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I declare that the following story is mine and written by me. Thank you and enjoy

PATIENT IS PONTENT

It all happened at a freezing night when someone was murdered. I woke up very late than usually time in the morning then prepared myself for going to work. When I opened the door on my way to work, about 10 metres away from me I saw a body. I gravitated towards it, wondering who was there, confused of what to do, shaking as if I see a ghost. I knelt down, she was cold and no soul to tell of what happened. She was dressed as if she was going to party but she had no shoes which made me to guess that she was running. According to me she wore open shoes. Her lips, small and pink which was the evidence of lip stick. Age about twenty five. She had light skin. There were two options to take but none was gracious. First option, it was to take a body away from my yard and go to work as I was already late. My intention about this was to pretend as if I perceived nothing. My conscious did not allow

that. I knew that this option would make my mind to see that beautiful lady in my dreams and every time I close my eyes. And that option had plenty of disadvantages. The second option was to call the commissioners but it was too late because somebody already called them. They said “freeze!” after a long pause when they ambled to towards me “hands in the air, Sir... hands in the air and on your knees!” an officer said impatient. I was already on my knees when that was said or perhaps they did not notice that. Everybody was surprised and shocked. I saw sadness through my wife’s face. I saw disappointment in my child and neighbours who trusted me. I then observed smiles, cheerfulness and joy in my enemies countenances’. I was taken to a small cell for temporally. In a week later, I was sentenced. They said the lady was raped and killed, which is 25 years for rape and 25 years for murder. The innocent man now has to serve 50 years for someone’s mistake. A child and a married woman have to starve, as the source of income was punished for crime he

did not commit. Three sinless people had to be subjected for somebody's fault. Oh yes, myself, my child and my wife we did undergo that, although it was challenging. After a month nobody visited me but rumours to say that they moved to America and my child has a stepfather. That was a quick decision to make in her. It was clear that Jessica did not believe me when I said I didn't rape and suffocated that lady. Maybe what upset her was the rape or maybe she had a side person, that's why she moved so fast with her life. Well I was alone in the situation but crowded with murders in the same accommodation. I was hopeless with no faith. The only thing that was in my mind was to commit suicide. When I was still planning to do this, they transferred me to another cell. In that cell it's where people will never perceive the sun again. In that cell, I found an old man who is about eighty plus maybe it was because his appearance. "Why are you here?" he asked politely so. I did not understand the question but I gave the answer "because they've

brought me here". He repeated the same question but very rude that time. I was frightened by him. I answered him, "I'm here because I was accused of rape and murder". He bowed his head and turns his back on me, then asked again, " did you do it". "No" I answered and explained everything that happened that day I was arrested. He commenced his story that brought him there. His story was similar to mine. He said that he was accused of raping two nine years old girls and murdered them. His sentence was my sentence, plus half. I was a one month plus day's prisoner, while he was a 30 years plus month's old prisoner. He said he has hope. His grandchildren need his help, he has a company to run and there is still lot to do out there. His hope inspired me to drop my thoughts. He gave me strength to face reality. I then found the hope in my heart that one day I'll see my daughter. I served ten years in prison then the original murder was found, the precisely person who forced himself into a lady I've found in my yard. The one who

framed me and shameless was to be given the responsibility for his actions of murder. The one who's conscious died. The one who introduced me to hell called 'jail'. The one who changed the life of my daughter was to serve for his wrong doings. He took me away from my family. I was a free man and the South African government paid for wasting my time. I went to America to look for my daughter but I've heard that she committed suicide 5 years back and her mother was married to another man. All I had was gone but the heart to move on was there. With the patience I had, I started a new and happy life.

.THE END.