

**SELF SLAUGHTER**

A short story

By

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They found him swinging like a monkey doing acrobatics on a tree branch. The only difference was that the monkey will be playing with and praying to its ancestors of the trees, but he was unhappily lifelessly ‘playing’ see-saw in the wilderness of apes. Self-slaughter, individual murder, a personal atrocity and an egoistic monstrosity perpetrated by one on oneself. He came to this fateful hill, this pseudo-Calvary, armed against himself, ready to bombard, torpedo and utterly fragment himself. Therefore, he was his own criminal, his own Neanderthal, his own hooligan, his own rascal, his own microscopic terrorist. The deed had been done, and there he was, dangling like a de-erected gargantuan elephant penis whose owner has been forcibly and violently castrated in the very presence of a hundred cows on heat. Shame, I say, shame!

He was a whole man of GOD, an international preacher material, a potential global evangelist. Most people who had the privilege to hear him agreed that if he was not anointed, then he was anointing itself – personified. Even the non-believers acknowledged at least that he was gifted. Even his most passionate enemies and his most ardent critics in the ministry observed his peculiar gift, to the extent of labelling him a Satanist. The hyperbolic drunkards would jokingly exaggerate his prowess by blasphemously describing him as the madman who out-evangelised John the Baptist himself and even out-prayed Jesus proper! That was the portrait of Apostle Abdul.

I had the sad privilege to accompany him on a trip from Harare to Ruwa by the so-called Freedom Trains on our way from the University of Zimbabwe where we were studying then. Little did I suspect that this fiery open-air preacher would pre-decease me in the most tragic circumstances that would leave the Revival Church of Zimbabwe zealots horrified, petrified, terrified, flabbergasted, nay, totally bamboozled.

He began to expound the gospel with the urgency of a pregnant woman in labour. When he vehemently announced how soon the Christ was coming, some passengers even looked through the train windows to check if the Christ was not, in fact, coming right away. It was like a terrifying siren announcing Armageddon to an unsuspecting carousing and homosexual people of Sodom and Gomorrah. The way he was calling upon people to repent was consistently persistent and, to some extent, naggingly compulsory. One would be reminded of a visitor who viciously knocks on the door, and on the window, and even on the roof – until the lord of the house reluctantly kicks the door ajar, grudgingly letting in his unwelcome visitor. That was exactly the feeling of this weird, maligned congregation in the train. As his self-appointed usher and/or

amour-bearer, I had the opportunity to observe and analyse the facial expressions of the alter-call respondents – most of whose facial expressions resembled people relieving themselves, disgusted by the pungent smell of their stool, but paradoxically ‘relieved’ that at least finally they were doing away with the annoying stinking stuff – or like women in labour, only strengthened by the blind hope that some kind of life is going to come out of the pain such that mirthless laughter could be heard issuing out of the alter-call respondents.

BUT it was his description of hell that left his audience traumatised, their hair standing on end. One was left with the premonition that Apostle Abdul is a former inmate of hell to be able to express the atmosphere so precisely and profusely that the vulnerable passengers could literally feel the heat thereof. With a thunderous voice, the man of GOD would ecstatically and hysterically describe the torrid time that the willing-albeit-regretting inmates of Hades would be forced to endure for eternity.

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What can I liken your impending prison house with? The sulphurous fires scorch and burn but without consuming the hollering victim. The brimstone liberally fumigated in the bottomless pit is ten times more injurious than elephant teargas. So the sinner chokes away, puffing and farting, suffocating without dying, tears flowing endlessly and every other bodily opening letting off their various liquids, weeping away in this atrocious eternal torment. The mouth will be awash with saliva while the nostrils let off torrents of mucus, the poor anus copiously releasing a flood of bloody, watery excrement whilst the phallus drenches the scorching hot pit with an overflow of both urine and hopelessly unproductive semen – all of which exhibits the most corrosive torture any humanoid could ever be exposed to. This constant disaster goes on to eternity – a thousand years, nay, a million, no, a billion, sorry, a trillion years – in fact the misguided prisoner loses the sense of time because the torment is as endless as the prison house is bottomless.

