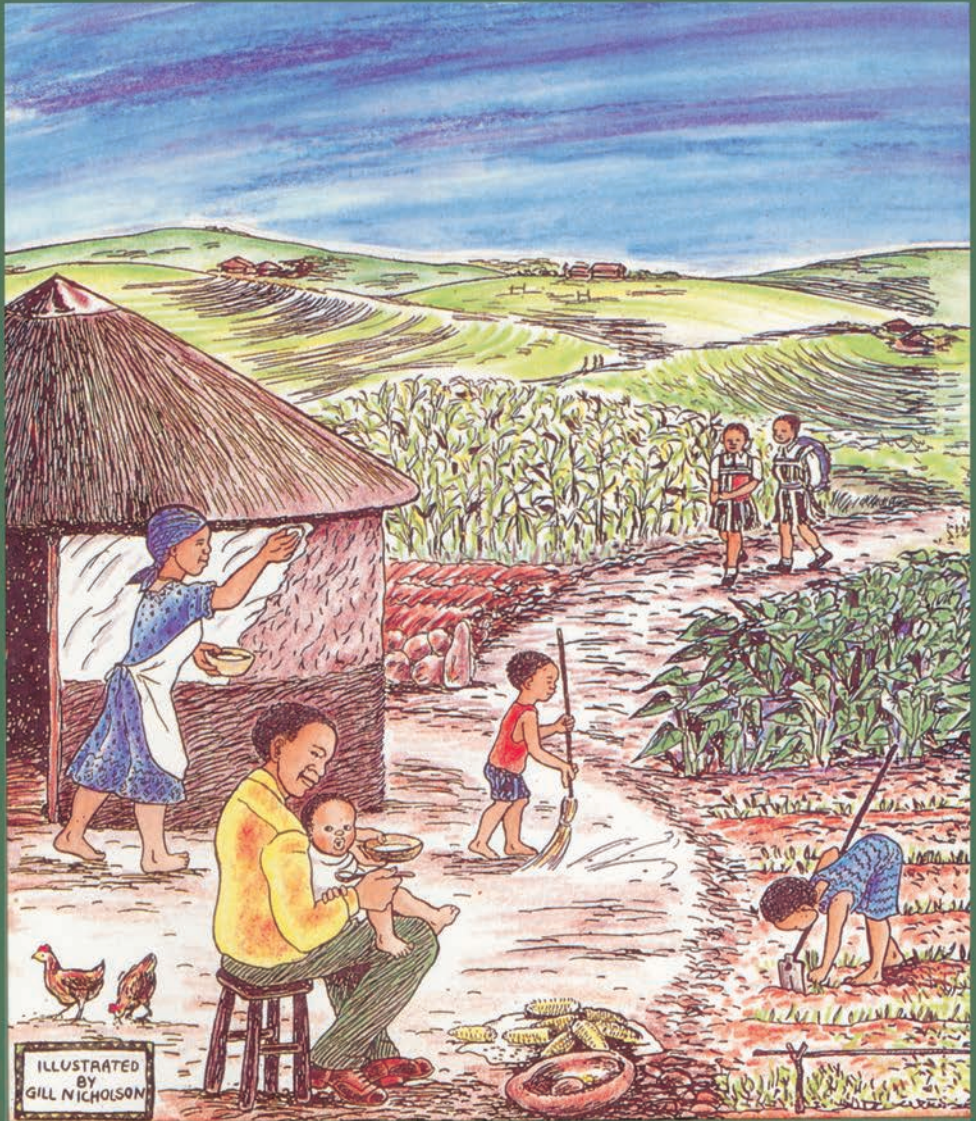


# No Space to Plant



Thandekile Memela  
Gretta Ndukwane

Thoko Qwabe  
Deliwe Phakathi

# No space to plant

Stories told by women from Canaan

*storytellers*

Gretta Ndukwane  
Thandekile Memela  
Deliwe Phakathi  
Thoko Qwabe

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## About this book

The stories in this book were told by four women, Thandekile Memela, Gretta Ndukwane, Deliwe Phakathi and Thoko Qwabe. These women lived in a shack settlement called Canaan in Durban. The women told their stories to Wendy Annecke. They described how each of their lives had been: how they had grown up, married, had children and lived until they fled to Canaan.

