let me

know. I have the shortest skirt ever in my car. I wanna dance until tomorrow says 'I WILL COME'. Amen". Tjoooo that was deep and not funny. I shifted to another seat to avoid hearing more.

When they brought the casket to the marquee people started crying, even those who didn't know her. All speakers spoke well of her except for some relative who described her as a disobedient and sexually fervent kid. The choir started singing before he could finish talking. That's funerals for you. Lies are tolerated and truth will be masked. The pastor read 1 Corinthians 6:19-20 "Or do you not know that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit within you, whom you have from God? You are not your own, for you were bought with a price. So glorify God with your body". I don't know why he read that scripture because normally pastors read John 14 or Isaiah 41 at funerals. It was after I took a good look at him that I

remembered he was the pastor who used to sleep with Maite. She dumped him because he was a 2-minutes man. After the proceedings at home we headed to the cemetery. Never-die offered me a lift in his car. I was wearing a long black dress and a matching hat. Never-Die told me I looked gorgeous. He was like "I should have dated you from the beginning. Maite was never good for me anyway. Maybe you and I should talk after this funeral. I can make you happy if you give me a chance". Men are dogs. His girlfriend wasn't even buried yet but he was already making moves on me. Talk about disrespecting the culture. I told him I wasn't in a mood for those kind of topics because I was there to bury a friend. Nigger told me to get out of his car. I did as I was told without complaining. Niggers who drive GTI's are used to girls treating them like God's gift to women. I was not planning to be one of those girls. Luckily I saw Thabiso Modika's car approaching.

Thabiso Modika was Maite's favourite cousin and the guy who broke my virginity. He was with some guy in the car but stopped to give me a lift. It's true that you will never forget a guy that breaks your virginity. Seeing him made me smile a bit. He went "my long lost ex who gave me her virginity. When are we getting married?". Lol his jokes were not funny. The brother he was with looked hot. I told Thabiso I was lesbian and he laughed. When we got to the cemetery it started raining heavily. I guess that was God's way of washing Maite's sins. The programme director tried to be as quick as possible. Just as the casket was about to go underground, the rain stopped. The pastor thanked God for His mercy. While casket was taking its journey to the belly of the earth, some fat man aggressively pushed his way to the front.

He stood next to the pastor and with a loud voice he went "I have a court interdict to stop

this burial. I was

WTF

THE END

[12/03, 16:40] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 202

September 2, 2017 Lesego Maake 1
Comment

Black people can make noise in church, inside a classroom and sometimes at meetings. If you want a deafening silence from us you bring something that is like to trigger a good topic for gossip. We call it mghozi in the townships. People were talking and laughing even while the pastor was trying to negotiate with God to welcome Maite to heaven. The pastor even prayed in tongues. The way he was so serious you could tell God not will to take the hoe to his beautiful heaven. I think He was scared she would corrupt His angels. When the fat nigger went “I was....” Everyone literally stopped

moving and their ears became aroused. If their eyes were dicks at that stage I would say they were under the influence of Viagra. The mean paused for a moment and I could see everyone was getting impatient. My mind started going wild. The first thing I thought was that Maite was secretly married to that nigger. He looked rich and I knew Maite loved money. She was the kind that would sleep with a monkey for money. Another thought was that the guy was a prophet and he had a vision of Maite telling him she wanted to be buried with her Mini Cooper. The way she loved her car I wouldn't be surprised. Or worse, the guy had a contract with her to have her vjayjay in his museum lol. I found myself internally because of those crazy thoughts in my head. The guy started shedding tears right in front of everyone. When a guy of that size cries you must know they are feeling pain. How often do you see fat guys crying? It's only these skinny ones that cry over everything,

even when they come. Pastor tried to walk the fat guy to the small tent erected to for family members but the guy didn't move. He went "this burial will not continue. Maite was my daughter. We received information early this morning from someone in this family that her mother....well, the woman she thought was her mother stole her from my late wife soon after she born. She is my daughter. She was my daughter. I won't go into details but this burial stops here until necessary tests are done. The body must go back to the mortuary". I looked around and almost everyone there had their phones in their hands. They were taking videos of that guy talking.

People went silent and motionless for over 2 minutes. I was shocked to the max. I was expecting something funny, not something that big. But coming to think of it, Maite was never normal. She had a character of 'stole goods'. Her life was never stable and she lived life on

the fast lane. The pastor grabbed the paper from the guy and read it. It was quite obvious the interdict was legit. It regarded as bad luck in my culture to stop or reverse the burial.

Apparently it would bring bad luck for years.

Maite's female relatives started crying and it broke my heart. No family deserves to go thru what went on that morning. I wondered which relative gave away the secret. Family members will keep a secret for years and only ejaculate it the day the owner of the secret dies. That is why our funerals have so much drama. On the other hand my heart sympathised with the poor man. Imagine discovering on the day your kid is buried that she is actually your flesh and blood. The timing was bad but I would have done the same. He lost more than 20 years of his daughter's life. Maybe if she had a real father in her life she would have become a good girl. Look at me, I had a dad and I turned into a good girl. The drunken uncle grabbed a spade and

headed straight to the dude. Before he could hit the nigger some people grabbed and threw him to the floor. Other people from Maite's family joined in and chaos erupted. Imagine a fight in a muddy cemetery. It was not a nice picture I'm telling you. The poor fat guy was beaten and kicked until he stopped moving. Those who tried to help him were also beaten. The pastor tried to dowse the fight and he got few slaps on his face. People were acting without thinking. That's what emotions do to people. Luckily some group of men managed to help the poor fat guy escape. People were still busy taking videos. I always wonder what people do with those videos. It's not like seeing people fighting at the cemetery is nice. When the guy was out of the picture the pastor tried to appeal for calm but people didn't give a damn. They continued shouting and swearing. I heard one guy saying "if we don't bury her today, what will happen to the food at her house? Will they throw the food?"

We don't care about her, we didn't know her anyway. We want to be addressed on the issue of food because it affects us". Lol some people though!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Calm was eventually reinstated when elders spoke to the masses. Most of them were still concerned about food though. Maite was buried and we left the cemetery. On our way back to the house my mind was dominated by the moments I spent with Maite from when we were still young until the day she divorced the earth. I smiled and laughed at the same time. I thought of how she used to think she was the most beautiful girl in the group. She always liked guys who drove nice cars and good sex was her middle name. I thought of all the beefs we had. If beefs were real beef Maite and I would have owned 3 butcheries with our beef. Maite was a hoe that loved nice times and nice things. She lived for that and she died because of it. When we got to the house people queued

for food. I decided to go home because the rain was starting again. I bumped into the lady who was talking kak about Maite earlier and she went “sorry sesi, we can we buy alcohol around here? We want to celebrate. Today is like Christmas to some of us”. I gave her directions to the nearest church. I didn’t have energy to talk to fools who blame other people when their whore-husbands cheat. It’s not like Maite’s punani had a magnet. Maybe Maite gave the husbands what they didn’t get at home. On my way home I bumped into about 10 police vans heading towards Maite’s house’s direction. I assumed it was Maite’s ‘father’. Nigger was on a mission to claim his daughter, dead or alive. I decided not to follow the vans. For the first time in my life I defeated curiosity. I didn’t wanna be next to cops. When I got home my mom was lying on the couch busy chatting on Mxit. Tjooo bo Makoma mrena, imagine such grown butt woman busy on Mxit. The last time I did Mxit I

was in primary school. I wondered who she was chatting with. I greeted her and she went “before you sit please tell me what happened at the graveyard. I heard Maite’s real dad popped out of the blue lol”. You must know your mom has a Ben10 younger than you when she uses words like ‘lol’.

I told my mom everything and she laughed as if I was telling her about a party or something. I sulked and went to my bedroom. I called JT to tell her what happened at the cemetery. JT laughed and went “ntwana mos Maite ke starrang. U chunne drama before and after her death. Bona, dae chick ke Terminator 4. If ne ke le Rebecca Malope ne ke tlo re Mshayeleni izandla hallelujah bazalwane . Ka zwakala kaosane to support you. Ne ke le busy ka some project”. JT had a way of making me laugh even when I didn’t wanna laugh. I loved her for that. I was looking forward to seeing her the following day. I didn’t have much to do so I decided to go

on Facebook. People were talking about Maite's burial. Apparently the police vans I saw headed to the cemetery with Maite's family and the alleged father. Damn things were going down. I received a call from Never-die. He was apologising for how he treated me earlier. I told him it was cool because I understood he was emotionally unstable due to Maite's death. He asked me to go out for drinks with him. He wanted to be away from Ga-Kgapane because of the whole drama. I told him my mom wouldn't let me and he told me to make a plan. I told him I'll think about it. Immediately after talking to Nerves I received a call from Thabiso. He was crying and trying to talk at the same time. He was like going "they are going to exhume her body.... Jo nna joooooo. Why is this happening in my family Sharon? Why Sharon? Can I come to your place? I can't deal with this shit". I told him to come if he didn't mind my mom's presence. After the call I went to my

mom to tell her Thabiso was coming. She knew I had history with him so she didn't mind. Nigger was in a bad state when he arrived at my place. My mom gave him some mixture and told him to go try to sleep. I directed him to my bedroom. I was glad my mom was showing a good side of her. Within 10 minutes nigger was snoring. Apparently guys who snore are good in bed. I sat with my mom watching TV until Selfie's mom came to join us around 8pm. She went "your friends Maite is died because legs always like tuck shop of Somalia open 24 days every hour. I tell her sex is not bonus but stubborn like Zulu mans". My mom told her not to speak badly of the dead. She went "true is true. No otherwise my sister". I thought Thabiso would wake up and leave but nigger didn't even move. So I decided to sleep in my mom's bedroom with my mom and Selfie's mother. I'm sure Denzel was angry my mom had company. Around 1am I woke up to go drink water.

Nothing pisses me off like midnight thirst. As I was about to open a fridge I saw shadow of a person on the window. It was easy to see it because the outside light was very bright and I didn't switch on the kitchen one.

I opened the curtain a bit and oh Gosh, I saw.....

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 16:40] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 203

September 2, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

That moment when you think you are dreaming but your mind is wide awake. I opened the curtain without applying my mind thoroughly and I saw what I didn't expect. At first I thought the person I saw was just some criminal trying to break into the house. Her eyes locked with mine and I felt my blood freezing. I wanted to

scream but my voice was stolen by the unknown. I have heard people talking about witchcraft before and I thought they were just making up stories. I remember some neighbour used to tell me how he used to find his grandmother naked in his room at 1am. We laughed because we thought he was making those things up. When I saw Maite's aunt naked outside our window I started to believe the stories I heard from my neighbour. She had a white container in her hand and was sprinkling some stuff in the yard. I don't know if she was able to see me but the way she was acting it was like she didn't notice someone was watching. Instead of running to call my mom to come help my legs froze. I guess it was because of the shock I suffered. It was the first time in my life that I saw something like that. I felt like I was watching some Venda movie. I don't know if it was bravery or stupidity, I opened the window a bit with the aim of telling

her to go away. Before I could open her mouth I heard her saying “ehwa Sharon. Ehwa Sharon. Bommao ba bolaile ngwana wa rena. Ke nako ya gago ya go hwa. Ehwa ngwana wa moloi ke wena (die Sharon. Die Sharon. Your mother killed our kid. Now it’s your time to die. Die you bloody daughter of a witch). Now that one sent me running back to my mother’s bedroom. I didn’t understand why she wanted me to die because I had nothing to do with Maite’s death. Maite died because she cheated on the guy who bought her a Mini Cooper. She died because her legs were always open as Selfie’s mother said. When I got to the bedroom I woke my mom and Selfie’s mother. I was babbling and I didn’t make sense. My mom told me to calm down and tell her what I know. I took a deep breath and explained to them what happened.

When my mom finally got I was saying she didn’t even get dressed, she got off the bed and

headed to the kitchen door. She was acting all brave for a moment I thought she was Mkabayi. Selfie's mom was behind her with my mom's vibrator Denzel in her hand. She was shouting "where is witch? I will die her with this things forever". I think she wasn't aware the thing in her hand was my stepfather. She just grabbed whatever she could lay her hands on. When they got outside Maite's aunt was nowhere to be seen. They walked around the house and still there was no one. My mom asked if I really saw the woman and I told her I was 100% sure I saw Maite's aunt naked. My mom immediately went to my bedroom. She wanted to chase Thabiso because she didn't want sons of witches in her house. When we got to the bedroom Thabiso was nowhere to be seen. My bed was neatly made as if no one ever slept on it. That was some creepy ish considering all doors were locked. Selfie's mom said "small witch run marathon with big witch. Nxa sorry checkers I

am kill them tomorrow". My mom suggested that we kneel down to pray. For the first time I meant what I was saying in my prayer. We all prayed for the bad spirits and witches to disappear. After the prayer we went to sleep in my mom's bedroom. I had terrible dreams. In one of the dreams Maite was feeding acid and my entire body was melting. When I asked her what she was doing she told me she was preparing me for a bigger role in hell. According to that dream, Maite was of the senior members in hell. Satan consulted her before making big decisions. I woke up with a huge headache in the morning. My mom and Selfie's mom were not in the bedroom. I called my mom and she told me they were on their way to Venda to seek protection from Maite's family. I was angry because I knew they were going to waste money on the useless Venda prophet. I told her it was not necessary to go there because we had prayed and she went "one day

when you have your own house and family you will understand”.

I knew it was close to impossible to win arguments against my mother, so I let it go. My little brother was at my mom’s friend, the doctor. So it was just me in the house. I called JT to ask if she was still coming and she said yes. I was so excited. I knew with her in Limpopo I wouldn’t be bored. I decided to do house chores. The entire house was clean except for the kitchen. I cleaned it until it looked new. After cleaning I took a bath and had breakfast. It was a bit cold so I decided to take my mom’s laptop and go watch movies in bed. I knew my mom had many movies in her laptop. I was lucky because her password was not changed. I went to Movies folder and instead of finding movies in there I saw something I didn’t expect. My mom had more than 100 gigabytes of adult movies. That’s something you would expect to find in a guy’s computer, not a 40-

something year old. My mom was such an embarrassment. For a moment I wished she could follow Maite. I closed her laptop and opened my phone. 5 minutes later curiosity started poking me. I opened the laptop and opened one of the movies. It's true that you must never watch those kinda of movies when you don't have someone to help you. I watched the first one and within 10 minutes my underground turned into a sea. I wanted to stop the movie but my heart was enjoying it. Nothing turns me on like watching a gifted black guy giving it from behind. Nigger was pumping it like there was no tomorrow. The way the girl was making relevant noises it was quite clear the nigger was touching right places. When a nigger does you good you can speak 5 languages at the same time without being aware. I remember my ex Matome from Jane Furse once hit it right and I shouted "Ek feel monate uyangizwa motho wa xikwambu". Good

shag will make you speak a language you have never heard before. I think this thing of praying in tongues started during sex lol. Luckily I was wearing a dress only. I decided to engage in 'fingie-fingie'. With my eyes glued to the screen, I started moving my finger on the clit gently and gently. When the girl screamed I screamed back. When the nigger went deeper my finger went deeper. Ko Pitori ba re tse monate wa iketsetsa.

As I was busy pleasing myself there my phone rang. I used my unemployed hand to grab it and answer. It was Thabiso apologising for leaving without saying goodbye. I asked him what time he left and he said before 11pm. I asked him where he was and he said he just passed next to my house on his way to police station to sort the whole Maite issue. I asked if he was alone and he said yes. He asked why I was asking so many questions and I told him to pass by my place if he wanted to know why I was asking. Luckily he agreed. I had an element of guilt in

me but I didn't give a toss. You only live once. I didn't want to die with a sad pussy. When nature calls one must answer to avoid angering it. When I heard a knock I took the laptop and went to my bedroom. I knew my mom was a sex maniac but it wouldn't be appropriate for me to have sex in her bedroom. I still respected Piet's spirit. I told Thabiso to come in and come to my bedroom. Nigger went "you better hurry up because I am in a" . He stopped talking when he saw my thighs and heard sounds from the laptop. I went "you never went beyond one round when we were dating, it's time to make it up to me. You took my virginity when I was still innocent and naïve. Now come take my punanity". He looked at me as if he was still thinking which style to attack me with. At that moment the girl in the movie went "what are you waiting for cowboy? Come ride it.....". Lol what a coincidence, she literally stole my thunder. I fondled my clit in front of Thabiso to

magnify his appetite. I am a 21st century girl, when I am hungry I go to the fridge. I don't wait for a man to offer me food. Thabiso went "you will never change neh? Your friend Maite is dead now because of such behaviour and here you are selling yourself for free. I am not even aroused as you can see. Bitches don't have that effect on me anymore. I have a woman and I'm faithful to her. Look at your pussy, it looks like Hans Strydom Tunnel. Try giving it a break for a month please. Bye hoe". If I had a gun there I would have killed him inkabi style. While still lying there digesting what Thabiso said my phone rang and it was my mom. With a Rachel Kunutu voice I went "mma le nyakang?"

She went "I got a call from the hospital. Your fath.....i mean Marcus is....."

Tjooooo WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 16:41] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –

Makhwapheni Episode 204

September 3, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

There are some people that you develop a certain bond with. Marcus was one of those people to me. There was some mystery about our relationship that no one wanted to talk about. I tried to connect dots but failed to come up with a solid conclusion. I don't blame myself, I got so many mixed clues and links. It was so difficult to come to an irrefutable conclusion. The pictures in his bedroom; the kind of relation he had with both my parents; what he wanted to say seconds before he was shot and most importantly the love he gave to me. Sometimes I used to think Marcus loved me more than the late Piet did. If I wasn't Piet's daughter I would have thought Marcus was my father. My mom's call clattered me a bit. When a relative is in hospital and someone calls to talk about him naturally the first thing you are likely to think

about is death. In my mind my mom was about to tell me Marcus had given up the ghost. As mom was about to say something I heard Selfie's mom in the background going "tells him witches must fallen. God is not wearing leggings shem. Witches will dead as soon as later". My mom told her to keep quiet. My mom went "yes as I was saying before were interrupted, I got a call from the hospital about your uncle Marcus. They were updating me on his progress. The nurse was very nice you know. Nurses in public sector can learn a thing or two from her. Can you she even asked if I was ok?". My mom had a Nigerian Movie Syndrome (NMS). She could spend more than 10 minutes to tell you something that a normal person would use less than 5 words. She's like Nigerian movies, they can show you one scene for 1 hour 34 minutes. One scene, one actor for that long. I told my mom to get to the point. She went "they told me he was making a good progress. The

doctors are giving him special attention because he's cute lol". My mom was getting younger and younger mentally. She was getting younger than her age. I hated it when she used the word 'lol'. It's like she wanted to be 16 again. But hey, what can you expect from a woman who chats on Mxit at that age.

My mind went back to Thabiso. In my entire life no one has ever insulted me like that. Imagine someone comparing your nanana to a tunnel. Not just a tunnel, a big tunnel that trucks pass thru everyday. That was insult of the year. Even prostitute would have taken offence if her puni was compared to a tunnel. I put 2 fingers inside and felt nothing. It was when I put the 3rd and 4th fingers that I felt something. Maybe it was because I had small fingers. Ormaybe my puni was still traumatised from sleeping with RR. My phone beeped and it was an sms from RR. It went "Sorry to bother you mamoruti, I know you are sad I am dead but it's ok. Ke thato

ya Modimo (It's God's will). Tell me, what does 'bae' mean? Gape nna ke confused, born before technology". I ignored his sms and he sent another one after 10 minutes. It read "send me your bank account number. I want to send you money". I immediately sent him my account number and told him what bae meant. He sms'd "wa nyela. O tla romelwa ke mmao tshelete. Le phela masepa lena ma yellow bones. Nna ga ke jewe so easy. Ke paletsi le bannyana ba mathosa. Nnyo yao (Screw you. Your mother will send you money. You yellow bones live a crappy life. You cannot milk me that easily. Even Xhosa chicks couldn't milk me)". Men like RR deserve to be turned into tokoloshis. I decided to forget about him and concentrate on important things like Facebook. I love my hood but sometimes it gets boring, especially when you don't have good friends. Maite wasn't a good friend but she wasn't boring. With her gone I had no one at home. The only girls I

knew were either breastfeeding or pregnant. I thought of going to town but I knew Tzaneen would be empty and boring on a Sunday.

Another thought told me to go back to Pretoria but there was no way I was going to sleep in Marcus' house alone after what happened. So I just decided to chill indoors and wait for my mom and Mrs Nkuna to come back. I wasn't looking forward to sangomas and prophet though. I knew my mom was gonna come back with someone to cleanse the house. My phone rang and it was Pearl asking about Marcus. She was the last person I expected a call from and I didn't know why she called me of all people. I told her Marcus was in coma and she asked which hospital he was at. I told her Bara.

Obviously I lied because I didn't want her to go see Marcus.

I remembered JT was on her way and smiled. My only problem was the whole sangoma/prophet thingie. I didn't want JT to

see such things in my crib. Imagine you have a visitor and the next thing some nigger wanna prophesise them. Knowing JT she would make fun of me the whole year. I called to ask how far she was and she told me about 30 minutes away. I assumed she was passing Ga-Sekgopo. When she finally got to my place I learned she was not alone, she had a chick in her car. She parked the car outside my gate and walked to the house alone. I asked who the girl was and she went "ke sfebe sa ka sa from the past. Se bloma Polokwane. Kgale ke sa je kuku ya levenda so I called her when I passed Polokwane because I wanna chow her". I told her my mom wouldn't allow such in her house. She told me to get dressed and look beautiful because we were going to Polokwane to celebrate Maite's death. JT wasn't a big fan of Maite because she believed Maite was a very big bad influence to me. I told her I had to wait for my mom to come back and she advised me

to call mommy and tell her I was going out. That was JT for you, she always wanted things to happen. I called my mom and told her I was planning to go visit a friend in Tzaneen and she told me as long as I was home before 9pm. Wow I didn't expect her to be that cool with me going out. Selfie's mom asked to talk to me and I said cool. She went "my son please please I begs you. No beers please. Beers is problem because legs open and many mans take advance for girls. Maite dead because of this and that". I assumed she wanted to say men take advantage of drunk girls. I was glad they both cared about me so I promised I wouldn't touch alcohol. I didn't mention I was going to Plk with JT. My mom didn't have a problem with JT but I knew she wouldn't let me go to Polokwane. I went to JT's car pretending as if I was going to greet the girl. Truth is I only went there to check what she was wearing. I didn't wanna find myself in a twin-situation.

It took me an hour to prepare myself. I wanted to look gorgeous. After what Thabiso said to me earlier I had to console myself by looking gorgeous. I wanted to go all white but remembered it has fallen. I decided to go for a yellow mini swing dress and matching yellow heels. When you are a yellow bone bright colours suit you. No offence but dark girls look like Kaizer Chiefs when they are wearing yellow. Whenever I see them I feel like doing the Love & Peace sign and go 'Khosi 4 Life'. They should call it Khosikazi for life these days because e jewa nkare ke the late Maite. The way JT was getting impatient you would swear she didn't have a punani. She went "sfebe etsa fast re vaye mang. Levenda la ka le fela pelo". I told her I wanted to be the most beautiful person wherever we were going. She laughed and went "ha ha ha ha we are going to Polokwane, not Giyani". I laughed and told her to stop making fun of girls from Giyani. When I was done with

everything we hit the road. I was not used to take the backseat in JT's car. I hated the girl the minute I got in the car. The girl was so talkative you would swear she wasn't Venda. Most Venda girls don't talk too much, unless if they are drunk or high. When they are drunk the only time you'll hear what they say is when they mention your name lol. The girl's phone rang and she spoke for couple of minutes. After the call she told us it was her brother. Apparently he was bored and needed some company. She suggested that we go there. JT was against the idea because she wanted to go to Industrial Shisanyama. When the girl mentioned the brother's house had a bar full of booze JT didn't even think twice. She went "siyabangena live". Lol she beesh loved booze shem. The brother stayed in Flora Park. Judging by the big house and the cars parked outside the garage it was quite clear nigger chowed money. The girl told us nigger had just lost a wife. She also told us

he was a Venda Prince. Call me an opportunist beesh or whatever you want, I developed a crush for the nigger before I even met him. Big house, big German machine, dead wife and a Prince? Gerrarra here for reeeel!!!!!! As soon as we got out of the car I adjusted my walk. I walked as if I was the Princess. Royal walk I'm telling you. As soon as the guy appeared from the house to welcome us my knees went weak. I almost fell at that stage. Venda men are ugly, that is something we all know. If you don't believe me watch SABC 2 at 9pm #Gizara #KK #MashuduGhost. We only love them because they have the right tools. The Prince was a different Venda. He was light in complexion with a well-built body. It was the first time I see a male Venda yellow bone. He was wearing sweat pants so it was easy to see he was indeed a Venda man. Having watched Muvhango for so many years I managed to learn how Venda royal people are addressed.

So I decided to impress the Prince. I lay down on the ground, clenched my hands together and went “tshivhavhala tsha shango, vele la mbeu, maganu a nemeneme, tshiulu tsha madini, iwe une wari ifa ndafa muhali, ndee ndee, khakhamela. Aa Mavu!!!!!!!!!!”

Nigger went “Aluwani, take this woman.....”

Boooooom eish....WTF!!!!

[12/03, 16:42] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 205

September 3, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

Most people will think girls like me are stupid to go to such length to impress a man they don't even know. I beg to be different. Sometimes you have to take initiative to make things happen. You never know who God has in store for you. What if he's too blind to see you are into him? Get off your butt and show the nigger you mean business. I knew very well that people

from the royal family are very traditional and obsessed with respect. Lying on the ground is regarded as one of the most respectful ways a woman can show to a Venda man. When president Zuma went to Venda few years he was impressed by how women went down on him...I mean went down for him. He once said "because they even lie down to show respect for other people". Royal people are known to be fans of culture and respect. I knew by doing what I did he was going to be impressed and maybe send his uncles to my family with a herd of cattle. Imagine me being a Princess. First thing I would do would be to have a royal pole in our bedroom to entertain my Prince. I nearly died when the Prince ordered the chick to kick me out of his yard. I was abnormally shocked. Venda men are known for their warm and friendly hearts. They are generally friendly to women. The Prince's arrogance took me by surprise. I expected him to be impressed by the

way I addressed him but the opposite happened. I looked at JT expecting her to come to my rescue but she was busy admiring the guy's German machines. The Prince told the chick she must not bring desperate girls in future. I felt so insulted. I knew he was a Prince but he had no right to insult me. What kind of man insults a woman like that? A beautiful woman nogal. Mxm maybe he was an adopted Venda. No wonder he was a yellow bone. I quickly stood up and tried to hide the embarrassment in my eyes. He headed to the house and the chick followed him. As soon as they disappeared into the house JT came to where I was standing and went "Ntwana o dadada straight. O patla. O bhari. O lathalatha. Entlik ne o re o chunang dah? A never ke vaye le wena dilong in future. Wa jumpisa gore o tswa dipolaseng (you are a fool. What were you doing there? I will neer take you to fancy places in future. You are showing your village

tendencies)”.

Before I could respond to JT the chick appeared from the house. She was all smiles. She told me the Prince thought I was from Venda and was trying to impress him. After his divorce he kinda hates Venda women. When I told him you are not from Venda he was very impressed that you know how to praise him in Tshivenda. He sent his apology and he would like to apologise personally if you don't mind joining him in the house for drinks. Her words were like John Legend's music in my ears. The excitement I got was like the one drunkards get when they hear a gospel song at a pub or a club. If you don't believe me ask the DJ to play any gospel song and you'll see how excited and ecstatic people become. Some scream “fire fire fire fire I receive papa”. JT and I followed the chick to the house. The Prince had a box of chocolate in his hand. He apologised for his conduct and explained that he thought I was some random

chick from Venda. He said "I am honoured to have a very beautiful lady like you showing respect to the owners of the land. I am sorry you got your clothes dirty. I will send my PA to take you shopping tomorrow". Wow nigger was giving me a hint of his financial muscle. Venda guys don't give money that easily, unless if you are a Xhosa girl. He introduced himself as Ntshengedzeni but preferred to be called Tshengi. I don't blame him for shortening his name. I would do the same if I had a name like him. Beside the fact that it was difficult to pronounce, it was a negative name. What kind of a parent names a child 'torture me'. Lol his name meant that. I introduced myself as "Princess Sharon". He smiled and went "your mom gave you beautiful names. I prefer the Princess one". Mxm nigger didn't get my hint. I was trying to tell him I wanted him to make me a princess and he thought it was my name. The chick, Aluwani introduced JT as a former

schoolmate at some school in Polokwane. I knew she was lying because JT never attended any school in Polokwane. Nigger told us the braai facilities were at the back. As we were walking to the braai area JT whispered “ka bona o charmilwe ke leVenda. Le tla o pharola motete nyana o wa gago wa ka mrengerenge nyela. Tlogela bofebe tendencies assomblief (I see the Venda dude charmed you. He will tear off your butt with his mrengerenge until you soil yourself. Stop with your hoe tendency)”.

Lol trust JT to whisper such twaddle. Tshengi wasn't lazy, he was the one doing everything. I got to learn he was a cool guy. I mean, any guy who gives a girl a box of chocolates to apologise deserves some credit. I know if he was some nigger from somewhere in kwaMashu he would have said something like “uyanya lomfazi”. Tshengi gave us vodka and whiskey. JT went “my bla nna ke vraeza Castle Lite or Hansa (My bro, I prefer Castle Lite or

Hansa)”. Luckily nigger had some leftovers of Hansa in his fridge. JT was herself wherever she went. She wasn’t the type to drink expensive drinks when surrounded by people with money. She drank what she enjoyed. I knew Vodka would knock me in no time so drank very slowly. I didn’t want to embarrass myself in front of the Prince. He even asked why I was drinking slowly and I told him it was the first time I tried booze. JT went “praise the Lord. Hallelujah bazawalane krapa fasa loh”. I knew that was her way of telling me she was aware of my lies. I chose to ignore her and continued giving the Prince my attention. After eating JT noticed she ran out of booze. Tshengi gave them money to go buy more beers. I wanted to go with them but he told me it was not necessary because he needed some company. I agreed. He asked if I had a man and I told him I had a boyfriend. I chose to lie because I knew men’s appetite to date you

grows when they know they are going to snatch you from another guy. Niggers will let a single girl go and gun for a chick who is in a happy relationship. Banna ke baloi ka mmao. He went "is your boyfriend's name or surname Tau?". I laughed and told him NO. He went "if his name or surname is Tau then I am a happy man". I didn't understand what he meant so I just smiled to avoid looking dumb. He told me about his failed marriage and how it broke his heart. Nigger was opening up like I was his friend of many years. I asked him if he missed the wife and he went "how can I miss her when I have the most beautiful girl in Limpopo right next to me?". I changed the topic and started talking about his house and cars. He offered to give me a tour in his house but I said no. He insisted and I ended up agreeing. Nigger's house was so big you would get lost for weeks. His bedroom was bigger than 2 RDP houses combined. He took me to the garage and my heart got horny with

excitement. I started picturing myself as the wife of the house.

JT and Aluwani came back while we were still busy with the house tour. We went back to the braai area and continued drinking. JT and Awulani disappeared into the house. I think JT was going to see mzimba. My phone rang and I went to the other side of the house to answer it. It was Talent checking up on me. He sounded so down and bored. He went “woman I’m forever preoccupied with your image in my mind. What did you do to me? I can’t stop thinking about you. Can we meet in town?”. Eh when a guy tells you he’s thinking about you and then ask if you can meet just know he is h0rny. Only few niggers will call to check up on you without any motives. I told him I was in Polokwane and he asked if he could come fetch me. That was funny because he wasn’t even my boyfriend. While talking to Talent I felt something touching my shoulder like someone

was trying to massage me. You know when you are busy on a phone and someone touches you that way your voice is likely to change. Talent asked if I was doing myself with a finger and I told him “voetseeek” and hung up. I asked Tshengi what he was doing and he told me he was making sure the tension on his beautiful guest is gone. He was right though, my body was so tense. I was kinda enjoying his shoulder massage and wished he could do it forever and ever AMEN. He went “I think we should go to my bedroom. There is so much we can do in there”. I told him I was on my periods. He went “ha ha ha ha ha you misunderstood me. I don’t want to have sex with you. Let’s go to my bedroom and you will see what I have in store for you. I am 100% sure you will like it”. Lol I could see nigger was trying to apply high school tricks on me. Most of us broke virginity by being tricked by boys in high school. Nigger would tell you he’ll only put the tip of his cock on your

vaginal lips and the next thing you'll feel something going halakasha in your innocent small punani. He literally begged me to go with him to the bedroom. He said "don't worry, I won't rape you. I am a Prince for heaven's sake. I wouldn't do anything to embarrass the royal house. I am a future chief". He sounded so genuine so I followed him to his big bedroom. I sat on the sofa and he opened his closet to take something.

"Ever tried this? You won't regret it....." he asked.

Boooooooooommmmm.....

THE END

[12/03, 16:42] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 206

September 3, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

When you are with a Venda guy in his bedroom and he goes to the closet the first thing you

gonna think is that he is going to fetch mphesu. To non-Venda people mphesu might sound like some name of a sweet but no, it is one of the most powerful aphrodisiac only found in Venda. If your man eats that thing he'll do you until your cake sings Zimbabwe national anthem. So imagine a Venda man with his huge tools under the influence of mphesu. Your cake will literally be like a scene of an action movie. At first I couldn't see clearly what he had in his hand. When he came closer to me I realised he had marijuana in his hand. I was scared he was going to fetch something scary. You never know with these Venda niggers. Apparently some put their grandmothers' pets in their closets. Venda people know what I mean by pets. I told him I never used dagga before because I was a born again Christian. He looked at me and laughed. He gave me a funny look and laughed. He was like "today I want you to try something your church has been depriving

you. This is a herb that my great-grandfather smoked before making big decisions. It helped him to think rationally”. Lol that was more like saying Viagra helped rapists to stay away from sex. I watched him create a zol while speaking some Tshivenda I had never heard before. It was like he was praising and thanking his ancestors for surprising him with a yellow bone in his bedroom. Most Venda men only see a yellow bone for the first time when they go to varsity. Like they say, when you are at a tarven in Venda and you see a yellow bone, you must just admit you are drunk and go home. After couple of minutes a lighter made love to the zol and I saw an ejaculation of smoke clouding his face. He was smoking it in a way that would make one’s eyes horny with admiration. He passed it to me and showed me how to inhale it. I almost laughed at how he really believed it was the first time I was smoking zol. That’s what I like about Venda men, they believe easily.

They are unlike Tswana men. You tell a Tswana guy you are in a taxi and he goes “ke kopa o romele picture ya abuti driver tuu”.

We smoked until I started seeing pictures of Maite and Piet getting married in hell. I understood why Maite was in hell but I didn't understand why my father was there. Anyway, it was dagga playing games with my mind. Zol e tla o trappa wa bona your own ghost. Tshengi asked if I wanted something to drink and I told him I wanted to sleep. I was dizzy and my legs felt weak. Nigger let me sleep on his bed. I had a dream about Maite. She was in heaven driving around in her Mini Cooper and telling everyone including Osama bin Laden and the late Mashudu Mukwevho that she was the hottest girl in Limpopo. Lol just imagine lying in hell. When I woke up I was not high anymore, I was low. I looked around and there was no one in the bedroom. I called Tshengi's name twice and there was no response. I called JT and asked if

he was still in the house and she told me they went to some Shisanyama at Waterland in Polokwane. Shisanyamas are the new big things in South Africa. People are falling in love with the outdoor set up. I asked why they left me and she went “Ntwana, ne o trapilwe ke zolo ya Mavenda. Ne o robetsi nkare o ko cold room ya Avbob. Re ja zaka ya Prince le ma yellow bone a fong kong a Polokwane. Wena o tswile fashion nkare o BlackBerry ha oh wiiiiii praise the Lord (You were high from the Venda dagga. You were sleeping like you were in a cold room at Avbob. We are chowing the Prince’s money with Polokwane fake yellow bones)”. JT had this habit of laughing even when things she was saying were not funny. I told her she was boring and went “boring ke mmao Makoma wa go chatta Mxit at the age of 70 (boring is your mother who chats on Mxit at the age of 70)”. Damn that was

below the navel. I regretted telling her my mom was on Mxit. I begged her to come fetch me and she said no. I didn't even know where Waterland was from Tshengi's place. So I just chilled in the house not knowing what to do. It's so awkward when they leave you in the house that you have never been to before. I decided to go thru Tshengi's things.

Girls know this very well, the first place to snoop is the closet. I found clothes and shoes of a woman. I wasn't dating the guy yet but I got jealous. I had ambitions of being the princess and the thought of him having a woman didn't sit well with me. What put the final nail on my emotional coffin was number of the female photos I saw in that closet. The lady was dark and beautiful. She looked mid to late 20s. I sat on the bed not knowing what to do next. I was under the impression that after losing his wife nigger was a loner as Aluwani said. I was 100% sure the pictures were not of his wife because I

had seen the wife's pictures in the living room. On one of the pictures he was carrying the lady in a very romantic fashion. It was quite clear nigger had moved on. I was disappointed. The last thing I wanted was to be someone's side chick. I was tired of being second best to beeches that couldn't even shake their husbands. I wanted to be the main, the only queen in the castle. I gave up on Tshengi. I made peace with the fact that maybe he was not meant for me. I told myself that I should just wait for them to come back so JT and I could hit the road back home. They came back around 11pm very wasted. JT was the one driving Tshengi's car and they were dancing and singing. It's so irritating when everyone is drunk and you are the only sober one. JT went "Ntwana, dae man ke skhokho. Wa caba gore ga ke verstaani ma-authi ba ba o jeleng kaofela mara dae man ka mo vertaana. Dae man ke nja ya game. Wa nkutlwa mara huh? If dae man o

batla blow job ke kopa o mo gaye yona o mo latswe le marete nyana a until o screama lebitso la koko wa hae wa skobo. Dae man ke general, ke nja ya satan. Bona....lenyora. If Modimo wa resigna kaosane nka nominater dae man to replace him (This guy is the man. You know I don't like guys you slept with before but with this one I approve. If he wants a blow job suck his balls until he screams his ugly grandmother's name. If God resigns tomorrow I will nominate this guy to replace Him". JT was the typical black. You buy darkie booze and he'll praise you until you die. It was the first time I heard JT approving someone to chow me. Only if he knew nigger wanted to play the field. I didn't wanna say many things because they were drunk. Leaving was also not an option because I couldn't let JT drive in that state and I was scared to drive her car at night because it didn't have airbags. I had no choice but to sleep there.

JT took Aluwani and they went to the room they were in earlier. Tshengi led me to another room, not the one we smoked marijuana in. In my heart it was a confirmation that he was indeed in a relationship. He probably didn't wanna do things with me in the main bedroom because it belonged to another woman. I felt so insulted. As much as I didn't want him anymore, my heart was still warming up to him. If body parts had a prison I would send my heart first. Because of its weakness my pussy suffered a lot. To my surprise the bedroom we went to was bigger than the one I was in earlier. It looked like a mini heaven. The way it was so beautiful even Venda couples would make beautiful kids in there. It was so beautiful it would be impossible to have nightmares in there. Nigger was so drunk he took off his shoes and threw himself to the bed. I switched off the light and joined him with my clothes on. It took me about two hours to fall asleep because nigger was snoring. When a

person is rich even when he snores you find it sexy. When a poor person snores he is likely to wake up with bruises because you gonna use whatever part of your body to hit him when he snores. The following morning I was woken by Tshengi telling me he was going for a morning jog. He went "for the first time I slept with a woman on the same bed and did nothing. You must be a special kind of a lady. Maybe you are the one who's gonna help me forget my late wife". Nxa nigger was lying thru his teeth and was so serious about it. I asked him if he was seeing someone and he said no with a serious face. I asked him if he was sure and he said 100%. I let him go for his jog. As soon as he left I woke up and went to the kitchen. JT and Aluwani were still sleeping. I looked around the kitchen for a pair of scissors. Luckily I found them in one of the drawers. I headed back to the bedroom we smoked dagga in the previous day. I opened the closed and employed the

scissors to cut the photos into pieces. I was not being a psycho, I was just doing what any girl would have done after being told there was no other woman in the picture. It's not like I was destroying pictures of his late wife. I know it was too early to be doing such things but I AM SHARON LETSOALO. I don't waste time, I make it rain. My second project was to get rid of the clothes. I went back to the kitchen to look for a black plastic bag. As I was busy in there I heard Tshengi's voice "wow I am impressed. Still new but already you wanna show your kitchen skills. You are a wife material. My little sister would have loved you if she was still alive". I asked him why he came back that quick and he told me he had forgotten his phone.

He went "when I come back I wanna show you my little's pictures. She was beautiful like you. Unfortunately death took her prematurely. See you in 30 minutes. Prepare breakfast pretty please...."

Boooooommmmmmm.....

THE END

[12/03, 16:43] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 207

September 3, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

There are days when I Google my name just to get what it really means. I even thought my name meant stupid mistakes or trouble in Greek and Arabic. Everything I touched turned into a mess. It was like the more I tried to do things the right way was the more I messed up. Even a prophet from Venda could not help me. When I noticed the mistake I did I thought of waking up JT and run away. Venda guys are very nice but if you mess with their family they can kill you. To them family comes first. That is why you see most of them here in Gauteng staying in shacks and cheap rooms and eating pap with cabbage. Most of the money they

make goes home to their families. They build mansions in their villages. I prepared breakfast while thinking of a good plan to get out of the mess I was in. I went to knock at the room JT was sleeping in and she went “Ntwana bofa lephondo. Ke sa ja mzimba. Ke tla tsoga ka nako ya ka (babe relax. I am still making love)”. I knew she wouldn’t come. She was a sexholic. She loved the vjayjay more than many men I know. I went back to the kitchen and continued with my breakfast. It was a black version of the English breakfast. Eggs, bacon, cheese, Russian, baked beans, atchar and toast. When I was growing up only children of civil servants could afford that. The rest only had bread and tea for breakfast. When Tshengi came back from jogging JT and Aluwani were still in bed. Tshengi called Aluwani to come join us for breakfast. They came to join us and we started eating. JT asked “don’t you have pap and meat. Nna ke tshwere ke babalas, ke vraeza gaolo e

serious (I have hangover, I need serious food)". That was very expected from JT. She didn't like fancy stuff. Aluwani told her she should stop behaving like a villager. We all laughed and JT showed us the middle finger. I was eating but my mind was somewhere else. I knew sh!t was about to hit the fan. I couldn't think of anything better to do to run away from the crap I did in the bedroom. Tshengi was in such a good mood and I knew very well he was going to go all furious on me if he discovered what I did. After eating he went "Uhm, thanks for the breakfast honey. You remind me of my little sister. She used to prepare such breakfast for us. Let's go upstairs. I wanna show you her pictures".

I tried to make nigger forget about the pictures by telling him how fit and sexy he was but he was so determined to show me the pictures like I would win lotto by just looking at them. JT was like "Ntwana, vaya le dae man before he

Van Rooyens you". I guess she meant before he dumped me like the way Zuma dumped Van Rooyen within few days of appointment. I walked reluctantly behind him as we headed upstairs. He was so excited I was going to see his sister for the first. I don't know why but it seemed very important him. I guess it was part of his healing. We deal with pain differently. I know a chick who wanked whenever she missed her late boyfriend. It helped her to deal with the pain of losing him. As soon as we got in the bedroom nigger walked straight to the closet. I looked at him and looked at the door. I remembered the day Adeyomi's wife beat the hell out of me in Sunnyside. I ran to a point that I saw dust behind me. I thought of doing the same that day. Problem was I didn't know where to run to. Before his eyes made love to the intestines of his closet I quickly took off my top and called his name. I squeezed my gorgeous tits and went "come here Venda

bambino. Mommy wanna breastfeed you. I see you are hungry". The smile he gave me reminded me of the late Sompisi of Generations fame. Venda men love sex. He closed the closet and went down on his knees. He crawled towards me while making a hungry baby crying sounds. Lol it was the first time I see a Venda man being kinky like that. Venda men are those types that kiss you for 30 seconds and head straight to Kanana. The way he was so stupid he even forgot about the pictures because of my boobs. I told him to cry like a one month baby and he went "ngeeee ngeeee ngeeee ngeeee". Lol I couldn't help it but laugh. When men are excited below the navel they can do whatever you command them to do. They can even lick your dirty panty liner. Anyway, you can't expect much from an animal that has a tail in front.

He took off the sleepers I was wearing and started licking my toes. It was so ticklish that I

ended up losing my energy to stand up and sat on the bed. He moved up and massaged my boobs with his chameleon-inspired tongue. My nipples are so sensitive, whenever he touched them I felt correspondence between the south part of my body and north part of my body. He was gentle and slow. He was pleasing my boobs, not fighting them. I love a man who knows how to play with a woman's boobs. No woman wants a guy who'll play with your boobs as if he's trying to score a try in a rugby game. When he circled his tongue around my left nipples I screamed in Venda accent. As I was enjoying his tongue toying with my nipples nigger stood up and left the bedroom. I was confused because he didn't say a thing. Part of me was glad because my mission of distracting him from the pictures was accomplished but another part was sad he stopped the nice action prematurely. While I was there still thinking what to do next nigger came back with

a container of yoghurt. Some high school friend once told me that when guys eat indigenous aphrodisiac like mphesu they use mageu or yoghurt. I asked Tshengi if he was trying to get me pregnant and he told me to relax and enjoy the soapie. When a Venda person mentions a soapie all you think about are the ugly men we see on Muvhango every night. What a turn off!!!! He took off his top and lay bare his sexy chest. His chest was like a town of attractiveness in my eyes. He made me lie on the bed with my boobs facing the ceiling. If your boobs become perpendicular to the ceiling when you are lying on your back, just know you are in Shazyonce's league of sexiness. But if your boobs become parallel to the ceiling, maybe God bless you. He gently applied some yoghurt on my cleavage and started licking it with his long tounge. I didn't expect such things from a Limpopo man. I know many niggers from Limpopo believe in 'time is money' principle. He played on my belly

and chest with his yoghurt and tongue for good 20 minutes. My eyes were closed most of the time on his instruction. It allowed me to imagine things that only existed in dreams.

After doing his things he took off his track pants and lay on his back on the bed. I knew that was an invitation for something out of this world. I had mastered the art of reading actions and body language in the bedroom. That is one of the ingredients of a good love making. You must be able to read your partner's body language during a shag session. I turned around and I twerked for him and nigger started praying in tongues the Venda version. All I heard was "tshidodo tshidodo tshidodo vha vhe vhi vho vhu tha tha tha ndaa daaa". If eyes could come nigger would have ejaculated three times with his eyes at that stage. When you are wearing jeans and your twerk makes a man speak in tongues you must kneel down and thank the Man upstairs for blessing you with a

superb bum. I am glad I wasn't one of those skinny chicks who look like they are preparing to run when they twerk. I turned around to look at him and his cock looked like an exhaust of an 18 wheeler truck. It was almost the size of a school ruler. If dicks were family his would be a great-grandfather and Dumi's would be a newborn great-grandchild. Hope you get what I mean. It was so big if it all went in it wouldn't only shift your womb, it would make you look pregnant. Without taking off my jeans I made his thighs my seat and my hands visited his mrengerenge-premium. Yes, I say premium because it was more than mrengerenges I saw in the past. It was bigger than Adeyomi's. I rubbed its head mildly and smoothly. When you give a man a hand job you must take your time. Don't do it as if you are changing gears of RR's blue machine. Treat it like a baby and while looking at him straight in the eyes. The more I played with it was the more it got thicker than

his forehead. I did that for more than 10 minutes. He went "now I want to be inside you....i want you badly". I reminded him that I was on periods and he went "damn sh!t my cock is about to burst. Blow me please....blow it". I told him I couldn't because he had just come back from jogging. That was me playing hard to get. I wanted him badly but I didn't wanna give it on a silver platter. If you want a man to be very hungry for you make him sweat for it. On the other hand I was scared of that size. I went "go take a shower in your bedroom. I'll follow you". Nigger didn't waste time, he put on his track pants and ran like a kid running after his favourite uncle. As soon as he left I went to the closet. I took all remains of the photos and went to the loo. I strategically wrapped them in a toilet paper and flushed them. I did it the same way guys do with used condoms. It took me about 7 minutes but at the end all evidence was taken care of. I felt

relieved and proud of myself. I was proud I didn't have sex with him. I know most of you see me as a hoe that can never say no to a hard cock. I wanted him badly but needed to do things differently. Tshengi was a catch and I didn't want him to think I'm a 'mampakala'. By the way 'mampakala' is a village hoe. I put on my top and went to the lounge to join Aluwani and JT. JT went "you still walk straight? Ne ke denka gore dai man o shiftile popelo ya gago. O skhokho nja ya ka. O paletsi le pipi ya Levenda (I thought he shifted your uterus. You are the man my dawg). Pipi tsa Mavenda are so big when women see them they kneel down and say 'aa khosi munene' ha ha ha ha ha". We all laughed at his lame joke. While laughing there JT's phone rang.....

She answered and within 20 seconds she fainted.....

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 16:44] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 208

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

Just imagine witnessing Chuck Norris fainting right in front of you. You will probably think he saw satan

passing by or something. We know Chuck Norris is that guy who is too powerful that he can kill your

imaginary friends with his bare hands.

Apparently when his daughter lost her virginity, Chuck Norris

found it. That is how I viewed JT, she was my Chuck Norris. She had suffered many injuries and gun shots

before but she kept moving forward. Even when she was under attack from all angles she would

fight

until the bitter end. When she fainted after the call I knew something very bad had happened.

Luckily

she didn't hit anything when she fell. I hated seeing her in that condition. As a former nursing student I

knew exactly what to do. Aluwani was crying thinking JT had kicked the bucket. I told her to shut the fart

up and let me do my job in peace. After 5-10 minutes JT gained her consciousness. She looked a bit

weak and confused at first. I asked her what happened and she went "Ntwana, ke nako ya go slyza. Go

na le jive nyana ko Pitori (it's time to leave.

There's a problem in Pretoria) and I have to sort it as soon as

possible. Bhelela ou'lady la gago o mochaele gore o vaile le nna back to mjondolo (call your mom and

tell er we went back to Gauteng)". I have never seen JT that serious in my entire life. She looked

someone who just witnessed a very terrible car accident. I told her I couldn't leave because there were

some things I needed to do at home. She asked if I minded to take a taxi home and I said it was cool.

Tshengi promised to drive me to my place. I asked him it wasn't necessary and he went "everything

about you is necessary". I felt so special and agreed. Aluwani wanted to leave with her partner but JT

went "nuh ga ke vaye le wena (I am not leaving

with you). O tla zwakala next time. Ke tla o bhelela ga ke

landa Pitori (I will call when I get to Pretoria)". With that she did her goodbyes and walked to her car. I

followed her busy asking what really happened but she didn't wanna say. I gave up and let her go. I was

very concerned about her. I just hoped it wasn't something that would push her to do something bad. I

knew JT sometimes acted without thinking when angry. She was the type that would kill a person

without worrying about consequences.

I wasn't enjoying being at Tshengi's house anymore. I was very worried about my lesbian friend. I asked

Tshengi to drive me home. Going home was

another challenge because I knew my mom was going to be

on my case about this and that. I was also not looking forward to prophet talk. Many prophets will plant

an element of paranoia and fear and your head, especially the ones that charge money to help people.

He will tell you tell you your neighbour is planning to kill you but not tell which neighbour. When you go

back to your place you are bound to look at all your neighbours with an element of fear and suspicion in

your head. Tshengi changed into jeans and golfie. He looked so handsome bathong. I so wished Maite

was still alive so she could see my success in life. She would probably try to snatch him from

me. The

drive from Polokwane to Ga-Kgapane was very nice. I got to ask Tshengi many questions and he did the

same with me. We got to know a lot about each other. I was glad he asked many questions about my

education. It kinda made me a bit nervous because I was still to check my results. When we got to Ga-

Kgapane I almost asked him to drive to the cemetery. I wanted Maite to see the German machine I was

in. I pinched my head for coming up with such insensitive idea. I actually told Tshengi about Maite and

how she loved her Mini Cooper. I also told him about the drama surrounding her paternity and possible

exhumation. Nigger went “I have a Mini Cooper that my little sister used when she was alive.

It’s mine

and nobody I using it because it’s small and not suitable for the mountains and potholes in

Venda. If you

stick around I might let you use it. Wow I didn’t see that one coming. I guess it was his way of telling me

he wanted a serious relationship. I played it cool and went “Ha ha ha ha I know how you men operate.

Once you sleep with me you’ll want nothing to do with me. I guess you told many girls before and they

all bought your lie. You don’t have to lie to me. I am an adult”. Nigger literally stopped the car in the

middle of the street and went “there is

something about you. The first time I touched you I felt the very

same way I felt when I touched my wife for the first time”.

Men don't seem to understand this. No woman wants to be compared to an ex, whether dead or alive.

It's even worse when you are compared to a dead ex because you won't badmouth her as it would

sound insensitive. He made it sound he wanted me to be his late wife's replacement. I wanted to tell

him to stop it but I was scared it would spoil his good mood. I directed him to my street and he went “I

wish there was still another 80km to drive, I enjoy being with you. Tell your mom I will be sending my

uncles soon". He laughed after saying that which gave me a relief. No one wants a nigger who meets you

today and send his uncles the following. That is what Bazalwane do, not niggers who drink. He dropped

me right at the gate. I saw the sitting room curtains dance and I knew it was my mom checking who was

dropping me off. I was glad nigger didn't attempt to kiss me. Had he tried my mom was gonna be on my

case until Denzel lost weight. Coming to think of it, my stepfather had lost some weight. My mom was a

'SAVAGE' shem. Who on earth chows a vibrator until it loses weight? When I got in the house I found

Selfie's mother sitting alone. She went "I seed

you going out in the expenses car. Mmmmmh
you have

good test neh? Makoma is old and want
grandchildren. I am happy life is back to you". I
laughed and

asked where my mom was. She said "my sister
is in bedroom with prophet helping him in and
out". I

didn't understand what she meant. I was kinda
surprised the prophet was in my mom's
bedroom and

wasn't sure what they were doing. Selfie's mom
continued "bad things happens mara prophet is
power

shem. He will solve everytime in the house.
Don't worry be happiness ha ha ha ha ha

uuuuuwwwwiiiiii". I decided to go check what
was happening in my mom's bedroom. I tried to
open

the door but it was locked. My mom was screaming like something naughty was happening. The prophet

sounded like he was praying but my mom's sounds made me think of other things. These prophets ain't

loyal. Instead of helping they will take advantage of you and do things that you weren't planning to do.

May God unbless them.

I decided to go to my bedroom. The first thing I did was to call JT to ask if she was ok. Her phone was off

and it made me worried. Tshengi called me to say "I miss you already. Can I come back to see you for 5

minutes? You are such a gorgeous soul, you know that? I wouldn't mind waking up next to you every

morning?”. Lol I was flattered but there was no way I was gonna let him come, especially not with the

prophet busy in my mother’s bedroom. I was under the impression that he was ‘spiritually strengthening’ the house not my mom. These prophets are not loyal. After 10 minutes or so I heard my

mom’s bedroom door opening. I decided to go check for myself what was going down. I expected to see

the short prophet but nuh, it was another one that looked like fire fighters used him to douse the fire.

Nigger was so dark that I almost thought my eyes were closed. He had rainbow coloured ropes all over

his body. He was sweating like nobody’s business which made me think he ‘took care’ of

my mother.

When he saw me he started saying “hoooooh
hoooooh hoooooh hoooooh hoooooh hooooo
haaaaai

haaaaai haaai haaaai haaaai tokoloshi tokoloshi
tokoloshi”. Nigger wanted to touch me but I
quickly ran

to the sitting room and hid behind Selfie’s
mother. Nigger ran after me saying thing that
didn’t make

sense. I asked Selfie’s mother to help me. She
went “voetsek you prophet. Protest far my son
is not

tokoloshi. Tokoloshi is your ugly mothers jou
moer”. I knew Selfie’s mom would have my
back no matter

what. My mom pleaded with me to listen to
what the prophet wanted to say. In fact she
asked me to go

to the bedroom with the prophet so he could
cleanse me. I told her there was no way I was
going to be

in the bedroom with that dark thing. The
prophet went “hoooh hoooh hoooh hoooh
hoooh I see a

rich man with beautiful cars in your life. I see a
very powerful man from very powerful family. I
see

snakes hidden in pockets. I see trouble ahead. I
see many trees and green colour. Hoooooh
hooooh

hooooh. I see blood and darkness. If I don't
cleanse you something bad is going to happen.
Something

very bad is going to happen to you hoooh hoooh
hoooo haaai haaai”. Those are the kind of
things that

made me terrified of bloody prophets. He asked

all of us to close our eyes, kneel down and pray.

Because I was scared I didn't even hesitate. We all closed our eyes and started praying. The prophet was

the only one not praying. Or maybe he was whispering to God.

When we said Amen and opened our eyes the prophet was

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 16:54] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 209

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

Generally I am not a big believer of superstitions and witchcraft. I actually believe witchcraft does not

exist. I was raised in a family that believed in

both traditional and spiritual healing. They forced me to

consult sangomas and prophets on many occasions but I don't remember ever completing the

treatment. Don't get me wrong, I'm not judging other people's belief systems, I'm just airing my own

beliefs. The prophet was nowhere to be seen in the house when we opened our eyes. We all looked all

over the room but nigger wasn't there. Selfie's mom went "Yho prophets disapproved into thin hair.

Where is him now? I am left to my husband Nkuna. Slice tsotsi. Bye bye" She didn't just leave, she

literally ran away. If she was doing athletics she would have won a medal. My mom on the other

hand

was full of smiles and praises. She was on and on about how powerful the prophet was. She told me he

spent 3 years under the sea until he graduated to be a prophet. She went on to tell me how he always

performed miracles for his clients. I almost yawned at that stage. How does performing miracles like

walking on air and disappearing help people? How does walking on water alleviate poverty, give people

jobs and save them from diseases and other catastrophes? While my mom was on and on about her

prophet nigger appeared from my mom's bedroom with Denzel his hand. My mom turned purple with

embarrassment. She was very sensitive when coming to my stepfather. The prophet went “this thing

must be thrown away because it is possessed by demons. Your enemies use it at night. I see so many

things on this thing. You must throw it away with immediate effect”. Lol I almost laughed because of

what my mind was feeding. To me the prophet nigger was trying to eliminate competition. I respect my

mom but I knew what her weakness was. She had difficulty saying no. She probably slept with the

prophet and nigger developed sense of ownership. He probably saw Denzel as direct competition. I went

“no wait mrena, before you talk about things I

am not interested in can I be addressed on the issue of

your disappearance? How did you vanish when we were praying?”. My mom told me I should go to my

bedroom. I guess she didn't want me to see the frail and slender looking Denzel. Shem poor vibrator, it

kinda looked like an Indian slave.

I went to my bedroom as per my mother's instruction. I was there for over 10 minutes until I was called

back. The prophet told me I should go with him to Venda so he could give me treatment and cleanse the

dark cloud always following me. I told my mom I couldn't go with him because I needed to go back to

Pretoria for my results. The prophet went “there

is no need because you failed. You didn't pass anything. If I don't do anything to help you there's no way you gonna pass. You will fail until I do

something to help you". I almost told him to go to hell at that stage. He was not helping me, nigger was

actually planting a seed of more fear and nervousness in my head. I begged my mom to let me go back

to Pretoria. She agreed but on condition that as soon as I get results I go to Venda. The prophet was

against it but my mom and I overpowered him. As if God was listening to my silent prayer, the naughty

prophet left. He gave me a wink before leaving and I knew at that stage the kind of a person we were

dealing with. My mom called the hospital
Marcus was at to check how he was doing.
They told her he

was still stable but critical. After that she called
the detective who was handling the case to ask
if they

made any arrests. As expected the detective
went “we cannot deny or confirm if we made
any arrests or

not at this stage. We have several leads and as
soon as something comes up you will be the
first to know

Mrs Mboweni”. I have never seen my mom
smiling like that. I guess she was flattered by
being called

Mrs Mboweni. She walked to her bedroom. If
Denzel wasn't kidnapped by the prophet I would
have

thought she was going to give him a blow job. I

decided to call Dumi to check how he was holding up

after witnessing the shooting. A female voice answered and went “ufunani mthakathi? Umyeni wam’

ulele (what do you want bloody witch? My husband is sleeping). Please don’t ever call him again. I know

you tried to seduce him and he said no. He told me how you tried to use that fake ass to lure him to bed.

Shame on you!!!!!! I will never trust girls from Limpompo”. Like WTF.....i couldn’t believe Dumi lied to his

wife about me. I went “hey wena mosadi wa leZulu, ke kgopela o ska ntelela masepa. Ke tla go raga wa

nyela le marago a di-dimples. Nxa le tlwaela batho masepa. O nagana monna nyana yo gago

wa pipi ya

go lekana le ya my little brother ke hit. Voetsek
geke (hey you Zulu woman, don't mess with me.
I'll kick

your dimpled butt. You think that small-cocked
husband whose cock as the same size as my
little

brother's is a bit. Piss off hoe)".

It was only when I hung up that I noticed my
mom was right behind me. The Zulu girl took
the

ghettoness out of me. My mom went
"Sharon...Sharon, is this how I raised you? Who
taught you such

big insults? I'm taking you to Venda tomorrow. I
can't deal with this nonsense". Sometimes
when your

mom engages in hoerism in front of your eyes
you lose respect for her and start seeing her as

a fellow

hoe. I loved my mom dearly but some of the things she did were embarrassing. I went “sorry mama. I

thought you were in your bedroom. She provoked me and I ended up saying wrong things. Please

forgive me”. She said “nxa” and went back to her bedroom. I wasn’t proud of what I did but I was glad I

put the Zulu hoe in her place. She thought using Dumi’s dicklett as her toothpick made her some special

somebody. I took a proper bath and went to Modjadji Plaza to buy ice cream. The plaza was so packed

with girls you would swear SASSA was giving them 13 th cheque. I bumped into some for classmate. I

went “wow Mosibudi congratulations. How far is your pregnancy?”. She gave me a Shoprite-Cashiers-

Look and said “I am not pregnant wena. Ke mokhaba”. I couldn’t contain my laughter. I laughed so hard

that she almost cried. She went “toko yao” and walked away. Lol it’s not like it was my fault her belly

grew big in less than 3 years. She was probably a Hunters Gold drinker. I bought ice cream at KFC. I

almost laughed when I saw so many people taking selfies at KFC. You gotta love home shem. As I was

leaving some nigger driving a Golf 5 GTI opened the window and greeted me. He was like “yes yellow

bone. Can I give you a lift to wherever you are

going?”. Niggers from home are confident like that. I told

him I was fine but he kept begging. I gave in and got in the car. He introduced himself as John Maake.

The name sounded familiar. I think he was Maite’s ex. I actually saw him at her funeral but I didn’t

mention it to him. Niggers who drive GTIs are easy to notice because they are always all over the place.

He asked if I minded if he filled up the tank before he drops me at my place. I told him I didn’t mind.

When we got to the garage nigger poured R35.20 petrol. What made me laugh was he paid in coins.

Imagine dating a guy who carries coins in his wallet. Damn what a turn off. When we drove

off nigger

asked for my numbers and I gave him RR's number. Luckily he didn't call to make sure the number was

mine. I like fools like him.

I asked him to drop me 5 houses from my place. I didn't want to give my neighbours a topic for the next

8 weeks. Housewives can make very good storytellers. They see something and make up stories about it.

I remember they once spread a rumour that I was HIV+ and pregnant. I still don't know where or how

the rumour started. When I got home my mom was cooking. I asked where I am gonna sleep in Pretoria

because Marcus was still in hospital. She went "we are leaving together tomorrow. I have to go

see

Marcus. We will sleep at the hotel. I will ask some friend of mine to make arrangements for us". Cheez a

4 hours trip with my mom..gosh. I wasn't looking forward to it. I didn't sleep well that night thinking of

how my trip was going to be. The following morning around 7am I received a call from JT telling me she

managed to take care of the problem. I asked her what the problem was and she hung up. I guessed she

didn't want to talk about it. I sms'd Tshengi to tell him I was going back to Pta with my mother. He

replied with "cool. See you when you come back. I love you". Uhm I didn't see that one coming. By 11am

my mom and I hit the road. Some German car that was packed few houses from my crib followed us. I

say it followed us because it was behind our car from Ga-Kgapane until we reached Pretoria. I didn't tell

my mom because I didn't want her to panic. When my mom slowed down the car did the same. I tried

very hard to check who was driving but I couldn't get the right view. We drove straight to Menlyn Mall.

My mom was busy chatting with someone on Whatsapp. When we got to Menlyn she called someone to

tell him or her that we arrived. I looked around for the stalker car but it was nowhere to be seen. I was

relieved but still a bit worried. Within 20 minutes

a Mercedes Benz C63 parked next to my mom's car

and some rich looking man with a belly bigger than my bum got out. They say girls don't know cars but

when coming to Benz even SASSA girls know it. The guy came straight to my mom and hugged her. He

gave me a short hug. My mom introduced him as his former boss and a close friend, Dr Skhosana. I

almost yawned because I knew what that meant. Nigger went "I made arrangements for you to sleep at

my other townhouse in Equesteria. I can't let you sleep at a hotel when I have so many houses all over

Gauteng. By the way I just bought a beach house in Durban. Your beautiful daughter can

go throw

parties there with her friends if she wants". I looked at the man and all I could see was \$\$\$\$\$\$. He

asked us to follow his car. We followed him until some residential complex in Equesteria. His townhouse

was out of this world. The furniture smelled money. I thought to myself "I wouldn't mind having such

dude as my mkhulu bae". Jerrrr I didn't know my mother had such friends. My mom said she wanted to

take a bath because her body was tired. As soon as she hit the bathroom I went to change into a sexy

dress. Dr Skhosana was busy on a call when I appeared from the bedroom allocated to me. I sat in a way

that would make any man have a marquee on his pants. I said “eish Pretoria is hot today”.

DR Skhosana hung up the phone and

Boooooommmmm.....

THE END

[12/03, 16:55] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 210

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

Someone might wrongly think I acted like a
hoe’fessional. No, I didn’t. I was charmed and
acted within

my right to feed my feelings. Not really feelings
but intensions. I mean the guy drove my
favourite car

for heaven’s sake. He even said I could go
throw parties at his beach house. Such
opportunities only

come once in a lifetime. He was not your typical GTI driving rent paying Tom. He was Dr Skhosana and

moneyed. When he hung up his phone he went silent for over a minute with his eyes obviously making

love to my thighs. I didn't mind because it was my intention. He asked "how old are you?". His question

was rather strange. Only few black men ask a lady her age, especially if they have sexual intentions. I

couldn't tell him my real age, so I went "I am 28 turning 29". He wanted to say something but I think

words were stuck on his throat. Or maybe my thighs stole his voice. If you only looked at my thighs you

would think I was a coloured or those Xhosa

girls with surnames like Grootboom or Olifant.
He went “go

to your bedroom”. I knew exactly what he
meant by that. I didn’t even hesitate, I headed
straight to my

room to wait for mkhulu bae. He wasn’t just
your typical mkhulu bae, nigger was a mkhulu
bae on fleek.

I knew my mom took her time when bathing, so
there was enough time to show off my skills
and

expertise. With Marcus sick maybe Dr
Skhosana was my ticket to driving a Merc.
When I got the

bedroom and lay on the bed with my thighs
almost completely exposed. I wanted him to
come even

before touching me. I knew that cocks of
niggers with big bellies are trigger-happy. You

touch it once

and it shoots missiles. I laughed at myself for having such thoughts in my mind about someone I only

met. I waited for about 15 minutes without him making any appearance. As I was about to give up the

door to my bedroom opened. Before my clit could twerk with happiness my mom who only had a towel

on her body walked in. She went "and then? Why are you naked now? I know it's hot but you must show

some respect to Dr Skhosana. This is not our house remember? Get dressed and be a good girl. Dr

Skhosana is driving me to hospital to see Marcus. We will see you when we come back. You better

behave”

My heart suffered a miscarriage of happiness. My mom was such a killjoy. I was so mad at her for doing

that. She was probably going to have him all to herself. They left me in that place and I didn't even know

what to do. I went to the kitchen and opened the fridge. There was nothing exciting in there. I opened

the cabinet and found biscuits. They came very handy because I was starting to hear some jazz music

playing in my stomach. After eating I watched TV because there was nothing to do. I called my mom to

ask what time she was coming back and she said after 8pm because she wanted to spend some time

with Marcus at hospital. I told her I was hungry and she went “uzoba strong my girl. You will eat when

we come back”. Yes that was my mom for you, she only cared for herself. I was not surprised when she

told me to be strong. After the call I continued watching TV. My phone rang and it was Tshengi asking if I

got to Pretoria safely. I told him yes and he went “you won’t believe it. I am also in Pretoria for some

business meeting tonight. If you don’t mind I can come see you. I’ll understand if you don’t wanna see

me”. I told him I was at some distant uncle’s house and that it would be disrespectful and inappropriate

if I invited male friends over. He said he

understood by I could tell he was disappointed.
I kinda felt guilty

and told him to come but only for 10 minutes. I
sent nigger my location and within 5 minutes
the

intercom rang. It was security guards telling me
there was a visitor at the gate. . I was so
surprised he

got to the place that quick. I didn't even know
the number or direction of the townhouse I was
in so I

walked to the gate to fetch him. The car he was
driving looked very familiar but I couldn't
remember

where I saw it. They opened the gate for him
and we went to the townhouse. I was kinda
happy to see

him. I asked him about the meeting and he went
"what meeting?". I reminded him that he told

me he

was in Pretoria for a meeting. Nigger laughed and said “oh that. Uhm....I I am meeting some German

guys. They want to open some businesses in Venda. So my father sent me to engage them”.

When we got to the house I called my mom just to make sure they weren't on their way back. She told

me she was still far from coming back. I told her she shouldn't rush on my account because I made a

plan for food. Tshengi asked if I was hungry and I told him I was ok. I was not in a mood to go out. I told

him he couldn't stay for too long because I didn't know what time my mom and uncle were coming

back. He told me he understood. He looked at

me straight in the eyes and said "I am falling in love with

you. I don't know why but damn girl, you are driving me crazy. I didn't sleep last night thinking of you.

This morning I drove all the way to....uhm I mean you were driving me crazy in my mind. Please be my

girl. I have money and come from a powerful family. I will take care of you. I will pay for studies and

everything. Please be my girl". I couldn't help it but hear the voice of the prophet in my ears. I didn't

wanna dwell much on things the prophet said but Tshengi was behaving in a suspicious manner. I knew

my beauty and sexiness were difficult to ignore but I didn't expect a stranger to fall in love with

me that

quick. Normally guys who do that turn out to be psychos. I told him I liked him too but it was important

that we took things one step at a time. He went “why must we waste time when we are meant for each

other? Can't you see God made me for you? Don't act all stupid, you can see with your own eyes that I

love you. Just admit you love me and we will be fine”. As much as I found him charming and likeable I

was starting to doubt his intentions. I started to feel unsafe around him, especially since I was wearing a

too much revealing clothes. I asked him to give me couple of minutes because I wanted to change into

jeans. He told me he preferred me the way I was. I smiled and told him I wanted to be in jeans because I

was still on periods. Nigger frowned and said “ok you can go change”. I could feel his eyes on my bum as

I walked to the bedroom.

I took off my clothes. As I was about to put on my jeans Tshengi walked into the bedroom. I tried to hide

my cake but nigger laughed and went “why are you doing that? You are my girlfriend now. You don’t

have to hide it”. I wanted to shout at him for getting into the bedroom without my permission but my

voice ran out of fuel. I think he could see I was furious because he went “it’s ok love. I didn’t mean to

anger you. I will be in the sitting room while you get dressed. It was wrong of me to come here”.

He

actually scored points by saying that. I was expecting him to be forceful but he disappointed me. As he

was walking out of the bedroom I heard “Sharon....Sharon I am home. Your mom told me you told her

you are hungry. I brought you some food. Are you still in the bedroom? I will bring food to you”.

Oh

WTF, sh!t was about to hit the fan. I started shaking on the spot. I quickly put on my jeans and a top.

Imagine you are a visitor and on the very first day you are caught with a man in the bedroom. I told

Tshengi to hide under the bed but nigger was

so beefed up and there was no way he was gonna fit down

there. I quickly opened the closet and told him to get in. Nigger was a coward. He was shaking like a girl

after seeing a spider in her room. As soon as I hid Tshengi, Dr Skhosana graced the room with his

presence. He had a box of pizza and orange juice in his hands. The smile on his face was out of this

world. He went "pizza in bed. Isn't it nice? I saw how you looked at me earlier. You took your beauty

from your mother, you know? She was the most beautiful nurse when we worked together couple of

years ago". I was sweating all over my body. I had a feeling Tshengi would get out of the

closet and

cause a scene. I didn't know what to say so I just thanks for the pizza. He sat on the bed and looked at

me. "If I may ask, why did you look at me like that? Were you trying to tell me something?" he asked. I

stuttered for more than 10 minutes saying things that didn't make any sense. He went "Your mom told

me you are shy but it didn't think it was this bad. You are just like my daughter. She is shy just like you". I

smiled and told him I wasn't shy. Nigger mistook my nervousness for shyness.

He held my hand and went "Why did you lie to me about your age? I still don't understand why your

mom hid this from me. She was still young and

naïve when we

WTF....BOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!

THE END.....

[12/03, 16:56] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 211

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

He was talking in riddles and it made me more nervous. He continued “she was young and very active....more like very sociable. Actually let me not talk about this now. Eat your pizza, we will talk when

I come back with your mom”. With that he left the bedroom. My temperature was approaching 100

degrees Celsius at that stage. I followed him just to make sure he was indeed leaving. I was lucky Tshengi

had parked at the general parking reserved for visitors. Imagine if I let him park at the parking reserved

for Dr Skhosana. I thanked him for bringing me food and locked the door as soon as he left. I ran back to

the bedroom and found Tshengi sitting on the bed. He went "I have a feeling that man is your father. Did

you hear what he was saying to you?". I laughed like I was crazy. I told him I knew where my father was,

7 feet underground. I told him he should leave because I wasn't in a mood to play hide and seek again.

He tried to convince me to let him stay for couple of minutes but I maintained that he should leave. He

asked if I was still going to fetch results the

following day and I said yes. He offered to fetch me in the

morning and drop me at TUT. I told him it was not necessary but cool. We did our goodbyes and he left.

I called my mom but she didn't pick up. I assumed she was still chilling with Marcus. I decided to chill in

my bedroom and chat on Facebook. I so hate it when people Facebook their problems instead of facing

them. Na yena sorry, my problems are none of Facebook's business. I rather talk to 'shopping' than

display my problems on Facebook. But anyway, it's none of my business as Kermit always say. I took a

selfie and uploaded it on Facebook with the caption "#NaturalMe #NoFilter #NoBleaching".

The picture

was a bit dark but I loved it. I noticed a culture by black girls on Facebook where they only upload

pictures that look lighter. They think light is beautiful. I find dark girls beautiful shem. If I was a dark

bone I wouldn't bleach myself. Look at how beautiful Nandi Mngoma is? I think we should be proud of

being black. Steve Biko once said "being black is not a matter of pigmentation – being black is a

reflection of mental attitude.

Around 8:30pm I decided to go watch tv. I wanted to see what the fuss was all about on Isibaya.

Everyone on Facebook was on about it. I watched TV until 22:00 and still there was no

sign of my mom

and Dr Skhosana. Tshengi called to tell me I was running in his head. He went “if it was up to me I would

come fetch you now. I enjoyed being with you today”. I apologised for hiding him in the closet and he

laughed. I was glad he didn’t take it to heart. He went “I think you should think about what I told you

when I was there. That nigger hinted he was your father and you didn’t take it seriously. Maybe you

should ask your mother to tell you the truth”. If there’s something I hate in this world is a man who

behaves like he wears a g-string. You know those guys who hear something and make a big deal out of

it. He was behaving like my neighbours at home. I went "listen, if you gonna insult my mother again I'm

gonna block your number. If you guys in Venda have more than one father you must not think it happens to all of us. My father is Piet and we buried him. If you mention this again don't ever ever talk

to me. Get a lifeor death nxa". I hung up on him. I went to bed with a heavy heart. It's not nice to

sleep alone in a house you have never been to, unless if it's a hotel. What if the house was haunted?

Imagine sleeping in a house with ghosts. I don't know what time I passed out but I know I slept peacefully because I didn't have any bad dreams. In the morning the first thing I did was to go check on

my mom. I don't know why I didn't that but I just wanted to see her. I bumped into Dr Skhosana on the

passage on his way to the bathroom. I wasn't sure which door he popped from. The townhouse only had

two bedrooms, so I wondered where he crashed. He didn't look like someone who came that morning. I

greeted him and went to the bedroom my mom slept in. She was reading the Bible when I got in. I sat

next to her like the way I used to do when I was in primary school. I innocently asked "mom, where did

Dr Skhosana sleep?". The next thing my mom hit me with the Bible on my head. At first I thought she

was praying for me. It was when she said "jou

moer. What kind of a child asks her mother such

questions? Get out of my room” that I knew she was angry.

I got out of the bedroom with a tail between my legs. I didn’t get why she went all ‘Kanana’ on me. It

was just a simple question that required a simple answer. Tears were gathering in my eyes as I left the

bedroom. I bumped into Dr Skhosana on the passage again. His belly looked like a dark deflated

parachute. He asked me why I was crying and I told him my mom hit me. He gave me a hug and told me

mommy was under a lot of stress because of Marcus’ condition in hospital. He told me not to make a big

deal out of it because mommy loved me. His words reminded me of Piet and I started sobbing. Nigger

was hugging me but his cock was more than 45cm away from my body because of mkhaba. Imagine how

difficult it would be to ride such person. If he wasn't rich the only people he would shag would be those

girls we see at Arcadia after 7pm. I went "I think my mom hates me". He told me no mother hates her

children because they develop a bond the very first day the kids start developing in the womb. He asked

if I could drive and all of a sudden my tears went dry. I thought he was going to tell me he was buying

me a car. He went "I'm lazy to drive, when you

come back from fetching your result we can take a drive

to my other house in Centurion. There is a swimming pool there, it will get your mind off things". I kissed

him on the cheek and said thanks. I wondered how all men related to my mom via friendship liked me.

Marcus, the other doctor and now Dr Skhosana. Maybe they could see I was a good kid. Nigger didn't go

to my mother's room, he went to the sitting room which at that stage I noticed a duvet and pillow on

the couch. Shame...I understood why my mom reacted that way. Dr Skhosana did not sleep with my

mom as I thought. I thought of going to apologise but I knew my mom suffered from

chronic mental

period pains. She preferred to be left alone when angry. I went back to my bedroom and called Tshengi

to come fetch me. He went "I am 10 minutes from your place. I will be there shortly". I wondered what

he was doing 10 minutes from my crib. I told him to come after an hour because I still had to bath. He

asked me to buzz him when I'm done with everything.

After bathing and getting dressed my mom asked me if I needed the car. I told her I asked JT to come

fetch me. She apologised for what she did earlier and I said cool. Dr Skhosana was not in the house. She

told me he went to a meeting in Silverlakes. My

mom looked at me and said “good luck my beautiful

daughter”. She managed to score a small point but I didn’t show her. She gave me R200 and I left. On

my way to the gate I called Tshengi to tell him I was done. Nigger was like “I am here at the gate. I got

here 5 minutes ago babe”. That was a bit creepy. It was like he went to Pretoria specially to see me. I

found him at the gate and we hit the road. I was a bit nervous but I didn’t want to show him.

When we

got to TUT I begged him to remain in the car because I didn’t want him to see my emotions when I get

the results. Seeing the building that housed Marcus’ office almost made me cry thinking he

was lying in

hospital almost lifeless. My sadness was replaced by a wave of happiness when I saw my results. Call me

whatever you want but dumb doesn't describe me. There were no distinctions but I was glad I didn't fail

anything. I thanked Marcus for bringing Comfie during exam times. She helped me to focus. I

immediately called my mom to tell her the good news. She was so happy for me. When I got to

Tshengi's car the first thing I did was to give him a huge deep passionate kiss. When you are happy you

just do things without thinking. He wanted us to go celebrate at Cubana but I told him I wanted to go to

Equesteria to be with my mom. He didn't argue with me and that scored him another point. He

drove

me straight to Equesteria. He dropped me at the gate and left. When I got to the townhouse my mom

recited sereto sa ga Letsoalo and I almost shed tears. She promised to give me her me money the

following day. Dr Skhosana came back while we were still celebrating. He told my mom that she should

let me go celebrate with a friend or two. I almost laughed because I didn't have friends. He went "I'll

take you to my Centurion house. You can call a classmate and go have fun there. You can't call many

people because they don't tolerate noise there. I'll come fetch you in the morning". Luckily my mom

agreed. I took my toiletry bag and couple of clothes and we headed to his Centurion house. His house

was in Thatchfield to be exact. He showed me around the house and I was impressed. Some people are

doing well. He went "I buy all my houses cash". Lol mkhulu bae was such a skhothane. He gave me

R1500 in hard cash and keys to a Mazda 2 that was parked in the yard. He went "you'll go buy drinks and

snacks. So who are you gonna invite?". I told him some girl from Sunnyside and he smiled. We did our

goodbyes and he left. I called JT and told her about the situation. She went "bona Ntwana, ke dah le

difebe tsaka. Ngaye 30 minutes (I'll be there

with my hoes. Give me 30 minutes). Senda
Location in the

meantime". I knew JT would make things
happen. Tshengi called to tell me he was doing
shopping at

Forest Hill mall. That was creepy because
Forest Hill was the closest mall from Thatcfield.
I told him I was

still in Equesteria. I could tell he didn't believe
me but he said cool. JT came with 3 girls and a
guy. It was

the first time I see JT with a male friend.
Apparently the guy was one of the girls' brother.
JT was such a

sweetheart, she bought drinks and chows for all
of us. I didn't have to use the money Skhosana
gave me.

She bought Vodka for me and the ladies and
she and the guy did beer. By 10pm I was

wasted. The nigger

started flirting with me and I entertained it. We decided to go chill in the garden because I wanted fresh

air.

While outside I looked at the gate and saw what looked like a male person. I looked closely and damn...it

was

WTF....

THE END

[12/03, 16:57] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 212

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

Drunk people are the bravest people on earth.
When you are sober you will never approach
something

that you don't see clearly, especially at night.
That particular night I was drunk and didn't care
of

whatever was gonna happen. I was in the
suburbs after all. If I was in Limpopo I would
have ran for my

life thinking it was a tokoloshi or setlotlwane.
The nigger I was with suggested we go back to
the house

because it was not safe outside. I looked at him
and went "eh mrena, are you sure you are a man?
Did I

tell you I hate cowards? Did you even go to
initiation school?". I could see he was terrified
because he

was trembling. Some men are just men
between they have a tail below their navel.
Imagine if he was

your husband and tsotsis break into your house.

He would probably escape thru the window and leave

you to deal with the criminals. I grabbed his hand and walked with him to the gate. When we got there

was some guy who looked lost. I asked him what he wanted and he went "I'm here for my girlfriend. She

sent me her coordinates and that's why I'm here. I've been trying to call her but she's not answering the

phone that I bought her. Please tell her I'm here to fetch her". I asked him why he didn't come fetch her

early and he went "bone sfebe, don't ask me many questions. Go fetch my chick. I wanna leave now". I

checked behind me to check the nigger I was with only to realise I was left alone. Nigger had

left me

there with that stranger. I didn't like his attitude. The way he was talking to me I could tell he had no

respect for women. I told him to wait at the gate while I call his girlfriend. He told me her name is Sbosh.

I went to the house and asked who Sbosh was. The other girls pointed to the girl who had blacked out

on the couch. I told JT Sbosh's boyfriend was at the gate looking for her. JT went "ska warra, ke tla mo

attender (don't worry I'll attend him)". I followed JT to the gate. When nigger saw JT approaching he

went "eh sorry bosso. Ne ke sa itse gore Sbosh o vaya le wena. Sorry my chief (boss I didn't know Sbosh

was with you)". Nigger was literally shaking. JT went "if I see you again ke tlo o causetisa havob mfana

omcane. Ke tla o gwaza marago a ka 7 star okapi wa tswa di potholes. Votsek vaya le nko nkare hlogo ya

Zuma (I will mess you up young man. I will stab your buttocks until you develop potholes. Piss the hell of

with a nose that looks like Zuma's head)".

Nigger didn't even look back. He ran to his car like he had just

seen a ghost of satan.

I asked JT why the guy reacted that way when he saw her. She told me the guy abused that girl every

week so she once stabbed me until he fainted. JT told me the girl had scars all over her body because of

that guy. I asked JT why the girl sent him her Location and JT went “kanti ao bone gore dae teegen ke

stlaela? Dae maan wa mo trappa (can't you see that girl is stupid? That dude beats her up) and the

following day she goes back to him. Maybe pipi ya dae man e na le woza woza”. I thanked JT for

defending the rights of women and she went “re kaofela ntwanas”. It's so sad that women keep going

back to the monsters who continue to abuse them. In the next SONA EFF MPs must give Zuma a break

and start shouting #WomenAbuseMustFall.

Satan must create a special maximum security hell for all

men who abuse women. We went back to the

house and continued with the drinking. The nigger I was

with earlier wanted to be touchy-touchy with me and I told him I don't do sissies. I have this belief that

sissies will give you a sissy performance in bed. Nigger will shag you like he's changing a baby's nappy. I

chose to continue drinking with JT and her gang. I don't know what time it was but I think it was early

hours of the morning. JT and the other went to one of the bedrooms. I was left with the guy alone.

Nigger went "hayi my sister loves things. I don't know she is going because she knows JT is dating the

other girl and my sister keeps throwing herself at her". I told him to go spoil the party and he

went “I

don't wanna die young. That lesbian doesn't take crap. You mess with her and she'll mess you up”. I was

shocked by how everyone was scared of JT. To me she was the sweetest friend ever. I asked if he

thought they were going to have a 3-sum and he laughed. Talking about 3-somes and stuff kinda made

me feel somehow, especially since I was under the influence of Vodka.

I asked the guy “do you find me attractive?”. Nigger didn't get my hint. He went on and on about how

beautiful and sexy I was blah blah that I almost fell asleep like ANC members in parliament. While he

was busy preaching I took off my top, grabbed

his head and sandwiched it between my breasts.

That

was my way of telling him where I wanted his attention. He was so dumb he thought I was fighting with

him. He discharged his head from my chest and went “why are you fighting with me now? You should

stop drinking if you gonna be this violent when you are drunk. I hate girls who can't handle alcohol.

What a turn off...wuuu shem”. Lol whenever I hear a guy saying wuuu shem the first thing that comes to

my mind is that he's gay. Nigger didn't look gay but he was behaving like one. The more he acted gay

was the more I wanted to play with him. I went “don't be a fool, I am not fighting with you. I

wanted you

badly. I wanna get laid. It's been ages since I got a good shag". Nigger looked all confused for a sec like

he didn't know where to start. I was like "mrena, are you a virgin? Dijo ke tse, eja". That was me offering

my cake on a platter. When you are drunk it's quite normal. Most girls fall pregnant during drunk sex. I

guess that's the reason kids these days become hoes and drug junkies at young age. They were

conceived under the influence of alcohol.

Nigger looked at me and went "eish I am not ready for to

sleep with you. I mean, we just met. Let's get to know each other first". That was some crap you would

expect from a girls, especially those hoes that pretend to be good girls in church while they sleep with

men old enough to be their ancestors. I didn't expect it from a guy. Naturally, if a girl mentions the word

sex nigger will have a hard on within 5 seconds....or two seconds if he's from Limpopo. So imagine how I

felt when nigger told me he was not ready for sex. I almost hit him with a vodka bottle. I looked at him

and asked "you are joking right?". My lips were approaching his as I said that.

We locked lips and to my surprise nigger was a very good kisser. He wanted to give his lips a parole from

my lips but I grabbed his head and pushed him closer. I wanted to tell him he could only get a

parole

after serving 1/3 rd of the kissing sentence but I couldn't because our lips were making love. The kiss was

passionate and tender. If my lips were rats from Alexandra then his would be cats. He kissed me until I

felt like there was a fire pool between my legs. Mind you, we were not in the bedroom. We were doing

everything right on the couch surrounded by beer bottles and smell of alcohol. I stood up and took off

my pants and sat on the couch with my legs stretched. I wanted him to make me feel like a woman. I

wanted him badly. I asked him if he had condoms and he said "you don't have to worry about that".

Instead of taking off his jeans to attack me nigger went down on his knees like he was about to propose.

Believe me, I was ready to say YES YES YES to his proposal. He grabbed my legs and rested them on his

shoulders. Before I could ask what his next move was nigger's head was between my thighs. He licked

my thighs first and then moved to my pubic area. He slowly moved his tongue down until it reached the

Promised Land. If his tongued was a graduate I would say it had a PhD. He licked it until I started reciting

the Letsoalo clan praise poem. I didn't know it well but it sounded correct. Some tongues are better

than cocks. He sandwiched my clit between his

fat lips and started strategically squeezing it. I found

myself lifting my torso up uncontrollably. I grabbed his head hard and pushed it towards my

underground and screamed “ooooooooohhhhhh
nooooooooooo hawu hawu hawu hawu hawu
hawu

hawu Amen hallelujah”. Girls know this, most of us go all religious when we come. Don’t be surprised to

hear your girl praying in tongues when you do her good. Nigger’s tongue made me come. The way my

entire body was shaking you would swear I swallowed 10 Nokia 3310 phones and they were vibrating

inside my body. Nigger gave me a muff on steroids. I told him “now come get me General.

It's time for

stage 2". Nigger asked if I meant load shedding and I went "no not load shedding, I mean load shagging".

I turned around and bent it for him. I wasn't expecting a mrengerenge but the way I was so turned on

anything was gonna do at that stage. Nigger went "I can't hey....i just can't". I angrily asked him what he

meant. At that stage I had turned around to look at him. He grabbed my hand and made me feel his

manhood. Nigger's cock was sleeping. He did not have a hard on. WTF.....no man kisses
Sharon Letsoalo

and have a hard off. I was so offended. Before I could tell him kak nigger told me he suffered from ED –

Erectile Dysfunctional. If the Minister of Agriculture was there he would have declared my punani a

drought area at that stage. I literally went dry. I didn't even know what to say. I lay on the couch naked

and he sat next to me with disappointment and embarrassment on his face. I could imagine it was not

easy for a man to say that. A man's erection boosts his ego. I thought to myself "why doesn't God give

such conditions to men like Dumi with dicklets between below their navels?". I was so disappointed I

passed out on the couch naked. In the morning before I could open my eyes I felt something flirting with

the lips of my punani. It felt hard, like hard hard.

In my mind I thought God decided to heal the nigger's

condition. I went "ah oh noooo yeah.....".

I opened my eyes and holy sh!t, he was not....

WTF WTF WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 16:57] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 213

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

The good thing about sleeping drunk is you
sleep like a gogo. You literally pass out and
hear nothing

around you. With my case it was worse because
I slept with a sulky underground. My punani was
like a

snob, it pouted internally whenever it didn't get
what it wanted. When I opened my eyes and

saw Dr

Skhosana busy with me I didn't know how to react. I had a hangover headache and for some unknown

reason I was very wet down there. I wanted to scream but nigger covered my mouth with his hand and

went "sshhhhh, I am not the enemy here. It's me. Remember how you looked at me 2 days ago. You and

I can have a symbiotic and interdependent fun". He was saying some words I didn't even understand. I

managed to free myself from him and grabbed a throw to cover my body. The nigger I was with the

previous night was nowhere to be seen. I called JT but I was met by silence. The door to the room she

slept in was wide open. It was quite clear all people had left. DR Skhosana went “there is no one. It

seems whoever you were with left without saying goodbye”. I ran to the bathroom. I looked at the

mirror and became nauseous on the spot. It was not because I was ugly or something, it was because I

had too much to drink the previous night. I puked for more than 10 minutes. At some stage I thought I

was going to puke my intestines out. Dr Skhosana asked if I was ok. I told him I didn’t want to talk to

him. As much as I was charmed by his money and cars I was not impressed with what he did. I did expect

him to finger me. I know it was not a dick

penetration but it was still a penetration that I didn't consent

to. I didn't expect such behaviour from a man of his calibre. But hey, all men are dogs. They all have

their brains situated in their balls. After puking I washed my mouth with warm water. My headache was

getting worse and worse. I felt like I was about to follow Maite. I walked back to the sitting room and

found Skhosana waiting there with some tablets in his hand. He handed me some and told me told I will

feel better after an hour or so. I believed him because he was a doctor. After taking those tablets he told

me to go lie down in the bedroom.

After an hour or so I was feeling well. Mkhulu

bae gave me water and told me to grab something to eat.

I didn't have appetite but he told me it was important that I had something to fill my stomach. While I

was eating my mom called him. He went "I am not there yet. I'm still at Lyttelton with some friends. I

will go fetch her as soon as possible. Please be patient". He told me it was my mom asking why he was

taking long. I asked him why he lied and he told me he wanted to apologise for what he did earlier. I

asked him why he did it and he went "to be honest, when I saw the sexiest body I ever laid my eyes on

since I was born I couldn't control myself. I touched you inappropriately and I apologise for

that. Please

don't tell your mother". I asked him what his relationship with my mom was and he went "I met your

mom long time ago when we worked at the same hospital. She was still young and gorgeous. She didn't

tell me she was a mother and wife so we became close friends. She was still young and naïve. I still don't

understand why she hid the fact that she was a married mother to me". I told him to stop there because

I was not interested in mother's history. He went "it's not a big deal. We were just friends anyway. We

never did anything. We are very good friends. Pity I couldn't come to your father's funeral. Piet and I

never got along". I told him for the second time to stop. He apologised for talking about old thing. I

asked him if he was married. He went "yes, my wife and kids are holidaying in Dubai. From Dubai they

are flying straight to UK to celebrate our wedding anniversary. Pity I won't be there due to busy work

schedule. I will Skype her". Lol I almost laughed. How can one celebrate wedding anniversary in absentia? Hayi rich people ba phela masepa straight. I asked where his wife stayed and he told me

somewhere in Sandton". People are living the good life out there. He went "I can take good care of you

if you let me. I have money like ocean water. As long as you promise you will never tell your

mother, no

matter what". I literally went mute.

That silent moment was a bit awkward. I didn't know what to say. It was quite aware nigger was hitting

on me but I didn't know how to respond. He was married and I suspected he had a thing with mother.

The thought of sharing mkhulu bae with my mom gave my heart potholes. He went "the car keys I gave

you yesterday, you can keep them until we find something better". #SugarDaddiesMustFall.

These

niggers say things that will appeal to us young women. We all want to wake up with couple of digits in

our bank account. Having a car is a premium bonus. I told him I was raised very well and

didn't do men

old enough to be my ancestor. He laughed and took out his wallet. He went "maybe this will show you

how serious I am". He showed me R200 notes. I couldn't count there but sh!t I think they made more

than R2000. All I could think about was buying a MAC pack and a little bit of shopping. I was tired of

using cheap lipsticks. I took the money but said nothing. Mind you, I was still not properly dressed. My

body was covered in a throw that I took from the couch. I begged him to give me a chance to think

about it. He went "what is there to think about? I am a rich man willing to share my wealth with you.

You are either in or out". The thing with old nigger is they are very honest. They tell you what they want

from day one. Niggers my age will go all soapie and promise you things they will never deliver just to lay

their dirty cocks on your nanana. I told Dr Skhosana I have never been with an older guy before so it was

only normal for me to feel the way I was feeling. He held my hand and told me he understood. Before I

could internally celebrate his understanding nigger grabbed my ass and kissed me. I almost died from

suffocation. His mouth swallowed my lips and nose at the same time. For someone his age I expected

him to know the basic rules of kissing. You

would swear he was trying to swallow my entire head. 50% of

my face was covered with his saliva within 30 seconds. It was at that stage that I understood why his

wife wanted to celebrate their wedding anniversary on her own. I gently pushed him so I could breathe.

He asked "am I a good kisser?". I replied "you are rich".

After the horror he put me thru all I wanted was a bathroom. I wanted to apologise to my face for the

horror I put it thru. I told him to go because I wanted to bath. He went "we can bath together. It will be

our way of celebrating our 10 minutes anniversary". I almost went "more like a 2 minutes bad kissing

anniversary". Men don't get this, only few women will tolerate a bad kisser. Imagine having to put your

lips thru that trauma every night. Some men kiss as if they are smoking a Hubbly Bubbly. I once kissed

some dude and the following morning I had to go to the doctor. The way it was so bad the doctor asked

me if someone punched me. I told him I would follow him with the other car. Luckily he understood. I

didn't even get why he had to come fetch me because I had keys to his other car. He went "I will send

someone to come clean this mess. I can see you had fun. I'll wait for you at the mall. Call me when you

are done so we can leave together. I promised

your mom I'll come back with you". He left and I went to

take a bath. I took me 20 minutes to find my phone after bathing. It was hiding on the fridge and the

battery was dead. Luckily I had my charger with me. I charged it for few minutes and called Dr Skhosana.

He told me he'll be waiting at Sasol garage next to the robots on the road that leads to Forest Hill.

Luckily I knew the place well. I found him waiting there. I drove behind him until we reached Equesteria.

When we got there my mom was in a jovial mood. She was busy signing wedding songs. For a moment I

thought she was planning to sell me to some nigger. She was busy singing 'se mo tshwere

tshwere

senatla... se mo tshwere tshwere senatla.... se
mo tshwere tshwere senatla'. It's a popular
Sepedi

wedding song meaning 'the hunk is holding her'.
I always laugh when they sing it at a wedding of
a

skinny guy. My mom went "I have good news
and good news. Which one do you wanna hear
first? Good

news or good news?". I told her I wanna hear
the BAD news and she laughed. She went "good
news,

your uncle Marcus has gained consciousness
and he wants to see you tomorrow. Another
good

news...you know since your dad passed away
I've been lonely and stuff. I loved your dad,
actually I still

love him. But life must go on...". I told her to stop beating about the bush and tell me what she wanted

to tell me.

She went "oh ohk, Dr Skhosana p....."

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 16:58] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 214

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

From experience I had of dealing with my mom, I knew very well that she was not going to say something that made sense to me. Sometimes my mom had a mind of a mosquito. She deliberately did

things that she knew would not sit well with me. As long as whatever she did suited her agenda

she was

fine. That's how selfish my mother was. Dr Skhosana was all smiles like someone promised to lick his

balls. My mom continued ".....he pppromised to be your father figure. I know Marcus is playing that role

currently but I believe Dr Skhosana will do well because he has a daughter almost your age. We discussed this last night and we both think it's a good idea. I loved you loved your dad but we must

move on. He is not coming back. We need to move on". I honestly didn't see that one coming. I didn't

understand what she meant by moving on. I looked at Dr Skhosana and he gave me a fatherly look.

Some men are good actors shem. You would

swear he wasn't the guy who was exchanging saliva with

me earlier. He went "I know I won't replace your dad and will never try to do that. You dad will always

be a good part of your life. Your mom told me things about you and I felt maybe you do what you do

because there is no father figure in your life. Give me a chance to play this role and you will see results".

