

A HIDDEN SIDE OF
AFRICA

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DAUDI
NUNGWANA

as narrated by Biko

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I have tried to recreate events in detail, locales and conversations from my dialogue with the man who was a sorcerer. In order to maintain their anonymity in some instances I have changed the names of individuals and places, I may have changed some identifying characteristics and details such as physical properties, occupations and places of residence. Some names and identifying details have been changed to protect the privacy of individuals.

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to all of you who are in search of the truth that will make you free. Keep searching and you shall find.

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Thank you, Mrs. Virginia Tanner.

God bless you all.

Biko is the pseudonym of a young man who wishes to remain anonymous for security reasons.



Chapter One

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

TEST BY FIRE

“ *My hands trembled as I stood a few feet from the fire, which was now getting stronger. The book seemed different in my hands.* ”

When it came to experiments with the spiritual world, I knew my limits, but today was not a day for limits. I wanted to try something new and learn the deep, unsearched secrets that strongly opposed my powers. In my mind, I believed there was no power greater than mine. Nonetheless, I had this strange feeling that I was not going to have an ordinary night.

On this particular day, my life was going to be tested to its limit. Holding a pile of books in my hands, I shivered as the wind blew upon my face. I could not hear a sound except my footsteps as they crushed the dry leaves on the ground. My collection of the religious books which I had, including the Bible, was about to come to an abrupt end. I was going to burn them all.

I stopped at a nearby mango tree and dropped the books to the ground. My actions felt prescribed as if I was acting out a script in a play, an extraordinary one. But I was barely dressed for any play. In fact, I was not dressed at all. There was no sign of life anywhere close by. It was way past midnight, explaining the silence. Through the chilly night, the branches fought against the wind as I crouched to start a fire.

The mere thought of burning these books scared and excited me at the same time. It was a familiar feeling that first occurred to me when I was a child during my initiation. I do not recall the actual details, but I remember the feeling and being alone was something I was accustomed to since childhood. I practiced witchcraft and sorcery, and my main goal

was to serve myself using the weaknesses of others.

In one way or another, this was the moment of revelation. Everything I learned from my grandfather was going to be unleashed today.

My grandfather had a weird sense of humor. Playing with fire was a way he showed me his power. And on one particular day he performed a trick on my mother.

It was a sunny day, when my mother was preparing lunch for us. Raising my head and closing my eyes, I inhaled the sweet smell of my mother's cooked stew. My taste buds were becoming restless as the pressure grew inside my stomach. I was hungry. My grandfather got up from his chair, looked at me, took a long breath and asked me to get up. Going for a walk was the last thing I wanted to hear. While we were away, he was able to put off the fire, which made it difficult for my mother to cook.

However, tonight's fire was different. After a few minutes of waiting, the fire suddenly came to life. A sharp smell suddenly assaulted my nostrils. The scent was strong enough to wake anyone who was asleep. I was already familiar with the smell from the initiation day.

The golden yellow flames brought along the feeling of fear. I felt completely exposed, and deep in my heart I knew I was alone. The burden to know the truth lay on me like the books I brought with me. The flames clearly exposed the books that now lay bare on the ground. The book that stood out from the rest was the black covered one, the Bible.

Here I was, standing in front of the fire, waiting

to burn the books. My eyes were now accustomed to the darkness. I could almost see the bushes, and the hills at a distant. I took hold of one of the other books, my fingers closing tightly around the smooth texture of paper. One by one, I threw the books into the roaring flames. In an instant, the books turned into ashes as I shielded my face from the growing heat.

Only two books remained; a hymn book and the Bible. The thought of burning these books was exhilarating. I don't know if the goosebumps I felt were from the chilly night or from what I was about to do. I simply ignored them and took the hymn book in my hands. I first looked at it and wondered about the powers that could be behind this book. Without hesitation, I threw it into the fire. My eyes watched with curiosity to see what would happen. Just like the other books, it burned right away.

It seemed like I was taking forever just to pick up the Bible. The people, who read this book, were my enemies. The only reason I was doing this was to try and understand why I couldn't attack them like the rest.

My hands trembled as I stood a few feet from the fire, which was now getting stronger. The book felt different in my hands. I could not quite comprehend this. It seemed like it wanted to tell me something; maybe a warning or just a message. Nonetheless, I was eager to finish what I started. I threw the Bible into the flames, and what felt like a rock inside me suddenly vanished. I felt lighter. As it hit the base of the fire, I was sure that it was going to burn just like

the rest. To my surprise, the Bible did not burn.

Words cannot fully describe the dramatic event that followed almost immediately. For the first time in my life as a sorcerer, I panicked. I was tempted to run away, but I knew I had to see the end of this. The Bible, as if having a life of its own, emitted an unusual liquid, similar to wax, that put out the fire instantly. The fire that burned all the other books was extinguished like it never existed. There was a sudden darkness that swirled around that place. I felt alone. The warmth that I was now accustomed to, suddenly disappeared. There was a dark blackness that felt almost like no light could ever penetrate. I was now so desperate to get the fire back that I forgot to blink.

When I lit the fire again, I had already taken the Bible in my hands. I began to inspect it and there was no sign of burns or smell of smoke. With a skeptical look, and a few minutes of turning it in my hands over and over, I noticed that not even a single page caught fire. Fear suddenly engulfed me. Obviously, this was far from what I expected. I had never known a power stronger than mine, except this one. If it wasn't for my pride, I would have stopped and went home, but I didn't. The fire was up again, waiting to destroy just about anything. This time I wanted to know the mystery behind this book. With a small grin on my face I began to place the Bible at the base of the fire so that I could study the results once again.

I froze for a moment when I touched the dry branches that lay beside the tree. I suddenly remem-

bered my past, those moments when I would run errands for my mother. Just thinking about that was enough to make me sad. My parents passed on when I was still very young. I wasn't going to let that ruin my night. In one way or another, this was the moment of revelation. Everything I learned from my grandfather was going to be unleashed today.

As I got closer, the Bible released the same liquid substance. The flames retreated as if they saw a mortal enemy. I kept moving closer to see exactly what was going on. Suddenly, I was thrown back a couple of yards and fell to the ground. The Bible was still intact and the fire was out once again.

The Bible was the only book that survived my fire. Suppressing the urge to admit the truth, I slowly got up and left. Nobody had told me about the power, mystery, or the secret of the Bible. I guess I learned firsthand about this power. As a sorcerer, I literally saw the power of this book right in front of my eyes, but this is not how my story begins. In the entire ordeal, I had no idea that I was serving the Devil. I had no idea that what I faced tonight was nothing compared to the mysterious wall of fire that I would encounter later on. Despite the setback, I was eager to know the truth behind this power that opposed me continually.