



**KONTAX 3**  
**THE HOLIDAY DIARIES**

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

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## 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 whenever they can, and wherever they can't. They're the Kontax, and it's their voice.

## STORY TEASER

It's the June 2010 holidays – World Cup time! The Kontax crew are on their own missions and keeping diaries of what they get up to. K8's got a solo graffiti mural she's painting before she goes up to Grahamstown for the festival. Sbu gets in a car crash and has to face up to his own prejudices when he makes assumptions about some Nigerian soccer players. Meanwhile Airtime has a smashing time with his little brothers, literally, when they break all the plates in the house, and Songezwa has a huge fight with her mom and finds a mysterious bundle in a storm drain.

## 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.



## K8'S MOLESKINE DIARY – 18 JUNE

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### STUFF TO DO:

Soccer! Soccer! Soccer! (Fan park :- ( Dad didn't come through with real live actual match tickets)

Pack for Grahamstown Festival (NB: Ben says it's freezing!)

Finish the damn mural already

Sort out my car insurance and, related:

Take Sbu for driving lessons (eek)

### THOUGHTS 8:17 AM

Mission Solo! Love working with the crew - there's an art in collaboration, working with other artists - but sometimes a girl's gotta go on her own mission, you know?

About 90% done on "Consumertopia", which is what I'm calling this particular work: kids playing, a little girl skipping, a boy kicking a ball, two girls playing clapping games. Only skippety girl has a giant Nike sneaker for a head, ball boy has the FIFA logo on his face and the two girls clapping both have TVs for heads, staring blankly at each other. Kif message if I say so myself!

And I'm beautifying the hood. It's up on this wall of this falling-apart rotten old abandoned house just under the highway. High visibility AND no-one gets hurt.

Can't wait to finish it. Heading out in T-minus one hour when the parentals head off. Got my cans and my overalls, ready to rock!

### MORE THOUGHTS. AROUND 7 PM

Woah. Did things NOT turn out the way I expected. I caught a minibus taxi to Woodstock, but even as I turned into Cambrey Rd, I could see everything was not right with the world. Some bastard had tagged over my mural!

I was standing outside just gobsmacked, when this lady pulls up in a skedonk of a car. She got out, lugging cans of paint and a toolbox and saw me looking at the wall.

"Isn't it terrible? Bloody vandals," she said. I was about to agree with her when I realised this philistine wasn't just talking about the tag, she was talking about *\*my\** mural!

"It's the last straw," she sighed before I could set her straight. "Looters stole all the copper piping in the house, they nicked the brass numbers off the wall and now this! I wish I'd never inherited this place."

"You inherited it?"

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"My aunt died and left it to me, but it's been standing here for years while I was overseas. There was supposed to be a caretaker, but I'm guessing he never bothered to check on it."

I felt bad for her, so I offered to help. Did she ever take me up on it! We hauled out garbage and a stinky old mattress left by squatters, we nailed window panes down, we pulled up rotten old carpeting, we put on a new door and finally we painted over the wall.

It hurt, but the mural was ruined already and the lady - Marilize - even admired it. She said it looked a bit like the paintings by that melting clock guy. I asked if she meant Salvador Dali. He's only one of my favourite artists ever. I love all the surrealists, but also more recent artists such as Louise Bourgeois, Takashi Murakami, Banksy and Faith47.

"That's the one!" she said, and added that she'd seen his work, for real, in a gallery in London. "The clocks and the skinny elephants." She really liked it.

So, while she was inside, getting us some cold drinks to say thanks for all the hard work, I quickly sketched out something in my notebook. I could have just painted it on the wall, but if this day has taught me anything it's that you should always ask first.

When I showed her the sketch of a Dali-style number 20, with the two like a skinny swan and the zero like a melting clock, she laughed out loud.

"That's brilliant!"

"I could paint it for you," I offered. "To replace your stolen numbers."

Marilize was ecstatic. She even paid me for it. Just R50, but hey, more spending money for Grahamstown!

And now I've made a piece of art that's all my own, totally legit, and STILL visible from the highway!

