

Munyana Mignonette

By Lionel Ndayihereje

It was in the morning of the long raining season when I went to meet an auspicious face. The whole village had been experiencing an unusual rainfall from dawn. Although it was in the raining season, I had never witnessed such a water pouring sky. Everyone thought of a possible recurrence of the deluge, for the sky being black than a night and very predictable. Those who luckily went to their jobs were those who had been fortunate to wake up very early before daybreak. The tornado was very harsh, and there was no reason to engage under such an outraged sky.

My job at Nyamugari was quite easy and pleasurable. I took care of the flowers. I was proud of it, and I had to be glad for I had no other qualification. I had dropped my schooling, and maybe watering flowers was what I was made to be. I hardly thought about promotion or being upgraded in some ways. On that day I was on leave, the sky had gratified it to me. The rain helped with my job, and this was usual during the long raining season and sometimes during short raining season. I had arranged a meeting with a face. It was a young lady, living at Gisuru. Her name was Munyana Mignonette. She was big, very big. As she moved her weight I would think of a mountain. Any time she spoke her words would tickle my inside, and then I would feel blessed. I could think of her and think and ponder until I came up with an answer that she was maybe made of gold, and that she would probably order the sun:” Come down and I will shine in your place”. Our tryst was fixed at eleven, I had every intention to meet it.

I did not want to squander the opportunity when the sky suddenly ran out of water for a dozen minutes. I had to hike through a wild forest to reach Mugozi before reaching Gisuru, where she lived. The rain delayed me for a while but eventually, I ventured into the walk under the very harsh weather.

As I pursued the way on the hilltop, I could have a view of the church she had told me during our first acquaintance. She had told me about a famous choir to which she belonged. It was a large choir that gave more offering than any other church group, and their gospel records sold better than another choir of Mugozi. She had warned me that the day we had fixed was the same day she went for rehearsal. She had promised she would be sitting near the doorpost to have an easy view of goings and comings on the street. So that as soon as I reached the church she would take me to her home.

I accelerate my pace and in half an hour I was already there. The church door to the road was widely opened. I could view easily the choristers and altar. A group of thirty or beyond was rehearsing. I waited to watch her rushing to me as she had insisted, but it was the contrary. Standing in the church field, I forced my sight in to see if my face could luckily meet hers, but in vain. Then I started to feel horror and hopelessness.

Those I could view were strangers to my face. They were sitting unmoving and unmoved, cocking their eyes to the leader of the rehearsal. No one of them dared to turn her or his back to peek outside. I stood still in the open field. Very thoughtful, lowering my head towards the ground, the universe was bombastic with its overwhelming questions. Some were related to if she would have spoken to me out of veracity. Others linked to if maybe something would have prevented her from attending the rehearsal. I was mindedly and psychologically taken.

It was after a moment that I pulled myself together, and I found myself staring at a man. He was coming towards me. The man was tall and thin, with a number of books in his left armpit. When he got closer I guessed that the bunch tightly held included a bible. The man was very anxious to hear from my mouth. He had probably watched

me when deep in my thoughts and had maybe wondered what would be the matter with me. I was too anxious to find out from him about Munyana, my heart kept whispering that he might have an idea.

“Son of God, how do you do?” the man kindly saluted me. “I saw you from the church room and thought you were kind of lost. Are you searching for a person?”

“I’m afraid I’m not doing well”, I answered composedly. “True to your prediction I’m here for someone, a young lady. Do you know some of those choristers?”

“Of course, I know roughly all of them. I’m Bizoza Humbler, a catechist to this church. I supervise choirs, and maybe the names of new adherers can escape my memory, but not the faces. Is she new in the choir?”

“No, but I’m not certain about how much time she is a member. It must be over a year I suppose; her name is Munyana Mignonette. Are you familiar with the name?” When I said the name I saw his face grow pale. He was astounded to hear that; he hid his face with both hands, and I heard him having a little sigh. Now, something was unfathomable to him. He then recovered from his brief silence.

“How did you happen to meet her? Do you have some distant family relations?” He asked.

“No, just a bosom friend”, I replied

Bizoza meditated a little, and then came back to his normal mood. His mind was not with him. He could not believe it. He failed to understand if it was the right person I had come for.

“It’s not sinking in, but she has left and I’m taking the same direction, we can share the way if you don’t mind”

“May I have your escort till their home?” I beseeched him.

“Not till there boy of God, there is a reason. Hang in there, I will be back”, he answered.

He rushed back to the church room. In a moment Humbler was back, and we shared the way. Though we walked slowly, the way did not seem unending for we conversed and laughed as we went. Although we shared the way with the catechist, he was still thoughtful and doubtful. He could go short of words for some moment and then speak, and again take refuge into silence. He could stand for a while and think for three or four seconds, and resume the walk. Emerging from his silence, he could say “what you’ve said is still overwhelming my mind. Just a friend? Ok, let’s go.”

One of the subjects he brought up was how Munyana was highly reputed in their choir. He vouchsafed that she was very taken in awe by the rest of the choir mates. Few of them could engage in a joke with her, they usually talked to her when it was church or choir matters, nothing else. He explained there were reasons why she was much respected. She used to save the choir from shame, especially when it was time for money collection to accomplish certain church projects. There was always an amount fixed for each choir or any other group that is part of the church depending upon the number of members. It could happen that they bemoan about the enormity of the amount urged upon them. She would then silence them and ordered the head of the choir to calculate the division of the amount by two. After revealing the calculation Munyana would say “You shall share one half and I’ll bring the other half, and I hope now it’s not burdensome” then many of the choristers would say “we are very grateful”. Another reason was that her father was prominent not only in Gisuru quarter also all over Mugozi. He was a wealthy man who had also got away with languages, even a sleepy ninety years old man could bet.

Bizoza couldn’t get tired to narrate stories. A second was about marriages blessed in the church. Humbler vowed that the poor people married between themselves and the

rich ones lead to the altar their counterparts. He could stand and step alongside the road and kneel and swear in these words” It may happen in the future I don’t disagree, but I swear in the name of God that I have never watched a poor person leading to that altar a rich person” As she finished his vow I kept watching him stand still and tongue-tied. I did not object or comment or show surprise. Then He stood up and bent himself again and picked a stick of wood, and now he was drawing a cross on the ground. He holds tightly his books in his armpit, and jumped the cross vowing” If my eyes witnessed such a marriage, let God reduce me into ashes”.

Our journey was really harmonious, Bizoza couldn’t help talking trying to persuade me that my venture was very fatal. His third example concerned Pastor Jaka Edmund, the head of the church. He swore he would never forget how Pastor Edmund cunningly dismissed a courtship that thrived between Nika her daughter and Edgar. Edgar had become an orphan of father early in his age. He quitted his schooling to feed the home as a cobbler. To soothe his life he became a choir member and there he met Nika, Edmund’s daughter. Pastor Edmund dismissed their love by sending her in Uganda pretending she went for studies. Humbler affirmed that they were in the church’s sanctum, all set for mass when he overheard Pastor Edmund in his private prayers vowing:” This courtship has to be broken. A cobbler! No, sorry God” The walk had started to tire me when Humbler pointed in our direction.” Look, that’s their home, it’s your turn “He said and then dodged back. I gathered all my composure and finally pressed the doorbell. A man in a black uniform holding a club in his hand opened the gate.

“Who do you want? », Roared the man.

“Munyana, is she in?” Replied I.

“Do you have an appointment? Are you sure you’ve gone to the right compound? Is she aware of your coming? We rarely let in unusual people”

“Yes, Sir. She knows”, I assured him.

The watcher man consented and I made my way in. I was a little quivering when a dog started barking. The guard soothes it down, and then thumped at the door. Munyana emerged from the house.

“Was it you!” she screamed out hugging me,” I’m very sorry to have let you down. I felt a headache and was compelled to go home. But I’m over the moon you’ve found our home, did you find out from a bird?”

“No, don’t you remember you indicated well!” I lied to her. I did not wish to say that Humbler the catechist had escorted me. Making such a mistake would be very fatal. And I did not want to appear like a forgetful and ignorant boy. She had done her best to instigate the location of their house in my mind.

“Great! You’re welcome in “she respectfully indicated the door to the living room. I comfortably paused my weight in one of their sofas.

We sat there for a moment and there was no one to break the ice. Obviously, she was still weak. It was about a couple of minutes later that she forced herself to speak.

“Feel it as your home”

As I opened my mouth to thank her for the wish there was a hoot outside. In nothing flat, a man was already in. Connoisseur Buheta, father to Munyana Mignonette

“Hi boy “ He saluted me.

I rose from the sofa to shake hand with him but he pretended to have not noticed me and bustled in his bedroom. I slowly leaned back in the comfort seat and dismissed the shame he had tarred on me. “He goes to deposit all those bags may be” Said I. Munyana did not fathom her father’s behavior in front of an unusual guest in his

house. She was very flabbergasted, but she too simplified things. "Let's hope so," she said.

No one dared to break the ice. She was mindedly taken by the shock Connoisseur had caused in her. I resolved to let her regain composure. Suddenly, a tall and big woman entered. Inankuki Lagrange the mother to Munyana. She gave a quizzical look to both of us and then rebuked Munyana "Who is supervising the cook, don't you know he is still green?"

"I was there a moment ago, and he is used to it now" Munyana retorted. The mother followed her way to the bedroom reluctantly. I was inwardly embellishing Munyana for having knocked her down with a decisive answer. My heart kept advising I could kiss or hug her in their living room. But I was really sorry. She lowered her head and we were all busy struggling mentally. We were alerted by a shriek from Connoisseur's room.

"Hey our son in law, Doctor and Technician Kamenyi Futuriste, you're welcome in. we've missed you much" Inankuki screamed. A man entered the living room. He was very strong and energetic. Life had offered much to him, it was readable. He was the suitor of Munyana, he had won her hand for sure. Inankuki rushed out from their room. They hugged each other. Kamenyi wanted to do the same to Munyana but she gave her hand only. I could guess his face was now very morose, but he avoided to show it. Munyana had disappointed him. He began to tell stories about Uganda where he was following his schooling.

Kamenyi had got a gift of gab. He couldn't help singing he was going to become a full doctor in computer science in a few months. He also emphasized on an important six-month training he had gone through in Volkswagen, a German car industry. He could vow that nothing could escape his brain as far as car making and repairing are concerned. Even when Lunch was brought he kept blurting out about Volkswagen as though it was made of gold. Connoisseur and Inankuki did not get tired to admire him. They were very carried away by his words. They could forget eating and kept fooling themselves by laughing

Munyana did not mention a word and I too was speechless. I busied mind with the loveliness and tastefulness of the food and trying to foretell who would triumph over Munyana, the celestial soul I and the Doctor had come for.

Munyana's father was a reputed translator. He had surely had a way with words early in his age. I had heard of him in our church. One Sunday, our pastor highlighted on the wholesomeness of languages mastering. His example was a man who had succeeded to equip his brain with more than ten languages and who was enriching himself than never. The pastor had ignored the name, but now I came to uncover it was Mr. Buheta Connoisseur.

Although he was famous in translating documents into a dozen of languages Connoisseur bemoaned one language he had failed to master. It was Kiswahili. He would take refuge into a brief stillness and lower his head and finally curse Kiswahili language "I swear in the name of the universe I hate Kiswahili to death. It compelled a man of talents to surrender. It belittled my name, and I feel like I can crucify myself when I come across a document encoded in Kiswahili." Afterwards Kamenyi who had been living in Uganda for years swore that with the more than ten years of sojourn even one word of Kiswahili had failed to fix in his brain. This stirred Munyana until she couldn't hold herself. She exploded into laughter and was unable to regain her normal state. She sneaked in her bedroom and could be heard still laughing.

The doctor's confession caused everyone to take refuge in silence. Kamenyi was nonplused. Only shame could be read on his face, I felt like I could insult him in

Kirundi so that the insult could be very effective, but only a simple Kirundi expression was inwardly pronounced.” Ntasoni” (Which means: Shame on you). He was saved by a knock on the door.

“Boss, there's a man called Jim, can I let him in?” The guard inquired

“Hey, one of my best customers, he must be in a hurry” Ordered Connoisseur.

The man got in suddenly and shook hand with everyone. Inankuki stood up, she gathered her clothes around her and moved slowly to whisper something into the man’s right ear. He was very sorry. He put out his bag a five pages document and handed it over to Connoisseur. “Do quickly” The man ordered.

After peeping at it Connoisseur got nauseated, very morose, and unable to move. The document was in Kiswahili. He threw it at the verge of the table and buried his face in his two hands. Now it was the doctor’s turn to glance at it. He looked for a while and after he attempted the reading. What we heard from him was horrible. “mmmm” stammered Kamenyi. I felt like I could burst into laughter but I instead snatched the document from him. I requested a pen from the man and he meekly consented. There was no need for starting reading. I had been equipped very well in Kiswahili. Though I had dropped my schooling in the middle, I had begged my father to cover my Kiswahili fees. He was very compliant in front of my proposal for he was released to see me studying something at least. I did then the translation and handed it over to the man. He did not delay to set off.

