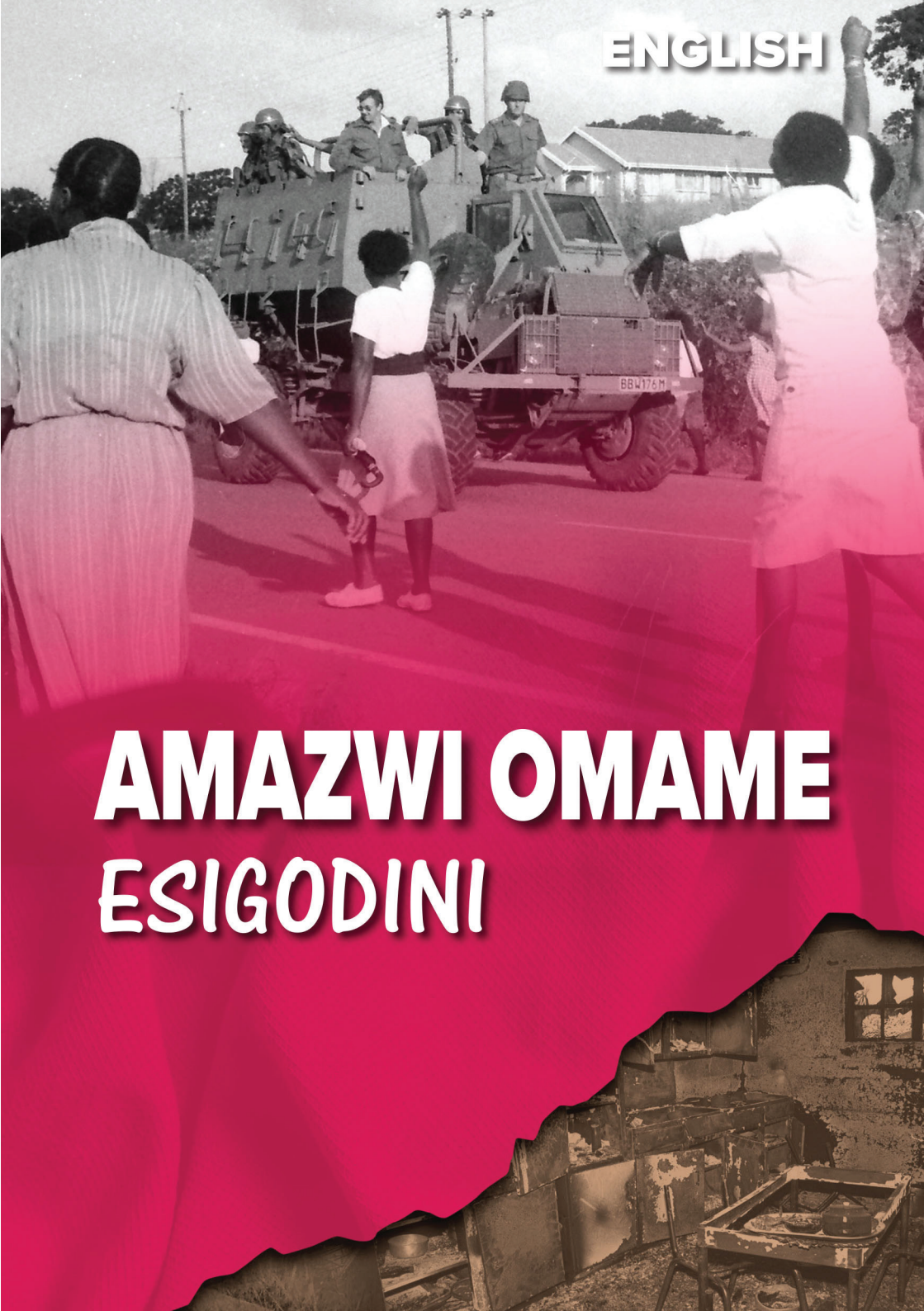


ENGLISH

AMAZWI OMAME ESIGODINI



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In Our Own Voices

Recording the role of the women from Esigodini
in the struggle in the KZN Midlands.

Lest these Women be Forgotten



English

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Amazwi Oname
Esigodini

Published by Amazwi Oname Books

Pietermaritzburg, South Africa
fiona@phelamanga.co.za

ISBN 978-0-6397-9384-9

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

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Layout and cover design by Boutique Books

Printed in South Africa by Nu-Print

Thank you to the People who made these Books possible

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

The women who shared their stories

The Malibongwe Trust who funded the first three parts of
the project

The Church Land Programme who funded printing the
books and the exhibition

Sinomlando for counselling support

Our Reference Group: Dr Nompumelelo Thabethe,
Dr Zamo Hlela, Nomagcwinini Nokwe, Jabu Bhengu and
Fiona Bulman

Dr John Aitchison: maps from “Numbering the Dead”

Aaron Mazel: covers and other photographs

Phindile Zama: Participants’ portraits

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Siyathokhoza Hlope

Coordination: Fiona Bulman

For guidance and support:

The KZN Museum, Dr Anne Harley,

Jane Argall & Edendale History Project

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

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 Esigodini
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 thirty 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 in Esigodini 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 that 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.

About half of them are women who grew up in the area and their families were targeted because their parents were involved in the struggle. The other half settled in Esigodini after fleeing violence in Upper Edendale areas, Zayeka, Mpumuza and Mnyandu. These were semirural communities settled on communal land. They would largely have had access to family-owned land

where they could keep livestock and grow their own vegetables and crops. In the main these were very underdeveloped areas with little or no infrastructure such as roads and basic services. Their communities would come together around churches and schools and were under administration of izinduna and makhosi.

ZIBUYILE MPUNGOSE

My name is Zibuyile Mpungose from Esigodini. I was born on the 27th of December in 1958.

I attended schooling at Nichols school in Edendale, Makholwa School, and then I went to Msimude for my matriculation. Even when I got married to Ntombela, I continued living here at Esigodini in an area called Okhalweni. After some time I returned to stay in this area called Malandeni.



The year I focus more on is 1987. That year is important to me because it's the year the Boers were chasing boys like nobody's business. I had sofas in the house, my mother had placed a candle on it. My sisters and my brothers were being chased by the police. Even though I had left from upper side of this place because of the floods of 1987, I came with my belongings home. It continued even during 1988. The most difficult year was 1990...I had my house built near the road, it was a corner house. Whenever the boys were running...all the males were required to leave their homes to go and be on the lookout for their families. My husband was one of those who would go and be on the lookout for the police and Inkatha. I had a young child in 1988, named Silindile. I would stand by the window and not close the door. The reason for that was that there would be boys who would come running and knock at the door, they would

enter as dark as it was. I never knew who they were, but I had to stay with them [crying]. As soon as the Boers had passed, they would thank me and left...at that moment, I wouldn't have an idea who I was with because of darkness. This is, therefore, the most difficult time I experienced because I had to stay with people I didn't know, yet I had a girl child. I had to keep the door always open to allow them to enter, and stay with them in darkness.

In 1990 that very serious violence began, we were in a women's structure...I was a secretary, but many of those we were with have since passed away.

Yes, they were chased by the police and Inkatha. The difficulty I had to endure as a woman, having to stay with male strangers in a dark room... Even that sofa which got burnt...my mother had left a burning candle with them and they eventually fell asleep, and the sofa got burned. As time went on while we were still in the structure, we were informed that our names were on a hit list. My name was also there in that list. My husband was still alive by then because when Mandela got released, he was there to welcome him. That is when Mandela went to inspect at Maqongqo because those were the most difficult times. There is this woman we were with, Mrs Mshengu. She took her belongings away because when they arrived, they found children and told them to pass them their regards to her. She approached me, asking me whether I was still continuing to stay in the area. I told her that I was still staying. She then went to stay at Imbali because our names were written on a list of people who had to be killed. The other women we were with were aunt Mana and Mrs Khoza, but they have since passed on. They had their houses burnt. Mrs Khoza had to leave her ill husband in the house because she could not drag him out to run away with. Her husband died inside the house while it was burning. There is one Ndawo family here whose boy died here nearby as they were out there protecting

this area from the war. Others who were with him were never discovered...those boys were killed by the Boers, killing them by the Msunduzi River. It is said that they would be shot at in their heads while they tried to inhale some air under the stones.

Another thing that angered me most was that one day when I arrived at work the white person expressed surprise that I survived. That expression got me emotional. It was then that I realised that the Boers were happy with what was happening to us. Instead of being happy that I came to work for you, you express surprise that I survived! The things we were also helpful with here in the community, although I was employed, were that other women in the community would go to cook soup in schools for those who had ran away. Another thing we did as community women...as it was about to be a Passover, we decided to organise them one because they would, otherwise, not be able to attend any. In that way, we were still demonstrating that we welcome them in the area. People like Dee Shezi could offer them places to build their homes, which has led to this area being full of people. My mother, Mrs Mpungose, was staying this side and I was staying at Okhalweni. This area belonged to Inkatha initially, but as time went on things changed as people realised that this thing is not what it was introduced to be. It was UDF here...my mother was actively involved. It was when Maqhiki Ntshangase, and the others were shot by Boers. People would call out for my mother because she was a brave person [crying]...she would stand by herself...As time went on rumours went around that the Mpungose family was proud of itself and deserve to die.

Another thing that occurred in 1991 is that while I was with my boy child...it all began when there was a young man who worked at Dube's Shop who would always sit near my house. Children did say who he was, but I can't mention his name because he is still alive. I became afraid. Sometimes there would

be meetings held in my home in around 1987 to 97. Because I was employed and come back late from work, I couldn't attend meetings at Esigodini after work. This young man came to buy meat from my home as I was selling (it). He knocked at the door and Dumisani (Dee) Shezi opened the door for him while I was bathing the child...his intention was to check out this young bride who was said to be in the forefront. That young man was sent by Inkatha. Boys noticed that he was wearing an Inkatha T-shirt underneath. That person he worked for (Mr Dube) would always come to help in the community whenever there was bereavement. His main intention was to check. His task was to revive Inkatha in this area but he was not successful because the community was against the revival of Inkatha in the area. On the 10th of October 1991, my brother was shot by some who were in the structure but who were linked to Inkatha. A message arrived that my brother had been killed here in the area. The way I got frightened, I even put wardrobes close to the window because I had heard that that Mr Dube had our names written on a hit list. As time went on rumours went around in the community that the Mpungose family was the one which did not want Dube, the shop owner, to do things for them. After my brother's death my mother and her sister would stay in darkness without any candle light, and there would be others who kept watching outside. Guns would go blazing at night because the Mpungose family was no longer wanted. My mother was struggling all alone since my father had passed on, and I was struggling too with my husband. When attending meetings, my sister and her husband saw my name on the hit list and ask what I had done. Dube told them that he has nothing against me and he doesn't even know who I am, but he heard that I organise people to burn his shop. However, that was never the case. It was only a boycott that was called for. So how I got my name on the hit list. Someone we

had been working with in the community had put me in that list, but I later found out that she had been under some pressure. I didn't tell her that I knew she was the one who submitted our names, and I won't even reveal her name because she is no more. Therefore, there is great pain that we experienced as women.

THEMBUTHANDO LATHA

My name is Thembuthando Florence Latha by marriage, born and bred at Mgodini from Zondi (MaZondi) family. For schooling, I went to Esigodini School where I ended at standard 5. I then got a fiancé from Gumede family. Unfortunately, my fiancé passed away before we got married. Accordingly, I returned home and then went to work as a domestic worker at the age of 22. I was born on the 15th of July in 1938. In 1968 my mother decided that we all move to stay at Mnyandu because she wanted to go back to her own family since my father had died.



In 1990... But violence began in 1987, all along we were tolerating Inkatha. It was until time arrived for us to run away from Mr. Ntombela. We arrived here at Esigodini. I arrived with all of my children but I don't know what happened to my house. My husband was still alive by then because he passed away in 2004. All my children have since passed on, I'm now left with my boy who is in Grade 12. We are really staying in what I can call a wetland because there is water all over. I have rebuilt this house thrice. In 1996 my husband was about to buy me a house, now this one is falling apart whenever there are rains.

It was the year 1987. Since this thing began in the Upper Edendale area, we were no longer able to sleep. At the beginning of this violence, we were told that we were being invited by

Inkatha..., that Shayabantu Zondi was going to speak about water. We were still staying at Mnyandu. After hearing that, we were then advised by children not to go to that meeting because we would be made to join the Inkatha. We obliged. Children began disappearing. At about 14hrs, they were at the top of a mountain called Nhluthelo. My house was near a road. I saw Inkatha people passing by carrying shields and spears, saying that they were going to the children. The children ran away from the mountain into a nearby forest... While we were watching that, vans called Mellow-Yellow and helicopters arrived. Children were shot at as they entered the forest.

As from that day, we never had peaceful nights. At home there was a very old lady who could no longer run. As a result, we used to spend nights just outside the house because we couldn't run away and leave her alone... we would hear her shouting for me saying Thembi! But it would be difficult for us to respond. During 1988 this old lady passed away, and it became easier to run away because she was no longer there (the old lady was my father's sister and she was the only one left with us).

In 1990 we saw the war at Shange. We were scattered all over the place. People ran straight to the Msunduzi River, it was carrying them away in the meantime. Some children would be left drowning in the river as mothers carrying them on their backs and maybe a child would fall. The following day they entered at Mnyandu in the morning at 7...guns were blazing, that's all we could hear. A variety of weapons, including hammers, were used. Many people died in a scene, and some were even eaten by dogs.

We ran to this side, Esigodini. We were helped by both Esigodini and Thuthuka people. There is this man who was once a councillor but has died. His name was Deda Hlophe. Other people were staying in my sister's house, they were coming from Sweetwater and other areas. I remember visiting Buyi,

my niece. She told me that she had dreamt of us being killed in violence. Little did she know that something like that was about to occur. When I arrived here, all but one of my children passed away. I am now left with my grandchild; his father is from Maqaqa's family where my daughter was married to.

I was a domestic worker staying with the Boers. The Boere never helped me with anything but it used to be sarcastic, calling me Mrs Mandela. It would even say that Mrs Mandela was a criminal. We ended up going our separate ways, they went to Port Elizabeth and I went to rent a room. I wasn't satisfied by living in a rented room. I wanted my own house. I would always tell my husband that should I die, he should not bring my body to the rented room but should collect my body from the mortuary on a Saturday and take it straight to the cemetery at Mountain rise. That's when he bought a house. This house benefited him because he is the one who died first, and I left him with the house.

I had an extended family at Mnyandu but we were separated by violence. While some are at Azalea, others are at Mpophomeni and Caluza. We come together whenever there are family matters. When I arrived at Esigodini my family consisted of only my sister and her children. My husband would always warn me against borrowing money from money lenders. When my husband died, loan sharks didn't care but wanted their money. My sister helped me by explaining to them that I didn't have any money. After some time I was able to raise the money. I paid R12 140, 00 in all to cover the debts.

People of Esigodini had all along known that we are Shelembe by surname, they became confused when they heard that we are the Zondis. Our biological father, Zondi, left with our mother and we were left under the care of Shelembe. We were baptised at the Roman Catholic Church as Shelembe children. Years later, when I was about to get married, Zondi came back alone.

I couldn't marry my prospective husband, Gumede, because Zondi claimed that I was her daughter when we were already at the magistrate office with Shelembe. In his deathbed, Zondi informed us that our mother was from Ndebele family at Msinga. We were able to trace my mother's family roots, and eventually visited there at Msinga. At the moment, I'm left with Ngangenyoni who is said to be at Dundee. My sister died in March. Now I am left all alone, but I always put my trust in Jesus.

FLORENTINE MAJOLA

My name is Florentine Majola, I was born on the 17th of February 1940 from Mthalande (MaMthalande) family at Mpofane. We then moved from Mpofane to New Hanover (Mshwathi). We left Mshwathi and came to Sweetwaters to an area called Zayeka. I then came here at Esigodini.



One day we came here, as people who had suffered a great loss during the floods, to collect some parcels from Rev Fr Cornnyal at Esigodini area. We had requested my nephew, Sikhumbuzo, to follow us as we were going to be offered clothing parcels in boxes. Sikhumbuzo never arrived. His father had even given him R1 bus fare. That was the last time any member of our family had been with him. Till today, we don't know where Sikhumbuzo went to. Out of fear, caused by that, I sent some of my children to stay with my uncles, and others went to stay at Dambuza. I was left with two girls. One day I arrived home and found out that my daughters had been taken to a meeting. When I indicated that I didn't like my daughters to attend meetings held at night, and that one of them was pregnant, they said that they were going to cut open my daughter's stomach since the child she was carrying belonged to a Comrade. I then moved away from Sweetwater but my sister was stubborn and stayed behind. When I arrived one day, I found out that their home was burnt down. My brother-in-

law had been hit with a gun butt-end and inhaled smoke in that incident...which is the thing that ended up killing him when we were staying at Esigodini. Even under those circumstances, they continued living there. When I arrived there one day, I found out that they had arrived pointed a gun to my sister demanding to be informed about the whereabouts of Sikhumbuzo. It was then that I went to look for a truck to take them and their belongings along with me to Dambuza. We went to stay at Dambuza in a room. As we were staying at Dambuza there came this war referred to as the Seven Days War. The boys, who we thought we had saved by hiding them, were then supposed to go and fight in that war. As our boys were in that war, we were worried at home. I was particularly very worried. I ran away to Mgababa, and even to Swayimane. When I arrived at Mgababa, serious violence began even there. There, they took all my belongings as I was working at Zayeka. Because of the situation, I ended up not going to work any longer. As they had taken all my belongings, even the building materials that I had bought, I then returned to Dambuza. It was when we were at Dambuza that we found a site here at Esigodini. When I arrived here, I had nothing even a spoon. What is most worrying, however, is this issue of the missing child. This is because his mother and his father died with heavy hearts. Although I'm worried about it too, I together with Sikhumbuzo's sister, still have some hope that he might one day return if he is still alive but maybe his dead now.

I will also speak about 1987 because it was the most difficult one. We could no longer attend church services because, on our way back, we would be forced to attend meetings held at Bhekisizwe School. We would be frightened when Inkatha young men threatened that those who were card carrying members of Inkatha but didn't attend meetings, would be dealt with. I would go to church in the morning with my children,

from there we would attend the meetings. We would be hungry for almost the whole day. The children who attended church services came to be referred to as Indians. This is what led the children to organise their own meetings in an area they called UDF, Inkatha members referred to it as “amaNdiya”. One day, frustrated by being prevented from attending church services freely, the children held their own meeting. Still gathered there, a group of people appeared. The children ran away. Amongst them was mine who was still young and very skinny. When they were running with the UDF group, he fell down. They jumped over him, even those who had been chasing them jumped over him. That’s how my boy survived. By the following morning, however, my other two boys and my sister’s son had not returned home. A certain Mrs Buthelezi (MaMadlala) arrived to report that while she was going to fetch water, she saw a badly injured boy in a gully. My sister, a certain Mr Ndlovu and others followed this woman to where she had seen the boy. That was Mr Ndlovu’s son which had also not returned home. Ndlovu ran fast ahead, and met them on his way back. He informed them that the boy was his son, that he had been stabbed and that his face was disfigured as a result of being hit by stones. That was when I took my sons to Dambuza, and my other children to Swayimani where my mother was born. That was the same year when my sister said we should go to fetch boxes of clothes. After arriving there, we waited for Sikhumbuzo to arrive and carry those boxes with us. That was the day we last saw Sikhumbuzo, it was the 27th October 1987. He went missing, and was never found.