## Reader comments

Here are some comments left by readers. To leave your own comment, go to [www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

truly realy lv it!it's so vivid n fascinatin.it's personal yet i didnt feel like i was invadin K8's space.jst felt like a frnd ws teln me a stOry over the 4wn **khanya**

Wow kate, your diary entry is awesome. It luks lyk u had a busy scedule. Bt i adore u coz u focused and u knw wat u wnt in lyf. Great work **lebogang**

I LOVE K8..ths dairy entry just g0ogle eyed me simply because her love,passion nd devotion 4 art is extrodinary!!i love hw even 4rm a wealthy family she manages 2stay grounded,2 b thankful 4the smalest of thngs..i.e 50bux..eitha way,she made me realize da **Lesego**

## SBU'S DIARY: A LETTER TO K8 – 20 JUNE

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To: Katherine Matthews  
Care of: Ben Matthews  
Graham House Res  
Rhodes University  
Grahamstown  
6140

From: Sbusiso Mhlaba  
14A Valkyrie Drive  
Langa  
Cape Town  
7455

20 June 2010

Dear K8,

I miss you already and you've only been gone a day! Hope you're having a good time in Grahamstown. Wish I could have come to check out the theatre and stuff. The festival sounds banging. Tell your bro to rock his play. I'll check it out when he comes to Cape Town.

Things are chilled here. We're working on a mural for a creche in Nyanga. Could have used your skillz, but Kontax is still the number one graffiti crew in town, even if we're one (wo)man down!

I had this weird thing happen yesterday which turned out pretty cool in the end. I got in a taxi accident. Nothing hectic - don't bug out! The tyre burst and the taxi went swerving across the road and hit the concrete barrier that runs down the middle of the highway. Nobody was really hurt apart from some bumps and bruises, but yoh, for a couple of seconds I thought I was a gonner!

I went to the Sea Point promenade to chill and I was sitting on the bench checking out the sea and chewin' on how quickly things can change. One burst tyre and then ... bam!

And then it was like bam for real! This soccer ball comes out of nowhere and hits me on the head!

I was peed off! I turned around, holding the ball, and this Nigerian guy comes running up to me. "Hey, my brother, sorry man about dat. Can I have da ball?"

"Here's your damn ball!" I said and skopped that ball back as hard as I could.

"Hei! Lionel Messi!" he said, mocking me. But then he invited me to come join them. I didn't want to. I was annoyed that they'd disturbed me, so I said no at first. But you know how I roll. I couldn't resist.

It was a bit strange in the beginning because all the players were foreigners. Congolese and Zimbabwean and Nigerian, mara they were really friendly, especially this young guy, Jamala,

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from the DRC and the guy who called me Lionel Messi. His name is Abaeze and he's Igbo. He had to leave the country because of the violence over the oil fields.

It's weird, we hear all this stuff in the news about the BP oil spill but apparently much worse has been happening in Nigeria for years and years and years! You probably know all about it, activist girl, but it was the first time I'd heard about it and it was pretty hectic, especially coming from someone who'd been there.

These guys were good! I had to bust out some of my moves big time and I still didn't manage to score a goal. I think I managed to impress them though.

But then something weird happened. Abaeze left the field to go talk to this dodgy-looking white guy in a hoodie. They were talking for ages and then they did this funny switch and the hoodie guy pressed something into Abaeze's hand. I only noticed because I was diving for the ball. I felt sick. It just confirmed everything I'd ever heard about Nigerians that they're drug dealers!

I got pretty wound up. I started to go over there and Jamala pulled me back. "What's the matter?" he said. I totally lost my cool. You know how I feel about drugs, especially after that tik addict at school tried to stab my sister!

I went crazy on them, started yelling about how drug-dealing is the lowest thing you can do and how drugs destroy communities and these guys just packed out laughing. Jamala was laughing so hard he nearly fell over. Abaeze came back and he wanted to know what the joke was.

I told him, "I'm pissed off that you're a drug dealer, and for some reason your friends think it's hysterical."

"Drugs?" Abaeze frowned. "Does this look like drugs to you?" He held up a set of car keys.

"What is that?"

"Car keys. For Mr Hollis' car. That I'm servicing for him. I was a mechanic in Lagos. I used to work at a major service centre before I left the country."

"You mean... ?" I felt so skaam, K8, I wanted to like evaporate!

"It's hard to get a real job with a refugee visa. I do odd jobs here and there whenever I can. You know, to support my family." He took out his wallet and showed me photos of his three kids and his wife.

"I'm so embarrassed. I'm so sorry." I mumbled.

"Hei, Messi, don't worry about it," Abaeze slapped my back. "It's easy to get the wrong impression. After all, when I saw you sitting there on that bench all mopey, I thought you were a sulking little boy. And here it turns out you're an okay guy. When you're not making stupid assumptions, that is."

They were all pretty cool about it, but I think they're going to rag me about it for the rest of my life. Or as long as we keep playing together. They invited me to join them for practice again on Tuesday - but this time, they said, leave the stupid assumptions at home!

Anyways, it's not the same without you. Hurry back. And drive safe! The roads are mad out there.