Inankuki was short of words. All she did was to meditate. She then glimpsed at the wall clock and realized she was late for work. She quickly hustled into her bedroom and came back with a handbag. She disappeared outside and I heard her start her car. Unfortunately, the engine went off. She repeated the starting, it failed again. We were all setting our ears outside. My mind carried me back to the doctor’s skills acquired in Volkswagen. It was the ripe time to free my mind from all doubts and exhibited what he had been theorizing. It was also his time to convince Munyana and probably dishearten me. He finally raised from his sofa for intervention.

We both followed him and stepped closer to the car.” What’s the problem

“Connoisseur inquired. «But we are lucky the Lord has blessed our family with a son in law of talents”. Munyana emerged from the house and joined in the watching. The parents were watching and Munyana was watching too. They were hopeful and waiting for Kamenyi to signal the car finished to be fixed up. However, I was different from them. My eyes were fanning him and the brain doing its job. I was analyzing, surveying and concluding. I had been following his trials and he had disappointed me. He had gone belly up. He was only pretending and groping now. It had been worse than death to declare his failure.

He stood for a while and then resume the touching of wires. I could imagine whether he was ruminating about some solution that could yield a good key or just idling his mind. It was later I fathomed he was battling with fear which had been barricading him to finally vouch for his failure. Luckily, he got it out of his system” It’s hard to fix it up, and there’s no resort.” The doctor confessed.

I feared for him then because of the abundance of theories he had sung until I could think they were made of gold. All of them were falsified, and my heart continued telling me "one person's loss is another person's gain". Others were dumbfounded. Munyana had fumed and was going to utter an insult or something similar. Luckily, she succeeded to refrain from putting her tongue out and rushed in hitting her thighs with both hands. Connoisseur and Inankuki exchanged a quizzical look and then

Inankuki recovered from the shock and broke into words” Strange things have happened “

“Can I attempt” I humbly requested.

“If you want”! answered Inankuki “But I’m stabbed in the back”

I had never fixed up a car, but I stepped in it optimistically and certainly, and I foresaw the doctor was going to be outperformed by a boy who had dropped his school in the middle. Before engaging in the fixing I cast my mind back and remembered what had happened one day in a nearby garage. On that day I was just strolling around and finally found my feet taking me to the garage. There was a truck with the same problem. I had watched the mechanic as he did the repairing, and it was at Buheta,s house I found some knowledge had kept themselves in the brain.

Now I began to check the broken area, examining exactly where Kamenyi had been groping. Not by chance, discovered the matter with it. Two wires were not connected to each other. One could see it even at one or two inches from the car. I did the fixing and welcomed Inankuki for the starting.” Now you can get in” I indicated the car with both hands.

“Let me try it” she pessimistically said. She How over the were she when the engine started! As she sat behind the wheel I could see her performing little dances. She only increased my weight with these words «Very few people can win over you, you’re a rare bird”

Kamenyi was doing nothing but covering his mouth with his right hand, it had been his position until I fixed the car up. I dismissed everything by making myself as simple as I could. But what had happened had happened, and was impossible to cleanse. That was a masquerade to simplify the shame he had daubed himself, and which was ruining him. Connoisseur suggested we could have regained the living room. He himself led the way and each regained his comfort.

“I’ve forgotten there are some works to get done” Complained Connoisseur as he entered his bedroom. He did not stay longer there; he came back with his PC in his armpit. Yesterday it fell, I fear for it” He bemoaned”.

“Most of the times the falling of such a device may bring about troublesome damages” Kamenyi recovered from his stillness. «But it is much auspicious if it is luckily on. You then need to check some probable minor damages. However, it can be much frustrating and puzzling if the owner has no notion of a computer. Anyway, I’m not causing you to worry, a problem of such kind does not bother even a beginner in computer matters, what about me who is going to come up with a doctorate very soon!”

When he finished his poppycock connoisseur had abandoned the PC on the table. It had failed to function, and Kamenyi had no chance to clear all the misfortune that had befallen him. It lifted it up. After three or four minutes I questioned myself if Kamenyi was really going to graduate as a full doctor. He had been groping all over on the PC. There was a sudden image of my elder brother in my mind. He had come up with a bachelor degree in computer science and was far worth than this doctor. The house used to be jammed with his leaners. They brought their computers and he could arm their minds till they mastered. I used to make fun of some guys who could ask over and over, then a question would come to my mind” What a birdbrain?” The time he had been on it was thought-provoking. I finally suggested.

“Can you try those two buttons?”

“These ones? “Asked Kamenyi

“To the day” I confirmed.

The PC started its opening process and Connoisseur did nothing but nodding, and I knew to whom the nodding was addressed and what it meant. He started his works. Munyana suddenly joined us from her bedroom. She went to the same sofa. She lowered her head I could think she was very thoughtful. What I needed was to keep quiet and wait for the fate of the fight.

“Will you escort me for a brief chat” Kamenyi found out from Munyana, “I’m leaving and would like to talk to you as I drive back”

“I’m sorry, the fever is not over, and it is now sunny outside. The fever can recur” Munyana said apologetically.

Kamenyi Futuriste arose from his seat to set off. He did not insist or complain about the refusal. He stretched his hand to everyone. Connoisseur was highly sorry because of the immensity of the workload. Munyana stood up and pronounced a four words sentence “Have a good journey», and she regained her room.

Connoisseur was taken with the PC. Kamenyi had resolved to leave because the day was not his. Munyana was not there. Then I ruminated upon the distance I had covered, and how my feelings to Munyana were deferred. I had not yet poured my words to her and was now hopeless. I did not imagine how the decision of having a way occurred to my mind.

Connoisseur did not fathom it when I stretched my hand to him to leave. «Don’t tell me! Are you leaving us?” He surprisingly inquired.” I beg you sorry for having not entertained you as it should be, but let’s have a chat as I escort you”. He then shouted from the living room.

“Munya.., Munya... the boy is leaving.”

What a rush did I hear! Had it been not made of strong material, her bedroom’s door would have fallen into pieces. She forcefully flung it opened and closed it behind her. She emerged into the living room in a brief run and with a pair of slippers in her left hand. Connoisseur led the way out. Munyana avoided talking much. She was reluctant in speaking for the fever could be realized in her face.

We had been walking for nine or ten minutes when she suddenly stood. «Do you mind if I said goodbye?” She asked.

“If you wish it so “I hopelessly answered. I compliantly touched her hand and watched her moving her weight back to home.

Connoisseur had kept on walking, but now with a deliberate pace. I make a small run to catch up with him. He then held my left hand and we walk hand in hand. I knew he was the one to lead the chat, I waited. Luckily he broke into a speech.

“Very few people have a strengthened mind as yours” Connoisseur swore.” And thanks for having saved me from shame. I’m famous, you may have heard it before, but that language blemished my name”

A proper answer to his words did not appear when he paused for a while. I simply replied, “thank you.” But it was not enough, I was racking my brain to find how to keep the conversation on its momentum, but he abruptly carried on.

“It would be much better for me to get a coworker who has got away with Kiswahili. Can it bother you if we become a strong twosome in my job? I’m dying for it. ”To this question, I did not go around the bushes the answer was straight forward.” How can it bother me, I’m ready to give a hand” I consented.

“I was pleading the universe to bestow such an answer” He addressed his thanksgivings to the sky holding his chest. ” I’m not going far, I hardly hike, but bear in mind we shall meet tomorrow to my office for a final agreement, and there are works to get done. It’s on Kigwati avenue number 19.

Connoisseur tightly held my right hand with his two hands expressing his gratitude, thanksgivings, wishes, and farewell.” May the universe summon its army on both sides of the road for you to reach your blessed home unharmed. May it double the number to begird your bedroom for you to spend this coming night as you wish. I’m in debt to you! ». After these words, we separated and I hurried back as dusk was approaching. I was not a night owl, I rarely reached home far in the night except when I had spent evening carousing with guys of my age in nearby compounds. Now it was twilight, I dwindled my speed and adjudged to dodge to the catechist for the night. I made a knock.

“Finally back! Why did they be late you?” He asked as he opened the gate hurriedly. I saluted all the Humbler’s and let them know why I was sleeping in their house. He corroborated it by saying I should not venture under the night when I’m not accustomed to it. He was expecting me to tell how I was turned down but it was later when I told everything that he said: "You’re a rare bird.”

“Can you narrow it down please?” I asked him for clarification.

“Good, I mean it seems you have doubt on your triumph but you’ve won her hand with flying colors”. He paused a little and went on. «Intelligent people like Connoisseur are never straight forward in what they say. He has gratified her to you but people like you are few and far between, that’s how things are naturally.”

After dinner, we exchanged a few subjects. His wife, their sons commented on my case. “It does not happen to anybody”, said the elder son. "Can I dare and go to knock on that translator’s gate for one of his girls? «I’m certain I will experience the smell of jail for my first time as a reward.“ He swore to cross a finger in his throat.

“Or death penalty may be” added the younger.

“They would sue all this house for a crime” Vowed Humbler’s wife

At this night Connoisseur’s house did not sleep. They went far in the night foolishly and excitedly carousing. Everyone was half asleep and half awake. Everything started during dinner when Munyana brought in a subject.

“What an extraordinary boy, I’ve never seen such an egg head before” Munyana swore.

“Yeah...Clever than the living and unborn, I can bet. “added Connoisseur crossing himself in his forehead.

“Lagrange, do you know what he did after your departure!” Asked Connoisseur.

“Another miracle! Please, I beg you, let my ears feast it!” Exclaimed Inankuki Lagrange.

“More than a miracle, the doctor failed to fix up my broken computer, but the boy did it eyes closed, it surpassed me” Connoisseur exclaimed.

“An impostor doctor.... I hate the name doctor when applied to that man” Munyana added.

“Munya.... Even you! Then we are fortunate” Inankuki screamed, staring at his husband.

“Yeah very lucky. Munyana herself hates now that so-called man of computer sciences. A doctor! I feel like I need to know which ruined school he goes to”

“My daughter Munyana I wish that man would escape from your mind to be replaced by that powerful growing intelligence” Inankuki advised.

“Hey, by the way, did you know the boy is coming to my office early morning!

«Connoisseur remarked.” I offered him a job, and he deserves it, I’m telling you”

There was a sharp shriek accompanied with applauses, one could say there was a night club but only three persons, excluding Munyana, s younger sister, a fan of Kamenyi.

“He is the one I deserve, I vouch in front of you both” confirmed Munyana.

“If the universe says yes, can a mother or father stand with his or her no?”

Connoisseur questioned.” That kind of parent would be reduced into ashes by its grief”

“I shall be there to free our boy from all uncertainties” Inankuki swore.

Karire, the younger sister to Munyana, had resolved to let them carouse. She had clandestinely taken her mother’s phone and disappeared into her bedroom. She was nine years old, but who could not confirm she was grown enough to admire a man. She had been admiring Kamenyi for years and had never wished their separation. She had secretly jotted down his number and had kept it cautiously. She was now outraged. She rang him.” Hey, Karire on the line. Watch out. Munyana is leaving you for the boy, a meeting to the office, at dawn”

At cockcrow, I was to Connoisseur’s office waiting for him. The dew through which I had passed had caused me to become frost beaten until I started squeezing in my pull over. Suddenly a car was already parked in front of the office, it was the one that had fallen a doctor to upgrade who had no schooling.

“How long have you been here?” Inankuki inquired.

“A quarter and something...” I answered.

“We are very sorry for the loneliness you’ve felt,” Inankuki apologized.

“And how have you reached here? «Connoisseur

“Hiking” I replied

“Jesus! We are again very sorry to hear that” Munyana apologized,” The sun will shine to those who arouse at cockcrow and bear the dew. You’ve come and it is your starting out.”

Connoisseur unlocked the door and welcomed them in. Everyone took comfort in a sofa. He then broke into a speech.

“I salute you all. Much was agreed on yesterday and I’m sure everything suffices.

From now on we will be working together in this office. But let’s hear from Lagrange what is special for today’s agenda”

“If people gather around the counter, very early in the morning like this, there must be something special. My son (She turned to me), we are not giving a job for we cannot find a salary to quench you, but we want you to be one of us and we will share the outcome. Before I carry on I want to peep in your left “, she paused a little, then I glanced in my left as she advised. My face met that of Munyana and she showed a good smile, I returned the smile faithfully. The mother resumed her speech.

“She is in your left and never betray her. Don’t disobey the universe, no single person under the sun has succeeded in betraying the universe’s want. It has predestined it like this». We were all setting our ears to her when a violent knock deafens everyone. It was Kamenyi, the suitor. He was now stepping in. Munyana rushed out violently and stopped him from entering.

“Why are you here?” she rebuked him. “Forget about all I told you, I’ve forgotten all your words. Just tell your mind you’ve never seen me for your name shall no longer appear anywhere in my memory. Go your way, I’ve chosen for my life. You shall come back here as a customer, but never as a son in law, have your way” She paused and indicated him the way out with a finger. She regained her seat.

