

ENGLISH

AMAZWI OMAME DAMBUZA



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In Our Own Voices

**Recording the role of the women from Dambuza
in the struggle in the KZN Midlands.**

Lest these Women be Forgotten



English

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Amazwi Oname
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How did this Violence happen?

The Boers used a strategy to conquer us.They began by introducing family planning campaigns. Then, they introduced Bantu Education. Students saw that the best way to fight was to be involved in mass action. They organised marches where they were destroying everything. They did this to show their frustration with the whole system, that enough was enough..... (Nomagugu Zuma)

In my opinion, the war that we fought had to be there so that we would be able to defeat the apartheid system we were fighting against. Inkatha was only used to delay us..... It was the Boers who were dividing us. (Sindisiwe Khumalo)

Leaders should have come together, as Black people, they would have identified the 'third force'. That opportunity wasn't there, and that is why things went out of hand all over... what I am thankful of is that they were finally able to come together. (Nomagugu Zuma)

In Our Own Voices
Recording the role of the women from Dambuza
in the struggle in the KZN Midlands.

Lest these Women be Forgotten

We did not get our freedom without the struggle, many people died and others spent many years in prison. There were also many who lost their homes and all their possessions as they had to flee for their lives and the protection of their children. The heroes and famous leaders have been recognised and their stories told but there were many women who were caught up in this time of violence. It is forty years since then and these women are forgotten. The young people do not know of the women in our communities here in the KwaZulu-Natal Midlands, Umgungundlovu, who were activists, defenders of the children and young people, refugees and rebuilders of their families.

These are the stories of real people told by some women who lived through, and survived, these times. We asked these women to consent to the recording of these stories. They also agreed that their stories would later be published. To make sure that they were comfortable with their stories being published we read back to them what we had recorded. This was an opportunity for them to add anything, change anything or take out any names or words. These stories are in their words, not our stories and we have kept our promise to publish them so others can hear their voices in these stories.

In this book some of these women who now live in Dambuza and Entabeni tell you their stories. They had moved with their families from the upper Edendale areas (KwaMnyandu Taylors, Gezubuso, Mvundleni, Ntembeni, Deda, Noshezi) and as far as Centocow (in Creighton) and Bulwer.

Dambuza was a safe place for young people in the UDF/ANC and their families. It must be remembered that some of the people who fled their areas were not necessarily part of the warring political groups. They became victims because their children, brothers (family members) belonged to one of the groups or were neutral and could not be trusted. But no one was considered “neutral” in the violence of those times.

The Dambuza community was to a large extent welcoming to the “new settlers”. There were individuals who ill-treated those who moved into the area. The “settlers” rented rooms from the community members, the learners were registered in neighbouring schools and were always made to feel welcome by other children, making friends and thus neutralizing the parents who were against the new settlers.

Most of the members in the group eventually settled at Entabeni which was vacant land that had been used for grazing by livestock farmers. The farmers initially opposed this new settlement in Dambuza. The sites allocated were free and the move to these sites was supported by the influential, feared and powerful Mr. Harry Gwala. So these women built houses at Entabeni which became an extension of Dambuza, and they were embraced by local councillors and community.

NONDUMISO NGCOBO

I am Nondumiso Ngcobo, my maiden name is Mkhwani.

I was born and bred in the Taylors area. I got married in 1979 and moved to Deda area. All was well until 1987 when violence began. Er...at the beginning of the violence we, as the older people, did not know what was happening. We did not even know which of



the warring parties we supported. We were just confused as we did not know what was happening. at that time my children were still young...they could not participate in these things.

There is a school called Imvunulo...which was near my home. One day I saw parents carrying sticks going down the road towards the school. I knew one of them, with whom we attended the same school at Taylors, I inquired what the issue was. She informed me that they were going to Imvunulo to fight boys who had attacked their children at the school. This woman decided to enter my house – she asked me to borrow her a panty, explaining that in the rush to join the parents she had put on her husband's underpants which were very tight on her [laughing].

She said it was too tight for her. I told her that I don't have any new unused panty. She then decided to take the underpants off, and put them in a plastic bag, and joined the group. Those women then went away. Not long after that, I saw school children coming out of the school. We ended up getting used to the situation where some community members would go

to school, beat up children, and the school would close for the day. That was the beginning of the violence. That went on until even old people joined in, we also were part of those because you had to choose sides, and otherwise you could be killed. We continued living, under these difficult conditions...

I remember that I had given birth to a child in 1987. In the afternoons you would hear people screaming, "He is coming"! "The war is coming"! They would mention the person coming by the name. If I remember well, there were floods in 1987..., but by sunset I had to be outside my home with this infant – hiding in leafy plantations. Rain water would simply flow by my side, with me holding my baby...because should you be found in your house, you were dead. We continued living that type of life.

I married into a very big family. My husband was the eldest. My husband's brothers were involved in these things... that is how we got ourselves involved too. When they realised that things were getting really tough, many people had been killed...attacks launched early in the mornings – leaving 7 people killed, my brothers-in law fled the area.

I thought that since I had young children, they would not find any reason to attack us. One day at night we heard people knocking at the door, it was a knock that indicated evil intentions. My husband decided to open the door, as he thought it would be better if they kill him alone. When they entered, they asked us why we were left behind when our brothers fled the area. They accused us of being informers and...that we remained so that when our brothers came back to attack, they would first meet here at our home. Just as my husband was beginning to dispute that, he was beaten all over. I sometimes say that he was lucky because they did not think of shooting him but they hit him with the butt-end (of the gun). He got seriously injured because he had head injuries as well. As he was being hit, I was

busy screaming seeking support from neighbours – but no one could help as our brothers had left the area – I had become an enemy to my neighbours. We woke up in the morning and I took my husband to hospital where he stayed for a month.

I have a son older than the one who was born in 1987...whenever he cried, my husband would tell him not to cry as a man does not cry. He would ask his father why he cried when he was attacked on that particular day – and why he should not cry. I realised that the child was remembering the day his father was beaten.

We realised that...it was no longer safe to sleep at home, with five young children and the youngest born in 1987. At night I would take my children to go sleep at a neighbour's home who sympathised with me. I ensured that I came back early in the morning by 4 am so that no one would notice where we had spent the night. We finally decided to leave the area...but we would not be able to take all our belongings as the enemies would be aware we were leaving...I remember that we left at 15.00. We took the mini bus taxi at Tsheni. We went to Durban where plots for settlement were available...the area was said to have been set for people who had been affected by violence, this was at Lindelani. We had left all our belongings behind at Deda because we could not leave with them...as expected, they arrived the night we left to burn everything down, even the house.

On arriving at Lindelani, we bought whatever we could – such things as beds. We set up a shack built of corrugated iron sheets. Then things changed in Lindelani...A certain boy who was earning a living by digging up the pit toilets asked us where we were from. I did not tell him that we were from Deda, but I said we were from Taylors. He then revealed that we were not trusted by the Lindelani community. When I try to inquire from him as to what the people were suspecting of us, he simply

laughed and went away. From then, whenever there was a meeting, they would begin at my home to pick up my boys. When I tell them that the boys I have are the ones they see, they would say they want my brothers...I do not know where they get all that because they simply insist that they want my brothers. I told them that they do not stay with us only come to visit. They would insist that they want them at the meetings. This whole story confused me because when I asked my brothers to go to the meetings, they refused claiming that they would be killed. I then advised them against visiting us...You see, you should sometimes listen to what gossipers says – a gossip saves lives.

One day a woman arrived home. It was clear that she was a gossip, but – hey she saved me! This woman arrived and informed me that there was a plot by the community to attack us at dawn. All alone with children, I carried others on my back, pulling others by their hands, and carried whatever could be carried – we had to leave the area. My husband was not around as he was working in Pietermaritzburg. We left very early in the morning to board a train, leaving everything we had bought. I went back to Taylors, which is my home, no longer going to Deda since our house had been burnt. When I arrived at Taylors, my home, violence had begun there too.

You know, I was very much afraid of this area...when it was said that the mini bus taxi was travelling to Dambuza, I would be frightened. But then the Dambuza area helped me because now here I am, and I am alive. I settled at Dambuza as...I arrived as a tenant in 1990. In 1993 plots became available here in Ntabeni and occupied. However, people of this area were not happy about our arrival because they claimed that we took their grazing land. Nonetheless, we had been allowed by Harry Gwala to settle here. The story ends there. Indeed, no one died in my family but I experienced atrocities associated with violence.

There is something that troubles me but it's a family matter. When we moved away from Deda, we left empty buildings... there is my husband's uncle (ubaba omncane) who remained behind in the Deda area. We expected him to look after these buildings for us as we fled from violence. Other people are now able to return to their buildings, but we can't as my in law sold them. This infuriates me in such a way that I can't even look at him...but I cannot tell him because, culturally, I have to respect him. But I wish he would know how, what he did, affected me. Sometimes he invites us to his house...which is just near where our buildings were. Whenever I visit his place I feel aggrieved, I do not like visiting his place because what he did is despicable because we are his brother's children. What was expected of him was to look after our buildings...he should have made it clear that his nephew has boys, and that perhaps one of those boys might want to return to his father's house. My children know about this, I had to tell them the truth but this has caused animosity – but I couldn't help it. I created this hatred between my children and their grandfather as they do not want anything to do with him now. They often complain that they could be going back to rebuild their home, only if their grandfather had not sold those buildings. This is really bad, especially when done by someone you trusted. The people who were sold our site and buildings have built very big, and beautiful houses – and you just cannot remove them.

There is no longer any land...when I happen to find a space, it is often in the area of those we were fighting against us, and I am afraid of what might happen to us. Now I no longer have land. That is the end of my experience about violence.

I came here as a lodger, I was lodging. We were not warmly welcomed on our arrival. They tolerated us, just because we were paying them money – but treated us as only settlers – people who

are good for nothing. Sometimes when we would be washing in the taps, you would hear them saying that they are sick and tired of the people who failed to obey their Chiefs – people who do not have respect. That didn't sound well to us. It led to a situation where one would be forced to wait for them to finish whatever they are doing in the taps, and then go there when they are done.

I do not mean all Dambuzza people were like that, but where I lodged that was the case. As time went on things became better – that was when counsellors were being elected. We attended meetings, doing everything, and our children were protected. Even in schools, the kids did not discriminate against ours, but the problem was with mothers. You wouldn't hear your child saying he went to a shop and was harassed by children at Dambuzza, no – that never happened. Some of my children were attending school at Georgetown, others at Laduma but none of them ever complained of harassment. But the mothers had that thing with us, you could see how they looked at you...

I told myself to accept the situation as it was. What brought us together, was that we dedicated ourselves to churches. We began by meeting in churches, attended meetings and became part of whatever was done in the community. During the time Mntuza was elected, we were the ones who were up and down, during the nights, holding meetings for Mntuza to be elected as a counsellor. We are far more relaxed now here at Ntabeni, we are staying as neighbours. There are people coming from Gezubuso, Shange, Bulwer. We are staying here as a family; we do not discriminate against each other. There is a lot of people we know live down the hill. I would say that we are leading a good life here but we remember where we originally came from because we had land...

I sometimes think to myself that how would it be if I leave this place with my children, and go back home? But now the

problem is that plots of lands for settlement are now hard to find there. People from Pietermaritzburg have moved to settle in the Upper Edendale area, now the area is full. We are living an enjoyable life indeed, even at school you would undergo initiation practices when you are still arriving. They would call you a tail...

SIBONGILE NTOMBELA

My name is Sibongile Ntombela. I was staying at Gezubuso where I got married. Gezubuso was a quiet and enjoyable place to live in, it was only the violence that separated us from that place. We were staying peacefully with our neighbours, helping one another in good spirit. I was staying with my mother – in – law, my brother, sisters and my children. My husband was there but he was working. He was working and returned home daily.



There wasn't anything I was prominent with in my community. But as far as church matters go, I was a member of the Church of England. I was just a quiet congregant, that's what I was known for. I was known by calmness; I wasn't that talkative. I got married at the age of 25, I was still very young. I literally grew up in marriage.

At the beginning of violence, I was about 30 years, it had been for quite some years in the marriage.

I did not attend any meetings but where I got married to my brothers – in – law, at the Ntombela family, were ANC members. Inkatha was against these...they detested families with boys, and that is how we entered. It meant that they were no longer after the boys, they came to hate everyone in that area. Even though such discussions were held, my brothers –

in – law stood their ground. There was my brother – in – law’s son who was too much involved in fighting Inkatha. This was before my brothers – in – law chose the ANC. I wouldn’t know if he was elected by the community, but it was said that they were the comrades who had to be killed. That is why my brothers – in – law got involved. They were fighting to protect this boy. We all ended up being involved in that way.

What made us eventually became part of this...becoming ANC members, we were being attacked not knowing what we had done – beaten for those who were already ANC members. We ended up realising that we had to be what they were – as they were being killed, we couldn’t (say we) be Inkatha members but we had to be one thing. It is the killing of my brother, the one who was killed and cut into pieces by Inkatha. Some people arrived to collect my other brothers to go and have a look as the boy had been killed, and cut into pieces. That is what led us to join the ANC, the killing of that boy (my younger brother). My husband’s younger brother. He comes after my husband. That’s the one, even though I am not clear about everything because I had small children and when things began to happen, I was locked inside a wardrobe. The following day I was taken away home at Mgwagwa. On arrival at Mgwagwa, I found that people were also on the run there too.

I was locked inside the wardrobe because guns were blazing, Inkatha attacking from below and above. There were gun sounds, and bullets were flying all over the yard. It is then that my brothers decided to go outside, my mother-in-law included. They instructed me to hide inside a wardrobe since I had a young child. They assured me that the attackers would not be able to set fire on the house because they were going to drive them away. They managed to drive others downhill, and others uphill. We managed to sleep

just for a few hours because early in the morning I was able to creep through the dawn to board buses home, yes at Mgwagwa.

It was 1988 because I was to give birth to my second child. On my arrival at home, I found out that they were also in trouble because every afternoon, they had to go outside to hide. They would be hiding from the guns that used to go blazing from all sides. People on the other side of the valley would combine with those from Mafakatini, including some from our side, in attacking our people. On the other side of the valley and at Mafakatini it's Inkatha, they kill ANC people on our side at Mgwagwa. I would say it was one area separated by a road. On the other side it was Inkatha, and on this side we were Comrades. Those from Mafakatini would meet there, and we would be attacked. I had fled Gezubuso. It means that he was killed while I was still there, although I may not be quite sure because I was at the hospital but I was still there. I had not left Mgwagwa. As boys, they would always watch their backs because they were killed wherever they were found. It is possible that some had ambushed him, on seeing him they then grabbed and cut him. A messenger arrived to report that our brother had been killed. It was then that my brothers went out to check, they found him in pieces. He was buried because all those pieces were gathered, and he was then buried.

They continued living there because the boys used to hide, and women would go and hide outside where there was an aloe plantation. Boys would hide in strategic positions where they would be able to defend themselves. They would be able to shoot and drive back attackers whether they were coming from down the hill or from up the hill. That was the kind of life they were living. That was until the arrival of that whirlwind of activities which ultimately caused them to move to here.

It's Seven Days, that's when it was very difficult. They were able to stay for some time fighting, but they eventually could

no longer repel the attackers. They left the area and came this side to rent rooms. At the time when I was at Mgwagwa, my husband was left behind at his home. They left when they had realised that it was beyond them. They left leaving much of their belongings because they left in secrecy. They came to Dambuza in schools and in churches, and then they went to rent rooms to stay. It was until these places became available that they left their rented rooms, and come to settle.

At Mgwagwa I left at the time when they burnt my grandmother, and shot my uncle. We left when another uncle of mine had arrived to inform us that everyone else had been killed, and everything burnt. That uncle had managed to crawl all the way to us, having survived that attack. That was when motor vehicles were arranged, and we managed to escape and come here. It wasn't that long, perhaps it was a week. It wasn't a long time because we were always on the run. What was the real cause for our fleeing the area was the killing and burning of people. That was when we hired motor vehicles to transport us. My uncles' houses were built next to a road at Mafakatini. When the people from Mafakatini attacked, they began by burning the houses that were near the roads. They burnt and killed until they reached my uncles' houses. They killed three of my uncles...burned my grandmother...it was when she realised that it was burning, she was with children. They grabbed her the time she tried to leave the house. They poured petrol onto her, put a tyre on her shoulders and burned her. She is my grandmother's sister-in-law. They then grabbed the grandchildren and dragged them into the burning house to burn inside. The three of my uncles who were shot were left there to die, only one was left, the one who was in the toilet while all that happened. He remained there in the toilet until he saw them leaving, burning and killing people on their way.

He crawled across the road into the forest and ran until he arrived home. There at home...by the way my uncles were hiding in the rocks, and we had run away, he arrived and told them this story and it is when motor vehicles to transport us here were sought.

We just left everything, as everything had been burnt and left as it was that side. Nothing was burnt at my home where I had fled to, but we ran away because we realised that since they had burned on the other side, they were coming to our side too. We left before it was burnt, but we left everything cattle and goats.

How would you go back because even those we left had died? What helped my uncles was to return with the police to collect the bodies of the deceased, to be buried at Sinathingwi with other relatives. Yes, at Mgwagwa we were on the run then coming this side. We stayed here at Edendale, we stayed in the churches renting this side.

We left and came to rent during the times when they were burning, that was a period of great confusion because of burning. Seven Days had not arrived, however. People who knew well about the Seven Days war are my husband and his family. When they were leaving Gezubuso coming to the churches. We communicated over the phones because I was already staying here with the children. Yes, because I was then staying with my family. When he began looking for a place to stay, he found a two-roomed house and I left my family to stay with him here at Edendale. We stayed at Edendale until we heard about places that Gwala had opened up for people who had fled violence. Accordingly, we found a place and built. I think it was two years of renting because on the third year we came to build here. It was 1992 because I had given birth to a third child

By 1992 what child was it by the way..., ohh it was the third one! It was the third child but I was still pregnant with it when we were allocated that site. After that one, I gave birth

to the last boy child. My husband was still working. During the times of violence, he was working at Albany, but he was retrenched when we were staying here. He is somewhere else now. We built a two-roomed house and later extended. There are 6 rooms, but this is not the one because this one is new. We demolished it, and extended the one we were offered as part of the government's RDP. We extended an RDP house.

We stayed relatively well even though sometimes...those we were paying rent to, the landlords, would somehow ill-treat us. They called us names like that we were the refugees, saying everything they liked to say but we stayed even though it was not pleasant because we had nowhere to go. Things became better when we had settled here, we felt relaxed but while we were renting living conditions were not good.

We are happily leaving, loving each other although there is nothing that brings us together but it is enjoyable being here. If someone has something, we inform one another. For example, if someone has slaughtered something, we pay them a visit. Whatever the occasion, we go as a community to that family. Things like burial societies help with finances in cases of bereavement in the families. I have never thought about that. We also wish so indeed to return back home.

Mr. Ntombela also wish that we return home because our place was beautiful but now, we can no longer return because other people have built their homes there. We left many graves there. We are unable since people have built their houses there. It's difficult, people are desecrating them.

I have four children and three grandchildren. It is Nokubonga, the one you went to who works at Thando's. Then it is Nokwanda who is studying at Msunduzi College. Lindokuhle is in Johannesburg, he is still there in Johannesburg in search of another job. He studied civil engineering. Nokubonga

studied electricity. The youngest, he left school while he was doing Grade 11. He had serious problems at school because he had trouble with the school principal, and it was really bad that he left school. Even when we changed him to another school, the same thing occurred. He ended up disliking the school. He now works in whatever temporary job available.

He once had that idea of attending at TVET, but he later on decided to work as he thought he had enough of schooling. He wants to further his studies because his sisters are studying and others are learned. He is the only one left alone. But since he is now aware, perhaps next year he will then begin. For sure, he will go.

I've revealed everything. Remember that we sometimes forget as a result of high blood pressure.

MAVIS THABETHE

My name is Mavis Thabethe, coming from Mvundleni. Life at Mvundleni was spiritually troubling.

By February 1998, there were covert killings. Inkatha people would come and take one or two of your children. They would be found outside hacked, and shot at.

