

A Stranger I Met.

Some time ago, I have no idea how long, I met a strange man who would change the course of my life. One day when the weather was hot and inflation was particularly bad (which is pretty much every day), I was trekking down to Bon Marche to obtain a ration of sadza and beef, as there was none at home. So, I strutted into the shop, grabbed a trolley (even though I didn't need one), used it to race down the aisles and almost knocked over some ladies. After a while, I found my sadza and stew, and walked to the till. The lovely lady there greeted me with silence, by ignoring me and watching music videos on her phone. 'The audacity!' I thought to myself. Finally, she noticed me, and scanned the sadza. Being told that my meal would cost \$5.60, I reached into my backpack and grabbed a five dollar note. The lady took the note but continued staring right through my soul, silently demanding the missing money. I rummaged through my backpack and dumped the contents on the till, much to her irritation. Just when I was about to apologize to the lady and go home empty-handed, a guy from a nearby till came over and paid the lady my 60c, no questions asked. He was a tall and burly man with a big beard, dark skin, and soft brown eyes. He seemed kind and had a soft and comforting voice. After I had taken my sadza, thanked the man who helped me pay, and glared at the till lady for being salty, I started to walk out of the shop. However, the man volunteered to walk me a little way home, since he was heading the same direction. While we walked, he told me some things about himself and it was

a very engaging conversation, mostly one-sided, as I had been told not to converse with strangers. I still listened attentively, contributing a comment occasionally. When it was time to go our separate ways, the man asked me to help me carry something to his black van, which was only a few metres away. Since he had helped me with my sadza, I agreed. As we approached the van, I felt a sharp sting in my arm. I suddenly felt very light-headed and as I struggled to stay on my feet, everything went black, and I fell into the big man's arms. Shocked was I! I woke up locked in this dark place with no knowledge of where I was and no way out. Groping through the darkness, I found an old computer with access to the man's Bamba Zonke. Now, I am writing this story in the hopes that someone would find me. And in case you were wondering, I never did get to eat my sadza and stew.