



My parents got divorced and as a child I was moved from place to place



Pfungwe and Sowa, Kuwadzana - in Harare - high school in Zengeza then at Vimbai - all very complicated. All through the changes I just focused on my schooling.

If I could only get my education, I would be okay.



In 1999, my father divorced a second time and we came to live together in Porta Farm. It was a place for people who had difficulties. I was concerned at my new circumstances but resolved to press on with my studies.



However, my father refused to pay the school fees. He wanted to keep the money for himself so he could re-marry.



If I could not go to school, I would never be able to leave Porta Farm -

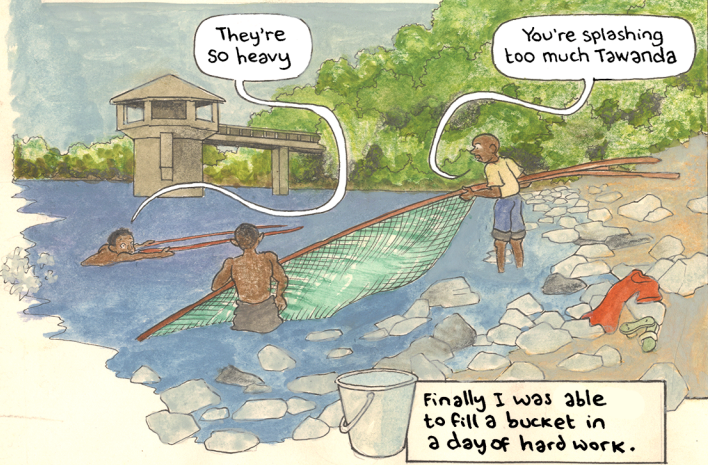
- I saw it very clearly, in that moment -

So I drank rat poison...

...and in the end, my father's savings were swallowed up in my hospital fees.



I didn't like Porta Farm but like everybody else, I had to adjust. I began to fish in the dam nearby, using mukore sticks. It's a difficult job and required a lot of practice.



They're so heavy

You're splashing too much Tawanda

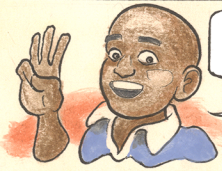
Finally I was able to fill a bucket in a day of hard work.

My father married for a third time and in 2000, I moved out alone. I supported myself by selling fish in Harare.



That was how I met my wife

She was an orphan, living with her grandmother. I loved her straight away. We married in 2002 and had our daughter in 2003. She moved in to my little shack with me...



... And then I was fishing for three!