X  
Sbu

## Reader comments

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Love the story, it was entertaining.... It really teaches us a people to unite be one and have tolerance... Looking foward to next week's story, hope it's as good even better.. Thanx for a great story **Chantal**

Sbu dats a gr8 letter. I guess you wil change your attitude 2wards foreigner. Dnt misjudge them. Yoh u reali care abt kate neh. Your frndship wit her means alot 2 u n dats gr8. Shes lucky 2 hve a frnd **Lebogang**

I think its so good, how you can talk about everything so openingly and you are aware about everything around you. All of us makes mistakes so i get where you coming from..  
**Sharon**

## WORD UP FROM A GEEKGRRL – SONGEZWA'S BLOG – 27 JUNE – PART ONE

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Seriously weird day. I mean SERIAAS. It started with a fight and ended with me and my mama hauling a squealing bag out of the storm drain!

Regular readers of this blog all two of you, hey guys? ;) will know that my mama has been driving me INSANE lately. I love her and all, but... uyandipambanisa! (For my non-Xhosa readers, that's "she's making me crazy!")

Like, she's having a major identity crisis about our relationship. One minute she's all modern: we should be able to talk about stuff like grown-ups and I should call her "Nomvula" instead of "mama" and she really appreciates me bringing in money to help support us and looking after her when she was sick.

The next instant she goes all serious about traditional values, like I need to respect my elders and I'm being disrespectful when I talk back to her and I have to do what she says because she knows better.

So, mama and I have this huge argument this morning. She's been really sick lately and while the clinic gives her ARVs, we still have to pay for the vitamins and the supplements and it's crazy expensive. I've been working at this film company, but I can only really do it on weekends and over the holidays and it's just not enough.

So our conversation this morning went something like this:



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Me: "I should just quit school and work full-time to look after you. You don't need matric to work in the film industry. And this way I'd be getting a head start on my career and a full salary."

Her: "uPambene! Ngeke!" ("Are you crazy? Never!") What about university... Future prospects... Warra warra warra..."

At this point I snapped. Maybe it was because I was tired from working 'til midnight last night on that stupid washing powder commercial because the director insisted on getting shots of the box from all different angles and then decided it wasn't good enough and set up all the lights all over again. Or maybe it's just because I was tired of having the same argument with mama over and over. Anyway, I said something terrible.

Me: "Oh yeah, 'cos university worked out so great for you, mama."

Her: "What is that supposed to mean?"

Me: "Single mom with a political science degree and HIV and no husband? Great future prospects, mama."

For once, mama didn't have a snappy comeback. She just stood there, like I'd punched her. And then her chin started wobbling. I thought she was going to slap me, but she just turned and walked into her room and closed the door.

Ndiswabile. I felt so bad. It just came out. I couldn't believe I said that. I tried to knock on the door, but mama just said "Please leave me alone" in this muffled voice, like she was talking into her pillow.

So I did. I went for a walk and a think. Walking is kinda like hair conditioner, it gets rid of all the tangles in your head.

The most frustrating part is that I understand. I really do. On the one hand, this is your typical mom-daughter stuff. We might as well be in a soap opera. But it's also the way she grew up, you know? In exile. She's stuck between these two worlds. Sometimes I wish she hadn't moved back to Mzansi with dad in 1995. It would have been awesome to grow up in England. Superfast Internet FTW! And maybe then dad wouldn't have got so homesick and they wouldn't have fought so much and he wouldn't have gone back to Korea.

It's kinda my fault. When I was born, she wanted me to grow up here, to have roots. She was always moving around and I guess it got lonely. She wanted me to grow up with a real home and also experience our culture.

Of course there are some parts of our culture I totally don't get, like why is it okay for a man to have lots of wives but a woman can't have lots of husbands? Helloooo... hypocrisy! But then there's lots about "Western" culture I don't get either, like how is it acceptable to just dump your gogo in an old-age home? Hayibo! Not cool.

Anyways, I'm getting sidetracked.

So, I was walking and I had no idea where I was going and I couldn't really see because I was blinking back tears. I got to the end of the street and sat down on the kerb by the empty lot that

### KONTAX 3: THE HOLIDAY DIARIES

used to be a playground until the equipment rusted and became a health hazard and they ripped it all out.

I put my head down on my knees and I was sobbing, feeling sad and angry and all messed up, when I heard this whimper. I looked up, but there was nobody around.

So, I got my detective vibe on and started searching around for the source of the noise. Finally, I tracked it down to the other side of the dirt-patch-that-used-to-be-a-playground. It was coming from the storm drain.

I knelt down next to it, feeling a bit stupid and called down, "Molo? Anyone down there?" There was a squeal and I got such a shock that I fell backwards and scraped my hand. There was a black garbage bag, tied up at the top, half-sunk in water and leaves and plastic and rubbish.

