



**MY LIFE**

**&**

**MY FATE**

*True story*

**Lindiwe Khoza**

## Chapter 01

My name Lindiwe Mahadleni Khosa this is my story based on a true story, I was born with speech disorder. My parents told me that they thought that my speech was developing and the behavior was normal for a toddler, but thanks to my grandmother she noticed that. My parents traveled the world seeking for help. They lost everything trying to help their little princess. They didn't get me any help. No one asks to be disable we are created differently.

During the process of seeking for help my parents had to accept that I'm disable and they were able to gain the knowledge that was needed to make sure their could reach their full potential in life. They had access to early services from a team of physicians, speech therapists and teachers. Because my parents had to accept me, they were very supportive and understanding, meanwhile the society didn't accept me, not everyone parents allowed their children to play with someone like me, I felt so rejected by everyone.

The unhappy Lindiwe took place, the day after her 10th birthday, I didn't have friends; so during schools holidays I used

to visit my uncle's house so that I will play with my cousins. That was a my biggest mistake ever, I will never forget that I sent myself to the lion den.

My parents paid so much money in order to get help for me. Believe me when I say no therapist could help me to speak just like you and everyone else, all I wanted was to make friends as a child not someone to listen to me. Let me take you through my journey.

\*\*\*\*\*FLASHBACKS\*\*\*\*\*

It was 14th of April 2004. 1st term of schools holidays, and it was a sunny day, I remember very well, it was 10 years after South Africa casted their first votes, it was the elections day, day after my birthday, my aunt and uncle they were not home that day.

So I was playing on the mown grass, with my cousins Thelma and Louise. We rolled ourselves to the lawn. It was nice, playing there. That was supposed to be a memorable event, my other two cousins were playing chess. They were older than us.

AN hour later; Our body started aching, we decided to take a bath, because I was two years older than Thelma and Louise, I had to help them them to bath. When we was done with them, it was my turn my elder cousin Thokozani made his way to the bathroom.

"I want to use the bathroom." He said. I had no idea that he sent Thelma, Louise and Sello to the store.

"Let me finish up Thoko." He offered to help me, I didn't have any problem with that, after all he was my cousin he was supposed to protect me. He bathe me, he kissed me on my Virginia.

"I would like to have this." Thoko whispered. I was only ten years, I just turned ten years the previous day. I had no idea what he was talking about. He bite her my tiny nipples and kissed me vigorous. I started feeling uncomfortable, I asked him to stop, but he didn't.

"Mzala I want to go out." Did he listened to me no he forced himself to me, I cried my lungs out but he didn't stop.

"You hurting me." I cried and cried, he didn't hear my cry. His sweat poured my body. From that day I was a different child, I was angry but managed to hide my anger.

[WEEK LATER]

All I needed was to to share my pain but I couldn't because I was scared that my parents. I learned to leave with a pain without telling anyone, with the little pencil or little ink I would write my pain on the paper then destroyed it. I don't know how my mother got the peace of paper where I wrote my pain. She sat down with me and asked me what happened.

"Baby I love you talk to me." My mother begged me to talk to her, I looked at her then started cursing and scratching my hands.

"Who hurt you sis?" Mom questioned me, she was worried.

"Promise me that you won't get angry with me." I said. She gladly nodded. I started crying, it felt like it was my fault.

"The day after my birthday." She nodded, I explained that it was the elections day and what happened. She wasted no time we went to the police station to open the case.

[MONTHS LATER]

I was going in and out court. There my life was never the same, it changed forever, I felt like it was better if I didn't tell my mother. The anger inside me was growing each day, especially that I was born with speech problem, I felt rejected by the world and everyone.

Rejected by the society and accepted by few people, my mother, little brother who comes after me, I'm older than him with five years, then little sister who comes after my little brother and my father. This is my life journey. I was always

miserable and unable to be happy, angry at myself, and I felt like I was letting myself down.

Ten years later, I've learned to live with the fact that I have a speech problem. Therefore I'm different ably, my cousin Thokozane was arrested, Thokozane's parents and my parents relationship was no longer tight like it was before . I received cancelling, somehow it helped me. But still I had the hidden wound that no one would see, even the life cancellation failed.

My parents walked in to my room unannounced. What the hell? I looked at them, I had some sort of anxiety due to an improper sleep during last night. The anxiety has started afresh with my new life I don't know what is univariate life. There I was about to open the new chapter of my life, I was going to do my first year and today will be my first day.

"How are you princess?" Dad greeted.

"I'm doing well thanks dad." Whilst looking at them. My ride will be here soon I need to get ready.

"The day I gave birth to you. I knew very well that you were holding your future in those tiny folded palms." My mom said. There are people born with silver spoon in their mouth and I was born differently. People are born to conquer the world and I was born to watch them live their lives. Yet she's telling me that I was born holding a future in my palm. The only thing I'm holding is sorrows and acquainted.

"Aren't you're happy to go to university?" My mom questioned. How was supposed to be happy, I was scared to turn the next page.

"They is nothing new mom. I'm still going to be the Lindiwe Mahadleni Khosa the laugh stock of Tembisa, Angikwazi ukukhuluma kahle." I said with frustration, sometimes I feel like what people are saying is true like, my parents doesn't understand what I'm going through.

It's funny because the society didn't want me next to their kids. They made me believe that I'm nobody. They made me believe that my parents doesn't see what I'm going through. I hated



everything about me. I believed everything they said. At the same time my parents are my heroes.

Wherever I go people point fingers at me, they call me names such like, I'm crazy. I give credit to my parents for my own success. I was determined to be the best in whatever I do, I wanted to achieve more, I wanted to be the voice behind my speech ability, so that I would have something to be proud of in the pages of my life. I wanted something solid even if I'm no more, I will leave a mark to my loved ones.

"Lindy my baby you are a beautiful smart young lady your speech unability doesn't define who you are." Mom said.

"I'm proud of you princess just go there and make us proud." Dad said. That's every parents wish, they want to be proud of their kids.

"I won't say I'm going to open a new chapter who knows maybe I will get stuck along the way."

"Lindiwe! We won't predict the future, just be yourself don't allow people change the person you are." Dad said. My phone ringed. I picked it up and answered

"Hello!"

"I'm here." My only friend said. I looked at my parents.

"Just a minute I'm coming." He hung up, I looked at my parents then told them that Busani he's here, Busani offered me a ride, since he's working around Johannesburg. We made a group hug, with my family.

"Good luck sweetheart." Dad said. We broke the hug. My mother's eyes were red probably she's happy and sad at the same time.

They walked me out to the car. I said my goodbye and got into the car.

"Sorry for keeping you waiting." I apologized.

"Okay dear." Busani said. He was the only friend understood my condition, he drove off, silent filled the car no music or whatsoever, my biggest fear was not achieving whatever I want to accomplish.

Apart from travelling the world, I wanted to start a humanitarian organization that will help people to see the ability behind the disability in third world nations.

Another phobia of mine is heights or Acrophobia. When I'm on high ground, I just panic looking down. That's why I will never be caught dead on any amusement rides, my other phobia is seeing unhappiness like the hunger to get happiness, then happiness like the hunger to give. I suffered in the hands of someone who was supposed to protect that little girl in me. Because a family member failed me what will the the society protect me

## MY LIFE AND FATE

### LINDIWE KHOSA

Due to the fear of reaching late on my first day, we reached one hour earlier than necessary and decided to spend some time at UJ (University of Johannesburg)

I was hoping that time can move faster because I wanted to find out about what will going to happen next. It's a common fact that if we are anxiously waiting for something, time would seem to crawl a lot slower. Busani look at me.

"It's finally the time you've been waiting for." Busani said. When we got to the university I was told that the accommodation administration team they will be late, so I decided to take a ride and explore Johannesburg.

"Its about the danm time." We laughed and head back to the campus, I hoped for everything to go on smoothly

"Lindi look at the bright side and remember the ability behind the disability. Stay positive." Busani motivated me. I nodded and got out of the car. Friends like busani are hard to find, and they are priceless.

"Thanks Busani!"

"Keep well, remember I'm around the corner." Busani uttered. He's working near the campus. It's pity that I won't be going home during the week.

"Bye Lindi see you around." He bid me a goodbye so did I?

I walked to the reception to inquire about my classroom just as how I expected it. I braced myself to meet my room mate and class mate. After being instructed on which room to go to, I started walking to the res to then walked towards the class, the mixture of excitement and nervousness start to fill within me. It

felt like I was that grade 8 student again where I was I was a new learner who didn't know where to go. I didn't know anyone in the class. That was happening again I don't know anyone again. I entered in the class everyone was minding the lecture. He stopped what he was doing and looked at me

"I'm sorry sir."

"You sorry for what my lady?" The lecture questioned. As nervous as I was I glanced down the floor. Why I'm I apologising I'm not late! I convinced myself.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you sir." I apologized nervously. Everyone laugh. This is what I was scared of

"Guys I believe I don't have high school kids in this class." The lecture said. He then looked at me

"I'm professor Lincoln Zondo and you are my lady?" He introduced himself.

"I'm Lindiwe Mahandeni Khosa I'm here to study Humanitarian Action." He smiled

"Okay welcome Ms Khosa you are at the right place. I'm here to help each of you to get a master's degree of Humanitarian Action. Grab yourself a sit." Lincoln said. That was easy than I expected.

"As I was saying guys this is not high school. We all adults here, we must behave like adults. I do not assess learning, I offer varied perspectives, differentiate instruction, or allow students to self direct. I hope we all understand what is the different between a teacher and a lecture?" Lincoln said.

"Yes" Everyone said. I missed that part

"Malindi do you understand?" Lincoln asked, I nodded, for the first time I felt respected by an outsider apart from my parents and Busani. The are the ones who never labelled me and call me names prof Lincoln called me my lady before I told him my name, that's the first.

"Okay what is a lecture?" Prof Lincoln questioned. I bit my nails

"Malindi I'm waiting." He said.

"Lecture is someone." Rrrrraaa I didn't know the answer. They laughed at me

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the boy who was sitting next to me looked at me, he then smiled.

"A lectures delivers seminars and tutorials. They design, prepare and develop courses and teaching materials. develop and implement new methods of teaching to reflect changes in research. Supervise students' research activities." The boy rescued me.

"Thanks Katlego for showing a sister love. That's what I was talking about. Team work guys if we can work as a team evething. Lindiwe what do you understand about team work?" Prof Lincoln questioned. I was not the only student in this class



room. But there he was trying to humiliate me or something, I thought he's different from everyone.

"Teamwork teaches essential communication and social skills, such as active listening and effective speaking. Teamwork teaches students how to respectfully and confidently express their ideas and opinions effectively in a group setting. It's important for students to recognize that speaking is not the same as talking."

"That's true. I'm not a teacher but a lecture more like a instructor. Good verbal and written communication skills are essential in order to deliver and understand information quickly and accurately. Being able to communicate effectively is a vital life skill and should not be overlooked. To communicate well is to understand, and be understood. I will release you early today. Read your communication task book and we will discuss it tomorrow." Proff Lincoln said. He looked at me. I was never anyone's favourite, that's the fact and I know that.

"You may leave guys." Prof Lincoln released the class. Everyone pack their things. I didn't take out my text book hence why he was in my case, BAMA.

"Lindy what's wrong with you? He questioned.

"I beg my pardon?"

"Have you seen a doctor regarding your voice?" Prof Lincoln questioned. I nodded "yes" I'm not sick. Speech delay doesn't mean I'm sick.

"Sir I'm not sick is just that I cannot pronounce letters properly, or switch letters around. I have a language disorder, it means that have problem with putting sentences together." I said.

"The is no such, my lady, that's a demon." He said. He's the demon if he may ask. The is nothing that I hate than being told that "D" word

"That's not true God trusted me with this." I said that walking out.

BUSANI NGOMANE

I got to my workplace, I greeted my colleagues. Then went to my little office. I'm a junior administration of papers company. I'm Lindy's friend, when I and my parents came to Gauteng from Nelspruit, they bought a house in Tembisa, is where I met this vibrant lady, who always put a smile on my face.

My parents believe that she's cursed and I believe she's the creation of God who needs to be loved and cherished. Most people don't understand why I'm her friend. I must say I see her more than that, I see her as Mrs Ngomane

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It felt like I had just been arrested for murder or something. I was bombarded with questions all at once. Tell me something where does people living with disability belongs again? Where should we go because we are not welcome in this country?

Within the social order based upon societal interpretation of disability, political context, and economic context. Holistically, the view and stigma of disability altered through three distinct phases. If the person I just met an hour ago can tell me that I have demons. Where should I go which country or planet should I go to?

I never seen the bright future of life it's just me alone against the world. Because one accepts oneself, I don't need the whole world accepts me that's the fact and I don't but my future to accept my condition. I would like to see this county to welcome us as disability community. I would like people to understand people living with disability are human beings as well. We need to be treated like humans being as well not just people who don't exist. My first day at university was meant to be memorable experience of life. But mine tuned to be ruined by ignorance people. I slowly walked to the alley. I was in an

emotional turmoil. I was sad, scared and angry at the world. I know that nobody cares about me beside my parents, two siblings and my my friend Busani.

I walked in to the room hoping that my roommate will welcome me with warm hands. She looked at me and shuffled away from me.

"Hello" I greeted, hoping that she was going to greet me back. She just kept quiet.

"I'm Lindiwe Khoza." I introduced myself. She remain quiet. Okay I remembered that I was not there to make friends I went there to study. I sat on my bad and started reading the communication text book. Its more like how do we communicate and dealing with conflict.

My mind was blown away by what Prof Lincoln said. As for demos? I've heard all the insults but demon? That was the worst insult I ever heard. It felt like he took a knife and stab me deeper on my chest. Our law says that people living with disability have a right to make decisions. This means that I can

make up my own mind about I want and what I want to do. Like everyone else I can make decisions about how to live my life. Sometimes, other people may think that I can't make decisions because I have a disability they got that wrong we are humen being too emotional, financial, and sometimes even physical. However, finding resources

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knowing what to expect, and planning for the future can greatly improve overall quality of life. After studying I put my books aside. I lied down hoping that the world can just open up and swallow me. I dozed off while studying.

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## THE FOLLOWING DAY

I was woken up by the phone which had been ringing non stop for the past five minutes. I got out of bed rubbing my eyes.

"This better be good." I said that loud. I pressed the cold phone I against my ear, and the frown that had been on my face, I dislike to be distributed in my sleep.

"Hello." It was Busani

"I'm sure that you ready to start your second day." Funani said. I was bit confused, by his statement.

"What time is it?" I questioned as I realised that my roommate was not on her bed.

"Don't tell me you still sleeping this." he said. I kept quiet.

"Or you still sleeping?" Busani asked. I nodded as if he can see me

"I am." I said.

He hung up. I rose up and fixed my bed I schlepped to the bathroom, reluctantly and I entered on a cold freezing water.

"Mommy!" I remembered that she's not around.

"Lindy remember that you are in your own. Mommy and Daddy are aren't here now bath." The worst part I was breathing so hard. Practically hyperventilating from the shock of the freezing cold water. About two minutes in or so, though, my breathing slowed down, and I was able to get up and still and bath myself.

After I was done, I thanked my lucky stars I got out of the cold water off quickly.

Immediately I felt a glowy warm feeling inside my chest and stomach. I'm not sure if this was just a result of the sudden change or what. I rushed back to my room and changed. I took my bag and books and rushed to the class. As late as I was someone added the pleasure by bumping into me making sure that my books fall. I pick them up the my class mates just laughed. Someone stood in front of me. I looked up it's Prof Lincoln.



"Malindi you late again." He said.

"Sorry!!"

"You are disturbing me please go back where you from you will come back tomorrow when only you are serious." Prof Lincoln said.

"I'm sorry sir I promise it won't happen again." I humbled myself and apologized. He was not interested on a demon's case.

"Just get out of my class." He shouted. I quickly ran out. And stood there at the door doing taking notes on everything he was teaching while I was sobbing. Why wasn't I told about this? Maybe if I was aware I wasn't going to accept my bursary. Bathing with cold water being disliked by people there is nothing interesting about this township disable girl. I was caused from mather's womb why should mylife change now?

After 2 hours my class the ended I walked to my room watching people making funny of me. There was nothing new about the humiliation, I'm used to it. I don't know what makes me angry or is it that I didn't accept this huge change of my life. Now I have to cook and do laundry for myself. I walked in the room to find my resmate sitting on my bed and busy with my phone. Hello that's my cellphone. I didn't ask or say anything I aggressively took my phone from her.

"Look I don't know you, you don't know me either do me one favour stay far away from my stuff I will gladly do the same."

## 04LINDIWE

How can the community be embraced if their civic background is never taught? About different able people. I learned in depth about the voting rights act in my middle school, but not until I was I was a little scared of what the future holds for me. The eggshells I had been treading on were still there no matter how far I travel I will be still Lindy the girl who can't speak properly. I was determined to turn my life around, but how? With how people sees me.

I received a call from Busani. I was not in the mood of talking to anyone. But he kept on calling until I answered his call.