I told them I was not interested. They spoke to me for over an hour and I ended up giving in. I just didn't

like the game Dr Skhosana was playing. He was acting all smart. I guessed that was his way of wanting to

hide whatever he wanted to do with me from mother. I told them "it's fine....he can be my

sugar daddy,

oh umh sorry....i meant he can be my father figure. As long as he doesn't expect me to stay at one of his

1000 residences". Nigger looked at me and went "look at the brighter side. You won't be paying rent

and you can stay alone if you want". If I didn't know better I would have thought that man was trying to

eliminate Marcus from the pic. Why would he want me to move out of Marcus' house?

Actually he

wanted me all to himself.

After the talk I excused myself and went to the bedroom. When you are done with varsity term life

enters a stage of boredom, especially if you are like me with no real friends. I missed the days

when I

had Maite, Zee and Kea in my life. Maybe it was time I made new friends. There was some girl who liked

everything I posted on Facebook. It was a bit creepy but I enjoyed it. She even inboxed me proposing

friendship. She even inboxed her number but I ignored her. Lying in bed bored I started replying to

inboxes. I inboxed her my number and she called within 5 seconds. It was like she was waiting for that

moment. If she wasn't skinny with visible breasts I would have thought she was a lesbian wanting to hit

on me. She was like "this is like a dream come true. I have been waiting for this moment for ages. Please

don't think I'm a psycho or stalker. I admire your beauty and sense of fashion. You know how to dress

your body girl. I so want to be your friend". Lol she sounded like a first year groupie. But I understood

what she meant. I am a big fan of Thembi Seete on Instagram. That lady knows how to dress her body

shem. She knows what suits her body. I think we must all know how to dress our bodies. We spoke for

about 10 minutes. The chick told me she stayed at Laborie Village, not far from University of

Johannesburg Bunting Road campus. She was a second year student UJ. She sounded like a good chick. I

told her we can be friends and that I stayed in Pretoria. She was like "don't worry, I am forever

in

Pretoria anyway. I can't wait to meet you". I liked her energy and free-spirited attitude. I went "I have to

go. See you soon Nobuhle Ngema". What I like about Zulu parents is that majority of them give their kids

Zulunames. Nobuhle is a very beautiful name and it suited her because she was beautiful.

Imagine

naming an ugly kid Muhle. That is a sin. But hey, let me Kermit myself. My mom came to my room to tell

me we should go see Marcus. I told her I was still tired but she forced me to get up.

Sometimes I think

mothers are a type of a prison. It's like when you are resting you are breaking a law. Most of us have

that mom who would call you for nothing but just to see you walk up and down.

We drove to hospital. On our way she asked what I thought of Dr Skhosana. Sometimes my mom treated

me like her friend and I didn't like it. She was asking me questions that she was supposed to ask her

friends. I said "I think he is ugly and I don't like his lips. He looks like a pregnant hippo". I said that with a

sarcastic attitude. She was like "you are right, he is not my type. By the way, when am I meeting the real

son-in-law? Are you dating someone at the moment?". You see, people blame me when I always play far

from my mom. If there's something I hate is answering awkward questions from her. I told

her I wasn't

in any relationship because I was concentrating on my studies. She laughed and went "kwa kwa kwa kwa

kwa you think I was born yesterday neh? I used to be your age, you know. I was actually a mother at

your age. I am your mother baby, you can talk to me about anything. Are you on a pill? Are your periods

regular? Do you condomise?". At that stage I wanted to jump off the car. There was no way I was going

to answer any of those questions. Luckily my phone rang before she could push for answers. It was

Tshengi checking up on me. He asked where I was and I told him I was on my way to see a relative at

hospital with my mom. He went “let me talk to your mom please. I just want to greet her”. I hung up.

There was no way I was going to let him speak to my mom. You know a guy is psycho when he wanna

talk to your mom before you even date. He was probably one of those guys who would call my mom

whenever we fought. Just imagine nigger calling my mom to tell her I develop a headache every night

after 8:30pm. When we got to the hospital we found Pearl next to Marcus’ bed. My mom greeted Pearl

with some nasty attitude. Pearl went “I was actually on my way out. Sharon you look all grown up and

beautiful. Hope your studies are going well.

Bye". As soon as she left my mom went

"Marcus, what is

she doing here?". Marcus didn't pay attention to her. He looked at me and smiled. It was a very weak

smile. Nigger was very happy to see me. I think seeing me made him feel much better.

My phone rang and it was Selfie's mother. She wanted to know if I was with my mom and I said yes. She

started crying. I asked her why she was crying and she went "this foolish called Nkuna beated me until

blood is out. He say I sleep surround many men. Nxa he lack sex esteem shem. I fighted back and kicked

him with karate. Now he beated me again and say divorce". It sounded serious so I handed my mom the

phone. After a 2 minutes conversation my mom told me she's going back to Ga-Kgapane right away. She

told me Skhosana would fetch me. My mom loved Selfie's mom wholeheartedly. I chilled with Marcus

for about 10 more minutes and left afterwards. I had money for a metered taxi so there was no need to

wait for Skhosana. I called some pharmacist guy who was always on my case. Nigger once proposed

marriage on Whatsapp. Nigger was so happy to receive a call from his 'love'. I didn't beat about the

bush, I went "Oupa, you love me right? I need a favour. I need sleeping tablets and I'm broke. I want

something that will knock me within 10 minutes.

Can you help?”. Nigger didn't even ask questions, he

even promised to drop them wherever I was. I told him where I was and nigger kept his promise. I kissed

him lightly on his lips and he almost fainted. He even drove me to Equesteria and dropped me at the

gate. The house was empty and quiet. My phone rang and it was Dr Skhosana telling me he was still tied

in a meeting. He wanted to send someone to fetch me but I told him I was already at home. I lied to him

that I took a metered taxi. He told me he'll be sleeping in Sandton but would pass by to say hi. I didn't

have much to do so I started a chat with Nobuhle on Whatsapp. We were getting to

know each other

well. She told me she was from some place called Dondolo, about 6 kilometres from Empangeni in KZN. I

am a Limpopo girl. When you talk of KZN the first 3 things that come to my mind are the sea, Nkandla

and Durban. Dondolo...Empangeni and what what is Greek to me. The more I chatted with Nobuhle was

the more I realised we have a lot in common. We chatted for hours until Dr Skhosana came. Nigger was

in a good mood and I knew why. He had a present for me, lingerie. He went "I didn't buy it at Mr Price or

whatever you call it, this is expensive stuff for your super body. Tonight is the night". I faked a smile and

said “yeah tonight is the night we gonna sleep”.
The grin on his face was priceless. I was like
“you must

be tired. Let me fix you some orange juice.
Apparently it enhances sexual performance”.
Jeerrrr I

regretted saying that. Nigger was a doctor, he
probably knew there was nothing aphrodisiac
about

orange juice. He went “I would love that”. I didn’t
waste time, I gave him my special juice. Oupa’s
stuff

was top notch. Dr Skhosana passed out before
he could even touch my breast. I took the
lingerie and

went to my bedroom to see if he knew my size.
Damn, I looked like a million dollar babe in that
lingerie.

Dr Skhosana had good taste.

As I was preparing to take a selfie I heard a knock.....

Boooooommmmm.....

THE END

[12/03, 16:59] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 215

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

That moment when it's just you and the semi
dead person in the house and the next thing you
hear a

knock on the door. At first I thought the knock
was on my bedroom door. It was only when I
listened

carefully that I leant the knock was from the
main door. I wasn't expecting any visitors and I
doubted it

was for Dr Skhosana. I wore a dress and
headed straight to the door. Dr Skhosana was

sleeping on the

couch with his legs facing the ceiling. I was glad Oupa's drugs worked like magic. There was no way I was

gonna let uncle bae chow me. I stood behind the door and asked who was knocking. A male voice went

"security guard. I have a parcel for you". I asked "a parcel from who?" and he told me he didn't know

the person. I opened the door and nigger gave me a bouquet of flowers and a small present box. I

thanked the security guard and he left. I went back to my bedroom. The flowers didn't have a card. I was

wondering who bought them, especially since no one knew I was crashing there. At first I thought it was

Oupa but I remembered he didn't know the house number. I put the flowers on the bed and opened the

present box. I was expecting a bracelet or any piece of jewellery. Nxa there was nothing but a piece of

paper. It was written "Hey gorgeous Ms Letsoalo. Please have dinner with me tomorrow. I'll send a car

to fetch you at 7pm. Someone will deliver a dress to wear at 10am. Stay beautiful, future hubby". He

didn't write his name. Sh!t, I was so impressed yet curious who the person was. I thought of going to ask

the security guard but I was scared he would think I had many men. There was only one person I could

think of, Tshengi. He was the only one who

knew where I stayed. On the other hand I didn't think Venda

guys were romantic to that level. I decided to call him to ask if he was the one who sent those things.

Nigger told me he didn't send anything and that he was actually leaving back to Polokwane the following

day. He sounded so truthful, so I believed him. If there was one thing I didn't want was a blind date with

some ugly guy.

I went back to the couch to check if Skhosana was fine. Nigger was snoring like he was competing to win

a snoring award. A good idea dawned in my head. I unzipped his pants and lay bare his cock. I took him

pictures with my phone. His dick looked like a

stressed gay worm. I couldn't help it but laugh. I took

about 10 full length pictures for future use. You can call it 1 st For Uncle Bae insurance if you want. I knew

there would be a tricky situation in future which I would use those pictures to escape. The plus thing

was Skhosana was very moneyed. There was lot of money to be made with those pictures. I immediately

sent the pictures to my Gmail email to make sure they were safe. I went back to my bedroom to sleep. I

kinda felt special. Imagine receiving a bouquet of flowers, lingerie and invitation to dinner in a space of 2

hours. I know some girls only see presents on TV. If you have been with a guy for over 6

months and he

never bought you something nyana, then your relationship is limping. Please note that food do not

count as present. You can't call kota/spatlho a present. Unless if you are from Soshanguve. I called my

mom to check if she got to Ga-Kgapane safely. She told me she was at hospital with Selfie's mom. I

asked if she was fine and she went "she'll be fine. They just finished stitching her. You can talk to her".

She handed the phone to Selfie's mother. I asked how she was doing and she went "is fine my son. I

almost died him shem. If me is in hospital is mean he is in cementree. I beated him with bottle of Fanta

Orange and he said pooo on floor". I almost laughed as she was explaining what happened. I told her to

take it easy. I was glad my mom was there to take care of her. After the call I retired to the land of

sleeping. All dreams I had that night were very exciting and romantic. That's what happens when you

sleeping under the influence of happiness. The following morning the first thing I did was to go check up

on Skhosana. He was still lying on the couch snoring. I pinched his nose and he almost employed the

Venda skills to fly. I told him he passed out on the couch and he asked me how. I laughed and told him

he was probably tired.

I quickly went to my bedroom to do something I forgot to do when I woke up. I put a menstrual pad in

my undies. I was not on periods or about to be on periods, I was doing it as some sort of insurance. My

uncle once told me it's very popular with UJ students. Apparently they milk a guy dry and when he

wants some action they tell him they are on periods. If nigger is one of those Limpopo thomases and

want some evidence, they just let him touch the pad. The closest nigger will get to sex is a kiss on a

forehead. Someone please give UJ female students a Bells. I went back to the where I left Skhosana and

nigger was drinking water. He asked if we did

anything the previous day and I went “no we didn’t

because you passed out. You shouldn’t overwork yourself. You’ll age fast. You didn’t even get to see the

lingerie you bought me. Anyway, I guess you’ll see it next time”. He smiled and went “there is no better

time than now. My meeting is 12, we have enough time to all naughty”. I pretended to be sad and went

“as much as I want to, I can’t. Wrong time of the month hey. My periods came early this month.

My

periods are kinda irregular these days”. The way he looked at me I could tell he didn’t believe a word I

said. I could see he wanted evidence but was scared to ask. I literally took his hand and made

him feel it.

He went “ag there’s no need for that. I will wait for the right time. Unless if you want to do it today....i

know I am irresistible. I can give a Norethisterone to stop your periods”. I didn’t even wanna know what

Nore-what- what is, I told him we should wait for the right time. Luckily he bought my story and let it go.

I loved the fact that he was so credulous. He believed most things I said. He told me he was leaving and

would see me after 4-5 days. I guessed he was counting my red robot days. Shem only if he knew shem.

He gave me R1000 for food. I told him it was not enough and he added R600.

As soon as Skhosana left I called JT to tell her I

was going on a blind date in case something happened to

me. I asked her to keep her phone on at all times in case I needed help. She went "Ntwana, no stress. Ke

tla nna stand-by until further notice. O tla mbhelela if go na le mawaza".. I knew I could count on her for

protection. Around 10am I received an intercom call from the security guards. They were telling me I

had a delivery. I told them to let the person in. My delivery was a very beautiful red knee length boobtube dress that had a lower front opening to advertise my left thigh. I was expecting a matric kinda

thing but my blind date wow'd me. The delivery person asked me to sign for the delivery and he left. I

put on the dress and almost cried. Ever looked so good that you even got emotional? I looked like one

those Hollywood actresses on the red carpet. Actually I looked far better than them. I looked more

gorgeous and sexy than Beyonce. I called Tshengi again to ask if indeed he didn't send anything to me.

He went "I am actually on my way to Polokwane as we speak. I'll call you when I get home". I was

nervous and excited at the same time. I spent the whole day thinking about the date. I mean, any guy

who goes all out deserves some chance nyana. I took a bath around 5pm. It was a bit early but I wanted

to look perfect. By 7pm I was fully ready. I am

normally not a make-up person but that evening I

decorated my face with some MAC. I wanted to impress to kill. Imagine wearing cheap make-up and the

next thing nigger makes you smile and your fake make-up forms speed humps on your face. Jeerrrr I

would die. I waited for the 7pm call. At exactly 7pm the intercom rang and I knew exactly what it meant.

The security dude told me there was a car at the gate. I told him to let it in. I waited outside the house. I

saw a red BMW approaching. I don't know if it was all planned, but I loved the fact that the car matched

my dress. The driver opened the door for me and we hit the road. I sms'd JT the car's

registration

number and the make of the car. The car took me to Woodlands Mall and the driver walked me to Heat

Restaurant. When we got to the entrance the waiter went "Please welcome to Heat Restaurant. You

must be Ms Sharon Letsoalo. Please follow me". I followed him up the stairs and wow....the beauty of

the place seduced my heart. The first things I noticed were the candles and red roses on the table. There

was no one on the table that the waiter led me to. He asked if I would like something to drink in the

meantime and I told him "not yet".

I threw my eyes to the stairs and couldn't believe what they showed.....

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:00] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 216

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

When you are not used to being treated like a
princess the day it happens you will think you
are

dreaming or something. Everything was well
planned and I loved the place. I also loved how
professional

the staff was. To top it all, I looked more than
gorgeous than any woman in there. At some
stage I didn't

believe I was Sharon Letsoalo. The person my
eyes showed me was Hector. I didn't expect to
see a

person like him at that restaurant. I had not

seen him in ages and seeing him there made my heart skip a

bit. At first I thought he was my blind date. My mind went crazy. I was asking myself endless questions

like how he knew where I stayed and my dress size. I knew we have stalkers in this world but Hector was

not that type. I got a relief when I saw some girl popping behind him. They talked for few seconds and

the waiter led them to their table few metres from where I was sitting. My blind date had booked a

section of a restaurant. I was the only one sitting in that section. It was the first time I have been to that

kind of a set up and I was over the moon like Donald. I was glad Hector didn't notice me. I

didn't know

the girl he was with. I had not spoken to his wife Nomsa in ages, so I didn't know what was going on in

their lives. I had Nomsa's phone numbers in my phone. I thought of calling and asking if they were still

together but my heart was against the idea. It was not my place to ask after all. I remembered how

Hector rode me in his bathroom until my punani couldn't take it anymore. It was one of the best sex

moments I ever had. The waiter came again to ask if I was still not ready to order and I went "I will order

when my man gets here. He will be here any minute from now". As I was speaking with the waiter I

noticed Hector and the girl he was with were arguing. I couldn't hear what they saying but the body

language could tell me they were arguing about something. Suddenly the girl stood up, grabbed her

handbag and left. The way she was walking fast it was quite clear she had sulked. Women and sulking

are like Jacob Zuma and laughing.

Hector sat the alone after the girl left. It's embarrassing when you go together to a restaurant but leave

one by one, especially if you are a couple. I couldn't help it but ask myself what Hector did to that girl. I

don't know what he was looking for but when he turned around we locked eyes. I think at first he didn't

believe what his eyes showed him. He rubbed his eyes twice just to make sure it was me. I don't blame

him though. The way I was so beautiful you would swear I was Obama's senior executive side chick. He

stood up and walked straight to my table. He was like "Sharon Letsoalo, what are you doing here?".

Don't you get pissed when people ask you that question? I was at a restaurant for Satan's sake. What do

people do at restaurant? I went all sarcastic on him. I was like "I am here to buy cement. I guess you are

also here for the same reason. PPC or Sephaku?". He laughed and said "still sarcastic I see. Stand up and

give me a hug". I stood up and gave him a hug.

Nigger kissed me on a cheek. The waiter came to my

table and asked if I was ready to order since 'my man' was there. I told him to give me 20 minutes.

Hector went "jo jo jo jo jo jo ngwanenyana wa Mopedi you look gorgeous. Whoever you are meeting is a

lucky bastard. I should have taken you seriously when I had a chance. Look how gorgeous you are". One

thing I always liked about Hector was how compliments were always on his tongue. He noticed a new

thing very fast and complimented it. Many men can learn a thing or two from him. Imagine rocking a

new hairstyle and your man doesn't even notice it. I went "I would love to chat but my man will

be here

anytime from now. Please leave, I don't want him to have funny ideas in his head. We are celebrating

our 6 th month anniversary today. Please excuse me and my man to enjoy our love in peace. Plus I saw

you with some girl. Did she replace Nomsa". He told me he would tell me one day. He gave me another

hug and a kiss on the forehead then walked back to his table. My eyes were forever glued to the door to

see if any rich looking guy was coming in.

Imagine sitting alone waiting for someone you possibly didn't know for over 20 minutes. It was horror. I

kept looking at any male who walked in and smiled only for them to head to different

directions. I

looked at my phone now and then hoping to see a message saying "I am running late princess. Please be

patient" but there was none. The only message I received was from RR telling me "I am eating avocado,

mageu, chocolate, peanuts and yoghurt. I wish you were here". I ignored his sms. The waiter came for

the 7 th time to ask if I was ready to order. The most embarrassing thing was I was the centre of attention

and people could see I was stood up. Even Hector kept looking at my direction to see if my date had

arrived. The candles were running out. I felt played shem. I told the waiter to give me a bottle of red

wine. He asked if I wanted to order food and I told him I was not hungry. When you are in that situation

food will be the last thing in your mind. I updated my Facebook status “go rata dilo ke masepa. Now I

look like a fool #StoodUpVibes #NoShow #MenAreStupid #DisappointmentOnFleek #NxaToko”. Within 5

minutes my status had 49 likes from females and gays. The waiter brought wine and I started drowning

my sorrows. I called JT to tell her what happened and she went “ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha I’m sorry

for laughing but dae man ke starring. He spent zaka e baie so and the next thing ga a hlaelle? Ntwana

vaya o hlapa senyama Durban. O loilwe ka high

grade. Ha ha ha ha ha huwwiiiiii day made". I was

hurt and JT found it funny. When days are dark friend are stupid. I drank the first glass with 30 seconds. I

didn't even know how I was going to get to my place. Luckily I had enough money to pay for a meter

taxi. While I was drinking and internally communicating with my inner self Hector came to my table

again. He asked if I was ok and instead of responding tears started rolling down my face. I was really

hurting inside. Every woman wants a guy who would sweep her off the floor and do the things my

evaporated blind date did. The dress, flowers, Beemer fetching me and booking a section of a

restaurant

etc. I was wow'd and looking forward to meeting him. My heart was on periods.

Hector wiped my tears and told me not to cry. He went "maybe your man is stuck in traffic or something. Maybe he had an accident or a flat tyre. No man would go all out like this and then pull a no

show for no reason". I could tell he was trying to make me feel better but deep down he knew I was

played. Men always look out for their fellow men. I knew if he was a female he would have told me the

guy was a fool. I tried to compose myself and continued drinking. I finished the whole bottle alone and

ordered another one. I was deliberately drinking to get a total black out. I didn't want to get

home and

start eating ice cream. I wanted to pass out.

Hector told me the girl he was with sulked because he

didn't want to pay her car's instalment. I asked him why he didn't pay and he went "we just met few

weeks ago. She moved to Pretoria from Eastern Cape last month. I cannot pay R7000 car instalment for

someone I just met. I am not Patrice Motsepe". Talking helped me to deal with my sorrows. Red wine

was also helping. Around 10pm I asked the waiter to give us a bill and he went "everything was paid for

in advance. Actually you didn't even spend 10% of what was paid". I told him to take whatever balance

as his tip. I noticed I was drunk when I tried to stand up. I tripped and literally fell to the floor. Hector

helped me to stand up and I went "entlik wena you should be my hubby...ja hubby. You fuc#ed me well

you know". With the help of a waiter, they helped me to walk to the parking lot. As soon as I was

outside the restaurant I took off my stilettos. I was tired of walking like a penguin. Some girls looked at

me like I was mad. I went "voetsek, is this the first time you see a yellow bone? Jou bloody racists". I

don't even know why I said that because they were black. We got in Hector's car and he asked where I

stayed. I gave him the address and he GPS'd it.

We hit the road. On our way I asked him to play Sista

Bettina. The song turned me into a ratchet. I was dancing and screaming until we got to the gate. I gave

him the access code and he punched it in. I opened the window to greet the security guards...loudly so.

They smiled and I went "Fees Must Fall comrades". Niggers laughed like there was no tomorrow. When

you are beautiful you can get away with anything. You can make lame joke and men will laugh. If I was

ugly they would have arrested me on the spot for being raucous and boisterous.

When we got to the house Hector wanted to leave. I went "over my dead body. You you you owe me

sex. Actually you are in arrears and tonight you gonna pay in full plus interest". That was red wine

talking. 'Nawa' was taking over the control of my body. I was taking off my dress as I said that. I tried to

kiss him but he pushed me. He went "not when you are drunk like this". I grabbed him again and forcefully kissed him. His mouth, legs and hands were trying to push me but his dick was talking a

different language. A dick is like a dictator that hates democracy with passion. All body parts can decide

to go left but the dick will force all of them to go right. I literally tore his shirt and unbuttoned his jeans.

He was busy saying "no Sharon no Sharon no Sharon" but his dick was saying "yes Shazyonce

yes

Shazninja yes Shaznyonyo". He lay on his back with his dick facing the ceiling. I didn't waste any time, I

got on top of him and directed his mrenigisto to my wet vjayjay. The way it was so wet his cock just went

'vuuuhloooo' without any struggle. The moves I was making that night made nigger scream like an

Indian gay guy. I had my legs on both side of his body with my bum sitting on his dick area. I got a 110%

penetration and felt as if his dick was reaching my womb. Suddenly my legs went numb and butt

stiffened. I felt like something was 'earbudding' my inner vjayjay and the feeling made me scream. My

body leaned towards his and I found my hands grabbing the sheets like I wanted to tear them apart. He

grabbed my ass and aggressively pushed me towards his cock. With his tenor and my soprano, we both

went “ooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhh
yeahhhhhhhhhhhh aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh
mmmmmmmmhhhhhhhhhhh”.

We stopped and I passed out. In the morning the bed looked like Libya after Gaddafi was assassinated. It

looked like a war zone. If you shag and your bed is still well made, OLY your man. Hector was not on the

bed. I tried to remember what happened the previous night and I found myself laughing. I assumed

Hector left early in the morning. I had a

hangover pain in my vjayjay. I walked to the kitchen to drink

water. I noticed a small envelope under the door. It was written 'Dear Sharon' outside.

I opened it and

WTF WTF WTF..

THE END

[12/03, 17:00] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 217

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

One thing I hate in life is unnecessary surprises. Romantic surprises are fine but no one wants to wake

up to some nasty surprises. The first thing I noticed was that the handwriting used was similar to the

one on the note I received the previous day. The

note read "My heart is bleeding and ejaculating pain.

The anticipation to declare my love to you gyrated into disappointment the second my eyes were met

with the sight of you kissing another man. I watched from distance as your body received seduction

from his eyes. I followed you as the man drove to your place. I am aware he left this morning. I am a

man, I get jealous. One day you will realise how much you lost in me. Have a beautiful life. I love you". I

wish it was possible to Google someone's handwriting and get his name. Don't you get pissed when

someone say something not nice and then end it with I Love You? It's like your mom giving you

a hiding

and asking if you enjoyed it afterwards. I looked all over the note looking for a number or email address

but there was nothing. I don't know if I was angry or disappointed. All I know is I was not fine. I went

back to the bedroom and lay on my bed. My health status was captured by a great deal of hangover. I

decided to go to the gate to ask the security guards who got in the complex in my name that day. They

all declared ignorance. I promised to give them R100 each and one of them went "I saw him. He was a

dark man driving a white Mercedes-Benz. He didn't tell us his name but he told us he's coming to your

house. We let him in because he was there the previous day. He is always here so we assumed he is one

of your boyfriends. Now keep your promise and give us the money you promised". I went "wa nyela.

You just insulted me that I have boyfriends and you expect me to give you money. Go to hell. Your

information is not even helpful. How many dark men do you meet everyday? You think I am a fool. Go to

hell with your useless information. Next time I'll report your dark behinds if you let people in without my permission".

I walked back to the house very disappointed. It was both curiosity and FOMO that irrigated and fertilised my disappointment. I drank about 2

litres of cold water in less than 5 minutes just to calm my

nerves. I walked back to the bedroom to lie on the bed. My head was heavy to a point ya gore I felt like

cutting it off for few minutes. Something on the floor imprisoned my eyes. It was an open packet of a

condom. It immediately sent my mind to the night before. I was drunk but I did remember I did have sex

with Hector. I even remembered I was the one who initiated it. I also remembered how he didn't wanna

do it and I forced him because my underground was under the influence of aquatic affairs. What I didn't

remember was seeing him putting on a condom. I looked all over for the used condom but I

didn't find

it. Many black guys will tell you that they will never leave their used condom at a girl's place because

they are scared she would cast a spell on them. I put my finger inside my vjayjay to check if the condom

wasn't arrested in there. Reality kinda kicked in at that stage. I remembered something about Hector

that made me wanna explode. The thought of it made me wanna dig a hole and busy myself. I called him

and he picked up within a second. I asked him what happened the previous night and he went "I drove

you home and you forced me to have sex with you. I tried to tell you I was not in a good state to have

sex with you but you imposed your big hole on me. I put on a condom and you rode me like you paid

me. You should slow down on booze because it makes you do things you don't remember in the morning. Hope the guy who stood you up called to apologise". Sometimes men can be insensitive.

Telling a woman her vjayjay is big is like telling a guy he has a small dick. I didn't call him to ask about my

hole but he felt it was cool to mention I had a big hole. Mxm some men deserve to be castrated. I was

just glad and relieved that he used a condom even though I didn't see him put it on.

After the call I called the pharmacist guy and went "I need a huge favour. I know you love me and will do

whatever to protect me. I'll be indebted to you forever. I can even marry you if you want. I want the

emergency HIV pill, I think it's called PEP....uhm Post-Exposure Prophylaxis I think. I did something stupid

and I think my health is exposed to danger. Please don't say no". Nigger asked me few stupid questions

and told me he'll bring the stuff after work. I was expecting him to go 'all mother' on me. He was one of

those guys who loved wholeheartedly and unconditionally. In his mind he believed God made me for

him. I think he was one of those guys who were raised in church. I was relieved he agreed to help me. I

decided to take a bath. My punani was a bit

sore from Hector's legendary performance. I soaked myself

in warm water for over 2 hours. After the water business I did some spring cleaning in the house. I

thought of inviting JT to come over but I didn't want Oupa to find her there. She would give me a tongue

lashing for being reckless with a guy I once told her was losing weight abnormally. I had the most boring

day ever that day. Around 6pm Oupa called to tell me he was on his way to deliver the PEP. When he got

to my place I could tell he was disappointed in me. He tried to hide but I could see through him. I asked

him if he was ok and he told me he was cool. He gave me the stuff and on top of that he gave

me about

100 femidoms. I asked him why he gave me the condoms and he was like "I just want you to play safe in

future. I can't tell you what to do with your life but I can try my bit to save your health". Instead of

showing appreciation for his caring I found myself swimming in the abyss of shame and disappointment.

In a nutshell, he insinuated I was a loose girl who needed to carry condoms wherever I went. I took the

stuff and thanked him. He left me standing there like I was crazy. I found myself condemning the

reckless decisions I took. I knelt down and said a short prayer "God please unchain all these evil shackles

on me. I can't deal anymore. I am tired of this life. I know You didn't make me to live like this. I am not

your stepdaughter, I am your daughter hle bathong. In the powerful name of Jesus, Amen”.

I didn't even watch TV that night. I went straight to bed. I literally spent the whole week indoors alone. I

only switched on my phone when I called my mom to check if Selfie's mom was getting well. I shut

myself out from the outer world. I kept checking the door for a present or flowers from the secret

admirer but I found nothing. Tshengi sent an sms once or twice a day to check up on me. On Friday I

decided to switch on my phone. I was craving Vodka and some nice music. The only thing I

didn't crave

for was a dick. I wanted to chill around Pretoria but I was scared I would bump into people I know like it

happened with Hector few days ago. Jozi was no option because I didn't know anyone after I broke my

friendship with Emily. There was Busy Corner in Tembisa but I was scared I would bump into niggers

from Bolobedu. Niggers from Bolobedu can smell their home people from miles away and they wanna

chill with you ka masepa. I decided the best thing was to call my Facebook friend from Auckland Park,

Nobuhle. She was still a stranger but when we spoke over the phone she sounded like a very cool chick.

And for girls starting a new friendship is the coolest thing ever. You get to lie about things you don't

have just to sound cool. I called Nobuhle and she was so happy to hear from me. I loved her Zulu accent.

The way she spoke so well I almost asked if she was virgin. Apparently being a virgin is a big thing in KZN.

Some girls go as far as paying the virginity tester for them to pass the test. Anyway, it's none of my

business. If they did that sh!t in my hood whatever they use to test would be broken within a day lol. Go

se jewe ga se maemo in Limpopo. I told her I was bored and she went "woza eGoli chomi. I'm sure you

are tired of Pretoria. We'll go out for

drinks....girls night out". Her offer was tempting but I didn't wanna

drive in Joburg. The thought of driving side by side with some dark hungry looking taxi drivers gave me

goosebumps. She told me I should use the Gautrain and she would wait for me at Park Station. I was like

"WTF, I am bored anyway. I am coming". I prepared myself well and packed my girl-weekend- kit. I called

a meter taxi to come fetch me. I called Dr Skhosana to tell him I was visiting a friend in Joburg and he

told me I could use the Mazda. I told him I preferred public transport and he said cool. The way he was

talking I could sense he was not alone. The taxi dropped me at Pretoria Gautrain Station and I

boarded a

train to Jozi. As soon as I passed Midrand Station I called Nobuhle to tell her I was on my way. She told

me she was at the station waiting for me. When I got to the station I called to ask which side she was at

and she told me she was withdrawing money at ABSA ATM....the one before Dischem at Park Station.

Luckily I knew where it was. I decided to walk there because I didn't wanna wait there like I was lost. As I

was walking someone tapped my shoulder and a voice went:

“You can run but you will never hide. One of us will die today.....”

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:01] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 218

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

Imagine escaping from a lion's den into a Boko Haram camp. That would be like dumping a dicklet guy

and dating a 2-minutes noodles man from North West Province. I left Pretoria because I wanted to be

far away from people I knew. I wanted to have fun without anyone noticing me. When I turned to look

who the person was I almost soiled my pants. It was the guy who led to Maite's death, the guy who

bought her a Mini Cooper. I remembered him very well because the night he shot Maite and Marcus I

gave him a BJ. I started shaking on the spot. Sometimes I wondered how cops did their business. The

most wanted man was roaming the streets of Joburg freely without even disguising himself. The last

time they spoke to my mom they were on and on about leads but their leads led to nothing. Nigger went

“if you follow my instructions I won’t hurt you. You scream, you will follow that hoe friend of yours. Now

hold my hand with a smile and come with me. I promise I won’t hurt you if you promise you won’t try to

be clever on me. One mistake one of us will die. That is a promise I am making to you”. One of the first

questions I had was weather the guy bumped

into me coincidentally or he was following me. I couldn't

help it but think maybe he was the secret admirer who knew where I stayed. Holding his hand made me

feel like I was touching Maite's corpse. I wanted to smile as instructed by him but my muscles couldn't

let me. I wanted to scream but I knew he was gonna blast my head with whatever he had. I tried to look

at people thinking they would come to my rescue but everyone seemed to be minding their own

business. That is Johannesburg people for you. You can get mugged in front of them and they won't do a

thing to help you. They will actually take videos of you getting mugged. The only people who

will help

you are taxi drivers, only if you are at the taxi rank. We walked for few minutes until we got to some

white Merc parked not far from the station. I thought of what the security guard said when I asked how

the guy who brought flowers looked like. He told me he was dark and drove a Merc. I was scared but my

mind was working overtime.

He opened the door for me and repeated that I shouldn't do anything stupid or else he would give me

a quick lift to hell. I didn't even know where he was driving me to. He told me not to look at the road. He

drove for about 15 minutes and when I raised my head we were at some house surrounded by

huge

walls. I tried to look for the Sentech and Telkom towers but I couldn't see them. When you are in Joburg

to know your exact location you must look at those two towers. That was something I learnt from

Poloko. Nigger went "look, I don't want to hurt you or anything. I am not a bad guy but sometimes you

women force us to do things we are not used to doing. I am sorry I threatened to kill you earlier. I am a

businessman, not a killer. I have been living on the run since that night and I want it to end. I want you

to help me". I wanted to talk but something applied handbrake on my vocal cords. He continued "your

friend used me and I acted without thinking. I spent over R30k on her every month and I didn't expect

her to cheat on me. I thought I was the only one doing her only to find out she was doing other guys. I

was hurt and heartbroken". I could hear he was talking but I didn't understand where he was going with

his speech. I was wondering what help he was seeking from me. He looked at me straight in the eyes

and went "I know when they catch me you gonna be a witness. I want you to testify for me. Tell them

the guy who was shagging my girl is the one who killed Maite and I shot him in self-defence. If you do

that I won't go to jail. But if you don't, you and I

are gonna have a problem". I asked what problem he

was talking about. Nigger gave a roguish laugh and went "well, I know where you come from in

Limpopo. I know where your mom works. I know where your lil brother is right now. I know where and

who you slept with this week. I have a feeling you love all the people I mentioned. You wouldn't want

them to be buried before time because of your disobedience. Oh, and that fat guy you stay with is a

player. Hope you are using a condom with him". That was a threat and half. Nigger knew everything

about me and he was threatening to kill my family. And there I thought those things only happened in

movies.

My phone was on silent mode and I knew Nobuhle was probably calling me. I couldn't risk taking it out

because of the situation I was in. I went "if I testify for you what will happen?". He brushed my shoulder

and told me life would go on as normal. The way I was so scared I agreed to everything he said. He went

"one last thing, if you betray me I will sweep all your family members and have you trafficked to India.

Are we on the same page? Do not tell anyone about this romantic meeting". I nodded more than 33

times in less than 5 seconds. Call it vibrating if you want. When you are wearing fear anything is

possible. After the talk nigger drove me back to town. Again he asked me not to look at the road. He

dropped me next to the City of Joburg Headquarters in Braamfontein and left. The first thing I did was to

check my phone. I had about 53 missed calls from Nobuhle and some numbers I didn't recognise. I was

still shaking with fear. I didn't even know how to get to the station from where that nigger left me. My

hatred for Maite increased byin Zuma's words, three hundred seven hundred two thousand one

thousand nine million and twelve and one per cent. She was the reason I was in that mess. Testifying for

that guy would mean I was testifying against

Marcus, the guy who treated me like his own daughter.

Testifying against the dude would mean I'm signing my family's death sentences. I was in a catch-22

situation and I hated it. I called Nobuhle and she went "where the hell are you girlfriend? I have been

trying to call you for almost an hour now". I told her I got lost inside Park Station and some thug stole

my phone. I went "some guy followed the thug kicked the hell out of him. I got my phone back". That

was the best lie I could think of. I couldn't tell her what happened with the Congo guy. Nigger was

probably on my tail. She asked me where I was and I told her still at Park Station. She wanted to

ask

which side and I hung up. I saw some woman and I asked her where Park Station was and she just

pointed with her finger. Hayi Joburg people live life of their own. I walked towards the direction she

pointed at.

Nobuhle called to ask which part of Park station I was at and I told her the side of Gautrain parking. She

laughed and told me I was very lost. I quickly walked to the Gautrain parking area. It was easy to spot

Nobuhle when she appeared few metres from where I was. She looked the very same way she looked on

Facebook. Some people look gorgeous on Facebook but when you meet them in person

you are

tempted to ask if they are going to a Halloween party. We thank filters for online beauty lol. You know

what YOCO means right? You Only Cute Online. She also found it easy to spot me because I was the only

yellow bone there. She gave me a hug and asked if I was ok. I told her I was tired from walking up and

down in the Station. She laughed and told me she didn't blame me because she also got lost the first

time she came to Jozi. She was like "I am using my boyfriend's car. Let's go to my crib". If I was a lesbian

I would have wanted to chow her. She was so beautiful that I even got jealous. She was not more

beautiful than me but her body was gorgeous. She had Zulu lips. Most guys in my class say Zulu girls

have BJ lips. I watched Muvhango and noticed almost all Zulu girls there are lipped. When she led me to

the boyfriend's car I knew she was dating satan himself. The car she was referring to was a Golf 7 GTI.

When you date a guy who drives a GTI you don't say "my boyfriend", you must say "our boyfriend". The

way GTI guys love girls you'd swear a pussy is part of their car's maintenance plan. When got in the car

and drove to Auckland Park. Her boyfriend was waiting at the gate because she took time.

Nigger didn't

even greet me, he just took his car and left. I

guessed he was going to another girlfriend.

Maybe the G in

the GTI stands for Girls. As we were walking to Nobuhle's crib my phone rang and it was Dr Skhosana.

"My wife came back unannounced. I want you to quickly go to"

Like WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:03] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 219

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

I was looking forward to spending some good time with my new BFF Nobuhle but I could see it was not

meant to be. First it was Maite's man kidnapping and threatening me and second it was Dr Skhosana

asking me to do something that had nothing to do with me. I was very pissed that he expected me to be

part of his cheating ways. He went "please please please please, I will reward you copiously. Go take the

car and drop it at Thatchfield. My wife loves using that car when she's around. But that is not the big

issue. The issue is there is someone at the Thatchfield house and I want her out before my wife gets

there. The girl's phone is off and I am unable to get hold of her. I can't drive there now because I have a

meeting in North-West. Please do me those two favours and I will love you forever. I can even buy you a

car". From his voice I could tell he was very

scared of his wife. Maybe they were married in community

of property and knew a divorce would cost him a leg and an arm. I decided not to argue with him. I told

him I was in Joburg and I didn't have a car to take me to Pretoria. He went "I'll send you money right

now. Hire a taxi to do the things I asked you to do". After the call I received a notification from the bank,

nigger deposited R2500 into my account. Lol, cheating is very expensive. What pissed me off was the

fact that nigger wanted me to be his girlfriend, on the other hand he was asking me to go get rid of his

other girlfriend to protect his marriage. But hey, he was not my husband and had a lot of money

to

spend. I explained the whole situation to Nobuhle and she laughed. What I didn't mention was that the

guy wanted me. I only told her he was some distant uncle. She went "no need to spend lot of money on

a taxi. I will call some guy who wants me. He'll take us to Pretoria for free". It seems like every girl has a

Minister of Transport these days. She called the nigger and within 10 minutes he fetched us. He was one

of those skinny niggers with big heads. He looked like a hammer. He looked very funny.

I told the guy to drive as fast as he could.

Nobuhle and I avoided talking about what we were going to do

in Pretoria because we didn't want Hammer to

know. We were communicating on Whatsapp.
What I

liked about Nobuhle is that she was crazy. She was excited about the whole mission. When we got to

Equestria I got off Hammer's car and drove Skhosana's Mazda. I told them to follow me to Thatchfield.

The poor Hammer didn't even complain. Nobuhle was calling the shots. Every girl deserves to have a

stupid male friend that she can use whenever she wants. You know those niggers who would drop

everything just to help a girl he's not even chowing. I called Nobuhle and told her I needed to buy

something at the garage. We drove to Sasol garage. I asked the guy if he needed petrol and

Nobuhle

went “bae doesn’t need petrol. Don’t worry about him, he’ll be fine. Right bae?”. Lol the poor nigger

nodded. Zulu girls become smarter when they come to Jozi. I bought 2 packs of condoms and 5 energy

drink cans. Nobuhle asked what I wanted to do with those things and I laughed. I didn’t wanna tell her

because I knew she would blow my cover. After buying we drove to Dr Skhosana’s Thatchfield house. I

had the keys to the place. Hammer parked his car outside the gate and I got inside. When I got in the

house the so-called girlfriend was sleeping on the couch. I went “heyi wena motho wa Modimo, tsoga.

What kind of a side chick sleeps this time?
Aren't you supposed to be shopping? Or are you
one of those

side chicks that are only needed to open legs?".
I don't know why I was rude to her, it just felt
like the

right thing to do at that moment. She went "who
are you? Are you his wife? Please forgive me, I
didn't

know he was married". That's what all side
chicks say when they are caught. I told her I
was his niece

and I just came to drop the car. I went to the
bedroom and put the keys where Dr Skhosana
told me to

put them. I took the condoms out of the
packets and put the empty packets on the edge
of the bed. I

put them in a way that they would be easy to

spot. I wrapped the actual condoms with a toilet paper

and flushed them in the loo. I emptied the energy drinks and put the empty cans in the bedroom. After

doing everything I smiled and gave myself a pat on my shoulder.

I went back to where the girl was lying and went “uncle Skhosana is on his way. If I were you I would

wait naked on this very same couch. You know how men love kinky things”. She looked at me with shy

eyes and smiled. She was a yellow bone but ugly. Her cheekbones were so long you would swear she

was a reptile in her previous life. Ugly yellow bone are not ugly, they are very ugly. They are like Joburg

CBD, when you are far they are beautiful. Go closer and you'll see a mamlambo lol. I asked her why her

phone was off and she went "I forgot my iPhone charger at my place and now my phone is off". I told

her not to worry, I would call my uncle to buy her a new charger. I went "take my advice neh, lie on the

couch naked and see how he will react". With that I left the house. I got in Hammer's car and we hit the

road. I sent Dr Skhosana an sms to tell him the mission was complete. Instead of saying thanks he sent

me a grand. Ja people with money have two mouths; a mouth and money. Only if he knew I set his side

chick up. She was going to get the beating of

her life from Mrs Skhosana. I so wished I had cameras all

over the house. I Whatsapped Nobuhle what I did and she laughed like nobody's tender business. I was

glad she saw a funny part of the whole mission. I was teaching Dr Skhosana a lesson that in future he

shouldn't involve me in his cheating business, especially after telling me he wanted me. I asked Nobuhle

if she still wanted to go back to Jozi. She was like "let's turn up here in Pretoria. Joburg is far and I am

craving the dance floor. After what you did you deserve some Vodka. Let's go to Blue Room in Hatfield.

We'll sleep at your place". After the death of Square in Hatfield Blue Room and Moloko have

become

the places to be in Hatfield. I asked if her boyfriend was cool about it and she went “don’t worry about

my boo, as long as I am fine he is fine. Right boo?”. Nigger nodded again and I almost laughed. It was

quite clear she was controlling him. I liked how she brushed his non-existent tummy now and then.

Maybe she knew his g-spot was on his tummy. Some guys are God’s gift to clever girls. I so wanted me a

friend like him. He looked like the kinda guy who would see you naked and apologise.

We headed to Blue Room in Hatfield. It wasn’t packed yet when we got there because I was still a bit

early. We ordered a bottle of Vodka and

Hammer ordered juice and water. I asked him why he wasn't

ordering booze and he went "Aninwi byala loko ni chayela (I don't drink booze when I drive). I will drink

juice and water". It was the first time I heard him speak out loud. And it was the first time I learned he

was Tsonga. Most Tsonga guys I know are not very street smart but they don't allow chicks to use them

directly. I actually thought he was a Swati guy. Most Swati niggers are softies when coming to girls from

other ethnic groups. You can drink his moola the entire night and he'll drive you home without

expecting anything in return. Try that with a Pedi guy from gaSekhukhune if o nyaka go bona mmao a

apere onoroko. Nobuhle was the best turn up mate ever. The chick had energy for days. I felt like I had

known her for centuries. We clicked just like that. She whispered something into my ear and I laughed.

She told me to spike Hammer's drink with drops of Vodka. It was such an exciting thought.

Whenever he

went to the loo we put some drops of Vodka in his juice. After 3 hours or so he joined us on the dance

floor. It was when girls made a circle for him that I regretted spiking his drink. The DJ was playing

Ganyani ft Layla – Talk to Me but nigger was dancing as if he was dancing to Elias Baloyi and Mamba

Queens' song at some xiseveseve in Waterval. I

guess he was just being proud of his culture.
It's true

that you can take Maluleke out of Malamulele
but you will never take Malamulele out of
Maluleke.

Nobuhle on the other hand was very good on
the dance floor. She reminded me of the late
Lebo

Mathosa. We danced until my legs felt like that
of a Mkhukhu dancer the morning after jumping
the

entire night. We decided to leave. Hammer paid
the bill and we left. I asked Hammer if he was in
a good

state to drive and he went "I started driving
before your mom was born. I have this sh!t
covered hun".

You know a Tsonga guy is drunk when he uses
words like 'hun'. Just after exiting Hatfield

before the

N4/N1 interchange our car bumped into another car. Both cars pulled over and the drivers started

arguing. Nobuhle wanted to join the fight and I held her back. Zulu girls turn into Zulu men when they

are drunk. They suddenly become stubborn like amadoda. Luckily one of the guys in the other car was

sober and he calmed the situation. The accident wasn't bad but the way they were behaving it was quite

clear none of them had insurance on their cars. Nobuhle went "Shaz, we don't need this guy anymore.

Let's call a meter taxi and leave". I thought she was joking until she took out her phone and called a cab.

Lol I felt sorry for the poor guy. Within 5-10 minutes the cab was there and we left. She didn't even say

goodbye to Hammer who was very stressed. I asked her why she did that and she went "he's not my

boyfriend. He provided transport nje. Without transport he is nothing to me. Get my drift?". I went

"Viva Cde Nobuhle Viva". I directed the cab to my place. We got off at the gate and walked to the house.

I opened the door and the next thing someone slapped me hard on my face.....

BOOOOMMMM.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:04] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 220

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a

comment

People who drink know that the last thing you want after hours of drinking is physical pain. All you

wanna do is go home and sleep peacefully. After the good time I had with Nobuhle and her fool I just

wanted to end it with a beautiful dream. I was not expecting to be beaten up by anyone. Part of me felt

like I was being punished for the sins I didn't commit. I rotated for about 10 seconds until I fell next to

the couch. A slap from a heavy person can be fatal because all his fats fall on you. Dr Skhosana was

standing next to my drunken fallen body with redness in his eyes. I checked to see if Nobuhle was still

there but she was nowhere to be seen. I went
“yho nna yho0000 Modimo nthuse hle. Sekobo
se se

nyaka go mpolaya (God help me please. This
ugly thing is killing me). What did I do to you?
What did I do

to you? I am going to tell my mom about this.
You wear suits during the day but at night you
turn into a

monster. I will tell my mom about this and she
will deal with you. I am not your child that you
can abuse

whenever you want”. I Googled my face with my
hand to establish if I was bleeding. There was
no any

sign of bleeding. Dr Skhosana went “you think
you are clever neh? I asked you nicely to do a
favour for

me and you do the opposite. Why did you plant

those condoms in there? You did that knowing my wife

was going there, right? Why didn't you tell that girl to leave as I instructed you? Do you know what your

stupid games did to my marriage? Do you know? The poor girl is in hospital and my wife might be arrested. You know I can kill you right now and no one will ever know what happened to you?". That

was a second threat to kill me in less than 12 hours. I could see he was angry and capable of implementing his threats. I had to think very fast. My drunkenness was gradually divorcing me. That's

what happens when you are faced with death. I went "Skhosie, I love you. Imagine how I felt when you

told me about your other girl. Remember you

promised to make me your girl just few days ago. Yes, I

believed you and I am in love with you. I am sorry about what I did but I did it out of love and to fight for

my man. If you don't believe me I can show you how much I love you now, Dr SK".

I was massaging his legs as I said that. Men will always be men. When they think about patapata their

brains switch off and they employ the front tail to think. I could see he was calming down by the way he

was breathing. I tried to stand and he helped me. I knew that by him helping me I had won the battle. I

kissed his chest and used my left hand to feel his tool. He was getting excited down there.

Hayi bo

Skhosana mrena, you would swear he wasn't the same person who was fuming minutes earlier. He went

"you see what you made me do now? I am the violent type. You made me do that. You should have told

me from the beginning that you love. You know, I didn't even sleep with that girl. She is just an ex I

dated few years ago. I don't even remember her name. I promise I will never hit you again". I was boiling

inside but I had to pretend I was ok because I didn't want another dose of slapping. I went "Skhosie, I

want to make you a happy man tonight. I want to prove to you that you don't have to go anywhere for

that kind of fun. I am here for you 24/7". The

smile on his face was out of this world. He looked like a cat

after seeing legotlo la go paka (a fresh rat) somewhere in Alexandra. I was avoiding kissing his lips at all

costs. I concentrated on his chest and neck. I didn't want another shower of saliva on my face because

of his bad kissing. While I was still working on his body someone kicked the door open. It was the

security guard followed by Nobuhle. She went "there he is. He was beating her to death. Please arrest

him now". Skhosana left me and went "WTF is going on here? You security guard, if you value your job

you will leave my house right now". The security guard and Nobuhle looked as if they just saw a

village

version of mamlambo aka juju. I went “it’s ok girlfriend. Skhosie and I are fine. We just had a little

misunderstanding. Tell your security guy friend to leave because we really don’t need him. Go sleep in

that room, I’ll see you in the morning”. Her confusion was elevated to another level.

When we got to the bedroom I asked if he had condoms and he said no. That was like music to my ears.

He went “but you don’t have to worry, I am not sick. If I was sick my wife would be sick. She is not sick

therefore I am not sick. If you fall pregnant you’ll terminate”. I almost laughed thinking the guy saying

those stupid things was a qualified doctor.

Imagine if men were allowed to openly watch adult movies at

work. All of them would probably even forget what they were employed to do. Men were created with

God's image and a frog's brain. Yes that's what I believe. Imagine a qualified doctor believing he was not

positive because his wife was not positive. That is some statement you can expect from an LLB first year

student. I told him I was not going to have sex with him without a condom no matter what. I could see

he was very excited down there and he looked funny. He went "Ok, I am coming now now". He left the

bedroom with a speed of paraffin. As soon as he left I tried to think of way to avoid sleeping

with him

but none dawned in my head. I tried to think where I put the sleeping pills I got from Oupa but my brain

fired blanks. While I was thinking he came back with one condom. He was like "I remembered I had one

condom in the car. It's an emergency condom. You can undress now". One advantage of dating or riding

an old man is that they archive their sense of romance and employ 'solanka' mentality. Instead of

helping you to undress nigger will stand there like a General in a military camp and tell you to undress. I

went "no let me undress you first". The way he was in a hurry he didn't even complain. I undressed him

and became nauseous immediately. He had grey hair on his chest. His dick looked like a piece of sh!t of a

skinny girl in a toilet. I asked him to give me a condom so I could put it on his dick. I opened it and before

putting it on I played with the tip of his mrengerengelet. Nigger started breathing heavily. His cock

exuded some colourless liquid. I used the liquid to rub his cockhead and before I could even put on a

condom nigger fired missiles. Sh!t, his come hit me on my face. Some landed on my lips. It tasted like a

mixture of egg white and expired low fat yoghurt. I was actually expecting him to have powdered

sperms. He screamed "oh yaaaa yaaaa yaaaaa

oh Skhosana. Ngidla mratha ngeperekisi oh oh oh....”.

Lol that was like getting high before you even light your joint. I watched his cock as it pulled a tortoise in

front of my eyes. It literally went down right in front of my eyes. If his mrengerengelet could speak it

would have said “good night mtase” at that stage. The way I saw it, it wasn’t even good night, it was

Rest in Peace. I wiped my face with a towel. I decided to tease him. I went “hawu, what’s wrong now?”

You ran out of bullets even before the battle started? I am disappointed. Anyway, good night mkhulu”. I

got in the sheets and greeted my ancestors. In the morning I was met by breakfast in bed.

Thanks to the

one and only Dr Skhosana. I guess he was trying to dilute the shame of dancing before the song played. I

told him I was not hungry and he went "I was just trying to make it up to you after what I did to you last

night". I laughed and went "you mean what you did to yourself? You didn't do anything to me".

He

quickly X-rayed his statement. He told me he was referring to the slapping part. I told him he was

forgiven because I didn't have any blue eye. He said "you are going to my Sandton house with me. I

want you to tell my wife that the girl who was at my Thatchfield house is your friend and that you regret

taking her there because she invited her boyfriend over without informing you. My wife knows your

mom and I briefed her about you". Men don't listen thwii. Nigger was in deep crap because of asking me

to do stupid things and there he was doing it again. I wanted to say no but couldn't find a good excuse

so I agreed. I went to check on Nobuhle but she was nowhere to be seen. I called her phone and it was

off. I took a bath, changed into jeans and t-shirt. Dr Skhosana and I hit the road to Sandton. His house

was so big I almost thought it was a mall. I almost asked "do you have Shoprite in here?". We got in the

house and the interior beauty marinated my

heart. His wife appeared from upstairs when she heard

voices. She looked gorgeous for someone her age. I didn't know her exact age but I could tell she was a

bit older than my mom. She greeted me and gave her hubby a funny look. Dr Skhosana went "I came

here to explain my love". She looked at him and said "I was with the pastor upstairs. Let me call him to

come here"

She screamed "Pastor....pastor please come downstairs". Oh holy oxygen!!!!!! The pastor was

.....

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:17] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 221

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

When you think of a pastor the first thing that comes to mind is some serious looking black guy wearing

a suit. I am not saying yellow bones can't be pastors, but we all know most pastors are not yellow.

Yellow bones are busy chasing skirts and poor black bones are the ones trying to save the world from

the mess created by yellow bones. When the pastor appeared my pantyliner got soaked on the spot. I

am normally not attracted by white people but what I saw drove me to an imaginary land I have never

been to. Brother was so fine even the black girl in me blushed. Even Dr Skhosana was a bit

disturbed by

the sight of the gorgeous pastor popping from the upstairs rooms. I would feel the same if I were him.

The way that white guy was so hot he didn't even have to do anything to get a woman wet, just by being

him drove me crazy. Mrs Skhosana went "we were praying upstairs. After what you put me through I

had no choice but to call pastor to come help us. Hope you don't mind". Dr Skhosana went "you know

pastor is always welcome in my house. How are you pastor?". He turned to his wife and went "ga ke sa

batla go bona lekgowa le mo ntlung ya me (I don't ever want to see this white man in my house)". The

poor pastor smiled. I guess he didn't understand Setswana. I didn't blame Dr Skhosana for not wanting

that guy in his house. The brother was very fine, he looked like a very expensive toy. At the same time I

found Dr Skhosana's reaction funny. He was the one sleeping around with many girls but there he was

getting all jealous over the pastor. It's true that men who cheat are more insecure than faithful ones.

The pastor went "as I was telling Mrs Skhosana upstairs before we were interrupted, 1 Corinthians 13:7

says Love never gives up; and its faith, hope and patience never fall. Ephesians 4:32 says Instead, be kind

and tender-hearted to one another, as God as

forgiven you through Christ.....". I almost told him to also

quote Hebrews 13:4. Dr Skhosana interrupted "but we are not here for church. Leave the verses for your

church please. I am here to explain what happened to my wife. Please excuse us for few minutes....or

hours, maybe days or weeks or months or years or decades. We will call you when we need you. Say hi

to your wife. Hope you read her those verses, BYE BYE".

Lol the poor pastor left with tail between his legs. I so wanted to follow him and ask for his number but I

was scared Mrs Skhosana would see me as competition. I know these rich women love pastors. And

pastors love rich women. Ever noticed how pastors give rich women attention at church? A rich woman

will cough once in church and the entire congregation will be asked to pray for her. A poor woman

coughs blood and the person sitting next to her will be commanded to accompany the sick person

home. It might sound like a joke but it happens in many churches. Dr Skhosana formally introduced me

to his wife and told her I had something to say. I went "I'm honoured to finally meet you. I have heard so

many good things about you. I came here to apologise. I disrespected both you and Dr Skhosana. The

girl you found there is actually my friend. I left

her there because she didn't wanna go out with us. I

think she called her boyfriend to join her at the house and they did whatever they did there. The whole

thing was a misunderstanding and I take the blame. Next time I won't let any strangers in your property.

I am so disappointed in that girl. I don't ever wanna see her again". She kept nodding as I was explaining,

which was a good sign. She went "after what the pastor told me I decided to let bygones be bygones. He

is my husband and I meant it when I said in sickness and in health until death do us apart. I don't want

to disappoint my ancestors". Today's vows should be until poverty and infidelity do us apart.

That was

easier than I thought. She asked if my mom was recovering well in hospital and before I could answer Dr

Skhosana jumped in went “please babe, don’t remind her of such. Let her mom heal in peace”. Lol that

was Dr Skhosana lying right in front of me. Mrs Skhosana told me they’ll keep my mom in their prayers. I

was waiting for a private moment to ask Skhosana he told his wife my mom was sick but I didn’t get any.

I wonder how married men keep up with their lies. Lying must be the most difficult thing ever. Imagine

having to remember all your lies everyday. Mrs Skhosana wanted me to join them for lunch but I told

her I wasn't angry, I just wanted to leave. She told me to visit whenever I wanted. She went "next time

you visit my daughter will be here. She is almost your age. You'll get along just fine".

I was expecting Dr Skhosana to drive me to Equestria but nigger asked his driver to drive me. The driver

didn't even say a word to me for our 40-minutes drive. I guess he was given instructions not to talk to

me. It was Saturday and I didn't feel like being home alone again. I didn't wanna go to Nobuhle in Joburg

because I was scared of bumping into Maite's ex again. So I decided to call JT. She told me she was on

her way to Bela Bela with some hoes. I called Oupa the pharmacist to check if he was

working. He went

“I am doing locum at Clicks here at Sunnypark. I am almost done though. What’s up?”. I told him I was

craving braai meat. He went “I can come fetch you. I was planning to go to Busy Corner later today”.

That was music to my ears. The good thing was I knew I was safe with him. The way he loved me I knew

there was no way he was gonna do stupid things to me. I think every girl has an ‘Oupa’ in their lives. A

successful handsome guy who loves you but you don’t feel him. You just don’t see him as a boyfriend

nje. That was what Oupa was to me. And he was one guy who could do anything for me. On the other

hand, there'll be an asshobo who is not serious about you but you keep running after him. That is our

weakness. I waited for him to come fetch me. I knew I was going to have a blast a Busy Corner. That is

one of the best Shisanyamas in South Africa, if not the world. Oupa came after an hour or two. He was

driving a blue BMW 3-Series. When you date niggers with cars you end up knowing these cars. It's like

girls who drink a lot, they get to know what cognac, whiskey, vodka, brandy, rum etc is. To me it's just

booze. Nigger had a rose for me. He opened the door for me and we hit the road. On our way he asked

me if I was using the condoms he gave me and

I told him I never had sex with anyone. He went
“Sharon,

you know I really don't understand why you
don't wanna give me a chance. For so many
years and I still

love you. If you give me a chance I will send my
uncles to your place even tomorrow”. I think
one of the

reasons I never wanted to fall for Oupa was
because he was too serious about the
relationship thingie.

Too much love can be dangerous.

When we got to Busy Corners my heart smiled.
It was a sunny afternoon and girls went all out
to make

themselves look beautiful. I have nothing
against what people do with their eyebrows, but
come on

girls. Some of you look like first year students

at some witchcraft academy. Please stop abusing your

eyebrows. Oupa wanted to sit inside the building but I told him I preferred the outside area because I

wanted to see people. My phone rang and it was Dr Skhosana asking where I was. I lied to him I was in

Soweto with a friend. He told me to be home around 11pm because he had a big surprise for. Mxm I

knew by surprise he meant coming early again. These sugar daddies love things shem. Imagine having to

open your legs for someone who'll come even before his mrengerengelet touches your underground.

Oupa bought drinks and ordered meat. I was so hungry I could eat a camel. Oupa's company

wasn't bad.

He was intelligent and knew exactly what kind of topics tickled my brain. He wasn't one of those guys

who would spend the whole night talking about politics and soccer even though they knew you were

clueless. Like really, who wanna hear about Blade Nzimande and Lucky Lekgwathi all night? I was

enjoying his company. I checked in on Facebook. I just wanted to show my friends I was having good

time at right places. RR commented "eh mmamuruti o tsamaya kudu mang. O nketele Diepsloot (you are

always on the road. Visit me in Diepsloot). I have enough avocados and mageu". Hayi bo RR mrena,

always out of turn. We ate our food and continued with our drinking. Busy Corner never disappoints

when coming to their food. After an hour someone tapped me on the shoulder. She was like "I saw your

check in on Facebook, so I came. Mmmmm what are you drinking?". Yho Nobuhle just rocked up

without telling me she was coming. I asked her who she was with and she told me Hammer dropped

her. Shame poor guy, after what we did to him he was still driving her around. Some guys deserve a BJ

on the balls. I introduced her to Oupa and we continued with the drinking. When Oupa went to the loo I

went "my friend please take this guy. He wants

me and I don't feel him. But I want to keep him in my

circle". Nobuhle gave me a High 5 and told me not to worry. Nobuhle and I danced whenever the Dj

played Zahara and Zonke. South African female musicians are talented bathong. Zonke's Jikizinto is a

song and half. We decided to leave around 11am because Oupa was working the following day. I didn't

wanna go to Equestria because I knew Dr Skhosana was waiting for me there. I told Oupa we'll crash at

his place and nigger was happy. As we got to the car some shapeless girl with a funny weave was

standing next to the car. Oupa's face changed immediately. The girl went "our child doesn't

have food

and you are busy galavanting with hoes”.

Nobuhle yawned and went “another baby mama drama!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”.

The girl grabbed an empty bottle and

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:18] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 222

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

“Life is so full of unpredictable beauty and
strange surprises. Sometimes that beauty is
too much for me to handle. Do you know that
feeling? When something is just too beautiful?
When someone says something or writes
something or plays something that moves you
to the point of tears, maybe even changes you.”
– Mark Oliver Everett

If there is one person you must never mess with in this world is a bitter baby mama. Some of them were turned into monsters by their exes but majority are just acting out of bitterness spiced with an element of psychoness nje. When that girl grabbed a bottle I knew it was gonna rain. I didn't even know that Oupa had a baby with that fake weave monster. To be honest, Oupa looked more 'handsome' than her. She was probably the one-night-stand kinda baby mama. Oupa went "Beauty, please don't do this in public. You are embarrassing yourself". Lmao I lost it when he called her Beauty. Why do parents love lying to their babies? The name Beauty was a full contradiction of that girl. If she didn't have a weave on her head I was gonna think she was one of those guys who help drunk people to park their cars. I was actually going to greet her like "dumelang malome". She wanted to hit Nobuhle with a bottle. I don't know why girls do

that. Instead of dealing with her baby daddy she was shifting the blame to Nobuhle who didn't even know Oupa. She went "you must be the reason my husband never visits me. I will show you who I am today". Oupa used maximum force to prevent her from reaching Nobuhle. He went "Beauty, I never loved you and will never love you. I never dated you and will never date you. What happened between us was a mistake that shouldn't have happened. I gave you abortion money and you bought a weave with it. I do not want you in my life. The only woman I want is Sharon. This is the woman I love and you won't do anything about it". No wonder that weave was ugly, it was bought with abortion money. I think that was the biggest mistake he did there. He failed to manage his baby mama. What he said was very hurtful and he shouldn't have said it in front of us. She moved backwards and threw the bottle at Nobuhle. Nobuhle ducked and the bottle hit the car

behind her. The bottle smashed the car window. It was at that stage that the security guards intervened. The woman was acting all crazy. I was asking myself how a woman could comprise her dignity and reputation like that in public. I mean, even if Oupa wanted to make her the girlfriend, after that scene he would probably hate her.

The security guards managed to quell the battle scene. The owner of the other car was mad. Oupa being the good guy promised to pay for the window. They exchanged phone numbers. That dude wanted to lay charges of damage to property but Oupa convinced him not to. Beauty was telling anyone who cared to listen that Oupa impregnated her and left the following day. Some girls don't have pride shem. She was making a fool of herself. Nobuhle on the other hand wanted to beat the sh!t out of ugly Beauty. She was going "Ungangihlanyeli sfebe. Ucabanga ukuthi ngizoyiyenza lento nyana

yakho oyibiza ngendoda? Nakhona mangabe ngimuthathile kungani ungakhulumi naye? Ngiyintombi yomzulu, ngisokunyisa soon nou nou (don't mess with me hoe. You think I'll do this thing you call a man? Even if I snatched him, why don't you talk to him? I am a Zulu girl, I'll beat the hell out of you)". Lol Zulu girls don't take kak like that. They fight fire with fire. I was actually expecting her to recite her isithakazelo right there. When Zulus are angry they say things only Zulus will understand. I think telling Nobuhle to seduce Oupa was a mistake cause I could see it went straight to her head. I could she was fighting to eliminate the enemy. When the security guards eventually managed to stop the fight Beauty went "so now how am I gonna get home?". The first question I asked myself was how she got to Busy Corner. I didn't even know where she stayed. Oupa went "it's fine, I'll drop you". I was touched by that gesture. Most guys would have told her to go to hell. Nobuhle

wanted to object but I told her to relax. Beauty wanted to take the front seat but Nobuhle got in before she could. Lol in my next life I wanna be a Zulu girl. Beauty and I took the front seat. I almost laughed when it took us less than 5 minutes to get to Beauty's place. She didn't stay far from Busy Corner. Why didn't she walk? When Oupa told her to get off she went "aren't you going to greet the baby?". Oupa was like "it's late. You'll send me pictures in the morning". But that was wrong on all levels. Beef with baby mama but it must not affect the little one. Nobuhle went "vele it's late". Jerrrrr she was such a ratchet. When Beauty got off the car she went "wena Sharon I will deal with you. I know I will bump into you one day and you will know me well". She was pointing Nobuhle with a finger as she said that. Nobuhle wanted to get out of the car but I stopped her. Dear God, please bless Zulu girls. Amen.

When we left Oupa went "I don't wanna talk

about what happened, not now not ever”.

Nobuhle laughed and went “but bae, what the hell did you see in that woman? She looks like a modern version of Lesilo Rula kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa. Ulele naye at gunpoint?”. Oupa was getting irritated but Nobuhle didn’t give a river. She just went on and on and on about Beauty until we got to Oupa’s place. I didn’t know he stayed in Centurion. He stayed at some residential complex called Eco Park. He had a 2 bedroom townhouse and stayed alone. He showed Nobuhle the other bedroom and went to his own bedroom. I could see he was still pissed. I think he expected me to follow him to his bedroom. Instead of making his dream come true I went to the other bedroom. Believe me when I said I didn’t have any feeling for that guy. I liked him like a friend. He was a friendzone material to me. The way his townhouse was so clean you would swear nigger had a wife. Some guys are so neat they

would make you doubt their sexuality. Nobuhle came to join me and I passed out. In the morning I was woken up by the voice of Nobuhle singing. She was not in the bedroom and her side of the bed looked as if nobody ever slept there. She was singing "A diva is a female version of a hustler....I'm a hustler". I could sense some joy and satisfaction from her voice. I checked time on my phone and it was around 11am. There were 2 missed calls from Dr Skhosana and one from Makoma. There was also an sms from Skhosana apologising that he couldn't make it the previous night because of other commitments. I knew by other commitments he meant other girls. I replied "I waited there like a fool while you were busy with other girls. Next time when I return the favour don't complain". Instead of him responding I received a text from FNB notifying me that I just received R1200 in my account. Lol sugar daddies don't have brains ka mmao. To

him his money was a solution to every problem. I sent him another sms “mxm what do you think I will do with this peanuts? I am not a high school kid, I want a car”. That one did not get any response from FNB.

I got off the bed and went to the kitchen. Nobuhle was wearing nothing but Oupa’s long-sleeved shirt. I asked her where she got it and she went “duh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” while rolling eyes. I didn’t ask further questions because the writing was on the wall. I asked where Oupa was and she went “bae went to work. He’ll be back in an hour or so. I’m busy preparing lunch for all of us”. Some girls are fast movers batho ba Modimo. I jokingly told her to take the nigger and it didn’t even take her 12 hours to do it. She got laid and I was the one with NaCl aka salt all over my body. She got a fresh cock and I was getting apartheid cocks. Life is not fair. I was jealous. I went to the bedroom and Whatsapped Oupa “I can’t believe you slept with my friend. I

thought you loved me”. He responded with a ‘LOL tl tl tl tl tl tl dead’. Mxm I deleted his number. I went back to the kitchen and helped Nobuhle to cook. She was cooking a 7 colour meal. No wonder Zulu girls get married than any other ethnic group in South Africa. They know what men want. While you are busy feeding your man Big Mac everyday some Zulu girl is cooking hers a home cooked meal. I found a bottle of wine in his kitchen and showed it where impalas drink water. Nobuhle wanted to take a sip and I went “go drink it in Oupa’s room”. She started singing “ha ha ha ha doro jealous. Doro salt. Doro single. Doro desperate. Doro Sharon”. Oupa came back just after 13:00. I have never seen nigger so happy. He was singing the song Nobuhle was singing when I was in the bedroom. They looked at each other and laughed. I found it so irritating. I asked Oupa to take me home. Nigger didn’t even ask me to stay for lunch. He took his keys and I

followed him. On our way to my place I asked if he was sleeping with Nobuhle and he went “pleaseeeeeeeeeee what do you take me for? Anyway, even if I was sleeping with her it wouldn’t be your business because you made it clear that you don’t see me as a boyfriend material. You made it clear that you like me but not as a boyfriend. So I am free to do whatever I want”. I don’t wanna lie, jealousy was playing with mind. He dropped me at the gate and left. I wanted to cry. When I opened the door of the house I saw something nicely wrapped in red. It looked like a box. I unwrapped the box as fast as I could. Curiosity was making me a cat. I found a Polo Vivo toy car. It was so cute. It could only mean one thing, Dr Skhosana bought me a Vivo. Not exactly what I wanted but it was better than nothing. There was a small note next to my toy. Lol notes were becoming popular in my world. It was written “come get your bigger car in the bedroom....now. Come

naked". I was on some Eskom speed. I made myself half naked in two seconds. I headed straight to the bedroom.

I opened the door and

LoI WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:18] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 223

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

"The sun shall always rise upon a new day and there shall always be a rose garden within me. Yes, there is a part of me that is broken, but my broken soil gives way to my wild roses." – C. JoyBell C.

It is in our nature as girls to love presents. We can even sleep with a guy just because he bought us a present. Yes I said it and it's true. Do you ever wonder why so many babies are

born in November? Think Red and White in February and you'll get your answer. I had made up my mind that I was going to give Dr Skhosana a blow job. I was so excited I couldn't even arrest my vjay. When I opened the door I saw a huge teddy bear on the bed. There were flowers all over the bed. I thought Dr Skhosie was hiding on the other side of the bed. I went "Dr S-K....my handsome DR Skhosie. I know you are hiding somewhere. Please come out and get what is due to you as the man of the house. I made it wet for you". I said that in a very flirty voice. My vjay was about to get rewarded....finally. I was tired of opening my legs for dinners and drinks. It was time to upgrade. I waited for few seconds and there was no sign of movement. I looked all over the room and nigger was not there. I looked in the closet and he was not there. That was a bit stupid because he was too big to fit in the closet. I was disappointed. Why would

someone go all out for that romantic surprise and vanish afterwards? I went to check in the other room and still he was not there. I went back to the main bedroom and lay on the bed with disappointment all over my face and vjay. I thought to myself “maybe he went to fetch the car. Maybe I came back early. Maybe I should just lie on the bed and wait for him to come”. That was me trying to console myself. I lay on the bed for over 10 minutes without any sign of Skhosana. I decided to call him but his phone was off. Mxm he was playing a snaaks game. I was getting impatient and my vjay was getting dry. That’s how disappointed it was. I decided to go back to the lounge to get dressed. I did that in silence but deep inside I was busy insulting Dr Skhosana for being a fool. We all do that when we are angry or disappointed.

As I was getting dressed the main door opened and Dr S-K walked in. He was wearing a suit and had a plastic bag in his hand. When he saw me

he went “eish you just spoiled my surprise. You came back early. My battery died before I could call you. I was going to call and tell you that you don’t c.....”. I put my finger on his lips and told him to keep quiet and follow instructions. He wanted to talk but I kept blocking his mouth. I grabbed his tie and used it to pull him to the bedroom. He followed me like piglets following their mom. When we got to the bedroom I took off his jacket and tie. He went “Sharon, I think you must listen to me. What I want to tell you is that”. I told him to shoosh again and let me teach him how to have fun. He shut up and started cooperating. I was glad he was being a good boy. I took off his shirt and I kinda regretted it afterwards. There is nothing sexy about grey hair on the chest. But because I was doing it for a car I didn’t have any worries. It was better than seeing a six pack of a guy who would only give you taxi money and a goodbye kiss after chowing you for over 2 hours. I took

off his trousers and squeezed his balls. He went “u u u u uyibosso saan...uuuuu uyibosso ahhhhhh oh no please don't stop”. I went down on my knees and let him remain standing. I closed my eyes and my mouth gate-crashed his assets. His cock was not as hard as I expected. I expected a lollipop but it was a mere marshmallow. I felt like I was eating a marshmallow sweet. I licked the tip on his mrengerengelet while my hand played with his gold balls. I say golf balls because they were small. I felt his cock grow a bit inside my mouth and I smiled. I used it to rub the walls of my inner cheeks and nigger started singing songs they sing at Ndebele initiation school. I knew the songs because Hector once sang them for me. I almost laughed. With a rhythmic fashion, I found his manhood going in and out of my mouth. I wasn't blowing him anymore, nigger was savaging my mouth.

He screamed “ka rooooootttttaaaaaaaa”. I

quickly got it out of my mouth and squeezed it hard just before the cockhead. He screamed and I let go off his dick. I was expecting his come to go out stronger. Nigger's come was so lazy, they didn't even go 3cm from the cock. That's when I whispered to myself "shem this nigger should retire from sexual activities". As soon as he came his cock died. I wanted to play with him further but it seemed he wasn't in the mood anymore. He just wanted to lie on the bed with the best smile on his face. He was lucky I didn't find him attractive, I was going to make him shag me ka masepa. They say once bitten twice shy. Sugar daddies like things and they know their equipment have reached sell by date. Imagine coming within 5 minutes from a blow job. No wonder his wife was getting friendly with the white pastor. And it's niggers like him that love having many girlfriends. Niggers who go an extra mile in bed are loyal to their girlfriends lol. He went "come lie next to me". I

did as told. He went on about how I was the best thing ever in his life and that I had a brighter future with him. I was expecting him to give me the keys to my car but nigger continued with his nonsense of me being important to him and brighter future blah bah blah. Imagine planning a better future with someone who was nearing his first term as an ancestor. Then he said something I didn't expect. He went "maybe I should make you my second wife. Wouldn't that be cool? Sharon Letsoalo-Skhosana....mmmmhh I like it already". I didn't even get excited because I knew he was dreaming. Why do guys love saying stupid lies immediately after coming? You would swear their sperms had few drops of Vodka in them. My patience ran out, I went "can I get my car now? I know you bought me a VW Polo Vivo. I saw the present". Nigger laughed like he was possessed. He went "no babe, you had your wires crossed. That was not for you, it was for

the girl my wife beat up. She is threatening to lay charges against my wife so I am trying to bribe her with a car. My family cannot afford any bad publicity. This surprise is nothing but a bribe to that girl. I'll give her 2 rounds and then give her the car. It is registered in my name. I can't believe you thought I bought you a car ha ha ha ha".

If I didn't faint that day I will not faint anytime soon. I was so angry I felt my blood boiling. The thought of me blowing him with my mouth made me wanna puke. I did all that because I thought he bought me a car. I quickly got off the bed and looked for something to wear. He was busy trying to explain but I didn't wanna listen to anything he was saying. After getting dressed I spit on him left the bedroom. I saw his car keys on the table and grabbed them. I didn't even take my handbag, I just took my phone. I didn't even know where I was driving to. I was just driving nje. My phone rang and it was

Skhosana. I ignored all his calls. He sent an sms threatening to report his car stolen. I pulled over and typed an sms "I dare you to do that. I will tell your wife the truth about that girl and the fact that you are sleeping with both me and my mother. Believe me, you won't buy me with a Vivo on this one". After that sms I sent him the pictures of him naked, the ones I took while he was snoring few days ago. He did not respond and I smiled. I decided to drive to Oupa's place. I had to call Nobuhle to ask if she was still at Oupa's place. Her phone was off. I decided to drive there anyway. In my mind I was thinking they were probably shagging and didn't want any disturbance. When I got to the gate the security guard I asked me where I was going. I told him I didn't know where I was going and he went "look here woman, I am working here. I don't have time to play games with kids". I was wearing a mini skirt, so I put a R50 on my thigh and asked him to take it. Nigger went "eish, ke

rotile". He took the R50 and opened for me. I still remembered where Oupa's townhouse was situated. I had a photographic memory. I parked the car and walked to the house. I knocked about three times and there was no response. As I was about to give up and leave the door opened and right in front of me stood the topless Oupa. He asked what I wanted there and I ignored his question. I asked if Nobuhle was still there and he told me she left. I forced myself in. Before he could ask any questions I grabbed his head and kissed him. I think seeing him going all lovey dovey with Nobuhle earlier made me see him differently. Or maybe I was just acting out of anger, hurt and disappointment. Most girls sleep with their exes when they feel that. Especially that ex that understood and chowed you well. Niggers, please don't ever let your angry and hurt girlfriend leave your sight. Unless if you want her to go to the guy you hit with an RDP brick. I

could tell Oupa was not comfortable with my kisses.

Before I could ask what was wrong a female voice went “what the hell are you doing with my man?”

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:19] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 224

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

“Accidents are not accidents but precise arrivals at the wrong right time” – Dejan Stejanovic

People say women are the most difficult people to understand. I beg to differ, men are difficult to understand. When men cheat, they always come up with some stupid excuses like “I cheated because she doesn’t wear those sexy

clothes anymore. She doesn't blow me anymore. She doesn't ride me like before". Those are just lame excuses to justify their cheating. You can do all those things and nigger will still go and cheat on you with someone unsexy hoe who doesn't even do 1% of those things. Nigger can tell how he hates some chick and two days later you see them walking together at the mall. He'll tell you he hates make-up and the next thing he cheats on with some fake make up hoe. I must admit, I was shocked when I saw Beauty at Oupa's place. Not even 24 hours earlier he was telling her in front of people that he doesn't love her. From the look of things they were shagging because Oupa was topless and Beauty looked tired. When she asked what I was doing with her man I went mute. I didn't know what to say because I didn't expect to find any fake weaves there. Oupa went "it's not what you think. She brought the baby and she was about to leave". His words broke my heart as a woman. He was

treating the poor girl as dirt. I tried to put myself in her shoes and almost cried. No matter how ugly one can be, nobody deserves to be treated like a nobody. Beauty went "Oupa how can you say that after sleeping with me? What did I do to deserve this? Do you hate me that much? I am your first born's mother for heaven's sake. You only call me when you want to sleep with me and when I fall in love again you accuse me of being a psycho. I am a human being and have feelings like other people. You are breaking me inside". A cloud of guilt invaded my entire body. I was blaming myself for the situation. Oupa looked so confused like he didn't know what to do. The baby cried in the bedroom and my heart literally melted. You can be a ruthless witch but a sound of a baby crying will make your heart melt. I looked at Beauty and I felt sorry for her. She was in love with a man who was in love with a girl who wasn't in love with him. She went "let me take my baby

and leave. I can't deal with this anymore". I pushed Oupa away and went "no, don't leave. I will leave".

I opened the door and headed to the car. Oupa followed me explaining that it's not what I thought it was. I turned around and went "Oupa, all along I thought you were a good man but I see you are a snake. You claim to love me but you still sleep with the baby mama you claim to hate. You slept with my bff last night. But that is nothing and I don't care much about it. I am just disappointed at how you treated Beauty in front of me after sleeping with her. Maybe you don't know, women are not like men. Sex is not a game to us, especially if we do it with someone we love or feel strongly about. After sex we become vulnerable and develop an expectation to be loved or appreciated. What you did to Beauty is pure witchcraft, you know. And you did it in my name. Yes I know I just budged in and tried to kiss you but you should have

stopped me. Go back to your baby mama and show her you appreciate her. In future, don't sleep with her if you gonna treat her like dirt". I got in the car and drove away. For the first time in ages I felt like I made sense. I am a woman and very capable of imagining what other girls go thru. When I got to the gate the security guard I bribed asked for my number. I gave him Nobuhle's number. Nigger danced like he won lotto jackpot. Lol men will always be dicks. I didn't know where to go. Going back to Equestria was not an option because I knew Skhosie was still there probably fuming, especially after the threats I made. I called Nobuhle and her phone was still off. I decided to go to hospital to visit Marcus. When I got there the nurse was busy with him. She asked if I was his wife and I went "no, I am his husband". Some people ask questions that have nothing to do with them. I was happy to see he was out of danger. I thought of calling my mom to tell

her I was with him but I knew she would ask me many questions. He was so happy to see me. He asked to hold my hand. I gave him my hand and he held it for more than 5 minutes. I wanted to tell him about the Congo guy but thought it wasn't a good idea because he was still recovering.

I left the hospital after about 30 minutes. Marcus was the only guy who gave me fatherly love since Piet passed away. I so appreciated his love and was glad he was still alive. From the hospital I headed straight to Sunnyside. Dr Skhosana sent an sms apologising for whatever he did and begged me not to tell his wife anything. The second sms went "And I was just joking. I didn't buy any car for anyone. The romantic set up was for you but you came earlier than expected. Please don't drink and drive my car. It's actually my wife's car and if something happens to it she will leave me. I do not want divorce at this stage of my life". I

responded “relax mkhulu bae, your car is safe”. He sent couple of texts telling me he was aware I was in Sunnyside and he didn’t trust the place. Mxm these old men are full of kak. They will tell you Sunnyside is not safe but when they want young girls they all go there. I decided to ignore all his messages. I didn’t know whether to go to House 22 or Industrial. Both places are cool but my personal favourite was Industrial Shisanyama because most hot guys went there. House 22 is frequented by rich niggers with big bellies. Going to Industrial alone was another challenge for me. I decided to go anyway. Sunday afternoons are the coolest time to be at Industrial Shisanyama. I parked the car and walked inside. I was not dressed to kill but my beauty gave me confidence to walk tall. When you know you are beautiful you can walk in front of the president of any country and not feel nervous, unless if that president’s name starts with a J and ends with a B. I didn’t

mention any names lol. The place was not very packed but there was no space to sit. I tried to look for people I knew but there was no one. I regretted leaving my handbag at Equestria. I had to go back to the car to look for money. I knew Skhosana loved leaving money all over the car. That's what rich people do. Money is a toy to them. I didn't even have to look far. I opened the cubbyhole and found a wallet. It had more than 20 R200 notes. I closed my eyes and said a short prayer to thank God for loving me.

I took R400 and as I was about to walk back inside my phone rang. It was Tshengi. He was telling me he was coming back to Pretoria and he wanted to see me. He sounded so serious. Hayi Venda people have this tendency of being serious on Sundays. I wonder why. I told him I didn't have a problem to meet. While I was talking to Tshengi someone spanked my butt. I turned so fast I almost fell. You can touch a girl anywhere but a bum is a no-no. It's a sign of

disrespect. I wanted to punch whoever spanked my ass until I learned it was Talent. He smiled and greeted me with his Zimbabwean accent. My brain exercised mixed emotions for couple of seconds before I composed myself. He laughed and apologised for spanking me. I smiled back and gave him a hug. He asked who I was with and I told him I was alone. He laughed and went "where is the owner of the car?". He asked as if he knew him. I told him the car was mine. I could see he didn't believe it but he never asked many questions. He asked me to join him and his crew. There was nothing to lose, I joined them. It was a group of 4 guys and 4 chicks. I assumed one girls was Talent's girlfriend or skhaftin. Niggers have skhaftins these days. I wanted Hunters Gold but I remembered but ne ke tshaba mkhaba. Most girls who drink Hunters Gold have funny bellies. So I settled for red wine. I was becoming a serial party animal. Friday I did Blue Room in

Hatfield, Saturday I did Busy Corner in Tembisa and SundayIndustrial Shisanyama in Sunnyside. Like Mgarimbe of Sista Bettina said, I was enjoying my youth. YOLO – You Only Live One. Niggers bought food and I only ate fish. I didn't wanna eat much because the girls they were with were giving me funny looks. I could see they were one of those girls with low self-esteem. Hoes with low self-esteem would stab you for looking at their man. Around 9pm I announced that I was leaving. My body was kinda tired and I was getting drunk. I didn't wanna be sloshed because I still had to drive. Talent offered to walk me to the car. I had parked at the dark corner under the tree next to the rubbish bin. I got in the car and Talent took the passenger seat. I asked him what he was doing and nigger switched off the lights. He went "you owe me and you know that". Sometimes niggers behave like punani loan sharks. I told him how much I owed him and

nigger went “this”. He was googling my yellow thighs with his hand as he said that. I closed my eyes and went “sssssssss please stop”. Instead of stopping nigger pushed his hand horizontally until it reached the place of honey and milk.

Talent was hot and he had sex appeal. He was one of those guys you couldn't say no to. I went “Pleeeeeease stop, what if your girlfriend followed up? I don't wanna be beaten by makompo”. He went “don't worry about that one. She is just a chick I shag for fun....nothing serious”. I took his little hand off my thighs and told him to leave me the hell alone. I didn't want to be one of his shag for fun girls. I was under the influence of wine and wetness but I was not desperate.

After the whole Beauty saga I was sensitive about my pride as a woman. I told him “voetsek, leave”. He got out of the car and I drove off. I used Francis Baard formerly known as Schoeman Street to exit Pretoria. I was driving at 80 km/h because I didn't want any mistakes.

Immediately after passing the N1/N4 intersection, the one Hammer's car got involved in an accident at, I saw some car losing control from the other side on N4 and flying towards my lane.

Before I could react

WTF

THE END

[12/03, 17:19] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 225

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“Sometimes the dreams that come true are the dreams you never even knew you had” – Alice Sebold

Maybe it's woman nature or something. We are very quick to panic and scream when faced with a dangerous situation. Men act when faced with such situations. I remember when I was in High

School someone shouted 'FIRE' and almost all male students ran for their lives. 92.12% of female learners remained on their desks screaming for help. That's one of the reasons I always ask myself how our female soldiers cope. I'd see Boko Haram and scream the hell out of my lungs. If I was Maite I would scream and ask God to protect the Mini Cooper lol. I think what happened that night was a proof that God loved me. Those who know N4 Highway will know that the eastbound and westbound routes are separated by an island of grass. I saw a car literally dumping the oncoming road and coming directly to the eastbound lane. I will be lying if I told you what happened in those 10 seconds. All I remember was hearing a big bang. My eyes were closed and I was screaming for dear. I am not 100% sure but I think my hands were not on the steering wheel. Someone might ask how an accident happens on such an open straight road. It was on Sunday night if not

Monday morning and we know many people can't resist booze on Sundays. Or it was probably fatigue. Most people don't rest when they drive long distance. When I opened my eyes my car was on the middle line between two lanes. When I looked at the mirror I saw a sandwich of few cars not far from the bridge. There was a lot smoke or dust there. I am saying God loves me because I don't know how that flying car missed my car. I saw it with my own two eyes that it was coming straight to my car. I was sweating and my other body parts released all kinds of liquids, including the one between my thighs. My entire body was shaking. I was holding the steering wheel at that stage but I couldn't feel my hands. Trauma is dangerous and it can make one cause an accident. I thought of pulling over and go check if the driver of the other car survived but my heart said No. I remembered the verse I once read in the Bible 2 Timothy 4:18 "The Lord will

rescue me from every evil deed and bring me safely into his heavenly Kingdom. To Him be the glory forever and ever. Amen”

I was lucky the accident happened not far from Equestria. There was no way I was gonna drive for more than 20 minutes in a state I was in. As soon as I got to the gate reality kicked in. I took Skhosana’s car without his permission and on top of that I threatened him. The booze I had at Industrial had evaporated from my system because of the accident I saw earlier. I asked the security guards if they saw Dr Skhosana leaving and all of them told me they didn’t know anyone with that name. I tried to describe him and they shook their heads. I went “le useless toko tja bolena”. I said that with a smile because I didn’t want them to know I was swearing at them. It helps to be a Molobedu because not many people outside Limpopo understand the language. You can swear and people will think you are praising them. I drove

inside the complex and parked the car at our parking. I am saying 'our' because I regarded that place as my temporary home. Things we do in this world. I didn't even know Dr Skhosana couple of months ago but there I was staying in his house. Thanks to Denzel's girlfriend or ex-girlfriend. From outside I could see the lights were on, meaning Dr SK was in there. When guys with big bellies are angry they can cause a huge harm to you. It's like all the fat in their bellies go the head and cloud their brain. My head told me to go inside the house but my heart was against it. I knew he was gonna kill or force to have a shag with him. I was not ready for both, especially the last one because I knew he would just breathe on top of me for 2 minutes and then pass out. That would be a waste of my legs opening abilities. I decided to follow my heart. I locked the car and walked back to the security guards. I asked if they knew any B&Bs around the place and one of them

went “how can a beautiful girl like you smoke BB. You must smoke Dunhill or something fancy”. Sometimes I wish God could kill all dumb people and use their remains as manure to fertilise land. I explained to him what B&B was and he recommended some hotel next to Calton Centre in Johannesburg. I gave up and walked back to the house. I believed it was God trying to tell me not to go anywhere. Maybe there was another accident waiting for me. Sometimes God uses dumb people to deliver His warnings.

I was praying in silence as I walked back to the house. I unlocked the door and headed straight to my bedroom. I was expecting to hear Dr SK snoring but there was no noise. It was a good sign. I locked my bedroom and fell asleep. I dreamt about accidents that night. It was probably because of the accident I witnessed earlier. I wonder what people who watch adult movies dream about when they sleep. I woke up

around 8am. I called my mom and told her I wanted to come home. She asked why and I told her because I wasn't doing anything in Pretoria. Most people who stay in cities after writing exams either hate their parents or they were swallowed by the busy city life. I was tired of living in fear in Pretoria because of other people's mistakes. My mom went "I am planning to come there in two days' time. I will give you a ride in my wheels". When your mom starts using such language you must know she's riding a nigger your age. I told her I'll wait for her. She asked about Skhosana and I hung up. I didn't have time to entertain sferbossip – gossip about men. I decided to be brave and call Dr SK to apologise. I was living in fear because I didn't know what his next step was. He went "hello my daughter from another mother. I was talking about you with my wife just now. She is planning a trip to East London with my daughter. She wants you to join them

and I told her you already made plans”. The way he was so sweet I could tell his wife was right next to him. Before I could say a word he continued “she is listening on loud speaker right now. We will invite you for lunch tomorrow. Take care, goodbye”. Nigger didn’t even give me a chance to say what I wanted to say. I thought of sending him an sms but the way things were tense in that house I knew it would be risky. Immediately after the call my phone rang and it was RR. He went “mara mmamoruti botsebotse nna le wena re lwela eng? Baruti ba mpoditse gore ke tle ke o bethele dry naase or else ke tlo hwa. Ke tle nako mang? (why are we fighting? Prophets told me I should pay you a visit or else I will die. When can I come?)”. Lol that was RR trying to use church to trick me into meeting him. I told him I had a lot on my plate and would only meet him the following month after varsity recess. He went “Eh mow a nyewa mo, le diyumiversity di na le recession? Ke blamer

Jacob Zuma. Mos le koloi ya ka ya mabaibai e ka no ba le recession (things are tough, even universities experience recession? I blame Jacob Zuma. Soon my fancy car will experience recession too)". I knew I had to say goodbye and hung up when he started saying those things.

I was hungry and craving a home cooked meal, pap and chicken cooked like the way my grandma cooked it. I was tired of eating fancy things. Luckily Dr S-K had bought grocery couple of days ago. I had everything I wanted to cook my meal the way I wanted it. As I was about to twerk with my hands in the kitchen my phone rang. I checked and it was Tshengi's name on the screen. I remembered he said something about wanting to see me. I answered and he went "I am an hour away from Pretoria. Hope you have not had your breakfast yet because I wanna have a brunch with you. Be ready in about an hour". When Venda people

say an hour they mean an hour. I think that's one the reasons they are always on top of their classes. It's because they are always punctual. I wondered what was it that made Tshengi drive all the way from Plk to tell me. I didn't care much, he probably wanted to ask me officially to be his girlfriend or he was just bored nje. These rich boys are like this, when they are bored they waste petrol and money. I asked him what I should wear and he told me anything I felt comfortable in. When a guy says that you must know he's either taking you to KFC or Fish and Chips. Apparently in places like Malelane in Mpumalanga girls wear evening dresses and stilettos just to go eat Streetwise Pap at KFC lol. I took a quick shower. I wore black dungaree shorts, cream white short sleeve t-shirt and heels. I love black. I think I looked very young and gorgeous. I didn't wanna go all out because if he wanted me to go all out he would have told me where we were going. Exactly after an hour

since his call he called to tell me he was at the entrance. I was glad he wasn't wearing formal. It made me feel comfortable. He was wearing one of those traditional Venda shirts Azindwini of Muvhango wears. He took me to O'Galitos at Centurion Mall. We had our brunch followed by few glasses of red wine. Nigger was talking about general things, from Bonang Matheba to Mkhabayi; Load shedding to students protests; Julius Malema to Makholomela Lang Kholo Malatji. He didn't mention anything about us and that made me happy because I wasn't ready for any relationship topics. After paying the bill nigger drove us to Pretoria CBD. I asked him what we going to do there and he went "I'm going to kill you" and laughed. I almost cracked when brother drove to Pretoria Zoo parking. Like WTF, that's some place you take primary school kids to. I was pissed but pretended I was cool. He paid the entrance fee and we headed straight to the cable cars. Those who have been

to Table Mountain in Cape Town know what a cable car is. In Giyani they have cableless car and they only 'fly' after midnight. I wasn't comfortable with the idea of boarding a cable car but nigger begged me to. Eventually I agreed and within seconds my heart started singing the late Paul Ndlovu's 'Hi ta famba moyeni nkatanga'. When we reached the midpoint between our destination and the start point Tshengi suddenly changed his face.

I asked him what's wrong and he

Boooooommmmm.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:21] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 226

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

“Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light
can. Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can

do that” – Martin Luther King Jr

Ndo alutshela fhethu ho tangwaho nga vhudi ha mupo... dzithavha dza vhudi, milambo, magovha, zwinoni, na vhatu vhau naka. Fhedzi lunako lwahone a si lwau vhambedzwa na holu lune nda khou lu vhone hafha phanda hanga zwa zwino. Ndo no dzhena ndi tshi bva kha zwa lufuno murahuni. Ndo no funa nda di dovha nda funwavho. Fhedzi haho we a vhuya a ntswa mbilu nga ndila ye inwi na zwiita ngayo. Ndo no tshimbila uya nga he la ya lifhasi, nda tangana na zwivhumbiwa na vhatu vho nakaho vhukuma. Arali nda teya u dovha nda tshimbila na lifhasi nda si tangane na inwi, lwendo lwanga lu do vha lu si na mudzio. Ndevhe dzanga dzo no thetshelesa zwinzhi ubva tshe mianga vha ndivhadza fhanu shangoni nga murahu ha u valelwa nga mupo lwa minwedzi ya tahe. fhedzi haho maipfi a difhelelaho ndevheni dzanga ufhira maipfi a buliwaho nga meme dza mulomo wanu wa u naka. A thi mufhefhe kana

u kona zwothe, fhedzi ndi tshi itela inwi ndi do swika nthu nthu kha u vha o lugaho na hunwe nthu hu sa divhei henengeo makoleni. Sharon Letsoalo, ni tou vha thase ya dzi thase kha dzothe khomba dze mato anga avhuya a dzi lavhelesa. Ndi tshi ni vhona lwau thoma ndo vhona lufuno, mbingano yo takalaho na vhana vhau nakelela. Sharon Letsoalo, ndi ni humbela uri nivhe mukololo mbiluni yanga ya vuhosini. Ndi kho humbela u ni mala....(I grew up in a place surrounded by the beauty of nature.... beautiful mountains, trees, rivers, valleys, birds, animals and mostly importantly beautiful people. But no beauty compares to what I see in front of me right now. I have fallen in and out of love before. I have loved and I received love too. But no one has touched my heart the way you do. I travelled the world and met beautiful creatures and people. But if I had to travel the world again and not meet you my journey would be worthless. My ears recorded so many words

since my mom introduced me to this world after 9 months of natural incarceration. But no words massage my ears like those borne out of your beautiful mouth. I am neither perfect nor godly. But for you I can reach the highest heights of perfection and unknown heavenly destinations. Sharon Letsoalo, you are the most beautiful lady I ever laid my eyes on. The first time I saw you I saw love, happy marriage and beautiful kids. Sharon Letsoalo, please be the Princess in my royal heart. Marry me.....)

You can say whatever you wanna say about Venda people and their language but one thing you will never take from them is the romance in their language. I believe Tshivenda is the second most romantic language in South Africa after Xhonglish. Those who don't know what Xhonglish...it's a language conceived after linguistic intercourse between English and Isixhosa. They have sentences like "Ndiyak'lovisha; Lobuti uthe hottish; Awunyi

perhaps". When a romantic Venda guy talks to you he can take your heart to the city of love, Paris in less than 2 seconds. I am not talking about those Venda guys who sound like they sing a ZCC mkhukhu song when they try to be romantic. Tshengi caught me off guard. I didn't see that one coming. I knew he was somehow attracted to me but I never thought he would reach the stage of proposing me more than 20 metres above the ground. I don't wanna lie, I found it very romantic. I didn't get some of the words he said but they touched my heart. He made it clear he grew up surrounded by beauty of nature. I guess that was the reason he took me to the zoo. I never thought he had that in him. The cable car was approaching our destination and I could see the waiting was killing him. He was waiting impatiently for me to say yes. I wanted to talk but his facial expressions assassinated my vocal cords. I didn't even know what to say. I was not used to

those kinda things. I only saw those things in Hollywood movies. He took out a ring and asked me to offer him my left hand. I literally froze. I wanted to give him my hand but my heart was trembling. I didn't understand why he chose me over so many girls he met everyday. He didn't even know me very well. Sometimes I don't understand men. There are many good girls out there who only slept with less than 2 men in their lives, girls who go to church every Sunday. Girls who are forever praised by the community for being humble and respectful. But it's mostly these no good rachets and savages like me that are getting married every weekend. Good girls end up being side chicks when they exceed 35 without marriages. Life is not fair. It was my second proposal from a prominent person in less than 12 months.

