



Aabrakwe Masime

BOOK GHOSTWRITING PORTFOLIO



Aobakwe Mosime

Storywriter, Memoir Ghostwriter,
Book Publishing Consultant

✍️ Hourly rate: \$100/R1800/hr

Aobakwe Mosime is the one who skillfully translates your story into writing after you tell it. Aobakwe began her writing career writing short essays and letters in her school diary during her loner days. That journey later led to her becoming a freelance writer today, with two books she has written and authored: *Under The Blazer* and *Getting Closer*, as well as a guided grief prompt journal, *Memory Journal*. Her speciality is serving clients who have valuable stories yet no time or expertise to write them, serving as their ghostwriter for their memoirs and narrative non-fiction. She helps executives, successful founders/entrepreneurs, and other visionaries craft their truth, share and influence with their rich and authentic voice, and preserve them in book form as part of their tangible legacies.

Aobakwe taps into her 6 years of professional writing experience, passion for storytelling, publishing knowledge, and emotional guidance coaching to help her clients translate complex stories and ideas into clear, timeless, relatable, and impactful quality books that resonate with the audience, leading to greater opportunities. When she is not writing, Aobakwe is hiking on mountains and gleaning more inspiration for her creativity, behind the camera exploring photography and cinematography to enhance her stories in visual form or researching and studying the subject of psychology.

We might have similarities in our stories, but what makes them different is in the details. So let's share your version of the details through writing your book.

Services include

- Memoir Ghostwriting,
- Non-fiction Ghostwriting,
- Non-fiction Book Coaching,
- Book Publishing & Marketing Co-ordinator



info@words-create.com



+27 79 625 5667

TESTIMONIALS

01.

"I am taking this moment to appreciate and thank you for your insight and views as to how to structure, complete my book and self-publish it. I have benefited a lot from our sessions. Before consulting with you, the idea of writing a book seemed like a lot of confusion and an unending process. With your strategies and guidance, I managed to complete my manuscript in 5 months. I thought I had a perfect book cover, but after our chat, I have changed it due to the provocative ideas you listed about book covers. I must say I'm super confident with what I have now. I love how you simplified the whole idea of the book. I went on to find the right and best people who helped with its completion, like you suggested. Once again, thank you."

02.

"When I came to you for help, you slowed down your hectic schedule and accommodated an elderly woman like me. You never became tired or impatient with my many questions. You always amazed me with your calm, mature, endless and selfless nature. You are a real inspiration-wonderfully unique and downright phenomenal. My book wouldn't have been a success if it weren't for your support. You never saw my age or my habit of thinking slowly. You just saw a hungry-to-learn, hungry-to-grow, hungry-to-succeed grandmother. You never stopped me; instead, encouraged me. You gave me pointers which enhanced my determination."



Contents

BOOK EXCERPTS

Protruding images	_____	04
Under the Blazer	_____	08
Getting Closer	_____	14
Kilimanjaro experience	_____	20
Foreword	_____	24

SPEECH & SCRIPT

Saying Goodbye	_____	25
Short Film: Burdened	_____	28

COPYWRITING

Goddess Café	_____	33
--------------	-------	----



BOOK EXCERPTS

Protruding images

I started growing as a baby until a time when a terrible sickness caught me as an infant. My head was loosely swinging backwards like a loose screw waiting for the last turn to fall off my neck, finally. I took very slow, deep breaths. Crying was an enormous task for me; it was weak and dry from the lack of tears. My eyelids were too heavy to open wide. Ashy, white and cracked was the sight of my mouth. I became less and less responsive from the lack of energy, yet I was eating abnormally from losing weight. This was all due to my abnormal defecation.

I had developed a sickness called Rectal Prolapse, where, when an infant defecates, the rectum, the last part of the large intestine, turns itself inside out and comes out through the anus. Every time I would defecate, the rectum, which is supposed to be inside the body, would now vulnerably hang outside my body. The sight of this would be a horrifying, stressful moment and a concerning time for my family, as they didn't understand what type of sickness this was and why it was happening to me. I was worn out. This delayed my speaking and walking development as I couldn't talk or walk like babies at that age due to this protruding problem.

The family decided to take me to the nearest clinic, but the medicine prescribed by the clinic was not making a difference. It was so concerning that anyone who looked at me couldn't just sit back and not feel compelled to want to do something to help ease the pain and discomfort. As no signs of improvement were in sight, the next day, when Ntate Sefike saw me, he couldn't go to work again while seeing the weakening sight of me about to go into the next round of sickness for the day. So early in the morning, he rushed to his workplace to ask for some leave days to go out and seek specialized medical help for me. "It was too painful to see a toddler, barely walking, playing like other kids, and instead exchanging that for the everyday terror of this sickness. It was enough," recalls my aunt (youngest mom's sister). When Ntate Sefike came back from work to arrange leave. He sat down with his wife (mom's older sister) and my youngest aunt (the youngest mom's sister) to brainstorm a solution to assist me in getting better. They couldn't spend another day with me looking like this.

They packed my important baby travel essentials, put my fragile body in a small "tjali (blanket), in my aunt's arms, and we climbed into a taxi to the hospital. When we got to the hospital, there was a line to see this particular doctor. It was discouraging to see the line, but my family was determined that they would do whatever it took to get to see the doctor on

BOOK EXCERPTS

Protruding images

that day. One patient came out of the doctor's room and one patient went in, which left the first chair open, and everybody could relievingly move one chair closer to getting into the doctor's room. Hoping that the dreadful defecation moment wouldn't come and embarrass them whilst in the queue. The moment came. The defecation happened again, and the caring Ntate Sefike once again stepped forward and did something. He walked up to the first patient who was next to go into the doctor's room. "Dumelang mme, askies go le tswenya, mara ne re kopa go tsena before lena, eisssh ngwana o na le bothata bo bo serious" (Hello mam, sorry to disturb you, but I wanted to humbly ask if we can go in before you. Our child has a serious problem that needs urgent attention)

As the patient looked at me, the child and was met with protruding images, in pity and shame, the patient allowed us to go in before them. He thanked her and walked back to us. When the doctor's room door opened, we were encouraged to stand up, walk to the room, lock eyes, and nod with the patient who let us first go in as a form of thank you, and we proceeded into the doctor's room.

This particular doctor was an Indian man. A peculiar twist to find in a Tswana community. He quickly took me from my aunt, who was holding me, and saw the live, red, large intestine that looked like a deflated tube dangling from outside the anus. He knew exactly what he saw. He gave me back to Ntate Sefike's wife and came to sit with us at his desk to explain the condition. He quickly typed something on the box-sized computer and tilted the screen towards our side to see what was on the screen.

On the screen were 2 people, who were also patients who had Rectal Prolapse.

THE DOCTOR EXPLAINED:

"These are 2 people who have had this rare condition, one was treated medically through an operation, and the other person was treated traditionally with medicine."

Everyone in the room was completely quiet, with question marks to hear what happened next to them.

THE DOCTOR CONTINUES:

"But I need to explain the advantages and disadvantages of both these options because you will have to sign for whichever option is ultimately chosen for the child."

The first option is that of the large intestine, which sticks out to be cut. The intestine will lose its elasticity, and its ability to enlarge and contract, and later on, when they are older, it could cause problems, and then another operation would have to be done to increase the intestine which was initially cut or even lead to death.

The second option is one which takes longer in terms of healing because of the consistent and proper care needed from the caregivers. But once it is done right, it will be healed for life.

Ntate Sefike quickly interjected and chose the second option.

Then the doctor further explained: "I am going to ask that the medication prescribed by the clinic be stopped. " Then came the instructions for the 'consistent care' necessary for my healing. He gave us 10 blocks of Blue Seal. It is famously branded as American Blue Cube. The blue seal is a blue cube of soap that is used to make white clothes or fabric brighter by putting it in the water used to wash these clothes. And when the clothes come out of the

BOOK EXCERPTS

Protruding images

washing and drying, they will look super bright white. He gave us 10 blocks of it and a clean white cloth.

