



**THE
INCREDIBLE
JOURNEY**

**KUNDAI
PFUMAYARAMBA**

THE INCREDIBLE-STORY SYNOPOSIS

The story is about this guy called Tinashe who is the main protagonist who embarks on a journey in pursuit of happiness. Along his quest in search of happiness he finds the answer to two questions which are also the backdrop of the storyline which have always been lingering in his mind which are. Number 1 - What is happiness and Number 2 How to achieve happiness. In Tinashe's pursuit of happiness he faces several ups and downs. The greater part of the storyline of the book is set in South Africa. The book is written in first person narrative, Tinashe taking the role of the narrator. The story tries to show the adversities faced by a person in a foreign land. From losing loved ones, working without remuneration in return, fighting for life in the warm waters of the Indian Ocean, fighting an alcohol problem and getting involved in illicit drugs. Tinashe traverses through the curve balls thrown at him with the help of his best friend Bongani.

A SPECIAL DEDICATION GOES TO THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE. MY UNCLE J. PFUMA WITHOUT HIS HELP I WOULD NOT HAVE FINISHED THIS NOVEL, HE GAVE ME THE LAPTOP I MANAGED TO TELL MY STORY. MY ELDER SISTER SHAMI AND ELDER BROTHER TAWANDA FOR CHIPPING IN WITH THE FINANCIAL RESOURCES I NEEDED TO FINISH MY NOVEL. MY ELDER BROTHER CUTHAZ WHO PROVIDED ME WITH THE USE OF HIS LAPTOP WHERE I WROTE THE FIRST HALF OF THE DRAFT OF THE NOVEL. AND NOT FORGETTING NAMATAI, THE PERSON WHO FIRST READ MY MANUSCRIPT

**AND MOTIVATED ME TO FINISH IT. I WILL FOREVER BE INDEBTED TO
THESE PEOPLE**

LOVE YOU MUM AND DAD

© COPYRIGHT 2016 KUNDAI PFUMAYARAMBA

THIS BOOK IS A WORK OF FICTION. NAMES, CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS ARE EITHER THE PRODUCT OF THE AUTHOR'S IMAGINATION OR ARE USED FICTITIOUSLY, AND ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ACTUAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, EVENTS, OR LOCALES IS ENTIRELY COINCIDENTAL.

THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

CHAPTER 1-THE CONCRETE STUB

A half-clad middle aged guy rushes out of a modest looking four roomed house he chases after his wife who is dressed in a faded jean skirt. The lady enters the house which is opposite to the four roomed house, the middle aged man stops pursuing her and rants out “I will deal with you when you come back home.” At the other end of the road “Mutsvairo, Mutsvairo.” rants a man holding sweeping materials made from dry grass, clad in a blue trousers which is torn off on both knees, a creased greyish checked shirt which was once white in its heydays and some black sandals with soles made from worn out car tires. His outlook coupled up with his messy uncombed kinky brownish hair, suggests an unwavering apathy to water. He is doing his daily door to door sales of sweeping materials. Whilst at the other end of the road young boys who seem as if they are in unison with the ground are rushing up and down the road. The boy’s bodies are tainted by dust all over them, as they indulge in the good old game of street football. A game that I had enjoyed growing up. At that moment the game of street football is prematurely halted as the young boys hurriedly scramble out of the way to the side of the road as a rundown Honda car which has gone past its use by date rushes through the road leaving a trail of dust. The car produces grating sounds as it negotiates the uneven surface. The driver who is adorning dark shades is hooting as if he is a maniac. He has no regard for human life as he speeds along in a street filled with people, a greater proportion of that young children. The general view of the hugely worn-out car looks as if the bonnet may just plummet off the car or the driver’s door might just fly off. The paint work on the car is a distant reminder that the car once had a blue shade on it during its heydays. A model esque young lady smartly dressed in a blue skinny jean, matching blouses and white pumps who seems a bit oblivious to her surroundings, saunters along the edges of the road at a leisurely pace. She walks as if she is performing a catwalk on a runway at some fancy fashion show in Milan or Paris. Her eyes are firmly stuck on her mobile phone. She is given a rude awakening when the speeding ram shackled Honda car hits a pothole which is simmering with water. The young lady is left resembling a mud house. Muddy water is strewn all over her from head to toe. Screaming on top of her voice the young lady who is now seconds from

