



**Soweto** sb område hvor  
sore bor  
**Zulu** sb stamme i Syd-  
afrika

1 **YOUR GUYS' FEELINGS**, see, like we got separate washrooms cause  
you like to spit, and if we said, 'Eww yuch, don't spit', it would hurt  
5 your feelings and we got separate movies, cause you like to talk back to  
movie stars and say 'amen' and 'that's the way' and stuff and that drives  
us crazy so we might tell you to shut up and then you might cry and  
we got separate bus stops cause you don't like deodorant cause you say  
it smells worse than people and we might tell you you stink and the  
10 only thing I don't get is how come you get paid less for the same job  
my Mummy says it's because you people don't like money anyway, you  
don't like TVs and stereos and all that stuff cause what you really like  
to do is sing and dance. And you don't need money to sing and dance  
I just ... I don't understand why you weren't happy with us, Mummy  
let you eat as much sugar as you wanted, and we never said anything  
to you, some days, Mummy says it was up to a quarter-pound, but we  
15 know blacks like sugar so we didn't mind, and we even let you take a  
silver spoon, I heard Mummy say to her friends, 'there goes another  
silver spoon to Soweto' but she never called the police ... and you had  
your own little room back there, and we even let your husband come  
once in a while, and that's against the law, Mummy and Daddy could  
have gone to jail for that, so how come you weren't grateful? How come  
20 you stopped singing those Zulu songs in the morning, those pretty  
songs like the one that was about love and kissing, you stopped singing,  
and you stopped shampooing my hair, you said I could do it myself,  
and and your eyes, your eyes used to look at me when I was little they  
would look at me like they were tickling me just tickling me all the time,  
25 like I was special, but they went out, they went out like a light does and  
you stopped making my cakes every Tuesday, every Tuesday morning  
I would ask you to make me a pink cake and you would always say,  
'you ask your mummy' and then you'd make it, but you stopped mak-  
ing them, you told me I was too old for pink cakes, that the pink wasn't  
30 real, it was just food colour anyway and then, and then, you hardly  
ever came anymore, and when I saw you that day ... when I saw you  
downtown with your husband and four children all ... hanging off your  
arms, I just couldn't stand it! I wanted to yell at your children and tell  
them you were mine that you were more mine than theirs because you  
were with me more much more so you were mine and to let go of you  
to get off you and I hated the way you looked without your uniform, so  
brown and plain, not neat and nice anymore, you looked so pretty in  
your uniform, so pretty, but we didn't even mind when you didn't want  
to wear it.

We didn't mind, but you were still unhappy, and when I saw you in  
town looking so dusty and you didn't even introduce me to your kids  
and one of them, one of them did that rude thing that 'Amandilia' thing  
that means black power I saw you slap his hand but you didn't say  
anything, so you must have hated me too, I saw that you hated me too  
and I'd been so nice to you, I told you my nightmares and you changed

**wet** zb gøre våd; her:  
tisse i sengen

1 my bed when I wet it and now you didn't even like me and it wasn't my  
fault it wasn't my fault it just when I asked you why that day, you were  
cleaning the stove and I said Nellie why ... don't you like me anymore,  
and you said, 'you're not a child anymore, Lucy, you're a white person  
5 now' and it wasn't my fault I couldn't help it I couldn't help yelling  
SLAVE, SLAVE, DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD, SLAVE OR I SLAP  
YOUR BLACK FACE, I SLAP YOUR BLACK FACE AND I KICK YOUR  
BLACK BELLY I KICK YOUR BLACK BELLY AND KICK IT TILL IT  
CAVES RIGHT IN AND IT CAN'T HOLD MORE BABIES EVER  
10 AGAIN. NO MORE UGLY BLACK BABIES THAT YOU'LL ... that  
you'll like more than me. Even though I'm ten years old I made you die.  
I made you go in that march and I made you die. I know that forever. I  
said I was sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but you never  
looked at me again. You hated me. But I love you, Nellie, more than  
15 Mummy or Daddy and I want you to come back, and sing those songs,  
and roll mealie pap and be washing the floor in your nice uniform so I  
can come in and ask you to make a pink cake and your eyes will tickle  
me. And you will say 'yes'.  
'Yes, I'll make a pink cake ...'

**Comprehension**

1. In this monologue, 10-year-old Lucy speaks her mind in a stream of consciousness to her dead nanny, Nellie. In pairs, take turns reading aloud in the following way: Person A reads aloud while person B listens for a change of themes, says *stop* and takes over the reading. Person B then goes on until he/she is stopped by person A and so on. Sum up in class: What themes crop up in Lucy's mind?
2. How and why does Lucy explain the logic of the apartheid system to Nellie?
3. How does Lucy react when she meets Nellie and her children? Can you explain this strong reaction?
4. *you're not a child anymore, Lucy, you're a white person now*, Nellie says. How does this finally bring the relationship between Lucy and her nanny to an end?

**Analysis and interpretation**

1. Explore Lucy's feelings. Where does Lucy become strongly emotional – and how can we see that?
2. Explore the title: PINK!
3. Discuss: Is Lucy ...
  - a. a selfish, spoiled brat
  - b. an innocent victim of the apartheid system
  - c. a discriminating racist
  - d. a lonely child in the throngs of growing up?

**stream of conscious-**  
**ness** sb bevidstheds-  
strøm  
**brat** sb unge  
**throngs** sb plur trængs-  
ler