

The Tragic Life

by

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The experience which I faced in my schooling and in my married life.

When I was doing my grade five in 1999 at Morata my mother died. From there I left school and we brought my mother's body back to our village up at Kundiawa. We buried her there. After that all my family came back to Port Moresby.

While I was back at the village my father gave me away to one of his brothers, and he took care of me. I was at school but then he did not pay my school fees, but somehow I completed my school, because the Headmaster knew my story and allowed me to finish grade eight. In 2005 I went to high school and I finished my grade nine. I liked school very much. I wanted to go to grade ten, but I did not have any way to pay my school fee and so I could not go to school any further.

From high school I faced a lot of difficulties with my needs and school fees so I got out of school and I stayed at home.

While I stayed at home my adopted father told me that he didn't have any money to pay my school fees and so I could not complete my grades. This made me very sad. I thought there was no hope for me.

Then I got married. I married a man who is a Pastor of united Pentecostal Assemble and we had a daughter together. We raised her at Mt. Hagen and had a good life with the church.

My family came to Port Moresby on April 15 2009 to attend our church conversion. We had already attended the church conversion but after that I did not have a return ticket to Mt. Hagen so I stayed here in 8 Mile with my daughter. Her name is Samantha. She is now three years old. I take Samantha with me wherever I go. When I go to the markets, she comes with me. It is difficult to raise a child by myself.

Staying in Port Moresby I see that life is very expensive. Food in the stores is very expensive. Even at the markets food costs K2 and above. In the Highlands food costs K2 and below. I think that life in the village is better than life in the city. Also the climate here in the city is very hot and up in the Highlands is very cold.

I think life in towns and cities is bad so life in the village is best, so I am thinking of going back. Now I do not have enough money to buy a ticket to go home. A ticket for me and my daughter will cost K300. Now I am just waiting for my husband to send me the money for the ticket.

June 2009