

Take That Freedom

~~~ Ebenezer Chiagozie Ogbu

When I think about home, it goes in an opposite feeling of how my friends feel. I can't even remember the last time I had the feeling of joy, having both mother and father together as parents. Even the harsh words that came from their mouths before they parted sounded more interesting to me than the recent monotonous voice I hear. I see myself as an orphan, though death did not make me one, but divorce did.

My friends do say that their Dads never allowed them take decisions on their own, but I made decisions on my own. I decided the life I lived! I became the ruler of my life at a tender age, and I hated it. I hated not having a father who would tell me not to do things—those things that seemed bad before men and God! I regretted not having a mother who would have cut my swift destructive wings—the ones always eager to fly without caution. I hated it, even now—that feeling of unchecked freedom! I hated that Black Sunday when that little argument started and I regretted witnessing such a moody Friday when life was left for me to choose life without meanings.

I hated the feelings –the kind that made my heart ache in worries—my mother only cared for her respect alone. She forgot about me, the child she carried for nine months! She never considered my fate—a young girl living without the care of a mother. I hated feeling awkward about my Dad too—a handsome figure who only cared about his ego—the manly authority in every matter. He could boast from morning to night without considering my fragile self. Dad, never thought of my survival without the care of a mother? Mum never cared where I got the money for sanitary pads all the years I had my monthly period. I couldn't tell my menstrual pain ordeal to anyone! I died many times in silence—yearning for yearnings that were unending. The last time I tried to bare my feelings, Mum added more salt to my wounds.

No no no no! How would I blame Mummy for taking me to her new apartment? Oooh, yeah! I would blame those wicked relatives who agreed that I should go along with her. How I wished I grew up without cousins, aunties and the worst, uncles—those whose thoughts have spicy effects in my soul. Three months ago, I slept in the same bed where Uncle Jimmy lies with his wife! What transpired between us—only heavens could tell! But that wasn't strange to me either. What do you expect of a girl whose parents deprived virtue—a parental shield that lightens the path of growth? What do expect of a girl whose friends had been naughtier—many advisers who never knew the joys of parents? My stories could be unending and cyclic! My heart could talk and talk without stooping! What should I do now? To live and forget? To hate and hate? To ignore and find love? What should I do?

~~~ Ebenezer Chiagozie Ogbu is a short story writer and a spoken word artist. He is a student of English Language and Literature in Nnamdi Azikiwe University, Awka. Email Id: [chiagozieogbu7@gmail.com](mailto:chiagozieogbu7@gmail.com)