

NONKULULEKO_
BUSISIWE

W H E N W E
S T O O D
S T I L L

2019/2020

When We Stood Still: Work- In- Progress

A bunch of ideas that turned into nothing.

Cheers to The CoVid-19 World Order

Written by Nonkululeko Gwangqa

[20whatwhat on Wordpress](#)

In the morning, the radio fills me in on what is happening in the city. The central announcement is for each person to wash their hands. The louder plea pleads to free will, for me the shift sets in at breakfast. Instead of the trek to campus, I have taken up writing fictional stories for a publication I am developing. The challenge is to keep each story to 280 words, so the characters tend to assume familiarity.

I think this is the point to hold onto during this lock down, we get our time back. We have to invest in hope to combat any sense of complacency that creeps in when we cannot escape the feeling of fear.

Needless to say, nothing about right now is easy, we are treading new ground. However, my lunch time has been extended to a three-hour affair. After a quick meal, I tend to my garden. Fortunately, my landlord does not mind my ambitions.

Right now, the garden is at the landscaping stages. So the extension on the lock down is a well composed concession push forward in this tiny act of service for my fellow citizens. It is important to remember we are all in a position to benefit from this moment.

Although most of our systems are in shock and seem overwhelmed, we are committed to a responsibility to be faithful, to think about how each gesture is communicated. For afternoon activities, my housemate and I have started working out together in our living room. Usually, we wash our hands and make dinner in discussion. After dinner music is our thing, we are talking about moving on to responsible post dinner 'goal-orientated' activities.

I want my partner to want me
I want a partner who likes me, wants to tell me things
I used to think I want you
Might have been a smooth player
Oh boy, Ima tell you what I want
Right now it ain't you
we can be radical,

Cheers to The CoVid-19 World Order
Abiding Tolerance to new social norms

By: Nonkululeko Gwangqa

In the morning, the radio fills me in on what is happening in the city. The central announcement is for each person to wash their hands. The louder plea pleads to free will. Accordingly, the shift sets in at breakfast after you recognise there is no rush to get anywhere. Fictional writing for a publication I am developing has become a good post-breakfast transition activity. Usually, the challenge is to keep each story to 280 words, so the characters tend to assume familiarity early on.

I think this is the point to remain positive about during this lock down - we get our time back. The request is not to do nothing, we are to be still. We have to invest in hope to combat any sense of complacency that creeps in when we cannot escape the feeling of fear.

Needless to say, nothing about right now is easy, we are treading new ground. Besides this, lunch time is extended to a three-hour affair which includes gardening and meditation. Fortunately, our landlord is pro-sustainability.

This reminds me of how my grandmother broke the soil to feed our generation.

Although the extension on the lock-down came as a well composed concession to push forward acting in honor of o'Skhosana and their pestilences.

Granted our governing systems are overwhelmed by how this pandemic has compressed time, we are committed to a responsibility to be faithful and to think about how each gesture is communicated.

At our house, afternoon activities include partnered workout sessions. Usually, we wash our hands and make dinner while engaged in conversation. Essentially, we are connected by individual flexible systems we developed to mark different periods of our days.

Synopsis: This is a story about what children see.

Noxolo, I am here. I have been waiting. Mother's car was stolen from our front yard where it was parked overnight. I was in the house when it happened. We all were. Mah stepped out to talk to the police when they arrived. So, today we took a bus to school. We ran a bit late so Mah gave me directions for the rest of the way. She said, "walk straight, after some time on your left you'll come across a blue building. That's your school." She said, "You will see children with the same uniform you are wearing, walking in the big gate. Find a teacher, tell them your name and that you are here for grade 1."

I think she looks strange, nervous. Maybe I should listen to this.

"Noxolo, are you scared, tell me what is on your mind?"

"You said the building is on my left?"

"Yes, you'll walk past DUT, on the corner there's Orient High School, your school is on the other side. Will you be fine?"

"Yes Mah, will you come get me?"

"Yes, Noxolo"

she walks like a queen; it does not look like she is walking fast even when she is. It's wonderful, let me try.

Cheers to The CoVid-19 World Order (Second Attempt)

Written by Nonkululeko Gwangqa

[LinkedIN](#)

[20whatwhat on Wordpress](#)

In the morning, the radio fills me in on what is happening in the city. The central announcement is for each person to wash their hands. The louder plea pleads to free will, for me the shift sets in at breakfast. Instead of the trek to campus, I have taken up writing frictional stories for a publication I am developing. The challenge is to keep each story to 280 words, so the characters tend to assume familiarity.