When I arrived at Zayeka one day, there was Thokozane and my two girls. Houses had been burnt there too. My sister had gone to the police. I found them in a sombre mood in the yard. I asked them where their father (Mr Sithole) was and they told me that he woke up and went to work, with a gun wound and having

inhaled smoke from the fire. I instructed them to take along whatever could be taken, told them that their mother would see what to do when she returned. There were many incidents that had occurred to her, but she never wanted to leave the area. When we arrived at Matsheni...we were carrying luggage, but we didn't know where we were going to. Mrs Mthethwa from Esigodini arrived and said Mrs Majola where are you going with the bags. I told her that I didn't know. She then said two children must follow her to the mission where she was staying on condition that we would not tell Rev Fr Cornnyal that she was the one who had invited us. We did just that. Thokozani and my daughter followed her to Esigodini, and I went with my young daughter to Dambuza to my brother's daughter. We woke up in the morning for me to go and look for a room to rent. I woke Nelisiwe up but found out that she was unable to walk. On inspection, I realised that she had a big dripping wound...She was bitten by the dogs while running.

No. She was bitten by dogs when they were running. The time Thokozani and her mother went to hide in the alooe plantation, these two ran to a nearby Zuma household where she got bitten by the dogs. I took the child to the hospital first, and then I went to look for a room then I went to Roman Catholic Church where the two girls had gone to. My eldest daughter was pregnant... that's the same stomach they said would be cut open because it was carrying a Comrade. When I arrived there, they offered me a sponge on which to sleep in a room we had been offered. We then stayed there.

I then looked for jobs in nearby. Whenever bells rang, Smero and Georgetown school children would be at their respective classrooms but lot of children would remain in the yard as they had been displaced from their schools. I then took my two daughters to rent them a room at Mpophomeni. The boy travelled daily to Mpophomeni where he also attended school.

One day... there was this woman, MaNgubane, who was full of lies! She told me that it was said that at Dambuza, in Edendale, there was a great catastrophe, that everything had been killed... be it a cat or a dog, everything [laughter]! I became very anxious. I decided to go to Dambuza to check on my children and my sister's children. When I arrived in town there was no transport. Later on a mini bus taxi arrived but it was going to Imbali. I took it and alighted at the Imbali Crossings. Then I went on foot to Dambuza. On arriving there, my sister could barely talk. She was moving up and down carrying a rosary. When taking a look around, I saw children in the mountain involved in a war (Seven Days War). I realised that things were really bad even there at Dambuza. Majola then told us that there is a place at Mgababa. I took my luggage and went to Mgababa. Boys returned to Dambuza, and the girls went to my sister back at Sweetwater because they didn't want to leave Sweetwater.

I had 6 children. On weekends I would buy some groceries for the children who were renting in different places. My sister's stubbornness became less severe the day she had a gun pointed at her. That's when we loaded her luggage in a truck and she moved. The problem, however, was that once you had moved away from Zayeka if you came back to take whatever might have been left, you were surely going to be killed. One person left his livestock in the kraal, and got fatally shot when he returned for it. The problem was that I was working there at Zayeka, it was difficult for me to go to work.

KwaZayeka was an area dominated by Inkatha so we were said to have given birth to Comrades. They were referred to as Indians because they attended church services, and they had their names written on a hit list. When I went to Education offices to apply for posts in other areas, I discovered that Prince Phillip Zondi had been there. He had told them that they should not

accept my application to anywhere else because they needed me back at Zayeka. Then Prince Zondi had assured that nothing would happen to me when I return to work. I then returned to work. At the time I was working at Zayeka I was staying at Dambuza. One day in school I was in a classroom, I saw a group of boys coming in and I ran to the office screaming thinking where Zondi is now. Only to discover that those boys were there for someone else. After some time, we heard that there were sites available at Esigodini. We came to request Maria Mtololo to give us a site. All in all, 1987 was difficult. I thank Zondi who forced me to return, he was brave for defending me.

As I have talked about the clothes we received from a Priest, we ended up being enemies to our neighbours because those clothes were for those who had damaged houses as a result of the floods. You would find even those who had houses built with concrete bricks demanding to be given the clothes too.

When I arrived here at Esigodini, I felt like I was being tested as to where I belonged. Before arriving here at Esigodini, I had been to Dambuza, Swayimane and Mgababa. The first day I attended a meeting at Esigodini, I got elected into a committee consisting of men like Dee and Gregory Mkhize. It was said that a female was required to work with the males. We would attend meetings in the city till late. I would return home as late as 23hrs. Sometimes guns would be blazing. In the meantime, my eldest son was appointed to lead the youth. We sat down as a family and discussed this. We agreed that my son should decline the offer of being a youth leader. My personal view was that I was being scrutinised to ascertain whether I was a real member of the ANC or not. In all this, Majola didn't complain. What I experienced really traumatised me because I could be shot at by stray bullets at night.

We were not many at home. It was my elder sister and myself. We led a happy life, helping each other in many things. When we had to identify corpses, I was with her, also TRC I accompanied my sister. We also went to some offices and they promised to build a house for my sister but it has never happened. It was until she passed away. The Majola family showed its true colours just at the beginning of violence. My sister-in-law, the wife of my husband's brother, did not welcome us when we ran into their house the time my pregnant daughter was threatened that she was going to have her stomach cut open because she was carrying a Comrade. As time went on, my child stayed with her aunt in Sweetwater. When she experienced labour pains, I approached my brother-in-law for help. He only took us to the bus stop to take public transport to the hospital. Whenever we had to flee with my kids, my husband would always go to his family. To his family, I became a wife who was ill-treating him and who didn't like them. One day I was even verbally attacked by a certain member of this Majola family. He asked me why was I so stubborn. When I wanted him to clarify, he inquired why it was that Fano, my husband, stayed with the family while I was all over the place with the children. The answer, which I didn't pronounce, was that my children were on a hit list.

As time went on my in-laws also became affected by the violence. Inkatha threatened to attack them because they didn't attend meetings as they had girls, not boys. They left Zayeka and went to Mgababa. My husband then suggested that we should move to Mgababa where he had found a site. I found out that the site he was referring to was close to my sister-in-law, the one who had not welcomed us when we needed help. When violence began at Mgababa I was working this side, my children were staying with my husband at Mgababa. My brother-in-law and his sister's husband (his brother-in-law) had cars, my husband didn't. One night my brother-in-law and

the family of his sister loaded their luggage onto their cars, and went to sleep at a train station without informing my husband about this. They went to stay at Mbumbulu. My belongings, including the building materials that I had bought, were left there. Majola came back with the children. This is why I say that I didn't get any support from the Majola family, the only support I got was from my sister's family (where she got married to).

THOKOZANI SITHOLE

I am Thokozani Sithole, living at Okhalweni. I'm from Zayeka East (Sweetwater), by birth. I did my primary schooling at Bhekizizwe primary school, and then went to Mpophomeni high school. I then worked for a while at Plessislear as a cleaner, and ended up going for a training to become a nurse. We stayed there at Sweetwaters but we eventually left to stay at Dambuza as a result of violence. After sometime, we got ourselves a place to stay here at Esigodini.



Yes, I was with my mother and my father. There were three children at home. The elder boy was living in his house at CC, the other one went missing. That one was after me, that is why when we arrived here it was my parents and myself only.

I second the view that 1987 was the most difficult time in many areas, including my area in Sweetwaters, because it was then that it became evident that there were two organisations.

At Zayeka. My younger brother and my cousins were very active, and were sought after in the area. They were particularly afraid, and wanted to get hold of my brother because they claimed that he had a gun. Although we knew nothing of that gun. I remember that one day a certain boy ran into my parents' bedroom. Behind that boy was a group of Inkatha people who threatened to burn the house. When my mother inquired why they were going to burn the house, they said that they wanted

the boy who had run inside. She then told them that she did not know the boy who had entered the house, and went to inquire from the boy who he was. The boy told my mother who he was. In fact, they actually wanted to enter the house because they were after my brother. This is because we eventually found out that the boy who had entered my parents' bedroom was one of them. At that time, I was standing in front of the door, with those people carrying all kinds of weapons. They asked me where my brother was, and that they were looking for him because he had a gun. I told them that I did not know where he was, and that I didn't know that he had a gun. That was the most difficult time because I remember that one day, we had to spend a night hiding between my grandmother's and my grandfather's graves. I also remember that one day a message came that our home was to be burnt down. Accordingly, we went out of the house when these people were nearby. My father refused to get out of the house when we told him to go out with us. With my mother, we ran to hide in the garden where there was aloe plantation. While hiding there, we could see them running.

We did not know those people but we would see their shadows, and hear them saying that they were looking for the Comrade. At that moment I was very terrified, we didn't know what to do since we could not get out of where we had been hiding. Worried as we were in the garden, and concerned about the one who remained in the house, we saw a smoke but there wasn't anything we could do. We eventually got out of there when the soldiers arrived. Fortunately, my father had survived because he ended up running away from the smoke inside the house, but he had been hit with a gun butt-end. That was when my aunt took us, having arranged with another lady from the church at Esigodini. It was at the time that we had come here that my brother, Sikhumbuzo, went missing... till today. He was searched

for in hospitals, mortuaries and prisons but he was nowhere to be found. My mother, with others, would go around turning all corpses looking for him. Some of the corpses were kept on floors just as they were. He had to be searched even amongst those, to be found. Such that my mother and my father... [Crying]... passed on with the worry of not knowing where their child ended up... I, too, am still worried about a brother of mine who I don't know where he ended up... Sometimes I watch on the TV when remains of people who departed without their families' knowledge are shown. I would see other families being connected to their loved ones, and I also become hopeful... [Too emotional] ...I would think, one day... There are many incidents that occurred, but the one of a missing person is very serious because it can't be forgotten, it becomes better if a person got buried.

I remember that when there were meetings, other children would end up not returning home, more especially girls. Boys would forcefully take the girls to their homes. At home, however, we never went to such meetings since they did not concern us because they were Inkatha meetings. That's why we stubbornly refused to go there. People's children died... I remember that they were in a camp in one of the shops in the area. My younger brother had not gone missing by then. My older brother, together with my cousins, was also there. My mother went there to check them up because it had been late, and they had never been back to eat. She used to buy breads and a juice for them to eat. When they were in that camp, a helicopter arrived and they got shot. Although my brothers weren't hurt, other children were hurt, and others died.

One other thing is that young men used to propose love through coercion. One day when I was returning from a shop, a young man carrying a spear obstructed my way. He threatened to stab me with that spear because I was refusing to accept his

proposal. I told him, in no uncertain terms, to go ahead. Truth be told, I didn't know what I was going to do. But that helped me a lot because others found themselves in relationships in such ways. As a result, 1987 caused a wound that has never healed.

We arrived here at Esigodini in 1990 after they had burned my home. We left earlier, as children, because my mother was left behind. It was later that they arrived while she was alone, and they pointed a gun at her instructing her to pray because it was her last day. Accordingly, MaMthalande (her maiden name) closed the door and prayed. When she opened the door, the people who had pointed a gun at her had fled. That was when my aunt organised a truck to load her belongings and transport her, after she had informed her of what had happened. I was not there, but what I know is that they went to Dambuza in 1988. We were all staying there in one room. My father was sleeping on the bed, my mother and my siblings, including my cousins, were sleeping on the floor. It was until we found a place here at Esigodini that we came to build here.

A greater part of my experience is similar to Mrs Majola's because we are one family. We did receive some help, but because of that help we ended up being seen as enemies. When we went to Dambuza... I would say that we felt welcomed there but there was quite a lot of people in a confined area. When we arrived at Esigodini, we were also welcomed there even though some disturbances developed when we were already there. About outside help, we held talks about what happened with the TRC people. We were promised some compensation. We received that compensation but it didn't bring any closure.

There was a follow up to it because I remember that I was at Plessislaer when a white man came to inquire about the developments. We really do not know what happened. If he died, it would be better for us to get his remains to be able

to bury him. The pains and difficulties that we went through make me determined to remain ANC, no matter what.

We were not that close to the Sithole family. Our family is the one from my maternal side. We have never been apart, instead we are very united. As I am left alone, my mother and brother are no longer there but my aunt's family is the one that supports me. The family from my paternal side is very far, we are not that connected. We visit one another only when there are traditional ceremonies.

NTOMBIFUTHI GUMEDE

My name is Ntombifuthi Gumede, Ngubane is my maiden name. I was born and bred at Mnyandu. I was born on the 22nd of August in 1952... Time went on until this violence began.

I came with my family here at Esigodini... I can state that, in my case, it was my father who was seriously involved in politics. However, my home was in the same area as where I got married. When violence seriously began, they started by burning my house even though all of us in the area belonged to the ANC. At that time, my father had long passed away. It was the burning of the house that put pressure on us to move here with children.

What affected me most began in 1983 onwards, when there were rumours that the organisations were splitting but it wasn't clear because we thought we were all ANC. I was a child of an activist, Ngubane (my father). When my father was still alive, boers would arrive in Volkswagen. The gate at home was a bit far because the family yard was large. We would open the gate, and they would ask where my father was. My father was staying at home, but not all the times because he had left his work to come and work from home for the community. One day we told these boers that my father was not at home but they said they wanted to go inside because there was something they were looking for. Indeed, we let them in but opened for them the room in which



we knew there wasn't any of my father's work. My father had earlier been imprisoned in an island, but had been released. On another day these boers returned and threatened us that that day was the day because the previous time we opened for them a room where there wasn't anything. While they were still at the gate, we loaded my father's books into bags, put those bags into a pit toilet and then we went to them in the gate. When we had opened the gate, they entered and searched every room in the house but they didn't find anything. They beat us up demanding that we tell them where my father's books were, and where my father was staying. We told them that my father was staying at home, but leaves every morning to work. Eventually they left, although having given us a hiding. The third time they returned, we thought of a way of running away. The difficult thing was that there was my mother. She figured out that running away was not going to help but that we should explain to the boers. We disagreed with her suggestion arguing that giving boers explanations wouldn't help because they had beaten us already. We agreed on that my mother would escape and go as far as possible to hide, then we would go to the gate to open for the boers. The boers queried us about delaying to open the gate. We told them we didn't know what to do because they came in last time and beat us, and we did not know what we had done. They came in and searched. They pulled down and destroyed my father's pictures which were hanging on the wall. They tore apart those which could be torn. At the same time as they were doing that, we escaped and ran away. We had told our mother to run to a place where she could be able to hide. As we ran pass where she was hiding, in a donga, she whispered that we should come and hide with her. We advised her to stay put, and we continued running. While we were running a helicopter with a banner written, "uJesu uyanifuna" (Jesus wants you) appeared. Not paying

much attention to that, we ran into a forest. When we thought we were safe from the helicopter, it found us in there. Tree branches were forcibly moved apart by the helicopter's propeller, and we were clearly exposed. When the helicopter was on top of us, we again ran away into another forest. We stayed there, gathered together, until we figured out that they were no longer there.

We were five. When we realised that they were no longer coming, we went back to where my mother had been hiding. We found her there and she expressed how worried she was about us. We went home, and when my father arrived, we told him what had happened. From then, my father began to suffer from stress... he advised us to accept things when they happen. He continued saying that we should learn to accept things, that as death was our destiny, indeed there would be death. He emphasised that one day he was going to die and leave us. He clarified that he had been in a struggle for the community, and that we were part of that community. That it did not mean that after his death we would lead a happy life. Indeed, it was as how my father had foretold. My father became ill, and eventually passed on.

Our neighbour was Mr Lombo, an Inkatha member. When he died, his son became the leader of the young men (induna yezinsizwa). He came home to borrow pots. We gave them as we were neighbours. Immediately after we had given him those pots, Inkatha entered our yard carrying spears. They asked us whether we would attend the funeral. I told them that we were unable to attend Mr Lombo's funeral because he had been an Inkatha member, and we were ANC members at home. They told us that they would take us there by force. I insisted that we weren't going there, in any way. They then inquired about the whereabouts of my brothers, and where our boyfriends were. My brothers had run away days before the funeral. During all that conversation, my mother was there listening. She

complained of stomach ache. I instructed one of the children to accompany her to the toilet. They tried to prevent her from going to the toilet by slapping Noh, the child I had instructed to accompany my mother. However, she eventually went to the toilet. They then told us that they were going to kill us all in the house. I told them that before they could kill us, they should go and collect the pots borrowed by the Lombo family. Alternatively, they should take me along to Mr Lombo's son.

I was the eldest. All the way they were threatening to stab me with the spears. I ended up telling them that I was not afraid of being made to bleed as long as we were going to take back the pots. Then one of them wanted to take a closer look at me, and he realised that we were attending one school together. He recalled that I used to give them a hiding at school. I told them that if they had not been carrying spears, I was going to challenge them on a one-by-one basis. We went on until we arrived at the Lombo household. I told them to get me Lolo, the Inkatha leader. He came out. I asked him why was it that we could lend them our pots, as neighbours, knowing very well that they are Inkatha and we are ANC, and then he sends his Inkatha to come home and want to kill us. I told him that I had decided to collect the pots so as to die with our pots at home. He asked me who those people who had come to my home were. I pointed in their direction since they were standing some distance away from us. He went straight there, and reprimanded them. Apparently, he had not instructed them to do anything. He promised that no one would come home to disturb us. When it was getting dark, my mother told us to run away. She had seen that the funeral was over, and Inkatha was dispersing.

I reminded my mother that my father had advised us to learn to accept things as they were. I argued that if it was meant that we were going to die, we were going to die anyway, and that

those who wished to run away should do so. I insisted that I was staying behind. They all went out, and I remained alone cooking on the stove. Suddenly, I heard a bang at the door in the sitting room. They were already inside when I enquired who it was. They asked me who I was with. I told them that I was alone. When they asked me where the others were, I then told them about my father. I told them that, initially, my father was working for everyone, that there was nowhere he could not go, that he would go as far as Hhaza and Mafunze. Even when old people began to be paid old-age pension money, they used to sleep at home and my father would transport them in his car to Home Affairs which became known as Vulindlela. Then they asked me where my husband was... my husband was there, but working in Durban. Sarcastically, they said that I was there alone because I had no fear of anyone. I retorted that I feared no one when I was at home. They told me to close the door as there were others who were still coming, that I should be polite and stop being stubborn when talking to those because I could be killed. Then they left.