After these criminal activities, a group of criminals was formed. This group went from house to house demanding money. One day these criminals arrived at home at about 5.30 in the morning. I usually wake up about 5:00, although I am not employed but I wake up to feed the chickens I keep. I had gone to feed the chickens, on my way back after entering the house I heard a door closing behind me. I thought it was my children coming to request for money to carry to school as they stay with their grandmother in another house. It was not my children, but three men. One of them immediately grabbed me [indicating how it happened], and pushed me against the wall. He choked me... and asked for money. I told him that there was no money. He asked how they were going to believe that there is no money. I pleaded with him to allow me to show them my wallet. I was that type of a woman who did not put her money in the wallet, I had a place known to myself only where I would put the money and leave the wallet empty. This would enable me to deny having



any money in case someone wanted to borrow it – money causes conflicts amongst people. He then allowed me to go and take the wallet, only to find that there was no money in there. He then come back to choke me once more, still demanding money.

He then asked where my husband was. I told him that my husband was not around as he was working in Durban, it just came that I should say so when my husband actually works in the mini-bus-taxis at Pietermaritzburg. When asking when would my husband return home, I told him that he was going to be back that afternoon since the money was no longer there. There other two were busy emptying the wardrobe. They had tied what they wanted intended taking away in the street – my clothes, my husband's and those of my children. One of them instructed the others to leave me, but that they would return in the afternoon to take what was left. After they had let me go, they pulled out the door key and gave it to me but it fell down. One of them demanded me to pick it up. I resisted. He told me to lock the door when they were outside. I locked the door, and pushed it for about an hour. I heard one of them saying that it would have been better has they finished me off, while I was peeping, and I rushed back to push the door again.

It was not until I heard voices of people passing by that I eventually opened the door, and I saw them at a distance leaving, I ran straight to a neighbour to invite them to see how I had survived death. When I narrated to them what had happened, they asked me what I intended to do. I told them that I will lock the house and go home, uphill, and only come back later in the afternoon as my husband usually comes back at about 21hrs. I did not want him to arrive in my absence because he would come to look for me at home, and these people might arrive. So, I returned earlier from home. At about 20hrs, my husband arrived. He arrived as I was outside the house, leaning on the

wall of the house. He inquired what the case was, I told him the whole story that criminals had arrived demanding money.

The life I used to live before the arrival of the criminals... We used to have two beds in one room for myself and the other one for my husband. It was always the case that in the evening when my husband had not yet returned from his min-bus-taxis work, I would take two blankets, wrap them around myself and slide beneath one of the beds. When husband arrives...I had made him aware not to knock because I am frightened of knocks. I told him that when he arrives, he should call me by my son's name Kwazi and say, "mama kaKwazi"! Don't knock because you frightened me. Sleeping under the bed – you know, when you are hiding heartbeats come to be felt like its people's footsteps. Hiding under the bed, pressured to urinate but afraid to come out because someone might hear me moving, I would just relieve myself underneath the bed – being wrapped in blankets as I was. When my husband arrives, he would call me by my son's name, and I would then come out from there – wet as I was. I would open the door, shivering and he would hold me tight saying I should not do this because it would kill me.

The conditions under which we lived were really bad – it was made to be what it was because of that violence. The violence continued. In fact, it began during the times of heavy rains in the Upper Edendale area, Msunduzi River was overflowing with water. I was at home watching people coming from Shange to Msunduzi. My father had been at KwaShange. This is the father of mine got drowned at Msunduzi in 1990, fleeing from violence.

During that year, 1997, the year of violence, a helicopter which we called *isiveve* would land in the area. That *isiveve* would arrive with boers, KwaZulu police and Inkatha people to destroy in all the areas from Gezubuso, Mcako, Mvundla, Vulisaka to Mnyandu. Children had nowhere to run to, if

they tried to run they had to go and cross Msunduzi river – Msunduzi was over flowing. Those who, by the grace of God, could cross the river – helicopter was there. It would lower down a net as big as this hall, the net would get the boys trapped, and they would be lifted up to the helicopter. Those children who were taken away by the helicopter never returned. That night when the boys had been picked up by the helicopter, Boers carried big round balls emitting light. When throwing those balls up, it would be bright as day light.

That is the time when they came in at night. A Boer would enter being accompanied by other men. Whenever the Boer would say “where is loqabane” he would say “where is lokabane”. We who had teenage boys used to get them to wear clothes, and they would pretend to be doing chores usually done by females. Boers would pass by, not noticing that those were boys.

One day, the following day it was going to be a Thursday, we were in Dladla’s household. It was full of worshipers. We went there to pray for the terrible conditions that we were facing. While we were busy worshipping, the boers appeared and surrounded the household as they saw that the boys they were chasing had ran into that household. What we had done was that we had offered those boys female clothes and they stayed with us as other worshipers. For other comrades, we opened up the ceiling board for them to go and hide. These boers are carrying sticks and were beating us asking where loqabane is. We had all stopped singing and praying. We would deny any knowledge of their whereabouts. We don’t even have our fathers because they were swept by the river. I, for one, do not have a family of mine. I am all alone. When in trouble, I can’t go report at home because I no longer have one. I report all my worries to the Thabethe family and then kneel down praying to God.

My mother died staying in the Upper Edendale area when I was already staying this side. She had been left all alone in the house as my second-born sister got married and stays at Imbali. We had to go and collect my mother's corpse to take it to the mortuary. It was extremely difficult to access the mortuary because people in the Edendale valley wanted nothing to do with people coming from the Upper Edendale area, you would be taken off from the bus and be killed. My mother's corpse remained there for a long time until the violence subsided, then it was taken. When the time arrived for my mother's body to be returned to her home [crying], they said that there was no way I could take her as I was a qabane.

We are now staying at Dambuza, but it does happen that sometimes someone... There are many amongst us who did not arrive during the times of violence... We, and these women... during the times of violence, we used to cut grasses and build ourselves houses in that mountain we are living at. When the children commissioned by Gwala were allocating us plots, they would tie a knot with grass indicating the size of your plot. Harry Gwala had given us a whistle to blow whenever we suspected something. He had advised us to congregate, and check out what would be going on. Accordingly, the whistles were blown when some came to remove us in the area Gwala had set aside for us. It was said that there were min-bus taxis and buses which had arrived with an Indian, a White and black person... we assembled as women, got ready for a fight and went straight to those buses. We asked them what the case was. They said that they want their lands. We asked from whom they bought those lands. There wasn't any answer. We told them that if they had bought it from Vulindlela, it meant that they exchanged it with bales of grass. We insisted that the land was

now ours, and they could do whatever they felt like doing. Those vehicles left and we continued living peacefully at Dambuza.

It is no longer only the people who came as a result of violence here at Dambuza, there are also those who got their places through buying from others...and then they take us for granted, we got this land from Gwala himself. Perhaps there were 12 families, dark as it was, nothing happened to us. That is how violence affected us. Even though I picked up the story when you had already begun, I heard that my sisters put it as it actually occurred. What they have just revealed, is the truth. I left Mvundla in the upper Edendale area in 1991.

The primary reason that compelled us to leave was the fire. While at home, I saw the fire at Mnyandu. There was a big dark cloud of smoke. At Mnyandu my children were with Thandi Thabethe who is my sister in marriage. They had fled Mnyandu and went to live at Sigodini, in the tents (eMatendeni). As I was standing there at home looking at that cloud of smoke, I just imagined that it was my mother-in-law, my sister in marriage and my children's smoke. I was so disheartened. The way I was traumatised in 1990, I could hardly walk, being so thin that I even found it hard to cook mealie mealie. I was even using walking stick when walking. My sister in marriage arrived and took me away on a van. I asked them where were they taking me to, as I thought that were going to kill me somewhere – this was because I had been, somehow, mentally disturbed. It was only when we arrived where my mother-in-law was renting that my mind came back.

I then realised that my mother-in-law and my children were all alive. I lived such a life. A person can live without eating, never think you will die by not eating for two or three days. I wasn't eating anything; I was only drinking water. I didn't have time to cook because I wouldn't know who was coming. They would say sarcastic words whenever they passed

by. Words like, “it smells like there is a qabane around”. Then you would see that they refer to you. A person can live with water only, I was the size of this mother’s stick. It was so much difficult as I didn’t know whether I would ever see my children again or not. Fortunately, I found them here.

Even if they can build a big house for me, full of furniture and everything, I would rather go and live at Jika Joe squatter camp than return back there. What would normally happen there was that when buses and min-bus-taxis returned from town people would be taken off and be killed. By then you would be sick worried about what might befall your husband since bus stops have people waiting to ambush those from work. Whether you were a pastor or what, you would just be killed. Gone are those days when Wesleyan pastors would hold spiritually uplifting congregations even at night. Pastor Shenge and Josia Dlamini would wake up people in their sleep. Now, there is no such. Indeed, we do have church services that revive us spiritually, but that which pertains to violence lingers on. I am grateful to have talked about this perhaps there will be some comfort.

ALOZIWE MNCWABE

My name is Aloziwe Mncwabe, staying here at Ntabeni.

How I left from the boer where I was staying...I cannot really recall because my memory is no longer functioning well.

We were attacked on New Year's Eve, leaving slaughtered sheep hanging just like that. They arrived at my neighbour's house and shot him dead, but I had run away with my children. The problem with me was that my two boys were staying at Dambuza, as they were ANC members. How I survived, I do not know because they were firing all over, in the morning the cartages were all over the yard. I really do not know how we survived because we were no longer sleeping in the house, I was sleeping outside the house. When I arrived back home in the morning, the windows were damaged as a result of bullets. We were lucky to survive because they did not go around searching for us. It was raining. I was sleeping with my child, together with my Mkhize neighbours.

Early in the morning we ran away with my children to my home where I was born. As we arrived at home, they were also on the run – moving away...that is when I was informed that our neighbour at Madlala had been killed. His name was Joseph Madlala. We went to stay with my sister in another area. It was till we eventually moved to Dambuza,



Gwala was close to my older boy. Themba. Gwala advised him not to rent rooms but to build and settle at Ntabeni.

The day we got attacked, I did not think there was anyone who could survive because the bullets went through all the windows. With the grace of God, however, we made it through. I was also still worrying about the killing of Joseph Madlala as he was a child, I was close to. My children were working here at Pietermaritzburg, and Madlala was looking after them. I knew that they were safe when Madlala is there. That is what led me to leave that area – the killing of Madlala. That is what I can still remember well. My memory is no longer as good as before, I forget other things. Indeed, the story of violence! God truly saved us.

NTOMBIKAYISE MBAMBO

My name is Ntombikayise Mbambo. My maiden name is Zuma. I stay at Ntabeni.

I stayed in Bulwer (Nkumba), in the Vusi Ndaba's area. Where the violence started, I had a baby child I gave birth to in 1982. I had gone home to my biological mother. On my return, I saw a shop near my house burning. Men in this area had developed this evil spirit of burning things. They were often carrying spears. At night I used to carry my child on my back, and run to hide a distance away from my home. I used to breast feed, even when he did not want to be fed, sleeping in forests while it was raining. We would return home in the morning...not knowing whether the child's father would return home or not as they would go out patrolling during the night.

We lived that life...one day while I was asleep with my child, I heard sounds of flames...our home was on fire! My disabled brother-in law was always hidden in the chicken run. He could not get out with us. As the fire continued to burn the houses...I heard him screaming for help...I controlled myself when I felt like crying loud where I had been hiding...they left him burning like that. When we arrived home early in the morning, we found him burnt beyond recognition. They took the cattle that were in the kraal...we kept a large stock of animals there.

Yes, it was these people who took them away. When we realised that there was no reason for us to remain there, we left the area...unfortunately, we couldn't take along anything. We only had our identity documents because we carried them with us all the time. In the morning we hitch-hiked all the way to Xosheyakhe, still at Bulwer, to my aunt's place

where we stayed temporarily. We later decided to move on. We came to stay at Dambuza at Sitezi, lodging at Ndlovu's house. We then heard of sites being available for settlement, and we found one. We were told that these sites were on people's grazing land, but we are still staying here even now.

My name is Thandi Gwala, I got married to a Thabethe. I had my home in the upper Edendale area, at Ntembeni. I was born and bred there, and even got married there. Of the four children I gave birth to, one of them was a boy. In the area where I was, we turned against each other. My boy was given that name...

They referred to him as ANC and they were Inkatha – they wanted to kill us at home. We ran away from home to Mafunze. They followed us even there. We then moved to Esigodini (Catholic Mission). They followed us even there still. We moved again to rent at a school, in Nathi. It was hardly a day on arrival there, we were threatened. We moved away again to rent at Phola (Henley)...I am no longer sure whether we had been there for a day or two when we heard people screaming on the other side of the valley that there were people coming. Those people were coming from Taylors side. Those people were carrying luggage running with their children. We also ran away to Sigodini where we found many other people.

I lost a brother of mine who was killed by people while we were still staying in the upper Edendale area. They dragged him with the intention of throwing him over the waterfall but they could not reach there, only to leave him in a wetland area. He went missing on a Sunday...it was Monday, Tuesday...

They took from Ntembeni near my home, they killed him and left him in a wetland...perhaps they heard the frightening sound of water in the waterfall as it was getting late in the night. When we found him, he was not in a good condition

– we identified him just because we knew him. That is what caused us much pain. When my father died, as a result of illness, my family could not go home to bury him. He was buried in our absence, that's what was really painful to us.

JABU NTOMBELA

My name is Jabu Ntombela, staying at Ntabeni.

We had our home at Gezubuso. Where there was an ANC section, and an Inkatha section. At home there were eight boys, and only two girls. It was a family they liked attacking because it had boys. Every weekend, we would know that they would be coming, and we would run away to hide in the aloe plantation. People would suddenly shout that Inkatha was approaching. My mother would tell us to run away as she was no longer be able to run away. My brothers would refuse to run away, arguing that should they run away, our home would be burnt.



We carried on living such a life because it was not easy to run away with all your belongings. You could only take away your identity book only. My brothers had dug big holes where our clothes were hidden so that when the time for running away came, we would only take our identity documents with us.

One day my brother...the third one, was taking a walk to an area called Tafuleni. We saw him running at a tremendous speed...in fact we were not aware that it was him, but we just saw a person running at a very high speed followed by throng of people. In that group of people, there was even a Chief Dlokwakhe, Shayabantu's father. We watched that scene in disbelief, wondering who that person could be. They chased

that person until they got hold of him as some of them were riding horses. They took him away with them, and we went to sleep. Very early in the morning someone knocked at the door. On opening, my mother found that it was the Chief himself. He came to report that our brother was left in pieces on the ground, that we should come to collect those pieces of him. My mother didn't respond. My brothers went out to collect those pieces. They came back with his pieces in a sack. He was buried in that condition - as pieces. But the most important date is that of June 16, where all family houses in the ANC section were burnt.

It was 1987 when all the houses were set on fire – children, mentally disturbed, and mothers, everything dying. By then we had all run away to the foot of the mountain because not even a single-family house was left untouched... They had arrived in trucks. As we sat watching, we saw our home also being set alight. My home was very big, but after it got burnt it looked like it was a very tiny home, we realised we had no place to call home.

We went through KwaShange, down the roads on the Edendale valley that led us to Sigodini, where we were hosted by Rev Nsimbi in the mission. We stayed there, but conditions were not good at all. Those who could afford financially, went out to rent rooms. We found ourselves a place at Nhlazatshe, we could not live well because the place we got belonged to someone else. We moved away from there again when we heard that people were registering for sites where we are living in now.

MAMA DLAMINI

My surname is Dlamini.
I never got married,
I stay at Ntabeni.

I am originally from Centocow, but I presently stay at Gqumeni. I really do not know how to express in words what I witnessed with my naked eye. I had never seen anything of that sort. I had been living at Taylors, then this disease they are talking about. I thought of returning home at Centocow. On the sixth month this disease I had ran away from Centocow.



Yes, the guys who work in Pietermaritzburg had arrived in the area and introduced this, politics. I already understood what they were talking about. As a result, I got close to the boys because we had knowledge already. One day a neighbour of mine I was related to went to a Headman, and she said that this disease arrived with me. The Headman summoned me and gave me a warning. I inquired from the Headman whether she had told him who the teacher of this gospel is...I promised to say or tell all the truth. It was the neighbour's son, a teacher who was spreading this gospel. The Headman indicated that he suspected that she was not telling all the truth, but warned me against being part of the new organisation because I was going to suffer Inkatha was not playing...they investigated and found that the problem was with my neighbour's son.

At my home there were young girls only. We told them that when this thing begins...mind you, in the rural areas they do not know anything...We told them that when the standoff between Inkatha and UDF gets worse people need to work together but also be always on the alert. Because of women's naivety they brought their children back to their homes...they were killed in front of them...your child dying in front of you. God was there because they first chased away the parents, the children stayed in the mountains, only to be killed later. The area we lived in was like an island – there was no place to run to, this side it was Inkatha and the other side it was Inkatha. Children were in between encircled by Inkatha, and there was no way they could flee to Pietermaritzburg. Things got really tough; women came together...they discussed the situation. The women took a stand, and decided to support their children – as they were the ones who were being killed. There was a split between the men on the one side and the women on the other side.

I was left with identity documents of many young people when they died. I attended many funerals until I could not any longer attend. In the funerals there were always the police, I ended up leaving the area and stay at Sitezi at Dambuza in 1994. From Centocow I first went to live amongst the Indians because I did not want any of them to discover where I was staying. My children came along. Whenever they happened to visit Centocow, they would come back with stories that someone had died, and another thing those children's parents were not known where they had left the area to. That pain which comes with not being able to attend your child's funeral is unbearable. I was later suspected of knowing where the parents went to. It was impossible for me not to go to the children's funerals because we had enough sleeping in the mountains already...I have a very wide wound I sustained while hiding myself in the mountains.

But there is another pain we felt while we ran to the Chief's place to seek refuge in Centocow. The Chief chased us away, claiming that we are the ones who brought violence to the area. I had stayed here at Taylors for five years; I was aware of this thing. I talked to a certain woman, telling her that I was leaving. It helped that we went to the parliament as the boys were dying and needed to be buried, but no one would wish to go to their funerals because their parents were nowhere to be found.

We went to the funerals because we knew those boys, but their parents were not there. Some of the parents made contacts with me while the children were buried in one single area there in the rural area. When a parent had guts, we would tell her who to approach so that she could be shown her child's grave, there was so much pain. The pain of that suffering! We once stayed a long time with a corpse because we were afraid that they were going to cut the body parts for muti purposes, because they used to do that. Whenever there was a funeral, police would be there in the cemetery. Gwala was very helpful because he provided us with security at the cemetery.

There were men from Machunwini...who arrived in a bakery van. The strange thing was that they were not familiar with the surroundings, when it was shooting time they would not know where to run to. Those gentlemen died in the forest. They were brought by a certain man, who thought he had brought expert in shooting, 25 of them were left dead in the forest. I cannot forget this - because when this vision appears, I shiver. To see a corpse having been cut for muti purposes...I had never seen a person cut open and all his internal parts removed...Whenever there is a shooting scene on Isibaya, I close my eyes because I am very much afraid of the gun. Yes, indeed we suffered a lot but we are grateful that Gwala found us a place to settle. But I was a bit unlucky.

When I had just arrived here at Dambuza, my children were shot dead. Their death affected me a lot, I can't get inner peace.

My heart hasn't found peace because had they died in the rural areas...it would be different I don't know how...I will only find peace in death! It was the 20th of March, on a holiday. Indeed, that pain has remained ever since. But I thought that God was revealing to me that it didn't make any difference whether I remained there or not.

It is hard to let go of this feeling because there were various stories told by people. You know, arriving at a place where no one knows you...People will talk...a person will laugh thinking that their turn will never arrive. I am a church goer, but there are people I don't really like. I just hate them! Being a laughing stock of people who have given birth...It is because of the death of my children that some people laughed at me. Little did they know that I would find out? I might be a church goer, but this feeling does not fade away. I didn't know that God loves me, because it is through God's love that...I didn't invite anyone to come and fatally shoot my children. But I got more insight on people who claim that they are believers, hawu! May the Lord bless you my beloved, because we are here to tell it all as it is. Amen!

