



**Interview with:** Tadiwa (11)  
**Interviewed by:** Charlotte  
**Date of interview:** 28 February 2017  
**Travel:** Zimbabwe – South Africa

**Charlotte:** I'm about to conduct an interview with a lady who came from Zimbabwe to stay in Durban. She has consented to this interview and to the recording. Thank you very much. Can you please tell me when you came to Durban?

**Tadiwa:** Umm, well, I first came to Durban in ... I think it must have been in May 2008. At first it was just for a short visit because my brother stayed here. He still stays here. So I came then to visit for three or four days and then I went back. So, it was just like a short holiday. I came back to Durban in September 2008 and stayed for around a month with my brother and his friends. I went back then and returned again in February 2009. That's when I came to Durban, so you can probably say that I have been here since 2009.

**Charlotte:** Can you tell me of your very first experience in Durban?

**Tadiwa:** My very first experience?

**Charlotte:** Yes. Can you discuss that with me?

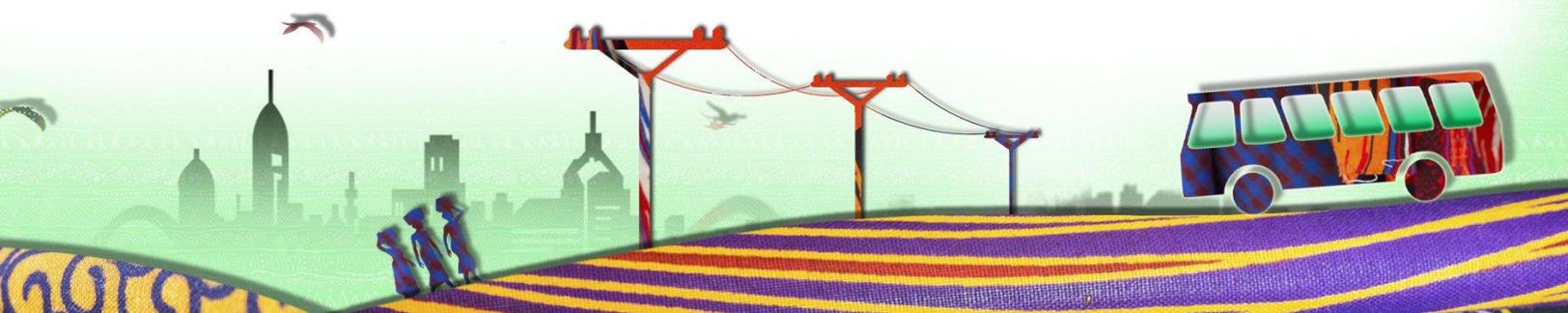
**Tadiwa:** Umm ... I don't know what you would like to know ... but when I came from Zim the very first time I came by bus and it was a very new experience—knowing that you are coming from a country that has been going through economic, political and other those sorts of problems. I think the very first thing that struck me was the infrastructure, the development that was here. I thought to myself, if my country hadn't been going through the things that it was going through for the past 15 years or so, we could probably have been where South Africa is. So, that was my first experience. I was in awe of the infrastructure and development, and even how the economy was and the prices of commodities in the shops. It was so surprising, coming from an environment where I was used to exorbitant prices. If you recall, in 2007, 2008 people in Zimbabwe were spending millions of dollars to buy a loaf of bread. So now I was recalibrating my mind ... oh, now I can get into a taxi for five rand ... whaaat!!! I'm used to paying like five hundred million to get onto a taxi. So, all those things surprised me.

**Charlotte:** In 2009, when you actually came to live here, how you were living?

**Tadiwa:** From 2009 when I came here, I was living with my brother. I had just been married. I lived with my brother and his friend in their flat in Albert Park. They had a one-bedroom flat. I knew my brother's friend because we had grown up together and he was like a brother to me. He had come to South Africa with my brother. So we pretty much shared the same room. It was a very, very big one-bedroom flat. There was a double bed and also a three-quarter bed. So I used my brother's bed which was the three-quarter bed and my brother used the double bed with his friend, and together we used that one room. So, that's how I lived when I first came. Like I said, I was recently married, but I came alone. My husband remained in Zimbabwe.

**Charlotte:** And how did you feel about that, about the fact that your husband remained in Zimbabwe while you came here?

**Tadiwa:** Well, I had a lot of mixed feelings. It was clear that at the time we couldn't stay there. He wasn't working any longer because it wasn't worth going in to work every day. You're not getting paid. The company would say they had deposited your money, but you couldn't get access to your money. So, it wasn't worth it going to work. He hadn't been working for a year then, I think. I still had my job ... I did





a cost-benefit analysis and found the same thing: I was still going to work, the company still wanted me, but still I was not getting a salary. Fine, the money is in my account, but I'm not getting it. I had no access to it.

