

The story of Enda

This is the story of Enda (not her real name), a young teenager. She told *Sister* how she got raped by her boyfriend.

I am 16 years of age. I attended school up to standard five. That was last year. The reason for this is that my family is very poor, and therefore I could not attend school regularly. Nonetheless I intended to complete at least standard eight, But with this thing that happened to me I no longer know whether this will be possible.

I had a friend. He was 21. We were good friends and I believed we were in love with each other. He was always helpful since he earned a little bit of money here and there. We didn't have sexual intercourse because I was afraid of getting pregnant, and moreover I didn't feel it was vital to the continuation of our relationship. Our friendship ended the night he locked me up in his bedroom and raped me after a long wrestle.



BE BRAVE, COMBAT AIDS

**NO GUYS, YOU ARE NOT TOO BIG
FOR A CONDOM. THERE IS A BRAND
FOR EVERY MAN. IT'S NOT A SIGN
THAT YOU ARE EASY, IT'S A SIGN
THAT YOU ARE SMART.**

**NO FREEDOM WHILE
WOMEN ARE NOT
FREE**

He kept saying my 'no' meant 'yes', and that I would enjoy it once I have tasted it. I thought I was going crazy. How could this person I thought I knew so well be such a beast? I fought him, I pleaded. It didn't help. After he ejaculated he fell on his back and laughed. It was then I knew hatred in its fullest glory. He told me to find the key to his door in his shoe. It was a long way home. I did not run. For me my life had ended. The cries from my throat was that of a dying girl. I wished for a car to run me over.

Two months later I found out I was pregnant. I did not go back to school. You asked why I didn't look for help afterwards? I was too ashamed; still am. I cannot explainI don't know. I don't know what to do ...



FREEDOM

I was thirty when my girlfriend asked me:
Do you know how it feels not wearing a bra?
The first days felt awkward
I didn't know what to make out of this new
freedom
Later I started wearing it again
It was a habit of years.

Throughout the day I felt wrapped
I realised I was trapped
in a habit that was not mine any longer
I wondered
How come we have abandoned
the ways of our ancestral African mothers?

- Elizabeth Khaxas -