JULY 1 1988

Posted on July 1, 2008 by Eddie

Category: Africa

At least when you are on your own, you donâ€™t have a little boy waking you up in the morning demanding milk! What do you have for breakfast in the absence of corn flakes? Porridge! What else? Quaker oats can be bought anywhere here, Americans eat them coldÂ with milk and raisins, we however have kept some dignity and have it with hot milk and sugar, (not salt, we arenâ€™t real purists).

I felt really nervous about visiting people in the village, but having put it off a few days, now is the time to get stuck in. So we wandered off around the top end of the village, trailing a huge number of kids behind us, so thatâ€™s how the Pied Piper felt.

Heather came round this afternoon (she was up at the school for the end of term), hoping to sort through some of the stuff that they have left in the house, most of which Iâ€™d already buried out of sight in a large cupboard.

Emile took us off to greet the chief, a rather consumptive, but very dignified elderly man, much to the delight of the assembled multitudes David ran all over the shop, behaving in a most rude fashion (by our standards)
Pierre, one of the Christians, came round later in the evening to greet us, problem: how do we get these folks to speak to us in Kouya and not take the easy way out and speak French?