

# Belonging

[Linguistics](#), [English](#)



Man Must Live The depiction was of its kind, with hopelessness being the only legacy of a place that was once filled with life and a promise of never turning back. Looking at the terraces, the only one message was passed across, ' that it is over'. Trying to bring back to life that which greed had swallowed seemed a dream to never come true. Every aspect of the environment here agreed in totally with the lost glory that belonged here, not even the valleys that had become prominent were an exception. The dried sand would send a true confession that it would no longer support any living thing's life, unless it's first worked on. This is the village where our family settled. My reformed life after prison was set to be part of this changed village.

“ Man must live!” my friend, who belonged here, encouraged as he tried to prepare for something to eat in the ill-fated structure where we had found shelter. He became my companion that despite the hustles of what life had brought forward; a light at the end of this seeming endless tunnel was eminent. My thoughts were stuck on the newness of what the village presented to me. The village aliveness that used to dominate at night during those old days was no more. People used to dance every night but that was now a thing of the past. As the bubbling of the cooking intensified, leaning on the beam, which was the main support of the structure, some tap! tap! tap!(onomatopoeia) sound could be heard from a distance. Thought started flowing in my mind. The steps though firm, could not afford to miss they were for a woman. But what would a woman be doing outside at such a late night hour? May be a witch? (Rhetoric question) Farming is the primary activity of this community that is still done using the old hoe techniques.

Hunting is practiced here but due to its manual involvement, it is only a men's affair that are masculine enough to handle the harshness of the jungle.

It is not the culture of people who belonged here to have women walk at night unless something is extraordinary. Women stay indoors at night and men attend to emergencies but life in this village seemed to have decided to follow its own thoughts (metaphor). As my friend served the food he had prepared for our supper, he kept narrating the events of what the village had become of. The stars that were visible through the wrecked roof of this house seemed to nod on everything this friend of mine was telling me. The food had not changed as it reminded me of my mother's delicacies that bound us together as a family. Culturally, a meal in this village is central to a strong bond of the family and my mother ensured that to her best. This is what this supper we were taking reminded me of. The sweat down my chin kept dropping as if it were in total agreement with what was being said (Metaphor). My tattered fragment of what was once a handkerchief played an important role in wiping the sweat now and then.

As the night drew more intense, the steps become clearer and questions in the mind kept flowing as fast as a deer (simile) but the solutions enjoying a tortoise walk. Is this what prison life can make someone become of? Finally, a knock at the trembling door, whose only support was a stainless steel beam on the top, stopped a stream of thoughts and intensified my heartbeat. Checking the time, it was two hours past mid night. "Who could that be?" asked my newly met friend. Whatever life had presented in prison was enough to make anyone face anything anywhere on this planet. For that

simple reason, an effortless voice, full of femininity asked, “ Is anyone in?” The voice was familiar and my friend answered to it with a welcome. As the door sway open, a gush of air, full of moisture shielded my face. My eyes saw what it least expected.

What are you doing? How could this monster of a masculine nature have such a soft feminine voice? Is it a normal person? The shiny double-edged steel sword which he held in his hand electrified every part of my body making the hair stands perpendicular in insulation. The instilled fear made the mind move faster we had already forgotten the question which we were asked. “ Are you deaf?” he asked. The voice was now very authoritative and established a new command. My prison life had reformed me to obey authority. “ We are just having a rest.” we replied in unison. The ease which followed as the ‘ monster’ turned to go filled the room with freedom which can’t be explained.

Looking at my friend, it was notable that he was more terrified. It seemed there was something more than what met the eye. My prison life had reformed and taught me a lesson of never giving up on set goals. Man must live despite what comes in the way and this is what my life was destined to. Restarting again a living a normal life is what my mind kept thinking all through. During all this time, my friend had not regained strength to talk. Do you know who that was?

(The narrative is about a person who had been released from a prison but is now reformed and wants to start a new life. He meets a friend and later on a

stranger storms in. but despite everything he is the author is determined to pursue his reform agenda after prison life.)