I tried to reach it, but the grate was too narrow and my arm got stuck. My fingers just sorta grazed the top of it and the bag stopped wriggling and something inside made a very small, very sad whine.

I ran back home faster than Caster Semenya and nearly broke my mom's bedroom door down I was banging on it so hard. She was so cross when she opened it until I told her about the bag in the drain. On the way back, she ran faster than me!

*(TO BE CONTINUED)*

## **WORD UP FROM A GEEKGRRL – SONGEZWA'S BLOG – 27 JUNE – PART TWO**

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Mama and I rushed back to the storm drain where I'd found the whimpering bundle. She was amazing. The first thing she said was, "It's not a baby," and I felt really relieved. But whatever was in the bag was obviously scared and maybe hurt. We had to get it out of there. She sent me back home to get a broom, but when we tried to pry the bars open with it, it just snapped in two.

My mom swore I've never heard her swear before and said, "This is what happens when you buy cheap stuff."

"We could try and find a crowbar somewhere? Or a tyre iron?"

"No, just let me think," mama said. Then she told me to wait there and watch the bag, make sure nothing happened to it.

She came back with the weirdest thing: a soaking wet dishtowel. I couldn't figure it out. She tied it around two of the bars of the storm drain's grille, then looped the other half around the broken broomstick and started twisting it clockwise until the cloth pulled tight.

"Ndicede, Song," mama said. "Help me. I can't do this on my own." So I helped her turn the handle so that it twisted the cloth and slowly pulled the bars together. After three turns, one of the bars snapped!

### KONTAX 3: THE HOLIDAY DIARIES

"Yoh!" I was super impressed. "Did they teach you that at university?"

My mama laughed. "In a political science degree? No, I saw it on TV, baby." When she called me baby, I knew she'd forgiven me.

We yanked up the bars and my mom reached into the storm drain and hauled out the sack, holding it a little bit away from her in case it was a rat that decided to bite.

She gently opened the bag and this tiny pathetic little puppy came crawling out on her belly, whimpering and wagging her tail and ducking her head like she expected us to hit her. She was really mangy and scrawny with bits of fur missing and what looked like a cigarette burn on her tummy when she rolled over for us to scratch it.

"Poor thing! We have to take her home, mama. Please can we take her home?"

"I'm worried that you've got too many responsibilities already, Song," Mama said. And I knew she wasn't just talking about my job and school and stuff.

"It'll be okay if we do it together, mama."

We took the puppy back home and gave her some beans out of a can, which she wolfed down. She wouldn't stop eating until her belly was so big that she looked like she'd swallowed a soccer ball, and then she went to sleep on the mat by the door.

"We'll have to get her some real dog food," mama said.

"I'm sorry-" I started to say, but she interrupted me.

"You don't have to go to university if you don't want to. But you might want to go to film school later. Maybe being a jogger-"

"It's called a 'runner', mama." I rolled my eyes, but I didn't mean it.

"Maybe being a runner on set is enough for now, but what if you want to be a..."

"An editor or a director or do visual effects?"

"Whatever those things are... You could always go to film school or that new animation college in Khayelitsha. Or maybe you decide you don't want a career in film after all."

"You're saying I should finish matric."

"I'm saying you should keep your options open. Finishing school will give you more opportunities in the world."

"Thanks, mama," I said and she gave me a hug.

"Now, this dog... It's going to be hard work. You ready for that?"

"Yes, mama," I said.

"Have you decided what you're going to call her?"

"Ithuba."

(For my readers who don't speak Xhosa, that means "opportunity". ;) )

## **Reader comments**

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[www.yoza.mobi/kontax](http://www.yoza.mobi/kontax).

Ow man these stories are awesome. They are real and we can relate in many ways with them. I dont think i can wait for sunday updates but its worth it. Now im waiting to see what Airtime's got to say:?  
**Nation**

Ja,its always gud 2 frgv nd forget,nd dropin out of school is nt a gud thng,matric wil always gv u more opportunities nd options,so remember guys 'thuto ke kotse'meaning 'education is power'.  
**Tlou**

I like songz diary alot coz my mum is also hiv+ nd we also argue alt. My mum also made lots of sacrifices so dat i cn hve a beta life. Mwa  
**Michelle**

## **AIRTIME'S DIARY – 4 JULY – PART ONE**

---

HELLO MZANZI!

Mfundo a.k.a. DJ AIRTIME here, bringing you my HOMEWORK!

That's right, my readers, our teacher told us to write a diary for one day over the holiday. She told us to write in proper English, too, with good spelling and on paper, not on my cellphone, wch is rubsh becoz im xcelnt at wrting on da fone.

