

Tuesday 12.15 pm 5

28/11/78.

My dear Monroe,

Send you a bit of Swazi land. I went over to the Deputy P.M.'s office, where I was promised by Mr. Dlamini a residence permit would be available - He <sup>(SPM)</sup> said your permit is problematical will get in touch with you. So there lies the matter. What did you say?

We had the most frightening electric storm on Saturday afternoon. I was terrified no end, when I picked up enough courage to walk up to the stable door of my flat. I looked across a pond cows grazing despite the flashes nearby. I recall the horses across the court rearing in the thunder - they jumped. I wonder why. Remember the bees where all the wild animals took shelter with man in a cave. Oh yes a flight of small birds kept circling around despite the deafening thunder - Did they think it was safe in the air than on the trees? What is the cause of hearing?

That's the Centre & the bees. I was marooned & could not get to Parak - now I'll have to wait to send over the parcel for my friend.

I met some lovely people on Sunday. We had a lovely time together. One had his arm blown out, but no problem the road to freedom? What a great guy - speaks English poorly but understands the struggle like nobody I've met. If lucky you might see him. When do you leave for US - back?

Love & miss you Ray.