It was at the morning of that takeover that she realised how wrong she had been. The unanimous decree of the Elders, the highest verdict in the land, had robbed her of her last piece of bread. She went home with her firewood hefted on her head while her eight-year-old son followed behind, carrying the farming tools along with the fetched hay. She pretended nothing was wrong as she trod with feet shod with well-worn slippers on the dirt path from the bush, but she was breaking up inside. It could be seen in her eyes, bright with unshed tears.

A Years after, life had become drastic. Having no farmland and labouring on another man's farmland for a pittance made hell seem more bearable than her present reality. She was not happy that her son at such an early age was constrained by life to obligatorily work and fend for himself. It was no longer easy for her to take care of her child. In her dark moments, she sobbed prayers for death to come and claim her, to take her to her husband’s side. She would looked at her son’s face and she realized that even though her bones were broken, her spirit was still strong. A man at the demise of his wife may find comfort in the arms of another woman or in the brew of wine, but she as a woman and mother could not entertain any other choice but to be strong. She had to be unreservedly bent on catering to the welfare of her son. And she was willing to bend even if she breaks.

Four years passed, and the man on whose farm they laboured, informed Ijedi of his son’s interest in Enyinna, to take him to the City to have a better landscape of toiling. Ijedi was torn. She wanted to keep her child by her side, to be the only one responsible for his wellbeing. But she knew the City was the better option for him. She cried, sobbing a prayer to the heavens to guide, protect and prosper her son in his virgin voyage far away from home. On the morning Enyinna was to leave, her prayers gushed like torrents from a rainy sky. Her supplications were nothing more than blessings, requests from God and beautiful proclamations upon her son. She asked God to keep him safe and far away from untimely demise. She prayed for him to emerge uncommonly successful in all good things his hands found to do. She vigorously gestured, throwing her hands about, and perspiring. Her voice was loud and unrestrained. As though the prayers were not enough, she pulled her son to her body, passionately grabbed his head, ruffled his hair and began to weep until her sobs turned into a wail. She sobbed until Enyinna was pried from her grasp, and she continued murmuring her prayers as she watched her son, sad-faced and unsure, depart from her.