We were watching Kamenyi standing unmoving in the doorpost where he had been stopped. He slowly turned back and what he did was almost insane. As he angrily

walked off, he fiercely tore his shirt. Everyone could hear the sound made by buttons as they fell down. He put off and reduced it into three pieces. He littered them in front of the office. Now everyone in the office stood up and started fanning him as he entered his car in a singleton. Connoisseur quietly walked out and gathered the tattered pieces of the shirt. He tossed them in the dustbin. He was regaining his seat when he concluded.” He is a singleton. Thanks to God and His universe for having predestined the direction of our daughter”. He lowered his head for a moment, crossed himself, and then gave the green light for Inankuki to go ahead with the speech. “Is he the one who has been fooling the whole house?” She questioned herself with her head lowered. “Munya...The truth reveals itself. You are saved and we are saved too. Anyway, our boy frees yourself from all ambiguities. Feel free with Munyana Mignone. She is yours and you are hers from now on and for good. I salute you”. Her speech ended with applause from both Connoisseur and Munyana. Munyana peeked at me three or four times with a charming smile accompanying each peek. I did not show any sign of emotion or something similar for I knew why. Connoisseur closed the meeting. «I declare this special early morning meeting closed. I have spared ten minutes for our children to chat. I and Lagrange should be waiting outside”. He had already stood up before he said the last word. Inankuki gathered clothes around her and swiftly bustled out. The time was gratified to me and Munyana, and sometimes ten minutes can be worth than a day.

A Girl, Not a Cow for Sale

By Egide Harerimana

She was born in a land of honey and milk. A country of a nine-month period of the rainy season. It was and still is a country of thousands of hills which are embodied with long and green trees. In this country, people were and still are united around one language, one culture, and one destiny. They lived in harmony as one people. The foundation of unity in that country was and still is love. It is a wonderful and superb country of birds, lakes, rivers, animals, and peoples all living a complementary life. Her name was Sunrise. This name was chosen carefully. She was born in a family after the birth of five successive boys. Her mother called her Sunrise to mean that the birth of a daughter was like the rising of the sun in the family. Indeed, she was extremely beautiful. Therefore, she was compared to the sunrise. She was neither short nor tall; light-skinned and well built. Sunrise was very attractive, delicate, extraordinary; and exceptionally kind and gentle. She had a very soft voice. When talking, one could think that she was singing or rhyming a poetry device. As she grew up, she became more and more beautiful.

Sunrise was twenty-one years old when she finished high school. Her father, John, was not rich. However, he had a small shop at the center of the village. He took his daughter Sunrise to the market place to be a shop manager. In the shop, Sunrise became the actual sunrise. She exercised duties beyond managing the shop. Her beauty was the bait that attracted many customers. They could come to see that lady with such extraordinary beauty in the village. The shop was always full of people. The amplified voice of Sunrise enchanted people to the extent that they could buy things they did not plan to purchase. Men in the village were seduced by the beauty of this girl. Some could tell her overtly that they loved her; others could not because they were afraid. Her father couldn't help singing in the village that the dowry of her daughter would be substantial.

Sunrise used to attend the morning mass at the nearby church. On one Sunday, after the mass, she met her classmate who was by the time a graduate from the national university. His name was Clever. He was born from a poor family like Sunrise. Nonetheless, Clever underestimated himself looking at how Sunrise was dressed to kill and as beautiful as an angel. He was surprised but could not show his disappointment. He proposed to escort her up to her home so as they could talk about life issues as former acquaintances. They left the church together and went back towards Sunrise's home. They walked hand in hand, sharing smiles, talking about their former life as pupils and trying to reminisce about some other classmates. In the meantime, one could read fear in the face of Clever. They started to share sweet words as they were about to separate. It was high time they parted ways but they could not stand the final greetings. With a loving face, Sunrise sat under a tree and Clever sat by her side. They started singing in their local language, imitating a song of one famous singer of the village. While singing, Clever uttered words sweeter than he had ever said to anybody before.

"I love you, buddy,

I am but what you deserve

Your heart is but what I preserve

Your soul is what I need

Because we are to belong to the same breed

What I love is all that is you

What I hate are your enemies to eschew

A beautiful lady I've never seen

Crazy of you is what I've been

Your smile is but a paradise

I am talking about you my Sunrise

Your body is what I need to pamper

You are such a golden river for me to swim

Love is what I am talking verbatim"

After listening to the song, Sunrise broke into tears. Clever took a handkerchief to clear her tears. From dawn to dusk, it was such a long time in between. Despite that, they never felt hungry. The time went by quickly as they were having fun. However, she stood and bid him farewell as it was getting dark.

As Clever was cherishing Sunrise with his sweet words, Boss, on the other side, was cherishing John, the father of Sunrise, with much beer and kebabs at a very nice pub of the village.

"Do you know that you are my father-in-law?" Boss told John.

John jumped high because of happiness. He had no such kind of dream to see his daughter married to such a boss of the village. He started praising Boss to the skies. He blessed Boss and his future family with Sunrise wishing him to multiply and continue to prosper.

"Sunrise is ready for you. She cannot refuse." John said.

Hearing this, Boss called the barman to bring some other bottles of Amstel for his so-called father-in-law. They drank until night.

Sunrise was cooking the night's meal when she heard her father far from home singing as he was coming back from the bar. She understood that her father was drunk. John arrived walking on the rhythm of the song.

"Boss, oh my boss

Boss, oh my son-in-law

I will praise your higher name forever

You who are ready to give me cows
You who give me drinks
You who give me a place in other men
I promise that I will give you my Sunrise”

He entered the house still singing the song. Sunrise was confused and exasperated. She heard from the song the names of Boss and Sunrise but took it for granted and continued to cook. She finished cooking and brought the food on the table to serve the family. The father ate but still singing the song without making sounds. Sunrise thought that something might have happened but expected to hear from her father the relationship between her and Boss. Quickly after the evening meal, John called Sunrise and introduced the name of Boss to her.

Boss was a thirty years old rich man. He inherited the wealth from his departed father. He was the only person who had a car in the village. He had also many cows, houses and shops. He was very fat and tall. Many people respected and feared him. Poor people had no other choice than to submit themselves to him so that they could get jobs to work in his plantations, herd his cows and work as house boys and girls in his house. He was not yet married. It was, therefore, a great honor for John to be closer to such a kind of man because a friend of a respected man is necessarily respected.

“Boss is willing to marry you. If you’re still my daughter, I urge you to never deny his proposal. He has much money, you know.” John told Sunrise.

Sunrise bowed her head down as she kept on listening to her father.

“He is rich. It will be honorable for me, my family and you, my daughter, will have that man as my son-in-law. You must marry him.” He added.

In the morning of the following day, Sunrise met Boss’s car when she was going to fetch water. When Boss saw her, he stopped the car, opened the glass of the car’s door and beckoned Sunrise to get closer to the car. Sunrise refused and continued his way to the water tap. Boss got out of the car. He called again Sunrise to come close to him, this time using kind words. He told her that he was going to marry her soon. He told her to come in the afternoon at his very big shop to take everything she wanted, be it clothes, shoes, telephone and so many other items that she might want. He told her that he was going to make her a nice woman ever seen in the village. Nonetheless, Sunrise was very bored with the words of Boss. She couldn’t help hiding her emotional reactions against Boss’s words.

“I hate you with all my heart
Your words are nothing but for my heart to hurt
Who told you that I am on the market?
To be bought on the velvet
I don’t need you and your money
I got my best honey

The sweet of my heart Clever” Sunrise said angrily.

Boss got on his car. Henceforth, he decided to never talk to Sunrise again. He decided to talk to John, her father so he could convince his daughter to marry him.

In their culture, there was a proverb which said that “Ants converse when they are grouped on a bone.” This meant that when two or more people wanted to talk about a sensitive issue, they should gather around something like a pot of wine. Back in the day, when there was an important issue to handle, people especially men should be assembled around a pot of banana wine and discuss while drinking on the wine at the same time. As things kept on evolving, banana wine had been sometimes replaced by industrial drinks like beer, Amstel and the like. That’s why Boss and John always talked about the wish of Boss to marry Sunrise while drinking beer in the bar.

In the evening, Sunrise heard a harsh hoot of a car at the gate when she was in the kitchen. The car started to wail but she did not care. John was in the house listening to the news on the national radio. As the car went on wailing, John turned off the radio to listen carefully. After hearing that the car was on the gate, he picked the coat up on the chair and rushed at the gate because he made sure that it was Boss. John got into the car. They moved towards the bar as usual. They arrived in the bar and sat around the table. Boss ordered two bottles of primus. They started talking and Boss introduced the case of Sunrise. He stated that he was ready to give three cows and a big amount of money as dowry paid for Sunrise. However, he told John how Sunrise behaved in the morning when he met her going to fetch water. Hearing that Sunrise disrespected Boss, John felt ashamed and sad. He asked for forgiveness on behalf of her daughter and promised to punish her severely.

John went back home before they slept. He was too angry. He insulted everyone he met in the house starting with his wife and all his sons. He was a bit drunk. His voice was that of a thunderbolt when he was calling all members of the family to come in the dining room. They sat silently. John started saying that his family was lucky because they were going to have a well-off son-in-law. All were listening carefully. He said that Boss was ready to give three cows and some money as a dowry so as to marry Sunrise. By that time, Sunrise's mother jumped up high in exhilaration. She congratulated her daughter and wished her good luck in her new family to be. Sunrise's brothers should also manifest a bit of smile as the father was introducing the point. But that was not the whole story. John began to talk pointing the finger at Sunrise. His voice became that of a lion roaring.

"I am talking to you Sunrise. It's high time you respected me and my decisions as your father." He said.

"You must marry Boss. I don't want to hear the name of Clever." He shouted on Sunrise.

Sunrise was on the other side shivering. She dropped tears but tried to appease the emotions as her father was still speaking. According to the culture, it was forbidden that children interrupt their parents when they were speaking.

"I am not a cow that you're selling. I love Clever. Why are you forcing me to marry someone I don't love?" Sunrise said tearfully.

John went to sleep angrily.

The following was the day Clever promised to pay a visit to Sunrise at home. Sunrise woke up in the morning, as usual, cleaning well the house and arranging everything in the house. She cleaned the front and back yard as well. She told her mother that she had a very special guest. Her mother never minded welcoming Sunrise's guests because she loved her so much. Her father had left home at the dawn. He met Clever on his way. Clever was humble before him because he knew that John was going to be his father-in-law. John did not know where Clever was heading to. However, he started to insult him.

"You, son of a bitch. You want to take my daughter for free!"

"You charmed my child with your words and craft. I will show you who I am." John told Clever.

John tried to harass Clever by slapping him but Clever ran away from him and continued his way. Thereafter, the plan to arrive at home changed though he had told Sunrise that he could pay her a visit at home. He was but afraid that he could be beaten hard once John found him in his house. Clever called Sunrise by the telephone to come and meet him at some miles far away from home. Sunrise responded very quickly to the call of Clever by coming. They hugged as though it was a hundred

years without seeing each other. They shared soft smiles and kisses as they still held each other's hand. They sat under a tree that was called "a tree of love". Under that tree, loving winds and good weather were found galore. After sharing warm greetings, Clever opened his bag and grabbed a gift that he had prepared to give to Sunrise.

"Take this gift, my sweetheart

For you won my heart

I love you from so many years ago

And I will never let you go

Till death do us apart." Clever said.

"Will you marry me my Sunrise?" He asked her.

Happiness could not be hidden in the face of Sunrise. It was happiness mixed with emotions. She answered:

"I am short of words to express my gratitude

You are a man of good attitude

I adore you my Clever

And I will be your wife forever."

Clever heard that Boss was also willing to marry Sunrise. He got lost and became pessimistic because he was not ready to compete with such a magnanimous man known all over the village. By that time, he asked Sunrise all the news about her relations with Boss. Sunrise swore to never have loved Boss. She explained to Clever that Boss was currently cooperating with her father so that he could convince her to marry him. Clever understood. They started to think about how they could overcome the pressure of Sunrise's father. The only way out was to plan for marriage as soon as possible. They decided to prepare their marriage in two months. However, Clever still had problems because he could not afford the dowry that John wanted for his daughter.

After taking a decision to plan for marriage in two months, Sunrise seemed to be lost. She looked away from Clever. It was apparent that she was thinking hard. The happiness that she had before disappeared. Clever held her by the shoulders and asked her what was wrong. Sunrise answered:

"I know my father won't accept this. He wants me to marry Boss because he wants to get many things from him."

"My father is too stubborn. He can chop me into pieces if I say that I am preparing marriage with you."She added.

Clever was listening silently. They stayed silent for around ten minutes. They could not look at each other. Sunrise broke the silence. She told him that she recognized his financial situation. She proposed him to prepare a gift together which they could afford and give it to the father. They were still afraid that John could not accept the gift. However, they consented on the gift of 300,000 francs of local currency. Sunrise accepted to contribute the half so as to help Clever. Before they parted ways, they decided to involve the wise man of the village in this matter so that he could help them to convince John to accept the gift and let Sunrise marry Clever. It was almost in the night that Sunrise could rush up home so that her father could not arrive before her.