Life at the shack settlement was hard. Canaan was named by a young priest who came to live in a shack. He thought the area was the promised land after the terrible violence in the townships. But after a short time, everybody knew that this was not the promised land at all. There were no facilities, and there were too many people in a small area. As Deliwe said, there was no space to plant.

Thandekile, Gretta, Deliwe and Thoko have spent their lives moving from one place to another. Their stories are about some of their journeys and the things they remember from the time before they came to Canaan. The women thought that they had been much happier when they were young.

Even Gretta, who had a very hard life as a slave, could remember the good life she had at her grandparents' farm. The women's stories show how other people have often decided things for them, and how strong and capable they have had to be in different places.

This book records part of the stories told by Thandekile Memela, Gretta Ndukwane, Deliwe Phakathi and Thoko Qwabe. The stories were told in Zulu and translated into English by Sizakele Mkhize. We used a tape-recorder and wrote the stories down afterwards. Each woman then checked what had been written down.

## Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Sizakele Mkhize for translating the stories and for being such an excellent storyteller herself. I would like to express my respect and admiration for Deliwe, Gretta, Sizakele, Thandekile and Thoko. I thank each one for allowing me to record her story. I am aware that neither the book nor my acknowledgement can do her life justice.

*Wendy Annecke*



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*Gretta's story*



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## Early days

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I am Gretta Nomsa Ndukwane. Nomsa means 'kind' and Ndukwane means 'small stick'.

I was four years old when my mother died. Then I was brought up by my grandmother. When my grandmother was very old and sickly, just before she died, she handed me over into the care of her first-born daughter, my aunt. I was brought up by my aunt until I was thirteen and in standard four. Then my aunt died. I was taken into the house of my grandmother's brother.

That was the beginning of a very hard life for me. When I went to stay with these distant relatives I had clothes which were bought for me by my grandmother and my aunt. They were the last clothes that I had. When they got worn out, my relatives did not buy me any new ones. I was just their slave and got slave treatment. I would wake up and have nothing to eat. I would just have to work: washing, fetching water, collecting wood, and hand-grinding mealies on the stone.

Mostly what hurt me was that I was very keen to carry on with my education. I liked History and Arithmetic and I wanted to be a teacher. I was bright at school, but my relatives would not help me. Whenever I wanted to buy things for school, I would have to try to find money. When the farmers harvested their big lands, they used to leave some mealies on the stalks for the people who did not have a good harvest, or for the poor people. I used to gather those dry mealies and sell them to whoever would buy from me. But even that money was taken from me by my relatives. I could not stand it any more. I decided to run away.

I went to an old woman in the village to ask her for directions, because I wanted to trace my father's relatives. The day that I was to run away I chose my favourite and most beautiful dress, because I did not have any money. I gave it to the bus driver and explained to him. I told him that I could not pay him and he should keep the dress until I came back with the money for the fare. Luckily he agreed.

When I found my father's relatives they were so happy to see me, even though I was already big and they had not known me as a child. It was the first time I felt love and family feeling and warmth.



My grandparents went to the bus driver and paid the money and brought my dress back.

My grandparents let me go back to school. I had a normal life, just like the other children. When I woke up in the morning, I ate breakfast before I went to school. When I came home I had a snack, and then it was dinner time. I enjoyed this life at Mount Frere.

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## My wash and wait clothes

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Until now my first love was the one I loved most. I just loved him so much. I met him when I was still young and working in Johannesburg for my cousin. I was very unhappy, because this woman treated me badly and did not give me enough food. I decided to run away with this young man I really loved. He came to fetch me, and we stayed together in Vereeniging where he was working. But the wages were very bad. We realised that since he was earning R6 a week, he would not have enough money for us both to live and to pay *lobolo*. So I had to go back to his home in the rural area. It was at Qumbu. Then he was able to start paying *lobolo* for me.

He paid *lobolo*. But he proved to be a great womanizer, and when I was not with him he forgot all about me. After a time my clothes were all worn out, and he did not send money for me to buy more. I did not like to wear dirty clothes.

At the river I would take off my clothes and wash them and put them out carefully on the warm stones to dry. Then I would swim and play and



swim and play in the river for a l-o-n-g time till my clothes were dry. Then I would put on my sparkling clean clothes again. These were my 'wash and wait' clothes.