Then in 1984 I got married to the Qwabe family. Culturally, a bride is allocated a site to build her house in the family yard. The same applied to me. My house was near the road. A certain Mrs Ndlovu arrived, asking whether we were going to a meeting at Mnyandu. When we arrived at the meeting, we noticed that our attire was different from that worn by others. My husband had long warned me against being in the forefront. I had indicated that taking a back seat wouldn't help because people knew me already. One day I felt like instructing my children to close the gate early. I have a strong connection with my ancestors. I also instructed the children to turn off the radio as well. When the radio had just been switched off, we heard some noise on the road... my husband had not returned home by then. I came outside inspecting. I saw them chasing and throwing stones at

my husband, and he was running topless, ducking and diving stones. I went outside the house with a sjambok, opened the gate, hit them hard with the sjambok. They fled in different directions. There was a person, someone from the area, who was hiding on the ground. This person had a gun. He drew out the gun and shot my husband. Fortunately, my husband survived. Early the following day I requested from him that we go home, to the Ngubane family, because it's a big household. He suggested that I should leave with the children, and he would remain behind to keep a watch on the house. What I did was to take the children home, and return to stay with him. There was a round-shaped thatched house, and a big one. The round-shaped thatched house was still new, and there were still bales of grass in it. They took those grass bales, burnt them and set the round-shaped thatched house alight. They then destroyed the windows. We managed to escape home in that smoke. Early in the morning a messenger arrived home to inform my mother that we, my husband and myself, had been set alight in our home. I prevented my mother from telling that messenger that we had survived. As my husband was working in Durban, he then began to stay at Tehuis, at Imbali. He would drive to work from Tehuis. We continued living at home. It would sometimes happen that we would be alerted that Inkatha was attacking. We would then run away with children, and even spend the whole night on empty stomachs.

Finally, I had a vision of people who were going to die in the area. Corpses were on top of one another. I woke up and told them... in the vision I had been instructed to take my children to my husband in Durban, and that he should remain staying at the Mlazi Hostel. I told my husband all this, and he agreed. Indeed, they did attack Ngubane household!

Yes. They arrived when there was my uncle's pregnant daughter. There was this wide-open area where we ran to. She

was no longer able to run and she told us to leave her behind because she had labour pains. Her husband had been ahead of us. We told him that his wife was giving birth, and he returned to help her. Those people who were chasing us arrived there and killed them both, leaving the infant having cut it with spears. Later on we returned and took the child... she was crying all alone, with its parents lying there dead. Today that child is still alive. He is now a young man. That child was taken to the social workers because we went to report, the way it was horrible... In that family both parents and two children died. Others had decided to hide themselves in my uncle's house when we ran away. Those people came and killed them inside the house.

When we had returned we were told to go to the mortuary to identify the bodies... we were no longer taking any notice of the blood because it was spilled all over the floor. Bodies lay facing down. We had to turn the bodies in order to be able to identify our relatives. We found them. Others would see you sitting down on the spilled blood that you had found your relative. We even saw bodies of people we had not expected them to be there. There are children I gave birth to when I was already here at Esigodini. Whenever there were announcements that... the children would ask me whether I no longer want to return to the Upper Edendale area. I would tell them that I don't even think of that. When they tried to persuade me by arguing that the areas where we had built our houses belonged to other people, I would insist that instead of returning to the Upper Edendale area I preferred going somewhere else. There was a boy of mine who really fought for that area. He wanted to return there. Unfortunately, he is no longer alive. In our area, other people have built their houses. People are not trustworthy. Even those you knew and trusted as your neighbours, do not come out and state it clearly that they know you, and that you were their neighbour.

Today we are residing in people's sites. They tell us that they will give us the places after a period of 11 years so that we can get ourselves title deeds. I built my house in Mr Mavimbela's place. When the period of 11 years lapsed, Mr Mavimbela had passed on already. As a result, I couldn't get the title deed. We then got the information that the counsellor announced that where people had built their houses in other people's properties, RDP houses would not be built. I have also worked for SMT, in the buses. There was some harassment arising from the presence of Inkatha and the Comrades. I openly displayed that I was a Comrade. I became a shop steward, negotiating for workers even in the Bargaining Council. I went to meetings for bus drivers because I wanted to know everything. All was well within our families because we were one thing. We were the ANC.

I am Mbuyi Zondi. I was born on the 25th of December 1966 in a place called Bulwer. But my parents then moved to Sweetwaters because they had found a place to live there, and I was raised there. I attended MaRomeni School, Mbanjwa School, and Mbubu Secondary School where I left at Grade 11. We left home during the times of violence, and ended up here at Esigodini.



We also stayed at Sweetwater. By 1987 we were staying at Mbubu. There was also another area, known as Mbutshane. Mbutshane area was dominated by Inkatha members. At Mbubu, we were ANC. The problem began when Mbutshane people wanted us to join them by force. They began by holding meetings with our parents since our parents agreed to join Inkatha because they were threatened that if they did not join, they would have to leave the area. We totally refused to join Inkatha, and our parents could not compel us to. We began by holding meetings on a mountain. One day while we were there, a helicopter appeared. We ran into a forest, and the helicopter followed us there. It forced us out... but it was after boys, in particular. Whenever a helicopter appeared, we would run back home. While we were holding the meetings, there was a particular woman who would pretend to be with us but she was checking who we were, and who our parents were. Later, we got the information that our names had been taken to Inkatha men because Inkatha was led by old

people while the ANC was led by youngsters. We became very anxious but we remained steadfast that we won't be Inkatha.

A message arrived one day that no one was going to sleep because Inkatha was coming. Mind you, Inkatha used muthi a lot. You would see by the weather turning ugly that they were coming. Dark clouds would develop, and there would be mist.

These people thrived in rain. At that time I had one year old twins. My mother advised us to leave because these people had made it clear that they were not interested in old people, and that this meant that they were going to kill us all. We refused. In the afternoon, the weather gathered clouds. In the hills some distance away, we saw them congregated carrying shields and spears. A certain woman came running, and shouting why weren't we running away as those people were coming. I was confused. I had two young twins, and didn't know what to do when I had to run with them. These people were steadily approaching, humming warrior songs. I took one of the twins and carried it at my back while my sister took the other one. A boy who was a neighbour came and helped by carrying a bag. We then ran in the direction of the river called Mabane. We had to run across the river. The boy who was running behind me, carrying the bag for me [crying]... when we crossed the river with my sister, I don't know whether he got tripped or what. When we looked back, we saw that they had stabbed him several times and thrown him into the river. We could not return to help him because we had to run. When we arrived at the household we were going to, we didn't have anything for the babies to eat, and clothes to wear. At night my father arrived on a car. He offered to take us somewhere else during that very same night to avoid being seen taking us away as that would have led to him being killed. Our father drove us away and found us a place to rent at Siyamu, near Smero. While we were still at Siyamu, someone offered to get us

a place at Esigodini. We used to go every morning to Esigodini to build ourselves the house, and return to Siyamu in the afternoons. That was until we finished. We could not return to bury that boy who was killed while helping us. We even left our family house as it was. We don't know who occupied it. We don't know even about what happened to the furniture that was there in the house. We came to live our lives here at Esigodini. The violence that occurred here, began when we were already here. Fortunately, enough, none of my family members got harassed. However, we could lend a hand to the people who had been running from the Upper Edendale area because we had similar experiences.

When I arrived here with my family, there was an old lady who was known as Simantu Hlatshwayo. She offered us a site. We really felt welcomed because we even stored our building materials at her home. She familiarised us with the area so that we connect easily with other people. Indeed, I didn't experience any sort of harassment when arriving here at Esigodini.

I was deeply distressed because I had recently given birth to twins. As young as they were, I had carried them when running. One other thing is that the person who was trying to help me ended up being the one who died.

About the impact of violence on the family... my brother, the one I come after, built his house in our home yard as the yard was quite big. He decided to stay behind when we fled the area because he didn't like the ANC. He had also harboured the idea that we were wrong by being ANC members. Since then, it's hard for us to be in good terms with him. We only meet him when there are ceremonies, otherwise we don't. I would, therefore, say that violence had a great impact on our family lives because had it not been as a result of it, we would still be in good terms even today.

GRACE NGCOBO

I was born here at Esigodini on the 10th of September in 1951. I went to Esigodini School while it was still called Khosela, and then went to Georgetown school. I then got married to the Ngcobo family. When I was already married, there was an advertisement in Echo that at the KZN there were adult classes. I went there to attend those classes for two years. On finishing there, I was then involved in community projects.



We were blessed with six (6) children... I did not finish my matriculation. I wasn't lucky when it came to employment but I worked at I Teach as a counsellor in Edendale hospital. We were helping during those times when there was a stigma associated with being infected with HIV. We helped people to accept their condition, and to take their treatment as prescribed. After that I then worked with the community in introducing projects like farming gardens.

As I was already at Esigodini we used to help people, especially those who were staying in the church [someone enters]. It was painful indeed to see people, especially women and children, being ill-treated in that way... when they had to leave their homes and come to stay in halls and in the churches, that was horrible. They left their belongings behind, only to find that those would be taken by strangers if not

burnt. We welcomed them at Esigodini. We found them places to stay, either here at Mbanjwa's place or in our homes.

At my own home, for example, there was a family which was staying. My husband was working with Dee, allocating sites to them at Ntabeni. We are thankful that they eventually found their own place to live. Acquiring a house is very important. Therefore, we give thanks to God.

JABU BHENGU WAS THE GATHERER OF THESE STORIES

When I facilitated these groups I thought I knew it all. I had lived in the same area, Edendale, Imbali, the area where 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 an 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 safety, my family’s personal safety. I remember that in the morning after there had been disruptions at school (because those happened on a weekly basis) my family would ask me, “are you going to school today?” I had to go, what if the teachers came, what if 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 most cases in the rural areas. People who were part of the extended family would be together but all of a sudden you are displaced, you are not there. You are living in a one-roomed shack, or in a room and you are adjusting to new neighbours who are suspicious of

you. You don't know what tomorrow holds for you. You don't know where you are going to be sleeping the following day. You have no security. They were displaced from the upper Edendale areas but it wasn't peaceful in Edendale or even at Esigodini where they had sought refuge. There were still problems there.

The children would be driven out of school by whichever group decided that they had something to deal with, or they wanted some children who were in that school who were either UDF or Inkatha and they wanted them out of the school. The children would not know what they are going to do to them. So on a weekly basis those children were reminded of the uncertainty of their existence, where are they going to sleep, where is their home going to be.

As I look back I realise we should have counselled those learners who had been displaced, who had been forced to leave their homes to come and live in Edendale, Dambuza or even Imbali. They were traumatised in the first place, their families were traumatised, they didn't have a home and they had experienced violence. Even death in many cases in their families. So remembering the situation at school, I recognise we failed those learners. They should have been counselled because they were coming from a war zone. I think at school all we were concerned about was "adjust now, you are from a new area, you are in a new school, you are living here now, here are the lessons .. adjust and start learning." I try now to imagine the trauma in those children trying to focus on learning while they have the burden of not knowing where they are going to sleep, or having lost their home. Having been displaced from their community, lost their identity. Even as a child you have an identity in your community, in your school. In this case they were just lost; they had lost it all. I can think now of the trauma in those children and we didn't deal with those things. Maybe that is why we

have the violence we are having today in our country. Because those wounds that were opened then were never treated.

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, community members. 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. If your brother or your sister-in-law's family were UDF and you were Inkatha then you became enemies. Some of their stories show that those seeds of hatred still exist today. They have never been fully reconciled because nowadays it is not something we want to talk about. We don't want to raise it because it reminds us of the past. So that turning against each other, family relationships lost, neighbours turning against each other that must have been devastating.

Still 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' ehlopheka*) 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 (EEsigodini, 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:

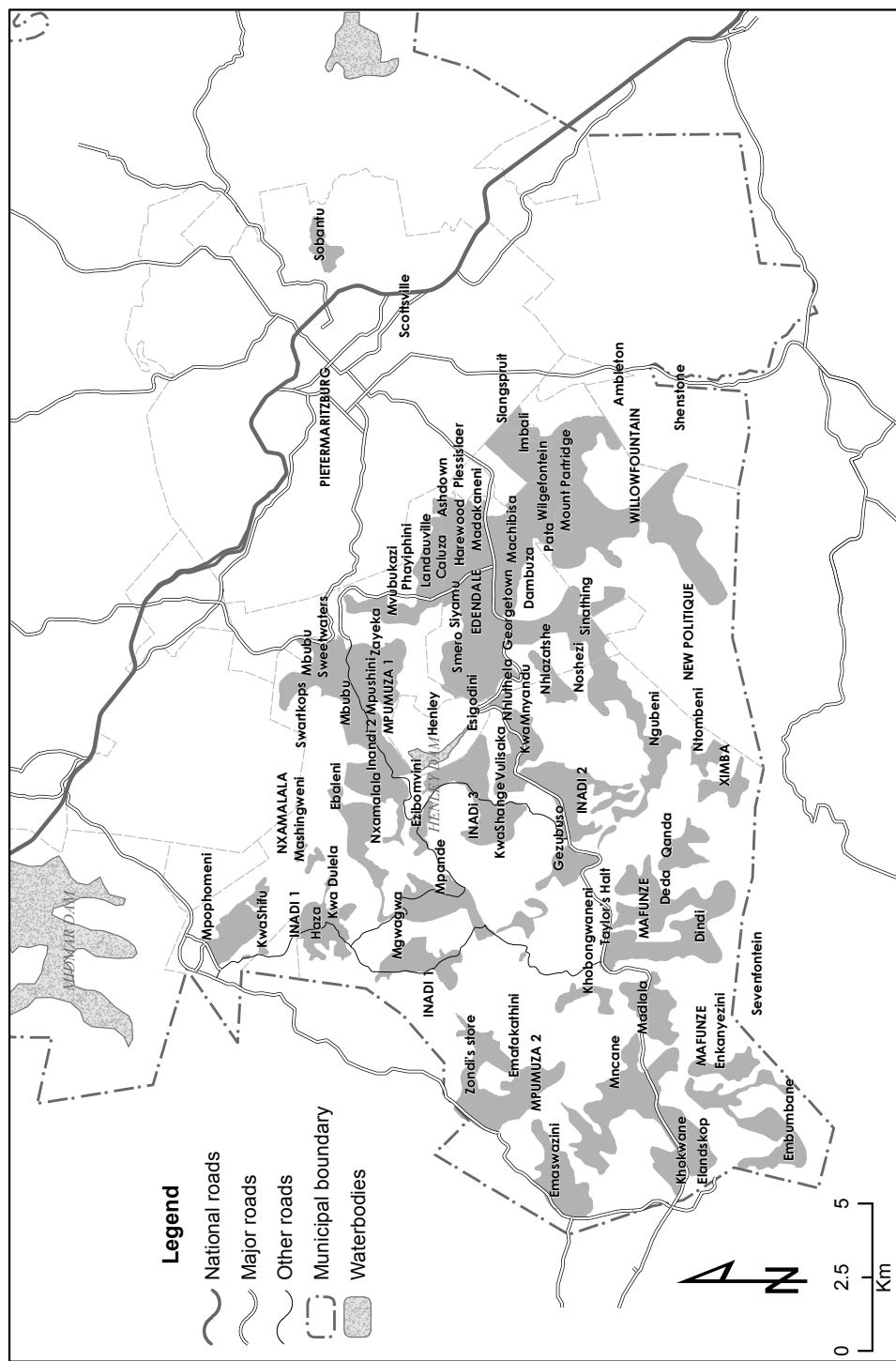
- Where and when were you born?
- When did you settle in EEsigodini?
- What were you doing in the 1980s?
- Which events in the 80s and early 90s do you vividly remember?
- What impact did these events have on you, your family, your community?

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.

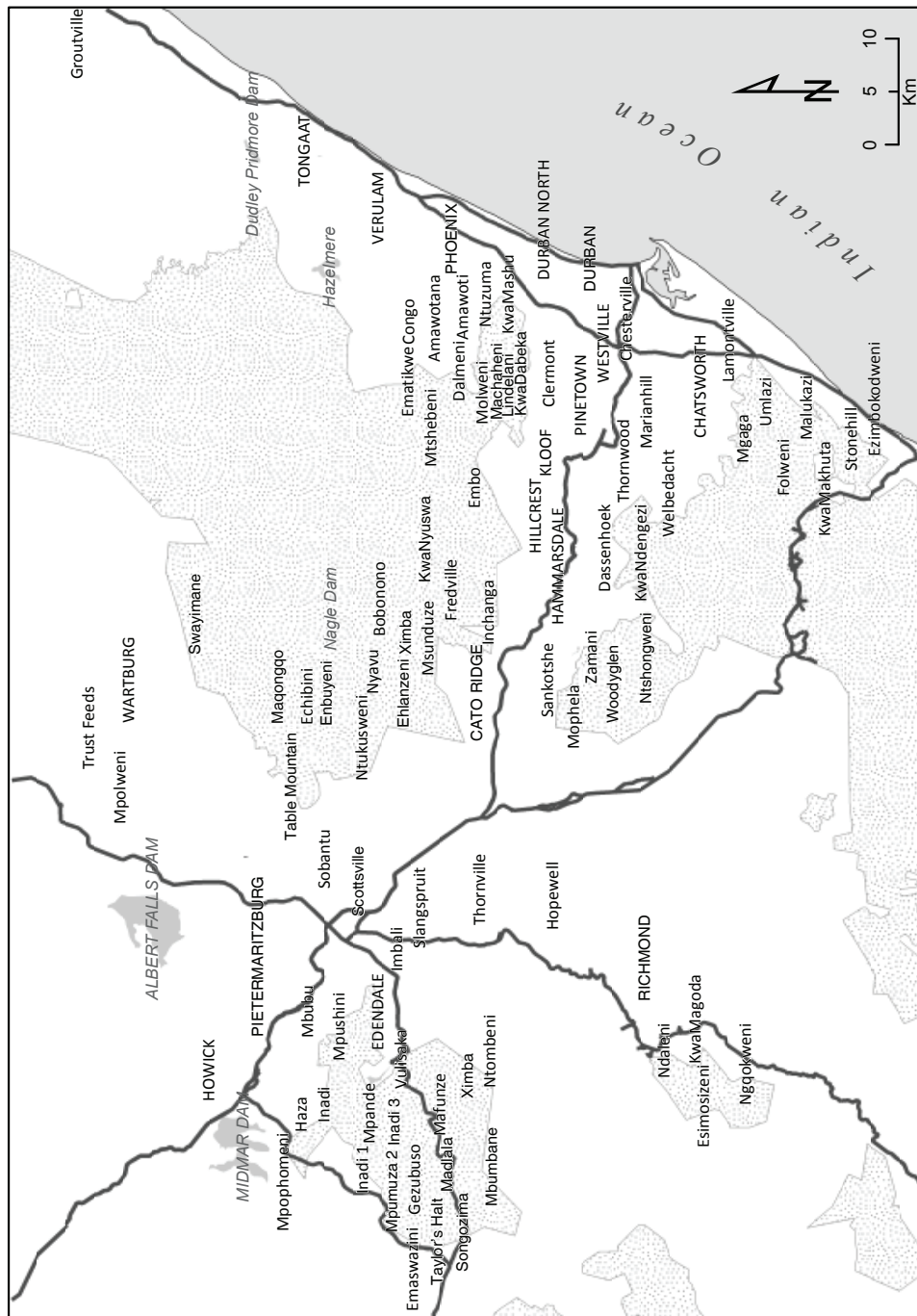
“IN OUR OWN VOICES”, was a commitment made to the women that has been honoured in the Zulu edition of the stories and as far as possible in the translation to English.