The doctor further instructed:

"Every time the large intestine protrudes, use the white cloth, with the blue seal in a bit of water, and slowly and gently remove the faeces still left over around the large intestine sticking out. When you are done, with gentle care, slowly push the red intestine back into the inside of the baby's body through the anus. Every time he defecates, do this without fail, every day.

I will also prescribe medicine to decrease defecation to only 2 times a day."

The instructions were clear, and we stood up and left the doctor's room and closed the door, open with hope this time for my healing.

When we got home, Ntate Sefike made my 2 aunts rehearse what we were instructed in the doctor's room. He had even appointed himself as the inspector to watch my aunts and make sure they thoroughly cared for me every day and did it properly.

I started to get more rest because of the new medication and the gentle care given to me. The defecation decreased. Month by month, the intestine amazingly contracted by itself and was able to permanently stay inside the body and not outside. I was eating properly again and gaining strength. My cry was strong. We had to go back to the doctor at the end of the month, and good results started to show in the third month.

"You are doing a good job. Keep at it," was the response of the doctor after each month's visit. I started making noises to talk instead of crying.

I started learning to crawl, then walk, and even started playing with other kids in the neighbouring houses in our village.

In the 6th month, I had fully healed, and what was once a protrusion was no longer standing in my way of growth. That was my first introduction to life's battles that I had successfully won at such a tender age.

"He became a balm of Gilead to my soul as I had lost my daughter a few months before him getting that terrifying sickness. I shared the same bed with him and cared for him during that horrifying time. After 6 months, it was time for me to leave to go back to Johannesburg. Oh, how he cried when I left because of the bond that was formed between me and him. When I came back months later to visit them, I found him so happy, well, and playing with other kids in the neighbourhood. Later on, when he had grown to be a man, I was privileged to be chosen as part of his lobola (bride price) delegation and negotiations", recalled his youngest aunt.

08.

Under the Blazer

FOREWORD BY NTOKOZO MBAMBO

UNDER The Blazer





used to attend high school with this guy. There was always something about how he carried himself around people. He was one of the quietest guys that I had ever met, so grounded and respectful, yet he chilled with a group of guys that were quite opposite to him. Well, he actually could chill with anyone and still adapt and get along with that person. One of his best features was his deep rich voice, one you would expect to hear on radio; that's where he got his nickname Eddie Zondie. RIP to the real Eddie Zondie.

I have always had the theory that although there are people who are generally quiet and reserved, there are some people who became quiet because of the countless situations which slowly but surely silenced their voices. Now with Eddie Zondie it was a bit of both, but it was leaning more to the countless situations that colored his personality.

As I grew close to this guy, we eventually became good friends. I liked teasing him about his radio voice, and all he would do was just laugh it off, leaving me with the impression that everything was joyful like the laugh he was always ready to share. When I was able to gain his trust, I was bold enough to ask him this question: "My friend I know you are a quiet person but something tells me there is more to it than what meets the eye. How true is this? Tell me about your family. Is everything alright at home?" Getting him to talk about his emotions or his situation was difficult, and I didn't get answers when I first asked him. I had to persist in asking him several times, until eventually he gave this answer: "Well there are two of us at home, me and my older sister, but my dad has two more kids who are not my mother's, so they are my half- brothers. The one brother is smoking nyaope in the streets of Attridgeville, and the other is a loose case. We recently received a phone call from Rustenburg telling us that he was arrested for pouring boiling water over his girlfriend. Mind you he already has two kids

with this woman.

After that, my friend began talking about his dad. There was so much anger and resentment in his voice. He really didn't want to tell me what happened between them but he finally found courage to tell me. His dad owns a funeral parlor, (at first it was very weird to have a friend whose father worked with dead bodies.) Sometimes Eddie would be summoned to go and fetch a body that was declared dead so that it could be taken to his dad's parlor, and he shared some of these spine chilling stories with me. But I had to accept the work that he and his dad did as it put food on the table. His dad has been an alcoholic since Eddie was very young: there was a time that he beat Eddie up so badly that he had to be taken to a doctor. The doctor examined Eddie and said to his parents: "The way this boy is bruised, you will one day be arrested for assault or abuse."

Once, when Eddie was in grade 5, he and his dad had to go and buy trip food for a soccer match that Eddie was to play in. When they arrived at the supermarket, his dad instructed

him to go inside to pick all the food he wanted, and when he was done he should call him, as he would be waiting outside the shop. Eddie noticed a strange eye contact his dad made with another lady also waiting outside, but he didn't read too much into it at that time. When he came outside to call his dad, to Eddie's surprise, he found his dad standing with the very lady that he had made eye contact with, and furthermore, his dad was even giving her money. Eddie was crushed by seeing this. When they got home, they got into a huge argument, and when his dad threatened to beat him up, Eddie cleverly said: "Touch me and I'll tell mama what I saw today." His dad obviously didn't end up hitting him. But this was the situation, his dad was cheating on his mom. Till this day, Eddie never told his mother about the incident,

although his mom also saw signs that her very own husband was cheating on her, she still stayed.

Eddie's dad rarely pays for things in the house, instead of him being the head of the family, the mother is playing that role. Bear in mind that his mom is just a teacher. There was a time that the parents separated, his mother took him and the sister to go and live in a family house where they would be safer, but the father followed them and begged them to get back together, he promised that he would change. The mother, desperate to salvage her family, agreed. But the sad news is that nothing has changed; the family still fights and is constantly in debt. Another problem is that the dad had a favourite child - the older sister. Most of what the sister asked for, if not everything, the father will give her. But it is the complete opposite when it comes to him.

One day, during our matric year, Eddie asked for transport money to come to school, his dad gave him R20, and the amount he needed was triple that. In anger Eddie said: "R20?" His dad shouted at him for this. In response, Eddie threw back the R20 and said: "One day I will make you remember all the days you refused to give me money, the days you refused to do things for me but when sis asks you do them!" That was how things had deteriorated. Eddie's sister once tried to commit suicide. His mother is stressed out and crying most of the time, and all of this pain and bitterness is because of the father. Imagine, this boy never talked to anyone about what was really happening at home, but he came to school every day never letting anybody know that anything was wrong. This is just one little article in the whole newspaper. I was flabbergasted. Do people really go through such trials? Here I am complaining about my problems!

This is something I once wrote to him:
I will never call you strong weitsi (you know) why?.....

Because what you are is beyond just being strong I hear you telling me about the challenges you are facing at home and wonder how you cope with all this.

To be able to sleep with this heartache and pain and still have the courage to wake up the next day to do what you have to do is just a wonder.

You say your mother comes and cries to you about the pain she is feeling because of your father.

Why you? You see she has seen something in you. You are her light in the dark, her joy in the midst of all her sorrow.

How you take all that she tells you is a mystery.

Maybe you haven't been so open to tell me about that yet; But you are fighting to be her pillar, Bambezela mgani wami (Hold on my friend).

Don't let anyone despise you saying that you are a weak man talking about your problems, or even crying in the process. In fact, they that cannot be in touch with their emotions and talk about their problems are the ones who I feel sorry for.

You remain so humble, respectful and kind despite everything that has happened to you and your family. That shows character.

Your quietness has a story to tell. Your silence in the midst of a lot of noise shows that you understand yourself and that keeping calm is the way to go.

You managed for so many years without thinking it was a problem to carry all those secrets, hurts and pains on your own. You are here now. You did it. You pushed through.

But I think someone was with you every step of the way.

Sometimes I think to myself: "So this guy couldn't come to the matric dance or matric valediction because of money issues at home, so he opted to make things easy and stay at home. Tjoooo. You are different.

You keep telling me how I don't compliment you about how strong you are, but in true essence - strength is not defined by how stiffly you hug me or how often you put your foot down. Nooooo. It is when the world throws thorns at you, they prick you and leave a scratch. Blood comes out. But after a while the blood stops, the wound closes and heals. What you have left is a scar. A scar that you can walk proudly and boldly with everywhere you go as an acknowledgement that it played a part to make you the guy that you are today. Not just an ordinary guy but a marvelous guy.

Believe it or not - you are an inspiration. You inspire me to keep on inspiring you to be an inspiration to others as well as me.

