TWIST AND TURN OF EVENTS

It was not usual for my daddy to come to school, on a weekday, so that Wednesday afternoon, I surprised when I saw him on to the office. A vibrant smile escaped my lips but it was like flogging a dead horse because he did not smile back.Nosooner had I made my way back to the classroom than the secretary called me.I ran frantically feeling overzealous.

My father glared at me and smiled broadly exposing his milk white teeth. He distinctly explained everything according to my comprehension; he wanted me to go home. Hurriedly, I bade my allies’ farewell as I matched out of the gate with hands swigging to and from the left alternating with the right in my rhythmic succession.

In a thrush of a duck’s tail, we had arrived home and I found momma in a jovial mode. Being in a world of dilemma, I queried her why she was in such a state. Rucio ni muthenya wa gikeno”that was all she said, meaning the following day was to be a day of happiness. All of sudden, my state of confusion was changed to a complete bias.

I quickly rushed to my bedroom and immediately to the adjoining bathroom. I enjoyed every trickle on the infinitely cold water scrubbing off any dirt that might have clung on my body. I attired to the nines and changed on, incredibly slowly with my sandals making a darter full of determination.

Without hesitation, I went through the motion of preparing supper. I conveyed the meal to the dining room very glade to vacate the kitchen. Everybody gave me a mystical stare anxiously waiting to settle the gargantuan appetite.

Suddenly there was large knock on the door. I scrambled to my feet and sluggishly to go and open the door. I gently turned the door knob and creaked it a jar. What I saw made me feel like an atomic bomb had been dropped at the center of my existence.

Three enormous men standing erect, tightly holding lethal weapons in the masculine hands. I stared back at my parents leaving me in a complex web of confusion .The men moved at a terrific velocity and zoomed in.My teeth gnashed as my feet dropped against each other.

We all showed a white flag and my daddy allowed them to away with everything including his money. I tried to resist but one of the men looked at me brandishing his sword. I gave in the cards with pangs of anger surging through me.Before they left one of them audibly whispered some threats to my father making torrents of fears flow down my countenance. Since that day, we lived in fear threatened by thousands of calamities that would fail at any moment. What a nerve-jarning ordeal!