



Do not be mistaken. The mud walls we are building are not the real house but merely shelter from the sun and the rain. It is you I am building into a walking house destined for where our sun sets and rises to houses that, like you, are built from hard labour. It is here you will knock on the door of each house and be received. Together, through sweat and blood, you will master every conceivable challenge.

Diwaini (Wine) Lehora (Fence) Enita Mokwape-Sebidi