NEway

Here's what I did on Saturday.

### **MORNING**

Yes! Yes! Yes! I been waiting for this day all week! The parentals are visiting my aunt, and they told me to stay at home and look after the li'l punks known to the rest of the world as my brothers Anele and Xolo.

Why am I excited about looking after a pair of twelve-year-old troublemakers?

I'm NOT.

But with the parentals out of the house, it's game on. Literally.

### **KONTAX 3: THE HOLIDAY DIARIES**

See, my parents don't like video games. They both work at schools. My mom is a deputy-principal. So they think video games are a waste of time, when I could be studying or something.

But when I was hanging with K8 at her house, I saw she's got her brother's old PS2 that nobody plays since he went to university. And she has the game Call Of Duty. Holla back!

She didn't want us to play games right then, so she lent me her brother's PS2 for the holidays. She said he would be totally cool with it. And all the games, too! K8 is basically the future!

I haven't been able to play all week. But today my parents are away, so I'm going to plug the PS2 into the TV and get playing.

#### **MORNING (Again)**

I'm almost through level two.

I was shooting a Nazi general when the punks started running around the couch. I told them to calm down. Xolo said there was some cartoon show on TV that they wanted to watch.

I told them to vaya but they sang the theme tune of their cartoon again and again until I gave up.

I said they could watch it, but afterwards they'd have to leave me alone to play my game. So I unplugged the PS2 and they're watching it now while I do my writing.

#### **MORNING (Again Again)**

I can't believe it!

After the cartoon finished I plugged the PS2 back in and got back into the game. The punks stayed on the couch to watch.

After a few minutes Anele started poking Xolo in the ribs, pretending his fingers were bullets. Xolo tried to shove his fist into Anele's mouth, pretending it was a grenade. Anele bit Xolo's fingers, and Xolo shouted at him and made me miss a German soldier in the game, who then shot me dead.

I told them to get off the couch and go and play somewhere else.

I tried to ignore them as they ran from one room to the other making "Pew Pew Pew!" and "AttAttAttAtt Kapooooow!" noises.

Then they ran into the kitchen and there was a big crash, and they were both quiet.

I paused the game to check out what was going on. There were pieces of broken plates all over the floor, and Anele and Xolo were gone!

*(TO BE CONTINUED)*

## AIRTIME'S DIARY – 4 JULY – PART TWO

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After my kid brothers smashed all the plates playing stupid war games, I had to search the whole house to find them. I was a man on a mission. I found the little punks hiding under the bed, dragged them out and told them to go and clean up the mess.

Now I'm totally not in the mood to play video games anymore, basically because I'm a dead man. I was meant to look after them and now the parentals are going to blame me for the disaster. I'm SO screwed. I'm going to chill out here in my room and do my writing, and wait for my parents to come home and kill me.

### AFTERNOON

So I was waiting for my parents to come home and destroy me when Anele and Xolo told me to come outside with them. I asked them why, and they said I should just come and they'd show me.

We went across the street to our neighbour Mrs Magwaza's house. She opened the door and Anele started talking to her.

You should have heard him speak! He told her the whole story of how they broke the plates and how much trouble they were going to get in. He talked so fast that she didn't have a chance to get a word in edgeways, but he told the story really well.

He made her laugh when he told her about the fake fight, and when he told her about what was going to happen when our parents got home, he nearly moved her to tears.

When he was finished, Xolo held up one of the broken plates, and Anele asked if she had any plates like that which she could give us to save our lives.

She didn't have any, but she wished us luck. We said thank you and went to the next house where Xolo spun the same story.

All I'm saying is you can tell these little punks are the brothers of DJ AIRTIME. They can spin stories better than me!

We went all the way down the street. I didn't know this before today, but it looks like my brothers are tight with every single person in our neighbourhood.

So we stopped at one door after the other, and either Xolo or Anele would tell the story, and each time it got better and better.

By the end of it they were talking for ten minutes each, and the story had changed so they weren't just fighting an imaginary war, but a full-on real one. My parents had become terrifying creatures a mile high who would breathe fire and destroy the city unless someone could help us out with replacement plates.

The last house we got to was Gogo Miriam's. She took a long time to answer the door, and when Anele told her the story, not a single muscle moved in her face. It made him very skaam.

### KONTAX 3: THE HOLIDAY DIARIES

He started stuttering, and in the end he stopped talking, and just asked her straight if she had any plates like ours.

She looked right at him for a while, and then she looked right at me, and it was like looking into a furnace. She's one scary old lady.

"Is it true, what he says?" she asked.

I told her it was.

She snorted out of her nose, and went back into the house. We heard her clattering around inside, and after a minute she came back out carrying five plates. All of them were exactly like the ones my brothers had broken.

