

To My Daughter:

The Battle for Victory, as GOOD vs EVIL

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The Battle for Victory, as
GOOD vs EVIL

by Kumarin “Marlen” Govender

an Autobiography written from 2005 to 2014



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PROLOGUE

As a twenty nine year old businessperson, I emigrated from South Africa to England, before our daughter's birth on the 07th MAY 2004. The mother of our daughter was to come to 'ENGLAND' with our daughter after the child's birth, but the mother of our child did not come to England. On the last trip from England, "LONDON", back to South Africa, problems started occurring in my life to which I could not make sense out of it. I was forced to do something that led me into disaster, my in-laws then had me arrested for it; this is when I first began writing, **To My Daughter – "YOSHANTA."**



INTRODUCTION

A true life story that can help to transform and inspire you, to been an over comer in the worst of problems. When you feel there is no "GOD," or have doubt if there is a "GOD,"

READ, as you travel with me, through the journey of life, while I travelled through life. 'Happiness, health, and wealth,' is any person's gratitude,,, 'LOVE, FORGIVENESS, PEACE, AND UNITY,' is "GOD'S" altitude, as my true story explains.

"GOD BLESS," in finding the right attitude.



PREFACE

MY REAL LIFE STORY

I spent almost nine years writing to my daughter, while she was kept and hidden away from me. During the years we were apart, I went through the worst of problems and faced a lot in life. What happened to me is happening in the world and can happen to you. A story I wrote to my daughter, but a message, and a living testimony for everyone to, "ACKNOWLEDGE AND LEARN FROM". How we can be destroyed and left for death, from and by the ones we trust most in life. I was left homeless and penniless on the streets, like any person in the world, I relied on family, or that special someone for help, in a time of need, grief, and pain, but no one was there for me. From hardship, loss, struggle and suffering that I had to face and deal with, all on my own. A Battle I had to Fight for my own Victory.

The meaning to "GOD"= as my 'life' brings the meaning to belief. The strength I had to gain, as weakness was upon me. Any person has a story of their own to tell, but the amount of horrific life experiences I went through is uncountable, while I had to except and handle it, then deal with it, as I had to find solutions to my own life problems. Many times in life I felt as if life was over and finished for me, no way out; no way up again, no point in living anymore, as my life felt was to the end. My story is about all different problems with people that brought me down in life. From a teenager to an adult, married or single, my journey of life as I went through life, is a message for all, It's not about religion, no matter what religion we are, there is only one "GOD" we all pray to. If you think and feel you went through, or still going through problems, may it be struggle, pain, loss, whatever may it be, when you think it's over and no way up again, or no way out from your problems, let my life story, from Beginning to End, a story of courage, a story of hope, may it help you in finding your true victory. Many people around the world are been betrayed by someone in the worst way possible, while some people do not know anything about the meaning to suffer, pain, hurt, struggles, or any bad experience that life can throw to us, or what people can cause for us in the near future to come, or sometime when we least expect it

to happen. How do we know who is RIGHT, and who is WRONG in life, who is BAD, and who is GOOD in life, after reading my true life story, A long journey of life, I as a thirty nine year old father, but as a person, I can truly tell you, no matter who you are, or where you are, we are living in the modern day world, and finding your true purpose and reason to live, can be a battle in the year 2000s beyond. A story of RAGS to RICHES, a LONELY and a NOBODY in 'LIFE,' to been FAMOUS.

The strength and power, is all within you, as my voice through this book will be in your mind and heart, as you find yourself and have the inner peace, to help you, to fulfill your true purpose in 'Life' ' AS A VICTIM,' I have faced horror from, Wife, girlfriend, business, work, immediate family, relatives, loss of possessions, wealth, health, facing the law, false medical reports, friends, in-laws, strangers, different places, thieves, accidents, fights, gangsters, facing death, all this and much more, and I still turned out as a success in, "LIFE."

"GOD" IS LOVE, LOVE IS 'POWER.'



CHAPTER ONE

Sent to prison for the first time, in "life"

28 September 2005

The day I arrived

"PRISON"

"PRISON"

A world of its own, I never thought that I would land up in a place like this, bars, concrete, mental destruction and the lowest face of humanity. When I was a child I watched movies on television about prison, it all seemed so bad, but now bad is not good enough. When you look up the word reality in the dictionary, there is only one definition, **'Physiological and Mental Destruction'**.

Driving a truck into a house, breaking a wall, already made me look wrong, to many people only one way to describe me, **"MENTAL"**, Soon afterwards been arrested by policeman that looked at me as if I was on drugs, or just some mental person. Wednesday early part of Thursday, three o'clock in the morning, with the thought of facing two charges at once, **'Attempted Murder,'** and **'Malicious Injury to Property,'** known as **'MIP,'** together with the old charge of **'MIP,'** I already knew I was going to be in police custody.

29 September 2005

I had to appear court for the old charge of **'MIP,'** this is why I turned myself over to the police on the 28th of September 2005, so I would not be in contempt of court on the 29th of September 2005. The case of **'MIP'** was remanded, and the new case of **'MIP with the Attempted Murder charge,'**

There was no bail. I needed a seven day formal bail application to be done, now I had to face, **"PRISON"**, I never knew it hit me, until it hit me!!

The first chapter began to unfold.

The court holding cells

Sitting in a court holding cell, is four by four square meters, filled with criminals numbering over forty. The first question asked to me from five different men... "Is this your first time to prison?"

This was a question that gave me unknown fear that I have never experienced before, just the thought of giving the answer 'YES,' was like saying I am ready to die now. Scared as I was I had to say... "YES this is my first time to prison."

The look on all their faces was good enough to tell me, these criminals got me now. A few hours went by, my family left me with food, cigarettes, and cold drinks, and they had to leave as their time to see me was up. Court food was handed out soon after, '**Mince and Mealie Rice**' was given to us but I could not stand the sight of this food at all, it looked like '**Dog Food.**'

Time was up to leave to prison.

Leaving the court holding cell, we had to sit in a truck that was not big enough for forty people. Everyone sat shoulder to shoulder hardly space for a rat to run through, not to mention the heat in a close body truck with two windows that felt was not there at all.

Ten minutes later we reached the prison. Arriving to a place for criminals to be punished, made me feel like a real, ***HARD CORE CRIMINAL.***

The beginning to prison life.

The truck parked in reverse, everyone to get off, a big steel gate in which to enter in, all forty of us had to sit in a crouch position in a set of two, while we were sitting, the prison wardens were getting things prepared. I looked around on the walls, there were boards all over with signs and statements...

Signs that said,

Safe custody is our concern... witness before parade... 'Innocent until proven guilty'... no money, no cell phones, all valuables to be left at reception.

Prayer can make the impossible, be possible... make peace with "GOD" before it's too late... prayer DOES NOT CHANGE "GOD,"PRAYER CHANGE YOU.

After twenty minutes we stood up and we had to go through a metal

detector, we then searched, thoroughly from top to bottom. Our shoes and socks had to be off as well, as they searched in our shoes and socks. We then had to go to the reception area where we had to take our fingerprints, and then go into another waiting cell. After everyone was finished we then went into the prison yard. The yard is at least forty to fifty meters long, and forty meters wide, with cells on top and the bottom, making it look like a block of flats, or apartments, twenty-two cells in total.

The entrance to prison life

For the first time criminals, we had to go to **'Cell Number One.'** The cell door opened for us to enter, there after they locked it again, with a hard clinging sound of keys and metal banging, loud enough for me to shake with fear like never before.

MY STORY OF PRISON BEGINS

I stood there while fifty hungry pair of eyes stared right through my skin. **'Yes these are men hunters ready to rip me apart,'** this is all what I said to myself, as I felt wet, and all that went through my mind... **"Whose one night stand, and wife am I going to be."**

I stood there knowing the fact that I was more neatly dressed than all those criminals, who were around me, and I was the only Indian person amongst all of them; this was enough to make me tear like a little girl. After a minute or two I heard a voice call out at the end of the cell, calling out to me, the guy said... **"My friend come here to the back,"** scared as I was I had to obey and go to the guy who called me. The cell is ten meters long and four meters wide, with all dirty blankets down on the concrete floor. When I got to the back, there was a coloured person sitting next to two black people, he told me to sit down next to them. The coloured guy asked me if I had any **'MONEY,'** in a frozen voice I said... **"NO I DON'T."** He looked at my wedding finger and he asked me... **"Where is your wedding ring,"** he could see the mark of the wedding ring I had on, but there was no ring on the finger, I told him the ring and my earrings were at the police station, I knew what he was up to, but I had the ring and earrings in my jacket pocket, as I held my jacket tightly in my hands. The coloured guy then began to make conversation with me by asking why I was in prison, and what my charge was, I then told him the complete story as I spoke for hours to him, he was kind enough to make me a bed below him, because he was the only guy with a double bunk, which is a bed almost like the ones we have in the shops, only

difference is, this bunks are low and hard steel bars. Hours passed by with me talking and talking, the guys in the cell including the coloured guy, they all finished my cigarettes, when the cigarettes were finished, the coloured guy then told me to go and sleep, **'because I was making too much of noise.'** They all laughed and said... **"Indian can talk a lot, go sleep now, sleep!!!"** My jacket was under me on my bed, I slept with the jacket under me because I knew my jewellery was with me. I twisted all night not really sleeping right, but I finally fell asleep. The next morning when I looked for my jewellery, it was missing. I said to the coloured guy... **"Hey!! Where is my jewellery?"** Angrily but yet with so much of fear, the coloured guy replied... **"Don't ask me crap!!! When I asked where your stuff is, you said it's at the police station, so shut up!!!"** I knew he took it, but there was nothing I could have done at all. The only thing I did, I sat quiet and kept still in one place, as I waited for formal bail application to go back to court, only hoping to get bail to go back home to my mother, have a nice hot shower, and a nice home cooked meal. **'In this world filled with corruption, nothing equals the under world activities of prison life.'**

It was Friday morning eight o'clock 30th September 2005, I left back to court, praying hard, and wishing for **'Freedom,'** to get bail, just to go home and forget about **Prison.** Going back to the court holding cells meeting new criminals was the pits, there was nothing I could have done, but, **'Face it!'** A few hours later the lawyer told me there was nothing he could do on a Friday, as the day is short on a Friday. The lawyer was sent to me by my family, I had to go back to court the following week for a formal bail application, because it was a seven day bail application, the arresting officer had to get my personal details from my physical address to see if I have a home, and if it was safe for me to get bail. I was then sent back to prison, the same routine and process from court holding cells to prison, all over again. While waiting in the court holding cell, just before I could leave back to the prison, I seen all new faces around me, I met up with a white guy in the holding cell. I am a friendly person by nature, so as I spoke to the white guy, he then said that I should come with him to **'Cell Number Twelve,'** he said that **'I would be safe with him, and there is an Indian guy there as well, so this could be the cell I should be in,'** a sudden thought of relief came upon me, as I excepted with a broad smile, knowing I would not go back to **'Cell Number One,'** where those crooks would have finish me up, **'Only hoping Cell Twelve would be better.'**

Entrance to cell twelve

'Cell Twelve,' is a cell bigger than 'Cell One,' there were forty-four cell inmates, as we were told that we called, 'Cell Inmates' and not 'Prisoners,' because we are now under 'Correctional Service.' The cell had six white guys, one Indian, the rest were black and coloured guys. The Indian guy told me not to worry because he would see to me, as he could see and hear when I speak, I am not a gangster. The Indian guy said that he would be leaving soon, and I would be the only Indian in the awaiting trial section that was holding up to eight hundred prisoners. The Indian guy said to me... "You should forget about the outside world, as prison is a world of its own now, outside life is not the same, you should follow prison rules, prison orders, and you would be safe." In my mind these words were flashing!!!! **Locked, nightmares!!!! Sorry, jail, EVIL!!!!**

The white guys and the Indian guy said that I should be with them and no one would hurt me. A spark of great relief and gratefulness came upon my fear, which was becoming unknown as I was going through it. I sat around with them on their beds, as I had a bed bellow next to them, the bunks were the same as the one in cell one, but this bunks were low, we had to bend in a hunch position when we sat, and the mattresses were like cardboard that's so thin, **'MY GOSH!!! This was no bed.'** The guys then asked me why was I in prison and what's my Charges, when I began my story from A to Z, I explained myself to the best as I could. **'They were shocked to hear about the truck story and how I drove the truck into the house, they really thought I could have been mad, but this was still nothing compared to what they heard next, some said I am sick, Mental, crazy, I need help, they laughed and made fun out of it, they asked what's wrong with me, when I said to them..."I HAVE A CHILD, WITH MY WIFE'S SISTER."**

This was enough to make me really seem **'Mental,'** and not right in my head, no matter which way I could try to explain, there was no way I could get a point through to anyone. The cell lights stayed on until one o'clock in the morning, and then it's switched off as we had to get up at five o'clock in the morning, to get ready for cleaning up. Naturally it was not the most pleasant of sleep that I could imagine of having, but I managed through the night as it was only days before I could go back home again, so I had to just take the moment as it came. On Saturday morning we were up at five o'clock AM, we started by making our beds, the bed sheets had to be stretched stiff, floors had to be swept, washed

and polished, all cell inmates had to be dressed and washed, as we had to be Neat and fresh, before six o'clock AM, The tooth paste Hung in the middle of the cell; we all had to take a little, and **'NO WASTING!!!'** At half past six AM, it was time for, **'FOLA,'** Fola means counting time. We had to stand in a group of five alongside our beds in a straight line, the prison wardens then came counting us like sheep on a farm. After counting all of us, we then had to sit and wait for **'PAGA TIME,'** Paga time means food time. We could not wash or use taps after six o'clock AM, because all sinks and wash buckets had to be kept dry and clean for inspection, only after food time then only we could use the sinks again. For breakfast we got stupid looking **'Mealie Meal Porridge,'** that was not good enough for the dogs to eat, breakfast was given at seven o'clock AM, as we stood in a long line alongside the railings of the pathway to the prison cell at the end of the prison to get our food. After each prisoner collected or received their food, we had to stand in the room where our food was handed out, until every person got their food, and then only we could go back to our cells. Imagine there were eight hundred awaiting trial prisoners, four hundred on both sides, on the left and the right side, so we had to wait until eight hundred prisoners collected their food, then only we could go back to our cells to eat. *'I used to get so irritated, when I was in a shop or a super market if I have to stand in a line for a few minutes, now I had to wait for eight hundred people before I could eat.'*

Later on at eleven o'clock AM, we were given five slices of prison brown bread, which the prison made, it looked like bread crumbs stuck together that crumbled in our hands while holding it, **'And they called it bread,'** the bread had a little jam on one corner of the bread, 'not on the complete slice.' We were given weak juice that was coloured water **'And they simply called it juice.'** At three o'clock PM, it was our main meal, which was a small piece of chicken, or pawk, on Sunday was the same food. We had to have our own plates and cups, so the inmates helped me with a two-litre ice cream container to eat from, with a plastic bottle that was cut in half as my glass. My cousin made a special visit to me on that Saturday, so I had some nice home cooked food that felt great. I carried on going to court and back to prison for two weeks, until the court finally said to me... **"Your Mother-in-law told the police, that you will 'Kill Her' if you free from prison."**

My bail was denied because of your granny, who is your mother's, mother, when the court told me this, I was in a state of total collapsing,

I had to be in prison for a few months before my case was brought forward to court, because court cases take months before trial. Your granny thought nothing about leaving me in prison; I was shocked to what I was experiencing at this moment in my life. **'I was then sent back to prison.'**



CHAPTER TWO

Prison, 'Life'

I went back to cell twelve, and I was now the only Indian guy in the awaiting trial section, because the other Indian guy finally got his case over with, so he was finished with court, he was free to go. As days went by, the cell inmates were all in one place in the cell, with not much movement because the cell was full, and the cell gate was locked all day. We could not go anywhere, the worst part of being around with criminals, there is no real conversation like how ordinary day to day working class, and business class people talk about, the only thing on a thief's mind was about stealing, the same went for hijackers, robbers, murderers, they spoke as if they have a real job to go to when they get back out on the streets again. Sunday to Sunday, the only thing that changed was the food they gave three o'clock PM everyday, which was one piece of chicken, or pawk, two boiled eggs, or a piece of fish, that was the main meal each day, with some mealie meal, or cheap rice. Everyday was the same day, as there was no change except the faces that came in and went out of the prison. Prison is a place that can make a person go totally insane and wild as a beast fighting for revenge, for what was done to them, this is why it's called **'Correctional Service,'** so criminals can learn from their wrongs, and turn from their wicked ways to stop the crime that is done out in the world to innocent people. Some men were innocent in their charge they were charged for, while other men, **'They did not deserve to be free, or to go out on the streets ever again, they did not deserve to be back into the world again,'** as they were the worst to what makes up the word, **#CRIMINAL#**. I spent time talking to some men that seemed decent in their ways, and they were there under false pretences, like how I was.