"I'm waiting for you outside the campus." He said, no greetings and stuff. He ended the call, I dislike people who demands instead of asking. I was still triggered by what happened earlier. I took my phone, res keys.

"Hey girl, my boyfriend he's coming to spend a night." My resmate said. Why is that my problem.

"I'm here to mind my own business not yours." I said taking few steps to the door.

"You don't understand, you should understand, I need a space, not a roommate." She said. She must be kidding right?

"I don't have time for this." I said that walking out. I should understand that she's bringing her boyfriend over, she needs some space, where should I go to give my precious roommate a space? I need to remember that I have no one around, I should be nice to those around me.

Busani was standing next to his car having a smoke, as soon as he saw me, he threw his cigarette down and step on it. I walked to him.

"Ntwana!" (Friendship)

"Ntwanakazi." He responded, friend like him should not be forgotten. He always check on me, even though people talk sick

about me he's always there to listen to my boring life. He's more like a brother to me.

"You don't look good." Busani said.

"I don't feel good, Busani this was a bad idea, a very bad idea, I don't fit to be here."

"Where does that coming from?" Busani questioned.

"You won't understand."

"Let's get in the car, so that you can make me understand."  
Busani said. He doesn't take no for an answer. I got in the car he did the same.

Not everybody will like you all of the time. We're all different in so many ways, from the way we were raised to the way we choose to dress and from our hobbies to our chosen field of career. It's unsurprising, then, that some people just don't understand how different we are.

"Tell me what happened?" Busani questioned, is not about what happened, I just got fit there. We have special schools, why don't they create special higher institution education?

"Talk to me?" He pleaded.

"I don't fit to be here, people here have their own lives and I have my own, beside I have a speech disorder."

"This is what you wanted, Lindy don't give up now when you are one step ahead, yes you are yourself and you are your own brand, don't allow anything to stand in your way, speech problem or not to many you are an inspiration, you are here to study for Humanitarian Action, not to fit." Busani said.

"You just saying, can you believe that, have you bath with cold water Busani?" He shook his head.

"That's my new life Busani, on top of that the lecture didn't allow me to his class because I have a demon." I explained what

happened. He held my hand and looked at me straight in the eyes.

"Lindy, you don't have demon, or you are not what people think you are, you are yourself. You are perfect as you are ntwanakazi yam. You know your self worth." (my friend) Busani said. We drove around, he was showing me around and we headed to the club. Just to cheer me up.

"You seem to forget that tomorrow I'm going to school."

"And I'm going to work tomorrow." Busani said as he pulled out the chair for me to sit on.

"Thank you." We ordered few drinks and the expected person joined us, Prof Lincon.

"I hope I'm not disturbing." Prof Lincoln said. I just looked at him, he got the nerves to come sit next to the person who has a demon. The one thing about me is that I can handle alcohol, and when I drink I don't just drink for fun I drink to forget about

the pain and everything. Busani excused himself, leaving me with professor Lincon.

"Instead of studying you busy with alcohol and boys." Professor Lincon said. He's been waiting for that moment, I just looked at him.

"Lindy you should see a doctor about your condition." He suggested. My parents lost so much trying to get the doctor who might help me, I've learnt to accept myself, and my parents did, I would appreciate if people do the same.

"Sir the is no doctor or pastor who might help me, I'm fine." He shook his head.

"You beautiful the only thing you need to fix is your speech and attude, you just need a professional doctor to fix your speech." Professor Lincon said.

"I don't think I'm in your class right now, you listen to me now, I'm not sick and I don't have demons or cursed or whatsoever, I



have a disorder that is affecting the nerves of my speech. Speech disorder affect my ability to produce sounds that create words, that's all."

"Oh." Professor Lincon said. I didn't want to see myself there, I took what belongs to me and went to the car and wait for Busani. My emotional resources that are used up in trying to cope with challenging situations such as overwhelming demands, conflict, and denial

How can the community be embraced if their civic background is never taught? About different able people. I learned in depth about the voting rights act in my middle school, but not until I was I was a little scared of what the future holds for me. The eggshells I had been treading on were still there no matter how far I travel I will be still Lindy the girl who can't speak properly. I was determined to turn my life around, but how? With how people sees me.

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"Oh." Professor Lincon said. I didn't want to see myself there, I took what belongs to me and went to the car and wait for Busani. My emotional resources that are used up in trying to cope with challenging situations such as overwhelming demands, conflict, and denial, that's life and we cannot question life ourselves.

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Busani was driving me back to the campus, no questions asked no nothing. He just drove in silent.

Let me be fear, with something, the of stigma and discrimination, people like me suffer from low self esteem which affects our school work. The are those who try hide their disabilities because of their fear of rejection and stigmatisation and so don't get the support they need. I'm one of ten trying to show the world that we are all God's creation. People with disabilities like me, we tend to be less visible in our communities and are more likely to be kept at home or to be missing from official records. There are many reasons for this but often a family is afraid of how a child will be accepted socially. Hence why I chose Humanitarian Action course.

He dropped me at the campus, knowing Busani very well he won't leave until I disappear. I went back to the residential room. I knocked, I had my own key, just that I didn't want to just budge in, I don't want to meet things that I'm not supposed to see. I knocked again.

"Just a minute." She said. She did mention that she want to bring her boyfriend, I gave her enough space, 3 hours is enough to spend with a boyfriend. She opened the door and looked at me.



"I told you that I need the room for myself, with you disturbing me." She said as she realised it was me.

"Hey dear let me remind you, this is not a hotel." I said pushing the door to enter. I was detained to be nice to her, but she was going to use me for a ride. As I entered the room I noticed that my they were using my bed. She asked her boyfriend to come out from hiding. He was wearing a short and a vest, his trousers and a shirt was on the floor.

"This is my bed not ours." Her boyfriend looked at me, then bit his lower lip.

"I'm Zakir Steenkamp, they call me Zaks." He introduced himself.

"Lindiwe." He extended his hand for a handshake. I looked at it then fixed my bed.

"That's rude Lindy." Zaks said.

"Of course it's rude, would you be happy to find your bed like this? No I don't think so, this is not a hotel." I said.

"Noted, you can use a hotel for today." He said. I turned and looked at him, he was still on the same spot standing there looking at me.

"Baby please give me a moment with your roommate." Zaks said. My roommate walked out, without asking questions. She left me there with a stranger.

"Now it's just the two of us, Malindilicus, take a sit." Zak said. Fear hooked inside of me as he was talking. I sat on the bed. I looked away as he was putting on his clothes. I'm much aware that I have very bad social anxiety and I am not very outspoken person. I'm much aware that I'm different but I should be respected too.

"Please don't hurt me, I will give you the space you that you want." As he sat on the bed next to me, he looked at me. He made me to look at him.

"I can hurt everyone around here, but not a sister like you." He said, I know that I sound dramatic but I needed some reassurance right there. I hated to be there. I had a constant knot in my throat and my stomach it was constantly hurting me. I constantly felt like I was going to cry while sitting there, my tears take are very stubborn, even when I'm sad.

"You here to study for?" Zaks asked

"Humanitarian Action." He moved to the other bed he sat there and looked at me.

"Why humanitarian action?" Zaks asked interestedly.

"I want to help reduce suffering around the world, with human dignity I can make people to understand people who are living with disability, I want the society to welcome us, I would like to break the cultural barriers of stigma and discrimination." He nodded.

"I like you already Malindilicious, I had a cousin, she had a Cerebral palsy she ended her life two months ago, she felt like she felt rejected." Zaks said. I know that feeling, it can make one to see suicidal as a solution.

"I'm sorry for your lose." He nodded

"What are the three components of humanitarian action?" Zaks asked.

"The principles of humanity, neutrality, impartiality and independence are fundamental to humanitarian action."

"Sorry for too much questions, I'm a student accommodation, I can arrange you, a single room you need your own space." Zaks offered.

"Thanks I will be fine here."

"You need a dedicated area to study, with Mbali here you won't be able to focus, believe it when I say she's doing a second

year, no-one want to share a room with her." I prefer a roommate experience because its worth learning from.

"Thanks but I will be fine."

"Are you sure you have a long way to go, accept my offer, while you still new." he said.

"Okay let me think about it I will get back to you." He nodded then gave me his business card.

"Don't take too much time." Zak said. He sounded desperate to get me out of his girlfriend's way. He walked out.

In about as hour Mbali entered. She walked to me.

"Next time when you think of shitting up not with my boyfriend." Mbali said.

"I will keep that in mind." I said. I looked at her. I don't just dwell on negativity. I won't well on that aspect. I will just concentrate on what brought me there. She went to sleep.

"Good night." She said. I took my books and read.

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Two hours later I put away my books and sleep.

The following morning. I was waken up by the alarm. Mbali she wasn't on her bed, I took everything that I will need, I went to the bathroom, same as yesterday, I bathe with the freezing water. I went to change than went to the class I was welcomed by professor Lincon waiting at the door.

"You late again." He said. I checked the time.

"My watch says that I'm five minutes early." He looked at his watch and let me in.

"Everyone was here by 8:40." Professor Lincoln said.

"The class starts at 9 sir." The boy who was sitting next to me said. His name is Katlego.

"Very true Katlego." Another lady said. He didn't say anything. He stood there and told us what to do. We took out our books.

"Let's see those who were listening yesterday." Lincoln walked to me.

"What are core humanitarian principles?" Prof Lincoln questioned. He asked me to answer that question.

"Sir you sent her out remember?" The lady questioned.

"And who are you? Her spoke person?" Prof Lincoln questioned.

"Ouch." Half of the class said.

"Lindiwe I'm waiting."

"Core humanitarian is recognise the primary responsibility of states and other relevant authorities to protect and assist those affected by disasters or armed conflicts within their territories."

"At least she did my work then being with her boyfriend and corona extra." Prof Lincon said. He was on my case. I don't know what did I do to that man.



05LINDIWE

[MONTHS LATER]

In just few weeks I already felt like I was a part of the community. Zaks made sure that I make friends, I haven't accepted his offer but I'm thinking to, my room mate was bringing different man each day, that was distracting me from my studies. I made two friends already we made our own study group in just three weeks so much had already happened. I feel like I've met quite a few people who I have actually managed to connect with in such a short time, it wasn't easy. All thanks to Zak, I must say he's too overprotective it gets worse because he's getting along with Busani so they both want to protect me.

"Lindy are you sure that you and Busani you just friends?" Zingisa asked. We are in the same class as well as Kat, Katlego he was the boy I was sharing a desk with, until prof Lincoln grouped us. He placed me in the first class so I attend morning classes. Half of the class accepted my condition, they are those who still label me as "that girl who cannot speak" some they laughed when I say something, not to mention professor

Lincoln that man was making sure that my life was not worth it.

My body system is used to cold water, I no longer complain about bathing with freezing cold water. And also I've learnt how to be independent. Having tasks such as cooking, cleaning, socialising and learning under my own control made me feel a lot more mature.

"Let's say he's the only friend I can reach out to."

"Ntombi don't fool us, we can see there is something, you just hiding it." Zingisa said.

"We friends."

"With benefits." Kat and Busi said. Relationship was the last thing on my mind. I never even dreamed of dating. Not alone to ruin my friendship with Busani.

"You guys are so horrible." We laughed.

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Later; It was always good to be around Katlego and Zingisa. They prevent loneliness and give me a chance to offer needed companionship, too. They mind open and change the way I think of myself. They make my life like I just started to move again and started a big change, and allowed them to continue my dream and live my life.

"Lindy we will see you later." Zingisa said. It's gets sad when we separate apart, they have an afternoon class.

"Or even tomorrow." Kat said.

"Aww Katlego don't do that." He squeezed my cheek.

"And baby mama will kick your as Lindy." Zingi said. She likes to poke Kat, she had a crush on him, poor Kat he's committed to his girlfriend who happened to be his baby mama as she says.

"I think that my call to leave you Lindy." Kat said.

"Not even a group hug baby daddy." Zingi said. I must say at first I thought she was bitter she has this decent personality which makes every girl to think twice about their selves. We only get to see the image they portray to others. Not the inner side of ourselves. We shad a group hug. They left me there. I went through my assessment.

I then went to my room. As always my roommate had a boyfriend, she bring different men every day.

"Hello guys." I greeted. They didn't respond, I minded my own business. I'm giving myself five stars because nobody will. I care a lot about other people, yes I give myself fully ownership of my feelings and others. The only person I give permission to hurt my feelings is myself. My roommate and her boyfriend existed the room, I exiled, I find peace, I found myself saying.

"Eish ekugcineni ngaze ngathola ukuthula kwenqondo" (Eish I finally find the peace of mind) after two hours my room mate came back. She had bruises on her face. I tend to mind my own

business, but I don't want to see someone hurt as they do to me.

"Are you okay." Silly me, I could see that she's not but I was asking the dumbest question.

"What can I do?"

"You must just shut up." Mbali said. Okay I just raised my hands to surrender and apologise.

She was crying, she tried not to cry out her lungs. I walked to her and gave her a hug. For the first time since I got there she opened her heart for me. I gave her a glass of water.

"I didn't just wake up one morning and decided to do what I do. Lindiwe I'm not perfect, but this is my life and you won't understand it." she said.

Life was not meant to be understood but to be lived. I don't know what drove her to advise me about life but she actually did.

"Lindiwe; I engage sexual activity in exchange of money, I'm not happy in what I do but it is what it is. Girl whatever life throws at your face just never think of being an exotic dancer." Mbali said and laughed a little, I got lost when she said exotic dancer and I pulled myself together because that girl needed to let out everything in her chest. Even though I didn't understand what she was saying but I listened to her.

"Not everything in this life is about money and material things, life doesn't owe anyone anything, after my father died I had no one to turn to, no family to help me my mother sold the house that Papa left for me. I had to find a steady job, I was fortunate enough to get that job, I was a house keeper, I was getting paid every month, when time goes by I started to worry about the things missing in my life. At that point, my age and lack of experience were a major to my worries, I wanted every fashion that was introduced, I wanted to fit on high class life. I was tempted by dating, I wanted a charming prince to wipe my feet of, I wasn't lucky to get one. And there was no easiest way to get money, I ended up as a club exotic dancer, I needed money Lindiwe, with the fast quick cash, my account was always

loaded. At first I thought I would quite selling my body, but I never did, I lost my job and I ended up in street, where I was selling my services to men that needed service." Mbali said. I felt her pain, I wish I could do or say something, but I couldn't the only thing I could say was.

"I'm sorry, only God knows." I know she wanted me to say something that would make her feel better but what was I suppose to say? Where was I going to start? She looked at me and say.

"Lindiwe whatever happened to me, from today onwards just remember this, I love you, I never hated you I was just preventing you from myself, you are very special to me, and you are one of the strongest young woman I ever met, I wish I should've opened the door for you and make you feel welcome, you became my sister, that I never had even though I didn't show you how much I appreciate your presence." Mbali said. Her words beat me up. She was protecting me from herself how? I'm special? I'm strong? We said our goodnight and call it a night, with her confusing words.

The following morning, Mbali woke me up early, by 3 to 4 am

"Hey, Lindiwe wake up, you need to go bath now, before hot water finishes." Mbali said. I woke and went to the bathroom, indeed for the first time I bathed with hot water.

I was the second person to get to the class, I still can't believe that I bathed with hot water.

"Good morning." I greeted then took a seat.

"Hey Lindi." She greeted back, we sat there and have a conversation here and there. People started showing up, I excused myself and went to the bathroom before the class could start, when I got back, Professor Lincoln was already there, he looked at me as I entered, before I could take a seat he called me. I walked to him.

"Out of my class." Prof Lincoln said.

"Why sir I'm not late, I was here..." I said, making it clear so that I can be heard, he cut me I was little confused then I remembered that I'm not his favorite student. He *hated* me, for some reason he could do anything for me to give up.



"Sir she was here early, when we got here she was already here, check his bag." The girl whom he refer her as my speak person said. Her name is Tinah.

"**Lindiwe Mahadleni Khoza's** speak lady, I didn't ask you. And again, I was also on your age, I used to cover up for my friend, now Lindiwe Mahadleni Khoza please leave my class." he said, I went to take my stuff.

Full names rhhhh!

"Lindy sit down." Speak person said.

"How can you teach humanitarian activity when he has a heart of evil?" Other girl asked.

"Sir we tired of this behavior, you've been doing this since our first day here, sir Lindi doesn't owe you any kindness, unless there is something you not telling us." Speak person-

"We've been patient of your behaviour, this has to end."  
Everyone had something to say. I looked at him I almost felt sorry for him, when everyone in the class was telling him how fed up they are.

"Maybe they is something he's not telling us sir?"

"The is nothing that he's not telling us, he loves her and he's afraid to man up and and ask her out." Everyone was burning, the class ended, with everyone throwing up questions which he failed to answer.

"The are people who are always late, late than Lindy does, but you never turned them back, Lindi she must be late with a second or minute you turn her back, today she got here before you Pro, we find her sitting here, she went out to the bathroom you want her to leave your class? Pro we not going anywhere until you tell us where should Lindiwe go, we not going anywhere until you put a bucket for her to help herself because yeah wow you don't want her to go to the toilet." My spoke person said. He got up from the chair and attempted to leave.

