



Dancing for the king

By Zovoi

Dear Lisa,

my name is Zovoi, I am a Form 2 girl, who is 16 years old. I am writing this letter today, to tell you about our beautiful cultured young maidens who dance for the king.

I really love talking and listening to the stories of others. Often my stories are always interesting, because people I tell about always love my stories. I love people a lot, I always befriend people and I don't have a stable friend, everyone around me is my friend.

On the 19th of September, we went to the river to cut the reeds with some other girls, being accompanied by a few boys to help us in cutting the reeds. Then, on Friday we went to the *inkhundla* in big trucks, we were singing all the way. From the *inkhundla* to Mbangweni, where in the royal family we danced in front of the king, we took a bus.

On Saturday we were in our traditional clothes. On top of our body we wore a yard that has the king in it which is called *lihiya* and we tied it on the left shoulder. Then we also tied a yard that is called *Sidvwashi* and danced in front of the king and it was cold and freezing. Some of the girls were wearing small miniskirts.

When I grow up I would like to be a heart surgeon. I want to help people with health issues. I also want to donate some of my salaries to orphanages to help children like they are helping me. I hope you've liked my story and my culture. Before I forget, we go for a reed dance twice a year between September and August.