'Music that kept my thoughts on you, and other loved ones, while been locked up in a, ##Cell##'

MICHEAL JACKSON – Heal the World – We Are the World

CELION DION – You Were My Strength – The World Thought I Had It All.

LUTHER VANDROS – Dance With My Father Again.

DOLLY PARTON – Coat of Many Colours – Christmas without You.

Almost every song made me think of you, and believe me when I tell you, I even thought about your mother and her sister who is my wife, after everything they put me through, that no one would have understood, as I was the one who looked and seemed wrong all the time. I did not know how long I had to live, after I had two mild heart attacks when I came back to South Africa, so I was not sure if I would have the time to explain everything to you, that went on in our life. I thought to myself...

Family!!! Prison!!!

When I was a small boy or from a young age, we had a lot of problem with having a house of our own, we lived in back rooms, out buildings, garages, and with family. We moved around a lot, so my father made me stay with his family, and friends. In all these houses, ***'I was so heart broken, when I seen them with their families.'***

I was really broken hearted when I seen them with their brothers, and sisters, while I was not with my brother, mother, and father. Seen how all these people had a full family, I always said to myself... **"I would have the same one day, everyone has full families, what is wrong with me that I can't have one."** I know in my heart that I try my best not to do wrong things to hurt someone, but now see where I landed up, from a business person in 'LENASIA,' where I am born and raised, I could not

Believe I was now in a place with eight hundred awaiting trial prisoners. I thought to myself and wondered... **"Was I a disgrace to my friends and family, I was not sure, but I knew I brought pain to my mother's heart in what I had done. I promised myself... 'Prison won't change me,' because my innocence would be proven in court on my trial date, and I would talk to others and try to change them, because all I did 'Was drive a truck into a kitchen wall, for a reason, and my voice will be heard as I speak out in court.'"** !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

While sitting in the prison cell, I wrote a poem for you as I sat in one place everyday, with so much of pain in my heart...

"TO YOSHANTA"

'From Sunrise... to Sunset... Every night before I went to sleep... I thought of the day we be together so I did not weep...

as a prisoner, but as a father, I sat from morning light... to broad day light...

*As long as you were in my heart, I felt like a prince for the night... it's a shame your mother's family said I was to be blamed... thinking I won't feel the same... hoping they could change my mind... so I should feel as if you not mine... but never did they realize, every morning while you were dressing... I was thanking "GOD" above for my blessing... as the heavens have blessed me with a little angel, and that's you my *BABY,* from a little baby... I as your DADDY... will make sure you Turn out to be a fine lady... LOVE DADDY.'*

As I laid on my bed my thoughts went back in time...

!!!!FLASH BACK!!!!

My parents got their own house after many years of moving around and struggling for a house, they finally got their own house in Extension Thirteen in Lenasia. My mother worked at a school called "JISWA TRAINING CENTER," in Lenasia; my mother worked very hard and did her best for all of us over the years. Your mother and my wife, they lived in my parents' house for a long time. When I started going out with my wife, it was two weeks after I went through a hijacking in Lenasia, while I was driving a beautiful 'BMW.' In the first week while I was going out with my wife in 1996, I was scared to drive late at night after I came back from work with our truck that my brother and I owned together. When I went to 'Lenasia South' to go and see my wife, but she was my girlfriend at that time, I decided to sleep over at my girlfriend's house, as it was too late to drive back to my mother's house. I slept in the lounge while my girlfriend slept in her room, I would be so excited to see her and to have supper with my girlfriend, so I did not eat at my mother's house after I came back from work, I would eat at your granny's house having an evening meal with my girlfriend. I was so shocked and stunned when all the problem first broke out with your granny who is my wife's mother, and your mother's, 'Mother,' a granny of yours, who was too shocking for me to acknowledge at the time, when she said to me..."You did not give me money for food, when you ate in my house, while you were going out with my daughter."

!!!OH MY GOOD LORD!!!

I could not believe that I was suppose to pay for the food that I ate in your granny's house while I was dating, or going out with her daughter, how

insulting would it have been if I had to pay for the food I had for supper. In nine years that I was together with my wife, and then your mother came afterwards to live with us, I could not believe your granny spoke about food that I ate nine years ago while going out with her daughter. *'Imagine what else your granny would teach her daughters in the near future to come.'* My father passed away on the **'21st of December 1999,'** it was too late for me to say I am sorry to my father, there were times when I was upset with my dad, not realizing the problem my father must have been facing in his own life, I only wish I could have told him in the living years. I never knew the meaning to starving, until it hit me in the prison cell, we were poor while growing up, but my parents made sure we had Breakfast, Lunch and Supper, where my brother and I would be fool before we went to bed. Now as a grown man, I was crying for food in a prison cell, because the food was too little for me. I had a choice in life, I could have remained in **'London,'** and have all the wealth a person could possibly imagine of having, but in my mind, I could not stand the fact that money should buy **LOVE**, your granny who's your mother's mother, your granny only respected people with **"MONEY,"** I did not want to buy you over, you are my child, and I deserve a fair chance in life, whether I am **RICH**, or an average guy who is trying hard for his family, You are my child; I would stop at nothing to have you in my life, **'MONEY, OR NO MONEY!!!!!!!!!!'**

'Always remember, there is no price tag on a loved one's life,' so which means money comes after, and **'LIFE'** comes first, especially to the ones we love most, this is the way I think. A few years back families would be so happy when it came to family functions, celebrations, almost every ceremony there would be friends from all over coming to join in, while family was a must be, they were there for time of grief and comforting. There was a time in life I remember my late cousin, he was only twenty-two years old when he passed away, in a car crash, or an accident, but he was so matured before this, when he took the entire family on a family trip. My late cousin took the entire family for a picnic with his truck carrying all of us in there, everyone sat in the truck at the back with a sale covering the sides and the top making it so exciting, as uncles, aunties, cousins, friends, everyone was in the Truck, as we all went for the trip to the picnic spot, **'OH GOSH!!! What a trip did we have, it is something to remember even though I was only around ten years old, and I can still recall the moment that makes up memories.'**

This is a true meaning to, **'FAMILY.'** The sad part of life is that the world is changing, and so is people, my question is? The time you old enough to read all this I am writing to you, **'Will there still be family?'** Will people still know what does family mean. In winter a tree is all bare and looks so empty without the leaves, this is how people will feel and look. **'I would rather be poor and full, than been rich and bare.'** *What would a person's life be like, if there is no family around?* There was a time when my wife and I, we lived in my parents house in extension thirteen, my wife was not working at the time, and I was finding some difficulty in my trucking business. My brother was going out with his first girlfriend at the time, before he got married to the lady he is now with, his girlfriend had a good job at the time, and my brother was doing well in his trucking business. It was father's day; when my brother's girlfriend bought my father a new expensive piano and a lovely jersey, as a father's day gift. My wife felt so sad, because she did not have any money to buy my father a gift for father's day, and we were living in his house. The next morning after my mother left for work, my wife asked my father, she said... **"Uncle, could I make you a cup of tea, and prepare for you something to eat."**

I was in our room lying down, and my father was in his room, my father and I, we could hear the sadness in my wife's voice, because she had nothing else to offer, but a simple meal and a cup of tea for my father. After handing over the meal to my father, when my wife went outside to speak to her friend, my father then called me to his room, my father said to me... **"MARLEN, tell your wife, that the piano and jersey is expensive, it's very lovely, but the cup of tea and the meal, means more to me than the piano and the jersey."** My father then said to me, *'that everything will be okay for me and my wife,'* my father smiled and gave me a 'twenty rand,' and told me to go and buy my wife a chocolate, but I should not tell her that he gave the money to me to get it for her, because he knew it would have broke my wife's heart. My father said to me... **"MARLEN, Rich or Poor, United We Stand, Divided We Fall, my boy!!"**

'No matter if we rich or poor, give something from the heart, and see the smile on a person's face.' My parents were humble people, who thought of my brother and me.

'Good things in life.'

Been a family of four while I was growing up, my parents my brother and I, we were poor in a sense where, myself and my brother, we did not have luxury next to other children, when it came to spending money for school, having new toys on time, beautiful clothes like other children had, even when it came to having rich food at home, we did not have that. My father was ill and could not have a proper job, or even find a job. My mother started work when I was eleven years old, my mother tried and did her best for my brother and I, my father did his best in whatever he could do to bring money to the house, but we never had enough for luxury, only basic needs. My brother and I were sad at times when we could not have what other children could have. I remember when we were much younger than this, my father had a good job and my father would buy for my brother and I, all sorts of toys and clothes, but while we were growing up, I was disappointed at my parents for not having money for us, only as I grew older, I understood and realized that money is not everything. 'The ***LOVE*** my parents have for us, is all the success we needed for the world.'

Some things I only learned, as I grew older to understand the meaning to things.

You were a seed that I knew, if I will be there for you, you will blossom to be a bright flower, '**my baby girl**' with my protection and guidance in life. In 2005 when everyone first started attacking me all at once, your granny, my wife, and your mother, I then tried to take my life away because I was finished inside of me, I just wanted to end it all. I went to a chemist and bought tablets from a few different chemists, tablets that did not need prescriptions, I then drank all at once, and I cut my wrists. When my mother came home, my mother put bandage on my wrists, and my mother woke me up because I was still conscious. I will not forget the tears I put in my mother's eyes, I wanted to end my life, but my mother felt the pain in her heart that brought more pain to me. My mother was disappointed in what I did, '**How could I have a child with my wife's sister.**' then to '**KILL MYSELF,**' my mother always said... "**When we small, we make the arm sore, when we big, we make the heart sore.**"

When your mother seen me in court early in 2005 with the bandage on my wrists, your granny said to her daughter... "**See what a coward he is, why do you want a useless man like him, his such a worthless piece of shit.**"

No one knew the pain I was going through, the problem I was facing, no one could understand what I was feeling, no one knew my life and what's going on, but I thought about my mother, and I knew I have to face the world, because I can't leave you alone with this family. Earlier In 2005 your granny and step grandfather, they hired people to murder me, thank "GOD," the men who came to kill me; they had pity on me and let me go. 'Your granny wanted me dead.' My wife was fifteen years old when I met her, when she turned eighteen we married. We then got our own house in Lenasia South Extension One; your mother was still in high school at the time, I was in my early twenties, and I had my own trucking business, from the age of eighteen years old. During the years I thought my wife and your mother, a lot in the world of today. I would spoil them in however I could, I would get them take out foods almost everyday, get for them whatever they asked for, and I would let them choose what ever they wanted.

I would let them choose between the two of them, what ever they would like, and I never thought about what I liked, it is always for them first. I do not have a sister, so I always have a lot of patience when it comes to a female, seen how hard my mother worked for us, my brother and I, we made sure we take on the world to be a success. There is a big difference in been highly educated and been intelligent, been highly educated means, having a degree or degrees, for a profession in life, or going to higher levels in education, such as colleges and 'University,' this are what highly educated means. While I was writing this to you, my spelling was not up to date, but this did not make me to be a 'Stupid,' which means I am not highly educated, but I am intelligent enough to write to you, even though I finished high school after standard eight, which is the same as how they say in these days, 'Grade Ten,' but I am not a stupid like how your mother's mother said I am, she always insulted me, by saying I am a, 'STUPID.'

I do not use the best of vocabulary from a dictionary, or the highest of words, but I do my best to write although I do not like writing, or to write on a piece of paper, but I had no choice as it is for the best. I always have this in mind...

"The size of my hand... there is still so much more to plan... if I could have the chance in this land... so my Hand... can work my plan... so the land... could turn out the way I planed... as "GOD," is my plan, but whenever I think about my in-laws, I think of the law, as my in-laws made me to be an out-law."

The time spent in prison

I was in a prison called '**LEEUFHOF PRISON**,' cell twelve was where I was in. In the days and weeks that passed by, I made friends in the cell, coloured, black, white; I was friendly with all of the guys. I was the only Indian in the prison awaiting trial section, which is called '**C SECTION**,' as weeks passed by, I never knew the meaning to starvation, as it was getting worse for me in the cell. My family brought me food whenever they could, but the food went so quickly each time, because all I could do '**Was To Eat**.'

"I kept telling myself, life is not a game, deal my cards out properly to be a winner, ACE is my aim."

You were all I could talk about to the cell inmates, as days were passing by, prison is a place where a person can grow weak, but I prayed to gain wisdom. I love children, so I told the cell inmates about how I wanted to teach kids about animals, to arts and crafts, so much more I can show and teach them. All children have the same hearts, it is what goes into their minds when thought to them that changes them. If everyone is thought the same, what a wonderful world we will have. ****We are the world,remember that !!!****

"We make the world, as adults to be... for the world to see... how everyone can be... that is for everlasting glory".

How could I say anything, when my actions were wrong in what I did, but my reasons, was to prove my innocence in court, **and to family?**

While I was writing to you, I had tears as I wrote to you, not knowing if I would ever see you again, or live to see the next day. You were a four-month-old baby when I first came from London to come and get you and your mother, to go back with me to London. This is when the problem started with your granny and step grandfather. ***"A king cobra is a very powerful snake, a king cobra waits for the right moment, after all the other snakes are all tired, all poison finished, all power lost and gone from the other snakes, then only the king cobra lift its head high up, and strike back at all other snakes, striking back with one go, fast and powerful, dropping all of them like they never thought, because the other snakes thought their poison is strong enough, to kill the king cobra."***

I am going do the same thing, it's not about revenge, or hate, I don't work like this, it's about... '**Right and Wrong**,' '**Good and Bad**.'

'Remember this PAGE I said this to you.'

A poem I wrote for my wife and her sister, in the prison cell.

To my Wife and your Mother

"From Sunrise to Sunset... from morning to evening... from day to night... you two were out of my sight... while you two enjoyed the day light... did you two wonder how was my night... even though you two left me in prison... I carried on using my wisdom... you two did not have the right... to leave me with such a fright... everything I did was out of LOVE... why did you two leave me like a fly away dove... as the moon came and went... could you two not realize how my time was spent... been a beggar in the street ... is nothing compared to what I had to eat... while you two ate on time... I had to wait in line... for every time you two ate... I had to wait... while you two had a chance to buy food... I had to wait for my brother to bring food... once a month as you two got paid... I just sat and laid... as I tried to write you two a letter... you two only listened to your mother... as you two seen new days that came and went... I seen everyday as the same day... while you two were on your own... I was in prison been owned... I do know what you two must have been going through... but it's nothing compared to, What I went through... as a man of "GOD," I took it like a lord."

I began making arts and crafts in the prison cell, with soap and cardboard, match sticks, plastic, or anything I could get my hands on, to keep myself busy, 'As an idol mind, can be a DEVIL'S mind,' then when I was finished with that, I spent a few hours drawing and writing to you, in a book, or a big dairy which my mother brought for me. I then would teach the other inmates to make arts and crafts, cards, gifts, and I even thought them to write poetry. I spent hours teaching them to write and to draw, they were so happy to draw for their loved ones, while beautiful cards were made as well. Some would listen to me, while others never bothered at all. Visiting days for family or friends to come and see us was on Tuesdays and Thursdays, I would send all gifts with my cousin or with my mother, to keep for you. I made gifts for all my nieces' nephews, and for the children at the school where my mother was. Prison felt as if I was dead with my eyes opened, I felt hopeless, and useless, it was not easy to adjust to a place where some take it as home, 'But I felt as if I was in hell on earth,' I felt helpless, while everything on my mind was only on the outside world from prison. 'I

believe instead of catching one fish for a person and giving it to someone to feed them for one meal, which will fill them for one day, give them the Fishing Rod, and teach them to fish, so that person can fish and feed them self for a life time.' This is what I did for your mother and my wife, but what did I get in return...

"Fish bones,' so I could chock and never fish again, and the reason for this, so your mother and my wife could steal my bait, hooks, fishing line, rod stands, and my only last fishing rod. The reason for this, so they could show the world that they're born fisherman, but never did they realize that I was going to pull the bones out of my mouth, and then go deep sea fishing in my brand new boat, as I catch a, Blue "MARLIN."

