



## **KONTAX 2**

### **THE BIG WIN**

*By Sam Wilson • Publisher Clockwork Zoo • Published 2009*  
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**Another great Yoza cellphone story**

## ABOUT YOZA CELLPHONE STORIES

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For more information go to [www.yoza.mobi](http://www.yoza.mobi) or email [info@yoza.mobi](mailto:info@yoza.mobi).

## ABOUT THE KONTAX SERIES

They're the hottest graffiti crew in the city. They come from all over town, and they each have their own talent. Sbu has the vision, K8 has the training, Song has the technique, and Airtime has the creativity (and the big mouth). They'll paint wherever they can, and whenever they can't. They're the Kontax, and it's their voice.

## STORY TEASER

When Mfundo AKA Airtime wins big online, it seems too good to be true. But how far will the gang go to help him get his cash? Why are they blocked at every turn? And will Sbu tell K8 how he really feels?

## CHARACTERS

These are the main characters in Kontax:

**Sbu** *Male, 17* Sbu is smart, streetwise and well connected. He'll go out of his way for his friends, but the thing he hates more than anything is to feel disrespected. He's still in school, but on weekends he hangs out at the soccer club, or with the graffiti crew.

**Mfundo (aka Airtime)** *Male, 16* Mfundo is Sbu's oldest friend. He gets his nickname 'Airtime' because he never stops talking, particularly to girls. He's witty, and wants to be a professional radio DJ when he gets out of school. He's not as athletic as Sbu, but he's smart and likable. He has a bit of a crush on Song, but won't admit it.

**Kate (K8)** *Female, 18* Kate is a talented graffiti artist, and paints murals on the sides of community buildings, which is where she met Sbu, Airtime and Song. She's coming out of a dodgy past, and has had more than one run-in with the law as a teenager while she was trying to escape her suburban upbringing. She has long blond hair in dreadlocks.

**Songezwa (Song)** *Female, 17* Songezwa is a techie. She knows more about the workings of cellphones and computers than all her friends. Songezwa feels out of place wherever she goes, and a recent family disaster has left her struggling. She's hurt and angry, but, deep down, she just wants to connect.

## CHAPTER 1

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“Cut! Great! Next scene!”

The whole film crew moved forward at once, carrying props, setting up cameras and lights, rolling up coils of wire, and applying make-up to the actors. Everyone seemed to have something important to do. Everyone except Sbu and Airtime.

Their friend Song had a new job as a production assistant, and for weeks Airtime had begged her to let them onto a real film set. He was hoping that he’d get to see some big Hollywood stars, and a shoot-out, and maybe a real explosion. But none of that was happening today.

Instead, Sbu and Airtime sat on a bench at the side of the big dark film studio, feeling out of place while the crew pushed bits of equipment around. Some actors stood in the corner next to them learning the script by repeating the same lines again and again.

It wasn’t what they’d expected at all.

“What’s the highest waterfall in South Africa?” asked Airtime. He was killing time by doing an online quiz on his cellphone.

“I don’t know,” said Sbu. “Look it up.”

Airtime huddled back over his phone, searching on the Internet.

“Gottit! Tugela Falls,” he said and plugged the answer into his phone.

Sbu went back to watching the film crew going about their mysterious business. He spotted Song across the room, talking to some cameramen and making notes on a clipboard. When she saw him looking, she finished her conversation and hurried over.

“Sorry,” she said. “I’ll show you around the set soon. It’s just too hectic now. We’re running out of time today and everyone’s on edge.”

“It’s cool,” said Sbu. “We don’t mind waiting, do we, Airtime?”

Airtime wasn’t paying attention. He was staring at his screen, and his lips were moving silently. Sbu tried again.

“I said we don’t mind waiti-”

Airtime jumped to his feet and whooped, cutting Sbu off mid-sentence.

“WHHHHHOOOOOOOOOO!”

The tin roof of the studio rang from the echo. The whole crew turned to see Airtime punching the air in joy.

“I won!” said Airtime “I did it! I won!”

“Uh,” said Sbu, pulling Airtime by the sleeve. “Maybe we should wait outside.”

## Reader comments

Here are some comments left by readers at [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

Wow! I'm so blown away. Not that i'm astonished because the first story gave us a piece of what to expect on the second story. . .it was just as good. The lines are 'gripping', they suggest you to read them more. The characters' actions are unpredictable which is what makes the story even more interesting. It seems so real and i can actually visualise the whole thing because i'm clear of what's going on. Good story! **Fefekazi**

The first chapter is good and has left me asking for more.if the scenes could be more real,like a production of a dvd or maybe a book then it can be a real hit.....thanks guys you are the best your storyline is relevent to the young people who find themselves in difficult situations **Palesa**

## What do you think?

*If you could go behind the scenes on a movie set, which movie would it be and why?* To answer this question, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 2

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Sbu led Airtime, who was still bouncing with joy, out of the building into a parking lot full of trailers and bakkies and pieces of furniture from the set.

“What were you shouting like that for?” he said.

“You don’t understand!” said Airtime. “I won!”

“It’s just an internet quiz.”

“Don’t you get it? It’s money! Real money! Look!”

Airtime handed Sbu the phone. Sbu scrolled down the message, reading it carefully. Airtime leaned over his shoulder and bounced up and down in excitement.

CONGRATULATIONS! You have won the Brain-e-telligent (TM) Online Quiz “Big Win” Promotion first prize: Cash payout of...

“Fifty thousand rand?” said Sbu.

Airtime nodded, smiling.

Sbu whooped, just like Airtime had done.

## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

“WHHHOOOOO!”

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Three days later, Sbu and Airtime were in their friend Kate’s brightly coloured Hyundai. It had a pink city scene spray-painted on the sides, and a graffiti tag that looked like a superhero emblem on the bonnet: “K8”.

K8 was her graffiti name, and it had been a long time since Airtime and Sbu had called her anything else. She was the unofficial head of their graffiti crew. She was also the only one of them who had a car.

