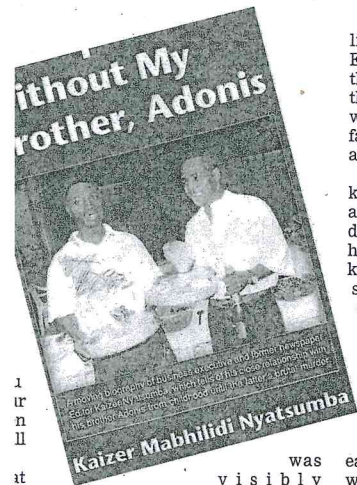


Father after an assault by farmer



At the house where my parents lived with my younger siblings – Evah lived in Bushbuckridge with the father of her son, Muzi – we told them about the exchange of words with Mrs Pelsler and urged my father to resign and lay a charge of assault with the police.

If he chose to stay, he had to know his employer would be very angry when he heard what we had done. I told him that if Pelsler beat him again, he had to make sure I knew about it so that I would personally take a taxi to the White River Police Station to lay a charge against him.

Adonis and I did not stay long.

After we had bid Mom and Dad farewell, we walked down the farm towards the river, waded across the shallow river to the farm where, some years earlier, Francinah had told us, as we asked for a Christmas gift from her parents, “*nyofani, nyofani, nyofani uma nicedzile (get out)*”.

We walked on the footpath past the house where Mikey and Bongani Mkhwanazi had lived with their parents when I was still at Lwaleng Primary School, past the

had to go to.

As he brought his car Adonis and I showed him pair of heels and disappear the orange farm on the other the road.

Once on the farm, we r with the workers, but conti walk towards town.

I don't know if he conti wait for us by the side of th hoping we would re-emerge, turned onto the road leadin; farm to look for us, but we to town and caught a taxi Mganduzweni.

My father later told me was livid on his return to th that afternoon, and did son he had never done before: he to the house where my paren and let loose a number of exj directed at him, ordering hir us never to set foot on th again.

■ This is excerpt from Nyatumba's book, *Incomplete My Brother, Adonis*, available on www.Amazon.com. Other excerpts will be carried the next few weeks.

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MY FATHER HAD
BRUISED LIPS AND A
SWOLLEN FACE
FROM A BEATING

horse stable on the left and joined the Plaston-White River road.

As we walked towards town, we saw a car coming at high speed from the opposite direction, driven by a white man.

We recognised the car instantly – it was Pelsler's. His wife must have told him over the phone about our unwelcome visit to her some minutes earlier, and he had known the route we would take to get back to town to catch a taxi to wherever we

was
visibly
shocked.

In fact, it appeared as though she feared that we might also attack her – something that was far from our minds. When I finished talking, I let go of the door and Adonis and I walked away.