As days were dragging, **'If love were wings I would have flown to you,'** this was the thought that went through my mind, as I was facing the days been irritated sitting in a locked up cell twenty-four hours a day. The only time we were taken out from the cell, was when it was time for food, a visit, or to go to court. I then asked the prison wardens if I could go to the other cells, so I could speak to other inmates. By talking good things to others, it helped me to keep myself in high spirit, as I spoke to them; I was talking to myself as well, with my own advice. I kept myself in high hopes, **for 'FREEDOM.'**

The pain and suffering I had to deal with, in prison

My court case was remanded for the 16th of January 2006; this was the set date for trial. More than anything, I could not wait for my voice to be heard in court, regarding your grandparents, and your well been in their house. In awaiting trail a minute was like an hour, this is how long the day felt, but in every cell, there was a little radio that gave us some sort of entertainment, we did not have any televisions, because in awaiting trail cells, it was clearly stated to us that we have **'Privileges,'** and **not 'A RIGHT.'** As weeks were going by slowly, I began to feel ill, and weak, but in awaiting trail cells, the prison wardens said to us... **'An inmate has to be almost dead, before they can take them to a hospital.'**

My legs began to swell up, because I did not have enough movement or exercise, so my body was stiff, and my legs were as if I was in a plane having jet lag.

I used to sit and pray that I could get a visit, when prison wardens called out my surname, **'GOVENDER!!!'** Wow it felt as if I won the lotto,

when a visitor came to see me and brought me food each time. The heat in the prison cell was worst than any building I ever been in, because the concrete is from floor to the ceiling, not to mention The insects that came into the cell in summer during mid December, Bugs, lice, cockroaches, they were all over as we had no tables, and our food was kept under the beds. My body was filled with different kinds of lice. I then shaved off all my hair from my body and head, and I kept myself, '**BALD,**' to keep the lice away. The worst thing to have around in summer is mosquitoes, and flies, so day and night; it was one long horrible twenty-four hour stay for me. Then the gout that got me on my foot, because gout is caused by too much of asset foods, and liquids that I had over the years. The worst part of all that made things even worse; all the showers did not work at all, so this made me feel even worse. We had to have a bath in a plastic twenty-five litre drum that was cut open to use. Forty-four of us had to share one small half a cut plastic drum to bath in. Naturally with forty four inmates, the bath rooms were always full, I would bath first, or last, as I was shy, and scared, to be in front of men seen me naked.

I weighed one hundred and thirty five kilograms when I entered prison, so been a big size person, I could not stand the heat as I was used to having my fan blowing the cool air while I relax on the sofa, or in my room at home. I will never forget while I was writing each time to you, I was so hungry because I have a healthy appetite, '**And I Can Really Eat,**' I am so used to having three meals and snacks everyday at my mother's house, and now I was in a place like prison, '**To Starve,**' this was pain on its Own. Prison is a place for punishment, sometimes if you take a family dog and lock the dog in a kennel; the dog can turn out to be a viscous animal afterwards, because the dog did nothing wrong to deserve to be locked up, or to be locked away in the first place, when the animal is meant to be left and kept free, so a tame animal can turn out viscous because the punishment made the change in the dog, or an animal we caged or locked away. '**We often chase a neighbour's dog away when the dog mess on our lawn,** in the prison cell I was so alone and empty, that I wished the same dog could be with me to keep me company, this is how alone I felt.'

From all the pain I was going through, I wrote this poem in the prison cell for you.

'To Yoshanta'

***"A nickel to a dime... a dime to a penny... a penny to a dollar...
a dollar to a pound... just another day... just another dollar..."***

everyday the same day... until I get my pound... which will be... you "YOSHANTA," there is no exchange rate on this pound... because "GOD," has set the currency so high... that Only your father can afford you... not in pounds or rands... but in TRUE LOVE, which no MONEY can buy,, 25 December 2005

A wish for Christmas in prison

Some inmates in awaiting trial, they were family men and just like myself, these men wished more than anything, to be out from prison and to be back into their homes again, their wish was nothing else but to be with their loved ones. We often wish for a big house, a nice fancy car, all the best clothes, the nicest flashy jewellery and beautiful furniture in the house. *'In prison my wish,'* was nothing else, but to be at home in my mother's house having a nice hot shower, a nice home cooked meal from my *'MUMMY,'* no matter what my mother cooked, even if it was *'Vegetable Food,'* which I once used to cry not to eat when I took vegetable for lunch to school, Now a simple home cooked meal meant more to me than prison food and the suffering in a cell been locked away as if I was a wild beast. Having a big house is almost any person's dream, it's human nature to see someone have nice things so we want it as well, but been back in my mum's house even though it was a small house, with all the Love, joy, peace, happiness, laughter, and all the requirements I needed for life, was all in my mother's house, this is what made it a home. Prison was no home for me at all, you were one year and four months old when I went into prison, I longed so much to carry you, to play with you, just to hold you, as you fall asleep in my arms, all this was only a dream for me, while I laid on my bed with tears coming out, broken hearted, been punished for loving people. I had so much of tears that I had to tell the other inmates, *'The heat was making my eyes to water.'* It was my second Christmas without you, the first Christmas without my mother, the second Christmas without my wife and your mother, last Christmas I gave your mother my heart, she took it and through it away, this year to set me to tear, they locked me up. To hear my mother talking while my mummy, play her Indian music, hearing your voice, even the sound of your mother and my wife, been in my mother's house, was the wish I had for Christmas, as I watched big men cry for their families in the prison cell. I hope all families realize, how the most simple thing will be missed when we taken away from our lifestyle, then when we broken up inside of us, all the **LOVE will pour out.** My wish for Christmas was to be in my mother's house, may

everyone know what does family mean, not as a Christmas wish, but as a wish for all times. Even though I wished to be free and back at home, having you in my life was no Christmas present; it is a wish for life. As I sat and lay on my bed, my thoughts went back in time!!!!

!!!!FLASH BACK!!!!

When I was a teenager around seventeen years old, there was a time myself and some friends from the church I used to attend; we all got together onetime for Christmas. It was Christmas time and the church bus parked in Lenasia near the park next to the pools, in a place called **'Greyville.'** The congregation was going around singing Christmas carols and giving out food hampers to the people. My two friends and I, we were sitting in the church bus, while the others went around singing, I then said to my two friends... **"We should go and sing as well, we can start on the other side of the road where we can be alone to sing for the people."** My two friends agreed, we then went to go and have Christmas carols, as we knew the carol, **'JOY TO THE WORLD,'** the three of us, we could sing this very well.

The three of us, we went to a house which was not too far from us, I went to the house front door and I knocked on the door, just before the door could open, I stepped back to my two friends, when the door opened up, there was an elderly man who open the front door, we then began to sing, as we were singing, the old man's wife came to see and hear as well. I will not forget, and always will remember, while we were singing **'Joy to the world,'** with candles in our hand, all lit up, with our voices at that time which was young and we sounded sweet, with all the courage and faith we put into the Christmas carol, the old man and his wife, they began to cry, they cried so much, letting out tears of joy, tears of hope, tears of Christmas spirit been alive. I won't ever forget the feeling I had, I am sure my two friends felt it as well, I felt, as if it was like a person who had to win a lotto in these days, the feeling was almost the same, but only ten times more to the spirit inside of me, wow, I felt as if it was something beyond catching a lotto, the trill, the excitement, the self belief, and wow!! I felt so great. When we were finished with the carol, the old man then said to the three of us... ***"You children are the future of South Africa; "GOD" bless you boys, everything of the best, thank you for bringing back the spirit of Christmas."***

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

In the prison cell, I went down on my knees, I prayed that your granny

would change from her ways; no one knew what your mother's mother was doing to me, and no one knew what your granny was all about. It was so complicated to explain and to prove what your granny was doing to so many of us.

The prison wardens gave each of us, one apple to every cell inmate. The head of the prison he called all of us, we sat on the lawn in the middle of the prison in 'C SECTION,' when we were called for a round call, and it is the same process. As we sat there, the head of prison said to us...

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away, in prison, an apple for Christmas, should teach you, to keep away from crime."

30 December 2005

New Years Eve in prison

In prison for New Year's Eve, the only thing we could do, was to hear some music on the radio, we could hear about **Cape Town, Durban, Johannesburg**, we could hear how all the action is taking place, **'in all these cities,'** but the place we could hear where the entertainment was only happening, it was all in **'Cape Town.'** We could hear how everyone was having fun in the world outside prison, as all we could do, was to look at the walls, and ceiling. The only thing we could see through the window, was the sky, because the blinds faced upwards, and from the prison side, we could see a tall building or a factory.

The factory is called, **'SNOW FLAKE,'** it stood high enough so we could see the sign that was all the view we could see outside the prison, as our view of hope for freedom. From the cell's bathroom, we could see on the opposite side, we seen fire works in **'Theeee Air**,'** we could hear hooters and sirens going off, been blast loudly with screams of joy, while we sat and looked at each other, with tears missing our families so much, we stood on the side, looking at the metal toilet seats, and metal wash basins, with the thought of been in prison on new year's, as a grown man I was **thirty years old**, I never thought I would cry like a baby, **'To be free, to have freedom in my life,'** to be home With my mummy, if some have to say I sound like a mummy's boy, oh well... **"Sit in a prison cell for so long in one place and feel what it's like."** I do not care even if I was a mummy's boy; at least my mother is there for me when I needed my mother most. My mother care and loves me, my mother spoilt me over the years, and I never knew what it's like to be controlled and to be owned by someone. **'Prison for me, is hell on**

earth!!!' I could not wait, for my trial to be over with, **and no more prison life, No More!!!!!!**

16 January 2006

My trial at court

On the morning of the **16th January 2006**, I was in the courtroom, because we were brought early from the prison to court. I saw the public prosecutor while she was waiting for your grandparents and for the magistrate to come in. **I handed over a five-page statement that I wrote out in the prison cell**, I handed it over to the public prosecutor. We were in a courtroom called **'Regional Two.'** While the public prosecutor was reading my statement, I then said to her... **"This people are going to lose the case this morning."** After reading the statement, the public prosecutor lifted her head, and she turned towards me, the **'State Public Prosecutor'** then said to me... **"MR.GOVENDER!! We the state from the regional court, we withdraw from prosecuting you, in all charges against you sir. Your Lawyer can proceed; explain to the court, what happened???"**

These words were my words of... **-VICTORY-**, words that were beyond words to hear. I could not wait to see your granny in court, when your grandparents entered the courtroom, I will not forget how your step grandfather and your granny looked at me, they laughed at me when they seen I am, **"BALD,"** your granny was stunned though, she never thought that I would be fit and strong for court. After a few seconds looking at your grandparents, I then looked at your mother, your mother had on a neck brace, **'To which I heard later on, that your mother was involved in an car accident with her friends, while you were in the car, and the worst part of it, was to hear that your mother's friends were drunk when it happened, you were thrown out through the windscreen when it happened.'**

The public prosecutor then said to your grandparents... **"You should leave the court room; you no longer needed and wanted in court."**

Your granny got up from the court bench, and walked out like an angry bull, **'Ready to charge me again.'** Your granny stormed out from the court room, as if she was going to do something to me again, because your granny knew she **lost the case of Attempted Murder**, and I did not have to pay **'Sixty Thousand Rand'** damage to her, for one kitchen wall, to which my brother was prepared to repair it, because we in the

brick business, but your granny refused to let my brother repair the wall. The public prosecutor then said to the magistrate... **"MY worship!!! The witnesses can leave they not needed back in court again, and the accused attorney is not yet in court, the attorney left a message that he will be in later on, the accused statement will be read to the court when the lawyer is in court."**

The magistrate then said to me... **"Your lawyer is not yet here, you will remain in police custody until the lawyer represents you, because I told you on the last remand, that you cannot represent yourself in a regional court, we do sentence people in this court, and it will be an unfair sentence if the court sentence you without an attorney representing you."**

What some people do not understand, or realize??? **"Is that the state and the court, is not the same thing, it is two different parties. When you watch movies like how I watched in my Younger days, 'LA LAW, MATLOCK, and then LAW AND ORDER,' and many more, you will hear they always say... 'The state versus the accused, or the suspect,' so likewise in our court rooms in South Africa, it works the same way. When the public prosecutor withdrew from prosecuting me, to the charges against me, the court denied my bail because I was a threat to the witnesses on my bail application, so my lawyer had to be in court to read the statement to the court, so the court could help me to go by the statement to which I wrote in the statement to why I drove the truck in the house, to get you out of the house, and been in a regional court, a regional court has the authority and power, regarding children, because a regional court is one lower than a high court, and my case was not high enough to make it to a high court, when I asked for The case to be transferred to a high court on my last remand in December 2005, all evidence was given on my bail application. A public prosecutor represents the witness, or complainant, or co plaintive, the public prosecutor who is from the state, the public prosecutor is for the ones who lay, or open a Charge at the police station, and they act from, or on behalf of the state to represent them. I as an accused, or suspect, I needed a lawyer because in a regional court and in a high court, we need attorneys and advocates, because these are courts that sentence people, so I needed a lawyer to speak on my behalf, for the magistrate to go by all the proof I have, regarding your grandparents, and the house you were living in."** The magistrate then

said to me... **"You can remain down in the court holding cells until your lawyer comes in."** While I was waiting in the court holding cells, I could not understand it, because my family spoke to this lawyer for me, I did not speak to this lawyer myself, and I did not even get a chance to explain anything to this lawyer. The other lawyer my family organized for me in December 2005, he was taken away, and he was a good lawyer, I Explained everything to him in December 2005, so I was now in a state of total panic to what was going on. This lawyer is a private lawyer and I did not want a state lawyer from the legal aid board, because I have heard and seen what they were doing to innocent people, or should I say innocent suspects or accused. The state lawyers from Legal Aid Board, they were telling the accused to plead guilty to their charges, because if the court had to find them guilty, if they pleaded not guilty, then they would get many more years as a sentence. They did not even hear, or listen to our stories to what was going on, or what is going on. It is said all over... **"Innocent Until Proven Guilty,"** but this is not so!!

A few hours passed by, the magistrate then called me back up to the court room, the magistrate said to me... **"Your lawyer sent a message with his assistant, that your case should be remanded, you will remain in police custody until your lawyer represents you, your case is remanded for the 29th of MARCH 2006, you will be sent back to Correctional Service."**

!!!!OH MY GOOD LORD!!!!

I could not believe what just took place, there was nothing I could do at all, and the magistrate did not want me to talk, or to say anything in court at all, the public Prosecutor kept quiet because she did not know what my lawyer was doing or what we discussed. The public prosecutor looked shocked to what was going on, but the state was out from it, it was my lawyer who had to explain to the court about my reasons for my actions. The court that has a magistrate or a judge, they are there to Over rule the public prosecutor, that's why they called, **'Judges,'** they have to give the final word, or **Verdict.**

I was sent back to prison, the same process and the same routine all over again. During the first week I was back in prison, I managed to get to the prison phone boot, I phoned my brother to tell him to bring the lawyer to me, because the lawyer did not speak to me, **Where is he?** I don't even know who was this lawyer who remanded my case without being in court. My brother said straight out to me, **"NO," 'he already spend a lot of money on me, and he is not interested, the lawyer they got for**

me now, he is doing his best, he is the best lawyer in 'Vereeniging,' so I should wait for him to do his work.'

Days, weeks, then months were passing by; the lawyer did not come to see me in the prison, I then phoned my brother again, and to my cousins, to please bring the lawyer to me, because the lawyer did not come and see me. My brother and cousins, no one listened to me and they did not come with the lawyer to the prison. Finally on the **18th of MARCH 2006**, the lawyer who my family organized for me, he finally came to the prison to come and see me. When I got to the visitors area to see this lawyer, before we sat and spoke for a few minutes, I first thing said to the lawyer... **"Why did you remand the case when all you have to do, is requisition me back to court, read the statement that the public prosecutor have for you, but it's fine, I wrote another one out, you can still take me back to court, and read the statement to the court, I can be free, and the magistrate will assist me with my child."**

The private lawyer said to me... **"You think you clever!!! You think you clever!!! I will see you on the 29th of MARCH, you will then be out!!"**

I said to the lawyer... **"I don't think I am clever, I know I am clever, the problem is? You think I am some Stupid, I know you up to something here, why don't you want to take me to court and explain what I have done, and why I did what I did with the truck, I will tell the magistrate about you, I will see you in court."**

I won't forget the lawyer's next words what he said to me, he said... **"You can tell the magistrate, what do they know, they so stupid, they check nothing, goodbye, see you in court."**

29 MARCH 2006

On the morning of the **29th MARCH 2006**, I waited in the court holding cell. The lawyer came to speak to me minutes before I could appear court. The lawyer said that I should plea guilty to... **'Trespassing and Housebreaking,' He said that he changed the charge.** I could not make sense out of it all, there was no state prosecuting me in court, so why should I plea guilty to **Housebreaking and Trespassing**. The lawyer knew I was in prison for a long time, so I would do, or say anything to be free from prison. When I was called up to the court room, I was in **Regional Two**, when I looked around in court, I could not see your granny, or step grandfather in court, so I could not make sense to whom I was fighting against in court, or defending myself against someone

who was not in court to testify against me, or to give their statement, or testimony, or their version to what **Happened**. I stood in the accused box under so much of pressure, as I could not see the public Prosecutor who **withdrew charges against me**, she would have remembered my case; this was a new public prosecutor in court. I was very confused at this moment in time. When the magistrate asked me what do I plea, with so much of confusion, as I stood under so much of pressure, I said... **"YES honourable, I plea guilty to Housebreaking and Trespassing."** The magistrate then said to my lawyer... **"Housebreaking is the wrong charge, it's only Trespassing"**.