**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 ESIGODINI



AMAZWI OMAME ESIGODINI

Ukuqopha iqhaza

**Ukuqopha iqhaza labesifazane baseEsigodini
Emzabalazweni e-KZN Midlands.**

Hleze laba besifazane bakhohleke

A dark grey circular logo with a thin white border and a subtle drop shadow. The word "IsiZulu" is written in white, bold, sans-serif font inside the circle.

IsiZulu

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Amazwi Oname

Esigodini

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Pietermaritzburg, South Africa

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ISBN 978-0-6397-9384-9

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 nokufothokhophla, ukuqopha noma-ke ngayiphi indlela yokugcina noma ukubuyisa ulwazi oluqondene nale ncwadi ngaphandle kwemvume ebhaliwe yomshicileli.

Layout and cover design by Boutique Books

Printed in South Africa by Nu-Print

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 lelohuba, 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 base-Sigodini
amzabalazweni e-KZN Midlands
Hlezi laba besifazane bakhohleke

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 kulesisikhathi 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 base-Esigodini abasinda kulezi zikhathi 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 bakhiphe amagama abangathandi mawaqoshwe. Lezindaba zixoxwa yibo laba besifazane, akuzona izindaba zethu futhi sisigcinile isithembiso sethu sokushicilela ukuze nabanye bezwe amazwi abo ngokufunda lezizindaba.

Cishe uhhafu wabesifazane abaxoxa izindaba zabo bakhulele endaweni. Imindeni yabo yahlukunyezwa ngenxa yokuthi

abazali babo babeyingxenye yomzabalazo. Enye ingxenye izinze Esigodini ngemva kokubalekela udlame ezindaweni zase-Upper Edendale, Zayeka, Mpumuza kanye noMnyandu. Lena kwakuyimiphakathi yasemakhaya ehlala emhlabeni womphakathi.

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.

ZIBUYILE MPUNGOSE

Igama lami ngingu Zibuyile, ngizalwa kaMpungose khona la eSigodini. Ngizalwe ngomhlaka 27 December 1958. Ngafunda eNicholas school eseEdendale, Makholwa school, kwathi umatric ngaya kowufunda eMsimude school. Kuthe uma sengishada, ngashadela kaNtombela ngaqhubeka nokuhlala khona eSigodini ngihlala endaweni okuthiwa Okhalweni. Emva kwesikhathi ngabe sengiyabuya ngeza kohlala kulendawo ebizwa ngokuthi kuseMalandeni.



Mina unyaka engahlala kakhulu kuwona u 1987. Lowo nyaka ubalulekile kimina ngoba yilapho amabhunu ayegijimisa kakhulu abafana. Ngino sofa la endlini, umama wami wayebeke ikhandlela kuwona ngesikhathi odadewethu nabafowethu bejahwa amaphoyisa. Mina ngangikade ngisuke ngenhla ngenxa yezikhukhula zango 1987, ngase ngithutha izimpahla zami ngaziletha ekhaya kodwa kwaqhubeka nango 1988. Unyaka owaba nzima kakhulu kwaba wu 1990 mina ngangakhe eduze kwendlela, umuzi wami usekhoneni. Kwakuthi uma abafana bebaleka, ngoba abantu besilisa kwakuthiwa abaphume bonke emakhaya abo ukuze bayogadela imndeni yabo impi. Nomyeni wami wayephuma aye kogada amaphoyisa ukuthi aqhamuka kanjani neNkatha. Mina nganginomntwana omncane lapho ngo 1988 igama lakhe uSlindile. Ngangike ngime ewindini

ngingawuvali umnyango. Isizatho salokho kwakungukuthi, kwakukhona abafana ababeqhamuka sebegijima bejahwa amabhunu. Babefika emnyango wami bangqongqoze bangene ngobumnyama bahlale, ngingabazi nokuthi bangobani kodwa kwakufanele ngihlale nabo [uyakhala]. Kwakuthi uma amabhunu esedlulile, bese bethi siyabonga baphume bahambe. Lapho angazi nokuthi bengihleli nobani ngoba kumnyama endlini. Ngakho-ke yisona isikhathi esaba nzima kakhulu kimina ngoba ngangihlala nabantu engingabazi nokuthi bangobani futhi nginengane yentombazane, kodwa umnyango kwakumele ngiwuvule bangene ngihlale nabo ebumnyameni.

Kuthe ngo 1990 kwaqala loludlame olwalulukhulu ngempela. Thina sasikwi structure somama ngangi wunobhala khona noma omama enganginabo lapho bengasekho ngoba iningi labo selashona.

Yebo ngoba babesuke bejahwa amaphoyisa neNkatha. Ubunzima engabuthwala njengomuntu wesifazane, ukuthi ngihlale nabantu besilisa endlini ngobumnyama ngingabazi nokuthi bangobani. Nalosofo owasha umama washiya ikhandlela behleli kwaze kwabe bayazumeka wavutha usofa. Kwathi uma kuhamba isikhathi sisakhona kwi structure leso, kwafika ekuthenini amagama ethu afakwe kwi hit list, nami elami igama lalikhona. Nobaba wakwami wayesakhona lapho. Ngoba kwathi noma sekufika uMandela wahamba naye waya kolanda uMandela. UMandela waphinde wahamba waya kobheka nase Maqongqo ngoba ngalezozikhathi kwase kunzima ngempela. Kukhona nje umama esasinaye u Mrs Mshengu esasisebenzisana naye owathutha imithwalo yakhe ngesikhathi befika kwakhe bathola izingane. Bafike bathi ezinganeni anibosikhonzela kumama wenu. Wafika kimina wathi, Buyi usahlezi? Ngathi mina ngiyahlala, wahamba-ke yena waya kohlala eMbali ngenxa yokuthi amagama ethu ayebhalwe kwi list yabantu

okwakumele babulawe. Abanye omama esasinabo kwakungo aunty Mana, Mrs Khoza kodwa sebashona. Bona-ke bashelwa imizi yabo. UMrs. Khoza kwadinga ukuthi ashiye umyeni wakhe endlini ngoba wayegula, ngenxa yokuthi wayengakwazi ukumhudula abaleke naye. Umyeni wakhe washonela endlini ngesikhathi beshisa umuzi. Omunye umndeni wakaNdawo khona lapha, umfana wakhona washonela lapha phezulu bethi bayosiza bavimbe impi. Kwathi abanye ayenabo bagcina benga tholakalanga labobabafana babulawa amabhunu, ebulalela emfuleni uMsunduzi. Kuthiwa umuntu wayethi uveza ikhanda ematsheni ababecashe kuwona, amaphoyisa ashaye ikhanda.

Okunye okwangiphatha kabi kakhulu okwathi uma ngifika emsebenzini. Umlungu engangimsebenzela wathi, hawu usindile! Eyi lelogama ngalizwa ukuthi linzima. Lapho ngabona ukuthi amabhunu ayayijabulela lento eyenzeka kithina, ngoba kungathi uma ngiza emsebenzini ngikusebenzela kufanele ngabe uyajabula kodwa wena uthi, hawu usindile. Ezinye izinto esasisiza ngazo lapha emphakathini nakuba mina ngangisebenza kodwa abanye omama bendawo babeye bahambe baye kophekela labantu ababalekile amasobho ezikoleni ababehleli kuzona. Okunye esakwenza singomama basendaweni ngoba kwase kuzoba yisikhathi sephasika. Sathi asibenzele iphasika labantu ababalekile ngoba angeke bakwazi ukuya enkonzweni yephasika. Bafika ngempela abambalwa kodwa abakwazanga ukufika bonke. Nalapho sasisakhombisa ukubamukela endaweni. Abantu abanjengo bhuti Dee Shezi kanye baba uMlaba bakhona lapha endaweni yibona ababekwazi ukubanikeza izindawo njengoba sekwagcina sekugcwele yonke lendawo. Umama wami (Mrs. Mpungose) wayehlala ngapha mina ngihlala le oKhalweni. Le ndawo yaqale yaba ngaphansi kweNkatha, kodwa okwathi emva kwesikhathi kwajika ngoba abantu babona ukuthi lento ayisahambi ngendlela eyayishiwo

ngayo ekuqaleni. Lapha kwakuyi UDF umama wami wayegijima kakhulu. Ngalesosikhathi kulapho kwafa khona oMaqhiki Ntshangase bedutshulwa amabhunu. Kwakuye kumenyezwe umama wami ngoba wayengumuntu onesibindi [uyakhala] wayema yedwa umama wami. Kwahamba isikhathi kwaba nezinkulumo zokuthi umndeni waka Mpungose uzitshela ukuthi wazi kakhulu, kwase kuphuma igama lokuthi kufanele ubulawe.

Okunye okwenzeka ukuthi ngo 1991 ngihlezi nomntwana wami womfana kwaqala kwaba khona ubhuti owayesebenza esitolo saka Dube, wayehlezi ehleli ngenhla komuzi wami. Zasho izingane ukuthi ungubani kodwa angeke ngikwazi ukusho igama lakhe ngoba usaphila. Nami lapho ngaqala ngaqhaqhazela. Manje kwakunokuthi kube nemihlangano ebanjelwa kwami ngeminyaka yangabo 87 kuya ku 97. Ngenxa yokuthi ngangisebenza ngibuye late emsebenzini, ngangingeke ngikwazi ukuya emhlanganweni eSigodini. Lo bhuti wafika kwami ezothenga inyama ngoba ngangidayisa. Wafike wangqongqoza kusabanjwe umhlangano, mina ngangigeza ingane ekamelweni. Bese ubhuti Dumisani Shezi (Dee) amvulele umnyango ngesikhathi engqongqoza kanti I plan yakhe kwakungukuthi azobheka lomakoti omncane okwakuthiwa uhamba phambili. Umthetho wakhona lo bhuti wayelethwe yiNkatha ngoba abafana babethi uma bebheka into ayogqoke ngaphansi babone ukuthi ufake isikibha seNkatha. Lo muntu ayemsebenzela owayengumnini sitolo ubaba u Dube, kwakuthi uma kushoniwe afike azosiza emphakathini, kanti inhloso ukuzobheka. Umsebenzi wakhe uDube kwakuwu kubuyisa Inkatha endaweni ngoba yase iphelile indaba yayo kodwa wahluleka. Umphakathi wakulwela kakhulu Inkatha ingaphinde ingene endaweni. Kuthe ngo 10 October 1991 umfowethu wadutshulwa, edutshulwa abanye abase besebenzisana nayo Inkatha kodwa futhi sinabo la kwi structure. Kwafika umbiko nje wokuthi umfowethu sebemdubulile khona la endaweni.

Ngendlela engangithuke ngayo, ngangithatha ngisho ama wardrobe ngiwabeke emawindini ngoba sengizwile ukuthi uDube usesibhale kwi hit list. Kwahamba isikhathi kwathiwa umndeni waka Mpungose iwona ongafuni ukuthi ubaba uDube awenzele izinto. Kwathi uma umfowethu eseshonile, umama nodadewabo babehlala bobabili kungakhanyisiwe ngisho ikhandlela. Kwakucishwa endlini bese kubakhona abagade emnyango. Kwakuqhuma izibhamu ebusuku ngoba kuthiwa akuqedwe wona lomndeni ngoba awulungile. Umama wayezi zabalazela eyedwa ngoba nobaba wayesashona. Nami ngazabalaza nomyeni wami futhi ngangizimisele ngokusuka endaweni engangakhe kuyona ngisho sebengisabisile. Udadewethu nomkwenyana wakhe kwakuthi uma befika emihlanganweni balibone igama lami, bese bebuza ukuthi ngenzeni. Wathi uDube akazi ngamenzani ngoba futhi akangazi, kodwa wathi mina ngithi akushiswe isitolo sakhe. Kodwa akushiwongo ukuthi kushiswe isitolo, kwakuthiwe akube ne boycott. Nami-ke ngabe sengingena kuleyo list, ngifakwa omunye esasisebenzisana naye emphakathini. Kodwa ngabona ukuthi naye wayenziwa ingcindezi ngoba nalokho ngagcina ngikuthola. Angizange ngimtshela ukuthi ngiyazi uyena owayesibhala futhi negama lakhe angeke ngisalisho ngoba vele akasekho nasemhlabeni. Ngakho-ke bukhulu ubunzima esahlangabezana nabo sesisele singabantu besifazane.

THEMBUTHANDO LATHA

I gama lami ngingu Thembuthando Florence Latha ngokomshado.

Ngizalwa emndenini wakaZondi (MaZondi). Ngazalelwa endaweni yase Mgodini, ngakhulela khona ngaphinde ngafunda eSigodini school ngagcina ka standard 5.

Ngabe sengiyahamba ngaya kogana emndenini waka Gumede kodwa ngebhadi washona umkhwenyana ngingakashadi. Ngabuya ke ngabe sengiyosebenza emajalidini

ngineminyaka eyi 22. Ngizalwe ngomhlaka 15 July 1938. Kuthe ngo 1968 umama wathi asihambe siye kohlala kaMnyandu ngoba esefuna ukuyohlala nabantu bakubo futhi nobaba wayeseshonile.

Kuthe ngo 1990 kodwa udlame lwaluqale ngo 1987 silokhu sibekezelele Inkatha, kwaze kwafika esikhathini sokuthi sibalekelele uNtombela saze safika la eSigodini. Ngafika nezingane zami zonke ziphelele kodwa indlu yami angazi nokuthi kwenzakalani ngayo. Uma sifika lapha umyeni wami wayesaphila ngoba ushone ngo 2004. Izingane zami zashona zonke, manje ngisele nomfana wami ofunda u Grade 12 engihleli naye ekhaya. Sihleli esidakeni sangempela ngoba amanzi ayavuzwa nje, lendlu sengize ngayivusa kathathu. Kanti ngo 1996 umkhwenyana wami wayezongithengela umuzi, manje kuyawa nje, ngiyabhandela kuphinde kuwe. Njengoba bekuna lemvula enkulu, nayo iphinde yawisa. Kwaba unyaka ka 1987, thina nje kwakulokhu isukile lento ngaphezulu sasingakwazi nokulala. Ukuqala kwalo loludlame kwathiwa simenywa yiNkatha



uShayabantu Zondi uzokhuluma ngamanzi, kwakungesikhathi sisahlala kaMnyandu. Kuthe sisezwe lokho, kwafika izingane zathi singayi kulomhlango ngoba siyoyiniswa Inkatha, nathi asizange sisaya. Kwaqala ukuthi izingane zilahleke, kwathi ngabo 2 sezwa seziphezulu entabeni ebizwa ngokuthi iNhluthelo. Mina ngangihlala ngasemgwaqeni, lapho ngabona Inkatha idlula iphethe amahawu nemikhonto bethi baya ezinganeni lezi esezihlala entabeni. Zasuka izingane zabaleka zaya kongena ehlathini zisuka entabeni. Sisabheke lokho kwaqhamuka amaveni ayebizwa ngokuthi ama Mellow-Yello namabhanoyi kudutshulwa izingane.

Kusukela lapho-ke asiphindange sabazi ubuthongo. Ekhaya kwakunesalukazi esidala singasakwazi nokubaleka, manje nathi sasilala ezikhotheni ngoba singeke sikwazi ukubaleka sisishiye sodwa, siyomuzwa ugogo esememeza ethi we Thembi! Kodwa manje nami angikwazi ukusabela. Kuthe ngo 1988 washona ugogo, lapho kwase kulula nokubaleka ngoba wayengasekho (u aunty ongudadewabo kababa futhi esasesisele naye).

Ngo 1990 impi sasisayibuka kaShange nathi sesigcwele izintaba. Abantu babaleka bayoshona eMsunduzi emfuleni, nawo uyabathutha. Kwakusala nezingane kwabanye, kwakwenzeka ukuthi kugqashuke imbeleko kumama ngesikhathi ewela umfula bese ingane isale phakathi emfuleni. Kuthe ngosuku olulandelayo kaMnyandu bangena ekuseni ngo 7, nento eyayikhuluma lapho kwakuyizibhamu. Uma usinde kwisando, ngoba babephatha izando nemikhonto, uma uthi uyaphuma nasi isibhamu. Kuleyompi kwasala abantu abanengi, abanye babo bagcina bedliwe yizinja.

Sabaleka seza ngapha eSigodini nase Thuthuka ehholo, nabantu bakhona basisiza. Kukhona le ndoda eyake yaba yikhansela kodwa seyashona, igama lakhe u Deda Hlophe. Abanye abantu babehlala kadadewethu ababesuka ko Sweetwater nakwezinye izindawo. Ngikhumbula ngivakashele kaBuyi umntwana kadadewethu owathi kimina, we aunty nginiphuphe

ningingqikiswa wudlame, kanti kwase kuseduzane ukuthi lokho kwenzeke. Uma sengifika lapha eSigodini, izingane zami zonke zashona kwasala eyodwa vo! Umzukululu wami engisele naye manje washonelwa umama nobaba wakhe. Ubaba wakhe ngowaka Maqaqa lapho kwakushadele khona indodakazi yami.

Mina ngangihlala ejalidini ngisebenzela ibhunu. Alizange lingisize ngalutho kodwa lalihlezi lingibhuqa lingibiza ngo Mrs Mandela. Lalize lithi Mrs. Mandela, Mandela isigebengu, kodwa laze lahamba laya e Port Edward nami ngathutha ngahamba ngaya kohlala emqashweni. Uma ngihleli lapho inhliziyi yami yayisho ukuthi angikho kwami kodwa angihlukumezekanga. Ngangihlezi ngishumayela kumyeni wami ukuthi uma kwenzeka ngifela la, ngicela ungangilethi la kodwa ungilandele ngoMgqibelo sewuyongibeka e Mountainrise, kwaba yilapho ke yathenga umuzi. Kanti lomuzi uzosiza yona indoda yami ngoba yafa kuqala, mina yangishiya nomuzi.