So, we had made a decision that we need to do something. Do we stay? Both of us couldn't come at the same time because I was coming to my brother. We were still trying to scout out what things were like. When we first parted, he went to Botswana because he's got a sister there, and I came here. We just communicated on how things were going. We needed to do research on employment opportunities. It was difficult, but we were determined because we knew what the plan was. The plan was to move and if we couldn't move together, then we'd be apart for a short time and then sort it out. So there was excitement, but there was fear that we were going to be unhappy because we were not together while there were things that you would prefer to go through together. But we would not go through them together because he is in another country ...

**Charlotte:** When you came here and you were living with your brother, what were you doing?

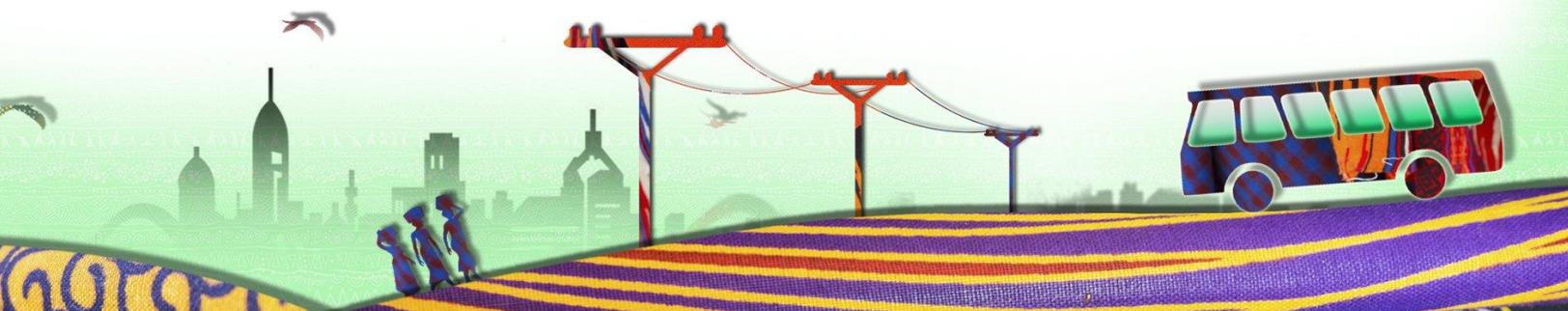
**Tadiwa:** During that time, I was job-hunting pretty much all the time. My typical day? I'd get up. The guys would go to work. They would leave early, like at six o'clock, and go to work. My brother worked in Pinetown. There was a time when he wasn't working because he had his own business, so he would just take me around town. We would just walk around because he said I needed to know where everything was. So, we walked around the streets: West Street, Smith Street, Pine Street. So I would know where everything was. I would dedicate about two hours to go to the internet café to hunt for a job—put my CV online and search. So my typical day was: get up, tidy up, eat, go out to the internet café for two hours. After that I would meet my brother's friends and we would just walk and walk and walk around town. Then I would come home to cook because my brother would be back from work. That was my typical day.

**Charlotte:** For how long did you live with your brother?

**Tadiwa:** I lived with my brother for about five or six months—five months because my brother's friend's cousin came as well. You must realise that many people were running away from Zim and the situation there. So his friend's cousin came as well and when she came she was living with us, and we were now four in the flat, and it only allows for three people maximum. But the building supervisor was very, very lenient with us because we would pay our rent on time. There was no noise, no rowdiness and we would just meet our obligations, and so she understood and allowed us to stay there. So after his cousin came, more of his relatives came. Two other guys came. So, there were four of us, then six of us. Then another friend of my brother's got a job in Durban and he had to come too. There was no way we would say no, because he had a job. He came, and so we were now seven people living in that place. You are probably wondering about the sleeping arrangements? (Laughing)

**Charlotte:** Yes.

**Tadiwa:** Well, obviously since I was the mother hen, I got there first. I got first dibs. I was the only one who was married, so there was kind of respect for me. So I had the room. All the guys moved to the lounge. Now we were two ladies and the rest were guys. All the guys moved to the lounge. They slept on the floor basically. My brother slept on the floor. He gave up his bed for me. We had enough blankets for others who came. Durban is quite warm, so a person would just buy a duvet and find a corner on the floor to sleep. I had my own bed and I was very lucky, I guess. And then, another cousin, a relative of mine, needed to come. He had been in Durban, but things were not going well with the person he was staying with and he needed another place to stay. So I said to my brother that he should come over (laughing) and he was like: 'Whaaat! There are enough of us here'. But he came





over. Anyway, it got to the point where I said: 'No, guys, this doesn't make sense.' So, my brother would sleep on the floor next to me and my husband's relative would sleep on the bed next to me. It was like: you can sleep wherever guys, even in this room. You can't all just go that side. So that's how we lived and it was respectable.