I had no clothes, nothing. I had to go back to my mother's relatives and ask them. They bought me a few clothes, and I went back to my in-laws at Qumbu. I found that my boyfriend had come from Johannesburg and gone on to his sister at Mount Ayliff. I was so disappointed. I followed him there hoping to catch him. But when I got there, I found that he had already left and he had taken another girl back to Johannesburg with him. I used to dream about him every night for a long time. He broke my heart.

*lobolo* – bride price

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*Thoko's story*



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## Your heart or your shoe

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I was born at Nkandla thirty-nine years ago. My father had two wives and from the two wives he had fourteen children. So I have thirteen brothers and sisters.

What I liked doing most when I was young was Zulu dancing. I used to be among the group who practised Zulu dancing for special occasions. I also liked smearing houses and going to the fields and planting.

I went to school up to standard three. Then my father ordered me and my sisters out of school, because he said if we carried on with our education we would become too clever and we would become prostitutes. The day that I heard the news that I would not be going back to school any more I cried and cried. I cried myself to sleep for many nights, and sometimes I would wake up in the middle of the night, and I would be sobbing, sobbing till the early hours of the morning.

Now I have eleven children of my own between the ages of four and eighteen. My mother-in-law looks after them in Greytown and nine of the eleven are at school. It is just the youngest who has not started school and the eldest one who is just about to get married. But this is not my story. My story is that of my courtship and marriage and it is a very, very unusual story:

I have mentioned the fact that I was born and bred at Nkandla. The nearest big town from Nkandla is Eshowe. One day I went to shop in Eshowe. I used to be very pretty and very fair in complexion, and I was plump and good-looking. An old lady whom I did not know, but who was to become my aunt, came up to me and greeted me. She asked me who I was and where I came from. She actually said that she liked me.

I did not take much notice of this old woman. I did not know who she was or where she had come from, and I was too shy to ask her. I thought she was a bit strange. After some time, when I had finished my shopping, I went to the bus rank to take a bus back to Nkandla. I noticed that the same woman was also at the bus rank. I saw her coming to speak to me again, so I quickly tried to get on the bus. In my hurry my shoe caught on the

step and slipped off and down onto the ground. That lady snatched up my shoe before I could get it. I said to her, "Please give me my shoe," **but she would not** give it to me. I begged her but it did not help. She just walked off, and took the shoe home with her on the Greytown bus.

One day, some time after this incident, a car arrived at Nkandla which was a very unusual thing. Somebody came to where we were sitting and said, "There is a car looking for Thoko. These people – they are men – inside the car say they are looking for you. They say they do not know who you are. They have never seen your face but they are bringing you one shoe."

I left my friends and walked to the car to meet these strange people. Awu; I did not know what to think. There were four men; three and then the fourth one, Bheki, who was very handsome: short and stocky with a good face. Even now that he is older he is short, and he has got a big stomach, but he's still very handsome. These people greeted me and I greeted them back.

They said, "Are you Thoko Mlaba?"

I said, "Yes."



They said, "Do you recognise this shoe?"

I said, "Yes, I know the shoe."

They said, "Do you know how it happened to be with us?"

I said, "No, I don't know. All that I know is that I met a certain elderly woman in town and she said she liked me. When I was getting onto the bus to go home, my shoe slipped off and this woman took my shoe. She would not give it back to me, and now here is my shoe with you. But since you are here, would you please give me back my shoe?"

They laughed and said, "No, we are not going to give you your shoe."

Then according to a Zulu custom they proposed, "*Thoko, nginike inhliziyo yakho – give me your heart, then we will give you your shoe.*"

So I said, "How can I ever open myself up and hurt myself and take out my heart and give it to you? Huh, how does that happen?"

But they would not accept that answer. They just said, "Well, you will have to find out how to do that, because otherwise you won't have your shoe back: your heart or your shoe."

They drove back to Greytown with my shoe, because I did not want to give them my heart.

When they came back for the second time, they said, "Do you still refuse to give us your heart?"

When I said that I still refused, they said, "All right. We are going to do something very nasty to you. We are going to go to your bigger sisters, and we are going to tell them that we have got your shoe. They will have to imagine how your shoe got into our hands. You will be in big trouble, because you don't want to give us your heart. "

In the olden days you used to have bigger sisters who would advise you about love affairs and guard you from men. They would be very strict about knowing what was going on, and would punish you if you did not behave properly according to the custom.

