

FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH



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A woman in a red dress with red balloons on her head. The background is white with a bokeh effect.

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Inspirational Thoughts:

Verse: John 8:12

'I am the light of the world. Whoever follows Me will never walk in darkness, but will have the light of life.'

- Light, is that wonderful ingredient that allows all life to exist and flourish.
- The Lord is the source of light in our lives.
- When we pursue Him, light floods our lives and hearts.
- You never need to walk in darkness, but you can know His light.

PRAYER: Lord, flood my heart and life with Your light this year. May every bit of darkness flee and may I walk in Your light, today and always. Amen.

Kind regards: Pastor Andrew and Vanessa Roebert
ALIVE TO GOD

Visit our website: www.alivetogod.com or email me at: andrew@alivetogod.com



Graadeentjies-Parrabeentjies!



John Lennon: When I was five years old my mother always told me that happiness was the key to life. When I went to school, they asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. I wrote down “happy”. They told me I didn’t understand the assignment, and I told them they didn’t understand life.

Uit baie Mooikloofhuise stap kleuters hierdie jaar na hul eerste skooldag. Party met haasbekkies ander met voltand-mondjies, maar soos wafferse rooitapyt-glanssterre hop hulle uit die motor om te poseer vir ’n hele falanks ouers wat met kameras en selfone die groot oomblik vasvang. Kinders moet skool toe en pa’s en ma’s word verplig om die naelstring finaal te knip. Ek het al gesien dat party ouers harder huil as die kinders. Soos een ma gesê het: “Ek kan nie glo Boeta moet my nou verlaat nie.” Maar skaars ry sy by die skoolhek uit of boetie se traantjies droog op en hy stoei te lekker met ’n maatjie. Dogtertjies soek nooit ’n maatjie so vinning nie, nee, eerder die juffrou se guns. Maar hulle kan práát en het bekkies soos dag-oud-mossies.

Enetjie sê: “My boetie is drie en hy is stout.” “Ek het ook ’n boetie – maar hy is nog in my mamma se maag.” “My boetie is al uit; hy huil baie.”

Ons maak kinders na die beste van ons vermoë groot en beskerm hulle teen die gevaarlike samelewing daar buite. Ons laat hulle nooit alleen nie. As ons baie besig is laat ons hulle in die sorg van ons goeie, betroubare televisie, maar steeds onder ’n wakende oog natuurlik. Maak ons nie ’n fout nie? Miskien.

Gereeld lees en hoor ons van die sielkundige skade wat gewelddadige TV-programme aan kinders doen. Lees ’n bietjie dieper en mens besef dat moord, roof en kindermishandeling hoogty vier in ons bekendste en mees geliefde sprokies. Dít wat ons slaaptystories noem.

Hansie en Grietjie het nie sommer net in die bos beland nie, nee, die ouers het hulle eenvoudig daar ge-dump en gehoop hulle sterf. Dink hoe angsbevange was hulle nie daardie nag nie; om van honger nie eers te praat nie! Die volgende oggend probeer hulle huis toe stap en beland by ’n bose heks. Sy is ’n ware Hannibal Lecter wat van mensvleis hou en haar eerste happie sou Hansie wees. Grietjie probeer haar boetie red en ontaard self in ’n wrede klein monstertjie: sy stamp die heks in die vuurwarm oond waarin dié gillend doodbrand. (Meeste kindertjies klap hande as dit gebeur!) Toe die kinders genoeg gehad het om te eet en die heks se eiendom vir hulself toe-eien daag die ouers weer daar op en – glo dit – hulle is ’n gelukkige familie.

Sneeuwitjie is net so ’n aaklige verhaal. Dit behoort ’n baie hoë ouderdomsbepערking te hê. Hierdie dogtertjie se moeder sterf by geboorte en toe haar pa weer trou kry sy die wreedste stiefma denkbaar. As die pa sy rug draai mishandel die vrou vir Sneeuwitjie: “Maak so en so en was sommer die paleis (waar is al die onderdane?) se baie vloere. Toe Sneeuwitjie bos toe vlug stuur die stiefma ’n jagter agter haar aan met die duidelike opdrag: “Vermoor haar! En om dubbeld seker te maak sny haar hart uit en bring dit vir my as bewys.” Sjoel ’n Opdrag wat by ’n toordokter hoort.

Ook **Aspoestertjie** het ’n wrede stiefma gehad. As gevolg van Aspoestertjie is daar nou wetgewing (Cinderella Law, 2013) ingestel in Engeland wat optree teen die emosionele wreedheid teenoor kinders. Daar mag jy n kind foeter as hy stout is, maar jy mag hom nie emosioneel afkraak nie – jy kan tot vyf jaar tronk toe gaan.