They had been surprised to see that she’d painted her car, because they knew K8’s parents were strict. But they had to admit that the artwork was good. K8 had style.

“Today’s going to be a good day!” sang Airtime. “Today’s going to be a good, good day!”

They were on their way to the Alto hotel in the city, where Airtime was going to meet the quiz organisers and collect his prize money. He sat in the front seat next to K8, and ran through all the things he was planning to buy with the cash.

“Do you think I can afford a car?” he said. “I want that Camaro from *Transformers*.”

“You can’t drive yet,” said K8.

“Okay then, an X-Box. And a leather jacket. And a boat.”

“Calm down!” K8 and Sbu said simultaneously. They looked at each other and grinned. Sbu rolled his eyes, and K8 laughed.

“You don’t want to spend your money all at once,” said Sbu.

“Spend it wisely. Make it last,” said K8.

“Okay, okay,” said Airtime. “I won’t get a boat. How about a limo? Are we there yet?”

They were driving down a long road lined with bars and hotels. Near the end, K8 found an empty parking spot and pulled in.

“Just over there,” she said, pointing across the road to the hotel. There were steps leading up to a black marble entrance with revolving doors. A uniformed doorman stood outside.

Before the car’s engine was off, Airtime was out the door and on the pavement, rubbing his hands together in anticipation.

“Okay,” he said. “It’s time to be rich!”

## Reader comments

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Wel i hve startd readn k0ntax a few days ag0 n its reali a gud st0ry im 4rm jhb studyn 2 b a writter i wana write b00ks n als0 ma lye st0ry n dis has inspired me its creative n if p0ssiabale shud b cum a drama 0r c0medy 0n t.v i knw i wud watch it n wud nt mis it 4da wrld **Clair**

This k8 person sounds realy cool,i just wish my sister was more like her than the cheeky monkey that she is **Mmathapelo rihlamvu**

I think they should check b4 they meat with a stranger they may get hurt or b in trouble line **52 ???**

## What do you think?

*If you won R50 000, what would you do with the money?* To answer this question, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 3

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They entered the hotel reception. It was filled with a small jungle of pot plants and there was a water feature that ran down the polished surface of one wall. Opposite the long reception desk was a meeting area with couches and a coffee table, and further into the building were wide doors that lead through to the hotel lounge.

It was all a lot more luxurious than Sbu had expected.

Three men in business suits were sitting on the sofas. Airtime bounded up to them.

“Hi! Are you from the quiz? I’m Mfundo,” he said, giving his real name.

One of the group, a slightly overweight man in glasses, stood up and shook Airtime’s hand warmly.

“Pleased to meet you. I’m Bhose. You spoke to me on the phone. Thank you very much for meeting us here. Would you mind posing for a photo?”

“Sure!” said Mfundo.

Mfundo and Bhose stood with their hands together in a frozen handshake as one of the quiz men took their photo on a fancy camera.

“That picture's going to be in all the newspapers,” said Bhose. “ You're the first person to win this prize!”

“Great!” said Airtime. “So how do we do this? What’s in the suitcase? Is it the money? I’ve always wanted a suitcase full of money.”

## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

“I’m sorry,” said Mr. Bhoose smiling. He put his briefcase on the table and opened the clasps. “These are just the papers we need so we can sign the money over to you. Come, sit down here, it won’t take long. There’s a lounge through those doors, if your friends don’t mind waiting.”

Airtime sat down with the quiz organisers, and K8 and Sbu walked through the automatic glass doors into the hotel lounge. They were the only people in the room, apart from a barman wiping the counter. They sat down on a couch in the corner and K8 ordered two Cokes.

It was the first time Sbu had been alone with her for a while, and it felt good.

“So,” she asked. “Have you decided what you’re going to do after you finish school?”

“University,” said Sbu. “If we can get the money. My parents want me to go.”

She smiled at him. “You’ll get a scholarship,” said K8. “Easily. You’re smart enough.”

Sbu had known K8 for years, but she was slightly older than him. Her family was rich. It was like she was from a different world. So even though they spent a lot of time together, he’d never really thought about her as anything except a friend. But now that he was about to leave school, things were starting to change.

“I was thinking of taking another year off,” said K8. “So we could both go to university at the same time. It would be good to go with someone you know.”

Sbu looked K8 in the eyes. She looked right back, and they held that gaze for longer than they ever had before.

“Would you like that?” she asked.

“We’d be in the same class,” said Sbu.

“That’s right,” said K8.

He smiled back at her. They were so lost in the moment that they didn’t notice Airtime running in to the bar.

“Quick!” said Airtime, pushing between them. “I need two thousand bucks!”

## Reader comments

Here are some comments left by readers at [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

Airtym,wakeup you are being scammed.u should no more and u should have asked for terms and conditions before you pay the 2bucks. **Aminah**

K8 and the guys r great together,they take care of each other and giving each other advice on how to save nt use money unwisely.i thnk they do great job. **Sne**



## What do you think?

*Have you ever fallen in love with a friend? How did it work out? Is it different from falling in love with a stranger?* To answer these questions, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 4

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“What do you need two thousand rand for?” K8 asked.

“They said I need to pay some lawyers’ fees or I can’t get the money,” said Airtime. “Please, please help!”

“That can’t be right,” she said.

Sbu and Airtime followed K8 as she strode through the doors and towards the quiz organisers. Sbu had seen her like this before. She could get very angry when she thought people were taking advantage of her friends.

The quiz organisers were standing and packing away their papers when she reached their table.

She confronted Bhose. “What’s this about lawyers’ fees?”

“It’s an international competition,” he said. “It’s not up to us. The winnings come from the branch in Europe, and the company donating the money needs legal fees in advance in order to process the transfer.”

“What kind of a quiz is this? Airti - I mean, Mfundo – won! He shouldn’t be giving you money! You should be giving him money!” said K8.

“I’m sorry, it’s not up to us. We’re just the middle-men,” said Bhose. “He’ll get his money, but someone needs to pay those fees first. If he transfers the money into this bank account, then within an hour, he’ll be fifty thousand rands richer!”

