

Bochow was absolutely fearless as he reported Runki's absence. "His" block fuhrer, for whom he lettered the little mottoes, only looked up briefly from the block book in which he noted the figures and asked without surprise: "Where is he?" "I don't know." Nothing further was said.

Suddenly the idea shot up in Bochow: they've received instructions!

SUCCOUR TO FREEDOM

Let me on the wings of his heart perch

...facing the East...

Let me on the flaps of his ears cling

...attuning to the political oracle...

Let me on his eye lids hand

...beholding the vision...

Let me on his eye lids hang

...gaining words of sustenance...

Let me his warmth feel

...to enwarm his modesty...

From the East will I gain the true gem of mother earth

From the political oracle will I enbrim my wanting vessels

From seeds of his eye will I be led to a lily field of freedom

From his tongue will I gain key words to jig-saws of the world

From his temperature will I survive finest deserts and repellent fogs

Luthuli's image and Kotane's prophecy to lead me to green pastures

—Ndabezitha Khuzwayo