

LIGHTS OUT!

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Ligte Af!

Die trip skool toe...

Die trip skool toe was nog nooit soe lank nie. En vir wat moet hy oek 'n lift kry. Dis nou al 'n hele week wa sy vettige hande onder my skoolrok begin vroetel en my nou al hoe meer benoud laat voel. Elke dag lykit hy raak meer daring. Ek wonne hoe lank ek die kak nog kan bare. Fokkit. Damn die blinde doners wat nie kan sien daars fout nie. Damn amal in hulle moeren. Hoe issit possible dat 'n mens op soe 'n ouderdom nog moet worry van pregnant raak. Wa sal ek die baba wegsteek en wat sal ek met dit doen.

The trip to school...

The trip to school has never been so long. And for what must he also get a lift? It is now already a whole week in which his oily hands are groping under my school gym, stifling me more and more. Every day it seems he gets more daring. I wonder how long I can bear this crap. Fokkit. Damn die blind shits who cannot own up to seeing something is wrong. Damn everybody in their moer in. How is it possible that one should worry about a pregnancy as early as this age? Where will I hide the baby and what will I do with it?

Exhale

Dark knights,
Burning incest.
Walls erected,
Virtues cracked.

Grey hairs grow
new-born-eyes.
Wear colored scabs
with buttoned up honour.

The audacity which he has...

I cannot think why such a big outstretched adult, I mean you have seen him, will go to all the trouble of climbing on to a double decker bed and try to push his erect penis into a clearly immature vagina? Do you know how long I had to work to process that actual memory. After that I had to marry and enjoy my husband! How the fuck? It is simply not right. I could feel his pubic-hair and the actual penis head. It is not right. Can you imagine my size then and think where his chest was, sweaty and half pushing into my face. The breath and randiness of it, my slanted face to the side that concentrates beyond all reason not to betray my pretended sleep.

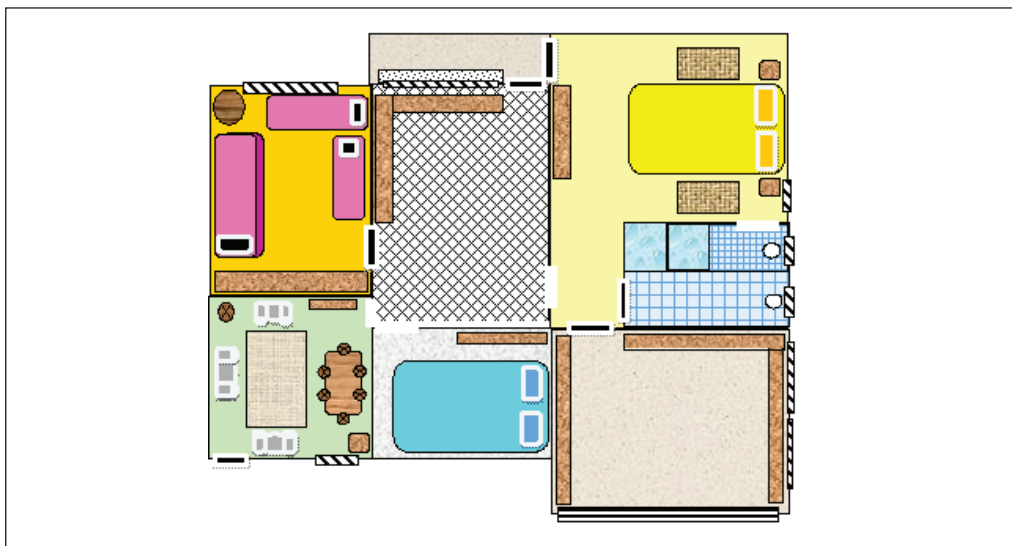
When I make myself think about it, I have to vigorously shake my head to shake out the visuals. It is also the time I can call him wholeheartedly a swine, an animal! He deserves no mitigation. I think nobody would regard him as a human being. He took my life so easily. I mean, why didn't he rather take a nice sharp knife and stab it through my heart or something like that? If he did that then everybody would've responded

to the amount of blood streaming out of me and would have realized the seriousness of the situation. You cannot argue. It is not right, one is already mad when one allows oneself to imagine it.

She knew...