One more thing, it is not easy to leave the mob justice leaving people who are voicing their consent, they will hurt you, nor let the anger out by damaging your house or car.

"If you dare and walk out, don't ever think of coming back

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Professor Lincoln, we can report you and your stink attitude."

"Are you threatening me?" Finally he got the courage to talk.

"We don't do threats Pro we act, we voice out as a class we said two days ago now it's time for our lecture to tell the us what is it that the Lindiwe took from him and she failed to return, if is money we can donate and help Lindiwe to pay you back, we sick of you treating Lindiwe like an animal." He stood there and looked at everyone.

Everyone went quiete waiting for him to say a word. He didn't say anything.

"Tsuuu the lights are off." Spoke person said. No wonder he referred him as my spoke person, she always has something to say or comment about.

As our humanitation action lecture he must shows humanity.

"Since he's not willing to tell us what is going on with him let's give him a break." I like this people, they deserve my love.

"Does he give Lindi a break? No he doesn't." My poor lecture sat down and looked at everyone.

"I don't know, where to start." He said.

"Uhm, I eish." He scratched his head. Nazo!!!

"I love her and I'm trying to hide and fight those feelings but I'm failing to." Prof Lincoln said. I've heard everything in the world but that statement was untrue, he loves me?

With all being said, we left him there, because he has feelings for me he chose to make me feel unworthy, yes I never been in love world, but what I know is that when you love something you protect that thing. Hey I love my diary and I will make sure that no one destroys it not even a rat.

I walked to the room to be welcomed by Mbali's lifeless body hanging there. I let go of the book I was holding and my bag along with the phone.

"Oh my God, Mbali can't do this to me." I took steps backwards until I step out of the room, I sat down on the floor trying to catch my breath.

My mind was telling me that I'm dreaming I need to be waken up from that horrific dream. I sat there trying to calm down the panic for about an hour or so, I got up and walked in again, she was still hanging there. I ran out of the room and went straight to the Den's office. I had severe, lasting sense of shock and hurt

"Girl whatever it is, it can wait until tomorrow." The lady said. There was a glass of water on the desk, I took that and drink.

"Are you alright, whose chasing you?" She asked, *words deserted me*, the only thing I could do was to grab her hand.

"Where are you taking me to?" The poor lady was confused; so was I?

I dragged her to our room, she screamed her lungs out as soon as she saw the body hanging there. She looked at me, with tears...

My roommate (*now late*) her words triggered my mind Lindiwe what ever happened to me, from today onwards just remember this, I love you, I never hated you I was just preventing you from myself, you are very special to me, and you very strong, I wish I should've opened the door for you and make you feel welcome, you became my sister, that I never had even though I didn't show you how much I appreciate your presence. I chose to ignore the signs, I should've known that she was she had suicidal thoughts. In just a minute the room was full. My tears take ages to come out, people were crying others calling her name. I walked out side and sat down on the floor.

"I should've notice in the morning that she was getting rid of me."

She left a note for me, I couldn't open it right away. I was broken, I was told to go home and I was told that the varsity will help me to get over the trauma. I don't know if I will make it.

Busani was called since he's the person who could get there in case of emergency. I sat there I was really angry at myself, I should've picked something up, Mbali used shout out of nowhere, she used to lye on bed to just to stare at the roof. I would greet her she would just look at me. Our last conversation I had with her was few hours prior. When I left for class that morning, she seems happy emotionally. She told me that I'm special no matter what they say.

"God why have you forsaken me?" I doubted with myself wether I should open read the letter, the was this side. "To my roommate" I took a deep breath before opening the letter.

*"I write this with a heavy heart as I write you this note, I know the amount of pain I'm going to cause you. I'm sorry Lindy best roomie ever, I want you to know that I love you dearly, I wanted to be a good roomie but I couldn't. If I was to be given the opportunity to live again I would choose you as my roomie you*

*never gave up on me, even though I was not that welcoming." I let out a concern breath before reading again.*

*"But unfortunately, I know that there is not going to be any second chance for me. I didn't want to do this, but I was compelled by circumstances beyond my control to take the plunge. I tried my best to pull through, but my best was not good enough. I battled alone for about years now today where my strength failed me. I'm sorry Lindiwe, I wish I welcomed you from the first day, but with my life babes I was going to put your life in danger. Lindy you could not decipher what I was going through, the man you saw last evening he's dangerous, he want you to work for him, I tried to stop him but he threatened to kill us both, I couldn't just let that man to ruin your life, Lindy I believe in you please take care of yourself." For the first time in a long time I felt tears streaming down my cheeks like rain. I wiped them off. And proceed reading the note.*

*"You were more than a roommate to me, I failed myself, what I like about you daily, eventually you could ask me how I'm I doing something that people find it difficult to ask. Thank you, Lindiwe keep the heart and love you have, don't change who*



*you are. The truth is I needed someone who would love the person for who I was*

### *Advertisement*

*like you did. I needed someone who could reach to the depth of my soul and feel the vacuum there. I lived my life alone for a while, despite. Lindiwe I don't know how you will do this but you need to get out of here, find another place, if it means you should travel everyday so be it, you are not safe here, and wherever you are make sure that you are not alone. I chose dead to because Sporo is into you and he's determined to make you a stripper, I'm so sorry." My tears were wetting the note. I didn't get to read it all because every sentence she wrote there; it was making me upset. I sat there, people felt sorry for me, some laughed at me.*

"Kuzolunga ntwana." (*Everything will be okay*) He said. I couldn't answer him or do anything.

"Let me take you home." Busani-

He held my hand and took the letter from me. I wished the world can just opened up and swallow me.

"Lindi Ma, I'm sorry for your lose." Busani-

My lose will that sorry help me that I failed her. I let go of his hand.

"It's okay to feel this way, no one except you to be strong."  
Busani-

"I need something strong, I want the pain to go away." I said.  
Like I was in some addiction or something.

"Lindy I was called four hours ago and told what happened, I'm sure you tired, and need to rest." Busani-

"I'm sorry who are you again?" He looked at me as I asked him that.

"Lindy I'm sorry this is happening to you, but I won't watch you to do this to yourself." Busani-

"You not my father, you are my friend don't ever tell me what to do." He just nodded. My heart sank as the paramedics arrived, cops were already there.

"She's really gone, Mbali she's dead, did she had to hang herself?"

I was called to counselor office, she tried to cheer me up, Busani was also there to give me support. When that session was done, that's where I was allowed to go inside that room, her body was taken away. The last memories of that room was seeing her lifeless body hanging there. I was still shock, I didn't believe that I was crying, I shouldn't be surprised but I hardly cry because I used to cry a lot growing up so tears have dried away of my system from the day I said "enough is enough." I took the necessary things and we headed to Busani's car. Poor Busani he was there for me, he just decided to keep his mouth shut.

I don't know why I was feeling helplessly it felt like someone shook my world like a snow globe, but that doesn't describe the confusion. My soul hurts. I didn't know my soul could ache until this day. I didn't know my body had enough water to supply my stream of tears. I couldn't stop crying. She was not my friend but my roommate, the social circle was shrinking and I had the strength to endure the ordeal because I just lost the main source of emotional support on me.

8

Our journey to Tembisa was long due to traffic and the quietness made the journey to long and depressing too. The moment we approach Tembisa my heart sank, Mbali's hanging lifeless body flashes my mind. She was young full of dreams and I'm sure that she wanted to change her life for better, but because life always has something in-store for us.

Tears couldn't stop coming out, I haven't cried in the past few years. She left a deep scar inside me. The only thing that I was aware of is that no one understands how I was feeling the only thing they were saying, everything is going to be alright.

I was in so much pain? No body seems to see how deep I was hurt, it's true if something hasn't happened to you, you won't get to see how the other person is broken. They don't know the true pain the person feel and carry each and everyday now.

"Ntwanakazi, Lindy." Busani called my name. I wiped out those tears with my hands.

"We have arrived." he announced.

"Thank you ntwana, I appreciate your help."(friend)

He nodded. I got out of the car, and looked at the place, nothing has changed but it seems like I was at the new place that I never been before. Busani got out too and looked at me.

"Ntwanakazi, my deepest condolences, I'm sorry that you had to go through this." Busani said.

Sometimes I used to questioned myself what did I do to deserve this kind of a supportive friend, a friend who is always there.

"Please walk me in." He nodded.

"Anything for you Lindy." Busani said. He walked to me.

"Let's walk in, I will bring your stuff tomorrow morning." Busani said.

"Are you insane." There he managed to put a smile on my face, he squeezed my cheek and softly said.

"That's my girl." Oh my goodness Busani was such a God send no lie. I'm sure if he had any siblings they were going to be spoiled.

"Lindiwe, you are the only person who became my friend in this province, you welcomed me and stood by me, the only thing I can promise you and never to break that promise is to listen, hear, and to always consider your feelings and thoughts as we travel together on this journey." Busani said. We shared a hug. Our friendship was the only thing that was giving me hope of variable, it gave me joy no lie, and it was making me to feel better whenever I was feeling like giving up. We broke the hug and he took off loaded my bags. I didn't take everything

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I only took things that I was going to need. We walked in the yard, I debated with my heart should I knock or what. Busani knocked without any hesitation.

"It's opened." My father responded with his deep voice. I opened the door, we walked in. When I packed my bags heading to Jo'burg I had hopes to change my home situation, I had dreams to be the voice of the disabled. I had goals to focus on my studies and the pause button was pressed to stop my dreams.

"Oh my child." My mother said as soon as she saw me. I walked to hug her, by now my heart was beating so fast I was so sure it was going to stop.

"What happened Lindy? You are shaking." My mother said, we broke the hug. I took a seat.

"It's okay baby, I'm sure whatever that happen it is." she said.

"It's not bad mama, is terrible, I don't think I will be able to go back there." I said between my sob. She sat down, Busani gave my father an envelope, I had no idea where did he get that.

"My apologies elders, I got a call from the varsity, asking me to go there, my manager wasn't around at that time but as soon as he came back I asked for a half day, he approved that, I went to the university, they gave me this letter and explained to me what happened, Lindy's roommate committed suicide in the earlier hours, Lindy she's the one who finds her. " Busani explained, he explained that I was given the whole week to drift off the trauma.

"She will start her therapy before she resume with her classes, the only thing we can do is to give her support and remind her it was not her fault." Busani said.

"I'm tired, I need to rest." They both nodded. Busani had already covered everything. I started by taking a bath then went to bed. It was hard to shut off my eyes. Everytime I closed them I was seeing my roommate.

"Maa!!!" I was trying to hard to call for help but my voice has deserted me. I sat up straight. My heart was thudding so hard. If I had the remote control to press stop I was going to do that.



"Father Lord I come before you humbling and asking for your protection and power." Words execalated. I was so scared. I ended up turning on the music.

## **BUSANI**

Mrs Khoza gave me a cup of rooibos.

"Thank you son, for taking care of her." Mr Khoza said. Sometimes we say that the world would have been a wonderful place if it was not for people on it. Well the earth was created for people and we are now here with a lot of people. What happened today was the sign of how short is this life. I think we should be educated more about depression more especially about the signs.

**W**Week later; Some life struggles are natural they meant to grow us. It's been a week since Mbali's incident. It's been hard no lie, everything was about that her, life decided to show me the other side of it. It was hard to sleep, hard to get up. The only thing I could do was to go take a bath, light meal then lock myself in the room.

Have you ever felt like a square peg in a round hole? A fish out of water? A knife in a fork drawer? That was me, sitting on my bed hugging my knees, with the emotional scale of one of ten scale. Yes my parents and my male bestie were there for me. Kat, Zingisa and Zakir they were calling each day to check on me. I made up my mind that I'm not going back to school. I spent days with a large part of my life feeling disconnected. An outsider and alone.

I was trying by all means to fix my relationship with God, I've been struggling to do anything and my connection with God was very slim. My mother walked in to my room uninvitedly well that's her habit I stopped complaining about her budging in my room without knocking, she will remind me that's her house she can do anything.

"Lindi there are three gentlemen and one lady here to see you." My mother said.

"Why?"

"One gentleman was introduced as your lecturer, then the other one as the students accommodation manager, then your classmates." Mom said.

"Tell them I'm not here." You know how dramatic mothers can be sometimes? She opened the windows whilst telling me how lucky I am.

"You need to get a fresh air, what you experienced it's hard yes, Lindi sitting here feeling sorry for yourself won't change anything, you so lucky that you have friends like Busani who always here for you." My mother said, they call her Malwazi because she is the best listener and advisor. She forced me to go out of my room to attend my uninvited guest. I dragged myself to the dining area. When I got there, as my mother described them Zingisa, Kat, Zak and prof Lincoln were sitting

there enjoying their tea with scones. I took few steps backwards

"Ma I can't do this, I don't want to do this." Zak got up. He walked to me and grabbed my hand.

"Lindy please don't disappoint me, I know what you are going through, I know that pain, remember I have a history with Mbali." Zak said.

"It's hard, I can't get over Mbali, I feel bad, I should've done something, Mbali never woke me up but that morning she did, that morning I bathed with hot water for the first time, I should've suspected that was a goodbye."

"Lindy have I ever told you are unique and brave, and one day you will be an inspiration to others and to me too, just remember, each time you have a crisis, the pain is only temporary. Try your but everything behind, ntombi I believe in you and you can do this, think about those kids who are looking up to you, I'm sure if my little sister was still alive she was going to like you." Zak said. That man believed in me from the first

day he saw me, at first I thought he wanted to hurt me, but he showed me his coolest side, either then the scariest side of him. We took a seat. I saw a smile on my mother's face.

"How are you are?" Zak asked. He was determined to look after me he was playing a role of a brother. He blamed himself for his sister who committed suicide because of her different ability. If is not Busani showing me the brotherly love Zakir Stenkamp was doing that.

"Brother Zak I don't know wether I'm going forth or backward. My life flushed before my eyes, whenever I close my eyes I see her, I can't do anything without thinking about Mbali." I said. Then looked at prof Lincoln, our eyes met. I felt a cold shiver running on my spine.

"Askis meisie." (*Girl*) Zak said.

He then asked to see the letter she left. I went to take it and gave it to him. He read it. The only thing I needed was to withdraw my guiltless

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because sleeping wasn't helping at all, the question was how to withdraw the feeling of guilty

"Uphi uBusani?" (*Where is Busani*)

Busani and secret are best friend, the one thing I was so sure about he's off duty.

"He's at work, he said he will meet us at your usual spot." Kat said. Poor lie the is no Busani who went to work.

"Sani he's off duty today."

Kat looked at me then Professor Lincoln he gave me side smile. Probably they were told what happened on my last day at the class. I exhaled then said.

"Guys whatever."

Kat and Zingisa looked each other.

"We telling the truth but he promised to be here in an hour, we just hope you don't professor Lincon joining us." Zingisa said. I looked at prof Lincoln again.

"As long as I don't separate my demons to him" I said. I will never apologise for being me. That I will not.

"Lindiwe, stop being rude, your friends are trying." My mother shouted.

"Trying Ma? Clearly you don't know what you are talking about." She shook her head and excused herself. Zak tapped my shoulder.

"Don't do that to your mother." Zak whispered.

"Let's finish up." Zingi said.

"Lindy we are here to take you out of this house, and I'm taking no for an answer." Zak said. I excused myself to change, the most thing I fear in the world is to lose myself but I would never be scared of who I am. My speech is part of who I am it doesn't define me. I walked to join them I don't know what is it that my mother was telling those people but whatever it was they were laughing.

"Ma we have known Lindy for the shortest but she would never do that." Kat said.

"I agree; I will never do what baby daddy?" I don't know what she was telling them, I just find myself saying that.

They looked at me and laughed even the last person who I never saw him laughing he was laughing. You want to sleep with your ribs sore come to my mother she will make you laugh until you cry. Let me say everyone at home. We have our different views of life but we are one family that laughed together.



"Che Ma I believe you now, where the is Lindi and Zingisa accept nothing but trouble." (No Ma) Kat said.

He hated it when Zingisa called him that.

"Zingi on him." She smiled

"Let's go guys before two ladies get mad at me." Kat said. I felt dizzy sadness hooked me. That sadness was so intense it was scaring me. But I needed something so strong to make me forget about everything.

"She used to eat chicken in a pot before serving it to everyone?" Professor Lincoln asked. My mother nodded.

I was testing the salt, that how I test food

"According to your friend she was taste food until the meat was finish." They laughed. Like really now?

"Zak if we don't get out of here now, believe me I will go back to my room."

"Is it she tells us the truth?" Zak questioned. My mother she's very welcoming and friendly too. Knowing her very well, she won't mind telling them stories that doesn't exist, yes some of them true, but she was adding some curry spicy on that, because she them to feel welcome she won't mind to open my the hidden skeletons about me. Just to accompany them.

"Ma thanks for welcoming us, we really enjoyed to know Lindy better." Zingi said.

"You welcome my children and thanks for being there for her, I now can sleep peacefully knowing that my daughter she's safe at Jo'burg, I know she's strong and she will pull through as she did before." My mother said. I cut her.

