

A Day in the Life

Imagine, awaking to the sound of your stomach screaming for food. Well, I feel it every morning. I have dealt with this pain for several years now, since my father died of AIDS and my mother suddenly disappeared.

I now walk the streets of Lesotho searching for any scrap of food I can get my blistered hands on. I'll be lucky to find anything as wide as my two thumbs.

One of my brothers hollers "Lehlohonolo wake up!"

I stumble out of my bed covers to see what all the commotion is about. I pass through our mud hut doors to go outside and see, again what I find each and every morning. A plate, on the cold hard ground empty without food.

I ask my brothers if they caught anything earlier in the morning to feast on.

They shake their heads, "No." they say with utter disappointment.

I glumly shake my head and look at the worm-infested ground.

"Lehlohonolo, I promise you we will find some food before sundown." Remarks one of my brothers. He looks at me, trying to hide back the tears in his burning eyes. I nod my head as he pats my back. "Today will be different." Says one of my brothers. "We will find food for you."

Different. This word fills my hopeless mind every single day.