

His Love Doesn't Hurt

Book Excerpts

with severe slaps on both sides of my face. She drew the canes from under the bed and thrashed me until the canes were broken in pieces. She then turned to using her hands and legs to hit every part of my body. My nose and lips were bleeding. Blood and saliva streamed down my neck onto my dress and the floor. This went on for over thirty minutes and my mother had not spent her anger yet. Various parts of my head and face were swollen. Finally she opened the door and took the basin with the dirty clothes and threw them on top of me and said, "Before I open my eyes you are out of here to the riverside. If I catch you in that church again I will kill (*ootintinto, gyenyentwei*) you." I collected the clothes put them back into the basin, still sobbing. I wiped my face with some of the dirty clothes and went to the riverside to wash them. At the riverside I washed my face with fresh water and removed my dress in order to wash the blood out. I cried as I washed the clothes. I prayed and asked God to kill my mother so that I would be free. And now was I supposed to cry because she was dead?

Another painful memory I have of my mother's abuse is when I was nine years old. I was in class five and the school system at the village was harsher back then. The new head teacher would not abide late comers. His canes were long enough to go around the trunk of your body. We were so afraid of him that no one wanted to be late for school. When he walked into the morning assembly the place became so quiet that the wind even stopped blowing. We had de-husked our corn and the corn husks were to be burned to ashes. Unfortunately it rained so most of the cobs and husks could not burn. Early the next morning as part of my chores I had to wash dishes, re-mud the surface of our clay cooking fireplace, sweep the compound and carry the garbage to the dunghill. I went to the dunghill about four times and still had about two more times to go. My mother would not allow me to go to school until I finished. I was filled with so much fear thinking about what would happen to me if I arrived late at school. What would be awaiting me was the head teacher's cane.

When I finished I realized that I was late and decided I had better not go to school. When my mother asked why I was still in the house, I told her I was late so I wasn't going to school. She went to her room and dressed up. Then she pulled me up from where I was sitting and dragged me to the school office. My mother reported to the Headmaster that I was becoming too lazy, that I slept late and that sometimes I didn't go to school when she traveled. She asked the Headmaster to give me a severe beating that would put some sense into me. My mother's hand gripped my nine-year-old wrist so hard that it was actually cutting through my flesh. My mother requested that he take me to my classroom so that all of my classmates would see me get the beating.

Please Get The Whole Book For More Thanks

Copyright © Yaa Serwaa Somuah