Let me express this in human terms so that our inferior minds could possibly attempt to grasp the punishment that is likely to befall it if it rejects free salvation from JESUS. Imagine that you are a criminal in a savage, primitive land of brutal and callous humans. You are caught, apprehended and thoroughly assaulted with barbed wire and, with your gaping, weeping wounds, are grotesquely baptised, totally dunked in concentrated brine. Before you recover from this nightmare of excruciating pain, they begin to electrocute your body persistently, especially your genitals until you pass out. Upon recovering your consciousness, your determined torturers descent upon you to gang-sodomise you continuously for two long hours. Before you come to terms with your pre-historically absurd loss of your anal virginity, you are nailed, nay, screwed onto a red-hot metallic cross that is strategically anchored above a newly kindled, viciously

burning stake where the pain seems to multiply with the passing of each minute but never ending. Such catastrophic anguish is nowhere near a fraction of the real hell experience.

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Apostle Abdul would rant on and on with his sulphuric rhetoric until the maligned passengers would voluntarily bring themselves to the artificial altar before he would formerly call upon people to give their lives to JESUS. Most women would be all tears whilst men were so discomfited that they wore troubled looks of one caught relieving himself on sacred grounds. Needless to say, it was among the weeping, repenting women that the man of GOD beheld Debra, a fresh, fleshy university graduate whom he could not resist. When her turn came for him to lay his holy hand on her in demon-exorcising prayer, a tinge ran down his spine and he could not help the gush of angelic tongues that he bubbled in, likely confirming that she was his God-given wife!

Indeed, she was his heaven-sent, missing rib, now newly found to neatly complete the already perfect but incomplete man of GOD. However, ironically, she was of course his best helper, his best-friend to fast-track him into the other world. Everyone shuddered to think of this other world where he was pushed to push himself into. I wondered how, suddenly this woman, despite her being an apotheosis of beauty, graced with angelic fairness, could be more important than the heaven he had spent all his life describing so graphically to a sinful world. How could he, fiction-movie style, obliviously and adamantly opt for the hideous lake of brimstone and fire, just for being jettisoned, duped, cuckolded, double-crossed with his most trusted friend and fellow co-worker in the ministry?

They say that Apostle Abdul found them in the very act, in his bedroom, on his very bed. She had visited him, a short week before their wedding so that they could finalise on the wedding arrangements. As fate would have it, Abdul was sent on an urgent two-day assignment across the border to South Africa by the general overseer. Since Debra had taken two-months leave for her wedding and subsequent honeymoon, she was to stay at Abdul's for the period he was out of the country. Abdul's friend, Pastor George, was beside himself with joy when he heard of Abdul's two-day assignment – he was going to have his final heavy weight sexual bout with Debra before she would wed with the naïve Apostle that weekend. Little did the two love-birds know that Abdul's passport would be stolen, half way to the border and, on the same night, the latter would return around mid-night?

On arrival at his spacious yard, Abdul was disturbed by sounds coming out of his bedroom. He thought that Debra was having a wet dream, having mentally fast-trekking their honeymoon. As he got closer the bedroom window, he thought he himself was having a bad dream as he came to terms with what he was seeing since the light was switched on and he could clearly see through the curtain how this friend-turned traitor was literally toying with Debra's womanhood, her

clitoris, to be specific as Debra was whimpering with obvious titillate, her eyes tightly shut. When he recollected how he had thought of enjoying himself by 'removing' his wife's virginity during the coming honeymoon, and now seeing a riff-raff playing see-saw between his GOD-sent wife's delicate thighs, he blacked out for a full minute. When he came to, he found a stray untidy piece of paper in his trouser pocket on which he managed to scribble, almost in tongues, his intention and the cause thereof, slid it back into the pocket and made towards the nearest hillock.