Then the men left me and drove off. They asked one of the children to go and call the bigger sisters. They got out of the car, sat down and spoke to the bigger sisters, "Look, here is your little sister's shoe. Can you tell us how we came to have it? We are from Greytown, so far away."

The bigger sisters were furious. They called me and said, "*Isindindwa* ... you are a prostitute. Here is your shoe with the men, strange men that we have never seen. We are very embarrassed about you. How did they get hold of your shoe? You never told us anything about a missing shoe. Please, you have misbehaved. You had better explain."

My bigger sisters scolded me so much. I felt so embarrassed. In the eyes of my sisters it looked as if I had already fallen in love with Bheki, and I was making them look foolish. The trouble was that I had to act so quickly. The bigger sisters wanted me to give Bheki some token that would symbolise our love. I was so scared that the bigger sisters would go and tell their mothers that I had behaved in a very bad manner. I did not want that. I was forced to commit myself.

To demonstrate our commitment I was told to give the bigger sisters a beautifully made bead necklace. They took grass and wound it around the beads. They put the necklace down near Bheki. He was very happy to find it and pick it up, and in exchange he gave my shoe back to me. He took the necklace home to give to his mother to wear.

So I said that I was in love with Bheki, and he started to visit me. Each time he visited me, my three sisters would keep us company, and we would sit and chat and chat and chat. If Bheki wanted to have a serious talk with me, then two of my sisters would go away, but one bigger sister would always stay with me so that we did not do stupid things. In the end Bheki would go back to Greytown, and I would go home with my sister.

We carried on falling in love and visiting, with my bigger sisters accompanying us everywhere. Bheki did not like these sisters always being around, because he wanted other things from me.

He went home and thought and thought and at last he decided, "Right, next time I come in the car I must park on the **other** side of the hill where nobody can see me, and I must go and lie in the long grass next to where she fetches water."

One day I went to collect water. I did not know what he was plotting.

I had filled a big container and was lifting it up, when suddenly he came from behind, took the container down and grabbed me. We were struggling and wrestling. I broke loose and ran



away. It was lucky that I did not allow Bheki to touch me, because the older sisters were watching from the hill.

I was really in trouble! Fortunately I ran back home and the bigger sisters could see me running. Bheki went back home to Greytown. He said to himself, "Awu. There is no other way. I must just go



and pay *lobolo* because I am starting to want other things badly."

I was very glad, because I had fallen in love with him. But I did not want to do anything wrong, and I did not know what was right, because it had not come to that time when the bigger sisters would sit



down with me and talk of such things. I was about eighteen years old at the time.

So then Bheki came to pay *lobolo*, and my parents were very pleased. They were really happy at the way he did it. He paid all the things that were wanted by my parents. All that my father required; things for my mother, sleeping rugs, a set of cups and a big, big, three-legged Zulu pot, and also twenty litres of paraffin. In those days it was a treat to have that much paraffin. He also bought a primus stove for my mother and an axe. These presents were to say, "I am grateful. I acknowledge those nights that you had no sleep bringing up my wife. If you have nothing to put on when it is cold, then here is a rug, and here is a pot to cook with, and here is an axe to go and cut wood so that you can make a fire. Here is paraffin for the stove – you need not carry on going to the bush to cut wood before you can cook."

He also gave us many other things, and we made preparations for our wedding.

*lobolo* – bride price



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## My wedding

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AND AI! HAWU! AI AI .... Did we have a wedding! HEY! You need not even ask. Such a wedding! Such a traditional wedding! That day, that was the most wonderful day!

The part I enjoyed most was having people take care of me, looking after me, fussing over me, trying to do things to me to make me feel special. I was not allowed to even touch myself. Other people looked after everything. I felt like a baby again. Even food – I had cooked food brought to me. I did absolutely nothing.

The wedding took three days. On the fourth day, when everybody had gone home, there were some other ceremonies we had to perform according to our families' customs. Some of my bigger sisters and the local girls had to stay with me, because now I had to prove that I was still a virgin. What happened was that one of the elder sisters accompanied me to the *ilawu* – the bridal bedroom – where we were to sleep for the first time.



