

SWAZI
LET THE
TRUTH
BE TOLD

SWAZI LET THE TRUTH BE TOLD

TAKING A LOOK
AT THE PAST.

ANTHONY ATKINSON



Outskirts Press, Inc.
Denver, Colorado

The opinions expressed in this manuscript are solely the opinions of the author and do not represent the opinions or thoughts of the publisher. The author has represented and warranted full ownership and/or legal right to publish all the materials in this book.

SWAZI LET THE TRUTH BE TOLD

taking a look at the past

All Rights Reserved.

Copyright © 2010 ANTHONY ATKINSON

v6.0

Cover Photo © 2010 JupiterImages Corporation. All rights reserved - used with permission.

This book may not be reproduced, transmitted, or stored in whole or in part by any means, including graphic, electronic, or mechanical without the express written consent of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Outskirts Press, Inc.

<http://www.outskirtspress.com>

ISBN: 978-1-4327-6025-0

Outskirts Press and the “OP” logo are trademarks belonging to Outskirts Press, Inc.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

In the process of life, we'd don't pick our parents. We must play the hand that was dealt to us. Sometimes a strong player can win with a weak hand. It was March 3rd 1959. It was my birthday. I was five years old. My mother had given me a kite for my birthday. I have two older brothers, and they helped me assemble the kite. My eldest brother was nine and the other was seven. It was a good day to fly a kite. It was sunny and windy. The play area was filled with people flying kites. I was very excited. I felt that this was a very special day for me. It turned out to be more exciting than I realized. The three of us managed to get the kite in the air. My kite looked as though it was higher than everyone else's. We had come to some sort of agreement as to the order of who will fly the kite first. I was the youngest. To my objection, it was decided that I would fly the kite last. I was having a great time watching my kite floating in the wind. Luckily, for me, some girls that knew both of my older brothers showed up at the playground. Finally, I was given the kite. My brothers were busy entertaining the girls. I began day dreaming about flying in the air with the kite. It was my escape from all the misery, the insanity and anxiety that existed in the area in which we lived. I do not know how long I was in this dream world, but it came to a screeching halt. A stranger had knocked me down and snatched my kite from my hands. He claimed the kite to be his. This kid was probably no older than nine years old.

✧ SWAZI LET THE TRUTH BE TOLD

Nevertheless, why would he want to claim something that was not his? In the meantime, I was raising pure hell trying to get my kite back. My brothers saw the commotion and promptly came to my aid by knocking the stranger to the ground and reclaiming the kite. To my puzzlement, the stranger continues to claim the kite to be his and stated that he will be back. I saw the concerned look on my eldest brother face. "We have to go", he said. Anxiety and panic had the three of us in its grip. I watched in silence as my brother tried to reel the kite in. The kite did not want to come in. The March wind was strong. The kite flew even higher. The most disappointing words came from my brother's mouth. "We have to let it go". "No", I screamed! "That is my birthday present." My brothers knew I was upset. They didn't want to let the kite go either. We spotted a crowd gathering on the hill behind us. It was the kid that grabbed my kite. He was gathering up relatives and friends to fight us. My birthday was going down the tubes. Our safety was more important than the kite. "Okay, let it go " I said." I thought that maybe we could follow the kite to where it would land. My brother broke the string holding the kite. The March wind blew it even higher. Finding the kite now was highly unlikely. We began leaving the play area slowly, so we would not be noticed by the gang that was assembling behind us. The play area was crowded. We tried to blend in. As we got closer to the exit the gang noticed us. We had a three block head start. It was about 20 people chasing us. I was terrified, scared, but excited. Both of my brothers were really fast runners. They eventually passed me, but I was still very close by. My home was located in a low income housing area. Every third condo home was separated by a 10-foot fence. There were three layers of barbed wire at the top of the fence. Instead of leading the gang to our door my brother decided we should climb this fence. My brothers went first and I followed. When it was my turn to cross the gated fence my brothers held the barbed wire down so I could cross more easily. I scaled that fence in record time. When the gang arrived, they were surprised to see us on the other side of the fence. We cursed them, threw rocks at them and

bristly went in the back door of our home. There were many emotions that were running through my mind when I entered my home. I was excited and scared at the same time. I was happy and angry not knowing why. Finally, I became depressed. My mom wasn't at home. She was at the store shopping for groceries. When she arrived home I was still sitting at the kitchen table looking depressed. The three of us told her what had happened. We were never allowed to go to the play area without an adult. I thought to myself that this is hell. I cannot enjoy the simple things in life, without having to fight for it. I made a promise to myself that I will do everything that is good to escape this life. This became a very important day of my life.