The cable car got to the other side of the zoo before my response. As soon as we got off the car Tshengi went down on his knees to wrap up

his proposal. It all happened in front of people. It was better in the cable car because it was just us. When someone proposes in public it's not easy to say no because you don't want to shower the proposer with disappointment and embarrassment. People started shouting "say yes say yes say yes say yes say yes" while clapping hands. I hate those kinds of people because they will push you into doing something and when things go wrong they won't be there to help you. I had no choice but to say "yeeeeessssssss" and he put the rock on my finger. I am not sure if I meant but it was the right thing to say there. I couldn't embarrass a royal prince in public. Everyone started clapping hands for us. I saw tears running down Tshengi's cheeks and I almost cried. Every girl wants a guy who is not shy to show his emotions. Some girl in the crowd went "nyala o nyele yellow bone. Been there done that and wrote a book about it. Banna ke masepa". Some

women think just because they chose to marry wrong people for wrong everyone will go thru the crap they went thru. Some guy responded “you are just jealous wena. Your husband probably left you because of those dichubaba on your face. Le tlogele go tshatsha Memeza. This couple is made for each other. I can feel it in my blood”. I internally thanked him for the vote of confidence. I helped Tshengi to stand up and he kissed me right in front of everyone. People were taking videos and picture and I wasn't comfortable with it. These days anything can trend. There are some pages on Facebook that post videos and pictures and make them trend. One such page is Mzansi Funny Memes. They always make stupid things trend. He went “I swear in front of the royal ancestors that I will make you the happiest woman ever. I will never hurt or make you feel less important. The only tears that will flow on your cheeks will be tears of happiness. I believe you are my rib and will

always protect you". No matter how many times you hear those lies, they will always put a smile on your face. Some zoo employee went "please go do your Bold and the Bloody Fool outside. You are blocking a way here. Don't forget to invite all these people when you divorce. A bo re gwaaaaa"

Kanti why so much negative energy in this world? We left the place and walked hand in hand. I could feel many eyes looking at us on my back. My only fear was the pictures and videos reaching wrong eyes before I tell them myself. I knew my mom would be happy. The way she was so obsessed with Venda prophets I knew she would buy a cow for one of them as a token of appreciation for giving me a Venda prince. We walked hand in hand around the zoo. When we saw a lion and his lioness he went "that is us. Beauty, power and bravery". Tjoooo nigger was hitting the right cords. If we weren't in a public place I would have given him a blow

job right there. Nigger compared me to a lioness, like a lioness. Where I come from the only animal a guy will compare you to is a female dog or a mamlambo. When we got to Apies River, a river that divides Pretoria Zoo, he asked someone to take us a picture. It was the most beautiful picture ever. He immediately uploaded it on Facebook with the quote “No, this is not just the beginning of a new chapter in my life; this is the beginning of a new book! That first book is already closed, ended, and tossed into the seas; this new book is newly opened, as just begun! Look, it is the first page! And it is very beautiful!”. I was wowed beyond limit. These days the way men cheat on social media, it’s an achievement to have your picture in his social media albums. He sent the picture to me via Whatsapp. I think he was expecting me to upload it. There was no way I was gonna upload it on my Facebook. I didn’t want the likes of RR to make stupid comments. When you

have friends like RR on Facebook you think twice before posting something. He asked if I was ok and I told him I was over the stars. He smiled and kissed me on the forehead. He was different from the rude guy I met the day I went to his place in Polokwane....sorry I mean our place. After spending about 2 hours at the zoo we decided to go celebrate our engagement. He wanted us to go to Sandton but I told him I wanted to go somewhere close and simple. He suggested Cubana in Sunnyside and I agreed. I don't wanna lie, I was kinda addicted to Sunnyside. We parked the car inside SunnyPark Mall and walked to Cubana.

Immediately after exiting the mall I heard "Sharon....Sherie-Sherie, Mabebeza, sthandwa, yellow bone ya se Limpopo. Let me address you"

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:22] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 227

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

“They say a person needs just three things to be truly happy in this world: someone to love, something to do and something to hope for” – Tom Bodett

As much as I loved SunnyPark I knew very well that it was impossible for me to go there and not bump into some cow I know. The worst part was never bumped into normal people, I always bumped into those niggers you pray to God everyday to never meet. I could tell by the way he called me that he was one of those abnormal people. I tried to ignore him but nigger had the guts to follow me and grab my hand. What kind of a person does that? You can know a person for 100 years but when they are with their partner you must learn to draw

boundaries. You can't be calling a girl baby when you see she is walking with another man. That is total disrespect nje. When you bump into someone you know a fasitse or fasitswe you should just greet and pass. That is what normal people do. People like RR didn't have those manners. He called me like I was his girlfriend and owed him 7 rounds. When he grabbed my hand I told him to leave me alone. He went "o kholela nna? Nkare wa lebala gore ke nna mang (why are you giving me this attitude? You seem to forget who I am). I am Ronald Ronny Ramokgopa aka RR. I am your favourite guy in the whole world. I missed you like makaka missing toilet. You will always be my shining star. Le ya kae? A le nyake lift? This guy o tla dula ka morago (where are you going? Don't you want a lift? This guy will sit at the back)". RR was one of those guys who would say 100 different senseless things at the same time and still expect you to take him seriously. I

went “Ronny, please respect the person I am with. And most importantly please respect yourself. Behave like someone your age please”. I was walking towards the robot as I said that. Tshengi was surprisingly quiet. I could see he was getting pissed but he gave me a chance to deal with the situation. That was bad luck I’m telling you. Imagine on the very same day you got engaged you bump into a non-person like RR. I was supposed to enjoy my big day but there I was dealing with stupidity. I expected RR to back off after what I told him but nigger was still following us. He went “ah o aperi ring? Monna yo o na le sebeta. A ka nyala mmalerete wa go tshwana le wena. At least ba o nyala ke jele nyana le nna (you are wearing a ring? This man is brave? How can he marry a hoe like you? But I’m glad I got a chance to chow you)”. Tshengi turned and went “chief, GET LOST OR I WILL KILL YOU RIGHT NOW. DO YOU HEAR ME?. RR didn’t even argue. He went “ke metlae

warra. Letsogo godimo a lelengwe. Mara go ja ke jele (I'm joking bro. Forgive me. But I chowed her)". He turned and walked away.

Tshengi went "I just lost my appetite. I am not going to Cubana anymore. I wanna drive back to Polokwane. I did what I came to do here and don't see a reason to stay. You will catch a taxi to your place". I thought he was joking until he handed me R100 and left. It was so embarrassing because it happened in public. I so hated RR with all my heart. It was a lesson that I must not to open legs for niggers below my league. I didn't even know if Tshengi was gone for good. But the way he reacted it was quite clear he was very pissed. Men are like that. They can sleep with 100 girls and confess when they are caught. They will still expect you to forgive them and get on with life as if nothing happened. But if they hear an unfounded rumour that you slept with someone they will turn the earth upside down. They can even

threaten to kill you. I'm talking about a rumour that is not even true. I knew Tshengi was angry because RR claimed he slept with me. I couldn't walk back to the mall because I didn't want people to give me snaaks looks. You know when something bad happens to you in public you feel like every person is looking at you. The thought of using a taxi gave me goosebumps. I thought of calling a metered cab but then again, I didn't wanna go get bored at my crib. It was Monday and I knew I would be bored to hell in Equestria. I thought of going to check up on Nwabisa but I knew she was probably at home. The other person I knew in Sunnyside was Pulane. We were not on good terms but when you are desperate for a company you can call anything with two legs. I called and she went "yho it's gonna rain today. A call from you? To what do I owe this surprise?". I told her I was in Sunnyside and needed some company. She told me she was at her husband's place in

Soshanguve. Lol people like Pulane make me laugh. She sleeps with a guy today and the following she saves his number as husband and start behaving like a wife. Desperation on stage 10 I'm telling you. I called JT to check if she was back and she went "I am in Hammaskraal pushing some struggle comrade. I will call you when I come back Ntwana. Ko gopotse masepa (I miss you)".

The last person I could call was far. I didn't matter because I was bored. I called Nobuhle and told her I was bored. She asked where I was and I told her Sunnyside. She went "come to Jozi. We'll go catch a movie and do drinks afterwards. Plus you owe me a visit. I thought you were angry at me". I told her I had no reason to be angry at her. She told me to catch the Gautrain and get off at Park Station. I said cool but I knew there was no way I was gonna get off at Park Station after what happened the last time I was there. I didn't wanna bump into

that guy again. Using a taxi was also not an option. It's us girls who don't have cars that hate taxis. And it's us girls without cars who will be going "I will never date a guy without a car". That time your father doesn't even have a toy car. Buy your own car and date the guy you want. It's not like your punani needs a gear and clutch to be wet. Immediately after talking to Nobuhle, JT called me. She went "Ntwana, entlik ke feela bad. I lied. Ke hierso mo gonna. Ke jikile an hour ago from Hammaskraal. Ne ke khaphile sfebe sa ka. Ke se je blind last night so mzimba wa ka o lapile. Dintshang (I feel bad that I lied. I am at my place. I came back from Hammaskraal an hour ago. I chowed some hoe and my body is sore now. What's up?)?". I appreciated her honesty. I told her I wanted a ride to Jozi. She went "dintshang Mjondolo? Ke na le some mogwanthi dah and o batla go mpona mara ke tswafa go vaya one man. Maybe re ka vaya saam (what's happening in

Joburg? I have some chick there and she wants me to visit. Maybe we can go together)". I knew JT would always be there for me. Actually the reason I wanted some company wasn't only to kill boredom, I wanted to show off my new ring. It's a girl thing. Only few girls will get a ring and keep it to themselves. We love boasting nje. And your girls will congratulate you with fake smiles, especially those who are approaching marriage expiry date. I told JT where I was and she told me to walk to her place. I told her I was lazy to walk and she went "reka transie ya gago sfebe. Ka dlala skeem, ka landa nou. Ngaye 10 minutes. O nkemele corner Troye and Esselen Streets cause ko vaya via Arcadia". I called Tshengi and he didn't pick up. I assumed he was still angry. I sent him a Whatsapp text "come take your ring if you gonna be angry over non-existent things. Do you really thing I would sleep with that lunatic? I didn't know you think that low of me. I am disappointed and I regret

saying yes". That was me applying reverse psychology.

I knew he wouldn't reply but deep inside I pressed some buttons. Men have this cheap fake pride. I waited for JT at cnr Troye and Esselen Streets. She arrived after 15 minutes. I didn't even ask why I she was 5 minutes late because I knew she would tell me kak. She went "efa papa mbaa". Lol she wanted me to kiss her. I gave her a mbaa and she smiled. She asked me what I was going to do in Joburg and I told her I was visiting a friend at Auckland Park. She didn't even notice the ring on my finger no matter how I tried to make it visible to her. She was a typical 'man'. I decided to tell her Tshengi proposed and I said yes. She didn't seem happy about it. She went "Ntwana wa cava gore kao verstana and never ke go chaele maaka. Ka nyaka gore o nyalwe and be happy but ke denka gore o mover fast ka dae maan. Aluwani o nchaetsi mawaza ka dae man (You know I love

you and I will never lie to you. I do want you to get married and be happy but I think you are moving fast with this guy. Aluwani told me kak about that dude). He is not what you think he is". I laughed because I knew JT was just being jealous. We were friends but I was aware deep inside she kinda had a thing for me. That was her way of trying to tell me to leave Tshengi. I remember she felt the same way about OB. I told her we should change the topic because I didn't wanna talk about Tshengi. My last words were "I will cross the bridge when I get to it. For now let me enjoy being part of the royal family". With that we ended the topic. I called Nobuhle to tell her I wasn't using a Gautrain but a private car. She told me "go straight to Newtown Junction because we gonna watch the movie there. That Ster Kinekor is cheaper". I wondered who told her I wanted a cheap cinema. I told JT to take me to Newtown Junction. JT dropped me at Newtown and told me she was going to

do her things in Hillbrow. She asked if she should come fetch me later and I told her I'll let her know. She left and I waited for Nobuhle. She came after about 5 minutes. We walked to the cinema she chose some boring movie. I fell asleep within 20 minutes. I don't even remember the title of the movie. I was so relieved when she told me the movie was over. She was so pissed that I fell asleep. We decided to go have food and drinks at Cappello. My phone's battery was about to die and I wanted to call JT to tell her I was spending the night at Nobuhle's place. I didn't worry that much because I knew she would come look for me. Nobuhle saw some two handsome guys sitting at the table few metres from us. She went "you see those guys over there? I'm gonna invite them here and they gonna pay our bill. Watch and don't learn". She stood up and went to their table. She spoke with them for few seconds and the next thing I saw them standing up and

heading to our table. Ja some girls ke megwanthi straight. The minute they sat down my phone rang and it was Tshengi. I could talk there because of the new crowd. So I decided to go outside to answer the call.

Before I could say hello, right in front of me I saw.....

WTF mara huh!!!!

THE END

[12/03, 17:22] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 228

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a comment

“Unfortunately, the clock is ticking, the hours are going by. The past increases, the future recedes. Possibilities decreasing, regrets mounting” – Haruki Murakami,

Bumping into an ex you once loved is something we ladies wish not to experience in

our lifetime, especially if you were the cause of the breakup. It's better to bump into the cow you dumped because of cheating than a guy you were in love with. I didn't expect to see Obakeng there. Imagine after so many months and he made my knees go deadened. What made matters worse was his company. He was with some very beautiful lady. She wasn't yellow like me but damn she was quite a looker. The way they were holding hands it was quite clear there was something going on there. I wondered why she was spotting dark sun glasses that time of the day. Tshengi was busy "hello hello hello hello" on the phone. I hung up and concentrated on OB. He still had the innocent hunky look on him. He was wearing jeans and a golf t-shirt. I thought he was gonna pass without talking to me but he disappointed me. When he saw me his face beamed like he had just seen Moses from the Bible. He went "Oh my gosh!!!!!! Is this you? You look more

beautiful than ever. How have you been? I was thinking of you just few days ago. How have you been mara huh?”. I didn’t expect him to be that friendly. I expected him to very cold. I wouldn’t blame him if he gave me a cold attitude because of what happened between us. I didn’t even know what to say because he had a girl with him. She was looking at me like she was waiting for me to say a wrong thing and get the beating of my life. I kept quiet because I didn’t want to say a wrong thing. I think OB noticed I was not comfortable because of her presence. He said “ha ha ha ha are you scared to talk because of her? Ha ha ha ha ha that’s funny. This is my cousin Thoko. She is blind.....that’s the reason I’m holding her hand. Thoko, do you remember Sharon?”. The lady smiled and went “the runaway bride? She is so beautiful. I have always looked forward to seeing you. I heard a lot about you”. My heart went all gloomy. The way she was so fine I

wished I could give her half my sight. She went “OB, you can take me to the car so you can have a moment with your wife. I don’t mind”.

OB asked if I minded walking her to the car with him and I couldn’t say no. We walked her to the parking lot. He asked what I was doing in Joburg. I told him I was having visiting a friend in Auckland Park. He asked about my studies and I told him I passed with jumping colours. As we were talking my phone rang. It was Tshengi calling again. I ignored the call. OB told me it was ok if I wanted to take calls. I told him it was some friend calling and I didn’t wanna talk to her. That was me lying to a PK. Then he started going all soapie on me. He went “I will be lying if I said I stopped loving you. I have never been with a woman ever since you and I had problems”. Wow I could see he was avoiding using the phrase ‘broke up’. He continued “I still believe you were sent by God to be mine. I prayed everyday for God to show me my wife

and you keep appearing. I know the kind of a woman you think you are but I know deep inside you are a very good lady. You just need to be steered in the right direction. If you come to church every Sunday you will rediscover yourself". I remembered I had a ring on my finger which Obakeng did not spot. I strategically removed it from my finger without him noticing. I don't know why I did it but it just felt right nje. I went "ja I hear you Obakeng. How is your mother". I was trying my best to avoid talking about the stuff he was on about. I felt like he ambushed me. If he really meant all those things he would have made an effort to find me and talk to me. He knew where to find me. He stroke me like one of those guys who only thought of you when they bumped into you somewhere. He went "my mom is fine. She will be happy to know I was with you today. So tell me, are you still single". I gave a shy smile and went "since the last time I saw you I never had a

man. I never slept or kissed a man. I am fine like this. Men are trouble". Most women have said this to their ex at some stage of their life. My phone rang and it was Nobuhle calling. I answered and told her I was coming. I told OB I would love to talk but had to go back to my friend. He gave me a hug and handed me his business card. "Please give me a call when you get to your friend's place", he said.

I called Tshengi back before heading back to Cappello. He didn't even say hello. He just went "are you with the guy we saw at SunnyPark? Why did you hang up on me when I called? Why did you ignore the second call? I hate it when you do that. Why didn't you call to ask if I drove safely? Do you even care about my wellbeing? What kind of wife are you gonna be who doesn't call her man and ask if he arrived safely? What if I am dead?". Before I could answer my battery gave up the ghost. I thanked my ancestors because I was not even ready for that Deborah

Patta tendency. We were not even engaged for a day and nigger was asking me questions you would expect from a husband of 50 years. I didn't even put the ring back on, I left it in the pocket of my dungaree. When I got back to Cappello my girl Nobuhle was having a good laugh with those handsome guys. You would swear she knew them for years. That was how gregarious and extroverted Nobuhle was. She was capable of meeting people and make good friends the very same hour. She introduced me to the guys and I greeted them. One of them appeared very girlish to me. The other one was very macho. I almost asked if they were a couple. The girlish looking one was more loquacious than the macho one. We sat there for over two hours drinking and sharing stupid jokes. The girlish looking one gave me more attention than Nobuhle and the macho one. Drinks were flowing like the river Jordan. I never thought chilling with strangers would be that

fun until that day. The girlish one's phone rang and he went outside to answer it. Mr Macho asked if we had other plans for the remaining part of the night and before I could answer Nobuhle went "no, we don't have any plans. Unless if you want to us to make you our plans". Nigger smiled and went "there is a party somewhere in Sandton and we are going there. You can tag along if you don't mind". I was not keen on it but Nobuhle told me to relax. Nigger went "now that we are in agreement let me go pay the bill and we head to Sandton. I promise you gonna have fun. You won't regret this". He walked to the girl who was serving us and whispered something to her. He waved at us and we waved back with smiles. I think his phone rang because he walked outside with the phone on his ear.

After about 5 minutes the waitress came to our table with the bill. We told her the guy told us he was gonna pay it. She puckishly smiled and

went “I know it’s Monday but you don’t have to make lame jokes. That guy told us you agreed you gonna foot your bill plus their bill. You even smiled when he waved at you before he left. Akere he told you he was rushing to OR Tambo”. To be honest, I thought she was joking until I went outside to check the niggers and saw no sign of them. It was at that stage that I knew we were played. The bill was R3 599.50, thanks to the cognac they were having. I didn’t have my card with me and my phone was off. Nobuhle had R528 with her. I went “Nobz, do you see what you have done mara huh? Why did you invite those guys? Do you see what they have done to us?”. She apologised more than 100 times. Sometimes we have a tendency of thinking all guys think with their cocks. We think by showing off our thighs all niggers will flaunt their wallets and platinum cards. Some guys have grudges because of girls who played them in the past and they will take it out on any girl

they bump into. Most of them are dating men now. They are not sexually gay, they are emotionally gay because of past experiences with girls. The waitress called her manager and the scene was just embarrassing. I couldn't access my money without my card and with my phone off. I asked the manager if they had a phone charger and he said no. I could tell he was very angry. He probably thought we were trying to pull a fast one on him. Nobuhle called all her people but no one was available to help. The manager went "I have no choice but to call the cops". Inside my head I was cooking a plan to run....like run like I've never ran before. There was no way I was going to spend a night in a police cell because of Nobuhle's bull crab. Before I could put on gear one and run for my life some muscular dark dude went "I wii cover da bill hey. Jus give meeeyoh a sec with da lady". I didn't even see where he popped from. He had a short conversation with Nobuhle and

after that he paid the full bill. Nobuhle whispered to me “please don’t be mad. I am trying to handle this situation to the best of my ability. We gonna go with this guy to his place and I will pay back his money. There is no other way”. I was against the idea but she told me it was the only option we had. She promised I was safe and that it wasn’t something she had not done before”. The guy had a Nigerian accent. We walked to his car in silence. Nobuhle was holding my hand tight. Nigger was driving a Range Rover. I expected him to stay in Sandton or surrounding areas but nigger drove us to Hillbrow. I told him I would remain in the car and he softly went “eh eh are you a maddo now? Kom op and support your friend”. Nobuhle told me she had everything under control. He parked the car and we walked to his filthy flat. When he opened the door we were met by a smell of fish. There were two guys and one high-looking girl. One of the guys went “is that one myno?”

Before I could digest what was happening he

.....

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:23] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 229

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“Insecure people only eclipse your sun because they are jealous of your daylight and tired of their dark, starless night” – Shannon L Alder

There are some situations that you don't plan, they happen in a way that you end up asking yourself “how did it happen?”. I am not one of those South Africans who believe all Nigerian men are bad. There are bad Nigerians and there are good Nigerians. The very same way we have good and bad South Africans. I don't see a Nigerian man and think crime. I judge people

individually, not as a bunch. But any guy who only helps you in return for bedroom mathematics should not be trusted. Before I could open my mouth Nobuhle managed to open the door and run. I wanted to follow her but my legs froze. I didn't even understand why she ran because she was the reason we were there in the first place. I was there to give her moral support. The two guys ran after her and the guy who paid the bill grabbed me like I was some murderer. When I saw some white powder on the table I knew some crab was gonna go down. People who take or deal with drugs are ruthless. They can kill you for no reason. I asked the guy to be gentle and he went "wa nyela msunu". That's the first phrase Nigerians learn when they land in South Africa. I wonder who told them swearing is sexy. I went "but I did nothing wrong. She is the one who....". Before I could finish that sentence the door opened. I was expecting the two guys to come

in dragging Nobuhle. I got the shock of my life when the two guys who ran away without paying the bill appeared. I knew at that stage that the whole thing was a set up. The two guys were working with the Nigerian guys. I was so disappointed in them. Such cute boys doing repugnant work for thugs nxa. I expected such work to be done by ugly guys. I was sweating like nobody's business. One of the cute guys went "where is the other girl? Is Chief busy with her? They were very easy to catch. We didn't even have to work hard. So far they were the easiest targets since we started doing this job. They love things. Today we will make things love them". The guy who grabbed me told them the other one escaped and his colleagues were on her tail. I could sense anger in his voice.

After 5 minutes or so the niggers who ran after Nobuhle came back empty handed. Instead of being happy she escaped I became more worried. I was worried that they were going to

kill me because my friend had escaped. Niggers were breathing so heavily you would swear they were shagging an energetic skinny girl. One of them went “you gotts a lets her go hey. Thats bitcho didn’t run like tolotolo, she ran like Bolt. Before we could kapcha hah she saw police car and ran there. I think she is reportsing us nawoooo”. The one who grabbed me like I stole his mother’s vibrator went “oh my Lordooo. This girlo must gowo before they comeoo”. He slapped me so hard that I saw Denzel flying right in front of me pouting. He told me to run and never look back. I ran so fast if I was at the Olympics I would have won a gold medal. What happened to me that night was a narrow escape. I was mad at Nobuhle but at the same time I thanked her for running to the cop car. Knowing South African cops they were probably still taking a statement from her instead of running to help me. Or they were asking for ‘coke’ money. Coke is a police jargon word for

small bribe. It was when I left the building that I realised I wasn't out of danger yet. I didn't have any money with me and was in one of Joburg's scariest places. I tried to look for Nobuhle around that place but she was nowhere to be seen. I didn't even know where East or West was. I was just walking in places full of people. I was avoiding deserted places at all cost. We all gonna die but dying in Hillbrow was a no-no. My phone was off and I didn't have any money with me. You don't wanna imagine what was going thru my mind. Some guys thought I was a prostitute. They went "hullo yellow bone. How much per round?". I felt so insulted but kept quiet. I was in an unknown territory and being rude was not an option. I walked for about 10 minutes without knowing where I was going. I ended up in some street next to Spar Supermarket. I felt a bit safe because there were people going up and down there. I summarily closed my eyes and said a short

prayer.

I remembered OB gave me his business card. Problem was I didn't have any money to phone. I saw some woman wearing a ZCC batch and walked to her. I made sure I spoke my mother tongue for her to give me her attention. I knew there was a 98% chance she was from Limpopo because she was a ZCC member. I greeted her nicely and asked for R2 to make a call to my father because I was stranded. She looked me straight in the eyes and asked where in Limpopo I was from. I told her Ga-Kgapane and she went "O tseba Phineus Pilusa wa go dula kgauswi le police station (do you know Phineus Pilusa who lives next to the police station)?". If I wasn't desperate I would have walked away. She asked as if Ga-Kgapane was some village with less than 100 people. I decided to play along. I went "ee, ke ba tseba kudu kudu. Ba tsena kereke ya ZCC (yes, I know him very well. He's a ZCC member)". I lied, I didn't even know

anyone by that ugly name. She went on about how that Pilusa guy was her brother's brother-in-law's cousin's grandmother's father's sister's uncle's nephew. I almost fell asleep right there. People from Limpopo can relate with this one. We love forging familyships. After about 10 minutes of talking about Pilusa she gave me R5 coin and I almost kissed her. I went "kgotso e be le lena mmarena (peace be unto you)". Luckily I saw a public phone close by. I quickly went there and dialled OB's number. Fortunately he picked up. For some unknown reason I started crying as I explained that I was stranded in Hillbrow. I didn't tell him how I got to Hillbrow though. He asked where in Hillbrow I was and I asked the public phone guy. Nigger told me I was at Pretoria Street next to High Point. OB told me to give him 10-20 minutes and he would be there. I could feel the worry in his voice. That is what I call a real man. He was unlike those beesh-ass niggers who think being an ex means

you are an enemy. If God could listen to me I would ask Him to feed OB's bank balance with Scott's Emulsion. He was showing true character of a pastor. Not these profiteers masquerading as prophets. After the call I started worrying about Nobuhle. She had messed up but she was still my friend and I loved her. I was scared something bad happened to her. Anything is possible in Hillbrow. They don't call it Lagos for nothing.

I couldn't help it but shed tears when I saw OB walking towards me about 20 minutes after the call. He arrived at the time I was starting to panic. He gave me a hug and went "everything is fine now. I am here now. Let's go to the car". I felt very safe in his arms. As soon as we got to the car I cooked a story. I went "I was with Nobuhle and her boyfriend and they were fighting. I tried to defend Nobuhle and the guy slapped me. He pushed me out of the car and left me stranded. I am worried about my friend".

He suggested that we drive around Hillbrow in case the guy dropped her. We drove for about 20 minutes and there was no sign of Nobuhle. OB wanted to drive me to Pretoria but I told him I wouldn't leave Jozi until I was sure Nobuhle was safe and sound. He went "it's ok, I'll book you a hotel and you can look for her tomorrow morning. I will come early in the morning to help you". The more he tried to help was the more I regretted letting him go. We drove to Parktonian Hotel in Braamfontein. I was so tired I just wanted to sleep. He suggested that we go to the rooftop for me to get some fresh air before I sleep to avoid nightmares. He led me to the rooftop and the view of Joburg at night from there was amazing. "Let's close our eyes and thank God for protecting you tonight" he said. As he was praying with his eyes closed I attempted to kiss him. He opened his eyes and told me not to disrespect God in that way. We walked back to my room. When we got there I

told him I needed a charger for my phone and he went to fetch it from the car. As soon as he closed the door I decided to take a shower. I just wanted to wash everything off nje. After showering I wrapped my sexy self with those white towels they provide at hotels. I know most black people steal them when they leave hotels. OB was sitting on the bed waiting for me. I deliberately let the towel fall in front of OB and said "oh eish sorry, this towel is small". I could see nigger wanted to look but his pastor side was preventing him. He closed his eyes and went "Oh Jesus, Luke 22:40". When he opened his eyes he told me he was leaving. I begged him not to because after the entire trauma I went thru I didn't wanna be alone. He went "I care about you and you know that. But I am guided by God. I don't wanna be tempted". He grabbed his keys and told me he'll see me in the morning. Mxm I was so disappointed. I passed out with a painful heart. I didn't even charge my

phone that night. The following morning I woke up feeling fresh. I charged my phone and there were so many missed call notifications from JT, Tshengi and Nobuhle. I called Nobuhle and she told me she was bloody worried about me. Apparently she went back to the Nigerian flat with cops and when they didn't find me they thought I was dead. She was happy I was still alive. I told I was saved by some ex blah blah blah. I was relieved she was ok. I called Tshengi and he was spitting fire. He asked me what my phone was off the entire night and I told him battery died and I passed out without charging it. He asked where I was and I told him I was at my crib sleeping. He hung up on me. OB came and drove me to Pretoria. That was after I explained to him that Nobuhle was ok. I directed him to Equestria. He asked me who I was staying with and I told him my uncle from Sekhiming. He dropped me at the gate and left. I gave him a light kiss before he left. I was

happy there was no one at the house. I was not in a mood for a company. Within 3 minutes security guard called to tell me a visitor by the name of 'Change' was there. I knew he meant Tshengi. Venda names are difficult to pronounce. I wondered what he wanted in Pretoria because as far as I was concerned he was in Polokwane. I was lucky he came just after I got back from Jozi. I told them to let him in. As soon as he got in the house I tried to give him a welcome kiss. He pushed me and went "who is the guy who dropped you at the gate? Where the hell is your engagement ring? Where did you sleep last night?".

Before I could cook a lie he grabbed a vase and

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B000000MMMM.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:24] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 230

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“We accept the love we think we deserve” –
Stephen Chbosky

When Clarence Carter sang ‘Take Time to Know Her’ he knew what he was talking about. In my case it was ‘Take Time to Know Him’.

Sometimes we jump into relationships with people we don’t know much about and when they start showing their real selves we get shocked. It is not advisable to just jump into an engagement with someone who is still swimming in your ‘stranger circle’. When he grabbed that vase I knew he was going to hit me with it. I closed my eyes and told him “Tshengi I love you please don’t hurt me and I know you love me because you proposed and I said yes because I love you and I want to spend the rest of my life with you because I believe you are the one for me and you are not a bad man and I know you don’t want to have a wife

with many scars on her body I know you want me to stay beautiful so that your family and friends can know you married the princess of your heart please babe don't hurt me because I am afraid of pain I will do whatever you want from me". You know you are in deep sh!t when you fart more than 100 words with your mouth without any comma and full stops. I was just flowing without hearing what I was saying myself. His face looked like that of The Undertaker of WWE Smack-what-what. I thought he was going to execute a Tombstone Piledriver, Chokeslam, Last Ride or Hell's Gate on me. I was never a wrestling fan but I remember seeing Piet clapping hands and rejoicing as The Undertaker executed Tombstone Piledriver, Chokeslam, Last Ride or Hell's Gate on his opponents, especially Brock Lesnar. When your parents love something you end up liking it unintentionally. He put the vase down and went "pack your things. We are

leaving for Polokwane now. You are done with exams, I don't see the reason you should stay here. You'll come back next season". I tried to explain that the agreement I had with my mom was that I would go home with her the following day. He didn't wanna hear any of it. He forced me to call my mom and tell her I was visiting a friend in Polokwane. I was pissed but I didn't wanna show him. What kind of a son-in-law forces the bride to lie to her mom?

I called my mom and told her I was visiting a friend on Polokwane and that she will pick me up on her way back from Pretoria. Luckily she understood. I called Dr Skhosana to tell him I was leaving for Limpopo because I was bored at that place. He told me I should wait for him as he was still doing some business away from Gauteng. He went "you can't just leave without entertaining me. I need some action before you leave". I told him I couldn't wait because I was always alone. He went "okay, you can go....as

long as you promise you'll let me come see you in Limpopo. We'll book a hotel for a night.

Should I sent a driver or you want taxi money?". I chose money even though I didn't need it.

Tshengi was looking at me straight in the eyes as I made those calls. It was even worse during the second call because he was aware of Dr Skhosana's intentions. I think that was the reason he wanted me away from that man's house. He was protecting his territory. We not even officially engaged, according to my culture, but he was acting like a husband. In my culture engagement is official only when the guy sends his uncles to pay what we call 'nyakelane' in Bolobedu. My folks didn't even know about him but already nigger was showing signs of wanna control me. I went to my bedroom and packed my things. I put the ring back on my finger.

When I walked back where Tshengi was I told him "I put the ring in my pocket because I didn't want people to steal it after you left me

stranded in Sunnyside yesterday. It is very expensive and I was scared nyaope boys will try to take it from me. I was scared they would cut off my finger. If it doesn't sit well with you I'll have it on my finger at all times heh. Akere you think I took it off because I was up to no good. You need to learn to trust me if you want us to make this work, you know". That was me trying to soften the tension. He didn't say a word, he just nodded. Men like that are dangerous. I prefer a man who shouts than a nigger who will keep quiet and just nod. That type will kill you when they are angry because they bottle up anger.

Tshengi didn't mention anything about me being dropped by a car, the ring or where I was the previous night. He was actually talking about how he plans to send his folks to my place because he wanted everything finalised as soon as possible. He wanted us to have two wedding celebrations. He spoke of a traditional

royal wedding in Venda and a white wedding in Mauritius or Zanzibar. I started imagining myself wrapped in leopard skin and those colourful Venda outfits and I couldn't help it but glow. The thought of getting married in Zanzibar made me forget about the angry Tshengi I saw earlier. I thought to myself "he's not a bad man. He was angry because he loves me". I think that's one weakness most women possess. When he does or mentions a good thing we tend to forget the bad things. That is the reason most women stay in abusive relationships for years. He beats you up and buys you a fancy present the following day. You forget about the beating and concentrate on the present. The habit continues until he causes permanent emotional or physical scars to you. Vuka mfazi. I told him I preferred the Zanzibar wedding. I must admit, it was a happy drive. My phone rang and it was Obakeng. There was no way I was gonna avoid it because Tshengi

heard it ring. I had no choice but to answer it. I regretted giving him my number. I knew he helped me but he was not the type to give me a Zanzibar wedding. He was the type to wed you at church surrounded by pastors and many sober people. Tshengi was offering every girl's dream of a dream wedding far from local witches and jealous hoes. I went "hello, I can't talk now. I am busy with my man. I will call you when I have time. Bye bye". The look Tshengi gave me almost made my menstruation visit me before time. He asked if I was talking to the guy who dropped me earlier and I told him I was talking to a classmate. He went "is there something going on between you and your classmate? Does he know you are engaged now? Block his number". He said that in a very calm attitude. He actually brushed my thigh and smiled. I blocked Pulane's number instead. I told him "done" and he went "I love you babe. You are the best thing to ever happen to me".

When we got to his place there was no sign that someone was there the previous night. I got a feeling that he never left Pretoria as he claimed. I asked him where he slept the previous night and he went "I slept in Mokopane at a hotel. I was so tired I couldn't drive to Polokwane. I was stressed about you not answering my calls and decided to book and sleep. I drove back to Pretoria to check if you were ok". His reasons made sense. I got a feeling that he cared. Who would drive back to Pretoria from Mokopane to check if someone is ok if they didn't care? He told me how he wanted to sell his house and buy a new one to create new memories. "I bought this house for my late wife. I want to close that chapter. I want us to create new memories without anything to remind me of my late wife. As soon as we are done with lobola negotiations we will go house shopping. I want a house that matches your beauty". His words were music to my ears. My phone rang and it

was JT checking up on me. I told her I was at Tshengi's place and she went "O tla itshola sfebe. Dae man o tlo go khawatha. Etswa mo yena nou. Zaka is nothing. O tla kreya authi e grand out there (You will regret it. That guy will mess you up. Leave him now. Money is nothing. You will find a good guy out there)". I

sometimes get pissed when people say money is nothing. Money is many things but nothing is not one of them. Lerete will not pay for your bills but money will. Why open your legs for someone who won't even afford to buy you a proper lunch? Tshengi was promising me heaven and earth that an average man couldn't afford and people like JT were against it. I loved JT wholeheartedly but she was becoming an EP, enemy of progress. I told her I had everything under control and she hung up. Again Tshengi asked who I was talking to and I told him JT. He smiled and went "Ok my love. Let's go grab something to eat at Mall of the North". For

some funny reason I didn't feel like eating expensive food, I craved KFC wings. He almost laughed when I told him that's what I wanted. He went "don't worry about money, you can eat whatever you want. I have enough money to buy your entire family. I won't let you eat KFC". I told him it was not about money, I just craved KFC. We drove to the KFC, the one next to Shell garage opposite Mall of the North. The drive-thru was slow so he decided to go buy inside. While he was inside a familiar looking man saw me in the car and waved. I waved back. It was only when he walked to the car that I remembered who he was. He was the guy I saw at the white party I went to with Maite in Tender Park. His name was Lucky Ramathoka aka Napoleon. I remembered him very well because he tried to force himself on me that night. He greeted me and I greeted back. I thought of closing the window but didn't wanna seem rude. Before nigger could continue talking I saw

Tshengi walking the car looking like he had just seen

Boooooommmmm

THE END

[12/03, 17:24] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 231

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

“Above all, don’t lie to yourself. The man who lies to himself and listens to his own lie comes to a point that he cannot distinguish the truth within him, or around him, and so he loses all respect for himself and for others. And having no respect he ceases to love” – Fyodor Dostoyrsky

Tshengi had multiple personalities. The very first day I met him he was very arrogant. I showed him respect the way Venda women did and he threw salads at me. He apologised after

he was told I was only trying to respect his position as the member of the royal family. One thing I liked about him was that he was not shy to apologise when he was wrong. Only few men do that. Most of the time pride and ego cloud their judgement. They rather find an excuse for their actions than apologise. Some will go as far as telling you apology is for sissies. When I saw Tshengi approaching the car I started shaking. I thought he was going to beat the hell out of that guy for talking to me. His facial expression confused me. He looked like someone who had just seen Father Christmas in Venda. I expected him to wear an angry face. Most men dating beautiful girls like me go all crazy when other men speak to their chicks. He went "Long time no see comrade. How have you been? I guess you were asking the lady where I was. I am glad you still recognise my car". He said that while extending his arm to shake Napoleon's hand. Jerrrr in a small city

like Polokwane most people know one another, especially the elite who are politically connected to the ANC. Tshengi never struck me as the comrade type. He didn't even use the kind of English those guys used. Napoleon divorced his eyes from me and married them to Tshengi. He went "the royal comrade. Where on earth do you breathe these days? Other comrades were inquiring about you not long ago. I even thought you moved back to the homelands. Touch my blood comrade". The way they greeted each other it was quite clear they were old acquaintances. It worried me because I didn't want Tshengi to know what happened that particular night. Imagine your future husband thinking you used to be a pantypreneur. That's what they call girls who sleep with politicians for financial favours. I didn't sleep with the guy but for a mere fact ya gore I was there I qualified to be labelled a pantypreneur. They spoke briefly about

business and political development in the province. Napoleon told Tshengi about some tender that they needed to engage about. Apparently it was worth millions. When men talk about politics, soccer and money they can even forget about the presence of a female in their company.

After their long talk Tshengi turned to look at me. Well, it wasn't long but because I was bored that is how it seemed. I felt like they spoke for 10 hours. He went "eh comrade, this is my future wife. Very soon I'll be inviting you to our wedding. She is the lady who keeps me indoors". Napoleon looked at me like he wanted to say something bad. He went "comrade, where do you find these kinds of people? You must take me there my guy. She can't be from Polokwane. She must be from North West or Eastern Cape. Limpopo doesn't have her kind". Men are more dangerous than nyaope mixed with alephrimi. Napoleon knew me but just

because Tshengi introduced me as his woman nigger pretended as if she was seeing me for the very first time. I looked at him straight in the eyes expecting him to tell the truth, not that I wanted him to tell the truth, but he continued with his lies. Tshengi continued "this is an import comrade. She is not the type you will see at the parties you always host with other comrades. I had to cross rivers, climb mountains and survive storms to get to this beautiful princess. The first day I laid my eyes on her I knew she was the one. I went down on my knees and asked her to be part of the royal family". They both laughed and Napoleon congratulated Tshengi on the good catch. He went "maybe for the first time in the history of your family you will have a royal yellow bone baby. I am tired of thinking it's after 8pm whenever I visit your family. You guys are so dark I feel like it's time to watch Generations whenever I am at your place". They laughed like

they just heard Chris Rock fart with his mouth. Tshengi thanked Napoleon for congratulating him. Napoleon went “comrade, you are selling the mandate. Why are you buying the royal princess cheap oily food? Don’t be cheap like those termites in red berets masquerading as revolutionaries. Why don’t you join me and my family for dinner tonight? We can do with some company. Our kids are in France holidaying”. Some kids are so lucky. I wished I had parents like that. Imagine going to France for holiday fully paid by your parents. The furthest trip I ever took paid by Piet and Makoma was to Pretoria. Tshengi declined the offer because he wanted to bond. Napoleon jokingly went “It’s ok comrade vhafhuwi. Enjoy your StreetWise Pap bonding. Keep in touch”.

Napoleon left and Tshengi went “Let’s go inside KFC together. I didn’t get a chance to place an order because of that fool. I knew he wanted to ask for your number. He preys on beautiful

yellow bones like you. There is a rumour that he is HIV positive. I wonder how he sleeps at night knowing he goes around spreading the disease. God will punish him one day". Whoever said men don't gossip was drunk. Men gossip more than us and they pretend as if they don't. And they are very good at pretending. Napoleon pretended as if it was the first time he saw me. Tshengi pretended as if he was happy to see Napoleon. Some men deserve G-strings thwii. We walked to KFC and bought what I wanted. Nigger gave me his pin number and asked me to swipe. Ja neh, new love makes people do things they won't do after 6 months. On our way back I put my phone on silence. I didn't want disturbing calls from OB and more disturbing calls from RR and JT. I asked Tshengi how he knew political people. He went "I know them thru business. They are not my friends but sometimes when you do business you need right people in right positions with right

influence. You will learn a lot when we are married. I want you to help me here and there in business. I don't want you to be a trophy wife. You are smarter than that". I felt very important. Some rich men prefer a trophy wife than a wife who'll make her own money. They want a woman they'll be able to control using their financial muscle. I thanked Tshengi for showing faith in me. He was winning small points in my heart. When we go his house we had our KFC. He went "the last time you were here I wanted to show you picture of my little sister but I never got to show you. I don't remember what happened. I want to see them now. You will understand why I have fallen in love with you. You are probably thinking I am moving fast. Actually, yes I am moving fast. When you see a good thing you don't have to waste time. You must go for it before other people do. Nna le wena we are going far mfana. Just promise me one thing, get rid of the people you were busy

with before we met. I don't wanna talk about what happened yesterday and this morning but I want you to promise we won't have such things going forward. I don't want to share you with anyone. You are mine and mine only. I have a very jealous heart".

Men who always talk about not wanting to share, especially during early stages of the relationship should be viewed with suspicion. That's what Zee once told me but I never took it seriously. To me Tshengi said all that because he loved me. The issue of pictures didn't sit well with me. I knew I was out of the danger zone because I dealt with them weeks ago but guilty conscience was dealing with me. I told him we'll see the pictures tomorrow. I went "Maybe we should go bath together....who knows, maybe I can get to drink from the royal pot". He smiled and went "mmmmmmh h h h h that's music to my royal wood". He went to run the bath while I checked my messages on my phone. There

were so many messages from OB and I chose not to read them. There was a Whatsapp from Nobuhle "I miss you girlfriend. Remember the guy we were with at Blue Room? He has a very hot friend. I want you to meet as soon as possible. He is bloody loaded and guess what? He is Tsonga.....if you know what I mean. Take care and be a good girl". I responded "I miss you too girlfriend. I can't wait to meet the Tsonga hunk. Please keep him for me. I will see him when I come back from Polokwane. I am at some Venda fool's place in Polokwane. See you soon". Immediately after I sent the text Tshengi called me to join him in the bathroom. I put my phone on the table and went to join him. He was already naked when I got there. His cock looked very 'royal'. It was sleeping but you would swear nigger was up. That was some premium ish there. He was like "is it the first time you see a big house?". I laughed and went "ha ha ha I have seen your mansion before. But

before you I only saw RDP houses and shacks”. He laughed and told me I was naughty. I remembered I forgot my bag in his car. My toiletry bag was inside my big bag. He went “you don’t have to go to the car. I’ll be a good boy and go fetch them for you. You can swim inside the bathtub in the meantime. Maybe my house will turn into a skyscraper when I come back and you can enjoy the view from the top floor”. His bathroom was so beautiful and classy. It had mirrors all over. I wanted to take a selfie but remembered I left my phone on the table. I undressed and greeted the water with my naked self. While I was acquainting myself with water Tshengi stormed in and went:

“Who is a Venda fool?”

BOOOOMMMMMM.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:26] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 232

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“All men dream: but not equally. Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their minds wake up in the day to find it was vanity: but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dream with open eyes, to make it possible. This I did” – TE Lawrence

Instant Messaging and Social Media have become very dangerous to many relationships. They have made backstabbing, cheating and socialising very easy. Your partner can chat with another girl right under your nose and you won't know a thing. He can even tell the girl he's chatting with that he's going to dump you for her soon. Immediately after chatting with her he'll come to you for a BJ. Batho ba phela masepa I'm telling you. That is why it is advisable to delete all chats if you know you chat about things you wouldn't want your partner to see. Or better stop using your phone

to cheat. When he asked about a Venda fool I knew that he went thru my phone. I remembered I forgot to lock it before putting it on the table. That was very stupid of me, especially after having that chat with Nobuhle. The worst part about that situation was that there was no way I was gonna defend it. He had evidence in his hand. Imagine you are lying in a bathtub trying to look all sexy for your man and the next thing he goes all 'Gerrie Nel' on you. I was expecting a romantic bath with my man, not National Prosecuting Authority. I went "Babe, please don't be angry. I can explain". That is what most people say when they are presented with damning evidence. He shouted "WHY DID YOU SAY YES TO MY PROPOSAL IF YOU KNEW YOU STILL WANTED TO PLAY? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY NO SO THAT YOU CAN CONTINUE WITH YOUR MONEYED TSONGA GUY? AM I NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU? AM I NOT WORTH YOUR HEART? YOU ARE HURTING MY

HEART. THE LIST YOU COULD HAVE TOLD YOUR FRIEND WAS THAT YOU ARE NOT AVAILABLE FOR WHOEVER SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT? DO YOU WANT ME TO KILL YOU AND COMMIT SUICIDE AFTERWARDS? I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT YOU". I didn't understand what he meant when he said he couldn't live without me because his existence was not dependent on me. It's not like he started living when he met me. I wished to tell him that but I knew it would be risky. I kept apologising but he was not listening. I got out of the bathtub and begged him to let me explain. He smashed my phone right in front of my face and left me there naked. I was shaking with fear. I was terrified of what he was going to do next.

As soon as he left I locked myself in the bathroom and sat on the toilet sit. I looked at the remains of my phone and started crying. I remembered what happened on 14 February 2014 in Oscar's house and I screamed. I

emptied the bathtub and hid inside. In my mind I thought nigger went to the bedroom to fetch his gun to finish me off the Oscar Style. I didn't wanna die, not from a bullet. I lay in the bathtub for more than 30 minutes without hearing any movement in the house. What scared me most was I didn't hear any sound of a car. It was quite clear he was still in the house. I got out of the bathtub and got dressed. I looked at the bathroom window but it was too small to use as an escape egress. I was stuck in the bathroom. I went "Tshengi, please don't kill me. I am sorry for that text. You are not a fool. That's how Nobuhle and I roll. We call people we love fools. If I wanted to see whoever they wanted to hook me up with I wouldn't have agreed to come to Polokwane with you. I came here because I wanted to. I agreed to your proposal because I see potential in us. Please give us time. I am still young and this is new to me. I will learn to be careful next time. Please

don't kill me babe. I love us". I kept quiet expecting a response from him. There was another silence for over 10 minutes. I couldn't help it but think maybe he had committed suicide. Some men are weak. When things don't go their way they serve the earth with divorce papers. I carefully unlocked the door and took a quick look in the bedroom. There was no sign of him there. He wasn't in the main bedroom. I called his name about 30 times and still there was no response from him. I walked around the house and still he was nowhere to be seen. I checked in the garden and swimming pool areas and nigger was nowhere to be seen. All cars were still in the yard. I tried to open the car we used earlier and it was locked. My bags were still in the car. I think he didn't get to the car to fetch my bag. He saw the messages before getting to the car. It was like a DE JA VU of the Hillbrow scene. I was phoneless and moneyless far from my territory.

There was no way I was gonna run away because the gate was locked. Even if it wasn't locked I wouldn't run away because I didn't have any money with me. Everything was locked inside his car. I decided to go wait for my death inside his house. I sat on the couch and switched on the radio to listen to Energy FM. Around 9pm I heard the sound of the gate opening. I quickly ran to the kitchen and grabbed a knife. I hid it under the cushion. He opened the door and I felt my hair trying to flee my head. People from Venda know the feeling very well. You get that feeling mostly when you pass next to a graveyard. He closed the door and looked at me without moving. He didn't look drunk or sober but I could see he was tired. I think he walked for hours because his t-shirt was wet with perspiration. He took a long sigh and went "I am sorry for what happened earlier. I overreacted". For a second I thought I was dreaming. I didn't expect to hear that from him.

I was expecting him to tell me to say my last prayer. He continued "my weakness is when I love I go all out. Sometimes I act without thinking. We just got engaged and I can't expect you to be 'clean'. I know there are things you were doing before we met and it's unfair of me to expect you to get rid of everything in less than 2 days. I am jealous because I love you. One day you will understand when you feel the way I feel". Tears were rolling down his face as he said that. It's kinda romantic when a guy sheds tears for me, especially when he opens up about how he's feeling. I wanted to tell him not to cry but I didn't know how. I could see he was hurting inside. My fear of him was replaced by sense of guilt and pity. I went "it was wrong of me to say what I said in that text. I am sorry. I will tell Nobuhle to stop sending me such things because now I am about to be someone's wife". I was thinking of all the pictures I'm gonna take in Zanzibar as I said that. He went "I think I

should drive you home because I can see you are terrified of me now. I am not a bad man. I will bring you a new phone tomorrow and you'll do a SIM swap. I wanna go spend few days in Venda to clear my head". There was no way I was gonna let him drive me in that state. I told him I'll leave in the morning as long as he let me sleep in the separate bedroom. He agreed and let me use the other bedroom.

The following morning he woke me up around 8am. He had prepared breakfast for us. I was impressed that he went all out to prepare a proper breakfast. He wanted to apologise again for smashing my phone but I stopped him. I told him it was water under the bridge. We had breakfast without talking about what happened the previous day. He went "I'm going to buy you a phone when we leave here. You can use one of my cars to go home. I'm going straight to Venda from here. The 3-Series in the garage would be cool for you, unless if you don't want

an automatic car". You should have seen the smile on my face. I asked myself why I opened my legs for the likes of RR when the only expensive thing I ever received from him was a R35 lunch from Marabastad. Tshengi was new in the picture and there he was lending me his BMW. That's what we call Serope Mperেকে. I kissed him like I have never kissed a man before. He went "hey hey hey relax. I am not giving you my car. I just don't want you to use a taxi when I have cars. When I come back from Venda on Friday I want my car back. I'll give you the Mini or buy you your own when we are married". I went to the bathroom to take a bath. I was so excited about the car and wished Maite was still alive so see my success. I wanted her to see that unlike her, I was engaged and driving. I wasn't a chronic side chick like her. While taking a bath the bathroom door opened and a naked Tshengi walked in. His cock looked a black belt. He went "can I join

the princess?”. Because of the BMW excitement I went “do you even have to ask? The bathtub is big enough for both of us”. He jumped in without any hesitation. He scrubbed my back and I returned the favour. For the first time I felt like we were a real couple. He kissed my soapie neck while playing with my boobs. He used his other hand to massage my wet thighs and I felt my blood having sensual conferences in my strategic areas. Like a German machine on the open road, he drove his fingers up my thighs until I felt an erotic capture of my pleasure button aka clit. I opened my legs wide to give his fingers constitusexual right of movement. He didn’t rush to send his fingers to the honeypot, he took his time on the pleasure button and I almost screamed in Tshivenda. I went “wi wi wi will you buy me a car for real?”. I was gently shaking what mama gave me with my eyes closed as I said that. He went “I will buy you whatever you want babe”. His words

were more effective than his fingers. Nothing makes the vjayjay wetter than hearing he will buy you something you want passionately. I went “I want you in? Do you have condoms?”

He went “Khondumu ya zwithude? Nia pandamedza zwisusu?”

WTF...

THE END

[12/03, 17:27] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 233

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“False hope is a terrible thing. If it’s the only thing keeping you alive you’ll be dead by dawn”
– Charlie Rae

Something I learnt from many guys is that they don’t like using condoms. Apparently it doesn’t feel the same. Problem is the very same guy who doesn’t wanna use a condom will be the

same guy who doesn't want to take responsibility for the baby if you fall pregnant. Nigger chows you without a condom and when you fall pregnant he goes "was it me?". Sometimes you'll be tempted to say "no it wasn't you, it was your grandmother". You'll swear they think their sperms turn into orange juice when they enter our sacred fountain. When Tshengi asked "condoms for what? Are you mad?" I knew he wanted to sleep with me without a rubber. I was not going to allow him do that. One thing I didn't wanna do was to have a baby or get sick from someone I just fell in a relationship with. I know we had a half-encounter before but it was not penetrative. I went "babe, not that I don't trust you but I think we should play safe. I don't know your HIV status and you don't know mine. We can't just rush into unsafe....you know. Go fetch condoms and we'll do it until we are both happy". He took his finger out and tried to negotiate. Nothing

dries a vjayjay quicker than condom politics. When will men learn? If you know you are planning to go to Moria you must at least have your manyanyatha ready. This thing of making us wait why you go look for rubbers under your pillow is not on. It's like giving an alcoholic and glass and then tell him you are still going to look for a beer. He went "I don't think I have any in the house. I can quickly drive to the garage to buy them. It's not very far. I promise I will be back in a flash". Another mistake men do, they think we are like them. We are not like them. Our sexual transmission is not automatic like theirs. Ours is manual. You have to put in the right gears before we get in the mood. We don't just take off nje. I went "don't bother, I lost my appetite. We'll do it when you come back from Venda. Buy rubbers on your way back. And please don't bring any mphesu. I don't wanna die young". He was sad but there was nothing he could do. I didn't wanna get sick or fall

pregnant. Being reckless will lead you to Avbob mrena.

He bathed the Venda way, 5 minutes and he was done. I guess he was angry because I said no with my nanana. I took my time and he kept rushing because he still had a long trip to Venda. After bathing I went to give him a kiss just to thank him for not forcing to have a shag with me without using protection. He said it was cool but his face said a different thing. The way banna ba ratang marago they can choose kuku over a job. I told him not to worry because I wasn't going to die. I was like "anyway, you know sex before marriage is a sin. I am a Christian girl. We almost committed a sin and God stopped us". I was trying to joke with him but he didn't find it funny. I guess it was because of the weight in his pants. Venda men's cocks contribute 2% of their body mass as compared to Tswana men's cocks which contribute less than 0.000002%. I asked if he

was serious about me using his other car and he gave me the Do-I-Look-Like-I-Was-Joking look. He went to the bedroom and came back with the Beemer key. I hugged and went “I think I love you babe. You are the best thing since Facebook inbox”. He closed all windows, set the alarm and off we voetseked. We drove to Mall of the North to buy me a new phone. I had an option to go an iPhone, Samsung and Sony. I chose Sony Xperia Z5 Premium. I loved the picture quality. After buying the phone we parted ways. I decided to use the Ga-Sekgopo road instead of Makgobaskloof one. That road gives me goosebumps. One mistake and you meet thy Maker. Gosh, I felt like I was driving on air. Big up to the Germans. When I got to Ga-Kgapane I didn't go straight to my crib. I drove around just to show haters I had arrived. I even had 'em shades on to show hoes my future was looking brighter than KK Mulaudzi's suits. I saw some former classmates with cheap weaves

carrying babies and looking lost. I opened the window, took off my shades and went “Shame, Annah. Are you still alive? Your weave looks cheap. Hope you didn’t use SASSA money to buy it. I’d give you a lift but there’s no enough space. Please say hi to that friend of yours.....i forgot her name. The one wa di kiss-kiss”. I had to be rude to her. She was one of those girls who thought they were all that in high school because she dated our Maths teacher. She ate decent lunch everyday because meneer sponsored her. She went “Nnyammao khedhodholo” and I drove away. When girls from my hood say that you must run for your life. It’s normally followed by violence.

I drove straight to my place after showing off ‘my’ wheels. Call it Serope Mperekele if you want but to me it was enjoying the fruits of my beauty and brains. When I got to my place my mom wasn’t there. Luckily I always kept my keys in my bag. Her car was in the yard but her

favourite clothes and bag were not in the closet. I assumed she had already left for Pretoria. I decided to drive to Selfie's mom's place to show her the car. I also wanted to see how she was coping after fighting with Mr Nkuna. When I got to her crib she was eating a mango and Selfie was busy playing with a brick. I guessed it was a bus to him. When Mama Selfie saw it was me in the Beemer she stood up and started dancing and saying all sort of things. She was ululating and going "my son is rich man. My son is drive Betty My Wife. Jealous witches is gone to toilet today tomorrow and forever. My son I am pride shem. Very very pride of you. This is extensive car. Too much thousand rand my son. The all night Lord is grey". I thanked her for the compliments. I wanted to tell her the car wasn't mine but she didn't give me a chance. She was just happy for me. I told her to get in for a ride and she went "no no no this clothes is not good and how are you. Wait". She went to the house

and came back after 10 minutes wearing her favourite floral dress. I think it used to belong to my mom. There's a picture of my mom wearing it in my family album. I think my mom was pregnant with me. She got in the front seat and fastened the seatbelt. I asked her if she was leaving Selfie alone and she went "Ah she's a man for himself". Lol I laughed and told Selfie to jump in. I drove them to Modjadji Plaza. I bought Selfie toys. Seeing him playing with a brick touched my heart. I also bought them ice cream and KFC bucket. I was on the lookout for Anna. I didn't want her to ambush me. Girls from home are not the type to be afraid to trigger a fight in public. They actually prefer to fight in public just to embarrass you. After our little shopping I drove them home. From there I drove to my crib.

My phone was almost fully charged. I was glad I did SIM swap immediately after buying the phone. I switched it on retrieved my old Apps.

Within 20 minutes everything was set up. I called Tshengi and his phone was off. I called my mom and she was angry. She told me she tried to call many times but my phone was off. I told her my phone had battery problems. She asked where I was and I told her I was at home. She went "you better not sleep with boys in my house". I almost said "I'm not like you mom". Tshengi's phone was off throughout the night. I wondered why. The next few days I was a good girl. Tshengi's phone was still off. I thought of calling JT to ask Aluwani if all was well but I knew she would give me a lecture. I went to Tzaneen everyday to eat lunch at Spur or Crawdaddy's. Some Tsonga niggers tried their luck but I told them I was engaged. On Friday I received a call from Tshengi. I asked him why his phone was off and he told me he was at his uncle's place in Fondwe. He claimed network reception was very bad. I asked if he was still coming back and he said "I think I will be in

Polokwane on Monday. Enjoy your home because next week you'll be at my house from Monday to Sunday". I was kinda happy he was letting me have the car the whole weekend. Problem was I didn't know where to go. Polokwane had many nice places but it would be risky to drive with his car. I didn't wanna bump into his comrades. My mom called me "Sharon, what is it that I hear you bought a BMW? Where did you get the money?". We all have those nosy neighbours who'll see something they know nothing about and then jump to their own conclusions. Mxm sometimes I wish we stayed in Sandton where everyone minded their own business. I told my mom I was driving my friend's car. She asked if it was a male or female friend and when I said male she went "Okay, next time invite him when I'm home. I would like to meet such friends". Trust my mom to say such. If it was a Tazz or 1400 she wouldn't say such. She liked things

that one.

Around 4 PM Nobuhle called me. She went “Girlfriend you gotta come back to Gauteng. There’s a party of the year in Bloemfontein tomorrow and I’m not leaving you behind. Catch a taxi now. We are leaving in the morning tomorrow. I’ll send you taxi money if you are broke”. Lol that was rich coming from someone who couldn’t afford to pay a bill few days ago. I didn’t have any plans the whole weekend and was in a mood to party. I thought of using Tshengi’s car but my 19 sense told me it would be risky because he would probably know where I was #Tracker. I decided to give him a call which he answered. I went “Babe, it’s boring here. Do you mind if I join my mother in Pretoria? I’ll come back with her on Sunday. She is so broke she even used public transport to Pretoria”. To my surprise he didn’t have a problem. He even sent me money for petrol and tollgates. I liked whatever he ate in Venda. I

packed a small bag and hit the road. I knew it would take me 4-5 hours to get to Pretoria. I didn't tell Nobuhle I was driving because I knew she would want us to drive up and down in with Tshengi's car. I got to Pretoria just before 9pm. I was so tired I didn't feel like going out. I called my mom to ask where she was and she went "In Equestria. I went to see Marcus today and I'm tired. I just wanna sleep. Don't forget to lock the gate before you sleep. Good night". It was like I was disturbing something the way she rushed to hang up. I thought of going to sleep at a hotel but I was like "ag, why waste money when I can go join my mom?". I decided to go surprise her with a visit. I still had the keys to the place. On my way I called Nobuhle to tell her I was almost in Pretoria. She asked if she should come fetch me and I told her I'll see her the following morning around 10am. She was disappointed but cool with it. When I got to Dr Skhosana's house some unfamiliar car with the

registration number Dr Nhlapo GP had parked at our parking space. I assumed it was one of Skhosana's former colleagues' car. I actually remembered him talking to some best friend called Nhlapo over the phone.

I unlocked the door and Gosh, I saw

WTF

THE END

[12/03, 17:28] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 234

September 9, 2017 Lesege Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“I am gonna party, see how intoxicated I can get and how many rules I can flaunt. That's my motto” – HG Bissinger

Ever bumped into something you didn't expect? That is what happened to me that night. I went there expecting to find my mom alone or with Skhosana. Part of me did think of a possibility

of finding Skhosana and my mom in a compromised situation but I deleted the thought from my mind. I knew my mom wouldn't have answered my call if she was up to no good. And seeing the car outside made me think Skhosana was with his friend Nhlapo and my mom was in bed. What I saw on the couch almost made me have a heart attack. Dr Skhosana's wife was on top of some nigger riding him like he promised to find the pots. I have always been of a belief that when woman grow older they become less active behind closed door. That is not what I saw that night. The first time I saw that woman I saw a lady. I never expected her to be whoring herself while wearing a ring. When they heard the door opening Mrs Skhosana jumped like she was on a trampoline. The guy's cock looked like a gear of a Toyota Venture. Nigger wasn't even wearing a rubber because when Mrs Skhosana jumped I saw some vanilla ice cream popping

Skhosana knew she was cheating. While I was outside still thinking she stormed out of the house. She literally knelt in front of me and went “please don’t ever tell anyone about what you saw. It’s not what you think. Please keep it between us. I’ll give you whatever you want”. Part of me hated her for insulting her marriage. Then I thought to myself “she got a good shag...and it’s not like her man is an angel. She was probably hungry. Bravo to women”. She continued “he is my husband’s best friend. He’ll kill both of us if he finds out”.

I left her kneeling there and got in the car and drove off. As soon as I left something hit my mind, my mom. She told me she was in Equestria when I called her. It was quite clear she lied to me. She was not in Equestria as she claimed. I decided to call her again. To my surprise, she answered. She asked what I wanted and I asked where she was again. She went “hayi voetsek man. I told you where I am.

What do you want now? Good night". She hung up on me. I had no choice but to book in. I slept at Hotel 224 in Arcadia. Tshengi called me around 3am to tell me to send him 'My Location' via Whatsapp. I asked him why and he told me he wanted to make sure I was safely in Pretoria. I told him he didn't need My Location to know I was safe. I hung up. After 5 minutes I sent him My Location. I just wanted to get him off my back. Nobuhle called me around 8am to remind me not to be late. My problem was where to park my car. I couldn't park it at Dr Skhosana's place because of what I witnessed. I went to the hotel reception and extended my stay to Monday. I just wanted the car to be safe. After that I drove to Menlyn Park to buy clothes. I wanted to be noticed by the hot Sotho guys in Bloemfontein. After shopping I went to park the car at the hotel and called a cab to drop me at Gautrain Station. I called Nobuhle to tell her I was on my way. I asked her to wait for me at

Rosebank Station. I didn't want to get off at Park Station for obvious reasons. Luckily I found her waiting when I got to Rosebank. She apologised for the Hillbrow situation and I told her I was over it. She was with Hammer...again. Some guys are BFF material. Nigger was driving a Mercedes-Benz Viano. As soon as I got in the car Tshengi called to ask where I was and I told him I was with my mom in Pretoria. He went "give your mom a phone. I wanna greet her". I told him I wouldn't do that because it would be disrespectful. Then he said something I didn't expect. He was like "take a selfie with her and send it to me". I told him he was starting to scare me. He laughed and said "ha ha ha I'm pulling your leg. Enjoy your day with mommy". I was glad Nobuhle and Hammer kept quiet when I was busy on a call.

We drove to Diepkloof to fetch some guy called Moses. Nobuhle claimed he was the reason we were going to Bloemfontein. Apparently it was

his cousin's party. From Diepkloof we drove to Pimville to fetch another friend of Nobuhle, some gay dude named Luthando but he called himself LuLu-Lee. He didn't know me but the way he was talking you'd swear he knew me for years. That's how gays roll, they are the most sociable people on earth. I didn't even feel the trip because Lulu-Lee talked none stop. I thought Nobuhle was a chatterbox but when I met Lulu-Lee my thought changed. Every sentence ended with a 'iyho bathong choma'. We stopped at Venterburg because Nobuhle wanted ice cubes. From there we hit straight to Bloemfontein. When we got to Bloemfontein Moses told Hammer to drive to some township called Bochabela to fetch his cousins. It was my first time going there. Lulu-Lee was like "ke batla monna wa Mosotho...iyhoo bathong choma. Imagine monna wa Mosotho ka Seanamarena le Timberland. Nka rota on the spot iyhoo choma bathong (I want a Sotho man.

Imagine a Sotho man wearing a blanket and Timberland boots. I would come on the spot)”. I laughed until my ribs pained. The cousins we were going to fetch stayed next to some cool joint called The Thought. Moses told us it was one of the coolest places to chill in that area. I got off the car and took selfies. Lulu-Lee wanted to be in every picture. The way gays love attention you would swear their baby formula was made from a milk of a hyperactive kangaroo. The cousins were not there when we got to their crib. Moses was so angry because he told them we were way. Apparently they got a ride to the party venue. They didn't even have some decency to tell us. Lulu-Lee went “mxm marete a bona”. We decided to drive straight to the party venue. Moses told us the party was at some township called Rocklands in an area known as Bloemanda. When we got there was no one except for the people erecting the stretch tent. I must say, stretch tent, selfie stick,

shumaya jeans and all white parties will be remembered as the biggest features of 2015. We decided to go buy booze. Moses said there was a Spar not far from Home Affairs offices at Moshoeshoe Road not far from where we were but he wanted to show us the mall, Waterfront Mall. He was acting like a tour guide and I found it boring. Jeerrrr almost every town or city in South Africa has a road or street named after former president Nelson Mandela. He deserves it. Zuma will probably have prisons clubs and taverns named after him. That's what he deserves.

When we got to Waterfront there were people everywhere. I must admit, Bloemfontein has beautiful girls. They made me feel like an ordinary girl. Nobuhle went "I used to shop here when I was dating some Central University of Technology lecturer". Lulu-Lee went "why are you telling us? It's not like it's a status to date a lecturer. Some of us date men with 7-figures in

their bank accounts and you don't hear us signing about it wuuuu shweeem". We all laughed. Moses bought two bottles of Vodka, 2 bottles of Hennessy and 48 Heinekens. What I liked about Moses is that he didn't talk much. He was a man of action. He was a cool guy. A guy who is not shy to open his wallet is called cool guy in the 'female world'. There's nothing cool about stingy guys. Actually, stingy guys must be denied an opportunity to have an erection. After buying booze we drove back to Bloemanda. People were starting to jot in one by one. Moses introduced us to the party girl. She looked like a poor version of Mshoza. If my man cheated on me with that girl I would gladly commit suicide. What made her even uglier was how she tried to fake the twang. Some people must just make peace with the fact that twanging is for kids who had head boys and head girls in high school, not bloody 'class monitors'. She told us the party would start in

about an hour. I asked Moses what the party was all about and he told me it was the girl's 21 . I almost died of shock. The girl looked 78. Apparently she had 4 kids from unknown fathers. Where I come from we throw 21 birthday parties to boys and girls who don't have kids, not someone whose punani resembled the Kimberly Hole. As expected when the party started Nobuhle stole the show on the dance floor. Lulu-Lee joined in and they set the party on fire. I was so jealous. I wanted to join but was a bit shy. I waited until darkness invaded the place. The 21 party of the 78 looking gogo was off the hook. Around 10pm Moses went "Let's go somewhere. I wanna see the real people of Bloemfontein". We headed to some place called Sechaba Butchery and Shisanyama. It was packed to the max. Batho ba Bloemfontein ba rata monate mrena. We drank and danced until I couldn't feel my legs anymore. I told Moses I was pressed and the

ladies toilets were packed. That's one disadvantage of being a female. Our toilets are more likely to have long queues as compared to the other weak gender. He went "you can go help yourself behind our car. I'll walk you there". I smiled and he led the way. Girls will know this, when you are very pressed it kinda feels nice when you pee. The relief you get is out of this world. Moses was standing right next to me. I guess he wanted to make sure I was safe. As I was about to dress my gorgeous ezi Moses gently grabbed my ass and went "you are gorgeous, you know that?". I had a load shedding moment. Before I could compose myself and read what he wanted to do, nigger pulled me towards his body. I didn't want him to do that but my mouth suddenly became allergic to the words 'No' and 'Stop'. The next thing his fat lips became tourists on mine. I don't know why but I kissed him back. Maybe it was the Vodka making me do those things.

The next thing something or someone punched Moses. Sh!t OMG!!!!!! It was

WTF....

THE END

[12/03, 17:28] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 235

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a
comment

“Practise mercy and forgiveness throughout as
a lesson that symbolises the love shown
through his crucifixion” – Unarine Ramaru

I hate drama, especially when I am under the
influence of alcohol far away from my hood.
When it happens in your hood it's better
because you know how locals behave. In a
Sotho dominated city like Mangaung the first
thing that comes to your mind is the stories you
used to hear from your uncle when you were
still a kid. My uncle used to tell me about a

Sotho men group called Ma-Russia. Apparently they used to terrorise townships when South Africa was still led by apartheid devils. When I saw some nigger punching Moses hard I knew hell was gonna break loose. The guy “ke tla ofa mmao bono sa hao towe. Ke batla chelete pele o nyela. O nkuka jwalo ka masepa ntja towe (I want my bloody money you before I fu#k you up)”. Sotho men can swear for days. People think Zulu men excel when coming to swearing. I beg to differ. Zulu men are stubborn and sometimes act foolishly. But when coming to swearing Sotho men take the accolade. Even the kids learn swearing before they learn A E I O U. it’s very common in Free State to hear a year old kid saying “magonnyo ke wena” to a woman old enough to be his mother. Apparently they call it 051. Whatever that means!!!! Moses turned and retaliated with a very hot one. He punched that guy so hard within a minute there was a smell that resembled that of open toilets

in Makhaza, Cape Town. Moses kicked the guy until I intervened. Moses went "I will kill you marete a gago". I think men develop extra powers when they fight in front of a woman. It's like they want to prove their manhood to us. I guess it's their way of wanting to score points. The guy "helang helang banna. Ke entse phoso ngwaneso. Ntshwarele hle. Ke o tshwantshitse le motho ea nkolotang. Moerskond o nshapile ka be ka inyela". Lol I couldn't help it but laugh out loud. It was the first time I heard a man confessing he soiled himself. Instead of feeling sorry for the guy Moses gave him the last kick on the face. The guy's body became a salad of unmentionables. Moses went "Nxa....let's go before I kill this son of a hoe". I could see a beam of triumph on his face. I guess he was sure I was impressed. Mxm only if he knew financial muscle charmed me, not bloody John Cena mentality. Being a tough man will not buy me an iPhone.

When we walked back inside Nobuhle was dancing like tomorrow was five years away. That girl knew her stuff on the dance floor. Most guys mistook Lulu-Lee for a girl because he had an ass for days. I think he had a 'Matshidiso' on his ass. For those who don't know, a Matshediso is a fake ass chicks with seshwapha employ to mislead guys into thinking they have asses. In short, Matshidiso is false advertising. Lulu-Lee enjoyed the attention and kissed some of the niggers. She was behaving like a ratchet gay. The next thing Moses grabbed Lulu-Lee and they left the dance floor. I called Nobuhle to the side and told her I was tired and wanted to sleep. She was like "are you crazy? The night is still a teenager. We are not leaving until the bar runs empty. We are in Mangaung babe....the capital of fun in South Africa". Lol she was exaggerating. Pretoria is the capital of everything, from nyaope to Zuma. Hammer was drunk but he was the only one not

dancing. Such guys bore me. I don't understand their way of having fun. Why go to a pub or shisanyama if you gonna turn yourself into the Statue of Liberty when you get there? Some guy tried to talk to Nobuhle but she told him to buzz off. He kept doing that until she got irritated and left him standing there. Hammer and I followed her. The nigger followed us as we walked to our car. He went "my guy please give me on. You can't have two women while some of us are loners". WTF....some guys lack respect. Just because Hammer had Nobuhle and I didn't mean he had to share with anyone. There is no communism in dating. You cannot expropriate a woman without compensation for equal redistribution. I almost asked if he wanted to implement EFF policies on us. Nobuhle told get to get lost or she'll hit him. I expected Hammer to deal with the guy but nigger was hiding behind Nobuhle. Mxm some men deserve to have 3 clits inserted between their legs. The guy

tried to grab Nobuhle and hell broke loose. Nobuhle grabbed a bottle and hit on the head. The guy's head was as hard as that of some charmer boy from Nkandla. The bottle didn't break. The guy retaliated by slapping Nobuhle on the face. I really fail to understand why people do that. Why go to a place of fun alone and then expect to leave with a girl by force? Nxa some guys deserve to share a jail cell with Donovan Krejcir.

The next thing Lulu-Lee appeared from nowhere and jumped onto the guy. She hit the hell out of him with a heel calling him all sort of things, from mamlambo to leshoboro. I didn't know where she got the leshoboro word because it was unique to Limpopo. Never mess with gay guys, especially when they are drunk. They will abbreviate your body in less than 3 minutes. Luckily other drunkmates and security guards separated them and we ran to the car. Hayi people had to spoil my good time in Bloem. I

was surprised to find Moses half naked in the car. I added one and one and got eleven. Especially after Lulu-Lee went “get dressed wena two minutes noodles”. I wanted to laugh. I was glad there was no smell of fish. I only smelled something that resembledag never mind. Nobuhle asked where to from there. Moses went “the night is still young. We are heading to Mahungra”. Apparently there was something going on there. Yho yho yho it was almost 1am but the way that Mahungra place was packed you’d swear it was still early. After the scenes at Sechaba I was no longer in a mood to drink and dance. I told them I’ll remain in the car which was parked in some dark spot next to a tree. Nobuhle tried to force me to go with them but I put my head down until she let me remain behind. They closed the car and I checked my phone which had been on silent mode for hours. It had more than 50 missed from JT. The last one was just few minutes

earlier. I called her back but she didn't pick up. I assumed she was probably out clubbing and wanted to know if I was cool. I tried to fall asleep but failed. All of a sudden I started thinking about stupid things. I was thinking of the way JT did me in the garage. I don't know why that session specifically but ja...it dropped in my mind. I found myself greeting my vjayjay with my index. It felt innocent until it became more slippery. Mxm sometimes nature will bore you. The next thing the door opened and Hammer jumped in. You know these modern cars switch on lights when you open the door. I tried to hide what I was doing but the way his pants acted it was quite clear he saw everything. I went "uhm....i was scratching my navel". He laughed and sat on the seat. When the lights went off I was tempted to continue with my little game. I asked him why he came back and he went "to be with you and do this.....". He grabbed my head and moved it closer to his. He

whispered “let me scratch your navel too. We are both drunk, we’ll forget about this in the morning”.

I went “Is this what you and Moses planned? He tried what you are trying to do now. I am drunk but all my senses are still functioning well. You can’t take advantage of me”. I said that trying to hide the fact that my nawa was acting up.

Nigger tried to kiss my lips but I directed his lips to my neck instead. I went “please don’t do this, I know you are screwing Nobuhle and you know very well that we are friends. Please be a good boy and leave me alone”. He continued giving me hate bites on my neck. Niggers who don’t dance or show life when you are out clubbing are pests. They always show some tendencies when you leave the club/pub. He put his finger down there and he was like “you should scratch your navel more often. The way you are wet you can solve the drought problem in KZN. But now the water is all mine to quench my thirst. Don’t

worry about Moses, he likes chocolate box. Nobuhle is not my girl....she friend-zoned me long time ago. I am as single as a moon". He was dropping the seat as he said that. I pushed him and took the Vodka bottle next to the seat and helped it to myself. I didn't even mix it. I was drinking from the bottle like some broke guy from Ga-Sekgopo. I wanted it to knock me out. Hammer took the bottle from me and put it back in the cooler bag. He dropped the seat further and my body lay horizontally. He put the finger in again and fondled the clit. Nigger knelt down, 'shoved' my dress up and the next thing I saw Hammer's hammer-like head hammering between my legs. Nigger went straight to spot. He opened my legs wide and with the tip of his tongue he softly and tenderly tiptoed on my clit. The sensation was so strong I tried to close and open my legs simultaneously. The way I was grabbing the seat if it was a tree I would have deracinated it. When he circled his tongue

around the clit I felt the temperature of my underground rising and lowering in less than 10 seconds. I felt like someone had closed my a\$\$ and the only hole I had was my vjayjay. Sh!t I felt like my clit was tearing apart but in a nice way. My butt lips vibrated and tightened. It's impossible to put it in written words but what I felt can best be described in two words; Heavenly Paradise. I wish men could learn a lesson from Hammer. It took him few minutes to make me come because he only licked the relevant area and he knew how to lick. Don't lick a girl as if Post Office gave you a tender to close envelopes. When the coming sensation took over my body I grappled his head between my legs and raised my middle body up. After a couple of minutes I felt my body going loose.

The next thing I heard a sound of Hammer falling.

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:29] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick-
Makhwapheni Episode 236

September 9, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“Why is marijuana against the law? It grows naturally upon our planet. Doesn't the idea of making nature against the law seem to you a bitunnatural?” – Bill Hicks

That moment when you are enjoying someone and the next thing they just fall nje. At first I thought he just mislanded his knee or something but I realised nigger was on some serious falling business. The way I was still in 'Heavenly Paradise' I couldn't even raise my body to check what the fart was wrong with him. Those spasmic vibrations had drained my kilojoules. My brain was still in another world. I have read a story somewhere that when you are drunk and someone muffs you, they can

actually get wasted. Maybe nigger muffed me so hard he got sloshed. Lol imagine Vodka sponged with vaginal juices!!!! That would be some cocktailor should I say pussytail? I eventually managed to crane myself up to check what was wrong with him. Nigger's eyes were as wide open as that of a cat. He was on the floor on his back with his hammer head suspended on the seat. The way it was so big you would make lot of money by selling it to those Venda ritual sangomas. I looked at him and said "and then wena? What is wrong with you? Are you ok? Zi right izi-head?". He took couple of heavy breaths and went "sesi, xitombo xa wena xa nandzikooooooooo yho yho yho yho yho yho yho yho yho yho yho yho. U ta ni dlayooooooooooooo mananooooooooooooo (your vjayjay is very delicious)". Nigger had his hands on the head as he said that. The way it was so big even his hands were struggling to cover it. He continued

“kasi ma yellow bone mi so? Tjo tjo tjo tjo tjo tjo tjo. You know what? Xishangane hi xilungu”. I knew when he said those stupid things that nigger was sloshed. He was praising my vjayjay before tasting it with his cock. Imagine how he would feel if I gave it to him. Nigger would probably sh!t himself or buy me a herd of cattle. Anything is possible with Tsonga dudes. He turned me off but at the same time found his words very amusing. I couldn't stop laughing. When Tsonga people praise or compliment they sound like they are singing out of tune. Instead of saying thanks you are likely to laugh. If you don't believe me go ride one. Remember things Never-Die said to me the first time I opened my legs for him? At some stage I even expected him to shout “featuring George Maluleke na Vanwati Sisters”.

It was so stuffy in the car so I decided to open the door. I saw Nobuhle and the crew staggering towards the car. Lol it looked like a

scene from some low budget movie on eKasi stories. Nobuhle and Lulu-Lee had shoes in their hands. We drove back to Moses' cousin's place to crash. When we got there people were still drinking. The party was long dead but some people equivalent to Pretoria's nyaope boys were still forging ahead with it. We all crashed on the on the same bed. Lulu-Lee chose to sleep next to Moses....for obvious reasons I guess. We woke up around 10am. We showered and left just after 11. Hammer was giving me one of those shy looks. Mxm that is so primary school. These days you chow a nigger at night and in the morning you act as if nothing happened. Emotional shyness is for sissies and in my world sissies are like adult virgins in Eastern Cape, they don't exist. We passed by some house in Rocklands and Moses bought dagga. I told them I don't smoke such things and Lulu-Lee "wa nyela. O sa tlo iketsa madibetere kofi. Ro tsuba kaofela mo....". He

literally forced me to inhale that thing and I started seeing a herd of cattle in front of me. The drive from Bloem to Johannesburg was very short because we were high and laughing at every little stupid thing. We even laughed when Hammer overtook other cars. I think dagga should be compulsorily prescribed to people who lack sense of humour. You know those people who catch feelings fast mos.... We dropped Moses and Lulu-Lee first in Soweto. Lulu-Lee went "wena wa hlogo e kima o drive' sharp. Oska ja bana ba batho choma". After dropping them we headed straight to Auckland Park to drop Nobuhle. The way she was so tired she didn't even say goodbye. She just took her stuff and voetseked. I told Hammer to drop me at Gautrain station and he went "no ways ximatsatsa xa mina, I am taking you to Pretoria". When we got to the hotel I kissed him on the cheek and bid him goodbye but nigger insisted on walking me to my hotel room. I could see he

had intentions. The first thing I did was to charge my phone. As soon as I switched it on it rang and it was JT calling. Hammer started undressing. JT was speaking so fast and panicky I couldn't even hear what she saying. All I could hear was "o masepeng; run; car what what ntwana". She wasn't making sense at all. While I was trying to digest what she was saying there was a knock on the door. I signalled for Hammer to open the door because I was busy on a call.....

JT sounded drunk. Or maybe she was trying to speak in tongues. These days it's so easy to speak in tongues. You just mix Tsonga and Venda languages and your churchgoers will say you speak in tongues. Getting a white tent and couple of chairs will be a bonus. Hammer spoke to whoever knocked for couple of seconds then closed the door. I asked him who it was and he told me it was some drunk looking girl. Apparently she was looking for her

man. She probably mistook my hotel room for her man's room. Maybe she was a hooker and nigger mistakenly gave her a wrong room number. I was done with JT's call when Hammer closed the door. Nigger didn't waste any time. He went "what we did in Bloemfontein was just a game between Black Leopards and the 2016 version of Kaizer Chiefs. I want to show you what I am made of. I want you to think of me when you are with your man". When he said those things I knew he was going to come quicker than a skinny girl's fart. Niggers who know their thing don't sing about it. They let their resources do the talking for them. I remember some guy who once told me he was the best thing since ice cream but when we got to the bedroom nigger gave me a 2 minutes noodles round and passed out immediately afterwards. I went "I forgot to tell you yesterday because I was drunk. I am an engaged woman and I don't wanna disrespect my man by

sleeping with you". I was looking at his erect
mrengerenge with lustful eyes as I said that.
God was very generous to some people
bathong. Only if he gave him a proper head. It
looked like something you would find at a
construction site. He was like "It's not like you
will tell your husband we did something. If you
don't tell him he will not know what we did. He
is not someone I know, so there is no chance I
will ever tell him. What he doesn't know won't
kill him". Men love saying that only when it's
applicable to other men. If you ask them how
they would feel if their women slept with other
men without them knowing they change
complexion. If wa jela, chances are wa jelwa. If
you sleep with other men's girlfriends and wives
chances are someone is doing the same with
your woman. She blows a nigger and kisses you
the very same night.... Ke life boss.

To be honest what he did to me in Bloemfontein
scored him some points and it was difficult to

say no to him. I just didn't want him to think he could have it effortlessly whenever he felt like. I wanted him to sweat for it. I voluntarily took off my clothes and headed to the shower. Nigger followed me in there. I baptised myself under cold water and nigger held me from behind. The space wasn't huge enough for both of us but luckily he wasn't big. From behind he started stroking my chest veggies and it felt good. With water running down I asked "do you have a rubber?". There was no way I was going to do anything with him without protection. When sober I was always safe....well, not always safe but I tried to play safe sometimes. You can't toy with health under the influence of water. He ran to where he left his pants and came back quickly. He was like "your phone is ringing but you don't have to worry about it now. Let's make this our moment. You'll take the call after this". I could feel his mrengerenge on my back as he continued fondling my watery melons. His

hands drove downwards in an exotic convertible until it reached the strategic area below my navel. I was completely wet and when his finger landed on my pleasure button I screamed “meeeeaaaawwww babeeee you are so good”. The sound of shower water raining down on my body made me feel more heavenly. His tongue was busy on my neck and ears while whispering something that sounded like nothing to me. Like his tongue, his finger concentrated on the right area only and I found myself stretching in that almost small shower cubicle. I stretched and bent backwards to show him I wanted something solid between my thighs. Nigger pushed me forward a bit and summarily lifted my torso and before I released another scream I felt his very solid cucumber aggressively hammering my wet fountain. It was like the nigger was reading my mind. The way I was so wet I didn't want the Days of our Lives crap. I wanted him to go all gangster on

me. I wanted him to rock me like he got a 13th cheque from doing it. It requires a guy with a generous size and starving belly to reach the right places when you are doing it inside a shower cubicle because you are 89% standing up, especially someone like me with a butt to die for. Niggers with dicklets will only tickle your ass-bums with their 'toes' and leave you longing for more. That is what I call witchcraft without the use of muti. Nigger hit me so hard and good I found myself trying to grab nothing on the smooth shower wall. When I tried to scream water invaded my mouth and I went "phrrr phrrrr phrrrr phrrrr phrrrrrrr bbbhhh aaaffff aaaffff vbooooooo". I know it doesn't make sense but when you are in that situation it's a language only your vjayjay will understand. It's the 12th unofficial language. When the coming sensation came I literally went down on my knees until his cock got ejected. My hands were on the floor with 99% of my body parts literally

shut down. Jeeeerrrrrr he grabbed my butt and squeezed it and I spoke the language that I have never spoken or heard before.

He went “fire fire fire fire” and I whispered “I receive papa”. When the sensation placated nigger left me in the shower and went to the bedroom. I tried to stand up but my whole body was still weak. I felt hungry but I didn’t have any appetite for food. All girls who have received it well from a good nigger know the feeling I am talking about. You get feelings that contradict one another at the same time. While I was in there Hammer came back with my phone and went “your phone is still ringing and it’s the same guy who was calling earlier. I think it’s an emergency. Maybe you should take it”. I wiped my eyes and gathered some strength to hold my phone. I went “hello” with a whisper without even checking the caller’s name. I heard “babe, it’s me. I have been trying to call you with no success for hours and I was getting worried

now. I even checked with my tracker and it directed me to the location where my car is. I drove from Venda to here. Which room number are you at? I am at the reception. Oh and...what are you doing at a hotel?". I don't know if it was panic or shock but I couldn't lie, I told him my room number without properly applying my mind or thinking of a good lie to tell him. He told me he was on his way up. Immediately after the call I told Hammer to bloody get dressed and leave. It took him less than 10 seconds to get dressed and leave my hotel room. I was glad we did everything in the shower because all evidence was washed by water. The bed was in an undisturbed fashion. I looked around for physical evidence but saw none. When I heard a knock I knew it was the Venda Prince. I opened and he got in. With a crying voice he went "I was damn worried something bad had happened to you my love. What are you doing here?". I told him my mom and I had a fight and I had no

choice but to book in. By the way, I was still naked with only the towel covering a little part of my gorgeous body.

All of a sudden he angrily asked “WHAT IS THIS SHARON?”. I looked at what he was pointing at and saw

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:29] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 237

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“Always sleep with one eye open. Never take anything for granted. Your best friends might be your enemies” – Sara Shepard

Like I said before, Tshengi’s mood was like a chameleon. It had a tendency of changing in a space of few seconds. When he entered my hotel room he appeared like someone who was

worried and concerned about me. His sudden change of mood scared the hell out of me. Especially after seeing what he saw on the floor. I asked myself how I missed to see that when I did a quick check to see if Hammer left any evidence. Maybe it was because Hammer's drivers licence card looked like the colour of the socks it was on. When a man suspects something his eyes will never rest until they see what they want to see. I grabbed the licence card on the floor and the first thing I saw was Hammer's head looking like it needed more space on the card. Tshengi went "please explain this before I do what I did to my late wife? You better explain this before I lose it Sharon. What is a licence card of another man doing in my future wife's hotel room? Where you riding another man in here? Tell me the truth and don't dare lie to me because I will do to you what I did to my wife. This is not a joke". His complexion was changing to navy black as

he said that. His ears and nose were vibrating. He started walking around the room looking for more evidence before I could even answer his hundred questions. That was his biggest mistake. He didn't know by walking around the room he was giving me a chance to come up with a lie. When he found nothing more in the room he came back and looked me straight in the eyes and demanded answers. I coughed twice and looked at him straight in the eyes. I went "babe, when will you start trusting me? I hate the fact that you still don't trust me after the talk we had in Polokwane before I went home. I don't know what to do anymore to win your trust. My mom and I fought and I was not in a state to drive. I was heartbroken and hurt. Had I tried to drive I was gonna be involved in a car accident. Some guy in that complex offered to drive me. This is his licence. He probably dropped it here accidentally. He didn't even stay here for more than 2 minutes. Do you really

think I would cheat on a man who gave me a BMW? Mxm you need to learn to trust me if you want me to trust you. People who have trust issues are the ones doing bad things”.

Before he could say anything I let my towel loose. The naked me stood right in front of him. I moved a bit back to give his eyes a proper view of my body and let him salivate over me. He went “I was not accusing you of anything babe. I just wanted to know how the licence card got to your hotel room. Any man in love would ask the same question. Imagine if it was a licence card of a woman in my hotel room. You would probably react the very same way I reacted. I am sorry if I sounded rude to you. You should call the guy to come fetch his licence. I want to personally thank him for driving you here”. Fu#k I didn't expect that one. I knew if I told him I didn't have the guy's number he was gonna want us to drive to the guy's complex to drop it. I had to think quicker than a cornered

snake. I decided to change the subject and talk about something else. I was brushing my boobies as I said that. I said “babe, what did you do to your late wife? You said something about you doing something to her. What did you do to her? Is there something I should be worried about?”. Instead of answering my question he grabbed my body and started feeding his lips on my skin. I was not in a mood for what he was initiating but I had no choice but to entertain him. He whispered “don’t stress about what happened to her. I will tell you one day. I missed you so much my love. We should do this before we drive back to Polokwane”. He was gently pushing me to the bed as he said that. I went “babe, can’t we do it in Polokwane. This bed is not suitable for people in love? I want to scream without worrying about people hearing my voice. Let’s rather postpone this for few hours and we’ll do it when we get to our own house. I know I can be noisy when I feel good”. The

more I said that was the more nigger got determined to ride me. I could see there was nothing I could do to stop him. I had no choice but to let him have his way. I wonder how hookers feel sleeping with a man few minutes after sleeping with another nigger. I kinda felt dirty.

I lay on the bed and waited for him to naked his body. I went "hope you have a condom this time because I am not going to do anything with you without protection. We had this talk before and I don't think we should have it again". That was me trying to eliminate any chance of engaging in bedroom politics. He went "you are my future wife, not just a chick I'm gonna chow and forget about. Yes I do have a rubber but that is not the case. I wanna make you enjoy this. And this is how we gonna do it everyday when you move in fulltime with me". I was getting bored with his words. The temperature of my underground was still high from the session I had with

Hammer. I just wanted Tshengi in and out without any drama to me. Instead of joining me on the bed to shag me he made me stand up. He squeezed my behind and started kissing my neck. He kissed my ears and the back of my neck. All the time his Venda tool was busy stroking my belly. If I was into Bible stuff I'd say Judas Iscariot betrayed Jesus Christ twice and I got another long weekend. While I was still standing nigger kissed me while going down. He stretched my legs and kissed the area right below my navel. I kinda felt guilty he was going to eat where another man shagged less than 20 minutes ago but it was so nice to tell him to stop. You can call me a dog if you want...it's ok. I'll be a dog with a smile between my legs. You can choose to be a saint with a dry vjayjay if you want, I chose the opposite. Only God can judge me, not another hoe who has not experienced the big O since she started shagging. He kissed my groins while his hands did magic on my

loins. For a moment he made me forget about the record breaking performance I received from Hammer. It was like nigger was trying to break the record. When he directed his tongue to the already excited clitie I literally lost my balance and fell onto the bed. I expected him to give my vjayjay a chance to breath but nigger did the opposite. His predator tongue followed my assets like a hungry lion gunning for a zebra. Couple of sweet licks on the clitie I did something I thought I would never do. I squirted. Not only that, I found my legs vibrating uncontrollably. If I was government that weekend would be a permanent holiweekend called Venture Weekend (Venda-Tshangaan). Some women don't experience what I experienced twice in less than an hour in their entire dating life. The goddess of bedroom matters was on my side.

I think the squirting made him stop with the tongue. He sneezed twice and cleared his

throat. He stood up and put on a CD. After that he took my legs and suspended them on his shoulders. I expected him to go all deep on me but nigger started by using his mrengerenge to fondle my clitie with. That was no longer a foreplay, it was Shaz-abuse. All I wanted at that stage was him inside me to continue with what Hammer started. I grabbed his manhood with my hand and put it in my wet underground. The waiting was assassinating me. He went in and out and within few minutes I felt as if it was about to pop out of my mouth. Like the guy before him, he went all gangster on me. Nigger was rocking it like I stole his father's tongolifa. I don't know what tongolifa is in English. He wanted me to turn around and give it to him from behind but I told him to continue with the style he was doing. When his time to come came his come came like water in a non-perennial stream after a sudden heavy rain. He was wearing a condom but I could feel it. I even

thought it was going to break the rubber. Venda avocados are not good I'm telling you. He lay on the bed next to me with sweat all over his body. My vjayjay was so hot it could provide a good platform for a braai. I went "I love you" and he said "I love you too". While lying there, I heard a knock on the door. I wanted to go open but hubby told me to relax. He wrapped himself with a towel and went to the door. He spoke for about a minute with whoever was at the door and then came back. I asked him who it was and he said nobody. His facial expression didn't say much. He told me to pack my things because we were heading to his house in Polokwane. I wanted to take a bath but he told me it wasn't necessary because I wasn't going to use public transport. We used the beemer and he left his other car in Pretoria. We didn't talk much in the car. I assumed it was because we were tired. When we got to his place he locked gates and doors. He asked me to follow

him to the main bedroom. When we got there he took out his tablet and showed me a picture of his late wife.

He went “do you wanna know what happened to her?”

WFT....

THE END

[12/03, 17:30] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick-
Makhwapheni Episode 238

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“It is fine to commiserate with a man about his bad experience with a previous partner, but the instant he uses her as an excuse to mistreat you, stop believing anything he tells you about that relationship and instead recognize it as a sign that he has problems with relating to women” – Lundy Bancroft

Ever been in a situation whereby your man

looks at you like you are Nkabinde of Isibaya's twin sister? That's the look Tshengi gave me that day as he showed me the picture of his wife. It was like he was looking at a desperate witch. I was trying to get used to his chameleon tendency of sudden changes but I was failing because he was like a gay chameleon. His changes were very unpredictable. At least a chameleon turns light green before turning full blown green. I returned the favour by giving him a Mkabayi look. He closed his tablet and went "I asked you a question and you are not responding? Do you wanna know what happened to my late wife?". I moved back and went "Tshengi, I don't know how you do things in Venda but where I come from if you move on you must leave your past behind. Why did you propose if you gonna keep talking about your late wife? To be honest, I am not fine with it. If you are not over her let me go. We will talk when you are ready to move on. Do you want

me to talk about my exes? I can do that you know? But I decide not to because I have opened a new page and I don't think it will be unfair to you if I keep opening the pages I closed. I don't want to know what happened to your wife. In fact, I demand that you take all her belongings and go store them in Venda. I cannot be in a house which is full of another woman's things. I know the hoe is no more but I will never feel like a queen in this castle when she is still in here via her stuff. Take them to Venda or buy me another house". Ever said something but regretted it immediately afterwards? I felt like I crossed the boundary. I meant everything I said but I felt like I was a bit insensitive. It's unAfrican to speak like that of people who are no longer with us. I could see by the way he looked at me that I pressed a wrong button. But sometimes men need to be told the truth. You can't claim to love me but still go on and on about your late or ex-partner. It's just not

on nje.

He put his tablet on the bed and went “come here? I wanna tell you something”. I remained motionless until he walked to where I was standing. He whispered “what did you just say about my wife?”. He said that as if she was still alive. I remained motionless and the next thing nigger hit me hard on my belly. No he didn’t hit me, he punched me so hard I almost thought I fell pregnant. I fell on the floor and he started kicking me on my bum. At first I acted all stubborn and kept quiet while he was being a Lionel Messi on my body with his big Venda feet. I used my arms to cover my head. I saw many things in him but a woman beater was not one of them. Like they always say, abusive men don’t come with stickers on their face. The very same guy everyone respects in the community is the one who turns into a monster when he gets home. I knew he had a volatile personality but I didn’t expect him to beat me the way he

did that day. What I said about his late wife was a bit insensitive but it didn't give him a right to turn me into a soccer ball. He went "why aren't you crying? Huh? Why aren't you crying? I will beat you until you cry today. I see this is the only language you understand". Sometimes I don't understand men. He will pledge his unconditional love to you but still have the guts to cause physical pain to you. It was only when he grabbed my ears that I started screaming. He went "why are you screaming? Shut the hell up or I'll kill you and chop your body into pieces and bury them behind my house". I couldn't stop crying. The pain was unbearable. I went "Tshengi, I am sorry for what I said about your wife. I didn't mean to make you angry. I said it because I love you you you you you you. Please don't kill me. Forgive me if I hurt you". To show he was an experienced woman beater he never kicked or hit my face. He only hit the hidden areas. With my arms still covering my face, I

took a stolen look at him and saw a monster. There were tears in his red eyes and his lips were shaking. He gave me another kick on my belly and went to sit on the bed.