En wat se voorbeeld stel **Jan en die Boontjerank** nie! ’n Ongehoorsame seun wat sommer sy ma se melkkoei ruil vir ’n sakkie boontjies. Toe hy die boontjies plant en dit rank hemelhoog klim hy teen

die ranker op en vind ’n reus besig om te sing:

Fee-fi-fo-fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I’ll grind his bones to make my bread.

Jan skrik. Hy beroof die reus van ’n sak goud, ’n gans wat goue eiers lê en ook ’n harp. Toe die reus hom agterna sit, kap Jan die boontjerank af en die reus val hom morsdood. Wat maak Jan? Hierdie Mommy’s boy gaan terug na sy ma toe en hulle leef vir ewig en altyd saam. Hierdie is die enigste storie waar Jan – volgens die oorspronklike weergawe – nie trou nie, maar “gelukkig” saam met sy mammie woon.

The Lion King is ook in ons familie baie gewild. Ons koop die DVD; ons koop die inkleurboeke en ons gaan kyk na die opvoering met ons kleinkinders by Montecasino. Maar o wee, dis net so wreed: Mufasa van Lion King vlug voor ’n trop wildebeeste en hardloop teen ’n hoë krans uit. Toe hy bo kom, stamp sy broer Scar hom daar af en hy val homself te pletter. Soveel te sê vir broederliefde!

Kinders kyk met ander oë na die films, want toe Mafusa by die krans afval sê my kleinkind van ses jaar: “Oeps!” Kompleet asof hy ’n plastiese bekertjie laat val het.

Ook in **Finding Nemo** word die arme ou vissie se ma deur ’n barracuda (katonkel is die Afrikaans, maar barracuda lê tog soveel lekkerder op die tong!) opgevreet. Dogtertjies huil gewoonlik as dit gebeur. Maar hulle huil nóg harder as Bambi se ma deur ’n wrede jagter doodgeskiet word.

Gelukkig word kinders ouer en verstandiger én hulle verstaan die verskil tussen ’n storie en die werklike lewe. Sommer in graad een leer hulle al om met hul voetelvingertjies in hulle eerste leesboekie rond te blaai en die wonder van woordjies klank en lees.

Sterkte aan elke Mooikloof graadeentjie. Geniet jou skoolloopbaan. Mag die skool vir jou net die mooiste stories voorlees sodat jy weer en weer wil teruggaan en self lief word vir lees.



Wandering in the vast labyrinth which is the newly modernized, enlarged and sprucified Menlyn Shopping Centre, you will certainly need some nourishment. After we passed the same corner a third time and realized we were indeed completely lost, we decided to replenish our starving bodies while studying the maps given to us at the parking entrance. Lucky for us, we stopped at Moo Moo's "Meet and Whine" – to have meat and wine! What a lucky mishap! The restaurant's claim of "we do meat and we do it well" certainly did not disappoint.

The décor is spacious and inviting with clean lines created by sleek wood panels and mouth-watering photographs of food. You can sit deep inside the restaurant to hide from the soccer moms using their trolleys as a weapon or sit outside and people-watch – which South Africans have adopted as a second past time. On the back wall of the restaurant is a "Wall of Wine" where you can discover, or perhaps rediscover, some of your favourites. Any wine is available by the glass without the restaurant charging you the equivalent of ransom money for your favourite child. The Whine Hour – to drink your wine and have a whine – is "BOGO" (buy one get one free) 16h30 – 17h30 daily!

Take your time to peruse the menu, because it is clever and highly entertaining complete with cartoons, quotes, jokes and designated

#hashtags for your social media postings. Several dishes are titled with the Moo Moo name in mind, e.g. OMoolette, Moo Moo Boerie (Boerewors), Café Moo (condensed milk with a shot of espresso) and on the cocktail list: Moogharita, Strawberry DaquMoori, or Moojito. This place certainly puts a smile on your face! The menu is vast and varied: Breakfast (until 3pm every day!) starters, pita with fillings, burgers, salads, steaks, light meals, platters, craft beers and even traditional South African dishes which include dishes like fried spring rolls with a bobotie filling, oxtail or a Boerewors sandwich.

We started with the chef salad: Tender chicken strips, bacon twirls, cherry tomatoes, cucumber, hard-boiled egg and a very generous amount of mozzarella cubes on a bed of crispy lettuce with a creamy Caesar dressing. The chicken espatada arrived impressively with the hot skewer hovering over the plate like a drone coming in for a landing! The chicken was perfectly grilled with some jalapeño and green peppers added on the skewer for flavour.