boiling point. “Hey wait, look what you have done to me. Idiot. You will pay for this.” A group of young men walking in the opposite direction of the young lady fall into raptures of laughter. The rundown Honda car continues on with its trail of mayhem. One of the laughing young men with a black cap with the front to the back, points at the young lady after which he says, “You deserve what you got. Next time eyes on the road, it’s not your father’s road.” The young lady turns her back and walks away, without saying anything. She is unquestionably heading back home. Judging by the way she is dressed she was meeting up with her boyfriend. Unfortunately that date has to be postponed, there was no way she was meeting up with him in such a state. A thick cloud of exhaust fumes cloud the entire space and for some time visibility in the direction in which the car is heading towards is partially reduced. On the other end of the road 3 women, sporting sarongs popularly known as *Zambias* in the local lingo, are standing on the edges of the hugely depleted pot hole riddled road under the cooling shade of a huge musasa tree. By the looks of things it appears like they are caught up in a heated bout of gossiping. They clap their hands these gestures are indicative that they are enjoying every bit of gossip they are sharing. There is no need to guess or be a prophet to decipher what they are prattling about. I am willing to bet my last penny that they are discussing about the married woman who lives in our road who was caught pants down with a married man at the man’s matrimonial home. As the women continue on with their gossiping, a group of 7 school students emerge from the house which is adjacent to where the women are standing. One of the women’s, husband is an A-Level Mathematics teacher. The students had come for some private tutoring. A group of about five young men are sitting underneath a makeshift tuck-shop, with four wooden poles supporting a corrugated iron sheet. At the rear end of the tuck-shop there is a black plastic paper sheet acting as a wall. The owner of the tuck-shop is a man named Jerry commonly known in the streets as *paindi*, a bit of a distortion from *pint* because of his physical stature. His tuck-shop has some tomatoes, onions and some food stuffs which are lined up on a wooden board which is duly suspended in air as it buttressed by four stones placed on either corner of the wooden table. The five young men pin their ears attentively to the chanting of a young man. The chanting dreadlocked young man is a wannabe dancehall artist. He is just one of tens of thousands of Zimbabwean youths who are trying to make it onto the scene of the rapidly increasing and popular genre of *Zim Dancehall* a sub-genre of *Jamaican Dancehall*. Most youths in low density areas who can neither further their studies because of financial constraints nor can find work

have resorted to doing music as a way to economically emancipate themselves. The downside of things is that a greater proportion of those who make it onto the national Zim dancehall scene don't enjoy the fruits of their efforts mostly due to piracy. I constantly question myself the rationale of buying an original copy when I can get the same copy for a fraction, by simply buying a pirated one. But in the end I am nailing a coffin to an individual's musical career. Then there is the select few who make it in spite of the piracy and then just blow it away. Take for instance that lanky bold haired, dark toned guy, with a lion tattoo on his left arm, who is standing with the five guys I have mentioned earlier. His left hand is holding a see through water bottle. Taking a quick glimpse a person will be hoodwinked to believe that the bottle contains mineral water. But a closer inspection will reveal that it's in fact an alcoholic drink. This specific alcoholic drink, is Zed. Zed has a high alcoholic content. It's popular mostly because it's cheap and the other reason is that it quickly gets one drunk. This tall and thin guy goes by the stage name of Darky S, the S, standing for Stuart and darky is derived from his skin tone. A few years back Darky S had a huge breakthrough when his debut album was released, commuter omnibuses, radio stations had his songs playing all day long. He was signing endorsement deal after endorsement deal during this golden period. Darky S was literally rolling in cash. He had copious cars and women were queuing up for his attention. When I say women I don't mean thirty something ladies with children, but beautiful young singles. At his peak he was renting a full house in Highlands one of Harare's well-to-do suburbs. But all of that fell through when Darky S indulged in one too many drugs. He fell of the pedestal in a dramatic fashion. He didn't show up for gigs, show promoters had to drag him to court. He was left penniless and now it seems his better days are past him. All the songs he is currently churning out are an ear sore. I once tried flexing my vocal chords. It was disastrous. I realised that I lacked the musical aptitude. At a particular point after graduating from university I even tried to start a music production studio in my room but my mother didn't entertain the idea. Coming from a rather conservative family my parents harbour a pre conceived mentality that people who do music in specific Zim dancehall are misfits. But who can blame their notion of thought with the likes of Darky S who go the extra mile to smear Zim dancehall artist's image. By the way that middle aged guy who was chasing after his wife is Tony, he usually beats up his wife. Most of the time he is drunk, he constantly accuses her of sleeping with other men and uses this as an excuse to bash her up. Contrary he is the one who is the serial cheater. Tony is well known in the hood for