As Clever and Sunrise separated, it was time that John and Boss met in the bar. John arrived before Boss. He could talk to barmen while waiting for Boss to come. They could not understand why John was always making deals with that rich man of the village. They were willing to apply for jobs in Boss's businesses but he was so arrogant that it was so difficult to talk to him. They asked John if he could help them

to be in contact with Boss. It was so amazing that John could share a bottle almost every day with Boss. John revealed the secret to the barmen.

“It’s because I have a beautiful daughter that Boss wants to marry. He is my son-in-law. I promised to give him my Sunrise.” John explained.

As they were still talking, the car arrived. John interrupted with the barmen and stood up to greet Boss. John pulled down his hat as respect way to greet Boss. He was likely to kneel down. They sat around a table far from others. Boss ordered drinks and kebabs as usual. They started eating and drinking. Boss opened the discussion thanking John for having come. He, thereafter, introduced his wish to marry Sunrise as soon as possible. He told John that nothing was missing. He assured him that everything was ready for the marriage to take place. John was listening attentively. Boss added that the three cows for dowry were ready. Before he went on, John took the floor to speak. He thanked Boss for being ready to marry Sunrise. However, he expressed his preoccupations as far as the relationship between Sunrise and Clever was concerned. He told Boss that he was afraid Sunrise might not be ready for marriage with him. One could hear the heart of Boss beating hard. Henceforth, John reassured Boss that everything could go well. He assumed that he was going to take responsibility as a father to force Sunrise to marry Boss.

“I will never accept any offer from another suitor. You are the only one I prefer to marry Sunrise.” John pledged.

Boss reacted by clapping for John’s promise. He confessed that he would do everything possible to please John and his family. He ordered other drinks so as to encourage him. They could share cheers since they were on the same wavelength. They finished drinking when it was almost 9 pm. Boss gave a ride to John until home. When they were about to separate, Boss took a gift he prepared for Sunrise which was in the car. He gave it to the father so that he could give it to Sunrise once at home. The family was sitting in the living room after eating. They were chatting before they could go to sleep. John entered the house with a covered box in his hands. The box was covered in a very nice package made up of different colors and flowers. Nobody could see what was inside it. He put it on the table and sat between members of the family. They carried on talking and John introduced the story about the gift that was on the table.

“Sunrise, take your gift. It was sent to you by someone who loves you.” John said.

“Papa I can guess who sent me this gift. It’s my Clever”. Sunrise said it happily.

John shook his head. He spent a bit of time in silence. He could look at Sunrise and look downward without talking, much like he was in a deeper dilemma.

“I told you to never repeat the name of Clever in my house. If you want, go and live with that poor boy without my blessings.” John said angrily.

Sunrise did not take the gift. Her father kept on insisting that she should accept Boss but Sunrise refused obstinately. They went to sleep without any consent. The gift stayed on the table unopened. The next day, the father took it and kept it in the drawer waiting that Sunrise could go back on her word. Still, that was not the whole story.

At the wise man compound, every morning, there were people who could come to ask for pieces of advice, settle conflicts and sue other problems happening in the village. That day was the turn for Clever and Sunrise. He was a good man ever seen. He was humble, courteous and good at listening. In the same perspective, Clever and Sunrise met early the morning to sue their case to the “Mushingantahe”, the title that was given to someone endowed with skills and abilities to solve problems, manage conflicts, give wise pieces of advice to people and help to build harmony in the society. They arrived in his compound as the sun was rising. He welcomed them, gave

them a seat and asked them to tell their story. There was a problem between Clever and Sunrise to know who should start to speak. Thereafter, Sunrise started.

“We are lovers. However, my father is hindering our love. He wants me to marry a different person whom I don’t love.” Sunrise explained.

The wise man shook his head as he was listening. After listening carefully, he spoke to them.

“You children, have got to respect your parents because they are older and wiser than you are.” He said.

“Anyway, why does he want you to marry a different person?” he asked a question. As he was about to finish speaking, the heart of Clever was beating like a drum. He thought that the results might not be favorable to him as the wise man was insisting on the respect that children should owe to their parents. He understood that the wise man was urging Sunrise to accept her father’s decisions. On her side, Sunrise reacted. “I love my father and I don’t want to disrespect him. He wants me to marry Boss because he promised to give him many precious things as a dowry. Clever got only 300,000 francs to give him as a gift for having brought me up.” She said.

The wise man stood up and asked Clever and Sunrise to follow him. They went straight to John’s home. Sunrise went quicker before them to tell her father that there were people coming to see him. John’s home was at some miles not very far from the wise man home. As they arrived at the gate, John was disappointed to see the wise man that morning together with Clever. He knew Clever before. He greeted the wise man but not Clever and welcomed them for a seat. John told Sunrise to go somewhere in the chamber and bring a pot of banana wine because this was the custom that men could talk while drinking on the wine. They exchanged a few words before the wise man introduced the main point on the agenda.

“Your daughter and this man love each other. You need to accept Clever as your son-in-law.” He introduced.

“A daughter is not a cow for sale. I want you to understand this.” He insisted.

“Boss may have money but not love. Let Sunrise marry the one she loves.” The wise man finished speaking.

The heart of Clever was full of exhilaration. John was a little bit nervous but tried to overcome anger.

“In our culture, it is said that a girl is not a child,” John said.

Immediately, the wise man reacted.

“No, no, never say that. A daughter is a child like a son.”

John finally was convinced that he should accept the choice of Sunrise. He confessed love to Clever. They stood up and hugged one another as a sign of unity. Sunrise was excited to see her father and Clever sharing smiles and soft words. It was her great satisfaction. After a short time of joking as they were happy of John’s changing attitude, the wise man told John that Clever had prepared 300,000 francs to give him as a gift for having brought up Sunrise and taken her to school. The wise man explained that normally there was no price one could pay for a human being.

“A dowry is just a gift. Parents should remember that children need to live after their marriage.” He told John.

Without hesitating, Sunrise’s father, John, accepted the gift as a dowry. In the meantime, Clever proposed that the dowry day should not be such a great ceremony. He promised to send the dowry with the wise man and another man in two weeks so as to minimize expenses. Both John and the wise man congratulated Clever for a good idea. At that time, Sunrise was listening to them being outside behind the wall. She

could dance, laugh by herself and jump because of happiness. Before they left the house, they agreed on the idea that the marriage could take place in two months. After two months, Clever married Sunrise. It was a very great ceremony considering the crowd of people who attended it. Boss came to assist that marriage. He left before the end of ceremonies because he was shocked and felt jealous. Clever and Sunrise lived a prosperous life together as a husband and wife.

It's Dark before Dawn

By Audace Hakizimana

Mvakure is a 20-year-old boy. His mother died when he was six. His father Murengera couldn't put up with the situation which he considered as loneliness. Thence, he decided to marry a widow Karire. Life has really been bitter for Mvakure. Since he was a single child in the family, he was doing any work of the household. He got weary truthfully speaking. He was ill-treated by his stepmother. She used him like a plough. However, since he was meek, he tried his best to make her satisfied but to no avail. Murengera, as the head of the family, was used to going to Tanzania to bring home the bacon. Whenever he was out of the house, Mvakure was doomed. His stepmother did not take him for a human being but a speck of dust that needed to be cleaned from a windowpane. She challenged him and he would do what even he could not afford but for there was no other way out he would make it. She had also forbidden him to tell his father what would have happened. She had promised him death if he let it out. Always at dawn, he was poured water on to get awakened. She was happy to see him struggling with tiring works. She could even misuse things such as water or fire woods in order to send him to bring them again. One day, she misused water by washing herself. The pot was full of it. But she used it off. She went to bed. Early in the morning, as it was her won't, she shouted at his as follows:

"Nasty sleeper, there is no water, you know. Take the pot and go to bring it.

"But mum, I fetched a lot of it yesterday. It would have not finished yet"; retorted Mvakure humbly.

"Eeh, what's the hell! Do you even dare reply to me? I can't bear it."

"But er... mom er... I..."

"Sssh, look at him first! I see that you've put on weight. That's why you've got so troublesome." She interrupted him.

Thereupon, he took it as simple as possible. He took the pot as his stepmother had recommended. He went down the sandy-dewed narrowed road with ire but he couldn't do anything. He brought the water and put it in its reserved place as usual. But Karire said that he had fetched dregs. So she spilled it. Thence, she ordered him to go back to the spring. Unfortunately, giving the pot to him, she rolled it and it broke. She imputed him and took a stick to beat him. He tried to escape but he couldn't. He thought about how he would be back and accepted to abide. She beat him severely. She obliged him to take a big calabash and go to the spring. By gauging at the spring, she said:

"Do you see? I want to spit on a leaf and if accidentally you come back after the spit has dried, you will see who I am."

From home to the spring, there were at about ten miles. But Mvakure was as fast as a bullet. He brought the water in time which surprised Karire. But she was not satisfied because she had longed much to whip the lad. She now asked him to go in the forest during the red-hot sun to collect fire woods. She thought he would turn it down and

then she would get the tremendous opportunity to beat him. But Mvakure did not care. He accepted to give himself to cobras. When he brought them, she threatened him that his father must punish him because he had broken the pot.

In the evening Murengera arrived from a bar, drinks up to the throat. Karire approached him weeping and finally, she said:

"Do you know my sweet? I'm weary of your son, and look, he has also broken the pot. How will I be fetching water?" But did she fetch it?" Fancy that!

Murengera asked his wife: "What are you getting at? Do you go crazy? Ok, let me call him first.

"No, even if you don't call him!" She replied.

"Mvakure weee" He called him.

"Pardon dad! I'm coming," He answered.

He came shuddering and he greeted his father first. His father could tell how much he had panicked.

"Mvaku tell me, what have you done to your mother?" He asked him.

"Dad, nothing but..."

"No...What?" She interrupted him. And she continued: "I'm tired. Hence, that is your choice; either I leave or he leaves." She said.

"And this is your choice, either you abide or you leave. Did you know? This is my blood and I love him. In addition, I hope that you remember the dating days' oath. What did you tell me about Mvakure?" Murengera said.

He now gave the opportunity to Mvakure to express himself. So he said:

"Dad, I first thank you to grant this opportunity to me. Therefore, water has already overpassed flour. Whenever you're out, I must make sure I have to suffer. Just from your first step off, my mother pours water on me to wake me. She orders what even horses cannot afford. She said she is wary of me but I'm wearier of her, though. She always whips me for no reason. Even today she did. The pot that she told you I broke, was broken by herself. In fact, I was coming from the spring; and when I brought water, she scolded me saying I had fetched dregs. She said I had to go back. After spilling the water, she rolled the pot to me so that I went there back. And then it broke.

Murengera kicked his wife out. However, she said she couldn't leave that day since it was already night. She said she would leave the following day. Nevertheless, he said if she didn't, she would see something she had never seen before. She finally left but before leaving, she said:

"Yes, you sack me during such a night. But remember that though I go, I'm pregnant of you. Moreover, for your information, you did not know that you have drawn an ember into your clothes. So early or late, you will see who I am."

Later on, she came back with magic to blind Murengera. It was he who became a wife to carry out husband's orders. So he, himself started ill-treating Mvakure, his son.

One day, Murengera sent him to a neighbour to ask for a hook to prune the plantains.

When Mvakure arrived there, he found the man using the hook. Therefore, he was obliged to wait until the man finished. And when the man finished, he gave the hook to Mvakure who took it to his father running. When he arrived, nothing else his father welcomed him with but scolding. He did not even ask him why. He rather sent him to bring a stick to be beaten with. He was not able to escape. He went and bring it.

Murengere beat him severely. This was so weird. From his birth, he had never seen his father put a finger on him. It's true that no one is perfect but Mvakure was not

used to upsetting his father. But that day, he didn't believe himself. After beating him he said:

"From now on, I can tell why you've been challenging to your mother. If you don't change your moods, you'll see what it is.

Mvakure was not able to utter a word. He got afraid of him. Something crossed his mind. This was one of the stories his father used to tell him when he was eight years old. Normally, children at this stage have got fresh memories. They do not forget something they've heard. So, his father had once said:

"A leopardess is an intelligent animal, do you know why? It doesn't want betrayal and laziness within her kids but strong, able and fearless well-trained kids. After giving birth, at some months, she snarls to threaten them. The ones that fear and flee will become small cats whereas the other that did not but who remained steady, become real leopards no matter how few they are. She may even remain with no real child because for her what matters is to have a child that will never fear threats but that will fight for himself."

"Is it what he wanted to perform?" Mvakure asked himself. No, I think no.