"Thanks mom, let's go guys."

## **BUSANI**

Best friends can become worst enemies because of feelings right? There is a fine line between love and hate. But the honest truth is that me Ngomane's son was falling in love with Lindy. That was confusing me. The intense feelings were killing me I won't lie, it was even hard for me because I couldn't tell Lindy how I feel about her. Her varsity friends asked me to organise something for her to cheer her up and lift up her spirit. She's been through a lot and she needs a break she needs to be reminded that we care about her and that she's not alone. She needs to be celebrated, what is it to celebrate people when they are late?

Falling in love with best friend can be wonderful but what if I get the gut to tell Lindy how I feel and she doesn't feel the

same way then things will be awkward between us. I received an SMS from Zak telling me that they are on their way.

## **LINDIWE**

It was tense in Zak's car. No music was played, just our breath was filling the car.

"Brother Zak I don't think this was a good idea."

"Bad idea or good idea Lindy we are going there to have some fun, no one will hurt you as long as I live, I failed two people already, I'm not going to fail another one again, I read the letter that she left for you, Lindy Mbali was a trouble student but she

believed in you and yes she cared for you and to honour her wish, I will protect you and I believe Mr Ngomane will do the same." Zak said.

"Thanks guys but I don't fit to be there." I made everyone in the car to clear their throat.

"Lindy don't say that, you fit perfectly there." Kat said.

"Thanks KG." Zak said. Something in me told me to looked at Prof Lincoln through the rare of the mirror, my mother like to say I didn't take after her nor my father, she thinks that I'm selfish because I'm forever comfortable with other people's discomfort. That's how she think of me not that I'm selfish is just that I can't change the person I am nor change the world. I felt emotions bubbling up in me.

"Thanks for believing in me, but." Zak cut me.

"The is no but here ntombi, varsity is where you are going next on Monday, I will be the one to come collect you and drop you

off later, you need to take your stand and remind the world that people are born differently, as come from different backgrounds and cultures, Mbali took her own life, that doesn't mean your life should stop." (*Girl*) Zak said. Remind me again, I have two not blood related brothers. I looked at him he smirked probably he was saying I should my voice behind my speech, I should start embracing my emotions, and having opinions.

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I don't accept people to love me but to understand who I am. When we got to the club it was not that busy, half of my classmates were there.

"What is going on here?" I asked as we walked to Busani and some of my classmates.

"He's at work?" They laughed at me.

"Ntwanakazi." Busani greeted me.

"Yeah ntwana, what is going on here?" (*Friend*) he looked around then looked at Zakir, Kat and Zingisa.

"Uhm... Lindy we come to realise that you need each of us more than you need yourself, we as a class we didn't know what to do, so we asked Mr Stenkamp to help us, but because he doesn't know you better than Busani, we asked him to organise something for you just to remind you that you are not alone." Zingisa said

"Oh guys thank you, I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything, just sit down and enjoy yourself." Kat said. Sitting me down. The party started. I must say I saw different from characters from my those people. They were drinking like the was no tomorrow, since Zak and Busani sponsored the alcohol. So everyone was happy. I was sitting with Busani chatting, his arms were around me.

"Ntwanakazi I want to tell you something." Busani said. We moved from the crowd.

"What is it Busani?" He looked at me then glupse the small amount of was on the glass. Whatever he wanted to tell me must be serious. From there he looked down.

"I don't know where to start." Busani said.

"It's everything okay?"



"Yes, no." Busani said making me confuse.

"Which one is it?"

"Lindy I waited, I cannot wait any longer, I'm in love with you."  
Busani said. I looked at him he was still looking down.

"Oh Busani you."

"Lindy I love you I want us to be more than this, I want us to be more than friends." he confessed his feelings to me, I like our friendship, I didn't want to complicate things between us

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and beside I knew nothing about love. Anyway, being I'm kind of person who didn't like awkwardness, I laughed it off.

"Ntwana I value our friendship more than anything, and I would like us to be that." I said making sure that I don't hurt his feelings or whatsoever, we joined the crowd. He bought me drinks because I felt entitled or something.

After sometime, Zingisa asked me to accompany her to the toilet. We went there.

"And wena what is it that I hear about Professor Lincoln having feelings for you." Zingi said.

"Let's forget about him, Busani just confessed his feelings." Her eyes pooped out as if she was playing the character of the cottons on TV, plus her eye lashes were making that worse.

"Which soup are you using to bath with, I need it." Zingi said.

"I'm using a normal bathing soup." We laughed.

"What is your game plan, you have two men as we speak." Zingi said.

"I told him that we good as friends."

"And what did he say?" Zingi asked.

"He accepted." After she was done with her business, we joined everyone. Busani was sitting there alone, I asked Zak to go check on him. The past few days taught me to pay fully attention to someone's feelings either then myself.

BUSANI

I care about her and want her in my life, just not as friends anymore but as romantic partners. Zak made his way to me.

"Do you remember why are we doing this?" he asked before he took a seat.

"I know bro, but I just made myself a fool, I told Lindy about how I feel." That idiot whistle.

"Yes bo thee man of his wisdom." Zakir said. We laughed. Man of wisdom.

"Go to hell."

"How did it go?" Zakir asked.

"Well she turned me down." He gave me his serious look.

"You took a risk and didn't get what you wanted to off load, she values your friendship. Now you have to get over how you feel about her and let the time take its course, I know the humiliation you are feeling right now, even though she's has the same feelings as you she sees you as her brother." Zak said. I needed that kind of a lecture. I looked at her she was looking at us. Probably my timing was not perfect, this was meant to be her day. It was not her birthday but we were brightening her for what she went through and that she's loved by many.

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***[MONTH LATER]***

I started with my classes again, as hactic it was but I was pulling through. I was against going back there but my parents, Zak and Busani made me feel so bad, that I was ready to give up my studies. You know how amazing it is to have more people who believes in you than family? I'm much aware that family should be the foundation of support but again for the foundation to build need more people .

The varsity fullfiled they promise, I was seeing their therapist once a week. Only struggle I was facing is to travel everyday, from Tembisa to Jo'burg. Busani he was always there, since he's working around Jo'burg. But it was hard because my classes only last for three to four hours, then I will wait until he knocks off.

So I was waiting for Busani at the campus cafe, I'm scared to walk out of campus alone. Kat and Zingisa already went for a

class, I checked the time it was still early. It's true when they say in life except the unexpected. Life can be hactic sometimes, is not always hactic because sometimes is peaceful. As I was sitting there busy with my assessment. Zakir made his way to me, I checked the time again, by this time he's at the accommodation office.

"Zak what are you doing here by this time?" He laughed then sat next to me.

"I'm allowed to take a break." Zakir uttered.

"Okay." He just laughed, this man. Have you seen a person who likes to laugh? That's Zakir, and I was adopting his habit slowly. Yes I'm a laughter person but with Zak I don't stand a chance at all.

"I accidentally walked to you Ntombi." Zakir said. He's been calling me Ntombi and my mother must have impressed him because she calls me Ntombikamah. That woman she's a laughter too.

"Tell me why are you sitting alone?" Zak questioned. I kinda've looked at him then ignored him.

"Lindy!" Zak shouted my name.

"Hai why are you shouting my name?"

"Let's go grab something to eat." Zak commended.

"I'm waiting for Busani, I don't want to keep him waiting."

"Do you trust me?" He questioned. Honestly speaking I don't trust anyone, the trust that I had was broken the day the person who was supposed to protect me, stole my innocence. From there I don't just trust. Busani himself had to strive to be trusted by me and my mother my father doesn't trust him still.

"Lindy let's go." Zak commanded. I know he's friendly and helpful.

"Lindy I don't know what happened to you, but I promise I won't hurt you." Zak said.

"Brother Zak if I get to tell you what happened to me I swear you will cry."

"Do man cry?" Zak asked.

"It is believed that man don't cry, you grew hearing that really man don't cry, it's fallacious and toxic belief that expressing your emotions through tears makes you little less masculine. Come on brother you know better than I do." He insisted that I go with him, I debated with my heart, since he was playing a brother's role like Busani why shouldn't I go with him? We walked to the parking lot, then got to his car he called Busani right there, his phone was connected to bluetooth.

"Steenkamp buddy." Busani said immediately he answered the call. Speaking of Busani, we still friends like before, he's still a supportive friend, he didn't change, I thought things were going to be awkward between us but no we were as fine as always. I



was in my thought for few minutes until those two had an unsettling conversation.

"As long as I will find her safe I will come fatch her at your place, I'm sure Mrs Steenkamp will be pleased to see her too." Busani said. Wait what they were talking about?

"Yeah as you know

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her wish is to meet Lindy." Zak said. What I was aware of is that Busani once visited brother Zak. They continued with their conversation that had my name on, I decided to keep my cool. Especially that Busani was involved arranging that visit, I'm safe.

***15 minutes later***, we got to Zakir's house. His wife welcomed us. She looked at me then him

"Oh Candy this is Lindiwe the girl I told you about. And Lindy this is my wife Candice Steenkamp." Zak introduced. She sweetly smiled, I extended my hand to her she opened her

arms we shared a hug. We broke the hug, she's beautiful no lie, she looks like a model or the cover of a magazine. She led me to the living area. Well I don't understand why do man like Zak cheat, he's married with kids, have a house, job, car not alone his wife she's danm beautiful.

"Anything to drink?" Candice asked.

"Water will be fine." She walked away from me. Hai maan even her walk you could even swear that she trying to impress someone. You know how we girls are? You don't have to get that one wrong because it's obvious that we love to impress.

**PROFESSOR LINCOLN**

I released the class, have you fall in love with someone the first day you drop your eyes to that person? That was me, I fell in love with Lindiwe Mahadleni Khoza the moment she walked to my class. I know that I was a jerk to her, not that I wanted to, I was just trying to get rid of the feelings.

At first I tried to convince myself that she's not my type. Especially with her speech. I believe that there is something to help so that she speaks normal. And I'm not allowed to date students, how I'm I going to handle that? She has that spirit that makes one to believe in her, most of my colleagues believe that Lindi got what it takes to get her degree, so do I?

**BUSANI**

Do you know the pain of rejection? Rejection is extremely painful because it affects people's lives and makes them feel as if they are not wanted, valued, or accepted. I experienced rejection to a point like I was losing my mind. Lindiwe didn't even give me a chance to prove my love to her, I was willing to take each step with her, but no she decided to friend zone me!!! That annoys me.

Rejections have more emotional wounds that we sustain each day, imagine you have what it takes for the job and get rejected how would you feel? The pain you were going to feel is what I was feeling. Our risk of rejection used to be limited by the size of our immediate social circle. I read the email again. The paper company that I was working for sent me an email saying that I should go work at the branch that is based in Eastern Cape. I wasn't going to accept that but since I needed a break I agreed to go there.

## LINDIWE

We had a conversation here and there with Zakir and his wife.

"I'm not ready to be in a relationship, I never been there before. The topic just started when she asked me about my love life. I said I'm not ready to be in a relationship as yet.

"Why? You waiting for Mr right ntombi?" Zak questioned.

"I didn't say that, I'm just not ready, besides I have a degree that I need to work."

"She's young, different and mutual, she's been here for less than 30 minutes and I already learned few things from her."  
Zak's wife said

"We learn as we go, yes we choose different choices and decisions, but at the end of the day we all have one goal and that goal is success."

"She's telling the truth, everyone want to be successful." Zak's wife said.

"Why are we changing the relationship topic again." Zak questioned we laughed.

"We didn't it automatically charged itself." We continued laughing. The energy of laughter was filling the room.

**PROFESSOR LINCOLN**

I checked the list of students who submitted their work. This students need to be baby seated, I'm not going to do that. I told both groups that I have to submit their work to the assessor this afternoon.

"What? This is unlike her." I said as I came across Lindy's name. She always submit in time, even after she was given a week off she managed to submit on time.

What went wrong? I don't know what happened? I sent a message on the group chat.

***"Guys we cannot work like this, this is not high school, ten percent of the class didn't submit."*** I sent that on whatsapp group. I never get the huge number of students like now, with the large number of students I divided the number into three. So I have three classes four times a week.

I received replies that says ***"I will be there for the next two hours."*** I always plan every lesson meticulously and well ahead of time. My students know exactly what to do and when to submit. When it comes to lecture's performance I'm always on the top list and each year my class gets 78% average I never got the lowest percentage than that. If my students are lacking during the road I make time for them.

***"Professor I'm on my way."*** That was Lindiwe, I didn't respond. I know that she's stay in Tembisa, and she's in the morning class. How will she make it here.

Varsity policies does not allow employees to date students. Some policies were killing me. I tried to get rid of those feelings but I failed decimal. Each time she enters through the door, I became very nervous. Our brains are wired to immediate rewards in return.

We are born to look for instant gratification because in the ancient times, getting immediate benefits was essential for survival. We are very much present oriented, and so when we don't get what we want immediately, we get anxious and let go. But letting go of my feelings was very hard.



## LINDIWE

The Is nothing that is making me frustrated then staying behind with my school work. I thought I submitted my assignment, seeing Professor's whatsapp on the group made me to check my bag only to find out that I didn't submit. Luckily I was still on Zakir's house.

He drove me back to the campus. When I got there Zingisa and the others were living the campus. I got out the car walked to our class. He was sitting there, I swear he was half asleep. I walked to him.

"Pro vuka." (*Wake up*) I saw a smile on his face for the first time.

"That was fast." Prof Lincoln said. He asked me to have a seat, which I did.

"I'm sorry, I thought I submitted my work."

He took a file that has a long list of names, he checked my name, whilst he was stealing glanced at me. If that list didn't require my signature believe me, I would've long gone. I placed my assessment sheets on the the desk.

"Do you like chocolate?" Prof Lincoln asked.

"Not really." Who doesn't like one? He opened the desk drawer. And took out literally have butterflies fluttering in my stomach, when I see him. I mean

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who doesn't like chocolate? A special a box of Lindor Milk Chocolate.

"Not really?" Professor Lincoln asked. I tried not to entertain him, but hey! he was holding one of my favorite brand of chocolate. Lindt chocolates are everyone's favorite.

"I do like chocolate." He gave me the box, he proceeded checking my name.

"Lindiwe M Khosa there she is." He said that ticking my name. I signed where I was required to sign.

"Can I drive you home?" Professor Lincoln asked. I shook my head.

"Thanks Professor Busani will fatch me."

"Who is he?" Professor Lincoln asked.

"He's my friend, best male friend." I answered.

"What does it take for me to be your friend?" Lincoln asked. This dude think that with chocolates he has what it takes to be my friend, he's the same man who defined my speech disorder as demon.

"Won't my demon spread into our friendship?" He put his hand on mine, I felt the electrical connection between us. My heart was beating little faster. My brain worked a little more erratically.

"That came out wrong, I'm sorry." Lincoln-

**If I were to get paid each time a person utter the words I'm sorry, I swear I would be a millionaire today. I let go of my hand.**

"How is everyone at home?" Lincoln asked.

"Fine everyone is doing well." From there we talked and talked, he was apologizing nonstop. Busani called, telling me that he's

waiting for me. I told him to wait for me. I put my phone on his desk.

"Sometimes we say things that we do not mean, Lindi, I'm sorry." Lincoln-

I got up he did the same, we started walking, before we could reach the door, he held me by my waist, pulled me to a corner. I literally had butterflies fluttering in my stomach right away.

"Tell me that you are not feeling what I'm feeling." Lincoln said.

"How do I know what you feeling?" I whispered. I was supposed to be scared right? But I wasn't scared, we looked at each other deep into eyes for few minutes our lips met. We kissed and kissed and it went for like forever. My phone ringed in his hand, we let go of each other.

"Uhm.. I should leave." He gave me my phone, how did my phone ended up in his hand. He looked at me.

"I will give you a call." Lincon said. I just nodded and left him there. My phone ringed again. This time around I answered.

"Ntwanakazi I'm leaving." Busani said.

"Two minutes ntwana." I said and rushing where he packed.

"I'm sorry about that." I said as I got into the car.

"Let's go, I still have another trip to take." Busani said. We drove off.

"Another trip?"

"I'm going to Cape town." Busani said. He explained that he will be away for two weeks.

All the way to Tembisa, *my mind was clouded by professor Lincoln*. I don't know why I had intense feelings. Busani tried to start a conversation after conversation. My mind wasn't there, all I could think of was Prof Lincoln and the kiss.

"Will you survive two weeks using a public transport?" Busani asked. He's been singing that forever now.

"I will get use to it." He gave me *R1000* for transport.

"You don't have to."

"I want to Ntwanakazi, I don't want you to miss classes because of transport." (Friendship) Busani said. I've learnt that he's doing everything from the bottom of his heart. My phone rang right there. I looked at it, it was unsaved contact. I answered it.

"Hello!" The person who called didn't say anything.

"Hello is anybody there ...?" He just chuckled.

"Ndlovukazi, uLindzy madoda." (*Queen Lindzy*) Prof Lincoln said.

Ohhhh I'm now Lindzy? I smiled.

"I..." He cut me.

"Don't tell me you still on the road." Professor Linc said.

"That I am."