chasing after ladies of the night. He beats up his wife almost on a daily basis and residents of my neighbourhood have got used to the scene. This is just a part of the on goings in the street that I live in one of Harare's most famous residential areas of Highfield or simply Fio to the younger generation like me who prefer to be called ghetto-youths. Highfield holds a special place in the history of pre independence Zimbabwe, it was the soul of the nationalist movement which led to Zimbabwe's independence. I was born and bred in Highfield. The house I stay in was my paternal grandparents' house that my father had inherited after the death of my grandfather in 1985. After the death of my paternal grandfather, my paternal grandmother decided to return to our ancestral home in Chivi, she later died in 2007. I never knew my maternal grandparents, both of them died when my mother was still young. Where are my manners I have been blathering all this time without any formal introduction, I am Tinashe Mushayabasa. I am sitting on a concrete stub with my best friend and partner in crime Bongani Nkosi who also resides in Mukute Street. Since the day Bongani hit me on the head with a ball when we were 4 years old we became inseparable and a budding bromance blossomed. We went to the same pre-school, same primary school in the same class, same high school and same class and at the same university but we did different degrees he did an accounting one I did an economics one. Bongani has a light skin tone and is a tall a guy and he always maintains a well shaven beard. Relative to him I stand at 1,75m and I am dark in complexion and he is 1,91m in height. Their house is 4 houses from where I live. Bongani's father is Ndebele and his mother a Sotho from South Africa. The Nkosi family, were originally from Plumtree in the southern region of Zimbabwe. Bongani once told me of how his father, meet up with his mother. So here goes the love story. His father was a student at the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg studying for a bachelors' degree in History and Anthropological studies. He was awestruck by a girl who worked in a Spaza. It was located in the high density suburb of Alexander. Bongani's father sometimes accompanied a fellow student at Wits who had become a great friend of his to Alex a shortened form of Alexander to visit his parents. The Spaza was located next to the house of Bongani's father friend's family home. So his friend ended up setting him up with the Spaza girl with whom he later married and is Bongani mother. I wish I could get just get hitched up in some foreign land and come back home with my own imported wife just like what Bongani's father did, because honestly speaking Zimbabwean girls are just hard to please. They ask for cigarettes and you oblige and give them cigarettes,

