



**THANDI'S MAGICAL
MUSIC JOURNEY IN
SOWETO**



EVELYN SAMUEL



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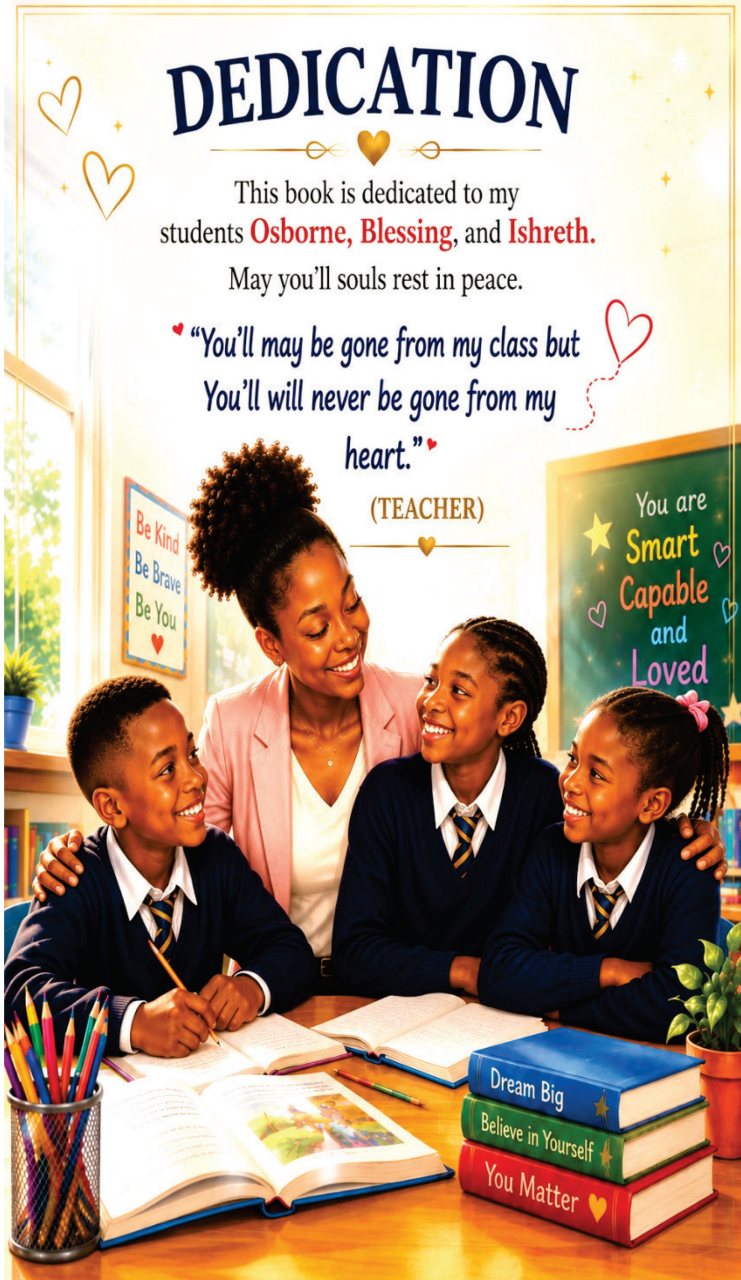
DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my
students **Osborne, Blessing, and Ishreth.**

May you'll souls rest in peace.

♥ "You'll may be gone from my class but
You'll will never be gone from my
heart." ♥

(TEACHER)



DARKENED

Darkened by the southern sun, destroyed by his
own kind.

Killed by gangsters left to die, but yet a tender
child.

Accused, accused of theft untrue, the grim law
applied.

Nobody chose to plead his case.

They killed him as he cried.

Darkened by the southern sun, so green, so fresh,
so true.

Stabbed and killed en route to school.

Does someone have a clue?

Why brothers kill their very own, of evil, cause a
racket.

How dirty for a man to steal, kill for a leather
jacket.

Darkened by the southern sun, but yea a few
shades lighter, though not of lineage or same race,
their teacher, mother, fighter.

She vowed to let their blood cry out through words
that she'd composed.

She vowed that memory of the lads would never
cease or close.

Killed in their prime, a most wicked crime. These
cowards can never be brave.

(Nathan Lee Samuel)

PREFACE

Having lived through the evils of the apartheid years myself, I can relate my personal experiences which inspired me to write this book and pen down those tragic events. I too bore the scourge of the then notorious South African police and their signature tear gas. Being a student of the University of Durban Westville, I was by no means immune to their presence as brutal and putrid as it was.

My conscience prevented me from attending my graduation ceremony set up by the regime. We could never truly gaze the depth of the atrocities committed by the South African apartheid regime, since most of its hidden evil was just that, hidden immense and evil. From my personal experience, a fellow student on campus was heavy with child, would be physically, mentally and emotionally scarred for the rest of her life, after a peaceful protest that turned violent when police detonated

tear gas into a passive crowd of us activists. The pregnant student was hurled down an embankment in a state of utter confusion and disorientation. She would later face the stark, grim, sobering reality that her unborn child died and would never see the light of day. This is but one of, dare I say, millions of undocumented crimes committed by our close-minded counterparts.

All my students were born into abject poverty and were the direct product of the township and informal settlement, a brainchild of the apartheid system. Two of my beloved twelve-year-old students met their demise under very tragic and violent circumstances. It was this major incident that nagged and coaxed me into writing this book after all these years.

This book highlights the untold suffering that innocent children endured during the cruel and degrading apartheid system in South Africa,

something that should be etched in our minds forever. They must never be forgotten.



— — — — —
This is Thandi's story.
It is not just her story.
It is the story of many young people
who lived, loved, dreamed,
and fought for a better tomorrow.
May her journey inspire you.



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LIST OF CHARACTERS

THANDI	Twelve year narrator
CHRIS HANI	Thandi's best friend
MILLIE	Thandi's pet robin
Mr & Mrs De-Vet	Thandi's mother's employers
ANDILE & LIZ	Partners
ERIC	Andile & Liz's son
SIYABONGA & MARYLYN	Partners
TRISTAN	Siyabonga & Marylyn's son
Miss EVA	School teacher
SIPHO & SIPHWE	Victims of Apartheid
THULA	The boy who lost his TAKKIES (trainers)
ZINCLAIR	Victims of Apartheid
NOZIPHO	Zinclair's friend
Madame LULU	Owner of the café
SIHLE	Sipho's uncle
ZEEZE	Thandi's aunt
SAM & PANJI	Thandi's family friends
DINO	Liz's Brother

CHAPTER 1

Pa is Lost!



I am just 12 years old and my name is Thandi. Pa affectionately nicknamed me Queenie. Pa was a weather-beaten, frail man of 45 years, his leathery skin is a testament to years of long hours working in the scorching hot sun.

He toiled on the sugarcane plantation from dawn to dusk, and it took its toll on him. He always wore a broad, kindly smile and he was always eager to help anyone in distress and there were many of them in the squalid township where I lived. When he got home every day, he was never too exhausted to fish into his pocket and pull out a single Kilty sweet. He could only afford one packet, and he gave me one every day. I lived in the sprawling township of Soweto in South Africa and life was tough with the introduction of the