

BLOODY MIGRATION TO SOUTH AFRICA

By : **Dadier**

A day after xenophobic attacks had struck the shanty town of Alexandra in Gauteng Province; I received a call from Mr Mlabo telling me, "My friend the situation here looks bad. It grows from bad to worse! South Africans here are busy killing us. The angry mob is seriously hunting us and I don't think whether it is just a mere conflict!" That had niggled me. My face looked pale and tears had drawn on it after having watched SABC News how foreigners were killed, chased and displaced! The News heading on every TV channels was about Xenophobia. I asked myself what is it all about? I drew a dictionary closer to me for the quest a depth meaning. I finally realized that Xenophobia, whatever it might be, is hate, chauvinism, racial intolerance, racism, dislike of foreigners. Hate over foreigners to me was not something new and fresh in South Africa and elsewhere in our globe. But when South Africans' hate against foreigners involved killing, pillaging and burning people alive to me, it became felony or crime! My body shook but my spirit was strong. I stood up troubled and left for town in order to find out more info over situation. I switched off my computer and called Mr fellow Kenyan, Mr Vincent Omondi to investigate the chaos. A few hours later, I picked up my phone and called Mlabo who told me again, "My friend nothing has stopped yet!" It was, as from these talks that I began the journey towards standing as a peacock to record our Bloody History and adventure that we have faced during our migration to South Africa. A night of Du Noon's eruption in Cape Town, Mr Sadiki Ramazani, a fellow from Congo called me and said, "Du Noon is at Stake! I am working seven Kilometres from that place tonight and now we are receiving foreigners from that area". I took my phone and called Tiphonie and her sister, foreign residents in that area from Malawi who later confirmed me, "Things are too bad here. If you have car, please come and rescue us my brother. We are being hidden in a neighbourhood, just opposite our home". I tried to get hold with the police, the number seemed busy for a couple of minutes; but I finally managed to talk to a police station that side of Millerton who said that Police are busy helping. We remained incommunicado the whole night, until in the morning when they confirmed that they were rescued. However, within no time, a period less than two, xenophobia that erupted as a small conflict in Alexandra until the Cape Town revolution, had killed more 50 people, injured many foreigners and looted their properties that cost millions of Rand. It was around these crossroads of crossing the morass of xenophobia that I decided to write, "Bloody Migration to South Africa" with a motive of recording our own bloody episode. Our exile that became a nightmare!

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â To
my fellow brothers and sisters,
victims of Xenophobic attacks in
South Africa and their bereaving families and relatives back home;
this work is heartily dedicatedâ .

Acknowledgments

My deepest words of gratitude are particularly expressed to **Avril Benoliel**,
whose face looked disgraced and worried during xenophobia
but whose hand and heart were strongly ready to support and encourage me whenever possible; and to my
friend

David Akechi Songwa wa Eseâ wa;

the sole man who cruised with me around the vicinities of Cape Town aggregating data when we were terribly
fussed by Xenophobic blow that has reached Western Cape.

FOREWORD

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dadier Malango Abdalah

Dadier was born at Swima (Zone of Fizi) in the Eastern part of the Democratic Republic of Congo. He exiled in Kenya where he was grazed after the skirmishes had gradually escalated into a full-scale war in his state. In Nairobi he taught at Bright Field Academy, Glad Toto Academy, Saint Gabriel Academy, Lemanton College and at Mass Communications College in Dar-Es- Salaam, Tanzania. He eventually left Nairobi for Egypt, Overseas and Southern Africa for the quest of greater ideals. Finally, a teacher, a writer and a young religious and political aspirant, Dadier nowadays lives in Cape Town devoting himself to Creative Writing as a freelance writer and essayist of short stories. He is the HR Director & Chairman of the Displaced Refugee Network, a global Voice for Refugees.

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