Things became worse. His father did not see him like his child, not only his but also of none else's. He'd already seen him like a desert plant, which anyone who passes beside does not look at whether it withers or not. Mvakure had really got as gaunt as a board. He would sit on a stool thinking about how to get rid of this burden but he could not find a way out. His heart was maimed. He was extremely appalled by these moods. In front of his father's hut, there was a sacred tree "umumanda". His stepmother had promised to hang him if ever she found him there. She believed that once he visited his mother's grave very often, she would inspire him in whatever he did. She only wanted him to be always working. He could not get a spare time unless when the stepmother had left. And always before leaving, she would give him many things to do so that when she came back she would find him still working. It was really an onerous task. But Mvakure was born a hard worker. He could not care. Yes, whenever rain catches you on your way and there is nowhere you can shelter, it must pound you and you must abide it. It's true that Mvakure was a hard worker but it doesn't mean that he would not mind a rest. Hardly, his stepmother would leave the homestead. When it happened, Mvakure would work as hard and quick as possible so that he could forge a rest for himself. After work, he would do a kind of suicide. He would go under the sacred tree, umumanda to watch up wrens who would come there to enjoy the freshness of the spot. He would sing some different melodies to them. Sometimes, he took them for messengers to carry messages to his mother. At this stage, he used to sing such a song.

You wrens, wrens, wrens
I love you so much
I like your colour and games
I can tell you're very happy
And that's normal because you are
With your sons and daughters
Your aunts and uncles
Your nephews and cousins
Your fathers and mothers
Ooh, I'm sorry to break your ears
I wish I were a bird, too

I'd fly far away from here
So I'd like to make you messengers
My message is not heavy
It is light, though.
When you fly back,
Tell my mother I miss her
Tell her that her son has withered
Like ryegrass of summer
Tell her from the time she left
My father brought me another mother
A mother who is not worthy
A mother who is a lioness, though.

Mvakure's mother's grave was not too far from the hut. His stepmother had also promised to kill him once she found him there. She said the ghost of his mother would teach him to rebel. One day, after singing to wrens, he got an idea:

"Maybe these wrens are not delivering the message. I'll go to the grave myself. I'll abide by any outcome;"

But he immediately got in two minds:

"But can I really go or not? She might be coming. How if she finds me there?" He thought.

But he decided to go. Getting at the grave, he sat down on it, rapt with thoughts. With heavy in-mouth cries, he said:

"Mom, I've been sending messages
But I've come to spot that may be
My messengers do not deliver it.
That's why I've made up my mind
To bring it myself although my stepmother
Had forbidden me to come here.
Mum, I'm numb with grief
Just from the day you left.
I wish I had died first.
I am lonely. Come out mum.
I miss your educational ways.
Now the education I'm getting
Is that of being beaten?
So mum, won't you come out?
You're lingering and my stepmother
Will strike me.
Listen to me, mum
I still love you.
My stepmother has no love
Burundians have well stated it
They have said that:
'Hiyahura uwarozwe'.
Yes, I entirely agree with them
Because if any grieved person
Was able to hang himself

Just because of his grief
I too would have already
Hanged myself
But, it's impossible
I've been thinking of it
But I always fail
However, there is still time.
Do you want to tell me
That from the day
You left, you've forgotten me forever?
No, do not do that
I humbly beg you;
Come out and hug me
Just as you used to do.
Mum, you betray me, ok?
No other solution.
Since you don't want to come out,
I'm off.
But know that my heart
Is not still within me.
Bye, bye."

He went back swamped with ire. On his way, he recollected how his mother used to lull his little sister, Ntimba. Ntimba died before Mvakure mother's death. She was 3 years old. She was the most beautiful girl in the village. That's why she was poisoned. One witch had said Ntimba would wear the family with honor. She had said that if she had to grow up in this family, the latter would earn many jewels and cows for a dowry. Therefore, she said they'd jump together. Ntimba's death was so abrupt. When Mvakure recalled this, he couldn't help crying. With all of his recollections, the one that seemed to have been haunting his mind was that of the motherhood that his mother used to show to her children. The lullaby she used to sing to Ntimba appeared to govern the recollections. Unfortunately, he couldn't remember any entire lullaby but some passages. Here is a passage that often pampered in his mind.

Calm down, calm down I beg you
Because children are adulated
I'll take you to your own father
I mean your father not your uncle
He will ask me the reasons for your cries
He will milk fresh milk for you.
Calm down, calm down I beg you
I wish not to give you to a stepmother
She is a ferocious animal
She would send you to fetch water
In the rain of dawn
She would send you to collect firewoods
Under the red-hot sun
And in the forest hosting ghosts.

He'd compare this to conditions he was living. At that time, he thought that his mother was simply calming down her daughter but now he discovered how much love she was showing her. And he could think that perhaps she did not sing such a song for him. If she had, he would have not passed through such hardships. Ntimba died at first because his mother had denied to offer her to a stepmother.

So what about him? Where there is death, there are cries and suspicions. Those were hypotheses Mvakure would simply make. Hardship is fought by means of only one weapon, courage. Mvakure was not discouraged though he was facing such hardships. He remained steadfast, humble and courageous.

Later, Mvakure ended up down the hall. How did he get there? By "dunyuri". This is an art that cyclists use in order to move faster. Most of the time, they use it while climbing upward roads. They cling somewhere at the back of a lorry and it pulls them. This is also practiced by some lads wandering about. They climb on the back of the lorry and hold somewhere tightly. They are taken wherever they want. Mvakure had no money to buy a ticket for himself. But with this technique, he got in town easily. He went in the milieu he had never been before. Somewhere he had neither a relative nor a friend. When he arrived in town, he was surprised, and for a little while, he lost countenance. Time went on. He had no coin. Hunger pondered him. He knew nowhere. When it was getting dark, he went under a mango tree and lay there. He could not sleep because of hunger and the sounds of cars.

In fact, misfortunes call one another and they follow one another. When little misfortunes occur to someone, despite their cries, great misfortunes must come. One must abide because you will fear a lion when you hear its roar. Nevertheless, when you encounter it, since you cannot run away and leave it, fear will disappear and you will engage yourself in a fight. Mvakure regretted to have left home but he thought he could let himself run over by a car instead of going back. He spent the night under the mango tree. At dawn, birds chanted and reminded him of how his stepmother was used to pouring water on him in such a cold. He was, of course, shocked but he could not go back to give himself to his stepmother. He had escaped from her because she was so ferocious. Besides, he had escaped from the whole family because even his father had changed much. He had become harsh to him, too.

There was then no other choice. No suicide was possible. He had tried it before but it did not work. One day, he took a rope and made a loop but in vain. So he had succeeded in escaping his stepmother but had he really escaped from hardships? Who knows? Let's carry on.

At sunrise, he started to walk without knowing where to. He met another idle boy who spotted him at the first sight and asked him: "How are you, young man? Where are you going? I can see you're new here in this town, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm new and I don't know where I'm going."

"Little boy, you don't know where you're going? Come along with me."

He took him somewhere to look for leftovers to eat. He asked him what had brought him in town and Mvakure told all about himself. The lad found out that they shared hardships. He finally said tearfully: "I'm sorry to hear your awful story. In fact, we share this story. So you're lucky to meet me. I'll show you all the ways to survive on. After eating the leftovers, they went downtown to beg.

Days passed and others came. Mvakure lived this life for months. It was at about a year when he encountered a rich hospital person who, when Mvakure stretched hands to beg, said:

"Make your choice, either I give you a ten thousand note or I take you to my domicile."

The lady answered after a few seconds of hush,

"Boss I'd like to go with you so that you give me some work. I think I'll be eating to satisfaction. Besides, I think I'll get somewhere to sleep comfortably."

The person said:

"You're actually a good thinker, but why didn't you ask me anything about wage?"

Mvakure did not linger to answer;

"Boss, looking at my hardships, better to get something to eat and somewhere to sleep. That's all. Nothing about wage, I reckon."

That person got pitiful and said: "You've got good ideas. I can tell that you're here because of the problems. Therefore, I'll take you with me. You'll be eating and sleeping comfortably."

They went together. Getting there, as he was a young meek and hard worker, he got on with his boss like a house on fire. He confided him much. He could even send him to account his money. Mvakure had never seen his boss drunk. One day, he saw him coming plastered which surprised him much. The boss had done it deliberately. He had simply drunk a little to let out an alcoholic smell. He did it to test Mvakure. So after getting in the sitting room, he thrust his hand in his bag and took out many bundles of notes, which he scattered on and under the sofa. He lay weakly on the sofa. He called him. Mvakure came running. Having arrived, he could not believe his eyes. He picked the money first. He put it in the bag it was in before and took it in his boss's bedroom. He went back to take the boss. The latter was well built and a drunk person is too heavy to be carried by one person. Mvakure recalled how his grandfather used to tell him about drunkards. He had said that a drunk person is heavy. You can think he weighs ten times his real weight. However, there is a technique to carry a drunk person when you are alone. When he is lying down, bend down yourself, take his hand, put it around your neck at the back, and stand up. He will stand up, as well. Walk ahead, he will be walking, as well.

Therefore, he did it and found it was easy to carry him up to his bedroom.

Early in the morning, Mvakure banged on his boss's door. He was going to ask how his boss had spent the night. He welcomed him in. He asked him all that had happened. He narrated it all. He told him about the money which was scattered and the boss pretended to be surprised whereas he had done it deliberately. Therefore, when Mvakure showed his boss the money the boss asked him to count it. He thanked him too much and said: "I've seen how much loyal you are. This reminds me the day I dropped a ten thousand note while I was going to work, you brought it running after me. You're really different from the one you replaced, I tried him twice by dropping notes down, but he would pick them and calm down. From now on, I'll lend you money to set up your own business.

Later, Mvakure got a loan from his boss and set up his own business and it worked well. He was very successful and became popular. When he was seventeen, he joined the Common Business Company, which he ran after only eight months. At the age of eighteen, he had a car of himself. Besides, up to now, he hadn't gone back to his

family. In his late nineteen, he made a car agency of his own. In his early twenty, he decided to go to the countryside to visit his father.

One day, he loaded his car with crates of beer. And he set off with his boss and one of his business mates. He rang first at a mile away yard ward, secondly at five meters. Murengera and Karire were labouring in their farm and they seemed to have forgotten about Mvakure. They got surprised to see a car heading to their hatched house. When Mvakure arrived, he got off. Murengera and his wife couldn't believe their eyes. Therefore, they came from their farm. Murengera hugged him with fear-hidden but Mvakure figured it out. He then said with a trembling voice, "My son, things have changed a lot. And r... r... I thank God to have looked you after for I didn't think you're still alive, and I'm r... I'm...r... dreadfully sorry for all that I've done."

Karire greeted him shamefully, too. They unloaded the car. Murengera prepared seats while Karire had run to call off nearer neighbours. They sat and began drinking. After a time, Makure took a speech.

He said:

"My dear parents, my dear neighbours. I just take this time to tell you something. First, I am very thankful. I've endured hardships and now I'm out of them. I've already forgiven my parents and anyone who may have done evil to me. God had poured blessings on me.

Here is another father God gave me."

He pointed at his boss.

"I think that amongst you no one thought I'd become who I'm. But God always keeps an eye onto the miserable. So do never ill-treat a human being whoever he may be because you cannot know his destiny. Who would think a coq could strip from its egg's shell? Do not ill-treat someone taking into account relationships. Know that there are people who will help you with what relatives cannot in spite of being able, thanks."

Many got shocked by this speech and women who're prone to tears couldn't help crying.

Murengera took a speech where he thanked his son. Karire couldn't utter a sigh, her tongue was now stuck not as in the former days. And her tough face, so made by household works that were formerly done by Mvakure, was full of shyness and shame instead of happiness. But Mvakure calmed her down in these words:

"Calm down. I know that your wickedness was caused by ignorance. But don't worry. Let's forget the past and deal with the present."

Honesty is Personality

By Gervais Nkeshimana

Surrounded in all corners by small stony and sandy valleys and seen in its completeness when you were at the top of Shinge and Rugero mountains, Rubira was a huge and very important forest. All kinds of trees, shrub-lands, and grasslands were found there: Thorny and crawling trees, long and straight trees till to fifty meters, flowering and greenish grasses without forgetting some undersized and big traditional trees nicknamed medicine ones. Besides, there were a lot of vertebrate and

invertebrate animals. The birds composed at the majority of swallows and owls sang and sang ceaselessly the whole day.

In the dawn, once you approached the forest, you had to see a number of old women going here and there looking for some tree and grass medicines and hear a banging of trees caused by the drummers who were making drums from some traditional trees. It sometimes occurred that you had to hear a splashing of water from the valleys when it was noiseless. At noon, you had to lay eyes, from side to side, on some people ordinarily who were gathering tree barks for making papyrus mats. In the rainy season, it was a happier period for children since they expected to pick too many enjoyable fruits and flowering leaves in that forest. In the sunny season, young children were accustomed to playing the football made of shabby clothes in a small grassed area in the middle of the forest. Around two p.m., some children ran in the valleys and took objects to throw in the sky in order to stare at the movement of the bees towards the thrown object. It was very interesting for them because they burst into laughing and shouting.