We were so hyped! But she hushed us before we finished thanking her.

"I'm not going to hand these over just like that. I need you to do something for me, too. I've got a sore hip, and I need someone to help me carry my shopping. Can you do that?"

My brothers agreed.

"Every week?" she said.

They agreed again, and she handed over the plates.

"Starting tomorrow," she said.

On our way back to our house, we decided that we'd take it in turns. Anele would carry her shopping tomorrow, and Xolo the next time she asked, and I'd do it the time after that.

I was so chuffed with my little bros that I didn't want to play the PS2 after that. I wanted to spend more time with them. But when I asked them what they wanted to do, they said they wanted play video games too!

So I put on Mario Party, which I thought would be a bit too much of a kiddies' game for me, but it was fun. Anele and Xolo picked it up quickly, but I still kicked their asses - most of the time.

It's lucky they were playing with me, because the punks heard my parents coming home long before I did, so we had time to unplug the PS2 before they came in.

You know, they're a'ight. I'm cool with them being my li'l bros. The only problem is that they forgot to mention that they also broke the lamp in my parents' room during their fight. You know, the one my moms really, really loves.

Eish. We got into. So. Much. Trouble.

## Reader comments

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### KONTAX 3: THE HOLIDAY DIARIES

I LYK AIRTYMZ DIARY IT REMINDZ ME OF ME N MA PEST OF A BROTHER HEZ 12 N IM 18 N DAMN HE B SUCH A SWTHEART N YET A MONSTER NYC 1 AIRTYM 4M UR GAL TK **Thandeka**

Wow,dat was fun readin de.i thought dairies were long,boring stories of how ur feelin n how ur day went.2 me dairies were lyk hippie stuff but m actualy lookin 4ward 2 writing 1.AIRTIME u neva disapoint!!!keep it up;) **Fochuence**

I totally love Airtimes diary entry, personally i can relate 2 experience they all had. I live with 4 younger siblings and they can drive you through the wall. I love how the situation was resolved. **Sinenhlanhla**

## SBU'S DIARY VS K8'S MOLESKINE NOTEBOOK – 11 JULY – PART ONE

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### SBU'S DIARY

Yoh! Crazy day!

K8 got back from the Grahamstown Festival last night. I was so amped to see her, but things went south basically from the moment she came to scoop me up at my crib.

First she tried to kiss me in the car, right under my mom's window. Um. Not ayoba! She started bugging when I broke off the kiss. She just doesn't get it. My mom would freak... That's serious disrespect.

Anyway, she cheered up when she started telling me all about Grahamstown - watching plays, joining a drumming circle, learning to juggle firesticks, hanging out at the monument watching the sun rise. Her brother's play sounds like it's a little out there, but also kinda cool - it's this weird puppet show with people dressed like birds as a political statement.

But the more she talked about it, the more I hated it, because I can see how much she wants to go back there for university. I mean, it was great to see her happy, but I just wish she wasn't so happy about leaving me, nah mean?

### K8'S NOTEBOOK

Aaaargh! Sometimes I don't get Sbu at all.

I missed him so much in Grahamstown, and every second I spent up there I wished he was there with me. I saved up so many stories to tell him about everything I'd seen and done, because I wanted him to be a part of it. But when I tried to tell him, he just wouldn't listen. And he wouldn't kiss me either. What's up with that?

Worst. Boyfriend. Ever.



### **KONTAX 3: THE HOLIDAY DIARIES**

#### **SBU'S DIARY**

K8 let me drive to practice for my test in August, but she got really impatient with me. Okay, so I stalled twice before we even pulled away, but c'mon, the last time I got behind the wheel was three weeks ago! It's not like I have easy access to a car when she's not around.

Eish, I stalled again at the stop street, a block away from my house and then K8 just pissed me off. She saw these guys hanging round on the side of the road - my friend Buhle's younger brother and his boys, kicking around a soccer ball, and she bugged out. She locked her door and lunged over to lock mine too - like they were these evil tsotsi hijackers or something.

I told her to chill and said I knew them, but it made me think. Because if K8 skeems like that about the people I hang out with, what does she think about me?

#### **K8'S NOTEBOOK**

Man, Sbu was driving soooooo badly! He was really distracted. He must have had something on his mind. He kept grating the gears and braking too hard and forgetting the indicators.

I had to keep on reminding him to do everything, like staying in his lane and changing his gears up. But the more I tried to help him, the worse he got.

#### **SBU'S DIARY**

K8 was on her b-game on the whole drive. She kept telling me what to do. "Turn here! Go slower! Brake! Aaaaagh! Brake-brake-brake!"