Pains associated with leaving graves. I also wish to return home because my mothers were left in the velds together with my children. A certain individual we were staying with at the hall just went to build where I had my home, and left where he had built his/her. That is not acceptable to children, they don't like it.

ANASTACIA SHELEMBE

My name is Anastacia Shelembe, born Mkhize and staying at Ntabeni.

I was from Taylors... but you will have to forgive me because I have forgotten many other things because I am now old. I had a boy school-going boy child. It was always the case that when he arrived from school, he would eat quickly and leave. I would ask myself what the issue was with this child. One day I asked him about this, and he told me that they were instructed not to tell anyone. When I asked him who those who had said that were, he informed me that it was people older than him. As time went on, I became ill and was bedridden. He then told me that they have been instructed to buy running shoes. I informed him that I don't have the money, that the money available was for me to visit a doctor. There was a certain type of running shoes [botsiba] they were using – they were black in colour...they used them to run.

After he left, I felt like going outside...there was a small stream, just a distance away from home. Near that stream, I saw a group of young boys singing. As usual, he later came back home. One day while we were asleep at night, we heard doors banging, and the whole house was surrounded with people lighting torches. They were shouting, "open up, open up"! "Yiphi loqaban"! (Where is the comrade). On opening the door, I found out that it was soldiers. They demanded me to hand over the "comrade" to



them – saying that my boy is a comrade. I kept on telling them that I do not know that. The soldiers searched everywhere in the house, even under the beds – they left everything turned over...

The boy was not there because we had told him to leave. The following day the Inkatha people arrive, demanding that I should hand over my boy to them, and indicating that they know that he had left. I claimed that I did not know his whereabouts. They threatened to return. The soldiers would now and then come at night. One day the Ntombela people appeared...

We heard shouts of people warning us to run away as that was our final day. We closed our homes and left. What finally made us decide to leave and come to stay here was that they put a letter under the door – that letter warned us that we were going to be killed. The soldiers were harassing us – every night the sounds of their helicopters...I have forgotten most of the things, but I will say that what I remember.

As time went on, he visited my son-in-law at Imbali. We got a message to hurry to the hospital. On arriving there, the nursing sister informed us that he was no more. We don't know what happened at Imbali because he was from here, when we already staying at Dambuza. They eventually killed him.

BETTINA

My name is Bettina...I was staying at Mnyandu. We would see some of those their houses uphill running away from Inkatha. At Mnyandu they shot a brother-in-law of mine we were staying with, chased by Inkatha we fled to Dambuza?



THEMBEKILE XABA

My name is Thembekile Xaba. My maiden name is Madlala. I stay here at Ntabeni.

I will not repeat what has been said. By 1987 the violence affected places as far away as Mpendle to Noshezi. I was born at KwaShange in the Madlala family, and I got married to a Xaba family at Noshezi area. My children were still young when I lived at Noshezi. I remember that whenever we were hiding in forests at night, other women would sympathise with me that my child would catch flu. A certain woman then offered me a place to sleep in her home.

When things got worse, people saying that a certain individual, whose name we cannot mention, was coming – we left everything. We left while he was advancing with a throng of armed people...he appeared from this area called Mvundleni with a great army never seen before. That's how we left, but I went back home to Madlala. When things went back to normal, we returned home. I only left when there was violence between the political organisations...people fighting for over being either Inkatha or UDF member.

I was approached when I was one of the officials during voting process. I am also fond of gossipers [laughing]. It was told that there were people who were planning to ambush me in the



ploughing fields on my way home...The voting process used to end as late as 22.00hrs...I requested one of our seniors if I could sleep over at her house...I cannot remember well where she was staying but it was somewhere near Dambuza. She promised me that she will take me home after work. When we were just about to finish, a boy from the neighbourhood arrived...he had heard that there was an ambush planned for me. The boy accompanied me home safely. In the morning, there were many placards in the spring where we drew water...written there were a variety of insults directed at me. The issue was how people were selected to work in the voting process, After this I left with my children, as I saw that we were no longer safe. I realised that one day they would arrive to attack, and find me unaware...thanks to those who alerted me about the planned ambush in the ploughing fields.

We then left to settle at Dambuza. I am also aware that the people of Dambuza were complaining that we were taking over their grazing land, but baba Gwala stood firm and saying we should not move away from this area he had prepared it for us. Today baba Gwala is gone, these complaints are no longer there and we are staying peacefully.

What I have noticed that worries me is that we had big plots of lands where we planted, and did not go hungry. Now we have small pieces of land where our houses are built close to each other, we are not even able to have gardens. That is the only thorny issue to me, otherwise there is nothing else.

JABU BHENGU WAS THE GATHERER OF THESE STORIES.

When I facilitated these groups I thought I knew it all. I lived and worked in Edendale the area these people fled to. I was principal of a newly established Secondary school in Edendale. I read the newspapers, I heard reports, I met people who had been affected by the violence. But when I facilitated these groups I got a far greater insight to what was happening during that time. I “knew it all” very much at a superficial level.

One of the things that I learned from being with these women as they were telling their stories was that during this period, much as we were concerned about the situation in the country, from my perspective it was more about my personal and my family’s safety. I remember that in the morning after there had been disruptions at school which happened on a weekly basis my family would ask me, “are you going to school today?” I had to go, what if the teachers and the children came? I had to be there as head of the institution. I could tell from their faces that they were worried about me, anything could happen to me while driving to, or from school. However, neither my family nor I were anywhere as threatened, as challenged in terms of our safety as these women of our Amazwi Oname stories

If we say people were displaced it is always a question, where did they come from? In their stories they tell us that they came from communities, they came from families in the rural areas. People who were part of the extended family would be together but overnight would be forced out of their homes and displaced. They found themselves living in one-roomed shacks or rooms. They had to adjust to a new environment, new

neighbours who were suspicious of them. They could not plan for the future, did not know what the following day or month had in store for them. They were displaced and sought refuge in Edendale but these were not safe either, there was no peace.

School going children fled with their families and were enrolled in new schools mid-term. The warring factions visited schools regularly on the pretext that they were protecting the learners when in fact they were looking for someone who was the “enemy.” These visits meant the end of lessons and of the school day as learners would run away.

In retrospect I feel we failed the children from the displaced communities. We should have counselled them as they were traumatised, from a war zone. As teachers we wanted them to adjust, focus in their lessons while they were dealing with the insecurities of being in a new environment and still felt unsafe. Perhaps the violence we have in our communities can be traced back to the trauma and wounds that were never treated.

Safety, shelter and security; identity and sense of belonging are rated very high in our hierarchy of needs. Community gives us an identity and a sense of belonging in family, friends and neighbours. Home is the safe place we go to for comfort. For months and years the women tell us about how they lived in fear and anxiety but also labelled as “izifiki” (settlers)

There is another issue that we ignored as we moved forward into democracy - the loss of life. The atrocities that were performed on their family members and their communities. Some of those people actually witnessed them. Having heard the loss and violence experienced by the women I don't know how they go to sleep with those experiences in their heads. We failed to address or even recognise their psychological trauma.

Our families are usually a source of strength and comfort but their families were disrupted by the violence. Seeds of

hatred were planted amongst families. In many instances where family members belonged to warring factions this caused discord and suspicion in the family and they became enemies. Some of their stories show that those seeds of hatred still exist today. They have never been truly reconciled.

There was loss of life, material loss of their houses and belongings. One of the issues they still mourn about was loss of land as they cannot keep livestock nor plough the fields where they settled. Even today some of them long for the life that they had before the violence disrupted it all.

WHERE THESE STORIES HAPPENED

The story of Greater Edendale begins long before the times of the political conflict and struggle these women describe. The British colonists wanted separate settlements for different races. The first such location in the Natal colony, set up in 1846, was Zwartkops/Swartkop (Ngaphezulu). This meant that the colonial government could keep the races separate and control the Africans. A farm of over 6000 acres located between Zwartkop and Pietermaritzburg belonging to Andries Pretorius and was bought by a Wesleyan missionary James Allison in 1851. It was later called Edendale.

The settlers on the farm were called *amakholwa* (converts). The *Amakholwa* managed to buy the land and get title deeds and therefore owned land. These *amakholwa* played a significant role in Natal's intellectual and cultural life and even on a national scale. This was the beginning of an African elite which was neither white nor black. The elite (*ononhlevu*) were Africans that were Christians and educated. Consequently, some of the African National Congress's founding members, the current ruling party in South Africa, come from Edendale. The poor black Africans and non converts (*omakhul' ehlupheka*) remained at the margins of this society.

The Greater Edendale area is now made up of traditional villages under traditional leadership known as Vulindlela, townships (Imbali and Ashdown) under the municipality's control, privately owned land and informal settlements. It is divided into two areas, there is the traditional area of Edendale proper, where virtually all land is privately owned. However, the second area is regarded as the more contemporary Edendale

area, and it is here that all land is owned by the state or the provincial government. (Msunduzi IDP, 2020 -2021)

The Greater Edendale is now part of the Msunduzi Municipality in Pietermaritzburg KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa. The Msunduzi Municipality covers an area of 635 km² with an estimated population of 617,000 people. Half of these people live in the Greater Edendale area. The city is the second-largest within KwaZulu-Natal and the capital city of the province.

HOW WE COLLECTED THE STORIES

Mrs Sibongile Mkhize, the visionary founder of this project, was an activist living in Caluza in these times of the struggle. She supported the ANC and UDF. Part of her story has been told in a book on the Seven Day War that was published and her story has also been included in a display in the KwaZulu-Natal Museum. She thought it was not right that many men had been recognised for the part they played to bring about democracy but that very little was known about the women who had supported the comrades in this area of the Midlands of KwaZulu-Natal where there had been so much violence.

A few women formed a working group to record and publish the stories of the women in the struggle in the KZN Midlands. First we checked to see if women wanted to tell their stories. We put an advertisement in isiZulu in local newspapers to invite women to an open meeting at the KwaZulu-Natal Museum in Pietermaritzburg. At this meeting women said that they would be interested in telling their stories.

Then the working group, Sibongile Mkhize, Jabu Bhengu, Mabongi Mtshali and Fiona Bulman, asked for advice from specialists like the KwaZulu-Natal Museum and the Centre for Adult Education at the University of KwaZulu-Natal. We also talked to the librarian at the Alan Paton Centre and Struggle Archives at UKZN and it was agreed that all original recordings and transcriptions will be stored there so that future generations can hear the women telling their stories.

At the meeting at the Museum someone from each of six areas (Esigodini, Caluza, Ashdown, Dambuza, Imbali and Slangspruit) agreed to call those interested to meet when the time came to

hear their stories. It took quite a long time to be ready to do this and in July 2018 we began meeting with the groups of women.

We employed two young women, Thandeka Majola and Siyathokoza Hlope to assist in recording the stories and then writing them down exactly as the women told us. This was not a research project, it was to allow the women to tell their stories themselves and not have someone “correct” or change them. This was our promise. Two members of our working group, Jabu Bhengu and Mabongi Mtshali, also agreed to assist the story tellers by asking questions and making sure that everyone had a chance to tell their story.

We thought that for some women this story telling might bring back very painful memories and arranged for Sinomlando to provide counselling if it was needed.

There were three meetings of the groups all conducted in isizulu. The first was an introduction of the project. We explained our promise that we would find a way for people to read their stories and we would not change their words or stories. Those women who participated in these groups signed a form agreeing that we could publish them but also knew that they could withdraw and remove their stories at any point if they wished.

In the second meeting Jabu and Mabongi asked these questions:

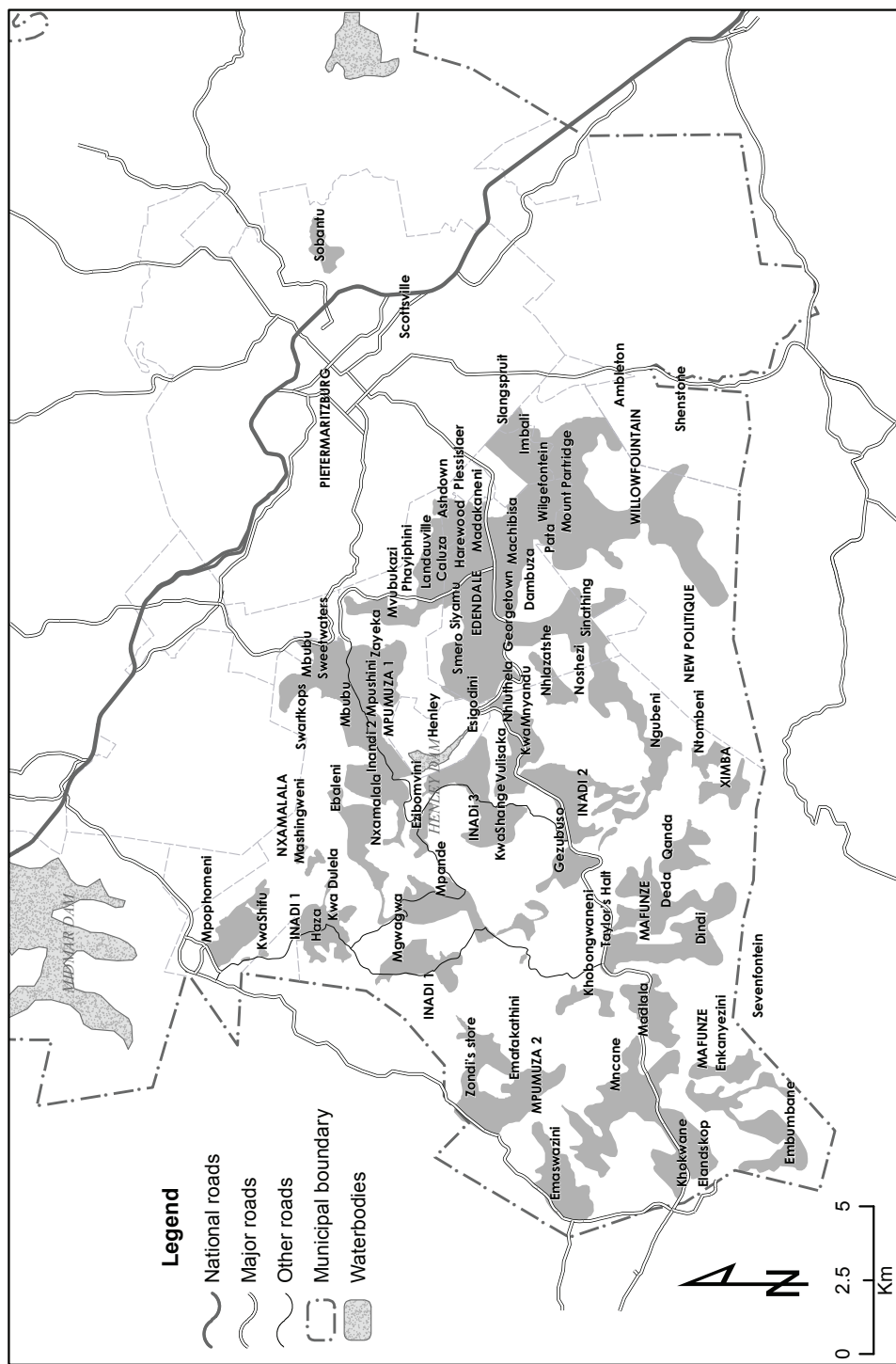
- Where and when were you born?
- When did you or your family settle in Dambuza ?
- What were you doing in the 1980s?
- Which events in the 80s and early 90s do you vividly remember?
- What impact did these events have on you, your family, your community?

Some of the stories were quite long and involved and others were short. This may have been because they did not remember or they found it hard to talk about these times. In all of this our listeners were respectful and caring as the stories were told, for many, for the first time. For all it was very emotional to look back over those days and those events.

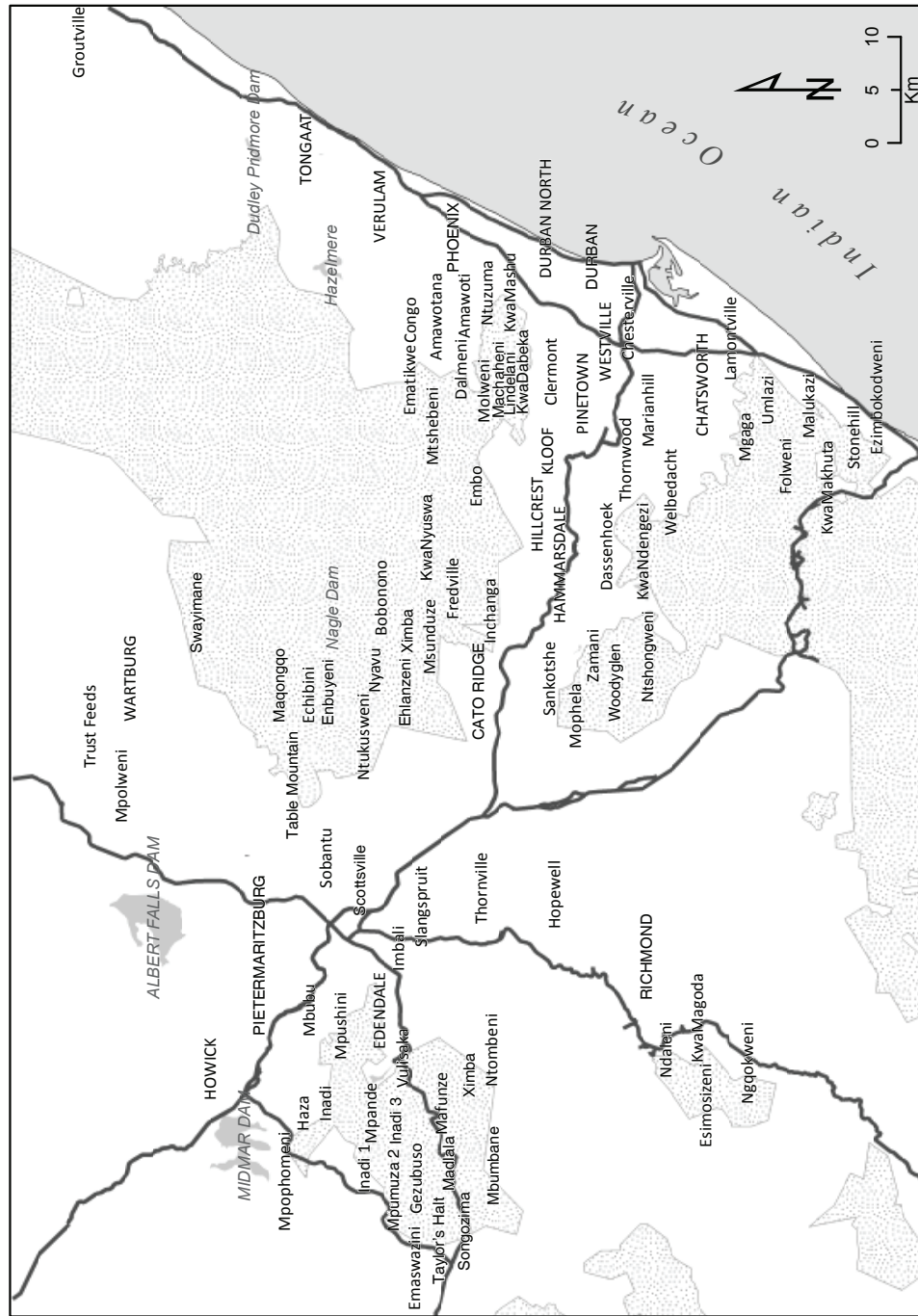
“IN OUR OWN VOICES”, was a commitment made to the women that has been honoured in the Zulu edition of the stories and as far as possible in the translation to English.



Sibongile Mkhize, who said these stories are important, they must be told.



Map 5 The Pietermaritzburg region



Map 3 The Pietermaritzburg and Durban regions

ISIZULU



AMAZWI OMAME DAMBUZA



AMAZWI OMAME DAMBUZA

Ukuqopha iqhaza

Ukuqopha iqhaza labesifazane baseDambuza
Emzabalazweni e-KZN Midlands.