So, five or six months into it I got a job and because there were so many people living together now, you know, it became difficult. Initially it was only my brother who was working; his friends weren't working. His friend's relatives came, and they were not working. He was the only one who was working. He had committed to supporting me and now he had to support everyone in the house. So he's buying the food, he's paying the rent, he's doing everything. It was a load on his shoulders. Anyway, when my brother's friend came he got a job and he quickly said: 'No, guys, after a month or two when I'm on my feet I will get a flat.' After a month or two he got a flat in the same building about four, five, six floors up. So he stayed in the same building as us.

However, everyone would come to my brother's flat for meals and I would cook all the meals for everyone and this was known. Most people would go out without having breakfast. They would leave early. There wasn't enough money to buy breakfast and lunch. By lunchtime no one would be there. But for supper I would be sure that I had cooked a proper meal because everyone had been out at work or looking for a job. So, whoever was working would give me like a hundred rand per week. I never asked them. It wasn't agreed, but they took responsibility to give me something for groceries. I would know that I must buy this and that and that and that, to make sure that everyone has at least one proper meal per day. I would cook every evening and I was fine about that since I was like the mother hen, so to speak.

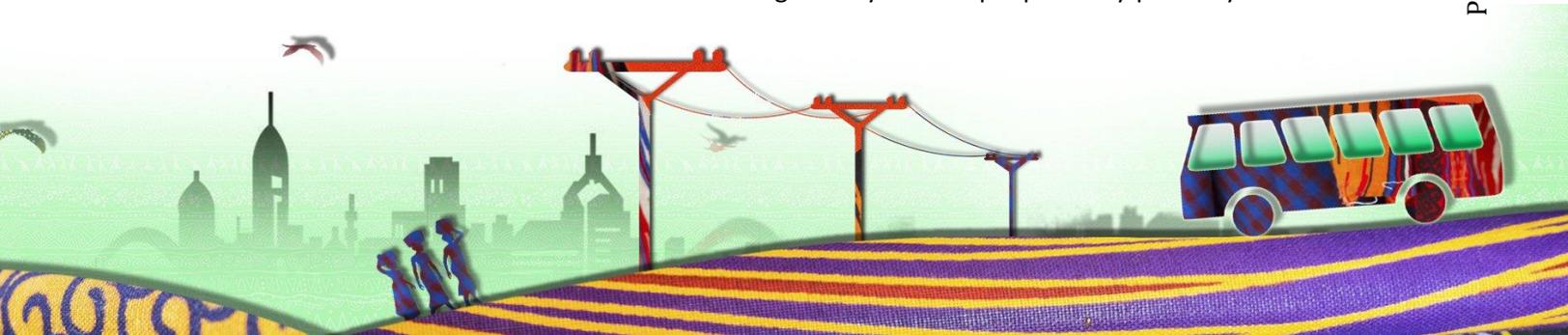
So when my brother's friend moved out into another flat in the same building, he said that some of the guys could come and stay with him. But they still all came for meals downstairs because I was the only female, besides the other cousin who was there, although she was not eager to do things for other people.

Then I got my first job with a company in Westville. I was an administrator. My brother suggested we moved out and I thought that was a good idea. He suggested we move into another flat in the same building.

Meanwhile my [husband] had left Botswana because Botswana does not have a manufacturing industry and he is a cost accountant. He is into supply and logistics. He couldn't get a job. Botswana does not have a manufacturing industry and they basically import everything from South Africa. The only thing Botswana has is diamonds—the Orca diamond mine. So he came and he went to his sister in Joburg because he didn't feel comfortable coming to stay with my brother. He said he couldn't do it culturally.

**Charlotte:** The brother-in-law?

**Tadiwa:** Ja, he is a brother-in-law. He said he couldn't do that, so he stayed in Joburg with his sister and went job-hunting there. He said he would come here if I got a job here first, but if he got a job there first, I would go there. Now that I had a job, my brother said: let's move out, so we moved out into a flat. I'll never forget that flat. When we got in, there were cockroaches everywhere. You must know I had never interacted with cockroaches until I came to Durban (laughing out loud). I was like ... whaaaaat! I mean I was screaming. There were cockroaches everywhere and my brother would say: "It's just cockroaches." And I said no. But now I see a cockroach and I'm like: 'whatever'. I suppose Durban has changed me (laughing) now that I see a cockroach and do not scream. I still won't squish it, but at least I won't scream. The cockroaches here are so huge—they are like people. They probably have names





and passports (laughing again). And they fly! Cockroaches in Durban fly and we live right by the harbour. They fly across the harbour, I'm told. They come from the ships and they fly across into our buildings. They are huge. Cockroaches in Durban are huge. Make sure you make a note of that. Cockroaches in Durban are huge. We don't have cockroaches that size, not even half that size in Zimbabwe. So at first I freaked out and screamed (raising her voice and laughing). I don't know, you need to be sure to mention in your research that the cockroaches in Durban need to be attended to (laughing and simply enjoying herself).

