



How I met my mother: True Short story

Description

I spent the early years of my childhood where the blue sky kissed the Kalahari sands and made them blush with hues of red ochre, sending shivers of shifting shadows across the terrain. Here, where my Herero ancestors were banished to die of thirst by the German colonial government, I spent my days painting across the desert sands with my fingers as paintbrushes. See, although the desert was barren, it was richly fertile with promise in the eyes of a child, as I playfully drew memories in the soil and built replicas of our mud houses with my bare feet. And this is how life was, playful and free.

My most vivid memory as a child is the day, I met my mother. My playful drawing was interrupted by a stranger who had come to see me. I heard Mama, the woman I thought to be my mother, calling for me and I dropped the twigs I was playing with and hurriedly ran to see what the commotion was about. There, Mama handed me over to a stately young woman wearing the whitest pants I had ever seen.

“I am your mother” she said.

Confused, I ran back to Mama and said “No this is my mother” pointing to Mama.

Mama picked me up, looked me in the eye, and said “Kumbeetjie, this is your mother, she has come to take you home.”

I was deeply conflicted and confused, but I trusted Mama and went to meet the stranger.

My mother and I hitchhiked to Windhoek the next day where I would begin my schooling career.

I would later learn that my mom had recently completed High School and that Mama had agreed to take care of me while my mother finished her schooling.

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