As they gathered under the fateful gum tree, waiting for the police to come and take down the dead body, I did not hear Abdul's neighbours' blasphemous comments. They merely sounded to me as voices from yester-year, struggling for attention but overtaken by civilisation. Yes, they were all around me but their images in my mind were of pigmies clamouring for recognition by exaggerating their genitalia but to no avail. I was quite absorbed by a cynical smile that Abdul wore on his actively dead face – a wide mirthless smile that exposed his bloody-red gums. He seemed to say, "Life is a CRUEL joke, after all!"

*This story is a special dedication to the late Abel Mutevedzi who committed suicide in 2009. May his soul rest in peace.*

*(Composed on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of March 2012)*

**OF DIVINE PRONOUNCEMENTS, SPIRITUAL COVENANTS AND PROPHETIC  
PARAPHERNALIA**

A short story

By

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A stubborn demon of pride braves the Holy Spirit charged atmosphere by manifesting in sister Emma. One wonders whether the said devil has weighed the risk factor afore straying on these dangerous and potentially disastrous premises. An arena where heavenly thunderbolts are being whirled willy-nilly in all directions, where spiritual landmines are carelessly being detonated, nay, heavenly missiles being launched; in fact, all the deadly heavenly nuclear weapons of mass destruction are being tested, unleashed, rained upon the vulnerable diabolical kingdom, nay, slavedom of Satan! BUT the demon is gutless enough to show up!

The pseudo-angel finds us more than prepared for such an eventuality, ready to tackle it. Actually, there is no space enough for all of us to lay our hands on the host, speaking the very fire of heaven to rain like a hailstorm to consume this misguided intruder. The scene resembles one when a stray but overzealous hare over bounces into the throes of a hungry and blood-thirsty pride of lions. The unfortunate animal will be literally mauled to miserable pieces before it dramatically, albeit reluctantly, embarks on a fateful journey down the alimentary canal of the wild hunters. That is akin to this scenario at the little Zimuto mission farm on this Christmas eve of 2009.

It all begins with Howard, that humble but prosperous praise-and-worshiper. I am convinced that his proposal is providential. Otherwise how can he suggest that we take all the patients out of the mission station to the farm to heal them, as he puts it? This marks the beginning of an earth-shattering, hell-quaking intercession that ignites the once cold Christmas conference into a Holy Ghost fireworks convention. The little forest becomes saturated with prayer, thus, electrifying and electrocuting the whole congregation from the holiest pastor to the most hypocritical and theatrical teenager. All of a sudden the theme speaker gets so charged that even demons themselves are confounded and dumbfounded. In a moment, the once decent, “civilized” lessons turn to aggressive and violent sermons that shake the whole mission station. Even the resident Vicar General gets a rude awakening when he fails to “control” the mass-praying, tongue-talking, demon-binding youths. He is caught with his very pants down to expose his castrated manhood. The demon of religion indwelling him is intoxicated with sulphuric fury, eating embers, as we would say in vernacular, but alas, it has met more than its match.

Earlier, during our morning guerilla session, the demon that had its residence in Tsungi gets the shock of its life when it suddenly finds itself choked under the smoke of Holy Ghost fire. This miserably weak devil, most likely blind and crippled, whimpers miserably like a day old blind puppy oppressed under the crushing weight of its oblivious mother. With a piercing scream that echoes across the forest, shaking its host violently, causing her to exude thunderously massive

fart-blasts, the demon reluctantly but nervously vacates Tsungi, leaving her a celebrating, praising and ululating clean child of the Most High. Needless to say, our own joy and celebration is no less....