I lay on the floor motionless while he was on the bed with hands covering his face. The pain was excruciating. But it was the emotional pain that cut deeper. I kept asking myself why I deserved such. I asked myself why I let my heart allow such man to put a ring on my finger. I felt like one of my ribs was about to pop out. Tshengi went "Sharon, why did you lie to me? You slept with that guy at the hotel and you manufactured a very good story and expected me to believe you. When you look at me, do you see a high school kid? The guy who left his licence at the hotel room slept with you. The way you are so loose you slept with me knowing you just slept with another guy. I could smell you all over him when he came to fetch his licence at the hotel. I am a jealous man and I

don't share my woman. Why did you sleep with me after riding another man? Is that your way of disrespecting me?". His voice was interrupted by heavy sobs. He continued "please tell me the truth I won't kill you. If you dare lie to me I'm gonna be a widower for the second time and I don't mind". If there is something I learnt about life is that many people who confess end up dead or very injured. He was not sure of his allegations and he wanted me to confirm them. At the very same time I was scared of telling him lies in case he had evidence stashed somewhere. Men like Tshengi are full of surprises. I could hear his footsteps as he stood up from the bed and walked towards me. You can try to act all brave the first time but the second time it's not easy to arrest the tears. I knew he was gonna kick me again. But confessing was not on the agenda. Confessing to your man about sleeping with another man is like telling your teacher you cheated in an exam that you didn't pass. I

decided to use a tactic that saved me several times. I started crying uncontrollably. Instead of answering his questions I cried and went “finish me off.....I want to die. Kill me and feed me to the tokoloshis in Venda. I don't care anymore”. To be honest I was sh!t scared but I didn't wanna answer the question.

He grabbed me from the floor and threw me to the bed. I thought he was going to finish me off. He took my bag and left the bedroom. He locked me inside the bedroom and the next thing I heard his car leaving. I was left in there without food, water and my phone. My whole body was sore and I didn't even have pain killers because he had taken my bag. I lay on the bed and started crying. I passed out on the bed crying. I had a weird dream. In my dream a woman wearing Venda attire was standing next to me at church praying so hard I almost thought she wanted to make God to go deaf. The shocking part about that woman was the

bruises all over her neck like someone was strangling her. While she was praying a male figure appeared from behind. I couldn't see the face of the guy but only the chest and arms. The praying woman disappeared and I was left there with that male figure. I greeted the male figure with my right hand. When the male figure extended his hand to greet back I saw thorns in his hand. Dreams are funny, instead of protecting my hand I greeted him and the next thing my hand was covered with blood. The woman in Venda attire appeared again but only I could see her. She was shaking her head as if she was disapproving something. Before I could figure out something.....the church door opened. That was the end of my dream. I woke up and checked my hands which were not covered in blood. Mxm some dreams are very scary. I tried to wake up and walked to the window. It was dark outside, meaning I had slept for hours. I was thirsty and hungry. My body was still in

pain. I went to the door and it was still locked. Luckily the bedroom had a bathroom. I quenched my thirst with the water from the bathroom. When I walked back to the bedroom Tshengi was there standing like Paul Kruger statue in Church Square. He went "I am sorry for what happened earlier. I overreacted". I ignored him and lay on the bed and covered my head with a pillow. He was like "I listened to what you said earlier. I spoke to the estate agent and I wanna buy you your own house. You can have the BMW.....unless if you want me to buy you a new car". I remained silent. He continued "I bought you food and painkillers babe. I am not normally like this. It's just that when I am in love I don't wanna share. I have spoken to my folks and they will be visiting your family to pay lobola within the next 10 days. I won't pay less than R100 000. That is how much I love you". I remained silent again. I heard his footsteps walking to the bathroom.

He came back after few minutes and joined me on the bed. I didn't look at him but I could tell he was naked because his mrengerenge was thumping my sore body.

He went "let's make a baby.....right now".

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:31] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 239

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

"Love lifts you up. Love is giving and kindness. Love is encouraging. Love is healing. If these things do not surround you, you are in the wrong relationship" – Elizabeth Bourgeret

Women abuse is not a child's play. Men always come up with excuses why they do it and all of them don't make sense. The most stupid being I beat her because I love her. Apparently more

than 70% of women keep it to themselves to protect the very same guys who abuse them. The worst part is that even prominent people who everyone in the community respects and admires dearly do engage in women abuse. Even some of the people we see on TV everyday are monsters when they get to their places. In front of our eyes they act all godly but when they get to their places they turn into Mayweathers of this world. When Tshengi said he wanted a baby with me I knew exactly what he meant. He wanted to sleep with me. I am talking about a man who was the reason my ribs were sore. That is how selfish abusive men can be. How do you expect someone you kicked like a soccer ball open her legs and leg you in? That is mutiless witchcraft. When women talk about these kinda things in taxis and trains you will think they are exaggerating until you experience them yourself. Yes I wasn't innocent at all but that didn't give him a right to

kick me like I didn't have blood. When men cheat no one beats them and excuses are manufactured to justify their cheating but when we cheat we are subjected to severe physical and emotional abuse. We live in a very unequal and unfair world. He continued "I am sorry babe. I want you to understand that I am not like this. I know I have a short temper but getting physical is not me. Maybe I was possessed because of the love I have for you". I find it funny when men use love to justify their abuse. It was not the first time he abused me. His abusive tactics were different but everytime he did it he would do something nice afterwards. I could see all signs and I knew I had to leave but I didn't know how to. As I lay there looking the other side with tears teeming in my eyes, my mind was busy cooking a plan to leave him for good. I knew by staying I was gonna leave that house in a condition that would make my mom cry.

I felt his hand going thru my cold body. I was sweating but my body was cold. I remained motionless as he unbuttoned my top and brushed my boobs. Part of me hoped he would see what he was doing was wrong and stop. He played with my nipples as if they were keys on some old piano. I felt his breathes getting denser and denser the more he touched my body. He was saying all sort of things as he said did what he was doing. He was going "I have never loved anyone like the way I love you. I wouldn't have proposed so early if I didn't feel anything for you. I can take you anywhere in the world for shopping. For as long as you are my wife you will never sleep hungry. I am not Meneer Magongwa, I will take care of you. I am sorry I mentioned my late wife earlier and I promise I will never do it again. You make me happy and that it the reason I don't ever wanna share you. We will have beautiful kids and live happily ever after. Please believe every word I

am saying because my ancestors would punish me if I ever lied to a beautiful lady like you". His sweet words were like needles in my ears.

There was nothing he could do there that would make me feel better. I was in emotional and physical pain and he was attempting to use his financial powers to remedy my pains. You can be a lover of things but no girl wants to enjoy her man's money with pains all over her body. It defeats the purpose. He wanted to take off my top completely but it was impossible because I remained motionless. He gave up and went to the downstairs of my body. He put his hand in my undie and fondled my underground structures. It was so dry you would swear someone powdered it with expired Cremora. I remained motionless as he did all that. He wrestled with my pants until he took them off to my knees. I was not cooperating at all. I didn't even look at him. From behind I felt his manhood googling the area between my

as\$hole and the vjayjay with his cock. It was quite clear he was searching for the relevant hole. When the vjayjay is dry it's not easy to insert the willy in there, especially if the guy is from the northern part of Limpopo.

When all his efforts to locate the hole failed he tried to stretch my thighs a bit. Nigger used his saliva to try to impose wetness on my traumatised nanana. At first he struggled to put it in but after few attempts it went in. Naturally, God gave me a very user-friendly vjayvjay which cooperated with cocks of different forms and sizes without or with minimum pain. But that night the pain was unbearable. I felt as if he was f#cking my heart and brain. It was the first time since the Mozambique ordeal that I felt that way. I did not make any voluntary movement throughout the entire action. Even when he came I didn't move. He grabbed my painful ribs and started saying things in Venda and the next thing I felt some liquid secreted

into my honeypot. His hands arms went loose and he went “babe, I love you. I mean it”. He withdrew his cock and went back to the bathroom. The pillow I rested my head on was soaking wet with tears. I wasn’t sobbing or crying loudly but tears were uncontrollably running down my face. When he came back from the bathroom he asked if I wanted water and I kept quiet. He went “I love you babe. That’s something you should bear in your mind. I will prove my real love to you as time goes on. I have a feeling we gonna have twins. One will have a Venda name and the other one will have a Pedi name like Mokgadi”. He said whole lot of things until he passed out next to me. While he was snoring I was deep in thoughts. One part of me was sad, hurt and violated. The other part blamed me. It made me believe Tshengi was acting out of anger because of what he saw at the hotel. Maybe he was dealing with the anger of thinking another man slept with his woman

at a hotel. Because of the pain all over my body and endless thought my brain didn't let my eyes sleep that night. I lay awake the entire night. In the morning Tshengi brought me breakfast in bed which I didn't eat. I was hungry but I didn't have appetite. He went "babe, I was angry at you last night but I am cool now. Let's just forget about what happened last night and move on. Can we?"

He left the food on my bed and went to take a shower. After bathing he put on a suit and told me he was going to a meeting. He kissed me on the forehead and left. The way he looked so handsome in that suit no one would suspect he's the woman beater. They would probably see him as some sort of a role model. As soon as I heard his car leaving I tried to get off the bed but my legs and body were still in pain. My face was still in one piece and without any bruise. The same applied for my neck and arms. He only kicked me on the areas which were

likely to be hidden from the public. I forced myself to walk to the bathroom to brush my teeth. After that I had no choice but to force myself to eat his breakfast because I was starving. I didn't want anything from him but I could feel my body needed energy. When I was done eating I checked all over the house to see if he put my phone somewhere. It was nowhere to be seen. He literally cut me out from the outside world. All doors leading to the outside were locked. There was a note in the kitchen written "I Love You Sharon Letsoalo". It made me smile a bit but frowned when I thought of how he beat me up and forced himself on me. I went back to the bathroom to take a shower. My yellow body was like a map. It has red bruises all over from his kicking. I knelt down in the shower with water raining on me and said this prayer "Lord, please guide me. You are the only one who can take me out of this misery. Please show me the way. In the name of Jesus

of Nazareth, Amen". After couple of hours I heard the gate opening and I knew the monster was coming back. I went back to bed and pretended to be sleeping. He came to sit on the bed next to me and went "how are you doing princess? I see you had breakfast and took those painkillers. I am sorry about last night. It won't happen again. I have booked an appointment with a relationship counsellor. We will go there on Friday. I just want to show you I am serious about us". I opened my eyes and said nothing. He showed me pictures of 3 beautiful houses and asked me to choose the one I like. To be honest, the way they were so beautiful they made my pains go away for couple of minutes. I spoke for the first time in hours. I went "this one is more beautiful". His phone rang and he left the bedroom to go talk in private. I was left with his tablet looking at the house pictures. An email came thru and curiosity got to me. I clicked on the email. The

first part read:

“Chief, we need those body parts urgently...”

WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:31] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 240

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave
a comment](#)

“Love is a verb, not a noun. It is active. Love is not just feelings of passion and romance. It is behaviour. If a man lies to you, he is behaving badly and unlovingly toward you. He is disrespecting you and your relationship. The words “I love you” are not enough to make up for that. Don’t kid yourself that they are” –
Susan Forward

My mom once told me that if you want your relationship to last longer you must stay away from his phone. Well, it makes sense but at the

very same time it defeats the purpose of being in a relationship. I understand when you are still dating but when you are married you should feel comfortable leaving your phones lying around without passwords. Why engage or marry if you gonna keep some secrets from your partner? Under normal circumstances partners shouldn't hide things from each other. Only people who cheat will disagree with me on this one.

Ephesians 5:31 says "therefore a man shall leave his father and mother and hold fast to his wife, and the two shall become one flesh". How are you one flesh when you can't share a simple thing like phone? I didn't even wanna read further on that email. When I saw body parts I thought of the stories I read in the Daily Sun about ritual killings. I deleted the email and deleted it again the recycle bin. Tshengi came back after 3 minutes or so. He asked me to give him his tablet. I gave it to him and he went straight to emails. With a terrified voice I went

“please don’t kill me. I know what you want to do with me. Please let me go. My mom and brother still need me”. He looked confused like he didn’t know what I was on about it. Before he could say something his phone rang again. That time around he answered it in front of me. He argued with someone who claimed to have sent an email and Tshengi was mad because there was no email in his inbox. He hung up on the guy. I could see he was pissed because he kept saying “nxa nxa nxa nxa nxa nxa”. His tablet beeped and he checked. I think the guy forwarded the same email because Tshengi looked surprised. He was like “something is not right here. Babe, did you see an email while I was busy on a call in the other room?”. I shook my head. He called the guy and apologised for the misunderstanding. He went “please be patient my guy. We are waiting for those parts from China. They will probably reach South Africa in the next two days. I am very sorry for

the inconvenience. I will make it up to you”

I gave a sigh of relief when I heard him talking about China and what-what. I was many things but none of my body parts were fong kong.

They were probably talking about body parts of something else. It dawned on me at that moment that I was engaged to a man but I didn't know exactly what he did for a living. I knew he was into business but I didn't know the kind of business he was into. When he was done with his call he turned to me and asked what I was on about. I couldn't tell him I misunderstood the body parts part. So I made up a story. I went “after what you did yesterday I am scared of you. I thought you wanted to beat me again. I am scared of you”. He sat on the bed next to me and went “it's all my fault that you feel that way about me. I will never beat you again, I promise. If I ever raise my hand on you I give you a right to leave me for good. You can take the BMW with you”. He sounded so real

and sweet. I told myself at that stage that maybe if I stopped cheating he would stop beating me up. I went "Please promise me you won't beat me again". He held my hand and promised he will never ever beat me again. We closed our eyes and prayed together. When I was young I used to think God didn't understand Tshivenda lol. After praying he went to the kitchen to cook for us. I went "babe, please bring me my phone". He angrily asked "for what know because you are in bed. Is there someone in particular you want to call?". He came to the bedroom and handed me his phone to make a call. I told him the phone number I wanted was in my phone. Nigger had my phone in his pocket. I thanked him for giving me my phone and he said "sure". I expected him to leave me alone in the bedroom but nigger sat on the bed. I told him I wanted to call my mom to talk about private stuff and he went "you will talk private stuff when you are alone. Do you

want to call the guy you were with at the hotel? Bring back the phone before I lose my temper again. I see you want me to do something I am not intending to do”.

I had no choice but to call my mom. She asked where I was and I told her Limpopo. She went “your phone was off the entire weekend. Your uncle Marcus wanted to see you. He is back at his place and wants someone he loves to take care of him. He doesn’t get along well with his relatives so he suggested that you come back to Pretoria to make sure he’s taken good care of”. Tshengi grabbed the phone from me and put it on loudspeaker. He handed it back to me afterwards. I told my mom I couldn’t go back to Pretoria because I had plans already. She went on and on about how ungrateful I was blah blah blah and I hung up. Tshengi went “bring back the phone. You can lock it if you want. I see it is distracting your duties as my woman. I will give it back to you when I am in a position

to trust you again. I didn't buy this phone for you to prostitute around with it. Go take a bath and join me in the dining room when you are done". The way he had messed up my beautiful skin he didn't even see I had showered already. There was a huge mirror in the bathroom. I looked at my body again and almost cried. I washed my face and wore his shirt and boyleg. It was a bit hot so I didn't wanna put on jeans. My thighs had bruises, I wanted him to feel guilty. When I got to the dining room he was setting up the table. He looked at me and went "mmmmmm you have my shirt on. You are looking gorgeous babe. You should look like this more often, especially now that we are trying for a son.....the heir to my wealth". He was saying right things only. I showed him the bruises on my thighs and he went "those things will disappear soon. It's not like they are permanent. Do you wanna go to a doctor? What will you say to him?". He missed an opportunity

to make me feel better right there. All I wanted to hear was him telling me how sorry he was for causing those bruises. His kitchen skills were very impressive. Everything I saw on that table looked very mouth-watering. He pulled the chair for me and served me his kitchen skills. He tried to make some unfunny jokes and I pretended to find them funny. His jokes were not funny but I enjoyed his food.

After eating he held my hand and led me to the bedroom. To be honest, I was having mixed emotions about Tshengi and our relationship at that stage. Part of me was happy I had a man who had enough money to take care of me but another part was terrified of his abusive side. What consoled me was the fact that he knew he had a problem and wanted us to go see a professional about it. When we got to the bedroom he wanted to kiss me but I told him I wasn't in a mood. He went "I understand babe. Let's just lie in bed and fantasise about our

future". I decided to use the chance to ask couple of questions about him. The first question was how he made his money. He told me his family had farms and he also made money through tenders. I asked him what he was buying from China and he went "I am also involved in import and export business. There are other business interests that you will know as time goes on, especially after paying lobola". He asked me about my family and I told him everything he wanted to know except for the fact that my mom had a thing for vibrators. He asked who my mom was talking about on the phone and I explained everything he wanted to know about Marcus. For the first time since I met the guy I felt like I was in a real relationship. I made a mistake by asking him about his late wife. He got off the bed and went "ag maan, aren't you the one who said we must not talk about her. Nxa if you are out of questions just shut up". That was the last word I heard from

him until the following morning when he started touching me. I told him my body was still sore and he went "you are making me starve. Let's go bath. We have a meeting with the estate agent at the house you want. He said we must meet him at 11am". I wanted my phone but I was scared to ask. He said I should go shower first because he wanted to do some transactions on his laptop for couple of minutes. I took a quick shower and got dressed. I asked him if he was done with his business transactions and he said yes. Nigger didn't want to take a shower. Lol he was confirming something I heard about Venda guys. I forced him to shower. He took a shower the Venda way, 4 minutes he was done. When he was done we drove to Thornhill Estate. The estate agent was waiting at the entrance when we got there. He was a cute guy with a beautiful smile. We exchanged greetings and he led us inside the complex. Jerrrrrr who needs Sandton when

you have Polokwane bathong? Some houses are so beautiful. I felt like I was in Joburg northern suburbs. The house I saw on the picture was even more beautiful when I saw it live. Walking inside it made me forget all the bad things Tshengi did to me and saw him in a different light. Within 30 seconds I went “babe, we are taking this one. You don’t have to pay lobola or anything....let’s get married and live in this house. I’ll make you many beautiful babies”. I couldn’t help it but think I was the luckiest girl on earth. I know girls who have been dating their boyfriends since when Mbeki was still the president and they are still mere girlfriends. The only difference is they are baby mamas now. I met Tshengi and within a short period of time he proposed and gave me things other girls could only see on TV. I felt guilty for cheating on him and kinda blamed myself for the beating I suffered from him. Tshengi’s phone rang and he went outside to answer. The estate agent

went “this house has your beauty all over it. You hubby better buy it for you”. We exchanged jokes and started laughing. When Tshengi came back we were still laughing. The agent went “Sir, you have a very funny and beautiful wife. You are a lucky man”. Tshengi’s face turned navy black. He went “I DON’T WANT THIS STUPID HOUSE ANYMORE”. He grabbed my hand and led me to the car. He drove like a maniac saying all sorts of things in Tshivenda. When we got to the first robot I asked him what went wrong. Instead of answering my question he slapped me on the face so hard I saw stars.

Before I could react he grabbed a Heineken bottle between the seats and

Boooommmmm...

THE END

[12/03, 17:32] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 241

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“Don’t let the rain drive you to the wrong shelter; the shade can turn out to be your protector and also your destroyer, and sometimes the rain is the perfect protector from the rain” – Michael Bassey Johnson

There comes a stage in life where you have to tell yourself that some things are not worth keeping. People have different personalities and some of those personalities can lead you to red pastures. What I hated most about me was my habit of always blaming myself for the way people treated me. Zee used to grill me about it but I never listened. We sometimes stick in situations hoping they will get better in time. The more they get worse is the more we believe they will change. I hated that about me and wished I could do something to change it. Tshengi was an opposite of an ideal man I dreamed off. Well, I loved the fact that he was

rich and all that but the abusive part freaked me out. It was like he was blaming me for something that happened in his past. When he grabbed the bottle I closed my eyes and screamed so hard my mom probably heard me from wherever she was. Well, if she wasn't busy with her new Denzel. The next thing I heard cars behind us hooting. I opened one eye and noticed the robot was green and other motorists were signalling for Tshengi to proceed. Instead of driving nigger got out of the car and went to the car behind us with the bottle still in his hand. I was glad my life was safe but was worried what he was going to do to the other driver. I didn't know what to do. I was still recovering from the slap and my mind was still in sixes and tens. The first thought was to jump onto the driver's seat and drive away. My good heart dismissed it. I got out of the car and ran behind him. The hooting of cars was increasing. The driver in the car behind us

got out of the car to meet Tshengi half way. I don't understand men. When we woman are angry we give one another silent treatment which might go for years. Men always feel the need to go Baby Jake Matlala on one another. Luckily the passenger from the guy's car got out and prevented the guy from fighting with Tshengi. Tshengi on the other side was busy insulting the guy telling him he'll kill him and sell his body parts to sangomas. It was both embarrassing and distasteful to see such behaviour from a grown as\$ man. The other guy went "ye wena sfebe sa yellow bone, tell your dark man I will castrate him". I went "sfebe sa yellow bone ke mmao". I didn't understand why I had to be insulted.

Tshengi went "let's go back to the car before I kill someone nxa". I was shaking with fear and embarrassment. When we got in the car he went "I don't wanna talk about it". We drove to his place in silence. He packed his car, locked

the gates and went to his bedroom. I sat on the couch not knowing what to do next. The only thing I knew was that I didn't want to be in that house. I wanted to leave but the house was locked. I couldn't call anyone because Tshengi had my phone with him. I felt like I was in a hostage situation. I sat alone on the couch for hours in deep in thoughts. "Why didn't you switch on the lights? It's not right to sit in this kind of darkness". His voice gave me a fright. He switched on the lights and the TV. My eyes were chock-a-block with tears. He wanted to sit next to me but I stood up to show I didn't want anything to do with him. He went "it's ok, you can sit. I will sit on the other side". We sat in silence for over 10 minutes. He went "I will give you money to go home tomorrow. I am in a very bad space and I don't think you should be around me when I am in this state. I am sorry for what happened during the day and I wish I could do something to reverse it. I will cancel

the relationship counselling appointment for now. We will reschedule if you still wanna be with me. I will instead book a shrink to deal my anger issues. You are still young and you don't deserve this. Go home to your folks tomorrow and rest your mind". One thing I got to learn about Tshengi was his inability to hide his inner feelings. When he was angry it was easy to see it. The same happened when he was sad. His sad face could make a hardened criminal cry. He said "please eat before you sleep. I'll see you in the morning. You can use the main bedroom. I will sleep in the other bedroom". With those words he left me sitting on the couch and went to the other bedroom. I wiped my tears and said a prayer "God, please help him to deal with whatever is turning him into a monster. There is a good man in him but the devil is clouding it. In the name of Jesus, Amen". Prayer was gradually becoming my emotional and spiritual refuge.

I passed out on the couch. In the morning I had a throw covering me to keep me warm. Tshengi was playing Elton John's 'Sorry Seems to be the Hardest Word' when I opened my eyes. I knew the song because my dad used to play it whenever he fought with my mom. I don't know if he played the song for a reason or just randomly but nigger was singing the hell out of it. I greeted him and he greeted back. He went "go take a bath. I'll drop you at the taxi rank. I am going to fetch the other car in Pretoria. I understand I am the last guy you want to be with right now. Before we leave, I just want you to know I love you. I will fix myself and be the best man ever. Please be patient with me". I said nothing but nodded. I took a bath and packed the little things I had there. When I was done we got in the car and drove to the taxi rank. On our way there he was on a call with someone. Before I got off he went "I have to back to my place. The guy I was supposed to

drive with to Pretoria just dropped me. I need a second driver to drive the car in Pretoria". I did some mathematics in my head and went "I will drive with you to Pretoria. I will ask a friend to come fetch me when we come back. I am angry at you but I don't see you as an enemy". I don't know why but I was kinda getting attached to the man who was abusive towards me. Seeing him disappointed touched me somehow. He asked if I was sure and I told him 100%. He thanked me more than 20 times. He took out my phone and gave it to me. He went "I forgot to give it to you earlier. I have a car charger, you can charge it". It was off, so I just connected it to the charger. We didn't talk much on our way to Pretoria. Nigger was playing romantic music only. From Anthony Hamilton to Josh Groban; James Blunt to Phil Collins; Marvin Gaye to Lionel Richie. I could tell he was trying to send some message and it was working. My heart and head were having a battle. My heart wanted

to stick with him but the head was against it.
Mxm the heart is always the weakest link.

As soon as we offramped from the N1 to join N4 to Pretoria Tshengi started complaining about stomach cramps. When we got to the BP Garage at corner Pretorius and Leyds Streets nigger went "I have to ask for a loo here.

There's something wrong with my stomach. He packed the car next to the FNB ATM and went to the petrol attendants to ask where the loo was. I switched my phone on. Before I could even check my many messages it rang and it was JT. When I answered she went "thank God I found you. Please leave that guy's house and go hide. He is a danger to you. I was speaking to Aluwani and she knows you are there. Your life is in danger". You know JT means what she is saying when she uses proper English. I could sense a sense of panic in her voice. I asked what she was on about and she went "sfebe, ke re slyza nou. Dae man ke noga and he'll kill you.

Ke vaya Pitori nou ke zwakala Pietersburg. Krey a legonchi and hide. I will be there in 2 hours. Tima phone and switch it on after 2 hours. Please Ntwana kao vraeza". She sounded so serious. I told her I just got to Pretoria at the BP garage in Pretorius Street with him. "He just went to the loo. He'll be back in few minutes". She went "ke kopa o slyze nou. Run as fast as you can. Eya ko Union Buildings gardens. Ke tla o krey a dah in few dikota. Please Ntwana or else o tlo bhoda kao chaela". I felt thin sweat running down my butt. I quickly took my bag and headed to the direction of Union Buildings. I used Leyds street, crossed Church Street and entered Union Buildings gardens thru the small gate at Vermuelen Street. I felt like everyone could see I was running away. I walked as far I could from the streets. I hid between the trees. The funny part was about 7 minutes passed and there was no call from Tshengi. I assumed he had a very terrible

running tummy. I called JT to tell her my exact location and she told me she was a minute away. She told me to switch my phone off and take the sim card out. I didn't understand why I had to do that but I did it anyway. Within 30 seconds I heard JT whistling. I waved and she came to the bench I was sitting on between the trees. She had tears in her eyes. She gave me a hug and went "Ntwana, o bhari jo. Ka o ncwanya but voetsek maan jou moer". She asked me to follow her. We got in her car and used Church(Stanza Bopape) Street towards the CBD. We turned left at Prinsloo (Sisulu) Street. When we got to Skinner (Nana Sita) Street the robot turned red.

I looked to my left and damn.....we locked eyes.

WTF...yho yho yho yho

THE END

[12/03, 17:34] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 242

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“Like crying wolf, if you keep looking for sympathy as a justification for your actions, you will someday be left standing alone when you really need help.” – Criss Jami,

I hated the way things were going that day. Actually even the days before were on the opposite side of my happiness. I prayed all the time for the Lord to lead me but I felt He was leading me to Baghdad instead of Dubai. I did not doubt God’s wisdom but I just felt I was not His priority. But one Bible verse kept reverberating in my head, Isaiah 40:31 “but those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on the wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not faint”. If there’s something a woman will never forget is a man who forced himself on her. It was the second time I saw the guy in Pretoria and all memories came back. The way

he looked at me made it very clear that he remembered me. I felt my temperature rising. It was the guy who raped me in Mozambique. He didn't even look away when we locked eyes. Tears started flowing on my face. JT went "Ntwana, you don't have to cry. JT o zwaki nou (JT is here). Dae man will never see you again. If he tries something funny nka mo satisa with my own hands (I will kill him). For you nka bolaya tlou ka menwana (I can kill an elephant with my fingers)". I think she thought I was crying because of whatever Tshengi put me thru. The robot turned green and JT hit the accelerator. The rapist tried to drive fast to beat the Vissagie Street robot but unfortunately the robot turned red before he could beat it. JT stopped right next to the car again. The guy looked at me. My tears started flowing uncontrollably. JT went "and then? Ke eng nou? O kgopotse dae man wa gago wa moloi? Wena nkare o jele Korobela ya go importiwa (what's

wrong now? Do you miss that witch of yours? You seem like you were fed with imported love portion)". As soon as the robot turned green JT turned right and the Mozambique guy proceeded straight. I couldn't contain my inner pain anymore. I went "JT.....JT that guy who stopped next to us at the robot is the guy who raped me in Mozambique. I I I remember him very well. It was him who raped me while his friend recorded it. Why must everything be like this JT? What did I do to deserve this? I want to commit suicide". Immediately after passing Van Der Walt (Lilian Ngoyi) Street JT pulled over and parked the car. She went "Ntwana, wa re dae mae o nchunne eng? Bona, ka mo lata nou and ko mmontsha sepoko sa le virgin (he did what? I am going to hunt him now. I am gonna and will show him a virgin ghost)". She took out a gun under her seat and cocked it.

I begged her not to do what she was doing because she was scaring me. She hit the

accelerator and turned left at Andries (Thabo Sehume) Street and left again at Jacob Mare (Jeff Masemola Street). Just before we reached Shell Garage she went “nxa masepa, transie e fellwa ke gazol. Tshwantse ke tshele petrol. Ke tla mo kreya dae man. I will hunt him until I find him”. When we got to the garage she got out of the car and spoke to the petrol attendants and some people who were there. I think she was asking if they saw the rapist’s car. When you have a friend like JT you must always put her in your prayers. We live in times where your best friend will connive with your enemies to manufacture your downfall. Today’s friends will give you a shoulder to cry on and the minute you leave they badmouth you about the very same problem you needed them for. JT was one in a billion. If you didn’t know you would swear we were blood related. After filling up we drove straight to her place. She was still fuming. When we got to her place I told her I wanted to

sleep. She told me to wait. She rolled a joint and gave it to me to smoke. I told her I didn't want any dagga but she forced me to take pulls. I don't really remember what happened afterwards. I think I got high and passed out. It was dark when I woke up. I switched on the light. I didn't even know what time it was and I couldn't switch on my phone as per JT's instruction. JT was not in the flat. The door was locked and her car keys were not there. I felt so hungry. I checked the fridge and there was only one slice of pizza. Apparently dagga makes some people hungry. I guess I was one of them. It was so frustrating to be locked in the flat and not knowing where JT was. The worst part was I didn't even know what time it was. I had no choice but to wait for her to come back. The waiting seemed like a lifetime. When I heard the key making love to the door I smiled. She got in carrying few plastics. She was wearing camouflage overalls and Timberland boots and

a black spottie. She looked like a tsostsi from Tembisa. She went “Nxa a ka mo kreyda man (I didn’t find that guy). I drove all over Pitori looking for him. Ntwana o safe nou. No one will hurt you for as long as I am still alive”.

I told her I appreciated her help but it wasn’t necessary to hunt for that guy. I asked her what time it was and she told me just after 10pm. She bought skop and pap for me. I told her I was not hungry and she ate by herself. She went “mxm cheese girl nyana ya masepa. O tshaba go ja skop mara o ja masonja”. For the first time in hours I laughed. I asked her what Aluwani told her about Tshengi and she told me to drink water first. I told her I was a big girl and could handle anything. She told me things I didn’t expect. She told me that according to Aluwani, Tshengi had a wife in Venda and she was pregnant. Apparently he raped the girl and because he was from a rich powerful family they didn’t lay charges against him. He was

forced to marry the girl. He didn't love her but she stayed in the royal compound. The plan was to get rid of her after giving birth because he didn't love her. Aluwani didn't know how they planned to get rid of her or what they meant by getting rid of her. I felt like JT was reading a fictional horror novel for me. I felt my blood divorcing my body when she painted the picture I didn't expect of Tshengi. I knew he was not a saint but I never thought he would hide something that big from someone he proposed. Even if he didn't love the girl but she was carrying his kid. I asked JT what happened to his late wife. She went "that one ke e kima Ntwana. Aluwani o nchaetsi all these things in confidence. Ke mo latswitse kuku ga monate a ntsha diphiri kaofela. Aluwani o nchaetse gore dae man o..... (that one is big. Aluwani told me all these things in confidence. I licked her vjayjay nicely and she told me secrets) ". Before she could finish that sentence there was a

knock on the door. JT opened without even asking who it was. An Indian guy walked in. For a sec I thought he was a thief. He went "Sorry I am late. Ngilethe imali from umnumzana". He handed JT some brown envelope. He continued "Ulale kahle nesphalaphala sakho (sleep well....with your hottie)". His Zulu accent was on point. You would swear he was Shaka's son. He was probably from KZN. Apparently Indians in KZN speak better Zulu than most diluted Zulus we see here in Gauteng. Some have izithakazelo (Zulu clan names). The Pillays are Mntungwa; the Naidoos are Khabazela kaMavovo; Guptas are Nxamalala. Lol funny but it's true. Ask your Zulu friends. After the Zulu Indian left I asked JT to continue where she left off but she told me she was tired.

I slept with many questions in my head. As soon as we woke up the following morning I asked JT about Tshengi's wife. She just went "etswa dah Ntwana. Dae ke bad news. Just be

happy you are far from him". She told me Aluwani told her the guy was in Venda. Apparently he was very moody and shouted at everyone except for his parents. I spent the next few days indoors at JT's place. I didn't wanna go anywhere because I was scared of the rapist guy. My heart told me he was still around Pretoria. I used JT's phone to tell my mom I was visiting a friend in Polokwane. I couldn't tell her I was in Pretoria because I knew she would force me to go take care of Marcus. She told me she was at home in Limpopo. I wanted to go home but it was unsafe for me. Tshengi knew my crib. On Saturday JT told me Tshengi was still in Venda and according to Aluwani he was acting strange. I didn't care but I thanked her for the information. I was tired of being a prisoner. I wanted something to get my mind off thing. I told JT I wanted to turn up and she went "no stress Ntwana, mos dae donkey e ko dipolaseng. A re vaye ro tjakalla Tembisa. Ke

lapile ka bjala jwa Pitori (that donkey is in the villages. Let's go turn up in Tembisa. I am tired of Pretoria booze)". I took a bath and wore jeans and a sweater because it was a bit cold. JT wore black sweat pants, matching black hoodie and her favourite Timberland boots. She looked chowable lol. She fetched one of her many girls in Centurion and we drove to Caprivi in Tembisa. I didn't like the place because it was frequented by ghetto girls from Ivory Park and Mayibuye. I wanted us to go to Busy Corner but JT told me she didn't wanna be surrounded by rich tenderpreneurs. All JT's girlfriends treated her like a king. JT bought 24 Castle Lite and a bottle of vodka. It was a vodka I haven't seen before but the bottle looked sexy and attractive. JT went "Ntwana nna le wena re nwa vodka e vandag. Can you believe ke ya mo Mzansi ? Thobile o verstana Castle Lite". The vodka and dancing made me forget the events of the past week. As expected when JT danced

many girls wanted a piece of her. She had a ghetto charm that made girls go crazy. Sometimes I looked at her and got wet underground. I asked Thobile if she was fine with JT dancing with many girls. She was like "I am jealous but there is nothing I can do. I don't want to be dumped". Lol I so wished to be JT. Some guy tried to hit on me and JT went "heyi mrena? Ke tla o trapa wa bona mmao ko backseat ya aeroplane. Tlogela medie tsa chief". Lol she was calling herself chief. She received a Please Call Me from Aluwani and told us she going to her car to make a call. She came back after 10 minutes with sadness all over her face. I asked her why she looked like she had just seen Mbhoro on his way back from heaven with his Samsung S5.

She went "Ntwana I know you are still having fun but I have bad news....."

B00000M.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:35] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 243

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“When someone hurts you over and over, ask
yourself, WHY DO YOU LET THEM?” – Karen
Gibbs

Imagine after such a beautiful day and I had to
be told bad news!!!!!! I was not in a mood for bad
news. All I wanted to do was to enjoy the vodka
I was having and dance to the nice house music
the DJ was dishing. Like I said, I was not a big
fan of Caprivi but when coming to music they
know what to dish. The company was also off
the hook. Thobile was a stranger to me but she
was a cool girl. JT on the other hand was a
good company by default. It was impossible to
be bored in front of her. She could make the
most uptight chick laugh. I’m talking about

those nerdy girls who only laugh when they see their farts. JT could make them laugh. I went “JT, stop right there. Do you see this vodka here? It’s very nice and I want us to finish this bottle and I can see Thobile is enjoying her beer. Can we please forget about bad news and just concentrate on having good time? Assomblief tog”. Thobile stood up to support what I was saying. Luckily JT let it go and we continued with the drinking. I so wished I had my phone to call Nobuhle. The dance floor needed someone like her. Thobile and I told JT that we wanted to use the loo and she nodded. She didn’t even give us attention because she was entertaining some chicks with weaves that looked like my late grandmother blanket. Sometimes it’s better to just go natural than to insult your head with funny weaves. I don’t remember anyone dying for having natural hair. Looking at their hair made me remember I needed a new hairdo. Some girls in the loo asked if we were with the

cute lesbian. Thobile went “she is not the cute lesbian, she is my bae. And she doesn’t do girls who dress like they are sbonopreneurs”. Lmao I couldn’t help it but crack. What a word!!!! I didn’t expect it from Thobile. We did our thing and went back to our spot. JT was kissing some girl when we got there. I pulled the girl and told her to go to hell. Thobile just stood there watching me fighting her battle. I went “JT come on, you can’t do this to her. She is a good girl. Not tonight please. Tell all these sbonopreneurs to get lost”. She looked at me and said “mara ntwana, you are an enemy of progress. Ne ke re ke thapisa leleme. Thobile ke sfebe sa ka sa kudala, o cava pleke ya gage (I was wetting my tongue. Thobile is my old beesh. She knows her place)”.

For the first time in my life I drank vodka and managed to walk to the car 100% conscious. I didn’t get the name of the vodka but I knew I would drink it again. We drove to Centurion to

drop Thobile. When we got to her complex she went “why don’t you sleep at my place? JT is driving kak tonight. You might get to Pretoria in 100 pieces if you force her to drive. I know her”. JT said “la nyela, le ka nna le sala. Nna ke tla vaya one man”. I thought she was joking, when I got off the car she drove away and left Thobile and I standing there. I think she was angry of the tongue lashing I gave her in the car. I told her I didn’t like the way she treated Thobile. I decided to let her go. She was drunk anyway. My only fear was her getting involved in a car accident”. Thobile had a beautiful place. I asked her what she did for a living and she told me she was a cop. At first I didn’t believe her because she was a bit skinny and beautiful. She was also a softie. She had to show me her pictures to prove she was a cop. I asked her how she met JT and she told me they met at a party. She chose to date lesbians because her baby daddy broke her heart. There are many

Thobiles out there who date other girls because of the crap guys put them thru. She went "I am not really dating JT, we just have fun nje. I only call her when I'm lonely and she does the same. That's the reason I don't make a big deal when she flirts with other girls in front of me. I know she is a player". She asked about my love life and I told her I was engaged. I showed her my ring. Eish, looking at the ring made me wanna puke. It reminded me of the monster from Venda. She congratulated me and started asking questions about my man. I don't know why but I painted a very beautiful picture of Tshengi. I told her he was a very rich and loving prince from Venda. She went "is it true what they say about Venda guys.....I mean the D? Is it big or it's just a myth". I laughed and told her to stop asking many questions.

She took out red wine from the fridge. Yes black people keep wine in a fridge. I asked her if she wasn't sleepy and she went "nuh, but you can

go to the bedroom and sleep. I'm not sleeping until I finish this bottle. I'm used to sleeping late". After drinking good vodka I didn't crave any wine, so I chose to go to the bedroom. She had pictures of her daughter all over her bedroom. She made me wish to have my own little baby girl. I struggled to sleep for more than an hour. I decided to go join Thobile in the lounge. Before I could open the door I heard funny sounds. It was like people were shagging. Thobile was trying her best to keep her voice low but whoever was doing her was so good that she released medium screams now and then. At first I thought she called JT to come back to ny her. I gently opened the bedroom door without making any noise. The light was off but it wasn't very dark because the TV was on. WTF, she was watching adult movies. I stood there for few seconds not knowing what to do next. From where I was standing I couldn't see her because the bedroom door was behind

the couch she was lying on. All I could see were her toes spasmodically dancing in the air. What surprised me was the fact that I couldn't see who she was busy with. I tiptoed to the couch and I couldn't believe what my eyes showed me. She was doing herself with some pink toy. I didn't know whether to laugh or get shocked. I stood there for over 2 minutes without knowing what to do. The way she was enjoying it she even had her eyes closed. She was licking her lips. Wuuuu sheeeeem go tsamaya ke go bona straight. I thought of announcing my presence but my heart told me not to disturb her. I tiptoed back to the bedroom. You know a person is in patapata cloud 9 when their sense of hearing is suspended. She didn't even see or hear I was there. She probably thought I was sleeping. When I got to the bedroom my FOMO-brained vjayjay started acting up. I kinda craved some friction. I think seeing what I saw on TV and Thobile D-I-Y'ng herself made my nanana

jealous. I made it sleep with a sore heart. I knew a finger wouldn't be enough.

I had a very exotic dream. JT, Thobile and I were having a threesome inside a pool in Durban until some chick decided to disturb us. "Heyi wake up, JT is here to fetch you". It took me few seconds to remember where I was. I asked her what time it was and she told me it was just after 7am. I asked her why JT came so early and she told me she didn't know. I didn't even fix myself the way I was being rushed. When I got to the car JT went "sfebe, hope ga wa ja medi ya ka. Nka o trapa wa nyela son. Etlare vaye. O tla hlala when we get to Limpopo". I laughed and asked her what she meant I'll bath in Limpopo. She said "Last night ne ke re ka o chaela wa nstoppa. The moment of truth has arrived. Aluwani o nchaetsi gore dae man wa gago is sending his uncles to your place go patella for kuku ya gago". I asked her what she meant and she went "Ok sfebe, the bad news I

wanted to tell you is that your psycho boyfriend is sending his uncles to your place to pay for your hand in marriage”. I thought she was joking until she showed me her Whatsapp chat with Aluwani. Apparently Tshengi managed to get my mom’s number and told her he was sending his uncles to pay lobala because I was expecting his baby. When my mom heard he was a rich prince she agreed. Tshengi’s father didn’t approve it but he gathered his distant uncles to do it. The plan was to arrive at my crib around 11am. I had never insulted my mom in public before but that morning I screamed “nnyo ya Makoma nxa”. Some mothers can put money before the happiness of their kids. I immediately took JT’s phone and called my mom. Her bloody phone was off. I asked JT to drive as fast as she could. There was no way I was going to let Tshengi pay lobola for me. I didn’t want to get married to him. I was mad he was paying lobola behind my back and I was

furious at my mom for being selfish. It's not like we were poor or needed someone to take care of us. My mother was like those women who would force their daughters to marry rich people just for status. It all looked like a dream. I kept calling her and her phone was still off. I asked JT if she had her gun and she told me yes. I was planning to kill my mom and Tshengi. I was willing to wear those orange overalls. That's how angry I was. As soon as we passed Mookgophong (formerly known as Naboomspruit) JT's car started coughing. I asked her what's wrong and she didn't know. She had no choice but to stop. She tried to find the problem but luck dololo. She tried to call her friends but none of them were around to help. By 10h30 we were still there without any plan on how to get to Ga-Kgapane. I called my mom and luckily her phone rang.

Before I could start insulting her I picked up that she was crying. I heard

WTF

THE END

[12/03, 17:35] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 244

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“What girl doesn’t love the tortured bad boy? I think when it comes to bad boys, girls have this desire to step forward and try to rescue that sort of individual. It is very appealing to the nurturer inside us I think” – Lacey Weatherford

It’s not nice to hear your mom cry or sob. No matter how angry you are at her it will always get to you. Just few minutes earlier I was thinking of shooting her but hearing her cry made me urinate tears with my eyes. I went silent for few seconds and listened to her crying. When I heard her crying louder I knew something was wrong and my worry got elevated. I had no choice but to suspend my

insults and ask her what was making her cry. The first thing I thought was 'Tshengi beating the hell out of her'. I went "what's wrong mama? Did he hurt you? Did he do something to you? Did he beat you up". JT was giving me a worried look. My mom said something that made me hate her even more "they cancelled everything. Baloi ba Kgapane ba winne again (Ga-Kgapane witches won again). My daughter will never have a rich husband. Mara why huh? Why why why why? Baloi ba ba nnyaka eng mara (what do these witches want from me)?". WTF, I wasted my worry for nothing. There I was worried something bad happened to her kanti she was angry over stupid things. I hung up immediately. I told JT "let's fix the car and drive back to Pretoria. I don't think I will ever set my foot at my mom's place again. She is a selfish witch and deserves to go join Maite in hell. I hate her JT. I hate my mom and this time I mean it. You know, I think she is not my real

mom. I think Selfie's mom is my biological mom. No mother can put her daughter what my mom puts me thru. I cannot deal with this woman. I am unable to can. Call whoever can help us, we are going back to Pretoria". JT was swimming in an abyss of confusion. She asked me to make sense. I explained to her what my mom told me and she went "Ntwana sorry to say this but your mom ke motete straight. Mamazala wag ago wa sicka straight. Ke lahlela toulo on her (your mom is an a\$\$hole. Your mom is sick. I give up on her). Amen Jehova titi pote". She immediately called Aluwani to ask why her family cancelled their plans to pay lobola. Aluwani told JT that she told the chief everything. She told him that I was not aware he was paying lobola for me and that he proposed without informing the family. The chief and Tshengi had a huge fight and he slapped his father and left. The uncles he hired to pay lobola bailed out. Nobody knew where Tshengi

headed to.

JT gave me a hug and told me not to cry. She opened the bonnet of her car and got herself oily. After what seemed like lifetime she asked me to start the car. To my surprise, whatever she did worked. She was like “transie e tshwana le sfebe (a car is like a woman). You just need to touch the right places and she’ll scream”. We u-turned on the highway and headed back to Pretoria. I didn’t wanna stay at JT’s place because it was a bit noisy. Her flat was right next to one of the busiest streets in Pretoria CBD. Those who know Nyasa at Andries Street know what I’m talking about. As soon as we got to JT’s place I switched on my phone. JT was not happy about it but I did it anyway. I wanted to call Dr Skhosana to ask if I could go back to his place in Equestria. That was the only place I found peace of my mind. Dr Skhosana’s phone rang unanswered. JT told me it was better if I stayed with her because she would be able to

protect me and I said no. I told her I couldn't live my entire life hiding from another human being. I was tired of being a softie. I wanted to be the old Shaz. I checked my bank balance and it was still healthy. I went "JT, I am going to Durban tomorrow. I wanna be away from Gauteng. Do you mind to convince Thobile to come with? I don't wanna go alone. I need a girl on my side and she seems like a cool chick". JT advised me to postpone it for few days until Aluwani provided her about Tshengi's whereabouts. I told her my mind was made up. I wanted sea water to cleanse all the bad luck I had been experiencing. I wanted go hlatswa senyama. Entlik who started with this thing of thinking sea water washes away bad luck and brings luck? If that was the case we wouldn't have so many bitter and ugly taxi drivers from KZN and many poor girls from the coastal areas of Eastern Cape. JT called Thobile and told her about my proposal. Thobile was excited about but

problem she had work the following day. JT told her to take a sick leave like other government employees. She agreed, just like that.

Apparently South African civil servants take the trophy when coming to faking sickness in order to dodge going to work.

Dr Skhosana returned my call around 18pm. I told him I wanted to check if I could go back to his place and he said no. I asked him why and he hung up. I had a feeling my mom had everything to do with it. She was probably angry I didn't wanna go stay with Marcus. My mom had a mind of her own. Her mind was like Mshoza's skin. Within 5 minutes my phone rang and it was Dr Skhosana. To my surprise it was his wife on the phone. She went "you can go stay there anytime my child. We don't have a problem with it. Dr Skhosana is a bit stressed about some failed business ventures. Please don't mind him". Mxm beesh, she was trying to buy my silence and I didn't mind. Thobile called

JT and asked for me. She wanted to ask if we were flying or driving. I told her I preferred driving but I didn't have a car. She was like "it's ok, we can use my Polo". I hoped it was not a Polo Vivo aka 'Le Nna ke a Bereka'. She told me she'll come fetch me in the morning the following. I was so excited and looking forward to going to Durban with her. I liked the fact that JT spoke highly of her. She wasn't your Zee-Nobuhle type. She loved fun but had manners and was reserved. I think the fact that she had a child made her cool. JT went "whatever you do, oska ringa ka her baby daddy. She'll cry". Yho some men are cruel. If your ex cries when she thinks about you just know you are going to hell when you die. Satan will sell you at his shisanyama. JT's phone rang again and she spoke for about 20 minutes. She was speaking in Zulu. After the call she told me she had to leave and will only be back around 6am the following day. I asked her where she was going

and she went “Eix Ntwana, ko pusha some hustle in Mjondolo. Bona, ke tla founela Thobile a gidle hierso gore oska bhorega. Ke feela bad but hustle ke hustle Ntwana”. I told her it was not necessary for Thobile to come over. She gave me Thobile’s number and left. I send a hi to Thobile on Whatsapp and we started chatting. I was tempted to tell her I saw what she did the previous night but thought against it. The more we chatted was the more I liked her. She was the only JT girlfriend except for Confidence that I didn’t hate. The rest were just hoes to me.

Around 11pm someone called me with a private number and I ignored it. The person kept calling and I kept ignoring. I hid my number and called Tshengi. His phone was off. That told me the person who was busy calling was not him as I suspected. I continued chatting with Thobile. She had a picture of her child as a profile picture on Whatsapp and I complimented her. She went “sometimes I look at her and cry. Her

baby does not know she exists. I never told anyone but my baby was conceived at a church camp. We got naughty and had sex. We started dating secretly because he was a pastor's kid. We agreed not to ever shag again because he didn't believe in fornication. He prayed to God to forgive that mistake we did at the camp. After a couple of weeks I told him I was pregnant. He sent me R2000 for abortion and told me never to contact him ever again. That was the last time I heard from him. I even stopped going to his father's church. That time I was head over heels in love with him. I don't regret keeping my baby. Men are ruthless, especially these church ones. I will never ever trust a man". I read her text more than 10 times with tears in my eyes. Men get away with murder all the time and it's not fair. I didn't even know what to say to her. I didn't respond to her text for more than 10 minutes. She asked if I was still and I told her I didn't know what to say after what she told me.

She was like “Ah it’s water under the bridge. I am raising my baby and I love her. I will send you the guy’s picture. My daughter looks like him”. Within few seconds I received a picture. My vjayjay almost swallowed my clit when I saw OB on the picture. I literally froze. Yho yho yho WTF Modimo was kgotso ntate weeeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!!!!!! My head was spinning. She continued “some former church mate told me last year that he was getting married to some beautiful yellow bone from TUT. He moved on. I was hurt but life goes on hey. Anyway, enough about my problems. I’ll fetch you in the morning tomorrow around 9am”. I looked at OB’s picture 100 times hoping it would change into RR or something. Ja the ANC Women’s League president Bakwatile Dlamini was right when she said we all have skeletons. I slept with a heavy heart. I had nightmares the entire night. Most of them had blood, angels and bullets. I didn’t even hear JT coming back. When I woke up in the

morning she was sleeping next to me. My phone had many missed calls from the private number and one from Thobile. I called her and she told me she was on her way. Luckily my bag was still packed. I didn't put any of my clothes in JT's closet. I took a bath and wore shorts, crop top and sandals. Thobile called to ask if I needed help with my bags. I told her it was just one bag. The aim was to do lot of shopping in Durban. I needed retail therapy. I tried to wake JT but she went "voetsek maan....mvayeke nxa". I think she was dreaming. I took my bag and left. I spotted Thobile next to her Vivo on the other side of the street.

While I was waiting for cars to pass so I could cross safely Tshengi's voice went "Sharon....."

BOOOOMMMM WTF.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:36] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 245

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“Change will not come if we wait for some other person, or if we wait for some other time. We are the ones we’ve been waiting for. We are the change that we seek” – Barack Obama

That moment when you are walking or minding your own business and you hear a voice you didn’t expect. It’s like being in some small town in China and you hear “awe ma se kind”. It’s like a Venda guy undressing in front of you and the next thing you see something that you can only expect from Tswana and Zulu guys. I was honestly not expecting him in that area at that time of the day. My heart skipped few beats. For a second I thought I was going to let number one flow. I literally dropped my bags and froze. At first I thought I was hallucinating but when he called my name for the second time I knew I was in some deep something. When I regained the control of my body I

literally ran into the street. The next thing I heard tyres screeching and cars hooting. Luckily all cars were modern. If it was your 1920 cars without ABS I would have died there. Thobile was screaming. With the grace of God I managed to cross to the other side of the street. The drivers who almost got involved in an accident because of me parked their cars on the side of the street and checked if I was ok. None of them insulted or shouted at me. I think the fact that I was yellow, wearing revealing clothes helped me. All drivers were male so I was not surprised by the way they reacted. I threw myself in Thobile's arms and started shaking. I was thinking of how I put my life in danger. I think she was also traumatised because she didn't say a thing. She just let me in her arms and remained closemouthed. I took a look at the other side of the road and saw my bags scattered next to the street. Tshengi was on his knees like someone who was

traumatised or about to cry. Naturally, people started gathering to investigate what was happening. I say naturally because everything happened in a black area. It was only natural for curious black people to come in numbers to check what was happening. Like I said before, we are the most curious race in the whole world. One of the drivers came to check if I was ok. Thobile told him to leave us alone. Nigger went "Awunyi perhaps? I am not here for you bitch, hold your donkeys. I am here for this beautiful angel. I wanna check if she is ok". I told him to leave. Niggers will try to take advantage even when they see you are down.

Tshengi gathered my bags on the other side of the street and crossed the street to bring them. I released myself from Thobile's arms and prepared to run for my life. I thought he was going to kill me. He went "please don't run. I am not here to hurt or cause any harm to you. I understand how you are feeling right now and I

don't blame you. But please hear what I have to say". He was handing my bags as he said that. Thobile went "can someone please tell me what's going on here? Sharon, what's going on? Must I call JT?". Tshengi went down on his knees. Everyone was dazed because I had a ring on my finger. They were probably asking themselves why he wanted to propose someone who had a ring on her finger. He went "Sharon, please accept the reversal of my proposal and give back my ring". I felt something going "GUUUUSSHH" in my heart. I didn't see that one coming. Thobile was like "huh, is he the one who.....uhm mhh mhh". Black people were getting closer and closer like flies on a kak of a rich white man. He continued "in a short space of time we have been together I made you cry than smile. It's only fair that I call off our engagement until I deal with my inner devils. If we are meant to be together, it will happen. If not, I wish you all the best with the

guy you gonna meet. I doubt I will ever meet someone like you anytime soon. Please pass my apologies to your friends and family for whatever I have put you thru. It was not deliberate but it's not an excuse. Please give the ring so you can have a peace of mind without thinking about me. Please don't say no, I beg you". I was shocked. The onlookers were also shocked. I think it was the first time they witnessed an unproposal. I didn't know what do or say. I heard some nigger in the crowd going "Eh what the crap is this? O dumpa leyellow bone le dhese so? Dae maan wa sicka straight (are you dumping this hot yellow bone? This guy is sick for real)". South Africans have an opinion about everything. I grabbed my bags and got in the car. I was not comfortable with the attention from the onlookers, especially those who were taking pictures. Thobile got in the car too and drove off leaving Tshengi there on his knees.

Thobile wanted to ask questions but I shut her down. She took the R21 highway. She offramped when we got to the Engen garage on R21 on the opposite side of Tembisa. She parked the car and got out. I remained in the car. I saw her talking on her phone and within few minutes my phone rang. It was JT. She was very furious. She asked why I didn't tell her the devil was just next to her flat and why I left without telling her. The more I tried to explain was the more she insulted me. She called me all sort of things, from a fool to a cow. I tried to explain that he didn't harm me and that he only came to fetch his ring but she went "voetsek maan.... O tlo stoppa neng go nagana ka motete (when are you gonna stop thinking with your as\$hole) and think with your brain for once? Dae man wa sicka and o busy wa mo protecta. Entlik fu#k you Ntwana. Wa nkwatisa fokof man. Ke o chaetsi sharp gore tima founu sfebe mara o na le yoghurt ka mo ditsebeng (That guy is

mad and you are busy protecting him. You are making me angry. I don't you to switch off your phone but you have yoghurt in your ears) . Dae man is using the phone to track you. He knows where you are right now. O sphinya Ntwana".

Yho she actually made sense. There was no other way I could think of how Tshengi knew my whereabouts. He had my phone for couple of days. There are apps these days to track phones. After talking to JT I switched off the phone and got out of the car. Thobile went "I'm sorry, I had to call JT because you were not talking to me". I explained everything to her. Well, I only left the part where he forced himself on me. When I was done she went "you see why I don't want a man in my life? I cannot stand abuse and heartbreaks". She suggested that we postpone the trip because it wasn't safe. I was sad but for I had no choice but to listen to her. She said I could stay with her for a week until we found a way to deal Tshengi. I wasn't

comfortable with her idea....especially after seeing her doing herself with a toy the other night. She was too thirsty for my liking. When we left the garage we drove straight to Centurion. We went to Vodacom first to format the phone. From there she took me to some IT genius chick friend of hers. She did whatever she did on my phone and told me it was safe.

I decided to go stay at Skhosana's place. I gave the security guards strict instructions not to let anyone in without my permission. Thobile and JT came to check up on me almost everyday. I was still angry at my mom for wanting to accept lobola without my permission. So I spent couple of days at Equestria living a drama-free life for a change. The only difference was I didn't go out. Nobuhle called on Saturday to tell me she was in KZN and wanted me to visit. I lied to her that I was in Limpopo. Dr Skhosana and his family were also in KZN for a holiday. It was a plus for me because I didn't want nigger

or his wife to come check up on me, especially Skhosana because I knew he wanted to have sex with me. One thing that ate my mind was the chat I had with Thobile about her baby daddy about a week earlier. We never spoke about it again but it was still in my mind. I couldn't believe the guy I almost got married to had a kid that he didn't know of. The worst thing was the thought of him giving Thobile money to terminate the pregnancy. It never crossed my mind that he had that in him. I remembered I used to think I was the first girl he slept with. These church niggers are not loyal. I got a call from someone I didn't expect, Ronny Ramokgopa. I thought of ignoring the call but I was like...ah let me talk to this fool. He went "Mamoruti ke gore vele le nhladile? Gape I miss us mmarena. Whenever I see avocados ke gopola wena. O mo kae ga lefaase (Did you dump me? I miss you hey. Whenever I see avocados I think of you. Where on earth are

you?). I have an amazement for you?”. He said ‘us’ as if there was ever us. I asked him what he meant by amazement and he went “ha ha ha ha ke sekgowa sa high great ngwana mmarena, o kwa se kwishishe with your matric only (lol it’s high grade English. With only your matric you won’t understand it). Amazement is surprise”. Lol he managed to put a smile on my face. I asked him about the ‘amazement’ and he said “you must see it. I won’t tell you. Mpotse gore o mo kae I will come now. Ke mo toropong ya City of Tshwane aka Pretoria in Gauteng, South Africa”. He kinda made me curious. I went “it better be something I will like. I don’t want your avocados or mageu. Or else I will delete you permanently from mywhatever”. I sent him my location. Thobile called to tell me she wanted to come and I told her not to come because I had a visitor. She asked if it was a guy and I laughed. There was no way I was gonna let her meet RR and his blue machine. I

promised to call her after an hour or so and she said cool. RR called me after about 20 minutes “huh Mamoruti le dula pleke tsa maemo a upstairs mang. Gapa nkare ke legodimong. Ebile ke busy ke tsea le di-self (you stay at posh places huh. I feel like I’m in heaven. I’m even taking selfies). I am at the entrance”. I called the security guards and told them to let in a guy by the name of Ronny Ramokgopa and direct him to my house. Within 2 minutes RR called to tell me he’s outside the house they directed him to.

I got out of the house and my eyes were met with

Boooom....WTF RR

THE END

[12/03, 17:36] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 246

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“Finish each day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. You shall begin it serenely and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense” – Ralph Waldo Emerson

Someone might ask why a high class person like me would wanna keep low life people like RR in their life. Truth is life is like water. As important as it is, without flavour it's tasteless. People like RR are the flavour we sometimes need to make our miserable lives less miserable. With people like him one could save big money. Who needs a shrink when you have a friend like RR? I looked at him for about a minute while preparing my brain to laugh. Whoever came up with the phrase “go tsamaya ke go bona” probably had RR in his mind. I went “Ronny, what happened to you? What is this now?”. He took off his NYC cap and went “yho

yho my nigger. This new me.....nah mean? You swag my style eyooooo". He was wearing those clothes rappers of 90's used to wear and had a cap with a bandana on his head. He had a fake Timberland on his feet. I am saying fake because it had a sunflower as a logo. He complimented his look with some chains that made him look he just robbed Penny Penny. The music in his car wasn't loud but he was playing Tupac's Life Goes On. Nigger was trying to rap along but from what I could hear he didn't know the lyrics at all. He was going "...how many mothers feel victory to the streets... red in peace you nigger. There's heaven for a jean braai pack I lie.... If I taught you I'm never throw of death my niggers, win the last one left but life goes on. As I beer through the empty olds breaking straws in re jewa ri ri ri.....". OMG that was the funniest thing I heard the entire year, I couldn't stop the tears from flowing on my face. I laughed like I was a mad man. People like RR

don't deserve to die. They must be employed at psychiatric hospital for people who lack sense of humour. I laughed until my belly couldn't take it anymore. He went "ya lovin' my rockin style babe...yho yho nah mean? I got an amazement for yah lil roll nigger piss assnahole nah mean". He went to the car, grabbed something and gave it to me. It was wrapped in a newspaper, Daily Sun to be exact. It was a flippin selfie stick. He went "yho that's a Self-Stick fo ma dead gorg beech nah tjuta girl... eyooooo. I know you flippin don't know fancy things like this. Take pictures for my man my main man man".

Nigger gave me a fake selfie stick and was under an impression I didn't know what it was. I went "Ronny, you can drop it now. It doesn't suit you. You look like an amateur Nollywood actor. Can the old RR come back?". I could see a wave of disappointment invading his face. I think he thought I was going to be impressed by that circus. He went "botsebotse o nyakang? Ke

apara normal you don't like me. Ke apara uniform ya kereke you don't like me. Ke apara uniform ya mmereko you don't like me. O nyaka ke tle ka lepona na? Ke je avocados ke tle ka lepona? Botsebotse basadi ga le tsebe gore le nyaka eng. That is why Modimo a le punisha ka period pains and labour pains. I give down on you". I thanked him for the 'amazement' but told him to buy original stuff next time. He went "wanya na. Ke e rekile American Swiss this thing. Dankie ya darkie ke voetsek". I thanked him for the 'American Swiss Self-Stick' and told him he was the best friend ever. He went "ah now I am friend zone? I give up now". I asked him if he wanted to come in and he said yes with a big smile on his face. I was like "Please don't try anything stupid because I'll scream. I mean it, if I scream those security guards will make mincemeat of you?". He laughed and went "mix meat e tsena kae bjale? Nkare wa gafa nou (where does mix meat fit in now? I

think you are mad)”. I invited him in and offered him some juice. I asked him where he bought his clothes and what inspired the wardrobe change. He went “kgane o moporofeta? O tsebile bjang gore ke rekile wardrobe ye ntshwa? Ke e rekile OK Furnitures (are you a prophet? How did you know I bought a new wardrobe)?”. With RR you had to explain like you were explaining to a primary school kid. He thought by wardrobe I meant a furniture item. I decided to let it go because I was not in a mood to explain. He asked me how I afforded such a beautiful house while I was still a student. I told him I have a blesser and he gave me a funny look. I asked him why and he went “blesser? God? How? Where? When?”. I explained to him that I had a guy who funded the house. He went “mos o legosha. O rekisha marago for madulo? Jerrr nkare o bannayana ba Braamfontein (that makes you a prostitute. You sell your body for accommodation? You are just like

Braamfontein girls)”. I told him I had no choice because I didn’t have a rich boyfriend. He stood up and said “hayi voetsek I’m leaving. Ga ke na nako ya magosha. Ebile o tshilafetse. Le ditaelo tsa ka di ka se sa bereka”. He was heading to the door as he said that. I laughed and told him I was kidding.

He sat on the couch and told me not to joke about serious things. I called Thobile to tell her to come to my place. She asked if my guest was still around and I told her he was about to leave. I told her not to come with JT. She laughed and asked if I was trying to hook her up and I said no, I just wanted to be with her only. After the call I told RR I had a visitor coming and that he should leave. He went “mmarena la nkoba (are you chasing me now)? English says never bend the bridges. Now that you have another friend coming you think I am not important. May God bless you”. I explained to him to that before he came I had already made

plans with my friend. Luckily he understood or just pretended. He asked if I didn't want a ride in his Blue Machine and I told him I'll call him when I need a chauffeur in future. We did our good byes and he left. To be honest, I was glad I let him pay me a short visit. After all the drama I went thru I needed a good laugh. We all need an RR in our life. I called Thobile to tell her to buy the vodka we had when we were at Caprivi in Tembisa. She asked for the name and I told her to ask JT. All I could remember was that it had a dark sexy bottle and tasted like something words could not explain. I decided to take a bath while waiting for my new BFF Thobzinto. After bathing I cooked us something nice nyana. I noticed my ass was getting bigger because of the takeaways I always ordered. Thobile called to tell me she was on her way. I asked her if she managed to get the vodka name and she said yes. She was like "hayi you must get yourself a blesser to buy you booze. I

am not you blesser”. Lol girls who drink beer have a problem with buying other girls booze. I think that’s the reason they drink beer, they don’t wanna share with other girls. If you have a friend that drinks Heineken or Castle Lite while your entire crew drinks cider she is probably avoiding buying for ya’ll.

RR called and went “I left but I didn’t want to leave. Why did I leave when I didn’t want to leave? What will you do if I come back? I am coming back”. I told him he shouldn’t come back and he hung up. I think he ran out of airtime because he sent me a Please Call Mageu immediately afterwards. I chose not to call him. Thobile was wearing track pants and running shoes. I asked her if she was going to gym and she laughed. I loved the fact that she loved laughing. We ate my food and Thobile complimented my cooking skills. I opened my vodka bottle and Thobile started drinking her Castle Life. I asked her why she chose beer over

other genre of drinks and she told me she enjoyed the taste. Lol that was like a woman saying she enjoys period pains. There is nothing nice about beer. It tastes terrible in all honesty. JT called and asked to be put on a speakerphone. She went "Entlik lena la zozana neh? Why le le close so? Wena Shaz o chuna medi ya ka rebound after dae Venda mulimisi of yours. Le tlo nyela kaofela if la jana. Nka le hlaba metete nyana e ya lena ka okapi (are you two shagging? Why are you so close? Shaz, are you making my chick your rebound after your Venda dude dumped you? I'll fu#k the hell out of you if you are shagging. I'll stab your butts with my okapi knife)". Thobile and I laughed and told her to stop being a jealous betty. She asked if she should come and we told her we were having a girls-drink-in. Thobile went "mos wena you are man. Or did you grow a vjayjay?". She hung up. She didn't like it when her female parts were mentioned. Thobile and I continued with

our drinking. We played a bit of hip hop and Thobile started dancing. While she danced I was busy on Whatsapp chatting with someone. Thobile went "Mxm did you call me here to chat? Put that phone down and come join me on the dance floor or else I'm gonna leave". I apologised and put my phone down. I asked her to twerk for me and she did. That's one of the advantages of being a girl. We are able to do things boys will not do. Imagine a guy asking another guy to twerk for him. She went to the loo and I continued with the chatting on my Whatsapp. When she came back she asked who I was chatting with that made me so glued to my phone. I told her I was chatting with a friend. We continued with the drinking and dancing. After an hour or so the intercom rang. I answered "it's ok you can open". Thobile asked who was coming and I told her not to worry. She went "I swear I'm gonna faint if it's JT". Within few minutes there was a knock on the

door and I told Thobile to open.

She opened and the next thing she was on the floor.....she fainted.

WTF....

THE END

[12/03, 17:37] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 247

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“The truth is, everyone is going to hurt you. You just got to find the ones worth suffering for” –
Bob Marley

Normally when you think of a cop you don't think of a sissy, you think of someone who can face anything anywhere anytime. During apartheid cops were chosen according to their physical appearance. It was uncommon to find a light-skinned skinny cop back in the days. Well, that's what my uncle told me and I believed him.

These days even Namhla of Generations can be a cop. Thobile didn't have a cop appearance both emotionally and physically. She was a softie and panicked fast. When she collapsed there I almost did my own collapsing. I mean, after all the trouble I went thru to upgrade our entertainment I didn't expect that kind of reaction. Our visitor didn't even check if Thobile was ok, he just jumped over her and got in the house. Nigger was wearing nothing but a white coat. By nothing I mean he was naked inside. He got rid of the coat and went "Do you like this?". Oh gosh, I regretted ordering a white stripper. I wasted my money on nothing. His cock looked like a little pink worm. God gave white people all the riches in the world but punished them where it matters most, underground structures. I went "hayi suka wena, your small pipi traumatised my friend. Give it some Scott's Emulsion tuu". I quickly dashed to the door to check on Thobile. Before I could

check her pulse she precipitately opened her eyes and went “what on earth is going on here? Am I dreaming?”. Lol I was relieved she had not fainted. She probably got a minor shock. I helped her to stand up and closed the door. She literally closed her eyes to show she didn't want to look at our guest. I laughed and asked what the hell was wrong with her. She went “I don't want to see that thing.....that thing over there. I am phallophobic”. Hayi some people think they are white shem. We don't have such things in our cultures. The stripper was busy dancing not minding the argument between Thobile and I. Thobile told me to get rid of the guy or she was gonna be the one leaving. I could see she was very serious. Mxm having uptight friends is a curse. I was only trying to spice up our fun nje. I had already paid for the services and sent proof of payment via Whatsapp on the number they provided. I was so disappointed. I told Mr Little Pink Pinkie to fokof.

As soon as Pink Pinkie left Thobile burst with laughter. I asked her why she was laughing because I had just lost money and she went “hawu mara le wena!!!! You should have warned me you were inviting a striper. I haven’t seen a live dick in ages and that little finger came as a shock. Why didn’t you invite someone from Limpopo or outside South Africa? Uyabhora yaz”. I downed 3 glasses of Vodka within 10 minutes and burped afterwards. She went “sies” and I told her to go to hell. When alcohol got to my head I started dancing with her. Around 7pm we were so sloshed that the security guards had to come tell us neighbours were complaining. Thobile went “eix I wanna go back to my place now. Alcohol makes my body somehow and I need something inside me. The thing I want is inside my bag and I need it right now”. I knew exactly what she was talking about. I almost asked her if she was related to my mother. I asked her what she was talking

about and she sheepishly laughed. I asked her if we should invite JT and she said no. Lol these girls who have dick issues because historical relationships pains have very active undergrounds, bana le nawa. Sometimes I think the reason these bazalwane chicks jump up and down and cry when their cute pastors pray is because they are thirsty underground. Letswai will humble you nana. I told Thobile I couldn't let her drive in that state. I went "let me call someone who will fix your problem. No strings attached". She laughed and went "iyhoo you want to pimp me to your friends. Rather call JT, I can't cheat on her. Well, we are not really dating but I don't want a dude who will do me and expect follow up engagements. I don't want a man in my life right now". I went through my phone to check niggers I knew. Mxm my phonebook was full of people who were not worth our bodies. I went on Facebook and couldn't find a better candidate either. Thobile

was like “hayi jo, I am wet. I am literally dripping. Don’t you have a cucumber or one of those large candles?”. Lol that was a definite thirst and half. I told her to go do herself with a finger. I went thru my phone book again and bumped into the number I missed earlier....Talent. I called him but his phone was off.

When pussies are wet dicks are dololo. But when you are not in a mood to do patapata you get calls even from an ex you last saw when Archie Moroka was still on Generations. We decided to go to Moloko in Hatfield to drown our sorrows. I had to lend Thobile my clothes because she didn’t have anything fancy. You can’t go to Moloko dressing like you are going to umsebenzi wa madlozi somewhere in Mnambithi. Competition is tough out there. I had to drive because Thobile was not in a state to drive. I was so proud I was the one behaving all mature and grown up. And I was one in control of the ‘situation’. I thought of checking

in but then....I remembered there was some crazy mother farter called Tshengi out there. Before we could even find a spot to sit my phone rang and it was RR. He went "tell security guards to open gate mmarena". I told him to go away because I wasn't around. He went "batho le ka se tsene legodimong. Maaka a matala so. Ke apere suit now hle (you won't go to heaven because of those lies. I am wearing a suit now). I went home to change because you told me you have visitors. I will send a photo". Lol nigger sent a photo. He was wearing a khaki suit. You can take RR out of church but you will never take church out of him. I told him I wasn't at my place for real and he asked where I was. I said "I am at Moloko" and he replied "Moloko ke mang (who is Moloko)? Moloko Ramokgopa from Botlokwa? O mo tsebela kae? Ke neighbour ya ka monna. Be careful around her, her grandmother ke moloi wa go tuma kua Botlokwa. A ka o betha kukunyana ye ka

legadima (How do you know her? She is my neighbour dude. Her grandmother is a famous witch in Botlokwa. She can strike your vjayjay with a lightning)”. Lmao some guys were born to make people laugh. I told him Moloko was a club in Hatfield. He went “when did you start supporting soccer now? My favourite club is Kaizer Chiefs mara ba raloka masepa this season. I think they must fire Steve Komphela and hire someone like Paul Doleza. Steve is confusing players with his politics English. So which club do you support”. I don’t know if he was acting funny or being real. Hayi go ba Motlokwa ke bad luck straight. I told him I was at a tarven drinking and he went “sies” and hung up. The relief I got when he hung up was priceless. We found a table and sat.

Thobile ordered water and I ordered energy drink. I was still deciding on what to drink next because they told me they didn’t sell my favourite vodka yet. I asked Thobile if she didn’t

want her Castle Lite and she told me she was still recharging her drinking batteries. While we were sitting there talking about Thobile's batteries some dude who looked like some chubby guy I once saw on TV defending Jacob Zuma came to our table. He went "ladies, I would love to bless you with whatever you want. Name it and it will flow until you drop your pant....uhm you drop. It's illegal in my world to see such beautiful ladies drinking water and energy drinks when people like me have access to Reserve Bank. You can't drink Oros in my presence". Thobile whispered in my ear "you just scored yourself a blesser". I told him we were waiting for our cousin who promised to buy us drinks. Nigger took out banknotes from his pocket and handed to us. He went "I will check up on you later. Drink whatever you want". As soon as he left Thobile counted the money. It was R2400. That's almost someone's annual SASSA gross income. Thobile went "we are

going shopping tomorrow my friend. We should come here more often. I have never received this large sum of money since I was born. Ka ba ka thapa nyana (I even got wet)". I told her not to get too excited. Blessers do not give money for nothing. Nigger was probably expecting some action. The only man who will help you and not expect something in return is Jesus Christ. I ordered a bottle of vodka. It was disappointed they didn't have my favourite. I had to settle for the one that didn't treat me well. Thobile ordered herself wine. I asked her she didn't buy her Castle Lite and she went "you want that blesser to think I am cheap? Anyway, I won't drink more than 2 glasses. We must leave before that guy think we want him". I went "mos you are a cop. No one will force us to do anything. You have a gun right? Shoot to kill my friend". We laughed like we were from Eastern Cape. The guy came after an hour to check if we were still fine. Thobile wanted to say yes but

I jumped in. I went “we are far from being fine. My friend doesn’t have money to pay rent and I need a dress for my cousin’s wedding. Being unemployed is not pap and vleis”. He smiled and went “I can’t believe you are worried about such small issues? I will take care of your problems if you take care of my problem”. Thobile asked what his problem was and nigger showed us a marquee on his pants. I didn’t expect a marquee from a big bellied man like him. I was expecting a gazebo or a camp tent lol. Thobile wanted to tell him to go away and I jumped in. I went “I can’t believe you are stressed about such a small issue. Ke metsi a manyane”. Nigger took out more notes from his jacket pocket and handed to us. I didn’t count it but it was a lot of money. The guy said we should join him and his crew in a more private space. I went “we are right behind you”. As soon as he disappeared in the crowd Thobile grabbed my hand and headed to the exit. I

asked what she was doing and she went “we are leaving bitch”.

As soon we set out feet outside a voice went “where to beautiful ladies?”

WTF....

THE END

[12/03, 17:38] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 248

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a comment

“If we are not prepared to think for ourselves, and to make the effort to learn how to do this well, we will always be in danger of becoming slaves to the ideas and values of others due to our own ignorance” – William Hughes

One of the things I liked about Thobile was her ability to think soberly even under the influence of alcohol. Contrary to popular belief, it’s not only broke girls who go for blessers. Even

career women do go for blessers. I wasn't a career woman but my financial status was not in 'Magongwa' state. I had access to money and could afford most things girls my age could not afford. But the thought of another man spending thousands of rands on me excited me nje. Many people think it's only girls from poor families that get excited when they see money splashed on them. Cheesegirl or no cheesegirl, money makes us smile. If it wasn't for Thobile I would have chosen to chill with those rich niggers and score more dollars. It was quite clear Thobile was not used to such life. Well, she was excited about the money but not willing to go a step further. I knew by wanting to run away without planning carefully was risky but I just took Thobile's lead. When I heard the voice I almost got sober on the spot. I looked and the first thing I saw was someone who looked like he had just come back from Moria. RR went "why nkare le tshaba something(you

look like you are running away from something)? Where to?”. WTF, I didn’t expect to see him there. There was no time to explain. When you are drunk and running away from something you don’t have time to talk. I actually noticed I was very drunk when I tripped and fell while trying to run away from RR. Instead of helping me he laughed “kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa jo nna mmawe le yellow bone le wele. Kwa kwa kwa kwa yuwiiiiiii Modimo o phala baloi ka mmao (the yellow bone has fallen)”. Thobile went “stand up my friend. We have to run before those cows follow us”. RR who looked confused went “ke mang wa do disha dikgomo this late? Le taiwa masepa straight. Kgane le nwele ntakunyisa (who is herding cattle this time of the night? You are wasted. Did you drink traditional beer)?”. Lol trust RR to say stupid things out of the blue. Thobile went “I am running because you are still busy flirting with ghosts”. She ran and I

followed her. To be honest, RR looked like a ghost in that khaki suit. After running for about 5 minutes we realised we forgot where we parked Thobile's car. Her phone was off so we couldn't check it via tracker. I asked what if her car was stolen and she went "no one will steal it even if I leave it unattended for 10 days. I serve the living God".

I don't know if it was her or wine plus Castle Lite talking. We were a hiding distance away from Moloko but I didn't feel safe. I was worried about her car but she didn't seem bothered. While we were standing there contemplating on what to do next. The next thing we heard tyres screeching right in front of us. It was RR's blue machine. I went "my friend, I know him very well. I think we need him now". We didn't think twice, we both took the front seat. Thobile was sitting on my thighs. I asked RR how he knew we were there and he went "I googled Moloko and found the place easy like impregnating a girl after

eating avocado and peanuts. Those stupid security guards didn't want me to get in because I didn't want to give them R100. Ba nyela, ga ke bechi banna nna. Ke monna wa Motlokwa wa nnete. Ke becha basadi fela (I don't give money to men. I am the real Motlokwa man. I only give money to women)". We drove around for about 5 minutes looking for Thobile's car. Lol I felt so stupid because it wasn't parked far from Moloko. It was parked by South Street, between Duncan (Jan Shoba) Street and Grosnvenor Street. I got out of the blue machine and ran to Thobile's car. I thought Thobile would follow me but she remained in the blue machine. She even closed the door. Mxm alcohol will humble you straight. I hit the accelerator and RR followed me. I used Duncan Street and turned right at Schoeman (Francis Baard) Street. Immediately after turning I heard a 'bleeeeeewww bleeeeeewww bleeeeeew'. Nxa bloody cops!!!!!! I expected Thobile to stop

and talk to them but the blue machine drove passed me like they didn't know me. I think Thobile was sleeping in the car. I had no choice but to pull over on the side of the road. I saw two cops but only one male cop came to me. I rolled down the window and tried my best to gather tears in my eyes. He went "where do you come from this time of the night? Are you alone?". He was checking the other seats as he said that. I went "yes I am alone officer. I am from my boyfriend's place. I found him in bed with another girl and now I am driving to my place". I was pretending to cry as I said that. He asked me to switch on the light and I complied. He went "moerskond, some men are fools. Is he a Tswana man? I know Tswana guys cheat like nobody's business. Ba cheata nkare ban aba dinyatsi. Who cheats on a hot chick like you? He is bewitched".

Nigger offered to escort me to my place but I told him I would manage. Being beautiful is an

advantage in this world. He went “give me your number so I can call later to check if you arrived safely”. I gave him JT’s number. He wanted me to wait for him to buzz me. I told I left my bag at my boyfriend’s place because I left in a hurry. He went “it’s ok, I will call you tomorrow”. That was it. He didn’t even ask for my driver’s licence. I drove away with a huge smile on my face. I found the blue machine waiting at the gate. I opened the gate for us and we drove in. To my surprise Thobile was wide awake. She had a mysterious glow on her face. I asked them why they left me and Thobile went “I didn’t want to get arrested with you. Ka dlala, I knew you would get away with it. My male colleagues think with their njombies. You should have given him a blow job right there”. As soon as we got in the house I headed straight to the bedroom to sleep. I told RR to tell the security guards I said they should open for him. I threw myself on the bed with clothes on. When you

are drunk you can pass out within 5 seconds. I think that's what happened to me. I don't know what woke me....a nightmare I think, my eyes went phaaaa. I don't even know what time it was but I think it was early morning. The door to my bedroom was not completely closed. I heard sounds coming from the sitting room. At first I thought my mind was manufacturing sounds but when I listened carefully I realised it was Thobile. My mind went "she is probably doing herself again". My thought was motivated by the fact that I could only hear her voice.

Masturbation is addictive bathong. I thought to myself that maybe Thobile was one of those girls who did themselves every night. All lights inside house were off and I knew if I switched them on I was gonna spoil someone's fun. The sounds went on for over an hour. Well, I am exaggerating but they went on for over 30 minutes until I passed out again. The way I was so drunk I didn't even dream on the second half

of my slumber.

When I woke up RR was sleeping on the couch and Thobile was nowhere to be seen. RR told me she left early in the morning. I asked RR where he slept and he went “ke otsetje mo sofeng. Jika majika the whole night (I slept on the couch)”. I asked him what he meant by jika majika and he told me the couch wasn't comforting so he kept rolling and tossing. I went to the other bedroom and the bed was well made. I asked RR if he slept with Thobile and he started singing 'One Night Only One Night Only You'll Be The Why' and laughed afterwards. I told him to leave because I wanted to be alone. As soon as he left I called Thobile. Her phone rang but she didn't pick up. I send her a Whatsapp text asking if she slept with RR. It wasn't my business but it's not cool for your female friends to sleep with your male friends without your permission. Only girls will understand this. And RR nogal!!!! No wonder

she left before I woke up mxm. I took a bath and changed into a dress and heels. It was Sunday and I wanted to go have a conversation with God. Problem was I didn't know which church to go to and how to get there. The only churches I was familiar with were the ones in Sunnyside and I wasn't in a mood to smell booze in church. Yes I said it, most people who go to Sunnyside churches smell like brewery. Blame it on clubbing the night before. The thought of using public transport didn't sit well with me. I missed Tshengi and his cars at that moment. Now I see why girls go for blessers. I called a metered taxi to come fetch me. I wanted to go the church in Hatfield but thought of the crap of the previous night. It was a bit risky for me. I decided to go to Sunnyside aka Mma ga Mpone. As soon as I got off the taxi my phone rang. I answered and a female voice went "please stay away from my man if you still want to live. He is married and you are busy

forcing him to sleep with you. He doesn't want you sferb, he loves me. That's the reason I am his wife, not you". Before answering I thought to myself "Does God still women like this? I thought they died with BlackBerry Curve". I asked her if she was done and she said yes. I went "nnyamao moloi" and hung up. I didn't even know who she was or who she was talking about. Some tokoloshis can force you to swear on Sunday nxa. Before I could enter the church entrance my phone rang and it was Thobile.

She went "I just laid charges of"

WTF....

THE END

[12/03, 17:40] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 249

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

"Many people believe they know true darkness,

but until it has been experienced it cannot be imagined. Without even a flicker of light, the mind begins to play tricks. There is a constant feeling that there is a wall before you, that you must stop. The eyes open as wide as they can, hungry for light. The only thing that helps is to shut them tight” – Joseph R. Lallo,

Sometimes satan visits us in many ways. There I was going to praise my Father and Thobile had to call me with distasteful news. All I wanted to do was to go to church and ask my Father to forgive me for all the sins I committed since the last time I went to church. Akere that’s how bazalwane roll. They sin on Saturday and depend on the Lord’s good heart to forgive them on Sunday. I thought of hanging up and continuing with my church things but I thought it would be rude to Thobile. I had no choice but to let satan win. I dumped church and went to catch a taxi to Centurion. Imagine you turned at the church entrance to go be there for your

friend and when you get in a taxi the driver decides to play Sista Bettina. Hayi ka mmao satan can be nja ya game when he wants. Nigger didn't care there were adults in his taxi. He was singing along like a possessed lethwasa. When I got to the police station Thobile was waiting for me outside. She went "I have had it with that woman. She crossed the line this time. She has done it before and I didn't act because her husband begged me not to do anything. This time she exhausted my patience". She was walking to her car as she said that. It was the first time I saw her that angry. Her top was tattered like she had just survived a lion attack. I got in the passenger seat and we drove to her place. I asked her how it all started and she went "that woman once slashed my tyres because her husband helped me to carry grocery from the car to my place. Her husband apologised and bought me new tyres. The second time she budged at my place at 10pm

looking for her husband. When I told her I didn't know where he was she beat me up and threatened me with a lightning. I didn't fight her back because I was sick. Again her husband apologised and begged me not to lay charges. Because he's a good man I didn't lay charges. Apparently he didn't sleep at home last night. We came back at the same time this morning. She thinks he was with me. She assaulted me again. I had no choice but to involve the authorities. I don't wanna take her on myself". I looked at her and asked "is she from Umlazi?". She ignored my question. Apparently women from Umlazi can beat hell out of you if they suspect you ride their men, especially those who date men from Grebelands Hostel.

When we got to her place I Whatsapped JT and told her what happened. She replied "Nxa Thobile le yena o soft nkare lerago la Matshidiso. Why a sa trappa sfebe seo se nyele mara? Ka zwakala nou. Dai sfebe o tlo nyela. Ke

tlo mo chunela civil war (Thobile is so soft like Matshidiso's butt. Why didn't she beat the hell out of that hoe? I'm coming now. I'm gonna beat the hell out of that woman)". That's what I liked about JT, she knew how to solve problematic people. I didn't tell Thobile because I knew she would be against it. She didn't have a heart of a cop. She was more of a Social Worker than a cop to me. She opened a bottle of wine and started drinking. I told her to take a shower or bath because her clothes looked like balls of an 80 year old man. While she was bathing JT rocked up without knocking. She had a sjambok in her hand. She shouted "o waar moloi wa teng ke strappe a nyele?". I told her I didn't know where she stayed. She asked where Thobz was and I pointed to the bathroom. She went in there like a cheetah going for an impala ya go paka. I thought it was gonna be an in and out kinda thing but she didn't come out as expected. Within few minutes I heard Thobile

screaming. I almost puked thinking JT was probably licking where RR chowed. Life is not fair. I took out my earphones and listened to Akon's Lonely. After about 30 minutes they came out of the bathroom with wicked smiles on their face. I went "le no jana without even minding gore I'm here? And la tseba gore ke bolawa ke letswai. Le nna I want to be desalinated bathong". JT laughed and told me to find myself a patapata blesser. Mxm I regretted not going to church for nothing. I told Thobile I wanted to leave but JT told me to "bofa lephondo sfebe (take it easy hoe). Let's go to Busy Corner and have lunch. I'll drop you after the lunch". There was no way I was gonna say no to Busy Corner lunch. Thobile went "maybe you'll find yourself a blesser there. It's time you found someone to replace that Venda psycho". I was excited about the idea of going there but the thought of what happened the last time I was there bothered more. I didn't want

the drama of people thinking I took their men. But I knew with JT around no beesh would touch me.

I asked JT if she still wanted to see the woman who harassed Thobile and she went “relax, ke tla deala le yena later. Now ro tjakalla Busy Corner. No, I mean ro ja lunch (relax, I’ll deal with her later. Let’s go turn up at Busy Corner now)”. We used JT’s car because it had powerful music. Why do people who drive Golf 1 love loud music and sferbing? Golf 5, Gold 6 and Golf 7 male drivers love chowing students. When we got to Busy Corner JT bought my stuff, my favourite vodka and lots of meat. My plan was just to eat but when I saw that vodka my throat got hoe-ny. She went “re nwa one bottle and then ra slyza”. Whenever I saw a dark person my blood boiled thinking he might be a Venda guy. I was gradually becoming muvhangophobic (muvhangophobia is a fear of Vendas). Thobile wanted Castle Lite but JT

forced her to drink my favourite vodka. She went "I was not a fan of vodka but this one is different. It takes me to another world. The taste is magnificent". Some guy spotting spectacles came to our table to greet me. He went "I think I follow you on Twitter. Aren't you Sharon Letsoalo?". Thobile whispered "ha ha ha ha ha ha few minutes and you already scored a blesser? Be nice to the poor guy Sharon". The guy went "uhm wa phenga. I am not a blesser and I am not a poor guy. My name is Khorombi Edwin Makushu . Ndendee!!!!". Lol I recognised his name. He was some crazy nigger on social media. JT gave him a funny look and he left. Lol JT was such a bully. We had our food and abused the vodka. JT bought another bottle. What was supposed to be a lunch nyana kinda thing extended to hours. When darkness said hello JT went "entlik ke nyaka re vaye nou. Go na le some gontji ka dah....ke batla re bethe dry (actually I want us to leave. There's some

tarven I want us to go to)”. The word gontji gave me goosebumps. But when you are tipsy or drunk anything is monate thwaa. We drove to some semi-informal township in Tembisa called Winnie Mandela or just Winnie. It was named after former president Mandela’s ex wife. Apparently it comes second after Alexandra in terms of population of rats. I’m talking about rats that kill cats and eat them. JT took us to some popular tarven called ka-Nkovani in Zone 8. The sometimes snob in me didn’t feel comfortable, especially after seeing so manyag never mind.

JT told us the place only played Tsonga music. I asked her why she loved it because she wasn’t Tsonga and she went “Eh jo, maTsonga discovered twerking. Ke tla hierso go bona original twerkers (Tsongas discovered twerking. I come here to see original twerkers). Bhengu.... Bhengu Bhengu.... Bhengu Bhengu Bhengu xiseveseve”. Lol it was funny seeing JT dancing

to some Tsonga jams. She was rocking the remixed gwara gwara dance. Everyone looked so happy there. Even Thobile started dancing. I was the only one who wasn't dancing. I think seeing dark people who spoke in underlined italics made me think of Tshengi. My phone rang and it was my ex Matome from Jane Furse. I had to shift a bit because it was so noisy. I asked him what he wanted and he went "I saw you at Busy Corner earlier. Before I could come greet you disappeared. Where are you?". I told him I was at some ghetto place in Winnie. He laughed and asked what I was doing there. I told him I was having fun with friends at some place called Nkovani. He laughed and said "o wele mmadibekwana ke wena. O tsamaya magontji these days (you depreciated you bloody baboom. You go to ghetto tarvens)? I am coming right now. I stay around Tembisa these days". I walked back to the spot where I left JT and Thobile. They were dancing like

nobody's business to the sounds of Joe Shirimane, Benny Mayengani and other famous Tsonga musicians. It was so cool to see many young black people so proud of their own culture. My phone rang again and it was Matome telling me he was waiting for me at the corner. Ever noticed how difficult it is to say no when your ex calls you? Especially that as\$hole nigger that treated you like an object. Matome was driving a silver Ford Figo. I got in the car and asked to charge my phone because my battery was dying. I switched it off to speed up the charging process. He went "I never expected to see you in a place like this. O beatilwe ke world?". Don't you hate it when Pedis mix Sepedi with English? What the heck if 'o beatilwe ke world'? Only someone from gaSekhukhune could say such. I sat in the car for over an hour listening to Matome's kak and funny stories. He was telling me how he missed chowing me dry. Mxm some men think

backwards hle. How can you be proud you shagged a girl who wasn't wet? That's like eating raw mogodu and expecting to enjoy it. I told him I wanted to go check up on JT and Thobile. He said "o dire fast or o tla finder ke tsamaile". Hayi his Sepenglish was boring me.

When I got to the spot I left JT and Thobile they were nowhere to be found. I walked to the place where we parked the car and I found 3 guys peeing. Jeerrrr at first I thought they were showing off their black belts but when I looked closely I saw marombhoso. I ran back to the corner. Matome's car....dololo. It was gone. I stood in the middle of the street not knowing what to do next. My handbag was inside JT's car and my phone was charging in Matome's car. At first I thought Matome was up to his old pranks. After 10 minutes Matome was still dololo. I saw some poor looking couple walking past and I went "sorry my brother, I need your help. I am stranded. May I use your phone to

call my friend?”. The guy went “u ta ni nyika xitombo (will you give me a vjayjay)?”. The girl gave him a funny look and said “u nga lave ku ni tolovela wena Shortpen nxa (don’t mess with me Shortpen)”. Hayi Tsongas and funny names!!!! Who names their kid Shortpen? She dragged him and they left. The girls was rocking heels but she was walking like a sloth. I saw another brother in a GTI and went to him. I told him my problem and he told me he didn’t have airtime but he can drop me at the police station. I said no because I didn’t trust him. He went “ok, wait here. I’ll go buy airtime so you can call whoever you wanna call to come fetch you. I see you don’t trust me. This place is not safe for people like you”. He went to the nearby hawker and bought airtime. I didn’t bother calling my number because I knew it was off. I called JT and her phone was off. I didn’t know Thobile’s number by heart. I tried to remember Matome’s number but failed. This thing of not

memorising phone numbers is risky, especially when you are stranded. The guy's real phone didn't have data. I was using one of those R100 phones to phone. I was not surprised hey, most GTI brothers are always broke. That is why they do high school kids. The other number I remembered was that of Obakeng. I thought 10 times before calling him. I didn't want him to think I only called him when I was desperate for help. But hey, you know what they say about desperate times. I called him and he answered. I explained my situation to him and he said "I know the place. I have a meeting at church but I can come fetch you. We will continue with the meeting afterwards". Ja sometimes we leave men God made for us only to meet mgijimis. OB was so kind to me but I was just a ratchet nje. The GTI guy asked if someone was coming to fetch me and I said yes. He went "cool, my wife is waiting for me at home but I'll wait until your person comes". It took OB about 25 minutes to

get to where I was. I thanked the GTI guy with a hug. OB got out of the car and gave me a work. He looked so fine in a white suit. He looked like milk. I fell in his arms and started crying. He opened the door for me.

Before I could get in the car I heard Thobile's voice going "we are busy looking for you and you are busy ga....."

Boooooommmmmmm ayeye.....

THE END

[12/03, 17:40] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 250

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

"Spending time looking for what is missing in your life is futile; if you fail to look within yourself. When we challenge everything we believe we are, we reveal that which we never knew about our own selves" – Nicolas G.

Janovsky,

The way drama was so addicted to me I even thought maybe my mother transported it to me via the umbilical cord when I was still a foetus. Everywhere I went there was drama. If I were a TV drama I would be 10 times better than Boringrations – The Legacy. The situation I was in didn't require luck, it needed metsi a leshata plus all night prayer followed by 2 weeks of fasting. Thobile didn't know I knew OB very well and OB didn't know I was friends with Thobile. To make matters worse I think OB didn't know Thobile had a baby by him. There was no way I could make them not see each other because everything was just there nje. I thought of running away but I knew it would be more risky for because I didn't have any money with me. I couldn't get in OB's car and tell him to drive away because it would look wrong. Instead of getting inside the car I froze. I think I was not the only one who froze because Thobile's voice

died like a weak man's dick after first round. JT got out of the car and walked to OB's car. My eyes were still refrigerated on Thobile inside JT's car. When JT got to OB's car she pushed him so hard nigger fell on the ground. JT went "baba, voetsek man. Bo romantic nyana bja masepa. You hurt her and nou o tlo iketsa Romeo and Juliet wa masepa. O mo gaile ring nyana ya mbombai and then dropped her like magwinya a Mmakete afterwards. O ka se vaye le yena vandag. O ka nna wa sendela Modimo inbox if you want, I don't give a pastor's motete wa go sehlefala". She grabbed my hand and dragged me towards her car. I don't even know why she had an impression that OB hurt me because I never really told her what really happened between us. I think she was just overreacting because I was with another man after everything that happened between Tshengi and I. She was looking out for me. I told her she was hurting my hand and she went

“voetsek sfebe. Problem ya gago ke gore o denka ka kukwana nyana e ya gago ya black forest. I have been looking for you kanti wena o busy ka bofebe le moruti wa fake. Ke tla le trappa le le 2 la nyela soos nou. Ra vaya nou and you won't say no. Haak let's go”.

OB wa Modimo tried to stand up but JT kicked him so hard he fell again. Before I could tell JT not to hurt the poor guy Thobile got out of the car and slapped me. I regretted saying Thobile was a softie. Her slap was like that of a construction company worker. It was the first time I experience the cop in her. JT let go off my and tried to grab Thobile. She was hurling all sorts of insults to me. She was going “you are such a witch. You are capable of killing me and laugh afterwards. I sent you a picture of this son of a baboon and you didn't tell me you know him. Why did you keep quiet when I told you I have a baby with him? You continued pretending to be my friend while you knew you

were keeping a big secret from me. I hate you. I hate you like the way I hate this sucker that impregnated me and gave me abortion money. You are all the same, you deserve each other bana ba baloi. I will never forgive you". To be honest I didn't understand why she was mad at me. I was not the one who impregnated and gave her abortion money. Some girls have Jacob Zuma tendencies. Instead of taking responsibility for her own deeds she was shifting the blame to other people. Yes it was wrong of me not to tell her I knew OB but it's not like it was gonna reverse the pregnancy. OB got up and went "you have a baby with me? You know each other? Oh my God....oh no what have I done?". JT who was getting confused went "emang toe? La re what is what and who is who and which is which? Entlik dintshang di plek? Thobz dae man ke letaema la kitten ya gago? Kopa le meike sense assomblief. Are you saying moruti wa tsotsi who almost got married

to Ntwana ke your baby daddy? Entlik ka lora or bo-ma-what?”. Thobile escaped from JT’s grab and gave me another slap on my head. I didn’t wanna fight back but she pushed me. I retaliated with my own version of a slap. She was drunk but it didn’t give her a right to play on my body. I gave her another clap and the next thing I was on the floor. She pulled a 10111 punch on me.

