

## marriage

By Florence Nasoore  
February 2007

It was a silent night. The solemn moon hung on the sky. Everything seemed cool and enjoying the peaceful night, I sunk deep in my bed sobbing. Questions with no answers flowing through my mind. I have heard it plain and clear that my father has already looked for a husband for me. I was in class seven and I had ambitions that I am going to pursue my degree in the university. All my dreams seem to have reached the dead end. For some minutes I thought I was dreaming but a tear running down my cheek dropped on my chest and that alerted me that I was in a reality world. I have always worked hard in school and I had no reason why my father should marry me off. I have never shamed him in any way in my school grades. I think of all my sisters who never went to school. I can see the misery they have had and the wish that they wanted to go to school. "Why is he doing this to me?" I thought.

The morning was chilly. I rushed to school. The back pack on my back, with no sweater, I walked along the road ready to work hard another day. I hoped not to hear any more rumors of marriage again. I attended my class and played with my friend and almost forgot about the whole thing. It was in the evening and I was ready to go back home. As I walked out the gate of the school, a fear ran down my spine and everything became tense. The feeling of the last night overshadowed me like a storm. All I wished was *not* to meet with me father because he would break the news directly to me. Thanks to God because I didn't meet him in any place. The first person I met was my mother. She told me that she had something she wanted to share with me. I started shaking there and then I got into a conversation of my own. "I believe now that I have a husband," I said. "Yes! I am going to run away," "but to where?" "No! I am going to stay." I got into the house and put on my home clothes and went to where my mother was. I could not believe what she told me - and I bet you can't believe either.

"I got someone who is going to pay your school fees," was the first words she uttered. I couldn't believe my ears. This is how I came to join Beads For Education. Debby was the first white person I met and talked to. I was scared at first, but looking in her eyes I saw hope and my heart felt determination. I was able to go through my high school by her assistance. Sitting on my chair in my university class was my dream -and that is where I am now. Looking back at my past and comparing with my present I have had a lot of transition and more achievements are going to come up in the future. I suppose all the two hundred and seventy five sponsored girls following me are feeling the same and always thanking Beads for the HELPING HAND THEY BROUGHT INTO THE MAA COMMUNITY. With all this education, I have one thing I will always treasure and this is keeping my culture.

Florence was the first girl BEADS sponsored in 1998 and now she is a second year student at the University of Nairobi.