

Oh death, where art thou?

This is not fiction and purely written out of pain, grief, relief and a dash of spite.

Growing up as a child with a single mother, somehow in a crowded house never made any sense to me but what choice do most children have in this country?

As a child, I had to deal with aunts and uncles who were in their early 20s and figuring out life. My mother was a single mum and still found a way to provide for everyone till they either got hitched, moved to greener pastures or got jobs. This is not very uncommon as you may or may not know. Imagine then my surprise when all of her hard work backfired because of one "small" girl. That girl is me.

I had grown to a well, as far as success goes, I have a stressful career and no I'm not filthy rich but try explaining that to your family who do not understand why you're earning peanuts and still working like a mule. I moved to a different country for work because I really cannot 'keep myself'. This apparently changed the way family viewed me, I still do not know what was expected of me but I heard many stories that I had become insolent and ungrateful to those who raised me. None of the complainants were my mother nor siblings. I decided to root out the origin of these tales and it was not difficult to find but of course you have to pretend to search.

This led to a drawn out argument between my mother and her million siblings and as the strong headed mountain goat I am, I refused to cave. Unfortunately, my mother died during the year of this internal WW3. Imagine the drama now, from arguing about who will inherit her tablet to whether I deserve to collect her pending 'ajo'. What in the ridiculousness?

The thing you learn quickly is that when it comes to death, there will be better mourners in that family and even the ones she called friends. Your tears have not learned work where these people are. You will be utterly shocked at the way everyone initially becomes sweeter and what comes after that is indifference just as we were, and no it does not take very long either. Grief is a wave and you cannot rush her, she's a force of her own and does not conform to time, sometimes space but never time.

Dear reader, if you see death, tell him that I am looking for a fight. I did not deserve to feel this pain nor did a woman who did absolutely nothing but pour herself out for her world to drain her. The one thing I will thank Death for is the peace of solitude and freedom from extended family, this is largely to my coconut head.

I have no advice but all I can say is death of a spouse or parent hits differently when you're younger than 30s and in this country, you will see 'shege' from those closest to you. There is no preparatory course but just shine your eye quick if you are the unlucky person, act fast then cry later. There will always be time to cry.