OB tried to help me stand up but JT kicked him on the butt. People from the tarven were gathering to witness the free action movie. Plus I could see most of them didn’t have DSTV at home. One of them said “tatana mfundisi Obakeng!!!!!! Yho Xikwembu xi ta ni khomela but mara pastor va sasekile yong. That’s why I go to his church”. Mxm drunk people have no chill. There was a fight and all she could see was Obakeng’s good looks. Another girl said “wait, is this pastor Obakeng? Kasi what’s going? Is pastor drinking with us kaNkovani? The world

is coming to an end". When OB realised people noticed him he managed to run to his car. JT wanted to run after him but Thobile grabbed her. Nigger managed to employ his Michael Schumacher skills to drive off. JT went "get in the car now. Both of bloody yous". Thobile was like "I will walk to Pretoria. I am not going to be in the same car with this witch. I rather walk". JT slapped her and went "voetsek man. When I say fly you must not ask how low, just fly. Get in the car re vaye nou or ke tlo o trappa again. Wena sfebe sa Limpopo sa curve nkare helium balloon get in the car le wena". I took the rear seat and Thobile took the front seat. Just as JT was igniting the engine I saw Matome's car approaching. I opened the door and got out of the car. JT screamed "ye wena sfebe ba go loile na? Mara o ngwana mang huh? Nxa selo se nkare ke product ya one night stand". Matome opened the window and handed me my phone. He didn't even apologise or explain why he left

with my phone. There was a girl in his car. I just grabbed my phone and went back to JT's car. Some people are selfish mxm. But hey, I have never seen a normal Matome. All of them are Nkabindes nje. Thobile was crying and JT was telling her to stop crying like a goat because no one told her to open legs for that fake pastor. I didn't like it when JT referred to OB as a fake pastor because I knew he was a good man. I told JT to stop being insensitive because she didn't know what happened. Thobile went "shut the fu#k up wena and don't pretend as if you care. You are a hyena in a sheep skin. Maybe that's the reason you'll never find a normal man. You deserve that tokoloshi from Venda. He should have killed you bloody gold digger. I pulled a warm slap from behind her. JT hit the brakes and pulled over on the side of the road. We were on the Olifantsfontein Road driving towards the R101 road when JT stopped the car. I didn't feel safe because I heard nasty

stories about that place. I read many stories of people getting hijacked there. JT went “get of my car, both of you. Ke lapisitswe ke bofebe inside my car. Le batla go gura right? I will be the referee. Thobile got out of the car. I remained in the car because I didn’t want to be panelbeaten. Thobile was drunk and I was just tipsy. JT went “Ntwana zwakala. O Jackie Chan akere? 5 minutes and we’ll go in peace unless if one of you o kicka bucket”. I told them I didn’t want to fight. Thobile screamed “etla ke go trappe. O molotsana. Now I believe when they say people from Limpopo are witches. Come now. You can go call that pastor of yours to come help you, I don’t give a damn”. I had to be the bigger girl. I apologised for not telling her I knew OB and for fighting with her”. JT told Thobile to get inside the car. We dropped Thobile at her place and JT wanted me to sleep at her place. I told her I wanted to be alone after everything that happened. She told me she was

not in a mood to drive to Equestria and that she was tired. I think she was kinda angry at me. She looked pissed. I had no choice but to ask her to call a meter taxi for me. She told me to call her as soon as I got to my place. It was the first time since I knew JT that she washed her hands off me. Normally she would drive 1000 miles just to save me. But that night she was different. Before leaving I apologised and she gave me a middle finger. I think God was punishing me for not going to church. I asked the taxi driver to pass by McD in Arcadia because I wanted to buy something to eat. After buying food he drove me straight to Equestria. The security guards told me some lady driving a black Toyota Yaris was there looking for me. He left them with an envelope. I opened the envelope and there was a note written "stay away from my man or something will happen to you. I know where you stay and I know where all your friends stay. Stay away from my man if you

don't want a bullet in your busy punani". The note stole my composure. It made me tremble with fear. I asked the security guard how she looked like and they told me she looked ugly. I walked from the gate to the house. The lights were on. I didn't remember switching on. I tried to unlock the door but it was already unlocked. My heart told me to run away but my head told me to get in.

I opened the door and

WTF!!!!!!1

THE END

[12/05, 18:13] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 251

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

"Be thankful for what you have; you'll end up
having more. If you concentrate on what you

don't have, you will never, ever have enough" –
Oprah Winfrey

One of the disadvantages of staying in other people's houses is that anyone can just pop in without you knowing. The owner can give 200 people access to the house and you won't do a thing. The first instinct was to go back to Pretoria CBD. I didn't know how she got in there or what she was doing but I knew I didn't want to be there with her. I stood by the door for over a minute looking at her sleeping like an innocent person. I walked closer to her and noticed she had the Bible in her hand. I think she passed out on the couch while reading the Bible. She had underlined Psalm 127:3 "Behold, children are a gift of the LORD, the fruit of the womb is a reward". My mom was the type of a woman who went to church almost every Sunday but I didn't regard her as a Christian because of some of the things she did. Well, I know Luke 6:37 says we should not judge but

she was my mom. I doubt God would punish me for judging my mother. I looked at my mom and saw an older version of me. Makoma was beautiful and had a naughty face. I went to the bathroom to 'clean' myself. The little fight I had with Thobile had messed me. I took a 'Venda' bath and went to my bedroom to wear pyjamas. I noticed there was another person in the other bedroom. I went there to investigate who it was and noticed it was Selfie's mother. She was sleeping with her clothes on. She had something that looked like a weave on her head. It wasn't Brazilian, Peruvian, Malaysian or Indian. It looked Marabastadian to me. She looked like a poor version of Pearl Thusi during the Metro Music Awards. I wondered what my mom was doing in Pretoria without telling me. She only took Selfie's mother with if there was a problem, especially if the problem involved me. I went back to my bedroom. I sat on my bed for couple of minutes not knowing what to do. I

remembered my phone was still off. I switched it on and received more than 40 missed call notifications. They were from my mom and JT. Whoever came up with this missed called thing should go claim billions from Vodacom.

Apparently it's possible these days. I decided to go to the bedroom to ask my mom what she was doing in Pretoria without telling me.

I touched her on the face and went "mmawe, mmawe tsowane (mama, wake up)". With her eyes still closed she went "Doctor, is that you? I was wet the whole day waiting for your dick? Please put it in before I die of cerebos". Eix nxa you see why I was developing hatred for my mom? Even in her sleep she was dreaming amasimba nje. I almost gave her a warm clap right there. I screamed "MMA IT'S ME. I AM NOT YOUR DOCTOR OR WHATEVER YOU CALL HIM". She jumped off the couch like a frog after seeing a hungry cobra. She went "yho uhm oh no uhm...I was having a nightmare. How are

you my child?”. Mxm a nightmare with doctors and wet whatevers!!!!!! Makoma thought I was a kid. My mom was always on some wet tip. No wonder my dad was never fat. She probably demanded it every 2 minutes. I asked her what she was doing in Pretoria and why she didn't tell me she was coming. Instead of answering she went to the bathroom. I couldn't help it but think she was going to service herself or wipe her wetness. My mom was such an embarrassment shem. After her toilet business she went to the other bedroom to wake Selfie's mother. When Selfie's mom saw me her face beamed with joy but I could see something was troubling her. They asked me to sit down. Selfie's mom asked us to close our eyes to say a prayer. They closed their eyes and I kept mine open. She went “Our father who are in heaven. Hello be nae nae. The king door come. Die will be done on ass The power and Gloria, forever and forever, Amen”. I

didn't hear the middle part because I was trying very hard to apply brakes on laughing. What made it worse was the seriousness on her face. When she said Amen I ran to my bedroom to laugh. We all need a Selfie's mother in our lives. She was 'On Some Other' as Mtee would say. She shouted "my son please respects God. Come here man". I went back to the sitting room and sat on the couch. Selfie's mother was not her laughing self. She had a serious and worried face. My mother on the other hand looked like she was about to cry. I asked "who died now? Or is Maite back from hell? Anything is possible with that one. Oh know....did something happen to Marcus?".

My mom told me to shut up and listen carefully because what she wanted to say was very serious. She said "one of those people from Venda called me today. He told me". I stopped her right there. I told her I had no intention of being sold to those Venda people

because she wanted to make money. I was like “if you want to disown me you can continue. I don’t give a damn. Since my dad died you have been behaving like a tikiline and now you want to recruit me to your tikilinement. I am not going to please you by getting married to that monster. I hate you for doing this to me mama. I hate you”. Tears were flowing on my face as I said that. My mom took a deep breath and wiped the tears which were gathering in her eyes. She went “it pains me when you insult me like that but it’s ok. Maybe I deserve it because I haven’t been good parent lately. Please listen to what I have to say before you jump to conclusions. That Venda man told me that they believe the boy is following you everywhere you go and he might do something bad to you. They told me he had a condition called Venda version erotomania among other delusional disorders. He might end up killing you. They don’t know where he is right now and believe he might be

following you based on historic evidence. Tomorrow morning you are leaving this place. You will stay at Marcus' place until I figure out where to take you. Those Vendas told me they will let me know when they find that crazy prince". I wanted to believe what my mom was saying but part of me told me not to. My mom was full of stories. Selfie's mom went "your death is important my son. Please don't die. I beg 1000 times because Sesi Makoma is having only child you and the small children at home. Listen or dead one and for all". They were all serious and it scared the hell out of me. I told them Tshengi was over me and there was no way he was gonna hurt me. My mom took out her phone and showed me the SMS she received from the Venda guy she was talking to. I opened my mouth wide with shock and fear. I got more scared thinking I shared bed with the beast. I wanted to die on the spot. This thing of dating people we don't know is very risky. One

day you will date mamlambo without knowing.

I told my mom I was in a gated complex and no one would get in without the permission of the security guards. To be honest, I didn't wanna go back to Marcus' place. The place had a garden of bad luck and I didn't wanna be surrounded by a dark cloud all the time. My mom told me she won't negotiate my safety and security with me. I had no choice but to agree to whatever she said. I took my burger and ate it. Selfie's mom asked what I was eating and I told her "burger". She went "yho funny foods. Burger burger burger burger" and then burst into laughter. Lol sometimes she made me think she didn't have brain cells. I told them I was tired and wanted to sleep. My mom wanted to share a bed with me but I told her I wanted to sleep alone. As soon as I got to the bedroom I called OB. He answered within the first ring. He went "I have been praying for hours. It was a mistake and I didn't mean to do it. I was never in love with her.

I meant it when I said you are the only girl I ever loved. She seduced me and we ended up doing that thing. I was under the impression she terminated the pregnancy". For some reason I believed OB had true love for me but I was not ready for his kind of love. I felt something for him but spending my entire life trying to fake being a good pastor's wife wasn't my kind of happiness. I told him I wanted a place to stay for few weeks. He asked why I needed a place and I told him I just needed a peace of mind. He told me to meet him at Carswald Shopping Centre in Midrand the following day. I called JT afterwards to tell her I got to my crib safely. She went "cool.....good night". Mxm she was behaving like a girl on periods. I couldn't sleep that night. I didn't wanna go to Marcus' place. JT was in a bad mood and I was Thobile's number one enemy. I had no choice but to employ adroit ruses to get rid of my mother. I was not proud of myself but I had to do it in

order to prevent my mom from taking me to Marcus' house.

I called RR. He went "o phuphe nkami sethantwa sa nciziyo yame. Why o nki founela ebusiku so? Ufuna ke tle ne uavocado le mageu (did you dream about me the love of my heart? Why are you calling me this time of the night? You want me to come with an avocado and mageu)?" Don't you get pissed when people from Limpopo rape isiZulu? People must stick to their mother tongue instead of raping other people's languages. I told him I needed a huge favour. He went "khuluma se ke lalele ntombanzana (talk I am listening)". I told him I wanted him to give my mom a call and pretend to be a prophet. He asked why and I told him "I want you to tell her you had a vision and that she should go back to Limpopo as soon as possible because some short prophet from Venda was planning to plant something where she normally parks her car. That is the reason

the Venda people tricked her into going to Pretoria". He went "amanzi a manyane. Manje uzonginika eng in return (that is easy. SO what do I get in return)?". I told him I'll give him money. He went "ha ha ha ha ha angifuni umali. Ngifuna into ya phakathi ga mathanga (I don't want money. I want the thing between your thighs)". Eish his fake Zulu was irritating the hell out of me. I told him I'll give him whatever he wanted. I gave him my mother's number and told him to call around 5am in the morning. I slept well knowing I had a plan to get rid of my mom. My mom came to my room around 7am the following morning to tell me there has been change of plan. I didn't even ask what she was on about because I knew my plan had worked. She went "you can sleep my girl. We'll talk later". Lol I knew the prophet plan would work magic because my mom believed in those things religiously. As soon as she left I called RR to thank him. He went "ke kgotso mmarena". I

divorced the bed around 10am. Selfie's mom was drinking coffee and my mom was bathing. I asked Selfie's mom where my mom was going and she whispered "she is says blind date. But date is the calendar and date is not have eyes. I am shocks shem". I almost laughed. I saw my mom's phone on the couch. I took it and went thru it. I noticed she was busy on Whatsapp almost the entire night with a number I didn't recognize. She saved it as 'New Huge Machine'. The person sent her pictures of his erect cock and she replied with the 'in love' and 'tongue out' emojis'. I was so pissed but I didn't do anything because I invated her privacy. I didn't see any call or text from RR's number I knew but there was a call from a private number. I assumed it was from RR. After bathing she put on the shortest skirt ever and some sexy top. I asked if she was going back to Limpopo and she went "we will talk when I come back from a meeting. BRB". She took her phone and cat-

walked out of the house. I decided to surreptitiously follow her. She was shaking what my gogo gave her as she walked.

From few metres away I saw a very familiar

WFT.....WTF WTF.....WTF

THE END

[12/05, 18:14] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 252

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a comment

“Dating is like trying to make a meal out of leftovers. Some leftovers actually get better when they’ve had a little time to mature. But others should be thrown out right away, No matter how you try to warm them up, they’re never as good as when they were new” – Lisa Kleypas,

There is a saying that says an apple does not fall far from the tree. I was cuter than an apple

but sometimes I felt like one and my mom was the tree. As much as we are bound to respect our parents but sometimes we have to put the respect aside and call a spade a spade. My mom was a serial hoe professional and she was getting out of order everyday. Yes I said it, Makoma had hoe tendencies and it was so embarrassing for someone her age. The more I grew up was the more I saw the bitchicratic side in her. I think my father's death was a blessing in disguise to her. It gave her a freedom to play the field. I saw her taking out the phone and texting. I so wished I had powers to see thru her phone. Within few seconds her phone rang. She was still inside the complex but not far from the car which was not far from the gate outside the complex. I think the texting was to check where the person she was meeting was. I was hiding behind a wall because I didn't want her to see me. The more I looked at her was the more I got pissed. She

spoke on the phone for less than 30 seconds and the next thing she turned back. I quickly ran back to the house before she could see me. Selfie's mom was watching Desmond and Lillian Dube on TV when I got back into the house. Housewives and hyperamas who don't have DSTV know what I am talking about. I went straight to my bedroom. I heard my mom opening and closing the door like a fat policeman. Selfie's mom went "is blind date finish fast? Or maybe is 2014 calendar?". My mom was saying endless nxa nxa nxa nxa nxa nxa nxa like a man after being told by the wife that she is on periods. She went "I wasted my time you know.... I took a bath and wore my expensive clothes for nothing. On Whatsapp he told me he is driving a blue SUV but when I got to the gate I saw some bloody 1400. Imagine a woman of my class in such a thing. Nxa I feel played. Maybe even the tools he sent are not his. I was expecting a rich man with the right

tools in relevant areas, not a bloody khenkhukhununu. I am so mad right now”.

You know the world is nearing the end when parents my mom’s age look for blessers. The way she was expecting an SUV-driving rich guy it’s quite clear she wanted to be blessed. I was so disappointed in her. Her phone rang. I decided to call RR to give him a piece of my mind. I got that ‘number busy’ crap. I heard my mom talking over the phone. She went “Prophet Zvikomberero from where? Murombedzi in Zimbabwe?” “Huh.....how do you know what I am wearing right now? “How do you know I am in Pretoria”. I think my mom was replying to whatever the person was saying with questions. I added one and one and got a feeling it was RR executing my mandate. My mom continued “wait wait papa prophet, I believe you because you are telling me things that are true. Are you telling me those Venda morons lied to me about my daughter being in

danger?" "Prophet Zvikomberero, thank you very much. How can I meet you so you can prophesise me further? I am tired of wasting money on fake prophets. Wena nkare you are the real deal?" "wait, let me get a pen to write everything down. Uhm 1. Mageu, 2. Avocados 3. Yoghurt strawberry flavour 4. Chicken Licken Wings 5. Candles 6. Mineral Water 7. Red rope 8. Long Life Milk 9. Petrol 10. Salt Is that all? "it's ok, I will wait for you call. Thank you Prophet". I immediately went to join them in the sitting room after the call. My mom had a huge smile written all over her face. I asked her why she was happy and she told me "our problems are over. You don't have to fear those Vendas anymore. We are very protected by the holy ghost. I am going home". One thing I noticed about us black South Africans is that we are very credulous, naïve and gullible when coming to faith issues. And it's not only the

poor and uneducated who believe these things, even the rich and educated fall for them. We give lot of money to people who promise us protection in the name of religion. We pay money for miracles which will never benefit us in anyway. Can a pastor taking a selfie with Abraham take my period pains away? It's high time we started believing in God's real power without seeking shortcuts from false prophets. People should read Matthew 7:15. I was glad my mom was leaving but felt guilty I had to trick her. She asked me to promise to take care of myself and come home wherever I wanted. That was it, my prophet-believing mom fell right into my trap.

I remembered I had a meeting with Obakeng. I asked my mom for some cash injection and she gave me R200. I felt like she spat on my face. That is what happens when you are used to receiving 4-digits plus from generous blessers. I had passed the stage of hundreds and

graduated into thousands. Millions were next on my wish list. My mom called someone to come fetch her and Selfie's mom. I wanted to cook for them but my mom told me to take a bath because she wanted us to go see Uncle Marcus before leaving for Limpopo. I was not keen on the idea but as always she forced me. I took a bath and within 40 minutes her lift called. I almost blew a vuvuzela when I saw a woman in the driver's seat. I was expecting another player in my mom's soccer team, or should I say bedroom team? My mom told me she used to work with the woman's hubby. "Hope she didn't sleep with the poor woman's husband", I thought to myself. The topic inside the car was about broke men. My mother's friend went "broke men do not have a right of erection. I'm sorry checkers, I rather be single than date a man who won't be able to take care of me". My mom kept looking at me to check if I was reacting. Selfie's mom went "money is roots of

elvis. Me and Nkuna is loving like water and fire. Romeo and Julius". We all cracked and she helped us to laugh. There was never a dull moment when she was around. I wondered why my mom didn't use her own car to come to Pretoria. She wasn't a fan of public transport. The woman dropped us at Marcus' place and left. Marcus' health was improving everyday. He was sitting on a wheelchair but he looked healthy. I gave him a hug and he went "you just contributed 60% to my healing process. Your mom told me you are coming back to stay with daddy. I am very happy hey. I promise I won't be strict like before". My mom told Marcus I wouldn't be staying with him anymore because of some unexpected development. He wanted to ask questions but my mom told him it was a family matter. After 20 minutes at Marcus' house my phone rang. It was Obakeng telling me to meet him at O'Galito Centurion Mall in about an hour. I asked why not Carlsworld

Shopping Centre as initially agreed. He told me he is in a meeting in Centurion so would be convenient to meet there.

I told my mom I was going to meet a friend in Centurion. She went “you hate spending time with your mother neh? What happened to my daughter?”. I told her we made plans long time ago. Marcus asked if I wanted to use his car and I said no. I knew by taking his car I would be forced to go back to Phillip Nel later. My mom went “Hawu Max, I thought we agreed I’m taking the car to Limpopo”. Halala, I knew my mom had something planned. She was such a Level 3 Blessee. Marcus told her he was just kidding. I gave Marcus and my favourite woman hugs and left. I caught a taxi to CBD and then another one to Centurion at Andries Street. I called OB but he didn’t pick up. I wanted to tell him I was on my way. I called about 10 times and he didn’t answer. I assumed he was still tied up in his meeting. When I got off the taxi I

went straight to O'Galito. I ordered orange juice while waiting for OB. RR called to ask where I was. I told him I was somewhere on a date with someone. He went "pay back the jika majika. Ke ku tshelile gore mina ke nja ya game phunyuka ba mphethe left and right. So about payment, takeaway or home cooked?". I told him he's getting nothing because he sent my mom stupid pictures and tried to hit on her. He laughed and went "you have jealous now. Phela mina ke ishambhola and ke ya thandeka. Umama wa gago uzwile ivoice a thanda mina (I am hot and lovable. Your mom heard my voice and loved me)". I hung up on him. His fake Zulu was irritating the hell out of me. He called again and I ignored his call. I had about 5 glasses of juice and OB was still dololo. I called and to my shock his phone was off. It was out of OB's character not to keep his promises. I was more concerned than angry. Before I could call the waiter to bring the bill some yellow bone man

with a larger than life mkhaba greeted me nicely in isiXhosa. I greeted back and he went “njani kalok ibhelekazi elunjengawe lihlale kodwa eRestyu? Ulwile neBlessor yakho? Kunganjani ndikuhlalise (why is a hot girl like you sitting alone in a restaurant? Did you fight with your blesser? Can I sit with you)?”. isiXhosa is one of the sexiest languages in the world. I told him I didn’t mind if he took the table and the bill because I was leaving anyway. He went “yima kancici babe. Zokuthengela yonke into oyifunayo. Ndikwizinga leshumi lobangumsikeleli. Ndingu level 10 blesser. Ndingu Bae S7 Edge (wait a bit babe. I’ll buy you whatever you want. I am a level 10 blesser)”. Lol trust old Xhosa niggers to try to push charm with decorated language. He put his phone on the table.

OMG, his wallpaper was a picture of my

B00000000MMMMMMM WTF..

THE END

[12/05, 18:15] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 253

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave
a comment](#)

“The reason many people in our society are miserable, sick, and highly stressed is because of an unhealthy attachment to things they have no control over” – Steve Maraboli

Under normal circumstances any man old enough to be your father should be treated the way you would normally treat your father. We all know in African cultures a father is someone that deserves respect at all times. I am not talking about plastic fathers who only see their children on Facebook and Twitter. Those ones don't deserve to be called fathers. I am talking about fathers who know and execute their responsibilities very well. The Xhosa chap was above Piet's age group and I expected him to

conduct his department accordingly. I didn't expect him to behave like a boy who just discovered wanking. When I saw a semi-nude picture of my favourite rapper Nicki Minaj as his wallpaper I didn't know where to laugh or be shocked. I felt like I was seeing that picture on my late father's phone. It was a bit embarrassing. I went "sir, are you using your son's phone? I see that picture on your wallpaper". He laughed and said "Ndingu bae, a rich bae not sir. Call me Dali.....my name is Dali. But you can call me bae anytime". I told him I don't go around calling people old enough to be my ancestor bae. He told me I had attitude and that's the reason I was having drinks on my own. Nigger told me to learn to appreciate when people appreciate me. His phone rang and he went "hello love. I am in a meeting right now. I will call you later". After the call he went "Nxa bloody wife. I am only with her because of the kids. I don't feel her anymore. She is too old for

me". Men will say the nastiest things about their wives when they want to impress a new prey. At the end of the day he will go back to the very same wife he was saying kak about while you sleep alone in cold weather. I decided to take a revolutionary stance and defend a fellow woman. I went "you don't need to insult your wife in from of me to sound cool. If she is the mother of your children as you claim you should respect and cherish her. I hate men like you who badmouth their wives in public. Mxm you call her love on the phone then lie and seal it with badmouthing her. You know what, go to hell. I don't talk to people like you". Yho I felt like a female version of Julius Malema right there. It felt right to defend a fellow rock.

I decided to leave him standing there like a fool. The waitress shouted "sorry ma'am, you didn't pay your bill. Could you please be kind and pay the bill". She was so humble I just felt liking giving her R100 as a tip. The guy, Dali or

whoever he was called jumped in and said “don’t worry young lady, I will settle the bill and tip you with R400”. I don’t know if he was trying to impress me but it didn’t work. I paid my own bill and left. Nigger followed me. I told me if he didn’t leave me alone I would scream and cause a scene. He went “I love attention. Cause a scene and make me trend on Twitter, Facebook and Twitter. I dare you”. I hated his arrogant demeanour. While on the escalator he went “you are very beautiful, you know that? I can leave my wife for you any day”. I bet every girl had heard that before, many times. Married men think they can buy us with fake marriage proposal. I told him I was not stupid like girls he picks at malls and promise them heaven and earth. I so wished I was Bin Laden’s cousin right there. I would have bombed the hell out of his big belly nxa. As I walked towards the escalators before Woolworths I saw someone that looked like Thobile busy on a phone. After

taking a good look I learned it was indeed Thobile. I fought with my multiple thoughts of what to do next. I knew she was probably still very angry with me for what transpired in Tembisa. After the call she walked inside the shop. I decided to follow her. I knew it was unlikely that she would cause a scene in public. Dali was still following me. As I walked inside the shop I saw Thobile walking to the kiddies section. Ncoooh, she made me wish to have my own bundle of joy. Dali went "I can take you to expensive boutiques in Sandton. You don't have to buy clothes in malls that are close to shisanyamas. I am rich. I can take you shopping in Dubai right now". As I approached the area where Thobile was I almost got a heart attack. I saw OB pushing a trolley. At first I didn't whether he was with Thobile or not. It was when I saw her smiling at him that reality uhm.....like Mgarimbe once said "Oh sh!t eh bari....".

I immediately turned back and walked towards the exit. Thobile went “Sharon...Sharon, come here my friend. This man is clueless when coming to kiddies clothes. Maybe you can help me choose”. Oh damn, she saw me before I could make a vapour exit. I had no choice but to turn around and look at them. I could see OB was uncomfortable about it. Dali went “Oh so your name is Sharon. Mmmmmmh I love it. We must make a daughter and call her Nomasharon. She will be yellow like her parents”. Thobile went “oh you have a boyfriend.....an oldmanfriend? Wow, please introduce us”. She was acting funny. I mean for someone who told me she didn't want anything to do with OB I was surprised she was with him. I wasn't shocked though. That is how we girls roll. The minute we hear a friend or some girl we know has some sort of a link to 'the guy' we immediately lose the hatred for him and develop something just to spite the friend. I was

very sure Thobile was with OB because she found out I was engaged to him at some stage. I went "he is not my boyfriend and I don't know him". She was like "he seems like your type to me. He looks rich. I know you love them rich and old". OB was looking at the floor at that stage. I didn't understand why he took her to the very same mall he promised me to meet him. OB went "Uhm Sharon, sorry for.....uhm ja. Actually, I thought as a father it was my responsibility to buy my child clothes. My battery died while I was.....uhm ja". I was burning inside but I tried to maintain my equanimity. I didn't want to show Thobile she had won. The minute you show a girl that she has won she will be all over you. I went "I just wanted to say hello. I am meeting a friend ko Spur. Please enjoy your shopping". Thobile gave a sarcastic snigger and went "enjoy my friend. I will call you when we are done shopping for our beautiful princess. Tell your sugar daddy to give

you a baby.....if he still has sperms of course". Mxm she pressed a wrong button there. I went "thanks for the advice. At least I know he won't give me abortion money like other people". I whistled and left.

Dali followed me like a stubborn fly following the smell of a fart. I told him I didn't want to talk to him but nigger remained stubborn. I think it's in the nature of Xhosa men to be stubborn. Once they put their eyes on something they will never stop until they get it. If you read Long Walk to Freedom by Dr Nelson Mandela you will know what I am talking about. He was tortured, beaten and almost got killed but he continued fighting for what he wanted, FREEDOM. Dali went "I can see you are hurt, let me buy you a drink to make you feel better. I promise I will not ask many questions. Let's go to Sandton or Dubai right now". I told him I didn't wanna go to Sandton or Dubai but home. He asked where I parked my car and I told him I was going to

catch a taxi. He laughed and went “ha ha ha ha ha ha does God still make yellow bones that don’t have cars? Let me take you to your place.....if you have a place. I promise I won’t bother you anymore. A beautiful girl like you should not use those dirty taxis. You’ll probably be the only beautiful girl in that taxi. Have you seen how ugly girls who use taxis are? Let me bless you with a lift. I really don’t mind helping the less fortunate”. Eish, TAXI neh!!!1. I was like “ok, but promise you won’t ask for my number or kidnap me”. He told me to take a picture of him and send it to all my friends and tell them to take it to the cops in case I went missing. We walked to the parking lot. OMG, I almost swallowed my tongue when he led me to a silver Rolls Royce. He went “hope you don’t mind my cheap car. One day I’ll be rich and buy a private jet like Prophet Bushuri”. Ja rich people love being modest bathong. I don’t know if it was excitement of getting inside the beast

but I started getting nauseous. I told him I stayed in Pretoria CBD. There was no way I was gonna lead a stranger to my place, a Xhosa stranger for that matter. My nausea escalated to some funny dizziness and light sweating. I asked Dali if he had muti in his car. He went “the only muti I have in my car is money.....lots of money”. I tried to laugh but puke came out instead. We were on the Ben Schoeman highway as that happened. Dali went “what the bloody poor yellow bone nxa jou moer. You are used to Vivos and Getz. Do you know how much this car is?”. I puked again and he stopped the car. He got off and opened the passenger door for me. I puked twice. He went “I think I should rush you to a hospital”. He helped me to get back into the car and drove as fast as he could. He called someone to tell him or her that he was bringing a patient. He drove me to Medforum Hospital. Whoever he called was waiting for us when we got to the hospital.

I was quickly whisked upstairs to some ward. I was attended by some Indian doctor.

The doctor went “your symptoms point to one thing....”

BOOOOMMMMMM

THE END

[12/05, 18:16] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 254

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a comment

“12% of people with glasses wear them as an attempt to see better. 88% of people who wear glasses wear them as an attempt to appear smarter” – Mokokoma Makhonoana

I don't think I am the only person who hates doctors. I know they help us a lot but sometimes they'll make some funny comments even before they touch you. I didn't like the way that Indian doctor made comments about my

health without touching me. That's something I would expect from sangomas who rely on bones and stones to make diagnosis. Dali was with me as that doctor made those funny comments. I told him to stop saying things he knew nothing about and check me properly. Dali told me to be a patient patient. The doctor asked Dali to excuse us for few minutes. He made me sit on the bed. I am not insinuating anything but I smelled some fish on that bed. Maybe my sense of smell was under the influence of expired inkomazi. He asked "when was the last time you engaged in unprotected coitus?". I gave him a ghetto look and went "unprotected co-co-co-what?". Don't you hate it when people use jargon to confuse you? He asked when the last time I had unprotected intercourse was. It was at that stage that I realised where he was going with that line of questions. I quickly remembered Tshengi did not use idyasi lomkhwenyana. I felt my head

spinning. I also remembered I had not seen my periods in quite some time. I had missed my periods. The doctor went "LMP? Uhm.....last normal menstrual period?". I stood up and went "wena Gupta, I am not pregnant if that is what you are implying. I can't be pregnant. I will never be pregnant". He told me not to get worked up because he was only doing his job. He actually reminded me he wasn't even supposed to check me but he was only helping his friend Dali. I went "Sorry Gupta". He told me his surname was Pillai, not Gupta. Mxm as if he was not South African. In South Africa we call all Indians Guptas like we call all rich people Motsepe. All broke people are called Magongwa, dark foreigners with funny accents are called Nigerians. Lol that's how chill-less we are in this country. Apparently the chill was stolen by some ubaba from Nkandla. He told me "I am gonna do a urine hCG to determine if you are pregnant. That's the only way we gonna know

hey. I need your urine". I felt like he was pulling my clit with pliers. I didn't want to be pregnant at all.

I will be lying if I told you the test was a pleasing experience. I felt like the waiting duration was a lifetime. I remember his exact words "congratulations madam. You are going to be a mother. Your pregnancy test is positive". I shed tears and went "no I can't be pregnant....no no no no no no I am not pregnant. I know I am not pregnant. Your stupid things are mixed with tikka bomb or masala bomb and they are not accurate. I am not pregnant. How did it happen? Tell me, how did it happen?". Nigger gave me a smile and said "unless if you are Mary from the Bible, we both know what happened". Then a little bit of awkward silence followed. He continued "you are probably having signs and symptoms suggestive of hyperemesis gravidarum. It's quite normal in your condition". I shouted "I am not pregnant....stop with your

gravity or what what nxa". Dali walked in at that stage to investigate why I was shouting. The doctor went "congratulations, you are going to be a father for thewhatever time". I stormed out of that place like an Alexandra cat after seeing a hungry rat. Dali followed me. My eyes were teeming with tears. The thought of carrying evidence that I once slept with Tshengi made me wanna die. I got in the elevator and Dali followed me. He went "yellow bone, you are acting like a kid now. You are pregnant, not dead. I don't mind waiting for 9 months. I can still bless you after 9 months". Mxm people like Dali have brains stuffed in their behind. He was so dumb he couldn't even see I was hurting. The only thing in his mind was blessing me as if God appointed him his deputy. Whoever came up with this blesser thing must be killed and sent straight to a VIP area in hell, right next to satan. Dali convinced me to go to his car so he could drive me home. I told him I didn't wanna

go home, I wanted to go to the nearest cemetery to bury myself. He told me kids are a gift from God and that they should be celebrated. I wanted to tell him why I didn't want that baby but I remembered he was a stranger I met few hours earlier. I didn't want him to know my personal life. I thought of going to JT's place but I wasn't ready to explain why I was all emotional. Phillip Nel was also out of the pic. I didn't want my mom to know.

Most women will relate to this. After finding out you are pregnant you have this urge to share it with someone. Most of the time it's not the father. I so wished I had a best friend to share the bad news with. Dali asked who the father was and I told him I didn't wanna talk about it. He went "were you raped?". I almost lost it but in the name of Jesus of Nazareth I managed to maintain my composure. I decided to shut my ears in case he said something stupid again. I told him to drop me at the gate. I didn't want

him to go inside the complex with me. He gave me his business card and asked me to write my contact details on it. I was not in a mood to talk. I wrote my number and got out of his car. One security guard at the entrance went “your line is very busy jerrrrrrr. So many expensive cars dropping you everyday? You must have something very special between those yellow legs. I wish to be rich one day.....and drive a nice car. Maybe I will get lucky”. Security guards ba delela nkare EFF MPs when Zuma is in parliament. I slapped him so hard I almost lost my hand. I was like “nnyamao le go befa nkare you were conceived thru a burst cheap condom. Le telela batho masepa masecurity ke lena. Jou bloody moer”. His colleagues laughed at him. I walked to the house without looking back. I was stressed and nigger was trying to be smart. When I got to the house I went straight to the bedroom and started crying. It is almost every woman’s wish to fall pregnant and have a

beautiful baby. But we all want to fall pregnant in the right way. No one wants to fall pregnant via rape or whack shagging. Falling pregnant from an early ejaculation will lead to a baby that does things without thinking. If you have a friend that does things without thinking you must blame his father. I wanted to talk to someone. I was paining inside. I called JT and when she heard me sobbing she went “smoko? Ba o jele skoloto again, Ntwana?”. I dropped the bombshell and she went silent for over 30 seconds. She went “Oska Ila Ntwana, ka zwakala nou. Ke ver nyana mara ka zwakala nou”. It’s only black people that say I am far but I am coming now. I told her I wanted to be alone and that it was not necessary for her to come.

I slept with a heavy heart that night. Dali called me early in the morning to ask if I was still alive. I told him I committed suicide and hung up. Immediately after his call I received a call I didn’t expect. After what happened I didn’t

expect Thobile to want to talk to me. She went “JT told me the good news. Congratulations my love. Obakeng and I will be godparents. Uhm, I am sorry about how things turned out between us. I was just angry you didn’t come clean about everything when I sent you Obakeng’s picture. Let’s not allow a man to come between us. I still want to be your friend and hold your hand throughout your pregnancy. We can still be good friends”. Mxm I think she said all that because she knew by being pregnant I was no longer a contender for OB’s heart. Not long ago she was preaching about how she didn’t want anything to do with OB but there she was being lovey dovey with him. Some girls lose their sense of thinking when baby daddies give them attention. That is one of the reasons many baby daddies still chow their baby mamas even when they are no longer together. Anyway, ke life. I was angry JT told Thobile something I told her in confidence. It was unlike her to fart with her

mouth about private stuff. I told Thobile I was busy and would call her later. That was my way of not wanting to talk to her. After the call I phoned JT to give her a piece of my mind. I asked her why she told Thobile I was pregnant. She went “kanti ke sphiri? Why nkare o government ya Zuma ka diphiri these days? Ke mo chaetse because ke mpinchi ya gago. I know la gura but dae chick wa o verstan Ntwana”. I told her next time she must keep her mouth shut. She was like “wa nyela, kanti o Metro Police mo molong wa ka? O chunne road block on my mouth. Entlik morning sickness e go tshwara masepa sfebe. Ke mo tseleng ya go tla da now, ke tlo ringa le wena”. I decided to hung up because I wasn't in a mood to argue with her. You'll never win an argument with a butch lesbian. I called Selfie's mom to tell her. I knew she would tell me what to do. My mind was toying with the idea of abortion but I was scared. I had been there before....well, sort of

and I didn't wanna go thru it again. When I told Selfie's mom she went "hawu my son....happy happy happy new year. Who is the mother?". Lol I almost laughed there. I told her she shouldn't tell my mom because I wasn't sure if I wanted to keep the baby. I think her battery died while we were talking because her phone just went pi pi pi. I was craving bread with mayonnaise. I decided to fix me a mayo-sandwich. The intercom rang and the security guard told me there was some visitor at the gate. I assumed it was JT, so I told them to let the person in. Within few minutes there was a knock on the door.

I opened and OMG, it wasn't JT.

WTF.....

THE END

[12/05, 18:16] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 255

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave

a comment

“If heaven really exists: then heaven is job, hell is unemployment, while life is merely an interview” – Mokokoma Mokhonoana

“Oh Em Gee!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”. That was my first expression. The only person I was expecting there was JT. I didn’t expect satan’s stepson to be the person at the door. In fact he was the last person I expected to see. I didn’t know what to do for few seconds. We locked eyes like two bulls about to fight for a cow ya go paka. He tried to get in the house but I pushed the door right in front of his face. He was too powerful for me, he pushed the door back and forced himself into the house. He sat on the couch and looked at me with what looked like happiness with a flavour of incredulity. He went “when did you find out? Why didn’t you tell me you are pregnant with my baby? I want answers and I want them now. No lies please. When were you planning to tell we are expecting?”

Damn I am so happy right now....you made me the happiest man alive. I can buy you the entire world right now". You know a person is a psycho when they express more than 3 emotions in less than a minute. That was Tshengi for you. He was capable of being happy and angry at the same time. I told him "what do you want here? I am not pregnant and I am not planning to be pregnant by a mad person like you. You are not stable in the head. Why would I wanna have a baby with someone who has tapeworms in the head? WTF makes you think I am pregnant anyway?". I must admit that he caught me off guard. I didn't expect him to know and I couldn't help it but wonder how the news reached his eyes and ears. He took out his phone and showed me a Whatsapp text from his cousin Aluwani. She was telling him she heard from JT that I was expecting a baby. I became so furious right there. I was so disappointed with JT for sharing information

with wrong people. She knew very well that Tshengi was abusive towards me but she still had guts to share the info with someone very close to that monster. I was very disappointed shem. I immediately called JT and went “wena Julia, what do you want from me? Are you trying to ruin my life? Why did you tell those Vendas that I was.....uhm, why did you tell them what you told them? Who gave you a right to discuss my personal life with them? Do you know gore you endangered my life?”

JT went silent for few seconds. I think she was still trying to digest the complexion of my anger. She went “ntwana, ke vraeza o bofe dibrick gannyane (please calm down). I am 10 minutes away from your crib. Re tla ringa ga ke fihla dah. Ke tla explaina Ntwana (We’ll talk when I get there. I’ll explain)”. I hung up on her. Within 3 minutes the security guards from the gate called me to tell me there was a guy at the gate. Again I assumed it was JT and told them to let

'him' in. I was just surprised how she got there within 3 minutes when she said she was 10 minutes away. She looked like a cute guy if you didn't know her. No wonder that security guy said a guy was at the gate. Tshengi asked why I was allowing visitors when we had family business to discuss. I told him the last time I checked both my parents were not from Venda and I didn't have any dark relatives. He stood up and told me to stop behaving like a three year old and start behaving like someone who was carrying a future leader of his people. Before I could give him a piece of my mine there was a knock at the door and when I opened the I saw was a smile with teeth that looked like they were about to engage in a violent protest. WTF.... God was not on my side that day. It was not JT as expected. It was Ronny Ramokgopa, RR. I learned a very important lesson that day; the importance of asking the security guards the names of visitors before letting people in.

My assumptions were all off point. RR went “siyangena thina mavul’ndlela. Charmer boy is in the house. Le fihlile lesogana le le botsana la go tswa Bohlokwa ga boMokomeng. A re lotsheng mmarena. Le sa tsogile mara (the handsome guy from Botlokwa has arrived. Hello, how are you ma’am)?”. I don’t know if he was trying to be funny or what but I didn’t find him funny. I asked him what he wanted and he handed me a plastic bag. He went “I bought you an amazement, breakfast in bed mmarena. Sea food and coke ye tala (green coke)”. He walked into the house. Tshengi gave him a Steven Seagal look. I opened the plastic bag RR gave me and my eyes were seduced by mogodu and Lemon Twist. Ja, that was sea food and coke ye tala that RR was referring to. As much as I didn’t want him there seeing mogodu triggered some cravings.

My phone rang and it was JT telling me she was at the gate. Low how funny!!!! The person I

was really expecting was the one who actually called to inform me she had arrived. I told the security guards to let her in. Immediately after the call Tshengi asked “Sharon, who is this dark guy and what business does he have with you?”. Hearing a Venda person calling another person dark was like hearing Nkabinde telling Mulimisi he is a witch. RR jumped in and went “eh papa rena botsebotse nna a se na business or whatsoever. Ke mang a le boditsego gore nna ke na le business or whatsoever? In the meantime, lena ke lena mang go tswa kae ga lefase or whatsoever? Nkare ke le bone kerekeng last week kua Marabastad or whatsoever. Ke le bone le tshwere pint ya fresh milk le lofo ya brown or whatsoever (uhm sir I am not into business. Who told you I am into business? Where in the world do you come from? I think I have seen you at church in Marabastad. You had bread and a pint of milk in your hands)”. Lol RR was the master of saying

random things. He was wearing formal trousers with sandals and chewing a chewing gum aka chappies. I decided to use RR. I told Tshengi “Oh let me introduce you, this is the guy who made me pregnant. I am not carrying your baby. This is the baby daddy. You can leave now because I don’t have any business with you. You and I are over and I don’t see why you should come to my place. Let’s be adults about this like you said earlier”. RR went “wa nya. O nyaka go ntswarisa penalty. Nna a se ka imisa motho. Le tlwaetse go tshwarisa batho penalties lena ma yellow bone (F-U. You are not pregnant by me. You yellow bones are used to lying about your babies’ paternity)”. Nxa RR was such a fool jerrrrrr. I wanted to punch him right there. Tshengi went “you think I’m gonna believe that? This thing is not your type. I know you only do handsome and rich men like me. The baby you are carrying is mine and you know that. Don’t try to act smart with me. My

ancestors told me the baby is mine". RR who was getting confused went "emang pele lena, Mamoruti are you accepting a baby?". I think he meant 'expecting'. I went "yes Moruti, I am 'accepting' our baby. I was planning to tell you after doing a sonar scan". He went "Sona? Sona ke mang? Botsebotse o apa ka eng (Sona? Who is Sonar? Actually what are you talking about)" . Before finishing that sentence Tshengi punched him so hard I saw one of his teeth flying out of his mouth. Within few seconds I saw tomato sauce coming out of RR's mouth.

Tshengi was not those guys who believed in solving issues thru dialogue. He believed in physical confrontations. Maybe he used to fight in that musangwe thing in Venda. He got on top of RR and started punching him repetitively. I literally froze not knowing what to do. The door opened and JT walked in. She went "and then? Di keepa bo ma-what nou? Ntwana, dintshang hierso (what's going on here)?" . Instead of

telling her what was going on I ran and hid behind her. Yes, that's how a normal girl would react in such situations. If I was a coloured girl from Cape Flats I would have joined in the fight. JT produced an Okapi 7 Star knife and started making some Sophiatown moves with her feet. She stabbedwell, not really stabbed but scratched Tshengi's head with a knife. Tshengi tried to retaliate by throwing a punch but JT ducked like Mr Miyagi and gave Tshengi another light stab on the head. RR saw an opportunity run. He grabbed his mogodu plastic bag and went "nnyammao Levenda. O nyaka go mpolaya sopo ke sa ja nama na? Mosono wa nyoko....marete a bommao jou moer. Wena kgadimatona, maybe God bless you. O nthusitse before Levenda le le nkisa ga maotwana hunyena (F#ck you bloody Venda man. You want to kill me for something I didn't do? Xxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxx xxxxxxx. To you lesbian, you helped me before this bloody

Venda killed me)”. He ran like nobody’s business. It was like I was watching a Nigerian low budget action movie. JT went “Venda boy ke tla o minyawa mvrustana? Ke tla o terminator.... wa mvrustana? Ke tla o concluder nou nou.... wa mvrustana. O chief ko Thathe not here....ke tla o abbreviater wa nyela son. Ke JT Jaluza Waga Waga Amin The General. Ke tla o causetza havoc seun (Venda boy I will finish you off, do you understand? You are a chief in Thathe not here. I will abbreviate you son. I will cause havoc to you)”. The more Tshengi tried to fight back was the more JT employed her knife on him. I decided to run to the gate to call the security guards. I don’t know why I didn’t use the intercom. When you are in those kinda of situations you don’t think straight. There was a fresh sh!t outside the house. I think RR was the owner. Maybe he helped himself before running away. When I got to the gate I told the security guard there was a fight at my house. The

security guard went “did you call the police?”. Like WTF....kanti what are security guards for? Why call the police when you have security guards in the complex. I gave him a Koko Mantsha look. He was like “ok, let’s go”. He took his torch and bludgeon and we ran to the house. When we opened the door Tshengi was standing next to the fridge with a gun in his hand.

I looked around and saw JT lying on the floor.....

OH NO...WTffffffffff-SAD

THE END

[12/05, 18:17] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 256

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“You know you made it, when people you know,
tell people they know, that you know them” –
Mokokoma Mokhoanoana

There are those friends that you want to be with for the rest of your life. You will experience highs and lows throughout your friends but one thing will remain solid; the love you have for them. JT was that friend to me. Only few people understood the landscape of our friend. She made me angry sometimes but after few hours I will get over it and love her again. After hearing she blabbered about my private life to wrong people I was very angry at her. She took it lightly but to me it was a very big thing. All that changed when I saw her lying on the floor with Tshengi standing with a gun in his hand. The way she was so motionless it was quite clear she was either dead or fainted. I wanted to faint but the gods of fainting were not on my side. Seeing JT lying there motionless was one of the worst experiences I ever had to endure. I screamed "You bloody wizard, what did you do to her? WTF did you do to her? Did you shoot her?". The security guard I came with was

literally hiding behind me. Tshengi pointed the gun at my direction. I felt my bum going wet. The security guard behind me pissed on himself. Entlik what do these people do at training? Learn how to make people to sign in and out? Tshengi went “don’t ask me, ask her? I didn’t do anything to her. Do you see blood on the floor?”. It was when he mentioned that that I noticed vele there was no blood on the floor. Tshengi went “I took out the gun to scare her off. She was about to kill me with her knife. Was I supposed to lie there and let her kill me before I see my son?”. I wanted to go check if JT was still alive but the security guard held me tight. I asked Tshengi to put away the gun if he didn’t want me to have a miscarriage. He immediately put away the gun and the security guard let go off me. I lightly kicked JT on her back and said “JT, JT....are you still alive?”. She murmured “no ke satile Ntwana. Levenda le mpolaile and ke satile klaar (I am dead. This Venda guy killed

me)”. It was funny and heart-breaking at the same time. I told her to get up. She asked “dai man o vaile le ncheza ya gae (did that guy leave with his gun)”. I told her to stop being a sissy and get up.

Tshengi went “do you promise you won’t miscarry?”. Mxm what a fool!!! Do people make a choice to miscarry? The security took out his walkie-talkie and went “I am calling back up. We need man power to deal with this situation”. Imagine a grown-ass man with wet pants. I had to think very fast. If Dr Skhosana received information that there was any drama in his house he was gonna kick me the hell out. There was no way I was gonna risk that. I took out my phone and quickly took pictures of the guard. Nigger was so photogenic. The urine map on his pants was very visible. I went “if you open your mouth about what you saw here this pictures will be all over Facebook and Twitter before the end of this day. If you keep this

between us I will keep the pictures safe. Imagine people seeing this, no one will ever respect you. You can even score the nickname 6-9. So what do you say Mr 6-9?”. He was like “you won’t get away with this but I won’t report it because you are a yellow bone. Please promise you won’t leak them. I don’t want my high school girlfriend to bump into them on Facebook”. I was glad we were on the same page. I told him to go back to his post. Nigger left without looking back. I was standing between my best friend and the alleged baby daddy. The silence was so sharp it could break a Tsonga girl’s virginity. Tshengi broke the silence “I think I should leave. I will call you when I get to the hotel. Please unblock my number. We need to map the way forward about the baby”. I was so relieved he was leaving. JT went “my bla, hardy my guy. Ya madoda iyaphela”. I was so glad JT was apologising. I think seeing the gun pointed at

her gave her a fright. She walked to Tshengi as if she was going to shake his hand. Tshengi extended his arm to shake hands but the unexpected happened. She grabbed the vase next to the fridge and hit Tshengi on the head. Within few seconds he was on the floor bleeding and JT had his gun in her hand. It didn't even see how everything happened because it happened in a space of few seconds. She went "nka se luze against Levenda. Vhoboss ke mang (I will never lose against a Venda man). Who is the boss)?"

WTF....she cocked the gun and told him to pray for the last time. I went down on my knees and asked JT not to do anything stupid. I begged her with all that I had. Tshengi was bleeding but I don't think he was seriously injured because he was still conscious. She walked to the door and left. I say left before I heard her car leaving. I was left in the house with a bleeding man. I didn't know whether to run away or help

Tshengi who was struggling to stop his bleeding. He went "Please drive me to the hospital. I think I am losing blood. Call my mom and tell her to come to Pretoria. She must take care of you until you give birth". Eix I so wished JT had killed him. My phone rang and it was OB. He said "Please forgive me for what happened yesterday. It is not what it looked like. I want us to meet so I can apologise in person. Thobile and I are nothing. I just want to be a good father to our kid. I cannot offer anything more than that. Please tell me you believe me. Do you love me?". If there is a woman in this world who understands men I'd love to know the recipe of her brain. OB was planning mind games with me. I saw him with Thobile and he acted as if I meant nothing to him. I think he didn't know what he wanted. I couldn't answer that question in front of Tshengi. I went to the bedroom and closed the door. I went "It does not really matter how I feel about you now. You have a wife now

mos. You made that very clear yesterday and I am very ok with it. Be with your wife and I will continue living my single life. Maybe my man is out there waiting for me". He stuttered some senseless things for few seconds and I told him I was not interested in meeting him. He went "please Sharon.....even God knows you are the one I want. You will understand this one day". Lol that moment when pastor tries to be a player!!! Imagine being played by a pastor. My cake would turn into a black forest. Pastors like OB are not meant for the field, they are natural bench warmers. I went "Ok, meet me in town in about an hour. I'll tell you where. You better not stand me up again or else I will apply Leviticus 12:3 on you".

Tshengi tried to open the door while I was busy on the phone. I was glad the door was locked. I told OB I'll wait for his call after an hour. I told Tshengi to relax because I was still getting dressed. He went "I need to go to hospital

please. I am begging you to drive me there now". I changed into track pants and unlocked the door. His head was still on periods. I think it was becoming a heavy flow. He asked who I was talking to on the phone and I told him some cousin from gaMasemola. He handed me his car keys and told me to drive him to the nearest private hospital. He accidentally stepped on RR's mess on our way to his car. He had no choice but to take off the shoe. There was no way I was gonna stand the smell of masepa a Motlokwa. I drove him to the hospital in Arcadia. Nigger was more worried about the gun than his health. I told him to put the car keys in his pocket because my track pants didn't have pockets. That was my strategy to run away. As soon as the nurses attended him I engaged in slyza tsotsi. I called OB and told him to fetch me at Sancardia in Arcadia. The place reminded me of my late friend Maite. I couldn't wait to die to see how many sinners she shagged in hell.

Or maybe she graduated to be satanress. On my way to Sancardia I saw more than 100 posters about cheap and painless abortions. I also bumped into more than 20 pregnant women. People in Pretoria do not sleep at night, they sleepnish (ba robalana). Within 30 minutes OB called to tell me he was at corner Steve Biko (Beatrix) and Stanza Bopape (Church) streets. Luckily I was not far from there. I got in the car. He asked me to pick the restaurant of my choice but I chose my place because I was not dressed to go to restaurants. It's not being a snob, it's called class. You can't go to a restaurant dressed like you are going to Mavuso stockvel in Hammaskraal. He agreed to go to my place. He asked me about the guy I was with the previous day. I told him it was some irritating Xhosa I met while waiting for him at Centurion Mall. He apologised for standing me again. My phone rang and it was Thobile. She went "chomi you know I am so

happy. OB and I are fixing things. He feels sorry about what happened in the past and he's spoiling me rotten. He is taking a shower and I'm cooking for him right now. Guess what we gonna do afterwards? Make love like rabbits". I told her I was very happy for her. That was the most stupid thing I ever heard from a friend. OB asked who I was talking to and I said Zee.

Most girls snatch their friends' boyfriends because of lies like that just to spite them. And that is exactly what I had in mind. I wanted to teach Thobile a lesson. Plus I was stressed because of the drama that happened earlier. When we got to my place OB asked to use the bathroom. He left his phone on the table. I took it and sent the following sms to Thobile: "I don't think that baby is mine. I didn't come inside you that day. That ugly thing of yours looks like Ntate Marumo from our church. Please don't ever contact me. Consider your number blocked". I quickly blocked her number. I

deleted the sms from sent records. When OB came back he wanted to talk. I put my index finger on his lips and went “sshhhhhhh”. I gently grabbed his head and kissed him. I was like “this is the kind of talking I understand. Please make me feel special”. He told me he didn’t want to commit a sin and I almost went “sin ke mmao”. I could feel his manhood becoming revolutionary in his pants. I grabbed his hand and pulled him to the bedroom. Mozalwane or no mozalwane, kuku ke kuku. I wanted to blow him but remembered he had the ‘Zulu’ thing. Anyway, the plan I had in mind didn’t need a BJ. All I wanted was a proof that he came inside me. He asked if I had protection and I went “read Isaiah 41:10 my love, God will give us protection”. I think he wanted to say Amen but I grabbed his balls and he ended up saying AAAAMMMMMMMMMM..... I quickly took off my track pants and lay on the bed with my legs wide open. I said “go deeper papa. I will receive”.

A cock with a foreskin looks like swollen lips trying to pout for a selfie. He pulled the skin back and directed his 'nkomose' to my naughty nanana. Less than 4 thrusts I heard nigger praying in tongues. I so wished Men's Clinic could be ordered like Pizza. He went "babe, they were very close. I came". I laughed and went "you didn't come, you flew in kwa kwa kwa kwa". It was not a big deal because all I wanted was his come inside me. There was no way I was going to raise a baby with Tshengi. OB was the suitable father. He loved me and had money. My phone rang and it was JT.

She went "bad news, Thobile"

WTF.....

THE END

[12/05, 18:18] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 257

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“On your special day, I wish you best luck. I hope this wonderful day will fill up your heart with joy and blessings. Have a fantastic birthday, celebrate the happiness everyday of your life. Happy Birthday brother” – Tshepo Meech Maake

Many girls have a friend like Thobile. She appears all sweet when you first meet her but after few weeks or months she starts showing you her true colours. Girls like Thobile live in their own imaginary world and they lie a lot. Their lies are believable at first but as time goes on truth tends to expose them. Generally, I didn't hate Thobile but I was losing my liking for her because she behaved like an old cock. You know an old cock dreams of things and then think it can do those things even though it does not have capacity to do so. When JT told me she attempted to take her life I was neither shocked nor surprised. I actually expected it, especially after the message I sent to her. I

asked JT why Thobile tried to divorce her fake self from this wonderful country fondly known as Satafrika in no chill zones. She went “ke dai man wa moruti wa fong kong. O jele ngwana batho sekoloto a fetsa a mo dumpa ka text. Dai man ke sathane ka o chaela. Entlik o chunne sharp wa tswa mo yena Ntwana. Mara he won't get away with this. Ko mmontsha marago a monang wa drama queen (it's that fake pastor guy. He chowed and dumped her with an sms afterwards. That guy is evil. You did well by dumping him. He won't get away with this. I will show him bums of a drama queen mosquito). Nobody messes with my girls and gets away with it”. I told her I was sorry about Thobile's attempted suicide. She went “Modimo o teng Ntwana. When I got to her place ne a le five to go raga bucket ya atchar. O nwele cocktail of pills. Mara o tla nna grand. Second half Ntwana, re tla ringa later neh (God is alive. When I got to her place she was about to die. She had a

cocktail of pills. She'll be fine thou. We'll talk later)". Part of me was disappointed she didn't die. With her out of the picture it was gonna be easy to convince the Fool-in-Chief OB that the baby I was carrying was his. My phone rang and I ignored it because it was a private number. It's risky to answer private calls when you are with bae because you don't know who's calling. It could be a deputy bae or spare bae trying to get hold of you. I hate those awkward moments where I am unable to talk because of the company I'm with. OB asked why I was ignoring calls and I told him I don't answer private numbers. He asked "do you owe Identify or Edgars?". Lol I laughed.

Something struck my mind like a lightning from a level 3 witch from Malamulele. Tshengi!!!! I knew he was gonna go mad the minute he learnt I ran away. I was also aware of the fact that the very first place he would pay a visit would be Dr Skhosana's house. I had no choice

but to cook a plan to leave. I couldn't tell OB the truth because I knew he would be angry. I went "babe, I wanna go to Limpopo today. The owner of this house told me he wants me out by the end of this day. He didn't give me any reasons, he just told me to go. Please drop me at Bosman taxi rank". I knew very well that he would not let me go to Limpopo. When you are a bitch you must be the bitch with a strategy. Don't just be that girl that thinks with her clit. He asked "so this guy....uhm the owner, is it true he made moves on you and you said yes because you wanted to stay here for free. That's what Thobile told me?". I hope you understand now when I wished her death. I went "babe, I don't know how this will make you feel but I think you deserve to know. I won't forgive myself if I kept this from you. It's about Thobile. Well, she told..... ag nah, never mind babe". That was me trying to make OB more hungry for what I wanted to tell him. I know black people love

news. Once you tell us half a story we become starvation victims of more. I wanted to teach Thobile a life lesson. Telling OB that I was riding Dr Skhosana was out of order. She wanted to secure a space in the starting XI using my name. C Joybell C was not stupid when she said choose your battles wisely. Thobile chose to have a muddy battle but she bought stilettos instead of water boots. OB said "please tell me whatever you wanna tell me if it involves me. I deserve to know". He played right into my hands. I was like "well, your so-called baby mama is not really your baby mama. She confided in JT some weeks ago. Apparently the reason she didn't abort the baby was because the real father was happy she fell preg. So she took the money you gave her and went shopping. That is why she never told you all this time. She only became frustrated and confused when the real baby daddy dumped her. That's why she wants you now. Open your eyes bae".

I did what snobs call 'drops a mic' afterwards. I looked at his face as it got molested by a cloud of anger and disappointment. I could see he was hurting inside. No man wants to know that the baby they thought they fathered is not actually theirs. That's one of the biggest advantages of being a woman. You know 100% that the baby is yours. Without paternity tests men can only hope the baby is theirs. OB went down on his knees and closed his eyes. He said a prayer "God, please tell me why this is happening to me. What did I do to deserve this. I know you have answers my Lord. Please tell me why I.....". I interrupted by pinching his ears. I went "hold up babe, let's leave poor God out of this. We just shagged out of marriage. God is probably still angry at you for engaging in fornication. Do you really think He'll listen to you? O tsea chance my love. I think what you need to do is to forget about that hoe. It's not like you will die. You have me mos". OB was softie like

his foreskinned mrengerenge-lite. He stood up and fell in my arms. I went "I'm sorry bubu. O tla ba strong". I felt like Thembeke of Scandal fame. A girl gotta do what a girl gotta do. We live in a dog eats dog kinda world. He went "you know I was just getting used to the idea of being a father. I had already told my parents about the kid and now this? This is a mess". I almost said "let me blow you to help calm the nerves" then I remembered he had not 'zinged'. Expecting a girl to blow a foreskinned cock is like expecting a ZCC man to eat pork. I put my plan into action while he was weak. I went "babe, as I was saying earlier, I think I should go back to Limpopo because the owner of this place wants me out. Please drop me at Bosman taxi rank. I'll catch a taxi to Tzaneen from there". As expected, he went "that won't be necessary. I'll book you into a hotel for the next few days until I find you a suitable place. You'll go home when you want to, not because you are forced".

I acted as if I didn't want his offer and he said he insists. I was like "ok then babe.... but I hate being a burden to you". I packed all my things. I called Dr Skhosana but his phone was off. I wanted to tell him I was leaving his house. I left a text message.

I asked OB where he was taking me to and he said Midrand. Midrand was cool but I didn't wanna be very close to him. I wanted to remain in Pretoria but not in the CBD or Sunnyside. I didn't want to bump into Tshengi accidentally. I told him I was not used to Midrand weather. He was like "ok, maybe Centurion will be better. But you gonna bump into that witch Thobile there". Lol only if knew that's what I wanted. He drove me to Centurion Lake Hotel. It was very convenient because the hotel is situated between a mall and one of my favourite shisanyamas in Pretoria. While on our way Selfie's mother called. I put the phone on loudspeaker because I wanted OB to laugh at

her assassination of English. She went “hello my son, is baby growth?”. Eish I didn’t see that one coming. I took it off loudspeaker and told her the baby was ‘growth’ well. After the call OB asked me what baby she woman was talking about and I told her some girl from Sunnyside’s baby. Lying comes with a skill. You must always have an answer on your tongue. When we got to the hotel the first thing I did was to take a bath. I wanted OB to join me but he told me he had to run somewhere. He blessed me with couple of R200 notes and left. I wondered if it was money from church. Imagine your tithe being used to bless girls lol. I guess that’s the reason most of your prayers are not answered. Your money goes to wrong things. I think there’s something special nyana about hotel water. It has some therapeutic effect. I kept looking at my belly on the mirror. I craved something hot from Nandos after taking a bath. Apparently it’s normal when you are pregnant. I decided to take a walk

across the road to bless myself with some Nandos. You know you are black when you leave delicious hotel food and go to Nandos or KFC. My phone rang and it was RR. He went “in the meantime, are you well whatsoever mamoruti? Ke be ke checka gore o sa phela na (I was checking up on you)”. I told him I was fine and still alive. He went “o botše mfana yola wa levenda gore next time ke tlo mmontšha masepa. Nna ke Motlokwa ga ke ralokelwe ke masea a malobanyana mo (tell that Venda boy next time I’ll beat him up. I am a Motlokwa man and I won’t let small boys mess with me). It’s just that that day I was hungry”. That was rich coming from someone who ran like a punani after realising the blesser drives a Venture in Tembisa. I hung up on him. I was not in a mood to listen to his nonsense. I bought my food and went back to the hotel. I was my ‘me’ time. The pregnancy issue dominated my thoughts. I was thinking of all effects it was gonna have on my

future. I passed out while thinking. The way I was so deep in thoughts and tired I ended up passing out. The next thing I heard someone calling my name. When I opened my eyes I saw OB and Thobile behind him.

He went “now it’s time to tell me the truth ladies”

Boooooommmmm.....

THE END

[12/05, 18:19] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 258

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“If you don’t receive love from the ones who are meant to love you, you will never stop looking for it” – Robert Goolrick

We all hate that moment when truth catches up with us. It’s not a lie that we all lie. Some liars are lucky because their lies lie low and they

don't get caught. Those who get caught are the unlucky bunch. The most painful thing about getting caught is when the person you lied about is in your company. Chances are whatever you say will make you sound stupid or lost. Unless if you are a Xhosa men. Xhosa niggers are so good at lying they can lie about your own name. They can make you believe your own name is wrong. That is why they don't struggle to get chicks. And oh yes, most successful black lawyers are Xhosas. When I saw Thobile there I immediately started sweating. I knew my lies would be nude and OB was gonna leave me for good. OB was shaking his head and Thobile was rolling her eyes. OB got closer to me and tried to touch my head. I wanted to scream louder but my windpipe could only afford a whisper scream. Then I heard "Sharon, Sharon, Sharon..... are you having a nightmare? It's me babe. What's wrong?". Damn some dreams lack proper timing ka mmao. Of

all dreams in the world God decided to make me dream about zero issues. The stupid thing about dreaming is when you wake up you get lost for few minutes. It took me almost a minute for my brain to digest what was going on. OB went "what were you dreaming about babe? It's like you wanted to scream but your voice got stuck. Is there something you wanna tell me?". I told him I was fine. I checked my watch and it was 3am. I wondered where OB came from that time of the night. He told me he drove from Midrand because he was struggling to sleep after what I told him. He had teary eyes. I think he was crying. I never imagined that my lie would cut that deeper. I told him to join me in bed and get a hug. His body was shaking. Hayi some men are sissies hle.

He took off his shoes and invaded the bed. I told him as a PK or pastor he should know better that sometimes God gives us problems to test our faith. I asked him why he only took

off his shoes but not clothes. He went “what happened earlier was a mistake. We shouldn’t have done that. Sometimes my love for you makes me spiritually weak. We need to work on our relationship so we can get married in near future and enjoy benefits of marriage. We cannot live a sin”. Mxm a boring popular chorus by bazalwane. They get hot underneath and make love. When all the hotness is gone they take you on a guilt trip. I almost told him “I didn’t rape you baba. It was consensual”. I let him sleep with his clothes on. It’s not like I wanted it anyway. I was still sleepy. In the morning we had breakfast in bed. After eating he wanted to leave but I told him to take a proper bath first. Generally, men do not like water. Bathing is like a punishment to them. Nigger didn’t wanna take off his clothes in front of me. Some men are disabled in the wrong places. How does one sleep next to the gorgeous naked me and not do anything.

Obakeng was of a kind. I asked him if I should join him in the bathroom and he said no. I decided to be a naughty girl and joined him ka masepa. The tip of his manhood looked like old black leggings. If you want to see how ugly a dick is look at it when it's down, especially the one with a foreskin. It looks as if it is about to sing funeral songs.... the likes of 'molokolleng a tsamaye'. That's how Obakeng's cock looked. It looked like a former struggle hero. I was naked so I joined him. He went "please don't tempt me". I was looking at his cock when he said that. It was gradually growing. I think guys with foreskins should not buy flowers for their girlfriends. Just produce your foreskin and let it blossom in front of her.

I went "babe, I won't tempt you. I just want to play with it a bit. You'll pray afterwards. You still have 6 apologies in your balance. Akere God forgives 7 times". That was me trying to be a pervert. When it's been long since you had good

shagging you can turn into a perv. I kinda missed the good old days when I had it all from Hector and Nkosi. Those guys did me well. Hector was one of those guys I thought of when I did D-I-Y or when shagging a lame nigga. Men must get this in their heads. Just because she's screaming doesn't necessarily mean you are making her scream. For all you know she could be thinking of her ex who used to give her a presidential performance. Think twice before you give your ntswitswana medals. I asked OB when was the last time he got a good BJ and he went "please don't lead me to temptation babe. Please my love....Let's go read Matthew 26:41". Typical mzalwane, he was not actioning his speech. He wasn't pushing me away to show he didn't want to be tempted. I pulled his forskie back and washed it. I did it in a way that made it feel sexy for. I didn't want to offend him. Guys with forskies are very sensitive when coming to their socks. If it was a place it would be

declared a national key point or a no fly zone. After washing it I said “babe your dick is big. Are you sure you are not Venda?”. Immediately after those words his erection erected itself more. Lol telling a man his dick is big is like Christmas in his heart. Apparently it boosts their sexual confidence. Even those with midget cocks draw revolutionary confidence from that. With the tip of my tongue I licked the tip of his mrengerenge-lite. I slowly and systematically introduced his hard mzala to the walls of my inner cheeks and dude started ‘clapping’ his teeth. I made sure that my salivary glands produced enough saliva to keep his zombo moist. I sucked it like it was my stumbo. I had to please him. I wanted him to get very attached to me so that when the time to tell him I’m expecting his baby..... smile and happiness would be his middle names.

I withdrew his cock for few seconds to tell him not to come inside my mouth. I know it’s all

cool for guys to plant their seed inside our mouths.....but eeewww, those things taste like a mixture of raw egg and sea water. He went "oh Jesus.... Ahhhh mmmmmh oh Jesus.... Oh ncooooooh Ahhhh oh Gosh". I don't understand why people love involving religion when they engage in patapata. I told him to leave Jesus out of our business. I was getting wet underground. I invited his cock back in my mouth and yoguetta'd it. The next thing nigger screamed "foreeeeeeeever and eeeeeeeerver AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMEN...." and his juices shot thru my mouth. Nigga came inside my mouth. I almost puked on the spot. I quickly withdrew his mrengerenge-lite and gave my mouth aquatic attention. After that I said "you gonna give me 5 rounds for what you just did. I'm not letting you go until you show me heaven in bed". Nigga looked at his dick which was shrinking at a speed of 1000mm/s. Within few seconds the hoodie was covering its head. I was so pissed

at that stage. Some dicks are very selfish. I went “now it’s the right time to call Jesus to help you with that or else call Men’s Clinic now. You can’t leave me like this. I want some”. Nigger took a towel to wipe himself. He went “I told you from the beginning that this is a sin. We should wait until we are married”. I gave him a snaaks look and went “sin ke mmao”. Nigga continued to get dressed and told me he was rushing to a meeting. I believe the first woman to cheat did so because she was left hanging. How do you leave someone who is deeply under the department of water affairs underground? That’s a high level of witchcraft. He took his car keys and headed to the door. If I had a gun I would have killed him right there. I quickly got dressed and followed him. I told him I still wanted to be with him. When we got in the elevator I tried to kiss him and he went “babe, please don’t let satan use you. We’ll wait for the right time”. I wasn’t prepared to let him go just

like that. I followed him to his car. He went "Sharon, stop behaving like Jezebel please. Go back to your hotel room". I slapped him so hard his foreskin probably got zinged. I walked back to the elevator very pissed. There was some hot looking guy inside the elevator. You know those guys who are so hot they can make you come by just looking at them. He went "I don't mean to pry, but why do you look so angry gorgeous lady? What can I do to make you smile?". I looked at him and went "maybe if you follow me to my room I'll smile". The elevator was opening as I said that. I gave him my room number and exited the elevator. Within 3 minutes of getting in my room there was a knock on the door. I quickly undressed and wrapped myself in one of those hotel white towels.

I opened the door with a huge smile on my face.....

Boooooommmmm

THE END

[12/05, 18:19] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 259

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“There are only two ways to live your life. One is as though nothing is a miracle. The other is as though everything is a miracle.” – Albert Einstein

Men think they are the only one who crave nice time in the bedroom. I remember one guy telling me it's not nice to have a hard on. According to him, their things become painful when they crave some action. He said “you guys are better because you can sleep peacefully with hunger. That's the reason we have more female virgins than male ones. That's the reason jails are teeming with male prisoners than female ones. Don't deny your man his bedroom rights. It's not nice”. I think that is the mentality most guys

hold. What they don't know is we also don't like being left hanging. We also have feelings. What OB did to me was witchcraft. I was craving for some action. When I saw him at the door my smile died an unnatural death. I say unnatural because I deliberately assassinated it. It wasn't even a culpable homicide of smile, it was a 7th degree murder of smile. That's how pissed I was with him. I don't even understand why he knocked because he had access to the room. I stood there with my eyes fixed on his face. I wasn't expecting him, I was expecting a sexual Blesser or the guy I met in the lift. I went "how can I help you? What do you want?". He forced himself in. He went "I couldn't go because you are angry at me. I hate it when there's some negative vibe between us. Can we sort this before I leave? People who are in love should learn to solve problems before they escalate to a difficult level. Please love, let's sort this".

I was glad he had decided to come to his

senses. I immediately let my towel loose and tried to kiss him. What gave the smile on my face more vavavoom was the fact that the first round was 7 feet underground already. Almost all women hate the first round because it's quicker than legadima la Moletji. (Moletji lightning). Entlik first round is nothing but a mere starter. I feel sorry for girls who only get to have the starter. It's even worse when your starter is served on a small plate lol. Lucky are those who have a full course meal from big plates.

Obakeng pushed me and went "and nou? What are you doing now? I'm trying to sort the situation and you are coming up with another one? Unjani kanti? How are you?". Like WTF? Men like Obakeng were probably conceived on Sunday after eating 7 colours. You know people become lazy after eating 7 colour meal on Sunday. That is the only explanation I could come up with about OB. I asked "rre, didn't you

say you came here to solve the mistake you made earlier? I thought you came here to make me feel like a woman again. I want you now and fixing your mistake means making me happy". He moved backwards and went "no that is not what I meant. I came here to pray with you. I want God to guide us. If we want this relationship to work we must do things the right way. God is our Father and I know he will guide us. Please don't make everything about making love. There's more to life than that. I want you to understand that. Now get dressed and pray with me before I leave". If I had a weapon of mass destruction I would have turned him into vapour right there. For couple of seconds I didn't know what to do or how to respond. I went "ok love, it's fine. Let's pray. Akere that is what you want? I'll pray with you?". We closed our eyes and I loudly said "God, why do you always give me wrong men who are lazy in bed? Why did I do to deserve this? Can't you give me

a man who knows that women have needs and wanna be satisfied in bed? I know you care God and I know you will listen to me. I love my man but he's not satisfying me. Why must I sleep hungry when I have a man. Does it make sense ntate Modimo? Please look into this baba wasezulwini.....". I realised I was the only one praying. So I opened my eyes to check why Obakeng was quiet. Lol he was nowhere to be seen. Nigger disappeared during a prayer. Maybe God applied Matthew 6:13. He delivered him from evil.

I was not disappointed by his disappearance. I was actually happy. It was better than sitting and looking at food that was not ready to be eaten. In Sepedi they say 'tšie e phala morogo (something is better than nothing)' but in Obakeng's case it was 'monwana o phala Obakeng (a finger is better than Obakeng)'. I had no choice but to give up on getting laid. Maybe it was not meant to be. I got dressed

and watched TV. After about 30 minutes I heard another knock on the door. I asked who it was and a man's voice charmed my ears. I opened the door and the elevator guy was standing in front of me. He went "does your offer still stand?". Ever been in a situation where a hot guy appropriates your voice? That was me at that moment. Nigger was a taller version of Mbuyiseni Ndlozi. From his hair to that gorgeous smile that make me watch parliament religiously. If all politicians were that hot I'd go to all political rallies. But imagine going to a rally only to find Blade Nzimande and Gwede Mantashe. You'll immediately get dry if you were wet lol. Nigger went "hello.....are you here with me? I asked if to your offer still stands. I can go back to my room if you changed your mind. I really don't mind". I opened the door wider and invited him in. I looked at the corridor to check if Obakeng was not making another unannounced U-Turn. Nigger went "so what did

you have in mind lady.... Uhm hope you don't mind me calling you lady. I don't know your name. My name is Phišo but my friends call me Fire. Well, they just translated my name into English". Wow what a relevant name. Phišo means heat or hotness. The name suited him just fine. I told him my name was Lerato. He laughed and went "ha ha no offence but o na le leina la difebe. BoLerato ke difebe (you have a name of hoes). Hope you are a different Lerato". I helped him to laugh because I wasn't offended. It wasn't my name mos. I went "you didn't come here to discuss my name right? Yes my offer still stands". He laughed even louder. He went "o Lerato wa nnete. O nyaka go robala le a stranger. Batho ga le tšhabe malwetši ka mmao. Ke a le tšhaba batho ba Gauteng (you are a Lerato indeed. You are not even scared of diseases. I give up on you people from Gauteng)". He was speaking Sepedi. It was the first time I hear a Pedi guy going on and on

about nonsense in front of a punani. Pedi niggers don't waste time. They see any kind of a hole and they want to put their cock in. Ba rata dipotata. Phišo went "I'm sorry I can't offer what you want. I'm gay".

Why is life so unfair mara? Why does God make such beautiful chaps gay? I looked at him straight in the eyes and went "please tell me you are joking. You can't be gay. Not today please. Ke joke neh?". He didn't look gay to me. He looked pretty straight. Phela to me gay is someone like Somgaga and the one that died recently. Phišo looked like a straight guy. In my mind he was just pulling a fast one me. He went "ke a rereša. Ke nna gay thwii straight (I am for real. I am gay)". When you here a Pedi person saying thwii straight you must know whatever they are saying is true. I was so disappointed shem. He even showed me picture of him and some guy kissing. Ja when it's not your day there's nothing you can do. I told him he should

go because I wanted to take a shower. He went “lol huuwwiiiiii o kwatetše bofebe? Le nna I’m thirsty like you. If you find a man please call him. We can have a threesome. The married guy I came with here went to see his wife. Remind me to never trust Xhosa men again. I lied to my bae that I was going out with my girls only for this Xhosa fool to leave me alone and go to his wife. Only if she knew he was an after 9.”. We live in a messed. A married man was cheating on his wife with another man. And the wife didn’t know he was playing for both Bafana Bafana and Banyana Banyana. I laughed and went “maybe you should call me when he’s back. We’ll give him double of both....as long as I go first”. We laughed like bitches and exchanged phone numbers. My phone rang and it was JT. She went “Ntwana, ke fetsa go trappa dae man wa gago le Thobzen wa moruti wa fake. Ne a tlile mo hosi go checka Thobz. O na le liver ya brahman dae man (I just beat up you

and Thobile's fake pastor boyfriend. He came to the hospital to see Thobile. He is so brave). Imagine... After everything a e chunneng to her? If it wasn't for hospital security ne ke tlo mo bhodisa (I was gonna kill him)". Wow I didn't see that one coming. OB was playing us. I couldn't believe he lied about going to a meeting while he knew he was visiting Thobile. I don't even know how he knew she was in hospital. He was messing with a wrong person. After talking to JT my phone rang again and it was Phišo telling me his Xhosa dude was back and he liked the idea of threesome. He gave me his room number. My head didn't want me to go but the idea of experimenting something new was just too exciting to be ignored. I was like "ag to hell with morals, I'm going". I decided to rsvp the invitation. I knocked at the door and Phišo's voice went "come in Lerato wa sfebe". I opened the door and

WTF

THE END

[12/05, 18:20] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 260

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“Imperfection is beauty, madness is genius and it’s better to be absolutely ridiculous than absolutely boring” – Marilyn Monroe

I don’t have the right words to explain the shock that invaded my eyes that day. I did not expect to see what I saw. At first I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me. I closed and opened them 10 times hoping to see a different scene. Dololo.... What I saw in front of me was not my imagination or a film, it was real. I didn’t know whether to run away or get in. My legs were in Antarctica. The hunger I had for new things immediately evaporated and got replaced by a shock. My mouth went dry and mute on the spot. Phišo went “ke eng nkare o bona sepoko

sa albino. Tsena o tle re kge morogo (what's up? You look as if you saw an albino ghost. Come and shag). Are you getting cold feet?". I think he was clueless of what shocked me. Dali on the other hand was busy covering his naked self with sheets. I think he was not expecting to see me and I didn't blame him. The day I met him he didn't show any signs of being after 9 signs. He looked like a straight man to me. I mean, it's not everyday that you see a man his age being gay. Apparently there are millions of married men out there who are secretly gay. Imagine your dad being secretly gay. Dali went "Oh Thixo wam, gxotha elihule ngoku. Yazi yinton? Ndiyakwala, andifuni phinde ndikubone. Uba uyandifonela ndizokubulala. Hamba uye ekuhluphekeni kwendawo yakho iLimpopo wenzi ngathi zange sadibana. Sala kakuhle (OMG, please take this bitch out. You know what? It's over. I don't ever wanna see you again. If you call me I will kill you. Go back to

your poor province Limpopo and pretend you never met me. Bye bye)” When Xhosa people are angry you will be lucky to hear a word they say. It was difficult to understand what Dali said. Phišo went “ke eng nkare o tlo itira kgošigadi ya ditori today (why are you acting like a drama queen)? Akere you said you want some adventure nyana today. This is it. Now haak... show us what you got tiger....grrrr grrrr grrrr grrrr”. Dali stood up and grabbed his clothes. He got dressed while mumbling things I couldn’t hear properly. The view between his legs made me wanna laugh. He was indeed a Xhosa man. But at least it was zinged. You are not a real man until you zing in Eastern Cape. He took his phone and car keys and left. He pushed me out of his way. He went “suka endleleni yam qqwirhakazi lesmisane”

Phišo went “o tshwere ke di period pains today oho. Ke sure o kitimela mosading wa gagwe. Mxm ka tla ka bhorega shem (he’s experiencing

period pains. He's probably running to his wife. I'm so pissed right now)". I decided to tell him why Dali overreacted "I know that guy. I met him at the mall and he made a move on me. I didn't know he was gay you know". Phišo told me only few people knew because it was a secret. Yho what a vjayjay dryer. I left Phišo alone and went back to my room. I think God was trying to tell me I shouldn't engage in funny things while pregnant. I called OB and asked him where he was. He went "I told you I'm going to a meeting. I'm still in a meeting. I'll come to you when I'm done with the meeting. Hope you are having a good day love. I'm sorry for leaving while you were praying... Uhm ja oh uhm ja". We live in times where pastors lie like lying is something normal. I told him I was sleeping and had a dream about him getting beaten. He went "you should stop watching wrestling. See you later. I love you. Good bye". There was nothing to do that day. So I spent the entire day in bed

chatting on Facebook and Whatsapp. I also did some Googling about safe abortions. I was having second thoughts about keeping the baby because OB was showing me some tendencies I didn't expect from him. I didn't want my baby to be part of statistics. You know a number of fatherless babies is increasing with a speed that could match Dumi's coming. I really didn't want Tshengi to be the father. OB made a good candidate but I was getting worried about his sudden lying tendency. Abortion is not a child's play. You'll live with the fact that you terminated life for the rest of your life. But I do understand that sometimes some situations require drastic measures. I called JT to check if Thobile was getting better. She told me she was recovering well. I was getting pissed our potential good friendship was getting ruined by a good guy going bad. I asked if it was fine if I visited her and JT told me it wasn't a good idea at that stage. I listened to JT.

I ate leftovers and slept. I had a nightmare that night. In the nightmare I was in some dark room hearing people speaking some funny language. Well, it was a language I understood but they spoke it in a funny way. My mom and Selfie's mom were crying and Piet was back from the dead to look for me. It was a messed up dream nje. I didn't even understand where it was going. I got worried because in my culture when you dream about dead people it means the ancestors are trying to communicate with you. I tried to sleep again but failed. I checked my phone and it was around 1am. There was an sms from OB telling me he wouldn't be able to come because of some family issues. I guessed it was another lie. It didn't worry me much because I was getting used to his lies. There was another sms from Phišo. He was telling me that Dali forced him to leave the hotel. He booked him in another hotel in Midrand. I asked if they were fine and he responded

“marago a ka a monate kudu. A ka se ntlogele moroba. Ke mo fa botse kudukudu (my butt is very nice. He won't just leave me. I give it to him deliciously)”. Lol he managed to put a smile on my face after that random nightmare. We took our chat to Whatsapp. He told me Dali was a very wealthy man in a very unhappy marriage. Apparently the wife wasn't happy because his bedroom game was mediocre. She only married him for his money. Phišo and I chatted until 5am when he told me his darling Dali was on his way to get a morning snack. I lol'd and tried to sleep again. Obakeng came around 10am. He wanted us to go and view some flats in Pretoria West but I told him I was not interested. I went “this thing won't work Obakeng. You are not the guy I met months ago. You lie a lot. Yesterday when you left here you went to visit your girlfriend in hospital but you told me you were going to a meeting. How did you know she was in hospital?”. He went “eish I admit I lied. I

knew you wouldn't let me go see her. Let's pray. God will forgive me... please love. We need to pray".

I opened the door and told him to leave. He didn't argue, he left. I took a bath and went for fresh air at the mall. I was tired of being locked up in the hotel. But before leaving I asked JT to call Aluwani to ask if Tshengi was still in Pretoria. The Letsoalo ancestors were on my side. The Venda wizard was in Polokwane. I was glad I was safe. I did some window shopping until my legs told me they couldn't walk anymore. As I was preparing to walk back to the hotel I saw someone I had not seen in ages, the one and only Siphon. I didn't want him to see me, so I walked past him as fast as I could. The next I heard him calling my name. I pretended as if I didn't hear him and continued walking. He ran to me and tapped my shoulder. I turned around and went "oh abuti Siphon. What are you doing here?". He was like "duh I'm the

one who should ask you that question. I stay in Centurion remember? The last time I checked you didn't stay in Centurion. What are you doing here? And aren't you supposed to be at home? You are done writing right?". Iyho people from home will always ask you questions that have nothing to do with them. I told him I was window shopping. He told me he was there to buy a bottle of wine and some meat. He wasn't going to work the following day, so he wanted to have a little braai by himself at his crib. I asked why he was having a braai by himself and he told me he didn't have friends or anyone. I asked him about his person and he told me they broke up. Lol he was the unlucky type. So many break ups? He begged me to join him and I flatly said no. He begged me for over 10 minutes and I ended up giving in. It's not like I had something better to do. We drove to his townhouse. It reminded me of the day his Xhosa ex wife almost killed me. We braai'd the

meat while drinking wine. He told me he dumped his latest girl because she had fertility problems and he wanted a baby badly. The second he mentioned wanting a baby a dirty thought dawned in my head. After eating we sat by the balcony and continued drinking wine. He went “you remember the day we shagged and I left my red underwear under your bed? And you brought it the following day....kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa”. I was so funny reminiscing about those days. A little voice in my head told me I shouldn’t drink when pregnant and I was like “toko ya pregnant”. Wine did what it does best to me and Sipho and I ended up kissing. One thing led to another and we ended up in his bedroom.

Out of the blue he pushed me and went “no I can’t sleep with you. You

Boooooommmmm

THE END

[12/05, 18:21] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 261

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“There is only one kind of shock worse than the
totally unexpected: the expected for which one
has refused to prepare” – Mary Renault

Ever noticed that when you are in a sucksexual
relationship every Tom Dick and Jabu will try to
get between your legs? But when you are not in
a serious relationship and you crave some
action niggers will always come up with some
stupid excuses not to shag you. It's like they
can sense you are desperate for a dick. It's the
same when you are in a happy relationship.
Niggers will promise you heaven and earth. But
when you are single and looking for a
relationship no one will even give you attention.
Oskido was right when he said ilife iskorokoro. I
asked Sipho what was wrong with him and he

went “I don’t have condoms. What if something happens?”. If you hear a guy saying that you must know he doesn’t trust you. Most guys would jump at the opportunity to chow a girl like me without rubber. It was quite clear Sipho didn’t trust me. It kinda offended me because I didn’t expect it from him. I went “It’s ok, we don’t have to do anything. We’ll just kiss and sleep”. I honestly don’t know what I was thinking. The pregnancy was driving me crazy. I was so stuck between abortion and finding my baby a decent father. Maybe those who have been thru my situation will have a better understanding. When you are pregnant with your first baby you want someone who’ll go thru the journey with you. You’ll have those fantasies about a happy family between you and the baby daddy and the little. But not many get to realise those fantasies. Life will humble you wa nyela. The same nigger who told you he loves you while shooting the impregnating sperm will be

the very same nigga who would rather die than take responsibility for his sperm. Siphos went "Ok, we'll just play with no penetration. I don't want us to do something we'll regret tomorrow. I always had a thing for you but I wouldn't want to take advantage of the fact that you are drunk. I am not that kind of a man. I was raised well". His dick was rising well as he said that.

We kissed for more than 10 minutes still fully dressed. His manhood was getting harder and harder the more he kissed me. He went "maybe we should get undressed. The temp is rising and I'm sweating. I think our bodies will cool off when we are naked". Lol nigger was trying to trick me. Only if he knew I was 3 steps ahead of him. I went "babe, no we can't be naked. We'll end up doing things we don't wanna do". I was helping him to take off his top as I said that. Shagging is very nice when you don't walk your talk. You talk left and walk right. Sometimes following the spoken rules is boring. Maybe

guys should take note. When a girl says don't go deeper she doesn't necessarily mean it. A guy who knows his story will be able to read her body language and hit it accordingly. Sex is not religion, there are no fixed rules set in some big book. You make your own rules and break them when your bodies commands you to do so. After taking off his top he returned the favour. My boobs were in a military way. He dribbled my nipples with his tongue and my vjayjay gave a sigh of anticipation. When our naked upper bodies met the power could electrify the entire Northern Cape province. I went "Sipho, your kissing has improved.... I love it. O nketsa monate you know ah oh mmmmmh". He responded by taking light bites on my ears and gently kissing my neck. Truth be told, our necks love attention. When a guy bites or kisses your neck you feel like you are in some undiscovered planet. I'm talking about gentle and romantic kissing. I'm not talking about someone biting

you as if you ran away with their MMM money. His hand went down my belly and manoeuvred thru my jeans until it reached the pubic arena. He whispered... “mmmmmh clean shaven. I like it a lot.....my finger is smiling”. A girl must keep the pubic area clean. Some girls have a bush down there. Apparently some bushes are so dense guys think they’ll bump into National Geographic crew chasing impalas down there. Please keep your underground clean ladies.

When his finger docked on my juiced up cookie I found myself singing di hallelujah hosanna with my heart. Siphos was on another level. His game had upped by more than 22.34%. If he was my husband I would be worried. Imagine your hubby doing things he has never done before. As a wife you have a right to stop and ask “who taught you this?”. Siphos unbuttoned my jeans and like a lion preparing a buck for lunch he dismissed the jeans from my legs. He wanted to give me a muff but I told him to skip

stage 5 and move to stage 11. I wanted him inside me so bad. He took off his pants and my eyes glittered like KK Mulaudzi's shirt. He whispered "babe, we do not have condoms.... are you sure you want us to do it without a condom?". I told him we should stop because it wasn't safe. I was obviously lying thru my white teeth. He went "let's do it babe. I won't come inside you. I'll pull out". Men think they are smart. When they want your cookie they promise to pull out. But when the their living liquid is on the road they forget the brakes. Their driving will lead you to the maternity ward sesi. He made me lie on my back and tip-tongued my nipples. Like traffic to Moria in Easter, I felt my blood going to the sacred fountain below my navel. I went "ride me hard.... I wanna feel you deep inside me. Ride me like I'm NOT the only girl in the world". He stretched my legs. Before penetrating he used his cock head to massage my pleasure button aka clit. I

screamed my unborn baby's name right there "ahhhhhhh Mashotooooooooooooooooooooo". He paused and asked who Mashoto was and I went "ma ma ma ma my imaginary ex boyfriend from Hammaskraal". Eix I regretted saying Hammaskraal. That place is known for weird and unusual things only. If it's not Mavuso stockvel it's people not turning up at weddings. He wanted to enter slowly but I told him to ride harder. He made me lie on the edge of the bed, chained my legs on his shoulders and Oh, I felt it hitting the inner parts of my underground structures. I screamed "go faster dammit.... go faster... go go go go faster". After what seemed like a century he turned me around and made me give it to him from behind. If you don't scream your lungs out during doggie you are a witch. Nigger hit me so well I felt like the brat inside my womb would blow a vuvuzela. When he went faster and faster and the temperature inside my vjayjay rising I knew he came inside

me. The friction inside me became less powerful because his cock became snakinly slippery. He went on a gear change down until he came to a full halt.

That was supper well served. You know he did you well when you lie on your back with your eyes closed wearing the biggest smile ever. You see non existent beautiful things after a good session. I can't say the same about the feelings you get after bad shagging . The minute he steps of your body you start thinking about how far pay day is. Bad shagging is the reason the world is sad. Siphos went "that was nice". Mxm that's some crap lame niggers say to impose undeserved compliments unto themselves. Niggers who know their story will just keep quiet and let your huge smile do the thanking. We multiplied our legs and passed out. That one round was more than a starter. It was better than some people's orgasmless 7 rounds. When I opened my eyes the following morning

Sipho was busy walking up and down in the bedroom. He looked very troubled. I had both hangover and sexover. I murmured “what’s wrong now? Are you exercising for the next round? My vjay is swollen after your performance last night. You gonna have to wait for a week or so ha ha ha ha ha ha”. He had a mild worried look. He went “we didn’t use protection yesterday. I don’t know if it was alcohol or what but what we did was reckless”. Typical man. He did everything with his eyes wide open and there he was trying to go sissy on me. That’s what happens when men put their brains on a sabbatical and start thinking about the taillet between their legs. He told me to take a quick bath and follow him. I asked follow him to where and repeated that I should take a bath. I took a quick shower and we drove to Lyttelton. I almost got a shock in my ezi when I realised we were going to a surgery. He went “we are going to do HIV tests and after

that you gonna buy morning after pills”. I was out of words. He opened the door for me and told me to follow him. I almost thought of telling him I was pregnant but thought it wouldn't suit my agenda. The doctor was waiting for us. He went “what happened? You normally play safe”. They greeted each other like friends. The Dr asked if we need counselling and Sipho told him to stop with the formalities. I went “before we start, can I use the bathroom? I'm pressed”. The doctor gave me direction to the surgery toilets. I looked left and looked right.....then slyza tsotsi, I ran away. My phone was off, so I couldn't call a metered taxi. I used the darkie taxi. The bloody driver dropped me at Centurion Mall. I had no choice but to walk to the hotel. My vjayjay was still painful. I almost got a heart attack when I opened my hotel room door.

Two people I didn't expect to see together were sitting on the bed.....

WTF

THE END

[12/05, 18:21] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 262

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“Dau dogo huambaa mwambao, kubwa huenda
penye kilindi” – Swahili proverb

My mother used to tell me “you must bend a tree while it is still young”. I didn’t understand it back then but as I grew up it started making sense. Guys who taste Eve’s apple late are likely to be streetsmartless. They don’t know how to play the game. They are the niggers who will confess to cheating and think life will just go on nje. On the other side players who understand the game will only press the right buttons to avoid a unnecessary Marikanas. OB was a late puluma. He did things without thinking. He was driven by his so-called conscience. I don’t

wanna blame it on church but I think it had a huge contribution. He asked “where have you been? I know you didn’t sleep here? I was here the whole night before you even try to cook a lie”. I was not concentrating on what he was saying. My eyes were glued on the madibekwana sitting on the bed. She looked so frail and in mental pain. I was wondering what she was doing there. She went “my love this is not a good Idea. I am tired and wanna sleep. I am not feeling well and you know that. I am not in a mood for fights”. I didn’t know what to say. I didn’t expect to find Thobile there. The last time I checked she was negotiating with God not to kill her at some hospital. OB said “Fine, don’t tell me where you were. I just want to know why you sent a text to Thobile with my phone pretending to be me? Do you know she almost died because of that sms? What’s got into you woman? I know the sms was sent by you because I was at your sugar daddy’s house

when it was sent? Why did you lie Thobile's baby is not mine? Are you trying to kill us? I can't believe I almost married a woman like you. You disgust me. I don't ever wanna see you again. You need prayers woman". Thobile was sitting on the bed with tears flowing on her face. I looked at OB and saw something I've never seen before, anger. I went "I didn't lie to you. Whatever I told you is true. But because you are a fool you will believe everything she says. Did she tell you she is sleeping with my lesbian friend JT? Did she tell you her neighbour beat her up because she sleeps with the poor woman's husband? You know what, to hell with you. I am leaving and I don't ever wanna see you again".

I packed everything that I had at the hotel. Obakeng and Thobile just stood there watching me like I was a low budget movie. After packing I wished OB a happy life with his bisexual and sfebe wife. Thobile went "sfebe is your mother".

People insult us all the time and sometimes we just let it go. But when someone insults your mom it goes straight to the heart. It does not matter what kind of a relationship you have with your mom. I put my bags down and asked her to repeat what she said. The hoe said it again. It took me few seconds to jump on her with some Rey Mysterio moves and beat the hell out of her. By the time OB grabbed and dragged me Thobile was bleeding from the nose. I am not sure if I beat her or bit her but something happened. OB pulled and threw me to the floor. I think he was taking her side. I shouted "you should have died you bloody witch. I am not scared of you. You can keep this foreskin pastor of yours. You will never taste orgasm for the rest of your life. Wena Obakeng nyana wa masepa, you better pray I'm not pregnant because if I am, you'll know what baby mama drama is. I'll make your life a living hell you will wish your foreskin acted as a condom when

you slept me. O ntebelle sharp, I'm not Tembisa girls". I don't know if Thobile was dying or what but she was coughing in a funny way. Obakeng on the other hand was like a lazy sneeze. He didn't know whether he was coming or going. I stood up, took my bags and left. My hair looked messy but I didn't care. I think everything that was happening to me was a sign that I should go home. Problem with going home was my mom. I didn't want to tell her I was pregnant. Selfie's mom was a reliable soldier, I knew she wouldn't tell my mom without my permission. I had regrets about telling her though. Staying in Gauteng was also not an option because I didn't have anywhere to. I thought of calling Nobuhle and visit her in KZN but my heart was against the idea. I remembered my phone was not charged. These days being disconnected is like disability. When your phone is off you feel like a calling SASSA and apply for disability grant.

I decided to man up and go home (Limpopo)

the following day. Your mom will always be your mom and you'll always be her daughter. No one can run away or hide forever. It was time to face my demons. I went "baby, maybe your birth will bring change in my life. I'm am tired of this non ending drama in my life". That was me talking to Mashoto. As I was walking towards West Avenue via Lenchen Avenue some Polo Vivo pulled over on the side of the road in front of me. The driver asked "why is a beautiful lady like you carrying heavy bags? Let me help you please lady". I told him I was fine but he insisted. Polo Vivo drivers are the most confident peeps I know when coming to pushing a charm on girls. That's the reason their cars are always full of girls. Nigger begged me to accept his offer until I ran out of NOs. My gut told me he wasn't the dangerous type. Plus his car had a Limpopo number plate. When you are gorgeous like me you get used to niggers with cars always offering lift. It's quite normal. Beautiful girls

know what I'm talking. No offence but ugly girls will not understand because the only time a car stops next to them is when the driver wanna ask for directions. He asked where I was going and I told him Pretoria CBD. He said I was lucky because he was also going to Pretoria CBD. As expected he asked for name. I almost said Lerato but remembered what Phišo said. I told him my name was Aluwani. He went "are you Venda? But nuh, don't answer. You are too yellow to be Venda. Unless if you were adopted and given a Venda name". Why do people assume all Venda people are dark? I blame Muvhango. All Venda actors they have in the soapie are dark, Pfeli and KK being premium darkies. I expected nigger to talk to me or something but he just started playing loud music. He was playing some songs very popular in places like gaMasemola, Phokwane, gaMatlala, gaMampuru, Jane Furse, Mamone, gaMphahlele and surrounding areas. The song

was going “ke re le tla mmona wa ka ke Jomo, o bethile ka mazaza...le tla mo tseba wa ka ke Jomo, o bethile ka mazaza”. Nigger was singing along and dancing with his head. I almost laughed when he said “hololo hololo hololo”. I was scared to ask him to lower the volume. Niggers from GaSekhukhune do not take instructions from women. They’ll kick the hell out of your yellow boneness. Nigger played almost 6 songs of that genre. From ‘Re tlo bina’ to ‘Sekgametsi’. I think the artist Pleasure is the best thing to happen to Sekhukhune people since 1994. Her manyalo music took that area by storm. When we got to the CBD he asked which side of the CBD I was going to. I went “uuhmmmm eh Phillip Nel”. I don’t know why I said that because Phillip Nel isn’t even in the CBD.