I don't know whether it was that evening that she came in, but I know that she knew. I know it for sure. Why otherwise would she have said: 'Amien, wat maak djy?' Should she not have protected us? Why did she not just speak? Why did she not just speak out? Now if you look at my attempt here in the ground floor plan of our house in 62 Waterbok Street, you can see where their bedroom was on your right – the yellow double bed. Now if you walk through the passage past the bedroom and you face the girl's room in the doorway you look straight on to my bed. That's the one on top, on the double decker – the light pink one. He was standing right in front of it and she was about there in the doorway by the light yellow opening facing our room. I often wondered what he was doing? Where his other hand was and if he had his pants on or off? Were his pants hanging loose around his hips, or what? I often wondered crazy crap like that while he was fondling me or when my other sister's bed squeaked. I knew why it squeaked. I always knew. What did my mother see? Judging from the panic I heard in her voice, I knew she knew what was happening. Yet she remained quiet. I guess if you think the kid was sleeping it's not too much damage, right? You guess wrong, our bodies record things on totally other levels.

And it never forgets. It's the part the cognitive brain cannot control and it reacts



when it wants to, to what it sees, hears, feels, tastes and smells.

Where were you mom?

'Amien! Wat maak djy?' How profound were those words and how incriminating too. Doesn't matter what she will make us believe. She knew. Now how does a mother refuse blatantly to acknowledge, after uttering those words in the dead of the night, standing

in a clear lit room and then acting as if she didn't notice or suspect anything? Crap. I have gone over this incident more than a million times trying to map out that space in which it occurred. Was he still wearing his bottoms? Were his genitalia outside or inside his pants, because now that I am older I suspect he would have had his one hand on his penis and the other fumbling my vagina. Makes sense right! Then also, if she walked to our room, knowing how the vinyl flooring made a distinctive noise, how was it possible that we did not hear her coming, unless for that one night, that one particular night, she had the courage to get out from her bed and silently investigate the horror she had suspected all along. Her fault was that she did not think her plan through. She did not gear herself up for what and how she would fight the puppet master. Because you should realize she too was on the strings of his control that clearly decided her movements and will. Now the question becomes: is she to blame for our suffering? Does it make any difference or do I forgive and make amends?

You see the thing about the puppeteer is that he needs to be in control of his puppets. He makes them move and play out what he wants. It was as if we were told that there was an experimental drug that would magically cure us, but it was all a lie. It was a way of manipulating us into thinking that we will be good in God's eyes if we blindly believe in the gospel of Islam by not disgracing our parents and keeping the honour of your parents intact. Yeah right! Woo hoo!

Who owns your soul? Who decides how precious and how useless it is? We? God? Our parents? Can we defend it and protest if it is threatened. Can we?

Whispers in the community...

And you know what makes me even more the moer in, is that after I spoke out about it, and put my whole image, my privacy and such at risk, because I was now talking, the community just said that I was a rebellious teenager looking for attention. Those words have haunted me since then, and I want this writing to justify me. It is never right for a community to slaughter the victim while their eyes tell other things.

Nobody had a clue how our lives adapted and became unreal. How we acted and how my mother taught us so well that we were no longer conscious when life is real or a stage on which we can act out our emotions. Is that right you think? So it was the deed of a rebellious teenager? Fok dai kak. Hoe de fok! Who the hell would take such a big risk only to harm yourself?

God seems out of reach...

Even how I practise my Islam has been affected. I cannot maintain a real practising relationship with my Creator. I believe and with conviction. I raise my children like that and expose them to what is good, but I am telling you: I still need and expect an apology.

06/10/2015 – a Child mos, isn't it?

At what point does a father look at his six year-old child's body and says to himself: that body seems accessible? Really, please tell me that, at what point?

27/10/2015 - Dream a little dream for me.

Dreams are significant, they say. I should hope so. The first one I can remember is the fairy dust dream... I would dream that I could fly, and fairy dust would scatter from



my feet. I remember that I was scared the fairy dust would run out if I flew too much or too high. I saw wonderful things, wonderful places, and the world always seemed so small and insignificant then. That's also when I started visiting my imaginary town where people loved me and accepted me as one of their own – friendly people who did not judge me and just continued with their daily routines. I loved it there. I felt part of them and important there, like I mattered. Like I was vital and completed their world.

Then I had the dreaded dreams. The ones from which I would wake up screaming and exhausted, so tired sometimes I could not go to school.

I would dream that I'm standing at the bottom of my grandma's yard, on the corner of her house, and need to get to the top where the gate is. For some reason I am nervous and it kind of feels like I have to race there before something or someone catches me. I run as fast as I can after rehearsing the escape route in my head several times. Then I run!

As I am just about to come to the last few meters that seems very much more than I thought it would be, a humungous black spider with the nastiest fangs comes climbing over the wall, leg by leg – clattering his fangs against one another.



I would slide as I stop in my tracks, and as I try to get up and run again, it would be on me and at that point I wake up and shout: 'Allahu akbar!' (God is great!)