Mina benginomndeni omkhulu kaMnyandu sahlukaniwa wudlame, abanye base Azalea, Mpophomeni, Caluza kodwa siyahlangana uma kukhona okwenziwayo njengomndeni. Uma ngifika eSigodini benginganawo umndeni ngaphandle kukadadewethu nezingane zakhe. Kuthe sengishonelwe yindoda, izingane zami bese ziphila izimpilo zazo ngoba nentombazane yami yase ishadile. Mina nganginentombazane nomfana kuphela, umfana wagayiswa isondo lebhasi laka Washesha elalihambela kaZayeka.

Intombazane kwaze kwabe ithola umfana ogama lakhe uMlungisi kodwa naye sewashona. Kukhona into eyayike ishiwo umyeni wami kodwa mina ngihleke. Wayeke athi, ngizokufa wena usale uhlupheke. Athi yeka lezikweletu Thembi ngoba ngangihlezi ngikweleta abantu, kwenzeka njalo ngampela. Washona umyeni wami, ihhee! Abantu bezimali ezizalayo bengenandaba nokuthi ngizilile kodwa babeshaya ujenga

bezofuna izimali zabo. Udadewethu waze wangithatha ngizilile nginjalo ngaya kohlala kwakhe, ngoba phela awukwazi ukuzilela emzini womunye umuntu. Wababiza abantu wabatshelela ukuthi uThembi akasenamali njengoba nazi ukuthi ushonelwe yindoda, kwathi ukudamba-ke. Emva kwalokho kwalahleka ipasi lami ngaqala ngaba undinga sithebeni, wangifukamela udadewethu. Emva kwesikhathi imali yabuye yaba khona ngakwazi ukubakhokhela bonke abantu engangibakweleta, ngiyabonga nje ukuthi wangilamulela sengizoshawa abantu. Kwaphela wonke u R12,140.00 ngezikweletu futhi lemali phela yayizala.

Wathi esezohamba emhlabeni udadewethu, wabiza zonke izingane zakhe wabe esethi ngicela nibize uThembi. Ubaba wami wahamba waya empini ka Hitler.

Mina abantu bala eSigodini bazi ukuthi singabaka Shelembe, kodwa manje sebeyathuka uma bezwa ukuthi singabaka Zondi. Ubaba uZondi wahamba nomama, thina sasala saba wu Shelembe saze sabhabhathiswa emaRomeni. Kuthe sesizoshada nodadewethu, mina ngangizoshadela kaGumede, yena ezoshadela kaMpungose. Wagula ubaba uShelembe. Uthe umyeni wami eseqedile ukulobola sesizoya enkantolo siyobhala, waqhamuka ubaba wathi uyena owazala, wahlakazeka umshado wami wokuqala. Ubaba uShelembe wayesengithengele I ring, ingubo epink ngoba kuqala kwakushadwa ngengubo eblue noma orange. Khona lapho uShelembe nobaba wami uZondi bahlangana ngasese, ubaba uZondi wathi ungamshadisi uThembi ngoba indodakazi yami.

Sahamba-ke saya eMngeni Court lapho kwakubhaliselwa khona umshado. Ibuze imantshi ukuthi eyakho yini ingane ibuza ubaba engangihamba naye. Athi cha eyomfowethu, kuthiwe uphi yena, athi wahamba 15 years back waya empini ka Hitler. Mina ngangizoshada ngo 1957 kodwa angikwazanga ukushada ngenxa yokubuya kukababa uZondi.

Kwathi uma sibuzwa ukuthi uphi umama, wathi ubaba akamazi. Njengoba ngithi kukhona uShelembe, uyena ubaba esasesimthatha njengobaba wethu kanye nonkosikazi wakhe ngoba yibona abasikhulisa. Ubaba uZondi nomama okuyibona abazali bethu bangempela besishiyile. Wathi ubaba uZondi yena wabuya emasosheni eGoli, emva kwalokho akaphindange wambona umama. Umama wayezalwa ka Ndebele eMsinga. Ngesikhathi umama nobaba besishiya, bahamba bobabili kanye nomfowethu kodwa kwatholakala ukuthi ubaba akamazi umama nomfowethu ukuthi bashona kuphi.

Kwathi uma ubaba esezohamba emhlabeni esehlala kubo kamfowabo, wasibiza wathi hayi imithwalo seysisobhokweni. Uma esho uthi ube nephupho lapho kungene ihhashi lamdilayisa nombhede, kwathi uma sekusa lahamba lelihhashi lase libuya nengane lamphinda futhi lamdilayisa nombhede. Ngambuza ukuthi lelihhashi lichaza unkosikazi wakho kanye nengane yakho yini? Ngase ngithi kuyena, uyabona baba njengoba uhamba uzolandwa amahhashi, ungaphinde ubuye uze la uthi wake wasibona. Kuthe uma kufika udadewethu ezombona ubaba, wabe esembuza ukuthi, manje baba uzoze uhambe ngampela ungasiphanga umnotho. Wathi ubaba konke ebenginakho ngikunike umakoti obengigada, nalapho icala alikho ngoba ukugeza umuntu, umphendula akuyona into encane.

Wathi udadewethu, cha ngisho ikubo likamama. Wathi ubaba thatha ipeni nephepha, wabhala ukuthi singabaka Ndebele, Msinga endawemi yasePhomoroyi.

Wathi uma nifika khona anibothi niya eGodeni emzini wakaNdebele. Umkhulu ozala umama wakho uMehlwezingane, ugogo wakho uMaMathenjwa, nizolithola lapho ke ikubo likamama wenu.

Kuhambe isikhathi ubaba uMpungose walokhu ebelesela ngokuthi, wozani nginihambise kubo kamama wenu.

Kodwa sanganaka konke lokho kwaze kwafika ekutheni ashone uMpungose. Emva kwesikhathi kwaba khona owayhlekisana nodadewethu, naye wayesho into efanayo. Sazama sahlanganisa imali sahamba, siyafika kunezimpi zamakhumbi eMsinga. Kunemoto nje elokhu isilandela iphinde ibe ngaphambi kwethu esicabanga ukuthi babethi abantu abathengiwe ukuzobulala. Sathi uma sima nabo bama behla beza kithina, bafike babuza ukuthi sihamba ngani.

Udadewethu aphenjule ke ukuthi siya eGodeni, base bethi sizoninika ingane ezoniphelezela eyazi Induna noma kungaseyona Induna endala yakaSithole ngoba indaba yenu seyindala. Sifike eNduneni sibike udaba lwethu, yase ithi Induna cha abantu baka Ndebele babengabe Sotho futhi babakhe lapha eGodeni kodwa sebafa bonke. Bese besithumela nengane ezosihambisa komunye okwakuthiwa u Sakhayedwa owayefunda neNduna, uma sifika lapha sangena sivuza ngoba kwavele kwashintsha izulu kwanetha. Sifike khona singene sihlale, bese umakoti wakhona esihambisa kubabezala wakhe okungubhuti wethu. Hayi-ke sibike udaba esize ngalo, avela athi lobaba hawu loyo wavele wangithi fuqaqa! Kugogo angimazi nokuthi wayenjani, ikhona la kaNdebele kaMehlwezingane.

Hayi! Nathi siqale manje ukuhlala kahle. Aqale ke manje asilandise ngomndeni wonke nokuzaleka kwethu ngokulamana. Lapho ubala isisu somfazi oyedwa kodwa sonke asimazi umama wethu, kodwa ke kujatshulwe bandla nomakoti ashaye izingcingo atshele nomunye umndeni ukuthi sifikile. Izingane zazisisinga nje, abanye bebuza ukuthi sezwa ngomthandazi noma. Ngabatshela ukuthi satshelwa ubaba ngoba yena wabuya. Hayi kwavukwa ekuseni sahanjiswa emathuneni waqeda lapho ubhuti wasikhunga ngoba safike salala ngalelolanga. Mina manje ngisele no Ngangenyoni engingamazi kodwa kuthiwa use Dundee, udaewethu washona ngo March. Manje ngisele ngedwa nje, kodwa ngiye ngithi ukhona Umhlobo onjengo Jesu.

FLORENTINE MAJOLA

Igama ngingu Florentine Majola, ngizalwe mhlaka 17 February 1940, ngizalwa emndenini waka Mthlane (MaMthlane) endaweni yaseMpofane. Sasuka eMpofane saya eNew Hanover, (Mshwathi), sasuka eMshwathi seza eSweetwaters endaweni yaka Zayeka, ngabe sengiza lapha eSigodini.



Kwathi size lapha sithi sizolanda izingubo njengabantu ababedilikelwe yizindlu ngesikhathi kunemvula enkulu. Kwakukade kuthiwe asizolanda amabhokisi ezingubo ku Father Cornnyal eSigodini. Sacela umfana kadadewethu uSikhumbuzo ukuthi asilandele ukuze asiphathise amabhokisi lawo samlinda uSikhumbuzo kodwa wangafika kade ubaba wakhe emnikile I R1 ukuze agibele ibhasi. Kulapho kwaba ukumgcina kwethu sonke njengomndeni uSikhumbuzo mhlaleni kwaba lelo R1, kuze kube yinamhlanje sisenkingeni ngoba asimazi washona kuphi. Kuthe uma ngithuswa yilokho, ngabe sengithatha izingane zami ngazihambisa kamalume wami, abanye baya kohlala kaDambuza ngase ngisala namantombazane amabili. Kuthe ngelinye ilanga ngifika ekhaya, ngathola ukuthi amantombazane ami bebewaqhubile ukuthi kuyiwe emhlanganweni. Ngabe sengithi angithandi izingane zami zamantombazane zihambe ubusuku kanti futhi omunye wawo lamantombazane wayekhulelwe. Babe sebethi bazoyiqaqqa isisu ngoba lengane eyikhulelwe eye qabane. Kwaba yilapho

nami ngabaleka ngahamba eSweetwater, kodwa udadewethu waba nenkani wahlala. Kuthe uma ngifika ngelinye ilanga ngathola ukuthi bashiselwe umuzi, usibali wami yena bamgquza ngesibhamu la esiswini intuthu yagcwala isisu, okuyiyona into eyagcina imbulele sesihlala eSigodini. Kodwa khona kunjalo baqhubeka bahlala eSweetwater. Ngathi ngiyafika ngelinye ilanga ngathola ukuthi baphinde bazomkhomba ngesibhamu bethi akakhiphe uSikhumbuzo. Kuthiwa babethi siyamfuna, babengena wonke amakamelo bethi akamkhiphe. Base bethi ngoba akafuni ukumkhipha uSkhumbuzo, akaguqe athandaze okokugcina. Kwathi-ke ngalesosikhathi ngabe sengiyofuna itruck, ngathi uyabona-ke manje angisanishiyi-ke la ekhaya. Sahamba-ke saya kohlala kaDambuza ekamelweni. Uma sisahleli kaDambuza, nansi impi iqhamuka phezulu labafana esasithi sibacashisile kwafanele bahambe baye kobamba futhi leyompi eyayibizwa ngo Seven Days War. Abafana bethu bayibamba leyompi, nathi emakhaya asilali, asidli ngenxa yalabafana bethu ababesempini. Mina ngase ngiwuntantane nje ngenxa yovalo, ngoba ngabaleka ngaze ngafika eMgababa naka Swayimane. Kuthe uma ngifika eMgababa kanti nakhona kuzoqala udlame olukhulu, yilapho futhi bangithathela khona yonke impahla yendlu ngoba ngangisebenzela kaZayeka. Emva kwesikhathi ngagcina nami ngingasayi nasemsebenzini ngahlala ekhaya ngenxa yesimo. Lapho eMgababa kwase kuthathwe izimpahla zendlu yami zonke, nezimpahla zokwakha engangizithengile. Kukhona konke okwasekwenzekile ngabe sengiphindela kaDambuza. Kuthe uma sesikaDambuza sabe sesithola lelinxiwa elilapha eSigodini sinodadewethu benomkhwenyana wakhe uSithole.

Uma ngifika la ngangi ngasenalutho, ngisho nesipuni. Kodwa okubuhlungu kakhulu ilendaba yalengane eyalahleka, ngoba umama nobaba wayo bafa benesilonda. Lokhu nakimina

kuyisilonda, kodwa mina nalengane yakwabo sisanethemba lokuthi mhlawumbe uyobuye aqhamuke noma mhlawumbe nje akasekho.

Ngizokhuluma ngawo u1987 ngoba yiwona owawuyinkinga kakhulu. Sase singasakwazi nokuya emasontweni ngoba uma ubuya esontweni, babesivimbela kuthiwe asiye emihlanganweni eyayiba sesikoleni eBhekisizwe. Izinsizwa zeNkatha zazithi loyo owathenga ikhadi leNkatha kusho ukuthi ucamela kulona ngoba akahambi ebusuku uma thina siya emihlanganweni. Baqhubeka bathi, uma sesibuya emhlanganweni ebusuku sizobuya ngomuzi wakhe. Nathi siqhaqhazele-ke lapho. Ngangihamba nezingane zami siya esontweni ekuseni, siphume siye emhlanganweni, lapho kuphela usuku asidlile. Kwase kuthiwa lezingane ezisontayo yizona amaNdiya. Lapho kwabe sekwenza lezingane nazo ziqale ukubamba imihlangano endaweni, kodwa eyazo imihlangano kwakungeye UDF, bese bethi abeNkatha “amaNdiya”. Kuthe ngelinye ilanga izingane zibambe umhlangano wazo ngoba zithi bayasihlupha labantu, asisakwazi nokufinyelela esontweni ngoba siyavinjwa. Kwaqhamuka iqulu labantu besahlangene lapho, zabaleka izingane, kukhona omunye wami owayemncanyanyana. Wathi uyabaleka ne group ye UDF wawa phansi, bameqa, nalaba ababajahayo nabo bafike bameqe ngoba becabanga ukuthi uwe kubona. Wasinda kanjalo ke umfana wami. Kuthe ekuseni ngelinye ilanga bangabuya laba abanye abafana bami ababili nomunye kadadewethu. Kwase kufika inkosikazi yaka Buthelezi (uMaMadlala), wathi ngithe ngoyokha amanzi lapha okhalweni ngabona kukhona umfana olimele lapha emseleni, uwe kabi futhi ngathi ubekhandwa ngamatshe. Kwasuka udadewethu nomunye ubaba waka Ndlovu nabanye base belandela kuyobhekwa lomfana okuthiwa ulimele kabi. Kanti nomfana waka Ndlovu akabuyanga ekhaya, nami ezami izingane azibuyanga nomfana kadadewethu. Wagijima ke uNdlovu aye khona lapha, endleleni athole isicathulo. Uma amakhosikazi esalandela uNdlovu, ahlangane

naye uNdlovu esebuya abe esethi, buyelani emuva makhosikazi, eyami lengane ebulawe njengengcanga (inja). Wayegwaziwe, bamkhanda nangamatshe ebusweni, wayengasabonakali. Kulapho-ke ngathatha abantwana bami babafana ngabahambisa eDambuza abanye baya eSwayimane ekhaya kubo kamama. Kwaba unyaka owodwa nalapho wathi khona udadewethu asihambe siyolanda amabhokisi ezingubo. Uma sesifikile sabe sesilinda uSikhumbuzo ukuthi azosiphathisa lawomabhokisi. Kanti uSikhumbuzo sozimgcina ngalelologa, kwakungu mhlaka 27 October 1987 walahleka wangaphinde watholakala.

Uma ngifika kaZayeka ngelinye ilanga kukhona uThokozani lo kanye namanye amantombazane ami amabili, nakhona sekushisiwe umizi kanye neminye imizi manje nodadewethu usehambe wayobika emaphoyiseni. Ngiyabafica abantwana sebethithibele ebaleni. Ngifike ngibuze ukuthi manje nithithibele into yanini la ebaleni, bathi nathi asazi. Ngithi ubaba (Sithole) ukuphi, bathi uvuke waya emsebenzini nenxeba lapho ababemlimaze khona ngesibhamu nentuthu ayihabule ngesikhathi kusha indlu. Bese ngithi thathani ekungathatheka sihambeni, umama wenu uzofike abone naye uzokwenza njani. Izigigaba zaba ziningi kakhulu ezase zenzekile kudadewethu kodwa engafuni ukuhamba endaweni. Uma sifika eMatsheni siphethe izimpahla kodwa asizazi ukuthi siya kuphi. Kwaqhamuka umama owayehlala eSigodini (umama uMthethwa), bese ethi mama Majola niyaphi nezikhwama? Ngithi angazi, bese ethi ababili abangilande beze emission lapho ngikhona kodwa bangasho ku Father Cornnally ukuthi yimina engithe abeze lapha, bazifikele nje uFather Cornnally uzobanika indawo. Senza kanjalo-ke kwahamba uThokozani nendodakazi yami eyodwa nalomama, nami ngahamba nendodakazi yami encane saya eDambuza kandodakazi yomfowethu. Sivuke ekuseni ukuze ngiyofuna ikamelo lokuqasha. Bese ngithi vuka Nelisiwe, avuke kodwa akakwazi ukuhamba. Ngithi hawu

kwenzenjani Nelisiwe? Uma ngibheka, unenxeba elikhulu liyavuzwa nje... Wayelunywe yizingcanga ngesikhathi bebaleka,

Ngesikhathi uThokozani ecasha enhlabeni nomama wakhe, laba bobabili babaleka baya komunye umuzi ongezansi ka Zuma lapho alunywa khona yingcanga. Bese ngiqala ngokuhambisa lomntwana olimele esibhedlela, uma ngisuka lapho ngihambe ngiyofuna ikamelo. Indodakazi yami endala yayikhulelwe yisona lesosisu ekwakuthiwa sizoqaqwa kukhishwe ingane ngoba kuzozalwa iqabane. Ngahamba-ke ngalithola ikamelo, ngase ngiya emaRomeni lapho kwakucashe khona lamantombazane amabili bafika khona banginika izipontshi ukuze sikwazi ukundlala silale. Hayi-ke sahlala emqashweni loyo.

Njengoba ngilapha manje sengifuna izikhala ezikoleni. Kwakuthi uma kukhala insimbi zingene izingane zakho Simero nase Georgetown, kodwa kusale inqwaba yezingane ebaleni. Lezo zingane zazibaleke udlame ezindaweni zazo sezizofuna izikhala ngapha zokufunda. Ngase ngithatha izingane zami ezimbili zamantombazane zaya koqasha eMpophomeni, umfana uyagibela zonke izinsuku ufunda eMpophomeni. Ngelinye ilanga kuthiwe, hawu! Kukhona unkosikazi owayenamanga uMaNgubane ababeqashe kwakhe. Wathi wemama kaKhethi, kuthiwa kaDambuza eEdendale kupheliwe, kubulewe yonke into, yinja, kati akukho lutho [kuyahlekwa]. Hawu! kugxabhe isisu kimina, ngihambe manje ngiyobheka izingane zami nezikadadewethu ezika Dambuza. Uma ngifika edolobheni akukho lutho lokuhamba, sisahleli lapho kuqhamuke ikhumbi ethi iphelela eCrosssing ngoba iya eMbali, ngigibele ingishiye khona bese ngihamba ngonyawo ngiza eDambuza. Uma ngifika ngithi kwenzenjani dadewethu, akakwazi nokukhuluma uphethe I Rosali kuphela uyehla uyenyuka. Uma ngibheka naziya izingane lapha entabeni zibambe impi (Seven Days War). Ngibone ukuthi hayi ngeke kubi futhi nalapha. Abe

esethi uMajola kukhona indawo eMgababa, ngithathe izimpahla zami silayishe siye eMgababa. Abafana sebebuyile bazohlala kaDambuza, amantombazane ahambe abuyele kamam'mkhulu ngoba ayengafuni ukuhamba eSweetwater.

