



THE PENGUIN POST

THE MAGAZINE ABOUT BOOKS FOR BOOK LOVERS

**YOUR
FREE
COPY!**

**WE'RE
TURNING
TWO!**

In our birthday issue,
we're celebrating with
prizes to the value of
R15 000!

Tess Gerritsen

THE EXCITING NEW BOOK

IN HER ELECTRIFYING

RIZZOLI AND ISLES SERIES

**LATEST
RELEASES**

From Mark Winkler &
Bronwyn Law-Viljoen
to Lesley Pearse
& Louise O'Neill

FIERCELY FEMININE

Our tribute to the
women making waves
with their writing

FK IT!**

The modern-day
expression that helps
us shake the stress

PROFILER DIARIES

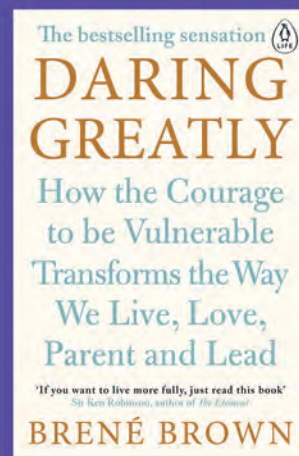
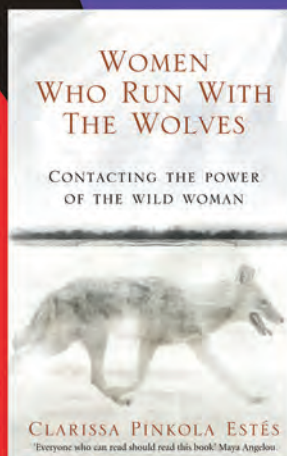
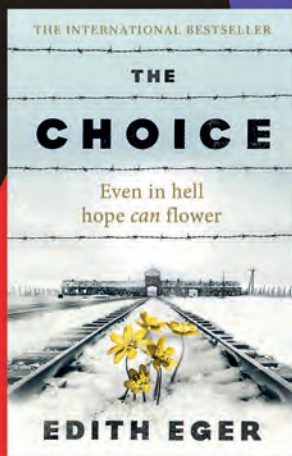
An interview with
G rard Labuschagne on
his riveting new book

FLAVOUR FUSION

Recipes that will take
your home cooking
from drab to fab



FIERCELY FEMININE





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Welcome!

It's a bumper month of book releases.

With everything from inspiring memoirs and gritty true crime to cookbooks that'll get the taste buds tingling and a book on the world of grasses, there's something for everyone.

One of my favourites this month comes from bestselling thriller author, Tess Gerritsen. I was intrigued to discover that Tess was a practising doctor before following her true calling of being a writer, something which certainly comes through in her books. Along with writing from the perspective of a doctor, Tess also writes from the perspective of a woman, which is particularly evident in her latest, *Listen to Me*. It's a riveting read that will have you glued to the pages from start to finish.

Also in the thriller genre, but this one a lot closer to home, is former SAPS head profiler Gérard Labuschagne's second *Profiler Diaries* book. It includes first-hand accounts from Labuschagne on some of the 110 cases he's worked on, including those of the Krugersdorp Samurai killer, the Welkom mutilation murder, and a serial murderer of sex workers in Port Elizabeth, offering fascinating insight into the mind of a criminal, as well as into the challenges faced by the South African judicial system.

Also in this issue is a gorgeous column from Bronwyn Law-Viljoen on starting a new work of fiction, a tribute to women writers who are unapologetically courageous, and mouth-watering recipes from Yotam Ottolenghi's protégé, Ixta Belfrage.

So, cosy up and happy reading!

Lauren

Lauren Mc Diarmid

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bookscape

news | snippets | what's new

+++++



Bono - artist, activist and the lead singer of Irish rock band U2 - has written a memoir; honest and irreverent, intimate and profound, *Surrender* is the story of the remarkable life he's lived, the challenges he's faced and the friends and family who have shaped and sustained him.

Said Bono, "When I started to write this book, I was hoping to draw in detail what I'd previously only sketched in songs. The people, places, and possibilities in my life. *Surrender* is a word freighted with meaning for me. Growing up in Ireland in the seventies with my fists up (musically speaking), it was not a natural concept. A word I only circled until I gathered my thoughts for the book. I am still grappling with this most humbling of commands. In the band, in my marriage, in my faith, in my life as an activist. *Surrender* is the story of one pilgrim's lack of progress ... With a fair amount of fun along the way."

As one of the music world's most iconic artists and the co-founder of organisations ONE and (RED), Bono's career has been written about extensively. But in *Surrender*, it's Bono who picks up the pen, writing for the first time about his remarkable life and those he has shared it with. In his unique voice, Bono takes us from his early days growing up in Dublin, including the sudden loss of his mother when he was 14, to U2's unlikely journey to become one of the world's most influential rock bands, to his more than 20 years of activism dedicated to the fight against AIDS and extreme poverty.

Surrender's subtitle, "40 Songs, One Story," is a nod to the book's 40 chapters, which are each named after a U2 song. Bono has also created 40 original drawings for *Surrender* which will appear throughout the book.

Surrender hits shelves December 2022.



DOMINATING THE BESTSELLER LISTS

"Harlan Coben really knows how to write a page-turner, and *The Match* is no exception. In every chapter, Coben lengthens the lead a little more on Wilde's story, but at the same time, turns up even more questions, leaving you with no choice but to keep turning the pages at a rapid pace. I give it five stars."

- Simone Cameron,
An Ordinary Gal

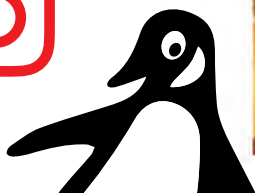


“Whenever you feel afraid, just remember. Courage is the root of change - and change is what we're chemically designed to do. So when you wake up tomorrow, make this pledge. No more holding yourself back. No more subscribing to others' opinions of what you can and cannot achieve. And no more allowing anyone to pigeonhole you into useless categories of sex, race, economic status, and religion.”

- *Lessons in Chemistry*
by Bonnie Garmus



#bookstagram

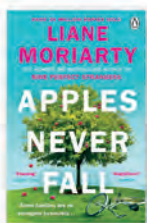
MUST
of the
MONTH

BIRTHDAY GIVEAWAY!



It's our second birthday, and to celebrate, we've got five hampers made up of signed editions from some of Penguin Random House's biggest authors - including Harlan Coben, James Patterson, Marian Keyes and Margaret Atwood - valued at R3 000 each! To enter, scan the code using your phone camera, or visit www.penguinrandomhouse.co.za/competitions. T's and C's apply. Entries close 31 August 2022.

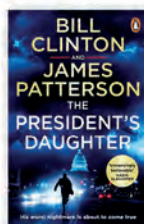
OUT IN PAPERBACK

**Apples Never Fall** by Liane Moriarty

Joy Delaney and husband Stan live a picture-perfect life, so when Joy vanishes, it's natural that tongues will wag. How did Stan scratch his face? What are they hiding? For the Delaney children there is a much more terrifying question: did they ever know their parents at all?

The President's Daughter by Bill Clinton & James Patterson

When the teenage daughter of former US President Matthew Keating is kidnapped, Keating embarks on a one-man special-ops mission that tests his strengths: as a leader, a warrior, and a father. Because Keating knows that in order to save Melanie's life he will have to put his own on the line.



Slow Fire Burning by Paula Hawkins When it comes to revenge, even good people are capable of terrible things. But only one person killed Daniel Sutherland. The brutal crime connects three women, determined to right the wrongs done to them - and with everything to hide. How long can secrets smoulder before they burst into flame?



Reader's letter

Dear Editor

Goodness! How did I not know about your magazine? Imagine my delight when a shop assistant at Bargain Books handed me a copy. And then my delight continued when I hopped over to your website to discover that I can subscribe to receive it directly to my inbox. Colour me impressed.

I basically read my copy from cover to cover - my only complaint would be that I wish there were more pages!

I'm no athlete, but I enjoyed the article about Saray Khumalo, especially. How inspiring to read about her conquering mountains - both as a businesswoman and a climber. I embarked on a career change at 30 and, though it's certainly no Mount Everest, I found comfort in being reminded that we don't have to let our circumstances or our age hold us back from achieving our goals.

The other issues are just as fabulous. I'm reading the article about Zakes Mda in the October 2021 issue as I'm writing to you. Compliments to the photographer for taking the vibrant photographs that appeared alongside the article - I can't help but smile when looking at them.

May *The Penguin Post* keep growing with every issue!

All my best wishes
Rachel West

Rachel's winning letter has won her a hamper of three books featured in this issue! Want to stand a chance at winning? Email your thoughts in a letter to ThePost@penguinrandomhouse.co.za, and it might just get published in the magazine.

Five Minutes with ... **MARK WINKLER**

Mark Winkler on why - and how - he came to try his hand at historical fiction

Where did the idea for *The Errors of Dr Browne* come from?

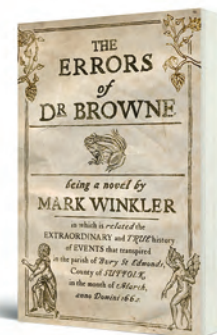
I was researching something completely different when I came across the only surviving transcript of a witch trial held in England back in 1662. It was a superficial and amateurish document, but there was something intriguing about it. Thomas Browne was mentioned, almost in passing, as a witness, and I thought that narrating the story from his point of view might be an interesting challenge.

Dr Browne thinks of himself as a good person, only to realise, too late, that he has made a terrible mistake. Do you think it is possible to move past regret?

Perhaps the psychology of regret isn't that different to the psychology of bereavement. Regret also involves loss, sadness, hurt, and the impossibility of turning back the clock to alter the events, actions and decisions that led up to it.

Tell us about the research you had to do.


If I were to print out the research I did for *Errors*, it would make a pile many times taller than the manuscript itself. I discovered soon enough that research was critical on every level, from the banal to the substantial. Social research on fashions, food (what did one wear, or have for breakfast, in 1662?), religious beliefs and behaviours all came to bear on the novel, if not materially then texturally. But the bulk of my research centred on Browne, who features in innumerable biographies and academic documents. I read (most of) his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* and *Religio Medici*, plus a smattering of his other writing, and



The Errors of Doctor Browne is out now.

