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English 100

Digital Portfolio: Narrative Project

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**My Step Mother Torture**

It was in 1989 West Africa, Monrovia the capitol city of Liberia, in one of the slums call West Point. It was a steamy hot afternoon, like a volcano was about to erupt. The leaves were all over the yard, one could hear dogs barking afar and chickens crowing in the back of the back of the house. I was wearing a long dirty white fruit of the loom t-shirt, it was size 2x that look like a dress on me and I had no underwear under the dress like t-shirt. It’s smells like baby poop and vomit. On the patio that was painted pink with a black base was the monster sitting in the corner on a long blue bench, wearing her usual multiples colors African gown. The voice came over to me like an intercom, “Francissssss.”

I answered, “yes sister Marie.”

“Go get your brother little brother Dump Site from inside, I think I hear him crying.”

“Yes, sister Marie”, I replied.

I ran quickly in the house to get him, I brought him out of the house in the patio where the monster was sitting, carrying him on my shoulder.

The monster said to me, “Put him to bed by racking him on your shoulder.”

“Yes, sister Marie.” I was doing what she had asked of me, that’s trying to put him to sleep. The monster again, “I want you to walk around with him, while racking him on your shoulder.”

“I need him to burp, so that he can sleep.”

“Yes, sister Marie,” I replied.

While walking around with my little brother Dump Site on my shoulder, my hands and feet were weak, hungry as well. I couldn’t tell her that I was weak and tired of carrying him. I fell to floor with my brother on my shoulder. His head hit the concrete floor and blood came gushing out, the monster came running to get her son from the floor, she shouted “do you want to kill my only son?”

“BUT I WILL KILL YOU BEFORE YOU KILL MY SON.”

She picked him up and took him in the house to clean the blood and see what impact the fall has cause. On her way in the house, she said to me in a mean voice,

 “I AM COMING BACK FOR YOU.”

I became a domestic slave when I was 5 going to on 6 years, my father had traveled to the United States of America. He left me with his girlfriend, called Marie Blamo. I called her sister Marie and to me she was more than a Monster. It’s a tradition in Liberia to call anyone that is older than you sister, brother, uncle or aunty in addition to their original given name. Marie had no child, according to family members she lost about 5 children during birth or miscarriages. However, she was pregnant with her 6th child this time around when my dad leaving us; rumors had it that she had been to more than a dozen native doctors, so that this pregnancy could stay. Few months after my dad left, Marie had her first child and named him Dump Site. The name that one of the native doctors give her. She was told that if she refuses to call him Dump Site, he was going to die.

The monster was very happy that she now had a child, I was now made a domestic slave. I was doing all the house work at age 6. I fetch water from wells between 1 to 2 miles distances from the house to the wells on my head using five US gallon. I went to the market to buy the house groceries. I washed the house floor every Saturday morning. I did the laundries using my hands, they were so little to hold the cloths, but I had no choice and did the cooking. I was lash mercilessly for any mistake I make or sometimes reason. She will used anything that was in her reach, ranging from her hands, feet, electric wire, tree branches, belts, shoes heels and vehicle fan belt. The monster threw breakable things at me which included bowls, mugs, plates and bottles. She hardly fed me, I ate off our neighbors left over and when I am caught eating from neighbors, I’ll get flogged and punished the next day from eating and still must do the work. I still have marks on my both from the treatment from the monster, many days I will ask God to please deliver me out of the hand s of this MONSTER, and I sometimes say, “OOH GOD, WHY ME AND WHEN WILL YOU TAKE ME OUT THIS BONDAGE?

 I started shivering after those words came out of her mouth and knew that I was going to die at that moment but didn’t know how I was going to be kill. I didn’t know what to do or what to think off. I started crying out loud before she could even start to torture me. The Monster came out with a red, white and blue baseball bat.

She swung it right at the back of my head.

 I fell to the floor leaving me unconscious with blood oozing from my head. My vision became blurry, I could taste death at that moment and the last thing I heard was the noise of the neighbors running coming. I woke up lying in a community clinic with my granddad and grandma at the foot of my bed, they told me that one of the neighbors had informed them about the incident and that they were there to deliver me from my hands of the MONSTER. I was very happy to hear that, and I asked, “If could leave at that very moment?” They said no, because I still had bandage all around my head. I remained in the clinic for two days and was discharged to my grandparents.