Ngangi nezingane eziyi 6. Kwakuthi ngama weekend ngithenge ukudla ngikuhambise lapho lezingane ziqube khona. Kwahamba isikhathi nodadewethu manje yehla inkani ngemva kokuthi akhonjwe ngesibhamu. Kulapho ke sathutha khona salayisha yonke into kwi truck. Kodwa inkinga kuwukuthi uma uke walayisha wahamba kaZayeka, uma sewuthi uyabuya uzobheka mhlawumbe okusalile bakubulale. Ngoba omunye washiya imfuyo yakhe esibayeni, uma ethi uyabuya bamdubula wafa. Inkinga-ke kwaba wukuthi le ntombi kaMthalande (eyimina) isebenza khona kaZayeka, kodwa angisazi ngizoya kanjani emsebenzini.

Phela kaZayeka kwakuhlala Inkatha manje thina kwakuthiwa sizele amaqabane. Kwathiwa ngoba bayasonta bangama Ndiya baze bangena kwi list yabantu abazobulawa. Kuthe uma sengithi ngifuna umsebenzi kwezinye izindawo, ngiye emahhovisi aka Education. Uma ngifike ngithole unkosana Philip Zondi usefikile emahhovisi. Wafike wathi uma kufika uMam Majola la, ngicela ningamuthathi ngoba siyamfuna emuva kaZayeka. Hayi ngihlale emahhovisi ngilinde ukungena ngaphakathi ehhovisi lomhloli. Sifike esami isikhathi bese ngisukuma ngingene, avele athi, ungenelani wena ngingakakubizi! Aqede asukume azibhekise into engekho ekhabetheni.

Wabe esethi uZondi, we Mama Majola wena uzobuyela emsebenzini kaZayeka angeke wenzeke lutho. Manje ngixakekile ukuthi uzongigada kanjani ngoba usebenza e Edendale. Hayi-ke ngibuyele emsebenzini, kuthe ngelinye ilanga ngisemsebenzini, ngibone abafana abayiqulu bengena ngesango. Ngaphuma kwi class ngabaleka ngaya kongena ehhovisi ngafike ngakhala sengibona ukuthi namhlanje ngiyafa, uphi

manje loZondi. Hayi kanti abafana abezile kimina, ngicabanga ukuthi babeyaliwe ukuthi bangake bangithinte. Kanti nesandla enganginaso emsebenzini wami ngangibona noma kuvulwa izikole, abazali bonke bame ulayini befuna ukuzobhalisa kimina. Ngalesosikhathi ngisebenza lapha kaZayeka ngase ngihlala eDambuza. Emva kwesikhathi sezwa kuthiwa kunezindawo ezitholakalayo eSigodini, nathi seza sazocela uMaria Mtolo ukuthi asinike I site. Kodwa nje u 1987 wawunzima. Mina nje ngasizwa uZondi owaba nesibindi wakwazi ukungibuyisela ukungimela ukuze ngikwazi ukubuyela emsebenzini

Njengoba ngike ngakhuluma ngezingubo, lezozingubo zazilethwa u Priest esagcina siyizitha nomakhelwane bethu ngenxa yokuthi u Priest wayethi esontweni asilande izingubo njengoba sidilikelwe amakhaya ethu. Kodwa kunalokho umphakathi wasihlukumezela lokho ngoba uPriest wayesilethela ukudla nezingubo. Kwakuthi nalabo ababakhe ngezitini, ubabone sebezofuna lezingubo ezilethelwe thina esesihlwempu ngendaba yemvula enkulu.

Kuthe noma sengifika la eSigodini, ngazithola sengathi ngiyahlolwa ukuthi njengoba ngisuka lapho ngisuka khona nje, ngiyiliphi. Uma ngifika la eSigodini ngase ngike ngahambe ngiquba eDambuza, Swayimane, Mgababa ngase ngithola indawo eSigodini. Ngithe ngiqala ukuya emhlanganweni eSigodini ehholo. Ngathi ngiphuma esontweni nje, bese ngithi nami ake ngiye kokuzwa ukuthi kuthiwani emhlanganweni. Kwathiwa wena mama oneduku eli blue, ngixakeke ukuthi kukhulunywa nobani kodwa ngithole ukuthi yimina. Sengiyakhethwa manje ukuthi ngiyongena esigungwini samadoda okwakungo Dee, Gregory Mkhize, Mr Khambule no Mr Nkosi kwathiwa kufanele kukhethwe umuntu wesifazane ozobambisana nalamadoda. Lapho sibuye siye emihlanganweni eThawini sibuye sekuhlwile. Ngelinye ilanga ngathi ngifika ngathola ukuthi sekungene

amanzi kwami kuyantanta nje izimpahla emanzini. Nakhona la eSigodini kusaduma izibhamu. Kuthe kusenjalo bakhomba umfana wami omdala ukuthi ahole I youth yase Sigodini. Kwakushaya o23hrs sihleli ehholo kuqulwa amacala omphakathi. Ngake ngahlukumezeka ngelinye ilanga ngiphuma emsebenzini, kwathiwa kunomhlangano, ngathi kuzobe sekusebusuku ngizoya kanjani mina ekhaya, yathi enye indoda izongiphelezela iyongibeka ekhaya. Wangiphelezela izinsuku ezimbili waqeda wangishiya phansi. Ngaqala futhi manje sengibuya ngedwa ebusuku ngo 23hrs, nginqamula emhosheni ziyaduma nezibhamu. Sihlale phansi njengomndeni manje, ngithi mina angibazi kungani bevele bangigxumeka esigungwini esikhulu ngibe ngifika eSigodini ebe ekhona amakhosikazi abevele ekhona. Kuphinde futhi kube wukuthi bakhetha umfana wami azofakwa abe wumholi wentsha yase Sigodini kushiwe abantu abebevele bekhona. Singumndeni savumelana ngokuthi umfana wami akangangeni, nangempela akangenanga. Ngokwami ukubuka ngazitshela ukuthi bengivivinywa la ukuze babone ukuthi ngiyiyona ngampela yini I ANC. Wathula nje uMajola umfazi uyahamba ubuya ebusuku kodwa naye yayingekho into ayengayenza. Mina lokho kwangihlukumeza ngoba ngangingafa kulezibhamu ezaziduma.

Thina sasingebanengi emndenini, kwaba udadewethu omdala bese kuba yimina. Besiphilisana kahle nomndeni wadadewethu sibambisene kuzona zonke izigigaba ezenzekile, ngoba nangesikhathi siyophenya izidumbu sasihamba naye. Saphinde sahamba naye siya kwi TRC, mina olwami udaba alubanga lubi kakhulu kodwa kudadewethu kwaba bukhuni kakhulu njengoba nendodakazi isho ukuthi kwaze kwaba nesinxephezelo semali abayithumela. Kukhona nelinye ihhovisi esasilihamba kukhona umfokazi owayethi uzomsiza kulezigigaba ayesedlule kuzona ngoba noSithole wabulawa yilo udlame. Kwaba yilelinxeba lesibhamu kanye nentuthu eyamhila. Umfana kadadewethu

owalahleka wangaphinde watholakala. Ihhovisi leli bathi yini afisa bamsize ngayo, bona bangamakhela umuzi noma bakhonke ithuna lika Sithole. Udadewethu wakhetha ukwakhelwa umuzi ngoba noma wawukhona kodwa kwakwakhiwe ngodaka. Waqhubeka wahamba lelihhovisi ngoba mina ngangibuye ngingakwazi ukumphelezela ngenxa yomsebenzi. Kwaze kwabe naye uyashona udadewethu lowomuzi ungakhiwanga nethuna lingakhonkwanga. Bahambile bashiya indodakazi lena nayo eyahamba yaya kofundela ubuhlengikazi, wathola I diploma kodwa umsebenzi awuveli. Nomuzi nawo ngiwubona uhamba nje manje. Umndeni wakaMajola baziveza ngesikhathi kuqala udlame. Ngoba sathi siyabaleka siya kamfowabo kaMajola ngesikhathi izingane kuthiwa azihambe ngoba sekuthiwe indodakazi yami izoqaqwa isisu. Sabaleka saya kamfowabo kamkhwenyana wami, yathi inkosikazi yakhona lalani okokugcina, kusasa ekseni niyahamba ngoba nizosilandela udweshu. Kusasa ekseni ubaba walapha ekhaya uzoniphelezela niyogibela. Ngelinye ilanga intombazane yami eyayikhulelwe isikwe ilapha kamama omkhulu wayo e Sweetwater. Ngahamba ngaya kababa omncane wabo ngathi nangu undodakazi wami useyasikwa manje. Wasithatha wasibeka emgwaqeni ngenhla, wathi thathani amakhumbi. Kulapho ngabona ukuthi lendoda inonya kithina. Sama emgwaqeni nalomuntu osikwayo, samisa ibhasi sahamba saya esibhedlela. Kwakuthi uma sibaleka nezingane umyeni wami ahambe aye kubantu bakubo, mina ngase ngiwumfazi owase aziwa ukuthi ngihlukumeza indoda futhi angibafuni abantu bakubo kandoda. Kanti mina ngibona izenzo. Ngelinye ilanga ngaze ngavinjezelwa omunye ubaba waka Majola wathi, wena MaMthalande yini ube nakhanda elibukhuni kangaka. Ngathi ngenzeni, wathi uFano uhlezi lapha ekhaya wena untanta nezingane. Ngenhliziyo ngasho ukuthi mina ezami izingane zikwi list yabantu abazobulawa.

Ngingathi abasemzini bona babephatheke kahle, mina ngiyinkosikazi ewuhlanya. Abanye ababezele abafana basemzini

abathintekanga abafana babo, nomkhwenyana wami ngapha
 ulalela kakhulu abantu bakubo. Kwahamba isikhathi nabo bagcina
 manje sebethinteka emzini, bathi kulaba ababezele ingane eyodwa
 yentombazane. Njengoba wena ungahambi nathi ebusuku,
 sesizongena ke nawe kini. Kwaba ukuhamba kwaba nabo, bagcina
 sebhlanga njengami, basuka kaZayeka baya eMgababa. Umyeni
 wami uma esethi asizokwakha eMgababa, ngimbuze ukuthi
 lelinxiwa ongibizela kulona alikho yini ngaka masibani bani?
 Ngisho umnakwethu lona owasixosha kwakhe. Athi umyeni wami
 cha alikho ngakhona. Kuthe uma ngifika, lelinxiwa lingenhla
 kwakhona. Kwathi uma sekusuka udlame lwase Mgababa, mina
 ngiyasebenza ngapha, izingane zisele nomyeni wami eMgababa.
 Kadadewabo kamkhwenyana wami oganele ka Hadebe kanye
 nakamfowabo kamkhwenyana wami kwakunezimoto, mina
 kwami asinayo imoto. Nathi manje njengoba sihleli lapha
 eMgababa yingenxa yokuthi umyeni wami ulandela abantu
 bakubo. Kwathi esahambile nje umyeni wami, umfowabo kanye
 nodadewabo basala bathutha, izingane nomyeni wami basele.
 Ngesikhathi bethutha base bazi ukuthi udlame luya ngokuba
 nzima, bahamba baya kolala esiteshini. Umyeni wami uze abone
 lokho nje yingoba wayekhohlwe wugwayi, abe esephindela emuva
 ethi uyowulanda kamfowabo. Kuthe uma efika base belayisha
 izipontshi emotweni sebehamba kodwa yena bengamtshelile.
 Umyeni wami nezingane bahleli ekhaya kodwa umndeni wakhe
 awumtsheli ukuthi sekuyingozi ukuhlala lapha. Kusho ukuthi
 babona ukuthi seluyaqala udlame, bathutha bahamba baya kohlala
 eMbumbulu. Mina ezami izimpahla zasala endlini, nokunye
 engasengikuthengile kokwakha. Wabuya uMajola nezingane wathi
 hayi akusangeneki lapha, zasala zonke izimpahla zami lapho ngoba
 ngangingeke ngisakwazi ukubuyela ngiyolanda. Ngakho angizange
 ngiyithole I support emndenini wakwami, kodwa umndeni
 engibe nawo njalo umndeni kadadewethu engizalwa naye.

THOKOZANI SITHOLE

Mina ngingu Thokozani Sithole, ngihlala Okhalweni. Ngokokuzalwa ngisuka kaZayeka East (Sweetwaters). Ngifunde amabanga aphansi eBhekizizwe Primary School, Mphophomeni High School. Ngibe sengisebenza isikhashana ePlessislaer, ngisebenza njenge cleaner. Emva kwesikhathi ngabe sengiyo trainer ukuba ngumhlengikazi. Ehhhe! Sihlalile eSweetwaters, kodwa sabuye sasuka khona saya kohlala eDambuza ngenxa yodlame. Kuthe emva kwesikhathi sabe sesithola indawo eSigodini sabuya sazokwakha khona la.



Yebo, ngangihamba nomama nobaba. Ekhaya besiyizingane ezintathu noma umfana omdala wayesehlala kwakhe e C.C, kwase kuthi lona omunye waduka. Loyo wayemncane elama mina kungakho safika sesibathathu lapha, okungabazali bami kanye nami.

Nami ngingaphinde ngithi u 1987 waba isikhathi esinzima kakhulu ezindaweni eziningi kanye nasendaweni yakithi e Sweetwaters. Ngoba kulapho kwavela khona ukuthi sekukhona izinhlangothi ezimbili kodwa singazi.

Kwa Zayeka, kusho ukuthi umfowethu omncane kanye nabafana bakamama omncane babekhuthale kakhulu, futhi babefunakala endaweni. Kodwa lona owasekhaya uyena ababemsaba kodwa futhi bemfuna kakhulu ngoba bethi unesibhamu noma thina sasingasazi lesosibhamu. Ngikhumbula

ukuthi ngelinye ilanga kwathi emini nje, kwangena umfana ekhaya wayozivalela ekamalweni likamama nobaba. Emva kwakhe lomfana ulandelwa yiqulu labantu beNkatha bethi siyawushisa lomuzi. Umama abe eseyabuza ukuthi ushiselwani umuzi na? Bathi sifuna lomfana ongene la. Athi umama angimazi nalomfana ongene la endlini, abe eseya ekamelweni lapho kufike kwangena khona lomfana athi, mfana wami uwubani? Hayi ke nomfana azisho ukuthi ungubani, kodwa empeleni babefuna ukungena endlini ngoba befuna lomfana wasekhaya. Ngoba emva kwesikhathi kwatholakala ukuthi lomfana ongenile endlini ungomunye wayo le group, okusho ukuthi kwakuyiqhinga labo lelo. Lapho-ke mina ngimile phambi komnyango, naba labantu baphethe yonke inhlobo yesikhali. Bese bengibuza ukuthi uphi ubhuti wami. Ngiphendule ngithi hayi angimazi, baqhubeke bathi siyamfuna ngoba futhi unesibhamu, ngithi hayi angimazi mina enesibhamu, lapho ngidaza inkani nje engayi ndawo. Kwaba nje yisikhathi esinzima ngempela ngoba ngelinye ilanga ngikhumbula ukuthi saze salala phakathi kwamathuna kamkhulu nogogo sicashile, ngoba kwakwaziwa ukuthi ka Sithole kunalomfana. Ngikhumbula nokuthi ngelinye ilanga kwake kwafika umyalezo wokuthi bazoshisa, nangampela saphuma endlini labantu sebehamba ngenhla komuzi. Saphuma nomama, kwathi uma sithi kubaba akaphume endlini, wathi angeke ngiphume kwami mina. Hayi-ke sabaleka nomama saya kocasha engadini, lapho sasicashe khona kwakunenhlabi. Sicashile lapha enhlabeni siyababona begijima.

Sasingabazi kodwa sasibona ngezithunzi zigijima behamba bethi, liphi iqabane siyalifuna! Lapho nami inhliziyi seyincane ngenxa yovalo, akukho ngisho amanzi nomama wayengasazi uzongenza njani ngoba asikwazi nokuphuma lapho sicashe khona. Kuthe sisaxakekile engadini siphatheke nakabi ngenxa yalomuntu osele endlini. Kwathi sibona kwase kushunqa

intuthu kodwa ayikho into esizoyenza, saze saphuma lapho ngoba sekufike amasosha. Hawu! kanti nobaba usindile ngoba wagcina esebaleka ngenxa yokuxhelwa yintuthu endlini baphinde bamgqula ngesibhamu. Kulapho-ke umama omncane asithatha khona ngoba esekhulume nomunye umama wala esontweni lase Sigodini. Futhi okwathi uma sesiza ngapha kwaba yilapho umfowethu uSikhumbuzo aduka khona, kuze kube yimanje. Wayehambe efunwa ezibhedlela, mortuary nasemajele kodwa akatholakalanga ndawo. Lapho omama babefike baqequlule izidumbu e mortuary, ezinye izidumbu zilele phansi kodwa kumele labantu ubaphendule ukuze ubone ukuthi akuyena yini lomuntu omfunayo. Okubuhlungu kakhulu ukuthi umama nobaba [uyakhala], bahamba emhlabeni nesilonda somntwana wabo ongaziwa ukuthi waphelela kuphi. Nami sisangiphethe leso silonda sabhuti wami engingamazi washona kuphi. Ngesinye isikhathi ngiye ngibheke nakwi TV kuvezwa amathambo abantu abashona imindeni yabo yangakwazi ukubabeka. Kodwa kuye kuthi uma ngibona eminye imindeni ibathola abantu bayo, nami ngibe nethemba [Too emotional]. Ngithi mhlawumbe ngelinye ilanga, ziningi izigigaba ezenzeka kodwa lesi sokulahleka komuntu sikhulu kakhulu ngoba awukwazi ukukhohlwa, kuye kube ngcono uma umuntu umngcwabile.

