TSITSI DANGAREMBGA

NERVOUS CONDITIONS

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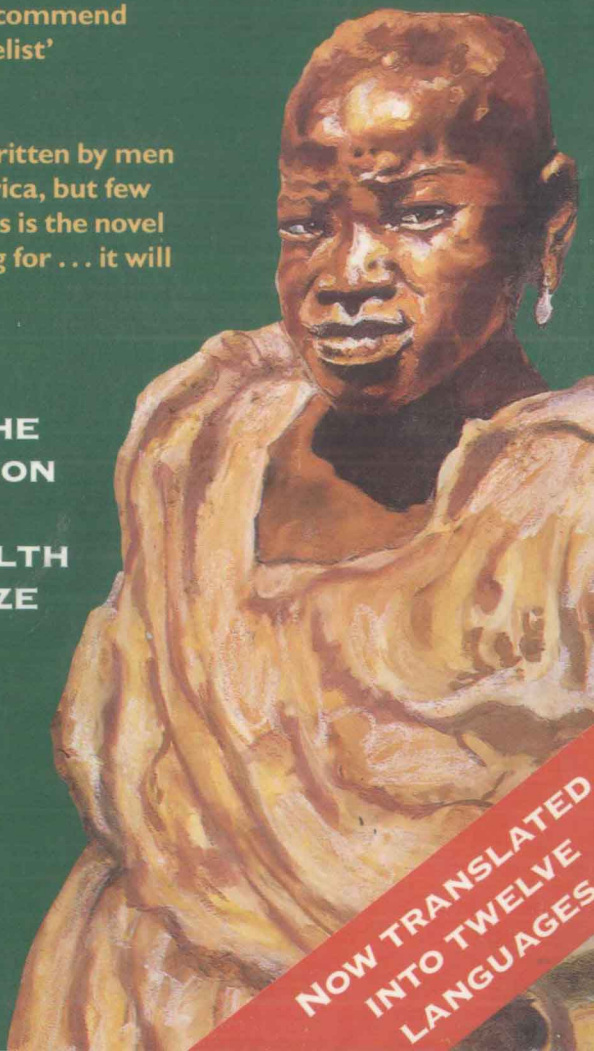

NOW TRANSLATED INTO TWELVE LANGUAGES

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA

NERVOUS CONDITIONS

The condition of native is a nervous condition.

From an introduction to Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth.*

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About the author:

Tsitsi Dangarembga was born and brought up in Zimbabwe. She has studied medicine and psychology, but is now a full-time writer. She has written a play, *She No Longer Weeps*. *Nervous Conditions* is her first novel and she is currently working on a second.

About *Nervous Conditions*:

'Tsitsi Dangarembga. Remember that name, because within a few short months it will be renowned throughout Zimbabwe, and ultimately, I think, throughout the literate world . . . *Nervous Conditions* will become a landmark not only in black Zimbabwean writing but in the emergence of a major Zimbabwean female novelist.' *Mahogany*

'As we journey with Tamba through life in her village and then at her mission school, we find ourselves engrossed in the story of her sacrifices . . . focusing on the relationship between Tamba and her cousin Nyasha, we see the strength that their friendship offers them, strength which gives each the power to stand up against the men who try to oppress them.'
New Directions for Women

'. . . a compelling and unpretentious account of the growth of a young girl's consciousness in Rhodesia in the early Sixties . . . Dangarembga provides a perceptive study not only of sexual oppression but also of the complexities of colonisation, culture and class . . . a powerful indictment of cultural imperialism and a moving insight into the complex and often contradictory choices faced by African women today.'
Journal of Southern African Studies

'. . . the first really feminist novel to come out of Southern Africa . . . a beautifully written novel, which touches at the heart of what are the central issues in families and in communities in Africa today.' *Echo Award's Newsletter*

'. . . Dangarembga has a withering eye for absurdity, as well as for the slightest nuances of domestic culture . . . Dangarembga achieves the shrewd innocence and sustained surprise of such fêted contemporary accounts of girlhood and adolescence as Maya Angelou's *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*, Tove Ditlevsen's *Early Spring* and Audre Lorde's wonderful *Zami: A New Spelling of my Name*.'