When I heard this, it made sense to me, because Housebreaking means theft, or when you break in a house to steal something, as an armed robber.

The magistrate then remanded the **'Sentencing'** for the **'4th of APRIL 2006.'** When I went down to the court holding cells, I noticed the finger print chart, or finger print documents, which is called a **'J7,'** **'the J7 sends us back to the prison from court,'** it still stated **'Attempted Murder,'** which means? There is no charge that was changed, I was still been kept in prison for Attempted Murder, and I was going to be sentenced for **'Trespassing.'** **'The lawyer forged the 'J7,' to which the magistrate made out, all this is lies!!! There is no Housebreaking and Trespassing charge.'**

04 April 2006

On the morning of the **4th April 2006**, as I sat in the court holding cell, waiting for my appearance in court for my sentencing, I remember on the **29th of March 2006**, the lawyer was telling me...

'I should pay the damage money into his Bank account, I should pay for the damage of your granny's house, which is 'sixty thousand rand' into the lawyer's banking account, and I should stay away from you all,' this was what he said to me. I now knew what the lawyer had done to me, but why? I could not understand this???

When I appeared in **'Regional Two,'** just before the magistrate could give me my sentence,

I said to the magistrate..., **"My honourable, I do not except this sentence I am about to get, because I do believe, my lawyer is a crook and there is no such a charge of Trespassing."**

The magistrate then said... **"I do not know what you talking about, maybe it's an unfair ruling on my side, so I sent this for a retrial to 'Regional One,' you will be on trail for Trespassing in Regional One, case transferred."**

The magistrate then sends me down to the court holding cells to wait for a while. The lawyer then phoned my family to come to the court.

!!!OH MY GOSH!!! When my brother, mother, and my cousin came, she is the female cousin in the family who does all the talking for everyone; she is my father's brother's daughter. When the lawyer told them that he did his best to get me out, **'How I could do this to him, how could I.'**

My mother and brother, they stood dead quiet, while my cousin swore me to the lowest of humanity, she used words on me so bad, that I was absolutely shocked to the way she used vulgar language on me in the worst way possible. My brother even recorded to the way my cousin swore me, because I said that the lawyer is a crook. My mother was in shock; my brother was fed up of my nonsense. They left from there leaving me in the holding cell, I was in a state beyond a state, no one even gave me a chance to speak, to explain, or even say a word, as if I was at fault and they all listened to my cousin. I did not know what to say, or what to do, because I had to wait for my next court trail date again. A few hours later, the magistrate in regional two, the magistrate called me up to the court room, he said to me... **"Your case is remanded for the 6th of MAY 2006, to Regional Court One, until then, you will remain in police custody, in Correctional Service."**

!!!OH MY GOOD LORD!!!!

I had to go back to prison again!! When I arrived back at the prison, I went straight to cell number twelve, because I was comfortable in cell twelve as all the months I was in this cell. It's strange when I arrived back to the prison each time, I could see how some prisoners were so delighted to see me back again. Been comfortable in cell number twelve, it was a good thing in a way, but also bad in a sense, where if a person get to comfortable in one place, **'Then this place would be their home, and I did not want this.'**

Cell twelve

been back in cell twelve, looking at the dark grey walls with a cream strip across, this was even more depressing to look at, with such sad colours. The prison cell looks a lot like a hospital ward in a government

hospital, only a lot more terrible. The bathroom had two toilet pans, and three washbasins. Two washbasins were used for a half body wash, and the other basin was used as a sink, for the plates and cups, or plastic containers that we used as plates. The bathroom was four meters long, and three meters wide, with a shower that is one and a half square meter in size. The showers never worked at all, and the hot water was warm water, because with so many cell inmates, the water could not stay hot. The washbasin was a half body wash from face down to the waist, and the bucket was used from the waist down to the feet. We were given a piece of toilet roll, **"When I opened the toilet roll, it was one meter long."** One meter long toilet paper for us to use for one week, each cell inmate had a piece of toilet roll, or toilet paper, or waste paper, but it was only one meter long in size, MY GOSH!!! This sounds really bad, but it's nothing, really!!! because the prison food they gave to us, there was no salt used in the foods **'Strictly No Salt,'** and all food was prepared by them boiling the food, or steaming the food. This was still okay!! The problem was? The food that they gave to us, was not enough to fill a person, it was only enough to keep us alive, or to survive, giving a little energy, but not to fill us. The good part about us getting, **'A one meter size toilet paper,'** was because no one really used the toilets so often, as the food was too little for the stomach.

I sat in the bathroom for sometime, or for a while, or for hours all by myself, I did not want company, I did not feel like talking to anyone, I felt as if I wanted to be in a dark corner and left by myself, all on my own, and by my own, in my own world of darkness. I watched so many prison movies while I was growing up, I seen how they dug holes to escape, but if I could dig that same hole, I felt like barring myself in that hole while been alive, because I was already dead, as I sat in the bathroom shower in the side corner going through my entire court case, as a rerun, or reply, to what happened to me...

My Court Case Rerun!!!!

On the morning of the **16th January 2006**, whilst I was down in the court holding cells, the state lawyer came to see me because I applied for **Legal Aid Assistance**. I did not see the private lawyer that my family organized for me, he was not around and he did not speak to me from December when they hired, or recruited him for my freedom, he did not come to see me at all, I then filled in the application form for legal aid assistance. When the state lawyer came to the holding cells, the female lawyer came to speak to me. I could not believe what the state lawyer

said to me, she said... **"MR GOVENDER, you should plea, 'guilty,' you will only get a 10 year sentence, because when you plea not guilty, then the court will give you more years, because the court will find you guilty."**

!!!!OH MY GOOD LORD!!!

Like a carton character, I could feel my heart race, as it pounded so loud, so hard, I could actually feel my heart come out of me as in a cartoon, and I looked to the side where my heart is, and I never knew this could happen in real life, I held my heart...

I then said to the state lawyer, I said... **"Madam!!! You did not even hear my story, you don't know my case, you never hear my version to what happened here, I have a five page statement for you to read here, please, please, 'Madam!!!' step down, I don't want you, I do not want you!!! Please leave my cell and go!!!"**

I could have dropped with a heart attack that moment, as if this was not bad enough, moments after this, while I was standing in the accuse box, or suspect stand, in the court room when I turned and I seen your grandparents walk into the court room, I looked straight into your granny's face, for a few seconds as I stared at your granny, OH MY GOSH!!! I only thought this happens in horror movies, I never knew it could happen in real life, as it did that morning. As I stood there staring at your granny, I began to tremble, I shook so bad, that I had to hold on to the witness box, or suspect box, which I was standing in, I was shaking with so much of fear like I have never did in my entire life for anyone before, in split seconds, my mind worked faster than any computer, my thoughts went into **'Flash Back!'**

!!!!FLASH BACK!!!!

When I first came from London to South Africa to come and get you and your mother to go back with me, your mother said that I should not worry she will come to London. Your granny!!! Told me to go and never come back again to her house, she will take you away from me, just like how I took her two daughters from her. She said I should not worry about you, because her daughters had no father, **'SO WHY SHOULD YOU HAVE A FATHER,'** even though she took her husband's best friend, they will see to you. I then flew from London to South Africa, eight times in less than six months; I even flew to London and back to South Africa in two days, just to bring my wife back to South Africa, so we could sort out our lives to what we needed to sort out for ourselves. From the time you

were four months old when I first came to see, your granny would find charges to have me arrested. She would get her family to insult me, and assault me, they hired people to kill me, they got both their family men to hit me, your granny turned so many people against me, and she made me lose so much of money each time and said I am a ***Stupid.*** When my mother and I came to see you at your granny's house, your granny would lock the gates, Or tell us you sleeping, and we disturbing you. When my mother brought clothes for you, your granny said we should take it back because we using **Muti** on the clothes, or the same thing as **'Witchcraft, Black Magic, Bewitching,'** so we must take the clothes and leave from her house. For your first birthday, your granny said that my mother could come and take you for the day, when we came to pick you up, your granny said **'NO,'** she changed her mind we must come back some other time. The worst was when your granny said... **"I am a stupid for her daughters."** Your granny said, 'she did not tell me to do everything for her daughters, they working now, so who needs me, they independent and can see to themselves.' Your granny said I wanted her daughters, so why do I speak about what I did for them. Your granny said that I did not pay for the food that I ate in her house when I went out with her daughter nine years before this. Your granny said to me... **"If you don't stay away, we will find a way to keep you away from us."** Your granny told me that I am not **'Family'** to her and to you, so **I should go and die,** because she and your step grandfather is your family, so I am wasting her time. I asked your granny if I could please have a chance to talk with both her daughters, because I am confused to what happened in our life, your granny said... **"It's not my business if they don't want you, why don't you move on like how they did, they don't love you, they have money now, you Stupid!!!"**

A few days before Christmas while I was in prison, my mother told me, that my brother, cousins, and uncle, they all went to go and plead with your granny to have me released from prison, 'they will pay her money, all I did was knock her kitchen wall, as I wanted to be with my Baby,' your granny said to them... **"I have not got my satisfaction yet in seen him suffer in prison."**

Your granny told them that she **hate me and wishes 'I DIE.'** My mother said she cried and asked your granny, **"What did my son do to you, when your daughters stayed in my house, and we seen to them, you did nothing for your own daughters for so many years, what's wrong with you, me and my son looked after your daughters, from**

getting them jobs to doing what ever we could. "Your granny told my mother, 'I am a big stupid for her daughters, it's not her fault.'

'The statement I gave to the public prosecutor is more shocking than all this written about what your granny and step grandfather had done, and did. !!!'

Just when I thought the coast was all clear from seen EVIL, and hearing Evil.

On the 4th of April 2006, while I was down in the court holding cell, waiting for my family to come from Lenasia, after I told the magistrate that my lawyer is a crook. After my family spoke to me, Or should I say after my cousin swore me, they then left from the holding cells. The lawyer was with me for a few minutes after my family left, *the lawyer told me something that changed history in my 'LIFE,'* on a morning of real 'Evil,' when I said to the lawyer, I said... **"I know what you doing, I will bring you down, you lawyers are trained to ask one question three different ways, I am naturally built to answer it back in four different ways, I will trap you, and bring you down at the end, you have no idea who I am,"**

The private lawyer said to me... **"Who are you? What are you? How do you know this? Who's telling you these things?"**

I said to the lawyer... **"I am an ordinary loving father and family man like anyone else, but I am no ordinary truck driver you messing with, you will never know who's telling me this!!!"**

The lawyer then said something, that changed everything, he said... **"Magistrates are stupid, they don't see the documents in the public prosecutors hands, I will make sure you don't talk in court, as long as I keep you behind bars, there is nothing you can do, So instead of blaming me for all this... You figure out whom in your family told me to do all this to you? You have enough time to think."**

!!!OH MY GOOD, GOOD LORD!!!

At this moment in time, I stood frozen as if I was sentenced to death. The lawyer turned around and walked away from me. I stood in a daze, as my tears were already pouring out, dripping so fast on my clothes, my eyes were filled with tears, I could not see clearly as the lawyer kept on walking away from me, I bleary seen his back, with my eyes covered in tears, I asked the lawyer one more question while he was walking away, I asked the lawyer... **"Are you a Christian?"**

The lawyer replied to me... **"Yes I am."** He then walked out from the holding cells.

I stood still for a while, not believing what I just heard at this moment from the lawyer. I stood in a daze; my tears were enough to have a shower with my own teardrops. That is how much I cried. **'I felt as if I was in a twilight zone, was I in the right world, was I dreaming, was all this a joke,'** I did not know how to feel, or what to do, or how to think at this moment in my life, I was dead inside, completely lost, and broken. My mind was in a state of confusion, all hope, direction, self-belief, courage, strength, focus; everything came to a stand still at this moment in time. I had so much of problems with my in-laws, now I had to handle this, I was not sure where to start or what to do in a prison cell. The only thing I said to myself... **"GOD" you all I have, you all who can help me here, I trust in you, please help me to be strong.**"!!

06 MAY 2006 on the morning of the 6th MAY 2006, the magistrate in **Regional One**, the magistrate seen my plea in regional two, **I pleaded guilty, and then I said I am not guilty.**

The magistrate said that I pleaded guilty to Trespassing, and on the day of the sentencing, I then changed my mind. The magistrate then asked the public prosecutor alongside of her in **'Regional One,'** to what happened in this case, the public prosecutor looked stunned and he was trembling when he seen me, because he did not have any police documents in front of him, which is the police charge document, nor did he have any **DDP Documents**, which are from the **'Director of Public Prosecutions,'** the **DDP** has to give the go ahead to prosecute me, but there was nothing there in court. There was no complainant or witnesses; there were no one I was fighting against in court, except myself. Any person could see I was in prison for no reason without any more charge against me. The public prosecutor then said to the magistrate... **"My worship, let the accused step down for a while, I will get back to the court later on, I will find out what happened in regional two, because I don't know what's going on here."**

I raised my hand to speak to the magistrate, but the magistrate said... **"I don't know what happened in regional two, you changed your plea, I don't want to hear you talk, I first need to know what is going on, so no talking, I need to see if you fit for trial."**

The magistrate then said that I should wait in the court holding cell until

the public prosecutor get's back with the information. Later on when I was called back up to the court in regional one, the public prosecutor stood there all confused and in shock, the magistrate was not yet in the court room, so I said to the public prosecutor, I said... **"Sir!! It is not the state's fault, step down and let me talk to the magistrate, you out from this, let me explain, and do not worry I won't let the state be in any problem."** When the magistrate came into the court room, I seen the partner of the crook of a lawyer, **'I found out about this lawyer and his partner in the prison, so I knew who is his partner,'** he was in court next to the public prosecutor, the partner then left from there, the public prosecutor handed over a paper to the magistrate, the magistrate then said to me... **"I need to see your family, I need to know if you fit for trail, and if you okay in your head, you might be MENTAL."**

The magistrate remanded the case for the 11th of MAY 2006.

On the morning of the 11th MAY 2006, when my mother, brother, and cousin came into the court room, my cousin did not want me to talk, she wrote a letter to the magistrate stating that I have signs of **Mental Disturbance**. MY GOSH!!! I could not say anything, because if I did, then everyone would have said, **'He is crazy,'** so I had to keep still, and quiet, my brother just kept quiet and listened to my cousin, I cannot blame my mother, because my brother tells my mother what to do, so my mum was all in shock through all this traumatizing moments for her. The public prosecutor was worried and he told my family, that he will drop charges when I go for the check up. The arresting officer from Lenasia South Police Station, he was in court with the police charge document that morning, because the public prosecutor could see that the charge docut, **'Stated, the case was withdrawn.'** My cousin wrote the letter to say I might be **'MENTAL.'** The public prosecutor was now in it as well, which means, his covering for the lawyer, holding and keeping me in prison for no reason, by the public prosecutor doing this to me? **This means the state was now in problem as well, for 'Unlawful Detention.'** After my cousin wrote out the letter to the court, the magistrate said to me... **"MR 'GOVENDER,' you should go for a Mental check up, to see if you fit for trail, it seem that you cannot make a clear decision to your plea and acceptance, To the verdict given from a court, I need to see medical reports for your evaluation. You will be sent to 'Strekfontein Hospital,' you will be there for a thirty day observation, if the hospital feels you are sick and they find you ill, you can be there as long as they feel you safe to be out**

in society again. You will have to wait until a bed is available at the hospital, until then, you will be kept in Correctional Service."