The burger bar ensures that everyone will be happy since you can choose the meat (we opted for hand-chopped steak, but we plan on trying Kobe next time!), bread (sesame, pita or naked), toppings (several different cheeses or cheese sauces, bacon or chimichurri, to name but a few) and sides (chips, onion rings, potato skewer or salad.) You will almost

never run out of options, and the most difficult client or picky toddler should be satisfied with the large variety of choices.

And then there are the speciality beef: Platinum Waygu, Bone-in New York Strip or Dry aged Rib Eye on the bone. You can choose from BBQ Basted, salt crusted, butter glazed, pepper crusted (seems to be everyone's favourite!) or chimichurri. All sides and sauces are sold separately.

Leave space for dessert with treats like Salted Caramel Profiteroles or Salted caramel and Nutella Smores or what about a Moo-Pedro, anyone?

Our delightful waiter Shelton Katsande was knowledgeable about the menu and very friendly. The vastly handsome manager Jimmy Eracleous stopped by for a charming chat and did not overstay his welcome. We will be back soon, and often, and we recommend you go have a MOO of a time yourself!





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A new start
to health

Ajita Ratanjee

It is a new year, new beginning, another chance to do things differently. A clean page to reset goals, a fresh start with a new mind-set... welcome 2017!

The top 3 things that make the majority of New Year goals are weight loss, more exercise and more time with the family. Health ... yes your health will always be a priority for the year. It is your most prized asset and without it life is just not the same.

So then, for 2017 how did you end the year? Did you achieve your health goals?

We all know the rush to the gym and the healthy meals for week one of the new year: by week two we have already lost a few contenders and by the end of January at least half our ambitious goal setters are nowhere to be seen. What happens to us that we simply cannot keep this on track when it is of such high importance for so many of us?

Let me make it simple for you. The first thing is your MINDSET. If you are looking for the quick fix solutions and the magic pill that promises that no lifestyle change is going to make all your health challenges disappear then you are already setting yourself up for failure. However, just take a second to think about making this a way of life, a way you enjoy eating, a way you enjoying living... then you are on a completely different path and long-term success is most likely to be yours.

Take it one step at a time. When you try to do everything perfectly at one go the chances of your keeping it up are highly unlikely. We all have our good days and then the days where things went a little off track... that is life.

When it comes to diet and your eating habits, make sure your plan is simple, easy and practical to follow. You should be able to buy all your groceries at your local

supermarket and if you do need to eat out then you should be equipped with the knowledge on exactly how to do this. When you are equipped with education on how to choose different under various circumstances then you will stay on track with your plan and continue in confidence with what you need to do.

The less you need to think about your eating plan, because your choices start happening by default, the more you can be sure you are winning at your health goals!

Build on your basics. Once you start eating regularly then look for variations to make eating interesting. Once an exercise session starts getting easy push it a notch up. Develop good habits over time.

With all the information out there on the internet and many, many health experts, my recommendation here is to consult someone you are happy with regarding their treatment plan for YOUR needs.

Take a look at success stories and testimonials. Look at the plan prescribed and visualize you being able to do this for the long-term – and not just through will-power make it for 3 months and then have a big crash.

Preparation, education and a willingness to change one step at a time key decisions to make this a success for you. The joy of having clients with long-term results is what has always kept me motivated to help even more clients on their health journey.

Make the choice to adopt a healthy Lifestyle and your results for 2017 will be ticked off as a huge success!

Easy Health Wellness is a weight loss clinic founded by Dietitian Ajita Ratanjee in Moreleta Park, Pretoria.



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"PORTUGAL - A Rhapsody in Blue"

*Pictures: Peter Sullivan
Words: James Clarke*



Our plan for yet another of our cycle rides in Europe was to cycle south from Lisbon and follow Portugal's Blue Coast until we reached the second most westerly point in Europe – the most westerly being quite near where we were at, northwest of Lisbon.

We chose Portugal for our seventh annual ride because the Atlantic coast is the sunniest and warmest stretch of Europe's coastline and had few hills. And partly because we like grilled sardines and Portugal is very good at grilling them. And also because Portugal is not very expensive. Oh yes, and partly because we would be accompanied by a little yellow bus filled with drinks and sandwiches, Band-Aid and cycle repair kits. We'd booked through a cycling company, Cycling Through the Centuries, which, the year before, had accompanied us through Andalusia.

At home we went into training, eating sardines and drinking Periquita.

We spent our first night in Sintra, a short drive north of Lisbon. It's an enchanting Romanesque town – a World Heritage Site – where a lot of writers and artists live. Grand houses are scattered among the

deeply forested Sintra Mountains – a landscape sculpted by violent earthquakes. The last violent quake was a mere 261 years ago which, in geological time is like yesterday last night. It destroyed Lisbon and wrecked towns down the Blue Coast.