after that they ask you to hand them over a lighter, and don't think the requests will end there, they will ask you to light them the cigarette. Zimbabwean girls are naggy, not only do they want your attention they want your money. They are avaricious. Mr Nkosi or might say Professor Nkosi as he is now known by was once my history teacher in junior high at Elis Robins. By the time we reached O-level, Professor Nkosi was a lecturer at the University of Zimbabwe's History department. He is a distinguished academic and historian. He has written several historical publications of which some are now recommended for reading texts for both O-Level and A-level History. "Let us make a bet if you manage to get the phone number of that girl wearing that black dress with cornrows in her head. I will buy you a pint of beer of your choice." said Bongani. "Make it two" "Okay it's a deal." replied Bongani as he stood up. In my mind set I knew I was entering a potential warzone unarmed. This girl had grown a reputation amongst the neighbourhood guys that she had blown away every single guy trying to court her. My information on her was sketchy and limited I knew she was named Chido and that she and her family had recently moved into the street. It was a rarity to see a black girl with aquamarine eyes but Chido had them. Her aquamarine eyes together with her light brown skin made her look a bit exotic. She has huge breasts and those appealingly long fleshy and slickly hairless legs. She has this body structure, which just makes me numb in my whole body, especially in my lower abdomen, don't ask why but it is just nature taking its course. I am attracted more to her in a sexual manner than in an emotional way. Chido had this long face and a straight sharpish nose which was most probably attributable to her Caucasian lineage. Her mother was the daughter of a white male Zimbabwean and a coloured female Zimbabwean. As I was approaching her I smelled the choking fragrance she had on. It was one of those cheap imitated versions of Chinese made cologne. I started to crack my knuckles on my left hand a thing that I always did when I was about to court a girl, but only 3 of knuckles sounded out. Whenever I didn't hear sounds from all of my knuckles I failed to court the girl but when all my knuckles sounded I was always successful in the courtship. Personally I do not know if it is psychological or just a happenstance that I fail to court a girl when all of knuckles do not sound. Pick up lines start rushing through my head. "Hello can you give me some directions?" I asked as I scratched my beardless chin. "Where to." replied Chido. "To your heart, I seem to have lost myself in those beautiful eyes of yours." I replied still scratching my beardless chin. "Are you mentally disturbed or are you in some state of confusion? Because I believe you are suffering from a rare case of

hyperactive dementia.” I had being seriously hurt emotionally about what she said I needed a comeback line and it had to come in a split second. “Yes I think I am crazy because I was arguing with my friend that you are an angel sent to rescue me from my misery.” “What kind of parents raise, a person like you. You are so annoying. Some of us have better things to do than to speak to riff-ruff and low lives like you. I have lost 3 minutes that I will never get back. I am like high up here I don’t date scums like you or any guy in this neighbourhood.” said Chido as she looked increasingly frustrated. “Don’t insult my parents. Either way you are not beautiful, fake Brazilian hair.” “Now leave me before, I scream.” said Chido as she started to walk away. At that moment I left her. I knew pretty much that, if she screamed the 3 ladies whom Bongani and I dubbed The Co Ministers of Information and Publicity. Would lurch on to the story and pretty much distort it. I inaudibly made my way back to where I was sitting with a bruised ego. Feeling ashamed, like a dog with its tail in between its legs. I had officially joined the long list of guys who had failed to impress Chido. Yes Chido was beautiful most girls would envy to have looks like hers but at the same time she was haughty. This pretty much sum up my point Zimbabwean girls are just materialistic except for a few who realistically speaking I might never meet in my life. “Why the long face my dear friend?” asked Bongani. “No pints for me I failed horribly in my attempt. She is worse than I heard. She totally blew me off. That chick had the audacity to call me a scum.” I said as I took a brief break after which I continued “She told me she wouldn’t date guys in this hood. She needs a reality check she is living in Highfield, that girl is deluded in her mind she thinks she lives in The Brooke or The Grange.” I replied as I sat on the concrete stub. “That’s what happens when you go looking for food in a lion’s Den.” said Bongani as he burst in to laughter. “You are laughing your head off but I am willing to bet my last dollar that you won’t be able to get her number. So stop laughing” I said looking down too ashamed to put my head up. “Chido that’s child’s play I can get her number with ease, I have the irresistible Nkosi charm.” I don’t how he does it Bongani is a chick magnet, maybe because he has the good looks, tall, light skinned. Since high school he always had beautiful girls and most of the times he would be dating two girls at the same time and usually at times like those I would be single. In true honesty I have not been around many girls. In my entire life I had dated two girls and I had just recently turned twenty five years a few days back. “Most probably she will be going out of the house for some evening prayers. That’s when I will paunch on her. I hope you didn’t use that angel pickup line because that’s so 19th century.” said Bongani. “How

