

STREET LIFE

A Memoir of Pain, Patience, and Purpose

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Established February 2025

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About This Book

Street Life takes you on a trip to explore the hidden parts of suffering, endurance, and meaning. This is a personal contemplation on surviving tough times, dealing with heartbreak, the strength of our hopes, and the comfort that comes from belief and liberty. It offers a unique perspective on the human condition, drawing from a wide range of experiences and insights.

What Inspired the Author

Senzo Chabalala wrote this book, drawing from his own life's challenges and the untold tales of everyday individuals who endure remarkable hardships. His goal is to speak for those who can't speak for themselves and to remind people that their wounds are just chapters in their life's story, not the final chapter.

Chapter 1: The Beginning

I came into the world on a chilly winter day at Elim Hospital, a place where the sounds of newborns and the resilience of mothers have been a common sight. Elim, situated near Louis Trichardt, is not just a hospital but also a significant historical site where many children in Limpopo start their lives. The hallways smelled strongly of Dettol and fresh starts. My father, John, was already there, his eyes reflecting the warmth of the sun, as he held me close, whispering words of comfort.

My family comes from Waterval, a place full of pride, advancement, and cultural heritage. Waterval was far from being an overlooked part of the

province; it buzzed with life and was full of action. There were smooth roads, stores with lively tunes and chatter, schools with eager students, and houses where hopes were encouraged. It had a strong, quick, and meaningful pulse. My origins were far from being insignificant. Waterval is a place that continues to inspire.

Waterval remains a source of inspiration.

I was raised in a home where strict rules were balanced with affection. My dad, Colly Chabalala, worked as an administrator at Giyani Circuit, a man whose mere presence could make a room quiet. He thought it was important to rise with the sun, talk politely, and be present during challenging times. I recall the scent he left behind – a combination of cologne and the smell of paper from the papers he worked with. He kept the house in order. He was always punctual, never missing a beat.

She was a woman of great strength and resilience, who instilled in me the values of hard work and determination. Despite not having a formal education, her wisdom surpassed what could be learned from textbooks. She managed our household with the grace of a queen, being both strong and gentle, spiritual, and full of love. She had a knack for creating a delicious meal with very few ingredients, and her laughter was so hearty, it could distract you from your troubles. She showed me that tidiness in our home mirrors our inner peace, and that keeping things in order is more about self-respect than financial status. ,” I would reply, “Xana u swi vona sweswo. I trusted what she said. I still do.

*My sisters, **Hlayisani** and **Youlenda**, were my earliest protectors. They were the first to show me how to distinguish between good and bad. They assisted me with my schoolwork, brushed my hair before school, and protected me*

from tough truths when possible. I admired them. They were kids but smart. Gentle, but strong. The lessons were more impactful than any teacher's.

Growing up in Waterval was a memorable experience. Friday afternoons had a special charm – the moment the school bell rang, the streets would buzz with activity. Kids dashed out wearing shoes covered in dirt and with joyful spirits. Vendors were selling frozen treats, and older people were walking home, carrying their shopping bags. The weekend had a distinct aroma of slowcooked meat, the scent of newly pressed church attire, and the warmth of sunlight on the pavement.

I cherish many of my fondest memories from our weekend outings to Makhado Crossing Mall. To some people, it could have been just a casual trip, but for us, it felt like a special event. My dad would always dress up in his finest pants, my mom would wear her bright scarf, and we'd hop into our family car as if we were off to a far-off land. The shopping center was full of life: upbeat tunes echoed from the shops, the aroma of grilled chicken wafted from the food court, and joyful families moved from one store to another. Even when we had limited funds, simply being present provided me with hope. This made me realize there's still a lot more in life to experience.

I owned an old, rusty bicycle with a frequently breaking chain, yet it represented my freedom to me. I'd imagine myself as a brave hero on a quest to protect my neighborhood. I didn't realize it back then, but those rides sparked a dream in me: to eventually share my story with everyone, to be a voice for those who felt they had none.

I learned so much in those early years:

Ubuntu is a philosophy that emphasizes the interconnectedness of all people.

Being humble lets you access opportunities that arrogance can't.

Even when you're hurting, you can still smile and appreciate the small pleasures in life.

Even in tough times, you always make it a point to be there for your family.