From Sintra we set off south in the yellow bus that took us through Lisbon to the Hotel Club d'Azeitão, a magnificently restored manor house set among fields and vineyards where our hired bikes were waiting for a dawn departure.

Our route began by taking us away from the coast and up a rise before descending into the fishing village of Sesimbra famous for its restaurants and Muscadel wine – just in time for lunch. We lunched at the Pedra Alto on chopped octopus tentacles, large clams and grilled fish – wonderful Portuguese fare. We needed the kilojoules.

Then it was down the coast to the minor port of Setúbal on the huge

estuary of the River Sado. Setúbal was an important Roman port until a tsunami destroyed it.

It is interesting how many catastrophic natural events have devastated Portugal's coastline.



Dining on chopped octopus tentacles

Our rather cramped 4-star hotel, Albergaria Solaris, was literally sheathed in azulejos – the decorated glazed blue tiles so favoured by the Portuguese, who adopted the art from the Moors who once occupied this region.

We sat in brilliant sunshine looking out at the sea and eating vast quantities of perfectly grilled sardines. By eating a lot and cycling a lot we were getting neither fitter nor fatter.

Next day we had a long kilojoule-shedding ride to Santiago do Cacem down the coast passing through a one-street village, Comporta. Its chimneys had raised platforms for the storks to nest on. It was good seeing so many young birds for stork numbers have been declining in Europe. The air was filled with the clattering of stork bills.

We cycled through a sun-bleached, semi-arid landscape along a road bordered by shining mesembrianthiums and black-eyed susans and other semi-desert species – a bit like the Karoo by the sea.

Jimmy filled his water bottle with Coke. An hour later, forgetting he'd replaced the water, he emptied the bottle over his head. (When one is over 70 these things happen.)

Much of the route had a dedicated cycle lane. The Blue Coast's charm is that it is quiet and unspoiled with many secluded coves. Its rolling farmlands go right down to the sea.

Our next B&B was in a small valley and hidden by giant trees – a former manor house, the Pousada Quinta do Ortiga. A pousada being an inn. We crossed a courtyard of marble cobbles to reach its impressive entrance and found our upstairs rooms to be spacious, each having a balcony looking down on what used to be a farmyard.

Exploring the grounds at dawn I came across a large swimming pool whose sheltering walls were richly decorated with azulejos. Many Portuguese believe, as did the Moors, that blue tiles ward off evil spirits. Many white-washed



A typical pretty cottage

cottages that we passed had their windows framed in blue.

We used the bus for a 40km detour to the 2 200-year-old extensive Roman settlement of Mirobriga that had an incredibly advanced and still largely intact thermal bathhouse with basement furnaces and central heating. Its hippodrome, for chariot racing, sat 25 000 spectators. The forum and even a shopping street were preserved.

The 70km route to Villa Nova de Milfontes was easy cycling. The small town had a village atmosphere and a jumble of ancient buildings at its centre. This is where the Rio Mira meets the sea and where Hannibal once sought shelter for his ships – Hannibal, the Carpathian general whose army crossed the Alps with elephants greatly surprising the Romans.

Here we spent two nights in a moated castle and I was given the room at the top of Turret Number One from where I could watch out for Moorish invaders. We spent a day cycling in a wide loop looking at the sort of windmills that turned on Don Quixote with rolling countryside on either side.

Next day an 80km ride took us to the “corner” of the Iberian peninsula where we had the choice of turning abruptly east or falling off the edge of Europe into the sea. This was the Algarve so beloved by sun-starved English tourists.

There were now more and impressive historical sites and

reminders that Portugal produced some of the most adventurous people on earth. Four centuries ago this corner of Iberia produced many brilliant navigators who explored and helped develop several parts of the world.

Their language is today the lingua franca of Brazil, Mozambique, Angola and parts of the Far East. Portugal retired from seafaring long ago to become Europe's quiet, bucolic uncle respected by all for having been there and done that.

The Algarve provided leisurely cycling on smooth, safe roads but with scope for stronger cyclists to choose their own more challenging deviations. Lots of amateur cyclists would welcome this but we were, after all, professionals who didn't need challenges and preferred grilled sardines.

We were now very near the epicentre of the catastrophic 1755 earthquake that destroyed most towns along the coast. Lisbon itself was laid to waste. It was, I imagine, the worst natural disaster to hit western Europe since Vesuvius buried Pompeii in AD 79, and so recent.

The earthquake, caused by the Africa plate pressing up against southern Europe, was on All Saints Day when the cathedrals and churches were full. They collapsed on top of their congregations.

