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

**THAMI:** Three weeks I think.

**ISABEL:** So why do you want to do it again? Aren’t you happy with the last time? It was so dramatic Thami!

**THAMI (Patiently):** I wanted to see you because I’m leaving the town, I’m going away for good.

**ISABEL:** Oh I see. This is meant to be a “sad” good-bye is it? *(She is on the edge)* I’m sorry if I’m hurting your feelings but I thought you wanted to see me because you had something to say about recent events in our little community. . . *(She takes a crumpled little piece of newspaper out of her pocket and opens it with unsteady hands)* a certain unrest-related . . . I think that is the phrase they use . . . yes . . . here it is . . . *(Reading)* . . . unrest-related incident in which according to witnesses the defenceless teacher was attacked by a group of blacks who struck him over the head with an iron rod before setting him on fire.

**ISABEL (Fighting hard for self-control):** Oh Thami, I wish I Could! I’ve tried everything, but nothing helps. It just keeps going around and around inside my head. I’ve tried crying. I’ve tried praying! I’ve even tried confrontation. *Ja,* the day after it happened I tried to get into the location. I wanted to find the witnesses who reported it so accurately and ask them: “Why didn’t you stop it!” *There was a police roadblock at the entrance and they wouldn’t let me in. They thought I was Crazy or something and “escorted” me back into the safekeeping of two now very frightened parents.*

There is nothing wrong with me! All I need is someone to tell me why he was killed. What madness drove those people to kill a man who had devoted his whole life to helping them. He was such a good man Thami! He was one of the most beautiful human beings I have ever known and his death is one of the ugliest things I have ever known