

Katie smith

[Family](#), [Mother](#)



Katie Smith Period 4 Point of view assignment I've Been Betrayed It was a beautiful sunny day in Umuofia, the day before, the locusts had descended on my village, bringing happiness to the village, for locusts are a great delicacy. I sat with my father and brother, Nwoye, inside my father's obi, happily crunching on the delicious locusts. I thought to myself there could not have been a better day, earning my father's approval for helping with the locusts, even though he never showed it, and getting to play with my brother Nwoye. My father would say Ikemefuna, work harder, and when he doesn't say anything that is how I know I have done well. As I was relaxing, enjoying the locusts, and making simple conversation with Nwoye, an elderly man walked into the obi and called my father. I recognized the man since he was known as the oldest man in the village. His name was Obiageli Ezeudu. My father asked Ezeudu if he would care to sit down and share our meal. The man looked like he had an urgent matter to attend to. He simply refused the meal, and my father went outside to talk with him. It was quiet; however I was not able to overhear their conversation. When father came back in, he had a look of grief on his face, and Nwoye and I were sent back to our mother's hut. Later the next day, after my chores had been finished, father called me. I ran as quickly as I could, knowing father hates it when I am late. I reached his obi to find him sitting. He asked me to join him, and he quickly said "Ikemefuna, tomorrow you will return home". As I walked from the obi, overcome with sadness, I thought of leaving my family here. It seemed almost unbearable. I remember how my mother used to cradle me in her arms, and sing to me as I fell asleep. That same night I drifted off to sleep, thinking of her. I was woken early the next morning, by my father telling me

to hurry and gather my things. He insisted that we must leave before sunrise. I got chills down my back but I tried to look as strong as I could for my brother and mother. From the look of pain on my fathers face, somehow I knew that I was not going to be going home today. I was given a pot of palm oil to carry on my head, and we began to walk the long journey. As we walked the men were talking about the locusts, and I began to daydream about what exactly my mother and sister would look like. I knew my sister was going to be much older now, and my mother also, I was happy to be seeing them again. I worried that my mother was dead, and I sang a song she used to sing to me to calm me down. My arms grew weak, from carrying the pot, yet still I walked on. As we reached the outskirts of Umuofia, the men got very quiet. It uneased me that they were all carrying machetes, and acting in such a way. As we came to an open clearing, the men said Ikemefuna go forward and don't look back, I did as I was told, and it comforted me that my father was waiting behind me. I began to get really nervous then from very close behind me I heard a noise like metal scraping against something. I felt a strong blow from a machete hit me and I started to scream, I heard my pot fall from my head, and shatter on the ground. I turned around and ran to my father, calling for him. Why wasn't he answering me? I saw him raise his machete and then I felt it again; a pain so sharp this time that I instantly fell to the ground. I started to black out, and then I felt nothing.