!!!!OH MY GOOD LORD!!!! – I could not believe what I just heard at this moment in time, I had to go back to, **"Prison" Again!!!**

In the same building, my other court case was in a court called, **'A COURT,'** this is a court, which is known as a low court. I had a charge of damage to property, (MIP) for breaking all your step grandfather's car windows and a kitchen window, sometime early in 2005. Everything written in my statement given to the public prosecutor in **Regional Two** on the **16th of January 2006**, also explaining about my reason for the charge in the case that was in **A COURT**. I pleaded guilty for breaking the windows in **A COURT**, but the magistrate said that I should get a lawyer to finalize the case because even though I can represent myself, and I pleaded guilty, I should get myself a lawyer because I am innocent. On the same morning on the **11th May 2006**, I was sent to **'A COURT.'** When the magistrate seen me, the magistrate heard the public prosecutor say to the court... **"My honourable, we pull back the warrant of arrest, issued out for the suspect."**

The magistrate said to the public prosecutor... **"Why are you issuing out a warrant of arrest for him, when he is in police custody, how can a warrant be issued when the state know he is kept in prison."**

The public prosecutor said... **"I don't know my honourable."**

The magistrate then asked me... **"Why is your lawyer remanding this case for so long, all he has to do, is finalize this and it's over with, this case is going on From early 2005, and it's May 2006 now!!! Where is your lawyer, I have not seen him in court, he keeps remanding this case without been in court."** **"What no one would have understood, but I followed the lawyers every step he made in this cases.**

The lawyer was using the case in 'A COURT,' to keep bringing me back to court, because it is a legit charge which still showed and appeared at the police station. The charge in 'Regional Two,' is withdrawn, so there was no way the lawyer could call the complainant back to 'Regional One' court, which is your granny and step-grandfather, so by them coming to court for 'A COURT'S' case, they can also come to regional one, as if it's a real case in 'Regional One'..... 'I hope you follow and understand me so far?'

The lawyer wanted the damage money to be paid into his banking

account, so which means the lawyer wanted the 'sixty thousand rand' for himself, or, with whom ever was involved in this fraud and perjury situation."

It was time for me to go over everyone in my family, and in-laws, to find the people involved in this?

21 May 2006

The magistrate in regional court one, the magistrate called me back to court on the 21st of **MAY 2006**, and I was told that I should still wait for a bed, a bed should be Available in '**November 2006**', I was to be kept in correctional service until then. I was then sent back to "**Prison.**"

Prison

Going back to prison each time, was as if there was some hold on me not to leave this place. When someone was set free from prison, it is called, '**One Escape,**' when someone felt sick in prison, it is called, '**One Condemn,**' when someone went to the prison hospital, it is called, '**One Scrap Yard,**' if someone did not listen and was punished for the orders given, but was not done right, it is called, '**Seven Day Struff.**'

Mentally I could have gone into emotional depression, as to what was happening in my life. I needed answers to my life, I needed to know what was going on in my life, and why was everyone turned against me, first my wife, then your mother, then the lawyer, I was not sure how to feel, or what to believe, and what was I to do? Whenever I could get a chance to use the prison phone from the prison telephone boot, after standing in a long line waiting for hours to get to a phone, because there were many prisoners waiting in line for the telephones, and to use a phone is a privilege in prison, not '**A Right.**' I could use a phone with many others now, because I was now long in prison, so if we long in prison while awaiting trial, we called, '**Old Stock,**' or '**Madala Stock.**'

I would phone your mother, but your mother kept banging the phone down on me, or she would say... "**I have moved on, leave me alone, goodbye!!!**"

My wife never phoned at all, I managed to phone to London, and I got hold of her in London one day, my wife said to me... "**is someone sleeping with you yet, I have moved on, you should be someone's wife there, I have enough money now, you should have shot yourself when I told you to.**"

!!!OH MY GOOD LORD!!!!

I could not believe these are two girls that claimed that they loved me at one stage. I never meant to fall in love with my wife's sister, have a baby with my wife's sister, but I LOVE HER. Whenever I phoned my brother, he would say to me... "You must see what you can do now, we got you a lawyer, who said you must say he is a crook, so it's not my business, I can't do nothing now!!!"

When I phoned my eldest cousin he would say... "We got you three lawyers already, I can't help you anymore now, we wasting money on you."

When I phoned my eldest cousin's youngest brother he would say... "I can't do anything, what can I do, we did our best, but I will see what to do."

When I phoned the Lenasia South Police Station, I would ask for a suspect kept in Leeuhof Prison, in police custody for Attempted Murder, or Trespassing, or Housebreaking. His name is KUMARIN GOVENDER. The police would say... "What are you talking about, we don't have anyone in police custody for these charges, and there is only one charge for 'MR K GOVENDER,' it's MIP, for windows."

My brother, nor my cousins, no one wanted to help me to bring a lawyer to the prison, or to get any lawyer again. Whenever I phoned my eldest cousin, I spoke to the pastor, he is my eldest cousin's good friend, the pastor is a Reverent now, he became a reverent while I was in prison, the pastor is well known in Lenasia, and the pastor know my mother very well, the pastor grew up with my mother. Even though he is a reverent I still call the reverent, 'Pastor.' I asked the pastor to please come to the prison to come and see me, I have a lot to explain to him and to tell him, because only pastors and lawyers could come inside the prison to the waiting or visiting area. The pastor said to me... "Yes I will come and see you," – but the pastor did not come at all to even visit me, not once... 'Oh please excuse me!!! I mean the Reverent.'

My eldest cousin, he would send money into the prison shop account for me, so at least this helped me a lot in prison. There was a small shop in the prison, where we could buy from a 'Pigeon Hole,' we could get biscuits, and chocolates, bake beans, and tin fish. After what happened in court with the crook of a lawyer, no one really bothered about me anymore, because it was said, 'That it's my bed now, so I should sleep in the bed that I made.' My mother told me on visiting days, 'That a

lot of my family members gave money to my cousin who organized the lawyer, and everyone tried their best for me.' I know it must have cost everyone a lot of money for me, but what was I suppose to do, when no one listened to me. My mother did not know what to do to help me, because of my brother who always told my mother what to do, but my mother kept sending food every Thursday with my brother, because from Lenasia to the prison is far, and my brother has his own work to do, while my mother went to the school for work everyday. While I was in cell twelve, I spent most of my time drawing, and writing to you. I was called back to court on the 17 July 2006.

On the 14th of July 2006, when I got to 'A COURT,' the magistrate seen the same thing again, a warrant of arrest was issued out for me, the magistrate said that the public prosecutor will look into this matter. I handed over a letter to the magistrate in 'A COURT,' the magistrate said that she will talk to the magistrate in 'Regional One' to find out what's happening. I was sent back to prison again, when I was down in the holding cells, I seen the partner of the crook of a lawyer, he was giving money to the court holding cell policemen, he gave them money in front of me and thought nothing about it. I said to the court holding cell policemen, I said... *"I am writing you all down, I will prove what you corrupt officers are doing to us, with the private lawyers."* The prison wardens in the reception area, they were in it as well.

While lying on my bed in the cell, I thought about some things, and went through my life for a while!!!!

!!!!FLASH BACK!!!!

When my brother and I were in primary school, my father made a school project for the two of us to give it to the school. I am one year and eight months older than my brother, so I was in charge of the project, seen that I was in a higher standard or grade, I was in standard four, 'grade six,' and my brother was in standard three.

My Father made a project out of clay, the project had, 'A White Man, A Brown Man, and A Black Man,' each of this man had one of their arm's holding a sign together, stating *"united we stand, divided we fall."*

I realized that united we stand divided we fall, this is not only amongst nations, it is amongst and between family and friends as well, this is where it all starts from. All my life I try to live to what my father and mother thought us. My father was an intelligent person who just never had enough money, but my father's teaching is all that I follow, as I

know my father was a good man, while he lived his life. What my father thought others, is what my father thought my brother and me, so I will follow my father's teaching!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

My Time spent in prison over the months

By reading the **Bible** it keeps me to be sane. All **"GOD'S"** people, will suffer as long as they do good, as long as they walk the right path, this is all I kept telling myself, because I know, **"JESUS CHRIST" suffered, but Jesus is a true winner at the end**, so who am I to give up, when **'JESUS'** teaches us to carry on. The Bible say, **'An innocent man will be thrown into prison and will be left there to suffer, because of the 'DEVIL,' who wants him to suffer.'**

I carried on going from cell to cell, I would sit the entire day in each cell, and I would speak to the cell inmates. I went around **'C SECTION,'** I spoke to them about family life, work, business, true friends, brothers, sisters, how we should be united and stop killing, robbing, and so much more of what criminals do, which is not an easy thing to get the message across, when some of these criminals find pleasure in what they do.

In every home, we watch news on television, we read newspapers, we hear stories, we see certain things happening, and we have a fright when acknowledging all this. Not a news reporter, or a journalist, could hear the true stories like how I heard it, **'from the men them self who did, and done these things'** that we read about, and watch on television. From murderers, hijackers, armed robbers, kidnappers, rapists, all the worst of criminals, we were all sitting in one place, while they spoke about what they do, and did. A serial killer, he would tell us how he find pleasure in killing his victims, or a hijacker, boasting about how he killed people while stealing a vehicle, a house robber who laughs when he tells us how he shot a child dead, just to get the parents to open the safe, to give the money. I can carry on giving you more stories I heard, but it makes my stomach turn, the same like when I first heard it, I felt sick inside afterwards. There were times when I blocked my ears because I could not hear this. I heard stories of every kind, which I could not believe it really could happen in real life. When they spoke about the **'Outside World,'** it seemed as if they spoke about a world outside of planet earth, because it was too hard to believe human beings can do this to other humans. I sat next to a man, who was sitting in prison for half of his life, and he was sixty two years old now, he cut a man's stomach open a few years before this, for a **'R1 – One Rand,'** this man could cut a human being's stomach, because the man swallowed the 'one rand' and

did not want to give the money to the old man. After cutting the man's stomach, he then chopped, or cut the man into pieces whilst he was in the prison cell. He spent the entire night cutting the man into pieces until the next morning, before counting time, when the man tried to get rid of the dead man's head, there was no time to cut his head into pieces, because the wardens came in, the toilets had so much of flushing power, that the dead man was flushed down the toilet, but the man was caught because he still had the dead man's head stuck in the toilet widow. The prison's toilets flushing system was less pressured after this. Everyday after four o'clock PM, the main cell door is locked up, all the prison wardens leave from the prison, this is the time, drugs, beating, raping, everything begins, because no one can Help, or do anything in a cell, after lock up time, which is called, 'Master Time.'

I thought the men that a '**Bible and Quran,**' is not some magic weapon for them to get out of prison, and go back to the streets doing the same thing, they did before. In every cell I left a prayer what I wrote for them...

My prayer

Dear lord up above the skies... please answer our cries... may it be for peace... may it be for harmony... may it be for prosperity... whatever is our cry... please don't make us feel like we rather die... for dear lord, so many innocent people are suffering... the DEVIL is giving us no chance to prove our innocence... Oh lord Almighty, you are the creator of this world... help us innocent people to destroy the DEVIL'S workers... for so many of us dear lord... want to be children of "GOD"... I promise to start my day... and end my day... by you guiding my way... which I know is the right way... and the only way... that will save my day... AMEN

As days were going by, weeks passing, months dragging to get to November, I was writing down everything what was going on in prison. The prison warden heard **about the book what I am writing to you**, he then confiscated the book from me. It took me two weeks but I finally got it back, because I did not write anything, or draw anything, bringing any conflict about the prison itself.

In prison the inmates use a number form, and not called by their names, they use numbers like, '**26, 28, 27, Big Five,**' there is still a few more, but I am not interested in a number, because I told them I am

'GOVENDER.' In cell number nineteen, I was giving a talk one day, when a guy, or an inmate, or a hijacker, he asked me to choose a number, because without a number they won't listen to me, I said to the guy... **"My mother named me KUMARIN GOVENDER, did your mother name you '26,' when you were born".**

Everyone laughed in the cell, and the guy said to me... **"Why do you speak to us without fear, you speak as if you know us, you go around this C SECTION, and I hear about you, but you the only Indian here, and you not scared for anyone, why?"**

I answered the guy, I said... **"Well firstly, if you have a mother-in-law like what I have, then you won't fear no one after that."**

Everyone laughed again, even though I am serious in what I said, because no one made me tremble like my mother-in-law did on the 16th, gosh I will not forget that day. The guy then said... **"Please give me an answer."**

I said... **"We are all not perfect in life, we make mistakes, we do wrong, we do bad, I fear for the punishment that I will receive someday for my wrong, and bad doings, but I fear not, when I speak from my heart to you all, for we are all children of "GOD," and "GOD" loves all of us, if anyone of you want to hurt me, or kill me, for teaching what I can from my heart, then so be it, but I don't know how to hate someone, because "GOD" IS LOVE, AND LOVE IS POWER, THE POWER OF LOVE, IS THE POWER OF "GOD," so I fear only "GOD," if I don't do what is asked from me."**

The guy then said... **"OKAY!!! Choose a number."**

I said to the guy... **"I choose number nine (9)."**

The guy said... **"But there is no number nine '9,' What is number 9?"**

I said... **"Number nine (9) is my own number, it means, MAN OF "GOD"..., My Friend."**

I gained respect in prison, I was called, **'Charmer Boy, Pretty Boy, Teacher, Master, 'MR GOVENDER,' Boss Man, Big Show, Government, Gov-Gov, Lawyer Man,** not because I was some big fighter or some bully, it was all about teaching what's right, as I left a beautiful cross, I made for each cell, I made it from soap and cardboard, But from the love, of **"GOD'S"** golden heart. **As number – (9) man**

of **"GOD,"** They then called me **'General,'** for making peace, as a peacemaker.

I carried on having faith, and keeping the faith, knowing I am innocent, this thought in mind kept me believing in myself. I knew when I am out of prison; I would be with my mother, while I do my best to have you in my life. Maybe it was too late for me to have love, in my love life, because who I thought had loved me, I was not sure anymore, but been back at my mother's house was all that mattered. In prison when someone don't come and visit a person, the feeling in heart got to us so bad, that some would say, **'They will kill their Families, or Friends, Mothers, Fathers,'** whoever may it be, who did not come to visit them, a criminal mind would show from, and in them. The cell inmates spoke about the one's who came to see us, the feeling in my heart was sad, as other inmates had their wives and girlfriends coming to visit them, but your mother and my wife, they never bothered if I was dead in prison or alive. It's not easy to forget the past memories of the years we spent together, but how could they just turn against me in such a quick time, I was not sure, because we were close, we had so much to talk about in our life, this was more punishing to me than it looks. Many of my family members did not come and see me at all. When my brother came to the prison on Thursdays, he would tell me straight out, **'That he is not interested in my case and what I have to say, he is only bringing the food that my mother sent him with.'**

I could not wait to go to the hospital and prove what happened to me. I would get my medical report and go to the court and explain, and prove my innocence, and to bring down all the corrupt people of law. Most importantly I could not wait to be back at home with my mother, because on the **6th of June 2006**, a date I will never forget in my life, it was the **06/06/2006**, the Bible talks about the **'666'** mark, the sign of the beast, when my brother came to the prison on this day, on this date, my brother said to me, **'That our mother came from the doctor, and my mother, got Cancer.'**

At this moment in time, I felt so guilty for I knew, I caused my mother to stress about me been in prison. There was nothing I could do, except to face the days and to wait for the face of the truth, If anything had to happen to my mother, it would have been all my fault, for my mother, who means everything to me, for the love, the patience, the effort my mother put in for caring, and protecting me and others, sharing comes from caring, and caring grows to loving, that makes someone,

'Indispensable.'

20 September 2006

During the months of winter, it was unbearable, the cold coming into a prison cell, which is concreted from ceiling to floors, and windows that have thick steel bars as blinds, facing up to the sky, made it feel like an air conditioner turned on, remaining on in winter, making me freeze without heaters in the cell. I curled myself when I slept, with one thin blanket, so I could retain body heat. One good part about winter, there were no more bed bugs biting me every night, and the insects vanished in winter, but the worst part of winter, is cell inmates smoking more, so **'TB,'** which is **'Tuberculosis,'** many of the cell inmates had to be taken to the hospital for treatment because of this. I made sure my shaving blade that they gave to us once in two weeks; I kept my blade very safe with me, and near me, because **Aids** can be spread so quickly and easily in prison. When new prisoners came into the cells, there were many times, when inmates were raped really bad in other cells, as we heard their cries and screams at night, mostly younger boys were raped. I only thought it happens in movies, but the true version in real life, is more frightening than any movie. The young boys were too afraid to speak out, or to tell the prison wardens about it, because their lives were in danger if anything had to be spoken out. So many months that passed by, **C SECTION** was getting to me, been locked up in a cell all the time, even though I went to other cells, I had to be locked in; this was the worst of making my body really stiff and numb. During this time, I made an outfit from my old jeans and **'T shirts.'** I designed my own style in fashion wear, taking me one week to create and make, as I asked the cell inmates for their cotton from the blankets, which I paid them by giving them cigarettes, and tobacco. The cell inmates were shocked to see me cut up my clothes, but when I joined and stitched everything together, the **'Head Of Prison'** he called me to the middle of the prison; I stood in the middle of **'C SECTION,'** and the entire prison clapped hands for me, as they seen this new design of a jean, and top, with bangles, badges, earrings, a neckband with a cross, with frills and tassels, all matching with the jean material, which is all over from top to bottom, **making it the first in the world,** with badges that is the first to be made from a prison cell in how I designed it. I stood in the center of the prison **'C SECTION,'** wearing my outfit.