did you know?" "Because it's like the only pickup line you have in your repertoire." "Hello guys." said the familiar husky voice of my younger sister who is dressed in her black and white chessboard inspired uniform, which we jokingly teased that people could play a game of chess on. "How was school Ruvarashe?" Bongani asked. "Fine, and how has been your day, bridge boys?" replied my younger sister as she walked past us. "Bridge boy's today, tomorrow rich boys, watch the space." I said. "Keep on dreaming." said Ruru as she opened the gate. Just as the gate was closed Bongani scratched my left arm after which he uttered, looking with great assiduity at Ruvarashe's backside. "Your sister is really one hot number." "I will break each and every bone in your body if you ever try anything funny. Can't you see she is still at school" I said as I opened up my owl like eyes wide open. "So it means I can get down with her after she finishes school." "Be careful, you are playing with fire. Over my dead body, I will never marry off Ruvarashe to you." "What's wrong with me?" "You are a womaniser. I don't want to see my sister heartbroken." "I am no womaniser, girls just love." "I don't want this good friendship of ours to be wrecked, I value this friendship greatly. You are like a brother to me." I said with my eyes stuck out. At school I was nicknamed bulbs which had evolved from my earlier nickname of nunzi which is Shona for housefly. My classmates said my eyes stuck out like a housefly's eyes. Ruvarashe is doing O-Level at Princess Anna Girls High School. She is a talkative and an outgoing person. Everyone in our family is outgoing except for my elder brother Tinotenda who is a bit reserved. Ruru and I have a good sibling rivalry. Ruru is the shortcut for Ruvarashe. My siblings and I are distinguishable we have the trademark big eyes we inherited from our father. One thing which makes me stand out from my siblings is my complexion, my other siblings are light skinned and I am dark skinned. I took my Father's traits he is dark in complexion whilst my siblings took after my mother who is light skinned. A few minutes after Ruvarashe closed the gate one of the 3 gossiping ladies who was nicknamed by the youngsters of the street including, Bongani and I, Mrs Nguruve walks past us. Nguruve is the local vernacular word for pig. She was given this name because she is fat and her skin is light in complexion "Do you still remember that time her husband slapped you for talking with his daughter?" asked Bongani looking sternly into my eyes. "How could I forget, the only thing I saw were equations and algebra rushing past my eyes. It took me almost 2 years to speak to Yemurai again." "We were in form 3 when it happened. Where is Yemurai by the way?" asked Bongani. "She is working in Mhangura as a manager. I have forgotten the name of the mine

though. I last spoke to her, saying she was on the verge of being paid lobola for.” “But where is Mrs Ngurube headed for. Her house is in that direction?” asked Bongani as he pointed his index finger in a northerly direction. “She is scavenging for information. Are you forgetting she is part of the, terrible trio.” “Ye murai’s father is busying working his head off trying by all means to make ends meet. Having extra lessons and she is busy walking up and down the street. That’s why I always say to you I will think painstakingly before I marry. I messed up my life when I got hitched up with Leona.” said Bongani. Bongani had impregnated Leona when we were in our second year in varsity. Leona is beautiful she has this flawless skin. Leona has that supermodel body, tall, skinny and an attractive face. Leona is all about the finer things in life the Prada the Gucci, Armani those sort of things. Leona always makes sure that she wears designer labels and not some phoney Chinese manufactured clothes or some second hand clothes. She would sacrifice her entire university allowance on expensive items some of which seemed a bit over the board. Take for instance this one time her parents gave her allowance for the month and used all of the allowance money to buy an Armani handbag because it was the same as the one Naomi Campbell had. That month Bongani and I had to buy her lunch since she had blown away all her money. I had consistently told Bongani to leave her but it all fell on deaf ears. He would always say I was jealous that he was dating the envy of most man. In true essence I was not attracted to Leona, she was just not what I wanted in a lady, she ticked no on all of my boxes she was not humble, I was not even attracted to her in a physical manner. Yes she is tall, a beautiful face and a light toned skin a yellow bone for that matter. In real truth Leona fits the European aesthetic definition of beauty, thin and beautiful but as for me I have always been attracted to thick beautiful African women. Bongani ended up marrying Leona in a customary traditional marriage. Leona’s quest for the finer things in life was hereditary. I say so because when I and Bongani’s uncles went to pay lobola for Leona we were shocked the amount of dowry her father demanded. It was a bit over the edge to say the least, \$2000 was the amount we had to pay for depriving his daughter of her virginity. Plus another \$7000, which brought the total bride price to 9000 US dollars. In addition we had to present him with ten live cows. Out of all of his demands we paid \$2000 and two months later we presented him with two live cows. Where was Bongani going to find \$9000 from, we were university students for crying out loud. The dowry money Bongani paid as well as the money used to buy the two cattle presented to Leona’s parents were raised from the sale of the Nissan Hardbody truck which was

