



# Chicken Legs

A loner's way

Mogamad Salie

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**Mogamad Salie**

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To all the outsiders.  
In memory of my parents.  
For my daughters, to know my stories.  
Thanks to my wife for finding me.

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# 1

## 1971-1974

### 1.1 DRIVE-IN

Em moved over to sit on Dad's lap after they turned into the drive-in's entrance. Mom, Dad, his two brothers Delong and Catcher, and Em were on their way, in their Colt, to the drive-in. His brothers were six and seven years older than him. It was close to the middle of 1973. The chilly winter air was on its way.

Em had been born in 1970, the last of his father's six children. Mom was his third wife, Dad having been divorced twice.

The traffic was moving slowly over this stretch inside the drive-in's grounds. His father thought it was safe while he was driving slowly to have Em on his lap. Em felt safe being near to Dad. The long line of cars was slowly creeping forward.

'Daddy, my hands are cold.'

'Put your hands in my hand,' Dad recommended while he steered the car with the other.

*Dad's huge hand must be rough from doing electrical work, yet it is gently heating mine. Will my hands ever be so immense and strong?*

'Daddy, can we do our adding game?'

'1+1 is 2, 2 + 2 is 4, 4 + 4 is 8 ...'

Em counted with him. Dad was a mathematical and practical man. They counted together into the thousands. Doing numbers with his father was a song that relaxed Em and the higher he could add the more fun it was.

The drive-in was very exciting. They seldom went to the cinema, because it was costly. They did not have their own film projector so the nights they went to the drive-in were therefore special occasions.

‘Daddy. Can I steer alone now?’ He stood up on Dad’s lap, now that his hands were warm enough.

‘Okay,’ although Dad still directed the wheel by holding it at the bottom.

After entering the main gate, the road turned sharply to the right then went straight for about one hundred metres. At the end, he could see a line of bush where the road then turned to the left. He held the steering wheel while carefully planning his turns ahead.

*The parking area must be behind those bushes, even though I can’t see them.*

After the left turn, the road went straight along the bushes for more than one hundred metres, and then it went under the big screen that was supported on metal steel posts. He had to make another sharp right turn to get to the parking area.

‘I will steer now to find a good parking place. You can try that next time.’

Dad looked for a space to park near the toilet area but not too far from the screen. There were little hills arranged in rows. Cars parked with the front facing up the hill and the reclined car made it easier to see the movie screen while sitting back in the seats. It was always a trick to align the car so that even those in the back seat could see the movie screen, which was viewed through the front windscreen.

‘Daddy, your head is in the way!’

‘Okay. Is that better, Delong?’ after Dad had reversed up and down a few times.

‘Mommy, you are in my way!’

‘Catcher, you can shift slightly more towards Delong.’

Em was positioned in the middle of the back seat. It always took a few tries, although it was never perfect, and so somebody was always pushing and adjusting against the other for a better view. The Colt was one of the smallest cars on the road. It was not expensive. People who were self-taught tradespeople, that is, the people who’d learnt on their own how to construct houses and other buildings as well as furniture, could afford them.

Em’s father had taught himself the electrician’s trade, because he’d had to leave school after he’d completed Grade 7, even though he was first in his class that year. Dad had saved that report card. He needed a matric school certificate to get entry into an electrician’s apprenticeship and therefore, although he could do the electricians’ work, he was not officially qualified, which resulted in him having a low salary.

‘I had to work, because my father was sick and could not support his family anymore,’ he’d told Em.

*Why did his parents produce more children after they removed him from school to make money to support the family? His siblings who were younger could finish school.*

Even though many were self-taught in his community, they still had workers and helpers who were mostly ‘Black’ people and sometime Coloureds. These workers could not afford to have cars. Em never saw any Black people in cars at the drive-in, yet they were at the drive-in, cleaning the toilets, even though it was night time. The people in the houses with the big trees in some of the areas they passed by as they drove to the drive-in, had much shinier, bigger and what looked like sports cars, parked in their driveways. None of those people, who were all ‘White’, were at this drive-in.

