



Our World Ended...

RESPONSE 1 to LETTER

It was a time of letters. Unwelcome letters. Hated letters.

Each letter delivered by the postman had a dreaded official cold message that the addressee and their family were to be legally dispatched from District Six to an unknown newly created township in an unfamiliar place called the Cape Flats. It was a missive that brought an end to happiness and introduced another life to thousands whom the National Party government was hellbent on relocating because they were born black.

There was no escaping these letters. Our letter also came. My dad asked me to read it. Usually my mother read letters to him. This day she was still at work, so he had to call on me. I feared him because he was a strict disciplinarian who made no secret that he wanted to save his sons from a life of throwing the dice on street corners, crime and prison. As I read to my dad it dawned on me my mother had to read to him because he was illiterate and not because he was the one who had to be obeyed. Years later, as I recalled that moment, I also understood his obsession with educating his children.

Adapted from: <https://mg.co.za/article/2015-02-27-our-world-ended-with-a-letter/>