

I was arrested by the Apartheid Police by Gladys Mkhobo. (English translation)

I remember in 1982 when I was arrested and sent to a whites-owned shop. I felt hands grab me and throw me up. I was just in shock and I cried out loud. But then I felt myself falling over on top of people in a room full of males and females. I was crammed into a cell and locked up at the police station. It was a Friday and the whites I worked for, came to get me out but the authorities refused. I had to go and meet the magistrate on Monday. There were many of us sleeping on the floor. There were no blankets. The toilet was right in front of us. Food was brought in a metal tray, just pushed towards us with pap, and water only. We did not eat until Monday. We were extremely dirty by then. And we were led to another room where the police were carrying guns. If we dared to look at them, they would shout, asking why are we looking at them and they would swear at us. My name was called, and I was told to go into the box stand and raise my hand for swearing so "Help me, God." They told me my Permit was not right. I replied and they said 'Shut up! Now you will be sentenced to five years or leave Joburg completely and don't sleep here at all, OR pay five hundred pounds.' The white people that I worked for, paid that money and that is how I escaped from imprisonment in Bedfordview. After that incident, I fear Johannesburg, I stayed indoors and never left the house. But it was wonderful when Tata Mandela was released from jail and he said the "dompass" rule must end and everyone must have an ID document. Things started to change for the better and we went where we wanted. It was a Johannesburg of freedom.

Nowadays, it's fun because we even bought a house, and I am now a citizen of Johannesburg. I have houses and I thank the Lord for His grace. There is no one like Him. My trust is in Him. In my heart, I am filled with great joy. Jesus shines in me. He takes me and puts me in his arms. I am happy.

I didn't know that I would ever touch a computer but now I'm writing with it

Thank you, my heart is pounding. I love you, you are filled with love. Teacher Jeffrey and Ms. Edith Khuzwayo both have a lot of love.