*Sitting in their cars to watch a movie would be much more comfortable. I bet their cars would start without being pushed. One day, I will have a car that does not need to be pushed to start and that does not leak when it rains.*

The screen was many cars ahead of them and was the size of a triple-storey building. The projector's rays shone out of a little house behind their car. Flickering circular rays of beams expanded in the crisp air and raced forward until they collided and made moving pictures on the screen in all colours, shapes and sizes.

Each parking area had one speaker stored on a post on the right -hand side of the parking spaces. Dad had to park to reach this speaker, which had a short cable attached to it. He then hooked it on his window and rolled the window up as high as it could go, to limit the cold air coming in. The sound had static and a high-pitched tone with little base. It was not easy to hear everything. Before the movie started there were long cigarette adverts that depicted adventurous men travelling to many exotic locations.

*Cigarettes must make you strong and tough enough to explore jungles.*

During interval he went with his brothers to the small tuck shop and they bought a few sweets. It was time to go to the toilet. There was a Black lady mopping the floor as he went in.

'Why are you in the men's toilet?'

'My little boy, don't worry. You have nothing I haven't seen before. I have to clean here. Be careful not to slip.'

'Okay, strange that you don't clean during the day.'

'Sometimes, people dirty the toilet during the night. I am sure you prefer the toilet to be clean for you to use.'

'Yip, I see. It certainly is clean.'

There were many people about and kids were running around the hills and the cars. Dad must have saved for these occasions because everyone could get a little packet of sweets or chips from the shop.

Then the lights in the area dimmed and the beams from the projector room could be seen again, racing past them, above the parked cars in the night sky. Em could see various colours as they turned and raced towards the screen. The colours had looked brighter while he was standing outside.

*How do the rays of light come out of that projector house? Is it passing through something that makes it shimmer in the night sky? The colours it makes are never stationary and change tones as it moves. Why does it stop on the screen and not pass through it? It has no sound of its own besides the rotating soft rattling sound coming from the projector room.*

This puzzled Em.

‘Come, Em, let’s go. We are going to miss the movie.’ Catcher grabbed him up around his waist and ran to the car.

During the movie, Em got tired and fell asleep. He at times woke when the speaker emitted loud screeching sounds, but would doze off again. He woke while they were on their way out of the parking area behind the rows of cars piling up to leave. It was cold, because the windows were down to clear the steamed-up windows.

Em then cuddled up in his mom’s lap. She had a blanket that she covered him with. He fell asleep again and partly woke when they carried him into the house and tucked him in his bed.

Dad, with his big rough hands, always got them safely home. He was the man of the house and worked every day.

Never begging, never slacking, never complaining and providing as best he could. He was tough, and his hands showed the conviction in his courage.

## **1.2 COLLECTING**

Dad was scared of nothing and no one. 'Come with us, we are going to collect.' Dad was walking out to the car. Mom was already seated in their light green Colt, which looked like a dirty white car. Em enjoyed going with his parents and felt safe. Dad knew all the roads in the city. He loved his short cuts, to avoid the traffic, which at times took them through suburbs where trees lined the sides of the roads. The tree trunks there grew big enough to crack and burst the pavements. Some of the overhanging branches reached over and touched the leaves of the trees on the other side of the road. Many high walls were aligned behind these magnificent trees. In between the walls were huge metal gates and cars could be seen in some of the driveways.

'Look, Mommy, there is the spook house. The one window frame looks like a cross. They probably think it can scare a spook away. That house must have some hidden rooms where the spooks hide and come out at night to sit on the balconies,' Em said, hunching over the back seat and looking through the rear window.

Em loved to lie on the piece behind the back seat against the rear window of the car. It was warm and cosy there on his back, with his side pressing against the rear window. He could then look up at the passing trees and see how the light scattered and rays shone through the gaps in the branches and leaves. The leaves looked so bright and alive with the sun above it. It looked translucent in places, with little veins highlighted. The random scattering light

patterns that it made as the sun's rays passed through the branches relaxed his mind. He could have almost zero thoughts at these moments. He loved to reach this calm state and enjoy the random patterns forming in his vision. Em loved trees.

