

A Day In My Life

I took a sharp turn left into an ally way, leaned up against the wall and tried to be invisible.

“Which way did she go?”

“It doesn’t matter she will have to eat sometime.” The field worker was right. I would have to eat. Maybe I could try eating something other than rice for a change. That is if I can find anything else. The last sliver of sun had just dipped below the horizon by the time I got home.

“How did it go?” my sister asked in her quiet voice.

“Just like normal, I was chased away before I got anything.” Her expression slowly went from bright and hopeful to somber and sad.

“Cheer up,” I say “ I hear there is a fruit stand just around the corner”

“Really?” She squealed. I nodded.

“Then what are we waiting for?” She proclaimed. We planned to rob the fruit stand that night.

I was right there was a fruit stand just around the corner. We took the back entrance to the tent. Once inside, it was like we were in heaven. Lemons, baobab, oranges, limes, mangoes, papayas and pineapples galore!

“Grab all you can and run!” I told her. We were both frantically snatching up anything and everything that we could. We made it home without being seen, now we had to make this last if we were going to survive. We hid the food so it wouldn’t be a temptation to eat it all at once. Also we didn’t want to get caught before we could enjoy it. That night I couldn’t help but wonder about the fruit stand. What if we just took food from another family? Most West Africans don’t have a lot to eat on a normal day, unless rice counts. Rice was eaten as breakfast, lunch and dinner. That’s it I thought. Time to take some of the food back. The guilt

was killing me. I was in and out before sunrise. The next day I watched the fruit stand. There was enough to feed two families of three and four families of two. At least before I gave the food back. It felt good to know I was helping someone who needed it even if it cost me a meal.