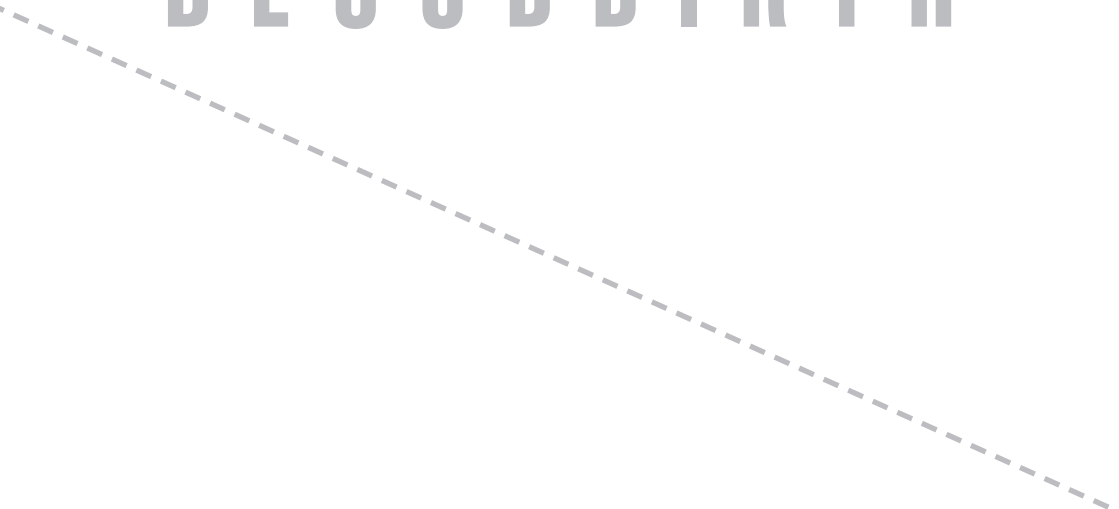


BLOODBIRTH



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BLOODBIRTH



MARTIENS BEKKER

*Life without people will never be complete....
...and so it is with this book!*

My thanks to:

*Hannes and Barbara for that 'push'...,
Pieter Theron for your input and knowledge...,
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my ex for sacrificing her sanity...,
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my new wife, Amanda, for loving me as I am and making me feel
like a man...,*

last but not least...

... all those willing to read!

FOREWORD

This is a serious book by a not-so-serious person or could it be the other way round?

Serious or not, life and its moments effects us all. These stories reflect some of the effects life had on me and my dreams.., the good and the bad.

Every moment brought change – change being the one thing we can expect, but often it will be accompanied by moments we might find hard to accept.

My imagination was born in the old South Africa and it kept on living and growing through into the new – dragging a memory collecting net.., memories and more memories.., not all of choice though!

South Africa is a land born in blood and wherein blood will always be part of its moments.., in every beginning and again when each ends.

BLOODBATH



BLOODBATH

The car slowly came to a halt in front of the small but modern house on the smallholding. The driver, a young and stylishly dressed black man wearing an expensive-looking black leather jacket, got out and opened the rear door of the vehicle, a luxurious German car. An old black man, assisted by a young girl in a school uniform, slowly got out of the vehicle. He looked at the house and then at the new Isuzu pickup parked in front of the garage attached to the house and wondered who the owner might be and what they were doing there. The young man who had brought them there came up to them and said, "I apologize for bringing you here without any explanation." He gently touched the elbow of the old man who instinctively pulled his arm away and gathered the young girl into his protective arms.

She whispered to him, "Grandpa, I think it's all right; this man is not going to hurt us."

"Baba¹, please, I'm just following instructions," the man said while watching the old man affectionately stroking the young girl's cheek.

"I was told to bring you here and give you this." Gripping his right forearm with his left hand, an African gesture of respect, he handed the large white envelope in his right hand to the old man.

1 Baba (bah'bah) – Meaning father in Zulu and several of the native languages in Southern Africa; a title of respect.

The old man hesitated, eyed the other man suspiciously and then slowly took the envelope without saying a word. Since this man had instructed them to get into the car he had not said a word. He kept on wondering how he should respond, if at all. “This man is much younger and stronger than me; I’m just an old man who has suffered many broken bones,” He thought to himself. Although he had not seen a weapon of any kind on the man, he could not be sure if there were a concealed weapon under the heavy leather jacket the man was wearing.

“I must not allow a situation where my grandchild and I would be split up,” he kept on thinking. “Defying him might just make him angry...”

“Now what is this?” he thought looking at the envelope and then at the child who was excitedly watching her grandfather.

The girl pulled on his sleeve and said, “Come, Tata², the man says you must open it.” She looked up at him seriously. “I’ll open it, Tata, since I see you haven’t brought your glasses,” she added while taking the envelope from his hand.

Snapping back to reality, the old man gazed after what he perceived to be their abductor who had since unobtrusively started moving away from them.

“Yes, my child, open up, let’s see,” he said, grateful for the respect the young one had shown him.

The two figures stood there in the mid-afternoon sun. The one was tall and frail; serious injuries when he was much younger and years of hard work out in the sun had bent his frame and sapped his strength. His rough leathery hand on the girl’s shoulder was shaking gently.

She stood a head taller than his hips with the opened envelope in her hands and slowly but deliberately removed a very official

2 Tata (tah’tah) – Grandfather or father; as above but more intimately.

looking document from it. She looked at the document and at her grandfather with a puzzled look.

... ..

The air was black from tyres burning, and a couple of blocks away Bumzima could hear the police sirens and the droning sound of Caspir³ engines. Bunzima's mother had given birth to him in great pain and at a time when the family had suffered many hardships. It was therefore appropriate that he was named Bunzima, which means hardship. Little would they know how prophetic this would be?

People had been rioting the whole day, like the day before. He was standing close to the street corner behind a half burned out shack waiting for his brother Kwazi to arrive. He could hear the riotous crowd moving in his direction, chanting and screaming, and he tried calculating how long it would take the crowd to reach the area in which he was waiting, making it impossible for vehicles to pass through. He was getting more and more anxious that Kwazi should come soon.

Yes, he and his brother often took part in the riots, but that night he had to go and help his brother at the bakery; someone had to put food on the table, he argued with his guilt, watching a white Toyota pickup approaching.

3 Caspir – Name for a police armoured vehicles extensively used during the Angolan war and during the riots againsts the 'Apartheid' government. [Note: The word 'Apartheid' although now an accepted word in several languages with reference to the pre-ANC government system, was in fact borrowed from the Afrikaans language and wrongly applied as 'Apart' and 'Hate'. This system was called 'Separate Development' in English.