

THE LEGACY



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DEDICATED TO MY BEST FRIEND

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CHAPTER 1

Since birth I was always a peculiar child. Raised in Pretoria, I had a pride so big it destroyed everything around it; however, due to being raised by females I adopted a sensitive side which has saved me from a lot of battles over the years.

I was a primary school reject in terms of relationships as for some odd reason females thought I was chuffed at the fact that I was the only boy in the school friend-zoned over 43 times. Caring, kind and nurturing, my school mates thought of me a brother in which they could confide. I was perceived as gay for a couple of months until I was involved in fight that left both parties bleeding with the satisfaction of victory although a winner was never decided upon.

This happened near the end of my grade 6 year. An asshole of a friend I had back then lulled me into a fight I was being destroyed in. Backed in between a rock and a hard place wherein only defeat could come I decided to adopt a little number that dear Mike will always be remembered for. The ear-bite. It is an unusual style to use but as 12 year old being strangled, it was the only way out. A bloody ear for a bloody lip. Sounds fair to me, and I maintain that the victory of that battle is ultimately mine.

My victory was short-lived as the hidings I received well after cancelled all glory I had obtained. I eventually got a girlfriend but that failed nearly as quickly as it had begun. Regardless, I had knowledge and my already over-extended ego continued to grow.

Despite relationships, primary school was a learning curve like no other. I met a crazy ensemble of characters including my personal and all round favourites: Michael, the white black guy and Pokemon king. Javas, the all round fun guy- he got expelled yet came to school to relax on sport fields and last but not least Mkhino-man, the king of corruption.

He single handily created a memory that will never leave my thoughts. Accused of rape in second grade, I mean seriously. Who does that?

On the more positive, if I can truly call it that. I met people like Keabetswe Matlwa, a girl whose beauty is truly unparalleled. She is in all ways a paragon display of what God intended women to be. Kind of like a specific someone who I really shouldn't be naming yet.

Others including my cousin and close friend Morongwa, my then best friend Goodwill and many other different character such as the Uoane twins, Jemmy Banda, Ofentse- More and Nthite, Obakeng Modise, Ronald, Naledi, my first love: Malebo Mamabolo and my arch nemesis: Paballo Lengane.

He was an asshole. For which specific reason I'm not quite sure as it has been nearly five years since we last communicated and I communicated with many others I have not named.

I feel bad because each of them are special in their own right to me but seriously, writing a book is tiring and we are trying to get to the end here.

And so...

I moved on to high school, a place I am also not quite ready to name yet; however, I can tell you what I did there.

“Time tells no lies” says the Bleach Fullbring and before I knew it I was settled in at hostel. ‘Settled’. I was a grade 8. I had no friends at this time so early in the year but I knew that this was not the setting for an amazing high school career. It suited weird better.

There was a weird combination of boys in our hostel but each with their own specific trade mark. Our head boy, a one Mr William Clayton was a legend is still revered as one. I have never in my life met someone who has taken the blame upon himself so many times in order to unite his ‘brothers’. Poker-nights, chocolate - , corridor skiing and many other activities that he enabled us to partake in as a hostel with him included that is. He was the only matriculant in hostel and thus his two subordinates were both younger. Koert was the one who got on all our nerves as grade 8s and caused sombreness at the thought of hostel. We were exposed to a lot of education violence back in the day when life was all well.

Our peers, only a grade older, were the main instigators of these lessons of respect which till this day I and immensely grateful for. They taught us that one cannot expect to be respected and accepted into a brotherhood unless he was willing to prove himself and naturally those who survived

became a full pledge members of a fraternity like no other. A life time bond of brotherhood that distance and age could never break.

My luck didn't end with this promise of being a part of a group again. No, I was blessed with an awesome matric at school. Andrea, it was unusual for me as I was not aware of it being possible that a female matriculant could choose a boy as her grade 8.

I did not and am not complaining as she saved me a couple of hardships I must say, and I was also granted my first nick name under her; 'Shakespeare' and with this, my high school career started.

I quickly rose to the top of my grade. I choose rugby as my sport of choice in this new school of mine and my academics was a main priority. Both these decisions turned out as a great investment of time as I came out a top 10 academic student throughout my year which going on an academic tour was award and my sport ambitions saw me being playing as a national u/15 quarter-finalist.

The grade 8 year with all its responsibilities ended and I had joined a brotherhood like no other. The greatest faction under the name of Kiewiet House or Kieweithuis as it is formally pronounced

The Dope Boys of Kiewiet House :

Each of the following characters played a specific role in my life, they carried me through several suicide attempts, laughed my way of depression, and constantly put me in the controversial seat when females were involved.