given to him as part of his inheritance from his deceased elder brother's estate. Who had died 7 months before Bongani impregnated Leona. Bongani's brother, Andrew, died in a heart-breaking event which not only sent shock waves to Bongani's family but to the Zimbabwean public, after he was run over by a commuter omnibus evading the police. The guy who run over Andrew was caught and was found guilty of culpable homicide, neglect driving, driving without a license and evading arrest. Andrew was like an older brother to me. His death affected me significantly. It affected my psyche. For weeks on end I even suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder. The incident occurred on a Saturday, the day started off in typical fashion like any of my Saturday's at varsity. I woke up, and as was my tradition, some couple of guys who also resided at the halls of residence, Bongani and I played a FIFA tourney. FIFA is a football simulation video game, which is very popular amongst video gamers in Zimbabwean colleges. Bongani did not finish the tournament as he received a call from Leona to escort her to a birthday party of her best friend, whom Bongani had tried to set me up with on numerous blind dates. I had zilch feelings for her. I knew that being Leona's friend they shared the same interest as the good old saying "Birds of the same plumage perambulate in same the proximity." Leona was a materialistic girl. So she was also most probably going to be materialistic in nature. Bongani asked me to go with him to the party but knowing that Leona's bestie would be there I decided to avoid any awkward blind dates that Bongani and his snotty girlfriend would try to conjure up. After the premature end to the video game tournament I retreated to my room to sleep. I heard a knock on the door of my room and went to check who it was. On opening the door I saw it was Andrew. Andrew was holding three shopping bags, he had bought Bongani some groceries. He told me that he had been to Bongani's room but there was no response, he even tried getting hold of Bongani on his phone but there was no answer. So he decided to come to my room and leave the groceries and money he wanted to give to Bongani to me, so that I could pass them over to Bongani when he came back. Andrew was a telecoms engineer he worked at the biggest mobile network company in Zimbabwe Ethernet Telecoms. On the fateful day Andrew left his car at his personal mechanic where it was receiving monthly service. So he used public transport to come here. Andrew knew I drank beer so he gave me \$20 to buy a few beers. So I accompanied him to the place where we boarded commuter omnibuses from. As we stood on the edges of the road a commuter omnibus coming from the opposite direction was caught up in a high speed pursuit with a police car a BMW 3 series. The commuter