*What did the trees experience in their long lives? What must they have seen in the spook house?*

'How old are those trees? The big ones with the huge trunks. I bet even two men's arms won't go around them.'

'Mmm... trees are not natural in this region. Fynbos from this region is mostly just bush. You know sour figs? That is Fynbos.'

'Then how did they get here?'

'The Whites brought them and planted them in their areas when they came around three hundred years ago. These can't be much more than a hundred years old, because these areas were built later. At some places in town, where I work, there are trees that could be hundreds of years old, because they are so big and the city centre of town is where the Whites first settled.'

'Please take me there some time.'

*Those huge branches and leaves could probably easily support my weight. I would love to climb in them. Maybe there are fruit and nut trees and I can climb from one to the other and eat from them.*

'Daddy, we should plant some trees that will grow huge branches.'

'I did start to grow an avocado pear tree in a jar, but it will take years to reach those sizes,' said Mom.

'Ahhh, so that's why the pit is floating in the jar with the water.'

Within the walls were more of those wondrous trees.

*I don't see any people on the roads in these areas. Do they even have children? Why does our area not have these kinds of trees in the roads?*

A short highway trip later, and a few turns, and they were in one collecting area. The sandy pavements, roads scattered with potholes and the absence of any greenery in the area dominated one's first impression.

Mom arranged Tupperware parties at home to display and show the use of each product. People would then order or buy from her if she had stock. Mom and Dad had to fetch the payments from those who did not pay on time or deliver the payments as they were supposed to do.

Many people were always walking about in the collecting areas. They looked haggard with their old broken clothes and some stared at them as they drove past. Groups consisting of young teenage boys and young adults could be seen hanging around corners and parks, even though it was within working and school hours. Some were playing dice games on the pavements and stared without smiles into the car as they drove past.

When they reached this area Em went to sit nearer to his mom. He felt safer there. People suddenly appeared at the car's windows when they stopped on corners and they pushed their hands in their direction. Some were selling goods, others were begging. Many had no front teeth and they talked in singing voices in a high-pitched tone.

Some had tattoos on their faces. At times he could see numbers 26 or 27. These men gave Em the creeps. Some looked like vampires with their front teeth missing – just a little bit darker, smaller and scruffier. All the houses looked about the same and were very tightly packed together. Mostly, they had brick finishes without paint.



Dad parked on the sandy pavement in front of the houses. Some houses had gates, others did not. Dad approached each house with confidence in his stride, walking over the little pathways and in between the shrubbery to reach their front doors.

‘Come, no worries. Hold my hand, the dogs can do nothing.’ He held Em’s hand as they walked up to one door and knocked.

‘Sorry, boeta, big brother, we planned to pay, but we had no work since last week.’

‘It is already the third time I am here. You know petrol is not free. You took the Tupperware on the same day. We did not let you come three times to fetch it. I guess I can’t force money out of you and now it’s no use taking the used goods back.’ Dad was rather polite.

‘*Soewallai kassam*, I swear, boeta, next week we will bring you the money.’

Next week never came and he was one of many who over the years never paid Dad for work he had done or things Mom sold. Dad was at times very angry about it, but did not learn to make better payment arrangements over the years and many people always owed him money which he never received.

*When I am big, I will make sure that people pay what they owe me. I will try to avoid business with people, then I don’t need to deal with them.*

The collection went on into the dark of the night. Mom and Em would then wait in the car and Dad would go up to the houses. Sometimes there were men standing around. He walked as if they were not there. Some would greet and Dad would answer. Em was always scared that they would try to hurt him.

When collection went well, it was celebrated by buying a nice take away on the way home. Em loved eating a drumstick or whatever nice things they bought on those rare occasions.

Dad was a man who took pride in his work.

‘Give your best when doing anything, especially when working and even when you feel you are not getting paid enough or nobody appreciates what you did. This way, you can always be proud of what you’ve achieved and you know you tried your best and don’t have to regret that you did too little. There are always options other than to be a beggar. Don’t be too lazy to think of them.’

Dad had faith that Em would succeed in anything he wanted.