The final night, this very evening, is what we call the final push. I recollect accurately what I say as we begin – our intention is to cause utter confusion in the devil’s territory. The evil spirits have no choice but to bite each other in total pandemonium. Their former sex orgies that they used to enjoy in their exclusivity suddenly turn to violent heavy-weight uncoordinated boxing bouts. They do not know what to do and what not to do. This chaos has been caused by some of us who are conjuring the “sulphurous” fires of hell to consume the spirits whilst others, in their holy rage, systematically bind them, yet others are shooing them, driving them in no uncertain terms to arid uninhabited lands. I particularly visualize sister Caroline winnowing the whole demonic kingdom, nay, sending a tremor across the Satanic territory that leaves demons dramatically bumping into each other, colliding their snouts, squeezing and bruising their hinds, others experiencing fatal head-on collision with each other in mid air, only to come tumbling down to the thorny ground, the barbed wire of which has been evoked by the aggressive Farai. That is the lot, the misfortune, the monstrous tragedy, the atrocious ordeal that the principalities of darkness are unhappily enduring when the hazarding adventurous demon of pride strays in our midst through manifesting in Emma.

It is Yeukai who first notices the sexually suggestive gyrations that Emma has just begun to dance at such a moment as this. She seems to be reaching some private spiritual orgasm, one that is unknown in Christian circles. This is when the alarm is raised, and the battle lines are drawn. All hell breaks loose, and, as would say, the shameless demon finds itself turning and turning in the widening gyre, then things fall apart and the centre cannot hold; mere anarchy is loosed upon its kingdom!

Miracles never cease to happen when the atmosphere is created. Unfortunately, some of them are so mind-boggling to fantasy levels. One can imagine the holy anger that is threatening to burst our very hearts at this moment. We are behaving as if we are bulldogs that have gone for a good seven days feeding on nothing but mustard, then suddenly our gate accidentally opens into the street where kindergartens are playing a tennis ball. Some of us are literally barking, snarling, grunting at the queer satanic visitor. And it is at this moment that the Holy Ghost whispers in my ear when I look at a prophetic sister, fully absorbed and busily at work, working flat out on the demoniac. “This is your wife...,” softly and stealthily, the voice comes and goes. In a fraction of a second, the disappearance of the sweet voice from heaven coincides with the exorcism of the devil. Unlike the soft echoless disappearance of the Lord’s voice, the exit of the stubborn demon of pride from Emma is the most violent, noisiest and fiercest I have ever witnessed.

With the host’s mouth ajar, open at one hundred and eighty degrees, the hippo way, tongue threatening to sink into the deep; it is the eyes that send shock waves across the group. They look as if they can jump out of their sockets and shoot all of us to death any minute. The gigantic fart-blasts resemble a heavy-duty haulage truck struggling to stop at short notice. The grass where Emma is lying is miserably scattered all over as if two bull elephants are contending for an International Heavy-weight wrestling trophy. BUT it is the poor soil, the dust that dearly pays for

a crime it does not know – a cumulonimbus dust cloud rises from where the victim is wriggling, spreading across the wilderness, but in no particular direction; like the smoke of a violent volcanic eruption off the crater of Mount Pinatubo.... With that, the “grandmother” of all demons reluctantly left Emma free.

Suddenly, it starts to rain – a soft, spring-like rain, firstly cooling off our overheating bodies; cooling off our anger against the satanic intrusion, and finally drenching, pleasantly soaking all our bodies, even the most private of parts – the latter rains indeed! I know I will never be the same again – never ever!

## Of Examinations, Fraudsters and Tricksters

A short story

By

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**Lodgie**, the former senior master is the son of a renowned herbalist-cum-witchdoctor masquerading as a headmaster in his home area of Masvingo, Gutu. With this exaggerated deportment of his foe's father, Kizman Murambamhamba's relatives are convinced that their dying son had been an unfortunate victim of callous bewitchment by a grudging former co-worker. To this superstitious lot, this level of cruelty defies logic, because their son, an innocent former Mathematics master is now unfairly dying in his rural hut, albeit after serving an eight-month jail sentence under the most inhuman conditions that even the most wild of wilderness beasts would have been overjoyed to escape.