Hleze laba besifazane bakhohleke

A dark grey circular logo with a subtle drop shadow, containing the text 'IsiZulu' in white.

IsiZulu

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Amazwi Oname

Dambuza

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2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

Wonke amalungelo aqondene nale ncwadi agodliwe. Akukho ngxenye yalencwadi engakhiqizwa noma idluliselwe komunye umuntu nanoma ngayiphi indlela, isimo noma ngokwe-elekthronikhi, ngokusebenzisa umshini okubandakanya nokufothokhophu, ukuqopha noma-ke ngayiphi indlela yokugcina noma ukubuyisa ulwazi oluqondene nale ncwadi ngaphandle kwemvume ebhaliwe yomshicileli.

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Siyabonga kakhulu kubantu abenze lezincwadi zaba yimpumelelo

Sibongile Mkhize owathi kubalulekile lezindaba
zixoxwe ziqophwe

Abesifazane abaxoxe lezindaba

IMalibongwe Trust exhase izigaba ezintathu zokuqala
zale-projekthi

I-Church Land Programme exhase ngokuthi kushicilelwe
izincwadi

I-Sinomlando ngokunika ukwesekwa ngokwengqondo

I-Reference Group yethu: Dr Nompumelelo Thabethe, Dr
Zamo Hlela, Nomagcwanini Nokwe, Jabu Bhengu
no-Fiona Bulman

Dr John Aitchison: amamephu aphuma acashunwe ku
“Numbering the Dead”

Aaron Mazel: ikhava nezinye izithombe

Phindile Zama;Umthwebuli womame kulencwadi

Iqembu Amazwi Oname:

Abagququzeli balezingxoxo: Jabu Bhengu
noMabongi Mtshali

Ukulotshwa nokuhumusha: Thandeka Majola
noSiyathokoza Hlophe

Umdidiyeli: Fiona Bulman

Abalekelelile

I-KZN Museum, Dr Anne Harley, Jane Argall & Edendale
History Project.

The recordings and transcripts of these stories
are stored at UKZN Alan Paton Centre.

Lwenzeka kanjani loludlame?

So amaBhunu wona angena ngokuhlakanipha, angena ngokuthi Uyabona bafika kuqala namaphilisi okupreventa ukuze singakhuli uyabona, baqala ba-preventisa abantu abamunyama bafaka ama-depo ema clinic yonke into. Babuya lapho okwesibili bangena ezikoleni manje, bayofundisa iBantu Education, uyabona. So izingane lezi ezazifunda zazibona ukuthi no, zabuka izingane ukuthi ukuze siqede yonke lento ekuthiwa asiyifunde sizongena emugwaqweni, ilapho ke kwaqala khona. Yathi umangabe iyouth iqala ingena emugwaqweni ngoba ilapho la kwaqala khona bebona ukuthi No sicindezelekile la Asikhululekile yonke into amaBhunu ayasicindazela, so izingane ngokuhlakanipha zabona ukuthi No, azingene zenze ama March lapho zazidestroya yonke into. Ukuze zikhombise ukungxama kwazo ukuthi No enough is enough manje, asiyifuni lento thina..... Nomagugu Zuma

So ke enye yezinto ezihlala zibuya emqondweni, kodwa-ke ngokubuka kwami impi eyabakhona eyayifanelekile ukuthi ibe khona ukuze sikwazi ukudlula kulobandlulo esasilwa nalo. Kwasekusetshenjiswa iNkatha ukuthi isivimbe, AmaBhunu esidivayida esilwisa sodwa ngokubuka kwami. Sindiswa Khumalo

..... mhlawumbe ukube kwenzeka ekuqaleni ukuthi abantu abathize, ama-leader aphezulu bathi No, ake sihlangane, ngoba thina singabantu abamnyama silwa sodwa, asiboni yini ukuthi kukhona isandla sesithathu. Ake sihlangane thina sodwa sihlale phansi siyibuke ukuthi kungani silwa sodwa. Azange libekhona lelothuba, lokuthi bayilungise kanjalo ingakho ke, yavela yonakala umuhlaba wonke. Yahamba yangenelela umhlaba wonke, kwachitheka igazi ngendlela eyisimangaliso, kodwa engike ngikubonge ukuthi ekugcineni bakwazi ukuhlangana. Nomagugu Zuma

Amazwi Omame:
Ukuqopha iqhaza labesifazane baseDambuza
Emzabalazweni e-KZN Midlands.
Hleze laba besifazane bakhohleke

Isingeniso

Asizange siyithole inkululeko ngaphandle kokuzabalaza, kwafa abantu abaningi abanye badonsa iminyaka eminingi ejele. Baningi futhi abalahlekelwa izihlobo, izindlu zabo kanye nayo yonke impahla yabo njengoba kwadingeka babaleke ukuze basindise izimpilo zabo nokuvikela izingane zabo. Amaqhawe kanye nabaholi abadumile bayakhunjulwa kanti nezindaba zabo ziyaziwa. Baningi abesifazane ababa neqhaza bahlukumezeka ngesikhathi sodlame. Sekuyiminyaka engamashumi amane kusukela kulesosikhathi kodwa laba besifazane sebekhohlakele. Intsha yalapha emiphakathini yethu KwaZulu-Natal Midlands, eMgungundlovu kayibazi abantu besifazane ababeyizishosho, abavikeli bezingane nabantu abasha, abanye bashiya izindawo ababehlala kuzo bebaleka bazokwakha enzindaweni ezintsha nemindeni yabo.

Lezi yizindaba zabantu bangempela ezixoxwa abanye besifazane baseDambuza naseNtabeni abasinda kulezikhathi zodlame. Sacela laba besifazane ukuthi bavume ukuqoshwa kwalezizindaba. Savumelana ngokuthi izindaba zabo zizoshicilelwa ngokuhamba kwesikhathi. Ukuqinisekisa ukuthi bakhululekile ngokushicilelwa kwezindaba zabo sabafundela esikuqophile. Leli kwakuyithuba labo lokwengeza noma yikuphi abakufisayo, bashintshe lapho befisa ukushintsha khona noma bakhipe amagama abangathandi ukuthi aqoshwe. Lezindaba zixoxwa yibo laba besifazane, akuzona izindaba zethu futhi sisigcinile isithembiso sethu sokushicilela ukuze nabanye bezwe amazwi abo ngokufunda lezizindaba.

Kulencwadi abanye balaba besifazane okumanje sebehhlala eDambuza nase Ntabeni bakuxoxela ngezindaba zabo. Bafuduka nemindeni yabo besuka ngenhla ne-Edendale (KwaMnyandu, Taylors, Gezubuso, Mvundleni, Ntembeni, Deda, Noshezi) kuze kuyofika ko-Centocow (in Creighton) and Bulwer.

IDambuza ibiyindawo ephephile kubantu abasha ku-UDF/ANC nemindeni yabo. Kumele kukhunjulwe ukuthi abanye babantu ababaleka ezindaweni zabo babengeyona ngempela ingxenye yamaqembu ezombusazwe ayelwa. Baba yizisulu ngenxa yokuthi izingane zabo, abafowabo, amalunga omndeni babengamalunga enhlangano engafuneki endaweni lapho babehlala khona. Kulezizindawo uma ungazibandakanyi neqembu elalinamandla endaweni wawungathenjwa ngoba akekho owayebhekwa “njengongathathi-hlangothi kuloludlame lwangalezozikhathi.

Umphakathi waseDambuza wawubamukela kahle “abahlali abasha”. Kwakukhona abantu ababephatha kabi labo ababethuthele kulendawo bebabiza ngezifiki. Abahlali abasha babeqasha amagumbi kulamalunga omphakathi. Abafundi ababesuka kwezinye izindawo babebhaliswa ezikoleni ezingomakhelwane bazizwe bamukelekile. Kukhona ke abazali ababengamukelile ngokugcwele labo ababeyizifiki, abahlali abasha.

Iningi lemindeni yalabo ababeyizifiki lagcina lizinze eNtabeni okwakuwumhlaba owawusetshenziswa njengamadlelo. Ababefuyile babephikisana nokuhlala kwezifiki kulendawo eyayingamadlelo. Iziza babezithola mahhala kulendawo yaseNtabeni besizwa uMnuz Harry Gwala owayenamandla, esatshwa. Laba besifazane bakha izindlu eNtabeni okwaba isandiso sakwaDambuza, bathakaselwa amakhansela endawo kanye nomphakathi.

Sacela laba besifazane ukuthi bavume ukuqoshwa kwalezizindaba. Savumelana ngokuthi izindaba zabo zizoshicilelwa ngokuhamba kwesikhathi. Ukuqinisekisa ukuthi bakhululekile

ngokushicilelwa kwezindaba zabo sabafundela esikuqophile. Leli kwakuyithuba labo lokwengeza noma yini, bashintshe noma yini noma bakhiphe amagama namazwi abo. Lezi zindaba zingamazwi abo, akuzona izindaba zethu, futhi sisigcinile isithembiso sethu sokuzishicilela ukuze nabanye bezwe amazwi abo kulezindaba.

NONDUMISO NGCOBO

Mina ngingu Nondumiso Ngcobo, ngizalwa ka Mkhwani ngase ngishadela kaNgcobo.



Mina ngazalelwa endaweni yase Taylors (Ngaphezulu). Ngifunde khona, ngakhulela khona kwaze kwabe ngithola umendo endaweni yaka Deda ewumakhelwane nase Tailors. Kuthe uma sengishadile ngabe sengihamba ngayakohlala endaweni yakaDeda. Mina ngishade ngo 1979, ngahlala kwakuhle okuthe ngo 1987 kwaqala udlame. Ehhhe! Ukuqala kwalo udlame, thina njengabantu abadala sasingazi ukuthi kwenzakalani, futhi singazi nokuthi si supporter bani, sasilahlekile nje ngoba kungazeki kwenzakalani. Ukuqala kwami nje ukulibona, ake ngithi nje mina ngalesosikhathi nganginabantwana abasebencane babengakwazi ukungena kulezinto.

Kukhona isikole esilaphaya esibizwa ngokuthi IMvunulo. Ngelinye ilanga ngibone abazali bezingane esikoleni singezansi kwakwami, bona bedlula la emgaqweni. Labazali babephethe iziqwayi, nezinduku, kwasho ukuthi kwakukhona umzali engangimazi esasifunda naye eTaylors ngoba Kwa Deda kuseduze nase Taylors. Bese ngithi ke kuyena, hawu niyaphi? Athi hayi siya eMvunulo ngoba kunabafana abafike eMvunulo abashaya izingane zethu, manje siyolwa. Hayi-ke lomama agcine ejikile angene kwami bese ethi, heyi mbhemu ngicela ungitsheleke (into

yangaphansi). Bese ngithi mina awuyigqokile yini? Athi cha ngivele ngathatha ekababa manje iyanginsinya [kuyahlekwa].

Uthi iyamnsinya, nami bese ngithi eyi manje anginayo engingakayi sebenzisi, kukhona engizigqokayo. Abe esethi hayi okungcono ngizoyikhumula ngiyifake la kucwazi. Bahambe-ke labomama, phathaphatha! Sibone izingane sezibuya. Kuye size siyijwayele lempilo yokuthi kukhona labantu abanokufika ezikoleni bazoshaya izingane bazikhiphe ezikoleni kwaba yikona ke ukuqala kodlame loko. Hayi-ke yaqhubeka lento kwaze kwangenelela nabantu abadala, nathi sangenelela ngoba sekufanele phela uma uhleli la ukhethe ukuthi uyini, uma ungakhethi uzobulawa okwangempela.

Sahlala-ke kodwa sesihleli kabuhlungu, mina ngikhumbula nje ukuthi kukhona umntwana engangimthole ngaye u 1987. Kwakuthi njalo ntambama kumenyezwele kuthiwe, uyeza! Iyeza impi! Kushiwo lowomuntu owayeza. Uma ngikhumbula kahle ngo 1987 kwaku nezikhukhula...kuzodinga ukuthi lithi lishona ilanga sengiphumile ekhaya nalengane sengilele lapha emakhabeni. Amanzi emvula ayedlula nje eceleni kwami ngilele nengane ngoba uma uficakala endlini uzofa wena.

Hayi-ke sayihlala leyompilo kwaze kwafika ukuthi-ke mina ngangikade ngishadele emzini omkhulu, kwakunabafowethu basemzini abancane kunomyeni wami ngoba umyeni wami kwakunguyena omdala. Bona-ke babengene kulezinto njengoba ngike ngasho ukuthi izingane zami zazisencane...kwasho ukuthi siyabhangqeka lapho nathi. Kuthe uma sebebona ukushuba kwezinto, abantu abaningi sebebulelwe kwahlaselwana ekuseni kwafa abantu abangu 7, babaleka-ke abafowethu.

Mina ngase ngithi ngoba nginezingane ezincane bazobe bethi bangishayelani ngoba nezingane zami azingene kulento. Kwathi ngelinye ilanga ebusuku sezwa kushawa izicabha, zazishawa ngendlela obonayo ukuthi uma ningavuli

siyayishisa lendlu. Wathi ubaba wasekhaya hayi angivule ngoba mhlawumbe bazobulala mina kuphela, nangempela sivule umnyango. Uma bengena basibuze ukuthi nasalelani nina ngoba bahamba abafowenu ababeyilenhlangano, manje nina nihlaleleni? Kusho ukuthi niyizimpimpi...nenzela ukuthi uma befika bezobulala abantu ngapha bafikele kinina, nizobakhoselisa bese bezosibulala. Athi umyeni wami hayi akunjalo akabange esaligwinya-ke lelo, hawu bamshaya-ke. Ngike ngithi kwaba yinhlanhla ngoba abacabanganga ukumdubula kodwa bamshaya ngezidunu zezibhamu, walimala futhi kakhulu ngoba wayelimele ekhanda, nami ngapha ngiyamemeza ngicela usizo kodwa akukho nomakhelwano ozongisiza. Uma sengibheka kulendawo sengingedwa kusho ukuthi sengiyisitha mina komakhelwane ngoba abakithi sebebalekile. Savuka ekuseni ngamhambisa esibhedlela umyeni wami, wahlala esibhedlela isikhathi esingangenyanga.

Manje ngiye ngikhumbule nje ngoba kukhona umfana wami ongaphezu kwalo owazalwa ngo 1987 kwakuthi uma umfana wami ekhala, ubaba wakhe bese ethi ungakhali sibanibani, indoda ayikhali. Umfana wami aphenhule athi, angithi nje wena baba wakhala bekushaya manje yini uthi mina ngingakhali. Ngibone nami ukuthi yabona ingane ukuthi ubaba uyashawa.

Kuthe uma sesibona ukuthi hayi ngoba futhi asisalali nasekhaya kanti nezingane zami zishiyana ngo 2 years, ngoba lona ka 1987 kwakungo wesihlanu. Kwakuthi njalo ngithuthe ngiye komunye umuzi engangibona ukuthi bona bayazwelana nami, ngihambe ngiyolala khona, kodwa ngo 4 ekuseni ngiyabuya ukuze bengezobona ukuthi ngiphuma kuphi. Hayi sabuye sabona ukuthi asihambe la kodwa asizokwazi ukulayisha izimpahla ngoba bazosibona...ngikhumbula ukuthi sahamba ngabo 3 ntambama saze sazogibela eTsheni. Sahamba saya endaweni ekuthiwa kuse Thekwini lapho kwakuvulwe izakhiwo kwakuthiwa kwakha

abantu bodlame. Leyondawo kwakuthiwa kuse Lindelani. Sazishiya izimpahla ngoba sasingeke sikwazi ukuphuma nazo nangempela-ke ebusuku bafika bazishisa zonke, bashisa nomuzi.

Safika-ke eLindelani, sathenga lokho esingakwazi ukukuthenga njengemibhede khona safike nje sakha umkhukhu wathayela sahlala-ke. Eyi yashintsha iLindelani. Kufike omunye umfana owayemba ama toilets, athi niphuma kuphi nina aunty? Ngingabe ngisasho ke manje ukuthi sisuka ka Dedo, ngivele ngithi siphuma e Taylors abe esethi hayi abantu bayanisola. Ngithi mina hawu basisola ukuthi siyini? Hayi angasho lomfana avele ahleke ahambe.

Manje njalo uma kunomhlangano, kuqalwe kwami kuthiwe kuzofunwa abafana. Ngithi abafana enginabo yilaba enibabonayo. Bathi cha sifuna laba abakini angazi nokuthi lencazelo bayithatha kuphi ngoba bathi sifuna laba okunga bafowenu. Ngithi mina abahlali la kodwa baye bafike bevakashile, bese bethi sifuna bona ke ngoba kunomhlangano. Hayi-ke ingixake lendaba ngoba uma ngibatshela abafowethu ngalendaba, babevele bathi angeke usibone siya lapho ngoba sizobulawa. Bese ngithi kubona, okungcono ningabe nisafika ngoba kusho ukuthi manje ngizobulawelwa nina ngoba namaxoki akuve emahle.

Uyabona ixoki ubolithanda ngelinye ilanga, ixoki liyakuphilisa. Kwafika nje unkosikazi engangimbona ukuthi uzithandela izindaba kodwa, hey wangiphilisa! Wafika lonkosikazi wathi, uyabona nje nina kuyosa ningeke, nikalelwe isikhathi nje ukuthi ngesikhathi esithile bazongena bazonibulala. Yimina loya nezingane, angithi ngibelethe, abanye ngibaphethe, ubaba uyasebenza eThawini akekho kodwa mina sekumele ngiphume manje. Nangempela ngaphuma, kwathi lokho engase ngikuthengile ngakushiya lapho. Ngaphuma ekuseni ngiyogibela isitimela nezingane siyabuya futhi manje-ke manje

eTaylors okuyisekhaya, angisayi ka Deda ngoba sebengishisele umuzi. Uma ngifika nasekhaya, nakhona sekuqalile futhi.

Yazi lendawo ngangiyesaba kakhulu uma nje kuthiwa ikhumbi iya kaDambuza ngangisaba kabi. Kodwa nje yangisiza I Dambuza ngoba nakhu ngikhona futhi ngiyaphila. Ngasuka ke ngeza lapha ngafike ngaqasha ngafika ngo 1990, kwathi ngo 1993 kwavulwa leziyazakhiwo ezilapha phezulu eNtabeni. Kodwa abantu bakulendawo babengasifuni ngampela ngoba bethi sithatha indawo yezinkomo zabo, kodwa manje kuthiwe asakhe thina. Kwakusekhona uHarry Gwala uyena-ke othe asakhe, uma besisusa, sebeyosisusa ngalelolanga. Kodwa abazange ke besasisusa, iphela lapho ke eyami indaba. Yebo angishonelwanga muntu kodwa ngabuzwa ubuhlungu bodlame. Kwabe sekuba nesikhathi-ke okuye nje kungiphathe kabi futhi ngibone nje ukuthi kungiphatha kabi ngoba kuhlangene nomndeni.

Uma sihamba ka Deda sashiya izakhiwo kukhona umfowabo kamyeni wami omncane owasala yena endaweni yaka Deda, okwakufanele asigadele lezakhiwo ngoba phela sasihanjiswe wudlame. Abanye abantu sebeyakwazi ukuphindela ezindaweni zabo, kodwa thina asisakwazi ukuphindela ngoba safika ubaba omncane esazidayisa. Lokho kungiphatha kabi kakhulu kangangokuba angikwazi nokumbheka kodwa angikwazi ukumtshela ngoba uwubaba omncane wasemzini. Kodwa ngiyathanda ukuthi azi ukuthi lento ayenza ingiphethe kabuhlungu kanjani. Kuke kwenzeke mhlawumbe asibize kwakhe, umuzi wakhe ungenhla kwesakhiwo sakwami. Manje njalo uma ngikwakhe umoya wami uyahlukumezeka, ngize ngifise ukuthi ngingayi kwakhe ngoba lento ayenza yaba yimbi ngoba sasingabantwana bomfowabo. Yena kwakufanele uma singekho asigadele izakhiwo zethu ngoba abanye abantu baphindela...kwakufanele asho ukuthi cha umfowethu uzele

abafana. Mhlawumbe kulabantwana bomfowethu babafana kukhona oyothanda ukubuyela endaweni kababa wakhe. Manje izingane zami ziyangibuza kangangokuba sengaze ngazitshela manje ngalokho sengiyabona ukuthi ngakha ubutha, kodwa nami ngangenziwa yinhliziyi. Ngabakha ubutha phakathi kwezingane zami nobaba omncane wazo ngoba zona azisamfuni okwangempela. Manje zithi, mama, kungabe manje siyahamba siyokwakha, kodwa ubaba omncane wadayisa ngezakhiwo zasekhaya. Yilokho okwangiphatha kwabuhlungu kakhulu emoyeni wami ngoba yimbi into eyenziwa ubaba omncane, ngithi ngimthembile yena angenze lento ayenza. Uma ngifika abantu sebakhe imizi obonayo ukuthi angeke umsuse, umuntu wakhe isubsidy endaweni yami.