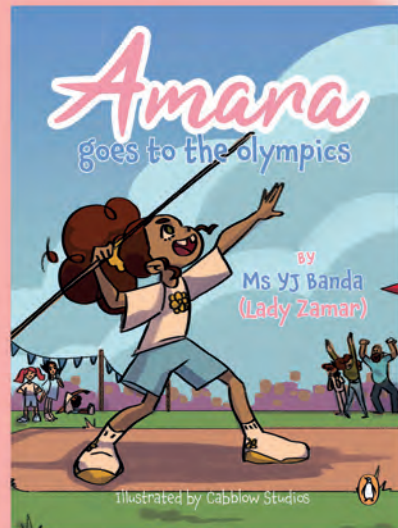
in this, my most valuable discoveries lay between the lines, where the personality of this remarkable man shone through beyond the text itself. This was invaluable in helping me settle on a literary voice and character for the doctor - a process not unlike trying to tune a guitar to a piano by ear.

Were you able to travel to the land of Browne?

Unfortunately lockdown put an end to any ambitions I might have had there. Turning to the Internet, I ended up strangely pleased about this - it was clear that Norwich, Lowestoft and Bury St Edmunds were now no less a rash of chain-stores, parking garages and Starbucks than other modern cities. Like 1662 itself, much of what I'd hoped to uncover had long disappeared. But there was a purity in the old maps, artworks and literature I'd dug up online that in my rewrites helped me focus more narrowly on how these places (and people) may have been in Browne's day. So, I like to tell myself that by not travelling I was in fact able to create a far stronger sense of place than if I had. 



FOR THE BUDDING BOOKWORMS



GIVING VOICE TO THE SILENCED

Tess Gerritsen is the number one bestselling author of her hugely successful Rizzoli & Isles series, of which the latest is the highly anticipated, *Listen to Me*. She chats here about swapping out being a doctor for being an author, writing from experience, and the biggest pleasure in telling fictional stories.

“Storytelling has always been my first passion. I knew I wanted to be a writer when I was seven years old, but my father advised me against making it a career because he didn’t see any possibility of me earning a living at it. Since I was already interested in biology, I trained as a doctor instead, but I never lost that hunger to tell stories. I think I’m now doing exactly what I should be doing, and I have no desire to return to medicine.

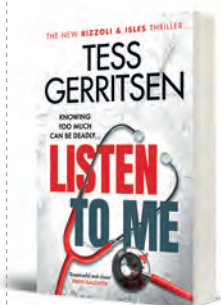


When I start on a new book, I never have a clear idea of where the story's going. With *Listen to Me*, it was with Angela Rizzoli's voice in my head, talking about her neighbours. She sees something across the street that bothers her, and she nags her daughter to look into it, but Jane ignores her. Angela's situation was all I knew when I started the story – not what was going on in the neighbourhood, or how it would tie into Jane's investigation. The Amy Antrim thread, which starts in the opening chapter, was perhaps the very last piece of the plot I thought up.

While my Rizzoli and Isles series is set in Boston, I've often included the area of Maine. It's only a few hours' drive from Boston, which means clues there could easily be connected to a case that Jane and Maura are investigating. Part of the story in *Listen to Me* takes place in Maine, where I also live. It's a beautiful, forested place with many small, isolated towns – the perfect setting for suspenseful happenings. Maine is a pretty safe place, though, with one of the lowest crime rates in the United States, so the incident I write about in *Listen to Me* is purely fictional.

But while the stories are fictional, a lot about how I write my characters comes from my own experience as a woman. I write what I know. I've always loved the character of Angela and have enjoyed seeing how she's evolved through the years. She began the series as a traditional mother and housewife, but when her husband leaves her, we see her grow into a far more independent woman. Jane had to inherit her cleverness and boldness from someone – and of course it's from her mother! Her journey reflects those of many women as they get older. We learn to trust our instincts. We learn that we're more capable than anyone gave us credit for. I wanted to write about just that sort of journey. Despite their experience and their acquired wisdom, though, older women often feel ignored and discounted and Angela, like so many women her age, is struggling to be heard. In fact, the title is inspired by Angela – I give full credit to my UK editor, who thought up the title as she was bathing her children, who weren't listening to her. My original working title was *Mrs Rizzoli*, but *Listen to Me* felt just perfect, because that was exactly the theme.

A lot about how I write my characters come from my own experience as a woman.



Listen to Me is out now.


So while I don't explicitly set out to write feminist fiction, my stories do reflect feminine experiences. And through my career as a doctor, and then as a novelist, I've certainly known many powerful, brilliant women. In fact, I'm privileged to have two daughters-in-law who are strong, capable, and compassionate young women. When I was their age, I wasn't nearly as self-confident – or as well-organised. I'm grateful that both my sons exercised such good judgment in marrying them!

But while I may bring aspects of my real life to my stories, my characters are always better versions of myself. Through my characters, I can imagine myself to be cleverer, braver and better-looking. And I'll admit that living vicariously through my characters is one of the pleasures of telling fiction."

ABOUT THE BOOK

The murder of Sofia Suarez is both gruesome and seemingly senseless. Why would anyone target a respected nurse who was well-liked by her friends and her neighbours? As Detective Jane Rizzoli and Forensic Pathologist Maura Isles investigate the baffling case, they discover that Sofia was guarding a dangerous secret – a secret that may have led the killer straight to her door.

Meanwhile, Jane's watchful mother Angela Rizzoli is conducting an investigation of her own. She may be a grandmother, not a police detective, but she's savvy enough to know there's something very strange, perhaps even dangerous, about the new neighbours across the street. The problem is, no one believes her, not even her own daughter.

Immersed in the hunt for Sofia's killer, Jane and Maura are too busy to pay attention to Angela's fears. With no one listening to her, and danger mounting in her neighbourhood, Angela just may be forced to take action on her own ... 



A young woman, bloodthirsty & out for revenge

A Kiss After Dying is an utterly compulsive, totally original thriller with a truly jaw-on-the-floor twist; in author Ashok Banker's own words, a "millennial revenge thriller." Banker writes here about his protagonist in the book, the one-of-a-kind Hannah.

"The idea for *A Kiss After Dying* began with Hannah, of course. She's as real a person as any; she just happens to live only on these pages for now.

Her story comes from my own life experience, being from a marginalised community in India. Today, India has the third-largest number of billionaires in the world; throw a stone and you'll quite likely hit one with a host of sordid secrets. Behind every great fortune is a history of blood. I've seen first-hand what those from majority groups do to those in the minority – and how they get away scot-free. How authorities look the other way or, at times, actually even encourage this class of crime.

To me, the best crime fiction comes from social injustice seen through a deeply personal lens. As a crime story first and foremost, the social elements used in the book only enrich and inform the background.

So, what if one victim decided she wasn't going to sit quietly and take it? What if she set out to avenge herself and her family?

Hannah grew in my imagination over time, until one day she stood before me, fully formed, and ready to jump into action.

Like Hannah, my family is Anglo-Indian and Portuguese Goan on my mother's father's side. I drew freely from my own culture and

background but Hannah is very much a person of her age and time. She is an avenging angel on the cusp of Gen Z and Millennial, who is not just going to sit by and let a billionaire get away with what he did to her family – and quite likely, countless other families over time. She's a brown Indian woman in the 2020s, kicking butt and taking names. Ricky Manfredi, a rich, self-centred Influencer, is unfortunate enough to be the first butt. Once she sets her sights on him, he doesn't stand a chance.

But she's not a pulp-novel assassin: she's a real, vulnerable young woman with feelings and empathy. Like all revenge stories, the blind rage of vengeance can't overcome the experience of intimate human contact. Once she gets to know her chosen prey, she has to deal with all the complicated emotions and attractions of a flesh-and-blood human being. That changes her. It affects her mental health and her choices that go into her second act of revenge – and her third. The result is that the journey deviates quite a bit from the plan, leading to dark, unexpected places. All through the lens of a socially connected young Indian woman with deep family bonds. I've never read a person like Hannah before and it was a great pleasure and privilege to follow her on her journey. She's the captain of this ship; I was just along for the ride." ■



A Kiss After Dying is out now.

at my desk

How many times must a cannon ball fly?
Many, many times, it seems ... before one
sentence ‘pops’, tumbles down, and glues
itself onto a page, writes Johan Vlok Louw.



The Chronicler.

A creature is born, grows up, lives (watches), sees his self – shadow forming – until one day, like a hastily taken cell phone picture with a late sun behind, it falls out over paths already travelled and looks back, and asks, “So ja, why are we not yet busy, at the cave wall?”

“Who, us?”

“Ja.”

Silence, ten seconds, twenty. “Why not ask the others who’ve been on the Great Hunt also ... were they not there, in the dust and the sweat amidst the dark red blood of the beast?”

“They were.”

“Did they not dance with us, as us-shadows, feasting on it against the ragged line of the setting sun?”

“They did.”

“Then why not them, great warriors, all?”

More silence. (Sure ... a whole minute, maybe, then; in soft whispers, like wind through Cyprus.) “It is possible.” Pensively.

“That they do not have the patience.”

So, we write, we paint, we sculpt, we compose, we direct this journey on a rock hurtling through space. Us, the cave wall crowd.” True.

This madness of the page, the brush, the chisel, the moving image; this constant flood. All which is truly necessary for the capturing of it is life itself, and a somewhat tragic commitment to grinding.

Chair. Desk. Computer.

Heads alight with the orchestrations of true warriors, their things and their events – philosophies – up it comes a-bubbling from the keys into baby god-like musings, imaginings.

“And as a wise old man once wrote, “Life is like standing on a bridge over a river: there’s always new water coming at you.””



Sons of Mud is out now.

Often, amidst the most terrible of self-happenings.

Last year in a mirror at the market, I saw a face on top of a body, and only when I stared at it long and very hard did it re-form into a man, whom it recognised as self. Death had come to it as described by That Great Death Monger, as a darkly wet bicycle policeman in Paris, standing at the foot of her bed.

(Infused.) But still new water.

