



My Last Goodbye

By Odeneho D.

"Whatever BYE." I remember my last words with my parents at the airport. They were rushing me so that I will not miss my flight. At that time, I was kind of angry that I was standing by the place where they scan the bags all alone. I looked as if I was a lost child with tears in my eyes. My mother came by and told me I shouldn't worry that much because I wouldn't be gone forever. As they got done with the scanning of my bags, it was around 6.03. Time was running as an athlete racing to the finish line. It was time for me to get going, my dad reminded me. "Terminal 11" he said again. My dad seemed as he was happy to see me leave, and my mother was sharing my quiet moment with me at that time. We were all standing there looking lost, my dad looked at the watch again, "6.23, remember by 6.45 you supposed to be gone. Just walk down to Terminal 11 and you will get some help." I began to walk, my mother knew I felt really sad on the inside but she acted like she don't care with my dad. "Bye, Bye" she shouted, and I replied, "Whatever, BYE!"

From then I just knew I was going to be all alone with the big bye's. My dad didn't even hug me, and my mom was just pretending as if she didn't care. I felt lost, I felt like going somewhere else, I felt like running back to them. But I couldn't. Just a 15 year old girl going away from her parents, I thought it was going to be like an orphan living in a foster home with no hope. I didn't know if my dad was really thinking about my feelings when he planned this trip for me. I then said to myself, it's normal. It's better than going away for life.

It was 7.00, I had gotten on the plane, and by the time I noticed it had taken off. I wasn't feeling all that good so I decided to take a nap, I close my eyes and had so many visions at the back of my mind. All that thinking gave me a headache then put me to sleep. I woke up around 10.45 am. I looked out of the windows and I saw a whole lot of green fields with some tiny houses inside them. The plane was getting lower and the old man sitting next to me said. "WOW my homeland GHANA." I

was really surprised. My mouth was open for a while and the old man hit my chin up to close my mouth. I couldn't believe my eyes. I was in Ghana. In less than thirty minutes, the plane had landed and my feet were on the land of Accra, Ghana. It was a very hot morning. The time was only eleven something and already the sun was beating on my skin. I was standing there, looking around and I saw a big sign that said. "AKWAABA". I smiled a little. I was wondering who will come and meet me at the airport, and which way I was to go. I started following the crowd. When I entered, I went to a security man for help. I told him that I don't know where I'm supposed to go, and I am Odeneho D., here is my visa, and passport and some papers they gave me on the plane. The man looked at me as if he knew me. He looked somehow familiar when I gave him a better look. "OMG!!!! (Oh, my God) ODENEHO! "He shouted," I have been waiting here for the past one hour, how was the flight? Let's go."

I then remembered Uncle Marcus. I'd seen his picture in the family album and spoke with him several times. "Let's go. Let's go, you have a lot of people waiting for you in the house and we've got to call your dad," he said happily. I kept looking at him as if he was sick and gave him a response, "there is no need to call my dad. I don't feel like talking to him." I said feeling very sad and disappointed. Uncle Marcus didn't know why I was talking like that but he looked confused. I told him we should keep moving and I'm very hungry so he should be fast. He first took me to the baggage area to look for my bags. It didn't take that long to find it since my bag design was different from others. As soon as we found my bags, we hurried out the airport, headed to his car parked right in front of the airport.

On our way home, I was seated behind the passenger seat all quiet looking outside the window. All kinds of stuff came running through my mind, at that moment, I told myself to stop all that thinking because it's not going to make my situation better. I decided to be happy from then because I somehow promised myself I will make days here in Ghana fun with my new family members. We struggled to get home, the road was kind of bumpy and there was a lot of traffic that day. But we reached there anyway. The first question I asked my uncle was "Where am I?" "Achimota," he answered. "Welcome home!" a loud voice came from inside, sounding like my mother, I waited to see who that was. It was Aunty Mercy. Wows, she was looking very beautiful in her African wear.

"Thank you Aunty Mercy, I miss you so much,!"

"Ooh baby girl, we all missed you too... your cousins been wanting since morning to see you. They are inside, let's go, and I will call Efyia to come for your bags." The place was decent, the compound was clean, the flowers was smelling good and it just looked so green. The inside was filled was dark brown comfortable looking

couches, with a glass brown table with a brownish carpet. The good thing I really liked there was the smell. It smelled so tasty mixture of some good jollof rice and some strawberry air freshener. My cousins were there watching T.V. and they were staring at me for a while. "Oh Amy, you grew fat and tall" my little cousin Emma said. I gave him a smirk and said, "Thank you." Aunty Mercy said to follow her to my room, and food will be ready in less than twenty minutes so I should get ready. I was wondering how they will treat me here, whether like a princess or like a slave. I started to undress taking off my shoes, and putting on a house dress. Then I went on my knees and decided to pray before stepping out. After my prayers, I knew God had listened to me and everything was going to be perfect.

As days went by my uncle made plans for the family and I. Like going to the Accra mall for some small shopping, or going to the movies. Up to today, life with them is going really well.

My caregivers "My aunty and my uncle are caring and responsible. I say that because of how they will always check on me and worry too much. Even though they are responsible for me, it just gets to the point that I get annoyed. They get too bossy at times but it's okay, they just wants to make sure everything is fine and that I'm happy by their side. They also make sure things are on time, like food and not be late for school, work or any other thing. My aunty is also sometimes too kind and she reminds me of my mother with the way she behaves. Both of my care givers don't play with their Christianity. My uncle is an elder in the Assemblies of God, Lighthouse so he also encourages everyone in the house to do their quiet time every morning and on Saturday nights we have morning devotion. I respect and admire my caregivers also because they are also doing my parents a favour so I try not to worry or trouble them.

Thanks to my caregivers, my life today have been very different from before. My feelings, behaviour, everything are just not the way they were before. Especially my emotional feelings. I can say before I was very angry and scared about being alone here in Ghana away from my parents. But now that I am fully settled, I feel alright, I feel like I'm home. After all is not how I thought it will be, I was hoping for it to be challenging and really lonely living with your aunty and uncle for the first time.

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