Southern African Review of Books

'Dangarembga skilfully exposes the terrible colonial force of assimilation, of the sucking energy of the colonising culture which threatens to remove the subjected people from their own lives, languages, families and selves . . . a very powerful novel indeed.' *African Times*

'An impressive and moving book with considerable insight and compassion. A fine piece of writing which eloquently reveals the cost in human terms of rapid change.' *Age*

'. . . impressive . . . Dangarembga represents with powerful immediacy the problematic heritage of the African woman.'

7 Days

'. . . an absorbing page-turner that will delight the reader . . . deeply moving.' *Bloomsbury Review*

'. . . a powerful book with a descriptive, atmospheric style which leaves a lasting impression of colonised Rhodesia.'

Artful Reporter

'. . . a frank, compelling novel.' *Booklist*

'. . . a very fine novel.' *Opij*

One

I was not sorry when my brother died. Nor am I apologising for my callousness, as you may define it, my lack of feeling. For it is not that at all. I feel many things these days, much more than I was able to feel in the days when I was young and my brother died, and there are reasons for this more than the mere consequence of age. Therefore I shall not apologise but begin by recalling the facts as I remember them that led up to my brother's death, the events that put me in a position to write this account. For though the event of my brother's passing and the events of my story cannot be separated, my story is not after all about death, but about my escape and Lucia's; about my mother's and Maiguru's entrapment; and about Nyasha's rebellion – Nyasha, far-minded and isolated, my uncle's daughter, whose rebellion may not in the end have been successful.

I was thirteen years old when my brother died. It happened in 1968. It was the end of term and we were expecting him home by the afternoon bus that passed through our village at three o'clock. My brother went to school at the mission where my uncle was headmaster and which was some twenty miles away from the village, to the west, in the direction of Umtali town. Sometimes, when my uncle was not too busy with reports and administration at the end of the school term, he was able to come away from his office at three o'clock in the afternoon, sacrificing the remaining hours in the day in order to bring Nhamo home. This was what Nhamo preferred. He did not like travelling by bus because, he said, it was too slow. Moreover, the women smelt of unhealthy reproductive odours, the children were inclined to relieve their upset bowels on the floor, and the men gave off strong aromas of productive labour. He did not like sharing the vehicle with various kinds of produce in suspicious stages of freshness, with frightened

hens, with the occasional rich-smelling goat. 'We should have a special bus,' he complained, 'like they have for students who live in Fort Victoria and in Salisbury,' quite forgetting that these were towns, autonomous urban centres, whereas our home was in the communal lands that surround Umtali, and that since my uncle's mission was considered to be in Umtali there was no need to hire a bus in order to ferry him and the other pupils who lived in our area home.

Even so, hiring a bus would not have made the end of term comfortable enough for my brother. The bus terminus – which is also the market, with pale dirty tuckshops, dark and dingy inside, which we call magrosa, and women under msasa trees selling hard-boiled eggs, vegetables, seasonal fruit, boiled chicken which is sometimes curried and sometimes not, and anything else that the villagers or travellers might like to buy – is at least two miles distance from our homestead. Had a bus been hired or not my brother would still have had to walk the two miles home. This walk was another aspect of his homeward journey that my brother wished not to have to endure.

I, not having had to make the journey regularly each end of term and each beginning of a new term, could not understand why my brother disliked walking so much, especially after being cramped in an airless bus for such a long time: the bus-journey to the mission took nearly an hour. Besides the relief of being able to stretch your legs after such a long journey, the walk home from the bus terminus was not a long walk when you had nowhere to hurry to. The road wound down by the fields where there were always some people with whom to pass ten minutes of the day – enquiring about their health and the health of their family, admiring the broad-leafed abundance of the maize crop when it was good, predicting how many bags the field would yield or wondering whether the plants had tasselled too early or too late. And although the stretch of road between the fields and the terminus was exposed to the sun and was, from September to April, except when it rained, harsh and scorching so that the glare from the sand scratched at your eyes, there was always shade by the fields where clumps of trees were deliberately left standing to shelter us when we ate our meals or rested between cultivating strips of the land.