I took time in designing it; I wore it with dignity, and pride, without a

sowing machine, or proper cotton, and by using a shaving blade to cut the material, so I am proud for my great effort in what I have made. **'I have this outfit with me.'** **'The Wardens said...I am an Inventor.'**

My story to why I drove the truck in the house was going around the prison, as the inmates heard I was fighting for my child, and not with my child, or against my child, so they respected me for been a **'Father.'** The head of the prison, he called me to his office, the head of prison asked me... **"Why are you here, what do you do outside of prison as a profession, you seem to be good at many things in prison, you create, and make the most beautiful gifts, and sculptures, you speak sense to all."**

I replied to the head of prison who is in charge of the entire prison, I said... ***"SIR, I am here for doing something for my child, but that will soon be clear, I am in prison for a charge that do not exist no more, but right now my story is so far fetched, 'Ripley's – believe it or not,' they won't even believe it. As far as my profession is concern, I am in the transport business as a transporter, I deal with trucks, but I also drive these trucks, which are huge trucks known as eighteen '18' wheelers. It's not a profession, but I enjoy doing this with a passion, so I enjoy it as an occupation, I get a satisfaction, as long as I have direction, but this don't mean there is a limit to education, as knowledge, my father always told us, don't be lazy to learn, and nothing that is man made, should beat me, except what is "GOD'S" creation."***

The head of prison then said to me... **"You don't deserve to be in this place, I am doing my job, I hope others will learn from a man like you, don't worry no one will hurt you here, I am also human, but there are real criminals in here, that do bad things to people, they come back here for the second and third time, they don't learn, some get free food, free place to stay, and live off tax payers money, I hope you all the best in life, good luck."**

After a few weeks from then, I was sent to the prison hospital, the prison hospital is the neatest area in the entire prison, called **'A SECTION.'** The wardens saw my hospital **'ECG'** files, regarding my heart condition, so they kept me in the hospital section for a while. It felt great, I got some excise in a five by five square meter prison yard, where we were left free to sit and walk in. a few inmates were in the hospital.

The hospital section felt much better to be in, but the fact was? I was still in prison and that's the worst part of emotion focus to deal with.

The new cell inmates that came in, they had to weigh themselves first before going to the cells, or the inmates that were coming from court after getting their sentences, they had to first have themselves weighed. I could not believe the sentences the men received, from ten years, to eighty years, MY GOSH!! This is a heart dropper, 'Hook Line and Sinker,' to hear from the inmates.

19 October 2006

On the morning of the **19th October 2006**, I was called to 'A COURT,' the magistrate said that I should have my lawyer in court, or I should close the case myself, I said to the magistrate, I said... **"Honourable, I do not have a lawyer anymore, the lawyer from my other case, he had to step down so he is no longer my lawyer, the letter I gave to you will explain what happened, but in this case, I plea guilty and I except the consequences."**

The magistrate then said to me... **"I gave the letter to the magistrate in regional one, she said she will speak to you about it, in this case you except that you guilty for breaking the windows, you hereby have a suspended sentence of five years, if you break or damage anyone's property, you will be imprisoned after that, if you willing, you may pay a fine of six thousand rand."**

I accepted the suspended sentence, I was then sent to 'Regional One.' The magistrate in regional one said to me... **"I have read your letter, when you come back from your Mental Evaluation, then only you can speak, and I will listen to you, until then, you remain in police custody."**

10 November 2006

On the morning of the **10th November 2006**, I was taken back to **Regional Court One**, the magistrate said to me... **"Your bed is available, you will be observed, and tested, your medial report will come back to let me know if you fit for trial, if you mentally ill, you will be kept longer than thirty days in the hospital, you will be taken now to Strekfontein Hospital."**

Strekfontein hospital.

On the morning of the **10th November 2006**, I was taken to the hospital, when I arrived to the hospital; the doctor in the reception area interviewed me first. My arresting officer from Lenasia South Police Station, he

drove me to the hospital, he sat next to me while I was been admitted for **Attempted Murder**,

The detective had the police docut with him, 'There is no **Trespassing charge**,' and I was admitted for '**ATT Murder**,' The doctor asked me... "**What is your name, date of birth, and the date today please.**"

When I answered all three of this, the doctor said... "**But you seem fine for trail, anyway the tests will show us, you can go in now, I will show you your room.**"

I arrived on a Friday morning; I was taken to a single room because I had to be checked out first, '**If I am a rough person to break the doors, and windows, cut my self, or any signs of mental disturbance.**' The room was a dark room with no lights, a size of two by two-square meters. I spent the night in the room, with no toilet or tapes, only a plain room. The next morning I was taken to a hospital bed in the hospital ward. I was taken to ward fourteen and I was not sure what to expect, as it is a hospital for people who have mental problem. **Whom do I speak to, or what to say and do, if someone acted all crazy on me, I did not know?** I was facing a lot of unknown fear that I have never experienced before, but courage was I gaining, as I went through it. The relief of been out from prison, **this is "VICTORY," on its own for me;** any place beats a cell of a prison. The food they gave in the hospital was the same.

As the food given in any local government hospital, so in this field, '**I was like wow!!! It was good for me, compared to prison, anytime!!**' On a weekend there were no doctors, or psychiatrist, or psychologist on duty, the only time for our interviews or inspections, was on weekdays, '**No one works on weekends in the hospital.**' I couldn't sit one place, not after the '**ONE YEAR**' that I was in a cell all the time, so I walked around, but the worst part about been in a psychiatric ward, a person won't know how to talk, walk, sit, move our bodies, making hand actions, eat, our head actions, movements, everything is been observed by the nursing staff. They keep everyone under observation, the charts, or sheets, are then given to the doctors to follow up on our assessment. Every word must be carefully thought about before spoken, one wrong word, can be one extra year of assessment. Any patient would be afraid to speak to the nursing staff, because we will not know if they might find us crazy. The worst thing to do in a mental hospital is to sit on your own, without speaking to anyone, for two reasons, **firstly!! This is a sign of depression, and some disturbance, so the nursing staff will write all this down, secondly!! A person can go totally insane believing there**

is something wrong with us, by the mind playing tricks on us, if we sit alone and be all by ourselves. Been out of prison felt like heaven for me, but the fact that I was in so much of a mess in my life, and all the problems I was facing, my face could show it, and I wondered if I was really crazy, was I really going insane? If I had to go and talk about my wife, her sister, and my mother-in-law, OH MY GOSH!!! A psychiatrist would have really kept me in for years. I could not talk about this to them, they would have said I am **'MAD.'**

Over the weekend I spent time with some of the patients, and I spoke to them, some of them could not make any conversation, if not I would have been confused, because they had a serious memory loss. It is sad to see how some intelligent men, and boys, are in a **Mental Hospital**, because of **'Over Studying,'** their brain could not take it, because of not relaxing the brain, or not giving the brain a chance to relax from registering to what was studied. **'The more we study the more we learn, the more we learn, the less we will remember at the end.'** We have to know how to take one-step at a time to capture and to store in the brain. To me...

"Knowledge is power; the power of knowledge is the power of "GOD."

'When you take a computer and store new data in its memory bank, the computer can only take a certain amount of data, then it would be... 'Memory full.' Almost every new cell phone does same, it even tells you when the memory is full, so our brain works the same way, if we over load our brain, it Can jam the same as how a computer does.'

In many cases most of these men, they were there not because of them been mental from birth, it was because of them going through some sort of problem, mostly emotional abuse, trauma, and mentally tormenting, that made them like this. Some of them came to the hospital acting crazy, only to get a lighter sentence in their court case, but an observation will pick up everything. There are wards for women as well, **"Infect, there were more women than men in the hospital,"** because I asked the nursing staff questions about everything. They told me that women... **Are facing emotional abuse, physical, verbally, or verbal, assaults, so many different types of abuse, and it's because of 'EVIL' in some men that do this to innocent, young and elder women.** There is a lot I have learnt from the hospital, because I sat with the nursing staff most of the time, and they could hear when I speak, I am not crazy. **'With proper questions asked, proper answers will be given, always keep that in mind!!!'**

I learnt a lot about the human brain, from functions to operations. I know I am not wrong, because I follow my parents teachings, so I am not... Crazy!!!!!!!!!!!!

14 November 2006

On the morning of the 13th November 2006, I was called to the psychiatrist office, when I entered, the nervousness and confusion was on my face. I said to my self as I entered the office, I said... ***"GOD," 'JESUS CHRIST,' is not mad when ' JESUS' spoke to people, but people crucified' JESUS,' please "GOD," help me through this moment to answer, as JESUS said... 'My speech will come from your very own mouth, as long as you have me in your heart'..... AMEN"***

The psychiatrist asked me to sit down, I pulled the chair out, I then sat down. The first question asked to me, from the psychiatrist... **"What's your name, age, address, and when was your last time you were in an accused box for trail."**

I said to the psychiatrist... ***"I am KUMARIN GOVENDER, thirty two years old, I live in Lenasia Extension Thirteen, and I was in the accused box on trail, or for trail, last month on the 19th of October 2006, to which I pleaded guilty, and I am out on a suspended sentence for five years, so I can't go around and break anyone's windows, doctor."***

The psychiatrist then asked me about the case and what did I do. I explained everything to the psychiatrist, however, I did not talk much about the lawyer, **because this could have jeopardized my freedom.** The psychiatrist who is the head of the psychiatric wards, higher than a psychologist, because a psychiatrist has the authority and authorization to prescribe medication to, or for a patient, the psychiatrist then asked me... **"What is in your big plastic bag."**

I said to the psychiatrist... **"Doctor!!! This is what I made for my daughter, nieces, nephews, and children in my neighbourhood."** I then took out everything, from picture frames, jewellery boxes, Christmas trees, television sets, gift cards, sculptures, **'My Special Designer Outfit,'** small charms, and poetry writing on frames, made out from cardboard, soap, plastic, coke bottles, match sticks, match boxes, paper, and toothpaste. I then took a picture frame that has a picture of the **'Sunrise to Sunset,'** I handed it over to the psychiatrist, I said... **"For you Doctor."** While the psychiatrist was looking at her new picture

frame, I then took out the book that I am writing to you, I showed the book to the psychiatrist, I said... **"Doctor, have a look at this book, you will find some poetry writing, and plenty of words that can explain a lot to you, if you have the time to read it. Here are a lot of drawings that took me hours to draw to my daughter, and nieces, so please take note, if I am intelligent enough to remember so much, why can't I be fit for one trial, to which I drove a truck into a house, that belongs to my in-laws."**

The psychiatrist then asked me, she said... **"Do you perhaps know anything about medicine?"**

I replied... **"No doctor, why do you ask me this?"**

The psychiatrist said... ***"It seems like you know everything else, I wondered if you know about medicine, you an intelligent person, and yes you can go back for your trial, uhm mmmmm , !!!MR GOVENDER!!!"***

The head psychiatrist said to me, 'I did not have to be there for a thirty day observation, as there was no more a need for a further assessment, all analysis is clear and fit for trial, with no medication or treatment or any other further psychologist, and psychiatrist submission to my observation for the application to my discharge, for fitness to a trial or dismissal,' ***in other wards, I was discharged.***

I then got up from my chair, and I pushed the chair back in again, because the first sign to memory loss, would have been the chair, **"To see if I forgot to push it back in."**

16 November 2006

On the morning of the **15th November 2006**, I was sent back to court to stand my trial. The same arresting officer or the same detective drove me back to the court, in the car I said to the detective or my arresting officer, I said... **"I was discharged on the 13th why did you come today to pick me up, see I told you am not mad sir!! That's why I gave myself to the police, when I handed my self over to the police, and yet you officers treat me like this."**

Wow, wow, wow, wow, the feeling of freedom was here, it was here, I could not wait to get back to court. My mother, my family, my friends, I longed everyone so much, **as if I just awoken from the dead.**

When I arrived to the court room in **'Regional One,'** the public prosecutor, he took the medical report from the detective, and the public

prosecutor said to the magistrate... "My worship, the case is remanded for the 17th November 2006, the accused can be in police custody until then."

The magistrate then said to me... "You must come back on the 17th November 2006, we will get the facts and have the reports ready for court, until then, you will remain in police custody, in Correctional Service."

!!!!!! OH MY GOOD, GOOD LORD!!!!!!

I was sent back to Prison.

When I arrived to the prison, I held and kept my old card of 'Attempted Murder' safe with me, because the prison gives us a card with a number on it, as our "Prison Identity Card."

When I was taken into the reception area, we had to take our finger prints and the entire process again, but this time, I knew everything, and I know prison life, so I was not afraid as I know, "GOD" protected me so far, as it is said... "if "GOD" is for you, and with you, then who can be against you."in my situation, so many were against me at this moment, my prison cards would prove it. I was given or issued a new prison card stating, 'Housebreaking.' This people just did not give up in their fraud and perjury, as if it is some joke they are playing with people's lives, From Attempted Murder, to Trespassing, now to 'Housebreaking,' as if I am a thief, burglar, robber, and 'housebreaking' means theft.

I spoke to the prison wardens, to send me to the hospital section, they checked on my prison card when I would go back to court, they then agreed, and I was sent to the hospital.

Whilst I was in the prison hospital, *I wrote a Message for All Children.....*

"For every time you waste food... think of the time I prayed for food... for every time you not happy with what you got... think of the time I was in prison and how I cried a lot... for every time you choose what to eat... think of the one slice of bread, that meant more to me, than a piece of meat... for every time you cry for more... think of the time I prayed for a little... for every time your heart gets sore and cry for something better... think of the time I was writing this letter... for every time you lose faith in life... think of the time I had no life... for every time

you go through a little pain... think of the time how I suffered to gain... for every time you gain and still don't feel the same... go back in time and feel my pain... for every time you want to hate... think of the time I fought for love... for every time you feel down... think of the time I was down... I want you to remember... 'MONEY,' is nothing as the love, for a family member."

"Prison is no place to be, crime don't pay... you will lay... you won't see a new day... you will feel dead in every way... honest 'Money,' is the best to stay... to enjoy everyday... be blessed, IS WHAT I SAY..."

A Message I wrote for the World

"Ashes to ashes... dust to dust... from stone to stone... we were once not alone... this is how we started... but this never lasted... from the stone age world, that brought us to the modernize world... we once started as brother and sister... but ended up not even caring about our own brother and sister... we advanced in our thinking... but backwards in our thoughts... we all have different believes... but everyone care about their own needs... 'JESUS CHRIST' suffered for our wants... for all "GOD" wants... is how we once started, as brother and sister... ashes to ashes... dust to dust... may this message take us back to the past... for us all to know how to last... from leaders to its people, from every nation... "GOD" see us all as one population... to all nations, "GOD" loves his creation, on "GOD'S" planet, as one NATION."

19 November 2006

On the morning of the 17th November 2006, I went back to **Regional Court One**, for the trial of 'Trespassing.' I stood in the accused box, with so much of pain for what the lawyer and my in-laws put me through. I could not wait to explain to the magistrate about what happened here. As I stood waiting in a panic, but in an anxious way, **because I know everyone who is involved in this fraud and perjury**, together with everyone who is the accomplice in this? I had enough time to find every answer I needed, as "GOD" took me through the years, and months, of truth. I was counting on one thing though?

On the morning of the 10th November 2006, I gave my brother a letter which I wrote to the head of public prosecutions, My brother followed

us to the hospital; I then gave him the letter before I was admitted. I remember the crook of a lawyer, **'When he said to me, that he will make sure I don't talk in court,'** I knew this lawyer for sure was going to do something to the medical reports, this is why the public prosecutor sent me back to prison for the two days, so the lawyer could make his own report, by forging the entire letter, this is why they sent me back to the prison, to give him time to do this. I only hoped my brother gave the letter to the head of **'DPP,' Director of Public Prosecutions!!!**

When the magistrate came into the courtroom, the public prosecutor handed over a medical report to the magistrate. A **Legal Aid Lawyer** was standing in court as well, pretending as if she was my lawyer, she was standing with a medical report in her hand, I could not say anything, because I had to wait for clearance, or the go ahead to speak in court. The legal aid lawyer handed over the report, The magistrate then said to me... **"MR GOVENDER!! Your report says, you are 'MENTALLY ILL,' and you cannot stand trial, you must go to a nearby hospital as an involuntary patient, as you are not well, the case of 'Trespassing,' still stands open."**

!!!!OH MY GOOD LORD!!!!