omnibus changed lanes abruptly as the driver of the commuter omnibus tried to take a quick right turn so as to escape the police car which was fast gaining ground on the commuter omnibus. The commuter omnibus charges like a Spanish bull towards where Andrew and I are standing. I quickly jump out of the way. In horror I see Andrew as he is gouged underneath the commuter omnibus. The commuter omnibus driver continues on not deterred by the fact that he had killed a person. It's a bitter pill to swallow for me. I can't believe what's happening before me, it all feels like I am hallucinating. There is blood everywhere, and Andrew's body is dismembered. After the accident I couldn't eat properly for weeks and I had nightmares of the accident for months. During this time of great despair for Bongani, Leona did not show her face that much, giving up lame excuses so that she could just avoid attending the funeral. That's when I knew that my assertion that Leona was no wife material was spot-on. "Personally I thought you had found your soul mate." I said before taking a pause after which I continued. "You two were inseparable, you were like literally joined at the hip." "She was beautiful we could spend hours on end talking." said Bongani. Leona and Bongani were like two love birds. It seemed like nothing could separate them. "But two things I learnt from the whole Leona debacle are that outside beauty isn't everything and that money changes people's character." said Bongani looking progressively emotional. Leona had left Bongani for her divorcee chief executive officer, who was almost twice her age a year and a half ago. "I have to agree with you on the first part of your statement outer beauty isn't everything, but have to disagree with you on the second part I still believe money doesn't change people." I said as I took a brief break before continuing. "Money is just an object, because how can something that can't think, move or breathe change a person's character." "We are inclined to different opinions. I will always believe money changes people. No amount of convincing will make me change my line of thought on that issue." "Is Leona still a personal assistant?" I asked as I dipped my hands into my moneyless pockets. "Quite obvious you get married to the boss you get a promotion you can't go against the laws of preferential treatment. The last time I heard was that she was the F Manager at one of the company's branches here in Harare." Moving my head sideways I said. "She is rolling in money now I saw her getting into a new Audi A4 in the CBD she acted like she didn't see me. You would say she has the memory of a goldfish." "She is forgetting that at varsity we would constantly bail her out financially when she needed transport and food money." I said. At least Bongani got one beautiful thing out of Leona, Candice his beautiful adorable

daughter. Candice is the three year old daughter of Bongani sired with Leona and their only offspring together. “What hates me the most is the time I wasted on her, what kind of mother abandons a young child barely able to walk.” said Bongani as he adjusted his seating position. “Does she ever come to see Candice?” I asked. “She swore to me that she doesn’t want anything to do with me or Candice whom she referred to as “the mistake”. Her parents aren’t interested in Candice either.” replied Bongani. “They hate you because you impregnated their daughter and almost made her quit varsity, plus remember you didn’t finish paying off her lobola.” “That’s not the case they just loathed me from the very beginning. A pauper marrying their daughter was too much for them to bear.” said Bongani. What Bongani was saying about Leona’s parents and their undying love for money was true. Leona’s parents are that type of people that will sell their own children for money. They have already severed all ties with their granddaughter so that they can please their daughter and in turn receive money from her. “They bought a house in Newlands courtesy of the money from Leona.” said Bongani. Leona’s parents had moved from abject poverty to riches, they moved from their rural homestead in Seke to the low density suburb of Newlands. “For sure the love of money is the root of all evil.” I said. “I just hope Leona sees the light and tries to forge a relationship with her daughter.” said Bongani. “Man we should be looking for work instead of discussing about Leona sitting on this stub here in Mukute Street, soon Candice will be going to school.” I said “It’s not as if we haven’t tried looking for work, how many interviews have we being to.” I for one had lost count of the number of interviews I had been too. It has been almost 2 years since we graduated and we were still to find work. “It’s a global issue many people are unemployed the recession affected a lot of countries. Think of countries like Greece and Cyprus, the economic quagmire there are in.” said Bongani. “It’s good to see that you are thinking about the future.” said Bongani. “Maybe we can combine your accounting know how with my economics knowledge and start an enterprise.” I said. “Maybe the many interviews will make us stronger. Let us take solace knowing that it took Thomas Edison over 1500 tries to make an electric light bulb.” said Bongani. “We just have to keep trying to find work but in the meantime we have to find a reliable legitimate source of earning money.” I said taking a pause before continuing. “Let me go and sleep, I will see you tonight at the bar, I will buy you two pints and see how we can strategise how to earn a decent living.” I said as I stood up dusting the backside of my trousers. “As for me let me go and take a bath, after which I will try and set up a date with the so called untouchable Chido.”

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