Waterval shaped me. It taught me to respect myself. Growing up in a township taught me that it doesn't make you any less; instead, it builds your character, strength, and foresight. We always found a way to rise above the difficulties and support each other. We were a close-knit community, bound by shared values and a common history.

I recall attending Sunday service at the Evangelical Lutheran Church, where the hymns, the impactful sermons, and the scent of polish on the pews were memorable. I discovered faith in that place. I witnessed individuals collapse in prayer and then rise with courage. Faith wasn't something we read about – it was something we lived.

Reflecting on the past, I've come to realize the significance of those years. I wasn't merely a boy living in a township; I was like a seed being sown. Everything around me – my parents, my neighbors, my sisters, my dreams – was preparing me for something greater.

This chapter of my life was not the peak. It marked the start.

Every word I pen down now is filled with the same passion – wearing worn-out shoes, gazing wide-eyed, and holding firmly to the belief that even from a tiny part of the world,

Chapter 2: Struggles of a Teenage Soul

They say childhood is supposed to be the safest chapter of your life, but for me, that chapter was ripped apart before I could even finish reading the first page. Everything I knew – my home, my parents, my sense of belonging – collapsed the day my parents divorced. I was still under 18, still a child in the eyes of the law, but the world had already started demanding I become a man.

Emotionally, I was shattered. The four walls that once echoed with my mother's laughter and my father's authority suddenly became a cold museum of memories. It felt like the walls themselves were suffocating me, whispering

stories of what once was. I would walk from room to room, trying to find pieces of the boy I used to be – the confident, bubbly, and grounded boy. But he was nowhere to be found. He had vanished, swallowed by the silence and confusion that replaced the warmth of family.

When I failed Grade 11, not once but twice, society only saw the marks on the paper, not the invisible wounds on my heart. The world judged me as lazy, as a disappointment, but nobody saw the wars I was fighting in the quiet of the night. Those failures were more than academic—they were scars of my emotional battles, signs of a boy who had lost his compass.

Moving in with my stepmother was like entering an unknown world with no map. The environment was loose, unstructured, chaotic even. There were no boundaries, no bedtime stories, no one checking if I had eaten or if my homework was done. I was drowning in a freedom that suffocated me. At a time when I needed guidance the most, I found myself falling off a cliff with no hands reaching out to save me.

But these were not just personal struggles; they were also the struggles of a black child born into a world that already had expectations stamped on his forehead. Society had already told me who I was supposed to be before I even knew myself. I was supposed to be tough, unbreakable, a survivor. I was supposed to swallow my emotions because “boys don’t cry.” I was supposed to fight battles I didn’t choose.

In the township, nobody really asked how you were doing. Life moved fast, and pain was normalized. Everyone carried invisible backpacks filled with trauma, poverty, broken homes, and shattered dreams. There was no space for softness, for vulnerability. You either learned to fight or you sank into the shadows of the forgotten.

I remember the nights spent alone, staring at the ceiling, tears silently falling down my face, trying to make sense of a world that felt too heavy for my young shoulders. I would write letters to God that I never sent, asking Him why everything had to fall apart. I wanted to be seen. I wanted to be heard. I wanted to be loved. Most of all, I wanted to make my parents proud, to bring back the version of me that they once boasted about to neighbors.

But life, in its twisted way, had other plans for me.

Music saved me. Poetry saved me. Writing became my therapist when the world refused to listen. I poured my broken soul into journals and lyrics, turning my pain into art. It was through writing that I realized pain could be more than just suffering – it could be fuel. Every word I wrote was a step toward healing, a way of taking back the power that life had stolen from me.

Slowly, I began to see that this pain wasn't the end of my story—it was the painful birth of my awakening. I started seeing myself not just as a victim of my circumstances, but as a fighter, a dreamer, and eventually, a voice for those who were voiceless.

Looking back now, I understand that my struggles were not in vain. They were the fires that refined me, the storms that forced me to grow roots deep into the ground. They were the making of a black child in a world that never pauses to understand the depths of our battles.

Chapter 3: The Fall and the Rise

Being held back in school hurt me deeply, but I can't explain how. It wasn't merely about being in the same room or answering the same questions; it was the silent embarrassment of seeing others progress while I remained stagnant,

feeling trapped in a loop of self-doubt. I remember the burning stares of teachers who had given up on me, the whispered conversations of classmates who now looked at me as “the boy who failed.” Every day, I walked into that classroom wearing a mask of indifference, but inside, I was bleeding.

