



A Hard Life

By Kwadwo N.

When I was ten years, I was an innocent boy who always listened to my mother or my grandmom. I was living in Kumasi, at a town called “Asafo”. I never knew my father and when I asked my mom she would always say that my father is a very kind man who lives in The Netherlands. When I was nine years old, I first spoke to my father on the telephone. I was very excited to hear the voice of my father. He would always ask me how I was doing in school and how he loved me and that I should always listen to my mother.

Then, one day, he asked me if I would like to live in The Netherlands with him. I was at first speechless because I was so excited I didn’t know what to say. So, I waited for like a year for all my papers to be ready so that I could travel to The Netherlands. Later in the months May of 2008, I went to the airport with my mom and she said her goodbyes to me and then I went into the plane and I sat in there for like nine hours. When I arrived in The Netherland’s airport, my father was already there waiting to pick me up. After that, I thanked my father’s friends who brought me from Ghana to The Netherlands.

When I arrived at my father’s house, my stepmother was angry and she started shouting “who is this child” and “why have you brought him to live with us”. When I heard that I was very shocked and my stepmother and my father started to shout at each other. They were discussing where I should go and live, because my stepmother didn’t want me to live in her house.

Finally, after a long discussion it was decided that I should live with my older brother. It was very hard for me at the first, because I was only living with my brother and my father always visited but he didn’t stay for very long. But now I have got used to this life style and I am happy with it.

The End