



No Pain No Gain

By Ebo

I was about four or five years when my mum travelled to London and left us with some two ladies to stay with. I was probably in nursery when my mom left for London, not knowing my dad was in The Netherlands and I had never seen him before. After some years my mom came back to Ghana and took me and my brother to stay with another woman and it was quite okay living with her. But at a certain point I used to cry and when the woman would ask what the problem is, all I could say is that I miss my mom to the extent that I can't even control myself. Three or four years later my mom came back to Ghana and realized that I and my brother weren't comfortable living with the woman. So, she took us to another place in Ghana named "Afiencya". I went to live with my grandmother in Afiencya. And living with my grandmother was another terrible problem.

Years later my mom came back and took me and my brother to another woman she knew very well and who worked in a hospital. The woman was the worst person I have ever lived with. Sometimes I had to walk to school because the woman didn't have money for my transportation; sometimes even food became a problem. A time came when I used to cry in bed. And I asked myself why am I going through all this? Even when there was a meeting at school nobody came and I became really frustrated and started making complain to my mom and dad.

After ten years of me not seeing my dad finally he came back and that made me really happy. I told him what I was going through and he decided taking me to the boarding school but later it didn't succeed. After some years I moved to another place called "Dansoman" in Accra and through that my dad brought me to The Netherlands. So I have been through a lot and I have suffered so much. After all these sufferings, frustrations and maltreatment, it has made me strong and brave emotionally and all I can say is "No Pain, No Gain".

The End