‘You can do it and you will be okay, my son.’ Em believed it and it made him adventurous.

## **1.3 OK BAZAARS**

In his first years, Mom was always around. She was always there with the food, when he was hurt, when he needed something, when he was stressed, when he was sad and, when she went somewhere, Em mostly went with her. He sat on his own car seat, which was attached to the back seat.

‘I am a road cowboy,’ Mom said, cutting and dodging through the traffic.

‘Why must I sit in this seat?’

‘So that when I go around the corners you won’t slide around.’

Sometimes Mom used to take turns so fast that his toys, which were on his lap, would slide off.

‘Mommy! Go back! Right now and take the turn properly. My puzzle is disrupted now and slid off my lap. Come and pick it up!

‘Mom, did you hear me? GO back RIGHT NOW!’

Sometimes when she was not in the mood for discussions, she would tell Em to stop and when he continued she would reach back and pinch him a little on the side of his leg. Then Em would scream and say, ‘I am definitely going to tell the police how you abuse me next time I see them.’

Mom would laugh.

‘Where are we going, Mommy?’ he asked this time, as she buckled him into his car seat.

‘To shop in town.’

‘Yeeehh, that’s more fun than in Wynberg where we always go.’

‘Today, I have a special treat for you.’

‘What? What? Tell me tell me tell me!’

‘Then it won’t be a nice surprise.’

‘It’s okay. I can still be surprised, even if you tell me now. I am already surprised now.’

‘Don’t argue with me, Rita,’ she said in a sort of low, soft, singing voice, using her usual nickname for him when she’d had enough. ‘It won’t be long. Let’s count some Beetles.’

Em enjoyed counting VW beetles. There were many on the road. Yellow, green, blue and many other pastel shades.

*Why are there so many? They are not quiet cars and are even noisier than ours.*

The route to the city centre was through some areas situated on the foot of Table Mountain, which had many huge old trees in it. Driving with Mom was normal for him. He spent many hours with her going places, sitting in his seat at the back. Sometimes to his aunts, sometimes to

fetch milk and other times to buy food. Not many mothers in his community could drive.

The road then turned up towards the mountain and got wider and became five or more car lanes that were going up around a huge bend. It went past a hospital. Opposite the hospital on the slopes of Table Mountain he could see antelope. There were zebras and other antelope behind the fence. It was not a huge area, although it was kept for those wild animals. He never saw any people in that area. The animals looked like little dinosaurs to him, slowly grazing in a calm, relaxed state, and in no rush to get anywhere. Probably, they already knew they could not go anywhere. The noise of thousands of cars passing did not startle them. The scene looked serene and beautiful with the peak of the mountain in the background.

‘Mommy, did Cape Town have those animals naturally?’

‘Yes! In the past the whole Cape Flats, plus the mountains and hills in the distance, were covered with bush and thousands of animals roamed here, even lions and elephants.’

‘Wooowww!! That must have been amazing and scary with all those animals. I wish I could have seen it. What happened to the animals?’

‘They had to move away, because more people came to live here.’

‘Move to where?’

‘Places set aside for them called nature reserves. Although it is smaller than what they had, at least they are safer there, away from the people and pollution.’

‘What is the Cape Flats?’

‘Look down to the right at all the land you can see between the two oceans. Notice how flat it is? That’s the Cape Flats. We live in that part, way on the right.’

‘So we caused the animals to move away,’ he said, sadly surprised.

They parked on the parade, a big parking area in the middle of town, and walked through some narrow roads to OK Bazaars. Amongst the various clothing displays and racks was a huge escalator that started in the middle of the store. Em had seen escalators before in other shops. These were normally shorter. The bottom and sides were encapsulated by a rounded zinc structure. The moving escalator was made of dark wooden steps. It looked like a long, rounded tube with the top open where people stood on it. It was about three times longer and higher than any he had seen before. Em got excited to get on there to see how it looked from above.

*How is that supported? There are no pillars. It rises from the floor and goes up to the top. That rounded bottom must probably be strong.*

From the bottom, he could already see that the top area looked open. A railing was at the top that covered the whole edge and some people were standing there looking down.