You are lemonade after a long harvest of bitter lemons. You are the rainbow after the rain. A sunshine, a gentle soul, and a rock. Your strength has been tried and tested. It stood the test of time because of the faith that is in you. That faith makes you able to carry anything, no matter how big or small. It takes a lot of maturity emotionally and mentally to still be standing today; hopeful and daring to change the situation at home. Never underestimate your strength, rather celebrate it and let it be your pride that keeps you strong.

If I had a hat, I would take it off for you. If you were a performer I would give you an overwhelming round of applause.

If you were a prince I would promote you to king. If you were a God I would bow down to you - but you are none of those - what you are is a guy who can carry anything.

I will always call you 'skokho', (the man), but most importantly the guy who can carry and handle anything. That is why I will never call you 'strong'.

Of all the chapters that I have written in this book, this was the last chapter I wrote; not because it was boring me, but because it was the biggest struggle I had throughout my life, not just in my teen years. At some point I considered not including this chapter because it was going to take a lot of courage to speak out about it. But one of my friends told me that when you get to share your biggest struggle, many more people relate to your struggle - and that is where you help people the most. So then I took up the challenge...

I recently played a quiz on Facebook where you would have to type in your name and it would

My mom had the forehead, but with time it became better, it was not as big. One of my friends tried comforting me once saying: "Chomie, maybe yours will disappear too one day." Lol.

There were times when I would be walking around the neighborhood with my friends, and the naughty guys sitting at the corner of the street would start whistling at us. Most of the time it wasn't for me because of the obvious reason. I just stepped aside so that the guy can have a moment with one of my friends. Imagine what this does to a girl's self-esteem. Although, yes, I had this forehead, I created barriers and limitations for myself by thinking: "Who would want to be friends with me, or approach a girl like me."

As those words were chiseled into my head, they stayed there and eventually made a home for how I saw this beautiful house. One item was slightly different from the rest of the furniture, like that one really distractive painting that can distract your attention so that you don't even see the beauty of the rest of the furniture anymore, because all you see is that painting. How flawed! I forgot about my charming smile, my sweet nature, the softness of my skin and always clung to that one fault. I didn't see any of my beauty anymore because I focused on my one flaw. That was all I saw. Time and time again, I would recite the verse: 'You are fearfully and wonderfully made by the image of God.' But it just didn't stick. It was vain because I didn't believe it. If I was wonderfully made, why was I constantly being laughed at? Why do I sometimes wish to take my head and put it on the side and go where I need to go and I'll come back to get it when I am home?

There were some really nice people, though, who would genuinely compliment me and tell me that I was beautiful, but in my heart, I wouldn't believe them. In my head I would just reply: "Yeah right."

I walked with my head held high on the outside, but with a limping image of myself on the inside. It was the steady construction of words and comments that built the person I was inside. I gave this person life, and she began to say words like: "You can't do that, remember; look at your forehead! You can't go naked with natural hair and your forehead out there; hide it then with expensive hairstyles. You can't talk in front of people; how on earth are they going to take you seriously without laughing at your head?"

Until one day some pastor from a conference or guardian mother said something, I can't remember who exactly who it was, but he/ she said: "There is a purpose to you having that forehead that is different from those of other people. Look at it this way, you are special because you have something that I don't have." Wow! I never saw it that way. For a long time I didn't understand: "Why me?" Then I came across this scripture: Romans 9:21- 'Does not the potter have the right to make out of the same clay some pottery for special purpose and some for common use?' I am one of those pots for a special purpose. God took His precious time when He made me. He surely wasn't in a hurry. There is this inspirational man named Nick Vujicic; this man has no arms or legs, God made him like that for a special purpose. Today he is helping millions of children world-wide who are being bullied, he is a motivational speaker and is getting lot of people saved into Christianity. If he was normal like all of us, would his message hit home like it is now with him not having any arms or legs? No! But God knew what He was doing when He created him like that. He knew exactly what it would take for the purpose in Nick's life to be realized. He used his disability and turned it into a blessing for himself and everyone around him, and most importantly - for God.

Eleanor Roosevelt once said: "Great people discuss ideas; average minds discuss ideas; small minds discuss people."

A lot of us are guilty at some point or another of criticizing and commenting, or even laughing about how people look. I'm not talking about a hairstyle or a dress, but how a person looks in their natural form just because they are different from you. But we seem to forget that we ourselves are creations. How does a creation complain to another creation or the manufacturer about how stupid or wrong a creation looks? Do you as a creation have a say? No you don't. Your job is to function as your manufacturer has intended you to function, and leave the defaults to God to fix and worry about. It is His duty not yours.

What one needs to do is to kill the man that one has built over the years.

"Which man?" You may ask.

The one that says you are not beautiful enough. Start by not listening to him, then stop visiting his comments time and time again and then stop calling by verbally acknowledging that you are ugly and not worth it. As he starts to realize you are not giving him attention, his feelings for you will die and he will go to someone who gives him attention. Just like that boyfriend you once had.... If you know of persons who are likely to say something about your nose or bracket legs, cut them off and avoid their company, since they have nothing to say that will build you up. Stop feeding off garbage comments and having yourself a pity party about it and feeling sorry for yourself, because you are not helping the situation. As you cut him out, though, you will need to counteract him by keeping your mind from wanting to think about those comments. I started by cleansing my mind, first detox garbage then start allowing new thoughts to camp in your mind. At first it is going to be difficult to see yourself in a new positive light, when all your life you have been in the dark. At some point you believed being in the dark was normal. But the truth is that it is not normal. You will even have to force

yourself out of the dark and push in the truth, the one that is in the word of God. How God sees you and what He knows you can do, not other people and their opinions. Renew your mind to come to accept and love yourself. Begin to change your perception of how you think God sees you – that He is not out there to punish you. And mi (Hold on my friend).

Don't let anyone despise you saying that you are a weak man talking about your problems, or even crying in the process. In fact, they that cannot be in touch with their emotions and talk about their problems are the ones who I feel sorry for. then, most importantly, change your own thinking of how you see yourself. Don't be so hard on yourself give yourself another chance to believe that you are beautiful, and this change will reflect on your self -esteem.

With time I realized that this forehead is not going anywhere. I'm going to need to learn to live with it. People will look at my forehead on our first encounter; but what can I do? Play God and make it smaller or hide it so that you can feel at ease and not comment? I don't control that. If you have a problem with the forehead, it is YOUR problem. Take me as I am or watch me as I go. I am not only defined by my forehead. I'm more than my forehead! But it does come with the package.

This self -esteem thing is a journey and I am not 100% there yet but at least now I can thank God for my special painting.

14.

Getting Closer



2

2017, January, I came back from Christmas holidays, back to varsity. I appreciated the time and the space that living away from home gave. So, towards the end of January, I came back to the flat where I had lived. The plan was to sort out my registration as I was going to change the course altogether, so that I can complete my studies that year. I expected them to credit all my modules, except the two I had failed for the third time now, financial accounting and financial management. I had had enough. I was going to do a B.Com general and specialise with the modules that I had already passed.

So, morning came and I went to enquire about my course change and to register. I went later in the day because I knew if I went in the morning I would stand in a long queue. So I waited for most people to clear, and went in the afternoon.

I went straight to our Faculty, asked where I could change course, and was pointed to the officials who could assist me with my enquiry.

I sat down at the desk of a kind lady wearing dark melanin spectacles. Sitting in front of me, with a computer facing her, I couldn't really see anything as I was facing her. And she was facing me, while the computer faced her, just like me.

"Hello mam, I came to enquire about my change to B.Com general. I have failed two modules but I passed the rest. I'm not quite sure which modules I can take in order for me to get enough credits so that I can graduate."

She answered, "What's your student number?" I gave it to her. She checked on the system,

while I also confirmed my personal details.

She printed out my modules and started writing a couple of things on the paper. Then she explained to me which modules I could take and work with to accumulate enough credits. I was happy with her explanation, and asked her to initiate the process of the change.

"There is something else before that can be done," she said. "According to our system, you have been excluded from the course you are doing, and now the faculty as well. So you first need to appeal against the exclusion and then, if they accept you back, we can do the change we just discussed."