This seventh expedition remains the most tranquil and leisurely of all our sorties into Europe.

Ek het 'n voëltjie hoor fluit.....

Janie van Heerden

...die Afrikaanse Naguiltjie

Die Afrikaanse Naguil (*Caprimulgus pectoralis*), of Fiery-necked Nightjar in Engels, is 'n spesie in die Caprimulgidae familie, wat in Afrika suid van die ewenaar voorkom. Dis 'n meduim-grootte voël met 'n lang vlerkspan, kort beentjies en 'n kort, wye snawel.

Die Afrikaanse en Latynse name van die voëltjie is baie misleidend. Eerstens is dit nie 'n Afrikaanse voël nie maar 'n Afrika-voël. Verder is dit nie 'n uil nie maar slegs 'n naglewende voël. Die Latynse naam *Caprimulgus* beteken "boksuiger" en is aan die onskuldige voëltjie gegee na aanleiding van 'n antieke legende dat die voël aan bokke se spene suig! Die legende het waarskynlik ontstaan omdat die voël grondlewend is en moontlik omdat die bokke onder die bome gerus het wat ook die habitat van die Naguile is.

Naguile drink nie bokmelk nie maar hul voedsel is hoofsaaklik motte en ander vlieënde insekte wat hulle meestal vroeggaand en vroegoggend vang.

Die Naguile is baie moeilik om te sien te kry en dan ook baie moeilik om uit te ken. Daar kom sewe naguile in Suid-Afrika voor en hulle lyk almal baie dieselfde. Net kenners kan 'n naguil op sig uitken, en dan kan hulle dit byna net doen op grond van die gedrag (soms net op die manier hoe hy op die grond of tak sit), of van naby, wat beteken dat jy hom letterlik moet vang en in die hand bekyk. Die Afrikaanse Naguil is die algemeenste naguil in ons streek en verkies bosveld en oop savanna. Hulle is goed aangepas om in enige woude, selfs uitheemse plantasies, te leef.

Dit is eerder met die roep van die Naguil, as met die waarneming van die oulike voëltjie waarmee dit uitgeken kan word. Die Afrikaanse Naguil se geluid is so eie aan Afrika-aande soos die Visarend se roep in die dag 'n tipiese Afrika-klank is. In Engels roep die Afrikaanse Naguil "Good Lord, deliver us" en in Afrikaans "Jaag weg die wewenaar". Dit word oor en oor geroep en nog meer op maanverligte aande. Sodra die voël begin broei hou hulle op roep. Die Europese Naguil is egter tjoepstil wanneer dit uit Europa hier kuier.

Naguile broei op die grond in 'n klein holte tussen droë blare. Hulle is volmaak gekamoefleer en sal nie maklik raakgesien word nie. Die mannetjie bebroei die eiers bedags en die wyfie snags en beide ouers maak die kleintjies groot. Hulle sal die gebreekte-vlerk-vertoning uitvoer om die aandag af te trek wanneer die kleintjies bedreig word.

Dit is so jammer mens kan nie die voëlgeluide op papier uitdruk nie want diegene wat nog nie die mooi roep van die Afrikaanse Naguil geïdentifiseer het nie (ook hier in Mooikloof) loop een van Afrika se mooiste naggeluide mis.



Afrikaanse Naguil



Naguiltjies sit graag in die pad waar hulle goggas vang. Dis dan ook baie makliker om hulle raak te sien.



Naguilnes op die grond tussen droë blare



Twee kleintjies mooi gekamoefleer tussen die blare



CARS OF THE FUTURE

New Year. New Me. New Year's Resolutions... but same old traffic. Or is it?

Perhaps 2017 is the year of the self-driving car. Big industries such as Google and Tesla certainly seem to think this technology will be available in the near future. But what exactly is the self-driving car and what is all the fuss about? Hopefully this article will help steer your thoughts about these cars in a new direction...

Scientists and engineers have actually been working on the idea of the self-driving (autonomous) car for a lot longer than one would have thought. In fact, the earliest studies on the concept of autonomous cars date back to the 1920s!

Recently, the big names such as Google and Tesla have started investing in this technology, raising hope for a safer, self-driving transport industry. The self-driving car is pretty much described by its name. It is nonetheless, a concept that is quite mindboggling to think about. I, for one, struggle to imagine climbing into a car in the

morning, spouting out my required destination and then sitting back while the car takes off on its own mission.

However, many industries are accepting this technology as the future. Autonomous cars and trucks will be used for public transport, trucking, deliveries and so much more. In fact, believe it or not, some beer companies in America have been using autonomous trucks since 2015.