In fact I didn’t know where I was going. Phillip Nel was the first place I thought of when that guy asked me. Maybe it was because it was the

only convenient place I could go under the circumstances I was in. Problem was I couldn't just pop in without informing uncle Marcus. I couldn't call him because my phone was off and I didn't have a record of his number in my brain. I asked Mr Loud Music if I could use his phone and he said "yes if you want to send a Please Call Me. I think I have 2 or 3 left". Tjo what a turn off!!! A man that sends Please Call Me is a turn off. I asked if he had a phone charger in his car and he said yes. He plugged it for me to charge my phone. I just wanted 1% power to make a call to Marcus to tell him I was at Phillip Nel. Marcus said "the gate is not locked. You can get in and wait for me. I am on my way from the hospital for a check up". After talking to Marcus I called JT. She went "kanti why is your phone always off? O mbhora nkare o lekaka la Monday wa month end (you bore me like a month end Monday sh!t). You have issues that need tissues. Ke ko Jozi now...ke khaphile

skobo nyana se sengwe. Ka itshola jong. Dae chick nkare ke Joburg CBD (I'm in Joburg to drop some hoe. I have regrets. She looks like Joburg CBD). She is beautiful from distance at night but ugly during the day. Ke vraeza re ringe ga ke betha U-Turn (I want us to talk when I come back). Sharp bye". She didn't even give me a chance to say what I wanted to say. I gave the the driver directions to Marcus' place. Luckily the guy didn't have a problem. I was getting used to his music. I joined in the singing lol. When we passed Marabastad nigger stopped his music and went "so o reng ka nomoro mou?". That's how guys from GaSekhukhune ask for numbers. I couldn't say no with my number because he was driving me for free. Yes I was not going to pay him vele. We used E'skia Mphahlele Drive and offramped just after Tshwane Market to join Staatsartilleri Road. TUT main campus students will know the road very well. While we were waiting for the

traffic lights to turn green some white car pulled in front of us and two people with guns ejaculated themselves from the car. They pointed the guns at us and shouted "GET OUT". Oh my God....we were being hijacked. The nigger I was with opened the door and got out. They kicked him so hard I thought he was going to die. Everything was happening very fast.

I opened the door and before I could get out of the car one of the hijackers s.....

WTF

THE END

[12/05, 18:22] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 263

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a comment

"So many bad things have happened to them that they can't trust the good things. They have to shove them away before someone can get it

back” – Wally Lamb

Apparently South Africa has one of the highest hijack rates in the world. You can get hijacked anywhere, anytime. I know a person who once got hijacked inside his garage. These hijackers do not give a toss, when they want your car they'll take ka masepa. If you try to argue with them they'll show you flames. If you have never been a victim of hijacking you'll never understand how it feels to have a gun pointed at you. Some go as far as releasing a cocktail of faeces and urine. Kunzima bathong. When one of the hijackers shouted “don't move sfebe” I knew things were about to go from bad to worse. I sat still in the car. I'm not sure but I think I was not breathing. One guy got in the driver's seat and the other one sat behind me. The driver shouted “if you dare make noise or try something funny I'll feed that beautiful head with bullets”. No matter how bad the situation is, when a guy compliments you it means a lot. I

almost smiled when he said I have a beautiful head. The one behind me said “we don’t want to hurt you. Just play along and you’ll be safe. But if you gonna try to play smart with us we gonna kill you are rape your corpse. It’s not a threat, it’s a promise”. Yho such Hammaskraal tendencies? It’s only people from Hammaskraal who can think of raping a dead body. I asked myself why bad things were happening to me. Bad things happen to good people ka mmao. They drove towards Phillip Nel and turned left at Morkel Street. They turned right at Transoranje Road and drove towards the tunnel. I knew the place very well because it was not the first time I used that road. Immediately after the tunnel they dumped the Polo Vivo and we got in another car which was waiting there. I don’t know what happened to the other car that they used during the hijack. I think it was a well organised kinda thing. They made me take the back seat. The guy we found in the car covered

my eyes with a cloth. It was at that stage that I knew it was more than a hijack. I said a silent prayer. I didn't pray to God to save my life, I prayed for God to welcome me with open arms. I was seeing death in front of me. I had survived many near death experiences before but what was in front of my eyes that day was different. It was written death all over it.

I went "please don't kill me. I am still young and deserve to live. I'll do whatever you want. I am pregnant with the future chief of Venda people. If you kill me the ancestors will punish you. I am a future queen". When you are in those kinda situations you use whatever you have for survival. I don't know why I used the Venda royalty there but I thought it would scare off those people. The driver told the guy in the backseat to shut me the hell up because I was making noise. They stuffed cloth in my mouth. When you don't see where you are going you'll feel like you have been driving for hours. After

what seemed like lifetime I heard the car stopping and they told me to get out of the car. My eyes were still covered. I didn't know where I was. I heard something that sounded like a door of a house opening. They lead me inside the house and uncovered my eyes. When they took the cloth out of my mouth I started coughing. They gave me water. The driver's phone rang. He went "everything went well boss. She is here with us....safe and healthy..... ..
Ja we'll wait for your instruction on what to do next..... .. Yes we do have the car and connections from the border ready". I screamed "yhooo mmaweeeeee please don't smuggle me. I don't want to be a prostitute or to sell drugs. Please don't let me do that". That's how I reacted when I heard him mentioning connections at the border. Human trafficking is rife in Africa. Women and girls are smuggled out of the country to be drug mules and hookers. I did not wanna be one of them. One

guy took out a gun and pointed at my belly. He went "if you make noise again I will deflate that belly of yours with a bullet. You better cooperate or I'll mess you up". I applied my vocal brakes on the spot. A gun pointed at you can make one soil her pants. They took me to some dark room and gave me food. I told them I was not hungry but they forced me to eat at gun point.

After eating they tied me up, locked the room and left. I couldn't scream because they had stuffed my mouth with a piece of cloth again. Luckily they didn't cover my eyes. I sat in the room for hours without any sounds in the house. I think I was in some deserted place because there were no sounds of cars and people outside. Actually, there was no sound of anything. When the room got darker I knew night was knocking. I heard sound of a car outside then steps of people walking. I closed my eyes and prayed "God, I know this is last day

on earth. Please welcome me with your two warm arms in heaven. I have sinned many times but I remain your humble daughter and can repent. I will be a good girl when I get to heaven. I promise you will never have problems with me. But please don't let me wear those long white dresses. I want to wear something sexy. I will forever be grateful for the....". The door opened while I was praying. Two people I had not seen before walked in the room and greeted me. I didn't greet back. There was no way I was gonna talk to people who were planning to kill me. They asked if I was ready for my long trip. I went "yes, you can kill me. God will welcome me to his heaven with two open arms. The day you die you will rot in hell. People like you burn in hell. You can do what you want to do with me, I don't give a damn. I have made peace with the fact that I am going to die. In the process you will be killing an innocent blood inside my womb. Only a ruthless man with no

morals whatsoever will kill a pregnant woman. May God not bless you". That was me trying to play emotional blackmail. By the look of things I failed big time. They were not even moved by what I said. Sometimes I think criminals do not have feelings. They can kill a person and feel nothing afterwards. It's useless to ask them for mercy. They will never listen to you. They untied me and gave me water. I told them I was hungry and they gave me bread and 2% juice. I had no choice but to abuse my taste buds with that cheap juice.

After eating they took me to the car. It was very dark outside. I couldn't even see 2 metres in front of me. I don't think there was electricity where I was. A black SUV with a funny registration number was waiting for us. I asked where they were taking me to and I was told "if you don't stop talking we will be forced to use the cloth again. Shut your mouth and follow all your instructions". I asked if they were going to

kill me and one of them shouted “voetsek sfebe. Don’t you get tired of talking. Shut up maan ag”. Nigger was getting impatient. He told me to give him my bank card pin number. I told him I was a student and didn’t have money with me. He slapped me on the face and went “you think we are playing neh? Give me the bloody pin and shut up”. I quickly gave him my pin and closed my pipe. I wondered what they wanted to do with my pin cause they didn’t have my card. “oh damn, they probably took my handbag when they hijacked the car”, I thought to myself. He called someone and said “don’t withdraw all the money. Tomorrow in the morning send a yellow bone girl to go buy a bus ticket to Matatiele or any of those unimportant villages in Eastern Cape. She must swipe with the FNB card. That’s what the cops are gonna check first when a case of missing person is reported..... .. Yes yes... And thanks for destroying her phone. Boss will be very impressed. We’ll talk later”. I

was getting more and more confused about what was going on. They kept talking about the boss but no one was mentioning his or her name. In my mind I was thinking some Nigerian pimp or drug Lord. I get so pissed when South African men agree to be used by Nigerian drug Lords to hurt South Africans. My body was kinda tired. They gave me some tablet and told to eat it. I asked what the tablet was for and they gave me a funny look. I ate the tablet. I felt dizzy for few minutes and the next thing boooooommmmm.... I don't remember what happened. I think they drugged me to pass out or something. It took me few minutes to have a recollection of what was happening. I was no longer in the car, I was in some neat room with dark curtains. I think the night was gone. There was a huge picture of the map of Botswana on the wall. It was only when I tried to move that I noticed my legs were tied with some lockable light chain. I wanted to scream but before I

could open my mouth the door opened. I quickly put my head on the pillow and closed my eyes. I wanted whoever was coming in to think I was sleeping.

A female voice went “Thee Sharon Letsoalo, we finally meet....”.

WTF..

THE END

[12/05, 18:23] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 264

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“Anger is an acid that can do more harm to the vessel in which it is stored than to anything on which it is poured” – Mark Twain

You know when someone says “we finally meet” it gives one an impression that there was an expectation to meet. As far as I was concerned I was not aware of anyone wanting

to meet me. It's not like I was famous or something. I didn't understand her excitement to meet me. I actually thought I was dreaming. Everything was happening in some sneaky fashion. I felt like pinching my boob to bring me back to real life. I opened one eye to look at the girl who called my name like I once slept with her stepfather. I was expecting to see someone lookable but my eyes were met with a Tsonga version of Nomarussia. I went "who are you? Where am I? What am I doing here? How did I get here?". She grabbed the chair and sat down. She was like "O amogelesegile mo Selebi-Phikwe, Botswana. Ke taabo ke go tlhokometse go fitlhela o belega. Fa o itshwara sentle re tla nna ditsala (welcome to Selebi-Phikwe, Botswana. I'll be taking care of you until you give birth. If you behave we'll be good friends)". Her Setswana sounded a bit different from the one I was used to back in Pretoria. I was shaking. I was internally asking myself how I

crossed the border without a passport. I asked her how I got to Botswana. She went “stop stressing yourself with unnecessary questions. They are not healthy for someone in your condition. Just be happy you have me to take care of you. I was given strict instructions not to leave your side until you give birth. You’ll also be required to eat healthy food. The boss does not want any mistakes with the prince you are carrying. He’ll kill all of us if something wrong happens to you and the baby. A doctor will come here once or twice a week to check if the baby is fine. Are we on the same page?”. I grabbed a pillow and threw it at her. I shouted “who is your boss? Why did they bring me here? I don’t know anyone in Botswana. I’ve never been here before?”. She grabbed my neck and went “Ke mosadi yo o siameng thata, mme ha o ka bo wa bata go ntwaela ke ta go bontsha go se gontle. O seka wa bo wa thola o boelela go dira se o sa tswang go se dira gape. Are we

clear (I am a very good woman but if you mess with me I'll Fu©k you up. Don't ever ever do what you just did again)?".

You know I always thought all Botswana ladies were warm gorgeous yellow bones. The structure I saw in that room was very different from what I had in mind amount cheri tsa ko Botswana. Maybe she was adopted. She went "please don't tell boss I shouted at you. He'll be mad at me. We should be friends for the next 8 months. We can't be friends if we fight. Oh, there's a TV in this room. I know you are used to many channels, but here we have BTV. The only interesting thing is 7pm news. You can bid your Generations and Scandal goodbye until further notice". I decided to calm down because I could see I was not in my comfort zone. Her ugliness was enough to scare me off. I knew I was going to have nightmares that night because of her dangerous looking face. I decided to be friendly to her. All my suspicions

were pointing to one person. I knew he was the only one capable of pulling such a stunt. He had good resources and connections to illegally make me cross the border into Botswana. He probably bribed people to let me in the country in unconscious state and without proper papers. I asked her what her name was and she told me "Godimo". Some names do not suit their owners. I was expecting Mantwa or Mobe. She gave me food and after eating I bathed. She gave me a bag full of clothes. They looked like stuff Selfie's mom would wear. I told her those clothes were not in my league. She went "you'll have to address it with your husband when he comes. There's Pep store and Ackermans not far from here. Maybe he'll go buy you decent clothes there. For now you'll have to settle for this. And please show some appreciation. I bought this with my money". I wanted to ask her when the boss was coming but was scared she would hurt me again. I was very sure Tshengi

was behind the whole thing but I just wanted her to breath it out. What gave me a lil bit of peace was the fact that they were not going to kill me. But my fear was their plan after the birth of the baby. Tshengi was a ruthless son of a witch. He was probably planning to do something very bad to me. Taking me back to South Africa would be risky for him. Godimo tied me to the bed and left me alone. She locked the room on her way out.

Being alone kept my brain busy. I missed my mom more whenever I was faced with difficult situations. I knew sooner or later they would start looking for me. The thought of my photo all over social media and newspapers with the caption 'MISSING' didn't sit well with. My biggest fear was someone choosing an ugly picture. I spent the whole day in the bedroom tied like a criminal. Godimo fed me lunch and supper. She repeated that she would take good care of me. That night I didn't dream. But my

thoughts were obsessed with my family back home. My biggest wish was to write a huge Facebook post to my female peers in South Africa. Loving things will lead you to matlhafarara. I went to Pretoria to study but because I loved things my life changed for the worse. Sometimes it's better to leave the vjayjay perform its original role, to urinate. I gave my vjayjay a bigger role and it betrayed me big time. Yes I'm gonna say it, nnyo ya ka ke vandal ka mmao (my vjayjay is a vandal for real). If you suspect your vjayjay is also a vandal please introduce it to Jesus before it's too late. Imagine being kidnapped in a foreign country because you couldn't keep your legs closed nxa!!!! In the morning Godimo told me to bath and dress up because an important guest was coming to see me. I sarcastically asked "who is that important guest? The handsome president of Botswana Honourable Ian Khama or Somizi?". She laughed and told me to respect the

president. She went “Botswana is not like South Africa. Here we respect our president. You guys in South Africa can insult Jacob Zuma and get away with it”. I was not in a mood to talk about Jacob Zuma. Respect is earned, not demanded. People will respect you according to how you conduct yourself. She didn’t wanna tell me who the guest was and I let it go. I took a bath and wore the floral dress that she prepared for me. It looked like the one my grandmother wore when they paid the R10 lobola for her back in the 70s. She gave me a full panty and I went “I rather die than wear that full mokaka. Whoever made that thing is the reason men suffer from erectile dysfunction”. The way Godimo was ugly it was difficult to tell whether she was laughing or crying. I had to look in her eyes to check if she had tears.

Just after midday Godimo told me the guest had arrived. She untied me and told me to wear the biggest smile ever. I told her the full panty

she wanted me to wear stole my smile. She went “I like you. Please don’t try anything stupid or else you will leave Botswana in a hearse. I want you to deliver a beautiful healthy baby. I will see you tomorrow. Enjoy your guest”. She left me in the room. I thought of running away but knew I wouldn’t go far because the house was probably heavily guarded. I took Godimo’s advice not to try anything stupid. The door opened and as expected bold and confident looking Tshengi walked in. He had a bouquet of flowers and couple of bags from expensive shops only found in Sandton. He went “surprisssssssssee. Are you happy to see me or are you happy to see me? How are you doing mother of my son? Is Botswana treating you well?”. Tshengi was a psycho beyond repair. Like WTF, he greeted me like I was in a normal environment. How do you kidnap someone and then greet them like they were on holiday? That is pure madness. I screamed “why don’t you

just kill me Tshengi? Aren't you tired of the crap you put me through? You need help. You are sick in the head". He sat on the bed next to me. He went "let bygones be bygones. Forget about whatever happened. That is history. I forgive you for running away from the hospital that day. I forgive you for what your bull brand lesbian boyfriend/girlfriend did to me. I forgive you for cheating on me. You know why? Because you are carrying something very important to me. I'll do everything to make sure the baby is delivered safely to this world. I knew you were going to terminate this pregnancy. I had to take hectic measures to make sure you don't do anything stupid. Sometimes love make us do unpopular things. If that makes me a psycho, so be it". I don't know what he was trying to achieve with that speech. It didn't work on me. I hated him more and he made me hate the little Venda in my belly. You don't kidnap people you love, you protect them. Tshengi spent the entire

afternoon trying to convince me to see the positive side the situation. He was mad. He called someone to bring us food. I wanted to go on hunger strike but he forced me to eat. When darkness fell I told him to leave because I wanted to sleep. He went "I'm sleeping here with you. We gonna make love for the first time in a foreign country". I told him "over my dead body". He grabbed the dress I was wearing and try to pull it up. I bit his finger. I went "I rather die than sleep with you. Kill me now and see if I care". He stood up and shouted "Norman, Norman... Come here now". Some tall guy with with small eyes walked into the room.

Tshengi went "kill her and bury the body at the spot I showed you earlier...."

whistle x3

THE END....

[12/05, 18:23] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 265

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

“I imagine one of the reasons people cling to their hates so stubbornly is because they sense, once hate is gone, they will be forced to deal with pain” – James Baldwin

As much as I knew Tshengi was a psycho, deep inside I knew he somehow loved me. Some psychos do things thinking they are doing them out of love. They can hurt you deeply without being aware their actions were of hurting nature. Tshengi had strong feels for me and I partly blame them for how he conducted himself in front of me. I am not in anyway promoting or condoning his actions, I'm just trying to make you understand how people like him think. Something I never thought he would do was to see me dead. I knew he loved the baby I was carrying. I knew he wouldn't do anything to harm the baby. But his face showed me something different that day. It was full of

anger, hatred, witchcraft, evil etc. The kinda face Kaizer Chiefs fans have when Orlando Pirates win a cup. The guy he called produced a gun and pointed at me. I saw him fitting a silencer onto it. I screamed “no please don’t kill me. I beg you. I do whatever you want. Tshengi please don’t let him kill me. I will be your humble and submissive wife for the rest of my life. I’ll give you 7 blow jobs and 6 hand jobs everyday. I will love you forever. Please don’t let him kill me. I am still young to die. My mom still loves me. I don’t wanna leave my little brother alone. I beg you”. I closed my eyes and my anus released the unmentionables. That’s how scared I was. Tshengi went “damn, I never imagined a cheeky and arrogant girl like you messing herself out of fear. Next time you’ll know who the boss is. Bosso ke mang?”. I had no choice but to say “ke wena papa”. He told Norman to prepare a bath for me to clean the mess. Any guy that takes your pride and dignity

and crushes them up does not deserve to be called a man. He made me šhit myself in front of another man. I mean, he wanted me to give birth to his child. How do you expect people to respect your baby mama when you have made her a laughing stock in front of them? Šhitting in public is a permanent scar. If you are in Limpopo you are likely to score a nickname like Lesepe or Kaki.

Washing my šhit was the most difficult and embarrassing thing I ever had to do since I was born. Tshengi had reduced me to a 'nothing'. Actually I felt nothing was better than me. They didn't even give me privacy to wash myself. They were standing at the door to make sure I don't escape. After bathing I wore another dress that made me look like an actress from Bophelo ke Semphekgo. They didn't allow me to wear the expensive clothes Tshengi brought for me. Tshengi went "you are far from home. Use this time to bond with me. Your mother won't

even notice you are no in South Africa because you never made a habit of checking up on her". What he said made me realise the emotional distance between my mom and I was not on. He was right, it was gonna take my mom ages to realise I was missing. I said "I am sorry for whatever I did to you. Please forgive me. But what you are doing to me is not necessary. You made me mess myself in front of a stranger. What if we decide to marry and raise the baby together in future? Do you expect this guy to respect me? Do you want your son or daughter to be bullied about a mother that messed her dress ka makaka? If you really love me you'll respect me. This drama won't be necessary if we have mutual understanding. I can be the woman you want". I was trying to warm up to him. It was the only strategy I had to survive that psycho. Sometimes playing tough doesn't help, especially in a situation where you are 10 steps behind. He said "I have fallen for your lies

before. I tried to reach out to you but you played me badly. You have no choice but to do whatever I want. You will be cut off from the outside world until you give birth. After that I'll decide what to do with you. But.... Only a but, if you behave we might return to South Africa as a happy couple and parent to our little one. I don't promise a thing though". It seemed like I was fighting a losing battle. Tshengi had abnormal stubbornness. Only his cousin Aluwani knew how to handle him. I wished I had a phone to contact JT. I asked "are you spending a night with me?". He laughed and went "ga ke je masepa. You smell shit". He instructed his henchman to tie me.

They only untied me when it was time to eat. I had a restless night with many nightmares that night. I think reality was starting to sink in. I missed my good life back at home. Godimo came to my bedroom in the morning to give me breakfast. She asked if I had good time with the

boss and I told her to go to hell. After eating I bathed and went back to bed. It was becoming a daily routine. I asked Godimo if Tshengi was still in Botswana and she told me he went to some business meeting in Gaborone. She tried to convince me that Tshengi loved me but I told her to get lost. I expected her to be on my side because she was a woman but her heart was completing with her face in terms of ugliness. Tshengi came back around 7pm. He was in good spirit. He told me he scored a good business deal with some Gaborone businessman. I went "I am happy for you". Deep inside I was boiling with anger and hatred for him. He told me he wanted to spend the night with me. I almost told him I was on periods. That's an excuse most girls have used more than once to avoid dishing up. I told him I also had a severe headache. He went "It's ok. We won't do anything. I just wanna feel your warmth next to me. And I guess the little one

would love to bond with daddy". I had no choice but to say yes. I didn't wanna see what I saw the previous day. He told Norman to be wide awake in case I tried something stupid. I promised him I had no intentions of running away because I did not have money. He joined me in bed that night. I wanted to sleep with clothes on but he told me not to treat him like a nobody. I slept in my birthday suit. Around midnight I felt a hand navigating around my thighs. I remained still and motionless. He drove his unskilled fingers to my sacred fountain. It was so dry you'd swear it wanted to compete with Botswana's Kalahari desert. I was sleeping on my side and he was right behind me with his body parallel to mine. His hard cock was perpendicularing my bum. He tried to enter from behind but the dryness bounced my cookie. Nigger used his saliva to impose unnatural vjayjayal wetness. I felt his manhood ascending to the ranges of the himalayas inside

me. I did not move or scream. Even when his mrengerenge rained I did not react. He literally raped me.

In the morning when Godimo came to perform her duties. She asked why I had a map of tears on my face. I told her I was crying because I missed my family. She told me everything will be alright. That was like satan telling you “may God bless you”. When I bathed I noticed my cookie was swollen from the bin-laden shag I got from Tshengi. Around midday some guy carrying what looked like a doctor’s case came to my room. He introduced himself as Dr Ogomoditse Rankwe but preferred being called Ranks. He told me he’ll be my personal doc until the baby arrives. For the next three weeks we forged a very good relationship. He checked me every 4 days. Beside being handsome, he had a good heart. His favourite phrase was “the beautiful one”. He made my heart melt whenever he said that. One day he told me he

only did what he was doing because he owed Tshengi a huge favour. He didn't want to tell me what the favour was. He was the only person in Botswana who treated me like a human being. I don't know if I was imagining things but I think some chemistry developed between us. The way we looked at each other changed as weeks went by. I was at my happiest whenever Tshengi went back to South Africa. Whenever he came to Botswana he forced himself on me. I was getting used to the physical, emotional and psychological pains I endured whenever he terrorised my cookie. One day he came to the house drunk and he tried to sleep with me. I told him to stop because I had some strange pains in my belly. He went "what did you eat sfebe? Are you trying to have an abortion behind my back? Huh? Are you trying to have an abortion? Tell me now sfebe". He made me stand up naked. He tried to kiss me but I bit his lip. It was one of those things I did without thinking. He

punched me on the chest and I fell on the ground. He literally started kicking me shouting all the unmentionables. He kicked me all over my body. I used my arms to protect my face. The most painful kicks were the ones on my belly. He kicked me like I was a rugby ball. The strange part was I did not cry. My eyes were ejaculating tears but my vocal cords refused to be employed. I don't remember what really happened but I think I fainted. When I gained consciousness Dr Ranks was sitting beside me with a very sad look on his face. My body was decorated with unbearable pain.

He wore a concerned brotherly smile and whispered "I

WTF

THE END

[12/05, 18:25] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 266

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave

a comment

“You don’t ask people with knives in their stomachs what would make them happy; happiness is no longer the point. It’s all about survival; it’s all about whether you pull the knife out and bleed to death or keep it in...” – Nicky Hornby

A Christian author by the name of Jerry Bridges once said “God never allows pain without a purpose in the lives of His children. He never allows Satan, nor circumstances, nor any ill-intending person to afflict us unless He uses that affliction for our good. God never wastes pain. He always causes it to work together for our ultimate good, the good of conforming us more to the likeness of His Son”. His words reverberated in my ears as I lay there with a pain I had never experienced before. I felt like someone was using needles to rebuild my torn womb. The white sheets on the bed were red with blood. If I was in the jungle I would have

thought lions made a mincemeat of a buck. I was in the bedroom and the blood had my name written all over it. Dr Ranks continued “I am sorry the beautiful one. You lost the baby. I don’t know what got to him. He almost killed you. I knew he was bad but I never thought he would go this far. If the authorities find out about this there’ll be hell to pay. I regret getting involved”. His words were like malaria to my heart. I didn’t remember much about what happened. All I could remember was seeing a sweating Tshengi kicking me like I was a rugby ball. I remembered how I used my arms to cover my face which was the only part that was not under the influence of pain. Dr Ranks’ gloves were red with blood. They looked as if they were swimming inside a menstrual lake. Godimo was standing by the door with tears in her eyes. There was no sign of Tshengi in the room. Whether you like the father or not, no woman wishes to have a forced termination of

pregnancy. It leaves a permanent mark in your heart. Since the day I found out I was pregnant the thought of termination crossed my mind many times. I was still deliberating on whether to go with it or not. But I never wanted the termination to happen the way it happened. I was broken inside. I felt empty and empty and more empty. I felt worthless.

Godimo went “maybe we should take her to a hospital. What if she dies in our hands? Our government does not play when it comes to death. I don’t want to be punished for something I didn’t do. He did this and left. Now we are the ones cleaning his mess. I know he is paying us well but we still have hearts and conscience. Let’s do the right thing doc”. Ranks’ face turned purple. He said “are you out of your mind? Do you wanna die? Do you wanna go to jail? How are you going to explain the foreigner being in our country without papers? What will you tell them? Will you tell them she was

smuggled in? Do you want me to lose my license? I know you are ugly but please don't let it affect your thinking capacity". I wanted to tell them to stop discussing me as if I was not in the room but I couldn't because of all sort of pains I was feeling. Ranks told me he'll do whatever in his power to make sure I recover. He sounded so caring and loving. His words made me feel better. My heart was teeming with hatred for Tshengi. I wished him hours of torture and a painful death for what he put me thru. Godimo helped me to bath off the blood. Ranks took care of the post miscarriage mess in my body. He did the best he could to ensure there was no infection. The next 2 days I was an emotional wreck. Ranks gave me necessary medication to help me cope with what I went thru and the pains. But he had not paid a visit in that 2 days. I was still under house arrest. Godimo had turned a bit distant and uglier. I even thought she was planning to kill me.

Especially on that particular day. I asked her why Ranks was no longer coming and she told me “my job is to take care of you. I’m not Dr Rankwe’s keeper”. Tjooo she had issues that day. Even the food she gave me was cold. I had a bad feeling about her that day. She was acting too funny for my liking. When night fell I was tied to my bed again. It was a norm to me. I felt like a dog of black people. Yes most black people treat dogs like dogs. Our dogs do not eat 7 colour meals. Godimo went “I might not see you again. May God bless you till we meet in another world”. I didn’t understand what she meant. I just assumed it was the kinda jokes ugly people make.

For some reason I struggled to sleep that night. When I closed my eyes I saw my father building something around me. The more I tried to avoid the vision was the more it became clear. Bo Piet mrena, I’ve never seen him building anything when he was still alive but there he

was trying to be a mgijimi bricklayer. When my eyes couldn't take the visions anymore they decided to switch themselves off. I was woken up by something touching me. Before I could scream he went "sshhhhhhhhh it's me. Sorry for being away for 2 days. I just came back from Francistown. I don't have enough time. I'm with 3 guys and they were given an instruction to kill you before the sun rises. I don't know why but I have grown to like you. I won't let it happen. Listen to me and listen carefully. I'm gonna untie you. I will distract those guys outside. In about 10 minutes I want you to get out thru the window of the room after the sitting room and quietly run to the gate. Turn left and run as fast as you can. Find a place to hide until the morning. When the sun rises ask any beautiful female person you bump into to show you when you can catch a kombi to Gaborone. This is Botshabelo. It can be dangerous sometimes. When you get to Gaborone ask someone to

show you the KFC at Rail Park Mall. Don't leave until I get there.....even if you gonna be there for 5 hours. I'll make sure the guys don't look for you at the direction you gonna run to. I know they will search for you when they notice you ran away. Hope you heard my instructions loud and clear. Your life depends on it". I asked him why I can't wait for him around and he told me it was risky. He went "the taxi fare to Gaborone is 100 pula if I'm not mistaken". I was like "yho, so in Botswana you pay taxis with rain? What if it doesn't rain?". He briefly laughed and told me Pula was Botswana currency. He gave me a P200 note, R100 for taxi fare and the rest for food and refreshments. He left the room afterwards. I got dressed and said a short prayer. The stupid thing was I forgot to ask him to give me his number in case I got lost. There was no way I was gonna go ask him because he had told me he was going to distract Tshengi's men. I didn't take anything with me. I wanted to

run like nobody's busy. As soon as I outgusted myself through the window I ran to the gate which was half open. I guessed Ranks half-opened it for me. I turned left and ran like nobody's tender business. I ran until I saw something that looked like a small stadium. It was refreshing to finally be outside but there was some disturbing smell, like a smell of smoke from industrial area chimneys. My legs were so tired. I couldn't run anymore. I sat down to catch a breath. I don't know what time it was but it was long after 12am. Sunrise was a stone throw away. I think my fear of dying had diluted my fear of darkness. Under normal circumstances there was no way I was gonna walk in a place like that, especially in a foreign country. I literally saw the sun break its virginity for that day. I didn't know where to walk to. My legs were aching from the running. Mxm legs can be hoes when they want. They can endure an hour of stretching for a cock but they were

struggling to cope with few minutes of running to save my life.

There was noise of cars and people walking. I was relying on my gut feeling with regard to which direction and step to take. My biggest fear was getting caught by Tshengi's dogs or people noticing I was not of that place. I cautiously walked to the road. I saw something that looked like a supermarket. I couldn't walk closer because I didn't know who was there. I saw some lady carrying a baby on her back. Generally, when you see someone carrying a baby you expect them to be nice and warm. I walked to her with a beautiful smile. I must admit, I looked messy. I wouldn't be surprised if people referred to me as a hobo. I greeted her nicely and asked where I can find taxis to Gaborone. I was twanging. She replied in Setswana "O ka palama ko rankeng. Kana ha e le gore o ithaganetse o kope lift e go ise ko stopping sa Welcome Cash and Carry. O ta

bona di lift gone koo. Ebile ha go le phakela jaana di mothoho go bonala (You can catch a bus at the bus rank. If you are in a hurry, ask for a ride to the Welcome Cash n Carry bus stop. You can catch a ride to Gaborone there. It's easy to catch one in the morning)". Some car was approaching as we were talking. She did some hand signs and the car stopped. Jesus was with me, the car was going straight to Gaborone. In my mind I thought Gaborone was just few kilometres away. After one hour we were still on the road. I was scared to ask the driver how far we were from Gaborone because he had a serious face. He didn't even say a word to me. He was concentrating on the road and listening to Gospel music. He seemed like one of those serious Christian guys. He even had two Bibles in his car. After about 4 hours he went "Re feta Bokaa jaanong. Re toga re goroga mo Gaborone. O ka nna wa ntuela 90 Pula (we are passing Bokaa now. We are almost in

Gaborone. You can pay me P90)”. Oh WTF, I realised I forgot the money Ranks gave me at that house. I think I forgot to put it in the pocket after getting dressed. I immediately started sweating. I didn't know how to tell him I didn't have money. If you are used to carrying handbags wherever you go it's so easy to forget things like money the day you don't have a bag. I think my trauma also had a contribution. I had no choice but to come clean. I went “I think I forgot money at home. Please don't kill me”. There was no easy way of saying it. He stopped the car on the side of the road and went “get off”. The more I begged him for some mercy was the more he became angry. I closed my eyes and said “I'll give you a blow job”. His anger broke a record of dying quickly. He went “now we are getting somewhere”. He took his Bibles and hid them under the seat. He pushed the seat back and produced his 'motsoko'. Luckily he didn't have a foreskin. Desperate

times call for desperate measures. I had no choice but to abuse my mouth. I closed my eyes and leaned towards his seat. 4 licks on his dick head and he screamed “mme weee ke a rotaaaa....Yhoo yhoos babe wee yhoosoooo were. Mmaago o apara khiba ya size mang (what size is your mom’s apron)?”. I could read that he was indeed about to come and I withdrew my mouth. His missiles hit the car roof. Lol I thought it was only our Tswanas who came at a spermasonic speed. He had a victory look on his face afterwards. I didn’t wanna waste time. I told him to drive as I had paid my dues. I was nauseous all the way to Gaborone. I asked him to drop me at Rail Park park Mall. He wanted my number but I told him to buzz off. I didn’t need him anymore. I tried my best not to look lost. I didn’t wanna attract unnecessary attention.

I heard “vha khou ya ngafhi?”

WTF....

THE END.

[12/05, 18:26] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 267

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“If you do not see light at the end of the tunnel,
consider it an opportunity to create an opening
yourself, wherever you want” – Ashok
Kallarakkal

Hearing your country’s language in another
country will mos def attract even a deaf
person’s attention. Tshivenda wasn’t just a
South African language to me, it was Tshengi’s
mother tongue. It was the language that was
used to abuse me. Don’t get me wrong,
Tshivenda is a beautiful language and I love it.
Anything that reminds you of a very bad
experience will always make you freeze
whenever you come across it. Those who have
been in a car accident will know what I’m

talking about. It will take you months to get over the trauma and feel safe travelling in a car. I froze when I heard that Venda voice, especially since it came from a male person. 'Vha khou ya ngafhi?' means 'where are you going?'. If I was in the middle of the road a car would have knocked me. I couldn't move my body for couple of seconds. The relief I got when I realised the person wasn't talking me could fill up Orlando Stadium. It came from a random Venda man talking to someone over the phone. The first thought I had was to follow him until he finishes talking and then ask to use his phone to call my mom or JT to come rescue me. Not all Venda men are like Tshengi. Actually most Venda men are 3G – Great & Good Guys. I followed him for few seconds until a thought hit my mind 'what if he was Tshengi's family or business partner'. I immediately turned and headed to the mall entrance. When Ranks said I should wait for him at Rail Park Mall I was

expecting something huge, especially since it's in the capital of Botswana. I was expecting something like Menlyn or Mall of Africa or Eastgate Mall. It was the very first time since I passed matric that I went to a mall looking like a hobo with nothing in my pocket. My lips were dry because of thirst and hunger. I felt so stupid for forgetting or losing the money Ranks gave me. I walked around the mall looking for KFC. It took me few minutes to find KFC. My problem was how was I going to sit inside KFC without buying anything. Some KFC managers chase you out if you do that.

I saw some guy standing alone just before KFC. I decided to go to him to ask for moola. Ja life will humble you. I was thinking of how I would milk men in South Africa by just being a beautiful yellow bone with sexy curves and a butt to commit suicide for. There I was in a foreign country like those hobos in Marabastad. Maybe that's how hobos became hobos. I

walked to the guy and went “Hi abuti, I asking for P20 to buy food. I lost my phone and wallet. I am very hungry”. The way I was so convincing even Gerrie Nel would believe me. When nigger put his hand in a pocket I almost cried tears of joy. The next thing some girl popped from nowhere and said “Uhu, jaanong wena mma wa re go sha kae re ye go tima? Babe mmadirabanyana yo ke ohe? Are re mo thuse ka eng? Rra a re tsamaye ke ya baby showeng. Kana ke ya go ipaakanya (and then you! Who are you? Babe who is this shabby looking girl? What does she want from us? Babe please let’s go, I have a baby shower to attend so I must go get ready)”. Nothing hurts like being insulted by an ugly girl, especially those shaped like rhinos and walk like penguins. You don’t wanna mess with their men, they can eat you alive. Akere they know it’s difficult for them to find love. I apologised and walked inside KFC. It was full of kids. In fact the mall was full of kids. You’d

swear someone was giving free lollipops. I looked around to check if there was somewhere I could sit. Going to KFC broke and hungry is not a good idea. The smell of their spice will make you consider stealing. My taste buds were getting aroused. Some couple who looked like they were having an anniversary lunch stood up and left. Shem, if you take me to KFC on our anniversary I'll put alephirimi in your food. I noticed they left one boney piece. As I was about to strategically sit down and introduce the piece to my nutritionally hornified teeth, the cleaning lady came to the table to take the remains and clean the area. If I had a gun right there I would have turned her into an ancestor. I was so angry at her. I stood up and went "go to hell biach. Can't you see I'm eating? Le tlwaela batho masepa. Ke tla o trappa wa nyela nou".

It was only when the entire KFC went silent that I noticed I messed up. I brought unnecessary attention to myself. Everyone literally turned

and looked at me. Within a minute the security guard was all over me. I didn't even see where he hailed from. He grabbed my arm and pulled me out of KFC. I felt so cheap and personless. Only if they knew who I was. When we were outside KFC he pushed me and I fell on the floor. I repeat, life will humble you. I stood up and apologised to the security guard for shouting at the poor woman. Nigger kept screaming at me even when I apologised. He was lucky I was in an unfamiliar territory and very desperate. I was gonna abbreviate him on the spot. Some cop lady came to investigate what was happening. She was too slender to be a cop. Majority of female cops in South Africa are 'visible'....if you know what I mean. Joburg traffic cops are worse. She asked what was going on and the guy explained what happened inside KFC. I was close to šhitting myself. I was in front of the authorities and I was in Botswana illegally. I avoided talking because my Setswana wasn't

like theirs. In Pretoria we speak a salad of languages...mix masala. I didn't want her to suspect I was a foreigner. I don't know much about Botswana but what I know is that the cops are very strict. Committing crime in Botswana is like taking clothes of next to a beehive. While there I saw Ranks walking towards us. Jikijiki nigger turned and walked back. I think seeing me talking to the cop scared him off. He probably thought I was spilling the beans. I couldn't follow him because the policewoman was still addressing us. I watched Ranks as he disappeared. He was my only ticket to go back home in one piece. Tears started flowing on my face. The cop asked why I was crying. I went "I I I I am broke and hungry. My boyfriend stood me up". She smiled and said "Lesa go ratana le bo-tinto. Tla kwano ke ta tla go rekela Street wise 2. Nako e e tlang o kope mongwe a go rekele dijo go na le go ja masala (stop dating broke guys. Come I'll buy

you streetwise 2. Next time ask someone to buy you food instead of eating remains).

That was the moment that made me smile for the first time since I landed in Botswana. I was expecting the cop to go all coddish on me but she showed me something I've never seen such from a female South African cop, Ubuntu. I was touched. But to be honest, I was not interested in food at that stage. I wanted to follow Ranks. She bought me Streetwise 2 and left. As soon as she left I took my food and headed to the direction I saw Ranks walking towards. The worst part was I didn't even know the car he drove. I walked around the mall and there was no sign of him. I walked the streets until my legs started aching. I sat down and ate my meal. I was eating a cheap meal but in that situation it felt as if I was eating a French cuisine. After eating I felt a bit energetic. Something in me told me I should not give up. I continued walking around looking for Ranks. I got more

inspired when I saw a road named after Nelson Mandela on the other side of the mall. I was like “Mandela gave up his life to fight for freedom. He never gave up. He is my inspiration”. I walked for almost 2 hours without success. I was starting to experience hunger symptoms. The sky was about to sing a lullaby for the sun. Panic was gradually crawling under my heart. I decided to walk back to the mall to have a final search for Ranks. While I was walking some guy tapped me on the shoulder. He almost gave me a heart attack. He went “I see you have been walking up and down for hours now. Well, I’m not stalking you but it’s easy to take note of a gorgeous lady like you”. If people are still able to see your beauty while you are broke and wearing masepa you must know you are really beautiful. I’m not talking about iBeauty. For those who don’t know, iBeauty is fake online beauty (FOB). Thanks to iPhone picture quality. Such people deserve compliments like “you

iBeautiful". I told him I was looking for my boyfriend. He asked if he could help me and I said "no thanks". I spent about 30 minutes looking for Ranks and again luck dololo. My panic reached boiling point. I was not in a state to sleep in an unsafe place again. I bumped into the guy who offered to help me again. He told me his offer was still available. I asked if I could trust him and he said yes. I went "I am from Zambia. My boyfriend and I fought and he left me. All my belongings are with him, including passport. I am stranded". His face wore sadness immediately. He gave me a hug and told me not to stress. He was like "there is some church not far from here. I know the pastor. You can sleep there tonight cause it's almost ready. Tomorrow we'll make a plan to locate your boyfriend or send you back to Zambia". I shed tears and thanked God for sending me that person. God will never let his kids suffer in his presence. Nigger asked if I

could speak Setswana and I said I only spoke
Tonga, Nyanja, Bemba and English. His phone
rang. He went “Ke na le ngwanyana yo o tswang
Zambia. Erile hela ke mmona ke ha ke
tshwarwa ke nopa. Ke tsile go mo tsenyetsa
sengwe mo drinking gore ke robale le ene (I
have some chick from Zambia. The minute I
saw her I got home. I’m gonna spike her drink
and chow her)”. I tried to maintain my cool.
After the call he went “I was telling pastor I was
coming with a girl from Zambia. He’s more than
happy to help. We are lucky to have a good man
like him in this world”. My body was getting cold.
My heart was skipping beats. Although
Botswana is a good country with many law
abiding citizens, there are few rotten potatoes
here and there. I think nigger was one of them. I
went “can we go back to the mall? I forgot my
cap there”. He aggressively grabbed my hand
“is cap more important than finding a shelter for
tonight? Don’t be ungrateful”. Before I could say

something a voice behind me went “bosso, GET LOST NOW... Haak. Leave her alone or else...”

My heart went ‘booooooooooommmmmmm’

THE END

[12/05, 18:27] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 268

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a comment

“There is nothing more beautiful than someone who goes out of their way to make life beautiful for others” – Mandy Hale

Bad things strike when you least expect. I don't think the Nigerian girls knew they would be kidnapped. Mshoza didn't know she would be ugly when she bleached herself. South Africans didn't know they would be in bad hands when they voted for Jacob Zuma. When 9/11 happened we didn't know. If we knew we would have done something to prevent them from

happening. If I knew by associating myself with Tshengi I would endanger my life I would have turned my back on him the day we first met in Polokwane. Of all guys I opened my legs for he was the only one who put me thru maximum torture, all in the name of I love you. There are many girls out there who endure torture and abuse in the name of 'he loves me'. Unless if he's Jesus, run away my sister. Love and abuse are on opposite sides. Someone who loves you will never torture or abuse you. When bad luck tried to continue where Tshengi left off I knew I was still in deep kak. The guy who I thought was sent by God to save me was just like Tshengi. When I heard that voice behind me my heart went boooooooooommmmmmm and I think it skipped 3 and half beats. I knew the voice very well but I was struggling to believe it was the voice of the person I thought it was. It all looked like one of those 4am dreams. For few seconds I was even scared to turn my head

to make sure the voice came from the person I thought. The guy I was with had a bum look on his face. He still had a tent on his pants. I think he was already chowing me in his mind. Or he was thinking of how he was going to shag me. That's what the world has become, people who promise to help you are the very same people who will introduce further suffering to you. I turned around to look at the owner of the voice and tears started flowing on my face. The guy I was with went "who are you? Are you the Zambian boyfriend? You should be ashamed for what you did to her. How can you leave her stranded like.....". He didn't finish that sentence. JT pulled a very hard punch on the guy's face. She went "I will float like a butterfly, sting you like a bee. I will rooibos you sun". Nigger ran like nobody's business.

I fell in JT's arms and started crying. She held me for 10 minutes and let me cry without her saying a word. I was still struggling to believe

the person who held me in her arms was JT. When I thought my life was nearing its end JT came to my rescue. That was very unexpected. She was the last person I expected to see there. It never crossed my mind that my knight in shining armour would be JT. After minutes of crying she went “hayi enough sfebe. O tla ba wa tshwara ke drought of tears. Stop crying, JT is here now. You are safe”. She took out her phone and made a call. She went “I found her. Le tla nkreya ko transing ya Mathousand. Ja ja... Yena o grand mara nkare dai bobekaan e mo trapile maal. She looks like magogo wa go tshaba metsi.... Ok sharp le tla nkreya dah. Sharp sharp (you’ll find me at Mathousand’s car. Yes.... Yes she’s fine but I think that baboon beat her up. She looks like an old woman who’s not a fan of bathing. Cool bye)”. I asked how she found me and she told that was not important. She said the fact that she found me safe and alive was the only important thing at

that stage. I tried to give her a hug again but she went “hayi voetsek maan. Botswana turned you into a sissy neh. Save hugs for your mom and little brother”. JT didn’t have a chill shem. Even in situations like the one I was in she didn’t wanna let me go all soft on her. We got to some car and there was only one dude inside. The guy went “JT, o mo kreile waar? O grand? Did you call Papas le Magyva?”. It’s only in Pretoria, especially Soshanguve and Mamelodi where you find names like Mathousand and Magyva. JT went “ja ke ba chaetsi gore ke mo kreile. Ba zwakala nou. Tshwantse re founelle dai maan wa ko Gabane re mo chaele gore ro gidla ko yena. Re tla chuna everything in the morning and leave around 11 (yes I told them I found her. They are coming. We must call that guy from Gabane to tell him we are sleeping there. We’ll do everything in the morning). We need to make sure everything goes according to plan. Botswana police don’t take kak like

ours. One mistake, re ya danyani (we are going to jail)". They were talking as if I was not in the car. I tried to understand what they were on about but failed. The guys we were waiting for popped and Mathousand hit the accelerator. Niggers didn't even say hi to me. They looked like those guys who sell fake perfumes and selfie sticks at intersections. I closed my eyes and thanked God in a short silent prayer. I know it was thru him that I managed to survive every. Thru Him anything is possible.

We got to some house and JT immediately whisked me to the bedroom. It was late but I could tell the owner of the house was rich. The house was very beautiful. I wondered how JT knew that person. She didn't wanna answer any questions I asked. She told me she'll tell me everything when we get to South Africa. Even when I asked if my mom knew I was kidnapped she told me to stop making noise because she wanted to make few phone calls. Instead she

ran the bath for me and went “tsamo o splasha. O nkgga masepa (go bath. You smell šhit)”. That’s JT for you, sugarcoating language was not her thing. I took a proper bath for the first time in ages. After bathing I was given proper food and sleeping tablets. JT told me I needed to rest because we gonna have a busy day the following day. I asked her how I was going to get back to South Africa without proper documents. She went “we will ask your witch grandmother in Limpopo to help us. Ag fok maan, shut the hell up. I am trying to think here. Take those tablets and sleep. We’ll talk in the morning”. One thing I knew was not to drain JT’s patience. I took the tablets and retired to lala land. I didn’t have even a single dream. I think I slept like a good baby. In the morning some girl gave me breakfast in bed. I think she was the daughter of the owner of the house. She didn’t speak Setswana like most people I heard speak in Botswana. She spoke English

with a very sharpened twang. JT who was in the bedroom with me kept her eyes on the chick's fine ezi. I think her imagination was licking the poor girl. When the girl left JT went "I'm going somewhere. I'll be back in about an hour or two. Don't leave this bedroom until I come back. You will not have access to phones or Internet until we get to South Africa. Do you understand?". JT normally spoke pure English when she was very serious about something. I told her I needed new clothes and toiletry. She went "ke tla chuna plan ntwana. E re ke vaye. Second half....". As soon as JT left I had my breakfast and went back to bed.

I was woken up by JT after my beautiful sleep. She told me to take a quick bath. She handed me a plastic bag with clothes and toiletry inside. She went "ke bhaile size 28. O luzitse weight Ntwana. If di nnyane o tla ikutlwa (I bought size 28. You lost weight. If they are small that's your business)". She was right, I had lost weight due

to abuse and stress. Luckily the clothes did fit but not perfectly. For the first time in weeks I looked normal. JT went “the other guys left. Nna le wena re tla vaya le Bra Peter, the owner of this house. He’ll facilitate your safe return to South Africa. Botswana authorities are very strict ntwana, one small mistake go tlo nyewa ka rona . But I trust Bra Peter, ke chunne some jobs le yena before. He knows his stuff”. I was nervous but told myself that “if I could be smuggled unconscious it means there is a way to smuggle people in and out of Botswana. After all, Botswana is run by people not robots. Anyone has a price”. Bra Peter asked JT if we were ready. JT winked to the girl who gave me breakfast on our way to the car. Bra Peter greeted me and went “you must come back to Botswana in near future. We are not bad people. What you went thru is not a true reflection of our beautiful country. Next time you come I’ll show you the side that you didn’t get to see”. I

love how Batswana speak highly of their country. South Africans have no chill. You ask us about South Africa and we will tell you how Zuma is corrupt and that data bundles are expensive. That's how chillless we are. I told him I knew Batswana were good people and they did what they did because Tshengi paid them. JT went "please don't mention that name in front of me. I feel like puking now". I wanted to ask if she knew where Tshengi was but was scared she would snap again. Bra Peter gave me some documents, including a passport. He went "this is your ticket back home". I asked if it was safe to use illegally obtained documents. He went "I worked at the border and Ministry of Labour and Home Affairs for years. I know the system. The nearest border from here is the Kopfontein Border but that one has strict officials, the church people type. We gonna use the Lobatse Border". I almost asked why he was not working there anymore. My passport had

stamps from both South African and Botswana side of the border. It even had my picture which I asked myself how they got it. Ja neh, no matter how strict the country is people will always find a way to rape the system. I mean, USA has FBI, CIA and world class police system but people still find a way to sodomise the system. JT told me not to panic when we get to the border. Everything went well on the Botswana side of the Lobatse Border. Bra Peter was a very popular man there. Many officials greeted him.

When we got to the South African side Bra Peter went “oh Fu#k we are in deep shît”.

WTF.....

THE END

[12/05, 18:27] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 269

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a comment

“Listen to God with a broken heart. He is not only the doctor who mends it, but also the father who wipes away the tears” – Criss Jami

I was starting to believe someone from Hammaskraal was on a mission to bewitch me. I doubt there's a person in this world who swims from one bad situation to another. I even thought maybe the short prophet from Venda had cast a spell on me. I was flirting with the thought of God turning his back on me. Most of us have been to a situation so bad that we start questioning God's existence. That was me at that moment. I was starting to plant that seed in my head. JT and I looked at Bra Peter waiting for him to tell us what was up. He went silent for about 6.5 seconds like someone who was trying to adjust a fart to come out silently. JT went “Bra Peter, ringa le nna. Dintshang? What's happening?”. It was getting cold but my feet were boiling. They were becoming watery every second. Bra Peter looked at JT and went

“bloody cowards!!!! I’m pulling your legs guys. I just wanted to break the tension in the car. We have passed the most difficult stage. You are home now. Feel free”. I gave a 30kg heavy sigh of relief. For a sec I thought I was going to be arrested. We did all we had to do at the border and Bra Peter hit the accelerator. I started shedding tears of joy. I didn’t believe I was back on my home soil after weeks of torture and abuse. My tears of joy turned to those of sadness when I remembered how Tshengi beat me up until I lost Mashoto. JT went “Bra Peter, stop the car. She needs some fresh air”. We were on the N4 driving towards Zeerust. I got out of the car and cried my lungs out. Bra Peter gave me water. It was difficult to deal with what was happening inside me. Everything was replaying in my head. Been raped, being tied, being forced to wear ugly clothes, being locked for weeks. It was heartbreaking. Running the streets of Selebi-Phikwe in the middle of the

night and sleeping in the middle of nowhere. Being forced to give a man I didn't know a BJ because I didn't have money to pay him, it was heartbreaking. Only few girls can survive what I went thru. It was a traumatic experience. JT went "Ntwana, be strong. I don't know everything you went thru but re tla krey a way to deal with it. Now you need to compose yourself and be the strong girl I know you to be. You are Sharon Letsoalo remember? Not some random chick from Lenyenyene. Come, we still have a long way to go".

I got in the car and we continued with the trip. JT connected her phone to the car audio system via Bluetooth and started playing Sfiso Ncwane's Kulungile Baba song. Gospel music will always make you feel better when you feel the way I was feeling. I'm talking about real Gospel music, I'm not talking about Solly Moholo music. When we got to Zeerust JT said she was hungry. Bra Peter went "I think there's

KFC around here. We can grab something before we hit N4 to Pretoria". The mention of KFC made me wanna puke on the spot. It reminded me of the KFC in Rail Park Mall. I told them I rather die than eat KFC. JT asked if there was Nandos or Chicken Licken around. Bra Peter said "I think there's one Chicken Licken at Church Street if I'm not mistaken. We can drive there to check". I don't blame City of Tshwane for changing the Church Street name, it is so everywhere. Even in smallayana town like Zeerust. 60% of guys I saw in Zeerust looked drunk or high. They had plastic bags from Truworths. Ja it's true that when most young black niggers start working the first thing they do is open a Truworths or Makham account. Most girls I saw around Zeerust Shopping Centre were carrying plastics from Dunns and Fashion Express. I guess those are the popular shops there. But what I liked is how almost every person I saw wore a smile on their faces.

People looked happy there. If you want to see angry people go to Mabopane Station. People walk angry for no reason. Even on pay day they walk with long faces. JT went “go tsetle ma yellow bone a dikobo plek e. Nkare ba bleachitse ka memeza wa ko Marabastad (this place is full of ugly yellow bones. You’d swear they bleached with memeza from Marabastad)”. Lol that one made me laugh. I disagreed with JT. I saw many beautiful yellow bones with old weaves. When we got to Chicken Licken it was packed with girls. JT was like “I blame SASSA”. Lol hayi she was being negative about everything. Then she said something that made me understand why she was negative about Zeerust girls. She was like “entlik macheri a hiero ba dinka gore ba slim. Sale ngwana o mongwe a mmilka skotho on booze and mundaz and then a slyza. Nxa ga ka kreya le lelamza nyana, fokol. A never ke jole bana ba die plek. A rather ke bhodiswe ke sodium

chloride, cerebos (girls from here think they are smart. Some chick once milked me a grand on booze and food and then ran away. She didn't even kiss me. I will never ever date girls from this place. I rather starve)". Bra Peter and I laughed our lungs out. JT was a mobile therapy. She knew how to make me laugh. Her presence was making me feel better. I said this before and I'll say it again, every girl deserves some JT in her life. I loved JT with everything in me.

I think Chicken Licken makes the most delicious wings in South Africa. It took us more than 30 minutes to buy our food but it was worth it. I had about 8 wings. I was eating for the days I had food I didn't enjoy lol. After eating we hit the road. JT was looking around as we drove. I think she was hoping to see the girl who milked her. I enjoyed the drive between Zeerust and Rustenberg. I got to enjoy nature. When we passed Rusty Dusty I knew we were not far from Pretoria. If I was well I was gonna

ask to pass by Sun City to have fun nyana. It took us just over an hour to drive from Rustenberg to Pretoria. Bra Peter dropped us at JT's flat. He went "Chief, don't forget our meeting next week. We need to finalise that deal asap before the other guys beat us to it". We did our goodbyes and he drove off. I asked JT where Bra Peter was going and she told me he had some business engagements in Mpumalanga. She didn't wanna tell me what business he was into. I asked her what deals she was doing with him and she went "hayi kabi but it's not your business. Just be happy he helped to get you home. If it wasn't for him and his team you would still be stranded in Botswana. When we got to JT's apartment Thobile was sleeping on the bed. I asked JT what Thobile was doing on her bed. JT went "mara wa cava gore ke skhaftin sa ka mos. Ne ke mo pompa before I left for Botswana (you know she's my biach. I was chowing her....)".

Some girls take greedy to another level. She was having Albany best of both. I mean, I was under the impression that since she was with her baby daddy she was gonna let JT go. I guess I was wrong. I went "if she's here take me to a hotel or something. I can't be in the same room with her. She's a snake and I don't associate my self with reptiles. Tell her to leave or take me to a hotel or Marcus' place. I hate this skhaftin or whatever you call her". Imagine after a week of torture in Botswana you get back to Pretoria only to find a snake waiting for you. She was one of the reasons I got a lift from the Polo Vivo guy. If it wasn't for her and OB I wouldn't have left the hotel and got a lift from that dude.

She discharged herself from the bed and went "Sharon I'm not the enemy here. I didn't come here to cause problems. When JT told me you were missing I came here to help her look for you. I used my connections in the SAPS to help

find you. Can we put whatever happened behind us? It's not worth it. That person is not even who we think he is. He played both of us. He has two other kids with girls from his church. Anyway, I don't wanna talk about him now. Can we just about this beef and concentrate on you?". She sounded so genuine but I didn't give a damn. I told JT to tell her to voetsek. JT asked her to leave. As soon as she left I asked JT to change sheets. There was no way I was gonna use the sheets Thobile used. Deep inside I was glad things didn't work out between her and OB. I had a ki ki ki ki moment in my heart. JT told me to stop being a drama queen. She told me she spoke to my mom and told her I was safe. I asked where she found my mother's number. She told me we'll talk when we come back from the doctor. I told her I was not sick. She went "don't be stupid. I know what he did to you. You know what, we'll talk about everything when we come back from the doctor. He is

expecting you in 30 minutes. I'll tell you everything when we come back". I didn't wanna argue so we went to the doctor. JT told me not to tell the doctor what went down in Botswana. I asked her why exactly we were going to the doctor if she didn't want me to tell him what happened in Botswana. JT angrily said "stop asking stupid questions Sharon. I know you were pregnant and that fool beat you up until you miscarried. Yes that's the reason you need to get checked. Ag you are behaving like a kid now". I had no choice but to go to the doctor. The doc did HIV and other tests. I lied about falling on my belly blah blah blah. I didn't tell him I was raped and beaten because JT didn't want me to say much. Luckily I was HIV negative. I didn't care about window period and stuff. He took my blood for thorough health checks. After 30 minutes he released me. When we got back to the flat I asked JT to tell me everything. She went "to cut the story short, I

noticed something was wrong when your phone was off for more than a week. Thobile told me you guys had a fight at the hotel and that was the last time she saw you. I went to Phillip Nel thinking you were at Marcus' place. He told me he didn't know where you were. I got your mom's number from him. She too didn't know anything about your whereabouts. We involved the police. Two days ago I received a call from.....".

Her phone rang while she was still talking. She told me it was Aluwani. She was like "yes Alu...ja Sharon is safe. Ja uhm yes yes..... .. Where is he? How is he?.... .. WTF? Are you for real?"

After the call JT went "eish mathata... Dae Venda boy is....."

WTF...

THE END

[12/05, 18:29] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –

Makhwapheni Episode 270

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a comment

“I imagine one of the reasons people cling to their hates so stubbornly is because they sense, once hate is gone, they will be forced to deal with pain” – James Baldwin

When you have been thru a lot of kak the last thing you wanna hear is the mention of the person you hate wholeheartedly. To say I hated Tshengi would be an understatement. The word to describe him is still being cooked in hell by Maite and her father satan. There are some people that you tell yourself you will never forgive, no matter what. One of my favourite Bible verses Matthew 6:14-15 says “For if you forgive other people when they sin against you, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if you do not forgive others their sins, your Father will not forgive your sins”. God will forgive me,

some people do not deserve forgiveness. If it means God will hold grudge against me, uzoba strong. JT paused to prepare me for whatever she was about to breathe with her mouth. I was expecting her to tell me Tshengi was around Pretoria looking for me high and low. That's the only 'mathata' I could think of. I didn't shake or get terrified, I was actually ready to face him and make him meet his ancestors. I was ready to bite him to death. JT went "ntwana, Tshengi o vaile". I looked at her and asked "Julia, what do you mean Tshengi o vaile? Where did he go and why are you telling me? How is it my business? Since do Tshengi leaving mathata? I'll say this and I won't say it again, I do not give a Tembisa rat's ass-msima about that guy. Yena and her ugly cousin Aluwani. Entlik, to hell with all of you". I was actually pissed at JT. She went "if you mention that name again I'll make you walk back to Botswana ka reverse. Legama la ka ke JT. Now luister before you fly to

conclusions. Dae man o vaile for good. O ragile bucket. He is dead. Tshengi is no more". I used my index finger to clear my ears. I wanted to hear what JT was saying clearly. I asked her to repeat what she just said. She went "ex ya gago e re sheile re sa nagana". In my culture death can not be celebrated, no matter how bad you hated the person. But I found myself dancing gwara gwara. My prayers were answered. If I had a vuvuzela I would have blown it right there to celebrate God's good work. When you do bad to others rains of bad luck will fall on you. My grandmother used to "Modimo ga a apare weave". She was right, Modimo does not wear a weave, He works hard to cleanse the world of pests and mamenemene.

JT went "Ntwana, I know dae man ne e le patla (that guy was a fool) but we can't celebrate death. He was someone's uncle and brother. He was someone's cousin, son and nephew. He's dead now, holding a grudge won't help". I was

like “you forgot to mention he was a rapist and psycho. You won’t understand because you didn’t go thru what I went thru both in South Africa and Botswana. He does not deserve my tears. Actually, I wanna go to his funeral. I’m gonna wear Euphonik’s t-shirt just for control. I wanna show those Vendas Euphonik Chapter 1 verse 7. And you know what, I don’t need therapy. I am healed emotionally and psychologically. Go buy some Vodka please. We need to celebrate”. I think JT was just being sad because her girlfriend Aluwani was probably crying. It was not my business. I asked her who killed Tshengi and she said “well, yesterday early in the morning I received a call from Aluwani. She is the one who told me you were in Botswana. Tshengi told her everything, from the hijack to being held captive in Selebi-Phikwe. He told her he did all that because he knew you were pregnant by him and planning to abort. After he beat you until you miscarried he

ran back to South Africa. Yesterday morning he received information that you escaped. He took a gun and pulled a trigger on his head.

Fortunately he didn't die. They rushed him to hospital. Aluwani took his phone and checked the Botswana numbers he called. She got hold of someone by the name of Ranks. He's the one who told her you were probably in or around Rail Park Mall in Gaborone. That's how we managed to find you. So Tshengi didn't make it, he killed himself". JT's words were music to my ears. I felt like I was watching stand up comedy.

Especially the part about Tshengi dying. The news literally made me forget the crap I went thru. The only person from Tshengi's family I owed thanking was Aluwani. She contributed a lot to me being found in Botswana. I was grateful for her help but mourning for her cousin was not something I was planning to do. I went "JT, can't you organise someone to go steal his body? I wanna hit it with a hammer. I

want him to be buried very ugly. I don't want people to recognise him in hell". JT told me to have a heart lol. That's like telling Jews to hang a picture of Hitler in their houses. Celebration = galore. Mourning = dololo.

JT told me she wanted to go to Limpopo to support Aluwani. I was like I will go to Marcus' place. I'm not going to Limpopo anymore. The holidays are over anyway. In few weeks time I have to go back to varsity". JT told me I had to go to Limpopo because my bags were at Tshengi's house in Polokwane. I asked her which bags she was talking about. She went "duh, didn't those guys take your things during the hijack? Tshengi kept them safe at his house. Aluwani told me he was gonna give them back after the baby's birth. We'll have to go fetch them before his entire family flock to his house". I reminded her that Tshengi was a royal son, everything was bound to happen in Venda. Vendas are not like Pedis who get buried

anywhere when they die, they are buried next to their ancestors in Venda. I was glad my things were still 'alive' but got sad when she told me my phone was gone. I wanted us to go to Polokwane same day but she said no. Her phone rang and she handed it to me . It was my mother calling. When I said hello she stated crying. She made me cry. If your mother cries and you don't join her, you are a witch. The sound of a mother crying is heartbreaking. She went "why are you doing this to me my baby girl? You want me to die young? Do you know what I went thru thinking you were dead? Why do you always attract bad men wena Mmamarago?". Eish she had to use that nickname.

Mmamarago was a nickname my aunt gave me when I was in primary school because my bum was visible. Ke tswa ver le go paka. I told her I was sorry she went thru hell because of me. She went "is that Venda still in hospital? I'm sending you to study in United States of

America or Britain. You are not safe in this country for as long as he is still alive. Your father's life cover benefit will cover your studies". I told her Tshengi passed away. My mom literally ululated. I heard her telling someone the good news in the background. The next thing I heard Selfie's mother's voice screaming "witch is kill, witch kill. Happy birthday for death. Thank God is gone. Ayoba yhoouoooo gone gone gone finish and klaaar". It was the studying overseas part that killed me. My mom was a master of making random promises that she knew she won't keep. I was glad she was happy about my safe return thou. She told me she was expecting me the following day.

I asked JT to lend me her tablet. I wanted to log on Facebook to check what I missed while I was in Bots. There were so many inboxes from RR asking stupid questions. I was glad we only had two inactive mutual friends. He would have

seen posts about me missing. One of his inboxes read “mmamoruti, botse botse kukwana nyana ye ya gago nkare e na le robertson spices le aromat. Gape ke skhomora ka wena every night (your vjayjay is so nice you’d swear it has spices and aromat. I think of it when I jerk off every night). So what do you say? Repeat or omnibus or whatsoever?”. RR is the reason I suspect God sleeps sometimes. RR was probably conceived while God was taking a nap. There was something lacking in his head. JT told me she was going to food at Station Mall, the spaza-like shopping complex on the shoulder of Bosman Taxi Rank. I told her I wanted to take a bath and rest. I felt useless without my bank cards and phone. My life was incomplete. I opened JT’s closet to look for some t-shirt I once left there. I accidentally found things I was not supposed to see. There was a brown envelope with two pieces of diamond inside. I immediately closed the closet

and went to the bathroom. I kept asking myself if JT was involved in some underhand businesses. When JT came back with food I asked what exactly she did for a living. She went "I breathe and I shall not answer further questions. Let's eat now. We are leaving for Polokwane in the morning. Aluwani is leaving for Venda before 10am. We need to be there before she leaves. We must get your stuff". She dropped the issue of what she did for a living just like that. Anyway, it wasn't my business so I let it go. When the day bid us farewell and night introduced itself I surrendered myself to the bed. It was what girls with nawa call 'Baby Making Weather' aka BMW. JT asked if I preferred a Limpopo therapist or someone around Pretoria. I pretended to be sleeping. It was my way of ignoring her question. I did want to go for counselling but I was not ready. In the middle of the night I was woken by JT who looked like she had just watched a horror movie.

She went “Ntwana dintshang nou? Wa lora or boloi ba ko Limpopo ne ba o muffa (what’s going on now? Were Limpopo witches muffing you)?”. My entire body was wet with sweat. I had a terrible nightmare. Tshengi was raping me in my ears with his mrengerenge. He chowed me until I went deaf. JT gave me water and told me all will be fine. In the morning I took a bath and we hit the road to Limpopo. Whenever I tried to close my eyes I’d see Tshengi’s face or drumstick from KFC. It was not a nice experience. When we got to Tshengi’s house Aluwani was waiting impatiently at the gate. She told us her family was waiting for her in Venda. She gave me a hug and apologised for what Tshengi did. I went “It’s ok, God answered my prayers”. JT gave me a funny look and I didn’t care. She gave me house keys and told me to go fetch my stuff in Tshengi’s bedroom. The bedroom smelled of Tshengi. I knelt and said a short prayer to thank

God for being there for me.

Before I could say Amen a male voice went
“AMEN”

Boooooommmmm

THE END

[12/10, 11:00] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 272

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“When it comes to controlling human beings
there is no better instrument than lies. Because,
you see, humans live by beliefs. And beliefs can
be manipulated. The power to manipulate
beliefs is the only thing that counts” – Michael
Ende

One thing I have learnt over the years as a black
person is sangomas see what ordinary people
can't see. They will see your grandmother who

died 20 years before your birth. No ordinary person can claim to see such. Apparently they see everything thru their bones. I always wonder why they don't see lottery numbers in advance. I mean, if they could see that most of them would close their practices and make money thru gambling. When he asked about the short person between my mom and I, we started looking around to see if we had company. To our surprise there was no one. The sangoma repeated his question "who is the short man in the middle? Why is he carrying an axe? Are you going to kill someone? Or were you planning to kill me?". My mom and I were confused because there was no one between us. I almost asked my mom why she brought me to someone who's mentally disturbed. He took out some powder from some ugly brown bag and blew it. Suddenly I felt my legs getting wet and weak. My mom started shaking. Funny things were happening to us. He went "he ran

away? He has been following you for ages. Your enemies are very strong. They have a tokoloshi following you everywhere. That is why you are always in trouble. The minute you try to smile the tokoloshi does something to make trouble rain on you". He instructed us to sit on the grass mat. He shouted "WHY DO YOU HAVE YOUR SHOES ON? ARE YOU DISRESPECTING MY ANCESTORS? TAKE THOSE THINGS OFF BEFORE THE ANCESTORS PUNISH YOU". I really don't understand why we have to take off our shoes when we visit sangomas. Maybe shoes have anti-sangoma installed inside them. I took off my shoes and apologised. The hut smelled of herbs and smoke. There were skins of animals and red coloured cloths all over. I almost asked if he was an EFF member the way he had so many red things in there. My mom whispered "this one will help us". The sangoma was like "I heard that one".

He spoke some funny language for about 5

minutes and after that he asked me to blow into some stinking sack. He went “vumani boo!!!!!!”. My mom said “siyavuma” and I remained silent. I was not to agree without knowing what I was agreeing to. Nigger looked at me like he wanted to turn me into a tokoloshi right there. He asked why I was not responding and I went “on a point of order honourable sangoma, why do you want me to vuma when I don’t know what I’m vuming to? What if you want me to vuma to being raped. Tell me what to vuma to then I’ll vuma”. With a deep and coarse voice he started roaring like a lioness in periods. He was going “heeeey heeeey heeeey ohoo oohoo ohoo”. If I was outside the hut I was gonna think nigger was jerking off or coming. He told me to leave jokes outside the hut because he didn’t have time to play. My mom echoed his words. When he said “vumani boo” I had no no choice but to say “siyavuma”. I added “but terms and conditions apply” with a whisper. He threw the

bones on the floor and used his stick to arrange them the way he wanted. He was like “you should thank your great-grandfather. If it wasn’t for him you would have died long time ago. He’s protecting you from all angles. Your enemies are working day and night to mess your life. They are jealous because you are beautiful and have a brighter future ahead”. I asked him which enemies he was talking about. Nigger told me he’s not allowed to mention names of people. I almost told him to go to hell. What’s the use of telling me I have enemies if you never gonna tell me who they are? I was getting pissed about the whole thing. My mom whispered “must be Maite’s aunt. That woman is dangerous. She doesn’t want you to succeed in life”. That’s the thing with sangomas, they open a space for suspecting anyone you don’t get along with. The sangoma continued “the man you were engaged to was going to kill you. The ancestors took a heavy stance against him.

That's how lucky you are. Someone stole your undies. Every man you sleep with will either dump you or cause many problems to you. You will never be happy. Your undies were bewitched". I had many undies and I didn't have a recollection of one of them missing. I asked what colour of undies and he went "a black g-spring". Lol that one made me laugh. #G-spring.

To cut things short, the sangoma told me many things. Some were believable and others were just too bad to be true. He did something I hated with passion. If it wasn't for my mom I would have said no. He used a very sharp razor to make small cuts on my wrist and smeared some jelly like lotion. He gave me some dark liquid and told me to mix it with milk or yoghurt and drink every morning. He also gave me some powder that he said was to protect me from witches and enemies. My mom gave him R350 on top of the initiation fee of R50 that she paid earlier. His final instruction was to my

mom. He went “you must take this kid to her father’s grave. Slaughter a black chicken and bury the blood and chicken feet there. Vumani boo..... My ancestors are showing me money coming your way. Money money money vumani boooo”. Lol I knew my father loved maotwana but I never thought his love would follow him to the grave. My mom promised the sangoma she will do whatever she was instructed to do. Nigger went “you’ll find a dead snake at the gate when you get home. Don’t touch it, it will disappear in the morning”. That was some scary crap. On our way home I asked my mom why she went to church every Sunday if she still believed in sangomas. She went “no one from church will know about it. I took extraordinary measures to protect my daughter and I have no regrets. I know many church people visit sangomas all the time, including pastors”. She was right though, many church people preach Jesus during the day but do the opposite at

night. When we got to my crib there was a larger than life snake on the right hand side of the gate. It was motionless. I felt my blood fleeing my body. I was bloody terrified. My mom opened the gate and drove in. If I was alone I would have U-Turned and went to sleep at a hotel or something. That day I didn't wanna sleep alone, I slept with my mom. There was a smell of fish in her bedroom but I didn't care. I just wanted to be safe. The snake was gone in the morning. This world is full of miracles.

The next couple of days I didn't do much. I was always indoors nursing my emotions. I wanted to go to Tshengi's funeral but my mom advised me against it. JT went to the funeral. When she told me how everyone spoke highly of Tshengi I almost puked. She told me about his Venda wife and kids. I stopped JT right there. I didn't want to hear further about that guy. Being at home did a lot of fixing to me emotionally and psychologically. After the funeral JT wanted to

go back to Pretoria with me but my mom said no. She wanted me to finish the sangoma's treatment first. She even took me to Piet's grave and we buried chicken feet there. I spent almost two weeks at home. My mom and I had a very long talk about my education and future. She had changed her mind about her plans to send me overseas. Well, it was very expected. She wanted me to finish my qualification at University of Venda or University of Limpopo. I told her I was not going to study at any of those two universities. I didn't want to be part of the stats of many beautiful girls from Limpopo who failed to make it at Gauteng universities and forced to go to rural universities by angry parents. Yes it's true, the fast-paced life of Gauteng will humble you if wa phapha, especially if your legs are suffering from chronic opentitis. We agreed that I would go back to TUT on condition that I'll stay with Marcus at Phillip Nel Park. I wondered why my

mom always insisted on me staying with that man. Sometimes I even thought he was my real father or she was suspecting he was. I didn't wanna stay with him, but I agreed to the compromise deal. Truth of the matter was I wanted to stay alone at my own flat. The aim was to quit booze and partying and concentrate on my studies. My day to go back to Pretoria came and my beautiful mom drove me to Pretoria. She was working the following day but as a mother she had a duty to make sure I arrived at Pretoria safely. Marcus was with his helper when we got to Phillip Nel Park. My mom only stayed for 2 hours because she still had to drive back to Limpopo. Marcus told me he was also going to London the following day for 4 weeks. He didn't tell me what he was going to do. I was so happy at the thought of freedom for four weeks. The following day I went to TUT to do some stuff. For the first time in ages I was looking forward to the academic term

ahead. I was hungry for books. Maybe the muti the sangoma gave me worked after all. The next day I drove Marcus and some guy to OR Tambo International Airport. On my way back to Phillip Nel Park I received a call from a number I didn't recognise. A very warm and beautiful voice went "Hello, may I please speak to Ms Sharon Letsoalo?". I was not used to being called in that formal fashion. I told her I was Sharon Letsoalo. She went "my name is Shweshwe Masitenyane from MMMG Attorneys. I am calling regarding the late Ntshengedzeni....."

I immediately hung up and switched off my phone.

WTF...

THE END

[12/10, 11:02] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 273

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave

a comment

“Everyone wants to ride with you in the limo, but what you want is someone who will take the bus with you when the limo breaks down” – Oprah Winfrey

I'm your typical black girl. When you hear a mention of a lawyer and the name of a person you hate the first thing that comes to your mind is trouble. After everything that happened I didn't want anything to do with Tshengi. I am sorry to say this but his death had a therapeutic effect on me. If he was still alive I would have been an emotional wreck. It's not nice to see people who put you thru hell, it's better when the only thing alive about them is their name. I had no choice but to hang when that lady from MMMG Attorneys called me. The first thing I thought was people blaming me for the guy's suicide. Tshengi was not fired from the world, he resigned on his own. No one was involved. He did the world a favour by killing himself. I

drove straight to JT's flat. I didn't even call to check if she was around. I just took my chances nje. Luckily she was there when I got to her flat. The unfortunate part was she was not alone. She was with some white chicken old enough to be her mom. It was the first time I saw JT with an older woman. I didn't know lesbians had the sugar mama thing in their world. She didn't even let me in, she came to the door to ask what I wanted. I told her I wanted to be with her. She whispered "Ntwana, ke tla o shapela dry later. Ke occupied nou (I'll come see you later. I'm occupied now)". She was trying to close the door as she said that. I asked if she was choosing an older woman over her best friend and she went "eish Ntwana le wena o rata go iketsa drama queen nyana ya 2 cent. Ke tshwere stock sa lekgowa and di a boa. Vaya Ntwana, ke chuna zaka. This magogo ke Motsepe (you and your drama queen tendencies. I have a white chick and things are

going down. Please leave, I'm making money. This old woman is loaded)". She closed the door right on my face. Lol bo JT mrena, she was whoring herself. I wondered how they were doing it. JT was a tongue master, the muffing mafia but I doubted she would go down on an ancestor vjayjay. I had no choice but to leave. I passed by McD to buy something to chow. I regretted telling the helper her services wouldn't be necessary in Marcus' absence. The thought of spending the first night alone didn't sit well with me.

The only person I could think of was Nobuhle. I knew she was probably back from the holidays. I wondered if she knew about my missing and the whole Botswana thing. I decided to switch my phone on when I got to Phillip Nel Park. There was a missed call notification and an sms from the number that called me earlier. The SMS read "Hi again Ms Letsoalo. It's Shweshwe Masitenyane from MMMG Attorneys.

Please give me a call as soon as possible. It's regarding the late Ntshengedzeni's estate". WT what what.... as far I was concerned I didn't have anything to do with Tshengi's estate. I wasn't even interested in it. I thought of calling my mother to tell her about the sms but my heart was against it. I knew my mom loved money more than anything, she'd probably advise me to claim everything Tshengi owned, including his prince status. Calling JT was no option because she was busy with stock sa lekgowa and ne di boa. I decided not to return the call. I wanted to sleep on it first. The good thing about smartphones is that you don't have to stress about your old contacts when you buy a new one. One click and all your contacts are back. I was glad I still had Nobuhle's number. I called her and she went "who's this?". That question pisses many people off. The first thing you think is that the person deleted your number. I went "really" and hung up. She called

back within few seconds. She explained that she lost her phone and was using some cheap phone. Hence she didn't recognise the number I called with. I went "It's me, Sharon". She gave a loooooooooong scream. Lol she was one crazy biach. She went "mtase, yaz I missed you big time? When my phone got lost I lost contact with the world. I don't even have Facebook yaz. Unjani kodwa mtase". You know a Zulu girl just came back from KZN when she calls everyone mtase. Even dogs are called mtase in KZN. I told her I was fine but a lot happened. She wanted to know what happened but I only told her to come to Pretoria. She went "I just finished a private meeting with some blesser. I am going to buy an iPhone from here then I'll come straight to Pretoria. I'll let you know when I get to the CBD". Zulu girls and blessers though. I asked if she was being driven or using public transport. She went "Gautrain mtase". I told her to wait for me at the Pretoria Gautrain Station.

I had my lonely lunch alone. I tried to watch a bit of TV but got bored. I decided to take a short nap while waiting for Nobuhle to call me. For the first time in ages I had a normal dream. I was getting married in the dream and JT was the best man lol. I was woken by my phone ringing. It was Nobuhle telling me she was inside the Gautrain on her way to Pretoria. I took the car keys and headed to Pretoria Station. Yes, I was driving the big German machine. My phone rang again and it was RR. I asked him what he wanted and he went “o tseba koša yela ya gore ‘Pearl pussie, Pearl pussie, Pearl pussie.... I’m talking about Pearl pussie’. Eish koša ye e dira archer thwii straight. E nkgopotša wena mmamoruti (do you know that know that song that goes ‘Pearl pussie, Pearl pussie, Pearl pussie... ‘. It rocks my world. It reminds me of you)”. Lol hayi RR was from another planet without water straight. He gave me the worst laugh ever. I told him I loved the

song. He was why my phone was off for weeks and I told him I'd call him later because I was driving. Immediately after talking to RR an sms came thru. It was from some funny number. It read "I'll understand if you hate, I won't blame you. I have been wanting to communicate with you but I didn't know how. I've been struggling to sleep since what happened. I just want to tell you that I'm glad you are home safely and I'm proud I made the right decision to save your life. It almost cost me my life but I have no regrets. I'm also glad that dog died. Now I can live my life freely without fear. Just so you know, what I felt for you was real. I can't stop thinking about you. Maybe one day we'll meet in South Africa. Take care, Luv". The person signed out as 'Luv'. There was no name or something to tell me who he was. The sms shook me. I even stopped the car for few minutes to compose myself. I agree with those people who say it's advisable not to touch your phone when you are driving.

There was only one person I could think of. I had mixed feelings about the whole situation. I decided to ignore the message and drove to Pretoria Gautrain Station. I called Nobuhle to check if she was there already. Luckily she was there. I told her to come to the pick up and drop zone next to the Gautrain bus terminals. I was so happy to see my friend. She was like “mmmmmh nice car beesh.... I love it. Who blessed you mtase?”.

The way this blesser thing is so in you'll always get asked who blessed you whenever you have something nice. It's hard being a black woman in this country. Nobuhle wanted to buy some booze but I talked her out of it. I didn't want anything to tempt me to drink again. I was trying to live a new clean life. From Pretoria Gautrain Station to Phillip Nel Park Nobuhle was telling me about how she milked guys money in KZN during the holidays. I asked her if she slept with all of them. She went “I

outsmarted all Zulu guys, especially the ones I grew up with. One week eGoli and they think they are all that. I chowed their salaries lol. Only one Pedi guy from Limpopo who was visiting his aunt in KZN got laid. Nigger had a cock for days. I couldn't walk for 2 days". Only Xhosa girls can chow a Pedi man's money and get away with it. The rest can forget. When a Pedi man spends money on a woman he wants to sweat afterwards. Injalo nje. When we got to Phillip Nel Park I made us coffee and told her everything that I went thru. I didn't leave a thing out. We cried together for more than 30 minutes. She went "I'm mad at me for being phoneless over the holidays. Maybe I would have seen something. Maybe I would have done something to help. What kind of a friend am I? I am sorry you went thru all that my friend. I'm glad he's dead". I told her about the call and sms I received from the lawyers. Her tears dried up on the spot. Lol Zulu girls and money thou.

She went “mtase, respond to that sms now. Google that law firm first, just to make sure it’s not a prank”. We found the law firm’s website www.mmmgattorneys.co.za. She was like “you see, call them now. You might be a millionaire soon”. I remembered something the sangoma said about me getting money blah blah blah blah. I immediately called Shweshwe Masitenyane, the lawyer from MMMG Attorneys. She was so sweet and professional. One would have expected her to be rude after I hung up on her earlier. She explained to me that she’ll be reading Tshengi’s will on the coming Friday and it was important that I made myself available. She promised to send me address of her offices where the will reading would take place. She thanked me for my time and said bye. Nobuhle went “maybe he did love you mtase? Why would he want you to benefit from his estate?”. I ignored her comment. I walked to my bedroom upstairs to take off my bra.

The next thing I heard Nobuhle screaming
“yhooooooooo a big snake

WTF...

THE END

[12/10, 11:02] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 274

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“Never judge badly a rage of a very patient heart
who had let go many repetitive offenses from
insufferable bastards” – Angelica Hopes

One of the things that convince me that Adam
and Eve were not black is the snake part.
Generally, black people and snakes do not see
eye to eye. Whenever we see a snake two
things come to mind, run or kill the bloody thing.
We don't just kill it, we call the entire community
to come help kill the monster. That's how we
are. If Adam and Eve were black they would

have killed the bloody thing instead of letting it mislead them. When Nobuhle screamed “snake” the first thing that came to my mind was the snake we saw at the gate. My legs figuratively divorced my body. I felt like I was walking on air like the Major One. For few seconds I didn’t know whether to run or go help Nobuhle. The funny part was she wasn’t even running. I turned back with my eyes on full alert. I asked “where is it? Kill it”. She was saying some Zulu words that I didn’t understand at that stage. I screamed “where is the bloody snake Nobuhle?”. Like a little kid she went “it was on TV. I saw a very big snake”. Nxa you can imagine how pissed I was. Trust a Zulu girl to scream for something on TV. Hayi bana ba Shaka mrena. I’m scared of snakes but I watch Animal Planet all the time. I know I won’t be bitten by something that is inside the TV. I went “you are such a fool. You know that? Change the channel before you die of heart attack”. I

went to the bedroom to change my bra. My boobs were the most favourite parts on my body. Whenever I exposed my cleavage niggers went crazy. I was glad my parents gave me boobs, not samples like other girls out there. Some girls' boobs are smaller than their men's balls lol. When I went back to the lounge she was watching Nigerian movies. Lol I didn't blame her, after spending more than a month at the villages it was expected. Mothers will watch those Africa Magic from 8am until your father comes back from the tarven at 9pm. You'll end up loving them.

Nobuhle went "mtase, I know you are still going thru issues but we can't live like nuns. We need something to drink. I know we can't go out but we can buy some Vodka. Money is not a problem, I'll sort something out". I told her my plan was to quit booze until the day of graduation. She laughed and said "uyaphupha yaz mtase? Drink for the last time today. Let's

celebrate your life and the millions Tshengi left for you. We are going to Thailand when you get the moola. Mina I just want a Vivo neh mtase. I don't want much". We both laughed like random girls from Ha Mokati in Lesotho. I told her one glass of Vodka wouldn't hurt. We drove to Quagga Mall to buy a bottle of my favourite Vodka. I know my mom wouldn't be proud of this but my favourite Vodka was the best thing to happen to the booze world. The ultra smooth taste took me to another world. We also bought wors and smallayana beef and snacks. One of those guys who help shoppers to push trolleys went "my sister o pila nkare o ngwana wa Joseph le Maria. O titshware sharp wa utlwa (you are so gorgeous one would swear you are Joseph and Mary's daughter. Take care of yourself)". He put a huge smile on my face. That was a compliment and half. I gave him R20. Nobuhle was like "mtase, you know where I come from food is therapy". I almost told her

no wonder she was gaining weight lol. After buying the little things we needed we drove to the house. I received a call from Dr Skhosana. He was like “your mom told me what happened. Why do you always associate yourself with dodgy characters? I told you to stick with me. I know how to treat a woman. I let you stay at my house for free and you chose to go for some random moneyless guy. Anyway, I’m glad you are ok. Give me a call when you are free. We need to talk”. People like Dr Skhosana have opportunistic tendencies. When they say they wanna talk they actually mean they wanna ride you. Only if he knew I was planning to be a nun for a year. I was trying my best to close the old chapter in the book of my life.

While preparing fire JT called to tell me she was done ka stock sa lekgowa. I told her Nobuhle and I were having a little braai at Marcus’ place. She went “o teng dai man? Ke batla go shaya draai mara ke tshaba dai topie (Is that guy there?)

I wanna come but I'm scared of that guy)". I told her Marcus went to UK and she was like "ke dah nou nou. Mara ke tla le sfebe se seng sa ko Lusaka in Mamelodi. Se re se feta ko Silverton nou (I'm coming now. But I'm coming with another hoe of mine from Lusaka in Mamelodi). I'll buy more meat and drinks". JT had girls all over the world. It seems like many girls are running away from dicks these days. I told Nobuhle that JT was coming and she said "the more the merrier". She asked if she could invite over some friends. I wasn't cool with the idea but I told her it was cool. She was trying to cheer me up. What started as a small braai for 2 girls was being given a promotion to a real braai. She made about 6 calls to different people. She was telling all of them to bring drinks. I told her not to invite many people and she went "come on mtase, it's just 6 people". With black people 6 means 24. You invite 6 people and they bring a bus full of people. That's why it's advisable

not to throw a party in a black area if your budget is a dicklet. Within an hour 4 people including JT and her sfebe arrived. The other two people looked like a grandfather and a granddaughter. It was only when Nobuhle introduced them as a couple that I learned they were lovers. Some girls do not have pride in their veins. How does a girl my age open her legs for dick that was already a veteran during the 1976 Soweto Uprising? Nigger was probably a World War II veteran. He was driving a black Range Rover Sport. He asked if I was the owner of the house and I said "yes I'm the owner. I got it as a present on my 21st birthday from my late ex boyfriend". The girl he was with went "baby, when are you buying me a house? I want a beach house in Durban". JT was like "eh ngwanyana o o brave. O skreya kae sebeta sa go bitsa ntate o mo kana baby? Dinnywana nyana tse tsa lena di le gaya confidence neh (huh this girl is brave. Where does she get the

balls to call such an old man baby? These bloody vjayjays of give you confidence neh)”. Nobuhle and I laughed. Luckily there poor couple only understood Zulu and English.

By 6pm there were about 18 people. Almost all males had rings on their fingers. Only one guy didn't have a ring. All females didn't have rings, except for one talkative thick lady. She was with some skinny guy who didn't have a ring. She looked like his mother. Whenever her phone rang she ran to the car to answer. She ended up switching it off because it was becoming a nuisance. Apparently it was her pastor husband calling. We are living in a messed up world. Married women go for boys young enough to be their sons. Married men go for girls young enough to be their daughters. The funny part is guys who date little girls are very protective of their own daughters. They can even kill a person for asking their little girls out. If your father is very protective of you, chances are

he's cheating your mom with khempopi (little girl). Almost all girls there wanted to drink the Vodka Nobuhle and I bought. We had no choice but to send some guy to go buy more bottles. It was so nice to see people appreciating a proudly South African product by a black South African from Soweto. By 21:00 the small braai we planned had turned into a full blown party. Even the old man was dancing gwara gwara. JT told him not to overdo it because his bones were rotten. Lol hayi my friend had a zero chill. The guy who came with sugar mama kept winking for me. No matter how I tried to ignore him nigger didn't care. He was on a mission to attract my attention. To be honest, for the first time in ages my vjayjay was at peace. People were kissing and doing all sort of things in front of me but I didn't care. At some stage I went to my bedroom to cry for no reason. I guess it was part of healing. Whenever I felt overwhelmed by emotions I read the sms from MMMG Attorneys.

The thought of inheriting moola made me smile. Tshengi's money or what what, money is money... period. I deserved some happiness after what he put me thru. I noticed there were noises from one of the toilets in the house. Some people lack 'my-come-together'. Where do people get a liver to shag in other people's house. Luckily the toilet they were in didn't have a key. I quickly ran to the kitchen to fetch a broom. I wanted to teach them manners.

I opened the toilet door and saw

WTF

THE END

[12/10, 11:43] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 275

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

I learned that courage was not the absence of fear, but the triumph over it. The brave man is

not he who does not feel afraid, but he who conquers that fear” – Nelson Mandela

That moment when you load bullets in your gun hoping to find a thief in action only to find it was not a thief. That was the situation there. I was expecting to find a sugar daddy chowing his sarafina in the loo but I saw more than what my eyes expected. It was one of those situations where you don't know where to laugh or be angry. The first thing that came to my mind when I saw that situation was my mom. I remembered I once caught her in action. The lady went “who who who who who are.... yho nna yho”. I think she ran out of words. She was bending and using a Denzel lookalike to please herself. Of all people there I didn't expect it from her. She was the only one with a young boyfriend. The rest had older men. I expected the lady to be the happiest because her boyfriend was still young and energetic. I guess he was an Inyathi in bed. I quickly closed the

door and left. What I saw was gross but it was better than people shagging in my bathroom. I went to the braai area to join others. The sugar mama's skinny boyfriend was dancing like nobody's business. When skinny guys dance I feel like calling an ambulance. They look like they gonna break. Nxa no wonder the poor woman was self-servicing herself, the fool was a majaivane (ghetto dance). Bomajaive are not investments. Nigger will dance until 1am. But the time you get home the energy is drained. He'll give you a 2 minutes round and pass out. When Bra Skinny saw me he stopped dancing and walked to me. He went "your house is big and beautiful. It needs a male figure to make it complete". I looked at him and said "maybe if you stop dancing and learn to brush your yellow teeth you'll become a male figure. All I see now is a blueprint for a malodorous fart. You are a male finger to me mrena". I had to put him in his place. I don't like dilender tsa go phapha

(slenders who are forward). Nigger walked away without saying a word. I wasn't aware JT was standing behind me until she burst out laughing. She was like "Ntwana, gashu e e tsea chance. You summarised him well. O denka gore o sgogwana nyana se sa hae sa maotwana a central lock....kiss madolo. Bona Ntwana, ke vraeza o keepe sfebe sa ka busy. Ke jika nou nou (this fool is taking chances. You put him in his place. He thinks you are that granny of his with genu valgum. Listen, I want you to keep my hoe busy until I come back)".

After an hour I noticed some of the girls were missing. They disappeared the same time as JT. Their sugar daddies looked for them all over with no luck. They ended up leaving the braai earlier than expected. JT's hoe on the other hand was busy being dramatic wanting to go home. I showed her where to catch a taxi. I was not going to babysit a girl in my age group. Nobuhle passed out on the chair. Vodka will

humble you if wa phapha mrena. I told everyone there to leave because I wanted to sleep. They wanted to complain but I told them the person who invited them o bethile block. The sugar mama went “chomi, give me your number. I’ll invite you when I throw a party. My husband is going to Mazabuka in Zambia for 2 months. We will throw parties everyday. O ntlele motho nyana o mo sharp, preferably a teenager (bring me a hot guy)”. She said that as if it was a normal thing to say. Lol I wondered if the husband knew she had a PhD in hoerism. As soon as everyone left I helped Nobuhle to walk to the spare bedroom. JT’s chick who was still being dramatic slept on the couch. She didn’t wanna sleep in the bedroom because she was expecting JT to come fetch her. Shem sfebe sa Modimo (poor beesh), it was quite obvious she didn’t know JT was a level 5 player. JT was one of those lesbians who would go to a party and score the most beautiful girl that every guy

wanted. Her hook game was on a premium level. In the morning I woke up feeling fresh. That's what happens when you don't drink cheap booze. Nobuhle was still sleeping. JT's hoe was sitting on the couch crying. I asked her why she was crying and she told me she wanted to go home. Before I could give her a piece of my mind JT called to tell me she was at the gate. I opened the gate for her. The minute she walked in the house the girl shouted "WHY did you call me if you knew you gonna leave me here alone? Please take me home now. This thing between us won't work". JT ignored her and asked how I slept. The girl gave JT a threatening look. JT was like "hayi phola sfebe. O sa tlo iketsa Helen Zille mo. Keng, o nwele tabasco sauce mixed with diesel. Voetsek maan, tshwara choc ke e o vaye. Nxa dating high school kids e mbhora like this (relax beesh. Stop nagging. What's wrong with you? Did you drink tabasco sauce mixed with diesel?

Damn, dating school kids is crap)".

I told JT it was not necessary to be hard on the poor girl. I told her to go drop her in town and give her mavuso. She went "ke mo gaya mavuso bjang ke sa bona mzimba? But go grand, ke tla mo khapha (how do I give her wakey-wakey when I didn't chow her? But it's ok, I'll take her home)". She took her sarafina and they left. I woke up Nobuhle to help me clean the mess from the braai. She asked how she got to bed and I told her mamlambo carried her. It's not cool for a girl to get drunk like that. We cleaned the place until it looked super neat. We decided to go have brunch at Wonderpark mall. Nobuhle asked if I slept with one of the guys the previous night and I told her I was not a nondindwa like her. When we got to Wonderpark Nobuhle wanted us to eat at Chicken Licken. Like really now.... Imagine driving all the way from Phillip Nel Park to Wonderpark just to eat soul wings at Chicken

Licken. That's like paying to see a male stripper dancing only to find Bongz dancing gwara gwara. I looked at Nobuhle and said "nonke mtase". She told me she didn't want to eat fancy food, so we chose Fishaways. She asked if I was ready for the following day's will reading. I told her I wasn't really ready but looking forward to it. We started thinking about the things that we thought Tshengi left for me. I was hoping for the Polokwane house, BMW and at least a million. She gave me a high five and went "you go girl". Nobuhle's phone rang and she asked to answer it in private. I decided to take a selfie and uploaded it on Facebook with the caption #natural #beautyonfleek. RR was the first to like, react and comment. His comment went "o botse nkare mosadi wa mosamaria without a wave (you are so hot you look like the samaritan woman without a wave)". I think he wanted to write weave. I liked his comment. While waiting for Nobuhle to come

back something that touched my heart happened. A very cute 2-3 year old kid came to my table and handed me a chocolate, Kit Kat to be exact. He went "I love you". He literally made me go weak. I even shed tears. I went down on my knees and gave him a hug. That was the most touching moment of my life. My heart melted on the spot.

I looked around to check where his parent or parents were. I saw a gorgeous hunk walking towards my table. The kid was his carbon copy. I was sexually fasting but I felt something going ting ting ting between my legs. Such gorgeousness should not be allowed in public areas. He went "I'm very sorry ma'am, my son can be work and half sometimes". For couple of seconds my eyes were locked on his butch chest and sexy chin. He continued "next time I'll tie him to my leg to avoid him harassing beautiful people". His voice matched his handsomely built body. If he had to say 'fu%k

you' to me I'd gladly thank him for the compliment. I went "uhm... no need to apologise. Your son is actually very sweet. He has a brighter future ahead. He's so romantic". He gave me a shy smile and thanked me for not being angry. Nobuhle appeared as the guy was preparing to leave. Nigger greeted Nobuhle and left. She froze for more than a minute. I snapped my finger to get her attention. She went "mtase, ngimanzi manzi manzi manzi manzi nte (I'm wet wet wet wet)". Yho some women are so lucky bathong. Imagine having a husband and son like that. Even when you are at work you'll always look forward to going home. Nobuhle was like "mtase, let's invite him to Phillip Nel Park. I wouldn't mind giving it to him all day long. I won't even need a foreplay... he's a foreplay him". I laughed and told her I was not going to do that. As much as I was excited I didn't want to rush into doing those things. I wanted to give my heart enough time

to heal. Nobuhle said “you might as well join isonto labazalwane. Kuyafana, awudliwa mos. Ikuku lakho lizovaleka uzobana. Mina ngiyayilanda lensizwa (you might as well join a church, you are abstaining from sex. You vjayjay will close. I’m going for that guy)”. Lol I thought she was kidding until she headed straight to his table. Within 30 seconds I saw her walking back. I asked her what happened and she went “mtase, you don’t wanna know. He can go to hell. I lost interest”. I asked no further questions. We had our food and left. Selfie’s mom called to check up on me. I told her I was recovering well. She went “happy news. No sexual until you grows big. Is that clean my boy?”. Lol I told her I heard her loud and ‘clean’. Few metres from Marcus’ place I noticed some SUV parked in front of the gate. I also noticed some women in Venda attire trying too peep through the gate. My heart started beating fast. When I got to the gate I got off the car and walked to them.

