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Fokofpolisiekar
Bittereinder
Lauren Beukes
Mangaliso W Buzan
Isaac Mutant
Kleinboer

son
horst
Le Roux
Schoeman
Tomaž Šalamun
Nathan Trantraal
Clinton V. Du Plessis
Bibi Slippers
Saleeha Idres Bamjee

Big was of Hyphen, left in 1991.

Jason and the Demon of Boredom

Anton Krueger

The two years I spent at a private Christian school in Pretoria were a couple of the most miserable years in my life. I was more friendless than I'd ever been. I met Jason there when I was fourteen and he was twelve. It would have been nice to have made more of a connection with him, cause I only later discovered just how smart, funny and peculiar he really was.

Jason was a curious kid. Ever full of beans, his eyes darted about whenever he listened to anybody speaking, and sometimes long after they'd stopped. His dad had converted spectacularly from gangsterism in Edinburgh to charismania in Pretoria. He also ran the kid's club church group. He played Christian rock loudly and cracked a lot of jokes about the devil. He treated us as though we were real people, not just kids, which is why we didn't realise that he was still pretty much a gangster. ~~Maybe that's why Jason was such a nervous kid. But this story isn't about Jason's dad, it's about what happened the day Jason caused a minor scandal at the school.~~ *This story is about*

The church had been built on the site of an old drive-in on the outskirts of Pretoria and Jason had been out there with the pastor's sons, skateboarding up and down the asphalt bumps. None of them were very good at it. Sure, they could manage a couple of tic tacs and possibly pull a 180, (or at the very least a 90), but by and large they were pretty much just going up and down the sloping tarmac.

I had been moping about at the bottom of the drive-in parkade, eating my peanut butter sandwich when I saw them messing about on their boards. They took their shirts off and were pretending to be all macho, trying these crazy moves that they couldn't possibly pull off. And then, the next thing you know, Jason was lowering his pants, and taking them off. He was laughing, and I saw the others follow suit. In giggling fits of hysteria they careened utterly naked up and down the drive with their tiny privates jiggling about, trying helplessly to control their boards. The whole thing ~~only~~ lasted a few minutes before they quickly put their clothes back on again. They were still laughing light-headedly as they walked back up to the school building.

But the news that Jason had instigated naked skateboarding with the pastor's sons soon reached the ears of the principal of the Christian School, and he was less than impressed by these shenanigans. The next day Jason was called in. When he got to the office, he was slightly unnerved to find five of the senior ministers standing around a chair positioned in the centre of the room. Jason was instructed to sit down and before he knew what was happening, firm hands were being laid ~~on his mop of curly hair~~ *on his head* and strong gentle arms were pressing down on his shoulders. And so the exorcism began.

I don't know if they managed to expel the demon ~~they'd identified as having found a home in~~ *what was called of bored* little Jason. But quite possibly their prayers were answered, because when I next saw him it was in Switzerland some thirty years later. He was with his masseuse wife who'd just unknotted the hamstring of the king of Greece shortly after they'd returned from Thailand on a 65-metre yacht owned by one of her billionaire clients. And I've got to say, he didn't look bored at all.

Anton Krueger is a pseudonym for Anton Krueger, who could be either an Eastern Cape administrative assistant, an ostrich farmer of repute or writer, as is Anton Krueger, as you see.



Saturday afternoon, Cape Town, 2011. By Jac Kritzinger.