From the fields the road grew shadier with shrubs and trees. Acacia, lantana, msasa and mopani, clustered about on either side.

If you had time you could run off the road into more wooded areas to look for matamba and matunduru. Sweet and sour. Delicious. From this woody section the road rolled down into a shallow ravine, a river valley thoughtfully appointed along its floor with smooth, flat-topped boulders which made exciting equipment for all sorts of our childhood games. Across and around the lowest of these boulders, the river flowed sparsely in a dry season, but deeply enough in places when the rains were heavy to cover a child's head and to engulf me to my nipples. We learnt to avoid these places when the river flowed violently, but in most seasons it flowed placidly enough to permit bathing along most of its length. As children we were not restricted. We could play where we pleased. But the women had their own spot for bathing and the men their own too. Where the women washed the river was shallow, seldom reaching above my knees, and the rocks were lower and flatter there than in other places, covering most of the riverbed. The women liked their spot because it was sensibly architectured for doing the laundry. But we were apprehensive about growing so big that we would have to wash there with the women and no longer be able to swim in the deeper, cooler, more interesting pools.

The river, the trees, the fruit and the fields. This was how it was in the beginning. This is how I remember it in my earliest memories, but it did not stay like that. While I was still quite young, to enable administration of our area, the Government built its District Council Houses less than a mile away from the places where we washed. Thus it became necessary for all the inhabitants of the dozen or so homesteads that made up our village to cross Nyamarira, as our river is called, whenever we went on business to the Council Houses. It was not long before the entrepreneurial among us, noticing that there were always more people gathered at the Council Houses than anywhere else in the village (except at church on Sundays and on other days in places where beer was being drunk), built their little tuckshops which sold the groceries we needed – bread, tea, sugar, jam, salt, cooking oil, matches, candles, paraffin and soap – there beside the Council Houses. I do not remember the exact sequence of this development, whether the place became a bus terminus before or after the tuckshops were built, but soon buses were stopping there too. Idle, the less industrious youth of the village began to loiter around the tuckshops, buying each other when they could afford to, which was

not often, Fanta and Coca-Cola and perfume that smelt of vanilla essence, cheap at a tickey a bottle. An enterprising owner of one of the tuckshops, taking advantage of this, introduced a gramophone into his shop so that the youth could entertain themselves with music and dancing. They played the new rumba that, as popular music will, pointed unsystematic fingers at the conditions of the times: 'I'll beat you up if you keep asking for your money,' 'Father, I am jobless, give me money for roora,' 'My love, why have you taken a second wife?' There was swaying of hips, stamping of feet to the pulse of these social facts. There was solidarity. The authorities became alarmed. Seeing how enterprising our community had been, they rewarded us for our efforts by building us a beer-hall, painted dark blue like the Council Houses, where 'native beer' and 'clear beer' were sold cheaply every day of the week. Thus our washing places became thoroughfares for people going to magrosa for all sorts of reasons. In the interests of decency bathing was relegated to further up the river. Nevertheless, when I was feeling brave, which was before my breasts grew too large, I would listen from the top of the ravine and, when I was sure I had felt no one coming, run down to the river, slip off my frock, which was usually all that I was wearing, and swim blissfully for as long as I dared in the old deep places.

This was the walk that my brother detested! Truly, I could continue endlessly describing the possibilities that were in that walk, so I could not understand why he was so resentful of it. Yet resentful he was, and most of the time he managed to avoid it by staying at the mission after the end of term on one pretext or another until my uncle, who is my father's brother and the eldest child in their family, decided that he would pay us a visit. My uncle visited us often.

