

P.O.Box 13,  
Qachas Nek,  
LESOTHO.

21st June, 1978.

My dear Govan,

I note you dont ask what excuse I have for not writing to you for so long, but what acceptable excuse. Acceptable to whom? If I said that time did not allow me would that be acceptable. However I dont have to ass that you are always in our thoughts. Whats that thing about coals to Newcas You have been much on my mind recently. I know you say that I read the Sund papers.... Someone dead & somone had a premonition. Perhaps old age is catc ing up when one lives so much in memories. Only last week Zukie & I were talking of the time we found you discussing cricket with Ben, remembered the time you required pills for your pressure & the trouble I had to get them, without a prescription, Zukie recalled your extremely well polished shoes with your royal blue suit, and your description of the Himalayas on that evening when Zukie was foxed into thinking that you had climbed that mounta Then comes your letter of the 27th May, 1978.

Yes Kgotso Nthathe to you too. Even after so many years of being here this lackadaisical musical greeting makes me nostalgic for the throathy lusty Sunbona.

Yes you would be very proud too of our children, how they have grown since you last saw them, & if you think they have forgotten you, forget it, they remember detail which eludes me, perhaps my age is getting the better of me Tebogo who is 21 returns to Roma to start her third year B.Comm. She has done extremely well & both Zukie & I are very proud of her.

Madibata who is 20 will be doing her 2nd year B.Sc. She is intent as they come these days, questions & more questions, you cannot shoo this lot away. Refiloe who is 14, if all goes well should be at varsity next year.

Our baby Tseli is in standard 7 will be 10. Even he talks of his Uncle Gova So you see even if we wished to blot you out of our minds the children wont let us.

You advise is extremely welcome in this cold weather. This is my coldest Winter here. I have had nothing like this before. Zukie cannot remember when last she took PT for her teaching days are well behind her. However yours truly does do a few push ups, deep breathing to no or little avail. One drinks volumes of hot drinks to keep warm. No I have not acquired the art of taking strong liquor, and dont intend to. Even this old typewriter is appaled at the idea. Today is the day when the sun is supposed to bid goodbye to the northern hemisphere & come south. She will not return too soon for m Do you remember the mornings very early when we went out to buy fruit. Why the sun does not come to the fore till 7.30am now.

What did you say about clear skies, yes perhaps that is true even the night are clearer in the moonlight, but who cares about that at this time of the year. One stays near a heater for as long as is possible, hot bath & under six blankets.

Perhayps there is beauty in the earth being frost covered in the mornings and the trees loosing their lush leaves & the sounds of birds removed, but give me the Summer months their vibrant warmth and the colours that would make Josephs coat look ordinary. Even the river has bared its sandy belly which in summer is warm & bloated.

Yes we were thrilled with your degree, I am sure Piny too was thrilled, certainly your children nay allours too cannot stop talking about it. Congra Did you say Piny misses your companionship. Of course she does, and so do Despite the march of time or the ebb & flow as others put it there are some things that dont change. Zukie & the children send you their love.

It is some time since we met, god willing I hope we shall see each other s

Ever your loving,

Robbie.

Wrote this letter  
pretending it was Bob  
Puyel