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A novel by Karabo Bruce Elekwang

Chapter 1 – Burritos

My life happens to resemble whatever you think needs to be read about more but not obsessed about. I am getting worse with explaining exactly what it is that I am meant to do in the states I got in. I am trying to reel it all back in quietly…

Burritos.

I had burritos on my 25th birthday. I can start it right there.

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Chime Manors

Pretoria

October 25th

Black. Weird. Reclusive. I am trying to explain why is it that I had gotten so comfortable with putting on a hoodie in 36 degrees Celsius weather to keep hiding. Of course I had to let the vapours rush right into my lungs in a cool, Spring morning. I yearned for the end of my sobriety. I had to. End things. Kill. Kill what hurts you. Not who but what.

“Everything I want feels real.” I said. This wasn’t gibberish. I had just gotten to hit a calm that throws me away from caring too much. Who to control? No one. People love control and not the people they think of. It frightens me but then again, let me not halt this too much. I lived with my brothers who happened to be twins. Crazy, right? They were my actual brothers. I obviously had so much responsible thinking to through and that made me come up with what I believe could pass onto to being not a mantra…a matter of state. That seems dumb but give it time and let me just hold my breath more.

“He got high.” said Kabo. I chuckled a bit. None of it was funny. Just there. Present.

“You can count on us to be there for you.” said Kabelo. One was skinnier than the other but they always got chuckles out of me. This was just the weed talking. Working. Leading. Exploring what I thought had been my fickle temple because of the belly I had. I was 25 with a dad body. I honestly didn’t even think it was a big deal then because of the world being set on fire all the time. Things changed. Walls got higher. I was high. Right…what happened then? Nothing too excited.

“I want to go talk to her.” I said bravely. My brothers, high as clouds, turned to each other and thought that I was just being awkward and they just laughed it off. I did too. I thought that this meant they agreed with me. Why? I thought this is how all of us communicated. I placed the blunt down and stretching.

“What’s going on?” asked Kabelo hesitantly. I could rush through the corridors, take a sharp right…climb stairs. No…wait…too much. The lift seemed better. I could let that happen. I could let it roll.

“I think she loves me.” I said faintly.

“Nope.” responded Kabo.

“What? Listen, I am sure.” I stated. There were some obvious concerns. Serious concerns. I was too sure. I had not seen her since the August. It made sense to me why I believed she wanted to be with

me. She seemed self-centred at first. We all are. I just back up everything I claim to be. This is the chatter between God and the nihilist. It took us months to get along. Months that could have amounted to a complete calendar year. Where was the diplomacy? Entrusted with a mutual friend who had my best interest at heart. My good friend Robert had been on my side before I had clocked in a year at Chime Manors. Apart from a previous advance made by a lady in her late 20s ending awry, Robert had wanted me to go back into the dating wagon before I became a contender at actually driving it instead. I sucked at that. The punishment, the anvil for being the sober bartender and the bald barber. An atheist preacher. All of these examples existed and I wanted nothing to fucking do with them.

I chuckled softly then just stopped. The pain didn’t stop it. Something else did.

Chapter 2 – The Vietnamese Jungles' Retail Market Impresses Me

"I understand my war." I said.

"Are you sure?" asked Precious. I hesitantly nodded.

"Yes…" I stammered. She sensed it all.

"No. You want to understand it though." she responded.

"Let me explain everything about my charges." I said. I bite my jersey then smiled and nodded at my family.

Chapter 3 – Jittery, 3:35 AM

“Fuck…” I said. The shards landed right near me. I got nervous. I was shivering, quite. Trying to grasp things.

“I do not want to use them.” I said. I was being blunt. The apprehension. I meant what I said. She thought I was kidding.

“Good one. I think it felt flat at the end…” she commented. While she spoke, I maniacally chuckled slowly.

“No…no, that was not a joke. Fuck the pills. Fuck the person who made them too.” I reinforced my words.

“I have been thinking about my life and my projects.” I said. Aurora entered my home and my family turned to her.

“I am jittery but I can handle the pressure of the project. They need me.” I said confidently. Robert just nodded at me.

“I just want to be normal again.” I said.

“I love her and I want to be with her.” I said. Aurora quietly turned to me then she rushed to me. Aurora and I hugged.

Chapter 4 – Let the Chaos Dance For A While

"I want to be with her." I said. John had to be blunt with me.

"Then be with her." he replied. He had to be blunt. I caught onto a whiff of the vapour

"I can manage the changes I am going through." I said confidently. She was concerned. I could sense it.

"Fuck, you think I lost control...again. Fuck!" I cursed. I had to fit in. Somehow. Some

Aurora started blushing, then shook her head at me. I got up from my study chair.

“I want to describe my emotions.” I said.

“I agree with John.” I said. I nodded at John. John and I chuckled together.

“My life got better because I focused on my writing and forgot my dark times.” I said. Jeremy nodded at Aurora. I got up.

“I want to keep helping them to be at their best.” I said. I rushed to my rooftop.

“I am always bettering my leadership.” I said. Robert rushed to me.

“Thank you for believing in my leadership.” I said. I pocketed my phone. My dad Lincorn handed me my glass of soda.

“I quit drinking years ago.” I said.

“I have been sober.” I said. Lionel and I shook hands.

“Our adventures always have to be ended by us.” I said.

“My alcoholism challenged me.” I said. Lionel nodded at me.

“I committed before and I got hurt.” I said.

“Aurora wants to love me.” I said. Aurora got up.

“I have you and that helps me keep being at my best.” I said. I got up.

“I remember everything about our first date and I remember our first conversations.” I said. Aurora nodded at Bradley and Brian.

“I am trying to cry.” I said. I sat down.

Chapter 5 – Here, My Boy

Chapter 6 – The Devil Got Bored of Being In the Details

Chapter 7 – Your Legacy Helped Me With Building My Legacy

Chapter 8 – Trip!

Chapter 9 – Dying, Living…Happening In That Order

Chapter 10 – The World’s Clocks

“I love you, Aurora.” I said. I told her. I wanted to do so from the moment it all started making sense. I cried because I love her. Yes, I still do. It is not precisely easy to break it all down but let’s be real – I love her. In place, finally. Yes, I love her. Trauma used to be my best friend. Endings gutted him. That is what holds us back and I used to normalize that.