

16th December, 1982.

My Dear Phyl,

I hope you are fine. Words fail me to express my deep shock and indignation at the brutal and cold-blooded murder of our Comrades by the fascists. As I said in my letter to Mpumi, my first thoughts were for you, Mpumi and all the dear Comrades I have met on my visits there. We spent sleepless nights, listening in on the latest information. What was particularly nerve-wrecking was that there was this report about two children who have also fallen victim to the dogs-of-war's callous actions.

I am relieved, dear Phyl, that you are at least out of the immediate danger, although my heart is bleeding over the deaths of our Comrades at the hands of the Pretoria butcherers.

At this hour of sorrow and grief words fail me Phyl to express my condolences to you and all the Comrades in Maseru. I cannot imagine how you feel right now, knowing how close you had become to some of them. Losing a comrade-in-arms, I have come to experience, seems to be more painful than losing one of your own family. I think the concern immediately becomes "Who is going to replace him"? The Mavimbela's, the Titus' of the struggle are hard to come by, but I am convinced that for every one of those fallen heroes, a thousand others will arise to take their place.

At this hour of sorrow, I want to ask you to pull yourself together and forge ahead! Let us show the Boers that they can temporarily cripple us by their brutality and heartlessness, but they can never kill the spirit of resistance that is waging throughout the length and breadth of our country.

While we vow that their deaths are not in vain, let us rededicate ourselves to the goals of freedom and dignity, those goals that the fallen have so cherished that they devoted their young lives to. This is the only tribute we can pay them.

Dear Phyl, I feel really bitter and angry. I cannot imagine what is going on in the heads of the Pretoria racists. What human being (except the sub-humans) can knowingly bomb and pour a shower of bullets into a home in which there are little innocent children? This is what makes me angry. This is what convinces me even more that we have to put a stop to such senseless men ruling our country. For this goal I have personally taken a vow to devote my whole life.

Keep strong my dear.

Lots of love,

Mavis