I mean, I know that I don't drive well - That's why I'm learning. I don't need her to tell me.

In the end, I told her that she wasn't any better when she was learning, and she should cut me some slack. She said she was sorry.

#### **K8'S NOTEBOOK**

After Sbu snapped at me, I realised how tense I was getting. I'm not used to anyone else driving my car. I promised to relax, if Sbu promised to concentrate!

We drove through to an empty parking lot next to the swimming pool in Observatory, and practiced parking and three-point turns.

After half an hour of that Sbu got a lot more confident. I think he's going to be a great driver, actually. He parallel parked and alley-docked like a pro, and asked what he could practice next.

"How's your vuvuzela-blowing?" I asked. I told him the plan I had for the rest of the day: watching the final!

He looked super chuffed until I said the fan park would be an amazing place to watch the match.

*(TO BE CONTINUED...)*

## SBU'S DIARY VS K8'S MOLESKINE NOTEBOOK – 11 JULY – PART TWO

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### SBU'S DIARY

I was super-amped when K8 said we were going to watch the game! Benefits of dating a girl with rich parents, you know what I'm saying? Only to be totally down when she said it was going to be at the fan park and not some VIP viewing venue via her dad's connections, you know, with free drinks and snacks and celebrities. I was cut, bra, but whatever.

I shouldn't have been really surprised. K8's folks may be loaded, but it's not like she's some rich kid. They expect her to work for pocket money and pay her own university fees and stuff, just like my parents. So, I do understand why she's so excited about the bursary for Rhodes. But just once, I wish her dad had come through!

NEway, when we got to the Grand Parade I changed my mind completely.

The vibe was tight!

Thousands of people were standing in front of the screen which was twice as high as my crib. The match hadn't even started yet, and the crowd was already going wild.

We pushed our way past masses of people to a gap near the speakers, which were also bigger than my crib (okay, not quite, but they were BIG). People weren't standing there because the sound was so loud, but K8 handed me a pair of earplugs.

On the screen, the teams were coming out. Peeps were going crazy. I done lost my voice trying to compete with the vuvuzelas. I even saw one guy trying to blow into a traffic cone!

But there were these guys behind us who were being total losers. They were shoving each other around, trying to get the other guys to spill their drinks. One of them, a really big guy with a shaved head, poured his beer down the back of K8's legs, but she fronted like she didn't notice.

Then he did it again. And again, deliberately splashing beer down the back of her T-shirt. It was like some loser game.

K8 was pretty cool about it. She turned around and said, "I know it requires co-ord, but can you try not to spill your drink on me?"

"Oooo-oooooh!" The guy mocked. "She's cute when she's angry!"

"Hey!" I started to get really peeved, but K8 put her hand on my arm to tell me to chill.

"Look, I get you're here to have a good time, but can you do it without pouring your drink on me?"

Then it turned ugly. The guy said, "Listen, You don't get to tell me what to do just because you're white!"

"What?" K8 said, "This isn't about me being white. This is about you being a jerk!"

"Racist!" The guy yelled.

I've never seen K8's face like that. She looked shocked, and then helpless, and then seriously angry. She opened and closed her mouth, but for once she didn't have a comeback. I got seriously worked up. I mean, I was ready to take that guy out! All of them!

"You better apologise to her, right now!" I said.

"Oh and who are you supposed to be? The boyfriend?"

"Yeah. I am."

The guys behind him laughed at me. "You're an idiot. White girls have no respect. She's just going to order you around... You're just her boy."

I was so angry I was shaking, but K8 grabbed my arm. "C'mon," she said. "Leave it. They're not worth it."

"See... Already bossing you around like a real little madam."

I wanted to teach these guys a lesson, but K8 kept pulling.

*(TO BE CONTINUED...)*

## **SBU'S DIARY VS K8'S MOLESKINE NOTEBOOK – 11 JULY – PART THREE**

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### **K8'S NOTEBOOK**

Sbu finally backed down from getting into a fight with those jerks, thank God, but then we had this massive argument about it.

"What's wrong with you?" I yelled at him when we got to the other side of the parade away from those racist idiots. "Did you see the size of those guys? They would have made mincemeat out of you!"

But Sbu was sulky. "Why did you drag me away? You just proved that they're right!"

"What, that I'm your madam? You really think that? THAT's our relationship? Like you wouldn't have dragged me away if I was getting into a pointless argument with aggro jerks?"

"No, but... I was standing up for you!" Sbu said.

"I don't need you to stand up for me, Sbu. I can handle myself. I've been doing it for my entire life!"

### KONTAX 3: THE HOLIDAY DIARIES

#### SBU'S DIARY

I'd never seen K8 so pissed off. Thing is I knew she was right. I could care less what those guys think. They were just a bunch of punk losers looking to start a fight.