The magistrate then said... **"You will go to Kopanorg hospital,"**

I stood in the accused box, suspect box, witness box, testimony box, freedom of speech box, no matter what's it called, and as I stood in the box, feeling as if I was placed in a box, going under ground. I felt all dignity, pride, self-respect, was all gone in this moment in time, but worst of all emotions, my innocence, my explanation for what I had done with the truck, everything was lost and gone, as my word was just an echo to myself. No one listened to me, or heard me, not even a pastor who I thought could have helped me, but instead, the pastor did not come at all to see me, is this what a **Reverent** is all about as a true man of **"GOD."** – **When the magistrate got up and left from her magistrate seat, the public prosecutor, he looked at me what such a broad and delightful smile, as if he had just won a lotto, he grinned at me with a blush on his face, that was to tell me, 'I got you MR GOVENDER.'** I could not say a word; I could not say anything at all, the only thing I wanted was, **'to be home with my Mummy.....'**

Kopanorg hospital

On the morning of the **17th November 2006**, after leaving the courtroom, the investigating officer, or the detective, or arresting officer, the

detective drove me to the hospital. Each time I was sent somewhere, the detective drove me, if I was in police custody, the state from the court was supposed to drive me, but no one would listen to me about anything; your grandparents were never in court for all the 'Trespassing' trails, or the case. My brother followed the detective to the hospital, they sat with me in the hospital while I had to be admitted, 'and I am a state patient in the courts eye.'

Minutes passed; I was soon seen by the receptionist in the hospital ward where mentally effected people were. The detective and my brother, they had to leave, and I was in, **as an Involuntary Patient, meaning... 'I was forced to be here.'**

In a few hours time, the doctor came in to see me or to interview me, when the doctor came in; the doctor said that I should sit on the bench in the ward. The doctor looked at my medical report, she then said... **"Why is all the patients brought here after their court cases, I have seen to so many patients in this few months, why can't you remain in the hospital where you come from, I have to bring this up to our notice board, I have to see to patients I don't know, and who is coming from a 'Prison,' each time!!!"**

'With these words the doctor said to me, it proved to me? I was not the only one in this situation, as a victim, because I can recall all the other prisoners I spoke to, and spoke with in prison, there were many of them with 'J7s' which were forged, while they were been held in awaiting trail for over six years, been fed and looked after, or taken care of by the prison, which means?

****The working class people who work everyday, and while their salaries are been less each month, with so much of tax been paid, or deducted, this is what people of law is doing with tax payers money, I was eating the prison's food, so which means, a tax payer was feeding me for the year, all for nothing, while this men of law take things as a joke, or we just sheep to them, or cattle, not forgetting families that lose so much of money, because of law officials that,, 'Defeat The Ends Of Justice,' by Abusing the Criminal Justice System.****

The doctor then admitted me; it was time for my check up, or tests.

The doctor said to the nurse... **"Bring some medication, it's on the tray in the dispensary, here is the pills to bring, give MR GOVENDER!! Two pills for his illness."**

!!!OH MY GOOD LORD!!!

When I heard this, I started to run around all over the place, I began screaming and shouting..., “NO! NO!! NO!!!! NO!!!!!!” ... the doctor then said... “If you going to carry on like this, we going to strap you down, you mentally ill, we will help you.”.....

I said... “What!!!! What!!!! *Mental!!!!*”

Do I look Mental toooooo you!!! Do I look *Mental!!!!*” as I was running aroundknocking the beds over, I was running to the window, I could not take this any more, no more!! I just wanted to go home, this was it, and this was it!!! I wanted to jump out through the window, and run away from this people, the whole lot of them, I was sick of thisnonsense.

The doctor then said... “MR GOVENDER!!! We going to strap you down, I am calling security now to hold you down!!!”

At that moment, I calmed down, firstly because the windows were sealed, and secondly, I did not want prison life again. The doctor said to me... “Take the pills, it’s light, it won’t do anything to you really, it’s to calm you down, and to relax you, see how you were performing just now”.

I said to the doctor... “NO!!!! Doctor!! I will do as you say without medication, really!! It’s you people that are doing this to me, really!!! I am not mental; this letter is false, really!!!” – The doctor then went to go and phone my brother, when my brother was on the line, the doctor called me to the phone; I then took the phone receiver, and my brother said to me... “MARLEN!! Just take your medication, you will come home after that, just do as she say, take your medication!!!”

I said to my brother... “WHY!!!! Don’t you take Medication!!! I don’t want to hear what you all have to tell me!!!

My brother then said in a calm voice..., “MARLEN... ‘MA,’ is so sick, ‘MA,’ is missing you, please just do as they say, take whatever they tell you, and give you, I know you not ‘MAD,’ just take it, and come home please, they will sent you home after this, aren’t you sick of this crap?”

With a tear in my eye, longing my mother, I said... “Okay.....”

The doctor said... “Don’t worry, you will go to sleep, and you will be relaxed.”

I said to the doctor... **"Doctor, I just came back from the dead, please don't lie to me, and put me off to go and sleep, I seen enough movies about this type of incidents, I seen what happens in cases like this, please doctor, don't make me go to sleep."**

The doctor said... **"I promise, you won't feel any different than how you feel right now, it's mild pills, you won't sleep if you don't want to, you will be relaxed."**

I then agreed. After taking the two tablets, or pills, the doctor left from the hospital, and I was now a patient. It was a Friday when I was admitted, so over the weekend, the doctor was not on duty, and it was only the nurses that were with us. We were fifteen patients, and a few were younger than me in age. Over the weekend, I was taking my pills, **'But not really taking my pills, I kept it under my tongue, and when the nurse left from me, I threw the tablets away, so I was okay with the medication side of matters, by throwing it away.'**

A man that was in the next ward from me, the man began to scream, he kicked the beds, the tables, the chairs were been flung, the nurse wanted to call security, because the man did not want to take his medication, the man was furious. The nurses could not handle this man at all; they were two nurses checking over us.

When I heard and seen this going on, I went into the ward, I looked at the man, I looked at him in his eye, he is easily a few years younger than I am, I said to the man... **"GOD" loves you, "GOD" knows you not mad, I know you not mad, I know what's going on here, I know what they doing to us, I understand you, I feel your pain, I can help you, "GOD" is with you, "GOD" is with me, calm down my friend, I am your friend, I am not against you, I am not your enemy, sit down, we will talk, okay, okay, it's okay!!"**

"Amazingly enough, the man came into my arms, he is a black man, but he felt loved, and he felt safe in my arms." He sat on his bed thereafter, I then told him to lay and to be still, he will be okay, I am with him. The man even took his medication after a while; He smiled as he relaxed on his bed with a glow of relief on his face. He soon fell off to sleep.

The nurses looked so stunned, so shocked, they were in a daze, how did I get this right to do this?

The one nurse asked me... **"How did you do this, this man listens to**

no one, his been like this for a long time.”

I said to the nurse... *“Sister, not everything in the world is about Medication, and facts to the way it looks, true love, pure dedication, and understanding,*

Is all the Medication and Treatment, for a person to be sane and calm... this is what “GOD,” is all about.”

On Monday when the doctor came into the ward, the doctor went over all the patients’ sheets, charts, or reports, from the weekend previews. The nurses were not in on Monday, because their weekend shift was finished. The doctor seen how all the patients were listening to me as a spoke to them, I played games with them, I helped to feed them, I was doing a male nurse job, or work, but to me, **it is been myself in caring for someone.**

21 November 2006

When the doctor came into the ward on the 21st of November 2006, on a Tuesday morning, the doctor called me to her office. The doctor said to me... **“Sing a Christmas carol for me.”**

I began to sing... **‘Mary’s Born Child.’**

The doctor then said to me... **“I have seen the gifts you have made, it’s beautiful, I seen it last night, I spoke to the nurses from the weekend shift, they told me what you did with the patient, please tell me, what is your reason for been here,**

I seen how well you are with the Patients, and the nurses told me your words you said to them.”

Not in many words, I explained in a short version to what happened to me, I then showed her the book I am writing, the doctor then said to me..., **“I am sorry for what happened to you, I am honoured to meet a man like you, for not really going insane, after what was done to you, you should charge all this people for what they did to you, please be calm, I will fill in your release forms now, – you are discharged, you can go home, MR GOVENDER.”**

!!!!OH OH OH OH, OH, MY GOOD LORD!!!!!!

This was not words, this was their best thing I could hear after been, ‘One year and two months in prison.’ “WOW, WOW, Wow!!!! WOW, WOW, WOW,” I was finally released, or discharged, whatever it

*was, but I am FREE!!! FREE!!!! I am home FREE!!!! As this is
my.....Victory, in Freedom!!!!*

I said to myself... "Freedom been back at home."

Wow!!!! Freedom!!!



CHAPTER THREE

Freedom been back at home

26 November 2006

On the morning of the 21st November 2006, my brother came to **Kopanorg Hospital**, he came with my nephew, when I seen my brother and nephew, it was a feeling beyond gladness from all of faces to see, *Home Time, as Freedom is Mine.*

When I got into the van, I said to my brother... **"Today is your birthday, I do hope, I am your present today, just like how your daughter was born on your birthday, as your sign as she is your present, Happy birthday."**

My brother said to me... **"Thanks, yes it is, finally you free."** Back home

Driving back home seen the road as we travelled, knowing I am free; ***this is motion in action for Me.* Nothing felt better and greater than seen my Mummy when I arrived to my mother's house.** The first thing I did, I hugged my mum, and I kissed my mum on her cheeks, I then held the house walls, as I kissed our house 'Hello,' I then went to the bathroom, **and I had the longest shower in history.**

As I finished an entire bar of detolsoap. I enjoyed the chicken curry my mother made for me; I was in heaven been in my own room again, wow!!!

Spending time with my mum, as my mother had cancer, it was not easy for me to except it, because I know my mother, my mother did not even have a common cold, or flu, or any sickness what so ever in a hurry. My cousins came to see me and the feeling of freedom is good, but the fact that this letter was given to the court, **this was a hold on, in my life now.** I thought about my wife, your mother, your granny, and step grandfather, but I needed time for myself for a while, **'I know you here,'** but I just needed my strength and courage back again, before I could carry on to the next agenda. I was happy to see the outside world again, as it felt like forever I was gone, I began looking from a different view

than when I first went into prison, the way I went in, is the way I came out, even more strong with the connection to **"GOD."** I do not have a tattoo on my body, and I did not except one in prison, and I will not put marks on my body, as if my body is an ornament for the **'DEVIL'S'** show ground. Been back with my mother is the greatest of all feeling for me.

'Only to be arrested again!!!'

28 November 2006

On the morning of the **24th November 2006**, your granny and step grandfather, they went back to the police station, they told the police that I wanted to kill them, they said that I came back for them and I wanted to drive in them. The police arrested me again, I got bail, and it was a long process and trail again. **Your granny is using the fake letter, as a weapon against me, she is telling everyone, "I am Mental."** The arresting officer of mine, he gave the letter to all the police, showing them that I am mentally ill, the police did not want to hear anything I said, or what I have to say, they teased me and asked if I took my medication. I had to appear court again, and go through the complete process of police stations, courts, jails, and it was not an easy thing to keep going through, knowing my mother was ill, your granny just never bothered at all. Each time this happened, my mother was losing a lot of money on me, wasting on bail, and petrol, the time spent, and wasted. They arrested me for, **'Intimidation.'**

It took a few months again but I am found, **'Not Guilty,' Innocent again!!!**

It was not easy on my side to prove anything, as the news spread like wild fire about the false piece of paper stating I am **'Mentally ill.'** In my community, to family, friends, it was not a simple thing to deal with, as my word and what The letter has to say, is two different stories. I could not tell anyone about the lawyer, and public prosecutor, because they would have said I am mental to fight a lawyer, and a public prosecutor. Everyone doubted my word to everything I had to say after they heard about the letter. My mother was the only one who was giving and showing me love. Your mother never bothered about me at all, while my wife remained in London. They carried on their lives as if I never existed at all. Eight years we all knew each other and everything was erased from their memory, as if I was in their life for only eight minutes. I left

everything about my wife, your mother, and granny, as I concentrated on my mother and taking my mother to hospitals, and taking my mother for her treatment every second day. It was a sad thing to witness, when I seen my mother in so much of pain, and knowing I caused all this, it finished me inside. My mother was ill, but my mother still did everything for me, from cooking, ironing, washing, cleaning the house, because my mother said to me, that she can still work, she cannot trust or rely on anyone but herself. I send text messages to your step grandfather's phone, to please bring you to the hospital to see my mum, but they just ignored me. My mother was longing to see you so much, as my mother knew that my mother did not have much time left to live, because the cancer spread so fast, and still spreading to the lung. With all this, no one had a Heart to bring you to the hospital, your mother always said to me... **'That she has her own life.'**

I went back to **Strekfontein Hospital**, to speak to the doctor, or the head of psychiatrist who seen me or interviewed me, but when I spoke to her, she said that she gave my medical report to the detective, so she can't do anything if it's not from a court, she works with court orders not privately giving out my medical reports. I did my best to explain to her what they did to me, but it was a no win situation with her, she kept saying she can't do anything I have to take the lawyer to court and sue him, she can't get involved. The crook of a lawyer was so good at what he did to me; he covered his tracks so well in what he done. I went to other lawyers but there was nothing they could do because of the letter, no one believed that I was not mentally ill, because of my story that is so far fetched sounding like a movie I am in. The lawyer used the psychiatrist signature on the fake letter by photocopying it to the letter he made out. For me to go to top advocates, this all costs money and big money each time, which I did not have anymore. I then spent all my time with my mother; I just left everything else for a while, because it was becoming more frustrating fighting someone, when all the odds were against me.

Each time I think about you, it is not easy to forget about my wife and your mother, because we all were together, and I never spoke to either of them been together, from the time of your birth, they did not face me, **'Face To Face,'** to how they feel, or anything about me, and I really missed them, but missing you was getting to me the most, sadly I could not get it right for the Johannesburg courts or social workers to hear me, because when they phoned your mother, your mother said... **'She**

is not married to me, and I am Mental, the court said so, and she has papers to prove it.' This was a mission on its own for me, **just to see you.**

The truck that I operated, or used to drive into your granny's house, it was an **'Oshkosh long nose,'** I used the horse alone, without the trailer. My friend sold the truck whilst I was in prison, he is my best friend from school, we are friends from primary school, until I left high school, and we became partners in the truck when I returned from London back to South Africa. My friend did not know how to operate a trucking business, so he had to sell the truck. I was not interested in the trucking business, or in trucking no longer, I wanted to do something else with my life now, I wanted to enjoy life for a while for myself, after the year what I went through in prison, I feel there is so much more to accomplish in life. I then went to the **'SABC'** studios in Johannesburg. I started doing some television part time work, called **(TV Extra)** I was then moved onto doing television adverts, then small parts on television soaps. I am a person, who loves to explore and learn, when there is so much to be learnt in the world. After coming out from prison, I realized, **"Chasing for goals is good, I have achieved a lot over the years, but there is times, we should enjoy the simple things in life, other than the chase of money, and for money."**

After a few photo shoots and small scenes on TV adverts, I was given an international advert to do. We completed the advert in Johannesburg **CBD,** it was something great, I was a **NYPD meaning, 'New York Police Department,'** wow, the advert was lots of fun, lots of people I was meeting in the television industry. It's strange how so many people from television actors to actresses, they so human being to be around with, when all we read in news papers, or tabloids, we always hear the worst of them, but there is always the other side, and another side, to everyone. Going into the television industry or television production, it is about patience and time, from TV extras to adverts; we have to wait for the agents to get us the parts, and a lot of spunk in our ways to attitude, to get to the progress of our goals. I was then offered a two week stay in **America,** I was to play a part of a police officer in a Mexican movie with another South African guy, and we both were offered parts in the Movie, with a pay cheque of **'Five Thousand US DOLLARS,'** **all expenses paid,** wow, I was so excited to do this. From working on trucks from a young age, then driving them, to repairs, to spray painting them, and then owning trucks, I was now following a different role, but

a new passion that was within me which I always wanted, other than the passion of trucks, but then, **'Something happened? Not too long after I was offered the movie part to go to America.'**