"Okay I will call you later, be safe." He said then hang up. He was not making it easier for me, he was turning my world upside down, it was just a few minutes kiss. I never been in love before, so I don't know what was doing.



## **PROFESSOR LINCOLN**

I hang up then, I went through her work, I must admit, the girl has what it takes to become a Humanitarian, she answered based on the research. Yes she did use a learners guide, here and there.

"Get it together Zondo."

## **LINDIWE**

By the time we reached home, I got off the car Busani got out of the car too.

"Lindy when you cross Jo'burg road be careful, I will call to check on you every day." Busani said.

"Whatever." I said walking away from him. Before I could knock he drove off. I knocked then entered.

"Haibo Ntombi uphi uBusani?" (Hey my girl where is Busani) my mother asked.

"Hello mom! Hello Papa!" I greeted them as I took a seat. We exchanged greetings and I explained them that Busani was leaving, My father was taking non of it they believe that I will get hurt.

"Stop worrying yourself papa

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I will be fine, Busani gave me transport money." He shook his head. This people seemed to forget that he's my friend.

"He's going to work and besides, I'm an adult papa."

"Jo'burg is too dangerous Nana." Dad said. It's true when they say friends becomes family. Let's not get confused, my parents take Busani as their own child. At first they didn't understand our friendship but they ended up accepting it, besides his family, hates me with everything they have. His mother once threw a glass that I used. So imagine me dating her son. That is a risk I won't even take.

My phone rang I glanced at it then my father, excusing myself, it will require me to explain. I just answered it.

"Hello!" This idiot didn't say anything. How can you call someone and don't start a conversation .

"I just got home, I'm safe thanks for checking on me." What is it with a person who calls then keeps quite.

"What are you doing?" Lincoln questioned.

"I'm about to have dinner with my family."

"Well I'm waiting for an invitation for dinner." Lincoln said. With the my parents eyes looking at me, I quickly said pretended like there was no network, and *excuse* myself.

"You are looking for trouble Prof." He laughed.

"Trouble is my middle name, and I'm looking for my soulmate. Who has a room for trouble in her life." Lincoln-

I never laughed at his jokes. But this time he made me laugh.

"I take that as she can handle my trouble then." Lincoln said. That guy was making me laugh I won't lie. Not so long I hated him.

"I can ask my uncle to come ask for a glass of water." Lincoln said. He was now crossing the boundary .

"You are being foolish now, you so extra." He laughed. This man is such a fool. He stricked a conversation here and there. He hang up.

"I'm sorry about that." My little sister took my books to the room. I wasn't listening to their conversation, I wanted to be in my room.

"Mom can I help you with anything, I have school work to do?"

"For now I'm still good." She responded.

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I excused myself as soon as I got there, my phone rang it was Busani. I answered him.

"Ntwana." He said.

"You ready in your flight?" He laughed.

"You angry at me?" Busani, why should I? He doesn't owe me any explanation. We talked for some time, I remembered that I have chocolate in my bag. It was sad when he had to hang up.

"Busani take care." *He hang up.*

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While I was still enjoying my sleep the alarm started making noise, I snoozed it and going back to sleep. It rang again, this time around I switched it off. Until my father shouted.

"*Lindiwe!!!*" The way he shouted my name you would swear that I did something wrong, I got off the bed and ran to the bathroom, I took a long bath until I remembered that I will be using a taxi.

As soon as I was done I placed my books in my bag, wore a simple dress. Time was not on my side. I said my good bye and headed out to catch a local taxi to the taxi rank, the queue wasn't that long, I took a taxi to Jo'burg.

The trip took a minimum of 30 minutes. I had to walk on the busy street of jozi to catch another taxi to the campus, with the annoying noise of cars, I got confused when I had to cross the street after street.

"Hey wena this is not your mother's road." Some taxi drivers tears me, with Zulu. The honest truth that was new to me, I

never came across so many cars and people. A man asked if they can help me carry my bags.

"No thanks I will be fine." I refused. He was very persistent to the point that he ended up pulling me to the pavement. The car stopped by that man ran like the was someone who was chasing him, for a moment I was like what is going on here?

"Lindy let's go." I looked at the car, it was one of the lectures.

"You can't walk alone, you need to make friends, most of guys here are criminals and you should not let them help you at any cost." She warned me. When we got to the campus, I thank her then went to the class, I was the second person to arrive, as always we greeted each other and took out my books.

"Lindy please help me with question 21." I walked to her and explained what to do.



"You make it seems easy." She said. She proceeded with her assessment. Well I was done with the Unit standard she was doing.

"This is what we call team work." I swear that was prof Lincoln. I looked up it was indeed him.

"It seems like someone slept here." Prof Lincon said. He was written good mood in his face.

"Sir are you okay?" My classmate asked confused, I was confused myself, that man is forever angry and ready to chew us in the class.

"I'm good sis and Wena?" Proff Lincoln said.

My phone started ringing. Since the class hasn't started I answered it.

"Good morning, I believe you were not late." Busani said.

"Hey ntwana, let me guess, I had to catch a local, taxi, then a long queue then to a taxi and taking money from seat to seat and give the commuters their change, so Busani tell me how is Cape Town? " He kind of laughed.

"Blackmailing doesn't suit you." Busani said.

"I wasn't blackmailing you, I was telling my dear friend, that I woke up 4 am like I'm going to work, now it's 7:30; I'm in an empty class how is that blackmailing you Busani Ngomane?" He cough...

"As long as you safe I'm happy, I will call you later." Busani said. That was rude. He hung up.

"What a blackmail." Prof Lincoln said

"Huh!" I switched off my phone. He smiled, Jezus!!!

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An hour later the class started, the man who was all happy. He became the monster we all know.

"Yesterday was the due date of submission, 92 percent submitted, and I gave those who didn't submit a fair chance, I was the last lecture to leave waiting for people to submit, only four came, we cannot work like this

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you are no longer in secondary school, and I believe I don't have a student under the age of 16 that will need all my attention." Prof Lincoln was fuming, he walked around then walked to my desk.

"You all need to behave like adults." Professor Lincoln-

We apologized that when the man moved were he was standing. He told us which unit standard we should start as always he gave us a week. He started lecturing, he covered all the bullet points that had higher marks, the lecture was too long. By the time the class ended I was bored. I tried by all means to avoid that man.

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He released the class, I was the second person to walk out of class. I went to meet **Zingisa and Kat**. We greeted each other, then I told them that I'm using a taxi. With Zingi and her paranoia she was giving me another one of her boring long lectures.

"Girlfriend, you one of the lucky ladies who has a caring friend, I mean who would just give me Zingi a R1000 just for transport, Lindy Busani loves you and he cares for you, he's a friend to be kept." Zingi said.

"Yes he is a great friend."

"Hook me up with this guy." Zingi said. I looked at Kat then we both looked at her then laughed.

"Uh-huh don't look at me like that, Lindi doesn't like him, and wena Kat you don't like me either, Busani and I could make a great couple." Zingi. Kat checked the time he looked at her then got up.

"Zingi, you are losing your mind, get your ass up Professor is waiting for us." Kat said. She laughed with the annoying laughter then said.

"Girl this is jozi, wake up, you no longer a child you are an adult, you are lucky Lindy, I repeat if I was you, I was going to chew both men and carry on with my life like nothing happen." Zingi said. Somewhere somehow, I believe she was right, but my relationship with Busani don't have to go there. She left me there, I walked to purchase a coldrink in a vending machine .

"I think your drink is out." I turned and looked at him, he walked to take my drink out.

"Where is this Busani guy?" Lincoln questioned.

"Sir!" He gave me my drink. He purposely touched my hand, again I had a form of butterflies in my stomach.

"When walking on the street of Jozi, you don't have to pay attention to everyone focus on the road, and never ask help from a stranger." Lincoln said.

"I will keep that in mind."

"Look at me." Lincoln commanded. I was avoiding eye contact with him.

"Where is Busani?" Lincoln questioned.

"He went to Cape Town, he will be gone for two weeks."

"Let me drive you to the taxi rank." Lincoln offered.

"Thanks sir, brother Zak already offered to take me there." The was no Zak, who was offered to give me a ride, and he was not aware that I was using public transport.

"Mr Steenkamp has a meeting." Lincoln said.

"You have a class remember?"

"Group two deserve a little punishment, they didn't submit." Lincoln said. I ended up accepting his offer. We walked to his car and drove me straight to the taxi rank. Before I could get out he looked at me.

"Lindi give me a chance to prove my love to you." Lincoln said. As much as I was avoiding eye contact with him, he made me to look at him.

"Please." He said. We shared a hug which led to a kiss. It was like I just noticed the whole world changes. I noticed brighter colours are I mean everything felt so new. When I walked out, of the car, I was wearing all those smiles.

"If that's how the love world look like, then I'm willing to give my love to you, Professor." He smiled then watched me as I walked away from him.

**15**

Days went by. I looked at myself on the mirror before I could walk out of the house.

"Bye-bye mom see you later." I said rushing out, to catch the local taxi, honestly I was avoiding her because she's been asking me no endless questions.

Have you ever been in love world? Well I went there without knowing how does it feels to explore such world, at first love has only one room, and that room has a mix of emotions, behaviors, and beliefs associated with strong feelings of affection, protectiveness, warmth, and respect for another person, all that only in one room. I was deeply in love with my lecture I didn't even care, the out side world or that I was against the policy or whatsoever.

Busani was avoiding me since I told him what was happening with my life, I didn't tell him whom I was dating. Well I was not going, even if I wanted to tell him, I had to remember that someone's child was going to lose his job. Plus I didn't ask him to catch feelings for me, I respected our friendship like no body's business. I was warned about being friends with



someone with opposite gender as I am, but since Busani was the only person whom I trust, I became his friend. My parents accepted our friendship, he was my only best friend.

When I got to the queue was long, I had stand on the line for an hour or so. Sometimes we think love is something that is permanent or fleeting, hey love is biologically programmed or culturally indoctrinated. Love has too many rooms from one person to another and culture to culture. I was once told that. "Love hurts, love will turn my world upside down." I find it hard to believe. By the time the queue started moving, I was already tired of standing, luckily I got in, the taxi took off. I couldn't wait to get to the campus, I couldn't wait to see the only person I love dearly.

By the time we arrive at Jozi, it was already 7:30 I had to increase my speed to catch another taxi to campus, imagine three taxi's in the morning and afternoon, six cars a day that was too much, whilst I was rushing to the taxi, someone choked me from the back, trust me with the energy that I had I tried to fight him, but he was too strong and I was resisted by two guys, they mugged me, people just watched and passed, nobody came to my rescue, they took my bag with books, cell phone,

and money, inside it. They ran left me there with shock, anger and fear, as well as helplessness, guilt and panic.

"Awe shame." That's what people said, what gotten to this world? So they watched me being mugged and say shame. Shame on them.

## **PROFESSOR LINCOLN**

By 8:30 the class started, Lindi she wasn't there, I tried to call her but her phone wasn't going through, we talked in the early hours of the morning, she said she was coming. I checked her whatsapp last seen it was around 7 o'clock. I lectured the class, my focused wasn't there with the heavy chest pain. One could tell that I wasn't well.

I didn't understand what was happening, I mean she promised to come and I had plans with her. Time went by, I released the class, and cancel other groups.

***"Good morning, I believe you all well, group 2 and 3 the class is cancelled for today, kindly continue where we left off yesterday, I apologise for the inconvenience."*** I sent that whatsapp text to both groups and went to the accommodation offices, Zak wasn't busy, I asked him to call Lindi's mother and this Busani guy. I never been worried like I was.

Her mother answered and, she told us that she left earlier in the morning, he called Busani he answered after few rings.

"Steenkamp!" He said as soon as he answered.

"Yee Ngomane, is Lindi with you?" Zak questioned

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the man giggled a little then asked.

"What do you mean is she with me? I'm still at Cape Town and I still have another week to get the job done." Busani said. Zak explained to him that Lindy she didn't show up for classes and her parents claim that she left earlier.

"Have you tried to call her, or her boyfriend?" Busani questioned.

"Her phone is not going through, and I know nothing about the boyfriend." Zak answered.

"This is not Lindy, I will try to call her, in the meantime, please call her friends, Zingisa and Katlego." Busani said. I don't know him very well but I could tell that he cares for Lindy.

**LINDIWE**

I walked to the police station, one of the officers told me that they cannot help me, I was really broken, I had countless emotions shock turned to grief, sadness, despair, mistrust and vulnerability. I asked the lady who was cleaning to borrow me her phone, it's true in Jo'burg it's not good to walk alone, it is not safe at all.

What makes me mad is that people saw what happened they didn't say anything nor to help me, I don't understand how could a person watch someone getting hurt and just watched without trying to help or something, hence why, girls get raped and killed during the day, because people act like they is nothing wrong with that. She gave me her phone, I called Busani. He wasn't picking up his phone.

"Come on answer!" I was in patiently, at first his phone took me to voicemail. I called him again this time around he answered.

"Hello!" He answered, I know Busani very well when he's happy, overwhelmed with work. And when he's stressed about something. He was stressed his voice says it all.

"Ntwana I got mugged, they took my money, books and phone, I can't go back home or to the campus." I could hear him breathing out loud.

"Where are you?" Busani questioned, I told him, he promised to call Zak to come.

---

I waited for thirty minutes, until I heard Zak's voice as I was waiting, I got up from the seat and walked to meet two men who were there to take me home.

"Lindy are you alright?" Zak asked as he gave me the hug, with the disbelief and shock walked proudly through me.

"I'm sorry." Zak said, we broke the hug.

"Zak, they took everything that I had, if you don't mind can you take me home, I can't attend classes, because I have nothing with me." He looked at Professor.

"Let's go to the accommodation offices, I left my car there." Zak said. Family is not only the people we are related by blood, or something suchlike in law's. When I say I have three brothers, one that is my little brother and two that are very protective.

"I will drive her home, Steenkamp." Lincoln offered.

"Don't you have classes?" He gaze at me more like I said something offensive.

"I cancelled both two classes." Lincoln said. I had no strength with me, I just walked out and got into the car, we dropped Zak first and we headed off.

"Baby!" Professor Lincoln said. I looked at him.

"I'm sorry that you had to go through this, why don't you ask Zakir to get you the accommodation at the campus, if it requires to be paid monthly I will do that." Professor Lincoln said.

"Are you hearing yourself Professor, campus accommodation, that held bad memories, you want me to go there."

He shook his head and drove off, I thought he was taking me to Thembisa but no, this guy took me to his house.

"Professor I asked to be taken home not here."

"Lindy you need to trust me, like you trust Zak and Busani."  
Professor Lincoln said.

"Trust?" I giggled a little, if he knew that my trust was broken ages ago. He wouldn't tell me such.

"Let's get in to my house, I believe you are tired and you need some rest." Professor Lincoln said.



I refused to get to his house, he just left me there, about three hours I was hungry and I was forced to get out of the car and walked to his house. I knocked he said I should enter. I entered that man he was sitting there watching his TV actually the TV was watching him.

"Are you serious doing this to me, Professor, I just want to go home." He didn't say anything.

"You should've let brother Zak to take me home." That's when he got up and walked to me.

"Baby tell me here, you choose to call another man on my behalf, and hugged another man again while I was there as your boyfriend not lecture." Professor Lincon said. I don't know who was talking between jealous and him.

"Let's do this Malindi, from today I'm your friend, no more male bestie beside me." Professor Lincon said.

"Really?" I asked he nodded. He came closer to me and looked at me deeper into my soul.

"Baby I'm not asking you I'm telling you." He said. The only thing that I grew up hearing from my mother and her friends, was to take care of the man you love and obey his wishes.

"I will do as you say Prof." That came out as an whisper.

16

Later on, I took a bath using his towel and toiletries, he believed that I rested, well I didn't, each time I tried to close my eyes, I see the attackers, The scene of myself getting mugged triggers. If I can see myself home I'd be the happiest person.

"Since you don't want the campus accommodation room, you are welcome to leave with me." Professor Lincon said. My heart stopped for a second

"Hey it's me." he added. I didn't accept him to the bathroom. There my fears kicked in, remember I was still keeping the anger of being raped inside me? Now this!!!

"Professor don't ever enter when I'm bathing." When I was around that man the mood was changing, from zero to ten. He was making my heart beat stronger.

"I'm your boyfriend remember?" Professor Lincon said. Oh wait how did we get there? That man hated me.

"You hate me, Professor Lincon Zondo." I said.

He sat on the edge of the tub.

"Lindy I never hated you, I liked you from the first day I laid my eyes to you." Professor Lincon-

I learned to hide my fears at the age of 10, the only thing that would understand what I was going through was a pen, pencil and the paper, even now, with the little ink, pencil and paper I draft of my pain, no matter what, only the clean paper will understand the language I speak. But since I got mugged my only silent friend was taken with my secret.

"I see, excuse me, I want to bath in peace."

"Don't you want me to join you?" Lincon asked. I looked at him confusedly.

"I need my privacy."

He got up and walked out of the bathroom. I'm sorry it's his house yes, but I didn't want the history to repeat itself.

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By the time I was done, I joined him where he was sitting. He gave me a bag that has text books.

