

Months before I attended high school I stayed in my uncle's house with my two cousins for a short period of time. We knew night outings were not accepted so we decided to sneak out. We monitored my aunt and uncle's movements and made our own plans to leave once they fell asleep. That night it seemed like they lingered around the parlor longer than usual. It was 9:00pm and we had to leave so I called our little cousin Sophia to shut the door behind me as I left to join my two cousins. She was so drowsy that she never shut it.

We had to jump over a fence into our neighbor's farm. My cousins were both taller than I, so jumping over was not a problem for them. The fence was uneven and the lowest part of it was directly opposite the louvers of my aunt's room. If she had looked out the window, she would have caught us. It took me a while because it was my first time trying to jump over a fence. My cousins grumbled as I slowly struggled to climb. Finally, one of them had to help me out. As I made it over someone was standing there, I suppose one of the neighbor's sons. He did not know our names and as he stretched his hand trying to use sign language to stop us, we ran away like we had never seen him.

When my peers saw me, they were so glad and amazed that I was in their midst. They all asked how I made it there because I was known to live in a very strict home where night visits were never accepted. Ten minutes after we made it to the party, the MC (Master of Ceremony)

loudly called out our names on his microphone. “Miss Christie Agbor you are urgently needed out of this party by your uncle”. I heard the crowd boo.

Our uncle was outside waiting for us with a stick in his hand, a friend reported. I acted as though I was not one of those who had been called out, although I trembled greatly within. When I noticed that people were distracted with dancing, my friends thought of hiding me in the DJ’s little room. Nevertheless, once I got home, we were seriously reprimanded. When this story was recounted to my dad, it was no fun. I was warned to never repeat that behavior again. Later, I succeeded in high school but that did not cover up my dad’s rage. It was more important to him to have a good name, more than any accomplishment (Proverbs 22:1). A good name is better than gold and silver. I thank God for touching the hearts of my aunt and uncle who later forgave me.

That ugly incident always seemed to flash back from time to time. While reading one of our literature books, “I Will Marry When I Want” by Ngugi and Ngugi, my teacher Mr. Quan hinted to the class that I could better tell them what it meant to sneak out at night. I was embarrassed that he knew. Hallelujah, the class ended right as he called for me to tell my story. Apparently someone had told him about what I had done.