Well, what was I saying? So we moved into the new flat. The cockroaches were everywhere. My brother got Baygon, he got Mortein, he bought Doom, he bought everything. He sprayed and sprayed and you must know that ... we've got allergies. I've also got allergies, my brother's got allergies, but I said that I'm not gonna sleep. They are crawling everywhere and he, my brother, was going to sleep on the floor because we had moved the bed only. Well, we cleaned up as much as we could and we slept. After over a week of daily spraying, daily fumigating, the cockroaches left.

We continued cooking downstairs at the original flat. I still did the cooking, but because now I was going to work, the other lady who was there took over the cooking, but aahhh... she didn't cook so well. She was partial in the way she distributed the food. I'm the sort of person who, if I'm dishing up ten plates I will dish up the same thing everywhere, exactly. I won't think ... oh, okay, I must give this much because this is my brother and he bought the food so I must give him more. No, I wouldn't do that. And also we realised that the guys downstairs wouldn't buy food at all—even when they weren't working, they would do some stuff obviously to get some money.

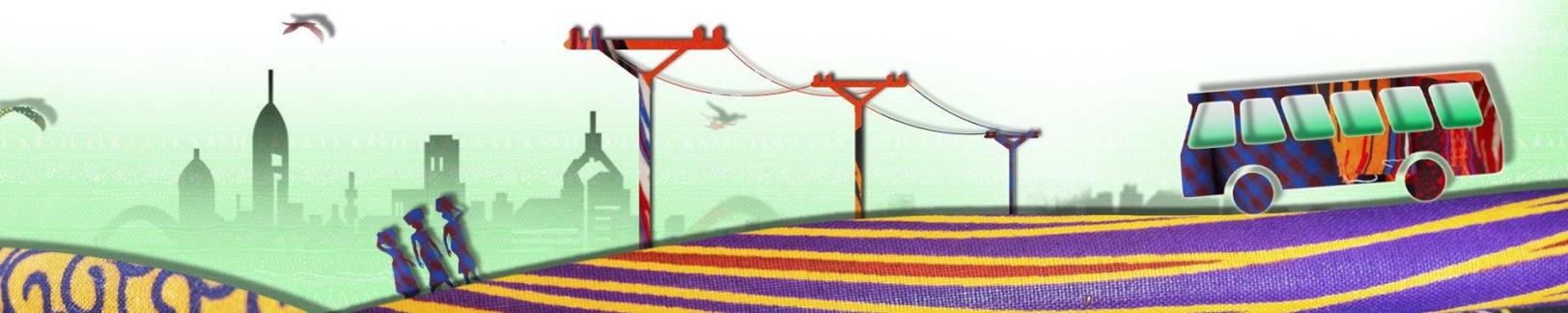
Then my brother suggested we start cooking on our own. The fridge and the stove downstairs was my brother's and it seemed mean of us to move those things as there were six people there who needed to eat. So we decided to continue cooking downstairs. But now they were being unfair even though they were working now, they wouldn't do anything to contribute. So we decided my brother bought a two-plate stove and we bought a fridge.

Now that I was going to work, I spoke to my husband and my brother after the first month and my brother said he should come, because I was now on my feet. He had paid the deposit and the first month's rent. He said I could take over the rent in the second month and he would move to another flat in the same building. So he moved to a flat downstairs from me. So now we had the friend's flat, where my brother started off with his friends, the other guy living alone upstairs from us and then my brother who was living alone downstairs from me. That same weekend my husband came down from Joburg and that's how he came to join me.

**Charlotte:** You said that you were working in Westville as an administrator. Can you tell me about your working environment there?

**Tadiwa:** Umm ... it was a very nice company. I reported directly to the managing director, a man. However, I was also required to report to the CFO, a lady. It was a political and public policy research company. I did admin work and everything that the managing director and CFO didn't do. I would even sit at the reception although because of the nature of the business, we didn't have many people walk in, so to speak. The managing director would go out and meet people in their environments. Once in a while we would have meetings in the boardroom etcetera.

And then I realised that the managing director and the CFO were in a relationship, I'm thinking ... ohhh, that's fine. I wondered if they were married, but they came to work separately, but they lived together. I think they came to work in one vehicle, but because I was the first one to get there I wouldn't see that. He would come in and then she would come in ten or fifteen minutes later. He would greet her





[as usual] but he would have an even bigger smile for me. The offices were separated by glass walls, so I could see her and she could see me in my office. I began to feel that these people were so weird. Fine, we were supposed to act professional at work, but this was too weird. They acted like they didn't know each other outside of 'hello, hello'.