In fact, talking of jail in Zimbabwe is a gross understatement. Receiving a jail sentence is tantamount to receiving capital punishment, only worse because, unlike the hangman's noose, the manner of the jail victim's death is vapidly slow but painfully sure. The moment you set your foot, nay, tail in your cell, immediately, a fierce punch trade ensues; one that resembles a heavy-weight boxing bout (minus the rules, of course). If the jail wardens delay to intervene, the situation can degenerate into a third world war within the four walls of this maligned room. The sad dramatic situation resembles one when a sow on high heat breaks unannounced into a stall thickly populated by sexually-starved boars. The inmates are indeed contending for a fresh tail, as the cell inmates put it – a virgin beckoning to be screwed. This coarse language is the order, nay disorder of the night in this huddled human abyss. No one can accurately tell how much viral 'load' is deposited into the 'virgin's' blood stream on that very first fateful night. BUT this does not matter, in the case of Kizman, because his relatives are convinced that their former family rabbi is a poor victim of Musineki's black magic.

The former convict has not always been a criminal. In fact, when he graduates from Gwelo Teachers' Training College, the whole clan gathers to thank the spirits for remembering them. The mother, a sixty year old senile woman, gyrates and ululates so much that everyone thinks her voice box could burst at any time and her weak waist would dislocate and disintegrate into miserable pieces. She particularly mentions her own late mother, Manzombe, praises and profusely thanks her for remembering her in the sunset of her life by crowning her last born son a teacher and a 'sun' that would eternally shine in the family for generations to come. The irony now, seven years down the line, is that she is still gyrating, yes, on the self-same spot, yes, screaming with the self-same pitch – only that this day's dance is a different dance, the scream now a wail, a piercing heart-rending dirge, spitting and spewing corrosive venomous words on the same great grandma Manzombe for surreptitiously but mischievously smearing pepper grains on her unsuspecting anus which is now an unquenchable blast furnace.

The dance is still familiar – gyrations still! The former gyration was like a honeymoon dance played in the private room of a flamboyant hotel, punctuated by generous smiles and mirthful giggles. The latter is a bobbing discordant dance of a woman being gang-raped by a rapacious horde of first grade bandits

recently graduated from the school of terrorism. Yes, she would have the sad privilege of burying her last born son – of all her children! She admits the truth of the Shona proverb that a woman’s womb is a gambling affair, bearing the good but also thieves and witches. Her other children are only useful as a permanent disgrace to her in society. All her other seven sons are either hopeless drunkards or notorious armed robbers, or both! Her four daughters are particularly her most sore boils in her arse’s heart (she no longer cares for linguistic decorum). None of them can be satisfied by one man. She wonders whether this is a result of some biological disorder or a demonic manifestation from the hottest part of hell. Their hobby is what they call “manhandling”, that is holding, nay, vicing men between their massive thighs until they (men) whimpered pathetically – coming!

Kizman had therefore emerged as a consolation, her societal face saver, her deliverance from ridicule and lampoon. At last, as she would put it in Shona, he had come as the final labour pain before parturition... and now she is beginning to be possessed by the act of joy. But long it could not be...



Mathematics has not always been the easiest of subjects. Passing it was a terrible nightmare and teaching it was unimaginable. Paradoxically, Kizman had always had a head for figures even as early as he was a goat herder, well before kindergarten. He could quantify his late father’s goats that numbered over a dozen at a mere glance. This prowess in figures seemed to increase with each grade until it reached fever pitch at Advanced level when he obtained an A grade in Mathematics. Needless to say, the other subjects were outright failures, no wonder why he ended up at Gwelo Teachers’ Training College, and not the University College of Rhodesia. As if to authenticate his invincibility in Mathematics, he got a distinction both on Teaching Practice and in the final examinations. Little did he know that his very distinctions would be the source of his nemesis, taking him literally down the drain, a drain mud sliding with human waste at an advanced stage of decomposition... and now he is stinking away in this alley.