I paused for a moment. "How? I didn't know I was excluded." At that point I remembered all the stories I had heard about people being excluded, but I never asked for details, thinking it was so farfetched and it would never happen to me. "Well, in the system it says you were kicked out in December."

We are so scared of being locked up in jail, being imprisoned, and having a criminal record.

Yet every day we accept being jailed by systems; rules created by those in power. And without noticing it, we are tainted with a record of opinions, just because we took a hammer of ideas and started hammering down those steel bars, just to look for an opening so as to get out and be free.

What I mean above is that every day we accept a jail cell of a wrong career, a bad relationship, and what is expected of us by everyone. It is uncomfortable, suffocating, debilitating; it is a

heavy feeling. This jail cell looks better than an actual jail cell. But I think it is not. It is better to be jailed behind steel bars you can see than by those you can't, thinking that you are free, when you are actually not.

A very talkative school kid in class is kicked out of class for the rest of the period for talking too much. Actually he just has too much energy in the form of words, but because he is shouted at and kicked out every time, he sees the talkativeness as a problem that needs to be changed. He no longer sees it as something that makes him special. He doesn't realise that his very nature is one of the best qualities needed to run a three-hour radio show or to be MC at a gig. But because he was never told, always just punished for talking, he is forced into subjection to become who he was not supposed to be, and end up where he was not supposed to be – in jail. Some people might have lived in this jail for so long that by the time they start seeing the talkativeness as a gift, it will take much convincing and also a few more years to build up their confidence.

Let's look at the child who is not so academically gifted, yet is an excellent singer. This child grows up to be made fun of by classmates for being stupid, thinking that those academically gifted are the only ones worth being celebrated through badges, scrolls and trophies. Even at home, when another sibling excels they are bought a new phone. Yet her singing is only celebrated when she needs to start a song during assembly, or during a talent evening. And even at talent evening, an applause is the only celebration she gets to know.

Then there is that friend who is overdramatic in everything, always exaggerating, but she is average in class. She has made peace with the fact that there will be people who will always do better than her in class. Her subjects were chosen by her parents because those subjects

will secure her entrance at university to become a doctor or engineer, as it is said that acting is not a secure career. Because her school is not modern enough to have dramatic arts as a subject, she doesn't know that her over-exaggeration is a talent that could get her a foothold in the arts industry. Even if she speaks about the possibility of the arts, she will be rejected point blank and be discouraged by those close to her not to pursue it. i wami (Hold on my friend).

Don't let anyone despise you saying that you are a weak man talking about your problems, or even crying in the process. In fact, they that cannot be in touch with their emotions and talk about their problems are the ones who I feel sorry for.

But what is really happening is that each person is an individual; nobody will ever be like the person next to him. Never! God is too creative to do the exact same thing twice. But systems celebrate and make provision for some people, while others are left out. Those that are left out look strange because they don't look or think like what seems to be normal to everybody else and what society sees as the way of doing things. These people don't seem to be making sense to anybody else. They are misunderstood. People just don't get them.

Some will start looking for something closer to what others know, and then stop. And those who stick to being themselves, find themselves losing confidence and do not want to be seen doing it in public. They don't want to be seen doing what is strange and unusual, so they will result in doing it in secret, where nobody will see and they cannot be slaughtered by criticism.

But it doesn't mean that when you are jailed or rejected you automatically stop doing the very

thing you believe in, the very thing you believe you are good at and talented in, even if others don't understand it. It just means that no provision or rule has been made to accommodate your talent, thus it cannot be considered or accepted.

Let us take Ntate Nelson Mandela as the perfect example of this. He was jailed for an ideal of freedom for all, and he wasn't afraid to be an advocate and a radical speaker for his belief. He was an advocate by profession but a gifted person when it came to speech. He was courageous enough to always voice out these speeches in the rallies and marches they organized during those years. But the government couldn't understand what it was about this man, as he was listened to every time he stood up and spoke to masses during gatherings. For him it came natural and easy to speak. But he didn't just speak. He spoke words of incredible wisdom that we read about in books today; we see when we enter monumental buildings; and they are often still incorporated in speeches by other people.

Yet, for this very same thing he was jailed by those in power, well thinking that he might stop with all his philosophical speeches about freedom when in jail. He was creative enough to still use the power of his words through letters he sent to family and to his political party. He still wanted to put down his ideas on paper, and he found a way to write them down, even on the walls of his cell. That is the exact thing that kept him sane in those walls. He didn't stop doing what he believed in and what he was good at, up until he was released and could finally celebrate the ideals he was once willing to die for.

Some people are put in the jail of studying something they didn't want to study initially, resulting in choosing other subjects, because what they wanted to study initially was not important enough to make a career for themselves and build a lucrative future.

A lot of talents have been jailed, put inside a box, and put away somewhere far, not within anyone's reach. But during those moments, when you are jailed, you can decide to be like Ntate Nelson to continue doing this alone, or on the side. You also have the choice of stopping to use your talent altogether. But in stopping, you stop doing the very thing that makes you fulfilled, and you walk around with a void, unfulfilled. You stopped doing something that not merely kept your mind busy but it also kept your soul happy. Now your mind has more roaming time and it leads to over thinking, which eventually leads to sadness, depression and even suicide attempts. Some people try to fill this void, and their feelings of resentment, by turning to alcohol, drugs, promiscuity and even crime. And the sole reason being: *"Where purpose is not known, abuse is inevitable."*

If people knew at a young age what their purpose is for being alive and how to use their talents, they wouldn't abuse their talents or any other part of themselves, thereby creating obstacles that will stand in their way to fully express their potential in their gifting.

But no matter which direction you choose, there will always be moments every day of your life, and even when you lie awake at night, which will remind you about this gift which you carry, this gift that you have. We often discard it, thinking it is nothing, that it doesn't really matter. But it will keep knocking and knocking on the door of your heart, interrupting your thoughts, until you answer. It will keep on until you give it the attention it needs, even if it means you only answer it years down the line. But you will remember this from as young as you can remember, that it was always there, but you chose to ignore it. And you will realise that the thing that you thought was nothing and didn't matter, was something and it did matter. Your gift doesn't know jails; it sees opportunities, if you choose to see them. Acts 5:17-42

“Then the high priest and all his associates, who were members of the party of the Sadducees, were filled with jealousy. They arrested the apostles and put them in the public jail. But during the night an angel of the Lord opened the doors of the jail and brought them out. ‘Go. Stand in the temple courts,’ he said, ‘and tell the people all about this new life.’”

From the very first part of this scripture we can see that the apostles were jailed because the high priest and the associates were jealous of them preaching the gospel because that is what the apostles were gifted in. They were further humiliated by not only being arrested but by being put in a public jail cell. When they were alone in that cell, the angel of the Lord opened the doors and brought them out. So the apostles, at that point, had to make a decision whether to walk out through those wide open jail doors or to stay inside, even with the doors open. The last instruction of the angel was: “Go. Stand. And tell.” In my interpretation here was that GO. Go back to the place where you were first found; where they arrested you. A lot of the times we are arrested because we were found doing something. So go back to the place where they found you doing that very thing, practising that very talent. Stand; stand your ground in this talent. Stand firm and let no one move you away from this talent. Just stand there. Don’t move. And then the last part of the instruction was, “and tell the people all about this new life.” The last part means that you must start showing them the new value they will get from the new ideas, products and services that will come forth through using this talent.