*What is up there? Everything looks open!*

When he arrived at the top of the long ride, the area opened up and no clothing was on display. There were eating tables with chairs arranged all the way up to the rails on the edge. Some people were sitting and eating. On the opposite side to where the escalator arrived on the floor, various foods were displayed in open containers with glass windows covering the food and acting as counters. A few people in uniforms were standing behind these counters, taking orders. People were standing in a line around the displays and looking at them.

‘Em! Today you can choose whatever you want to eat. Let’s go and have a closer look.’

Em had loved to eat for as long as he could remember.

‘I want this huge plate of steak and chips.’

Mom collected the food.

‘Can we sit by that table near the edge? Then we can look down.’

That was the first day they went to eat at the food court in OK Bazaars. It was the first of many occasions where Em would join Mom to have a private feast.

## 1.4 THE SKY

*‘Assalaamualykum As samaa waati wal ard,’* Mom said when she opened the door in the morning, while stretching her arms and hands high up above her head, with her fingers pointing straight up. She then said some other words which made the tune of a slow, rhyming song.

‘What is that you are saying?’

‘I am greeting the Heavens and the Earth’.

‘Why would you do that? They don’t ever answer and can’t even talk.’

‘Everything is made by the Creator and so are we. We all should respect and greet each other when we meet. Mornings, when I open the door, I meet the sky and the earth for the first time in the day.’

‘What language was that?’

‘Arabic.’

‘How come you can speak Arabic?’

‘Some of my father’s ancestors came from Aden and he used to speak Arabic to us at times.’

‘Where is Aden?’

‘It’s in the south of Yemen, which is on the Arabian Peninsula. Wait! Let me get the map, then it’s clearer.’

She could see Em looking puzzled. Else he would barrage her with questions before she could even give one answer to his first question.

‘Little Emmy. Slowwwly and you will still get there,’ she said patiently.

‘Where are your other ancestors from?’

‘My mom’s paternal side was Cape Malay, descendants of slaves whom the Dutch brought here. On her maternal side she has one grandfather who was a Turkish man, who came on an English ship to Cape Town after 1834 when slavery was already abolished. He met his wife, who was English, on that ship. My father had shops and huge land. All the cousins used to visit with us. Then we would ride with horse and carts and play in the trees. Once, when I was young, I fell off a horse cart while racing and lost most of my front teeth. I was very active as a child.’

‘That must have been painful. So, your teeth did not rot away. I see many people with missing front teeth in our community.’

‘What happened to the shop and the land?’

‘My father was the local Imam and he came with inherited money from Aden and started the shop. He was very generous and used to help all his family. This is why everyone always came to our house. It was not just to play. Over the years, he gave most of his assets away.’

‘We used to live in Newlands and during the Group Areas Act the government forced us to leave those areas and gave no compensation for it.’

‘Can’t we get it back from them now?’

‘It does not matter; we will eventually get it back in a better, more lasting way.’

This puzzled Em.

‘The Creator is a Planner and is fair. Everyone will get what they deserve, if not here, then later in another world. In that place they will get much more and other things you can’t even imagine now.’

‘Another world? Where and how can I get there? Now! I want to get everything I deserve now already, and more later.’

‘Slowwwly, my boy. We will all get there in good time. Just keep being a nice boy and do what is right.’

‘How come some get so much and are not even happy and still treat others with less badly?’

‘It is a way to test them with things. God gives them rope to see how they will tie things up. Some eventually hang themselves with it and others use it to tie their horses and help others with their horses, stopping them from running away or getting stolen. It’s maybe easier to get a smaller rope, then you don’t have to worry about what to do with the extra pieces.’

Em did not follow exactly what she meant and preferred to drift to the things he would get in the other world. He tried to imagine things he could not imagine. That there would be unimaginable things that would be available to make him happy in the other world was such an amazing concept to him, it made him relax and dream pleasant thoughts. It was something Mom used to mention whenever Em thought the world was unfair.