Bhose gave Airtime a slip of paper with some bank account details on it, and the three quiz organisers said their goodbyes and left.

“What are we going to do?” asked Airtime. All his excitement from earlier was turning to panic. “You’ve got money, don’t you, K8? I’ll pay you back! I’ll pay you back double!”

“I’m sorry,” said K8. “I haven’t been saving. And since I painted my car, my parents won’t lend me anything.”

“But where do you get money for petrol?” asked Airtime. Sbu put a hand on Airtime’s shoulder to calm him down.

“I work for it,” said K8. “I’ve got a lot of canvasses in my garage, and I’ve been selling paintings.”

“Could you sell enough to make two thousand rand?” asked Airtime in desperation.

K8 thought about it.

“I don’t think so,” she said.

Airtime slumped.

“At least, not all by myself.”

## Reader comments

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Dis is a leson we shud rid fyn print bt u cnt enta a competition n afta winin its a scam we shud b carful.airtym shudnt fal into d trap cos d wont giv hm d muny **ree**

Guys ur book is gr8 and i think k8 is a grt friend 4 sticking up 2 those guys and im looking 4ward 2 da next 1 ur stories are realy inspiring **Hellen**

Airtime must not rush things,clearly he must calm down **Gatzby**

## What do you think?

*If you had to get R2000 quickly, what would you do?* To answer this question, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 5

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Early next morning, Airtime, K8 and Sbu walked into St George’s Mall near the centre of town, carrying canvasses and easels under their arms. It wasn’t a mall in the usual sense, but a closed-off street reserved for street vendors. It was still early, but the mall was already starting to fill with art-and-craft traders setting up their stands, waiters opening the street-side cafes, and the first wave of tourists searching for breakfast and coffee. Around the corner, the sound of drumming came from the buskers starting their first performance of the day.

The crew had spent the night before in K8’s garage finishing as many paintings as they could. K8 and Sbu both had sketchbooks full of pictures that they’d drawn in their spare time, so they chose the best ones and using pencils, oil paints, charcoals and spraypaint, they made large copies on the canvasses.

K8 said that a really good artwork usually took a few days, but she showed them some graffiti tricks to simplify the process and create images that were quick, stylish, and unique.

Sbu had painted three scenes from the street outside his home, using a stencil to make a hard skyline, and then spraying over it lightly to paint an early morning mist. K8 painted scenes of stylised female faces with flying hair that melted into hills. Airtime drew a picture of a DJ spinning disks in front of a crowded dance floor, which he described as “Future Airtime”.

## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

When they'd finished the pictures at 4 am, Sbu and Airtime slept on camping mattresses in K8's garage. K8 left a note for her parents so they wouldn't be surprised that Airtime and Sbu were there: Last time the boys had stayed over, her parents had flipped out and kicked them onto the street. They didn't want that happening again.

Airtime found a good place to set up the pictures on the side of St George's Mall, in a corner between two buildings. Sbu and K8 unfolded the easels. They put up their two favourite pictures, and rested all the others in a line against the wall.

And they waited.

After ten minutes, a middle-aged American tourist in dark glasses and a khaki jacket came up to them and said, "I'm looking for African art."

"You've come to the right place!" said Airtime. "Cutting edge African art, right here."

The tourist glanced over their pictures.

"What about wooden masks?" he said.

Airtime laughed. "This isn't *The Lion King*!" he said. "This is Cape Town! We make real art here! Look at this stuff! Good, huh?"

Airtime pointed at the pictures again. The tourist shrugged, and walked off towards one of the other vendors who was selling carved wooden giraffes.

Airtime turned back to K8 and Sbu, shaking his head.

"There's got to be a better way to make money," he said. "Aren't there any buildings in town that want graffiti art on their walls? Won't someone pay us to do a big mural?"

"There's a new law that says we can't," said K8. "You have to fill in forms and show all the people in the area a picture of what you want to do before you do it. It takes months."

"Why isn't anything easy? It's just like the quiz!" Airtime said. "There's always a catch! There's always lawyers and forms! Why can't we do simple things without filling in forms?"

A pair of Metro cops were walking up the street. Airtime's rant caught their attention.

One of them tapped him on the shoulder.

"Can I see your vendor's licence?" the cop said.

Airtime turned in surprise.

"You've got to be kidding me!" he said.

## Reader comments

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Sbu should stp being a coward nd tel k8 dat he love hr as simple as dat **Tarence**

U also need a licence 2 sell on tha street nw,WOW **Asemahle**

Itz an vewi interesting chapter...i totaly agree wit airtme...these days n0thnz easy...thrz  
always a catch...CNT WAIT 2 READ DA NXT!;) **(F)(x)(\*shy lil mama\*)(x)(F)**

## What do you think?

*If you had the skills, what would your masterpiece painting be?* To answer this question, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 6

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One of the metro cops was bigger and tougher-looking than the other. He was clearly the boss. He had a close-shaved head that wrinkled into a thick groove at the back.

“So where’s your licence?” he said.

“We didn’t know we needed one,” said Sbu.

“This is illegal trading,” the cop said.

“Sorry,” said Sbu. “We’ll pack up and go. No problem.”

“What about the money?” said Airtime. K8 hushed him.

“We were told to crack down on you people,” said the wrinkle-headed cop, and turned to the shorter one. “What do you think? Should we take them in?”

“We didn’t even sell anything!” said K8.

“You were still trying to break the law. I think you should come with us.”

The cop reached for the handcuffs on his belt.

Airtime started sprinting away down the street.

“Airtime, no!” said Sbu.

The younger, fitter cop started chasing Airtime, and the big cop rounded on Sbu with the handcuffs.

“Resisting arrest. You’re in trouble now,” he said.

## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

Sbu felt K8's hand on his arm. She was tugging him, and he found himself running with her, as fast as he could.

"Hey! Get back here!" called the wrinkle-headed cop.