But even in my real awakened state I experienced the physical effects of utter fear combined with anxiety and confusion. At that moment of waking I deeply believed it was the end of me. I moved from sleeping in fear into waking into fear, and never felt the gratitude or relief one should have after a bad dream. The fear always remained real, and I would usually stay awake because I thought if I fell asleep the dream would complete itself and I would surely and truly die. The pains of death I experienced for real.

Then there were those nights when I found myself part of a race. I would run on a black plastic sheet with other competitors, and it would be just a normal sunny day, except for the impossibility to get to the end of the race. I would run, sprint and run some more, but the end always remained at a distance. I would see others cross the line, but I would be stuck running. It sometimes seemed like I was running most of the night, but I refused to give up and would just continue to run. My ultimate goal was to win or just finish the race, and that kept me going. In the morning I would be so tired, too tired to go to school, and would fake feeling ill so I could rest and sleep.

Peeing in bed was not always a choice

Children are born with weak bladders. Some empty theirs when they are frantically scared and then there are those who do it because someone made them! How you ask? Simple, if you are in any way sexually active you would know that women sometimes pee too when they reach their climax, and that would be how I peed in my bed almost every night. My mother was of course very irritated by that and how I was scolded! I wanted to tell her it was not me. I did not want to, he made me, but how could I explain this to her? It even made me think at one stage it was an insane idea. He is my father after all.

Well, let's say you don't know how this has any connection. Let me explain. When you stimulate the clitoris and it hardens like a penis, it brings forth as a natural response an uncontrollable surge through the body to the extent that you come! It is just as pleasurable as when a man would come, I suppose. Well, if you have a full bladder, it does want to empty itself most of the time, especially if you have had too many bladder and vaginal thrush infections, no matter if you are as young as six. That little g-spot does not ask for age. It responds to stimulation no matter the age. Now don't seem as though you don't understand this. A six year old boy wakes up every morning with a stiffie and when they play with it, it stands up. Just get it!

Phrases I still have to deal with

It has been decades, and my community still seems to walk around with the misconception of that event. How is it possible that I still hear whispers that say: 'She is only a rebellious teenager looking for attention'? My childhood has been ripped from my life. My womanhood torn from my soul, and I am in rebellion? Don't be insane. I am human! 'Looking for attention!'

Infections

I once picked up such a bad infection I could not walk. But the worst thing was the smell and the itch. I used to scratch myself raw down there. I would ask to go to the bathroom at school and just scratch myself till I bleed. Then the sensation became so significantly nice it felt as if I, although I did not understand it until I matured to an adult, was coming.

Then there was the smell of all this discharge from my vagina. I always wondered if people could smell it. Before she died my mother said people told her you could. Really? How I hated my vagina then and there.

Courtcase

So they take me to this room – these guys with the black robes. I distinctly remember the one with the skew neck, the young white chap. They smile and are friendly. They speak fast and their words sift through grinning teeth. I agree and am conned into testifying on his behalf as a character witness. What a laugh. They sure got me good. But what do you expect? I was just a child. My mother should have been my common sense and protector. Right! I walked into the court and was led into the witness stand. Things looked different from there. I felt as though I was in a movie, and I smiled with some excitement and maybe the insanity of the situation. I was perceived so wrongly there that day. The judge asked me why I was smiling and I knew I said something crazy like: '...cos I'm happy', or something to that effect. He too asked me if I had a good father. I sincerely and honestly could say yes, because he was by day the best father any

child could ask for; but by night, the monster rose and killed me over and over again. Stupid adults I depended on, again letting me down and using the system to prolong my horror. Horror that would be never ending and cruel to me.

Checking the hymen

I have sealed this memory so far back, it is in fractional info. I remember being told I may cover my head with the loose baby blanket they provided when they commence looking into your vagina to check if your hymen was still intact or not. I suppose mine was, but was penis penetration the only kind of horror a little girl could endure. Really? There are far bigger horrors that can be dished out that were just as horrifying as penetration and could handicap your life just as much. I remember smells there with the women, something like alcohol swabs and wet hands feeling like latex gloves, impersonal hands like the ones that would prod my vagina when I pretended to sleep. Then they would shine a light there and you wish they would not see your secret, that your body will not reveal the uncontrollable pleasure it experienced most of the time; that unwanted good feeling that came over you and sometimes you yearned for if it was too long since the last time. Your body was awakened and started exchanging conversations you could not decipher yet, but it spoke loudly, both positive and negative. I felt like explaining and saying to them that I was innocent and knew it was wrong. But there is another head hovering between your thighs once again and you lay still, motionless like in the many nights you faked your sleep. This role you have perfected and play along beautifully.