The playground was got because of the fire guns that exploded during the civil war and consequently, the trees and grasses that were standing where the gun balls fell down became swallowed up. Even evening at the moonlight, certain boy children could play but some of them were a bit scared due to the noise of the night birds. Most of the people of the neighboring villages liked going to get supplies of wood in that forest. The majority of parents sent their children to look for the wood of cooking but some prohibited theirs to go. The main cause was that they were used to hearing much hissing of snakes across the valleys and in the grasslands and then feared that they would bite such adolescent children.

Toyi is the one among the children who liked to go to look for wood during the holidays. He was said to be a specialist in climbing the trees by his young generation. How big or how long the tree was, he must pull out from it the wooden tree branches that he had seen as dry as a nun's nasty. When he was in his early schools, one day he went to fetch water with his younger sister Perry. They met in the middle of their way Mr. Buntu. He had been teaching in class one at Rugero primary school for two years but he still remembered Toyi.

"Good afternoon, Toyi", Mr. Buntu said.

"Good afternoon. Fine and thank you, and you?", Toyi replied.

"Fine too, is this girl your sister?", Mr. Buntu asked.

"Yes, her name is Perry", Toyi reacted.

"Good. But do you have all your parents, Perry and Toyi?" Touching on their shoulders Mr. Buntu asked them.

"Yeah!", Toyi and Perry nodded their heads.

"So, I want to ask both of you one question. The one who will answer well will be given some money", Mr. Buntu told them.

"Uhm! Bring it perhaps we will find it", Toyi and Perry cried.

"Whom between your mother and your father do you love more?" Mr. Buntu asked.

Perry answered the first and said: " Me, I love more mum because she always buys for me chewing gums and lifts me in the air or puts me on her shoulder".

"Thank you, Perry you answered well". Mr. Buntu quickly said to her.

"Toyi, and you? ", Mr. Buntu said again.

"I love more my father", Toyi replied.

" Toyi, why do you love more your father than your mother?", Mr. Buntu asked him.

With tremendous energy, Toyi immediately began to whistle and then melodized saying:

- Thank you pap', thank you pap' because you brought mum' here.

- Thank you pap', thank you pap' because you married mum'.

Gosh, Can you go on singing! Mr. Buntu said astonishingly.

"Yes, but don't forget to give us the money you promised us!", Toyi replied.

- Thank you pap', thank you pap' unless you brought mum' here I wouldn't exist.

-Thank you pap', thank you pap' unless you brought mum' here I wouldn't be born.

Dumbfounded, Mr. Buntu went like lightning without saying goodbye because of the thoughts that were in Toyi's song. Perry and Toyi kept on their way to fetch water soliloquizing that wherever they would meet Mr. Buntu they have to ask him the money he promised. Toyi in his childhood liked also asking numberless questions from his parents and these became very annoyed because of how they were sophisticated at his age. He was sometimes beaten but he did not accept to change his temperament anymore. In his mind, the objective was to know at least everything around his community because one of his teachers told all the students in first primary school that "If you grow without asking you become old and die without knowing".

Toyi was exceptional even surrounding his whole village. The way he was very talkative to ask questions gave him a chance of being justified as the best clever among children who were dwelling in his village. Certain important chiefs in the village often beckoned him in order to escort them for special circumstances normally tribunal courts and some extra-family ceremonies when they saw him playing with other children." You will become a big time man in your adulthood I swear you", One old man told him. To that statement, Toyi remained as silent as a grave. At home, he continued to help his family as best he could without considering his sisters and brothers. He was very intelligent and all his teachers admired him in different courses, to begin with, Mathematics. The zeal he had forced him every day to go to fetch water or to look for wood when arriving home from school. His parents were sympathetic to him. They were used to forbidding him to do many activities but he refused.

In his family, banana wine was prepared most of all weekdays. To invite the neighbors for drinking, the parents always sent Toyi and he did it joyfully. That banana wine was many times drunk in the evening and a speech must be uttered by Toyi's father. In his speech he liked to begin with: "Peace to everyone! Let's have peace, love, justice, and unity in families". After he had finished his speech, the invited people always replied in accordance with what had been uttered by the titleholder of the drinks and thanked the manner they took the banana wine. Sakubu, a nonagenarian, toothless and hairless man, with his wrinkled face, had to be the first to reply. He was very respected and while he began to speak even small talkative children must keep silence. He most of the times wore a dotted hat, a black T-shirt, a purple pair of jeans, reddish shoes and a watch on his left arm. Once you meet him somewhere without knowing him, you would know him without any help because of his manner of existence. When they were about to finish the served drinks, some began to sing and others to dance. Toyi liked to grab his hands and move right and left his head and most of the old people adored him for his behavior till some of them called him " our hero" because of the way he always went to invite them. They admired him and desired to have children who might behave like him. After several years studying the primary and secondary schools, he passed the national test and luckily became the first to have many points in his whole nation. His parents became ecstatic and hoped that one day their child would represent them in the foreign countries. After only two months, the government announced that they should supply with a special scholarship the first five pupils to go to continue their studies in foreign

countries. As he was the first, his father and his mother fell in great amusement when they glanced at their child.

"We are blessed", Toyi's father said. Some of his sisters and brothers sorrowfully acted. They thought about the activities that were done by their brother and felt discouraged. Almost one month to take a trip overseas, very dreadful information came into the mother's ears from the radio she was listening to. It was about a dangerous illness called Ebola.

"My beloved child", said the mother to Toyi. Did you hear such a pandemic and killing illness called Ebola in those countries where you are preparing to go to study? I am terribly afraid you will leave.

"Mum, I had known that before you knew it, do not be frightened", Toyi replied. Assuredly, it is a pandemic disease and it kills many people in a twinkle of an eye but keeps your heart peaceful because of no matter on me. Ebola is next to our country not there where I am going to study. "Could you call my brothers and sisters just now in the order I inform you very well about this fearful illness?", Toyi addressed to his mother.

When his four brothers and sisters together with their mother have just been around, Toyi began to say: " My wholehearted mother, brothers and sisters, you all know that I am about to leave. As my mother has just told it to me, in these days there is an awful illness called Ebola. Listen carefully to me and try to tell it to others. Ebola symptoms are a severe headache, muscle pain, weakness, fatigue, diarrhea, vomiting, stomach pain, and after many days, a rash and bruising or bleeding without any injury like from the eyes or gums. Till now treatment researches are being dealt with.

Without forgetting, its transmission between humans can occur through direct contact with the blood, urine, sweat, secretions, organs and other body fluids of infected people. Next, transmission can also occur during burial ceremonies in which mourners have direct contact with the body of the deceased. Furthermore, exposure to contaminated objects including needles, knives, and blades, etc. and indirect connection with environmental contamination with such above-mentioned fluids, and so on". Please, force yourselves to announce it to everyone and once you hear anyone having some of the symptoms I come from telling you, call at once medical care bearers. After those pieces of information, he then went out to see his friends for advertising them that he was about to leave his native country. Some old men and women who had heard kinds of information concerning the going abroad of Toyi directly began to lament.

"Our beloved child, will we see you once again when you fly abroad?", some old men and women said. "The white men will eat you", they added. In that period, the government had planned to construct primary and secondary schools where the important Forest was dwelling. Carpenters fell and sawed the biggest trees which were abundant in Rubira. They all come from the Northern provinces. They terrorized a lot many people who lived near the forest because they ate animals including cats, moles and all kinds of birds. Some indigenous people run as quickly as they could once they met those carpenters. The plank was transported in long trucks which had never been seen in the Rubira. Children became very afraid and began to cry when they met any of the trucks that were loaded with the plank to be moved. At home, when some clingy children began to cry in order to follow their mothers to the work, these directly told them things about the trucks. Then those children must have fear and close their mouths without much ado. After two years, the forest became a full wilderness. No grasses were found except in the rainy period. People lamented till they missed what to do; including herbalists and other traditional medicine bearers.

People became ill and remained unhealthy many days for the modern health centers in that period were few and very far. Domestic animals including cows, rabbits, goats, and sheep began to die day after day due to the lack of medicaments.

Toyi and his comrades were preparing themselves for their sojourn abroad. But Toyi knew only one candidate from among the selected candidates. Kim became an intimate friend of Toyi for he was the one who would go abroad together with Toyi. The big day then was approaching. Toyi began to go to his relatives and family members to announce his leave-taking. The majority of the parents did not accept that he would leave. "Will you on earth go overseas? We don't believe it", They liked asking him. He always replied without adding any word "YES". In their minds, they thought that he was joking. It was in July, on his way to the international airport to take the airplane, the whole family and many of his neighbors accompanied him until the bus station. When looking at them, they seemed like the ones who have missed theirs. Only depression, confusion, and frustration any Voyager could observe. The time they arrived where he would take the bus, their habitual driver had already gone. But in a few minutes, Cargo express took place where they were standing. "Bye, bye, bye", Toyi was saying by waving his hands addressing to his relatives and friends who were seeing of him. His father followed him till the airport. When the driver restarted his bus, some wives and his brothers and sisters poured tears down. Others were holding their jaws with the two hands. No voice you could hear from them while returning back home. But his father, sweating and puffing, arrived home after hours and hours. He then told the story to his family around the fire how the journey passed till the airport. "It is terrible, uncontrollably terrible! The plane which they had taken is greater than our house; I don't understand how it stays hours and hours in the space without falling down". His wife and children stayed closed mouth that night. According to the old men and women whom he liked to invite for drinks, they accurately confirmed that the left child was more important than some adults. "Even if he was still a child, he had adult qualities", the very old man than others stated it. Some of his friends that he was accustomed to chatting during the night or during the day became most of all miserable. They told that they missed a Titanic storyteller and a big counselor of people normally his age fellows. When Toyi arrived at the foreign University, he met too many different people. White people, red people and even other black people like himself were represented. He had no fear to talk to everyone because the majority of them spoke English that he had already studied and known. After one week, he published a communication inviting the students from his country to meet at the entrance of their university on Thursday. It would be the 25th in July. That appointment was strictly obeyed. All his natives massively attended the meeting. They were sixteen. They happily exchanged too many things and while looking at their faces you could say that they are in their homeland. As it was the first time getting together, the natives who had been to that institution more than one year cordially thanked Toyi for his sense of calling upon a meeting. They became since that day warm brothers even if no one was sharing the same subject with another one. In Mathematics auditory, Toyi was with six white people, ten red people, and four black people. In total, they were twenty-one. One day, their associate professor came into a lecture and found some students blabbing just as though they were in an unsacred place.

"You are going to do an orally unexpected test just now because I entered and found the auditory noisy", after greeting his students the professor said. Many students became at that moment chill. He added: "Don't be disturbed! The question is not only

easy but it easier". It is structured as the following: "If I come to your country as a tourist, what are the nicest things will I adore? Minimum fifteen minutes". In responding, they told and told but no one reached even ten minutes except Toyi who exceeded even those fifteen. To do it, Toyi began chanting a patriotic song that he used to sing in his childhood with other young:

"Burundi of Unity, Work, and Progress
Burundi of White, Green, and Red
Burundi of three Spears and three Stars
Burundi of our ancestors and the heart of Africa
You are my real homeland
You gave me life at night
In the high and lowland
Because you are a right light
As you gave me a land
Since my birthday
I give you my hand
Until my dying day..."

After that melodious breath, he kept on doing the question that the professor had asked. Here are some of his talks as answers:

"Hello everyone!", In front of his classmates and shaking his hands he said.

"Hello!", The attendance feebly replied.

"My name is Clovis Toyi. I'm a full Burundian. My country Burundi is a calm country I ever saw. It first has nice and friendly people and you would be pleased with their charming behaviors if you visit them. My country Burundi is famous for many extra-lakes, many beautiful mountains, and flatlands, some well-supplied national parks, a thousand of rivers, springs and streams without forgetting a dozen of historical sites and monuments. Beginning by the Lake Tanganyika, it is located between four countries including the Republic of Burundi my nation, the Democratic Republic of Congo, the United Republic of Tanzania and the Republic of Zambia. It is first of all the longest fresh water in the world. It is very wide and it is among the first ten wide lakes. It is also among the most profound lakes in the world and if I am not mistaken it is the first profound. It has pure water and you can see the fish and other objects in it. Its water is somehow warm and when you look at it from a further distance in the morning, it is greenish. In the evening, the reflection of the sky gives it a heavenly look and many people go there for too many events. Thousands of tourists each month come to visit my country and the Lake Tanganyika is the first to be visited. Apart from that lake, my country has huge national parks in which we have various animals which are the main attractions for Tourists. It has also a River National park called Rusizi and many different hippos and birds watched. Next, we have a natural park called Ruvubu. Here, you marvel at animals such as crocodiles, hippos and buffaloes. Another hotspot for amazing is a variety of welcoming flora and fauna. If you are a birdwatcher, you visit lakes which are in the northern borderlands of my country. And if you adore trees, there are many national parks where you could find trees and small animals which are not found in any one of the world countries. Without forgetting, there is in my country, a drum sanctuary which explains the culture of my country, the source of the Nile River which, as its spring is made of the stone pyramids to mark its location, also plays a valuable role both in my country and in other countries. I can't state all things to adore in my native country. They are numerous and once I try to state all of them, it may take at least two days. But I end by inviting all of you to take

one month to come to my country. There is everything. It has salubrious weather and Beaches, motels, hotels and super resto- bars cannot be counted...