The bigger sister who accompanied us sat and chatted and talked with her new brother-in-law for a long time before she finally left us.

In the morning I woke up early and carried on as usual, but without making up the bed. My husband went out so that my mother-in-law would get a chance to come and sneak in and see what had happened. Since she found everything was all right, she went to tell all the other women that the *makoti* was a virgin, and she was very proud.

After a while I fell pregnant with my first-born daughter. I was living in my in-laws' house. I was so happy. After that the others followed; the second-born, then twins, a single child, then twins ... and so on: eleven children altogether. My mother-in-law helped me to look after them. At first I stayed with her, and my husband went to Durban, but after a while I came to Durban to be with him and to work. I had my babies in Durban. When they were a little bit grown up, about three years old, I would take them to my mother-in-law. I would come back to my work and my husband in Durban and have another baby. That's how my life has been.

*makoti* – bride

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*Delive's story*



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## No space to plant

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I am Deliwe Phakathi. I am from Bizana and I was born over fifty years ago. I do not know exactly how old I am because I never went to school. There were three of us children at home, two boys and I was the only girl. There was no school near us, and none of us even thought of going to school. My parents were farmers, and we helped on the farm.

What I really liked was to wake up early and go to the fields before anyone else was there. My parents were often amazed by my energy. When they got up and were still sleepy, they would be surprised to find me in the lands already. The kind of work we did was to plant and tend mealies, beans, pumpkins and other vegetables. We were all happy to do that with my parents until we grew up. Then we got married.

My husband was my first boyfriend and his place of birth was also Bizana. I was young and very much in love when we got married. We enjoyed a traditional Xhosa wedding at my family's home, then I went to his home as was the custom.

I was happy to do that. He was the most wonderful man. He took care of me so well and he was a good farmer. I have told you that I enjoyed planting, but he was even better; I could try and try, but I could never match him.

When the growing season was over, or if I was very pregnant and could not go to the fields, I used to do other things. In these times when things were a bit quieter, I used to like to use special soil to make bricks for building. Sometimes I would collect grass for thatching, or decorate our house with whitewash, or polish our floor as smooth as stone. I was happy and I liked doing all these things. Also I was good at building. Not everyone can build well. Thatching and smearing are arts that I learned from my mother who was very skilled, and I watched her carefully and practised.

My husband and I had twelve children: six lived and six died. In those days it was very unusual for a man to help with the babies. But my husband did everything he could to help me. He would feed and wash and play with the babies, and we would both still work in the fields. We worked hard, but it was not enough. Every second baby died. We did not know about family planning.



We were very much in love and I was very beautiful. As soon as one baby was three months old I would fall pregnant again. The babies died because, however we tried, we could not take care of all of them at the same time. It is very hard when your child dies. I think it helps to have lot of babies. When one dies you are kept busy with the others, and it helps with getting over the grief and the mourning.



I taught my children important things at home. I taught them how to respect elderly people. I taught them how to plant. When they were still young, from the smallest to the oldest, they would compare who grew the best vegetables. They would all grow such big madumbi, potatoes and beans. Also I would persuade the girls to sit down, and I would teach them not to run around, not to fall in love – all the old ways. On the whole they learned well. One daughter got married and it did not work out so she came back to me, but the other older ones are happily married in Bizana.

I taught the boys also. I taught my boys household things so that they can work in the house or in the fields just as well as the girls can. They are good boys, they are not *indlavini*. They have learned from me, because I am a person who lives in the proper traditional style, and I keep to the correct cultural ways.

When my husband was alive, we sent our children to school. We thought it was important for their generation, and we made great sacrifices. Five of the six who lived can read and write their names. The last-born was very unfortunate. He is a boy who has not attended school because my husband died, and I did not get the chance to send him.

Things have been very difficult for me, and I have not been happy since my husband passed away. If I tell you the story, you will not believe how he died. At that time we were working on a banana plantation at Port Shepstone. It was while he was working that my husband got pricked by a thorn. It sounds amazing, but that was how it started. His finger got very hot and swollen and he felt sick. When he could not move his hand, he went to hospital, and after a week he died there. Still to this day I do not understand it.