I think this is the point to remain positive about during this lock down, we get our time back. We have to invest in hope to combat any sense of complacency that creeps in when we cannot escape the feeling of fear.

Needless to say, nothing about right now is easy, we are treading new ground. However, my lunch time has been extended to a three-hour affair. After a quick meal, I tend to my garden. Fortunately, my landlord does not mind my ambitions.

Right now, the garden is at the landscaping stages. So the extension on the lock down is a well composed concession push forward in this tiny act of service for my fellow citizens. It is important to remember we are all in a position to benefit from this moment.

Although most of our systems are in shock and seem overwhelmed, we are committed to a responsibility to be faithful, to think about how each gesture is communicated. For afternoon activities, my housemate and I have started working out together in our living room. Usually, we wash our hands and make dinner in discussion. After dinner music is our thing, we are talking about moving on to responsible post dinner 'goal-orientated' activities.

We tend to be scared of the same things.

Since the start of twenty twenty, it seems like all my worries have gone super saiyan into 3-D phobias commissioned by the "What if we are living in the apocalypse" professor of the nineties.

Unlike fears, phobias are highly resistant to change by cognitive means, so, although you might have grown bigger over the years your response to roaches might still involve some hysteria.

These commonly hysterical or traumatic reactions are consistent with the presence of a stimulus. In consequence it can be instinctive for some people to run at the sound of a police siren simply because the body does not know that harm would not have occurred if one had not responded. But, what is it about phobias that makes them so resistant to extinction?

Behavioral therapists have proposed a plausible learning alternative to the psychoanalytic view of phobias which proposes that phobias are conditioned anxiety reactions. The idea follows the logic of physical biological memory. That is, any 'neutral' stimulus that happens to make a fearful impact on an individual if presented with high-prolonged intensity acquires the ability to evoke fear. The learned fear will show the persistent characteristic of neurotic fear; it writes itself in the mental DNA of a person. Noted, there are salient problems with the learning interpretation of phobias that are related to the inadequacies of the theories of learning themselves.

... Symbolism...

Here's a list of the most common phobias to date:

Agoraphobia, a fear of open spaces

Acrophobia, fear of heights.

Ophidiophobia, fear of snakes.

From the twitter streets (polls/ keyword search) -

World Record Site -

Stats SA? -

Perhaps it's necessary to answer the lingering question... What's the difference between obsessions and phobias? Phobias are probably non-cognitive.

In the group of phobias this emotional state is always one of anxiety. While in the group of obsessions other emotional states such as doubt, remorse, or anger may occur just as well as anxiety. With phobias the emotional state is not the principal thing rather it is the result of an idea - which is the principal thing. Therefore, phobias are purely emotive and irrational, it is not the conscious mind that is reacting. The anxiety is so deeply entrenched in the individual that the body overrides controlled cognitive contingencies.

Avoidance response:

1...

Phone Calls

Phone call, the act of telephoning someone.

- Excuse me, I've got to make a phone call.
- Bridges of the fourth generation // lines of communication. Transport conversations through distance, which is time and space.
- Conversation? Conveying of information/ ideas
- A connection between the calling party and the called party
- An occasion when you use the phone

You don't need my password to unlock my trust

You can wait ions for a line

We're Never Chasing.

We're never chasing. It's always misinterpreted. It's a bit stressful. This game people tend to think we're playing when we're not.

Drafted Article (Green highlights are finalized sentences):

"Human beings are the Virus"

Every advert on radio and television is pleading to each person to take care. The central announcement is for each person to wash their hands. Then the louder plea to free will, where each person is begged to stay home. To promotions of social isolation, it seems the globe will comply. Or at least, those who can, will.

Needless to say, nothing about right now is easy, we are treading new ground. However, this is a moment where individuals are expected to hold up the structure of society - no glam squad.

Imagine an idea where the actions of each person supported by an adapter to project each act -in other words supported by complete social free will, can create a doctrine that alters the structure of social culture.

I think this is a fact that remains positive while we deal with this virus. It is that each of us, it seems more so now than ever before, can alter the lives of so many other people at once.

We are experiencing an economic shift. The operative word being shifted. The most important phrase as we fight this pandemic will be accurate-live information.

It is important to remember we are all in a position to benefit from this moment. Our public service systems are overwhelmed and dare I say, our politicians are leading us from the back.

To be faithful is to focus your energy on hope. At a final glimpse, I suppose the idea is to remember your agency. We all have the power and responsibility to think about how each gesture is communicated. And how each gesture will go on to affect the next person and that person's family.

The Babies We Killed