And looking at the many advantages that autonomous transport brings, it is not difficult to understand why it is seen as the future of transport. Self-driving cars, once safely introduced to society, would drastically reduce traffic congestion, road accidents, pollution and the need for so much parking space.

They would allow commuters to do other tasks while in the car and would allow far more people to travel by car. There is a downside though and it's quite a major one. Self-driving cars would also take the jobs of millions of taxi-drivers, car-factory workers and truckers.

On that sombre note, let's take a look at when self-driving cars really are expected to take over our societies. Companies such as Uber and Mercedes-Benz are claiming that they will have fully-fledged fleets of self-driving cars taking to the road in America by 2021. However, in South Africa, it is not only the technological side of self-driving cars keeping us waiting, but also the massive amount of red tape that this industry brings. Therefore, although the development of autonomous cars is on the rise in 2017, it is still going to be a while before South Africans are sitting in self-driving cars. So, there's still a little time to debate the pros and cons while companies such as Google throw manpower behind this technology.

Ultimately, it seems as though 2017 will, in fact, not be the year of the self-driving car. It may not be the year of empty front seats and speedy commutes. It will however, no doubt, be the year of debate, the year of pros and cons, the year of striving for a brighter future and of chasing our dreams. I wish you all a great year!

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JUST PUTTING IT OUT THERE



To find a good business opportunity as a teen, like myself, is very difficult, because of various activities taking up time. Such as studies, sports etc, etc.

My dad complained about all the waste our family generated over the years that just ends up in a landfill.

We discussed and brainstormed several solutions to the problem. And we learned that it would cost you something. On a mission saving planet earth, my father was prepared to invest R1 000 a month into a proper, workable, sustainable recycling system for our household.

The heads of terms were agreed in November 2014, after doing research on a lot of recycling companies, our system started in January 2015. The deal was as follow: R1 000 a month will be invested in our recycling system. It was me and my younger brother's responsibility to make sure that the recyclables were separated

from the waste and then further divided into four sections (glass, metal, plastic and paper) and after that just putting it out there for collection. Any cost associated with this recycling system, for instance paying the collectors, or buying the plastic bags etc is deducted from the R1 000. Me and my brother are partners in this venture and we show a monthly profit of R375 each.

WHO IS BENEFITING?

My brother and I are benefiting financially and are learning responsibility (and my brother and I learned a little bit of business). Recycling companies benefit financially and is creating job opportunities. Planet earth benefits by living a longer life.

If you are a child/teen who is looking for a business opportunity or an adult who would like to invest a little money in making this world a better place, I definitely recommend this system. Its sustainable and affordable.

HOW TO GET STARTED:

- 1) Buy an extra bin for recyclables that you will put next to your other bin for waste.
- 2) Buy four extra bins to separate the recyclables into four sections: Glass, Paper, Metal and Plastic (preferably colour-coded).
- 3) We've been recycling with GreenGetters for two years now and are absolutely satisfied with their incredible service. They come into Mooikloof to collect our recyclables every second Tuesday from our driveway. All we have to do is separate and put it out there. And they only ask R160 per month. To procure the services of Green - Getters go to their website www.greengetters.co.za and wait for you to fill in is a quick service request.
- 4) You are now a planet investor.

