

Syra's life

I wait and hope that my grandma will take me in. The cool air blows through the door past my hair, on to my dark skin. I get chills from the crisp air of Moring suddenly, I'm awake. I look around, the bright sun comes through the cracks in the door I'm in my shack alone. I'm eight years old, I'm syra, and I live in Senegal, western Africa. I remember when two sorceresses chased me and my sister souls. My mother took us all around the area in a bid to cure us. The people here don't believe that we have really been cured. As a result of this witch craft, now no one will marry me! "As an unmarried woman she will be cut off from the village" said the villager. Let me tell you more about Senegal's food and diet. Depending on your assignment and the relative wealth of the villagers where you live. You may end up eating millet or rice three times a day! Sometimes I said "you can have fish and vegetables when available. Lemons, baobab, oranges, limes, mangoes, and pineapples. I told the villager then, I ran I ran away and left her standing there. I ran as fast as I could to my little shack. Then I started to cry, the blue skies with clouds like cotton balls, past by as I watch them, I thought to myself, will I be okay? I'm still hoping that my grandma will take me in. Now I wait and wonder will someone help?