Akusekho ndawo nje ifike ibe khona indawo engingayithola, kodwa bese iba ngakulaba babantu ekwakuliwa nabo, nami bese ngiyasaba-ke ukuthi kuzokwenzakalani ngoba vele kwakubhekenwe nabo. Manje ke thina asisenayo indawo. Buphela lapho-ke obami ubuhlungu engabuzwa ngodlame.

Mina bengiqashe lapha kukhona omasitende. Khona sifika besingamukelekile kahle, kodwa besimukelwa ngenxa yokuthi siya renter kodwa ubone ukuthi bakuphathisa okwesifiki into engelutho. Kwakuke kuthi noma sisempompini bathi, “hayi siyakhathala yilabantu abahluleka ukuhlonipha amakhosi abo, bagijima beza la”. Manje siyawasha la empompini, bathi yazi nje bayasikhathaza abantu abangenayo inhlonipho, bahluleka ukubekezela benze umthetho wamakhosi abo. Lokho kwakuke kungazwakali kahle ngoba noma ufuna ukuya empompini, kwakumele ubalinde bakhe bona baze baqede bese kuba yima ukhululeka.

Uma ufuna ukuyohlambulula izingubo empompini, uzofika bezifakele amabhakede abo empompini, bavele bakubuke

nje. Ngalokho angisho ukuthi bonke babenjalo, kodwa mina indawo engangiqashe kuyona kwakukhona kakhulu ukucwaseka. Kuthe ngokuhamba kwesikhathi kwaba ngcono ke ngesikhathi sekukhethwa amakhansela. Sasihamba imihlangano senza konke endaweni, futhi bebengazishayi izingane zethu. Ngisho ezikoleni izingane zakhona bezingazicwasi izingane zethu, kodwa inkinga beyikomama. Wawungeke uzwe ingane ibuya ithi beyiye esitolo yashawa izingane zakaDambuza, cha lokho akukaze ngikuzwe. Kanti izingane zami zazifunda eGeorgetown, abanye befunda eLaduma kodwa akekho owake wabuya umntwana wami wathi sivinjezelwe sashawa. Kodwa omama babenakho ukungasamukeli, wawubona noma bekubuka.

Ngaze ngazitshela ukuthi hayi angivume. Kodwa futhi sahlanganiswa nawukuthi sizinikele emasontweni. Ngoba omunye umama ngangize ngimbone ngoba sisonta naye owayekade ekhuluma kabi naye. Ngamxolela nje futhi ngoba ngazitshela ukuthi wayekhuluma ngoba engasazi. Kwathi seesijwayelene, sayixoxa le ndaba yokuthi ngesikhathi sifika nangingeve nisiphethe kabi. Wathi yena, sasenziwa ukuthi sasingazi ukuthi nisifikela nakuphi.

Saqala sahlangana emasontweni, sahamba nemihlangano sazinikela ezintweni ezenziwayo emphakathini. Ngoba nangesikhathi kukhethwa uMntuza, ithina esasigijima ebusuku sihamba ama meeting ukuze uMntuza abe yikhansela. Manje sekumnandi kakhulu ngoba nalapha eNtabeni sihleli nje, singomkhaya. Kukhona abantu abasuka ko Gezubuso, Shange, Bulwer. Lapha sihleli njengomndeni, asibandlululi futhi ngoba nalaba bangezansi baningi esesibazi. Mina ngingathi manje sihleli kahle kodwa siyakhumbula emakhaya ngoba sasinezindawo nokuthi nje sashiya amangcwaba...

Ngiye ngithi kulendawo sengathi ngingashiya izingane
ngoba sengakhile nakhona, mina bese ngiphindela
ekhaya kodwa-ke izindawo azisatholakali. Sekusuke
nabantu basemaThawini baya kokwakha Ngaphezulu,
indawo yasuke yagcwala ke. Sihleli kahle impela, phela
nasesikoleni wawunyukwa uma ufika kuthiwa uwumsila.

SIBONGILE NTOMBELA

gama lami ngingu Sibongile Ntombela. Indawo engangihlala kuyona kwakuyika Gezubuso lapho ngangishadele khona.

Kwakumnandi kaGezubuso futhi kuyindawo epholile, kwaba wudlame ke olwenza ukuthi sihlukane nayo leyondawo, kodwa sasihleli kahle kumnandi. Sasiphathene kahle nomakhelwane, sazisana, sithandana. Ngangihlala nomamezala kanye nobhuti, osisi kanye nabantwana.

Umyeni wayekhona kodwa

esebenza, wayesebenza abuye eze ekhaya zonke izinsuku.

Akukho engangivelele ngakho emphakathini, kodwa ngendaba yenkonzo ngangiwumama okhonza ebandleni lase Church of England (Sheshi). Ngangiwumama ozilungele nje, yilokho engangaziwa ngakho ukulunga. Ngangizilungele nje, ngingakhulumi njalo, ngizithulela nje. Emshadweni ngangena ngino 25 years, ngangisemncane kakhulu ngoba ngakhulela emzini. Uma kuqala udlame ngangila ko 30 years kuqala udlame, yase iminingi iminyaka ngishadile.

Ayikho imihlangano engangiyihamba. Kodwa ekhaya engishadele kulona obhuti bami bakaNtombela babeyi ANC. Kwakuwumuzi owawunabafana abaningi, okusho ukuthi ngoba abafana baningi bayi-ANC. Bagcina sebethinteki kanjalo ngoba Inkatha yayishaya laba...babengawufuni nhlobo umuzi onabafana, nathi ke sangena kanjalo. Okusho ukuthi kwase



kungasakhethwa abafana kodwa kwase kungenele wonke umuntu wakuleyondawo. Noma yaba khona ingxoxo enjalo kodwa obhuti bama ngokuthi bona bayi ANC, abazange bagudluke kulokho.

Kwakukhona umfana kamfowethu wasemzini okwakuyibona ababelwa kakhulu, belwa nayo Inkatha. Noma obaba babengakazi ukuthi bayiliphi, kodwa nangu umfana owayelwa kakhulu okuyindodana kabhuti omdala. Angeke ngazi ke noma yayikethiwe yini kodwa kwakuthiwa iwona amaqabane okufanele azobulawa, kwaze kwangenela obhuti nje balwa, babelwela yena lomfana. Sagcina ke sesingena sonke lapho.

Into eyenza ukuthi nathi size singene kulento...size sibe yi-ANC, yingoba sasishawa singazi kodwa ukuthi senzeni, sishawela bona laba abayi ANC. Saze sabona ke ukuthi nathi kufanele sibe yikona loko, ngoba njengoba beshawa bebulawa, angeke thina sithi siyi Nkatha kodwa kufanele sibe yinto eyodwa.

Okusho ukuthi ukubulawa komfowethu lona owabulawa waqotshwa ebulawa iyona Inkatha. Kwafika abantu bezolanda abanye obhuti ukuthi abeze bazobona ngoba umfana esebulewe, sebemgence bamgenca bamenza ama pieces. Yikona ke lokho okwasenza ukuthi singene kwi-ANC ngenxa yokubulawa kwalowomfana (umfowethu omncane). Umfowabo womenyi wami omncane, ulamana nomyeni wami.

Yebo uyena noma okunye ngingakwazi kahle ngoba mina ngase ngibaleka ngoba ngangizele, nginezingane. Kwafanele ukuthi ngibaleke ngiye ekhaya. Kwathi uma sezenzeka zonke izinto, mina bangithatha bangifaka ku wardrobe nengane encane, kuthe ngakusasa ngavuka ngahamba ngabuyela ekhaya kaMgwagwa. Uma ngifika khona kaMgwagwa ngibaleke ngapha, ngathola ukuthi nakhona kuyabalekwa futhi.

Ngivalelwa ku wardrobe nje yingoba kuduma izibhamu, Inkatha iqhamuka ngezansi nangenhla. Kwakuduma nje kuphambana izinhlamvu ebaleni. Babona ke obhuti ukuthi

ayikho lento base bephumela emnyango, abanye babhaca ngapha nabanye babhaca ngale, kwaphuma nomamezala. Kwase kuthiwa wena ke ngoba unomntwana omncane ungaphumi, bangithatha bathi angingene ku wardrobe nengane encane. Ngathi mina, haybo uma sengisha! Bathi cha angeke kwenzeke bazobadudula. Kulapho ke babadudula khona bashona ezansi, abanye babheka ngenhla. Sabe sesiyakwazi ukulala lesosikhashana noma sasingalele, ngoba nokusa kwabonwa yimina, ngathubeleza ngagibela amabhasi ngahamba ngaya ekhaya kaMgwagwa.

Kwakungu 1988 ngoba ngangiyobeletha ingane yami yesibili. Uma ngifika ekhaya, ngahlala hlala lesosikhashana kanti nabo abahleli, kuyahanjwa kuyiwe kobhacwa njalo ntambama, akusalalwa ekhaya izibhamu ziqhuma ngapha nangapha. Kwakuthi abangaphesheya bahlangane nabaseMafakatini kuze kungenele nabangakithina, kubulawa labantu abangakithina. YiNkatha ngaphesheya naMafakathi, babulala abantu be-ANC abangakithina kaMgwagwa. Ngingathi kwakuyindawo eyodwa kodwa kwahlukaniswa umgwaqo. Ngaphesheya yiNkatha, ngala nganeno kithina sasingamaqabane. Kusuka laba base Mafakatini bazohlangana la kushawe thina ngapha. Ngase ngisukile kaGezubuso ngabaleka.

Kusho ukuthi yena wabulawa ngisekhona noma ngangingazi ngoba ngangisesibhedlela, kodwa wabulawa ngikhona, ngangingakathuthi. Angithi njengabafana babehambe beqapha, ngoba lapho wawutholwa khona uyabulawa. Manje mhlawumbe kukhona ababemcuthele, kwathi lapho bemthola khona bambamba bamqoba. Kwafika isigijimi nje esafike sathi nangu umfowenu laphaya ubulewe. Babe sebeyehla ke obhuti baya kobheka, kulapho bamthola khona eseyizicucu wafakwa ku-plastic. Wangcwatshwa phela ngoba kwahlanganiswa zona lezozicucu wabe eseyangcwatshwa.

Baqhubeka bona bakwazi ukuhlala ngoba abafana babebhaca, bahambe ke omama baye kobhaca ezinkalaneni. Abafana basale bacuthe lapho bengakwazi ukucutha khona ukuze bakwazi ukubadudula. Kwakuthi abaqhamuka ngenhla babadudule babuyele ngenhla, abaqhamuka ngezansi nabo badudulwe bashone ezansi, base bephila leyompilo nje. Kwaze kwafika lezozivunguvungu ezinkulu ezabenza ukuthi baze bafike la.

U Seven Days, lapho kwaba nzima kakhulu. Bake bathi ukuthi gozololo nabo beyilwa impi, kodwa kwaze kwafika lapho sebehluleka khona bahamba-ke beza ngapha bafike baqasha amakamelo. Ngesikhathi ngika Mgwagwa, umyeni wami wayesele kubo. Bahamba ngoba sebebona ukuthi sekungaphezu kwabo, bahamba-ke noma bashiya okuningi ngoba base behamba bethubeleza. Beza ngapha bafike baquba ezikoleni nasemasontweni, kodwa babona ukuthi inhlalo ayikho kahle njengoba behleli ezikoleni nasemasontweni, base beya koqasha amakamelo bahlala khona. Kwaze kwavela lezindawo, lapho babuya khona emakamelweni bazokwakha kwase kuyahlawa. KaMgwagwa mina ngasuka ngalesikhathi sebeshisa ugogo wami, badubula nomalume. Sasuka ngesikhathi sekufika umalume wami owasala yena ngesikhathi kubulawa abantu bakubo, wagaqa njalo wabuya weza kithina wazosho ukuthi, hayi sebeshisile ngale babulala konke. Lapho ke kwafunwa khona izimoto, sathubeleza sibaleka seza ngapha. Akubanga yisikhathi eside ngihlala kaMgwagwa, mhlawumbe kwaba yisonto. Akuzange kube yisikhathi eside ngoba kwakulokhu kuthubelezwa nje. Into eyasibalekisa kakhulu yindaba yokusha nokubulawa kwabantu, lapho sathubeleza sahamba sesiqasha izimoto.

Kusho ukuthi labantu base Mafakatini abaqhamuka, umuzi womalume wawuseduze nomgwaqo oya eMafakatini. Uma beqhamuka ngapha, baqala ukushisa kulemizi eseceleni komgwaqo, bashisa babulala kwaze kwabe bafika nakomalume

bashisa babulala. Babulala omalume abathathu...ugogo
 bamshisa...wathi uyaphuma endlini ebona umlilo usha nezingane.
 Ngesikhathi ethi uyaphuma, bavele bamcaphuna, bamthela ngo
 petrol, bamgaxa I tyre bamshisa. Ungumnakwabo kagogo wami.
 Baphinde bacaphuna abazukulu babafaka endlini eshayo bashela
 phakathi. Omalume bami abathathu abadutshulwa, bababulala
 babashiya kanjalo, kwasala oyedwa owayese toilet ngesikhathi
 kwenzeka yonke lento. Wahlala khona e toilet njalo, okwathi uma
 esebona ukuthi naba sebeyanyuka futhi bayaqhubeka bahambe
 beshisa bebulala. Kwathi uma esebabona ukuthi naba sebeya
 kosithela, waphuma e toilet wagaqa ngamadolo wathubeleza,
 wawelela ngale komgwaqo, wangena emahlathini wabaleka waze
 wayofika ekhaya. Lapho ke ekhaya...angithi omalume babhacile
 bahleli ematsheni, nathi sibalekile, wafike wabathshela loludaba
 ke kwabe sekufunwa izimoto kwathuthwa seza ngapha. Sashiya
 konke nje, ngoba phela nangale kwasha kwashiwa kanjalo. Mina
 ekhaya lami lapho ngase ngibalekele khona akushiswanga,
 kodwa sabalekiswa ukuthi njengoba sebeshise ngale kusho
 sebeza nakithina. Sashiya thina kungakashiswa kodwa sashiya
 konke izinkomo nezimbu. Awusakwazi nokubuyela, uzobuyela
 emuva kanjani ngoba nalaba esabashiya sebeshonile, omalume
 basizwa ukuthi baye emaphoyiseni manje, babuya sebehamba
 namaphoyisa. Beza bazothatha lezidumbu, bathathwa amaphoyisa
 baya kongcwatshelwa eSinathingi kwezinye izihlobo.

Sesisuka kaMgwagwa ke manje, sesiyabaleka phela sesiza
 ngapha. Sahlala lapha e Edendale. Lapha emasontweni
 siqashe ngala. Thina sasuka ngezikhathi zokuthi kushiswe
 sabaleka sazoqasha, lapho kwase kuphithizela ngenxa yokusha.
 Kodwa u Seven Days wawungakafiki. Abantu abazi kahle
 nempi ka Seven Days kwaba umyeni wami nomndeni wakhe,
 besuka kaGezubuso sebehamba beza la emasontweni. Sase
 sitholana ngezingcingo ngoba mina ngase ngivele sengihleli

la nezingane. Ngoba mina ngase ngihlezi nabantu basekhaya, kwathi uma esefuna indawo wathola u 2 rooms ngase nami ngiphuma ngashiya abantu basekhaya ngaya kohlala naye, kwakusayikhona la e Edendale. Sahlala e Edendale kwaze kwabe sizwa kuthiwa sekunezindawo esezivulwe u Harry Gwala, evulela ababaleki. Safika ke nathi sazozifuna sazithola, sabe sesiyakha. Ngicabanga ukuthi iminyaka yabamibili, ngoba ngonyaka wesithathu sabuya sesizokwakha la. Kwakungo 1992 ngoba ngase ngithola ingane yesithathu. Ngo 1992 konje kwase kuyingane yesingaki, oh yesithathu. Kwakuyingane yesithathu kodwa ngangisakhulelwe yona leyongane, ngoba ngangigijima nesisu kade sizobekwa la. Emva kwayo ngathola umfana wokugcina. Umyeni wami wayesebenza ngalesosikhathi namanje usasebenza. Ngesikhathi sodlame wayesebenza ezinkweni ka Albany, kodwa kwathi sesihlala la badilizwa emsebenzini. Manje usekwenye indawo. Yebo safike sakha, sahlala, saxhuma kancane kancane o two room sahlala. Sino 6 room, kodwa akuyona lena ngoba lena yintsha. Hayi sayidiliza lena endala, sabe sesixhuma emxhasweni, umxhaso, sabe sesixhuma kuwona.

Khona sahlala kahle noma kwakubuye kube khona...bona laba esasiqashe kubona omasitende babenakho ukusihlukumeza. Sasishiwo zonke izinhamba njengokuthi singababaleki, besho konke abakuthandayo kodwa sahlala noma kungemnandi ngenxa yokuthi sasihluphekile. Kwaqala ukuba ngcono ngesikhathi sesakhile ngapha, sakwazi ukuthola ukuphumula, kodwa emqashweni akubanga khona inhlalo enhle.

Siphila kahle, siyazwana, siyathandana noma kungekho okusihlanganisayo kodwa kumnandi, sakhile. Uma kukhona onento, siyakwazi ukuthi sithintane, mhlawumbe uhlabile, siyakwazi ukufika laphe. Lokho nje okusuke kukhona, siyakwazi singumphakathi ukuhlangana siye laphe. Izinto ezinjengo masingcwabisane, senza into yokuthi sikwazi

ukuhlanganisa imali ukuze uma kungabe kukhona ovelelwe yisifo sikwazi ukulekelela njengomakhelwane.

Hayi angikaze ngicabange lutho, kodwa nathi siyafisa impela ukubuyela emuva. Naye ubaba uNtombela... siyafisa ngoba nendawo yethu yayiyinhle kodwa manje angeke sisakwazi ukubuyela emuva ngoba sekwakha abanye abantu. Amathuna sawashiya khona lapho inqwaba, asikwazi nokuvakasha emathuneni ngoba sekwaba yimizi yabantu, sebegijima phezu kwawo nje, akulula.

Nginabantwana abawu 4 nabazukulu abathathu. Nokubonga lona owawuye kuyena osebenza kaThando, Nokwanda ofunda eMsunduzi College, Lindokuhle yena useGoli. Usebenza khona eGoli...ngizothi ubesebenza khona kodwa-ke inkampani seyadilizwa kodwa yena usahleli khona eGoli ngoba usabheka umsebenzi omunye, wenza i-civil engineering.

Wenza ugesi, ubhuti omncane yena ke wayeka esikoleni efunda u grade 11, waba nezinkinga nje waxabana nothisha omkhulu kwaba kubi kakhulu ngoba waze waphuma esikoleni. Kwathi noma simshintsha simfaka kwesinye isikole kwaphinde kwaba njalo, wavele wagcina engasasithandi isikole. Manje uye abambe amatoho kodwa kubuye kuphele. Wake wakucabanga lokho kodwa wabuye wathi, hayi indaba yesikole kungcono asebenze ngoba usekhathele. Yebo yena uyabona ngoba phela odadewabo bayafunda abanye bafundile manje kusele yena yedwa. Kodwa ngoba useyabona manje mhlawumbe ngonyaka ozayo usezoqala ke. Hayi sengiqaqe konke, phela sesibuye sikhohlwe ngenxa yashukela.