It had been my uncle's idea that Nhamo should go to school at the mission. Nhamo, if given the chance, my uncle said, would distinguish himself academically, at least sufficiently to enter a decent profession. With the money earned in this way, my uncle said, Nhamo would lift our branch of the family out of the squalor in which we were living. Thus my uncle's gesture was oceanic, and my father, who liked hyperbole, did not need much persuading to see the sense of this plan. After only the mildest of polite hesitations, during which he reminded my uncle that Nhamo's departure would result in more work on the homestead for the rest

of us, he agreed to let my brother go. This happened when my brother was in Standard Three, which was in 1965, the year of my uncle's return from England. By that time, the end of 1965, my brother had already begun to distinguish himself by coming top of the class in his first two years of primary school and staying in the top five thereafter. It was this tendency that my uncle, who had been excited by it, wished to develop. 'If I had your brains,' my father used to say to Nhamo by way of encouragement during my brother's early school years, his formative years, 'I would have been a teacher by now. Or maybe even a doctor. Ya! Maybe even a doctor. Do you think we would be living the way we are? No! In a brick house with running water, hot and cold, and lights, just like Mukoma. It would have been good, if only I had the brains.' Nhamo, who believed in filial obedience, used to agree with my father that indeed it would have been good and to reassure my father that the intelligence he had been blessed with would not be abused. I was different. I wanted to find out the truth. Did my father mean that Babamukuru was sharp at his lessons? I asked one day, overhearing one of these conversations.

'Not exactly that,' my father replied. 'I wouldn't say Mukoma was sharp. No. Not exactly sharp. But he used to read. Ha! Mukoma used to read. Whatever he touched he pushed, that's the way he was. I-i-h! Mukoma used to read,' he concluded, opening his mouth in a wide grimace, wrinkling his forehead in awe-filled tribute to my uncle's perseverance. And then, realising the trap he had set for himself and fallen into, he was obliged to excuse himself. 'But Mukoma was lucky. He got the chance. He went to the mission at an early age. The missionaries looked after him so well, you know, that the books, ha-a-a, the books came naturally.'

Whether Babamukuru was sharp or industrious or merely lucky, Nhamo was usually able to cajole his uncle into driving him home. How Nhamo managed this is a mystery to me, because Babamukuru has never been the sort of person who is easily cajoled. Nevertheless, Nhamo could usually manage. But this time, this particular end of term that I am talking about in November 1968, when Nhamo had just completed his Standard Six and therefore finished early, Babamukuru was attending a meeting in town. Nhamo was obliged to take the bus. Actually I think Babamukuru had decided that it would be good for Nhamo to take the bus for a change. I think my uncle had begun to worry about

the way in which my brother was developing. Certainly, all of us at home who were old enough to worry, all of us except my father that is, had begun to worry about Nhamo's development.

Very soon after going to the mission my brother stopped coming home to stay during the short vacations. Although he did visit occasionally with my uncle, he came back home to stay only once a year when the school year ended and the maize year began. During the April and August holidays Nhamo refused to come home, saying it was necessary to read his books ceaselessly in order to pass his examinations at the end of each year. This was a good argument. It enabled him to avoid the uncomfortable tasks of pulling down and stacking the maize and stripping the cobs of their leaves. We used to itch viciously at the end of each day during the maize harvest and run straight to the river from the fields to wash the itching away. It was not surprising that Nhamo did not like the harvest. None of us found it a pleasant task. It was just one of those things that had to be done. September and October were different. At this time the land was prepared for the new crop. In the beginning people used to dig the land with hoes, which was hard work but not uncomfortable and therefore not unenjoyable. Then, just before Babamukuru went to England in 1960, he bought my father an ox-plough, so that by the time I was old enough to help in the fields the work was reduced to planting the maize in the years that my father or any visiting male relative who was strong enough found time to use the ox-plough. In the years that they did not find the time, it was digging and planting as usual. After the planting, after the crop had germinated, all through the rainy season until the plants were tall and sturdy, we weeded, using our hands and our hoes. Sometimes it was not only maize but mhunga and rukweza as well. The beginning of the crop year was a busy time. My uncle insisted that Nhamo be home for it on the grounds that there were no examinations pending to justify his staying at the mission. Thus Nhamo was forced once a year to return to his squalid homestead, where he washed in cold water in an enamel basin or a flowing river, not in a bathtub with taps gushing hot water and cold; where he ate sadza regularly with his fingers and meat hardly at all, never with a knife and fork; where there was no light beyond the flickering yellow of candles and home-made paraffin lamps to enable him to escape into his books when the rest of us had gone to bed.