*In the streets, they would often refer to me by my failures. “You’re the Xitsonga boy who didn’t make it!” I was now **Senzo**, the man who had faced the world with courage and determination, who had overcome obstacles and challenges, who had made a difference in the lives of others. I represented a lack of success. A joke. A child from a disrupted family environment striving to improve his situation.*

However, it’s a sad reality that numerous black kids have to travel this solitary path. We are expected to flourish on a road that was never designed for us. A street where poverty greets you before dawn, where the hardships of your parents are etched into your being even before you can write your own name. We are born into generational scars, and when we fall, the world watches from a distance, shaking their heads, writing us off before we even get a chance to rewrite our own stories.

God often sends angels in human disguise to guide us on our journey. For me, that angel was Mpho Mukwevho.

Mpho noticed me when I was unseen by everyone. He never criticized me, never questioned my reasons for failing, never brought up the shortcomings in my life. Instead, he gave me something stronger than sympathy—he gave me

friendship and support. He visited my home carrying worn-out books, his smile radiating the hope that I had lost touch with. We learned in dirty fields, with the dim light of a candle since power was a luxury. Sometimes, we would sit on public benches as the sounds of the township filled the air—the blaring of taxi horns, the lively tunes of kwaito music, and the calls of mothers reminding In those chaotic moments, Mpho would look me in the eyes and say, **”Senzo your past dosent difine your future what matters is what you do next”**

Those words became my daily bread.

Mpho didn’t just teach me about schoolwork; he also showed me how to be strong and keep going. He told me that the path for the black child isn’t straightforward. We have permission to make mistakes. It’s okay to shed tears. But we are also called to rise. Despite the world’s messages that we’re not good enough, we stand tall.

Even if our dads depart, our moms face challenges, our schools overlook us—we stand up.

Back then, I realized that real strength comes from choosing to move forward even when things hurt. Every morning, I decided to stand up and face challenges. I decided to pick up those books and change the stories that people had told me. I chose to silence the voices of defeat with the whispers of prayer.

It was quite challenging. There were times when my stomach’s hunger was so loud it drowned out my dreams. There were nights when my pillow was soaked

with tears, and I wondered if the struggle was worth it. But in those moments, I recalled my mother's selfless acts, my father's quiet hopes, and Mpho's belief in me. I owed it to them. I had to get out of the house.

And then, finally, after years of stumbling through the darkness, the day came. The day that changed everything.

I passed matric.

That document was not just a proof of achievement; it was a crucial tool. I believed the door would stay locked, but it turned out I had the key. I recall clutching it with shaky hands, looking at the large letters that read "PASS." For the first time in a long while, I let myself take a breath. I shed tears, not solely for the win, but also for the boy who had managed to stay alive when everyone had given up on him.

On that day, my dad's smile was a rare sight for me, one I hadn't witnessed since before our family split up. I felt a smile from him, showing me I had made him proud and fixed something that was damaged. However, the win wasn't solely his. This belonged to me. It felt deeply meaningful. It was ancestral. I faced the same fights as my forefathers, and this time, I emerged victorious.

That moment made me realize that a black child's real power lies not in being flawless, but in their ability to bounce back after a setback. They turn their suffering into poetry, music, and dreams.

They still manage to learn how to dance, even with their feet shackled.

I managed to escape from the darkness. As I stood at the brink of triumph, I realized my tale was still unfolding. In fact, it was only the beginning.

Chapter 4: A Change of Environment

Throughout my life, I've been on a path of relocating, and each move taught me valuable lessons that have helped mold the person I am now. In 2014, our family moved from Waterval to Bungeni, marking another significant change. I was moving into a new place, starting at a new school, and making new friends. The transition from middle school to high school is often fraught with challenges, including adapting to a new environment, meeting new expectations, and navigating the complex social dynamics of a larger peer group.

My childhood was filled with fun at Waterval. A suburban area where my dad put in a lot of effort to take care of us. The area was lined with streets covered in tar, local stores, and the regular bustle of life in the township. In that place, I picked up the skills to safely move around the city, to shield myself from the risks of peer pressure and harmful groups. But even with all the noise and distraction, there was comfort in the familiar.