Sbu ran with K8 past the grinning vendors, who enjoyed seeing a chase, through the tables of an outdoor café, and down a cross street. He knew it was foolish to run. He knew they should have just talked to the cops. But he hadn't slept, and the thrill of running as fast as he could, running with K8, running from all his life's problems, just felt too good.

They raced in front of a row of cars just as the lights turned green, took a left turn down a narrow road, and dodged across Long Street. Sbu risked a glance back. He couldn't see the cop. But they kept running until they were out of breath. They slipped into an alley between a restaurant and a bookshop, and pressed together into a corner, out of sight of the road.

Sbu felt K8's body shake as she panted for breath. He put an arm around her protectively. Their breathing slowed down together.

"We made it!" she said.

K8 could feel Sbu's fingers touch her waist, and instinctively she pushed herself towards him. In all the time she had known him, she'd hoped more than once that they might be this close. He was one of the smartest and kindest people she knew. But there had always been so many things keeping them apart, like where they lived, and what their parents would think.

The longer they knew each other, the less things like that seemed to matter.

She looked up at him to search his face, and a bead of sweat ran down her forehead into her eye. She scrunched up her face and blinked it away.

"What's wrong? Is there something in your eye?" said Sbu. "Here, let me see."

He lifted her chin to see her eyes, and she pulled down on his shoulders, until they were level. She could feel the muscles of his arm under his shirt. Her fingers tingled. Their lips brushed, and they kissed.

They weren't part of the world any more. It seemed like they were outside it looking in at these two people, kissing.

There was a distant ringing sound that grew louder and louder, until they had to tear themselves apart.

K8 answered her phone.

"Yes?" she said abruptly.

Sbu was close enough to hear the voice on the other end. It was Song.

"I need to speak you," she said. "It's urgent. Really urgent."

## Reader comments

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Tragic and den romantic, i lyk da seting. Brilliant! **Tshepo**

Chapter 6 is amaizing.Romance..mmm..the kissing part nd how they fell 4 each other is so interesting..though i dont thnk they should have ran away frm the cops.if only they negotiated nd corporated. **Eunice**

im a n0vel-lover s0 k0ntax has bin 0n da t0p of my n0vel list,s0 guys kip educatng da teens abt scams nd frauds lyk dis,id rate it 11 Out of 10...mhwa(x) we (H) it.. **Lucracia-Refilwe**

## What do you think?

*What do you think about K8 and Sbu's relationship? Can they make it work?* To answer these questions, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 7

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K8 and Sbu cautiously made their way back to the car, watching out for the cops. Sbu had his learner's, so K8 let him drive while she phoned Airtime.

"How are you? Where are you? Are you arrested?" he answered, sounding panicky.

"We're both fine," said K8. "Why did you run? You nearly got us in trouble!"

"I don't want to get arrested! My parents would kill me!"

Airtime told her that he had made it to the station and was in a taxi on his way home. K8 told him about Song's message, and he agreed to meet up with them at Song's house.

"I hope it's good news," he said. "I could do with some good news."

K8 hung up, and they drove in silence.

Sbu didn't know what to say to her. There were so many questions in his head. What would his parents think? What would her parents think? What would their *friends* think? He started to wonder if K8 thought the kiss was a mistake. He glanced at her, and she smiled back at him. He looked back at the road, relieved.

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They got to the house, and walked into Song's room to find Song and Airtime having a raging argument.

"You weren't there!" said Airtime. "You didn't meet them!"

"Would you just listen to me?" said Song.

## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

“They even took my photo!”

“That doesn’t prove anything!”

“What’s going on?” Sbu asked.

Airtime pointed at Song. “She says that I didn’t win anything!” he said.

“I think the quiz is a scam,” Song corrected him. “It’s been happening all over the city. People think they’ve won an Internet competition, but it’s just a trick to steal money.”

“But I met them! They’re real! You saw them! Tell her, Sbu!” said Airtime.

“Why would they want Airtime to meet them if it was a scam?” asked K8.

“I don’t know. To make it seem real? Did they ask you to bring them anything?” Song asked Airtime.

“No!” said Airtime, and then thought about it. “Just my ID.”

“And you gave it to them?”

“Just so they could photocopy it!” said Airtime. Desperation was creeping into his voice.

“It’s all part of the trick!” said Song. “If they have your ID and your bank details they can steal as much money from you as they like.” She held up some pages that she’d printed out from Scamwarners.com. “It’s the same story again and again. Just look at it!”

Airtime took the pages and flipped through them. He looked back at her.

“No,” he said. “I don’t believe it. You’ve got money, you’ve got a job, you don’t understand how much I need this. This is my big chance! I’m not going to lose all this just because you’re all suspicious! I met them! It’s real! I’m getting that money!”

## Reader comments

Here are some comments left by readers at [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

Well its intresting,especialy when it comes to K8 and Sbu,but you must try and make the chapters a bit longer to capture the readers attention to the story. **Mkholisi**

Oh no! Couldnt foresee this. It has me hooked. Airtime got them into this mess now they must answer **Mbaleigh**

Wow!wow!wow!is al wat ek kan se.Kontax team i applaude u,beautiful,exquisite story.  
**Lulama Kay**

## What do you think?

*Do you think that the quiz is real or a scam? Why?* To answer these questions, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 8

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After Airtime stormed out, there didn't seem much else they could do. K8 and Sbu made sure Song was all right, and then K8 gave Sbu a lift back home.

They talked about the quiz in the car. It was obviously a scam, now that Song had told them, and they were both embarrassed that they'd fallen for it.

"I can't believe Airtime doesn't see it," said K8.

Sbu could understand it, though. Fifty thousand rand was too good to be true, but it was also too good to let go of.

K8 pulled the car up outside Sbu's house.

"Well, we're here," she said. "I hope your parents will let you sleep."

They leaned towards each other. Just before their lips met, K8 looked thoughtful and said, "Unless..."

"Unless what?" said Sbu.

"Unless... you'd like one more quick adventure."

- - -

They parked a few blocks up from St George's Mall, and walked back down again, keeping their eyes open for the metro cops. They found their corner, but the paintings were gone, along with the easels.