All this poverty began to offend him, or at the very least to embarrass him after he went to the mission, in a way that it had not done before. Before he went to the mission, we had been able to agree that although our squalor was brutal, it was uncompromisingly ours; that the burden of dispelling it was, as a result, ours too. But then something that he saw at the mission turned his mind to thinking that our homestead no longer had any claim upon him, so that when he did come home for his vacations, it was as if he had not: he was not very sociable. Helping in the fields or with the livestock or the firewood, any of the tasks he used to do willingly before he went to the mission, became a bad joke. When the rains came early at the end of his first year at the mission, he pointed out that most of the work had already been done and we had coped very well; when the rains came late, as they did at the end of his second year there, he reminded us that we had managed without him in the previous year. The only times that he would expend any energy to help around the homestead were the times when Babamukuru sent word that he was coming to visit. On such days Nhamo would rise at dawn with the rest of us, working so hard that the dirt ingrained itself into the skin of his hands and the sweat ran down his bare back, leaving him smelling and looking for all the world like an archetypal labourer. His strategy was perfect. He never returned to the homestead, no matter how tedious and heavy the tasks at hand, until Babamukuru, having arrived home and found it deserted, drove down to the fields.

Sometimes Babamukuru wore shorts when he came to visit. If we were all at the fields on such an occasion he would take a hoe and join us for a while in our labours before driving back to the homestead with my father and Nhamo to listen to my father's progress report concerning how far behind we were with the sowing, the cultivating or the harvest; how the neighbours' cattle were plundering our fields; how Babamukuru should provide a barbed-wire fence to keep out the baboons as well as the cattle. When Babamukuru was not wearing shorts they would return to the homestead immediately. My mother, lips pressed tight, would hitch little Rambanai more securely on her back and continue silently at her labours. The ferocious swings of her arms as she grabbed and stripped a maize stalk restrained Netsai and me from making the slightest murmur of rebellion. We imagined those ferocious movements of our mother's arm sending a switch

whistling down on our legs and this thought made us very diligent. Netsai turned on what I thought was an excessive amount of steam when mother grew silently ferocious. She would have outstripped me by an indecent number of yards, an embarrassingly high quota of cobs, if I hadn't been ashamed to lose face by letting my younger sister out-work me. We would follow in the tracks of my uncle's car when the sun began to set, herding the cattle back to their kraal as we went since there was no other young man in our family besides Nhamo to attend to this chore. We would travel as briskly as we could so that we would not be late in preparing the evening meal. Personally, I did not like to see Babamukuru in shorts, because in his mission clothes he was a dignified figure and that was how I liked to imagine him.

On the days that Babamukuru came to visit we killed a cock. Or rather, we killed a cock if there was one to spare, otherwise just a hen. We also killed a fowl on the occasions that Nhamo came home, whether he came with Babamukuru or whether he came alone. Netsai and I would corner the bird and catch it, eventually, after much frustrated grasping of air and feathers, encouraged in the chase by squeals of delight from little Rambanai, who often ended up crying when the bird flew away from us into her face.