## **1.5 THE LAST ONE**

Em first lived in the middle of three semi-detached houses that were built on the corner diagonally opposite to where they moved to in 1972, when he was two years old. The



middle house had a toilet in the backyard down a lane. The toilet seat was on top of a dark wooden plank with a hole in it. The plank went from one wall to the other. The toilet room was as wide as the door.

‘I am finished. Come now and wash my bum!’ Em had to scream a few times before someone would come. It could be anyone, from his mother to his brothers to the neighbour’s boys who played with his brothers. Normally, his mother would do a good job. He could then pull up his pants after checking and go play.

He would pull his finger up his bum crack. ‘Come back. It is still wet. I can’t have my pants getting wet and stinky.’ Then someone would reluctantly return and wash and dry it again. His brothers were not keen to clean his bum. They always took a while to get to the toilet and Em had to really shout a lot.

The day they moved, he walked next to his brothers while watching Delong and Catcher carrying their bathtub. It was a grey metal tub that they used to wash in. The old house had no bathroom.

‘No! Take that out of the bathtub. We can carry something else in the tub,’ shouted Delong.

‘Why? It’s not heavy and it fits,’ said Catcher, confused.

‘That toilet seat is dirty. The bath is clean and we wash in it. Take it out.’ Delong was irritated.

‘No, I need to take a shit now, when I get to the other side, so I want the seat... Now!’ Catcher was older and pulled rank.

Em found it very exciting to move into the opposite house. He was not helping. He was too small to carry furniture. Therefore, he amused himself by watching the whole procedure while sitting on the front porch wall of the new house.

First the big furniture was carried in twos or more. Then everyone carried little things over alone. It looked similar to a procession of ants carrying their supplies from their existing hiding spot into the new house and returning empty handed to fetch more crumbs from the old hiding spot. Luckily, it was just across the road. Mom was busy unpacking and reorganising everything in the new house.

Em was the youngest of Dad's six children. Mom was 41 at the time he was born. Delong and Catcher were from Mom. He had two brothers and a sister from Dad's previous wives. They did not live with them. Em came six years after Delong was born and became the new baby in the family. They lived in a working class Coloured suburb called Wynberg in the city of Cape Town. Some houses in this area had gardens and garages and toilets in their houses. The new house they moved into had no toilet and bathroom in the house.

*One day, I will have a bathroom in the house that I live in.*

Em was not sure how he would do it. He however never doubted that he would have one.

## **1.6 FEEDING**

Mom used to visit her oldest sister, Zees. She had one daughter who was about five years older than Em.

'Let's go look upstairs,' said Cuzzy.

They were then living near Gympie Street, in an old house that had two levels. Gympie Street and surrounds had many teenagers and older men hanging around who belonged to gangs. It was not a safe area but Mom did not seem frightened to go there. Probably the people already knew Zees and did not disturb her visitors. The house was not maintained, yet it was a big Victorian house with a

balcony on the second level. The varnish on the wooden stairs was already worn off. The stairs creaked as Em ran up them. Em then ran into the first room to the window. The room was empty. The wooden floors buckled down with each step.

‘No. Don’t go in there.’

It was already too late.

‘Why?’

‘The floor is not strong. It is going to break, and you could fall right through to the bottom level. Luckily you are so small. Just walk back slowly. It is a pity this whole floor is brittle, else we could have lived in a huge house with four bedrooms. My mom doesn’t want me to even go upstairs. Look, there is even a toilet on top.’

Mom and Zees were talking in the kitchen downstairs. Zees was always very happy to see Em and already prepared a sandwich for him.

‘Do you remember how persistent you used to be, Em?’ she said. ‘Once, you were lying on the sofa in Mom’s room. You used to sleep on that sofa. It was winter and I was talking to Mom, when you shouted that the blanket was touching the floor.

‘Nobody responded, so you started shouting louder. “The blanket is touching the floor,” and you repeated this over and over again, until I had enough of the screechy repeating sound.

““Where?” I said

““There by my feet.”

““Then why don’t you pull it up?”

““Then it won’t be straight and I won’t be tucked in evenly. One of you can fix it from above, then I don’t disturb it from below.”