Nobuhle was right behind me. When they saw me they went:

“Aa mazwale. Vho vuwa hani?”

Boooooommmmm.....

WTF

THE END

[12/10, 11:44] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 276

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“It’s true that we don’t handle things or we don’t know about the future but to prepare our life in the most unexpected way won’t hurt us” –
Jason Zabate

Many Venda people will agree with me on this one. When you see Venda women pimped up in traditional attire at your gate, just know there’s some big issue they want to engage about.... especially if they are outside Venda. The first

thing that came to my mind was Tshengi. I couldn't help it but think their presence at my gate had something to do with Tshengi. Nobuhle whispered "the other one looks tired mtase. It's probably many years of being married to a Venda man. Imagine getting that big thing between your legs every night ki ki ki ki". Lol Nobuhle had a tendency of saying stupid things without being aware of it. The funny part was she found her stupid comments funny. I ignored her and concentrated on the ladies who addressed me as their daughter-in-law. I greeted them back. I asked "who are you and what are you doing here? Can I help you?". The older looking one went "Hoyu angavha a ñwananyana wa hone wa tshikhuwani. Ngazwo ri tshi dzulela u tsivhudza vhathangga uri vha male vhasidzana vha hayani. Vhana vha tshikhuwani a vhana mikhwa. Nthani hau losha vhahulwane u soko vhudzisa zwibudziso zwisafheli. Thanwe haathu vhuya a kanda

Venda. U teya uya a dzula ñwedzi wothe a gude u thonifha vhahulwane (This must be the city girlfriend. That's why we always advise Venda boys to marry at home. These city women lack respect. Instead of bowing down and addressing us like adults she's busy asking endless questions. No wonder she has never been to Venda. She must go spend a month there to learn to respect adults)". I didn't speak Venda fluently but my understanding of the language was above average, thanks to watching Muvhango. So I understood every word they said. Nobuhle on the other hand was swimming in a pool of confusion. Only few Zulus are interested in learning other languages, especially Tshivenda and Xitsonga. I know a Zulu guy who has been renting a backroom in Chiawelo, Soweto for over 2 years and even to this day he doesn't know how to greet in Tshivenda. The younger looking woman was like "No no muvhona gai ñwananyana mutshena

a no thonifha? Zwine vha kona ndi u andadza mabunyu kha thelevisheni. Vhafumakadzi vha vhukuma vha Venda hangei. Hezwi zwa hafha makhuwani zwa mavhudzi a bere na maṅala ndi dzitsherevhete fhedzi (have you ever seen a respectful yellow bone? All they know is being naked on TV. Real women are in Venda. All these things here with horse hair and fake nails are nothing but a bunch of trouble)”.

I asked who they were looking for and they told me their son Mulalo. I realised they were either lost or high on nyaope mixed with expired mphezu. I told them they were at Marcus Mboweni’s house and I was his niece. The younger one took out her phone and showed me the address she entered on her phone’s GPS. It was Marcus’ address. I asked where they got the address and the younger one showed me an sms. One look on the address I realised she accidentally swapped numbers on the address. Instead of 71 she entered 17. I

explained the mistake to them. The older one went “Ni tovha dodo sa mukomana wanilu. Vhonani zwino ri to nga matsilu nga ñwambo wanu. Dzhenani hafha na luvhunu lwanu ni ri sumbedze fhethu ho teyaho (you are a fool like your brother. Now we look like fools because of you. Get your thin ass in the and take us to the correct address)”. They got in the and left....just like that. They didn’t even apologise for the negative things said to me. Many Venda women turn into ‘dzitsherevhete’ when they age. Nobuhle was lmaoing as I stood there wondering what was going on in their heads. I parked the car in the garage and switched the TV on. Nobuhle wanted to call some guys to keep us company but I told her not to. I was not in a mood to see things I saw the previous night. And I had to prepare myself psychologically for the following day. I called Shweshwe Masitenyane, the lawyer with a beautiful voice from MMMG Attorneys to check if nothing had

changed. She told me nothing had changed and advised me to be on time. Lawyers excel when coming to punctuality. Coming to think of it, almost all my former schoolmates who were always early or on time for school studied law. I asked who else was gonna be there and she went "I am not at liberty to divulge such information at this particular moment". I thanked her and hung up. I called JT and asked if Aluwani was around Gauteng. She told me the last time they spoke she said she was driving to Joburg with her aunts, cousins, grandparents, nieces, nephews and ancestors. I started getting nervous. I was not ready to face the family. I know they knew about me but after what happened between Tshengi and I...it was gonna be tough to be in the same room as them. But money is money, there was no way I was gonna miss the opportunity to be rich without working. Don't judge me, some of you bought cars with 'society' money aka black

funeral benefit money. God is watching you. You didn't even contribute a cent towards the funeral.

Around 17h00 I received a call from my mom. She told me the sangoma we consulted was on the line and he wanted to talk to me. The sangoma went "my ancestors are showing me a very dark cloud. Your face appears in that cloud. I have a feeling something bad is going to happen. The dark cloud can only mean one thing, a very bad thing. If there is something you are planning tomorrow please stop it. It might not end well". Don't you hate this tendency of sangomas and prophets of instilling fear in us? Basically he told me to spend the whole day in bed. I told him I didn't have any plans the following day. He said "you can lie to me but you can't lie to the ancestors. Secondly, you must choose friends carefully. Some of your friends are nothing but trouble. For as long as you are still in their circle bad luck will always

fall on you". I asked him which friends and he told me he was not allowed to tell me. Like WTF, how the hell was I supposed to protect myself if I didn't know who my enemies were? Until sangomas start telling names of people they claim do this and that I will never take them seriously. I mean, if I don't know who's hating on me it means I'll go around suspecting everyone... from JT to Nobuhle. Maybe the dark cloud he was referring to was Maite Modika. I hung up. I told Nobuhle what the sangoma said and she said "they are not talking about me. Witchcraft was invented in Limpopo. We don't have witches in KZN. Your Limpopo friends are the once hating on you". I chose not to respond to her stereotypical comment. My phone rang again. It was Thobile asking how I was doing. I told her it was none of her business. She went "Shaz, can we not fight please? Obakeng is not worth it. Like I told you before, he's not what you think he is. He's a hyena in a sheep skin. I

miss you. I miss our friendship. Let's kiss and make up". I told her "I know what you are trying to do and it won't work. I'm a step ahead of you. Your witchcraft won't work on me. I serve the living Lord. Fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire". She hung up on me. I was serious but Nobuhle found it funny.

I slept early that night because I wanted to be ready for the following day. Around midnight I was woken by a nightmare. I normally sleep with the lights on but when I opened my eyes it was off. There were sounds of raindrops falling outside. I assumed the power was gone because of rain. I walked to the window and opened the curtain a bit to appreciate nature. A lightning went 'bai bai' on my face followed by a thunderous sound. It took me less than a second to close the curtain and run to the room Nobuhle was sleeping in. Before I could touch the bedroom's door it opened and the next thing I bumped into someone. I screamed so hard

people from Mavuso stockvel in Hammaskraal probably heard the echo. It was only when Nobuhle screamed that I noticed it was her I bumped into. She told me she was running to my bedroom. She went "I can't stand this #ThunderOnFleek mtase". We slept in the other guest bedroom because it had dark curtains. I was thankful Nobuhle was there. If she wasn't there I was gonna sleep inside the closet. In the morning it was still raining cats and dogs. I had second thoughts about going to MMMG Attorneys offices for Tshengi's will reading. Nobuhle was the one who encouraged me to go. I hate driving in rainy weather. I took a shower while Nobuhle was preparing breakfast. It was a bit cold. I wore a black turtleneck dress and matching stilettos. I wanted to give an impression I was mourning lol. After eating breakfast I said a short prayer to ask the Man upstairs to lead the way for me. I took the Bible and put it in my handbag. I punched in the

address Shweshwe gave me in my phone's GPS and off I went. It was quite easy to find the place. I saw about 3 cars with Limpopo registration number. I only remembered I forgot an umbrella when I had to get off the car. I opened the door and as I was about to run to the entrance some guy offered to accommodate me in his umbrella. I could tell by his accent and complexion that he was from Venda. When we got inside the building I introduced myself and told the receptionist what I was there for. She walked me to the boardroom.

It seemed like everyone was there because there was only one unoccupied seat. It was quite easier to spot the lawyer, Shweshwe Masitenyane because she looked different from others in that boardroom. Her beautiful voice matched her beauty. She was younger than I expected. It's so inspiring and motivating to see young ladies doing well. I got more inspired

when I realised one 'M' in the 'MMMG' was actually for her surname (Madiba – Motsai – Masitenyane – Githiri). She was a partner in a law firm. I was so wow'd and inspired. She didn't waste time, after short and sweet greetings she got down to the business of the day. She went "You have been called to gather hereto for the reading of the will in the Estate of the late Ntshengedzeni....". Before she could finish what she wanted to say some Venda chap interrupted. He went "Eh pfarelo who loyara... uyu ndi nnyi? U kho todani afha? Arina vhathu vha vala laurali mutani wa hashu. Haya ndi mafhungo a muta (eh sorry madam lawyer...who is this? What is she doing here? We don't have people with this kind of complexion in our family. This is a family matter". The lawyer explained that all people present were beneficiaries of Ntshengedzeni's estate. Another Venda guy went "Musiwana ha kho wana na peni ya nwana washu, nthu khea!!! La

da hafha lia kovhela (a commoner will not get a cent from our son, never. Over our dead bodies. Never ever ever ever ever". A thunderous sound went 'gudu gudu gudu' at that stage. I don't know whether it was a coincidence or scare tactics by those Vendas. The way they looked angry I thought the will reading was going to collapse. Shweshwe maintained her cool and professionalism. She calmed the situation before it got out hand. She explained what the will was and its purpose. Then she got to the moment we were all waiting for. The family trust got the properties in Polokwane and Venda. The wife whom I met for the first time got a farm, cars and lot of money. She looked like a female version of Mulimisi. No wonder Tshengi fell for me, he was tired of being traumatised. Aluwani got the BMW and money. I got worried when Shweshwe went on and on without mentioning my name. Almost everything that I knew Tshengi owned was

mentioned but my name dololo. After what looked like forever she went “.....and lastly to the lady who stole my heart and soul, Sharon Letsoalo, I leave you my favourite goat, Tshidino. Please take care of it. It is a very beautiful goat that makes kids every year. That’s all ladies and gentlemen”

The Vendas started laughing. I grabbed a bottle of water and

Boooooommmmm

THE END

[12/10, 11:45] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 277

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a comment

Where I come from a goat is a courier. It is one of those animals we use to communicate with our ancestors. I think that is one of the reasons we hardly find goat meat in butcheries. Maybe

you have seen it, I have never seen it before. Personally I am not a fan of goats because they stink. I am one of those people would rather die than eat a goat meat. In short, what I am trying to say is I hate goats with passion. I will never accept a goat from anyone, not even God. Maybe Tshengi was trying to set up a courier service to communicate with me from his grave. I grabbed the bottle of water and drank it at once to calm my nervous. Those Vendas laughed at me like I was a crazy person. I grabbed another bottle and hydrated my throat again. I was close to fainting, I could feel it in my system. I looked at Shweshwe hoping she would say she was joking or some. She was very serious, nigger left me a mere goat in his will. I mean, after everything he put me through he left me a mere goat. One of the Venda guys went "Tshengi was a very smart man. I knew very well he wouldn't give a mere commoner the things he worked hard for. These yellow

bones will never outsmart Venda men. I am proud of our boy. May his soul rest in peace". The second Venda guy went "she must go take the goat today. It smells like her anyway". Their words were very hurtful. The 3rd guy who was quiet throughout the reading went "my brothers please don't be like that. That is not how we are, we are nice people. Tshengi made his decisions and we must respect them. But we don't have to be mean to the poor girl. He loved her and I am 100% sure of what I am saying. In fact, I think we should give her some money to wipe her tears. Like us, she also lost someone she loved". I remained silent as they were talking about me as if I was not there. Shweshwe told us there will reading was over and the rest of the legal stuff would be dealt with later. I stood up and spoke for the first time "I don't want your bloody goat. You can go bury it in Tshengi's grave. I don't give a crap".

I stormed out and walked to the car. The sky

was still crying water. I sat in the car for about a minute and let my eyes rain. I was hurt. I had high expectations and they were crushed just like that. It never crossed my mind that Tshengi would continue to hurt me even after his death. I saw one of the Venda men coming out of the building. I hit the accelerator. The sight of them made me wanna puke. On the other hand I was happy the Tshengi chapter was closed in my life. I almost skipped a red traffic light because I was crying. The rain was getting worse. Fortunately I got to my crib in one piece. JT's car was parked next to the gate. It was unlike her to pop without letting me know. The minute I stepped in the house Nobuhle's asked "mtase, how many millions did you get? You got the house? Did he give you the cars? When are we going to Thailand? Please tell me mtase. Curiosity is about to kill me". Her questions were not in anyway helping the situation. I ignored her and went to the bedroom. I locked

myself in. I just wanted to be alone to deal with the disappointment. They knocked on the door for over 10 minutes but I didn't open. I passed out with tears in my eyes. I had a funny dream. My goat was pregnant with twins and Tshengi was the father. Lol some dreams have no chill. I decided to wake up and go face the journalist called Nobuhle. When I opened the door they were camping right next to my bedroom door. I asked them what they were doing there and they told me they were worried about me. Nobuhle went "we understand a lot of money can be overwhelming. We are here for you mtase. We are here to help you chow the money. I still want my Vivo. When am I getting it?". I told them to follow me to the lounge. By the look of things I think Nobuhle had already briefed JT about everything. I went "you will probably not believe what I am going to tell you". Nobuhle told me to stop beating about the bush and get to the point. I went "Tshengi left me pudi ya

sfebe (promiscuous goat)”.

JT went “I think you are high ntwana. Enwa metsi o re chaele gore dai man o go gaile bokae (drink water and tell us how much he gave you)”.

With a serious face I said “he gave me a goat that sleeps around. That’s what he left me in his will. I thought it was a joke when the lawyer read that part. After everything he put me that is what he left me. I am so hurt you know”. I was expecting JT and Nobuhle to feel my pain tell me thing would be fine. I was wrong. They laughed me like I was crazy. JT laughed to a point that she rolled on the floor literally.

Nobuhle laughed until her voice said bye bye. At first I was mad at them for being insensitive but I ended up joining them. Actually, the laughing helped me to forget about everything. JT was like “ntwana, entlik dai man are o tshwana le pudi. Kaosane ra vaya re lata pudi Venda. O tla gidla le yona ko rumung ya gago (actually that guy says you look like a goat. Tomorrow we are

going to fetch the goat. You'll sleep with it in your bedroom)". I told her I had no intentions of owning the stupid goat. When they were done laughing I asked Nobuhle to cook pap and meat. JT told me she brought some pizza. JT's phone rang and she walked outside to answer. When she was done with the call she told me some chick wanted to come. I told her I was cool with it. I didn't ask who the chick was. It was not my business after all. After about 40 minutes JT's phone rang again. She told us her guest was at the gate. I almost swallowed my tongue when I discovered the guest was Aluwani. I didn't understand why JT allowed her to come when she knew very well that I hated all Vendas. Aluwani went "I am very sorry about what happened at the lawyers' offices. If it were up to me you would get the Polokwane house. I know you love it. I am not like my family, I am a good person and I don't hate you". I told her I was over whatever happened there. I just wanted to

move on with my life. We spent the remaining hours of that day watching TV and gossiping. JT and Aluwani left around 10pm. Nobuhle wanted to leave but I said no. There was no way I was gonna sleep alone in that house. I was still a bit emotionally unstable.

The following morning the weather cleared up. I saw the sun for the first time in two days.

Nobuhle told me she had a date with some guy in Kempton Park. I decided to drive her there. She was my visitor and her presence made me feel better after everything that happened in Botswana. It was only fair that I returned the favour. She looked so gorgeous in a black and white mini dress and matching heels. I asked her how she knew the guy she was meeting and she told me they met on Facebook. Jan neh, most relationships start on social media these days. When a nigger pokes you chances are nigger wants you. I drove Nobuhle to Festival Mall in Kempton Park. I asked if I should wait

for her and she told me the guy would drop her after their date. Lol she didn't even know the guy that well. I dropped her and drove back to Pretoria. I called JT to check if she was around and she told me she was on her way to Venda to fetch my goat. I told her to stop joking about stupid things. She told me she was on her way to Gaborone. I didn't wanna go back to Phillip Nel, I decided to drive around. My phone rang. It was my mom checking if I was doing well. I told her my heart was at peace. She told me the sangoma wanted me to come back because a dark cloud was following me again. Eish I was starting to hate the whole sangoma topics. I told her I was driving and would call her after an hour or so. The way I was so pissed I even thought of blocking her number. My driving led me to Transfer in Soshanguve. I decided to fill up the tank at the BP garage. There were so many nyaope boys at that garage. No wonder TUT Soshanguve students look high, they are

always surrounded by nyaope boys. After filling up I decided to drive back to Phillip Nel Park. I didn't use R80 aka Mabopane highway because I was not in a hurry. I used the famous Aubrey Matlakala street. Immediately after passing Short Left my phone rang. As I tried to answer I lost grip and it fell. I don't know how it happened but I bumped into the car in front of me. I think I was a bit absent minded. I immediately hit the brakes and froze. I saw the owner of the car I bumped into walking straight to the driver's side of my car with a hammer in his hand. He had anger written all over his face. He raised the hammer and

WTF

THE END

[12/10, 11:46] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 278

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“Get going. Move forward. Aim High. Plan a takeoff. Don’t just sit on the runway and hope someone will come along and push the airplane. It simply won’t happen. Change your attitude and gain some altitude. Believe me, you’ll love it up here” – Donald Trump

Generally motorists from Pretoria townships are warmer than their Joburg counterparts. Joburg motorists are rude. I think it’s because they always drive alongside rude taxi drivers. They don’t give a damn whether you are a male or female, they’ll tell you kak on the spot. Pretoria ones tend to be less rude to females. When that guy raised the hammer I knew he was going to smash the window. I closed my eyes and started screaming. Well, that’s what most women would do in such situations. Screaming is our first line of defence. I was expecting to hear sound of glasses flying all over or a bang. Couple of seconds later the only noise I heard was of a man screaming. I opened

my eyes and saw the hammer guy on the ground trying his best to cover his face. Some fat guy was on top of him pulling Mayweather punches on him. My first instinct was to reverse the car and drive away. But I thought those niggers would kill each other in my name. I didn't even understand why the fat guy was defending me because I didn't know him. Maybe he was just one of those guys who are against the abuse of women. If he was a Joburg taxi driver he would have helped the hammer guy to hammer me. It's so good to know we still have gentlemen out there. I got out of the car and screamed "no no no please don't kill him. It's enough, he won't do a thing now". The fat guy went "no he must learn to respect women. I know this guy...he once slept with my wife. Now he thinks he can go around assaulting women with a hammer. I'll teach him a lesson he'll never forget". Oh damn, nigger was using me as an excuse to beat the poor

guy. It had nothing to do with me. They had their own personal beef. I didn't even see where the fat guy came from. Maybe he was following the guy. Go jelwa ke masepa. The hammer guy screamed "kha vha mpfarele... ndi khou tou humbela... Yhooooooooo yhooooooooo yhooooooooo (forgive me, I'm begging you)". I was "WTF, ke Levenda? You can kill him malome. I don't give a damn". I got back in the car and drove off as people were starting to gather for the free wrestling match. He was paying for Tshengi's sins.

I turned back and drove towards Transfer then turned right towards Mabopane highway. I didn't want another kasi drama. I called Nobuhle to check if her date was over. She went "we are going to his place. I'll see you tomorrow. He's such a gentleman. I think I finally found the one for me". Some girls can be so desperate bathong. How can one jump to conclusions about a guy after only one date? I

think sometimes we suspend our brains and think with our hearts. Our desire to be loved clouds our rational judging capacity. That's why many guys toy with our hearts. Nigger will play all cool and gentlemanly and you'll fall head over heels in love with him. After a shag or two he'll show you his true colours. By that time you'll be deeply in love and denialism will be the order of the day. You'll refuse to accept that he's no longer the same guy you met couple of months ago. By the time you give up your heart will need Scott Emulsion. I asked Nobuhle how she knew he was the one because they had just met in person for the first time. She was like "I can feel it in my blood my friend. He is all I've been looking for in a man". I decided to let her be. From the experience I had with my friends, the more you tell them to be careful was the more they went in with their eyes closed. She was over 18 after all. She asked where I was and I told her I was on my way home from

Soshanguve. I wished her good luck with the shag on her first date. She lol'd and told me she wasn't planning to give it to him. From experience, no guy would invite a hot girl to his place to watch TV. It was quite obvious nigger wanted to get some. I drove straight to my crib. I so hated me that day, on a Saturday and I had no plans. It's true that the more you grow up is the more your life starts boring. I browsed thru my phone to see if I had any friends I could invite over or invite myself to their place. Of all friends I had I missed Zee more. She was a selfish biach but she always had my back. I also missed Nomsa. I regretted sleeping with her man. I decided to give Zee a call. To my surprise, she still had my number. I went "I was just checking up on you". She went "thanks for checking up on me Sharon..... and bye. I'm busy".

Ouch, that was an ouch moment. Maybe she didn't wanna talk to me. I called Never-Die. I had not spoken to him in ages. That's what

boredom does to people. When you are bored you end up calling ghosts from the past. He went "to what do I owe this call? Sharon Letsoalo calling me? It will rain goats today". WTF, the word goat was trending and I hated it. I told him I was just checking up on him. He went "I was actually thinking of you last week. How are you?". We had a medium length conversation. He told me he had just returned to Pretoria from Giyani where he was busy with some tender. He asked if I had plans. I told him I was actually bored and had no plans. He asked if I minded to tag along to a party in Mamelodi. I told him township parties were not my kinda scene anymore. He went "ok, your loss then. I guess I'll see you next time". Damn, I was actually expecting him to beg me. I went "ok.....I'll tag along. As long as I use my own car". He was surprised I had a car. He told me it was cool. I had to cover my back. Using other people's cars gives them a right to control your

movements. You won't leave until they want to leave. The Botswana chapter had made me paranoid. We all learn the hard way. He told me to drive to Arcadia next to where Maite used to stay around 5. I asked him what kinda party we were going to and he said "It's not a fancy party. It's my sister's friend's cousin's friend's 30th birthday party". I didn't wanna rock up at a party overdressed only to find girls wearing Cosatu, MMM and Orlando Pirates t-shirts. Plus anything is possible with girls from Mamelodi. Mamelodi girls are the 'lite' version of Hammaskraal girls. I chose to wear a simple top, jeans and heels. I thought of going to salon first but didn't know which hairstyle to rock. So I postponed the salon trip. I drove to the bottle store first to buy myself a bottle of my favourite Vodka. I didn't wanna be anyone's burden. Guys think when they buy you alcohol it gives them a right to your panties. I'm not Hammaskraal girls, 6 Savanna is not a password to my cute vjayjay.

I called Never-Die to tell him I was on my way. He told me to find him at Southern Sun in Arcadia. He really loved that hotel. We once exchanged sweat in the very same hotel.

I parked opposite the hotel and called Never-Die to tell him I was there. He told me he was on the street opposite the hotel. I looked around but there was no GTI. He told me to check a white Mercedes-Benz C200. It was right in front of me. I got out of the car to go greet him.

There was a girl on the front seat. I greeted her first and she gave me the 'he's mine' look. Mxm I hate girls who think life ends with a front seat. She wasn't even beautiful. Only if she knew many girls like her are degreeless and babiesful because of the front seat mentality. Never-Die gave me a hug and asked where I was hiding. I told him I still stayed in Phillip Nel. Nigger had gained weight. I asked "you are gaining weight nigger. What are you eating? Was Maite making you lose weight?". The girl in the car went "sorry,

Maite ke mang?”. I whispered “Maite ke bommao nana”. I hate forward girls. Never-Die laughed and told me not to be rude to his girl. I was actually happy he was with a girl. It was safer that way because he wouldn’t try mangamanga business with me. He told me to follow him. We used the Silverton route. He called to tell me he wanted us to fetch his friend at Mahube Valley before going to the party ko Mamelodi Gardens. To my surprise Never-Die wanted his friend to get a ride in my car because I was alone. To me it looked like matchmaking. Nigger was on of those short guys with big bellies. I almost told Never-Die I don’t want short people in my car. Nigger caught a ride in my car. The few minutes we drove together I got to know he’s a businessman who had 2 houses and Golf 7 GTI blah blah blah blah. Problem with GTI guys is thinking all girls get wet when they hear a mention of a GTI and money. Mxm that crap

works on high school kids. By the time we got to Mamelodi Gardens I was so tired of hearing his stories. His bragging game was a huge turn off. The worst part he was wearing an Uzzi sweater and Carvela shoes. Need I say more? I loved the stretch tent set up at the party. I overheard someone saying it's a small party for close friends and family. By the look of things we were a bit early. The part had not started. I was given spatlho and juice as a starter. Lol #MamelodiThings. After about 20 minutes Never-Die who was busy going up and down greeting dark girls asked me for a favour. Apparently the DJ was stuck somewhere on Tsamaya Road and he wanted me to go fetch him with some girl. He gave me his car keys. I didn't mind because I wanted to drive the Merc. I felt like I was in a mini heaven. The girl told me the Dj was stuck at Tsamaya Road next to the garage ya ko Eerste Fabriek robots. She called the DJ when we were closer to the garage. He

told her he was inside the Opel Astra on the other side of the garage. I parked next to his car and we got out of the car.

The DJ and I locked eyes and we went “You!!!!!!” at the same time.

Boooooommmmm

THE END

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Makhwapheni Episode 279

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“There are two main predictions for the future; it’s either appealing or appalling. An appealing future is created by people who identify their real values in life and believe in what they can do” – Israelmore Aiyor

There are some people that you meet by chance and hope to meet again. But deep inside you know chances of meeting them are equal to

chances of Nomarussia becoming a pastor. The first time I saw the guy I never thought I would have another chance to lay my eyes on his gorgeous face and yummy body. He didn't even strike me as the Dj type to me. It's very easy to spot a Dj in public places. Their eyes are always searching for coolest bums. I thought he was a model or some cute doctor. Seeing him again made my heart skip a beat.... a bit. We both went "what are you doing here?". We laughed. I asked if he stayed around and he said "uhm, no I don't stay here. I'm from Soshanguve but stay in Sunnyside". The girl I was with went "hayibo, you know Dj Fruit?". Lol I found his name funny. I remembered we didn't get to share names the day we met. I told the girl we only met once about few days ago. The girl went "you'll have your catch up after the party. People are waiting for Dj Fruit at the party. He is late already. Can we go?". Fruit said we should wait for his cousin who was coming to

tow his car to some mechanic in Nellmapius. We had no choice but to wait for his cousin. Luckily he came within 4 minutes. Fruit took his Dj'ng equipment and we left. He went "nice car you are driving. You must be doing well". I laughed and told him it was a friend's Merc. It was so difficult to to be in the same space as such hot cake. The temperature was very high. At some stage I didn't even feel my hands. I was glad he sat behind me. If he was on the front seat I would have caused accident. I literally felt my vjayjay sweating. The girl went "you are quiet my sister? You were very talkative when it was just us. Did Dj Fruit steal your voice?". I laughed and told her my concentration was on the road. I lied obviously, I was secretly thinking of Fruit on top of me. I decided to break my silence. I went "so uhm, where is your romantic son? I still have the chocolate he gave me". He laughed and told me he was with his mom in Soshanguve. He

continued "I haven't seen him since I dropped him at his mother's place that day".

I was tempted to ask if he was still with the mother but my inner voice was against it. I didn't wanna seem like those girls who meet a guy today and start talking about settling on the spot. When we got to Mamelodi Gardens I remained in the car while Dj Fruit and the girl took his equipment out of the car. I closed my eyes and said "Sharon Letsoalo, remember you made a decision not to do naughty things the rest of this year? Please be a good girl and refrain from looking at that guy that way. Are we clear?". I was trying to stop myself from being satan's servant again. It was one of those moments where you try to be sexually sober but God sends a hunk to test your bitchmentation. Never-Die came to the car to ask if I was ok. I told him I was fine. He asked why I was sitting alone in the car and not mingling with other people. I told him I had period pains. He

laughed and said “thank God I’m a man. Leaking blood can’t be nice”. Sometimes I get pissed when men throw such comments about periods. Some think we are exaggerating when we say period pains are not a child’s play. The way men are so weak most of them would commit suicide if they had to experience period pains. Never-Die’s girl opened the driver’s door and asked “oh sorry, I thought it was my man sitting here. Please give us some privacy. We have some family matters to discuss if you don’t mind”. Never-Die told her we were still busy. I didn’t want drama, so I left the car. Some girls are so insecure they can send their grandmother to close your vjayjay permanently at night. Never-Die’s friend saw me sitting alone and he came to join me. He went “did you enjoy the Merc? I’m buying an AMG as soon as I get RDP tender in my court”. Eix some guys don’t get it hle. I went “abuti, I once had lunch with Motsepe and he never mentioned his money

nor cars. You live in a 2 bedroom house with old curtains and here you are busy nywe-nyweing nkare o owner reserve bank. Ag voetsek maan, you are a bloody short and ugly donkey....turn off. If you were the only man in the world I'd commit suicide to avoid being with you. Get out of my face".

Bae, I mean Dj Fruit was banging hit after hit. The party was starting to get some life. You can say whatever you want to say about Mamelodi people but you can never take away their dancing game. People from Mamelodi can dance for days. I so wished Zee was there to compete with them. Dj Fruit went "the following song is dedicated to a very beautiful friend of mine. She's standing over there in a white top and jeans". Nigger was pointing at me. He played one of my favourite house songs, Black Motion ft Miss P – It's You. It's one of those songs that would make me wake up from my death bed and shake my expensive butt. When

it got to this part I went crazy:

“When you call out my name I go crazy

When you touch me babe

I get shivers down my spine

And when you kiss me you

You make me wanna cry

When you call out my name I go crazy

When you touch me babe I get shivers down my spine

And when you kiss me you, you make me wanna cry”

I found myself dancing my feet out. Girls were giving me funny looks. I think they were jealous the Dj was giving me attention. We live in times where girls will congratulate you for getting a job but envy you for dating a Dj. After hours of playing good house music Dj Fruit gave another guy a chance to play. He came straight to me. I

felt eyes of many girls coming my direction. Hayi black girls and Dj's thou. You'd swear we get an automatic orgasm when we ride Dj's. He went "did you like the song I played for you?". I don't know if it was the Vodka I was drinking or my vjayjay was just being forward, I was wet wet wet. I told him I loved all songs he played. He was like "you know I just remembered I don't know your name? All I know is you are the most beautiful lady here. In fact you are the most beautiful girl I have seen today. I wanted to ask for your number that day but I didn't wanna steal my son's shine". The more he spoke was the more my vjayjay sang 'mama I made it'. I said "My name is Sharon Letsoalo but you can call me Shazbae"

I told Dj Fruit that I wasn't comfortable talking to him in such a public area with every Tom, Balls and Cherry watching. He wanted us to go chill in the Merc for few minutes. I told him the owner took the keys but we could go chill in my

car. By my car I meant Marcus' X5. When nigger saw the German machine he went "yho yho, you drive this beast? Mos wena you are a cheesegirl. What do you do for a living". I laughed and ignored his question. I asked him why he was drinking energy drink instead of booze like other people. He told me he was taking a break from booze to concentrate on gym. Well, gym was working wonders on his body. He tried to kiss me but I stopped him. I went "you want your baby mama to kill me". That was my clever way of asking if he was still with the baby mama. Baby mama drama is the new horror movie these days. And judging by the way boys make kids all over, in few years time almost every girl will have a baby mama drama to deal with. Even bazalwane boys have joined the baby making train. Soon every guy you meet will be someone's father. Nigger went "we are not together anymore but I have a good relationship with my son. I'm ready to fall in love again". I

laughed and told him “you don’t meet the girl today and fall in love. I know you want to sleep with me and I’m not going to give you that chance. I’m not one of those girls who go wet when they see cute boys like you. I have morals and pride to protect”. That was me lying. If it was up to me he would have stopped talking and ripped off my clothes right there. He took my hand and put it on his pants. Wuuuuu shem, whoever said cute boys have nothing between their legs was high. I felt like I was touching his knee. I asked if he was Venda and he went “no, I’m Tswana”. He massaged my thigh and I gave a huge sigh of... wow I don’t have the word. He attempted another kiss and before I could give in my phone rang. It was a private number. It was a private number. I was not a fan of answering private calls at night but something told me to answer. I heard someone crying. The caller said:

“my life is in danger. I I I I needeed your help

hel.....”

WTF

THE END

[12/10, 11:47] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 280

September 10, 2017 Lesege Maake Leave
a comment

“Fear is the main source of superstition, and
one of the main sources of cruelty. To conquer
fear is the beginning of wisdom” Bertrand
Russell

After everything that I had been through any call
for help by another person was bound to shake
me. I knew how it felt to be in a situation where
you desperately need help. The night I slept
next to a stadium in Selebi-Phikwe without
blankets changed my life. Until you are in that
kind of a situation you will never take people
seriously when they need help. Like Oprah once

said, one should turn wounds into wisdom. My wounds had taught me a lifelong lesson. At first I didn't get the voice. But when she spoke for the second time I could tell it was Nobuhle. The first thing that came to my mind was the guy trying to rape her. I felt my blood rushing to all wrong places in my body. I pushed Dj Fruit who was trying to interfere with me while I was busy on a call. When guys are horny the only thing they think about is the hole between our thighs. You can tell him you have a headache but nigger will still try to have a piece of your skonjie. I went "Nobuhle, Buhle... What's wrong? Where are you? What happened? What did he do to you? Did he hurt you?". I don't think she heard any word I said because she was crying. She went "airtime is almost finished... Please come fetch me at corner Monument Road and" then the tu tu tu tu tu sound followed. I think she ran out of airtime. I couldn't call back because she used a private number. The little

vodka I had evaporated from my system. I didn't even know where Monument Road was. A wave of panic raped my heart. I didn't know what to do. Dj Fruit went "you seem troubled? What's wrong? Who were you talking to? Is she ok? Is there something I can do?". I asked if he knew Kempton Park and he told me he only knew OR Tambo International Airport in Kempton Park. Mxm I hate useless people when you need help. I guess the only place he knew at that stage was the high way to my thighs. I went "remember the friend I was with when I first saw you in Wonderpark? It was her on the phone. I think something bad happened to her. Can I trust you to drive with me to Kempton Park to help her? I have a feeling someone raped her or tried to rape her. I can't call back because she called with a private number. My gut tells me something bad happened. She says she's at corner Monument Road and she didn't finish the last part".

The mention of the word rape shook Dj Fruit. He went “rape? OMG... We need to get there as soon as possible? Can’t we call cops?”. I told him we couldn’t call the cops without enough information. The thing was I didn’t even know whose phone she used. Dj Fruit asked me to give him 2 minutes to tell the party owner to take care of his Dj’ng equipment. Dj’s love their Dj’ng equipments than their women. When he came back we hit the road. From Mamelodi to Kempton Park is about 65 kilometres. We used Solomon Mahlangu drive, N4....N1 and then R21. Within 35 minutes we were in Kempton Park. I tried to drive as fast as I could. We offramped at Voortrekker Road and drove towards Kempton Park CBD. I used my GPS to locate where Monument Road was. I could see it started at Central Avenue, just after Arwyp Hospital. We turned right there and entered the mouth of Monument Road. Dj Fruit told me to drive slowly. It was a bit difficult to see the

other side of Monument Road because there were trees in between. We drove for about 15 minutes without a sign of Nobuhle. I was starting to get worried. Just before Glen Acres Shopping Centre we saw ambulance and cop cars lights. It seemed like an accident or something. The police had closed the road. My heart started beating faster. I was thinking the worst. I was thinking the guy she had a date with hunted her down and killed after she tried to escape. Many theories were zigzagging in my mind. We decided to park the car on the side of the road to go investigate. Dj Fruit was right next to me. Some cop blocked our way and told us we were not allowed to go closer. He told us some girl was shot dead by her boyfriend. I started crying on the spot. Fruit harboured me in his arms. He was telling me not to jump to conclusions. The cop asked why I was crying. I went "the girl there is my sister.... She's my sister officer. Her name is Nobuhle. I want to

see her”. The cop looked at me like I owed him a Fanta Orange money and went “uyanya. How can a black girl have a white sister? How can a white girl have a name like Nobuhle. You smoked your menstruation neh?”. Ouch some cops do not have a chill. I got a temporary relief when he told me the dead girl was white. I was relieved she was not my dear friend Nobuhle. I was gonna die if it was Nobuhle. That’s how heavy my heart was at that stage.

Fruit suggested that we drive back to Kempton Park using Monument Road again. I agreed with his suggestion. With a very slow ‘pace’ with drove back towards Kempton Park CBD. Few metres from Kempton Park police station we saw two girls walking. Dj Fruit went “they are probably prostitutes, very brave prostitutes who do their business not far from the police station. Maybe cops are their biggest clients”. I think he was trying to be funny but I found his joke lame. My friend was in trouble and I didn’t have time

for jokes. I suggested that we stop and ask the girls if they had seen some troubled-looking girl. I almost got a shock of my life when one of the girls turned to face the car. It was Nobuhle. The beautiful black and white dress she was wearing when I dropped her was a shadow of its former self. It was torn and black. It looked like someone was scrubbing the floor with it. For few seconds I thought my eyes were showing me a movie. I remembered the words she said in the morning when she boasted about how she knew the guy was the one for her. Girls must learn this, you can never meet a guy today and claim to know him. Taking time to know a person is the best precautionary measure one can take to protect herself from unnecessary harm. I remembered I also took a risk by driving kilometres at night with a guy I hardly knew. Ja neh, kunzima. When Nobuhle saw it was me she jumped with joy. I saw tears of joy invading her cheeks. The feeling

reminded me of how I felt when JT rescued me in Gaborone. I got out of the car and ran to her. I hugged her for over a minute. She went "I'll never forget you Sharon. You are the best friend ever. We were walking to the police station for an overnight shelter. I've been walking and running for over 100 minutes. I was scared to death. I thought I was going to die". I told her everything would be OK because I found her. She hugged me again and said "may God bless you with a hot hunk who will appreciate, respect and love you. Someone who will not lie to you". Lol I looked at Dj Fruit who was inside the car. Maybe he was my blessing from the man upstairs.

I greeted the other lady. Nobuhle told me she used the lady's phone to call me. I asked why she didn't send a call back when she ran out of airtime. She told me the battery died. I asked if the lady was also stranded. The lady said "no I'm not stranded. I sleep on the streets every

night. I'm from Limpopo and came to Gauteng to look for a job. I was staying with my cousin and her husband but I ran away because the husband wanted to sleep with me. I have nowhere to stay. I survive on odd jobs.

Sometimes I make R50 a week and I send it home. One day something will come up. I will never sell my body, no matter how desperate I can be". The šhit black people go thru in this country is heartbreaking. I shed tears when she told me her story. What is freedom when we still have job hunters who sleep on the streets? My heart bled. I gave her R200 note. She gave me her number. Her phone looked 100 years old. We drove to McDonald's which was just a stone throw away and I bought her food. I felt bad leaving the lady there. I wished I could do something for her. Dj Fruit said "you have a good heart. In few hours I've been with you, you helped 3 people. Me when I was stuck, your friend and that lady. I am touched. I didn't

expect it from you. I thought you were the typical beauty who only cared about her looks". Nobuhle who was sitting behind me went "he looks familiar. Do I know him?". I was shocked by how cool and collected she looked. I expected her to be traumatised. I ignored her question and asked what happened with her. She took a deep breath and went "mtase, ke mathata fela. Brother was a gentleman from the minute we met. Very intelligent and charming throughout our lunch. We watched a movie then decided to take the romance to his place. He told me he stayed with a female cousin but she wasn't around. I felt free and safe around him. At his place he played romantic music and we danced together. One thing led to another and we went to the bedroom. I told him I wasn't ready for sex and he understood. We kissed and cuddled. The next thing the bedroom door opened and hell broke loose. I got the beating of my life. He lied about being single and

staying with his cousin. The wife came home a day earlier than expected. Mtase, I got roasted. Mtase, I got roasted. See me with a stranger again kill me”. I tried to contain my laughter but failed. I laughed my lungs out. She laughed at herself too. Dj Fruit gave a shy laugh. We dropped him at his flat in Sunnyside then drove to Phillip Nel Park. Nobuhle kept asking who he was but I ignored her. When we passed the cemetery Nobuhle asked “what if Tshengi pops from here?”. I regretted rescuing her.

When we got to the house Nobuhle whispered “Sharon, do you see what I’m seeing?”

WTF

THE END

[12/10, 11:48] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 281

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“How would your life be different if...You stopped validating your victim mentality? Let today be the day...You shake off your self-defeating drama and embrace your innate ability to recover and achieve” – Steve Maraboli

We all have that friend that gets us worried about something only for her to be cool about it. That was Nobuhle to me. She had a side of her that I loved to hate. I mean, she got me all worried and I drove dozens of kilometres just to rescue her. Yes, she was in an unsafe environment but her behaviour afterwards worried me. She didn't behave like someone who had just survived a beating from someone's wife. She looked too happy for someone who got roasted. I didn't like the joke she made about Tshengi when we passed next to the cemetery. When she asked if I saw what she was seeing I thought she was joking. I went “Nobuhle, I'm not in a mood for your silly games. I'm not in a mood for those. You still owe me

money for petrol. Kempton Park is far". People who don't have cars behave as if petrol comes from their private parts. Petrol is expensive mrena. The trip to Kempton Park did some 'damage' to the tank. Nobuhle said "mtase, I'm not joking. Look over there....there is something". We were still in the garage about to open the door that led to the lounge. I looked at what she was pointing at and saw šhit at the corner. My nose only picked up the smell after receiving correspondence from my eyes. The way it was so big you swear it was of a person who just came back from a funeral of a person who had many societies (funeral covers). I wondered how Nobuhle's eyes managed to see that because it was at the corner. The first question I asked was where the šhit came from? The garage and gate were locked and there was no any sign of forced entry. My mind was going wild with many questions. We quickly ran to the lounge. I closed and locked the door that led to

the garage. Nobuhle went “mtase, this is witchcraft or amadlozi. You must go home to slaughter a goat”. Zulus and slaughtering.... everything they do we know a goat will have to kick a bucket.

While still thinking of how the parcel got in the garage my phone rang. It was Marcus asking what I was doing in Kempton Park that time of the night. Before I could ask how he knew he told me he saw the car’s movements on the tracker app. I told him I went to fetch a friend who was stranded. He told me I shouldn’t make a habit of driving long distances at night because it was not safe. I wanted to tell him about the parcel in the garage but was scared. I heard a female voice going “babe aren’t you gonna join me?” in the background. Marcus immediately hung up. Ja neh, men will never live without a cake. It was quite clear nigger had some company with a hole in the right place. Nobuhle went “mtase, are we gonna sleep in

this house? Mina I'm scared. What if the šhit owner comes back to šhit on our faces? I think we shouldn't sleep here. There must be umsenbenzi in this house before we sleep. I think you should call your mom or something. If uyasaba I can organise ubaba Ngubeni from eDube hostel. He will cleanse the house". I agreed with the part of not sleeping in the house but didn't want anything to do with sangomas. I respected her beliefs but didn't want any šhit to do with sangomas. I told her we should check the house for possible dangers. We took knives from the kitchen and went from room to room looking for the culprit. Nobuhle was your typical village Zulu girl. She was leading from the front. I followed her cautiously. I was ready to run for my life in case of emergency. There was no one in the house and I didn't see any sign of intrusion. Nobuhle wanted us to go check outside the house but I was not ready to endanger my life. I told her to

go alone. I went “my friend, I don’t feel safe here. Let’s go to your place in Joburg”. She agreed but I thought of what Marcus said about driving long distances at night. I knew he was likely to check my movements. I decided to apply a desperate measure for a desperate situation. I called Dj Fruit. His phone rang unanswered twice. He was probably sleeping after that busy night. Before I could give up my phone rang. It was Dj Fruit returning my call. I love people who return missed calls.

I explained my situation to him and he laughed. It was so embarrassing to explain the šhit story to him. He went “maybe you helped yourself there under the influence of alcohol. It once happened to my cousin”. I didn’t find his joke funny. I told him I wanted a place to crash until the morning. He told me I was reading too much into the šhit. I hate it when people come up with cheap analysis when I need their help. I went “I wouldn’t call if I wasn’t desperate. If you

can't help I'll go to the hotel". He told me it was cool but his place was a mess. In JT's absence he was the only person I could think of that time of the night. I had just met him but the hours we spent together proved he could be some I could trust. I told Nobuhle Dj Fruit agreed to accommodate us and she went "mtase, hope he has one bed. I wouldn't mind sleeping next to him...we can have a 3 some. You'll go first. I don't want the quicker first round. I want him to sweat on top of me for hours". Lol she had just survived roasting from an angry wife and there she was planning another whoring activity. It's true that once a whore always a hoe. Our biggest challenge was going back to the garage. I went "what if the owner of the šhit came back? I'm scared to go in there again". Nobuhle was asked "do you have booze in the house?". I showed her Marcus' whiskey and she downed 3 glasses in less than a minute. She was like "let's go mtase. I can face any witch from

Limpompo now”. The days Zulus learn to pronounce my province’s name will be the day I start taking Zuma seriously. I almost went ‘Limpompo ke mmao’. She opened the door that led to the garage and shouted “in the name of Jesus, I am protected. No devil shall see victory against the powerful name of almighty God. I usher the holy spirit all over this place”. Lol she sounded like a female version of prophet Mbhoro. To our surprise, the šhit was gone. We quickly got inside the car and locked the doors. Luckily the garage door and gate were electronic. I hit the accelerator and we voetseked. We wondered how the šhit pulled a slyza tsotsi on us. Nobuhle was like “don’t undermine the power of a prayer”.

The whole situation crippled our vocal cords. We didn’t say a word until we got to Sunnyside. I called Dj Fruit to tell him I was at the gate. He told me he was coming. Nobuhle went “mtase, that Venda guy is terrorising you from the grave.

Soon he'll be making love to you from the grave. What if you fall pregnant?". Eish I hated that tendency in Nobuhle, she loved saying random stupid things. Dj Fruit signed us in. He told us his place was a bachelor with only one bed and a couch. Nobuhle went "Shaz will sleep on the couch and uhm ja you know". Lol Nobuhle was so forward bathong. Fruit slept on the couch and Nobuhle and I slept on the bed. When he took off his top I felt my toes going stiff. His muscular chest and the 6 pack said hello to my vjayjay. Nobuhle whispered "let's rape him mtase. I don't think he'll have us arrested ki ki ki ki ki ki". Lol I ignored her. It's not everyday that you get to meet a straight handsome guy with a killer body. Most handsome guys are becoming gay these days, especially niggers from Bokone Bophirima aka North West. Most straight niggers with great bodies are ugly. My vjayjay slept with a heavy clit. At some stage I had to give it a consolation

fingerly massage. Despite the issue of between my legs, I slept like a baby. Naturally, all dreams I had that night had a lot of apples, oranges, guavas, lemons etc. To my surprise Nobuhle was not on the bed when I opened my eyes. Dj Fruit was also not on the couch. It's so awkward when you sleep at someone's house for the first and when you wake up in the morning they are not there. I called Nobuhle and her phone rang right next to me. I called Dj Fruit and his phone rang unanswered. I knocked on the bathroom door and no one responded. I did number one and went back to the bed. I didn't trust Nobuhle that much, my first thought was "damn, she went to ride him somewhere". Only few abnormal men can say no to free sex. Niggers are always ready for action. My blood was boiling with anger. Someone opened the door without knocking. A lady carrying a baby walked in. She put her baby bag on the couch. She looked at me straight in the eyes and said:

“what the hell are you doing in my man’s flat so early in the morning?”

Boooooommmmm

THE END

[12/10, 11:51] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 282

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

“People accuse me of falling in love easily. It just means that I’m able to see the beauty in most of the people who cross paths with me and I appreciate it for what it is and also for what it isn’t. Love is imperfect. Falling for someone’s flaws is just as necessary as falling for their strengths. And people like myself, who fall into love easily, are sometimes the loneliest souls around at the end of the day” – Ashley Lorenzana

If there’s one thing many girls hate is baby

mama drama. You can be a baby mama yourself causing baby mama drama somewhere but when it happens to you with another baby mama it's a different story. A baby mama who is over the baby daddy is cool. But a baby mama that still possess ambitions of having the crown on their head will make life a living hell for anyone the baby daddy tries to have something going on with. To them having a baby means permanent 'bonk' with the baby daddy. When that girl asked what I was doing in her baby daddy's place I knew hell was about to be my new home. I was not in a space for drama and unnecessary squabbles, I was only there for a one night shelter. I didn't even know Dj Fruit had multiple baby mamas. The only kid I knew was the one he was with the very first time I laid my eyes on him in Wonderpark. I think that's a challenge many girls have with guys. They tend to hide their skeletons when they meet new people. Females would normally

mention they have a kid or 2 when they meet a potential, just to give a guy a chance to pull out if he's not comfortable with it. Niggers rather lie just to get between our legs. Well, Fruit and I weren't really dating but after couple of hours we spent together I would have expected him to say something. I went "uhm auntie, I don't mean to be disrespectful but I think that's a question you should ask him, not me. And for your information, I did not sleep with him if that's what you think. He's not even my type". She didn't appear like the fighting type to me but I could see anger and resentment in her eyes. She looked like those girls who fell pregnant from a one night stand..... first round of a one night stand. She went "listen here and listen carefully. Fruit is my man, my baby daddy. If you think you can take him from me you have another thing coming. People like you tried before and failed. You won't succeed. I'm the one he's gonna marry. Do you hear me?". Lol

when will us girls learn? A guy is not taken from any girl, he takes himself to the girl. Injalo nje, period.

One of the biggest mistakes us women do is investing lot of emotions in fu#k boys. Fu#k boys are not called fu#k boys for nothing. They don't give a fu#k. They'll fu#k you but forget about him giving the fu#k. That's the reason I always laugh when I see girls fighting over a fu#k. While you fight nigger will be busy luring his next victim. I said "auntie, obviously I didn't fly in here. I'm here because he opened for me. Secondly, I'm not one of his girls. My pride doesn't allow me to sleep with unknown Dj's. I know they go around impregnating low lives like you and leave them afterwards. I don't want to be a victim. That scar on your face was probably caused by one of his girls while you were trying to be Chuck Norris. If you want my advice, stop fighting for him. If he loves you he'll protect you. Fighting for him makes you look

cheap and desperate". The way she was paying attention as I spoke I thought she was agreeing with me. That was a mistake. Immediately after my last word she walked closer to me and tried to slap me. I ducked to the other side of the bed. She went "you take my man and now you want to lecture me about relationships? I will give you a boxing lecture today. By the time I'm done with you Fruit won't recognise your face". She tried to slap me again and I jumped to the other side of the bed. I quickly ran to the couch and grabbed her baby. I went "if you try any šhit I'm gonna throw this baby out of the window. I dare you to touch me". When you fight such people you must use whatever at your disposal. I wasn't proud I was using the baby but hey, rough situations cannot be handled romantically. Rough situations require rough measures. Injalo lento... no ruler needed. My strategy worked because she stopped moving and begged me to put her baby down. I told her

“no, I’m not putting this baby down until Fruit comes back. This baby is my insurance, First for Crazy Baby Mamas. And by the way, he doesn’t look like Fruit. Where is his or her real dad? Why akere o compeata le Fruit ka go jakalla sexually?”. I was not being mean, the baby didn’t look like Dj Fruit for real. The baby I saw at Wonderpark looked exactly like Fruit. It was easy to perform paternity tests with eyes. The one I had in my arms had Nigerian features. I think one Oga pulled a quick one on her and ran back to Lagos.

Before she could react the door opened. Nobuhle and Dj Fruit walked in with plastic bags in their hands. I immediately started playing with the baby. I was like “hello nununu. Punchu ta ta nana mu nu nu. Hi ta ta ta ni ni”. I think one of the reasons black kids take time to grab our languages is the way we talk to them when they are still babies. WTF is ‘hello nununu. Punchu ta ta nana mu nu nu. Hi ta ta ta ni ni’? To my

surprise the baby found it funny. Maybe it was the language spoken by his or her real father. Dj Fruit put the plastics down and went “WTF are you doing here Constance?”. When he mentioned that name I knew I was dealing with a stupid fool. All Constances I know have a worm in their heads. She went “Lucky missed his dad. He was crying the whole night. He misses you”. It was the first time I was made aware of the child’s gender. He was wearing mixed colours so I couldn’t tell the gender. His physical appearance didn’t help either. Do people still name their kids ‘Lucky’ these days? Those are the kinda names illiterate grandparents gave to their grandkids because they thought it was a fancy name. Dj Fruit went “I don’t want to humiliate you in front of these people. Please take this little animal of yours and leave. I don’t want to repeat what I told you the last time. Let’s be adults about this and make it as drama free as possible”. It sounded

wrong when Fruit referred to that baby as an animal. No matter how ugly the baby is it's wrong to call a baby an animal, especially a black baby. If Fruit was white I'd say he was being racist like Penny Sparrow. Constance was like "No I'm not leaving. Lucky wants to chill with his father. Are you choosing these hoes over your own flesh and blood. What kinda man are you? A man who chooses difebe over his own kid?". Being called a hoe didn't sit well with Nobuhle who was quiet since they got in the flat. She put the plastic bags down and like an angry scorpion sprinted to Constance. The next thing I heard 'phaaaa' on Constance's face. Nobuhle slapped Constance. Ja neh, never mess with Zulu girls. They don't play like that hawu hawu hawu hawu hawu. I quickly put the baby down and pulled Nobuhle who was about to engage in phinda mzala. She was fuming. Fruit grabbed Constance and pushed her to the door. I took the little animal, I mean the baby and the bag

and gave them to Constance.

By the grace of God Fruit managed to expel her from our sight. Nobuhle went “mtase, this cute boy of yours is trouble. After everything you have been thru I don’t think you should associate with his type. He will crush your heart. Get rid of yourself fast before he appropriate your heart without compensation. He will turn your heart into his turntables. By the time he’s done with you, you’ll have scratches all over your heart and vjayjay”. That was a very rich advice coming from someone who disappeared with Dj Fruit while I was sleeping. I asked where they were while I was sleeping. She told me they went to buy mini grocery to prepare for breakfast and lunch. She went “You were sleeping peacefully. We didn’t wanna disturb you”. To me it sounded like she wanted Dj Fruit all to herself. She wanted me out to pave a way for her personal agenda. Girls can be cruel when coming to the dating game. She will warn

you about some guy only for her to ride the very same nigga. I went "I have no intentions to date him. He's a friendzone material. You can have him if you want". That was me testing Nobuhle's intentions. She laughed and went "after what I saw when we went shopping, I'll never open my legs for his type. I don't do fu#k boys". Dj Fruit came back while we were talking. He apologised for what happened. I demanded an explanation. He went "I once slept with her after a night of drinking but I didn't come. She claims the baby is mine. I swear on my father's grave that I did not impregnate her. She's lying thru her yellow teeth. That little animal doesn't even look like me. You saw it yourself mos". Nobuhle told me I shouldn't make Fruit's life my business because it was none of my business. I decided to let it go. Nobuhle told me she bought us toiletries because we forgot to take them when we left Phillip Nel Park. I told her I had mine in the car. She went "lemme go take a

shower". As soon as she hit the bathroom I told Fruit I was going to fetch my toiletry bag from the car. Before I could reach the elevator I remembered I forget to take the car keys. I had no choice but to walk back to the flat. Don't you get pissed when you have to go back somewhere before you forgot something? It pisses me off all the time. I opened the door and to my surprise Dj Fruit was nowhere to be seen. Like I said before, his place was a small bachelor. From the door it was possible to see all corners of his place, including the bathroom door. I could hear the sound of water raining down in the shower. I felt a cloud of anger invading my head. I headed straight to the bathroom door.

I opened and

Boooooommmmm

THE END

[12/10, 11:52] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –

Makhwapheni Episode 283

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a comment

She was like those kinda girls who would give you sleeping tablets just so she could seduce your man. Yes, we do have people like that in this world of Ntate Modimo. My entire body was expecting to see the worst in that bathroom. In my mind the only place Dj Fruit could be was in the bathroom with Nobuhle shagging like nobody's business. When I opened the door Nobuhle who was covered in foam from the body wash screamed "noooooooooo who is this? I am flipping showering". She was trying to rinse her eyes as she said that. Dj Fruit was not with her. I kinda got happily disappointed. I went "it's me. I thought you were.....never mind. I am pressed. I wanna use the bathroom". She told me she thought it was Dj Fruit trying to get some action from her. I asked what she was gonna do if it was him. She went "let me be

honest before God mtase, as much as I see a player in him a round or two won't hurt. I am not fragile and soft like you. I am used to handling players like him. I am a 'starring' on my own". I asked why she was against me giving the guy a chance when she had ambitions of shagging him. She laughed and said "ha ha ha ha what happened to your sense of humour mtase? I am just kidding. I wouldn't do him even if he was the only guy on earth". I could tell from her voice that she was lying to me. I let it go because there was no need to argue about what was not ours. I pretended to pee and then left her to finish showering. I couldn't help it but wonder where Dj Fruit disappeared. I even checked under his bed and inside the closet just to check if nigger wasn't hiding inside. I was developing some sense of jealousy. I think my heart was playing mind game with me. Part of me agreed with what Nobuhle said about Fruit being the type that breaks hearts and leave.

I grabbed my phone and car keys and headed to the door. I opened the door and the gorgeous Fruit was right on my face. Our lips had a face to face moment. The chemistry was heavier than Donald Trump's arrogance. He went "I think we should kiss. What do you think?". I closed my eyes and said "I don't know. Maybe you should open the way and let me pass". I had to close my eyes because looking at him made me weak both mentally and emotionally. Something was happening inside my body and I didn't like it. Some guys are so hot they can make you forget your own name. I felt his soft lips searching for happiness on mine. It was just a light kiss but it drove my blood to wrong areas. I opened my eyes and paroled myself from his presence. I could feel I was gradually getting arrested by his charm. I was avoiding being a prisoner of emotional attachment. When I got to the car I put my head on the steering wheel and whispered "Sharon Letsoalo,

what has gotten into you? What happened to the promises you made to yourself about being a good girl and concentrating on your studies? Are you gonna throw that away for a guy you hardly know? You are clever than that. Don't let stupid feelings mislead you into undoing the great job you have been doing of rebuilding yourself after everything that happened to you. Make Piet and Denzel proud wherever they are". We all have that voice of reason within us. Most of the advices from that inner voice carry weight but we tend to ignore them. I called JT and her phone was off. I left her a voicemail "I miss you my friend. I am not in trouble but I could do with someone to talk to right now. Hope you are well wherever you are. Love you tons". Gays and lesbians make good friends and advisers, especially when coming to the issue of relationships. They are brutally honest but at least they won't lie to you. Girls are cool but most of them always carry a little agenda

under their chins. They can make you drink an emotional poison if it suits their agenda. Well, I have done it many times to my girls in high school, just for the hell of it. I remembered I left Nobuhle and Dj Fruit at the flat. I had to rush back before something happened. I didn't want Nobuhle to act against her own advice. No, let me not lie. I didn't want Nobuhle to sleep with other people's person. I took my toiletries and headed back to the flat.

When I got to the flat Nobuhle had just discharged herself from the bathroom. She was wearing nothing but a towel. The way she was walking made it evident that she wanted to grab Dj Fruit's attention. Nigger's eyes were glued on her ezi like she had eye magnets. I went "Nobuhle I think you should go get dressed in the bathroom. There's no privacy here. As you can see, this place is too small for all of us". She told me she thought Fruit was out. She walked back to the bathroom with a tail

between her legs. Mxm the biach probably wished it was Fruit's tail between her legs. Fruit asked why I was acting like a jealous girlfriend and I was like "get off that horse bra. You are not all that. What we did last night was the results of the vodka I had. I feel nothing for you. Actually, I regret coming here. I should have booked a hotel or something because now people are getting wrong impressions. I don't have time for people with hundred baby mamas. I'm leaving". I was trying my best to shroud what I was feeling inside. He smiled and said "the door is open. I won't stop you. I don't have time for drama queens. I pay DSTV for the kind of drama I prefer watching". I went "mxm" and headed to the door. He went "Sharon....". I turned so fast you would swear I was powered by unleaded 95 petrol. I was expecting him to apologise for being hard on a yellow bone like me. He went "you forgot your watch". If I had a friend from Moletji I would have asked her to

lend me her lightning to deal with Fruit right there. He literally took my ego, washed it with a cheap soap from Muhamed & Sons tuckshop across the road. The walk from the door to fetch my watch seemed like a trip from Tembisa to Venda in RR's 1400 blue machine. I grabbed my watch like a sulky daughter taking R5 from her dad. I went "I will leave as soon as Nobuhle is done getting dressed. Eish she's taking time.... Nobuhle, Nobuhle. Are you done? Let's go. I wanna go back to my place. I think I overstayed my welcome here. I have a feeling another baby mama is on the way". I took out my phone and started scrolling up and down. Nigger was humming Usher's Separated song. I couldn't take it anymore....i opened the bathroom door to tell Nobuhle I was leaving.

She wanted to know why I was leaving when we agreed to have breakfast and lunch with Dj Fruit. I told her I had a change of mind. She went "if you want to leave you can do so. I am not going

anywhere mtase, especially not to that big house with ghosts that \$hit everywhere". Wow, I didn't see that one coming. I had no come back to that. I closed the bathroom door and left. When I got to the car my eyes urinated tears marinated with emotional humiliation. Sometimes being a girl sucks. We cry over things that are not even ours. I know a girl who cried when Gadaffi of Generations – The Legacy fame got shot. That's how petty we can be. Boys will not understand because they were born to be pricks. I wiped my tears and drove around Sunnyside. I didn't even know where I was going. I decided to go grab something to chow at Chicken Licken. I couldn't sit in because I had not bathed. Some hobo looking guy asked for 'five rand'. I went "voetsek, go ask your father". He exposed his brown teeth and said "you will never find inner peace, Never". Lol South African people lack a chill. I replied "I don't want inner peace because I have Chicken

Licken pieces". After buying my food I headed to Phillip Nel. I passed by Marabastad to a buy a new Bible. I wanted to defeat satan in the name of Jesus. When I got to the gate I started sweating. I closed my eyes and spoke to my God "I know you are my shepherd. Even if I walk in the valley of death, I will fear no evil because you are with me. Amen". The prayer gave me strength. I didn't park the car inside the garage, I parked it in front of the door. Big houses are cool when you have company. I took a quick shower and enjoyed my meal afterwards. I kept checking Facebook to see if Nobuhle had updated something or checked in at some restaurant with Dj Fruit. My emotions were playing with me. One silly thought told me to shower her clothes with jik. Spending couple of hours alone made me find 'my inner peace'. Selfie's mom called me. She went "my son, Selfie's father did karate again. My one eyes is not open and close anymore. But I did karate

too. I hold his marete too much and he heard pain too much". I didn't like the fact that Selfie's father hit her whenever they fought. I told her to go sleep at my place. I read the Bible until it the sun fell asleep. Around 7pm Fruit called me. To be honest, seeing his name on the screen put a smile on my face. I manufactured an angry voice and went "what do you want? Why don't you call your girlfriend Nobuhle? Oh, konje you are with her right now!!". He told me she left 10 minutes after I left. He continued "I went to Mamelodi immediately after she left. We were busy fixing my car. I couldn't let her stay in my flat without you. I know you think I am a bad boy but I'm actually cool. Anyway, my car is cool now. I bought pizza and wine....i was wondering if we could have supper together. It's my way of apologizing after how I treated you in the morning". I said no but after some sweet begging I gave him my address. He told me his battery was dying but he knew the place well.

He told me to listen for his hooting in about 25 minutes in case his battery died. I immediately went to my bedroom and put a pad in my panties. Girls will understand why I did that. After about 15 minutes I heard a car hooting from the gate. Thanks to technology, I opened the gate without having to move a toe. I didn't hear any sound of a car driving in. within couple of seconds I heard a knock on the door. I assumed Fruit parked his car outside the gate. I opened the door and the first thing I saw was a hairy face.....

WTF

THE END

[12/10, 11:52] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 284

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

After everything I had been thru the last thing I

wanted was to see tokoloshis in my life. I was expecting to see nothing but Dj Fruit. With everything that happened in the weeks that passed all I wanted was to live a normal life with no Venda dramas. The parcel I saw in the garage the previous night made me cagey and distrustful of my surroundings. I heard and saw things everywhere, especially at night. When you mess with Venda people you must be ready to face weird things. At first I thought it was a goat that Tshengi left for me in his will. But the hairy thing I saw was almost same height as me. I screamed my lungs out while trying to close the door. The hairy things pushed the door. I was praying and screaming at the same time. Both my power and the Lord's power were failing me because the hairy thing overpowered me. It pushed the door open and I fell on the floor in the process. Before I could scream louder the thing took off the hairy mask from the face. Nxa my heart almost skipped 100

beats when I noticed it was Nobuhle pulling a prank on me. I didn't find her damn prank funny. I was flipping mad at her. She went "I am sorry mtase. I just wanted to make us laugh after the way you left in the morning. I just wanted to make you laugh. I am very sorry, I didn't meat to terrify you. Please forgive me". I was still shaking. That was a very insensitive joke. She knew very well I was still recovering and she still went on to make a prank that was likely to trigger distress in me. I told her to take whatever belonged to her in the house and leave. She tried to beg me to accept her apology but I told her "you can take that apology and insert it in that dark hole between your legs. I thought you were my friend but I can see you want to destroy me. I don't ever wanna see you again. You don't exist kin my life from today". She told me she didn't have transport to go to her place that time of the night. I told her to tell whoever dropped her in Phillip Nel Park to

come back fetch her.

When she went upstairs to pack her things I decided to lock the door. I didn't want another shock. Immediately after locking there was a knock. I asked who it was. My heart skipped a beat when I heard Fruit's voice on the other side of the door. I rubbed my eyes to make them look as if I had just stopped crying. I opened the door and there stood Dj Fruit with a box of pizza and a bottle of wine. He wanted to kiss me but stopped when he saw my eyes were on periods. He asked if I was okay and I went "I am fine". If you want caring attention from a guy never say you are ok when he asks if you are okay. He put the pizza and wine down to concentrate on me. He held me in his arms and told me "whatever is troubling you will go away in the name of Jesus". Lol it was the very first time I heard him going all religious. Nobuhle barged from upstairs carrying a bag. When she saw Fruit she went "and then wena? What are you doing here?"

I thought you were still with the 3rd baby mama I left you with at your flat? Are you here to make Sharon your another baby mama?”. Fruit laughed and told her to stop smoking nyaope. He was like “is that the kind of lies you gonna start spreading because I turned down your moves? Maybe I might as well tell your friend how you told me she wasn’t good enough for me and that you wanted me badly. Now that I turned you down you are trying to turn me against her. That’s so cheap you know. I hate your type. You are not different from witches”. One thing I hated about myself was always associating with people who betrayed me. Friends and people I slept with betrayed me all the time. Nobuhle wanted to defend herself but I told her to get the hell out of the house. She went “it’s fine I’ll leave. Don’t say I didn’t warn you about him. He is a player and he won’t hesitate to break your broken heart. You will come running for my shoulder. As for you Fruit,

hope you don't mind dating a rape victim who had more than 10 abortions. She'll probably abort the baby you are going to make tonight. Hope your cock is big enough to swim where Vendas and Nigerians danced. Good luck with your relationship". I grabbed the wine bottle and tried to hit her with it. Fruit snatched the bottle from my hand before I could kill the hoe.

Nobuhle s'shwapad out of the house. I went "whatever she said is a lie but if you want to believe her that is your business. If you believe her you might as well follow her". He sat me down on the couch and went "don't be too hard on yourself because of people like her. I chased her out of my flat for a reason. She is exactly like my ex, a psycho that only cares about herself. You should dismiss her from your life or she'll make it a living hell". I was glad he took my side. He told me to wear jeans and sneakers. I asked him why and he told me I'll see. I changed clothes as per his instruction. I locked

the house and got in his car. Eish it was some uncomfortable transition to go from a German SUV to some smallanyana toy. It was like dumping a blesser and then date an unemployed boyfriend who made living via gambling at the street corner. I asked him to at least give me a clue of where we were going but he said no. He just said "I want to take your mind off thing. I know your heart is paining right now. After you drove all the way from Mamelodi to Kempton Park to help he this is how she thanks you. You must not have snakes like that in your life". He drove us to Sunnyside. I went "hope we are not going to your place please I am not comfortable with it. I don't want to re-live what happened this morning". He told me to relax because he wasn't taking me to his place. He parked the car behind Sunnypark Mall. He went "we are going to turn up the ghetto way babe. I want you to dance Nobuhle out of your system. We are going to Europa". I loved Europa

during my first year in Pretoria when having money was an issue. But as time went on I began outgrowing it. The loud music and many Limpopo kids who flock there everyday wasn't my thing anymore. I was used to classy places. Dj Fruit told me to forget it was Europa and concentrate on having fun. I was like "WTH, it's not like I'm gonna die". We walked inside Europa and he bought 6 Heinekens. I told him I didn't like Heineken and he went "ha ha ha ha tonight you will like it. It is not that bad. You will enjoy it, believe me".

Nigger was making me do things I was not cool with but because he was cute I did them. The first 2 Heinekens were terrible. From the third one I started enjoying them. Now and then Fruit would take me to the dance floor to show me his moves. He was more than good on the dance floor. Some girls tried to dance with him but I threatened them with a bottle. Hayibo Modimo!!!! I hate it when hoes go clubbing

alone only for them to start whoring on other people's baes. That is witchcraft bathing. Whenever I came back from the bathroom I found Fruit surrounded by younger girls. These little rascals are no good. They can snatch your man right under your nose. Fruit told me "I'll be back right now". He walked to the DJ booth and spoke to the Dj. Few seconds later the Dj played my favourite house song, Black Motion ft Miss P – It's You. I felt morals writing a suicide letter in my heart. My morals committed suicide and the ratchet in me was resurrected. I made the dance floor look like a small place. Fruit came to join me and completed my night. We left Europa around 12am. I was more than sloshed. He wanted us to drive to his place because it was closer but I told him I wasn't comfortable with it. Being the good boy that he was, he drove us to Phillip Nel Park. He wanted us to park in the middle of the road and shag but I told him he was dreaming. I was drunk but the

last thing I wanted was to appear on the front page of Daily Sun the following day. When we got to my place I wanted to sleep but nigger had other plans. He told me the night was still an infant. He produced some dagga and rolled a joint for us. I told him "no Fruit, we can't smoke that in Marcus' house. He's overseas but I must respect him". It was like I was to a deaf person. He didn't even look at me. I found his stubbornness romantic. He took few puffs and passed it to me. One of the reasons girls keep going after bad boys is because they make us do bad things. And to be honest, bad things are not always bad. You can judge me if you want but a relationship that lacks some element of craziness is boring. Most people cheat because their relationships lack a little bit of satan in it. We started laughing and clapping hands for no reason. #ZolThings. He wanted to kiss me but I stopped him. I went "I am on periods babe...you gonna have to wait a little bit longer". He told

me he didn't want to chow me, he just wanted to play with my boobies. He took off my top and breastfed himself on my chest. Nigger passed out on my chest. Ka e tshaba zolo. We slept on the couch.

When I opened my eyes in the morning there was a person standing next to us.

Boooooooooommmmmmm!!!!!!!

THE END

[12/10, 11:53] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 285

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

Nothing knocks mo-girl down like a hangover of alcohol and patje. My head was pounding, like someone was dancing at Europa inside my head. We all love booze but the effect of the morning after will make you lie to yourself that you will never touch alcohol ever again. All

drinkers have been in a situation where they wake up and feel like chopping their heads off. It is even worse if something unexpected happens while you are still trying to nurse your headache, especially if it's something scary, disturbing or negative. My vision was a bit foggy but I was hundred percent sure the structure in front of me was a human being. I was topless and Fruit was 'bottomless'. I grabbed my top and got dressed. The whole situation looked wrong nje. I rubbed my eyes twice and took another look at the person standing next to us. It was a man I had not seen before. He looked couple of years older than Marcus. Judging by his complexion he was mos def a Limpopian. He was shaking his head like someone who had just witnessed a scene of people performing a sin in Mafikeng. I wanted to scream but my mouth didn't have a capacity to produce any voice. I was not weak but didn't have strength. I tried to wake Fruit but

he murmured “what now? Do you want another round or you want to blow me? I can do with a long round the way I am feeling right now? Do you have more zol?”. He was speaking with his eyes closed. I don’t think he was aware there was another person in our company. The man took out his phone and called someone. He said “yes I am here. Your house looks like a brothel with cheap hookers. There is a smell of zol and I see two naked people. The female one looks like the one on the photo you always keep in your wallet. Had you told me I was coming to check up on a person like this I would have said no. You better come back as soon as possible or one day you gonna find your house burnt to ashes I’m telling you”. It was quite obvious he was speaking to Marcus. It was difficult but I managed to get off the couch. I wanted to ask the guy who he was. As soon as he was done with the call I asked him who he was. He just gave me a disgusted look and walked to the

kitchen to drink water.

After drinking water he went “I am Marcus’ uncle from Johannesburg. He asked me to bring you grocery and other stuff but by the look of things you don’t deserve anything from me. I am starting to have doubts that you are one of us. If I were Marcus I would kick you out and ban you from setting your filthy maotwana in this house. What kind of crap is this?”. The guy’s voice made Fruit open his eyes to check who was talking. He grabbed a cushion and covered his assets. Dj Fruit went “eh what’s going on here? Who is this guy? Is he your blesser or sugar daddy? Why didn’t you tell me you have visitors? Damn this is so wrong maaaaan”. The man went back to the kitchen to drink more water. He looked very angry. I didn’t even know Marcus had an uncle in Johannesburg. He didn’t resemble Marcus by an inch. I didn’t understand what he meant when he said he was starting to doubt I was

one of them. I asked him how he got access to the house and he told me he always had Marcus' spare keys. Fruit got dressed and went "I will call you babe. Bye and good luck". He left me to deal with the situation by myself. Talk about a friend in need. The guy said "Actually, the main reason I came was to exchange the car with you. Marcus told me to leave my Mini Cooper here and take his X5 because it's too big for you. But I doubt I will feel comfortable leaving my car with a loose woman like you. I don't care about how Marcus feels about you but what I am seeing now cannot be tolerated in the Mboweni family. None of the Mboweni females behave like you. You are not a real". His phone rang before he could finish that sentence. I think it was Marcus because he was explaining how he was not comfortable leaving his car with someone who smoked weed and drank to a point of sleeping on the coach. He was doing his best to badmouth me. He even

told Marcus that he found used condoms on the floor which was a pure lie. Nigger was trying his level best to destroy me. I was thinking very fast about how to get myself out of the mess. I knew Marcus was going to kick me out of his house for good. Eventually satan gave me a good idea. Sometimes a girl gotta do what a girl gotta do to survive.

He was wearing sweat pants. I think he was one of those old toppies who didn't want to grow up, the like of Irvin Randle aka International Mkhulu Bae. I walked to him while he was busy on a call saying thousand bad things about me. I quickly pulled down his pants and before he could react I had my mouth on his mrengerenge. He was indeed Marcus' uncle by the look of things. He had Shangaan features between his legs. I don't know how it happened but nigger dropped his phone....like literally dropped it to the floor. I could hear Marcus' fading "hello hello hello hello" from the phone. I used my finger to end

the call. Nigger went “what do do do do you you you you you you you think you are are are are doooooing you little gi.....”. I gently grabbed his balls and squeezed mrengisto between my tongue and my hard palace. Nigger started singing George Maluleke’s Xilahla lexintshwa. I almost ejected his mrengz and laughed. I knew very well that every man’s weakness is situated between his legs. When they are excited between their legs they think nothing but marago fela. Marcus’ so-called uncle proved my theory right when he dumped his anger in favour of Mandela’s TRC. Sometimes I thank God He made me a woman. It’s not nice being a men bathong. Just imagine your brain evaporating whenever you see a vjayjay or any sacred hole. If you don’t believe what I am saying Google Vavi, Clinton or Zuma. I don’t know if he was dancing makhwaya or what but his legs were moving as I blew him. The moves synced with the song he was singing. I stopped

and asked “mi right tatana Mboweni?”. He grabbed my head and directed it back to the mrengez. I think it was his way of telling me he was enjoying my tongue. He went “don’t call me Mboweni, I am Alex”. I withdrew my mouth for few seconds and went “Well Alex, my tongue will OLX your morals mrena”. I blew him more until he sang the song he was singing in tongues. When I felt his balls dancing gwara gwara I withdrew my mouth. I knew it was time to be The General, General Shaznonke. It was time to take advantage of the situation. Ladies if you want something from your man, wait for the moment just before he comes. He will never say no to you. If he says no dump the bloody thing, he’s a tokoloshi.

He wanted to force my head back to his area of national importance but I refused. I went “it’s time to take things to the next level. I want you inside me. I want you now”. If the smile on his face was money it would buy Hlaudi some brain.

It was wider than a vjayjays of girls who date guys from Ha-Mulima. I was like “take off your clothes Alex and let me alexualise you”. Nigger took off his clothes in less than 5 seconds. I told him to lie on the couch and close his eyes. Men are very obedient when they want to get laid. He lay on the couch and closed his eyes. I reached for my phone while fondling his balls with my other hand. His eyes were still closed. I took us two selfies with my face hidden. I was like “don’t open your eyes love. I want to do things you have never seen before. Are you ready for this?”. He screamed “your wish is my command ximatsatsa xa mina”. I moved back a bit and shot a video of him naked. The way he was anticipating a good time he didn’t even open his eyes. Lol stupid men like him don’t deserve to have dicks. I went “open your eyes beeeibbbbieeeee”. As soon as he opened his eyes I told him what I did. Before he could jump at me I told him I already sent the pictures and

video to a friend and if he did something to me the pictures would be on Facebook and Twitter before midday. He sat down and went “nxa, what do you call this huh?” I gave him a huge smile and went “it’s my insurance Alex. It’s called First for Dickheads”. I grabbed his phone and called the last number he dialed. I put the phone on loud speaker and handed it to him. The writing was on the wall, he didn’t have to ask any questions. When Marcus answered Alex went “I feel guilty Mboweni. I think she doesn’t want the Mini. She made me lie about the things I told you earlier to make you change your mind about the exchanging cars. She knew you’d be angry and tell me not to exchange cars. I am sorry I lied. She was washing dishes when I got here. I think she likes the X5.

Marcus was like “I have cameras in the house. I

.....

B0000000MMM halakashaaaaa

THE END

[12/10, 11:54] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 286

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

If there one thing no normal girl wants is being recorded while blowing a man or getting laid, especially if it is done without your knowledge or permission. Just imagine an elder you respect dearly telling you he has a video of you shagging someone old enough to be your father!!! Most girls would actually commit suicide because of it. I know a girl from Midrand who committed suicide because her private video went viral. I don't condone suicide but I personally understand why she did it. When Marcus mentioned he had cameras in the house I knew I was in big \$hit. I knew he was going to watch the footage and kick me out of his house. Eish when such things happen the

only solution is to join church and devote your life to the man upstairs. That is the only solution when your life is always wearing bad luck. Well, if you are Zulu you can always go to the villages and come back wearing biltong on your wrist. Alex looked like a sick goat. That's how nonplused he was. Marcus's words were followed by an awkward silence. He wanted to speak but his voice was raped by the shock of what Marcus had just said. Marcus continued "are you still there uncle?". Alex told him the line was a bit bad. Marcus was like "I am just kidding. There are no cameras in the house. I know Sharon can be a tricky, calculative and conniving little daughter of a bi....uhm ja. I am glad you told me the truth. Don't let her bulldoze you mentally. She is as smart as Alex rats. Tell her to give you the X5 keys and give her the Mini keys. She is just a kid uncle". Lol I almost laughed when he said I was as smart as the Alex rats. Only if Alex was as smart as the Alex

rats. Alex promised Marcus that he would do as instructed. After the call I clapped hands and went “good boy Alex....not bad. You can have the X5 keys and I’ll happily take the Mini ones. Oh, I forgot to tell you the money Marcus gave me before he left is finished. But don’t worry, I can sell the pictures and video to your wife. I am sure she would love to see how sexy you look on the photos”. He took his phone and asked “what is your bank account number?”.

They say you can teach old dog new tricks. Well, that’s not what I believe in. I believe in using new tricks to trick old dogs. Alex underestimated my thinking. That is why I taught him a lesson. I happily gave him my account number and within few seconds I received an sms from FNB. Money made fast and easy. He went “if I ever see those pictures anywhere I’m gonna kill your entire family. Consider this a threat”. I could see on his face that he was dead serious. When dark Tsonga

guys are angry they can make you lose an appetite. We exchanged car keys. Before he left he wanted to exchange numbers. I asked him why and he said "in case you have a problem with the car. It is registered in my name. What else would I need your number for? Do you think I would want to speak to girls your type". We exchanged numbers and he left. I was actually happy about the Mini. There were lots and lots of grocery in the boot. You would swear nigger bought grocery for 100 people. I felt so lucky to have people who cared about me. Sometimes we take people who care for us for granted. There are kids out there who don't have caring people in their lives, you know those people who have to hustle before they find something to fill their stomachs. Marcus was my super guy. I remembered something Alex said, Marcus having my picture in his wallet. It was a strange thing to for a man to have another man's daughter's picture in his wallet. Normally men

put pictures of their children in their wallets. Then a thought landed in my mind. It was a bit silly but it made sense. I added one and one and got eleven. I took out my phone and called my mom. She was so happy to hear from me. Or maybe she had just had a session with Denzel Junior. Anything was possible with Makoma Letsoalo. She wanted to ask me motherly questions but I was not in a mood for that. I went straight to the point. I went “mama, is Marcus my father? Please be honest or I will hate you forever”. I expected her to be rattled but she sounded very settled. She asked what triggered the question and I told her “the way he treats me nje. And the way you always force me to stay with him. I have had these suspicions for ages. Please tell me the truth”.

She hung up on me. I tried to call her again but her phone was off. I called Selfie’s mom and asked if she was at my house by any chance. She went “no my son, is now in home with

house band. Selfie's father forgave me big time ago. No karate today". I decided to take chances and asked her if she knew who my real father was. She went "Piet Letsoalo. May his son rest in peace shem. You looks like her straight". Selfie's mom was the honest type and I knew she wouldn't lie to me if she knew anything. And she was right about me looking like Piet. Many people have told me before that I looked more like Piet than my mom. I decided to let it go. Maybe Marcus loved me because he had some dealings with my parents. My mom called after 30 minutes. She told me her battery died. I told her she should forget about what I asked earlier. She went "no, you deserve to know. Marcus is not your father but there is something you need to know. I am just not sure if you can handle it. Are you sure you wanna hear this over the phone?". She sounded very serious and it got me worried. I was not prepared to handle a bombshell. I told her "we

will talk when I come home for holidays mma. Bye bye". I regretted asking that question. I did some spring cleaning in the house. After cleaning I washed my laundry. I was so flipping tired. I had brunch and took a nap afterwards. I woke up after 16h00. I didn't have much to do, so I ate again and went back to bed. I spent the whole night alone for the first time in days. I woke up around 11am the following day. I had 3 missing calls from Fruit. I called to ask him what he wanted. He went "I wanted to take you out for breakfast. It's ok because it's late now. I'll take you out next. But if you don't have plans for the next 2 days we can go to Durban together tonight. I have to play at some private gig of some rich guy in Durban". When girls from Limpopo hear the name Durban we go crazy. Blame it on growing up far from the sea. That big dam drives us crazy. To us going to Durban is a big deal. I told him I'll go with him only if he allowed me to invite a friend. Nigger

agreed with my condition.

My condition was funny because I didn't even have any friend to invite. There was no way I was gonna invite Nobuhle because I knew she wanted Fruit. What I knew was I couldn't go to another province with someone I had just met. We learn from our mistakes. I whatsapped Pulane, my TUT friend. She was so happy to hear from me. I asked if she was game to go to Durban for a party. She told me she was holidaying with her bae in Kenya. I asked which bae and she told me some uncle bae from Nigeria. I checked my phone to see if there was another candidate to invite. My eyes were met with the name of Ronny Ramokgopa. I immediately made a call to ask him to accompany me to Durban. I didn't want to tell him we were going to a party. He went "are you taking me for baby location?". Lol I laughed and told him it was baecation not baby location. Hayi bo RR mrena. He told me he was on leave

and didn't have any plans, so he agreed. Only if he knew I was taking him as my body guard. I told him to pack his bag and drive straight to Phillip Nel in about 3 hours. I called Fruit to tell him to come fetch us later. I packed my bags and took a bath. After bathing I went to salon. I decided to do something different, chiskop (bald). When the hairstylist was done with my head some guy went "you look like a very young and beautiful version of Amber Rose. Please keep your head like that". As they say, the first compliment after doing a new hairstyle is very important. I rocked shades, stood next to the Mini Cooper and took couple of selfies. I looked like a zillion naira babe. I uploaded the pictures on Facebook. Some girl from home commented with "did you paint Maite's Mini Cooper". I told her I painted her mother's tired clit. RR called to tell me he was almost in Phillip Nel. I quickly drove back to the house. When RR saw me he spit on his palm and lightly slapped my bald

head and screamed “chiskop lerago la mmisisi”. RR was one crazy nigger. He was like “o botse nkare ke wena Shaolin Master (you are so hot you look like a Shaolin Master)”. Nigger had more than 10 bags. I asked him what he had in those bags and he went “dikupu le dibucket tsa go kga meetsi a lewatle (water containers and buckets to fetch sea water”. Lol ja ne, Limpoposm on fleek. I told him the car didn’t have enough space. I advised RR to park his car in the garage. Fruit called to tell me he was on his way to fetch me. After about 20 minutes he called to ask me to open the gate. I noticed Fruit was not alone in the car. I went closer to see who he was with.

A male-ish voice went “hawu chomie kanti ke wena? O jola le Fruit (my friend is this you? Are you dating Fruit)?”

Boooooommm.....

THE END

[12/10, 11:55] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 287

September 10, 2017 Lesege Maake Leave
a comment

In my dream I know I am falling. But there is no up or down, no walls or sides or ceilings, just the sensation of cold and darkness everywhere. I am so scared I could scream. But when I open my mouth, nothing happens. And I wonder if you fall forever and never touch down, is it really still falling? I think I will fall forever” – Lauren Oliver

I was looking forward to going Durban. In fact I was looking forward to going to the sea. It's a big deal for us people from inland. Going to Durban and not see the sea is like going to Diepsloot and not see a very dark guy with yellow teeth. I was also looking forward to the long drive with RR. Many people might wonder why I wanted him in my company. Well, niggers

like RR are protectors. I am not talking about violent situations, I am talking about situations where I get drunk and lose control of my senses. A fool like RR would do whatever it takes to make sure nobody touches. Smart niggers would take advantage of the situation. The aim was to keep my legs shut. I was not planning to give some to Fruit. I knew he had that thought in his mind but I had already planned to go 'sexually-magongoa' on him. The last thing I expected to see was seeing someone I knew in the car. Phiso was his bubbly self when he saw me. His gaysm was on fleek that day. I wondered how he and Fruit knew each other. But well....gay niggers know everyone in the entertainment industry. Fruit was like "you guys know each other? How? Kanjani? This world is like dicks of a Zulu men.". Phiso was like "I am the one who should be shocked that you know her. I demand an explanation please. I want all details, don't leave anything out or someone will

bleed”. Gay niggers are the nosiest people on earth. And they don’t want half details, they want everything in full. Fruit told Phiso that I was just a friend he met couple of weeks ago and there was nothing wrong going on between us. Phiso looked at me for corroboration of what Fruit was saying. I told him Fruit was not lying. I asked them how they knew each other and Phiso was like “It’s a very long story. We will talk on our way to Durban”. WTF, Fruit had not told me that he was bringing someone along. I thought it was just gonna be the three of us. RR appeared from the garage and went “mmamoruti, ke tshwere ke lesepa. Ke kgopela toilet”. Fruit and Phiso laughed and asked when did I become Mamoruti. I went “it’s a long story. We will talk on our way to Durban”. They laughed even louder. Fruit’s voice sounded funny.

Fruit went “well, Phišo is also going to the party with us. When you told me you are bringing a

friend I also thought it was proper that I bring someone so that we could be even. Two girls and two boys. Cool neh? Please tell that gardener of yours to help you put your bags in my car. And... where is the girl you are taking along?”. Lol nigger was so convinced I was taking a female friend to Durban. I went “the guy you saw is not my gardener, he is the friend I’m tagging along. I don’t remember telling you my friend is a female. You jumped to your own conclusions?”. Phišo laughed and told me to stop joking. I told them I was serious. Phišo was like “nobody will take us seriously when we are in a company of that ugly organism. He will pollute the sea. If le tsamaya le yena nna yena ke tla no išalela (if he’s going I’ll remain behind). I don’t think I’ll survive a 5-hour drive le sekobo sela”. I know we all judge now and then but discriminating against a person because of his physical appearance is not on. Nobody chose to look the way they look. We were all formed in

the image of God, well.... except for Nkosi's wife. Remember the sea lion who once beat the hell out of me for stealing her man? She was probably formed in the imagine of satan. RR came back while we were arguing about him. He extended his arm to Fruit and went "my name is Professor Ronny Ramokgopa. Ke thabela go le tseba (pleased to meet you)". I saw Phišo's eyes softening. He whispered "you should have told me he's a professor. I reverse what I said earlier. We can go with him to Durban. I find educated men attractive, even the ugly ones". Lol I found RR's lie funny. I almost told them he was lying about being a professor. I asked Fruit if his car was well enough to handle a long distance trip. Men love taking risks. His car had a problem not long ago and there he was taking it on a long trip. He went "I am not sure. We'll see as we go". No wonder men pay high insurance premiums on whatever they insure, everything is risky to them. RR said

“we can use my blue SUV. We’ll be in Durban in less than 3 hours”. Phišo laughed and went “Professor tša Mapedi di na le maaka thwii (Pedi professors are liars)”. I told them we could use my car. Fruit wanted to say no but I convinced them to agree with me. The Mini was more safer than his limping car. And it was an excuse to take the Mini on a long drive. We took our stuff and put them in the Mini. Luckily they didn’t have huge large bags. RR wanted to put his water containers in the car but I said “no”. There was no enough space in the car.

Phišo asked us to pass by Centurion because he wanted to take some parcels from a friend. The friend happened to be Dali. I hid myself in the car to avoid being seen. Fruit got out of the car to go buy cigarettes. Their absence in the car gave me a chance to ask RR why he lied about being a professor. He produced his ID card and showed it to me. His full names were Professor Motlatso Ronny Ramokgopa. Lol it’s

only in Botlokwa where you have a dumb person without matric named Professor. In fact it's a Limpopo problem. We all have uncles and aunts with names like Nurse, Doctor, Police and Lawyer in Limpopo. Majority of those people do not have matric. I told RR the guys thought he was the real professor, like an academic professor. He laughed and went "dilo tše ke ditšatša. O ba humana kae batho ba ba so? The other one nkare ke kgadi matona (these guys are stupid. Where do you get thins kind of people? The other one looks gay)". I told him Phišo was actually gay. He went "open for me. Ga ke sa ya Durban. Nka se tsamaye le di-gay. Kereke ya ka ga e dumele (I'm not going to Durban anymore. I am not driving with gays. My church doesn't allow)". I hate it when people use religion as an excuse to be homophobic. The very same people have friends and family members who kill, steal and hurt other people but they do not hate those people in the name

of religion. Someone being gay will never cause pain to anyone. Being gay is not a criminal offence. Let's learn to respect other people's choices. I gave RR a piece of my mind and told him my life didn't have space for intolerant people. At the end he apologised and went "mara he must not look at my bum. Nka mmetha a totelwa (I'd beat him until he gets horny)". Fruit and Phišo came back to the car. Phišo showed us a roll of R200 notes. RR asked him where he got the money and Phišo went "ke e filwe ke my blesser Prof". RR looked at him and wena "eh, lefase le fihlile mafelelong. Le Jesus wa becha? Ke swabile nko go feta molomo (the world has reached the end. Jesus gives money? I'm so disappointed)". We passed by Spar Tops to buy booze. Everything was on Phišo. I bought my favourite Vodka. Phišo and Fruit bought a bottle of scotch. I asked RR if he wanted anything. He showed me a bottle full of what looked like black coffee. I asked RR to drive

because I wanted to drink. Fruit and I took the back seat. Phišo sat with RR in front. We hit the road to Durban. It was a cool trip, especially when we got drunk. At first we didn't like the music RR was playing. But by the time we passed Harrismith we were all singing Oleseng and Mojeremane's songs. We stopped at Pietermaritzburg to rest and use the bathroom.

It took us exactly 6 hours to drive from Pretoria to Durban. RR was a very good driver. I was glad he was not treating Phišo differently anymore. They were best buddies. I got so drunk I ended up telling them he wasn't the real professor. They all cracked. We checked in at Licorna Beach Holiday Apartments in Umhlanga. I knew the place well because it was not far from Breakers Resort, the hotel I slept at when Nkosi took me to Durban. I wanted to go paint the town red but Fruit told me he was tired. RR enjoyed the sound of waves in the sea. He went "mos mo ko lora nomoro tša Power Boss (I'm

gonna dream Power Boss numbers)”. There were two bedrooms in our unit. Fruit wanted to share a bedroom with me but I said no. He sulked and slept on the couch. He passed out within 10 minutes. RR took the other bedroom. Phišo slept on the other couch. I took the remaining bedroom. My body was a bit itchy so I decided to wake up and shower. I think it was adjusting to the coastal environment. Taking a shower under the influence of alcohol is so nice. While I was showering the door opened and Phišo walked in. I didn’t get unsettled because he was gay, so nigger was harmless. He took off his clothes and joined me in the shower. I remembered how charmed I was the very first time I saw Phišo inside an elevator at Centurion Lake Hotel. He was a charmer boy. Sometimes my heart pains when a very cute guy is gay. He was cuter than Fruit but his body had nothing on Fruit’s. If he was straight and I had to choose one, I’d choose both of them lol. As the water

rained on us, I noticed something. Phišo's cock was getting excited second by second. With a drunken voice I went "what's wrong now? Are you thinking of your man Dali?". Nigger grabbed my ass and kissed me. It was one of those random but deep kisses. At first I thought he was just being a naughty gay but when I felt his manhood promoting itself on my belly I knew nigger was serious. He kissed me so well I ended up getting all excited in the wrong areas. When he gave my mouth a break I went "you should stop drink chomie. Check now you forgot you are gay". Instead of responding he started licking my nipples. I felt my boobs going 'jh jh jh jh jh jh'. Damn, he was 'gooder' than many straight guys. He was touching the right places the right way at the right time with the right tact. He switched off the water and whispered "let's go back to the bedroom". When he said that I knew he meant business. I didn't even wrap myself with a towel. We waltzed

back to the bedroom in our birthday suit.

One look on the bed we saw

WTF..... (T-bo Touch – horn pho pho pho phooooo)

THE END

[12/10, 11:57] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 288

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

The joy we get from booze on long trips is out of this world. Ask anyone who has been on a long trip they'll tell you they get an exciting kind of highness. That was me in Durban. I mean, after weeks of not doing stupid things there I was naked with a guy I thought played for Banyana Banyana only for him to show his true colours hundreds of kilometres away from home. I always had a belief that some of these gay guys are not really gay, they are men who

like the thought of being intimate with other men. Don't get me wrong, I am not in any way saying all gays are not really gay....many gays are gay gay. But I don't think Phiso was one of them. The way he reacted when he saw me naked said a lot about him. When we saw Fruit lying on the bed naked I knew kak was about to get real. The shower I took had diluted my drunkenness. I was still drunk but not like before taking a shower. Phiso went "and then? What are you doing here? I thought you passed out on the couch. Please give us some privacy. We have things to do here?". Fruit told Phiso not to try to get smart with him. He was like "this is my woman and you won't touch her. She came to Durban because of me and if she wants something she will get it from me. Not some gay guy who only goes straight under the influence of alcohol. You will not touch her for as long as I am here. I didn't bring you here to be my competitor. Your man will be waiting for

you at the party tomorrow. Please leave this one alone. She is mine and mine only". What started as a small thing became a huge thing when two naked guys started shouting at each other in front of a beautiful naked me. The more they argued was the more I sobered up. They were started to piss me off. Phiso went "you have the guts to call me straight under the influence of alcohol when you are the one who always make moves on guys when you are drunk. You are secretly gay and you are trying your best to hide it. I knew Sharon before you and I have every right to whatever I wanna do with her. You won't stop me".

Fruit punched Phiso and a fight broke out. I tried to stop them but failed. Mxm they were behaving like high school kids. RR entered the bedroom and instead of helping me stop the fight he went "yho yho yho yho yho polo ya ka e ya gola. O botse ngwana wa batho. Le kuku ya gago ke le yellow bone (my cock is growing.

You are damn gorgeous. Even your vjayjay is a yellow bone)”. Mxm sometimes befriending fools is a disadvantage. I wanted his help but there he was commenting about stupid things. He continued “e re ke bone. Bafana ba ke small boys to me. Polo ya ka e feta tsa bona. Ebile yo o mongwe ke leshoboro kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa this is go news whatsoever (let me see. They are small boys to me. I have a bigger cock than them. The other one is not even circumcised)”. I slapped him on the face and told him to help stop the fight. He told me his church didn’t allow him to touch naked men. I slapped him again and told him to forget about his church for a second and help me deal with those two fool. RR punched Phiso on his back and the poor guy fell on the bed. He pulled another good one on Fruit and nigger was on the floor within few seconds. RR was like “ke nna Chuck Norris, ke tiya mpsa e nyele (I am Chuck Norris. I beat the hell out of a fool).

Whatsoever and wheresover and whosoever one way". I quickly grabbed a towel and covered my precious assets. RR asked why I was covering myself and I told him to go to hell. He asked why those guys were fighting and I told him they were fighting for money and dagga. He went "boys, you boys are boys man. How can you fight for money? You are very stupid boys and you will never grow. Wena kgadimatona, o lwa le banna? (you gay guy, you fight with me)? Sies man.... Whatsoever to you". I was glad RR managed to stop the fight but pissed they fought in the first place. No normal girl wants guys to fight in her name. It's cool when you are still in high school but as you grow it starts boring. I told the guys to get out of my room because I wanted to sleep. RR went "mos nna I won the fight. The winner must take all. The winner must sleep with the prize. I won by KO like Mohamed Ali". I told him if he was bored he should go drink tea or play with his hands. They

all left and I locked my bedroom. I didn't want another drama in my name. I slept with a pissed heart that night.