Ngiyakhumbula ukuthi kwakuthi uma kunama meeting, kugcine abanye abantwana bengasabuyelanga emakhaya, ikakhulukazi amantombazane. Abafana babewathatha ngenkani amantombazane baye nawo emakubo kodwa thina ekhaya sasingayi kulawoma meeting ngoba ayengasidingi, ngoba kwakusuke kuyi meeting yeNkatha, ngakho sasigoloza singayi. Zashona izingane zabantu, ngikhumbula ukuthi babekhempile kwezinye zezitolo zasendaweni nomfana wasekhaya omncane wayengakaduki, ubhuti wami omdala kanye nabafana bakamama omncane ababili babekhona lapho. Umama wahamba waya

kobabheka ngoba ebona kuhamba isikhathi bengabuyi ukuzodla. Wayeke athenge izinkwa ne juice ukuze bathole ukudla. Ngesikhathi bekhempile kwafika I helicopter okuyilapho badutshulwa khona noma abasekhaya bengalimalanga, kodwa ezinye izingane zabantu ezazilapho zalimala, ezinye zashona.

Okunye ukuthi izinsizwa zaziye zifune ukukuqomisa ngenkani uma ikushela. Nami ngathi ngiphuma esitolo, ngavinjelwa insizwa iphethe umkhonto, yathi kimina ngoba awufuni ukungivuma ngizokufaka lo mkhonto esifubeni ngiyowukhipha ngale ngagoloza, ngathi kuyena pho manje ubelethe ingane yini? Nami angazi ukuthi ngangizokwenzani kodwa kwangisiza ngoba abanye babegcina beqonyisiwe kanjalo nje. Ngakho u1987 wenza isilonda namanje esingakapholi.

Lapha eSigodini safika ngo 1990 emva kokuthi beshisile ekhaya. Sahamba kuqala thina zingane ngoba omama basala. Kanti umama bazobuye bamfikele eseyedwa bamkhomba ngesibhamu bathi kuyena, thandaza liyakushonela namhlanje. Nangempela umntwana kaMthalande (umama wami) wavala umnyango wathandaza. Kwathi uma evula umnyango labantu ababemkhombe ngesibhamu babengasekho sebebalekile. Kulapho-ke umama omncane wafika khona netruck emva kokuthi umama wami esemxoxele ukuthi sebeke bafika bamkhomba ngesibhamu. Mina ngangingekho, kodwa engikwaziyo ukuthi baya kaDambuza ngo 1988. Sasihlala lapho-ke sonke endlini eyodwa, ubaba elala embhedeni. Thina zingane zikamama, nezingane zikamama omncane nomama sasilala sonke phansi kwaze kwabe sithola indawo eSigodini seza-ke sazokwakha.

Okuningi kucishe kufane nokuka mama Majola ngoba sasingumndeni owodwa. Sathola usizo kodwa ngenxa yalolosizo esasiluthola, sabonakala njengezitha. Ehhe! ukuya kwethu kaDambuza ngingathi samukeleka, kodwa sasingahleli kahle ngoba indawo yayincane thina sibaningi. Uma sifika eSigodini

sathola ukwamukeleka nakhona noma zabuye zasuka nezakhona, sazizwa sengathi indaba inathi njengoba sasizibuza ukuthi yini eyenza ukuthi uma sifika kuphinde kusuke okunye. Kodwa-ke abantu bakhona basamukela. Ehhe! Ngokosizo lwangaphandle sake sathintana nabantu baka TRC mayelana nokulahleka komfowethu, saxoxisana ngokwenzeka. Kwabe sekuthiwa kukhona isinxephezelo ekufanele sisithole, sasithola isinxephezelo ngaleyondlela noma singavalanga lutho.

Kwaqhubeka futhi ngoba ngikhumbula ukuthi ngangise Plessislaer, kwafika umlungu owayethi bafuna ukwazi ukuthi kwenzakalani. Manje asazi ngampela ukuthi kwenzakalani, ngoba uma kuwukuthi washona, kungangcono sithole ithambo lakhe sikwazi ukulingcwaba. Kodwa kwagcina kungatholakalanga. Ukuhlukumezeka kwaqhubeka. Lokho kwangenza ukuthi ngithi, noma kungaqhamuka yiphi inhlangano mina ngimile kwi ANC.

Mina ngizothi umndeni waka Sithole ukude vele sasivele singaxhumene kangako, manje okuyiwona mndeni wethu, umndeni wangakubo kamama wami. Asikaze sihlukane, okunalokho sibambene kakhulu. Mina njengoba sengisele ngedwa, umama, ubaba nobhuti abasekho kodwa umndeni waka mama omncane iwona umndeni ongisekele njengoba namanje ningibona ngimile. Umndeni wakababa ukude asixhumene kangako, siye sibonane uma kushoniwe noma kunemisebenzi.

NTOMBIFUTHI GUMEDE

Igama lami ngingu Ntombifuthi Gumedede lapho ngishadele khona. Ngokokuzalwa, ngizalwa kaNgubane (MaNgubane).

Ngizalelwe kaMnyandu ngakhulela khona. Mina ngizalwe ngomhlaka 22 August 1952, kwahamba isikhathi kwaze kwafika lapho kuqale khona loludlame.



Ngeza nomndeni la eSigodini ngingathi nje kwelami icala, ubaba wami uyena owaye involved kakhulu ezindabeni zepolitiki. Kodwa-ke besakhelene nabo abantu balapho ngishadele khona. Kuthe uma sekuqala indaba yaloludlame olukhulu, kwaqalwa ngami ukuthi ngishiselwe umuzi kodwa kade sazi ukuthi sonke lapha siyi ANC. Ngaleso sikhathi nobaba wami wayesashona ngesikhathi kuqala zonke lezinto. Kuthe uma sekushiswa ekhaya sabe sesibona ukuthi sesibhekene nengcindezi enkulu, kulapho esabe sesihamba nezingane seza ngapha.

Mina okwangiphatha kabi kakhulu kusukela ku 1983 kuya phezulu, lapho kwase kunezinhlangothi okwasekuzwakala ukuthi zihlukana phakathi noma kwakungakaveli kahle ngoba sasithi sonke siyi ANC. Mina ngangiwumntwana wesishosho uNgubane (ubaba wami). Ubaba esaphila kwakuye kufike lamabhunu ayehamba ngama Volkswagens. Isango lasekhaya lalikuja nomuzi ngoba umuzi wawumkhulu. Sasilivula isango, kuthi uma izimoto sezingene ngaphakathi bese bebuza ukuthi uphi ubaba wenu. Ubaba wami wayehlala ekhaya kodwa

engabikhona sonke isikhathi, ngoba nalapho ayesebenza khona wayeka wagcina esebuya eza ekhaya ezosebenzela umphakathi. Uma sithi ubaba akekho, lamabhunu abe esethi asihambeni siye ezindlini ngaphakathi ngoba kukhona esizokufuna, nangempela bangena babheka kodwa sasibangenisa ezindlini esaziyo ukuthi akukho lutho oluwumsebenzi kababa. Ubaba wami wayeseke waboshwa esikhathini esiphambilini waya eSiqhingini, kodwa wabuya. Kuthe ngelinye ilanga abuya lamabhunu afike athi, namhlanje nizobona ngoba nasingenisa ezindlini ezingenalutho. Ngesikhathi bevinjwe yisango, thina la endlini sathatha lezincwadi sazifaka kosakazane saya kovula ama seat e toilet safaka phakathi sase siya kubona esangweni. Uma sesivulile isango bangena babheka manje zonke izindlu kodwa bangathola lutho, basishaya bethi asikhiphe iqiniso ukuthi ziphi izincwadi zikababa, futhi ubaba kanti uhlala kuphi. Sathi ubaba uhlala lapha ekhaya kodwa uyahamba njalo ekuseni aye emsebenzini, manje nathi asazi lutho, kodwa bagcina behambile noma sebesishayile. Babuya futhi okwesithathu manje, sicabange ukuthi asizame manje indlela yokubaleka. Kodwa manje inkinga ukuthi sibaleka nomama wethu, abe esethi kodwa lento izosiza ngani, kungcono siwachazele lamabhunu, nathi sithi kuzosizani ukuchaza ngoba basishayile. Bese sithi wena mama hamba phambili, kuzothi uma sewubuqamama bese siyahamba siyovula isango. Uma sesibona umama usebuqamama, sahamba savula isango. Abe esethi lamabhunu yini eyenza ukuthi singavuli namhlanje, sithi asisazi senzenjani ngoba nifike nisishaye, futhi asazi nisishayelani. Bangena bazosesha, kukhona nezithombe zikababa ezazisodongweni, bazithatha baziphihliza phansi, uma sidabuleka badabule. Ngesikhathi besenza yonke leyonto, nathi sasiphuma sabaleka, nomama simtshelile ukuthi akabalekele endaweni lapho ezokwazi ukucasha kahle khona. Thina ngesikhathi sizodlula kuyena lapho ecashe khona, kanti umama ucashe endaweni

enodonga, abe esethi wozani ngapha esho ngezwi eliphansi, sithi ungabe usavuka phansi. Sithi sisabaleka kuvele kuqhamuke ibhanoyi elilengise into ethi, “uJesu uyanifuna”. Bese sibuzana ukuthi hayibo nyalibona lelibhanoyi? Kodwa khona lapho sabaleka ssayongena emahlathini, saze sayongena emathungulwini amajikijolo. Uma sithi sesivikelekile kulelibhanoyi, hawu kanti lizosikhipha lapho sicashe khona. Amagaya ezihlahla laliwagawula nathi saze sagcina sesise shashalazini. Uma sesibona ukuthi ibhanoyi seliphezu kwethu, sasuka futhi ngamajubane saze sayongena kwelinye ihlathi. Sahlala lapho sesiqoqene kodwa siyezwa ukuthi kungathi abasekho. Sasiyi 5, uma sesibona ukuthi abasaqhamuki bese siyahamba sibuyele emuva siyobheka umama lapho simshiye ecashe khona. Uma sifika simthole abe esethi akusavumi nokuthi ngisukume ngoba ngicabanga ukuthi sebembulele ngithi hayi cha siyaphila, kodwa bese ngimtshela umama ukuthi angeke ngisabaleka nhlobo manje. Ubaba wathi uma efika samxoxela ukuthi bekwenzakalani. Kodwa kusukela ngalososikhathi ubaba waba ne stress wathi kithina uyabona uma kwenzeka izinto anibokwamukela. Sithi samukele kanjani, wathi uma bethi bafuna mina anibobatshela ukuthi angikho, bese sithi siyashawa nje. Waqhubeka wathi fundani ukwamukela, njengoba kwakuthiwe kukhona ukufa, ngempela kuzoba khona, nami kungenzeka ngelinye ilanga ngife nginishiye. Wathi mina kodwa bengilwela umphakathi, nina ningamachwane omphakathi kodwa ngalokho akuchazi ukuthi uma sengifile, nina niyosala nihlale kahle. Nangempela kwaba njengoba ubaba wayeyalezile. Ubaba wagula kwaze kwafika ekutheni ashone.

Kwakukhona ubaba owayekhona ngasekhaya okungubaba uLombo owayeyiNkatha kodwa sakhelene. Washona lobaba, kuthe uma eshona lobaba, umfana wakhe waba yiNduna yezinsizwa. Wafika ekhaya wazotshaleka amabhodwe esizulu, nangempela sibanikeze amabhodwe ngoba phela futhi sakhelene. Kwathi nje

kusaphele isikhathi esincane amabhodwe ehambile, ngithemba nokuthi ukudla kwakungakavuthwa, yangena Inkatha. Bangena bagcwala ibala ekhaya, bephethe imikhonto. Uma befika ekhaya labantu basibuze ukuthi siyaya yini emngcwabeni? Sithi kuphi khona? Bathi lapha ka Lombo. Bese ngithi mina asikwazi ukuya emngcwabeni kababa uLombo ngoba ubeyi Nkatha kanti thina siyi ANC. Bathi yilokho ke ebesikufuna ukuthi niyi ANC, lawomaqabane anamafinyila iwona esiwafunayo. Bese bethi lalalani-ke, niya khona nina ngenkani. Ngithi mina ngeke siye lapho. Bathi njengoba ugoloza uthi aniyi baphi obhuti benu, ngithi nizobenzani? Kanti vele obhuti babaleka kudala kusanesisikhathi. Bese bethi amadoda enu wona, baqhubeke bathi aninamadoda? Sithi asinawo amadoda asiqomile siyizishimane, athi omunye hhoo umthetho wakho uluhlaza wena, ngithi nami hayi sesiyobona lapho- ke. Umama wami ukhona naye lapho, abe esethi eyi ngavele ngaphathwa yisisu manje. Ngithi enganeni ayiphelezele umama aye etoilet, bathi wegogo, awukazukuya wena etoilet. Ngithi hayibo umama angeke esaya e toilet? Bese ngithi enganeni, wena phelezela umama aye etoilet, uma nje bethi bayaphuma babambe ingane uNo igama layo bamshaye ngempama, kodwa umama wagcina eyile etoilet. Bese beqhubeka bethi nonke la endlini sizonibulala. Ngithi mina hayi-ke imani, ngaphambi kokuthi nisibulale nizoya kolanda lawamabhodwe atshelekwe laphaya kababa uLombo. Uma nisibulala sifuna ukufa lamabhodwe abe eselapha ekhaya, kodwa uma nihlulwa yilokho ngiqhubeni ningiyise kulomfana wakuloyamuzi.

Kwakuyimina omdala, endleleni bahambe bengivikisa ngomkhonto, nami kwakungasavumi nokuthi ngivike nje ngoba babebuye bangisabise ngokuthi bazongigwaza. Ngagcina sengibatshela ukuthi angisazi ukuthi ningikhiphe igazi, kodwa siyoze sijike namabhodwe asekhaya. Abe esethi omunye awuthi ngikubhekisise kahle, abe esethi hayi wena ngiyakwazi

ngangifunda nawe. Aqhubeke athi vele wena wawusishaya esikoleni, ngithi ya nganginishaya kodwa futhi namanje ngisanganishaya. Ngithi kubona uma beningayiphethe imkhonto bengizothi akuze one by one manje niphethe izilimazo. Hayi-ke baqhubeke bangiqhube size sifike kaLombo, ngithi ngicela bangicelele uLolo owayephethe Inkatha, nangempela aphume. Ngithi kuyena, wena Lolo yini eyenza ukuthi sininike amabhodwe ekhaya njengomakhelwane noma sazi ukuthi niyi Nkatha nathi siyi ANC kodwa siniboleke ngesihle. Manje wena sewuthumela abantu ukuthi bazosibulala, manje-ke mina sengithe asizolanda amabhodwe asekhaya ukuze sife kahle amabhodwe esebuyele ekhaya. Abuze ukuthi obani labo abafike kini, ngibakhombe ngoba base beme buqamama. Ashone kubone afike athi, ngike ngasho kinina ukuthi iyani kaNgubane? Athi omunye ushilo, athi omunye hayi awushongo, sebeyaphikisana. Bese ethi lalelani, kaNgubane kulapho sithathe khona amabhodwe. Manje njengoba ethi nizombuyisela emuva nalamabhodwe, nizokwenzanjeni ngoba lamabhodwe asephakile laphaya inyama, nizowakhipha yini amabhodwe okuthi sikwazi ukuqhubeka nokupheka njengoba nihambe naya kaNgubane? Abe esethi angizange ngiyisho leyonto mina. Ngase ngithi, uma ungakushongo ngicela ubatshele ukuthi abasale la, kanti futhi namabhodwe asekhaya sengathi abesengabuyela ekhaya. Athi lobhuti cha khululeka, akekho ozophinda afika kini azonihlupha. Kwathi nje uma kuhwalala, umama wathi asibalekeni nayi Inkatha isichithekile manje.

Mina bese ngithi kumama, uyabona ubaba wayethe asifunde ukwamukela. Uyabona-ke uma kuwukuthi kufanele sife, sizofa ngakho ababalekayo abahambe mina angiyi ndawo. Ngoba uma ngithi ngiyabaleka manje ngizothi ngibalekelani, ngizothi ngisaba Inkatha? Ingenzeni? Hayi balekani mina ngiyasala. Wathi umama hayibo! Ngathi angihambi. Baphuma bonke babaleka, ngasala mina ngiziphekele esitofini. Ngithe nje ngizwa

kwakushayeka isicabha sase sitting room, bese ngithi ubani loyo? Kanti sebengenile, bese ngisuka ekhishini ngiye esitting room. Bathi kimina uhleli nobani? Ngithi ngihleli ngedwa. Bathi baphi abanye, ngithi ngithe ngingedwa. Bathi oh wena unenkani. Ngithi ubaba wami uqale wasebenzela umphakathi wonke, akukho lapho ebengahambeli khona, ubahamba aze ayofika koHhaza, Mafunze. Ngoba nokuqala kwezalukazi ukuhola impesheni, zazilala ekhaya ngoba ezozithatha ngemoto yakhe abahambise kaNdabazabantu (Home Affairs) okwagcina sekuwu Vulindlela. Bese bethi iphi indoda yakho wena? Umkhwenyana wami wayekhona kodwa esebenzela eThekwini. Bathi hho, wena uhleli wedwa la ngoba uyisiqhwaga. Ngithi hayi mina angisabi ukuba yisiqhwaga esihleli kubo. Bese bethi vala-ke emnyango ngoba kukhona abezayo, kuzomele uma labo befika, uzame ukukhuluma ngokwehlisa ngoba uma uqhuba lenkani uzofa. Ngithi ubaba wathi ukufa ngingakusabi. Bathi hayi wayekukhohlisa ubaba wakho ngoba asizokubulala kahle, uyabona into esiyiphethe? Besho bengikhombisa imikhonto. Hayi-ke baphuma bahamba.

