

Please locate and read the entire play – the monologue below is merely a suggested one.

An excerpt from: *My Children! My Africa!* by Athol Fugard

**THAMI:** *[Abandoning all attempts at patience. He speaks with the full authority of the anger inside him.]* Stop, Isabel! You just keep quiet now and listen to me. You're always saying you want to understand us and what it means to be black...well if you do, listen to me carefully now. I don't call it murder, and I don't call the people who did it a mad mob and yes, I do expect you to see it as an act of self-defence...listen to me!...blind and stupid but still self-defence.

He betrayed us and our fight for freedom. Five men are in detention because of Mr M's visit to the police station. There have been other arrests and there will be more. Why do you think I'm running away? How were those people to know he wasn't a paid informer who had been doing it for a long time and would do it again? They were defending themselves. What Anela Myalatya did to them and their cause is what your laws define as treason when it is done to you and threatens the safety and security of your comfortable white world. Anybody accused of it is put on trial in your courts and if found guilty they get hanged. Many of my people have been found guilty and have been hanged. Those Hangings we call murder!

Try to understand, Isabel. Try to imagine what it is like to be a black person, choking inside with rage and frustration, bitterness, and then to discover that one of your own kind is a traitor, has betrayed you to those responsible for the suffering and misery of your family, of your people. What would you do? Remember there is no magistrate or court you can drag him to and demand that he be tried for that crime.

There is no justice for black people in this country other than what we make for ourselves. When you judge us for what happened in front of the school four days ago just remember that you carry a share of the responsibility for it; It is your laws that have made simple, decent black people so desperate that they turn into 'mad mobs'. *[ISABEL has been listening and watching intently. It looks as if she is going to say something, but she stops herself]* Say it, Isabel.