In the morning I received a Whatsapp text from Fruit apologizing for his conduct the previous night. He blamed alcohol for his behavior. I told him it was trains under Mandela Bridge. He asked if I was really going to sleep with Phiso and I ignored his text. I woke up and took a shower. When I joined the guys in the sitting room they were so joyful you would swear nothing happened the previous night. That is one thing I admire about boys. They fight and forgive each other couple of hours later. A fight between two girls will go as far as 20 years over a very small thing. Phiso went "chomi, I am very sorry about last night. Ke tsubile patse e wrong (I smoked wrong dagga). I will never smoke it again. It hit me so hard I became straight. Hope you are not angry at us. To show I am serious about apologizing I am taking all of us out for

breakfast. Everything is on me. My blesser gave me lots and lots of cash yesterday. You saw mos”. RR was like “le nna I forgive you for beating you. I will do it again if given a chance or whatsoever. La ntshwara mos”. Phiso and Fruit cracked. They took showers and we went down to the hotel’s restaurant. When the waitress came to take orders RR went “I want brown pap and mogudu and Lemon Twist. Give me a can, not a bottle”. I couldn’t help it but laugh. Phiso and Fruit joined in the laughing. I could see the waitress was trying her best to avoid laughing. I told RR the things he was ordering were not on the menu. He went “mxm mos nkabe re no reka bupi le nama re apeye our our food. Nna ko ja masepa a? Aowa nna ke nyaka go ja real food (we should have bought maize meal and cooked our own food. Am I supposed to eat this crap? I want real food)”. The waitress told him where to find the kinda food he was looking for. It was some African

restaurant not far from where we were. RR drank his Lemon Twist while we enjoyed our breakfast. He didn't like the food we were eating. He told Phiso "no wonder you don't find women attractive, o ja masepa (you eat crap). You must eat real food". I liked how the guys didn't find RR's comments offensive. They laughed whenever he opened his mouth. He was our trip comedian. They actually thanked me for inviting him over.

After having breakfast I drove RR to that African restaurant to buy pap and mogodu for breakfast. The smile on his face was priceless. He asked if I was dating the guys we left at the hotel and I told him they were my friends and there was nothing going between us. I could see he didn't believe me but he said cool. When we got back to the hotel the guys wanted to eat RR's mogodu. Trust black to laugh at someone who wants to eat African food but wanna eat with him when he buys the very same food they

were laughing at. I have seen it many times.
#SnobsMustFall. Fruit told us he was playing at the private party around 4pm, so we had enough time to go swim at the sea. RR beamed with joy. I think swimming in the sea was the only thing he was looking forward to in Durban. Our hotel was right next to the beach but Fruit suggested that we go to the South Beach because it was the coolest place to see many people in Durban. RR was like “nna ke nyaka go bona lewatele. Taba nyana tse tsa lena tsa magosha ga ke di nyake. Kereke ya ka e ka se dumele....whatsoever (I want to see the sea. I don't want these things of bitches. My church doesn't allow such)”. Phiso laughed and told RR he was not talking about magosha but a beach as in the sandy beach. We laughed at RR's stupidity again. We wore our swimwear inside our normal clothes. RR was wearing brentwood, a shirt and formal white shoes. He told us he wanted to charm Zulu girls. We drove to uShaka

Marine World. The weather was on our side, it was sunny and warm. We let off our clothes in the car. I was wearing a pink swimsuit. Fruit and Phiso were wearing blue mini shorts and they looked comestible. Fruit's 6-pack was on fleek. Even other ladies were looking at him. He had a body to die for. Phiso was a cute banana. RR didn't take off his clothes. He went "nna ke tla phutha brentwutu ya ka go fihla dikhurung (I'll fold my Brentwood up to the knees). It's not illegal mos". He took his water bottles and we headed the beach. RR saw some girl and went "sisi umuhle nkare o phuma ka gare a ilucky packet. Nkare nka u xabuza kancane (my sister you are so beautiful like you come from a lucky packet. I fill like kissing you)". Jeerrrr that was RR raping isiZulu in the Zulu territory. I got embarrassed on his behalf. The poor girl looked at him and walked away without saying a word. Fruit and Phiso laughed. We took pictures in and outside water. RR had bottles of water in all

pictures. He was living in his own planet. I remembered I had a selfie stick in the car. I decided to walk back to the car to fetch it. As I passed next to the pier that leads to Moyo I saw a person that looked very familiar. I looked again and my eyes went wide open.

He was walking with crutches.....

BOOOOOOOOOM

THE END

[12/10, 11:57] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 289

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

My eyes were not ready for what I saw. I was not expecting to see him there. It was one of those situations where you think your eyes are misleading you. To be honest I really thought I was having a nightmare. The lady his was with looked young enough to be my little sister. My

challenge was whether to approach him or not. Approaching was a bit risky because he was mos des going to ask what I was doing in Durban. I didn't want him to know I was in Durban without telling him. I decided to go without him seeing me. I sat in a car for couple of minutes thinking of what I saw. I thought Marcus was overseas. Men will always be dogs and liars. So the day I dropped him at airport he was actually flying to Durban to be with his makhwapheni. I was disappointed in him. I took my selfie stick and walked back to the beach. I was not feeling free anymore because of Marcus. RR was swimming with his clothes on. I asked if I should buy him swimwear and he went "o nyaka mazulu a bone marago a ka (you want Zulus to see my butt)? No ways or whatsoever". I told him about what I saw and he told me not to mind what adults did because it was not my business. I guess he was right, I decided to have fun and forget about the whole

Marcus saga. We spent more than 3 hours at the beach and uShaka Marine World doing water sports. We had lunch and headed back to the hotel afterwards. Fruit wanted to prepare for his gig. I asked him what kinda people are gonna be at the private party he was going to play at and he told me couple of rich people, celebs and tenderpreneurs. I wanted to dress accordingly. I didn't wanna look out at a party full of rich people. Phiso looked hot in a white suit. Fruit looked equally hot in jeans and a black golfie. I rocked a white mini dress, red heels and a matching handbag. I was glad I rocked bald on my head because I didn't have to spend hours styling my hair. RR rocked white trousers, a rainbow-coloured shirt and red kick bhoboza. He reminded me of Malume Jabulani from the old Generations. I told him he looked dope and he went "I know ke masepa ka leshela mamoruti (I know I am a striking dresser)".

I was the one driving to the party. I wanted the

rich people to think I was one of them. The party was in the posh suburb of La Lucia. Fruit told me only rich people stayed there. I could tell by the big beautiful houses that the place housed the who's who of eThekweni. I asked why they invited him to play when Durban has a lot of top Djs. He told me he was well connected that side of the world. I think he was trying to push a charm. I told him he must hook me up with his connections. We were the first people at the party. It made sense because Dj Fruit had to make sure the sound was on the right path. The house was bigger than life. I felt like I was in Sandton. Fruit told me the guy bought the house for R3m few years back. I told him to introduce me to the owner of the house and he laughed. Some girls who dressed like waitresses whisked us to some huge room upstairs. It looked like an entertainment area. They told us we can be as noisy as we wanted because the area had a soundproof. Wow some

people are really living large. They made me wish to be a millionaire. Imagine having a room bigger than your neighbour's entire house as an entertainment room. That is living large on the rocks. Fruit connected his things and tested if everything was on point. RR was like "don't forget to play Winnie Mashaba and Oleseng warra. Ke nyaka go charmer izintombi za Mazulu ka go bina (I wanna charm Zulu girls with my dance moves)". The 'waitresses' gave us drinks and told us to make ourselves at home. I felt like a VIP. They gave RR a glass of whiskey and before I could tell them he doesn't drink alcohol he went "wa phapha maan (you are too forward). Who appointed you to be my Mbuyiseni Ndlozi? I will drink whatever I want. We are in KZN mos. No one will see me. As long as you don't use that selfie stake of yours to take pictures of me I will be fine". I promised that I will never capture him. Phiso was busy talking to some waitress as if he was trying to

push some charm. I think he was bi. He was playing for both Banyana Banyana and Bafana Bafana. I think bi people are greedy. They want to eat from all plates.

After more than 2 hours of waiting, Mr Party showed up. He was surrounded by about 5 people I have seen on TV before and lots of beautiful girls. For the first time since I got to that house I felt like an average girl. Truth be told, most Zulu girls are gorgeous. I'm talking about pure Zulus from KZN, not those fake ones from East Rand in Gauteng. They made me feel like a skobonkie. Everyone referred to the party guy as General. Everyone was worshiping the floor nigger was walking on, including the 5 celebrities I saw. General walked to Fruit and greeted him. I expected him to speak isiZulu but nigger spoke Setswana. He asked Dj Fruit who I was and Fruit said "she's my friend from Pretoria". General was like "she is my kinda woman. Look around here, she is

the most beautiful lady here. When I invite you to my next part please don't leave her behind". He gave me a hug and a kiss on my neck. My heart melted on the spot. Being told you are the most beautiful girl at a party full of gorgeous ladies is very massive. He boosted my confidence by 98.45%. Pity I couldn't say the same about him. If he was poor no one would even greet him. He was the ugliest and fattest person at that party. He greeted everyone except RR. Maybe he thought RR was part of staff or something. Fruit was like "General loves beautiful women. He might try to get lucky with you. Please tell him you are my woman. And anyway, he's too ugly to be your man. I know you prefer handsome men". That was Fruit trying to protect his turf. He was right, I had a thing for handsome men. But nothing makes a man handsome than a fat wallet. General was ugly but his richies made him look like Sizwe Dlomo. It's time cute boys made peace with the

fact that their cuteness won't buy me an expensive bag in Sandton. I told Dj Fruit not to worry because I was not interested in that fat guy. Phiso, RR and I occupied the table not far from the bar. RR was drinking whiskey like he was drinking water. He whispered "I think I am the best dressed man here. That is why that guy didn't greet me. He feels threatened by my swagger". I told him he had a point. I didn't want to argue with him. Dj Fruit started touching the right buttons and the place became small.

Free alcohol was flowing. Hoes were dancing to impress niggers with big pockets. Around 11pm General stopped the music to give a speech. I was expecting some senseful speech but nigger was just bragging nje. He was like "today I am celebrating my success. Haters tried to stop me but failed. I am young, black and rich. If you have a problem with it you can go hang yourself. I buy everything cash because I can afford. Thanks for coming to celebrate my

success with me comrades and friends. I bought enough food and drinks to feed the entire Durban. Let's have fun". Everyone clapped hands except me. I didn't understand why people clapped hands for nonsense. It's true that when you are rich you can fart and people will give you a round of applause. I didn't have time for nonsense. After his shitty speech he walked to our table. He asked why I looked like I missed Pretoria. I told him I was the shy type and he laughed. He invited me to the dance floor and I said no. I was expecting him to expel me from his party but he disappointed me. He was like "I can tell you are not from here. All girls you see here will jump at an opportunity to have a private conversation with me.

Sometimes I miss girls saying no to me. You made my night. Keep it up gorgeous lady". Lol I didn't see that one coming. All of a sudden we heard noise coming from the dance floor. We checked to see what was going on and I saw RR

on the dance floor moon walking. Nigger was dancing like Michael Jackson and everyone was laughing and clapping hands. Lol it was the first time I saw him dancing like that. That's what happens when you mix church coffee and alcohol, you get drunk more than everyone at the party. I was glad he was having fun though. Phiso was busy talking to some soapie actor whom I always had suspicions that he was playing for the other team. I was sitting alone most of the time. I was drinking but in a moderate fashion. I didn't wanna get very drunk and do things I would regret the following day. I think I was maturing very well. I only stood up to dance when Dj Fruit played my favourite songs Kwesta's Ngud' and Black Motion's It's you. Those are the only songs that invited me to the dance floor. I asked one of the ladies who were serving booze where the bathroom was and she directed me to where it was. I took my handbag and headed there. The house was so big I

almost got lost. I knocked and no one answered. So I got in and started doing my business. While I was busy General opened the door and walked in.

He took out his

WTF.....

THE END

[12/10, 11:58] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 290

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

One of the things I got to learn in life is that rich guys do not take no for an answer. They are used to getting their way all the time. When you say no to them they take it as an insult. The more you say no will be the more they come after you. I knew by not throwing myself at the man of the moment was an inviting for him to get more hungry for me. I knew he was gonna

follow me the entire night until I said yes to him. I had no form of protection because Phiso was missing and Dj Fruit was on duty. I couldn't count on RR because he was busy charming Zulu girls with his moonwalk. I was on my own. I decided to maintain my cool and asked General why he took out his car keys and how come he never knocked before entering. He went "I am not used to knocking in all my 8 houses in Gauteng, Western Cape and KZN. By the way, each house cost me more than R2m and I bought all of them cash. Did you see my cars? Machines I'm telling you". I was sitting on a toilet seat as he said that. His eyes were fixed at the very same spot I was trying my best to hide. I went "you know, if you were speaking Zulu I was gonna scream. I know Tswana boys are safe. But do you mind to give me some privacy? I don't think you'll stand for what I am about to do". He was like "I enjoy looking at you peeing. I find it attractive". KZN people are so

used to attending the 'inkwari' parties. Those who don't know what an 'inkwari' is, it's a KZN version of 'mavuso'. When niggers go to parties they expect to get laid. I was not at that party to open my legs. I didn't give a damn about his cars and expensive houses. I released 3 fat farts followed by a 'dompsa' sound. I had to kaka to make him go away. Nigger closed his nose and went "I am not going anywhere until you tell me why you are not throwing yourself at me like other girls. I am the IT boy of Durban". I released the mother of all farts and nigger's eyes turned red. The bathroom became steamy. It was one of those farts that affected everyone, including the owner. Nigger got high on the spot. He coughed twice and left the bathroom. That was my most memorable moment in KZN.

I wiped my backhole and flushed the mess. When I walked back to the entertaining room the party was still on fire. I spotted General talking to another gorgeous girl. When he saw

me he left her and came to me. I thought he was gonna give me a piece of his mind for drugging him with my fart but nigger died with laughter. He told me I was the craziest chick he ever came across. He found what I did in the loo funny. Lol hayi rich people are not normal. He asked if I didn't wanna test drive one of his beasts and I told him I was too drunk to drive. Nigger was trying his best to make it known he was rich and I didn't care. When you have ridden many rich guys in your life you don't get moved when someone boasts about money and material things. Actually, I found rich guys who don't boast about their wealth charming. He went to the to the Dj booth and stopped the music again. He took the microphone and went "I just wanna thank you for the last time for coming to my party, especially those from Gauteng. Your presence means a lot to me. The bald gorgeous lady over there is one of them. Thanks for coming to my party and I hope to

see you in my next parties. As you know, General makes hot parties in town. Google me if you don't believe me". If he was my boyfriend I would have dumped him right there. Other people didn't seem to care. They clapped hands whenever he opened his mouth. They reminded me of President Jacob Zuma when he told parliament "I am not going to pay back any money". All ANC MPs clapped hands even they knew their leader was talking nonsense. By 2am the party was still going strong. A new Dj had taken over from Fruit who had disappeared. His phone was off when I tried to call it. RR was the last man standing on the dancing floor. The guy had energy for days. Maybe people should try a cocktail of coffee and booze to get some energy boost. I was getting bored and sleepy because I had no one to talk to. I was the only person who was not abnormally drunk. I regretted my decision to go slow on alcohol. I called the waiter to give me two glasses of

vodka mixed with cranberry. I wanted to drink two for the road. The plan was to call RR and leave Fruit and Phiso there because they were nowhere to be seen.

After finishing my two glasses I grabbed my bag and headed to the door. General saw me leaving and followed me. He asked where I was going because the party was still young. I told him I had enough and that I was sleepy. He told me there was no need for me to leave because his house had enough rooms to accommodate the entire presidential family. I told him I preferred to sleep at the hotel because there was little noise. He went "I see all your friends are gone and it's not safe for you to drive alone this time of the night. Your other friend, Michael Jackson is sleeping in one of the rooms. I think he blacked out. I will not allow you to drive alone under the influence of alcohol this time". I told him I was a big girl and was used to driving alone at night under the influence of alcohol. He

looked at me with a smile and said “did I tell you I find your stubbornness attractive. There is a little bit of Zuluness in you. One would swear you were born and bred in KZN”. As I walked to the car as he tried to push his charm by comparing me to stubborn Zulu girls. I opened the driver’s door and he opened the passenger one. He struggled a bit to get inside the Mini Cooper. That’s how big the guy was. I think he was the same side as that Omo advert guy with the grrr grrr things on his head. I forgot his name. I asked him what he was doing in my car and he was like “what if something happens to you? I will not forgive myself if something happened to you on your way home from my expensive party. Let’s do this....I’ll follow you with my car just to make sure you are safe and then I’ll drive back. Do we have a deal?”. I asked him why of all girls at his party I was the only one getting attention from him. He told me I was special. Guys can be hyenas. Until he

sleeps with you, you will receive all the attention in the world. Wait until he chows you. You will be demoted to 'that girl' after the first round. General appeared to me like those kind of guys. I agreed to his deal and he went to fetch one of his many beasts, a Jeep Grand Cherokee SRT to be exact. When you date guys who drive you will get to know names of cars. If your man doesn't have a car good luck with counting money inside taxis.

I punched the hotel name on my phone's GPS and hit the road. General was close behind me. I actually felt safe with him behind me. When you drive in an unfamiliar territory you will never feel safe if you are alone. When I got to the hotel I expected General to drive back. But nigger spoke with the security guard and they allocated him a parking. I asked him why he was parking his car and he told me he wanted to make sure I got to my hotel room in one piece. He took a bottle of some expensive-

looking booze. He told me he wanted to drink it inside the lift. Lol I loved his dry sense of humour. When we got to the hotel room I checked both bedrooms for Phiso and Fruit. They were not there. I assumed they were 'kidnapped' by their people. I was kinda mad Dj Fruit disappeared without telling me. Buy hey, a Dj will always be a Dj. Expecting a Dj to be a good boy is like expecting a Xhosa girl to date a broke Pedi guy. Djs are fu#k boys. Even the BET award winner Black Coffee was caught cheating more than once. General poured himself a glass of his expensive booze and sat on the couch. I asked him what he was planning to do and he went "you can go sleep. I will sit here and drink until the other guys come back. You can lock the door if you don't trust me. I am the most harmless person you will meet in Durban. I am the opposite of Indians". I went to the bedroom and locked myself in. I didn't want him to take chances. My ears were very active, I

listened to any sign of movement. I was actually expecting the guy to knock at the door to try his luck. 30 minutes passed without him knocking or asking me to open for me. That scored him some few points. It made me believe he was real when he said he didn't want anything from me. I unlocked the door and went back to join him. I poured myself a glass of his whiskey and mixed it with orange juice. He was like "now you are molesting my good whiskey. You won't feel its real taste with that juice in there. I will teach you how to enjoy a good whiskey". He told me his temp was rising and suggested we go sit by the balcony and I agreed. The sound of waves from the sea made me wanna move to Durban permanently. General told me he was married but not happy. He said his wife was more of the mother of his children than a wife. Girls, if a guy comes up with a story about him not being happy with his wife blah blah blah just know he is only telling you that kak story to gain access

to your thighs. He tells all girls he wants the very same story. Pity some stupid girls fall for that crap. If a man is not into his wife anymore and wants you, he'll leave her and marry you. Men will say anything just to get laid. The more we spoke was the more I realized he was a different person in private. Things he was doing at the party were just an act to look cool and important.

Out of the blue he went "yellow bone, let's shag....."

BOOOOOOMMMMMMM.....

THE END

[12/10, 12:00] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 291

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

I think any girl can see from the first second when a guy is trying to get lucky. Guys have this

tendency of coming up with tricks and swindles just to get access to the precious mine between our legs. I once heard a guy telling me his ancestors told him to sleep with me in order to win moChina. He promised to give me 76.23% of his winnings. I told him to take his ancestors and go swim in a glass of Oros. That is how tricky and stupid guys can be when they want to get laid. We hate those stupid tricks but deep down we know they are better than a guy who tells you straight in your eyes that they want to sleep with you. It makes one feel like a hooker or something, especially if the person is not your partner or someone you once slept with before. I looked at him straight in the eyes expecting a retraction of what he just said. Nigger held my hand and said "I am not joking. I am as serious as a mosquito feeding on a fat guy's ass. I want to shag you and please don't say no because I will cry. Do you wanna see a rich fat guy crying?". I pulled back my hand and

told him I wasn't the girls he lured with his money and chowed without any struggle. He went "I don't go around sleeping with random girls. If that was the case I would have lost weight. Do you see how big I am? It shows I don't get action that much. But now that I met you I will get it regularly. I can take good care of you if you take good care of me. It's a win-win situation. What do you think?". Damn some guys are bad with words. Yho bo General mrena, he was telling me thwiii straight that he wanted me to be his shag potato. That's how rich niggers roll. I could see he was about to offer me money to sleep with him. I was like "General, you have been too nice to me the whole night and I appreciate it. But what you are trying to do now will delete the good image of you I had in my mind. If you want to remain the good guy in my books please stop what you are doing. I think you should leave now. I am serious....unless if you want me to scream". I

was as serious as a mosquito feeding on a Zulu guy's foreskin.

He stood up and got closer to me. He held my arm tight and told me to stop behaving like itshitshi. I went "if you don't leave me I'm gonna scream rape. Do you want to be on the front pages of all local papers tomorrow?". I think my threat worked on him because he left my hand. He apologized for thinking with his cock. He was like "okay, you win. I am a cow. Please do me one favour before I leave. If you do it I promise I will never bother you again. I will take my fat belly out of here". I asked him what favour and he said "please allow me to kiss you. Just a normal kiss and I am out of your sight. I give you a right to scream if I try something naughty". I took few seconds to think about it. A kiss ain't a biggie, I decided to let him have my lips. The kiss was slow, heartfelt, passionate, exotic, grandiose, amazing, sweet, arresting and magnificent. I must be honest, I didn't expect

that kind of a kiss from him. I thought he was one of those guys who would irrigate my lips with lots and lots of saliva. We have all experienced that kiss that makes one develop philematophobia on the spot. Nigger gave me a kiss to remember. When he pulled his head back to stop the kiss I found myself begging for more. He wrapped his arms around my bum and hit me with a phinda cousin. It felt like a heaven on earth. The smell of the whiskey he was drinking took things to another level. I tried to brush his back but my hand almost got stuck in his wrinkles. That how big he was. He looked like a fat hippo. He pulled back and went "wow, you are such a good kisser. I have never enjoyed kissing like the way I just did now". I reversed the very same words to him. He tried to massage my thighs but I fired his hand. As much as his kissing turned me on I was not ready to submit my body to him. I could see he was getting impatient and I didn't give a toss. I

didn't wanna be a victim like dozens of girls he shagged at his parties. I wanted him to sweat for it. He squeezed my butt and I went "oh....mmm mmmm mmmmh pleassssssssssee don't . You gonna end up making me wet".

He tried to massage my thighs again. Before I could decide whether to stop or let him in the main door opened. The sliding door to the balcony was a bit open, that is why it was easy to hear the sound of the door opening. The balcony light was off and the one inside the sitting room was on. I saw Phiso and Dj Fruit walking in. I think they couldn't see us because the light was off by the balcony. I wanted to ask them where they had disappeared to but General put his hand on my mouth to stop me from talking. I heard Phiso saying "I don't think she is here. Please check in the bedrooms. Did you check if her car was at the hotel parking lot?". Fruit surveyed my presence in the bedrooms. He was like "there is no sign of her

and that funny guy. I think that rich fat bastard lured her with his money. Nxa I knew she was not the type to be trusted". Phiso laughed and went "she is a hoe to the last car. The very first day I bumped into her in an elevator she wanted to sleep with me. She didn't even know my name. I know her type,if you give her money she can wipe your a\$shole with her tongue. She has Xhosa tendencies kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa". General was trying his best to stop me from talking. I wanted to give those two he-bitches a piece of my mind. Dj Fruit dropped a bomb that almost made my heart explode. He went "I'm gonna act all nice until I chow her. Then I'm gonna drop her like she's hot. I won't even use protection. I want to make her pregnant and run away. I want to teach her a lesson. I can't bring her this far only for her to come be a senior hoe here". I listened to them as they said all bad things about me. On the positive side, I was glad I got to know what I was dealing with. I

was actually planning to give Fruit a chance but I changed my mind immediately when I heard him say those things. General whispered “next time you must choose friends wisely. These guys can kill you under the influence of a smile. Thanks to me you got to see thru them”. He was right. I was very disappointed and hurt. Nothing hurts like being hurt by people you like. It’s true that the only person you should trust is the one 7 feet underground.

The next thing Phiso grabbed Fruit and kissed him. Fruit was resisting at first but after some sweet words from Phiso the kissing became a mutual game. General whispered “eeewwww”. The kissing led to them losing their clothes. Phiso bent what his mama gave him and Fruit hit from behind. It was the first time I witnessed gay guys doing it. It was both exciting and amazing. General on the other hand was trying hard not to watch the action. Phiso was screaming like a girl experiencing orgasmic

sensations. Fruit was hitting it like someone promised to give him a farm for ploughing the poor Phiso that hard. I almost laughed when Phiso went “oh oh oh oh babe o nja nkare o romilwe ke badimo (you chow me as if you were sent by the ancestors)”. After about 15 minutes Fruit roared like a lion. I think he was coming. They lay on the couch motionless after that session. They were probably tired. When we saw no movement for more than 20 minutes General suggested that we leave to his place. I asked him why his place and he asked if I wanted to be in the same roof as people who were plotting evil things against me. He had a point. We tiptoed from the balcony to the main door. Phiso and Fruit were sleeping peacefully on the couch. When we got out of the door I thought of something clever. I tiptoed back inside and took my good friends couple of pictures. Phiso’s cock looked like an old woman’s pinkie finger. Lol it’s true that God

can't always give you all. He had the right looks but wrong tools. General left his car at the parking and we used my car. I asked him to drive because I was sleepy. When we got to his place it was around 5am. People were still drinking. It was my first time seeing a celebrity passed out on a chair. I wanted take pictures but General stopped me. He went "stop behaving like a village girl. These people are my friends and I won't betray them. I am not like your friends". Ouch his words hurt. I asked him where RR was sleeping and he showed me the door to some bedroom. When we passed there some girl was screaming the screams of joy. General led me to the master bedroom. It looked like heaven on earth. Sometimes I don't blame these girls for taking off clothes whenever they get to rich men's bedrooms. Some bedrooms have that 'take off your clothes effect'. General said "you will sleep in this bedroom. I have to go somewhere now. I will be

back in an hour or so. Don't leave before I come back. We will go back to your hotel together when I come back". The sounds from the other room made me think things that it cannot be done for them to be thought.

I grabbed General's hand and went "no mrena, you are not leaving me in this state".

Mmmmmm boooom WT-pusssssssss!!!!!!!

THE END

[12/10, 12:01] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 292

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

A good kiss has powers to make a girl wanna do things. Some girls decide during kissing whether they gonna sleep with a guy or not. If the guy has talented lips chances are he will get to get laid. But if his lips are whack then we

automatically think his dick has the same DNA. No girl wanna waste her time with a guy who cannot employ his lips to entertain her. General was the guy who passed the kissing test to me. He kissed me so well I tasted his lips whenever my tongue massaged my juicy lips. He left emotional echoes in my heart. General wore a huge smile on his big lips. They looked juicier when he smiled. Lol nothing makes a man smile like the thought of getting laid. He went "are you saying what I am thinking? I would love to make you the happiest woman in KZN". He pulled me closer to him but it felt as if I was still miles away from him. That is how big his stomach was. He bent forward and like a lightning his lips struck mine. He passed the test with flying colours again. I once heard that some whiskeys make girls excited but never believed it. The whiskey and the sounds I heard from the other bedroom made me wanna go to another world. I helped him to take off his top

and made him lie on that expensive bed. It was so big it could accommodate 5 Khulubuses. He went “I have been waiting for this moment since the minute I laid my eyes on you. I didn’t lie when I said you were the most gorgeous at my expensive party. Maybe you can be my steady side chick until my wife dies. I’ll stress her until she dies of heart attack”. That was the most stupid thing I ever heard from a rich person. Imagine a guy telling you he is gonna make you a deputy madam until the madam dies. That was something you would expect from a nyaopist. I almost left him there. I didn’t want to be completely naked, I just wanted to pull my dress up and do the do. I unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down slowly. His belly was so big I had to push it up to see what it was hiding below his navel. At first I thought alcohol had affected my sense of sight. He went “please be quick babe. The waiting is killing me. My cock is about to burst”.

I am one of those people who don't believe there is a correlation between a man's body size and his cock size. This thing of saying skinny guys have big things and fat niggers are small is scientifically untrue. I have seen skinny niggers with dicklets and fat niggers with mrengerenge. If your father has/had a small dick chances are you gonna inherit that feature. So ladies, if your man has a small dick blame his father. If you love your future son, choose his father wisely. General's cock looked like my little brother's thumb. If it was a boxer it would only be allowed to fight in light flyweight championship only. It was microscopically small. After all the work of 'unveiling' it from his meaty belly, I was expecting to be rewarded with something big. When he said it was it was about to burst I thought he was referring to a bazooka. The disappointment in me was priceless. God can be unfair shem. All the monies and material things but mrengerenge

dololo. If I were him I wouldn't even show that thing it to anyone. No wonder his wife was ok with him partying all night long. His presence wasn't gonna make a difference anyway. It looked like a rat that lost both parents. I went "where is the rest? Did you perhaps hide it in one of those wrinkles on your belly?". He closed his eyes and said nothing. It was at that moment that I understood why he was forever bragging about his riches. Nigger was trying to boost his ego. As much as I wanted to ride him, I didn't want to abuse my vjayjay. Imagine expecting your mom to buy you Sissy Boy jeans only for her to bring RDP jeans from some Somali-owned shop called Maemae in downtown Joburg. You would mos def be disappointed. That's how I felt that morning. I wanted penetration not tickleration. I pulled my dress downed and went "I don't wanna anger my ancestors. Give it Scot's Emulsion...maybe it will sing 'growing up, growing up and growing

up.....". I know they say size doesn't matter but you can't cook pap with a toothpick. With his eyes closed he went "you will never find inner peace, NEVER". Lol that almost made me laugh. I think he was drunk from shame and embarrassment plus alcohol. I left him lying on the bed and walked out of that bedroom. I felt guilty but sometimes we have to suspend our feelings and show respect to our vjayjays. I know punanis do not have unions to represent them but we can't abuse their rights to 'adequate nutrition'.

When I passed the bedroom RR was sleeping in the girl was still squeaking. I didn't get aroused like the first time I passed there. I was still recovering from the trauma of seeing the midget cock. The noises the girl was making triggered curiosity in me. I wished to see what RR was doing to her that made her scream that loud. I pulled down the handle and the door wasn't locked. I opened it and threw myself in.

Yho Modimo wa kgotso!!!! Two girls were slashing each other right next to the sleeping RR. Nigger was snoring like nobody's business. When the chicks saw me they got a fright and jumped for cover. One of them fell on RR but he didn't wake up. I think the alcohol he had hit him hard. In less than 2 hours I witnessed shagging between two couples of same gender. They asked what I was doing in their private space. One of them was still holding a larger than life vibrator. I asked them "why are you doing this in front of my poor friend? What you are doing is pure bitchcraft hle". They told me they thought he was dead. I tried to wake him up but he was too drunk to hear me. I had no choice but to leave him there. I could see the girls were dying to see me leave. When I got to the hotel Phiso and Fruit were not sleeping on the couch anymore. I assumed they were in the bedroom. I passed out the minute I got to bed. I was bloody tired. Fruit brought me breakfast the

following morning. He was acting all sweet and nice. I asked him why he was being nice and he went “because I love you. It’s my way of apologizing for disappearing last night. Phiso and I went to some club. But you don’t have to stress, I didn’t do any naughty things. I am saving myself for you”. His words sounded like alephirimi in my ears. Only if knew I was one step ahead of him. I told him hangover ate my appetite. I didn’t trust his food. Any close person that plans dirty schemes behind your back is capable of killing you. The little trust I had for him had vanished. I started to see him as an enemy than the handsome hunk I liked. I told him to leave the bedroom because I wanted to get dressed. He went “I don’t mind gorgeous. You can get dressed in front of me any day. Plus it’s been ages since I got laid. You must re-break my virginity”. Lol I almost showed him the pictures I took. I went “no babe, I don’t want us to do it here. I want you in my own

bedroom. I will ride you until your six pack dies when we get to Pretoria”.

He left the bedroom with a big smile on his handsome face. I got dressed and brushed my teeth. I told them I was going to fetch RR. Fruit wanted to go with me but Phiso remind him of the TV show they planned to watch. I could tell he was lying. He probably wanted to get laid again. General's car was gone at the parking. I assumed he fetched it while I was sleeping. I drove to General's house. I found RR standing at the gate like a hobo. When he saw me he started jumping up and down. I asked him why he was standing outside the gate and he went “see me in Durban kill me again. Ke bone masepa staright. I woke up next to two naked women. I was naked too but I don't know what happened. What if they gave me a blue job? Yhonna yhoooo magosha a mazulu!!!! What if they are excepting my babies?”. I was cracking with laughter as he explained everything. He told me

General came to the bedroom and kicked him out like a dog. I wanted to go inside the house to give that dicklet a piece of my mind but RR told me to leave him alone. Mxm guys with small cocks are cocky. We drove back to the hotel. Fruit told me we had an hour to check out. I took a quick bath and packed my stuff. RR told me he didn't have energy to bath. Around 10am we hit the road. Fruit opted to sit with his boyfriend Phiso at the back. Phiso asked RR where he learnt the moves he was making at the party. RR was "ke e rutilwe ke bommao (your mom taught me)". Lol I didn't see that one coming. We all laughed. The trip going back wasn't as exciting as the one going to Durban. Everyone was tired. My mind was wandering all over as I was driving. I wanted to hit back at Fruit for messing with me. Nobody messes with ngwana wa Piet and get away with it. They wanted me to stop at the garage in Harrismith for them to pee but I passed deliberately. I told

them we will stop on the side of the road to pee. More than 50kms from Harrismith I stopped the car on the side of the road. Phiso and Fruit got out of the car to Pee. I told RR to get in and close the door. He did as instructed and I hit the accelerator leaving Fruit and Phiso behind. RR asked me what I was doing and I went "I am teaching those boys a lesson". He laughed and said "abashwe". I pulled over on the side of the road. I saw Phiso and Fruit running like kids running to their lekarapa father. As soon as they got closer I hit the accelerator. I did it for over 3kms. RR was enjoying it more than everyone. He went "twice bitten once shy". When I got tired of playing I told RR to take their bags and throw them out of the car. I felt an element of emotional satisfaction after what I did. I switched my phone off to stop Fruit from making endless calls to me. I so wished he had left his phone inside the car. We got to Pretoria within 3 hours 30 minutes. RR wanted to chill

for few hours but I told him to go. I wanted some peace of mind. I didn't even take my bags out of the car. I took a nap. I was woken by loud knocks at the door. I wondered how the person got in because the gate was locked. I opened the door and my eyes were met with more than 10 cops. They asked if I was Sharon Letsoalo and I said yes.

One of them said "Sharon Letsoalo, you are under arrest for" .

WTF....

THE END

[12/10, 12:02] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick – Makhwapheni Episode 293

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave a comment

You can call yourself the best 'starring' in town but a scene of cops in your yard will send thin sweat to your fororo. I knew I had done nothing

wrong. I knew I had committed no crime. The shock in my heart was huge. The only thing I wanted after driving that long distance was to sleep and have beautiful dreams. I wanted to forget the negative stuff that happened while I was in Durbs. I did not want any drama or mafarahlahla. The cop was talking but all I could hear was 'blah blah blah blah blah blah'. He grabbed my arm and asked if I heard what he said. I tried to resurrect my senses and asked him to repeat what he had just said. He told me I was being arrested for being in possession of drugs. I almost laughed because I knew I didn't have drugs. The other cop went "give us keys to the car....your car". Like WTF, they were arresting me for something I knew nothing about. Actually, they were arresting me for something they knew nothing about. They told me they wanted to search my car because they were 100% sure I hid drugs in there. I gave them the key. I went "you will find nothing in the

car. I'm going to sue you for wrongful arrest and harassment. Criminals are busy roaming the streets but here you are harassing innocent people. I have the best lawyers in the country. When I'm done with you your SAPS will be penniless. I am so angry right now". I followed them to the car. They unlocked it and went straight to the front passenger seat. One cop searched under the seat and the next thing I saw a small packet with some white powder inside. He went "we found it. Now you gonna tell us where you kept the rest. And you will tell us who your supplier is". To say I was shocked would be an understatement. I was angry, scared and devastated. I kept asking myself how those drugs got in the car. I knew they were not RR's. My first suspects were Phiso and Fruit. But they didn't appear high to me. The owner of the car was also not a suspect because when he gave me the car I surveyed it to check if there were things I needed to throw

out. The cops handcuffed me and took me to their van. They treated me like a hardened criminal. I started crying. The more I cried was the more the cops made nasty comments about me.

They let me switch on my phone while inside the van. I didn't know who to call first. I decided to call RR to explain what happened. He went "oohh no, I suspect those boys. I will save you....i promise". The second person I thought of was the lawyer from MMMG Attorneys. I knew very well that I was in deep kak. Before I could call the lawyer one cop confiscated my phone. He told me I would make calls when we get to the station. I tried to tell him about my rights and what what but he ignored me. When we got to the station they did their admin work and took me to the cells. There were two people in the cell, some old lady and some ugly girl. I greeted them but they kept quiet. I sat by the corner and started crying. The ugly girl told me I

was making noise. I told her I was hurt because someone framed me. She laughed and went “we were all framed yellow bone. You see, I didn’t beat the person they claim I beat up. I was framed yellow bone. All people arrested in this police station were framed. Even Oscar Pistorius was framed. We were all framed. Now shut the fart up before I beat you up and claim I was framed. You bloody frame”. Her threat made my tears dry on the spot. I could see she was not the type to make empty threats. The last thing I wanted was to be beaten by some ugly daughter of a beeesh. I closed my eyes every 10 minute to pray in silence. I wanted God to get rid of the dark cloud that kept following me. I started thinking of who was behind the framing. My mind kept telling me one of the two boys did it. Maybe they used my car to transport their drugs. I also suspected General had something to do with it. With a name like General anything was possible. I wanted to

sleep but I was scared that ugly girl would finish me off. The way she looked at me made me wanna die in front of her. She looked like those girls who raped men. The old woman was busy singing some Xhosa hymns. Shem, maybe she wanted Thixo to come bail her out.

After what seemed like a century one cop came. He opened that ugly door and called my name. He was like “you are free to go home. The owner of the drugs turned himself in. We apologise for the inconvenience”. I didn’t understand what he was on about. He took me to some room that looked like an office of an untidy policeman. They asked who I was with when I got to Pretoria from Durban. I told them I was with a male friend by the name of Ronny Ramokgopa. They all nodded and told me to leave. I asked to see the person they arrested and they said no. I asked them if it was Phiso or Fruit. They didn’t wanna tell me anything. I felt like everything was just a movie. It looked

unbelievable. So many things happened in a space of few hours. They asked some low rank cop to take me back to my place. As we were leaving that room I saw cops pushing someone who looked like RR. They were taking him to the cells. I wanted to go back and ensure who the person was but the cop told me he didn't have the whole day. I had no choice but to follow him to the car. I was angry but I didn't wanna cause a scene at the police station. My mind was still dealing with the issue of being arrested for something I knew nothing about. There were so many questions without answers in my head. The cop who drove me to my place asked for my numbers. I wanted to insult him but was scared he would drop me in the middle of nowhere. Some people think backwards. I mean, imagine after that harassment and nigger still had guts to try his luck on me. I so hated cops from that day. He dropped me at the gate and left. I didn't feel safe anymore in that house. I

felt like drug lords were gonna come after me. I switched on my phone. The cops had forced me to switch it off when they took me to the cells. There were missing calls notifications from Fruit and RR. I decided to call RR back. His phone was off. I tried again after 30 minutes and it was still off. I started thinking about the guy I saw at the police station. I added one and one and got two point seven. What my thoughts gave birth to gave me goosebumps.

In the morning I received a call from Fruit. I don't know why but I switched my recorder on when I answered the call. He went "thank God you are not arrested. Phiso did something stupid out of anger yesterday. He called cops and told them about the drugs under the seat of your car. He hid the drugs there yesterday morning. When you left us in the middle of nowhere we were angry and not thinking straight. That's why he called the cops". I listened carefully as he talked. I told him they

arrested me but I got released when the drugs owner turned himself in. He asked if I knew the guy they arrested and I said no. He sounded confused and panicky. He told me they got a lift from some truck driver. He asked why I dropped them in the middle of nowhere and I told him I didn't wanna talk about it. He was like "it's cool, I am coming to fetch my car". I told him it was cool. He played right into my hands. I was so disappointed with Phiso. He didn't strike me as the druggie type. I wanted to go back to the police station to see who those fools arrested for the drugs but decided to wait for Fruit. I wanted to gather more information. I was getting more and more convinced that the person who turned himself in was RR. He was the only person I called when I got arrested. And I remembered he said something like he would help me get out. Nigger turned himself in to help me. That is what we call a real friend. Fruit called to tell me he was at the gate. I

switched my recorder on again. The first thing he asked was why I left them. I decided to tell him half the story. I said "I saw what you and Phiso did on the couch. I was angry and decided to punish you". I didn't tell him I heard what he said about me. He wanted to deny everything but I told him not to waste his energy because I had evidence. He apologized and blamed everything on alcohol. He was like "that was the first time I did something like that. I am not gay. I can prove it to you now. Phiso was on drugs and he took advantage of me". I told him I didn't care because he was not my man. I asked him about drugs. He told me Phiso bought them in Durban and hid them under the seat. I think the embarrassment of me knowing he chowed Phiso made him wear honesty. He told me everything Phiso did from A to Z. After talking he told me he loved me wholeheartedly and wanted a serious relationship. I told him to give me time to think about it. I didn't want to

show him I was boiling inside. He took his car and he left. As soon as he left I headed to the police station. I wanted to hand over the information I had. I was quite sure RR was the one who turned himself in. He was not the type to switch off his phone for that long. When I got to the police station I told the cop who I was and gave a brief explanation of what transpired the previous night. He asked me the name of the person I thought was in the cells. I told him his name was Ronny.

He looked at me with a half sad face and said “I think that is the guy who committed suicide this morning”.

WTF!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE END

[12/10, 12:03] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 294

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

One friend once told me suicide is a man's way of telling God 'you can't fire me, I quit'. Losing a close person to suicide is very painful, especially someone you were with not long before he served the earth with divorce papers. RR was not even my BFF but I liked his crazy way of thinking. The first thing that hit me was guilt. I was feeling guilty for whatever happened because he did it because of me. I regretted taking him to Durban and introducing him to Phiso and Fruit. In my mind I was thinking "he died trying to be a hero to me". The cop talked like someone who didn't give a damn. He didn't even wear sadness on his face after telling me Ronny committed suicide. I mean, after mentioning death normal people normally show some grief and sorrow. Maybe it was because he was used to seeing dead bodies. I could feel tears gathering in my eyes. He was like "why are you crying? Were you his girlfriend? Kanti how many girlfriends did he have because I saw

another one this morning? Nxa these bad boys change girls like panties. Law abiding citizens fail to find women but these low lives have girls left right and centre". When he spoke of bad boy and girls loving him I knew we were not talking about the same person. I went "are you talking about Ronny Ramokgopa who turned himself in last night? I don't think you and I are on the same. We are not talking about the same person here". The cop looked at me in a funny way and said "maybe it's what you are wishing". He was just being rude and unprofessional. He told his colleague he was going on lunch. Some people chose wrong careers ka mmao. The guy who took over from him greeted me with a smile. I asked him if he knew anyone in the cells by the name of Ronny who committed suicide in the cells. He browsed through some files for couple of seconds. After checking the files he went "yes there is a person who committed suicide in the cells this morning. Are you related

to him?”. I told him I wouldn’t know if I was related to the person because I didn’t know exactly who died in those cells. He briefly went through his files again. He was like “oh sorry, the name of the person who died is Romeo Mashego. Are you related to him?”

WTF, some cops don’t deserve the badge. I mean, there is a visible difference between Romeo and Ronny. The cop went “don’t mind that one. He comes to work drunk everyday”. I told the cop what happened the previous. I didn’t leave any detail out. He told me I was lucky because the office allocated to the case was there. The officer took me to some office and I explained everything. I also gave him the recordings of Fruit telling me what happened. He listened to the voice clips 3 times. He asked few questions and I answered honestly. I even gave him Fruit’s contact details and address. He thanked me and told me to wait by the Community Service Centre aka CSC. I sat there

for about 20 minutes. I couldn't contain my happiness when I saw RR appearing from the other side. I stood up and gave him a huge hug. He was like "now I can be president. I am like Mandela. I am a former politics prisoner. Viva comrade Prof RR Viva". Lol even in the situation he was in his sense of humour was still very much alive. He asked me how I got him out and I promised to tell him everything as soon as we got to my place. I was so grateful to have someone who was willing to sacrifice his freedom for me. It's things like those that make a girl end up loving a guy who is far below her league. I wasn't planning to date RR but I felt it's guys like him who deserved my heart. Not those guys who won't even kill a cockroach for you. I asked him where his car was and he told me he parked it at his homeboy's place in Pheli. We drove to Quagga Shopping Centre first. I wanted to buy him clothes, toiletries and food. That was the least I could do to thank him for being there for

me. I took him to Woolworths. He was like “hayi shopo e e rekisa dikobo tsa go befa. Nna ke nyaka go yo reka Marabastad. Batho ba Marabastad ba rekisa leshela la go tsia botse. Mo nka se khumane Brentwood le Grasshopper (No this shop is selling ugly clothes. I wanna go to Marabastad. People in Marabastad sell quality clothes. I won't find Brentwood and Grasshopper here)”. At first I thought he was joking until he headed to the exit. I had no choice but to take him to Marabastad. I spend less than R1000 but we bought so many things. Some of the labels we bought were funny.... Adibas, Pollo, Cat KaeKae and Gas. Ronny told me with those clothes all hot chicks in his hometown of Botlokwa would be his. He sealed it by buying a fake teeth bling aka 'gold'.

After our little shopping we had lunch at Marabastad. I really enjoyed that mogodu, pap and Lemon Twist meal. I wanted us to go chill at my place but he told me he wanted to go

back to his place. He asked me to drop him in Pheli so he could fetch his car. When we got there I gave him R500 for petrol and Lemon Twist. I headed straight to my crib from there. When I got to my crib I saw the X5 in the garage. It was a surprise because I was not told anything about the guy bringing it back. When I walked in the house Marcus' uncle, Alex Mboweni was sitting on the couch drinking whiskey. I greeted him with a fake smile and asked what he was doing there. He went "I came to check if you are ok. I promised Marcus I will take care of you. Do you like the Mini or you want the X5 back?". I told he didn't have to come because I didn't want a babysitter. I went to my bedroom. I didn't have time to chill with older men. I wanted to sleep but my natural sleeping tablets were sleeping. I received an SMS from FNB. It read "FNB

R3000.11 paid to cheq a/c431757 @Eft Ref. A Mboweni" . I remembered I gave Marcus'

uncle money the day I blackmailed him. My question was why he sent me money without me asking for it. I received another SMS after few minutes. It read "there is more where that came from. I can take care of you". Problem with old men is that they use money as their mouths. I don't blame them though, these days money works as a key to unlock vjayjays. Some girls literally go wet when they see money. Imagine if such girls worked at the Reserve Bank. They would need to change pantyliners every 5 minutes. I replied with "i am sorry to say this but you are stupid. Now I have your nudes and SMS. I can use them to blackmail or ruin your life. Is that what you want? I can send this to your wife. Stop thinking with that pipe between your legs". When men are horny they become brainless. He replied with "Don't pretend as if you don't want my money. We both know you want more. I can buy you things you have always wanted. As long as you

promise to keep this between us". Nigger was being serious.

I decided to go downstairs to deal with him in person. Sometimes a girl must stand up and tell these men life doesn't revolve around money. Yes we all need money but when a guy sends you money and expects you to open your legs if simply means he sees you as a hoe. When I got downstairs he was like "I knew you were smart. We can do it here". He was unbuttoning his shirt as he said that. I went "eh mrena, I am not going to sleep with you. Please leave this house before I make your life a living hell. I am serious". He went on with unbuttoning his shirt. I took out my phone and called my mom. I went "you wanted me to stay with Marcus right? Do you wanna know what his family is doing to me?". Alex stood up and grabbed the phone from me. He dropped the call. He was like "nxa I thought you were smart. You are stupid like your parents. I am giving you an opportunity to

better your life and you are showing me a middle finger. You will need me one day and I won't be here. Bye bye". Mxm satan enjoys gategrushing in people's lives. As soon as he left I called JT to ask if she was back. She went "eh sfejana, are you still alive? Ke mo rounding. Ke landile this morning. Zwakala town ke tlo o sharpa ka leleme nyana. Plus ken a le prezie nyana for wena (I am around. I came back this morning. Come to town to get tongued. And I have a present for you)". I told her I was tired but would see her later. I went outside to check if Alex had OLX'd himself. I was glad to learn he was gone. Nigger was trying to take chances on a wrong person. I noticed there was a note next to the gate. It was written "Hey gorgeous. This might sound crazy but a guy must do what he has to do to achieve what his heart desires. I have been following you for a week now. I am glad to see you have recovered well. I got jealous when I saw you with that fat guy in

Durban. I found it funny when you left those guys on the freeway. And about being arrested, I hope you are not in trouble. I would love to meet you but not sure if you will welcome me. If you are cool with it, we can meet today. I will be at the Nando's here at Phillip Nel. It's a safe public place. I know after what you went thru you won't feel safe to meet in private areas. I'll be at Nando's until they close. If you don't come I'll go back home tomorrow. Keep well, X". At first I thought it was Alex playing mind games with me. Eish curiosity got to the worst of me. I decided to drive to Nando's to see who it was. I took a knife with me. It took me 2 minutes to get to Nando's. I walked in fretfully and nervously.

I threw my eyes around and I saw

BOOOOMMMMMM.....

THE END

LETTERS SECTION

I am a 26 year old guy from Taung but based in Joburg. I come from a very poor family but I managed to push myself up. After passing matric at the age of 18 I worked at a filling station in Joburg earning R400 a week. My girlfriend, whom I started dating while we were in high school, went to some college in Kempton Park. She got to taste urban life and dumped me because I was so 'rural', always broke and slept in a shack. I begged her not to leave me but she left. I was so heartbroken. My boss noticed potential in me and sent me to some short courses. As I write this I am about to complete my Bcom and my boss has put me in charge of some of his businesses because I have been very loyal to him. I have my own flat and a car. I never had a serious relationship after my first girlfriend broke up with me. Few months ago I bumped into her on her way to the taxi rank. The moment I lay my eyes on her I fell in love again. I never stopped loving her. She

has a kid with some taxi driver who dumped her after she fell pregnant. We talked and decided to try things again. She claims the reason she dumped me was because she was still immature and childish. My family members think she is only with me because I can provide for her. Was I a fool to forgive her? Could this be true love?

Yours,

Pholo

[12/10, 12:04] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 295

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

Apparently when something is meant to happen, nobody or nothing will stop it from happening. In every girl's life there will always be that guy who will move mountains just to be with you. A guy who will cross oceans and valleys just to be with you. A guy who will cross borders just to

be with you. A guy who will go against all odds just to be with you. No matter how ugly or bad-shaped you are, there is that guy for you out there. It might take time before you meet but if it is bound to happen, it will happen. When I saw Dr Ranks sitting alone drinking coke I found myself asking "is he the one?". The note he left next to the gate was very deep and wholehearted. I mean, all the way from Botswana and stalking me all the way to Durban. That can only be done by someone in love. I remembered the bond we had when I was kidnapped in Botswana. He risked his life just to make sure I escaped Botswana in one piece. I remembered him telling me how dangerous Tshengi was and that if they found out he took part in saving me they were gonna kill him. All those thoughts were playing in my mind as I stood there looking at him. His face beamed with joy when he laid his beautiful Tswana eyes on me. I slowly walked to him. Like a King about

to salute his beautiful Queen, he stood up to give my beautiful body a home in his capable arms. He didn't say a word but his hug spoke thousands of words to him. Our moment was spoilt by a waitress who wanted to know if I wanted to order something to eat or drink. I sat down and told her I wanted water with lemon. Ranks and I sat for about 10 minutes without talking. We just looked at each other's eyes and smiled. I felt like a high school kid after getting a hug from a teacher I had a crush on. I could see we both had a lot to say but none of us knew where to start. He held my hand and whispered something. I didn't quite get what he said. It sounded like some Setswana proverb or something. I decided to clear my throat and break the silence.

"Why did you stalk me? What do you want from me?". He took his time to think before responding to my questions. I think he wanted to make sure his words were Black Coffee's

music in my ears. He went "I have lived with guilt for weeks now. I know he is no more but I also take the blame for what happened. I should have said no when he ordered me to take part in that stupid and sordid thing. I am apologizing for taking part. Hope you will find it in your heart to forgive me". The Botswana ordeal was the last thing I wanted to talk about. My heart was very strong. I had survived many bad situations and had learnt to put some things behind. I didn't want to live the rest of my life crying about something I had no powers to change. I was like "uhm, I am still alive today because you saved my life. If it wasn't for you.....I don't know where I would be. I forgave you the day you saved me from that animal. For that you will forever have a reserved space in my heart". His face was invaded by a gorgeous smile. He was glad I had forgiven him. I asked him the questions I asked earlier, "I know you didn't come all the way from Botswana to South

Africa to apologise. Why are you here? Why did you stalk me? How did you find me?”. He drank his drink and coughed three times. He was wearing a grey modern suit. He looked more like a businessman than a doctor. He went “I fell in love the minute I laid my eyes on you. I came to South Africa to declare my love. I love you. I believe God brought you to Botswana for a reason. What happened was sad and regrettable but....uhm, I see a happy ending to it. We are a happy ending. It might sound like a fairytale, but this is real. I want to be your man. I want to make you forget whatever happened in your past relationships. I want to change the view you have about men. I am a Motswana man and I know how to make a woman happy. I want you to be happy. Please let me”. There is no woman in this world who doesn’t appreciate romance. Hearing a man declaring his love can make even a cheeky feminist melt.

We chilled at Nando’s for over 2 hours. The

conversation drifted from love to general topics. I must admit, he knew more about my country than I did. You would swear he was born and bred in South Africa. I was surprised he knew there's a place called Hammaskraal. After our little meeting he told me he had to go back to his hotel because he was tired. I asked him what made him tired and he went "I have been following you since I got to South Africa. You are a busy woman Sharon Letsoalo. We will talk about this one day". I asked if he needed a lift and he told me he had a rented car. Lol nigger was driving a Toyota Corolla. If I didn't know who he was I was gonna think he's an old school teacher. We exchanged numbers and he drove to his hotel in Arcadia. I drove back to my place. I lay on my bed for hour thinking about my previous relationships. I wasn't really sure if I wanted to date someone from outside South Africa. But in South Africa we don't really see people from Botswana as foreigners because

we have their language as one of our official languages. I remembered I forgot to ask him if he had a wife and kids. I called my mom. I told her about Ranks and when she heard he was a medical doctor she went “my baby, I think he is the one. He is probably loaded. You need a man who will be able to take care of you”. Some mothers though. She wasn’t even concerned about my safety, all she cared about was the guy’s pocket. After talking to her I called JT to tell her I was coming. On my way to JT’s place Fruit called to tell me Phiso was arrested. He told me he was also taken in for questioning. I wanted to scream with joy but I didn’t Fruit to hear my happiness. He asked to meet and I said no. I didn’t have anything to talk to him about. I really wanted to give him a chance but he blew it. Gorgeous players have this habit of messing up deliberately knowing well that they will apologise afterwards. I told him to delete my number. He sounded like someone who wanted

to cry. I didn't give a rat's behind.

When I got to JT's place she had friends at her place. They were drinking and smoking weed. I asked her what they were celebrating and she went "I am celebrating life Ntwana. Modimo ke nja ya game (God is great). He is blessing me everyday. O batla ke o baele eng sfefe saka (what do you want me to buy you)? Phone? Bag? Clothes? Ne nka o rekela Brazilian weave but ka bona o sharpile letwadi. O lepsatla nyana neh (I would buy you a Brazilian weave but I see you are rocking a bald head. You are gorgeous huh)?" I think the celebration had something to do with money. Her male friends couldn't get their eyes off me. JT asked me to have a drink and I said no. I didn't want alcohol in my system that day. I didn't wanna go back to varsity with a phuza face. Midweek booze will give you a phuza face in less than 5 days. While chilling there Thobile walked in. She was rocking a bald head and heels that looked like the ones I was

wearing. Mxm I was so pissed. I pretended to be answering my phone and left. I didn't want to be in the same room as her. Her face made me wanna puke the mogodu I had. On my way back to Phillip Nel Fruit called to tell me he was on his way to Phillip Nel to tell me something very important. I told him I wanted nothing from him. He begged me to meet him. I told him to drive to just before the TUT main gate. He asked why I didn't want to him to come to my place and I told him my uncle Marcus was back. I drove straight to the TUT gate. Fruit arrived within 10 minutes. I told him to get to the point. He went "I want to apologise for whatever I did. Phiso is a bad influence and I regret allowing him back in my life again. He once got me arrested because of his drugs. Because I am a good guy I forgave him and we became friends again. This is where my forgiveness led me". I didn't buy his soapie story. I told him I was used to players like him. I told him I heard what he said

in Durban when he told his BFF that he wanted to make me pregnant and run away. I told him everything I heard. He started crying and went down on his knees to beg for forgiveness. I told him I didn't give a damn about his crocodile tears. I got in my car and left. I didn't go straight home because I didn't want him to follow me. I drove to Wonderboom Junction to have a drink to push time. Nigger tried to call again but I ignored his calls. Ranks called to check up on me. I went "hope you are not stalking me". He laughed and told me he was in his hotel room. He asked me to join him for breakfast the following. . I agreed and he gave me details about his hotel room. I drove to my place around 8pm. I didn't feel like sleeping and I kinda felt lonely. I decided to go surprise Ranks at his hotel room. I was glad he had given me details. I drove straight to Arcadia. I was quite sure he was gonna appreciate my surprise. After all, he had stalked me for weeks. I parked

my car by the street and walked to the hotel. It was a hotel I had been to before. His hotel room was on the 6th floor. I knocked at the door 3 times with no response.

As I was about to leave the door opened and boooommm...Aluwani stood in front of me.

WTF....

THE END

LETTERS SECTION

Dear Sharon

Thanks for being consistent these days. You deserve a present. I recently met a great guy and he makes me happy to some extent. He is educated, down to earth and all that. My problem is he is very conservative in the bedroom. He does not want to do things I used to do with my ex, things like bj, muffin', backside etc. We only do missionary and in the bedroom only. He doesn't bath or shower with

me. One day I walked in the shower while he was bathing and he got angry. Don't get me wrong, he makes me come with his missionary in the bedroom but it's starting to bore me. I can't do same thing everyday. I tried to talk to him about it and he told amadlozi (his ancestors) won't approve of such things. He wants to marry me but I am not sure I want to have same style everyday for the rest of my life. What can I do to change his mind set on love making?

Regards,

Mev Ray

[12/10, 12:05] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 296

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

One of the things I learnt about life is that if you plan to surprise somebody you must always leave a room for surprises yourself. Men are

unpredictable animals. They can turn the surpriser into the surprisee with a flip of a finger. After the beautiful conversation I had with Ranks I wasn't expecting him to have any company. I was under the impression that he was in South Africa especially for me. I didn't expect him to be whoring with the likes of Aluwani. She was the last hoe I expected to see in Pretoria. I will be lying if I say I was not surprised to see her there. I mean, if a girl is at a guy's hotel room at night it can only mean one thing – a wrestling match between lerete le motete. I heard Ranks asking "who is that? Room service? I didn't order anything". I turned and started walking towards the elevator. My surprising had turned into an ugly nightmare. My head was spinning. I was asking myself why every guy I tried to build an emotional bond with turned to be a liar or a chancer. It can't be normal to meet he-hoes only. Sometimes a girl deserves a guy who will sweep her off the floor.

A guy who will not lie to his princess. A guy who will do whatever it takes to make sure his queen is the happiest woman in the world. As I was walking away I heard Aluwani telling Ranks that “it’s Sharon....my late cousin’s ex. Did she have an appointment with you? I didn’t know you guys were still in touch”. The next thing I heard footsteps of a person running towards my direction. I didn’t look back or stop, I kept walking. I was blaming myself for planning to surprise someone I barely knew. What hurt me most was the fact the he lied to me. He made me feel special over a lie. I was also pissed by the fact that he was associating with a member of a family that I hated with my whole heart. I hated them and their goat Tshidino or what what. I pressed the lift and started crying. Like I said before, any guy that makes you cry does not deserve your heart. The only crying that a girl must tolerate is the one that happens in the bedroom. The crying born out of monate wa

mrengerenge.

When he got to where I was standing he held my hand and went "it's not what you think. Please let me explain. She is not". I interrupted before he could continue. I was like "you don't owe me any apology. I am not your girlfriend. I thought I was going to be one but I know it won't happen. You made me think you came to South Africa to declare your love to me and this is what happens. I have had it with men who think they can jump into my life and leave me with tears in my eyes. I thought you were different but I see you are just like all of them. I will pretend I never met someone like you. Please pretend I didn't come here". The elevator came as I was breathing my hurt words. I got in the elevator and Ranks followed me. There were three people in the elevator. Rank went "abuti, please tell this woman I love her and will never do anything to hurt you? Please tell her to stop jumping to conclusions. What she saw is

not what she thinks”. He was telling one of the guys we found in the lift. The guy was like “dude if she’s leaving thank your ancestors and let her go. Women were brought to this world to make us suffer. You see how fresh I am? It’s because I don’t have a woman in my life. I am the happiest man alive. Guess where I am going now? I am going to buy a prostitute. Those ones are like beer. They will never stress you. But for as long as you still run after yellow bones like this one, o sa tlile go nyela papa. God is giving you a chance to run away. Use it wisely....”. I think he wanted to continue but the elevator got to his destination before he could continue with his balderdash talk. I don’t think he was sober. If he was sober he would know women are the best thing to ever happen to this world. Men are the ones who were brought to this world to stress us. When we got off the lift Ranks blocked my way and asked for 30 seconds to explain everything. I said “30

seconds to justify your lies? Go spend that 30 seconds with her. She is probably waiting for you. Go make love to your woman assomblief. Leave me along please Ranks”.

Just before reaching the exit I bumped into JT. She was like “and then wena sfebe? Kanti ga o tshaba from bhozi ya ka ne o zwakala hierso? Mara bofebe o bo tswela Harvard University ntwana? Ranks, nou cause Venda boy o vaile o nyonyobela sfebe sa gage? Entlik you are equally a sferb”. JT looked very drunk. I couldn’t understand how she knew Ranks. I was wondering what the hell she was doing at the hotel. I wondered if she knew her precious Aluwani was there. She went “Ranks, o shiile medi ya ka le mang ko top? Ne ke sa ile go kreya zolo ya high grade (who did you leave my girlfriend with upstairs? I had gone to buy good weed)”. Flip, I felt stupid right on the spot. What I thought was happening wasn’t really the case. Ranks went “this is what I was trying to tell you.

I was chilling with JT and her girlfriend Aluwani in my hotel room. JT left few minutes ago to go buy something. Aluwani is in Pretoria because I asked her to bring some documents I needed for some business I once did with Tshengi in Botswana. She came to the hotel with this guy...girl or whatever. I am seeing her for the first time. Aluwani told me this girl, guy or whatever is your best friend. Can you please stop overreacting over nothing?”. JT was like “girl boy or whatever ke mmao”. One hotel employee came and told us to keep our voices down because we were disturbing other guests. Ranks suggested we go back to his hotel room. I wanted to say no but JT forced me to go with them. When we were inside the lift she went “bosso bosso bosso, hope you are not planning go ja Shaz. If o planna go mo ja o bethile fase papa. I will not let her associate with anyone who was related to that Venda boy”. Ranks looked at me and said “no, she is just a friend”. I

didn't like how JT was acting. Everything about her was drunk nje. When we got to Ranks' room I greeted Aluwani with some nasty attitude. She greeted me back and went "when are you coming to fetch your goat? It is pregnant again". I gave her a pissed face and kept quiet. She went "were you really expecting my brother to give you money? He wasn't stupid you know. He knew you didn't love him. Anyway, I am glad you are moving on. I wish your new man good luck".

The more I tried to maintain my cool was the more she kept farting with her ugly mouth. I ended up losing my cool and jumped on her. I slapped the crap out of her Venda face. She threw few hot ones too but I didn't feel them because I was angry. Before Ranks separated us I grabbed a shoe on the floor and docked it on her forehead. Her face went on periods on the spot. JT was sitting on the bed laughing at everything. She went "WWE SmackShaz. Entlik difebe nyana tse di gura vir bo ma-what?"

Ntwana, when did you become Sharon Segal?”. I didn't have time to respond to stupid questions. I headed straight to the door to delete myself from that room. Ranks left Aluwani and followed me again. He was like “what got into you Sharon. You are not the fighting type, why are you angry? That person is high and drunk but you let her get to you. What's wrong? Are you stressed about something? Talk to me, I'll help you”. I kept walking in silence. I used stairs because I didn't want other hotel guests to see me in the state I was in. Ranks followed me talking nonsense I was not interested to hear. When I got to the car he stood in front of it to prevent me from driving off. I got out of the car and told him I would knock him with the car if he didn't move. He went “it's ok, kill me. As long as you know I love you. I will die a happy man”. I got in the car again and he quickly threw himself inside. I ignited the engine and drove to Phillip Nel. He was the only one talking. I maxed

the music to avoid hearing what he was saying. When we go to Phillip Nel I told him to walk back to his hotel. He laughed and went "Sharon, I love you. Aluwani was wrong to say the things she said. Please don't punish me for what she said. I beg you my love. Let's get in the house. You will feel better after drinking water. I promise I will walk back to Arcadia as soon as I see you are fine". His sweet words were gradually softening me. I didn't even park the car inside the garage. That was my way of showing him I was not planning to let him sleep over. I let him in the house and he let me drink water. He was indeed a doctor. I felt better after drinking water. I went "you can walk back to Arcadia now". He held my hand and said "the only place I wanna walk to at this stage is your heart". His lips were preparing to land on mine as he said that. One thing led to another and we ended up on the couch. My blood agreed with what he was doing. I went "let's go to my

bedroom". He carried me and I directed him to my bedroom upstairs. I switched my bedroom light on and Tshengi dropped me like I was a bag of cement. Before I could ask why he screamed –

"haaaaahhh.....who is that on your bed?"

WTF.....

THE END

LETTERS SECTION

Dear Sharon,

I am 19 and been dating my 58 year old sugar daddy since February this year. He told me he was married and I didn't mind because I didn't have any feelings for him. Mine was just to milk him money. In June my mother heard a rumour that I was dating a man old enough to be my father. She asked me and I denied everything. Early this month she followed me while I was going to meet my sugar at his friend's house

where we normally met and bonked. The next thing I saw my mom running towards us like a possessed woman. She started beating him right in front of me. I ran for my life. I slept at my friend's place that night. The following day sugar called to tell me he wanted to talk to me about something serious. He sent me address and I went there. To my surprise my mom was also there. To cut the story short, sugar is my mom's ex and my little brother's father. My mom never introduced me and my brother to our fathers. She is raising us as a single mom. I wanted to bury myself that day. I apologized to my mom and promised to cut ties with the guy. A week after that meeting I discovered I'm pregnant. The father is my little's brother's father. Should I tell my mom about it or should I keep quiet? Abortion is not an option.

Kind regards,

Sihle, KZN

[12/10, 12:07] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 297

September 10, 2017 Lesege Maake Leave
a comment

When your blood is hot and you wanna get laid the last thing you want is some unwelcome disturbance. Actually, all disturbances are unwelcome. I was in a state of not going back. Many people make a mistake of underestimating the power of salt in a woman. When it's been ages since you got laid any touching in strategic areas will drive your vjayjay to an LTE mode. Your network will start moving fast. I didn't know Ranks that much but what I felt for him was strong and real. The bond we created while I was captured in Botswana was very strong. Who knows, maybe it was Stockholm syndrome. When he asked who was on my bed I thought he was crazy because there was no one on my bed. I looked at him and asked "are you crazy? There is

nothing on my bed". He point to the bulge on my unmade bed. I laughed at his cowardly tendency. Before I left the house that day I didn't sort my bed. I left my big teddy bear on the bed covered by sheets. The poor doctor was such a coward. Even when I told him it was a teddy bear it took him time to believe it. He asked me to remove the sheets so he could see if indeed it was a teddy bear. His cowardice diluted my hunger to have him inside me. No woman wanna open her legs for a guy who would run away in the event of an attack. I wondered how he did business with the ruthless Tshengi when he was such a sissy. I was like "I didn't know men from Botswana were cowards. What were you thinking? Were you thinking I am hiding a man in those sheets? What do you take me for Sir? Do you really think I would let you come here if I knew I had someone in the house? If that's how Botswana girls roll please don't compare me to them. I am

of a different cloth". He apologized and told me he thought it was a tokoloshi. He was like "I saw many mysterious things when I used to visit Tshengi in Venda. I thought this was one of them. I am very sorry if you took it the wrong way". I told him it was fine. He tried to kiss me but I told him I lost interest. I lay on the bed on my back.

The next thing I felt warm hands rubbing my shoulders. I didn't move or react. His massaging game was on point. No girl wants a guy who will massage her as is he's dancing 'vreifing' his grandmother's bedroom's floor. His hands moved from my shoulders to my back. My body started moving automatically. I was not in charge of it anymore. He asked "do you like what I am doing? Should I stop?". I whispered "if you don't wanna go back to Botswana with one eye you better not stop. I am feeling you". I was not lying, my body was feeling his hands. When he moved his hands

lower I felt a twitch in my butt line. I started making the “ah ah oh oh no no” sounds that girls make when we want to make a guy feel he has arrived. Yes we do that a lot to boost your egos niggers. Don't go around telling your boys that you made her scream. She was merely doing you a favour. I told Ranks to massage my bum. Nigger handled my bum like it had gold stashed in it. His hands took their time to massage and correspond with my ezi. He did it so well that I almost came from a bum massage. He turned me around and started massaging my chest.....then my boobs. When he played with my nipples I almost screamed 'sebata-kgomo' in a twanging accent.....'swebwatwa-kgwomewww'. My eyes were closed as I enjoyed that treat. I opened them now and then to read his face. Nigger was in his own world. He also had his eyes closed. The way he was touching right areas you would swear he hand eyes on his hands. I went “Ranks,

thank you for coming to South Africa. I love you. Please promise you won't hurt me". That is one of the lines we girls love – "Please don't hurt me". I don't think there is a guy in this world who will ever be honest and say "I will hurt you babe". They all act good and promise never to hurt you. Wait until they get what they want wena. Banna ke disatane thwii. As expected he was like "I think you are the one for me Sharon. I saw your beauty even when you were wearing the ugliest dress ever. I fell in love with you in such state. You are the one for me and I won't mess it. Believe me when I say I love you. Let me say it with my eyes open. Sharon Letsoalo, I love you".

That was all I needed to hear before taking things to the next level. I let him take off my top. His hands greeted my boob-flesh for the first time. He did sika lekhekhe with his hand on my cleavage and I almost screamed. He took off his top to show off what gym did to his body.

He leaned his head towards my face while whispering “I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you....”. The last ‘I love you’ was hijacked by the electrifying kiss we shared. It felt so strong my clit went ts ts ts ts ts ts ts ts ts ts ts ts ts ts. The waiting was killing me. I decided to take matters into my own hands. I turned him around and took off his pants. I almost lost my wetness when I noticed he was wearing an underwear written “I Love Botswana” with a picture of the president. Like WTF, we are all patriotic but not to that level. I couldn’t help it but think of a South African guy wearing an underwear with a picture Msholozzi. Lol you will just look at the dick print and expect it to go “he he he he he thixo wa se George Goch”. With Zimbabweans it will automatically make your vjayjay go dry. Ranks was lucky because the content of his patriotic underwear made me forget about the underwear and concentrate on the bigger picture (excuse the pun). He helped

me to take off the remaining clothes on my body. He gently got on top of me while his hands were doing things not even Queen's Tongue can express. His one finger SAA'd to the destination below my navel. He brushed my bald pubic area. The next thing my heart stopped beating. It was not a medical condition. It was the enjoyment I felt when his finger landed on my clit. I was wet to the Mount Everest peak. He toyed with the clit in a gently and compassionate fashion. Nothings makes a vjayjay excited like a guy who knows how to finger. You don't want a guy who'll finger you like George Maluleke playing his guitar. Fingering should be gentle, slow and on the right spot. Some guys make a mistaking of ignoring the clit and dunk their fingers in the cookie. Hello....a vjayjay is not a peanut butter jar. Don't go in it with your fingers as if you are expecting to come out with peanut butter. Leave your vjayjay for the cock. 80% of fingering

should happen on the clit and its fence.

I came twice from the fingering. You know a guy is good when he scores before the actual game starts. Not even Messi or CR7 can match that. Most guys fail to make their girls reach the O-niverse because they rush to penetration. That's like putting on shoes before socks. The moment of truth eventually arrived. He took out a condom from his pants. I almost asked why we was walking around with condoms but didn't wanna spoil the fun. When his cockhead docked on the lips of my excited, happy, jubilant, joyful, elated, overjoyed, euphoric, thrilled, high, delighted and wetful vjayjay I almost sang 'Thank you father, thank you father, for our food, for our food. And our many blessings, and our many blessings. Amen, Amen'. He didn't rush to forcing my mama to swallow his papa. He went slow and slow and slow until he reached R21....then N1. When it was fully inside me I felt as if it was about to reach my navel. His lips

were doing the unmentionables on my neck. He used his hand to push my torso up to maximize penetration and hit all corners my world. His thrusts were well coordinated and rhythmic. I found myself humming isicathamiya songs. When a dick is good you can speak 10 languages in one sentence. We made love for more than 40 minutes. The way we were so hot after the session we didn't cuddle. We both lay on our backs and looked at the ceiling. I found myself laughing even though there was no joke. When you have enjoyed it so well a cockroach will pass on the wall and you will start laughing. But if it was bad the poor cockroach will not move an inch. You get off the bed like a cobra and finish the poor insect with your sleepers. I went "babe, you are good. I don't want you to go back to Botswana. Please move to South Africa permanently. I want to wake up next to you every morning. You did me so good I felt like it was my first time. I am satisfied". He went "I

would love to wake up next to you every morning my love. I will one day marry you and move to South Africa". His words were like a good dick to my vjayjay. We hugged and slept side by side. His dick was still as hard as a Zulu man's stubbornness. I passed out in his arms. I was woken by something vibrating. I discharged myself from his arms and looked around. It was his phone signaling an incoming call. I tried to wake him up but nigger didn't move. I decided to reject the call.

I grabbed the phone and WTF, the caller's name appeared as 'Tshengi Boss' on the screen.

WTF....

THE END

LETTERS SECTION

Dear Sharon and Readers,

I have been with my man for over two years. A week hardly passes without us fighting.

Sometimes we fight over stupid and small things. Just few days ago we fought because I didn't respond to his messages. We broke up and made up more than 10 times in the two years we have been together. He proposed and I said no because we have more highs than lows in our relationship. He believes staying together as a wife and husband will fix our relationship. Can marriage and kids change a relationship for the best? Please hide my name.

Yours,

Anonymous

[12/10, 12:21] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 298

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

One of the things I got to learn about people

connected to Tshengi was that they were dodgy characters. All of them, from his relatives to his friends I got to meet when I was engaged to him. His relatives played a saint game in public but deep inside their hearts they hid witchcraft and disgusting comportment. They showed me their true colours during the will reading.

Aluwani was also like her relatives. She was a hyena in a sheep's skin. Dr Ranks was the only Tshengi's connection with a different heart.

Well, that is what I thought until that night when his phone received a call from Tshengi Boss. I let the phone ring until the caller dropped it. As expected, the person called again. I looked at Ranks and nigger was snoring like a stingy old man. Yes stingy people snore more than everyone. Ask girls who date men from Bolobedu if you don't believe. I took the phone and tiptoed to the guest bedroom.

Unfortunately the person hung up before I could answer. I waited for more than 10 minute for

the person to call again but call dololo. I decided to give up and go back to the bedroom. As soon as I put my body on the bed the phone rang again. I looked at Ranks and nigger was still snoring. I grabbed the phone and ran to the other bedroom again. As I was about to swipe the answer key the caller hung up. It was like the person could see me. It was a bit dodgy. "Nxa maybe it's the Venda bastard calling me from the grave. You can never trust these Venda mother-Effers", I thought to myself. I sat in the other bedroom for more than 10 minutes again hoping for the person to call. After additional 5 minutes the phone rang and it was a private call that time around. I swiped the answer key and listened. I didn't say a word or make any sound. A Venda with a voice that sounded like Tshengi's went "chief, why are you ignoring my calls now? Did you manage to lure the fish into the net? That fish is very smart and if you are not clever you gonna end up losing it

before the project is finished". When he noticed I was not responding he went "hello, hello....can you hear me? Hello chief!!!! Nxa network". The phone vibrated to give notification for an incoming message. Pity I couldn't access it before it was password locked.

I went back to the bedroom with many questions in my head. The person who called sounded exactly like Tshengi. There was no way it could be him because Tshengi was long dead and buried. There was no way he could be alive. In the morning I woke up before Ranks to prepare breakfast for us. By the time Ranks woke up the table was set. I wanted to create a good space to interrogate him without him suspecting I answered his phone without his permission. He kissed me on the forehead and asked if I slept him. I went "I slept well but had a nightmare. In my dream, Tshengi was back from the dead and looking for you. I wish I knew how to interpret dreams hey". He told me it was

just a dream and it meant nothing because Tshengi was long gone. I asked if he was in touch with any of Tshengi's family members. He went "I am not really in touch with them. I only call when I need something like I did with Aluwani. I actually want to cut ties completely. I cannot be friends with family of a man who almost killed my future wife". His answer was not convincing. He was lying to me thru his teeth. If there is one thing girls must not tolerate is lying during the early stages of a relationship. I mean, if he lies when things are still new and happy imagine how much he is gonna lie when the relationship is old and going thru rough patches? The little hope I had about Ranks and I was gradually vanishing. I was starting to put him in a class of Fruit. They all appeared to be sweet konyanas only for their true colours to show at a later stage. I asked him to unlock his phone. He went "what exactly do you wanna see in my phone? Don't you trust

me?”. I told him it was not about trust but there was something in his phone that I wanted to see. He told me the phone was in the bedroom. I went upstairs to fetch it. He opened it and I asked to see messages. The only unread message was one from Tshengi Boss received around the time I had his phone.

“Don’t lie to me please. Who is this person?”, I asked with a serious face. He laughed for more than 5 minutes without answering my question. He asked how I knew he received a message from that number. I told him what he was asking wasn’t important. He went “I will not tell you who the person is, I want you to ask him yourself. Now I understand why you were asking me awkward questions earlier. Take, talk to the person”. He handed me the phone as he said that. The phone rang and the person answered. Before I could even say hello the person went “I have been trying to call you but your phone seems to have a problem”. The

voice sounded exactly like Tshengi's. Maybe my mind was playing with me but that's how his voice sounded to me. I went "Ranks is not here. I am his woman. Can I take a message for him?". The guy was like "oh sorry madam. I thought he was in South Africa working on some business deal. Please tell him to call me. Say hi to your kids and". Ranks quickly grabbed the phone from me and hung up. I asked him why he hung up while I was still talking to that person. He told me to stop stressing about small things him. I asked him who the person was and which kids was he talking about. He impatiently went "he is a business associate I met thru Tshengi. I saved him as Tshengi Boss because Tshengi used to call him boss. I don't know which children he's talking about because I don't have any wife or children. Maybe he was just pulling your leg. He knows very well that I do not have any children or a wife". We argued for about 10 minutes

about the phone call. He asked me what he should do to prove he didn't have a wife and kids. I asked him to let me go thru pictures in his phone. That was the only way I was gonna find out if he was telling the truth. Men love having pictures of their kids in their phones. He hesitantly handed me his phone. I went thru pictures and I found all my Facebook pictures in his phone. I was the only female in his phone. I didn't find any kids that looked like him. I was humbled when I saw many pictures of me in his phone. Many girls were gonna find it psychorish but I found it cute.

I apologized for overreacting. He told me if it would make me feel better he didn't mind cutting business ties with the Venda guy if I was uncomfortable with him. I told him it was ok. He went "I have to go back to Botswana today. I will be back on Monday". I was sad he was leaving but happy Monday wasn't far. It's very important to spend as much time as

possible when the relationship is still new. A relationship is not Unisa, you can't build it very correspondence. I dropped him at the hotel. He wanted me to go to his hotel room for a 'proper goodbye' and I said no. We kissed before he got out of the car. The goodbye was a bit emotional. Before I could drive back to Phillip Nel my old friend Pulane called to ask if it was me she just saw in a Mini Cooper in Arcadia. I said yes and she told me not to move. She was like "please don't move. I am in a taxi to the CBD. I'm gonna get off and walk back to where you are". She wasn't my favourite person but I didn't wanna be snaaks. I didn't wanna associate with people who had a relationship with Marcus. Within 5 minutes she came to where I was waiting. Her first question was "are you looking forward to going back to Varsity next week? I am so excited....i can't wait to see Marx, ah never mind". I asked if I should drop her at CBD. She went "come on, let's chill for couple of minutes

hle? I was going to have brunch somewhere in Central with some boring friends. Let's go have a drink at House 22 and maybe lunch. They make nice pork legs there". I didn't have any plans so I took her invitation. I made it clear I didn't have on me. Not that I was broke, I was tired of girls like Pulane who had parasitic tendencies. There are many girls like her. They love nice things but allergic to paying. She asked who bought me the Mini and I went "my father's life cover money". She looked at me with jealousy infested eyes and went "I wish my dad could die this year hey. I also want a Mini Cooper or Golf 7. I'm tired of walking". She made me have a 'Lord Have Mercy' moment. When we got to House 22 Pulane bought us drinks and ordered pork legs. The place was almost empty because it was midweek and around noon. The catch up session wasn't as bad as I expected. It made me realize I missed the small things I used to do before my life got

tjatjarag. While we were chilling there some hunk came to where we were sitting and asked for a hug from me. I asked him why and he were “I actually want your number I know you won’t give it to me. So I am settling for less”. Lol I laughed and stood up to give him a hug. He smelled divine. It’s very charming when a man smells nice. No girl wanna hug a guy who smells like a mixture of rotten eggs and paraffin. The guy thanked me and left. As soon as he left I received a message from an unknown number. It was a picture of me and the hunk hugging with the caption “I am jealous”.

WTF...

THE END

LETTERS SECTION

Dear readers,

Is it wrong to dump a guy because he is not serious about his future? He works at a

construction company and earns R3500 a month. He doesn't seem to mind he earns peanuts. He pays for my accommodation and buys me food and I appreciate it. It's not about how much he gives me, it's about him not being ambitious. I am about to complete my nursing qualification and I know soon I will be earning more than him. I tried to tell him to go to school but he is not interested. He is content with the R3500 he is earning from the stupid construction company. I don't see myself as a nurse dating an unskilled construction worker. Will it be unfair if I leave him when I'm working as a nurse?

Regards,

Future Nurse

[12/10, 12:22] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 299

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake Leave
a comment

It is every girl's fear to have a stalker. It does not matter whether it is done out of love or not. Having a stalker is a nightmare. You will never feel comfortable whenever you leave your house because you will feel your stalker is following you. Some stalkers are so good at their game they even stalk you in your sleep. You close your eyes to take a nap and the first thing you see is their face. The only stalker that is allowed to stalk us 24/7 is God. The picture got me shaking. I looked around to see if there was a familiar face but I didn't see any. Pulane asked why I looked shaken and I showed her the picture. She helped me to look around but we didn't see anyone. I called the number but it didn't go thru. Pulane went "bra, I think you have some mentally imbalanced person following you. I think we should leave now". I told her it was unsafe to leave because we didn't know where the person was. The first person I suspected was Ranks. He was the only person

who told me straight in my face that he followed me for days. If he had done it before it was very possible that he would repeat it. What mystified me was why he would wanna follow me when we spent the entire night together. I decided to call and ask where he was. He went "babe come on, you know very I am at the hotel. That is where you left me right? Why are you asking? Do you wanna come back? I am naked right now?". My voice was shaking but I don't think he picked it up. I asked him to send me his location. He wanted to know why and I told him I would explain later. He hung up and sent me his location. He was indeed at the hotel. I started wondering who the person who took me that picture was. My second suspect was Fruit. I called and he told me he was with his son in Soshanguve. I asked him to send me his location. Nigger thought I wanted to visit him. He was like "babe, you can't come here. I am at my son's mother's family. I doubt they would

approve. But we can meet in Wonderpark for drinks if you don't mind". I told him I didn't wanna meet but his Location. After few minutes of arguing he sent me his location. He was indeed in Sosh.

Ranks called back to ask what was going on. I told him someone was pulling a prank on me. He asked where I was and I said my crib. After the call I told Pulane I wanted to go to my crib because I didn't feel safe anymore. She suggested we go to her place because it was not far. We finished our drinks and drove to her flat afterwards. Anyone who has stayed in Sunnyside knows a block of flats called Tambotie. Pass there around 10pm, there's always a smell of fish. Most girls who stay there fall pregnant within 3 months, especially those from villages. Go jewa lerago that place. I failed to understand why Pulane stayed in such place for more than 2 years. I felt like someone was following me. I even switched off my

phone thinking someone was using it to track my whereabouts. When we got to her place she offered me wine and I rejected the offer. I didn't wanna get drunk before finding out who was stalking me. She poured herself a glass and started moisturizing her esophagus with the red one from the bottle. While chilling there her phone rang and it was a +2731 number. It was a phone code for Durban. She went "I have to take this in private. I will be back right now". The first person I thought of was Marcus. No wonder she didn't wanna answer it in front of me. She knew very well that I didn't approve of her relationship with Marcus. Pity I couldn't do a thing because Marcus was not my father. If he was my father I was gonna beat the hell out of her. I switched on my phone to check if I didn't have another funny picture from the stalker. Luckily there was no any picture but a notification of a missed call. I called the number and almost fainted when I heard who was on

the other side of the line. It was my long lost former flat mate Kea. It had been ages since we spoke. I didn't even remember the last time we spoke. She told me she just passed next to our old flat in Sunnyside and thought of me.

Hearing her voice made me think of the good old days of the likes of Adeyomi and TT Scott.

I told Kea I was around Sunnyside and she asked if I minded if she passed by. I told her I was at Tambotie. I didn't have to send her my location because she knew the place very well. Tambotie is the most famous block of flats in Sunnyside. That place is so cruel it can turn mozalwane into a celebrated hoe in less than 2 weeks. After couple of minute Kea called again to ask for the unit number. I told her the number and she went "I think I have been there before. Some pastor used to stay there". Lol she was still on her church game. I remembered how she used to tell me she was going to her all night prayer sessions kanti ne a ya go jewa.

These Christians are not loyal. Their goodness stop the minute they put the Bible down.

Letswai does not give a damn about religion.

Pulane appeared from the bedroom with a huge smile on her face. I asked if she was having phone shagging with whoever she was talking to. She laughed and went "only if you knew who I was talking to". I told her I was not interested.

There was a knock on the door and I knew it was Kea. Damn she had gained weight. She looked like a housewife from somewhere in Mpumalanga. I asked her what she was eating and she went "my husband feeds me. I think Botswana loves me hey. I have been gaining weight since I got married there". Eh things change ka mmao. The last time I checked she was doing guys from Nigeria with dicks bigger than her arm. She told me she met some businessman from Botswana and they got married 6 months ago. I congratulated her. She went "pity he is going back to Botswana today. I

would introduce you to him". I giggled and said "hope he is not the same guy I am sort of seeing. He is also from Botswana". She told me her man wasn't the type I would date. I believed her because I knew we didn't share same taste of men. She asked Pulane if she could have some wine and yes was the answer. I ended up joining their wining. Drinking is contagious. When you are sitting with people who are drinking chances are you gonna end up drinking.

Pulane's phone rang again and she went to the bedroom. When she came back she asked me to drop her at Gautrain station. I asked her where she was going and she told me OR Tambo. I asked where she was flying to and she told me she was going to meet someone from Durban there. I didn't wanna ask many questions because I was suspecting she was going to meet Marcus. I think Pulane was one of those people who passed her modules because of the scope she had between her legs.

Kea and I had no choice but to leave. I dropped Pulane at the Gautrain station. Kea was like “my husband just told me he left for Botswana. I am a free woman now. Not that I wasn’t free, I didn’t see much of him because of his endless meetings in Limpopo. I haven’t seen him in a week but I knew he was in SA because we Skyped everyday”. I asked for his name and she laughed. She was like “I don’t trust you. You gonna search him on Facebook”. I decided to let it. I kinda had a feeling she was lying about the guy from Botswana. There was no way she would dumb a Nigerian for a Motswana. You can’t drive a fire brigade truck with a code 8 license. She probably had a truck between her legs. When girls from Botswana go to Nigeria they are automatically regarded as virgins until they taste the real Naija mrengerenge. I asked where she wanted to go and she suggested that we pay her friend a visit in Sunninghill, Joburg. I told her I was not dressed to travel outside

Pretoria. She went "lol you are still the old Sharon neh? We are not going to look for men. We are visiting my pastor friend for few hours and then we'll come back". It's not like I looked bad, I looked great but a girl must look super good if she is going out of her city. We bought wine and drove to Sunninghill. We stopped next to some huge gate and Kea made a call. The gate opened and we drove in. I asked Kea how she knew the so-called pastor and she told me they met at church. Ja pastors a balling these day. The way they are getting rich you would swear there is a Reserve Bank in heaven. As expected, the pastor was a Nigerian. You can take Kea out of Nigeria but you will never unLagos her lol. Nigger looked happy to see us. Kea went "we don't have enough time pastor. I came for prayers...you know. We must go back to Pretoria". The pastor smiled and went "is yoh friend oulso here far prayers?". Kea told him I was not there for prayers. Kea said "please be

patient, I won't take time. Pastor has prayer rooms upstairs". She switched the TV on for me and followed the guy upstairs. I was stunned at how things turned out there. I ain't a kid, I could see exactly what was going on there. There was no prayer crab. They were going to shag. Kea was such a mafia. There a medium bag next to the sofa. Curiosity killed the cat in me. I opened to see what was inside. OH WTF, I saw stashes of money. My punani went wet on the spot. Truth be told, money is attractive and sexy. Like the former hit track Kuse Kuze....i looked up, down, left, right andkuse-kuzed my hand in the bag.

"What the hell are you doing?"

BOOOOOOMMMMM.....

THE END

LETTERS SECTION

Dear Shazyonce

I am what my former classmates used to call 'very ugly boy' in high school. Throughout my high school and varsity days no girl wanted me because they said I was the ugliest guy in the school. I had malformed teeth that made me look like something from those dense Brazilian forests. My school mates nicknamed me Mazinyo and it hurt big time. After varsity I got a good a good job that pays well. I went to one of the best dentists in SA and she fixed my teeth. I saw a girl naked for the first time after buying my first car. Girls see me differently now that I am driving and chowing money. I am talking about the very same girls who used to make fun of me. I am chowing them one by one. Only the lucky ones come for the second time. I think I still have anger in me and it prevents me from falling in love. What can I do to forget about what happened in the past and open my heart to someone?

Yours,

Mazinyo wa zaka

[12/10, 12:23] Ron: Diary of a Side Chick –
Makhwapheni Episode 300

September 10, 2017 Lesego Maake [Leave a comment](#)

It's unladylike for a lady to be a thief. Besides being a criminal offense on earth, it is also a criminal offense in heaven. But hey, money is money. It's not everyday that you get to bump into such large amount of money. God shows us ways to make money in different ways.

Maybe it was Him trying to show me the gate to richness. It was one of those cases whereby the heart and the head engage in a brutal fight over decision making. The head will always give a sound advice and the heart will provide the opposite. "What the hell are you doing", that was the voice inside my head trying to warn me that what I was doing was not right. I paused briefly to think if it was really worth it to

appropriate that money without compensation. I decided to tiptoe upstairs to check coast. The last thing I wanted was to be caught with my hand in the cookie jar. I was expecting to hear people praying in tongues but all I could hear was Kea screaming as if they had replaced her vocal cords with a donkey's vocal cords. Some girls need to be taken to a school of screaming. You can't scream like you are in one of those 'fire fire fire fire I receive' churches. I was glad they were busy. It gave me a chance to do my 'job' without any hindrances. I took 3 stashes of money and went to hide them in the boot of my car. I didn't even know how much one stash had but they were heavy. I went back to the couch and sat as if nothing happened. I sat for more than 20 minutes without hearing any movement from upstairs. It was quite clear the prayer was doing it for Kea. I opened the bag again to check how many stashes were in there. I noticed there were some mini plastic bags with

powder inside. I didn't need to be a rocket scientist to know what that was. I closed the bag sat quietly like a widow of a Tsonga husband. I was panicking at that stage. One thing I learned from Hollywood movies is that no one messes with people who deal with drugs and get away with it. I decided to value my life and reverse the sticky-fingering. As I was about to stand up I heard sounds from the stairs.

Eish I had no choice but to remain seated. The pastor was like "eh you know Kia, if you read Job 17:15 it ses 'you wii pray to him, and he wii hear you, and you wii fulfill your wows'. We mas pray more often". Mxm they were trying to put a wool over my face. Only if they knew I heard Kea's ugly screaming. I acted as if I didn't hear a thing. Kea was like "my friend, that was the most powerful prayer I have ever experienced. I feel spiritually uplifted. We should come here more often". Nxa once a liar always a liar. You know, it's actually double sin to lie in the name

of the man upstairs. The pastor offered us tea. I didn't wanna drink it because I still had wine in my system. I wanted a chance to tell Kea what I did but the pastor didn't move an inch. The only time he moved was when he moved the money bag from the couch next to me. He asked few questions about me and invited me to his church which was not far from his house. I asked what he did besides pastoring and he told me he was a businessman involved in export and import business. I sent Kea an SMS asking to talk to her in private. The bitch was so drunk from the dick she didn't even look at her phone. The pastor wanted to offer us food but I told him we had to leave because daddy was expecting me. That was the first lie that came to my place. I was not feeling comfortable in that house anymore. The guy walked us to the car. He reminded me not to forget to visit his church in near future. I went "don't worry pastor, I promise I will come to your special private

prayers. I will invite my friends and family members". As soon as we got in the car I told Kea what I did. I was expecting her to be mad at me but she gave me a different reaction. She smiled and said "yho I did not know you had it in you. Let's drive out of here before he notices his money is gone. In fact he won't even notice his money is gone. I have stolen from him before and he didn't see a thing. I wanted to today but he didn't give me a chance". I couldn't believe those words came from a Christian's mouth.

I hit the accelerator. She asked me how much I took and I told her I didn't count. She went "we gonna take half each. If it wasn't for me you were never gonna get an opportunity to make that fortune. I deserve half". I told her I didn't have a problem sharing half the moola with her. We agreed we would share the money as soon as we got to Pretoria. When we got to the Buccleuch interchange in Woodmead I accidentally took N3 instead of N1 north to

Pretoria. Joburg interchanges will humble you if you are not used to driving in such places. I was so pissed because I knew the nearest off-ramp was the Marlboro Rd. We had no choice but to drive there. We off-ramped at Marlboro drive and rejoined the N3 to go back to Buccleuch interchange to join the N1 north to Pretoria. Immediately after joining the N1 Kea's phone rang. It was the pastor. I told Kea not to answer but the fool answered it. The guy told her to come back because he forgot to give her something. I told Kea it was a trap but she didn't wanna believe me. She was like "you are stressing over nothing. He won't do a thing to you. I doubt he'll even notice you took the money. I think he wants to give me a present. If we don't go back he will suspect we are running away from something. Let's go back. If he asks about money we'll just tell him we know nothing about it". She was so convinced he wouldn't do a thing to us. I off-ramped at Allandale road and

joined N1 south from the other side. We drove back to the pastor's house. Nigger was waiting for us at the gate. I tried to read his face but couldn't detect any negative emotions. I couldn't tell whether he was happy or angry. I told Kea to get out of the car to go talk to him. I remained in the car watching Kea's every move. My heart was beating very fast. I closed my eyes for few seconds and asked God to protect Kea and I. Kea and the pastor disappeared into his yard. I couldn't see where they were going because he had huge walls. You can never separate Nigerians and their big walls ka mmao. Watch Nigerian movies if you don't believe me.

I waited in the car for more than 5 minutes. My heart told me something bad was happening. I decided to take the money out of the car. My life was more important than couple of thousands. Before I could open the boot I saw the guy appearing from the gate carrying a five pound hammer. I saw anger and fury in his eyes.

I didn't wait for him to get to the car. I got in the car and hit the accelerator. I didn't even use the road we used when we drove to the guy's place. I kept looking at the mirror to see if nigger was following me. Within few minutes I received a text from Kea. It read "there are guys following you, drive as fast as you can because if they find you they gonna make mincemeat of you. Why didn't you tell me you took drugs? I thought you only took money? If my phone is off by tomorrow please alert the cops. We are in deep crap". I regretted inviting that woman back in my life. When I agreed to meet her I was thinking she had changed because of what she told me couple of months back.....her heath issues. I quickly searched for the quickest way to the freeway on my GPS. As soon as I landed on the N1 I hit the accelerator. When I passed Voda World in Midrand there was a car opposite my Mini. I increased the speed and they did the same. I decreased the speed and they did the

same. I remembered what Kea told me about people following me and developed uvalo. I decided to offramp at Olifantsfontein Road and drove towards Olieven. The devils followed me. Luckily there was no traffic. I hit the accelerator hard. That was the biggest mistake because the road I took had traffic lights. The first 3 robots greened for me. The fourth robot was not friendly, it menstruated when I got to it. I had no choice but to pull a taxi driver on it. I drove thru the red traffic light. The devils behind me almost caused an accident when they drove through a red robot. I was looking all over for cops but dololo. Nxa when you need them they are nowhere to be seen. When you don't need them they will be at every corner. I turned right at the R55 traffic lights. The R55 road in Olieven was teeming with taxis. I was thankful the Mini was small. It made it easier to tjof tjof between cars. Everything looked like a scene from the movie Italian job. I managed to drive on the R55

without the witches catching me. I decided to join the N14 on the interchange next to Forest Hill City mall. As I was about to on-ramp onto the N14, a speeding car appeared from behind me. I had no choice but to swerve off the road or face being abbreviated by the speeding car. I don't know what happened but I lost control of the car. It was one of those situations where you invite ancestors and God at the same time. The car rolled once and something miraculously stopped it from further rolling. I don't wanna lie, for few seconds I couldn't tell which one was my head or which one was my punani.

The next thing I smelled fire.....

WTF.....

END OF SEASON 3. SEASON 4 'MIGHT'
RESUME ON MONDAY.

LETTERS SECTION

Dear family,

Let me take this opportunity to thank you for sticking with me for 300 Episodes, especially those who started with me from day 1. I also wanna thank those who contribute to my blog's growth by sharing every episode on their social media pages. I really appreciate your support. You are the reason I glue my eyes to the screen everyday. Secondly, I wanna apologise for those who have been struggling to access the blog for the past 2 weeks. The problem will be sorted soon. I am looking forward to another 300 Episodes. Finally, the comments on the Blog make my day everyday. You guys are the bestest.

Kind regards,

Shaznonke.