"You can use those for now until, I get you the new books." Professor Lincon said, I paged them they were still in good shape. I didn't see any need for new ones.

"Thanks Professor."

"You are welcome baby, let me take you home." Professor Lincon said. Finally he decided to take me home. We headed out of his house, to his car.

We drove off, he suggested that I should pack some of my clothes to his house, so that I can visit him time to time.

"I don't know, Professor, my parents won't allow that to happen, especially to visit a boyfriend."

"I believe you are old enough to make decisions

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and I'm sure I'm not the first man into your life." Lincon said.  
Yeer I might be old enough to make decisions, but in my parents eyes I'm a child.

"Are you hearing yourself when you are talking Professor?" He nodded.

"Very loud and clear, I said you have the thirteen bar coded South African Identity book, which makes you older to make decisions." Professor Lincon said.

"What will happen next? Hours ago you made me choose between you and Busani, now you are telling me to disobey my

parents, Lincon, they is one thing in this world I cannot buy, that's my family, I need my parents more than I need you." He cut me.

"Lindiwe Khoza we are in a relationship, you need to learn what makes me happy and I will do the same, if you can't do that please tell me, before this ship move faster." Lincon said. Wait that's the only man who made my heart beat stronger, that's the only person who turned my life upside down.

"I'm sorry Pro, this is all new to me, I know nothing about love and relationships, I'm willing to learn, as the Professor, teach me." He looked at me then fastly focused on the road.

"You mean you never dated before? " Professor asked. I nodded.

"You a virgin?" he questioned again. I didn't know how to answer that question. He mistakenly bang the car hooter.

"Busani what are you doing?" Mind me that man turned the car. Love itself is not enough.

"That boy again." Lincon said. He gave me his phone.

"Call your mother and let her know that you will be spending a week with a friend." Lincon said. I did as he asked me to.

## **PROFESSOR LINCON**

They is nothing that drives me nuts like a person who is playing hide and seek, Lindy she was hiding something, and she thought she's smarter than I am.



"Ma I got mugged they took everything that I have." she said to her mother, that woman she's friendly I won't lie.

"Thanks mother, I promise I will take care of myself." Lindiwe said. I'm not good when it comes to caring about someone else either t myself that I'm aware of, hence why I was still single on a relationship, I had a relationship before but it didn't work. Lindy she's a wife material only few changes needed to be done, that's her speech and her stinky attitude.

"Goodbye mama, I will see you next week then." she said than hung up and looked at me.

"Professor, why don't you allow me to go home and take some of my clothes and shoes."

"So that you can make plans to call him right?"

"Call who Lincon?" she was talking to me I couldn't hear her since she was angry.

"Hey don't raise your voice at me."

"Stop the car Lincon." She said.

"If Busani let you behave like this, there in Tembisa not to me."  
She took a deep breath.

"Click Lindzy get yourself together, calm down." she whispered.

"I will get you some clothes, understanders, toiletries and pair of shoes." she rubbed her chest.

"Do whatever you want Lincon." Lindy said. They say behind a successful man they is a woman, I will do anything in my power to keep her, if it means I should take a transfer to another institution I will do that.

***Month Later***

Well I never thought that love would change me, I was now cabinenting, I was now taking care of the man I love. I was madly in love. There was nothing that was tangible existing in the world except my Pro, I became someone that I don't recognise anymore. Worse than the only Professor Lincoln crossed that bridge he wasn't supposed to, I never thought I would be comfortable to be naked around someone but there I was...

I was very attached with that man after he entered on my father's garden and ate the forbidden fruit of Khoza's princess. I was untouchable. Especially when a person has to tell me how to live my life.

"Any plans for this weekend?" Professor questioned. I put the lid of pot back and then turned and looked at him, I wasn't planning for anything except for cooking for him and spend day together without bringing school work, and my controlling parents. Except for him and his Profession, he was so loving.

"I'd like to have this day with my Professor, cook for him and after that I want us to spend time together without fighting."  
He walked to take an apron.

"Seems like Malindy was reading my mind." Lincoln said.

"Two mind think alike." he walked to me.

"Soulmate think alike." Lincoln said. Honestly he makes me feel different, he took me to the place I never been. He makes laugh at his dorky jokes, and we love listening to the same music. Sometimes we have hectic fight just like any couples, Lincoln he is too controlling, he didn't want me to have friends except him even my driver he was not allowed to talk to me, he was only taking me to home to the campus, no greetings was allowed. Remember that our relationship was secret since he was a lecture and I was a student. So people knew that I was in love but with whom

"I can't cook Ma'Khoza, I would like you to teach me how to cook." Lincoln said.

"I'm willing to help you." I stopped talking and looked at him.

"But?" Lincoln asked.

"We need to focus." He whistle this guy. Lincoln twisted my heart.

## ***BUSANI***

I received a call phone from Lindiwe's parents, the summoned me. I knocked at her house, her mother opened the door for me. She led me to the living area I followed her, Mr Khosa was sitting there.

"Sanibonani ka Khoza!" (Greetings) he asked me a question, I could see that he wanted answers but to the wrong person.

"Yee Ngomane tell me here son where did I went wrong? What is happening with my daughter? Who's this man who is messing around with my daughter? He changed her, my princess she's not herself, Ngomane you are the only person who is very close with her?" he father questioned. I could see the pain in both Lindy's parents.

"Babu Khoza I tried to talk to her, but she's deeply in love, and we can't stop her."

He threw the mug against the wall in frustration, probably that was not the answer he was seeking for, Its common for parents to be angry and uncomfortable with their childrens suddenly behavior not alone allowing their child to have that kind of independence. Lindy left home few weeks ago, she made it clear that she wants nothing to do with me and her parents because she's a grown woman now, her words not mine. Do you know what made me so sad? Is because we don't know her boyfriend.

"My point exactly Busani, I told baba that myself, hikaya leka Lindiwe lo, uzobuya uma kufika izikhathi." (This is Lindiwe's home, she will come back when times come) Lindi's mother said, crying. She was crying her pain out, really I don't recognize Lindy anymore, I had hope that she will make her family proud.

"Mama Lindy is there anything I should know?" He asked, the poor woman shook her head.

"I'm sorry about all of this my elders, I myself; I feel guilty about all this, I wish I can turn back the time see Lindy that we all know, unfortunately we can't prevent her from seeing her boyfriend, but I strongly believe that she will come to her senses and come around."

"I'm really disappointed in Lindy Ngomane, let me tell you, if I find this guy who's messing up with my daughter I'll kill him trust me." Lindy's father said, he was looking at me. He clung to his arm, I swear if that mestry boyfriend of Lindi was there he was going to receive few punch, I swear.

"I have mixed emotions

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of frustration, disappointment, uncertainty, judgment, and misunderstanding all in all both sides, Busani I don't know where to go, son." her father said, his voice carried lot of anger. He was really angry that I could tell, how could Lindy chose a boyfriend over her family? Worse her father he's a community committee, everyone looked up to him. That was disgrace to her family.

## **PROFESSOR LINCON**

That young woman before my eyes she was amazing, I managed few things, which was to get her under my roof. Stop her being friend with male, let me put it like this her boyfriend, I didn't buy the story of her and Busani are just friends at all,



worse the story of I'm her first boyfriend, that's a pure lie, she was no longer a virgin when I entered the kraal of another man and take the bull without his consent, only few things to do here and there, that is her speech and to make her trust me

"Now I believe your mother said you eat the chicken on pot." she smiled.

"I'm testing it." Lindy said.

"You will finish it before you dish up." I said. Growing up I wanted to marry a woman from the village because it's easy to control and manipulate, but with this lady, I love Lindy, and her moving in with me it uplifted lot of work, because I'm not familiar with the kitchen, but ever since she moved in with me, I was eating home cooked meal everyday. She still had the attitude that needed me to work on it.

"Get lost, my mother she was just happy to see that I have friends that cares about me." I looked at her she laughed. Thirty minutes went by, she dished up. We ate in silent, actually she was doze off.

"Lindiwe!" She didn't respond. I stood up and walked to her. I tapped on her shoulder.

"Where are you Miss Khoza?" she shook her head, she gave me a fake smile.

"Ummm, you saying." Lindy said.

"That smile is not convincing me at all."

"I need a phone Lincoln." Lindy demanded.

"Baby I will get you a cellphone on the 15th."

"Is this your way to stop me from socializing with my friends, Lincoln I won't call Busani." I stopped her.

"Next time you decide to bring that name just make sure not under my roof."

"Why do you hate Busani so much? What has he done to you?"  
I find myself giving her a slap. She got up up, I apologized she didn't take my apology.

"The last time my father laid his hand on me, I was 8 to 9 years Professor." She said then walked away. I've told her multiple times not to bring her ex's name or whatever she called him when she's with me. I followed her.

**LINDIWE**

He sat next to me. I was so sad I find quite desperate since I left home in bad manner. I told my parents that I don't need them especially that they were telling me how should I do with my life. He narrowed his eyes at me.

"Baby I'm sorry, you pushed me to." he said. Have you seen a person who was deeply in love? That was me, I kissed him.

"I understand baby, I was wrong." Wait, wait, I'm I allowing that to happen, this guy laid his hand on me.

"I will get you the cellphone on the 15th, Lindy, just promise me that you won't call Busani, Zakir and Katlego with the phone I will be buying." he said.

I nodded, everything with that man had terms and condition, he was like I do want make our relationship official but he has to quit his job or I need to quit school. So because we both love what we are doing, and love each other we decided that our relationship must be hidden.

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Life doesn't wait for anyone. If you get the chance to be happy just be happy because hey our time on earth is sized. The was this tension between us.

"Professor!" He looked at me.

"We good?" He nodded then got up.

"Prepare a bath for me." he demanded. That was the other thing that made us fight everyday.

"Professor the only thing you are required to do is to turn on the tap."

"Hey woman don't tell me that shit" professor Lincoln said.

"Baby but, the geyser is on, the only thing you have to do is to turn on the tap."

"Didn't your mother teach you how to take care of your man?" Lincoln questioned.

"You right Honey, my man not boyfriend, stop being lazy and-" He cut me by a slap. That was a second slap in a row. I didn't want to argue with him, I just went to run water for him.

"Sorry Lindy." Professor Lincoln said.

I thought to myself, how did we get here? I looked at him then walked away from him. I went to the bedroom and I decided to do my assessment because hey that man when he wants his work he doesn't have a lover. Firstly he slapped me because I asked him to get me a phone, then that? How does love world feel? I thought love was blissful as it seems on TV.

"I love him, I want to learn his language, I know that he's lazy and I should just respect that." Have you ever think to a point you ended up talking alone? That was me. I didn't know what was right or wrong anymore. I moved in with my mystery boyfriend, I left home with the attention of I'm a grown woman and I can make wise decision, the only person who understood

my boring language I was not allowed to talk to, thinking about Busani, I took Lincoln's laptop and logged in to my Facebook, with the hope that I will delete it, Busani was online, I greeted him, he responded me.

"Ntwanakazi!"

"How is everything there?" I asked.

"Lindy I was with your family earlier, your father he's not pleased at all, the least you can do is to come home and see how broken your parents are, ntwanakazi you are lucky to have parents who cares about you." I read his message, despite that I'm not allowed to communicate with him but I missed him, he would've suggested that we take a walk just to clear my mind. The contempt I felt collected it was like a sour bubble of anger in my stomach, inching its way up my throat.

"Love?" Lincoln-

## PROFESSOR LINCOLN

I don't know what gotten, I slapped her twice in a row, what makes me angry is that I loved her, I bathed, then walked to the bedroom, she was lying there with eyes glued to the laptop, I gave her the access to use it, especially when it comes to her assessment. I walked to her, she moved her eyes to her books. She was acting like I was not there or something, she stood up and went to get me a body lotion, then went back to what she was doing, I'm not good with apologizing and she's not good either, one thing I've noticed about her

she keeps her tears in, since she moved in with me my house was always clean and smelling good.

"Lindy I don't like the tension between us." She closed the laptop and looked at me.



"I told you this before, I'm new to all of this you need to educate me, be patient with me, if I'm not doing it right correct me, don't shout at me, I'm carrying lots of anger inside of me, when you shout at me I end up saying hurtful things, because wow this girl here doesn't have tears anymore." Lindiwe said, which made me to think about her, I haven't seen her crying before, no matter how you put your words but what is it that was making her to feel like she's carrying anger? She moved her books and walked

towards me, she then straddled on my lap, her with her legs dangling on the sides. She wrapped her arms around my neck.

"I'm willing to learn what makes you happy my Professor."  
Lindy said. My Professor how I like the sound of that.

"Umm this makes me happy Ma'Khoza." I wrapped my arms around her waist then looked at her. I grabbed her hair with my other hand and brought her to kiss me.

**BUSANI**

I was happy that she decided to inbox me, even though she went offline in the middle of our conversation. I called Zak and update him.

"I don't know Busani, but we need to find out this mystery boyfriend." Zak said.

"I'm not going to do that, she's love this ghost guy of hers, if she's happy let's be happy for her, she will come around."

"Typical." Zak said. What broke me is that she turned against her own family. Family is something we cannot buy, no matter how evil is your family but it will remain the same.

## PROFESSOR LINCOLN

She was lying on her back, waiting to give me the forbidden fruit. I was required to come with a strategy to let Lindy be submitted to me, because I was on the verge of losing her, if she continues with her classes, she was going to see another man who is better than me, believe me. My hand slid slowly down the curves of her ample hips.

"Pro do the." Lindi said, I wasted no time, I accepted the invitation, I entered my rock into her cookie. I started very slowly.

"Would you marry me?" She didn't respond, I slowly moved as she followed my pace. I urge with my heart for a moment my body is trembling rhythm.

"Lindy will you be my wife?" That came out as an whisper.

"Yes!!!" She responded, what the hell? Was that? I was losing my mind, who on earth ask a lady to marry him during such pleasure? I increased my speed.

"Ahhh...yes!" As she released her orgasm.

"Ahhh, fuck Lindiwe you so fucken so good!!!" I didn't have a ring, but I proposed, things we do sometimes are disgrace, that I can tell. If you're afraid of water don't challenge yourself to dive straight into the deep end of the pool. Chances are that you'll just begin to panic, and you'll go straight back to square one.

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When I woke up the following day, my boyfriend wasn't where to be found, I walked to the bathroom to take a bath. There are many instances in life where we don't always feel like we have control. Control issues are a key focus in many new life changing. Whilst I was bathing Professor entered without knocking, he stared at me, I stared at him too.

"You love to intervene in my privacy." he nodded with a smile.

"Uyavuma." (You not drying anything) He nodded again I laughed.

"Seriously now?" That's where he sat on the edge of the bed playing with water.

"You already said yes, so is no need for me to pop the question again." Professor Linc said.

What he was talking about? He took out a jewelry box, he looked at me then opened it. I swallowed like the was a pump

on my throat. Life doesn't wait for anyone right? I didn't know, I was supposed to be happy because I was going to be Mrs Zondo but no somebody pressed the purse button, I grew up in church I lived in church, I know how things are handled I don't know what happened to me, my life just passed right there, I didn't know whether I was going back or forth. I don't know what happened but hey the church girl in me died the moment I broke the trust with God. Maybe doing the right thing I will regain the trust.

"Wow, it's beautiful." I nodded.

"Sukanini madoda, ya vuma imbali yakwa Khosa, Bo Mthiyane, Sokhulu, Nqoboka, Mnguni kaManekwane, oSkhangane esakhanga amadoda

Luvuno, oSokotshane, oMzwili! Ngiyabonga." He praises his clan. He then slid the ring on my ring finger, the ring was beautiful, it was fitting me perfectly.

"It's beautiful, you so unbelievable." He kissed me right there. Did he forget that I was bathing, the kiss took longer. I pulled it away.

"Wow I'm so happy, I don't know what to do, if I was familiar with the pots trust me I was going to work my magic there." Professor Linc said. I laugh, he cooks horrible food, that I won't give him false hopes.

"You don't have to, I will prepare the breakfast in few minutes." He nodded then walked out.

I was really happy, somewhere somehow the happiness had mixed of emotions, Linc said he doesn't have money to get me a phone, until the 15th. I proceed with bathing, when I was done

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I lotioned, and dressed simple. There was the jewelry catalogue on the bed, I looked at it, I couldn't believe my eyes the price of the ring that I was wearing got me to swallow my saliva.

"There she is." He said. I turned and looked at him.

"Really Professor, just yesterday you said you no money, the phone that I asked you to get me it's only 3k then this ring which is 75k." He walked to me.

"Baby I will get the phone you want month end." Linc said. Really it was on the 15th now it's month ends. I looked at him then walked past him. I went to prepare him a breakfast.

Twenty minutes went by he walked to me, while I was dishing up for him.

"Something smells good here." Linc said. I was not interested in whatever he has to say. He wrapped his arms on my waist.

"Let's celebrate us." He said. I removed his hands. And gave him his food.