MAVIS THABETHE

I gama lami ngingu Mavis Thabethe. Ngqhamuka eMvundlweni lapho ngangakhe khona. Impilo yase Mvundlweni yayiyinkinga emphefumulweni.

Kuthe nje ngo February 1988, kwakukhona ukuntshontshana. Kwakufika abantu beNkatha bathathe izingane zakho noma zimbili. Ziyotholwa lapha ngaphandle zigenciwe, zadutshulwa.

Kuthe uma bebona lobobugebengu bokukhishwa kwezingane, kwase kuba khona iqembu eliyizigebengu elizohambe lingena emzini yabantu zifuna imali. Zafika-ke kwami lezozigebengu, zangena kwami kwakungu 5.30, ngiwumuntu ovuka ngabo 5 noma ngingasebenzi ngoba ngikwami kanti futhi ngifuye nezinkukhu. Ngangicaphunela izinkukhu zami ummbila, ngiye kozithelela esilugwini bese ngiyazivulela. Kuthe uma sengibuya ngingena endlini, ngime ngifulathele umnyango, ngizwe kuvaleka isivalo kodwa ngicabange ukuthi yizingane zami ngoba zihlala ngenhla kagogo lapho ngizalwa khona seziya esikoleni, kusho ukuthi zizocela imali yokudla esikoleni. Kanti akuzona izingane zami, izinsizwa ezazintathu, ziphuthuma isikhathi ukuthi kungaze kuse kubone abantu. Ngathi uma ngithi, hawu nifunani? Yangibamba insizwa eyodwa [uyakhombisa ukuthi kwenzeka kanjani], yangibamba yangihlanganisa nodonga. Umbhede engilala kuwona ngapha,



kwelinye icala ama wardrobe. Yangiklinya lwaphuka loluqwembe ogwinya ngalo ezimhlophe (qhoqhoqho), sike sizibone uma sihlinda inkukhu, zimhlophe. Yangicindezela lensizwa. Yathi lensizwa engicindezele iphi imali? Ngathi imali ayikho. Wathi sizokukholwa kanjani ukuthi uthi imali ayikho? Ngathi ngidedele ngithathe isikhwama sami semali ngikukhombisa. Mina ngangiyilomama othi uma enemali angayifaki esikhwameni, ngangiyilomama onehontshi lokushutheka imali, isikhwama sibe empty. Khona kuzothi uma uthi ufuna imali, ngithi imali anginayo, ngoba imali iyaxabanisa. Abe esethi hamba usithathe, angihlohloloze ngemuva, ngithi ngiyasithatha isikhawama semali angiphuce sona asivule, abe esethola ukuthi asinamali avele asijikijele phansi. Wabuya futhi wazongiklinya, usafuna imali.

Abe esethi iphi indoda? Ngithi indoda ayikho isebenza eThekwini, kwavele kwafika ukuthi ngisho kanjalo ukuthi indoda isebenza eThekwini, kanti indoda yami isebenza ematekisini e Maritzburg. Athi izobuya nini? Ngithi izobuya ntambama njengoba sekuphele imali. Laba ababili bachitha u wardrobe wonke. Ababezokuthwala base bekubophe ngamashidi, izimpahla zami, ezomyeni wami kanye nezezingane zami. Abe esethi owesithathu, hayi asimyekeni bafowethu, sizobuya ntambama sizqedela bese kuba khona esizokuthatha, base bengiyeka. Uma bengiyeka bese bekipha ukhiye ungaphakathi esicabheni, bese bethi mi wuthathe, ngithi ngiyawuthatha uvele uqathake phansi. Athi yeyi man! Manje sekufanele ngicoshe lokhiye, kodwa angifuni ukuwucosha lokhiye ngoba uma ngiwucosha uzongivusa ngonyawo lo. Abe esewucosha yena awufake embobeni, abe esethi khiya la, ngikhiye ngampela. Ngasicindezela isivalo kusuka ku 5 kuya ko 6 mina ngicindezele isivalo. Ngathi uma ngithi ngiphenya ikhethini, ngezwa osho ngaphandle ethi, hawu kungcono ukube simqedele, ngaphinde ngabuyela ngacindezela isivalo.

Kwaze kwabe ngizwa amazwi abantu abadlulayo, kwayima ngivula umnyango, uma ngithi ngiyabheka, nabaya sebeya kosithela emcakweni. Ngadonsa isivalo ngagijima ngaya kamakhelwane ngafike ngathi, woza uzobona sengisinde ekufeni. Uma ngibaxoxela ukuthi kwenzekeni, base bebuza ukuthi ngizokwenza njani. Ngathi ngizovala bese ngiyakhuphuka ngiye ekhaya, kodwa ngizobuya ngoba umyeni wami ubuya ngezikhathi zabo 9 ebusuku. Manje angifuni afike la ekhaya mina ngingekho bese kuba yima eqala eza ekhaya ngoba bazoze baqhamuke. Hayi-ke ngisheshe ngibuye ekhaya, kwathi ngabo 8 wafika umyeni wami. Uma efika ngincike emnyango, abe esethi uhlaleleni emnyango. Ngithi hamba uyobona endlini, athi ubani ofile endlini, ngithi hamba uyobona. Kuthi uma engena abe esethi, hawu yini manje bese kwenzenjani ke la? Ngithi bese kuyizigebengu ebezifuna imali. Bese ngimbuza ukuthi uzohamba yini ntambama, athi cha angizukuhamba. Bese ngithi bengibuzela ukuthi ngikhuphuke ngiye ekhaya. Athi angizukuhamba.

Impilo engangiyiphila izigebengu zingakangeni kwami. Thina bekuyaye kube nemibhede emibili ekamelweni, kube owami nokababa. Kwakuthi uma sekuhlwa, umyeni wami akakabuyi ematekisini, ngithathe o blanket ababili bese ngibathandela emzimbeni wami, bese ngisuduleka ngingena ngaphansi kombhede. Uma efika umyeni wami... ngase ngimtshelile ukuthi angasho ukuthi ngqo, ngqo, ngqo ngoba uyangibulala mayenza njalo. Ngathi kuyena uma ufika emnyango ubothi mama kaKwazi! Ungangqongqozi ngoba uyangibulala. Ngilele phansi kombhede, uyazi uma ucashile, izigi zokushaya kwenhliziyo kuba sengathi yizigi zabantu.

Ngicashile phansi kombhede, ngiphisiwe nawumchamo kodwa angeke ngivuke ngoba kukhona abazongizwa, ngichama lapho ngilele khona ngiwumbulunga. Kuyothi uma efika umyeni wami athi mama kaKwazi, bese ngiphuma phansi

kombhede, ngimanzi te umchamo. Ngifike ngimvulele, lapho ngiyangqangqazela, afike angibambe angithi ngqi! Athi kodwa yini mkami ngoba uzofa, ngithi kulungile ngife kunalolusizi engikulona. Inhlalo engangiyihleli yayibuhlungu ngoba futhi ivukuzwe yilona udlame. Hayi-ke lwaqhubeka udlame lolo. Kanti lwafika ngesikhathi kunile kakhulu ezindaweni ezingaphezulu, uMsunduzi ugcwele amanzi. Ngangikwami ngibuka behla beqhamuka kwaShange beya eMsunduzi, ubaba wami wayekwa Shange. Ubaba wami engikhuluma ngaye owamuka noMsunduzi ebalekela udlame olwalungo 1990.

Ngawo lo 1990 wodlame kwakuqale kwafika indiza emini, lelobhanoyi sasiyibiza ngokuthi yisiveveve. Uma sifika leso siveveve, sifika sesichithe amabhunu kanye no blomu, nabantu beNkatha, bazoqothula kusuka k Gezubuso, Mcako, Mvundla, Vulisaka, Mnyandu. Akukho ukubaleka kubantwana, uma bethi bayabaleka kufanele baye kowela uMsunduzi, uMsunduzi ugcwele. Noma abanye babekwazi ukuwela ngenhlanhla kaNkulunkulu bafike basakazeke emasimini, liyehla lelibhanoyi. Laliye lehlise I net enganga lelihholo, yehle le net ifike ibawole bonke labafana bakhuphuke bangene ebhanoyini bahambe.

Lezozingane ezahamba nge net nebhanoyi azizange zibuye. Ebusuku ngo 1990 selibacoshile ibhanoyi, amabhunu ayephethe izimbulunga ze light ayelijwiba phezulu, kukhanye ebusuku kube sengathi kusemini. Isona ke isikhathi abangena ngaso ebusuku, ibhunu uma lingena, lingena nezinsizwa. Lifike lizithathe izinsizwa ezintathu, bazidonse baphume nazo. Kwakuthi amabhunu uma ethi uphi “loqabane”, athi uphi “lokabane”. Sekuyafunyanisekwa ukuthi thina sesinabafana asebengama bhoxongwane asebefunda u standard 6. Sase sibaqgokisa amaphinifa, banqwaze amaduku, sibanike imishanelo namabhakede ukuthi bashanele phandle. Afike adlule amabhunu engaboni ukuthi abafana laba.

Kuyaba ngolunye usuku ngakusasa kunguLwesine sigcwele enkonzweni, kwakuka Dladla kulowomuzi isibongo. Sasiyokhulekela lesisimo esisiphethe kabi. Kwathi sisabambe inkonzo ngaphakathi, kwaqhamuka amabhunu afike azungeza umuzi ngoba abonile ukuthi labafana ebebebajaha bangene la. Kanti labafana kuthe uma bengena safike sabanikeza amaphinifa base behlala nathi la enkonzweni. Kwathi amanye amaqabane sabhodloza u siling board bangena phakathi. Lamabhunu aphelele izinswazi ayasishaya, sesiyeke ukucula nokuthandaza ngoba babuza ukuthi uphi loqabane? Sithi thina hayi yazi loqabane. Asinabo nobaba ngoba sebemuke nemifula, mina nje anginawo umndeni wakithi ngizimele nje.

Uma ngihluphekile, angikwazi ukuyoyibika kithi indaba ngoba ikithi alikho. Indaba yami ngiyibika kaThabethe bese ngiyibeka phansi edolweni ngikhulume no Nkulunkulu.

Mina umama wami ufele Ngaphezulu nami sengingapha, wayesesele yedwa endlini nodadewethu wesibili ushadile uhlala eMbali. Kufuneka siye kosiqoqa lesidumbu sikamama ukuze siyongena emakhazeni. Emakhazeni asikwazi ukufinyelela khona ngoba igenge yase Eden seyala noma yini eyibonayo iqhamuka Ngaphezulu, uthululwa ebhasini ubulawe. Sahlala mina isidumbu sikamama wami sadonsa kwaze kwathamba udlame, kwase kuba yima sizothathwa.

Uma sekufanele ngisibuyisele ekhaya emzini kamama wami [uyakhala], bathi angisenayo indlela yokumthatha lomama wakho ngoba uthathwe uwena “qabane”. Sihleli manje ka Dambuza kodwa kuyenzeka nje umuntu othile. Sinabo bagcwele abangafikanga bangesikhathi sodlame. Thina nalamakhosikazi... ngodlame, kuleyantaba esakhe kuyona eNtabeni, sasikha isiqunga lapha sakhe izindlu. Kwakuthi noma besikamela izindawo labantwana ababekhishwe uGwala, kwakushawa ifindo kuthiwe wena uqala la, nawe uqala laphaya. UHarry Gwala wayesinikeze

izimpempe, wathi uma kukhona okuvunguzayo sishaye izimpempe bese sibumbana sibheke ukuthi kwenzakalani.

Zakhala ngampela izimpempe kuthiwa sesiyasuswa kulendawo uGwala asesibeke kuyona. Kwabe sekuthiwa hayi kukhona amakhumbi namabhasi alapha entabeni afike neNdiya, umlungu nomuntu omnyama saqoqana singamakhosikazi, sakhwica kodwa sikhwica I nothing saqonda kuwona amabhasi. Safike sathi yini kwenzenjani? Bathi sifuna izindawo zethu. Sathi nanizithenge kubani? Kwangaphuma ukuthi zithengwe kubani. Sase sibatshela ukuthi hayi uma kukade nanizithenge kaVulindlela, nanizithenge ngezithungo zotshani.

Manje ezethu lezindawo, yenzani enikubonayo. Zahamba lezozimoto futhi nathi saqhubeka nokuhlala kahle ka Dambuza. Noma kungasebona kuphela abantu bodlame abalapha kaDambuza, sekukhona nalabo abathole izindawo ngokudayiselana...Kuthi thina esathola lendawo ngo Gwala sithatheke kalula, bangasazi nokuthi siyini. Mhlawumbe imizi yayingu 12 kumnyama kungekho lutho, kodwa asizange senziwe lutho. Udlame lwasihlukumeza kanjalo noma indaba ngiyikhe phakathi ngoba bese ngizwile kodadewethu ukuthi bayibeka ngakho. Kuyikona engikwaziyo lokhu abakubekile. Ngisuke ngo 1991 ngazoqasha la eSabatha ngezansi, emva kweminyaka emibili nohhafu sasesithola leziyazindawo ezilapha phezulu eNtabeni.

Into eyasisu ngampela sahamba kwaba wumlilo, umlilo engathi ngisekhaya lami ngathi ngiyawubheka wawuka Mnyandu, intuthu yayiyifu elimnyama ngalendlela. Lapho kaMnyandu, izingane zami zinalo Thandi Thabethe okungu mnakwethu. Base bebalekile kaMnyandu baya kohlala eSigodini eMatendeni. Mina ngimile ekhaya ngibuka lentuthu, lentuthu ngase ngibona nje ukuthi umamezala wami lo, umnakwethu lo uThandi kanye nentuthu yezingane zami, kwaba wukufa kwami umoya. Ngendlela engangihlukumezeke

ngayo, ngo 1991 ngangingasakwazi ukuhamba, kwase kusele ikhanda lodwa, ngangingasakwazi nokubonda uphuthu.

Ngase ngigobile nje ngidondolozela uma ngihamba. Kwafika usisi wasemzini owafika ngesikeqana semoto, bangifukula, ngabuza ukuthi ningiyisa kuphi ngoba ngase ngizitshela ukuthi ngiyobulawa ngenxa yokuhanjelwa yingqondo. Kwathi uma ngifika lapho beqashe khona umamezala wami, kwabe kuyima ingqondo ibuya ngambona kahle umamezala wami, hawu nazi nezingane zami, bakhona bonke bayaphila. Ngaphila impilo enjalo nje. Umuntu uyaphila engakwazi ukudla, ungasho ukuthi uzofa ngezinsuku ezimbili noma ezintathu ungadlile. Mina ayikho into engangiyidla, ngangiphuza amanzi kuphela ngoba ngangingenaso isikhathi sokungena endlini ngibeke amabhodwe ngoba angazi ukuthi wobani abezayo. Kwakuthi noma bedlula bengangeni kodwa babhingqe bathi, wu, sies! Kwanuka iqabane. Uzibone wena-ke ukuthi mmmh hhh kushiwo kimina. Kodwa umuntu uyaphila ngamanzi wodwa, ngase ngingangalenduku yamama.

Kwakunzima ngendlela eyisimanga ngoba ngangingazi ukuthi ezami izingane ngiyophinde ngizibone. Kodwa ngazifika sezilapha. Kukhona umfana obelimele ngengozi emndenini wasekhaya, yaxoxwa lendaba ngoba bese kuhlangene abantu baNgaphezulu eMvundlwini, naye lomfana owangakhona eMvundlwini. Ngibe sengiphumela phandle ngibalekela ukulalela lendaba, uma ngibuya basaqhubeka nayo futhi lendaba. Wathi omunye usisi obehleli laphaya, wathi ngicela niyiyeke lendaba ngoba kukhona lapho ngithinteka khona. Noma kungabe bangakhela isithabathaba somuzi, kugcwaliswe impahla kube khona yonke into bese kuthiwa mama Thabethe buya sesikwakhele umuzi wakho.

Ngingancamela ukuyohlala emkhukhwini ka Jika-Joe ngeke ungibone. Ayabuya amabhasi namakhumbi, sekulokhu kuthiwa nje usibanibani sebhuliswe ebhasini babulawa. Sewulokhu untanta nje ngoba uyacabanga ukuthi engabe umyeni wami uzokwehlika kuphi

ngoba kulelwe inqina ezitobhini. Ukuthi uwumfundisi noma uwubani, wawubulawa nje. Abefundisi base Weseli okwakuthi uma zivuma ingoma zibuya lapho zibuya khona, nivuke nilunguze ukuthi ngobani labo. Hawu ubone ukuthi obaba uShenge no Josia Dlamini ababevusa abantu belele. Namhlanje ayikho into evusa abantu belele. Yebo siyazithola izinkonzo zisilungise emiphefumulweni, kodwa okodlame kuyabuya. Ngiyabonga ukuphefumula mhlawumbe kukhona okudeda emoyeni.

ALOZIWE MNCWABE

Sanibona, igama ngingu Aloziwe Mncwabe ngihlala khona la eNtabeni.

Mina ukuphuma kwami kulelibhunu engangihlala kulona...angisakhumbuli kahle unyaka ngoba ingqondo yami seyimfushane. Sahlaselwa kuwu New Year's Eve, sashiya phansi iziklabhu zilenga. Umakhelwane wami esasakhe naye bafike bamthola bamdubula bambulala, mina sengibalekile nezami izingane.

Mina inkinga kwaba wukuthi izingane zami zihlala kaDambuza ziyi ANC okwakungabafana ababili. Ukuthi ngasinda kanjani angazi ngoba babedubula, kwasa ekuseni amagobolondo ezinhlamvu egcwele ibala.

Angazi ngampela ukuthi ngasinda kanjani ngoba sasingasalali ekhaya, ngangilala ngezansi komuzi wami. Uma ngibuya ekuseni ekhaya amawindi ayeyizindlobho ngenxa yezinhlamvu. Kodwa sasinda ngoba ngenhlanhla babengahambe besifuna lapho silele khona, lalina izulu silele nengane yami yentombazane, nabanye omakhelwane bami engangakhelene nabo baka Mkhize ekhaya kubo kamama wami. Savuka ekuseni lapho sabaleka nezingane zami saya ekhaya lapho ngizalwa khona. Uma sifika ekhaya nabo basebethutha sebehamba kulapho ngezwa nokuthi sebembulele umakhelwane wami wakaMadlala, igama



lakhe kwakungu Joseph. Sahamba saya kadadewethu kwesinye isigodi ngafike ngahlala nabantwana baka dadewethu.

Kwaze kwabe ngiyabuya ngiza kaDambuza sathola indawo, siyitholelwa u Gwala. UGwala wayazana kakhulu nomfana wami omdala. Wathi Themba, musani ukuhlupheka kangaka nomama wakho nihambe niqasha nayi indawo yakhani nihlale khona. Sakha-ke, sahlala khona, sasinda kanjalo. Ngelanga ababesihlasela ngalo angizange ngicabange ukuthi kukhona ongasinda kwami ngoba izinhlamvu zazishaya amawindi. Kodwa ngomusa kaNkulunkulu kwasa sikhona, yilokho nje okwasiphatha kabuhlungu. Ngaphinde ngaphathwa kabuhlungu ukubulawa kuka Joseph ngoba kwakungumntwana esasizwana naye.

Abantwana bami babesebenza la eThawini, uMadlala egade abantwana bami futhi ngazi ukuthi angeke babathinte abantwana bami ngoba ukhona uMadlala. Yikona-ke okwangisusa lapha ngoba ngabona ukuthi kuyafiwa ngampela, futhi nakhu seabulele uMadlala. Ikona engisakukhumbula kahle, manje ingqondo yami seyimfushane manje sengiyakhohlwa okunye. Hayi! impela indaba yodlame, impela uNkulunkulu wasisindisa.

NTOMBIKAYISE MBAMBO

Igama lami ngingu Ntombikayise ozalwa ka Zuma ngase ngishadela kaMbambo, ngihlala la eNtabeni.