And the chronicler grinds the pigment, readies the quills and brushes, and heads out towards the flatlands of the Great Beast, where, it is told, there are still many bare cave walls waiting to be scribbled upon, and maybe back there in the deep light ... in her self-shadow, she will again walk, giggle girlishly and talk. To him. And all things shall be bearable.”

ABOUT THE BOOK

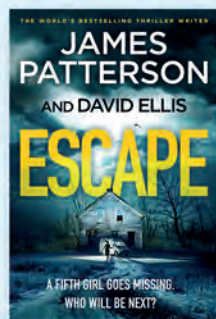
At an army base, at the height of summer and South Africa’s Border War, 18-year-old recruits endure an appalling drill sergeant bent on turning them into killing machines for the SADF. After a particularly gruelling training session on a shooting range, it is giant Afrikaans boy Reghardt Jurgens, who snaps, severely injuring three officers before he is restrained. The investigation that follows is suspicious right from the start. It turns out that, instead of being prosecuted, Reghardt will be recruited for a sinister military outfit when his propensity for violence is recognised. **1**

THIS MONTH'S TOP FICTION



Deception by Lesley Pearse

After the funeral of her mother, Sally, Alice is approached by a man who claims to be her father. What does he hope to gain telling her this now, 30 years on? How can her adored Ralph not be her true father? And why did her mother betray her so badly? She had accepted Sally's many faults, and reluctance to never speak of the past. But now Alice knows she must uncover the whole truth, whatever the cost. Enthralling historic fiction.



Escape by James Patterson

When five teenage girls are abducted, Detective Billy Harney leads the investigation to find them. Harney and his partner, Carla, follow a lead to a remote house, only to find themselves caught in a deadly trap. A huge explosion rips through the building, killing Carla and allowing the kidnapper to escape. With the loss of his partner fuelling him, Harney strengthens his resolve to find her killer - and to make sure the body count ends there. A thrilling suspense novel.



Mr Wrong Number by Lynn Painter

Colin has always seen Olivia as his flatmate's annoying little sister. Until she moves in with them, and he realises she's turned into an altogether sexier distraction. He's determined to keep his distance, but it isn't easy. Especially when he discovers she's the girl he's been secretly messaging. Now, he must make a decision: shut things down before they get messy, or turn up the heat. Sizzling with chemistry and romance.



Shattered by James Patterson

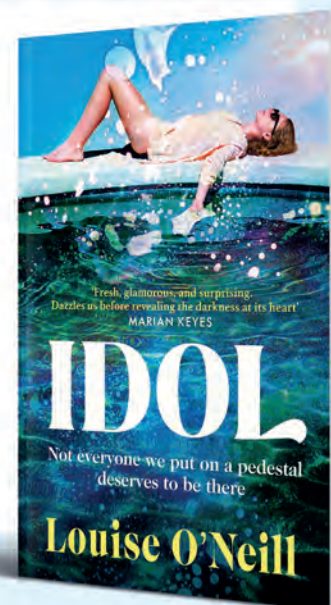
After returning from his honeymoon, Detective Michael Bennett is greeted with the news that FBI agent Emily Parker is missing. Determined to track down his former partner, Bennett follows Emily's investigation into an anarchist group that led her between Los Angeles, New York and Washington, DC. Bennett will never give up hope of finding her. After everything they've been through together, he owes her that much. Quintessential Patterson.

Idol by Louise O'Neill

For Samantha Miller's young fans, she's everything they want to be. She's an oracle, telling them how to live their lives, how to be happy, how to find and honour their 'truth'. And her career is booming. Determined to speak her truth and bare all to her adoring fans, she's written an essay about her sexual awakening as a teenager, with her best friend, Lisa. She's never told a soul but now she's telling the world. The essay goes viral. But then - years since they last spoke - Lisa gets in touch to say that she doesn't remember it that way at all. Her memory of that night is far darker. A riveting, compulsive and bold coming-of-age story.

"Fresh, glamorous, and surprising, taking an issue we all care about and with a deft twist, recalibrating our position. It dazzles us before revealing the darkness at its heart."

- Marian Keyes, author of *Again*, *Rachel* 📖



THE FIRST TEXT

Early text works its way into the heart of the writer, but not necessarily the heart of the book, writes Bronwyn Law-Viljoen on starting a new project.

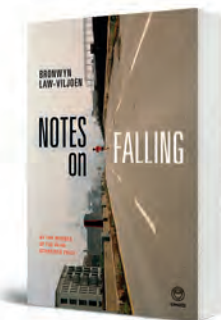


“At the start of a new fiction project, there is always a piece written quickly, assuredly, with little hesitation, and with the euphoric feeling that comes with knowing one has found somewhere to begin. Since I am a slow writer and a compulsive editor, I try not to stop too often. I press on even if I am doubtful. I write furiously, admonishing myself when I seem about to fall into the old habit of editing sentences as they appear. I want to discover what it is I am going to be writing about, who is in the story and what they are doing there.

Usually, it is a character who drives this text, the first person of a new story. I am following her, tracing the contours of her mind, beginning to have a sense of what she looks like, though I don't divulge this just yet. I am allowing this new character to do something, because it's in the doing that personality is revealed. Is she running, perhaps, and if so, where to and how fast? Is this flight or exercise? Is she driven by a competitive streak? Or does she not take note of how fast she is going? Because she doesn't care, she's not competing with anyone, least of all herself. When she runs, does she fix her attention on objects, buildings she passes? Or is she inward-looking? Is there something that occupies her thoughts, so that she fails to notice how cold it is?

She's remembering something, someone, an argument. She's nursing a feeling of resentment, or regret. She has an old injury perhaps, a niggling pain in her ankle, or her knee. It's not serious enough to stop her, but it does make her cautious of the terrain, the dips and divots in the path she is running. The path is in a city, it is late afternoon. No, later, early evening so that rush-hour traffic stops her at the streets she has to cross to get where she is going.

“I press on even if I am doubtful. I write furiously, admonishing myself when I seem about to fall into the old habit of editing sentences as they appear.”



Notes on Falling is out now.

And where is she going? Is this simply there and back, a distance she has mapped out in her mind and run several times? Or is there a landmark that she aims for? She's run towards this point every day for the last few weeks and so it has become a goal. But there's something else. She knows about this landmark, it's important. It's lodged alongside a memory of someone. It produces longing. Or maybe anger at something not said, or something said and regretted. No, her interest in this landmark is not emotional but intellectual. She's curious. She knows of a famous person who lived there or crossed there or sat there. So, she runs towards it every evening partly because she's trying to stay fit, but also because she's compelled to go there for reasons both ordinary and, dare I say it, symbolic.

There are two possible fates for this first piece, this urtext. The first – the outcome most hoped for – is that it is lodged firmly in the story. It is an anchoring text, a piece of writing that initiates the world of the novel and the characters who enliven it. It is integrated seamlessly into a chapter or section, and it determines some of the most important stylistic choices about the project.

The second fate is that it is reluctantly abandoned, sometimes after years in which it is returned to, tinkered with, edited, honed, amended, polished. It has been mistaken for an urtext. Or perhaps it is that, but just not one that should remain. It has indeed been foundational, but the writing that comes after it is different in tone and style, and no amount of smoothing over and reworking can make it behave the way other parts of the novel do. And so, at the eleventh hour – and with the help of a sharp-eyed and dispassionate editor who has no sentimental attachment to this beloved and infuriating piece of writing – it must be jettisoned so that the story can, finally, float free.”

Write your story

If you have a story to tell, then tell it! Start your memoir with five easy steps from award-winning author and SA Writers College tutor, Alex Smith.



1 Determine your target reader. Is it you, your family or 'The World'? A memoir is a true, or more accurately, an honest story – it is as true as your view of the events can make it true; it is a portrait in words, and your depiction needs to be as honest as you can bear to make it. However, depending on your audience, you may decide that some things are best left out, either because they may impact another person's privacy or even safety, or because they could be distressing for your reader. It will be your honesty that will bring your story and the people who are part of your story, to life.

2 Write a focus statement. A memoir is not an autobiography in that it shouldn't be an exhaustive account of every aspect of your life. A memoir should focus on a particular time of your life, an experience, or a recurring theme. For example, my memoir, *Drinking from the Dragon's Well*, covered my two-year experience of teaching English in China. Your focus could be a longer time span, for example 'childhood'. It might also encapsulate experiences such as travel, triumph over adversity, abuse, addiction, mental disease, grief and loss. Your focus statement can be your temporary memoir title – seeing it each time you open your file will remind you to stay on track and keep your writing relevant to your theme.

3 Pin down that 'Big Bang' moment. You want your memoir to be engaging, so think like a storyteller. Bring in tension and suspense. Create a compelling story arc: a beginning, a middle and an end. To find your Big Bang moment, draw from memory a dramatic moment around your theme – a highpoint or a lowpoint – and write 200 words in first-person perspective (i.e. using 'I').

4 Brainstorm. Recall memories of events around your theme, and jot them down under your Big Bang paragraph. Aim for about 30 to 40 events, and write them down quickly as single phrases. When you're done, date the events roughly and sort them into chronological order. Number your events. These will be your chapters. You don't need to write your memoir in chronological order. Write around the difficult parts; you'll get to them, but don't let them hamper your flow.

5 Make a weekly writing schedule. Begin writing by picking the event from your list that you most feel like writing about. Think about a conversation that took place as part of that memory. If you can't remember the exact words, imagine what might have been said. Write a scene that puts the reader in your shoes. Finally, extend that scene to a thousand words or more, and there you have your first chapter.

WIN! A place on the 14-day creative writing intensive from SA Writers College valued at R2 470 is up for grabs. The rigorous creative writing course packed with writing tips and fun writing exercises will expand your knowledge, your imagination and your comfort zone. On the course, you will cement in a daily writing ritual, receive daily feedback on your writing, learn vital creative writing tools and tips, get support from a team of award-winning authors, and so much more. Find out more at www.sawriterscollege.co.za/14-day-creative-writing-intensive. To enter, scan the code using your phone camera, or visit www.penguinrandomhouse.co.za/competitions. Ts & Cs apply. Entries close 31 July 2022.