Afterwards you disappear again into your disassociated life, having to process yet another horrid experience. They said they needed to subject me to this logic in order to find answers. So I had to die again to be able to live without the shame. Yet my shame was even more heightened then than ever before. More peeping eyes needed to look there and had memories of my private space. They were scrutinizing for evidence, while through the entire examination the evidence lay embedded inside my soul. What did they know? They were normal. They wouldn't, couldn't know where to look, and my body could not listen to me, could not stop and even convince me it wanted it.

Striptease show for family time

So out of the blue I started to remember a profound memory of when my twin sister and I gave a strip show to the family, and as soon as I utter these words it sounds insane and I am instantly blood-red in the face. I cover my face with my hands and I think: Is this a real memory? How did this happen? Were there then no red flags? My mother was invited to watch too. Anyway I can't remember if there was music or if we sang or hummed some music, but we stripped to our undies. We even received applause. I can just imagine, given my madness, the movements I mustered up. Damn! We spoke so loudly and she still didn't hear, maybe just heard but refused to listen.

Tables over at dinnertime

Dinner was at 6.00. After that it would be prayers, reciting Quraan, and then he delivered a short story from the scriptures of 'The teachings of Islam'. Ironically the teaching made no mention of incest. It was lights out after 8.00, and we all (sisters) slept in one room.

Our house was full of anxiety that manifested in many different ways.

I was a very silly child. I could laugh non-stop and for long periods of time. One

night at the dinner table I must have thought something was funny and I started laughing uncontrollably. My father asked me to stop laughing, but as I was known to do, it was just impossible. Now looking back with more perspective and understanding, I know that that laugh was just a hysterical laugh one utters to hide one's anxiety – anxiety for the darkness that every night brings forth the outline in the doorway.

He did not like it one bit and, as I was trying to control the giggles, he shouted at me to stop. It made things so much worse. No-one even noticed my eyes were not smiling, too. I tried to stop, really. My laugh would not listen. Then he shouted: 'Ek klap jou tot op Hazel se stoep!' That was too much, and I burst out in even more raucous laughter. It was hilarious. Still is.

Well he did klap me and made damn sure it felt like I was on Hazel's stoep next door, but through the pain and zing I continued to laugh. I was still cracking up on the floor when, suddenly, there came the table. While all sat positioned with forks and spoons in their hands to continue dinner, the table flew over and everything that was on it laid scattered over broken plates on the kitchen floor.

The others were silent. I was trying to be, and mom was cleaning.

He left.

Rejecting hijab

I often wondered why my mother was such a stern practising Muslim woman, but owned no traditional Islamic robes. Only when we would go to funerals would she wear clothes cut in that way and only later in life invested in a few. I stand here today feeling a substantial disgust for the hiding of the truth under meters and meters of drapes. I did not invite the feeling, it happened as I learned more about my inability to heal completely, or confronted the lingering question about what Islam's view is on sexual abuse and why the authority/communities prefer to turn a blind eye. Islam is always portrayed by the non-believer as a terrorist religion. We are taught we should be different to others and we preach peace, yet we are not bothered by the war that lurks within our communities. I dislike the hijab as it does not serve its purpose anymore. It has either become a garment to establish status, what I would rather not say, or to hide the black and blue marks, the scars and the pain. I don't want to hide anymore. I want people to see my pain, my scars and my bruised soul. I want to remind them constantly.

So now you look at me and think I am less Muslim because I reject the hijab and see it as a cover up of the naked truth, the truth I still need and hope to reveal. You think this because I don't sit for hours in the mosque and smile with all my enemies, the backstabbers that kiss me on my cheek as they still search for a smell to confirm their sensationalized stories on their lips over fences and Telkom lines.

I am a Muslim. I love Islam and I speak to Allah. I share a real relationship with Thee and as soon as we, myself and my creator resolve these human issues I need to work through, we will once again resume this beautiful relationship as if we had never been mute to one another. Although Allah has never stopped communicating, I have been deaf at times and could only hear with my heart and soul.

So don't be so quick to judge. Under fesses, robes and draped scarfs there is much unguarded bareness that needs to be exposed. That's the kind that lurks in the shadows and camouflages the color of their eyes.

The puppet master

My mother was diagnosed with cancer four months ago – the kind that ensure worms some grave food. Now I have been all my life a sentimental person, but in this instance I was just plain nonchalant. It was sad to see her frail and so helpless, dissolving away like she was – soap-foam on a hot day, leaving only a faint ring to suggest presence. She had left us long before this day. In fact, she turned her back on us, her kids, the day she chose him and coached us to convince the world with lies. Looking back now people could not have respected us and will never either. Realizing that now is realizing that I had nothing in common with my community in Paarl.

