

## **COLOURS**

### **Radio Play**

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Recommended by Doris Lessing

Synopsis

*This is a monologue by a coloured woman sitting in a Cemetery in Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia... but it could be anywhere in Southern Africa..*

*A Coloured woman in Southern Africa is so-called because she is of mixed parentage - black and white.*

*This is the story of a woman and her memories....love's highlights and losses. A story of survival in Southern Africa today. She does not have a name. She cannot. Nor should.*

*She is an African woman. Determined, forgiving. A survivor.*

*This is a story which only represents a fraction of what real people are going through....*

*'Colours' is only one small part of our African voice.*

Production Notes /Suggestions:

“It’s Raining Men” was a hit song in 1983...and was redone by Gerry Halliwell in 2002. The first version of this song was sung by a group of Afro-American women. I think it provides a contrast and an example of the life force in our African woman. Her humour. So..I saw the backtrack as....atmosphere... reinforcing the mood of our woman’s thoughts.

I have only suggested FX.

Of course I wonder that this play is not too raw and open about sexual/love intimacy.

Yes, the intimacy bits can be edited... but I do not think they should be...

All I can say is that they are real.

rory kilalea

**COLOURS...**

**Scene: A GRAVEYARD**

**(In Harare Zimbabwe... Or anywhere in Southern Africa).**

*A Coloured woman talks to her lover in a graveyard. She is 35 years old and talks in the distinctive accent of Southern African (Zimbabwean) coloured folk. Her daughter Lettie is 12 years old. The African woman met Daniel when she was fifteen/sixteen.*

**FADE UP.**

***Fx: We hear the 1983 version of 'It's Raining Men" by the Weather Girls. It mixes into the sounds of traffic which comes and goes behind her voice. Then a slight wind in the dry African atmosphere. An occasional wood pigeon breaks into it's Croo – Croo....Croo Croo.***

***We feel a loneliness about the scene, as if there is, underneath the distant diesel buses, a silence. A pause....where thoughts are born aloud.***

1. AFRICAN WOMAN:           When I was a lightie I never worked out why this spot was called the Coloured Cemetery.  
  
  I thought it was because of all the plastic flowers.... or even the red dust....  
  
  Then I found out it was because we was coloured.  
  
  Goffels...  
  
  Bit of white, some of black.  
  
  Bit of twai. Bit of hoatie.

2 AFRICAN WOMAN           Shame...

Rory Kilalea. Nominee Caine Prize for African Writing. 2000/2002.  
Nominee Fish Publishing Short Stories. 2001  
Nominee Silverfish Writing Award. Malaysia 2001

This place was called Rhodesia then, wasn't it, Daniel?

White.

Now it's Zimbabwe.

Black.

But we're still coloureds.

Wonder who gave us that name?

(PAUSE)

***Fx: Presidential Siren passing by.***

3. AFRICAN WOMAN: There goes the president. With all of his soldiers and an ambulance...he's alright..

Hah!

When the twai's were the bosses, we were black. Now the hoaties are running things, we're half white.

Not black.

Funny, hey?

***Fx: Slight wind buffets past... slowly becoming a keening African funeral lament..A western style hymn, but oddly African.***

4 AFRICAN WOMAN: But this red dust is fierce....I've seen it blowing at funerals. Over ladies wearing smart black frocks, making them all so dirty.

It's different during the rains. There are only a few people at funerals. The mud stains their clothes too much.

***Fx***

***African Rain***

5.AFRICAN WOMAN Funny ...black is supposed to hide the dirt.

(PAUSE)

Look at Mrs Julaba's grave. She was the one the Indians hated, because she sprouted a black baby.

Now she's got coke bottles and cigarette stompies thrown over her.

Ja.

Sha! But...times have changed.

Now we line up to get petrol.....and mealie meal....and medicines. Even salt. You know I had to queue for three hours today just to get a loaf of bread?

One loaf?

And it was unsliced!

**Fx:** ***Wood pigeon breaks through. Incessantly interrupting. Irritating.***

6. AFRICAN WOMAN:. People wouldn't even bother about Mrs Julaba now. They think of other things.

Sheesh! We used to have enough food.

People in the villages are even eating berries and grass, you know? Even dirt, they're so hungry.

There's sut all food...

Lucky they're still alive....

Those guys in the gwasha's

And.... in those days we didn't even have the slow puncture, did we Daniel? The love sickness.