“Come to my country, come to our country, and thank you”. During his talks, the present students and their teacher had big ears and were astonishingly looking at him. When he had just finished the teacher ordered the whole attendance to clap hands.

A Blessing and Curse Fulfillment

By Séverin Manariyo

Mr. Broom, a tremendously well-off landlord who lived in Bubravo, decided to utter a curse upon one of his children. Bubravo country is located in the Deep Lakes Region. Mr. Broom, the father of three children got married to Pola the most respectful Mum the country had known. The couple was married with three kids: Katia, Aziz, and Hamza. The children were respectively a girl, a boy, and a boy too.

Mr. Broom, the most affluent man of the region, is famous for his profitable business of selling drugs and has many vehicles engaged in the transportation of both goods and people. As well, he has uncountable rental houses in Sosha (a great city in Bubravo) and abroad. At the same time, he is the greatest farmer with so many herds of cattle. And that makes him choose to supply public institutions with food such as prisons, boarding schools, universities, and the like. He also caters milk for transformational cooperatives which manufacture milk by-products such as cheese, yoghurt, and butter. His wife works at Bubravo Revenue Authority, an office in charge of gathering taxes for Bubravo public treasure. Although he has unlisted sources of revenue and has amassed uncontrollably doubtful-owned fortunes, he forgets to save as he has no bank account. The family is on living an easy and comfortable life. Broom's house is a four-story flat.

As days went by, Mr. Broom hired a houseboy called Kevin, a black glabrous smart boy from Kaccick. He had also a babysitter called Moriah from the same locality. As Broom and his wife scarcely stayed home, they really did not know what was going on at home in their absence. Broom was very busy purchasing drugs from India in order to run them in Bubravo. His wife Pola, in her turn, had to spend her whole time in the office at the border and did not find occasion to take care of her kids. Then, it is clear that due to those tremendously cruised preoccupations, the latter barely had time to engage in conversation with her children in order to bring them up. Broom frequently comes home at midnight. He always comes very tired and does nothing but sleep whereas Pola is accustomed to coming at 10.00 p.m. which is bedtime in the city. Since this hour is not fit for children to be still awake, parents do not have enough time to look after their children and because of this, Broom's children were plunged into evil behaviour and were seemingly spoiled. They could be given a sack-like wallet full of money to buy biscuits and chocolates. When it was a shopping day, Katia used to be with the houseboy Kevin while Aziz used to be with Moriah. The shoppers spent much time and money, and none of them wanted to know what the cost for the articles both in time and in finances was.

When Katia turned four years old, she went to a kindergarten located at Sanzy for nursery studies. She began elementary school at six and so did her two brothers because it was a custom in Broom's family for children to start with nursery studies. As the children grew up, they adopted an odd behaviour from their schoolmates, but nobody cared. Katia grew more beautiful to the point that she attracted almost all the boys of her school. It was the same when she arrived home. The houseboy whispered

some sweet romantic words to her. Kevin started accustoming her on how to pout one's lips in order to give or receive kisses. The parallel situation occurred to her two brothers who were likewise handsome. At home, when the house lady Moriah was serving, she took advantage of the absence of the parents and accustomed the boys to play with sex. The children reacted differently before each attempt. Aziz, the most emotional boy with an all-time-smiling and black childish face responded by smiling at Moriah. The latter took him to the bed where she taught him how to perform french kisses. On his part, Hamza seemed to be attracted. He malingered to have understood Moriah's lesson but refused to go to bed.

When Broom's children began secondary school, they were already too sexually mature for their ages. Despite her maturity, Katia was so sex-minded a girl to remember how actually sexual life works. On Saturday, on the International Children Day's day-off occasion, the parents had both taken into account the upbringing of their children and had spent the whole day by them. Mr. Broom told them how to behave, among his counsels to his children were: avoid playing with sex, avoid laziness, avoid theft, respect old people, say no to anyone who would ask to sleep with them, and so forth. At the last gasp, he committed himself to reward anyone who would follow his advice and curse anyone who would dare to counteract his counsels.

As far as she is concerned, Pola promised to bestow huge blessings to them if they show admirable respect to both parents and other elders. Here are Broom's words: "Dear beloved children, I take this opportunity (pointing his index to each one) to fulfill my commitment and achieve a good parent's duty. My children, blessed is the one who will eagerly show incomparable and irreplaceable attachment to my person. The irreproachable welfare towards your mother and me without forgetting respectful respect to neighbours and old people will make you inherit parental blessings. The devil will devour therefore each of you who will obviously oppose my words. I preempt this infliction: an unendurable heavy curse will drop and strike him. It will be fulfilled towards him and he will lift an everlasting damned burden at all, I swear."

However, one afternoon when she came from school, Katia got into Kevin's bedroom. The latter gave her the chocolate he prepared to fascinate her. He started to touch her and finally slept with her in spite of the recent advice to Katia. As it was the first time she had sexual intercourses, she faced hemorrhagic troubles. She had lost her virginity by having hymen broken. When she was in third Arts, Katia fell in love with Rodriguez. That one was Katia's deskmate. He is known as a young famous tennis player in Bubravo Cranes Club with a black-bearded face. Rodriguez used to grant gifts to Katia and promised to take her to Mkenzo Beach. The latter is the most favorite beach for foreign affluent tourists and rich vacationers in the whole Bubravo. The last Sunday of Easter vacation, Rodriguez took Katia to Mkenzo and had sex with her. It was the second time she had slept with a boy and as a result, the girl got unexpectedly pregnant.

Yet, fearing to become a laughing-stock at school among her classmates, Katia opted to make an abortion. If she continued to go to school, the instructors would notice that there was a pregnant schoolchild and then warn the headmaster to dismiss Katia from school. Therefore, she gave up school and went to Mkkek Hospital based at Mkkiki, the chief town of Bubravo, to commit an abortion. The trip to Mkkiki was too long and was more expensive because that area was twenty kilometres from Katia's home and neither Katia's parents nor her brothers knew where she was. Her departure to Mkkek Hospital was to be kept a secret. There was a little hope that Katia was easily going to be extricated from that situation. When she got to the hospital, she told Dr Muhabab about the aim of her visit and Muhabab. The gynecologist took Katia into

the ward and started operating on her. The doctor was not experienced and had no expertise in treating female diseases. He was newly employed, selected from medical academic trainees to replace another gynecologist that had recently left.

Unfortunately, he caused her internal uterine troubles and Katia died.

When Katia's family got informed about the felony, her parents decided to go and bring the corpse in order to organize funeral rites and obsequies. The situation got worse in Broom's family during the mourning period. Mr. Broom uttered to the rest of his children this warning: "Katia had just betrayed the family and had died because she counteracted my sayings." Broom and Pola reminded their children of the constituents of a worthy up-bringing. When the mourning was over, the funeral followed on Wednesday, December 24th, 1869. On top of that, the burial rites were preceded by Katia's memorial mass wherein every participant had to rehearse requiems. Many people were present in that mass. Among them were Broom's parental relatives. The more the choir members made rehearsal of the requiem, the more the participants burst out crying even though there were some who shed crocodile's tears. After the requiem mass, the crowd went to the graveyard to bury Katia's corpse. There, they had to rehearse elegies; they altogether felt anxious, sorrowful and cried up.

The same bad event occurred only one month after Katia's death in Broom's family. It is said that it never rains but it pours because Aziz himself, Broom's second born child, impregnated the family's house girl. Moriah and Aziz concerted to hide the situation. Despite the previous lesson, Aziz forced Moriah to go to Kecc Health Center and abort her pregnancy. There at Kecc, Moriah underwent immediate consequences. When the nurse operated on Moriah, she suffered from hemorrhagic troubles and died. Being acquainted with the bad news, Broom fell frantic. He thought of committing suicide, but the neighbours stayed nearby and consoled him curatively. After Moriah's burial activities, Broom gathered his family and uttered a curse to Aziz solemnly. Here are the curse's words upon Aziz: "Damn...damn..! I, Broom, solemnly curse you Aziz. God of heavens, shed on that bizarre guy too many temptations and burdens because he had dared to betray his family. I wish he himself would be betrayed by his offspring". Thereby, Mr. Broom bestowed blessings to Hamza, his third born child. Broom said: "Excellent son Hamza, you had never violated my counsel, so inherit blessings from God. Keep on fighting for the welfare of both your parents and all people until the old age, keep your excellences."

In the meanwhile, Mr. Broom pursued his deals. He sold drugs from overseas. He was known at trafficking grass drugs like hashish, marijuana, cannabis, and dope. Well, purchasing and selling those hemp rushed income forcibly for Broom's economy. Despite the fact that his deals were very risky, Broom did not want to give it up. For that reason, on Sunday, July 6, 1892, he was surprised shipping five tons of cannabis by Indian marine police in charge of securing borders. He was crossing the Pacific Ocean from India. He was taken to the police station and jailed there. When the police were carrying out large investigations they got a telephone from Broom's wife. They finally knew that that eagerly manful deal man was from Bubravo.

In such a way, Broom's five-ton luggage was seized. He ran constraint of paying twenty thousand dollars as a fine in order for the Indian police to release him and transfer him to Bubravo government. The superintendent of Bubravo police made a file for the process. Mr. Broom was sent to Bubravo central prison where he was obliged to present himself to the Sosha national court. Afterward, the court sentenced that Broom had lost the process. He was accused of "spreading out throughout Bubravo stupefying products which drugged and intoxicated Bubravo youth." Such a

felony was punishable with a five-year long imprisonment and a hundred thousand dollar fine. Alternatively, Broom should opt to pay a million dollar fine on behalf of the first punishment. If he did so, he would get released from the five-year imprisonment.

As a matter of fact, Pola did not want her husband to dwell in captivity.

Consequently, she asked the judges to release Broom and she committed to paying the one million dollar punishment. Broom's family had ignorantly not saved, they had amassed huge riches with no savings account at the bank. It had been very difficult to Pola to get the million dollars. She was obliged to sell all of the villas they owned and the vehicles engaged in transportations and the herds of cattle they had plus the cash she had at home.

Pola herself was accused of having swindled Bubravo national treasure. She was guilty of stealing one hundred thousand dollars, but frankly the money was stolen from her office at her absence. When she came at work Monday morning, she found the padlock of the safe broken and the notes were taken away. The national customs office did not get that it was not her who stole the money. Pola was accused of having stolen fraudulently and consequently was kicked and expelled from the job. As a result, Bubravo national customs office seized all goods belonging to Broom's family. Broom's rental houses and vehicles were seized in the aim of earning back the national funds embezzled and swindled.

Puzzled and despaired, Pola didn't know how to react to the two infractions in front.

She felt immersed in a desolate valley of despair. When one of her children reminded her of her husband by saying where papa is, she got mad. She remembered that she had not paid the five million dollars to the court yet so as to release Mr. Broom.

Stripped and deprived of the main part of her wealth, Pola had no other choice except for selling her cattle. She sold her cows and got four million dollars with a shortage of one million for the fine. In addition to the tiny cash she kept at home, she managed to totalize the required amount for the fine. On Tuesday, April 9, 1896, Pola took the money to the director of Bubravo central prison. The court had freed Broom from captivity. Owing to his son Hamza, Broom hewed out of despair and started to keep a little hope. Hamza ran a little business. He sold peanuts after classes and also helped his parents when they quite ran out of money.

When Hamza and his grandbrother Aziz finished secondary school, they were to pursue the studies and graduate from academic studies. Unluckily, their parents were not still capable of paying the school fees. They had no source of revenue anymore. Then, Hamza taught Aziz how they could develop entrepreneurship by deploying his little capital from the small business he did. In vain, Aziz did not want to cooperate with anyone in the family. He continued to keep himself at distance from both his parents and his brother. Hamza went on doing his deal and expected to graduate from the academy when he would be able to pay the school fees by himself.

Luckily, Aziz was sent unexpectedly a text saying that he was retained as an excellent pupil in the national test. Aziz was awarded an overseas scholarship for medical studies in Kentoe. When it was time to go, he waved his parents goodbye but they were not happy for it. He had betrayed them in such a way that they cursed him because he refused to obey his parents. Aziz undertook his trip to Kentoe Medical Academy, while Hamza was considerably developing his business which got more profitable day after day. Hamza did not ignore to conceive new business plans. He oriented his future life in economic affairs and wanted to create multinational enterprises. Everyone has to help his parents. Aziz had not done it even when he got the flying money for a ticket. He should have helped his parents in case he came back.