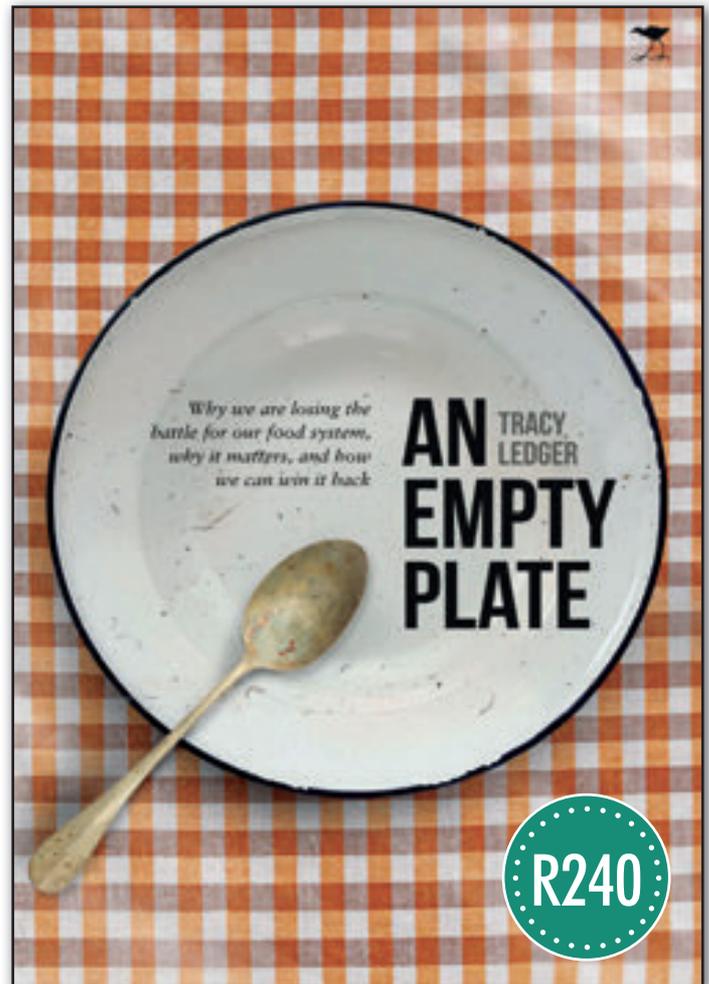
AN EMPTY PLATE

BY TRACY LEDGER

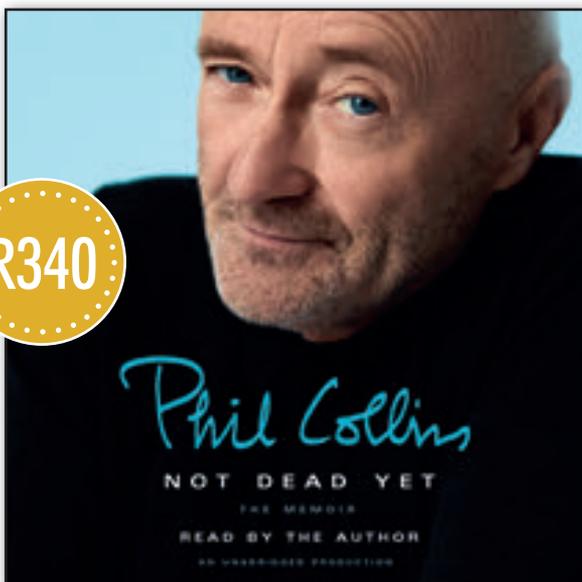
Why is it that food prices are so high that millions of South African families go hungry, while the prices paid to farmers for that same food are so low that many cannot stay in business? Why are the people that produce our food – farmworkers – among the most insecure of all? Why do high levels of rural poverty persist while corporate profits in the food sector keep rising? How did a country with a constitutional right to food become a place where one in four children is so malnourished that they are classified as stunted?

An Empty Plate analyses the state of the South African agri-food system. Ledger demonstrates how this system is perpetuating poverty, threatening land reform; entrenching inequality and tearing apart our social fabric. The book asks two crucial questions: how did we get to this point and how might we go about solving the problem.

This is a story of money, of power, of unanticipated consequences, and of personal and social tragedy. But it is also a story of what is possible if we reimagine our society and build a new system on the foundation of solidarity and ethical food citizenship.



NOT DEAD YET : THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY PHIL COLLINS



Phil Collins gained fame as both the drummer and lead singer for Genesis and continues to enjoy worldwide success today. He's one of only three recording artists who have sold over 100 million albums both as solo artists and separately as principal members of a band - the other two being Paul McCartney and Michael Jackson. Revered as a drummer, he's the only performer of distinction to have appeared at both the UK and US original Live Aid concerts, the creator of numerous worldwide hits, and is an Oscar winner for the song 'You'll Be in My Heart', from the Disney film Tarzan.

Phil Collins' life has also been rich with experience outside of music, starting with his career as a child actor, appearing aged 13 as the Artful Dodger in the stage production of *Oliver!* through *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*, *Miami Vice* and *The Band Played On*.

In his memoir Phil talks honestly about his three failed marriages, his alcoholism and his ill health but also describes the highs and lows of his career, and what it is like to work with other rock legends from Eric Clapton to Robert Plant.

ZUPTAS MUST FALL AND OTHER RANTS BY FRED KHUMALO



Who are these Guptas who are so powerful, they're distributing cabinet posts like matrons handing out condoms at a brothel? Who do Americans think they are, accusing Trevor Noah of 'stealing' a joke from one of their comedians? Is Sizakele MaKhumalo Zuma's spaza shop a National Key Point?

