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Tuesday 4th February, 1997.

My dear Walleen,

Your letter of the 17/1/96 reached me today. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE ARE IN 1997. Certainly you will not go home on the 31/1/96. You might be weighted down by your stomach but make sure that you dont loose time(year). Your cheques will all bounce.

NOW FOR SOME QUESTIONS.

1. Are you still employed with the Youth desk?
2. Are you on maternity leave ? Paid ?
3. Do you love the baby you are having ?
4. Why did you not come to Durban over the holidays ?
5. What happened to your flat that you were so proud of and which you were going to show to me ?
6. Are you returning to JHB? What supports have you in place ?

Let me say that Stephanie Kemp (Michael's Mum) is an acquaintance. We are not friends. We were in exile and from time to time (possibly two times) met. I dont know Michael except that he helped Sha. I know the father Albie. He is great.

I was hopeful that you would have a meaningful relationship during this period, especially since the 'father' was behaving like a bastard.

Sweetie pie you have any number of reasons (excuses) to smoke. But what you are doing is giving your baby his addiction now. That is cruel. I did that for both Sahdhan and Suks. Sha urge was killed by asthma. Its a great responsibility you have undertaken. Many people take on as single parent. It is grim hard work.

Congrats on your driving licence. That is a mighty useful acquisition. It adds to your confidence. Cheers.

Somehow I got by with telling Sahdhan and Sha that babies came from my navel (we called it mabel) I am sure when they grew up they realised what a fraud I was.

There is stuff on the market to take away
sketch marks. I am not sure how successful
they are. I could never afford

them. The atlas description of your nephews is priceless.

I have a brother-in-law dying for the last two months. He has an inoperable heart problem and both his kidneys have packed up. The hospitals have discharged him saying there is nothing more that can be done for him. For all his life he has been a boozier. He used to drink himself motherless weekly, until he gave up teaching. Then it was daily. My sister who did not mind the booze during the courtship and two kids later, took to hating both drink and him. Their relationship was on the rocks. They shared a home but not their beds. Now he is dependant on her.

What tricks life plays on us.

I have HBP - it is awful. I am giddy, headaches daily despite medication. I am terrified to walk in case I fall. I think I am going to get a walking stick. Wish me luck. I am 70 next year and have had a good life (healthwise) I am terrified of being ill and dependant. Wish me luck.

When you come to visit remind me to take you to A.K.M. Docrat. He is 83 and has spent his entire life in the struggle. On Sunday I cooked a meal (I am a hopeless cook) I made chicken in tomato sauce masquerading as currie. Bought roti from the shop and some salad. He phones me now to say the salad was wonderful. The chicken he mixed with his cooking to improve my lack lustre cooking. Can you believe we are still friends?

He is the guy when he was 24hrs house arrested we told the authorities that he needed to go to mosque (he doesnt go) so they reduced the house arrest to 22 hours. Every Tuesday he brought Suks a baby two pieces of chocolates. He sold second hand books to live. Now he cannot move much. Come quick before he leaves us.

Take care of yourself my sweetie.

Love

Phyllis