Then, Bungeni appeared—a village with unfamiliar faces, unknown schools, and a culture that was a bit different from what I was accustomed to. The

change was difficult. I had to start over and build my life from the ground up. Meet new pals such as Thabo and Bishie, who showed me the fun of teenage life, including groovy parties in small towns and the beginning of my independence. I felt like I was growing quickly, possibly too quickly. I began to feel like a caged bird, longing for the sky.

But while I was enjoying the music and the parties, I was gradually losing my way. The groove culture made it easy to forget why I had moved in the first place—to focus on school and secure my future.

That's when my father, with his quiet wisdom, suggested I move to Malamulele to stay with my mother. But then, I realized that this was a chance to start over, to leave behind the mistakes and the pain that had been holding me back. But it turned out to be the best decision of my life.

Malamulele was completely different from Bungeni and Waterval. It was calm. Pure. Isolated from the noise and temptations of township life. There were no fun nights, no corners where loud music and peer pressure were present. Life moved at its own gentle pace.

She taught me the value of hard work and the importance of education, which I carry with me to this day. She prayed for me, cooked with love, and reminded me daily that God never abandons His children. Her home turned into a secure haven where I could relax, think, and find my way again.

In Malamulele, I discovered tranquility in the straightforwardness of everyday life—taking walks in the wild, meeting the older folks, and sitting beneath trees to hear tales from the past. I found my way back to self-control and concentration in this place. The noise faded, and my dreams became clear again.

I gave my all to my studies, and thanks to my mother's encouragement and prayers, I succeeded in my matric exams with excellent grades. Malamulele, a town I once considered too quiet and uninteresting, became the cornerstone that supported my journey.

Waterval taught me survival.

Bungeni taught me about choices and consequences.

Malamulele taught me that life is a journey, not a destination.

Chapter 5: Lessons from Pain

Being by yourself doesn't mean you're feeling lonely. I really got this insight during the toughest times in my life. My world turned into a school, and suffering was my toughest instructor.

Since I was little, life made me mature quicker than most people. The constant moves—from Waterval to Bungeni, and then to Malamulele—taught me that stability can be very delicate. Every step forward took me away, making me leave my friends, daily habits, and familiar spots behind. I found myself having to rebuild, reintroduce myself, and begin anew in streets that were new to me.

But the most painful experience was when my parents split up. That moment broke a part of me inside. The individuals I relied on for support were no longer living together. As a teenager, I witnessed my world divide into two parts, and I had to endure the pain without speaking up. There were no guides available to help people deal with such deep emotional pain. I bore the burden by myself, acting tough on the outside, but inside I was struggling to stay afloat.

School became another battlefield. I recall the embarrassment of not succeeding in Xitsonga Literature. I recall looking at the 49% on my report card, feeling like I had failed, as if I wasn't up to the mark. I saw my classmates progressing, but I remained in the same spot, doubting myself repeatedly. It was a pain only those who have tasted failure know—that bitter voice in your head whispering that you're not enough.

After that, people moved from living in townships to living in the countryside. From the vibrant, noisy streets of Waterval and Bungeni, known for their energetic lifestyle, to the peaceful, orderly life in Malamulele. Initially, it seemed as though I had lost my youth and been taken out of the music scene I was a part of. But slowly, I realized that this isolation was not a punishment—it was a rebirth. This experience made me confront my true self, free from the distractions of the township's influence.

Throughout everything, I discovered ways to endure, not only in body but also in mind and soul. I ceased comparing my achievements with those of others. I took joy in the little wins: extending my R10 for three days, preparing easy dishes, tidying up my tiny space, and getting up each morning despite the world's weight.

I felt humbled by the pain. I learned that life isn't about rushing, and being behind doesn't mean you can't still get where you want to go. This experience showed me that toughness comes from challenging times, when no one's around, where only your belief and determination can help you get through.

I clung to hope as if it were my only possession. And in many ways, it was.

Pain broke me, but it also rebuilt me—stronger, wiser, and with a deeper appreciation for the quiet victories that no one claps for.