Mina ngangihlala e Bulwer (eNkumba), kwesika Vusi Ndaba. Ngesikhathi kuqala lezinto nganginomntwana engangimzale ngo 1982, ngangihambile ngiye ekhaya kumama wami ongizalayo. Uma sengibuya, kwakukhona isitolo esasingasekhaya engasifika sesishile kanti vele sewukhona umoyana ongemuhle, namadoda aseyashisa manje. Amadoda esephatha imikhonto mina ingane ngangiyibeletha, ngibaleke ngiyohlala ngenhla komuzi. Ngingamncelisa umntwana noma engafuni, kunetha thina silele ehlathini. Kwakuthi ekuseni ubuye uze endlini wawungazi noma ubaba walomntwana wami njengoba ehambile ebusuku uzobuya noma angeke esabuya.

Wawubona abanye omakhelwane sebebuyile, mhlawumbe naye umbone eseqhamuka ebuya. Sayiphila ke lempilo... kuthe ngosuku oluthile sisalele lapho nengane, ngezwa nje ngqo, ngqo, ngqo hawu! sekuyangqongqa ekhaya. Kodwa kwasho ukuthi kwakukhona umfowethu owayekhubazekile engakwazi ukuthi aphume, kwakuhti uma sesiphuma siyolala ngaphandle afakwe ehhokweni lezinkukhu yena. Kwangqongqa ngamuzwa esekhala nami ngake ngazibamba sekuthi ngikhale kakhulu lapho ngangicashe khona bamshiya esha kanjalo.

Kwathi uma sifika ekhaya ekuseni, samfika eshile esewugodo. Kwathi uma sibona ukuthi ayikho lento kwathathwa zinkomo ezazilapho esibayeni kwakunezinkomo-ke lapha kufuyiwe. Zithathwa yibo labantu?

Kwathi uma sesibona ukuthi ayikho into esiyihlalele sathutha sahamba ngebhadi asikwazanga ukuthatha lutho. Kodwa ama

ID sasilala nawo emahlathini okuyiyona into esagcina sikwaze ukubaleka nazo. Kwathi ekuseni sa hicker sashona le eXosheyakhe, kusase Bulwer nakhona kamamncane safike saquba khona. Sabuye sabona ukuthi asidlule size ngapha eSitezi, sahlala khona lapho siqashe emzini waka Ndlovu, sezwa kuthiwa nazi izindawo ngapha lezindawo zaqala ngase Sinathingi. Sahamba-ke kwakuhambe kukalwa, sibekwa nathi sazithola kanjalo ke izindawo. Kwathiwa kodwa lezindawo zisemadlelweni ezinkomo zabantu, kodwa nanamhlanje sisahleli khona.

THANDI GWALA

Igama lami ngingu Thandi Gwala, ngashadela kaThabethe.

Mina ngangakhe ngaPhezulu endaweni yase Ntembeni. Ngakhulela khona, ngaphinde ngashadela khona, ngazala izingane eziwu 4, umfana emunye.

Endaweni esasakhe kuyona savukelana sodwa. Umfana wami bamqamba lelogama ababemqamba lona.

Cha, bambiza ngokuthi yena uyi ANC bona bathi bayi Nkatha sebefuna ukusibulala ekhaya. Sabaleka saya ekhaya kaMafunze (kaQanda), nalapho basilandela, sasuka saya eSigodini e missionary. Nakhona futhi lapho basilandela, sasuka saya koqasha esikoleni eNathi. Kwathi nje sisafike ilanga elilodwa, nakhona futhi kwaba njalo. Saphinde sasuka saya koqasha ePhola (eHenly). Ngicabanga ukuthi sasisafike ilanga elilodwa noma ngingasakhumbuli kahle, sezwa kumemeza abantu laphaya phesheya bethi, nisalele naba abantu! Labantu babeqhamuka phezulu e Taylors. Uma sithi siyabheka, haybo naba abantu, abanye bathwele imithwalo bayabaleka nezingane. Nathi sibaleke siye eSigodini, uma sifika khona bagcwele abanye abantu. Mina ngashonelwa umfowethu owabulawa abantu sisengaphezulu. Bamhudula bethi bayomphonsa endaweni eyimpophoma kodwa bangafinyelela, babe sebemshiya endaweni eyixhaphozi. Walahleka kuyi Sonto kwaba uMsombuluko oLwesibili.

Babesuka naye eNtembeni ngasekhaya, bambulala bamfaka exhaphozini...mhlawumbe bezwa amanzi eduma kakhulu ngoba mhlawumbe kwase kuhwalala. Uma sesimthola wayengaseyena, esonakele, sesimbona nje ngokuthi siyamazi.

Yilokho-ke okwasiphatha kabi kakhulu, ngoba khona
lapho kwashona ubaba noma washona ngokugula kodwa
asikwazanga ukuyomngcwaba Ngaphezulu. Wangcwatshwa
nje ubaba singekho, yilokho ke okwasiphatha kabi thina.

JABU NTOMBELA

Igama lami ngingu Jabu Ntombela, ngihlala eNtabeni.

Sasakhe kwa Gezubuso.

Ubuhlungu esabuzwa kakhulu empilweni yethu, kwakunecala le ANC elinye kwaziwa ukuthi eleNkatha. Ekhaya kwakunabafana abaningi, babewu 8, thina mantombazane sibabili kuphela. Kwakungumuzi ababethanda kakhulu ukuhlaselela kuwona ngoba kwakunabafana. Kwakuthi njalo uma kuyi weekend sazi ukuthi njalo bayeza, siphume ekhaya sibaleke siy kohlala enhlabeni. Nangempela sasithi sisahleli nje, kumenyezwe kuthiwe nansi Inkatha, eyi sibakaze singazi senzenjani. Umama wayethi phumani ngoba angeke sisakwazi ukubaleka uma sebeseduzane. Siphume sibaleke, bathi obhuti bami cha thina asibaleki ngoba uma sibaleka bazosala bangene la ekhaya bashise.

Sayiphila leyompilo ngoba futhi kwakungekho lula ukubaleka nezimpahla, wawubaleka nepasi nje kuphela. Izingubo zethu obhuti base bakhe imigodi yama drum, bese befaka izingubo phakathi bamboze ngoba uzobaleka nepasi uma sebefikile abahlaseli akukho okunye ozophinde ubaleke nako. Sayihlala leyompilo.

Kwathi ubhuti wami okwakungowesithathu wayezizulela nje eye endaweni ebizwa ngokuthi kuseTafuleni. Lapho sambona egijima ngendlela asiboni ukuthi uyena kodwa sibona umuntu ogijima ngendlela eyisimanga egxoshwa yifu labantu, phakathi



kwalelofu kwakukhona ngisho Inkosi imbala. Eyi siyibuke lento yalomuntu ogxoshwa ngaleyandlela, kukhona namahhashi. Bamgxoshe lomuntu size sibone sebembambile benyuka naye, sibukela nje ngaphesheya, simangale ukuthi ekungabe bayomenzani kuze-kube siyalala. Kuthe ekuseni ngovivi sizwe kungqongqozwa, avule umama ubani lona ongqongqozayo Inkosi uqobo. Izosibikela ukuthi nangu umfowenu lapha kwi ground useyizicucu...bese ithi Inkosi seningaya komlanda. Hayi umama athule angasho lutho. Baphuma obhuti bami bayakomlanda, babuya naye bemfake emasakeni ngendlela ayeyizicucu ngakhona, wangcwatshwa enjalo engasabonakali. Sahlala sabekezela waze wangcwatshwa. Kodwa usuku olwaba lukhulu kakhulu yilolu luka June 16 lapho kwase kusha yonke imizi.

Kwakungu 1987 lapho kwasha khona yonke imizi, kwakufa ngane, hlanya, mama kufa yonke nje into. Lapho sasibaleke sonke singaphansi kwentaba ngoba awukho umuzi owawu ngasashunqi, kwakusha yonke imizi befike ngama truck. Sathi sihleli lapho sibuka, hawu sabona sekusha nasekhaya. Umuzi wasekhaya wawumkhulu ngendlela eyisimanga kodwa washa kwangathi bewumncu ncu! Sabona ke ukuthi hayi sekuphelile ngekhaya lethu.

Uma sekubalekwa, sasesinqamula kwaShange, sehla ngemigwaqo le eyehlela eEden siya emasontweni eSigodini. Lapho safike sathathwa umfundisi uNsimbi wasihlalisa esontweni. Sahlala lapho kodwa ngendlela okwakungekho mnandi ngayo, kwadingeka ukuthi siphume manje siyoqasha amakamelo. Nangempela baqasha ababenemali yokuthi baqashe, nathi sathola indawo yase Nhlazatshe. Nakhona eNhlazatshe akuhlalekanga kahle ngoba sasithole indawo yomuntu. Sasuka ke lapho futhi kanti uGwala sizozwa sekuthiwa kubhaliselwa lezindawo esikuzona manje. Inkosi lena kwakungu Dlokwakhe, ubaba ka Shayabantu

MAMA DLAMINI

Ngingowaka Dlamini isibongo angishadanga, ngihlala eNtabeni.

Mina ngingowase Centocow, kodwa manje ngakhe eGqumeni. Eyil Hayi mina angazi ngingathini, angikaze ngiyibone into engayibona ngamehlo ami. Mina bengihlala la e Taylors, kwase kuqala wona lomkhuhlane abawushoyo, ngase ngikhumbula ukuya kithi. Angizange ngihlale ngisho izinyanga kuthe kulenyanga yesithupha kwaqala lomkhuhlane engiwubalekele e-Centocow?

Yebo, angithi legenge esebenza eThawini seyifikile emakhaya yafike yafaka lenkonzo, kodwa kwasho ukuthi yinkonzo engiyaziyo mina lena abakhuluma ngayo yasentabeni. Hayi bangijwayela nje abafana futhi nje sonke nezingane zami sasesinalo ulwazi. Kuthe kusuka nje ngelinye ilanga kwasuka umakhelwane owayeyisihlobo sami, waya eNduneni, wafike wathi lomkhuhlane ufike nami. Hayi yangibiza iNduna yakithi yathi, ngizwa kuthiwa dadewethu uwena ofike nalento, mina ke uma ungizela ngobuso angizelwa, bese ngithi mina ukutshelile yini ukuthi uthisha ubani ngizovuma-ke mina, ngizokutshela lonke iqiniso.

Lento athi uyayicula, umfana wakhe uwuthisha...ngoba mina sengizobulawa kanye nezingane zami. Ithi Induna ya ngibonile ukusho kwakhe lento ukuthi kukhona akufihlayo, athi wena landela uzoyithola into oyifunayo. Hayi nangempela Inkatha



yayingadlali balandelela ngampela bathola ukufa kukamakhelwane wami. Kwase kusho ukuthi angeke sisasala manje, kanti futhi nabafana basendaweni bebesijwayele akukho-zingane lapha ekhaya, izingane ezikhona amantombazane kuphela amancane.

Sabatshela ukuthi uma sekuqala lento angithi emakhaya akwaziwa lutho sithi uyabona uma isimo sesiqala ukuba kanje kumele nihambe nibhangqane futhi nihambe kwayisemakhaya ngoba nizofa. Ngobulima bomama bathi hayibo izingane zenzeni, hawu-ke bazilanda zabulawa phambi kwabo futhi umntwana wakho afele phambi kwakho. Kwasho ukuthi-ke lapho kwaba noNkulunkulu khona ukuthi basuke baqala ngokuxosha abazali, izingane zahlala entabeni, kanti bazozibulala izingane. Angithi kusendaweni esesiqhingini akukho nendawo yokubaleka, ngapha yiNkatha nangapha yiNkatha, manje seziphakathi nendawo bazikakile futhi akusekho nendlela yokuthi zize la eThawini.

Kwabonakala ukuthi hayi liyabhubha ke manje, kwabe sekuhlangu amakhosikazi kuthiwe uma nibona kunjena kuhamba kanjani? Hayi ashintsha manje amakhosikazi athi, hayi sihamba nabantwana bethu ngoba vele bayabulawa bayaphela kwahlukwana phakathi amadoda manje namakhosikazi. Abaningi ngasala namapasi abo ngoba bafa, ngangcwaba ngaze ngathi hayi ngeke angisayi nasemngcwabeni. Kuyangcwatshwa ngala, nawa namaphoyisa, ngagcina sengibalekile mina ngaya kohlala eSitezi, ngase ngibuya ngo 1994 ngazohlala ka Dambuza. Kodwa ngaqala ngokuya kohlala eMandiyeni ngoba ngizama ukuphambanisa ulayini. Hayi zeza izingane, uma zike-zahamba sewuyozwa kuthiwa bafile obanibani, kwasho nokuthi azisabazi nabazali bazo ukuthi baphuma babheka ngakuphi.

Ezinye zafa, zangcwatshwa kungaziwa nokuthi abazali baphuma babheka ngakuphi. Lobo buhlungu bokuthi ingane yakho ife ungakwazi ukuyingcwaba, kuyisilonda esingavumi ukuphela. Kuthe bejika babe-sebethi ngoba wena (besho

kimina) uyabazi ngoba besakhile endaweni, noma kanjani uyabazi abantu owakhelene nabo. Ngangingeke ngingayi kongcwaba ngoba nasentabeni sase-silale sadela ngingengozi engeqiwa ntwala ngenxa yokuzishutheka ematsheni. Kodwa ke ubuhlungu obake benzeka mhlazane sibaleka siya komkhulu safike sagxoshwa yiNkosi, yathi yithina esidonsa udlame kodwa manje sesize kuyona ngoba senzela ukuthi kube iyona ekhuzayo lapha e Taylors ngase ngihlale 5 years sengiyibonile lento.

Ngaxoxa nomunye umama ngathi lalela la, ngathi mina sengiyahamba, asihambeni manje. Kwasiza ukuthi siyela ephalamende ngoba manje bayafa abafana futhi badinga ukungcwatshwa, kodwa akekho umuntu ozofuna ukuya emngcwabeni ngoba abekho abazali. Noma sasiya emngcwabeni ngenxa yokuthi labantwana siyabazi, kodwa abazali babo babengekho. Abazali bangithola sengihlala la ngesikhathi sengitholelwa yiphalamdende indawo yokuhlala, ngingiqashe isikhathi esingango 7 years. Wawubona nje sekufika unkosikazi. Sibuze ukuthi uvela kuphi? Athi cha ngithi nje angizonibona.

Lapho sesimnika izimpahla zomntwana wakhe uma zisakhona, akhale ahambe ngoba futhi akekho ozohamba ayombhekisa ingcwaba. Kodwa bona abantwana babengcwatshwe ndawonye khona lapha emakhaya. Kwakuthi kodwa uma ungesabi uhambe uye khona, simyalele nje ukuthi iya kusibanibani, uzofike akukhombise ingcwaba lengane yakho. Ubuhlungu obabukhona, sake sahlala isidumbu ngoba futhi sasibalekela ukuthi bazobacwiya ngoba vele bayabacwiya. Uma sifika kukhona abantu abathile bathi bayosiza laphaya emakhaya. Kwakuthi njalo uma kuyongcwatshwa kusuke amaphoyisa azogada emngcwabeni. UGwala wayesisiza kakhulu ngoba wayesikhiphela abanfana ukuthi bazogada emngcwabeni. ngoba nayi lento yezi...hayi ngoba ukubulala umuntu...abantu basahlalelwe enye into. Kube khona izinsizwa...kwakungezase Machunwini ezazilethwe

ngemoto yezinkwa, yafika lemoto yazithulula lezinsizwa. Kodwa manje indawo aziyazi, kuzothi uma sekuqhuma inhlamvu zingazi kumele zibaleke zibheke ngakuphi. Lezozinsizwa zafela ehlathini. Lezinsizwa zazilethwe yindoda ethile, usibanibani.

Lapho kwasala izinsizwa ezingu 25 ehlathini, naye loyo wayethi ulethe izilomo kanti zilomo zakhe lezo zizofike zisale. esasingazi zazisuka kuphi kodwa sagcina sazile ngoba ezinye zasala khona ehlathini. Kwafika nje abantu behamba ngemoto yezinkwa, kanti ababulali kwasho ukuthi uNkulunkulu uyiNkosi futhi akahluleki. Angeke ngize ngikhothwe ngoba noma sifika lesosithombe ngivele ngiqhaqhazele, ukubona umuntu ecwiyiwe ngangingamazi mina umuntu edatshuliwe kwavezwa izibindi, kwathathwa zonke izitho zomzimba...kwakuthi uma ngibuka Isibaya kudutshulwana, ngivele ngicimeze ngoba isibhamu ngisisaba kabi.

Yebo-ke sahlukumezeka kodwa sabonga ukuthi uGwala wafike wasitholela indawo. Mina ke kodwa ngaba nelishwa, kwathi ngisanda ukufika, zadutshulwa izingane zami. Eyi yaphenduka inhliziyi ngoba angiphumuli ngokufa kwazo.

Eyi, eyi! ayikaphumuli ngampela inhliziyi yami ngoba ngangisho ukuthi ukube zafela emakhaya kungabe... ayivumi nje futhi angazi ukuthi sengiyophunyuzwa yikona ukufa! Lobo buhlungu engabuzwa angikakaze.

Kwase kungu 2003 March 20 kuyiholide. Impela lobo buhlungu abuvumi ukuphela. Kodwa ngathi uNkulunkulu wayesengikhombisa ukuthi bekufana, noma kungabe ngaqhubeka ngahlala kwakusalungile.

Ayivumi lento ukuphela ngoba kwasuke kwaba nezitatimende, uyabona ukufika endaweni abantu bengakwazi. Abantu bayokhuluma...umuntu uyohleka ngoba angeke kufike kuyena. Manje lokho kwangibangela ukuthi ngi... ngiyasonta mina kodwa kunabantu engingabathandisi. Ngiyabazonda nje! Ngihlekwe abantu nabo abazele,

iihhhee! Ngoba ukufa kwezingane zami bangihleka kubantu abangafanele, bayohlekisa ngami kanti ngizozwa.

Ngiyasonta ukusonta kodwa akudluli. Nami ngangingazi ukuthi uNkulunkulu uyangithanda, ngoba kusuke kuwukuthandwa wuNkulunkulu mina angibizanga muntu ukuthi woza uzodubula izingane zami zife. Kodwa ngakubuka lokho ukuthi ungababoni abantu bethi bayakholwa, hawu! Inkosi inibusise bathandwa ngoba silapha ukuzokhipha ingonyuluka. Isilonda sasekhaya, ukushiya amangcwaba...

ANASTACIA SHELEMBE

Mina igama lami ngingu Anastacia Shelembe ngizalwa ka Mkhize ngashadela ka Shelembe, ngihlala eNtabeni.

Mina ngasuka eTaylors kodwa nizongixolela ngoba okunye okuningi sengakukhohlwa sengimdala. Mina nganginengane yomfana eyayisaya esikoleni. Kwakuthi uma iphuma esikoleni, njalo ifike idle ngokukhulu ukujaheka iphume ihambe. Ngizibuze ukuthi lengane elokhu yahamba njalo ntambama isuke iya kuphi. Kuthe ngelinye ilanga ngimbuze, hawu Mduduzi yini ntambama nisuke niyaphi na? Athi yena hayi kuthiwe singasho. Ngithi obani laba abathe ningasho na? Athi hayi abadala kunathi. Kwahamba, kwahamba ngigule ngilale phansi. Abe esethi hawu wemama kuthiwe laba abadala abasiphethe laphaya asothenga amateku. Bese ngithi mina anginayo imali, imali enginayo kudingeka ukuthi ngiye kadokotela. Athi yena, hayi phela bazosishaya ngoba badala kunathi. Kukhona amateku ayefakwa (obhotsiba), ayemnyama babegijima ngawo.

Ngihlale ke esehambile, bese kufika ukuthi ake ngiphumele emnyango kwakukhona umfudlana owawuhamba kujana nasekhaya. Ngithi uma ngiqalaza lapha emfuleni, ngibone ifu nje labafana kuyahlatshelwa, hayi abuye naye ekhaya. Kuthe ngelinye ilanga ebusuku sesilele ngqo, ngqo, ngqo... hawu uma ngithi ngiyaphaphama sekukhanya indlu yonke



amathoshi, sebezungeze umuzi wonke. Vulani, vulani, vulani!!
Yiphi loqabane! Hawu obani labo vulani, vulani, vulani!
Bashaye izicabha, bese ngivusa lezi ezinye izingane ezilele
ekamelweni ngithi niyayibona yini into eyenzakalayo? Uma bethi
bayaphaphama bathi hawu obani laba abasikhanyise kangaka?