* Entrants must be available for the duration of the course running between 15 and 28 August 2022. 





FIERCELY FEMININE

In our tribute to the women we most admire, Bassie Kumalo reflects on her big start and we round up books written by the women who embody what it means to be unapologetically courageous and tenacious.

“When I entered and won Miss Phefeni in 1990, I qualified to compete in Miss Soweto.

Miss Soweto was huge. The township was abuzz when the Miss Soweto competition was happening, and it was the talk of the town. The *Sowetan* newspaper was full of reportage on the semi-finals and finals. It was one of those pageants that everyone in the township wanted to be a part of, even if it was just to watch. But, my goodness, if you made it to the finals, you were *the* kid on the block. It was like ‘that girl, she’s representing’.

In the lead-up to the Miss Soweto finals, some of the other participants voiced their discontent about allegations that I was, in fact, not black but coloured. They wanted me disqualified on the basis that I didn’t really live in Soweto and that I had lied about my race. You can imagine how strange this news was for me and for my family, and how uncomfortable we felt when the pageant promoters visited our home to meet my parents and verify that they were actually both black. They also interviewed me to make sure that I spoke one of the African languages. (By virtue of growing up with different people from different cultures and backgrounds in the township, I ended up speaking many languages.)

Through this experience, colourism made its way into my consciousness. I had never once thought of myself as fair or light in complexion, but the other girls in the competition clearly felt that I was, and to them this represented an unfair advantage. Unfortunately, that was the status quo among black people; having lighter skin was seen as more desirable than having dark skin. One could argue that this kind of thinking was brought about by the racial policies of the day. Young women who were

born with light skin were often given nicknames like ‘Pinky’, and there were even wedding songs that celebrated the fact that the bride looked like a coloured person.

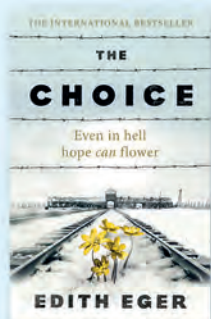
Maybe I was too young to realise that I looked a little different, or maybe my parents just didn’t subscribe to that kind of thinking for it to have become an issue in my life. Regardless, once that had been cleared up, we got down to the business of preparing for the event. I was still not keen on being paraded in a swimsuit, and once again I had to steel my nerves in order to make it through. No one wants to be subjected to that kind of objectification, but the fact is, there is so much to be gained by using these pageants as a platform for your future. As with many things in life, I could not get one without the other, so I put my hand up and I did what I had to do. I walked up and down that ramp with determination, and I did my family proud.

In June 1990, when I was in Standard 9 (Grade 11) at Trinity Secondary School in Lenasia, I was crowned Miss Soweto. I was so young – just sixteen – and all of a sudden I was in the newspapers, and being interviewed on radio and TV. Everyone was talking about the pageant and about me. My family’s name was suddenly well known, and even people who hardly knew me would whisper: ‘That’s the Makgalemele daughter, she won the pageant!’ In December, all the provinces and Miss Soweto sent their winners to the main national pageant, Miss Black South Africa. As Miss Soweto, I competed and won. I’ll never forget the prize – I furnished my mother’s house with that prize. Included was a room divider in which my mother put all her special glasses and dishes for visitors, who came once a year. I could never understand that, but I tell you, if you touched those glasses or dishes, that would be the end of you!”



Extracted from *Bassie: My Journey of Hope* by Basetsana Kumalo, out now.

women in writing



The Choice by Edith Eger

In 1944, sixteen-year-old ballerina Edith Eger was sent to Auschwitz. Separated from her parents on arrival, she endures unimaginable experiences, including being made to dance for the infamous Josef Mengele. When the camp is finally liberated, she is pulled from a pile of bodies, barely alive. The horrors of the Holocaust didn't break Edith. In fact, they helped her learn to live again with a life-affirming strength and a truly remarkable resilience. An incredible memoir of survival, hope and empowerment.



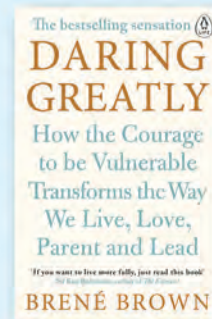
Educated by Tara Westover

Tara Westover grew up preparing for the end of the world. She was never put in school, never taken to the doctor, because her father didn't believe in medical care. She did not even have a birth certificate until she was nine years old. At sixteen, to escape her father's radicalism and a violent older brother, Tara left home. What followed was a struggle for self-invention, a journey that gets to the heart of what an education is and what it offers: the perspective to see one's life through new eyes, and the will to change it.



Untamed by Glennon Doyle


Part inspiration, part memoir, *Untamed* explores the joy and peace we discover when we stop striving to meet the expectations of the world, and instead dare to listen to and trust in the voice deep inside us. Soulful and uproarious, forceful and tender, *Untamed* is the story of how one woman learned that a responsible mother is not one who slowly dies for her children, but one who shows them how to fully live. *Untamed* shows us how to be brave. And, as Glennon insists, 'The braver we are, the luckier we get.'



Daring Greatly by Brené Brown

Every time we meet someone new, try to be creative, or start a difficult conversation, we take a risk. We feel vulnerable. Most of us try to fight those feelings - we strive to appear perfect. Brown challenges everything we think we know about vulnerability and dispels the widely accepted myth that it's a weakness. She argues that, in truth, vulnerability is strength and when we shut ourselves off from revealing our true selves, we distance ourselves from the experiences that bring purpose and meaning to our lives.

Becoming by Michelle Obama

In her life story, Michelle Obama invites readers into her world, chronicling the experiences that have shaped her - from her childhood on the South Side of Chicago to her years as an executive balancing the demands of motherhood and work, to her time spent at the world's most famous address. With unerring honesty and lively wit, she describes her triumphs and her disappointments, both public and private, telling her full story as she has lived it - in her own words and on her own terms. Warm, wise, and revelatory. 



HOW PERSPECTIVE TEACHES US ABOUT MEANING

"F**k it" is the modern-day profanity that's perfect for shaking us out of the stress and anxiety that dominate our meaning-full lives, writes John C. Parkin.

“You might remember this from a Bond movie: picture a man standing upright, holding on to two bars, then taking off and flying around. Jet propulsion for one person. You pull back a lever, open the throttle and you're 100 feet up.

Let's call this your Perspective Machine.

With the news of 9/11, or one of the tsunamis, or when the global pandemic hit, most of us went shooting up in our Perspective Machines. Suddenly all those little things that we'd been so preoccupied with in our lives seemed so pathetically irrelevant. We were alive and our family was alive. And that was all that mattered.

Anything that sends our Perspective Machines up into the air – from personal tragedy to world tragedy, to seeing something that really makes us think – is just like saying a big F**k It to all the normal concerns in our lives: 'F**k It, what was I worrying about?'

Of course, we could also go through a thought process that takes our Perspective Machine up into the stratosphere. It goes something like this: I am one person among 8 billion people on this Earth at the moment. That's one person among 8,000,000,000 people. That's a lot of Wembley Stadiums full of people, and even more double-decker buses (apparently, these are the standard British measurements for size). And we live on a planet that's spinning at 67,000 miles per hour through space, around a sun that's the centre of our solar system (and our solar system is spinning around the centre of the Milky Way at 530,000 miles per hour).

“If my life means so little, then Fk It, I might as well go for it and just have a laugh. ☺**



*F**k It: The Ultimate Spiritual Way* is out now.


Our solar system alone (a tiny speck within the entire universe) is very big indeed. If Earth was a peppercorn and Jupiter was a chestnut (the standard American measurements), you'd have to place them 100 metres apart to get a sense of the real distance between us. And that's just space.

Have a look at time, too. If you're lucky, you'll get around 85 years on this Earth. Humans have been around for 300,000 years, so you're going to spend just 0.0283 per cent of human history living on this Earth. And humans' stay on Earth has been very short in the context of the life of the Earth (which is 4.5 billion years old): if the Earth had been around for the equivalent of a day (with the Big Bang kicking it all off at midnight), humans didn't turn up until 11:59:54 p.m.

That means we've only been around for the last six seconds. A lifetime is gone in a flash. There are relatively few people on this Earth that were here 100 years ago. Just as you'll be gone (relatively) soon.

So, with just the briefest look at the spatial and temporal context of our lives, we realize that we're utterly insignificant. As the Perspective Machine lifts us up so far above the woods that we forget what the word means, we see just one moving light. It is beautiful. A small, gently glowing light. It is a firefly lost somewhere in the cosmos. And a firefly – on Earth – doesn't live for long. It glows beautifully, and then goes.

And up there so high in our Perspective Machine we realize that our lives are really just like that of the firefly. Except the air is full of 8 billion fireflies. They're glowing beautifully for a short time. Then they're gone.

So, F**k It, you might as well REALLY glow. 

It's all about mindset

Few athletes hold a record comparable to that of Oscar Chalupsky. In this extract from his inspiring book, he writes about the defining moment that saw the start of his epic never give up attitude.



“I became a Nipper at the age of eight, two years younger than the standard starting age. It's a fantastic institution, teaching youngsters surf skills as well as basic first aid, from CPR to treating bluebottle and jellyfish stings, a nasty fact of life when easterly winds blow on Durban beaches.

Nippers also taught me possibly the most valuable lesson of my early life, but it wasn't in the surf. It was about mindset. It happened when I was about to turn thirteen and asked my father to buy me a racing bike for my birthday. He agreed. 'But only if you win the Iron Nipper,' he said.

The annual Natal Nipper Championships were coming up, but Dad wasn't interested in that. He was talking about the national event. He said it casually, almost as a throwaway remark, but I knew he was deadly serious. No win, no bike. Despite what most people think, my stern father never pushed me. Instead, he used encouragement, and in this case, it was that if I wanted a bike, I had to earn it.

I thought I would easily win the provincial championships, but I was in for a nasty shock when I was convincingly beaten into second or third place – I can't remember which. But what I do remember is crossing the finishing line and hearing my father say, 'That racing bike is not looking too good.'

For me, that was a game changer. I was a fast board paddler and an even faster swimmer, but I was still a 'cruisey' type of competitor. I never worried too much about where I came in any race. Even though I usually won, it was no big deal if I didn't.