**Fx:** ***Pigeon stops. Silence fades into traffic hooting....cross fades into the distant crunch of footsteps on sparse gravel.***

7.AFRICAN WOMAN: Check that out! Look! There are those two whities again. The old toppies.

Hah! Must be the last ones left.

But it's not only them...

Like Uncle Titus. He now lives in the Ukay.

He says no one sees you as black or white. Even a goffel.

Nobody cares whether you're Arthur or Martha.



And I'm not a twai or a hoatie.

10. AFRICAN WOMAN I'm just a common or garden goffel...

Have you noticed, they sort of.... wander around a lot? And then they just sit and watch. Just like those statues on those gravestones.

Always staring. But I can never work out what they're looking at.

Must be lonely for them, sitting here in a graveyard, hey?

***Fx: the voices suddenly stop. As if the whites have noticed African Woman.***

11 AFRICAN WOMAN Just by themselves.

I used to think they came here for a quickie!

Like we used to....

In the weeds.

Think of that! Grandad making the old queen wet and willing...

Shame...

But....they always look cross, when they see me with you....

Like we shouldn't be here.

Like we're stopping their fun....

Who would have thought of that?



Anyway, whities aren't buried here any more. They shot off elsewhere.

14 AFRICAN WOMAN Left us behind.

(BEAT)

But my music teacher is planted here.

She was white....I think....

I mean....why was a twai person teaching music in our coloured school? I mean....why was a twai person teaching in our coloured school? We didn't even have any hoaties with us.

***Fx: The music seems to be God Save the Queen... or is it our imagination? Like the school pupils singing at Assembly.***

15 AFRICAN WOMAN: Ama?

You think she had a bit of the old tarbrush, hey Daniel?

Maybe she was really one of us.

You couldn't tell though. She was so ancient, her face looked like a Thorn tree.

And how she smoked! Always a scafe in her mouth. She had that brown stain on her lips, remember? In between drags she would tell us how she was the first sprog born in Fort Salisbury. Hell...that means she must have scored over a century before she finally croaked!

I don't think she would like it here now.

Smokes are too costly.

***Fx: Imperceptively...there are atmosphere effects. A whip Lashing ...the sounds of a pioneer column in wagons drawn by oxen still mixed with the refrain of modern traffic and a distant penny whistle.....***

16 AFRICAN WOMAN: Just think of those whities in those days! In wagons all that way from South Africa. And those chicks in long heavy dresses! They must have stunk terrible.

Sis!

I saw their photos in the museum.

Right next to the pictures of the heroes. You know... the ones who won the war against the whities. Such names. Comrade

Lookout, Comrade Hitler, Comrade Vitalis.

No Comrade Goffel.

Anyway, there was this old brown picture.

That old woman the British hung.

***Fx: Low male threatening chorus. Like an Ndebele call to war.***

17 AFRICAN WOMAN: She said the blacks would take their land back from the whites.

Of course you know her, the one who tuned the future. She said it would happen in a hundred years. And it did.

She wasn't scared.

18 AFRICAN WOMAN So they put a rope around her neck. Even though she was so old.

Who would have thought of that?

An old queen having her neck stretched.

With thick, itchy rope.

Shame.

**Fx:** ***Sounds of a public hanging. Gruesome. Inhuman.***

19 AFRICAN WOMAN: Mbuya Nehanda – that was her name... now I remember.

A strong face.

(PAUSE)

But those whites also had strong dials. They stare out at you from the picture as if they are not scared at all. As if they are on some sort of mission.

Makes you feel sort of.... religious. You get what I mean?

Now that they've all gone.

As if they haven't been here at all...

...

**Fx:** *Low keening, as if at an African Funeral. Cross fade into  
Mbira Music.*

20 AFRICAN WOMAN: Well, except for us goffels...  
  
I mean...they made us, didn't they Daniel? They liked the  
taste of nectar from the huts, hey!  
  
Half hoatie. Half twai.  
  
Too much of a mouthful, if you ask me.  
  
Hey?  
  
Maiway!  
  
Like you, you say?  
  
Hah!  
  
Mustn't be rude here, my love...  
  
(SNIGGERS)  
  
Have some dignity!  
  
But it does make you think.  
  
(PAUSE)  
  
Do you scheme any of them really like us? I mean....like...  
we were their mistake after a quickie. A twai dossen with a  
black. Then out we sprout!  
  
What a miracle, hey!  
  
A grind works even with different colours!  
  
Hah!

...then they all run away. Like sprogs do, when they've done something wrong.

