

Before I Knew the World

It begins at birth, where nothing is understood and everything is decided by others.

Childhood arrives quietly, carrying both affection and expectation.

Chapter 1: Birth & Innocence

I came into the world crying, not knowing why.

My mother heard it first. Her face, pale and tired, changed when she saw me. Something softened in her eyes. My father stood nearby, unsure where to place his hands, trying to understand that the sound filling the room now belonged to him.

That day, many children were born in the same hospital. Ten of them were girls. I was the only boy.

My grandmother noticed this before anyone else. She counted quietly, then looked at me again. There was no celebration in her expression—only care mixed with worry. She lifted me into her arms while my mother slept and held me close, as if the world outside the room had already begun asking too much.

I slept through the day.

I did not know I was being watched.

My grandmother sat without moving for hours. She listened to my breathing, touched my forehead from time to time, and stayed awake through the night. My mother remained asleep for two days, her body heavy from what it had endured. During that time, my grandmother never left me alone.

When my mother finally opened her eyes, she searched the room before she found me. She smiled, slowly, as if the effort itself mattered.

“So small,” she said. “So calm.”

My father lifts me carefully. He held me longer than needed, saying nothing, as though words might disturb the moment.

Some people came to see me. Some did not.

My father’s mother never came. No one spoke about it. Silence had already learned how to live in that house.

A few days later, we returned home.

My father walked ahead. My mother followed, carrying me, moving with great care. She smiled, but that smile had already learned endurance. During her pregnancy, she had worked without pause—cooking, cleaning, walking between houses, carrying burdens that ignored her condition. No one asked her to stop.

My father was often away. He left early. He returned late. Questions remained unasked. My mother carried both the weight of the house and the child within it, quietly.

I knew none of this.

I knew hands, warmth, voices, and light. I laughed without reason. I cried without understanding.

My grandmother stayed close. Always close. She trusted my sleep more than conversation and watched over me as if vigilance itself was an act of love.

Toys appeared—small, bright objects placed near me with care. I reached for them without interest. Faces mattered more than things.

**Every son born is a hero for his family, carrying the hope of protection and strength.*

**Every daughter born is a pride for her family, carrying the grace of love and honour.*

In truth, every birth is a blessing, a new chapter written by destiny.

The beginnings of life are always filled with expectations—before a child even learns to stand on their own legs, the family already dreams of the paths they will walk.

The child is unaware of these expectations.

The child does not choose them.

In those first days, I was untouched by judgment or hope. I did not know who stayed and who did not. I did not realise the effort, sacrifice, or absence.

My first birthday arrived before I could understand what it meant.

The house is filled with people. Faces leaned close. Voices rose, overlapped, laughed. Everyone seemed to know me, though I knew none of them. Hands reached out, one after another, expecting familiarity.

I did not leave my mother's arms.

When someone tried to take me, I cried until I was returned. The noise unsettled me. The crowd felt heavy. Comfort existed only in what I already knew.

I stayed with my mother.

And with my father.

That day brought new faces and new words. Some spoke softly. Some spoke loudly. Some spoke as if my life had already been assigned meaning.

I did not understand relationships.

I did not understand responsibility.

But I felt both enter the room.

My father was still at the beginning of his working life then. Before my mother, he had moved without direction. After her arrival, something in him changed. The shift was quiet, but it was complete.

My paternal grandmother noticed it.

She did not welcome it.

She watched my mother closely. She watched how my father listened, how his attention had moved. Soon, instructions followed. Orders. Control.

My mother accepted them without resistance.

She fed me in her arms—without pain, without complaint. Only patience. Only a smile that never argued back.

My father worked long hours. Sometimes, nearly the whole day passed before he returned. His work took him from one place to another without rest. Until he came home, there was no food in the house.

When he returned, he brought rice wrapped in a thin cover. My mother cooked it quietly. We ate without ceremony.

That was enough.

When my father saw me, his tired face softened. He held me longer than needed.
In those moments, decisions formed inside him—quiet ones, unfinished ones.

He would not live this life forever.

He would not remain in this work forever.

I did not understand this then.

I only knew that his presence felt safe, and his absence felt long.

Those first years did not teach me names or roles.

They taught me where I belonged.

In my mother's arms.

In my father's resolve.

The world was already placing rules around us.

I was still learning how to exist within them.

I was only there.