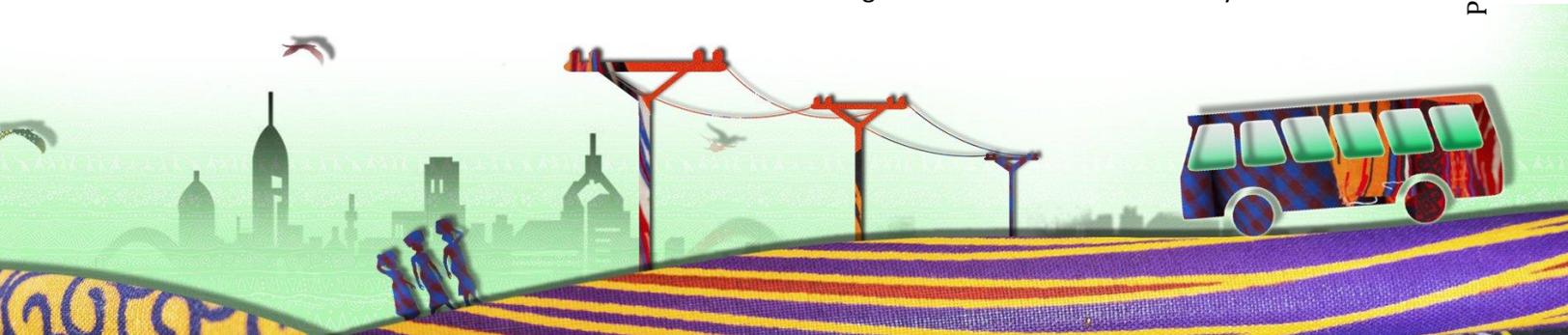
I think the managing director liked me more, not in a romantic way, but he appreciated my skills and abilities more than she did. I think, I am certain, that I was more educated and more qualified than her. He made reference to my learning and skills etcetera, and for a lot of things he started coming to me rather than going to her. So obviously because of their romantic thing she began to look at me like ... Sometimes he would come to me and he would talk to me: you know, we want to do this, we want to do that etcetera. He came to me and we talked about the business and how he wants to grow it, the direction he wants to take and how he needed me to come on as the group marketing person or marketing director, like for the group of the companies. And I said that's fine. Obviously that was like: wow! And he would ask me to do certain desk research for him and I would carry it out, and then he would ask me to do a report, present the data etcetera, and interpret it and I would do all that and he was impressed. For me it was something that I had done before. I didn't think that it was a big thing, but he was like so impressed. But she, I figured, was not so happy because every time he would talk something over with me—I want you to do this, we gonna do this and this, and this is the direction we gonna go—the next day he would come to me and say: plans have kinda changed—just hold on to that discussion we had yesterday that. Never mind about it. And I'm like: how did his mind change? And for a long time I didn't realise that it was probably her who was saying: no, you can't do that; no, you can't do that. So even after he gave me that job offer, I accepted it. He even emailed me the offer. He sent everything and I accepted the offer. We were actually moving on to that direction. He had said that he didn't want me to sit at reception anymore because of the office he wanted me to hold and the function he wanted me to carry.

So we actually tried to recruit someone for that position. I actually moved into the open plan so we could take the work in another direction. I could sense she wasn't happy about it. Just to confirm that they were together, she got pregnant with his baby. Actually, when I joined the company, she was pregnant already and that's why she needed the help.

I could tell that she was not so happy because we would discuss something at a meeting. Then she would obviously say something to him and then he would come back and say: no, let's hold on to that ... I still want that, but let's put that on hold. This was related to anything that had to do with me progressing within the company. So I put two and two together and I realised that ... hmmm ...

For example, she started coming to work so early, earlier than she used to. Oh yes, he bought her a car as well so she could now come even much earlier. She would make it a point to see me, like: is this girl for real? Sometimes I would go to the office, not knowing that anyone would be there. I would be there all by myself. It was a research office and people would be in the field and I would be there all by myself from eight to four on my own in the office—taking calls, taking this, doing that. They would call me: we need this, and I would work on that, all by myself.

So now, she would come early to see what time I really got there. I remember one time I got there—maybe it was like two minutes late—I'm walking into the door, I'm sitting down etcetera and she came and sat across me and said she had sent me an email to say she does not appreciate me coming late for work ... blah, blah blah. I was shocked, but I just said I'm so sorry, it won't happen again. Normally I would get to work 7:30 because I get up early and I would get to work at 7:30. So, every day I noticed that she would come earlier and earlier. But I think she got to work earlier than me only once. Then I





told myself I would get there 7:30 every day and I did that, not because they had asked me to, not because I thought I was being watched, but because that's how I had always been operating: I would get there 7:30. So, because of that, obviously I got frustrated and I thought I could not work. You know, working in a family business is ... because there are many family dynamics going on. He would talk to you. She thinks he's getting sweet on you. She wonders why you are smiling at the man ... This was just nonsense and I thought: why am I doing this to myself?

Anyway, that was the first company I worked for. Needless to say, I left after eight months or so and a year later, two years later, he was still calling me: please come and join; we have taken a new direction in the company; we need you. He called two years later. The last time they called me I think it was like four years later. She was the one to call me and she begged me. I told them that if they wanted me, they needed to make me an offer with a job description—I'm not going there for an interview without you telling me how much you gonna pay me and what exactly I'm gonna go do. When I was there the first time, they were desperate and I did everything they needed me to do, and I tried to showcase my skills. They appreciated this and the husband said: you know what, you are really doing a good job here, and he wanted to promote me, but she just didn't want it. So, I said no and, well, they haven't looked for me since. I'm sure our paths will cross.

