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# My unforgettable experience





A married couple was living together in the town in a solitary house since sixteen years. He gave birth to Sandra, a clever girl. Doti, her father had been studying French for six years of secondary education, and then left off because of lack of sustain. Fortunately he got a job at Shell station as a controller. Awa her mother attended the second class of junior secondary school and she is now a trader.

At Sandra's birth, her parents recruited a servant to help them in child's care. Amina, the servant left school after the last primary class without any diploma.

In spite of the insufficient instruction level of the members of the family, Doti, an impressive individual imposes French language on the family. He orders both the Family and the servant not to communicate in any local language at home.

The situation is difficult at the beginning. The servant, the principal actor is not able to speak the language she should teach the girl. As she does not want to lose her job, she tries willingly. According to

her it is an occasion to perform somewhat her own oral communication in the official language.

The first words and sentences Sandra had pronounced come from the servant because the mother turns back home from the market in the evening at the falling of the night and the father far after her.

When Sandra is four years old, every member of the family even the servant expresses ones only in French. The self-important father sends her to the nursery school where the teacher congratulates her because she understands the simple conversation and helps her classmates to be initiated into the official language.

No problem at this level and the first classes of primary school. When she was present at the highest class, she starts to have difficulties in written communication. Each sentence she is writing is not appreciated by her new teacher who corrects it or calls another pupil to help her. She thinks carefully to pay attention to her teacher's communication and reads stories books she was recommended.

Among her mates when they are outside, she is only able to converse with them in the official language instead of the mother tongue the others like to speak. She does not understand what they say. So she is ashamed to stay with them without sharing their ideas.

She finds a satisfactory solution to listen out for the common local language from which she gets some words she memorizes. Just in junior secondary school, she speaks not evidently this language because what she says makes people laugh.

At the break time as some of the pupils talk about their area and the life people lead over there, she stays silent.

During a discussion at home between her parents, she overheard informations about the area they come from and her mother tongue. In evidence, she has already known that both of them are from the same tribe.

So one day at school she approaches her cousins to greet them. These pupils who are still busied talking in their mother tongue look at her in a strange way.



*Sandra approached her cousins at school to greet them*

- Who are you? They asked her;
- Sandra Doti, she answered timidly;
- Are you from our country? One of them asked ironically in the mother tongue;

What a shame for me to stare at them as I am simply not able to understand what they are chatting about! She murmured.

- Listen to me, my dear; you are a rootless girl because you can't even speak your mother tongue, he continued;

- Have you ever visited your village? Another boy asked;

- No, she said, her eyes filled with tears;

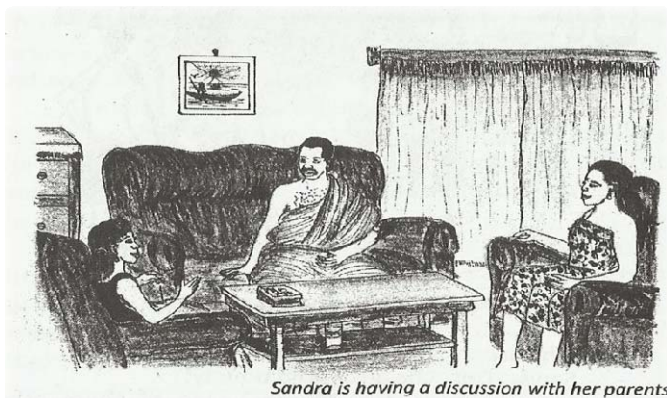
- Oh! Dear friend, don't worry. It is not too late to know ones village.

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One day at dawn when Sandra is in the first class of senior secondary school, she went into her parents' living room to have a discussion with them.



– Good morning, dear daddy and mum, she greeted;

– How are you, my lovely daughter, her father answered;

– Fine;

– What's the matter of you? You're not used to meet us so early; tell us the problem you are suffering from, her mother said;

– In fact, there's a long time I'm bothered at school. The first problem concerns the official language daddy imposes on us at home so that I have lost my self-respect in the social life. I don't speak any mother Tongue. The local speaking I use makes classmates express amusement. The second one is relative to the local communication we're using in our

house. It's handicap for me to use current French. The French pidgin I'm learning handicapped me. The third one is about my situation of a rootless girl. I'm foreign among the members of my tribe. Even at school or at the market I'm embarrassed. Whether I go abroad to forward my studies and then stays over there, perhaps couldn't I integrate with the local community? Or back to my country, wouldn't I mix with my real society? She was not afraid to speak up.

– You're right, my daughter, her father replied. What you've said let me feel sad. I've been too impressive forgetting the negative consequences. I regret to be authoritative. Have you any proposal that our familial education would be changed? It's with a great pleasure I'll realize it;

– Yes, Daddy. May you accept to bring me to our village to know it and to introduce me to the delights of tribal life?

– The girl request is excellent, the mother approved;

– Well, you'll go to the village with me;

– Thank you very much, my lovely daddy.

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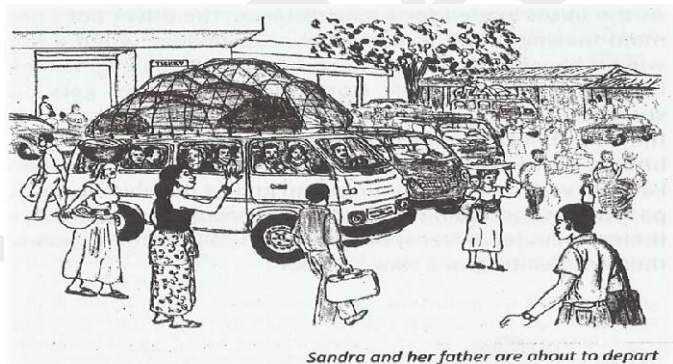
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In December Sandra takes a week's holiday and her father paid holidays. The period is fit for a still trip. Awa accompanies her husband to the market to buy



things for the relatives in the village far away from the sea. Two days before Christmas Sandra and her father leave home early in the morning onto the bus station. The last loaded bus has just gone off. They have to wait until the second one gets ready to start. Sandra has no problem with that as she is full of an expected pleasure to visit her village and discover another area.

At last, the driver after loading his bus and tied up luggage's invites the passengers to get in. About eight o'clock the old bus starts. So it allows the tourists to get their breath back because they are packed like sardines.



Two hundred kilometers further on the vehicle makes a strange noise which threatens the travelers. Some weak babies and little boys are crying loudly. Their mother gives them the breast which does not calm them down.

Sandra who is busied looking at the scenery notices that even birds fly quickly to hide themselves

in the bush for the reason that they are afraid of the noisy vehicle. A rabbit, grazing at the side of the road, runs off all of a sudden but unfortunately it is run over by the bus. The lady has a sorry feeling while the driver is delighting in a benefit. So he stops allowing his apprentice to get it.

As the bus is loaded for a long distance, the driver does not mind making a halt in every town. At midday when a hot wind is blowing, deafening noises get out of the engine. The bus trembles and finally stops. Every passenger gets off stupefied. Sandra holds strongly on to her father who is thinking about the issue of the trip. Nothing to do, the car has broken down. The driver stays up on the side of the road keeping watch on the comings and goings of vehicles to let passengers continuing their way after having pay them back their remainder of transport fees. Doti collects his bags, and then he is waiting for a sure occasion.

