

**Option D:**

**Black Dog**

**Written by Barney Simon**

I remember when he came to our school. It was on June 16, 1976. We were all sitting in our classrooms waiting. We knew something was going to happen but we didn't know exactly what. And then we heard the voices of many children singing outside. The voices came nearer and nearer.

"Sizobadubula Ngombayimbayi!"

We all ran to the windows and teachers tried to chase us back to our desks, but we ignored them and shouted 'Bayesa! Bayesa! They're coming! Bayesa!' Soon the marchers were in our playground and in our classrooms. At their head was Madoda Dhlamini, Nj'emnyama. He swung the chain over his head and everybody had to duck. He shouted, Amandla! Awethu! He said: 'Fello students, we would like to apologise for being so late. Things have already started. The protest is soon. As you all know there's been a boycott of classes. Do you know why? Crowd? Yes! Because we want to have a say in what we learn ... Do you want to learn maths in Afrikaans? No! Do you want to learn history in Afrikaans? No! Do you want to learn science in Afrikaans? No! So this is what is happening today. The Soweto Students Council have organized a protest march to Orlando Stadium where we will meet. Please! Please! Try to be strong. There's been some trouble on our way. And in Orlando West some people have been killed. So when you see the police coming don't throw stones. Don't do anything. Just sing, and if they charge at us, we all sit down and shout peace. Do you understand? Crowd? Yes!' Soon we were in the streets.

Kubi Kubi yoo!

Siyaya!

When we passed Nancefield Station, we saw many people watching and shouting from trains and platforms. Hadibaje! – they shouted - Go for it!