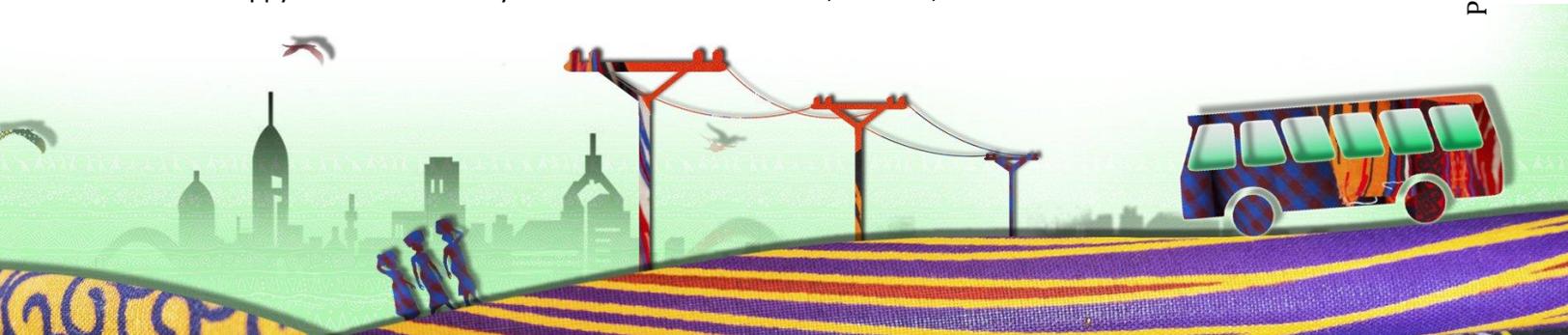
**Charlotte:** So after you left that company, what did you do after that?

**Tadiwa:** I got another job. Ja, it was a car sales place and, unbeknown to me, it was a family business again, but I didn't know it was a family business (laughing). So I joined the company. They needed someone to do their market research and they were setting up what they called the Fantom Drive and needed someone with marketing knowhow, research and etcetera. So, I was interviewed by the director and the PA and finance ... and I joined them. They needed me to come onto Fantom. These are Indians, by the way.

Oh, the first people were black people. These are Indians. I thought Indians would be better. I thought: let's see how it goes. So I joined the company and within like the first week or two, I realised that the father was like the CEO and the son was like the managing director. This was like a family business. I thought: Oh no, I've done it again. But since I was desperate for a job I stayed there. But after a couple of months I realised that this was just bad, because the CEO was father to my boss. He actually liked me, while the managing director kept me at arm's length and yet he was the one who hired me. I couldn't just get that.

When I did my research and my report on Fantom Drive, I thought this thing was a no-go. Durban does not have the capacity to support the kind of business that they wanted to do. There was no clientele for this kind of business. He was not ready to take my report because he had invested so much. They wanted to do a chauffeur service called Fantom Drive—where they offer high-end vehicles to top society people. For example, let's say you are coming in from whatever, wherever, and you want to move around with a Lamborghini or a Ferrari. We offer a Lamborghini to you with a chauffeur. He had invested by buying those vehicles already.

They did car sales ... meaning they sold used cars. This was the main business. Then there was this Fantom Drive. They also had a property business which the old man was running ... ja, those were the three main businesses. The son was handling the car sales, he was also handling this new venture, the Fantom Drive. The old man was handling the property business where they rented out to people. So, I came in mainly under Fantom Drive and after I gave him the report and I made all the calls and everything and said: No, Durban cannot support the kind of business that you want, he wasn't too happy. But I had done my market research. His father, the CEO, called me into the office and asked me





what I had found. I told him honestly. He said: You know, I agree with you, but my son, because he's young, he wants to excel. He actually alluded to the fact that I had the learning, and the experience and the education to be able to do the research and come up with an unbiased view and he said that was why they needed me to do the job. He admitted that his son did not know that part of business and he appreciated my honesty with him.

However, his son wasn't so pleased because thereafter I was moved to reception for the car sales because this one was not getting off the ground and he had all these high-end vehicles now that he had to sell off. I was not too amused, of course, but I just said: Okay, I'm here, let's see what will happen.

Meanwhile, the old man got me to do some work with Lanswell Properties as well. So I was handing admin, doing car sales, doing reception, and I was doing the admin for Lanswell properties involving rentals and properties blah, blah, blah. It was not fun because, like I said, it was a family business.