"Enjoy your breakfast." I said as I was walking away from him. I went to his study and processed with my assessment, I really wish I could call my mother and have the mother and daughter conversation, I missed our family bond. Time went by, I couldn't



stop thinking about professor how could he do something like that to me, I was very much aware that he was preventing me from being in communication with Busani, yes I want our relationship to work out and I also want a friend who understands my language.

## **PROFESSOR LINCOLN**

Three hours later, I decided to look for her, the bus was going to my direction, I wasn't planning to propose so soon, but since I wanted to keep my women with me, I had to. The only struggle that I was facing, was to work on her attitude. I heard her coughing on my study. I made my way there she was sitting there, alone swinging my chair.

"You still upset about the phone thing, Lindy I will get it next month." She looked me.

"You so unbelievable Professor from the 15 to month end. You promised to get me a new phone in order to get what he promised me, he bought me a ring. Yes I'm flirted by that, but I need a cellphone so that I can check on my mother and siblings.

"You didn't eat because of a cell phone?" She got up and attempted to go, these nothing that I hate than what she was doing, I was talking to her. I grabbed her hand.

"I'm still talking to you." She shook her head, without saying anything, the was no way I was going to get her the phone to be in communication with Busani guy and Zakir. She looked at my hand on her hand.

"Months end baby." She didn't say anything which drove me crazy.

"Lindiwe I'm talking to you and when I'm talking to you need to show that you are interested on what I'm saying." She aggressively removed my hand from hers.

"You got your answer, I'm not interested in whatever you are saying." Lindy murmured.

"Why are you so upset, it's my own danm money." She took few steps away from me.

"You know what Linc, I will get the phone you like it or not, I will get the phone." She walked away, I had to follow her, before she got to the bedroom, I found myself strangling her, why I don't know myself.

The demon in me left while she was struggling to breathe.

"What the hell?" She sat on the floor and tried to catch her breath.

"Baby I'm sorry, I don't know what is going on with me."

The following morning, we were woken by the alarm, I went to bath first then ran a bath for Professor, while he was bathing I went to get breakfast ready, I was really broken, I didn't know what to do or say. I dished up for both of us, we ate in silent actually he tried to have small talks with me, I was just ignoring him.

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After an hour or so, his phone vibrated. He looked at it then me.

"Your ride is here." Professor said. My heart almost stopped, Professor was no longer the man I fell in love with. He was so different, he was violent towards me. When I agreed to be involved with him, I was expecting to be in another world, the world of love, world of joy, but no I was in the world of sorrows.

"I'm talking to you Lindiwe." He added. I got up without saying anything.

"I said I'm sorry." Professor said. I started feeling unsafe and uncomfortable and to address that to him, I took my bag and attempted to walk away from him, he grabbed my hand.

"I love you Lindy." He whispered, I was tempted. But I was still angry that he acted aggressive.

"Remember that you expect me to be in your class by 8:30." He just looked at me. I really don't know what went wrong, at first everything was charming, witty, funny, and adventurous. But hey I started feeling unsafe around him, the only thing that was making me to stay with him, it's because I was beating myself up, I left the loving home with the hope of happiness from a man. He let go of my arm, he seems angry about something, I was even scared to say anything because I would upset him like I did last evening.

I walked away leaving him there. My driver was waiting for me, I wasn't allowed to greet him nor to say anything to him except when he has a message to pass or to open the door for me, fetch me. I entered the car, he looked at me then gave me a phone without saying anything.

"What I'm I suppose to do with this?" I could see that Lincoln was on the line.

"Boss wants to talk to you." My driver said. I placed the phone on my ear.

"Honey."

"Get your ass back here wena sfebe." (You bitch) Lincon said. I gasped at his cruel words, imagine he sounded angry over the phone, how much more when I go to him.

"Lincoln I have a class within 40 minutes."

"And I'm the one who is lecturing that class remember?" He questioned, I sometimes don't know what to do, but the truth is Lincoln needed me as much as I needed him. So it was fair square.

"See you at the campus." I said then hang up. The driver headed the road. The thoughts of a slow death consumed me. I come way back with those thoughts

## Advertisement

and I tried very hard to get rid of those thoughts. He dropped me at campus, I wasn't that late, I made my way to the class, the Monday mood filled the whole class, we proceed where we left off on Friday, professor Lincoln walked in, after some time, he walked to me, I bit my nails nervously.

"I see that everyone is well prepared for the new week." Professor Lincoln said walking around, each time when he walked towards my desk he would lean there, nerves was all over the me ,my heart beating ver fast as though I wasn't feeling safe around him after what he did to me.

"Lindy let me see your finger." One of my classmates said, it's slipped my mind that I was wearing a ring, I slowly looked Professor then showed her, she's screamed disturbing the class.

"Wow, congratulations Lindy." She said. Everyone wanted to set that ring, believe me when I say they were happy for me, while I wasn't, because I wasn't aware what was waiting for me when I get married.

"Okay we can all settle down, congratulations miss Khoza."  
Professor said. Grhaaa this man!!!

"Thanks!" I almost said wtf but I pulled myself together.

BUSANI



I had to turn back to Tembisa after I received a call from Lindy's father, When I got there, Lindy's mother was sitting on the couch, looking in the same direction.

"I'm sorry for highjacking you, I need your help, I want to take her the hospital, I could've asked anyone but you are the only person we trust in this house." Mr Khoza said. I nodded, he lifted her up, she wasn't moving but breathing to show that she was breathing.

## LINDIWE

**Later** He was sitting on his desk busy with his, laptop.

"Professor the class has ended." One of my classmate said. He banged the desk.

"Facebook with my laptop." Lincon said. Oh my goodness, I must have forgotten to delete. He dismissed the class and asked me to stay behind which I did.

"You like seeing me angry aren't you?" Lincoln questioned.

"I'm not sure if I followed."

"Who gave you the permission to chat with that boy with my laptop?" Lincoln said. That boy? Subjected to love with condition, love is one thing that doesn't make sense at all. I was starting to see signs of low engagement from him.

"Go before I do something that I will regret." Lincon said. Regret is part of punishment itself. My life was always a shit, rejected by the society, raped by cousin, made wrong decisions, being positive change to makes life meaningful.

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The moment he stepped in the house, by the way he banged the door, my heart stopped for a second, I'm much aware it was searching for a place to hide. I didn't thought he would make the Facebook thing a big deal, he was burning anger towards me. He put everything on the table and switched off the stove.

"What is it that you want from me Lindy?" Lincoln questioned. I kept quiet and he asked for the second time, I kept quiet still, and that I regretted. He slapped me across the face twice.

"I'm talking to you." Lincoln said. I tried to run but he caught me and dragged me with my hair to the bedroom.

"I'm sorry, baby I'm sorry." Well my apology was like I was inviting him, to kick me.

"Professor please."

Have you suffered in the hands of someone you love? That was happening to me. I didn't know that a person can get angry like that. He aggressively pushed me to bed and ribbed of my clothes. No that was going far, I kept on singing the "I'm sorry" song that needed to be released so that the world can hear.

"Please what Lindiwe?" he asked.

I managed to pushed him back, well that got me into to much trouble, he attacked me again, I attacked him back, with the small amount of energy I fought him, I don't know where did I get that straight to fight back but there I was fighting with him, the is nothing in the world that makes a man feel so small than being beaten especially by a lady.

---

By the time we were both tired and realised how foolish we are, we seat there for about an hour without saying anything to anyone. Until I decided to talk.

"Take me home Professor."

"Forget." he responded.

"You going anywhere, baby, trust me, this is your home and your home forever." Lincon said.

He got up then went out. In my thoughts, I thought he was still somewhere in the house, I went to the bathroom, storeroom, study room, living room, I mean every corner of the house he wasn't there, the house was locked. I went to pack my things and waited for him at the entrance, I should've, stayed at home, I should've listened to my parents they know better than I do. I stood up immediately when he opened the door.

"What is going on here, what is it with the bags?" Lincon questioned. I looked at him hoping he would just understand that I can't stay with him, little did I know, he was a monster.

"Lindy you want to go to Tembisa

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to cheat on me with Busani?" Lincon questioned. If the is something I regret was that relationship.

"Professor I don't see us working." I said inviting him to attack me again.

"You not going to leave me for another man." he said with a deep voice. Trust me I tried to fought back this time around he did not allow me to overpower him, he punched me, he then hit my head against the wall until I prop myself against him, he then strangled until my body gave a sign of seizure.

"I've dealt with rejection before, they came into my life, I let them go easy but just not you, Lindiwe Mahadleni Khoza, you entered into my life, the is no turning back, we are getting married." Lincoln said.

I felt my lungs like they would shatter right away, as he was strangling me without any mercy. I loved him with the verbal Insert love with me, my love for him, felt like a "fairy-tale" not a tricked. Maybe I was manipulated into the feelings, I loved him. On the verge of my dead, I recalled how did it started, our first

kiss, at his class, and more kisses after kisses. I loved the man nearly killed me.

---

I woke up after few hours I was on bed I don't know how did I get there.

"You are awake." He exclaimed. He brought me to his warmest chest which makes everything feels better, I forgotten that I blinked to dead He wrapped his arms around me, and my heart settled into its resting pace.

"You hungry?" he asked. I shook my head.

"Come on talk to me, Lindy you always push me to lay my hands on you." Lincoln said. I nodded again.

"I'm sorry!" Lincoln apologized.

"It's okay I understand." My voice was failing to come out. What hurts is that the love I for him was big, first love, crazy love.

"Baby I'm sorry, let me get you water." Lincoln said. I just nodded. He moved me slowly then went to get me water. Love is it there?

## **BUSANI**

Lindy's mother was admitted, due to stroke. Doctors said they will keep her to stabilize her condition and determine the type of stroke she has. Mrs Khoza was health, until Lindy's issue affected her.



## LINDIWE

He gave me a pain killer, I drank.

"You such a good fighter, my love." Lincoln exclaimed, he was trying by all means to make me laugh, would you laugh when you in pain?

"I need to see a doctor, my throat..." He cut me, my throat was itchy. Anger has taken over all my voice.

"In this world of love the is only one gate to enter, I will see what can I do regarding your speech." Lincoln said. Fighting him was not going to help, ignoring him was going to make him angry again.

**[MONTH LATER]**

I got myself, into a lions den, if I was to be told that in the world of love, I was going to face abuse, I was not going to believe that, because I am a believer by sight. I was experiencing abuse. Lincoln become some sort of a beast, he was too controlling, at the same time he was scared that I might leave him for Busani, he was convinced that he's not my first boyfriend, I don't know where did he get those false claims.

He made his way whilst as he saw me ironing his shirt.

"You not attending class today." he commanded.

He wasn't even asking me he was telling me that. In a space of two months, my life turned out to be misery. In fact I had no say in my life, his words were final.

"No funny business, Lindy." Lincoln said.

Our love was casual at first. We had a mutual connection. I thought he was kind and loving, well he did love me, but he had some issues that needed to be sorted out.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked, he walked to me and took the iron from me.

"Askis dear, you brought this to yourself." Professor said, well the reason why he doesn't want me to attend classes, is because he saw Busani the other day, I didn't get to see him, because my Professor, he made me believe that he was the only man in my life, he was the only person I was supposed to talk to.

If it happen I talk to someone, I'd going pay by getting beaten as soon as we get home, and he'd make sure nobody heard. Because he'd turn up the TV volume and the shower, so that no one could hear me cry or screamed, if I were to die without anyone knowing, that was going to be, don't blame me when I say; **'love is cruel inhuman mother's child'**.

I tried to escape but wow, it seems like I was dealing with a ghost, and he would beat me up ***to come nice or scream mother!!!***

"I'm sorry." I apologized, the last word he wants to hear.

"I mean I love you." he roughly grabbed his shirt then walk away from me.

They say 'you made your bed so lie on it'. I was no longer allowed to talk to anyone, even my classmates, the same classmates who stood up for me, and made me fall in love with classes then my hometown where I was a laughing stock.

There I needed someone to rescue me, my driver was loyal to his boss, he was doing what his boss was telling him. The soul grows, mostly when it is cracked open. The more pain I was going through, it was the more my heart bleeds heavy, the pain was squeezing me. Have you ever felt like your heart was crushed by a car? That was my heart it was crushed, it felt like it was crushed by a tractor, and it was torned sharply with a razor

blade. My bruised ego desired plenty of attention and it wanted me to it embraced, deeply. It wanted me to grab and hold of my life and turn it into the victim. My egos never like to lose, if it allowed me to lose believe me I shouldn't be here.

"You can cry as much as you want, but you not going to school, baby as long as your ex boyfriend doesn't stop showing up." Lincoln said.

I was blown with my thoughts

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of leaving him. Lindy you need to woke up, during my relationship with my Professor, I never connected with my soul, I was too busy enjoying the series of love, playing a love dove. Even forgotten about people who loved me. My parents never give up on me, we were very close to the point where they would notice the saddness in me, I was caught up between ego, and anger. He kissed me then says his goodbye.

"The security man is here." Prof Lincoln said walking out, I sigh and sagged into the couch, he didn't even care about how I feel. I loved him, but the love was fading away, how was I

supposed to tell him that, because he told me that in his heart the is only one way to enter, so I was stuck with that man.

“I forgot to tell you something.” Professor Lincoln said. That's when I came back to reality. I didn't hear him when he opened the door again. I thought I had everything under control, well at least not much because I moved in with a man without, my father's blessing.

“You can sit here and feel sorry for yourself, Lindy you not going anywhere, my uncle he's coming this afternoon, behave like Zondo's fiancée.” Professor commanded. I've forgotten that I was his fiancée, is that status easy forgotten?

“I will try honey.” The feelings of fear was heavy and overwhelming, and a general sense of unease and tension. It took over my thoughts and my heart was bleeding so hard. Who was going to see the pain I was going through, while surrounded by guilt, wall and there was no way to escape, everything happen in such a short space of time.

“This is what I'm talking about, Lindy I'm talking to you and you thinking about your ex boyfriend, I'm not Busani and I will never be him, get that to your head.” he shouted, the last time I checked he was ready for work.

“Honey I'm not thinking about anyone besides us.” he kissed me on the forehead.

“Don't worry this shall pass, we will be fine as we were before, oh I was thinking about your studies.” Lincoln said.

“Lincoln you can do anything you like, but I humble myself and bow before you please don't make me quite my studies.”

“Nice try Lindy, you don't need a master's degree to be my wife, I love you and I can maintain all, your needs, but only if you promise to take care of me.” Lincoln said, each word he uttered was making me feel more anger. I feel like deserved that, nobody forced me to move in with him. I couldn't escape. I was afraid and confused, the went through emotional and physical abuse, I endured that as my own doing.

## BUSANI

I packed the car next to Zakir's car.

"Any luck with reaching out to Lindy?" I asked stepping out of the car.

"No luck bro, I believe she doesn't want to be found, everyone is worried about her, especially her classmates, I can't believe that she changed." Zakir said. Lindiwe's mother she was not doing well at all, and I was failing to reach out to Lindy.

"Still no idea of her, mystery boyfriend?" he shook his head.

"Zingi suspect that she's dating their lecturer." Zakir said. I find that too hard to believe, that guy seems to love his job he won't risk his job by dating a student.



**LINDIWE**

Time was dragging I mean I performed my daily duties, cooked, took a nap but still time was dragging. I heard the door Bell, I dragged myself to attend the door, I had a terrible hodge, podge of loneliness, confusion, bitterness, frustration, guilt, despair, all those measure of emotions they were all in one person.

I opened the door, I find a man, he looked little bit like Professor, he was with a lady who was carrying a child on her back. The child was between 5 to 6 if I'm not mistaken.

“Hello I'm Dedane Zomdo, I'm Lincoln's uncle.” The man introduced himself, I let them in, showed them the sitting room. Then offered them a drink. I never thought the uncle was rude, but what did I accept from a Zondo?

“I know my way to the kitchen Nala I need tea.” The uncle said. He directed the lady to the kitchen, which I didn't mind, she went and came back.

“Uncle I can't find things to make tea.” The lady said.

I stood up and went to the bedroom, they must sort themselves out, I decided to work on my assessments, there was nothing that was going to time went by, I heard the door opening, I didn't even think of checking who opened the door.

“Kwa Khoza you don't welcome guests?” That's when I lifted up my head and looked at him.

What???

“Welcome Professor.”

He placed the files that he was carrying on the bed.

“Lindy my uncle called and told me that he doesn't feel welcome, why is this?” Lincoln asked, I sat up straight and narrow at him.

“I was taught to welcome visitors who are not rude and you also taught me that I should isolate myself from people that's what I'm doing respecting your rules...”

He slapped me, then commanded that I should go make tea for him and his guests.

I went to boil water, while I was waiting for the water to boil, the lady made her way to me, she asked to help me.

“Should I take this to the table?” she asked.

I nodded, she took the tray of cups and saucers. I followed her with the flask. The uncle looked at me.

“Your head is not covered, and you are referring yourself as someone's fiancée.” Dedane said.

“Baba, stop doing that, she's not my wife yet.” Lincoln said.

Thank you!!! I applaud your effort for once.

“I don't think she qualifies to be our bride, Lihle here, she's the mother of your child, she can make a great wife.” Dedane said.