Chapter 6: Inspiration and Hope

For a long time, I was more scared of failing than anything else. Not because I was afraid of the marks on a report card, but because I couldn't bear the thought of seeing the disappointment in my parents' eyes. My father was always my hero. A disciplined, organized, and selflessly giving individual. Despite the world's harsh treatment, he remained strong and supportive for us. He wore the same outfits for many years, allowing us to buy shoes for school. He stretched his paycheck to the point where it barely covered our clothes, food, and hopes. He rarely spoke, but his actions were louder than words, showing his son to never give up, no matter how tough things get.

Then came my mother, a lady who had never attended school, but possessed knowledge that no college could provide. She served as a covert operative. She kept praying for us tirelessly and had faith in us without any strings attached. Despite having no food or electricity, her belief remained steadfast. Despite her humble means, she provided us with a loving home, affection, and the strong conviction that our future held greater possibilities.

I used to be curious about how they managed to carry so much weight on their shoulders and still remained upright. When my life started falling apart, I realized they were carrying me too.

My journey was never a straight line. It was a confusing path filled with mistakes, pain, and times when I felt completely ignored by everyone. After failing for the second time, after seeing my peers post their graduation photos, their certificates, their celebrations—I felt like the walls were closing in on me. I felt like I was being left behind, lost, and unseen. I felt like a failure, unable to

escape the cycle of negative self-talk that had become my constant companion.

In the midst of darkness, I heard a soft whisper of hope. It didn't knock or make a loud noise to get my attention. It came as a whisper in the stillness of my nights, in the tears on my pillow, in the words of my mother praying over me: "God does not abandon His children."

I relocated to a more peaceful area, both in terms of location and my inner state. I stepped away from the bustling city sounds and the misleading ease of music and diversions. I sat with my pain. I tidied up my mess. I've picked up journaling once more, jotting down my dreams, even if they seem distant. I imagined myself in front of students, sharing tales of hardship and resilience, showing them that failing isn't the finish line. I began to see that God was not punishing me—He was preparing me.

I picked up the habit of applauding for people as I waited for my chance. I realized that another person's achievements don't make me any less bright. I watched my peers graduate, get jobs, post pictures in gowns and suits, and instead of letting jealousy consume me, I let their victories remind me that dreams are still valid—that I can still make it, in my own time, at my own pace.

"The only way to do great work is to love what you do.

“No matter how long the night seems, it will eventually come to an end, and the sun will rise.”

I etched it on my wall, it stayed with me in my heart. On certain nights, the darkness was more intense than usual. On certain nights, I wondered if the sun would even come up for me.

But I held on.

“The only way to do great work is to love what you do.

“I found my lowest point, which turned out to be the strong base I used to rebuild my life.”

That turned out to be my reality. I realized I had reached the lowest point. But instead of burying myself there, I decided to use it as my ground zero for a comeback.

I understood that the world might have lost hope in me, yet I still possessed the strength to trust in my own abilities. Even a tiny belief was enough to keep me going.

My father’s quiet strength.

My mother’s unwavering prayers.

My peers’ successes.

My own failures.

Everyone ignited a passionate flame within me. They all whispered the same message:

“You are not done yet.”

Today, when I gaze back at the trail I’ve walked, I notice a young man who didn’t quit even when things seemed really tough. A youthful guy who transformed his suffering into strength, his setbacks into teachings, and his uncertainties into motivation.

I discovered that life doesn’t have to give you anything.

Don’t give up on yourself.

It’s important to remember the child within you who once thought he could achieve anything.

And so, I whisper back to life:

“I am still here. I am still going.”

Even though hope might seem silent, its subtle messages are stronger than the loud cries of failure that surround us.

Chapter 7: The Meaning of Patience

This book, this adventure, these pages—they show that waiting for things pays off. Each word and every mark on these words are filled with the sadness of a young man who realized that achieving great things takes time. I wrote this not only for those who have already succeeded, but also for those who are still caught in the middle of the storm, still unsure if they will see the sunrise too.

It is a virtue that is cultivated through adversity and challenges. It comes into the world with suffering, through endless nights of quiet, in times when your prayers seem to go unheard, and in moments when life goes on, leaving your name behind. That is where patience finds you and grooms you. I had to endure those seasons where everything seemed still while the world around me moved at lightning speed.

But as I've grown older, I've realized that life isn't just about speed; it's about savoring the journey, embracing the slow moments, and finding joy in the small things. My dad put in a lot of effort to show us what it's like to live in the suburbs, but the neighborhood streets taught us valuable lessons. The groove, the noise, the endless rush to be seen, to belong—I chased them all, only to find myself empty.