I was about eight years of age when my family moved from the low income housing. My life became more relaxed and enjoyable. I was away from all the predators and misery that were prevalent in the low income housing. At the age of eleven I began playing Little League baseball. I became quite good at pitching. My eldest brother began running the streets and coming home at odd hours at night. At the age of 15 he began experimenting with alcohol. He became very unruly and a problem at home. My brother that was two years older than me became a habitual liar. He would tell all of his friends tall tales that I would have to refute. My sister that was three years older than I thought that dating drug dealers was her escape from life's hardship. My eldest sister was a straight-A student. She received grants and scholarships to go to college. I was so proud of her. She was the one who always helped me with my homework. My mother somehow bought the house we now own. She had to work two jobs to make enough money to take care of us. During this period, there was no adult supervision at our home. The oldest sibling became the interim mom. A lot of rules that my mom put in place were continually broken. Guys came over to visit my younger sister, beyond curfew. Eldest brother came home intoxicated. My other brother, along with myself was outside playing after curfew. Curfew was the hardest rule to abide by. A single mom has a way of making you abide by her rules. A good whipping is usually the antidote. An

✧ SWAZI LET THE TRUTH BE TOLD

interrogation is warranted before punishment. This is where I usually cracked. Remember I stated that I will do all that is good, so I can escape my horrible surroundings. Women are good interrogators. My mom asked each of us one by one about an infraction of a rule that was broken. My story would blow everyone else's story out of the water. It would be so different from everyone, because it will be the truth. I had a hard time trying to tell a lie. I would not lie. My mom was not a dumb woman. When she realized that I would not lie, she bypassed interrogating the others. I would be the first person to be questioned. I remember running away from my brother friends, because they wanted me to validate all of his lies. His friends knew that I would not lie. My siblings became fed up with me. They would not let me follow them anywhere. I remember being alone. I understood why. I eventually enjoyed being by myself. Stealing was another thing that I could not bring myself to do. Now you must remember my father died when I was one. My mother raised and cared for five young children on her own. A decent job was hard to find. There were times when clothing and food were needed. Money was scarce. Stealing to survive became an option. I remember my mother stealing clothes for each of us at various times. I also remember my mother stealing food from the grocery store for our dinner. I remember her becoming very angry with me for not aiding her in stealing clothing and food when we needed it. I became very disgusted with myself for not being able to help the family with this ordeal. I felt that something was very wrong with me. I had a hard time taking something that wasn't mine. I was the black sheep of the family for this reason. My brothers would tease me if I did anything that they thought was bad. I would never hear the end of it. My family eventually accepted me as I was. I figured they thought I was a bit strange.

I loved going to school, because no one knew how I was. In school, I found other kids like me. School expected you to be good and well behaved. I got mixed messages at home. I felt that you should treat everyone that you meet with respect. Some kids smelled awful, some kids dressed hideous, some kids had birth defects,

some kids were dumber than others, some kids were cowards. I accepted them as regular people because they were. I had a mean streak in me that equally match my goodness. I was not proud of it but it was a most convincing equalizer. It would usually appear in what I recognized as a life threatening situation. The first time I used my mean streak in school was in the second grade. A new kid transferred to my classroom and began bullying everyone. At recess this kid walked over to me and in one motion tripped me up and while I was lying on the ground kicked sand in my face. I was very surprised that a person would do this on his very first day in a new class room. His behavior was pretty threatening to my existence. I figured that I would have to put an end to this. I would risk all to correct this. Including my reputation of being nice. I was going to catch this little brazen kid and give him a pounding. I tried the whole of recess to catch this kid but he was too fast. I decided to get him in the classroom before the teacher returned. The coat rack would be the best place to make an assault. It was a cold day. Everyone took their coat or jacket with them during recess. Timing was everything. I had to be at the coat rack when he came to hang up his coat, and I had to get him by surprise. I hid behind the coat rack and watched as he came in the classroom to hang up his winter coat. I made sure he did not see me among the other students that were also hanging up their coats. When the moment came, I hit him in the stomach as he hung up his coat. He went to his knees holding his stomach in pain. There was a female student that cried " I am going to tell the teacher ". When the teacher arrived I told her my side of the story. The new kid did not say a word. She made both of us hold out our hand in which she struck us with a paddle numerous time. I felt bad for the hitting incident, but it had to be done. I wasn't the one to turn the other cheek for long. The teacher as well as my classmates were astounded by my change of character. I never hit anyone in elementary school again.

When I was 11 my mom let me try out for Little League baseball. I wasn't allowed to participate in organized sports, because I