“At daybreak they entered the temple courts, as they had been told, and began to teach the people. When the high priest and associates arrived, they called together the Sanhedrin—the full assembly of elders of Israel—and sent to the jail for the apostles. But on arriving at the jail, the officers did not find them there. So they went back and reported. We found the jail securely

locked, with the guards standing at the doors; but when we opened them, we found no one inside. On hearing this report, the captain of the temple guard and the chief priests were at a loss, wondering what this might lead to. Then someone came and said, ‘Look! The men you put in jail are standing in the temple courts teaching the people.’ At that, the captain went with his officers and brought the apostles. They did not use force, because they feared that the people would stone them (Grace). The apostles were brought in and made to appear before the Sanhedrin to be questioned by the high priest. ‘We gave you strict orders not to teach in this name,’ he said. ‘Yet you have filled Jerusalem with your teaching and are determined to make us guilty of this man’s blood.’ Peter and the other apostles replied: ‘We must obey God rather than human beings! The God of our ancestors raised Jesus from the dead—whom you killed by hanging him on a cross. God exalted him to his own right hand as Prince and Saviour that might bring Israel to repentance and forgive their sins. We are witnesses of these things, and so is the Holy Spirit, whom God has given to those who obey him.’ When they heard this, they were furious and wanted to put them to death. But a Pharisee named Gamaliel, a teacher by law, who was honoured by all the people, stood up in the Sanhedrin and ordered that the men be put outside for a little while. Then he addressed the Sanhedrin: ‘Men of Israel consider carefully what you want to do with these men. Some time ago Theudas appeared, claiming to be somebody, and four hundred men rallied to him. He was killed, all his followers were dispersed, and it all came to nothing. After him, Judeas the Galilean appeared in the days of the census and led a band of people in revolt. He too was killed, and all his followers were scattered. Therefore, in the present case I advise you: leave these men alone! Let them go. For if their purpose or activity is of human origin, it will fail. But if it is from God, you will not be able to stop these men; you will only find yourselves fighting against God.’ His speech persuaded them. They called the apostles in and had them flogged. Then they ordered them not to speak in the name of Jesus, and let them go. The apostles left the Sanhedrin, rejoicing because they had been

counted worthy of suffering disgrace for the Name. Day after day, in the temple courts and from house to house, they never stopped teaching and proclaiming the good news that Jesus is the Messiah.”

Once you have Gone, Stood and Told, they will still try to put you back in jail, until God raises up someone to speak up for you who will convince them not to put you back in jail, because if your gift or talent is from human origin, it will fail and not go anywhere. But if your talent is from God, no one will be able to stop you; as they will only find themselves fighting against God. And like Ntate Nelson Mandela, as well as these apostles, day after day you will keep using this gift and will never stop.

So jail should never be a reason for you to stop practising your gift.

20.

Kilimanjaro Experience





It was a chilly morning, we had to pad and double up on the clothes, as it was a cloudy and drizzling morning. The drizzle painted the majestic mountains with its sparing drops and it was also likely that we would be met up with it again along our 26 km all day hike on the Drakensberg mountain, in Kwa Zulu Natal, South Africa.

I had an SABC reporter as a room mate and we were set to meet the rest of the

rest of the group at breakfast. We headed on to the breakfast area. I saw those that I came with from the previous night and greeted them. Passed them to make my boiling cup of coffee, as we waited for the warm hot breakfast to be brought out so we can serve ourselves. This was the group which was going to climb in August 2018, as an additional climb to the normal climb which takes place in July. This was part of the centenary year celebrations of the Trek4Mandela commemoration as in August we also celebrate women's month. The additional climb was to make sure that when we celebrate women's day in South Africa, it is on that day, that us as the climbers also reach Uhuru Peak, in other words summit Mount Kilimanjaro. I was so nervous. Felt so out of place at first, felt the imposter syndrome tapping me on my shoulders because this climb was set aside for executives and CEOs to climb. While I on the other hand just had one self-published book for teenage girls down my belt and just a passion to be a part/be involved in whatever made a difference in the lives of young girls.

We were only about 8 people who were able to make it on this hike. I finally joined the rest at the breakfast table. Sitting across me was a friendly Chinese looking man. According to me every person who looks like people from China, are from there. But my ignorant self also

didn't realize that there are other parts of the world where Chinese looking people reside and come from outside just China. Had no clue who he was. When I sat down, he pointed to my Sumsang phone and he commented "Nice phone you have there". I replied, "Oh thank you" and chuckled. Only when I sat down it hit me, that Oh this man was the CEO of Sumsang they were talking about. It was quite a cheesy yet memorable way to be introduced to him or talk to him for the first time. And I realized how he is just as human as any other person, quite friendly too with a witty sense of humour. That helped fight off the imposter syndrome bit by bit.

All I remember from that hike was that the weather wasn't as sunny as we wanted it to be, it kept drizzling along our path that we didn't even manage to go all the way the planned track. We had to turn back at some point. Some points felt gloomy and I remember the famous corner part of the mountain where we took a magnificent picture of the grayish cloud even as the sun was setting. That corner once we passed it, we knew we are about to start descending the mountain. That also heightened our excitement because that meant we were getting closer and closer to our starting point. We relaxed even more as we took these pictures, jumping on this edgy rock. It was dangerous but the sight of that picture on the S9 made it look like we were in the air on top of the edgy rock mountain. It left the imagination wondering for those who saw the picture and were never there of where we landed because it was so edgy. By then we had spent the day with each other which was enough for us to be comfortable around each other. We were comfortable to ask each other to take pictures of each other, laugh more loudly or be wildly ourselves and even help each other down, either by holding another's bag or waiting for the other or being a leaning shoulder for the other to balance stepping over a big rock. Nature by itself also worked hand in hand with us to get us safely down the mountain.

As any trip where it is your first time going to, it always feels longer than when you come back because for some reason, when you come back it seems shorter. But all in all it was an exhausting yet eye opening hike. The next day many headed home very early in the morning after breakfast, while we stayed for an early stretch to a nearby waterfall to end the weekend off at the Drakensberg.

We were set to meet the following weekend for a short hike. We had already been added to the WhatsApp Group where we could easily discuss meet up points and meet up times for the sets of training still left before leaving for Mount Kilimanjaro, in Tanzania. I was the only one in the group who didn't have a car, but those in our group were thoughtful enough to discuss who was nearer to be able to fetch me, so that I can drive with them. On the next hike we were off to Hennops Hiking Trail in Centurion. So I had asked in the group who was coming to the hike, and one of which was Mr Sung (CEO of Sumsang Africa by that time). I later personally texted Mr Sung and asked him from where he was traveling and if I could possibly meet him somewhere in Pretoria CBD. According to my google map, it was actually going to be easier to go to Hennops from Pretoria CBD, as it showed it's close proximity to Atteridgeville too. This was something I had also communicated with Mr Sung. Not knowing what his response would be to my request, maybe he is not allowed to go with people or be honoring certain requests outside his scope. I was not too sure. Kind enough and suprising too, he agreed to come and fetch me in Pretoria CBD. I sent him the location and we then followed the navigator on Google maps. I'm not too sure whether our Google routes were updated or it just wanted to take us through the fastest route, but the fastest route landed us right inside the township of Mshengu, in Atteridgeville. It was supposed to just let us pass through the place to the route that would take us to the road that would lead to Hennops. But we got to a dead end. The gravel was leading us nowhere and besides us on the road, there were just children

playing around unconcerned about our lost route attempt but definitely had wondering faces of what a machine of a car like that was doing there. To top it all off, a Korean man (after finding out in our conversation) driving it, with a fairly young girl, maybe his adopted daughter. Or the silly wonder of it must be her sugar daddy. It was during this time in conversation where I asked Mr Sung whether he would be interested to write a book about his victorious filled life. I for one was interested to know about how he did it and many others would also want to know how he managed to climb up the ladder to lead a company which almost every household owns one or more of their devices here in South Africa. Whether young or old, rich or poor everyone knows about Sumsang but not many knew the leader.

The sun was making it's way up too, along with its heat sometimes even blinding our eyes and that is when I knew we were starting to run late. By this time we had to be at the starting point, not trying to get out of a township.

But there we were not panicking but rather we found it light and funny trying to make sense of how the navigator took us to a township instead of a hiking trail. We turned back and restarted our trip again, this time it looked like we were going to the right place. There were no more houses around us, just lots of trees and mountains, it was becoming quiet and serene again. As most nature type of venues have gravel roads before you are ushered into the gate of the place. We thought this was the same situation also because we were not too far from the location. We were I'm sure 10-15min away, but because it is gravel we had to also be gentle on the machine and ride on the gravel a bit slower. This gravel road was becoming way way too long. The road was becoming less smooth and more rocky, showing that not many cars used this route, the more we travelled along this route. It was worrying as the atmosphere also was very dark, with only one or 2 houses on site, the rest was just trees. We

eventually got to a gate, got excited that this must be the entrance that leads us back to the main entrance. So we hooted for sometime, and no one opened. I was brave enough to get out the car and open the gate, because it did indicate that, "Open the gate".