On this particular November afternoon that we were expecting Nhamo home, my mother decided to water her vegetables – rape, covo, tomatoes, *derere* and onions – which she grew on a plot that had been my grandmother's, quite close to the homestead although still a quarter of an hour's walk away. We walked from the fields together, my mother and I, with the cattle, until we reached the vegetable garden, where we parted, she to her watering, I to the homestead, the cattle-whip in my hand but unused because the animals were as eager to be home as I was. Our shadows had already elongated thinly eastwards as the sun sank behind the hills. It was well past six o'clock. Being this late I was sure I would find Nhamo at home when I arrived, but when I walked up from the cattle kraal I saw only Rambanai and Netsai playing in the sandy yard around the kitchen. They were playing nhodo, which is to say that Netsai was playing and Rambanai, when it was her turn, was simply throwing the stone into the air and protesting loudly when Netsai resumed her turn. Rambanai was too young to throw a stone up into the air and pick up several other stones and then

catch the first stone as it fell. Netsai knew this very well but enjoyed beating Rambanai at nhodo all the same.

As soon as Rambanai saw me she came running, complaining vehemently about Netsai's unfairness in her unintelligible language, so that it was only the look on her face that told me what she was saying.

'Hush, now,' I soothed, picking her up and settling her on my hip. 'I'll play *nhodo* with you. We'll have a good game. Did Nhamo send you for his luggage?' I asked Netsai.

'No, Sisi Tambu,' she answered. '*Mukoma* Nhamo has not yet come.'

'He hasn't yet come?' I was not worried because the three o'clock bus was often a four o'clock or even a five o'clock bus. I was relieved too. I would not have to kill the cock. 'Then maybe tomorrow, when Babamukuru will be able to give him a lift.'

Knowing Nhamo as I did, I knew he would not arrive home that late in the day on foot, for that would entail carrying his own luggage. Not that there was much of it, since he left his trunk at Babamukuru's. He usually carried no more than a small bag containing his books plus one or two pairs of old khaki shorts, which were the only clothes he had that he was not afraid to spoil by wearing at home. Sometimes he carried a plastic bag as well, containing odds and ends like sugar and tea, and soap, toothbrush and toothpaste. The sugar and tea were more often than not a gift from my aunt to my mother although Nhamo kept them for himself. He would drink sweet black tea while he read his books and we went about our chores. This used to amuse my mother. When she caught him at it she would scold him off to herd the cattle, but when she related the incident she would laugh. 'That boy and his books! He'll make a fine teacher one of these days with all that reading!'

At any rate, Nhamo's luggage was never too cumbersome for him to carry. All the same, he would not carry it all himself. Instead, he would leave something, a few books, a plastic bag, anything as long as there was something, at the shops at the bus terminus, for he was on friendly terms with everybody, so that he could send Netsai to fetch them as soon as he arrived home. When he was feeling gracious he would offer to mind Rambanai, who was still toddling, while Netsai ran the errand. When he was being himself he would smirk that minding children was not a man's duty

and Netsai, who was young although big for her age, would strap the baby to her back in order to fetch the luggage. Once or twice, because there was too much for her to manage on her own, I went with her. Knowing that he did not need help, that he only wanted to demonstrate to us and himself that he had the power, the authority to make us do things for him, I hated fetching my brother's luggage. Because I was almost as big as he was and when I was angry could push a log from the fire into his face, he did not bully me too much, but Netsai compensated for whatever I got away with. Nhamo enjoyed taking a stick to her at the slightest excuse. To keep the peace I would accompany Netsai when she needed help, all the way to the shops muttering and fuming to both of us about our brother's laziness. You may wonder why I did not stand up for my sister, tell my brother to carry his own luggage. I did on the first occasion that he made Netsai run the errand. He agreed to go himself, then, when I had gone back into the kitchen, took Netsai out of earshot and gave her a sound whipping about the legs with a slender peach branch. Poor Netsai! She told me she ran all the way to the shops. And then she asked me why I had not let her go in the first place! At first I thought it was the beating that was making her ask such a silly question, but later I realised that she really did not mind carrying Nhamo's luggage if there wasn't too much of it. She was a sweet child, the type that will make a sweet, sad wife. As for Nhamo, he was very capable of convincing himself that Netsai would not carry the luggage if there was too much for her. So I did not mind helping her when necessary.