‘I found it hilarious. Your mom of course did not.’

Zees told him about the day they went to a wedding. Em could have been around five years old.

In those days, weddings were huge. People rented a hall and the whole family plus extended friends, cousins, kids, babies and sometimes stray people from the roads used to walk in and get food as well.

Hundreds of people would be seated around rows of tables. The bridal party sat on thrones on the stage. They wore special outfits that looked like costumes from a past Victorian era. Bride, groom, best men in suits, bridesmaids, page boys and flower girls on pouffes. They were the special people and everyone would look at them on the stage. They ate special food on a table arranged on the stage. Sometimes, the bride and the groom would go through the hall and greet the hundreds of people seated at makeshift tables with heaps of food.

'You were mostly running around, playing and exploring. You were not much with other kids, but at times used to play catch games with some. Mom and I were sitting at one table, talking with other people.

""Mommy I want 'feedlu' now."

'You were standing in front of her. Red cheeked with your long wavy hair curly at the ends, which almost reached to your shoulders.

'Mom made as if she did not understand and tried to ignore you.

""Feedlu me... Now! I am hungry."

""Here, eat from this." Mom handed you a pie.

""No, I want this." And you jumped on her lap and pulled at her blouse to try to get it open.

'Mom was reluctant, but eventually let you open her blouse.

""Eeeuuwwwhhh, that doesn't taste nice!"

‘Then you reached over the table, grabbed a serviette, dipped it in water and started to wipe at Moms’ breast.

“Better,” you said, satisfied, and continued to suckle.

‘Everyone at the table was staring. Some were laughing, some were smiling and others were saying that is strange for such a big kid.

‘Mom wanted to prepare you for school so had a plan to get you off suckling. She then started to rub bad smelling stuff on her. This did not work. Eventually Mom got you to stop by saying, “Em, you can’t go to school if you are still breastfeeding”.

‘You wanted to go to school to be with your brothers and learn and understand how the world works, so this motivated you to stop.’

## **1.7 STIMMING**

Delong and Catcher competed in a judo competition. The family drove for some time on the freeway to reach the event near Worcester. Catcher was around nine years old and loved the throws. Em saw how he once threw some boys around in the park. That day, Em helped. He grabbed and held onto the ankle of one boy. He then bit this boy who was moving to attack Catcher.

‘It was funny how Em attacked the boy, without a word or threats. He just did it while the boy tried to toss him away as if it was a little dog biting him,’ Catcher told Mom later.

The stand at the competition had a few levels from where the spectators were watching the action. The judo mats were arranged a few metres away from the stand. People walked by in the space between the stand and the mats. Catcher and Delong were sitting in the first row, eager to

see their opponents competing while awaiting their matches.

A young girl, around fourteen years old and recently into puberty, came walking by them. She had a short skirt on. While the boys were watching her pass, Em came running down the stairs. His pullover flashed orange as he passed from behind them and ran straight towards the girl. As he reached her, he wrapped his arms around the girl's legs from behind her. Before she could react, he was already locked in place. His hands were holding onto the front of her panties and inner upper thighs and he held on tightly. He was in place with his head under her skirt.

Catcher and Delong then looked at each other, slowly shaking their heads from side to side, while showing a slight smirk on their faces. Anyone could see, by the look on their faces, that they had seen Em doing this before. The look said, 'There he goes again'.

The girl was shouting a little and tried to get Em off her. If she had really wanted to, she could have used force and removed him. Probably she did not want to hurt the little boy and was amused by the experience.

'It serves her right for wearing such short skirts.' The girl's mom was smiling with Mom.

Em relished the feeling of smooth firm skin, muscle and smooth, silky panties. It was a soothing feeling to feel that against his skin. He would press his face against the smooth hamstring skin and feel the outer side of the leg with his arms. His hands would press and knead the muscles in a rhythmic movement, almost similar to a contented, purring cat on someone's lap. It relaxed him, and he would close his eyes and enjoy the moment.

He only targeted sporty young females. He never did this with men. Nobody ever hit or pushed or hurt him while he