Like you've made a sin.

21 AFRICAN WOMAN

I mean...my old queen had to run away from the village when she had me.

Anyway, I thought a sin was black...not goffel.

And my old man jawled off to the Ukay.

Like everyone is doing now.

The chicken run.

*Fx.*

***Mbira stops. Distant footsteps on gravel. Insecure...as if They are about to approach.... Pause. Then walk away.***

22 AFRICAN WOMAN:

Except for those two.

Why do they stay? They're white...they can start again.

Rolling in mula, if I don't lie...

Not like us.

Maybe they can't. Maybe they don't have the dosh.

Maybe they're trapped.

Eh!

Funny. They look so pale.

...sometimes I want to shout at them, you know?

'Go to your own graveyard!'



24 AFRICAN WOMAN: (LAUGHS)

Who would have thought...

You know....about you and me?

25 AFRICAN WOMAN The other girls warned me about you hey! They said you were a skate..So naughty. Always caught with your pants down. Too many babes. Too much dassing around. But my fat legs caught you, hey? Dimples when I walked...you liked that... (LAUGHS)

***Fx: Suggestion of upbeat Shebeen music...township jive.***

26 AFRICAN WOMAN But, see! I don't have my big rump or melon boobs anymore.... No more shaking the fruit in the shebeen! Skinny thing now, that's what I am. Not so much to jive. You remember how you used to slap my behind and it made a big Klap! and I used to get so cross....

Such a loud sound you won't hear now.

***Fx: All fades into silence. Almost too long..***

27 AFRICAN WOMAN: No, man! We had a good time. Too good I scheme. You were such a catch, man..... First time I saw you grazing a mealie.... butter and salt all dribbling over your chin...

You chomped me on sight ! Then you grazed me!  
What a night!

***Fx: Sounds of lovemaking. Knocking on the wall and a black African voice yelling in the distance “Knock it off!” to cue.. “I’m Raining Men” (1983 version) in backtrack.***

28 AFRICAN WOMAN: One of the next-door neighbours yelled for us to knock it off...

Remember Daniel?

(LAUGHS)

Sheesh, we laughed..

Knock it off.....!

(PAUSE)

Then you looked at me. Not saying nothing. It was so black,  
the shadows had little white spots.

That’s when you really came into me Daniel.

Inside me.

Inside my goffel heart...

It still makes me tingle - like my liver is shrinking.

Ja.

That’s what I call religious....

Bet if you tuned black people they wouldn’t know that type of  
religion. Or the whities. Even with their angels.

And then...

**FX:** *Distant sounds of lovemaking, with African Woman's voice calling out 'Danny ...Daniel' – almost like a spirit wail in a cave. A ghostly memory atmosphere with bus sounds behind..*

29 AFRICAN WOMAN: ....we dosed down right here, in the coloured cemetery. Just nearby where I'm sitting. In our goffel weeds, like it was home....

Who would have thought of that?

Remember?

Sha!

(PAUSE)

I scheme we made Lettie that night...our little mealie...with the yellow lights of Rotten Row shining on us. And those buses making so much noise!

But not as much as us...hey?

(LAUGHS)

But, yuslike, Daniel! You were so bad! Your problem was....

You had too much power! You would never stop. Remember?

Even for me. (SIGHS)

But... I mean the twai and the hoaties say we have too much.

Energy I mean.

Must be our mixture or something.

Like Doctor Choats Double Strength Dossing Extract.

30 AFRICAN WOMAN

Hah!

And.... you were so...embellished....

(THROATY GIGGLE)

What a sack!

Ja...

Of course, I've seen those white boys. What do you think? All they've got is little fishing worms.

And they're not even twai! They're pale pink. Like they need colour in their cheeks!

Man, they're all just jealous of us ... that we can have fun...

Maybe we had too much, hey?

.....who cares anyway? They're catching this love illness too.

But they've got the dosh for the pills.

If you can get them these days.

(PAUSE)

Remember Doctor Shumba, Daniel? The one we saw together?

He told me this one black guy sold his house just to pay for his muti....and he never told his wife he had the slow puncture...

**Fx:** ***Atmosphere of the graveyard up. Traffic. People passing. A man whistles....***

31 AFRICAN WOMAN: And then... he left her. Broke. With the kids. Just left them.

Flew to the Ukay.

Where he could get free medicine.

What thoughts...

Like...you die after you love....

Shame.

It's the only free thing we've got left in this place.

(BEAT)

Ja...