Mr Wandile 'Wanza' Mvula,

A DJ at heart. He adored house music, still does. He was a great hurdler and great mentor. He was the eldest of us and fortunately for me he was my hostel prefect in my grade 8 year, he was in gr.10 back then.

Mr Kenneth 'Makenzo' Diola,

Kenny Makenzo, Benzo Beamer. A brother in all situations. This man right here was a boss. He knew when exactly to pick someone up and how to do it. He carried a sense of childish fun around with him but was always serious in doing his job. Being the first black male double head prefect (School and Hostel Head Boy) he had a lot of pressure on him but he always but always managed to carry a smile as though to say "Keep Calm, I got this".

Mr Thabang 'Kronzi' Magor,

The Bugatti on heels, Kronzi. This half coloured man was crazy. Being Chelsea men we received a lot of lip from our United supporting friends but he taught me how to fight and

never give up. With a list of concussions under his name his determination was enough for me to learn and follow suit.

Mr. Itumeleng 'Chinakes' Ntseng,

Chinakes was a character within a character, constantly arguing with me on non-fundamental issues. We fought verbally like cat and dog and I was for some reason always blamed when something went wrong, especially regarding the women he had in his life

Mr. Jacob 'Jakes' Julias,

“JAAAAAKES, JAAAAAKES” This was the chant given to our very own Mr USN. Jakes was a bodybuilder, a lazy one that is but he was also a joker. He had his own language which came out very now and then. He always knew when a good was required and lived us to the challenge of making one

Mr. Lebogang 'Lexi' Moicchela

How the great have fallen. The dancer-boy. Lexi was a complex character, a great debater. He did UN model debating and is partly responsible for my joining it. He was

also the boyfriend of my mortal enemy, and with that lost all respect from me. He went from a man of class to something significantly lesser. He is still a mate I must say but some things are better left stagnant

Sir Obakeng 'Obzen' Serapelo

The last man who remains. He is legendary even in my own ranks. Not because he has done extra-ordinary things but because he in himself has remained extra-ordinary since I have known him. Multiple times I have seen people become victim to a personality and identity change and he has not. Four years running and he has remained himself throughout..

Mr. Ofentse 'Mawewe' Molotsi

King Swag. The name given to a man who's first arrival into my life was far from pleasant. We met or rather I saw him during orientation and the hatred that was only known between a Pretorian and Joburger filled my heart. We grew to become friends a few fights later, and since then we have in our own weird way always had each others backs.

Mr. Sandile 'Zulu' Nkosi,

Masanza. If not the most energetic amongst all of us, In all his ways he was eccentric, loud and fun. He was a die hard hip hop fan who would murder you for criticizing his artists. Souljah Boi being the most controversial of his musical choices in my view but we were entitled to our own opinion and his stood. He became a brother that one could always talk to, He was impartial yet very biased, a fence-sitter if you will but an oppressed genius of art at his best

Together these brothers and many sisters, many many sisters, formed the fundamental stage upon where my production would be aired. My arrival to high school, Dear Reader it begins

CHAPTER 2

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It had been a year and I had become quite familiar with the operation of daily occurrences of hostel life. Grey pants, blue shirt, and black blazer . . . an official member of the school. A junior in rank yet senior enough to demand some sort of respect from others.

My ensemble had now somewhat grown. The academic tour had attached other members to my life. It was mostly females, but a couple of males who would later be influential to my life.

Sabelo Mbambala and Muhhamed Noori, the Kings of new age corruption. Social Studies or rather Social Science class was fun. Actually, 9th grade was fun

The combination of co-ed education with the type of childishness belonging to a class of all boys set the pace to a great year for the English man.

At this point in time I had my first introduction to Potch GHS. Myself, Mawewe and Elijah (One of the newest and editions to our crew and a very smart classmate) formed a team to participate in the annual STERS club competition. It comprised of a rocket launching contest wherein first prize was a telescope.

Ultimately, the prize was the last thing on our minds . . . well Mawewe and I that is. We were more focused on the beauties that lay in front of our eyes. Adolescent hormones at their finest and with this my interest in a very not so sought after school began.

Facebook became my main resource and the bus (my means of travel between Potch and Pretoria) became my partner in finishing what I started on the social forum. I met a few friends through this and a couple more through Mawewe.

His Joburg decent proved more valuable to me than what I had anticipated it to be. I met my first sister in GHS. Lymal Nkabi. Her name was weird for me. Lymal, it was the first I had heard of it but it didn't really make much of a difference to me.

She grew on me like a pink hibiscus on a concrete wall. My beauty was accentuated through her influence in my life. Through her, my poetry developed to a new level of excellence.

“Men manufacture both machine and soul,
And use what they imperfectly control
To dare a future from the taken routes”

These are the words of poet Thom Gunn in his poem “On the move”, and I now clearer than ever before understand their meaning.

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