Suddenly it was. With some degree of shock, it dawned on me that the Iron Nipper was no cakewalk. They didn't use the word 'iron' for nothing. I had previously thought

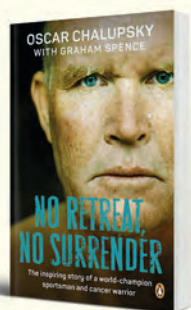
“When I held the Iron Nipper trophy in my hands, it was a defining moment.”

winning was easy because I was bigger than everyone else my age, but I didn't factor in the determination of those kids I was competing against, no matter what their size. I now knew that I had to want that sweet taste of victory even more than they did. Doubly so, with a racing bike at stake.

The South African Nipper Championships were six weeks away and I started training like someone possessed – swimming every morning, then going down to the beach after school, running on the sand and swimming in whatever surf was pounding that day. Not only did my skills improve dramatically, so did my fitness. I was starting to realise how important that was to any athlete. As the saying goes, 'The only easy day was yesterday.'

With all the hard training, as well as my newfound determination and mental grit, the race itself was an anti-climax. I won easily. But the spin-offs were fundamental – the most obvious being that with a new bike, I didn't have to rely on people giving me lifts to the swimming pool or beach. I could train when I wanted. As a result, I got even fitter and stronger.

However, I also discovered something far more profound. When I held the Iron Nipper trophy in my hands, it was a defining moment as I understood that I could push my body through more intense pain and fatigue barriers than I ever believed possible. Not only that, I now had the will to do so. I told myself that if anyone beat me, they were lucky, not better. Sure, I have been beaten in my career, but that mindset of supreme self-belief – irrational or not – has never left me. It's seared into my subconscious and has won me more races than anything else when all seemed lost. But when I lose, few will deny that I am among the first to congratulate the winner.”



No Retreat, No Surrender is out now.

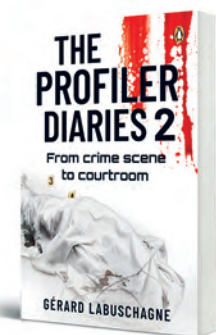
“I NEVER SAW IT AS MY GOAL TO MAKE EVERYONE HAPPY; THE GOAL IS TO SOLVE CRIME.”

Dr Gérard Labuschagne was the head of the SAPS’s specialised Investigative Psychology Section for almost 15 years, during which time he analysed 110 murders and countless other bizarre crimes. He writes here about the one case his wishes he worked on, his most challenging case and understanding the criminal mind.

“People are fascinated with true crime. I tend to think it’s because it’s real – it could happen to any one of us – and there’s a kind of satisfaction that comes from the ‘happy’ ending; of seeing justice done when the perpetrator is brought to book. Perhaps that makes people feel safe.

Also, truth is indeed stranger than fiction. If you look at the cases discussed in true crime, they tend to be bizarre in some way, like American serial murderer Jeffrey Dahmer, who is the one case in history I wish I’d worked on. He had such a wide range of strange behaviour, such as eating his victims’ organs and collecting their bones. I did get to interview our South African version (to some degree), Stewart ‘Boetie Boer’ Wilken from Port Elizabeth, after he was convicted. He was found guilty in 1998 for seven counts of murder and two of sodomy, for which he received seven life terms. Amongst his other offences, Wilken confessed to murdering his 11-year-old daughter and sleeping next to her corpse each night until she had decomposed into a skeleton.

“Each criminal is interesting for different reasons.”



The Profiler Diaries 2 is out now.

But each criminal is interesting for different reasons. Most recently, because of my interest in threat assessment, I find Morné Harmse, the Krugersdorp School Sword offender (who I discuss in my book), quite fascinating. In finding out more about an offender, the best way to assess their personality is to interview them and the people they interact with. In fact, I often find interviewing the people around the person (for example, friends, family and co-workers) gives the best understanding of their personality. However, we also try to make some broad categorisations from a crime scene by looking at what the person has done to the victim.

And each case presents its own unique challenges, as I discuss in my *Profiler Diaries* books. Sometimes it’s that there is very little evidence to go on. Other times, it’s political interference, or internal struggles with the police itself. One of my most challenging cases was the murder of Andrea Venter by Gerhard Jansen van Vuuren in May 2011.




What should have been an open-and-shut case has been dragged out for 11 years. Initially, we successfully opposed bail, but this was appealed and granted by the High Court a few months later, despite our concerns. Jansen van Vuuren then fled the country a week before his 2013 trial, and we had to track him down, eventually finding him in Brazil, where he was subsequently arrested. Then, while awaiting extradition, about two years after his Brazil arrest, he was suspiciously released by a judge one night, and it was another four years before we could track him down again. He was eventually extradited back to SA in 2020 and convicted in 2022. I haven't bore the brunt for my work, touch wood, but I'm very aware that Jansen van Vuuren really doesn't like me.

In fact, I know quite a few people in correctional services and from them I have heard of a few convicted suspects in whose cases I testified (typically at sentencing) who still speak about me in not so friendly terms. It comes with the territory. I never saw it as my goal to make everyone feel good and happy; the goal is to solve crime.



Dr Gérard
Labuschagne

The same can be said for working with police officers and investigators. It can be challenging to balance independent thinking while cooperating with a host of other professionals, but everyone has something to contribute. You just have to make sure that peoples' ears and minds are open to what you have to say, which is a skill on its own. I was always interested to hear the views of others in the team, and when you show people that you want to listen to their view, it's easier to express your views, too. It did also help that I was a Brigadier. . . people kind of have to listen to what you say.

It is difficult to step away from the job with this kind of work, especially while I was in the police. It's never ending. There are always cases that need attention and crime scenes and arrests don't only take place during office hours. You can never really step away, but you need to focus on positive things like family and friends. And holding on to the hope that people will start focusing more on doing what's good for society. We could all benefit from having a more caring society." 

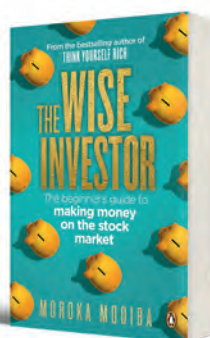
SPEAKING THE LANGUAGE OF MONEY

Making informed financial decisions is a game-changer that can propel you to financial independence, says investment expert, Moroka Modiba.

“When you understand the money language, you will be able to make informed financial decisions on a daily basis. This might seem like a mundane exercise, but it's a massive game-changer. If making smart financial decisions becomes your daily habit, then those decisions will snowball with time to a point where they become a force on their own, propelling you towards financial independence.

Let me give you a simple example. If you make an effort to regularly go through your monthly bank statements, chances are that you will end up fully understanding what's going on with your finances. This knowledge will enable you to reduce costs. You could start by cutting unnecessary fees and penalties on your bank account. It helps that nowadays the banking industry is so competitive that every year banks introduce new accounts that are cheaper but offer more benefits. You'll still find people stuck on old, outdated bank accounts that are expensive but offer limited benefits, but to switch from these outdated to new ones is very cheap, or sometimes even free (if it's done within the same bank). The money you'll save from switching to a new and improved bank account can be channelled towards an investment. It also helps that you can now invest as little as R150 per month on the stock market through exchange-traded funds (ETFs). This habit might seem ineffective at the start, but with time it can develop into a massive snowball.


“The money you'll save from switching to a new and improved bank account can be channelled towards an investment.”



The Wise Investor is out now.

WHAT IS AN ETF?

An ETF is a fund that can be traded like an individual share on the stock market. It's diversified, cost-effective, transparent and, most importantly, affordable. From as little as a R1 000 once-off lump sum or R150 monthly debit order, one can invest on the stock market through a stockbroker or an asset manager. ETFs are known to track indices such as the JSE Top 40, S&P 500 or MSCI World Index. They are regarded as one of the best innovations in the history of investment products.

And an index, in case you were wondering, is a grouping of shares constructed to measure the performance of the overall market (e.g., the JSE All Share Index), companies with similar market capitalisation (e.g., JSE Top 40), a specific sector (e.g., the SA Property Index) or a theme (e.g., the MSCI Emerging Markets Index). These indices can be used as benchmarks against active funds' performance. 





LIFE LESSONS FROM THE WORLD OF GRASSES

There are worlds within worlds awaiting discovery among the grasses, writes Dino J. Martins, author of *Grasses of East Africa*.

“One of the most wonderful things about being a naturalist in East Africa is the sheer abundance and diversity of life and living things that surrounds us. Growing up in remote, rural areas of Western Kenya, I spent many happy hours watching, listening and learning from the world around me.

Many of my earliest memories are of insects and plants. As I grew up without a television (or social media, thankfully), my childhood was spent exploring the garden, forests and wild spaces wherever I was. In the afternoons after school, I'd go exploring, finding much joy in identifying the animals and plants that were my constant companions.

As I watched and collected insects, I soon learned that many of them lived in close association with plants. One of the earliest discoveries I made was through rearing caterpillars and watching their fat,

cylindrical bodies grow and then transform into cryptic or bejewelled pupae and that magical, heart-stopping moment when the chrysalis split open and out squirmed the adult butterflies twitching and slowly unfurling their dazzling wings.

I collected caterpillars wherever I could find them and, of course, in order to sustain them, I had to collect an abundance of leaves. At the edge of the tangled forest grew dense stands of tall, leafy grasses. This was one of my favourite places to search for insects. I would slowly, carefully search through the grasses, which at the time towered several feet above me. I learned to spot the chameleons, who clung firmly to the stems of creepers among the grasses, watched the weaverbirds who stripped the leaves and carried them off shrieking to incorporate into their elegant nests and to carefully step away when the dark, slithering shape of a forest cobra wended its way back into the thicket from its sunbathing spot.





But it was the hidden, mysterious caterpillars who really caught my attention. I quickly learned to spot the distinctive damage they did to leaves, leaving rectangular holes along the leaf-edge from their munching. It was incredibly satisfying to be able to turn over these pleated leaves of grasses to find the camouflaged, hapless caterpillar clinging close beneath. I plucked them off unceremoniously, popped them into old glass jars covered with netting and gathered handfuls of leaves to feed them.