I don't know which part shook my world upside down, put yeah, my heart started beating so hard, that was one lie that occurs time to time and one of the reasons the lie is perpetrated, but again, it's guys things.

“Self-justification Pro?” I find myself questioning him that.

At that point, laughter and tears were both responses to my frustration and exhaustion. He shook his head, the truth is that was the first time he saw my tears. He could do anything to me but I never shared a single tear, that's how I was already broken. My tears dried out long time ago, and when it happen

they caught me by surprise, I let them out because they will take a while to visit me again.

“Lindiwe I don't know what is happening here, yes Nala she's one of my ex's, but she never told me all of this.” Lincoln said.

But the fundamental approaching a girl is to lie right? Lying seems to be to human beings, trusting relationships are also a basic human need, and as we all know, lying destroys trust.

“I found out that I was pregnant, after I left the village.” Nala said.

“Shut up Nala, after finding out that you are pregnant. What did you do? How old is the child? How well are you sure that she's my daughter?” Lincoln asked all those questions.

“Zondo, Sokhulu...” Nala-

Lincoln cut her.

“Please don't embarrass yourself. Just answer the questions.”  
Professor said.

The only thing that triggered my mind was. "That's my ticket to pack and leave" I loved that man, with everything I had and I was afraid of losing him. I wanted him to stay in my heart forever, but when I think of how he was treating me, all the love washed out of my heart, the only thing that was left was to walk out of that toxic relationship.

I got up and ran to the bedroom. I packed everything that belonged to me.

“I'm not letting you go.” Professor said.

I looked at him, he walked to me.

“I just want leave you and your family, to sort out things.”

“I’m sorry.” Lincoln said.

I was devastated and jarred, by everything that was happening in my life.

“Lindy, I love you!” he added

“Love me? You know nothing about love, the only thing you know is to lie, manipulate, woman beater, and to lock me on this house.”

He threw the bag that I was busy with, on the floor.

“I love you, Nala was the only girl I had hope she would be my wife, but unfortunately that was a dream that never, came true, she disappeared, she never told me that she was pregnant, nor did I noticed, she decided to keep that from me, and let me know, just now when the child is five years.” Lincoln said.

I notice the goose bumps creeping on his arms. There I was scared, I feared that man like he was my Lord or something, and I hardly breathed at all, I immediately shuffled away from him. He made me looked at him.

“You not going anywhere.” He exclaimed.

## **BUSANI**

Worry became a tangible, living force that crept over me like some hungry beast, immobilizing me, my brain, holding me captive. No body has seen Lindy.

“Must we open the missing person case?” Zak questioned.



“What details will we give the police, ether then

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she left home to live with her boyfriend, now she stopped attending classes.”

The is nothing that frustrate me then failing to complete what I have started. Police will need all the information to help us, we don't know the boyfriend yet.

“Busani stop it, let's go to the police station, are you aware that, each day a girl get killed by a boyfriend, let's say yes she's with her boyfriend and she needs us to rescue her, cops will help us to find her, or better to reveal her mystery boyfriend of hers who's preventing her to visit her family and attend classes.” He had a point.

**LINDIWE**

I betrayed myself. I recognise the agony of being hurt and crushed into pieces. Each of us may have experienced being heartbroken. Professor lightened the cigarette.

“You not leaving me Lindy, not today, tomorrow or ever.” Professor said. Mind you my bag was still on the floor.

“I will come back as soon as this blow.”

I was just trying my luck, and the situation with his ex-girlfriend was my way out.

“You want me to believe that Lindy, forget, I’m not letting you go, especial not now, I need you.” Professor said.

“You need me? I don’t think so.”

He came closer to me.

“My prime purpose is to love, you, not to let you go, if you want to go think twice, you will leave in a dead bag.” he said that he is burning me with the cigarette on my thigh, both.

“You are hurting me Professor.”

I was myself disappointed falling for my lecture my stupidity made me to fall for him, I stumble at him, I questioned myself, was that the man, who made me feel loved? Stealing that first kiss away from prying eyes of other lectures and student, was he still the same man? No.

“Now unpack and come join me.” he said then exited the room. He didn't leave me with any option, that was it, I unpacked and went to join them, he was so angry, he was yelling at the poor woman, I didn't wish to be there. I looked the child she had his head, nose.

“Oh, you want me to believe that you were going to let me know if the baby didn’t get sick?” Professor questioned; his voice was too loud.

“I tried to call you, but...” he cut her.

“Don’t explain, I want you and your rat to get out of my house, as for you uncle, I told you that I’m living with someone, don’t cause unnecessary drama, this is my house, I would like the both of you to leave.” Professor said, his uncle shook his head, as for "your rat???" I don’t know if he had what he just said,

“My rat wow Zondo, Simnikiwe needs her father.” Nala said. The argued to a point where the child cried.

“Nala I will drag you out trust me.” Professor said. She stood up.

“Nik daddy will take care of you.” she said that walking away, at first, I thought she was seeking Lincoln’s attention but no she was telling the truth.

Time went by there was no sign of Nala, the child was crying, I had to step in and calm the child.

“Nana, mommy will come back okay.”

That didn't stop the child from crying,

“Look aunt Lind has some chocolates, you want one?”

She nodded. I picked her up we went to the kitchen, my plan worked but I knew right there that I created some expectation.

“There you go.”

She smiled and took the chocolate from me, Professor loves chocolates so much, on his grocery list he includes 3 boxes of Lindt chocolate.

Time went by, everyone was hoping for that woman to come back, there the Simnikiwe started crying again. This time Around I didn't have a plan, the child needed her mother.

"Uncle call her to come here now." Professor commanded. The uncle just looked at him.

"This thing is making noise." Lincoln said, as for rat and this thing? Some people really need some prayers. I carried Simnikiwe on my back, I was trying all I could to make her calm, after some time she slept on my back.

"Take that shit off and get me something to eat." The man of the house said.

"There is no need to be rude to the baby, she's just an innocent soul, she doesn't know what is happening here, professor, for once in your life, do the right thing, practice what you teach."

He stood up. He was always reminding us about, humennity, and equality but he was failing to practice those principles.

“I lost my appetite, make sure that when I wake up this thing is out of my house.” Professor said.

Mind when I say I thought I had a change of escaping. I walked out of the house I didn't notice that it was dark, when I got to the gate there was a security. You know love can make one do crazy things, with his salary he was paying three people, two security guards, and a driver. That's how the world of love is, right and wrong seem amorphous from the precipice where we stand. All is that love can drive one crazy. It was very hard for me to think of a future together because of the complications that would arise I wanted to live him. But my other half didn't want to either. All I know is that I loved him.

“Mam Mr Zondo instructed me that I should not let you leave without him.” The security said.

Only then I realised that I was carrying someone on my back, trying to negotiate was going to be something else, I went back to the house with disappointment written on my face, his uncle was on the call with someone, I made my way to the bedroom, he was just sitting there, probably he was waiting for me.

“The last time I check you don’t have a child.” Lincoln said. I nodded, jelouse to a child though?

“Now get her off and come sit with me.” Lincoln said. I laid the child on the bed, I could tell that he wanted nothing with the child.

“Where I’m I going to sleep?” he asked.

“You will sleep on the bed, I will sleep on the floor.”

“Look Lind this caught me, I will join my uncle in the guestroom, or on the couch since he's mad at me.” Professor said.

“Prof Nikki needs her mother not me.”

“Her mother left, what do you want me to do?” Professor asked.

“So you accepting me, to sleep here? What must I do when she woke up and cry? This is not fair to me and the child...” He exited the room.



**LINDIWE**

Days went by. They say the path you are going to take is the best ask to those who are there already, because hey this world of love is a mess. Have you ever felt like a prisoner? Life was no longer bubble, it was horrible.

I was now a mother to another woman's child, I guess I was a step mother. Prof, promised me that he was going to take the child to day centre, because it was hard for me to attend classes, I doubt he was planning that, eventually that's what he wanted, me leaving school, and if he wins I will be over. It's true when they say People don't change they reveal their real characters. Professor Lincoln was showing me flames. I won't say I don't see anything coming, from the first day he was very toxic

Speaking of Simnikiwe, her mother never stepped a foot, to check on her daughter. Lincoln's uncle left after the night of his

visit, actually he didn't like me for his nephew, he didn't like the food I cooked, so Lincoln asked him to leave. I've started to have a heart to heart with Simnikiwe, we call her Nikiwe in short. She's a lovely chubby child, who has no idea on what is going on.

“Aunt I want more shake.” Nikiwe said.

I poured her the milk shake. My deeds failed me, they brought me into the world of misery. And I failed myself, and that I won't forgive myself.

I was no longer in the world of love in me, as I was from the beginning, my love died the day he strangled me. There is nothing that I regret then falling in love with that man. The main door opened, the man of the house was home.

My heart sank, searching for the hidden pain inside me, it was beating so fast, I swear, if one could take it out you would deny it, he was abusive more than before, I had no life. I became a prisoner. I felt like a dog on a chain, which I couldn't get the chain off me. I was unhappy, I was only left with "only if I

listened to my parents and my only friend" . "Only ifs" I was too late.

He was violent and didn't treat me right and he didn't treat his own daughter right either. With every chance he get to beat me he was doing that. He got nasty and nastier. Every day things just got worse. He would find, something that will lead him to be angry.

"Anti ngifuna ukulala." (aunt I want to sleep) Nikiwe said. She was avoiding the Nasty Lincoln. I took her to bed and read her bed time story.

"That's the better you could do to welcome your man home?" I turned and looked at him, he was standing at the door.

"Goodnight baby, I will see you tomorrow." I said kissing her checks, she smiled then nodded and covered herself with the blanket. I went to attend my man and welcome him, that's what he wanted.

“I don't know how many times should I remind you that you don't have a child, therefore I'm your first priority, in this house.” Professor said. My first priority? That guy made the impossible to be possible. But to be better to a child, sorry that's not me.

He asked me to get him food. I did get him the food, there I forgotten to include the simple ingredients on the food, a pepper and a carrot, he likes his food with any pepper and a carrot.

“Look how worthless you are, you busy nursing, Your rat and forgetting your duty's.” Professor said.

He has destroyed my self-esteem by telling me that "I'm worthless." That's what people used to say to me growing up, I didn't except that from someone like him to utter that. It got to a level where I didn't know what's right and wrong. Because he was getting angrier with the small events.

“Where were you today?” Professor questioned.

“I was here.” he threw me with the glass of water, luckily it missed me. How was I supposed to get out with the security guard, that would tell me that I'm not allowed to get out of the house?

“Why the house is so dirty?” he asked, to be truthful, he stripped me of my dignity and self respect. I lived in fear for my life.

“I did clean the house

honey there is a child now, the house won't be clean like before.” he slapped me across the face. I was tired of apologizing for everything, I was tired of explaining everything to him, I'm the reason for my heart break, I'm the cause of my unhappiness.

“Put a leash on your dog and keep my house clean.” Professor said.

Tell me how were you going to be free around that beast? I started entertaining the idea of killing him, but I realized that I wouldn't get far, he will catch me on the act. That bustst made

me believe that he was the only person who would love me, and want to marry me, somehow I believed him, because I was nothing to everyone.

“Let me clean the house.” I started to clean the house, and put everything in the place. After I was done, I went to join him watching TV.

“Join me in the shower.” he invited me. I couldn't refuse. We both stood and went to the shower. We took a shower, I looked at the water flowing in my body. He looked at me then ran his soapy hand over my chest.

“I love you Lindy.” Prof Lincon whispered.

I wish I could answer him back, but my love died along the way of loving him, but I couldn't, at first I thought it was going to be, an innocent shower, I thought wrong, from running his hand on my chest, he then pushed me against the shower glass, and looked at me. I attempted to walk away he grabbed my hand, I was not in the mood of engaging in, I must, say, I had my mood changes, from happy to sad, he gently kissed my neck, I wished

I could just push him, but knowing that I was going to make him angry I just stood there, without any reaction. He stopped and looked at me.

“What is it?” He asked. What was I supposed to do? I didn't respond, he sucked my breasts, and bite my nipple.

“Ouch.” He stopped sucking my breasts.

“Come on you can do better than this.” he said, he did that purposely, I kept my mouth shut.

“My love, what is it?” Prof questioned. I closed my eyes and let out a sigh. His fingers slipped unexpectedly into my coochie, he tickled me down there.

“What wrong, talk to me.” he said. I don't understand what was happening myself.

“I don't know.”

He giggled, that laughter was mixed with anger.

“Awazi noma awufuni?” (You don't know or you don't want) Lincoln asked.

“Can we try this another time?” Surprisingly he nodded, unlike him. We proceed showering. I couldn't engage in for some reason, I don't know why, but yeah, he didn't turn me on at all.

After we were done, we went to our room. Lincoln he's not a man of peace. Right after I climbed the bed he started questioning me.

“Tell me if you don't love me anymore.” Professor said. My heart broke as he said that. This is the first man whom I fell in love with, the only man who once brought happiness in my life. But what did I expect things changed, in a blink of an eye.

“I'm sorry that I couldn't engage.” That has never happened since we were together.

“You sorry, Lindy since nana left the child here, you different, you become someone that, I don't even recognise.” Lincoln said. He should've rejoice because I love his child.

“This is no time to fight, let's talk as a couple.” Lincoln said.



25

The following morning, as always I woke up early took a bath, and iron Professor's clothes. Then went to prepare the breakfast as he was getting ready. Whilst I was busy, the disturbing knock came through, I went to attend the door, it was Nikiwe's mother.

"Hi I'm here to take my daughter." Lihle said.

Before I could answer her she pushed me and get in. She entered room to room searching for her daughter like she was lost, I didn't follow her or tell her in which room her daughter is.

"Simnikiwe, mom, she's here." She said.

She's hereafter disappearing for days. I proceed with what I was doing.

After a couple of minutes, until I heard them exchanging words, it went deeper and deeper. They were so loud.

“Lincon, you hurting me.” She said.

“I want you to take your shit out of my house.” Lincon said.

His child is a shit, that man needed prayer.

“I’m here to do that.” she said.

The only thing that triggered my mind was to run away while they were busy scratching each other.

When I got to the gate I managed to lie and tell the guard that they are a crisis inside the house. Since he could hear the noise, he rushed there.

I succeeded to walk out, but I ran out of luck before I reached the stop sign where I knew that, I was taking chances.

I was going to hike, but my fate betrayed me decimal.

“Where do you think you are going?” Me and my stupidity I stop and looked at him.

“Come here?” Lincoln-

I looked at him, I didn't know if I should continue running or go to him, with running, I wasn't going to get far, it was worse because the street was empty, only a few cars were passing through, I hesitantly walked to him, he grabbed my hand and we walked back to the house, Lihle was waiting for Lincoln.

“What happened to you, Linc, where did you learn to beat a woman...” Nikki's mom-

“Wena I will deal with you later, let me deal with this woman here.” Professor said,

Dragging me to bedrooms, soon we hear Nikki calling me.

“Aunt!!” Nikiwe shouted.

I looked at him he let go of my hand. I went to her room, which was locked.

“Baby open the door.”

“Anginazo izikhiye.” (I have no keys) Nikiwe said.

I walked back to see things that I was not meant to see, but the other reason to cut whatever that was linking me with that man, he acted like he wanted nothing with that woman, no that man showing me that I’m just the stupid Kasi girl. I cleared my throat they stopped kissing. Anyway, the old Zulu adage says Lapho okwama amanzi ayobuya ame futhi. This means When the water stops it will stop again.

“Don’t stop on my account, I just need the keys, for Nikki’s room.”

Lincoln shook his head and got, up to attack me right there.

“Professor, you will be late for work.” I said as he was pulling his hair and twisting my hair.

“You have no chance of getting out of my life, just like that.”

He pulled me by my hair and led me to the room.

“I won’t get out of the house ever again.” He made me sit on the floor and sat down too, he was fuming.

“What you just saw means nothing and, I'm not going to work today, I want you to look at me in the eyes and tell me that is over.” He said,

Silent filled the room, I didn’t know how and where to start. He looked at me surely he was waiting for the opposite answer.

“Prof, I loved you, I saw the future in our relationship, there is no future, I realize that we are interconnected, I was connected with you, yes but the connection was cut off. I think it would be better, though, if we continue as student and Lecturer and forget about us being in a relationship, that it will be hard, but we will pull through. I am confused and disheartened. We both done regrettable things for us to work. It's time we accept that this relationship is not healthier for both of us. It hurts me to tell you this I still care about you deeply. I think we are better off apart. I will always care about you, and I will always remember the early days of our life together with fondness...”

He cut me by slapping me.

“Ubuka iTV kakhulu, lena inhliziyo yami ozama ukuyiphula, Lindiwe Mahadleni Khoza, ngeke uphume namuhla noma, kusasa noma nini, uzophuma kule ndlu ngebhokisi sicula amagugu.” (You watch so much TV, this is my heart you are trying to break, Lindiwe Mahadleni Khoza you are not going anywhere alive today, tomorrow or at any time, you will leave this house with a coffin) Lincoln said, he started beating me, to the point where I had nose bleeding and vomiting.

.....**The End**.....