We got into the gate, felt like we were in some horror movie, invading territory, we don't know what to expect but worse that we didn't even have weapons to defend ourselves with. But then there was another gate and we felt deep down that no... something is wrong here. Even the sound of our fast heartbeats became the conversation. There was a man who popped up, but with dogs and he did open for us. Must have been one of the workers who thought we are coming to his boss. Then now we were introduced to another gate but we didn't enter and chose to pass a bit further from that gate as this one clearly stated "Beware of dogs".

A troop of dangerous dogs were the security of this compound. They were now going ballistic with the barking, they looked scary and vicious. Then a young upset Afrikaner man appeared amongst the dogs and we tried explaining our lost trip attempt to Hennops Hiking Trail.

As Mr Sung was talking to the man who was talking to the boss, I looked around the compound, saw a steed for pigs. Big fresh pigs, that were eating dirt and realized we were in a midst of a pig farming land. And the farmer didn't know about us and was ready to set the dogs on us. But fortunately they opened another gate for us leading out of the compound. We passed the compound ahead and they showed us a way out to go back to the main road that would lead us to the real Hennops road.

Eventually our other hike members were starting to get worried about us, contacted us and gave us another route to follow. They were understanding enough to wait for us along the way

and we followed them to the spot. With relief, we finally were able to start the hike.

Many other memorable moments were made at our shorter hikes at Walter Sisulu Botanical Garden, Suikor boss and the WestCliff stairs. Unfortunately I couldn't make it to Mount Kilimanjaro that year due to my shortage of funds. But those 2 hikes with the 2018 group are the 2 memories strongly inked in my mind.

With the Warmest of Regards.

Aobakwe Mosime

Author of *Under The Blazer and Getting Closer, Kilimanjaro Summitor 2019.*

FOREWORD

Welcome! Welcome to... just kidding that was just to grab your attention. But honestly I'm welcoming you here to It's time to fight where for many this book will be a house they have never quite been in, for some it will have familiar aromas which reminds one of something(s) that once meant something, that they held dear. And for some it will just be a walk of nervous excitement to see what actually is in this house.

It is funny that I feel like my life in summary has been a fight and I now have the privilege of writing this foreword. But I don't think it is just me who feels this way but also you reading this, that somehow you have had to fight for so many things in your life, which can leave you exhausted and asking God "but how long am I still going to be in this fight?" Unfortunately there is no smoother way to say this that you will have to fight all your life, but each season in your life will require you to fight differently looking at what time is it in your life and all that comes with that season. You will need to tailor your approach for the fight at hand just like you would tailor an African dress for the wedding or go for a much simple suit for an important presentation. Hence wisdom is of utmost importance when approaching your fight, so that you will be able to discern who you are fighting against, what you need for this fight, what you need to leave behind and what exactly you need to do to come out victorious.

*For lack of guidance a nation falls,
but victory is won through many
advisors-Proverbs 11:14(NIV)*

Consider this book one of your advisors as prepare to go fight for your identity in Christ, for your purest soul, your salvation, your chosen roots and your peace to know what's for you will never miss you and what's not, you will not die from not having it. I'm sure you have picked up the number of "yours" in the last sentence because this advisor is not here for the purposes of helping you fight every fight that is aimed at you. But on only the fights that are a threat to the destination where God ordained you to reach, while you were still formed in your mother's womb. The rest of the fights you will need to decide not to partake in.

We thank God though, that even though we have to fight all our lives, that some fights are as simple as just forgiving or loving someone or just being silent then off you go to the next fight. For sure some fights you will be KO'd on but don't make one fight/battle that you lost make you lose focus on actually winning the whole war. You have heard of a team that lost matches in the group stages but ended up winning the tournament right? So be encouraged that the war can still be won.

Girl, It's time to be that girl again who runs to her Father with each and every fight/battle because you know you cannot fight without Him as your leading coach giving you directions. Girl, it's time to have Him on your team as you fight because you've always known how much of an unstoppable force can be together.

But get this, you are actually not preparing anymore, your decision to read this book has given hell a notice that the fight has already began!

May you not only start fighting but never stop fighting!

From your Kingdom Sister in South Africa.

Aobakwe Mosime (Author of *Under The Blazer and Getting Closer, Entrepreneur*)

25.

*Speech &
Script*

SAYING GOODBYE



o this day, I am not sure how we, as your children, when we were younger, called you rakgadi (aunt; sister to dad) when you were actually our mother. It was only when I was old enough to understand what rakgadi meant that I was determined to change it and call you Mama. The transition wasn't easy as any type of change at first is not easy. My greetings with Mama in the

mornings were not the usual. I would barge into her and Dad's room and say, "Sho mama," and she would respond, "Sho nanna." So this morning, I would like to speak as Nanna, not as Aobakwe or anything else you have gotten to know me as.

I must first repent and say to those who had ever lost a parent, specifically a mother before I lost my mother, I am sorry. I am sorry that I didn't understand your pain and that we uttered words of comfort without the sensitivity that you needed. I am sorry that I downplayed your loss. I am sorry for coming to the funeral and thereafter forgetting and moving right along with my life. I want to tell you I am sorry and that I understand now.

At the beginning of the year 2021, I remember when I had a conversation with God, and He revealed to me that I would be transitioning to a higher level into the next season of my promised land. I knew it wasn't going to be an easy transition because every new level has new demons to fight. God also said to me, "You will go where you have never gone, and you will experience what you have never experienced." The last 2 months of her in the hospital was a place I had never been because, in all her life, she had never been in the hospital for that long or even been away from home, sleeping in her bed for that long. I had to quickly transition and

adjust to playing the majority of her roles. I had to grow up and adult very quickly.

For a very long time up until the last 2-3 years, my relationship with her wasn't the smoothest. Because my brother was closer to her, and I was and still am more closer to Papa. Me and mama were similar that we were both straight talkers, so when we would not agree on something, the argument would be won and ended by her saying "o ngwana (you are a child)". She would continue and say, "When I get to heaven one day I will have to answer to God about your life as my daughter and I always want to be guilt-free knowing that "ke go kgalimile (I reprimanded you) I won't be afraid to or stop to do so even when you are married". This was her tough side of love. But later, once we both cooled down and ang roma, na rata go romana (she liked sending me to do this and that). So, on that day when she would send me to fetch Voltaren to massage her shoulders or feet. She would tenderly say, "Wait, wait, wait please be gentle, you are too rough. Go easy on me." But I would be quick to respond strictly by saying, "You won't heal unless you feel the pain." And then she would say, O bogale mann just like your grandmother, letsogo la gago le bokete (you are strict like your grandmother, you have got a rough stiff hand). Why didn't you become a doctor?

My mom would lift up the whole planet if she had to when it came to her kids. She would risk her job if push comes to shove for the sake of her kids. She would cover us and cover for us. She would do anything. Ne a sa batla sepe ka bana ba gage (she didn't want to hear anything concerning her children). On Monday, when I was bathing, I actually realized my mom was the first person to identify my talent for writing. She was the one who gave me the first platform to read my written work in grade 3 at a family funeral. I remember while I was locked up inside a room at night while the older women were outside peeling vegetables and cooking throughout the night before the actual day of the funeral. It was when I was in this room that

I looked for a pen and page and started writing a letter of comfort. When I finished writing, I went out of the room to look for my mom, to show her what I had written. After she read it, she said you will read this tomorrow, and we will put your name on the funeral program, and the rest is history. She was and has always been an advocate of education, and when it came to skolo (school), she would tell us that she wouldn't even mind getting into debt for it because she was sure that it was one thing no one would ever take away from you. That is why when I wanted to give up on accounting, she did everything in her power, even recruiting people, to make sure I didn't give up on it. In December, when I told her I was graduating, she said, "Now I can go". Little did I know that it was almost like she was waiting for me. She waited for me to finish so that 3 months down the line she would leave.