He and some idiots visited my sick dying mother and what was said? A new wife was mentioned. How I hate him. How I hate them! It seems cruelty is a lot of people's pastime here in Paarl. It's like they live to see others in pain.

We were told that if we forgive, honor our parents and ask Allah to guide and remove the pain from our hearts, we would be okay and all will be good. Oh, and then Allah will be happy with us and we would all live happily ever after. Yeah right! Woo hoo!

Joke

Q: What's the difference between a pedi-file and a pedophile?

A: A pedi-file you use for your feet, a pedophile you kick with your feet.
Haha!!

Picture reveals – black widow

After I drew the pic that took longer than the others, I looked at my nightmare and realized something so profound, that it made me stop and pay attention. I saw that the spider was blocking my way to the light that was just beyond the doorway and my destination in my dream. I am compelled to find a way to this doorway even if I have to face the spider that repeatedly came over that wall every time I attempted to pass through. A lot of opposite effects are also present. Not only did I live a day-and-night existence, but I dreamt in opposites too. The checkered wall for example. The wall seems to also make me feel there are two sides to this wall. It's not unpleasant, I mean the colors, but it is not light and jovial too. The spider has eight eyes that see around him in all directions and all eyes are focused on me. The red eyes and fangs are the color of death and scary. When you look at the previous girl depicted in my dream where I fly, she looks young and not developed yet, whereas the one in the nightmare has breasts. It would suggest that this picture may have materialized in a later stage of my life and that's why it is perhaps scarier than the flying dream.

Thumbs on my nipple

If you just started menstruating at ten years old, and by the way that is quite early, you may think you haven't got much of breasts to fumble with. Wrong. You do in the sick mind of a pedophile. We use to call it 'peertjies' in our house. Why, I don't know. Really, I have no idea, but I can tell you this that if the nipple is rubbed with a coarse thumb for a while it becomes hard, quite raw and oh, so sensitive.

The whole next day you will be constantly reminded of the event last night when everybody was so-called still sleeping. When your little insignificant nipples just trying to come out were fumbled with and rubbed till they sometimes have small scabs the next day.

When your soul screams its little voice for help and no one hears your cries or deliberately does not pay any attention as a pretence that all is well, you drape your super white school shirt carefully over your tender chest in the morning and need to wear a vest over your trainer bra just because your nipples won't soften or allow you to move freely. When your classmates urge you to play touch rugby during, break they don't understand why suddenly you are being such a girly today. No. No-one knows that, that day your nipples won't shut up and allow you your daily fantasy where you leave the shadows behind and try to act just normal.

16/11/2015

I saw him everywhere in everyone's faces. He haunted me!

I remember once I walked somewhere and I saw his face on any and every man that had any similarity to his facial or physical feature. On my way there I must have had more than enough frightening chills, the kind that shock you right through to your very core. By the time I got to my destination, I was so tired, I just needed to sleep.

When I sat on the roof and watched the world wake up

I used to love waking up early to see the day break and people starting their daily activities. The idea was to face the day at its opening. Our first and morning prayer is early and before first light, so it just became a wonderful habit.

I would go and sit on the balcony or roof of our double story house in Waterbok Street, depending how high I felt I needed to be to get distance from the world. I would sit there and watch the cows come graze opposite the Nederburg vineyard. People switching house lights on, getting ready for work and the smoke that rhythmically puffs out of an exhaust when a car is idled. Big gates that are pulled open with brute strength, and the reluctance to go work on a Saturday in the dead cold of winter or the humid summers. I would observe things closely, wrapped in my duvet and wearing more than one pair of socks out, or enjoying the warm roof tiles under my bottom. I loved both. It was my thing and mine alone. My time I claimed and there I felt like God.

When it rained and I sat outside

I love the rain. I love the feeling of water on my skin and how clean you feel when it drips off your body. Rain is therapeutic. Even sitting at a window, whether it's in the car or the window at your home, it's such a nice serene feeling to see the trinkets of drops sliding down, meeting one another and sliding till they are completely at the bottom.

I also love the contrast of feeling cozy and warm and looking at a picture that is clearly cold and wet outside.

When I was depressed or needed to cry, I would always take a shower to just rinse the emotion off, the unwanted feelings, and then I would look at the soap foam disappearing in the drain. It made me feel like I was getting rid of my dirt – the contamination I sometimes felt was in and on me.

'If you see something wrong, you should correct it with your hand and if you are unable to, then speak out against it and if you cannot do that, then feel that it is wrong in your heart.' Prophet Muhammad (SAW)

When the evening draws close, I must prepare for the darkness.