You must know the old man's wife phones every day. She would call: Hello, good morning, how are you? Please can you send Wallas to the grocers to go and buy me some butter, ghee, and she would give us a grocery list. She's at home and she would give us a grocery list. We had to take the money from petty cash to go and do her groceries at home. So already for me, that is like a conflict. How do you run a business like that? You can't have your wife phoning us and then we have to do groceries for her. And the driver is supposed to be doing work for the company. He now runs off to do the madam's shopping because if he doesn't do that she is gonna be like a headless chicken. She's gonna shout at the old man. The old man will come and he's pissed off and he's thinking. So just to protect the old man, we just had to do what she wanted, you know. We go and do all the grocery shopping—and you must know they lived in North Beach—and the driver would go and shop where she said he should, that is a Hyper-by-the-sea, even for just one thing on special. He has to drive there and drive on to the house to leave the things there. And maybe she needs to go somewhere, and the driver has to take her ... we only had one driver to run errands. Argghhh? It was just a family business.

**Charlotte:** Tell me about life with your husband when you started living together.

**Tadiwa:** Oh, it was great, awesome, wonderful. Finally together: finally, finally, finally. It was nice. It was good to have him over. It was really, really, really good. He got a job I think a month or two after he came to Durban—you know the one that does trackers and tracking. He worked in their procurement and logistics office. That's where he worked and so it became easier to breathe, so to speak, because he had a job and ... mmm ... we were fine. We still are, you know.

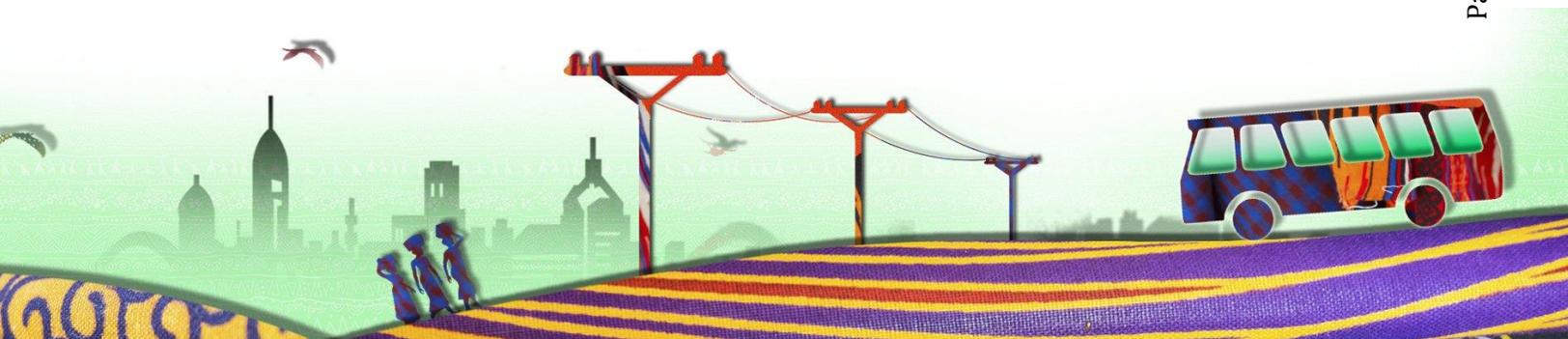
**Charlotte:** And did the two of you have children?

**Tadiwa:** Yes, we do. We've got one daughter. She's four years old now. Right now she's with my mom back in Zim, ja.

**Charlotte:** Tell me about that—the fact that you don't live with your child. How does that make you feel and why is that?

**Tadiwa:** Well, that's a whole other story. Oh, my word, you need to buy me Chicken Licken for that story (laughing). Well, one of the main reasons why we don't stay with her is because she doesn't have a permit to stay in South Africa. The laws have just been changing and it's just been hell.

My husband was on a different permit. She was born in Zim. I went back there to give birth near my mom because I needed my mom. When she was born we were on a different permit. I brought her here when she was just a year or two, then I took her home. In that period my husband's permit expired and mine did too. By that time the government was offering the ZPS and it was easy to get onto the





ZPS. So he got onto ZPS. I didn't get onto ZPS. I don't remember why I didn't get onto it. I might have been in Zim or something. I don't know what happened.

So I left my daughter in Zim and we are now trying to bring her over to live with us. But the laws and regulations have been changing all the time. Before it was easy to bring her in. You could just apply through Home Affairs. Now you have to apply through VFS and the requirements are just preposterous. It's like they need an arm and a leg and when we last tried to do it last year, it was like: Oh no, you have to do it from your country of origin. So we had to take her back there and do the application from Zim. So, we finally did the application from Zim at the end of last year.

About VFS, I don't know why the South African government allowed them to come in and swindle all this money off us because when they receive the application they send it to South African Home Affairs. When we used to pay five hundred, now you pay one point five. You've come here as a foreigner; you've got no money; you've come here with nothing. The jobs you are doing are menial; they don't pay well. If you're working, employers are exploiting you and now the government and VFS are exploiting you as well because they are bringing in VFS who then take more money from us. I mean, I hear it belongs to the Guptas. I don't know how true that is and who is controlling VFS here. It might be true. We pay more now and even then your permit is not guaranteed. So it's become more expensive.