Hell it's dry today....Must be the wind.

**Fx:** ***African woman opens bag -talks as she is putting on the salve on her lips.***

32 AFRICAN WOMAN: Think I'll put some Vaseline on my lips....don't want them to crack....I mean...no-one likes a chick with cracked lips, do they?

The advert says it doesn't attract the dust!

(GIGGLES)

(SINGS - *I'm Raining Men*)

*La...lal...la la...*

*'It's Raining Men! Every Specimen!*

*Tall blonde, dark and lean....*

33 AFRICAN WOMAN *Rough and tough and strong and lean....."*

(BEAT)

Wonder what it's like there?

Ukay, I mean...

They say you can get anything you want.

Anyway...

***Fx:*** ***Puts the Vaseline away into her bag.***

34 AFRICAN WOMAN: I know....Too much talk ....

No Daniel! I'm not going penga!!

Not yet!

Not like when you and I had that big rawt!

Remember?

I scratched your face so deep. Left a black scar.

***. Fx:*** ***Taxi roars by with loud western music blaring. Disco***

**style.**

**Gerry Halliwell singing "It's Raining Men..."**

**Loud....on bad speakers...**

**"She fought every Angel / To rearrange the sky / So that  
each and every woman / Could find the perfect guy!"**

35 AFRICAN WOMAN: Sha! I'm not sorry! You deserved it!  
Remember..when I yelled, 'Mboro ye maiwako!'  
Jusslike!  
You caught a real thrombie!  
I suppose a chick shouldn't tell you to suck your mother's  
dick!  
So you klapped me.  
Went right across the room.  
Got an eye like a blue egg.

**FX** **RADIO "She fought every Angel / To rearrange the sky /  
So that each and every woman / Could find the perfect  
guy!"**

36 AFRICAN WOMAN: Ok...that was the only time you cut that.  
Ja,well...  
You still earned it, bro!



A Black Mamba, you know.... You can't see it at night!

(BAWDY LAUGHTER)

Like your muscle!

Did you like that?

It's nice tuning you maratta's, hey!

38 AFRICAN WOMAN I enjoy you to laugh. Need a couple of jokes these days, I always say...

***Fx:*** ***Mbira music up.***

39 AFRICAN WOMAN: Shame!.....You never saw our little Lettie. I always wanted to call her Letitia, you know? Sounds twai. Super posh. I schemed it might get her places.

But Lettie just stuck.

Ja...

Pity you never saw her.

***FX*** ***TRAFFIC SOUNDS***

40. AFRICAN WOMAN: All your muscles... just went away....

(QUICKLY)

Slowly at first. So that you couldn't check it out.

Remember how I took you to an n'ganga to see if he could

get all your muscles back. Witchdoctors! Jusslike!

When I shouted at him that his muti was not working, he called me a 'Bloody Coloured!' Who would have thought that? As if we needed a passport to live here? Just because we were goffels. Sheesh! Could have used that dosh! For Lettie. Letitia.

**Fx:** ***Music and traffic fades away to silence.***

41 AFRICAN WOMAN: Daniel, are you really bones and things down there?

I mean..Tune me..what happened to us?

You know?

That thing we felt?

Down there in the red earth.

(BEAT)

I mean...

I scheme it's still there, don't you?

...well.

**Fx:** ***Like a memory...the white's voices and footsteps  
Crunching on distant gravel.***

42 AFRICAN WOMAN: This dust....Gets everywhere. But the white graves still look

nice...They have gravel chips over where the hole was.

But have you seen? They always get pale skinny weeds?

Our weeds are short and fat.

Hah! They don't have to push through those white stones....

**FX:** ***She re arranges her sitting position.***

43 AFRICAN WOMAN: Like my legs...they're so thin...or maybe they're making those nylon stockings too big these days...

I only wear them at church on Sunday and when I come to see you. But I make sure I sit on a blanket. Don't want to spoil the only pair I've got. Want to save them for a rainy day.

**Fx:** ***Footsteps and distant voices of (white) people leaving.***

44 AFRICAN WOMAN: But the sun is shining really nice.

You'd enjoy..

Not too hot, so you sweat and stink up your dress.

Nice winter sun.

And, see... if I get a bit cold, I can just wrap the blanket around.

(BEAT)

Those whites have gone home now.

We're on our ace again.

But.... Hell....it's dry! No one waters here no more. Scheme that's why there's so much dust.

Ama? Red dust. Ja. All it seems to grow is plastic flowers.... n Except for the weeds.