At the time, I didn't know the names of the different grasses. Since I had no one to teach me about them, nor any books to consult, I developed my own system of classification. Those with the broad, pleated leaves became the 'fan grasses' as they reminded me of the pretty, foldable paper fans that we made during arts-and-crafts lessons.

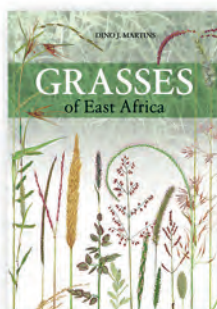
Today, 40 years later, I still seek out caterpillars on this very grass, but I know it as Broad-Leafed Bristle Grass (*Setaria megaphylla*). My students and I spend long hours exploring, measuring and searching among grasses in the field. Today we don't just look at caterpillars but also look at the insects that feed on the stems, roots, flowering parts and through genetic sequencing are learning that dozens of species of fungi, mites and viruses live hidden

or even invisible within the leaves and stems of grasses. There are worlds within worlds awaiting discovery among the grasses.

Getting people to experience and engage with these amazing and often overlooked plants motivated me to put together the *Grasses of East Africa*. Anyone who grows crops, keeps livestock or goes on safari in East Africa, and indeed across the continent, is interacting with grasses. However, most people pay them little heed. Without these essential life-support systems on our savannahs and rangelands, we simply wouldn't have a livestock or safari tourism sector. Grasses, trampled and ignored, are the basis of the complex food web that sustains everyone from caterpillars to elephants, cattle to our entire economy.

Hundreds of millions of lives and livelihoods in Africa depend on this group of plants. Grasses from Africa have even been carried far and wide over the past century, establishing pasture and supporting grazing cattle in areas as far away as Texas and Brazil.

Working on the *Grasses of East Africa* has been a long journey. I started with it some 20 years ago, and was distracted by life, travels and teaching. Finally, the isolation, and my needing to focus on something during the early days of the pandemic lockdown, led me



Grasses of East Africa is out now.



to commit to finishing at least one major natural history project.

And as if the universe was sending me a message, cyclones in the Indian Ocean blew extraordinary amounts of rain across East Africa. This led to an amazing burst of grasses across our typically arid landscapes. So, I buckled down and got to work writing the descriptions, making observations on the ecology and drawing and photographing grasses wherever they appeared.

One of the really fulfilling things I was able to do was complete the illustrations, showcasing the delicate beauty, diversity and form of these wonderful plants. The combination of illustrations and photographs allows a reader to have several perspectives on the plant and helps foster a greater awareness for the detail, intricacy and connection with the different grass species. This is the first natural history book where I have been able to make use of my own illustrations and I look forward to building on and continuing this in future works."

My childhood was spent exploring the garden, forests and wild spaces wherever I was.

NATURE UP CLOSE

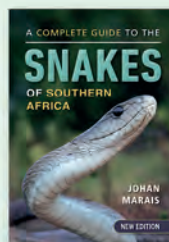


HIKING CAPE TOWN

by Evelyn
J Holtzhausen

The mountains and forests in and around Cape Town are a hiker's paradise, offering an array of


excursions to suit both new converts and seasoned ramblers. *Hiking Cape Town* covers 35 exciting hikes on the Cape Peninsula and further afield, ranging from easy to moderate, with a number of more demanding trails for those who want to up their game. Routes range from classic hikes up the front face of Table Mountain and half-day hikes in the remote Cape Point, to gentle rambles along the coast and walks in mountains and nature reserves a short drive from the city.



COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE SNAKES OF SOUTHERN AFRICA

by Johan Marais

This long-awaited third edition contains new information based on scientific

research relating to behaviour, identification, reproduction and snake venom. The book also features essential aspects of snake, full-colour photographs and distribution maps, and chapters on classification and identification, keeping snakes, and the treatment of snakebite supplement the species accounts. It is a comprehensive guide that will prove invaluable to herpetologists, snake collectors, hikers, gardeners and reptile enthusiasts. Ook beskikbaar as *Volledige Gids tot die Slang van Suider-Afrika*. 

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Die sondes van die vaders

Herman Lategan se lewe het baie anders verloop as wat 'n mens dalk sal dink, lees jy sy skerpsinnige - en soms gewoon snaakse - rubrieke en artikels. In *Hoerkind* deel hy sy verhaal - die seer en haat, maar ook die baie liefde langs die pad.



“D ie eerste keer dat ek in Lutzville aangekom het, was my ma en haar nuwe man, Christie Kruger, op die perron. Almal het vriendelik gelyk, maar ek kon aan my ma sien daar was iets fout.

Dit was die eerste keer in ses maande dat ek haar gesien het. Haar spontane, oop gemoed het nie deurgeskemer nie. Ons het in 'n ou bakkie geklim en begin ry na die plaas, Dassieshoek. Sy het senuweeagtig aan haar trouwing getorring, dit om en om gedraai.

Daar is nie baie in die bakkie gesels nie. Christie was 'n knorrige man met 'n harde gesig. Hy het die uitdrukking van 'n kadawer gehad. By die plaas aangekom is ek na die spaarkamer geneem. Die plaashuis het 'n uitsig oor wingerde gehad.

Waar die plaas geëindig het, was die Olifantsrivier. Daar was 'n koppie met werkershuisies.

Buite was daar 'n tipe afdak van riet en 'n bank. Hier het ek en my ma gesit en gesels. Toe ek en sy daar gaan sit, vertel sy my ek gaan een week by hulle bly, en dan een week by my ouma op die dorp.

Ek was lief vir my ouma, maar ek het mos vir my ma kom kuier. Vinnig het ek agtergekom hoe die wind waai. Christie het nie van kinders gehou nie. My ma wou my beskerm, veral in die aande. As die son sak, het hy sy eerste dop gegooi, KWV-brandewyn met water. Ná 'n paar drankies het hy begin kerm en skree. Teen hierdie tyd het ek agtergekom my ma drink ook veel meer as gewoonlik.

Hy het op haar geskel en gevloek, haar 'n hoer met 'n hoerkind genoem. Dit is nou ek,



Hoerkind is nou beskikbaar.

die hoerkind. Die sondes van die vaders en die wiel wat draai.

Die nagte op Dassieshoek was hel, 'n geskel en 'n gevloek en gereeld gewelddadig. My ma het baie by my kom inkruip as ek gaan lê het, uit vrees vir wat Christie kan aanvang. Sy het my vertel hy het haar bedrieg. Voor die troue het hy hom voorgedoen as so 'n wonderlike man en belowe dat hy haar 'n nuwe lewe op die plaas gaan gee. Skaars 'n maand na die huwelik het sy agtergekom die man is ernstig van lotjie getik. Ek was in die aande oorweldig deur stres.

Een nag het ek wakker geword en iets teen my boude gevoel. Dit was Christie wat my van agter af probeer penetreer het. My ma het hom hard oor die kop geslaan, waarmê kan ek nie onthou nie. Hy het opgestaan en 'n byl gaan haal. Ons het my kamerdeur gesluit. Hy het wild aan die deur se kosyne gekap.

Ons kon sien hoe die byl deur die houtdeur slaan. Ons het vinnig die venster oopgemaak, uitgeklim en weggehardloop. Op teen die koppie na die werkers se huisies. Dit is hier waar ons kon skuil. Dit is ook hier waar my ma gereeld kom wegkruip het.

Daar was 'n wonderlike vrou en man, genaamd Anna en John Takkies. Albei was bekend as Anna John, die twee name het een geword. Hulle het komberse gehad waarop ons kon lê totdat dit veilig was om weer terug te gaan na die plaashuis, meestal eers die volgende oggend. Die gasvryheid van hierdie arm werkers na wie Christie as die “volk” verwys het, bly my tot vandag toe by. Ons het dikwels saans by hulle gaan sit om hul vuurtjie en na hulle stories oor die ou dae geluister.”

BOEKE OM JOU TÁNDE IN TE SLAAN



20 Hekeltetegnieke deur Christa Swanepoel

20 Hekeltetegnieke met kreatiewe projekte en moderne patrone bevat verskillende tegnieke en idees waarvoor hekelwerk gebruik kan word. Elke tegniek word vergesel deur een of meer patrone om die spesifieke tegniek op 'n moderne manier uit te beeld. Die skrywer verskaf basiese hekeltegnieke vir die beginner, asook meer gevorderde tegnieke vir diene wat reeds ervare met hekelwerk is. 20 Hekeltetegnieke is geskryf om jou kreatiwiteit vry te stel.



Die drie lewens van Hannli Human deur Connie Luyt

Reeds as 'n dogtertjie in Kenia leer Hannli verlies ken toe hulle die plaas moet verlaat en Suid-Afrika toe verhuis. As student beleef sy erge trauma waarvan net haar ouma Hannie, by wie sy haar sesde sintuig geërf het, weet. Toe kom Buks Vermaak, en ná jare se gesukkel, 'n dogtertjie, Nell. Maar 'n droomhuwelik met Buks was haar nie beskore nie. Sy gaan vestig haar in Salt Rock. Wag die belofte van 'n gelukkige lewe hier? Of lê dit verder noord in die Afrika-landskap van haar kindertyd?



Verbode drif deur Irma Joubert

Sy's 'n boeremeisie, hy 'n Jood. 'n Boerejood, ja, maar nogtans 'n Jood. Vir hulle liefde is daar geen toekoms as hulle dit nie self skep nie. Terwyl hulle jonk is, dink hulle nie aan die toekoms nie, leef hulle vir die nou, glo hulle die verskille kan oorkom word. Izak, met sy lag, sy terg, die sagtheid in sy oë. Die paadjie wat aan hulle toebedeel is, is ongelyk. Hulle weet van mekaar vermy, van voorgee. Van wag. En van liefhê ... Totdat Elizabeth gedwing word om 'n doodsbefoete te maak. Hierdie keer is dit verby.