And I know she can take care of herself. I mean, she even ran away from home for three months, took a backpacker's bus all the way up to Johannesburg when she was 15.

"I can't help it," I told her. "If someone threatens you, it's automatic. I'm going to step up."

"But you're not going to be able to do that when I'm at Rhodes, Sbu."

It was the first time we'd really acknowledged it. That she was going away. It sucked. Big time.

#### K8'S NOTEBOOK

It hit us both at the same time, that what we were really fighting ABOUT is that this relationship is worth fighting FOR.

It's going to be so hard with me going away, with cultural differences and the race rubbish that I'm amazed people still bother about - and just being in a serious relationship with someone you care about.

It's a precious, fragile thing.

Sbu pulled me into a hug and then we kissed just as one of the teams scored and the crowd went wild, almost as if they were doing it for our kiss.

#### SBU'S DIARY

We kissed for the longest time, in front of everyone, but it was cool cause at least my parents weren't there.

Then I got us two boerewors rolls and we sat on a bench and ate them together, people-watching. The crowd was so mixed and crazy, from a Dutch family all wearing these ridiculous orange top hats, down to a toddler on his dad's shoulders, to this lesbian couple wearing Bafana Bafana tutus and holding hands.

I was still angry about those guys, but they were the exception. Everyone was really happy and excited and there was such a good spirit. You could feel it in the air. K8 pointed out two foreign girls with crazy spiky hair. Real punks.

"They look like Pokemon!" I said.

"You watched Pokemon?" K8 seemed surprised.

"Are you kidding me? My little sister Lebo was crazy for them when she was five. She knew all their powers." I put on Lebo's voice, all squeaky, "She'd be like, this one's Squirtle and it goes psssssh! And this one's Bulbasaur, it's got a plant on its head and it can bite the crap out of you. Oh, don't tell mom I said 'crap'."

### KONTAX 3: THE HOLIDAY DIARIES

K8 laughed. I love it when she laughs. We kissed again and we were so into it, when we came up for air, the game was practically over.

#### K8'S NOTEBOOK

Long after the crowd had already gone home or to nearby pubs or shebeens, we were still sitting there on the bench talking like we haven't talked in ages. It was great.

I said I was sorry for being bossy in the car and being worried about his friends being hijackers and Sbu apologised for letting those drunk idiots get to him. Misunderstandings are gonna happen. We just need to talk it through. Always.

It's harder work than just being friends. But we're good together. Really good. And if we can hold onto that, we'll be just fine.

#### SBU'S DIARY

We knew it was going to be hard, but I wasn't expecting it to be THIS hard. I guess it's because this is the most serious relationship I've ever had.

But no matter what people say about me being kasi and her being a white suburbs girl, the only thing that matters is us. This is between me and K8.

And I know for sure now, after today. It's worth it.

### Reader comments

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There is nothin harder then 2 ppl frm different worlds trying 2 connect, but its also the greatest experience! Clearly u 2 r made 4 eachOther! The haterz will keep hatin COZ SOMEBODYZ GOTTA DO IT!! wat matrz z how u 2 feel about eachothr...**Basetsana**

Reading the dairy's remindd me of me and my boyfriend sometyms things dnt happen the way we want them to and a relationship must not b based on just likin a persn it mst b on a gud friendship **Khumo**

fantastic story... just goes to show.. doesn't matter where u from or what ur background is love doesn't choose race,culture or creed it just happens:) people fall in love for who u are and not for the colour of ur skin **Tamlin Lee**

## WRITE YOUR OWN

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If you enjoyed the holiday diaries, why not write a holiday diary entry for one of the four main Kontax characters (Sbu, K8, Song or Airtime)?

In July 2010 we ran a competition for Kontax readers to write in their holiday diaries. This is the winning entry ...

### Winner: **Lebohang**

Songezwa thoughts. 24 JUNE 2010. 07:00 am. I guess its just another hectic day for me. ive got so many things n so litte time. ive got 2 go 2 work, and i need de money for my mom. shes terribly sick but the ARVs dat shes been taking reali helpd her lot. so i jst cant leave my job. i also got a meeting wit thd kontax crew. i mean we realy making a lot of money with the 2010 worldcup. The tourist like our art cause its totaly african. So which means its a lot of work for kontax. Its realy tough since kate has left 4 grahamstown. Im stuck with sbu and airtime. But we having fun coz airtime never stops talking. Hes always makings jokes although his jokes makes us work faster. But i do miss kate. We've been through so much bt i knw she wil b bak soon. enough writing 4 2day, ive got 2 go 2 work.