Then came the shift. The decision to relocate to Bungeni. A new place, new school, new people. It felt like my life stopped while everyone else continued as normal. I had to begin again. I needed to rebuild my friendships, trust, and my own self-confidence. I realized at that moment that being patient isn't about doing nothing; it's about actively holding on. Every day, you're getting up,

confronting your fears, and being there for yourself, even if no one else is cheering you on.

I felt embarrassed, sitting at the back of the class, as I failed while others succeeded. I saw my classmates rejoicing over achievements I could only imagine. But instead of letting the bitterness swallow me, I chose to let it refine me. I learned to rely on the process, despite it sometimes causing me pain. Even when the hold-ups made me doubt my value. Even when I failed again and had to go back to Malamulele, to the quiet, to the slow life I once ran away from.

The silence was not empty but full of the echoes of my own thoughts.

Malamulele was more than a location; it was my sanctuary for healing. No groove. No pressure. No distractions. I discovered that while society progresses quickly, genuine development requires patience. The world often admires fast results, but fate respects those who are patient and persistent. I welcomed each slow pace, each solitary day, each quiet night. I've realized it's better not to measure my progress against others. I will not give up."I've come to believe that, no matter how long it takes, I'll keep waiting. I won't give up. And while I wait, I will work on myself."

Patience didn't make me weak. It taught me a lot. It showed me that setbacks don't determine who you are. Every bit of pain serves a purpose. That there is power in falling behind—because it forces you to find your own pace, your own rhythm, your own purpose.

I understood that God might slow down your progress, not because he's punishing you, but to safeguard you, to ready you, to set you up for something even better than what you were hurrying towards. The postponements helped me avoid sinking into a life that didn't belong to me. They presented me with the gifts of self-reflection, strength, and the chance to reconnect with the child within who still held onto the hope of success.

I took that lesson with me into every room I went into after that. I entered every test, every class, every chance with the calm assurance of someone who has endured life's waiting room.

It's a tale of resilience, hope, and the power of human spirit. It's a tale about waiting, staying strong, and making things right again. From Waterval's dusty streets to Bungeni's unfamiliar roads, to the healing soil of Malamulele—this journey has always been about transformation.

This book is for anyone who has ever fallen behind. For anyone who has ever sat in the shadows, watching others shine, wondering if your turn will ever come. This is for the young person who has questioned their value due to society's message that they were delayed, lagging, and unsuccessful.

I am living proof that your time will come.

I show that being patient isn't about not moving forward; it's actually moving forward in a different way.

I show that even if people forget about you, God is quietly continuing to write your life's story.

Always remember that being patient is very strong. It is the bridge between your pain and your purpose.

So to you who is still waiting—don't give up. Don't lose heart. Don't despise your slow season. That is where the roots grow deep. That's where a person's character develops. That is where you find yourself.

Because in the end, those who wait with purpose will rise with power.

And when your time comes, you will look back and understand why it had to take so long.

"Being patient isn't just about waiting, it's about staying positive while you wait."

That's what this chapter is about.

That's what my whole story is about.

And that's what Street Life will always remind you:

Your time will come.

When it happens, you'll be prepared.

Chapter 8: Redefining Success

The world frequently deceives us, suggesting that achieving success means accumulating wealth, gaining influence, garnering social approval, amassing online popularity, and owning luxurious vehicles. I've also been caught up in that false belief before. I believed success was what we saw in magazines, what the wealthy kids displayed, and what ads on billboards and social media portrayed. But as I grew older, I realized that success isn't a destination, it's a journey.

But life, with all its pain and storms, has a way of humbling you, of stripping you down to the core, where you are forced to ask yourself: "What does success really mean to me?"

Today, despite all the sadness, moving around, mistakes, and lonely nights, I can confidently say that success isn't about having a lot of money or getting cheers. For me, success means starting the day with a calm heart, feeling important even if the world doesn't acknowledge you.

When life hits you hard, choosing to smile is what makes you successful.

Achieving success means showing kindness even when life challenges you to feel bitter.

Achieving success means you can rest peacefully at night with a pure heart, confident that you didn't harm anyone to reach your goals.