Some people said it was witchcraft, but my husband was not the type to quarrel with anyone. I know that some people say that baboons are used for witchcraft, but I have never been harassed by baboons, and my family has never believed in those things. I do not understand his death, but I do not think it was witchcraft.

What has been difficult since my husband died is that I have had no permanent source of income. The people would not let me stay and work on the plantation in his place. They said because I was a woman, I could not keep my piece of land, but must leave. I felt hopeless. I went back to Bizana, but there were no chances for employment there. I just could not make ends meet, so I went back to

stay with my in-laws.

We lived with them for about eight years. My last-born was just a baby when his father died. It was very difficult and we were very poor. I decided I must move to Durban and look for a job as a domestic worker. I am really tired of working, and I would like an old age pension. I still miss my husband and that kind of life we had. I still want to plant. But there is no space here. There is no space for a person and no space for mealies. There is no space to plant. If I got a pension, I could go back to the farm where I would be happy and comfortable. I could watch my grandchildren grow up restfully. I would like that.

*indlavini* – rascal, bad person

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*Thandekile's story*



## Walking from Matatiele

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I was born in Matatiele. My mother did not keep dates so I do not know exactly how old I am. When my father died, my mother thought about coming to Natal, because there was no work in Matatiele. At the time she had ten children; I had eight sisters and one brother.

My mother made preparations for us to go to Durban. In those days transport was very scarce, even the policemen rode on horseback. There was no chance for transport for us, so we walked. We did not know how far Durban was. We set out with my mother early one morning. We walked and walked, each carrying a little bundle of clothes. We walked over the hills and through the forests. We walked and walked and walked until we were very tired. When the sun went down, my mother looked for a place for us to rest. When we came to a good place, to stop for the night, my mother made it comfortable for us. She put grass and leaves together and made a cosy place to sleep. Then she gave us some steamed wheat bread and sour porridge for supper. She had prepared it before we left home and carried it all day in a big



tin with a lid. We were hungry and the food was delicious. Then we lay down to sleep. My mother sat up right through the night and watched over us. The next morning we walked again. We did this for the next three days and three nights.

Now after the third day and night, the food was finished. My mother did not know what to do, because we were not yet in Durban. Eventually she saw people on the road so she asked them for directions. They showed her where the farm of a white man was, whom they said was widowed. On the fourth day we arrived at that farm, and my mother went to the farmhouse. She explained that she was looking for *amatoho*, and the farmer said she could work there.

So we all went to live on that farm, and my mother went to work there. This was a good white man. He had a wheat and dairy farm, and he used to give us milk. At the end of the month he paid my mother R3.00. In Matatiele she could only earn R1.50 a month so she was pleased. My mother bought us a lot of nice things and yards of material to make us dresses.

After about a year, my mother decided to carry on travelling towards Durban. She had heard that she

could earn even more money on other farms. We said goodbye to the farmer, and we set off walking again.

I can't remember exactly how it happened, but we had been walking for many days, and the roads were rough and dusty, and we were very tired. Suddenly two policemen on motorbikes came past us on the road, raising a lot of dust and making a lot of noise. They rode past and then they stopped. We were angry and afraid, because we did not know what they wanted. The police waited for my mother and asked her questions. She was not in trouble: they were helpful to her. The policemen could not believe how far we had walked. They said they would assist us. The policemen put us children in their sidecars where they usually carried criminals. They took us, two by two, to the police station. We were very frightened by the noise and vibrations of the motorbikes, and we held onto each other tightly until we reached the police station.

When we were all at the police station, the policemen spoke to my mother again. They took her to a farm at Donnybrook which they said belonged to a very good man. My mother spoke to the farmer. She told him she was not a *isigebengu*,

but she was looking for work. He said he had no *amatoho* for women but she could be the cook for all the people working in the fields. At the end of the month she got paid R5 and she praised the farmer. We all stayed there and went to Trust Valley School; all ten of us. In time, the farmer gave my mother two big fields where my mother planted beans and mealies and potatoes for herself and the ten of us. We lived there happily for several years.

