When I was just 5 years old, my mother passed away, and not long after, my dad married another woman. This woman started being very mean to me. When my dad went to work, she would beat me, not feed me, and make me fetch water from a well far away. The drum I had to fill was big, and it made me really tired, but there was nothing I could do.

Every time I tried to tell my dad, my stepmother would make things worse, and he wouldn't believe me. When it was time for me to go back to school, she turned my dad against me. He wouldn't let me go back to school and instead made me work at home. I had to dig in the garden every day. Life was very hard, and I felt alone.

One day, I couldn't take it anymore, so I ran away to my late mother's sister. She took me in and cared for me. That's how I escaped my stepmother's cruelty.