Aziz left in December 1899. He left his parents in full complaints because unnamed poverty was emaciating the family. One year after Aziz's departure, Hamza had sufficiently developed his affairs. He could study without relying on anybody else. Therefore, he subscribed to Soshia Inn Academy to learn how to guest tourists. He preferred to graduate from there because the income from the business was still low. Hamza was an entrepreneurship-minded little boy. By contrast, he had dropped his entrepreneurial orientation in order to study first, without which he would fail. When he was in the second academic year, Hamza became short of money and was not capable of helping his parents any longer. He lacked the time to manage his business. Then, his father integrated Miccky Society of Beggars. Mr. Broom with other members of Miccky rose early, went and spread out on streets, markets and transportation points and nearby hotels. They rummaged hastily through garbage to see whether they could collect money or any edible things left by passengers. They tended hands to merciful tourists. The more time rushed, the more things got worse. The famine got unstoppable to Mr. Broom. The whole family was alerted and was to the point of doing beggary.

In winter, during the Thanksgiving holiday occasion, Aziz flew back to Bubravo from Kentoe. He had so much money that he could not spend the whole vacation at home but in hotels. Aziz did not care about the current situation of his family; he did not think of pulling out his father from the street. And what was a bit silly, he went to pay a visit to his mother in a beautiful car but left her nothing. When Aziz was circulating through Mkenzo Street towards the beach, he surprisingly met his father. Broom didn't recognize his son and had begged him. The hobo went without helping his father.

The tramp Aziz was addicted to sex from his childhood. He planned to spend nights for his vacation with promiscuous girls in hotels. The consequences of that addiction occurred suddenly. When Aziz was in bed with his sex partner, the prostitute picked his pocket and stole the money he had and fled. Another related evil outcome was that the vagabond Aziz contracted AIDS. When Aziz rose, he found his money stolen and the promiscuous lady vanished. He began to think over how to pay the lodging bills for the hotel invoices. As an issue to the fact, Aziz was taken to prison because he lacked how to settle up the money he owed to the hotel. After a year of imprisonment, his brother Hamza finished his superior studies in hotel management. Then, Hamza got selected and employed quickly at Mkenzo Beach Hotel where Aziz had spent the vacation.

When the manager of the hotel was having a look at Hamza's file, he realized that Hamza's parents' names resembled Aziz's parents' ones. The manager asked the parental relationship between Hamza and Aziz. Hamza got surprised about why the manager asked such a question to him. Hamza did not know that his brother Aziz was jailed. Queerly, Hamza responded to the manager that he was issued from the same womb with Aziz. Immediately, the manager promised to set free Aziz. He told Hamza that his big brother was guilty of having aroused maladjustment and caused disgust. Aziz had been unable to pay his lodging bills. Distressed, Aziz was freed and got out of the jail. He was not still able to return to Kentoe Medical Academy because of his stolen air ticket.

Cheerfully, Hamza was upgraded to high-ranked level. He was named Director in charge of jointly provisioning and lodging affairs. The more he got promoted, the more his wage went up. That made him plan to pull out his father from the street. To highly promote his family, Hamza created a factory that manufactured mattresses. He first appointed his father General Director of the factory. He also looked for a new job

for his mother. Pola was transferred to the Ministry of National Budget and Finances as Assistant and Spokeswoman. Hamza did not forget his brother Aziz too. He committed himself to pay the ticket for him in order to enable him to go back to Kentoe to resume his medical studies.

Soon after such Hamza's achievements, he was appointed Minister of Public Work. Then, he enriched his family and rehabilitated his parents' house. They lived an up-to-date life regarding the current family's conditions of life.

Before that Aziz returned to Kentoe, Hamza gathered his family and taught them some important instructions. He told his father to forget about his former business of selling drugs. He asked him to highly value his position as General Director of the factory which he directed. He also advised them to create bank accounts and taught them how to save money by creating saving accounts on which they might make deposits and use it when required. "For instance, if you had saved you would not have missed the five million dollars to pay to the court. The colossal riches we owned should not have been seized by the national customs office", explained Hamza. The same useful counsels were likewise addressed to his mother. Hamza told his mother to get rid of fraudulent ways that might jeopardize her and her family consequently. He ended his session by insisting on more important pieces of advice to his brother Aziz. "Go and resume your studies at Kentoe Medical Academy, I pledge to pay the flight ticket and the related money, but avoid joking", reiterated Hamza to his brother. As far as he was concerned, the father promised to honor his position and develop the company he was responsible for. Broom expected to extend production, finances, marketing to a global extent and enhance the supplying means. Afterward, the factory was adjusted to international standards and manufactured super quality mattresses. The society found raw materials from Thailand and Indonesia where the prices of rubber are lower than international raw material tariffs. Mr. Broom the head of this manufacturing factory, received many orders placed from abroad and managed to satisfy them all. He created three bank accounts, one for him, another for his wife and the last for his faithful son Hamza. He did not forget to register with insurance companies engaged in social security for the firm's security and family's health. Pola made the same progress. She earned from her post a good income. She planned to create a feminine organization in the framework of developing and promoting the feminine gender. Once she created that frame, she became the chairwoman. The association was named Common Woman Promoting Frame. It gathered Bubravo women and other women from neighbouring countries. It was successful and beneficial at Mr. Broom's family. Things had resumed their former rhythm. Broom had no other task rather than raising money and re-building up his economy.

Mind you that Hamza got married when he was thirty years old. His wife Bellah, a young primitive well brought up lady from Sosha city was also a great entrepreneur. Hamza's wedding ceremonies were honoured by His Excellency Mpignot Zeid the president of Bubravo. Other honorable and high personalities of the government also hoisted the festivities. Such were members of Bubravo Parliament and his colleagues at the Ministry of Public Work. In his plans, Hamza had the ideas to stop procreating when he would be married with two children. That encouraged his wife to use family planning methods. Bellah herself did not like a vast progeny. It would hinder her entrepreneurial activities.

Hamza's career kept on going ahead. He performed well his functions at the title of Minister of Public Work. During his profession, he included intensive political

activities. He then integrated the Bubravo National Union Party. When it was time for propaganda, Hamza was well placed to lead his party during the following presidential elections. Hamza beat Mpignot Zeid, Bubravo former president whom he was competing with. He won the presidential elections within a crushing victory of sixty votes versus thirty for Zeid. That victory implied undoubtedly that Hamza had actually been followed by the parental blessings uttered solemnly in his regard.

A year after his marriage, he got the first born kid and named him Akim Hamza. That one was an angel-like boy and was too much alike Bellah, his mother. When Akim was two, he started preschool. At six years, he went on with elementary school. At ten, his parents had borne another female child whose name was Bellah Joy. The latter resembled her father. She was so called because the members of both families: Broom's and Hamza's were currently joyful. Hamza liked very much his children and the children, in turn, liked their parents because they received a worthy up-bringing. The parents took enough time to make father/mother-child discussion in the purpose of getting them used to social and good values. They prevented them from incurring consequences from spoilage.

Unlike Hamza, Aziz was undergoing the first curse effects. After a long time of imprisonment, He went back to school in Kentoe. He resumed his medical studies. When he finished graduating, he denied coming back to Bubravo and remained in Kentoe. He got employed at Kentoe Academic and Research Hospital. After two years at work, he bought both a beautiful car and a house. Afterward, he fell in love with Nomich a young nurse employed there too. Aziz used to give a lift to Nomich frequently when they went to work. Hence, he started thinking of getting married. He planned to date Nomich for the first time so as to check whether they could become partners. Although Aziz promised to woo Nomich, he would not come over the situation.

On D-day, Aziz met Nomich and went to a beautiful bar for relaxation. After a two hour drink, he hired a room in the hotel where the couple had had sex. Aziz was compelled to move his girlfriend to her home. From the hotel to where Nomich lived, it is fifty kilometers far. Aziz had to drive quickly. In mid-way, he reached bumpy, holey and sloping areas. Due to drunkenness and the high speed, the driver had confusion about where they were. He mishandled the steering wheel and the car deviated and ran into a rock. Aziz and his girlfriend had undergone a terrifying and hair-raising car crash he had ever seen. That was the balance of the accident: Aziz had his right leg broken and his car was irreparably smashed up, his girlfriend was seriously wounded at the head and lost her balance. Wholly, the crash aborted Aziz's wedding plan. As Aziz was foreign in that country and that nobody knew him, they disregarded to take them to the hospital. So many passengers ran, but none of them took care of them. The traffic was too heavy and the road signaled the fro and to movements from all sides. An hour after, the former school colleague of Aziz named Mzuchi went by there. Then Aziz managed to know him because he was among the intimate friends of his. Mzuchi stopped the car and came to see what happened. He took them to Kentoe Academic and Research Hospital, where they worked. Nomich had quickly recovered and did not want his boyfriend anymore. Nomich thought that since Aziz, with such an ailment, would not be able to marry her. In turn, Aziz himself gave up Nomich because she did not go to see him during hospitalization. Their love had faded up. It would take Aziz at least three months to get cured. A

period after, the doctor told him that it was going well. When he recovered he continued with his wedding plan.

In December 1990, he got married to a young Kentoeen doctor. Nocchi, a beautiful lady, formerly prostitute from Kentoe city married Aziz. Aziz ignored that Nocchi was HIV positive. Aziz soliloquized that medical tests did not matter. The couple gave birth to two boys: Thieffy and Robbery. Deceitfully, Nocchi should not get used to man-tying poverty and pursued her job of prostitution. When she was at home, she stole the money in order to buy whatever she wanted against his husband's will. Aziz became very poor because he did not know how his money disappeared. When he was at work, his wife broke the wedlock. The children did not get any occasion to be brought up, but they often saw their parents quarrelling. They inherited strange behaviour from the childhood because they were brought up terror-like sons. When they grew up they frequently frightened their father to death if he did not give them money to buy a car like other teenagers of the city.

In the meanwhile, when Nocchi was drunk at the bar, an idea stirred in her mind to rob her sexual client of his money. When the partner was enjoying sex, Nocchi picked the client's pocket, took the money and hid it beneath the mattress. When the client realized that theft, he beat Nocchi bitterly. The hotel manager realized that the agonizing prostitute should deacease there. He called his so-called husband.

Dreadfully, Aziz took his wife to the hospital. As Nocchi was suffering from AIDS, she had no strong blood cells. That made the situation much worse. Nocchi deaceased after two days. Aziz remained widow and was lonely responsible for his children.

When Thieffy and Robbery got informed that their mother had recently died, they began to menace their father terribly. They robbed him of all that he owned. On Monday, they spent the whole day under empty stomach. In the evening, they organized a short lasting conspiracy. They beat their father to death. On the agony, Aziz did not manage to go to the hospital. He spent days and weeks at home without going to work and he was in poor health. And then it happened, after three weeks he began to feel little strength and started looking for food. When he recovered, he decided to apply for a bank loan. He was in great need of money, but in vain. His bank account was not debited because he stayed away from his job for the whole month. He opted to apply for an overdraft. Vainly, the strange boys realized that he had gotten money and stole it once again. Although he made up his mind to find out some ways he could survive, his two sons did not want to see him. They were emaciated and dying of hunger.

The eve before Sunday of July, Thieffy and Robbery decided to rob Kentoe People's Bank. They had heard that their grandfather was a famous drug trafficker. They asked their father to tell them which kinds of drugs their grandfather sold. He told them hashish, cocaine, marijuana, cannabis and dope. On the evening, they were having together a drink with the three bank night watchmen at the bar. They bought hashish for them which is one of the strongest drug I had ever tasted. Drugged and dingily drunk, the watchmen forgot to go to the night job. The two bandits had struck the doors of the bank and opened the safe very quietly. Kentoe People's Bank was robbed serenely. The following day of the theft, the bank manager carried out harsh investigations. He found out that the watchmen were not there that night. There were two strange bandits who stupefied the watchmen with drugs. The two boys were suddenly taken to the police station. The police made them a quick file and their process was classified flagrant. The corresponding punishment was that their father

was compelled to pay back the money stolen plus a million dollar fine. The wrongdoers had to incur a two-year imprisonment.

Paying the fine was mandatorily unforgeable, Aziz sold the house he lived in and acquitted himself. He got a little surplus which matched evenly the flying ticket to Bubravo. He decided to back to his motherland. When he arrived, he was covered with shame and had nothing to recount to his father and mother. Aziz had become an outcast. He had betrayed his parents and had forsaken them. Aziz wrote a kilometric script. He mentioned the sequential life after his studies. The script recounted all sins and betrayals he committed. It contained his request for forgiveness. Apart from his memorial writing, Aziz had another plan. He wanted to deposit the document in his parents' bedroom and perpetrated a suicide. By doing so, he prepared a mixture of water and toxic powder and the latter dissolved. He then drank that mixture when his parents were still at work. However, it did not kill him, but rather weakened him as it was obviously diluted. Aziz made another similar trial, but in vain. Aware that his parents might come before he finished, he fancied another way to commit suicide. He then rushed to the market and bought a five-metre rope and came quickly at home. Eventually, Aziz fastened the rope to the roof of the house, tied his neck and hanged himself. When he was pending he cried: 'Untie me Mum, untie me Dad despite my betrayal.' After those last words, he kicked his bucket.