Ngithi nami angazi. Bese ngivula emnyango, uma ngivula
hawu amasosha. Athi yiphi loqabane! Khipha loqabane! Ngithi
hayi iqabane alikho lana. Bathi umfana wakho uyiqabane,
ngithi hayibo mina angikwazi lokho. Apequlule amasosha
nangaphansi kwemibhede ashiye kubheke phezulu nje...

Umfana akekho uhambile ngoba sase simsusile ekhaya
sathi akahambe. Ngakusasa kufike laba beNkatha, bafike bathi
sifuna umfana wakho, mkhiphe, usumbalekisile, usumhambisile!
Ngithi mina ngimhambise waya kuphi, ngoba angimazi nami
ukuthi uye kuphi. Bese bethi sizobuya. Nathi asisalali ke
manje amasosha. Ngelinye ilanga kuqhamuke abaka Ntombela
begcwele... Kuthiwe balekani, nizophela namhlanje. Hayi ke
sivale emakhaya sihambe. Okwaze kwenza ukuthi sithuthe
size la kwaba wukuthi sifakelwe incwadi emnyango yokuthi
sizobulawa, sabaleka ke seza-lapha. Sasingalali amabhanoyi
amasosha, ayengeve amasosha esihlukumeza okuningi
sengikukhohliwe kodwa ngizokhuluma lokhu engisakukhumbula.

Kwahamba, kwahamba umfana wami wavakashela
umkhwenyana wentombazane yakwami la eMbali. Sathi
sizwa nje kwakuthiwa phuthumani esibhedlela. Uma sifika
esibhedlela sibuzwe ukuthi singabakabani? Sisho-ke. Onesi
babe sebeyasitshela ukuthi akasekho loyo. Asazi ke ukuthi
eMbali kwafike kwenzekani ngoba wayephuma la phela,
sesihlala kaDambuza. Kwahamba-ke bambulala. Sonke kwaba
njalo, uma uke wahamba bayasala bayakha endaweni yakho.

Igama lami ngingu Bettina.
Mina bengihlala kaMnyandu.
Sasibona nje abangenhla kwethu
bebaleka behlushwa yiNkatha.
KwaMnyandu, umyeni kadadewethu
ebesihlala naye bamdubula.
Sahamba ke sesixoshwa yiNkatha.



THEMBEKILE XABA

Igama lami ngingu Thembekile waka Xaba, ngizalwa kaMadlala kodwa ngabe sengishadela Kwa Xaba. Ngihlala lapha eNtabeni.

Mina ngiwu number Thembekile Xaba. Angeke ngisaphindela kokunye osekushiwo. Nami ngaye u 1987 ngoba udlame lwalusuka phezulu ko Mpendle luze luyofika ko Noshezi. Mina ngangisuka kwa Shange lapho ngazalelwa khona emndenini wakaMadlala, ngase ngishadela emndenini waka Xaba okwaNoshezi. Uma ngifika kwaNoshezi ngase nginabantwana abancane noma babengabancane kakhulu, kodwa ukhona okamagcino owayesamncane. Ngikhumbula ukuthi sasithi uma silele ehlathini, bangihawukele abanye esilele nabo ehlathini bethi ingane izongenwa umkhuhlane.

Kwaze kwaba khona unkosikazi ongihawukelayo engilalisa kwakhe. Kuthe uma sekubonakala ukuthi kubi, kuyashiwo ukuthi namhlanje uyeza lowo sbanibani esingeke simbize ngegama. Nangempela thina sasuka eseqhamukile, sashiya konke...wayeqhamuka kulendawo ekuthiwa yise Mvudleni kuyiviyo ongakaze ulibone, kuyimpi nje impela. Sathutha-ke, kodwa mina ngaya ekhaya kaMadlala angihambanga, kwathi futhi uma sekudlulile sabuyela ekhaya sahlala. Mina ngaze ngahamba ngesikhathi sekuwudlame lwezinhlangano ezase zibhekene emahlweni endaweni ukuthi lo wayeyiNkatha, lo wayeyi ANC into enjalo nje.



Kwaba khona ingxabano...ngavinjwa ngivotisa...nami ngiyalithanda ixoki mama uMkhwani [kuyahlekwa]. Kwathiwa kukhona abakulalele unyendle emasimini...ngoba phela ukuvotisa kuye kuphele ngabo 10 ebusuku...manje ebusuku ungahamba kanjani uwumfazi. Ngathi sengicela omunye owayesiphethe lapho ekuvoteni ukuthi, hayi ngisacela ungilalise kwakho nkosikazi ngoba yena wayakhe...angisazi ukuthi wayehlala kuphi. Kodwa uma eya kwakhe wayedlula ka Dambuza, wathi uzodlula angishiye uma sesiqedile. Uma siqeda nje, kwaqhamuka umfana wangasekhaya useyizwile indaba yokuthi ngizohlaselwa ngibulawelwe emasimini. Wathi umfana ngizohamba nawe, nangempela wangipheleza waze wangibeka ekhaya ngalala.

Kuthe uma kusa ekuseni, kwakugcwele amabhodi emthonjeni lapho sikha khona amanzi...angithukwanga ngezinhlamba kwakuyisimanga. Ngoba sekukhona ukuthi abanjani abavotisayo, abanjani abangakhethwanga ekuvotiseni, sekuyinxushunxushu nje. Sahamba kanjalo-ke nezingane ngoba sengibona ukuthi angisahleli kahle. Ngoba ngase ngibona ukuthi ngelinye ilanga bazongena ngingazelele sengibonga labo-ke abangitshela ngendaba yokubulawa emasimini. Sabe sesithutha sahamba seza ka Dambuza. Nami ngiyayazi leyo yaka Dambuza ukuthi abantu abalapha ngezansi babekhala ngokuthi sithatha idlelo lezinkomo zabo, kodwa wayeshaya phansi ngonyawo ubaba u Gwala athi hlalani ngoba ngiyilungisile indaba yenu, ningasuki.

Siyabonga ukuthi sahlala saqinisela noma besibhuqa benza zonke izinto, sahlala ngenkani. Namhlanje ubaba uGwala sewazihambela, futhi nabo abasasho lutho kanti sesihleli kahle manje.

Mina engingathi ngiye ngikubone kungikhathaze, ukuthi sasinezindawo ezinkulu sitshalile singalambi. Manje sinezindawo ezincane simpintshekile asikwazi nokwakha ingadi. Yilokho kimina okuyiva, ngaphandle kwalokho, akukho okunye.

UJABU BHENGU ONGUMGQUGQUZELI WALEZINGXOXO

Uma ngenza lomsebenzi nalamaqembu, ngangicabanga ukuthi bazoxoxa izindaba ngengikwaziyo. Bengisebenza ngihlala e-Edendale indawo lababantu ababalekela kuyona. Benginguthishanhloko esikoleni samabanga aphezulu esasisanda kusungulwa e-Edendale. Ngangifunda amaphephandaba, ngezwa imibiko, ngahlangana nabantu ababethintwe udlame. Kodwa lapho ngisebenza nalamaqembu omama ngathola ukuqonda okukhulu kwalokho okwakwenzeka ngalesosikhathi.

Okunye engikufundile ngokuba nalaba besifazane njengoba bexoxa izindaba ukuthi ngalesikhathi, njengoba besikhathazekile kakhulu ngesimo esasenzeka ezweni, ngokubona kwami bekumayelana nokuphepha kwami siqu nomndeni wami. Ngikhumbula ukuthi ekuseni ngemva kokuba kube nokuphazamiseka esikoleni okwakwenzeka masonto wonke umndeni wami wawungibuza, “uyaya namhlanje esikoleni?” bekumele ngihambe, kuzokwenzakalani uma kufika othisha nezingane? Bekumele ngibekhona njengenhloko yesikole. Ngangibona ebusweni babo ukuthi bakhathazekile ngami, noma yini yayingenzeka kimi lapho ngishayela ngiya, noma ngibuya esikoleni. Kodwa ke, mina nomndeni wami akukho lapho inselelo esasibhekene nayo ingalinganiswa nezinkinga zalabo besifazane bezindaba zomame.

Uma sithi abantu bayizifiki, babaleka lapho besuka khona, kuhlale kubuzwa ukuthi baphumaphi? Ezindabeni zabo basitshela ukuthi baphuma emiphakathini, baphuma emindenini yasezindaweni zasemakhaya. Labantu babehlala kahle, kodwa isimo sabaphoqa ukuthi babaleke baye ekudingisweni. Bazithola

behlala emijondolo enekamelo elilodwa noma baqashe amakamelo. Kwadingeka ukuthi bajwayele indawo entsha, nomakhelwane ababebaxwaya. Babengakwazi ukuhlelela ikusasa, bengazi futhi ukuthi ngosuku olulandelayo noma enyangeni elandelayo kuzokwenzekani ngabo. Babaleka bashiya imizi yabo bacela ukukhosela e-Edendale kodwa nalapho babengaphephile, kwakungekho ukuthula.

Abantwana besikole ababaleka nemindeni yabo baqala ezikoleni ezintsha phakathi nonyaka. Labo ababebhebhethela udlame babefika njalo ezikoleni benza sengathi bazovikela abafundi kanti bafuna ukuzobheka “isitha”. Ukufika kwabo kwakuchaza ukuthi ukufunda kuyama kuvalwe isikole abafundi babaleke.

Uma sengibheka emuva kulezikhathi ngiyabona ukuthi sahluleka ukusiza abantwana ababesuswa udlame emiphakathini yabo. Kwakufanele ngabe sabanika ukwelulekwa ngoba babephazamisekile emiqondweni ngenxa yezimpi. Njengothisha sasifuna ukuthi baqhubeke njengenjwayelo, banake izifundo zabo kodwa besabhekene nokungahlaliseki kahle endaweni entsha futhi bengakaziswa bephephile. Mhlawumbe loludlame esinalo kwimiphakathi yethu uma sibuka emuva lapho sidlule khona liwumphumela wokuphazamiseka namanxeba angakaze alashwe.

Ukuphepha, indawo yokuhlala kanye nokuvikeleka, ukuziqonda ukuthi ungubani wakuphi kuyisisekelo sempilo yomuntu. Umphakathi usenza sizazi futhi sizizwe siyingxenye yomndeni, abangani kanye nomakhelwane. Ikhaya liyindawo ephephile esiya kulo sithole imfudumalo. Izinyanga neminyaka, abesifazane basitshela ngendlela ababephila ngayo ngokwesaba nokukhathazeka baphinde babizwe ngokuthi “izifiki”

Ngo-1994 uma sithola inkululeko asizange sibheke ukuthi udlame lusilimaze kangakanani. Unya olwenziwa emalungwini eminye yemindeni nasemiphakathini luyesabeka. Angazi ukuthi

balala kanjani nalezo zigameko emakhanda abo. Sehlulekile ukubhekana nokuhlukumezeka kwabo okungokwengqondo.

Imindeni yethu iwumgogodla wempilo yethu. Uma sinezinga umndeni uyasixhasa, usiduduze. Ngodlame imindeni yaphazamiseka. Kwatshaleka imbewu yenzondo phakathi kweminye imindeni. Ezikhathini eziningi lapho amalunga omndeni ayengamalunga ezinhlangothini ezahlukeni ezilwayo, lokhu kwadala ukungezwani nokusolana emindenini futhi baba yizitha. Ezinye zezindaba zabo zibonisa ukuthi leyombewu yenzondo isekhona nanamuhla. Abakaze babuyisane ngokweqiniso.

Balahlekelwa impilo, balahlekelwa yizimpahla zabo zasendlini kanye nokunye. Okunye abasakhala ngakho wukulahlekelwa umhlaba njengoba bengakwazi ukufuya noma ukulima amasimu lapho bezinze khona. Nanamuhla abanye babo balangazelela impilo ababeyiphila ngaphambi kokuba udlame luphazamise konke.

ZENZEKA KUPHI LEZINDABA

Indaba ye-GREATER EDENDALE isuka kudala ngaphambi kwezikhathi zombango wezepolitiki nomzabalazo ochazwa yilaba besifazane. Ababusi baseBrithani babefuna izizwe zihlale ngokwehlukana. Indawo yokuqala e-Natali eyabekelwa abamnyama kwaba ngo-1846 i-Zwartkop/Swartkop (Ngaphezulu1). Lokho kwakusho ukuthi uhulumeni ophethe wawungakwazi ukugcina izinhlanga zihlukene futhi ulawule ama-Afrika. Ipulazi elingama-hector angaphezu kuka-6000 eliphakathi kwe-Zwartkop noMgungundlovu okwakungela-Andries Pretorious nalo ekwakuyindawo yokuhlalisa abamnyama lathengwa umfundisi waseWeseli uJames Allison ngo-1851. Kwmuva labizwa ngokuthi i-Edendale.

Abahlala kulendawo eyathengwa u-Allison babebizwa ngokuthi ngamakholwa (abaguqukile). Amakholwa akwazi ukuthola umhlaba namatatiyela lapha. Lawa amakholwa abambe iqhaza elibonakalayo empilweni yengqondo namasiko yaseNatali ngisho nasezingeni likazwelonke. Lesi kwaba yisiqalo seqembu elidumile lase-Afrika. Izicukuthwane (ononhlevu) kwakungama-Afrika ayengamaKrestu futhi efundile. Ngenxa yalokho amanye amalungu asungula i-African National Congress, okuyiqembu elibusayo manje eNingizimu Afrika, aphuma e-Edendale. Abantu abamnyama base-Afrika abampofu kanye nabangaguqukile (omakhul'ehlupheka) basala emngceleni walomphakathi.

Indawo yase-Greater Edendale manje seyakhiwe izigodi zendabuko ngaphansi kobuholi bendabuko ezaziwa ngokuthi iVulandlela, amalokishi (iMbali, kanye ne-Ashdown) ngaphansi kokulawulwa ngumasipala, umhlaba wabantu abanamatatiyela nalowo onemijondolo. I-Edendale ngokwanamuhla lapho

abanikazi banamatatiyela kubekhona nezindawo ezingaphansi kukahulumeni wesifundazwe (IDP yoMsunduzi, 2021-2022).

I-Greater Edendale manje isiyingxenye kaMasipala uMsunduzi eMgungundlovu KwaZulu-Natal, eNingizimu Afrika. Umasipala waseMsunduzi uthatha indawo engu-635 Km² enabantu abalinganiselwa ku-617,000. Ingxenye yalaba bantu ihlala endaweni yase-Greater Edendale. Idolobha lingesibili ngobukhulu KwaZulu-Natal kanti futhi liyinhloko-dolobha yesifundazwe.

SIZIQOQE KANJANI LEZINDABA

Ngokugqugquzelwa nguSibongile Mkhize idlanzana labesifazane ababebambe iqhaza ekulweni nobandlululo ku-ANC kanye ne-UDF baba nezingxoxo mayelana nokushicilelwa nokuqoshwa kwezindaba zabesifazane ngomzabalazo eKZN Midlands. Kulezi zingxoxo kwasungulwa iqembu elincane elabe selicubungula kabanzi intshisekelo yalo futhi lenza umzamo wokuqala wokufinyelela kwabesifazane ababe bandakanyekile. Lokhu kwenziwa ngesimemo esabhalwa ngolimi lwesiZulu emaphephandabeni endawo ngomhlangano ovulelekile owabanjelwa KwaZulu Natal Museum eMgungundlovu.

Abesifazane abambalwa bakha ithimba elisebenzayo ukuze baqophe futhi bashicilele izindaba zabesifazane emzabalazweni e-KZN Midlands. Okokuqala, sibheke ukuthi abesifazane bayafuna yini ukuxoxa izindaba zabo. Safaka isikhangiso ngesiZulu emaphephandabeni endawo ukuze simeme abantu besifazane emhlanganweni ovulelekile ozoba seMgungundlovu kulomhlangano abesifazane bathi bangakuthakasela ukuxoxa izindaba zabo.

Kuleliqembu elincane lihlanganise uSibongile Mkhize, uJabu Bhengu, Mabongi Mtshali kanye noFiona Bulman. Leliqembu lathola izeluleko kongoti abafana ne-KwaZulu-Natal Museum kanye ne-Centre for Adult Education eNyuvesi yaKwaZulu-Natal. Siphinde saxoxa nomsebenzi wasemtapweni wolwazi e-Alan Paton Centre kanye ne-Struggle Archives e-UKZN futhi kwavunyelwana ngokuthi zonke izinto eziqoshiwe kanye nemibhalo eqoshiwe izogcinwa khona. Izizukulwane ezizayo zizwe laba besifazane bexoxa izindaba zabo.

Emhlanganweni owawuse-Museum kwakhethwa owesifazane endaweni ngayinye kweziyisithupha (Esigodini, Caluza, Ashdown, Dambuza, Imbali kanye neSlangspruit) owavuma ukubiza labo abathanda ukuhlangana uma kufika isikhathi sokuxoxwa kwezindaba zabo. Kuthathe isikhathi eside ukuthi sikulungele ukwenza lokhu kwathi ngo-July 2018 saqala ukuhlangana namaqembu abesifazane.

Saqasha abesifazane ababili uThandeka Majola noSiyathokoza Hlophe ukuthi basize ekuqopheni lezindaba bese bezibhala phansi njengoba besitshela abesifazane. Lokhu kwakungeyona iphrojekthi yocwaningo; kwakungukuvumela laba besifazane ukuba baxoxe izindaba zabo ngokwenzeka kubo futhi zingashintshwa. Lesi kwakuyisithembiso sethu. Amalunga amabili eqembu lethu, uJabu Bhengu kanye noMabongi Mtshali, basiza ababhalisi ngokubuza imibuzo nokwenza isiqiniseko sokuthi wonke umuntu uyolithola ithuba lokuxoxa indaba yakhe.

Saqonda ukuthi kwabanye besifazane lokhu kulandisa kungase kubuyise izinkumbulo ezibuhlungu futhi sahlela ukuthi iSinomlando inikeze izeluleko (counselling) uma kudingeka.

Kwaba nemihlangano emithathu yamaqembu yonke eyenziwe ngesiZulu. Owokuqala kwaba ukwethulwa kwalomsebenzi. Sachaza isithembiso sethu sokuthi sizothola indlela yokuthi abantu bafunde izindaba zabo futhi ngeke siguqule amagama abo noma izindaba zabo. Labo abesifazane ababebambe iqhaza kulamaqembu basayina ifomu bevuma ukuthi singawashicilela kodwa futhi bazi ukuthi bangahoxa basuse izindaba zabo noma inini uma bethanda.

Emhlanganweni wesibili uJabu noMabongi babuza lemibuzo:

- Uzalwe nini, wazalelwa kuphi?
- Uqale nini ukuhlala eDambuza?
- Bewenzani ngeminyaka yama-80s?

- Yiziphi izehlakalo ngeminyaka yama-80s kanye nasekuqaleni kwama-90s ozikhumbula kahle?
- Lezizehlakalo zibe namuphi umthelela kuwe, emindenini wakho, emphakathini wakini?

Ezinye zalezindaba zazizinde kanti ezinye zazimfishane. Lokhu kungenzeka ukuthi babengasakhumbuli okunye noma bakuzwa kunzima ukukhuluma ngendaba yaleziyazikhathi. Kukho konke lokhu bekulalelwana, kuhlonishwana futhi kunakekelwana ngesikhathi kuxoxwa lezindaba. Kukho konke kwakunosizi olukhulu ukubheka emuva kulezozinsuku kanye nalezo zigameko.

“NGAMAZWI ETHU”, kwakuyisibopho esenziwa kwabesifazane esihlonishwe ngoshicilelo lwezindaba zesiZulu kanye nokuhunyushelwa kwisiNgisi.



Sibongile Mkhize owathi kubalulekile lezindaba zixoxwe ziqophwe.