Poverty doesn't exist; it's all about how you think. You can have a lot of possessions, but lack a contented heart. And you can have nothing, but be the richest person in the room because your heart is full of hope, gratitude, and love.

Choosing to sleep is up to us, but the act of waking up is a blessing from God.

If you're still here, breathing, and alive, you've got the best thing in life—the opportunity to change your story.

I no longer chase success. I reside here. Every morning, I rise with a clear goal, and I've achieved it. Every time I opt to assist rather than cause harm, I manage to succeed. Every time I tell someone their story is important and their suffering is not in vain, I feel like I've made a difference.

Success is not found in titles. It is found in the truth.

The young man from Waterval has written a book that moves people's hearts, healing their inner wounds and gently reminding them that they can still succeed.

Success is not about the world knowing your name. Your name carries significance for those few people you've influenced during your journey.

I used to be scared of not being noticed. Now I realize that the strongest aspects of life are not visible—things like belief, affection, endurance, and the ability to bounce back. You can't post them on Instagram, but they are the foundation of every great life.

But now I realize that I'm actually ahead of schedule. But now I know that I was right on time—for my journey, for my healing, for my purpose.

Let this book remind you that success is not about racing others. It's about completing your journey with elegance.

Focus on efficiency, not just effort. Because what's the point of working hard for things that leave you empty?

Success means starting the day with gratitude for another opportunity, another breath, and another day to do better.

"Your time will come. Your day will be bright and wonderful. Before you can start running, you need to learn how to walk first. Before you can enjoy the fruits, you need to plant the seeds first.

Life has its own beat. That's the rhythm of success.

When you get there, you'll see that the real journey was about the experience, not just the end point. It was about the person you became along the journey.

If you're here reading, remember that your life has value, your experiences are important, and your hopes can still come true. Don't let others pressure you into a competition that doesn't belong to you. Define your own success. Walk your own path. Find your own path.

Because success is not what you achieve—it's what you become.

And I am proud to say:

I am successful.

Because I chose faith over fear. I

chose patience over pressure.

I chose love over bitterness.

I decided to trust in my own abilities when others didn't.

SENZO CHABALALA'S MEMOIR STREET LIFE

It is the story of a brave little boy who became a man—not with riches or privilege—but with nothing but patience, heart, dignity, responsibility, failure, and lessons that broke him and built him at the same time.

He strolled around without shoes on the streets that helped him learn to be proud and upright. He endured nights when the world seemed to ignore him, yet he always remembered himself. He wore his injuries proudly, as badges of honor, since they narrated a tale too significant to be forgotten.

People often say that achieving greatness comes from facing challenges, but they rarely mention how isolating, chilly, and gloomy those challenges can be.

Yet this story reminds us:

“If life doesn’t offer you anything, use your determination, your emotions, and your belief to make something.”

“Patience is not weakness—it is the silent strength that turns boys into warriors, and wounds into wisdom.”

The world defines success with money, cars, titles, and likes.

~~But true success?~~

True success is waking up and finding peace in your heart, even when the world is still silent about your name.

Choosing kindness is what really counts when life doesn't seem fair.

It's seeing your peers pass you, not with bitterness, but with pride and inspiration—knowing that everyone has their own race.

The kid from Waterval has written a heartfelt book that has achieved success.

Success is like a person who has faced more setbacks than triumphs but keeps on trying, not letting those failures shape his identity.

Success is faith, hope, and the audacity to dream beyond your conditions.

Achieving success means maintaining respect and self-control even when times are tough.

It is not poverty that defeats people—it is the poverty of the mind.

Choosing to sleep is up to us, but the act of waking up is a blessing from God.

Work diligently, but also think strategically. Create your own success when there's no applause. Get ready when there's no one around. Keep dreaming, even when others say it's all finished.

Sometimes, the delay is the blessing.

Sometimes, the setbacks are the setups.

Sometimes, the disappointments are the redirections.

Your most significant achievements are not the ones that everyone notices, but the challenges you overcame quietly.

No one owes you success—you owe it to yourself.

Senzo Chabalala's book, *Street Life*, tells a tale of suffering, strength, and making things right again. His path from the dusty roads of Waterval to the peaceful contemplation in Malamulele is a tale of change. It's a guide to finding your way back to the path of self-improvement and personal growth.

This tale teaches us that a single setback doesn't define who we are. No pain is wasted. And your time will come.