I must say before she left, she prepared me. She hinted. There was a specific week before she went to the hospital that every single day when we would have our woman-to-woman talk, she would say, "When I die, this and this or do that". Or she would speak about seeing her late mother. It became so frequent that I scolded her to stop speaking like this, but I believe she knew. But what I will always carry forward with me are her words of "E fe Modimo ngwana" translated to give this to God my dear child.

I would be doing a disservice if I didn't speak about my mom and dad's relationship, especially during the last years of her life. It became a thing on Sunday that they would go together to church and veer off to what she called "ko ke ratang teng" (where my heart loves it goes there). Every time, I would ask le ko kae (where are you?). She would say, "A se thaba ya gago, re lo jola" (it is none of your business, we are going to date) in a sarcastic, mischievous voice. And they would go for their lunch date and do their shopping thereafter.

In the morning, most mornings I would be woken up by their conversations and giggles and my mom's contagious laugh. Then papa would go back to their room to say "Sweetie ke ile" (Sweetheart I am on my way now) to mom before heading to work and he wouldn't leave but wait for mom to respond with "Eya sharpo". Once I was awake again my mom would (roma) send me to switch on Radio Motswedding and switch on the kettle so that she could prepare her favorite breakfast meal, ting porridge. For as long as I can remember, she didn't eat any other breakfast. She preferred ting over English breakfast any day. There is this small hart pot that irritated all of us as every day we would find it as part of the dishes because ting was

cooked in it every morning.

How can I forget her gossiping sessions on her work cell phone with her colleagues from work? She would spend hours on the phone, and you know it was good when she ended it with her signature laugh.

I don't want to touch on how she effortlessly gave all of herself to her extended and immediate family.

One thing I am not sure how I'll adjust to is having a human being like her in my life who checks up on me more than anyone. Who supported all the crazy things I did and still called a thousand times to make sure I got to a venue safely. I don't know how life would be without hearing your charming phone voice and hearing you call me nanna or calling me on the side to have our woman-to-woman talk in her bedroom or how she would cover for us or speak for us. A few months ago once, we had our first woman-to-woman chat, and I had so many questions about my childhood. She ended it by saying, look at it this way, you wouldn't have been the woman that you are today if you didn't go through all that you went through. There was more I was looking forward to with my mom. I knew she would be the chief organizer for my Magadi (lobola); I knew that whenever I was blessed with kids, she would hold setswetsi (a process of teaching a new mother who had just given birth all about how to take care of a baby). She still had to teach me her infamous Gemmer recipe when she was discharged from the hospital. There were so many things I was sure about with the physical presence of my mom being there. She was a sure mom. The best mother for me. What I wasn't sure about was the amount of time I had with her on Earth because I thought her purpose was not finished here on Earth. Once the doctor told me she was gone on Saturday, the first question

I asked God a ke gane (I don't deny) was that she was gone, but I thought she wasn't done yet. But God beautifully answered me, "Maybe her purpose was to give birth to a woman of your caliber."

Mama, thank you.

Thank you for being what no one else has been to me. Thank you for teaching me love by how you loved me, how you loved us. I don't have any questions. If there was one more thing I would say to you again thank you. The last time I saw you and spoke to you was a week before your passing. I held your hand and you squeezed it because you could hear me. You promised that you would keep fighting before I prayed for you and according to your designated nurse, she said you fought till your last breath. Thank you for fighting and keeping your word. But you have my word now; I will keep fighting for all that you taught me, my dreams, my writing, for Papa, for Thabi, but most importantly, I will keep fighting for love because that was the one thing you were known for. I have never been here before, as in losing you, but I also give it to God like you liked telling me. Ke efa Modimo to give me strength and wisdom for this new level of life without you. I know the grace of God because of you, just like your name, and for that, I'll always be blessed and honored and proud to call you Mama. I am at peace. As I say goodbye, I say, "Sho Mama" I love you, and I always will.

Love.

Your forever nanna.

The End

SHORT FILM

Burdened



SHORT FILM

Script • Burdened.

Logline: Boikanyo

is a burdened young man with a young manipulative mom who thinks of herself first then her own children. He is only a second-year student, living at home with his mom and siblings wants to go support his friend on his 21st birthday using the money he saved, but his mom guilt-trips and manipulates him to stay home with his young siblings whilst. But his forever young mom manipulates and deceives him to stay home with the girls while she uses that money to go to a party herself.

Tagline: You cannot accept what you cannot acknowledge.

Synopsis: Boikanyo, a second-year student living at home with his manipulative mom and younger siblings, being the responsible person that he is, has saved money for a big occasion – His friend is celebrating his 21st birthday. After bathing and dressing himself for the party, Boikanyo now asks his mother about the party and to give him the money he gave her to save for him. An highlights that she promised and asked for them to go to his friend's 21st birthday since he had finished doing all his chores. But his mom inspects the curtains and finds a spot he missed, she runs her hand on the cupboards and summons him to fix the curtains and dust again. He goes back up to fix the curtains while his 2 younger siblings are watching TV and not assisting him. Instead, they guard him so that they are ready to tell their mom of any mistake. The mother goes back to the bedroom, thinking that she is just resting, but lo and behold the woman she is changing to go to the party. One of the girls goes to their mom to tell on their brother, and mom comes out of the bedroom fuming, only to punish him for going to

the party. Boikanyo begs her mom because he will be one of the speakers, but the mother tells him her commitment to the party she's invited to is more important. As her mom is about to leave the little sister comes and says you didn't forget me. When the mother says yes, that ticks off Boikanyo to confront her mom, who tells her verbally that "money is useful, while he is useless with money," reminding him of his past mistake. On her way out of the kitchen, Boikanyo stands in the way of his mom, who is irritated and wants to hit him for asking whether he is her child, but he quickly ducks holds her hands, and threatens to get him arrested for holding her like that.

CHARACTER BIO

Male, 20, 2nd-year student, dark in complexion (looks like his dad), well built, Setswana-Zulu, single, average student, starting to explore parts of himself, but hardworking, extremely tidy. He wants to be young and live his life, needs to be treated according to his age, not be the father in the house, he wants his freedom. His dad married someone else because his mom was a psycho, and his dad was arrested.

Mother: Ayanda, Female, 39, teacher, loud, loves friends, Zulu-spitori, single with 3 kids, light-skinned, did not want to be a nurse but doing it because it was the quickest opportunity available to support her kids, still wants her life before kids, still want to be young, always grumpy and hard on her son but happy when with her friends. Critical, perfectionist. Kgotso's dad was her first love, and he married someone else.

2 younger girl siblings: Nhlanhla (10), and the other is Ntokozo (6)-Light skinned. Treated like eggs by the mother. Spoilt.

TREATMENT

Scene 1: Int, Boikanyo's bedroom in the backroom, Midday, Day, SD1.

Crux: Boikanyo runs to the kitchen after he hears his mom calling him whilst he is preparing himself to go to the party.

There is loud background music playing from the main house. Boikanyo is finishing off ironing his shirt on the bed. While trying to practice his speech as a host for his friend's party. Boikanyo sways the iron at the bottom of the shirt. Then puts the iron not too close to his mouth. While practicing his speech.

SHORT FILM

BOIK ANYO:

Ladies and gentlemen, we are going to do a toast for the man of the moment... Irons is the last missed corner of the shirt.

Mom: Boikanyo!

Boikanyo: Eishh eishsh eishsh. In panic turns off the iron switch, wears his shirt, is looking for his watch.

Mom: Boikanyo!!
Boikanyo closes his open wardrobe, fixes the bed, and runs to the kitchen.

SCENE 2.1, INT, KITCHEN, MIDDAY, DAY. SD1.

Crux: Boikanyo is punished by his mom to do the dishes.

Mom: Those skewed ears of yours don't hear ne. She points and touches one of the ears with her nails.
Boikanyo moves one step backward

Boikanyo: I heard you. That's why I came running even, mama.

Mom: Or you just don't clean them properly? I've been calling you so many times Boikanyo!

Boikanyo: Yoh mama.