This was not all that was unpleasant about our brother. That Nhamo of ours had hundreds of unreasonable ideas. Even after all these years I still think that our home was healthier when he was away. I certainly thought so at the time. I remember feeling quite relieved on that November afternoon. Since I no longer had to kill a cock and prepare it, only the *sadza* and vegetables needed attention. This was no task at all, giving me the option of going back to the garden to help my mother. The thought of my mother working so hard, so alone, always distressed me, but in the end I decided to prepare the evening meal so that she would be able to rest when she returned. For I knew that if there was still work to be done when she finished her watering, she would tire herself further to do it.

'What is wrong, Sisi Tambu?' asked Netsai, bringing me out of

my thoughts. Shifting Rambanai on to my left hip I found that my right knee had locked.

'Wrong, Si' Tam'?' queried Rambanai.

So typical of Netsai to ask a question I could not answer. I could not cold-bloodedly inform my sisters that I had been thinking of how much I disliked our brother. I felt guilty about it. As he was our brother, he ought to be liked, which made disliking him all the more difficult. That I still managed to do so meant I must dislike him very much indeed!

'It will be good,' I observed in an attempt to convince myself, 'when *Mukoma* Nhamo comes home.'

'Why?' Netsai was puzzled. 'What will he do?'

'What do?' echoed Rambanai, allowing me to laugh at her and so avoid answering. Putting her down I went to the dara to fill the enamel basin with water and to take the pots and plates I would need for my cooking. The dara was depressing. Termites had determinedly chewed their way right through one leg, so it stood tilted at an insolent angle, constantly letting things fall off it. As if that wasn't enough, several of the bark thongs that tied the cross-planks together had rotted. The planks had shifted, leaving large gaps between them, so that when things did not fall off the *dara* they fell through it.

It must be fixed; I must fix it, I thought as I had thought a dozen times before, promising myself that I would make the time. I bent down to pull the ten-gallon drum that we used for storing water from under the *dara*, fervently hoping that there was enough water in it for the night.

Netsai was watching me. 'It's full,' she smiled. 'We used the tins. We only had to go three times to the river.'

'Go river,' agreed Rambanai.

'You are a good worker,' I told my sister, touched by her concern. Her pretty little face lit up from the inside. We smiled at each other and Rambanai chortled.

The *covo* was crisp and large-leafed, not requiring much washing. The pots were all clean, further evidence of Netsai's considerate nature. I enjoyed preparing the food when the messier aspects had been taken care of. I hummed as I shredded the covo into the pot, was pleased when the chickens came to peck up the stray pieces, cleaning up the place without the threat of being caught and prepared themselves! How I hated the whole process of

enlisting Netsai's help to head off the bird's escape, growing irritable as I lunged for its wings and clutched empty air until finally I caught it, protesting and cackling in its strident voice until, sensing the inevitable, it was quiet. Nor could I bear the smell of blood that threatened to suffocate when boiling water was poured over the headless bird to loosen its feathers. Next time, I thought naïvely, Nhamo will catch it himself. If he wants to eat chicken, he will catch it and kill it. I will pluck it and cook it. This seemed a fair division of labour.

I thought naïvely. Netsai's beating because of the luggage should have made it clear to me that Nhamo was not interested in being fair. Maybe to other people, but certainly not to his sisters, his younger sisters for that matter. Perhaps I am being unfair to him, laying all this blame on him posthumously, when he cannot defend himself and when I have seen enough to know that blame does not come in neatly packaged parcels. Perhaps I am making it seem as though Nhamo simply decided to be obnoxious and turned out to be good at it, when in reality that was not the case; when in reality he was doing no more than behave, perhaps extremely, in the expected manner. The needs and sensibilities of the women in my family were not considered a priority, or even legitimate. That was why I was in Standard Three in the year that Nhamo died, instead of in Standard Five, as I should have been by that age. In those days I felt the injustice of my situation every time I thought about it, which I could not help but do often since children are always talking about their age. Thinking about it, feeling the injustice of it, this is how I came to dislike my brother, and not only my brother· my father, my mother – in fact everybody.