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English 100

Digital Portfolio: Narrative Project

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**My Step Mother Torture**

This day I had been punished and whipped mercilessly with a fan belt of a vehicle. Very hungry and exhausted after the treatments. Marie my step mother said, “Francis go put your brother Puchu to sleep, carry him on your shoulders and rack him to bed.”

I Replied, “Yes sister Marie.”

I quickly left her sight, went into the room picked my little brother up from his bed and came out to the patio where she was sitting.

She said to me, “don’t just stand one place, walk around with him so that he can go fast to sleep.”

“Yes, sister Marie.” I replied.

 I was so weak, my brother and I fell to the ground with his head hitting the concrete floor, in her very present. My little brother started to cry loud, I was shivering and knew that I was going to die at that moment. My step mother raced for her son on the floor, she picked him and told me that,

“She was coming for me!”

It was 4pm that evening 1986 in Monrovia the capitol city Liberia, the weather was very humid at least 119 degrees or more. The streets were filled with petite traders, pedestrians moving back and forth with profuse perspirations running down their forehead. Some was soaked to the point that their cloths stuck on them like glue or like they had been beach swimming. It could be compared to rush hours in some major cities of the world, like New York City. We were in my grandfather 1978 Volkswagen bus, it was painted green. The bus had holes in it that one could see and feel the dusts and gravels rushing into the bus as if you’re salvaging diamonds from pebbles. The bus sounded like an airplane, it’s muffle was hanging and almost to touch the ground while it’s moving. The wiper on the bus was broken and both left, and right view mirrors were broken as well. The driver had to literally turn his head around in order to observed traffic or changed lanes, uses his hands to clean the windshield. Playing in the car was Postcard to New York by Movieland, the speakers in the bus sounded like an upscale club.

In the bus was Sister Marie, my step mother, Alfred my dad, Marie’s mother Miss Blamo, plus myself. In Liberia, it’s a tradition to call an older person by adding brother, sister, uncle or auntie to their names. We were heading to the Robert’s International Airport outside Monrovia, I was so excited to have such an experience, my dad was leaving for the United States and I had hope that my life was going to improved. 7pm was my dad checking time, 7:30 the queue started to form around the departure gate, and 7:45pm the announcement came over the speakers.

“last call for passengers of Pan at Gate 2”.

My dad held us all together, it felt like we were at a burial that moment. Dad quickly joined the queue for departure, we stood there watching while he boarded, and it was time to leave the airport.

We started to head back to central city, but this time; it was without my dad. I was going lived with my step mother Marie and her Mother Miss Blamo. 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; rumors had it that she had been to more than a dozen native doctors, so that this pregnancy could stay. I was only three going to four years old at the time, and so naive. Few months after my dad left, Marie had her first child and named 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.

Marie my step mother was very happy that she now had a child, she saw me as an outsider now. I was now made a domestic slave, I was doing all the house work at age 6. I fetch water from well between 1 to 2 miles distances from the house to the well 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, my hands were so little to hold the cloth, but I had no choice. I was whip messily for no reason using anything that was in her reach, ranging from her hands, feet, electric wire, tree branches, belts, shoes heels. Marie threw breakable things at me they included bowls, mugs, plates and bottles. She hardly fed me, I ate off our neighbors left over and when I am caught, I’ll get flogged and punished the next day without food and still must do the work. Many days I will ask God to please take me out of this Hell Hole or sometime asked “ooh God why me and when will I get out of this bondage?”

 I didn’t know what to do, I started crying out loud before she could even start to torture me. Marie went in her room and 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, the neighbors running coming was the last thing I could remember. 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 take me from my step mother Marie. I was happy to hear that, and I asked if I could leave right that 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.