Mom: Don't say yoooh to me. Is this what they teach you in varsity? Yoooh ke papao (is your dad).
Boikanyo looks a bit agitated, then at his watch: Why were you calling me?

Mom: Ó nagana gore o ya kae? O le so? O ti pone? (Where do you think you are going looking like this?) in a sarcastic tone.

Boikanyo: To Rhudzani's party mama. And I'm going to need some of the money I asked you to hold for me.

Mom: Heh. Me, give you my money, with my house looking so dirty? Did you see the dishes in the kitchen?

Boikanyo: You mean my bursary money, mama? In a lower tone almost like whispering it in his mouth.

Mom: Stlhayela (stupid) What did you say?

Boikanyo: Nothing, Mom. But I cleaned. I'm sure it was Ntokozo and Nhlanhla who messed it up when they were playing.

Mom: Yeyi, Leave my girls out of this. That's why you will clean this as their brother.
Mom pointing at a stain.

Mom: Bona (Look)! The rubbish you call cleaning.

Picks up one of the dishes with a disgusted face.

Mom: Sies! Ngulube. (Pig).
Boikanyo packs the dishes in order and then pours hot water.

Mom: Areye start those dishes. Nothing is for free in this house. You work for it. I'm working for you and your younger sisters. You, too, must work. You are old now. You need to help me. I had to do everything. I had to sacrifice my life. I groomed you to be where you are now. It's

SHORT FILM

time for me to reap the benefits. It's my time now to shine and get a break. I couldn't when you were growing up. So don't tell me about your money. I heard you wena Mr nothing. (Endless rant shouting while going to fetch her handbag)
Boikanyo starts washing the dishes making more noise by banging the plates to block hearing what mom is saying.
She goes to fetch her handbag in the bedroom and comes back, reapplying her lipstick while looking into a small mirror.

SCENE 2.2 INT, KITCHEN, MIDDAY, DAY, SD1.

Cru: the argument between Boikanyo and his mom over the money.

Mom: You said you want how much for your party?

Tshepo: R200.

Mom takes out a chunk of money, counts 200, and puts it in the front pocket of her bag to make it as if she will give it to him when he is done.

Mom: Well I am leaving now. Take care of the girls.

Closes the bag and walks to the kitchen door.

Boikanyo bangs the cup he was busy washing on top of the sink and shouts Again! Simultaneously.

Mom, in shock, turns, pointing directly at Boikanyo's forehead: Don't you dare raise your voice at me! Who do you think you are? You are nothing!

Boikanyo tries speaking...

Mom: You still want to answer.

Mom raises her hand at Boikanyo.

Boikanyo catches her hand in the air.

Mom: Yah, You want to hit me like your useless father did? You are just like him. Useless! Boikanyo is trying his best to bite his tongue but you can see the rage in his face still holding her hand.

Mom: Boikanyo, Boikanyo, let my arm go. Or else go ask your father what I did to him. Boikanyo lets her hand go. And walks out the kitchen door.

SCENE 3: EX, KITCHEN DOOR TO THE GATE. MIDDAY. DAY, SD1.

Mom follows Boikanyo out towards the gate.

Mom: That's what you are good at. That's all that you know to disrespect me as your mother. Wa tella wena bastard sa ngwana(You are undermining me). Tsamaya(Go)! O(you) weak that you even choose to run away.
Boikanyo keeps walking further.

Mom: Inja!

32.

Copywriting



Goddess Café

You will feel more girly as an adult woman from just this one afternoon visit...
My dear friend.

Remember as little girls we used to have teacup sets as toys, and even food to dish up on these toy plates and even eat with the toy fork and knife or spoon. I got so annoyed that why aren't these all real? Why couldn't we have a real-life version of it?

Imagine you are allowed to dress in any shade of a pink dress, put on a bit of makeup, brush your hair and let your full volume afro hair come out to play, put on some shiny lip gloss, and put on those high heels to go to a pink restaurant without being judged.

Well, it's not embarrassing but you will see the bright rose-pink wall painted from afar, cheering you to strut those heels and come straight to the restaurant. You don't need to rush. Walk like the lady you are. A gorgeous female waiter will be waiting to welcome you at the door. I should warn you, the restaurant can get packed- good packed though, with waiters carrying drinks and cake variety slices on their trays, but that is always an encouraging sign that it is a restaurant that is loved. I think they put their freshly baked and uniquely chosen cakes right at their reception just to remind you why you need to thank yourself with dessert when you enter and be reminded again if you have forgotten when you pay.

You then proceed to be ushered to your table and on your way, you see almost 95% of the customers are women with their friends, little girls with their friends, grandmas and their friends or either of them hosting a celebration. If led to a 2 seat table, you will come across the vintage-inspired type décor on the chairs and even the table, with flowers shaded in

pinks, purples, reds, and even whites. If you are lucky to find a table near the window, you will be slapped by the wind as you take in the views of the mountains separating one residential estate from another outside.

As you focus back on your table, your pink-colored rosemary-flavored water drink will be on the table ready for you to wet your dry throat. The tablecloths will remind you of grandma's or even mom's if she kept the souvenirs she was instructed by her mother to only use for special guests. Even the flower-patterned tea cups laced with gold or silver trimming will feel very reminiscent. If you don't feel like a hot drink served with one of those tea cups, an alternative will be something colder in an elegant hourglass-shaped glass, sprinkled with shiny glitters topped with an edible flower floating on your drink. Make no mistake, the drink will still be draped in spring-happy colors like orange in a drink but not of colorants but of a creative mind who thought of canned peach slices to bring color.

The first page of the pink-inked menu will start with their signature cakes. Most restaurants have cakes at the end of the menu and they are either one of those frozen cakes that they just warm up, or you can even predict which ones will be on the menu like the cheesecake and the chocolate cake. Goddess Cafe has a selection of cakes you have never tried out like the granadilla or Lindt white chocolate vanilla cake. Remember I mentioned that they are displayed at their front reception so that the picture of how good they look shouldn't leave your mind. That it is a must to try one of them. Oh and on Mondays they have a cake and tea special for only R75- what a sweet saving.

Then the rest of the menu follows with the main dishes. There are also pink mini burgers you need to try. Pink is their obsession and I know it is your obsession too, I wouldn't be surprised if there is a pink cocktail you could choose from too. I love that their virgin cocktails options are not the normal ones we find at a typical restaurant, but they thought about us non-alcoholics to introduce our taste buds to new creative cocktail offerings. Those peaches I mentioned earlier are put in a cocktail, my personal favorite, the exotic Sangrotina. Your food is cooked there and then, on the spot, and your friendly waiter continues to check on you, and even chats away just like you. Again when you want cake for dessert, you can still stand up to go look around the table of cake options, you might even be torn to try a different cake from the one you originally wanted or discover a new favorite.

All those color blockings splashed all over the restaurant will for sure press your creativity and happiness buttons. You will find your mood improving as well as your focus as you pick up more and more distinct features around the restaurant. You will suddenly find more energy by the energy of those in and around the restaurant. It truly oozes with a vibrant atmosphere. My friend, I know you are closely monitoring your weight especially because you are a doctor. But choosing to treat yourself to cake can also have positive effects on you. This treat will aid

Goddess Café

One of the happy customers reviewed the restaurant and said, "One of the prettiest cafes in Pretoria. I felt like a princess every time I stepped in." You are guaranteed that being at this restaurant you will feel good about being a woman- a wonderful boost to your self-confidence.

Another happy customer said, "It offered a very girly and feminine atmosphere." Which allows and permits you to be more in touch with the feminine you.

Lastly, a famous quote said "We don't stop playing because we grow old, we grow old because we stop playing."- George Bernard Shaw

So my friend, let's fight to grow young and go visit Goddess Cafe to rekindle the girl in us again. It is on me for the first afternoon when you arrive. Otherwise, on any other afternoon, we will split the bill as normal and that will mean more for you and that's not what I want for you.

Start your legacy story.

Want us to work together on your story?

Get in touch with Aobakwe

 info@words-create.com

 +27 79 625 5667

- Reach out to me and share some details about you and your story.
- Looking forward to hear from you to translate your story into an asset!