**Fx:** ***Wood pigeon up. We are aware of other sounds. African crickets..Birds....***

45 AFRICAN WOMAN: You know... at the end of the day...when you look around...this place hasn't changed much.....



Shame. Catches us all.

But you know what I like about this place, Daniel? We can talk. You know? Like we used to. Folk don't talk to me much anymore. Sort of like...they don't see me.

Even at work.

**Fx**

***Shebeen sounds as if she is at work***

48 AFRICAN WOMAN

Funny.

(BEAT)

And there are things to see around here.....

(EXCITED)

My best thing...is those little domes with plastic flowers inside...they're so pretty....so safe...

In the morning, after a good night, I slip in here and look at them. You can see the flowers inside them, so clear.

But I don't smaaak them at lunchtime. You can't see the colour of the blooms no more. They get all clouded up.

But.. I like them now...in the evening.

They look alive.

And ..there's a little cloud left hanging at the top.

Like heaven ....

(GIGGLES)

Jiggle...jiggle....You shake them, and all that coloured snow falls down...and changes it all.....and some of them even have music you know? I saw one like a little music box....and it played "White Christmas"..... Funny hey?

(LAUGHS)

Shame.

(BEAT)

***Fx: The wind comes up again...and the wood pigeon. The Effect is...light....sad.***

49 AFRICAN WOMAN: Shoo, man ! So dry these days,.. I'm surprised anything grows.... Even for these weeds.

I was going to pull yours out...but....

I suddenly schemed that the roots might be touching you, you know?

Sha!

I had nothing better to do...

Just wanted to tidy up things...you know.

And Jusslike! What would you think if somewhat started pulling something out of you?

Like a quack slicing you with sut all gas!

No China!

Actually I was scared.

I don't want to know what's happening down by there.

So I left them alone.

You know what I mean Daniel?

***Fx: funeral lament – African/traffic sounds up....***

50 AFRICAN WOMAN: No, I'm not talking too much! I want to explain.  
Don't tune me! Please?  
Sometimes I touch them gently, just in case they are reaching  
down over you...  
Just to feel you.  
No Man!...that's only on bad days, when I just want  
something to hold on to.  
That makes me remember....

***Fx: Now people at the funeral. Reverend talking in  
background.***

51 AFRICAN WOMAN: Hah!  
(LAUGHING. )  
Everyone at the funeral thought I needed holding on to when  
the box was dropped in. The box with you inside...  
They all looked so sad, reaching for me. They thought I  
would jump in after you. All these hands and arms, reaching  
for me. I felt like a brown spider, man, with hundreds of legs!  
  
But I wouldn't have.....  
I knew about Lettie, didn't I? Our little mealie.....



***Fx: We are aware of the traffic again.***

54 AFRICAN WOMAN: No, man...!

Nothing serious. I'm telling you! I was just getting these things in my mouth, sort of blister beetle things. Makes it a bit hard to eat. They told me they're ulcers... 'No kissing' they said.

Hah!

Fat chance!

I got some purple stuff to dab onto my tongue. Tastes vicious!

I can tell you.

When I smile I look like a granadilla!

A goffel fruit....

Shame. A granadilla with cracked lips!

Hey....I'm a pretty one at the moment, aren't I?

So...

They also told me what's cutting. Like Doctor Shumba told you. Just in case you ask...that's why I've got skraal. And why my stockings don't fit. I must eat proper. Sleep lots.

Maybe I'll get my melons back!

55 AFRICAN WOMAN      No way China!  
Melons are sold out...  
Anyway...it's not a train smash...  
Except..  
I get a bit tired....Bleddy tired!  
Imagine!  
Falling asleep on the job!  
But Ja-No.... I'm fine.  
Just have to get Lettie sorted out. Letitia.  
Nice when you say it slow.  
Le – tit - ia...  
  
(SINGS)  
*"Its Raining Men...Halleluja! La...lala..."*  
Hmm...  
They don't make songs like that anymore...!  
(BEAT)  
I like coming to talk you know?...I mean if people  
saw me they would think....

***Fx: Traffic fades to silence.***

56 AFRICAN WOMAN: They tuned me the puncture can get your brain! like a worm  
that grazes and grazes.

Until there's Sut left.

Sut!

Then you're penga.

Such talk!

Like a ghost....or a spook!

It's only in your head, isn't it?

Maybe.