Kuthe ngo 1984 kulapho-ke ngase ngishada khona ngishadela ka Qwabe (Gumede). Uma ngifika emndenini wakaQwabe, ngokwesiko uye ukhishwe uzakhele nawe owakho umuzi, nakimina kwenzeka njalo. Umuzi wami wawuseduze komgwaqo. Kufike omunye umama (uMaNdlovu) athi, niyaya yini emhlangnweni olapha kaMnyandu? Ngithi hayi ngizwa igazi lami likhathala kodwa angazi kwenzenjani ngoba umhlangano ngiyawukhuthalela. Uma sifika emhlanganweni, sithole ukuthi izembatho esizigqokile manje zihlukile kulezi ebesizembatha nabanye ebesihamba nabo. Umkhwenyana wami wayelokhu engikhuza ukuthi njengoba ubaba wakho wayekulesimo esinje, mina angithandi ukuthi uhambe phambili. Ngithi kuyena kuzongisiza ngani ukucasha ngoba vele bayangazi. Ngelinye ilanga kufike ukuthi ngithi, hayi valani amasango early namhlanje ngoba

ngangingazizwa kahle kanti futhi ngiwumuntu wabantu abadala. Ngithi abavale ne radio ngisho ezinganeni, zithi hawu ne radio pho! Kusho umfana wami nentombazane. Kuthe uma sesivale I radio, sizwe umsindo emgwaqeni nomkhwenyana wami akakafiki ekhaya. Ngiphume phandle, uma ngithi ngiyabheka, hawu kanti umkhwenyana wami bayamjaha, bayamjikijela naye usehambe evika waze wakhumula. Ngaphuma nemvubu endlini, ngavula isango, ngayithela imvubu baze bahlakazeka. Kanti kukhona oqubile phansi futhi okungumuntu wendawo kanti uphethe isibhamu. Wavele wakhapha isibhamu lomuntu wadubula ubaba wasekhaya, wawa phansi. Nami ngapha ngiyalwa ngiyamemeza futhi ngithi vimbani nansi Inkatha! Baphuma nabanye abantu babadudule. Uma sengibuya hawu kunomuntu olele phansi, uma ngibheka hawu ubaba udubulekile kodwa usaphila. Uma kusa ngakusasa ngithi asiye ekhaya nezimpahla, athi sizoya kuphi, ngithi sizoya ekhaya kaNgubane ngoba umuzi mkhulu, kodwa ngimbone ukuthi akafuni. Abe esethi hambani nezingane mina ngizosala ngigade ekhaya. Ngampela ngathatha izingane ngazihambisa ekhaya ngabuya sahlala sobabili. Kwakukhona indlu ya round nenye indlu enkulu kodwa uround wawusemusha unezithungo zotshani. Bathatha lezithungo zotshani bazishisa base beshisa ngazo uround washa. Kuthe uma intuthu seyigcwele indlu, baqala babulala amawindi. Kwase kusha nje kungasabonakali lutho, saphuma sobabili kuleyontuthu sabaleka saya ekhaya, kwayibona abasaboni ngoba intuthu seyiningi. Sifike singqongqoze, umama avule bese sithi sesiyoxoxa ksasa ekuseni ngoba mhlawumbe labantu bayasilandela. Ekuseni ngakusasa kwafika izigijimi bathi wemaDlamini! Indodakazi yakho nomkhwenyana wayo sebeshe nendlu, ubhubhile umuzi wabo. Ngesikhathi umama ethi ufuna ukuphendula, ngimncinze bese ngithi thula! Baqhubeke bathi woza uzobona ngoba umuzi uphelile nya. Ubaba wasekhaya njengoba wayesebenza eThekwini, waqala lapho waya kohlala

e Tehuis eMbali, asukele khona ngemoto aye emsebenzini. Nathi sasala saqhubeka nokuhlala ekhaya. Kwakwenzeka ukuthi njalo uma kuthiwa nayo Inkatha, kubalekwe uthole ukuthi ngesinye isikhathi solala singadlile kuze kuse, sibuye nezingane. Nazo izingane zaze zazi ukuthi umdlalo, njalo kuyabalekwa.

Okokugcina ngaba nesibonakaliso sabantu abazokufa endaweni, izidumbu zaziphezu kwezinye. Ngavuka ngabatshela sathi isibonakaliso, thatha izingane manje uzihambise eThekwini kubaba wasekhaya, kwayiyena angasabuyi ahlale eHostela lase Mlazi. Ngamtshela ubaba wasekhaya, nangempela wayesethi sengizohlala khona. Nangempela batheleka kaNgubane!

Yebo uma befika, kwakukhona indodakazi kababa omncane futhi wayekhulelwe. Kwakukhona ukhalo olukhulu esasigijima kulona, manje yena wayengasakwazi ukugijima wase ethi hayi gijimani nina. Manje sibophe imishuqulu ukuze sibe nezingubo lapho siyacasha khona, sazibopha lezingubo saqeda sazigingqa phansi endaweni eyehlelayo. Wathi esazama ukugijima aveli athi, hayi sengiyabeletha. Sithi hayibo uyabeletha? Kodwa kanjani ngoba siyajahwa nje. Athi ngishiyeni, umyeni wakhe usengaphambili. Uma sifika kuyena simtshele ukuthi unkosikazi wakho usele ngemuva useyabeletha. Wajika umkhwenyana ethi uyomsiza, bafike babulawa bobabili, bashiya ingane encane lapho sasimshiye khona. Ingane bayidweba ngemikhonto bayishiya kanjalo. Sayicosha ingane iyakhala lapho abazali bobabili badindilizile, namanje lowomntwana usaphila futhi sekuyinsizwa. Leyongane yathathwa ama social worker ngoba sahamba saya ko reporter ngendlela ekwaba buhlungu ngayo. Kulowomuzi kwafa umama nobaba wengane kanye nabafowabo ababili. Abanye kwathi uma sibaleka thina bathi bona bazozivalela endlini khona kababa omncane. Bafika labantu bafike bababulalela endlini. Kuthe sesilapha eSigodini kwathiwa asiye e mortuary siyobona izidumbu igazi sasingasenandaba

nalo ngoba lalichitheke phansi, izidumbu lezi zilaliswe ngezisu. Umuntu wawumphendula ukuze ubone ukuthi uyena yini lona owakithi, ngempela sabathola lapho. Wawubonakala sewuhlala phansi kulona lelogazi, sasithola nabantu esasingazi ukuthi nabo balapha. Kukhona izingane engazizala sengifikile la eSigodini, kodwa bekuthi uma kumenyezelwa ukuthi babethi abantwana awufisi yini ukubuyela Ngaphezulu, ngithi angicabangi. Bese bethi ngoba kuthiwa kulezindawo nithathe izindawo zabantu, nakhele abantu. Ngathi kunokuthi ngibuyele Ngaphezulu, ngingavele ngidlulele phambili ngoba ngabona kahle. Uyabona nje ukuphuma emlilweni uvutha abantu bezonibulala, kuphinde futhi kufe abantu bakini nibabhekile akuyona into encane leyo. Kodwa ngiye ngithi kubantwana, uma nina nifuna ukubuyela ningabuyela mina cha. Bathi seyadlula yonke leyonto manje, siyafuna ukubuyela. Kuthe nje manje ezinyangeni ezidlule, kukhona umfana wami owayilwela leyondawo ethi yena uzobuyela khona. Kodwa namhlanje lowomfana wami akekho emhlabeni, endaweni sekwakhe abanye abantu, ngoba abantu abanalo iqiniso. Nomuntu omaziyo omthembayo owayengumakhelwane, kodwa naye useshona nje ezintangeni awusazi, akasasho ukuthi lomuntu ngangimazi ukuthi wayakhe la. Namanje sihleli ezindaweni zabantu, nabo abathi uma sewuhlale khona iminyaka engango 11, uyobe esekunika yona ukuze uthole I title deed. Mina ngakhe endaweni kababa uMavimbela, uma uphela lo 11 years ubeseshonile ubaba uMavimbela ngangakwazi ukulithola I tayitela. Kuthe sizwa nje kwakuthiwa endaweni ethile nendawo ethile angeke yakhiwe imixhaso khona, kusho ikhansela, ngoba kuthiwa sakhe ezindaweni zabantu. Mina ngike ngasebenza ka SMT emabhasini, nalapho kwakukhona ukucwasana ngokuthi kukhona Inkatha namaqabane. Nami ke ngaveza ubuqabane bami lapho ngoba ngangithi uma kufiwa, akufiwe. Ngangihamba mina ngize ngiyofika ka Barganing counsellor ngifuna ukwazi

ukuthi lento yenzeka kanjani emsebenzini, ngoba angazanga ukuthi ipolitiki ingena kanjani emsebenzini. Ngaleyondlela ngaba yi Shop sterwart, bonke odriver bama bus ngangibahambela imihlangano ngoba ngifuna ukwazi ingonyuluka. Cha thina emndenini sahlala kahle ngoba futhi saba yinto eyodwa siyi ANC.

Mina ngingu Mabuyi Zondi. Ngizalwe ngomhlaka 25 December 1966, ngizalelwa endaweni yase Bulwer. Kodwa abazali bami base beyathutha emva kokuthi bethole indawo e Sweetwater lapho ngikhulele khona. Ngifunde emaRomeni school, Mbanjwa school, Mbubu Secondary School lapho ngagcina khona ka Grade 11. Kuthe ngesikhathi sodlame sathutha ekhaya kwaze kwabe sizofika la eSigodini.



Nathi sihlalile eSweetwaters. Kuthe ngo 1987 oshiwo yiwo wonke umuntu, thina besihlala eMbubu, kukhona nendawo ekuthiwa iMbutshane. Lapho-ke kwakukhona Inkatha. Bese kuthi ngapha kithina eMbubu sasiyi ANC. Inkinga yasuka lapho abantu base Mbutshane sebefuna sibajoyine ngenkani. Baqala ngokuba nemihlangano nabazali bethu, bona babevuma ukujoyina Inkatha futhi kuthiwa uma ungafuni ukujoyina kumele uhambe. Bavuma-ke abazali bathi angeke basuke okungcono bazojoyina babe yiNkatha. Kwasho ukuthi thina sithi angeke sijoyine Inkatha futhi nabazali babengeke basiphoke ukuthi sibe yiNkatha. Saqala senza ama meeting entabeni, sithe sisahleli kwaqhamuka ibhanoyi. Sasuka sabaleka sangena ehlathini, uma singena khona, ibhanoyi lifike lisikhiphe phakathi ehlathini kodwa nalo lalisafuna abafana kakhulukazi. Entabeni-ke uma kuqhamuka ibhanoyi, sasibaleke size emakhaya. Ngesikhathi sibamba ama meeting

kwakukhona omunye umama owayefika sengathi uhambisana nathi, kanti uzobheka ukuthi singobani futhi sizalwa ngobani. Kuthe sizwa ngelinye ilanga sezwa kuthiwa, nonke nina eniya emhlanganweni lapha entabeni, kukhona lomama othathe amagama enu wawahambisa kobaba ababephethe ngoba vele yibona ababeyi Nkatha ngoba kwi ANC kwakuyizingane kuphela. Saqala saxwaya manje kodwa sathi angeke kodwa sibe yiNkatha.

Kuthe ngelinye ilanga kwafika umlayezo othi, namhlanje angeke kuze kulalwe ngoba Inkatha iyeza. Kanti-ke futhi Inkatha yayiwusbenzisa okwangempela umuthi, ngoba sasibona ngabo ukuthi ngempela bayeza namhlanje, wawubona ngezulu ukuthi bayangena elaliguqubala kube nezinkungu.

Lababantu babegijima ngemvula. Ngalesosikhathi nganginabantwana bamawele ababenonyaka. Wathi umama uma kwenzeka labantu bengena la, ngoba futhi sebashilo ukuthi abanendaba nabantu abadala kodwa bafuna izingane, kusho ukuthi kuzofa wonke umuntu la, kungcono nithuthe. Sithi asithuthi, kuthe nje ntambama lajika izulu, uma sithi sibheka le phezulu sibabone ukuthi sebehlangene baphethe amahawu nemikhonto. Kuqhamuke omunye umama ngenhla ememeza ethi, nisamile yini lapho ngoba naba labantu bayeza. Nakhu mina nginezingane ezincane futhi ezimbili, ekhaya kukhona udadewethu manje uma sekufunakala ngibaleke ngizokwenza njani nalezingane ezimbili. Naba nalabantu sebeyahuba bayeza. Ngacosha eyodwa ingane ngayibeletha, udadewethu wathatha eyesibili. Kwaqhamuka omunye umfana owumakhelwane wasekhaya yena owafike wathatha isikhwama. Ngasikhathi sigijima siya ngasemfuleni obizwa nge Mabane, kufanele siwuwele lomfula siye ngaphesheya. Uma sithi sibheka phambili la siya khona, naba abanye balabantu beNkatha sebehlukeni phakathi kodwa saqhubeka sayowela umfula. Uma sibheka emuva naba laba abanye bayasilandela. Umfana owayegijima emva kwami engiphathele

isikhwama [uyakhala] sathi uma siwela umgwaqo nodadewethu, angazi lo mfana wakhutshwa yini, kodwa sathi uma siphenduka, base bemgwaze, bamgwaza bamthatha bamphonsa emanzini. Manje asikwazi nokuthi sithi siyabuyela emuva ukuyombheka ngoba nathi kufanele siqhubeke sibaleke. Sabaleka saze safika kulomuzi esasiya kuwona, uma sifika lapha sasingasaphethe lutho ngisho nokudla kwezingane nezingubo. Kuthe ebusuku sesihleli kulomuzi kwafika ubaba ngoba wayenemoto. Wabe esethi ngicela ukunisusa la ngoba uma sekuze kwaba yisemini angeke ngisakwazi ukunithutha, ngoba uma ngingabonakala nginithutha, kuzothi uma sengiphindela ekhaya ngifike ngibulawe. Wasithatha-ke ubaba waya kosifunela indawo lapha eSiyamu ngase Simero, safike saqasha khona. Kuthe sesihleli khona, kwaba nomuntu owathi mina nginganisiza nginifunele indawo eSigodini.

Lapho sasisuka njalo ekuseni eSiyamu size la eSigodini sakhe, kuthi ntambama sibuyele emuva kwaze kwabe siyaqeda ukwakha. Lo mfana abambulala kade ethi usiza thina asizange sikwazi nokuya komngcwaba ngoba singasakwazi ukuphindela emuva. Umuzi wasekhaya asizange siwubhidlize sawushiya nje kanjalo, ukuthi ubani-ke owangena khona, asazi kanye nezimpahla ezazikhona asazi ukuthi ubani owagcina ezithathile. Kodwa sabuya sazoqhuba impilo eSigodini. Kwaze kwafika lapho sesificwa yilona-ke manje udlame lwala eSigodini, kodwa okwabangcono ukuthi akekho umuntu wasekhaya owahlukumezeka. Nathi sasikwazi ukulekelela labantu ababeqhamuka Ngaphezulu ngokuthi sibavulele bakwazi ukukhosela, ngoba sase sikwazi ukuthi kunjani ukuhlupheka nokubalekele abantu bekujaha ngemuva.

Mina ngathi sengifikile lapha nomndeni wami, kukhona umama owayesekhulile owayebizwa ngo Simantu Hlatshwayo. Uyena owasinika indawo, sahlala kahle futhi ngoba nezinto zokwakha sasizibeka kwakhe, wasijwayeza

nendawo ukuze sikwazi ukuhlanguana nabanye abantu. Cha angizange ngihlukumezeke impela sengifike eSigodini.

Kodwa ngahlukumezeka ngoba ngangisanda kuthola nabantwana, bebancane benjalo kodwa kwakufanele ngigijime nabo. Nokuthi umuntu owayezama ukungisiza kwagcina kushona yena.

Mayelana nomndeni ngenxa yodlame, kwaba khona umthelela othize ngoba kwakukhona ubhuti wami engimelamayo. Wayakhile ekhaya ngoba ijalidi lasekhaya lalilikhulu. Yena-ke ngenxa yokuthi wayengayithandisi indaba ye ANC, kwathi noma sibaleka sithutha yena wasala ejalidini. Kanti futhi wayenakho lokho ukuthi senza into embi ukuthi sibe yi ANC. Kusukela lapho asiphindange sakwazi ukuzwana kahle. Sesiye sihlanguane kuphela naye uma kukhona imicimbi, ngaphandle kwalokho asihlangani naye futhi asibonani. Ngalokho ngingathi yaba nomthelela omkhulu le ndaba yodlame ngoba mhlawumbe ukube saba yinto eyodwa, mhlawumbe ngabe siyazwana namanje.

Mina ngizalwa khona la eSigodini. Ngizalwe mhlaka 10 September 1951. Ngifunde amabanga aphantsi eSigodini school, Georgetown school kodwa ngalesosikhathi lesikole sasisabizwa ngeKhosela. Ngibe sengishadela emndenini waka Ngcobo. Okuthe uma sengishadile kwabe sekuphuma kwi Echo ukuthi eKZN kunezifundo zabantu abadala, ngaya ngayokwenza lezozifundo iminyaka emibili. Uma ngiqeda lapho ngabe sengibamba iqhaza ezintweni ezisiza umphakathi.



Mina nobaba uNgcobo sinezingane eziyi 6, angimqedanga umatric futhi ngalesosikhathi kwakuseno Form 3. Ngokusebenza angibanga nenhlanhla kakhulu yomsebenzi, kodwa ngasebenza ka I Teach ngiyikhansela esibhedlela sase Edendale. Besisiza ngaleyazikhathi lapho bekunengcindezi ngendaba ye stigma esihlangene nendaba ye HIV. Umsebenzi wethu beku wukuzama ukuthi sisize umuntu o HIV positive ukuthi akwazi ukwamukela isimo sakhe, nokuthi athathe I treatment yakhe kahle. Emva kwalapho ngabe sengisebenzisana nomphakathi ukuthi kumele kube nama project njengokulima izingadi.

Mina ngoba ngangivele ngikhona eSigodini, sasibasiza ikakhulukazi labo ababengenele esontweni [kukhona ongenayo]. Kwasiphatha kabuhlungu ukubona abantu ikakhulukazi

abesifazane nezingane bephathwa ngaloluyahlobo, beshiya amakhaya abo baze ukuzohlala emahholo nasemasontweni. Leyonto yayingekho mnandi. Izinto zabo babezishiya ngemuva, zisale zithathwe abantu abangahlangene nazo noma kushiswe. ESigodini sakwazi ukubahambela, abanye sibatholele izindawo lapha kaMbanjwa, abanye sibabeka nasemakhaya ethu.

Nami ekhaya lami kunomndeni owawuhlala khona, ngoba nobaba wakwami wayesebenzisana no Dee bebabeka lapha eNtabeni. Siyabonga ukuthi bagcina bezithola bephumile osizini noma kusabuhlungu kakhulu, kodwa ukuthola uphahla kubaluleke kakhulu. Ngakho siyambonga kakhulu uNkulunkulu.

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 besikhathezekile 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 sibaphoqe 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 i-counselling ngoba babephazamisekile emiqondweni ngenxa yezimpi. Njengothisha sasifuna ukuthi baqhubeke njengenjwayelo, banake izifundo zabo kodwa besabhekene nokungahlaliseki kahle endaweni entsha futhi bengakazizwa 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. Umphakathi usenza sizazi futhi sizizwe siyingxenye yomndeni, abangani kanye nomakhelwane. Ikhaya liyindawo ephephile esiya kulo sithole imfudumalo. Izinyanga neminyaka, abesifazane besitshela 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 iwumngogodla wempilo yethu. Kwatshalwa imbewu yenzondo esithola kuyo imfudumalo. Uma sinezinkinga umndeni uyasixhasa, usiduduze. Ngodlame imindeni yaphazamiseka. Kwatshaleka imbewu yenzondo. phakathi kwemindeni. 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 waseWesley 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 isiyingxenywe kaMasipala uMsunduzi eMgungundlovu KwaZulu-Natal, eNingizimu Afrika. Umasipala waseMsunduzi uthatha indawo engu-635 Km² enabantu abalinganiselwa ku-617,000. Ingxenywe yalaba bantu ihlala endaweni yase-Greater Edendale. Idolobha lingesibili ngobukhulu KwaZulu-Natal kanti futhi liyinhloko-dolobha yesifundazwe.

SIZIQQE 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 lesiZulu 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 amantombazane amabili 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 uyalithola 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 bekulalwena, 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.