I don't know if it's easier to do it online, but how many people have access to computers? And the website does not cater for different needs an immigrant has. It is selective—you may find that you can't even apply for a permit because the requirements there are ... yoh! ... crazy.

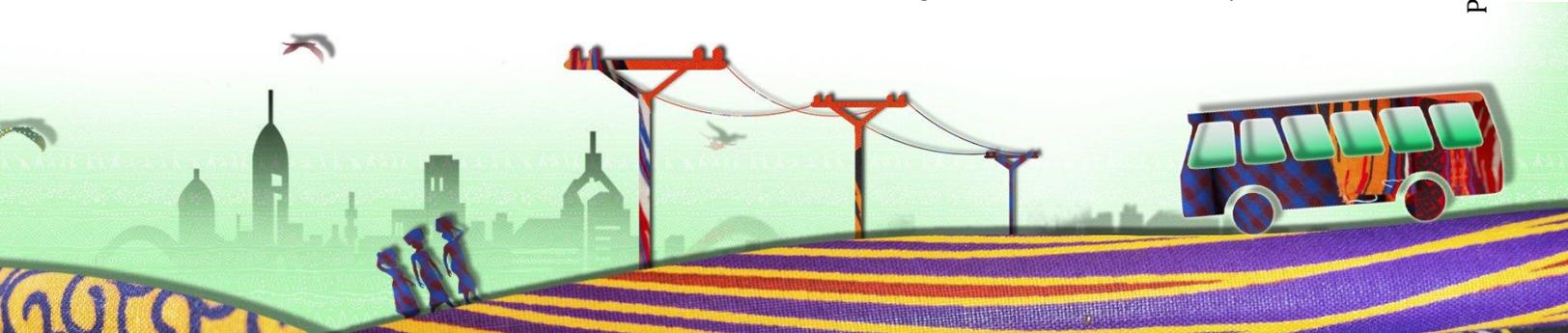
So now, there is VFS back home in Zim and where we used to pay thirty-five dollars; now you paying seventy-five dollars or something in excess of a hundred dollars for a permit application. So it seems as though it's getting tougher to be legal in this country. Hence you see so many people who are illegal—not because they don't wanna be legal, but because the government is not making it easy for people to be legal.

**Charlotte:** Can you maybe tell me one or two of your bad experiences in South Africa in these years that you've lived here in Durban?

**Tadiwa:** Oh, the worst thing is the crime. I've seen so many people being mugged and being assaulted. You are walking in town down West Street and these guys in town come and pull rings off your fingers. They yank neck chains off your neck. They pull your earrings off, especially if they look like they could be real gold. Everywhere you go in town, you see a sign that says: 'we buy gold for cash'. Obviously those tsotsis (thieves) are going to try and steal gold from wherever they get it. So the crime has been really shocking. I have had some of those guys come to me and asked for my rings and I think it has just been by God's grace that I said no. I realised that I was standing at Jet stores and I quickly just ran into Jet—that's how I got away from them. And the other time these guys asked for my phone and I said: No, I'm not giving you, and there was a taxi that was coming past me in the opposite direction, and I flagged it down and jumped into the taxi. I wasn't going in that direction. I had to pay extra taxi fare not to go somewhere else, but just to get away from them. So, the crime is really, really scary—especially the guys in town who ask for your rings. I've seen a lady whose earrings were pulled off and her ears were bleeding. That's just terrible.

**Charlotte:** Overall, is there anything else you would like to tell me about your life experiences here in Durban?

**Tadiwa:** Hmm ... I wouldn't say it's been a bad experience but, like you said, it's been an experience filled with different emotions and reactions to different things in life. It has been an experience. I've





enjoyed some of it. I've been shocked by some of it. I've been saddened by some of it. But overall, it's been alright; it's been good. I think it would be ungrateful of me to say that it's been bad. No. I've met a lot of awesome people in places that I worked, in places that I'm working now. I've met a lot of awesome Indians, a lot of awesome Nigerians, a lot of awesome fellow Zimbabweans and so ... ja ... it's been fine ... and a lot of awesome Zulus and Xhosas. Yes.

**Charlotte:** Have you had any difficulties relating to local people, maybe based on factors like race or language, or stuff like that?

**Tadiwa:** No, I wouldn't say so. No, not really. I'm very open-minded and I come from a culture that is very open-minded. Zimbabwean people are very open to meeting new people. So, in terms of having difficulty relating across races, across cultures—I haven't had any. Well, I didn't come with that particular prejudice as an individual, first of all. Secondly, because I could speak Ndebele, which is quite close to Zulu and is one of the Nguni languages, and I could speak Shona and a number of other languages, it's been quite easy. I've been willing to learn other things, new things—actually that helps a lot.

**Charlotte:** I just want to thank you for allowing me to interview you and I wish you well.

**Tadiwa:** Thank you. Don't forget my Chicken Licken (Laughing).