(SUDDENLY)

Hey! You know what I scheme I'll do, Daniel? Buy one of  
those plastic domes....the ones with those blooms inside.

Then I could watch it at home... like a TV !

Penga, hey!

Too costly...

Need the dosh for Lettie.

Anyway...I can watch them here in our place for free.

No one else comes to look at them.

Except me.

Um...Daniel?

**Fx:** **Mbira music**

57 AFRICAN WOMAN I'll bring Lettie here tomorrow. .to say 'Howzit '.

OK?

It's the weekend, so we can spend lots of time... all together.

I want her to get used to it...You know? Ja...

And to dress up nice for you...

(PAUSE)

She must leave Daniel....

She must jive right out of here. Get a good job.

Don't fret, man!

I'm making a bit of dosh....

Saving a little...

Scrimping a little...

Not such a jawl these days....

The men say I'm too skinny....

But they still like going with a goffel....

Hah!

They tune themselves I'm not a mahuri...make like they're  
having a quickie with a white....

A hoatie dossing down with a twai!

Aiwe!

Like it shouldn't be allowed. Then they run away.

As if they've made a fat sin or something.

But this goffel knows a couple of tricks...

58 AFRICAN WOMAN I get the mula first thing!  
Before they run!  
Haven't lost my touch, hey Daniel?  
And they still tune me I'm worth grazing.  
They tune I'm exotic...like that chick on TV who tells you to  
wear Vaseline Intensive Cream because it doesn't attract the  
dust.  
When they tune me that I charge a bit more. And when they  
want skin on skin.  
Shoo....you have to these days.  
Things are costly.

***Fx: Reprise. Slight wind buffets past... slowly becoming a  
keening African funeral lament..A western style hymn,  
but oddly African.***

59 AFRICAN WOMAN Sometimes they cut up rough. Then I crack them in the  
goolies with my high heels.  
Give them something to think about !  
Crack their nuts.  
Only got an eye like an egg once. Sheesh....the blue was bad  
for business.....Jusslike!  
(GIGGLES THEN FIRM)

60 AFRICAN WOMAN

Lettie must go the Ukay.

She can be a trolley dolley on the airways.

Or do one of those nurse things. Looking after old toppies  
who need nappies.

Get some foreign dosh.

(PAUSE)

Who would have thought?

I mean....it's not running away, is it?

...and...

she won't get the sickness...

Ja....

(HUMS TO TUNE OF RAINING MEN)

*'Lala....Lala...La..la'*

Hey, she's so tall now....

She's got your mealie teeth. And her skin's light...like mine....

And...what else?

She's doing well at school.

She's alright...

But you know...

I miss her even when I scheme she should go? Like.... I miss  
holding on to something....

Just like when she was a sprog.

Something to hold on to...



63 AFRICAN WOMAN See...!

(BEAT)

It's a thick coloured one. Won't fade in the sun.

And it's red.

So it doesn't show the dust....

And from a long way off, I scheme it looks quite real by the weeds.'

***Fx: Traffic and birds up to end....a distant presidential siren in the background. and 'It's Raining Men' music to close....***

*end*

Goffel Glossary.

*Aiwe – No! (based on local Shona language)*

*Ama – Exclamation – What? Rhetorical*

*Anzi – She said*

*Babalas – hung over*

*Bro – brother*

*Bru – friend*

*Dials – face*

*Dop – drink (or dorp)*

*Dosh/mula – money*

*Dossing – making love*

*Goffel – coloured*

*Goolies – testicles(old slang/ (nuts)*

*Granadilla – Passion Fruit.*

*Jive – dance*

*Jusslike – Jesus! (old Goffel term)*

*Lightie – kid*

*Maiway – My way! Exclamation. Like Oh !*

*Mealie – Corncob*

*Moffies – gay men*

*Muti – medicine*

*N’Ganga – African Herbalist*

*Old Queen – mother/generic for old woman*

*Penga – mad*

*Rawt – fight*

*Sack – genitals (general - scrotum)*

*Scafe – cigarette*

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*Shebeen – illegal nightclub and bar*

*Sheesh! - exclamation*

*Shoo – Exclamation*

*Sis – exclamation of disgust.*

*Skate – rebel*

*Skrik – (old slang) fright (from Afrikaans)*

*Snogging – kissing*

*Sut – Nothing left (Or No)*

*Sut all – nothing..lack of*

*Trolley dolley – air hostess*

*Tuning me maratta's – making a joke.(telling me stories)*

*What's cutting – what's going on?*