28 October 2007

On the morning of the **26th October 2007**, I was driving my brother's van in Lenasia on a Friday morning, when I met an old friend who I knew from our younger days. She is a few years younger than me, and I knew her family very well. The friend of mine, she asked me if I could get her something to eat, she felt for a chicken burger, she said we could go and play pool, or shot pool at the entertainment centre in Lenasia, after she have her burger. I was alone at home; this is why I took a drive because my mother was at her sister's place in Lenasia South. Some company and talks about old days would have been nice to talk about, but the thought of having a girl for a relationship, or intimacy, I was not interested in any of this, I was still facing the hurt, or the pain, of the scar embedded in my heart, with my wife and her sister, so I was in no position for any other dealings, other than having a good conversation and some company, the friend then got into the van and I took her for a burger. When she was finished with her burger, we went to the entertainment centre up stairs **'Ajoodas Bottle Store,'** in Lenasia. While I was talking to a few guys who were also playing pool, we had so much to talk about, with them having wife and girlfriend problems as well. The girl who came with me to the pool tables, she played a few games and after an hour she said... **'she has to leave.'** I said its fine she can leave, I will see her around. Two hours after she left, I was done talking to the guys, and it was time for me to get back home, when I looked for the van's keys, the keys were missing, I could not find the van's keys anywhere. I went down stairs to see if I could find it in the van, or maybe I locked it in the van, but I know I had it with me, when I went down stairs, I seen the van was gone, I asked the people around there if they seen anything, but no one knew anything. OH MY GOSH!!! I was in shock, my brother's van!!! He spent so much of money in beautifying the van, and it was now gone. I did not know where to start or to begin, while I went around trying to see maybe the van was around somewhere near by, as I was asking a lady if she seen whom took the van, because the lady has a small flea market stall near by where the van was parked, whilst I was talking with her, an Indian man from the top where we were, he came next to me, he said... **"Pass your phone here, let me phone the police quickly."**

I handed him my phone to make the call, a few minutes later, I could not get any answer from anyone, when I looked back for the man with my phone, I did not realize, he run off with my phone. OH MY GOSH!!! My phone was also taken away. I had no choice but to go up stairs again and someone helped me to phone my brother. When my brother came, we went to the police station, we opened or laid a charge of theft, and my brother took me back home to my mother. My brother was upset when I told him I was with a girl, now his van was gone. I could not sit and do nothing about it, so I went into Lenasia with a friend, when we got into the heart of Lenasia where it's a drug and drug dealer zone, I asked the guys if they knew where my brother's van was, **and yes indeed**, the same girl came earlier to them, to pawn the van, because she is on drugs. OH MY GOSH!!!! I did not know she is a **'Drug Addict, Hooked on Drugs.'** After driving around and searching in Lenasia extension thirteen, two guys from a place called **Grayville**, they found the van for me. One of the guys went inside the house, and she gave him the van's keys. I drove the van to the guys in Grayville; we then called my brother, when my brother came, he found the van near the drug merchant's house, when the police came, they went to arrest the girl, when the police seen me at the Lenasia police station, the girl said... **"There he is, It's him, he told me to sell the van, I did not steal the keys from him, he gave it to me, because how could I take keys away from a big man like him."**

!!!!OH MY GOOD LORD!!!!

This is it!! This is it!!!! This is it!!!!!! I am so sick of police, and jails, courts, to police vans, and police trucks, I am just tired of all of this. I could not believe it, the police... **'THEY LOCKED ME UP, WITH HER!!'**

It was a Friday, so been in a jail cell on a Friday; I could only get bail on Monday. MY GOSH!!! I could not believe this girl, **'After me feeding her, see what she went and did!!!'** One good thing though, while I was in the jail cell, the same man who stole my phone, he was locked up as well, for trying to sell my phone, and the police caught him, so at least I got my phone back. On the Saturday afternoon, while the detectives were cross-questioning the girl, she was so rude to the officer, I could not believe it, and the officer slapped her with such a temper, because she was rude to him. When the detective called me, I had to sit with her in the charge office, we were alone for awhile, I then said her... **"Why!! Why!! Why did you do this to me, why? I am good to you, why?!!!!"**

She just laughed at me and said... **"You so mush mellow for women,**

hahahaha.”

On Monday morning, my brother had to come to the court and drop charges against both of us, because if he had to leave it, I would have been in police custody again. The girl was released as well; she was jumping for joy as her family came to pick her up, **‘Shame,’** my brother had to spend thousands to get his van back from the **‘Thirteenth Camp,’** which is a place where they store stolen vehicles. He got his van back after a few weeks, and naturally, by the van been in such a place, my brother’s things were missing from the van, but what is sad, **My Passport, my British Driving License , my Old Coins what my Mother gave to me,** it is all gone as well. I had the bag in the van after going the week before for the photo shoot. **‘My trip to America was then cancelled.’**

After everyone telling me a mouth full about what happened... **“How can you move with drug girls, and drug addicts, and what not!!!”**

I then decided to sit quietly at home; I never went anywhere, except taking my mum to the shops and to the hospital, Sundays we went to church, and I spent my time watching Indian movies, and making arts and crafts, while I helped to serve in my mother’s tuck shop at home. I was more than content in what I had now, and I was not interested in women, **‘Not to say that I was interested in men, you know what I meant.’** Been at home with my mummy, we drove around only the two of us, and I was more than happy with the latest Indian movies, the new DVD, the HI FI system, and a new television set my mummy bought for me.

“I was happy living in, and with Contentment.”

Sometime in the year 2007, my mother and I, we attended a funeral in **‘Lenasia South,’** it was your mother’s auntie that passed away. We knew your mother’s auntie very well, I used to eat and spend time in the auntie’s house, this is the same auntie’s house where I met my wife, and my wife’s cousin is our family friend, so we had to be there for the funeral.

I could not believe it, when your granny seen my mother and I at the funeral house, your granny went to the police station in Lenasia south, to have me arrested again, even at a funeral with my mummy who had cancer, they thought nothing of my mother, How much more **‘EVIL,’** can someone be than this?

I could not talk to your granny nor to your mother, who only snubbed me, or looked at me as if I was dirt in front of her, I could not get any point across to them by talking, or even reasoning with them. Everything to your granny and mother, was only police, police, **they locked me up so many times, as if it was going out off fashion.**

10 December 2007

My mother grew very ill as days went by; the cancer was spreading rapidly to my mother's lung. My mother was in hospital for one month, in a private hospital in a place called '**Florida**,' just after one month, my mother was discharged, and my mother went to my brother's place at his flat where he was living in Lenasia.

On the afternoon of the **5th December 2007**, I cannot, believe what happened in my life on this day.

"My dear Mummy, my *MA,* was at my brother's flat in the room, two o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon, MY DEAR MOTHER... PASSED AWAY.".....!

At this moment in my life, when it is said, '**Time Stood Still, The World Came To An End,**' I was in the moment to these living words, as a fragment to my imagination, all hope, all focus, all direction, motivation, self belief, my will power, my strength, my everything, my half that was part of me in my life, to all the problems I have faced, to the love and care that was given, the smiles when days were dark, the sacrifice as a "**GOD**" on earth for me, "**My *MA* IS GONE.....**"

Like any person in the world, when we go through pain, and problem in our life, we count on that special someone, to comfort us in that time of need, we depend and rely on our strength from the power of the loved one we have, what do we do? When that ultimate beyond special someone, who is my '**MOTHER**,' my mother is gone, how do I cope from here, where do I begin?

.....
My Mother... my *MA*= born 09/05/1950/... joined the angels in heaven, on the 05/12/2007/..... My Father and Mother, lives in me forever, as they live forever in heaven*****



CHAPTER FOUR

Moving on with, 'LIFE'

When my father passed away, my wife, your mother, and my mother, we were all together, we were there as a family, we lived in the same house, in my parents house, so the emotional fear and grief for my 'DAD,' we slowly worked through the loss of my dear father, to over come the pain, **"We did it together, as long as we had each other, as a family."** At this moment in my life, I was all alone, in my mother's house, I was in a world of darkness, an unacceptable chapter to my life **"To Over Come"** the light taken away from me, my eyes were open, but I seen blank in front of me, I was more dead now, than I have ever been in my entire life, ***'No more' Mummy' to help me, no more 'Mummy' to make me food when I ever I wanted, no more 'Mummy' to spoil me, no more 'Mummy' to talk with me, to make me smile when others brought sadness to my heart, no 'Mummy' to give me the words of encouragement, no more 'Mummy' to drive to shops and have fun, while shopping, no more 'Mummy' to go and visit at the school, no more my 'MA' to understand me when others hurt me, no more 'Mummy' to carry me through 'LIFE,' by caring and feeling the pain I was going through.'***

I felt so guilty, knowing my mother was worried about me while I was in prison; this is what caused my mother to have cancer, on the 06/06/2006. Everything I was content with in my life, it was all gone now. There was no home no more; **it was just an empty house, with lights switched on, but I felt as if I was in a dark tunnel, with no light to see anymore.**

After my mother's funeral, there was no family to see if I am okay, or if I needed help in things, I was all alone in the house. From my brother to everyone else, everyone was for them self, and to themselves. The sad part of my life, is when my wife and your mother, two people in my mother's and in my life, two people who we trusted so much and cared for, they could not even come for my mother's funeral, or even bother to phone my brother or to his wife, to sympathize. They did not bring you to the hospital at all; they never brought you to my brother's flat for my mother to see you before her last days of life,

While my mother begged them, they did not want my mother to even speak to you over the phone. **What your granny and step grandfather did do however?** Three days after my mother's funeral, your grandparents had me **'Arrested Again.'** This time causing an accident with my brother's car I was driving. Your step grandfather drove his car into me after I seen them at a traffic light, while I looked at your granny, I shouted on the top of my voice, I said... **"you 'EVIL,' you 'EVIL,' you a 'EVIL' woman, "GOD" is going to deal with you, you took my mother away from me, you 'EVIL,' I want my child now!!!!!!!"**

Your step grandfather then drove his car into me, trying to push me into the **'Robot, or Traffic Light.'** The car I was driving, it was a **'Black BMW Convertible, very low suspension, and big mag wheels, or rims, the car was flat and sporty,'** while your grandparents were in a **Mazda Midge,** it's a car much higher than the **BMW,** so your step grandfather could drive me off the road very easily. While your step grandfather was pushing me towards the robot, I held my steering wheel back towards him, we both winded up driving into cars in front of us. A sad thing that happened, a child was begging for money at the traffic light, **'I knocked into the Child,'** the youngster's leg is lost because of this accident, and I was arrested for reckless driving. The courts in Lenasia, after seen all evidence to how it happened and took place, all charges were withdrawn from the state, **because I am innocent in the accident,** but, **'I live with the guilt, and pain, of taking that child's leg away,'** because of your grandparents.

After my mother gone, my brother, and everyone else in my family, they all accused me and blamed me for driving the car into my in-laws. It was the second time in my **'Life,'** my brother did not take my word in what I have to say, the rest of the family used to only listen to my brother, yet my brother was with me in the court room, when the state gave my bail money back, and they told me to go home, because, **'Your step grandfather, was turning right at the robot, or traffic light, and then he turned left to come into me, by keeping his car pushing me to the side of the traffic light, and he was now going straight, so experts went over all the proof, to my innocence.'** As always, I had to be at fault to the family, while others thought I am Mental.

With money that my mother had in the house, and what was in my mother's bank account, I had to repair my brother's car. After my brother's car was repaired, I was then restricted from driving any of my brother's vehicles.

I did not have any vehicle of my own anymore, everything I had in London was gone as well, I could not even go back to London without my passport, and my visas were expired. I had to remain in my mother's house.

A man who was dating my late friend's wife, he became close to me during this times. We grew attached to each other as friends. I was most of the time in the house staying in doors, because I was going through much more than I could handle, so the new friend of mine, he kept me company. The new friend would spend hours with me, watching movies and talking, because he went through a divorce as well, and he was going through a lot with his first marriage. He decided that we should leave to Durban, I was living a life like a zombie after losing my mother, as I had to still face everyone and everything in my life, while my family was not making things easy for me at all..., **"If a fireman is standing at a building that's on fire, but the fireman has no fire engine, or fire hose, and no water, to put off the flames... what is the fireman suppose to do, when everyone is telling him to do something, move on do it, do it, do it!!!!"**

How was I suppose to move on in life, and with life, when I felt worst than the firefighter? I then decided to go with my friend to, **'Durban!!!!'**

29 January 2008

On the morning of the **25th January 2008**, the new friend that befriended me, he told me to pack my bag with some clothes, as we leaving for Durban. I had 'eight hundred rand' on me, from the money left over after repairing my brother's car. The friend said to me... **"When we in Durban, his mother will give him money so we can work our way to CAPE TOWN."** I am familiar with Durban, but I have never been to **Cape Town** before, therefore I was not sure what to expect. At this moment in my life, I felt like a rubber ball, anyone could bounce me around, and no matter where I land up, or winded up, it would have made no difference to me, to where I was, because everything I believed in, what I was living for, everything was lost, taken away, and gone, so no matter where the wind could blow me, I was just a floating feather. I felt like getting away from Johannesburg, every corner in my mother's house, is a memory of my mother, but there is no more **'MOTHER,'** the house was bringing me more pain, thinking about my mother every second, knowing I could not cook, I never lifted up a tea spoon at home, in all my life, while my mother was alive, I was now in a jam, and in

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Confusion, to where I should be, what difference would it have made to where I was, when all I could tear every day about, was to have my **Mummy** back. There was no more a home to come back to someone at the end of the day, or to wake up in the morning, looking at a face I was born to see everyday, and hearing the sounds of a voice that is just taken away as if I went deaf. I needed to get my mind, my emotions, to be in one place.

We then went to Johannesburg bus station, in '**Park Town**,' I paid the two tickets to board the bus for Durban. I was left with 'fifty rand' in my pocket, almost an eight hour drive by bus from Johannesburg to Durban, having a 'fifty rand' I could get us a small meal for our road food. After an eight hour drive to Durban, to which did not feel like eight hours to me at all, because my mind was a million miles away to even feel the trip?

Durban

We arrived at the Durban bus terminal; the friend told me that we should walk to his mother's house from the bus station. He said his mother lived in a place called '**Stanger**,' I was not really sure where it was, but I had to follow his instructions, as I was in no state of mind to make clear decisions of my own, at the time. We walked for a long while; thereafter an elderly man stopped and gave us a lift to a '**Filling Station, or Petrol Station, Or a Garage**,' not far from my friend's mother's house, we then walked to his mother's house, but his mother was not at home. The friend then told me to wait at the filling station, until he comes back for me, because he will go and see some people that owed him money, and I could rest for a while, as the walk was long for me. We reached Durban at nine o'clock in the evening, we got to the filling station at eleven o'clock PM, and I was tired. I waited at the filling station until one o'clock AM, the security came to me, and they said I could not sit at a garage so late; it is morning hours, so I must leave from the garage. I went to my friend's mother's house, but the lights were still off, and I could not get any answer or a reply from anyone. I did not know where to find my friend, or where to go to, so I sat on the side of the road alongside the road pavement. A few minutes later, security guards came again to me.

The security guard asked me... "**Why are you sitting here two o'clock**

in the morning, where do you come from, why are you here?"

I replied to the guard... **"I am sorry sir, I am waiting for my friend, he said he will meet me at the garage, but he did not come back to me, this is his mother's house, I don't know where he is, I don't know where to find my friend, I am from Johannesburg sir, I don't know people around here."**

The security guard could see, by the look on my face, I have a story to tell, and I really looked lost.

The security guard then said to me... **"You come from Johannesburg to come sit like this, you look like a suspect sitting on the side of the road on a pavement, don't you have a house to go to, go away from here before the people phone the police for you."**

I walked to a close by park, where the security told me to go to, it was dark, and I was hungry, tired, and lost now. I sat next to the park swings, an Indian man was walking along when he seen me sitting here, the man said to me... **"Shoo!!! Where do you come from, why are you in this park this time of the morning, what you doing here?"**

I told him the same story about my friend, the man then said to me... **"it's dangerous here, robbers will take your shirt, shoes, jacket, everything you have on you, they all over the place, you lucky they never get you already, and I hear your accent you not from here, it's even worst for you, they will kill you, ex's bra, come with me."**

Like a puppet, I had no choice but to follow him, my friend did not have a cell phone on him, so I was worried, **'Now I was worried on top of a worry.'**

The gentleman took me to a car where he was sleeping in, he was very poor, but he made a plan and brought me some food, from the neighbour's house, as the car we were sitting in, was parked in another man's yard. He brought a blanket as well when he said to me... **"Bra, what are you doing here, look how nice you dressed, anyone can see you not from here, don't you have a house, why are you here, see how am I living, think bra, think?"**

I could not believe what my friend had done to me, the next morning just after sunrise, we went to the friend's mother's house, but no one opened the door, the kind man then assisted me to the police station. I explained to the police what my friend had done to me, and I didn't have money to go anywhere, **I didn't know what to do?**