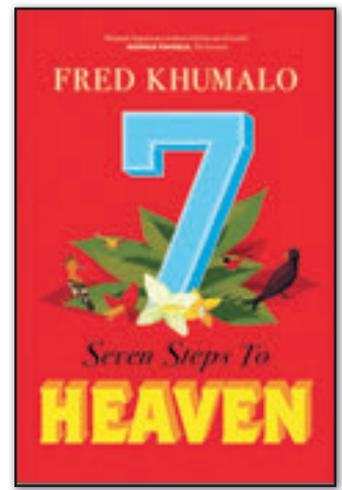
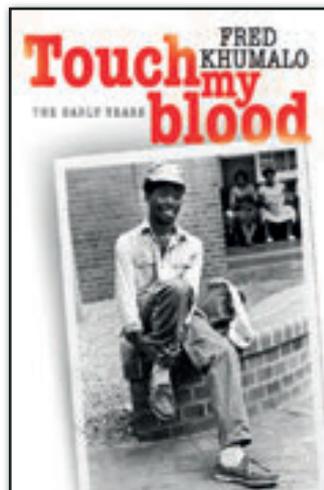
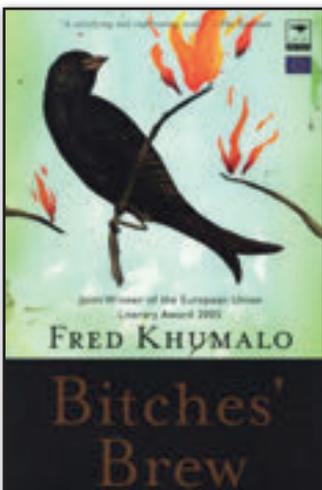
In *#ZuptasMustFall, and other rants*, Fred Khumalo runs riot, contemplating the pressing issues that continue to confound, infuriate and exasperate the nation – or to sink it into further controversy.

Covering a wide range of topics, including politics, history, current events and celebrity gossip, this compilation of recent and new writings contains Khumalo's trademark blend of humour and shrewd analysis, as well as his treatment of everyday issues from a uniquely South African perspective.

This is an entertaining collection of thoughts from one of the country's most seasoned journalists, offering many questions, and tongue-in-cheek answers, on who we are as a nation, where we are going, and how we compare to the rest of the world.



OTHER TITLES BY FRED KHUMALO



HOW DO YOU EAT A MANGO?

James Clarke



She speared its stalk end and stripped away the peel as one would skin a whale. Then she sliced bite-sized pieces off the mango and, hey Bisto, one could then eat it with decorum, or even with custard.

I was impressed. But when I asked her how to get the messy remains off the fork she had to take it to the kitchen and tried to shake it off as one would try to shake off a determined fox terrier that had you by the person.

The mango flew off the fork, hit the sink, rocketed up the side and then began to slime its way across the kitchen floor. An unseemly chase ensued but it quickly became a matter for Civil Defence.

There I was, shirtless, with my face buried in a large mango over the kitchen sink (it's the only way to eat a mango) when the telephone rang. It is a toss-up which occupation is most likely to attract a telephone call – when one is in the bathroom or when one is eating a mango.

I ignored it.

I knew that one careless move and I would be responsible for a skinned mango being on the loose.

We are persistently told by the Mango Growers' Association that there are refined ways to eat a mango and the other day on their website I read that one way was to stab the mango with a fork while in an upright position (ie: the mango should be in the upright position -- you are allowed to lay down if you like).

Then you cut around the mango's meridian line (longitudinally, and not around its equator) and twist the two halves apart.

Ignore the yellow slime that now covers your hands and down your front. Place the pip-less half on its back. Now cut into its flesh longitudinally down to the skin and

then across. Then you turn the skin inside out so that all the little cubes you have created stand out and can be taken off with a spoon.

What about the half that still has the stone in it? My advice: don't touch it.

If you try to cut away the pip you are likely to lose control. It is, as I have said so many times before, easier to grasp Einstein's Theory of Relativity than to grasp a mango pip.

I read some time ago that South Africa exports a third of its mango crop and that another third is sold locally. There was no mention of the third third for one very good reason. They escape.

People peel them and then carelessly allow them to slide from their grasp and off they go with a mind of their own, slithering and sliding and glazing whole landscapes in a yellow slime – hence our mango-coloured sunsets at this time of the year.

Years ago a reader invited me to watch her use a three-pronged fork designed for harpooning mangoes.

Years ago Tzaneen farmer and hotelier, the late Guy Matthews, who was then Chief Mangowurzle of the South African Mango Growers Association, threatened to take me before the Media Council over what he described as my "defamatory remarks" about mangoes.

He reminded me of the mango's history and how Alexander the Great "knew the mango and ate one in the Indus Valley in 327 BC".

This was just after Alexander had captured the Persian city of Media and put the entire council to the sword. So much for the Media Council.

But something really messy must have happened, otherwise why are they still talking about Alexander and his mango 23421 years later and 9456 kilometres away in Tzaneen? Answer me that.

For more James Clarke, visit
 Blogsite:
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