

The End of the Road

“Don’t you dare look back if you know it can never be yours,” commanded a hostile voice. There he stood, demanding my attention. My gaze met this looming, rock-hard figure, who could easily be mistaken for the darkness of the night, as it spilt out of his rigid clothing. He explained that the African sun can only shine for a certain amount of time before it is engulfed by the darkness of the night. He said that a journey may seem endless but at the end of the road can make a journey come to an end. He added that the riches of this bountiful land were meant to build a road to move this country forward but it is those people in control of those riches who cause our destruction.

“Beware of the fat cats who purr as they strut through the arid streets of Soweto,” he warned, and continued on his journey.

At that moment a fat cat purred into my vicinity. He looked at me with a smirk plastered onto his plump, marshmallow façade. He drew closer and closer. His grin began to widen and darken in colour. He pounced. His sinister, skilled claws dug into my back, leaving me wounded. He waved his curled tail in the air in triumph. He licked his licks in satisfaction at my misfortune and continued on his way.

I was not the first to be his prey. The fat cat lures his victims on every road in this land. He preys on the vulnerable, those who are nothing more to him than a speck of dirt that makes the sand that fills the dusty streets of Soweto.

This fat cat believes that the road he is travelling on is endless and only he can travel on it. Mr BEE he calls himself. He makes sure that his milk bottle is always full and in abundant supply, not only for him but for his fellow comrades. He has, indeed grown into a very fat cat through this practice.

I refuse to allow this practice to continue. I refuse to allow his shadow to inflict fear and dismay on the specks of dirt in Soweto.

..... And the fat cat met his end, as he came to the end of the road that he thought he owned. His limp carcass was paraded in the dusty streets. His milk was spilt for us all to share and the wealth was ours again.

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