"I was really hoping they'd still be here," said K8. "Thanks for coming with me, anyway."

She took his hand, and they started heading back.

"Pity," said K8. "I wanted to buy one of those pictures from you."

"I thought you didn't have any money," said Sbu.

"I could swap one of mine for one of yours," she suggested.

Just as they were about to leave, Sbu spotted something behind a wheelie bin chained by a shopfront door.

"Just a second!" he said. "Look!"



## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

He ran to the bin and rolled it aside. Someone had stacked the paintings and easels against the wall. He picked up his favourite painting, and gave it to K8.

“Here you go,” he muttered, suddenly feeling shy. “For free.”

Before she could thank him, she saw something behind him, and her smile faded.

The young metro cop was waiting for them. He was leaning against the wall, and looked amused to see them.

“I thought you’d be back,” he said.

### Reader comments

Here are some comments left by readers at [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

I think kontax is a lifesaver because it has been a long time since i have read a short story or a novel because i have been mxiting for most of the time,so i think this will help me and others like me.I will definately tell my friends who are also mxit junkies about this.

**Pravesh**

I think this is the nxt best thng since sliced bread,cnt wait 4 the next chapter.its rly interestn,i cnt stand readn a novel bt this is diffrent coz its jst lyk facebook **Mpumi**

This girl is up 2 s0mething and da kontax team needs 2 find out whats up,the sooner the better and airtime..ay love your caractor 4sh0! **Zeze**

### What do you think?

*What should K8 and Sbu do? Talk or run? Should they have run the first time?* To answer these questions, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 9

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“Didn’t think you’d leave nice paintings like that for long,” said the cop.

K8 took a step backwards, but this time, Sbu stood his ground.

“You shouldn’t have run, man,” the cop said, scratching the back of his neck. “Sergeant Isaacs there was just kidding you, pushing his weight around. We weren’t going to arrest you. But running makes us think you’re up to something.”

“We’re sorry,” said Sbu.

“Are you going to arrest us?” said K8.

## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

“Me? No,” said the cop. “I felt bad for teasing you, so I kept your pictures safe.” But the smile dropped off his face. “This is serious, though. Don’t let me catch you again without a licence, okay? Or I will arrest you.”

K8 and Sbu thanked him, and awkwardly picked up the paintings and easels. As they were walking away, K8 had a moment of inspiration.

“Could you help us with something?” she asked the cop.

She explained Airtime’s situation, and the cop listened thoughtfully.

“I don’t think I can help you myself,” he said, when she’d finished. “I don’t deal with stuff like that. But I can ask around and see what I can do.”

“All right, thanks,” said K8, sounding disappointed.

“For that kind of thing you need the experts. People like us should stay away from those guys, né?”

They went back to K8’s car. As they were loading the pictures into the boot, Song called on K8’s phone.

“Hey,” she said. “I can’t get hold of Airtime. He’s not answering his phone.”

“Is there a problem?” said K8.

“He took my print-outs, and there was one he wasn't meant to see.”

“What was it?”

“An email from one of my online friends. He nearly got a job at a company that sounds exactly like the people who scammed Airtime. My friend turned it down when he found out how dodgy it was. But he gave me their address.”

“Uh oh,” said K8.

“Yeah,” said Song. “I think Airtime knows where the scammers are. I hope he isn’t doing something stupid.”

## Reader comments

Here are some comments left by readers at [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

Yho!wat a relief...4 a moment thr i thod sum1s gonna make trouble bt fortunatly it ddnt happn.im jst worried abt poor airtym.wats he up 2 hope its nthn stupd hey... **Chriselda**

Oho etym. U gna gt ur fingaz burnt, badly **Tsholofel**

## What do you think?

*What do you think K8 and Sbu should do? Should they go and find Airtime, or try to arrest the scammers?* To answer these questions, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 10

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Sbu tried calling Airtime.

“Hi, this is the voicemail of Mfundo AKA Airtime. I’m too awesome to come to the phone right now, but if you’d like to leave a message - ” Sbu hung up.

K8 was still on her phone to Song. “Where’s the office?” she asked. “We should check it out.”

“Are you sure you guys want to do that?” said Song. “Last time we went barging into a bad guy’s house I got my arm broken, remember?”

“We’ll just drive past and make sure Airtime’s not there,” said K8.

Reluctantly, Song gave her an address of a building in town. “It’s on the 17th floor,” she added.

- - -

K8 and Sbu drove across town and parked opposite the building. It was a brown concrete office block with tinted windows, and dark streaks down the sides made by years of rain. They got out of the car, and looked at the building warily.

“What do we do now?” asked Sbu. “Do we wait for Airtime? What if he’s already in there?”

“We should check,” said K8.

They crossed the street and entered the foyer.

Inside, it was dimly lit. There was a grid of mailboxes on one wall. The floor was tiled, and covered with streaked splotches as if someone had only got halfway through mopping it.

A security guard sat at a reception desk next to the elevators. He was reading a tabloid and listening to a poorly-tuned radio.

“Sign in, please,” he said, not looking up.

Sbu looked at the man. He was quite old, with a moustache and a pair of reading glasses. There was an empty tea-cup on the table next to him. He probably wasn’t involved in what was going on in the building. He probably didn’t care much, either.

Sbu skimmed through the recent entries in the visitor’s book.

“Look,” he said to K8 quietly, “He’s not here. He hasn’t signed in.”

“Great,” said K8.

“That’s that then.” Sbu was about to leave, when he saw K8 looking at the elevators.

“What is it?” he asked.

K8 seemed to make a decision.

“We should have a look upstairs,” said K8. “Just to check.”

## Reader comments

Here are some comments left by readers at [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

Wow! Wt is k8 thnkn? Ths wil only lead thm 2 trble. En wts up wit da security dude,i thnk hes in on it,he sms dodgy! Bt wel hv 2 c. Nyc chptr by da way! **Lerato**

W0w thse are gud frndz in hre thy rily care abt airtym nd dis shws true frendship... Nd k8 u 2 curious gal dis wil lead trouble.. Cnt wait 4 the ada chpter:D **Zee gal**

## What do you think?

*If you were K8 or Sbu, would you go upstairs? Should people try to deal with crime themselves?*  
To answer these questions, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 11

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The elevator was old, and it rattled unnervingly as they rode up to the 17th floor. Sbu could feel K8 starting to get tense.