'n Kwessie van tyd deur Doc Marten

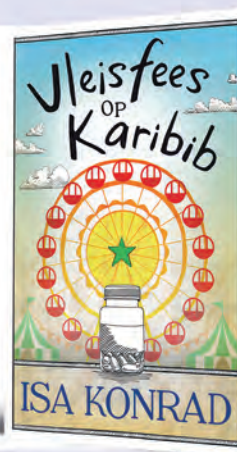
By een van Brittanje se eksklusiewe perdewedrenne dra die buiteperd onverwags die kroon. Henry Clarke is stomgeslaan. Iets onmoontlik het gebeur. Op 'n wildsplaas probeer Jan Brand vir hom 'n nuwe lewe staanmaak. Nes hy dink hy kan die stad agter los en in vrede begin boer, ontvang hy 'n uitnodiging van sy skatryk buurman, einste Henry Clarke. Dié wil Brand as privaatspeurder aanstel om 'n raaisel in die ruitersport op te los. Hy mag dalk die stof van sy hande af gewas het, maar binnekort gaan Brand se hande vol bloed wees.

Vleisfees op Karibib deur Isa Konrad

Liefde en dood loop hand aan hand deur die woestyn.

Ná haar egskeiding keer Alet Snyman terug na Karibib toe om die drade wat sy daar laat lê het, op te tel. Dis tyd vir die jaarlikse Vleisfees, maar Alet deel nie in die vrolikheid nie. Sy het 'n man se loopbaan verongeluk; Erika Schultz, wat haar aan die begin van die jaar onder haar vlerk geneem het, is skielik vyandig; en dan 'n sanger wat dood neerslaan op die verhoog.

Inspekteur Con Dorfling, bevelvoerder van Karibib polisie, is op 'n proeftyd ná hy aangekla is van aanranding. In Windhoek kry hy die nuus dat 'n bekende sanger uit Duitsland op sy dorp vermoor is. Ook dat Alet Snyman terug is en by was toe dit gebeur het. Dit moet hom eintlik nie verbaas nie, want waar Alet gaan... 



Flavours in Fusion

Mezcla means *mix*, *blend* or *fusion* in Spanish and in her first solo cookbook, Ixta Belfrage - loved for her inventive ingredient combinations - shares her favourite *mezcla* of flavours.



Sticky coconut rice cake with turmeric tomatoes

RICE CAKE

400g Thai sticky rice (aka glutinous rice or sweet rice), rinsed and drained (see notes)
 400g tin of full-fat coconut milk (at least 70% coconut extract)
 250g water
 2 small cloves of garlic, finely grated/crushed
 2 teaspoons finely grated fresh ginger
 2 spring onions, very finely chopped (25g)
 1½ teaspoons fine salt

TURMERIC TOMATOES

400g sweet, ripe cherry tomatoes, such as Datterini
 15g fresh ginger, peeled and julienned
 15g fresh coriander, stalks and leaves
 3 cloves of garlic, peeled
 70g olive oil
 2 teaspoons maple syrup or honey
 ½ teaspoon ground turmeric
 1½ teaspoons cumin seeds
 ½ teaspoon fine salt

TO SERVE

2 spring onions, finely sliced
 5g fresh coriander
 1 lime, cut into wedges

Preheat the oven to 230°C fan/250°C. Line a 23 x 23cm baking tin (or a similar-sized ovenproof dish) with non-stick parchment paper.

Whisk all the ingredients for the rice cake together, making sure to get rid of

any lumps of coconut milk. Pour into the prepared tin and flatten the top.

For the tomatoes, put all the ingredients into an ovenproof dish that's just big enough for them all to fit snugly in a single layer.

Put both dishes in the oven – the tomatoes on the top shelf and the rice on the bottom shelf (or preferably both on the top shelf, if they'll fit). Bake for 30 minutes. The tomatoes should be soft and slightly charred and the rice should be cooked through and golden-brown on top.

Remove both dishes from the oven. Cover the tomatoes to keep them warm. Leave the rice to rest for 20 minutes. Turn the oven grill to its highest setting.

After 20 minutes, lift the rice cake on to a flat baking tray with the paper. Tear away any overhanging parchment that could burn under the grill. Grill for 5–8 minutes near the top of the oven, or until the rice is crisp and golden-brown on top. All grills are different so this could take more or less time. If you have a blowtorch, use it to crisp up and lightly char the surface a little more.

Leave to cool for 5 minutes before slicing into squares. Serve with the warm tomatoes and garnish with the spring onions, coriander and lime wedges.

SERVES
4



Notes

- Both parts of the dish can be made the day before and reheated in a warm oven.
- I use sticky rice, which doesn't need to be soaked. Check the instructions on the side of the packet, as the rice may need to be soaked overnight.

Chicken, pineapple and 'nduja bake

SERVES
4

4 skin-on, bone-in chicken thighs, at room temperature
4 cloves of garlic, peeled and crushed with the side of a knife
1 medium onion, halved and very thinly sliced on a mandolin
½ large, extra-ripe pineapple, peeled (300g)
4 sweet tangerines (or 2 oranges), squeezed to get 100g juice (see notes)
100g chicken bone broth, stock or water
2 tablespoons double cream
5g fresh coriander
1 lime, cut into wedges

'NDUJA AND CHIPOTLE PASTE

50g 'nduja paste/spread
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 teaspoons tomato purée/paste
½ teaspoon chipotle flakes
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon fine salt
about 20 twists of freshly ground black pepper

Preheat the oven to 180°C fan/200°C.

Put all the ingredients for the paste into a large bowl and mix together. Add the chicken, garlic and three-quarters of the sliced onion and mix well so everything is coated evenly. Tip the onions and garlic into a 28cm ovenproof cast-iron skillet or similar-sized baking dish and spread out. Place the chicken thighs on top, skin side up and spaced apart.

Cut the pineapple into 4 rounds, then cut each round into quarters, removing the hard core (you should have about 300g). Add the pineapple to the bowl with the remnants of the paste, mix to coat with whatever's




left there, then arrange the pineapple around the chicken.

Pour the tangerine juice around the chicken (don't get the skin wet), then bake for 20 minutes. Remove from the oven and pour the stock or water into the pan around the chicken (again, don't get the skin wet). Return to the oven for another 20–25 minutes, or until the chicken is cooked through and the skin is browned and crispy. If you have a blowtorch, use it to char the pineapple a little.

Drizzle the cream into the sauce. Toss the coriander and the remaining sliced onions together with a tiny bit of oil and salt and arrange on top. Serve from the pan, with the lime wedges alongside.

NOTES

- Marinate the chicken in the 'nduja and chipotle paste up to 2 days ahead, but don't mix in the onion and garlic until you're ready to bake.

- I use tangerines over oranges as they have a more complex, floral flavour, but feel free to use oranges if that's easier (use fresh fruit, though, not juice from a bottle or carton). If your tangerines/oranges aren't particularly sweet, you may want to add some maple syrup or honey - do this when you add the stock or water. 



Extracted from *Mezcla* by Ixta Belfrage. All photography by Yuki Sugiura.

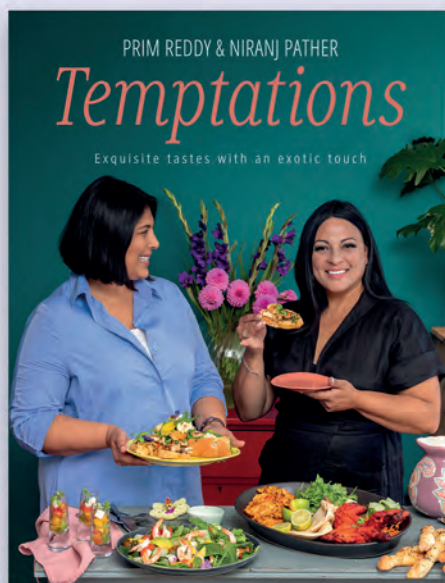
THE ULTIMATE MULLED WINE

There are few more tasty pleasures during the chilly winter months than a mulled wine, and this one from *Temptations* by Niranj Pather and Prim Reddy hits the spot just right.

200 g castor sugar
3 small oranges, sliced, plus extra slices for garnishing
2 lemons, sliced
4 pieces fresh ginger, peeled and sliced
6 whole cloves
6 cardamom pods
2 cinnamon sticks
2 star anise
500 ml water
2 x 750 ml bottles red wine of choice
100 ml port

Add all the ingredients, except the wine and port, to a large (5 litre) saucepan. Put on the lid and bring to the boil. Turn down the heat and allow the mixture to simmer for 15-20 minutes.

Set aside for a day or two to allow the flavours to infuse, then add the wine and port and bring to a simmer, without boiling. Strain and serve warm, garnished with orange slices.



Temptations is out now.

"I first tasted mulled wine in New York in the winter of 2004. This recipe has been tweaked over the years and this is my current favourite."
- Prim Reddy, co-author of *Temptations*



DINNER IS SERVED!

Dinner in no time, prep ahead, or low and slow ... Whatever your preference, these recipes from three of the newest cookbook authors are guaranteed to get your taste buds tingling.

Honey & Mustard Sausages with Potatoes, Peppers & Onions

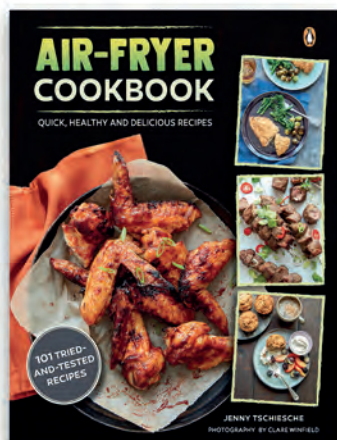
"A perfectly delicious combination - the saltiness of sausages combines beautifully with the sweetness of honey and piquancy of mustard. The potatoes, peppers and onions complement these flavours well."

- Jenny Tschiesche,
Air-fryer Cookbook

400 g baby new potatoes
1 onion, chopped into 4 wedges
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 tablespoon runny honey
1 tablespoon wholegrain mustard
6 sausages
5 baby (bell) peppers,
roughly chopped
salt and freshly ground black pepper
fresh rosemary sprigs, to garnish

SERVES
2

COOK
30 minutes



Air-fryer Cookbook is out now.

Preheat the air-fryer to 180°C.

Chop any larger potatoes to 3 cm/1¼ in. in length (leave any smaller potatoes whole). Toss the potatoes and onion wedges in the oil with salt and pepper to taste. Add the potatoes and onion wedges to the preheated air-fryer and air-fry for 10 minutes.