*amatoho* – piece work

*isigebengu* – bad person, gangster

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## Lobolo and marriage

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I liked school. But while I was still schooling – I was about 14 years of age and in standard two – a thirty-five year old man came and paid *lobolo* for me. This man worked in Durban. I did not know him well, but he knew me from Matatiele. In fact this man's father, who was like a grandfather to me, had always said that I should be his daughter-in-law. This man, who was to be my husband, paid cash *lobolo* to my mother and took me to his people at once to become his wife. I did not want to go. He was so old, and I wanted to continue my schooling. I did not want to leave Donnybrook.

I had my first-born child when I was about sixteen. That man who was my husband was very loving until after the first child was born. Then he began to change and he started to drink. Yet before the child was born he never used to drink. He would come home late at night and would try to touch me.

He would say, "You are very hot. Where have you been?" Then he would hit me.

I began to leave a wash-rag and some water next to the bed to cool myself when I heard him coming.

When he came in he said, "Why are you so cold and wet?" And he would hit me again.

This kind of thing carried on and on. I could not stand it any more. He hit me if I was warm and dry, and he hit me if I was cool and wet. I put an axe next to my bed. That night when he came in and started hitting me, I gave him the axe.

I said, "Here you are. Cut my throat and let me be free of all this. When you come home and I am warm, you hit me. If I use water to cool myself, you hit me because I am cold. I am so unhappy, I do not know what else to do. I do not want to be hit any more. You do not listen, and I do not please you. Rather cut my throat, and let me be free."

He realised that what I told him was true. I did not have any other man. At last he knew he could trust me. Finally he admitted the truth and he apologised.

He said, "Oooh, Thandekile, I have been very wrong. I am so very embarrassed. Please forgive me."





The next day he bought me a lot of meat and sweets. He knew that these were my favourites, (even now I still like sweets so much), and he carried on saying that he was sorry. I stayed with him because he begged me to. But life with that man was not good. He never really wanted to support the children, and he was often drunk. This man could not really love me. I decided that the only thing was to run away to where I and my children could be free of him.

*lobolo* — bride price

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## My struggle to be free

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I decided to run away to Highflats at Ixopo where my sister stayed. But even there I was not secure. Her husband always came to haggle and harass me. He said it was not the custom that a woman should leave her husband and show such disrespect. As for me, I was even worse off than before, because the children's father did not give me any money – never even a penny to buy food for the children. It was difficult for me to go home. Because I had the three children, my parents expected me to have a home of my own.

My children were starving, and I did not know what to do. I decided that I should run away to where no-one would know me and try to get work. I left one morning very early, and I went far away to another area and started looking for work. I found work milking cows at a dairy. I liked this, it was nice work. I had to get up very early, even in winter, to be ready to milk the cows in the morning. For the rest of the day I was free until milking time in the afternoon. I was safe and my

husband did not know where I was, so he could not harass me.

After a long time, my husband traced me to this farm where I was working. Luckily I had worked well, and the farmer was good to me. Also, fortunately, I had told the farmer the whole true story of how I came to be there. So when my husband came to the farm, the white man protected me and denied that I worked there. When my husband insisted that he wanted me, the farmer said he must leave the farm at once or otherwise he would shoot him, because there was no wife for him there.

My husband went away to the next farm to look for me there. They said to him, "No. Your wife is not here. Your wife is at the farm you have just come from. She is there. She is hiding from you."

He was so furious. He shouted and shouted. He said that was why he would never allow his wife to look for *amatoho*, because he did not want his wife to work. He was very angry. He said that his wife should rather starve to death than be touched by another man. He was so jealous. Then he went away and reported this and said he wanted a divorce.

One day, very early in the morning, the messenger of the court came to me on the farm with a summons. It said my husband wanted the three children, all the cows and calves and the dung, and lastly he wanted a divorce.

The date for the court case came, and I went to Bulwer. When I got there, I saw that my husband had a lawyer and I did not have one, so I was nervous. When the case was called, I just told the truth. At the end the magistrate gave the children to me to look after, and he said I did not have to pay any costs. I did not have to pay the court or the lawyer.

That man, who was no longer my husband, was so mad. He was so very furious that day. He quarrelled with his lawyer. He said that the lawyer had made him look a fool. But the lawyer said, "Ya. It is your problem. You can't get your facts right. First you said you did not want your wife any more. Then when you were in the court you said something else. What else could I have done?"

There was a big row between the man who was my husband and the lawyer. I went back home joyfully, having been awarded my children, and I had won the case.

*amatoho* – piece-work

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