He wondered why they were doing this. Maybe it was because, after the last adventure they had, they believed they were heroes and nothing could hurt them. But the big reason he was there was that he wanted to stay with K8. It didn’t matter why. He didn’t want his day with her to end.

The elevator opened and they walked out into a small empty foyer. It didn't look like the offices of a professional business. The walls were bare, and the room was empty except for a disconnected floor lamp in the corner next to the fire escape door. The corridor ahead of them was blocked by a glass security door.

K8 checked it. It was locked.

On the other side of the glass the corridor was a mess. There was a broken chair halfway down, and someone had removed the soundproof ceiling tiles to reach a bunch of cables, which were now hanging to the floor. There were scraps of paper and empty takeaway cups scattered everywhere. Whoever these people were, they weren’t very tidy.

## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

A couple of doors led off the corridor on either side, and the far end opened up onto a boardroom. Sbu could make out a long desk, where two guys with their backs to the corridor were typing on computers. One of them was eating a burger. The other was typing and nodding along to music on his headphones.

“Look,” whispered K8, pointing him out. “You recognise that guy?”

It was hard to see from behind, but when the guy with headphones turned to talk to the other, Sbu recognised him as one of the men in suits who had been with Bhose when he met Airtime.

Sbu nodded. “It’s them,” he said. “Let’s go call the cops.”

They turned back to the elevator and Sbu pressed the button. The doors didn’t open, so he pressed it again.

“It’s still coming up,” said K8.

The numbers above the door counted up to 17. There was a chime, and the door opened.

Inside was Bhose.

### Reader comments

Here are some comments left by readers at [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

K8 and sbu are in a hell of alot of trouble now they should not acted so impulsive by going in the elevator thinking nothing was going to happen to them **Jay**

Advice ppl neva d sumthing dat might risk ur lyf witout telin sume1 nor de police.great story big upz! **Tsholofel**

Luk i want kontax 2 add a new person 2 kontax lyk siphosethu if kate take da offer of goin 2 rhodes university nd met some1 named siphosethu coz i go there school **Siphosethu**

Wow dis was such a kwl chapter da intensity of it was jus sky rockin.i luv da way evrythng jus runs wit ur imagination 4rm da cop 2 da mistery place cnt w8t 2 c wat hpns nxt:) **Mbali**

### What do you think?

*What should K7 and Sbu do?* To answer this question, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 12

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Sbu almost didn’t recognise Bhose. The suit he had worn when he met Airtime was gone, replaced with a heavy-metal T-shirt, which made him look younger than he had seemed at the hotel. He was with two other guys who were a lot better built than him. He was talking to them as the door opened.

## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

“ – extra security. We can't get careless,” he said, and looked around. He saw K8 and Sbu. For a moment it looked like he didn't recognise them.

“Excuse me,” he said. “Have we met? You're the friends of, um, Mfundo, isn't it? What are you doing here?”

They didn't answer. His voice changed as he shed the mask of politeness.

“Get them!”

The big guys stepped forward, cornering Sbu and K8.

“What are you doing here?” Bhose asked.

“Give back our friend's ID,” K8 demanded.

“This isn't good,” grumbled one of the big guys.

“Shut up,” said Bhose. “Someone's been sloppy. If these two can find us, the cops will be able to as well. Tell the other two to start packing up the computers. We need to clear all traces of our operation in an hour.”

Bhose looked at K8 and Sbu and scratched his chin thoughtfully.

“Take these two with us,” he said. “Find out how they found us.”

One of the big guys stepped forward, and Sbu lashed out a fist defensively. He missed, and the guy shoved him backwards. Sbu's head hit the wall, and for a second all he could see was sparks. He struck out again, blindly. It was a lucky hit, getting the guy on the nose. The thug fell back, swearing.

K8 was cornered by the other one. She kept her eyes on him while backing away, and reached back to pick up the floor lamp. It was a long black pole, with an angle-lamp at the top and a round metal base that was heavier than it looked. K8 raised the base and held it up like a club. Once she swung it, she knew, the fight would get ugly. They were outnumbered. This wasn't going to end well.

The guy kept coming at her. K8 prepared herself. She didn't want to have to fight, but she would if she had to. But as she stepped back, her back pressed against the long bar of the fire door's release mechanism, and suddenly, she knew the way out.

She flung the lamp at her attacker, giving her just enough time to barge through the door, triggering an ear-splitting fire alarm.

“Run!” K8 yelled to Sbu. He kicked at his attacker. It didn't connect, but the man stumbled back in surprise.

By the time the scammers had recovered, Sbu and K8 were running down the bare concrete staircase of the fire escape in the heart of the building. The lighting wasn't good, and the bulbs had blown on some of the floors. More than once Sbu stumbled, and almost twisted his ankle.

## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

They didn't have much of a head start, but it was enough. K8 and Sbu were younger and faster than the scammers, and soon they were a whole floor below them.

"This isn't going to work!" said K8.

"Why not?"

"They'll take the lift! They're probably already waiting for us at the bottom!"

Sbu realised she was right. When they reached the next floor he found the fire-escape door, and kicked it with all his strength. It burst open.

They pushed through the gap into some new offices. It looked like the foyer on the 17th floor, but it was much better decorated, with a reception desk and paintings hanging on the walls. A crowd of office workers were gathered by the doors, trying to leave because of the fire alarm. They were surprised to see Sbu and K8 bursting in.

"What's happening?" asked one of the women.

"It's a fire," said K8, thinking quickly. "We've got to get out of the building. Is the elevator coming?"

The elevator doors opened, and Sbu and K8 pushed in.

"Wait! Is it safe to use the elevator during a fire?" asked one of the office workers.