The Ordinary level Mathematics paper 2 is structured and requires candidates to fill in correct mathematical computations. That was the decoy Kizman failed to resist, so he gave in to the temptation, in the process swallowing the bait, together with the hook, line and sinker. His cousin, Elias Mbidzo was sitting for this paper for the eighth time that year as a private candidate. When the authoritarian and officious headmaster, Mr Shaba reluctantly went to attend a political rally at Mataga growth point where the pot-bellied MP was showing off his pomp and grandeur to impoverished and illiterate, albeit clapping, Belingwe *povo*, Kizman thought an opportunity had arisen to prove his calculative intellect, not only in computing sums, but also in duping the invigilators, and/ or examination administrators. After all, the deputy headmaster, Mr Mabvura was away writing his “night school” supplementary examinations at the infamous Open University. Therefore, he had only one man to beat, his ‘homeboy’, Lodgie Musineki the senior master who would be the acting head to (mal)administer this paper.

Musineki’s personality weakness, his tragic flaw, his hubris, was capitalised by the treacherously cunning Murambamhamba. When he is in his spirits, Musineki can be ecstatically extravagant in trusting people. So when the Maths wizard, as the subject teacher, came to ask for the question paper at the very beginning of the examination, he even gave him two, thus violently violating international examination regulations that categorically state that examination question papers can only be despatched to the public after twenty-four hours. To his rude awakening, it was later impressed upon his mind that even the subject



a severely injured and limping baboon on an iron chain leash. They could be heard from quite a distance because of the hollering and tearful confessions of the baboon. Everyone stood up to observe the surreal CIO adventure. When the chief judge asked what fiasco this was all about, before the officers could answer, the baboon “confessed” that it was the hare they were looking for and regretfully apologised for evading the officials for so long. The unfortunate baboon had been tortured into admitting that it was in fact the hare in question. Different “investigation” methods...

Well, it took three long months to conclude the matter. When Kizman was finally dragged to the court for trial and sentence, he was as good as dead. He even refused the assistance of the ombudsman who had offered to represent him as his lawyer, but he sheepishly pleaded guilty, almost sentencing himself to life imprisonment. The Belingwe magistrate was pleasantly surprised to handle such an easy case, and sentenced him to twelve months of imprisonment with hard labour. Four were suspended on condition of good behaviour. On the other hand, Lodgie was heftily fined, a whooping twenty-five quadrillion Zimbabwean inflationary dollars for negligent behaviour in handling public examinations. Of course, both lost their jobs without benefits.

Consequently, when Kizman set his foot in his cell, peopled by pre-historically muscular and masculine erectile riffs, he was already a fallen man. He never raised a finger to protest their indecent molestations, homosexual advances and subsequent gang-sodomy. He had given up all the hope of ever recovering his dignity. As the rapists could not wait to take turns to pound his behind, some sought for any resemblance of an opening they could screw their gigantic phalluses into. At one time they were heaped like sardines with one accessing the opening of another, all on top of him- five people upon each other – busily panelling each other’s tail. When they finally rested from their bizarre night work, it had just struck two of the clock. His whole body had been ‘rained’ by human seed, even on the head and in the face! His whole body felt as if it had been swimming in cooked okra, baptised in a blasphemous pool of semen, drowning even – struggling to breathe, only to breathe.

He finds himself in this same struggle to breathe again today. He is unhappily enduring his final moments on earth. All the remnants of his relatives are gathered, seemingly ready to bid farewell to their family rabbi. He cannot recognise anyone or anything save for two things: the pitiful, piercingly tragic voice of his old mother rebuking, mocking and cursing, actually swearing at her ancestors, even mentioning their private parts! ... And the horrible seminal smell, that pungent odour of human seed that has refused to be neutralised by any kind of frankincense on earth. Examination cheating – the Mathematics wizard is drowning forever in this terrible mess. Instead of suspecting witchcraft by the elder Musineki, he is sure he has bewitched himself, only that he alone is aware of it but the rest of his misguided superstitious family believe otherwise.

Now, he is writing his final examination on his death bed. Luckily, he is the only candidate, without any invigilator, so he has all the opportunity to cheat big time. He remembers the last time he was in church close to two decades before, when the preacher was graphically describing the torment endured by the graduates of hell as they tearfully and chokingly swim in that lake of brimstone and fire. He cannot help streams of salty tears cascading down his prematurely withered cheeks.