

THE SOUR
FRUITS OF
INDEPENDENCE

AMUKHALE EDWIN

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Dedication

To my beloved father Francis, mother Alice and my sister Jane.

Chapter 1

As he walked down the road, he knew he had been betrayed. He crossed the bridge and went to the other side of the great Waters of river Yala. He sat down under a mango tree and listened keenly at the whistling of the birds. The Waters were flowing smoothly with no sign of disturbance. He wished that he could turn into a bird and move slowly and freely in the air. He regretted being born of father and mother. He spat down and made an attempt to stand but couldn't. But who had sent him?? He wanted to prove that he was a man and those were the fruits of his work. He had allowed himself to be controlled by the evil satanic powers that had now escaped. He felt like crying but who could be concerned with his cry.

He felt like laughing but at what could he be laughing at with all these misfortunes haunting him?? He had done the infamous act, he felt like a walking dead. Mmmh he had done it and at that moment he felt the pleasure of mind accompanied by peace and stability. He had felt protected under that grass thatched roof and those mud walls. He felt good when he turned and embraced the lithe body with him on bed. He had felt the warmth when he touched and embraced the anthills on that smooth grassland. He hadn't known that the termites were watching and ready to attack. Under that blanket he felt the warmth of true womanhood and the picture of true love and affection. He wanted to do it again and again throughout the night. He had known what it was and even tested it but.....

The man in question was Wafula. He could no longer be referred to as a boy because he had already tested the infamous fruit and was ready to be called a father to someone. When he had been born it was a rainy season and the rains were in plenty, the granaries were outpouring and the animals reproducing day and night. At the moment his mother gave birth to him the grandmother was summoned and gave him the name Wafula according to the season. He had been brought up culturally and at the age of eleven he was taken to school. His parents wanted him to grow up into a respectable member of the society. They had seen the passion and star in him and it was their obligation to activate it, the parents not that able had decided to invest in their son since they knew that education was the only key of life. He had completed his primary level exams and was awaiting for the results.

He could recall the day all too well. It was on a Monday morning when he woke up from the deep sleep, he had slept the day before. His parents and younger siblings had left for his uncle's burial in Seme. Being the eldest of the four he had been forced to remain behind. From the window near the bed the sun was shining brightly like broken pieces of mirror exposed to the mid-morning blameless sky. He groaned as he pulled the blanket off his body as if he was cursing the sun for acting so fast. To the kitchen he went and prepared the morning meal which was a mug of "uji" with sweet potatoes. He

untethered the cows and led them out to the pastures. Slowly he strolled down the river as he recalled the previous day's adventures. He whistled happily as the cows grazed peacefully along the River. If someone would have passed by, he could have been mistaken as a mad man, he kept on singing hymns whose origin would not even be traced by the most learned and experienced anthropologist. From far a certain fruit attracted him more and had to make efforts to have it down his throat the fruit at first was sweet but on penetrating through his guts it turned out to be extremely sour. When he was still in that state of confusion, there she came. A lady who on sight would have silenced all men even the bravest of them. ...The walking style, appearance and skin complexion needed wisdom to explain.

Wafula was about to run away but no, not in the presence of that lady. He chose to await and see for himself the wonderful work of God. He remembered his sister back at home and wondered what his parents had done to the creator.

The lady on reaching the river decided to have a rest down the mango tree that was nearby. Wafula suffered greatly in the presence of this lady, he had to minimize his movements and control his behaviors. Then suddenly he felt a certain force and urge to approach her...Yes, he was a man and believed about to start a home.....He had Just to approach her, he believed he could...he knew it was possible and he had to try it out. He felt a greater affinity towards her, he could not let her go away...he needed her more badly than she knew...It was love at first sight. Slowly with counted steps he made his way towards her.

The look and stare in her eyes indicated something, something that could not be uttered by mouth not put down on paper by ink.

"Good afternoon girl" he started.

"I'm fine what of you?" she asked.

"I'm also well safe and sound. My name is Wafula what about you?" his courage was building up.

"My name is Sharon and I come from the other side of the river," she answered while her eyes surveyed Wafula from head to toe.

"Nice to know you. I come from Eshinutsa, there is where my umbilical cord was burried. But let me ask ,you have said that you come from the other side of the river, where specifically?"

"That's the question I expected from you.im from khwisero" she said as if reading his mind.

"What! How have you found your way down to this place Sharon?" He asked Abit surprised.

"I was on my way to visit my aunt and I just decided to have a rest because I felt so much exhausted."

They had known each other, what next? Was it legal for him to hit the nail on the head and speak out his mind? How would she respond to it?? Such a situation needed some extra supernatural force and courage to it.

"Sharon?" Wafula called, almost a whisper

"Yes"

"Don't blame me for this. If there is something to blame then do it to my heart and soul. There is something that has made me approach you. You are pretty, no one can deny it. Please just give me a chance to be by your side forever. I feel that you are more than special to me. You are more than what might be of your outer appearance.. Please give me a chance Sharon" at last he had...

A great silence falls between the two, the lady was lost in thoughts while Wafula was there, staring blankly in space as if asking for God's favor.

"Wafula I can't accept your proposal; you are like a stranger who has only come to tease and play with my emotions. You only want to ruin my life, NO, I have said "no" I don't know you, get away from me or else I do something wicked," she was almost shouting.

"Please Sharon why so antisocial?? Why don't you give me a chance?? Why don't you believe in me? Why can't you consider me, a boy who has nothing to inherit but the love from the inner chambers of your heart? Look into my state Sharon. Please please," he was almost on his knees

"I'm tired of your excuses, move my way I want to go home. Wait until the day I shall come back then pose the same question maybe I

would have made up my mind. But for now, NO. I'm not ready," she stood up in a manner that suggested she wanted to go.

Wafula could you withstand all this. This was total humiliation and it was like a hot spear directed in the midst of his heart, this was more than enough. He started sweating profusely, sudden fever came upon him. His knees could no longer withstand the weight above them, he started staggering backwards, he had lost stability and down he was almost. Then suddenly he felt a touch of smooth hands which had acted as a savior and prevented him from falling. They had brought life back to his muscles then from far he heard a whisper.

"Wafula why?? Why fail me? Are you not a man? I have seen that you truly love me. I have made up my mind. WAFULA I LOVE YOU and I promise to be with you till the end. I shall do whatever you want and I shall be with you at all times, "It was a promise and it had caught his ear. He could use it as an advantage one day.

That assurance signified the start of a long epic journey in the world of true love and kisses. But would the journey reach far? What will the Travelers face and yet they were very young to help each other? But they had promised each other true LOVE and AFFECTION. Would they make a couple??? WAFULA and SHARON???

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