"For this fire it is," said K8. "Come on!"

The workers packed in around them, and Sbu understood K8's plan. As they left the building, these people would be their human shield.

The doors opened in the lobby, and the workers poured out towards the main entrance. K8 and Sbu kept their heads down and stayed in the center of the pack.

"I can't see any of them," said Sbu, looking out for the scammers. "Can you?"

"No," said K8. "I think we're sa-"

They were grabbed abruptly, just a metre from the door. One of the scammers clutched K8's wrist. The building's security guard twisted Sbu's arm behind his back and yanked it up so he couldn't move.

"Are these the ones?" said the guard.

Bhose stepped forward.

"These are them," he said. "Thank you."

## Reader comments

Here are some comments left by readers at [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

I luv da way sbu is so chivious as 4 k8 wat she dd der was jus kwl n 4 dem stickin 2geda thru dis saga i fynd it sweet..i found dis chapter xpectionaly great n intriegin 2 **Rose**

Hmmm,S'BU n K8 wat a gr8 team! ,bt i dnt thnk twaz a gud idea 4 em ta tak d law into dr own hndz..dy plyn wif fir,bt lets read n. . . . **Khanyi#**

## What do you think?

*K8 and Sbu's escape hasn't gone well. If you were in their situation, what would you have done to get out of the building?* To answer this question, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 13

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“Help us!” called Sbu to the departing office workers. “Please!”

Bhose chuckled. “They’re not going to help a couple of thieves,” he said.

“Thieves?” said K8, furious. “You’re the thieves!”

Some of the office workers were milling around the front entrance, but none of them seemed like they wanted to get involved.

“Thanks for your help,” Bhose said to the security guard. “We’ll take them upstairs and wait for the police.”

“But they’re criminals! Believe us!” said Sbu.

“Shut up!” said the guard. He turned back to Bhose. “Can I turn off the alarm?” he asked.

“Oh, yes. These two just set it off when they tried to break in to our office,” said Bhose. “Thank you again.”

Sbu realised what a perfect liar Bhose was. He looked completely innocent, as if he really was the manager of an honest company, who was just happy that he’d caught a thief. It was such a perfect performance that even Sbu was feeling guilty, as if he really was a criminal, and Bhose was the innocent one.

“You’ve got to believe us! They’re kidnapping us!” said K8.

One of the big guys started dragging her towards the elevator. The other one took Sbu.

“I told you to be quiet, man!” said the guard.

The doors opened.



## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

“Please!” Sbu called out desperately. “Call the police!”

“That won’t be necessary,” said a stern voice from the main entrance.

A man in a suit was pushing his way through the office workers. Behind him were three policemen.

“You got here quick!” said the security guard.

“Everyone stay exactly where you are,” said the man in the suit. He pointed at Bhose. “That’s the one.”

Two of the cops approached Bhose, who tried to cover his panic by babbling wildly. “Thank goodness you’re here, officers,” he said. “I’d like to report a robbery! Thieves and liars!”

They handcuffed his hands behind his back.

“What’s going on?” Bhose demanded. “This is police brutality!”

His two thugs let go of Sbu and K8 and made a break for the door, but more policemen were coming in, with weapons drawn.

“Down on the ground!” one of them shouted. The office workers backed away, but the scammers surrendered, and lay down on the floor. The police moved forward to handcuff them.

As Bhose was led away, he was still spinning stories.

“This is a conspiracy! You won’t get away with this! I have friends in high places! Do you know who I am?”

As the police went upstairs to arrest the rest of the scammers, the man in the suit approached K8 and Sbu and offered them his hand. Sbu and K8 shook it.

“It looks like we made it just in time,” he said. “I’m Inspector Mpehle. Are you Mfundo’s friends?”

“How do you know Mfundo?” said Sbu.

“He called the police a few hours ago with his story, and they put him through to me. I deal with fraud investigations. We’ve been trying to catch these guys for months. When your friend told us the address, we came right over.”

“So Airtime did the right thing?” said K8.

“That’s right,” said Inspector Mpehle. “Lucky for you, too. He said you might be here, getting yourselves into trouble. Leave the police-work to the police from now on, okay?”

K8 and Sbu looked at each other.

“We’ll try,” Sbu said, honestly.

## Reader comments

Here are some comments left by readers at [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

Its an awesome chapter wow full of action nd comedy! What a gr8 story, it combines all the genres comedy, action, romance wow! Double thumbs up! **Churchill**

weldone police officers you knw ur job and hw 2work it.k8 and sbu u must stay out of trouble coz ull get hurt **khathutshelo**

## What do you think?

*Have you ever been in a situation where no one believed you were telling the truth? What did you do to convince them?* To answer these questions, or to leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

## CHAPTER 14

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Sbu watched K8 coming around the corner from the car, carrying two paintings. She was wearing dark glasses, and in the bright sunshine her white and yellow T-shirt seemed to glow. She propped up the pictures on the table in front of him, and wiped her brow.

“That’s the last of them,” she said.

They were in Greenmarket Square, just up from St George’s Mall, and this time they were official. They had hired the end section of a long table used by other vendors, next to a girl selling homemade jewellery. They had a batch of new paintings to sell. And K8 had even brought a beach umbrella to shade them from the sun.

Airtime was strutting around, calling out to potential customers.

“Paintings! Get your paintings here! Real art, good price! No carved giraffes!”

“You don’t need to do that,” said Song, gently pulling him back to his place behind the stand.

Sbu saw the young metro cop who’d helped them out. He was on the other side of the square, talking to some buskers. He looked up at Sbu, and held up a hand in greeting. Sbu held up their official vendor’s licence. The cop nodded, satisfied.

“Hey, K8, have you told Sbu about the letter?” asked Song.

“What letter?” said Sbu.

K8 looked hesitant. “It’s a letter from Rhodes University. I... got a scholarship. For this year.”

“Isn’t that great?” said Song.

Sbu felt his stomach sink, and a chill rushed over him despite the mid-day heat.

## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

“I don’t know if I’ll go,” said K8 quickly. “I mean, it would be great to take this scholarship, because then I won’t have to use my parent’s money. But I don’t want to leave you guys.”

Neither of them were saying out loud what they were thinking. They hadn’t told Song or Airtime about the kiss yet, and now didn’t seem like the time. But they were both full of questions.

K8 looked into Sbu’s eyes, trying to read his thoughts. Rhodes was in Grahamstown – a long way away. If she went, they wouldn’t see each other again for five months, maybe a year. A lot could happen in that time. But this was her big opportunity.

Still, what they had started couldn’t be ignored.

“I said I wanted to go with you,” said K8 quietly. “I mean it.”

“I know,” said Sbu. “But this is big for you.”

“I know that, too.”

Sbu took a deep breath.

“Whatever you need to do,” he said, “I’ll understand. Okay?”

“Excuse me?” K8 and Sbu were interrupted by a young woman with blonde dreadlocks and her boyfriend carrying a backpack with a German flag. The young man pointed at one of Sbu’s street scenes.

“Did you paint this?” he asked. Sbu nodded.

“How much is it?” said the young woman.

Sbu sold the painting for three hundred rand. The young man peeled three crisp blue notes out of his wallet, and handed them to Sbu.

The young woman held it at arm’s length to admire it. “I love it,” she said. ‘Finally, some *real* Cape Town art.’

She put it under her arm, and the two of them walked off between the stalls.

“Nice one!” said Airtime. “Our first sale!”

“This calls for a celebration,” said K8. “Lunch? I’ll get it. Burgers for everyone?”

“I’ll help you carry,” said Song.

“Will you be okay, running the stand for a while?” K8 asked Sbu. “We can talk later.”

“I’ll be fine,” said Sbu. “See you now-now.”

## KONTAX 2: THE BIG WIN

K8 opened her mouth, about to speak, but there was nothing she could say right then. Instead, she took his hand and squeezed it, and walked away with Song towards the fast-food places on Long Street. Sbu watched them go.

“Three hundred bucks!” said Airtime, sidling up next to Sbu. “Not bad.” Then he put his elbows onto the table, and sighed.

“What’s wrong?” said Sbu.

“I wish I really had fifty thousand rand, you know? I really believed I had it. And I thought that maybe if I believed really hard, it would be true. So stupid.”

“Well, you were smart to call the cops, anyway,” said Sbu.

“I’m not smart. I just had help from smart people.” Airtime looked towards Song as she walked with K8 through the throngs of tourists. For the first time, Sbu wondered if maybe it wasn’t just K8 and him who had a secret.

Airtime pushed up off the table and stretched his shoulders back.

“No point in being down!” he said cheerfully. “You can’t win them all, hey? Things are okay. It’s not the end of the world.”

“Right,” said Sbu. He didn’t know what he’d say to K8 when she got back, but they had to talk. Maybe she would stay, maybe she would go, but in the end it was something they’d work out together. For Sbu, that was what mattered.

Across the market, K8 and Song disappeared into the crowd. It wasn’t the end of the world. In fact, it could just be the beginning.

## Reader comments

Here are some comments left by readers at [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

Wow! I really enjoyed the story. Guys you put a lot of effort in it and it shows in every sentence. Well done! A big round of applause to you guys and I must admit K8 and Sbu just did it for me you guys rock! **Chriselda**

It’s very interesting, um it makes you wonder what will happen next, and it’s inspiring and educational. It teaches us about what’s going on in our everyday life, and also educates us about scams and everything. **Nasie**

I think that chapter 14 ended good enough because it leaves us as readers to wonder what’s going to happen next with Sbu and K8... I personally think that K8 should accept that opportunity because she might not get that chance again so if Sbu really cares about K8 then he will wait for her and respect her wishes **Nicky**

## WRITE YOUR OWN

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If you enjoyed this story, why not make up a new character for the next Kontax story? Describe this character and tell us how he or she interacts with the Kontax crew.

In April 2010 we ran a competition for Kontax readers to make up a new character. Over 2,000 entries were received! Below are the three winners in that competition. We actually ended up using the characters from the second place winner – Kagiso and Lebo – in Kontax 4: Family Ties!

### 1st Place: **Sbu**

A new guy is tagging da wallz on kontax territory. K8 has seen a few, hz gud, dis is bad 4 kontax coz most ppl thnk its dem. Ppl r angry, da heat is on kontax. After sbu n k8 had a fight abt her going 2 rhodes, she takes a walk 2 clear her head. While passng a narrow alley way she hearz da sound of spray cans. This could b da guy or gal taggng walls around town. She decides 2 cnfrnd 'em. As she walks closer, da tag being sprayd becomz clearer. Its beautiful urban-forest grafitti. She yells out at hm 2 stp wat hz dng. He stops. Puts hz hands up n says 'u caught me red handed' he turns arnd 2 face her wit a smile on hz face. He introduces hmself as thato bt is knw by 'tagsta' . He is charming bt corky. Hez into hiphop. Hez 18 n jus moved near by n thot he shud decor8. Hz impulsive n duz anythng 4 a thrill. He has a shady background he coverz up. He seemz kwl n k8 is taken by this new guy.

### 2nd Place: **Kagiso**

kagiso(yankee), male 18. he got the nickname yankee on mxit as he uses a good english.he wishes to b a soldier.he met sbu at soccer city,he has a crush on sbu's sister,Lebo bt he wants to charm sbu for a deal.he likes arguing and hates losing.he is happy to know that his drunkard dad is nt his biological dad...but tough one hey.he is good in drawing too.....

### 3rd Place: **Nare**

His name is mboyo,he is the king of graffiti in his hometown,welkom.he is k8's cousin and he comes to visit her for the holidays,he then meets songz and falls inlove with her,songz falls inlove with him to.but airtime doesn't agree to their relationship and does everything in his power to seperate them,but doesn't realise that his hurting songz.all hell breaks loose when songz decides to live the crew and go back with mboyo to welkom,what exactly is mboyo's plan? And will songz leave with him?