Meanwhile, mix together the honey and mustard, then toss the sausages in the honey-mustard mixture until evenly covered. Add these to the air-fryer and cook for a further 6 minutes. Toss the food in the air-fryer and add the (bell) peppers, stir everything well and air-fry for a further 7 minutes. Tip on to a serving platter, garnish with fresh rosemary sprigs if you wish and serve.

Pasta with Marinated Tomatoes & Brie

“Di Utton, who was a member of my book club many years ago, is a wonderful cook. She says her whole family grew up with this simple pasta dish. She lives in Cape Town now, but we still see them when we holiday in Kommetjie.”

- Trish van der Nest,
Cooking with Love

SERVES
4

6 roma (plum) tomatoes
1 wedge Brie cheese
2 Tbsp olive oil
2 Tbsp balsamic vinegar
2 cups finely chopped fresh basil
500 g linguine, penne or
fusilli pasta
Salt and black pepper to taste

Chop the tomatoes into bite-size pieces and place in a bowl.

Chop or tear the Brie into bite-sized pieces and add to the bowl, together with the olive oil, balsamic vinegar and half the basil. Set aside to



Cooking with Love is out now.

marinate for at least 4 hours, or up to 8 hours.

When ready to serve, cook the pasta according to the package instructions. Drain, and immediately add to the marinated tomatoes and Brie. Toss gently to combine; the heat of the pasta will start to melt the cheese.

Scatter over the remaining basil and serve warm.

NOTES

- Instead of roma tomatoes, use 200 g cherry tomatoes, halved.
- For a lower-carb option, replace the pasta with 500 g baby marrow noodles.

Oxtail & Potato Stew

"All I can say is, 'Oh my tummy!'. This satisfying and comforting dish is perfect for cold days. It takes a while to cook, but the delectable aromas coming from the kitchen will make you wish it was dinner time already!"

- Mbonani Daniel
Mbombi, *An African Bite*

PREP TIME
10-15
minutes

COOKING
TIME
2½ hours

SERVES
4

2-3 Tbsp canola oil or sunflower oil
1 kg oxtail
1 onion, chopped
4 garlic cloves, crushed
or finely chopped
3 Tbsp Maizena, flour or
oxtail soup powder
1 tsp onion powder
1 tsp garlic powder
1 tsp ground paprika
1 tsp dried parsley
4 tsp beef stock powder
or 3-4 stock cubes
1 litre boiling water
500 g potatoes, peeled and
cut into chunks
Salt and ground black pepper
to taste



An African Bite is out now.

Heat the oil in an ovenproof pot or casserole dish, over medium-high heat, and brown the oxtail for about 20 minutes. Add the onion and garlic, sprinkle over the flour and continue to brown for another 10-15 minutes.


Add the onion powder, garlic powder, smoked paprika and dried parsley. Stir through and continue to cook for another 10 minutes. (Add a little water if it starts to burn.)

Add the stock powder and water, stir through and cook for 2-3 minutes more.

Cover the dish with a lid and place in a preheated oven at 180°C. Cook for 1 hour, then add the potatoes and cook for another 30 minutes, with the lid on, until the potatoes are tender when pierced with a skewer and the meat is almost falling off the bones, and you have a thick gravy. Season to taste.

Serve with dumplings, rice or mashed potatoes.

TIP

• Instead of cooking the dish in the oven, you can continue to cook the oxtail on the stovetop, over a medium heat and with the lid on, for the same amount of time. 

On my mind

Managing emotional responses & having supportive networks are crucial in business

Magda Wierzycka is one of South Africa's most prolific businesswomen. She writes here on how people, particularly women, can thrive in the business world, and her enthralling new memoir.

“I am stunned by the positive response to my book. When I agreed to write it, I thought it would be a mere retrospective. Little did I know that the process would take me on its own journey of revisiting my many trials and tribulations, the battles I fought, the choices I made and the lessons I learned. It has been gratifying that the book resonates with so many different audiences: women and men of all ages struggling in a work environment, those yet to embark on their careers, men dealing with their relationships with women, and South Africa's budding entrepreneurs.

I have travelled widely and addressed many audiences. In giving talks, I have found one commonality: the response. My experiences in the workplace, some of which I describe in graphic detail, were not unique to me. Neither were my reactions. Many people cry, on the outside or the inside, many are anxious and stressed, bringing their best game to work just for it to go underappreciated or unrewarded. As much as I had women in mind when writing the book, I have been pleasantly surprised by the number of men who have found themselves in my stories. Over the years I have developed a toolkit for dealing with tough situations, a toolkit I wish I had when I was twenty-five years old and starry-eyed. I hope others find it useful.

I have also learned many lessons about being an entrepreneur in South Africa. I believe there is value in sharing what it takes to build a company from the ground up. For those dreaming about running their own business, I hope my experiences will prepare them for what to expect and help them succeed.

“As much as I had women in mind when writing the book, I have been pleasantly surprised by the number of men who have found themselves in my stories.”



Magda:
My Journey
is out now.

As for solutions to the struggles I have encountered, I list many. But the ones that stand out for me personally are managing one's emotional responses and finding supportive networks.

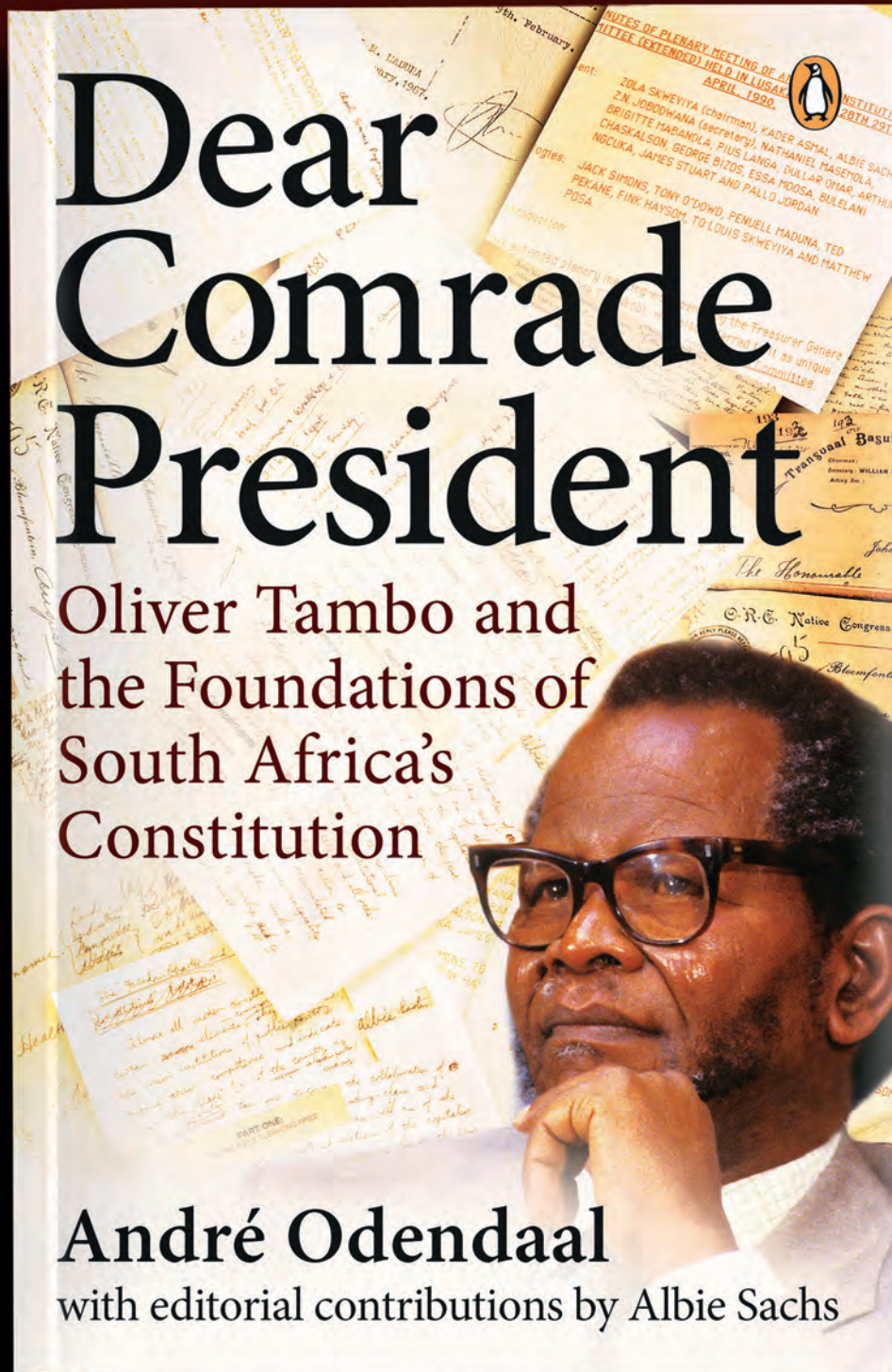
Triggering other people's emotions is easy. But once you're triggered, you lose any advantage you might have by virtue of knowledge, experience or sheer hard work. I recently came across a saying from Warren Buffett that goes, "If words control you that means everyone else can control you". Think about that every time you are about to get upset by what people say.

In terms of networks, men have many. They bond over golf, or sport in general, and going out "for a beer" after work. Women have much fewer opportunities like this. A progressive friend of mine who runs a successful company told me that he has introduced the concept of dinner clubs for women within his company. These regular events bring together women at all levels of the organisation to talk about topics of common interest, predominantly work. Through communication, they bond. Through bonding, they start to support one another. It is a small but practical step that's within reach of most of us.

It is difficult to write a book about oneself, exposing one's real vulnerabilities, fears and mistakes for all to scrutinise. In writing my story, I decided I wanted to tell my truth, even if it was uncomfortable and daunting at times. In doing so, I knew I would invoke polarising views, but ultimately, this is yet another adventure in a long journey that has got me to where I am today." 📖



All wars end at the negotiation table



KILLER THRILLERS



BOOKS
TO KEEP YOU
UP AT NIGHT

