

Six Clocks on the Wall

King and Priest in Christ



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# 1

It all started when I was two years old. I have a brother, called Ricky, who is one year older than I am. He lived at the end of the street with my grandmother. I lived with a woman, named Miss Mathilde. We grew up living in separated families. Although we didn't live together, we went to the same kindergarten. I remember going to kindergarten like it was yesterday. I was young, but I realised that something was missing. I realised that something was wrong. That 'something' was my brother and I not being together. I started to wonder why I was living with Miss Mathilde and he was living with my grandmother. I was really confused. On a rainy day I said to my brother: 'I am going home with you today.' He said: 'No.' I started to cry. Days went by and I started to ask my teacher why my brother and I were living separated. She didn't know why. As a child my heart was in pieces. I was not eating. Not knowing the reason had influenced me. I kept asking the same question. I even asked Ricky one day on the playground: 'Why am I living with Miss Mathilde and you with grandma?' His response was: 'I don't know.' Then I asked him: 'Can I go to grandmother with you?' He said no again. I asked him why and he said: 'I don't know.'

Every day I would go home heartbroken, because I could not understand what was happening. In kindergarten there was a song we used to always sing when it was raining: 'Rain! Rain! Go away! You will come another day.' I felt like it was raining inside of me. Every time I saw my brother I had this longing in my heart to go home with him.

Miss Mathilde, who was very sweet, caring and took care of my needs, loved me with all her heart. But there was still this void in my life and I needed answers. So I asked Miss Mathilde the famous question. To my disappointment she did not reply. She went to prepare breadfruit and fish, which I hated. I was depressed, because no one was answering my question.



## 2

The next day when I went to school, I did not see Ricky. I was looking for him on the playground, but he was not in school. When school dismissed I went to my grandma's house to inquire about him. I saw her standing and looking at me. I asked her for my brother and she responded: 'He is sick today.' I could not help myself and asked: 'Why am I living with Miss Mathilde and Ricky is living with you?' She did not answer my question. My heart sunk and I was looking at her with glazed eyes. Then I asked: 'Can I stay with you today?' She just looked at me and said: 'No, it is getting late and you should return to Miss Mathilde.' My heart was shattered into little pieces like a glass hit by a stone. I went back and did not see my brother for three days.

As weeks went by, I asked Miss Mathilde if I could go to my grandmother's house. Gladly she said yes. I remember that I was so excited and ran as fast as I could to get there. When I arrived at my grandmother's house I saw that my aunty Faira and uncle Barrybay were visiting my grandma too. My uncle always wanted me to stay with them so I stayed for hours and hours with my family.

The next day Ricky and I went to the kindergarten together. That was the best day of my life. I did not go back to Miss Mathilde. A week went by since I started staying with my grandmother.

She ran out of kerosene. We used kerosene for the lamp, which was responsible for giving light to the house at nights. The whole place was in darkness, because there was no light to see. I got up from where I was, said goodnight to

granny and went to the bedroom. As I begin to make my way through I realized that I was hitting myself on the wall. My granny shouted my name asking what happened to me. I replied: 'I think I cannot see.' It had nothing to do with the lack of light that was in the house. They were all shocked to hear me saying that. No one ever spoke about it from that day.

It was Ricky's birthday and he had turned five years old. He had to start attending primary school, while I was still going to kindergarten. Ricky was always one class ahead of me. After school I would always visit Miss Mathilde. She was not happy when I asked her to please allow me to stay with my brother Ricky, but she still said OK. In my heart I will always love her.

### 3

When I was five years old I started primary school and I was together with Ricky again. My first day in primary school, I made two new friends: Belinda and Mary. One of them did not care for me too much. We just did not click too well. I still made an effort to be nice to Mary, knowing she did not like me. I continued talking to her.

During my first summer vacation from primary school my mom came to visit us. Only my grandmother and aunt knew that she was coming. Ricky and I were so happy when we saw our mother for the first time in a long time. The first thing that came to my mind, which I blurted out, was: 'Mommy, I want to go with you.' She said: "No." I asked her why, but she did not answer. Her vacation was only for two weeks, which went by very fast. When my mom's vacation came to an end, we went to the airport to see her take off. It was a said time for me. Directly from the airport my brother and I went straight to school. I was very quiet in class, which was unusual. My teacher called me up and asked me what was wrong with me. I did not have the words to explain. I just burst into tears. I could not control myself, so she had to send me home. When I was home I told my grandmother that I was feeling sick, knowing that she wanted a good reason for me coming home so early from school. My grandma put me on her bed to lie down. The next day Ricky and I went to school and I thought I was feeling OK.

At Christmas Eve my aunt and I went to the beach to spend some time together. It was a beautiful day. When I came home from the beach I sat down by the door entrance. On my right hand side in the corner there was a bottle of Malta. I took the bottle. As I begun to drink, to my surprise it was not Malta in the bottle but Chlorox (bleach) that I was drinking. I begun to vomit. My grandmother, realizing what had happened to me, took me to Miss Mathilde, who made some hot tea with the leaves of soursop for me to drink. I always felt the warmness of Miss Mathilde's love for me.

The neighbours' children would always come and play with me, but I always ended up fighting with them. My grandma would always scream at me for fighting with the children. One afternoon after school I went to play with the children and we played a game called sea-saw. I deliberately put my finger under the wood which we played sea-saw with. My finger burst and the nail came off. There was a lot of blood. The children ran to my grandmother, who came and wrap a piece of cloth around my finger to stop the bleeding. Though I was in a lot of pain, I was happy for the attention. I did not go to school for two weeks.

As months went by my brother was busy with the preparation for Ricky's first communion. Every afternoon after school I had to help him with his catechism. After that he and other children would always go to a farm with a man, who was well known in the neighbourhood, to help feeding the pigs and the sheep. When Ricky passed his catechism to make his first communion, the man from the farm gave my grandmother a sheep to celebrate it.